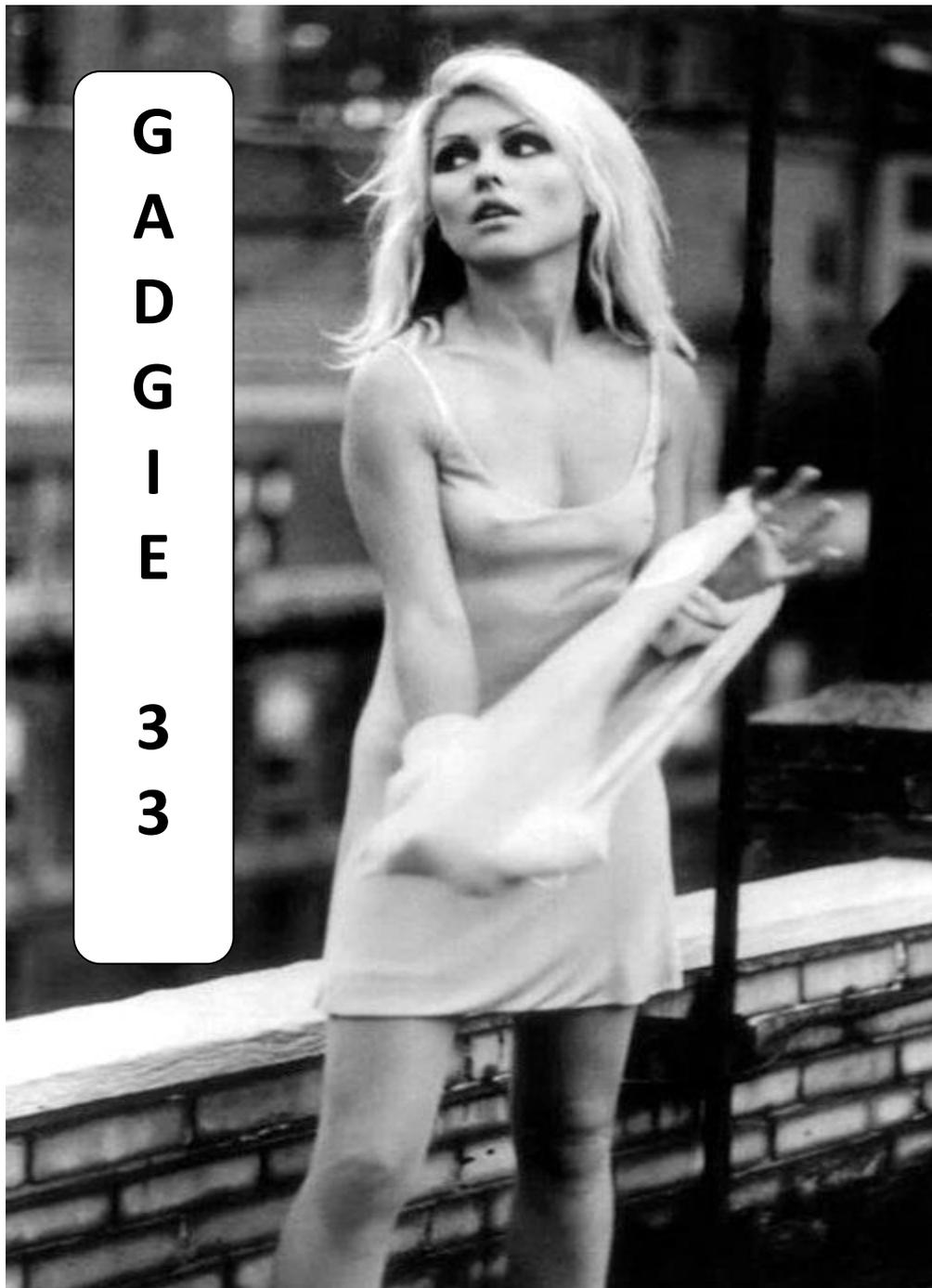


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Now then gadgie ...

So there I am stood at the cash point £35 of Pants cash in me hands wondering what to do ... it's a long story ... sort of ... well what were you honestly expecting? It's the late 1990's. I'd been away from Guisborough for a while, only fleeting visits these days to see me Mam and Dad and the rest of the clan, so it was a pleasant surprise to be stood in line waiting at a cash machine and see Pants was one bod ahead of me in the queue. Pants was a good friend of mine back in secondary school and has a starring role in many of our escapades during that era of Gadgie History. It was Pants pad that doubled up as one our Subbuteo league venues. Well, we often did go down to his house for some flick to kick action until we got banned by his angry Mam. It was nowt to do with me, honest, it was Honker and Nick who put Pants' mam's bras on their heads and ran around the room shouting "Biggles!". What we did do, before the ban, was play Subbuteo and record a commentary on a tape player of the game. It really did contain all the "thrills and spills" of the real thing I can tell you as excited teenage 'erberts shouting things like "Oh ruddy 'eck! He's hit the post!" or "Goooooaaal! Slaven strikes for Middlesbrough! Bernie Slaven! For Middlesbrough!" We didn't have much luck with girls it has

to be said. When Honker tried to play back the recorded Junior John Motson merriment on a tape recorder in Geography the next day when we should have been colouring in a worksheet about clouds or jungles or something we got done as we often did in Geography, like when Sunner had to stand up and he had a bonk on. Or was that Maths? Anyway ... I digress ... Pants at the ATM, that's it ... we hadn't seen or spoken for yonks and the obligatory "What you up to these days mate?" conversation flowed. It seemed my old partner in crime was still about in Gadgie Town and doing alright for himself. At last, other bank users collected their spondoolicks and wandered off leaving just the two of us, happily chatting about the old Spectrum games we used to play at each other's houses and of course Subbuteo and his Mam's bras ... Pants turn to draw out some beer tokens from the hole in the wall however, seemed to have hit a snag. Notes were not forthcoming and although his card had been spat back, the expected deluge of dosh had not occurred. Turning to me, my frustrated friend shook me hand and wished me well with a "Good to see you again mate, that fucking machine isn't giving me any money!" and then he was gone. In his car and zooming off to play Zynaps, R-Type or Enduro Racer on the ZX Spectrum maybe? It was then I figured, well I might as well give it

a go and see if I have better luck on the miserly mullah machine. I was unable to get it to take my card however, yet much to my surprise, and as if some sort of whimsical magical moment was visited upon me, £35 popped out! Pants' money had been delivered, he just lacked the patience to wait for it! Taking the clutch of currency I was then struck with a dilemma: looking around there was no sign of Pants. The bank was closed. It was Friday night. What to do? Now, if I asked you what I did what would you say? Keep the cash and have a pizza and pints on Pants? What would you have done? The chances of me ever seeing Pants again were slim to bugger all ... but saying that ... once when I was in Leemings the chemist collecting some photos I'd had processed (I have a joke about photographs, it's not quite complete yet, we'll have to see how it develops ... ho ho, right, I'll get me coat ...) I had the most amazing "Bloody hell!" co-inki-dink. The lady at the counter called out my surname and the woman behind me asked me, if indeed I was me. Why yes, of course I am, who the devil are you? It turned out that she was the mother, alongside the father, of one of my mates who emigrated to Australia when we were in first year of secondary school. We had been mates since day one of primary school and I was sad to see him go but hey, ho, life goes on ... Ten years later

then, when his Mam and Dad are back visiting the UK and call in at Guisborough for one day, and on that one day, call in at Leemings at exactly the same time as me, who is also visiting for only a few days, and stand behind me when my name is called out (good job I wasn't just buying summat or they'd never have known) ... well, ruddy 'eck eh? More catching up, what are you doing these days etc etc ... but the money I hear you ask? I gave it back. Found Pants in the phone book and would you believe it, he still lived at the same address. I left the money at the bank for him to go in a sort out. I could've called round on the way home the next day but I think we are all still banned.

