

ENNIO MORRICONE
THE EXORCIST 2: THE HERETIC OST
WARNER BROS. LP

Here we have a total mess of a flick with accompanying wildly liturgical and tribal jammer soundtrack from the master of cinema audio intensity par excellence. Gotta say, prob my favorite by him, not a huge spag-west fan - amazing (natch) but really played in the Oldzone tomb. However, this monster LP just bellows evil to eerie to heavy rock terror of "Pazuzu." The platter just delivers in monster style. Being a rat kid of the '70s, I was the perf age to be curio about the sheer horror of "Exorcist 1," one of those flicks that my crew was too young to see but old enough to try to sneak a peak to or "listen" via house air ducts when the parents where watching it on TV in the late night. Imagine kids taking the rumors and muttering abstracts of Blair throwing up and head spinning around ad nauseam and then holding your ear to the vent to HEAR the movie at 10pm on a Tuesday???. Makes it better than actually seeing it, imaginary styles. So the sounds of the two movies uphold a special eerie hole in my brain-screech-memory. When The Heretic dropped I was in Okinawa and movies where IMPOSS to get, took two years to get a Beta copy of "Return of the Jedi" and when we did watch it, the image was cut off on the top so we could only see the bottom inch of the flick... didn't stop the kids of the island from watching it over and over and when I finally saw the top half / aka full movie in, I dunno, 2006, it wasn't as intense.... Heretic our isolated Japan crew heard about was "just a strange movie" and when we did see it, after three years of waiting, it shook the kids. We were stunned and couldn't figure it out. Seeing it later still has the same feeling, a total mess but at least it's self-aware of such. Want a laugh? Read all the criticism including the OG director Friedkins' scathing attacks on Boorman. Amazing. "Second Worst Movie" of all time. Regardless, avant-screecher sounds are best on condensed short length soundtracks and Morricone's in full force here. Makes me want to pull out the only improv group I can repeatedly revisit with confused smiles: the amazing Gruppo di Improvvisazione Di Nuova Consonanza. This lurking LP is oddly easy to grip, unlike the first, which is a killer collection of avant-bombers a la The Shining.



POST SCRIPT: Dunno why I didn't mention it, but when they did a revamped big screen re-run of the "Exorcist 1": I went with the Roach and Dilloway and they proceeded to get me so f'in stoned that even the reggae in the theater was TOO INTENSE and needless to say within two minutes of the credits I was one quiver shaking shook rat man. Same duo that told me "naw dude its all over let's split" in the final canoe scene in Friday the 13th part one! Goofers!



THE STAPLE SINGERS BEST OF THE VEEJAY YEARS

VEE JAY LP

Who'da thunk that a nuclear-soul diving flaming kamikaze Nuclear Warhead Bomb would have been constructed via the Sunday Morning shadows of Chicago via 1948 from "Pops" Roebuck and his three children???? Man, where has this group been in my inzane ear-life? Not until recently I saw a video of this rabidly stripped down proto-northern urban gospel troupe completely FREEZING the air with a mind-deforming combo of nothing but a moaning quiet trebly guitar pulled slowly into misery from a two-watt suitcase amp and four sirens spreading out the most intimate heavy soul music I've heard, EVER. Whew this is not mellow. The three daughter voices are so eerie, haunting, but forward and otherworldly that it makes perfect sense that only a crippled quiet moaning guitar string can accompany it. Now I know why all the "heerrriooooon" Houston gospel singles Aaron Coyes flexed on during smoky frozen afternoon 45 spins were influenced by. Even when there is a spackling of dry, unmoving pitter-patter percussion it's still THOSE voices and THAT guitar. If I was in this family band, I would do nothing else but play this gorgeous soul-weight music every second of the day, all day, to anyone or anywhere, for years. Been awhile since something has moved me so much like this at least five hours after the MANTAS-hellfire demo smoke has smoldered down to a ember glow. After you hear "Will The Circle Remain Unbroken" you will pitch your Elevators records to the next stoned dupe wanting to lap 'em up. "I'm Coming Home" parts one and two will bulldoze over any idea in your head and demand so much attention that jamming it on a lonely drive home on a rainy mid-February cold night after a free screening of Walking Dead will make you be barely able to turn the wheel and thus you will end up in a shadowy ditch. Oddly the early stuff isn't really around anymore, but the later "I'll Take You There" '70s material is as common as a cheap date and has nada of the magic of the ghost-world early material. I got kinda bummed - taken aback by the glow of the STAPLES when on a heavy

