



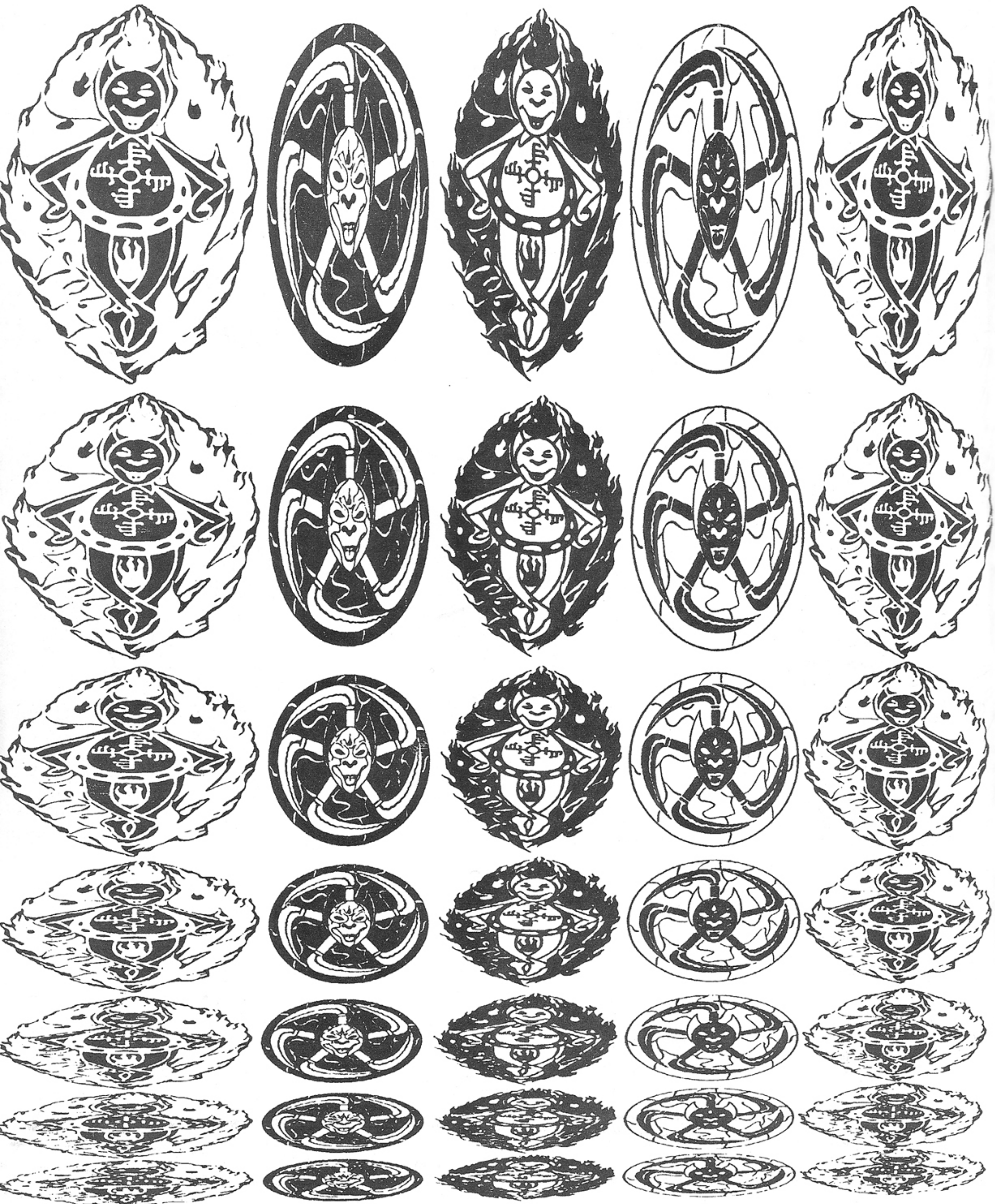
THE
APOCALYPTIC FOLK

IN

THE NO DDDING GOD

UNVEILED







THE FINAL CHURCH

OF THE



WANTS





INTRODUCTION

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter!

Hark, hark: what is this that is coming? A child; a
children; a childish! Tiny tearsacks on tiny feety toes,
carrying a raggydolloed Noddybanner.

No! It's just one of the many chirpy little friends
you'll meet in the pages of this comic. Take a chance

on them! And run laughylaughy laughing
into Our — and Your — very own
Final Nodapocalypse.

Keep smiling — for tomorrow we die!

