



e have always thought of Jowee as an avatar, a remake of the end of the century, Hip-Hop replica of the God Legba. The Goatee of a youthful old man, the bad tricks of the patron saint of crossroads, whose wisdom has the sweet taste of hoax. In fact, he is perhaps more of a flashback to Agaou, spirit ofwinds, storms and thunder, who is never seen without his rush cane. His song goes something like this: « Agaou blows, it's windy. He sells the North-East, he sells the South- West. Agaou is not here. Agaou leaves Guinea. It's windy, it's rumbling. They don't need me anymore. They call me old thing. »

Faced with an asphyxiated world, Jowee brought together all his inner tubes, Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Wood, Clarinets, Piccolo flute, Cornet, that blows, that winds, that rumbles. It is a long exorcism Ceremony, to sweep the earth of bad air. Jowee-Agaou, like Aeolus his Greek double, frees the winds. It's not a joke. This record is an incantation, a therapy, it cleanses the world by drawing on the fantasized memory of the Haitian revolution. "SpiriTual Healing: Bwa KaYiman FreeDoM SuiTe" is at the crossroads of medicine andthe story told to children, it is a lullaby and a call to insurrection.

For Jowee, a kid from Montreal, son of a Haitian pastor, who sang Jesus in all the tones, and then Michael Jackson, and then 2Pac, who learned jazz from the one who deconstructed it (Ornette Coleman, another master of the wind, in his loft in Manhattan), the ceremony necessarily has the taste of free. There are Freedom Suites, by Sonny Rollins, by Max Roach, others; prayer music, music capable of breaking the chains in the head before starting them on the wrists, music of black power and white magic. Music that does not distinguish between battle and consolation.





Tor this long improvisation, divided into 21 stations which are so many rituals, Jowee Omicil raised a small army of Creoles by heritage and Creoles by vocation. Keyboards by Randy Kerber and Jonathan Jurion; the percussions of Arnaud Dolmen and Yoann Danier & Jendah Manga's bass. They are not afraid of anything together, neither of depths nor of beauty, they hunt down mythological animals, exhume sunken continents, they demand from sound what the eyes cannot see. From this mystical enterprise, all the secrets remain intact. It remains an incredible experience of freedom.

Arnaud Robert



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Spiritual Healing: Bwa Kayiman Freedom Suite



