



**BLACK**  
monday

babyland

wire

ipecac loop

society burning

tom thumb

type-o negative

psychic tv

spahn ranch

christian death

dead letter office

negativland

this ascension

sunshine blind

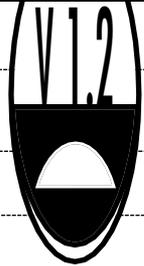
idiot stare

king crimson

kevorkian death cycle

and...

hostess twinkie tells a tale!



**King Crimson: *Thrak***

[global discipline]

Wow! They're back! The volatile combination of Robert Fripp and Adrian Belew. The end result being *Thrak*, the latest album by **King Crimson**. Retaining the same hardcore experimental spirit from their art-rock beginnings in 1969, K.C. show how time and patience can result in near perfection.

Rejoined by Tony Levin (stick & bass), Bill Bruford (drums), Pat Mastelotto (percussion), and new comer Trey Gunn (stick & touch guitar), **King Crimson** deliver pounding, erratic, rhythmic assaults to one's psyche with tracks such as *Vroom*, *Thrak*, and *B'boom*. Heavy calculated leads from Fripp meet the pounding double stick attack of Levin & Gunn, counteracted by the erratic whammy of guitarist, Belew. But be warned, this is a musicians album (definitely not for the closed minded). It's not 'goth,' nor 'metal' nor 'ambient,' but you might find some like elements. You may even see why they have influenced so many people for the past 27 years! So, in conclusion, if you love music at its finest and purest artistic aspect, *Thrak* is a worthy listen. Embrace the music, challenge your mind. (Steve Piscione)

**Society Burning: *Entropy Lingua***

[Re-Constriction]

*Entropy Lingua* is the remix cd for **Society Burning's** upcoming full-length release *Tactiq*. I'm not sure why they decided to release the remix cd first but it does build my anticipation for the album.

Out of *Entropy Lingua's* 8 tracks, only three have multiple versions; two versions of *Awaken* and three versions of *Waster*. I was glad to see that they spread out the songs so as not to bore people with three versions of a song back to back. The remixes are different enough to keep the listener's interest but the songs have not been changed beyond recognition.

Seibold of **Hate Dept.**, who does three of the mixes, slips a lot of cool electronics into the songs and really leaves his mark on them. Chad Bishop from **Idiot Stare** turns *Waster* into a raw landscape of scrap metal whereas **Alien Faktor** takes the song in a completely different, suspenseful direction.

*Entropy Lingua* manages to give us a sample of the upcoming **Society Burning** cd as well as showcase the talents of the remixers. [Jennifer Barnes]

**Society Burning: *Entropy Lingus***

[re-constriction]

This is the obligatory remix ep, yet this time it comes before the album, which I find slightly annoying, specially since it's the debut cd release from the band. We hear others' interpretations of their songs before we even have a good feel for the band themselves. Well, enough complaining, cuz I'd have to say I like this release and band.

**Society Burning's** sound is very similar to that of much of the current California scene, though they are from Denver. This band/release fits well

**BOL: *Hate Breeds Hate***

[gonzo!]

This is the debut cd released from ex-**Kevorkian Death Cycle** member Rob Robinson and Basham. And I must say that this is one caustic listen. At first I found this album rather hard to listen to straight thru, due to the disjuncted beats/noise and grating vocals. But after awhile, the different elements began to make sense and I could better appreciate the songs.

**BOL's** formula is a dual vocal attack (and yes, 'attack' is a good word of choice!) with tons of sequencing, sampling, and synthesizing going on. Their sound source choices are often harsh and quirky, i.e., mixing a hard synth bass with big band and cursing noise samples, all with deviated babblings thrown atop.

The only really horrid track is *Animal Infallible*, which, while not only having the dumbest

lyrics/vocals on the album, it also is a recycled **Kevorkian Death Cycle** song, *Martyr*, which was one of their most dynamic songs, that's why I just can't listen to this track. Otherwise *Hate Breeds Hate* is a good album, with quality songs such as, *Sulfur and Gasoline*, *My Type*, and *It's Your Fault*.

