

NEW YORK · MOSCOW · TOKYO · NOTTINGHAM

NEW YORK · MOSCOW · TOKYO · NOTTINGHAM

Daddy is going straight...

STRAIGHT TO THE
**ELECTRIC
ARMCHAIR!**

WHO PUT
THE PIPE
IN HIS HAND?

WHEN I
WAS YOUR
AGE....

WHAT PUT THAT
WILD LOOK
IN HIS
EYES?

WOT NO
JOB !?!

ALLIED ARMPITS
presents

**BAD
DAD**

....OUR WAR BABY'S
GONE WRONG....

WHY THE
MURDER
IN HIS
HEART?

WIPE THAT MUCK
OFF Y'FACE !

HE WATCHED FOOTBALL ON TV
HE SMOKED A PIPE
HE WENT TO THE PUB ON SUNDAYS
HE DROVE A FORD ESCORT....
HE LIVED FOR KICKS !

NEW YORK · MOSCOW · TOKYO · NOTTINGHAM

50p

NUMBER 11

Crowding a lifetime of "kicks" into one mag!

NEW YORK · MOSCOW · TOKYO · NOTTINGHAM

**cartoons!!! fashion!!!
politics!!! music!!! and
more exclamation marks
inside ...**

Cartoons Included Also

HAVE T-SHIRT WILL TRAVEL



World famous meadowsian Kevin Sloan sports his equally world famous C.I.A. t-shirt on the New York streets during his tour of the U.S.A. "I never leave home without one," said Kev.

Well I guess I'm writing this un. Bolshy's gone, but there's the odd trace of her scattered around this ish. We did get a replacement for Bolshy, called Eva Kowalski, but unfortunately she had to leave the job for reasons well beyond her control. We thank Ewa for her help and wish her all the best.

Ewa came up with this issue's cover (amongst other things), which is definately an improvement on the crap covers we've been having lately. Also we think it's visually a step in the right direction....

Fortunately we've got a replacement for Ewa....

(Ooo. But thanks to Snopes for acting as temporary Editor....)

NUPHIN.

Roofie - entering out into our third year. This one was late due partly to moi learning the tricks of the trade - 3 hour lay out for 1 side of A4 does require some restraint from despair at never seeing light of day.

Suffered a bit financially cos of usual summer dip in all publication sales (maybe crap covers didn't help).

Stop press - Price increase. Up from 40p to 50p cos printing costs have gone up 10p a copy (but we're still losing out cos the more we cost the more the shops get).

Only other option to cover increased costs were to find advertisers (but workers prefer without)...have less pages (impossible)...or call it a day (which Nuphin seriously considered several times).

Good news - Things are going quite well (apart from finance) Evening Post feature. Another feature in 'Mailout', the East Midlands Arts mag. We're getting more feedback - letters page...stuff being sent in...T-shirts selling...badges, etc.

BUT WE'RE STILL SKINT.

Planning to have a break - therefore entering into the true spirit of right on image and not entering into the mass market capitalist thing man. All that bull shit concludes to the said amount below that next edition will be in Jan. - capitalising on the new year scene.

C.I.A.'s first major project - run by the three of us - Snopes, Roofie, Nuphin - will consist of mind expanding memoirs of personal childhood experiences in graphic novel form...so read on.

ROOFIE.

THIS ISSUE'S C.I.A. WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE:

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SNOPE
STEVIE
STONE

C.I.A. welcomes contributions, so send us your cartoons, strips, scripts, clippings, samples, stories, reviews, quotes, ideas, etc, etc, etc.... (not forgetting our 'Equal Opp's' policy, of course).

Our address is: C.I.A.
NOTTINGHAM COMMUNITY ARTS
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C.I.A. NUMBER 11 October 1990

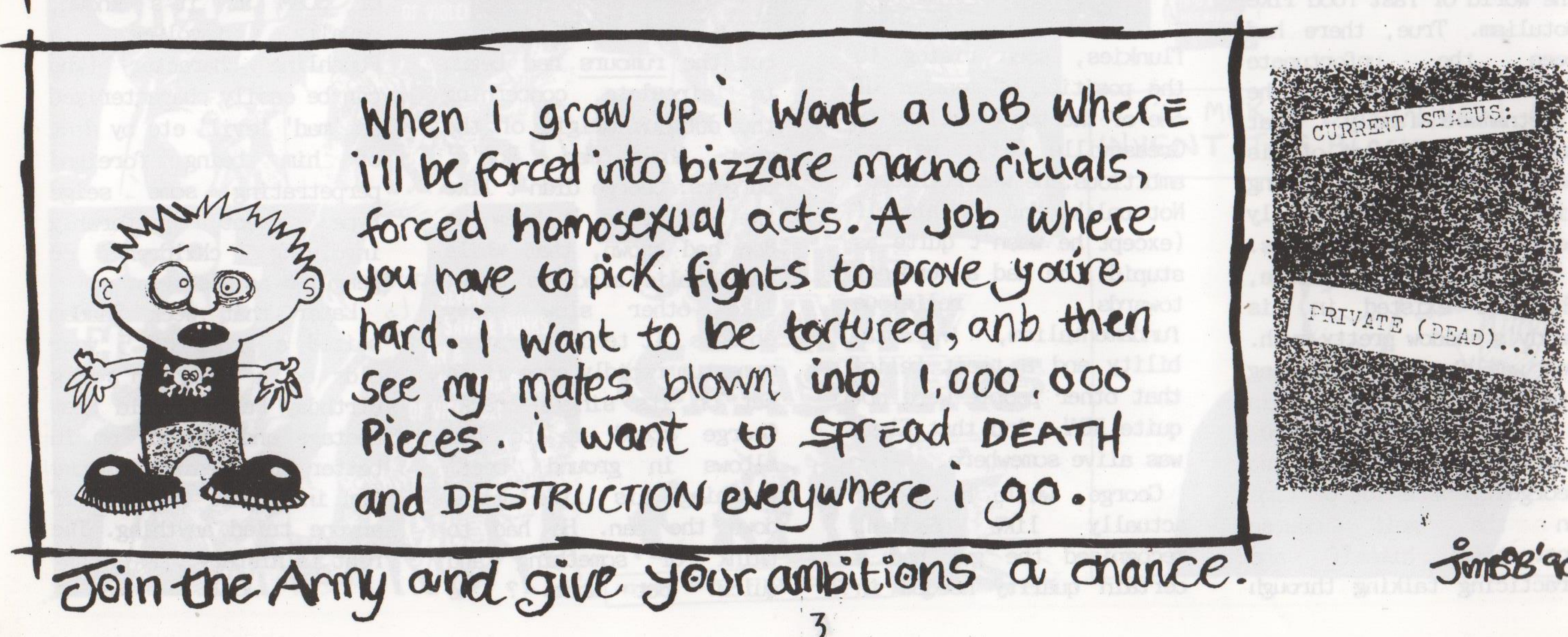
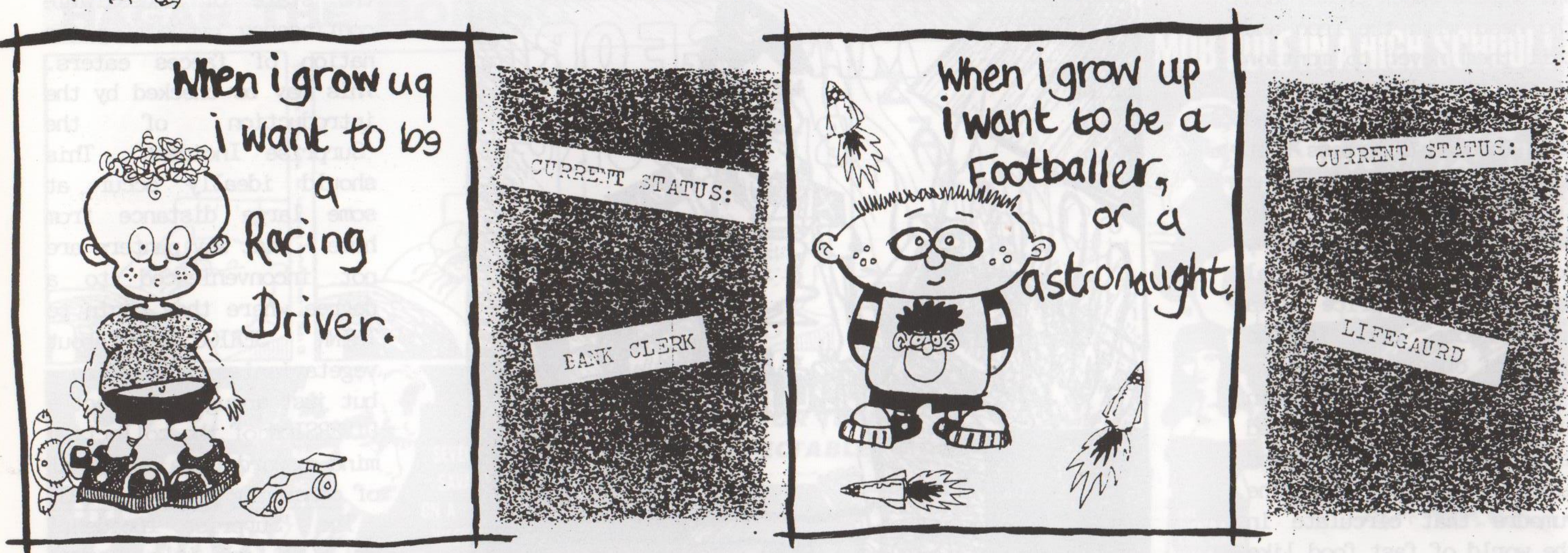
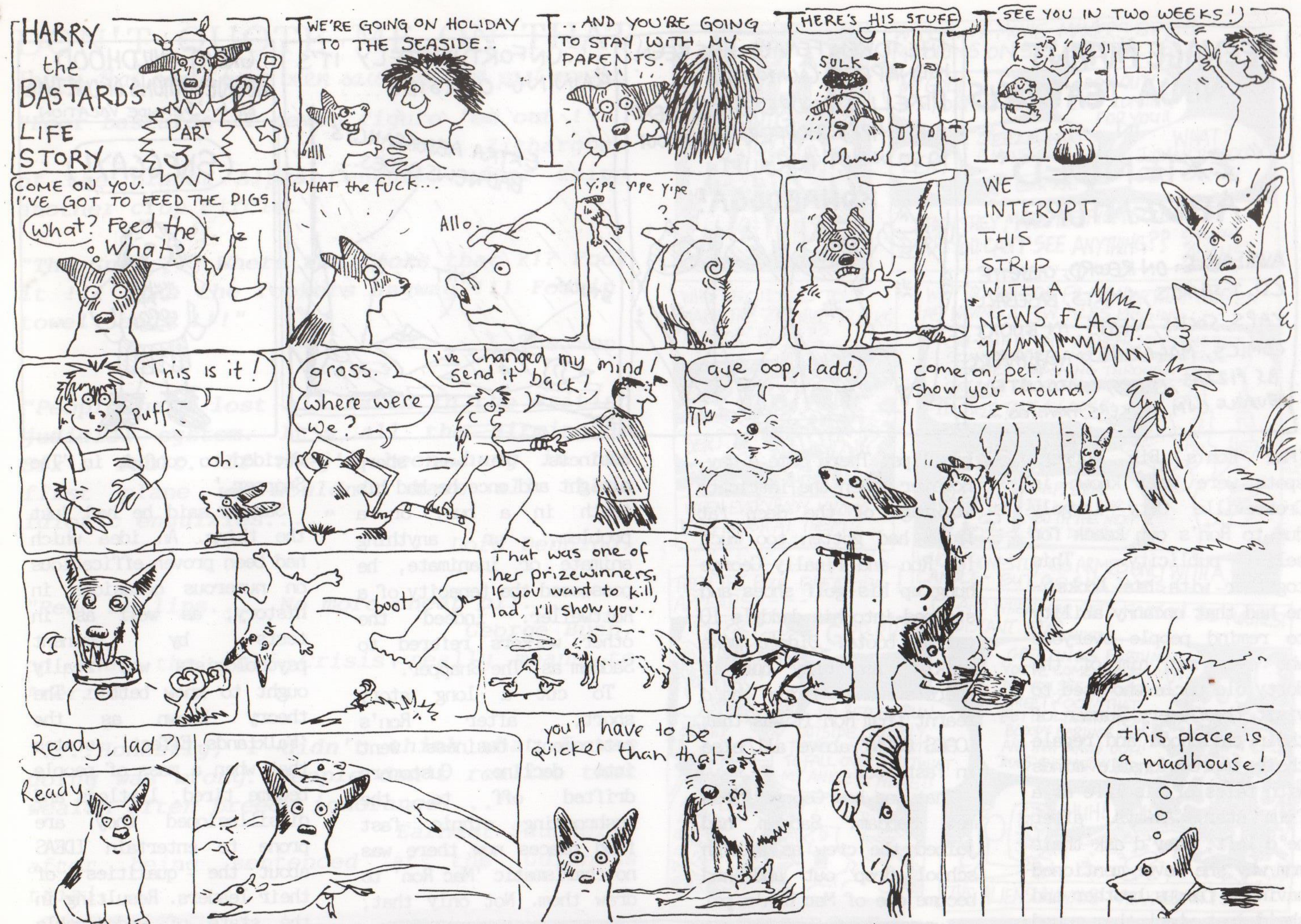
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NEXT ISSUE

Deadline for everything, including 'Letters for Publication':
26th Nov 1990

C.I.A. 12
out
January 14th
1990
(or earlier....)

C.I.A.: "Not as thick as the others...."



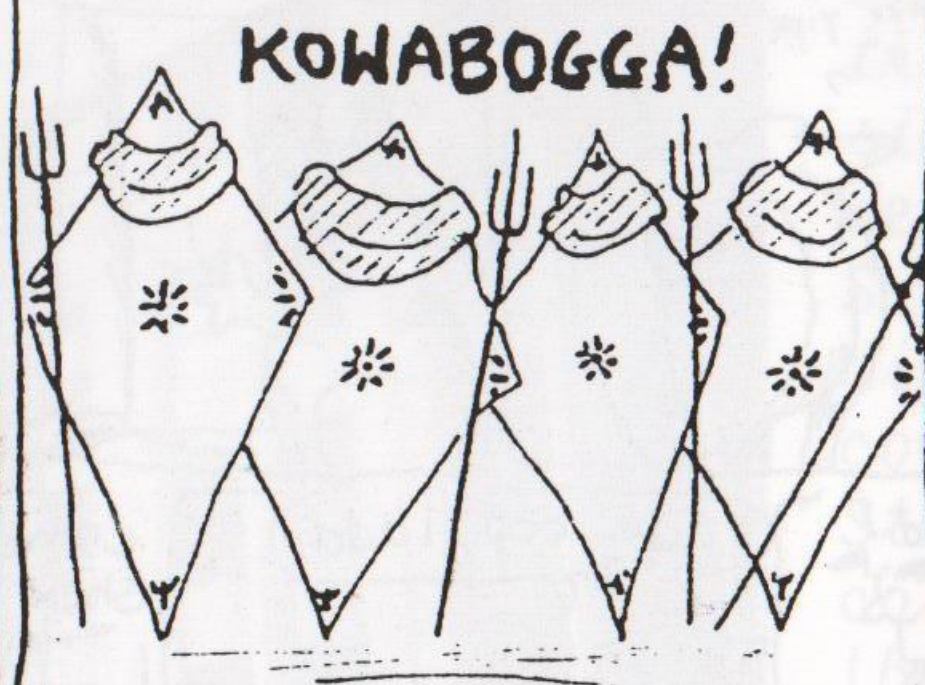
JimBB'90.

