

STEROID MAXIMUS

Quilombo

Big Cat ABB28 CD/LP

JIM THIRLWELL has been working under various Foetus pseudonyms for the past 10 years. Method acting madness, his songs create a world painted as black as his humour, populated with rednecks, serial killers and other sociopaths. This new project, Steroid Maximus, instigated a radical change of direction, away from the aural snuff legacy. His voyeurism (temporarily?) satiated, with *Quilombo*, he's concentrating on portraying his own inner space.

An instrumental dreamscape is being

mapped out, all boundaries open, frontiers explored. Chain gang lullabies, big band thrash, ghoulish sea shanties, psychedelic mambo and avant garde serenades mesmerise by their juxtaposition. The exclusion of voice – and, by extension, a focal point – helps to maintain the atmospheres created by 1991's most influential instrument of disorientation: the sampler. The effected samples – bells, babies, whips, monks, accordians, kotos, strings etc – and equivalent stylistic conjunctions create an eerie, hallucinatory environment. Judging by such evidence, the psychological side effect of adopting deviant reality during the past decade have left its mark on Thirlwell's brain. Anxiety and unease permeate the recording, where memories continue to haunt, and terror whispers.

Quilombo explores a modern techno psychedelia, creating and highlighting dis-

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turbing inner visions, veering between the surreal joyride of "Fighteous" and the nightmare scenario of "Phantom Miscarriage". Music which feeds on fear and contradiction.

Musically, the nearest comparable work would be John Zorn's film scores. But where Zorn excels in high speed action shock tactics, Steroid Maximum opts for suspense. *Quilombo* is an absolute spinechiller.

K. MARTIN