Welcome to yet another journal of jolly japery! Gadgie 33 was put together at the arse end of 2014 when recovering from a leg operation that rare knackerises.



Get in touch!

nowthengadgie@hotmail.co.uk, find us on Facebook at [Gadgie Fanzine](#) or on Twitter [@MarvGadgie](#). You wanna send stuff? I'll give you me address if you ask nicely. Don't send emo though. It's plop.

MONDEGREEN MAYHEM!

Watching BBC4 nerd-topia quiz Only Connect recently one of the answers was that all the clues were "misheard lyrics" of famous songs ... you know like when everyone thought Sting was singing about Sue Lawley in The Police when he was really singing "So lonely". Apparently the correct term is a "mondegreen". Every days a school day eh? Loyal readers will have noted that in previous missives from Gadgie Towers, we are in the habit of collating Misheard Lyrics, thus carrying on the good work the late, great Jas Toomer began.



Tense Reaction live in Nottingham

90's rave faves The Prodigy, it has to be said, are not my cup of tea, or coffee, or apple juice, or Tesco's own brand grapefruit juice, or ... well, you get the picture ... but hearing their

hits transports me back to those heady days of the late 90's and the student night pound a pint carnage that would ensue every Thursday evening in Bosstown. That weird one they do that is part daft reggae and part big fish little fish, cardboard box, look for your keys on the top shelf rave up was on the radio early one morning as I stumbled around in the dark trying to wake up and get ready for work. A wave of nostalgia hit me and there I was ... watching miserable stripy tights goth girls and geeky boys with long sleeve RHCP and Nine Inch Nails tops flailing about amongst the dry ice and Special Brew/Frosty Jacks snakebite haze ... and I was utterly convinced that the fearsome fire starter fellow was informing the assembled glow stick wielding, off their tits masses that he was "Gonna take yer brain to another dimension, gonna take yer brain to another dimension ... ain't constipation!" Why on earth would the bowel movements of a field full of students and festival freaks be of such a concern to the Prodigy I wondered? It's very considerate of them I suppose but using repetitive toy town party music and mind altering substances was maybe not the route I would have taken. Maybe some Andrews Powders? Being egg bound, after all is no laughing matter. I had an unfortunate incident where in the rush to get to Sunday League footer once, I was trying to forcibly

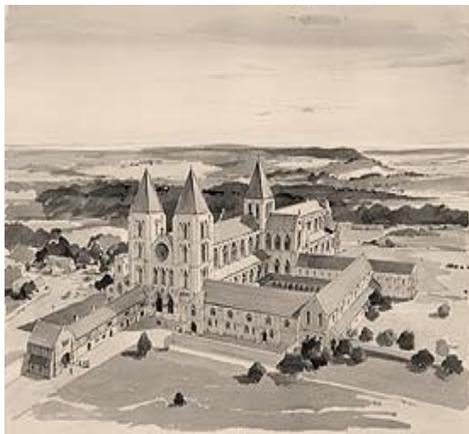
remove a bowling ball size thog by biting the downstairs bog door ... but that my friend is another story ... They were of course singing "Pay close attention". Biting bog doors indeed.

BEWARE!

THE BLACK MONK!

Every town in the world has some sort of myth or legend or ghost or summat attached to it and Guisborough, my hometown, is no different, you'll be surprised to hear. On the Whitby road there has been talk of sightings of spectral horses galloping about and the obligatory haunted house tales that bairns make up when a house on the estate is sat empty for more than a few weeks abound but Gibba's one bona fide spooky tale involves The Priory. The symbol of the town, ancient capital of Cleveland no less, The Priory, or what's left of it, sits at the far end of the high street behind a 12th century church in all its iconic splendour. Growing up in Guisborough, the Priory is everywhere. Priory Bistro, Priory Sports, Priory Saddlery ... the high street is full of it. The local footy team (The Priorymen naturally) have the Priory's silhouette as their badge as does the local secondary school. The Priory is actually a ruin of what must have

been, prior to the reformation, one of the most spectacular buildings in medieval England but after it was torn down, was reduced to a huge stone arch where a massive window once stood, and a few other stone remnants like a dovecot and wine cellar. Everyone has studied it at school, drawn it in Art and probably been to at least two weddings that had the photos in the grounds ...



An impression of The Priory before it was destroyed.

...beneath the picturesque grounds of this monument to times past however lies a spooky tale of treasure, temptation and tunnels! Let's jump in ye olde time machine ... this time round however we are not heading back to the woods or the streets or the railway lines during bleak northern winters of the early 80's or long lazy school summer holidays ... no

way. This time we are heading back to the 1100's when the Augustine Priory is at the peak of its powers. Peopled by a legion of monks going about their daily duties saying prayers and drinking wine and other monkery type behaviour. All seems monky dory.



An eerie shot of The Priory today.

You would be wrong however, in thinking that this idyllic and simple lifestyle is all there is to this monking caper! Beneath the Priory in which they all live, legend tells, runs a secret tunnel! So secret is this tunnel that the treasure the monks have accumulated is concealed away from anyone that would consider invading and pillaging the fine town of Guisborough. Just in case anyone were to discover the tunnel however, an extra security measure was put in place in the form of a huge raven.

The beastly bird is said to guard the holy horde and will menace anyone brave enough to chance it, clawing the eyes out of would be rogues and thieves! Cripes! More importantly to our monkish brethren though, is the other end of the tunnel, for it leads to a local tavern down the road at Tocketts Mill. Not only is this riverside location a pleasant little waterside retreat it is also home to a number of, by crikey, would you believe it floozies! Shriek! Ladies of the Night! The monks of course discovered this forbidden fruit and would have a "night off" from godly pursuits in favour of more earthly pleasures on a regular basis! Wandering through the dank treasure tunnel to Tocketts Mill it would appear was a well worn path for the horny holy men collecting funds from their treasure trove to tip their saucy companions! The combination of parsimonious days and rumpy pumpy filled evenings seemed to suit the brothers quite well until one day a local fellow discovered to his horror that one of the bawdy babes who entertained monky callers was his missus! Furious, he set about seeking out the defilers of his lady and marched up the tunnel in search of fisticuff style retribution. Chancing upon the raven who was sat atop the vast pile of gold, the angry young man's mind was somewhat distracted from his wife's reputation as a fallen lady. As he began to think about

filling his pockets, an ungodly transformation took place as the raven rose up and turned himself in to none other than the dark lord himself Satan!

"For the love of God! No!" screamed the hubby.

"I love no god!" was all the devil had to say on that and the walls of the tunnel began closing in on him! Legging it, he almost made it to exit of the tunnel but as he grasped for freedom with his hand the entrance sealed shut trapping the hapless hubby forever in an earthy tomb for all eternity and sealing the passageway permanently. It is said that along with a "black monk", the raven still patrols the grounds of Guisborough Priory and if you were, on one dark night, to inadvertently find yourself near to the entrance to the fabled tunnel, your ears would be assaulted by a ghastly cawing warning you to leave well alone ...

