

Happy Retirement!



BRIAN CLOUGH - Manager of Nottingham Forest FC, 1975-1993. European Cups: 2, Leagues Titles: 1, League Cups: 4, European Super Cups: 1; Simod Cups: 2, Charity Shields: 1, Anglo-Scottish Cups: 1. 18 years of tricky bliss - well, mostly. Thank you, Brian, and may everything come up roses for you.

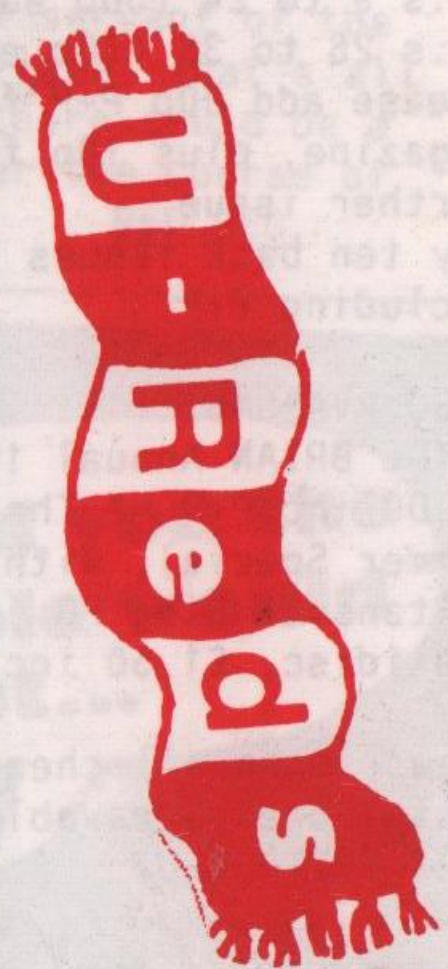
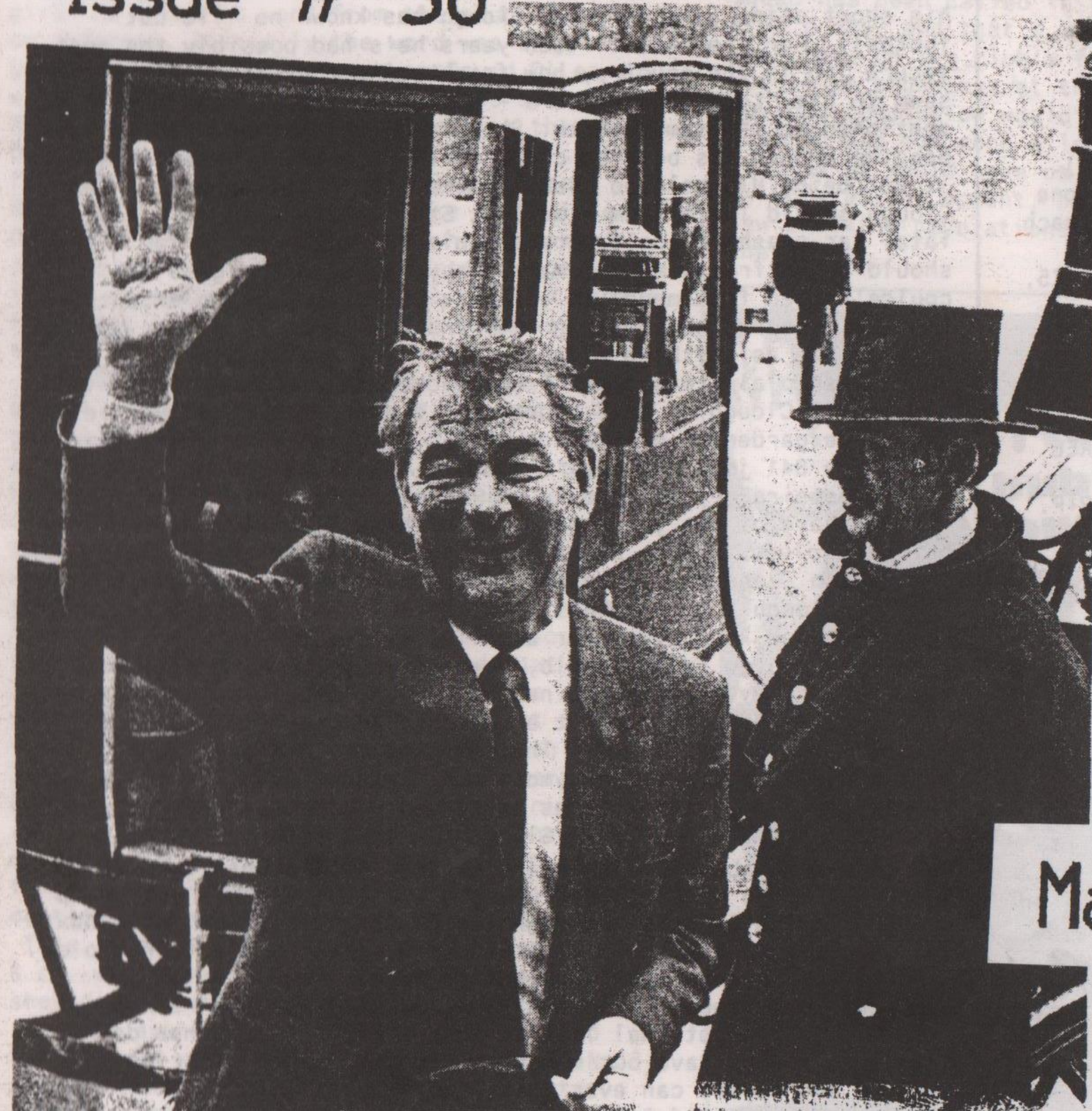
The Last Days Of

BRIAN

FANZINE

Issue # 36

70p



May 1993

The "Party On Down" Issue

STOCKISTS:

Selectadisc Records, 21 Market Street; The News House, St James's Street; Sport-in-Print, Radcliffe Road; West's News, 1A Radcliffe Road; Tom Hoskins Pub, Queens Drive And from Bobbins by Trent Bridge. Plus: Sportspages, Cambridge Circus, Charing X Road, London WC2. Sportspages, Barton Sq., St Ann's Sq., Manchester. Strathclyde Programme Shop, 73 Robertson St., Glasgow.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

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It's The End of the World As We Know It

It still hasn't really sunk in, I don't think, I've been carrying this dull ache around with me all week; it's like a broken romance, or the death of a loved one or a cherished dream, the pain is there when you wake up in the morning even before you can remember what it's for. You know it's got to happen sometime, but you never really believe that sometime will ever come. I've never really known life without Brian Clough.

It's best for the health of both BC and NFFC that he retires, but did it have to be in such sordid circumstances? Was it a set-up? How many people were in on it? Funny how two sister papers finally broke rank on the same day, printing the sort of secrets and rumours that have been common gossip in Nottingham for donkey's years but that Fleet Street don't normally touch. And did he jump or was he pushed? Either way, Chris Wootton should be drummed out of the club at first opportunity. He may kid himself that he had the best interests of NFFC at heart, but there are better ways of going about things, you don't stab in the back a man who's done as much for a club as Brian Clough has for Forest, you don't attempt to sell him down the river for (allegedly) 15,000 pieces of silver.

How much more dignified it would have been if Clough could have left two years ago, arm in arm with the FA Cup, but that would've been a fairytale and there's no such thing as fairies. It's the hardest thing in the world to know when to walk away. Apart from his short stint at ICI, Brian Clough has known no life but football. For the past fifteen years he's had possibly the most secure job in the country, how frightening the world outside must seem to him. Look at his peers - and there aren't many fit to be mentioned in the same breath: Shankly quit too soon, had to keep hanging around his beloved club, couldn't bear the heartbreak of it not being HIS beloved club anymore and it killed him. Brian Clough should learn from him. Jock Stein was the same, a near-fatal car crash couldn't persuade him to walk away. Brian Clough should learn from him. And Matt Busby, he quit the game but couldn't keep from meddling with the team; to such an extent he indirectly sent them down in '74, and his shadow has been as much responsible as anything else for their failure to win the championship all this time. Fred Reacher should learn from him.

What will Clough do now? Become SKY's answer to Roger Mellie? A landscape gardener? A lollipop man? A Majorcan time-share shark? There are 841 jobs in today's *Evening Post*. There's no point in a move "upstairs" - there would still be all the pressure but a lesser share of the joy, and I don't think he could bear not being involved. Clough has always been very much the private, family man - and what a relief this announcement must be for Barbara Clough - I hope he's got the sense and the support to keep busy and keep away, for a while, at least.

Wherever you go in the world, when you say you come from Nottingham they mention two names, and the second is Robin Hood - go to China and they haven't even heard of him - it's all "Brian Clough, Nottingham Forest". The names of Brian Clough and Nottingham Forest are synonymous with success and with style, people in Milan, Buenos Aires and Lagos don't know or care about Arsenal and Spurs - or even Glasgow Rangers before this season - but they know about Cloughie and Forest. That's what the man has done for us; in winning the European Cup (twice) he's put us up there with the legends; we might be playing Derby and Notts next season but I'll bet there ain't too many kids in downtown Rio de Janeiro with sheepshagging Subbutteo teams.

Down we most probably are, but that doesn't mean we're not grateful for the eternal list of things Brian Clough has done for us. We'll always have our memories, and no number of trips to Grimsby and beyond can ever take them away.

Goodbye Brian, good luck, and thank you.

R.R.

All opinions expressed within this organ are solely those of the individual contributors, so on their heads be it.

SORRY:

...that this issue is even more haphazard than usual, but the events of the last week have dictated a schedule even more hectic than usual.

5TH BIRTHDAY:

We forgot to mention that the last issue came out on our 5th birthday. Thanks to everyone - writers, printers, sellers, stockists and readers - who've allowed us to keep it going this long.

THE BRIAN:

No end of people have come up to me in the last week asking if the BRIAN was to be re-named the MARTIN. After some thought, it has been decided to retain the name, partly because any change would only confuse people, but mostly because it would be a small but lasting tribute to the great man. And anyway, we can always say it's named after Brian Laws.

Whispering Grass...

...Things are happening so quickly that this whole issue will probably be out of date by the time it even reaches the printers. These are the latest rumours to reach our ears, along with one or two facts and some opinions...

Firstly, the new manager. Every single Forest fan I've spoken to feels it has to be Martin O'Neill, but judging by the interviews he's given he's had no word from the club, formal or informal. Initially the word was that we'd go for David Pleat, as we hear David O'Leary will be taking over at Luton in the summer. Pleat of course played for Forest in the early 60's and has remained a friend of many senior figures at the club (and of half of Forest Road), but his recent experience of Division One, with Leicester and Luton, has entailed playing pretty football while remaining glued to the relegation zone. I think I could manage Forest to that. Fortunately his name is no longer being whispered.

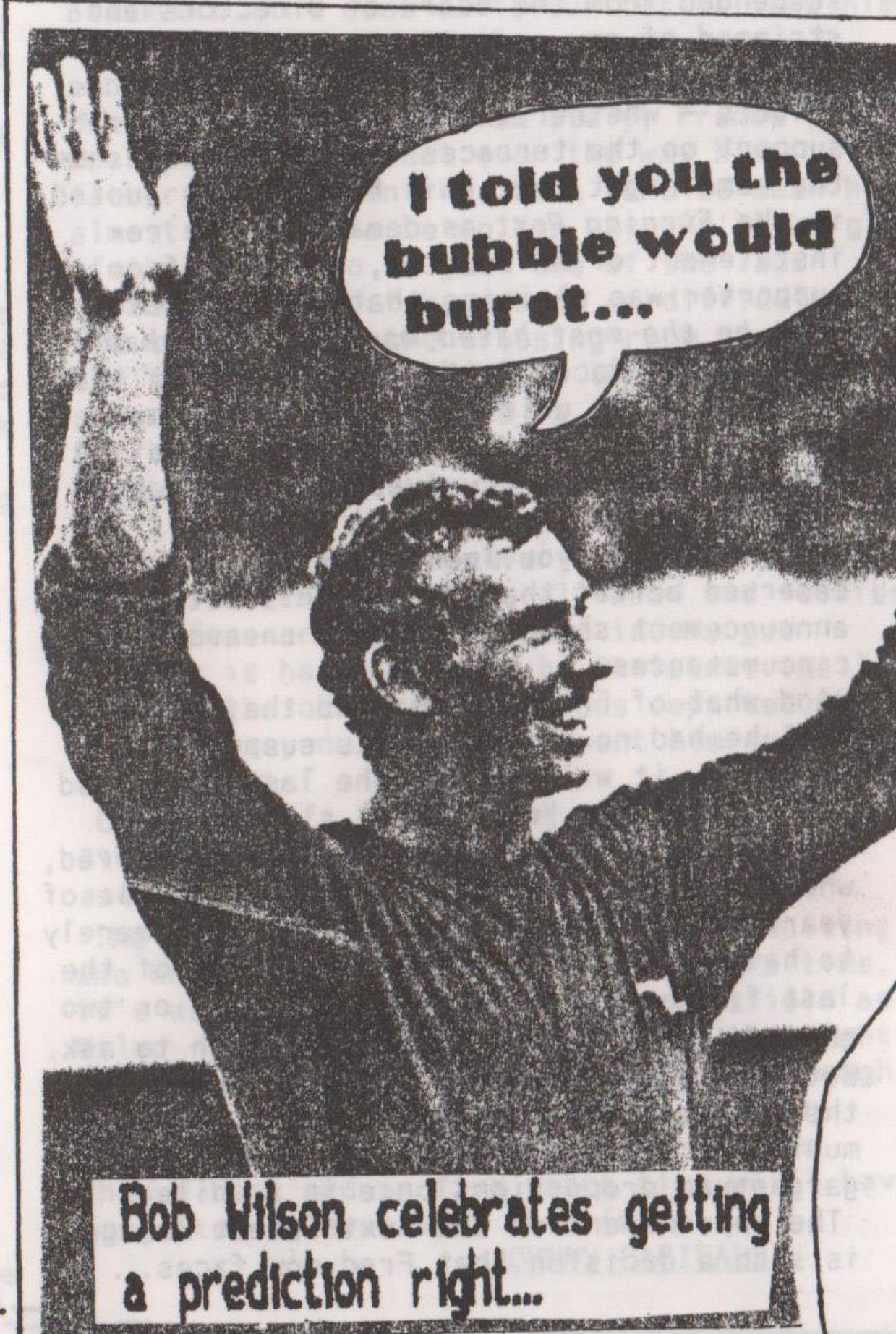
Clough has pronounced that he'd like to see promotion from the backroom staff, and it's possible that Fred Reacher will bow to his wishes in an effort to make amends for the way he handled the whole retirement saga. In our reader's poll last summer 49% of people said they'd like to see Archie Gemmill take over when the time came, but times have changed and surely the coaching staff have to take as much responsibility for our disastrous season as the Boss himself. We've also heard that Archie is non-too popular amongst the players, though nothing like as much as Clough's first choice - Ron Fenton. One first-teamer has been heard to say that if Fenton is appointed there will be 35 transfer requests on the table right away. I'm not sure what Fenton has done to make himself so reviled at the club, but it frightens me that his name is even being mentioned in connection with the Forest job.

This is probably the biggest decision Reacher & co. will have to make in their lives, but it shouldn't be so hard: pick Fenton or Gemmill incite player-revolution, go for Pleat and we'll tread water or stagnate, appoint O'Neill and you have a highly intelligent, astute manager with the backing of the fans. He may not have experience of Division One, but then his playing career gave him zero knowledge of the Vauxhall Conference, and that certainly didn't stop him becoming so successful at Wycombe Wanderers. It's the same simple game

so there's no reason why O'Neill shouldn't achieve the same consistent results on Trentside - Brian Clough was in a similar position when Derby plucked him from Hartlepool. If we don't get him, someone else will - don't break my heart, Fred.

...As if the board didn't have enough to contend with, there are rumours that the Fraud Squad has been called in to investigate the NFFC books, and that a *World In Action* programme on the club's financial dealings is due to be broadcast at the end of May. The obvious conclusion would be that Maurice Roworth was not such a loyal servant of the club as he would have us believe. That's all we know at the moment, but there could be a few shocking revelations over the course of the summer...

RED REG.



Bob Wilson celebrates getting a prediction right...

BRIAN 3 Crossman Street, Sherwood, Nottingham NG5 2HR.

MARTIN O'NEILL

- Yer Only Man



So Judgement Day has finally arrived, and like thousands of Forest's fans I am truly saddened at the way Brian Clough's peerless career is drawing to a close.

Why did it have to come about like this? Why did the demise of the greatest manager in the history of our game have to be brought about by a meeting of a Forest Director with a second-rate Sunday newspaper - or am I being naive, was this the only possible way in which a managerial change was going to happen? - I think not. If a seedy meeting between Mr Wootton and the *People* did take place then I am appalled at the actions of the Director. There are morally acceptable ways of achieving results and what Mr Wootton is alleged to have done is unworthy of our club irrespective of his intentions.

