



Gadgie 37

NOW THEN GADGIE

Praise the Law Giver! Praise the Law Giver I tell thee for I have some fine news for you dear reader. Straight from my underground sources in Ape City, word reaches our human outpost that the mighty gorilla thrash unit Urko, who terrorised people in the 90s and very early 00s are back! Crikey! Craig, the original guitarist and throat shredder has amassed a new ape line up of Joe (from Patient Zero, Burning the Prospect and more bands than you can count from Boston) and DTL from Wolfbeast Destroyer. There are threats circulating in hushed tones of simian fury being unleashed upon the public once more!

For those of you who missed 'em first time around, Urko were an utterly incendiary thrash three piece who mutated from a Swedish style crust band to all out aural atrocity on a par with the likes of Drop Dead et al. Total wall of noise destruction. Touring the UK and Ireland and putting out six 7"s and a split LP, appearing in the grubby pages of Gadgie regularly and taking me all over the place for nights of mayhem they were on the verge of great things. Sadly the tragic death of bass player Jas Toomer saw to it that Urko died with the General of Fenpunk ... until now! No news of gigs or recordings yet ... but watch this space in 2019 and, beware the ape that speaks ... it's all happening again ...

On the Boston front, things are certainly looking up! As reported last time out The Britannia are looking to host regular - monthly - punk capers! The fellas from South Holland Indecency Team and The Undying Swan Act, who you met in issue 36, are behind the resurgence of Fenpunk in our corner of the county and if you wanna gig get in touch via BLAMS (Boston Live Alternative Music Scene on Facebook) or drop me a line and I will have a word as the apes rise again!

Here we go then folks ... another bloody issue of Gadgie zine! Three in one year! Crikey!
Cheers!
MARV

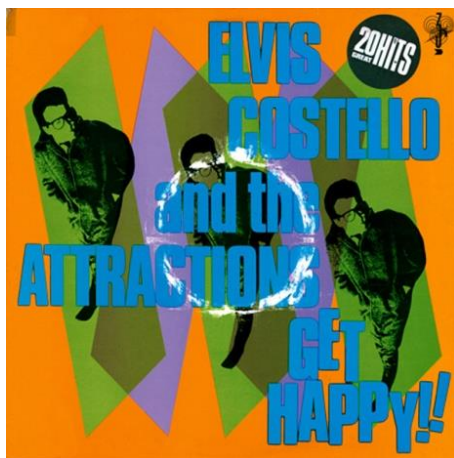
On a sad note, Boston recently lost a great fella who should well be considered a local legend. Gareth Skinner, proprietor of Never Mind The Music Store was beloved of many folk who would pop in to his record emporium down Church Street for chat, music purchases and his unique customer service style that involved telling you all manner of tales and gently insulting you. All at Gadgie Towers are heartbroken



and pass our deepest condolences to his lovely family. Rest in Peace Gareth and say hello to David Bowie for me. x



MORE MONDEGREEN MAYHEM



Deep in the deepest corners of the GADGIE Towers Thrash Parlour, there sits a modest and often visited collection of the recorded output of a certain chap going by the name of Elvis Costello. During the summer holidays just past, I spent quite a lot of time in the company of this corner of the record cupboards which reminded me of a fine example of mondegreen mayhem ... or for the uninitiated ... a misheard lyric. Amassing the "early works" of Elvis, I made my selection and went with the classic 20 track whopper of an LP "Get Happy!" which is an absolute blast. 20 tracks of upbeat, catchy as a Wicket Keeper, new wave pop nuggets. Up comes **High Fidelity** one of the LPs high-fidelity-lights if you ask me, and with a title like **High Fidelity**, it's hard to imagine that there was once a time when I thought Costello was not singing ...

"Hiiiiggggghhhh Fidelity"

... in the chorus. I mean the clue is in the song title. Usually the song title and the chorus are one and the same but no. Back in the early days of my Elvis listening I used to think he sang ...

"Arrrrrrriverderci"

What a div eh? Why on earth would a song writer of Mr Costello's talents suddenly switch to wishing the listener farewell in Italian? He then follows up his long drawn out line with ...

"Can you hear me? Can you hear me?"

Well yes I can hear you Elv, but I won't be able to hear you if you clear off. Presumably to Italy. Which would be nice I suppose. You could watch AC Milan or something and have a nice meal somewhere with a waiter bringing one of those massive pepper pot things with pepper in and stuff. You could wander by the Trevi Fountain and look for Anita Ekberg cavorting about in it. If it was 1960 and you bumped in to Fellini that is ... But no, it appears Elvis was not singing goodbye in Italian, he was actually singing something about **High Fidelity** and "can you hear me?" must have been a reference to whether we were listening on top quality Hi Fi gear rather than a crappy old tin opener of a stylus on a ropey stereo you got for Christmas yonks ago which Mam and Dad got from Argos for £29.99 one year in a sale at the same time they bought your little brother's BMX and a pile of Star Wars figures that you would both fight over so next year they would just buy two Boba Fetts to solve the problem. Or something. I imagine.

