

listening to Sumo Cyco and enjoyed watching them perform more than anything. The whole set was a constant barrage of visuals. Between watching Sweetnam climbing on her show — and watching him continue holding her on his shoulder while he played, to the Cheshire Cat smiles plastered across the faces of Anesetti and Trozzi while they played, Sumo Cyco gave Portland a reason to rock.

The show went on as Sweetnam sang System of a Down's "B.Y.O.B.," flawlessly, urging the crowd to sing along with her. The night had officially begun, and the first mosh pits of the night started; Sweetnam herself hopped onto the floor to sing and rub elbows with the crowd multiple times and finished the set on an extremely high note. Hot off the heels of Symo Cyco's electric performance, it was finally time to see one of the two most highly-anticipated bands of the night, Wednesday 13.

"God, it's like they're trying to kill us," I remarked to the man on my right. We had no idea how long it would be until Wednesday 13 would be on and the venue was already full of smoke from the machines onstage. It reeked of sweat and artificial fog — little did I know that the wait would be so worth it.



Photo by Victoria Drews

Wednesday 13 loomed over the crowd as he sang down on the crowd.

Clackamas Print

In what turned out to be one of the best performances I've ever seen, Wednesday 13 took no time completely blowing me off my feet. In the most impressive way possible, Wednesday 13 delivered the hardcore horror gore metal performance of my dreams. Anyone that knows me knows how highly I regard Marilyn Manson as a singer/songwriter, artist, and celebrity; Wednesday 13, unknown to me before the show, gave a performance in roughly 40 minutes that made me sit back and think about the fact that I felt like I had just witnessed the 1990s Marilyn Manson/Alice Cooper/Rob Zombie/Misfits combination act of my wildest dreams.



Photo by Liam Wolf

Wednesday 13 dressed as the devil to perform a few songs.

Unsettling drooling, grueling growling vocals about all manners of gothic grossness, body paint covered "worms" and a murderous stage act worthy of being called

performance art are what set Wednesday 13 apart from the rest of the show. In a fantastic marriage of visuals and timing, Wednesday 13 immediately shot to the top of my personal top-five favorite artists. I played with the slimy body paint covered "worm" in my pocket that I caught at the end of Wednesday 13's set. Covered in color-changing body paint, Wednesday 13 writhed around on stage, rubbing the "worms" around on his chest, biting into fistfuls of them and tossing them into the crowd of excited rockers with his teeth before they took leave of the stage.

When the Wednesday 13 madness was cleared off the stage, and new setlists were pasted on the floor, the crowd began to push inward in anticipation of the main event; the Goth 'n' Roll legends we'd all come to see — The 69 Eyes — were somewhere in the building, getting ready to finish out the show.

The five men filtered on stage and the crowd roared back to life after the lengthiest intermission of the night; clad head-to-toe in black leather, lead vocals Jyrki 69, bassist Archzie, and guitarists Bazie and Timo-Timo all wore matching black leather jackets and vests printed front and back with crisp white torso and arm bones — as usual, drummer Jussi 69 wore leather pants, shoes, and nothing more.

"Jussi is a show all by himself."

The 69 Eyes kicked off their set with a classic rock anthem off their latest album, West End. "Two Horns Up" sounds and feels electric from the very beginning, with the lines "Two horns up/Never let it go/You got a gift of life/Never live it slow," repeated in the chorus, the song hits hard and fast, making you feel like you're imbued with all the electricity and power used to power the lights, speakers and instruments on stage. Overall, The 69 Eyes offered a wonderful setlist that smoothly blended their newer music with the songs we all know and love from the '90s and 2000s.

Though I went to the show specifically to see The 69 Eyes —

and I didn't walk away disappointed by their performance in the least — at the end of the day, Wednesday 13 gave the Hawthorne the command performance of the evening.

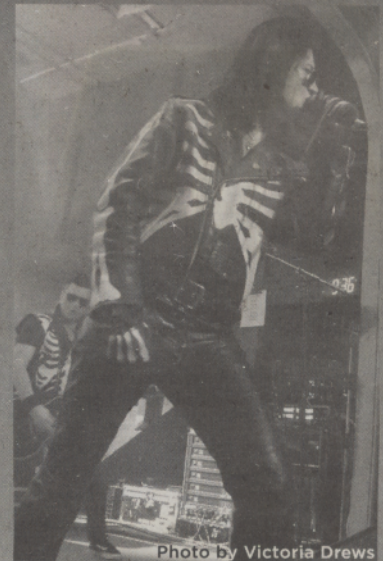


Photo by Victoria Drews

Jyrki 69, wearing his infamous skeleton-painted leather jacket.

Walking out into the frigid night after the show felt like emerging into a new life. The voice coming out of me was a hoarse crackle and the stiffness in my neck and shoulders rivaled the jerky rigidity of the infamous Frankenstein monster; squealing ringing set in quickly as icy wind blew the sticky hair away from my face and behind me in a furious tangle.

If you missed the show this time around, have no fear — The 69 Eyes posted on social media the day that they were supposed to be in Seattle, saying they would be returning in the fall to make up the missed show (and to tell their Seattle fans they would receive a full refund.) I can only hope that means that The 69 Eyes will be back for a whole tour, and not just to make up for the cancellation — especially if they come back with Wednesday 13.