The actions of Mr Wootton generate further questions. Was he merely a "stalking horse" operating on behalf of others, or had the whole operation been pre-planned - I think the supporters have more than a little right to know. Mr Wootton's current and future position is further confusing. Presently suspended from the Board of Directors and stripped of any executive powers, he claims to have widespread support among shareholders - whether there is widespread support on the terraces is questionable. On the same night that Phil Murdoch was quoted in the *Evening Post* as demanding the re-instatement of Mr Wootton, a letter from a supporter was claiming that "*Chris Wootton must be the most hated man in Nottingham*" and, on the face of it, it does appear that Mr Wootton has unified both the pro- and anti-Clough lobbies in a mass demonstration of pure emotion - dry eyes at Trentside at 2.55pm? I doubt it.

Whichever way you look at it, Brian deserved better than to have his retirement announcement shrouded in such unsavoury circumstances.

And what of Fred Reacher and the future? I feel he had no option but to suspend Mr Wootton - it will not be the last time Fred is faced with a "no option" situation. I can't help but feel a little sorry for Fred, who must have hoped that his first couple of years of chairmanship would have been merely to have maintained the steady course of the last five years, with maybe a trophy or two thrown in for good measure. Not much to ask. But then again, if you become chairman of the greatest club in the football league you must expect to have to make decisions of gargantuan proportions once in a while.

The appointment of the next Forest manager is such a decision that Fred now faces.

Not only does Forest's future rest on Reacher's shoulders, but I feel Reacher's future also rests on Reacher's shoulders and his impending decision. At this point we should again examine the role of the "Gang of Four", whose influence among shareholders Fred should under-estimate at his peril.

James Mellors, in Tuesday's *Evening Post*, has said "*Personally I have no confidence in the board at all...maybe it's time for some new young blood*".

Keith Gibson added "*This is the start of a whole new era at Forest and the board needs restructuring*".

Against this background of discontent Reacher must seek to get the correct man installed as soon as possible, with a view to uniting the supporters, the shareholders and the board behind him and thus deflecting any criticism he is bound to face at the next AGM.

So what choice does Fred Reacher have?

Sadly but predictably the names being thrown at us have made the whole affair something of a circus, and as if to confirm the fact, Larry Lloyd pipes up with "*My hat is in the ring*" - glad to see that all the years of pulling pints and assuming barrage balloon proportions have not diminished his sense of humour.

I feel that Reacher is going to face greatest criticism if he appoints from the "Old Guard", ie the Fenton/Gemmill/O'Kane/Hill brigade. The mood amongst the fan is generally that a "clean sweep" is required - and that the aforementioned are as much responsible for our near-certain relegation and indeed Brian Clough's present state as the great man himself.

Ron Fenton is apparently unpopular with many of the players and is derided by the fans. Furthermore it is difficult to think of anyone associated with the current set up who is more lacking in charisma and personality.

Archie Gemmill is an interesting character who does appear to have limited support from the fans. However he loses points for the way he totally capitulated when Brian "suspended" him for two weeks after the reserves failed to retain the Pontins League a few seasons ago. If Archie had had anything about him and harboured genuine aspirations to management he would have taken off and gone to Leicester City when the opportunity presented itself. I also feel that, when the chips are down, we'll find that Archie's heart lies at the Baseball Ground. If an appointment at Trentside leaves Archie out in the cold, expect rumblings at Derby closely followed by Archie re-routing along the A52.

O'Kane and Hill could possibly be retained on the staff in view of their comprehensive knowledge of the set up, but neither are considered by the fans to be genuine managerial prospects.

So what of the outsiders?

Bowyer, Macari, Hoddle, Gradi, Pleat, O'Leary, Cox, Clark, Buckley, Francis, Little - I can't see any of this lot having more than 5% of the support of Forest fans. Forget them.

Stuart Pearce, Nigel Clough...I wonder.

When it comes down to it, we all know that there's only one choice - Martin O'Neill. No-one's got a crystal ball so no-one can say who is the right person to write Forest's next chapter, but whatever reasonable criteria you apply, Martin O'Neill will satisfy more than anyone else. He would immediately have 99.9% backing of Forest's support and would hopefully nullify any "*I'm not renewing next season*" reactions.

Martin O'Neill is intelligent, articulate, ambitious, adored by the Trent End and respected by the rest of the ground. The reaction of Forest fans when he returned to Trentside as captain of Norwich was one of the greatest demonstrations of emotion shown by a Forest crowd. At the time, Ken Smales went on record as saying "*It's a pity the crowd don't support the team as well as they supported Martin O'Neill last Saturday*", but I think he was really in admiration of the

show of loyalty to a past hero. As an ex-World Cup captain he is respected throughout the football world and hopefully would be able to attract class players - particularly some already at the club who may need reassuring as to Forest's ambitions and potential.

Recent polls on Radio Nottingham and in the *Evening Post* are further proof that Martin O'Neill is the fans' choice by a mile - and after listening to the interviews Martin has given, it's obvious that all that is required is for Fred Reacher to get his board together for formal approval, then pick up the phone.

I don't think Reacher has any choice to make. Martin O'Neill will unite all factions behind Nottingham Forest FC. Any other appointment will lead to divisions at all levels and the club could be torn apart.

Here's to the next fortnight with fingers firmly crossed.

TIM GOUGH.

Relegation Homesick Blues

I really didn't think it would happen - not because of garibaldi-tinted spectacles blinding me to the unmotivated, impotent dross I've been watching most weeks, but because our deficiencies were so glaringly obvious that I thought it would only be a matter of time before we bought the players to sort it out. NFFC are not some poverty-stricken club struggling on gates of 12,000 - we've got a solid base of loyal support, half of a decent team capable of creating plenty of chances, and several million attracting interest in the bank. It wasn't until the Everton game that it really hit me that we'd be stuck with unmotivated, impotent dross and missed chances for the rest of the season, and that we wouldn't be buying anyone.

Why couldn't Clough have taken the gamble with Stan Collymore? £2million may seem a ridiculous amount, but we'd have recouped that by staying in the Premier League - and even if we'd still gone down, at least we would've had a striker capable of banging 'em in every week in the First Division. I've heard we also had Chris Fairclough lined up, that he was willing as he knows he's got no future at Leeds, but that Clough stood him up at a hotel in Mansfield. Apparently there was a similar story with Kevin Gallacher, who's now on his way to all sorts of glory at Blackburn. No doubt he's still looking forward to playing with Roy Keane.

It's no use crying about it now, but it shouldn't really happen to a club of our stature. Not because we have any moral superiority or a divine right to a place in the Premier League, but because the financial gulf between the richest ten clubs and the rest of the league is now so great that we should always be able to plunder the lower divisions to buy the players to keep us up. The financial rewards of the Premier League make it highly unlikely that any of the Big Five will ever go down again.

So what happens next? Well that depends on the new manager. Relegation doesn't have to be

the end of the world, with the right man in charge we can bounce straight back, Villa and Sheffield Wednesday don't seem to have been too damaged by the drop.

With the wrong man we could be doomed for evermore for a more meaningful rivalry with Derby, Notts and Leicester.

There has to be a total clear-out, all the way through the club. Roy has implied all along that he'd be off if he went down - will he get the Fat Wallet treatment if we draw Blackburn (the odds-on favourites to land him) in the Cup? Nigel has always nurtured ambitions to play abroad, and even if he doesn't get an offer from Italy, France or Spain, his discontent over the way his father's retirement has been handled mean he's almost certain to be on his way. He'll be glad of the chance to be just one of the lads elsewhere, it must have been so difficult for him to fit in in the dressing room here. Of the three, Stuart Pearce is the most likely to stay. At 31, no big club is going to come in for him until he's proved his fitness, and Graham Taylor is a loyal sort of bloke who won't drop him just because he's playing in the First Division. However, if and when he returns as the Psycho we all know and idolise the offers are bound to come in. My gut feeling is he'll be gone by Christmas. Neil Webb is the only other obvious departee, but I doubt if anyone else would want him and his wage packet.

Of those left, Brian Laws, Carl Tiler, Steve Stone and Ian Woan are the ones to build around. Lose any of them and we're doomed.

The uncertainty of it all is quite exciting - who knows where we'll be in five years time, it's as likely we'll be playing Mansfield as Milan - but Fred Reacher has to do the right thing before all the great work Brian Clough did before this season goes down the pan. Install Martin O'Neill, give him an open cheque book and in five years time we'll have forgotten we ever went to Grimsby.

JOHNNY GARIBALDI.

99 Lead Balloons

The Premier League started out with a burst balloon and ended up like a lead balloon, and not because Forest have had such a bad time.

Ah, "Premier League" means "first and foremost", the most important part of English football. That's what all the manager's have been telling us for years. The cup's OK, but it's the League that counts.

But is it? Take any Saturday since Christmas and check the league tables. And then check the continental tables. In the Premier League any one team could have played 3 and sometimes 4 matches more than another. On the continent, they've all played the same number of matches - because over there the leagues count.

How can our league be important when full fixtures are arranged for the same night as the Coca-Cola semi-finals? How can our league be important when a fixture (v Aston Villa) can be moved because another league arranged a home match for Notts County on the same day? What price a season ticket for league matches when games can be re-arranged so easily?

Let's increase the status of the leagues, and the cups at the same time, by a rethink of their organisation. There should only be, in each league, the number of teams which allows for all the fixtures to be played on a Saturday. The Coca-Cola should be played midweek with the final on the Sunday before Christmas. The FA Cup should be midweek with the final in May.

This will never happen because the FA does not have the will or the wit to make the Premier League of prime importance. Never mind, by the time we get back in things may have changed... DAMIEN'S DAD.

10 Reasons To Be Cheerful About Relegation...or are they?

- * No more SKY TV kick-off times...no more SKY TV money.
- * Loads of Midlands derbies...but we could be reacquainting ourselves with the meatheads at Filbert Street and St Andrews.
- * Plenty of new grounds to visit...most of them are crap.
- * We might get the chance to do the double over Derby...they might do it to us.

KEANE TO STAY?

The one positive outcome of Roy's allegedly over-enthusiastic Highbury goal celebrations is that it makes it unlikely that the "talented young Irishman" (c. everyone) will end up snogging a cannon next season. It is widely believed that Keane would invoke the clause in his contract allowing him to leave should relegation occur, and until the recent *contre-temps*, Arsenal (with their notably lightweight midfield this season) looked his most likely destination.

Few other clubs would have the purchasing power to afford the £3million minimum stipulated in his contract, and of those who do Tottenham seems an unlikely destination as Roy has had a long-standing personal feud with about half their team (so fortunately we won't be treated to the unedifying spectacle of Keane kissing his cock). A petulant kicking outburst directly in front of Alex Ferguson in January means a transfer to Old Trafford is equally unlikely, despite the fact that Manchester United might seem the obvious choice for a wayward Irish genius. The Storey-Moore/Birtles/Davenport/Webb jinx may also lead to both parties being cautious about another Forest to United transfer, and in any case it is currently difficult to see who would make way for Keane in the United team. Villa seem similarly well-stocked already in the midfield department, Liverpool would have to sell before they could buy, and both Blackburn and Everton are smaller clubs than Forest anyway these days.

Perhaps Europe is a more likely next move for Keane, but again the minimum fee (a cool £5million) will probably prove prohibitive. Only Italian clubs seem to have that kind of money, and the failure to integrate of recent exports from English clubs, plus that of Keane-alike Matthias Sammer at Inter this season, would make a move for the temperamental Keane a brave but risky venture.

So the obvious solution would be for Keane to stay with Forest. Jack Charlton has a history of picking players outside the Premier League (Tranmere's Aldridge and Coyne for example) if they're good enough, Roy likes Nottingham, is on a good contract, and our style of play suits him, so even if we were to be relegated there's no reason to assume that our star asset will leave - where else would he find a nightclub as good as the Black Orchid for a start?

by TEACHERMAN.

- * We'll be the star attraction on Central TV's football coverage...we'll have to put up with the ramblings of Jimmy Greaves.
- * The club will make money from Central's coverage...there will be loads of Sunday matches.
- * We'll have plenty of money to rebuild the team...Pearce, Keane and Clough will have been sold.
- * There is another possible route to Wembley...via the play-offs.
- * We could be invited to take part in the Anglo-Italian Cup...we might accept.
- * 46 league games to play...4 extra to pay for.

MAJOR OAK.

Moans & Whinges

I should like to put forward a piece for the Moans and Whinges column, which I'm sure will be very popular!

It came to my notice again after hearing Trevor Brooking on Radio 5 correct a guest, who said that "all teams now practise corners and free-kicks", by saying "except Nottingham Forest".

Why is it that Forest cannot defend at or score from corners or free-kicks? OK, I can understand that if you have a dodgy keeper and defence you may suffer in the air, but even when the header is won the ability of Forest to defend the "second ball" on the edge of the box, or the back post, is virtually nil. Surely it is worth practising defending these areas and not just the initial corner/free-kick, as tends to happen with Chettle, Gemmill etc.. So many teams know that the way to beat Forest is to get their target man or tall guy

to be at the far post against Charles or Laws, where he'll inevitably win the header, eg Les Ferdinand v Brett Williams, goal No.4 at QPR - here he headed in on his knees!

When Forest have a dead ball situation their only move is to take it quickly and short, especially without Psycho and with Cloughie at the back!

Why is it anathema to practise these situations? Have the management ever been asked? The corner situation with Forest has frustrated me for years, I can remember Rice and Chettle being masters of the corner cock-up! Then again, Colin Foster was used at the near post quite effectively, but Tiler seems much less useful when pushed up for corners. Perhaps Rosario and Tiler might prove more productive?

So please can we try practising dead ball situations - it surely can't hurt that much!

TOM FAULKNER.

POST WAR CAPTAINS

No. 8: TOMMY GEMMELL.



Tommy's reign as captain was probably the shortest ever. He came to Forest from Glasgow Celtic, having been signed by Matt Gillies, in the second half of the 1971-72 relegation season, and played his last game for the Reds on January 6th 1973, under manager Dave MacKay.

Gemmell had won everything in Scottish football with Celtic:- Scottish international caps, League and Cup medals and a European Champions Cup winners medal in 1967, when he scored the second and winning goal.

Great things were expected of him, but alas he arrived too late to keep us in the First Division. He played only 39 league & cup games for us before being transferred to Dundee and the reason for his leaving is vague - probably Second Division football didn't agree with him, or perhaps he fell out with MacKay. We will never know.

A native of Glasgow, born October 1943, his height was 6ft 1" and he weighed 12st 7lbs.

JUSTIFIED ANCIENT RED.

The Man In Black

"Who's the bastard in the black?" We are all used to such light-hearted abuse, but have you ever thought what it's like to be a football ref? I mean, you've given up a couple of hours of your time to run around in the freezing cold, trying to keep the likes of Vinny Jones in order - and all for peanuts! And what happens? 20,000 home fans singing "The referee's a bastard", that's what. Now be honest, wouldn't YOU be just a little bit tempted to give a penalty to the away team?

And what about offsides? The referee is

10 feet away from play when some meaty defender hoofs the ball upfield, where the striker runs forward and scores. The linesman, who is piss bored with his crappy job for even less money, has missed an offside decision, but who gets the blame? Yes, "You're a wanker referee, where's your bloody glasses?"

Surely the FA can find the money to appoint a few professional referees, or run a few schools of excellence.

And as for the rest, well, remember they are amateurs. We can't stop abusing them for their mistakes, but at least let's give them a big cheer when they come on the pitch (all apart from Alf Buksh who IS a bastard).

yours affec., A.BUKSH JR..

No Charge

It was a Friday morning down on Trentside. Things had gone pretty well at the training session and the lads were getting changed after a well-earned shower.

Brian was sitting at his desk, studying the list of players available for tomorrow's vital relegation battle against Sheffield United. There was a knock on his door.

"Come in", says Brian.

The door opens and in walks an immaculately turned out Roy Keane.

"Have you got a minute Boss?", asks Roy.

"I've got all the time in the world for you lads. Now tell me what's troubling you, Roy"

"Well...it's like this Boss...", and Roy takes out a pen and a piece of paper, and at the top of the piece of paper is written "CONTRACT". And friends, this is what Roy wrote...

For all the times I've had to turn up for training when it's slashing it down with rain.....£645
For helping out in the back four when they couldn't defend to save their lives.....£750
For all those runs I make from midfield when I know I haven't got a chance of receiving the ball.....£650
For all the tackles I make, and for being the best header of a ball at the club....£425
For that afternoon down at Crystal Palace when you stuck me out on the right wing.....£575
For my header at Spurs that got us to Wembley.....£800
And don't forget, Boss, that I was seen kissing my tree on full view of the TV...£450
For keeping this season going on as long as it has.....£250
That all comes to £4,545.
And I mustn't forget 10% for my agent, who's got my best interests at heart.
TOTAL COST.....£5,000

"Oh, and by the way Boss - that's per WEEK", says Roy, handing the paper over to Brian.