As an aside, apparently David Lee Roth once quipped, rather acidically it must be said, that music journalists are all in love with Elvis Costello 'cos he looks like them!



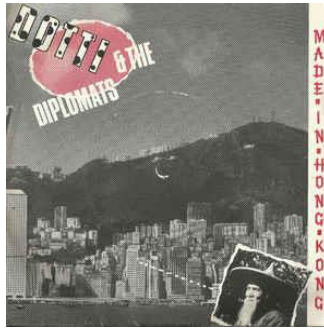
Elvis certainly looks the part on the cover of this LP with his great big gags and awkward looking pose. It was not his gawky looks however that caused me to be late to the party with this record however ... "Get Happy!" for years was one that actually eluded me as every time I saw it in the shops - second hand ones that is - I would be put off as it seemed to have a great white ring wear mark in the middle. Being a record collector with a certain set of standards, I would often leave it behind in favour of a different Costello catalogue choice. Such scruffy fare will not find a place in my over stacked shelves scoffed I. It wasn't until a good few years later that I started thinking 'od on a minute, they can't all be damaged in the same way and a good fondle of the cover one day in a record shop at King's Lynn provided a wonderful discovery. The front cover of "Get Happy!" is actually designed to look like it has got ring wear damage. That big white circle ruining the cover is only part of the ruddy design innit? Yet again, what a div I had been and while I'd been playing "This Year's Model" and "Armed Forces" over and over again, I could also have been listening to this

absolute smasher of an album. I recommend you do too.

LOST CLASSICS FROM THE PUNK ROCK WARS

DOTTI AND THE DIPLOMATS **"Made in Hong Kong" 7"**

Uptown Records in Spalding is a regular stop off during holidays these days. A big open plan record shop that is packed to the rafters with vinyl. The Punk section has been growing steadily and every visit I make the fella spots me and comments about a bit of Punk that's been coming in lately ... As usual I make a bee line for the Punk Rock and begin the time honoured tradition of flicking my way through rows of 7" singles. A few nice Dickies numbers, the usual Pistols, Clash and eleven copies of "Eloise" by The Damned and then ooh, what's this? Dotti and the Diplomats? Never heard of 'em. Punk-ish, New Wave-ish name. 1980. Just £3. What the hell. Gamble taken ... the gamble paid off! Opening up with a soft, poppy tune in comes the vocalist - Dotti I



assume - all breathy vocals and the song builds up to a choppy chorus. We are somewhere in between Lena Lovich and Clare Crogan maybe with a bit of The Photos for good measure. I love this sorta thing. A bit wimpy, a bit new wave-y, a bit loopy. Like subversively weird chart hit pop. Lyrically it's a topic that is clearly very of the time. Hong Kong seems to be where all of the consumer goods on the high street are coming from in 1980s Britain.

... crossing the sea for you and for me
They're making hi-fis, silk shirts and
red ties

They're
busy as
bees
For you
and for
me ...

Those
Hong
Kong folk
are
certainly
busy as
bees

making our Hi-Fis to play Dotti and the
Diplomats records on. Like Tomorrows
World that was on telly around then
with Maggie Philbin and co, Dotti is now
predicting the future, and it's coming
from Hong Kong would you believe?

*It's become all the rage
To join the space age
Look to the future
Buy a computer*

The chorus however, suggests that all is
not that wonderful. Importing stuff
from far flung lands is all well and
good but what if it's not all it's cracked
up to be?

*You know it's made in Hong Kong
What happens if it goes wrong?
You send it back to Hong Kong!*

Not sure if they are pro or against
foreign trade then! Cannot find anything
about 'em on line, honestly, absolutely
zip, (anyone know owt about 'em gerrin
touch!) but if you ignore the dire b-side,
this is yet another entry in to the Hall
of Lost Classics From the Punk Rock
Wars!



BREAK THE CHAINS FESTIVAL

The summer holidays are ebbing away. The final days of August are playing out as the nights draw in and weather gets back end-ish. It'll be back to the daily grind within a week. One final hurrah is on the cards though. One last weekend of wild debauchery and thrashing about at the Temple of Boom for the inaugural Break The Chains Festival. Initially this new fest set hearts a flutter up and down the country as Infest and Drop Dead were announced as headliners along with US grind maniacs Full of Hell and UK noise veterans ENT and Doom. Tickets went in under a minute but then bad news started to filter through ... first Infest pulled out and then Drop Dead, both due to band members having what sounded like pretty dreadful injuries. The Facebook event page seemed littered with folk wanting to flog their tickets after finding out that two of brutal hardcore punks finest were now not going to be appearing. Antichrist x Demoncore were drafted in for what seemed like an impromptu reunion show to soften the blow, but I headed off wondering whether or not this ambitious new festival was dead before it even began ...

