Underground

Foetus

FIOW NOIS-O-LUTTON

The original Big Bad is back. The godfather of industrial sleaze rock returns to claim his crown with this first fulllengther since 1997.

WAY BEFORE 'industrial' music became the diluted, neutered form we know today, the multialiased J.G. Thirlwell, aka Foetus, was defining the term with a piledriving



collision of noise-rock, synthesized electronics and the blackest humour. After two decades you might have expected his rage to have cooled somewhat, but Flow soon puts paid to such foolishness in spades. From the thunderous metal boogie of Quick Fix to the epic grind of Kreibabe this breath-stealing car crash involving rock'n'roll, big band swing, symphonic scoring and chaotic noise is instantly recognisable as Foetus. It's been a while since his rampaging pedal-to-the-metal rhythms, electric drill guitars and screeching electronics sounded this good but few others can pull it off with such panache, audacity and tongue-in-cheek showmanship. More demonic Anti-Elvis than Anti-Christ Superstar, Flow shows Foetus in fighting form. Misanthropic, majestic and magnificent.

Andrew Carden

IMPO: www.foetus.org

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