



Gadgie 32
~~Punk Rock~~ Star Wars Fanzine

Now then gadgie ☐☐☐

Two things have been constant in my life since about the age of six. Football and Star Wars. Of course, punk rock came along and took over my teen years but Star Wars ... there's nothing like Star Wars is there? Picture the scene: I'm about six years old at Primary School. It's playtime. The bigger, older lads are booting a knackered old casey* around the playground. A bunch of scrotes are walking around arm in arm shouting "Who wants to play Armyyyyyyyyyyy?". Over by the bin some lads are playing with some action figures. The bin is one of those old 70's affairs where it has a huge concrete block at the bottom so it doesn't get moved but today it appears that huge concrete block has been transformed. It is no longer a grey slab of concrete. No way. Today it is a far off world populated by droids and smugglers and dominated by an evil empire. Sonic, a buck toothed odd bod, had a couple of figures, one of which was little red R2-D2 like R5-D4 and he was blipping and blooping the sounds of a plucky little astromech. What was this wonderful world I had chanced upon that fateful morning break? It was of course Star Wars and this moment stands as my one of my earliest and most vivid memories. It wasn't long

before I too would find myself thrown head long in to this wonderful galaxy that is far, far away ...

We step once more in to the Gadgie Time Machine, ready to hurtle back through the ages and as the screen goes all wobbly and a huge whooshing noise engulfs us we head back to 1980 ... Dad is on nights. This means one thing to me and our lad. Absolute silence all morning. Waking Dad when he is sleeping off a night shift was a crime punishable by death just like talking when footy results were on and Dad was marking his Pools coupon or rustling the lego loudly looking for that archway bit or a Lego man's hairdo when the news was on ... Mother must have dreaded such days as she knew that our lad and me specialised in making a noise and acting up. Could we maybe sit and watch a film? No. We would too excited and jump about playing Warlords of Atlantis or At The Earth's Core pretending we were being attacked by a fire breathing pig or gigantic octopus. Film? Nope. Play with some toys then? No. Of course we would end up arguing or getting too excited and make a noise whether we were to play with the Action Men or a jigsaw. It would always descend in to chaos. Read a book or comic then! That's a no again I'm afraid as we would end up scrapping over the latest issue of Whizzer and Chips. How

about playing on a computer game? Surely that'll keep us two quiet? It probably would but they hadn't been invented yet. Well, they hadn't reached our house if they had anyway. One particular day however, our Mam had chanced upon a most effective method that didn't involve taking us for a massive walk as far from the house as possible.

"Now you two, if you don't wake yer Dad up he's got a big surprise for you this afternoon, but you'll only get it if you are quiet and don't wake him up." Ooh! It worked. We spent the next seven hours saying "What's the surprise Mam?" but mother's resistance was admirable and we managed to quietly sit and wait in wonder until Dad woke up from his morning slumber.

Upon descending the stairs, of course, Dad was mobbed by two reprobates who had miraculously managed to remain sedate and silent for the entire morning in eager anticipation of this mystery treat. Of course, our Dad like to draw it out a bit and ensured he had a cup of coffee before divulging the facts. It must have been a peculiar experience for fatha drinking that mug of coffee as we both sat staring at him, shaking with excitement. Finally the wait was over ... we are going the cinema! For the first time ever! To see *The Empire Strikes Back!* To a six and seven year

old this truly was cause for immense excitement and we probably ran round in circles for a bit until we got shouted at.



Guisborough pictures was (it's not there now, it was converted in to a gym in the late 80's) the absolute definition of a "flea pit" cinema. The front row seats were all ripped up and the ferocious usher lady Mrs Scott cut a terrifying figure brandishing her torch at anyone who dared to transgress the rules of don't talk and don't throw things at people. Many people did talk and throw things at people sadly though and Mrs Scott was an over worked usher most Saturdays when the Children's Film Foundation matinee's were screened (that's a whole other story, and of course, it's in the book!). Every week there would be a raffle type thing where you kept your ticket and a draw was made to win tickets for the next "big" film that would be showing like *Jaws* or *Popeye*. Some poor fella would stand at the front and call out the numbers only to be met by a hail of spogs! ** *Barbarians!* Not today though. No way. We were not off to

see Sammy's Super T-Shirt or The Battle For Billys' Pond! We were going to see Star Wars! At the pictures!

After lining up for yonks around the block we were finally in and Mrs Scott torch lit our way to our seats. Yikes! To our naive dismay there was a daft movie showing about an aeroplane ...

"Dad, where's Darth Vader?"

"Don't worry, this is just the support film!"

My memory may be playing tricks on me but I'm sure Airplane was on, as we all came in, as a b-movie! Surely not!?

