Jagger & Bowie pin-up

WITH NEW 'TWO WAY' LEMON FRESHNESS

CHECKED: FUNNY

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS
EVERY TWO MONTHLY
SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE • SEE PAGE 27

INSIDE...

BEATLES RE-FORM
-NEW LP PLANNED

HELLRAISER!
'THAT'S ME' SAYS OLIVER REID

MYSTERY DEATH & ROMANCE

RETURN OF THE BOTTOM INSPECTORS
BARE YOUR BOTTOMS!
PLUS LOTS MORE
OH CRUMBS!

TERROR ON PAGE 26!

The Hand from Outer Space

IN LOVING MEMORY

Free inside: 4page MAD DOCTOR pull out
The Trent House
loves
YOU
and all the staff are just aching to
sleep with you.

The Trent House
Leazes Lane
Newcastle

But what about beer? I want Lager, Becks,
McEwan's and Carlsberg HOF. I want Guinness,
No3 and Eighty B&b, Cask Exhibition and
Scotch Bitter. I want Red Stripe, San Miguel,
Export and Tiger Beer. I want scrumpy. I want
Strongbow and I want Michelob and Schlitz!

They've got it all! Plus Hot Food, Bar
Snacks and Wild Decor!

Plus the best Jukebox in the world!

Let me take you to the Trent House!

Oh... say it again, Steve, and again.

SAY, ISN'T THAT THE BAR
 THAT BROUGHT US (IN
 CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER)
 THE BECKS ALL-DAYER,
 REGGAE SPECTACULAR I,
 THE BEACH PARTY,
 REGGAE SPECTACULAR II,
 THE SPOOKY ALL-NIGHT
 MYSTERY TOUR AND
 THE WHISKY WHOPPERAMA?!

REPEAT:
The BEST
jukebox ever
in the world.

COMING SOON:
CUPS OF COFFEE
AKIN TO ORGASM

We'd better get moving
if we're going to
catch last orders
at the Trent House!

But darling, the Trent House
is 375 miles away.
Let's just pop in
to our local.

I love the Trent House
and the Trent House loves me:
No number of miles could ever
come between us. I'll see you
around.
Our old washing machine is on the verge of breaking down. Luckily we are planning to buy a new one shortly.

Mrs. I. Carter
Horsham

How I miss charming TV weatherman Jack Scott. My forecasts are always dull and overcast without him.

Mrs. P. Harper
Felixstowe

I still think the Royal Family are marvellous and that they do a wonderful job.

Mrs. L. Hammond
Suffolk

Recently a friend and I decided to visit our local cinema to view a film. Imagine our surprise to find it had been turned into a supermarket 14 years ago.

J.B. Kirkham
Louth, Lincs.

* Write and tell us your crazy cinema story. £5 for the best letter.

Mrs. P. Harper
Felixstowe

Mornings wouldn't be the same without my bacon, eggs and scrumptious TV weatherman Francis Wilson. He could forecast my periods any day.

Mrs. P. Harper
Felixstowe

I dread taking my three-year-old son to the supermarket with me. He thinks he is helping by filling my trolley with everything he can lay his hands on. However, by the time I reach the checkout I am often faced with a bill for over £300.

Mrs. L. Wagstaffe
Rochester

Whenever I tune in I'm always turned on by lively TV weatherman Ian McCasgill. His long-range outlook and warm isobars are just what it takes to pressurise by overcast intervals.

Mrs. P. Harper
Felixstowe

Write to Britain's liveliest letters page at Letterbox, Viz Comic, Viz House, 16 Lily Crescent, Newcastle upon Tyne NE2 2SP. There's a prize for every letter we print, and a fiver for the liveliest letter received.

H. Lofthouse
Somerset

In 1968, Mr. K.M. Muir of Clacton, Essex grew a Strawerry weighing in at 6 oz.

Rhubarb has the lowest calorific value of all fruits, consisting of 94.9% water.

There is a 10% loss of vitamin C in all cooked fruit. Blackcurrants contain a larger amount of vitamin C than lemons.

Strawberries are an expensive fruit. Their price, which depends largely upon the time of year, can be as much as £1 per punnet.

In Britain each person probably eats an average of around 172 oranges a year, a total value of £20.74 if they were 1p each.

Citrus fruits include oranges and lemons whilst apples are a hard fruit. Rhubarb is a different kind of fruit.

There is room for over 500 apples inside a mini car. In fact, there might even be room for 1,000.

If the Prime Minister was to spend her entire salary on fruit, she could probably buy sufficient grapefruit to fill Wembley Stadium.

