

The Boomerang

New reissues and archive releases

Derek Bailey

Domestic Jungle

Scatter Archive DL

By 1995, Derek Bailey had spent a couple of years improvising with jungle records played over pirate radio stations, sending the resulting tape letters to interested parties. While copyright issues prevented these tracks from ever going public, they've finally arrived as a digital-only release titled *Domestic Jungle*. It's scrappier than *Guitar, Drums 'N' Bass* – the similar 1996 album Bailey released with DJ Ninj – but its shoddy recording qualities are crucial, capturing a spontaneity that the studio collaboration never did.

Domestic Jungle feels like a crystallisation of what Bailey's home recording sessions must have been like (he especially loved the live aspect of radio, once noting the impressiveness of a DJ ordering pizza and Coke during a performance). At points, one notices how the jungle music is considerably less audible than his guitar, creating a strong sense that we're gaining insight into his daily practice. When we hear the first untitled track reappear in the sixth, its different fidelity and context only instill it with new life.

Domestic Jungle's best moments come from how Bailey's playing can feel so in line with his improvisation partner, as on the seventh track when he conjures up raucous clanging to match stuttering snares – they both manage to create a wall of noise in different ways. There's also the way his melodies can feel like they're tiptoeing across the beat before matching their kinetic swerve, telegraphing a real sense of dynamic energy between both 'players'. When he obfuscates the vocal samples on the fifth track, it's an invigorating continuation of the playful pas de deux he had with vocalist Christine Jeffrey on *Views From Six Windows*.

That's the beauty of *Domestic Jungle* – Bailey always found new ways to push himself, and one can sense such dedication to craft in its every moment. Joshua Minsoo Kim

Coil

*Musick To Play In The Dark*²

Dais CD/DL/LP

When this second instalment in Coil's moon musick series was released back in 2000, a few dozen collectors were quick enough to pick up the "Trauma Edition", featuring a plain white cover smeared with Jhonn Balance's blood. The samples, according to the label, had been collected during a "psychotic/demonic episode". This clearly raises the bar for any attempt to manufacture a deluxe reissue. Dais have worked hard, reproducing the etched

image from the original double LP's fourth side, and even pressing a handful of copies in luminous plastic (a hilariously sober footnote warns that "glow in the dark pigment is susceptible to lossy audio quality").

Look past the blood, etchings and glowing pigment, and there's a hell of a record here. Coil's turn towards lunar themes was part of a sonic realignment, as well as an astral one. For the first volume of *Musick To Play In The Dark* in 1999 Balance and Peter Christopherson decamped to the seaside town of Weston-super-Mare. There, they joined forces with Thighpaulsandra and Drew McDowall, casting aside their analogue instruments and accelerated forms in favour of software patches and watery, ambient textures.

On this sequel, the spitting, chirruping sound of mistreated software is even more striking and often takes on a weirdly organic quality, echoing the crackle of a fire, the drip of cave water, or the hiss of wind. Through this uncanny valley Balance lets his slow songs sprawl and decay. As you reach the final side – with the engraved words "LAST ONE TURN OUT THE LIGHTS" revolving around the centre label – it's hard not to think of his own passing, just four years later. "Are you bathing in the moonlight", he asks at one point, "or drowned on the beach?".

The album closes with its darkest cut, "Batwings (A Liminal Hymn)". Accompanied by muted organ pedals, Balance recites pages from Sir Thomas Browne's *Sealed Museum*, a 17th century collection of descriptions of nonexistent alchemical objects. And then, just as the record is about to wind to a stop, he closes the book and starts to sing. This was the piece that Christopherson chose to play for those who gathered at Balance's funeral in the winter of 2004: a hymn in a nonsense tongue that his lover called "a language only he knows".

Rob Turner

Ferry Djimmy

Rhythm Revolution

Acid Jazz CD/DL/LP

Billed as one of Afrobeat's rarest and most intriguing releases, *Rhythm Revolution* was recorded by charismatic musician Ferry Djimmy – real name Jean Maurille Ogoudjobi – in mid-1970s Cotonou, Benin. Upon his return from Paris, where he had travelled some years earlier to work as a policeman by day and perform music by night, Djimmy was quickly befriended by Benin's leader Mathieu Kérékou, who saw in the musician the opportunity to promote Kérékou's Marxist-Leninist politics to a younger demographic. Gifted a record label to

further the cause, Djimmy had the freedom to realise his musical vision, the result being this remarkable album.

