

NEW YORK · MOSCOW · TOKYO · NOTTINGHAM



NEW YORK · MOSCOW · TOKYO · NOTTINGHAM

NEW YORK · MOSCOW · TOKYO · NOTTINGHAM

8137 ©

1990 **40p**
WITH SAUCE
NUMBER 10

....A REAL FISHY FEAST ME 'ARTIES !

ACE COMPETITION INSIDE!

ALL YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

The Best From THE BIG DOILY

NEW YORK · MOSCOW · TOKYO · NOTTINGHAM

Cartoons Included Also

SPECIALLY **A**DDED **U**NNECESSARY **C**RUDE **E**XPLETIVES

**SO IT'S GOODBYE FROM ME,
& IT'S GOODBYE FROM HER!**

That's right, I'm leaving C.I.A., and going away to become a 'ma-chewer' student. P'raps after I've gone, C.I.A.'ll start selling millions (and I'll come back and say to Nuphin and the rest "gimme your money, ya rich bastards..."), but then again maybe it won't. Whatever, I'm glad to have been involved this far; as they always say "It's been an experience". I've learnt a lot, done some shit, but done some worthy stuff 'n all, I reckon.

It's a darn shame to be leaving when C.I.A. is beginning to gain interest (tis too - look on the right), but there we are, 'when you gotta go...' an' all that.

Meanwhile, I'll thank Nuphin for persevering during my (occasional?) bouts of 'lack of motivation' ("What's up with you, ya lazy sod!" sounds familiar). And I should thank

all who've contributed to C.I.A. (for nothing more than the instant fame it brought them), and, of course, anyone who's bought us, and supported us ..etc..etc..etc. Well, what more can I add without further risk of sounding corny. Only that I wish those two in the bleeding coffee advert would just bloody screw each other and put us all out our misery, but apart from that only that now the end is near, and I face the final curtain, parting is such sweet sorrow, toodle-oo pip pip, goodbye-ee, goodbye-ee, wipe a tear baby dear, bye bye baby baby gooodbye-eye-eye-eye bye baby....

BOLSHY BETH.

N.B. SEE 'WANTED' ON INSIDE BACK COVER.

We're two years old in September. Yes **two**! An' we've come a helluva long way since September, 88. Unfortunately Beth is leaving us. But she has left her mark. It's more than just a comic now. It's a shame she's not dead really. This issue would've been an ace epitaph.

NUPHIN.

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

ALI
ASH
BOLSHY BETH
BRICK
BOB CANN
JOE
NUPHIN
SKIP
STONE
STOPES

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).

As usual, we apologise to anyone who has sent us stuff, and not received a reply yet. We will get back to you.

Our address is: C.I.A.
NOTTINGHAM COMMUNITY ARTS
39 GREGORY BOULEVARD
HYSON GREEN
NOTTINGHAM
NG7 6BE

C.I.A. NUMBER 10 August 1990

Copyright© D.M.G. No Part Of This Comic May Be Reproduced Without Prior Permission Of The Person Responsible For The Part. So No Nicking!

Talking of patting ourselves on the backs, here's a couple of snippets we thought you might be interested in; but then again, of course, you might not... (but that's the price we pay for talking about ourselves innit!)

Just finished at Nottingham Community Arts is a five-week long exhibition of original artwork by Nottingham cartoonists. Some of the material found its way to MAILOUT. The exhibition was prompted by the current rise in the popularity of comics. Publications like Nottingham's CIA have brought to the fore a proliferation of cartoonists in the city. The exhibition attempted to show a representative range of material, and included work from professional full-time cartoonists, part-timers and doodlers.

One thing that did come out of the exhibition was the obvious prevalence of cartoonists with something to say - cartoonists not content with doing witty but inoffensive cartoons/strips, and comic illustrators wanting to do more than produce material that is 'nice to look at'. Many of the cartoonists who took part saw themselves as social and political commentators, which can't be a bad thing. The world is too full of Garfields and Peanuts.

£5 I THINK it's a pity that Channel Four devoted a whole hour to Viz comic. Five minutes would have been sufficient for this load of rubbish.

Although it was a spoof programme, there were some serious comments made, and it's up to the public to decide whether they want to further line the pockets of these dirty-minded, overgrown school-boys by buying it.

Anyone wishing to purchase an alternative local comic, which is funny without being smutty, could try reading CIA (Cartoons Included Also).

M. Nash, Central Avenue, Nottingham

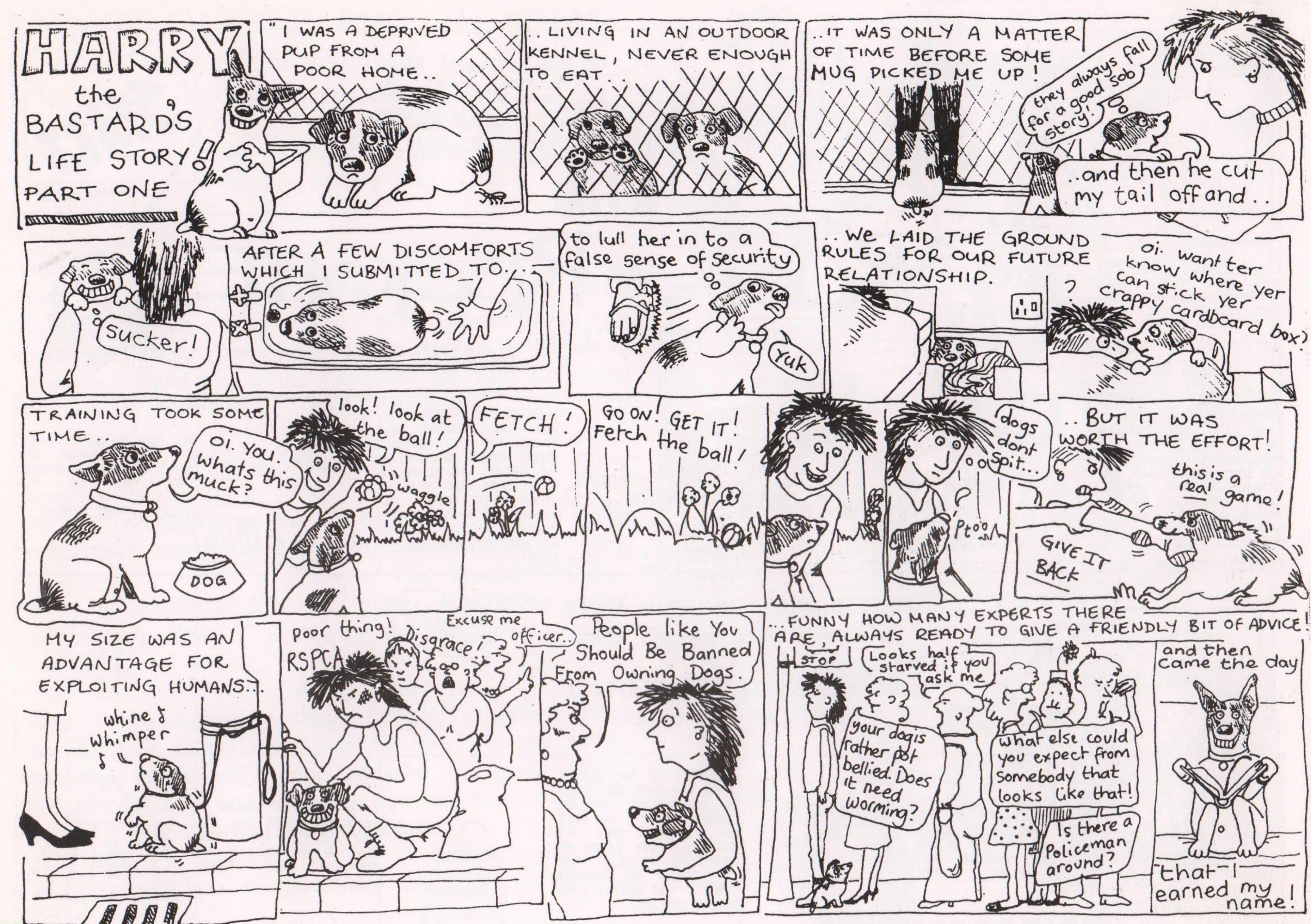
ABOVE: EXTRACT FROM EAST MIDLANDS ARTS MAGAZINE.
RIGHT: LETTER FROM EVENING POST.

NEXT ISSUE

Deadline for Scripts, Strips Cartoons:
3rd Sept 1990

Deadline for 'Bits & Bobs':
10th Sept 1990


Credit to be given to the Lenton & Dunkirk Anti-Poll Tax Union for some of the info on page 17.



POLLUTION

AS WE ALL KNOW IS DOWN TO LITTER, NOTHING TO DO WITH CAPITALIST GREED. IN LINE WITH THIS COMMON SENSE APPROACH, THE GOVERNMENT HAS PUT THE ROYAL ULSTER CONSTABULARY IN CHARGE OF THE ENVIRONMENT.





ROCK & REGGAE

THE OFFICIAL BOARD GAME.

OH DEAR. YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO THE PUBLIC BOSS. WHY DIDN'T YOU GO BEFORE YOU LEFT HOME? MISS A GO. (AND DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING IN THERE.)

YOU'RE THIRSTY. WHILST EVERYONE QUEUES FOR HOURS IN THE BEER TENT, YOU NIP OFF TO THE LOCAL SHOP FOR 4 CANS OF SKONA. GO AHEAD 4 SPACES.

YOU FIND A FIVER. MOVE ON 4 SPACES, TRYING NOT TO FALL OVER THE PISSED PUNKS LYING FLAT ON THEIR BACKS AMONGST EMPTY PLASTIC BOTTLES OF CIDER.

YOUR FAVE BAND COMES ON. YOU START DANCING ONLY TO REALIZE THAT THE ONLY OTHER PERSON DANCING IS THE GEEZER WHO TURNS UP EVERY YEAR. (AND TO EVERY OTHER FESTIVAL). AND DANCES NO MATTER WHO'S PLAYING. EVERYONE LAUGHS AT YOU. GO BACK TO THE START.

YOU BUY A REALLY ACE, BUT REALLY CHEAP, MUG FOR YOUR MATE'S BIRTHDAY FROM ONE OF THE JEWELLERY & POTTERY STALLS. MOVE AHEAD 3 SPACES.

A BUTT NAKED HIPPIY KID RUNS INTO YOUR SHINS. HER MUM TELLS YOU OFF. TAKE 1 SPACE BACK.

A FRIENDLY PERSON STRIKES UP A CONVERSATION WITH YOU. WHAT A PLEASANT WAY TO PASS THE HALF HOUR WHILST WAITING FOR YOUR MATE TO GET THE VEGGIE BURGERS. UNTIL THEY HAPPEN TO REVEAL THEMSELVES TO BE A MEMBER OF THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN POSSEE. MISS A TURN.

WHAT'S MORE FUN THAN A WET ROCK & REGGAE? A DRY ONE.

YOU'VE BEEN TO THE FESTIVAL, NOW PLAY THE GAME.

YOU WIN AT A GAME OF 'MATCH THE DOG TO THE CRUSTY PUNK'. MOVE ON 2 SPACES IF YOU CAN WEAVE YOUR WAY THROUGH THE PASS-THIEF-SPLIFF HIPPIY CIRCLE.

A MEMBER OF THE R.C.P. GRABS YOU SHOUTING "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE LABOUR PARTY?!" YOU FALL FOR IT, AND ONLY GET AWAY AN HOUR LATER BY PROMISING TO SELL 'THE NEXT STEP' ON CLUMBER STREET. YOU IDIOT! STEP BACK 4 SPACES.

A LITTLE KID WITH A RAINBOW JUMPER AND HIS FACE PAINTED NICKS THE MUG YOU JUST BOUGHT FOR YOUR MATE. MISS 2 TURNS.

INSTRUCTIONS

- Up to four players can play.
- No dice? Don't worry, just stick numbers on an onion bhaji.
- No counters? Don't worry, yoghurt coated raisins will do fine.

YOU SPOT A FAMILIAR LOOKING MARKET SQUARE DRUNK SHOUTING "Y'ASTARD! Y'ASTARD!" (HOW DID HE GET DOWN HERE?) YOU BET YOUR MATE A QUID HE'S GOT A SCOTTISH OR IRISH ACCENT. HE GETS CLOSER. HE HAS NEITHER. MISS A TURN. SHAME ON YOU FOR STEREOTYPING.

YOU SEE A GROUP OF GOTHs LOOKING RATHER MISERABLE. YOU SUGGEST THAT IN LIGHT OF THE NINETEEN DEGREES HEATWAVE, THEIR SUFFERING MIGHT BE ALLEVIATED IF THEY WERE TO CONSIDER TAKING OFF THEIR LEATHERS AND WEARING PALER COLOURS. A LOT PALER COLOURS. TAKE AN EXTRA THROW FOR BEING SO HELPFUL.

A GROUP OF HOMEBOYS 'N FLYGALS PASS YOU. THEY'RE ALL SPORTING THE 'ONE LEG OF THE TRACKSUIT ROLLED UP WITH ARGYLE SOCKS' LOOK. YOU PUSH UP THE LEFT LEG OF YOUR JEANS TO SEE IF IT CATCHES ON. IT DOESN'T. YOU LOOK A PRAT. MOVE BACK 1 SPACE.

YOU BUMP INTO A MATE YOU'D LOST CONTACT WITH. YOU SWAP PHONE NUMBERS. GO FORWARD 2 SPACES.

YOU LOSE AT A GAME OF 'MATCH THE BABY TO THE HIPPIY.' GO BACK 2 SPACES.

YOU SPOT A RABBIT ON A SKATEBOARD RUNS YOU OVER. GO TO FIRST AID TENT. GO DIRECTLY TO FIRST AID TENT. DO NOT PASS BEER TENT. DO NOT WATERS.

STARVING OF HUNGER, YOU COULDN'T STAND TO QUEUE FOR ANOTHER HOUR AT VEGGIES AGAIN. SO YOU NIP TO THE BARBEQUEUE BEEFBURGER STAND. YOU CHOKE AND DIE. YOU LOSE. SORRY.

YOU LOSE AT A GAME OF 'DINT THEY PLAY LAST YEAR?' MOVE BACK 1 SPACE.

AFTER A COUPLE MORE CANS OF SKONA, YOU THINK 'SOD IT IF THEY LAUGH, I'M GONNA DANCE'. BIT BY BIT, ACCORDING TO HOW PISSED THEY ARE, PEOPLE GET UP TO JOIN YOU, AND SOON THERE'S A REALLY GROOVY PARTY THING GOING ON. GO AHEAD 5 SPACES.

YOU NEARLY GET RUN OVER BY A GREB ON A MOTORBIKE, BUT IN MISSING YOU HE RUNS OVER HIS ROTTWEILER INSTEAD. HAI MOVE FORWARD 1 SPACE.

You Win!

BRILLO !! YOU GET TO GO NEXT YEAR !!

DON'T QUOTE ME ON THAT

Things that could have been said over the past months
"I'd rather not eat that shit daddy...."

Cordelia Gummer, daughter of John Gummer, when offered a hamburger by her father as part of a publicity stunt.

"The World Cup was disappointing, very disappointing.... There should've been more countries in it. Then the possibilities would've been endless. 'Frogs', 'Chinks', 'Japs', 'Pakis', etc. Instead we had to make do with 'Krauts', and 'Argies'.... Very poor...."

The Sports Editor of The Sun.

"As a nation we've gone soft. What our hooligans need is a bloody good kickin'!"

