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,
un MGMorous 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,

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), J G 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