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TEATOWELS

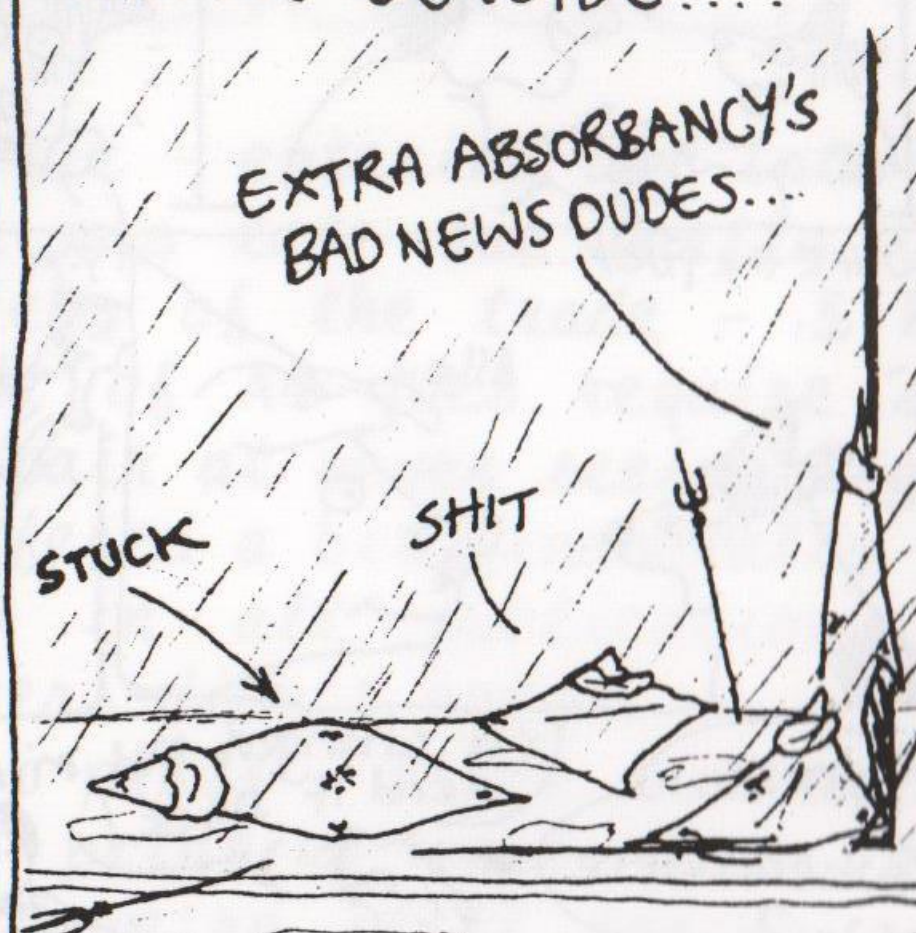
IN "EXTENDED" ADVENTURE

AVAILABLE: ON RECORD, CASSETTE, CD, T-SHIRTS, SHORTS, BASEBALL CAPS, SOCKS, VESTS, IN BOOKS, COMICS, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, AS PIZZAS, CRISPS, CHOCOLATE, BUBBLE GUM, SUCKERS, TRANSFERS, etc.

THE TOKEN FEMALE HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED (AGAIN...YAWN)... DIXELLO, ANDREXO, KLEENEXO AND HAPPY SHOPPER ARE ABOUT TO GO IN HOT PURSUIT.....



.....UNFORTUNATELY IT'S RAINING OUTSIDE....



GREAT CHILDHOOD ABBREVIATIONS OF OUR TIME No.4: 'SEASIDE VACATION'



'Mac Ron's Big Burger' spots were well known in Greaseville City largely due to Ron's own knack for self publicity. This together with his looks - he had that uncanny ability to remind people everyone who ever met him of the dotty old uncle who used to visit them every Summer of their childhood and regale their impressionable minds with tales of his life as a film star. Always, after he'd left, they'd ask their mom why she never mentioned having a famous brother and she'd just whack them round the head with the iron and tell them never to mention it again.

It was his glamour and iron induced dizziness that had the punters flocking into 'Mac Ron's Big Burgers' to eat food of no conceivable nutritional value for the price of a mobile home. Such is the power of charisma.

The business had grown steadily over the years and his reputation remained almost unsullied by the rumours that circulate in the world of fast food like botulism. True, there had been the unfortunate incident with the 'Vietnamese family.' That had cost him a lot of his profits, but it was a long time ago and fortunately people have short memories.

Ron had a son, George, who had existed in his daddy's shadow pretty much. Ron was fond of reminding him that "The burger biz is a man's world and you, George, are a wimp", so George spent a lot of time on the golf course recreating himself and practicing talking through

his lips. There came a day, however, when the intricate workings of the deep fat frier had gotten too much for Ron and finally George hung up his golf shoes and stepped into his daddy's 10 gallon boots. Didn't make walkin' too easy but if there's one thing he'd learnt from Ron it was that LOOKS COUNT above all else in fast food.

That was how George first met Saddam. Saddam had joined the crew as a high school drop out and had become one of Mac Ron's pet

business. He was sharp alright and once he had his teeth in a bun, or a problem, or anything animate or inanimate, he possessed the tenacity of a Rottweiler. Indeed the other workers referred to Saddam as 'The Snapper.'

To cut a long story short, after Ron's retirement business went into decline. Customers drifted off to the mushrooming ethnic fast food places now there was no charismatic 'Mac Ron' to draw them. Not only that,

decided to confide in 'The Snapper.'

Saddam said he had just the thing. An idea which had been proven efficacious on numerous occasions in history, as well as in tests by eminent psychologists who really ought to know better. The theory known as the 'Falklands Effect', states that when a mass of people become tired, listless and disillusioned they are prone to entertain IDEAS about the 'qualities' of their leaders. Resulting in the state of undesirable contingency overcoming the nation of faeces eaters. This may be checked by the introduction of the 'Surprise Incident'. This should ideally occur at some large distance from home - that way punters are not inconvenienced to a degree where they begin to THINK SERIOUSLY about vegetarianism or Giraffes - but just enough to effect a DIVERSION of the collective mind towards the set goal of consuming yet more DUNG.

The 'Surprise Incident' or SCAM as it's known, usually involves a Punchline character (who can be easily characterized as 'mad' 'evil' etc by dint of him being foreign) perpetrating some seige type event preferably involving children or penguins as hostages.

Later that week Saddam seized a group of 5 year olds on a 'Mac Ron's Big Birthday Party', held them hostage and dipped 'em in batter threatening to make 'em into fast fritters if anyone tried anything. The rest is history....



flunkies, soon rising to the position of manager of one of the top 5 outlets in Greaseville City. He was ambitious. He was ruthless. Not unlike Mac Ron himself (except he wasn't quite as stupid), he had a tendency towards religious fundamentalism, intractability and a tacit belief that other people were not quite REAL. And that Elvis was alive somewhere.

George, while he didn't actually like Saddam, recognized the guy had a certain quality needed in

but the rumours had begun to circulate concerning the dubious origin of the meat in 'Mac Ron's' burgers. George didn't like the look of it. He knew, as Ron had known, that while the public mind is slow, like other slow heavy objects, it tends to gather momentum rapidly once it is set on its single track. George stood up to his elbows in ground 'beef' watching his life going down the pan. He had to think of something and quick. But what? He

DON'T QUOTE ME ON THAT

Things that could have been said over the past months

"Poor bastards'll never figure 'em out!" Zithargon, of the planet Alpha Centuri, after doing another crop circle.

"The Gulf ??? Where the fooks that ??? Fook it !!! Nuke the fookers anyway !!! Fookin' towel 'eads !!!"

The Sun.

"People have lost all faith in the British judicial system. It's all the Birmingham Six's fault. If they'd been hung in the first plane we wouldn't have all these idiotic enquiries...."

Lord Denning.

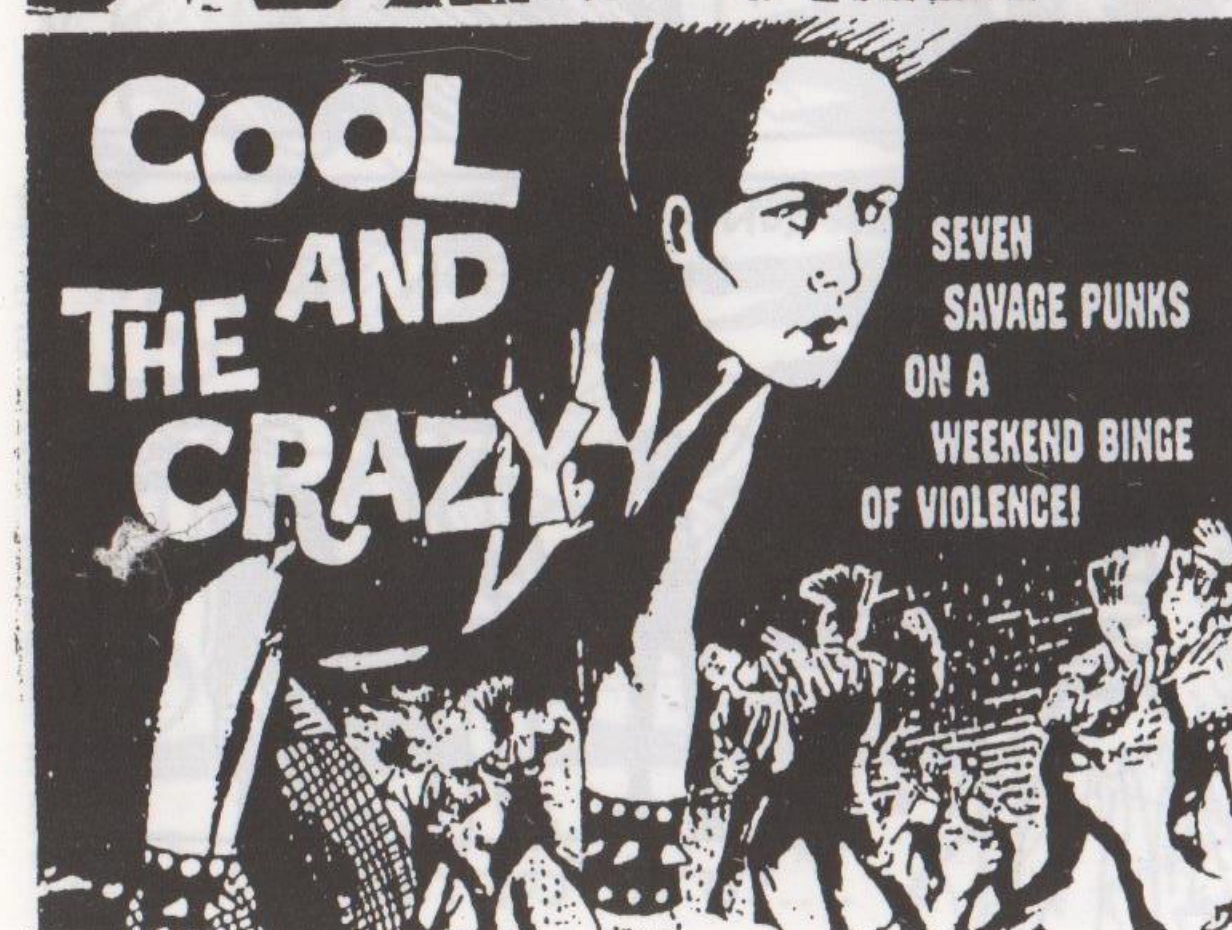
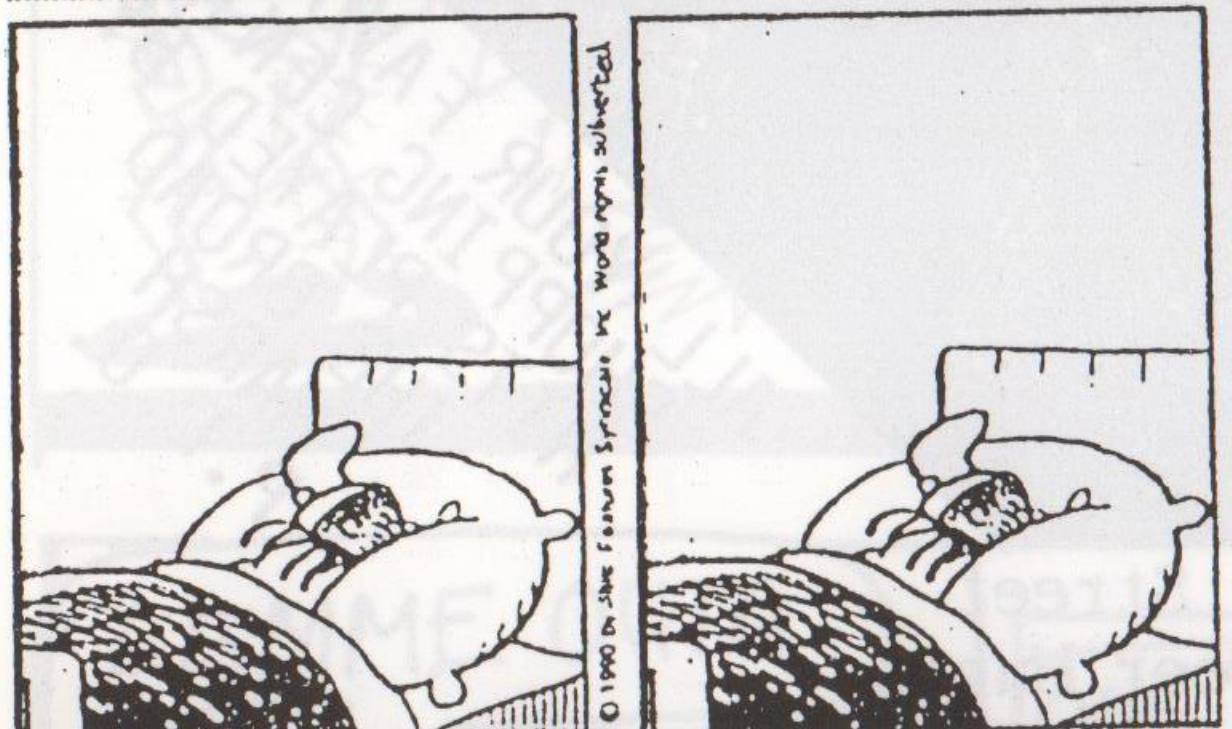
"Read my lips.... No more cheap oil...." George Bush, on what the Gulf Crisis really means to America.

