

SNOW HAS FALLEN IN OUR MAGICAL
LAND WHERE MASPIES WIN ALL THEIR
AWAY/ MATCHES AND THE THOUGHTS
OF OUR HEROES HAVE TURNED TO THE
WINTER OLYMPICS



WELL, MY ARBORIAL CHUM, I HEAR
THAT BRIAN HAS BEEN ON THE
PISTE AGAIN. DOES THIS MEAN YOU'VE
GOT A TEAM IN THE WINTER
OLYMPICS?



YES, WE'VE GOT GAR/CROSBY IN THE ICE DANCE 'COS OF THE WONDERFUL WAY HE SKATES AROUND THE OPPOSITION



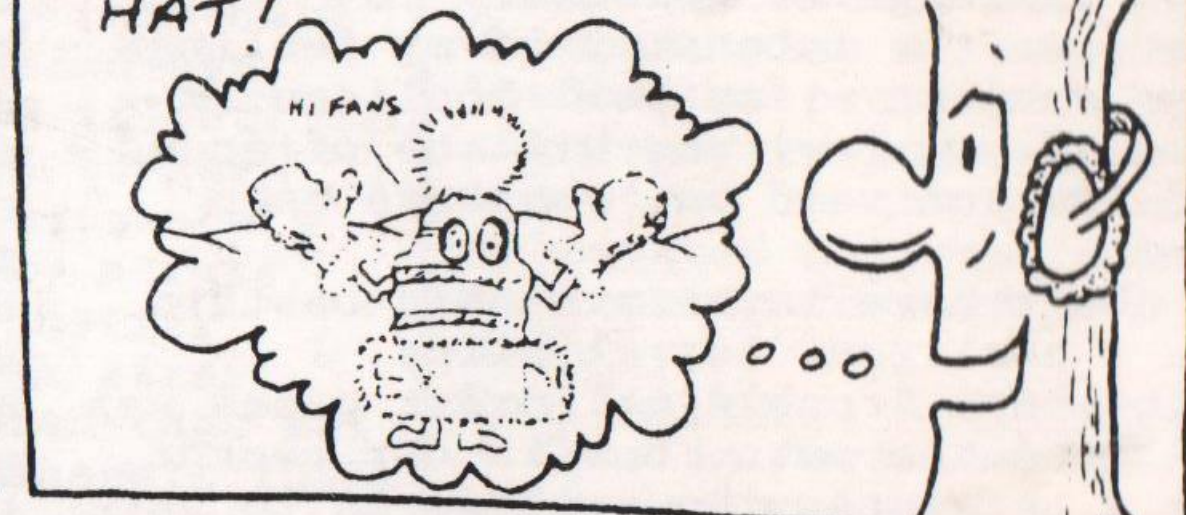
STUART PEARCE IS IN THE GOAL
'COS HE'S SO GOOD AT GOING OI/O!
OI/O! OI/O! OI/O! OI/O!



DAVE 'THE SOSSIDGE' PULLEN IS IN
THE MOGULS 'COS HE'S OUR HOT-DOG
EXPERT, AND FOLLOWING IN EODIE
'THE EAGLE' EDWARDS TRACKS IS
MAURICE 'THE MOTH' ROWARTH 'COS
HE SHOULD TAKE A
FLYING LEAP!



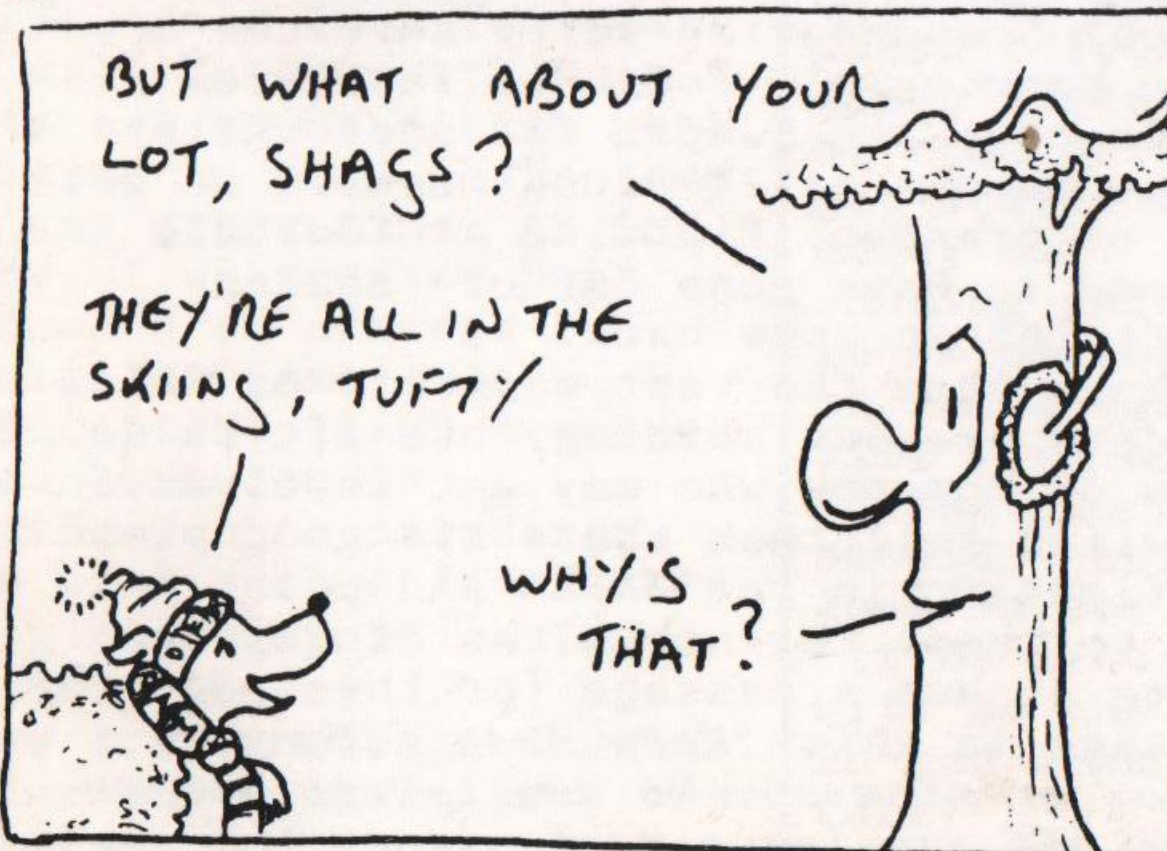
'OOR NIGEL WILL BE THE
STAR OF THE 'APRES-SKI' IN
HIS WOOLLY ALPINE SKI MITTENS
AND MONT BLANC BOBBLE
HAT!



BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR
LOT, SHAGS?

THEY'RE ALL IN THE
SKINN, TUFTY

WHY'S
THAT?



'COS THEY'RE EXPERTS
AT GOING DOWNHILL FAST



The Two Timing

The Two Filming

BRIFIN

Z
D
S
S
P
E
C
I
A
L

The logo for U-Reds, featuring the letters 'U-Reds' in a stylized, bold font. The 'U' is white with a red outline, and the 'Reds' is red with a white outline. The entire logo is set against a red background.

Issue 29. March '92.



...and in front of Barbara, too...

70p

NEIL WEBB INTERVIEW

BRIAN 3 Crossman St., Sherwood, Nottm NG5 2HR.

STOCKISTS:

Selectadisc Records, 21 Market Street; The News House, St James Street; Programme World, Arkwright Street; Sport-in-Print, Radcliffe Road; West's News, 1A Radcliffe Road (opp. the TBI); Beeston News, 86 High Street (opp. the Greyhound); and from freezing minions in the vicinity of the ground. Also: Sportsview, 24 Royal Exchange, Newark. Sportspages, Cambridge Circus, Charing X Road, London WC2. The stall outside No.18 Colwick Road will make a return v Sheff Weds on April 4th.

NEW STOCKIST:
Carrie's stall in Emporium Arts, St James's Street (opp. Way Ahead) will now be stocking back issues & other BRIAN goodies, as well as their own excellent range of clothing & Jewellery etc..

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

£5.70 for the next 6 issues
OR

£9.50 for the next 10, P+P included. Please state which issue you wish your sub to start from. Overseas subscriptions available on request.

BACK ISSUES:

No.s 3 + 4 (40p each)
No.s 9 to 24 (50p each)
No.s 25 to 28 (70p each). Please add 30p P+P for one magazine, plus 10p for each further issue.

SPECIAL OFFER:

Any ten for £5 including P+P.

ALSO AVAILABLE:

- * the *When Saturday Comes* acclaimed BRIAN Annual, three times the size of a normal BRI for a mere £2.50 (£2 current subscribers) inc. P+P.
- * the *Get Your Writs Out For The Lads* fanzine compilation book, includes loads of early-ish BRIAN stuff - £7.
- * T-shirts (£4), long-sleeved (£8) - see illustration in Annual.

You'll notice that the mood of his issue changes from page to page: from the vague optimism pre-White Hart Lane to the jubilant conviction that followed; from post-Sheffield United disillusionment to post-Pompey dejection. Everybody's gotta lose sometime, and I suppose three Cups would've been a little bit greedy. There are about 85 clubs in the Football League who would dearly love to be in our position - two Wembley appearances to look forward to and 90 minutes away from the long-awaited return to Europe - but the burning question is what the hell do we do with all our lucky scarves, rituals and underpants that have accumulated over the Cup runs? If we continue with the superstitions to Wembley will our luck be W.H.L. or Fratton?

Anyway, it's certainly been an eventful six weeks since the last BRIAN. The astonishing vocal performance at Spurs; Brian Laws being sent off (we are West Ham and I claim my five pounds); Psycho captaining England again (and if Taylor's got any sense he'll let him keep the job for Sweden); the arrival of John Moncur (the new John Sheridan?); the departure of Steve Sutton. The latter has been expected for some time, yet most will be saddened to see Suttie leave under such a cloud (and for a fraction of his worth). But who can blame him after the way Clough has insulted and ignored him? No space in this issue for a full career resume, so it's left to state the traditional best wishes for his future career. However, in view of the fact that he's gone to Derby I can't quite bring myself to do this, but thanks for all the pleasure you gave to us Steve, and may none of the goals conceded during the Rams inexorable slide be your fault.

In the League we've been as inconsistent as ever, although I'm sure it'd be a different story if there was a pre-Heysel level of UEFA Cup places to chase for. The defence is thankfully starting to tighten up, and we have "£2 million misfit" Teddy well on course for beating the Clough Era record of 26 goals in a season. Now that the Cup front is a little more relaxed we should start picking up a few more points, thus preventing any thoughts BC may have had about leaving us in the same state that he found us, ie Division Two. The Almighty has now declared his intention to have at least one more crack at the Cup and the Title. Hopefully we'll win the Rumbelows to give him another tilt at Europe, and the ZDS would give a symmetrical look to celestial mantlepiece. Two out of three ain't bad.

On the BRIAN front, once again we apologise for being late, but in all the excitement we just plain forgot. Issue 30 - the League Cup Special - is earmarked for the Sheff Weds game on 4th April, so please send all contributions as soon as possible. See you at Wembley.

Please make all cheques and postal orders payable to J.S.PRITCHARD.

COMING SOON:

The BRIAN Summer Special, similar format to the Annual, available mid-May/June. All contributions very welcome. More news next issue.

And finally, a big thank you to my Nan for providing the BRIAN with a new printer. Hope you notice the difference!

CONTRIBUTORS:

A Cockney Red; John Benbow; Brian Bumfluff; Harry Carry; DJ Brian; Andy Duke; Johnny Garibaldi; Tim Gough; Steve Hanley; Richard Harrison; the Humberside Red; Justified Ancient Red; Damien Mackinney; Martin & Tim; Alex Money; Glenn Nowers; Others; Red Reg; Frances Reeves; Rob from Bulwell; Sandiacre Tree; Bob Stevens; the Student; Teacherman; Nora Tiger; Willo & Trev Woolley.

SIXTH APPEAL

"All we want is a home draw" is the fervent wish of any 5th Round victors, but it was no surprise when Forest were drawn away at this stage for the 4th successive time. As the previous three ties, at Highbury, Old Trafford and Carrow Road, had ended with memorable victories, and with the Pompey tie just a week after the tremendous White Hart Lane performance, it was hardly surprising that the "Red & White Army" turned out in force once more. There's nothing quite like the atmosphere of such occasions - although the football quality rarely matches it - and this year again proved the point, providing enough incident to last the long journey home.

Referee Lodge must have hoped for a quiet day's work after a public mauling from Graeme Souness the previous week, but his sheer inconsistency, so typical of referees these days, left one wondering if he wasn't the son of one of the Forest coaching staff. Some have suggested that "Stephen Lodge" is in fact Harry on a mission to wreak revenge on Cloughie for leaving him out of last year's Final. Whichever planet Mr Lodge inhabits the other 6 days of the week, he could have bought a one-way ticket back there had he collected the coins thrown at him by some meatheads in our end (part of the "immaculately behaved" crowd as described by everyone's favourite surrealist, the *Independent's* Joe Lovejoy, who presumably missed the 51 Pompey arrests, pitch invaders flicking V-signs and mouthing "Come on then, Forest" in front of the away end, etc). Mr Lodge sensibly was first down

the tunnel at the end of the match, and we never did work out who was the mysterious figure, naked but for a light blue towel, who joined the still kitted-out Pompey heroes in the director's box to take the crowd's applause.

The pitch invasion itself was possibly led by everyone's favourite, Graham "Smiler" Kelly, who watched the match not from the neutrality of the director's box but on the home terracing at the Fratton End. Good to know how impartial our lords and masters are. To these bizarre sights one must add others, such as the outrageously camp sailor (in full uniform) mincing around the perimeter with a wooden sign bearing the legend "Play Up Pompey" (and one imagines there is nothing he would rather do); the unbelievably bad national disco dancing pom-pom waving pre-match entertainers (forty female and one male dancer); the universally acclaimed cure for hooliganism, DJ Bear ("I was just about to lob this brick into the home end, but the sight of that guy in the oversize panda suit booting cheapo plastic footballs into the crowd has made me think again about mindless violence"); the scandalously bad policing, etc..

Of course at the end of it all we were out of the Cup, but there are some consoling factors:

- 1). Cloughie will have to stick around for another year at least.
 - 2). Two Wembley trips are expensive enough in these recession hit times.
 - 3). We were spared the emotional trauma of another Liverpool v Forest semi.
 - 4). erm...that's it.
- Still, with the FA Cup now relying on penalties to divide teams, the Rumbelows is the premier competition these days. Roll on April 12th! by TEACHERMAN.

MARK CROSSLEY in SEX, LIES & DRUGS SHOCKER!

In an exclusive report, the BRIAN can reveal that Mark Crossley, the Nottingham Forest first team goalkeeper, was seen frequenting RITZY nightclub after the recent Leicester City v Nottingham Forest ZDS Cup tie.

The RITZY nightclub, formerly a favourite haunt of the ill-fated Nigel Jemson, runs an over-25's night every Wednesday, where it's known that drugs - alcohol, nicotine etc - are freely available. Not only did Crossley gain

admission when obviously underage - lying? - but he was also seen to gyrate his body in a provocative manner whilst in close proximity to a female member of the opposite sex who is known to be a "woman" - and we all know what that sort of activity can lead to.

Urgent questions need to be asked by the Forest management team if this type of behaviour is to be curtailed, like Why was he seen to be enjoying himself so much when I had such a

crap night?, and What's it really like to, you know... do it???

I think we should be told!

YOUR ROVING REPORTER
- MAY KITTUP.

Soaking in
the land of
my dreams

...but I still prefer the open
Bridgford to an all-seater.

That Promotion Season

There has been a lot written in past BRIAN's about That Championship Season, but I don't recall anything about the momentous going's on of the season before that; That Promotion Season. So...let's put our younger readers in the picture, stir up some memories for us old fogeys, and take a trip back to 1976-77...

It's now fifteen years since we won a place in Division One; something that very few of us would have thought likely as the not-so-Tricky Trees set off on their adventures through the Second Division. My own memories are somewhat hazy, being only a gormless teenager myself at the time, but these are the things that stand out.

Things were different in them there days, you could still stand in front of the Main Stand, and the East Stand (towards the Bridgford End) was home to our more vociferous supporters - and to a fair sprinkling of psychopaths. The East Stand was truly wonderful. You'd get covered in crap trudging across the car park out the back, the seats were no more than benches in a dank and decrepit wooden shed, but the view from the terraces was perfect. Only the back few steps were sheltered by the roof, but you could easily clamber over the fence into the seats if it rained. Away fans generally stood in the other half of the East Stand (towards the Trent End), though teams like Chelsea (of whom more later) and (if I remember right) Southampton brought sufficiently humungous numbers with them to be given the entire Trent End. Ivor Thirst (for Shipstones Ale) still adorned the old County-style scoreboard, though it was years since he'd waved his rattle when we scored.

Times were rough and this season probably witnessed the worst ever violence in and around the City Ground. Away travel was fraught with untold danger. Scarves, silk ones worn around the wrist, were essential fashion accessories for home games but a strict no-no when travelling. Us young beaus craved six-button Oxford bags, a three star jumper, and drooled over the ever-present programme advert for herring-boned patterned jackets with monster lapels from Jeff's Fashion Centre. The meaner elements of our support were still easily identifiable by Doc Marten boots and donkey jackets and went about their way under the decidedly imaginative name of the "The Mad Squad". "The Mad Squad, united, will never be defeated" as the saying went. It was probably quite nearly true. Forest had a reputation. The sportswear craze was yet to evolve. Designer labels had yet to hit the

terraces. However, these were indeed groovy times and before the season was halfway through the Punk thing had exploded. The Pistols, Damned and Clash etc. had mostly replaced Abba, Bowie, Bolan and Elvis and the likes of Genesis and Pink Floyd as the soundtrack for the season. Our fashion aspirations veered chaotically towards drainpipes and safety pins. Undeniably, Chelsea became the most respected (not to say feared) fans, being at the heart of the scene and having a gigantic following that included a vast number of very 'real' looking punk types, weirder and harder than we could even dream of being. They even had a band 'named after them'. A crap band admittedly, but who cared. By '77 we had the Queen's Silver Jubilee and things got well anarchic. "We mean it maaaaan!!"