TALES FROM THE FLEA PITS

There are many pursuits and hobbies that we all follow and each and every one of them has some sort of "Holy Grail". To record collectors it is finding that elusive rarity in a charity shop for a quid. To your sporty types it's winning a particular title or award. To the ardent cinephile however, it is making a trip to the cinema and having the entire screening to yourself. Now I'm not talking about you and three mates being the only ones in the room or you and your hot date being the only customers so fruity frolics can ensue when the lights dim ... no. I mean, total hardcore on your own, just you, a single person in a cinema with the whole thing to yourself.

I remember at college on my Media Studies course we all had a heated discussion about whether going to the pictures on your tod was socially acceptable or made you look like a weirdo who should wear a mucky rain mac like some 70's New York sex theatre patron. One particular chap was not averse to the idea based on societal condemnation, but more for the fact that there is no more "soul destroying experience" than going to the flicks on your own. He argued that venturing on a solo-cinema-sojourn was a degrading experience as you couldn't help but notice that



everyone else was with their mates which rubbed it in your face that you don't have any mates or everyone else is all loved up with a date rubbing it in your face that you don't have a lovely lady to accompany you. It basically reinforced to you that you're a sad, solitary nerd that nobody liked or fancied. I heartily disagreed myself however. Going to the cinema with only one's own company is often just as good or even better than tagging along with a gang of gadgies or taking your woman out for a night at the flicks. There's no moment of "which one shall we see?" in the foyer. There's no compromise where you really wanted to see Nazi Zombie Cannibal Chainsaw Death Orgy 3 but make do with a romantic comedy as it has Reece Witherspoon in it. There's no niggling on the way out and no awkward "I told you we should have seen that new Jennifer Aniston comedy" moments. You can see exactly what you want and not have to worry about any bugger else. There will be no conversation at all if you are on your own. This is good at the pictures as we all know that in the Kingdom of Gadgie talking in the cinema is punishable by death ...

So, dear reader, have you ever attained that holiest of relics? Have you had the wondrous fortune to ever sit through a whole cinema screening by yourself? The fabulous feeling you get when the curtain opens, the lights

go down and you have your very own private screening? I have. Twice. It's awesome. Way back through the mists of time we head once more ...

It's the very early 90's. I'm a student doing A Levels and on Thursday I have the day off but attend a night class at the hot bed of intellectualism that is Redcar Technical College, known locally as Redker' Tech'. I usually live a leisurely life on Thursday with our lad at school and Mam and Dad at work ... walking the dog, doing a bit of work and then bus-ing it down Middlesbrough and visiting the Odeon to take in a flick before coming home and getting ready for Sociology at half six. One day I was the proud owner of a free cinema ticket and I will need to digress here ... I doubt this sort of thing happens nowadays, and you'll have to bear with me here, but if you saved up Pot Noodle lids and sent 'em off you could get free stuff. There was even a catalogue! Honestly. For ten foils lids you could "buy" a free cinema ticket! I'm sure for 5,000 you could get a bike or a telly or summat, but I went with the free flicks option and lo and behold, a voucher arrived in the post a few weeks later entitling me to a free cinema viewing of my choice. I remember (further digression imminent) when Kenner did a similar thing with Star Wars figures. If you cut off the "proof of purchase" part of the card that your R2D2s and Luke

Skywalkers came on you could order "mail only" stuff like the survival kit (complete with gas masks from when Han Solo flies in to the space grub thingy in Empire), the Rancor Keeper, Admiral Ackbar and The Emperor himself before anyone else had chance to bag 'em in the shops. So anyway, armed with a cinema ticket courtesy of my elite athlete, healthy Noodle dietary heavy regime I headed Borowards ...

Upon arrival I was overjoyed to have picked up a Blondie 12" in the second hand record shop that was hidden away in Forbes Buildings and treated myself to a baguette from the In Shops in the sacky arcade before pootling off to peruse the latest offering that the Odeon was serving up for the discerning afternoon mid week movie enthusiast. It was a rather limited offering it must be said as the film I settled on was Sleeping With The Enemy, the latest post Pretty Woman Julia Roberts vehicle. Either the other three screens were showing a pile of horse plop or they had already started and I couldn't wait about too long as I had an evening of Sociological schooling ahead of me at college ... Julia it was then ... I settled in with a bag of sweets and as I was first in chose to sit bang in the middle to take in the pot boiling thriller. So there I was. The adverts roll. Nobody comes in. The certificate comes up telling "us

all" it's a 15 or whatever and I wonder what's going on. Surely some more folk will be in soon? At last the door opens up and a shaft of light interrupts the darkness. Finally some more folk! No! It wasn't though. It was an employee of Boro Odeon checking all was well. I honestly wondered if I'd be asked to leave as there wasn't enough people and it wasn't gonna be shown or something ... they could hardly give us me dosh back as the Pot Noodles paid for me ticket! So there I sat watching the whole film on my own. Awesome. Ms Roberts play a lovely girl next door type, all Laura Ashley and big curly hair, who fakes her own death to escape an abusive fiance and pegs it. Upon meeting a nice, soft fellow, who if it was remade, would probably be played by Jessie Eisenberg or that geeky fellow off Juno (I ruddy well hate that film but that's another column for another day ...) but it's not long before bad guy Barry turns up .. you can guess the rest as it's a pretty average movie that was only really made as Julia was the "big name" actress at the time. I've never forgotten this forgettable movie though. I've never seen it since, but it will live long in my memory as the one I watched when I had the whole cinema to myself!

The trick it would seem is pay a visit to the picture house at a really unsocial hour. Again, going on your

own here is not a problem. It's to your advantage that there's nobody to say "Really? Drive a forty five minute journey to Peterborough Showcase on a Monday night to watch a Spanish art house film, with subtitles(!), that doesn't even start till 9:45pm? Getting home at about half midnight on a school night? Yer joking, aren't yer?" Doesn't bother me and so I arrived at P-Town's Premier Picture Palace at 9.30 one Monday night intent on seeing the latest camp lunacy that Pedro Almodavar had foisted upon us. I'm a big fan of the Spanish auteur, and nobody else I know is. Lone journeys abound every time Pedro puts out another effort. Bagging a ticket I wander through to an empty screen and take a seat. The lights are up, the muzak is on and the allotted showing time is a minute away. I wander out to the corridor to double check I have indeed entered the correct screen. Yes. It appears I have. Still no adverts, no lights dim, no curtains swishing back ... I nip out and ask the attendant if I'm in the right one and he assures me I am. Moving back to my seat I check the time. Still nobody here. Maybe they're waiting or summat? Is there a bus load of folk held up somewhere? It appears not, as finally the curtains swish back and I've cracked it yet again! It's taken twenty years to do it but once more I sat through a movie in utter silence. No sweets, no mobiles flickering on, no yapping, no

excuse me I need the toilet, nothing! Just total silence, a massive screen to myself and The Skin I Live In for my viewing pleasure! Going to the pictures, I love it me ...



A very happy Dan Zero at the Tense Reaction gig.

HMMM ... SNIFF ... SNIFF ...