... and so it came to time for the curtains to close and then reopen and that legendary moment that is etched in my mind for all eternity ... the 20th Century Fox logo and fanfare. Whenever I see that on any film, I expect Star Wars to follow ... the black screen and silence ... the pale green "A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away" ... seconds more silence ... then BAA BADA BAA! That magical moment that makes men of a certain age (ahem) stand up and punch the air/shout "Yes!"/have shivers run down the back of their neck/revert to being seven years old (delete as appropriate) when the Star Wars logo whooshes up the screen and you know you are at the cinema and you are gonna watch Star Wars! At the cinema! What then followed was life changing and so began a long, long

obsession with both the cinema and George Lucas's marvellous creation.

I remember Star Wars being absolutely everywhere that summer (and probably the next four or five). As a kid I sought out anything, absolutely anything, with Star Wars on. Action figures, comics, books ... trips to the supermarket were suddenly interesting! Hinton's had Star Wars yoghurts! Yoda was (green and slightly minging) Gooseberry flavour (to this day the only time I've ever eaten a gooseberry flavour yoghurt), Princess Leia (sweet and tasty) was emblazoned on the strawberry pots and I'm sure Chewbacca was on the fudge flavour and Vader himself stared at you as you ploughed through a Dark (Side) Cherry dessert. Sticking Jabba the Hutt on Peach Melba didn't really fit but I would want one regardless. The first thing I collected! Star Wars yoghurt pots!



Are they are to blame for my obsessive drive to collect stuff like records and pictures of Debbie Harry!

Is that where it all started? Possibly. Of course, collecting the action figures was next and every trip to the supermarket was an opportunity to scope out all the latest figures. Having a "rare" figure that nobody else had yet instantly elevated you to coolest kid in the playground status. Of course, everyone and his sister had Vader, Luke, Han Solo, Ben Kenobi, Stormtroopers, C3-PO and R2-D2 but no bugger had the Gamorrean Guard, Lobot or Squid Head when me and our lad managed to acquire them from some long defunct toy shop in Redcar one Saturday. People would come round our house to see the new figures and take it in turns to hold them!

One evening in the height of the summer holidays a flurry of excitement brought everyone round to our house and it wasn't just a new figure! Although our lad had just acquired the Cloud Car Pilot (and subsequently lost the little walky talky type thing he carried, as was our lad's way) the hype surrounded an unusual fellow called Ridley. Rid, as he was known, is the peculiar chap who cultivated his own infamy by spending the entire break time blowing a raspberry on his hand to see what colour he would go. We've met him before dear reader. Well anyway, rumour had circulated amongst the Guisborough Wild Kids that Rid had

the Death Star! Yet nobody believed him. This was the lad after all who claimed that he saw a motorbike rider have a crash in the town centre market place and so bad were the injuries acquired from said accident, that his brain was hanging out. Before the advent of the internet, social media and Google images the only way we could find out what was actually out there to entice our pocket money from our pockets was by looking at the back of the cards that the figures came on and in toy shops. There was no concept of a "complete set" or a checklist of available toys for the discerning collector. It was up to us, the kids, to go forth and discover. Naturally, rumour control was not the most vigilant of processes in those days and many tales of "legendary" and "rumoured to exist" toys did the rounds. Jabba, this lad in my class with three thumbs, always claimed that he had the Cantina Band figures but was never allowed to show us any of them as they came from America. Rid, always claimed to have the Death Star, but as none of us had never seen it (except his buddy Sonic) and nobody had ever seen a picture of it or come across it in the toy shops of Teesside we all assumed he was talking Bantha dung. Well ... until one day when he claimed he was selling it for a tenner! Rid would have to prove it existed and he would have to prove he actually owned it or be publically

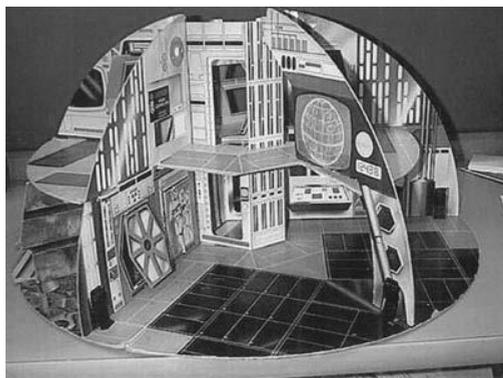
disgraced and shunned in the playground for ever more. Eternal shame is a huge thing to bairns.

The time was set. Rid and his mate Sonic were to come round our house at 6pm and show it to everyone. People arrived early in eager anticipation of seeing this most precious of rarities, or public humiliation of the farty hand man. The tension mounted and reached fever pitch as Rid and Sonic arrived with a carrier bag ... and so it was revealed. It did exist! He actually had the Death Star toy and it was here before our very eyes! As it was removed from the bag there was a silence akin to the pause after the "A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away ..." prologue ... then the huge trumpeting of the Star Wars logo as the Death Star was unsheathed! He did own it! It did exist! It was shit.



