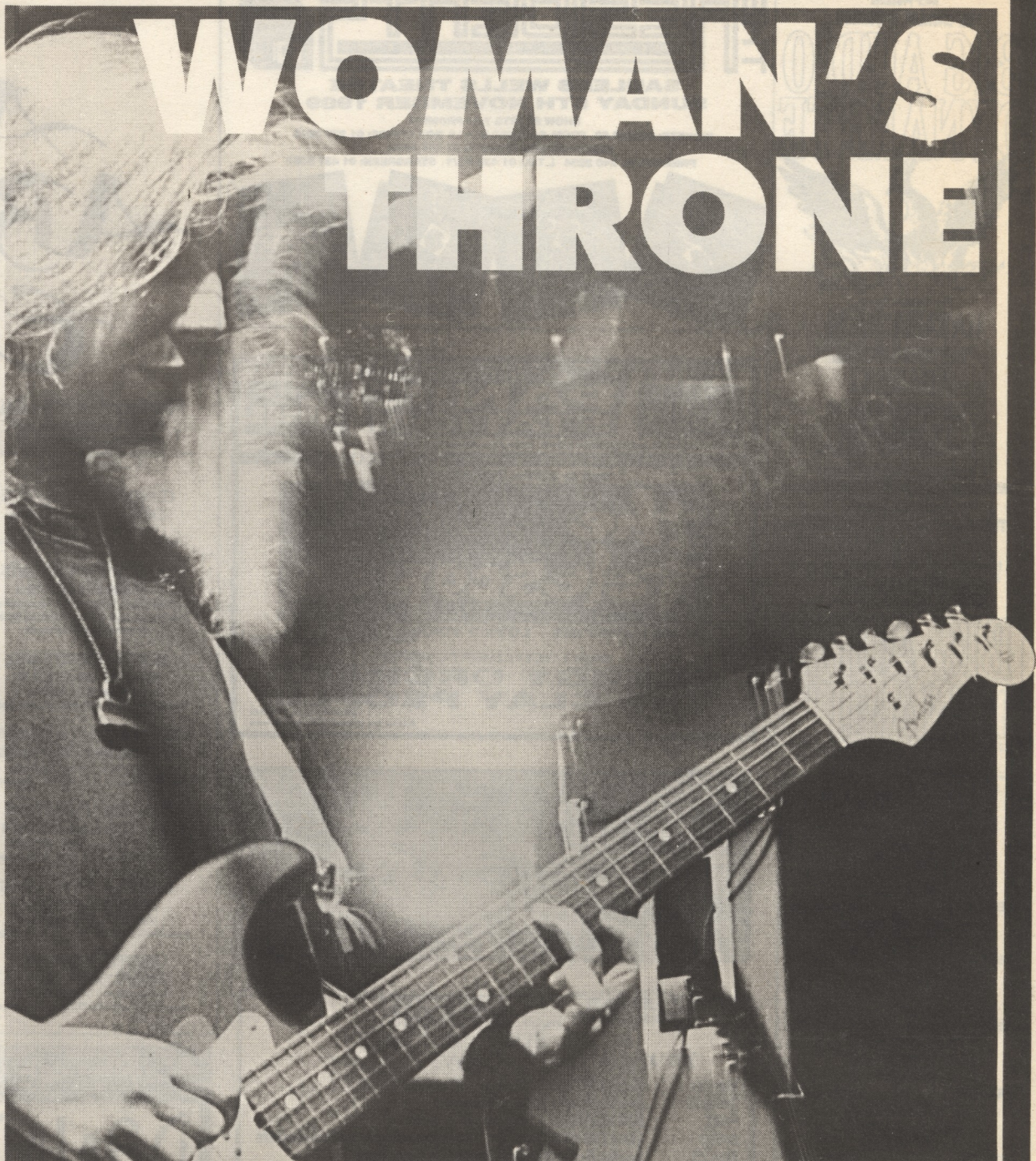


# WOMAN'S THRONE



PIG: PHIL NICHOLLS

## THROWING MUSES MAXWELLS, HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY

FRANK Sinatra's home patch, apparently. Having recently met one Deborah Harry I am in a strange state of mind, thoroughly convinced that I am Moses (so long and thanks for the tablets) and therefore possibly more receptive than ever, if you can grasp that vast a concept, to the sweet shrill order and chaos of Throwing Muses. They are playing here to an enthusiastic sell-out crowd of, oh, two hundred and ten? The American consciousness is corrugated and shifting. I may not be the first person to point this out but I am assuredly the first person to mention Egon Schiele in a music paper, and tonight Throwing Muses are the drawings of Egon Schiele if said drawings were glued to the wings of a Harrier Jumpjet.

Punk! That's what! Would you credit it? The sound is atrocious! Horrible and grungy and all mucky! It's marvellous! David's drums drown out everything except Kristin and Tanya's guitars, which drown out everything else. Someone yells "Chill out!" but a more appropriate response would be "Search and destroy!" It is intensely invigorating to catch Throwing Muses in this un-prim un-prissy mode. They've been getting raunchier and raunchier of late and this could be a threshold of sorts. A threshold of *out-of-sorts*. Magnificent. It swirled. It stabbed. Rock history, Chuck. Anyone who thinks the

Muses are too cerebral would've undergone the Damascus effect.

And, as ever, such rivetting theatre. I particularly enjoyed the bit where the delectable Tanya loused up an intro and the others all glared at her and then realised what a pompous thing that was to do and cracked up laughing instead. Kristin looks completely different every time she intimidates a stage. The woman's a chameleon. Beatific, tonight, positively beatific and radiant in white. I tell her she looks like Jesus Christ and she says, "Gee, thanks a lot, so now I look like a dead person." Sometimes it's hard to please people. Maybe I should just stick to the lines about seahorses. People *like* lines about seahorses.

And tonight's prizewinners were: "Say Goodbye", for blossoming arrogantly, "Dragonhead", for racing up on the blind side as schizophrenic (multiphrenic) song of the year, and "A Feeling", for stamina (it both began and ended the set). The encore of "Cry Baby Cry" and "Mania" is squealing country thrash, a startling new genre. Torched. Cinders. You *shall* go the ball of fire. Not many people know that Blondie were once called Angel And The Snake. Tonight that name would've fitted Throwing Muses. Perfectly. Hey, what a town. You think I'm mixing metaphors liberally and with the discipline and restraint of an alcoholic limbo dancer — you should've seen *this*. Apples and flair.

**CHRIS ROBERTS**