

Performance

ALBUMS

The big chill

FOETUS INTERRUPTUS 'Thaw' (Self Immolation/Some Bizzare WOMB FIP 5) ***

NEVER, NOT on his most lonely, disturbed nights out in the desert, did Manson have a vision like this. Foetus tread a fine line between violence as a comic-book escape and something so real it hurts. And this begs the question, do you take this stuff seriously or not?

Opening, for example, we have 'Don't Hide It, Provide It'. Imagine Zodiac after an all-night party with the Kray twins, and you're coming close to the guttural scrape of Clint Ruin's voice. But violence, like all human tendencies, needs a target, and that's where Foetus wander into dubious territory without really making their intentions clear. 'English Faggot/Nothin' Man' displays the arbitrary rush of prejudice to which macho mankind is prone, and it's almost as if the target is of secondary importance. 'Haus On Fah' continues in this strangely unnerving vein, the B-movie cut-ups, between tracks, adding to the slash 'n' smile aura throughout.

If anything, though, side two shows a distinctly mellow side to the band. 'The Dipsomaniac Kiss' and 'Barbedwire Tumbleweed' take a night out on the banks of the Mississippi with only an empty whiskey bottle for company, before plunging into 'A Prayer For My Death', lyrically the most complex track on the album.

This album represents that feeling you get when you want to hit someone, but don't know who. It's that kind of pent-up frustration and violent futility that Foetus Interruptus bring out into the open for all the world to gasp at.

Listen to this and ruin your karma.

JON FORTGANG
FOETUS: PRAYING for death?