My adventure started out in the beautiful utopian metropolis that is Middlesbrough. In such wonderful surroundings I was sadly brought back down to earth faster than a parachutist with faulty gear when I headed to the train station water closet. How lovely to discover that the previous incumbent of the cubicle I selected had not quite received the requisite toilet training that most well adjusted adults of society have received. The mucky

bugger had left a great pile of thog on the bog seat. What a bad sod he was eh? I managed to find alternative facilities ... Off to the café for a thirty minute wait and what seemed like a pint of coffee. Perusing the menu I figured an egg sanger would keep me going as I awaited my train and the lady behind the counter suggested to me ...

"In a white shirt? You're brave!"

You'll be pleased to know I survived the fried egg yolk-ocalypse and my nice shirt remained nice and white as I passed the time reading my book all about the Sex Pistols. Boarding the train to Leeds, I found the pint of coffee had gone through me like a dose of salts and I was fortunate to find a bog upon which a previous user had not logged off everywhere but actually had managed to hit the target. A sign caught my attention though ... visitors were advised not to flush the toilet while the

some powerful vortex and excreted out of the train lavatory in a pile of gelatinous goo? Maybe you would be wrenched from this world and reappear in some bizarre "Through the Bog Hole" alternate dimension or alternate reality? Like Leeds? Nah, it's probably so you don't get thog all over the train tracks in the station or summat boring ...

Leeds then. Not an alternate, parallel world, is where I finally arrived and it wasn't long before I had a can in me hand and was been treated to the god-awful din that is Coproach ... and I mean that as a compliment. The crowd was healthy - in numbers that is, I can't vouch for their physical state - the beer was flowing and the front man of Coproach was cavorting about, screaming his head off and taking off all of his clothes. When the singer of the first band strips naked and bounces about the pit with his chobber flobbering about ... well, it sort of sets the



train was in the station. I wondered why not. Would it suck you out like on Alien 3 when at the end Sigourney Weaver smashed a window and the nasty xenomorphic monster is squidged through the tiny little hole in to the vacuum of space? Would you be crushed as your entire body was sucked through

standard for the rest to follow. Mayhem would ensue ...

Chin Sniffer were a bit too weird for me but Ona Snop were absolutely belting and brutal, as were Horse Bastard. We were treated to a "back to a full compliment" Voorhees, after their one

man down Bloodstains set, and my word, the full line = full throttle. They melted people's faces with Shaun and Tom resplendent in Damned and Buzzcocks shirts to "show these lot where it all began".

So we get to the headliners of the Friday. Originally slated as two of the world's greatest hardcore bands - if you were to enquire of me who I believed such a title should fall to - Infest and Drop Dead had dropped out to pretty horrific injuries sustained by members from what I heard, and many a "Friday ticket for sale" post did appear on the Facebook event page. Fearing a wash out was totally unfounded as the crowd were by now heaving and a hastily reformed Antichrist Demoncore (or ACXDC) for short had been flown in as a replacement and gadzooks, they were something special. Furious power violence that was so vicious it could peel paint off walls. Noise like you've never heard. At one point during the brutal bedlam I looked at Dan Zero who had turned up with the obligatory can of Stella in hand and we both just laughed at each other. Honestly I wasn't really sure what was happening by now ... the confusion continued as Ron treated everyone to some wild dance moves as he Rock n Rolled to Elvis and the likes at the after show party. It was time for bed. I could take no more.

Saturday was not such a big deal for me in terms of the line up so I looked forward to mooching about and catching up with folk. The crowd were very different to the Bloodstains lot from a couple of weeks ago. Then, it was all 40something (or more) folk in jeans and band shirts staying in hotels and showering and shaving and stuff. Break The Chains crowd in contrast looked like an extras van from Game of Thrones

had been emptied in to the Temple of Boom for the weekend: beards, dreads, tats, imaginative piercings and the likes everywhere. Wonderful stuff. The crust horde were treated to a number of more metallic performances today until that is Sick Ones took to the stage and belted out a rollicking set of 80s style US hardcore, the front man gurning away in a furious Rollinsian manner. It made a welcome change from all the havoc the tribes of crust and carnage were dishing out. Good set.

Into the charmingly named "Meatlocker" room for Famine as the afternoon turned to evening and my word ... Famine were ridiculous. The Meatlocker is a narrow little space and the amount of people packed in there cavorting about and hurling themselves around made it a pretty intense experience where at one point it actually felt unsafe. Unsafe in a sort of shit, this is utter fucking mayhem manner. That, by the way is a compliment. Another ACXDC set and Unyielding Love - who sounded a bit like Full of Hell - preceded erm, Full of Hell who have a front man that seems to personify evil. Grind violence with sounds and samples and all manner of effects that I imagine is what demonic possession sounds like. Not very nice at all. Again, that's a compliment.

