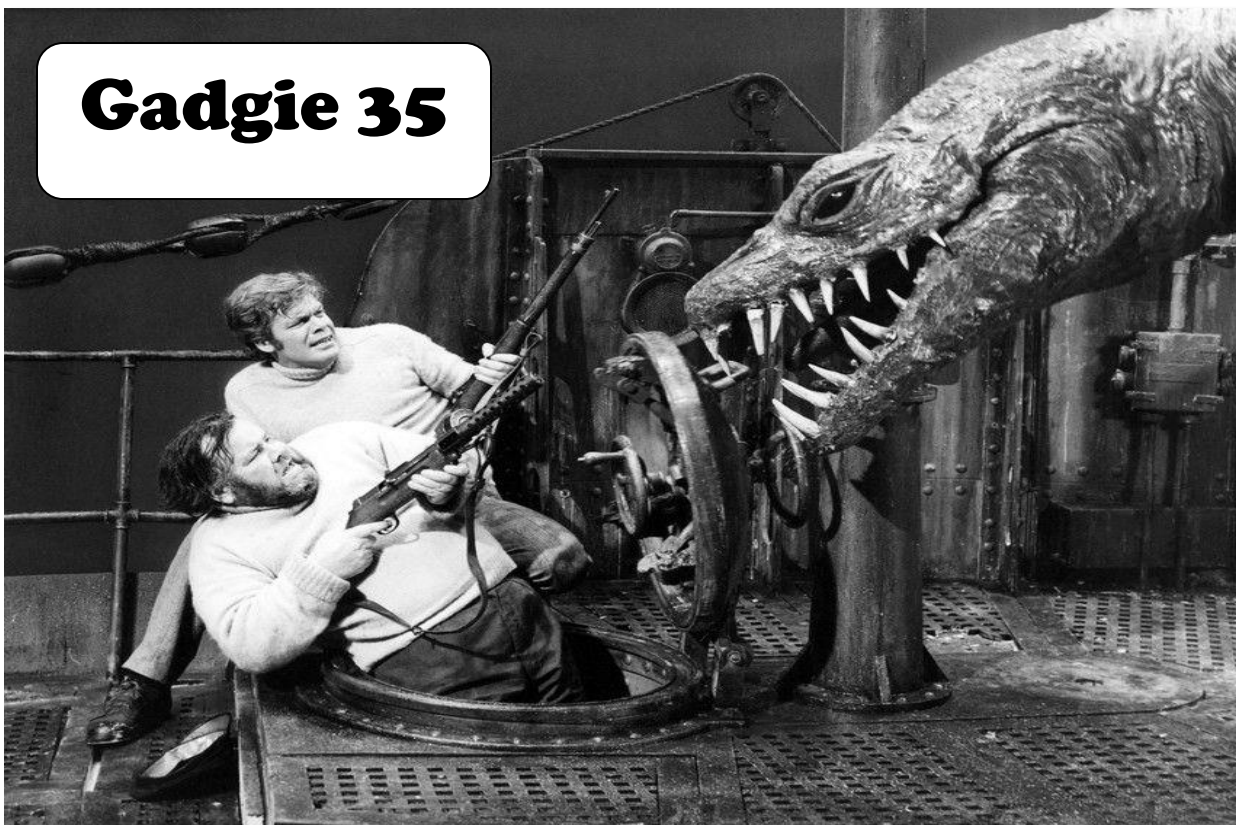


Gadgie 35

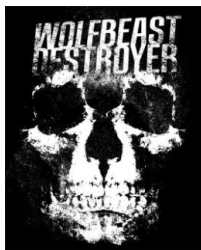


NOW THEN GADGIE

Gadzooks! Issue 35 and a part of this marvellous Omnibus caper that Mr Ripping Thrash has put out once more. Cheers to Steve and all involved. Paper zines are still hanging on in there.

Boston - in England - has not had much to shout about punk wise of late but now we do! WOLFBEAST DESTROYER, our local crust titans, have had something of a renaissance in the last year or so. Drafting in Dan of BURNING THE PROSPECT and PATIENT ZERO fronting "fame"

they've hit the studio and produced a most marvellous six track demo that is full of the filthy wall of d-beat noise we all love in the Fens. "Thrown To the Wolves" takes in Swedish crust with a bit of modern mayhem thrown in and a brutal Drop Dead din.



You can have your very own digital copy if you head to <https://wolfbeastdestroyer666.bandcamp.com/> and pay the princely sum of buggler all to download it. Go on then. Go On Then. GO. ON. THEN.

MARV-A-LIKE OF THE ISSUE

I'm sat minding my own business at The Lughole after SNOB have blazed through a rampant set. There I am on the nice new seat-y bits waiting for ANXIETY to take to the stage when this rather excitable Sheffield denizen approaches me.

Sheffield Chap: "Nah then, 'ow's Boston?"

Me: Well you know, not much going on these days. How are you?

Sheffield Chap: It's a shame you're leaving Wheeler Dealers innit?

Me: What?

Sheffield Chap: Don't you watch it? On Discovery Channel? This bloke fixes up cars and stuff but he's leaving it after this season.

Me: Erm ...

Sheffield chap continued to tell me all about how he has a lot of respect for this Edd fellow and he has a distinguished (read: going grey) appearance. It appears we have yet another Marv-a-like readers!



THE THINGS PEOPLE SAY

Recently I was unfortunate to take something of a bonk on the bonce. If I told you it was a bizarre Badminton accident it would sound silly, so I'll make something up like I had a scrap with a ninja or a massive bear. Off to A&E (yet again) in the Mrs Gadgie-mobile for a couple of stitches to close my noggin and stop what's left of my brain leaking out. Still in my work clothes I must've looked a right plum. White footy socks, black shorts, white collared t-shirt and trainers with a white, but turning crimson, patch on my head and blood splattered everywhere. Teaching PE is a very dangerous job ... erm, I mean fighting bears is not for the faint hearted ... so anyhow, I get through the process of having me blood pressure taken and answering all the questions about what happened and all that carry on and before I know it I'm laid out holding a patch of gauze over my eye as this lass runs a needle through the deep gash on me forehead. Her moustachioed partner in medical procedures is impossibly chipper throughout, calling me dude and laughing at everything I say and, much to my surprise discussing our shared love of Viz magazine. Once we are all done and my noggin is no longer leaking I am released in to the wild and nip up to the ward where the ever patient Mrs Gadgie works. The boss has let her have a thirty minute break to take me home and we head for the lift in which we meet a surprisingly and unintentionally hilarious comedy double act.

This 'owd woman is there with what I assume is her middle age daughter and, it's about now I should mention that, after the needle and thread job in A&E, I had a great bandage wrapped around my head to protect the stitches and stop my brain falling out. Upon meeting my missus she remarked that I looked like Rambo. Well, Rambo if he taught PE (or fought bears). In the lift however, further hilarity ensued with the two ladies we shared the up and down space with:

Middle Age Looking Lady: *Eeeee, you look like 'im of the telly duck. That one off of the Tennis look.*

Me (all PE kit and shit): *Bjorn Borg? That's going back a bit innit?*

Middle Age Lady: *No, him with the head band on who used to shout at the refereee duck.*

Me: *Ahh, you mean John McEnroe?*

Middle Age Lady: *Yes that's him, John McEnroe. You look like John McEnroe. Duck.*

Me: *(making light of it all) Ok. I don't think he wore his head band 'cos he'd split his head open though did he?*

'owd Lady: *Eeee, 'ave you hurt yer sen duck?*

Me: *Erm, yes. Head injury would you believe. (Pointing to the ruddy massive bandage wrapped me topping).*

'owd Lady: *Ooooh! I just thought it was part of your outfit duck!*

Me: *(Putting my hand on my forehead in a for fuck's sake fashion) Owl!*

This of course, was nothing, compared to the endless conviviality with which I was met in Leeds at the Citizen's Arrest gig that weekend; the highlights of which were some crazy, drunken punk hollering "Look out! Badminton Man" at me several times and Martin Einon, the exiled King of Atlantis, shouting something about shuttlecocks every time he saw me. That wild evening, as usual however, is another story altogether ...