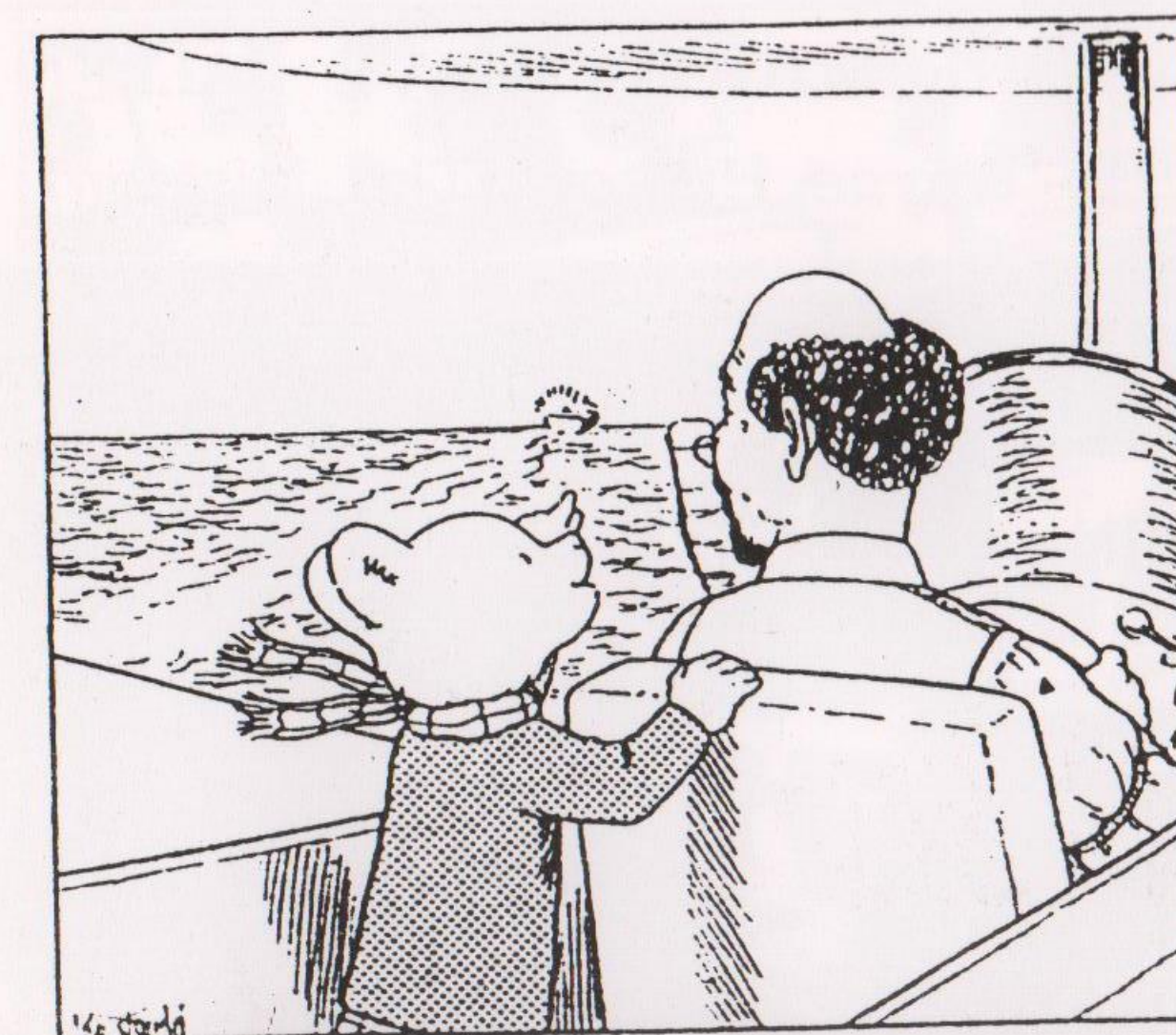
Vic Torianvalooz, Tory Backbench MP, on the violence that followed West Germany's victory over England.

"Any intelligent person is quite aware that the little luxuries in life don't come free. Besides this will put people in good stead for accepting the odd charge on Smear Tests, Births, and Dialysis Treatment."

Kenneth Clarke, in response to complaints at having to pay for eye tests.

"But seriously though, they are all Nazis y'know. I mean, all Germans have got Jack Boots and a false moustache underneath their beds...."

Nicholas Ridley, ex Trade and Industry Secretary.

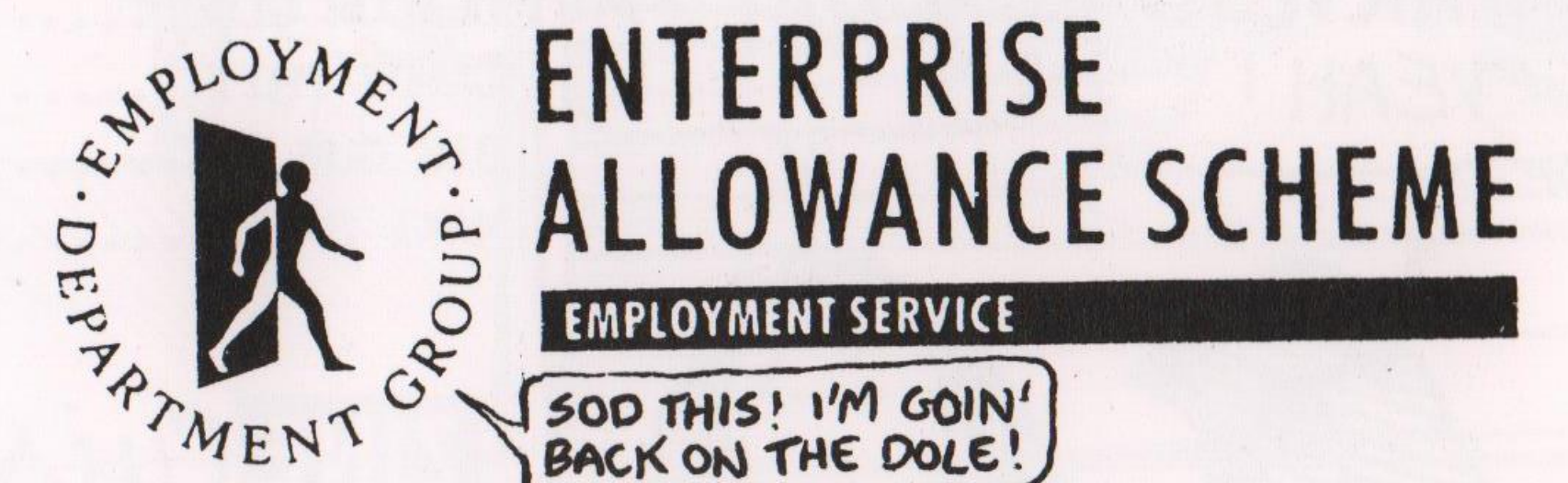
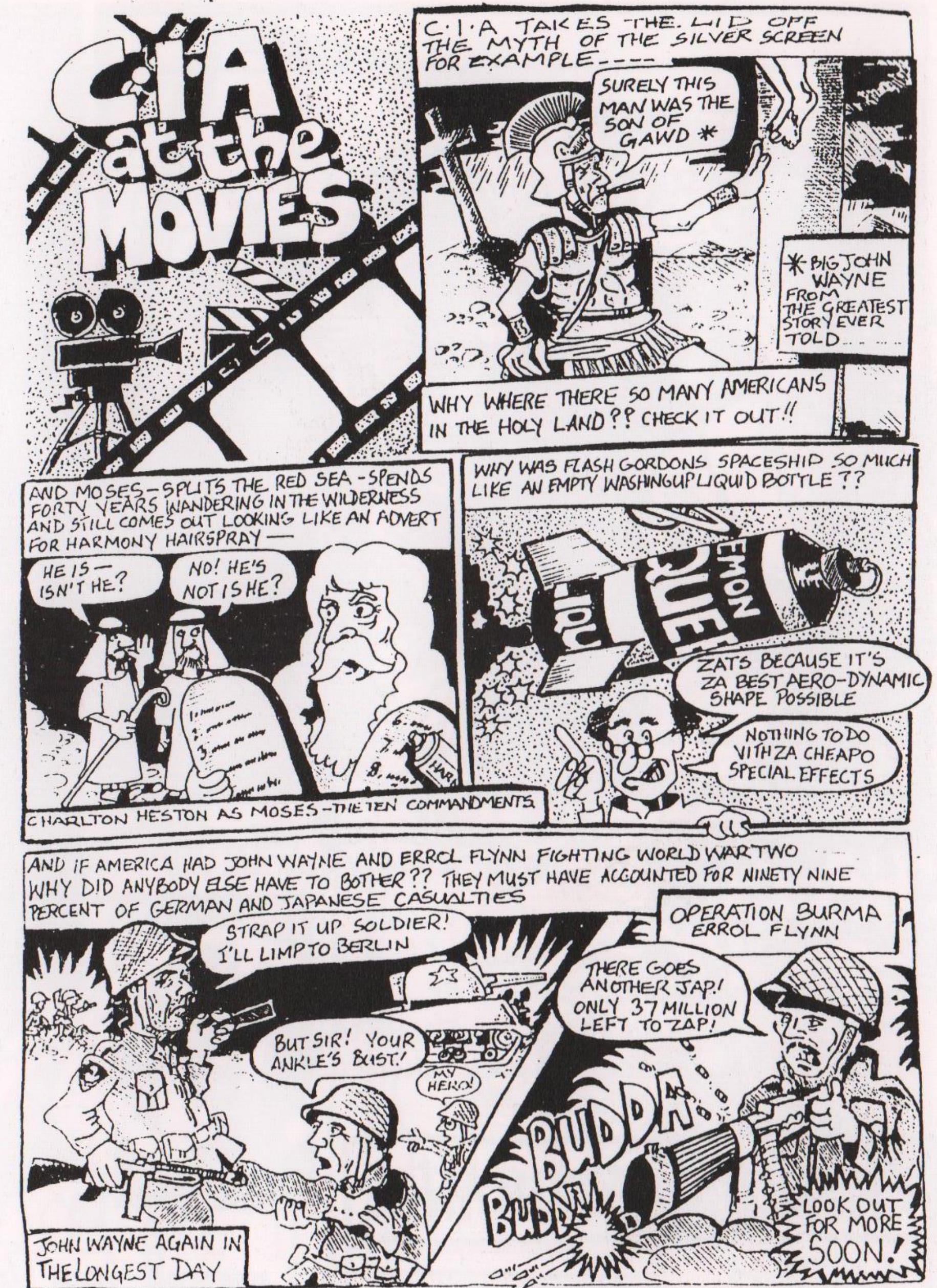


"OI baldy! Wutz that?!?" Said Rupert to Mr Jack. "I don't know...." said Mr Jack looking intensely at the peculiar object on the horizon. "Right!" thought Rupert, "Whilst that bald sod's distracted I'll fix the plane so it'll crash. Griffin's already off, an' I'll be too.... With the only parachute left...."

All rights subverted



A VIZ READER ORDERS THE LATEST ISSUE





INSPIRAL CARPETS: "Get a fookin' 'air cut will yaan' a sense o' 'umour while y' at it...."

1st Person: What do you think of the Renault 5?
2nd Person: Well, like The Guilford 4, they're innocent and should be released.



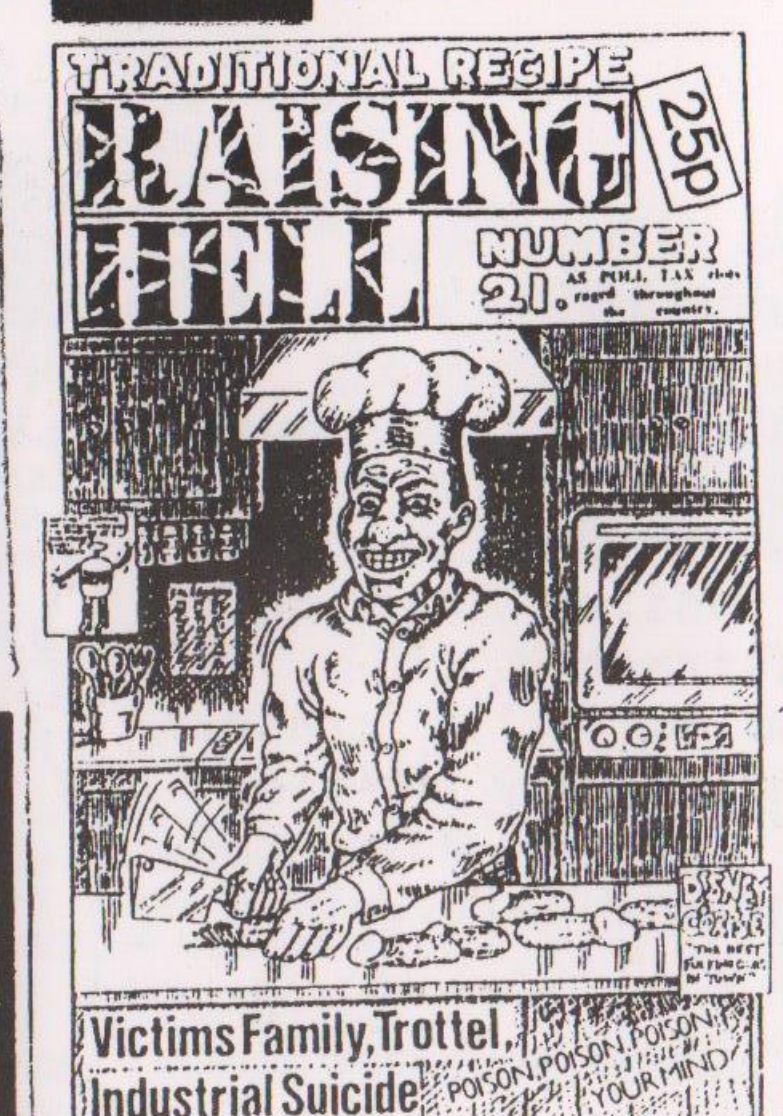
FASHION IGNORANCE



ROBERT PLANT: Still wishing he had more fluid bowel movements

4 ADHESIVE POP STARS
DEACON GLUE.....
CANDY PRITT.....
BIG GUM.....
MAXI PASTE.....

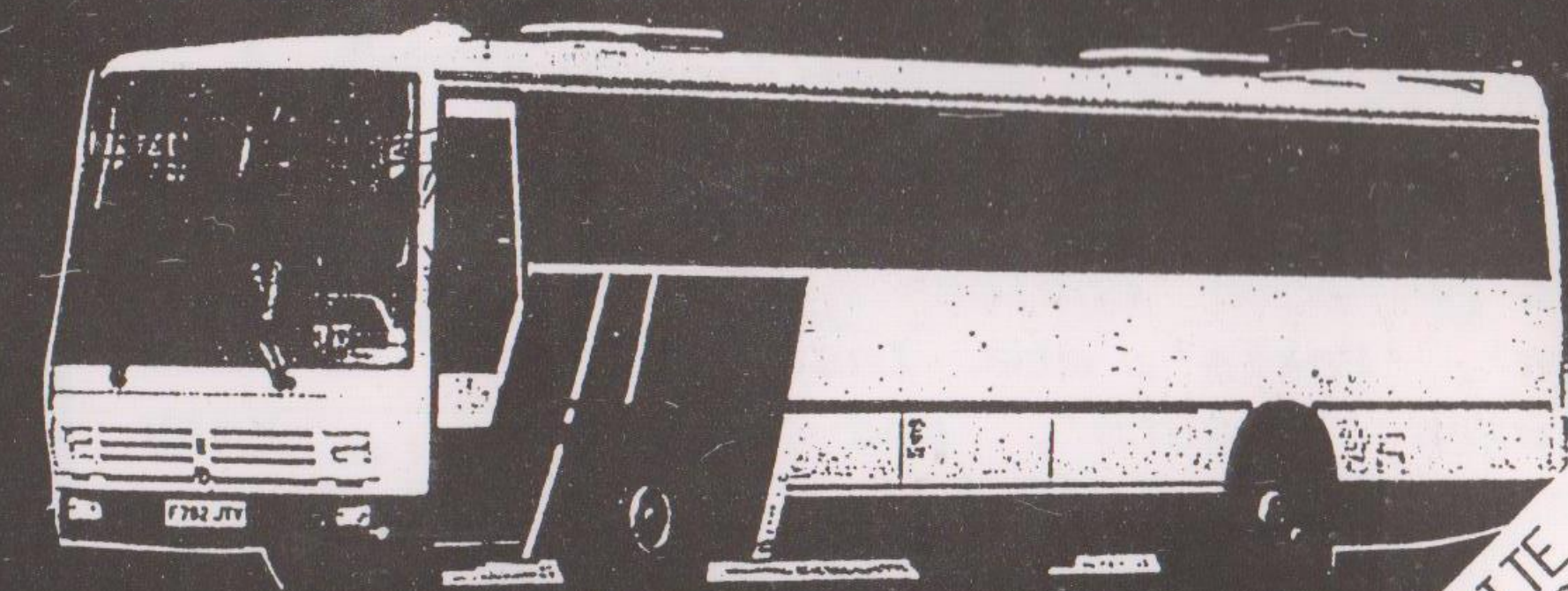
ZINE Cuisine



Hardcore/punk fanzine. Reviews, interviews, views, cartoonie-bits an' bobs, poems, comprehensive 'zine guide an' just about everything. Best letters pages I've ever seen. Get it for that if anything. No. 22 should be out now. Send 25p an' a A5 SAE to: RAISING HELL, Box 32, 52 Call Lane, Leeds, West Yorks, LS1 6DT.