Witness Our Heel,

Papa Notti

THE APOCALYPTIC FOLK IN

GOODBYE GOOD

A MAN CALLED
PENTAGRAM

CERNE ABBAS
GIANT

THE
DARK
DORSEY

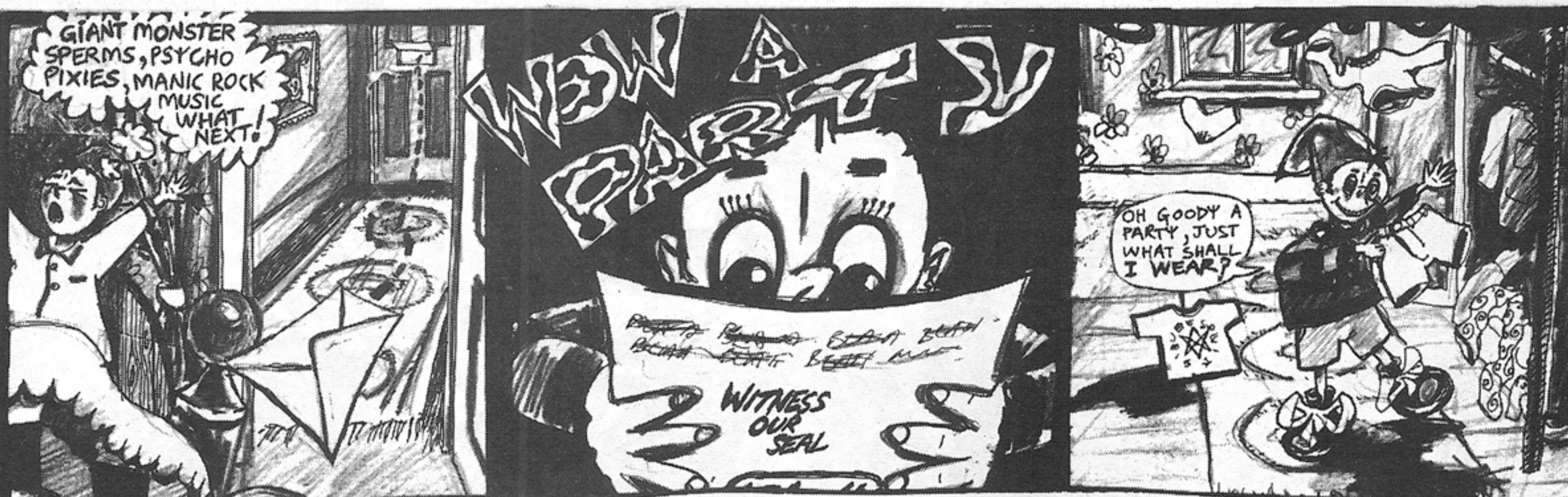
THE NODDING GOD

DURTRO



TO
CELESTIAL





GODDY WAKES AFTER A HARD NIGHT OF DREAMING TO FIND A STRANGE INVITATION FOR A SECRET OCCULT INITIATION. BEING GODDY HE MISTAKES THIS FOR A PARTY INVITE. FILLED WITH JOY AND ANTICIPATION AT THE PROSPECT OF A RAVE HE FEVERISHLY SORTS OUT HIS FINEST GARMENTS....

MEANWHILE



FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS GIVEN ON THE INVITE, GODDY IS LED ON A MYSTERIOUS ROUTE INTO THE HEART OF NIGHT. GRADUALLY HIS MOOD CHANGES FROM EXCITEMENT TO CAUTIOUSNESS AS HE DRIVES THROUGH THE SPOOKY MOONLIT LANDSCAPE. BREAKING OUT IN A COLD SWEAT HE IS UNAWARE OF THE HYPNOTIC EFFECT THE FULLMOON'S MOONBEAMS ARE HAVING ON HIS PURE SOUL AS HE IS PULLED UNFAILINGLY TOWARDS HIS DESTINY.

WIBBLE WOBBLE BLOOD TO GOBBLE

WHO FOR TO NOBBLE DARTH WIBBLE

SEEMS TO BE A COUNTRY BUMPKIN ACID PARTY!

FINALLY THE NODDING ONE LOCATES THE SHIN DIG, YET DESPITE HIS CAUTIOUSNESS HE STILL FAILS TO GRASP THE SITUATION FULLY

ERRRR PARDON ME BUT IS THIS THE PARTY. I HAVE AN INVITE... MY NAME IS GODDY

WILT WHAT THOU DO FOR LAW IS A SHRIVELLING THING, AMEN WIBBLE!

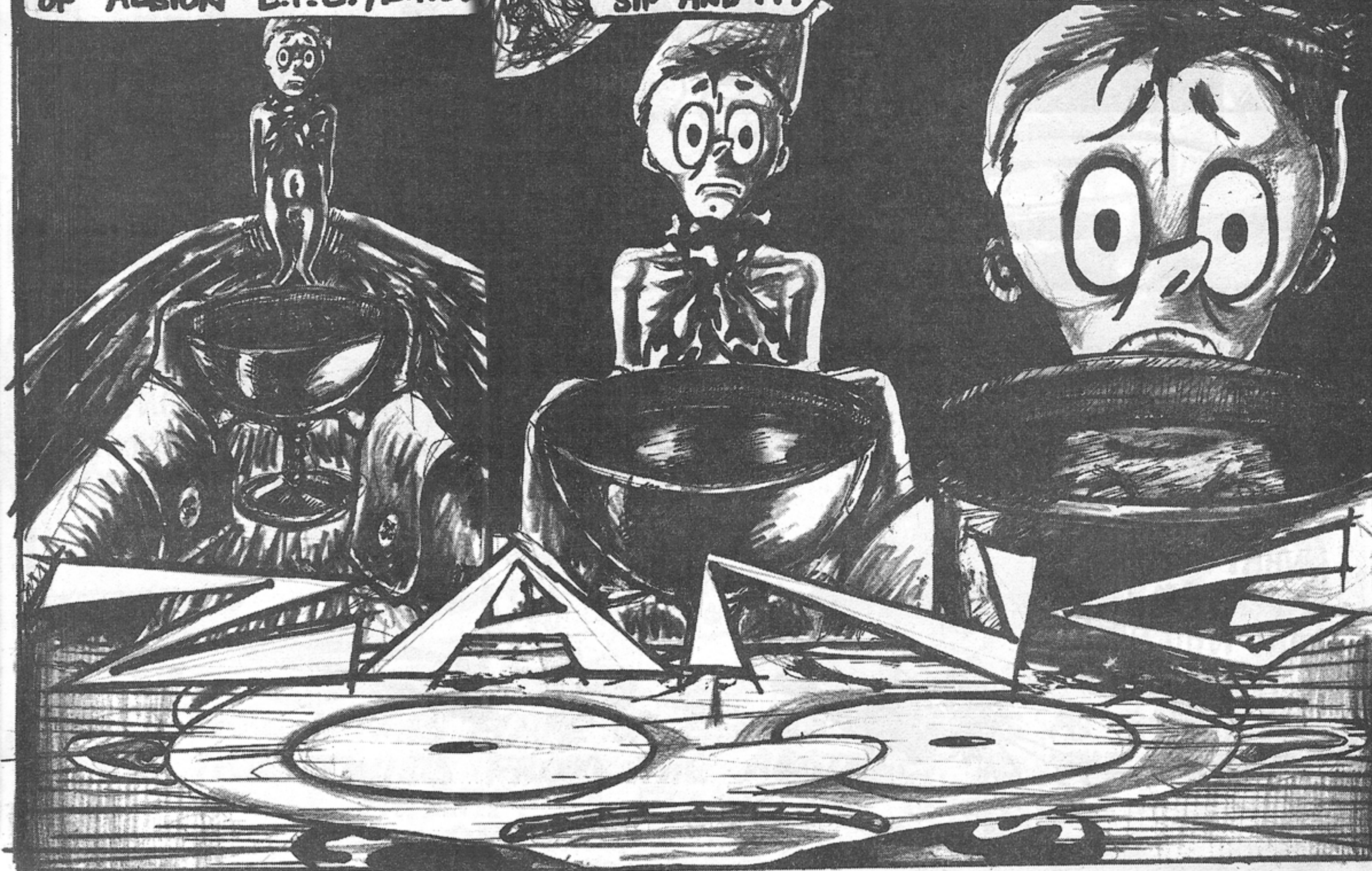
WELCOME INTO OUR CIRCLE LITTLE ONE. I AM DARTH WIBBLE AND THIS IS MY HENCHMAN BIG FEARS. YOU ARE INDEED LUCKY, FOR TONIGHT WE OPEN THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION!