LOST CLASSICS FROM THE PUNK ROCK WARS

The Atrix

"Treasure On The Wasteland" 7"

Alright Record Nerds? We all know that golden rule of record collecting don't we? You see a 7", 10", 12", LP whatever - a record - and you fancy adding it to your already over stuffed vinyl horde. It's intriguing you and you feel that pull that is unexplainable to those of our family and friends that aren't afflicted by the bug that weighs on our minds continuously - record collecting. It might be the cover. It might be that the artwork or sleeve notes that imply previously unknown punk rock pandemonium that we need to have simply because we currently don't. The band photo might be a giveaway or it could well be a band you are sort of aware of. You are sure you've heard the name or wasn't so-and-so from who-is-it in these lot before they were in (insert famous band)? You buy it don't you? That's the rule isn't it? Well what if it's a bit dear though? What if the bloke at the counter wants £9 for what is essentially a risky investment? If it's a quid it's

yours but we've all been there. You pick it up, you put it down, you pick it up ... and then you leave it and go for that semi rare Dutch Blondie 7" with a different picture sleeve. Later that evening though, the ghost of record collecting past pays you a visit as you lie in bed, safe in the knowledge that you now have seven different releases of "Heart of Glass" but you don't have that one you put back. Maybe a bit of internet research of Rare Record Price Guide leafing has lead to you regretting your decision, but as you lie there trying to sleep, the spooky visitor keeps repeating "You should have bought that 7" shouldn't you? You'll never see it for sale again at that price, if at all ..."

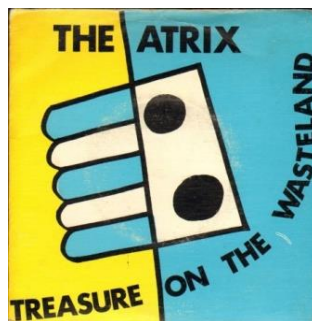
My "wish I'd bagged it" moment was a few years back in the summer holidays when I was, for reasons best not explained, in Wisbech with an hour or two to kill. I chanced upon a wonderful little corner of civilisation in the form of a small second hand record shop and soon I was fingers deep in a recreational record reconnaissance. Noticing I had pulled out a Rezillos single and was taking an interest in the unusually interesting Blondie section (especially that Dutch 7") the proprietor proffered up:

"You like punk do you mate? I have a box of singles back here if you wanna look?"

Good gracious me my good fellow, of course I do! Said box was lifted out from under the counter in a strangely surreptitious manner as if I had gone in to video rental shop in back in those dark days of Video Nasty Panic and asked for a copy of Zombie Flesh Eaters of New York Ripper. Delving in to the singles selection and EP extravaganza like a bairn in Mam's shopping bag in search of spogs, I excitedly pulled out a few choice selections including two strange, previously unheard of 7"s by Nuclear Sockets. The covers were basic at best and betrayed their authenticity as "back in the day" potential lost punk classics. The bloke behind the counter explained to me that they were a local band - Kings Lynn to be precise - and were dead rare records. He wanted nearly £20 for the pair ... a quick count up of currency and a cost calculation and I made that fatal error. £20 was a risk too far at that point in my life, and I went with what I know - Rezillos, that Blondie 7" and an even Blondier score, a first press X Offender 12". Upon returning home, this was pre internet days, or at least pre Marv on the internet days, so the

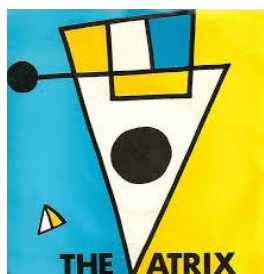
Rare Record Price Guide was my first port of call and yep, a tenner each for the "Honour Before Glory" 7" and it's follow up the "Play Loud" 7". Pretty much their whole discography. Bugger, I figured I shoulda forgone my usual Blondie obsession just this once and when years later I picked up a CD on Overground by Norfolk's Nuclear Sockets and they turned out to be a really great Zounds type anarcho punk band I swore never again ...

Fast forward and we are in Kings Lynn earlier this year at the wonderful, and imaginatively named "Record Shop" ploughing through the Punk Rock



7"s section for as long as Missus Marv's patience will stretch and I pull out a strange one. In amongst the regular 77-82 standards sat an intriguing fellow. A simplistic yellow and blue 7" sleeve housing "Treasure on The Wasteland" by The Atrix. Ding Dong! That certainly rang a few bells.

Bong! The first bell was "They're an old Dublin band aren't they?" As a teen, my first forays in to record collectordom involved buying up virtually every Blondie record I could find and anything U2 put out up to about 1983. I voraciously embraced my interest and recall reading an article or two where The Atrix were one of a number of bands doing the rounds in the Irish capital and tipped for big things along with DC Nien, the Blades and Bono's boys back in the days when The Joshua Tree was a long, long way away.



Bing! A second bell went off in my head as this was a band who apparently had written a song that U2 had been accused of "borrowing the riff from" on their Martin Hannett produced, first UK single "11 O'Clock Tick Tock". The planets had aligned and I wasn't making the same mistake twice. A fiver was handed over along with plenty

more record tokens (or as normal people say, "money") and a bag full of plunder was in my hands and ready to be whisked off back home for some spinnage.

First up, once home, was obviously The Atrix and you know what? It's a prime slice of early posty punky new wave. Hardly the raucous punk that over in the UK was setting the country alight but intriguingly odd all the same. The simplistic sleeve art offers few clues but the cheeky "Double D Records" logo suggests an impish impudence. A little lad stands with a conical Dunce Cap atop his noggin. Did anyone actually ever have to wear one of these at school? Is it only a myth propagated by comics like Beano or Whizzer and Chips? When I was at school you just had board rubbers and chalk yogged at your head by Mad Maths Matriachs, had your sideburns pulled by sadistic English teachers and got booted up the arse if you were too slow at Cross Country. Shoulders hunched and head bowed, our young chap is quite obviously feeling the shame of chastisement and public humiliation yet his shadow is rudely sticking his tongue out and giving it the big one. Punk rock defiance! Up yours teacher! Typed lyrics cryptically suggest some sort of agitated defiance against ... well something. Pretty bleak stuff:

*"Hope they soon remember
Arms and legs dismembered
Buried on the wasteland
From families that weren't planned"*

And later on ...

*"Put me in a regime
That doesn't have to daydream"*

Ireland must have felt pretty restrictive and oppressive to these young punks in 1980. This, their second single of three, apparently an LP on "Scoff Records" is out there somewhere too, is indeed the song that The Edge's riff has been likened to and I can sort of see it. Opening with a striking and stuttering synth (Ultravox head 'tache wearer and singer Midge Ure produced - oh yeah ...) that does bear a



striking resemblance to U2's "11 O'Clock Tick Tock" but from there onwards the similarities end as we are treated to a peculiar "OO-E-OO-E-OO-e" as the lyric sheet says, singalonga mantra that's a million miles from Bono's warbling about children crying. The vocals mirror the stompy and uptight tuneage throughout and as the song fades with "Treasure on the wasteland ..." repeatedly being hollered, I couldn't help myself but put it on again. The b-side is not quite up to the same standard and reminds me more of the sort of stuff that was labelled new wave or at a stretch punk/post punk from the early 80s, (you know Squeeze, XTC et al) so back to "Treasure On The Wasteland" it was then as this is most certainly another entry in to the Hall of Lost Classics From The Punk Rock wars!