NOW

THAT'S WHAT I CALL SCHOOL TRIPS

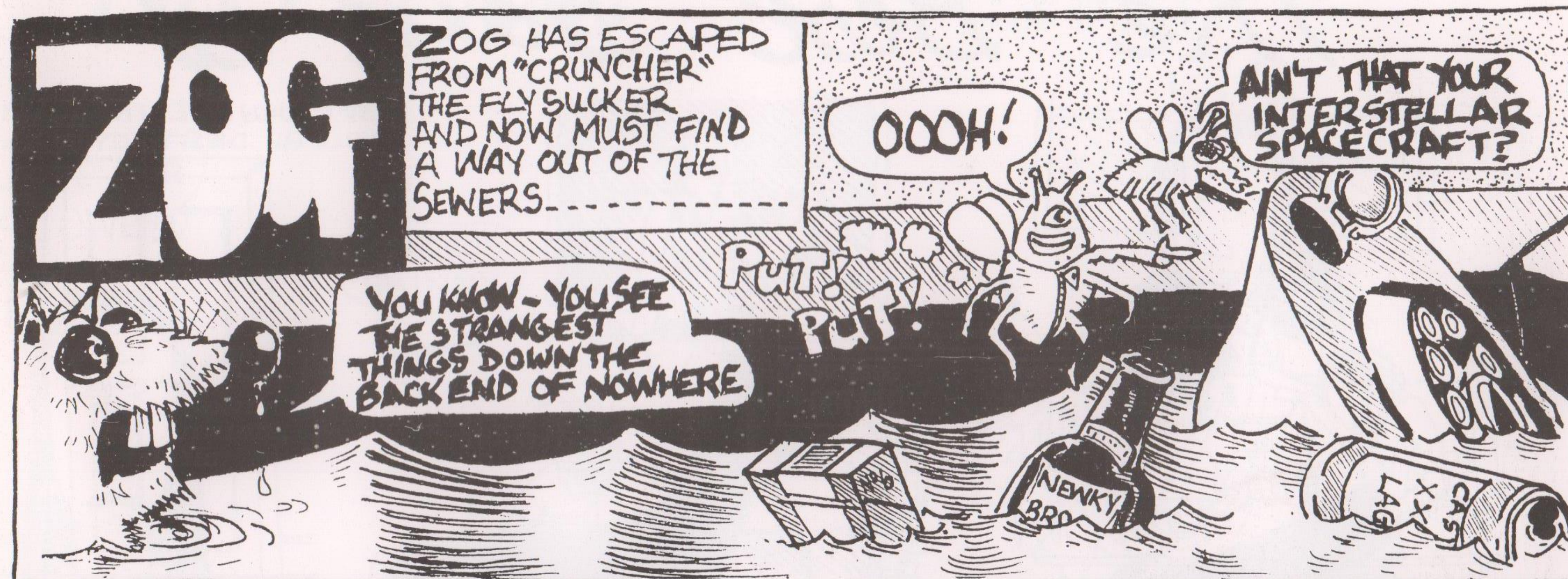


ALL YOUR FAVOURITE SCHOOL TRIP SONGS ON ONE ACE ALBUM!!!!!!

INCLUDES: 'Stop The Bus I Want To Wee Wee'
'Build A Bombfire Build A Bombfire'
'Daisy Daisy'
'Tra La La Boom Dee Aye'
'We Are The' Kids We Fight With Dustbin Lids'

So there's nowhere t'go at night eh? Well try The Kool Kat on a Tuesday. As good as, dare I say it, downstairs at the Garage. Everything played: indie, hip hop, reggae, dance, hardcore, an' those 'unclassifiables'. Guaranteed to please all of the people some of the time....

OH HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN
Number 2: Wayne Hussey (The Mission)

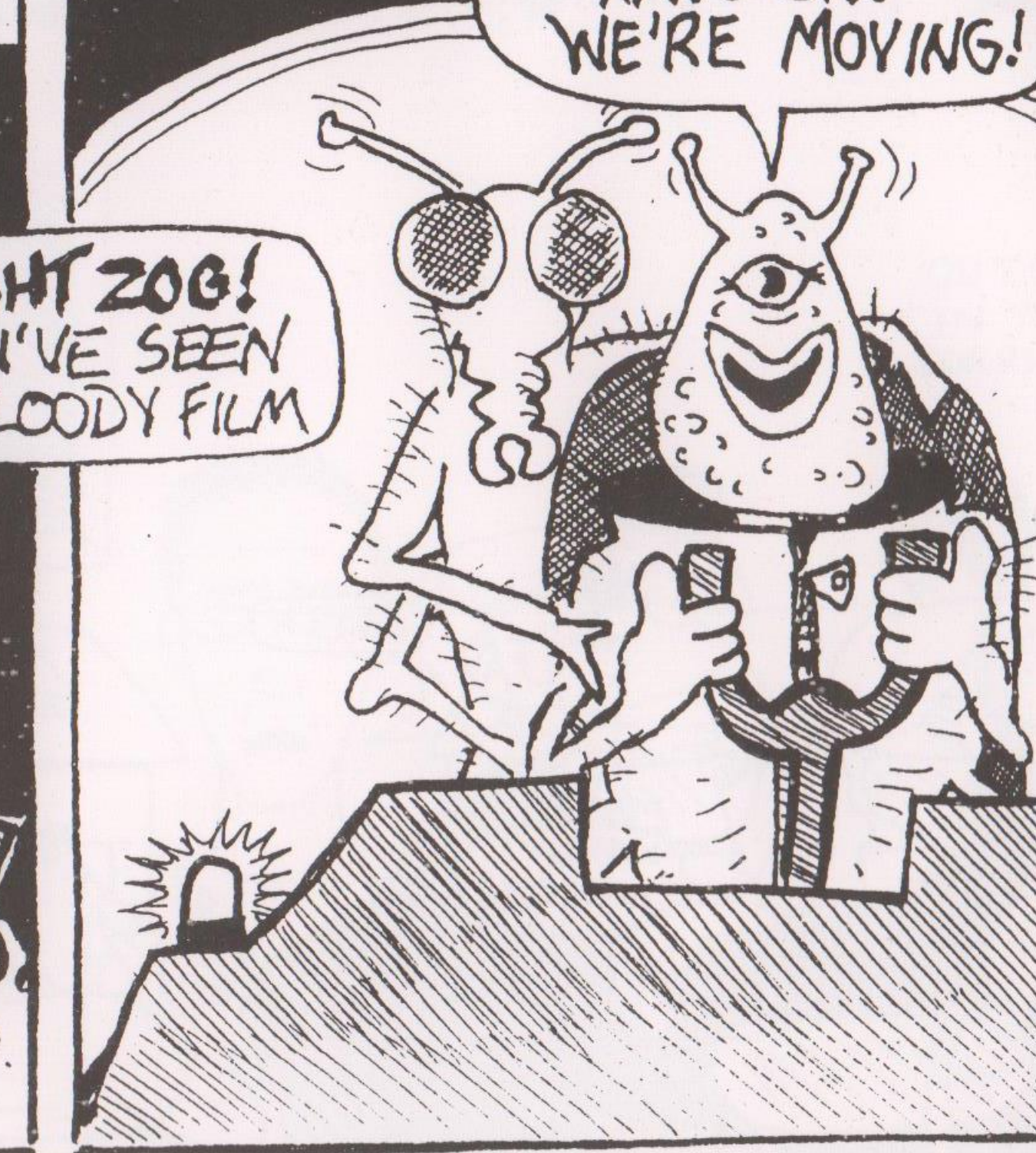


NOT LONG AFTER----

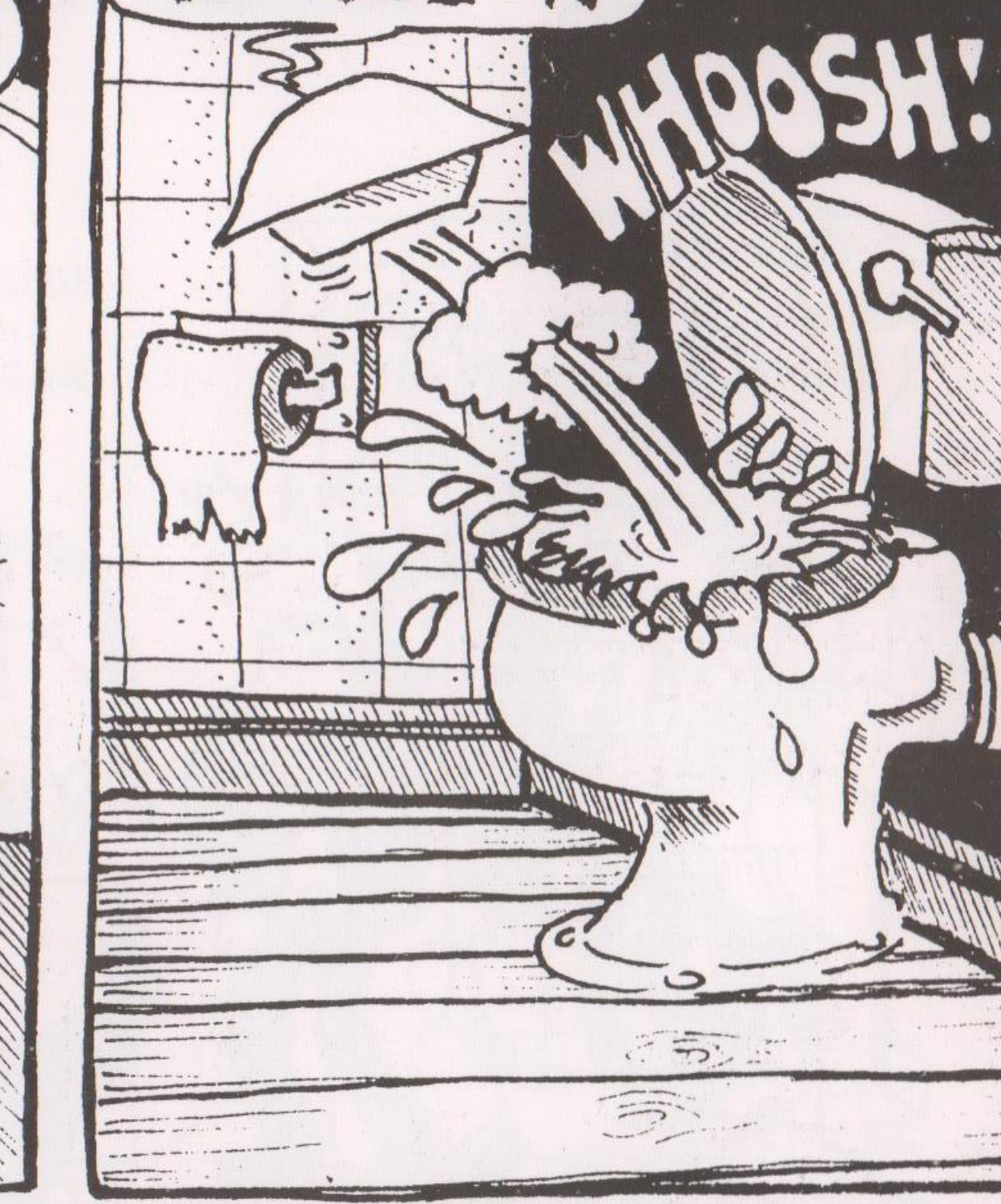
WE HAVE LIFTOFF!
ONE SMALL STEP....



HANG ON!
WE'RE MOVING!

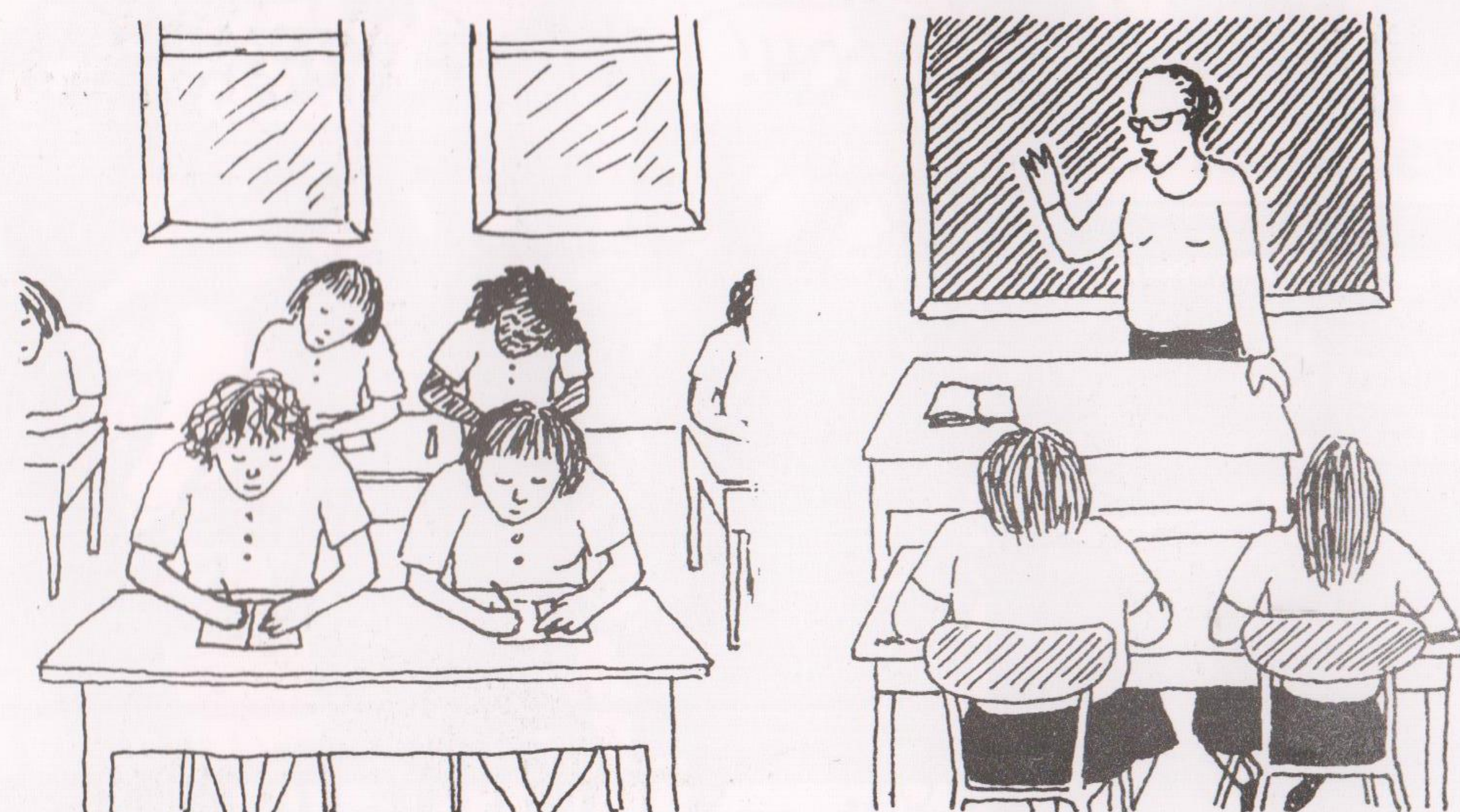


WE MADE IT!

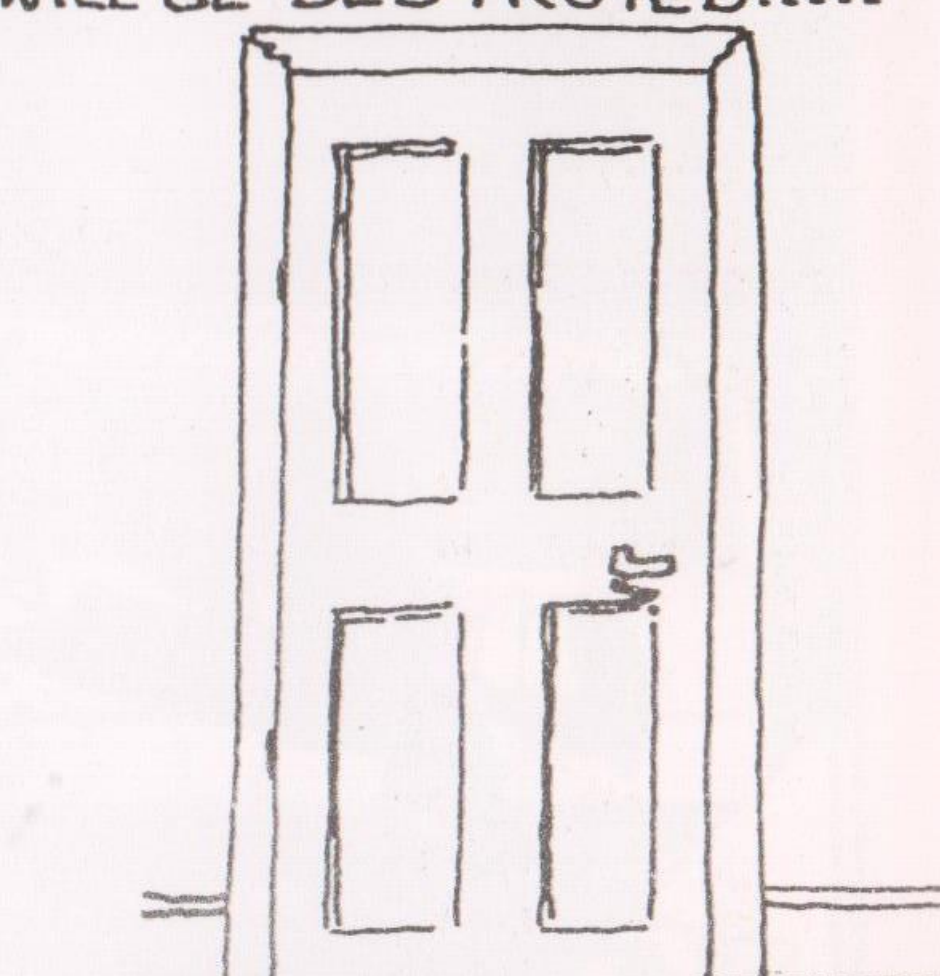


TO BE CONTINUED-----

The Best Days of



BUT SOON THE TRANQUILITY
WILL BE DESTROYED.....