Seibold of **Hate Dept.** did a slick job producing this release, with my only true complaint being the shitty guitar he put in the remix of *Tension Upon Tension*. [gair]

**Idiot Stare: *Blinded***

[Bodybag/Metropolis]

This is the debut release from the former **STG** members Chad Bishop and Bruce King, along with David Ivy and guest appearances by other ex-**STG** types and Mitchell Sigman of **Minus Sign**. This is a very strong first release with 10 songs and 2 instrumentals and even has killer artwork by John Bergin. neat!

The sound is very hard and extremely textured. Lots of synth programming, dance beats and nicely processed guitars, none dominating the mix thanks to the well done production/mixing job by the boys themselves. The style is both very similar to **STG** and yet very different, adding and building upon themes and structures previously introduced in their writing style. This release should appeal to fans of industrial, metal and electro-industrial.

The only real set-back of the album are the vocals. There is a certain dynamic missing that often makes the vocals seem lackluster and stale. This doesn't occur on every track, but many have this feeling. [gair]

the usual anecdotes will not be appearing in this particular volume of b/m magazine due to the lack of time, laziness, and other purely selfish reason. you may, however, write your own anecdotes if you wish! cooooo!!!!

with the Re-Constriction roster. Lots of dense programs mixed with guitars and sung/screamed vocals. Angst just seems to drip from every song.

**The Idiot Stare** and **Apparatus** mixes stand out as well-produced, noisy dance and coldwave tracks, respectively, and are my fave tracks. The rest of the songs are all quality, with the exception of Seibold of **Hate Dept.**'s mix of *Awaken* which adds this horrible (similar to his remix of **BOL.**'s *Tension Upon Tension*) guitar in the chorus. Other mixers include **Drown** and **Alien Faktor**, there's also one original mix.

I'll have to say that no song on this disc even touches their track on the *Thugs 'N Kisses* comp. *Human Waste*: look for that to be featured on the full length, *Tactiq*, coming out soon. [gair]

### **Kevorkian Death Cycle:**

#### *Collection for Injection*

[ras dva]

Well, I'm gonna try and pretend that I never heard these songs before, as 95% of the album comes from the band's self-released and GPC tapes.

This is a great debut release from a strong and promising band. Not too much I can compare them to; harsh, noisy, electronics throbbing with Ryan Gribin's distinctive vocals writhing along and some guitar tossed around. *Kill for Christ*, *Spring Heel Jack* and *Send Me the Machine* stand out as excellent tracks, each with their own unique offering.

The only bad thing I have to say about this cd is that the new tracks feature a more straight forward electro-type sound, which, while not that bad, leaves the band not as distinctive as their previous material made them. I feel that the absence of sample-meister Rob Robinson from **KDC** is truly being felt. I hope their next, truer, full length, *Babylon*, will not continue too much in the straight electro-vein, as I believe their forte lies in the more adventurous. [gair]

### **Whore: various artist play...**

[twmm]

Which version of this review should I write? 21 songs by 21 artists interpreting one artist, **Wire**.

Appropriately, the compilation begins with *40 Versions* recreated by **Godflesh**. The song is unmistakably **Godflesh** while at the same time being unmistakably the **Wire** tune. How is that possible? And the quite amazing feat is that most of the 21 bands/artists manage to accomplish this. **Lush** follows with a very happy boppy and ever friendly *Mannequin*. **Kustomized**, which features Peter Prescott of **Mission Of Burma** and **Volcano Suns**, presents a rocking twist to the punk *Question Of Degree*. **Band Of Susans** puts female vocals to *Ahead* and brings a '90's slant of layered noisy melody. Martin Atkins performs with Mark Spybey (of **Zoviet France** and **Dead Voices On Air**), Curse Mackey (**Evil Mothers**) and Eric Pounder (**Lab Report**), as **SPASM**. They turn *12XU* into a percussive, minimal piece that brings to mind someone singing in a whisper doing a silly dance while banging away at a drum kit. Quite brilliant! Chris Connelly turns *A Mutual Friend* into acapella opera with whistling, harmonica and clanking keys in the background. It's beautifully hilarious. Ogre

(**Skinny Puppy** plus various side projects), William Rieflin (**Ministry**, **Revoluting Cocks**), and Mark Walk (**studio god of Pigface** and collaborator with Lesley Rankine's **Ruby**) joined up to thrash *Our Swimmer*. My ever so biased favorite. The song becomes an electronic pummeling of Roxy music! Ogre singing about Bryan Ferry, only **Wire** could make him do it!