We all know a bullshitter don't we? Everyone has someone in their circle of friends who spins yarns that nobody believes at a consistently fast rate of bollocks per minute. Bullshit Shaun was a strange character, and the levels of hogwash he could harangue us with was utterly phenomenal. One night in my early days as a Bostonian I lived in a haunted block of flats, and spent much time lounging about in the flat of a couple of friends who shall we say, were at the "lower end of the affluence scale" (as was I) on the floor below. Drinking supermarket

own brand label booze and watching their mate Twatty John try to roll a joint with nowt but Kwik Save coffee granules to smoke, as Offspring were playing in the CD player, I have to say was not one of my finest hours. We were skint and life on the dole sends you to funny places ... The evening was brightened up massively however when the very dapper looking Bullshit Shaun turned up all decked out in shirt and tie get up looking a bit harassed about summat.

"You'll never guess what's just happened to me!"

He was right, oh so very right.

"I was all set to drive up to Glasgow in a car I hired as I was gonna move in with this girl I met. She's a model and I was gonna get a job in a club where she works and we were gonna get married and everything."

Of course, we all smelt a strong waft of flipping falsehood about this tale of sudden good fortune that had befallen a chap who spent his entire life job hopping and never really lasting very long anywhere. It got better though ... oh yes, it got far better as Bullshit Shaun plunged to depths of previously unheard bullshittery.

"Well, I got the car and called at my sister's house near the river, you know to say goodbye to her and all that. I had everything I own in the car - my clothes, my CDs, everything I own - and I left the handbrake off

and the car rolled in to the river and sank!"

Normally this sort of thing happens to hapless buffoons in TV sit coms, but no, he wanted us to believe that he was in such a Frank Spencer-esque predicament and we should all feel sorry for him. Every single one of us bursting out laughing was probably not the sympathetic response he was after.

Back in the halcyon days of primary school, a bull shitter par excellence moved in down our road called Wabs and the utter wrongcockery he came out with defied belief ... one lazy, hazy summer afternoon we sat on the pavements in the street as we tired of booting a footer around and shouting "KIDNEY" every time Lyono went past on his bike. We weren't really sure why, but Causey, who was a few years older than us (and regularly and wilfully gave us divvy ideas that would only ever lead to one thing: getting in to bother with someone or other) had told us all to shout "Kidney" whenever this barbaric fellow from the rough estate pedalled past. Of course like the naive numb nuts we were most of us thought nowt of hollering "Kidney" at this future violent criminal and then running away really quickly when he inevitably turned his bike in our direction and we had to peg it to avoid being bludgeoned by the older,

harder lad. It turned out he had a kidney deficiency and was always having to have treatment and operations and shit ... what a bunch of barbarians we were ... Anyway, Wabs, the talker of tall tales ... he reckoned his auntie owned a tiger and it lived at London Zoo and that she was an astronaut who was on the waiting list at NASA to go up in to space "next time a rocket goes up".

"Oh yeah, and I suppose she lives at Buckingham fucking Palace does she?" queried my disbelieving brother.

"No, but she was gonna live next door, but someone bought it before she could pay the money!" Shameless untruthery!



A few years later and we meet the legend that is Snuffy, well known to the Gibba Wild Kids for his extremely long, and we are talking 80's heavy metal long, ginger hair, as well as his prodigious ability to talk persistently perfect poppycock at any given opportunity. When we set out on the great adventure that was College, I used to bump in to him a lot and sit and natter on the bus. Those slate grey skies and cold winter

mornings were brightened up on many occasions listening to the cavalcade of cack that he spouted forth ... One of his finest falsehoods was when he tried to convince everyone that he was capable of astral projection. Yes. Astral fucking projection. I ask you? He told me one morning as we walked down the bank to the bus stop that he got really close last night to an out of body experience but bottled it at the last minute.

"I could feel myself leaving my body, honest, but I shit mesel and lost it!" I humoured him as he was the sort of person who was going to regale you with his story whether you wanted to have it inflicted upon you or not. A few days later he was positively effervescent as he'd finally succeeded in projecting himself "astrally". "It was amazing! I did it and was floating around like I was flying! I went to Middlesbrough to the pictures and watched Back To The Future 2! I can prove I'm not bullshitting as well, otherwise how would I know what happens in the film eh?"

Yep! Must be true then Snuffy!

If someone was indeed telling a tall tale of tallness to an assembly of scamps and ruffians there were certain codes that the disbelieving horde could act out to demonstrate their incredulity at the fibbery that was unfolding. A favourite was the old classic of a raised snuzzle and a sniff

of the air repeatedly and in an exaggerated fashion.

"Sniff, sniff, oh what's that smell?"

It was of course, bullshit.

Stroking your chin and hmm-ing at great length like some fabled academic from a Dickensian novel was the preferred method for the outing of the bollocks babblers for the more subtle child.

"Hmm hmm" said by everyone in the assembled gang meant you may as well stop your banter now as nobody believes a single utterance that is coming from your gob.

Reaching up an arm and scratching yer pit was a later development as things got silly ... talking of things getting silly ... Fazzler, a fellow I have referred to on numerous occasions for his multiple misadventures was a good mate of our lads and a right character. It has to be said though, he didn't half talk some gobbledegook! On one of our many traipses up the woods to make dens, chop things up with our pen knives, climb trees and all that sort of malarky he treated us to a terrifying but saucy tale of woe that may befall the unwary traveller and he knew someone who it happened to so it must be true. He told us a quite frankly ridiculous yarn as we wandered up Belmongate one day. A huge and ancient street that runs from the town centre, right the way up to foothills of the mighty

Guisborough Woods, Belmongate was infamous in our circle of miscreants for the semi legendary case of the "Belmongate Back Scutter". A naked man, had, one summer, terrorised innocent folk by riding a mountain bike around the woods naked! He had been spied by a couple of likely lads who dared to laugh at the unclothed undesirable and he was alleged to have said "Get in them bushes less I'll hurt you!" No shit. Really mean it. Honest. No beef. The Belmongate Back Scutter was old news now though as Fazzler had heard from his sister's boyfriend's mate that there was a gang of three mucky lasses walking about and hiding in the woody world of the Cleveland Hills and they were all amazing mountain bike riders so you could never escape from them and they would chase you and when they caught you they made you take all your clothes off including yer wabs and then they made you shag them all and if you couldn't they made you go down this really mental mountain bike path on your bike, but completely stark bollock naked and it was a well nails path like the legendary Winding Willy path that only loonies dared ride down and that it could and probably would lead to your doom as you'd fall off and hurt yourself and as you had nowt on, not even your grundies, you'd get nettled to fuck. True story. Swear down. Honest. Hmmm. The Abandoned Care Home at the top of Belmongate that I doubt

even existed was also the sight of another Fazzler fiddlesticks fib as he reckoned him and a mate "that we wouldn't know" had stumbled upon it's derelict grounds once and saw some drug dealers with a massive knife. Nice lad Fazzler. He talked absolute arse pie and chips though.



Haunted Houses! Every estate had it's supposed Haunted House didn't it? Guisborough was no different. Maybe inspired by the myth of the ghostly Black Monk that was said to walk the grounds of the ruined Guisborough Priory, or maybe as kids in them days watched stuff like The Amityville Horror and other age inappropriate treats on VHS? Who knows but the house at the top of Hawkstone Close that nobody ever seemed to live in fired the imagination of us ne'er'do'wells as we hung around outside it when playing out on bikes. It was right near a lamp post at the top of a green from which you could see all over the place and anyone coming from all angles. It was a good place to start when we were playing some unnecessarily complex game of chasing each other around on

bikes that we called Pac Man ... I haven't the time or inclination to tell you about the rules or how Sniffing Your Bum Boy fell off his bike when Cecil was zooming after him ... buy me a pint one night and I'll tell yer ... anyhow ... Waggy reckoned this house was haunted as he knew someone who broke in and the front bedroom was freezing cold when the rest of the house was quite warm. Yeah right, nobody lived in it for months so it was probably freezing cold right through the house though the next part of the tale was certainly pretty "chilling". Ahem. Apparently the folk who used to live there were victims of an axe murderer! Of fucking course they were you bullshitting bogswoggle!