We have had an amazing response to our terrific Vicar Joke Competition in which we offered £1 to the sender of the funniest Vicar Joke we received. Entries are still flooding in and we have decided to extend the closing date for the competition. All entries should now be received by no later than 1st November 1988.

If you know a funny Vicar Joke, send it on a postcard to: Vicar Joke Competition, Viz Comic, 16 Lily Crescent, Newcastle upon Tyne NE2 2SP. The winner will be announced in our next issue, but to keep you going here are a sample of jokes we have received so far.

What do you call a vicar on a bike? A cyclist.

David Forster, Whickham.
DAWN OF THE BOTTOM INSPECTORS

Ralph Watson was a milkman. He enjoyed his job. This particular day was a summer Saturday, Ralph was collecting his week's takings. It was a very hot day...

Mornin' Mrs. Thompson, lovely day!

Here's the money go away—quickly!

Funny... Mrs. Thompson is usually so nice!

Hmmm... I didn't even get an answer at No. 16, and Toby the dog's nowhere to be seen...

It's very quiet in the street today, no children anywhere. All was not well in Roseberry Gardens.

It must be the heat, still. Only old Mrs. Brown left now.

What a lovely morning Mr. Watson.

Just right for looking at your bottom!

Eeeek!

B-b-but where's Mrs. B-b-b-Brown?

Oh, she is being looked after...

In a bottom correction centre, heh! heh!

Mrs. Brown was old. Her bottom was wrinkled. We had no choice. Now I feel it is examination time again, Mr. Watson!

You have no right!

This just won't do Mr. Watson, you have dampened your underwear with bottom perspiration!

Well, it's the heat and the plastic seat in the float!

Oh no? We'll get a bottom inspection warrant if we must.

You also have fluff in your buttock cleft! You will have to join Mrs. Brown for a little holiday courtesy of the Chief Bottom Inspector!

To be continued
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They serve hot meals, sandwiches, real ale and many imported beers. Plus they have a great video juke box. Open Mondays to Saturdays, 11am till 3pm.

CHRIST! WHAT A HOPELESS IDEA FOR AN ADVERT!

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NEWCASTLE (0632) 619173
I CAN DRINK 75 PINTS OF BEER’ I’m like an earthquake
EXCLUSIVE
says Ollie

I’ve always had a reputation as a bit of a hellraiser. But I can’t complain. I’m a pretty wild bloke. In my time I’ve smashed up every bar and been thrown out of every posh hotel in the world at least three times.

I was thrown out of The Savoy in London once because I kept jumping out of my twelfth floor window and landing on my head in the car park. I was trying to smash a friend’s car but in the event I came back with a bulldozer and flattened the hotel.

VODKA

I happen to enjoy drinking. I drank vodka standing on my head until I was about fourteen. Nowadays I prefer 75 pints of beer, down the hatch in one. And that’s nothing. I often drink twice that much without needing the toilet.

SMASH

If I go out for a meal it’s as if an earthquake has hit town. I usually smash the table with my girlfriend or use the chairs as a knife and fork. In one restaurant I ordered twelve colour televisions, chewed them up and spat them in the waiter’s face.

GUMPTION

My crazy diet of electrical appliances and broken glass often leads to stomach trouble. I often have to pump it myself — with a gallon of liquid

Blew up

On another occasion I drank ten pints of nitroglycerine and then locked myself in a friend’s washing machine. When he switched it on I blew up, destroying his entire house. I’m also well known for going through doors without opening them. I had a 36 room mansion built for me in Hollywood without a single door in it. I prefer to make them myself by barging through the walls head first.

DAMAGE

I always pay for any damage I cause — unless I don’t particularly feel like it. Being a hellraiser can turn out to be a pretty expensive business.

EXPANDS

As a matter of fact there have been a few sheep found torn limb from limb in the fields near where I live. And I do get the odd bloodstain on my clothing when I wake up in the mornings.

Next week Ollie describes his X-ray vision and reveals that only kryptonite rays can kill him.

Oliver Reid is a gas filler from Birmingham and is in no way connected with Oliver Reed, the well-known British Film actor.

Rude Kid

Would you like a new pair of shoes?”

Big Bollocks

Planet Bore
Mr. Logic

Such is my name, I therefore it's a pain in the bum, would only be correct to make an assumption that this comic strip is in some way about me.

Hmm...

Unusual... I find that after sitting reading for 7 hours 15 minutes my body is experiencing a craving sensation.

3 hours later...

It is still there, hunger is all I can imagine it to be... I shall go to the kitchen.

Ah - the kitchen; a room where food is prepared. I shall make reference to a culinary publication...