20/20 "Cheri" Promo 12"

Me: "Spalding has a record shop!"

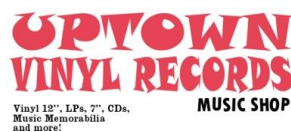
Mrs Marv: "What? Spalding?"

Me: "Yes! There's a record shop in Spalding. Look! It's says so on the internet!"

Mrs Marv: "I thought you were meant to be looking for good days out."

Me: "Erm ..."

We were in the car within minutes and making the short journey down the A15 to, saints preserve us, a record shop in Spalding! Uptown Records is a newish out of town venture that is based in a huge warehouse type building near the hospital and appears to be a bloke who has millions of records, and is trying to flog 'em all! Marvellous! See, I can use Google to find good days out locally!



"You looking for anything in particular mate?" was the proprietor's opening gambit as he welcomed me to his shop and told me the tale of how he amassed so many records he had to open a shop just so he could store the buggers! I wondered if he had any Punk in amongst the jazz, rock, 90s



indie and 80s pop, of which they were loads ... even a Cyndi Lauper 7" I didn't have ... ahem ... anyway, he sadly informed me that he didn't really have much Punk. Spalding you see, or Lincolnshire in general, isn't really a big Punk area. "There used to be a Punk in Spalding who always sniffed glue and came in to my shop when it was raining, he was a right pest!" is the only experience it appears he has had of Fenpunk! I remained diplomatic and didn't kindly inform him of the time Code 13 or Raw Power or Phobia played the IQ and he pointed me to a small section over in a corner next to Beatles and Bowie VHS tapes. It was a tiddy section in comparison to the other genres on offer but I got my fingers to work and whizzed past the usual Boomtown Rats, Banshees and new wave-y goth-y stuff that often turns up in the (loosest definition of) Punk racks. A Bauhaus 12" will do nicely though, as will a DOA LP. In the singles there was even a 7" by Glasgow's IQ bothering buddies The Destructos! How on earth did that end up here? Contemplating some drunken youngster at an IQ gig bagging a load of records from a bunch of Scottish Road Warriors many moons back, only for him to leave home years later and his Mam sell all his records when he wasn't looking, I was almost done when an intriguing 12" came in to view.



A small sticky label stated that the record I had spied by 20/20 was "Power Pop Punk USA 1979" and £8 if you fancied it. Hmm. Let's have a geg then ... there's not much to go on initially. A plain black cover with big white 20/20 across it. A small "Not For Sale" sticker suggests I have one of those promos that can either be worth a fortune of flip all ... ooh! Flip over and I am informed that it is indeed a "Special introduction 4 track sampler from the forthcoming LP by 20/20"

Home and needle dropping I am confronted by what is indeed a wondrous slab of Pop Punk that I imagine would have been an A&R man's wet dream in the wake of My Sharona making "too wimpy for Punks but a bit of an edgy radio hit for squares" the next big thing. "Cheri" is prime time Bomp Records would love it Power Pop. Second track "Tell Me Why" is not so strong with it's "T-T-T-T Tell me why ..." stuttering chorus but "Remember The Lightening" on the flip

is a stormer. Proper punked up pop pleasure - like if The Headboys were from sunnier climes than Scotland. The sunnier clime being LA, for that is where, after investigation, I have discovered that 20/20 originated. It appears they have a rather larger than I imagined discography and these four tracks are plucked from seem to be from their '79 debut. The final offering - "Yellow Pill" check out hat synth! Could, the internet tells me have been a hit were it not for the title. 'Cos yeah, that's the only reason. 80s soft rock? Power pop? Whatever, it's better than The bloody Knack innit? Two more LPs followed before the band's demise in 1983. A brief reunion in the 1990s spawned more releases that I will no doubt spend hours tracking down along with the first wave of stuff. On to the wants list goes 20/20 and in to hall of Lost Classics From The Punk Rock Wars goes this belting 12"!

THE THINGS PEOPLE SAY

On the way to a recent gig in the Gadgie-mobile, a very drunk Joe Larder decided for reasons known only to him that he would change the current conversation from d-beat and power violence bands to "What's your favourite vegetable?" It's not something I'd given much thought to and Dan Soft Lad was equally uncommitted to any sort of farm produce. Joe very proudly, and a little bit angrily, told us he loved Kale. "Kale? I've never really ate that before. What's it like?" proffered Dan. I suggested that it was not exactly in my Top 10 either. Give me a parsnip any day. This however prompted an enraged outburst from our "refreshed" comrade who jumped forward from the back seat to shove his great head between us in the front and shout:

"WHAT! You've never 'erd of kale! Call yourself vegetarians!? You're a bloody disgrace!"

That was us telt. I relived this tale in the Wolfbeast Battlebus as we headed off on another Fenpunk Road Trip and strangely nobody else had a favourite vegetable. Joe was yet again apoplectic with rage about this. Bradders suggested "It's not exactly the most exciting topic to be fair. It's not like Marv will write about this in Gadgie is it?" Ahem.

FENPUNX ASSEMBLE

So Boston is dead but Fenpunk is not! The Indian Queen is a long lost and blurry memory now, well, what I can remember ... but the Lincolnshire Punk scene is rising once more! The Fens are being set ablaze again! The Mosh is back in the Wash! Spalding, Lincoln, Grimsby ... it's all kicking off!

In the name of research I set out on the road with an assortment of Punk Rock Road Dogs to investigate.

It's a while since the Fenland outpost of Spalding has hosted a Punk Rock caper so, off to the Black Swan I bezzed in the Gadgie-mobile for the first time in an age. Upon entering said watering hole not much has changed save for a bit of a tidy up and lick of paint. It still remains a strange venue as the front of pub area is a really trendy sorta place with dance music blaring out and locals in a state of advanced refreshment rapping along and have a bop about as if nobody is watching. As it's early nobody is. Out back however, is a belting little annex with full sound and lighting rigs - perfect for an intimate and rowdy punk rock affair. Rowdy punk rock is exactly how I'd describe the first band actually. All the way from London, so it beggars belief why they are on first, are Underclass UK. With a drummer who served time with Charlie in UK Subs and a bouncy bass bod who looks like a punk rock Ainsley Harriot they were certainly a handful. Proper balls out melodic punk rock from the depths of the 80s. Just a shame they were on first as the crowd weren't really warmed up. Good proper punk rock frolics. I liked 'em I did. I imagine you can probably catch 'em on the Rebellion circuit or supporting 999 or The Lurkers at a venue near you soon. Locals I Got Spiders, who had their own banner and everything, were up next and promoting their new album with a singer/axe slinger in an Adidas lycra erm, leotard(?) and Mexican Wrestling mask. Spalding eh? I seem to recall Kamikazie Hotshot from these parts playing a similar thing - rock 'n rolling garage-y sounding stuff (Zeke meets The Wildhearts) that never really finds favour in Gadgie Towers - I much prefer raw noise and

unlistenable tuneless mayhem as you well know - and I believe there are ex Hotshots involved in this spidery ensemble. Mid paced rock n' roll with a hint of a punk nod I suppose you'd call it. I found it hard to concentrate as the sight of the singer in all his lycra clad glory was something of a strange distraction. After this peculiar experience I ran in to - not literally, like in a knocking him over and spilling his pint and starting a ruck and shit manner - Adrian from Alpha Fly Rights, a long gone Spalding pop punk band who ventured Boston-wards a few times, no doubt to play with The Apers or Manges or Norma Jeans ... Well, that is all in the past as I am reliably informed that he now fronts a "gothic country" band called Old Boy - niche or what!? On to Peterborough's The Deadites who I always find hard to describe beyond fast melodic hardcore with a serrated edge or Sammy's Fatal Mistake without Jordy's hollering. Langy, a most excitable Fenpunk celebrity who was present, told me that they suggested bill them on the poster as a poppy band and not mention punk at all. It may bring a few folk who may be put off by the word punk a calling. This reminded me of a time when Luke The White Cider Warrior sent a write up to the Boston Target saying a US band were playing at the The IQ that weekend and would be a hit with fans of Green day and Blink 182. A gaggle of kids turned up in NOFX hoodies and the likes, only to have their heads stoved in by Phobia. So it works ... Anyway, The Deadites played an absolutely rip snorting set of speedy punk with plenty of jagged edges. Absolutely wazzle stuff and I believe they have a full length album out now which may well be worth you investing in.

