

To Put it Another Way...

The Northwest Corner finally starts to heat up now that Krizta Moon and Crosseyed Cat are in town

by Dan Barry - December 1, 2005

Local Motion

I will not play any Björk, Ani DiFranco, Joan Baez É* **Krizta Moon** rattled off a list of all the musicians she would not cover. She was being a little facetious, but the message came through loud and clear: just because she's a female musician with an acoustic guitar, doesn't mean she gives a damn about your preconceptions. To put it another way, Moon is not going to climb to the top by stepping on others' shoulders. She's gonna do it herself.

Badass.

And if the show this past Friday night at Chiane's is any indication, Moon *is* going to climb to the top. Someone with a voice that strong can't fly under people's radar for much longer. Her notes lilted and leapt across huge expanses, adding a baroque adomment here or a playful wink there. And she was completely comfortable behind the microphone, talking and joking between songs in a way that kept the audience rapt. Between her voice and her rapport with the audience, she's got this magical, utterly pagan presence that just seems to naturally focus everyone's attention on her.

To put it another way: I brought a skeptical friend along for the show. Afterwards, he said, "I'm a singer/songwriter-hating punk rocker with ADD – and she made me shut the fuck up. That's basically the highest compliment I can give."

Contrary to what I wrote in an earlier article, the music at Chiane's does not end promptly at 10 p.m. Moon played a long set of original material; songs like "Dreamers and Warriors" are full of vivid images (coffee cup rings, tunnels at the end of tunnels) that were perfect for the java crowd at Chiane's. Musically, there's a sense of balance between her simple verses and hooky choruses. Her songs are wrought with a consideration for her listeners' concentration, riding the ebb and flow rather than trying to strongarm everyone into paying attention. Give this woman gigs, wine and dirty little secrets before she hypnotizes you into giving them up anyway (www.kriztamoon.com).

Saturday night I headed to Watertown, which is one of the more unlikely places for a hotspot. Still, if you haven't been to the Red Door, you're overlooking one of Connecticut's best rock bars. Fans of bands that play the Maple Tree and the Hungry Tiger would dig **Crosseyed Cat**, the blues band that packed the Red Door's dance floor this past weekend. Yeah, the crowd was mostly in their 30s and 40s, but I have to respect any band that can make biker dudes and mom-and-dad couples boogie to the same song.

Drummer Tommy Sanchez seemed a little cold behind the kit during the first song of their late-night set. But he warmed up soon enough, keeping metronome-precise time through the rest of the songs. He was on fire by the time he hit a drum solo, layering tribal fills over a kick drum shuffle that sounded like the express train from hell. And **Buzz the Keys** (aka Lawrence Arthur David Fallstrom Jr. – hence the nickname) cut a dashing figure behind the ivories, playing like a virtuoso in both solo and supporting roles. Unlike blues bands that serve as an excuse to put one guitarist in the spotlight, Crosseyed Cat is full of gutsy talents who each know how and when to shine. Track 'em down and dance your ass off (www.crosseyedcat.com).

The **Mambo Sons** rock Manchester's Hungry Tiger on Thursday, Dec. 1. **Human Bone Bicycle Sciences Industries** continues to host an excellent series of metal at Cherry Street Station (491 North Cherry St., Wallingford, (203) 265-2902). This Saturday the 3rd, metalheads positively must attend in order to catch reunited Massachusetts doom legends **Grief**. Other bands include **I-Destroyer**, **Sin Of Angels**, **Napharious** and **Nadir**. (\$7, 21+, 7 p.m.)

DAN BARRY PHOTO



Krizta Moon knows your secrets.

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