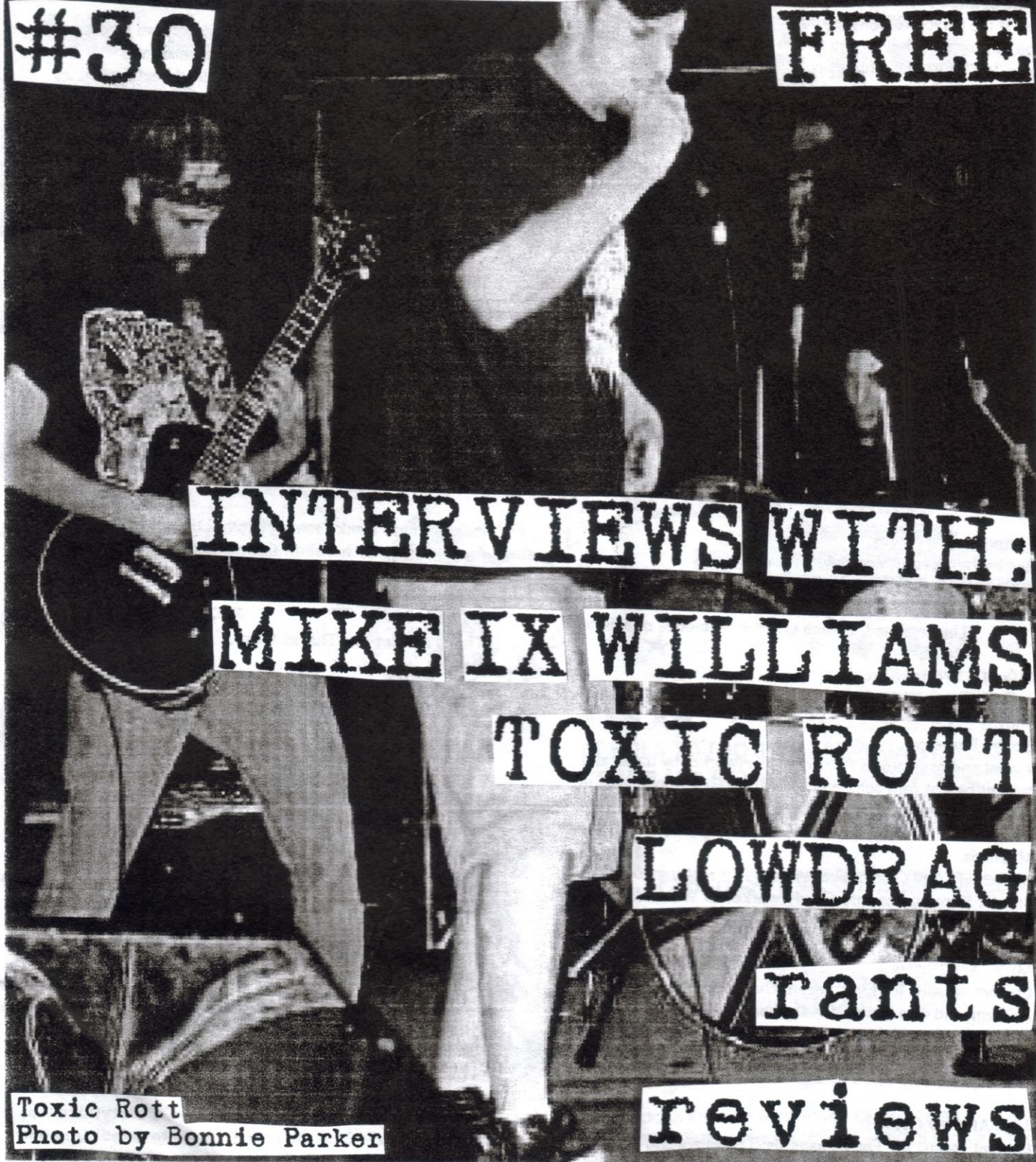


PARANOIIZE

Covering New Orleans metal, punk and hardcore since 1993.

#30

FREE



INTERVIEWS WITH:

MIKE IX WILLIAMS

TOXIC ROTT

LOWDRAG

rants

reviews

Toxic Rott
Photo by Bonnie Parker

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.

Updates are also posted on the Paranoize website at: www.paranoizenola.com where you can also check out MP3s of some old New Orleans metal/hardcore/punk tunes.

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Paranoize
c/o Bobby Bergeron
P.O. Box 15554
New Orleans, LA 70175-5554
USA

email: bobby@paranoizenola.com
MSN Messenger: paranoize@hotmail.com
Yahoo Messenger: paranoize
AIM: paranoize504
www.paranoizenola.com

Paranoize #30 credits:

Bobby Bergeron: Interviews, Reviews

Jenn Attaway: Toxic Rott interview. Ad sales.

M. Bevis: In Defense And Admiration Of The NOLA
Underground, French Quarter Memories of Misspent Youth

Mike IX Williams: reviews

Staff:

Bobby Bergeron
Tyrant and overlord of Paranoize. Ironworker by trade, and current bassist for Face First. Published Thrashcore 'zine in the late 80's/early 90's, and played guitar in S.I.K.

M. Bevis
Author of "And God Looked Away". Currently involved in Star Of Kaos and has previously worked in Webhed, Gimp and Kindergarten Corruption.

Mike IX Williams
Current vocalist for Eyehategod, Outlaw Order, Arson Anthem, and The Guilt Of... Author of "Cancer As A Social Experiment", and former writer for Metal Maniacs. Has also been in a number of other bands such as Suffocation By Filth, Crawlspace, Drip and Teenage Waste.

Jenn Attaway (Aysia):
Current bassist for The Unnaturals, Terranova and We're Only In It For The Honey. Previous contributor to Sushi 'Zine.

10/01/09

Wow. Issue 30. I didn't think I'd make it this far, but here I am. You'll read more about that on the next page.

I'm back to full size again! Jenn Attaway has taken on the task of selling ad space in Paranoize and is doing a great job. I know there's not much as far as graphics or photos are concerned, but I'm trying out a new format, with a new printer (Thanks Lelli!) and there will be more content in future issues.

The New Orleans scene lost another of its own recently. Edgardo "Galito" DaCosta-Gomez, guitarist and songwriter/lyricist for New Orleans death metal pioneers Paralysis, took his life on June 11, 2009. I had planned a memorial page, but only one person contributed anything (thanks Al Hodge!) so I figured maybe it's best that I just leave it at a brief mention. Galito had his issues; many of us who actually spent time talking to him know that. But, he still deserves credit for starting the first band in New Orleans to play pure, brutal death metal back in 1989.