Now, Brian put his glass down and he gave young Roy a long, hard look. Brian had seen all this before. He appreciated that Roy had come to Forest, leaving all his family behind in the Deep South, and maybe now was the time Roy needed some fatherly guidance.

He looked at Roy and smiled a fatherly smile. Then he picked up the paper, turned it over, and friends, this was his reply...

For the scouting staff I sent over to Ireland.....there's no charge Roy

And for then signing you from Cobh Ramblers.....again there's no charge Roy
For handing you your first team debut and having the confidence to play you at Anfield.....no charge
And can you remember your home debut against Southampton when I kissed you as you left the pitch....no charge for that, Roy

[At this point, as if on cue, three cleaning ladies came into the office and struck up a country/gospel type chorus in the background]

For alerting Jackie Charlton to your burgeoning talent.....no charge Roy
And for your international career and your sideboard full of caps.....no charge Roy
For the lifestyle you now enjoy, the gleaming cabriolet in the drive and the wardrobes of sharp suits.....Roy, there's no charge
And for the hundreds of beautiful Nottingham girls who think you're the bees knees.....no charge Roy
For the senseless bookings you pick up when there's no damn need.....no charge
And when you're suspended when we need you in the team.....Roy, there's no charge
For standing by you when you've been arrested outside the Black Orchid.....no charge Roy
And we'll be standing by you, come the court case in Cork...again there'll be no charge Roy
For the countless accolades heaped upon you in the press.....Roy, there's no charge
And for all the "Young Eagle" awards and the representative honours.....no charge Roy
For your parasitic agent who's pulling your strings.....there's no charge, Roy
And for all the freebie tickets to bring your family over to Wembley....no charge Roy
For all the help and guidance I've given to make you the player you are now...
.....Roy, there's no charge
In fact, for making you everything you are today.....Roy Keane, there's no charge

And with that Brian wrote "Be Good" and handed the paper back to Roy.

Well friends, by the time Roy had finished reading all this he'd got big ol' tears a-rolling down his cute Irish cheeks. He looked up at Brian and their eyes met.

"Please may I borrow that pen again, Boss", muttered Roy through streams of salt water.

"Course you can, son"

And Roy picked up the pen and wrote at the bottom of the "CONTRACT":

"Bollocks, if we go down, I'm off".

And people, when it comes down to it, y'all know that a player's contract is worth sweet country-all.

by J.J.CYNIC.

Sights of the Season

1). MANAGER'S ANTICS.

A classic season for Cloughie-watchers: V-signs to the Main Stand, hurling the ball from the dug-out at opposing players for throw-ins, embarrassingly giving the "thumbs-up" when the Trent End have in fact sung "Brian Laws", sitting by the dug-out for the entire half-time interval, solitary walks in the pouring rain at half-time at away reserve games, not turning up at all on occasions...the list goes on and on. My personal favourite, however, was at Loftus Road when he sat in the dug-out and had an apprentice throw the ball to him. He threw it back to the lad, then made him lob it back to him. And so on and so forth. I'm sure that there was a completely rational explanation, but from the away end, well...

2). DOZY DRIVER.

One of my favourites, this one. A friend recounts a tale (apparently true!) from a recent trip into Nottingham City Centre on a weekday afternoon. About to turn right near the station, my acquaintance correctly selected the right-hand filter lane, awaiting the green arrow. Shortly after, with traffic building up in the lane on their left, the lights changed (but no arrow yet). The car on the inside didn't move an inch. My friend looked left and saw a vaguely familiar face lost in reverie, seemingly unaware of the fact that the lights had turned green. The cars behind started revving their engines. Still no movement from the dozy driver, still dreaming away as the rest of the world rushed past all around him (can you guess who our mystery driver could be yet, kids?). Finally losing patience, the car behind sounded its horn and the driver in front nearly jumped out of his seat, looked up at the green light, and slowly set off. It was only at this point that my friend realised the driver of the car was none other than Scot Gemmill...

3). CROSBY'S SHIRT.

Highlight of the pre-season tour to Ireland was of course the now legendary post-match piss-up at the clubhouse after the Dundalk game (a resounding 4-0 win). Early in the evening was the result of the hosts' prize draw, which they had asked Roy Keane to do, and also to donate a prize to. The MC took the stage and said, "Please give a big hand to our Irish hero (blah blah blah)...Roy Keane" (huge cheers from visiting Trickies) "who's going to announce the first prize winner, who'll get the very Forest shirt worn in last year's

Rumbelows Cup Final by...(expecting another big cheer)...Gary Crosby!". The resounding boos which followed seemed to embarrass young Roy as much as they surprised the MC!

4). FLAGS.

This season it seems that every set of visiting supporters has rather pitifully attempted to engender some atmosphere (perhaps they should try singing?) by bringing along an over-sized rag vaguely in the club colours, mainly to elicit a half-hearted chorus of "What the devil is that?" (or words to that effect) from the Party Section. Fortunately, one member of the aforementioned Trent End choir (with a Needlework GCSE) has produced a magnificent "Brian Clough's Red & White Army" Maxwell handkerchief-sized banner which is allowed a quick Gemmill-esque sideways walk at each game. Sadly though, in a cruel metaphor for the season, it was inexplicably ripped down in the middle of the Villa match and ended up in a sorry state. Happily, it has been spotted since (even on Match of the Day, natch), which is more than could be said for the smaller effort some Forest fans were dangling from the Bridgford Upper Tier tantalisingly close to the Leeds fans below. The Leeds fans, like rottweilers teased with a stick, began grabbing up at it, at which point the banner was raised a little, then lowered again. What fun - better than watching the match, I suppose. Inevitably, the Forest fans got a little too cocky, some Leeds fans grabbed the flag and with more and more joining in, succeeded in, erm, liberating it from its owners.

5). CREWE TRUMPETER.

FC Barcelona has Manola, its infamous drum-beating chant-leading support. Gresty Road, that Nou Camp of the North, has this season boasted some berk with a trumpet, who would play along with the supporters' chants. The person responsible, a student (no surprises there), has indeed been given a free season ticket by the club. I'm all for improving the atmosphere at these lower division grounds, but being subjected to two hours of "Que sera sera", the Hovi's tune, the theme from Coronation Street etc. can be a little bit wearing on the patience. Fortunately, with Toddi's late goal there was finally silence to our left, and from our position on the terrace we had a perfect opportunity to distinguish between the two classes of Forest supporter. To our left, the tartan blanket family section struck up with the amusing enquiry "Where's your trumpet gone?"; to our right, the wit and wisdom of our younger, rowdier element preferred the subtle irony of "You can stick your f***ing trumpet up your arse".

by TEACHERMAN.



STEVE STONE
21, MIDDLESBROUGH
A snipping headed goal marked the middle midfielder's debut at Middlesbrough. Steve, who's standing in for the injured Neil Webb, admits: "I'm enjoying it while it lasts because I'll probably be back in the reserves soon! I don't dream too much, I'd just like a new contract at the end of the season."

Young guns

90 Minutes...
on the
case as usual

Derby 'disaster'

A **MOCK** disaster is to be staged at Derby County Football Club's stadium, the Baseball Ground. Volunteers are needed for the exercise, which will involve all three emergency services.

Derby start their
Pre-season training...

SOLUTION FOR ORPHANED LAMBS

Ewes 'fooled' into acting as mothers

SHEEP — animals not noted for their intellectual cunning — can be fooled into believing they are pregnant by dextrous farmers armed only with a rubber glove.

STEVE CONNOR
Science Correspondent

So beware those paternity
Swits flying in from Derby...

...Saplings...

...Trentside Development Dept. Pt. 1 - the building work currently taking place adjacent to the Souvenir Shop is to house the new ticket office. Full credit card facilities will be available, plus a better and more up-to-date telephone service - in fact a ticket office befitting a club in the Premier League...The new building will also house the Supporters Club and Junior Reds offices...Pt.2 - the underpitch heating will not now be installed at the end of this season. With Forest committed to staging Leicester City's play-off game on or around May 19th, and with the UEFA tournament scheduled for July, the contractors could not guarantee that the entire cable-laying/drainage/seeding operation could be completed in time, and rather than ending up with a boggy pitch and a Euro-sized egg on their face Forest have sensibly put the whole thing back one season...One trusts that the Leicester fans will be housed in the Trent End and the Exec, rather than allowing them the opportunity to smash up our lovely new Bridgford End...With both FA Cup semi-finals being staged at Wembley this year many possibilities have opened up. For example, if Derby County were to play Notts in an FA Cup semi where would the game be played? Wembley? Too big. Villa Park and Hillsborough are possibilities, even here at Trentside? No...if Derby County were to play Notts in an FA Cup semi the match would only be taking place at one venue... Fantasy Island!...Latest player sightings: Toddi at the

I understand, Dea,
this is a ball !!

Mr Blobby's
rehabilitation
is almost
complete...

That's right, Walleddy.
Now let's recap ...
what colour shirts
do you play in ??



southern Sumatran town of Muara Enim yesterday. One of the projects is located in Muara Eni

Forest management issue warms up at Bali talks

KUTA BEACH, Bali (JP): ...ranged a special post-confer-

Looks like it won't be Martin
O'Neill after all then...

-10-

dentists ("Mr Orlygsson, would you like to come through please"), Roy at the Bingham chippie (not exactly the Black Orchid, is it?), and Brian Laws walking his dog in full Umbro regalia (Brian, not the dog) along the A52 - not that you were hoping to be spotted or anything, eh Brian?...We hope that when Roy appears before the FA (for having the audacity to celebrate his 94th minute goal at Highbury) the committee will take into account the effect of the stream of anti-Irish racial abuse the boy was subjected to throughout the match from at least one part of the ground...Ground "collectors" should note that Forest could be playing at two additional new arenas next season - Charlton's rebuilt Valley and Millwall's spanking new Senegal Fields, which looked a bit like the new Meadow Lane when viewed from the train after the Wimbledon game...Abuse aimed at Scot Gemmill at QPR - "He's out of McGovern, not Archie"...Psycho has a new car. A red Ford. Much more macho than the old white Volvo, of course. Not that you were embarrassed about it or anything, eh Stuart?...Full marks to QPR for including the away end in their cut-price ticket deal for our recent game at Loftus Road. Whether it was their own initiative or police action aimed to stop Forest fans infiltrating home areas I don't know, but it makes a change from having to pay a fiver more than the home fans like at Sheffield Wednesday...Nice touch by the Radio Nottingham sports team for Ipswich - Andrew James will be dressing up as Friar Tuck and Martin Fisher will be Robin Hood...Fans wanting tickets for Ipswich could ring the ticket office on 0473 221133. You can pay by credit card but you must give an address somewhere in the South. Portman Upper and "A" Block seem to be particularly popular. I can see more than 10,000 Forest fans at Ipswich, with or without tickets...Pre-season tours this year will take in Ireland and Italy (Sampdoria??), no further details available at this point...60's songs revisited: overheard in Bridgford Upper Tier (about Row H Seat 125) against Villa - "Oh we're better than United and we're louder than the Kop /We're bottom of the league and we should be at the top ?La la la laa" etc...A pathetic joke: "How many Forest players does it take to change a lightbulb?" "Eleven - ten to pass it about for twenty minutes, and one to screw it in, but it still won't work"...Did anyone tune in to the phone-in on Radio Nottingham on the night that BC was awarded the Freedom of Nottingham? We were treated to a phone call from Graham Richards of Radio Derby County fame. I don't know what was more embarrassing, Graham saying that if Brian had stayed at Derby they would have won the European Cup 5 times on the trot, or host Andrew James dribbling over Graham's every word. A bad case of mad sheep disease, methinks...Did you know that if you tried to spell "Nottingham Forest Football Club" but got it wrong (and added an extra "u"), it would read "BBC Man To Stuff Tool In A Huge Troll"...Why, on "Teenage Health Freak", when they wanted to make central character Peter look a real dork, did they make him wear a faded Forest beany hat?...And lastly, did anyone else notice that just as they announced BC's retirement on Central News there was an almighty roll of thunder and a flash of lightning? Perhaps Chris Wootton should be advised to stay away from the golf course

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INSIDE
TONIGHT

Meet the wisest
woman in football

PAGE 33



Silly season arrives early
at the Liverpool Echo.
(Unusual juxtaposition of a
photo of Nottm's answer to
Frances Edmonds & the
Sunday Sport headline).

Beat Mark Crossley - Win A Pizza!!

Aren't the half-time penalty shoot-outs exciting? I tell you, there's nothing more pulsating than watching a few slapheads/fat gits/nobbos in shellsuits toe-nogging daisycutter after daisycutter at some poor kid from the youth team who'd sooner be spending his Saturday afternoons hanging around Broadmarsh Bus Station with his "posse", leering at girls, shoplifting, doing handbrake turns on Parliament Street and whatever tomfoolery youths get up to nowadays.

It's got to the point where I can't even tear myself away from my spot in the Trent End to have a slash, so I've started to wear incontinence pants! Bit of a discomfort, I know (and a bit embarrassing, sloshing around the terraces when we score), but boy, is it worth it to experience the crotch-tingling sensation of yet another spot-kick orgy!

Tee hee - fooled you, folks! Seriously, the novelty of watching various inadequates making arseholes of themselves in the box has worn off. After all, that's what the so-called professionals have been doing all season, and they're being offered a bit more than a few poxy vouchers for the bastard souvenir shop. Ritual humiliation and freak shows are interesting for *only so long*. I mean, at Goose Fair, who bothers to have a look at Jock the Gentle Giant, or that Snake Woman, or the little bloke that flogs you the Lucky Beans for a quid?

So, if Forest insist on carrying on this charade next season, I feel it is the responsibility of the alternative press - and BRIAN in particular - to help spice it up a bit. Why not offer alternative prizes to those stupid enough to chuck a tenner away, in order to entice them to do something, well, a bit more *interesting*? Think about it: the attention of thousands of people, the opportunity of 15 minutes of fame, picture in *The Sun*, interview on *Midlands Today* etc...

To get the ball rolling, as it were, I am putting up some vouchers of my own and suggesting a few 'dares'...

1). Hitting and breaking someone's flask with missed penno:
5p voucher off Persil washing-up liquid.

2). Taking a West Indies-style run-up from the halfway line:
2p voucher off a Kit-Kat.

3). After scoring; sprinting over towards corner flag, kissing shirt/shellsuit/anorak, throwing yourself on

floor, arms outstretched, and having various friends, family members and strangers pile on top of you:
"Two For The Price Of One" voucher for "Don Gorgon's Pizza and Kebab House", Hyson Green.

4). Before taking penno; ripping off all your clothes, revealing the message "SACK THE BOARD - KILL DENNIS McCARTHY" written in lipstick across your buttocks:
10p voucher off McVities Pecan and Raisin Boosters.

5). Taking the ball off the spot, going on a mazy run towards the Bridgford End, humming the *Match of the Day* theme tune as you beat 10 imaginary players, volleying the ball past the invisible keeper, wheeling round in a frenzy of celebration, pausing only to make various masturbatory gestures towards the visiting supporters:
10% discount voucher, "Sven Books", Mansfield Road.

6). Taking penno dressed as Elvis/the Queen/Madonna/one of the Krankies (your choice):
Free lesson, "Su Pollard School of Taekwondo", Sneinton.

7). Tonking the ball over the Trent End roof for the subsequent collection and liberation by some urchin from The Meadows:
15 Esso Tiger Tokens (only 485 more for the Pudsey Bear mug!).

8). Wedging the balls in the loudspeakers, thus muffling the patronising waffle of the announcer, as he gets on your tits pathetically inciting the Trent End to take interest in the sorry affair:
A "Cheers Mate, Do You Want To Sleep With My Sister?" voucher.

9). (BBC Live Cup Matches only). Blasting the ball towards the BBC "Pundits" Portakabin, smashing the window, showering glass over Alan Hansen and Jimmy Hill live in front of the nation:
A "Cheers Mate, Do You Want To Sleep With EVERYONE'S Sister?" voucher.

10). Taking pennos wearing a Derby shirt and scoring:
Free BUPA hospital treatment.

Yes, penno fans, for a mere £10 instant fame, and the chance to become a stitch in the rich tapestry that is the history of Nottingham Forest FC, is within your reach. So, as George Michael put it: get back, hands off, GO FOR IT! You have nothing to lose but your self respect, your friends and your season ticket.
by TOP VALLEY ALI.

Back On The Market, Not Back On The Shelf

Listening to "Sport on 5" today, I heard Ron Atkinson complaining that a ticket for an executive box at Old Trafford (including meal) had cost him £160. Poor Ron! But he is making a valid point. When it comes to admission prices, the ordinary fan is taken for a ride. We all know prices go up for big matches. What about knocking a few quid off for less attractive features? When you think about all the TV money coming into the game, and the prices paid for top players, isn't it disgraceful that supporters should stump up so much for 90 minutes of variable "entertainment".

The solution? Easy. Pay for your seat on the way out. Just imagine, Forest play crap and lose 1-3. Cloughie has just saved himself £2,200 in win bonuses. So ticket

prices are automatically reduced by £1 on the way out.