"....Honestly, I didn't think what I was doing was wrong. People don't realize that wealth often breeds ignorance...."

Ernest Saunders, after being sentenced at the Guinness trial.

HAGAR THE BORING

By PISS POOR



WHY IS IT MOVIE MAKERS SPEND MILLIONS ON SPECIAL EFFECTS

MY GOD! IT'S HORRIBLE! LOOK OUT! IT'S COMING FOR YOU!!
JEEZE! WHAT A MONSTER!!
EKK!
GRR-RR!
WHAT? I CAN'T BLOODY SEE OWT!!
...THEN THEY MAKE THE FILM SO BLOODY DARK YOU CAN'T SEE ANYTHING?? CHECKOUT 'ALIENS'

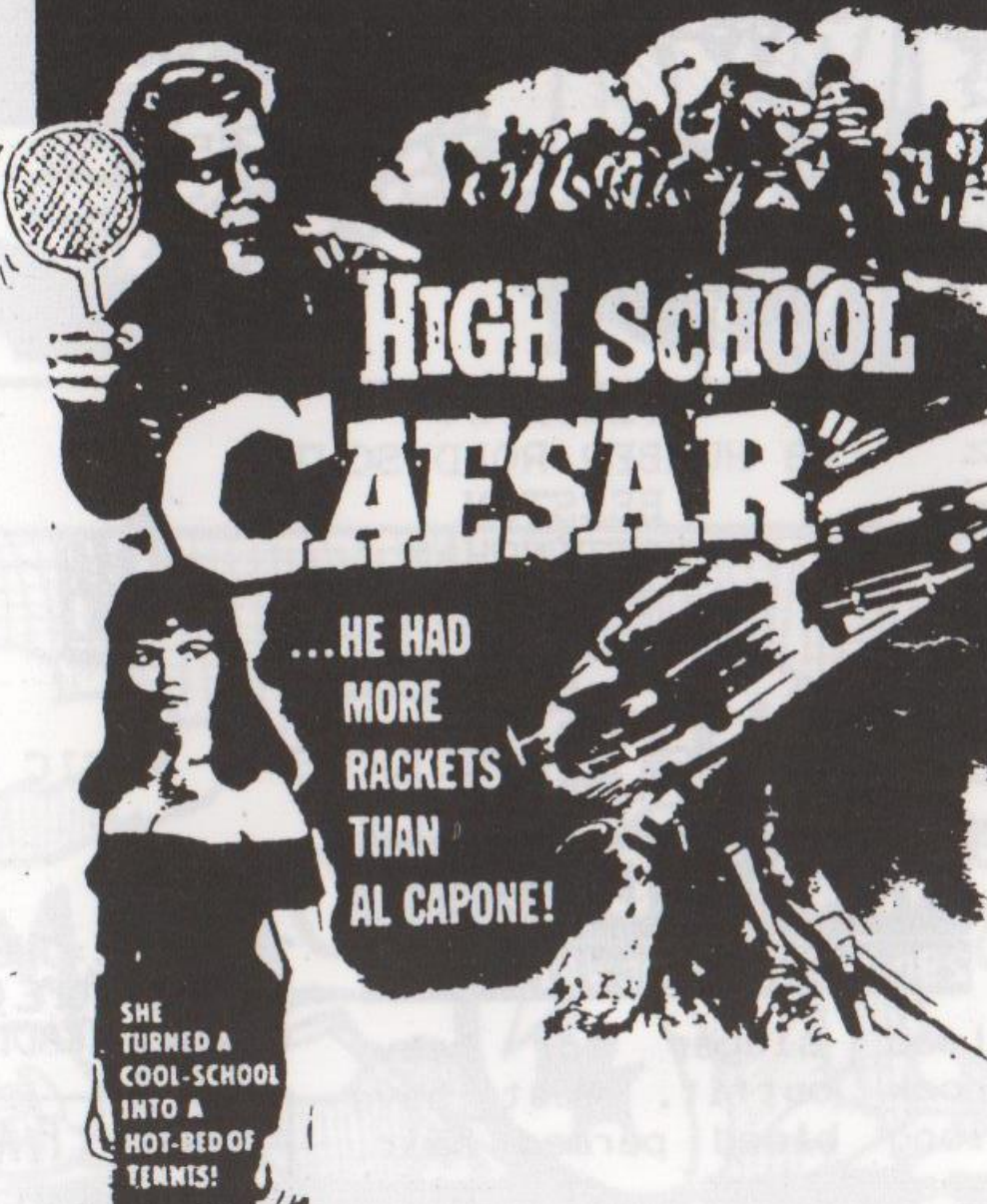
WHY DO HORROR FILMS PORTRAY WOMEN AS HAVING A FEW TILES MISSING

SH-SHHH!! DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING THAT SOUNDED LIKE SOME FLESH-EATING FOUL MONSTER SMASHING THROUGH THE CELLAR DOOR??
I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK!!
GULP! ERM! I'LL WAIT FOR YOU IN THE NEXT CITY DARLING!
VERY TIGHT NIGHTDRESS

WHOD HONESTLY GO ARMED ONLY WITH A CANDLE - BUT GO SHE DOES -

GREETINGS EARTHMEN! YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY! DID YOU SEE CORONATION STREET? OH! THAT BETTE LYNCH! THEM BLOODY EARRINGS EH? AND THAT MAVIS OOH! DOES SHE MARRY DEREK?
HUH!
THE ALIENS ALWAYS SPEAK ENGLISH!!

MOB RULE IN A HIGH SCHOOL!



....I'LL MEK A BOMB WHEN I INVENT THE BLACK PLASTER



OH HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN

Number 3: Wendy James (Transvision Vamp)

BEHIND BARS No.1:

James Brown

UH! Wanna get out an' do my thang!!

★ I AM glad that Boy George has adopted a physically and mentally healthier lifestyle. Let us hope he follows the example of the clean living man of pop, Cliff Richard.
- H Salmon, Greenwich, London.

NOW

THAT'S WHAT I CALL BROAD MARSH

ALL YOUR FAVOURITE SHOPPING CENTRE HITS PLAYED BY THE BROAD MARSH P.L.O.

Inc. Baker Street
The Deer Hunter
Boogie Wonderland
I Just Called To Say I Love You
Waterloo

TEETH

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Lead singer for heavy rock outfit. Must have long blond permed hair, wear lots of black leather and jewellery. Hairy chest optional. Call "Chicks An' Guitar Licks" 071 550 7800

Blond female singer for indie rock/bop band. Pouting essential apart from that no talent necessary. Ring Dave 0332 41809

Muscle Black Men (with glistening black skin) in cycle shorts to appear in music videos. Ring Pete 'Bog' Waterman 061 976 2311

Has been or sell out indie bands for remixes. No sound too awful. Make a hit out of shit. Call Paul 'O' 081 248 7788

A sense of humour. Ring Vince Clarke 081 248 7788

THE TIME: THE NOT TOO DISTANT FUTURE. POPE OAKENFOLD IX HAS OUTLAWED TRADITIONAL INDIE MUSIC.

YOU CAN'T PLAY, YOU WON'T PLAY, IL DOMINI PADRE.....



THOSE CAUGHT SACRIFICE OTHERS TO SAVE THEMSELVES....

OK!! I'LL TELL YOU WHO LIKES THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN.....



INDIE DANCE FUNDAMENTALISTS DEMONSTRATE IN THE STREETS....

DEATH TO THE WEDDING PRESENT! DIE DIE BIRDLAND FANS!!!



BUT NOT ALL WILL OBEY BIG BOY'S OWN....

! SILLYDISC



ANY BANDS REFUSING TO CONFORM TO THE DREADED REMIX ARE SENTENCED TO DEATH....

ALRIGHT!! I ADD THE SOUL II SOUL BACKBEAT!! ADD THE FUNKY DRUMMER!! I DON'T WANNA DIE!!



LONG LIVE THE INDIE LIBERATION FRONT!!!

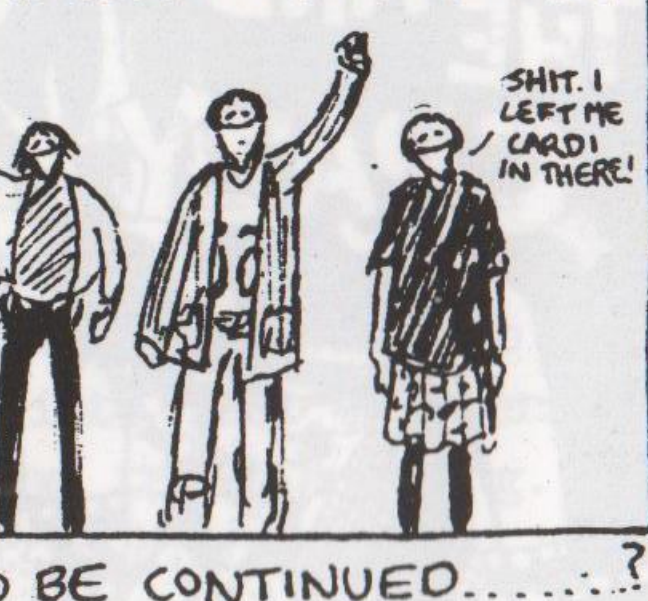


THE WEATHERALL THOUGHT POLICE ARE FEARED BY ALL....

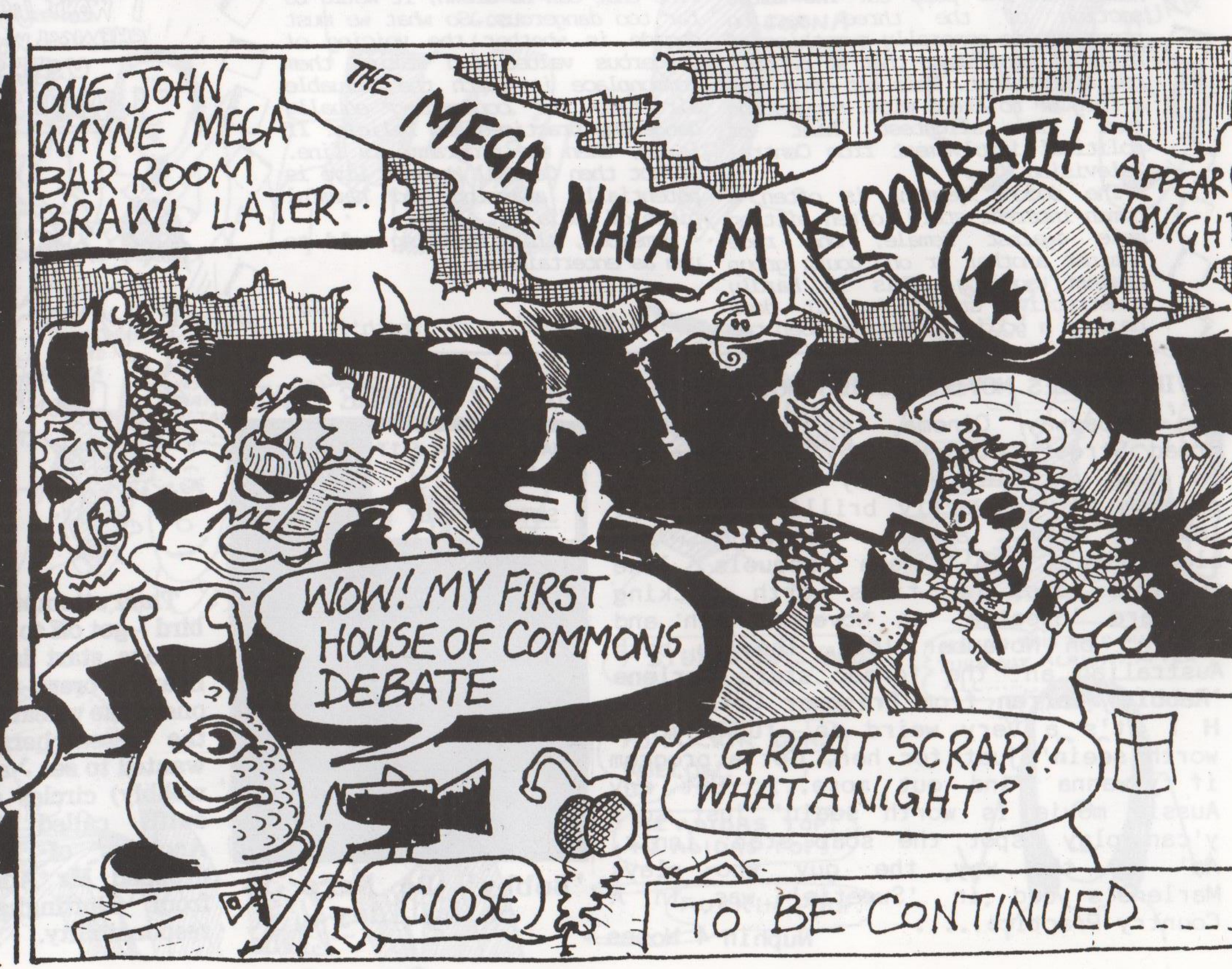
...I'LL HAVE TO STOP SEEING YOU DAMIEN. PEOPLE KNOW YOU'VE GOT THE SUNDAY'S ALBUM....



SHIT, I LEFT ME / CARD! IN THERE!



...TO BE CONTINUED.....



THE TURD

The Turd

Just who is it aimed at? The style of presentation leads you to believe that they want 10-15 year olds watching, but then I heard 18 cert. films being reviewed and references to sex and all those 'adult' type things! They're aiming for far too broad an age range, but so what - it's entertaining anyway. How many attempts will it take to recreate The Tube before the makers realise that that had a special formula that worked for a specific time only and is beyond copying. It's been suggested that all the features have a Northern slant and all the bands are from Manchester, but this doesn't seem too bad. Torry Christian either can't interview or has the misfortune of being given 'difficult' interviews. But I've heard he was once quite good on radio. Maybe that was his forte, maybe he should return to it. If the programme stopped trying to be trendy and concentrated on being an informative and interesting "youth magazine" show then viewers may be encouraged to carry on watching. However, our old fave Graeme Park (ex DJ 'The Garage/The Kool Kat') was worth a laugh - at least one redeeming feature of a disappointing programme - a real missed opportunity from Channel 4. Just how could they replace Buzz with this?

