SCRAPING FOETUS OFF THE WHEEL 'Nail' (Some
Bizarre WOMBFIP4) ****
"THERE MUST be some kinda romance in being dumb."

Positive negativism, he says. OK, let's jump in the deep end
pretending it's shallow. Ah, we have a mouthful of water. What
can do any goddam thing I want — anything! Power!

Seems like a nice boy. Is it alright if I approve of this record
more than I enjoy it? Is that the done thing? The statement?
Forget it then, I'm for groovin' an' pens are drumsticks. 'Nail'
has everything (pinned down). Luck art bloodlets angst. Who
keeps time for the avant-garde? Where are we going and is this
music (New York, hence collage effects) a Boedicene chariot
or a Thunderbird 101?

Blind Lemon Clint Ruin gets eight million words and a
pull-out supplement to create and relate the history of Pigdom
and his descent into the inferno. He says Pigswill fly. I say he's
looking for the perfect Beatrice (a common problem). He must
have read Lord Of The Flies and been stunned by its latent
horror. Why can I never give Foetus' thrilling records that (ever
so important) fifth star? Because he doesn't know the power of
reserve, and because I spent a year of my first youth believing
'Diamond Dogs' was The Bible, and I'm loyal.

"And... in the death - as the last few corpses lay rotting on
the slimy thoroughfare..."

Has everything been done before? Here is what one track on
(the very very fab) 'Nail' is called: 'I'

CHRIS ROBERTS

HAMMER
HORROR

CLINT RUIN goes the whole hog

Peter Anderson