BY THE VERMIN THAT INHABITS
EVERY SECONDARY SCHOOL....



... ADOLESCENT BOYS

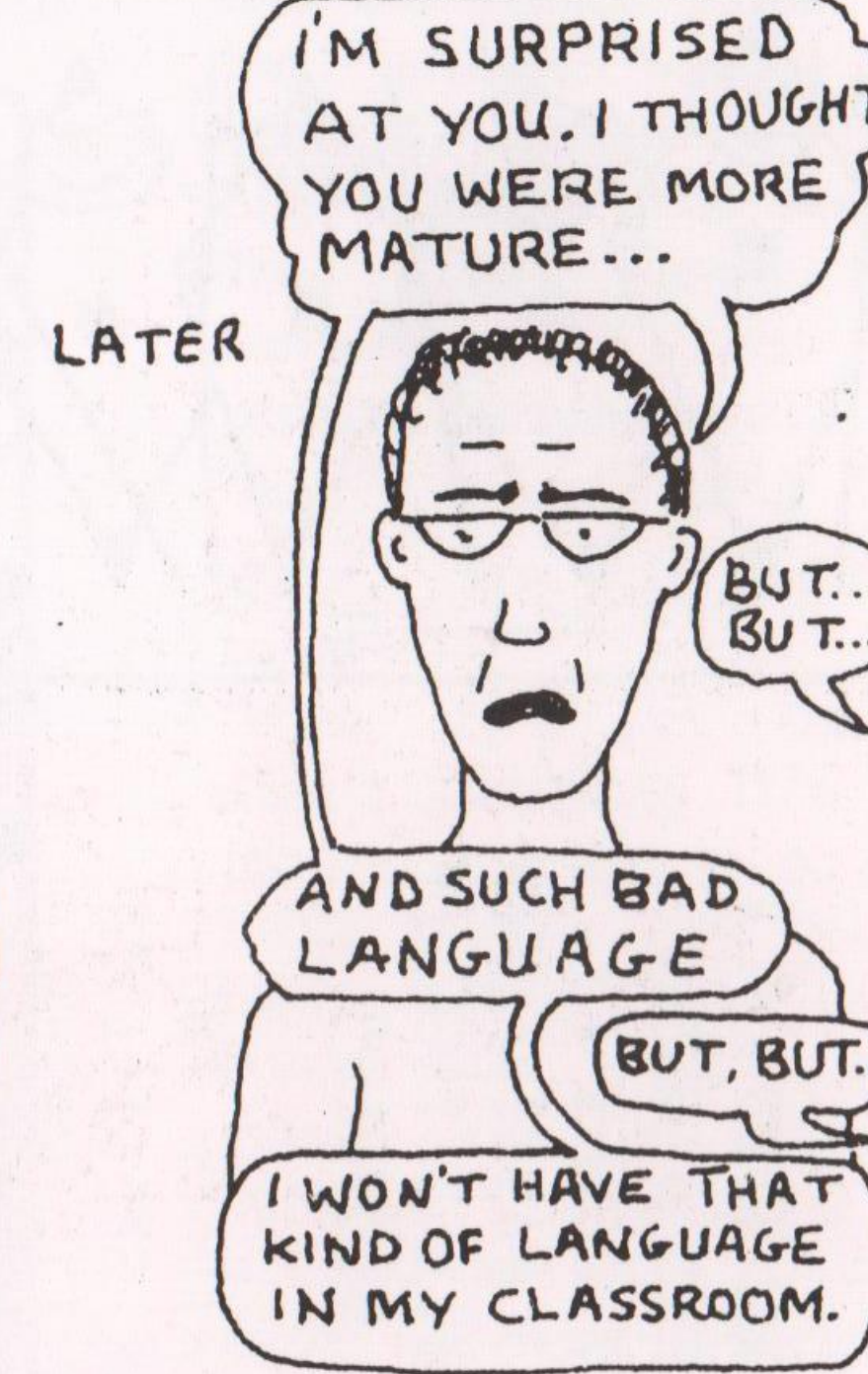


Our Lives ?

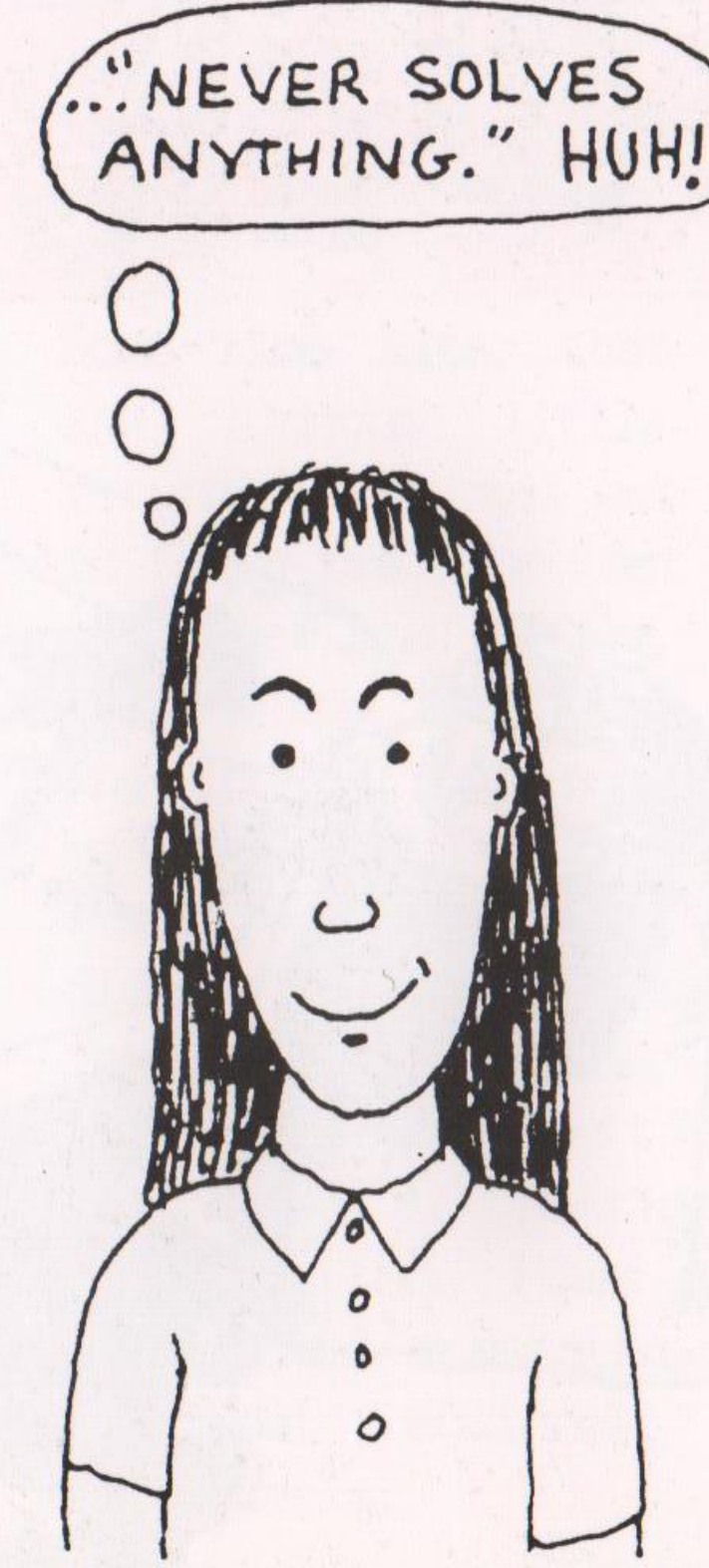
CREATED BY BOLSHY BETH
WRITTEN BY NUPHIN, STOPE, B.B.
DRAWN BY STOPE

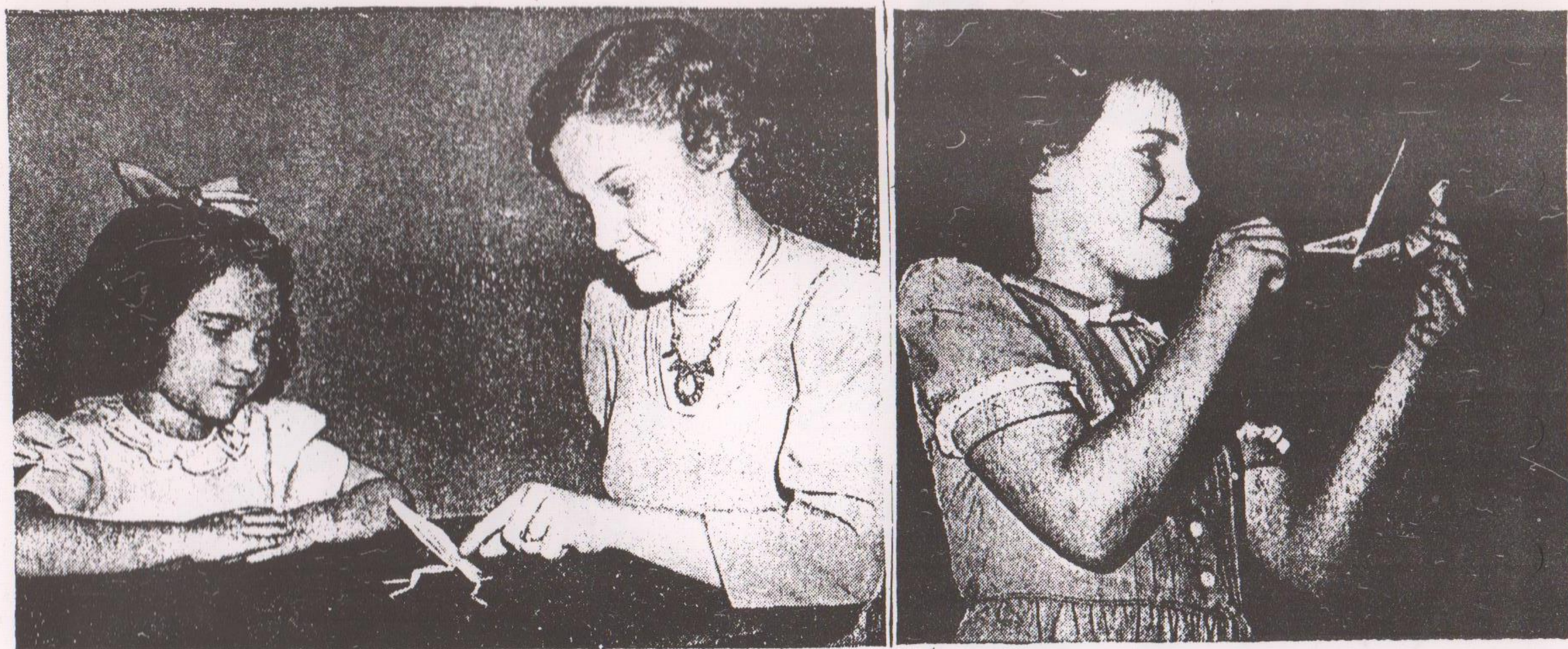


OUTSIDE
IN THE
CORRIDOR

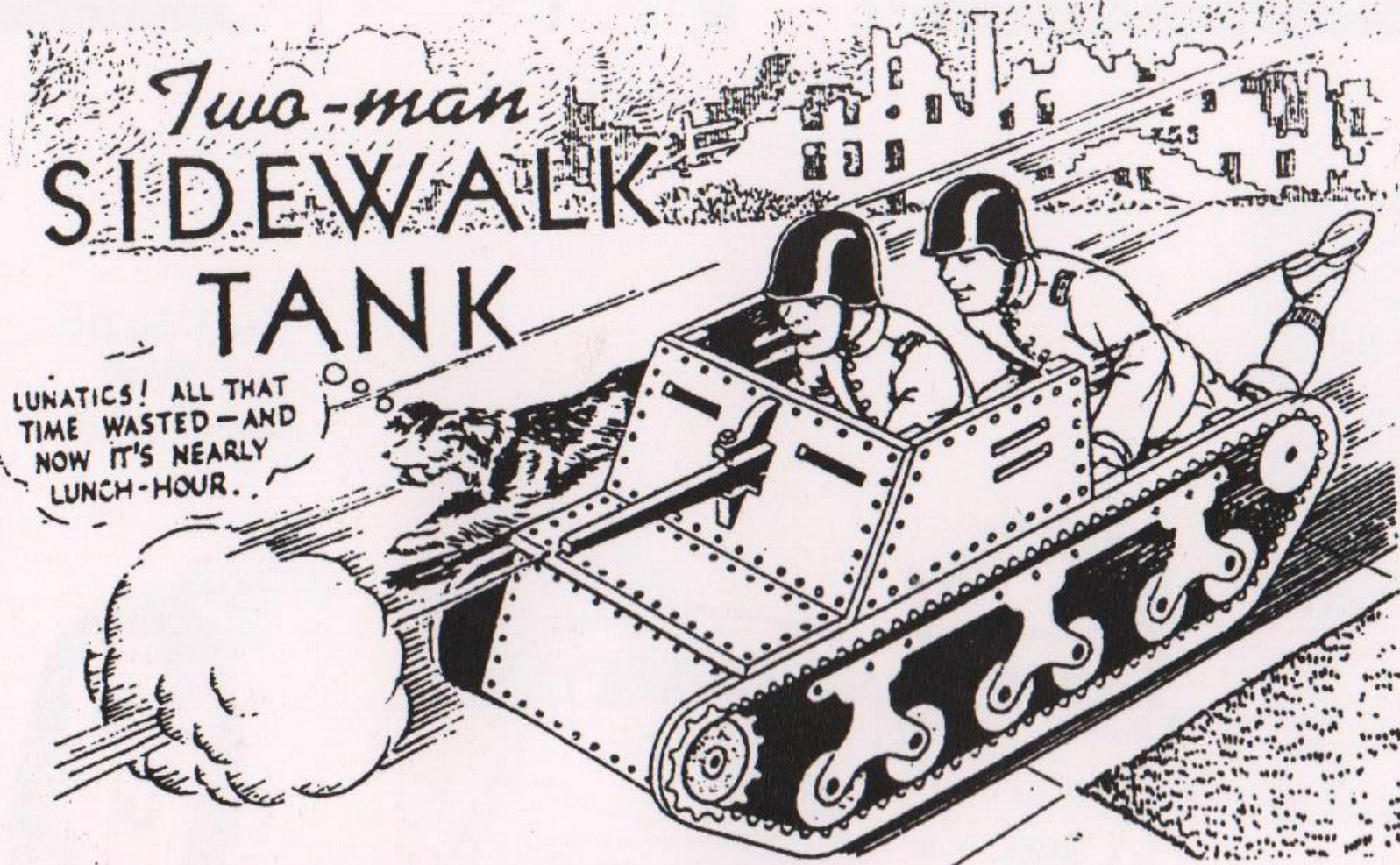
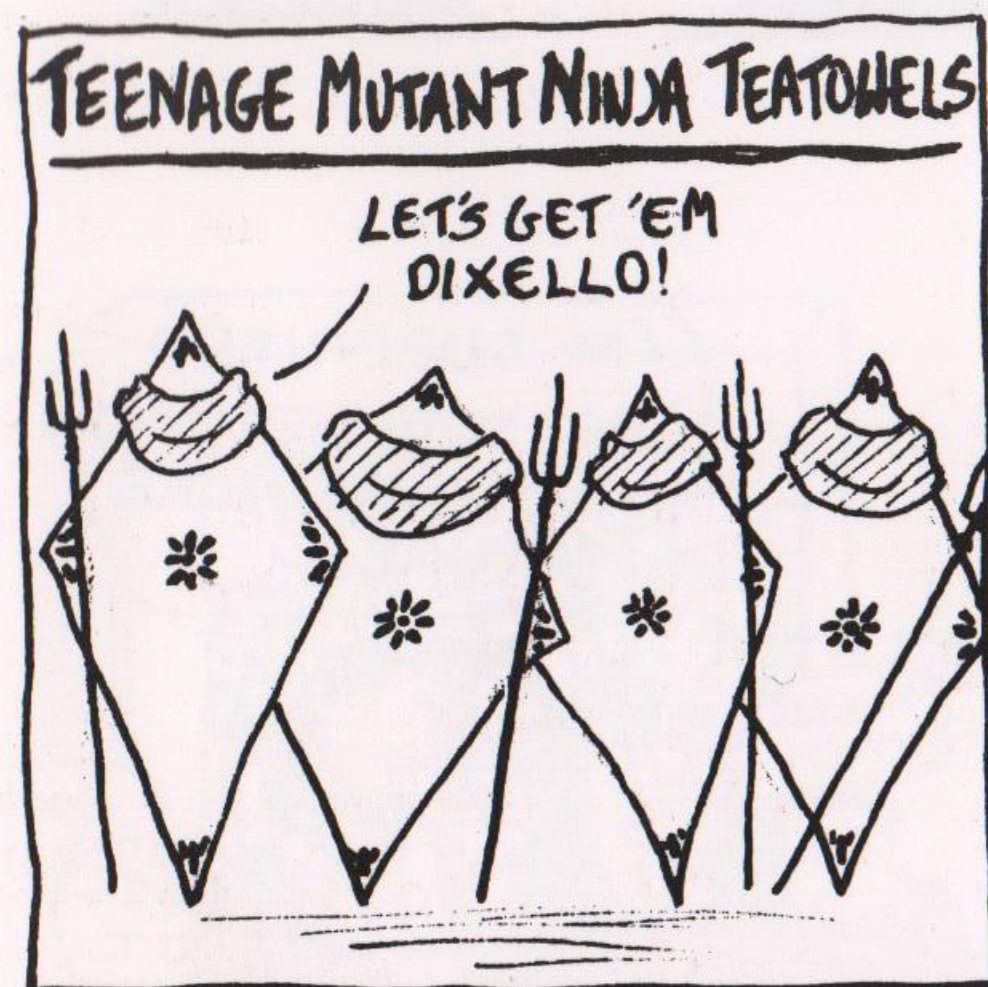
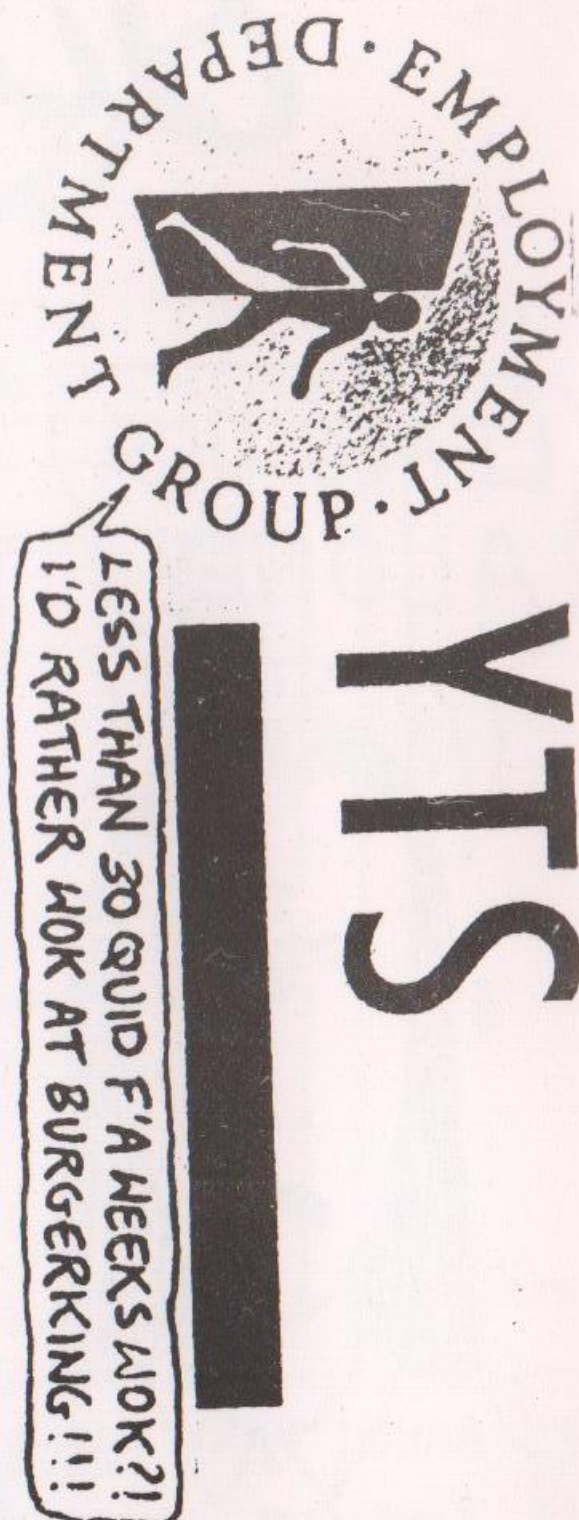