Hmm... "Chips Must be fried in a deep pan of very hot oil" I believe I have some oil.

The actual temperature is not specified... hmm... very hot.

I estimate the oil will have heated sufficiently by the end of my book studying period.

An hour later...

Peculiar... I perceive by sense of smell that something is perhaps amiss.

Ah yes, my kitchen is on fire... fascinating.

Stimulating to all the senses, especially visually... truly an awesome presence.

Good afternoon.

A sudden juncture has arisen needing promptation.

Ah! But of course, I must observe the correct procedure... a telephone call is in order.

An emergency of course. This is the emergency services. Telephone 999?

Actually I thought the fire brigade would be better suited. My house is in an advanced state of combustion.

Good morning.

Which service do you require?

You what?!

Cheeky... ah yes, you accuse me of impudence, a number of people have made similar accusations in the past...

Are you going cheeky?

End.
I LOVE THIS HOT WEATHER

I CAN MAKE A FORTUNE SELLING ICE CREAM OUT OF MY UNDERPANTS
ONE PLEASE, FELIX
ME NEXT!

SOON...
I'VE SOLD OUT ALREADY

NOW MY UNDERPANTS ARE BULGING WITH CASH!

TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS!
THAT'S NOT BAD FOR HALF AN HOUR'S WORK

LATER...
HMMPH...
OH DEAR, OUR CEMENT MIXER HAS BROKEN DOWN!

HOW ON EARTH ARE WE GOING TO MIX THIS CEMENT?

IF YOU GIVE ME £10 I'LL MIX YOUR CEMENT FOR YOU IN MY UNDERPANTS

BY THE TIME I'VE FINISHED ONE HUNDRED PRESS UPS THE CEMENT SHOULD BE WELL AND TRULY MIXED!

THANKS FELIX. HERE'S THE CASH

OKAY FELIX IT'S A DEAL.

SHORTLY...
OH NO! THE CROSSBAR'S BROKEN. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF OUR GAME.

DON'T WORRY KIDS

BUT...
SNAP!

PTTANG!!

FELIX'S DAD'S GREENHOUSE CRASH!!

OOPS!

WELL FELIX, I'LL TAKE THAT £35 YOU MADE TODAY TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE AND YOU CAN SPEND THE NEXT TWO WEEKS HERE IN THE GREENHOUSE...

GROWING THESE TOMATO PLANTS FOR ME... IN YOUR UNDERPANTS!

SEE YOU IN A FORTNIGHT, FELIX

CRIKEY! FELIX'S ELASTIC HAS SNAPPED, CATAPULTING HIM TOWARDS HIS DAD'S GREENHOUSE!
In Loving Memory

The day his fourth successive girlfriend died in tragic circumstances young Paul Green began to wonder whether he would ever find true love and happiness.

SORRY MATE! I DIDN'T SEE HER

OH NO THAT'S THE FOURTH GIRLFRIEND I'VE LOST IN AS MANY MONTHS

After the funeral Paul went for a stroll in the graveyard.

THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF JINX ON ME, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BEST IF I JUST FORGET ABOUT GIRLS ALTOGETHER

STRANGE! WHERE DID SHE COME FROM?

HI THERE

Paul was immediately entranced by the strange girl's eyes.

The two sat and talked for several minutes.

MMMM, YEAH!

GREAT!

Hey, yeah!

Really?

Terrific!

MMMMM! Me too.
After a while the mysterious girl got up to leave.

I'M SORRY PAUL, BUT I MUST GO NOW. GOODBYE

Suddenly she had vanished.

WHERE DID SHE GO TO?

Ah! She's dropped her handkerchief.

On his way home he kept thinking about the unusual girl.

I never asked her name, and I'll probably never see her again.

That night Paul was emotionally confused.

I'd really like to see her again, but knowing my luck she'd probably be killed if I did.

Perhaps it would be best if I never see her again.

The next morning Paul came across the mysterious girl's handkerchief in his pocket.

I just can't get her off my mind. I simply must see her again.

This handkerchief is my only clue to her identity... the label says 'Smith's Hankies Ltd.' Maybe I could give them a ring.
HELLO? I'M TRYING TO TRACE THE OWNER OF A HANKERCHIEF.

I'M SORRY WE HAVEN'T SOLD A HANKERCHIEF OF THAT DESCRIPTION FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS.


That afternoon Paul looked up the address he had been given. Soon he arrived at the door of number 8 Oaktree Gardens.

This house is empty. It's been boarded up. She couldn't possibly live here.

No one lives there, son. Not since a young girl died there in tragic circumstances back in 1964. Alexandra was her name. Alexandra Simpson.

