

HELL HAS NO MERCY

The 69 Eyes return to Portland with Wednesday 13, Sumo Cyco, and The Crowned



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COPY EDITOR

"Is that lipstick or mace?" the security guard asked me.

"It's lipstick," I said, pulling out the spiky black tube.

"Can you turn up the brightness?"

My e-ticket wouldn't scan. Naturally.

"Inside left wrist," the guy at the ticket booth asks so I can receive my stamp pass after my ticket had finally scanned.

I pulled up my sparkly black cardigan sleeve, extending the top of my right wrist.
"Yeah — inside left wrist."

Poor man. Why am I like this?

Pulling up my other cardigan sleeve I stick my arm out, "Inside," the thought punctuates my action. "Left wrist," as I turn my wrist out to be stamped.

I could already feel the distinct bouncy vibrations of the music in the hallway heading into the Hawthorne on Feb. 4. Gravelly vocals screamed into the relatively empty, small theater; they looked cool. Their instrumentals weren't bad. I had no idea who they were. Two songs later the crowd had mostly filled in.

"Repeat after me! T-O-X-I-C! Zombie!" A few people bobbed along. A few of them cheered. More of them began chanting with them. The classic Rob Zombie-supernatural-

gore-metal vibes are strong with the Portland-based fivesome, Toxic Zombie. Self-described as being "Reborn from the slowly-rotting corpse of modern music to bring back the undead drive of straightforward brain-eating Rock and Roll," I think once they turn up and harden the lead vocals, they'll be there.



Photo by Victoria Drews

Marc Coronado is the lead vocalist and drummer of The Crowned.

A ridiculously dapper-looking man in an all-white three-piece suit sat at the drums, performing a soundcheck while we all stood around, listening to the intermission music and milled around the merch tables. "How he's able to tote around a crisp white suit on a rock 'n' roll tour is beyond me," I thought to myself. Not only were they all white-clad, with long hair, but they're all highly talented musicians. Coming from Austin, Texas, The Crowned really kicked off the show with a highly energetic performance that shook the venue. Throughout their set they joked with the crowd,

shook the foundation of the venue with hard-hitting drums, chest-rumbling bass reverb and technically-impressive rhythm guitar; when their set was said and done, the crowd was cheering loudly and responding in kind to the encouragement of their participation from the lead vocalist, Marc Coronado. As soon as their white clothes disappeared behind the curtains of the stage, their crew emerged swiftly to remove a drum kit, setlists and cables from the stage to make way for the next performance.

Finally the signs that had lurked in the background of the stage since the beginning of the show were lit. "Sumo Cyco."

"What the hell is a Sumo Cyco?"

"They were supposed to go on five minutes ago," the man to my left said excitedly.

"There was a snowstorm up north, coming out of Denver heading to Seattle," we chatted.

The tour was scheduled to play Seattle on Feb. 3, the night before Portland. Last Monday's snow left a dusting of snow around the Portland Metro area, but up north off a freeway in Idaho, the tour was sheltered at a truck stop in the middle of nowhere. The unfortunate delay set the tour back, and highway closures and unsafe traveling conditions lead to the ultimate cancellation of the Seattle show at the El Corazón. Despite all of the setbacks the "Hell Has No Mercy Tour 2020" faced, Sumo Cyco arrived at the venue shortly after they were supposed to start performing.

Without hardly skipping a beat,

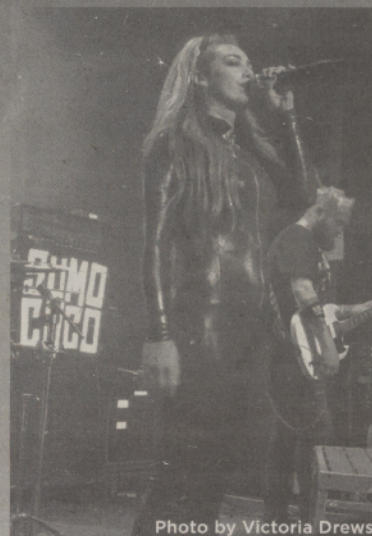


Photo by Victoria Drews

Singer of Sumo Cyco, Skye Sweetnam, wore a skin-tight bodysuit to perform on Feb. 4.

Sumo Cyco took the stage and got the crowd moving more than they had all night. Petite mermaid-haired lead singer Skye Sweetnam controlled all the eyes in the room effortlessly in a skin-tight zip-up catsuit; flanked by bassist Oscar Anesetti, drummer Matt Trozzi and guitarist Matt "MD13" Drake, the band performed several original pieces and got most of the crowd singing along for the first time that night. Mid-set a familiar tune pulsed through the club.

In short, I am a harsh critic, and I'm at my harshest when it comes to artists covering songs I know and love. Hearing the opening chords to one of my favorite System of a Down songs, I was admittedly very worried about what I was about to witness. To this point I'd had a fantastic time