

# FOETUS INTERRUPTUS

## THAW

### Self-Immolation/Some Bizarre

THE product, Ruth Rendell would say, of a dark-adapted eye, that dreadful condition of vision brought about by remaining in total darkness, that dilation of the pupil into near-unbearable retinal sensitivity. That condition, no doubt, that Terry Waite's suffering from at this very moment and will probably suffer for the rest of his life. A condition Clint Ruin seems *always* to have suffered from.

"Thaw" is more of the same because there's no one else out there so saucer-eyed, so blinkered, so raw to the world. And the world? Well, the world according to Clint is *one shitty place*. We're withered by convention, made puny by morality, rendered toothless by the law. It's an apparently godless, certainly godawful world and, if there is a God, He sits with idiotic pride on a throne made of human excrement and gold. He is vain, pompous and ultimately useless.

So, once again, Clint celebrates social and sexual transgressions, attacks humanity, or at least what humanity's become. He rails against it, his voice like a nuclear-powered coffee-grinder, extolling the virtues of murder ("I mo carve that look off your face"), mutilation and rape ("In a leisure suit of whitemeat skin/Stripped from some white bitch gangbanged by the Devil's Disciples"). Clint's protagonists are those who've experienced a Sadean transgression, those who, like him, are self-consumed, self-consuming, rejecting all limits placed upon the human. They inhabit that ontological void that the death of God left at the limits of our thoughts. Their sight, all their senses in fact, have become adapted to the darkness of meaninglessness.

Sonically, this void's the audio-equivalent of one of those vast and vicious canvases by Breugel. Horribly, *truly* gothic. Lovecraft to the Nephilim's James Herbert. Notably without focal point, each of the 10 tracks creaks like the rope on the gallows, cracks like the whip on the galleys, rattles to the sound of chains, crackles and spits like the dying embers of a funeral pyre. Clint never actually *breaks* with conventional musical structures ("Thaw" reminds us of Black Sabbath, Butthole Surfers and the Thrill Kill Kult), what he does is push those structures to their limits, to the point of rupture, eroding yet sustaining them.

"Thaw" and in particular its final track, "A Prayer For My Death" is Clint Ruin's ultimate statement, it sounds so *final*. Social order, ethics, morality, music, all institutions are revealed as unnatural constructs imposed upon a natural disorder, and it's that natural disorder to which Ruin attempts to return. With his dark adapted eye he seeks to *undo*, to betray our vanity, our relativity.

"Thaw" is crucial. *Monstrously* human.

## THE STUD BROTHERS

