


PARANOIIZE

#22



interviews with:

Pitts Vs. Preps

Hawg Jaw

Rise Above

We're Only In It For The Honey

rants,

reviews,

etc.

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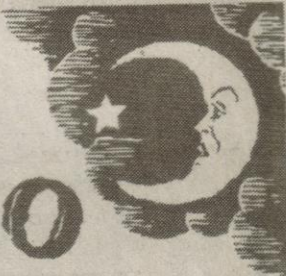


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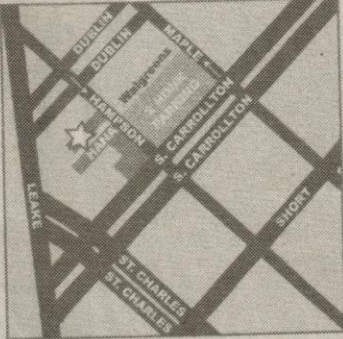
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Paranoize is a non-profit independent publication based in New Orleans, Louisiana covering metal, hardcore, sludge, grind core, doom, stoner rock, and pretty much anything loud and noisy.

Bands and recording artists may send cassettes (home or studio recorded), vinyl, or compact discs (yes, we accept cdr's) for a guaranteed review. Keep in mind that music sent in for review is the opinion of the reviewer and we are not here to kiss your ass. If the person reviewing your music doesn't like what you're doing, suck it up and get on with your life. If you whine to us, we'll just make fun of you.

Music reviews are also posted on the Paranoize website at: www.paranoizenola.com where you can also find show listings, buy Paranoize Recordings online and check out some old New Orleans metal/hardcore/punk tunes.

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Bobby: interviews, reviews, sloppy layout, etc..
M.C. Bevis: Doug memorial, rant
Aysia: We're Only In It For The Honey interview
The Goat (www.nolaunderground.com): Hawg Jaw photo.

Dedicated to:
Glenn Rambo
Daniel Guidry
Tommy Boudreaux
Doug Slut
Mike Reuscher
See you on the other side, my friends.

SELECTED UPCOMING SHOWS:

July 29th
Hawg Jaw/Face First @ Circle Bar 10 P.M.

August 7
Origin @ The High Ground 7 P.M.
That's' all I know about for now. I've been out of the loop.
Check www.noladiy.org or www.nolaunderground.com for up-to-date info.

7/04/06

So here it is. Another issue of Paranoize. Is it really fucking July already? Where did past 7 months go?

I've noticed that, except for Bryan Funck, or the random flyer on Decatur St., nobody really flyers for shows these days. Lately, I've been finding out via word of mouth or a Myspace bulletin (Yes, I'm on Myspace.. www.myspace.com/paranoize. Be my friend.). So, my weekends are usually planned when I find out about a show at the last minute or spent in a bar (lately either Pat's Pub or The Saint, depending on my mood). So.. I beg of you.. PLEASE email me if your band has a show, or you heard about a show, so I can fill up the empty calendar on the website (www.paranoizenola.com) and let everybody know what the hell is going on. Support YOUR scene.

Not sure what else to say here... for 3 days straight I've been working on this. (If you've ever wondered how I put one of these together, after I get all of the interviews, reviews, etc. together for an issue, which can take months depending on how many people are contributing and when they get their stuff to me, then spend a weekend laying it out and typing it up

That's all for now. Keep your friggin' head up.

Bobby Bergeron
Editor, Paranoize 'Zine

Thanks/hello to: Liz, M.C. Bevis, Aysia, Mark Breaux, Keith Sierra, Kyle Thomas, Mike Dares, Scott Walle, We're Only In It For The Honey, Bret Davis, Terroroptics, Grant, Alexis, Gina Albano, Jen, Billy, Drew, Samm, Alix, Gary and Tomasa Mader, Jeff Coates, Severin, Angela, Sarah, Joy, Weldon Lewis (for getting me started) and YOU for reading this. Sorry if I missed you. If you helped me, you know who you are.

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O.K. so since there is more that I wanted to cram into this 'zine, but ran out of space, I'm going to use this space for just random rants and reviews. Since my life is like a huge a.d.d. moment anyway, this is how my mind works. Welcome to my world.

Saw lots of great bands since last issue:

Graves At Sea (from

Arizona... www.myspace.com/fuckinggravesatsea) opened for **Soilent Green** and **Rue** at the Howlin' Wolf and they were so fucking heavy. Loud, doom-y sludge with sick vocals.

There are a shitload of good, new bands coming out of the Northshore that have been playing at the High Ground (formerly Cypress Hall) in Metairie: **Bleed Vader** (www.myspace.com/bleedvader), **Kill The Queen** (www.myspace.com/killthequeen), and **Arcane Theory** (www.myspace.com/arcanetheory) are a few of them.

Saw **We're Only In It For The Honey** a few times.. one show was at the Circle Bar was the same night as my birthday, had a blast. Another was at Checkpoint, which involved a fight between band members.(they shook hands and made up after the show). Of course people started showing up AFTER the scuffle. What was funny, was it made me think about the last time I saw a band get in a fight on stage (and it not being **Fight The Goober**), which was **Daisy** at the Dixie, and while I was thinking about that, Drew walked in and tapped me on my shoulder.

Apartment 213 has changed their name to **Resurrection Man** (www.myspace.com/resurrectionman) after being harassed by the Ohio grind band with the same name who recently re-formed. They also have a new drummer, and are going to be playing again this summer.

King Louie has a new band called **Black Rose** that straight up ROCKS! Caught them at Circle Bar opening for **Face First** and **Army Of Jesus**.

Speaking of **Face First**, they will be (or maybe already have...) doing a tour of Florida.

Spickle has been playing a lot... the most memorable in recent months being a free show on the sidewalk outside of Eye Candy Tattoo on Magazine. Free food, Free Beer and good tunes. That night, **Pitts Vs. Preps** (www.myspace.com/pittsvspreps) played at Howlin' Wolf with the mighty **Parabellum** from Pensacola, Florida (www.myspace.com/parabellum), who I also caught earlier at The Garage in Houma, LA with **Feid** from Gulfport, Mississippi.

Saw **Face Down In Shit** (www.myspace.com/facedowninshit) twice... once with fucking **DEADBIRD** (www.myspace.com/deadbird) and **Municipal Waste** at the Darkroom in Baton Rouge (thanks for the ride, Nick and Angela!) and again at the Big Top with the **Red Beards** and **OK** (yet another good new band from the Northshore) who have changed their name to **Lanterns**(www.myspace.com/lanternsband).

Holy Mountain (from Florida) played in a gutted house in Mid-City with **Recovery Period** (from Biloxi, Mississippi) and **Hundred Eyes** from Baton Rouge, I believe. Why hadn't I ever heard Hundred Eyes? They were fucking amazing! Brutal hardcore with dual male/female vocals. This was their second-to-last show ever. FUCK!