For a start off, it was made of cardboard! Cardboard, for Debbie's sake! Most Star Wars toys were made of tough and hard plaggy that would endure much playage. No, this was a

card board Death Star. Secondly, it was only half a Death Star, a sort of dome with four walled sections each having stuff printed on the walls to look like the planet destroying space station that struck fear in to the galaxy and murdered poor old Alderaan. The only thing that this frightened was our Dad's wallet who took one look at it and shook his head at the prospect of letting a whole ten pounds go for the disappointing Death Star. It did have a garbage crusher room and a little hole in the wall cum slide and we tried it out with a hastily fetched Han Solo figure but with a shake of his head our Dad called time on our dreams of owning our very own Death Star. It wasn't really a surprise if I'm honest. We had recently been told we "wanted our brains washing" for paying £1.99 for a Princess Leia (in Boush disguise) figure so a whole ten quid (which was a lot of money in them days, I remember when this was all fields etc, etc) for a card board Death Star was never gonna happen.



Rid went off to someone else's house who had expressed an interest in bagging it and me and Simbad went in for the night safe in the knowledge we had passed up on a toy that would one day go for £400+ on ebay ...

Unlike the cardboard Death Star, the world of Star Wars would continue to exert a grip on me forever more. Even today as a, ahem, "grown up", the prospect of anything to do with the adventures of that rag tag band of rebels, those enigmatic Bounty Hunters (we don't need that scum), the path to the Dark Side and anything and everything else that goes on in that galaxy in the grip of an evil empire grabs my attention like nothing else does. At University (a few years prior to the dire prequels coming out) I met this unusual fellow who worked in the IT department who was telling me how he knew all about Star Wars and the new films coming up were gonna be great. I remained silent and politely nodded as I typed away on an essay about football hooliganism or something, letting him whittle on about Star Wars in the belief he was impressing me with his knowledge. I could bite my lip no more however, when the bespectacled Physics Metaller*** suggested he was a true fan as he knew all the Bounty Hunters. Call that impressive? I broke my silence and listed Boba Fett, 4-LOM, Zuckuss, Bossk, Dengar and IG-88. I even suggested you could maybe

include the hapless Greedo in there and pondered did he know that the figures Zuckuss and 4-LOM had each other's names and were not switched until the very recently?

"Ooh, you really are a Star Wars fan aren't you?" was his shocked reply. He then went off on a weird tangent ...

"Do you know my girlfriend?"

Good lord, he has a girlfriend? He did indeed. She was well suited to him in looks and personality.

"She looks really sexy in her towelling tracksuit you know, I leave it out on the bed for her to wear sometimes ..." Good lord ...

The shock and awe of the Imperial ground assault on Echo Base with the awesome AT AT Walkers in Empire Strikes Back was not a bad way to start our cinema going experiences, but the Star Wars bug had well and truly bitten me and our lad by the time we ventured to Middlesbrough Odeon for Return of the Jedi 1983. We had joined the legions of kids everywhere collecting as many of the action figures as we could get our ruddy hands on. We had moved on from Action Man. War was not for us anymore. Spaceships were better. Aliens, other worlds, laser guns, monsters and other insane stuff, not to mention the AT AT Walkers! We no longer bothered with Action Jacks whose head would lift out the top of the body, reducing "Jack" to a

dismembered pile of limbs. We now had Darth Vader and Squid Head! Action Jack came in all manner of themes - cowboys, policemen, skiers, soldiers ... they were like a cheap take on Playmobil ... but no, Star Wars was where it was at. As if to demonstrate the "passing of the torch" I remember very clearly feeling well pleased with mesel after swapping an Action Jack Skier (with all the bits: skis, sticks, helmet and whatnot) for a Biker Scout figure (with the gun!) with Bog Eye, this lad in my class who for reasons known only to him, and his family, wore a full Norwich City kit for PE.



The swapping scene was a thriving black market place in the Primary School playground. On a daily basis kids would haggle and barter over whether 10 footy stickers, a foursie fancy marble and being allowed a go on someone's bike was really of equivalent value to a new R2-D2 figure with a lightsabre that jumped out of

his dome like head. Mrs Yagima - the country dance teacher (see last issue, I think) - however had her ear to the ground and word reached the staff room that swapping was rife. I think a number of concerned parents had been in touch to be fair. I have no doubt that this weedy little fellow called Mavis, or his mate Walker (not AT AT), were involved in getting swapping banned. And they both supported Newcastle. I imagine the scene at the dinner table when Mam and Dad enquired about the new Star Wars toys they'd just shelled out for one weekend for Mave:

"Good day at school son?"

