

THE FOETUS ALL NUDE REVUE/Bedrock
12" EP

I have big problems with people who take themselves as seemingly serious artiste types (let alone completely serious) like J.G. Thirwell does. People I know that know him say "He's a nice guy. . . maybe he was just in a bad mood when you met him," or some such nonsense, which is just what out and out snobbery is, and most usually what it begets to. I'd be a liar though to not concede the blatant fact that he's got the the flair necessary to pull off his visions and his success in doing so is, put fairly nothing short of brilliant. Here his scope stretches to the next obvious level while still hiding his ultimate conclusion. In the meanwhile, the tuff-guy swagger and imaginative bad-boy banter with serious ego-inflation rules the order of the day and on this we partake in the cruel circus. . . A new age Spanish Inquisition of sorts with a Mafia gangster scenario. . ."Death Rape 2000" back in time with prohibition and gun molls. Could this be the big Chi-town connection? You tell me!(Relativity)Peter