

# You Just Wanna Kill the Ravens . . . 'Cause They Black

By

*Leeeway*

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# Forward

Euphemistically, “Ravens” is a double entendre term for those of us who fondly, faithfully, sometimes famously and foolishly flocked to practice the sounds and answer the call of the great majestic, soulful Doo-Wop black bird. We lived it, many died and some evolved, continuing a cappella falsetto singing, to feather its nest atop the towering pentacle of the record industry. We are still perched to pounce upon the masses, musically worldwide, rapaciously after the same meaty meal, a malleable gift of creative, minor and major material, distributed sparsely between one thousand vocal groups, by a mad muse that blesses the most unique one only with success.

To stress the musical importance, historically speaking, of what you are about to read, I’m prefacing this book with a factual statement. A combination of the Doo-Wop Cities, Washington, D.C., Baltimore, Maryland, and Newport News, Virginia, the so-called tri-state area, produced the Clovers, the Orioles, the Four Buddies, the Swallows, the Cardinals, and the Five Keys. These Remarkable six great vocal groups became the epitome of Doo-Wop recording artist in the early 1950’s.

It has been the rule, usually, that most black singers hail from the church. Some are sons and/or daughters of ministers and many the offspring of choir directors. Others simply sang in church choirs, quartets, etc. With this in mind, I’d like to state my early vocal credentials in this light. As a member, I attended Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church in D.C. I didn’t

**sing in the choir as this choir sang “Frozen Chosen” anthems by classical composers. And when the organist played, he usually played classical pieces by European composers. Furthermore, the congregation sang John Wesley hymns from a hymnal, all of which I learned to love.**

**No one shouted in my church, and the day one visitor did, the next Sunday she shouted she was approached by a plainclothes lady cop, who escorted her from the service. Our elite, ultra-educated, unemotional, Doctor of Religion pastor spoke in a solemn voice, no louder than in normal conversation. However, he based his sermons upon the highest vocabulary I’ve ever heard spoken since.**

**I write all this because it’s pertinent to my true background at the time I got hooked by Doo-Wop. I should also add, lest some reader gets the wrong idea about my musical pedigree, I sang in my high school choir at Manassas, Virginia. Then I sang, of all things, bass in a barbershop quartet in Vermont one summer at Camp Timberlake, which I nicknamed, Bare Beaver Lake Farm and Wilderness Quaker Nudist Camp. Next, I sang the top tenor part in a jazz quartet, ala the Four Freshman at Cheyney College in Pennsylvania, plus, a rock n’ roll quartet there. Today, I sing in the shower every time I feel like it, one or two of my six hundred, eighty-five copyrighted songs.**

## **Bobby's Hobby**

**My given name is Robert Edward Lee, Jnr. But for this autobiographical account, I'm D.C. Bobby Lee, the correct application for this part memoir, part history, part proposition and part solution. A music memorialist would swoon over the retrospective I lived and breathed, when I traipsed over the Tidewater talent terrain in the nation's capital, starting in the early 50's, ah yes, the fabulous 50's!**

**I went to Banneker Junior High in northwest D.C. that is now Benjamin Banneker Academic High School. I was lost as in a dream there, introverted, and shy, a standoffish string bean, not the attributes to win most popular boy in my class, right? I was somewhat mildly interested in sports at school, spending my real sports time at Parkview playground after school, unless interrupted by Mr. Andrews, my patient, droll clarinet teacher from the Modern School of Music.**

**I looked down the hill for him in the seven hundred block of Quebec Place Northwest where I lived. If I saw Mr. Andrews trudging slowly up the sidewalk with his horn and briefcase, I'd grimace, take the bat and glove and go back in the house for my music lesson. I sucked bad clams at the clarinet; it was not my choice and ruined me for the piano, which would have been my best instrument, considering the path I chose to pursue as a songwriter.**

It was a rainy day at school recess when my life was put on its present course. I was standing in the vestibule, leading out to the playground and behind me I noticed three guys my age, one with a basketball, the other two just standing there in a curious circle. They were quiet, composed and about to sing. Casually, they began to sing a song I'd never heard ("Crazy 'Bout My Honey Dip" by the Cap-tans). I was very interested in the new R&B recordings by vocal groups that got us teenagers together on the floor to dance at parties now, but this a cappella singing was fresh and natural to do. They finished and the other four or five students there listening, like me, smiled and they sang again, another up-tempo tune I'd never heard before, but liked, ("Satchelmouth Baby" by Mary Lou Williams). It was all catchy and even very good. They concluded the impromptu concert as casually as they began. I don't remember a word being spoken, and then the bell rang, flooding the hall with wet kids, shaking umbrellas and rain gear. I looked out and the rain had stopped. I turned back and the three guys were gone.

I thought about the thing I had witnessed and experienced in the remaining classes I attended, and after school, ran all the way home, over twenty blocks, bursting at the seams to get home before anybody else, and rush up to the vacant big bedroom to see if I had a voice good enough to sing. I yelled at first, shattering the emptiness around me. Then more self-assured, I tried for some tone, sustained a note in a falsetto key and thrilled that I had that sound down. Lastly, I sang an Orioles song, the first verse of one of their hits. I was interrupted by a key opening the front door and ended my own audition, giving myself high marks for potential in this new phenomenon of my youth.

The very next school day I noticed some other guys starting to pick up on the vocal group-singing trend in my midst. Bert, a school friend, hung out in the mornings on the corner by the fence, serenading the kids on their way to school. He'd try his hand at imitating popular songs at that time. He'd do a little lead singing of a song, and then go on to the falsetto first tenor part where he felt most comfortable. The kids seemed amused as they passed by Bert, but not enthralled like the day before with the three singing strangers in the hall, that rainy recess, when I was spellbound.

Feebie, another friend of mine, did a perfect take on Sonny Til, the great lead voice in the most famous group then, the Orioles, from Baltimore. Feebie was so good; our pretty young homeroom teacher surprised the class and asked him to sing. He sang and the girls squealed with pure delight. I never forgot that.

That same day at recess, I noticed a crowd gathered at the rear of the school building outside. It wasn't a fight because there wasn't any noise or wild action, just pensive pupils surrounding five young guys, three of which I recognized from the day before, when they sang in the hallway. This time the whole group was there, circled in the sunshine to sing for over one hundred kids.

I inched my way in from the back of the crowd, up to the front, and they began with a love ballad by a great Baltimore vocal group, the Swallows, singing "Will You Be Mine" a cappella. The full sound of straight harmony brought a swoon from the girls as the handsome lead singer got into the tune. I was impressed by his poise and the way the group was evenly layered with the best parts. "First tenor, Little Joe," I heard someone in the crowd say, as Little Joe did flamboyant falsetto leaps and bounds we all loved.

I noticed the others individually now, huddled in harmony and heard their even handed, easy going delivery, so musically correct and sure with every change on time and executed just right, in a style no one that I ever listened to since could better fashion. Standing mesmerized by the music, I learned their names as friends called them out. The second tenor's name was Tenor, the baritone's name was Sailor, and Buck was the bass.

There was no weak link, each guy possessed the ability to stand out vocally and personality wise, but still be an intricate part of the whole group. Buck was the best raw bass singer I ever witnessed in an amateur vocal group. Out in the open air, you could feel the vibration of his deep, manly bottom note. Tenor, the second tenor, fitted flush with a harmonious, melding melodious mellowness to a soaring swooping Little Joe's first tenor compliment, as Sailor held the big baritone part together, making his character contribution to the quintets mid-range harmony, all righteously applied for Sammy, the lead singers over the top performance.

The girls were in dreamland, spelled with a capital C., and the guys listening like me were all in adolescent awe. I felt a warm hand on my shoulder, turned and looked into my future wife's beautiful pistachio eyes (green and brown) as she said, "One day you'll be able to do the same thing." She had known then, just by my interest, concentration and intensity, that I was vicariously seeing myself through them.