The Forest shirts were a particularly shapeless creation with a stripey floppy collar by Uwin, and the away kit plumbed hitherto unknown depths, being a yellow thing with a broad white and blue stripe running down the left-hand side of the shirt and (I may be wrong about this) continuing down the shorts. Not very attractive. Our style hero of the time was Terry Curran, well sexy with a 'tache and a loose perm.

We were reasonably well supported. Home gates started off around 12-14,000, climbed to an average of 18-19,000 and hit the heights of 30,000+ for the big games. We took a fair sized following away too, probably around the same numbers as we do now, but unfortunately this seemed to bring out the worst in the loony fringes at the places we visited. Travel was dirt cheap on footy special trains, though you could guarantee that the trains provided would be British Rail's worst possible rolling stock (designed for transporting cattle, I remember always thinking), and you'd go some hideously long, slow route to wherever it was you were trying to get.

On the actual football front, we were into our 2nd full season with BC at the helm. Things had begun to look a little more promising last season, after his arrival. We'd finished 8th in 75-76, but I doubt that anyone would have put too much of their life savings on us getting out of Division 2 in an upwards direction - relegation maybe, but mid-table mediocrity was probably the likeliest end to the season. In fact, the Pies even looked decidedly more promising than us.

Peter Taylor had signed a four year contract, coming from a spectacularly unsuccessful stint flying solo at Brighton. BC was moved to say that this was "the best stroke of business this club has done for years". Prophetic words indeed.

A typical Forest line-up at the beginning of the season would have been: Peter Wells; Colin Barrett; Frank Clark; John McGovern; Sammy Chapman; Ian Bowyer; Terry Curran; Martin O'Neill (or Sean Haslegrave); John O'Hare; Barry Butlin; John Robertson. At the time, not exactly names to get over-excited about, but by the end of the season heroes all.

A pre-season tour of Germany had produced 4 wins, a single defeat and a sizeable haul of goals - all admittedly against teams we'd never heard of then and teams you're never likely to hear of again: - S.V.Furth, Jahn Regensburg, Augsburg, Furstfeldenbruck and H.S.B. Heidenheim. Not quite yer Bayerns, Hamburgs and yer Colognes, but then we were no big name at the time either.

We were also entered in the sadly missed Anglo-Scottish Cup and came through a reasonably severe qualifying group, beating West Brom and Bristol City (both in Div One then), and drawing away to Notts. Glamour games v Ayr United, Kilmarnock and Orient loomed on the distant horizon. I said these were groovy times, didn't I?

The season proper started on August 21st, with a rather demanding (believe it or not) away game at Fulham. A good side way back then. The Reds managed a creditable 2-2 draw at Fulham (Aug 21st), and followed this up midweek with a less impressive 1-1 at home to Charlton. The first Saturday home game (Aug 28th), and my first of the season, was a tough looking game against Wolves. Wolves were probably just about everyone's favourites for the 2nd Division Championship and were managed (I think) by the near-legendary Sammy Chung. Wickedly funny as we were, we could come up with no better piss-take than "Sammy Chung and his Chinese Takeaway", but it was us that

The only way is UP...



ended up with the egg (foo young, maybe...groan) on our chins as the Wanderers romped to an all-too-easy looking 3-1 win in front of 17,222 people. The abiding memory of this game is not what happened to the pitch, but of the very ugly crowd trouble which went on throughout. Bricks flew to and fro across the corner of the Bridgford End and a number of blood-splattered people were helped away from the Pavilion road and the Main Stand Enclosure.

The next home game was a much more pleasant affair - a 4-3 win against Hereford, notable for a couple of crackers from I.Bowyer Esq. In those days, he seemed to have a Psycho-esque rocket in his boots, but must have signed some bizarre disarmament treaty soon after because it disappeared without trace. Also, John Middleton now began to establish himself as the first choice goalie, ahead of Peter Wells.

I think Bomber might have picked up some goal of the season type thingy for one of the two goals v Hereford. Forest were featured none too often on the telly highlight programmes. Match of the Day only occasionally lowered its sights to the 2nd Division, and Star Soccer could only drag itself away from the West Midland 'giants' a few times a season. Anyone who remembers it will surely miss Star Soccer. Inevitably featuring the classic "Beer at home means Davenport's" song in the adverts, and equally inevitably featuring either Birmingham City, WBA, Coventry, Derby or Wolves (until they got themselves relegated). The memories though...Brum's penguin shirts, Cov's green and black away kit, and the amazing number of those funny little blue 3-wheeler cars round the pitch at Highfield Road. Kevin Hector doing forward rolls on the Baseball Ground mudheap when he scored. What more could you want after Space 1999, Joe 90 or UFO on a Sunday afternoon, than to be

solidly entertained by the towering talents of Huw Johns and Gary Newbon. Old Huw was quite possibly the most inept commentator imaginable. His commentaries consisted of little other than glaring mistakes when identifying players, and the phrase "Kevin Hector/Jon Richards/Ernie Hunt....ooooh, I say!!". Gary Newbon, obviously, was a brainless tosser. In an everchanging world, it's very comforting to know that there's some things that never change.

A storming 2-1 win at home to Kilmarnock (Sept 14th) in the Anglo-Scottish Cup put the smell of silverware in our nostrils, you could sense that maybe Ken Smales would have to send out one of his minnions to buy a tin of Brasso for the first time since 1959.

Three days later, Forest made a hugely important signing from Birmingham City. Peter Withe agreed terms (and made his debut later - Sept 25th - scoring in a 5-1 home win v Carlisle). A legend had arrived! A strapping bloke, who always looked knackered to me, but had an uncanny knack of sticking the ball in the net. Goals began to flow. Also, around this time, Forest supporters were living in perpetual fear of BC, already the undoubted saviour of the club, leaving. Sunderland booted out Bob Stokoe and there were serious worries that Brian would head North-East. Later, in January, the fears returned 100-fold with the distinct possibility of Brian quitting football altogether to become a sheep farmer. Well, manager of Derby anyway.

We were unceremoniously bundled out of the League Cup at home to Coventry (Sept 21). This one finished 3-0 and we really did look outclassed. This result caused immeasurable personal heartbreak as I'd supported Cov up until the age of seven (don't ask, it's a long story), and began to think I should never have fallen for the charms of Duncan McKenzie ahead of Willie Carr.

The next memorable game was at home to Sheffield United (Oct 9th); another of the promotion favourites, having only just come down from Division 1. The game itself was a cracker, and I'll get onto that in a sec. The outstanding feature of this particular Saturday afternoon though was the awe-inspiring fashion sense of one of our mates. Someone, who shall remain nameless for reasons that will become quite apparent, chose this occasion to parade a set of togs most of us would have killed for. A skinny-ribbed jumper with "Nottingham Forest" emblazoned on it (from Victoria Market, I think) and phenomenally large Oxford bags that, had they not been flapping so violently in the wind, would easily have covered the end of his shoes and achieved that much sought after "Womble" look. And the shoes...very stylish cream numbers with monstrous platforms. The City Ground was not ready for this. It was too good to last though, something had to go and

it did, in spectacular style. Forest won 6-1 and the surge of bodies that greeted the 6th goal was the Style King's undoing. The bloke behind him got caught in his flares and our hero's trousers were ripped from top to bottom. A truly sorry sight and a lesson for all potential fashion victims.

If the drubbing of Sheffield United planted a few seeds of hope about promotion, the next League match cruelly dug them up again (Oct 16th). Blackpool were going well and were a few places above ourselves when we travelled to the world's 2nd best holiday spot (after Skeggy, of course). It should have been a good trip, this one. An afternoon on the Pleasure Beach, a paddle in the icy, polluted waters of the Irish Sea, kiss-me-quick hats, candy floss and a resounding win for the Reds. Sadly though, it was not to be. First of all, we were cornered on the pier by a contingent of Blackpool subnormals, were chased along the beach, got caught, duffed up and had our scarves nicked. Secondly, Blackpool beat us 1-0 and we came away from Bloomfield Road convinced that we were far too average to go up. Thoroughly depressing.

The Anglo-Scottish Cup brought a home win (2-1) against Ayr Utd and suddenly we had a Cup Final to look forward to.

The next League game (Oct 23rd) was another classic, but was ruined by an injury to Terry Curran that put him out for the rest of the season. "Promotion has just limped out of the door", said BC of TC. A tragedy, no less, that took the joy out of a classy 5-2 win against Burnley. Still, at least Curran bowed out in suitably fantastic style. A miscued goal-kick from the Burnley keeper landed at the feet of Curran, who was somewhere around the halfway line, kneeling down replacing his shinpad. In true Tricky style, he proceeded to run full pelt towards the unsuspecting goalie, ball at feet, shinpad in hand, and planted the ball in the back of the net. The assembled 15,279 gasped in sheer wonderment.

Tony Woodcock found a place in the side and formed a classy partnership with the big feller, Peter Withe. This was a real stroke of luck as Woodcock had earlier been farmed out on loan to Doncaster and was keen to get away from Forest. Woodcock provided the pace we needed in the absence of the great TC.

Another signing gave us a much healthier looking defence. Larry Lloyd had been playing for us on-loan from Coventry and signed properly around this time. The team was beginning to take shape and the nucleus of the future Champions was established.

The opening of November brought wins against Blackburn (3-0 at home) and Orient (1-0 away).

Next on the agenda was a visit from Chelsea....to be continued....

BACKROOM BOYS

Looking at the Forest backroom staff the Old Boy Connection is strong, and I believe this practice must be maintained so as to stave off any attempts by future management to introduce alien tactics such as the long ball and the offside trap. The present team possess The Forest Style and would hopefully carry this on by coaching youngsters in the True Way of Football. But which of our heroes could be taken aboard the management team once their playing careers are over?

Young Norman could never be put in charge of team selection given his ability to drop things - he might drop the whole first team squad, thus leading to a disastrous slide into oblivion.

Gary "Scoophead" Charles? I don't think so, if for no reason other than that I could never watch a team picked by a guy who has had an ice cream scoop taken out of the top of his hairstyle.

OK, what about Psycho? His future may lie as an untrained physio, charging onto the pitch with his magic sponge and even magicker line of chat - "Get up you ****ing ****"...Couple this with

opponents mysteriously obtaining brown stains on the back of their shorts just at the sight of him running onto the pitch and he's the ideal man for the job - plus he'd only have to change one letter and re-arrange his name, thus enabling the Club Shop to update a 59th version of the Psycho t-shirt.

I don't think des would be interested in imparting the new tactical techniques he picked up in Italy, probably he'd rather laze around his swimming pool supping Champers and nibbling Walker's Crisps, which he'll undoubtedly advertise once he's earned his 100th Cap.

Tiler, Chet and Wassall - central defenders in management? Possibly Chet,

but the call of selling Insurance or being landlord of the village pub for the others.

How about Roy Keane, another bound for filthy lucre or lira? His frequent trips to the homeland may lead to his repatriation once his midfield days are over, possibly serving Guinness.

Gary Crosby teaching youngsters to play football???

Moving swiftly on to Scot Gerbil, the technically brilliant son of a current backroom staffer. With Scot as trainer we could look forward to little 1-2s on the edge of a packed 18 yard area for decades to come - possibly even from Gerbil's Junior.

Young Nigel, now he is destined to become Forest manager simply because all other Football League chairmen would be scared to employ him in case he's inherited too much from BC. Can you imagine Nigel being presented with the Y.B.E. (Young Big 'Ead) by King Charles for services to advertising?

Teddy is fated to be Danny Baker's in-studio Messiah on the 606 show on radio 5, and possibly a chat show host in his own right.

Kingsley Black will be offered the manager's job but will turn it down in favour of using his O' Levels and love of antiques in taking over from Hugh Scully on the *Antiques Roadshow*. He will become a sex symbol to a million OAPs and will eventually diddle some poor old sap out of a million quid by telling them their Ming vase is indeed a fake, offering to buy it for £5 before selling it at Sothebys for a world record price and running off with Dannii Minogue.

So it looks like we'll be stuck with our current backroom boys until they all look as old as Frank Muir!

by THE STUDENT.

Forest Forever

And then there were four. "Forest Forever" is written by a couple of lads who can't be older than twelve, and while it's hardly likely to match the in-depth discussion, incisive satire, investigative journalism and big words of the senior Forest fanzines, it is cute and lively and unafraid to speak its mind..

Topics include ground sharing, Peter Taylor, Life After Brian (endearingly indecisive, "...Martin O'Neill would be my choice...I've still not decided on a new manager...Here is my decision, I would say Archie Gemmill..."),

plus match reports, poems etc. Obviously there are a few mistakes (Why on earth would Hartlepool sack BC & PT?), but then much of our illustrious history came before these lads were born. My favourite bit is the surreal cartoon of footballing goats(?) playing a Notts derby on the back cover, what do they put in the school dinners these days.

Perhaps not quite mature enough for the grown-ups, "Forest Forever" could well capture the pre-teen market and the Editors should be applauded for their initiative.

30p + SAE from:

Richard & Sanjay, 670 Woodborough Road, Mapperley, Nottingham NG3 5FS.

RE VIEW: A PERFECT MATCH

The BBC's *Match of the Day* series of videos has taken rather a long time to get round to Forest. You'd have thought that, with our long-standing reputation for good football, we'd have been a popular choice as a standard bearer for the series. But now it's finally here, what do you get for your eleven quid?

Starting in *MOTD*'s black and white infancy, we get a handful of games from the 60's. As you'd expect, the highlight from that era is the 6th Round FA Cup win against Everton, when Ian Moore scored a hat-trick. Unexpected bonuses are a couple of crackers from Alan Hinton, and, for the fashion followers amongst you, a sound thrashing of West Ham in their hooped away kit.

The first colour footage is a 2-0 win at Derby, which was the first *MOTD* I was allowed to stay up for - a special occasion in those days, as wins at Derby weren't to be expected as they are these days. Then, as now, the telly people thought the public were only interested in the 'big' five. That (and the fact that the editor kindly tries not to include too many defeats...) means the coverage of our late 60's/early 70's decline is rather minimalist, but we do get a couple of goals from Peter Cormack, and a brief glimpse of Duncan McKenzie. We also get a rather cursory mention of the infamous Newcastle FA Cup tie of 1974 - MacDonald's winner in the

2nd 'replay' is shown, but why we weren't allowed to play the 'replay' at home isn't queried.

Naturally enough, most of the coverage is from the Clough era. Hardly anything from the promotion season though, as most of our TV appearances were on ATV (perhaps they could bring some of their footage out on video?). All we get is brief coverage of both matches against Chelsea, including the sacreligious sight of a blue and white Trent End. The matches from the Championship season are the BBC ones included on *That Championship Season*, the highlight being the 4-0 thrashing of Man Utd at Old Trafford.

One of the few defeats included is the 2-0 loss at Liverpool which ended our unbeaten run. Unfortunately we only get the two goals, and not Brian applauding the team off at the end. This ushers in the European era, and some footage which I don't believe has appeared on video before. The coverage is patchy, as ATV showed some of the matches, but we get the goals against AEK (H), Grasshoppers (H), Koln (A), Ajax (H) and, of course, the two finals. But will we ever be offered a complete history of the European days, with both BBC and ITV footage? Most of the matches had some form of TV coverage, so surely it'd be worthwhile.

Into the 80's with a rather amateurish clip of the goal which lost us the World Club Championship in Tokyo. Peter Davenport's

hat-trick at Ipswich and an easy win over Arsenal (in a dodgy green away kit - some things don't change...) stand out from this period. Fortunately, there's no sign of the FA Cup flops against Wrexham and Derby...The mid-80's see us winning in Eindhoven, and producing a couple of 3-2 wins against Man Utd, thanks to late goals from Johnny and Nigel.

Then the League is ignored, as the contract wrangles left the BBC with only the FA Cup. Oh, and the Mercantile Credit Trophy, which we see Psycho, er, proudly displaying to an empty Wembley. Most of the goals from our three recent FA Cup runs are there. As is Aldridge's sporting gesture of sympathy to Brian Laws. John Motson rather clumsily manages to link Roy Dwight's injury in the 1959 Cup Final to Gascoigne's self-inflicted injury last season. The 'tackle' in question is shown, but not Gascoigne's open-heart surgery on Garry Parker.

All in all, it has to be a welcome addition to any Tricky's collection. Despite my apprehension at John Motson writing and narrating the video, it has to be said he puts away his Tottenham scarf and does quite a professional job. A lot of essential Tricky moments are included: Moore's hat-trick, the 4-0 at Old Trafford, Shilton's save at Coventry, the European Cup-winning goals and the Psychoblaster at Wembley. The only major gripe I have is the length

of the video. I refuse to believe that *MOTD* have only 74 minutes of worthwhile Forest coverage. The action we get is almost exclusively limited to goals. As we all know, there must be miles of film in the can of Forest playing our renowned flowing football without actually putting the ball in the net, and a few examples wouldn't have gone amiss. And I feel that the BBC should have taken the opportunity of including excerpts from other programmes, news footage etc. Then we could have had Ian Moore scoring THAT GOAL against Arsenal, the 3-1 win at Everton which kicked off the Championship season, and Johnny's free-kick against West Ham (the celebrations for which, if I'm not mistaken, appear here in the title sequence), all of which were shown at the time.

But overall it's worth the wait and the price, whether your Tricky memories start with Ian Moore or Psycho. The last word though, goes to my long-suffering football-loathing wife. "That bit's been speeded up, hasn't it?" she asked at one point. "No dear, that's Franz Carr", I replied. Ah, the memories...

by RICHARD HARRISON.

FOREST V NOTTS

The recent 30,000 local derby lock-out ensured the first time an aggregate of 50,000+ had watched the two Forest/Notts games since 1976-77, when both clubs were riding high in Division 2. The complete list of post-war attendances for Forest/Notts League games is as follows:-

Season	Division	Home	Away	Total
49-50	3(S)	37,903	46,000	83,903
51-52	2	40,005	44,087	84,092
52-53	2	37,835	39,920	77,755
53-54	2	30,409	36,920	67,329
54-55	2	30,198	31,018	61,216
55-56	2	26,223	17,509	43,732
56-57	1	31,896	31,585	63,481
73-74	2	29,657	30,036	59,693
74-75	2	25,013	20,303	45,316
75-76	2	19,757	29,279	49,036
76-77	2	31,004	32,518	63,522
81-82	1	24,521	19,403	43,924
82-83	1	25,554	23,065	48,619
83-84	1	26,658	18,357	45,015
91-92	1	30,168	21,044	51,212

With the redevelopment of Meadow Lane and Trentside Stadium imminent, it is difficult to see the 50,000 barrier being broken again until the new 12,000 seat Main Stand is constructed at Forest, so taking our capacity to 37,500.

