

Overall

THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

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FOETUS (IN EXCELSIUS CORRUPTUS DELUXE)

MALE

(Big Cat ABB31)

*"I no carve that look off your face
All the better to skin you with
Don't gimme no lip - give yourself up*

You'll find glass in your mouth maggot"

Jim Thirwell A.K.A Clint Ruin has always inhabited a world of extremes. A nightmare vision of depraved society in rapid decline. Thirwell sees life through eyes bursting with anger, horror, fear, but above all, excitement. Paving homage to the subverted curiosity within us all. That contradictory mental response to a mass shooting. Outrage at the reality of people being slaughtered versus the excited wonder at how it must feel to pull the trigger. Definitely not a 'new man', Thirwell represents the internal horror movie common to everyone.

Since 'Foetus Over Frisco' approaching a Thirwell offering has been like watching a small door open to an unobtainable hell. Musically uncompromising he uses sound to punish the listener, bruise our preconceptions into submission. The only approach to the Marquis de Sade of pop music is subservience. Let the Foetus Experience in and you might feel a bizarre sense of purgation. This live offering, culled from his show at New York's CBGB's on November 3, 1991 is, perhaps, the most brutal Foetus selection yet. Ploughing through the back catalogue, lip licked tracks are laid out to slaughter in an orgy of terrorsound. 'Hot Horse' is shit kickin', 'Stumbo' surpasses the original in the 'squeel piggy' stakes. Alex Harvey's 'Faithhealer' is gut wrenchingly ugly. Buy this album and hear your worst fear lived out in Feliniesque splendour. Dreams were never so dark.