

REVIEW

FEB 10th '96

FOETUS
THE MORNING GLORIES
Highbury Garage, London
Sunday, January 28

MOST ROCKING MOMENT:
A pernicious version of the Beatles' 'I Am The Walrus'.

LEAST ROCKING MOMENT:
The idiots at the back who kept screaming, "Get on with it" after every song.

BEST ONSTAGE QUOTE:
"Suck on this, squareheads" - Jim Thirwell in a rare moment of communication.

VERDICT:
Industrial punk in all its greatness.

5/5

ABOUT 25 minutes into the set, Foetus guru Jim Thirwell contemptuously lit up a cigarette and casually threw off his white jacket. It was a moment of supreme arrogance that perfectly captured the man's attitude. Thirwell simply does not care that you are hanging onto his every word. As far as he's concerned, if you've paid your money to see him... that's your problem. And it's this approach that made Thirwell and his Foetus simply awesome.

Blessed with hints of Johnny Rotten's venom and Jim Morrison's charisma, Thirwell was the perfect punk vocalist, fronting almost the perfect punk band. Forget about the Industrial, metal or alternative influences, Foetus were the living, spitting embodiment of what punk should always be about. The music was raw, savage, vitriolic. The musicians were... raw, savage, vitriolic.

Best moment of the night had to be a version of the Beatles' 'I Am The Walrus' that was so vicious, nasty and downright jagged it would probably give Paul McCartney an apopleptic fit. But this was merely the highlight of what was 75 minutes of pure punk entertainment that was given an additional edge by support trio the Morning Glories, a gloriously detuned meeting of The Presidents Of The USA, the Supersuckers and the Melvins.

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