FOETUS "LOVE" (BIRDMAN RECORDING GROUP)

If you take a skeletal base of industrial and veer off in odd directions with a definite defiant fist shaken in the face of complacent generic electro, you'd sort of be skirting the strange territory occupied by Foetus. Take "Mon Agnion Douce," a quirky electronic descent into, um, hokey French music (since I don't know what the stuff is called I'm trying to think of). Or "Aladdin Reverse," an insane cram-together of Pink Floyd The Wall bombast, minimalism and orchestral electro. "Blessed Evening" sounds sort of like it built a weird technoh song out of a combination John Carpenter soundtrack/music box. "Time Marches On" has an urgent pace and is playful in much the way a sociopathic clown with a taste in rock musicals would be. Foetus sound is not terribly accessible and while I respect their fierce originality and while I often like inaccessible oddities, I can't say I care much for Foetus music. It just leaves me cold. However, the talent herein cannot be denied, it just requires other minds than mine. — review by Kristofer Upjohn