

THE HEAVIEST OF THE HEAVIEST IN HEAVY METAL EACH AND EVERY WEDNESDAY!

**FOETUS IN EXCELSIS  
CORRUPTUS**

**'Male'**

**(Big Cat ABB31/2CD import)**

**KKKK**

*'I WANNA die with my hands around a white man's throat!'*, screameth Jim Thirwell, aka Jim Foetus, aka Clint Ruin, man of a thousand guises and a few different voices – all of them grating, clamorous and loud.

The song's called 'Free James Brown', but the words are taking on a whole new meaning as the LA riots play on a soundless TV in the corner. This live collection of Foetus material is making the incineration of the City Of Angels seem all the more immediate – like the soundtrack to some urban disaster.

'Male' is an album of unnerving stuff: not the sound of things falling apart, but being forced back together *against their will*. Recorded at CBGB's with a back-up band including members of the classic Swans line-up, it readily encompasses the sense of enormity that's long been a trademark of Foetus' work.

Boasting a thundering percussion, guitars that draw blood, unexpected horn-blasts and violins that equate violence, Foetus are one of the few entities who remember that Industrial music is supposed to be threatening. There's nothing to dance to here. In fact, on moments like 'Death Rape 2000' or 'Stumbo', it sounds like a wall of bricks falling on your head.

When they cover Tad's 'Behemoth' they give it a new urgency, a feel also that works ugly wonders when they turn their meathook music on Alex Harvey's 'Faith Healer'.

Thirwell could probably make 'Bohemian Rhapsody' sound like Godzilla throwing up. **MIKE GITTER**