CENTRAL WEEKEND LIVE

Where to start? Central Weekend comes across as a very entertaining, harmless piece of television, but when you stop and think about it for a minute, is it really harmless? It starts fairly latish on a Friday night, just in time to come home from the pubs to. The first section of the three section programme is generally something of national importance that we can all get angry about. This bit often has a Tory MP to argue with, suggesting just the slightest hint of political involvement from Central Television. The second segment is often a human interest story, often pitting male against female, one race against another or one youth group against society. This is hardly constructive stuff, but it does produce a good argument between two

sections of the community who are never going to agree. Third and final segment is the light-hearted, funny issue which we can watch, all have a good laugh at and go to bed feeling at one with the world again. Unless, that is, if you are the subject of the joke. So there you go, that's their format and judging by the ratings it is a winning formula. The adverts sell it as excellent entertainment incorporating aggro with fun, argument with pleasure, and people's misfortune with other people's delight. After thinking about it for a while I feel that this programme is a potentially dangerous piece of television with great power to manipulate the Working Class and Lower Middle Class who seem to be the bulk of the viewing audience. The format and the content of the programme seem to be very unchallenging but still it attracts a very large audience. The programme has a very 'The Sun' feel about it, divisive, telling people what they should think and ridiculing them for disagreeing. I'm sure that the programme makers would disagree. They would probably say that any discussion must be encouraged and so should thought about the often very important issues that are raised. With this I would agree, but I disagree at the point where discussion becomes an arena to victimise various groups within society for having different beliefs. Last episode I saw what I thought to be a very insensitive bloke who suggested that women's sole place is to look nice for men. "What else have they got to offer?", he said. Firstly he was using the programme to promote this view and I am positive that he would have had many supporters amongst the viewers. If we allow people to come to discussion programmes and raise valid issues such as sexual abuse of children and how wrong it is, we must then also allow people like this chauvinistic male to voice his opinions. There is no censorship line that can be drawn, it would be far too dangerous. So what we must decide is whether the voicing of dangerous values and making them commonplace is worth the valuable air time for condemning equally dangerous practices and beliefs. If it is, then the programme is fine. If not then Central Weekend Live is potentially alarming and harmful piece of media. Remember, this is being sold to you as entertainment. (Jo is an Editor of 'Teeth')

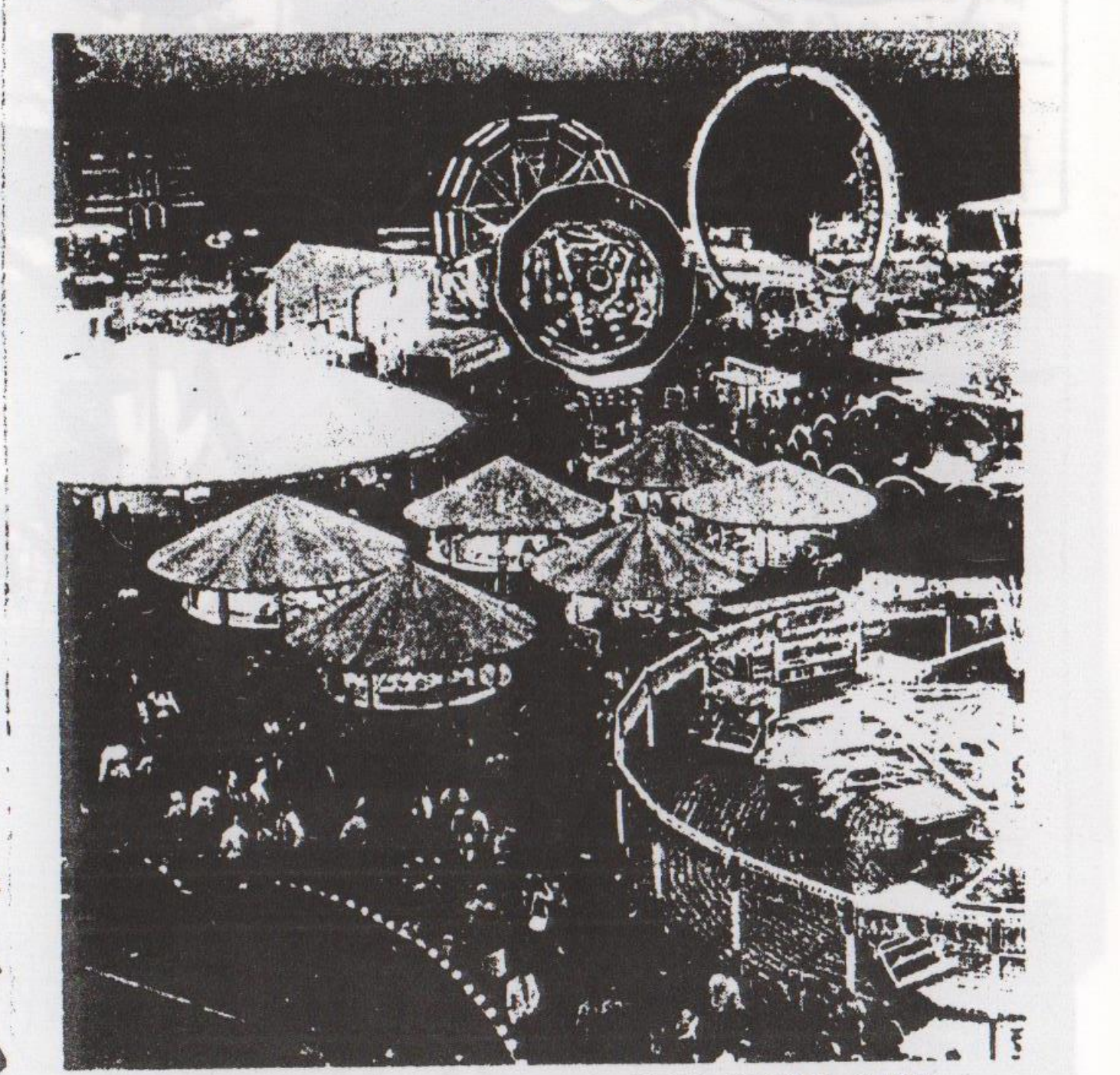
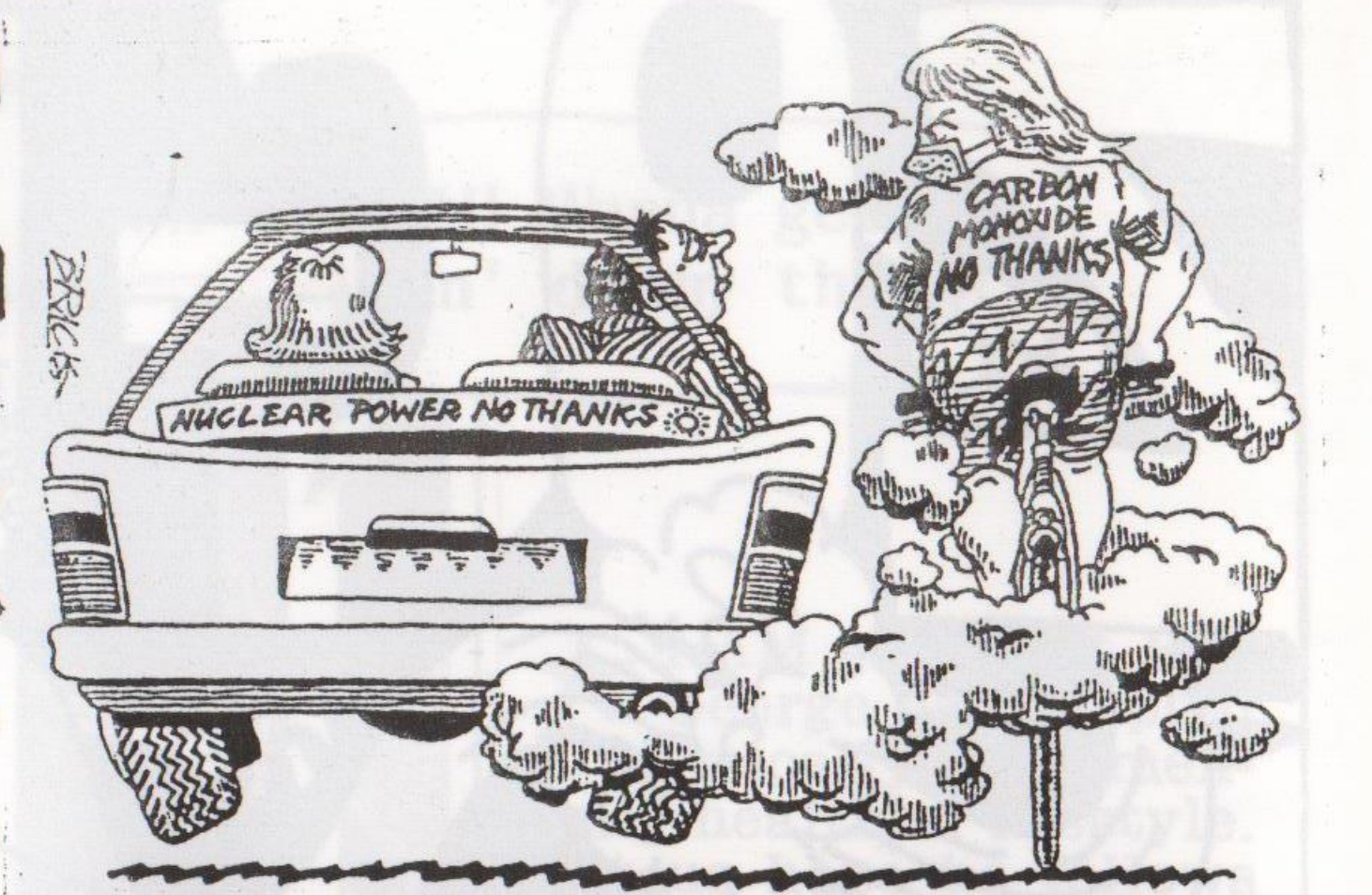
MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES

The Broadway Cinema (ex-City Lights: Broad Street, down Hockley) has reopened in case you dint already know. The new program ain't exactly brilliant, but at least they aren't showing any blockbusters an' mega sequels like everyone else. Two films worth checking out are 'Sweetie' on November 4th and 'Celia' on November 18th. They're both Australian an' the former stars Marlene 'Rabbit' Warren from Prisoner Cell Block H! It's a very weird an' funny movie worth seein' just for her. Get a program if y'wanna find out more.... But any Aussie movie is worth seein' just so's y'can play 'spot the soap star' innit. An' by the way, the guy who plays Marlene's dad, in 'Sweetie' was in A Country Practice..... Nuphin 4 Noses

MICKEY ROURKE SAYS:

HAY! YOU CALL IT SELFISH.... I CALL IT SURVIVAL BABY!

'Bobby' De Nero is on holiday.



12 THINGS YOU'D HEAR SAID DOWN GOOSE FAIR....

1. It's bigger than last year.
2. The rides 'ave gone up again!
3. It's smaller than last year.
4. I'm sure the rides are shorter!
5. I think I've lost me money....
6. Baggsie drivin' on The Dodgems!
7. Fancy seein' you/her/him/them down 'ere!
8. Where's the toilets???
9. Let's go on The Waltzers!
10. Quick! The Waltzers!
11. Might as well go on the Waltzers again....
12. It's nearly eleven o' clock.... The Waltzers quick!



Their attempt - project Blackbird - got off to a less than auspicious start last week when hoaxers crept undetected into one of the wheat-fields and gave the researchers what they wanted to see - a set of (rather wobbly) circles and lines. An outfit called the Justified Ancients of Mu Mu later dropped Mr Andrews a line from Nottingham claiming responsibility.

THE BEST DAYS OF OUR LIVES?
(CREATED BY: BOLSHY BETH
WRITTEN BY: ANATHAN
DRAWN BY: SNOOPES)

THE CLASS IS OFF ON A SCHOOL TRIP. RIGHT EVERYONE FIND A SEAT. THEY'RE SCHOOL TRIP MAD THEM KIDS!

SOS LIZ BUT SUE'S SITTING HERE. BUT... YES THERE IS.

WELL YOU DINT DECIDE Y'WERE GOIN' TIL THE LAST MINUTE SO... THANKS ALOT, LOUISE.

SIT DOWN LIZ. YOU'RE HOLDING THINGS UP.

THE TEACHER POINTS. POINTS BEYOND LIZ. POINTS TO AN EMPTY SPACE. AN EMPTY SPACE IN THE PLACE WHERE DEMONS DWELL AND EVIL LURKS....

...THE BACK SEAT
ERE LIZ Y'CAN SIT ON ME LAF. SIT NEXT TO SIMMONS FANCIES YA! SHURRUP YOU!! OODS FARTED? OO SMELT IT DEALT IT!

WHY ME?

WANNA SEE A BOGIE? GERROFF WILL YA. I KNEW I SHUNT 'AVE COME. I'M GONNA HATE THIS TRIP. HATE IT! AN' AS FOR LOUISE... POO OODS FARTED THIS TIME? SMELLS LIKE NARDYS. OY LADS LET'S SING. OY LADS LET'S SING. DAY ZEE DAY ZEE GIVE ME YOUR ANSWER DO. I'M ARF CRAY ZEE ME BOLLOCKS ARE TURNING BLUE.

OH GOD! QUIET AT THE BACK! LATER. OY NOBBY THEZ A CAR BEHIND US WITH TWO ODE PEOPLE IN IT. PASS US A PEN AN' WE'LL SAY 'ALLO TO UM... I DONT LIKE THE LOOK OF THOSE LADS, HENRY. OH DONT WORRY PETULA. HELLO. SEE-LOOK HOW FRIENDLY THEY ARE.

BLOODY KIDS TODAY! NO RESPECT. I BLAME THE PARENTS. WHAT'S UP WILLOW? I DONT FEEL TOO GOOD. OY LADS! WILLOW'S GONNA PUKE!

IGNORE 'EM. YOU ALRIGHT? I DUNNO. OY WILLOW Y' SHUNT 'AVE 'AD EGGS AND BACON FOR BREAKFAST. YEAH ALL THAT GREASE IS BAD FOR YA. MAYBE 'E 'AD BOILED EGGS - RUNNY ONES OR PORRIDGE AN' JAM. SHIT! OY LADS E'S GONNA BE SICK!!

NO Y'D.... HURK! SORRY... Y' STUPID BASTARD! YO FUCKIN' DEAD WILLOW! ME ADIDAS TOP! ME ADIDAS TOP! FUCKIN' POOF!

NOT ON US! ON LIZ! MAYBE THIS TRIP MIGHT TURN OUT ALRIGHT AFTER ALL....