The scene seems to be back in full swing again. Lots of places to play, promoters and a ton of good new bands popping up, along with some older folks getting back into the scene again. (Drag Link/Kurnel alumni John Caradona and James Roundtree have recently joined Trick Bag!)

Speaking of older folks reappearing... watch for Disappointed Parents and The Sluts playing at the next Raise The Dead Fest in January or February! Early 80's New Orleans punk/hardcore!

I also want to thank Jenn McGrath (DJ Disc Jockey) at WTUL for having me on her show this past Labor Day. I had fun playing lots of local underground music and promoting the 'zine.

That's all for now. Thanks for picking this up!
Bobby

Select upcoming shows:

OCTOBER

- 10/2-We're Only In It For The Honey/The Poots @ Buddha Belly
- 10/3-Harlem/GG King/Die Rotzz/Missing Monuments Dem Nassty Habits @ Saturn Bar
- 10/3- Hawg Jaw/Before I Hang @ Buddha Belly
- 10/4-The Network/Robotosaurus/In Tomorrow's Shadow Thou @ Dragon's Den (5 PM.. Early show!)
- 10/9-Church Burner/Suspended Obscurity/Oroku Saki & The Foot @ Checkpoint Charlie
- 10/10-Face First/Lowdrag/No Room For Saints @ Twist O Lime
- 10/30-Spickle/Lowdrag/Scraps Of Life @ The Bar

NOVEMBER

- 11/10-Black Cobra/Black Tusk/Haarp@ Hi-Ho Lounge
 - 11/13 - 11/15 Bring The Noize Fest @ Dragons Den
- Goto myspace.com/bringthemoizefest for more info
This is in no way a comprehensive list of everything that's going on in the New Orleans area. Go to noladiy.org and nolaunderground.com for more listings.

SHUT UP AND READ THIS

I've finally made it to issue #30. This is a bit of a personal milestone for me. At one point I told myself that #30 would be the final issue of Paranoize, or maybe pass the torch on. After much thought and deliberation, I've concluded there's no way in hell I can give this to anyone else or let it die. No one else in this scene is worthy, and somebody's gotta do it. Think you can do better? Start your own 'zine! We need more around here. Yeah, Antigravity has, in the last year or 2, stepped up a bit in covering the local punk/metal/etc. (props to Dan Fox, Brett Schwaner, AuraLee Petzko and Bryan Funck), but I'd hardly call it a fanzine.

So anyway, I've been publishing 'zines for 20 years now. My first 'zine, Thrashcore, was officially released at the Incubus/Devastation/Anialator (yes they spelled it that way) show on May 26, 1989 (Dead Horse were supposed to play, but they broke down just outside Baton Rouge) with its first issue covering Incubus (the New Orleans death metal band), Catch 22, Gammicide, Scum Of The Earth (the Dallas, TX crossover band), C.F.I., Dream Death and Forced Reality. After 4 issues, I got tired of doing all the work and having other "contributors" take credit for being a member of the team, (with the exception of Pisshead) so I just started Paranoize in 1992 and let Thrashcore die. That name sucked anyway.

Now, since Paranoize has been around since 1992, you'd think I'd have hit issue 30 a long ass time ago, right? Even though I've had people contribute from time to time, (and I am grateful for everything that every one of you have given me, especially the staff that's hung in there for the past 5 or 6 years!), this has always been done on my time, mostly with money out of my pocket (except for a few issues that I actually sold ad space, or Mark Breaux paid for half the money to get it done on newsprint some years back). This has always been a hobby, not a job. Putting it out on my schedule (or lack of a schedule) helps keep this fun for me.

I once considered killing the print edition and just throwing the 'zine on the internet. It would make more sense financially, and I'd reach a much wider audience, considering Paranoize was, at the time, just photocopied at one of those big chain office supply stores as I need them. Fuck that. This is a print 'zine and will die that way. It's nice being able to discover new bands with the click of a mouse these days, but at the same time there's no sense of adventure.

How many people reading this remember when, if you wanted to read about new bands, you had to order 'zines, or if you wanted to hear new music, you had to search for

it? You had to order a band's demo through the mail, support a locally owned record store, or actually go to one of their shows and see them live to get one from them. You listened to WTUL on Friday nights for the hardcore show, and Saturday nights for the metal show and heard new bands and got word on upcoming local shows at the Franklin St. VFW Hall, various Lions Clubs, Storyville Jazz Hall, Abstract Cafe', RC Bridge Lounge, etc.

Speaking of WTUL, guess what; IT'S STILL THERE! 91.5 FM ON YOUR GODDAMN RADIO (if you're in the New Orleans area). If you're not in New Orleans you can listen online at www.wtulneworleans.com If you're in a local band, send them your music! You will get airplay. Hell I'll even give you the address to make it easier for you:

WTUL New Orleans 91.5fm
Tulane University Box 5069
New Orleans, LA 70118

(local bands, add ATTN: LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTOR)

Since the circulation of the 'zine is so small, chances are I know you and see you on a regular basis.

Thanks for giving me a reason to keep publishing.

-Bobby

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MIKE IX WILLIAMS

Mike Williams not only writes for Paranoize, but he plays music and writes books too! You may have even heard some of it! Here is an interview with him.

Ok, so you've got quite a few projects going on lately; what's up with:

* EyeHateGod -

EHG has been doing some incredible shows in Europe and the USA; we done the mainstage at Hellfest, we headlined the last day at Murderfest in Los Angeles and then headlined the last day of Chaos in Tejas in Austin at Emo's with bands like Amebix, Mind Eraser, Crude and more. We're going out in October to do an East Coast three show deal (Baltimore, NYC, Boston) with Strong Intention and then again in December to do a Seattle/Portland/SF set of gigs. Our last gig at the Bar in Metairie was pretty insane with all the killer local bands of course....

* Outlaw Order 00% -

We also played Chaos in Tejas, Murderfest and did the mainstage at Hellfest also although there we played at noon o' clock hungover as fuck! The 'Dragging Down the Enforcer' disc has been out a while now on Season of Mist and we are writing new stuff as we speak. The 'Legalize Crime' 7" is still out in CD and vinyl form on Deep Six records and I also believe we are doing a European tour in 2010. We did a one-off gig with the legendary Pentagram in Texas in June as well.. We are Zero Zero Percent..

