JIM FOETUS adopts native
wimmin's birth position

SPERM WAILS

FOETUS FLESH/
TEST
DEPARTMENT
New York

TWO INHABITANTS of the
pages of Wild Planet have
spun into the orbit of New
York, rendering the native
new-wavers dance-floored,
doing the standing still.

While the Flesh half of the
organism sticks to his guns,
head down, rat-tat-tatting at
the synth, Foetus Jim
shudders into life, can of
Kronenberg superglued
firmly in right mitt, hips
jabbing away, stumbling and
rolling. Romantic niceties
such as "stab him in the
face" alternate with vocal
utterances of the calibre of
"HEUGH!" — a shrieking
tour de farce in the mould of
Nick Cave without the
sticking humour.

Into the fourth offering,
"Sacrificial Slaughter", the
contents of the can are
sprayed over the audience
(you didn't think he'd drink
the stuff, did you?) and the
time honoured insistent beat
is duvet off and wheeled
out for the numbed and
dumbfounded to tap their
footsy to.

A sapphony is tarred up
as junkyard rock'n'roll and is
accepted. Pony-tailed Foetus
PJ Proby in his pants about
the stage as a resurgence of
the sound barrage concludes
the carnage.

The appearance of the
Bundeswueur and Rodchenko
coiffures indicate that the
Testes have dropped in on
skyscraperland, a squad of
musical maggots burrowing
away at the Big Apple.

Battering their latest array
of heavy metal hardware, the
men from underneath the
arches run off a set more
tightly co-ordinated than
presented at Cannon Street,
doubtless aimed at the
selection of attendant US
music magnates.

Impressive stuff, and
they're still improving.

ANDY HURT