There's a new 'zine moving to New Orleans called **Southern Grotesque**. Based in Georgia, they published 2 issues and put a third out in webzine format. Check it out at: www.southerngrotesque.net

Other recommended reading/viewing:

('zines)

Short Fast & Loud 'Zine

(www.sixweeksrecords.com/html/sfl.html)

Voice 'Zine (www.myspace.com/vulcanize)

Maximumrockroll:(www.maximumrockroll.com)

Virus 'Zine (www.viruszine.com)

(books)

George Tabb: **Surfing Armageddon**

Chris Rose-One Dead In Attic

(dvds)

D.R.I. Live at CBGB 1984 dvd

Voivod-Dvod1 dvd



Doug Life

Douglas Stevenson, better known simply as Doug, passed away on June 1st, 2006. He was 36 years old. He was a native of River Ridge, La. He leaves behind a legion of family, friends and acquaintances that all loved him dearly and will miss him as much.

Doug was a giant on the New Orleans scene and he was devoted from a very early age to getting deep into the musical culture and history of the city. Although Doug's primary interest was in hard driving, soul-scorching ROCK, Doug also booked many other diverse acts in his years and years of booking shows. I can personally remember scores of raucous, insane gigs that were all courtesy of his hard work with the Alcoholic Sluts—one of New Orleans most infamous booking "agencies". That group of hedonistic music freaks dominated the R.C. Bridge Lounge days of the scene, and Doug seemed to always be at the epicenter of the whirlwind those shows always turned to be. There was almost always food, always plenty of beer, and usually the party had begun WAY before the show was to go on. Doug always seemed to be just as excited as anyone else about the bands he would help to bring into the city and he always made sure that everyone involved had one hell of a party. This continued well into his affiliation at Le Bon Temps Roulé, where he booked consistently praised acts that again bore his stamp of FUN, especially when he was personally helming the bar in the back room.

The kind of guy Doug was, made him always enjoyable to be around. He was always laid back, easygoing, and drama-free. It makes it easy to see why he will be so missed; the man had no enemies to speak ill of him. I'd first met him way back in the formative days of the V.F.W. hall on Franklin, when we were all wet behind the ears and rabid for our underground music scene of the time, because it was constant and there were just so many great bands! From the start, no matter what was going on, anytime I spotted Doug, he would have that amused grin on his face. Then sure enough, we would be shaking hands once again, sometimes

wondering aloud what type of bad craziness we would see that particular night. And we always had a good time finding out.

It's weird, writing about this, about him, now . . . there are so many memories, but they seem to all be in one continuous loop. That's the best way I can describe it, when someone who was so . . . *eternal*, as Doug was, passes away. I have my personal memories, to be sure, the ones that make me smile, and the ones that keep him alive for me. But they just seem to be all one big memory, all concerning FUN, and never a bad moment. I do remember, when we were roommates in the 90's that he was always very supportive of my artistic pursuits, he was always a fan, and one of the best an artist/musician could have. The same can be said for him as a friend, in that regard. He was a good ear to bend, if only for some of that infamous Doug wisdom—basically just common sense, but it was the way He said it that made it so damn memorable. I'm also going to miss trading tapes and cd's with him, I was actually working on a new compilation for him when I heard the news . . . that was always cool about him as well, that he loved new music as much as I did.

Doug was one of the most important people on our little circuit of high weirdness, he always seemed to be one of the immortal ones. I honestly never questioned whether or not he would be here 40 years from now, cranky and full of jaded tales of the "old days". It is still sinking in that he's gone, and if my memorial seems more like rambling, I guess maybe that's because I'm still kind of shocked. Doug was a constant in so many lives here in New Orleans; if you were at his memorial service, you know what I mean. So many people, from all different facets of the city's cultural and musical backgrounds paid their respects that day. And to me, that kind of says it all, about Doug; about who he was. Everyone who knew Doug has a "Doug story" . . . and they are always hilarious, usually because of the honesty in them. Doug was very much HIMSELF and that endearing sense of

individuality won him friends from far



and wide.

Doug will be missed, by so many people for so many reasons, and the city has felt a little smaller since that Friday morning after I heard the news. Another hallowed name added to the ruefully long list of our missing brothers and sisters. Doug Stevenson was a giant—larger-than-life and living the rock and roll dream . . . and sadly, he's now a part of that dream.

Doug will be forever immortalized in the legends and history of the New Orleans music scene, and in that way he will always be with us.

Rest in peace Doug, the next pint is for ye.

M. Bevis
NOLA
2006

PITTS VS. PREPS

Pitts Vs. Preps features members that have been involved in Exhorder, Weedeater/Phantom Power, No Destination, Cap'n Meathead, Rigid, The Detrimenz, Runesong, Catch Velvet, Clearlight and probably lots more that I'm just overlooking or not aware of. This band, however, plays straight forward, uncompromising metal! Here is an interview with vocalist Kyle Thomas.

O.K., let's get this out of the way... Exhorder?

Over and done, unfortunately. It's not my choice, believe me- there are other parties that will never or could never.

So who's in Pitts Vs. Preps and what is their purpose in life?

Aside from me on vocals, the current lineup is: Jason Portera- Guitars, Scott Guion-Guitars, Andy Shepard-Bass, Alex Ducros-Drums.

I guess I spelled all of that right- our purpose in life is to force true metal back into society.

How would you describe your sound?

Vintage metal by way of Priest and Maiden with a touch of hardcore and a modern approach.

Where did the name come from?

Back in the '80s in high school unless you were completely uninterested in music you were either a Pitt or a Prep. The Pitts were metalheads and the Preps, were, well...Preps. 'Nuff said.

How has the response to your "Below And Beyond" cd been? Don't you have a new one coming out soon?

So far, so good. It was done with home studio equipment and started as a demo, but basically it sounded good enough for us to put out as a CD. Not exactly a Rick Rubin production but I've released albums worldwide with a poorer quality of production, so we're proud of it for sure.

What's planned for the near future?

We're starting to venture out to weekend gigs in the region and I suppose we'll take it from there.

What do you think of the current N.O. scene?

I don't know enough about it really since I don't get out to see newer bands enough being a Dad, but there are some good up and coming acts with promise.

So you're singing for Alabama Thunderpussy now; how did you get hooked up with that?

A friend named Karrie Hill lives near them and let me know about them needing a singer. They sent me some of the demos for their next album, and I loved it from square one. I literally knew nothing about them before I heard the demos, so it was kind of cool for all of us to have no preconceived notions about how we would sound together.

Are you going to move to Virginia, or just travel back and forth as needed?

No way. I have two sons that are my life, and I would never leave or uproot them. I'll just do the insanely long commute from time to time...

Will this affect Pitts Vs. Preps at all?

Hopefully! I believe it will only bring good things to PVP. These guys have done a lot of hard work to get to the place they are now, and it will bring a lot of ears in the direction of Pitts. I'll be VERY busy with both bands, trust me.

What have you been listening to lately?

Old shit as usual! AC/DC "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap" is on the list for sure.

What is one lesson learned in life that you like to share with others?

Never underestimate what someone you think you know is capable of.

Any final comments, comments, recipes, remedies, etc.?

I just hope there are still people that care enough about who the fuck I am to read this.