STOP EVERYTHING!
YOU'RE NOT WEARING
GREY THE ONLY COLOUR
OF OUR HOLY ORDER.
THIS IS SACRILEGE,
YOU WILL BE STRIPPED
AND TAKE DRINK OF OUR
WIBBLE POTION FROM
WOBBLE CHALICE

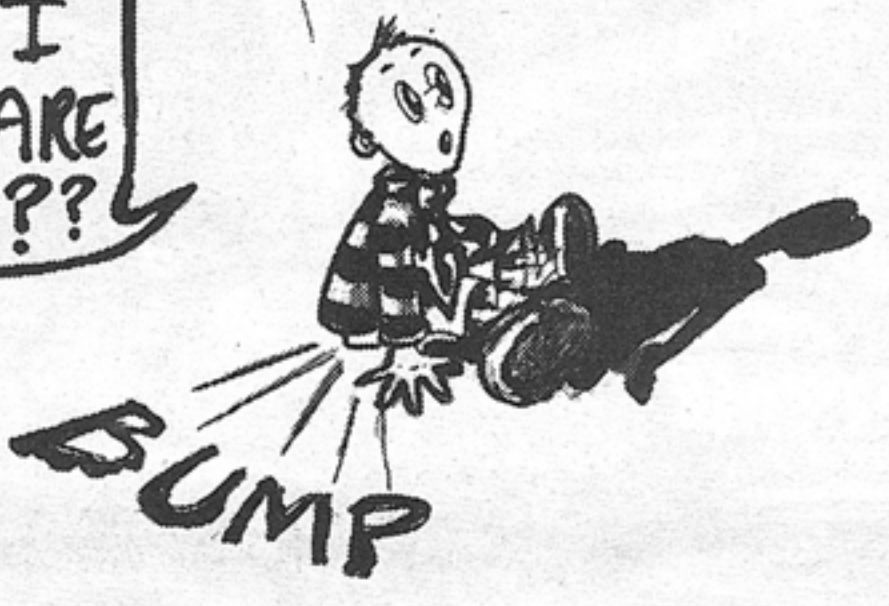
GODDY STANDS FREEZING IN
THE COLD NIGHT AIR AS WIBBLE'S
ACOLYTES DEFROCK HIM AND
BRING THE MAGIC POTION.
THIS DEVIL'S BREW IS A VERY
WEIRD RECIPE OF HALLUCI-
NOGENIC PLANTS AND FUNGI,
HANDLED DOWN TO WIBBLE FROM
THE ANCIENT DRUID KINGS
OF ALBION E.T.C., E.T.C.

GODDY TURNS A GHOSTLY WHITE AS WAVES
OF FEAR CRASH THROUGH HIS FRAIL BODY.
TIME SEEMS TO STAND STILL AS THE CHALICE
IS SLOWLY BROUGHT CLOSER. JUST ONE
SIP AND ...



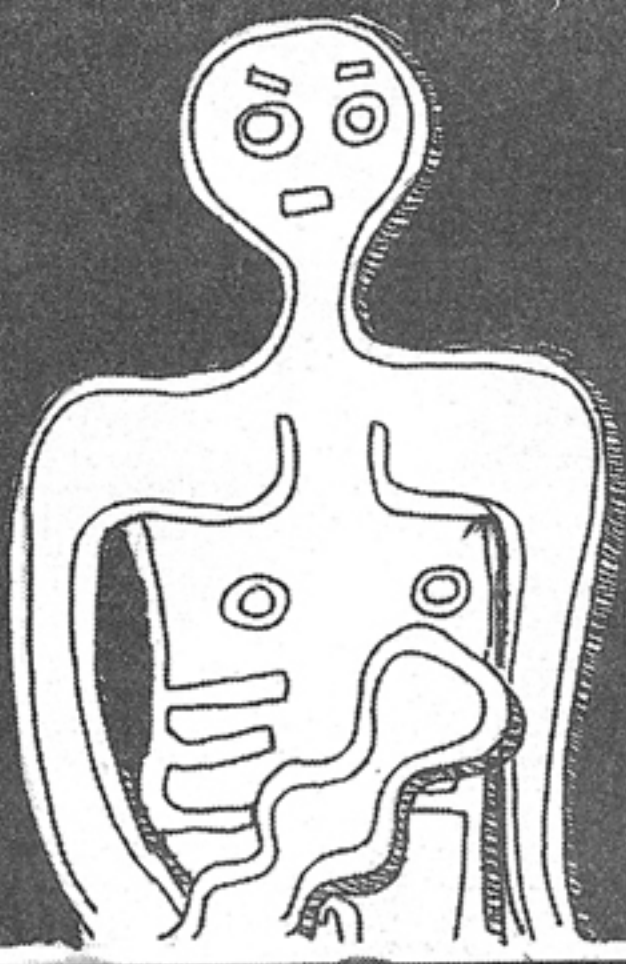


WHAT HAPPENS
WHERE AM I
AND WHO ARE
YOU ????