Suddenly it all began to make sense.

The graveyard, the handkerchief. The date. It all begins to make sense.
THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL WAS THE GHOST OF ALEXANDRA SIMPSON!

Next morning there was a letter waiting for Paul.

It's from my doctor. It's about those rare illness tests I took some time ago... they were positive! I've only got 45 minutes left to live!

Paul rushed straight to the graveyard. By the time he arrived he was already unsteady on his feet.

ALEXANDRA, I'M COMING TO YOU MY LOVE.

And as the final drop of life slipped out of his tragic body he collapsed and died by Alexandra's grave.

YOU WILL NEVER BE ALONE OR STRICKEN BY TRAGEDY AGAIN, PAUL. FOR NOW YOU HAVE FOUND A LOVE THAT WILL LAST FOREVER.

THE END
Dr. Theodore Gray and His Fantastic Growth Spray

I'm ready to try my new secret formula which will make objects increase in size by ten fold. Aha! I'll use this domestic mouse as a guinea pig.

So...

Aha!!

The Prok and Virus

Inside...

One half pint of best bitter, please, barcherson, and a bag of crisps for the house.

One half

Ho ho ho! Just a quick squirt.

Outside

Making a nuisance of ourselves, are we, sir?

Blah! Gack!

Local bobby

I shall have to ask you to accompany me to the station.

Outside

Ha! The world will soon be mine.

But...

Oh no! Using his nose as a lasso, the copper is attempting to catch Dr. Gray.

Alright, Einstein, I'd like a squirt of your spray on my truncheon if you don't mind.

Whum
DOCTOR BOLUS
AND THE POTION OF DOOM...

AT LAST! MY POTION IS READY!

AND THE DOCTOR TRANSFORMS INTO A FOOL Slobbering Monster...

LUVLY! SLURP BELCH ETC ETC

WORMS

LUH! BARF Slobber BELCH ETC

SPIDER

GURGLE BURP BELCH ETC

RAT

SLURP BELCH

GARBLE Slobber BURP ETC

SLUG

YUM YUM!

SLURP BURP

BELCH GURGLE BURF Slobber Gimme Alka Seltzer...

the END

...or is it only the beginning?
THE INCREDIBLE
DOCTOR SEX

*SECONDS FROM NOW I WILL OWN THE WORLD'S FIRST SEX POWERED TELEVISION*

*NOT ONLY WILL I HALF MY ELECTRICITY BILL*

*USING 5000 STROKES OF SEX ENERGY PER SECOND*

*THE EQUIVALENT OF NINETY RHINOCEROS ORGASMS A MINUTE!!*

AND NOW TO PULL THE SWITCH...

BOOMMF!

CLICK!

*THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ENTIRE WORLD!!*

*I WILL BRING THE PLANET EARTH TO ITS KNEES WITH MY 'S' BOMB. TEN TIMES AS POWERFUL AS RUSSIA'S ENTIRE NUCLEAR ARSENAL!!*

*SUFFICIENT FORCE TO AROUSE AN ENTIRE HEARD OF TEN MILLION BULL ELEPHANTS!!*

HELLO? IS THAT THE POLICE?

YOU HAVE ONE HOUR TO DEPOSIT TEN MILLION POUNDS IN MY NATIONAL GIROBANK ACCOUNT NO. XJ507157...

ONE HOUR LATER...

HMM... TIMES UP...

WELL... MAYBE I'LL GIVE THEM ANOTHER TEN MINUTES...

*I AM THE INCREDIBLE DOCTOR SEX*

OR I WILL DETONATE MY SEX BOMB, DESTROYING ALL CIVILISATION!!

NOT TO BE CONTINUED...
DOCTOR CRAPULANCE

HE'S A WELL-UPHOLSTERED MADMAN!

MEET THE MAN WITH THE BRAIN LIKE A ROLLER COASTER...

12 MIDNIGHT: DR. CRAPULANCE AND HIS ABLE ASSISTANT TOBY ARE WORKING HARD IN THEIR MYSTERIOUS DUNGEON-LIKE LABORATORY...

I AM PRESENTLY EXPERIMENTING WITH MY REVOLUTIONARY FOOD-FORMULA WITH WHICH I INTEND TO ALTER THE VERY FABRIC OF HUMAN LIFE...

YOU NEVER TOLD ME THAT!

I HAVE TECHNOLOGY AT MY FINGERTIPS WITH WHICH I CAN PERFORM INCREDIBLE HERCULEAN EXPERIMENTS...

YOU BLUDDY LIAR!

Ugh...

