Foetus

Flow

NOIS-O-LUTION 32812

The return of veteran New Yorkbased noisenik Jim Thirlwell, still unrepentant.

Reassuringly, the passing years have not softened Jim Thirlwell's apocalyptic muse. More than two decades since first popping his head above the parapet, Flow finds him as tightly screwed as ever into the vice of human suffering, screaming and howling over crushing industrial beats as the walls come tumbling down. Everything from samba rhythms to Stravinsky strings, swinging big bands to lo lo Gunne riffs are appropriated, put through the mincer and turned into your worst, sweatiest nightmares. Hugely exciting one minute. unlistenable the next and far too much to handle in a single sitting, Thirlwell's noise addiction can still make Trent Reznor seem like a pussycat. *** Peter Kane

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