

percussive arsenal makes for an excellent statement of intent, though the duo manage to weave these elements through fascinating permutations throughout the ensuing runtime. O'Reilly's mastery of stippling ambient textures around the impeccable songcraft on offer ensures that there is never a wasted moment, draping hypnotic rhythmic patterns with the sonic manifestation of sunrise over the course of the album. Ó Snodaighs voice, earnest and rugged, makes for a lovely foil to O'Reilly's plaintive intonations, though the latter's wonderful tenor may be relatively underrepresented on this recording. 'Calling All Angels' takes on a suitably elegiac hue towards its close, delicate strings and drones swelling in and out of the song's gentle sway. The impossibly catchy, joy riddled 'Sin Sin' is another highlight, taking full advantage of both men's extensive collection of noise making apparatuses. The summer may have left us, but at least it left us with this record to bring to mind the many sun-kissed emerald vistas scattered across this island. A triumphant achievement from these two extraordinary gentlemen, equal in their innovative and artful manner of expressing these compelling truths. **AOC**



Chief Adjuaah
- *Bark Out*
Thunder Roar
Out Lightning

In the last issue I wrote about 'Blood Calls Blood', the opening cut from this new record by one of my favourite living composers, **Xian aTunde Adjuaah**, FKA Christian Scott, under his latest moniker, **Chief Adjuaah**. The New Orleans native is one of the most celebrated Trumpet players to take up the instrument since the incomparable Miles Davis, yet he eschews the horn for the entirety of this album, instead turning his capable hands to Adjuaghs nGoni and Adjuahs Bow, electrified harp like instruments of his own design, and through them he celebrates his West African heritage, as well as his recent election to Chiefdom of the Xodokan Nation of maroons. The dazzlingly intense title track takes on two shapes here, both with the uniquely gifted drummer Elé Powell. The first is a lengthy mediation, dusky and somber, recalling the streets of his hometown, whereas the second is an electric tour de force, showcasing Adjuahs voice and his virtuosity at the new instrument as Powell seems to make it his mission to prove there a kind of divinity by invoking it directly through his kit. It is certainly more on



DRAPING HYPNOTIC RHYTHMIC PATTERNS WITH THE SONIC MANIFESTATION OF SUNRISE



PARIJUANA TAKE 1 IS RAW, DIRTY, EXPERIMENTAL AND NOISY

the 'adjacent' side of jazz adjacent, and may even puzzle or alienate some listeners of his previous work, but this collection of Stretch Music, as Adjuaah has named his articulate and unique amalgamation of genres, is an early contender for album of the year for this humble scribe, and lucky, devoted advocate. **AOC**



The Wormholes
- *Parijuana*
Take 1

Fans of **The Wormholes** have always known that between **Chick Dig Scars**, their blistering 1994 debut, and **Scorpio The Album**, its 1997 follow-up, was another album shelved by the Ringsend band. The Dublin Indie Underground's very own Smile. A few songs from this mythical lost album were eventually re-recorded and released in 1999 as **Parijuana (Four Years in Captivity)**. A compilation from 2021 - **You Never See The Stars When It Rains 1994-99** - did an admirable job anthologising the band's career. In its sleeve notes Niall Crumligh perfectly summarised the period: "If Jubilee Allstars were the Replacements and In Motion the Byrds, The Wormholes were The Stooges." The album also raised the question: what happened to the first version of **Parijuana**?

Now 27 years after it was originally recorded comes **Parijuana Take 1**. In 1996 The Wormholes managed to extract a few hundred pounds from their record company Roadrunner Records to demo songs for their second album. They spent six nights in Dublin's Sun Studios with producer Marc Carolan and recorded an improvised set of blistering noise-rock. If Chicks owes something to American Alt-rock then **Parijuana** owes a nod to the sounds of 70s German experimentalists, most notably Hamburg's Faust. By the time the album was finished the A&R man who had signed them had left, Roadrunner dropped them and wanting a fresh start the band decided to abandon the recordings and move on. **Parijuana Take 1** is raw, dirty, experimental and noisy. 'Riotman' moves from Evolvera Sonic Youth to guttural screaming in a few short minutes. 'Out of Place' is a strummed acoustic shuffle. 'Drive Dead Slow' starts out slow and over eight minutes builds to a piercing conclusion. To paraphrase an old Wormholes press advert, this isn't Hi-Fi or Lo-Fi, this is No-Fi - and all the better for it. **Parijuana Take 1**'s release is a fitting tribute to the band's Dave Carroll who sadly passed away in 2019. **PmcD**