BACK IN THE CLASSROOM....





Say goodbye to your daddy, dear. Heh, heh.
He's going home to his planet now.



ARE YOU A "MODERN KIND OF A GUY" WHO CONSIDERS HIMSELF "SUSSSED" WHEN IT COMES TO WOMEN (NO PAGE 3 PASSIVE FOR YOU), WHILST STILL BEING, OF COURSE, A "RED BLOODED" MALE?

WELL, WITH THE AID OF THE RESULTS FROM OUR SPECIALIST MARKET RESEARCH (IN WHICH YOU GUYS O.K. 'D A HARD-DRINKING, TOUGH-TALKING, VIOLENT "KIND OF A FEMALE", AS LONG AS SHE WAS STILL A REAL TURN-ON), SOME YOUNG, HTP GRAPHIC ARTISTS HAVE COME UP WITH THE PERFECT MALE FANTASY CHARACTER FOR THE "OF COURSE I'M INTO WOMEN'S LIB" MAN OF TODAY. DESIGNED BY WANKERS, FOR WANKERS. SHE'S WANK GIRL!



SHE'S TOUGH! SHE'S MEAN! BUT SHE SURE IS PRETTY! SEE THIS BEAUTIFUL, BAD BABE IN THOSE BIG, BLACK, BIKER BOOTS. SEE THIS KNIFE-WIELDING, GUN-TOTING, SEXY WOMAN TUSSELE IN THOSE TINY TIGHT TOPS.

WANK GIRL. THE MODERN COMICS' ANSWER TO "JANE" OF 'THE DAILY MIRROR'.

SNOW WHITE AND THE LONE RANGER - A Fairy Tale

So those ditry dwarves had left her locked in the smelly cottage, telling her that if all the work was not done by the time they returned from the puffball match in the forest, she was in big trouble. She'd learn something not many people know about dwarves, they threatened, clutching at themselves obscenely and drooling into their griny beards. This was sexual harrassment. She'd read about it but she never thought it could happen to her, Snow White the Beautiful. That was something they didn't put in the fairy tales.

They'd seemed so friendly when she'd first met them. They'd told her they were a workers' co-operative engaged in important ecological work in the forest, and, since she was tired of her life of launching ships, and dieting, and had no intention of ever marrying the tedious prince her parents had lined up for her, she had been glad to join them. At last, she'd thought, a chance to do something worthwhile. What a cluck she'd been! She saw her mistake too late. She was their prisoner. Their captive housewife. It was more than she could bear. They complained all the time about the mess. That's what they called the food she prepared for them. They had said that the cooking was to be done on a strict rota basis but once they had her installed in the kitchen, they'd taken a 'democratic decision' that it was 'woman's work.' And what's more, their constant whistling was driving her mad. All seven of them were tone deaf. Out of her mind with anger and despair she picked up the bar of evil smelling soap and began to eat it. She knew it would make her ill but she couldn't stop herself. Maybe, just maybe, she'd become so ill she'd require medical treatment, and then she would seize her opportunity to escape. Perhaps she had not lost all her raisins after all.

Just then she heard a voice outside. It was humming a tune familiar from somewhere. Yes, it was that dreary C & W number popular with the palace kitchen staff. 'Stand by your Man.' She gagged, not because her mouth was full of soap, but because she hated that song even more than the dwarves whistling. Forgetting her miserable plight, she grabbed a pail of dirty water, and headed for the small window, which the dwarves kept barred, they said, "to protect you from the wicked stepmother." They must have meant their stepmother, because she didn't have one, or maybe it was another of their fabrications.



She was about to hoist the bucket out of the window, when a hearty cackle stopped her in her tracks. Peeping through the bars, she spied a grinning woman carrying a basket of rosy red apples. Her mouth filled with saliva. It had been so long since she had bitten into a rosy red apple. She put down the pail, and sticking an arm out between the bars, called out to the stranger, "Are you the Wicked Stepmother, and will you give me one of your shiny red apples?" The woman looked at her levelly and grinned some more. "Some call me that, it's true, but I don't myself subscribe to that

worldview," she chuckled. "Huh? Who are you then?" quizzed Snow White, un-princesslike. "I'm the Lone Ranger," came the reply. "Oh," said Snow White, thinking the woman must be high on some hallucinogenic lichen of bark; but not wishing to loose her company so soon, she added, "The Lone Ranger I know comes with a mask and a horse, and a friend derisively named Tonto. I take it your not him." "That's right Snow White. I'm the one with the apples. No horse. No Tonto. Just apples. I do own a mask but I don't wear it on account of I can't abide tight elastic, especially round my head. It restricts

the flow of blood to the brain and makes me have odd constricted thoughts..." "Can I have an apple then?" interrupted Snow White rudely. She was not interested in the properties of elastic at the moment. "It depends what you want it for," came the reply. "Shit!" thought Snow White, who was not in the mood for a moral/philosophical discussion on the uses of apples. "You see," continued the stranger, "these are not ordinary apples." 'Cripes and herpes', thought the contemptuous convict, 'all I need is a woman who thinks she has magic apples!' "These here are poison apples."

Of all the apple sellers in in all the forests, in all the world,' thought the pessimistic princess, 'I have to get the one with the poison apples!' "Forget it then," muttered Snow White, "I was hungry, that's all." "Sorry, I can't help you then. These apples are for the Poisonous only or, as I like to call them, 'Gods Little Mistakes', though Psychotic Dwarves would be a more accurate description of my clientele. Ping! The ex Disney starlets mind, dulled by over exposure to household cleaning fluids, began to stir. Soon she was pouring out her tacky tale to the squirrels and the voles, and the little foxes, who had gathered round the cottage, hoping for their big break in the movies. The Lone Ranger had wandered off and was picking berries nearby. "Hey!" yelled surly Snow White, "Are you listening to me?" "Whoa, it's not that I aren't listening. It's just that I've heard it so many times before, confided the other woman. "Silly young women are always being lured into a life of terminal drudgery by stunted men with no dress sense and fewer principles. They say there's a fucker born every minute - no wait - there's a Sucker born every minute, and for every sucker there's a fucker, and for every fucker there's a big slice of APPLE PIE. POISON APPLE PIE." Some time later that day, the hideous little men returned home and sat down to their tea. The last meal they ever ate. Snow White dyed her hair and changed her name, and moved in with a family of bears for a while, but that didn't work out. They were into a strict gender role playing, so she left there and moved to Nottingham, where she now lives under an assumed moustache with her pet squirrel, Jay Silverheels.

WAR OF THE WORLDS - PART 6

CARTOONIST NOW AVAILABLE FOR OTHER WORK **SHOCK!!**

THE ALIENS HAVE DECIDED TO **LEAVE EARTH!**

BUT WHY ARE YOU LEAVING!

WE COULD TAKE NO MORE OF YOU... HUMANS!!
YOU DESTROY YOUR NATURAL RESOURCES...
YOU KILL ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING WITHOUT THOUGHT OR FEELING!

YOU DESTROY EACH OTHER AS PEOPLE AND AS NATIONS... BECAUSE OF IGNORANCE, HATRED, BELIEFS OR SELFISHNESS...

WHEN A PEOPLE CAN ACTUALLY DISCUSS, IN ALL SERIOUSNESS, THE DESTRUCTION OF THEIR OWN PLANET, AND EACH OTHER - AND YET DO NOTHING TO PREVENT IT, THEN IT HAS GONE TOO FAR...

THERE IS ONLY ONE SOLUTION TO THIS PROBLEM ON THIS PLANET...

END OF PROBLEM!

THE END!

PISS-HEAD PUNKS.

Piss-head Punks permanently pissed, pouting, prancing, plastic, prats, pulling, pushing, punching, puking, parasites, parrots, puppets, pawns, pointless pastimes pervade, preventing positive progress, partisan politics, people power? Punk proclaimed, provoked, plotted, protested, pathetic press poison, police patrols, pampered politicians, phoney pop parades, potentially paralysed, pity piss-head Punks preferred :- poncing, pints, posing, PISS-HEAD PUNKS PISS-OFF!!!

oi FALL OVER NOT OUT

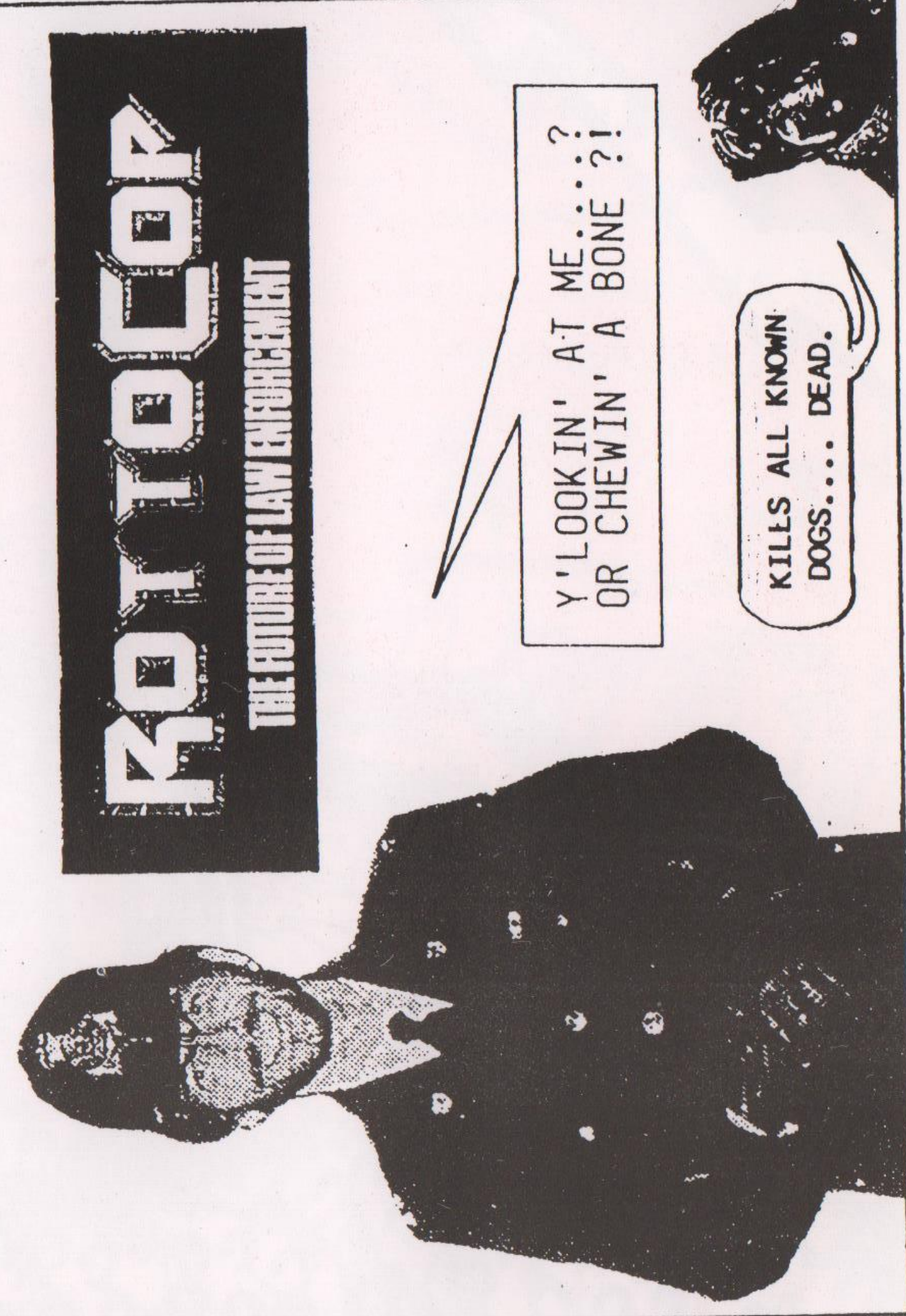


ET EMPLOYMENT TRAINING AGENCY

BOGGA THIS AN' ALL! GYROCITY F' ME!

PATIENTS should pay for food in hospital. I enjoyed three good meals a day when I was a patient and would willingly have paid for them. - Mrs E. Ketchion, Eekington, Yorks.

FOR years, we've had nothing but hot air over football yobs. The only answer is to flog the rats in public. That would end this perennial menace. - Albert Morrish, Chelmsford, Essex.



The anger at The Poll Tax is not exclusive to Labour voters or 'lefties' (like us!). When I heard the bloke painting our house say, 'I used to think she was alright you know, but I can't stand 'er now, she's gone too far with this poll tax...'. I recognised an expression that seems to be very common amongst (Ex) Tory voters. He went on to add 'I 'ant paid mine, you know' and if statistics are anything to go by, he's not alone.

In Cambridge, for example, 40% haven't paid their first two instalments. In Bath that figure is 43%, and in Birmingham it's 50%. All had predicted lower non-payment levels. Nottingham had predicted a figure of 22% (44,000 people), but if the national trend is repeated, then this will be much higher. Translated across the country, we're talking millions of people. It is true that for The Poll Tax to really be defeated, it's necessary for the workers who process it to take industrial action, and basically refuse to co-operate with it. That said, however, it can only be positive that as far as non-payment is concerned, a lot of people are getting organized.