* Arson Anthem -

We have 17 new songs waiting to have the final mix down. Its more sick Hardcore Punk but with some odd and off beat time changes and still heavy as heck. We all took part in the writing this time, I even wrote 2 and a half tunes that'll end up on the LP. Hank drove down to Louisiana and we holed up in the practice room for 7-8 hours a day for week and knocked out the entire record, recording the drums right there on the spot and then tweaking and recording the bass, guitar and vocals later on. Insecurity Notoriety!

* The Guilt Of... -

This is my new project with my good friend Ryan McKern from the band Ierased and its a definite departure from my usual groups as it's an industrial/power electronics/experimental/spoken word mesh in the style of early SPK, WhiteHouse, Skinny Puppy, early Ministry, Brighter Death Now, Dead World et al. I've been wanting to do something like this for a long time and so now I finally do. We are doing a split with the Italian band IVS Primae Noctis which will be out soon and we also have a full albums worth of songs laid down and computer recorded. We want to release this stuff very soon, and are looking for a label to bust up some cash and if not we'll do it all our fucking selves.

*Your 7" on Chrome Peeler -

Wow, you done yer homework huh Robert? (My name's not Robert damnit. -Bobby) Yeah, I recorded a spoken word track (with ambient feedback backing from Ryan Ierased) called "Thats What the Obituary Said" and the B-side is a re-mix of a more noise/harsh electronics track I did with the group Bloodyminded called "Ten Suicides". OK well, That's gonna be pressed on a 7" on Crome Peeler records in the next couple of months.. I also did the cover artwork and art on a poster that will be included with the release. Should be out soon. Write Chrome Peeler records to find out.

*Your writing? -

I've fucking got to get down to finish editing these books, which is now up to at least two, that I'll most likely put out and distribute myself unless a killer underground publisher stumbles along and offers me a good deal. Also the first book, "Cancer a a Social Activity" is out in its second printing with new Post-K writings and is available from 'thehousecorerecords.com' or 'southernrootspub.com' or directly from me at 'myspace.com/nolanine'

What was it like playing Hellfest?

It was freaking wild man. We did that tour opening for White Zombie and Pantera in '96 but this was nothing like that. What was it... like some 80,000 people that came to this fest over the course of three days? We were all just blown away! The bands that played and the love we were shown was just fucking amazing to us. I never thought EyeHateGod would ever be admired by ANYONE, much less all these folks! As far as the other groups that played, I have NEVER seen anything as funny as the fucking Manowar set. Me, Tommy Buckley and Pat Bruders watched this band play (drunk off our asses) and could not believe the stupidity that unfolded in front of us!! I mean I had watched WASP (!!!) before that and they were nothing compared to Manowar. I mean how many times can a person say the word 'METAL' in one night! All in all a great experience and it proved for those who doubted us, we CAN leave the USA legally and we can function like a normal band. Well, semi-normal..

What do you think of all this crap that the kids are calling "Hardcore" these days (i.e.: self-mutilating crossdressers whining over the same "junt junt junt" riff) -

It's awful of course. Are they reacky calling it Hardcore now? I didn't know that, I thought it was Screamo or Emo or something. I guess to each his own but I dunno, these new ones listen to some goddamn shitty stuff.... It's like - haven't these kids learned anything? I tell you one thing though, there are a ton of new REAL Hardcore PUNK bands out there emulating their old man idols such as; Artificial Peace, Deadline, Solger, Violent Apathy, SOA, Circle Jerks, Black Flag, Void, Zero Boys etc...and they kicking out some fantastic new music that I suggest people get out there and support this new breed and PLEASE IGNORE the Avenged Sevenfolds and the Devildrivers of the world. GO CHECK OUT the band Career Suicide instead. Or Total Abuse. Or Sacred Shock, or Wasted Time, or Time to Escape, or Double Negative, or Cross Laws, or End of the Universe, or Direct Control, or Logic Problem, or Deep Sleep, or Violent Arrest, or Extortion, or Government Warning, or '86 Mentality or basically anything on Sorry State, Hell's Headbangers or Grave Mistake records. That shit is HARDCORE. Beside that, there's a whole scene out there of Motorhead/Venom inspired Punk Metal I highly recommend to everyone like; Midnight, Evil Army, Blizzard, Blutwulf, Dishammer etc...There's absolutely NO need to listen to bullshit bands that are fed to you by the mainstream media!

Tell 'em Mike IX sent you.....

"French Quarter Memories of Misspent Youth" by M. Bevis

"You ate three? Aw shit. Here we go again."

Holy crap, the acid was potent, and we should have known. It always was back then, and carried names that were as innocuous as they were dripping with subtle menace. Black Dove. Psychedelic Spit. Golden Linoleum. We'd self-induce willful psychosis, power it into overdrive on cheap beer and dirt weed, and tear ass around the city, acting exactly what you'd think a bunch of teenage punks would act like in the 1980's, before punk was just a marketing tool. This was back when it was dangerous to look and act that way, and though many of us would never cop to the fact, we created that very danger for ourselves more often than not. Call it the birth of so-called extreme sports, call it punk-rock violence, call it young thugs flying on fast music and bad dope... call it thrill-seeking of the worst sort or maybe just call it another night in the French Quarter.

"Get off our street. Seriously. We own it."

We'd imagine we owned the city some nights—we really believed it, and would saunter around with entitled visions of delusional grandeur. One late evening, we hit Bourbon Street in a pouring squall and had no problem howling like maniacs at the few poor souls unfortunate enough to have been caught out on the street at the time. Not because they were insane enough to be out in the same conditions as us, but because it was *our* street, *our* city, and they dared to cross our paths. Physically soaked and mentally fried, hollering and jumping around in mad threatening dances, we were the very essence of a full-blown spectacle. Of course to us, it was just another night of being the local menace, just another night of laughs for the next day. Some nights we did more than just vocalize our territorial mindset. Some nights, when the scene was in full force, things could get truly, irrevocably ugly.

"Did you see what they just did? Get those dirty motherfuckers! Hit that dude!"