Wondering if their dismembered phantoms still hang around saying "Whoooooh!" to anyone who dared enter the house of horrors Waggy was quizzed but no, even better!

The ghost of the axe murderer is still in there and he'll chop yer head off if you go in that front bedroom!

"But he's not dead! They are! You bellender!"

"Oh yeah"

Hmmm ... many of us scratched our chins and arm pits.

THE FUTURE IS HER(E)

A visit to the cinema is always a welcome distraction to the denizens of Gadgie Towers and when I'd seen

plenty of reviews and whatnot about the new movie "Her" I figured it was time to visit the flicks once more. Joaquin Phoenix lives in a drab, washed out near future where everything is bland. We're not talking The Jetsons or Buck Rogers here. The population of the world are all nice, soft and pastel clothed drones who spend every waking (and walking) hour plugged in to mobile devices in their ears that check their emails, giving them news reports and communication through a robotic voice. Folk wander the streets to work consumed by their own online utopia, oblivious to the legions of fellow humans around them doing exactly the same thing. When an artificially intelligent operating system is invented for the home PC, our hero jumps right in and romance blossoms between him and erm, his computer. The AI character, voiced by an equal parts perky and sultry Scarlett Johansson, knows everything about him and they strike up an unlikely relationship. He's dating his PC basically ... To me and thee of course, this seems preposterous, but in the movie, it develops as if it's simply the next logical progression of our reliance of technology and devices. It's perfectly normal to all his mates. In fact it's so normal, it blinds him to the screamingly obvious real woman who is perfect for him. The continual desire that we have had manufactured for us, where we must

have complete and unbridled access to the internet and electronic communication at every single moment of our lives: It is a right of ours! It is a basic human need! No ... surely not? If we're not careful this is what the future has in store I thought ... As I left the cinema however I walked past the coffee shop in the foyer and saw about 85% of the pre-cinema goers sat staring at the screen of a mobile phone ... Not one of 'em talking to their mates ... maybe Her is not set in the future afterall?

LOST CLASSICS FROM THE PUNK ROCK WARS

Record Collecting seems to be a life sentence to me. Ever since I found that long lost and forgotten Blondie tape down the back of me Dad's hi-fi cabinet. Ever since Auntie Debbie sent me home with old and battered copies of Ziggy Stardust and Aladdin Sane. Ever since I wandered in to that dusty and damp record shop in Redcar after college one Friday night and bought U2's New Years Day on double 7" ... it's never ending. The hardened vinyl junkie can sniff out a record emporium in any town or city and while away hours flipping through rack upon rack of second hand fodder in the hope that that elusive must have will turn up and finally be scribbled off the wants list. We all dream of that day don't we? There

are other opportunities however, to chance upon wax treasures and they certainly will turn up in the strangest of places ...

Not exactly a record this first one, but I chanced upon a cassette on the floor by the line to get in to Roundhay Park, Leeds when in 1993 I went to the live-stravaganza that was U2's Zooropa tour. There, sat upon a damp grassy part of the park of all things was, would you credit it, "Funny How" by indie almost-one-hit-wonders Airhead?



How on earth did that end up there? What were the circumstances that lead to some poor fellow losing his Airhead tape single in the line for a U2 concert? Maybe it was some bizarre guerilla marketing strategy aimed at the 83,000 fans of the Irish rock stars to convert them to fans of jangly guitar pop about fancying girls who don't fancy you? Maybe there were a number of "free tapes" deliberately left around Leeds that day for folk to find and discover? Maybe someone was bringing it to the concert to give it a mate in trade for

some other obscure tape single? Who knows? Was some poor fella really excited as he had been promised that one Echobelly tape single he was missing in exchange for his Airhead one, but left empty handed as he lost his side of the trade in the queue? I'm not really up on the 90's indie tape single trading at big concert scene so I don't know ... Records are where it's at though and I have indeed chanced upon some very pleasing finds in places you would never dream of finding them ...



It's no secret that I have a number of Marv-a-likes and my resemblance to Jonathan Greening, the former Premier League footballer, who had stints at Manchester United, Boro and Fulham amongst others, has been reported upon previously. Imagine if you will, you're stood in a damp and musty charity shop on Guisborough High Street one lazy, hot summer afternoon in the early 2000's. You spy a box of tatty 7" singles next to a huge plastic crate of LP's and make a bee line past the crap 80's furniture, old ladies hats and paper back

mother-fodder books for the vinyl, excited that this may be that day. Some bugger is already on the LP's but you have a go on the 7"s box. It's all shit of course, and destined for land fill, but that LP box may prove more fertile ground ... hey, wait a minute, the bloke who's having a geg at the albums is no less than Middlesbrough's left midfield maestro Jono Greening! You'd have to say something wouldn't you? Especially if the long haired, unshaven, combat shorts and Boro shirt wearing fella had just picked out a copy of largely forgotten Blackburn anarcho punks Potential Threat's "Never Again" LP for 50p! On red vinyl! You may look closer and realise actually that the gadgie who has beaten you to an obscure score is actually Marv Gadgie and exclaim "Bloody 'ell mate, I thought I was stood next to a famous footballer for a minute there!" He would probably cast you a roguish grin and purchase said LP quipping "I don't imagine he'd be buying this record do you?" How we'd laugh ... ahem ...

Indeed, that is exactly what happened my friend. I was now the proud owner of "Never Again" by the previously never heard of them Potential Threat. Take a look at that cover! A very minimal and unambiguous image. A nazi logo being smashed by, I imagine/guessed/hoped the all powerful power of punk rock!

It was red vinyl as well! The back cover had a poor vivisection victim monkey photo with "The Nightmare Continues" beneath it ... I am assuming they are fans of Stoke's finest. Animal Rights? Anti-nazi? Recommended Reading List made up mainly of German history and the holocaust? Song titles like "Take No Shit"; "A Show Of Strenght" (sic) and "More Lives Wasted"? Yep, my trusty "Do You Reckon It Might Be Punk?" detector was bleeping boisterously! It really was a formality listening to it if I'm honest ...

You know when bands like Conflict would have a track where, instead of breakneck speed and fury and someone shouting their head off, there'd be a more rocking soundtrack to a woman reading a sort of diatribe type spoken word rant about animal rights, government corruption, the rich getting richer and whatnot? I always imagine the woman who does that sort of thing to have a wild shock of coloured spiky hair, hobnail boots, ripped jeans and probably be called Pauline. Don't know why if I'm honest, but here we have a feisty female front person who looks just like that and is called Pauline! In Blackburn in 1981, it turns out that Potential Threat formed and made an album influenced by this sort of track by Conflict et al and here it is. Buzzing and whizzing anarcho punk in a northern accent. Lost Cherries,

Liberty, Conflict ... you know the drill. The angry vocals by Pauline(!) are a refreshing change to the usual vitriolic bile spewing bloke singers and although it's at the lower end of the production values scale it's a worthy addition to the Gadgie Towers anarcho collection!

