FROM THE RIDICULOUS (BRIDGE AND TUNNEL TRAFFIC)
TO THE SUBLIME (FOETUS)

FOETUS/CRISS/
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 do 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 Replacement's classic "Sorux 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 porno 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 Criuss. Not knowing what to expect, I hoped their music was better than their moniker, which created the image of long haired raver 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 band's like waiting of an accomplished, yet seemingly deranged lead shredder. Slamming full force into songs such as "Bend In," "The Watcher," and "Bloodline," Criuss launched body bombs to the masses, causing more than a few people to slam their bodies together to the band's, psycotic 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 "Nothing." When Criuss finally did leave the stage, it was to the chant of "Fuck Elysian," which I'm sure left a curled smirks upon Jim Thirwell's lips as he sat backstage.

Mornings sprang into song with little fanfare and jumped right into their countryified noise rock. It was a budgegiving, 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 Criuss 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 "Feetus for President." Hell, I'd take Thirwell over Buchanan (sic), Cole or Clinton anyday. Leaping onto the stage in a red and white checked shirt, body hugging leisure suit, Thirwell strangled the microphone into submission and proceed to spill vitriol at the huddled masses. Rippling through songs mostly off his latest, Gash, Feetus held the audience captive for over an hour. Perhaps the highlight of the night came when the fettid one jumped from the drum riser and explod into a psychoe-industrial "I Am The Walrus" complete with sampled Beatles lead in.

Never having been a Feetus fan in the past, I found Thirwell'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 Dead, with a pretty powerful head Ache to boot. I bet that guy driving that Z100 truck never even heard of Feetus. And I kind of like it that way.