

sleater-kinney delivers & jesus saves

A great rock show can transform you.

Sleater-Kinney took the stage last night at Webster Hall and the Holy Spirit rose from their massive drumbeats and double guitar soundwave and flew to the rafters. You could see it manifesting in the clouds of body heat illuminated by the stage lights. You could taste it in the sweat-salty air. You could feel it dampen the hair around your face, in the beads of sweat that bounced from person to person, in the trails that ran down your back and slid down your thighs.

THIS. WAS. ROCK.

After a double encore, I was spent. Every inch of my body was soaked. My left ear was plugged. My right eye had a twitch. I nearly lost a contact when the sweat became overwhelming. I was happy.

I stopped at a bodega on my way home and grabbed a Gatorade, imagining my sweat turning blue with each gulp, just like in those horrific ads. Ahead of me, a drunk girl with bad roots and an older gentleman in beachwear were walking, dissecting the show. Suddenly, the girl switched topics and this is but a mere snippet of what came out of her mouth: "You know, she says Jesus will heal her cataracts. She also said that when her baby was born, Jesus told her to anoint his cradle with Bible water."

The Sleater-Kinney show may have teleported me out of New York and into the rock and roll stratosphere for a little bit, but the city and all of her eccentrics were waiting for me when I came back down. *Bible water*. Now *that's* how you conjure up the Holy Spirit.

--*Shawnté Salabert, 2006*