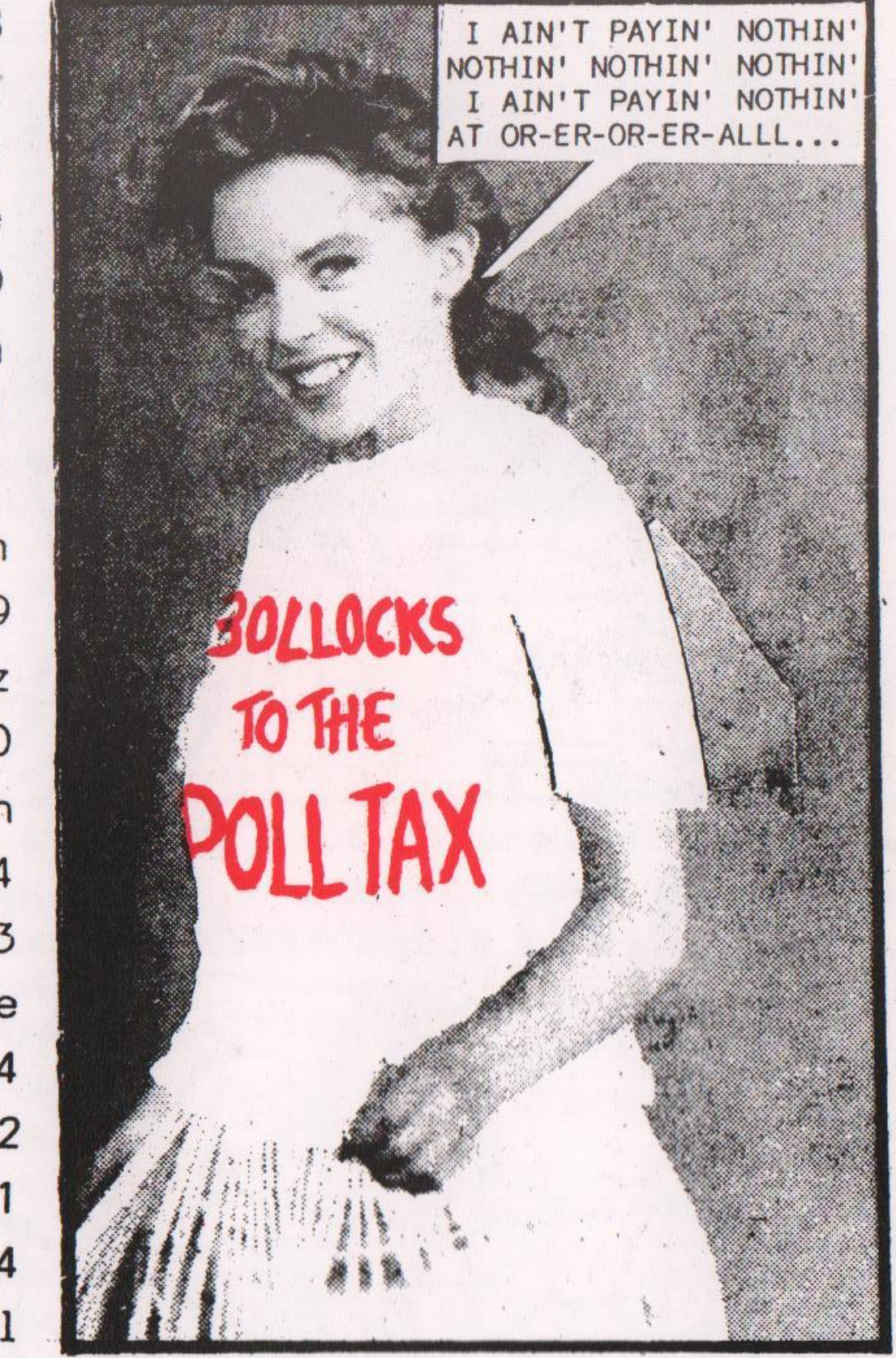
Throughout Britain 1,000's and 1000's have been setting up Anti-Poll Tax groups. The Nottinghamshire Anti-Poll Tax Federation alone comprises 30 neighbourhood groups, with 12,000 plus members.

If you're interested, and you should be, the info's on the right.

If you wanna find out more - contact your local Anti-Poll Tax Union...

ANNESLEY: Dave Bird: 0602 759305
ARNOLD: Bill Wells: 0602 202521
ASPLEY: Kevin Slattery: 0602 294188
BASEFORD: Steve Addison: Jean Thorpe 0602 607498
BEESTON: Mark Ramsey 0602 227892
BESTWOOD: Nicky / Andrew 0602 604327
BILBOROUGH: M. Goldborough 0602 290318
BROXTOWE: Margaret Dexter 0602 297425
BULWELL AND DISTRICT: Louise Louise Belfield 0602 755210
CENTRAL: Matt Henn / Jan Kitchen 0602 582331
CLIFTON: Cathy Wood 0602 846730
FOREST TOWN / CLIPSTONE: Jean Lankham 0623 659139
FOREST FIELDS / HYSOON GREEN: Jaz Singh 0602 700230
GEDLING / CARLTON: Bill Buchanan 0602 612954
HUCKNALL: Simon Harris 0602 640433
LADYBROOK (MANSFIELD): John Hoare 0623 650814
LENTON AND DUNKIRK: Stuart 0602 703549 Andy 414201 Claire 423371 Andy 505844
MANSFIELD AND ASHFIELD: Paul Eccles 0623 654994

MEADOWS: Paul Shawcroft 0602 863727
RADFORD: Mike Craven 0602 780557
SHERWOOD: Martin Walker 0602 624827
SNAPEWOOD: Dot Twells 0602 760196
SNEINTON: Carol Shelton / Bill Walton 0602 584989
ST ANNS: Frank McClosky 0602 582059
WEST BRIDGFORD: Frank Whitton 0602 814827



LIFESTYLE

LAST ISSUE SAW OUR HEROES ABOUT TO EXECUTE THE LAST WORD IN ANTI-POLL TAX PROTESTS, BUT...



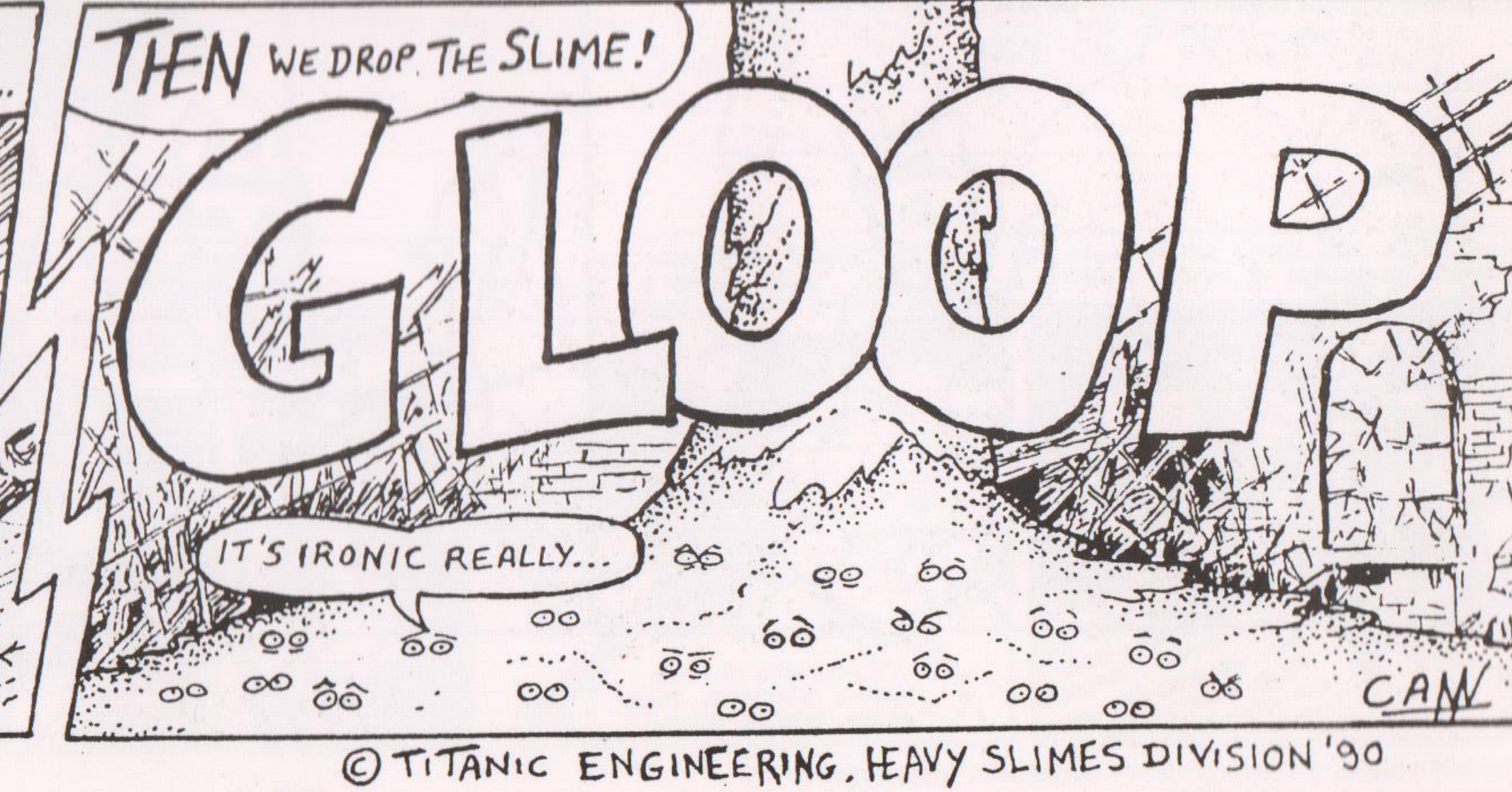
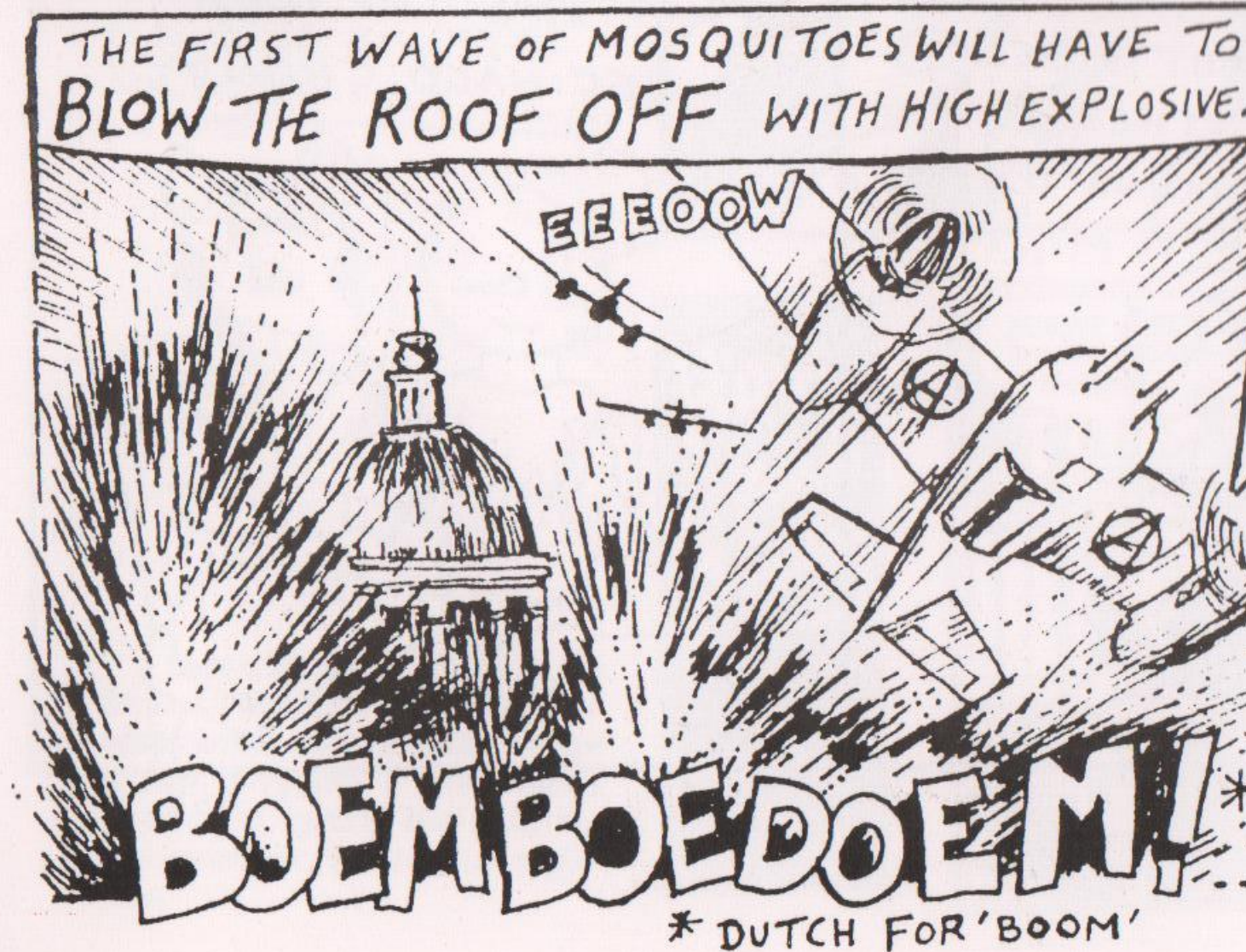
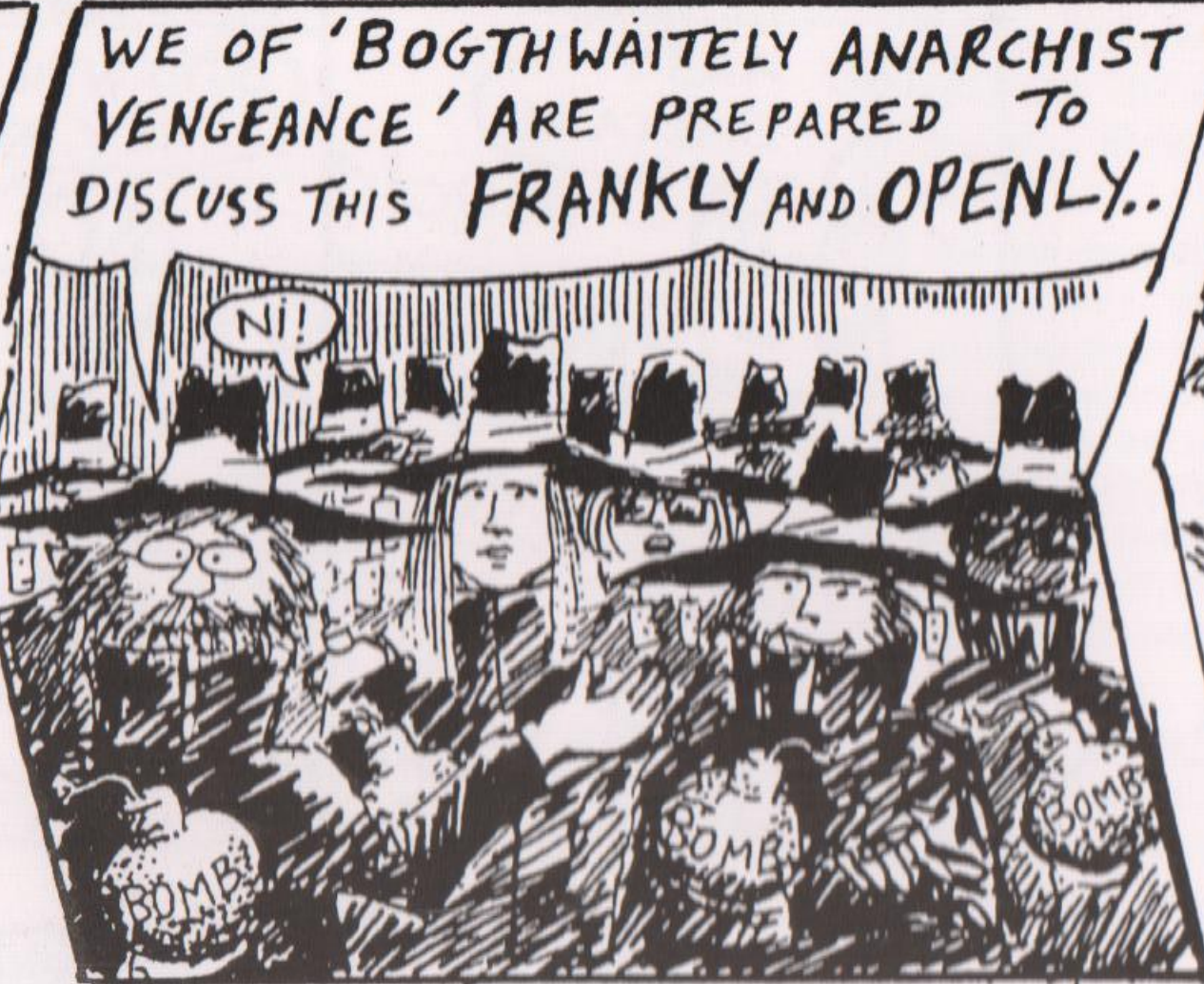
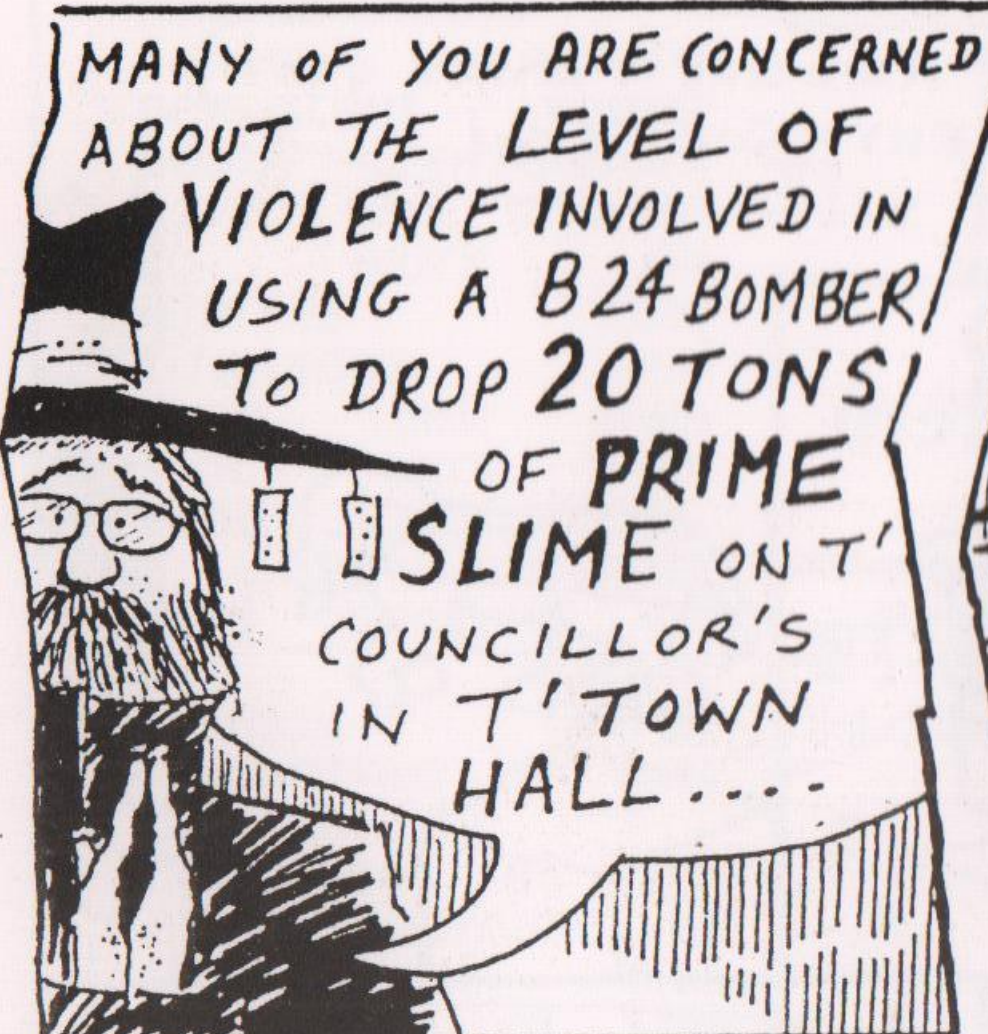
Why Are We 'Giving Away' Our Internationally Advertised