Relegation may cost Forest a fortune in lost revenue, but it will certainly be a huge saving for the fans. Ticket prices will be cheaper, but the biggest saving will be on travelling costs. Look at this lot: Leicester (probably), Wolves, Derby, Notts, Grimsby, Birmingham, Stoke and (hopefully) Port Vale.

Even if home crowds are down a bit, there is little excuse for us not to have a huge away support next season; it's the perfect opportunity to follow a winning team AND see new grounds. I confidently expect "You're supposed to be at home" to be the No.1 chant for Forest fans next year - I can hardly wait!
Yours Affec.

The Day The Music Died

As the season comes to an end all eyes focus on the significance of the last few matches. The "if onlys" will be centred on the six-pointer against the Blades, but by the end of the season it could all be a load of cobblers.

I've been telling my friends that the most significant match of the season was on Saturday 28th November.

Do you remember it? Well, it's the only time I can think of when the crowd at the City Ground has walked out in silence. None of the usual comments about the result, about Forest, about the ref - just silence.

Silence in memory of the most pathetic penalty miss I have ever seen. In fact, you could call it psychopathic.

If there was one match

that Forest should have got three points from it was this one v Southampton. The referee was such a disciplinarian that Southampton took off Hurlock. Forest had 20 corners to their 2, but chances were squandered. In the end we were presented with one point, but ended up with none.

The Reds have struggled since that day, the day the music died.
DAMIEN'S DAD.

DEJA VU, AGAIN

Once upon a time a "saviour" arrived who took control and promised a bright future where only despair had reigned before. In a short period of time his charisma and dynamic energy had embraced all those who surrounded him, and installed in them an overwhelming belief that great times were ahead. Almost overnight this one man reached heights of achievement that few had ever dreamed of, sweeping aside all that stood in his way. Europe trembled at his feet as his all-conquering machine marched on. Even when his right-hand man deserted him and went over to the enemy, success after success still followed. Nothing it seemed could stop this man, except maybe himself.

Eventually though he began to believe in his own infallibility, his success fed his ego until he reasoned only he could make the right decision. But his actions became more and more irrational. Talented individuals were dismissed out of hand and suitable

replacements not found. Even his supporters, who had basked in the glory he brought them, became uneasy and began to ask questions. Mistake after mistake was being made and a crisis loomed on the horizon, but the worse things got, the more he withdrew into himself, reassuring everyone that he knew best and would reverse the decline. As his empire crumbled around him he began to retreat into a world of fantasy, his grip on reality becoming evermore tenuous. There were calls for his removal but these went unheeded.

Eventually, at the end of April, shortly after his birthday, even he had to face the reality of his situation. He and all his achievements lay in ruins. Deep in the Berlin bunker on April 30th 1945, Adolf Hitler shot himself and the world breathed a sigh of relief. Now until you got to that last sentence, hands up how many of you thought I was writing about Brian Clough?
D.J.VOO.

The "BRIAN" Guide To Football Idioms And Their Usage

- Away trips** Opportunity for supporters to take more time off work, travel hundreds of miles in foul weather, worry about the car being stolen, worry about swearing too loudly in front of the police, see the team put in a half-hearted performance and lose 0-1, be ignored by the team and pay about fifty quid for the privilege.
- Attack** Players relied upon to score goals. Consists of 4' 11" "ball-winner" and a number nine with all the pace of an abnormal load leaving Newport Pagnell services, who usually plays at the back anyway.
- Close Season Signing from Scotland** Player signed from "north of the border" (copyright R.Wilson) in the summer, felt by the coaching staff (qv) to be "one to watch" in the future. Invariably gets drunk on first club tour, disappears into oblivion and returns to Scotland for one tenth the original fee by February next year.
- Coaching Staff** Member of the management responsible for finding new players and buying them before ignoring them completely.
- Corner** Opportunity for tallest members of defence (qv) to lumber into opposition penalty area, (while travelling army chant random numbers at top of voice) before losing the ball. Invariably followed by goal against.
- Defence** Four (or five) players all of whom have played for their country at one level or another. Or if they haven't, were signed for a massive fee. Always let in at least one soft (qv) goal per match.
- Fanzine** A courageous journal, battling against mounting bureaucracy, solely and selflessly for the benefit of the down-trodden supporter and often featuring highly educational dictionaries. Alternatively, a gravy-train for the (laughingly called) authors, costing more than the match-day programme (qv) and being half as interesting.
- Foul** Any attempt to win the ball, when carried out by Terence Hurlock.
- Goalkeeper** Unique member of the team in that only the goalkeeper is allowed to give the ball away using his HANDS. All other players must give the ball away with other parts of the body. Also unique in that he has been told that his defence (qv) are actually trying to murder him, and should therefore be viewed as the enemy.
- Match-day Programme** Glossy brochure, listing colourful advertisements for the clubs major sponsors (qv), some out-of-date drivel about the opposition, a statistical list of the season so far, and a few patronising articles, clearly written by a mad-man.

Major Sponsors

A handful of corporate businesses trying to get their best customers bevyed-up while watching NOTTS Forest play soccer. Not you and me matey, by any stretch.

Mascot

Small person, whose day is made by having the honour of being ignored by all the players (except the substitute (qv)) before being dragged to have his/her photo taken within a grinning referee and two snarling full-backs. Consistently fails to hear the chant of "The Mascot ! (clap clap clap)" from the terrace (qv). Always taller than the right-winger.

Midfield

Four (or five, or three, or none) players who provide the engine room. Must be less than five feet tall and weigh EITHER six stone wet through OR sixteen stones.

National Stadium

Venue where the country's premier knock-out tournaments are decided. Also the Mickey Mouse ones. Often used as slang term for "an open sewer"

Offside

Condition in which an attacker (qv) invariably finds himself, when attempting to score. Particularly at Highbury or Anfield.

Reject

A former favourite of the club, who has subsequently been transferred (qv) from the club, usually for about £30000000000000000000, who goes on to meet with great success and glory, wherever he finds himself. Refer E.Sheringham.

Relegation

~~Extremely amusing condition encountered by really bad football teams.~~
Desperately unlucky situation that could happen to anybody, and no reason to smirk, whoever suffers from it.

Shot

An attempt to kick the ball into the goal. Most not be from a distance exceeding 18 inches

Shouting and pointing

A peculiar method of goal-keeping (qv) much employed by such as P.Shilton and N.Southall, particularly when a goal has just been conceded. Has no known benefits to actually keeping the ball away from the net.

Soft

Species of goal conceded by defence (qv).

Substitute

Member of first team squad who has two prime responsibilities : 1) pass the ball to the mascot (qv) during the kick-in : 2) collect the training tops from the proper players just before kick-off. May also be seen stretching and sprinting up and down the touchline during the game. Don't be fooled. He aint coming on.

Terrace

The only place to watch football

Transfer

The method by which quality players leave, and complete donkeys join, our club.

Chief lexicographer : Prof. S.A. Hanley

Arise, Sir Stuart

HONOURS NOMINATION FORM

(please use block capitals or typescript when completing this form.)

Your name and address

NOMINEE'S NAME
(for names in full)

STUART PEARCE

HOME ADDRESS

CITY GROUND
NOTTINGHAM FOREST F.C.
NOTTINGHAM
NG2 5FJ

DATE OF BIRTH
(or approximate age)

24/4/62

GROUND OF RECOMMENDATION
(see notes overleaf)

MR. PEARCE WOULD APPEAR TO BE
THE EPITOME OF THE KIND OF PERSON MR.
MAJOR HAD IN MIND WHEN REVIEWING THE
HONOURS SYSTEM. MR. PEARCE HAS SHOWN
EVIDENCE OF THE FOLLOWING:

- A) DETERMINATION - HAVING BEEN REJECTED
BY FOOTBALL LEAGUE CLUBS AS A YOUTH, MR
PEARCE HAS RECENTLY BECOME CAPTAIN OF
THE ENGLAND ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.
B) SUCCESS - HAVING BEEN CAPTAIN OF
NOTTINGHAM FOREST F.C. WHEN THEY WON
THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE (1989, 1990) AND WERE
F.A. CUP FINALISTS (1991)

Continue overleaf if necessary

The previous two England captains (Lineker and Robson) received the MBE for their troubles. What better pick-me-up for an injured hero than a similar "honour"? Simply write to the address shown to obtain a nomination form, note down a few "grounds for recommendation" (shouldn't be too hard to think of, but see example for some ideas), couched in Tory-pleasing language, then sit back and wait for Stuart's visit to the Palace (no. not bloody Selhurst Park again). **TEACHERMAN.**

GROUND OF RECOMMENDATION (cont'd)

C) STRONG LEADERSHIP - MR. PEARCE LEADS FROM THE FRONT, 100%. DEDICATED TO HIS TEAM, AND IS A LEGENDARY FIGURE WITHIN THE GAME.

D) "CLASSLESS CITIZENSHIP" - MR. PEARCE, LIKE THE CURRENT PRIME MINISTER, LEFT SCHOOL WITH NO QUALIFICATIONS, AND HAS RISEN ON MERIT ALONE.

E) PATRIOTISM - HE HAS BEEN PROUD TO REPRESENT HIS COUNTRY ON OVER 50 OCCASIONS AND ALWAYS SINGS THE NATIONAL ANTHEM WITH GREAT GUSTO.

F) SPORTSMANSHIP - MR. PEARCE REACTED WITH GREAT DIGNITY AND DIPLOMACY WHEN HEAD-BUTTED BY FRENCH PLAYER BASILE BOLI DURING THE 1992 EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Notes on completion of this form

(i) The grounds of recommendation will vary from case to case. You should aim to provide factual information about the nominee's contribution including, for example, details of posts held and the length of time involved in an organisation's activities etc. If you have difficulty in obtaining these details without breaking confidentiality, you should say this on the form.

(ii) Letters of support from other people should if possible be attached to this form. If that is not possible they may be sent separately to the Nominations Unit with the full name of the nominee prominently displayed. If you approach someone else for support, it is most important that this is done in confidence.

(iii) Nominations for the two half-yearly Honours Lists must be returned to the address below by 1 June, for possible inclusion in the New Year List, and 1 November, for the Birthday List.

When complete, this form should be returned to:

The Nominations Unit
Honours Secretariat
10 Downing Street
LONDON SW1A 2AA

Facsimile number: 071-210 5046

Onward, Red And White Army...

Despite everything that's happened on the pitch, this has perversely been quite an enjoyable season to be a Forest fan. Our support this term has been magnificent, hopefully finally putting paid to the myth that we're a fickle, apathetic bunch. Apart from Derby's lack of success and the games against Spurs and Leeds, the fondest memories of the season, for me, will be of the atmosphere at the Sheffield United game, the singing at Everton and QPR, and the way that we doubled the gate at Wimbledon. I don't think I've ever heard any singing at a Wimbledon game before.

I haven't met a single Forest fan who intends to go less often next season - only plenty who've vowed to go away more. I think relegation has brought home just how much NFFC means to people, and Clough's departure has brought home just how phenomenal were the feats his Forest teams achieved.

Next season will be the big test of our loyalty, but as long as we're not propping up the basement again, I think the numbers and the volume of our support will not drop. How many other relegated sides would have to queue from 5am to secure one of 2,000 tickets for their last game? I've heard of people who just missed out driving straight to Portman Road. One bloke took five changes of clothing and returned to the ticket office at half-hour intervals to get tickets for his friends. The game is now sold out, and out of a capacity of 22,000 you can guarantee at least 7,000 will be Trickies.

The thing is that with lower capacity grounds and building work, our allocation for away games is often going to be too small. I hope there's a decent sized away end at Blundell Park, Grimsby (what is the fascination with Grimsby? Is it the "Grim"?

The fish? The fact they play in sunny Cleethorpes by-the-sea? It's all very exotic). Then there are the fans. As those who travel regularly away to cup games against lower division sides will know, the policing at some of these places leaves a lot to be desired. There will be a lot of local and local-ish derbies (expect plenty of early kick-offs) and all the meatheads will be coming out to have a pop at Forest. Should Leicester and Birmingham City remain in Div 1, things will be particularly healthy.

All in all, it's a great chance to spot new floodlights, sup in new alehouses, outsing all home fans and generally broaden our horizons - and hopefully pulverising all opposition on the pitch. This close season will seem particularly long - I can't wait for the party season to commence.

GLENN NOWERS.

Cloughie's Last Stand

FOREST 0 SHEFF UTD 2. 1/5/93
There was barely a dry eye in the house when Brian Clough ran out of the tunnel (or rather, inched his way through the pack of press photographers). You'd have thought he'd only have to had stuck his head round the dressing room door to inspire greatness from the lads this afternoon - in the pub beforehand there was talk of Nigel getting in one of his "well if no-one else is going to do it..." moods and scoring eight, and we were only half joking. But whatever Clough said, it didn't work.

The contrast between the mood of the fans and the team couldn't have been greater, for this was as passion-less a display as we've witnessed all season: Chet and Williams were particularly woeful in defence, Gemmill (preferred to Steve Stone again...) was as lightweight as ever in midfield and although Nigel worked hard in attack, it just wasn't his day.

If we could've shown just an ounce of the spirit that

inspired Sheffield United (or indeed Oldham, who've now given themselves a 50-50 chance of survival), then we'd be going to Old Trafford again next year (at least we won't have to face their gloating fans, that's something to be grateful for). As it was, it was the Blades who carved out their niche in the Premier. United's Rogers found Hodges in the gaping hole where our defence should have been and that was it, 1-0, and needing a miracle.

Rosario struck the post early in the second half, Roy missed an inviting header later on, and the rowdy Sheffield United fans sang "You're going down because you're crap". Gayle's header for the second goal (after Marriott had looked as teflon-gloved as Norman from the initial corner) only emphasised that fact.

Yet once the game was over, relegation became almost incidental. When Clough came out for his lap of honour and ritual mobbing it was as if we'd won the Cup. There has been all sorts of crap in the

papers about how we've never really appreciated Clough, how he would've been more revered at Manchester United or somewhere, but I've never seen anyone get a reception like this. Of course Clough's had his critics this season - we're bottom of the league, for chrissakes - but that doesn't mean we've forgotten what he did for us.

In the pub afterwards it was like a traditional Irish wake, loud and drunken. "We've Got The Whole World In Our Hands" was blaring out of the jukebox, red and white balloons festooned the bar and the mood was one of celebration for the last 18 years, memories of Munich and Madrid, not moaning about having to go to Barnsley. Brian Clough will be a legend in this part of the world even when Robin Hood's forgotten. Here's to a long and happy retirement.

Just one thing, though, did anyone notice where the board were when Brian came out to say goodbye?

RED EYE.

A MAN YOU DON'T MEET EVERY DAY

I'll always remember the day I met Brian Clough. The Manager of the Month panel for January '89 had broken the habit of a lifetime and awarded their bottle of cheap gut rot to Alex Ferguson rather than the manager who'd won the most points that month, all because BC had upstaged Chappo's four goals v QPR by thumping a couple of pitch invaders (one of whom was from one of the most criminally notorious families in Clifton). A sense of injustice led to a whip-round in the pub, which led to an invitation to present our oversized bottle of Bells to BC in person in the Forest dressing room and get our pictures in the paper. He called me a "little shit" but I was on cloud nine all week, it was as if he'd implanted hallucinogenic drugs in my left buttock when he kneed me up the arse and said "Smile, you bugger".

I've met other heroes of mine from all branches of sport, politics, lust and entertainment, but this was the only time I've felt I've been in the presence of true greatness. No man is bigger than any football club, but my love and respect for BC is so intertwined with my love and respect for NFFC that things will never be quite the same again.

The achievements of the man do not need spelling out in a Nottingham Forest fanzine - although they probably are elsewhere - but apart from the way he turned us from Second Division also-rans into European Champions, and the way the football played by his Forest teams has always been a delight to behold, the thing I've always loved about Brian Clough is his attitude.

Reading through the "obituaries" in the papers yesterday, I came across several columns full of uptight disgust over such BC antics as moving a journalist's car that was blocking the team coach's exit from Luton (well if the bloke will leave his keys in the ignition), and the time when he led the apprentices in to fill up on the directors' sandwiches at Selhurst Park. Don't you just love it when he gets up the noses of all those public school-educated hacks who peddle patronising shite for a living? Here is a man whose nose has never been brown - for that he's considered arrogant but nobody levels the same charge at the directors who were so shocked that their free snap should go to lowly young players rather than high-ranking MDs.