The above figures are taken from Pete Attaway's book, but I could quite easily have used Ken Smales's reference book, in which case out of the 30 attendance figures no less than THIRTEEN would have to be changed. It's a pity Ken & Pete couldn't have got together to iron out the factual differences between their two books prior to publication.

Sandiacre Tree.

SCHADENFREUDE

For those of you that don't speak German (bit like me really), or who haven't seen the naff Rover advert, well, *Schadenfreude* means a malicious delight at another's misfortune.

We've all done it at some time, haven't we, when we've laughed our socks off at others' expense. That's why Jeremy Beadle's show is so successful. But there's also a darker side, when you don't particularly laugh but glean great satisfaction instead. For some reason that dark side always seems to surface in me when Judas Webb happens to be involved.

Was I the only Forest fan who sat smirking to myself when Webb's achilles tendon twanged? I hope not, I'd hate to feel a complete freak. But there I was again after hearing that Media United were out of the FA Cup on penalties. I

sat ready to watch the penalty shoot out on TV praying "Oh please Lord, let Judas miss", and when he did, God, you'd think Derby had lost because I nearly wrecked the living room doing cartwheels. What a way to go out of the Cup, and I hope it never happens to us.

The only problem with Fat Wallet, though, is the fact that he always comes up smelling sweet. After his achilles injury the git lifts a Cup winning medal, and how much do you want to bet he gets another medal of some kind this season? If he does - and I hope he doesn't - then please God, please, I promise I'll never think bad things again, but don't let it be a Littlewoods Cup medal. I promise I'll be good, I really will, and while you're at it, could you reserve those winners medals for us?...pretty please?

by VIN DICTIV.

Competition:

One for the youngsters and the truly broke, as the rest of you will no doubt own the prize already! Yes, we're offering a copy of the most essential video ever made - the BBC 25 YEARS OF FOREST ON MATCH OF THE DAY tape reviewed above - to whoever's first out of the hat with the answer to this question:

In which season did Forest win the Championship?

Could it be easier? Closing date March 31st.

2.00 SHARP'S FUNDAY. 11.00 DUBLIN. Followed by WCW PRO WRESTLING. 8205977
 2.30 DINOSAURS. (S) 2490799
 3.20 THE MATCH. Rumbelows League Cup clash featuring Spurs. (S) 99924460
 5.00 BULLDOGS. Garry's quiz. (S) 077
 6.00 ANIMAL COUNTRY. Writers Gerald and Lee Durrell pick a £5,000 winner. (S) 118
 6.30 ITN NEWS; WEATHER.

Forgive me - didn't some other team also feature?



"Yes, mum, I'm going to the party with Brian - but, if I'm lucky I'll be coming home with Simon!"

Nigel misses out again...

BOBBY CHARLTON reckons Alex Ferguson's new-look Manchester United are the biggest crowd pleasers to grace Old Trafford since the days of Best, Law... and Charlton.

The former World Cup hero is also confident this is finally United's turn to clinch the championship after a 25-year wait - and can only benefit English football.

He said: "Yes, we have waited too long for the championship."

"And, of course, it would be good for the game if Manchester United won it. We are a big club and have a right to be successful."

I thought the "right to be successful" mantle was reserved for Liverpool (16,007). Seems the red Mancs are trying to match their arrogance...

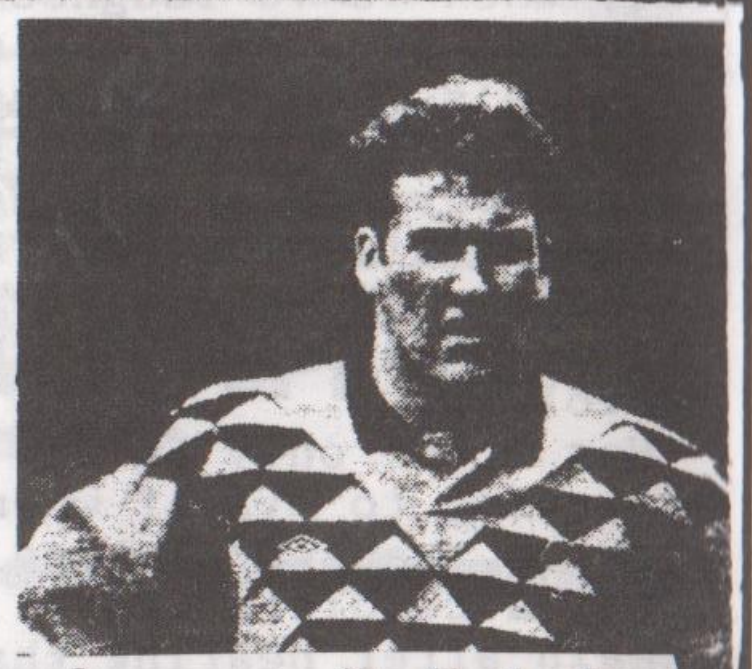
...SAPPLINGS...

...Did you notice that Forest took the field against Chelsea to the strains of *Chariots of Fire*? Well there's been a lot of discussion within the club recently (I wonder why they didn't consult us fans) about what they should play when Forest run out. Apparently the players wanted *Simply the Best* by Tina Turner! I know Robin Hood is a bit scratched (and a bit corny), but it's our tradition!! If you want Robin Hood to return, or if you have any better ideas, write to: Val Williams, c/o the Jubilee Centre, NFFC, City Ground, Nottingham. I shall write and suggest that we take the field to the full-length 60's mix of the Trent End singing *Forest Ever Forest*...A bit of humour from 'A' Block during the horrendous Sheffield United game. Chants of "Gary Crosby, worra joiner" were clearly audible, as were songs eulogising Tricky Stars of old, ie "Glory, Glory Philip Starbuck", "There's Only One Barry Butlin" and "Gary Mills is a Football Genius". Well we needed something to distract us from the game...And why has Mr Crosby now got the intriguing nickname of "Meatfly"?...Those of you who have yet to discover Danny Baker's 606 show on Radio Five may be interested to know that, according to an old Luton programme, Kingsley Black's hobbies are collecting antiques and gardening, and that to relax he enjoys a pleasant walk around Windsor Castle. What an exciting life these sports stars lead...Congrats to Ken Smales on the success of *FOREST - the first 125 Years*. At the time of writing only 60 copies were left at the printers, so get down to Sport-in-Print or wherever pronto, or face a lifetime without your "Offical" (typical Forest) statistical record of NFFC...Our younger readers should be pleased to hear that the seminal *Garibaldi Reds* book by Keith Mellor is due a reprint in the next two years...But why doesn't someone with a bit of entrepreneurial expertise authorise the publishing of a book about Stuart Pearce? Guaranteed sales in excess of 25,000 (and the entire list of BRIAN contributors volunteer to write it)...Another year, another scramble for Wembley tickets. Why do half season ticket holders (generally people who go to every home game but cannot afford the outlay for a full ticket in the summer) have the same chance of a ticket as some part-timer who just happened to get a voucher at the Chelsea game? There has to be some system to reward those dedicated fans that can only afford to pay on the day, but as usual some poor souls will miss out. Should've stuck with the membership cards...It seems young Roy has trouble getting the respect he deserves in his home town. On being refused entry to one of Cork's top nightspots, he tried to pull his weight with a "Don't you know who I am?". "Yes, you're Roy Keane and you're twenty years old", came the stern reply, "You have to be 21 to get in here"...A classic quote from Alex Ferguson on SKY TV: "Gary Pallister is the best defender, without exception, in the First Division". Even non-Forest fans admit Desmond is the

Jazz Cafe

Tue 11 Feb STAN TRACEY/ ALAN SKIDMORE QUARTET £6/5 concs	Wed 12 Feb IAIN BALLAMY QUARTET £6/5 concs	Thurs 13 MICROGI £6/5 concs
Fri 14 Feb NOEL McCALLA's CONTACT £10/8 concs	Sat 15 Feb GARY CROSBY'S NU TROOP £10/8 concs	Tue 18 Thurs 20 MACEO PA ROOTS REV £10/8 concs

'Keeper goes on overtime in search of perfect game



MARK CROSSLEY is arguably Eng. I hope that when he eventually finds the perfect game he brings it to Forest.

best defender in Europe, if not the world...The FA have issued a directive to all clubs telling players not rush over to their supporters when celebrating goals. Presumably this idea so distressed U Reds that they decided not to bother scoring at Portsmouth...Not too impressed with the policing at Fratton Park; isn't it a criminal offence to encroach on the pitch? While most of those running on were merely getting carried away in their celebrations, there were a substantial number whose main pleasure seemed to be in taunting us, with the effect that even the most pacifist blood started to boil. Fortunately there was no confrontation, but couldn't they have let us out right away so that we didn't have to face their gloating? Or at least have sent Cloughie onto the field to sort 'em out...And those again calling for the head of BC after that defeat would do well to remember that several of our players - presumably the better ones - have clauses in their contracts allowing them to leave once the Almighty retires...

Sheep to replace Rams!

SHEEP and cows are set to roam where the Rams now play... under a scheme to turn the Baseball Ground into a city farm.
 Plans are already afoot to demolish the home of Derby County and replace it with a multi-million pound super-stadium a mile away at Chaddesden Sidings as part of Derby's

bid for £40m of Government City Challenge cash.
 Now project chiefs have revealed that they want to spend £500,000 building a city farm and an adventure playground where the Baseball Ground stands today.
 ▶ See full story: Page 3



Forest boundary decided

The Lads are finally told to shoot from over 5 yards (S.Pearce excepted)...



SU POLLARD
 HI-DE-HI star Su Pollard has cornered the market in dizzy-headed blondes, but started her show-biz career in the all-girl singing group Midnight News. The Nottingham-born comedienne toured the cabaret circuit for years before getting her big break at Maplins Holiday camp, playing Peggy the chalet maid. Su, 42, and the rest of the HI-De-Hi team then returned in the Upstairs Downstairs spoof You Rang M'Lord.
 Su, who owns more than 50 pairs of glasses, has been married for eight years, to teacher Peter Keogh. She says her hobbies, away from the lime-light, include dancing, reading Mills and Boon romances - and supporting the Nottingham Forest football team!

★ **NOTTS COUNTY** want highly-rated defender Dean Yates to enroll in a local women's aerobics class in order to help his recovery from injury.

But Shreeves lays no blame on his player, saying: "Pearce was sent off for swearing at the referee, that is clear-cut. That is nothing to do with Spurs or anybody else Forest might have been playing.
 "The manager's son got sent off for kicking a Spurs player. Again."

SOUTHAMPTON NOTTM FORREST

Southampton's 'w. Their home form h. learn to admire bu time I'll plume for E

Bonzo must be loo

I think I'd prefer Notts Forest - from 90 minutes, the mag going downhill faster than Jan Thorsen (someone who skis downhill v. quickly indeed).

Rob a job

BRYAN ROBSON has become something of a Supersub.
 Every Sunday the Manchester United skipper awaits the call from the Beeb to take part in the TV sports quiz programme 'Question of Sport'.
 He is on stand-by in case one of the guests can't make it to their Manchester studios, particularly during dodgy winter weather.

Good news for all of us: Man Utd replacing Corrie as Britain's most loved soap opera. Can't wait for the Utd v Soton game, the ball hits the post and...what happens next?

he was seen to be the guilty party by the referee and was shown the red card.
 "The referee on both counts had no hesitation in sending the two lads off. There were no incidents prior to that which led to it."

There are none so blind as those who will not see...

STREETS AHEAD

Long-time BRIAN readers (ie those not recently wooed by the fabulous article in the current WSC, grovel grovel) will be familiar with our proud boast "First with the property news". It seems the success of the "Forest Estate", where new roads were named after Tricky heroes, has prompted the builders to plan a new development, but it appears that finding suitable names

is causing difficulties. Well, to join "Traitor's Gate"/"Judas Way", how about the following:-
 (N) Clough Walk
 (B) Clough Gardens
 Tiler Heights
 Walker Promenade
 Laws Court
 Pearce Common
 Gemmill Pass (still under construction)
 Sutton Square
 Crosby Mews
 Parker Villas

Hodge Cottages
 Fenton Circus
 Fashanu Passage
 Sheringham Palace (plan fortunately shelved)
 Jemson Drive (deleted on grounds of taste)
TEACHERMAN.

...two Jones and Martin Keown tonight.
 Forest's Stuart Pearce replaces Linaker as captain, with former City Ground colleagues Nigel Clough and Neil Webb given their chance to stake a Euro claim.
Looks like Nigel went to Pisa after all...

ANORAKNAPHOBIA!

(The Nightmare Continues...)

Is it just me and Jasper Carrott, or does everyone else seem to get stuck next to the proverbial "anorak". You know them; glasses, thermos flask, pocket radio and of course the anorak, hence the name. They come in all guises - trainspotters, plane spotters or simply the pub quiz expert. I even know a fireman who makes model plastic fire engines, the useless boring bastard!

Now when I go to the City Ground I go there to see the football, chat to acquaintances and to escape the rigours of 20th Century life. I don't go to have my ear bent by some half-witted moron who once got John Winfield's autograph in Wimpey's. I know the world is big

enough to accomodate all types, but the City Ground isn't.

Now I could move, you may say, but as I started in the Trent End and have since moved 3 times, there's not many more places to go. Except Notts County, and that's full of them. Tolerance should be the next order - after all, you both support the same club - but while you can be objective about things like those lousy decisions v Spurs, the anoraks see things only in red & white, to the total exclusion of everything else. Now I know they were bad decisions, but it doesn't help when you're surrounded by three anoraks who all look like Time Bandits uttering immortal lines like "You black

**Straight
From The
Horse's Mouth..**

Dear Psycho...

Dear Psycho,

I recently read that you're a big Stranglers fan. Which of their songs best sums up the season; "No More Heroes" or "Something Better Change"? arf arf.

A.P. Isstakigram, Derby.

STUART SAYS: "(Get a) Grip (on yourself)", A.P.! How about "5 Minutes" (before half-time v Palace), "Don't Bring Harry" (!) or "Sverige" (for Euro '92).

Dear Yobbo Psycho,

In these days of more restrained behaviour both on and off the pitch, don't you think your "biceps" salute for the fans is both irresponsible and inflammatory?

Yours sincerely,
Concerned of Allestree.

STUART SAYS: Don't fink I don't recognise your writing, "Clog"! Been reading Margaret's "Independent" again have we? Well, we'll see what the gaffer has to say when he hears what you said bout left back being the easiest position on the pitch!

Desperately seeking genuine West London elocution lessons? Want some advice on that dodgy knee? Want to know how to score with your right foot? Well look no further. Our resident agony uncle dishes out the advice like he dishes out on-pitch justice. Off your leash, Stuart....



Dear Psycho,

When you first came to the club you had lovely long flowing locks - now it looks as if you're using a rusty DIY home-trim implement to get that Teddy "Henry IV" Sheringham bowl-head look. Why?

Yours broken-heartedly,
Red Rose.

STUART SAYS: I accept that the manager has full discipline rights over all aspects of the appearance and demeanour of the playing staff at the club, but I wish he'd get a sharper pair of scissors.

TEACHERMAN.

bastard, referee, I bet you've even got a black arse" WHAT!?!? or, "I bet he's a Derby fan, fxxx off back to ram-land". It's then your nerves get stretched to the limit.

And why are they all called Walter or Albert, for christ's sake? Do parents have this amazing ability to name their child by its' FUTURE vocation? When was the last time you met a miner called Tarquin, or a stock market analyst called Sidney? Never. There's even a solicitor in Nottingham called 'Rupert Bear' (real name), see what I mean!

I don't ask for much out of life - and invariably that's all I get - but please will they stay away from me. I even had to endure one on a bus all the way to Madrid in 1980. While the rest of the lads on the "Fairville Funbus" partied

the time away I had to endure "Did you know Brian Clough's favourite flower is a gladioli?" AAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRGH!!

The point is you never get anything useful out of them, do you? They stand there sipping hot Bovril through a mouthful of polos, pocket radio glued to their ears, gleefully informing everyone within earshot that "Percy Ramsbottom has just scored a hat-trick for Doncaster Rovers"...SO BLOODY WHAT! It's usually at this juncture that I'm stricken by the overwhelming desire to insert something into their bottoms... namely their soddin' pocket radios, but I'm not a violent man. So come on all you anoraks out there, give me a break and please go and stand next to that other chap, because if you don't I'm afraid there's only one solution and it's....goodbye, oh cruel world.

by HARRY CARRY.

THRASHED!

The recent embarrassing scoreline against Sh*ff *n*t*d (which hardly reflected the balance of play) had the stats bores reaching for the Rothmans to see when our previous home thrashing had been. Though letting in five at home is a disgrace, the three-goal margin hardly represents a thrashing, which I've always believed started with a four-goal difference between the teams. In fact, over the 20 years since the fateful relegation season, Forest have only lost by such a margin on three occasions in the League, with slightly mitigating circumstances in each case (but sadly all on Merseyside).

The first of these, a 5-0 humiliation at Goodison during the Toffee's Championship winning 84-85 season, is best remembered as the game Chris Fairclough got sent off and right-back Gary Mills carried off with a broken leg, leaving only Swain and Hart of the regular defenders to protect the erratic Segers, playing only his 5th game for the club.

The second, the infamous 5-0 "game of the century" annihilation at Anfield, was in Chet's right-back days ('nuff said), with a young Darren Wassall called into action called into action as sub for the injured Walker.

The third of course, was the even more celebrated four-nil defeat for the Pansies at Goodison. Of course on this occasion we were Psycho-less, which speaks for itself, although in fairness

Williams produced a better performance than certain more senior players that embarrassing evening, and all "live" to the nation.

Of course, other net-fulls have been conceded in other matches - a League Cup defeat at Old Trafford, a testimonial at Plymouth and a friendly v Bayern Munich stand out in particular.