"Yeah Dad, it was OK"

"Where's that new Star Wars figure we got you on Saturday? You know, the one you begged us to buy as nobody else has it, and you'll look really cool and everyone will think you're great and forget that you're a bit of a soft lad who didn't go on cub camp 'cos you still wazz the bed?"

"What? Dengar?"

"Yeah, that's the buggar!"

"Oh I haven't got it anymore, I swapped it with Um Bongo for the St Mirren goalie and manager sticker in "Football 84". I have the full team now!"

As my exchange with Bog Eye was conducted out of school, our Biker Scout/Action Jack trade was out of her jurisdiction, but everyone else had to stay in at play time, get done and

all the figures, toys, stickers, marbles and whatever else were all reallocated to their original owners.

One of the richest veins of Star Wars figure acquisition that we managed to tap in to, besides, sneaking one in the trolley when we were dragged around the supermarket for the massive monthly shop, was our Grandma! She would be off adventuring on coach holidays with all her buddies who were called stuff like Madge and Reenee, only to return laden with Han Solos, Lobots and Ree Yees for me, our lad and our cousin Steven. There were some less exciting gifts we would have bestowed upon us that we were under strict instructions to appear grateful for or we wouldn't get the Star Wars figures. One such time was after an old folks home trip to Wales. Simon was treated to a Beshin Cloud Car Pilot (who was well rock****) and I was overjoyed to be the proud owner of Logray the Ewok Medicine Man! Oh cripes though, we also all received a three pack each of chocolate brown y-fronts! Ladies control yourselves! The catastrophic choggas were left at the back of the wabs draw but Logray, he came to school with us on Monday and I was the proudest Star Wars fan in the whole school as nobody else had one or had ever seen a Logray figure!



Upon returning home that day however, I made a horrifying discovery that chilled me to the bone! I'd lost Logray's stick! His medicine man staff with feathers and stuff on was gone! Horror of horrors! The next day at school however, Spaz told me he'd found Logray's stick on the field last night and queried was it mine? Hurrah! The day was saved except for the fact that the council grass cutter had done the field last night and the feather on the top and been mercilessly cropped off! Those plucky little fuzz balls stood up to the might of the Empire's finest but Logray was no match for the grass cutting man and his machine of death! I learnt my lesson from that dismal day and kept all my figures at home in the safety of a biscuit tin unlike Wozza who threw his Beshin Security guard up in the guttering of his house and got brayed off of his Dad for it. Or Dovey and Sniffyferbum Kev who made a base in their garden flower beds (Sniffyferbum Kev was so proud when he told us it had "compartments and everything" but forgot where they buried half the figures ... but as

always ... that's another set of silly stories for another day ...

* "casey": a leather footy, in other words a proper one and not an "airflow" one that cost 99p from Boyes and blew around in the wind when you booted it. "I'm not playing with you lot, you're using a crap sacky air flow. Oggy and Spaz have got a rare beaut casey."

** "spogs": a word of whose origins I know little but it meant sweets like you'd get in a 10p mix bag. Pink Shrimps, Flumps, Dr Death chews, Mojos, Fruit Salads, Golf Balls, Cola Bottles etc. Working class scrotes like us had to make do with "spogs" while the rich kids could afford posh and expensive stuff like a Topic, Turkish Delight or Fry's Chocolate Cream. "Mam, if I tek the pop bottles back t' shop can I 'ave the 10p deposit for some spogs?"

***"Physics Metaller" a term used by various members of Urko to describe a, usually long haired fellow who appears to be socially awkward, shy and retiring in personality and probably is really in to Physics, Heavy Metal and erm, Star Wars.

****"Well Rock" The difficulty one had in finding and purchasing a particular figure was expressed in degrees of "hardness". A "well rock" figure was most difficult to locate in toy shops of the area. Easier than "nails as" though.

Gig Review

Who? Figrin D'an and the Model Nodes

Where? Wuher's Cantina Bar, Mos Eisley

When? A Long Time Ago In A Galaxy Far, Far Away ...