Mike Watt, **My Bloody Valentine** and Lee Ranaldo are also among the appearing artists. The CD definitely runs the gamut of music genres and shows the variety of those that have been influenced by **Wire**. Perhaps the seemingly random variety and the twists which these artists place on their interpretations makes the album one which takes a few listens. The artwork is gorgeous. Remember Third Mind Records and all the **Frontline Assembly** covers which were done at that time? The same artist, David **Copenhagen** (please check!!!!) lends his brilliant photography and graphic design to *Whore*. The liner notes are quotes from most of the bands describing why they choose to contribute and, in most cases, why they picked a particular song. The quotes and stories are definitely worth a read, it may help provide a context. (P.S. It's the tribute that isn't!) [hostess twinky]

### **Ipecac Loop: eX**

[fifth colvmm]

A mysterious encounter . . . That is *Ex*. At first I found musician Cameron Lewis' musical prowess slightly minimal. Almost too much of nothing. That's about when I discovered the joy of *Ex*. The minimalized orchestrations are just that, orchestrated musical jaunts into a dark wood, the sun glitter obscured. The path you travel cringing before your footfall. Then, as you corner beyond a rather ominous hedge, is a grassy knoll. This is **Ipecac Loop** (to me). Never is there a sense of sickness, only a glimmer of light. *Backbreaker* is by far the masterpiece, acting in total disregard to its title. *Ripped Psyche* would have been a fine title, if I say so (and I do). Ah, yes, the minimalism, not as Mr. Lewis would have you like you to believe. The layering and technique are really quite wonderful, as I hope will be realized further in future projects. [dEan]

### **Christian Death: Death Mix**

[cleopatra]

I found it rather difficult to write this review. ACK! I even tried pawning the responsibility elsewhere! However, gullible there was naught to be found. Soooo, not to drag this on and on, this particular cd stinks something fierce. Enough said, yes? [dEan]

# HOSTESS

vlniwt

## Tells A Tale

TYPE-O NEGATIVE was scheduled to perform at the Trocadero, Monday April 15th, 1996. The opening act was LIFE OF AGONY. Doors opened at 7 PM and the show was to start at 8 PM. Why anyone thought the vampires would come out that early is without all wisdom! However it was an all ages show, preceding the usual Monday night dance club *Death Guild*. I arrived at 8:15 PM to find that the show had been canceled. A friend, whom I was going to meet, arrived a half an hour prior and found out what was TYPE-O NEGATIVE's damage. "Why was the show canceled?" he asked the doorman. "The record company received their new album (that the tou would promote, obviously) and they thought it was shit, so they sent them back into the studio." (Buzzkill!) My friend replied, "All three of the last albums were shit, (that's the point)." Yes, but even given all the *Black Dye No. 1*, you can't go out because your roots are showing.

### TYPE-O NEGATIVE

lhostess twinky/

No apologies required because v1.1 was not late. **Black Monday** is clever enough to not tell you when to expect another issue. HA! Giggle. What does this issue contain? Obviously, you are holding it in your hand so I will let you read it yourself rather than presenting some grandiose summary of the pages that follow (preceed). ACK. Some news? **Sheep On Drugs** rules! Yeah, well that's not news. However, they are touring this summer. YIPPEE! I saw their last show in LA; amazing. Despite all jaded cynism regarding the current state of concerts, you must go see **Sheep On Drugs!** No west coast dates, as of yet, I guess? Their most recent release have been on thier own label (I would snag all the junk you can at their shows, otherwise plan a trip to London!). **Das Ich** (thank goodness I got to write it because I always pronounce it wrong, silly me) is supposedly planning a tour this summer. More imports that are impossible to find! Happy Day!

Ok, now for the real story...

Once upon a time, there was a little boy, age 6, who sat in his chair upside-down with his head on the ground. All the blood rushed to his head and made him dizzy. He thought about being a bat because then he could hang upside-down for as long as he wanted. His mother was worried, but he just laughed. "At least I'm not trying to do one-handed cartwheels, I could break my neck doing that, you know." Right. So he stomped off to Industrial-land where all the boys have wombs and the gift of creation is far beyond virtual...