Just ask the three bikers that made the unfortunate error of slapping a local skinhead girl in the face back when we would mass up in Jackson Square, before many of could gain access to barrooms. This was round about 1988, and these bikers; they just didn't like our looks and decided that beating up a girl that walked too close to one of them was going to suffer for it. The sting of his hand on her mouth, her spit flying along with a string of epithets, sent the 30 or so of us there into a feeding frenzy. The boots, chains and spikes that many thought were just punk-rock fashion accoutrements were put to vicious, repeated use. As they ran, we took them down, and kept them down with fast groupings of fists and wide soccer kicks. I can still remember the screams of "NO... WHY?" as we boot partied on their backs, and our only answer was "Because you just had to FUCK WITH US." At the time, it was the only answer that mattered... they barely escaped: bloodied, ragged, and in very real fear for their lives.

"Well, we all knew it was going to happen... the only question was when."

And that's how it was—sometimes it was all great music, wide smiles, and pinholes for eyes. Other nights, you'd have to cross the street so the guy with the long stream of blood issuing from his forehead could locate his missing teeth. Chairs would belch out of Decatur street dive bars, followed closely by the horizontal form of some poor soul that decided that mouthing off was the intelligent thing to do in a local establishment frequented by tough punks. Nights where you could be hugging your new drunk friend like a long-lost sibling, and getting punched square in the jaw two seconds later when he forgets who you are and thinks you're attacking him. One minute everything is cool, and the next the air is filled with fists, shot glasses, and tables. It's no

wonder many establishments in the French Quarter serve their liquor in plastic and it's not in case you were crazy enough to walk around in flip-flops.

"How can you care about tomorrow when you don't even care about today?"

We were young and stupid. We were local New Orleanians, the ones that actually grew up here. Stupid enough to think that what we were doing was something worth doing, rather than just something thing to do. New Orleanian enough to take insanity for granted; to embrace it because we were young enough to do so. We created danger, sure, but in a place like this that doesn't take much. It's the same today, although very different as well. All you really have to do is pick a corner, wait, and watch. It's everywhere, and if you want a piece of the action it will find you if you're not careful. Just make sure that if you go looking for it, you're ready for what you find, and prepared for what finds you, most probably with a head full of illicit substances, a gut full of something cheap, and more than you can handle of just about anything you could possibly want.

M. Bevis
NOLA
2009

LOWDRAG

Lowdrag have resurfaced in recent months after disappearing for a few years with the same pissed, heavy hardcore based sound but with a new vocalist. Here is an interview with bassist Miguel Rincon.

Interview by Bobby Bergeron

Who's currently in the band?

Jason guitar, Miguel bass, Mike drums, George vocals.

Care to give a little history on the band?

Started some years back, went thru a few lineup changes and here we are.

What made y'all decide to get Lowdrag going again?

A hurricane happened in 2005 and a few band members had to move out of state for a bit. It took until 2009 before everyone finally had the time to be able to start jammin' again. Ole Katrina was a motherfucker!

How would you describe your sound?

I never know how to answer that...we call it swampcore.

Any plans for a demo with the current lineup anytime soon?

We are going back in the studio in October, '09

What is your opinion on the New Orleans scene?

NOLA scene seems like its gettin better. My(Miguel)favorite local bands are Hawg Jaw ,Haarp, Spickle. I think our favorite venue is THE BAR in fat city

What have you been listening to lately?

OUTLAW ORDER. The last cd is fuckin killer!

What do you think of the crap that the kiddies are calling "hardcore" these days?

I don't know what to think anymore but it definitely should not be called hardcore.

Any final comments?

Thanks for the interview Bobby! Come check us out!
myspace.com/lowdrag1

TOXIC ROTT

If you haven't already heard of Toxic Rott by now, you will. I first met these guys a little over two years ago. With a different singer and a revamped, dareisay refined sound, these guys are bringing their own brand of thrash punk to the New Orleans scene with an unrelenting barrage of speed and style. Toxic Rott consists of "Slox" (John Selakovic) on vocals, guitarist "Dirt" (Chris Lambert), bassist "D Hammer" (Dustin Champagne), and "Murda" (Collin Jilbert) on drums. I caught up with Murda to discuss the band's origins and music. (by Jenn A.)

Let's start off by talking about how the band came to be.

I met Chris in high school. After we graduated, I was working at Guitar Center, where I met Dustin. Shortly after, Dustin departed from Guitar Center, and I lost contact with him. Down the road, Chris started at Guitar Center. Then, Hurricane Katrina hit, and me and Chris moved out to Dallas, Texas, where, oddly enough, John was also living. Now, we had known John previously just from going to the same shows and whatnot. So naturally, we partied together out there every fucking day, and eventually decided that we all had to get out of there. So we moved back once some shit started to get back rolling down here. After some time, I luckily ran into Dustin again. After getting settled back in, we all decided to do something together, and Toxic Rott was born.

We were all pretty much into the same shit as far as music goes, although Dustin's also very into a lot of that badass jazz shit, which has a huge affect on his bass playing and is definitely a key part of the band, undoubtedly. But, we wanted to do some shit like old school CroMags, D.R.I., and Black Flag with some thrashiness to it, and with some subject matter that we were all into: things like cops, boozin', psychos in the swamps, *Rambo* flicks, and fake people, which is most humans.

We just crossed over the 2 year mark as a band. It's somewhat been limited as far as gigs go, due to issues with the law, but that hasn't restrained us practicing or puttin' out 2 demo/album releases (all done ourselves, of course, for better or worse). Originally, we recorded a 5-song demo which was never released, but the songs were all carried over to the first release which was our 11-track ...*Beyond Superdome* Ep. Then, just recently, we were asked to play at Terror Optics' "Creepy Fest", and wanted to have something different to give to the people that came, while also giving a few tracks from the Ep. So, we decided to go ahead a release the original 5 song demo with 2 tracks from the Ep, which was entitled *The Infraction* Lp.

Hold on, wait a sec! I'm confused about the albums. You said that *Beyond Superdome* is an 11-track EP, but I have it, and I only have 7 songs on mine. I know I don't have *The Infraction*, but you said that was the 7-track album. I guess if you could clarify that for me, that'd be cool.