So, I didn't really, really want to go to this gig. The bar is in one the most wretched hives of scum and villainy you ever did see but when my mate Snaggletooth came around and practically begged me to join him, well, he was in his red jump suit and not the blue one so I had to go. Snaggletooth in a blue jump suit gets served, but in a red one, for some reason he never does, and muggings here has to buy his blue beers for him. Poor little fuzz ball, he can't even reach the bar ... We set off early to make sure we arrived at the space port well before the bands set up and as always those filthy little Jawas were bloody everywhere. What is it with the little smelly rodents "Bosca!" "Utini!" and "Tickets, any spare tickets!" was all they said until I flashed me blaster and they soon cleared off. After a hard day blasting womp rats at Beggars Canyon I was in no mood for their pestering ways and was all primed to rock n roll. Parking up the speeder we couldn't help notice a heavy Imperial presence and a couple of stormtroopers even asked us a few

questions. I mean do I look like the sort of person who owns a pair of droids? "Why don't you ask that old fella over there?" I said but just got told to move along. Bloody stop and search monkeys. I should have written his rank and number down and complained really. Give 'em a gun and they think they're Vader. So, off to the gig. I'd been to the cantina a few times before and Mos Eisley's potent blend of parched sand, engine oil and spices from all over the galaxy affronted me as it always does. Last time out was for Sy Snootles and the Max Rebo band and that got pretty messy. Someone called the Ithorian "Hammerhead" and it kicked off. Glasses flying and everything. My kind of place. Figrin D'an and the Modal Nodes are Tatooine's latest sensation. Their early demo is raw as hell as has changed hands for over sixty credits I've heard so getting chance to see 'em in a small venue I suppose should not be sniffed at. Getting our pints of blue stuff we settled at the bar and tried not to stare at the hot twins who were eyeing up every humanoid spacer that came in. Whether to give him the time of his life in a hot tub or to fleece him of his wallet and ship is anyone's guess. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity the band finished sound checking and got started. The crowd at first seemed unimpressed. I'm sure there was an illegal game of Sabacc going on in one

of the many catacombs around the walls. A Devaronian sat grinning ear to ear, clearly enjoying the set but the rest of the crowd seemed non plussed. That was until they started blasting out their classic "Tears of Aquanna" and the sparse crowd woke up. It appears there were more folk lurking in the dark shadows than was initially obvious! Band leader Figrin D'an was handling his Kloo Horn dextrously and if there is a better Omni Box player than Tech in the outer rim territories I'd love to hear him/her/it. Things were hotting up now, but as usual, some moron started macho dancing and the tough guy mentality that seemed de rigeur these days, since Bounty Hunters and gangs of drunken Grans all jumped on the band wagon and ruined gigs.



Honestly, I saw a gig on the lower levels of Coruscant ruined by these three eyed eejits. Careering around, off their heads on Lum juice like a bunch of retarded Gamorreans, but this time it was a snivelling little human and his mate Ponda Baba. Now Ponda isn't the best looking of lads it has to be said (rumour has it, his last girlfriend left him for a Whiphid!) but

when someone calls him "Arse Mouth" as some unfortunate kid did last week, well, he goes fragging loopy. Someone has upset him again it would appear and as the band went in to live favourite "Worm Case" Ponda started chucking his weight around! Some crazy looking old dude whipped out a lightsabre and sliced poor bum-mouth's arm off! I've seen some moves in the pit, but believe me, that was far harsher than any flailing limb move anyone has ever got down at any gig in my experience. A pretty solid set by the Bith Boogiers came to a close as some human dude wasted a Rhodian. The things some folk will do to avoid paying in eh? I mean, for what, a few credits? What could you buy with a few credits? Information about Jabba's latest bounty? What's going on at Docking Bay 94? You couldn't even afford a cape off some scrotey street vendor for that. An eventful night then and I look forward to the next gig I have planned. Sy Snootles and her mob are lined up to play Jabba the Hutt's Palace in a few weeks. I'll have to get Sat Nav fitted in my speeder 'cos I've never been there before. Wonder what it's like?



RECORD REVIEWS

I love records me.

When I go to the record shop I always buy loads just in case we run out at home.

DIE

7" EP (Sonic Terror Discs)

You want obnoxious 80's tough as old boots head butt hardcore? You wanna have a go on this then, as Die are as good a bet as anyone else doing it at the minute in the UK. "Life Is Hate" is a sign of intent at the start of this six track 7". Squealing guitars kick us off before plunging head long in to a stomping, mid pace thuggish assault that wouldn't look out of place on a bill with Waste Management and Boston Strangler (and probably didn't in London recently). What follows is a barrage of brutal slabs of venomous hardcore and barking vocals interspersed with lurking and menacing stompers. "Die" at the end will rip your face off. Ticks all the Boston boxes.

STAR WARS Rating: Tusken Raiders smacking you on the head with a garfi stick and nicking your speeder.