Underpinned by propulsive rhythms, punctuated by urgent vocals and bearing a backbone of deep funk, these eight tracks are driven and assured, revealing influences from James Brown, Jimi Hendrix and Fela Kuti, with whom Djimmy became good friends. The wah-wah soaked guitar intro to the opening track "Be Free" heralds a psych rock workout with Djimmy's fluid, scorching lead lines freely invoking the spirit of Hendrix. On "Atakpa DC9" and "Brest DC 10" the energetic guitar-keyboard-percussion dynamic recalls the sound of Santana. "Carry Me Blak" is an ode to blackness sung in Yoruba and powered by a distorted bass groove and vocal/sax call and response. That Djimmy opted to play most of the instruments himself, including guitar, saxophone, drums and keyboards, is nothing short of astounding, given the cohesive band-like feel that pervades these tracks.

The second half of this release consists of four 7" singles that include "A Were We Coko", Djimmy's first single recorded in Paris for Pathé Marconi, and "Love Love", a stirring soul cut featuring plaintive horns and the imploring vocals of Dyo-Wyth's which, along with "Start To Pray", reveals a different, more soulful side to Djimmy's work. Originally a B side, "My Dad Has Me To Kamm" provides the finale and though somewhat blighted by an apparently out of tune guitar, this does little to diminish from what is a very impressive selection.

By 1977 Djimmy had left Cotonou for Lagos. Apparently deemed too wild for the public at the time, his album had been a commercial failure and it's said that fewer than 200 copies survived a warehouse fire in the late 70s. Nearly 50 years on, this record reveals something special; an accomplished multi-instrumentalist pushing forward his singular vision from a part of the world that was clearly unready for it.

Shane Woolman

The Hated

What Was Behind

Numero Group DL

By the mid-1980s a cluster of Washington, DC groups were turning hardcore's nth degree supercharge inward in an effort to move their scene forward. Rites Of Spring and Embrace were most prominent, but Gray Matter, Beefeater and Three also emerged during the period dubbed Revolution Summer.

It was a rebirth for an underground centred around former Minor Threat (then Embrace, but not yet Fugazi) frontman Ian Mackaye's Dischord label,

one that inadvertently birthed the term emo to describe an aesthetic focus on the frustrations and contradictions of the inner self. Crucially, this was to be a music that referenced influences outside of hardcore in opposition to doctrinaire formalism.

Emerging in 1984, Maryland quartet The Hated have long been acknowledged by aficionados as just as vital to the subgenre's development as the DC groups, though they remain less widely heralded in other quarters. Numero Group's reissue of their second LP is a crucial document of a band that were at a slight remove both geographically but stylistically.

These 13 tracks are cloaked in all the signifiers of meat and potatoes mid-Atlantic punk but end up somewhere much weirder, almost unbearably urgent in terms of the conviction of their delivery. "Untold Mess" and "Waiting" are instructive, with vocalist/guitarists Erik Fisher and Daniel Littleton's melodic tracer-trail salvos disassembling into a rapidly unfurling, interlocked semi-formlessness. This debased Byrdian chime speaks to the folkish impulses the group displayed (returned to on the entirely acoustic "Like The Days", a remastered demo appearing here for the first time). Littleton's intonations are a nasal shriek of distilled adolescent dissatisfaction levied by half enunciated asides.

The standout is "Waiting", a gorgeously panicked cascade of octaves (early emo's core instrumental signifier) that first hangs weightlessly before shattering to make way for the bones of a bedsit torch song that prefigures Littleton's later work in slowcore unit Ida. Altogether, it's a vital reminder that groups as unmannered as this bear as little relationship to the mid 2000s' vaudeville stadium rock transmutation of emo as early dubstep producers do to hyper-compressed, festival filling EDM.

Daniel Baker

Lucy Liyou

Welfare/Practice

American Dreams 2×CD/DL/2×LP

I confess a deep wariness of the confessional. Naturally, addressing matters of profound personal vulnerability to a public is any artist's prerogative. But the market for the spilled guts of artists – younger artists in particular – just makes me think of the eradication of private space, or of the right to opacity; a limbo bar that gets lowered with every pass.

It's hard to pinpoint any one sleight of hand that allows Lucy Liyou's *Welfare/Practice* – a twofer reissue of the 2020 and 2021 releases *Welfare* and *Practice* – to escape that, but it does.

Maybe it's the collection's implicit formalism, or a performative manner and wryness bordering, at times, on camp. Or it could be something as plain as the distancing effect of their monotone text to speech delivery. In any event, there's something about the way Liyou's diaristic dispatches – largely addressed to emotionally distant parents – that secures a kind of autonomy. And with it there's an acknowledgement that between the experience and the communication of emotional trauma, there's a denaturing process. It's never entirely raw or unmediated. It always becomes something else. In Liyou's case it becomes something pretty captivating, and not by appealing to voyeurism.

