

# FROM THE ROLLING STONES (BRIDGE AND TUNNEL TRAFFIC)

FOETUS/CRISIS/  
MORNING GLORIES/ELYSIAN  
FIELDS/Irving Plaza/March 12  
by Sean Coulter

NEW YORK, NY—Sitting in a sea of cars just outside the Lincoln Tunnel, I look over to my left and see the Z100 "King Kong" pickup truck. Bored as shit, I roll down the window and ask the guy in the truck what radio station he's listening to, hoping it wouldn't be Z100. After a little prodding he responds in his best imitation of the English language "what da you think, pal?"

I think, I'd probably be listening to anything but Z100, even if I was driving their truck around the city for the minimum wage he probably receives. In fact, I'd probably have the Replacements' classic *Sorry Ma, Forgot To Take Out The Trash* in the cassette player. But alas, this isn't a perfect world, so I just turned up my radio as Westerberg screamed "Johnny's Gonna Die."

As usual, I was late getting to the show, this time due to the tunnel traffic, not my own tardiness. Cruising down Irving, I found a primo spot only a block away, jumped out and hurried down to the club, walking in just as Elysian Fields were walking off the stage. What's new? I can't remember the last time I have caught an opening act.

Ten minutes and two Rolling Rocks later, I was sitting on the edge of the stage waiting for Crisis. Not knowing what to expect, I hoped their music was better than their moniker, which created the image of long haired rocker dudes singing about "hot chicks" and "smoking in the boys room."

A few minutes later, I was happily relieved as the band jumped on stage and carved out a solid hardcore foundation for the banshee-like wailing of an accomplished, yet seemingly deranged lead shrieker. Slamming full force into songs such as "Deadfall," "The Watcher" and "Bloodlines," Crisis launched body bombs to the masses, causing more than a few people to slam their bodies together to the band's psychotic sonic stew. At times, the lead vocalist reminded me of Linda Blair as she seemed to be exorcising demons, especially during their powerful closing tune "Methodology."

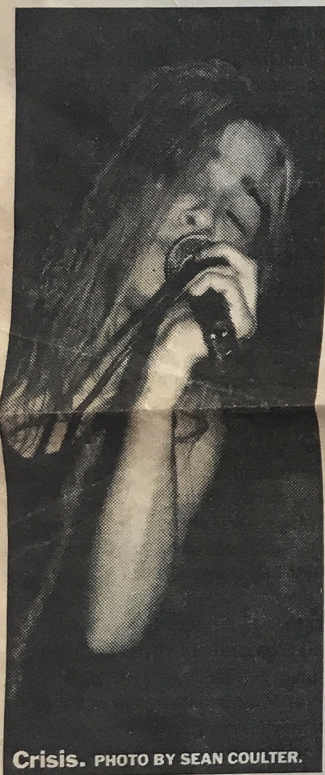
When Crisis finally did leave the stage, it was to the chant of "Fuck Foetus," which I'm sure left a curled smile upon Jim Thirlwell's lips as he sat backstage.

Morning Glories sprang into song with little fanfare and jumped right into their countrified noise rock. It was a bludgeoning, yet boring display of pummeling, propulsive energy that never fulfilled its potential due to the band's seeming disinterest in anything but their instruments. Come on people, give us a little showmanship, I could go see Rush if I wanted to see competent musicians hide their heads in their instruments. Move around a little, jump on a cymbal crash, do something.

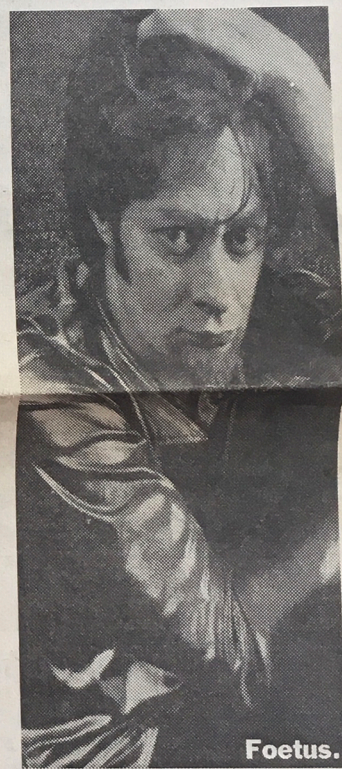
When Foetus finally walked out on stage an hour later (some of the guys from Cop Shoot Cop played a few songs inbetween), it was to rousing cheers of "Foetus for President." Hell, I'd take Thirlwell over Buchanan (sic), Dole or Clinton anyday. Leaping onto the stage in a red and white checkered, body hugging leisure suit, Thirlwell strangled the microphone into submission and proceeded to spit vitriol at the huddled masses. Ripping through songs mostly off his latest, *Gash*, Foetus held the audience captive for over an hour. Perhaps the highlight of the night came when the fetid one jumped from the drum riser and exploded into a psycho-industrial "I Am The Walrus" complete with sampled Beatles lead in.

Never having been a Foetus fan in the past, I found Thirlwell's commanding stage presence intoxicating as he *Nailed* me to the floorboards, blowing a *Hole* through my head, blood spilling from a 15-inch *Gash* in my skull, leaving me *Deaf* with a pretty powerful headAche to boot.

I bet that guy driving that Z100 truck never even heard of Foetus. And I kind of like it that way.



Crisis. PHOTO BY SEAN COULTER.



Foetus.

# TO THE SUBLIME (FOETUS)