Where industrial rock was born

Who: Foetus

When and where: Wednesday at the Howlin' Wolf.

What: The Unabomber of rock.

Why: Because Foetus (real name: Jim Thirwell, though he has gone by various handles over the years) makes the sonic equivalent of a letter bomb.

Quote: If the Unabomber is on a tirade against all things industrial, “so am I,” says Thirwell, who hates being called the father of industrial rock, though he is. Since 1981, he has been releasing uncompromising and highly influential records full of venomous noise collages. Listen to his first major-label release, “Gash,” and you’ll know exactly where Ministry, Trent Reznor and others got their ideas.

On Reznor: “I respect him. We’re buddies. And he acknowledges a debt to me.” In fact, Thirwell has done remix duties for Reznor, as well as a who’s who of other modern rockers.

On Satanism: “I think he’s a genius,” Thirwell says, meaning not Satan, but Church of Satan head Anton Lavey. But, he stresses, “I’m not a Satanist.”

On God: “I believe that you’re God. I believe that I’m God. I believe that this can of Colt 45 I’m holding in my hand is God. It’s the god that I worship.”

On good, evil, and life after death: “Evil is as evil does. I don’t believe in good and evil. I believe in energy. I certainly don’t believe in humanity. I kind of hope that once you’re dead, that’s it. I don’t want to do this all over again.”

On himself: During our phone conversation, an operator, trying to say our time is up, mistakenly calls Thirwell “Mr. Well.” Which gives Thirwell a demonic snicker. “I’m not a well man,” he says.