The journey to bed provided an interesting episode as I attempted to steady myself against a wall bar as the lift at the hotel took off. For some reason the bar just fell off in my hands. In my "refreshed state" I feared a Frank Spencer-esque moment as I attempted to fix it ... I imagined the whole back wall of the lift coming off with the bar and me staring in to the abyss of the lift shaft and trying to fix the wall, not just the bar, falling in the chute and hanging on to the floor of the

lift as I dangled perilously from the missing wall and shouted "ooh Betttttttyyyy!" before managing to clamber somehow on to the top of the lift and then it starts moving and I am terrifying close to being squashed like a bug as it heads to the top floor but fortunately some American tourists pressed a button that sent it hurtling downward again and upon alighting the elevator I would peer over the side of the roof and look at the bemused and bamboozled visitors before saying "ooh hello, going up?" or something. Fortunately the bar fitted back on the wall and all was well. No buffoonish capers to report.

The third and final day was a late starter so I made friends with a lady who kept giving me pints of Leeds Pale Ale and let me watch Crystal Palace vs Watford on her telly in front of a roaring log fire. I think she was called a "barmaid" or summat. Highlights of the day included Bristol's No Pulse who were a rock solid hardcore punk unit with songs about animal rights and standing up to fascist nob heads and police surveillance. Great stuff - buy their demo 7" it's wazzle - as were Gets Worse and Wolf Bastard who endeared themselves to the Leeds mob by saying they were from "Manchester, you know, on the right side of the hills?" The cheeky Mancunian scamps. Plenty more brutality whizzed by before Doom played a glorious set of well, Doom. You know what yer getting with the veterans and what you get is weak beaut. Topping the Fest then were Extreme Noise Terror. I had no idea what they'd be like these days but happily they were blazing. Ugly, unsubtle, unpleasant. I loved it, especially the Borstal Breakout cover.

Meeting an Aussie lass later on at the hotel, who looked like the rest of the bedraggled fraggles I encountered at the train station on Monday post Leeds Festival, I was informed that Papa Roach were the band of the weekend. Seeing all the glitter covered folks in welly boots and filthy hoodies looking like the wretched cast of an 80s post apocalyptic world movie, I couldn't help but think I preferred my three days indoors with the Game of Thrones lot.

NATTERERS



Oh lordy, where to begin with this lot. Ever since about a couple of years ago when stood in Dale's kitchen in Leeds before the Discharge/Stupids all dayer at the Temple of Boom when he suggested I get down well early to see a new band he reckoned I'd absolutely love ... I've erm, become somewhat obsessed by my new favourite band. It thus followed that the hallowed pages of GADGIE needed to feature NATTERERS!

If you like fast and chaotic early 80s US punk and can imagine an angry northern woman fronting a rowdy bunch of scallywags who fling out furious Adolescents/Dead Kennedys/Zero Boys styled mayhem then I think we can be friends. I also think you will piss your pants when you hear this lot ... *All answers by Emma said front woman...*

Now then Natterers. I assume like me, you are recovering at the minute from Bloodstains Fest? What did you make of it all? Highlights and Lowlights? Two Natterers sets?

It's late September now so I think we're just about over it... I did have a cold for about five weeks afterwards though. To be brutally honest, it really wasn't as good as the year before, in terms of line-up, attendance and atmosphere. Musical highlights for me were the newer bands..... No Problem and Rat Cage in the "Hot Box" (I bet it's the "Cold Box" in winter though!) I enjoyed Battalion of Saints too. I really missed the atmosphere of the Merch room - it was so much better the year before! Where were the record stalls? The amazing vegan food (more than one thing on the menu?!) The hot drinks? The badges?! I lost my Cramps badge from last year and needed to replace it! The new room at Temple of Boom is fantastic though - great sound. We played Saturday as planned and all of us were in attendance on the Sunday (well, Dave was on his way). Someone approached me when I arrived and said, "they might be asking you to play today too as a few bands have dropped out" so I went and asked Lecky if they needed another band to play and he said "no" so I replied, "can we play anyway?" and so we played during the food break with Dave turning up ten minutes before! Totally different set including a couple of songs we hadn't done live before. I probably preferred it to Saturday despite feeling like death!

You appear to be fans of bats - the name, the logo, the t-shirts. Where does that all come from?

I have worked as an ecologist for ten years, specialising in bats. I've been involved with bat conservation for about

twelve years in voluntary, professional and academic roles (I have a MSc in Biodiversity and Conservation and started [didn't finish] a PhD on the effects of linear infrastructure on bats). *Myotis nattereri* (Natterer's bat) was the focal species of my MSc project. Bats are fascinating but maligned creatures and I am pretty obsessed with them - travelled to Austin, TX and Cambodia to see some of the largest known bat roosts in the world! The bat logo was designed by our friend, Ben Eskrett, an artist from Hull who has recently taken up a tattoo apprenticeship (follow his work on Instagram @notlongleftnow).

There appears to have been some line-up changes since I last witnessed you in the flesh ... how did you recruit the Voorhees rhythm section to the Natterers cause? Have the new line up recorded 'owt yet?