The car park at football on a Saturday afternoon is another strange place to stumble upon vinyl booty, but yes, such a peculiar incident did happen only a few months ago ...



The mighty Fosdyke FC were assembling at the Field of Dreams for a home tie in the Boston and District Division One against a youthful Skegness United Reserves. Tough tackling right back (and former Burning The Prospect axe wielder) Jimmy rolls up in his crust-mobile and popping the boot invites me to have a perusal at a cardboard box full of old punk records he is looking to offload ... Asking me if I may be interested in checking out some records is akin to asking Luke The White Cider Warrior if he'd like to accompany you to a local public house to imbibe vast

quantities of ale and see how drunk we can get. And maybe let some fireworks off out of our arses. Diving in I assisted Jim with some vinyl relocation procedures and a few notes lighter I was the proud owner of a pile of records. The game was a toughie and we ended up all even at 0-0.

"Only you could go to football and come back with a load of bloody records Marv" was my welcome upon return and Mrs Gadgie consigned herself to a night watching Cops Uncut or whatever on Channel 5 as I ploughed through my latest acquisitions. One of the 7"s in particular intrigued me greatly ... The Freeze are a reasonably legendary Boston band of which I am well acquainted. Famous for anthemic melodic punk rock I number myself as a fan but little did I know there was another Freeze. This one from north of the border in Scotland! Their logo is in freezing letters with little icicles dripping off each letter, a bleak, and maybe derelict, high rise building in stark black and white adorns the cover of this 7". On the reverse a line up of four 'erberts dressed in a all black with floppy hair don'ts and leather jackets suggests a sort of McRamones ...

There's only one way to find out if they are terrible pub rock post glam ham or indeed if they have anything

in common with their more illustrious namesakes ... and so the stylus is dropped in to the well worn grooves of the first side ... Opener "Paranoia" is a belting slice of snotty and powerful melodic punk with a head buttingly insistent chorus and no sooner have you recovered from that, second cut "For J.P.S." slashes its way across your face with a prickly post punky strop start hammering siren of a riff. The vocals are straight out of the late 70's second wave of punk hand book and suit the staccato barrage perfectly. Flip over and there's more ... "Psychodalek Nightmares" offers a starkly different approach to the first two rippers as we enter in to a sizzling, fizzling six minute epic of post punk before punk was even post. Like a heavier pre (gulp) New Romantic or early Adam and the Ants maybe. Lordy, it's not the fizzing and whizzing thrills of side one but has a gloomy trance like appeal to it.

A bit of interclickery brings up a few key facts that in the late 70's this mob were in to gender bending live performances as they shared stages with The Skids and other such "bigger bands" before knocking out a Peel Session at the dawn of the '80's. A name change followed however, to Cindytalk, as some London based dance band were hitting the headlines with the same Freeze-y moniker. Head Freeze fella Gordon Sharp went

on to hit heights with the wonderfully odd Cocteau Twins (a band for whom the word ethereal was invented) and This Mortal Coil. As The Freeze, they produced a second 7" and as usual, it's now on my ever expanding list of things to look out for when crate digging. It was great to also read that apparently he persistently turned down the likes of Duran Duran and Japan when his services were requested! Blimey! Maybe my suggestion of a new direction hinted at in "Psychodalek Nightmares" was not far from the mark after all ...



My final unearthing of utterly unexpected plunder comes from a little Lincolnshire village with a castle and a nice little church that is host to a rare species of bat ... Oeb and his horde of holidaying Dutch people stop off at Gadgie Towers on a semi regular basis for a weekend of barbecues, booze and a day out at some local place of interest. This time round we took the Amsterdammers to Tattershall Castle, a wonderfully preserved building that dominates the skyline

around Coningsby and Tattershall just as the Stump does in Boston. From its parapets you can actually see The Stump, as well as Lincoln Castle on a clear day and as it was just that, we set off on a touristy convoy with Motorhead blasting out of the boys car and probably the more civilised Radio 4, the listening choice for the lady-mobile of our party. After cavorting about and talking to the folk dressed up in re-enactment gear and stuff we took refuge in this little church that sits alongside the castle and serves tea and cakes to weary travellers. Wonder of wonders, that day there was a sort of jumble sale thing going on in the little chapel and, yep, you've guessed it, a box records was tucked away behind old kids books and cuddly toys of yesteryear. I spied a Lou Reed LP which made me titter as it reminded me of a very rum fellow indeed ... many moons ago myself and Luke The White Cider Warrior had managed to find ourselves, by a number of bus trips and off licence visits in the strange town of Wisbech. Out in the fens, Wisbech makes Boston look like Metropolis. 'Tis a very funny little town, but it did host some belting punk rock all dayers courtesy of the wonderful couple Sonny and Mel of Combat Shock infamy. This particular pandamionious party of punk was at the town centre hovel/pub The Five Bells where we made friends with a strange chap who was resplendent in

a home made Lou Reed t-shirt. He had literally just painted the words "Lou Reed" on a white t-shirt in a way that suggested it was a Primary School Art project he got to take home to show Mummy. He was indeed an "idiosyncratic" fellow and by the end of the night was walking the streets of Wisbech, bare foot, in a drunken stupor asking people if they had seen his shoes. Luke had taken to calling him Lurid Man ... wonder what ever happened to him? Anyway, as well as the "Lurid" LP I spied an intriguing item: and LP by a band at the time unknown to myself: The Head Boys. The usual "Is it punk?" criteria were drawn up immediately. Oeb had never heard of them either. Hmm ... Front cover then: a bunch of scrotes lounging about bedecked in primary colours laying and sitting in an arrangement that makes them look like a face. The two eyes are blue blokes, one who looks like he was in ELO and one who could have been in any indie band you saw in a pub in the Britpop years who thought they were "mod" 'cos they pinched their Dad's Small Faces CD. The "nose" dude does not promise punk rock either. Big, curly hair and moccasins on his feet! The fella at the bottom end of this bizarre arrangement however had a skinny tie and hands by his side as if in mid pogo. If he was wearing a black suit instead of a garish red one he could be mistaken for Jummy Destri, legendary ivory tickler of Blondie ...

definitely worth further investigation then! Flip it over and their instruments form a face! These crazy guys with their make a face capers eh? Well, they appeared to be Scottish and have a keyboard ... the song titles didn't give much away so that moment was upon me: a 50p gamble! Could it be a long forgotten new wave nugget or power pop pearl or was I now the proud owner of some 80's pop plop?

Fortunately Edinburgh's Headboys seem to be a long, lost Power Pop band from the late 70's who recorded and released one (this one) classic new wavey non hit smasher and then, as is often the case, dropped off the radar with the obligatory "were going to tour but didn't" and "had a second LP ready but it was never released" tales of missed opportunity - see also The Photos. Sad really, because this is an absolute belter. Maybe a little too "soft" for all you crust and thrash hounds but if you can stomach the odd break from all that ballast with a little melodic, tuneful songsmithery The Headboys are well worth a go. At work I know this fella called Trev who is a bit older than me and something of an authority on UK pop music from the late 70's to the early 80's. He and I often wax lyrical about the tunes of yesteryear, testing each other's knowledge/memory on anything from ABC to The Jam to Tubeway Army. If anyone has heard

of these Headboys I'll wager a fair penny that Trev has I figured at morning break one day.