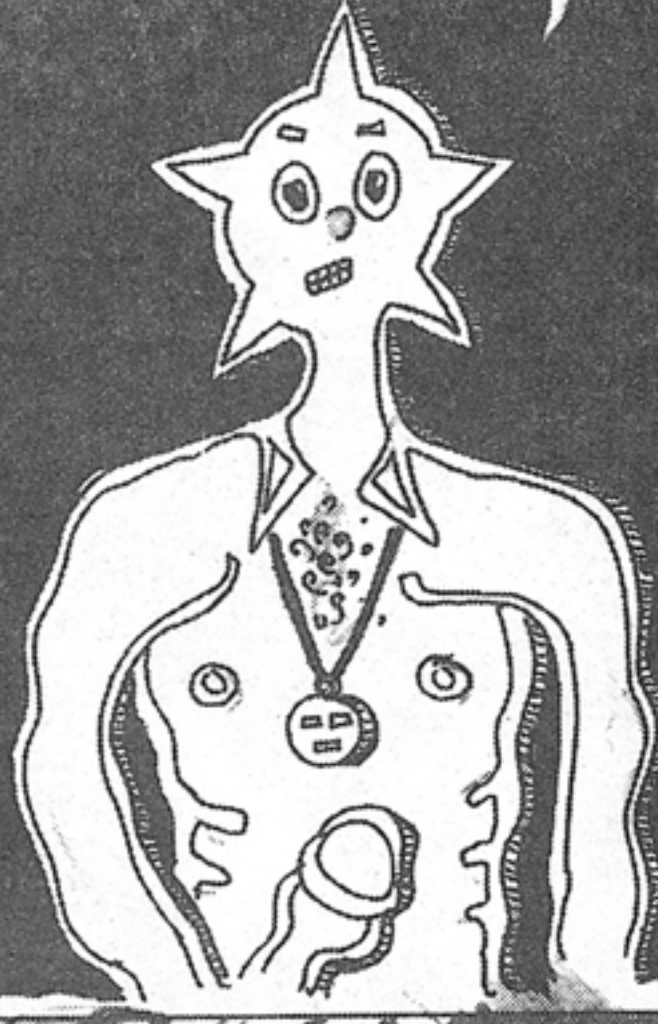


TRY TO RELAX, I'M
THE RACIAL ARCHETYPE
OF ANCIENT MAN! TO
YOU I MANIFEST AS
THE CERNE ABBAS MAN,
AND I AM HERE TO...

TELL YOU THIS IS ALL INTERNAL DIALOGUE IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS...



IT SEEMS.. URG.. ..PROBABLE..UH.. ..THAT.. OOF.. I SING.. A.. SONG



TO SQUEEZE THE SUNSHINE FROM YOUR HEART



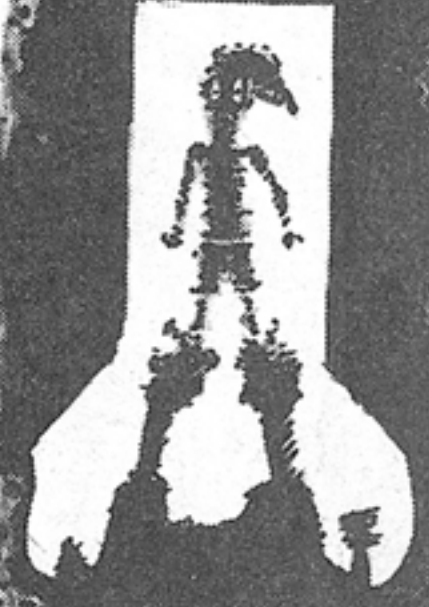
GAR LOO
BABY I'M
JAMES PENTAGRAM
HEY BUN
THE SON OF
AN
WINING



A MAN CALLED PENTAGRAM A POINTLESS STAR!

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE.

NIGHTMARE IMAGES FLARE UP BEFORE HIS EYES AS GODDY'S MIND TRIP TWISTS FROM THE ABSTRACT TO THE ABSURD! IN A FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE THIS HORROR HE DASHES TOWARDS AN OPENING, ONLY TO FIND...






THIS IS A BAAD TRIP!!!!

AS THE WIBBLE POTION SURGES ALONG VEINS AND FLOODS INTO HIS TINY BRAIN, THE NODDING ONE, FILLED WITH FEAR, RUNS FROM ONE HORRIFIC SCENARIO TO ANOTHER. DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE DARK REALMS OF HIS PSYCHE!

GULP!



FINALLY GODDY SEEMS TO REACH A POINT
SO TERRIFYING THAT HE SNAPS BACK
TO THE WAKING WORLD . . .

AT THIS MOMENT THE
WIBBLE DRUG'S EFFECT
EBBS AWAY. UNFORT-
UNATELY THIS EXTREME
INSIGHT INTO THE SUB-
CONSCIOUS IS SO DISTRE-
SSING, ALL GODDY CAN
DO IS SCREAM AND
SCREAM AND SCREAM
UNTIL . . .





CRACK

GODDY'S HEAD IS SPUT
WIDE OPEN BY THE PRESSURE
OF HIS MADNESS. IN THE
ALL CONSUMING HORROR HE
IS WITNESS TO THE BIRTH OF A
BORNING PIXIE DEMON. AS THE
THE CRACK IN HIS MIND. AS THE
NODDING GOD FALLS TO THE EARTH,
DURTRO DANCES, THIS IS THE
BEGINNING OF THE
END!

CONCRETE MAYPOCK



MENSTRUAL ~ AND ~ MINSTRALS.

