SON VOLT RISES: JAY FARRAR GETS PERSONAL

Fame Unclaimed!

Foetus

Love (BIRDMAN)

Foetus—aka Australian expat J.G. Thirlwell and whomever he chooses to hook up with at any given time—has been creating laudably disturbing soundscapes for a quarter century. And records like Love holler out that he warrants way more recognition than he’s received to date. Whether it’s the operatic rock of cuts like “Not Adam” or the cine-drama bombast of the magnificently disconcerting “Aladdin Reverse,” Foetus make music that repels indifference like a hammer blow to the solar plexus. Whether he’s using wall-of-sound industrial axes, symphonic passages or tiny sonic nuances, Thirlwell’s mission is clearly the annihilation of predictability; the electro-shocking of modest expectations. The song structures are as complex as the street system of an unplanned metropolis, and indeed they are like cities unto themselves. But what takes this album to the edge of greatness is the stunning clarity that springs from all this tangled confusion. ADRIAN ZUPP

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