**My best friend Cornelius Bulliet and I decided to throw a party for the vocal group. I told him how excited I was and what a super singing group they were. Plus, pretty girls would come, if I announced it at school, by telling a few kids the group knew. I remembered this cute, plump jolly girl. She loved the Spoons, as she said they were called and promised to tell them to come.**

**That Friday night about eight o'clock, I came out of the house, looked down the hill, and I was elated to see all five Spoons walking and singing towards me with an entourage of ecstatic pubescent teenagers, smiling, jumping, laughing, in total juvenile joy. I stood in humble amazement as they approached. And quickly summoning my composure, I managed to say, "Follow me, I'll take you to your party."**

**Down in Cornelius's basement, we all encircled the Spoons and heard a concert of maybe six songs. After that, blissfully satisfied, we turned on the record player and danced with the girls. We danced in a decorated basement under blue and red lights. We were taught to dance proper at school. But now, some of these same fox-trottin' foxes bellied up to me, our young bodies bonded in an unspoken union, brazenly rolling our stomachs and twisting our hips simultaneously, totally involved in the belly rub, the slow dance of our day, a bashful boy and girl's blessing.**

**I quit school in the eighth grade, refused to go back, cutting all my classes. I was promptly threatened with eviction from home if I didn't go back to school or work. I chose "pearl diving" as dishwashing was called, at People's Drug Store down the street on Georgia Avenue and Rock Creek Church Road Northwest. I paid rent at home and I couldn't afford anything else after payday. Therefore, I acquiesced to the hard lesson I was being taught and went back to cutting school.**

High school was the same pointless pressure to do the same boring routine. So I began to roam the halls and toilets, watching and listening out for that definitive perfect sound I loved and craved now like a junkie. Joe Brown and Alfonzo Feemster, two guys at Cardoza High School in the tenth grade with me, came from the `far east`, Anacostia, a section in southeast D.C.

Joe had strong pipes and was easily the best baritone, stellar stand-up soloist in the city. Joe performed “You’ll Never Walk Alone,” not by projecting from his diaphragm, but ala Roy Hamilton, full throttle from the bottom to the top of his soul, inspiring shrieks and wild applause in the packed school auditorium. On the other hand, Feemster, as if detached, spoke to me of his singing group in Anacostia. By simply saying they rehearsed, he tantalized and titillated my strung out on harmony and falsetto, fiend fanatic fever curiosity. He said things like, “We practice tonight.” Just that much information, and I was all over him for an invite to hear them. But he’d blow me off and criticize my attempt at harmonizing with him, Joe and sometimes others.

This school too had it’s doo-woppers, although we never knew that term then. The next big blend was yet to come, the day we three were joined by this mystery bass singer. His massive thunderous bassing in tune, all knowing and professional sound was a godsend, but it ended as the bell rang, and they all scattered back to classes. I never saw him again. I learned Feemster was as good as he talked and Joe was better. Too bad, another missed chance at joining a great vocal group.

**My girlfriend Eleanor Holmes, now Norton, the gentlewoman, D.C. Representative in Congress, told me about Dunbar High School's talent show, so I cut school and attended. The auditorium was full to capacity in anticipation of the entertainment planned. The first vocal group was a quartet called the Leaflets. I liked the name right off. They sang in a style similar to the Ravens, an older professional singing group still selling records. Breckinridge, the bass, crooned like the lead bass voice Jimmy Ricks in the Ravens. And top tenor, Alvin Cauley was outstanding. The applause was spirited but polite.**

**Next, the Robins took the stage. Alfred "Nooky" Robinson, Hilton Hinton, Charlie Thomas and Nick their clever pumping style bass. They sang a medley: "Daddy Loves Baby" and "Dream Girl" by Marvin and Johnny, wowing everybody with their sexy sound. I checked out the audience's comments as each vocal group sang and I knew that everyone was into this vocal group trend now. I wasn't alone and I'd found my true interest, even my life's calling.**

**The Ontarios, Bernard Champion, tenor, Genie Champion, tenor, James "Chilly" Best, lead, Clayton Roberts, baritone, Marcus Wright, bass and Maurice Watkins, piano player were next. They ran out from the wings of the stage. The six man vocal group wore white dinner jackets, white shirts, black bow ties, black pants and shined black shoes. The girls reacted in yelps, and the guys in the audience yelled. Some of them in the group even had processes (perms). They sang the Clovers hit "Don't You Know I Love You" and an original love ballad "Cleo" that was very good.**

When they left the stage, I could feel a major tension mounting in the room, and there was this constant buzz. An animated boy behind me on my right said, “Jose and them, they’re the best, man.” The group walked out comely with their guitarist, Lester Bowie, to cheers. He plugged in his instrument, and they all crowded around the one microphone to sing. I could see the shadows of them standing still on stage, and the shape of the shorter lead singer’s egghead silhouetted on the wall. After the guitarist arpeggio, they began to sing “For Me and My Gal” and brought the house down. It was unanimous, the Velvetones ruled. That same boy behind me repeated, “Jose, man, he can really sing, man.” And I agreed to this day.

I left Cardoza my junior year and transferred to Dunbar, chasing around after the guys there that I heard sing. I overheard a conversation in the hall by the lockers. The second tenor in Jose’s group was discussing his future plans with some admiring girls. He was wearing school colors, red and black and looking very collegiate with a big “D” on his chest. He was saying disheartening things like, “I love the group, but we’ll probably break up after graduation, because all of us are going to different colleges next fall.” I was almost nauseated to hear that and moved away looking for a better shot at dedication and commitment.

“Sleep Baby Sleep” was the anthem chosen by the school musical director, Hortense Taylor, to show off the burgeoning trend of tenor singing that was permeating the city. She would choose a tenor to sing the solo. I heard Alvin Cauley sing it first, then Charlie Thomas. They were both beautiful renditions. I missed Lorenzo Hall and Van McCoy’s renderings, but I know they excelled.

I knew from scouting talent, I'd have to get guys the girls would be attracted to for my vocal group. No prognathous beast or local yocal vocal group for me. I'd require the embodiment of elegance in dress code and appearance. Some guys that I rejected quipped; I envisioned the Holy Ghost and three other archangels.

I was daydreaming in French class when the teacher, Madam Hundley, called the roll. She called William Boseman's name. His bass voice was so low, big and resonate; it rocked the room and the girls squealed. Right after class, I approached him. Boseman was all smiles, affable as could be, good looking and interested in my proposal to sing bass in my group.

I had talked to Lawrence Kelly Moore, who I knew could sing, as we sung some after school at his house with his brother Buddy, Chester Simmons and Jimmy Taylor. L. K., as he was called, said he'd try it. Now I had another cool, good-looking guy in the group the girls would love. Plus, L.K. sang a `mella fella' second tenor, so we only needed a first tenor to complete the quintessential quartet.

I'd played neighborhood football some, and hung out for a time with Gordon Lewis, a big, good-looking guy with red hair, great charismatic smile and friendly disposition. We sang some in his basement recreation room. His young aunts had recordings of the earlier groups like the Ravens, Four Tunes, Four Buddies, etc. Gordon had a strong first tenor sound with a very thick, pretty, melismatic quiver. When we four first rehearsed, we were pleased and proud of our obvious potential. We started off singing stuff by the Moonglows. Later, I introduce two of my originals and sang lead. We added James Allen on piano and Melvin Standard played electric guitar; they joined us mostly for talent shows.

The first talent show we received a quiet nod. This was at Dunbar High. I took the name Leaflets because it reminded me of the Clovers, and the real Leaflets broke up after graduation. The second talent show I was back at Cardoza, and we killed 'em. Afterwards that night, I attempted to get a gig for the group with an organ player, Billy, who lived up the street from me. He worked on the corner of Quebec Place and Georgia Avenue at Duffy's Tavern. We were about to sing, when I was escorted out and home by my father, who was sent by my mother to forbid me singing in a saloon.

