



FOETUS

live at
Mama Kinn
& dead-on
on "Gash"

Seeing **Foetus** perform live was something I'd been debating over for a couple weeks, but the thing that finally made me go was the fact that I had a ticket voucher in hand and a strong desire to just get out and do something. And **Foetus** was just the thing to rouse any half-hearted artgeek into semi-bliss. **Mama Kinn's** was a swirling pool of people who were actually there to see **Foetus** and those who hadn't a clue. I hooked up with some dweeby cynic like me and we hung out and made comments about the

crowd, the bands and music in general, but despite our seething sarcasm, it was a pretty good night for music, but an incredible night for **Foetus**. The man himself, **Jim Thirwell**, was standing at the front of the crowd taking in the bands wearing his fly-shades and his Saturday Night Fever suit looking like he just rolled out of an El Camino with **Tom Waits** at the wheel. He was diggin' the tunes along with everyone else and no one seemed to know it was even him. (We had guessed it might've been him and I even gave him a **SPUN** promo thing just in case...)

The first band on, **Ultra Bidé** was a trio of Asian guys playing off-kilter alterna-rock with a huge amount of gusto. They had this one song that had something to do with Africa that was truly incredible... Hard, raging, nearly flawless playing by all three and the bassist (whose sole expression was that of either pure anger or he was about to keel over) played his bass with the side of a beer bottle...

The second band, **Halcion**, I wasn't exactly crazy about mostly because they filled in too many checks on the stereotype fill-in-the-blank. Female lead singer. Check. She's skinny and looks semi-Bjork-ish. Check. Hard rockin' band that could be something between **Hole** and any other power-nouveau 90's punk/rock band... You know... a bit too much of too many other things. But at least they played hard and they stuck to their 30-45 minute set. After this band, I was *more* than ready for **Foetus**... (continued>)



(more>) As **Thirwell's** backing band mounted the stage, the de-mentally strained orchestral overture to "Take It Outside Godboy" rumbled through and the crowd already knows that what is yet to come will be too good to be true. As the guitars go into full tilt, **Thirwell**, dressed in a John Travolta-/**Saturday Night Fever** white & black suit and cool 70s shades, takes over the stage with well rehearsed lounge lizard / **Tom Jones** moves as he grips the mic. As one key line in the song goes, "If you're gonna get down, get down and pray..."

The first bunch of songs all

pummel the crowd into an energetic, yet not too dangerous

pit. Yours truly was even so taken with the tunes that he was swept up into the mighty chord progressions of the single off **Gash**, "Verklemmt". (Don't ask me how to pro-

nounce that or what it means, 'cuz I don't know...) "It came down from the prophets / derived from dime store books / by day

FOETUS

I strangle chickens / trapped in my cloven hooves"

Somewhere

in there, **Jim & co.** dove right into "Mighty Whity" and eventually

slowed things down to do one of my ultimate favorite **Foetus** numbers, "I'll Meet You In Poland, Baby", which is a slowly building history lesson from World War II, sung from the perspective of ol' Hitler himself. "I tore up the Versailles Treaty / Today is the First of September / See you at your graveside baby / I'll meet you in Poland, baby"... It's a scary song, but was done well live especially with the electric violin added in there... Even the tape recordings of air raid sirens, the Hitler speech and the tribal drumming were executed with almost perfect militaristic (more>)