"Trev, I've got a band for you. Do you remember The Headboys?"

"Ah, yes, that name does ring a bell. They had one big hit that was an absolute classic, but then nothing else. Leave it with me, don't tell me ..."

By dinner time Trev had come up with the goods!

"The Shape of Things To Come! It was a great tune" greeted me as I ambled in to the Staff Room.

Indeed. The Shape of Things To Come is most certainly a lost classic.

Opening the LP with their strongest song is a statement of some intent from The Headboys. A Skids-y riff opens up but then it's all fists in the air, anthemic, driving and defiant rocking power pop with a killer "Woah Oh Oh Oh Woah" sing-a-long-a-keyboard chorus that firmly dates it back in the dawn of the 80's. It's big, ballsy, a little bit cheesy but oh so glorious. Honestly, how have I never heard this song before? The sort of tune The Kings of Leon would hear and think "Oh bugger, someone beat us to it, did it properly and better, and with no beards and it was twenty five to thirty years earlier. Oh the shame. We'd better do the decent thing, retire and run a sandal farm in the Outer Hebrides." What follows are more prize pop rock/new

wave wonders that leave me wondering why they weren't absolutely huge. There's plenty of drive and guts in what could be a really wimpy genre yet they never come across like a bunch of meat heads. "Changing With The Times" is a rocker of the highest order that would easily sit on one of those "Sounds of the Suburbs" compilations alongside The Jam, Eddie and the Hotrods, The Chords and The Skids. "Schoolgirls" is erm, of its time, "The Ripper" hints at the darker lyrical content of punk that had gone before though musically, as the rest is, smashes the windows with super slick, foot tapping, bopper mayhem ... Truly one of the best LP's you've never heard. Apparently their "lost second album" has been released as a download recently, though the campaign to have this stonker reissued on CD (or these days vinyl) goes on ... The next day Trev wandered off to his classroom humming "Woah oh oh oh woah, the shape of things to come ..."

In to the hall of lost classics go three more selections ...

... and now what's out there now for you discerning punk rockers to spend yer pocket money on when flicking through the distro boxes at a gig!

RECORD REVIEWS

UNA BESTIA INCONTROLABLE "Nou Mon" 7"

Band of the moment in the crusty punk scene at the minute who, on the basis of their incendiary live sets, have gained many friends on these shores. The appeal of this brutal Barcelona bunch is that they pack their music with urgent, raging intensity but can't be easily pigeon holed. Fans of Anti Sect or Killing Joke will dig the heavy grinding relentlessness while the crusty punk kids will go mad for the sheer power on display. Throw in a dose of filthy psychedelia and Una Bestia Incontrolable's irrepressible racket, like a squat punk Fucked Up, builds and builds in to a dizzying mantra that is primitive and repetitive but never lets go. Let yourself be taken away. (*Iron Lung*)

DIE "Vexed" 7"

Second outing for this bunch of anti social thugs and it's a step up from their impressive debut reviewed last time out. Die are not here to tell you how wonderful everything is. They are indeed vexed and the seven tracks on this nihilistic slab of stomping and snarling wax are a soundtrack to a head butting. A repeated head butting. By someone with a massive head. Boston Strangler and Voorhees

are obvious references but Die have so much of their own obnoxious personality thrown in to the mix they stand on their own as one of the best of their type in the UK at the moment. Get this and the last one while you can. (*Sonic Terror*)

DOMESTICS

"Routine and Ritual" CD

15 brand new balls of phlegm spewed forth by The Domestics on their second long player and there's a marked difference between this and their first effort. This time out they've upped the levels of fury and spiteful ranting that brings to mind The Restarts, Dumbstruck, The Lobotomies, Revenge of the Psychotronic Man and Violent Reaction. What we have here is that breed of punk that is fast and furious and bluntly hard hitting without venturing in to full on d-beat or crust. Saying that mind, Dean from ENT guests on "Fuck Your War" and the whole shebang is pretty much over before it's began. They don't quite come across as sounding like Poison Idea, Conflict, Gauze or Discharge as the press says but I imagine they have spent a good amount of their lives listening to Poison Idea, Conflict, Gauze and Discharge and so should you. Maybe then you'd make a good record like this bugger. (*TNS*)

FRANCEENS

"Stepford Smiles" CD

Wowzers! This one threw me. I wasn't expecting a punchy collection

of sharp and frenetic rollicking and rolling grease balls to come out of the speakers when I dropped the latest TNS release in my stereo. York's Franceens are a ferocious proposition on this full length disc with a high energy 50's greasy rock sound clashing with a cranked up garage punk row and it works. Sort of mixing the chaos of The Shitty Limits with volatile garage bands of the 60's and they generally pull it off. Although I found my attention wandering every so often when the pace drops or songs started crossing the two minute mark I have to say I was pleasantly surprised. (*TNS*)

FRAU

"Punk Is My Boyfriend" 7"

Confrontational from the off, Frau's sound is a shattering and shambolic one that is full of feedback, squeals, yelps, off kilter tempo changes and women of Crass style ranting over the top. It's not an easy listen - Huggy Bear spring to mind as do the Slits - I'll be honest but I love this sort of post punk under produced racket where enthusiasm, passion and sheer anger shines through and far outweighs any technical wizardry. Bonkers. (*Static Shock*)

GEEZAPUNX

"Best before 1982" Demo CD

Old punks never die ... they just reform years later and play on as if the last thirty odd years never happened. Four fellas who remember punk the first time round have

cobbled together a band and are playing out down the Basingstoke area pedalling these punker numbers to all and sundry. As you'd imagine from the title, it's rough and ready 77-79 era punk rock with a Pursey-esque vocalist spouting yobbery over rattling and pogoing basic punk rock. Rabble rousing fun from "geezas" that should know better but thankfully ignore that fact. (*Find 'em on Facebook*)

GREEN BERET

"The Cult Of State" 7"

Green Beret are off to a winner as they share their name with my favourite ZX Spectrum game ever, a kill the baddies game that was responsible for many, many wasted hours way back in the 80's ... I needn't have worried however, as the minute I carefully placed the needle in the groove the savage row that emanated from the speakers is straight out of that 80's era as well! Intense, pummelling Varukers style punk. Like *Germ Attack* but more nails. I love this shit. (*Side Two*)

HUMAN THERAPY

s/t 7"

Everyone's fave punk archaeologist Welly has dug up and dusted down another ripper. Where he finds these bands and long lost punk nuggets I'll never know but we should be grateful that he does as this is cracking stuff. Human Therapy, as if you couldn't guess, come from the USA in the early 1980's, LA to be precise, and

the sands of time have seen them forgotten by most. In steps Artcore and a white vinyl 7" with six of their unearthed spit bombs return from the grave! Musically, it's very much (in a good way) of its time - a sort of Dead Kennedys without the surfy guitar, maybe a bit more new wavey, early TSOL or the Minutemen influenced. Whatever, it's cracking stuff and has real freshness when played now in 2014. How did this band stay lost for so long? How many more of these bands are out there waiting to be discovered? Like when I reviewed the Consumers LP a while ago ... a record collection is never complete is it? (*Artcore*)

NEUTRON RATS

"Bomb Worship" 7"

Second helping of abrasive aural abuse from Albany's Neutron Rats and like the first 7" it's a lughole splitter. Total ruddy chaos once more abounds as the mania that made the first 7" stand out shows no sign of relenting. Four tracks of unbridled off the hook carnage that brings to mind the crazed studded classics of Japan and Scandinavia all rolled in to one skullfucking atrocity. Essential brutality. (*Loud Punk*)

