

PARANOIZE

#48

FREE

in New Orleans

\$2 ppd



R.I.P. PERRY MCAULEY

8-16-61 to 9-24-19



**Rock, Punk, Dance,
Noise, Experimental
& More.**

**Selling New and
Used CDs, DVDs
and Vinyl**

**Sunday - Monday 11:00 -6:00
Tuesday - Saturday 11:00-8:00**

907 Bourbon Street | 504-592-4666

**Special Orders Welcome
[facebook.com/skullyzrecordznola](https://www.facebook.com/skullyzrecordznola)**

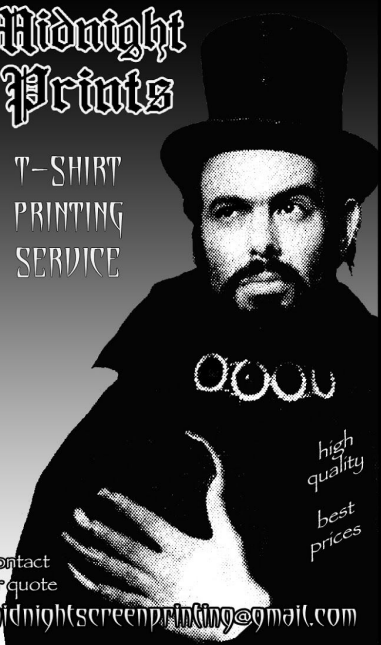
**Midnight
Prints**

**T-SHIRT
PRINTING
SERVICE**

**contact
for quote**

midnightscreenprinting@gmail.com

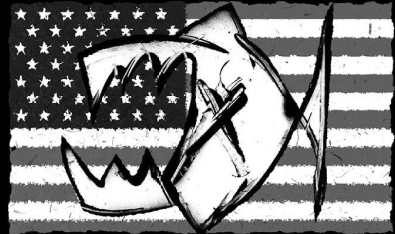
*high
quality
best
prices*



SHEER TERROR RECORDS PRESENTS

FLIPPER

WITH SPECIAL GUEST DAVID YOW



NOOGY + DUMMY DUMPSTER

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 10TH @ SANTOS, NOLA



SHEER TERROR RECORDS

**NEW ORLEANS
PUNK AND HORROR
MERCHANDISE**

www.sheerterrornola@gmail.com

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

Bands/labels are encouraged to send their music in to review, but if we don't like it, you can bet that we'll make fun of you.

Advertisements and donations are what keep this publication FREE. Go to www.panoizenola.com or email bobby@paranoizenola.com to find out how to donate or advertise.

You may send all comments, questions, letters, music for review (vinyl, cassette, cd), 'zines for trade, money, various household items, etc. to:

Paranoize
P.O. Box 2334
Marrero, LA 70073-2334
USA

Visit Paranoize on the internet at:

www.panoizenola.com

(order print issues, read .pdf files of back issues, listen to mp3s of 80's/90's New Orleans metal/punk/hardcore bands)

paranoizenola.bandcamp.com

(compilations and records that I've put out)

www.facebook.com/paranoizenola

(self explanatory)

www.metaldevastationradio.com

(Paranoize Radio. Thursday nights. 6 PM CST)

Paranoize 48 credits:

Bobby Bergeron- reviews, Graveyard Rodeo interview Layout.

Photos contributed by:

Darrick Patrick, Brad Christiana, Jessica Goldfinch, Al Hodge, Tara Goudeau and random findings on the internet.

10-7-19

Perry McAuley, vocalist of the New Orleans pioneering punk/hardcore/metal band Graveyard Rodeo, left us on September 24 2019.

This issue is a memorial to Perry McAuley and a tribute to Graveyard Rodeo.

I did the interview featured here with Wayne Fabra days before Perry passed away.

I only knew Perry as a fan of Graveyard Rodeo. Their shows were always intense, filled with gore and macabre, fake blood and fish/fish guts thrown everywhere.

The most memorable to me was one that drew a protesting religious group Halloween night 1989 outside the Jefferson Lions Home that even got on the local tv news!

Thanks to everyone who contributed words to this issue. I had so much more planned, but wanted to put out a proper tribute/memorial to Perry.



PERRY MCAULEY MEMORIAL

What I'll remember Perry for was his kindness. When I first joined the band, I was 16.

We'd go to the LaBeauxcheri bar (I've no idea how to spell it) after practice. They would ID, but I wasn't 18, so I was stuck hanging around outside by myself. He would get drinks, bring them outside, introduce me to his friends and generally include me in their conversations or activities. He didn't have to do that. He made me feel welcomed and included. That's what I really remember, his kindness to me....like a big brother.

-Brad Christiana (Graveyard Rodeo)



One of the first real Punk shows I went to was Texas bands the Offenders and Not For Sale at the Dream Palace in New Orleans. Opening up was Baton Rouge band No More Fun and a local band known as Graveyard Rodeo. I was too young and isolated (stuck in Mississippi) to witness their humble beginnings as Bob's Barbecue but they clearly had a following; the crowd was going nuts and singing along to songs "Brains On The Wall", "Nuke The Nation", among many others. Soon afterwards I wanted to spread the Underground Rock counterculture to my hometown, and got in touch with the band's lead singer Perry. He was the one in the band I talked to the most and got to know the best.

They played the first show I attempted to book, Rock Against Wham! at the Gulfport Moose Lodge. In a time of no bands they were workhorse stalwarts, playing constantly and representing loud, fast, aggressive music for the Crescent City, Perry's dynamic stage presence as frontman leading the way. One show stands out in particular: at some point there was a shakeup in the band and he was replaced by a new vocalist. They were opening for Amsterdam band BxGxKx at an old man dive bar lost to memory - - this was the new singer's debut, and the place was packed. After a couple of songs his voice gave out and he couldn't go on. Perry was in the crowd for the show and was soon behind the mic, and the room exploded! Such was a testament to his power and charisma in the band.