[T o b e g u n i t n o c e d q t ] t i n u e d

the earthlings shall pay!!! <sup>004</sup> /v

lhostess twinky/

# TY-O

I saw **BABYLAND** in Baltimore on April 3 and it was incredible, so good in fact that I drove up to Philadelphia a couple days later to see them play there. A **BABYLAND** show is ultra-intense. They take 35 minutes and pack as much energy as possible into it, with no break in the energy. According to Dan Gato, "When you play live you kind of owe something to your audience if people are going to come see you. It's a performance and to go and stand up there behind your keyboards and not move, I don't know how much of a performance that is, I don't know how much people can really get from that."

**DAN:** "It's strange when people expect that from you. They expect this destruction, and total chaos. It's kind of weird, it makes you not want to do it. At the same time with stuff like fire and things that break it's us releasing energy, and it adds to the energy of the show. It's kind of like an expression of..."

**SMITH:** "It's elemental, fire is matter in this process of change. That's the instant... something can only burn once and then it's ash and it's kind of neat. It's intense for that reason. Plus it looks real good."

**DAN:** "It's our light show."

**SMITH:** "It's a great quality of light and you can rely on it, it's not gonna blow a fuse or burn out. It's neat. That's the degree to which we use fire at this point. Not to, like, terrify people or amaze people. It's not flash pots, it's not Kiss, it's not some huge thing."

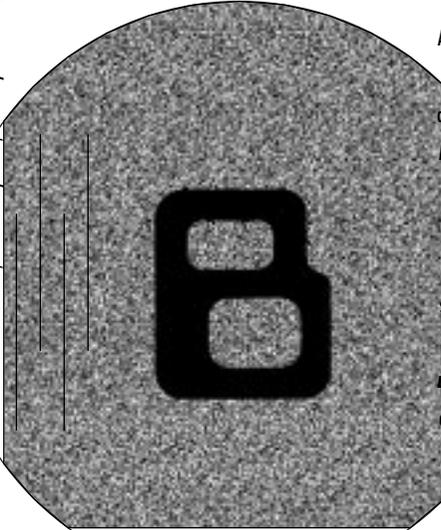
**BABYLAND** also uses a motorcycle helmet with a mic attached to it which allows Dan to go into the crowd, spray cinnamon smelling air freshener, and get in the faces of the people hanging back. What it all comes down to is

I'd have to say that this was one of the most intense shows you could imagine emitting from two people. Dan Gato and Smith ripped thru about an hour of material with a bar-rel pounding, computer blipping, teracryl! From the polit-punk of *Plain Talk* to the drone of *A Slow Newsday* and the ever so beautiful beating of *Worst Case Scenario*, which totally brought the crowd (yes, crowd!) alive with energy, it was fun for all.

They kept their material more on the faster, harder edge with some mid-tempo tracks interspersed, and they only did songs from their 2nd and 3rd albums, *A Total Let-Down* and *Who's Sorry Now*, plus one new one that sounded vaguely like it might've been a cover. No fan of their cd's would have been disappointed; they represented the material well.

The overall sound and show quality was really very good; they had all the right factors: fire, screaming, noisy found percussion, and a macintosh! The two man crew assault was very well executed; I've seen far, far more boring shows with five band members.

While certain employees of the club proved themselves to be assholes, the club definitely fit the band well, just the right size and atmosphere. I recommend that anyone who has the chance to see **BABYLAND** live to definitely do so - cuz they fuck shit up! [guitar]



They definitely take this philosophy to heart. Smith jumps between the metal barrels and pipes of his drum set going nuts while Dan hops around the stage screaming out the lyrics and doing his crazy dance. But don't let them fool you, it is not total chaos. As Smith says, "What's happened over the last couple years is a real streamlining, a real efficiency has taken place, to sort of become less a theatrical display of strange things and actually a reasonably tight, functioning musical band. The music has taken over from where previously it was like, 'Oh these are a bunch of people who come out and jump around and scream and light things on fire.'" Now we actually come out and try to play SONGS.