You would have thought it was an opprobrium or worse. I was packed and sent away to boarding school. When I returned, my own man, I hung and sung with another group in northeast. Lorenzo Hall, my musically multi-gifted, next-door neighbor, had introduced me to George Edward Belton, the best of the lot, crème de la crème. His voice was indisputably beautiful then and now. To hear him is a musical mystical experience. Eddie B, we called him, was the king of amateur vocal group lead tenors. Clayton Roberts sang bass, Larry 'Tank' Williams sang baritone, L.K. returned from the navy to sing second tenor. I sang a falsetto first tenor and sometimes lead, after Eddie B., and Maurice Watkins played piano. We were the Capitols, the D.C. Capitols, not the famous "Cool Jerk" Capitols.

We rehearsed diligently, sang my songs about six, and went to New York City in Clayton's Cadillac. Herb Abramson, the record guy who signed us, recorded four sides and released two. Unfortunately, Herb did not hear or feel Eddie B. enough to release the two love songs, featuring our tenor icon. I hope Herb kept them in a can on the shelf, to this day, for me to buy back. I sadly went out on my own after that disappointing debacle.

## **A Cappella Gang**

**The lead singer is the  
Star  
The backup guys  
Won't go too far  
From the slums  
And black ghettos  
Five talented Negroes**

**Best bass and falsettos  
In the U.S.A.  
We had perfect five  
Part harmony  
Parading serenading  
On the Great White  
Way  
Yesterday**

**We were young unsung  
Heroes  
On old B-Way  
Ain't got no tapes  
Or CD's  
You can play  
Late 1950's was when  
I last sang  
In my a cappella gang**

**We hit New York City  
In a Cadillac  
The big producer  
Had a  
Long-term contract  
Until the  
Lead singer's  
High voice cracked  
The audition bombed  
And we hitch hiked  
Back**

**Success may never come  
Again  
Fame is power  
When you win**

**Doo-wop kisses  
From teen angels lips  
Pretty girls joined  
Us at the hip**

**We broke up  
And went on our  
Separate ways  
But I remember us  
On gray rainy days**

**In the closet five red  
Tuxedos hang  
For my  
A cappella  
Handsome mellow fellow  
Teen-age Technicolor  
JoJo Ben Terry  
Me and Daddy Lang  
My old a cappella gang**

**Through the best D.C. second tenor, ballad lead singer, Jimmy Taylor, I met John Bowie; John wrote all of his own songs and sang them with his vocal group from D.C., the Bachelors, who recorded for Lou Krefetz's label, Poplar.**

**The rumor I heard on Broadway, in New York City later was that John Bowie wrote "Don't Be Cruel," the big hit song sung by Elvis Presley. It was said that Otis Blackwell, who did professional song doctoring for music publishers of hits like "Handyman," etc., had his name with John's put on the song, and it was the publisher's idea to leave John Bowie's name off, I hope the rumors untrue.**

**Things had changed drastically, subject wise, in R&B since the Silhouettes recorded, "Get a Job" for tiny Junior and Bull Dog Records. Now it was apparent things were possible for smaller labels with bigger better and hipper ideas.**

I'd been on "U" Street when Larry Williams, recording star of "Short Fat Fanny" and "Bony Maronie" stole Lloyd Price's band. A bunch of us guys stood at the open back window of Lloyd Price's office on "U" Street, when Larry Williams with a little monkey, literally on his back, took the whole band, seven or so pieces on a bus. I think they left for slick, shifty promoters on the wacko Weinberg Tour, or the calamitous Chitlin' Circuit. The Weinberg Tour was the black theaters: The Apollo, The Howard, The Royal, and The Uptown, etc. The Chitlin' Circuit was the black, honky tonks and clubs down south.

I sang with the Rainbows for a week at the Howard Theater: Billy Steward on keyboard, Don Covey, J.B. and Chester Simmons. Vocal Groups were played out now, only the Platters, Diamonds, Coasters and girls' groups made a difference on the record charts. So I concentrated more than ever on writing my own songs and singing alone.

I began to woodshed, which is a writing process of experimentation. I hoarded my material like a miser would a yield from a gold mine, secretly salting songs away as for a rainy day. When I had accumulated my fair share of avoided hack hook writer, clichéd words, P.D. choruses, muddled verses, borrowed bridges and otherwise plagiarism, I couldn't resist the thought of creating an urban disturbance in the D.C. area with my cache of seminal tunes, I recorded with investments from people I met.

## **Drag It Home Baby**

**I dubbed D.C. Doo-Wop City. It's the sweet juice from the fruit of the root. Nouveau doo-wop with elements of every genre, past and present, in its production is next on my a cappella agenda. Doo-Wop was derived in the nation's capital, heir to the musical idiom I speak of, when the Clovers formed and recorded.**

**Lou Krefetz met the Clovers at the Rose Club in D.C. He took the vocal group to Rainbow Records in New York City, switched to Atlantic Records there in Manhattan, and cut "Don't You Know I Love You" backed with "Skylark" in the early spring of 1951, when Doo-Wop City was founded. They inspired street corner vocal groups and singing groups in hallways and boys' toilets in high schools all over town.**

**The Clovers were brothers, but not from the same mother or father. They were related in sound, the singing of their own sound. They could sound like Lazarus rising; I loved it, on the red and black Atlantic imprint.**

**Spooky, the deepest bass voice I know, deep as the Mariana's trench he resonated, dragging the bottom like a tuba, then he pumped the surface of a tune and punctuated it with dark low sonic booms of rhythm and words.**

**Together, Lucas and Mac poured their intimate harmony as if it were some spicy sauce, gravy even from a pitcher, serving it up with jazzy licks and scat singing, while Buddy Bailey crooned the lead, and Bill Harris revealed his hip, serious, improvisational guitar skills.**

**Bill wrote “Hey Miss Fannie” for his wife Fannie Louise Harris and probably other songs the group recorded. It was whispered by an insider that Bill wrote the very same early songs for the Clovers, attributed to one, A. Nugetre, an alias of Ahmet Ertegun.**

**The Clovers stood out in the hall, leaning in to record at the hotel suite, rented to capture their first slew of classic recordings. These records sold in the D.C. area because the Clovers home base in a kinship of intellect was cerebrally grounded here, as the whole thing was sealed on Seventh Street Northwest in Yiddish at Waxie Maxie’s Quality Music Store’s back room. In those days, Lou and Waxie Maxie were close as the Clovers blend, until Lou sold a master of them he made for his own label, Poplar, to United Artist, and lived to rue the day.**

**The Clovers sang “To Each His Own,” “Vaya Condios,” “Pennies From Heaven,” “My Mother’s Eyes,” “Idaho,” and other standards. They posed in Central Park for the cover of the album minus guitarist, Bill Harris, but by then were considered old school and this great art was ignored. By that time, they were at the end of the road. Bill Harris taught guitar; Mac drove a cab; Buddy sang in the Ink Spots for a spell; Lucas sang with a second string group of Clovers; Spooky was cool, as usual, and Lou died. After which, all artists from D.C. had a chance at local airplay just by being a Washington native. The Clovers also were the first D.C. recording artists relegated to the area distribution wise; they were a sure thing for record sales as we all ate them up.**

**I believe the Clovers sales fell victim to a weak marginalized music methodology promotional system, early in their career, leaving them unknown to a large part of black America and white America, thereby, putting the onus of popularity and commercial success on D.C., Baltimore, etc.**

**Waxie Maxie at Quality Music Store knew all this and Lou Krefetz had local record distribution experience. But they both went along with the nature of the beast from New York City, Atlantic Records, that has always been Washington's nemesis, with D.C. rolling over as when the Yankees came to Griffith Stadium to beat the Senators baseball team down. So similarly, Atlantic Records only allowed limited local releases by the Clovers.**