In many ways GxYxRx have never gotten their due. New Orleans has an internationally known original Metal sound that might not have been possible without their existence. Many of the other bands could have still formed but it probably wouldn't have been the same without their pioneering Crossover/Thrash style as a sonic template.

I fell out of touch with him over the years but just re-connected recently. He seemed in good spirits, living near Alexandria and coming into town to work as a Union stagehand at the Saenger Theatre. He got to see me play with Sickness, praising my guitar playing and talked to me about possibly even playing with him in a new band! It

was good to see him again and was looking forward to running into him in the future. Things change.

I'll always remember you as a friend and colleague, a fellow soldier in the Rock N' Roll Wars. Wherever you are out there in The Great Beyond, know that you will always be remembered and will be missed.

Thank you Perry McAuley.

-Joe Pestilence (Legion Of Decency/Superdestroyers/Secret Assholes The Sickness//etc.)

Tombs and Skulls (by Darrick Patrick)

On numerous occasions, my mother Rita's friend Perry McAuley would stop by the house when we were living on the corner of Ursulines and St. Claude outside of the French Quarter.

Sometimes it was for dinner, generally it was to drink and then go out to see some bands play at a bar somewhere around the city.

This was in 1995 or 1996, or maybe a bit of both of those years. I was between fourteen to sixteen years old. As a teenager, I was into some fairly dark stuff in an attempt to better understand the many aspects of life. To an extent, I actually always have been. And of course I am still to a point. However, at that time I think I would have been down to experience the "Cities of the Dead" in a way that I wouldn't come close to touching now.

One of the things "Uncle" Perry always mentioned to me when he came over was that he wanted to take me out into

the night to explore the tombs and gather skulls. For those of you who don't know, you can't really bury the dead in New Orleans. With the city being under sea level, it makes the water table very high. When digging the traditional six-foot-deep hole, it begins to fill with water. If you do happen to get a decent burial, the rising water or eventual flooding will most likely force the casket out of the ground and back to the surface.



Out of necessity, the bodies of the deceased in NOLA are kept above ground in burial vaults. Over time, a lot of these tombs begin to contain many people. To make room for others, the older remains are moved to the sides and back of the vaults. Collections of bones begin to accumulate inside the rows upon rows of what appears to be miniature houses or little concrete sheds.

As with any structures, natural damage occurs to them and parts of the tombs are sometimes cracked open. If you were curious enough to be so inclined, you could make your way inside of them. And that's what Perry wanted me to do with him. To go shifting through the bones in search of human skulls.

After months and months of suggesting it to me, I figured I would be down for

a weird and unforgettable evening with Perry. I approached my mother and asked for her permission, as it should be when it involves accompanying a parent's friend somewhere. Especially to cemeteries.

"Hell no, boy," said Rita. "You aren't going to steal damned skulls with Perry." She shoots an annoyed look at Perry, who shrugs his shoulders. "You can get locked up doing that shit, ya' know. If you want to go with him when you're older to get in the coffins, you can then. Not now. You're too young," she tells me, "I said no and that's the end of it."

Being my mother though, I was actually surprised she didn't just say, "Be careful, watch out for guys that look like girls, and bring home some milk." Thankfully I didn't get the nod on that one. In my adult mind, I wouldn't invade a private area made for showing respect to those who are no longer with us. The teenage me wasn't thinking that far though. It was probably more along the lines of just being fascinated with death, and life, how it relates, and what it's all about.

In actuality, Perry might have been bullshitting me the whole time about going out for that particular excursion. Perhaps my mom was just playing along with it all. Within the same paragraph though, I've also heard stories of Rita doing that exact thing with Perry and the skulls that she forbid me to do. I do know neither of them were strangers to graveyards and death.

Truth be told, I never really gave it much thought after that.



We went way back as friends. Bob's BBQ started in 1980 and Damaged Scum just after in 1981. There had been the punk band from the Parish, the Ditty and we all attended some of their gigs. During 1981 we met sometime that year. Eventually our relationships tightened and we wound up playing gigs together. In transformation we became Disappointed Parents and Bob's BBQ became Graveyard Rodeo. Perry always wore that army surplus jacket, we all wore combat boots and marched into war. War against society, war against the status quo, war against the machine. Our voices and instruments were our weapons. That was the essence of hardcore punk. Perry was a classic punk rocker who loved the Clash particularly. We were tight in that war. We lost touch for many years after the formative years of the underground. We touched base in 2008 when dp were preparing for Raise the Dead 3. Graveyard Rodeo had played RTD 2. So we initially I think crossed paths

again on Myspace. Then we spoke on the phone. He was into his family life and not doing the music at the time. It was really cool to talk with him after all those years. But the bond we had was a lifelong one, and you take up with friends like natural whenever and wherever. That is how it was and still is with many from the hardcore formative years.

He was excited to be getting back into Graveyard Rodeo. He was planning to take it forward. But without him that seems impossible. We again had reconnected and he was ready for the music. I am going to miss him being in this world.

-Ron Nicaud aka Ron Christ (Damaged Scum/Disappointed Parents/Trench Digger)



I remember the show at the VFW hall with the fish heads and the band covered in blood, Also the time Bobs BBQ wore paper bags on their head and set them on fire in the pit. But my memory is from a later time.

So this story is from 1989 Graveyard Rodeo was playing at Storyville. Perry and I were hanging out and he had an idea of coming out in a body bag. Me

loving Halloween and make-up(not that there was much to it) said I would help.