Next up, in fact the next night, the Wolfbeast battle bus was fired up and we all headed to that there Lincoln, the Fenland capital and scene of an emerging scene. Recently there was a Punk do in a record shop with bands coming down from Sheffield to partake and The Domestics played a blazing set of brutal chaos at the venue known simply as Liquor along with local loons Truth Equals Treason. Amusingly DTL, Wolfbeast's riff merchant was ID'd on the way in to witness The Domestics in action. Let's not be impolite. DTL is in his "twenties" and as he told the over officious doorman "Yer fucking joke aren't yer mate!? I'm fucking bald look!" He was allowed in. If he was made to feel young, I was made to feel 'owd as t'hills when the sound man

excitedly shouted at me "Alright mate, you used to be my PE Teacher!"

It all reminded me of the time probably about eight or nine years back when we all headed off to Nottingham for an evening of punk rock pandemonium. Drinking all our mucky booze in the car we decided that we possibly wouldn't survive the Grantham to Nottingham half of the journey without replenishing our empty ale store from an offy in Grantham. It was a risk we just weren't prepared to take. Super Sophie was up first and asked for a packet of fags to go with the bottle of falling down juice she had selected.

"Have you got any ID please?" said counter fella.
"What? Are you serious?" questioned our heroine.
"Ha Ha! You got ID'd!" guffawed Dan.
Super Soph, at the time was probably in her early twenties.

Next up Dan, who was probably closer to thirty than twenty.

"Have you got any ID please?" said counter fella.
"Ha Ha! You got ID'd as well!" was my less than sympathetic support.

Finally 'twas my turn, and let's be honest there is no way I could ever look younger than 21 never mind 18 to anyone as I approached 40.

"Have you got any ID please?" said counter fella.
"Ha Ha! Even Marv got ID'd!" my fellow Road Dogs chortled.
"Yer joking aren't yer? I've got grey hair!" was my incredulous response.

"Aye, I suppose so, alright then ..." was our silly servers answer. I showed him my driving licence anyway to demonstrate what a buffoon he was being and then we went off to Nottingham and got absolutely wazzled and had a most beezee evening ... but anyway ...

The latest late night Lincoln Liquor loopiness had no such door issues and it appeared we had missed a skate punk band. Oh dear. The younger members of our party were clearly more disappointed than me, but there was no excuse for what came next. I'm not sure what they called themselves - I seem to think it was **House** and well, it's the first time I've seen a "grunge" band, oh lordy, in many a year - but the front woman had an acoustic guitar (NO!) with a neck scarf thing tied round the end of it (DOUBLE NO!) and

the bass player, well, he was wearing sandals and socks (TRIPLE NO!) so we shall talk no more of them. Totally unacceptable.

Noise Abuse on the other hand were a three man, no bass, power violence affair from Leicester who seemed to have something of an Ian Beale thing going on. No, I'm lost on that one too. While noise abuse was happening on the stage, booze abuse was happening off. Myself and Luke The White Cider Warrior attempted to drink a pint from the bar. Let's just say we went on to bottles afterwards. Bringing the Mosh to the Wash is all well and good but we don't want to ruddy well drink from The Wash. Power Violence seems to be having something of a renaissance these days and locals **Throatpunch**, who I believe are the fine fellows behind these Lincoln gig goings on, took to the floor and partied like it was 1996.

A Point of Protest, who were on tour from Belgium were up next with their modern, positive and vaguely metallic 'ardcaw. Very clean sounding and slick with plenty of positive messages, the absolute antithesis of Boston's own bunch of reprobates **Wolfbeast Destroyer** who were given the task of headlining. Carnage. Utter carnage. It went off like the old days. Bodies flailing about, beer being slung across the room, pile ons and pyramids and head injuries. It had everything. Wolfbeast are becoming a battle hardened crust behemoth on a par, dare I say it, with Urko these days. Total fucking mayhem. There's plenty of Sweden in there - especially Skitsystem - but also such a wall of noise approach that, coupled with a harsh negative nihilism, is an affront to the senses. Brutal as this lot.

So Lincoln and Spalding it would appear are holding up their end, but what about oop in the north of the county? Grimsby's Matrix Club was a regular stop off way back when and we would often trade trips between Boston and the home of Fish and Chip Bastards like The Siknotes, Luna: Suit and Imbalance but bloody hell is it really twenty years since I booked my first IQHC gig after a number of lengthy telephone chats with Andy Imbalance? Here I was twenty years later then saying hello to The Siknotes and watching a band with Luna: Suit members in and having a lengthy chat with Andy from Imbalance who had reformed for a one off home town gig that had seemingly everyone who has ever been to

a gig in Grimsby upstairs at The Matrix. Only £3 in 'n all! Bargain. That's a 100% mark up on the £1.50 I charged for that legendary first IQ gig!

Not Tonight and The Headaches, a pop punk band who Danny liked but I could take or leave, kicked off the fun and frolics with the bloke from Luna: Suit who bears a striking resemblance to the janitor from US hospital hilarity show Scrubs taking the lead. Pop punk rarely does it for me but they had a split with Crocodile God - bloody hell, is it still the 90's in Grimsby? - so all was not lost. A new one on me, **Elk** were up next with a strange mix of muscular "Alt Rock" and jangly emo who Graham liked and I could take or leave. When the guitarist sang they were like wimpy 90's jingle jangle soft lad bed wetters, but when the bass player with his dextrous doings took charge we were more in to a harsher sound that had us talking about Butthole Surfers or Big Black or The Jesus Lizard. Oddbods. We were however, only really here for one band.

Imbalance were one of the great 90s UK bands and they would pretty much play anywhere with anyone. London all dayers with metallic beat downs coming from all directions or filthy crust chaos at the 1in12, they'd be there, positivizing up the bill with high kicking hardcore heroics. Twenty years have done nothing to dull their ire and Andy's voice, after stints in The Horror and Young Conservatives, has a mature strength to it that the younger Mr Bryant didn't. The first, and classic, album was given a good airing and sing-a-long-a-plenty went on. One gent was a little too excited with it all and after opening a can of Red Stripe and spraying it over everyone was politely escorted away by the venue's security staff. With a slippery floor and a room full of aging punks, full of boozy nostalgia, it certainly got messy. Nobody cared. It was great fun. Three quid to get in to a hometown gig by a legendary - in these parts - band. Bloody hell, for a change it wasn't just me jumping in the Gadgie Time Machine and heading back down through the mists of nostalgia ...

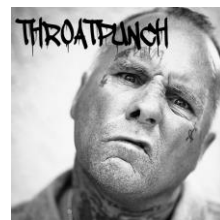
It would appear therefore that reports of Punk Rock in Lincolnshire's death have been greatly exaggerated and it is indeed in rude health. We will all still be rolling up at Sheffield, Nottingham, Leeds, London and so on for gigs and shit but hey, why don't you come and see us? No sandals though please.



If you were to end up at a gig in Lincoln which is developing in to a proper hot bed of thrash, crust and noise you'd probably meet Jake from Throatpunch and the Fenland Hardcore Collective. I asked him a few questions to investigate further the rise of Lincoln Punk!

