

RHESUS NEGATIVE

FOETUS INTERRUPTUS LONDON TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

BROKEN KNUCKLES and bad blood. Tempers rising and boots slamming down on gristle. The British baptism by fire and fury of Foetus Interruptus is under way. Onstage, as tablas and samples gallop out the Indian raga gone ragged of 'Chingada', Clint Ruin—eyes like seachlights—leans forward in a crouch searching out the people in the audience who've been gobbing at him.

The tension is as palpable as fragged nails being ripped down a naked back. Something's gonna break soon. You can sense it in the way that Swans' bassist, Algys Kizys, is prowling around stage, a human bear overdosing on adrenalin primed to detonate. Fellow Swans' member, Norman Westberg, bare chest muscles bunched like flesh coshes, remains immobile, strumming chunks of corrugated iron from his guitar, glowing with enough venom to poison half of London.

Clint Ruin, moves further into the audience, and sings the Spanish words of 'Chingada' with a voice that could crush concrete. An arc of spit showers him. The change on Ruin's face is immediate. The mask of disdain dissolves into hatred beyond control. Clint jumps offstage, boots blamming and fists flashing, turning the offending gobber's nose into a

bloody hot dog. The audience draw back, sensing that you don't mess with Clint unless you really want to ruin your evening.

Therein lies the gruesome reality of Foetus Interruptus. Some bands play with violence, some use its images like circus performers, but Clint Ruin is aggression personified on the platform of rock. And Sex. And sadism. When he taunts us with the chant of "*English piggy*" from 'English Faggot/Nothin' Man', the words issuing from his sneering mouth like globules of hot tar, it's hard not to feel under attack. He would have us all buried under macadam in order to drive over us with his uranium-powered steamroller band.

In performance the self-directed nature of the song loses its satirical qualities and becomes a kamakazi Zero to our unprepared Pearl Harbour sensibilities. In the flexed flesh the Foetus irony is stripped away leaving Ruin's body and mind overtaken by every sick—he has ever sung about. A terrifying spectacle of evil unfolds, Clint as a Frankenstein doctored by the trembling hands of Rock and Roll MD/OD. And as the sutures fall apart so does he, intent on dragging us down by the neck in a lurid descent into the hold of his imagination.

Finally, after all these years, Ruin has found a band capable of forcefully putting into practice his recorded work.



Foetus: doesn't he look like that awfully nice man from A-ha, readers?

Foetus Interruptus, having three members of Swans—the other being drummer Ted Parsons—plus PIG project person, Ray Scaballero, on electrical storm guitar and thundercrash keyboard samples, have the physical impact of being put inside an iron maiden and having the door slammed shut.

Under stark white lights, and a minimum of dry ice which swirled like fog trapped in a sewer, Ruin led his band

through his freshest material drawn and quartered from the just released Interruptus album, 'Thaw'. The Wagnerian sheets of flame of 'Barbedwire Tumbleweed' is doused by the glass-bottle blues of 'The Dipsomaniac Kiss' with Clint's face buried in a vat of whisky in his metaphorical search for "A comfortable zero". Ever downward we're pulled into Ruin's apocalyptic vision peopled by the sick, the lame,

the infirm, and the perverts who operate beyond good and evil, until finally we reach the primal release of 'A Prayer For My Death'.

Tonight, in the reaper's hands of Foetus Interruptus, rock died, was reborn and then shot in the head as it screamed at the ugly world around it. Slow to start, the show was a multiple car-wreck at the end. Immense.

Jack Barron