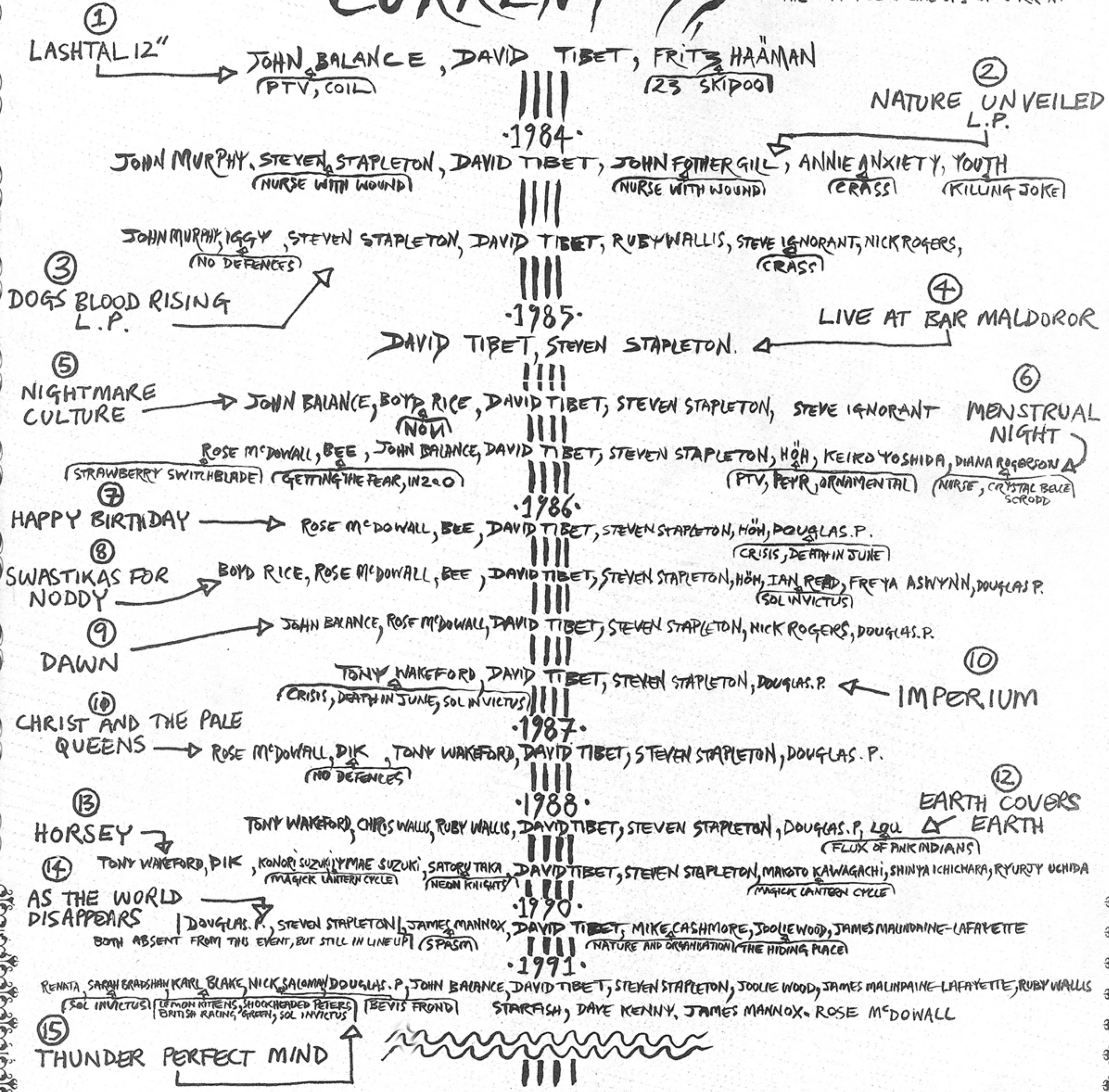
THE LIFE TREE OF CURRENT '93



1982.
DOGS BLOOD ORDER (PRE CURRENT '93')
 JOHN MURPHY, DAVID TIBET, ROGER SMITH.
 (SPK, WHITEHOUSE, KRANG) (23 SKIDOO, PTV.)