CALL ME AMBITIOUS, CALL ME A MADMAN, A FOOL, CALL ME WHAT YOU WILL...

SHUT-UP Y'LLITTLE TWAT!!

BIFF!

Ugh...

FAT BASTARD!

SORRY BOSS!

I HAVE MEgalithic Plans TO BREED A DINOSAURIAN RACE OF OBESE PEOPLE WITH WHICH I WILL...

CAN I HAVE ANOTHER CREAM BUN BOSS?

LISTEN, WILL YOU JUST FUCK OFF!!

AS I WAS SAYING...

CLICK!

SORRY CHIEF!

PUT TEN-BOB IN THE METER WILL YOU TOBY?

WHAT!?

WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY LEFT BOSS!

WE USED THE LAST ONE BAKING THAT CHOCOLATE CAKE!
HOLLY JOHNSON

NEVER

SHOPS AT

PET SOUNDS

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EAST SIDE TORPEDOES

HIGHER & HIGHER

"Record of the month. Single of the year. Disc of the decade. A landmark in the history of pop music" - NME

Volume Records. Distributed by Pinnacle/Cartel

"GODDAM MUTHA FUKKUN'SONOFABITCH FINGER-LICKIN' NO GOOD COTTON PICKIN' DIXIE DOODLE TWO BIT ONE Haul Ass CB SHORT ASS CRAZY TV DINNER OLRIGHT! SODA PAP SUGAR CANDY

HOLY APE SHIT DANDY ASS'OLE EYED FAT MAN MOMMA'S APPLE PIE

EIGHT BALL GIMMEE 5 RACK'N'ROLL POTATOE CHIPS NODO YORK SHEE-E-T!

FLIP

of Hollywood 12-14 Cross Street, Newcastle upon Tyne Tel: 618248

ORIGINAL AMERICAN CLOTHING
Listen to the Cadenza of Confusion in the Concerto of Crime!

The detective novel of manners with a happy ending!

But it was a sting...

But, ever the pragmatist, I simply got my agent to make the switch from concerts to serialisation rights.

Why are you telling me all this, inspector?

Ah yes, then you'll be wanting our literature section, sir.

Either trace the impact of the Panama hat on post-war crime statistics, or write a twelve volume novel in which nothing happens.
STUDENTS

Free sex with the manager's wife

when you open an account with

GnatWest
The Give Us Your Money Bank
VOLUME GO TOP!

This issue's Top Ten is dominated by the Volume Record label who made a last minute block purchase of the entire chart. For a mere £10 they purchased all ten chart places and were then able to select the top ten records of their choice.

If you're a recording artist, band or record label we're offering you a once in a lifetime opportunity to have your very own Christmas Hit! Yes, all ten places in our December Top Ten are up for grabs. There's no need to worry about airplay, sales or distribution. That elusive hit single could be yours this Christmas for the price of a pint of beer.

To make your record a Christmas hit simply complete the form below and send it together with a cheque (and a copy of the record if possible) to: Christmas Hit Offer, Viz Top Ten, Viz Comic, Viz House, 16 Lily Crescent, Newcastle upon Tyne NE2 2SP.

Obviously the more money you send the higher your single will climb. But don't worry. A mere £1 will almost guarantee you a Top Ten place. But hurry - all entries must be received by no later than 1st November.

I/We would like our single to appear in the Viz Top Ten chart.

Name of artist ________________________________

Title ________________________________________

Label _______________________________________

I/we enclose a cheque for £ ________ (payable to "Viz Comic")

CHRISTMAS HIT OFFER

THE TOP 10

1. EAST SIDE TORPEDOES
   Higher & Higher

2. THE EDGE
   Take A Walk Round, Round, Round

3. TOY DOLLS
   James Bond (lives down our street)

4. HUSKER DU
   Eight Miles High

5. MAE WEST
   Great Balls Of Fire

6. THE CURE
   Foxy Lady

7. PEGGY LEE
   Fever

8. MARTHA & THE VANDELLAS
   Dancing In The Street

9. VAN HALEN
   You Really Got Me

10. MANDY MILLER
    Nellie The Elephant

KITCHENWARE PARTY IS OVER

Spent spent spent! Now all that lolly's gone

Only a year ago North East based record label Kitchenware were celebrating a string of top 40 hits and LP successes. Names like Prefab Sprout and The Kane Gang were never far from the headlines. Record sales were soaring and the money was rolling in.

CRASH

But now Kitchenware are in trouble. The hits have run out and it seems that the extravagant spending of recent months has begun to take its toll.