Saturday errands run with the entire family (two ladies + mugger) Tavs asked me to "Turn down NPR Radio Special on the Black Religious Experience," but after a handful of 2am post-Wolf Dice/Practice drives home on the lonely 696 with "I'll Be Coming Home" on repeat, the mystique hasn't lessened. Has there been a book about this unit? I can only imagine how nut-crunchingly intense the early gigs were. That damn guitar: it is as equally wit-frighteningly perfect and craggly crawling as fellow Chicagoan Hubert Sumlin - just the difference being between a wasted Saturday 4:30am and a overtly sober Sunday 7:45am. Maybe God or Satan is your bag, but "Vee Jay" is just as tough as "Seasons Into The Abyss," maybe even more punk in its forward manner and its dry-magic. One of those killer groups that 20% of your crew will be into. Up the Haunted Xian 'Punx!!



DAFT PUNK GET LUCKY ONE HOUR LOOP | NO MEDIA

The Miss Tovinator made a joke yesterday saying how Ripp Off should start reviewing Body Washes (er War-shes as it's known in these parts) cause after a lengthy stretch of the MIGHTY Right Guard "Total Defense" deodorant-hair-body 5X protection attack on the frame with a total defense cost of \$3.56, a test drive had me gleaming in our already perfect shower zone in crypt hut. It wasn't until I took a leap to Old Spice body/hair wash that I realized that the 5x protection (at 18 Hrs a hit apparently) was the magic Right Guard had as a leg up on the other bod washes. Yeah okay: Old Spice was like Free 12 Ozs" and was cheaper but just came out waaay too thin and nasal potent - & had the consistency of Linda Blair vomit but more ocean blue than possession gray-black. Took awhile to hit empty on that HUGE Spice container but the joyful return to the aptly titled Right Guard was 5,0000x the joy. Complete shower non-crust talk here but somehow reminds me of the almighty Daft Punk. Either way you shape it up fame or not: they are a weird duo. The music is hypnotically simple but in true Herbie Hancock "Dolphin Dance" style: the grooves/tones when hit right can play FOR EVER. Thus this 5x protected "application" style of turning a 30 sec section of a song into a hour long loop of endless pleasure and ease, like greasing up a clock. "Round the World" is amazing, and hot damn if "One More Time" isn't the best song ever to enter the 2000s if the Injections "Prisons Walls" wouldn't be already in first place...but it's not....the early '80s..... okay... However you feel about Pharell keep it to yourself-even though you are probably right - but he nails it here with a Soul Train relaxed banger hand in hand with the duo's simple but intoxicating "non-judgmental" eerie mainstream electronica. First time I heard of the secret sect of Daft fans was in a smokey afternoon with the Black Dice crew in some tiny town in Ohio with that animated video of theirs on repeat, smoking joint after joint. There are A LOT of hushed fans out there of this weirdo duo: myself included: but I have to stick with the hits as the full albums have weird parts and good flow but my trigger finger is always reaching for the nuclear radio hits. AND an hour of this? It's perfect: if you blast this on errand