DOOM

**"Corrupt Fucking System" LP
(Black Cloud)**

Bloody hell! A new Doom LP! They've been swanning around the world recently - South East Asia, Russia - but still found time to put together a

first long player in Debbie knows how long and if you can rely on one thing in this world it is that Doom will emerge every so often with a crust behemoth of a record. Even if you have to wait ten years plus for it. Lyrically enraged and sonically furious, Doom set about lashing out at all and sundry in their own inimitable manner. It's been done so many times before, but whenever you hear Doom you know it's Doom, unlike so many of the millions of bullet belt and patched up hordes that they have inspired. As well as the utter fury from the noise contained within, the artwork on the fantastic double gatefold sleeve is just as confrontational. A fat cat capitalist dinosaur shitting out all that is wrong with this broken society we have shoved down our throats. Taking the metallic anarcho crust sound they pretty much invented and spewing vitriol and disgust at the despicable government we are saddled with at the minute, at animal testing, at paedophile priest cover ups ... it's like living under bloody Thatcher again. Fear not my friend. Doom are her to tell it how it fucking is.

STAR WARS Rating: R2-D2. He never lets you down and he is nails.

KREMLIN

"Drunk In The Gulag" 12" (Hardware)

Ruddy 'eck! This is good. The 7" that Toronto's Kremlin last foisted upon us was span muchly in the Gadgie Towers Thrash Parlour and many a visitor was

treated to the wire wool in the ears experience whether they wanted it or not. "Make 'em 'ave it!" as the White Cider Warrior used to shriek when baffled as to how people could not like listening to punk rock ... but that's another tale for another day ... Back to the review as we have a full 12" worth of harshness to contend with and well, it's a step up from the previous missive. The sound is a "fuller" one (although apparently it was laid down on a four track) and although the songs have a more sophisticated and varied feel, these new firecrackers retain that claustrophobic urgency that so infused the 7". There's equal doses of raw and primitive bile being spat out alongside amphetamine fuelled UK82 yet when you listen to it Kremlin have come up with a vigorous and refreshing take on early Anti Cimex and classic era Discharge (especially on "No Hope For You"). It's easy to pin point influences but difficult to draw comparisons. Weak esh.

STAR WARS Rating: A weeks holiday in Mos Eisley.

LOST KIDS

"Cola Freaks" 7" (Sing Sing)

It always amuses me when a "mainstream" magazine covers punk rock. Recently browsing the shelves of a high street newsagents I discovered a feature in the pages of Record Collector on "Underground Punk" and how to go about compiling yourself a

bank busting collection of obscure punk rock records. This 'ere lost nugget was hailed as one such essential, as if you were lucky enough to be the proud owner of the original of this long lost Danish punk classic it could fetch about £80 were you to flog it! Save yourself a fortune and get this reissue for a fraction of the cost my friend 'cos it's an absolute rollicking ripsnorter. Checking the sleeve out they certainly do look a right bunch of fruit loops, sort of like The Rezillos snotty little cousins. Musically that's not too far off a comparison either with cranky riffage slashing away and a thuggish back beat keeping it all going. Sang in their native tongue with a melodic attack that makes you wonder if, in 1979, they were from the UK and singing in English would they have been huge?

STAR WARS Rating: Support act to the Cantina Band.

MENSHEVIK

"Ceasefire" EP (Dry Heave)

Six tracks of hard hitting punchy punk from Norfolk of all places! Menshevik's ditties have an urgent intensity in the same way that those UK bands who were everywhere about ten or fifteen years ago did. I'm thinking Capdown and Vanilla Pod and a bit of digging about finds (whaddya know?) Menshevik number members of both bands in their armoury. Like the afore mentioned bands, Menshevik find themselves playing in the hole

between pop punk and hardcore, a bit of US bands like Ignite but with a grittier Brittier feel, maybe even a bit of Imbalance in there? There was a time when bands like this would turn up at DIY venues and play blinding sets, yet the local kids would turn their noses up and prefer instead, to spend a fortune on travel, hotels and tickets to go see flipping NOFX or someone 'cos they were from the States ... Don't make the same mistake this time kids.

STAR WARS Rating: Jawas shooting R2-D2 when he got lost in the desert. "Utini!"

NEO PUNKS

"Neo Pack" 2x7"

(La Vida Es Un Mus)

Blimmin' Blipters! Where does Paco find these bands? This fine release collects the recorded output of long lost Dutch band Neo Punks across faithful reissues of two 7"s complete with booklets, lyrics and original art work. You know when modern day bands try to play a sort of punk that sounds raw, nihilistic, unpleasant and downright nasty as that is the style they like? Well back in 1980 Neo Punks played this style because they were raw, nihilistic, unpleasant and downright nasty (I'm guessing). Proper primitive, early punk that sounds obnoxious and sloppy in a good way, though not quite as inept as other proponents of this sort of thing. The vocals really do cut right though you

with sheer loathsome delivery and the band are no slouches funnelling early Discharge type anger with the youthful spite of Eater. Save yourself a fortune on the originals, if you could even find 'em, and bag this marvellous double bill of bile.