Dave has been pestering us to be in Natterers since he first heard our demo in 2016! Well, pester is a bit of an exaggeration but he has been waiting in the wings..... We needed a new bass player after Andrew's departure and Rob had caught Thomas's eye whilst playing in Voorhees. We needed to practice closer to where myself and Thomas live in East Yorkshire (so not Leeds) and this meant John (original drummer) couldn't do it anymore and it made sense for both Rob and Dave to join! Plus, Rob doesn't drive so Dave doubles as his personal chauffeur too... The new line up recorded our debut album in June 2018. You can really tell that Rob and Dave have played together for a while. They are both masters of their respective instruments and have definitely made Natterers a better band (no disrespect to previous members!)



The Natterers sound has been described as "Adolescents with an angry northern woman singing". Is this a fair description? I've also seen you likened to Joyce McKinney Experience and Sofa Head, what do you make of the comparisons you've had? Has anyone got it right?!

I like this description! Who said this? I had to listen to JME and Sofahead (and also Dan, who we've been likened to) after the reviews came out of our demos, as although the names were familiar, I'd not heard any of these bands! I'm not that convinced to be honest.... I think the vocals are a bit twee-er than mine...?! Our obvious influences are bands like Germs, Black Flag, Adolescents, Circle Jerks, D.I, Dead Kennedys but Thomas (who has written pretty much all of the music up to now) has a really wide range of musical influence (his favourite guitarist is Johnny Marr) which helps us sound a little different, I think...?! We've had some really lazy comparisons purely based on that I am a woman singing in a punk band.... That doesn't mean you can choose any other band with a woman singer and say we sound like that....!

The artwork and lyrics on your demo/flexi 7" suggest you have grave environmental concerns. Pollution, blind consumerism, and no birds sing ...

you don't really rate the job the job the human race are doing of looking after the earth do you ...

I do try to keep optimistic about it but absolutely, yes.... humans are fucking everything up and in such a relatively short space of time.... and it makes me very sad. A recent-ish scientific paper published in a high impact journal (Conservation Biology) estimates that extinction rates are currently 1,000 times higher than natural background rates.... says it all really. But to quote myself.... "descendants will rue our lethal legacy, but we won't be there, we don't care" - this isn't just individuals, but our governments....not looking beyond the short term and the planet is dying because of this.



I love the line "Your Whole Life Offends Me" from the song "Defiant (again)". It sounds a marvellous sentiment. Was it aimed at anyone in particular? A single experience maybe?

This track was on our 4-song demo but we've also re-recorded it for the album as we think it's a banger! I think someone just pissed me off and I went down a rabbit hole thinking about how their entire existence was just so banal and offensive.... I also recollect a conversation with someone telling me how it is best to keep your mouth shut, and that not keeping quiet equates to being rude. This individual does not like

confrontation whilst I am more of the persuasion, FUCK THAT.... If I have something to say, I will say it (whilst having a modicum of sense of appropriateness....) Better out than in. This song was also influenced by another conversation about how (mainly) women use make-up to hide blemishes and tiredness. If I'm knackered, I want people to know.... Then they might see that I'm shattered and give me a break (or a coffee). Why should we need to hide our actual state of being?

Is the cover from your "Toxic Care 7" a portrait of your local hospital?

Am I to take it you're not impressed with the way the NHS is being ran at the minute?

I decided to call the EP "Toxic Care" as I realised that I'd used the words "toxic" and "care" a couple of times in my lyrics in the six songs. That simple! Hal Mundane (our Raymond Pettibone) did the artwork for it... I think I gave him some vague pointers, but he came up with the design. It wasn't really a comment on the NHS but the ongoing privatisation and lack of funding for the NHS is horrendous. If I remember rightly, it was more a comment on how drugs and medication are thrown at people who might benefit more from counselling, or even just a good chat, but that wouldn't be in the interests of the pharmaceutical giants or their shareholders.....

"We Are Their Cattle" seems to be a ranting rage against apathy or people too zombie like to realise what's going on in the world. Was that inspired by a particular incident? Is that what it's like in the high street where you live?

Has Dawn of the Dead come true?

It's exactly that. I do like a good ranting rage. I can't abide people who spend an inordinate amount of time on their phones... They might be

somewhere they've never been before (maybe never go again), somewhere stunningly beautiful, or even just slightly interesting, but still have their head buried in some inconsequential tripe on the internet. LOOK UP AND LOOK AROUND YOU! It's inspired by the John Carpenter film "They Live". The title of the track is taken from the script... "We are their cattle. We are being bred for slavery".



You've been off on some UK and European adventures I gather.

Where've you been? There must be some tales of misadventure you can entertain us with ...

Since we started playing gigs in August 2016 we've been as far north as Edinburgh and as far south as Hastings (where we played to one paying audience member - he did dance like crazy though, and a dog sat on our merch table). Last November, we also had quick jaunt to Europe playing four gigs and a radio session in Belgium and Germany. We did have a ten-day tour of Scandinavia pretty much fully booked for March/April this year but because of my work and the line-up change, we unfortunately had to cancel that - gutted. Hopefully we'll visit there at some point though. Misadventure - we're obviously a really boring bunch... I can't

recall anything! That might change with Dave in the band now though.....