**The Clovers were jazz oriented and the Dominoes were heavily heaven and hell gospel influenced. The Clovers were as their groupie girl fans' boyfriends at best. The Dominoes were as the female band bandits, players and loose ladies' Lotharios at worst. Even so, both musical accords were doomed to play the Howard, Royal, Uptown and Apollo, mimicking lab rats on a treadmill, ripping and running to sing until they died out.**

**My friend, Nooky, was recruited by the Clovers to super sub for Buddy Bailey, when he was drafted in the army. They asked Nooky's mom for permission because Nooky was underage. Nooky's mom said, "No!" I guess. Anyhow, that's the rumor.**

## **The Domino Effect**

**There are always two sides to everything, then the truth, as they say. Thus, the Clovers vs. the Dominoes, and who was better existed then. It's a choice thing, I think, one was cool, the other hot. The Clovers were warm and way cool. The Dominoes were sonorous and on fire. You couldn't compare them on renditions of the same song because they never sang the same thing, with one exception; Clyde McPhatter covered the Clovers recording of "Lovey Dovey" when he went solo. So it was your choice as to which style you preferred, almost like good and evil.**

**Both super soul groups in the vernacular had it goin' on. The Dominoes were bad boys with an arsenal of art; in contrast, so clear as a bell, like their predecessors, the Ink Spots were to the Mills Brothers. They wore sharp, impeccable suits and sporty shoes, hand painted flowered ties and diamond rings. All wore the pancake make-up, shiny coifs and sexy smiles for the women. The songs written by their mighty leader, Billy Ward, were often fast and churchy. The ballads were strangely arranged things, like the eerie funeral dirge "The Bells."**

**There are four black horses  
With eyes of flaming red  
There are roses tied with ribbons  
All around my baby's head**

When Clyde screamed and cried in this gothic setting, it brought down the house. Let's settle the argument here, which sold the most records, (The Clovers). Who was the best between the top two vocal groups of rhythm and blues in the 1950's? Here's my decision, I prefer recordings to live entertainment, in these matters. Then, the artist was at his true test to reach the masses all at once via the radio.

The best vocal groups continue to please on record players even into the future and they still maintain the same impact upon the public, hearing the work today, done in the past. If it were for pure entertainment, the Clovers ran on stage; the Dominoes ran on stage quicker. The Clovers sang fast songs; the Dominoes sang faster songs. There was a long line to see the Clovers at the Howard Theater for the midnight show; the line to see the Dominoes was longer. The girls screamed for the Clovers; they fainted for the Dominoes.

When Clyde sang, they fell out orgiastically spent in the aisles, as so much excitement at the mere sight of this guy upset the natural balance between the two groups. When he winked, smiled, grinned, cried and hollered, they succumbed to his mannish boyish charm and vocal virility, by responding in wailing swoons and grandiose gratification sighs. Irresistible to women, he made young girls act like wanton women, and grown women act school girlishly, even childishly smitten. He was as a black Elvis without the kinetic moves of a wiggling pelvis. He simply stood there swaying, slightly touching the microphone stand and singing his heart out. He'd beg, plead, cajole, emoting a myriad of c'mons to the glued attention of women in attendance, as the rest of the Dominoes in the background lusted openly at the panting women in the audience and leered outright, blurting carnal harmonies. The Ink Spots covered "Do Something for Me," a soulful ballad led by Clyde. But no one could really cover Clyde.

**So you see there is no way to compete with the Dominoes as they had a ringer. It was unfair to judge if you knew the truth. Clyde McPhatter was the big difference. Men praised him even if their women loved him. He was Jody come to life. He could raise his little finger and the women reacted like nymphomaniacs. And to top it off, he out sang everybody out there, then and now.**

**The Dominoes were a unit of sexy singing soldiers, under the marching orders of Billy Ward and Rose Marks, who owned them as insured indentured servants, that sang and performed without anymore pay than it took to keep them in debt to their bosses for advances to live. They couldn't do much of anything without being fined or fired, no this, no that. Clyde, the biggest talent in the business, did that and he was promptly fired for it.**

**A feverish frothing at the mouth Ahmet Ertegun, an owner of Atlantic Records, could not believe his wind fall, and beat a path to Clyde's room at the cheap Teresa Hotel in Harlem, so he could sign him and get his chance at producing and recording Atlantic Records greatest vocalist to emerge from all the professional vocal groups combined. He had a voice like pure dripping honey, so malleable and all at once golden sweet with love and soul tease, lust and innocent sin.**

**He sang up-tempo as well as ballads with aplomb, but usually with the Drifters now, who were on special assignment to him from God. They did things that made the hairs on the back of necks stand up. Then the hairs all over your body stood up, if you were aware of the craftsmanship on display in songs like "What Cha' Gonna Do," "The Way I Feel," "Bip Bam, (Thank You Mam)" "Honey Love" which inspired another memorable tag by a second set of Drifters singing "Save the Last Dance for Me." Then all hell broke loose, when**

**I heard “Money Honey.” It was a social commentary about black life, particularly mine. I was bowled over every time I heard Clyde and his Drifters, as we all were. When they recorded “White Xmas,” it was unanimous they had no rival. It was that simple; I could not in good conscious say less. They bested the best. It was easy for them to do this because Clyde was the king of rhythm and blues. He owned the genre and the crown.**

**The music industry is prevalent to all today, not a dream as much or an insane undertaking and achievement pursuant to fools only. Conversely, Billy Ward would reject most of the vocalist today, as they could not pass muster to join his great group, far ahead of the Platters, singing the big dramatic ballads of the day. The second set of Dominoes featured Jackie Wilson, who could have sung opera with his dynamic chops. And after him, the third set of Dominoes unveiled Eugene Mumford, this extraordinary lead guy, formerly of the Larks, sang standard songs “Stardust,” “Deep Purple” before the Platters went that way with an unforeseen phat hook, a pretty girl singer in a group with four fellas, singing open mouth harmony.**

**The Dominoes sonority dominated with a vengeance. They sung as old souls back then when the original group did their rollicking roistering romp during the sax solos, handclapping, rockin’, rollin’ and dancin,’ and I saw the flash and gleam of gold in a couple of those grinning, laughing loud mouths, as they fell in hummin’ strong behind young Clyde. Their chain of command: Billy Ward, Rose Marks, Ralph Bass and the last word, King Records, odd ball owner, Syd Nathan could take a bow too.**

## **They Blew Me Away**

**I knew Harold Lucas, the Clovers baritone singer. He was known for middleman harmony skills. He filled up the middle so much so, you'd of thought Bill Harris, the guitarist was singing a part, giving the early Clovers four singing parts behind Buddy Bailey, the lead singer, when they only had three then.**

**At one stage, the "Don't You Know I Love You" phase "Ting-a-Ling" and maybe a little on "Needless" a tad on "Skylark," the Clovers utilized a zombie drone approach, as I call it. The harmony patterns were low key, almost with the whole group totally in the bass register. In contrast to that, the Clovers were all at once mid-range on the classic "One Mint Julep," celestial as castrati on "Yes It's You," and a test for Matthew McQuater's ethereal first tenor part on the gorgeous, dare I say, orgasmic D.C. belly rub favorite, "I Played the Fool." Conventionally, they rocked house with the jump blues, "Crawlin'." And on all the above and more, the deep, full bass tone runs of one Harold 'Spooky' Winley masterfully supported them. He could drown out most groups with his dominant bottom voice.**

**Buddy Bailey was without a doubt the best true lead singer for the Clovers. I remember his vocal style was infectiously popular as all of us, who toyed with singing, did a Buddy Bailey impression with pride and great ease, just as he taught us on records.**

The girls were the ultimate word in how good a vocal group was, if they didn't respond, forget about it. The girls were overwhelmed by the Clovers and not only bought their Atlantic Recordings, but stood in the rain to see them perform in matching green suits and ties at the Howard Theater and beyond.

