

**AEPRIL SCHAILE/AMBER SPY-GLASS/LILAC AMBUSH/BY BLOOD ALONE**

**Geno's**

**March 4, 2005**

Ghoul's night out? Actually, it was a make-up show for a gig in January that got cancelled by yet another snow-storm in this behemoth of a winter. The theme was "goth" for want of a better word—that is, all the acts on the bill possessed a "dark" quality—but then again, everything is dark at Geno's. It wasn't quite the apocalypse—but almost for Geno's as the basement club is closing in a couple of weeks.

The gig was most important for presenting the Portland debut of the amazing Aepril Schaile, whose turbulent destructo-cabaret was the sheerest spectacle many of the Geno's crowd had seen in many nocturnes. Aepril doesn't just summon the dark spirits—she calls them up from the flaming embers of hell and kicks their asses. Assisted by her happy-go-lucky troupe of fellow morticians, Mike Mazzenga (Mr. Schaile to you) on drums and Jerusha Robinson on cello, Aepril's odes to our demise aren't so much mournful as they are a maelstrom of ENERGY that has no "right" or "wrong," like the recent tsunami. When Aepril is bellowing into the microphone in a voice that sounds like Grace Slick mated with the engine of a DC47, and hammering the shit out of her keyboard with no remorse, it's the white-hot boiling point beyond good n' evil. What's amazing however, since her voyage is being carried out at w/ an intensity that would BURN most mortals, is how in synch her accomplices are with her satanic glee. Mazzenga masterminds a completely mesmerizing cycle of mallet wallop, while Robinson somberly sits and adds subtle undertow to the whole maelstrom. File under: "Dark circles in the dark."



**AEPRIL SCHAILE**

**PHOTO:MARGA BLUE**