Fenland Hardcore Collective - who are you what do you do and where? How come Lincoln has a scene again!??

Hey Marv! I'm good thanks, hope you are to. Let's get smashing. Fenland Hardcore Collective is, at its core, myself and Liam Todd. We have a few people that help us out at shows, but primarily it is just the two of us. Originally FLHC was started because I used to put on shows for Camblast Promotions in Peterborough, Kings Lynn and Boston, but after a while that came to an end, but I still wanted to do small dirty punk, emo, hardcore, whatever shows. These days we are based primarily in Lincoln (where I am at Uni), but we still occasionally do stuff in Kings Lynn, Boston and Peterborough. The Lincoln scene is really interesting actually - a lot of it is an underground crust-punk movement, with bands like Mothcob leading the pack. Funnily enough there aren't a lot of younger people at these shows, but there have been more and more as we have been promoting longer. Then there's also a wave of former IQ



Boston punks that come to our shows - especially when we put on Wolfbeast Destroyer and No Contest. Currently on our end we're really raving about new Lincoln PV band Skinlover, skatepunk crew Nieviem and grunge/shoegaze band Bloomhouse. Mostly we do gigs at a place called Liquor, though we're always looking for cool new places - shout out to Sad Goblin who let us use their house for a hardcore show.

House Shows? I imagine that was mental! How did that come about? How many folk turned up to that? What did the neighbours think?

Oh aye it was haha! Well, Sad Goblin (Frankie and Konnor from the band Bloomhouse) had put on a couple of acoustic/emo house shows before then, and they asked us to play a couple earlier this year with our grunge band Turncoat, and at the first one that Turncoat played we did a surprise Throatpunch set (our hardcore band). (There's some crazy video of it here <https://youtu.be/fnkml0jYkBM?t=626>).

After this we had a tour date fall through for A Point Of Protest from Belgium, so we asked the guys if we could set up a house show with them and they were all game for it. Unfortunately because it was last minute there were only a handful of people there, but the other house shows that we have played and done a hardcore set have had a (small) room full of people it was mad. The neighbours loved it, and by loved it I mean that they cut the internet cable to the house with a great fucking pair of wire cutters ...

You say you're at University. Are you not from round these parts?

I'm at Lincoln Uni, but I'm actually from Spalding - Todd is from Boston (not Boston) so both Fen boyos really.

OK so why does Lincolnshire produce such brutal bands? Over in Boston we have Wolfbeast Destroyer and a long history of chaos and now Lincoln seems to have a number of power violence and the likes bands. Is it something to do with living in the fens?

I think living in a place like this lends itself to punk bands, the dirty aesthetic is something that really works here, and I think that people in the bands want to push heavier and heavier sounds, hence why we are getting this wave of grind/PV influenced bands. I think the old IQ scene is something that has really influenced the wave of punks coming up now, because obviously that scene isn't around anymore, and there is a group of people who have seen the videos, listened to the bands, and some that went to the shows, and want to recreate a similar vibe once again.

How did a bunch of youngsters like yourselves discover the wonders of the DIY scene? What made you say "right, that's it I need to form

a power violence band and shout and scream at folk!?" Which bands influenced you musically and socially/politically?

Basically between myself and Todd we got bored of the music that was on offer around our area. The place we would go to gigs back in the day was Peterborough, where there are so many shit metal-core bands, and boring pop-punk bands, that we just got sick of them all and wanted to do something heavier, or nastier. There were two major turning points for me though, one was when I saw Trash Talk in the middle of the day at Download 2011 (let me tell you - 13 year old me was buzzing for yonkers after that), and when I saw Gallows at Club Rev (RIP) in Peterborough with Feed the Rhino and Brotherhood Of The Lake in 2012. The Trash Talk set was just an explosion of punky aggression and was something I had never seen before, and seeing a band as extreme as Brotherhood Of The Lake play really made me want to delve further into that extreme scene, with bands like Nails, Full Of Hell and Black Shapes. After that it was just a matter of waiting until the right time - at the start of 2016 both me and Todd were without a band, so we started jamming and through 5/6 months of different shit we eventually formed Throatpunch with our mate Calum and shortly after Pope. Our sound to start with was a rip off Trash Talk, Clowns, Nails, and NOFX, but ethically I always go back to the idea "What would Henry Rollins do?", and if we're doing the same sort of hokey shit that Black Flag did back in the day then I'm happy.

I don't have any records, CDs, tapes or whatnot with lyrics and shit ... so give us a few songs of yours and explain the lyrics or the story behind them.

So song wise I'm just going to focus on Throatpunch, since that's the only band I've done vocals for so far. We do/used to (it's all up in the air at the moment) have 2 vocalists - myself and Calum, and so lyrics are often a collaboration between us. A lot of the lyrics and song titles that I have done are sort of overly provocative but also quite personal if you care to look into them (English and Psychology at A-level, of course I'm going to be a bit of a word wanker). We have a song called "Drinking Beer And Listening To Straight Edge Hardcore", which originally was just a song title to piss off militant SxE folk, but the more I worked on it, it became a

renouncement of a scene obsessed with macho bullshit, and it's just about doing whatever you want because you decide what is and isn't important to you - music is more important to me than if someone drinks or not. Our most infamous song (if that's not too egotistical) is Spalding Shooter, which was written by me in the wake of the 2016 Spalding shootings (a bloke shot himself after shooting and killing his wife and daughter). A lot of people hear the song title and presume that we're glorifying the geezer that did it, but the lyrics are addressed to all the people who gave their fake condolences to the tragedy. I was actually in some of the same classes as the girl who was killed, and as such I had an idea of who was genuine and who was just jumping on the sympathy bandwagon when people were posting their respects. This whole over-earnest intent doesn't wash with me for a number of reasons, but I'd rather people would be honest with themselves, and if they didn't know the person not make out like they did in order to make

themselves seem like a better, more caring person. Of course - that's a rant for another time though.



Tell us a funny story from your childhood!

A funny story from childhood? Well I'm still only 19 so it would still be fairly recent ha ha ha, but let's go back to one of the first times Todd and I met, before Fenland Hardcore had taken over almost every aspect of our lives. It would have been 2012 and both of our bands were playing a show together. It was a tragic show, my band played terribly, his band played a While She Sleeps cover twice, and it was attended by about 4 people all wearing the same Black Veil Brides shirt. I would've been 14, and he would've been around 18/19, who would've known that 5 years later we would be making music, putting on gigs, releasing records and all sorts of other shit together. I still rip on him for playing a While She Sleeps cover twice though, you cannot live that one down. Oh and his band were named after a While She Sleeps song ... Tragic.

It's interesting you say that you were inspired by Trash Talk. I remember seeing them a while back and thinking they were clearly influenced by the likes of Siege, Drop Dead, Infest and co. These were bands that really inspired me as youngster discovering punk beyond the Pistols and the Clash. Have you looked up bands from the late 80s and 90s when this sort of thing was huge? What have you made of them? Any influence on Throatpunch?

Yeah we really like bands from the early crust and power violence scene (I even wrote an essay on the evolution of noise in PV last term for uni), Discharge are sick, Drop Dead (not the clothing brand) are great too - we also played with MDC in our sixth gig with Throatpunch. All these old school bands are great and we are actually looking into bringing some of them to Lincoln in the near future.

Also you say you are aware, and others are, of the punk heritage of our county. I know Lincoln has had a scene on and off over the years at the Bivouac or Travellers Rest and of course the IQ was pretty infamous in it's day. Have you any survivors from those days still involved? Has this influenced any of what you do or have you started from scratch?

I'd say almost everyone who was around when we first started doing stuff in Lincoln is aware of the IQ, and some of them will have been involved, but more or less we have had to start from scratch in Lincoln. It's only now that we are actually grabbing on to that old IQ scene and getting people from Boston to regularly attend our shows.