Crawling Clarissa



Crawling baby dolls, we believe, will be this year's hottest new toys - and some cost a small fortune! But we're 'giving away' our hot-selling internationally advertised Crawling Clarissa™ Baby Dolls - not for a small fortune - but for the incredible price of only £5 - guaranteed - to all who respond before August 4th 1990. Dolls are over 8 1/2" tall and come adorably "nappied". They're so cute and cuddly with rosy cheeks, chubby little fingers and toes, and soft curly hair you can actually run your fingers through! And they really do wriggle and crawl - just like real babies!

WHY??
Cos they're so frigging hideous, that's why!



TILLY
JUMP-ERS
ADDICKS

REGINALD GRUNDY, BORN ON MUNDY

JOE! TOBY! SKY!
YOUR VEGGI-BURGERS ARE RIDDY!

STRENGTH KIRRY! I COULD FRIGGIN' MURDER A BIG MEC - THE TELLY ADS REALLY GIT ME SALIVA DRIPPIN'

THAT'S TIBBICAL JOE - YOU'RE BEING BRIAN-WASHED BY THE BOX

YOU GOTTA ADMIT KIRRY - THERE'S SOME BONZA PROGS - "BEASTIE AND THE BEAUT", "CREEKSID", "COLONIAL STREET"

IT'S ALL SEPTIC*N' POMMIE PROGS - A LOAD OF GARBO

* SEPTIC TANK = YANK

YOU COULD DO SOMETHING BITTER - LIKE JUMPIN' INTO BID WITH ME FER EXAMPLE

AW DARL, I'M SHAGGED OUT TRYIN' TER MAKE A DECENT SCREW FROM WORK. A BLOKE NEEDS RELAXATION

IT'S HAVIN' A BAD EFFECT ON SKY - SHE LOOKS MORE LIKE A SETTALITE DISH IVERY DAY

YEUK! VEGGIE CRUD!

YOU CANT STOP ME WATCHIN' THE TENNIS, CRICKET AND FOOTIE

O.K. O.K. - NO WUCKIN FURRIES

YOU WOWER

OH YISS I CAN - EITHER YOU WATCH LISS TILLY OR I FIND MESELF ANOTHER SPUNK BANDIT

So JOE DOES BITTER THINGS - LIKE JUMPIN' INTER BID WITH KIRRY.... UNTIL HE GITTS A CRAVING FER THE TILLY AGIN.....

WIMBLEDON

C'MON BORIS!

TIST METCH

YOU ARSY BASTARD

MILBOURNE CUP

STRENGTH! RAN LIKE A HAIRY GOAT HEY KIRRY - COP THIS!

WHAT'S WRONG DARL?

YOU BIG GALAH - I WARNED YER

BONZA TRICK, KIRRY - NOW PUT IT BECK TERGITHER - "HUMANS" IS ON IN A MINIT

...THAT WAS THE IND OF REGINALD GRUNDY

POLICE crime rose by almost twice the national average in Notts in the first three months of the year.

The increase is worrying for new Chief Constable Dan Danish above, who predicts that if the trend continues, the total police crime figure for the year will pass the 120,000 mark.

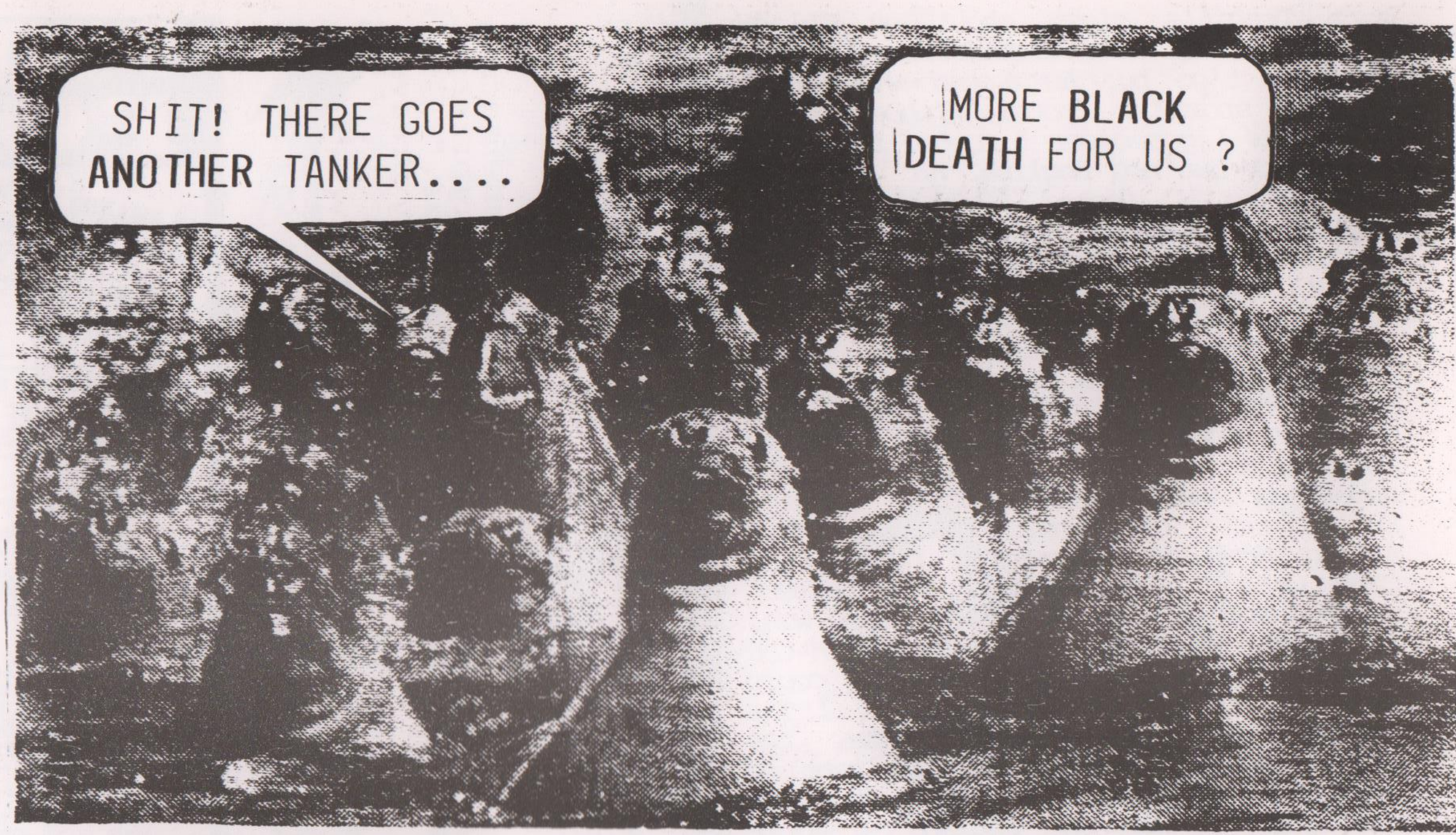
The Notts statistics show big rises in police burglary, theft, and vandalism, with police car crime figures worst of all, at 46 % up on last year.

Mr. Danish has already launched a number of new initiatives to tackle police crime, including rehabilitation centre where persistent young bobby offenders have the chance to work on Sierras and Granadas, and race their own stock cars with really loud sirens. The Chief Constable told members of the county council police committee he was particularly concerned at the crime increase in light of the popularity of the recently formed 'Noble-a-Copper' Scheme.

However, crimes of police assault rose by 108 % in Notts, while the rest of the country only by 105 %.

There were no figures available for stitching up Irishmen.

A man who sleeps rough in the Strand, who gave his name as Mick Smith, 32, told police he saw a man dropping a McDonald's hamburger carrier bag into the bin moments before the explosion.



The Electric Mouse Chair

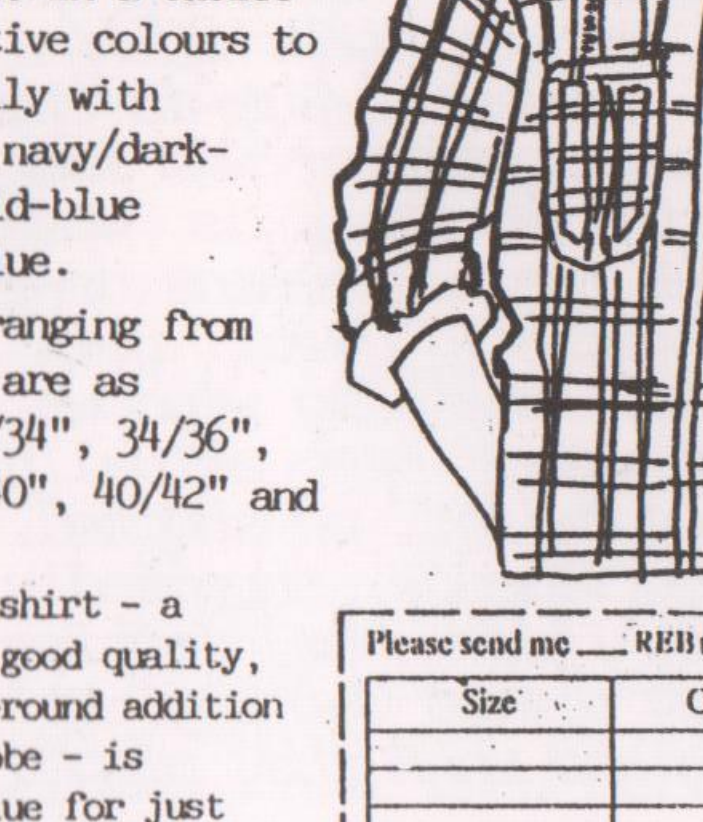
GREAT CHILDHOOD INSTITUTIONS OF OUR TIME
No. 1 'THE CUSS'

?!6!!☆!!

YEAH! BUT AT LEAST MY MUM DON'T SMELL!

THE CARTOONS INCLUDED ALSO

A Reb Keen Style Shirt for £14.95



These classic Reb Keen style shirts, designed and made in Australia, are suitable for both men and women.

Comfortable and easy-to-wear in 100% cotton, with stiff collars and 'plastic comb' pockets, these tartan shirts will keep their shape wash after wash. They are available in a choice of 5 attractive colours to tone virtually with everything: navy/dark-blue/blue/mid-blue/lightish-blue.

The sizes, ranging from 32" to 44", are as follows: 32/34", 34/36", 36/38", 38/40", 40/42" and 42/44".

The Reb Keen shirt - a fashionable, good quality, all-the-year-round addition to any wardrobe - is excellent value for just £14.95 inclusive of delivery. Return within 7 days for refund if not completely satisfied.

You'll be the envy of friends when you utter the immortal words:
"Ya don't scare me Ferguson!"

Free pair of socks, to tuck your trousers into, with orders over five!

READER
OFFER

Please send me ☒ REB KEEN-Shirt(s) as indicated below:

Size	Colour	Quantity	Price
Total £			

I enclose my cheque (address on back) made payable to: THE C.I.A. REB KEEN SHIRT OFFER, or please debit my Access/Visa account with the sum of £ _____
My card number is:

IC

Please use block capitals. Expiry date:

Name:

Address:

Postcode:

Signature:

Orders to: THE C.I.A. REB KEEN SHIRT OFFER,
P.O. BOX 11, Reg Grundy Street,
Nottingham. NG1 1HH.

Home and Away

BY
Conrad Frost
&
John Stokes

FLOOR SETTLED DOWN OKAY, DOBBY?

SHE NEEDED SLEEP, SO SORT OF. WHAT SHE REALLY NEEDS IS A NEW, PERMANENT MOTHER, PIPPA.

YOU KNOW THAT. I KNOW THAT. GUS KNOWS THAT...

BUT IN HIS HOTEL ROOM GUS IS READING A LETTER FROM A MARRIAGE BUREAU.

SHE ASKS BRIDGE HOW I WOULD BE INVOLVED IN THIS MARRIAGE. YOU'RE MARRIED ALREADY. YOU'RE AN INDEPENDENT MEANS WOMAN. YOU DON'T NEED A MARRIAGE

Butterfly Brandmark — Australian Television Network

Norm Tebbit's right about us 'black Brits' an' our devoted loyalties' if I'm anything t'go by. As a kid whenever I watched sport I rooted f'whoever was black. As I got older I rooted f'whoever was black but not English. An' as I got even older I rooted f'whoever wasn't English or American, no matter what their colour. Finally I got wise and sussed competitive sport was no good. "Sport's borin'." Well, it is though, innit.

Then came The World Cup. I vowed t'ignore it, an' did, until I happened to notice the Sunday after it began that Cameroon had beat Argentina. Well that is interestin'! So I followed all the underdogs (whilst of course wishin' England out), until only Cams were left. An' it came to the quarter finals, an' Cams were t'play England. The perfect match! Not only could Cams (if they won) go further than any African nation in the history of The World Cup, but they could kick out England whilst doin' it! The match f'me was symbolic. Cams, the victims of colonialism an' the rape of Africa, Vs England, the Empire Bastards basically. If Cams beat England, it would be perfect. But, alas, it wasn't t'be. England got lucky. But, I did get t'celebrate the following Wednesday. "They gave a 100%. They deserved to win. They took the game to the Germans."But they still GOT LICKED! ACE!

I was in town the night England got chucked out. Whilst waiting f'me bus I heard the first 'match report' courtesy of a group of lads: "COCK SUCKIN' GERMAN NAZI BASTARDS!" I was thankful Eng-ger-land hadn't played Cams that night. No doubt it would've been "COCK SUCKIN' NIGGER BASTARDS!" an' I would've got me 'ead kicked in f'bein' "a black in the wrong place at the wrong time."

An' that night 'our lads' went on the rampage. Attacking, amongst other things, German, yes German, students. But as the news reports went, any foreigner was fair game. What a suprise! This is what International English football means now: Pissed, violent, racist louts goin' berserk (win or lose), smashing windows, cars an' people. Someone was actually murdered. So, I was suprised, no shocked, t'discover some of my friends, supposedly 'right on' friends as I saw them, rooting for England when they played Germany. An' even rooting for England when they played Cams.

