

<http://www.othermusic.com/2008november12update.html>

Ian Svenonius once wrote an article about the rise of electroclash happening congruent to rents skyrocketing in the Brooklyn area. No one could afford the practice spaces, the free time, the drums, the amps, etc., so everyone got a drum machine and took it back to the bedroom. Same for the rise of the cringe-inducingly named freak folk genre. Why would you rent a van or break your back hauling a bass amp when you can just tie on the headband and roll up to your gig with your acoustic guitar for a gape-mouthed glassy-eyed jam? It's been a few years now since bands started trading their distortion pedals for dreamcatchers, and the pages of Arthur magazine are overflowing with the new weird America which really isn't all that weird or that new. The point I'm trying to make is that the psychedelic music of the middle 2000s is a little bit interchangeable or disposable, and it's hard to determine what's real and what's jumping a bandwagon. Enter Yahowa 13. Doesn't get much more real than this, in terms of living the life. A 1970s religious cult/LA health food restaurant/improv band centered around a WWII flying ace and meditative guru named Father Yod? That's the real deal, alright. When Yod died in a hang-gliding accident in 1975, the group dispersed, reuniting only last year when a book about their truly weird lives and times was published. (Perhaps you made it to the book release party that we hosted earlier this year at Other Music.) These six jams are the results of the reunion recording sessions, 33 years after the last time they played together. Characteristic throbbing low end cements really incredibly restrained raga-esque spectral guitar phrases. These guys seem like they've been jamming non-stop for the past three decades, and a level of communication and natural comfort is prevalent, even in the peaks and freak-outs. The difference between Yahowa, a literal collective and your upstairs neighbor who smokes too much weed and wants to talk to you about Hawkwind in the hallway is that they're living it and have been, and will be, oblivious to most things that could influence trends in music or culture. When they start a song with a shaky voice saying "Here we are at the end of the sunrise..." you don't roll your eyes cause you know they really were on some desert mountain, peyoted-out and ready to begin the jam that can only happen at the end of the sunrise. [FT]