CURRENT '93

THE FIFTEEN LINEUPS OF CURRENT

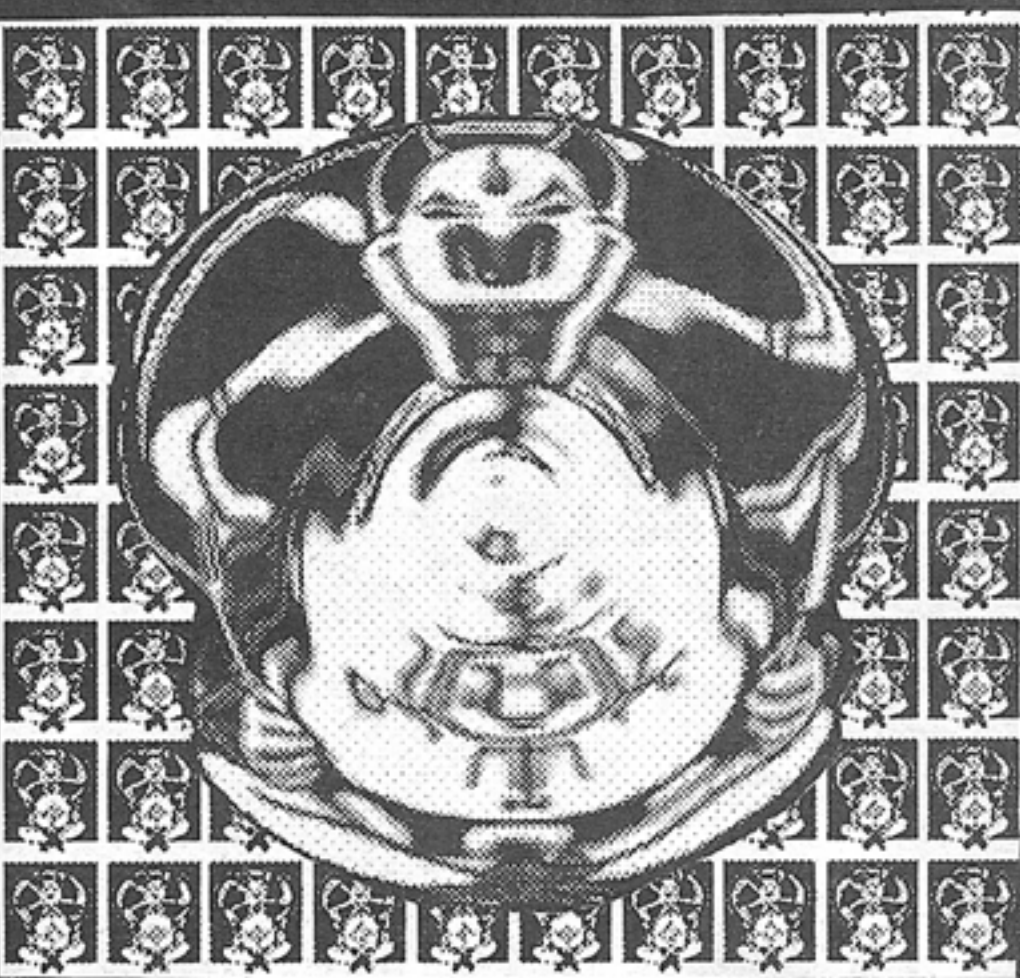