Looking at the other side of the coin, the Reds have rattled up an incredible thirty-nine four goal plus victories over the same 20 year period in the League alone (only another one before the end of the season for a straight two-per-season, how about it, lads?)

Blackpool, Luton, Boro (twice), Hull, Cardiff, Oxford, Carlisle, Ipswich, United (twice), Villa (twice), WBA, Man City, Spurs, Palace (twice), Brighton, Brum, Watford, QPR (twice), Charlton (twice), Chelsea, Norwich and County have all suffered four-goal thrashings, with Sheff Utd (promotion season - 6-1, including a corking first goal for Spider), Stoke, Leicester, Wolves, WBA, Villa, Pompey and Norwich all humiliated to the tune of a five-goal margin. Chelsea and Villa have left the City Ground having conceded a round half dozen, and of course those generous Pensioners (such a contradiction in terms) conceded seven without reply last season.

Naturally, many other thrashings were administered in Cups (AEK in the Euro, Bury 7-0 at Gigg Lane in the League Cup spring to mind) in addition to the litany above, another accolade for a team often criticised for not properly finishingteams off when in a winning position!

by TEACHERMAN.

BRISTOL CITY'S ex-England veteran Russell Osman travels to NOTTINGHAM FOREST far from fear-ridden. He says: "We've got a feeling a Second Division club's name is on the Cup this year - OURS."

Are They Sure?

JUBILANT Kevin Keegan last night declared: "Every player in the country wants to play for Newcastle United!"

SPURS are poised to make a £2million swoop for QPR's England ace Andy Sinton as one of the first steps of a massive team-rebuilding. VILLA and NOTTS COUNTY lead a list of top clubs tracking Darlington. SWINDON'S talented midfielder Fitzroy Simpson is being watched closely by Manchester City.

The NEIL WEBB INTERVIEW

Apologies in advance to those expecting the "why I REALLY left Forest" - Neil Webb. Exclusive story they've been awaiting for two and a half years: it's not here. Someone else may get that, in time, and good luck to them. I initially arranged a brief interview with Neil Webb on a sunny Friday morning at The Cliff, United's training ground. A game of two touch football was in progress. Mark Hughes was having some trouble with the basic idea behind this activity, taking up to five touches to line up a typical bazooka of a shot or, in more reticent moments, to overhit passes. Naturally, when a simple tap-in opportunity presented itself, he administered the full force of his right foot. Greavsie would not have been impressed. Anyway, Neil agreed to speak on the Monday. At the arranged time, as the players left after training, the groupies flocked around Lee Sharpe while the youngsters surrounded Captain Marvel. The new George Best MK 16, Ryan Giggs, confirmed his status in the first team with a placard reading "Wanted: Nice Girls. Apply Within" fixed to his car window.

All my efforts to gain possession of a tape recorder over the weekend had failed, so I had to rely on notebook and pen allied to memory. For this reason the interview is not laid out on a simple question and answer basis. I use verbatim quotes very rarely but I have made every effort not to misrepresent anything Neil said.

I began by asking Neil about the early stages of his career. A spell of watching Reading from the terraces was the prelude to playing on the Elm Park pitch for Reading reserves at the tender age of 14. When I expressed my surprise at this, he explained that 3rd Division teams were not exactly overburdened with players. Fair point, and it perhaps helps to account for his making his League debut at 16. There then followed a three year stint at Portsmouth during which he enjoyed (or perhaps endured) spells playing on either wing before ending up at centre forward. Neil laughed as he said "centre forward", realising how far from the traditional types of centre forwards he is. This willingness to have a laugh at himself was evident throughout the interview and showed him to be a long way from the egotistical superstar some people have him marked as. I asked whether Pompey were really as dirty as they were made out to be in the mid-80's; he did not think so. He agreed that they had some hard players but that was the extent of



it. And let's face it, any team with Webb in it couldn't be totally dirty - Neil couldn't be a hatchet man if he tried.

In 1988 came Webb's second move. This time it was a choice between Villa and Forest. Neil revealed that after a look around both clubs he came to the conclusion that Forest as a club and, particularly, Nottingham as a city were more to his liking. The fact that he could finally play in his preferred position, centre-midfield (at least most of the time!), also figured in his decision. He recalled his goalscoring debut at Luton and also the time he donned the No.1 shirt (West Ham away, Sept 85, lost 4-2), adding with pride that he had only conceded as many as the proper keeper, the inimitable Hans Segers had done.

Webb was naturally as devastated as anyone else by events at Hillsborough and revealed that they knew as little as we did of what was happening at the time. The players were locked in their dressing room and I was surprised to learn that they did not leave the stadium until 7pm. Neil felt also that there was only going to be one winner in the replay and it wasn't Forest. He also said that the previous Littlewoods Cup win that year somehow made the winning of the semi-final less urgent. I mentioned that the game 3 days later at Anfield had a certain amount of needle in it. He didn't disagree and referred to the Aldridge/Laws hair ruffling incident as the cause for much of it. He

recalled with a wry smile that "there were certainly some tackles flying in that night", but doesn't believe that the animosity from that game in particular or League rivalry in general is carried over at international get-togethers.

Whilst on an international theme, I asked if he thought that 5 at the back was the best system for the England team. He was very much in favour of it, though there was another self-mocking chuckle when I said it meant a great deal of running for himself and Geoff Thomas. He sees it as a very attack-minded system and revealed that England training sessions are geared around playing 5 at the back. Neil seems convinced that Taylor will be sticking with that system. Fact fans among us may be interested to learn that he rooms with Steve Bruce when travelling with United, and with Gary Lineker on his recent return to international duty.

It is the travelling necessary in the pro game that Neil sees as the worst aspect of the job, claiming that it's difficult to get a good night's kip in a strange, often unsuitable hotel bed. Still, this hasn't affected United's away form unduly this season, and Neil believes that his team are far more relaxed away from home than they were in the past. This goes some way towards explaining their transition from a useful Cup side to a Championship challenging team. Before, "We were going to places like Sheffield United and Luton and losing, and that's not good enough if you want to win the League". He noted the parallels between "Cup-tie United" and the current Forest side regarding their ability to prosper in knockout competitions whilst performing indifferently in the League.

Another big factor in United's renaissance (that could apply to Forest) is the shoring up of a leaky defence with Paul Parker and Peter Schmeichel. This was illustrated in the training session I witnessed as the enormous goalkeeper dealt with his colleagues' fiercest drives almost contemptuously, beating them away with his oversize hands as if he was swatting flies. Would that our goalkeeper had as much confidence.

Webb noted the difference in his role for United from the part he played at Forest. At United, he plays what he described as a 'holding' role because their two strikers actually play up front, whereas at Forest, as he remarked, Nigel would continually be dropping deep to allow him the space to advance and score goals. He did regret the fact that he receives far fewer goalscoring opportunities in his new role, although my question "Was goalscoring the most enjoyable part of your job?" was perhaps a bit loaded.

However, he does see his goalscoring ratio as one of his greatest strengths. He also feels that there are far more athletes in Division 1 these days, and although he concedes that running is a necessary part of the game, he doesn't believe it should be the most important quality in a player. And so say all of us.



We did touch briefly on his move from Forest. Apparently he'd made up his mind to go 6 months prior to his actual leaving. I mentioned the seeming tradition of Forest players failing at Old Trafford and he said he'd hoped it'd be a case of third time lucky (after Birtles and Davenport). His first game went perfectly, then everything went wrong, what with injuries and loss of form, but now skies are brighter for him. And to those who maintain that Neil left only for the money, he could point to his FA Cup and ECWC Winners medals (though the self-effacing smile was evident again as he admitted that the Euro pot was won without him) - not to mention a likely League medal - as proof that he made the right decision. It looks as if he's having the last laugh.

Other miscellaneous topics included his feelings towards journalists ("I married one"): generally OK but some are vindictive. Will Luke follow in his father's (and indeed grandfather's) footsteps? ("He kicks around in the garden but I've not pushed him at all"); and his environmental concerns ("We do our bit as a family but I wouldn't ram it down somebody's throat").

And finally, a question I'd been wanting to ask since the beginning: "Is Stuart Pearce coming here (United)?", "Not as far as I know", "That's great".

by FRANCIS REEVES.

* Thanks to Neil for his time and co-operation in being interviewed (initially intended for a Manchester Polytechnic magazine).

Carl Tiler Is Innocent!

SOUTHAMPTON. ZDS CUP FINAL. March 29th.

The first of our annual excursions is now upon us, and with it the ritual invasion of Stanmore. Why some foresighted Trickies initially picked this unsuspecting Middlesex suburb at the dog-end of the Jubilee line I know not (do other northern teams colonise the place on their trips to the concrete and plastic mecca?), but the pubs are fairly convivial and the Stanmore train passes through Kingsbury, thus allowing us to pay homage to the humble birthplace of our swashbuckling Leader. Stanmore was noticeably less crowded for the FA Cup game due to the shortage of tickets. This shouldn't be a problem in the ZDS, but yet again Forest have to make things difficult. Why on earth did they change the dates for the tickets going on sale? It wasn't exactly very well advertised (one line of small print in the *Evening Post* ad), so now many season ticket holders are having to take pot luck with the lucky voucher holders. It should be fairly easy to get tickets on the day but that's no consolation, one of the reasons for buying a season ticket in the first place is that guaranteed priority Cup ticket.

Anyway, we're all pissed up, crammed in and ready to win the Cup, but what of our opponents? Will they already be relegated? Will they dare to kick us at Wembley? Will Shearer and Le Tissier have left to beat the transfer deadline? In the event of the latter the Trickies should be able to have a pre-match shindig in the tradition of Burns, Lloyd and Robbo and still run rings around them...

The ZDS traditionally produces more open Finals than the more illustrious domestic competitions, undoubtedly because no-one's going to spend the rest of their life in eternal torment if their team loses. It appears that the advent of the Premier League will make this the last ZDS - unless it continues to be contested by the new "First" Division clubs eager for the SKY dosh - and as such it'd be an interesting artefact for the trophy cabinet. Maybe we'll create a real party atmosphere to give the thing a decent sending off.

Talking of sendings off, I predict Forest goals and Southampton red cards galore to leave the major TV networks gnashing their teeth in frustration. Has anyone out there got a satellite dish and a video?

RED REG.

15 Groovy Titbits About Southampton & the ZDS

1 It looks like we'll finally be witnessing the full debut of the mythical green shirts (illustrated below). If we win, it'll be the first time to my knowledge that a green-shirted side has won a Wembley Cup Final.

2 Sunny Southampton. It's hardly the most exciting place in the Cosmos. City in Hampshire, pop. 204,604. Industries include engineering, plastics and tobacco (presumably the tabs taste like plastic as I can't think which they are). Even Portsmouth's more interesting, if only because the constant scraps between the locals and the sailors give it an air of danger and the chip shops have metal grilles inside.

3 The club were originally formed as St Mary's Young Men's Association, hence the Saints, and would meet regularly to pray for the soul of Jimmy Case despite it being 80 years prior to his birth.

4 Southampton have notched up an incredible 11 ties in European competition, the highlight being an exit at the hands of Swedish giants Norrkoping in 1983.

5 Can you name one TV personality from this Hampshire hotbed? One top pop combo? One witty song originating from the Dell terracing? Can you heck, the only song they can claim is a jazz number, *When The Saints Go Marching In*, and jazz is for the most part the most boring form of music known to man.

6 The coastal club once employed Kevin Keegan, who in my opinion is the most over-rated player in the history of the game, always running around like the proverbial decapitated bantam without actually doing anything much. Hope he comes a cropper at Newcastle.

7 I believe Zenith Data Systems have something to do with computers. Rumbelows give out loads of free tellies in "their" Cup, presumably ZDS will reward the winners with *Sonic the Hedgehog* games and SKY will get Bart Simpson to present the trophy.

8 If they let us keep the cup we could use it to catch the drips from the Main Stand roof, or to house BC's rhododendrons, or we could mould it into new shinpads for Nigel.

9 Southampton's most famous son is one Mick Channon, a Pete Townsend impersonator and abuser of the English Language who likes picking fights with Brian Clough. Even we've got more celebs than them.

Reasons to like the Saints: They do have this endearing trait of beating Manchester United, most notably by an offside goal in the 1976 FA Cup Final (and Garry Birtles was never offside).

11 Lawrie McMenemy used to beat up Mark Wright in the showers.

Forest met the then 12 Southern League Saints in the 1898 FA Cup semi final. After a 1-1 draw at Brammall Lane the Reds recorded a 2-0 victory at Crystal Palace in a blinding snowstorm. The southern softies thought the game should have been abandoned and kicked up a fuss, but the result stood. As a result of this most neutrals wanted us to lose the Final, although this being 37 years BC we were hardly able to control the weather. You ought to know that we beat Derby 3-1 but I'll mention it anyway.

13 They must have a sense of humour. We all know what the hampton part of their name stands for, yet they're sponsored by Draper Tools.

14 Southampton are not a dirty. How can they be when they employ such ambassadors of the game as Terry Hurlock & Neil Ruddock. Any resemblance between this pair and the wanted posters on the wall of Southampton nick is entirely coincidental.

15 May our benevolence towards Portsmouth be continued by stuffing the Scummers, as they are affectionately known on the south coast.

by HOWARD SWAY.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, GO!

This isn't going to be a historical piece regarding Olly Cromwell's famous outburst, but an article on my utter amazement at some people. Let me put you into the picture; Forest have just stuffed Spurs and we're at Wembley AGAIN. During a phone call to a friend he informs me that a workmate of his - who follows Forest almost everywhere - said of the ZDS Final "I'm not going to see that, it's Mickey Mouse stuff". MICKEY MOUSE!!! It's a bloody Cup Final, for fxxx sake, and the first of what could be a record 3 in 1 season. I accept that following Forest can prove expensive and that some fans have to pick their games, but if that's the case then miss Luton (Dessie excepted), Wombledon or Sheffield-soddin-Utd, but not a Wembley Final, for chrissake.

How many people out there can sit and smugly reflect "I don't regret a thing". Well I'll tell you one thing, I'm not one of them. During the halcyon days of the late 70's/ early 80's, an era which coincided with my marriage, new family etc., I turned down the opportunity to go to the Charity Shield match at Wembley, even though I had a ticket, just to settle into a new home. How very responsible of me. Next, with finances stretched, I had the chance to go to Munich after a family friend offered me an interest-free loan to be paid back whenever I could afford it (the chap's a Derby fan - now that's magnanimity for you), but once again Captain-friggin-Sensible refused, putting nappies before nirvana. Now did I regret it while watching the game on TV? Bloody right I did, and vowed never to be such a short-sighted twat again. In fact when they

got to Madrid the next year I would have walked all the way if necessary.

Halting the steady march of time is impossible, but making the most of the present is what life's all about. For those of you who may think "There's always next year", consider the likes of Preston N.E., Bolton, Wolves etc., all great Cup teams of the past and now look where they are. What would one of their fans think of a ZDS Final? I bet they'd sell their souls to be in our position, and as for Mickey Mouse, I'd go to Euro Disney just to watch the damn thing if need be.

For those of you still unconvinced, let me put it this way...It's the year 2000 and you're in the pub with a few mates reminiscing, when one says "Can you remember when we won three Wembley Cup Finals in one season?". What's your reply going to be, "Yeah, fxxing brilliant, wannit" or "I only saw two, I went shopping during the ZDS"? We all feel that we're immortal, especially when we're young, and that things will always be the same, but when you do something memorable it remains with you forever, even if youth doesn't. The whole situation was perfectly summed up by a wise old woman. A friend of mine went to see his Grandma in hospital shortly before she died, and the advice she gave him applies to us all. She said:

"Remember life's short, see and do as much as you can, because when you get to my age all you have left is your memories".

See you at Wembley.

by TREV WOOLLEY.



On sale soon from the club shop, £28.50, limited edition, size L & XL only. No green shorts or socks will be available.

BOMB PARTY

SPURS 1 FOREST 2. 1/3

Having underestimated how long it would take to get to White Hart Lane (yet again - when will I ever learn?), I was hurrying along the Tottenham High Road to get to the ground in time. After a while, it became fairly obvious that few other people seemed to be sharing this concern, and in the end we all just ground to a halt behind a police line. Having had a total media blackout, I'd heard no mention of bombs, and just took this to be normal police procedure. After all, it's not exactly unusual for that to happen at football, is it?

But as we stood waiting patiently and singing in the rain, more and more details began to filter through about the scare. In retrospect, I suppose it's pretty amazing that we should have been so keen to get into somewhere that may have had a bomb in it, but at the time, you hardly gave it a second thought. Inevitably, some new chants were started up in response to the situation - "Can you see the IRA, no, no" - alongside the more usual ones. But the best one came during some of the Wembley chants. First of all it was "Che Sera", which was followed by "Three times to Wembley - we're going three times to Wembley". Then somebody shouted "Four times to Wembley", and it looked like we were in for an auction. Any advance on four?

With all of this going on, there was the danger that the match itself would be a bit of an anti-climax, especially considering the state of the pitch, which looked little better than the one at Elland Road for the Leeds-Man Utd cup-tie which was called off. Maybe ITV have more clout with the referee than the BBC? Anyway, needless to say I was relieved that they decided to play it, and already you could see the

overtones of the epic Bristol City League Cup-tie of 1989 - even down to the fact that we'd already booked one place at Wembley just four days before.

The match didn't quite follow the script of that one - but I'm sure that everyone reading this will know that anyway. The pre-match mood of optimism, undaunted by the wait in the rain, seemed to be borne out when Forest's early pressure culminated in Glover's smartly taken goal. But if we thought it was going to be plain sailing from there - sailing being the operative word in the conditions - we were mistaken. I can't really describe the Spurs equaliser, because the ball disappeared behind a pillar, but I'm told that Lineker headed in Durie's cross. Well, you don't expect to pay a measly £13 and be able to SEE, do you?

That signalled a change in the pattern of the match, with Spurs exploiting Forest's strange formation by piling down the unmanned right wing, meaning that Psycho often had two players to mark (so what's the problem, I hear you say) and was unable to get forward as much as is normal, i.e. practically all the time. Spurs had the edge at this point, and only a great double-save by Norm from the two principal scumbags, Stewart and Nayim, kept us in the game. The latter in particular was up to his usual tricks, but the strange thing is that he endears himself to nobody - not even the Spurs fans - with his antics. And Bing thinks he has a hard time from us....