HAWG JAW

Where does the time go? Hawg Jaw has been around for 10 years now. Wow. In those 10 years, vocalist Mike Dares and guitarist Gary Mader have churned out filthy, sludgy New Orleans hardcore with numerous changes in the rhythm section while progressively refining their sound. Their third full-length, "Don't Trust Nobody" will be released on Emetic Records in September, 2006. Here in an interview with vocalist Mike Dares.

Where the hell are you?

I'm in Asheville, North Carolina. While evacuated, I was watchin the t.v. and saw the lie and incompetence of all officials on all levels, not to mention the savages doin their thing. At that time my wife showed me a positive pregnancy test. The levees were down and I figured fuck it lets go to those mountain's we always talked about. Do i miss NOLA? Hell yeah...kinda. I miss my friends, family, food and the music scene. Other than that I'll be o.k. Hawg Jaw was fine with it, I'm fine with it, thats all that mattered to me. Ain't nothin killa about it, ain't nothin terrible about it, it is what it is. It's life ,and it's gonna keep comin' at me no matter where i live, just a lil' distance.

How is Hawg Jaw practicing/playing shows with you so far away?

Anyone who knows Hawg Jaw ,knows we move at a slow steady creeping forward and plowing thru pace. We ain't in no rush to do nothing. Our process has stood the test of time and that ain't gonna change just cuz im gone. With Gary, Paul and lil Matt holdin' it down, there ain't nothing to worry about musically ,dey got dat. I never wrote any music anyway, maybe hum an idea here or there. Those boys done more than prove themselves in my eyes. As far as lyrics go they'll keep sendin those 4-track recordings like always, I'll keep laying it down. It ain't nothing but a lil distance, sometimes distance can be a good thing, guess we'll see. As far as shows I work in and around the NOLA area, I've driven up to 6 hours one way just to practice and do shows. Like I said ,just a lil distance. Hawg Jaw is my release in life and i need it now more than ever, you can believe that.

Don't you have a new album about to be released?

The new record "Don't trust Nobody", recorded by Josh (Sour Vein) just got finished being mastered and is due out mid-fall on Emetic Records. Like everything with Hawg Jaw, any of this is subject to change and probably will. It's the best thing I've ever been a part of musically, were behind it 100%and pushing to get it out as soon as possible.

Any plans to hit the road?

We've been talking of getting out in support of the new one in mid to late fall. The specifics aren't yet ironed out, we still gotta come to the table and figure out the schedule thing. 4 different people, 4 different lives, 1band, 1goal, you know the drill.

So you're a daddy now... boy or girl?

The baby is a girl, Cypress Madison Dares. 6 lbs., 19.5 inches. Happy and healthy. In those 9 months ya got alot a time to think about all the fucked up things ya did in your life, and how it could all come back 'round to smack the ever livin' shit out ya, but we were very lucky. It all worked out fine, still got a damn long way to go though. Like I said, I'm the last in line now, the baby, the wife, then 3 dogs a cat then me; I'm fine with that. As far as the expression "sleeps like a baby" thats bullshit Bobby, 100%bullshit

Have you ever injured yourself doing the backflip off the stage thing?

The flipping just kinda happens. The musics goin, the crowds goin' (hopefully) and before ya know it the body's got to go too. It's pretty much a tuck duck-n-roll type thing. If ya stick with that ya should be alright, until one of ya "boys" feels the need to grab on to one of your limbs in mid-air and throw them against the force of ya momentum, but i guess that's why they ya "boys"

What have you been listening to lately?

Musically I'm still a 80's hardcore fan at heart ,always will be. Early Agnostic Front, C.O.C., Gang Green, Beyond Possession, Cro-Mags, Crumbsuckers, Carnivore, mixin it up with a lil Willie, Waylon, Paycheck, DAC, throw in some Leadbelly, R.L. Burnside, Sonhouse. I like real music by real people. I like when ya can hear that they actually live what they sing, not just regurgitating the same ole' bullshit. Oh yeah there's alot a that washtub strummin bass thumpin backwoods banjo throwdown up here, fast as fuck, doin the damn thing. Damn good drinkin music

What is your favorite scene from Monty Python & The Holy Grail?

Monty Python, shit, gotta crank start that ole' memory. Only scene I remember is the 2 knights choppin off each others limbs and keep on fighting or something like that. Ya got me on this one.

Any final comments?

Final comments, I wanna thank you first of all for hands on rebuilding those levee walls, second for always shining some light on Hawg Jaw, whether it be in a interview, review, on a compilation or the split with Icepick Revival, ya always hooked it up, appreciate it. Third for being the only documented source of the New Orleans hardcore scene. It may just be a free lil zine that some take for granted, but when ya put em' all together it speaks volumes of what New Orleans underground music was, is and is gonna be. The shows, the bands, the reviews, the memories, damn fine readin i tell ya, thanx.
www.hawgjaw.com



RISE ABOVE

Rise Above is comprised of former members of such bands as Kurnel, Elimination, Suckhole and Soilent Green. They got together to jam some 80's punk/hardcore tunes (Black Flag, Discharge, D.R.I., Misfits, Bad Brains, etc.) and have thrown together some originals as well to fill out their set. In April they decided to disband, but after getting word that they were going to get things going again, I decided to drop guitarist Scott Walle a line and see what's up. Here is what he had to say... (check them out at www.myspace.com/riseabovenola)

Who's in the band?

John Rincon-drums, Marcel Trenchard- Bass, Brian Jeffery-Vocals, Scott Walle-guitar & vocals

How long have you been together?

2 years

You recently took a brief hiatus. What was that all about?

The band started to be too much like work, we started this band to have fun and play crazy songs we hadn't heard in a while. We always said when it stops being fun, it's over. We took a break and got our shit together.

Are you back in it for awhile?

As long as it stays fun!!!

You started as a tribute to 80's hardcore, but started writing your own tunes. Will you be weeding out the covers and concentrating on your own material now?

Nope, weeding out the originals. We are very proud of our originals, but that's what killed the band. We may sneak in a few originals at the shows, "A Thousand Knives" and "Bring Out your Dead", who knows?

What have been your favorite and least favorite shows?

Favorite has to be at Checkpoint Charlie with Pitts Vs. Preps and Debris Inc. First of all having Dave Chandler and Ron Holzner ask us to headline was crazy. Then they jumped on stage with us to play Black Flag's "Thirsty and Miserable" with us, I got goose bumps. Worst show would have to be at Southport Hall with RattPoison. Their crowd was shocked by us, and the door man was warning people as they came in the door. After the show, people actually parted like the Red Sea as I walked to the bathroom. At least I got a laugh out of it. Thanx for coming out that night, by the way.

What do you think of the N.O. Scene?

Sparse, It's hard to get a crowd out to heavy bands, unless you're a big name. Everyone is looking to play out of state.

How do you think it can be improved?

More unity among bands and the fans. Back in the day when you went to see a local show the entire scene was at the show, now you have to beg people to come out.

Any favorite local bands?

Face First, those dudes kick much ass. Pitts Vs. Preps, have been in the cd player lately, their is a ton of talent out there, I love New Orleans music

Any plans to hit the road?

No, no plans what so ever, just want to play some shows and see what happens

What have you been listening to lately?