Bill Harris was not only the Clovers guitarist, musical director, he was also a noted jazz instrumentalist, totally in the know, high ranking and respected in that field. No other major act from D.C. since Duke Ellington, Marvin Gaye, Van McCoy, Dr. Billy Taylor, Charlie Byrd, and Shirley Horn, had the complete gifts of greatness as this group in the 1950's, their doo-wop hay day.

Sometimes when we belly rubbed in the shadows at parties, the record playing was abruptly snatched off the record player in favor of another song that more suited the Doo-Wop City dancers. This never happened with the Clovers records. They were guaranteed to be on the money and played over and over all night.

They were entertainers with no competition, but the Dominoes. At their zenith they either were the stars or stole the show. The Saturday midnight shows at the Howard Theater brought out the real fans and critics. Whether they sang love songs or those raw, gritty up-tempo masterpieces, recorded with Charlie White's calloused black and bluesy voice, they were more than up to the task of satisfying every taste.

**The Clovers were descended, as I theorize, from the Mill's Brothers, who owned the vocal group pop music sound in the thirties and forties, until the Ink Spots, that started another vocal group family tree. Both these poignant pop music specialists were top-notch professionals, which broke through an inured confidence of complexion and pigmentation problems, with a paucity of undeniable artistic authority over the racist order of things.**

**That cool, old school was what I first sang as a barefoot boy, running up and down my North Carolina dirt street, mimicking "I Can't Give You Anything But Love Baby" by the Mills Brothers and "The Gypsy" by the Ink Spots, as both groups begat worldwide dynasties.**

**The Clovers were related by soul, cultural life style, music in common exchange, age, local and even school, Armstrong High School. They grew up in D.C. together. They knew each other and liked each other as friends. That warmth is apparent on the best album they ever did, "The Clovers in Clover" singing Jesse Stone's "Idaho," a pure pop piece made popular by many big bands in the swing era. The point here is the Clovers grew, they stayed together and continued their craft. Something only a higher creative calling can insure happening as most groups break up.**

**The Clovers lasted longer than the Beatles, could out sing the Beatles, although they didn't get credit for songs they wrote and didn't play instruments like the Beatles. The Clovers were tremendous at a cappella. In fact, they render some in that style on the album I speak of. Billy Mitchell was wisely added as a sixth Clover and is with them on this album.**

Lou Krefetz, the manager of the Clovers, came from next door to D.C., Baltimore, I knew Lou and liked him a lot. He talked to us all the time in Waxie Maxie's and on "U" Street, telling us the secrets and esoteric little things about their success that taught us the business. Lou left Atlantic with the Clovers and went on to run the A&R department at United Artist Records. The skinny on Broadway was that he'd jumped ship.

I went to see him and met the super songwriter, Jesse "Money Honey" Stone. Lou had bad luck in spite of his lucky leaf named vocal group. During this period, he did a last ditch effort with his own label, Poplar Records. He recorded "After," a local hit song by the Bachelors.

I saw Lou in Waxie Maxie's record store, where he was paying penance for leaving Atlantic Records, an independent label in New York City, and going over to United Artist, a major then. I personally loudly applauded his move at the time. I felt because of the mainstream success of the Coasters there at Atlantic (ATCO), the proper attention was taken away from the Clovers. Lou never expressed his feelings on this. It seems to me, he preferred to suffer his banishment from the record business in silence. I can still see the colorful little ex-socks salesman, who was a giant to us guys trying to make a record in D.C.

I once had the pleasure of hanging out and rehearsing with John Bowie's Bachelors. Harold Lucas, the Clovers baritone singer came over sometimes to play cards. I'll never forget the day I saw him come down the street dressed in a hip seersucker suit, shirt, tie, shined shoes and the topper, a Panama hat cocked to the side. Lucas was a tall tan and handsome ladies man, debonair, cool sepia star on a stroll. Front doors swung open and joyful soul sisters jumped out and hollered his name.

He smiled at each one, spoke and continued walking. Almost every attached home on both sides of the street in that block had a happy Miss Lady looking at him with passionate intentions. They stood out on porches carrying their torches. His appeal was fever pitch. Harold Lucas was a modern, black folklore, icon image in the flesh, conjuring up the immortal words the Clovers sang by Rudy Toombs:

One early mornin'  
 As I was walkin'  
 I met a woman  
 Started talkin'

I took her home to  
 Get a few nips  
 But all I had was  
 A mint julep  
 One mint julep  
 Was the cause of it all . . .

The Domino effect, as I call it, created by Billy Ward, their esteemed brilliant songwriting, pianist, leader, music mastermind and big hit record maker, who painstakingly picked and quality control chose those in his group, was the boss of doo-wop. When his original Dominoes, a quartet whose biggest hit, "Sixty Minute Man" broke up, their soulful sanctified second tenor, Charlie White was suggested to sing in place of the Clovers smooth "Blue Velvet" lead voice, Buddy Bailey, who was away in the armed service. Grainy, gritty voiced, Charlie White sang only on records and got the Clovers four hits: "Good Lovin'," "Lovey Dovey," "Little Mama" and "I Got My Eyes On You." Not bad for the man with the golden arm, as he was called for drug use (heroin).

**Billy Mitchell was a super sub on the road and he sang in Charlie and Buddy's place. He recorded the gold record "Love Potion Number Nine" as a lead singer for the Clovers. I would have loved to hear the Clovers rehearse. I played the Howard Theater in the Rainbows. The Clovers were on the bill with Ruth Brown, but I didn't hear them sit around and sing backstage.**

**Once John Bowie and I went to see Billy 'Deek' Mitchell in northeast D.C. John had his acoustic guitar, and I had my song "Honey Chiles from the South Y'all." I sang it down first with John's guitar accompaniment. Then the second time around Billy jumped in and nailed the tag as John and I harmonized, we should have recorded it.**

**The Clovers were a class act. They didn't work other jobs then. Three permed their hair; they were stone pros, kings of the syncopated rhythm and blues vocal groups, and the emperors of Doo-wop.**

**The late, great guitarist music guru of the Clovers, Bill Harris, talked to me a short time before he died. He told me his feelings about the Clovers vs. the Dominoes rivalry. And we discussed the Clovers biggest hit, "One Mint Julep." First off, Bill felt the Clovers were better as a natural singing group than the handpicked Dominoes, who were uniformly unique, each an individual gospel influenced voice, all under the masterful tight scrutiny of group leader, Billy Ward. Bill thought the Clovers were warmer and closer in their inventive harmony style, and as men.**

**Then Bill said Rudy Toombs who wrote "One Mint Julep" should have included him on the writing credits, as he added so much to the classic arrangement in the recording that made the big gold hit tune hot.**

In 1973, I worked with Bill's son, Joe Harris, at Jose's DB Recording Studio in Silver Springs, Maryland. And Joe was a chip off the old block, musically speaking, just sensational, a virtuoso on the bass.

**“One Mint Julep” is an urban art form, not just the best-written and total creative piece in R&B history. Even today, you hear the first four bars religiously recited again infinitum in jazz orchestras and from jazz instrumentalist as they are either scripted in the charts to do so, or simply can't resist the subtle charm of riffing the tune. No “Money Honey,” “Sixty Minute Man” melodies at all in any form is improvised in jazz today. Oddly, the top three songs of the doo-wop era at its beginning in the 50's, to me, were up-tempo, and not one belly rubbin' ballad was among them. So if this great group had been a one hit-wonder, what world wonderment it would still be if that song “One Mint Julep” were the one and only one the Clovers recorded.**

But just for fun, I like to peruse Rudy's great lyric, nobody sings today and break it down some. For instance, “I took her home to get a few nips,” maybe lips would have been better as nips sounds more like a racially-made reference in the Second World War on Iwo Jima, or he could have simply said “kiss her sweet lips.” And/ or maybe he meant a sequel to “One Mint Julep” called “Nip Sip” another Clovers hit he (Rudy Toombs) wrote. Nah, Rudy was right to say, ‘get a few nips’. Then I've always wondered about the phrase “Six extra children from a gettin' frisky.” So, were there seven kids in all, more, even twins perhaps and six more extra? That's the kicker in a julep or two as I look back on this masterwork in fun. Hill and Range Music hold the original sheet music and lyric to this classic song.

