STEROID MAXIMUS

'Ectopia'

IPECAC

J

S Thirwell, aka Foetus, can pretty much do as he likes. More or less
inventing the entire industrial genre
will be his legacy, but he gets bored
with it after a while, as people do.
Sufficiently talented to work comfortably
in most genres, his recent dabblings
in experimental electronics and simple
soundtrack atmospheres have been
that - dabblings - but while not
as primal and outrageous as Scrapping Factor
Or The Wheels, they're more enjoyable on
their own terms.

'Ectopia', an exchange taken to the
point of virtual white-out, refreshingly
melodic, but perfectly disorientating,
and it's possible the best thing he's
ever done, assuming you're no kind
of purist. There's a superficial resemblance
to the clipped compositions
of Barry Adamson, and to Thirwell's
mismatched audophilia, but there's
less sense of genre puristic, far more
wisecracker wit, lots of tension and
digital sweat. The noisy string sections,
slurring Kaodick synths and hints of
easy-listening draft thinly transcend
their sources, but there's new invention
in the dense arrangements, and a
sharper perversion of the melodies.
Where many who attempt this kind
of thing just cut-and-paste choruses,
Thirwell's sense of adventure takes
over, for all its queasy warmth, this is
an experimental record. It's brilliant
and standf firm, and as intense as you
happen to feel.