

Knowledge without application, is
intellectual poverty. (Pops, 1977)

News for Vampyrum Publicity Customers - May 1999

In This Issue: Coal Chamber's Vivacious Rayana

Glass ~ stage presence . . .

*Sepultura,
SkinLab, Pissing
Razors, Dying Fetus,
Spine, No Potential,
Maven, Deceased's
"Living Undead
Machines", Zaxx,
Jaxx, Zakk and
SCRUB, have we
GONEMAD?*

From sunny Florida's northern tip, come five talented and charismatic artists, including instruments, merchandise and their Manager, Lisa Armstrong of Second Nature Entertainment, touring the US promoting their new CD *Planet 9* (896 Records). Traveling means bringing their motel, Hotel Vandura, an extended van crammed to the gills and dependable. This is GONEMAD, and Pops Stentor looks at Mr. Puzzle Pops and The Professor for a thumbs-up or -down. The nod given have we gone mad, too?

Granted the alter-egos like the band, because they're friendly, confident and professional level. Stage presence is in your face, regardless of audience size. It's no coincidence that GONEMAD and The Corner's (Concrete Marketing, Inc's innovative industry genius) radio station

continue to Chart them. Phantasmagoria (MD) was the first leg of their tour, Scrub introduced them and the hordes remained stunned as GONEMAD rocked Phantaz-world with a presence befitting any National, and a sound that is a mix of punk, hard-core with sprinkles of rap. Pop's curiosity was tweaked as he observed Craig walk off stage, seemingly checking the length of the mic cable. Why? GONEMAD caresses you, lures you in, yet it's not extreme Underground, and has a sensual edge to its groove that makes the listener want more. Trapped!

A curious signature sound, though packaged in a firecracker-like performance reminiscent of the great SNOT with legendary, Lynn Straight. Craig walks off stage and selects an innocent fan, for a sing-a-long with GONEMAD. Sweat beads down the brow of the alter-egos, not us, please, we're shy, no voice . . . whew! Then Gerald puts down his guitar, stage front and adds his flair to the songs, Craig steps back and starts playing guitar. Hardly a glitch in the switch, and similar to Baltimore's own Compression, who can tune instruments and perform without losing a beat.

The following week at The Metro (DC) and GONEMAD's set was completely different, and excellent blend of intense ass-kicking, in your face frenzy. Their set is a portion of a longer 35 song rotational set, each venue, each audience each concert is new and fresh. So don't go judging GONEMAD by one concert, and don't forget that fly paper - their spot in the set where Craig comes off stage and lures an innocent fan into a sing along.

GONEMAD understands Music Monthly's advice . . . music is a business . . ., they're business folk in every sense of the word, hard working, too. They love their music. And love sharing it - never, ever turning their backs on any audience, no matter how large or small. Each one is uniquely affected and infected, the delirium sets in ~ GONEMAD . . . has successfully ciphered Industry's elusive label recipe. The next time they're in town check them out! In the meantime pickup *Planet 9*, and check those entertainment mags for their return.

{The Professor's criticism: Rap is an exceptionally difficult genre to master vocally, to combine and mix it with the extremes. So if

it's your fare, you'd better capture its emotion and punch. If you don't, then the composition or presentation is flawed. Nonetheless, the alter-egos have gone crazy, or perhaps just scared of that special set spot, and in shock spied on the wall of a quaint venue in Murfreesboro NC, 'We Love Scrub! GONEMAD. You guessed it ~ The Tink has gone mad, too . . . Hey! Lisa? . . . have you GONEMAD' ~ e-mail toonatural@aol.com

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