So about a half hour before they went on, I did a quickie white make-up with black circle around the eyes. When it was time we went to the side of the stage. He laid in the body bag and I covered him in damn near a gallon of blood and zipped him up.

The band started and we drug him out on stage. It was obviously a real body bag because not a drop of fake blood leaked out.

Brad Christiana did you bring it home from work?

Anyway when it was time he unzipped the bodybag, and came crawling out drenched in a red sticky foul mess. A beautiful sight. I remember the first time his head fell to the beat a glistening stream of blood went over the heads of the front row and hit people in the back.

Such a memorable event but my night wasn't over with him.

After the show I walked to my van parked in The French market. The smell of gas was everywhere. I looked down and was standing in a puddle of gas streaming out from under my van.

Perry came out and saw me under it. Asked what was happening, and had a crawl under to look too. The fuel line was split. It was a metal line with about a 3" section of rubber hose. Perry said put your finger over the split, I'll be

back in a minute. He ran over to his van/truck and brought back two pipe clamps and a section of hose. Got back under and fixed the problem. Funnily enough laying shirtless in gasoline removes fake blood pretty effectively.
-Pat Roig (From Stapleguns To Thumbtacks)



When I first saw Graveyard Rodeo, it was actually after the original lineup broke up. Chris Simms was singing, and it was still awesome as fuck. Not long after, the original lineup returned, and Perry McAuley was once again the Maestro of the Dead. If you never got a chance to see him rise from a casket dressed as the Grim Reaper, and NEVER break character as he took money at the door, you never got the full Perry! I already knew him as a friend and contemporary, and tried to talk to him as I paid my \$5.00, but he only stared blankly as he slowly broke my \$20.00 bill, and handed me my change in silence- staring me in the eye until I uncomfortably needed to walk away.

Bad Seed. Let Us Prey. Marduk. Nuke the Nation. Cell 13. It frustrates me to no end how few people worldwide got to witness the majesty and domination of the world's scariest fucking band.

Before Exhorder existed, Graveyard Rodeo held Louisiana and New Orleans in its palm. We learned a LOT from them as we became a force as well, and never forgot it. When Exhorder began to venture out to Texas, we took Graveyard Rodeo with us a few times. These two bands in one van crossing state lines, guzzling beer the whole way, playing destructive shows as a unified force is something I'll never forget. Perry's lithe stage presence when he was just Perry and not the Reaper was reckless, and his delivery went from offbeat to in the pocket in a way that CANNOT be taught. He was aces, without question, and more punk rock than anyone could ever try to be.

I'll always remember the buckets of fish heads and blood being chucked into the crowd. I'll always cherish the "Cruelty to Animals/Realms of the Undead" demo, as well as the "Sowing Discord in the Haunts of Man" demo. The world may have been cheated by not having Graveyard Rodeo become a household name, but we in New Orleans can forever cherish knowing who the original boss was- and Perry drove that runaway fire truck with an absolute insanity that was Punk Rock 101 for me. Rest well, my friend- you were never anything but sweet and friendly with me, and that means more to me than your stage prowess ever did.

Rest easy, Reaper- don't let 'em stand in your way.

-Kyle Thomas
(Exhorder/Trouble/Floodgate/Jones's Lounge/etc.)



I really hate how his story ended...I truly do, but it will never take away from what he brought to the table. He was an innovator that helped develop the New Orleans Scene and a friend to everyone. He was a great dude with an even bigger heart. Perry you are loved and you will be missed.

Rest Easy My Brother!!!

-Al Hodge (Tungsten/Muddpiggs)



I have a memory of Perry. Back in 1985, I was talking to him about music. I was listening to these obscure bands from the seventies who were playing hard rock or songs that sounded very raw and heavy. I was impressed by a band's lyrics because they were introspective and against conflict. He gently told me that was the times back then, it's what people were writing. I know this is a long description and I'm not sure if this story has a point .

Maybe it does, he took the time to talk to some young teen about music and have a great conversation.

-Andy Shelton



When we were teenagers, my friends and I would sit around on Friday nights listening to the WTUL hardcore show on a jam box with blank cassettes cued up to record, getting turned on to bands that would inspire us for years to come. It was around 1986, and while most of the bands that shaped the sound of hardcore had either broken up or crossed over, it was all new to us and we obsessed over hearing whatever we could. But what really changed things for us was hearing that there were bands right from our own city that ruled. One of the most influential-Graveyard Rodeo. Hearing "Bad Seed" the first time on the radio blew us away. It sounded like you were in a haunted house with the speakers blown out, and then the blunt force of the music pummeled thru after the 4 count. The music was what all of our heads felt like then, and Perry's vocals conjured up all that was madness, paranoia, depravity, and rejection, and it made us love it that much more. We had missed out on seeing the earlier line ups because we were too young, but it was Perry's presence that made it

magic to us; he'd put so much into making their gig a REAL show, and something you'd never forget; throwing fish heads into the audience, or staging rituals, black hooded robe and face painted like a skeleton; all of that on top of being a front man with words that gave you a feeling; they weren't complicated or cryptic lyrics, but they meant something to us and seeing him perform, you knew it wasn't an act for him either...we appreciated that, and it inspired us so much that we'd end up starting our own band not long after.

Hearing that Perry was no longer with us came as surreal news. We had just seen him a few months back. That he is gone was a harsh reality to accept, but I will always carry the inspiration that he gave to my friends and I when we were young, and never stop jamming all the greatness that is GYR. Thanks Perry; wherever you are, I hope they are lucky enough to jam yall too.

