

SCRAPING FOETUS OFF THE WHEEL/Nail/Homestead Records
There's been a lot of talk banded about lately about how Jim Thirwell is just about the only musical genius around today. I'm afraid that assessment is a bit prestigious, but there is no doubt that he's better at fair lite manipulation and other technotic manifestations than anyone involved in so-called "underground" music. As a matter of fact, no one else really seems to be trying (with the one possible exception of Mark Stewart and the Mafia). Incredible stream-of-consciousness wall of ego lyrics make for a combination that for some reason hangs out with Lydia Lunch (you know, the woman who wrote "Little Orphans in the Bloody Snow".) Oh, hell yeah, I'm all for this, but I tend to shy away from his disco side, as exhibited on "Motorslug" and "Calamity Crush" - not my idea of dancin' fun. But then again, my idea of terpsichoric good times tends to lean towards the six Fat Dutchmen and vintage Woooopee Jon, so don't feel bad if you're different. MANY ARE. (Mike S.)

Your Flesh #11