

## SCRAPING FOETUS OFF THE WHEEL

'Hole'  
(Some Bizarre  
WOMB FDL3)

\*\*\*\*

"GOT A lust got a lust got a lust for DEATH / Libido in limbo — legs akimbo / Never even read a word of Rimbaud / The walls of my stomach feel like Jericho. . ." Ha ha, yes, it's the new active 33 from Foetus-Face and a spectacularly worthwhile spray of fluid it is too.

Is he legendary? Really? Is he offensive or just attacking? There's a lot of sickness and death on this deformed extended 'Resurrection Shuffle'. He shares many lyrical warp-outs with Almond, but not his sweets. He's rougher; it's peeling in his heart. Oh Jim!

"I'll meet you in Poland, baby" — the rock crumbles and it's a kind of BBC 2 News folk song with sinuses and sirens (the noisy, unglamorous type) shredding the percussion. This man is manic. And works from the basic premise that existence is futile: "I can't shut off my ears to that infernal internal refrain — you are destined to live, destined to live on the street of shame."

Sometimes he just talks, and although the screaming has stopped, the wailing continues. It doesn't stop, he paces, up and down, he doesn't rest. An overpowered emotional vigilante with no common sense — a jerk or a genius?

"I can't get rid of this  
**EMOTIONAL SHIT!**"

Drip drip drip, the water torture slinks/drinks/sinks/on. . . it is repetitive now,



JIM FOETUS: watch that head expand!

## Glad all ovary

rock and roll songs. Look somewhere else! And he *has* got rid of the emotional shit; the album has overstayed its welcome and as the credits roll (lurch), JG Thirlwell wishes he'd found some fresh ideas for his decadent presentation, shock having been absorbed. Nevertheless, he has made a mess and a mockery and a martyr of most of the muppets in the mudbath of

life as he sees it.

A lovely, horrible, stupid record that disappears up its own hole which remains in the middle but ought to be somewhere over there (waves hand vaguely) on the very edge. An honourable near-extremism with a noble sense of nihilism. A 'brilliant advert' in itself for Jim Baby Foetus and his ever-expanding head.

CHRIS ROBERTS