However, the visual aspect of the performance is still very important and quite stunning. During *Dismissal* Smith climbs on top of his drums with a sander and applies it to a metal barrel showering the crowd with sparks. Later on, during *Worst Case Scenario*, they light a flair and pour rubbing alcohol on it for an eerie bonfire effect. When asked about the use of fire they explained it like this:

**SMITH:** "Sure, we've burned ourselves, we've cut ourselves, we've smashed fingers and bumped our heads a lot but... it happens. We kind of lose control, we go nuts... on a good night."

that live performance is a big part of the **BABYLAND** experience. Dan describes it like this, "Our live performance kind of helps complete the whole picture for people. They listen to our records and they go, 'OK I kind of get what they're about, I don't know.' And then they go see us and they go 'Ah'. And then they can go back and they listen to the records and they put the whole thing together." I definitely think this is true. There are **BABYLAND** songs, such as *Dismissal* and *Plain Talk* which have way more impact live. Naturally *Worst Case Scenario* is nothing short of devastating live and *Double Coupon*, the song they did for the **DOOM GENERATION** soundtrack, is also really great.

For those of you that were bummed out that **BABYLAND** could not make it to Chicago, don't worry, they said Chicago is one of the places they definitely won't miss next time around.

[**BABYLAND** interview conducted by] Jennifer Barnes and John Lawson]

[Article written by] Jennifer Barnes]

**BABYLAND IN NORTH CAROLINA**

On March 30th, **BABYLAND** blasted through the up and coming underground scene in Fayetteville, North Carolina, and proceeded to assault Wilmington the very next night. I had such a blast at the first show, I drove two hours to Wilmington the following night to conduct an interview with them. **BABYLAND** delivers an impressive performance! Fire, machinery, air freshener, and industrial noise-making at it's purest.

After a crowd pleasing set from Redrum out of Atlanta, **BABYLAND** began piling their accoutrements on the stage to the sounds of *Dessau's* version of *New Order's* "Isolation." Percussion man Smith tested various parts and pieces for sound, peaking the curiosity of the crowd. The folks in the Fayetteville scene are a very reserved group of people, and many had never heard the music of **BABYLAND** before, but the time had arrived and they were hungry to be exposed to the more vast depths of the underground.

The direct pre-show music was a tape, *Sound of the Swamp*, Cajun flavored Southern funk music, played on Smith's insistence. And then? Smack!!!! We are shown the true face of **BABYLAND**. Gary Numan retrospective meets Repo-man style punk. Like you're standing in a back alley in a what could be our present state of the world? ultimate trash. Smith is an adorable psycho, raging and banging on the metal oil drums, his mop of hair flopping wildly about his face. The metal loopy thing rising out of the center of the stage rocks and vibrates madly each time he attacks. Henry Rollins and Douglas McCarthy have got

nothing on the singer, Dan, whose black grease-painted head tops a small, muscular frame wired with explosive energy. Oh, speaking of explosive, at one point, the boys toss an oil drum out onto the floor, douse it with gasoline, and ignite it. Actually, there quite a bit of pyrotechnics happening throughout the show, but it's all very unglamorous and deliciously raw, as honest as the sweat flying off the face," responding to the request of management that the pyrotechnics be halted. (A fire alarm had been set off?! God forbid!) The show suffered little for this, however, as Dan and Smith pounded and hollered on. Dan joined in on the percussion a few times, (making me vividly aware of how he got such nicely built arms) pummeling an oil drum in time with Smith. After the show, the crowd was excited, impressed, and a bit dazed, I think. In Wilmington, where the venue was smaller and the crowd more intimate, **BABYLAND** had more chance to confront the people and garner some direct reaction. The size of the club was a hindrance to the sound of the show, but not the performance. I hope that the next time I'm in California, **BABYLAND** appreciates audience interaction; they are so up front and down there doing a show somewhere with the amount of peak performance they delivered to a mel-low, albeit appreciative, crowd in the South; I can barely imagine how explosive they must be when playing to a thrashing California crowd of sweat and flesh!

