

STEROID MAXIMUS Quilombo

(Big Cat ABD 28)

As either Foetus, Wiseblood or Clint Ruin, Jim Thirlwell has stuck pins into everything (including himself) long enough to know a thing or two about the dynamics of shock. His latest incarnation, Steroid Maximus, has created an instrumental soundtrack to a dream-scarred movie that-wouldn't get past

Heathrow customs if it was ever made.

Similarly sinister ground was covered by Barry Adamson's Moss Side Story a couple of years back, with big bad brassy swing numbers shacking up alongside heavily disturbing atmospherics. On this disc babies cry through fog ('Phantom Miscarriage'), chanting monks are hijacked by steamhammer percussion ('Ogro'), and an orchestra tunes up in the pit of hell, ('Righteous').

God knows when you'd listen to *Quilombo*, because it slips a knife into whatever you're doing at the time. In this context, even the ironing becomes a psychotic act. It's brilliantly done but it has a calculating heart: buy it if your life needs a spatering of seething melodrama.

(7) Ree Bedro