

# JUICE ON THE LOOSE



## EDWYN COLLINS scrapes a Foetus off of his arm

SO ON Tuesday night Brigitte the red motor car took us to church under a full moon to welcome home **Foetus**. Seems the Mary Magdalene Church in the unbelievably well-named Munster Square was the crypt(ic) setting for a Some Bizzare party ("not a lig") in honour of the hole-y Jim Foetus and to celebrate "Test Dept's Freedom".

Very many famous people (everybody who ever had anything to do with Some Bizzare and then some) were whingeing that the bar wasn't free at all before the gratis ham sandwiches (laced with "toots", whoever he is) launched them en masse into a giggly oblivion.

Definitely present were the four haunted eyes of the highly amicable **Cabaret Voltaire**, taking a night off work to wreck their kidneys or maybe even their livers before recording a **Janice Long** session the next day and revelling in the knowledge that somehow fate (or **Stevo**?) had contrived to get them mentioned on breakfast television three times in the previous two weeks.

Various **Testies** and **Willing Sinners** rubbed shoulders with a soft-spoken **Matt** **Johnson** who presumably invited **Zeke Manyika** who presumably invited **Edwyn Collins** who bashfully relinquished **Paul Quine's** telephone number

to **Lucy Barron** of **Get The Picture**.

**Howard Devoto** appeared shyer than most while most appeared shyer than the ubiquitous, large, and untidy **Stevo**, who never changes. I rather perversely attempted a conversation which (anything but) resolved itself in the line "It doesn't matter anyway, but it was good".

Other bodies seen looking at each other may well have included representatives of **Bronski Beat**, **Flesh For Lulu**, **Tony James**, the American Army in the Vietnam War, him, her, eight million writers and four million photographers, several of whom claimed responsibility for an allegorical pamphlet called **Sounds**. Must find out more.

As a legless Brigitte veered coquettishly homeward carrying the nearest available human beings within her crimson chassis, we were regaled with the tale of **Marc Almond** and the stomach-pump. Who would've thought?

Nevertheless it gives me great and selfless pleasure to declare this hilarious affair **Some Bizzare Party** of the first half of the week on condition that whoever is responsible for the disappearance of my 'Marilyn Monroe Superstar' lighter returns it immediately. Thank you.

**PACO LIES**