

**THE FOETUS
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA**
*York (First Exit
to Brooklyn)*

An amazingly grimey piece of improv performed at the Brooklyn Anchorage, based on the crime and degeneration of the most dangerous projects in NYC. Lots of noise, wailing brass, bass growls, guitar feedback, and percussion splattered like blood. Lydia Lunch's should-have-been-Beatnik voice coos ardently about getting hard-ons over two black boys beating the shit out of each other and other such pretty things. Foetus screams with more of a whiskey-soaked rasp than Tom Waits could ever hope for. The mood wanders from an observer watching a rape performed in a nearby alley (atmospheric yet disturbing) to being behind the eyes of a murderer (an awesome all-out jam) to the dark sadness of the streets and sewers. An industrial album for the rocker and quite a moving homage to sewage. (Thirsty Ear; 274 Madison Ave. #801; NYC 10016) -sasha i nyktos