STAR WARS Rating: "He doesn't like you! I don't like you either!"

OFFICER DOWN

"Deadlands" CD (TNS)

A lesson in judging a CD by the cover here ... A zombie/skull type dude with a turned up cap and gun rammed in his gob ... this must be some sort of "bandana thrash" right? I know that's a very silly phrase but you know what I mean yeah? DRI, Waking The Dead, The Shining, Municipal Waste et al. Well I was certainly Mr Wrong from Wrongville as what we have here, upon actually giving it a listen, are ten tracks of relentless, super speedy melodic punk with a dash of skate punk thrown in. Again, I judged them wrongly as I expected these zoomers to be from over the pond, especially with the vocal style, but no, they hail from Evesham in the UK! Crikey! I know nowt me. I don't even know where Evesham is. Fast enough to entertain me, though with the American influence, especially those big epic singalongy bits, it's more the sort of thing my mate Bradders would like. He digs stuff like The Swellers, Leftover Crack, Strike Anywhere and bands that support Alkaline Trio. I'll

go to gigs like that but get drunk and shout at folk rather than pay much attention. People love taking me to gigs. I think I enhance the experience for them.

STAR WARS Rating: Stuck in the Death Star's Garbage Crusher.

LAS OTRAS

"Devolver El Golpe" LP (Discos Sense Nom)

In a word: Efficient! These Spanish lasses blazed through a twenty minute rat-a-tat-tatting set of fast and furious punk at JT Soar in Nottingham this spring and impressed the assembled punks. As Jas Toomer would heartily approve of though, they also left the punks wanting more. This LP is exactly the same. There's a wedge of dead wax on each side of this nine track maelstrom of feminist fury that brings to mind La Obediencia who you may have caught on tour with Red Dons last year. Be assured though: the nine tracks carved in to the grooves are absolute whirlwinds. Tight and efficient (that word again) and packed with lean and bristly energy whilst venting venomous anger. As I think was the intended effect ... I want more.

STAR WARS Rating: AT-AT Walkers destroying Echo Base with ruthless efficiency. Start the evacuation!

PERSONNEL

"Personnel" 7" (Dot Dash)

Deliberately drab post punk "tunes" from yet another Louis Shitty Limits

band. Stripping down the sound to bare essentials - yobby vocals, stabbing guitar shrieking over a minimal bobbling bass - Personnel conjure up a shambolic, unpolished, sinewy post punk ball of bristles. This should really be on a scruffy and bashed up tape that you found on the floor at a Desperate Bicycles gig in a squat when you were drunk on supermarket home brand lager. I mean that as a compliment by the way. The sound and imagery on the equally sparse artwork conjures up a dull early 80's commute to work in a bowler hat with a broly under yer arm, where your office looks like something out of a Monty Python sketch only stripped of all the silliness and without Michael Palin asking you for an argument or a job as a lion tamer.

STAR WARS Rating: Han Solo waking up from being frozen in carbonite.

REVENGE OF THE PSYCHOTRONIC MAN

**BBC Session from Maida Vale 7" and
"Ten Years of Revenge of the
Psychotronic Man" 7" (TNS)**

What must have been an absolutely crazy ten years for these Manc speedsters is capped off with a BBC session from Maida Vale! Hyper active trio Revenge of the Psychotronic Man have been playing anywhere they can and playing as fast as they can to anyone who'll listen, all in a DIY fashion with their own label and all

manner of other projects for a decade now. Here then are two platters to celebrate their raucous cacophony that seems to be based on the idea of play fast, melodic punk as fast as possible. Even faster if it is feasible. And then a bit faster if they can. They are fast. The accent is heavily on the melodic rather than brutal though (think The Lobotomies), but never do they deviate in to token ska riffs, cheesy pop parts, metallic clunking, slow bits, emo bits, singalong bits, epic bits ... it literally is just blazingly fast ferocious punk which isn't a bad thing is it? I could have done without the remixes on the b-side of the Ten Years 7" though.

STAR WARS Rating: Completing the Kessel Run in 12 parsecs.

TENSE REACTION/MILKMAN Split 10" (Bong)

Straight up brutal thrash from the Netherlands that continues the fine tradition those crazy Dutch punks have for heads down and balls to the floor lightening fast thrash. Tense Reaction continue the good work from last year's 7" with a collection of hopping mad mantras that will have you digging out your Mihoen, Cockroach and BSE 7"s. Maybe then a go on those two CD's Dan Dare put out. Fellow veterans Milkman on the flip are more of the same but with a more 80's sorta feel. They aren't any happier with the state of the world either and six rampant ragers rush by

ripping your chops off. Fab. All I want from hardcore punk is encapsulated on this 'ere record.