MALE PATTERNS

Demo Tape

One of the Neutron Rats is also in this merry band of outlaws and hoyed this tape in with the latest 7" as reviewed above. A more straight up punk attack than the Rats and kicking

off with "Everyone's a Punk" is a sure fire way to curry favour in Gadgie Towers. This will be let loose on a 7" soon by all accounts so I'll be looking out for that slab as this is top notch Poison Idea-ish hard hitting, boot yer head in punk. It has a feel of the sledgehammer tactics of 80's Brit-punk like Heresy or later stuff like Dumbstruck and Violent Arrest. Good thudding punk. Everyone's a punk in my house. Except the wife. And my daughter. Reckon my dog likes d-beat though. (*Self Released*)

THE NUMBER ONES

"The Number Ones" LP

Power Pop! From Dublin! Why on earth were this lot of denim jacket and nice shirt clad chaps playing first at the Lughole before Boston Stranger, Waste Management, Peacebreakers and The Flex? Gutted I missed them actually when I went to that gig. Me and DTL had to stop a few times for booze and then a few times more for piddling by the side of the road so we arrived as they were packing up. I would have loved to have seen them for two reasons - firstly to witness what would happen when a crowd geared up for The Flex et al were confronted with a delightful power pop band and secondly because this LP is a belter! Well crafted tunes that never veer in to pop punk and keep an ear out for odd moments that throw back to stuff like The Outcasts and Rudi. In fact, thinking about it, they could have been a Good

Vibrations band if they were about back in the day. Chuck in a bit of The Buzzcocks and you have yourself a gem of an LP. Makes a change from "all that head banging rubbish you're always listening to" as me Mam would say. If she was here now. But she isn't. She's probably walking the dog or summat. (*Static Shock*)

PRIME TIME

"Tied Down" 7"

More defiantly drab and low brow post punk grubbiness - this time from a gang of lasses who trade in the simply effective grot that Hygiene and Personnel flog. Although it's simplistic and minimal, Prime Time manage to be endlessly inventive with what could be a limiting formula. "Tied Down" is the hottest on here, maddeningly catchy in a yobbish manner and if you look on that there interweb they have a glorious low rent video to accompany it. Like a lost classic from a comp tape in 1981. (*La Vida Es Un Mus*)

ROUGHNECK RIOT

"Out of Anger" CD

I know loads of folk that rave about this band who are apparently an absolute hoot in a live setting. The band not the folks who rave about them. TNS bring us this their third album of rootin' tootin' folkery-punkery-pokery complete with mandolin, banjo and accordion! First thing that struck me, is that they pretty much play straight up melodic punk on "more traditional"

instruments rather than playing folk music and claiming it's punk. Brownie points awarded and the next thing I notice is the vocalist bears an uncanny resemblance to the singer of a band I saw many time during my student days called Neverland. It was the '90's and every bugger was wearing patch work festival clothes and listening to The Levellers. Neverland were a DIY "tour the toilets" band in a similar vein to the all conquering Lev's. All fields and fiddles and daft hats and shit. In fact, thinking about this, as the Roughnecks go on, the whole thing sounds like a band like that but playing punk rock rather than fiddle-de-dee nonsense. Not bad. (TNS)

SELF ABUSE

"Burn Trash City" 7"

Long running, on and off I think, Dorset band Self Abuse are back with a new 7"! Blimey. Their original incarnation's output is very much early 80's concrete slab punk rock that spawned the classic (I Don't Wanna Be A) Soldier" so how does this more recent stuff stack up? Very well my friend if a little more on the melodious side of the punk rock fence than UK punk in 1982. Opener "Burn Trash City" is a stompingly agreeable romp then it's straight in to "Circus" which for some reason has me imagining they are gonna break out in to a Demob tune (three guesses which one?). Flip the disc and more of the same top tuneage that has me

thinking about bands like The Bullet Kings who blend punk rock with proper tunesmithery. Chuck a bit of Rezillos at their most singalong in and it's a winner. (Abused)

SUBURBAN FILTH

Demo 7"

The fact that this atrocity even exists defies belief. Probably the most inept and horrific "music" to ever be given a legitimate release. You know when you listen to brutal shit and your mates who don't get it say "How can you listen to that it's just noise?" Well this is "just noise". Your trendy mate would be right for once. An absolute cacophony of incompetence! A semi legendary Southampton(ish) band from the very early days who wore this incompetence like a badge of honour. I can only imagine what their live shows were like. Utter filth

or

The most punk record you will ever hear. The most punk thing to ever see vinyl. 20, yes 20, tracks of utter raw punk noise utopia. It dares the listener to turn it off, to be disgusted. Go on, say you don't like it in front of all your cool punk mates and show yourself up as a pop punk fanny who can't take raw, brutal and unlistenable noise. Poseur!

You decide.

S.H.I.T.

"Feeding Time" 7"

Yet another point to add to the list of why I want to move to Toronto.

S.H.I.T. plough in to some harsh and loathsome punk rock on this two tracker. The vocalist snarls and spits like a detestable lunatic running around the tube on the way home spitting at people and having a shit in the train. Then not wiping his arse. Lead track "Feeding Time" is a re-recorded demo track and with a full and repugnant production job comes across as I'm sure a band called S.H.I.T. fully intended. B-side Private Lies is another torrent of abhorrent which sounds like the driven and ominous threats of said train shitter to anyone who looks at him. Lovely. (*Static Shock*)

SNOB

s/t 7"

As is the way with so many good things that are coming out of that London these days, Snob play caustic and claustrophobic sounding punk like a bleaker take on what Frau do. Buzzing along with a Rudimentary Peni darkness that is shrouded in buzzing and throbbing chaos. The vocals sound suitably distant and defiant while the bass and guitar are locked in a punch up to be heard. Asbestos to the ears. Weak esh. (*Self Released*)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

PEABRAIN ADHD 2" EP

6 bands. 6 songs. 10 seconds each. 2" vinyl. Alan of the Year award goes to Mr Growbag. Now has anyone managed to play the bugger? (*Peabrain*)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"The New Wave of Grave New Beat" CD

I reviewed a belting Thisclose 7" last time out in this 'ere seditious scroll and now I have a whole album of the stuff! The influence of Discharge does not to be written about any more does it? Yet here again we have bands interpreting that apocalyptic earthquake that was the dawning of the d-beat, as we have for years before and no doubt will have for years to come. There is a catch though: a number of these acts are big fans of the later "controversial" and almost universally reviled "metal era" of Stoke's finest. Some of the bands are so close to the original it's hard to decide which are worshipful homage, which are parody and which are just a blatant rip off. Broken Brains throw some GISM into the glue bag, Rodney Shades and his band are bizarrely melodic rock with Rod's mind blowing high pitched vocals. Svartskit are more of the traditional raw as hell crust whereas Datcharge are anything but - they are a peculiar electronic-ish, French spoken word type thrash affair. Pictish Haar ... words fail me ... Rumness in the extreme as Jas Toomer would say. There's plenty on here for those who appreciate the classic era, plenty for those who favour the latter works and if you want weird there's bucket loads of that too. (*Our Future*)

Bloody hell! Out of space! Ta ra!



**Patient Zero and friends next
a massive waterfall.**

Iceland 2004

We had a right carry on.