There are three distinct aspects to **BABYLAND**— their studio work, their live performance, and their non-working personas. While not everyone may have the opportunity to experience Smith and Dan in conversation, it is certainly a pleasure to be an audience piece of their live show. [Misty Dawn]

**Spahn Ranch:**

[cleopatra]

EEK! Forget the 'live' interpretations of \_\_\_\_\_. Why? They will leave a taste quite horrid if you do NOT. Why would you even consider buying this disc, then!? Oh my... Birmingham 6 and \_\_\_\_\_ remix \_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_ with a fervour unlike any spreading plague you may have encountered. Ok? Got it? Good! Now, shut-up and play... (hurry up!) [dEan]

(oh my! i lost this disc, that should answer your question in regards to the blank spaces)

**Psychic T.V.:** *Cold Blue Torch*

[cleopatra]

Neat! Another Psychic T.V. cd! Remixes at that! WOW! [dEan]

**Dead Letter Office:** *None*

[none]

I've always enjoyed no-budget base-ment productions. No, I'm not being sarcastic! Just read, ok? Please? Thank you.... There's a certain charm about this tape. Sure, it's not great, but that's what makes **Dead Letter Office** so strong! It's a bit like **Dr. Who**, minimal special effects, but dern if it ain't got a high dose of intellect and/or an intense honesty. **DLO** are what they are, and have no pretenses. [dEan]

**comin soon!**

[december] [winds died down]

[mind/body 3] [moonshine] [battery]

*[this list is by no means inclusive]*



**NEGATIVLAND** at the Trocadero, San Francisco, Thursday, April 11th, was all that you'd expect . . . completely unpredictable. Performed entirely spontaneously with everyone on the stage at once, the evening lived up to its title: *Premeditated Breakdown*. Craig Baldwin provided cinematic visuals while DJs' *hardkiss brothers* (Scott and Gavin Hardkiss) and *Space Time Continuum*'s Johan Sharp provided the dance/ techno/ rave backdrop to **NEGATIVLAND** noise, airwaves static and samples. The DJs also created transitions for the set that never ended. The show began at 9:30 PM with a member of **NEGATIVLAND** announcing that they would improvise for the next 5 hours (I didn't quite last the full 5 hours, so I don't know if they kept their word).

**THE STAGE:** *The Weatherman* was the guest extraordinaire! He hasn't performed with **NEGATIVLAND** in 10 years. *The Weatherman* supplied vocals to most of the "tracks" (it could be said that it was just one long track!). The first story/song started out with *The Weatherman* saying, through a distorting mic, "Let's suppose you're in Contra Costa County and you're watching the Playboy Channel and you're just about to have an orgasm when WHAM! there's this horrible noise. WHAM! There's that awful noise again." All the while, *The Weatherman* is turning knobs on a gadget that creates the most beautifully ugly airwaves static. He informs the audience that he's just tuned into Channel 29 and the story continues . . . *The repairman* sent to fix the static on ~~Simon Lane~~ arrives but is unable to fix that awful noise and the story repeats... There was another very similar tale about an hour and a half later, ~~180 & The Letter G~~. Those of you familiar with **NEGATIVLAND** know the love relationship (like a hated cousin) they have for the number 2 and the letter U.

The show was utterly lush and melodic dissonance. There were a few lulls however when the DJs turned the club into a house party. The visuals definitely stayed off boredom creeping in too quickly. There were 3 full sets of 3 film projectors and 2 slide projectors. Images were projected on huge white panels that encompassed the majority of wall space.

The images included old black and white films (some old factory/tech 50's (?) films too), a 'how to perform CPR' documentary, operations, old space and monster movies plus a gazillion more that all moved and pulsed to the beat. One of the most memorable images was a little girl putting hair spray on a chicken that she had placed in front of a doll's mirror. The film loops repeated fairly regularly but the large number, the rhythm, and the overlapping of images made for complete sensory overload.

Great samples were offered by a **NEGATIVLAND** member playing carts, those goofy tapes used by radio stations. The intro contained a male vocal loop ~~No Brain~~ and ~~The Mind Is A Symbolic Processing Unit~~. Other fine tid-bits were a commercial sounding ~~Now's the time, you've got 48 hours to save a lot of money~~ and a fuzzy hacked up ~~Rocketman~~ by *The Beatles* layered over a techno beat. *Pet Shop Boys* made a brief appearance via one of the DJs. It was a minimal, despite multiple layers, improvised noise rave. Also on stage were 2 **NEGATIVLAND** keyboardists who also functioned as guitar player and bass player respectively. At one point in the show, they all started saying that there was a technical difficulty, a very high pitch saying (obviously unintended). An audience member yelled out that it was the disco mirror ball. *The Weatherman* replied, "Oh the one from the cocksucker Rolling Stone tour?"