DAY TRIP TO MOGADON



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All-in-1 garment WEAR FREE FOR 7 DAYS!
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New Secure comfy undetectable protection for all hernias. Stomach & scrotal support too. Ideal for post-op. 2 adjustable pads fit left, right, double hernia. No metal parts. Top quality. Lightweight. Washable. STATE HIP SIZE. SEND NO MONEY. Discount price after FREE TRIAL £19.90 incl. P&P. NEALBOURNE LTD Dept. 1001. PO. Box 10, Kelsley BD21 4PR.
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FOOTIE CIA
Paul 'Gazza' Gascoigne, football's very own 'crown prince', was found dead in the changing rooms at Spurs. Pinned to his Joe Bloggs top was a note from STOMP (Society for the Termination of Obnoxious Media Persons), which read: 'Someone had to wipe that fucking smirk off his face.'
A young couple from Potters Bar, named their new baby Gazza, after Paul Gascoigne.
HATCHOO!!!
IAN RUSH SCORES A HEAD COLD
Monkey business
CHIMP expert Otto Adang, called in by the Dutch government to complete a study on soccer hooligans, said he saw a similarity between the behaviour of the chimps and the supporters. He hopes his findings will lead to a new approach to the problem.

From Mrs Enid M. Byford
Sir, Having kept a morning appointment with my gynaecologist, I returned home for an afternoon appointment with the local chimney sweep, whose van advertises that he is a rheumatologist.
Yours faithfully,
ENID M. BYFORD
Fairhaven, Oak, Taunton, Somerset, May 10.

GREAT WEST INDIAN WORKING CLASS INSTITUTIONS OF OUR TIME
No. 1 The Lick
HUSHUP!
ST. KITTS
KOOFF!!

Mogadon - a sleepy hamlet on the far coast of the oceans of Tranquilisation, in Instanthorlicksland.

Time flew by and it was almost yesterday by the time the two villagers met on the green.

"Nice day isn't it," said one of them in a lethargic drawl.

"Yes, it is isn't it, in a quiet sort of way," replied the other serenely.

"Aren't the trees smelly today," spoke the first villager, in a voice that was struggling to be at one with nature, but failing miserably.

"No...they can't be because it isn't Autumn and there's no blossom," countered the other, who had forgotten to put his false beard on that morning because he was worried about the health of the worms in his back garden.

"Perhaps a dog's crapped all over them or something?" said the disillusioned would-be-naturalist.

"That could be it," replied the one without his false beard on.

Meanwhile, Mrs Francombe was making a cup of coffee in her kitchen. Her little son Henry ran in and cried, "Johnny won't give me any of his sweeties mummy."

"Go suck shite," replied his mother, and poured a kettleful of boiling water over little Henry's head.

Just down the road from the Francombe's, the topic of conversation for the Dreardon family was tinned chicken soup.

"I really like tinned chicken soup," commented Father Dreardon intelligently, "I think it's dead tasty...dead tasty."

"You're sick pappy," replied Dreardon junior, "Don't you know that they make tinned chicken soup out of raw sewage."

"Yes I do actually," answered Father Dreardon, "But it doesn't bother me at all son, doesn't bother me at all. Dead tasty it is, dead tasty."

"I like mine with a

sprinkling of rat's vomit on top," screamed little Jilly Dreardon enthusiastically, "I like to rinse it round my mouth, spit it onto used toilet paper, rub the used toilet paper all over the dog's dinner, then swallow it. It weely enhances the flavour."

Little did they know that two houses down the road from them, the topic of conversation had nothing at all to do with tinned chicken soup. Mrs Sundayafternoon wanted a new dishwasher, but Mr Sundayafternoon thought that his hard earned cash would be better spent elsewhere.

"If you don't buy me a new dishwasher I'll never kiss you ever again," Mrs Sundayafternoon wailed.

"That isn't a threat that scares me overmuch, ugly

mush," her husband countered.

"Okay then, if you don't buy it me, I'll stick this kitchen knife through the middle of your head."

"Go ahead, make my day," challenged Mr Sunday-afternoon.

So Mrs Sundayafternoon stuck the kitchen knife through the middle of Mr Sundayafternoons head. She never did get that new dishwasher, she spent the rest of her life staring at the wall of a prison cell and sucking smuggled in salted peanuts. Mr Sunday-afternoon spent the rest of his life in a state of complete deadness.

Mr Dreary was walking his dog, which didn't have a name, down the street. He saw Mrs Daydyedblack out watering the plants in her ever so neat little garden.

"Hello Mrs Daydyedblack," he said jollily. "Good to see you looking so unwell. Have you got dysentery or something?"

"No, no, thank the Lord, just a mild case of chronic pneumonia," she replied cheerily.

"Good, good, I'm glad to hear it," he smiled, "Your husband still dead?"

"Yes, dead as a rotten's dog's carcass that's been chewed by rats and had it's eyes gouged out by nasty children."

"Good, good, I'm glad to hear it. It's nice to know that some things never change isn't it?"

"Yes, it's good to know he's dead," she replied brightly, "and that he always will be."

"It's good to be certain about some things in such an uncertain and unpredictable world, isn't

it. Anyway I'm off to watch Songs Of Praise on TV. See you soon."

"Hopefully not," responded Mrs Daydyedblack gayly.

Down at the Happy Cow the locals were whooping it up on bowls and cider. Freddy Fartfight and Willy Wierdfellow sat outside watching the bowlers freak out and do their groovy thing.

"I think that in a previous life I was probably a wasp," pondered Freddy.

"What makes you think that?" questioned Willy.

"I'm not sure, but every now and again there's a buzzing in my ears that seems vaguely familiar. It usually happens when someone calls me on the telephone," Freddy said as he fiddled with a beer mat

thoughtfully. Freddy had a moustache that glowed in the dark, but it wasn't shining at the moment because it wasn't dark.

"That's a pretty unfunny joke," replied Willy.

"True, but what kind of jokes do you expect from a thick zombie-like beer boy like me?" answered Freddy. (Incidentally, Freddy also jogged twenty lengths of his kiddies paddling pool in his wife's nightgown every day to keep himself fit.)

"Pretty unfunny ones," replied Willy.

"You think you've got me sussed don't you Willy?" growled Freddy, not too pleased by the admirable honesty shown by his friend.

"Pretty unfunny ones."

"It seems to like I've heard you say that before somehow."

"Pretty unfunny ones."

"Yes, it's coming back to me now, I've definately heard you say what you've just said sometime in the too distant past."

"Pretty unfunny ones."

"Hmmm..."

"You know Freddy, sometimes I get the feeling that in a previous life I was a tape loop."

"Fucking crazy," said Freddy.

"Fucking crazy," agreed Willy.

Down the road from the pub was a village store inside which nothing was happening because it was closed.

The church bell rang nine times so it was time for bed and everyone went to sleep. It's time to leave the happy, docile inhabitants of Mogadon and move on to pastures new and less green and pleasant, where life ain't so hunky dory and nicey nicey.

NB.
Twenty years later Mogadon was wiped off the face of the earth by a freak tractor storm that emerged from a cow's back end. But there you go, all's well that ends well and how's your father.



Stop the rot

ONCE again football hooliganism has raised its ugly head and the game must attempt to carry yet another band of shame. Another weekend of terror for decent people on holiday, shopkeepers and publicans having their business premises smashed up and their livelihood taken away and the only outcome is, there will be an inquiry. Inquiry into what?

- The lack of punishment.
 - The leniency of punishment.
 - The ease with which the thugs escape punishment etc.
- Petty fines or bound over, stop the pussyfooting, get out the cat and the birch,



£5 IF the hole in the ozone layer has contributed to the lovely weather we have enjoyed this spring, do you think there will be demos to keep it? - Mrs Doreen Gray, Chelmsford, Essex.

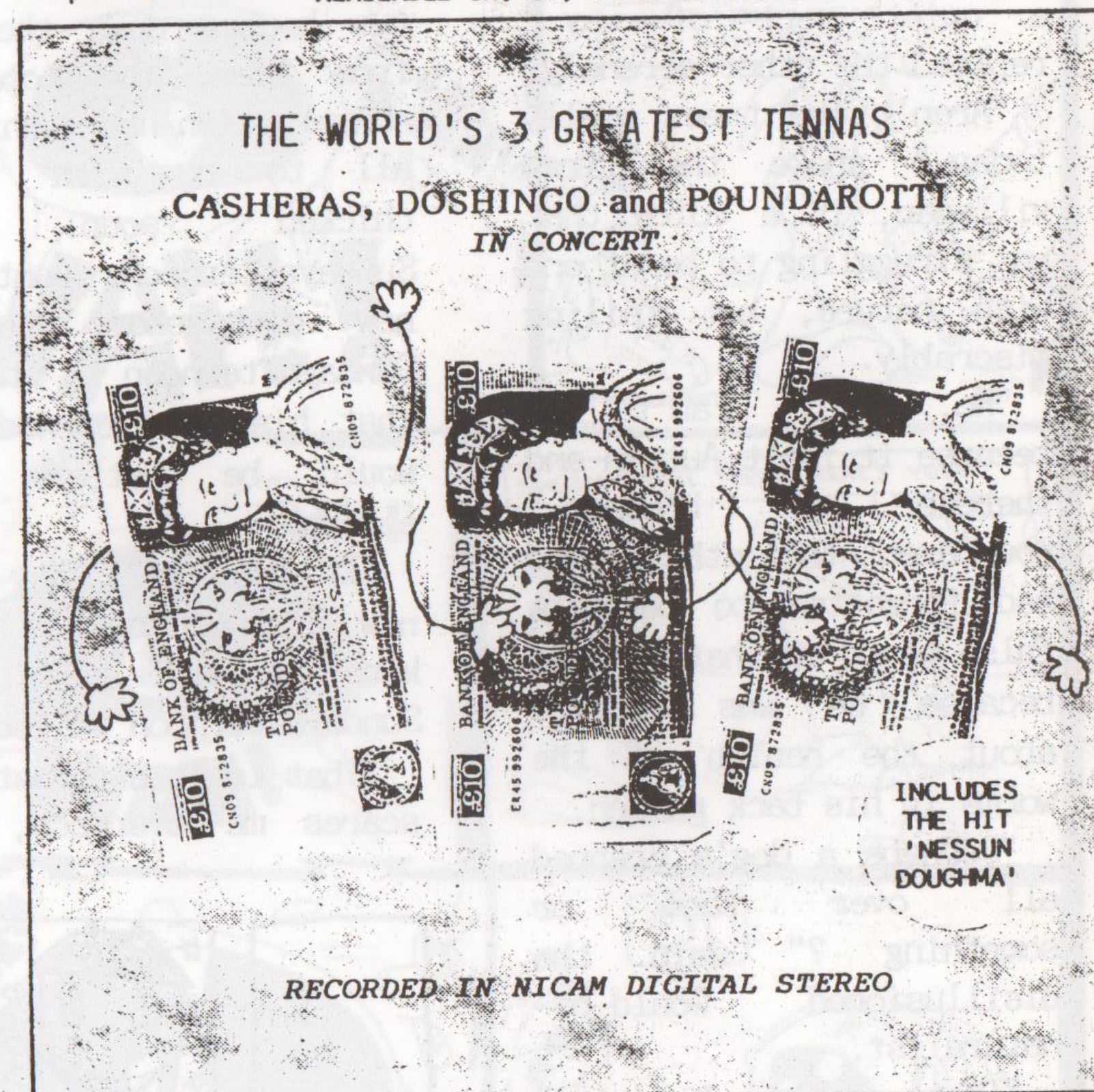
and for once disregard the plaintive cries of the dogooders that violence begets violence. Maybe then our police can do the job they are meant to do, and that is not nurse-maiding football matches.

J. KNIGHT
Highbury Road, Bulwell.



AVAILABLE ON: CD, CASSETTE and LP

GREAT ENGLISH WORKING-CLASS INSTITUTIONS OF WRTIME No.1 'THE CLIP'



City WPG thrown on car bonnet

A YOUNG WPG was injured when a birthday prank, in the city, went tragically wrong. WPC Debra Orchard, 21, was being given 'the bumps' when her colleagues, in their excitement, threw her onto the bonnet of a police car parked nearby.

The WPC was taken to the Queen's Medical Centre, but was later released and is now recovering at home with cuts and bruises.

Police say the constables involved ran off after the incident outside The Madder's pub, which happened at about 8.15pm on Monday.

Sergeant Ian Mitton, of The Madder's pub, said the incident: 'Someone was bound to get hurt one day. The poor lass hopelessly this tragedy community.'

THE Shit **FREE**

OUR YOBBS GO IN

● Paras to take on madman
● Ships, planes on their way

THE WAR THREAT GROWS - Pages 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6



Why we rearrange furniture

Other

Purchasing new furniture | Bored with arrangement

Redecorating | Moving to new residence

Source: Southwestern Bell Freedom Phone survey of 300 adults
By Marcy E. Mullins, USA TODAY

UNITED COLOURS OF BENETON

Members of the armed the armed forces protected against chemical weapons, in the Gulf, in Beneton green and brown.

'Yuppie ear' warning

PORTABLE phones should be fitted with safer aerals says a doctor, after the first case of "yuppie ear" in which the victim thrust its antenna into his ear, perforating his eardrum, when answering the phone in the dark.

CRAPPY SHOPPER

SHOP LOCALLY-BUY CRAP

SICK BETS BLOCKED

BETTING-MAD Brits have been queuing to wager on the crisis.

But bookies William Hill are refusing to give odds. A spokesman said: 'A load of customers wanted to place bets. It's not an appropriate subject. It's life and death.'

Why we rearrange furniture

Other

Purchasing new furniture | Bored with arrangement

Redecorating | Moving to new residence

Source: Southwestern Bell Freedom Phone survey of 300 adults
By Marcy E. Mullins, USA TODAY

They thought the cucumber - wrapped in a black bin-liner - was a sawn-off shotgun, the Old Bailey was told.



Poor ode Salman Rushdie. Over a year in hiding and he still hasn't had a decent night's sleep

Sniffing deaths increase

BEYOND TIME GOES

THE TIME MACHINE

PART 1
'DEJA VU'

AFTER AN INCREDIBLE ACCIDENT WHILE SHAVING HER LEGS, OUR HEROINE FINDS SHE CAN TRAVEL IN TIME !
HER JOURNEYS TAKE HER BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE MILLENIUM OF TIME & SPACE ETC

SOME TIMES IT WAS DIFFICULT TO FIND WHICH TIME I'D ARRIVED IN...

...BUT THIS WAS EASY, - THE MINDLESS, NEEDLESS, DEVASTATION... THE TERRIFYING HORROR OF THIS RUINED PLACE.

IT COULD ONLY BE ONE, 1945 !

IN 'HIROSHIMA' AFTER THE BOMB !