Record Collecting. It's no secret that here at Gadgie Towers there are way more Blondie records than it is healthy to have. Are any of you big fans of little vinyl discs? What's the most record collector-y thing you've ever done? Any "lost classics" or "obscure gems" you'd like to inform the punk rock world about?

We all buy records.... I have done for the last twenty years (before it got really trendy again!) but not obsessively. I don't think I could as that would mean I'd have to try buy the entire Damned back catalogue and that's A LOT of records, especially if you include all the bootlegs (and I'm fairly skint at the moment!) Tom is a massive Morrissey and The Smiths fan and has most of their records - different formats/presses. He's spent a fair amount of money on Beatles albums too....

It wouldn't be Gadgie fanzine without some tales of childhood escapades. Go on, tell us a funny story of summat you got up to as kids ...

I was the epitome of good behaviour, seriously. I did once jump into a spiky bush to avoid going to church at school once. I had to stay there for what seemed like hours to avoid detection. Not sure it was worth it really.....

Do any of the Natterers have famous look-a-likes?

Erm.... I'm not sure any of us would get mistaken for anyone else! I think Rob looks a bit like Penfold.

Time to sign off now ... what's next for Natterers? New LP in the works? How do we get in touch with you for gigs, records, merch etc?

Our debut album, "Head in Threatening Attitude", is out on 5th October on Boss Tuneage Records (on 12" and our first ever CD release). The limited-edition record sold out in a few hours which was a shock! It is also getting a cassette release! We are recording again before the end of the year (back to France!) but it won't be an album - not enough songs. We're going to Iceland for the record release weekend (which also coincides with Thomas's birthday) and also playing some gigs in France. We have a fair few gigs planned between now and the end of the year, including some places in the UK we haven't played before.... Cambridge, Brighton and your very own BOSTON!! We WILL go somewhere further afield in 2019 too... just not sure where yet!

Gigs - probably best e-mailing us at natterersband@gmail.com or contacting us via (anti) social media.... [facebook.com/natterersband](https://www.facebook.com/natterersband) and twitter.com/natterers.

You can get all our releases from Boss Tuneage:
<http://bosstuneage.bigcartel.com/artist/natterers> and some from our own Bandcamp (<http://natterers.bandcamp.com>) where you can also find our lovely merch!

THANK YOU! X



REVIEWS

Records are skill. I love 'em me. Especially if they contain within their grooves raging Punk ruddy Rock and head smashingly brutal noise. Here is what I have been getting myself all excited and unnecessary about of late in the GADGIE Tower Thrash Parlour.

GAME

"Who Will Play?" Flexi 7"

One of those bands that comes around every so often and every bugger and their budgie is talking about 'em. I, bought in to it, I have to say, as listening in on their Bandcamp, I was mightily impressed. Right pummelling primal, pandemonium that bore something of a resemblance to the style in which fellow London smashers Snob assault you with and I'm hooked. Order the record then. Of course. Oh hang on, it's a flipping flexi disc! Fuck's sake. A flexi disc! You know what though, this is so savage, so confrontational and brutally direct that I would even buy a bloody flexi disc. Like a sour version of GISM on 45rpm. Horrible in a good way. QUALITY CONTROL

KNOWPEACE

"Revolt" CD

Yonks! A brutallic hardcore punk band from the wild outpost known as King's Lynn! Knowpeace seem to exist in that strange twilight zone of hardcore that sort of appears on the GADGIE Towers radar but doesn't quite fit the bill of what usually finds favour upon the decks of death in the Thrash Parlour. I can dig this though. The Norfolk ne-er-do-wells conjure up a caustic, yet clean, metallic din that ventures in to dark territory with equal parts epic and unpleasant. It's the sort of sound that the kids with neck tattoos who love their screamo emo bands would go for yet I get the

impression there's more going on here than the usual Kerrap cover star dross that I get sent from this branch of hardcore. Massive booming tunes which plunge in to blast beat type mayhem, "stadium crust" atmospherics ... yeah, there's plenty going on here to intrigue the listener. GRANDAD RECORDS

NATTERERS

"Head In Threatening Attitude" LP

In the punk outpost that is GADGIE Towers, the day this record was delivered at the guard's house, was cause for riotous celebrations. Quite possibly my most eagerly awaited record in a long, long time. A long time. Northerners Natterers have been whipping up UK Punx (and some of our Euro brethren) in to a state of frenzy of late with their brash and abrasive 80s Punk attack and this, their debut LP, is a glorious coming of age moment. What we have here is a wonderful coming together of a number of unstoppable forces that meld in to an homage to the greats of yesteryear but injected with a fresh and very much of "the now" powerful punch in the face. First up the new rhythm section - Dave and Rob from Voorhees - lay down a furious bedrock of pounding, muscular and excitably adventurous back line. On top of this Thomas slings out the most insanely catchy East Bay Ray style surfarola riffage you have heard since Fresh Fruit ... Topping off these most marvellous melodies are Emma's incendiary vocals that over the last few years have taken on a life of their own veering wildly around and bringing to mind all manner of punk luminaries of the past but very much her own at the same time. One minute there's an all out, enraged yell, while on the next song Emma switches to menacing and leering disdain. Natterers are the best we have had to offer in the UK for a while and I stick by my description of Adolescents

with an angry northern lass singing though could add Dead Kennedys and Zero Boys to that. My new favourite band and they should be yours too.
BOSS TUNEAGE