I also loved to hear the Five Keys from Newport News, Virginia; they blew me away. All those special lead voices together were a falsetto festival. When they sang, their high blend was a true thing of sheer beauty. They sang what we call pretty in Doo-Wop City. “The Glory of Love” owned the hearts and souls of my generation in D.C. at every belly rub. I remember their big brown station wagon with five large golden keys painted on the sides of the door, when it cruised around on “U” Street northwest, often referred to as Black Broadway.

I took them a song then “I See You” I wrote for my wife, Janice. I began to sing it to them in their dressing room as they changed clothes for the next performance, backstage at the Howard Theater. Suddenly, I was baptized by five voices, like the gods of falsetto, male angels, heroes of harmony, surrounding me, up close and personal. They blew their straight blend in a smooth flow of musical wind from the soul, blowing me away. The Five Keys ran patterns with interacting, interspersing tenors, exchanging courses in mid-harmony.

Their lead singers of which there were three: featured Rudy “The Glory of Love” West, the first lead, Dickey “With a Broken Heart” Smith, the second lead and Maryland “Ling Ting Tong” Pierce, the third lead. Then Bernie West, Rudy’s brother sang the softest deep baritone/bass in doo-wop, and Ripley Ingram who had the prettiest, lilting, even most beautiful octave tenor I ever heard, sang the top part. And somebody played great piano on the Five Keys early Aladdin cuts?

The birds lived next door in Baltimore. The Swallows had two approaches. One with Eddie Rich, the romantic lead vocalist, who I couldn't hear enough of, and Junior Denby, the bass player sang a Charles Brown blues impression that near monotone droned many more hits. They used a low closemouthed harmony zombie sound too. They had a killer bass lead/ piano player, Norris 'Bunky' Mac. But I got my musical cookies from the keyboard wizard accompaniment of Sonny 'Long Gone' Thompson on all the Swallows record dates he did.

The Cardinals were a favorite singing group of mine, if for no other reason than lead singer, Ernest Warren's rendition with the group's backing on "Shouldn't I Know" alone. Plus, the haunting tremolo, their fantastic guitarist achieved on recordings, I likened unto a painting by "a picture's worth a thousand words," modern musical Michelangelo.

I tip my hat to all of the rest of the vocal groups in the area also, like Baltimore's great group, the Four Buddies, featuring my buddy, lead singer Leon "Larry" Harrison. The Cap-tans sang "Crazy 'Bout My Honey Dip," "Chief Turn the Hose on Me." The haunting harmonious Heartbreakers, the Jets, who went to New York City in December of 1952 to record John Bowie's song "The Lover" and "Drag It Home Baby" sung by Chuck Booker. I bestow accolades and kudos on the Rainbows, the Starlighters featuring Van McCoy, and the Marquees with Reese Palmer, James "Sally" Nolan, Chester Simmons, Billy Steward, Chuck Barksdale and Marvin Gaye, singing "Mama Loochie" in the car and "Hey Little School Girl" on Epic Records. Sabre Records stars, the Five Blue Notes. And last, but certainly not least, the guys who started it all next door, Baltimore's own Orioles, featuring the ballad über lead singer of über lead singers, Sonny Til.

# **You Just Wanna Kill the Ravens . . . 'Cause They Black**

**You're such a silly goose  
To think there's no abuse  
Profiling me  
My whole life time  
Through**

**While bluebirds  
Sing and play  
You shoo my kind away  
Stop targeting  
My beautiful jet hue**

**You just wanna kill  
The Ravens  
'Cause they black  
And they don't crave mock  
Desert tortoise soup  
To snack**

**They eat turtles  
In the shell  
Peck and claw eggs  
What the hell  
Now environmentalist  
Are scared**

**You say ravens are an  
Enemy of man  
And desert tortoises  
Extinction  
You won't stand**

**So the state of California  
 Came up with a  
 Master Plan - - -  
 To shoot and poison  
 Craven ravens  
 When they can**

**\_\_\_\_\_ Chorus \_\_\_\_\_**

**{The Swallows and  
 The Cardinals  
 The Orioles and the Crows  
 The Penquins and Flamingos  
 Lord ev'rybody knows  
 You'd exterminate the  
 Blackest American  
 Soul vocal groups**

**The Falcons and the Robins  
 The Larks and the Wrens  
 The Dixie Hummingbirds  
 The Swan Silvertones  
 The Nightingales  
 And the Edwin Hawkins  
 Singers}**

**Regroup again  
 Regroup and then  
 Let's get the old act  
 Together  
 To sing and serenade**

**Regroup again**  
**Harmonize and blend**  
**The doo-wop bird**  
**Is flyin' high**  
**Up in the sky**  
**Regroupin' men**  
**And women**

**You just wanna kill**  
**The Ravens**  
**'Cause they black**  
**And you don't think**  
**Their style is ever comin' back**

**Today you don't play their**  
**Music**  
**On the radio**  
**You never heard the birds**  
**Of Edgar Allan Poe**

**Jimmy Ricks would make**  
**Your spine chill and shiver**  
**With his boomin' bass voice**  
**Croonin' "Old Man River"**  
**Deep and low**  
**He sang the lead**  
**His ego grew**  
**He had a need**  
**To leave the quartet**  
**Sound**  
**And sing alone**

\_\_\_\_\_ **Chorus** \_\_\_\_\_

**{The Clovers and the 5 Keys  
 The Dominoes and Moonglows  
 The Spaniels and the Dells  
 Great groups I love so  
 Well  
 Got shot down because  
 They were Negroes falsetto heroes**

**The Inkspots and Mills  
 Brothers  
 The Delta Rhythm Boys  
 The 5 Royales Platters & O'jays  
 The Four Tops and Temptations  
 The Coasters and the Drifters  
 With or without  
 Clyde McPhatter}**

**So as I saw things, it wasn't Buddy Bailey's lead vocals vs. Clyde McPhatter, nor Spooky's boom booming bass, low limbo vs. Billy Brown's soulful lead, basso croon, or Harold Lucas's euphonic baritone vs. Joe Lamont's subtle, indistinguishable deacon's one, and first tenor, Matthew McQuater's ornate vocalization vs. Charlie White's barroom tenor, laced with the First Baptist Church. And heaven forbid pitting Bill Harris's guitar ability vs. Billy Ward's piano and organ playing and/or the Dominoes gifted gospel gutbucket guitarist, when they recorded hit records.**

**They were different as night and day, and I bought all their records sight unseen. Not mercurial mercenaries picked special from the vast talent pool of singers on the open market in the streets of New York City as Billy Ward is accused of doing. Then splintered, expanding and evolving into a dynasty of Drifters, the first ones producing the second greatest R&B vocal group classic “Money Honey” sung by the overqualified Clyde McPhatter, and he was ‘Phatter’ vocally than anyone else alive, until he drank himself to death. He could actually cry on record as he did in Billy Ward’s “Have Mercy, Mercy Baby” and others. “Money Honey” by Clyde and the Drifters, recorded by Elvis Presley and many others was written by the eminent songwriter, Jesse Stone, the epitome of rhythm and blues composers, in the golden age of a cappella.**

**As a shrewd business move, I heard a deejay say, Atlantic Records was to give Rudy Toombs and Jesse Stone, the two most successful songwriters in the R&B genre, each their own subsidiary label under Atlantic’s auspices. But for whatever reason, this idea turned out to be another derisory offer on Broadway to top black talent.**