BUT THEN TO MY HORROR I FOUND I WAS WRONG

THURSDAY 18th DEC 1990
Evening POST
IRAQ WAR NUCLEAR THREAT !

I HAD NOT JOURNEY'D BACK INTO THE PAST ! - I'D GONE INTO THE FUTURE BY ONLY A FEW MONTHS ! THE NEWSPAPER TOLD ME - I WAS HOME.

POLL TAX

DON'T PANIC DON'T PAY !

Many people in the Nottingham area have now had reminders from the council about their unpaid poll tax. Around six hundred people from Broxtowe, Rushcliffe, Mapperley and Sherwood have had "liability orders" granted against them by the courts, and more people are being summonsed all the time. Caring Rushcliffe Council have already tried using bailiffs - and so far, failed miserably.

Thanks to the new global soap "GULF" (starring the Wacky Iraqis) there's been an almost total media blackout on the poll tax recently.

So it wouldn't be odd if some of us were getting nervous, thinking that we should start trying to pay because the fight is over and we lost. But if you're starting to think like that, **THINK AGAIN !**

Here are some of the facts that the media are keeping quiet:

* Councils all over the country are in such a mess that no exact figures exist. But at least 10 MILLION and maybe as many as 14 MILLION people are not paying the poll tax in England and Wales.

* In Scotland, 1 MILLION people (a quarter of all those registered) still haven't paid *last year's* poll tax. No-one has been punished for this, and none of the debts have been successfully recovered. There are just too many non-payers for the councils to deal with.

* This year, even more Scottish people are refusing to pay. The poll tax there has gone up by a massive 12% in just one year, and people who've seen their friends and neighbours not paying for a year and a half have now realised that they needn't pay either.

* Bailiffs have already been out in parts of England and Wales - with absolutely no success. In Northampton, their office was fire-bombed only three days after their first failed attempt to recover poll tax debts. The people of Barri in South Wales sealed off their entire village to stop poll tax bailiffs getting in.

* The truth is that there aren't nearly enough bailiffs to go round - in Nottingham, there are only 3 of them and at least 70 000 non-payers.

* They can try to recover poll tax debts through wage and benefit arrestments, but

even if workers let this happen it will still take them ages and cost them a fortune

* They can't do anything at all until they get a "liability order" against you. Its going to take them years to do this to everyone, especially if people come to the courts and insist on a hearing.

IF YOU GET A SUMMONS, COME TO THE COURT AND WASTE THEIR TIME. THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING NASTY TO YOU, ALL THEY CAN DO IS ASK QUESTIONS. YOUR LOCAL ANTI-POLL TAX GROUP WILL GIVE LEGAL HELP

* PRISON IS AN EMPTY THREAT.

With people so angry they wouldn't dare send anyone to prison for not paying - even if they had enough cells for all of us.

NOTTS AGAINST THE POLL TAX

Use these numbers to contact your local anti-poll tax group:

Arnold	Lee	204102
Aspley	Kevin	294188
Basford	Steve	603042
Beeston	Mark	227892
Bestwood Pk	Nicky/Andy	604327
Bilborough	Matt	280318
Broxtowe	Steve	761557
Bulwell	Louise	755210
Carlton	Paul	619278
Central	Lisa	480939
Clifton	Colin	846858
Forest Fields	Jaz	700230
Hyson Green	John	703553
Gedling	Bill	612954
Hucknall	Simon	640433
Ilkeston	John	327686
Lenton	Stuart	703549
Meadows	Paul	863727
Netherfield	Keith	612256
Radford	Mike	780557
Sherwood	Ivan	624827
Snapewood	Dot	760196
Sneinton	Carol	481944
St Anns	Frank	582059
Stapleford	Elaine	397281
Top Valley	Richard	755410
W/Bridgford	Fran	814827

"TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN"

(Poll Tax Court & Social, 20th September 1990)

On a chilly Thursday morning a not-large-enough crowd (where were you all?) formed outside Nottingham's Guildhall, to show their opposition to the complacent implementation of the Poll Tax by our loving Labour council.

Inside, the court sat (on its arse, to be frank). The main magistrate, fresh from the Broxtowe hearings and who for reasons of libel I shall call "Skippy", played the part of puppet-to-a-bunch-of-fascists with dedication and attention to detail.

He refused McKenzie Friends (unqualified legal advisors), even though the City Council had assured us they would be permitted; he bullied individuals who got personal hearings, and he threw out everyone from the public gallery when we applauded the end of the first hearing - with the assistance of the pigs, of course.

So much for justice. But the funny thing is that after all this deciet, intimidation and repression, the council is no nearer stealing the money from us than when it started. For although only 26 of the 300 people summonsed actually turned up, by the end of the day over 250 still hadn't paid a thing. The council have now got 250 liability orders - but so what? The joke would be on them, if it wasn't such a sick affair already.

**NEXT POLL TAX COURT IN NOTTINGHAM:
THURSDAY 18TH OCTOBER
ALL DAY
come and join the fun..**

FUCK THE BAILIFFS: take them a brick and some superglue ...
A.A. Johnson, 169 London Rd, Leicester
Julious & Co, 140 Hucknall Rd, Nottingham

This page was compiled by members of anti-poll tax groups in Nottingham. We couldn't get in touch with people in Leicester, Derby, Birmingham, Sheffield etc because we have no contact addresses or phone numbers. We'd like to hear from groups throughout the East Midlands, so that in future we can make this a genuine regional report. Contact: Box 5, Hiziki, 42 Goosegate, Nottingham

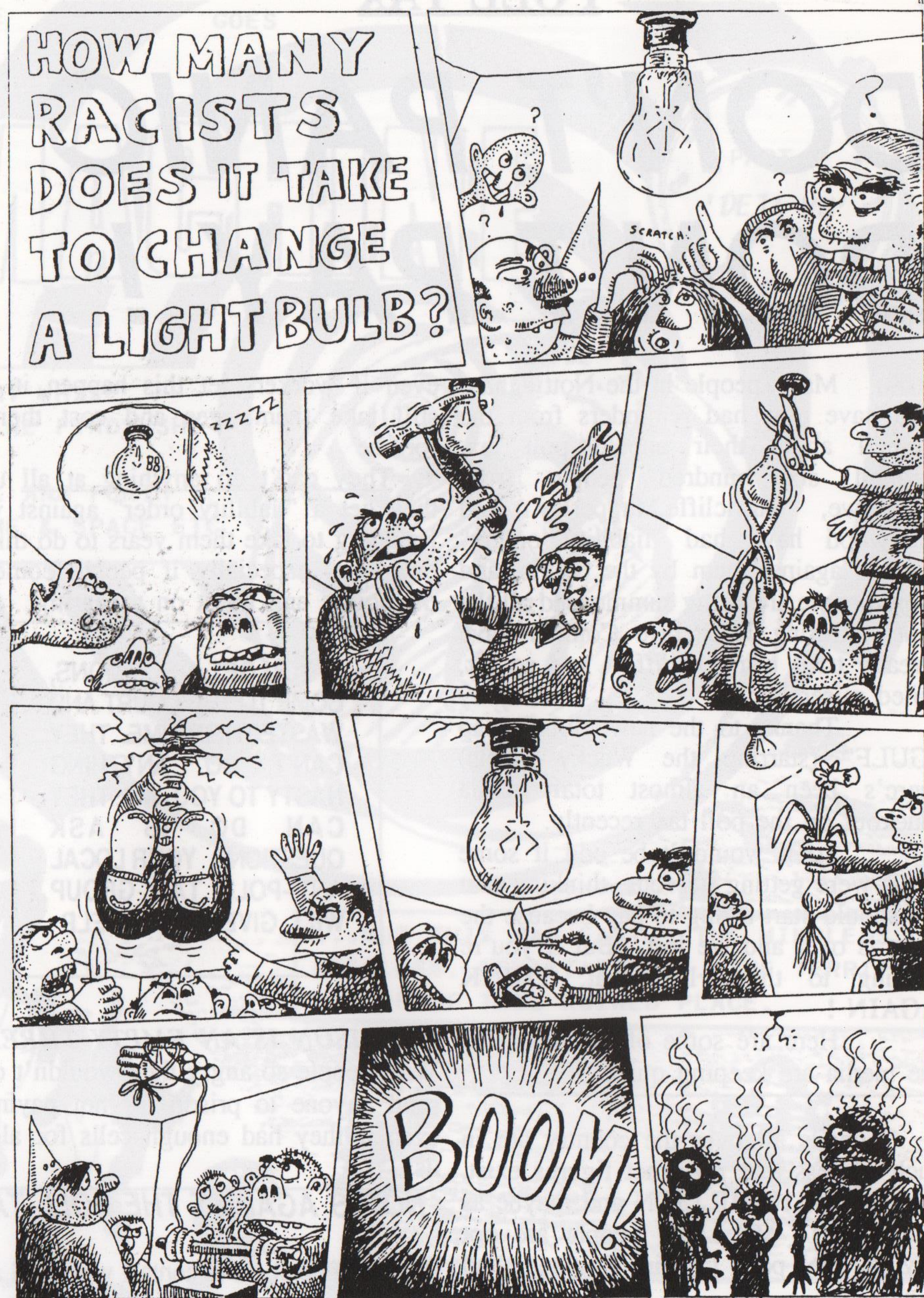


..AND YOU THOUGHT
YOU HAD BEEN
MUGGED IN
1990!

You can pay your Poll Tax at the following shops. So **BOYCOTT** them!

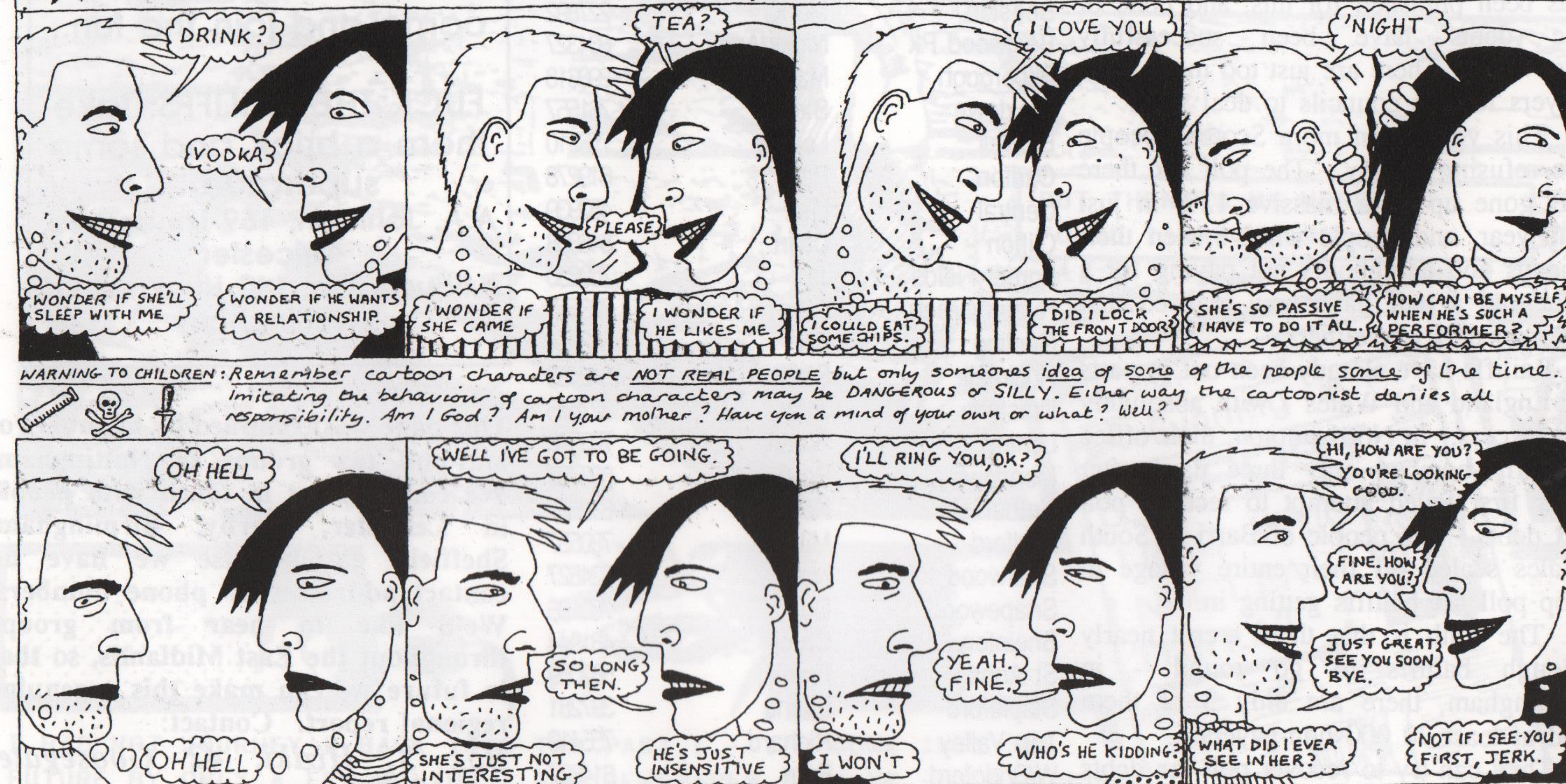
Mc Elvaney,
36 Sunninghill Drive, Clifton.
Bains Store,
78 Waterdown Road, Clifton.
Clifton Supermarket,
30 Varney Road, Clifton.
Bestwood Newsagent,
133 Arnold Road, Bestwood.
Thiara Newsagent,
503 Hucknall Road, Basford.
Angies Store,
177 Vernon Road, Basford.
Leengate Newsagent,
2/4 Leen Gate, Lenton.
K & J Brunning,
50 Cockington Road, Bilborough.
Aspley Lane Newsagents,
449 Aspley Lane, Aspley.
Newsfare,
266 Highbury Road, Bulwell.
Gill Supermarket,
33 Flamsteed Road, Strelley.
Zaman Newsagent,
Lenton Boulevard, Lenton.

HOW MANY
RACISTS
DOES IT TAKE
TO CHANGE
A LIGHT BULB?



