

## Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel

Nail

Some Bizzare, FIP 4

Ugh! He's back with another LP. Jim Thirwell/Clint Ruin/SFOTW are one and the same, the audio terrorist who can make Leonard Cohen seem like the Laughing Policeman. Imagine if you will a fifteen year-old Mike Oldfield watching The Sex Pistols in 1977 and deciding, on his way home, to become a one man noise — interrupting his plotting only to destroy a couple of lamp posts with his bare hands.

There are some excellent tracks on this LP, and the rest are seldom less than invigorating. The best of the lot is *Anything* which starts with great slabs of metallic noise crashing from channel to channel, it then changes up a gear for a while before slowing right down and then takes off again on a juggernaut of sound to the finale of 'I can do anything I goddamn want ... I can do *ANYTHING*'.

You'd better believe it!

The majority of this record comprises massive slices of noise which are head and shoulders above anything else I have ever heard, but during the quieter parts it's obvious that Thirwell knows how to use all the studio's devices.

So don't play this in the company of genteel folk, but if you want examples of the 'Good ol' boy' misogyny gone horribly wrong, an insight into Charles Manson, a one second long track, or a short and dense classical piece then you now know where to find them. Makes Stallone look like Christopher Robin.

*Colin Sharples*