In the same week that The Kane Gang announced they have no immediate plans to record, a second-hand shop only yards from Kitchenware's Newcastle offices was offered a variety of second-hand musical instruments for sale.

SLUMP

And while Prefab Sprout's L.P. 'Steve McQueen' drifts aimlessly in the lower reaches of the album charts, sales of the record are definitely falling. In the hour we spent at a popular city centre record store not one copy of the L.P. was bought.

COLLAPSE

When we contacted Kitchenware for a comment their telephone was engaged. However a spokesman for the North East Electricity Board confirmed that several businesses in the Newcastle area were having difficulty paying their electricity accounts, although he would not confirm that Kitchenware were among them.
EXCLUSIVE - THE POP SCOOP OF THE CENTURY!!

THE BEATLES ARE BACK!

'Fab Four' re-form

-new album due

Yes, it's true. Fifteen years after they split up pop legends The Beatles are set to reform. And work on a new album is already underway.

Surviving members of the most successful pop group in the history of the world have consistently denied rumours that the band had been planning a comeback. But it now seems certain that the best selling artists ever in the history of popular music will soon be back in business.

LIVERPOOL

The mastermind behind the move is Johnny Johnson, a Liverpool based plumber and life long fan of the fab four. He spoke to us from a recording studio in London where work has already begun on a new Beatles L.P.

"It just seemed right after all this time that the band should get together again", he told us. "Obviously there were problems, and bearing in mind the sad loss of John Lennon there was a need for a new guitarist and songwriter. The obvious choice was John's son Julian, but with him living in the States there was going to be transport problems. Luckily a friend of mine plays guitar so I asked him if he would do the job".

Unfortunately none of the remaining Beatles, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr were interested and so Johnson had to recruit a further three musicians before rehearsals could begin.

"I decided to do the singing myself so I really only needed another two", he explained.

"All the material on the album is going to be new stuff, and I can already see a change in musical direction beginning to come through," Johnny told us. "The old stuff still stands the tests of time, but there's a lot of new ideas coming through and I think a few of our fans might be pleasantly surprised with the results."

LIVERPOOL

"I put an ad. in the Liverpool Echo and got fixed up with a drummer straight away. He knew a bass player who wasn't working so we signed him up and started rehearsing for the new L.P."

Although the album isn't due out until next year, recording and writing are already well under way.

STRAWBERRY

If you were too young to catch The Beatles first time round, you'll have a chance to see them on their comeback tour which will be timed to coincide with the release of their new album. The L.P., which is due in the shops by mid-1986, is provisionally titled 'Strawberry Roads Tomorrow'.
Peter Pretend

He's always pretending to do things, and so on.

I'm going to the park.

No, I'm not! I was only pretending.

Ooh! Bah! I'm feeling poorly. I'd better go to the doctors.

Urp!

Urp!!

Shortly...

Doctor. I feel rather unwell.

Urp!

Urp!

Do you now?

No, not really. I was merely pretending!

Grrrr!!

Cor! I've always wanted my own colour telly. If only I had £10.

I've got an idea.

I'll just lie here behind this parked car and pretend I've been run over.

Soon...

Oh no! I must have run this poor boy over whilst parking my car earlier.

Here's a fiver. Please don't tell the police.

Recovered.

Later... I still need another £5 to buy that telly.

Yes, it's mine actually. You can have it for £5.

How generous.

Now to buy that colour telly.

I say. This is a nice park bench.

In the shop... I'd like the colour t.v. in the window, please.

Here you are. I'm afraid this television doesn't work.

It's just an old cardboard box! Painted in order to sell it for £10!

Certainly. That will be £10.

Bah! Trust me to buy a pretend telly!!
JOHNNY Honk! Oh dear!

FART Pants

There's always a commotion going on in his underwear!

In school... Johnny, your schoolwork is falling behind! Too much pump tom-foolery! Your bottom is letting you down!

Teehee! Snigger! Chortle!

Are you listening boy?!

Yes sir!

What's your bottom doing?!

Letting me down sir!

Guff!

Whoosh!

Pick these desks up—now!

Groan!

Yes sir!

Ugh! Chump!

Yike! I've let off!

After school... I'd better improve my schoolwork or my mum and dad will think I'm a pumping time waster!

I know! I'll do my homework in the library and keep out of guff mischief!

Inside...

Silence!

Oh no! This could be a pocket of evil smelling gas forming up my botty!

Tumble! Rumble! Quake!

Yinks! Just what I didn't need—small wet one and a silent eggy hummer!

Plip!

Shhhhhhhhhhhhh!

I'd better try to make light of it!

You could get your Sunday dinner out of that one, eh Vicar?!