Misery Index-Discordia, Meshuggah, Pitts Vs. Preps, Bad Brains...etc.

What is your favorite scene from Monty Python and the Holy Grail?

The part between the opening credits and the closing credits, "bring out your dead" has a special place in my heart.

How do you see the state of New Orleans in the next 10 years?

Depends on who comes back, and if the people want a great city or back to business as usual. Personally, I'm not sure. I hope people get off their asses and make the changes needed to bring New Orleans to the next level. I'm in it for the long haul, this is Home

Any final comments, suggestions, recipes, remedies, etc?

Thanks to everyone who ever came out to see our old asses. We will be back with a vengeance!! and support our scene, We need music to get us through!!!



WE'RE ONLY IN IT FOR THE HONEY

There are several things that clue you in to the idea that you're about to have a hell of a good time interviewing a band. I think I first came to the realization that such would be the case with New Orleans - area band, We're Only in it for the Honey, when I told the guys that I would be doing a write-up on their band for *Paranoize*, and that I was coming out to the show the following weekend to check them out. (I can promise you this: if you're a writer, and you're ever asked to cover these guys, be sure to let them know, because they *do* know a little something about good p.r. They know how to treat the press!) My belief that this was about to be a fun interview was later confirmed, when I asked guitarist, Kevin Bowles, to tell me a little about the songwriting process. After a few moments of vague side-comments, he responded laughingly, "Well, when I write a solo, I take into consideration whether or not I'll be able to play it live, loaded at a bar. If not, sometimes I'll tone it down a bit."

Although the decadent reputation of this band sometimes precedes itself, the guys mean business when We're Only in it for the Honey hits the stage. Sometimes mistakenly billed as, "Only in it for the Honey", or "We're Only in it for the Money", there can be no mistaking the sound and style of these local favorites. Often compared to Iggy Pop and the Stooges, the 'Honey blends a unique mix of the raw, poetic anger of old-school punk rock; the gritty, dirty side of bluesy rock 'n' roll; and, the hardcore, debauchorous party-attitude of hard rock. Known for their tight, high-energy live show, these guys are at their best in front of a crowd. However, with the release of their new CD, *Gimme More*, the band demonstrates their expansive range, both with their polished musical talent and in their versatile songwriting expertise.

The band consists of the aforementioned Kevin Bowles, vocalist Joe Dean, Dano Rocco on drums, and Paul "Switchblade" Mills playing bass. Formed in 2001 by Kevin, bassist Don Toscano, and guitarist Ira Lion, the 'Honey soon added their mutual friend, Dano. Auditions were held to find a singer, and Joe was eventually selected to fill the slot. It was Joe who came up with the name for the band, paying homage to Frank Zappa with a take on his album title, *We're Only in it for the Money*. A few years down the road, problems with Ira led to the band's decision to become a four-piece.

We're Only in it for the Honey played many New Orleans

bars for years; but, one night, it all paid off in a big way. The band did a gig for a small audience at the now-defunct Lounge Lizard's (fuck Katrina!), and in the crowd, was Sean Yseult of Rock City Morgue. She became an instant fan, and invited them to open for her band on several occasions. A while later, she informed the 'Honey that her friend and former bandmate from White Zombie, J. Yuenger, was moving to New Orleans. At the time, the band had begun to seriously discuss plans to record a CD. But, where to start? So, she put a bug in J.'s ear, who was intent upon opening a recording studio in our fair city, and had already begun to make a name for himself as a producer with the band Fu Manchu. He checked the 'Honey out at one of their shows, and approached them about recording the CD. They began recording in April of 2005.

With an impressive arsenal of songs already written, the band went into the studio with J. and Grant Curry (of James Hall/ Pleasure Club fame). J. contributed much to the album, including insight, experience, backing vocals, additional guitar on "The Lonely Queen had the Only King", and the string arrangement on "Birth of the Last Horizon". He worked with the band to experiment with different sounds and equipment, and accessory percussion (i.e., shakers and hand claps); and, he also encouraged the 'Honey to bring in additional musicians, Lefty's String Quartet and Shane Madere. Sean Yseult also makes a special guest appearance on keyboards for the organ solo in "The Nature and Action of Being Wanted". Grant, who laid down the bass and drum tracks on the album, was attributed by Dano as "the man who really opened his heart and his home to us" during the recording process.

Finally, with the CD finished and ready to hit post-production, the 'Honey was ready to face the world. Eager to promote the CD, the band took to the New Orleans scene once again, only to encounter that fucking bitch, Katrina. With a city and its music scene in an indefinite state of upheaval, the band's future seemed uncertain. The rift was furthered with the parting-of-ways of the band's founding member and bass player, Don.

However, true to form, and in keeping with the N.O. spirit of rebuilding and recovery, the 'Honey came across Switchblade. A friend from around town and in the scene, We're Only in it for the Honey began hearing rumors that Switchblade was a decent bass player, an experienced live musician, and in the market for a band to a call "home". The decision was made to give him a chance. They invited him to couple of practices. With shows already lined up, and a working chemistry forming between he and the band, the 'Honey decided to take in Switchblade as one of their own. The night I first went to see the band at Checkpoint's with this interview in mind was actually his

first live performance with them.



Since then, the CD, entitled *Gimme More*, has been released. WTUL 91.5 has the CD in active circulation with regular airplay. Joe and Switchblade were interviewed live on-the-air by WWOZ 90.7. The band has an impressive resume, having played with deadboy and the elephant men, Rock City Morgue, and Supagroup, and having performed at Voodoo Music Experience 2004. We're Only in it for the Honey appears to play more regularly in the city than do most bands of their genre, and have even played to crowds in Lafayette and Gramercy, just during the time since I started "researching" them for this article.

However, when asked for an opinion about the state of music today, "the [New Orleans music] scene has a lot of good bands and mediocre bands, but there's really nowhere cool to play, except One Eyed Jack's and The Circle Bar," says Joe. Agreeing, Kevin replies, "Today's music scene in general is at an all-time low." Joe nods, "Indigestible crap." But, where does the 'Honey fit in to that picture? Is there a place for them in the archives of today's music, heavily populated by stoner rock, New Metal, emo, and pop punk? "Well, of course! We wouldn't be doing this if we didn't think there was a place for us. Then we'd just be wasting our time," Joe retorted.

So I asked the Million-Dollar question: Where do you guys see yourselves in ten years?

Joe: "Dead."

Kevin: "In jail."

Ha ha! Rock n' roll!

~ Aysia

* For upcoming shows, booking/contact info, to listen to tracks from the CD, and to put in requests for CDs or t-shirts, check out the band's site at www.myspace.com/wereonlyinitforthehoney, or e-mail them at wereonlyinitforthehoney@yahoo.com

Metalheads weekend checklist –



1. Get drunk
2. Fuck something
3. Headbang

This public service announcement by Keith. Buy him a beer every time you see him. Motherfuckers.

An Excerpt from: "An Exercise in Denial" (a work in progress) "Fifth Interview with Subject #51723-93" (by M.C. Bevis)

Q: Hello, and Good Morning Subject #51723-93, might I ask how you are feeling today?

