

**STEROID MAXIMUS**

**'Gondwana Land'  
(Big Cat)**

Day in the life of Jim Foetus, age six:

Got up late after the usual dreams of paraplegic lepers raping my mother. Wrote an album. Breakfast: Dead baby and six gallons of methadone. Wrote another album. Postie called with my 'Murder Casebook' files. Recorded both albums.

Midday: 'Rainbow' inspires me to form three new bands: 'Rod', 'Jane' and 'Freddy', to go with my other nine hundred and thirty twelve. 1.30: Disband 'Jane' and 'Freddy' but keep 'Rod' going because it sounds a bit rude.

2.00: Form another band. 'Steroid Maximus'. I think I'll make this a bit different from the usual glorious noise I'm responsible for.

3.00: Tea break. Prod myself in the genitals to get me back in the working mood.

3.30: Record 'Steroid Maximus' album. Quite proud. Hopefully, somebody with curly hair will write something along the lines of: This chap, being not right, has produced some good stuff but nothing compares to this. Constructed, not written, with ethnic percussion (real, not 'Adam And The Ants'), big brass James Bondy nonsense melodies, disturbing eastern vocals that sometimes grate further by deliberately not matching the rhythms of the songs they're coupled with. This is the closest you'll get to the inside of a twisted genius mind until Bruce Forsyth writes his autobiography.

Far closer to traditional classical music than rock'n'roll and, as such, individual songs matter none: this is aural mood swings taking you from lively dance beats to David Lynchian heaps of musical expletives.

The Orb should sound like this: this is their schizophrenic psycho brother, what with the use of ambient noises, but this time being used to replenish your underwear.

Absolute headfucking genius.

5.00: Tea time. Chop off my left leg and eat raw. Record four more albums without even writing them.

Remix

'Gondwana Land' to include bagpipes and make them fit perfectly just to prove that I'm still light years ahead of my imitators.

6.00:

Nervous breakdown. Sixth today.

7.00:

Masturbate over

'Casualty'.

8.00:

Send flowers to journalist in England. Apparently his head's exploded with how good my new album is. I'm sure I can get another album out of that concept...

Stokq 10/10