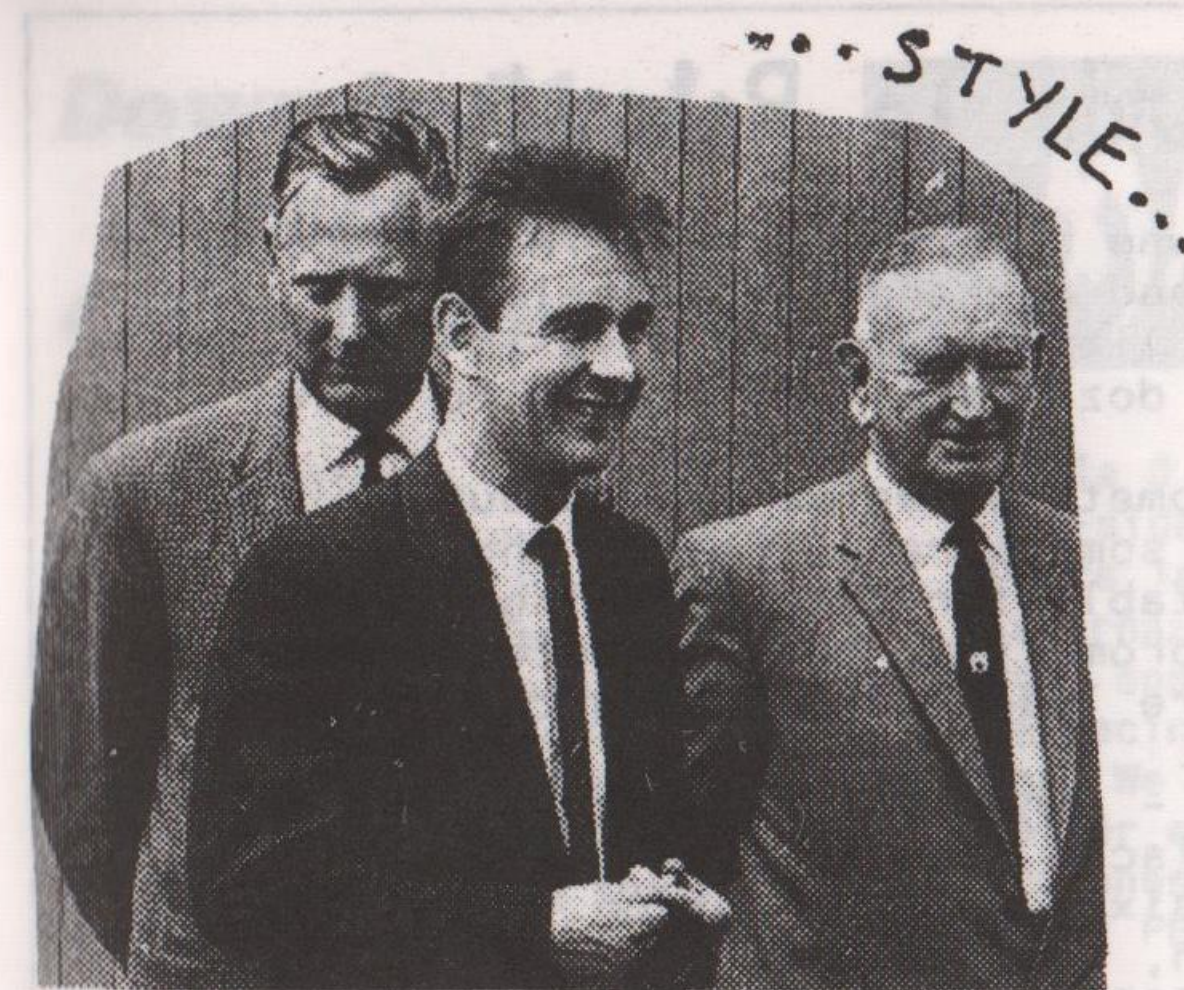
Clough has no respect for his "betters" because he doesn't believe that "status" makes anyone "better" than anyone else. That's why he champions the underdogs (from McGovern to Crosby and Crossley) and leaves the more precociously talented and confident

(from O'Neill to Jemson and Woan) to butter their own egos. He's a man who does what he feels is right rather than what he thinks is expected, which is why he eats chips out of the European Cup and gets his players larruped before big cup games. With regard to the England job, I'll bet he regrets never having the opportunity to get up the FA's toffee noses almost as much as he regrets not having the chance to go for the World Cup.

Along with the arrogance, Clough is slagged off for his "Champagne Socialism" (as if a working class upbringing means you have to be poor forever - it's only the middle classes who are embarrassed by money). There was a time when every newspaper ad protesting about some injustice or other bore the signature of Brian Clough alongside the likes of Dennis Skinner, Paul Foot and Glenda Jackson. Yet Clough has always put his money where his mouth is - and often isn't, don't you know that he does a lot of work for charity but really doesn't like to talk about it. And didn't it used to crack you up when Bob Wilson would ask Brian about his defence and he'd rant on about Michael Heseltine?

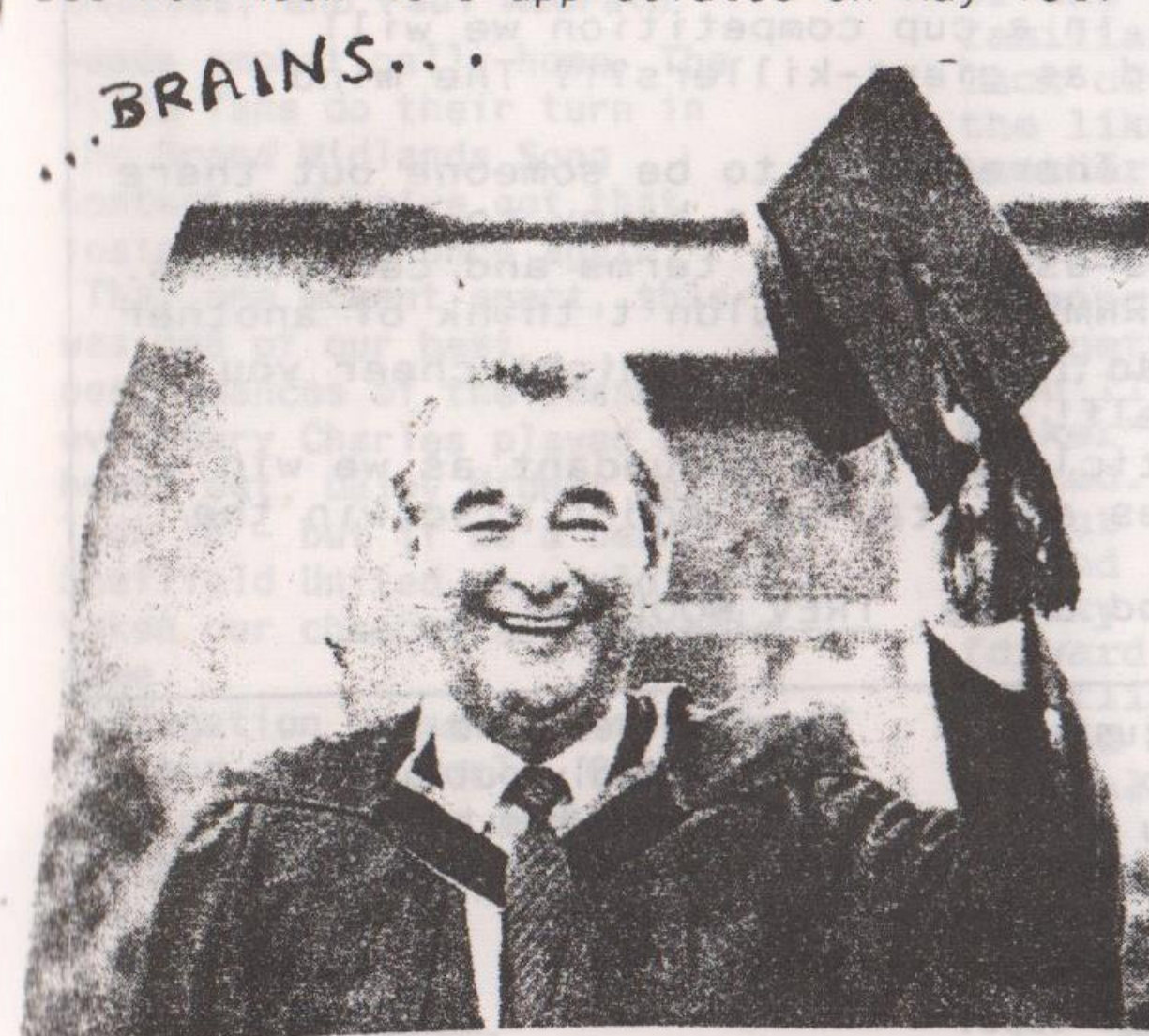
And then there's the demon drink. It's embarrassing to see BC declaring his love for Derby from the TV commentary box, to hear of allegations of sobering buckets of water before kick-off and attempts to bring on as sub the player that's already been substituted. Who knows how much truth there is in the rumours, but football is one of the boozier professions - it drives us to drink often enough, imagine what it's like when it's your livelihood? If you fell asleep in a ditch on your way home on a Saturday night your mates would probably think it was funny - is it all that much different for Brian Clough?

All this doesn't mean I'm blind to Clough's faults, I'm just feeling a little nostalgic and I don't want to talk about the bad side



right now.

Some of the papers have been coming out with crap about how Clough's "Not really appreciated on his own doorstep". No, that's why we all go and watch County every week. A few people voice their disapproval at Clough's doings this season and the media choose to see only them and not those who boo, glare and mumble at them. I doubt there is a man in football more respected than BC is at Forest. People have remained broadly loyal not because they still believe the man is a god, Nigel is a centre-back, Roy is a winger and Norm is a goalkeeper, but because he performed something of a miracle at our club and no-one can ever take that away from him or us. When something happens to a loved one - a teenage son goes through a tearaway phase, a elderly parent shows growing pains, a girlfriend starts fancying Gary Speed - you don't love them any less than when everything was rosy, it just hurts more. People have also remained broadly loyal because even though a majority thought it was about time Clough called it a day, we wanted it to be his decision and as painless as possible, because we didn't want him to feel we were stabbing him in the back. We'll see how much he's appreciated on May 1st.



I'm glad Clough has quit for the sake of himself and his family, although the circumstances were so undignified and the timing was on a par with that of a Ruddock tackle. I hope he stays out of the game, does all the things he says he loves - plays with his grandchildren, prunes his clematis, cleans up his act - perhaps he'll even learn to play the piano. If he does return to football, I hope it's in a non-combative role - I'd be sick to my guts if a rejuvenated, healthy, sober Brian Clough ever managed a club other than Nottingham Forest. Makes you realise how Derby must have felt when he won us the European Cup. Tragic.

Whatever he does for the rest of his days, long may Brian Clough continue to stick two fingers up to authority. by A.C.DRAPER.



BRIAN CLOUGH

I have been going to the City Ground since 1946 and we have never had the measure of success that has been experienced under Brian Clough's management.

Love him or loathe him, Forest will never be the same without him. He made average players good and good players brilliant.

I for one am sorry to see him go. Whoever takes over from him will never come up to his standards. People have said over the years - myself included - that he has had too much power, running things his own way. But until this year, I think he had proved us all wrong.

I hope they do something at the City Ground, such as naming a stand after him, so that we remember the great contribution he made to Forest. How about a road to the ground being re-named "Cloughie's Way"?

Goodbye Brian, and thanks for all the glorious memories. JUSTIFIED ANCIENT RED.

Long, Dark Season Of The Soul

I should have known it was going to be a bad season. Never mind selling Des and Wassall before it started, or Teddy a couple of weeks in, without buying adequate replacements - or replacements of any description, for that matter. No, the tone for the whole season was actually set at 10.30 am on Saturday 15th August, when I ran into the back of another car on the M1 in Derbyshire. The point was I shouldn't even have been there - I'd been planning to wait until after the Liverpool game before going on holiday, but when Sky moved the game to the Sunday I realised I'd have to miss it. If only I could have said the same for the other car...

It's been a season of odd landmarks, really. For instance, can you remember the point at which you realised the "R"-word was a possibility? And at what point that became a probability? When did you first read or hear the phrase "Too good to go down"? And when did Des, Alan and Gary (later Trev) start doing their Saturday Night Specials concerning the state of our attack/defence/manager's mind? How many fans of other teams have you spoken to who've said "Forest won't go down", knowing full well that they're dying to be proved wrong? And how many foreign triallists had we got through before you realised that we wouldn't be signing anybody, irrespective of whether they were "better than what we've already got"? Most telling of all, when did you first find yourself saying "If we win today and Oldham lose, we'll be off the bottom"? As Steve Hanley rightly

said, things have reached a pretty pass (which we're still very good at, by the way) when we're asking for the Big 5 to thump some plucky no-hoper like Oldham

Rough Guide To Relegation

For those of you who have never experienced the utter pain, humiliation and degradation of relegation (that rhymes!), here's a little guide to life in the lower echelons - we've a dozen exciting treats to look forward to...

1). PROMOTION - Something we've missed out on these last 16 years. For some strange reason the powers that be deemed it acceptable for teams winning lower divisions to gain promotion, but prevented anyone winning the premiere league from doing the same. A clear case of bias.

2). THE PLAY-OFFS - A novel idea which allows the division's third placed team to stay there while the team who finished sixth gain promotion. A bit like Derby and Blackburn, hee hee hee.

3). CHEAPER ADMISSION - Don't be silly - you're a Forest fan.

4). A DEGREE - For those of you studying for your Master's degree in archeology (at least 80% of you, I should think), here's a chance to get that all-important first hand experience as you do field studies at neolithic monuments such as Grimsby and Barnsley.

5). SEASIDE RESORTS - The delights of boozy weekends await you at such venues as Blackpool, Scunthorpe and Scarborough as we "do a Wolves" and end up in the Third after selling our stars and building a nice new stand.

6). HOSPITALS - For all you fans of the top BBC drama "Casualty", there's the chance of trips to such places as the Birmingham Accident and Emergency clinic or the Bristol Royal Infirmary, as opposing supporters greet you in the time-honoured tradition of the early eighties.

7). SINGING - New songs will be added to your vast repertoire as you burst forth with such delights as "Who's the bastard in the yellow" and "You purple bastard".

8). LIVE TV - For those who are unable to get to the ground for whatever reason (usually financial), there's the chance to see Forest play every Sunday as ITV televise the local clashes between us and giants like Notts, Derby, Leicester and even Stoke and Port Vale, if they come up. Wow.

9). A NEW MANAGER - Let's be realistic, even a Rolls Royce wears out eventually.

10). GIANT-KILLING - Do you realise that if we meet AND beat Wimbledon in a cup competition we will actually be classed as giant-killers?!? The mind boggles!

11). NEW PLAYERS - There's got to be someone out there we can sign for £10,000 and who's happy to play for £17-50 a week - the usual Forest terms and conditions.

12). A LABOUR GOVERNMENT - I couldn't think of another footballing treat so I thought that might cheer you up? OK, suit yourself!

Hopefully this article will be redundant as we win our last three games and stay up, and I also win the pools and retire.

Goodnight and God Bless, TREV WOOLLEY.

or Middlesbrough, just in order to keep us up. It certainly gives you a different perspective on things. The "if onlys" of seasons past would have had us winning Leagues or Cups.

The promised land tantalisingly out of reach this season has been 19th place - and all because we lost at home to Southampton...

ALEX MONEY.

Down In Div 1 Where The Crap Teams Go

FOREST 0 VILLA 1. 4/4/93

You wouldn't believe there was the length of the Premier League table between us and Villa, for the second time we matched them in every department only to lose by one soft-ish goal.

It was an absorbing the contest, and had we been in our customary eighth place of safety then few would have begrudged Villa the points in their quest for the title. As it is, we need points far more than entertainment.

Forest attacked right from the off, backed by a raucous and amply-proportioned crowd of 26,742, but as ever it was hard to see where the goals were going to come from. The *Evening Post* statistics tell the story: Shots on target - Forest 1 Villa 6; Shots off target - Forest 9 Villa 4. The likes of Kingsley, Roy and Woan need reminding of where the goal is.

For 89 minutes of the game the defence looked as solid as it has done all season, with Nigel particularly alert to any danger, and Crossley was in fine shot-stopping form, but all it took was one momentary lapse of concentration on 64 minutes and the points were down the pan. A Staunton corner, the defence freeze as in a children's game of musical statues, and Paul McGrath

heads emphatically home. The Villa fans do their turn in the Grand Midlands Song Contest and we've got that losing feeling once again.

That one moment apart, this was one of our best performances of the season - even Gary Charles played his heart out, Daley didn't get a look in - but if we'd been Sheffield United we would've taken our chances and won this game.

Relegation doesn't have to be the end of the world. Cast your mind back to September 86 and a scoreline of Forest 6

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Villa 0 that was even more one-sided than it sounds. Four years later they beat Internazionale in the UEFA Cup, and next year they could be facing Milan in the Big One. We are probably even better equipped to turn our fortunes around. MUSHY PEE.