I think in a moment of some drunken/stoned frenzy, we made two different versions of the *Beyond Superdome* Ep. As I write this, I now remember what happened. We originally recorded 11 tracks at the Delgado recording studio, which was tracked by Scott Potts (Zydepunks) and myself, but at the time we were only able to track the band, due to our singer, Slox, still being incarcerated. So, in the meantime, I just did some quick mixing and whatnot, and then probably about 2 weeks later, Slox was out and was immediately

whisked into the studio to finish up the album. We were able to get the vocals down for all the songs but one, which was the track, "Blood Thirsty Cadaver Junkies"! Haha. So anyways, I mixed the shit down and we started to get everything laid out. Since we didn't have the vocals for the one track, we put the remaining 10 tracks on there, and I think we made about 30 copies of that album. Once we ran out and went to go make more, some of the tracks were missing off the flash drive they had been stored on. In a panic, we had to just put 7 tracks on the next wave of the album, which we probably shouldn't have done, but figured it was better than nothing! So, we made, I think, another 30 copies of that, and they all went. About a month later, I found a copy of the original 10-song copy I had saved for myself, so now we're back to getting the 10-song copies circulating. I would like to add that anyone who bought or has the 7 track version of *Beyond Superdome* should feel special for having a rare gem!!! Hahaha, no, I'm kidding. I'm willing to swap it for the 10-song version, as a way to make amends.

Would you care to elaborate on the band's "issues with the law", since you mentioned them, and since you mentioned that Slox did time? I know your singer has had house-arrest issues that prevented you guys from booking some shows for a while there. But, I also seem to remember the first night I met you guys, you going to jail for asking why you were getting towed from an area that wasn't posted as "No Parking", and asking to move your truck, then had some of your personal belongings stolen while you were in the slammer.

As far as us and the law go, you're correct. Pretty much right when we started to build our name up and get out there, Slox got busted and did about a 5- or 6-month stint for a DWI he got on the way back from getting some late night munchies after band practice one night. And then, he was put on 6-months house arrest, which definitely put a hurt on our gigging game during that period, although we managed a few things!!! Hahaha. The year before, I was arrested, like you said, for the "no parking" sign thing. Basically, I was getting ticketed for being parked in a no-parking zone although we were playing at that venue (Checkpoint Charlie's), and there was not a single "no parking" sign around for a fuckin' block's radius. So, when I went to talk to the meter maids about not writing me a ticket, they immediately flipped their shit and started cursing at me. The fat fuck of a tow-truck driver heard the commotion, hopped out his rig, and started to push me. So immediately, I came right back at him and then almost instantly, the surrounding streets filled with cops from all directions and I was tackled to the ground from behind by the law. After that, I was immediately grabbed by my fuckin' dreads, pulled out into the middle of the street, and proceeded to having the side of my face bashed a couple of times into the pavement. Long story short, I spent like 4 or 5 days in jail for battery on an officer, which was bullshit, and public drunkenness, AND had a bunch of my shit stolen out of my truck somewhere between it getting towed from Checkpoints and getting to the impound lot. It's fuckin' bullshit, but what can you do? Everyone's in on it: the cops, the tow people, the meter maids. It all just seemed to come together too easily. There was not a single cop around, then, all of a sudden, about 7 cop cars showed up on the scene simultaneously.

TOXIC ROTT

Honestly, I expected a lot more blatant cop-bashing in your music! How have your experiences with the law, particularly the NOPD, colored your songwriting, if at all? Do you feel that any of this has any bearing on the local music scene? Is there a message you'd like to send anyone else who's been harassed by the cops, or a message for the cops themselves (other than "fuck you!")?

I think a lot of people expected a bit more blatant pig slaughter, but I guess the truth is: how much do you want to hear another band bitch about harassment by cops? Although most bands do a great job at it, and it's cool to hear, it's been done so much. Plus, I think the first thing most people saw from us was the "Fuck N.O.P.D." video from one of our first gigs at the Hi-Ho Lounge, so I'm sure that aided in that notion. If you're unfamiliar with our local PD, I assure you, your time will come. Hahaha. It's sad, but true! As far as the fuzz having an impact on the scene, I don't really think it's too much of an issue, just because I haven't heard of anything happening since my incident. Oh wait, except for outside of the Leftover Crack/ Casualties gig... but, that was just some drunk broad getting her ass kicked by some other chick, then the cops showed up in full-effect and took 'em both to jail.

Yeah, I think you're right. There hasn't been much of a police presence at the shows lately. There are a few instances in recent history that come to mind where it would've been nice to have them, like to prevent a mugging or an attempted truck theft, but hey, whatever. You just can't win with the NOPD. Moving along, can you go into a little detail about what some of your songs are about? Also, as someone who's taking classes for recording, do you have anything to say about the DIY process in general? How do you feel that DIY recording as a band could be beneficial to the band, and do you have any tips to pass on to others?

As far as how our songs come into being, they pretty much can be about anything for a personal/ group experience, to just an overall feeling that we're all vibing on! For example, "Syringe Revenge" is about a friend of ours who used to play guitar with us, and how he stole a bunch of money from us and ended up on heroin, and how it all comes back around. "Cruisin' Brews" is all about having a good time with your buds, doing the usual shit.... Drinking, cruising the streets, and having run-ins with the law. If you listen to the lyrics in any of our songs, it's pretty much all laid out there to be heard; we don't hold back on what we want to talk about. And, for us, personally, the DIY process of things is great! You have complete control to do whatever you want, however you want. We've always done everything ourselves, from recording to putting out the albums. In the beginning, we recorded what came to be *The Infraction Lp* on a busted-ass setup; but, those recordings have some real character to them. Then, like I said, I started at Delgado for audio engineering, and we were able to get into a real studio and record. That's when we did the ...*Beyond Superdome Ep.* And because of time restraints, I ended up playing drums on the recording with a fractured hand! After all that was done we released the albums on the label I started, which was Insidious Records. Some tips for getting some DIY shit done is the fact that you'll be amazed at what you can do with a computer and a \$100 recording interface.

Well, that's about all I have for you. Is there anything you'd like to add, any new projects in the works, or any upcoming shows you'd like to mention? Thanks for taking the time to do this interview.