The second half started in

pretty much the same vein as the first had finished, but gradually we began to wear them down. I don't know if it was the pitch, or our superior passing, but I've got a strong feeling that our continual chants of "Brian Clough's Red & White Army" had more than a bit to do with it. We certainly finished normal time the stronger, and Nigel's gestures to the fans at the beginning of extra-time, after his Dad had made a symbolic appearance on the pitch, suggested that our efforts had not gone unnoticed by the players. The fear that we might dominate and still lose lurked at the back of the mins though, especially after Teddy's failure to connect on the edge of the six-yard box.

We needn't have worried. Having won the first corner, we'd gone through the ritual "two, two, two" in a knowing, cynical way. After all, we NEVER score from corners. But the second one came in, the defence missed it, and Roy planted as good a header as you're likely to see past Erik. Spurs had got nothing left - not surprising for a club whose fans are still living on memories of last season's SEMI-final - and although the obligatory siege stations were taken up for the last five minutes, there was really no need. So it's goodbye to the club that gets to Wembley when there's a one in the year, and hello to the club that gets there every year. Sometimes twice a year. And maybe even three times a year. All together now - 2-1, we beat the scum 2-1....

ALEX MONEY.

"...we beat the scum 2-1..."



Never Mind The Danger

The good omens were mounting up: met Viv Anderson's cousin on the Thursday; Garry Birtles ventured into my local on Friday afternoon (sporting a rather dashing orange jacket); practised voodoo on Sat by going to a party in Highbury; even the posters advertising the plight of the homeless bore the legend "Boxing Day". These little things count when the Big Match nerves grip you so tightly you can barely manage a pre-match drink and your increased cigarette consumption creates 20 new jobs at Players. Everything that could possibly go wrong has had prayers said against it, bar the match being a target for international terrorists...

Why on earth did they single us out? The potential for disruption is minimal compared to the normal attacks on commuter lines, unsynchronised videos notwithstanding. I can't recall a sporting event being targetted before. I only hope it won't start a craze for disturbed Newcastle fans to make hoax calls when they're losing 3-1 at home.

So we had 4 hours of standing in the rain - did we heck, "It's just like the Blitz" we said as a friendly local directed us to a packed public house. Reports of police conduct are varied, many fans complained of not being told anything, yet we've heard rumours of other Met officers handing out free beer to Tricky coach parties!! Jokes abounded about the kick-off being delayed further while they searched Roy's kitbag and confiscated Liam's sponge.

Dear BRIAN,

It's two days after "White Hart Lane" and I haven't come down yet. Following the country's most dramatic football team is never dull, but I honestly didn't think that probably the most memorable game I've ever seen could emerge from the complete chaos that ruled in North London on Sunday.

Caught up in another trauma, thoughts invariably turned back to Hillsborough - and lessons not learned from that day. Once again the main problem was lack of communication between police and public. All that was needed was for a member of the Met. to walk down Tottenham High Road with a loud-hailer announcing a possible new kick-off time or just explaining what was going on. Instead it was left to rumour and guess

work, people in the comfort of their own homes were better informed.

Those who made it into the pubs before they shut their doors were the lucky ones. Ours had mixed supporters and a fairly good mood despite everything. Typical of this was the Spurs fan who walked up and said "We all wish Pearce was in our side really, you know".

Inside the ground the atmosphere was incredible. Psycho's even stated that it was the best support he'd ever heard. The "Red and White Army" chant in the second half noticeably lifted the lads when they most needed it, young Cloughie in particular was whipping up the crowd at every opportunity. In fact Nigel, in common with many of his team-mates, seemed to have undergone a complete personality

The trauma outside added substantially to the atmosphere in the ground, the extra drinking time, the worry that the game might be cancelled, the all-in-this-together camaraderie making us incredibly fired up by the time we actually got in (the only casualty was the demo against all-seaters/bond schemes which TV had neither the time nor the inclination to focus on). All the moaning articles on our low decibel count can now be dismissed with pride. And were we rewarded for our incredible support or what?

Nigel's apprenticeship at Heanor and AC Hunters paying dividends on the Tottie quagmire; Norm diving and sliding and looking like the proverbial pig in sh*t; Lee's left foot and Roy's sweet Irish head - stitch that! I even saw what BC sees in Gary Crosby. Unadulterated ecstasy in its purest form and video technology (thanks Mum!) means it can be re-lived again and again (even if the Totty potty TV crew failed to acknowledge our inspirational role). Bring on United, Milan, Real Madrid, on this form no-one can touch us.

Like Dessie's goal, this game was something that had captivated the whole City by our return, the pubs brimming to welcome back the conquering heroes in the nick of last orders. How proud I was to stand there croaking like Rod Stewart saying I Was There.

Pure sex. Two down, one to go...

by JOHNNY GARIBALDI.

transplant. My favourite moment was seeing him waiting alone at the centre spot to kick-off the extra time, whilst everyone else was having a rest!

The commitment and character of all the side - on the worst possible playing surface - was outstanding, as our "soft boys" reputation was trampled upon in front of the nation.

In the second half and in extra time Spurs looked beaten on and off the pitch. The moment Roy launched himself at the corner and the pandemonium that followed is not something I'll easily forget.

A truly memorable day - and a huge poke in the eye for all those County fans who tuned in to see us lose.

Rob, Bulwell.

MATCH REPORTS

A Book At Des Time

EVERTON 1 FOREST 1. 19/1

No need to go into great detail about the actual match because those who were not there will have seen it on the box (and missed a fairly good atmosphere, he adds smugly).

It did raise one or two points though. Firstly, why was Norman roundly blamed for the equaliser after Keown, hardly one of Everton's "tiny terrors", had rounded Psycho as easily as he would a schoolboy?

Secondly, re: our goal, when will dipstick defences like Everton's, that push out at the slightest opportunity, realise that they will not get the benefit of the doubt every time, and thus stop moaning when they do get caught?

Thirdly, why have we not bought Cottee? With our proud tradition of missing chances (Notts, Hereford, etc.) he would be a most appropriate acquisition.

Fourthly, although it shows a least a glimmer of footballing intelligence on his part, why has Welsby, amongst others, suddenly started eulogising about Keane when Roy has only been operating on half-power since *cette salope du Nord* Whitehouse kicked him? It is enough to get him by in most games, but he's not a patch on his early season self.

Finally, and most mystifyingly of all, why was Des booked?

The day after this game I had the chance to listen to Pat Nevin speak at our FSA meeting. I asked who had given him the most bruises, half expecting to know the answer. I wasn't disappointed, though he says he enjoys playing against Psycho regardless. He also admires Forest's style but doesn't think he could play under Brian.

Lastly, can I say hello to the girls, wrapped in all manner of Forest attire, who loudly acquired as to the allegiances of my colleague and I on a bus going into the city, full of Evertonians. Nice one. FRANCIS REEVES.

United Get BFH

FOREST 2 HEREFORD 0. 25/1

The Hereford fans were singing from about 2pm, but barely hummed after kick off. We could've been 4-0 up within about 15 minutes, with practically the whole side bar Dessie lining up to take pot-shots on goal, but as usual we missed the lot. Is there another side in the League that wastes as many chances as us? I'd like to see the stats. Still, the result was never in any doubt, Hereford managed a mere 2 shots on target all afternoon and looked Fourth Division, and it was solely down to our squanderings that we took until the 38th minute to score.

Psycho had obviously had enough of all this bull (sorry), diving in at hoof height (and again) to head us in front.

The 2nd half saw fewer chances, but was enlivened for us Bridgford Enders by a thick plume of smoke appearing on the other side of the river. "*Meadow Lane is burning down*", we quipped, but it was only Neil Warnock testing the underoil heating.

A Teddy volley made the scoreline more respectable seconds from time, but these statistics tell the whole story:

Attempts on target:

Forest 10 Hereford 2.

Attempts off target:

Forest 15 Hereford 7.

Even with a toy monkey in the manager's chair (see programme) we made mince meat of these.

I'll go home again, please David.

JOHN BENBOW.

-20-

The Pass-a-denas

FOREST 2 SHEFF UTD 5 1/2/92

Thank goodness for Mr Smales' book - for those of us armed with a copy of "The first 125 years" were able to confirm that this was indeed our heaviest defeat since Blackburn Rovers tucked us up by an identical scoreline in Dec 1964. And, by my reckoning, Sheff Utd are the third side to thunder five into our net since we resumed Div I proceedings. I wonder who were the last side to score NINE past us in a single season...?

But enough train-spotting, how do we explain away this particular experience? a goalkeeper, who reacts to the ball as if he fears it may explode, plays in front of a home support that thinks the best way to encourage said custodian is to holler "you useless ****" at regular intervals. A defence, oozing with international expertise, but seemingly unable to cope with a cross into the box, and stumbling around as if they have yet to be formally introduced, bolsters a bantam-weight midfield (RK excluded). And an attack whose main strength comes from left-back and whose number nine would rather pass than shoot when in front of goal (hence the rather tenuous title to this piece).

In truth it probably wasn't quite as bad as that - but when you go 1-3 down after 23 mins, the game is usually over (unless you're playing us, that is). Their first goal was a header by a horribly unmarked Lake, following a cross from the right. The gloom was temporarily lifted when a short corner was eventually crossed for Keane to beat Tiler in the air. A short corner leading to a goal! Quite remarkable! three minutes later, a Sheff free-kick, crossed in from one side or the other was nodded out by Tiler for the Terry Hurlock lookalike, Gannon, to drive past Norman. Two bazzing goals from Sheff, it must be said. Within 180 seconds Tiler, by now every inch a million-and-a-half man deflected a soft shot from twenty yards wide enough to beat Norm, but not so wide that it would beat the post.

Second half was such that several fair-to-good chances looked like being created, apart from that damned insistence to make one more pass before shooting. As the pressure increased, so

we were caught at our own game - a breakaway from their half, Walker pulled out of positioned, a ball crossed in, (it's all going horribly wrong), a perfect tee-up by Brian Laws and a shot by Bradshaw. Listening hard, I thought I could hear the number 2 subs board being dug out, and the contract to some footballing backwater (Mansfield? Aldershot ??) being drawn up for Lawsy. Glover tumbled over Tracey's arms and Psycho thwacked in the pen. Then, four minutes from the ref putting us out of our misery, Deane nipped in ahead of Tiler to complete our heaviest defeat since ...

Strange happenings all round - Kingsley, one of the least worst Garibaldis was whipped of, Nigel went off for treatment and stood on the touchline waiting to come back on, when Ian Woan, spotting him "in space", passed to him. A moments hesitation, and Nigel set off. I don't think the ref had noticed he had gone off in the first place - speaks volumes for his contribution...

So there we are. Personally, donning my train-spotters' anorak again, and remembering the recent 2-4 v Cov., I was secretly pleased when the fifth went in. Hmm. We haven't lost 2-6 since Feb 1934, away at Bradford PA. Bring on the Man U...!

STEVE HANLEY.

Teddy Bear's Picnic Terrace Referendum

FOREST 4 PALACE 2. 5/2

Just when we all expected the men in white coats to roll up and take him away, BC pulls off another master stroke of Cloughology. No doubt about the star of this game, Teddy showed the appetite you'd expect from a man threatened with a transfer to Crystal Palace. Hopefully he won't now be troubling the removal men.

As usual, the Trickies started brightly but couldn't convert their chances. We were made to pay for it when Mark Bright scored from a good cross against the run of play, but then Forest clean sheets are about as rare as our goals from corners.

The Reds got their act together in the 10 minutes before half-time. Teddy's first was a header from a Nigel cross, which is what we paid for. Our second came from a Crosby corner(!); Keane vollied,

Martyn saved and Psycho steamed onto the rebound. Teddy's second was a shot from the left-hand corner of the box as classy as any of our No.11's this season. The second half got a bit scrappy, Palace lobbing a second goal into an empty net after a Tiler/Pearce muddle left Crossley stranded and confused.

Not to worry though, the newly heroic Gary Crosby panicked Martyn into bringing him down, allowing Teddy to complete his treble from the spot, and we finally knew that it'd be Spurs at home in the Cup and not the Dell in the League. What is the game coming to when it's Wednesday and you don't even know what competition you'll be playing in at the weekend?

Anyway, another stroll through a home Cup game, and a nice bit of humour from the Trent End as a Psychoblaster went close: "We thought we had scored, we were wrong, we were wrong". Not for long - now why can't we do it in the League? NORA TIGER.

FOREST 1 SPURS 1. 9/2

Well referee Mr Allison disgracefully allowed Nottingham Forest to finish the game with 11 players, but he made up for it in other ways. Lady Luck is a curious fellow, but when are we going to get a break against Spurs?

It always used to seem like our luck, good or bad, would even itself out over the course of the season. Not this year. Is it just that in the video age, when EVERY goal and other incident gets televised, we see endless replays of the bad decisions and less of the good, or are match officials really getting that much worse? And it's always the teams like us, with the guile and the split-second timing to beat the offside trap, who get penalised. I reckon we'll see some sort of video system, whereby the ref can

check offside decisions if he's unsure, before the end of the century. In the meantime I'd certainly like to see refs being obliged to explain controversial decisions to the press, like they do on the continent. We know officiating is far more difficult than it looks, but when it could cost us a million quid or so...

Still, at the NFFC gentlemen's club we accept that the referee's decision is final, none of your Warnock-ing or Graham-ing (Souness or George). And a 1-1 home draw with Spurs is something of an achievement these days. And they have lost eight home games already this season...

We played well enough to go to White Hart Lane with confidence (wish it wasn't 3 weeks away), Nigel in particular has his passing boots on at present. The midfield was fairly evenly balanced, but perhaps we could get Crosby to do something useful for once and kick Stewart in the first minute (only joking, I know it's not our style...).

Mentally, we have the upper hand. The Totties players will be biting their nails when they re-run the vid and see how fortuitous they were over Teddy & Psycho's "offside" goals and Wassall's "foul" for the penalty.

So it's half-time and we're 3-0 up....we can't get pissed on again... ANDY DUKE.

Hunt Saboteurs

LEICESTER 1 FOREST 1. 12/2

Our (the fans) attitude towards this competition, compared to that of Leicester's, shows that we really are too big for the ZDS Cup. For the Foxes it was a bigger game than those v Palace and Bristol City in the FA Cup, simply because it's the only Cup in which they have a realistic chance of getting to Wembley. While this

-21-

might've been equally true for ourselves had the ZDS existed in the mediocre days of the mid-80's, we have more important games to get fired up about these days. Had we beaten Spurs and entered the Cup Winners Cup there is no way we'd have bothered with the ZDS, but that said, once you're in it you might as well try to win it. It's another excuse for a good piss up in Stanmore anyway.

Having got the first "wet" train and missed the police escort, the streets around the ground were thankfully quiet, but once inside we were met with a hostile atmosphere. Our seats were in the corner perilously close to the Fox fans in what used to be the away end, and it's a while since I've witnessed such venom from opposing fans, hurling abuse and decimal currency in our direction throughout the 90 minutes. What did we ever do to them?

I've seen Brian Rice at left back at Filbert St, and now Nigel Clough. With Charles & Chet on the bench, the consensus was that some obscure accident must have befallen Mr Pearce. My theory was that the ref had somehow taken offence to his bandaged hand, but it turned out that God had planned it all along... we've seen Dessie upfront, what next? Crosby in goal? Nigel actually did pretty well, and even got away with a fine Psycho-esque foul on Kevin Russell.

Leicester play a lot like us: neat passing, switching it wide, missing easy chances. Dessie and Norm saved us on numerous occasions in the first half, with a hint of siege mentality, but as the game progressed the Reds grew stronger. It was no surprise when Scot Gerbil put us ahead midway through the 2nd half from close range. Equally unsurprising was Leicester's equaliser 5 minutes later, Colin Gordon being allowed a free header.

All in all, it was probably a fair result, and we know we'll stuff them at

ours. What wasn't so fair was the reaction of the Leicester fans, who jeered as an old boy, who'd presumably been hit by one of their coins, was carried off on a stretcher*. And Nottingham Forest hate you, you bastards.

GLENN NOWERS.

* Fortunately, the chap in question has been seen at games since, looking none the worse for his ordeal.

A Clean Breast

FOREST 4 BRISTOL C. 1. 15/2

They might have risen a Division, but Bristol City have certainly gone downhill since we last met them. This was just a tad one-sided (Rovers gave us a far better game). Roy ran the midfield and Nigel looked International class without having to run too much at all. City tried to intimidate Clough, Nigel & chums with clogs and niggles - at one point it looked unlikely that they'd finish the game with the full complement of players - but that was all they could muster, and it didn't work. Which is presumably why the ref largely ignored it.

Forest went ahead after only 4 mins with a deflection off the unfortunate Llewellyn, but didn't really take control until the 2nd half. The 2nd (Clough scramble) and 4th (Teddy penalty) goals will hardly be replayed over and over come end of season video time, but the 3rd was the highlight of the game; a textbook Psycho-Nigel 1-2 finished clinically by the RIGHT foot of our Leader in true swashbuckling style.

In between No.s 3 & 4 slack defending let in City's best player by a mile, the Polish Vodka King Dziekanowski (Jacki to his friends), but I suppose we wouldn't be Forest without conceding a soft goal.

I only hope Middlesbrough or Portsmouth will prove as easy. Personally, I'd prefer Boro as they play more our style of football and we always beat Lennie Lawrence's teams.

So home to Liverpool is the latest casualty of the re-arranged fixture list and the Commodores are still singing our song: "And it's once, twice, three times to Wembley..." Bring on the Leicester - Bring on the Tottenham. A COCKNEY RED.

Pensioned Off

FOREST 1 CHELSEA 1. 22/2

After last year's goalfest in the corresponding fixture this was certain to be a disappointment, and so it turned out. The strong wind probably helped Teddy's shot past their keeper, but it was good to see a man in Red prepared to have a go from so far out. Particularly Teddy, who seems to have put his sticky patch behind him and is showing the finishing power that Cloughie paid so much for.

Pearce is never reticent when it comes to having a pop at goal, and his Psycho-blasters from a similar position to that from which Teddy scored was only denied by a fine save. The rest of the first half doesn't really deserve a recall.