Gumph!

Pong!

You wouldn't like me to, would you, ma'am?

Later...

I'd better find some text to help me with my work!

Cough! Cough! Sorry Mrs! I can't stop pumping, I mean coughing!

Amrel nice

Did he make that smell mummy?

Later still...

Are you responsible for these foul smells young man?

Who me?

Who? Me?

Oh dear

Puff! Flubble!

Whoof!

More next time
“I was a square... a prune... a real stick in the mud. If I ever ‘got down’ it was only to scrub my doorstep”

“Now I’m hip... I’m hop... And I’m rarin’ to bop, daddy-oh. The Barley Mow sho’nuff brought out the funky chicken in me.”

~Mrs B., Newcastle

JASS CLUB
MONDAY NIGHTS

CARIBA CLUB
SUNDAY NIGHTS

LIVE BANDS
TUESDAY NIGHTS

RATHAUS
WEDNESDAY NIGHTS

THE BARLEY MOW
OFF THE QUAYSIDE
NEWCASTLE

‘TODAY THE QUAYSIDE... TOMORROW THE WORLD’
Can I have my missile back?
- asks baffled Bob

Lorry driver Bob Tucker was today appealing to heartless thieves who made off with his missile launcher late yesterday evening.

Bob, who is 27, parked his 100 ton vehicle in a Berkshire lay-by while he went to buy cigarettes from a roadside garage. But seconds later he returned to find his missile launcher gone, and with it the £20 million Cruise missile he had been carrying.

"I can't think what anyone would want with it", he told us today after reporting the theft to local police.

Police

"It's so big and cumbersome. I doubt if it would be any use to anyone.

"Whoever it was, I just hope they have the decency to bring it back, or if not, to call the police and tell them where it is", he added.

Gone

"I'd just run out of cigarettes so I stopped and popped into the shop. I was only gone for a second", he explained.

Theft

Bob, who works for the Ministry of Defence, fears that if he doesn't get the missile back, he may soon be looking for a new job.

Wham! sizzlers

Dishy teen idol George Michael, star of pop group Wham! is a sausage freak!

Six footer George, currently on tour with partner Andrew Ridgeley keeps a collection of over 5,000 sausages from all around the world at his London home.

And George never travels far without a sausage. On his present tour of the United States George has a juicy banger at hand at all times. For as well as instruments and stage gear, the band's road crew are also entrusted with six bin liners - containing George's personal sausage supply.
BORN HALF MAN, HALF FISH, UNITED'S BRILLIANT YOUNG KEEPER BILLY THOMSON HAD BEEN TAKEN PRISONER BY GUS PARKER, EVIL TEAM BOSS OF ARCH RIVALS GRIMTHORPE CITY...

MEANWHILE AT THE GRIMTHORPE TRAINING CAMP GUS PARKER HAS JUST LEARNT OF THOMSON'S DEATH UNDER HYPNOSIS.

CD 885

HALF-TIME! A DISAPPOINTING UNITED SIDE HAD SLUMPED TO TWELVE-NIL DOWN BY HALF-TIME. IN THEIR ALL IMPORTANT CUP CLASH WITH MUCH FANCIED RODDLE Rovers...

DID YOU BURY THE FISH, WILF? YEAH BOSS. IT'LL BE A REAL NICE SURPRISE FOR TOMMY BROWN!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!!

MEANWHILE AT FULCHESTER STADIUM.

OOF! THE ENTIRE TEAM HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP AND THE GAME RE-STARTS IN 2 MINUTES!

DON'T WORRY. I'D SUSPECTED THAT THE HALF-TIME TEA WOULD BE DRAGGED SO I HIRED A TEAM OF ACTORS TO IMPERSONATE FULCHESTER IN THE FIRST HALF.

GOOD THINKING, BOSS.

WELL, NEVER REVERSE A TWELVE GOAL DEFEAT WITH OUR TEAM OUT FOR THE COUNT!

THE REAL FULCHESTER TEAM ARE IN HERE, WIDE AWAKE AND READY FOR THE SECOND HALF TERRIFIC!

WE'VE STILL GOT EVERYTHING TO PLAY FOR IN THE SECOND PERIOD.

BUT AS THE SECOND HALF GOT UNDERWAY...

UNGH! I'VE TRIpped ON SOMETHING!

THE FULCHESTER FORWARD HAS BEEN OPENED!

PENALTY!!!

IT APPEARS TO BE A GRAVESTONE!

I'M AFRAID OUR BRILLIANT FISH LIKE KEEPER IS DEAD AND BURIED HERE... ON THE EDGE OF THE 18 YARD AREA.