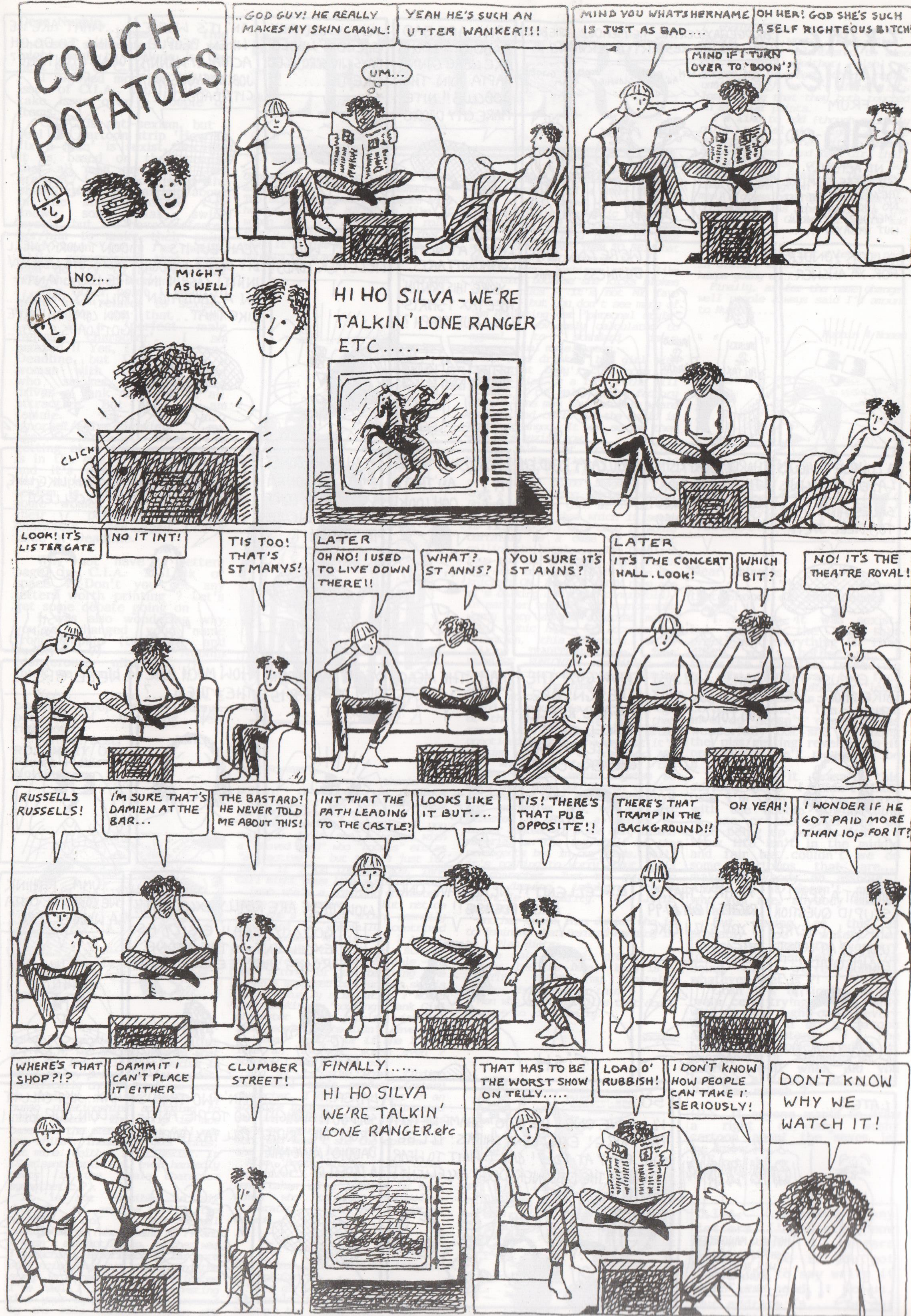
A.I. Waste Comics Ltd. © 1989.

Heterosexual Relationships Explained by Dr Snopes



WARNING TO CHILDREN: Remember cartoon characters are NOT REAL PEOPLE but only someones idea of some of the people some of the time. Imitating the behaviour of cartoon characters may be DANGEROUS or SILLY. Either way the cartoonist denies all responsibility. Am I God? Am I your mother? Have you a mind of your own or what? Well?

COUCH
POTATOES





GONE THRASHING FUGAZI INSIGHT CRANE SINK Marcus Garvey Centre Nottingham

So I'd agreed to go along to this Thrash gig in a moment of recklessness, to which I am occasionally prone, and was looking forward to it in much the same way as I look forward to a trip to the Post Office on 'pension day', expecting aggression and possibly injury. So I am a pessimist - wanna make something of it?

In the event the queue outside was a teddy bears picnic compared to the snapping, poking and cursing of the pensioners in the P.O., and we were able to saunter almost to the front of it without so much as a dirty look from the assorted 'crusties' gathered there.

My intelligence had led me to believe that we'd be the only ones there, but that too was wrong. I've never seen The Marcus Garvey so stuffed. That we were in a tiny minority of women was no problem either. I felt a lot more comfortable there than down town on a Friday night where you can smell the testosterone as you pray for a number 81 to take you ANYWHERE QUICK as long as it's away.

I didn't know the names of the bands playing, and I'm not sure which out of Crane or Sink was the one that sounded like a Rottweiler chained in the engine room, but that was the one I liked best of the three. Insight were OK but played too long I thought. I think the guitarist was wearing the kaftan I owned in 1972. Worn well I thought.

We'd picked our way round the carpet huddlers, and those who like always to keep the 'exit' sign in view, to almost the front by the time Fugazi came on. I wished I'd left my jacket home. I only used it over my head for a little while during Insight when I

started to get listeners cramp. Fugazi were pretty spiffy. A touch pedagogic maybe, but hey, it wouldn't hurt to know who Marcus Garvey was would it? Maybe someone had better explain to me why people yell "Fuck Off!" when they seem to be otherwise enjoying themselves. Is it like "far out" or "groovy"? I think their lyrics might have been OK too, only I couldn't hear 'em even without the jacket. There wasn't much space for frantic dancing - Passadoble, Tango, that kind of thing, but down the front some calories got burnt and some body fluids set free.

I lost Happy and Glorious but I'm alive and thrashing.

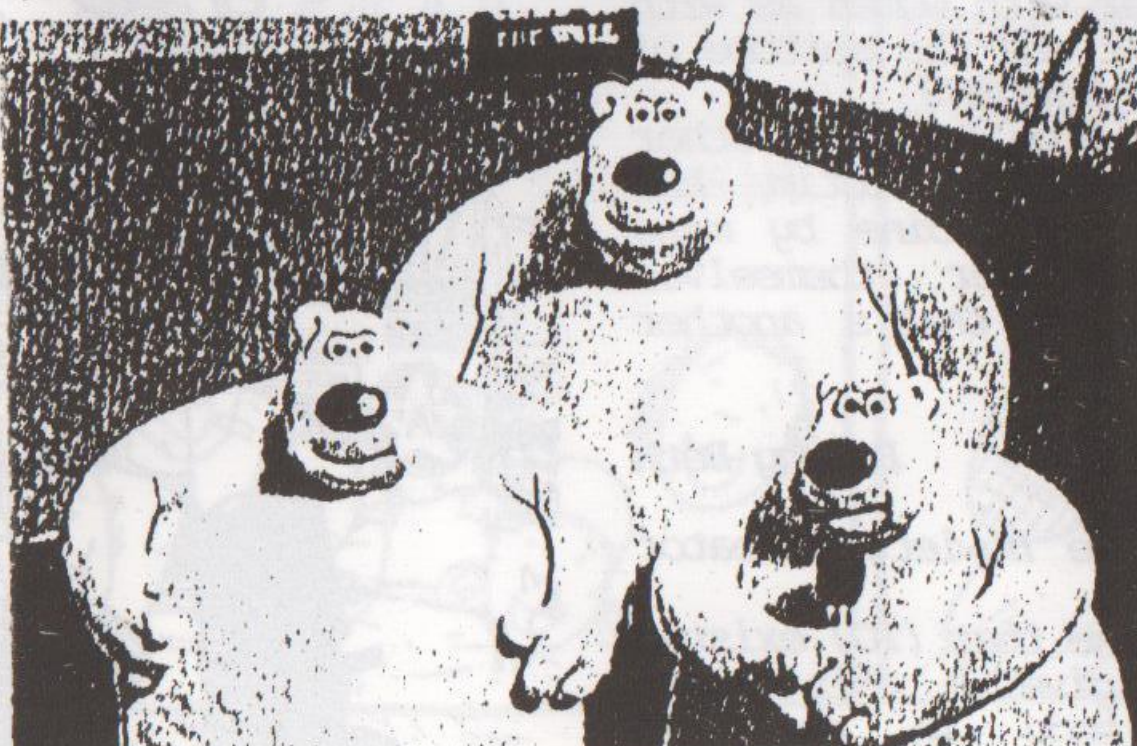
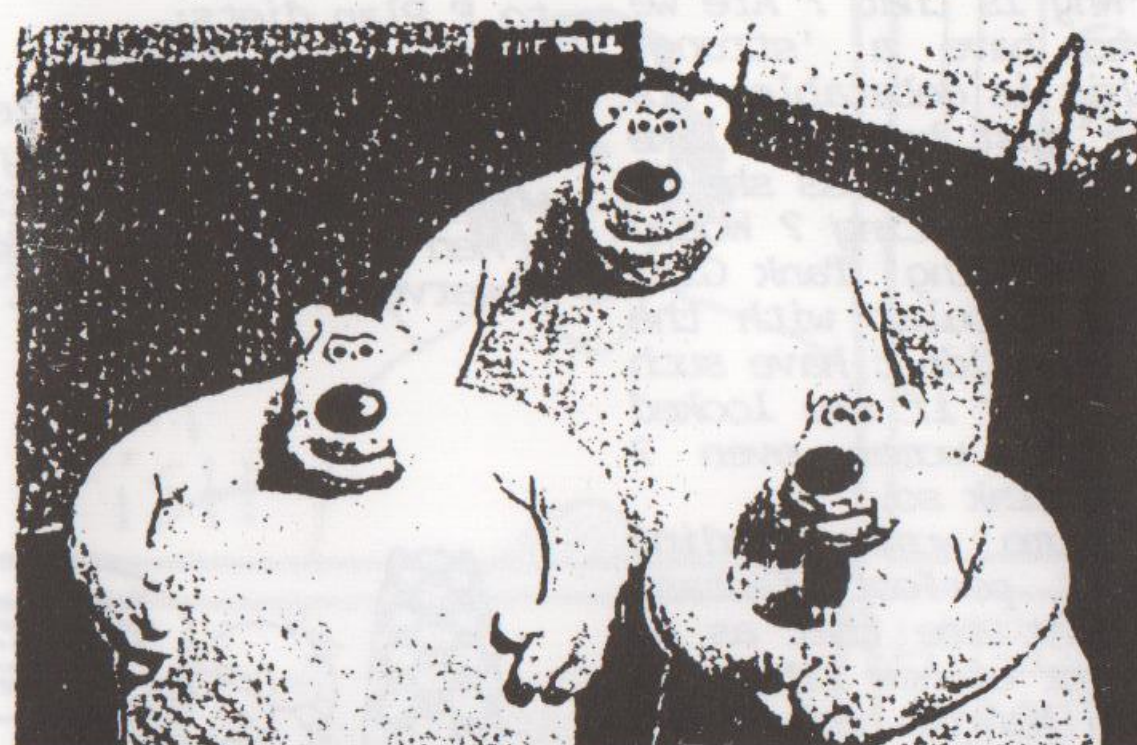
Snopes CAN'T DECIDE THE KILLING FLOOR KINGS OF OBLIVION The Old Angel Nottingham

The Old Angel room: packed, hot and sweaty. The Killing Floor were already playing, the noise sounded good, would've danced but there was no room. I think they should have a record deal.

Squeezed through to the front. Can't Decide - beaty hardcore. I had to dance. I did. Was the only female dancing unfortunately, anyway found myself well into it.

Sadly for them, by the time Kings of Oblivion came on lotsa people had gone to catch the last bus (not the sort to afford taxis). They made a joke out of it though and built a witty rapport with those left. Kings of Oblivion are good at what they do, but just too fast for me, can't dance to them, but a couple punks were flying around to 'em. So it is possible. Nothing more to say. Was a damn good pub gig.

Bolshy Beth



Rock An Reggae 1990

guest starrin':
The C.I.A./Lobster Telephone stall!



NUPHIN and NEPHEW: Had a whale of time.

All the bands seemed to sound the same. There was too much of that 'leftie' music that is a mixture of South American and African music.

"I'm sure they played last year," was said too often.

"Weren't they in the band earlier on?" shunt 'ave been said at all. The layout was awful (would a large semi-circle with all the stalls facing the stage be such a bad idea? We couldn't see the stage on the stall cos of stalls facing us!).

Sunday was better than Saturday cos on Sunday they actually had noisy bands on.

The performance tent was the best thing there.

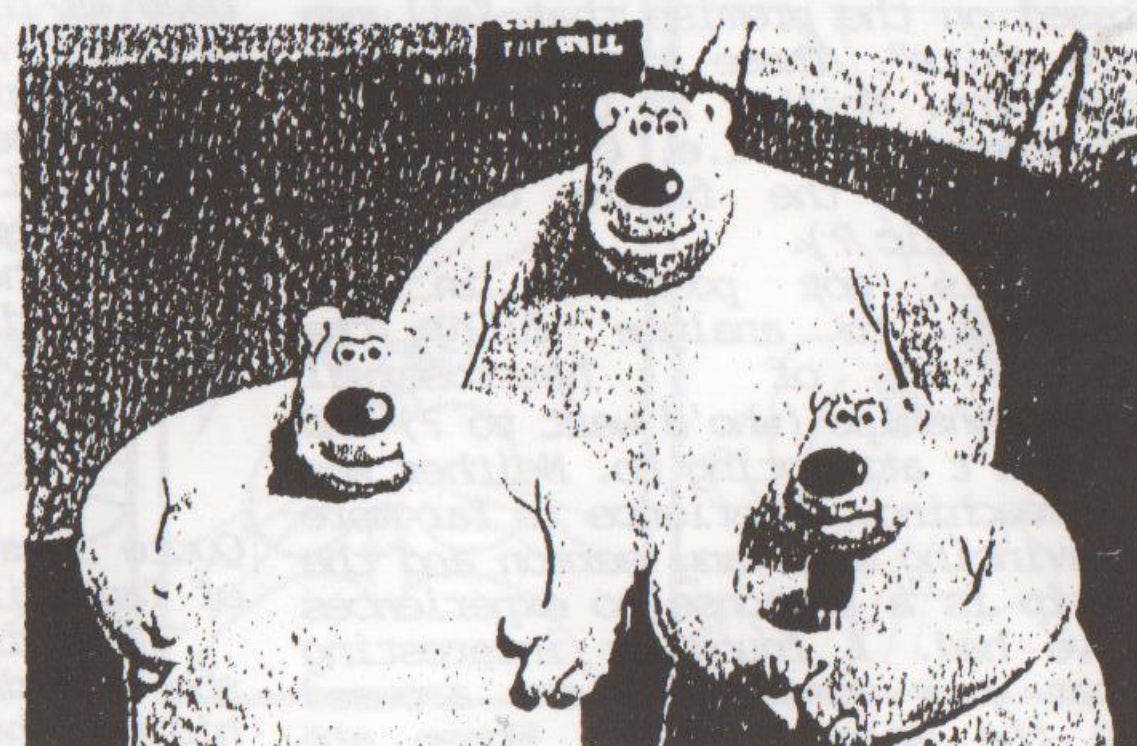
Having the stall was worth the bother, just (it's nice to meet the faces behind the C.I.A. buyers/readers).