Second half was no great shakes either. Elliott and Cundy shored up their back line marvellously and their keeper did his bit with a fine save from Keane. Chelsea applied some pressure midway through and Norm made a pair of good stops. He could do little with the goal, however, turned in by that London slag Allen. The culprits in this case were those that deserted the back post. Now what was the military punishment for desertion?

So another dull League game sees us slipping further down the table, but never mind, we'll piss the lot come May. FRANCIS REEVES.

Fox Bats

FOREST 2 LEICESTER 0. 26/2

What is it with these Leicester people? Not content with out-numbering

Notts two to one at Meadow Lane - not difficult, admittedly - here they were again, 7,000 of them. Most of them had presumably come to see the game, but the atmosphere outside the ground was unusually menacing, leading you to suspect that some had got ulterior motives. These days, it seems like the only trouble we get is when we play lower division teams in cup competitions.

As for the match itself, I can't say I can remember all that much of it, because several of us were having what amounted to a BRIAN editorial meeting on the Bridgford. I do know that Nigel's overhit through-ball should have been comfortably dealt with by Leicester's defence, but that they somehow contrived to present the ball at the feet of Bing in front of goal. I thought that a defender might still catch up with him, but he managed to score.

That seemed to act as a spur for Leicester, but for all of their passing and possession, they rarely threatened to score. Yes, it was just like watching Forest, who, no doubt miffed at having their style taken in vain by the 2nd Division upstarts, ended the half with a flurry of chances. So it continued in the 2nd half, and a fine second goal arrived just past the hour, started - with a tackle - and finished - with a superb chip - by Wassall. And that was about it. We were going to Wembley again, and Leicester were going home empty handed again. Sport can be cruel at times, as any fox will tell you...

ALEX MONEY.

SPURS 1 FOREST 2. 1/3
See centre pages.

Bloody Predictable

PALACE 0 FOREST 0. 3/3

There's a step on the Visitor's Terrace with my name on it. No, honest there is. And what's more I can have no excuses for missing Forest matches at

Selhurst...I only live 2 miles away from it. Cajoling mates, even Tricky mates, into coming to this one proved difficult.

"It always pisses down at Selhurst".

"It'll be crap".

"It'll be 0-0".

3 of the replies I had. Well, it didn't rain! After Sunday though, I lived in hope rather than Dull-ich! Of course, after a sparkling win and a ballsy performance Mr Clough decided it was time for a change. No Laws, no Crosby, instead a sweeper (I think it was meant to be Des) and Charles roving forward. It worked, Gary had two excellent chances and missed 'em. Gemmill played well in midfield - I'm warming to Scot you know, which is more than I can say for Charles - and we looked pretty but not penetrative. Yet again. They 'oofed it high and are crap, but we knew that, and they're still six points clear of us.

So me and the two fools who came with me went for a pint, discussed the Spurs match again and looked forward to Pompey. I fear that come the time I phone around prior to the Wimbledon game there will be even fewer fools.

WILLO.

Goodbye, Sailor

PORSTM'TH 1 FOREST 0. 7/3

Brian Clough was awarded the Bells Manager of the Month Award this morning. If he hadn't already downed the lot before kick-off then he certainly needed it for the journey home. I'd spent most of the previous night watching the new Forest Match of the Day video, reliving the days when BC got so many bottles of Bells that he never had to visit the off licence. Peter Shilton kept 25 clean sheets in the League the year we won it, if only we had someone half as secure between the sticks now.

How the f*** did Norman drop that. It wouldn't have been so bad if our goal had been constantly bombarded, if he'd pulled off a string of stupendous saves, but he

didn't NEED to perform any miracles. It was a schoolboy error.

It wouldn't have been so bad if we'd been beaten by a side that outplayed us and went all-out for more, instead of defending for the remaining 88 minutes. But Norm only had 2 more saves to make in the whole game, one of which he only managed to parry when he really should have held it.

It wouldn't have been so bad if more than 3 Reds had looked to be making an effort to equalise, especially in the 2nd half. There are always heroes and villains in this game - and Crossley's managed to be both in the space of the week - but Norm was by no means the only bad guy. I just feel sorry for Roy, who ran his heart out, and Psycho and Nigel.

And why the hell was Teddy subbed? I've seen some strange tactical decisions in my time, but how can anyone take off a forward for a defender when we're 1-0 down away in the Cup? Where is the logic? Chet didn't put a foot right.

The Laws sending off added insult to injury. Was the foul any more dangerous than Awford's on Clough? How many refs would have sent Beresford walking for his professional foul on Keane? But we'd lost it by half-time, where was the motivation? Was Clough too busy apologising on behalf of Norman to fire the Reds up in the interval?

Just look at the sides left in it, only Liverpool look dangerous, and it's about time we lost our fear of them. This was the best chance we've ever had and we blew it. Sure, we've still got the other two finals - and the possibility of Europe - but as I heard countless times that night, we'd all swap both of them for this one. As we walked back into the Newhouse, the jukebox played the Rolling Stones' "Ruby Tuesday", and it's "Goodbye, three times Wembley, We thought we had our name on you,

It's greedy to go more than two times

Still I'm gonna miss you"

GLENN NOWERS.

VOL. 53 1/2

We've domination
In every competition
Having matches
With teams from different patches
In cups we often play
Our best football away
If you stick around
I'm sure that we can find that
Wembley Ground
Being a Tricky
Young and warm and wild and free
Being a Tricky
We'll win the cup(s) at Wem-ber-ley

What they do to me
I know, I can't believe
There's something about them
Makes me follow the Trees

Clap when we score
Slap thighs when they score
I hope it isn't a draw
Laugh when they cry
Don't wipe their eyes
Take the cup from the scum and remind
 them of who's won
Oh, it's another cup
Yes, we can win the lot *

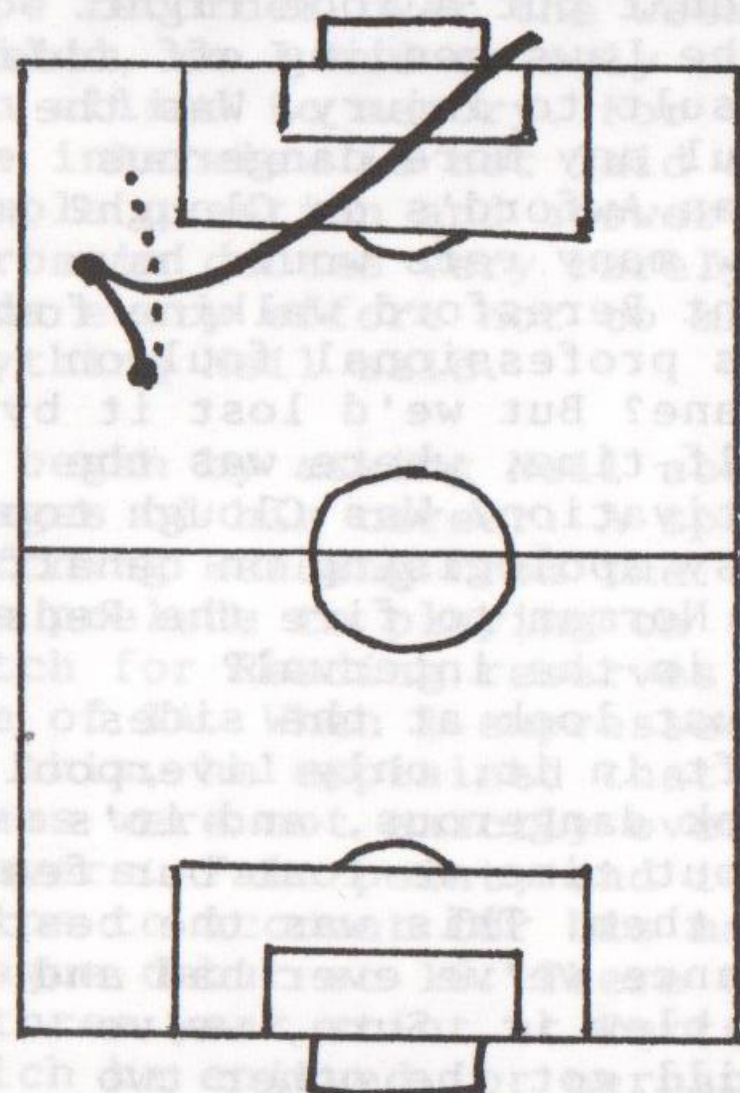
by ALEX MONEY. (* well maybe not)

**Do They
REALLY
Mean
US?**

ough reason to go over the top. Similarly Nottingham Forest fans' invasion at Newcastle, also in 1974, when their side were also losing, boosted their own players enough to resurrect the game and turn potential defeat into a 4-3 victory, only for the result to be declared void. Scorelines rather than body counts are more im-

From "Sing When You're Winning" by Steve Redhead.

Ian Woan's Top Tips



NO.2 - THE ONE-TWO:
Despite your best efforts to keep out of the game by "marking" the right-back, at some time during the game, the skipper will curl a short pass to your feet and then go past you in a red blur of pumping elbows and stomping feet, in a very obvious bid for a rather crude 1-2 that wouldn't fool most defenders in the Conference (where I used to star - did I ever tell you about that?) So whilst the

defence are temporarily
blinded by this blundering
blurred bulldozer figure
heading for the corner flag
(like that rubbish Kingsley
fella - check the goals-
per-game ratio and now tell
me who's the best No.11,
"me-laddo") - and this is
the clever bit - you cut
inside and send over a
delightful chip right onto
the head of that old guy on
the Colwick Road who always
heads it back to the
Keeper.

Next week: How to stop your proud journalist sister writing embarrassing articles about you in the Liverpool Echo.

by TEACHERMAN.

Sing An Honest Song

Here we are then, plum in the middle of another infuriating season of knowing we've got a team with the potential to be world beaters, but for one reason or another is really much more likely to get well and truly gubbed every week. Reality attack. It's not pleasant, but the sooner we face it, the sooner it'll be over. The time is right to introduce a note of truth to our repertoire of songs and tell it like it is. None of

this building our hopes up just to be let down again. And maybe the players take our praises so much for truth that they really believe the hype. This would explain the current trend amongst certain of them to swan around like God's gift whilst getting stomped all over by the likes of Luton & Sheffield United.

For example, instead of "We're so good it's unbelievable", let's have "We're so

inconsistent it's really frustrating".
Get the idea? And seeing as the
likelihood of us winning the League is
slightly smaller than the chance of the
fair city of Derby hosting the 2000
Olympics, how about "...and now you're
gonna believe us, we'll probably finish
twelfth".

It's easy...OK, so some of the songs may not scan properly (" You'll never beat Des Walker, but he'll quite possibly do it for you"), but we'll no longer be deluding ourselves and we can all sleep better at night for not telling fibs. We can even get rid of the ever offensive "Nottingham is full of fun..." by replacing the "full of tit, fanny and Forest" with "and we'll never get any cos we're mostly ugly and stupid". A major advance.

And why do we insist on adding one to our tally of goals at corners when it's patently obvious that we are incapable of scoring from them. "Nil nil nil nil" would be much more honest.

"We're by far the greatest team you'll ever see" ??? Oooh, worra whopper. There's at least 10 better in England right now and who knows how many elsewhere. Surely "We're about the 50th best team in Europe at the moment" would be nearer the mark.

be nearer the mark.

Much as I hate to blaspheme by speaking ill of the Almighty, he's quite obviously NOT a football genius these days. My cat is admittedly pretty stupid, but even he'd have bothered to get up off his fat arse to have a few inspirational words (well, miaows actually) with his demoralised troops going into extra time of the Cup Final (and he'd certainly NOT find a guaranteed place in his team for someone on the grounds that he's got a lovely smile and is good at putting up shelves!). So, for the time being at least, no more "*Brian Clough's a football genius*", let's be having something along the lines of "*Brian Clough's a football manager*", (which fits in quite well) or, for the more depressing afternoons when we're all feeling a bit more vindictive, "*Brian Clough's is bordering on insanity*" (which doesn't fit so well, but will get the point across regardless).

"We will follow the Forest onto victory", well, yes sometimes that will be the outcome, but for this season (in the League at least) I think we could have the home and away versions of this, such as "We will follow the Forest onto a dodgy one all draw" (home), and "We will follow the Forest onto a spineless trouncing" (away). If our League form gets much worse we can taunt the opposition with "Down with us, you're going down with us..."

A look back in time reveals some appalling examples of history being re-

written. Future social historians will believe that Ian Bowyer was a legendary flying winger instead of a legendary plodding (but none the less great in his time) midfield grafter. And how far would anyone ever have travelled for one of Sammy Chapman's goals. A ten minute bus ride to the City Ground maybe, or a cheap day return to some glamorous 2nd Division outpost like Hull. But walking a million miles - that's stretching it a bit. And he wasn't *"six foot two, eyes of blue"* either, as I recall. However, there was one shining example of truth back in the dim and distant past, if you recall the awesome majesty of John O'Hare - *"He's fat, he's round, he bounces on the ground"* as certain Trent End factions used to insist.

And talking of matters historical, does knowing your history really make your heart go woo-oo-oo-up? Nah, knowing Joanne Whalley (intimately) might well have that effect on myself, but the recollection of, say, Justin Fashanu just makes me giggle, whilst the memory of Ian Wallace makes me vomit. It all depends, dunnit?

The recent local derby (I wish someone would find another word for that) showed that both sets of Nottingham supporters are sadly misguided. "*We're the pride of Nottingham*", sang Reds and Pies alike. No way; everyone knows that the real pride of Nottingham are (in order of importance) Dennis McCarthy, Tara the Youngest DJ, JPS Lights, Paper Lace and Torvill & Dean. Well yes, maybe I am getting carried away now.

Things look a bit better in the Cup competitions, and lots of us like a few jars before the match, so "And we're all pissed up and we're gonna win the Cup" isn't too untruthful, but maybe "Some of us have had a bevvy or two - but there's an alcohol ban on the 10.30 to St Pancras - and we might at least win the ZDS" would be better.

Do Forest make YOU happy when skies are grey? It only works on me when they win, and we need a variation on this song for when it's sunny and they really piss us off. "You make me miserable when you play crap", perhaps?

Looking at ourselves rather than the team, a very minor adjustment on "Sing when you're winning" to make "Sing when WE'RE winning, we only sing when WE'RE winning" would ring more true, and even then the Bridgford End would have to try "Never sing at all", but then that would mean they're singing and we'd all get confused.

And this is just existing songs. Think of the fun to be had by inventing new ones. To the tune of the Boney M classic "*Hooray Hooray it's a Holi Holi Day*", how about "*Nigel Clough, Nigel Clough, when it's cold he wears his gloves, Nigel Nigel Clough*". The possibilities

are endless, and I'll leave it to someone with greater songwriting talents than me to come up with a future classic comparing Scot Gemmill and Gary Crosby to Mavis and Derek Wilton from Corrie. For anyone out there who may be inspired by this idea (unlikely, I admit), I'd recommend a listen to the recordings of

the undisputed master of the crap football chant, Mr Frank Sidebottom: the brains behind such gems as "You're going home on an organised football coach", "Wemberley, Wemberley, it's a great big place in London and it's name is Wemberley", "Nil nil, nil nil, nil nil, nil nil" and loads more. **DJ BRIAN.**

ROGET MILFORD'S THESAURUS

Following the Tottenham home game, I was skimming through the pages of my "Kenneth Wolstenholme Book of Football Lore" when I came across some football definitions. Upon further examination I realised that here was a document which would help to make some sense of the incidents witnessed by the long-suffering supporters of God's Own Team:

REFEREE - Arbiter of justice. Man who makes decisions in order to ensure fairness (see Courtney). A reasonable person (see Callow) who seeks to maintain the balance (see Milford) and to uphold the laws (see Bigger). He is assisted in this by a pair of linesmen who, somewhat curiously, are required to be unaware of these laws (see offside).

OFFSIDE - An expression heard at football matches and originating from Latin Europe, the Spanish equivalent being *ole*. Upon receipt of a "throughball" by a striker a defender raises his arm (see Adams), one set of fans shouts "Offside" and a linesman raises his flag, thus stopping play and enabling him to wave to his team-mates (see linesman). This ritual occurs more with some teams than others, but the incidence of flag raising is directly proportional to the speed of the attacking move, the squareness of the defence and the size of the home crowd. Some spectators mistakenly believe there to be a law governing offside, unfortunately this is not the case, as demonstrated recently in McClair v Woods, Pearce v Thorsvedt, Sheringham v Thorsvedt etc. Recent investigations have revealed that, due to a printing error in the 1992 edition of "How To Win Friends and Influence People - A Linesman's Guide", paragraph 7 page 897 read "when the ball is received" and not "when the ball is played".

CALLOW - Immature and inexperienced, unused to the ways of worldly men (see Midfield).

LINESMEN - Creatures who like lines, hence they tend to be spotted running up and down them. They usually hunt in pairs, though due to a chromosome problem which renders them partially blind, they have to

communicate by semaphore during "the hunt". Favourite targets for linesmen are "strikers" who tend to be quicker in thought and body than the Linesmen (see Offside). Linesmen are lonely creatures who like to wave at each other as much as possible.

GOD - (see Pearce).

BALANCE - As in "on balance I thought we deserved the draw" (see Warnock), or "on balance I thought I made some mistakes, but nothing major" (see Milford).

TACKLE - Fundamental skill required to perform effectively as a footballer. Tackles come in all forms, some of these being high (see Gascoigne), late (see Bould), fair (see Pearce), wild (see Gascoigne), hard (see Crosby), from behind (see Stewart), and any variation of two or more, such as wild, late and high (see Gascoigne). Interestingly, some of these tackles are invisible to Referees when performed by footballers wearing certain strips. This phenomena is known as "Myopia Bias Bastardus" and can also be found in some Linesmen.

COMMITMENT - A quality required of men who wear the Red of God's Own Team. Interestingly, and somewhat surprisingly, this word is also linked to Parker following the issue of a film of the same name.

JUSTICE - (see Pearce).

ALLEN - A member of the diving family. Foreign relatives include the Sprawling Rosenthal and the Flying Limpar. Usual habitat is Hackney Marshes, where he can be found practising his art. A little known fact regarding this type of creature is that their dives become more elaborate as they near the area of the pitch, or "mating ground", where consummation is to take place, commonly referred to as "the box". Oddly, this complex attention-seeking ritual is not designed to attract other divers but Referees.

GASCOIGNE - Fat Geordie Git.