Welfare and *Practice* are probably best experienced as a single suite but a few differences are pronounced. Tracks on the former are longer – with the exception of the near three minute "Unnie", they are all over ten minutes – and more turbulent. On *Practice* – originally issued by Full Spectrum – durations mostly drop to a three minute average and take on more of a vignette-like quality. There's also an overall softening of sonic jags. *Welfare*, on the other hand, was released via Klein's imprint Ijn Inc and to date appears to be its only release apart from the latter's *Lifetime*. There's an unmistakable artistic kinship between the artists: they're in a comparable headspace and sensorial spectrum. But there are notable contrasts too. *Lifetime* feels more intuitively arranged, though Klein has subsequently focused more on composition.

Welfare already seemed committed to a compositional blueprint which is possibly, at least in part, due to Liyou conceiving of it as an interpretation of pansori, a traditional Korean style of narrative folk opera. A few moments of glitch concrete psychodrama also crop up, with "Who You Feed" eliciting memories of Matmos circa *A Chance To Cut Is A Chance To Cure*.

James Gormley

Model Home

Saturn In The Basement

Disciples DL/LP

A Saturn Companion

Disciples DL

Displaying an outside DIY ambition mirrored in its title, *Saturn In The Basement* is a kaleidoscopic collection of tracks from the last few years of mixtapes by Washington, DC duo Model Home. A bricolage of Pat Cain's production and MC NappyNappa's effects-laden flow, these tracks don't exist at the meeting point of hip-hop, noise and industrial, as much as they free float around their outskirts.

Self-defining their work as "collaborative experiments in liberated sound", Model Home's output is distinctly freeform, with improvisation at its core. This approach results in varied forms, from the jerky repetition of "False Reign", to the restless collage of "Pidgin", which opens the album with a blast of cut-up

vocal tracks and hyperactive beats. At 13 minutes "Yard 1" is the longest track, allowing a more comprehensive exploration which would be welcome on future releases. Imagining the two recording this "live in the back yard" (as claimed in the sleeve notes) is pretty funny, considering how pitch dark and distinctly industrial the sounds are. Throughout the record, MC NappyNappa's vocals are warped to such an extent that his words became a kind of idioglossia – somewhere between a voice as instrument and a masked code.

The compilation's biggest draw is the previously unreleased "Naked Intentions", a collaboration with Japanese electronic icon – and recent *Wire* cover star – Phew. Heavily textured with rumbles and skitters, this disconcerting track demonstrates the lineage between both projects, and shows the alchemical results of Cain and NappyNappa's process – the result of a live improvisation manipulating and playing over Phew's original track.

Another Phew collaboration "Journey To Joy" is included on *A Saturn Companion*, a supplementary compilation of extra tracks from the same mixtapes that *Saturn In The Basement* draws from. Here, the results are more energetic, a clash of polished club beats and grainier counterparts. The rest of *A Saturn Companion* travels through even more modes. There's a dub influence in the atmosphere and rhythms of "Eyes And Tees"; "Free Fallen" is almost gothic in its minimal beats and muddy vocal treatments; and "Survival" matches its avant garde rhythms with clear-voiced pop culture references. Even in their more downbeat moments Model Home are alive with possibility.

Claire Biddles

Mog Stunt Team

I'm Gonna Do It Until The Day That I Die

Land Of Fun CD/DL

What happened to Mog Stunt Team? The Detroit trio produced two albums towards the end of the 1990s, *555* (1996) and *King Of The Retards* (1997) – the latter coming via Amphetamine Reptile, a label notable for releasing records by influential noise rock outfits like Melvins, Helmet, Tar and Halo Of Flies. With an explosive live show, weird lyrics belying an obsession with UFOs, and the all-encompassing belief that square-jawed easy listening pianist John Tesh is an alien who uses music to communicate with his fellow extraterrestrials, their apparent disappearance takes on an extra layer of strangeness.

I'm Gonna Do It Until The Day That I Die is a (pretty fucking wild) documentary that explores the last days of the band, accompanied by a similarly titled compilation of their work. If you believe the doc, their motel was struck by a meteor which created a blaze from which the bodies of the band were never found. If you believe Discogs, singing bassist Kenny Mugwump, drummer Scott Goldstein and guitarist Matthew J Ruffino have been

involved with several subsequent projects.