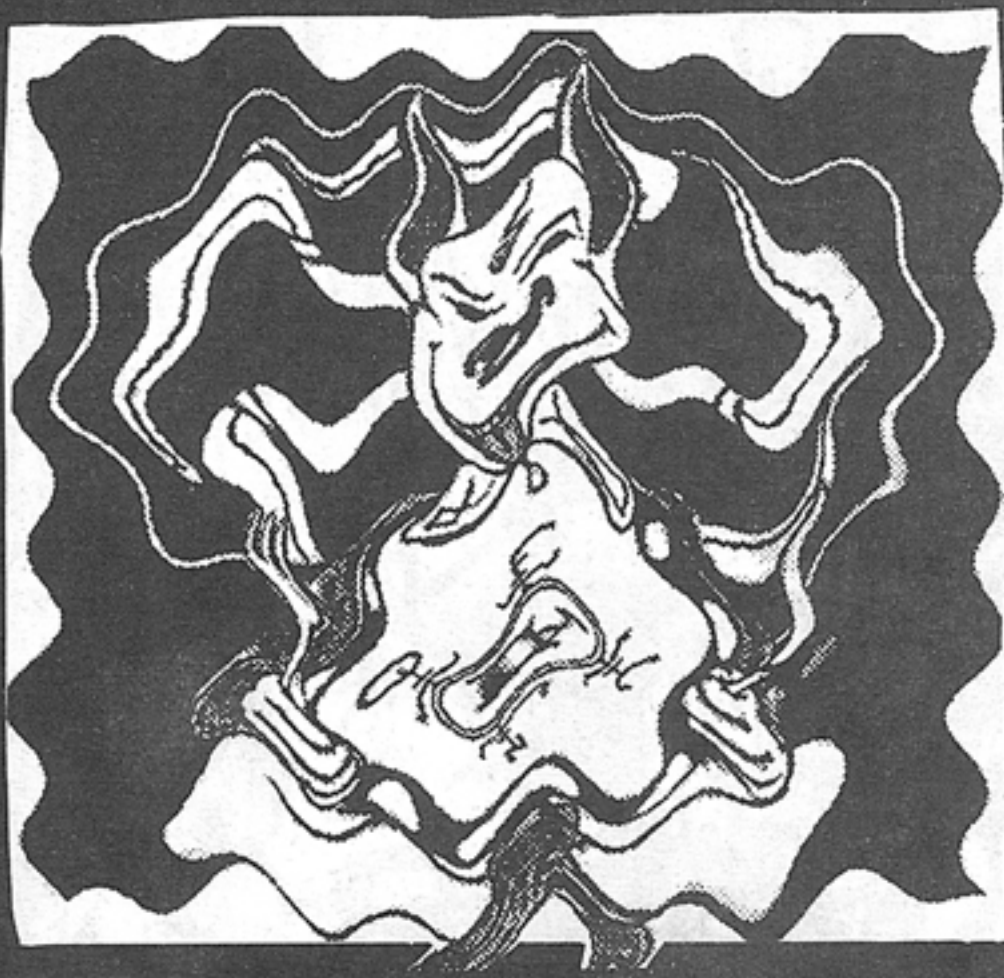
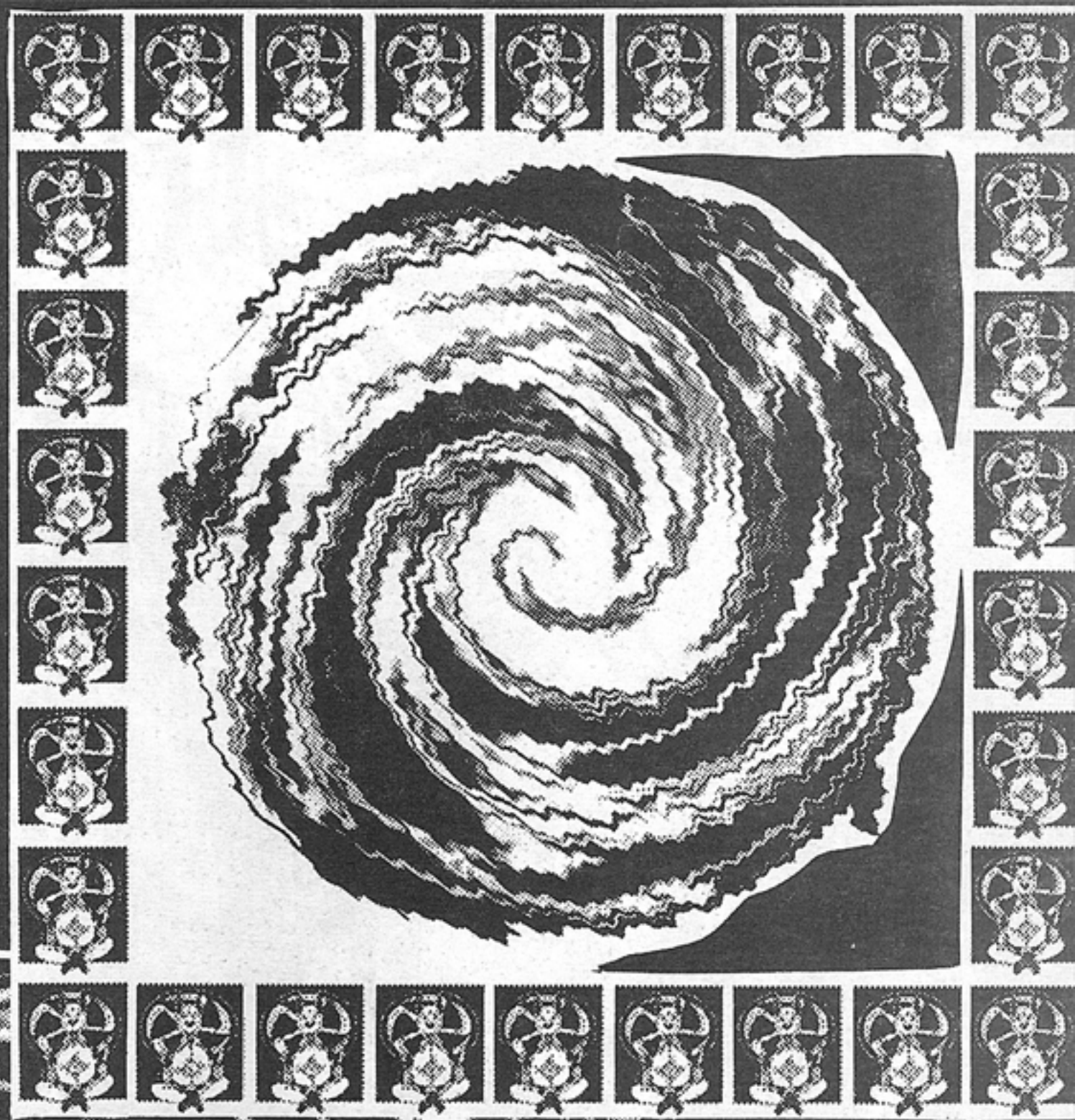
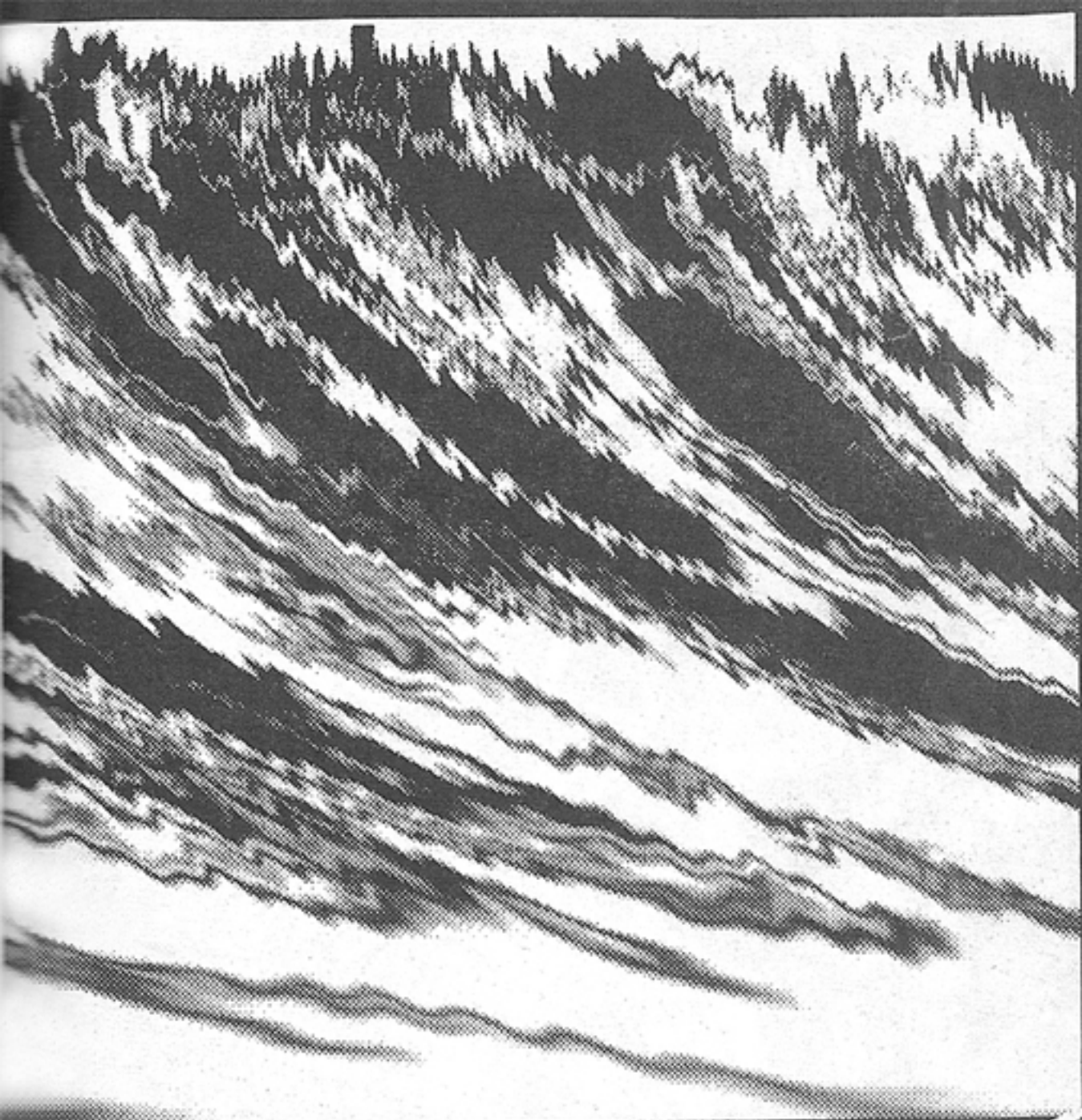