MILFORD - A town in Surrey where Tottenham players go to build up local contacts. Of note is the fact that this town sells more perming fluid per head of population than any other in Britain.

Happening All Over Again

I met Steven when I moved to Manchester. He rented a room in the same house as I did. Since the other two tenants are bouncy, annoying, untidy twats it was no surprise that I did much of my in-house conversing with Steven. Football is always a good point on which to get talking and when he revealed his allegiance to the Blades, I'll admit I felt a bit superior: their primitive style, Vinny Jones and their, ahem, "distinctive" away strip being three of the reasons for this. And although the "Shame at the Lane" (Part 1) wasn't totally forgotten, the 90-91 4-3 aggregate score in our favour was brought up more than once. Not a great weapon but a start.

As Oct 19 edged nearer the banter increased until he went home for the match. We couldn't lose this one; they had had an awful start while we were doing moderately well. And surely Psycho et al would remember last year and make sure that they weren't humiliated again. I took my place among the large Tricky turnout and watched Forest make Sheffield United look world beaters. On an absolutely freezing day, we capitulated completely. Fortunately, I didn't have to see Steven until the middle of the next week, by which time our win at Elland Road had restored some cheer. The only argument that I could counter his taunts with was that our two goals were by far the best of the game and should thus count double. One of theirs came from a bad backpass and

STRIKER - Player who likes to "strike" the ball towards goal at pace. Usually wears numbers 6 through 11. Sadly, God's Own Team seem to have only one true "striker", wearing No.3! Recent scientific evidence points to a rebirth of "striking" from the front line (see Woan v Seaman, Sheringham v Martin, Black v Cherry, Glover v Thorsvedt).

BOULD - As in "Bould him over", or "never ref". Part of a famous North London double act where each member stands with one arm in the air as if holding a plank (see Adams - sic).

PEARCE - (see God).

No doubt those of you visiting the City Ground during the last year can relate to some of these definitions and can think of many more. The one I would really like to see is "CUP, FA - (see Forest Trophy Room)!"

by THE HUMBERSIDE RED.

therefore should not have been allowed. So 4-3 to us. Ridiculously feeble and he was not having it. It was lucky on my part that the Blades beat the Owls 2-0 not long after, so Steven's piss-taking efforts were now all directed at Wednesday fans.

After Christmas, the Nottingham-Sheffield rivalry was given fresh impetus as "post-it" labels, complete with contrived, unfunny messages, began appearing on our room doors. Sample on my room: "Keane bitten by Great Dane". On his: "Hill flattened by Forest". U-Reds acquired a new nickname, "The Geese", due to the famous fair which he'd never heard of before I told him. Either he's ignorant or the goose fair isn't as famous as is thought. Crap puns on fowl/foul were ignored. The week immediately preceding the return game at the City Ground featured sustained verbal confrontations. I KNEW we wouldn't, nay, couldn't lose.

The air on the 1st of February was not as clear as my thoughts on the prospect of Forest losing. Fortunately the fog dispersed and we amused ourselves in the pub, winding up Steven by forecasting three and four goal wins for Forest. But then one of us thought we would beat Luton Taaahhn 6-0 on New Year's Day. 3pm came and went, Lake fluked a volley but once Keane had nodded an equaliser my old confidence returned. 10 minutes later it had been shattered, and as the game progressed a sense of disbelief prevailed. I wasn't angry with Forest; they weren't too bad. It just seemed scarcely credible that a team could score from all but one of their goal attempts. But then supporting Forest usually means watching your team fashion chances galore, only to squander them as spectacularly as possible.

To give Steven his due, he wasn't as bad as he could have been on the journey home. Probably because he thought he would otherwise have to walk back. Still, every reference to the time seemed to indicate 55 minutes past the hour...More feeble arguments about the validity of certain goals were advanced, all to no avail. Unfortunately I was so confident beforehand that I now have to pay a ridiculous forfeit the next time we are in the pub. I keep putting it off but I'll have to face it eventually.

I'm sure other readers live with fans of other clubs, it's just my luck that Steven's a Unitedite and they have trounced us twice this season. I cannot find my room door under all the clippings, "post-its", and general piss-takes but just wait till next season, Steven, enjoy it while you can.

by FRANCIS REEVES.

The TRENT END

I had been hoping that either or both of the latest two Forest books might have made some attempt to acknowledge the role of Forest's supporters over the years, and particularly the rag-tags who have populated the Trent End. Judging by some of the articles and letters in BRIAN it's obvious that the Trent End is held in great affection by many connected with the Garibaldi. It would be a great injustice if it were simply bulldozed in a couple of years with no attempt being made at a written tribute to its' existence. Well if the journalists and fact compilers aren't prepared to make the effort then it's up to the fans...and this one now declares his avowed intent to write said tribute.

Probably to be titled "FOREST EVER FOREST - The Story of the TRENT END", it is hoped to detail events from the construction of the stand, the formation of the choir, advent of hooliganism, erection of the lateral fences and subsequent dispersal of occupants, re-birth in 1977-78, etc. etc., up to the day the bulldozers move in.

The success of this proposed venture depends a great deal on what information is made available, and this is where I'm reliant on the BRIAN readership. I particularly require details from 1961 to 1966 when the 'choir' developed - can anyone remember the first song ever sang? Has anyone got any old scrapbooks lying around which contain Trent End references; any newspaper clippings that mention the Trent End by name? Does anyone have any photographs of the Trent End in full voice such as the one featured in the Garibaldi Reds? Any interesting Trent End related personal experiences; the first time you stood in there, the first time you were thrown out? I think I've got most of the Trent End ditties, but if you can remember anything obscure, especially songs featuring Forest players, please let me know...for example:- AYE, AYE, AYE, AYE Grummitt is better than Yashin etc. Are there any Trent End 'FACES' still knocking about; any anti-heroes; the guy who used to bawl out "ZIGGA ZAGGA"; the one who laid out the ref in 1967? Any

photos of Forest-related graffiti, e.g. the message which adorned the approach to Arkwright Street for many seasons? I will be using the BRIAN as a basis for further updates on this project and no doubt further appeals for both specific and general Trent End topics will appear over the next few issues.

If anybody can help with information in any way, shape or form, please send it to me via the BRIAN at the usual address - ALL communications will be acknowledged (strange concept, eh Mo?).

In view of certain of the contents of this venture, I do not foresee my receiving any help from the Forest hierarchy, which makes your assistance vital. If I can make the effort to interview Joe Baker I'm sure you lot can go into the attic and dig out some Trent End goodies.

With the coming of all-seater stadia and the demolition of other clubs' 'ENDS', it may be that other tributes will follow, e.g. "The Stretford End Story", "The Popside Saga", "The Lane End - Why There Wasn't One!" I'm sure we can make "FOREST EVER FOREST - The Story of the TRENT END" the original and best.

by TIM GOUGH

In the hope of reviving some memories and stimulating the red and white matter, I'll give you a couple of preliminary questions and a few Trent End related newspaper reports.

Q: Was there a Trent End 'hero' before Joe Baker?

Q: Does anyone know all the words to the early 60's Trent End song that contained the lines:-

"Just like Christine Keeler
who dropped them in bed
Come on the Forest,
we're playing in Red"

Q: Does anyone know the first two lines to the song which continued...

"We'll win the League
We'll win the Cup
Best team in the land

So it's off to Europe in the Red
- In the Red
Ian Moore will dazzle in the sun
- In the sun
When the goals are scored
The fans will roar
Especially the Trent End sound"

Q: Does anyone have a copy of the Evening Post article published in the early 70's (vague or what?), entitled "TRENT END BOOT BOYS PLAY IT TRUE TO FORM". I think it followed a midweek game against Southampton but I haven't managed to find it in the archives.

CHAIRMAN'S PLEA TO REDS' YOUNG FANS

A strong appeal for "common sense" to a section of his club's young supporters, was made by Nottingham Forest chairman, Mr. Tony Wood, following the Reds' match at Derby on Saturday night, writes TONY PRITCHETT.

After Joe Baker had put Forest ahead, hundreds of young fans from Nottingham swarmed all over the pitch, and it took players, officials and police some moments to clear them away and get the game moving again. Mr. Wood said: "Our club

sincerely appreciates the fantastic support that these youngsters give the team; but before the season gets going, I would like to appeal to their common sense and ask them not to run on to the pitch at any time.

"It does no good at all, and if it goes on it could one day get a match stopped, and none of us ever wants to see that happen."

Mr. Wood has made his appeal at a timely moment. For the Reds begin their home programme in eight days' time with a match against newly-promoted Coventry City—when the enthusiasm of the boys behind the Trent End goal may well be matched

by the fervour of the youngsters coming from Coventry. Already all seats for this game have been taken.

A train carrying hundreds of Forest supporters from Derby to the city was brought to an emergency stop on Saturday night when the communication cord was pulled.

The train, which left Derby at 10.25, stopped at Sheet Stores junction, and continued after three minutes. It was not established who pulled the cord.

British Railways police met the train at Nottingham, and a spokesman said last night that because there were so many

travellers "it was almost impossible to question and apprehend anyone."

He added: "It took the train only 15 minutes to reach Nottingham from Sheet Stores junction and this did not allow time for police to board it at any stage."

When the train was inspected it was found that 30 light bulbs and eight shades had been broken.

"We have had little or no trouble with Nottingham Forest supporters before," said the spokesman. "They have probably been better behaved than most."

Then Neumann, Zurich's captain, was also booked. Foolishly he hurled a handful of coins back into the Trent End crowd. This provoked more disturbances and then Neumann followed up by arguing and gesticulating when referee Lacoste ruled against him.

Police finally massed behind the Trent End goal and it was some moments before order was restored and play could go on.

FOREST GAME ENDS IN VIOLENCE

A SOCCER fan climbed the barriers and laid out referee P. H. Payne, of Sheffield, as Nottingham Forest's final home match of the season, against Manchester City, exploded into violence last night.

Forest won 2-0 in a game which developed into a foul-a-minute brawl in the second half.

Two players, John Winfield, of Forest, and George Heslop, of City, were booked and it was while Mr. Payne was taking Heslop's name that he was attacked.

A youth climbed out of the crowd on the popular side and knocked the official to the ground with a swinging punch to the face.

He was chased and grabbed by

Forest skipper Terry Hennessey until a posse of police officers swooped and took the fan out of the ground, with the rest of the 33,000 crowd in turmoil.

Sent off

More sensation was to come. City's wing half Mike Doyle was sent off a few minutes from time for an offence against Lyons, committed right in front of the referee's eyes.

And in another flare-up, only seconds later, City's assistant manager, Malcolm Allison, was restrained when he seemed on the point of joining in a fierce

argument between players just inside the touchline.

By this time, all pretence of football had disappeared and it was a shameful end to a great season.

After the match hundreds of supporters congregated outside the dressing rooms until a strong squad of police ushered them away.

After the match Forest chairman Mr. Tony Wood commented: "It was a great pity that the actions of one person should mar this match."

"I was delighted that so many thousands of fans came to show their appreciation of the team after their terrible disappointment on Saturday and I must say a particular thank you to the youngsters behind the Trent end goal."

It is understood that a 14-year-old Carlton youth will appear before Nottingham Shire Hall Juvenile Court magistrates next Monday in connection with the incident.

With their singing and their chanting, the Nottingham youngsters completely subdued the home supporters.

The ecstatic Forest fans chanted "Beware United" as Forest flowed impressively in the second half and courageous Coventry realised there was little they could do against such spoilt power.

But give them their due Coventry fought magnificently and Forest goalkeeper Peter Grummitt was outstanding. Moore in the seventh minute and Frank Wignall, five minutes from time, were booked for unnecessary vigour but there were none of the histrionics and recklessness which ruined last week's poorly controlled, bitter battle of Nottingham.

CROWD BEHAVIOUR AT CITY GROUND

We have been instructed by the Football Association to issue a warning to spectators who misconduct themselves at games played here at the City Ground.

Spectators must not, under any circumstances, encroach on to the playing area, either to congratulate, reproach or molest in any way the players or the officials. We deprecate too, the habit of throwing rolls of toilet paper on to the pitch.

It is appreciated that only a small minority behave in this way, and we help us prevent any incident which is likely to tarnish the good name of our club.

Forest's fans from the popular side, who had given their team tremendous backing, were now waving their scarves and chanting "Easy—easy."

33,000 FANS SEE ATTACK ON REF.



Immediately after being attacked, the referee, Mr. P. H. Payne, lies on the ground as his assailant runs off the field. On the extreme left of the picture is Terry Hennessey, with arms outstretched, waiting to "arrest" the youth.

Oor Wally: sorry about the coffee stain...

WALLY ARDROM



Wally came to Forest in the close season of 1949. He was well into his thirties by then, yet in his first season for Forest he hit the back of the net 25 times.

A brilliant header of the ball, who could also shoot with both feet, Wally also scored a lot of individual goals, picking up the ball on the halfway line and dribbling it through the opposing defenders and scoring at will.

He scored the record number of Forest goals in a season - 36 in the (3rd Division S) Championship season of 1950/51. A regular scorer in all his seasons at Forest, his complete League record is as follows:-

		Games	Goals
1949/50	Div.3	41	25
1950/51	Div.3	45	36
1951/52	Div.2	39	29
1952/53	Div.2	30	21
1953/54	Div.2	14	10
1954/55	Div.2	13	2

TOTAL 182 123

Wally was the first League player to pass 200 goals in post-war football.

5ft 10 ins tall and weighing 11st 10lbs, Wally was also a qualified masseur, and at one time had a complete gymnasium in his home!

After leaving Forest, he retired from League football and returned to his native Yorkshire, where he died in 1978. by JUSTIFIED ANCIENT RED.

What can one say about Wally? Probably the best centre forward Forest have ever had, in goals output anyway.

He could have been a professional boxer - he once sparred with Bruce Woodcock, the former European Heavyweight Champion, but he decided to play football instead. He played for Denaby United in the Midland League until he was 27, when Rotherham signed him on professional forms.

Oh No, Not That Rugby Thingy Again..

I find articles in fanzines advocating rule changes a little frustrating, on the grounds that Graham Kelly is probably completely unaware of the existence of fanzines, and also they're not very funny.

But it's not very funny when Peter Shreeves complains about Pat van den Donkey's booking against Feyenoord because "he only stood over the ball, and not for very long..."

Boo hoo hoo. Imagine you're a 12 year old watching that (you may indeed be a 12 year old). Next Saturday you'll be doing it with gay abandon, with some justification because you saw a highly paid professional football manager say it was OK on live telly.

Let's not beat about the bush; it's cheating. As is kicking the ball away, and appealing for things that you know perfectly well aren't yours. What is

even more annoying about the last one is the number of times you see someone, usually Neil Ruddock, kick the ball out, appeal for the throw-in and THEN protest to the ref when he quite rightly gives it the other way. I could possibly accept a bit of cheeky appealing, cos you never know your luck, but to then complain is the sort of thing that should carry the death sentence.

This behaviour by players is clearly down to club management. Forest, Oldham, West Ham and Norwich do it, but as an exception rather than the rule.

But Man Utd, Leeds, Arsenal, Liverpool, Spurs, Villa, Southampton, Palace etc... they all do it so much that you're sick of it within 15 minutes. All these teams have very astute management, so one can only assume that they do it deliberately.

Who can blame them, though, with the current attitude of officials. Four

times this season we've seen Spurs foul and cheat against Forest, and the score is 2 sendings-off to nil against us. Only in the semi-final first leg did the referee seem bothered by their tactics, booking 3 players, all for gamesmanship type thingys. And you'll all remember the game at Villa Park this season where a quick free-kick move was broken up by a player not 3 yards away, the referee, quite bizarre all game, waved play on: 3-1 Villa. I mean, where's the incentive to, well, play properly?

A learned colleague of mine has a theory that some clubs, particularly Spurs, adjust their approach to the game depending on who the referee is. They knew there was no way Roger Milford was going to get his book out on a big day at Wembley in front of the nation, he's the self-styled player's friend.

Similarly at the City Ground at the start of the season. Everyone knows that with Vic Callow you can commit all manner of physical abuse on your oppo, as long as you don't say anything to Vic.

Joe Worrell last Sunday stood idly by as Terry Fenwick, Paul Stewart and Patricia van den Potato attempted to murder various Trickies. As soon as our Nigel or Roy (who had some stud marks on his chest) raised a protest, a lengthy lecture resulted: "Don't worry about your ankles Nigel, you'll have to retire one day anyway".

You'll have noticed that in the 1st Leg Stewart didn't kick our Roy once, and Fenwick left Nigel's ankles, knees, etc. intact. Instead they had to play

properly because they knew before the match that the ref wasn't going to let them cheat.

Now the difference with this complaint about the rules is that the rules are perfectly adequate, it's attitudes that need to be changed. A very difficult thing, especially when you consider that junior teams are taught these things by big dealer parents whose ideal player is Bryan Robson or Andy Gray (much the same player really).

Go to a rugby or hockey game (actually don't, you'll be surrounded by horrible thugs hiding behind a public school education to cover their personality defects). If you did go you'd notice, as well as the free availability of alcohol, that none of the players ever, EVER question a referee's decision. This is because a) they've been conditioned to behave this way since they were nippers, and b) the rules contain a tangible punishment, ie you concede a 10 yards to the opposition. This takes a free-kick in midfield into Psycho-blast range.

What I propose is this; FIFA announces that ANY dissent or standing over the ball at free-kicks will be punished by a booking and the ball being advanced 10 yards, that this is the only warning, and there can be no complaint about it if you fall foul of it after 30 seconds of the next game.

Apart from some initial whingeing by a few well-known Scottish mardies, I think you'd see quite a positive change in our lovely game. by DAMIEN MACKINNEY.

RE VIEW: The "Forester" Videos

Forest video junkies unable to wait until the end of the season for the CBS/FOX "all the goals" tape will have been delighted with the new "FORESTER" series this year. The first two tapes have been available since before Xmas, covering highlights of the games up until the Palace League match at the end of November, although for no apparent reason the Spurs and Norwich League games are omitted.

