

## Smashing The Shit out of Scrap Metal to Anti Cimex: Some Sketchy Memories.



Gords, Nottingham UK.

Back in late '85 in a terraced house in Beeston, Nottingham I called in to see my mate Pat who was buying a few international punk records. Recently we'd been listening to a lot more stuff outside the standard UK anarcho punk canon which was starting to sound a little dated and hecktoring in its approach. The international *P.E.A.C.E* compilation on Radical Records really opened up the international scope of punk to us young 'un's. Kalv from Plasmid – soon to be Heresy - was also trading and selling a lot of foreign and USHC to us. Pat had bought a copy of Anti Cimex *Victims of a Bomb Raid* alongside the Septic Death LP. Both those records floored us but the Cimex was in a league of its own to us. Discharge had just released the *Ignorance 7"* and that was no big shakes. The 'Victims' 7ep just destroyed. We played a couple more times savouring the harshness of the thing. I remember the white label complete with dirty fingerprints spinning on the mono record player. I left that night with Jonnson's Swedish/English creole 'Wicktims of a Bomb Raid, Wicktims of a Bomb Raid' blasting through my sixteen year old head. Killer.

Fast forward seven or so months and Cimex were playing Nottingham on their short UK tour. Ace. All the Beeston and Newark young punks were fired up for this one. At last we'd get to see the mighty Cimex. The Mardi Gras venue in Nottingham was opposite the train station and situated in the cellar of a large office block. This was pretty much a new venue for Notts punk and aside from the Queens Walk Community Centre, The Hearty Goodfellow, Narrowboat and News house this was a fresh deal. The bloke who owned and promoted it, Alan Hayes, was an old hippy type in his late fifties but seemed well up for the new crowd that night. The usual roster back then was a lot of biker and rhythm and blues outfits with the occasional goth and psychedelic bands: not that interesting really..., at least to my seventeen year old mind. One thing the venue had going for it was a large in-house PA which sounded great and also the capability to video tape band sets. Anyway, added to the show flyer was Cimex tour support Agoni, new local band Heresy (ex Plasmid), The Varukers and Napalm Death. This is where my memory gets a bit hazy, I've a vague memory of Napalm Death playing but weren't doing it for me so much. Heresy on the other hand tore the place apart, what a band (check the video of their set on YouTube.. Bloody intense and the rhythm section was just intense and fucking killer. I'd seen 'em rehearse that year but live they just destroyed. I can't remember the Varukers actually playing and, believe me, I loved the band back then and would have remembered seeing them for sure. I guess they pulled out.

I'd gone down with my then girlfriend Lynn, to the show. We'd had a few ciders from the small venue bar and I seem to remember us talking all the way through Agoni, missing their set (shame) but

all we wanted was Cimex. The buzz was starting to build. A rumour was going round that the singer of Anti Cimex had been sniffing petrol before the show and drinking like a maniac. My thoughts were along the lines of him being too pissed to play. Anyhow Cimex began the set with a slow metallic intro and the band looked much more like rockers with longish hair than punks. I was straight down the front, head banging over the monitors. Jonnson came on stage and the set instantly went up a gear. Clearly pissed, he prowled the stage falling over on his ass at one point but still very much in control of the place. The instant the fast drumming kicked in the energy flowed. Being down the front the first off event of the night appeared. There was a young Cuban looking guy with a pair of drumsticks banging on all sorts of old scrap metal. This was plugged into the backline and thrashed along with the drums adding another layer of chaos to the overall sound. The Heresy and ENT guys were stage left laughing and watching this madness continue. I jumped around like a maniac until some of the local drunk punks turned up shoving people around like twats. If you watch the video footage you can see me bail the crowd at this point. I stood further back and just savoured the intensity of this band. Granted Nostalgia can play a part in distorting memory but when the video surfaced a few years back on YouTube, the intensity of the performance was clearly there. I sang along with 'Victims of Bomb Raid' from the back hating on the sweaty punk bullies down the front. I sat the rest of the gig out with my then girlfriend.

After the show we hung out for a little while. Johnson struck up a conversation with my then girlfriend offering move her to Sweden and buy her a horse. Bizarre but there you go. We had a couple more drinks before my good mate Kev, from the Varukers gave us a lift back in his ultra fast Ford Escort to Beeston at a right mental speed. I have to say, Anti Cimex were one of the best live bands I'd ever seen. The next band I'd see in that venue was Discharge on the 'Grave New World Tour. Ya can read all about that experience in the forthcoming Gregg Bull and Mike Dines, *Some of us Scream, Some of us Shout* edited collection due out Jan 2016. Shocking!

Gords (November 2015)