

JAMES FOETUS

mones have gone in a comparable time, but they've refined their "thing" to such a degree that the snake-charm of their shimmer-rock subtly jumps at yr brain like a spider monkey w/ kissing disease. This is what "Velvets influenced" was supposed to mean. God fuck 'em. —Byron

JOHN FELICE: *Nothing Pretty LP (ACE OF HEARTS or FR, NEW ROSE)*

... can't imagine that anyone who digs Felice's moves w/ the Real Kids wouldn't be swayed by this one. Miles & miles better than anything John's lent his name to in five/six yrs easy, this showcases a few patented Real Kids style classics that have had their hooks growing up my sides for a couple months now & I don't even get the impression that the guy's resting on past laurels. At least when this was recorded ('85?) he was attempting to move into a new place of post-Realdom & I'd like to be kept apprised of developments. This may be a one-shot, but I'd like to believe that it's not. —Byron

FIZZBOMBS: *The Surfin' Winter EP (UK, CALCULUS)*

... great gal pop from Edinburgh. Sounds like an early version of the Bangs playing w/ one of those Scottish feedback bands (who're being forced to accompany the snaps against their will). The cover of Neil Diamond's "Cherry Cherry" is classic & the surf tunes are slouchless. *Qu'elle fuh!* (15 Sandcroft Close, Cricklewood, London NW2 6NT, UK) —Byron

FLESHTEATERS: *Live LP (HOMESTEAD)*

... not everything you always wanted, this is more like *everything you're gonna get*. Since half of it is with the Doe/Alvin/Berlin lineup (not seen live east of L.A.) it makes me plenty happy, and I could give a sweet fuck about the tainted fidelity. But please, I urge you, if you are young and stupid (or old and stupid) and are not hands-on familiar with

this band's entire discography, do not initiate yourself here. Start in order and work your way up to the point where you can say "I think I deserve to hear that live LP now." Perhaps then you'll "understand." —Jimmy

FLORENTINES: *Man of Mine EP (UK, EL)*

... unbelievably pouffy femme-voiced muff. Sounds like an "Up With People" chorus for gay munchkins. —Byron

FLOWER: *Concrete LP (BEAR)*

... there's no overbearing element of originality that's gonna bring you to tears or anything, but this debut from Flower (previous 12" under the name Crash) has some big, swirling guitar texture that's not unlike a suburban version of Live Skull at their most anti-art rockin'. Which is a compliment of sorts, really. (PO Box 4725, Great Neck, NY 11023) —Jimmy

FOETUS INTERRUPTUS: *Thaw LP (UK, SELF IMMOLATION / SOME BIZARRE)*

... I sometimes take my sweet time keeping up with Jim's relentless stream of swaggering wax, but disks like this reward all efforts. This is perhaps his most way-out and punishing collection, mixing distorto-grunge and manipulated foghorn-style "singing" with some fine wrung-out guitar (an element I hope he never abandons). It's not all aimed at your gut though; there're some truly disruptive fake-soundtrack sections that'll soothe your soul like sledding down a mile-long sheet of smoldering coal. Not just another Foetus record, in case somebody asks. —Jimmy

FRENCH LETTERS: *The Second Sex LP (SOUL EYED BEAR)*

... another (second tier) entry into the New Folk sweepstakes, French Letters being the solo enterprise of Ms. Donna Lee Van Cott (+ drumbox). Her

guitar swinging has a nice, sometimes caustic recorded-in-a-stairway feel, and her use of big fat acoustic bass notes puts me in the mood of Barry Stockley (Out of the Compost; associate of Bill Dieren), but Donna's post-Joni (there may be a batter term but I honestly couldn't tell ya) weepoid voc mannerisms are causing irrefutable damage to my well-being. If only she had been more influenced by, say, Patti Waters. (PO Box 1327, Canal St. Sta., NY, NY 10013) —Jimmy

FROGS: *It's Only Right And Natural LP (HOMESTEAD)*

... Homestead's release of this gay supremacist duo's second LP may be the bravest US indie move since Mike Sheppard was "in force." Whether or not these Milwaukee gentlemen are *for real* or not is of immaterial interest, 'cause their discombobulated handle on folk-savant bliss, untouchable subject matter and studio "seriousness" ought to be heard by anyone with ears. I don't know if it's gonna have the (assumed) staying power of, let's say, Lisa Suck-dog's *Drugs Are Nice*, but I really hope I don't have to go to any parties this summer where this one doesn't get a fair share of table-play. The contemporary-of-its-own corner has got itself another platter and you oughta chance it. After all, it's not like you have to french them. —Jimmy

FUGAZI mini-LP (DISCHORD)

... there's been some recent bellyaching that this rec's over-rated by fans 'n crits, but that line of thought is pure shit. *Fugazi* is easily the best Dischord release since *Out Of Step*, and ignites the same fuse of individualist-ferocity that many of the DC records produced in the intervening yrs have seemed to disregard. Stylistically, this is a hodge-podge, but it's largely a *great* hodge-podge—momentary flashes of Lee Perry, the Misfits, Cream and the Germs all passed afore my ears while it