NOT INCLUDED ABOVE IS TIBET'S WORK WITH HÖH ON 'ISLAND' AND 'CROWLEY MASS', AS WELL AS HIS SOLO WORK ON 'SADNESS OF THINGS' WITH STEVE STAPLETON.



1988
SAMS
©

CURRENT
©



MIRACLES

AND BIZARRE HAPPENINGS IN THE FINAL CHURCH

YES HE TURNS WINE INTO WATER

WHAT A PARTY POOPER

THERE ARE MANY ACCOUNTS OF STRANGE APPARITIONS AND SPECTRE LIKE VISITATIONS OF THE DIVINE NODDING GOD. ONE OF THE MOST BIZARRE COMES FROM A SERPENTINE DISTRIBUTION COMPANY WHO SPECIALIZE IN CERTAIN CULT BANDS. ONE DAY, SO THE STORY GOES, THEY WERE VERY STUNNED TO WITNESS A GHOSTLY OOZE SPEWING FORTH FROM THE FAX MACHINE. THE MANIC WOBBLING HEAD OF WHICH WAS INTONEING THIS ODD COMAND...

I AM THE GHOST OF CROWLEY MASS OF PAST. DON'T FEAR! YOU'LL GET YOUR REAPER FIRST!

SEVERAL BURNT OUT HIPPIES HAVE GIVEN ACCOUNTS OF AN M.C. CHAPTER LEADER WHO BORE AN UNCANNY LIKENESS TO THE FINAL MESSIAH. THE CLUB KNOWN AS THE 'SATANS PIMPS' ARE SAID TO HAVE HAD A PROFOUND INFLUENCE OVER A CERTAIN DEMONIC GURU AS WELL SUPPLYING PRO AND COUNTRIE REVOLUTIONARY INFO TO THE C.I.A. AND BLACK PANTHER CELLS IN L.A.





The red of my lips, is the red of the Rose
As flows red blood, when the
petals unfold. 
And the colour of fear
when red is black
as darkness
crawls
out of
the crack

The light
of the night
is the night
of the force
in the moon
night menstrual
night, fear in
full bloom





THIS IS

NO

WAS

AS A

DREAM

SHADOW

END

TO

DURRO DAN MURRO GAN



FINAL CHAPTER

NOTHING
POSSIBLE

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM

Mark Pawson

James Mannox

David Tibet

Peter Christopherson

John Balance

Enrico Chiarparin

savage Pencil



THE NODDING FOLK IN

1. CHILDREN OF THE NODAPOC GATHER ROUND
2. LOVE DANCE OF THE NODDING FOLK

So Nodding Folk they, hooray hey hey:

James Mannox

David Tibet

Steven Stapleton

John Balance

Peter Christopherson

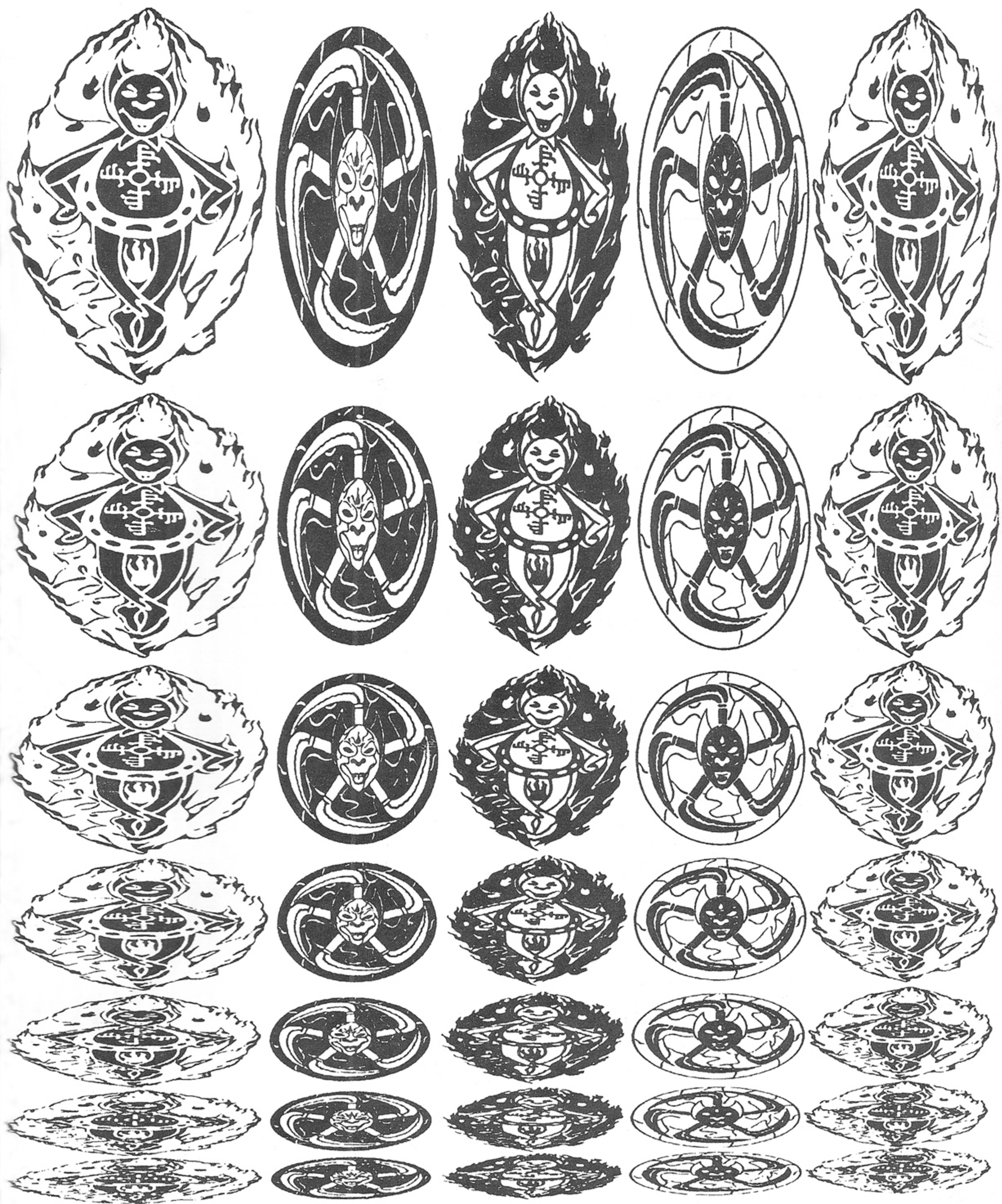
Sam Mannox

Simon Norris

Mixed and Edited by Steven Stapleton

Produced by the Nodding Folk for the Nodapoc.





THE NODDIE

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AP POCALYPSE