STAR WARS Rating: "Bounty Hunters! We don't need that scum!"

THISCLOSE

"The Price We Pay" 7" (Noise Punk)

Oh lordy! Thisclose are something of an anomaly in the punk world. As is common knowledge to anyone who has the slightest interest in brutal hardcore punk, Discharge have had something of an influence shall we say. There are a ridiculous amount of bands who ape that glorious apocalyptic earthquake of noise that Stoke's finest were assaulting the world with on "Why", "Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing" and the slew of classic EP's they spawned in the early 80's. How many bands can you name however, that ignore this era and draw their inspiration from 1986's (in many people's opinion) ill advised metal direction that was "Grave New World"? No, me neither. Well search no more for Thisclose are here to fill that void, though some would ask if it needs filling. With "The Price We Pay" Thisclose chug away with a powerful and hard hitting metal-charge as does "No Compromise" on the reverse of this white vinyl EP. The third and final track is the strongest for me though, and blows the previous two out of the sky upping the ante with a furious bombardment of earlier 7"s Discharge

that more of us are familiar with. Thisclose have gone all out to recreate the Grave New World era down to the font on the sleeve, the lyrical haikus of doom and well ... the vocals ... Roddy has took the high pitched scream that so alienated Discharge's fans and embraced it with open arms. This will very much be a love it or loathe it deal breaker for some and to be honest I imagine the band couldn't care less. Punk as fuck. STAR WARS Rating: Lando Calrissian in Empire Strikes Back. Or Return of the Jedi. It will divide opinion.

THE URINALS

"Negative Capability" 2xLP (In The Red)

Many moons back when I did first move to Bosstown I encountered Daz and Lee of Urko infamy and we immediately began knocking up tapes for one another as was the way of the punks in them days. Some of the classics I received from the gruesome twosome bore such titles as "Noisy Foreign Shit" (A collection of power violence and raw Finnish thrash courtesy of Lee) and "You're Mother Wouldn't Like It!" which was loaded with old 80's punk from across the Atlantic via Daz. Upon this tape were, to me at the time, mysterious songs by the likes of The Offs and these 'ere Urinals. I managed to track down stuff by most of the bands on there that I liked but The Urinals always eluded me ... until now! A massive

collection of "bog standard" punk (groan) spread over two discs and it's been well worth the wait. While most of their peers were amping up the amphetamine fuelled velocity of their punkage, The Urinals it would appear were bent on producing minimal shards of spiked and wiry outbursts of yobbish spite. It's as if they came up with one riff and thought that'll do for one song. Another riff? That'll do for the next song and went for it with very little need to elaborate. Wire are the nearest comparison although the defiantly dreadful Hygiene are a more recent sort of resemblance. 31 tracks of arch un-punk punk. Hard work but good.

STAR WARS Rating: Having a conversation with laugh a minute assassin droid IG-88.

THE WANKYS

"Still Love The Noise" 7" (RTP)

I read somewhere that this record was a "final piece" for one of the Wanky's college assessments! Wonder what grade he received? Wish the kids I work with would hand raw punk noise records to me as coursework. Wouldn't really help them with GCSE PE but I'd be happy. This is great stuff and the production job seems to have a much cleaner sound than the usual fuzzball mayhem. This gives the songs a whole new lease of life and even a deranged singalong quality to Mark's strangling a cat vocals! More

Pogo punk but still a slice of buzzing Noise Punk! I love it!

STAR WARS Rating: Drunken ewoks celebrate winning the Battle of Endor.

WONK UNIT

"Nervous Racehorse" CD (TNS)

This band seem universally loved for some reason and although I've given it a go, can't find myself too enthusiastic for them. Listening to this album it sounds like a compilation at times and throws all manner of eclectic oddness in to the pot. Part Snuff like punk rock, part melancholy acoustic and woozy organ driven, part indie press friendly punk, there's even a bit of country-ish carrying on. The main wonker Alex was in The Flying Medallions it appears and that explains a lot. An obscure 90's pre Britpop, punked up indie type band that were a little erm, idiosyncratic to say the least, I remember their antics well from student union bars in my previous life as an indie gig going undergraduate. Performance art punk? STAR WARS Rating: Greedo shot first!

... and there you go dear reader You want more? Drop us a line for my book and back issues at nowthengadgie@hotmail.co.uk, find us on Facebook by seeking out [Gadgie Fanzine](#) or on Twitter [@marvgadgie](#). Cheers to MR T for the Star Wars Punk Rock tag team up. Up the Punx.

Marv, Boston Not Boston, England.

Start of the six Weeks Summer Holiday 2014!