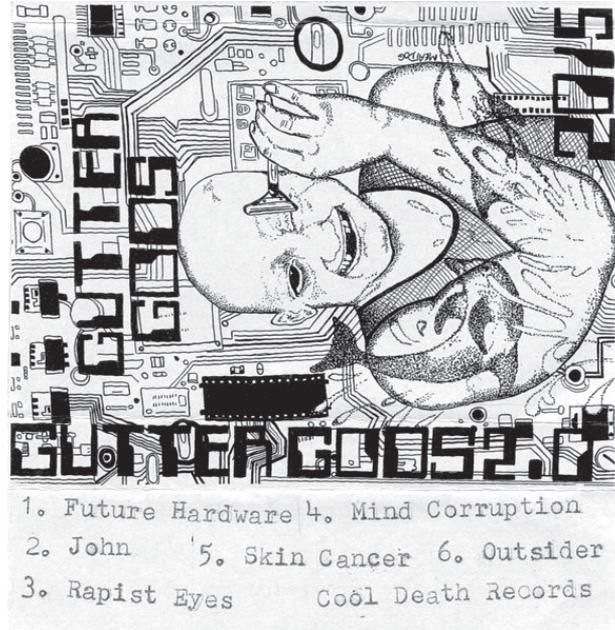
day you realize nearly 30min have passed on this track w/o an eager hawk eye keeping tabs. If this was the height of the Ferndale chaos-gun-knife all night garage rock & noize boyz/girls showdown dance parties of 1997-2001 this g-damn track would replace Machine's "There But For the Grace of God Go I" (Gories' version RULES) and the Kool & The Gang/Studio One Rockers - Telex "Moscow Disco" booty staples in a heartbeat. Gotta do something to clear the head/soul after a long stretch of MORTAL DECAY and DEADEN demo-dives (and trying to get your head around the Chicago-OH Death Metal Mecca of the late '90s) and this online-only "Get Lucky" track will spray paint the brain cobwebs GOLD as the Punks clear it away. As I tell Tovs nearly every time the Frenchies come on screen: Heldon Richard Pinhas had them in his mobile and called 'em up to clap at the wolf crew on one rainy east coast drive and that's probably as close as I will get to 'em in the flesh, sans helmet. The HOUR spent with this endless thumper o' joy is MORE than enough. As the band is titled, "Dumb Punk," sure but at least it's social, electrified, and tapped into the pulse of GOOD TIMES. Lord knows we need 'em stacked. 18 hour RIGHT GUARD...!



GUTTER GODS 2015 DEMO
COOL DEATH RECORDS CASSETTE
+
PISSHEADS 8 TRACK DEMO
SELF-RELEASED CASSETTE

Alright now...time to double duty some jammers cause there is just TOO much to jaw about for this limited space. Two ill-natured units here, Gutter Gods from Australia and Pissheads from the discourteous world that is Richmond, VA. Two ruff and tumble new groups worthy of further investigation. The Gutter Gods start with some kind of technology themed deal (right down to the printed tape labels) with "Future Hardware" and the go into "fierce punk band jamming in airport hanger" ambience from there. From the churlish grins on snaps inside, maybe they are pissing on your head, but at least there is magnetic evidence of some kind of Oi! / LSD future mixture. New squads from Aussie that are really ringing some kind of bell are Bloody Hammer, Eye Gouge, and the all mighty Reckless Aggression acts - not saying the Gutter Gods belong in that ragged assortment but they definitely are unique. The cover of a skin shaving his eyebrows against a backdrop of IC chips is totally killer and would make an ACE patch. On the other side of the ocean is the "boot beast" known as the Pissheads, which is made up of Richmond - AKA "Piss City" - super-jammers and this first outing is super strong distorted saturnine songs par excellence. They already have a 7" out which illustrates another way to "Kill a hippy system." Well-produced and heavy casts a wicked FRAMTID shadow but no Japan worship here as it's still rooted deep in streets & studs mind set. Great primitive dunt by both The Gutters and Heads...maybe one day the two can jam in a super unit called THE PISS GUTTERS.... Solid concrete-mortar brick to the ears here with two brusque demos.

POST SCRIPT: The Pissheads disappeared after said 7" but phew: The Gutter Gods done blown up. Whereas the 2012 tape was Cool Death #1 or something, somehow the band got it REAL together and dropped an LP that EVERYONE had some kinda opinion about last year. Amazing looking/sounding thing that had an actual WTF power electronics meets street Oi! combo that looks horrible in print but sounds scary. A classic, and the label went on to do other amazing releases like the almighty and strange Velvet Whip & Soma Coma. The Gutter Gods broke up shortly after the LP which future left quite a myth behind them. Trust me: it's a chin scratcher record that everyone should bathe with. Whatever happened between the 2012 demo and the LP put out a year later: in 2015, as I write this, I still have no idea. Fabulous and strange.