How important is the DIY ethic to you? Is it sustainable in Lincoln? Do you manage to cover costs with money from the door? I notice most gigs are at Liquor in the city centre, does it cost to hire the venue? Are they supportive of a bunch of punks taking over for a night or do they just take a cut and leave you to it?

I was actually thinking about this the other day, and really to me the DIY ethics are more important in some cases than the sound created. I would rather put on a folk punk band that's totally DIY and get the idea of what we do, than a hardcore band that are all about ego and money rather than the music. More often than not we manage to cover costs with door money, but we have had a couple of major flops - Losing End

(from Singapore) came over last May on their EU/UK tour, and about 7 people came to watch them, that was disappointing, but at the same time we've had great nights that have been packed, like when we put on Wolfbeast Destroyer. I don't really wish to divulge entirely how it works, because a few people I know have put gigs on there with different hire rules to me, but essentially the venue is free and they are supportive, as long as you bring in enough trade and don't break the bar rules

Have Throatpunch played much outside of local gigs? What's a typical set like? 20 minutes of mayhem and then fuck off? What other bands have you played with that we should check out? When are we gonna see a Throatpunch physical release? Do you and your mates value vinyl or CD or digital most?

Throatpunch have played all over the gaff - though lately we have done an awful lot of local shows. Within our first week as a band we had played Peterborough, Sheffield, Birmingham, Northampton and Leicester (most of those shows were opening for a mates pop-punk band - did not go down well usually). It is sort of 20ish minutes of thrashy shouting and gone, though if we play with me and Calum doing vocals then we inevitably end up scrapping with each other - he knocked me out with a misplaced spin kick at one Lincoln show. We've been fortunate enough to play with some amazing bands, but the cream of the crop (as the ol' Macho Man would say) has to be Nothing Clean, Noise Abuse, Feral Existence, FUK, To Fell A Tree and our dirty smelly mates Mothcob. There have been 2 official Throatpunch physical releases so far actually - we released our debut EP on CD, and then released a cassette of that EP and our 2nd short EP together. Technically we have released another 2 CD's, one of our first demo, and one of an EP we recorded and then decided to scrap because the recording quality was terrible. We have a new EP coming out soon though, we just need to stick some vocals on it and mix it and we are all good to go - it will be released on CD and cassette, because as cool as vinyl is it is way too expensive for a bunch of folk like us.

Lincolnshire appears to be a very Brexity place - over here in Boston we were the town with the highest percentage of leave votes in the

country. Why do you think this is? What's your take on the whole Brexit carry on? What do you make of the political situation the world is in these days? Trump, Brexit ... we're fucked aren't we?

We could be here all day if we get rolling on this ha ha ha - but I'll keep it short. I think Brexit is poorly timed and ill thought through, however if we were under a labour government then I think leaving the EU would be a much more positive move than it is now. And as for Trump - well he makes me pine for the days where politicians didn't keep their promises; that's all I'll say about him. Well, that and the fact that at Wrestlemania 23 he got a stone cold stunner from Steve Austin, and I really hope this happens again at some point.

What is there to do in Lincoln for the punk rockers of the world? Vegetarian/vegan restaurants, record shops, hang outs, weird tourist attractions ... sell your city!!!!

Lincoln has actually got a bit of a punk community on the sly really. There's Back To Mono records off the high street, which is a real good shop run by a great guy, and there's a fucking great little veg/vegan cafe in the centre called Shanti. On a Saturday night there's always a live band on at the Jolly Brewer, and sometimes it's pretty good in there. Most of the time though you've just got to get all your punk mates together and find somewhere to get boozy - pub or park, doesn't really matter. And I guess the hill is kinda cool too.

... so there you go - get in touch with Jake at the Fenland Hardcore Collective at www.flhcc.bandcamp.com or clag [Fenland Hardcore Collective](https://www.facebook.com/Fenland-Hardcore-Collective) in to Facebook. Who knows we may see you in Lincoln?

SACKY CLAP CLAP CLAP!

Have you ever been to a funeral for a fella who has a twin brother you didn't know he had? When said twin wanders in to the church it's well weird. Me and my brother Simon were a bit weird when we were bairns. One of our favourite games involved using the tape recorder that normally found employ as a game loader on our

48k Specky to record ourselves saying "Saaaaam! Sam! What's this? What is it?" over and over again before leaving it playing in the room and hiding behind the settee as our bemused Labrador Sam tried to fathom out what the fuck was going on and who was teasing him. You had to be careful with dogs in them days mind. Sargy got bit by Meccano Man's hound called Snoopy over the field once. Blood everywhere. All ova the shop. Sargy was a right sackboy and the dog had to have a tetanus. Meccano Man had another dog called Scamp that followed us all the way down street once but didn't take a chunk out of anyone.

Going down street was always something of an adventure back in the halcyon days of childhood. The freedom granted to the pair of unruly urchins that were myself and my brother (and general partner in all manner of mayhem and mishaps) Simon was often intoxicating. We had in the past been dragged down street to do shopping and various other errands by our Mam who didn't dare leave us in the house on our own as she may return home to find a bubble gum boxing ring made on the three piece suite, a particularly dangerous game of "Speedy Zoomers" gone awry or a bed in the back garden or something ... swirly whirly screen ... travelling back through time again in the GADGIE Time Machine ...

It's sometime in the mid 1980s. A branch of Boyes, the bargain basement bit of everything shop that sold toiletries, clothes, toys and kitchenware amongst other things, has opened it's doors on Guisborough High Street. This is much to the delight of Mam's who can now get cheap cleaning stuff and the likes on the way home on market day. This also however, much to the abject horror however, of the Guisborough Wild Kids. This new bottom end of consumerism palace, is a big no no to any kid who values their street cred as a fully paid up member of the mean streets of Guisborough's wild horde. To be seen in Boyes (or Boteses as the locals call it) is social suicide on a par with wearing Sunderland shirt. Honestly you know, you just wouldn't dare like.

One week at Primary School a new rule was brought in because everyone was bringing great bags to school, as was the fashion then. There wasn't enough room in the cloakroom area for 'em all. Mrs Almond, who was affectionately

known as "Slicer" after the exceedingly good cakes, told everyone to bring carrier bags instead. Slicer was generally a really nice lady who looked after the younger entrants to Kemplah Primary School in the mid 1970s but we did occasionally see her ferocious side. Like when Burnsy the infamous "driveway shitter" banged my head against a window as I sat reading a book and thus causing the window to completely shatter. There stood a bunch of fascinated five year olds mouths agape in wonder at the safety glass window that had miraculously remained intact, but as a spider's web like pattern of tiny little shattered segments. Mrs Almond went berserk and Burnsy got well done like our Simon did when he drew loads of bums in his writing book but, hey that's another story ...

Back to the tale ... carrier bags and what have you ... Being cool and hard and not square of course, we, the older bairns, rebelled and carried on with our great big sports bags that could probably fit in Tennis rackets and three pairs of trainers and a Hockey stick, shin pads and a few kitchen sinks. Carrier bags? Yer joking aren't yer? Young Kev (who was infamous for having a purple turd at the Dog Shit Tree) however was made by his Mam to bring a carrier bag as requested by Slicer and you'll never guess which shop his carrier bag full of PE pumps and pencils was from. Well, you probably will if you read that last paragraph. Yep, it was from Boyeses. He made his older brother put it in his bag until we reached the school gates before it was sheepishly retrieved and hidden under his jumper. Unfortunately for poor old Kev the bag was spied by some eagle eyed playground critter who shouted across the yard:

"Ha Ha! Crap sacky on you! You shop at the sacky shop!"