-Gary Mader

(Eyehategod/Classhole/Outlaw Order/Hawg Jaw/Armed Response)



In the mid 1980's most of the first wave of New Orleans punk rockers had disappeared moving away to bigger cities or finding other music subgenres like rockabilly or post punk to follow. The ground breaking Normal's had

broken up years before and legendary Sluts were done too. In the vacuum left behind came the rise of Shell Shock and Graveyard Rodeo and they continued to carve the path to the New Orleans Hardcore scene. They brought in younger people, many still in high school and therefore gave new blood to our music community and heavily influenced the bands that were to follow them. Many music fans first punk rock show consisted of Shell Shock or Graveyard Rodeo or if they were lucky they had both blow them away on the same night!

Perry the singer from Graveyard Rodeo was a great front man and would talk to anyone about music. Even when Graveyard Rodeo got bigger he never placed himself above others. If some kid came up to talk him about starting a band, Perry would be just as excited as they were about it all and his enthusiasm would push them



along. He even encouraged me to play and let me and a few friends use his practice space. Although my band never went anywhere just being able to hang with Perry and the rest of Graveyard inspired us to put on new musical events and conspire about how to get places to let us put on Punk Rock shows.

Perry was something else, he would explain things with a sly, charming smile. When he spoke he always

seemed to have something else going on in his head as if he were holding some nuggets back. It was as if he wasn't going to give you the full explanation of his thoughts, well at least not at first. He liked to leave you with a bit of suspense about the topic and I think it was his way of making people think for themselves. Perry would talk a lot about music but it wasn't ever the music you expected him to mention. You could have long philosophical conversation with him about life but if you didn't watch it you would often end up in the metaphysical or even the spiritual side of things. He was a trickster, an innovator and he also liked to fish. He would have the same light dancing in his eyes whether you were talking about music, philosophy, fishing or simply hanging at one of his infamous bonfires.

Perry was devoted to Graveyard Rodeo and the music scene and really without him and a few others I don't know if we would have had a scene. He was willing to play any show and it didn't matter if he headlined or not, he just wanted to play and entertain. His favorite songs and stage antics were the darker, unsettling kind and he would think of ways to embrace the chill of a horror movie only convert it to music and stage theatrics. Once at the V.F.W. he snuck in a bucket of fish guts and during Graveyard Rodeo's encore he threw them into the audience. As the guts slid across the floor the crowd ran out as fast as they could to get ahead of the stench. The headlining band playing after them was not amused, no one wanted to be inside to hear them play because the place stunk so bad. Perry just slyly smiled, laughing to

himself when people complained to him about the smell.



Last time I saw Perry he was riding in Endymion, he did so every year for a while. It was a highlight of Mardi Gras to wait for his float and have him give you one of his "special" throws. The throws he gave out always showed the naughty trickster in him. The last throw he handed me was a "Mouth Organ" which was a harmonica shaped like a big dick. He also once gave me a Horny Toad in a box and well, you can imagine what that looked like! I still have my Mouth Organ in my kitchen, it has made me smile over the years and think of him returning my smile with his impish one.

After a long absence I was able to reconnect with Perry again recently. I had a great phone conversation with him. He called me his sister like he always did and we reminisced about all sorts of things. What I thought was a new continuation of our friendship I now see as him saying good bye to me. Rest in Peace my dear Perry and thank you for everything you gave us.

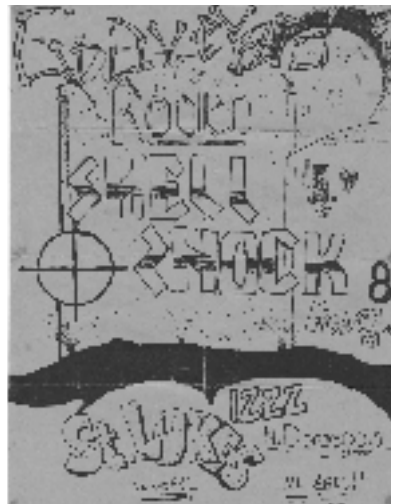
-Jessica Goldfinch, Swamp
Rats/Swampcore Promotions



Perry McAuley was one of my favorite people ever. He also was one of my favorite local vocalists ever. Early 80's, I remember hearing about this new band called Bob's Barbeque who were from out in the parish; St. Bernard parish if I'm correct. I was told they maybe did a Sex Pistols cover or two amongst their original songs but to us hardcore punks living in the urban setting of NOLA, that was old hat. We didn't think much of it and probably rudely smirked at the idea. Don't get me wrong, I love the Sex Pistols, but at that time we were at war with anything from the past. We were youthful and ready to tear down everything. True to form, things were changing fast. Really fast.

Bob's BBQ quickly and without a word, evolved. They turned around calmly and handed us our asses and became the mighty Graveyard Rodeo, led by the never duplicated Perry on

vocals, Wayne 'Doobie' Fabra; evil satanic drummer/vocalist, Tommy Mescaline on vicious bass and milk crate leaps and the man I only ever knew as Dr. Lee, on guitar. Meeting those guys at various gigs and watching them rehearse at different damp wretched sweat boxes, I immediately fell in love with their music and with them as people. They were absorbed into our "scene" as it were. No wait! They fucking took it over; no apologies and none needed. GYR brought the word HEAVY into New Orleans punk rock and hardcore, to say they were 'dark', is an understatement. When other washed up generic groups were still weakly shaking their fists and yelling at Ronald Reagan, Graveyard Rodeo were becoming an unstoppable force. Slow morbid guitar and depressive bass passages boiled over into proto D-beat galloping drums and feedback and on top of the melee, Doobie and Perry trading off disturbing, hard as nails lyrics that made us ALL take notice and re-think