BIG BILL BROONZY
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ARCHIVE OF FOLK MUSIC LP

Man, its 1:16am and I just watched THE HUMAN CENTIPEDE and was all numb, then reached for this super dark downer LP which left me in just the weirdest mood. A horrible frightening flick in pure Cronenberg style just makes you feel like your brain needs to take a shower for a year. I heard mumblings of the movie and saw Robert Ebert would not even give it a star "cause he only reviews movies where the stars shine." So after the Olzone ladies went to sleep I peeped it; ugh feel GROSS. So the counterpoint is this super dark complex raw Big Bill LP and it is just adding rotting glue to the cracked creases in my psyche. Big fan of Chicago amplified folk styles, but this acoustic off-the-cuff outing on this common comp label Archive of Folk Music (the Charlie Parker and Sonny Rollins ones are in the shadows of every dollar bin everywhere and rule) is just making the raw human experience after Centipede even darker. Whew. Jammed the first side two times in a row cause "Feeling Lowdown" is just too much. It's one thing to be a loner, but to play like you live in a dark universe population ONE is really tuff. And he does, on a bad day. The liner notes talk about "Corrosive self-consciousness in art." while I think between this and the flick, I've covered both in excelsis. Ever since finishing "Life" by Keith Richards, I've gone back to the Chicago section of blues wax and it always stings with its ringing downer electric mid-western vibes par excellence. Broonzy did some killer sides with Washboard Sam (as opposed to Pengo's Washboard Schoen) and can really nail his feeling down to a pinching and haunting art. What else am I fitza jam after watching Centipede Two???? UGH the horror!! "FEED THEM...FEED THEM"... sooo nasty...

POST SCRIPT: "Human Centipede" still haunts my life in the worst ways possible. Never watched the follow-ups but man it's TUFF. This pre-Halloween time I always stay up late and watch "the scariest on Netflix and in the past week seen "The Honeymoon" (no good: due to detached acting and terrible ending), "The Babadook" (too "crafty" - the lead lady is TOO much of a downer and as always with a "troubled young kid" - they end up annoying) = so still looking for some orange & black spine-tingling chaos...



KANSAS
MASQUE
KIRSHNER LP



Yep: Dead mid-70s "mid budget" (it is not the permanently in debt Yerzda Urfa or "Inner City Scream") but for the head who wants to know what the almighty STARCASTLE were trying to emulate or the fringes of ART into Mainstream AOR at the time: here it is: Third LP by the crew, still with a heavy-synth crawl and concerns with "passages" = haven't heard the first two which are by no means troublesome to score. Just like the first heavy STYX LP: if you jammed this for your head-crew unbeknownst and called it "Snakedancer" with a crude B&W cover they'd be yammering all over for it to add it to the arsenal of heralded privates... but the CBS funded Kirshner couldn't be less of a private and the Kansas squad stayed with 'em till "Confessions" in '82. Enough of all this: side two has the long jams and enough outsider art-prog to sink you in: the keys are at the fore- yeah duh there are hopeful - commercial moves but still progressive and grinding enough to soak your brain into sub EASTER ISLAND zone or jam it in a really bad mood on tuff drugs, spin around the destroyed bathroom nine times on a full

moon and maybe you can conjure up ELLISON but naw, that's too much of a stretch. Some horns on "Masque" but you'll forget 'em when you shell out the 50 cents it takes to place this in your US prog section. The cover is stark-eeerie enough to not be a cringer (ala Starcastle again)- nothing really wrong with this but nothing really right either. Cheap progressive is cheap prog and like the Frankenstein-like Sk8's I put together from cheap parts: some have a certain charm that can't be found anywhere else and the low-tech/low cost setup makes it even more alluring.... yep lots of "Dunnos" and "Cheap's" in this paragraph, go figure. Something that progressive rock can wear and shine with exceptional results- it's the one-man basement claustrophobia man-vs-modern '75 technology that makes the early Boston records so weird, but again, none of that on this joint.... Strange too cause who was the first to have the "big land name" AOR style? ASIA? KANSAS? BOSTON? EUROPE? CHICAGO? I feel like I owe eight minutes of your life back.