Everyone rather cruelly started chanting and clapping:

"Saaaa-cky!" Clap Clap Clap
"Saaaa-cky!" Clap Clap Clap
"Saaaa-cky!" Clap Clap Clap

I seem to recall a fight ensued and we all got done.

To be labelled a sacky was a peculiarly Guisborough-arian term. Denoting an unfortunate soul who was considered to be at the lower end of the social pecking order than everyone else, it was a pretty cruel label to be stuck with. Being branded as the bottom rung of the social ladder was something every kid in the town would desperately do all they can to avoid. Being called a sacky. This name would usually be brandied about indiscriminately by the posh and rich kids who lived in the leafy suburbs who let's be honest, considered us all sackys and beneath them as they sat on their lofty perches with Daddy's money buying them expensive Muddy Fox mountain bikes and trainers that the rest of us would circle in Kays catalogue as a hint to our Mam but would always end up with Danners or Adidas Kicks as always. Danners was the slang term for the sackiest of all trainers - Dunlop. After Primary School where the wild days of "Dunlop Dodgems" being cool as they came in every single colour under the sun (I had a black pair but our Simon had a maroon pair!) were over. It was time to move on. Adidas Kicks were entry level cool trainers and favoured by The Kids as they were only about £20 and with a bit of whinging and whining you would be allowed a pair instead of a pair of Danners or (shudder) Gola that would cost half the price but you told yer Mam you couldn't get them as you knew some other scrote who had a pair and they fell to bits five minutes after trying 'em on. Meanwhile the rich kids rolled in to school in a pair of £60 Pony American Football trainers or the £75 Adidas astro turf-ers even though nobody had ever seen an astro turf and the nearest they got to American Football was Channel 4; and didn't they let us know it. We didn't have a name for that lot. They called us sackys. I suppose we just stuck with "Bastards" or "Wankers".

My Dad knew one of the sacky families and 'twas them who were known as Pezzers, a level of social status even lower than a sacky. Lower than a sacky ... good lord ... One night they rang an ambulance, legend has it, and when trying to describe which house was theirs, they were told "just leave the light on, as it's late, and we'll look out for you." Dad chuckled as he told us his mate had to go next door and pez a light bulb off of the neighbours. Rumour had it that the eldest Pezzer lad kept his motor bike in his bedroom and

drove it up and down the stairs every time he wanted to go out and when he got home ... and they had cheese sandwiches for Christmas dinner.

Anyway ... where was I? Oh aye, going down street on our own ... Guisborough High Street on market day was indeed a most fabulous world! The infamous "second hand shop" Gifts and Gadgets was an essential place to visit. Long before ever other shop was a chazza shops and the likes of Cash Converters were simply known as Pawn Brokers and existed to us only in Dickensian novels, Gifts and Gadgets lead the way in recycling your unwanted stuff. Fishing rods, VHS players, toasters, massive hunting knives(!) and air rifles (!!) ... honestly it was a very different era back then. Always worth a geg as they had cheap ZX Spectrum games going for a quid when they would be a whopping £7.99 in the proper shops. G+G had a rival however when this other bloke who was a bit more well to do opened up "Curiosity Corner". The Curio Cabin was a sort of attempt to be a mix of Gifts and Gadgets type Aladdin's Cave but with aspirations to be considered a bit of an antique emporium. A far less interesting prospect than the legendary Gifts and Gadgets as it didn't sell weapons to kids or Speccy tapes and had loads of boring stuff like tables and ornaments, "Curiosities" was obviously aiming for a different demographic. They did however, appeal to the school Fifth Year head- the-ball hooligan that was Gibber though.

Gibber was wass rock. He was so nails he got away with wearing silky looking Adidas shorts with stripes on for PE. Everyone else had to wear thick cotton Rugby shorts and any attempt to subvert the dress code for PE by donning some far more fashion conscious Nikes or three stripers would be swiftly and brutally addressed by the PE teachers for who violence and intimidation was part of the job description in them days. Total Planet of the Apes honestly. Gibber though seemed to flout this law with impunity. Even the psycho PE teachers wouldn't mess with him! As I said, hard as. He was so hard he tried to drive off in a Sinclair C5 he'd knicked from Curiosity Corner! Seeing him wazzing down the road in Clive Sinclair's wonderfully wacky wheels with the gadgie from the shop pegging it after him was one the funniest things to ever happen in Guisborough. The fact that the bloke from the shop caught up with him, dragged him

out and drove it back to the safety of his emporium meant two things to us: firstly the bloke at the shop was even harder than Gibber! He must have been Chuck Norris! He did have a moustache like. Secondly it was clear why the Sinclair C5 failed to take off. If some middle aged bloke with a porn star 'tache could run faster in double denim and cowboys boots than the bizarre sit and pedal dodgem car type contraption then you might as well stick to your bike.

Anyhow, going down street, as I was saying, at least I think I was ... yeah, me and our lad would go and visit our beloved Grandma and Grandad every Saturday. They lived in a big old terraced house at the other side of the town. They had a coal fire, no central heating, outside bog ... Charles Dickens and everything. It was always a hoot visiting our Mam's Mam and Dad as something weird would always happen. Grandma was a bit radged and would tell us tales of our Mam's wayward sisters carrying on when they were bairns and feed us up t' gills with cakes, sweets and biscuits. If we were really lucky, we'd jump in Grandad's little blue car - a dinky little thing that was slightly bigger than a Scalextric car - and be whisked off to Great Ayton to have an ice cream, do the shopping and of course, visit the pub where Grandad could indulge in his favourite hobby. Drinking. Me and our lad have carried on this family tradition to this very day, but in this particular tale we didn't even reach the pub, or for that matter, Ayton. Nope. We had barely even left the house when the weird stuff started going down ...

This is the visit which has stuck in my memory forever and will be there until the day I die ... no, not the time that Auntie Debbie shouted "Fuck off!" at some snooty old woman and called her kids "fucking freaks". No, not that time. This was the day when a great ruddy bulldog got in the car with us and wouldn't get out. Grandad was in the driver's seat and me and Simon had got in the back by folding the passenger seat down and clambering in. Just our Grandma left to take her seat but out of nowhere, as the seat was being folded back, this weird grey bulldog just casually sauntered past Grandma and climbed in to the footwell to the front passenger seat and just sat there. He just sat there looking at us all with

great boggly eyes. Grandma, who resembled a demented Sybil Fawltly stood there going "Shoo! Shoo! Come on doggy! Come out look!"

... but no movement from our new canine mate. The dog just sat there looking around at us all with clearly no intention of getting out. Our grandparents didn't know what to make of it all!

"Eeee look yer Tom! Great dog look!"

"Who's is it?"

"I don't bloody know!"

"Well have you ever 'erd owt like it?"



Who's dog it was and what it wanted was beyond us all but me and our lad just sat in the back laughing like our arses were on fire as this funny dog just sat there gegging at us all with wide eyed innocence written across his peculiar face. That funny bulldog just inviting himsel' in to the car and sitting there looking at us all like Lord Muck was one of the more unique memories I treasure of my grandparents. What a carry on.

REVIEWS

I love punk rock me. I really do. Here are some of my more recent favourite acquisitions that have been blowing the cobwebs out of the Thrash Parlour in Gadgie Towers of late ...

I caught a gloriously fruity gig at Sheffield's Lug Hole recently with a really out there line up. There were keyboards and everything! I'd made the solo trip as I was most keen to experience the blunt assault of London's **SNOB** and the manic energy of **ANXIETY** whose album from last year is a belting bolt out of the blue. Discovering old punk bands you've never chanced upon is a treat, but discovering new bands, that you can still go see in the flesh is even better. **ANXIETY**'s self titled LP on La Vida Es Un Mus, came out last year and has been on my mind constantly since. Can you remember on Sesame Street when "one of these kids is doing their own thing"? The screen would split in to four squares, each with a cute bairn in who was doing something. Three would be doing the same thing, but of course, one of the oddballs would be a non conformist anarchist and doing their own thing.

