

# NEW albums

## YOU'VE GOT FOETUS ON YOUR BREATH

Deaf!

(Self Immolation import)

REVIEW: Ian Kerkhof

## YOU'VE GOT FOETUS ON YOUR BREATH

Ache

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**WILD** bursts of Burundi drumming, crazy shards of splintered electronics, savage war-cry vocals and wonderfully silly lyrics like "y'know sometimes baby I feel like being a fascist regime."

No, I'm not hallucinating, that just happens to be a gross over-simplification of the Foetus sound!

Foetus? Yes, a seven-piece band from San Francisco called You've Got Foetus On Your Breath, led by someone called Frank Want. A band that is also known as Foetus Under Glass, Phillip And His Foetus Vibrations, Foetus Over Frisco, Foetus Uber Frisco, Foetus On The Beach and (my favourite) Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel.

Tasteless? You bet, in fact Foetus have got "as much taste left as Liberace" as they'll freely admit on *Deaf*.

Well, are they just a novelty band or is there

musical substance behind the kooky appetitions? I say emphatically yes, but only if you're prepared to accept a chaotic framework of styles based on the pioneering efforts of Beefheart, (early) Zappa and more recently The Birthday Party and Essential Logic.

Passion is the key word here — the various members of Foetus flay into their instruments as if there was no tomorrow while singer Frank spews and snaps his way through delightful lyrics like an even more deranged Nick Cave.

Foetus do differ distinctly from their closest musical counterparts in that they are no serious, angst-ridden bunch. A wickedly satirical streak colours both their lyrics and music so that *Today I Started Slogging Again* is a hysterical send-up of Queen's *Another One Bites The Dust*. *Wheat Rolls* mutates Negro spirituals with futuristic electronics and on *Is That A Line?* a super line crops up: "I think there's some mistake here, she's younger than me and older than my mother." Very much in the Ted Milton/Blurt vein.

As inspirational to 1983 as Devo were five years ago, most of these outings are pure pleasure although the debut album *Deaf!* is marred by some filler on side two. If you'd like a succinct description just try their very own on *Mark Of The Ostracizer*: "Thresh thrash pummel lash trounce baste spank lace drub strap flog whip cane beat pelt hit."

And in closing let me just mention what has to be the line of the year: "You ain't tasted nothing till you've got foetus on your breath!"

## CULTURE CLUB

Kissing To Be Clever

(Virgin/Principal)

REVIEW: Ian Kerkhof

(Album supplied by MUSICA, Durban)



**IN** 1982 we saw Nick Heyward gleefully embrace pop, Martin Fry stylishly attempt to define it and Kevin Rowland come a cropper while trying to inject bushels of ersatz passion into it.

It was towards the end of the year though, that an album came out which more than any