just what the fuck was going on. I could go on and on about their sound here, but I'm here to pay tribute to our now gone friend. Perry was such a great confident frontman. GYR's stage presence of horror & gore elements were over the top but Perry always pulled them off with aggressive attitude and total punk abandonment. The theatrical bloody fright show displays were good fun, and usually saved for their anticipated annual Halloween gigs mostly. 90% of the time they played with straight forward, in your face, tough as fuck confrontational energy. NO gimmicks needed.., since I don't consider rolling on the floor and crawling into the bass drum a gimmick. Perry's offstage personality was just as huge, a uniquely funny, devil-may-care, genuine all around good guy to me. Once again, there's much more I could say about times we hung out and got wildly blitzed or just talked about daily life and had a beer together, but I'll save that for another time. I just really hope Perry knows what he did for us back in 1983 and onwards... He showed us equal amounts of deadly offensive bleakness, and in the same instance, serious unbridled teenage fun. Graveyard Rodeo went through so many changes through the years, some fantastic and some in the later years where they barely resembled that original gruesome, wreck the club flavor, but one thing is for sure, Perry was there in the beginning, the vocal catalyst.., the o.g. singer for this powerful group. Those times were exciting and electric. I'm so glad I got to see him one last time earlier this year. Still a character,

still smiling and still lovably crazy as fuck.

I'll miss you man but I'll never forget...

- Mike IX Williams

EyeHateGod

From the Road

Copenhagen, DK

Sent from a void in time...



GRAVEYARD RODEO

Graveyard Rodeo formed in 1980 as Perry McAuley-vocals, Lee Fuchich-guitar, Tommy Scanlan-bass and Wayne Fabra-drums and were one of the pioneering bands of the New Orleans punk/hardcore music scene. They eventually started writing slower, heavier tunes which became sort of a trademark of the "New Orleans metal" sound. Over the years they broke up, reformed and shuffled members numerous times, one of those being because one of their guitarists, Pepper, moved to North Carolina to play for Corrosion Of Conformity. Their shows were full of gore and macabre, ice chests full of dead fish emptied out into the pit, etc. They recorded a legendary demo, which was released in 1985 and 1986 under two different titles, "Cruelty To Animals" and "Realms Of The Undead" and in 1988 recorded a 2nd demo, "Sowing Discord In The Haunts Of Man" with the Pepper Keenan-era lineup that was never officially released. Eventually, in the early 90s they landed a record deal on Century Media Records and the "Sowing Discord..." album finally saw the light of day! The lineup here was Perry McAuley-vocals, Brad Christiana-guitar, Gary Gennaro-guitar, Tommy Scanlan-bass and Wayne Fabra-drums. After short jaunt overseas, 3/5 of the band quit which led to the remaining members (Gary and Tommy) recruiting a new

lineup (Marc Brignac (aka "Marshall Black")-vocals, Jay Gracianette-guitar and Gary Hebert-drums) to fulfill contractual record company obligations, bringing the "On The Verge" album. On The Verge contained some newer tunes, but lots of old Graveyard Rodeo music that didn't make it onto the Sowing Discord album, but with new lyrics. After a few shows they officially disbanded. In the late 2000s there were a couple of reunion shows but nothing to keep the band together and continue on. Here is an interview that I did with Wayne ("Doobie") Fabra prior to Perry McAuley's passing.

-by Bobby Bergeron

When and how did Graveyard Rodeo get together?

When I was 12 years old I met guitarist and founding member Lee Fuchich at a band's garage rehearsal. I was wearing a Ramones "Rocket To Russia" t-shirt. Lee walks up and asks "Hey dude, you like punk rock?" I said "Hell yeah, I also like The Dead Boys, Devo, Plasmatics, The Clash, etc." He asks "Have you ever heard the Sex Pistols?" I said "No, but I heard about them and their stage antics." They were the band that everybody talked about. They vomited on stage and they cursed out and spit on their audience. That was cool shit to me. So he comes to my house and brings me a copy of "Never Mind The Bollocks Here's The Sex Pistols". I put it on, cranked it up and my fucking jaw dropped. I never heard guitars that raw and distorted. The sound, the attitude, the profanity in the lyrics; it was scary in a way. I mean, these dudes were fucking pissed off big time. Mean, nothing is sacred attitude. Unbelievable.

It spun on my turntable for hours and days at a time. My friends all went out and bought the album. I was never the same after that. So, my very first year of high school I run into Lee again. He says "You wanna start a punk band?" I was game and Lee already knew I was an intense drummer. They used to say I played like Keith Moon.

What other names did you go by before finally settling on Graveyard Rodeo?

For a while we were known as Fourth Reich. Later we changed it a bunch of times. Tommy Mescaline & The Malfunctions, The Mange, Raw Sewage, Public Enemy. Actually Public Enemy was used for about 6 months. Then one day when everybody was tripping on acid (we tripped all the time, which speaks for a lot) somebody said "Hey, let's call the band Bob's Barbecue." They loved it, I didn't. So, what I did was use the Barbecue element and started putting on flyers burn victims and Vietcong fire suicides. So, that seemed to work better. They liked it, so we had that name for about a year or two. Finally, again, one night we were all in St. Louis Cemetery. We used to jump the walls and go there and steal skulls. Tommy said "Let's call the band Graveyard Rodeo." That was it.

Before Crowbar and Eyehategod, y'all were the first band to play the show heavy music New Orleans metal has sort of become known for. Was it a conscious thing, or is that just how the songs were flowing out?