NERVE QUAKES

"R//R" 7"

Oh lordy! What we have here is a pair of post punk platters wrapped up in a glut of gloriously Gothic darkness. Honestly you can smell the musty, cob webbed filled castle catacombs as soon as the needle drops. "Rewind" starts off with some prime time synth-y Cure-esque gloom before bursting in to a wonderful anthemic dark disco frolic with atmosphere by the bucket load. Haunting melodies that bring to mind Siouxsie and her bonkers Banshees or, for a more up to date reference, Barcelona's Belgrado. The female vocals swim and swirl around the dextrous rhythm section as a glacial guitar riff fires off in to the ether. Flip over and "Running" is a far more direct attack in comparison whilst still maintaining an icy ambience. With a greater urgency to the shadowy sound I can't help but think of Crimson Scarlet's brand of powerful Goth Punk. Of course that is a very good thing as I love that band. I feel that Aussies Nerve Quakes are a band that I will also be describing in glowing terms to anyone who'll listen when I go to a gig this evening ... great stuff. Come payday I'm gonna ruddy well order the LP. I suggest you do too. IMMINENT DESTRUCTION

NO BORDERS

"The Walls They Build ... The Walls We Break Down"

Cassette and Download

With a name like No Borders and an EP entitled like that, it's no surprise that this three piece are fiercely pro immigration and anti-fascist. So livid are they at the ideas espoused by the right wing loons that seem to have taken over

the world and emboldened those knuckle dragging, lowest common denominator, insular attitudes amongst morons the world over, that it appears they base their whole band on the subject. "No Human Is Illegal" and "We Rise" are pretty unambiguous and this is a case of four smashers blazing past in a furious whirlwind of stripped to the bone hardcore. The surging and driven attack on the senses brings to mind Agnostic Front with the gang shout chorus-a-longs and straight to the point punch in the face approach. Tough and uncompromising, I imagine if you've been jumping about in the Lughole to The Flex and Arms Race and co then you'll find plenty to continue your cavorting about to here. Maybe you were getting all excited about the stuff that Kangaroo Records were putting out about twenty years ago? You'll dig this too. Good stuff if being punched in the face can be described as good. SELF RELEASED (Download it for free at Bandcamp)

RAT CAGE

"Blood On Your Boots" 7"

Bry is one of those chaps who can seemingly do no wrong. A string of blinding bands from Sheffield have had him screaming, drumming or whatever else it is he does within their ranks over the years. Breaking free of all that "being in a band" carry on though, he has come up with his very own one man band. Fortunately he doesn't trapeze around Sheffield city centre on a weekend with a drum on his back and a cymbal attached to a string strumming away on a ukulele and blowing in to a kazoo or summat. Nope. That would be silly. Very silly. What our hero does is goes in to a studio and produces utterly searing searing mangled d-beat mayhem. All by himself. Rat Cage have a live incarnation in which Bry fronts a band with wild abandon and they were certainly one of the

highlights of this summer's Bloodstains Festival. The noise don't stop though and a second 7" EP is here to herald in the autumnal days as summer festivals become just a hazy memory. "Blood On Your Boots" whizzes by in a furious whirl of golden age Swedish crust, classic Discharge and, as if that wasn't enough, an ugly helping of UK 82 Partisans pogging pandemonium thrown in for good measure. It's great. Of course. You have to see the band version of Rat Cage live though to truly appreciate the sheer ferocity that is the Ratman in full mic stand twirling, bandana wearing, face lacerating effect. LA VIDA ES UN MUS

RUIN IT!

"Locked Up Dead" LP

So, Ben from Drop Dead gets in touch asking if I'm interested in reviewing a new release from a new fast band on their Armageddon label. Well, duh, does General Urko hate humans? A download whizzed through space from Providence, Rhode Island in the US of A and I was, before you could say, brutal hardcore, listening to a ripping album full of erm, brutal hardcore. This is the sound of a bunch of dudes having a midlife crisis and, sick of seeing as what passes as hardcore these days, formed a band with the intention of, and I believe this to be a very technical phrase, "Fucking Shit Up". It's raw, furiously hard hitting and rancorous hardcore along with, lyrically, some pretty heavy and dark themes dealing with mental health explored. Think Out Cold, Boston Strangler, Nine Shocks Terror, Dead Nation, ETA, the odd bit of Tear It Up, all that shit that was coming out of the sewers about fifteen years ago. Fuckeroo! Was that fifteen years ago? Maybe more of us need to form a brutal boot in the balls band and Fuck Shit Up? This is marvellous. Please send me more shit like this. ARMAGEDDON RECORDS

