

JIM FOETUS adopts native
wimmin's birth position



Sari Henry

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 synths, 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 rib-tickling 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 dusted off and wheeled out for the humbled and dumbfounded to tap their tootsies to.

The cacophony is tarted up as junkyard rock'n'roll and is accepted. Pony-tailed Foetus PJ Probs his pelvis about the stage as a resurgence of

the sound barrage concludes the carnage.

The appearance of the Bundeswear 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