I guess to end this, I think the next show we may have is going to be Oct. 11th at the Howlin' Wolf. Not sure who else will be there. Also, we're going to be dropping some fresh tracks soon, probably a short demo/preview album first, then, hopefully soon- after, releasing the second full length! Also, we would like to firstly, thank you for doing this interview, Bobby for wanting us to be a part of this righteous underground magazine, The Pallbearers who have helped us out tremendously the entire time (seriously, those dudes RIP!!!!), and everyone who has come out to see us, or bought a CD or shirt, or bought us drinks, even! It's nothing without the people that come out to the shows and get gnarly with us. So, keep coming out, people! It's time to bring some epic shows back to this place like the good ole Dixie days!!! Cheers and we'll see ya in the pit!!!! Check them out at myspace.com/toxicrott



In Defense And Admiration Of The NOLA Underground

by M. Bevis

In the past installments of this series, I've tried, as best I could, to piece together many of the most important musical acts to pass through the New Orleans Underground music scene. And I must admit that it has given me an even deeper appreciation for what has happened up until now. I've become aware of so much more of NOLA's Underground history since undertaking this series that I could go on forever. To me, the most striking, the most illuminating revelation that working on this brief history has shown me is that there is an equal amount of bands that *didn't* make the cut in this short catalogue. This could have easily been more of a running chronicle than an erstwhile history, but some stories must be told elsewhere; some bands unfortunately had to go unnamed. For that I am sorry, if only because of the fact that they all have contributed to what we know to be a viable and significant contribution to not just our local musical heritage, but to underground music as a whole.

Some call it the NOLA sound, some just call it sludge. Downtuned southern-fried metal. Swampcore. Redneck riff-rock and Bayou deathcore. Fashioned by criminals in burned out neighborhoods and ill-hit back alleys. Cheap practice pads, mostly shared and well-used are more akin to second homes. Alcoholic dirges, amped-up punk rock, and vile, blistering metal used as a means of communication, another way to get the message across. Themes of loss, vilification, and hard-bitten truths. Calls to the party, the one that's always on, always happening. It is well-known in underground music circles - lauded by some, and often ignored.

So many groups have sweated, strained, and annihilated. Bands that have worked for nothing, just to get 20 minutes on a bunch of milk crates topped with warped plywood in someone's backyard. Warm beer and no food at all. Shitty bouncers, partial pay and dirty looks. Police raids, arrests, and the occasional broken instrument or two. Probation, rip-offs, and cancelled gigs. Breakups, breakdowns, and freak outs. Maybe even a splintered limb. Or two. And don't even think about keeping a good job or holding a steady relationship. This is the story of most musicians around the world, but here it's just the way of things.

When I was a teenager, first getting into the underground scene, it was the mid-80's. A strange time; full of cold war paranoia and economic stagnation. Reagan-era mindsets and latchkey parents. Social stigma, alienation, and questionable fashion choices. Many of us were unsupervised and some of us just outright uncared for. We bonded together under the usual punk rock reasons, but the thing that kept us together, the one constant through everything was the music. Our music. It was made by us, by someone we all knew, and made *for* us, which is most probably why it carries the signature sound that is recognized worldwide. It was all we had most of the time, and most times it was all we needed anyway. Our gigs were our rallies, our social cliques; another way to fight boredom and loneliness. Us kids kept going, not because we *had* to, but because we *wanted to*—it was that important to not only our short attention spans, but to our collective sanity.

And the kids keep coming, while some of us have become adults, who have kept showing up as well. We have a very special sort of scene here in that some of the same faces that attended gigs in the early days of the NOLA Underground are still heading out when their jobs, spouses, or doctors will allow them. Some of us have known each other for decades, while some of us are just discovering the tangled legacy of New Orleans Underground music. This is how it started in the first place anyway—someone told you about this new band that they saw the other night that absolutely ruled, and you waited until they played another gig. Then everybody told his or her friends, and off it went.

It goes on. Louder, faster, dirtier and just as dedicated. New bands, record labels, and even a few books are keeping the NOLA

Underground alive. It never really stops, it just slows down at times, and that is something that is altogether unique about our scene—we have never really had a golden age per se, but we have a sense of unbroken desire, a drive to create and propagate that most other cities seem to lack. Maybe it's our long tradition of pioneering in so many forms of musical expression (Jazz and Blues most notably) that keeps us dedicated, or maybe it's just the need to do something that helps keep us occupied even when situations down here in NOLA aren't at their best.

What it comes down to is the fact that New Orleans has always been about making music, not just watching bands play. Sure, we love to go to shows, and on any given night you can catch a gig that will change your life. But the thing that makes us different, the one demarcating line that separates us from most other local music scenes is that we don't just play, we live our music. We jam as a way of survival, and the fans live through that music, because they have the same instinct as well. Without it, we would just assume the role of another city, another place to live and work.

In the end, the most important fact of all of this is that we have given rise to yet another musical trend, another way of living out our joy and pain through sound. Sure, NOLA has done this many times, and some would say that there are far more relevant and culturally vibrant forms of expression in our legacy, but what matters is that we are here, we have been for some time, and we aren't going anywhere. The world is finally starting to take notice, and when the score is taken, the count recorded, we just might receive our due for what we here have always known. And this is why we must defend it, document it, support it, and most of all, admire it.

M. Bevis
NOLA
2009

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september 20th 6pm - my graveyard jaw
september 25th 10pm - grave city hooligans • endall
september 26th 10pm - virgin whores • sci fi zeros
• the test subjects
september 27th 6pm - the collin davis trio

october 2nd 8pm - new orleans' only chicken drop •
with egg yolk jubilee

october 4 6pm - special guest
october 10th 10pm - the vincent's
october 11th 6pm - book of black earth • serpentis
october 21st 10pm - terranova • nom
october 30th 10pm - sci fi zeros
october 31st 10pm - paramyca

BOBBY'S REVIEWS

Arms Exploding

Ruminari

Phratry Records

This starts out kinda cool with something sorta thrashy with screamy vocals then takes a huge dive into emo territory really quick and lingered there for the next few songs which was all that I could stand. I wish every member of this band would have their arms explode. That way they wouldn't create this whiny garbage ever again.

Assholes

Stupid Fuck demo (cassette!)

myspace.com/hardcoreassholes

Much better!!! Houston, TX hardcore! This band has since changed their name to Heavy Roach Activity (or H.R.A.). Watch for them! They play good, fast, pissed old school hardcore the way your grandma used to play it. 15 songs plus a Septic Death cover!

Black Market Ministry

Voices Of The Coming Plague

myspace.com/blackmarketministry

Take the best of Eyehategod, Outlaw Order and Soilent Green, throw them all together and you have Black Market Ministry. Some people may dig this. Their songs are well executed, I've just heard it all before time and time again by the originators and copycats alike.

Chronic Death Slug

Demo

myspace.com/chronicdeathslugband

This is a new band that just started playing around New Orleans that plays a fine mix of metal, hardcore and sludge with guttural growls in the vocal department. Watch for them!