NO DOUBT THIS IS THE WORK OF GUS PARKER.

HMM. PEANUT SELLER REX MAY BE BLIND BUT HE COULD BE OUR ONLY CHANCE!

THE 64 YEAR OLD VETERAN COMES ON WITH TEN MINUTES LEFT TO PLAY.

HEY LOOK EVERYONE, IT'S OLD REX FINDLAY!

HE'S HIT ON HIS BOOTS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 25 YEARS!

HAHA! UNITED MUST BE REALLY DESPERATE!

IMMEDIATELY THE BLIND VETERAN IS IN THE ACTION!

OLD FINDLAY BEAT 3 MEN, NOT BAD FOR A BLIND MAN!

GOAL!!! UNITED ARE BACK IN THE GAME.

AND THE GOALS KEPT COMING...

IT'S THERE! FINDLAY MUST HAVE BAT EYE VISION!

WHAT A GOAL!!!

AT 61 FINDLAY HAS LOST NONE OF HIS APPETITE FOR THE GAME.

SOON...

GOAL!!!

IT'S A PENALTY FOR THE AGEING FRONT MAN.

ONE MORE AND WE'RE LEVEL!

GOAL!!!

WE'RE ON A SPOT KICK TO UNITE!!!

IN THE FINAL MINUTE AS UNITED PUSH FORWARD...

FOUL!!!

PENALTY!!

YES, IT'S A SPOT KICK TO UNITED!!

STOP THE GAME! I AM RUTHLESS MILLIONAIRE MAXWELL BAXTER. I HAVE JUST BOUGHT FULCHESTER STADIUM AND INTEND TO BUILD A SUPERMARKET. DEMOLITION WILL BEGIN AT ONCE!!

IS BILLY THE FISH REALLY DEAD?

CAN BLIND REX FINDLAY COMPLETE HIS QUADRUPEL HATTRICK AND SAVE THE GAME FOR UNITED?

OR WILLS RUTHLESS MAXWELL BAXTER DEMOLISH THE STADIUM AND WITH IT THE CLUB?

SEE NEXT ISSUE.
For as long as man has walked the earth, he has gazed ever upwards into space, into the unknown. Like a curious child, man reaches for the stars. But maybe from the darkness that is space something is already reaching for him.

A solitary figure gazed out over the sleepy town of Deneville on that long, hot Kentucky evening. A lonely witness to the eerie cascade which flashing, shimmering fell to earth that night.

**Mysterious Features Incorporated Present**

At first light that lonely figure set out for the nearby woods. If he was right the mystic source of light had come to rest in Dead Man's Forest. But as the bright sun slowly filtered through the swaying forest roof young Chuck Wayne, baseball major at Deneville High could not have suspected the darkness and evil that lay ahead.

**The Hand From Outer Space**

Episode One: **IT CAME FROM SPACE**

Scorch Marks! I was right - I did see something, and it landed here in this sunny forest clearing.

But for every answer there are a thousand questions in the unending mysteries of space. Yes, something came to rest in that sheltered clearing.

Gee, there's some kind of a trail leading away from here.

Suddenly...

Agh! I'm being frozen by some kind of a strange force... aghh! No!

Do not move, earthling. Do not move or you will die!!

Don't miss the next exciting episode: **RAY OF DEATH**
VIZ IS TOPS
SAYS BOB

Two months ago life was looking pretty grim for unemployed car mechanic Bob Jones, 45.

FUN
That was until Bob, 45, happened to buy a copy of Viz Comic after a newsagent Terry Jackson had recommended it. Terry told Bob that Viz was a winner and fun for the whole family.

JOB
Bob took the comic home, and the next day, he got a job.

PRETTY
Bob's pretty wife wouldn't miss Viz for the earth. She told us how, after she had read a copy she regained her eyesight which she had lost in a car crash years ago.

FORTUNE
And while Bob and family were celebrating, they heard that a distant aunt had died, leaving them a fortune.

WINNER
So if you're looking for a little sunshine in your life, buy Viz! It's a winner!!

Yesterday Bob told us that Carol and the kids were all doing well, and looking forward to cashing their £500,000 premium bond jackpot which has arrived that morning.

Advertise

In today's harsh economic climate, failure, bankruptcy and collapse could be just around the corner for your business. That's why it makes sense to advertise in Viz Comic. For as little as £250 per full page, £150 half page or £90 quarter page you could be saving yourself from financial ruin, embarrassment and alcoholism. It's worth a thought.

Ring the Viz Advertising Departments on 01-968 8888 (South) or 091-281 2593 (North) before it's too late.

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