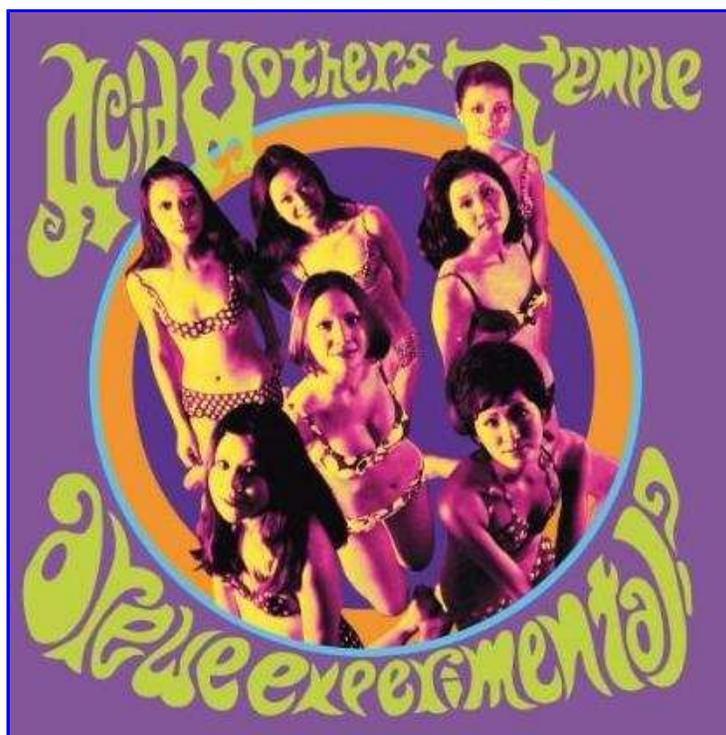


« [black mekon](#): [the phar'i-sees](#): [the brutes](#): [halt bar](#): [glasgow sunn o\)\)\)](#): [monoliths and dimensions \(southern lord\)](#) »

## [acid mothers temple: are we experimental? \(prophase music\)](#)



you know, after like their hundredth offshoot, thousandth release and millionth song always titled something along the lines of goodbye big asshole emmanuel or lyomange of the rising sun, i often wonder when this shit'll become tired and i'll stumble off to my secret coldplay stash hidden belowthe bed, underneath the large box of pornography, atop the secret drawer filled with children's shoes...

well thank the great big electric 'shroom lord above it ain't happened yet. previously i'd been somewhat obsessive about the mothers bulging swollen output. not as much over the past few years. wouldn't say they were treading water, more that maybe i was.

anyhoo enough time's passed so i got me a copy of the new bugger this morning. and hallelujah it's all good. are we experimental? they ask. well, there's nothing new here. but i s'pose when you've hit this magick chord, this musical manna, this rich vein of OM, why change? why indeed. plus when every idea you've ever had and will ever have is crammed onto one record, is crammed into every record you've ever recorded, well i can cut them some slack.

how to describe to the uninitiated? like a room full of japanese heads playing every album by hawkwind, sun ra and jefferson airplane at the same time. that's all my sunburned head can come up with so far (damn you ben lomond!) and as a starting point it's a pretty good way to ease yrself into the acid bath, featuring as it does eleven songs, none of them above the nine minute mark and some with a semblance of structure. there's nothing of the twee hippy shite in this heady psyche brew. always humorous, always indulgent, always with gay abandon. can i get an amen brothers and sisters?

hell, this is a great summer record. it's full of blissed out sunshine freakery and half asleep in park staring at cloud shapes zonked on whatever yr narcotics of choice are. from the surf guitar aural mayhem of [holy rock 'n' roll bible](#) to the plinky toy meccano ufo jazz of 4000000000000000 love hotel to the folky underwater cosmic meanderings of hallelujah mystic garden to the deranged madman guitar mangling jibbering destructo-psyche of wired stinky pussy luver (you gotta love those song titles!) and a whole bunch of other hyperbollocks hyperbole and over-adjectivised verbage. it is all over the goddam place, in the best possible way.



underneath the hair and flair lies a wizened gnarly exoskeleton consisting of vocals, acoustic guitar, ukulele, flute, soprano recorder, bass instrument, electric guitar, sitar, organ, guitar synthesizer, electronics, tapes, synthesizer, dancer, drums.

and that my f(r)iends is why it's such a blissful glorious fucking racket.

wait. i think i see [god](#).....

nah, it's just kawabata makoto.

[acid mothers temple](#) / [prophase music](#) / [acidspace](#)



This entry was posted on 1 June 2009 at 7:29 pm and is filed under [mp3](#), [music i listen to](#), [video](#) with tags [acid mothers temple](#), [acid mothers temple & the melting paraiso ufo](#), [are we experimental](#), [japan](#), [kawabata makoto](#), [music](#), [music reviews](#), [prophase music](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [RSS 2.0](#) feed You can [leave a response](#), or [trackback](#) from your own site.

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