Today is the same as every other day; alternating currents of hysteria, fear, rage, and inevitably, forced pharmaceutical remission. I ate my breakfast in silence today, same as I do every day, but I'm sure you have that marked for investigation in a video capture device somewhere already . . . stored with all of the other sundry snippets of my banal and trivial meanderings. Evidence of the crime—telling evidence, and I'm guessing that it's an entirely better thing that I am without guilt or melancholy in those regards. And yet, again, I implore you from my parapet and podium for absolution, my lord. Ahahahhhehehehe, ah . . . Ah, much better. Oh well, this is where the adventure begins anew, I suppose, one more time in time, eh?

Q: Well, it is good to see you in a better frame of mind than when last we spoke, in a manner of speaking. Now, I'd like to touch upon some of the topics we discussed last time, if you don't mind . . .

This brings to me echoes, ringing in my ears with fervor and disgust. Blasted landscapes and charred remains; unidentifiable and resolute in their mysteries. Dental records and retinal scans, bone fragments and blood splatter analysis. Hot, urgent tears and somber phone calls in hushed tones Stentorian genitalia and latex restraints bathed with viscous fluids, and then presented, ritualistically, before the glorious union upon a bed of nails. I can hear screams—animal noises, feral urgings and foul breathing in the reeking blackness, tempting me with veiled, sickly threats This comes from all directions, all the time, and everything is always louder than everything else.

Q: You intimated that you thought you were hearing things at our last interview; would you like to talk about it in depth?

Well, *someone* is screaming, and I'm not sure, but I'm beginning to have reason to think that it might just be me. Garbled nonsense spinning madly out of control, tilted access demanding the balance become righted at the cost of . . . whatever it takes. I can hear it, more accurately, I *feel* it, radiating in wide bands of interference and bombast. A bitter message of hopeless grief that emanates from this belly of a beast, communicating ragged strands, aged distress signals burping out of broken receivers. Corrupting everyone, everything that I touch, and everything that dare to touch me.

It is what it is, and it knows, *it knows* that I know what it is: a dire transmission of nameless dread, emoting precepts; nothing will ever be fine and nothing will ever just be okay.

Q: So, knowing this, or, being aware of this—how does this tend to make you feel?

I feel as if man possessed, occupied by a terrible monster. A raging beast that beats its chest, tells my secrets, exposes my fears, and ruins my appetite for more. So quick to turn on its bearer, so eager to reduce me to smoldering rubble with just a sideways glance. Tossed lightning, household furnishings, childhood pictures raining down from new art, and old memories afloat.

Like an angry god, forgotten in favor of a newer, more brightly adorned one. One that convinced us it was real, auditioning our desires and transgressions in secrecy and silence. Covered in dust, tomb rubbed smooth and archaic, left to the academics to muse and ponder as to its original purpose . . . but never to truly understand.

It's always struck me as sad that we as humans are unable to create a system of Gods and Goddesses fit for us to worship, much less interpersonal identities, friendships, or acquaintances. Something else to do but stare at the polished marble of the floor at the bank when the line is long and the tellers lazy.

I feel I am becoming more than man, more than God, more than is able to be said with mere strings of consonants and syllables; carefully placed cookies awaiting the bite of a holiday phantom.

This is all lesser still than the devils we banish, circles of protection drawn on hewn, cobbled floors, scared of the leap more than the fall.

Q: So what are you doing, in order to work with these feelings? Many of our programs here have helped many of our Subjects, and . . .

I tell myself a variety of lies, a veritable comucopia of epiphanies never true, a plentiful horn of half-baked truths—anything to stem the tide of this bastard mind I possess A hyperbolic, rhetorical personal computer programmed for protracted dissertations to an end result that is always the same . . . and the same . . . and the same.

Writing choruses to songs lightly whispered in dint of night, shadows of the past standing monoliths gazing forlorn towards the water line. Cumulus clouds reaching fingers of static agitation into turgid spray, compounding finality.

Fuck . . . I'm rambling again.

This machine that rattles on insolently, as if thumbing its' nose at my futile attempts to quell or stem the raging tide, seems to run on nothing more than good intentions and . . . wait, I hear drums on the march—war seems to always be upon us. Shore up the perimeter, garrison the horizon and hope for the best. The bastards are at our heels again; just hit them with the flamethrowers and they'll bid a fearful retreat . . .

I soldier forth in spite of myself again and again, only to discover new vistas of disappointment, new plateaus of heartbreak and scorn. Survey the battlefield, strip the corpses; hopeful for discoveries of cigarettes and whisky.

Q: So do you think that this particular outlook helps you to make progress?

This contagion, this outward infection of circular motion, never stops, never rests, never sleeps. It starts as an itch, impossible to scratch, and propagates as kudzu into a being autonomous, an

evil twin intent on ruining all that I touch. My Siamese twin is after me, hollering something about back rent and grocery lists . . .

I can't hide out in desolate environs forever although I surmise from recent research that I might not have to worry about that. Like a thief that steals my flowers, overturns my garbage cans, delights in my cursing, roaring vitriol echoing, booming down the alleyways.

Waking the neighbors, the cops were called . . . someone saw all of my wonderful toys—and all of the blood.

Oh, shit.

Not again.

This terminal terminality, this endless descent is the result of something much bigger than me. Something that I can't put my finger on, but has me firmly under its thumb.

I am watching the auto-wreck of a lifetime begin, rubbernecking salaciously at the tragedy as it unfolds in stop-motion frames of reference.

Q: Okay, let's switch gears. How are you feeling about your identity today?

There are many masks available on the way home from work, can't stop, won't stop, I'll see you later when I have another face. Maybe you'd like a new one as well, as the old one seems to be splintered; and you're showing . . . again. To me that's the best part: when I see the gleam in your eye, the one that tells me all I need to know, the one that tells me you deserve this . . . and you do. But I'd never deny a last wish, so how about that new mask before everyone gets to see who you REALLY are inside?

Possibly you'll choose the harlequin, sometimes the fool, always the tragedy after all others are exhausted or left shattered on the floor of whatever bathroom stall I'd find myself upon awakening most days. Eyes crusted over, vision doubled, soiled and bruised. A prone fetus in a pool of wet and copious, sticking to the floor—or maybe just stuck. Nothing else to do but pick myself up, brush myself off, and start all over again in the dawn, or maybe the dusk, whatever took my fancy on . . . *whatever* day this is.

Q: It's Monday, you know that, they're serving red beans and rice in the chow line today—your favorite, remember? But back to your last comment, is there anything that you like about this sensation?

Akin to a drug binge of whatever is cheap and plentiful, stealing lighters, cheating dealers, and ripping off "friends" for one last score.

Yeah, right, one last score . . .

"Just one more" was what my favorite way to bullshit myself was those days, every days, but then you know that. As long as it made the nights that much easier to bear.

"But, I don't even like them" is what escaped my split-mouth croaking, but then they were the only ones that had some more. That would actually be humorous if anything was humorous anymore, save but for irony, and that is sadly out of fashion these days . . .

