



Scraping Foetus Off the Wheel

Bedrock: The Foetus All-Nude Review e.p A Self Immolation / Bizarre Enterprise

by Scott Rousso

Throughout this entire onslaught of vulva-stenched vinyl, Jim Foetus (a.k.a. Karl Satan, J.G. Thirwell, Clint Ruin) once again returns you to the cinematic world of fistfucking and gun worship. Or maybe that's gunfucking and fist worship? It seems as if each Foetus project comes out, the Man crawls closer toward self-proclaimed defecation. (defecation) (type)

As he grunts, "I'm the granite man", the chorus chants in lethal gospel style, "He's the granite man". "Bedrock" is a pseudo-nightmarish attempt to thrust the helpless viewer into the singer's clenching superego via the mode of 1930's gangster genre flicks. Yielding phrases like, "I'm not into

blackmail, so I might spare your life tonight" the Man comes down hard on the sexless figure that allegedly offed his brother Louie the Fly. Are you beginning to see who's fucking who here? Afterwhich, Ruin declares "I'm a two-fisted fucker getting hard in my pants", setting the plan straight as to who's master and who's servant in his para-literary game of exploitation. But don't get me wrong, Foetus is a lover as well, which he proves in his hook, "How's about a private holocaust between the sheets, you and me baby?"

The flipside of the e.p. features "Diabolus Musica", which I need not translate, a sonic assault of percussion and drum machine. It begins with a creepy piano scape and rapidly develops into an orchestration of metal gyration and ultra-pitched guitar feedback. The symphony bursts into sheer throbbing metal and drum synths. Loud, nah... how about def rape.