From day one we always played hard and aggressive. We started by playing Sex Pistols, The Clash, Black Flag, Discharge, etc. Then one day Lee came



up with an original. I said no. That was our first song. Then many more followed. Everything that was played sounded heavy. It wasn't intentional, that's how it was delivered. That was our style always. Tuning down to a flabby sounding scale, that's now how you make heavy music. To play heavy you either got it or you don't. That's why we stood out. Everything we played was raw, loud and hard sounding. We killed ourselves during live performances and that was the only way we could perform. 100 percent or hang it up. I would bleed, accidentally hit myself with my drumsticks, break cymbals, Tommy went through bass strings like toilet paper. That's how we did it. The real deal. We were a hardcore band and that's how we carried ourselves. To the extreme. We were young, in superb shape, drunk, stoned and hated people. And it all came out in the music. Nothing was premeditated or acted out. What you saw was real.

All of your tunes had an evil vibe. Did you all dabble in Satanism and the occult and whatnot?

Actually I was the one who introduced all of that to the band. Perry had knowledge of it and we knew people in the French Quarter who were practitioners. When we used to hang out at Deja Vu, a punk club at the corner of Conti Street, we met



some weirdos there. When we changed the name to Graveyard Rodeo, that's when questions were being asked. We started hanging out at graveyards a lot. I had bought The Satanic Bible and Necronomicon. Perry liked the Necronomicon. "Marduk" was written after he read it. But really, when we discovered Venom the band was never the same. Misfits, Mighty Spincter, bands like that influenced us early on.

What are some of your favorite memories from the band's early days and the New Orleans scene in general?

I remember our first gig was at a club on Chartres Street, in the boondocks, 4 blocks from Elysian Fields, right by the French Quarter. The Beat Exchange Punk Rock music club. Fear played there back in 1979. A lot of bands got their start there. Owned by Barbara aka Barbie Menendez. She walked around the club with a bullwhip. Bondage chick. Really cool. She pioneered this scene. Punk rock always had a dark element to it. We took to it like a fish to water. I began writing for a fanzine called Pile Of Flesh. All about death, dying, black humor, perverse morbidity, grave desecration, etc. t was a one of a kind fanzine. My friend Orcen Bender and I wrote it. WE also worked on staff for the cult classic local fanzine Public Threat. HatchBoy and Mike Williams were contributing staff members as well. That's how we got to

interview Wendy O Williams and The Plasmatics. Awesome band. So underrated like most great bands were. It was a different world back then. I remember we played with The Offenders. What a fucking band! That night at Tupelo's Taverne aka Jed's aka Muddy Waters. The Brood played that night as well.

I remember when we played with the Butthole Surfers. 3 times as I recall. Gibby was awesome. He was a big SPK fan, Australian old school industrial noise band. We did a gig in Lafayette with them and he wanted me to use this prop I had, a fake knife with blood tubing on it. I was gonna cut his throat from behind, but Tommy used all the blood and dumped it all over him.



Everybody knew each other and they looked out for each other. Now, everyone is out for themselves. I learned a hard lesson when I played my last gig at Siberia when we (Black Witch God) opened for Eyehategod. That put a whole different complexion on me. Everybody

changed, and not for the better. Seriously, it was depressing. Nobody communicated. It wasn't like that last time in the early 90s when the scene was hanging by a thread. It's all about money now, which I don't have a problem with, but when it tunes out everything else it's a problem. Back in the old days we had characters, beautiful people, funny, crazy outgoing. It changed so much. I think Facebook made cynical pricks out of everyone.



There's an elusive recording with Pepper Keenan was in the lineup on guitar that was the original "Sowing Discord In The Haunts Of Man" demo. Why was it never released?

That demo was never mixed properly. The engineer was a serious pot head. He was a flake and never got to master it, so what you hear is rough mixed, that's why the tracks fade in and out. Nothing was mastered. Pepper and myself went through Hell and high water to get that signed. We sent tapes to Profile Records; They had The Cro-Mags as their top band at the time. Mechanic Records. They all said the same thing, great music, they wanted melodic vocals; we don't have melodic vocals. Some said too dark, too evil, too morbid. They didn't like the Charles Manson concept, which Eyehategod used as a major influence. You hear Graveyard Rodeo in every band that ever came out. We, on the other

hand, came out at the wrong time. We should've moved to Europe. We would've exploded out there.

What exactly happened that led to an almost completely different lineup for the "On The Verge" album?

That was not Graveyard Rodeo and you yourself know that. When we came home from Europe and landed in New Orleans someone in the band, I won't say who, said "Thank God the nightmare's over". Brad was sitting next to me, and we looked at each other. I remember Brad saying "Looks like we have to make some personnel changes next time we go on the road." I knew the band was doomed from that point. I was so fed up with the drinking and the lazy do nothing attitudes from certain people. I knew what was gonna happen. The guys at Century Media showed up at a gig and afterwards they had a meeting with us. They said Brad and myself did a great job, we have great stage presence. They made some constructive criticisms to the rest of the band and they didn't take it too well. When they left, they said "they praised Wayne because they're afraid to tell him anything" then Brad jumps in and takes up for me and says "I guess they're afraid of me too then." Then after about a week everybody was on fire.



I mean unbelievable. I never seen us in top form like that. I wish I had video of



it. We exploded. Perry even jumped off my drums and did a backflip. Gary would jump into the crowd. It was insane, the crowd went nuts.

It was a dream come true but in the end it all fell apart. I was the first one to quit, because I knew without certain members this band would not survive or be the same. They found that out quickly. They auditioned about 20 different drummers and none of them could play my drum beats like I did. Brad told me he hung in there to see what would happen, he said none of them were hard hitting animals like me. So eventually, due to contractual obligations, they had to fork up another album, thus. On The Verge. Perry called it "On Your Nerves".

You've done a couple of reunion shows since then. Any chance of it happening again?