**Rudy Toomb’s who wrote the crafty “One Mint Julep” was killed in Harlem, jumped and jacked by hoodlums, and Jesse Stone lived an extremely long life with his younger wife in Florida, until his death at ninety-seven. Therefore, as a salute to them both, I call this next chapter ToombStone.**

## ToombStone

I attended a recital at Smothers Elementary School in northeast D.C. when I was ten years old. A tenor sang “Without a Song,” and the audience was responsive with heavy applause for the young guy’s performance. All that attention for just singing, stuck with me and I never forgot it. Later on, I reflected upon the song itself and the melody, a perfect build up to a crescendo if I ever heard one. So grand a melodic line as that could make almost anybody sound good. And then I thought about the words and how they focused on the very thing he was singing, word for word. They painted a picture of things to demonstrate the power of a song and alluded to a little modern slave talk about troubles and woe, and the Jordan rolling, almost like another verse for Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern’s, “Old Man River.” But it wound up with the mystery of a great love song unfolding, saying:

I’ll never know what makes the rain  
 To fall  
 I’ll never know what makes  
 The grass so tall  
 I only know  
 There ain’t no love at all  
 Without a song

I got the composer, Vincent Youmans, point back then at ten, that was songwriting at its very best. The whole thing spoke to me, but I filed it away under trivia miscellaneous and went back to play softball, football and such.

**I could write a dissertation on the epic proportions contained in the urban legend surrounding “One Mint Julep,” a piece composed in its entirety by pure professionalism. Rudy Toombs, the songwriter, told the simple story in song of a young guy on a morning constitutional in the city, where he met a young woman and they hooked up in a conversation. Then he took her home, not to his home, mind you, but to her house where she obviously lived with her ogre of a father. They went there to drink and she offered the young guy, the now infamous southern alcoholic refreshment, a cool mint julep, which he drank and it became the source of all his trouble. He enjoyed kissing her charms, got caught in the act by her funky furious father, wound up being forced into a shotgun wedding and stuck in a bad marriage that produced six extra children, all because of an obviously potent drink “One Mint Julep.” I heard the first president of Atlantic Records going on about telling Harry Van Walls, the blues tinkling piano player, who played the catchy top of the tune, to tickle the melody on the high keys. This tip, if true, became the hippest intro I ever heard in R&B.**

**Of all songs in the R&B genre written in the last half of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century into the current millennium, only “One Mint Julep” has persevered and passed the true test of time. I’ve heard it said a songwriter’s just a funnel for God. That said, God certainly blessed Rudy Toombs and our whole generation in D.C. with his high artistry, demonstrating it is not how much you write, but the quality. Rudy Toombs shines as the very best we had to offer. Thank God.**

I went to see Rudy working in his office off Broadway for King Records. He was a clean-cut, handsome cat with a casual air, dressed in a cardigan sweater, slacks, shined shoes and a sports shirt. He walked around by this piano, and I heard later he didn't play it. I'd heard he was a tap dancer and would drum out songs with his fingers on a desk or table when he auditioned them at record companies. He wrote "Teardrops From My Eyes" for Ruth Brown. I still love that and "Crawlin'" by the Clovers, "I'm Alone" by the Five Keys, "One Scotch, One Bourbon, One Beer" by Amos Milburn and many others I know you've enjoyed.

Danny Small, my mentor, told me Rudy was dead, killed in Harlem. Danny knew him well as they were hustling Broadway, plugging songs at the same time. Danny wrote "Without Love (There is Nothing)," Clyde McPhatter's big ballad as a soloist and "Love I Found You" for Gloria Lynn, one of my all time favorite songs and renditions. Danny told me how to go back to Broadway by way of the site where Rudy was murdered, and I did to pay my respects to his memory. Jazz players do the same as I, when they riff this tune now in musical memorial.

Jessie Stone was maybe sixty-five when he produced the Clovers only years after he wrote "Money Honey" and before that he wrote, "Shake, Rattle and Roll" and "Smack Dab in the Middle." Jessie was the consummate composer, playing the piano, scoring charts, with no weaknesses to speak of, writing words as well as melodies, telling compelling, simplistic stories, using phrases that stick in your mind to this day.

**Well you wear those dresses  
And the sun comes shinin' thru  
(Repeat)  
I can't believe my eyes  
All that mess belongs to you**

**He overflowed with an abundance of talent unsurpassed until he died. When I met him, he was smiling quietly, looking a tad like Ubie Blake, I thought, sitting there at the piano unassuming, thin, bald, but spry and wiry. He'd had a band of his own and big plans no doubt. But he was cut down by the powers that be, making the hoggish decisions pitting friends against one another. Then there were reprisals of discrimination over the very crumbs eked out for a living. Getting paid by the mere association of being let in the door with a King Kong kosher smile, maybe, or just being spoken to by these self-appointed anointed ones, who ran the show on Broadway never compensated, but only compounded the problem of meager earnings. And sometimes an antidote or a joke they'd tell, usually at some other guy's expense, hurt a black man, just like you and me.**

**Jesse produced the Clovers last album with the afflatus of Bill Harris, Lou Krefetz and the quintet. Jesse wrote under an alias at times and he used the name Charles Calhoun. Billy Mitchell sang lead with the Clovers on "Your Cash Ain't Nothin' But Trash" a mild hit. Jesse stayed on the money tip again as a subject, this time, reversing his field and cursing the cash flow in the song as worthless.**

**Rudy and Jesse were the professionals I looked up to and admired. They both were consistent and strong in writing songs. They wrote for many in rhythm and blues the whole decade it lasted at its peak.**

# The Belly Rubbers' Grand Ball

*Parents didn't know.  
The church didn't know.  
The school didn't know.*

No one was aware of the change coming in black music, but some kids. It was so subtle most barely noticed. Suddenly, it was born, this symbiotic, new song and dance sound in the early 50's, kids, black kids loved.

It wasn't loud and raucous, nor was it rebellious, fast or ridiculous. It was intimate, all at once familiar and popular. Consequently, no one questioned its reason for being so one on one at the time of its amorous acceptance in D. C.

We'd danced to a theme at Banneker Junior High, "We'll Take Manhattan," wearing sport coats, shined shoes, clean shirts, pressed pants and ties. We were taught the polite way a gentleman asked a lady to dance, the proper distance to stand and how to hold her correctly. When they played that Rogers and Hart number in the school gym, we foxtrotted and two-stepped gladly, gliding across the floor, to and fro, back and forth, up and down, round and round.

**But when we got back home, we turned on the radio, listened to WOOK, WUST, heard the plaintive wail of young love calling us to eagerly embrace, leaning forward or backwards, holding on to one another in a closeness reserved for lovers feeling and expressing testosterone's terrific might. Though vertically correct, horizontal hormones emerged, unleashing a primal underage rite and throes of teenyboppers, touchy-feely sensations.**

**All innocence would end with this damnable dance, some solid senior citizen, senile cynics said. Parents saw it now in their homes at parties that turned into a sensual tribal like ritual. Though still immature, the dishonorable dance imitated the act of making love.**

**This mack music created by young black men for black kids was spawned from the old race music, mostly blues. Now it was sex expressed euphemistically as love. Love and longing in song after song, the love ballad, slow song, slow drag, slow jam, grind was king.**

**There was up-tempo music and we indulged some. Although the strongest urge was for clinging to your partner, while those syrupy, sugary voices wrapped you up in a mood for love so powerful, the singing became not only climatic, but a prelude to adult life, and a passage from one age to another. It was a prerequisite for lovers, a chance to exchange and experience the force of nature within your awkward awakened soul.**

The belly rub was a ‘not with my daughter you don’t’ deplorable dance. You didn’t dare belly rub with your mother, sister, grandmother or any close cousin even. It was too undignified. If ever you danced that way, it was in the dimly lit rec rooms with your own girl or a hip stranger. When you danced with a family member, you changed the whole style and put plenty distance between you, when that doo-wop song playing was a belly rub.