Or like a weekend-long drunk that ends predictably in whosoever's room you find yourself in—spiraling,

clicking back, twisting off yet again when you get tough and think you can master your own Faustian body chemistry. Top gleaming shelf to bottom, kneel down to get a better look at the cheap musty bottles, and never mind the dust. This will be your home, so set up a blanket; we'll bring you rusty water and maggotty bread for your breakfast. Leave the skeleton key just out of reach; you'll need it later when you join me.

Q: We'll get to the subject of drinking in a minute, but for now I want to know about your attitudes towards drugs.

Drugs? Fine at first, but then they too turn against their host like a baboon heart transplanted with the best of intentions and prayers. Unruly servants, they convince the host that all will be okay, until the narcotic haze of dreams shifts into sentient living nightmares . . . I was heading towards the pier, so I could take a handful of bad acid and dive off of the end when the terrors struck me; the shivering blackness, stretching out into no horizon. I submerged long enough to strike all animal fear from my body, preferring to just hang there, suspended in the nothingness; fish nibbling on my feet. And after, I sat on that pier with her . . . smoking, shivering, and *alive*. Sacred Geometry unfolding in the lysergic trails of whatever brand of cigarettes were cheap that day, we expounded various treatises that would eventually lead to an unknown illumination of mystical origin—one to be forgotten upon waking the next day or so later. Marijuana and t.h.c. derivatives, Benzodiazepam, Dilaudid, morphine-based narco-demons and lysergic angels, Lortab and his sister Loracet, that horrible, terrible, hulking monster cocaine, Ritalin, mescaline, Freon, Oxycontin, Nitrous oxide, opiates . . . and that's when you could hear the screaming as well, the guttural drone that echoes from the wastelands to the east. A complete and total denial of every act, every thought, every thing. A single, taffy-like rope of concurrent happenings, one just like all of the others. The only way I could tell them apart was if you asked me what I was imbibing at the time.

Q: So would you say that these drugs . . . that they tend to lose their attraction over time and use?

Short term visits become life sentences, no parole save for the abyss which seems only to look into me anymore, having tired of our conversations quite some time ago. The only demarcating constant is whether or not you remembered to bring your sunglasses. Shattered panes of the American Prayer slicing feet to infest the denial from the ground floor. Escape velocity achieved in the reach for quietude, only to replace old and undesirable with new and unredeemable. Vain plans for escape were made, but foiled just as the coast seemed clear. . .

Q: So would you say that your experiences with alcohol are about the same?

Alcohol, the muse of many a forgotten night, only seems to exacerbate these all too frequent episodes of loneliness and want. Shoving my way through

crowds, making sure all are pushed aside or completely out of the picture. Just get out of my fucking way already . . . drive the city streets, I used to live there until you or they made me leave; guess it was better that way. Roaming aimlessly with no fixed address or apparent rhyme, I should have never trusted *us*.

Days, nights, all the same in the grip of the Liquid Bitch, making slaves of the already incarcerated. Bring me black bread and orphans' tears, tainted succor borne on a warped hospital lunch tray for a quarter deposit. This is what I deserve, correct? Isn't that why I am *really* here? Agh, it doesn't really matter in the end, eh? I mean, when I think about it . . .

How many friends have I lost?

How many lovers run screaming from me?

How many had I never even met?

How many have lost me?

I'm not even sure anymore—I stopped counting a long time ago.

Q: Let's try to refrain from the sarcasm, okay? It's detrimental to our goals here. So, back to our previous subject: did you ever try moderating or controlling your habits?

Moderation, if not altogether forgotten, becomes an enemy to be vanquished, driven before you; razed to the ground and salted over. A steed kicking up topsoil as the village is on fire again, and even the children are in peril now. Dark mouthing and woe in the face of the Gods, now useless, as anything other than a bottle can be at just the wrong time. To be escaped along with all of the other things I've since blacked out. Reality and dreams become one—not sure if I did that last night or not—walk into the bar apologizing in advance just to cover the bases. Doesn't really matter in the end as they know my clothes, my shoes, my speech patterns. Can't tell if I slept with that girl last night, or just dreamed about sleeping with her.

Either way, I think it was good.

Not sure though . . . you'd have to ask her.

Is she laughing about me, or smiling at me?

Never mind, you holding anything good today?

They dragged me down, I drug me down.

Days were spent . . . more like wasted.

Q: Did you ever try engaging in any hobbies, or interests? Do you have any diversions at all?

Vicissitude and pusillanimous machinations to the fore—please slam the white courtesy phone quietly, it's fragile . . . and you wouldn't want anyone to know you're angry, because that is unacceptable. I find relics and signposts of evidence, torturing myself more than even others do, and somehow it feels better than suffering their slings and arrows. Out, out, damn spot, no detergent gets out all stains. And I can hear the screams, out there, taunting and plaintive; seducing me to come and play and dance in the swirling violence.

Q: Wait, you say your hearing someone scream at this very moment?

This scream is not one of anger, not born of regret,

not issuing some dire warning to all that dare to tread too close or loudly. It is not there to remind me of the past, how not to repeat it, or some sort of therapeutic method backed into on a night of hopeful insincerity. This is recognition, a welcoming beacon to wholesale slaughter and eternal slavery. A lamentation, transmissions null on cold nights that seem to ache and stretch on for just a little more than forever. Borne out of loneliness and the knowledge that nothing, not one thing will ever be as good as you can hope it becomes. And that those vile, rank imaginings, the ones that we all clutch our pillows tightly in the dead of night alone in deference to . . . they are always worse. We are as apes in the house of enlightenment; stabbing blindly at our eyes with incised, blunt No. 2 pencils because they see too much, they know too much.

Q: So let's get back to this screaming that you say that you are hearing, would you say that it's unpleasant to you?

The squalling, tortured, shredded caterwaul reminds me, all too brightly, that this cycle of disruption will continue unabated, until something suddenly, inexorably, snaps. I am creating history, new thought forms; tulpas dispatched to fight the good fight—the troops need support and candy, dancing girls and exotic kicks. Eventually something has to give, all just a matter of what and when, where and how . . . resultant only in the jagged pieces of my bitter dreams, dashed upon the rocks for others to bear witness to; lest they suffer a similar fate. So sing us a song, we're tired and your movements are hypnotic, it's time to slumber in the warm embrace of denial. Better still than the roaring drone that echoes inside my skull, piercing fragments tearing gaps in the fabric.

Q: So, unfortunately our time is almost up, do you have any final comments for this session?

I wish I had an answer, a marker, a banner that oh so eloquently expressed the stultifying boredom, loneliness and want that I have come to recognize as my life. A manifesto of sorts, that made it easy to understand why I can't sleep, can't eat, can't stop or slow down. I search for meaning, and come up with nothing, handfuls of compost where there should be a rose garden, although someone was thoughtful enough to have left the thorns . . . pinpricks of blood spotting the sheets, I guess it's a good thing I don't sleep at home anymore.

Q: Yes, that much is certain, Subject #51723-93. You can return to your cell now. See you tomorrow.

Tattered silk sheets, stinking rotten pillows, and just a little more might do it this time, until the next time . . .