Rooting f'England is patriotism, which is only (especially in England's case) a step away from jingoism. Bein' a 'victim' of 'World Cup Fever' an' gettin' sucked in (when y'normally wunt) plays a part in the jingoism. Only a small part, but it's still a part. I didn't get sucked in. I've got my colour t'thank f'that. I can never ever root for a country that generally tells me t'"FUCK OFF!" So I was never gonaa be a victim of 'England's World Cup Successes.'

International football does bring out the worst in people. Some more than others eh? So, if y'got all moral about the 'outrageous' violence the followin' day, just check who y'were CHERIN' ON the night before will ya. After all, you knew what English football meant, before the game even began. Dint ya....

WHAT has im-pressed me about this World Cup is the beautiful shirts the footballers wear - especially the goalies. - Anne Small, London.

Nuphin T'Say?



WOT? ME RACIST ???! Things that were said during The World Cup

"They've got the jungle drums out...."

An ITV commentator, on the musical enthusiasm of the Cameroon supporters.

"They've got some hoodoo voodoo goin' on there."

on Costa Rica's successes.

"....Well at least they can sign their names...."

An ITV commentator, after spotting a Cameroon supporter's shirt was signed by the squad.

FOOTIE NEWS: Jimmy Greaves, TV's very own 'barstool philosopher', was found dead, slumped over an assorted pile of those inanely-sloganed t-shirts he sported during The World Cup. Pinned to his 'tache was a note from STOMP (Society for the Termination of Obnoxious Media Persons), which read: 'What can we say? We got a result....he's dead.'

DAVID PLATT THINKS I'M A PRAT

KEYNOTE TO BEAUTY

Music has charms. Beauty of figure line is music, too: the rhythm of lovely rolls and attractive drawers created by Spirella fashion foundations is harmony to the woman who loves to look — and feel — screwed to the aches. Every Spirella is made-to-measure between successive strips. Providing rubber has been stretched sufficiently before nailing down the second side no sagging takes place.

Spirella FASHION FOUNDATIONS...

...ordered through the trained Spirella Corsetiere in your district — see telephone directory — and made individually by corsetry specialists in the Spirella factories to your own measurements and delivered to you.



THE SPIRELLA COMPANY OF GT. BRITAIN LIMITED · LETCHWORTH · HERTS.

MOBILE POSERS

AN AMAZING OFFER OF MOTOR POSER PHONES AVAILABLE FOR LEASE HIRE.

MOTOR POSER CARPHONE 449P PER DAY CHARGED MONTHLY

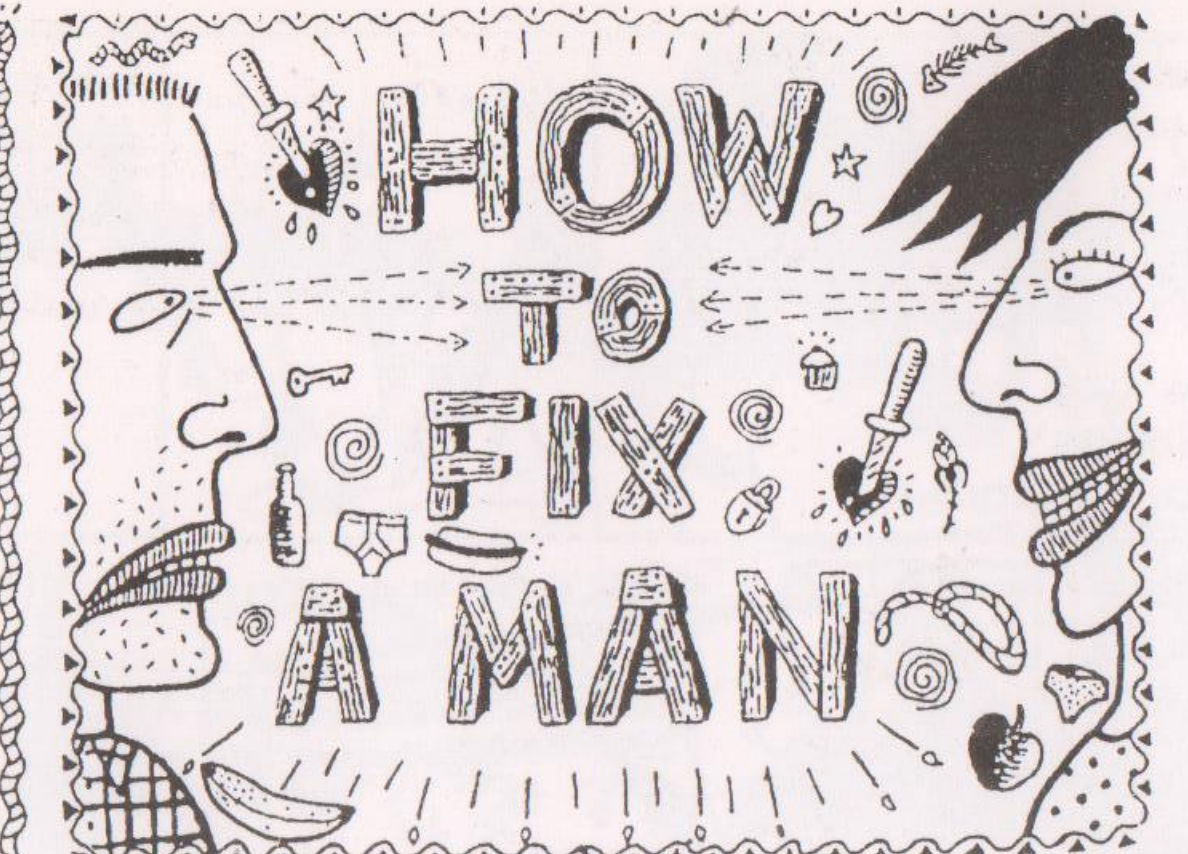
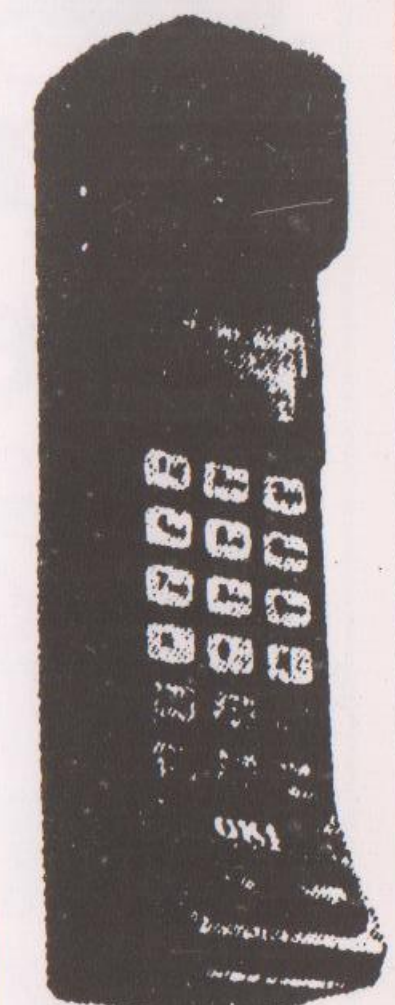
MOTOR POSER HAND HELD 559P PER DAY CHARGED MONTHLY

MOTOR POSER PORTABLE 779P PER DAY CHARGED MONTHLY

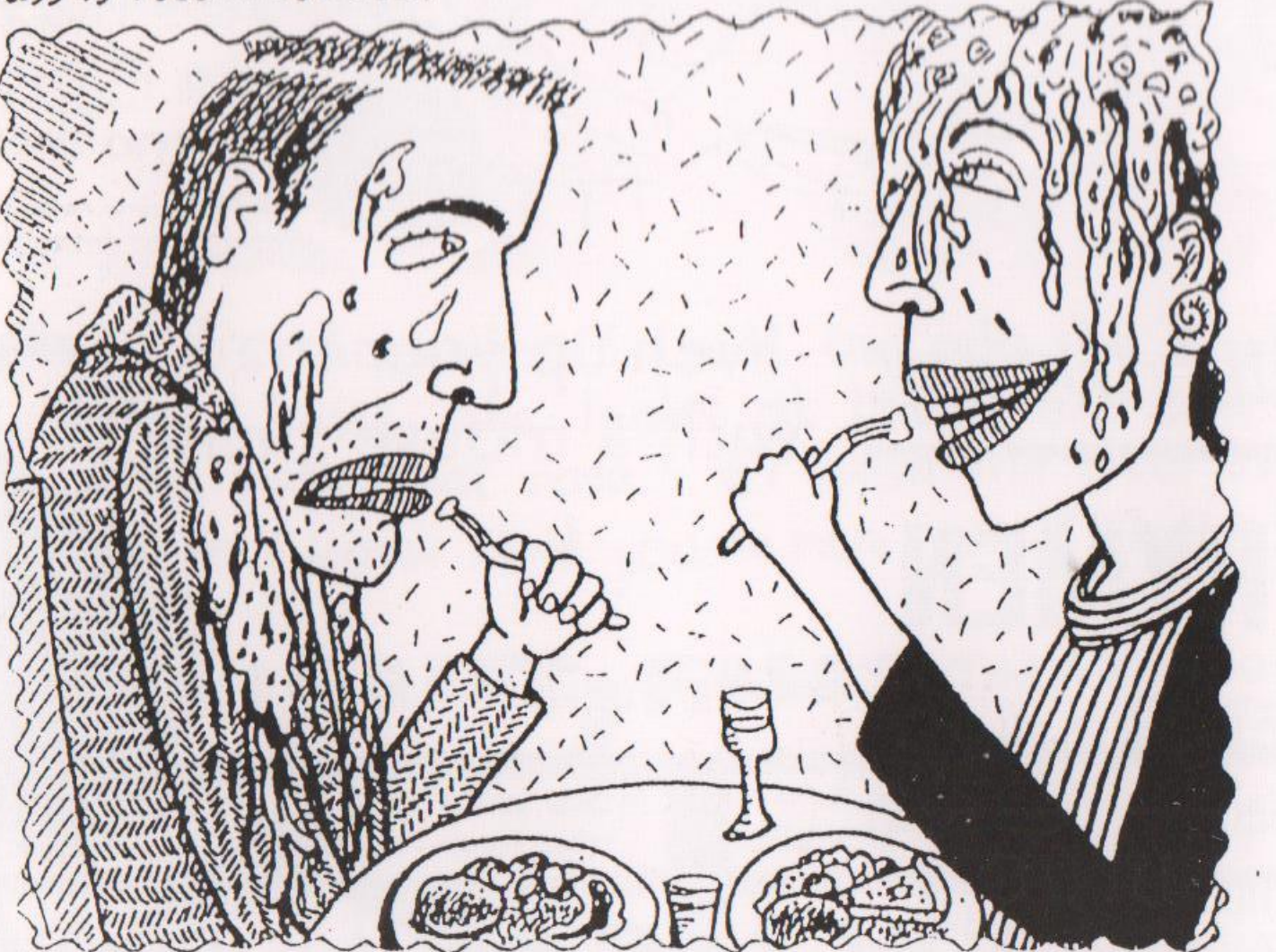
OUR PHONES ARE EXTRA LARGE. SO NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE PEOPLE WILL KNOW YOU'VE GOT A MOBILE PHONE. OUR PHONES HAVE A SPECIAL COLLAR CLIP. SO IT'LL BE EASIER FOR YOU TO DRIVE ROUND TOWN WITH IT TO YOUR EAR. OUR CAR PHONES HAVE AN EXTRA LONG LEAD. SO YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SIT ON YOUR BONNET WHILST USING YOUR PHONE SHACK IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN.

DISCOUNTS FOR FLEET USERS

This is a unique and genuine offer and we have to operate on a first come first served basis. All prices exclude VAT



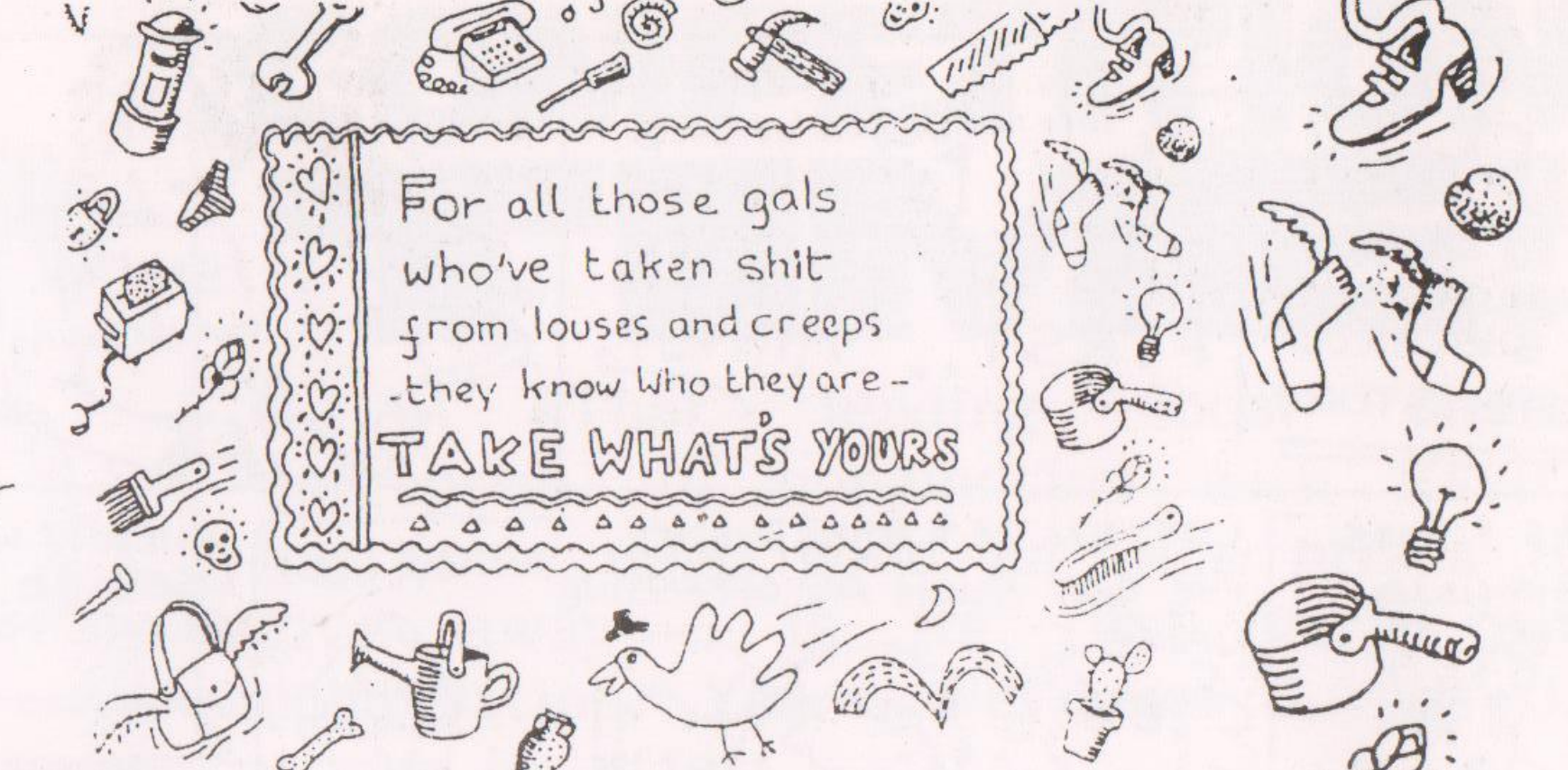
1. The first thing one should remember is that men like to tell us women their little problems—women are such good LISTENERS, right? WRONG. We were such good listeners but not any more. NO educate him. Teach him that a problem shared with you is a JOKE. Laugh hysterically when he tells you how his ex did not understand him/stole his credit card/told him that he had never satisfied her. If he starts to sob, put on a record. Loud. Tijuana Brass is recommended.



3. Accompany him to smart restaurants wearing a partially thawed frozen dinner on your head. Be sure to smear quantities of your 'hat' over his best jacket and the dash, seats and floor of his car if he has one.



5. If he tells you he would really like to wake up next to you in the morning, CHOKe or VOMIT—whichever comes most naturally to you—and inform him that you'd rather wake up at the bottom of a SUMP with a fractured skull and two broken legs with only WATER VOLES for company than find yourself sharing a duvet with him.



2. When he turns up at your house hoping to go out for the evening tell him politely but firmly to FUCK OFF, or, if you must, agree to go out with him and spend the entire evening talking about genital-urinary infections with a woman friend in a very loud voice.



4. Start wearing lots of makeup which you have applied blindfold wearing a pair of thick woolen socks on your hands. (The socks double up as ear plugs should he be foolish enough to try and start a conversation)



6. If, after an evening of public humiliation he is still inclined to want to stay the night, call him about your recently deceased pet turtle being careful to imply that the sight of his member would only remind you of your dead friend and make you upset. Suggest instead that you show slides of the lost loved one in happier days or, if no photos of dead pets are available, that you sing or whistle (whichever you do most tirelessly) selections from recent hit musicals. Tell him to take out the trash as he leaves.