There's no talk of a reunion. Actually there was, but just that. Talk. It's never gonna happen because certain people refuse to change and refuse to stop being a mouthy fucking drunk. I suffer with bad back pain. Had 3 back surgeries that ain't

did shit. I even started using heroin for months at a time, the meds weren't even working. But, my main goal right now is to start walking again. I was alligator hunting down in Delacroix Island and I stepped on a dead 10 foot gator and cut the bottom of my foot and got a septic infection. I almost died, one of my lungs collapsed, I was in the hospital for 3 months. Got a portion of my leg amputated, but I'm getting a prosthesis to walk again. I am considering going to OCD Studio, the one where Crowbar and I think Eyehategod went to. I wanna put it out on my own label and sell it online. As soon as I can find a good studio I'm hoping I can get some old friends to come in and lay down some guitar tracks and any ideas. I have dozens of ideas I wanna try. We'll get it rolling and then we can focus on getting a band together.



NEW ORLEANS SCENE REPORT

Here is a short list of bands/venues/etc. in the New Orleans area. This is in no way representative of the entire NOLA metal/punk/hc scene, but hopefully will help point you in the right direction.

Abysmal Lord
(black metal)
abysmal-lord.bandcamp.com

A Hanging
(thrash/hardcore/crossover)
ahanging504.bandcamp.com

AR-15
(thrash/hardcore)
ar-15.bandcamp.com/

Cikada
(sludge/doom)
cikadadoom.bandcamp.com

Classhole
(punk/hardcore)
classhole.bandcamp.com

Crossed
metal/hardcore
crossed504.bandcamp.com

Eat The Witch
(sludge/doom/instrumental)
eatthewitch.bandcamp.com

Ekumen
(punk/hardcore)
ekumen.bandcamp.com

Fat Stupid Ugly People
(hardcore/power violence)
fatstupiduglypeople.bandcamp.com

Fuck Trump
(punk/hc/grind)
fucktrumpband.bandcamp.com

Gristnam
(grind/hardcore/sludge)
gristnam.bandcamp.com

Mehenet
(black metal)
mehenet.bandcamp.com

Morbid Torment
(thrash!)
morbidtorment1.bandcamp.com

Mule Skinner
(grindcore)
themuleskinner.bandcamp.com

The NoShows
(ska/punk)
thenoshows.bandcamp.com

Nuktria
(thrash!)
nuktria.bandcamp.com

Orifist
(death metal)
orifist.bandcamp.com

The Pallbearers
(punk)
thepallbearers.bandcamp.com

Raise The Death Toll
(death metal/deathcore)
raisethedeathroll.bandcamp.com

Romasa
(post-sludge)
romasa.bandcamp.com

Something's Burning
(sludge/hardcore/metal)
somethingsburning.bandcamp.com

NEW ORLEANS SCENE REPORT

Sounding
(grind/metalcore/noise)
facebook.com/soundingband

Space Cadaver
(sludge/doom/crust)
spacecadaver.bandcamp.com

Tomb Of Nick Cage
(horror punk)
thetombofnickcage.com

Torture Garden
(punk/hardcore)
torturegarden504.bandcamp.com

Totally Possessed
(thrash/hardcore/crossover)
totallypossessed.bandcamp.com

Trampoline Team
(punk/garage rock)
trampolineteam.bandcamp.com

Witch Burial
(black metal)
witchburial.bandcamp.com

For info on upcoming shows go to
www.noladiy.org

VENUES:
Santos
1135 Decatur St. New Orleans

Poor Boy's
1328 St. Bernard Ave. New Orleans

Circle Bar
1032 St. Charles Ave. New Orleans

Banks Street Bar
4401 Banks St. New Orleans

Hi-Ho Lounge
2239 St. Claude Ave. New Orleans

Gasa Gasa
4920 Freret St. New Orleans

Checkpoint Charlie
501 Esplanade Ave. New Orleans

Howlin' Wolf
907 S. Peters New Orleans

Siberia
2227 St. Claude Ave. New Orleans

Southport Hall
200 Monticello Ave. Jefferson

Twist Of Lime
2820 Lime St. Metairie

Babylon
2917 Harvard Ave. Metairie

RECORD STORES::
Skullyz
907 Bourbon St. New Orleans

Euclid
3301 Chartres St. New Orleans

Sisters In Christ
5206 Magazine St. New Orleans

The Mushroom
1037 Broadway St. New Orleans

RADIO:
WTUL
91.5 FM-wtulneworleans.com

WHIV
102.FM-whivfm.org

REVIEWS

Angry 88

Post-American Dream

[facebook.com/theangry88punkrock](https://www.facebook.com/theangry88punkrock)

Punk rock from Hammond, Louisiana.

"What does punk rock from Hammond, Louisiana sound like?", you may ask.

Angry. Noisy. They don't really have a sound comparable to any of your classic punk/hc bands. Loud, noisy and pissed. Not fast, not slow, just angry.

City Of Industry

Conspire Conspire Conspire

Amerikan Aesthetics

HEAVY AS FUCK Seattle hardcore with a mid-paced sonic attack and almost a melodic feel in the music, with harsh, tortured vocals! They speed things up a bit in "When I Was A Child I Wanted Scars" to a d-beat tempo but remain heavy and crushing! Overall this is a fucking excellent album and I may have a new band to obsess over!

Cliterati

Ugly Truths, Beautiful Lies

Tankcrimes

Raging punk/hardcore straight outta Portland, fronted by ex-Voetsek vocalist Ami Lawless! From start to finish this absolutely destroys!

Creep Diets

s/t

[creepdiets.bandcamp.com](https://www.creepdiets.bandcamp.com)

Oh yeah, this is ugly! Melbourne, Australia's Creep Diets (awesome Fudge Tunnel reference, by the way!) create bass heavy, feedback drenched sludgcore. Heavy filth!

Creeping Death

Wretched Illusions

eOne

Holy shit! The perfect mix of Florida and Swedish death metal circa 1991! But from Texas!