TRUTH EQUALS REASON

"Know Your Place ...?" CD

Lincoln Fenpunch Truth Equals Treason have slimmed down to a three piece after, it was diplomatically explained to me that, "we are looking for a guitarist who isn't a twat". Jam has taken on the responsibility of slinging the guitar over his shoulder and doing some sort of sorcery with pedals and stuff for the bass. So here now, as a trio, is the "difficult" second album and wowzers, the slim line T=T sound fuller, harder hitting and far more assured than on the last outing. Glen's vocals are furious! He is, are you ready for this ... Glenraged ... sorry. Musically they pound away in a manner not dissimilar to another band I recently reviewed, Brum Punx Healer of Bastards. There's a bit of Conflict in there, especially with the use of samples and spoken word, or should I say spoken rant, parts but all in all Truth Equals Treason have come up with a livid look at Broken Britain. A place where we've become immune to tales of dead children in far places, mutilated by UK bombs ("And The Bombs Keep falling ..."), where 1984 is no longer fiction ("Four Million Watching") and where moronic knuckle draggers blame "imigrunts" for the fact that they have failed as a functioning member of society ("Blame Thy Neighbour"). Raging anarcho Punk from the Fens! It's a winner this one is. Quite good to quote one of their fans ... TET OFFENSIVE RECORDS

TSOL

"Low Low Low" 7"

When I drove up to Leeds on a Sunday at the dawn of the summer holidays to take in a set by Mr Grisham and co I was certainly looking forward to it but never expected it to be as good as it actually ended up being. Lorks-a-lordy they were absolutely glorious. Jack was on fine form and larger than life in

every conceivable fashion. Blazing through a pile of the classics, it was then another great surprise to hear they had a new record out. Yup, new material. Only a two track 7" but, yep, I'm bagging that bugger, especially after they played the lead track from it and it was a ripper! Sat at home listening as it spins on the Gadgie turntable of death, I cannot help but hear a sort of Vegas singer Joey Ramone singing "Ready Steady Go" by Generation X. Don't look at me like that is a bad thing! Fun, fun and more fun Punk Rock that's a million miles from creeping over to the mortuary to meet dead lovers. More in tune with their recent-ish Trigger Complex LP. Proper tip top polished Punk Rock. The flip side is another helping of glossy Ramones via a 50s crooner put through the TSOL blender. As I said: tip top!

WHIPPETS FROM NOWHERE

"Concrete Academy" LP

Record Collector magazine is not exactly a bastion of Punk Rock is it? Every so often they'll have a "500 rarest Punk 7"s" or Top 10 Pistols rarities, even a Blondie retrospective with a delightful Debbie cover, but Punk Rock? Generally not their thing. Strange then that this bugger came from them! A reissue, or to be fair, probably a first ever issue, of an LP by the so obscure they've never even heard of themselves The Whippets From Nowhere. No, I haven't either. Intrigued I took the plunge and ordered one, which arrived with a "certificate of authenticity" would you credit it? It is a fantastic package and I'm mightily impressed before dropping the needle. Glossy, gatefold sleeve complete with photos and press clippings alongside the Whippets story which involves a bunch of 'erberts from Plymouth (or around there) forming a Bowie inspired band in the 70s. Punk was around the corner in the form of the Pistols and Stranglers

and thus was born Slammers Knobb. Fortunately they changed their name, relocated to London and then ... well, disappeared ... so is this amazing slice of Punk archaeology worth digging up? Yes it is and thank the Law Giver someone has, as it's ruddy mental! Recorded across 1978 and 1979 the majority of stuff can be described as zany new wave. Like a weirder and less camp Rezillos, like a more Punk Devo or B52s even. Fans of The Epoxies looking for a more edgy and odd sound may also be advised to take note. "Everyone's grooving at the dwarf's disco" is a fine slice of off kilter and angular weirdo Punk. I can imagine they would have even been considered outsiders and misfits in the original 77 Punk days. It's all very awkward and angular with squonking keyboards and uptight vocals from Cressida who looks the part in z-grade Sci-Fi TV get up. Her out there yelping and bouncing about reminds me of Vital Disorders which, in Gadgie Towers is a very good thing. Believe it or not, Record Collector have only gone and put out a really, really good Punk record! Get it if there are any left but be warned: it's fucking bonkers. RECORD COLLECTOR

... and there we have it. Yet another journal of jovial japery and marvellous mayhem. Cheers to Mr T for another split issue and Emma from Natterers for the interview. You want more of this nonsense don't you? I can tell ... get in touch if you wanna natter about Italian Football, zombie films, Hammer Horror, Apes, Doug McClure, Blondie records and obscure Punk bands that nobody has ever heard of. Email: nowthengadgie@hotmail.co.uk Facebook: Gadgie Fanzine Put together in the Autumn of 2018. Getting backendish innit? Marv