Never Let It Slip Away

FOREST 1 BLACKBURN 3 7/4/93

Driving south, away from this nightmare, I wondered about the precise moment that I realised there was to be no escape. Villa at home? The points dropped v Leeds? No, probably the war crime that was Norwich at home. Either way, there's surely no route back now. From the seventh minute when Gallacher dragged Nigel hopelessly out of position and curled his cross away, oh so far away from Crossley's attempted claim, to present the simplest of chances for Wilcox, it was clear that we are gonners. The remainder of the first half was familiar viewing - a lack of bite in attack, the likely feeling that another goal against was just a second away, Roy-the-£3000000-boy running his heart out, but getting nowhere. "You'll never beat Jack Walker" the travellers mocked.

But the second half looked far brighter - Tricky attacks poured forward repeatedly, Dr Bob flicked and turned, nodded and weaved, and generally covered every square inch of grass. And the persistence

gave way to a much needed change of fortune when Roy, sent through by Gerbil, pushed the ball passed Mimms (and probably too far towards the goal-line) and was brought down by the custodian. There seemed to be a certain amount of Bob, Roy and Banno looking at one another each silently saying "well I don't fancy it" before Nige stepped up to whack the ball straight into the hole left by Mimms' dive. YES. YES YES YES. at last, a break comes our way, surely now we can get three points and climb out of this rat-hole ...

Don't you believe it. Gallacher was to, once again, ridicule Brian's half-hearted attempts to sign him by setting up two more goals. First of all, Wilcox made the most of yet another Charles mistake to set Gallacher up. His shot was saved by Norman but (as usual) an opponent responded first to the loose ball. Ripley whacked it in.

Then, about ten minutes later Gallacher featured in the move which finished with a tap-in for Newell. Charles finished off his own personal nightmare by kneeling Gallacher in the guts, as he threatened again. How things SHOULD have been different. Charles fancied by Leeds, and the whole crowd wished he had gone. We needed a striker, but instead of spending the better part of £2000000, we acquire a man with 27 goals in 10 seasons. "You're worse than San Marino" the Rovers mocked.

As I was leaving, I heard a couple of old blokes talking. "How's the wife?" one asked. "Not too good, she's just had her wisdom teeth out." replied his mate. I bet she was feeling better than I was.

Steve Hanley

Giving It All Away

QPR 4 FOREST 3. 10/4/93

If this was the one that sealed our fate then I'm proud to have been there when it happened. Result apart, this was a wonderful day; the Trickies playing out an enthralling and gut-wrenching swansong in front of a Loftus Road audience which included a supremely impressive 5,000 Forest fans.

Being a travelling Tricky has always been fun, but now, as our season drains slowly down the pan, it has become positively inspirational. Yes, there'll always be the moaners and groaners (as the media are only too quick to latch onto and blow out of all proportion), but then the ongoing nightmare of the 92/93 season has given us every right to tear our hair out. And when it comes to the Premier League, we've certainly got more justification than most for apathy or abuse, should the fancy take us.

The point is, though, the fancy doesn't take us. No really it doesn't. Take today. The atmosphere in the away end was, against all laws of common sense, electric and full of anticipation; the encouragement and support given to our battlers vocal and heartfelt. And while recent displays on the pitch have been woefully undeserving of the performances in the stands and on the terraces, today we had a real Tricky treat that encapsulated our season perfectly.

I mean, if it's not one part of the team malfunctioning these days it's another. In an exciting reversal of recent fortunes we had a relative

feast of goals to celebrate, but were left shaking our heads in weary resignation as defensive shortcomings and goalkeeping incompetence meant we departed point-less, and with time no longer on our side, one of those famous "mountains to climb".

And to think it all started so promisingly too. Mind you, I was too fatalistic to expect Banno's opener to be a launch-pad for anything other than an afternoon of palpitations, which was pretty much how it turned out. An(other) horrendous misjudgement by Crossley gifted Ferdinand an easy equaliser when Tiler appeared to have the situation under control. 1-1 and it was panic stations. Charles, edgy and unconvincing all afternoon, tracks Sinton into the area and topples him to the ground. Clive Walker sends Norm the wrong way from the spot. 2-1 and we've seen it all before.

Half-time comes not a moment too soon and appears to settle the side's nerves. 30 minutes into the second period and salvation appears in the form of a workaday number seven called Kingsley. Two spectacular and well-taken goals slap bang in front of the 5,000 and we're motoring. Ten minutes later and it's all gone horribly wrong. The striking instincts of that man Ferdinand, generously lax marking and a pinch of naivety at the back prove a recipe for disaster. To play well, score three times away from home and still lose is horrible at the best of times. In the worst of times it's positively sickening.

And that's it really. We've now lost three on the trot and surrendered the advantage we might have gleaned from our games in hand. My head tells me it's over but my heart won't let me believe it. If faith really can move mountains then it's got just five games to do the job. See you all on Monday.

HAMPSHIRE RED.

Getting A Spurt On

FOREST 2 SPURS 1. 12/4/93

Isn't it just typical of Forest; when I've just about prepared myself for relegation they go and throw themselves a lifeline like this. If they'd played like this a few months earlier we'd probably be pushing for a place in the UEFA Cup, rather than the Mickey Mouse Anglo-Italian one.

The match started fairly scrappily, Spuds looking like they might take control with a number of darting runs. Roy gave a white shirt an early view of his studs and got booked for his troubles - Vinnie he ain't, but he's getting a reputation for this and it's about time he stopped. Minutes later, Banno was elbowed off the pitch and the ref, of course, did bugger all. Brian was furious, shouting from the touchline.

Gradually Forest fought their way back into the game and started to dominate. A Woan free-kick went to Rob Rosario, who missed, and a Black shot was deflected for a corner. In between, old Teddy got himself booked on an unhappy return (yet again). A good Forest move ended with a Rob shot saved, but for about the only time in this half he was actually offside. Ruddock escaped a booking for elbowing Roy. A superb Forest move saw Woan pass to Keane to feed Black, who narrowly missed. What seemed like seconds later saw another brilliant move, a 1-2 on the edge of the area between Black and Banno which Black volleyed into the net, via the crossbar. "Bloody hell", I thought, "We're winning".

Another move led to a series of corners - we were actually

starting to dominate, with Black starting to look worth his money. On the 35th minute a fine break from Banno was finished by Rob when he crossed for the gangly one to slide in for a goal. "Bloody hell", I thought.

Nigel, playing centre-half - why? - played well, superbly tackling Anderton as Spuds finally started to peel themselves into shape. At the end of the first half Sedgeley scored from a corner headed back by Ruddock, reminding us

that 2 goals isn't always enough.

After the break Dearden came on for the injured Thorsvedt. Spuds reverted to their old ways; niggling tackles and shoves everywhere. A long range Sedgeley shot was well held by Marriott - finally in for Norm. Anderton went on a through run and was squeezed out by Tiler and Laws. A Marriott throw-out to Keane set up a vintage counter-attack: Keane to Woan, to Rob, to Banno, to Black back to Rob, who overhit it. Still, it showed them how to play a bit.

A series of counters was set up and a goal looked imminent. An Anderton shot was well saved by Marriott and Nigel cleared for a corner. Forest had three shots on goal, all saved - how??? Nayim was subbed for Andy Turner. A break by Black was broken up when Ruddock pulled him down by his shirt - professional foul - still the ref gave him a yellow card. It would've been red if he'd been booked for elbowing Roy. The ensuing free-kick was wasted.

A backpass was picked up by Dearden and we wasted the free-kick that followed. Minutes later, Turner was free

and clear. "Here comes the goal", I thought, then Marriott saved his shot. Why has Brian left it so late to bring in a decent goalie? Toddi replaced Rob, who must've been knackered, and Spuds gradually took over the final five minutes. It's a good job I'd cut my nails. We hung on for the priceless 3 points. There was a contrast after the whistle: while Sedgeley picked out every Forest player to shake hands and wish them luck, Ruddock was thanking the officials for not sending him off, no wonder they bought the git.

Just when it looked like all hope was lost, Forest gave us a glimmer. I'm sure they're torturing us. Three away matches left and one home; we can do it, they've given me reason to believe that again. How stupid can I be? OTHERS.

Don and Out

WIMBLEDON 1 FOREST 0. 17/4/93

The agony goes on. From being hott, hot, hot against Spurs it was back once again to

being drearily tepid, tepid, tepid at grey old Selhurst Park. Clarke's 32nd minute winner - a well-taken 10-yard shot under Marriott - rounded off a Wimbledon move which can most charitably be described as "traditional", and which cruelly exposed Nigel's sad lack of pace (and indeed balance) at the back. It was a shame really, because for all their thud and bluster, captain Clough's slip-up was the only occasion all afternoon the Dons looked sharp or artful enough to beat a decidedly in-form Marriott. Still, that's how it goes.

Up front a number of good chances came and went begging, with big bad Bob, Kingsley (of all people), Ian Woan (who waited until the death before having his first worthwhile pop at goal) and Bannister all proving particularly wasteful where it matters most. And though MOTD made it look like a minor classic, it was, from a purely Forest point of view, an afternoon of wayward passing, aimless running and insufficient inventiveness.

So it's another no-pointer in the bag, but though the Trickies have wasted yet another chance to haul themselves closer to safety, the corresponding inability of Oldham and the Blades to do likewise means we can still dare to dream. With just three games left, that's probably all we can do.

Looking on the bright side though, we won't have to endure the Selhurst Park experience for another 12 months at the very least. "Bet we get drawn here in one of the cups though" grinned one pessimist. I bet we do.

HAMPSHIRE RED.

Kiss of Life

ARSENAL 1 FOREST 1. 22/4/93

There we were in the pub, draining our glasses at 7.30, when it became apparent that everyone else had tickets. Half an hour and several circuits of the ground later we were about to give up and trek back to the car, the cherry blossom in the trees could not mask the aura of impending doom. Then we had a brainwave and bribed the turnstile operator into letting us in for a fiver.

Arsenal have scored even fewer goals than our prolific Trickies, and the theory was that they'd be terrified of scoring tonight in case Adams dropped them in the celebrations. We didn't know if it was good or bad that Adams and Merson weren't playing, but we couldn't understand why Steve Stone - the hardest working man on Trentside - had been left out, or why the number nine was consigned to the back four again. Sure, with his skill and vision he's a tremendous asset anywhere on the pitch, but we are crying out for the goals he should be making and taking, and our defence leaks as badly as ever.

The first half saw little of merit, Arsenal appearing lethargic and hungover and Forest seeming to play for the 0-0. What's the matter with Woany? He tore the Gunners apart in this game last year, but in the last few weeks he's lost his touch, his interest and even his cockiness. Is it the usual Forest lack of fitness or the fact that he doesn't fancy Grimsby much next season and is wishing he'd delayed signing a new contract when he could've moved to, say, Ipswich or Coventry.

Half-time saw more gloom as the news came through that United were 1-0 up in the Sheffield derby, cue big mocking cheers from the Arse holes. They were at their mouthiest and most arrogant: "Are you Derby in disguise", and, oddly, "You always wear

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the same clothes", which was a bit rich considering they were all rolled-up - to a man, woman and thing of indeterminate sex - in their spanking new Wembley shirts from the club shop. And only 19,000 three days after a win at Wembley?? I think I can feel an attack of moral superiority coming on...

How different would our season have been if Ian Wright

had become a chartered accountant? This time he waltzed past Nigel & Tiler as if they weren't there, 1-0.

Forest hadn't had a shot on target all game, and when Roy's hard-but-fair challenge led to Winterburn being stretchered off and Tony "You shouldn't ride on a donkey" Adams coming on, it seemed more likely that Arsenal would increase their lead. As usual,

they had all the luck, most notably when Seaman smothered a backpass under pressure from Kingsley, only to be awarded the goal-kick.

Then four minutes into injury time, Woan played the perfect ball through to Keane, who finished vehemently, inciting an orgy of badge-kissing mayhem. Just maybe we've still got a chance...

GLENN NOWERS.

THE TRENT END ZONE

Welcome to the new user-friendly Trent End, designed for your own personal satisfaction.

This award-winning design was developed as a totally new concept in sports and leisure. Why use a new structure for only a few hours a week when it can be utilised to give week-long pleasure to all the family?

Along with the usual undersoil heating, we have developed new Undersoil Bowling Alleys. These run the length of the Trent End half of the pitch and present the ideal way of whiling away the pre-match hours.

Once "bowled out", why not stroll to the rear of our new stand for a bite to eat at our "McForest Burger Bar". This bar will serve the very best cuisine you can expect for a measly £2: 17 varieties of burger and hotdog including burnt, soggy and salmonella, all served in a choice of buns including hard, crusty and stale. Onions, however, will only be available in semi-cooked.

Then onto our new concept in wine bars, "Drunk" - but beware, last orders will be at 3.15, so with supping-up time you will just make the second half when you stagger back to your own bum-squaring plastic bucket seat, then you'll wait ten minutes until you need the bog, which will be inconveniently situated as

far from your seat as possible.

After the match it's straight back into Drunk for several more pints of finest Labatts or Shippos, until closing time, when our top East Midlands Nitespot "Shaggaredz" opens complete with all your dream-boat reds (including Toddi and Lee Glover).

The club will play host on a regular basis to top cabaret acts such as Karl and the Heidelbergers and the Brotherhood of Man, as well as playing top rave tunes and the odd karaoke of your favourite Forest chants led by top Radio Nottingham presenter Dennis McCarthy.

Following this exhaustive and alcoholic day you can stroll home along the banks of the Trent, hoping that your staggering will not take you too close to the water's edge - but at least the splash will wake you from your stupor.

Thus you will have sampled all the delights the new stand has to offer and can go home happy in the knowledge that you have lined the club/chairman's pocket for the good of the team.

On the other hand, said the fans, leave the Trent End as it is and invite Leicester to smash up the rest of the ground in a play-off riot.

by THE STUDENT (from an original idea by the Turk-basher).

You Won't Hear This On Radio Nottingham Sport...

"Now we're off to Meadow Lane, where the gates were locked half an hour before kick off"

"What an astute piece of business the sale of Sheringham was, Andrew"

"Yes, Martin, and Clough was quite right not to go for Saunders a second time"

"Thanks for that concise report, Colin"

"I'm having a day off next Saturday, but I'm not going to watch Derby"

"You'll have to speak up, Simon, the noise up there at Field Mill is deafening"

"...and we've got some really tough questions on "3-and-in" this week..."

"We said all along Forest were too good to go down"

by MAJOR OAK.

*Only joking lads - great coverage, keep it up

YOUNG MEN

With the first team decimated by injuries, the Pontins League side this season has largely been composed of trainees, triallists and first year professionals, rather than the more experienced players not currently in favour with The Boss. Reserve games this season have therefore been more evenly contested, but the continued success of the Forest team is in no small measure due to the talents of some of our up-and-coming players. Already Steve Stone has seamlessly made the transition to the Premier League, and many supporters have been wondering aloud, after particularly inept first team performances, whether other starlets from the seemingly all-conquering reserve squad could be drafted in.

First of all, it must be pointed out that there is a huge gulf in standard between what is basically an Under-23 league and the cut and thrust crowded midfield experience that is the Premier League. For example, Toddi in central midfield is usually by far the most impressive player on the pitch in the reserves, Brett Williams looks a more than competent replacement for Psycho, and "Eddie" Glover's close skill has lead to more than one or two opposing triallists returning home earlier than anticipated. As well we know, their infrequent first team appearances are rarely of the same standard, so predicting which players could move up a league is extremely difficult.

Nevertheless, as an introduction for those not fortunate enough to be able to watch the reserve team, and as a guide to some of those who may be donning the Garibaldi next season, here's a personal view of some of those most likely to make the grade:

CRAIG ARMSTRONG (age 17) Left-back.

Already included in first team squad on several occasions despite being youth team age. Brave and quick, Armstrong has good dribbling skills and is never slow to join the attack. Perhaps needs to work on his heading and weighting of passes a little more. Extremely promising.

CRAIG BOARDMAN (22) Centre-back.

"Stan" has not really made the progress expected of him, two years on from his League Cup first team debut. Reliable, with some neat turns, Boardman has seen star midfielders and strikers tried in the Premier League defence ahead of him. Unlikely to get a chance.

GARY BOWYER (21) Midfield.

Season sadly blighted through injuries after promising 91-92 led to promotion to first team squad pre-season. A strong runner and a rugged tackler who's not afraid to shoot, Bowyer's occasional lack of subtlety on the ball may restrict his opportunities at first team level.

STEVE BLATHERWICK (19) Centre-half.

A very encouraging season in the reserves. Blatherwick has pace, reads the game well, and is solid in the tackle. Sometimes tries to get

too tight on attackers, and is therefore turned too easily or has to use his arms too much. Another season in the reserves and these slight faults should be corrected.

RAY BYRNE (20) Right-back/Centre-half.

A very solid season in the reserves by a player who has improved immensely since first coming over from Ireland. Has better positional sense as a right-back rather than in the centre, but will have to work harder on the attacking side of his game.

STEPHEN HOWE (19) Left-wing/Centre-forward.

"Bobby's" performances for the reserves give ample evidence of his past inclusion in the England Youth squad. Quick and very tricky on the ball, Howe also tracks back well. Worth a try in the first team if a winger's unfit, but still a little too small and lightweight to be a permanent fixture.

