

Lord of Word and the Disciples of Bass

Ogden Theatre, March 16

I arrived at the show early—7:53 pm to be exact. Maybe that's why, two-and-a-half hours later, I found myself squirming in my chair like a bug in a jar waiting for Lord of Word to take the pulpit. My tedium had been briefly eliminated thanks to the talented trio of rappers who call themselves Specialized Crew, and DJ K-Nee.

Finally, the lights dimmed, the audience brightened, and a booming, disembodied voice announced "the coming of the Lord." A wave of dance-funk rolled across the theatre and washed away my fatigue. The charismatic Lord of Word, with his deep, clear vocals, commanded my attention. His Disciples (Count D on drums, Special K on keyboards, Citrus on guitar, and Goddess of Groove on bass) paid homage to their Lord, while delivering their own instrumental sermons. Occasionally, a choir of horns (aka the Psychodelic Hornz) backed the Lord's politically charged lyrics with funky punctuation. Other times, two female back-up vocalists added a soulful contrast to Lord's rap. Even Specialized Crew returned to the stage with some fancy footwork.

Before leaving, I picked up a copy of the band's debut, self-titled CD, which Lord had hailed as a cure for high blood pressure, leukemia, and crippled grandmas. While I have none of the above, I sometimes suffer from a lack of cool tunes. Fortunately, Lord of Word and the Disciples of Bass don't have the same problem. **Debra Jennings**