FOETUS INTERRUPTUS
Thaw (Self Immolation/ some Bizzare LP/Cassette, CD)

MANY A Foetus has washed under the bridge since the emission of JG Thirlwell's "Mother, I've Killed The Cat!" But there is none so furious as the Foetus Interruptus, oh sure, we've swept through the Foetus of Excellence and pulled from the Foetus box such feisty corks as F Uber Frisco, Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel, then All-Ireland, Rise, Wipline, F A TERRORISM, and You've Got Foetus On Your Breath.

But whereas as the All Nude Revue 'Bedrock' 12" might've led us to think that ol' brown-eye was back but bland, the Interruptus interrupts us with Thirlwell's sickest excesses yet. (And that's 'sickest' in the 'blase himself, enough to overflow the anal canal brains who hope that a little Foetus might rub off on them.) Yeast, every bar here is a Tuff etch, and Foetus seems to have it all too easy these days, too easy to have his brief Las Vegas career ('Bedrock') with a single scythe of his pigsticker on the opening 'Don't Hide It, Provide It'. It has a meaty plate - NOW - to the accompaniment of various bad melodics, machine gun rounds, and the jackhammer Furoisco that he has co-opted into a doomish trademark. Except this time it turns tight, a little noose on the ankles. Because Foetus is hopping mad, and still no vegan.

"English Faggot" would appear to be the first publication of a hitlist, and the one who abandoned him on the Blackpool pier - "I don't like being left in the stands" something reminiscent even just by listing without his cut. Thirlwell apparently hates England, as it applies to his work (biz spoonfeeding the music press). And he is straight, so he reserves particular fury for the Army. One of the essential Foetus statements is "I see no reason to take responsibility" - part of his avant-'positive negativism', whereby he has taken the chance to please and nobody else. Spurning the charity-free-for-all, the Foetus diverts his energies into after-curing to repel those who might offer him a little charity.

Like the horrifically detailed 'Hauss-On-Fire', whereby he reveals that a person, an unclean loon 'n' burn fairytale just to see who sticks a head over the parapet to yell: "Sick! SICK!!" Oh yes. And response is indeed. So Foetus digs in a little deeper.

Big deal. But it's still nice to see him flogging a few of those 'hole' posters outside showing the Last Temptation of Christ (he starred himself) for six weeks to 'look right' on the Cover.

The going gets weirder on Side Two, 'Mr Weird' gets going, 'Chingaco' sounds like a punk bash, backed by a punji-bounding rage with hammering drums overhead. All preceded by such screeching-instrumental pieces as 'Fractidice Pastorale' and 'Barbwire Tumblweed'.

And he rounds it off with 'A Prayer For My Death', one way outs extra with only a "napkin afterwards because the d*ckhead comfort. 'Bullshit is obligator y/ daily life is desyanter... I need a release / say a prayer."

This Foetus has landed, shit-faced, framed, raving and all. Give him a good home and keep smiling. (8)

SIMON WILLIAMS

TALK TALK
Spirit of Eden (Parlophone LP/Cassette/CD)

OH GOD. Art. Six meandering, aimless tracks. 16 musicians mixing the Mexican, Indian, zydeco and shovying with trad rock'n'roll essentials such as the ukelele and clarinet, PLUS a cathedral choir - Mike Oldfield, come on down! Spirit of Eden' could as easily be a wretched excretion from the bowls of conceptualism. (O)

Easy eh, kids? Too bloody easy. From the sleeve's lyrical scracings to the record's tremulous draw - a handwriting analyst's nirvana and Art Garfunkel on vaulum respectively - Mark Hollis sets himself up. Ripe for ridicule, waddling across the journalists firing range. Maybe he's got bullet-proof feathers, or perhaps I'm just too fond of ducks - either way I can't bring myself to prise his plumage.

Talk Talk have extended the atmospherics of 'The Colour Of Spring', their last LP. They've multiplied its morosity, further enhanced the sound of silence. Once a drinking man's Duran Duran, they're now experimenting with freaky orchestral manoeuvres.

An onion of shape so offensive to the nose. Onion. "Inheritance" is impudently dissonant, with brushed drums, wind collective and the piano. "Eleni" is liquid, almost vapid, until spurred by a juggled guitar, it's a nig-nan: inhuman: not in any cold, cultured sense, but in the familiar pained, uninhibited formation. When so desired, 'Spirit of Eden' simply stands still, as expansive and elusive as a tropical dawn.

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