CHRIS HOPE (20) Centre-half/Centre-forward.

The Paul Warhurst/Ian Marshall/Chris Sutton of the reserves, Chris is an enthusiastic competitor whose awkwardness is better suited to the Steve Bull-style battering ram forward role than central defence. Packs a mean shot too. With his versatility, could be useful to have on the bench.

JASON KAMINSKY (19) Centre-forward.

A somewhat disappointing year for Jason since his league debut at Luton last year. Good in the air for his height, tricky when running with the ball, and with an eye for goal, Jason could still make it, but needs to think more about working the line and linking with teammates if he is to improve.

IAN KILFORD (19) Left-back/Midfield.

Currently the best of the bunch. Tenacious, comfortable on the ball, willing to help out up front or in defence, Kildford has no obvious weaknesses to work on. Always involved in the game, Ian fully deserved his inclusion as sub at QPR recently. Could be a first team regular next season (especially if Roy goes).

PAUL MCGREGOR (18) Centre-forward.

Like Kaminsky, a prolific scorer with the junior teams, he has found Pontins League defences more frugal. Good control, plays well in the traditional Forest forward role (ie with back to goal), and always willing to have a shot on goal, Paul will have to work on the timing of his runs and on bringing colleagues into play if he is to become a first team regular.

TEACHERMAN.

SALE!!

For reasons of space, we're selling off our "Wembley '91" t-shirts at the silly price of ONE POUND (inc. P+P). Usual address.

SURVEY RESULTS

Some of our older readers may remember the survey in BR1 #31. Well, we've finally got round to processing the results. Unfortunately, time and space do not allow for an analysis of the findings, but the answers should give NFFC plenty of food for thought...

(Figures may not add up to 100% due to rounding up percentages and alternative answers).

Section One: General

1. How many Forest home games do you attend per season?

- | | |
|-----------------|-----|
| a) 0 | 0% |
| b) 1-4 | 3% |
| c) 5-9 | 8% |
| d) about half | 11% |
| e) most | 11% |
| f) [almost] all | 67% |

2. Are you a season ticket holder?

- | | |
|--------|-----|
| a) yes | 76% |
| b) no | 24% |

3. Where do you normally stand/sit?

- | | |
|--------------------|-----|
| a) Main Stand | 14% |
| b) Bridgford End | 15% |
| c) Executive Stand | 30% |
| d) Trent End | 41% |

Section Two: Fixture Arrangements

4. For weekend games, which of these times suits you best?

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| a) Friday evening | 1% |
| b) Saturday afternoon | 89% |
| c) Sunday afternoon | 10% |
| d) Monday evening | 0% |

(Many of the "b"s expressed a second preference for "c").

5. Do you approve of the scheduling of games for Monday evenings for TV?

- | | |
|-----------------|-----|
| a) yes | 2% |
| b) no | 77% |
| c) not bothered | 19% |

6. Which day suits you best for midweek fixtures?

- | | |
|------------------|-----|
| a) Tuesday | 0% |
| b) Wednesday | 66% |
| c) Thursday | 0% |
| d) no preference | 30% |
| e) none of these | 3% |

7. Which of these kick-off times suits you best for evening games?

- | | |
|------------------|-----|
| a) 7.15 | 7% |
| b) 7.30 | 40% |
| c) 7.45 | 39% |
| d) 8.00 | 13% |
| e) none of these | 2% |

Section Three: Ticket Arrangements

8. Would it help you if the ticket office accepted credit card telephone bookings?

- | | |
|---------------|-----|
| a) yes | 86% |
| b) not really | 14% |

9. Would a ticket outlet in Nottingham City Centre help you?

- | | |
|---------------|-----|
| a) yes | 34% |
| b) not really | 66% |

10. What is your opinion of the quality and efficiency of service provided by the City Ground ticket office staff?

- | | |
|-----------------|-----|
| a) very good | 8% |
| b) mostly good | 17% |
| c) fair | 25% |
| d) inconsistent | 32% |
| e) poor | 17% |

11. Were 1992's Wembley ticket collection arrangements better than previous years' or not?

- | | |
|------------------|-----|
| a) worse | 13% |
| b) better | 21% |
| c) no difference | 48% |

Section Four: Ticket Prices

12. Do you feel season ticket prices are...

- | | |
|----------------|-----|
| a) too low | 2% |
| b) about right | 81% |
| c) too high | 17% |

13. Do you feel match day prices are...

- | | |
|----------------|-----|
| a) too low | 0% |
| b) about right | 48% |
| c) too high | 52% |

14. What do you think in general of prices at away games?

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| a) too low | 0% |
| b) too high | 66% |
| c) about right | 17% |
| d) don't attend away games | 17% |

15. Did you feel that away supporters were exploited financially at any away games last year?

- | | |
|-------------------|-----|
| a) does not apply | 33% |
| b) no | 20% |
| c) yes | 45% |

(Examples given for "yes", in order of popularity: Wembley, Sheff Weds, Spurs, Leicester, Luton, Chelsea, Notts, Villa)

16. Did you feel that away supporters were given good value for money at any grounds you visited last season?

- | | |
|-------------------|-----|
| a) does not apply | 29% |
| b) no | 31% |
| c) yes | 21% |

(Examples given for "yes", in order of popularity: Sheff Utd, Spurs, QPR, Arsenal)

17. Will the introduction of all-seater stadia (and related price increases) lead to you attending...

- | | |
|--------------------|-----|
| a) more home games | 0% |
| b) less home games | 24% |
| c) no difference | 76% |

18. (Question as above)

- | | |
|--------------------|-----|
| a) more away games | 3% |
| b) less away games | 47% |
| c) no difference | 49% |

Section Five: Ground Facilities

19. What do you think of the standard of catering facilities at the City Ground?

- | | |
|-------------------|-----|
| a) very good | 0% |
| b) quite good | 27% |
| c) poor | 31% |
| d) very poor | 4% |
| e) not applicable | 38% |

20. What do you think of the standard of pre-match entertainment?

- | | |
|---------------|-----|
| a) very good | 0% |
| b) quite good | 5% |
| c) poor | 30% |
| d) very poor | 51% |

(Roughly 75% of respondents said "What pre-match entertainment?")

21. What do you think of the standard of the club programme?

- | | |
|-------------------|-----|
| a) very good | 3% |
| b) quite good | 31% |
| c) poor | 48% |
| d) very poor | 16% |
| e) not applicable | 2% |

22. Which of these facilities would/do you patronise?

- | | | |
|---------------------|--------|-------------|
| i) souvenir shop | | |
| yes 72% | no 5% | perhaps 23% |
| ii) creche | | |
| yes 9% | no 80% | perhaps 11% |
| iii) licensed bar | | |
| yes 48% | no 24% | perhaps 26% |
| iv) catering stalls | | |
| yes 35% | no 33% | perhaps 32% |
| v) seated cafeteria | | |
| yes 22% | no 39% | perhaps 39% |

- | | | |
|------------------------------|--------|-------------|
| vi) programme sellers | | |
| yes 75% | no 18% | perhaps 7% |
| vii) fanzine sellers | | |
| yes 97% | no 3% | perhaps 0% |
| viii) lottery ticket sellers | | |
| yes 12% | no 60% | perhaps 28% |
| ix) betting shop | | |
| yes 14% | no 73% | perhaps 13% |

23). Should the new Trent End stand contain...

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| a) reserved seating only | 11% |
| b) unreserved seating only | 24% |
| c) a mixture of the two | 53% |
| d) no preference | 11% |

24). A reasonable admission price for the new Trent End would be...

- | | |
|------------------|-----|
| a) £6 | 10% |
| b) £7 | 15% |
| c) £8 | 42% |
| d) £9 | 13% |
| e) £10 | 10% |
| f) no preference | 10% |

25). Who should carry out supporter consultation exercises like this one?

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| a) NFFC | 68% |
| b) NFFC Supporters Club | 8% |
| c) fanzines | 0% |
| d) no-one | 0% |

(Combination of: a+c - 10%; b+c - 6%, a,b+c - 8%)

SELECTED ADDITIONAL COMMENTS:

...Season tickets are quite well-priced, especially in relation to other clubs. However, match tickets are too expensive. The new Bridgford Stand costs way too much at £13 - when the old terracing was only £7. People cannot afford those prices, and when the ground becomes all-seater, if the cheapest seats cost £10 and upwards then people will stay away ...Generally ticket prices are much too high. The Club should have a "supporters match" v Wimbledon or Norwich - £8 everywhere for one league game...I believe that there should be a small area for those who wish to stand at matches; reserved for the under-18's, admission £5...I object strongly to SKY and all-seater stadia. Fans have always paid for the club but are never consulted...They take credit cards in the souvenir shop so why not in the ticket office?...How about a park & ride scheme to reduce congestion in West Bridgford?...Entertainment should be football-based. BSKyB have not got it right. It was patronising, loud and inefficient...The Ticket Office: let me hand my Wembley application in early (and checked it); wouldn't let me exchange my season ticket voucher for 2 seats so I could take my nephew...Have you ever tried telephoning the ticket office? It is a challenge, firstly to get through, then the usual offhand comments - the one annoying us most is "Oh, you'll have to come down". I must admit we didn't get the tickets we asked for at the Rumbelows Final, but we are only terrace ticket holders. It was most annoying to see Utd supporters sitting in them...The Jubilee doorman really is a charmer. He swore at me for using a Mercury Phonecard (purchased in the Club Shop) in the Mercury phone. Isn't life fun?...I read an article in the Evening Post by our new "people's chairman", Fred Reacher. I suggested they employ a PR man. Guess what? No reply...

Things You Wish They WOULD Say...

- 1). "Well, we've still got a mathematical chance, but I think we've blown it so there's no point in busting a gut".
- 2). "All our thoughts are on Wembley now; bugger the three league matches in between".
- 3). "They're a miserable bunch here with no team spirit to speak of".
- 4). "No, it wasn't really a penalty; I lost the ball so I went down like a sack of spuds".
- 5). "I didn't really want to come here, but they offered me more money than anyone else".
- 6). "The manager's making a real pig's ear of the job; we'll probably sack him in a week or so".
- 7). "He's an effective and skilful player, so I don't care if he elbows people in the face".
- 8). "He's not worth anything like that much, but if we don't buy him, Blackburn will".

9). "It was a lousy cross; I did bloody well to put it away".

10). "He really let the club down; he was pissed out of his head again and ended up in a police cell, but we can't afford a replacement so we're stuck with him".

11). "No, we haven't got a chance against a team like them; we're going to get pasted".

12). "I don't know why they bought that donkey, and I certainly don't relish the thought of playing alongside him".

13). "They're only a conference side, so we won't be giving 100%; about 60 or 70 should do it".

14). "I'd like us to play the sort of stuff Forest play, of course, but we get better results by kicking people and playing the offside trap".

15). "No, I don't give a damn if I'm not scoring goals; I'm still getting paid".

by DAVE MARRIOTT.

A LATE LETTER

Dear BRIAN,

Nothing has saddened more this season than the treatment handed out to Gary Charles by some so-called Tricky fans when we played Blackburn at home. Sadly, I suspect some of it was motivated by racism. Once again we see what occurs when the happenings on the field influence the behaviour of the so-called fans who need a target on which to vent their frustration and anger. The sad fact is that the real culprit is the whole set-up at NFFC, starting at the top.

In the case of Charles, sure, he has made mistakes - so have the rest of the team - but the singling out of Charles (who I still believe is one of the best young defenders in England) led to the sad spectacle of him lashing out in anger and frustration v Blackburn. All through the game the lower tier of the Exec. crucified him with taunts and insults. Why? Was he any worse than Chettle on the night? Worse than Laws, now lacking in pace and relying on experience? Worse than Bannister, Rosario, Crosby et al? I don't think

so. In a few years will we see Charles playing for Leeds, Wednesday or Villa as they push for glory? Don't be surprised if we do.

Since last year's League Cup Final the team has fallen apart, especially in terms of commitment and off-field discipline. Our growing inability to score has steadily worsened since then, Leeds away being the only exception to the rule. We've seen the leaving of players because they dared oppose BC - Chapman, Sheridan, Jemson, Carr, Wassall, Sutton; the loss of key players who are then not replaced; the non-signings of Saunders, McAllister, Jemson, Cullimore. The EGM fiasco was widely reported in the press (and the signing of Rosario from under the noses of Real, Inter etc), and the manager has been banal and embarrassing in the media. Total = BAD MANAGEMENT.

The writing was on the wall last August v Oldham (5-3) and Man Utd (2-0), but what saddens me is that it got visibly worse and worse and there was no action from the management. Can we start a "We want Martin O'Neill" chant now? See you on the terraces at Swindon.

EXILED IN POMPEY.

SACK THE MESSENGER.

It would seem that Brian Clough is not content with having the new Trent End named in his honour, he feels that his reputation has been tarnished and is now "threatening to stay" as manager for as long as Chris Wootton remains on the board. I don't for one moment believe we'll see BC at the helm in August, but to prevent further embarrassment, I feel there should be an EGM convened to sack Wootton immediately. If the story in the People was a set-up then why did Wootton appear in the following week's issue dressed as a cowboy? If he really has the interests of NFFC at heart he'll step down. If he refuses, then now's the chance for Chairman Fred to prove he's not a lily-livered Yes Man after all.

JOHNNY GARIBALDI.

Forest ace Keane may face F.A. rap

In an astonishing move, the FA have admitted failure in their efforts to get their message across to such troublemakers as Vinnie Jones and Julian Dicks. "Perhaps we just don't speak their language - the players just don't understand archaic phrases such as 'bringing the game into disrepute'. So from now on,

we're going to conduct disciplinary tribunals entirely in street language" confirmed FA spokesman "Ice-G" Kirton. The BRIAN has learned that the FA is to test the new system in the upcoming Keane shirt-lifting case, and has obtained a transcript of the FA charge:

Yo! Yo! I'm the FA's MC
My name's "Smiler" Kelly
You see me do the Cup draw
On the telly
But I've been told, Roy
By the Gooner home-boys
That your language is worse than
Roger Mellie's

Mix-master McKeag on the M-I-C
I've heard what you did down at Highbury
Inciting the fans
Will lead to a ban
And a fine and a run-in with the FA posse

The name's Millichip
I'm old, but I'm hip
And I'm telling you Roy
To button your lip
When you score against a rival
In the battle for survival
Don't give lip-reading cockneys
A four-letter eyeful
Wave your arm in the air
Like you just don't care
You can kiss your Tree
(ALL) But don't muthaf***in' swear
Yo Brian! Do you know what time it is?
Time this young man settled down
with a nice Nottingham lass

TEACHERMAN.

Next issue: House of Pain compose Keane's defence.

The BRIAN's Prayer

Our future
Which art at Charlton
Barnsley be thy name
Thy Brentford come
Thy Birmingham
In Oxford
As it is in Bristol
Give us this day
our daily Wolves
And forgive us our Tranmeres
As we forgive those who
Tranmere against us
And lead us not
into Cambridge
But deliver us from Millwall
For thine is the Watford
The Notts and the Derby
For Southend and Luton
Amen





The Big Red Book

"Think of Nottingham and one immediately thinks of Brian Clough", said a member of the City Council as it was announced that the freedom of the City was to be awarded to the great green-shirted genius of the garibaldi. Strange really, that our most celebrated son should originate from as far from the Trent as so many indigenous offspring of Nottingham now reside.

So what alternative do the proud folk of Notts have in electing a folk hero, a product of their own backyard ghetto, to the status of cult hero for a generation? A person to make other citizens wail in awe in much the same way non-Scousers are envious of Sonia, those born outside the sound of the Bow Bells long for a Derek Jamieson, and people alien to Nutwood yearn for the great checked-trousered one.

Candidate No.1 is LESLIE CROWTHER, a man who once had a rose named after him and may follow that allotment creation with a cabbage to his name. The devil may say "Come on down" and play "Do or Drop", where a cabbage gets to hold a little boy if he gets a question wrong or loses grip of "Mouse-trap", the "My Guy" annual or a top team's football.

Candidate No.2 is the Notts opening batsman Su Pollard. Anyone who's afraid of Miss Cathcart must be a bit dizzy, and all for the prize of wearing a turgid, unfashionable jacket. Maybe the landlord of the Stage Door can provide an unworn one for the sexy songstress.

Candidates 3 & 4 can truly claim to have put Nottingham on more maps than Ordnance Survey: the Ice Tarts of the Secretariat and the Police Force, Jayne and Chris. I wouldn't mind them putting Nottingham on the map if they weren't so dull, but with less charisma than a dodgy pint of Shippos it's hard to warm to their chirpy little routines. Still, now that they're returning to "amateur" status they should be able to make a few more bob before returning to the circus.

So what famous sons and daughters have we left? Peter Bowles, the great character actor who hasn't lost a hint of his Bulwell brogue? Duncan Norville, whose act could be summed up as taking the "b" out of banal?

