YOU'VE GOT FOETUS ON YOUR BREATH

DEAF!!

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ACHA

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) Scrapping Foetus Off The Wheel.

Tasteless? You bet, in fact Foetus have got “as much taste left as Liberace” as they’ll freely admit on Deal.

Well, are they just a novelty band or is there musical substance behind the kooky appendages? I say emphatically yes, but only if you’re prepared to accept a chaotic framework of styles based on the pioneering efforts of Beethoven, (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. Whole 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.”


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 Ostracized. “Thrush thrash pummel lash trounce baste drub strap fog 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

(REVIEW: Ian Kerkhof)

CULTURE CLUB

Kissing To Be Clever

(Album supplied by MUSICA, Durban)

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

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