



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 else? Pigs. Cry. Agony. Cocks. Destroy. Tracheotomy. Stab. Isolation. Heart. Glory. Zap! Drop out. Justice and vengeance. I 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 Boedicean 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: '!'

CHRIS ROBERTS

HAMMER HORROR

CLINT RUIN goes the whole hog

Peter Anderson