REVIEWS

Army Of Jesus
Prosperity 7"
Book Bomb 7"

www.chunkstar.com/armyofjesus

Damn fine hardcore along the lines of Poison Idea. Aggressive and full of energy! I caught this Austin, TX band at the Circle Bar (opening for Face First) and they were just amazing!

Artimus Pyledriver
s/t

[DRT Entertainment-www.drt-entertainment.com](http://DRTEntertainment-www.drt-entertainment.com)

If AC/DC were from the southern U.S., or if Bon Scott sang for Lynrd Skynrd, this is what they'd sound like. Down and dirty mudridin', whiskey swiggin', confederate flag wavin' rock n roll, baby. Beaten Back To Pure, Alabama Thunderpussey, etc. fans will dig this.

Bafabegiya/Acts Of Sedition

Split LP

Spacement-www.spacementreno.com

2 bands that do hardcore right. Both bands play old school style hardcore mixed in with some chugging metal here and there. Good stuff!

Catholicon

The Death Throes Of Christianity

[Negativity Records-www.negativityrecords.com](http://NegativityRecords-www.negativityrecords.com)

This has FINALLY gotten a proper release. Blackened death metal from Baton Rouge, LA. Recorded in 2004, this album (their second full-length) was supposed to be released on a couple of labels, but finally saw the light of day thanks to Negativity Records. Why this band, after being around for 12 years, gets virtually NO recognition in Louisiana, while some local "celebrities" can fart on a boom box and it's considered musical genius is beyond me.

Dead Radical
Rottenness 7"

IDeal-www.myspace.com/idealrecords

Super-fast thrash/grind. Blistering power violence with insane vocals.

20 songs on a fuckin' 7"! Fuck yeah!

Dead To Fall

The Phoenix Throne

[Victory Records-www.victoryrecords.com](http://VictoryRecords-www.victoryrecords.com)

I'm glad I gave this another chance.

Everytime I get a package from Victory these days, I never know if I'm going to get either

another emo cd, or another generic metal core cd. Upon first listen, I skimmed through a few songs, thought "wonderful... another metalcore band", muttered something in disgust, and threw it in the bottom of the pile. Upon my second listen, I hear a damn good technical metal band, bordering on death metal with hardcore undertones and brutal vocals.

Face Down In Shit

Nothing Positive Only Negative

[Relapse Records-www.relapse.com](http://RelapseRecords-www.relapse.com)

I'm so glad these guys got picked up by Relapse! Filthy crusty southern-fried sludge core. They pick up the pace here and there only to return to a crawl. Good reference points would be Buzzov*en, Bongzilla and His Hero Is Gone. Why don't you already own this?

Feid

Drown 6 Down

Self-Released-www.myspace.com/feid

I've known these guys (well, the Thibodaux brothers... Lee-vocals and Kerry-bass) since the mid 90's when I briefly lived in Biloxi/Gulfport Mississippi. I was fucking ecstatic to hear that they picked up the pieces and kept going after Katrina shit all over the Gulf Coast.

This band has always been hard to review, because there's so much going on. They've done nothing but progress in the 12 years that they've been a band. Musically, they've got kind of an odd-timed old school death metal thing going. The vocals are very reminiscent of Peter Steele via the first Carnivore album. This was recorded in 2004, but was released in late 2005 due to delays and obstacles.

Frogskin

Frog Versus Bear Sessions demo

Self-released-frog616@msn.com

Ridiculously heavy, churning, doom-y sludge from Finland that brings Noothgrush and Sour Vein to mind. I believe Shifty Records is carrying these as well.

www.shiftyrecords.com. This is just...damn... heavy.

Hawg Jaw

Don't Trust Nobody

[Emetic Records-www.emeticrecords.com](http://EmeticRecords-www.emeticrecords.com)

This album has been recorded 3 times and was supposed to have been released by 3 different labels, but it's finally seeing the light of day!

This ain't pretty. Straight up NOLA hardcore played loud and dirty... gets sludgy here and

there, but stays aggressive and at your fucking throat for the duration of the album, and Mike D's vocals are fierce as usual. This is the first official recording with Paul Webb handling the bass duties and as expected, he does a hell of a job. This is due out in September.

Hallows Eve

History Of Terror box set.

[Metal Blade Records-www.metalblade.com](http://MetalBladeRecords-www.metalblade.com)

This brings back memories of my introduction to underground metal in the mid/late 80's. Listening to WTUL on Saturday nights from midnight to 2 a.m. while Steve and Drew spun records by Nuclear Assault, Voivod, Slayer, Wargasm, Indestroy and Hallows Eve.

This includes re-mastered versions of their 3 Metal Blade releases: Tales Of Terror, Death & Insanity and Monument, demo and rehearsal recordings with covers of Alice Cooper, Exciter and Warrior tunes, another disc of 4 live recordings, and a live dvd with 4 shows on it. Complete with liner notes, lyrics, photos. For those of you who aren't familiar with Hallows Eve (I'm sure there are a few of you... they didn't get their well-deserved 15 minutes during the 80's speed/thrash metal era), Speed/thrash metal with more of a lean to classic metal with vocals that are shouted and sometimes sung, but without the cheesy metal wailing. If you've ever seen the movie Rivers Edge, their song, "Lethal Tendencies" is in the soundtrack... you know, the one that goes "Out of love, out of mind. Out of foood out of time/ those who live do not care. A taste of war, a taste of death" and has that riff that makes you want to punch someone in the fucking jaw.

The price of this can't be beat! I got it for \$20 at Tower Records.

Jesu

Silver

[Hydrahead Records-www.hydrahead.com](http://HydraheadRecords-www.hydrahead.com)

Can Justin Broadrick do wrong? Seriously, can he? On this ep, Jesu stirs up more positive emotions; calming and soothing, yet still dark and heavy. While there are some strands of Godflesh in these 4 songs, it's still very different, but perfection nonetheless.

Kill The Queen

Demo

Self-released-

www.myspace.com/killthequeen

Kill The Queen is amongst the crop of new metal bands coming out of the Northshore. Sort of along the lines of Darkest Hour and Himsa, with screechy vocals and melodic guitar work thrown in here and there. Good

REVIEWS

stuff! Looking forward to seeing what this band grows into.

Mangina

Drugs And Mayo 7"

Jeth Row-www.myspace.com/jethrowrecords

Mangina return with a one-sided, 2-song 7". Not sure what the deal is here, since there are 4 songs listed, and it come with a cdr with 2 more songs on it. Odd. Either way, it's exactly what you'd expect from Mangina. Fast, crazy punk/metal from New Orleans finest. (Yes, I'm aware that they're not all from/in New Orleans anymore. Fuck you.)

Misled

Demo 2006

Self-released-www.myspace.com/mislednola

O.k., this took a few listens to get into. What you've got here is a rock 'n roll band with a little punk seeping in here and there. Kind of like early Kiss meets the Ramones. By now their full-length, "Days of Darkness" should be out. They're playing around town a lot these days, so check 'em out and decide for yourself. Jeremy Falgoust (ex-Stressball/Infant Slug) is drumming for them now too!

