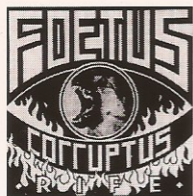


ment. The talent is certainly there; now it's a question of finding some chemistry.

Black Pumpkin Records
— Sam Gaines



Foetus Corruptus

Rife CD

It's Jim Thirlwell (aka Clint Ruin) and his band of cultural terrorists — loud and LIVE. If that doesn't scare the pants off your ass, I don't know what will.

Rife, from the 1988 tour, sees Jim/Clint at one of his peaks, and at work with a killer band — Algis Kizys, Norman Westerberg, Ted Parsons, and Ray Scaballero. They succeed in bringing some essentials from the Foetus catalog shrieking to life. You get the sweet strains of "Honey I'm Home," "English Faggot," "Slut," "The Fudge Punch," and "Clothes Hoist," among other Foetal gems.

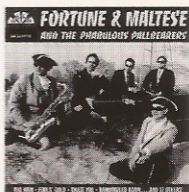
Clocking in at just over an hour, *Rife* provides ample testimony to what I've always feared — that Foetus is a far more terrific and terrifying live phenomenon than the studio releases hinted at.

If you don't know Foetus, you'd be better off starting with *Nail*,

Hole, or any of the other classics from the '80s — or the more recent *Gash* or *Sink* — before venturing here. Foetus fans: If you didn't grab this the first time around, buy this thing.

Invisible

— Sam Gaines



Fortune & Maltese and the Phabulous

Pallbearers CD

Fine purveyors of that Northwest garage sound of the mid-'60s, Fortune & Maltese and the Phabulous Pallbearers show off lots of Farfisa-groovy goodness on this re-issue of a German-only LP.

Right down to their tri-corn hats, this quintet is a Paul Revere & the Raiders revival happening right before our eyes. But Freddy Fortune has a terrific voice for this kind of material, and the band punches it out with just enough snarl to keep things from lingering too long in 1966 Seattle.

Those who remember *Give Daddy the Knife Cindy*, a twisted little gem of '60s covers the Damned put out back in the mid-'80s on Big Beat, may experience a little *deja vu* upon hearing this. Although the Pallbearers do a lot of originals — "Wicked Weed" is