The tapes have several advantages over the end-of-season package: 1) matches can be re-viewed while events are still fresh in the mind; 2) the build-up to the goals is invariably in much greater detail; 3) the highlights give more of the flavour of each match,

rather than merely the goals. Bearing in mind the limited budget, it is inevitable that some quality will be lost, but in some areas more effort is required to bring "FORESTER" up to scratch. The editing sometimes borders on the surreal; some matches are shown in disproportionate detail; and the standard of the commentary varies dramatically, with several contributors unwittingly providing humour. The commentator for the Oldham game (FORESTER 1) restricts himself to a monotone recital of the names of the players in possession in a style that will be familiar to those who have heard the JAMMS' "It's Grim Up North", whilst the absolute star of FORESTER 2 is the

Sheffield United supporting commentator on the "Nightmare on Bramall Lane Pt 2". Apart from being beside himself to the point of requiring a change of underwear as the Blades pile on the agony, he gets the name of the Forest scorer wrong, and during one frantic goalmouth scramble he manages to avoid saying anything at all!

For those with an extra £60 to spare, the "FORESTER" series is far superior to the CBS/Fox compilation, but for that kind of money, the purchaser has a right to better editing, commentary, graphics and (particularly) interviews than that on the first two available tapes.

by TEACHERMAN.

* FORESTER 3 is now also available from the Club Shop.

LETTERS

Dear Auntie BRIAN,

Thank you. From the bottom of my heart, thank you. The article on football and sex (BRI #28) has set my mind at rest. I was beginning to think I was the only person in the world who couldn't separate football from the sexual act. I felt dirty and perverted, but I'm feeling much happier now. For years, people have looked at me gone out when I've described Tricky players as "sexy" and goals as "orgasmic". I felt alone. A sexual deviant. I was confused.

I thought the G-Spot was a point on the pitch from which Psycho takes a free-kick, G standing for Goooooooooaaal. It got me into all sorts of trouble. I thought foreplay involved running out onto a pitch, kicking a ball around, holding hands with a Junior Red and seductively peeling off my tracksuit. Afterplay was a standing ovation from "A" Block and a lap of honour. Sexual positions, well, who wouldn't have been confused. My preference was the "left back", which involved mutual tattoo-ing, running around like a man possessed and kicking my unfortunate partner into the Lower Tier of the Exec. "69" was a bizarre threesome involving Ian Storey-Moore and my partner, who had to pretend to be Peter Grummitt. The "missionary" position was dangerous as it involved going into a pub in Derby, telling the locals they're supporting a crap team and handing out condoms and a copy of *Forest 1865-1978* by John Lawson. Safe Sex was anything that didn't involve dangling from the Pavilion Road floodlight. Very UN-safe sex was wearing a Forest shirt in Stanley Park on a foggy Wednesday evening, or a Gary Charles backpass. Straight sex was John McGovern, kinky sex Justin Fashanu (right-on note, no homophobic undertones

there, it was the tiny shorts and the red leather suit on the sleeve of his single - nothing else). Domination was home games against Chelsea, submission away to Wimbledon. A climax was the last game of the season against whoever. I wondered why I could only manage one a year. Oral sex was singing "Ooh Aah Franzie Carr", and anal penetration was Ian Wallace slicing through a defence. Well, he WAS a bum and it WAS nigh on impossible. Aphrodisiacs? Forget champagne and oysters to get you in the mood, it was a cup of Bovril and a Waggon Wheel for me.

I half expected to find *Shoot!* being moved onto the top shelf at WHSmiths, sold only in a cellophane wrapper to consenting adults; Forest videos sold from under the counter in grubby Soho sleaze shops; Forest kits sold in Ann Summers; Clubcall advertised in the back pages of *The Sport*... "Thank you for calling Nottingham Forest Clubcall. In a moment you'll be hearing Big Norm describing how he likes to handle balls. But first, here's news of some other fantasy numbers..." etc etc. I could take the opportunity here for a cheap jibe at the probable contents of the Derby County Clubcall service, but bestiality isn't really my thang.

But now I can come out of the closet. Someone out there shares my fetish and who knows, there's probably thousands more like me out there.

Thank you again for your help. Anonymous (well would YOU put your name to this?) of the Main Stand.

PS Here's a list of my personal top 10 sexual experiences:

- 1) Every time Duncan McKenzie got the ball.
- 2) Ditto Franz Carr.
- 3) Brian Rice scoring at the Arse in the Cup.

- 4) Dessie's goal.
- 5) Peter Withe scoring at Leeds in the LC semi.
- 6) Robbo's penalty in the LC Final replay.
- 7) Robbo's header v Koln in EC semi.
- 8) The entire drubbing of Man City in the Cup (1974).
- 9) Colin Barrett's goal v Liverpool in the EC first round.
- 10) Nigel Clough scoring the late winner at Man Utd (Jan. 86).

Dear BRIAN,

Having read the recent criticism of Forest's performance and readers advice on how we can improve, I offer my own simple 6 point plan to success:

1) The crowd to get off Norm's back and realise that he is a good keeper. He may make the odd mistake (v Everton) and look a complete twat, but he wins more games with his saves than he loses with his errors.

2) BC finally works it out that Brian Laws is the man for the number two shirt. Does it tell you something that even when Charles plays the Forest faithful still sing "Brian Laws".

3) With the prolonged injury to Terry Wilson, we delve into the transfer market for a 'hard man' in midfield so that Roy isn't doing all the work. Scot Gemmill is a good player but he is 'lightweight' and we are losing a lot of the ball in the midfield. A player in the mould of Vinny Jones would be ideal.

4) BC finally plays Kingsley on the left wing and again buys a decent right winger, finally dumping Bing off to some other mugs. A player swap and cash for a player like Pat Nevin, or the new star from Portsmouth, Darren Anderton. Ian Woan is a very talented player, but sometimes his final ball is lacking.

5) BC stops buying expensive misfits, i.e. Wallace, Fashanu and Sheringham. I mean, £2m for a player who can only score from tap-ins and has yet to

score a 'good' goal (letter dated 31st Jan.). His performances against Villa and Luton in the League and Wolves in the Cup show that he is a good 2nd Division player but can't make it in the first. Even when he warms up he can't hit the target from just outside the box!

6) BC stops selling our best players at prices at which you now can't even buy mediocre players, e.g. Jemmo £850k, Harry £900k, Sheridan £350k, Parker £650k.

It's interesting to pick a team from the players we've sold in the last few years, combined with those in the current squad:

Crossley, Laws, Pearce, Walker, Fairclough, Sheridan, Keane, Parker, Hodge, Jemson, Chapman. Subs: Clough, Wilson.

Who would bet against this team winning everything?

Finally, my nomination for the No.1 spot in the "Dirty Dozen", Mark Hughes of Manchester United. Never has one player in the English 1st Division been so universally hated by all the other clubs. He is a cheating Welsh git who deserves to be kicked all over the park.

Dazza Conlon, Birmingham.

Dear BRIAN,

Well I guess I shan't be wearing my "Hi - I'm Martyn Smith from Scunthorpe" t-shirt at the next home game then. Aw shucks, I thought I was the voice of reason and it turns out I'm just a ranter like all the rest. Having read the response to my letter I stand before you a chastened man.

I particularly like and acknowledge Francis Reeves' point about the lack of logic in my argument, touche Francis. As for the reply from Jayne Elliott, if I write an article detailing who I would pick and where I would play them, as Jamie did, is that article automatically good because it is thought-provoking, or is it bad because it is, like a visit to Brammall Lane, a pointless exercise? The best article he has ever

written? I personally have enjoyed Jamie's other contributions somewhat more.

My letter sought to draw attention to some of the crap you have to put up with when you have an opinionated bore standing next to you (and yes, I know I am that man!). Johnny Garibaldi on page 5 of issue 27 raised a broadly similar point, for which he drew no flak at all. If I hadn't pilloried Jamie so much maybe the validity of my point would not have been so vehemently denied.

I agree entirely on the right of everyone to have opinions, and if God chooses to play little Nigel at left-back it doesn't necessarily follow that he is responding to a "training situation" we don't know about, or "trying a particularly devious and well-conceived tactical ploy". He could of course be completely barking and we, as the wage-paying fans, should have a voice for our concerns on that front. That the fanzine appears to be the only credible platform for that voice is lamentable.

I am all for griping when we over elaborate, miss open goals and make fundamental blunders. We demand and deserve the best. I still maintain, however, that a football terrace is unique in that it is stuffed with experts willing to expound their theories, from how to win tackles to how to win championships. There's a long way between discussing your team over a drink with your mates and telling all within earshot - some of whom wish they weren't - as to why you wouldn't have paid £2m for Teddy Sheringham, or what you would do with high crosses under pressure. Martin Tempany ("Dodgy Pies" No.28) says he isn't convinced about Teddy. I am, so what. Who really wanted to know either of those facts? Judging by Lord Edward's performances recently it looks as though he read Martin's advice on

how to be a more effective striker!

In "Sex and the Single Goal" Trevor Woolley identifies a coupling(!) between football and sex. That being the case I'll have to admit that as moaning goes hand-in-hand with passion - and as we're all passionate about our wonderful team - then moaning is an integral part of any football game. Well perhaps so, but none of the Mighty Reds want to play badly - would you if you were out there? I am sure that even Bing is doing his best, and everyone is entitled to the odd bad day at the office, although when it happens everyday questions do have to be asked.

Always remember we are supporters, not beraters. If people are on your back all the time at work do you perform well, or do you just get more and more frustrated?

No doubt this case for the defence has convinced no-one, but food for thought is often indigestible. And consider this, only one man has never had an off-day - and look what happened to him. Come to think of it, he was a carpenter as well...

Martyn Smith, Scunthorpe.

Dear BRIAN,

Like your reviewer (pages 14/15 No.28), I feel "Forest - the First 125 Years" could have given a little more insight of behind the scenes. Your reviewer quoted the 3-2 win v Everton, Chick Thomson etc.. I've often wondered what was said in the Forest dressing room at half-time at Tooting in January 1959, when we went in two goals down. As mere spectators our feelings were unprintable, but the own goal and penalty in the second half, and later a walk over the frozen-rutted field (surely it wasn't a pitch) restored our faith in life - and of course we all know the final outcome v Luton.

It's very easy to criticise, but quotes and comments sometimes mean

more than just plain statistics. Peter Grummitt v Peter Bonetti in a 0-0 draw many years ago at the City Ground was probably the best display by two keepers I've seen, but 0-0 on paper looks boring and tells you very little.
G. Jennings, W. Bridgford.

Dear BRIAN,
Consider the facts:
In Desmond and "Stu Pearce" (c. *The Sun*) we have probably two of the best defenders in the WORLD. It's a startling fact that the world's best defenders are at Nottingham Forest, and this situation will probably never again arise at any English club. As nearly a direct consequence of having these players, England had its strongest defence for many years, and as was acknowledged after the game v France, when Papin was so admirably contained by Desmond, it seems as if England don't ever look as if they are going to concede a goal.

With just one of the world's best defenders in our ranks it would be fair to assume that we have a solid defence. But with two, it should be a solid fact that we should have the meanest defence in the League. Add to this the fact that our right back is acknowledged to be one of the future stars of the game and the other member of the back four has played regularly for the U-21's, we shouldn't really let in many goals at all. But when we look back on the team's performance in a few years we will discover that in this era we have been letting in more goals than at any other time. At the time of writing we have conceded an average 1.5 goals per game - an unacceptably high average even by Luton or Southampton's standards.

So with such a formidable back four why DO we let in so many goals?

Now I acknowledge Charles, Tiler and Chettle have been to blame for inconsistent performances, but is a

relatively small reason.

Enter Mark Crossley. Now, I don't believe in slagging off the players, and once they've been picked we should all get behind them and give them 100% encouragement. Once they're on the pitch we should all help, not hinder them, and to this extent Gemmill, Crosby and Crossley have been let down by the fans on regular occasions this season. I like Crossley, he's a great shot-stopper and played a blinder in the Cup Final (pity Glover, Woan, Crosby, Clough etc. didn't), but enough is enough. This is top quality football and it's a harsh life. If you're not good enough you don't play.

So why on earth does Clough keep picking Crossley?

Goalkeeper is the only position where a solid, experienced player is absolutely essential. We don't have that and as a consequence we are 15th in Div. 1, when we really should be in the top five. Apart from the long list of goals which have been directly his fault (Leeds away, Spurs home, Oldham home, etc etc), he instills a lack of confidence which is fatal. Tiler especially seems very wary that only Crossley is behind him.

Mark does have talent, but we can't afford to keep playing him because he's cost us too many points. Clough cannot justify picking him week after week. It is noted that all 1st Division managers think he's our weak spot. he doesn't look confident and doesn't seem to enjoy it, so come on Cloughie, either get Stevie back or get some money out.

Having said all that, if he is picked again (which he undoubtedly will be), I will give him 100% support on the pitch - as we all should - but really it has gone on for too long.

If he proves me wrong I will be the first to write in and acknowledge the fact!

Mark Roberts.

Dear BRIAN,
"ODE TO DES"

I believe claims that the recession is over
I believe somewhere there's a four-leaved clover
I believe Carl Tiler is worth all that money
I believe Little & Large will say something funny
I believe Brian Clough will stop getting pissed
As I cringe with embarrassment at the people he's kissed
I believe Mark Crossley will catch a cross
I hope Archie Gemmill becomes the next Boss
I believe that Arsenal will stop playing the offside trap
And I believe Jimmy Hill will stop talking crap
But no-one can comprehend something like this
A moment in time, one of sheer bliss
Shocked and startled, I'd just like to say
I still can't believe Des scored on New Year's Day
Dessie's Left Boot.

Dear BRIAN,
I continue to enjoy the magazine but am missing the coverage of the reserve scene! I also get the Post, but its coverage of Forest Reserves is minimal, so I think for us Exiles news of Toddi etc. would be welcome, plus of course any lowdown on prospective signings/leavings which go unnoticed in the southern orientated national press. Am looking forward to Wembley.
Tom Faulkner, Eastbourne.
* Come in Mark Chaplain, wherever you are!

Dear BRIAN,
Back long ago, when Jimmy Sirrell (bless him!) was still in charge of Notts, he came out with a comment which in my mind rivals Bill Shankly's "Life & Death" quip. Jimmy said:
"If ye dinnae score, ye dinnae win" (and he hadn't been drinking!!). This is indeed a VERY good point, and one to be remembered always. No matter how good Pearce, Walker & Co. are, if we don't score, we won't win. Fine. Now read the

quote another way; if you don't concede a goal, you won't lose. So we sod off to Portsmouth. Since the moment the draw was finalised, my money was on Forest drawing away, then stuffing Pompey up here. So what happens? Stormin' bleeding Norman - whom we all know is crap at crosses - gifts Portsmouth a goal with practically their only attack of the match. Result - the end of the Treble dreams and with it a second chance to get into Europe. Had he held the cross (isn't that what everybody else's goalie does?), bingo - no early goal, no loss of confidence - perhaps we might even have won! (My thoughts on the quality of refereeing will be voiced later in the season).

The black and white is that we lost and are out of the Biggie. Norm has a lot to answer for. And now Suttty has gone to DCFC, Norm can only be replaced (and it's nearly transfer deadline day) by a chap

called Andy Marriott (not the Trent FM DJ, I hope!), God help us if Norman gets injured between now and Wembley.

Interesting note: we have not won a "proper" trophy with Norm in goal. We won 3 with Suttty.

And to all those (myself included) who said that despite his all too frequent gaffes, Norm's a good goalie, remember what the girl said to her Mum...

"Mummy, I'm a good girl most of the time, but I'm a little bit pregnant...". Norm's a good keeper most of the time, but we're a little bit out of the Cup.

Since I'm in a whinge mood...What a wonderful turnout by the home fans for the 2nd leg of the Leicester game. A 21,000 crowd, of which at least 8,000 were Foxes, leaves a max. of 13,000 who could be bothered to turn up in red & white. I bet there's more than 13,000 want to watch the Final at Wembley...Why can't Forest have system

where those who make the effort are rewarded?

This Cup Voucher system - bloody ridiculous. At an unspecified game, they give out a means of getting Wembley tickets. Without one, forget it. I'm lucky, I got two (don't ask), but I know several people who couldn't make the Chelsea game (like me, not season ticket holders), and are without.

And here we go again... Forest are selling tickets for Wembley. Have we seen a plan of the ground with blocks/prices marked? Have we arse. OK, we all know the score and how much we can afford, but it'd be nice to see the choices available. Will they ever learn?

Airhorn Alex, Beeston.
PS I think we should seriously consider the idea of giving Derby County £500,000 for their recently acquired goalkeeper.

See you all at Wembley!

Stop The Violence!

I know that bad language is frowned upon, and wherever possible I do not use it in any of my contributions to the BRIAN, but in this case I feel that strong language is necessary to illustrate the intensity of my feelings on the subject - football hooliganism - and so if you feel you will be offended please do not read on, you have been warned.

You don't have to be a stupid bastard to be a hooligan, but it helps. I thought that trouble at Forest games was a thing of the past, but in our recent games v Leicester the evil seems to have returned. On my way to the 2nd leg tie at the City Ground I drove down Canal Street and was just about to turn left past the station. I was waiting at the traffic lights opposite Redmaynes when a running battle commenced and my car was surrounded by youths, I know not whether they were Leicester or Forest. This was the scariest experience I have had at a Forest game for many years, but I managed to lock both my doors and get away at speed, parking my car in the Meadows and, still shaking, entering the Greyhound for a calming coke.

When incidents like this are reported in the press the people involved are described as Football Hooligans. I would call them brain dead twats, but you

cannot say that in the popular press. "Football fans cause trouble" is all that is heard by the general public, and "Football Fans" includes us all, you go to football therefore you must be a trouble maker. You cannot blame the general public for believing that all fans are subhuman morons when they read of yet more trouble in the vicinity of a match. The point I'm making is that because these immature wankers run amok we all get cast in the role of public enemy number one. How many times have you been refused service in a pub because you are on your way to the match? Scandanavian ferry services are even banning all football fans from their boats to Sweden in June! Whilst these people still cause trouble we will all be branded. Fighting at football seemed to have gone out of fashion - don't let it come back.

I know that the vast majority of BRIAN readers are law abiding, but if you do know of someone who may get involved in brawling tell them there's a good piece on fighting in the BRIAN and point it out to them. Tell them the bloke who wrote it has a message for them, and the message is this "Keep away from our game, or grow up. We don't want you so F*ck Off and leave us in peace".

by THE STUDENT.