In spite of all this madness (and maybe a little bit because of it) the music still feels powerful and exciting. "Fight Song" is a muscular two minutes of sharp power pop, while "Surveillance Riot" provides exhilaration in the form of hardcore protest sludge. However, the songs which proudly wear a tinfoil hat resonate most. "Bug" combines a snippet of 1950s-sounding dialogue about the veracity of flying saucers with an almost Fishbone-like guitar chug, while "UFO's Calling" skewers deranged lyrics on a charging barbed bassline alongside manic percussive rumble.

The documentary illustrates a band who, rather than dealing in the tired rockist clichés of destruction by sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll, instead created for themselves a far odder – but much more fun – mythology. But the weirdest thing about Mog Stunt Team isn't their obsession with UFOs or suspicions about the intentions of John Tesh, but the fact that their raucous racket hasn't been more widely cherished.

Spenser Tomson

Kristin Oppenheim

Voices Fill My Head: Collected Sound Works 1993–1999

INFO DL/2xLP

Sound art conceived for installation and reissued as an album is a curious, confounding, opaque object. The exercise seems pointless if its objective is to map one listening experience onto another, less so if it's more about a transformation of the medium in an entirely different psychoacoustic space. That transformation is inevitable, so the question is whether or not it's interesting, which *Voices Fill My Head: Collected Sound Works 1993–1999* by New York based Hawaiian multimedia artist Kristin Oppenheim decidedly is.

It is difficult to imagine any listener becoming invested in this album as they would a more conventional record, though. The chances of bonding with it over time are slim. To form a relationship with it at all is probably to do so within the duration of a single track and dissolve it in the same one. If you listen to it again you listen to it anew, which is curious given it's built on potentially endless repetition.

Oppenheim's close, breathy, unaccompanied a cappella refrains loop and oscillate gently from channel to channel in ways that are alternately hypnotic, grating, lulling, stupefying and haunting. She sings phrases rarely more than a few words long. Lines like "Golden hair, lean out your window" repeat to a point beyond the horizon, hinting at possibly impossible narratives. Unexpected musicality waxes and wanes through the sheer lockedness of phrases.

I was reminded more than once of the uncanny double-tracked vocals of Richard Youngs's *Autumn Response*, but that's probably coincidental. As is

the sense that an archival collection of 1990s recordings could have anticipated wild card tendencies like the recent, though subsiding, vogue for ASMR in music. Oppenheim could hardly have been interested in what hadn't even yet become a fledgling self-help fad at the time of recording. But its possibilities as a headphone companion to any number of solitary excursions – walks, commutes, people watching – are infinite.

James Gormley

Hermeto Pascoal

Hermeto

Far Out CD/DL/LP

Sambrasa Trio

Em Som Maior

Vampisoul LP

Miles Davis included three Hermeto Pascoal compositions on *Live-Evil*, gruffly touting the Brazilian newcomer as the finest musician in the world. Which was Miles's delicate way of saying that Gil Evans was well and truly chucked, for if any superlative attaches to Pascoal it is that he was and remains one of the very finest orchestrators ever to work in the jazz ambit. The integration of strings with a clanking electric piano and flute on "Hermeto", the softened brass and gauzy strings on "Alicate (Pliers)" and the booting baritone saxophone lines on the opening "Coalhada (Yogurt)" are all instantly identifiable from his solo debut *Hermeto*, which appeared in 1970 and presumably found its way onto Miles's deck pretty much immediately.

The softer pieces like "Guizos (Bells)", with a solo female voice that might be co-producer Flora Purim, and the later "Velório (Mourning)", with its organ like bass pipes and murmured prayer, are more atmospheric, almost Fourth World-ly. The key stuff, though, is in the faster tempo tunes, which take big band jazz (thought to be near extinct in 1970) into new territory. Only Lalo Schifrin had worked anything like this seem, but without the lushness of texture.

Pascoal had started out with Conjunto Som 4, Quarteto Novo, Brazilian Octopus and Sambrasa Trio before making his first solo disc. *Em Som Maior* is the only recording by the last of these, featuring Pascoal on piano and flute, Humberto Clayber on bass and harmonica and Purim's partner Aírto Moreira on drums. Pascoal's "Coalhada" makes an early and stripped down appearance, but most of the material came from hither and yon rather than from within the group. The exceptions are "Lamento Nortista" and "João Sem Braço" by the underrated Clayber, who in addition to being the world's greatest harmonica player (a superlative that brooks no contradiction) is also a superb arranger/orchestrator. On the latter track, with Pascoal going full throat on flute, the trio produce an extraordinary sound. It's the piece that is always taken as definitive of the album, but, much like *Hermeto*, the mood