an equally sadistic glee — an optimistic tune entitled 'Dying With My Boots On'.

This is another instalment in the new soul-less vision. Foetus (we'll talk of him/them/it as a man) wages a ghoul's crusade, galloping across the corrupt territories of popular music (and related industries) with a two-fingered thrust of disregard for both elsewhere hallowed traditions and his own personal safety.

'Ache' is approximately the musical equivalent of a human torch. Going up in a self-destructive blaze of glory.

This record is a 'progression' from the dentist drill gratings of 'Deaf' (a previous LP) and the Dada (-ish) marketing strategies of 'Custom Built For Capitalism'.

Sometimes 'Ache' seems to get too speedy and clever. Through the clout-happy percussive jumble and the disharmonic muddles of melody, Foetus spins around in decreasing circles of hectic lyrical witticisms.

'Ache' is a collection of ten brittle non-pop songs emerging from the kind of Being who would share a meal of iron cutlets with Einsturzende Neubauten.

For some reason I prefer side two and my favourite snippet is a jumpy little firecracker called 'Get Out Of My House'. Kate Bush also has a song on her new LP which has this title. Ponder for a while on the startling possibilities of the pair forming a duet and consider the writing of my former flat-mate, Colin Wilson, from his cult novel Adrift In Soho:

"If you live in a world that bores you, any sort of violent accident seems like a change for the better, and a newspaper headline announcing the death of a politician or the discovery of another mass-murder in Austria produces a pleasant sensation of movement."

MICK SINCLAIR



(Self Immolation

WOMB OYBL2)***

THE COVER is a tacky visual

geometrics constructed across a

dose of red and black linear

grey-toned pic that shows a

Red Army barber cheerfully

shaving an ear off an (Red?)

infant. The music begins with