I was told that the general consensus was that it was the best Rock an' Reggae ever. Which it was (but that doesn't actually say all that much really).

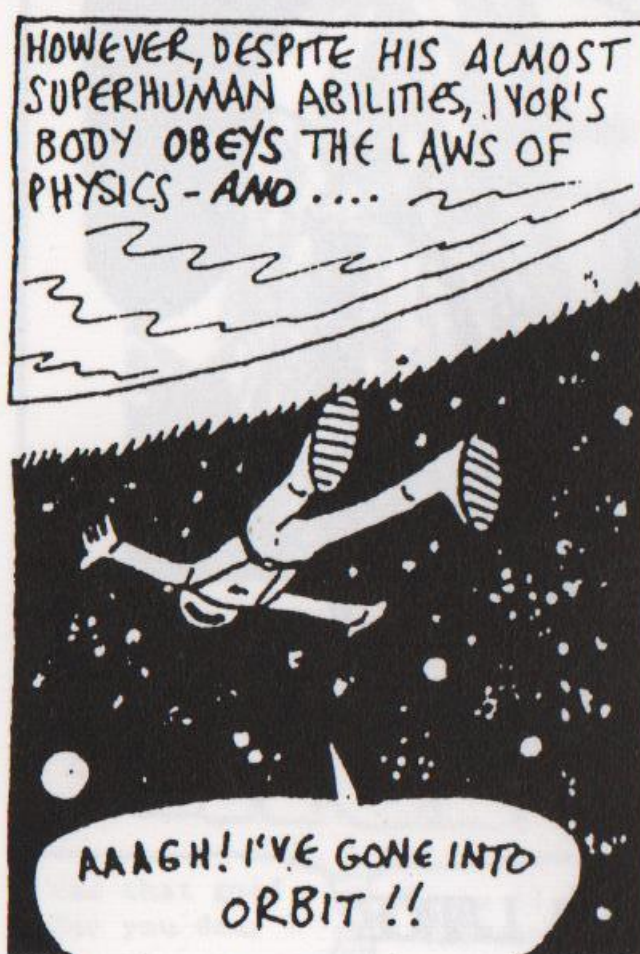
Kylie had a good time.

Anyway, it's your Rock an' Reggae, so if you weren't happy with it moan to the organisers. Who will then moan to you, quite rightly, how they're doin' their best cos they're only volunteers. Whereupon you can volunteer to help in '91 and inject some new life into it. We'll keep you posted about open mettings shall we?

Nuphin 4 Noses



A GO GO
ALL THE LATEST SHIT HOT
NEWS FROM THE 'LOCAL'
'ARDCORE LABEL MADE GOOD'
Earache sign up a DANCE
band?!?!: "MIGHTY FORCE -
'Dive'. At last Earache
take on a Manchester band,
but fear not, no raving to
here. This is dance to
grind to, powerful surging
driving rhythms with
intense samples of Public
Enemy and Carcass etc. This
is the missing link between
guitar hardcore and the
samplers on stum of electro
noise blast." - Goes the
press release. Thrashid
House? 'Dive' (4 track
ep) out mid-October.



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COMPETITION TIME!

C.I.A., in conjunction with that other leading media enterprise, Staindrop Records, in conjunction with that other leading media enterprise, Earache Records, offers you the chance of winning records for almost doing nuffink at all. There are 3 prizes going and if successful, you, **yes you** could be the first on your block to own a copy of Sweet Tooth's incredibly ace LP 'Soft White Underbelly.' And as an added bonus the first correct entry will win a limited edition unsigned photo of the group as well!

Just answer the following questions and you could be the envy of your friends with your very own Soft White Underbelly.

No. 1 Willy Wonka was a person who made a living out of people with sweet teeth. In which famous children's book did he appear?

(a) Delia Smith's 'One Is Fun'

(b) Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

(c) 101 Damns

No. 2 In not more than 30 words (and no less than 3), please give your comments on C.I.A. We welcome any feedback.

Please fill in the answers on the reply slip overleaf, and send to C.I.A., Nottingham Community Arts, 39 Gregory Boulevard, Hyson Green, Nottingham, NG7 6BE. Send in by November 26th 1990.

AN INCREDIBLY ACE ALBUM AWAITS YOU!!!

C.I.A. 10 'C.I.A. competition' winners:

In reverse order: 3rd Prize (a year's free subscription and a C.I.A. badge) goes to Tammy from Ilkeston. 2nd Prize (a fetching yella C.I.A. t-shirt) goes to Paul Cross from Arnold. And 1st Prize (a gorgeous black C.I.A. t-shirt and a year's free subscription) goes to Simon Bailey from Castle Donnington.

C.I.A. 9 'Earache Competition' winners:

Ian from Top Valley, Kevin Sloan from The Meadows, Sue Young from Hyson Green, David from Cardiff, Albert 'Rat' Tatlock from Mapperley Park (?) and, just to add to excitement and to make things awkward, we can't tell you who the sixth winner is because she/he forgot to include her/his address! So all we can suss out (an' pretty darn clever detective work we think too) is that this person either brought their copy of C.I.A. from Selectadisc or Forbidden Planet and that they posted it on the 23rd of June. And if it'll help, the following comments came with the entry: "I think this issue's probably the best one I've seen since I've been buying it (issue 6). I prefer to have more written content rather than just 'toons, and the 'kin' sound politics." Hope you're reading Anonymous Sixth Winner, and if you recognize yourself write and tell us so's you can have yer prize.

COMPETITION

ANSWERS

- No.1 ☐ (a)
☐ (b)
☐ (c)

No.2 C.I.A.:

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COMPETITION



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FRONT: C
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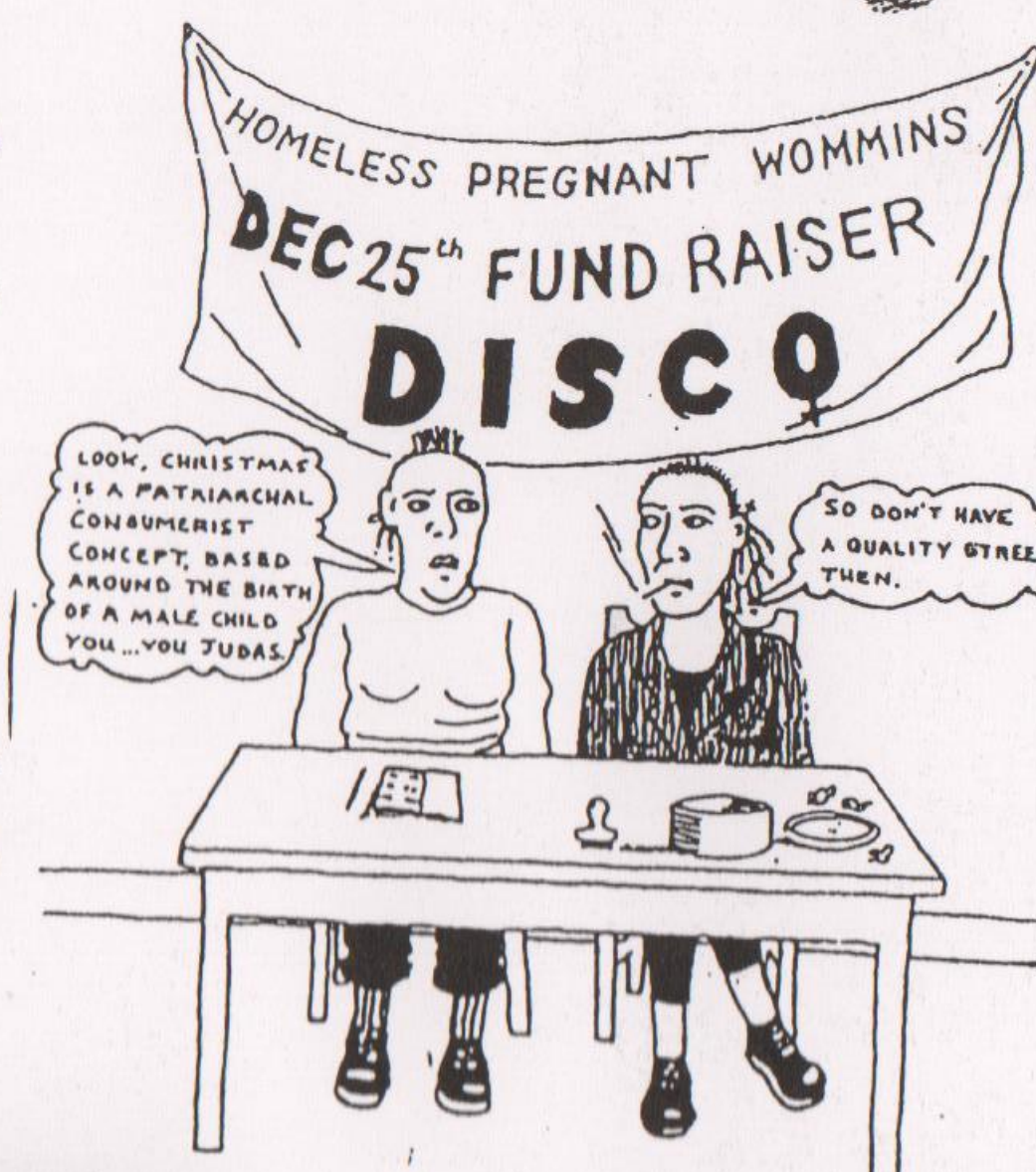
(cheques/postal orders payable to 'D M G')

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Our cards are 25p
 each and A6 size
 (which is a quarter
 of this page, for
 those not in the
 know like). Except
 for the Dinostauries
 card at the bottom,
 which is 50p and A5
 size (which is half
 this page....).



PLUS of course a
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 stamp to send it
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 But we do a
 special offer of
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DINOSTAURIES



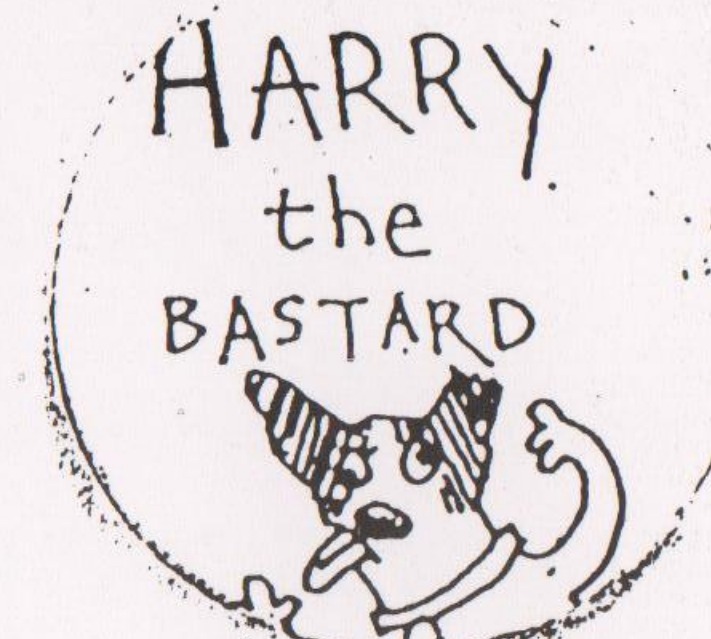
Remember Kids: Wrap up well this Winter any money
 sent to fool any light fingered Posties....

Send orders to: C.I.A.
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BADGES ACTUAL SIZE



GREEN ON BLACK



BLACK AND WHITE



BLACK AND WHITE

Each badge costs 20p plus a first class stamp
 to post it/them to you

C.I.A. now has an ace back issue service. To
 take advantage of it (and us) simply write
 down your order, buy the stamps, and send them
 to us with a large stamped self-addressed
 envelope, and we'll send you, well, what you
 ordered basically. Within 7 days !
 Guaranteed ! Worra bargain !

- C.I.A. 2 = 1 first class stamp
- C.I.A. 4 = 1 first class stamp
- C.I.A. 5 = 1 first class stamp
- C.I.A. 6 = 1 first class stamp
- C.I.A. 7 = 1 first class stamp
- C.I.A. 8 (bumper ish with free Poll Tax poster) = 2 first class stamps
- C.I.A. 9 = 2 first class stamps
- C.I.A. 10 (landmark 10th ish) = 2 first class stamps

C.I.A. has (coincidentally) an ace
 subscription service. To take advantage of it
 (and us) simply send 17 first class stamps,
 and we'll send you 6 issues of C.I.A. (which
 in theory ought to be a year's supply). OR, if
 you wanna take advantage of '7 issues for the
 price of 6' offer, also send your answers to
 the following questions with y'stamps....

1. Where did you get your C.I.A. from ?
2. How long have you been reading C.I.A. ?
3. What did you like in this issue ?

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 UNION SHOP, Nottingham University
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 RAINBOW CENTRE, Mansfield Road
 MUSHROOM, Heathcote Street
 RITA'S CAFE, Goosegate
 MEHTA, Subway Kiosk, Theatre Square
 J.W. SMITH, Subway Kiosk, Upper Parliament Street
 BASICS, Foxhall Road
 CROFTS, Redford Road
 HYSOON GREEN WHOLEFOODS, Redford Road
 NOTTINGHAM COMMUNITY ARTS CENTRE, Gregory Boulevard
 PHILLIPS NEWS, Hucknall Road
 SANHERA'S, Sherwood Rise
 OASIS RECORDS, High Road, Beeston
 LONG EATON
 OASIS RECORDS, High Street
 LOUGHBOROUGH
 THE LEFT LEGGED PINEAPPLE, Church Street

MANSFIELD
 A.O.R. RECORDS, Hanley Arcade
 THE RECORD DECK, Hanley Arcade
 DERBY
 OASIS RECORDS, Strand Arcade
 WAY AHEAD RECORDS, Main Centre
 DERBY NEWS, Main Centre
 BURTON UPON TRENT
 OASIS RECORDS, High Street
 LEICESTER
 ANOTHER WORLD, Silver Street
 THE FINAL FRONTIER, Silver Arcade
 SMITH NEWS, High Street
 THE FINAL FRONTIER, High Street
 NEWARK NEWS, Magazine Walk
 UNION SHOP, Leicester University
 STOKE ON TRENT
 FANTASY WORLD, Market Square
 SHEFFIELD
 NOSTALGIA AND COMICS, Matilda Street
 BIRMINGHAM
 NOSTALGIA AND COMICS, Smallbrook Queensway