DRUGS: COULD ZERO TOLERANCE N



The Hewson lot

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Foetus

London SE1 Royal Festival Hall

He's known by many names, Jim Thirlwell – Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel, You've Got Foetus On Your Breath, Foetus Art Terrorism, Foetus Over Frisco among many others. Tonight, with a reptilian air, safari shirt and slacks, the performance artist is plain old Foetus. And he's very pleased to meet you. So pleased he fondles himself through his trousers, as a wall of noise rises and falls around him.

Some people should never be allowed near a captive audience. In the '80s, Foetus enjoyed a period of notoriety and hipness with percussion-heavy proto industrial songs. But he refuses to wax nostalgic. For a show entitled 'Clams On Brillo', there's a new group on hand, dressed in regulation black, who make like an electronically enhanced Stooges. And Foetus once again trashes his old reputation with barely concealed glee.

Parts of the crowd cannot stomach the display of unhinged sleaze and sexual suggestion. Those that persevere – or indeed gain a guilty pleasure from the proceedings – are rewarded with a slavering 'Clothes Hoist' and the mucoid hate of 'Freakaphone'.

The worst is saved for the penultimate, theatrical and bile-filled 'English Faggot', which should be required listening for would-be stalkers everywhere. And then a most unexpected event:

Foetus changes into a gold lamé suit for the encore. And fondles himself again. What a funny man. **Dele Fadele**

Gluecifer

Newport TJ's

A-ha might have cause for complaint, but no-one here's arguing. "For five pounds," quizzes Gluecifer vocalist Biff Malibu, "what is the greatest Norwegian rock'n'roll tune ever written?" There's silence. "Well here it is."

Oslo's Gluecifer play their own 'The Year Of Manly Living', which, like all their songs, sounds like AC/DC at 45rpm. It is, inevitably, brilliant – a song with that title by a band called Gluecifer is genetically predisposed to be brilliant.