The Domestics/Wolfhour
split 7"

Kibou Records

2 killer hardcore bands here! The Domestics are from the UK, but sound like a cross between US East Coast and Japanese hardcore! Wolfhour is from Sweden and plays more of a d-beat Scandinavian style! Excellent release!

Enforced

At The Walls

War Records

Alright, so I've been following this band since their 2017 demo, because the first thing that caught my eye was their logo which is an obvious Exhorder tribute! Their sound, however is more akin to the crossover/thrash style of Power Trip (just for reference). This release combines their two demos (remastered) and two newer tracks to make a damn impressive full length of brutal thrash/hardcore!

Exhorder

Mourn The Southern Skies

Nuclear Blast

OK so I'm about to totally fanboy out here. This album is 25 or 26 years past due. Those of us from New Orleans who spent our teens breaking shit and flipping people off with the Get Rude and Slaughter In The Vatican demos as the

REVIEWS

soundtrack to our teen angst have been waiting for this album for a LONG time. If you're expecting this to sound remotely like Slaughter In The Vatican, this isn't for you. You've got to keep in mind that they wrote those songs in the 80s when they were teenagers. Yes there are still moments of blistering thrash ("Beware The Wolf") and heavy groove ("Hallowed Sound") and they're still unearthing old tunes that never made it onto their other 2 albums ("Ripping Flesh" from their Get Rude demo.. Chris Nail even plays drums on this one!), but this is what modern day Exhorder is supposed to sound like and would still be the album that they'd make today if they hadn't split up. Hail Exhorder! Welcome back motherfuckers!

Foster Care

El Abuso

Total Punk

This band's sound is similar to getting sucker punched in the face then hit in the head with a beer bottle, followed by kicks to the gut over and over while you're on the floor if a filthy dive bar confused and bleeding out. Intense New York punk/hardcore!

Gristnam/God's America
split 10"

Night Animal Records

New Orleans own Gristnam contribute 2 songs of BRUTAL FUCKING GRIND, each clocking in a little over 3 minutes. God's America (from Las Vegas, NV) have 5 mean as fuck powerviolence tunes here! BUY THIS!

Heavy Roach Activity

Violent Times 7"

Nuclear Ass Records

Blistering Houston, Texas hardcore! Fast and relentless, teetering on the line between hardcore and grind! Members/ex-members of Dark Reign, Oath Of Cruelty, Thy Feeble Savior, Hypochristians etc.

Lipstick Stains

Open Your Eyes

facebook.com/lipstickstains901

Female fronted melodic punk straight out of Memphis, Tennessee! Upbeat, well written catchy tunes.

Liquor & Lies

Up In Flames

facebook.com/LiquorLies

Jheri Macgillicuddy, Sunshine and Rebexico crankin' out some toe tappin' beer swiggin' punk ROCK!

Parasitic Violence

Parasite

parasiticviolence.bandcamp.com.

A killer mix of noisy as fuck punk and thrash out of Austin, TX. Total black metal vocals. Good stuff!

Raging Fury

Grotesque Masked Crusher

Jackhammer Music

Full throttle, rapid fire Japanese thrash metal! This is badass! With song titles like "The Demonic Beast Front",

REVIEWS

"Breakneck Speed" and "Thrash Metal Dragon, Black Leather Tiger" you can't really go wrong here!

Sect

Blood Of The Beasts

Southern Lord

Holy shit! Vicious metallic hardcore featuring members of Earth Crisis, Catharsis, Cursed and Burning Love! Fucking intense!

Skullshitter/Bleeding Out

split

Nerve Altar

A split between Skullshitter from New York and Bleeding out from Toronto, Canada. Both bands here are on the more death metal side of grindcore. Skullshitter is along the lines of Repulsion/Autopsy while Bleeding Out reminds me a lot of old Terrorizer and Bolt Thrower!

Sunrise:Sunset

s/t

[facebook.com/sunrisesunsetnola](https://www.facebook.com/sunrisesunsetnola)

Chaotic noise rock from New Orleans along the lines of Unsane, Nomeansno and Godheadsilo.

Trampoline Team

s/t

Hozac Records

NOLA's Trampoline Team return with another LP, but this time blurring the lines between garage rock and punk and delivering an album full of fast, pissed, aggressive tunes!

Want your music reviewed in Paranoize?

Send cassette, vinyl or cd to:

Paranoize

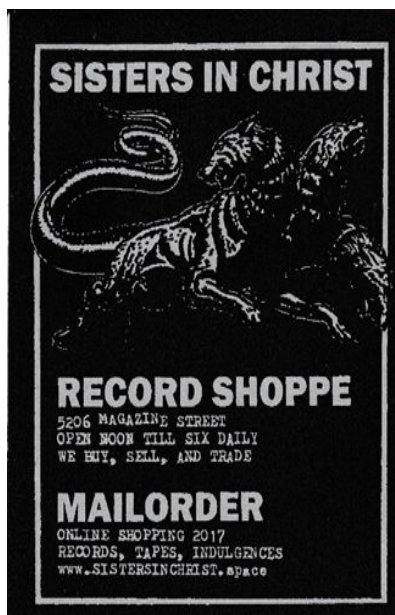
P.O. Box 2334

Marrero, LA 70073-2334

USA

Email digital releases/download codes to:

bobby@paranoizenola.com



LOW PRICES JUST A FEW STEPS
FROM BOURBON STREET

Toulouse Dive Bar

MON - FRI
2PM TO 6AM
SAT & SUN
11AM TO 6AM

Rock & Roll
will never die,
it just looks
like hell the
next morning



TOULOUSE DIVE BAR • 738 TOULOUSE STREET
504 • 522 • 2260 OR ON FACEBOOK