Moment Of Truth

Suicidy

Room Temperature Records-

www.myspace.com/momentoftruth1

A nice mix of old school hardcore and modern metal core here. Musically it's got a fair mix of breakdowns, melodic guitar licks here and there, some of the "chugga chugga" type stuff, and a little of the old-school nyhc style. Vocals are definitely of the old-school hardcore variety. Shouted, with some spoken parts. Nice.

Pitts Vs. Preps

Below And Beyond

Self-Released-

www.myspace.com/pittsvspreps

This recording features ex-members of Exhorder (Kyle Thomas), Rigid (Scott Guion and Rolando Chicas), Weedeater/Phantom Power (Jason Portera), and Supagroup (Mark Brill) playing old school metal along the lines of early Judas Priest and Iron Maiden, with a modern edge. Kyle sounds better than ever, and this band is fucking TIGHT!!! This was supposed to be released in late 2005, but Katrina fucked that up. Since then, the band has acquired a new rhythm section (Andy Sheperd from Clearlight and Alex Ducros from the Detrimentz/Skab/Runesong/Catch Velvet.) If you're a fan of classic metal, then you must own this!

Powerman 5000

Destroy What You Enjoy

DRT Entertainment-www.drt-entertainment.com

Ever wonder what happens when you put a cd in the microwave? Kind of like a mini 20-second laser light show in your microwave! It's pretty cool! Well, except for the amount of time it takes to get the smell of burnt cd out of your house.

Recovery Period

Conviction To Resistance

Self-Released-

www.myspace.com/recoveryperiod

Screamy indie rock from Biloxi, Mississippi. Intense music that builds up from silence to an emotional rush of sound with harsh vocals. Caught this band in a gutted house in mid-city with Hundred Eyes and Holy Mountain.

Rise Above

Demo

Self-Released-

www.myspace.com/riseabovenola

This is ex-members of Haate, Elimination, Soilent Green, and Suckhole playing old school metal tinged hardcore. No matter how good I tell you that this band is, it won't change the fact that they've decided to call it a day in the last few months. You can hear 4 of these songs on their Myspace page, and maybe if you beg enough, you may be able to get a copy of their demo out of them if they have any left. Now, whether this hiatus is permanent or not, time will only tell. They definitely had an excellent chemistry and bashed out some kick ass hardcore in their short lifespan as a band.

Seventh Gate

Folie A Trois

Satan Rock-www.satanrock.com

Seventh Gate's sound teeters on the line between death metal and grindcore. This is their third offering, 5 songs with a stripped down line up (3-piece... vocals, guitar and drums) yet they're tight and as brutal as ever. Steve's vocals are just sick this time around!

Slow The Knife

The Rhetoric's Guide To Self-Infliction

Self-Released-

www.myspace.com/slowtheknife

Ever wonder what happened to Fuel (who changed their name to Fractured then sort of disappeared)? This is what the vocalist and guitarist are up to now. With John's unique vocal style, and Carl writing the riffs, there will obviously be Fuel/Fractured comparisons... but that's not a bad thing. Metal with hardcore undertones (especially in "Militant Ico").

Spickle

2006 demo

Self-released-www.spicklemusic.com

New Orleans own instruMETALists return with 11 tunes of high energy rock with definite punk/hardcore influences. Mellows out here and there with some trippy, moody stuff, but always kicks back into the ROCK. Here's where I namedrop: members of Dulac Swade, Hawg Jaw and Soilent Green.

Soil

True Self

DRT Entertainment

You know how "soiled" is another word for something that's been pooped on? Perfect name for this band. Poop. O.k. I guess I should at least give this a half-assed review. Radio-ready "alternative rock" that grates my fucking nerves. This sounds like Drowning Pool meets Staind or some shit. Ugh... the more I listen, the more I want to punch this vocalist in the fucking mouth.

Soilent Green/Sulaco

Split 7"

Bloated Goat-www.bloatedgoatrecords.com

This kicks off with Soilent Green doing "Numb Around The Heart" which totally caught my ear when I first heard it because it's recycled Nuclear Crucifixion and old Soilent Green riffs (from "Nuclear Vomit" and "Deformed") beefed up a thousand percent with new lyrics.

Sulaco plays 2 songs of technical metal with ferociously screamed vocals. A damn good combination on this split!

We're Only In It For The Honey

Gimme More

Self-Released-

www.myspace.com/wereonlyinitforthehoney

It's about time this cd gets released! If you like straight up, raw rock 'n roll, look no further. We're Only In It For The Honey's sound falls somewhere between the Stooges and the Rolling Stones. Bass duties on this recording are handled by Don Toscano from the mighty Snake Oiler, who has recently been replaced by Paul "Switchblade" from the Macgillicuddys. Rock n' fuckin' roll baby!

Wolfgang Bang

What Are You Going To Do?

ESM-www.wolfgangbang.com

Don't know what to make of this band.

Sounds like William Hung (you know, that mongoloid that got his 5 minutes of fame by singing Ricky Martin songs all retard-like on American Idol) singing for the Ramones. Your move.

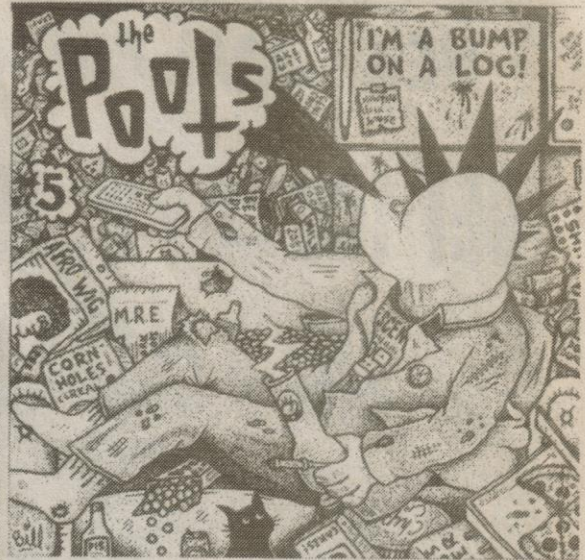
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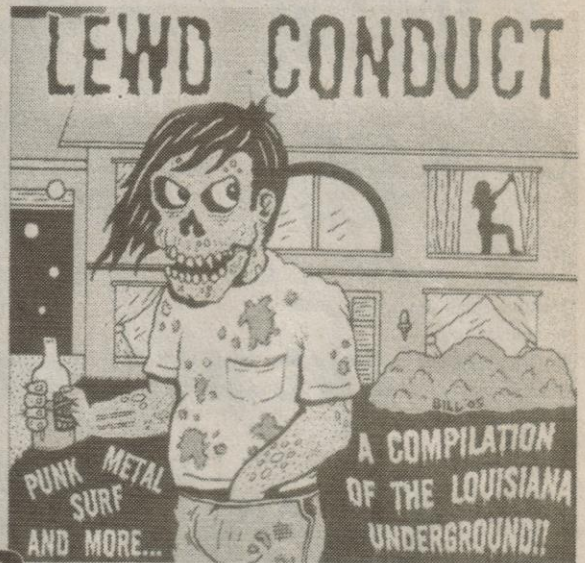
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