Haarp

II

myspace.com/haarpnola

While most sludge/doom bands will let one riff ring out for 9 minutes, they have a more aggressive, mid-paced approach with twists and turns, here and there without changing the intensity, and Shaun's vocals just cannot be fucked with. Most bands with songs this long lose my attention, but Haarp adds enough changes to keep me at bay, awaiting what's next.

They have a full-length due on Housecore Records in the near future, so watch for it!

Resurrection Man

No Tomorrow

myspace.com/resurrectionman

Wow! They've finally released a cd!

Resurrection Man plays straight up metal with a bit of thrash and hardcore thrown in here and there without losing focus. There's not much more to add to this. Straight up and to the point.

Scraps Of Life

Demo

myspace.com/scrapsoflife

This band features ex-Lowdrag/Lymph Vessel vocalist Buddy Sadenga. After moving to Austin, TX he hooked up with these guys and he's kickin' ass playing some groovy, rockin' metal with a guitarist who isn't afraid to throw a solo or 2 into their songs!

Taste Of Fear/The Communion

Split cd

Lifeless Mind Records

This is a great split!

Taste Of Fear does 7 songs of intense crusty punk/hardcore with death/black metal thrown in.

The Communion do 3 sick brutal thrashy hardcore songs with blackened vocals, and one long fucked up 24 minute noise track. This is the second release that I've heard from this band and they have NOT disappointed me yet. My dog actually didn't care for the noise track though. She woke up from a dead sleep, stared at the speaker with her head cocked, and left the room.

Terra Caput Mundi

Warp Speed Warriors

myspace.com/terracaputmundi

I want to like this. If it were 1987 I'd love it. But while some bands who are doing the retro-thrash thing are doing a good job at this, I can't say I'll be listening to this again once I remove it from the cd player.

The Strongest Proof

Robot Eats A Steak

Phratry Records

This band delves into the progressive/ indie rock category but the vocals aren't at an annoying pitch, so I wasn't disgusted right off the bat and was able to listen to more than 3 songs without tossing the cd across the room. Unfortunately by the middle of the fourth song, it's that time. If I were in this band, I'd change the title to "Garbage Can Eats A CD." Next.

Tirefire

Microwave demo (cassette)

myspace.com/tirefire504

Primitive, raw black metal from the folks that brought you Die Rotzz, The Persuaders, Kajun SS, Black Rose Band, and Mangina. Songs range from bombing the homeless to punching gutter punks to killing posers to, well, you get the picture.

Toxic Rott

Beyond Superdome

myspace.com/toxicrott

This has become one of my favorite new local bands! Toxic Rott plays 80's style thrash/hardcore crossover. Aggressive and all up in ya face; y'er'd? They have a fucking song about Rambo. FUCKIN' RAMBO!

Various Artists

Creepy Dean Soundtrack

Sheer Terror Records

Damn good soundtrack to the latest Terror Optics flick, and it also includes a dvd of "Creepy Dean and "Peepshow Creep"! The soundtrack includes some of the best local punk, hardcore and surf from the likes of: Reason Of Insanity, Die Rotzz, A Hanging, Toxic Rott, The Pallbearers, Secret Assholes, Bastard Sons Of Marvin Hirsch, 11 Blade and more!

Various Artists

Housecore Records Compilation Vol. 1

www.thehousecorerecords.com

This is a 2 disc set of bands that will be featured on Housecore Records. Disc 1 is metal, hardcore and punk featuring tracks by Evil Army, Haarp, Arson Anthem, Shellshock, rat in a bucket, Crowbar, Warbeast, Exactly Violent Style, Eyehategod, Christ Inversion, etc. while disc 2 contains the more "alternative" acts like, a lot of Donovan Punch's projects, Mystick Krewe of Clearlight, Body And Blood, Ponykiller etc.

MIKE IX'S REVIEWS

A Brief View of Hellfest 2009 by Mike IX Williams

Taking the red eye directly from Paris on Monday June 22nd, jet lagged and absolutely hungover and bruised, I returned to the United States after playing a couple shows in Clisson, France's almighty annual Hellfest. Staring out the 767 airplane window and wondering, I contemplated how this whirlwind, yet systematic fiasco they call Festival Summer all across Europe manages not to leave more helpless braindead victims in its wake. To be backstage at a fest of this stature is to witness a menagerie of everything from complete and utter bullshit to the aura of amazing greatness and every little nuance in between. So when two, mind you, two of my bands were asked to storm the mainstage number 2 of the revered festival with Outlaw Order and EyeHateGod on two consecutive days, I was fucking stoked. Milling around the backstage area on the first Friday a few hours before I was prepared to jam, the first thing that I noticed was the extreme juxtapositions of complete disorganization and perfect organization. What seemed like bent out of shape chaos, was in reality a well maintained engine, a finely tuned machine put together by a combination of the earth's most insane promoters and bands of all genres. Getting my own band EHG together in the dressing room to write a set list was a feat unto itself, as we were all excited to have actually made it out of the United States of America and into the European countryside (criminal records notwithstanding). Suffice it to say, we were out of the box with silly dressing room smashing insanity. Add to that the fact that we are amongst so many old friends and new acquaintances, to tell you the devil's god's honest truth, it was hard to concentrate and focus. What brought it all right back down to the dirty liquor-stained soil was the sheer immensity of the gigs we are contracted to play in a matter of moments. Having never been to the Hellfest before, I was psyched to be with many of my bandmates and cohorts from the city of New Orleans and elsewhere and without question the free flowing availability of local wine. This year was the only time in my immediate knowledge that a partial list of bands from one specific citywide scene were on display for the massive destructo crowd to gaze upon and cast judgement. Soilent Green, EyeHateGod, Down, and Outlaw Order were together with the combination of free alcohol and free love that made for a southern fried family reunion all the way across the Atlantic Ocean. One of the coolest things about Hellfest was the variety of talent, from the obscure to the incredibly gigantic. So the cafeteria area was the place to spot everyone from the black metal weirdos in Gorgoroth to members of Buckcherry to various folks from Killing Joke, Amebix, Misfits, Brutal Truth, Dream Theater or Voivod etc.