The other three would be sat there doing nowt but the fourth would be upside down or summat. Anxiety are that kid. Proper awkward and tense outsider punk. Amazing. Another new band that has appeared on the Gadgie Towers radar are



FIVE THOUSAND thanks to Roddy Ploppy Pants who I believe participates in their epic sounding Amebix-y row. Their debut "Monadh" CD EP is truly the sound of punk rock warriors nomadically

wandering in search of adventure through a post apocalyptic Scottish Highlands. I'm in to shit like that. Roddy, as you well know, is one of the busiest little scamps in Punk Rock and has also started up a new zine. No ploppy pants filling tales of woe this time out though. No. The first issue of **OUR FUTURE** zine is here too! Taking an approach to discussing bands or incidents from the annals of Punk Rock History that have maybe not been covered as much as the more obvious stuff. Issue 1 mainly deals with the KLF and their situationist pranks along with ENT. If (Our) future issues are as intriguing and well written, a subscription is in order. Subscriptions! Bliming Blippers! That's making a commitment. If Gadgie did subs it'd be a fiver every eight years! The final offering from the Rodster comes in the form of **THE NEW WAVE OF THE GRAVE NEW BEAT VOLUME 2**, a sequel to the compilation of



"latter era" Discharge influenced bands that hit the shelves of the Punk world a few years back. The second instalment is maybe less erm, experimental, with sounds all starting at

Discharge but meandering over the 24 tracks between raw, buzzing and blasting noise and more traditional beating of the d. The mind blowing mayhem of **PARANOID** are the stand out band for me but other studs and bullet belt highlights come from **FINAL FUKKER**, **THISCLOSE**, **LIFELOCK** and **ENDLESS GRINNING SKULLS**.

Aah! **ENDLESS GRINNING SKULLS!**

Wowzers! If you aren't yet on board with these Nottingham nasties then wake up punk. One of the very best the UK has to offer at the minute, I've caught them live a good few times and they never

fail to intimidate and impress in equal measure. The postman delivering their new "Risus Sardonicus" LP one fine summer morning as I prepare to head out to footy is therefore cause for great rejoicing. After an insane Football game where we should have been 4-0 up before our keeper scored a bizarre own goal, trailed 1-0 at half time, conceded another four in the second half as the manager made utterly bizarre tactical and personnel changes, only for our keeper to wallop in a spectacular volley, at the right end in the last minute of the game, I came home bamboozled to give it a listen. Zoinks! It's an absolute Crash Smash. Taking just enough Discharge and Rudimentary Peni to give it a familiarity, **ENDLESS GRINNING SKULLS** manage to make their own idiosyncratic sound that is bleak, harsh and nihilistic. In an ocean of d-beat clones, these vagabonds are truly one of a kind. I believe Risus Sardonicus means a sort of face cramp that makes you look like you are stuck in a hideous smile. The face we all have to put on while dealing with the horrors that being part of the human race inflicts upon us? Whatever. Get this record now.

One man mangle machine Bri from Sheffield is a most pleasant chap who I always look forward to bumping in to and conversing about all things noise with when I head Lug Holewards. Last time we chanced upon one another, he told me all about his one man band project. Fortunately the new **RAT CAGE 7"** does not involve him playing an acoustic guitar and pulling a string with his foot to beat a drum on his back with the odd bit off honking and parping from some other accessory. Nope, he's recorded a full EP of utterly intense Scandi-thrash mayhem, though if you like a bit of blunt UK82 pogo-punk I imagine this'll get you on the cider too. With a really clean sounding production job and Bri's distinctive raw roar this could start a pit in an empty room. Apparently, there will be a performance of these songs when our hero puts together a band to do it. Or grows six more limbs and does it on his own. My money's on the first option but you never know with Science these days. It's amazing what they can do you know? Paco's ever productive La Vida Es Un Mus have knocked this one out and while you are there, as you are of course buying the **RAT CAGE 7"** the minute you put down this zine, ask about the

EXOTICA 7" and third 7" slab from Toronto terrors **S.H.I.T.**

New York's

EXOTICA unleash their debut(?) EP housed in a lovely blue sleeve with a miserable Mr Man like

character on the front. Mr Misery? Mr Bastard? Or is it one of the Little Misses? Little Miss Pissed Off? Whatever, give the record a spin and we have some prime punk pandemonium smacking us round the chops. Frantic and throbbing mutant punk that bristles with raw, driven energy. I could liken 'em to **SNOB** as there is a bluntness to the caustic chaos yet the vocals remind me of a more up front Brain F=. Pandemonium! **S.H.I.T.**'s latest 7", their third, is another La Vida Es Un Mus banger that is not easy to describe beyond you need to hear this erm, **S.H.I.T.** First up is blazing hardcore punk that has chugging repetitive riffage and what I can best label as howls and well, noises, from a deranged sounding front chap. It only gets more demented and faster on the other side. Like if all those Japanese style noise bands played with a clean production job. Mayhem. I can only imagine the carnage that their live set would be ...

Hands up who likes power violence? If your hand is not up we can't be friends. Get out of my garden. It seems that everyone's favourite ridiculous sub genre of punk is experiencing something of a resurgence. It never went out of fashion in Gadgie Towers, as you well know, and



recent visits to our shores by **INFEST** and **SIEGE** have done nothing to diminish the excitement I get from slow bit, fast bit, very fast bit, stupidly fast bit records. Speaking of which, a couple of

said platters turned up recently... **LOW THREAT PROFILE**'s "Product Number 3" 7" up first. Numbering amongst their ranks, alumni from virtually every record in my collection that could in any way be linked to the genre, **LOW THREAT PROFILE** unleash an aggressive clutch of smashers that eschew the slower parts on the whole and just plough ahead in a zoomy, but not too zoomy, assault on the senses. Just plain old



angry and unsubtle hardcore. Like being head butted by an angry ape who has lost his banana. You want more of this? Well **EXIT UNIT**'s debut 7" hit the distros recently and every punk and their dog were jumping through hoops to bag a copy. Proper feeding frenzy. The reason? Well, it's people from **INFEST** sounding not unlike **INFEST**. Without any new **INFEST** material to accompany their back together gigs, this does the job nicely. This is the folks who set the flipping template for this and there aren't many that do it this well. The first side is eight, yes eight, ruddy slices of short, sharp, helpings of havoc. In contrast side two is one long drawn out, chugging menace. Like the song that would start the gig and would last as long as the rest of the set. Essential stuff punks.

Imminent Destruction Records keep sending stuff to Gadgie Towers and I heartily approve! Their latest offerings up to the altar of anarchy are 7"s by **AXE RASH** and **HARHAT**, two new bands to me and I'm pleased to make their acquaintance. Nasty Swedes **AXE RASH** flail about with some super tight and vicious nihilism. Rat-a-tat-tat drumming at a blistering pace and **OUT COLD** like 80s hardcore riffs are topped by some pretty desperate sounding screams. I love this sorta chaos. More! More! Fast and furious in the Ready Money Round! **HARHAT** who hail from neighbouring Finland whip up a whirlwind of pummelling d-beat destruction. Distant sounding, though pretty horrific, vocals, do battle with a constant buzzing and furious clamour. Perfect for ruining a nice sunny day. Punk's weak beaut isn't it? As I said, I love it me. Cheers.

Get in touch punk - let's talk about dodgy Sci-Fi of the 70s and 80s, zombie films, Italian Football, Hammer Horror and face lacerating, head shattering, mind melting, brutal Punk fucking Rock.

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Up the ruddy punx!

Marv: done in the Easter holidays of 2017