

# WOMB WITH

## THE BIRTH

THE blinds are drawn. Day becomes night, and night becomes a smouldering lair where surrealist nightmares slither in the mire; but what has become of Jim Foetus? Entering his mutant purgatory is about as pleasant as having your toenails removed by a pair of pliers!

"I just hate talking to people," Jim tells me as I enter the dungeon. "In fact, I really hate people." Jolly good. I like a man with a sense of humour.

The social Mr Foetus is, however, surprisingly cordial, articulate, and wry. Jim is leaving London for New York: he hates the overt political pressures of London. He hates any city where you can't get a 36-inch pizza at four in the morning. Jim hates a host of things. . . . Despite the rumours Jim *does* eat occasionally; he even sleeps once in a while! So why move to the Big Apple and not somewhere totally desolated?

"New York is a much more seductive place, and the pressures of the city are more unseen and more avoidable," he

explains in a softly spoken monotone spiced with an Ozzy twang. Jim has just completed a new album — a successor to the highly acclaimed "Hole". Jim doesn't hate his album — in fact, the album's execution was truly a labour of love, a birth that caused him considerable agony and has left him shattered, but satisfied.

Pleasure through pressure. Art through the torment of perdition — a cathartic release of the demons that haunt his dreams, expelled as abrasive, mordant splinters of pain and lust that are twisted and distorted into an assembly of polarised themes and hurled into the great outdoors. Jim is proud of his album. He wants to explain why the sound oscillates between the extremes of sublime orchestration, and furious vitriol . . .

## THE HOLE IN THE MIDDLE

"IT'S really a concept LP," explains Jim tentatively. I put on my jacket and head for the exit. Sixteen years of progress since the Summer Of Love and where

do we end up? Back to the concept album!

"No, no. It's concept album without the ordinary stigma. The concept is basically oppression." A subject with which Jim is extremely familiar. The album catalogues various forms of oppression through various psychotic narrators. Throughout this invasion of exterior pressures, Foetus's only evasion and salvation is a mythical nirvana called Pigdom Come — A Foetus heaven.

"It starts with a story about a couple who travel up and down the States picking up little boys and girls and fucking them and killing them." Methinks this story may not have a happy ending. "Finally the guy goes insane and kills his own girlfriend in a hotel room and smears his name with her blood on the wall and runs her clothes up the town flagpole."

"Little House On The Prairie" it ain't. Other wistful ballads deal with Brazilian gas chambers, the inferno called LA, and the odd allusion to Mr C. Manson. "I can't stand the way people glorify him. I don't

condone what he did, but I admire the charisma he had . . ."

But why choose oppression as the pivot? Why not seduction, temptation, sedition, or corruption?

"They'll all be on my next album!" says Jim dryly, his ashen face breaking into a grin. "I chose oppression because I'm very conscious of it. Especially my own. I suppose I'm agoraphobic, and fairly paranoid as well". You surprise me. "I just have a dreadful time dealing with the human race."

## THE (W)HOLE LIFE

ONE of Jim's passages of expiation is live performance. It's not a concert — more an exorcism of torture and paranoia. "Concerts give me an opportunity to make my statements one to one. On stage I can air a different side of my personality. I mean, I can't stand in my room thrusting my groin around all the time!"

Of course not. While thrusting away, Jim feels very little affinity with his audience: "I really hate my audience. I don't know why

they're there. I'm sure I wouldn't go see me play!"

Jim resumes recounting sordid sagas from "Nail", until Foetus finally reaches Pigdom Come. But things don't remain celestial for long. The concluding story is Pigdom's antithesis . . .

"The finale proposes a rejection to the oppression by utilising wilful violence. It's a manifestation of my positive negativism theory . . ."

This sounds like a relative of the objective subjectivism theory. Theories are much like arseholes . . . everybody's got at least one!

The hideous aural paroxysm that accompanies this vehement attack on Jim's oppression sounds suspiciously like someone on the verge of complete mental collapse. A breakdown of the order of things.

## HALF LIFE (HALF LAUGH)

IF Foetus believes that oppression breeds oppression, and the only solution is annihilation, why doesn't he just kill somebody? A quite gratuitous, spontaneous act of murder that could free him from



# A VIEW

the manacles of petty morals and social pressures: "I'm not sure if it would," replies Jim contemplating the matter. "I'd like to kill somebody one day just to see what it was like. It's a pretty interesting thing to take somebody's life..."

Beats stamp collecting I suppose...

"Yeah, I'll do it. Not tomorrow you understand. But I'll get round to it someday."

The Foetus shopping list of things to do someday is not exactly quotidian: Buy two pints of milk, disinfectant, return books to library, commit three murders, and then play all the pinball machines in Hamburg! It's difficult to imagine that this man is in love. It's even harder to imagine the victim of Jim's affection. Does age have its compensations?

## MIDDLE-AGE IN THE "HOLE"

"DO I feel old? I don't know. What's the time?" he laughs! He breathes! "This is the greatest record I've ever made," Jim concludes with a twitching grin. "If I was 15 I'd love to hear it —

it would be everything I'd want." At 25, Jim still admits to an immense, but healthy capacity to be childish, but has learnt to constantly re-evaluate his attitude to his music and his life.

"With this album I feel I've made a definitive statement. I've accomplished all that I wanted to do. What do you do when you've made your definitive statement?" Give up, or make another!

Jim is really no more or less nihilistic and overtly self-destructive than millions of other subterraneans. So who needs another chapter filled with horror, corpses and putrid phrases?

"This is the question I'm constantly asking myself! Who needs another rock record!" he laughs again. He has a very cute smile. "I guess I just enjoy

observing culture and then perverting it. Sometimes I listen to records just to make me feel smug".

I like a man with a sense of humour, and the scent of self-importance.

## THE REBIRTH

NEW buildings have already collapsed, and from their tangled ruins a new spectre rises — Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel. "Nooo!" he retorts. "Will you tell everybody that I'm NOT Jim Foetus." Of course. What exactly should I tell them?

"Tell them my name is now Clint Ruin".

Fine Clint. Fine. Thy Pigdom Come, Thy will be done!