**NEGATIVLAND** was, of course, brilliant in their deconstruction of a typical concert. However, after 1 and 1/2 hours, the Troc didn't seem quite as filled as it had been upon arrival. Perhaps if I had gone expecting to dance my ass off, rather than going to witness a show, I could have been engaged for the full 5 hours. I left wishing that **NEGATIVLAND** had left me first, wanting more. [hostess twinky]

*i had intended to include the almost complete negativland DISCOgraphy, however, it would take a years supply of black monday magazine to render it in whole, therefore, please contact marc planguet via at231@yn.ytu.edu to receive a email version or, if you ask kindly, black monday will more than gladly send you a printed copy!!!*

*is that keen or what!*

*. . . what . . .  
. . . umm, be quiet, larry . . .*

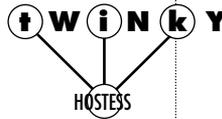
negativland

look! a martian!! VIII<sup>008</sup>

here you are, my love . . .

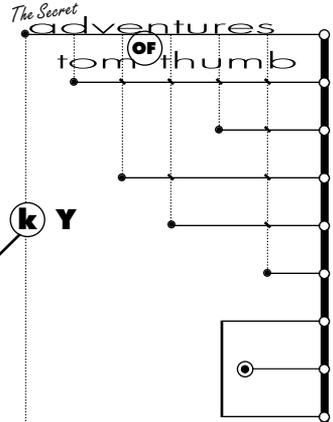
# ascension

On Saturday, April 27th at the Trocadero (where else?!), I subjected myself to an evening of creepy crawly gothdome. Actually, "The Nave" as the evening was called, turned out to include a very capable and engaging performance by This Ascension. The line up was Sunshine Blind, This Ascension and Michael Ashton of Gene Loves Jezebel. Darkwave-gothic dance was provided by DJ's X and Rick of Roderick's Chamber and House Of Usher (two goth danceclubs in SF, the later is closed). Sunshine Blind has their lights triggered to the beats of their songs (I had to put my sunglasses on), a somewhat clever stage trick. Musically, SB is talented yet Sisters of Mercy fronted by Souxsie is their basic sound. The lead singer has a voice that reminds me of Pat Benatar (sp? ooooo- I love being the writer because then I get to spell everything wrong and you can fix it! (ha! so you think . . . - the editor . . . NARF!), why I don't know ("Love Is A Battlefield"). When I saw Sunshine Blind in So. Cal., opening for Cindytalk at the Showcase Theater, SB ended their set with Flock of Seagulls' "I Ran." It was amazingly silly (and more original than anything else I've heard them do).



This Ascension has a very intense and skilled singer, Dru. She could put a few opera singers to shame! There was not any huge discrepancy between the quality of their live performance and that of their recordings (as is often the case with many current artists, especially in the electronic vein). The band included a percussionist who played bongos of some sort, hand held cymbals, and lots of cool other percussion toys that I am too ignorant to name. This Ascension managed to sound lush, dense, multilayered without being cluttered, and entirely beautiful without losing intensity. Michael Ashton completed the show, literally. He asked, "It's been eight years since I've been on a stage in this city. Did you miss me?" "Um," many in the audience looked at each other, confused, a few uttered a half-heart "Yeah" which sounded more like "Sure, whatever." Ashton sang his first song accompanied only by piano (keyboards), maybe if there had been a baby grand it would have been... well, no, that would have been more cheesy. It sounded like lounge goth blues. Hey, hey! It's a new genre! The lyrics included one sad and pathetic story after another, one in which he stated something to the effect of take pity "I'm getting kind of old." HEL-LO, you aren't supposed to admit you're a has-been when you're trying to make a come back! Ashton has an incredible voice but even with a full band behind him, he sounded pained and drained.

