

# PUNCTURE MAGAZINE

PORTLAND, OR  
4-TIMES/YEAR

## APRIL 1995

-2424 BURRELLE'S MR  
C.O.W.. MU....

315



recordings. Ordinarily, it wouldn't have bothered, since Foetus usually wreaks havoc on its delicate digestive system; but it seems that on his new album, *Gash*, and the EP *Null*, Foetus (aka Jim Thirlwell) wants to show the world a softer or at least more palatable side.

Really, though, this is pretty much the same old Foetus. *Gash* and *Null* don't skimp on the trad Foetus accouterments: turgid symphonic deployments, bursts of big-band panache, spy-movie soundtrack snippets, middle-eastern rhythms, and gothic bombast plopped into a corrosive mix of metal-on-metal muscle guitar and Foetus's trademark nasal bark. More human-sounding than Al Jourgenson or Chrome, less whiny than Trent Reznor, angrier than Tom Waits, but containing elements of all four, Foetus has consistently used a style of vocal processing that's become a prototype for industrial bands everywhere. It's only the substantial lessening of the music's abrasive quality that sets these releases apart from previous recordings in Foetus's 13-year career.

Believe it or not, *Gash* is so good that you don't even miss the thorough cochlea-shred of Foetus's past. From the sluggish blues of "Mortgage" and "Friend or Foe" to the rattletrap "Mighty Whity" (hearing Foetus shriek "Kill Whity!" over and over is worth the price of admission) and the sophis-

FOETUS 2.999 CF

Gash; Null EP (Columbia)

My stereo tried its best to process these

4 facial hair