Some of these scenarios were particularly comical, as you watch the egos and attitudes clash and conflict. It was pretty hilarious watching the very diminutive Dani from Cradle of Filth prance through the crowded shared dressing area in his full Hellraiser the movie regalia get-up and onto the back stage ramp, landing in the bright 80 degree mid-afternoon daylight sun. The snickers and giggles from the majority of the people who witnessed this fascinating display of rock history nonsense was staggeringly funny. The worst part of this spectacular event, on a whole, was trying to fit in all the groups that you wanted to see with such a monstrously diverse line up, so I missed some of my favorites, but I'll live. To sum all this kinetic activity up in one foul swoop I would say our shows were downright killer and it was an experience I wouldn't ever trade and hope to return next time if they'll have us, fully aligned to annihilate, drink and puke all over France once again.

REACHING HAND - "Threshold" by Mike IX

Straight Edge is one of those genres I usually steer clear of. Mainly because I'm prone to alcohol abusive rock and roll, but anyway, depending on the situation I'll delve into the genre just because I heard a heavy riff or gruff vocals though I'm not one to be preached to. So bear with with me if I'm a bit illiterate and uneducated on the subject.

There have definitely been some half-way decent bands I've enjoyed that have been labelled 'Edge' in years past like DYS, SSD, Negative FX, Monster X etc... I still dig the early first wave stuff and a couple of bands few and far between. My question here is can REACHING HAND really be called a straight edge group? They have the traditional crowd pile-up singalong mosh pit photos on the cover and strewn throughout the package, they have the commonplace college typeface font on the band logo on the bass drum and I see a JUDGE shirt in the CD liner pictures. Obviously that alone doesn't put them in a certain category but you see where I'm coming from.

The lyrics come off as almost emo and are about relationships, personal politics and self examination, but these folks don't try and shove their ideas down your throat. The music is crispy and chugs along very quickly with what sounds like a natural distortion on the guitars, while the bass and drum chapters do the basic job as needed to produce this type of hardcore. But the cool thing about this band and the main thing that sets them apart is the vocalist is female and they are from Portugal. Sofia plays the roll well, screaming her brains out and showing that her voice is full of tension and grit, holding her own in a male dominated scene where women are usually treated like shit. Just a bit of trivia, there is a band from Jakarta, Indonesia called BACK BALL that are SE/HC and also have a girl fronting the microphone that are brethren (or sistren?) with REACHING HAND showing that this style is wide spread. I think that's great and hopefully with prompt more chicks to get pissed off and start fast hardcore bands no matter what they sing about. These kids sound is by no means cookie cutter and seeing that this is technically an EP with only five songs, I'd be interested to hear more in the future.

PAINTED WILLIE - "Mind Bowling" by Mike IX

PAINTED WILLIE is one of those wastes of time bands that to me always represented that mid-80's period when shitty pre-grunge cock rock crept into the hardcore scene and things just got really goddamn extra generic. You know; like 'tuneful' melodic bass lines under the simplest of three chord, sometimes semi-fast, but just barely, punk sounds. That and a weak ass drummer only adds to the many reasons to not bother picking this re-issue up. I had a friend buy this record on vinyl when it came out and we were both truly disappointed. It also reminds me of seeing them on the bill with BLACK FLAG maybe during the "Slip it In" or "Loose Nut" tours sometime back then in the day and totally staying outside drinking with the other folks, all waiting patiently for Ginn and crew to get on the stage. They're one of those outfits that the chicks dug because it was easy for the ladies to get up front o' the stage and do their 'girl-slam dancing' instead of holding their mowhawked idiot boyfriend's leather jacket. Not that that's a bad thing 'cos during the late 85-86, the dumb ones that did slam while FLAG jammed were close minded half evolved fools and I hated them too.

The vocals are amazingly terrible. Couple that with excruciating and childish lyrics, particularly on "The Big Time" when they take full advantage of the groupies up front and have a female yell out some tuneless nonsense we could all do without. These guys were probably most famous when they played in Seattle in the days before their break-up, inspiring a shitload of Mark Arm copycats to grow their hair from skinned to shoulder length and drop a legacy of blandness born and bred in the once fertile Hardcore Punk underground. There's of course the two tongue-in-cheek full on irony tunes here; a PRINCE cover plus a version of BURT BACHARACH's "Little Red Book". This is pure 100% cut - out bin fodder, evident of a complete absence of creativity or imagination. Pure filler. The only reason I gave it a 1 out of 5 is the fact that it's better than watching American Idol. Originally recorded and released on SST in 1985 and now thrown back to the pitifully starved public as crumbs on DC Jam Records.

Bands like this are why old punks like me got into SLAYER...It's true.

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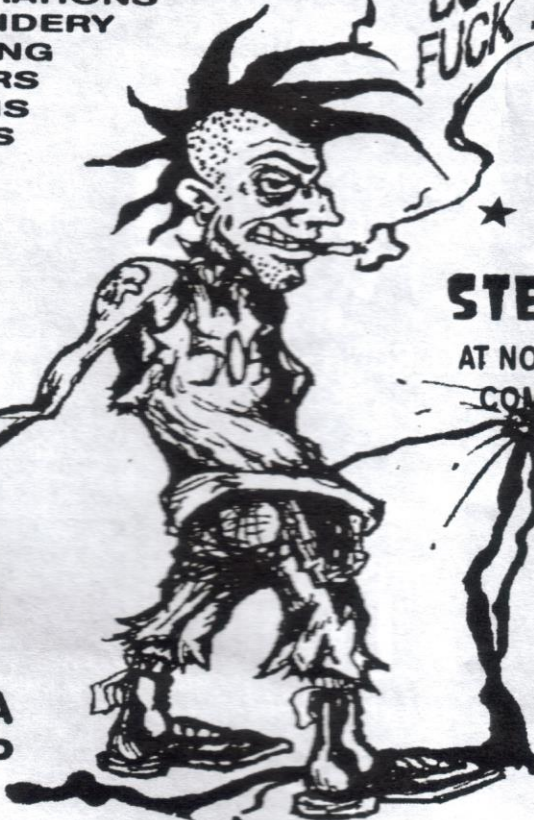
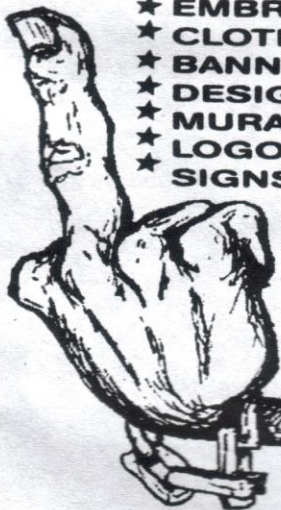


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