So should This Ascension visit your town, I would definitely recommend slinking your way over to their show. Perhaps we need to just wait a few years for Michael Ashton to become a really bitter old man, so then he could perform with more intensity and greater spontaneity. ○-----



● A plate full of live fish, the size of sardines. Tom's Mother stabs one, cuts it in half and eats it as another fish flip flops off the plate and onto the table. The Secret Adventures Of Tom Thumb provided new images to define Surreal. The music was created and performed by John Paul Jones. The hour long film, directed by Dave Borthwick, UK, 1993; was a brilliantly twisted, apocalyptic take on the classic fairy tale. A horror film without much blood or guts and special effects that were convincing. Imagine the weirdest person you can think of (or Rob Zombie; any sick, grimy, cartoonist human will do), then have them write a children's story which you dream while sleeping in a garbage can in an alley in the worst part of town. Enter Tom Thumb. His Mother took insemination drugs which were contaminated by a dead insect (at the factory). Tom Thumb fits in the palm of her hand. Thumb gets confiscated by evil laboratory agents (genetic control, no doubt). He manages to escape to a dump where there is a little village of people his size. He finally meets up with his Father; his Mother in the meantime has died. The two are hardly long reunited when his Father gets into a fight and is killed. In the end, Thumb breaks into the laboratory, shutting down their life draining gizmo and is reunited with both parents, having been reborn to normal human scale.

Ah, Happy virtual ending! The images throughout are rich and wild, the plot marvelous. The dialog is not worth commenting on because it's entirely minimal (the grumbles may make good samples nevertheless). The Secret Adventures Of Tom Thumb is comparable to the French films Delicatessen and The City of Lost Children, although ...Tom Thumb is of slightly higher caliber. If you can find this film, see it!



**:NOTES:**

DEAN  
editor, publisher, designer  
HOSTESS TWINKY  
writer  
<purely brilliant... love>

GAIR  
writer  
<MARK8163@mars.rowan.edu>

JENNIFER BARNES  
writer  
<electronic music columnist for  
the melodia and band member  
of dead letter office>  
<feisuo@wam.umd.edu>

JOHN LAWSON  
writer  
<jennifer barnes assistant!>

MISTY DAWN  
writer  
<batcave@fay.infn.net (cyberbat)>

FUTURE ISSUES OF BLACK MONDAY  
of skin and saliva  
16 volt  
frontline assembly  
ipecac loop  
cop international  
more words  
more pages  
more hope

CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOME  
please send all editorial/art  
for consideration to:  
black monday magazine  
666 central avenue #3a  
Highland Park, Illinois 60035  
847 432/3532  
numbabyss@aol.com

<black monday is a free>  
<publication, however, we>  
<rely on your contributions>  
<and donations to keep>  
<the legend alive>

ADVERTISING  
if only there were room...

THANK YOU...  
marc church  
in perpetual motion magazine

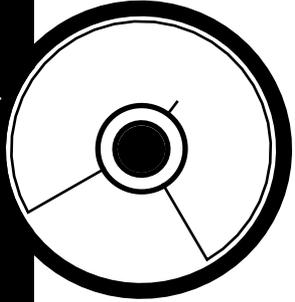
jeff kurze  
zishivax magazine  
(zishivax@aol.com)

pat schenning, bob kwiatkowi, scary lady  
sarah and neo, zachariah turball, mom, dad,  
sis, ethan berger and those i've forgotten...

<black monday is constructed>  
<utilizing macintosh quadra 660uv>  
<quark xpress/photoshop>  
<illustrator/treehand/etc>

© 1996 why monday? productions

...another day, hope rises,  
and black monday is there...



.....  
..... a great big howdy and  
.....

.....  
..... a gracious thank you  
.....

.....  
..... to everyone who's  
.....

.....  
..... interest was piqued  
.....

.....  
..... enough to request a  
.....

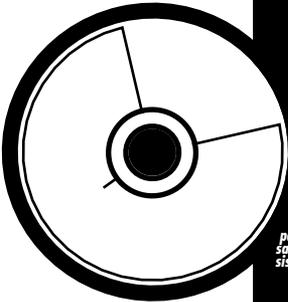
.....  
..... copy of b/m magazine.  
.....

.....  
..... i love you!  
.....

.....  
..... especially mary . . .  
.....

.....  
..... but that's a secret!  
.....

(shhhhhhhh!)





BLACK MONDAY **v1.2** 666 CENTRAL AVENUE HIGHLAND PARK ILLINOIS 60035