Then there are the sporting heroes like Derek (Randall not Bo), Robinson (Tim not Sugar Ray) and Waites (Brian not Terry). All have achievements to be proud of: "Arkle" has surely turned out to be the greatest cricketing son of the county of Lord Snott; Timbo showed enough economic foresight and lack of national pride to justify a job at No.11 Downing Street, while Brian Waites proved that what he lacks on the driving green he makes up for in green driving.

But above all this, one man stands out in terms of charm, character and wit - but enough about me. Not only should Mr Clough be given the freedom of the City that he thinks he already owns, but it's about time he had a visit from Mr Aspel for surely the finest accolade a person can receive - a guest appearance on Give Us A Clue.

by KEITH BARKS.

POST WAR CAPTAINS

No. 9: SAMMY CHAPMAN.

His real name was Robert but he was nicknamed Sammy after a Mansfield Town player of the 40's.

Sammy took over from Gemmell as captain in 1973. He was a native of Wednesbury in Staffordshire, born August 1946, and was 5ft 11" tall weighing 12st. Chapman came to the club as an apprentice in 1962, turned professional in 1963 and made his debut v Stoke City on January 18th 1964.

He was a bit of an enigma when getting into the first team: getting rave reports and scoring regularly for the reserves, he never came off as a striker with the first team.

Eventually he settled in the centre of defence, playing regular first team football from 67/68. Sammy was never one of my favourite players, but he was club captain from 74/75 and helped the side to promotion in 76/77. Brian Clough transferred him to Notts County in 1977 after the signing of Kenny Burns.

League and cup appearances: 407/15 sub - 23 goals.

JUSTIFIED ANCIENT RED.



HORROR MOVIE

The following paragraph, inspired by some horribly familiar events, contains ten film titles. Can you spot them? And do you care?

A few good men won't be enough to keep us up. There have been times when you could have taken eight men out and replaced them with dustbins, and nobody would've noticed. Some of them have played like absolute beginners all season, and hardly anyone seems to be able to do the right thing. Almost every effort on goal seems to be taken at close range, and we

haven't been helped at the other end by the goalkeeper's fear of the penalty. The defiant ones may still say that deliverance is possible, but the awful truth is that the abyss awaits. ALEX MONEY.

(Answers: A Few Good Men, Eight Men Out, Absolute Beginners, Do The Right Thing, At Close Range, The Goalkeeper's Fear Of The Penalty, The Defiant Ones, Deliverance, The Awful Truth, The Abyss - but then you knew that anyway).

Virtual Reality

Is virtual reality going to be the leisure concept of the 90's?

For those who don't know, VR is the latest in computer games. Your screens are mounted inside a helmet giving you 360 degree vision, and your hands and arms are wired to the computer so that it can simulate your movements within the game. The rest is virtually a huge computer game using your body as the joystick.

At the moment VR games simulate battles with monsters, but with technological advancements will it soon be possible to simulate our own beautiful game? If so, will it be possible to computer generate each team, enabling you to run the City Ground pitch in the company of Nigel, Psycho etc.? Imagine being given the choice of team-mates from the last 20 years of Forest players. Would this be the ultimate?

Management games could put you in the role of BC and even simulate the green jersey, bottle of Bells and bleary vision. Could you play Jemmo at left-back and then not let him take a penalty? Could you pick Crossley for two seasons or let Bryn Gunn live?

Commercial managers also could be computer generated, and so with a touch of the button you could eradicate the pinstripes and bring back the "rampant reindeer" badge.

How would the officials operate? Could Judge Dredd be called upon to run the line, or Adolf Hitler on the whistle? Instant justice would see Tony Adams atomized before he has any chance of breaking a colleague's limbs, or defenders attempting to play someone offside being turned to stone for 30 seconds. A Justice Zone could be enforced so that no foul play or dissent could occur, and Vinnie Jones could step on a specially-placed landmine just for the sake of it.

Games of angels passing the ball with no physical contact - is this Joao Havelange's personal heaven?

Rules could be altered to give your team the advantage: head height against Wimbledon and no offside v Arsenal. Just as long as the game doesn't end up with teams of horrible mutants battling it out as I don't want Liverpool to appear on my personal headset.

by THE STUDENT.

LETTERS

Dear BRIAN,

Whilst socialising in Nottingham city centre's many and varied alehouses I have been party to the most scurrilous and evil of rumours, namely that our former chairman has misappropriated certain funds from certain undisclosed parties.

I simply cannot believe this, because if he had fraudulently acquired all this money would not his first purchase have been a more convincing wig? Yours, A.Mason.

A copy of a letter sent to Paul White at NFFC:

Sir/Madam,

Please find enclosed raffle tickets which, for the first time I can remember, I refuse to sell for you.

WHY? - Because of the treatment meted out to the hundreds of fans locked out of last Sunday's game v Leeds United.

My brother travelled to the game (for which I had bought him a ticket) from Worthing on the South Coast, but at the last minute my 9-year old daughter asked to go, so our party left with two season ticket holders, my brother, and my daughter who did not

have a ticket. The match had been advertised as NOT all-ticket, and let's face it, when did we last have a full capacity crowd??

We arrived to find all pay turnstiles locked, and with hundreds of others we could not get in, even though we tried all three home areas of the ground. In the end, neither my brother nor myself (having not missed a home game for years!!) went in - my daughter had my seat and went in with my partner. We went back and sat in the car and listened on the radio, having sold the one ticket to a couple of lads from South Wales who were in the same predicament.

Considering football clubs

are trying to win back the fans with increased facilities, better catering, better car parking and improved safety precautions, why cannot the club I have supported for the past twenty eight years add CUSTOMER (fan) CARE to its list of priorities?

We asked what must have been fifteen stewards and gatemen what the problem was, and all replied that the ground was full to capacity - WHAT A LOAD OF RUBBISH! Get your act together, Mr White, and communicate with the fans. We arrived at my car to find that the official attendance was only 25,500 - what is going on? Are you doing some creative accounting on the VAT or did someone make a monumental cock-up? When will you learn that incidents like this are driving fans (and money) away from grounds and into their armchairs - you, and the game, cannot and must not let this happen.

Judging by the number of people I saw walking away from the ground, I estimate the club lost around £3,000. You could have paid three-quarters of Roy Keane's weekly wage with that! Or installed a credit card terminal so fans could have purchased tickets over the phone.

In some ways the club is living in the 1990's, but in others we are still in the 1960's - some things haven't changed since I started attending matches.

I don't expect a reply to this letter, because that's the sort of semi-faceless organisation a Premier League football club has become; but from one leisure and recreation professional to another, GET YOUR CUSTOMER CARE SORTED OUT!, and remember this proverb:-

"When is an all-ticket match not an all-ticket match? - When it's at Forest".

yours very disappointedly,
R.C.Betts, Sutton-in-Ashfield.

Dear BRIAN,

As someone who is concerned about the effects of all-seater stadia on season ticket prices, I undertook a small project to see if any Premier League clubs provided

special schemes for those supporters on low incomes (in particular, students and the unemployed).

Of the several clubs I wrote to (including Man City, Spurs and Everton), I found that only Sheffield United and Coventry had any special price schemes in operation. These worked on the basis of presentation of a UB40 or Student Union card. At Bramall Lane, the showing of either of these items meant a saving of £3, reducing terrace admission to £5.

I find it quite incredible that other well-established clubs are not even considering implementing any policies, especially in a time of ever-increasing unemployment rates and a growing student population, so I was glad to read in a recent programme that the club are reviewing admission prices generally. I wrote to Paul White and he replied that supporters on low incomes would definitely be covered. However, I do think sometimes that Forest are not much bothered about their supporters, even this season when we've shown immense loyalty to the club.

The Forest programme provides little information about forthcoming away games, whereas other clubs may devote a whole page to detailed travel and ticket arrangements. Instead, Forest change matches to all-ticket status at the last minute and "advise" fans to get to matches early, since admission "can't be guaranteed". Surely the supporters deserve a much better service than they are currently receiving in this area?

Clare, Beeston.

Dear BRIAN,

Psycho missing - missing Psycho. Where has Stuart gone? Should the police be informed? I for one am concerned for his welfare.

If there is one man capable of inspiring our frail team and leading us to survival, it is the original No.3. It may be my eyesight, but I cannot recall his presence at recent home fixtures; no mixing with the crowd and expressing his enthusiasm and commitment. If Stuart is wheelchair-bound

(which would be heartbreaking for us all), fair enough, but while he is still walking he could still do a great deal for NFFC.

Come back, the "prodigal son", and join the 20,000 diehards. If we go down, we'll go together.
Red Al, Arnold.

Dear BRIAN,

Far be it from my natural inclinations to join the ranks of the masochists with their doom-laden forecasts of imminent disaster. However, my ebullient faith is in undoubted need of replenishment vis a vis a "rabbit out of a hat" type of Brian Clough trick - perhaps the successful conversion of Mark Crossley to a striker?

Cocking a snook at convention is a famous part of garibaldi lore, of course. Could it be that we will escape the drop (at worst a bungee jump for us, surely) while scoring even less goals than Arsenal? Incidentally - if an unmissed opportunity to slag the Gunners can be termed incidental - I believe that Arsenal are televised so frequently because of an understandable desire to humiliate them and not - as I used to think - to provide John Motson with the chance to see them for nothing.

If the future is to be once again ours - as surely it will one day be - then the lessons of our latest demise (0-1 to Villa today) are surely that we must bleed still more before the Band Aid of incoming transfers is applied. Whole-hearted triers are a principled bunch, but alas such qualities only breed success when allied to others. I fear that too many of our current squad are sadly lacking one or another of the pre-requisites for garibaldi stardom.

"Not as young as he was" is an observation and not a criticism, and usually heralds the time for an old favourite to step down (Brian Laws in this case, but it's also applicable to Gary - surely a stop-gap - Bannister). Gary Charles is a luxury in an unsettled defence, and has been one far too long to expect anything else. However, Norman's occasional

indiscretions remind me of the fortunes of one Gary Sprake - and Leeds didn't do so badly in those days, did they? Sort the others out and he may well do.

I have saved for last those whose departure is imperative to an effective improvement in playing standards. I'm truly sorry if this seems ungrateful or ungracious, but I'm sure that this is better than everyone being truly sorry in all respects.

Ron Fenton's involvement with transfer activities should be ended (he doesn't really have any anyway, except as the official announcer of inactivity), and perhaps he should consider applying for George Foster's job during the close season.

Kingsley, Toddi, Terry (when fit) and the other Gary C. should have some fee-bolstering lies told about them prior to departure. If this doesn't raise enough dosh for a Cole or a Collymore (both of whom scored again yesterday), then I reckon we could sell the Bridgford stand. After all, we managed without it for a long time anyway.
Redneverblue.

Dear BRIAN,

As an exiled Tree living and working in Kent, I have to rely on Sportspages for my copy of BRIAN. I bought it this Saturday before the QPR game (unlucky or what), and feel I must join in the great "Beautiful Game" debate.

I was delighted when I read in WSC that a fanzine shop was opening in Nottingham. I tried to visit it before the Man Utd game but couldn't find it! I eventually located it the day of the Coventry game and it was bloody tiny - also it was closed. It was only 2.30 in the afternoon, but the woman upstairs told me he'd packed up for the day. When I eventually met Paul Bethell, I told him I'd come all the way from London and he quite honestly couldn't have cared less. I found him uncommunicative, arrogant and perfectly loathsome.

I had a look around and left without buying anything, you should have seen the look he

gave me! I went straight up to Selectadisc and never returned. No wonder his business went down the pan! P.Hilditch, Farnborough.

Dear BRIAN,

Re: Dave Lent's letter (BRI 35). This was a wind-up, surely? No? Oh.

In that case then, the "Beautiful Game" saga plumbed quite astonishingly low depths in last issue's Letters section, with Mr Lent contributing nothing but crap to an otherwise intelligent and pointed debate. Most hilariously of all, and hidden amongst the wad of insults flung needlessly at Paul Bethell, was the surreal charge that his jumper

"looked" about 3 years old.

Crikey. Was there no end to this man's shortcomings? Not only has his business acumen footballing savvy been called into serious question, but his conversational skills and fashion sense now appear to be under fire.

Why? (Incidentally Dave, I, like yourself, am 100% Forest, but am at this moment kitted out in an Arkwright footy top which looks about 30 years old. Does this mean I too am a legitimate target for your vitriol?). Please let's keep it to the facts.

From a purely business point of view, and for whatever reasons (discussed reasonably last ish), TBG did nothing for the good people of Nottingham. They, in turn, did nothing for it. Result: a business closes. Sad, but hardly a freak occurrence these days. End of story. Having a dig at Selectadisc and our love of football was unnecessary, but if Bethell wants to result to childish insults and cheap shots then that's his misguided choice. It needn't be a cue to follow him down into a tatty slanging match (as others so ably demonstrated). I'd like to think Forest fans with the wit and wisdom to read BRIAN would be capable of intelligent debate and thoughtful argument: hopefully Mr Lent is an exception to my not-unreasonable generalisation.

Just one more thing; did anyone else on the terrace at

QPR notice the disturbingly loud monkey noises as Clive Walker stepped up to take the penalty? I wonder what Charles was thinking, or what Dessie would have made of it? Forest had unbelievable support that day - don't let those racist cretins think for one moment they can count themselves as part of it.

Thank you and goodnight.
Hampshire Red.

Dear BRIAN,

Well, well, well, what a miserable can of worms I've managed to open in Nottingham, eh? I feel obliged to state a number of things re: "The Beautiful Game".

Firstly, to Sandiacre Tree: I spoke words of wisdom; Nottingham is certainly not a "football hotbed", Newcastle is, end of story.

To Major Oak: Mr Oak, you really are up with the pace regarding small business development, aren't you? I'm sure there's a job for you at the Midland Bank. Trouble with chaps like you is that you've never got off your arse to try and achieve anything in your life, have you? You're alright Jack, in your safe job at the Housing Benefit Office - well my advice is to stay there, Mr Oak, and stop telling talented people like myself how to run our lives.

To Andy of the "Tricky Tree": thanks for the kind words, but I'm afraid I stand by everything I said about Selectadisc, it truly is a dreadful shop - I'm convinced they sell drugs there as well. And some of the staff have got pony tails.

Finally, to Dave Lent from London: your letter concerning my toilet habits was quite preposterous in its tone - and you say I'm rude, well, I ask you? I cannot recall the meeting you describe, although if you say I said it, then I must have I suppose.

Blimey, this one could run and run, couldn't it?
Paul Bethell.

* Funny how, with all the events and non-events of this season, the most popular topic on the letters pages is a bloke who used to run a shop off Bridlesmith Gate.

READERS POLL

And what an embarrassment of riches we have for you to choose from this season - from the "Worst Of" categories, that is. Closing date August 1st.

1). PLAYER OF THE YEAR.

2). YOUNG PLAYER OF THE YEAR.

3). UNSUNG TRICKY HERO.

4). MOST IMPROVED PLAYER.

5). GOAL OF THE SEASON.

6). WORST MISS OF THE SEASON.

7). WORST GOAL CONCEDED.

8). BEST HOME GAME.

9). WORST HOME GAME.

10). BEST AWAY GAME.

11). WORST AWAY GAME.

12). BEST DAY OUT.

13). BEST MOMENT OF THE SEASON.

14). WORST MOMENT OF THE SEASON.

15). BEST OPPOSING PLAYER.

16). BIGGEST THUG.

17). BEST REFEREE.

18). WORST REFEREE.

19). BEST OPPOSING TEAM.

20). WORST OPPOSING TEAM.

21). BEST GROUND VISITED.

22). WORST GROUND VISITED.

23). BEST OPPOSING FANS.

24). WORST OPPOSING FANS.

25). BEST AWAY POLICE.

26). WORST AWAY POLICE.

27). BEST OTHER FANZINE.

28). BIGGEST FACTOR IN OUR FINAL LEAGUE POSITION?

29). WAS BRIAN CLOUGH RIGHT TO ~~QUIT~~ ^{RETIRE}?

30). PREFERRED NEXT FOREST MANAGER.

31). BIGGEST MOAN AT FOREST.

32). BIGGEST MOAN AT THE "BRIAN".

33). BEST BRIAN ARTICLE.

34). WORST BRIAN ARTICLE.

36). HOPES/PREDICTIONS FOR NEXT SEASON.

Any additional comments welcome.

LOST: ONE FLAG

Richard Fisher of FOREST FOREVER fanzine lost his flag while coming onto the pitch from the centre section of the Trent End to say goodbye to Brian Clough after the Sheff. Utd game. It's about 5ft 2" across and has Forest Forever written across the centre, with a tricky tree in the middle. As it's of enormous sentimental value, Richard is offering a £10 reward for its safe return. Anyone who can help should contact him at: 69 Fernleigh Avenue, Mapperley, Nottm NG3 6FN.

BRIAN #37: Will surface in time for the first home game of the First Division campaign, and will feature all the articles about Brian Clough, relegation and the board that you lot should have written for this issue, a tribute to Terry Wilson, plus lots more. Free Chris Wootton dart-board.