Senior cynics, wholesome purist critics saw this activated attraction action of clutching young bodies, touching in close quarters, buttocks pumping like pistons, virile vile variations of midnight circular motion and moves from limber hips, as displaying a graphic dress rehearsal for consummated wedded bliss.

All that badass spoken body language between teens was the most erotic fun a kid could have, with his or her clothes on, standing erect and moving mightily to the sexually stimulating, motivating music of puppy love. Rotating stomachs against rotating stomachs and pulsating pelvises on pulsating pelvises, thighs upon thighs and breasts pressed fast to chests, replaced the childish need for playing Post Office and Spin the Bottle ever again.

I often daydreamed the legislative branch of government then, should have doo-wop music played so loud that, day or night, we could grab a desirable girl and belly rub on the street when we’d meet.

**Record stores resounded. Jukeboxes boomed. Radio stations rejoiced in D.C. The rage was this decadent dance we did called “The Belly Rub.” Locked in a begging, pleading tempo of intertwined temptation and libidinous trepidation, stuck like glue to perform an exaggerated x-rated recreational touch dancing foreplay with each thrust and counter thrust, encountered in the dark, when the quartets and quintets were singing from human groin to human groin songs. Some old and redone, others came fresh from the minds of writers whose craft was in tune with the trend, so much so, it became more a guarantee you’d hit big even if a pro like Rudy Toombs and/or Jessie Stone didn’t compose a winner for you. If you had Leon “Larry” Harrison, a Harvey Fugua and/or Lowman Pauling, Curtis Mayfield, John Bowie and later Smoky Robinson songs to rely on, regardless, you would score.**

**Black teens seemed to be transformed in a trance, hearing the music as a guide to escape the doldrums around them. They came as I for a fix, strung out socially on the physical contact with the opposite sex, all wanting a hug to the music that lasted three minutes and ended only to begin again anew, a few seconds later, when the next slow record played in succession.**

**The originators of this art form were high school dropouts usually, no college grads here, as this was strictly urban underclass sexpertise. Most doo-wop guys by now, as I, were merely emulating the great vocal groups that took pure pleasure in doing what they did in recording studios and on stages, in most major cities in America.**

The cash register was ringing in record stores, moving product from Atlantic, Aladdin, King, Savoy, VeeJay, Chess, etc., labels. WOOK and WUST radio stations played their records, and C.C. Coley put them on his jukeboxes in D.C. There was a party on every block where we gyrated and grinded against active abdomens into a merging mass of femininity or masculine muscles, caressing on the dance floor.

I heard rumors about it from those in the know, it was official, there was to be a Belly Rubbers' Grand Ball at a secret location, but large enough to hold over one thousand lucky belly rubbers. If you paid, a quarter rub was the norm, held in basements and/or living rooms with colored lights where you danced on a dime. Whenever and wherever the music by the black vocal groups of the 50's played, the kids congregated with twenty-five cent to dance on dimes.

Now the degenerate dance and the misbegotten music had peaked, and was big business. It was all being coordinated and controlled, though still discriminated in pop circles and just beginning to be covered by white record artists. "Sincerely," "Goodnight Sweetheart" along with a myriad of others, opened the door for rock and roll to sweep across the nation and 'round the world, endowing the 21<sup>st</sup> century with a multi-billion dollar, hip-hop nation that is a direct descendant from the bloodline of black music styles, starting in the arms and grip of strangers, with only a glance in common; so quick, you barely made eye contact. But in that split second, no more than a dance at first sight assessment of each person and you were body-to-body, belly-to-belly doing the dirtiest dance with a floor full of concomitant concupiscence.

If you talked, it was usually in her ear where you inhaled perfume, hair products and such, until it all came together and connected somehow and you both spoke your names, as it was now mutual and must, as these things do, lead to another dance at least, even an old-fashioned walk or bus ride home and goodnight soul kiss, third base, stirring swollen giddy genitals into blue gonads, date rape or another more mutually satisfying intercourse.

No Bunny Hop, Lindy Hop, Jitter Bug for my generation. We had different taste and rather than breaking a sweat with acrobatics and fancy footwork on the dance floor, we met in homes, descended down into cellars, dimly lit, or pitch black, to hear and be entertained by the aching adolescent sounds, pulsating from hifi's playing the favorite post-pubesence pieces of the day, while each and all belly rubbed.

No wallflowers allowed; everyone could do this devilish dance. It was easy as riding a bike and ten times more fun, when boys made hard, fast, deep impressions upon girls, sodden with innocent, shocking surprise reactions while dancing.

Young good looking debutantes, pretty college co-eds and dangerous delinquents danced the belly rub. Duke Ellington's music was dead here, only black vocal groups mattered now. No fancy dress balls were needed, although they still had them, as D.C. is always socially conscious, middle class-minded and culturally cool.

*D.C. girls are way pretty  
 Fine to the bone  
 Cool and siditty  
 Often educated opinionated  
 And witty*

*Sexy even beautiful  
 To the nitty gritty  
 Hollywood could relocate here  
 By Senate committee  
 'Cause ain't no bunch of pity  
 Ugly challenged booger bears  
 But an itty bitty*

**It was fascination with shapes and shades of female figures and forms, segregated black and bronze bodies, with fleshy natural bosoms, when I recall the tough and tender talking, chewing gum popping, soft, kissable, cute, some thought too cute for me sometimes, flirting with laughing, big eyed, sensuous ample candy apple lips, from fiery to muted red, who walked on legs of sterner stuff, bowed to slightly bowed, slew footed, pigeon-toed, even knock kneed, under skirts and blouses full and not so full of flesh, with all manner of exotic eyes: sloe, slanted, bucking, bright, cold calculating, rolling, scheming, dreamy, shining, serious, winking brown, darker still, sepia true as blue, light honey hazel and bewitching gray as a cloudy day.**

**All this and blushing faces of loveliness stamped upon faultless made up features with a generous helping of warm, flashing smiles of pearly teeth and platinum personalities. Precious crowns of every kind, type and grade of hair: stringy, straight, kinky, long, short, curly, wavy, brown, black, tan, blonde, red orange and redder graced the heads of these beauty queens' complexions kissed by the sun, ripening into umber, ebony, ambers, golds and mahogany deep and mild.**

**A black bevy of female fantasy was all over D.C. Copper colored, like sun-worshipping goddesses, the envy of the white, untanned, still baking in salons today. Fat, trim, tall, skinny, lean, short, stacked perfect sizes to varied, but none too this or that to dance the dance of desire with. As the Swallows wrote and sang, “It Ain’t the Meat (It’s the Motion)” so true, so true.**

**We wondered if The Belly Rubbers’ Grand Ball would be held at Odd Fellow’s Hall, or was it all over the nation’s capital, in rooms big and small, kids crowding the floor, heads bobbing, bodies united tightly in clinch and clutch, revolving in hands-on churning circles. No turn downs, no refusals as teen torsos swayed taboo under the spell of James “Pookie” Hudson and the Spaniels, singing, “Baby It’s You.”**

**It turned out the word was, the Belly Rubbers’ Grand Ball would be held at the Lincoln Colonnade, behind the Lincoln Theater on “U” Street Northwest. It was whispered you had to enter through a tunnel from the street. This was a subterfuge dreamed up by a, slick as hot grease, con man named Chicken, last name Burns, who hung out on “U” Street pulling scams.**

**Chicken figured this classy word, “Colonnade,” would up the ante on attendance, plus, add a little intrigue for the kid’s imagination, thereby, easing the sting of the fifty cents ticket price. But for the real location, Chicken and his helpers strolled up and down “U” Street, directing all those going to the ball, to Turner’s Arena up on 14<sup>th</sup> Street Northwest, where the events were wrestling, some boxing and now the booking of singing groups was the thing. I saw all the groups there that I could. They were booked sometimes on school nights, and the law looked the other way, when a kid showed up and paid the price of a ticket, went in and got lost in the rowdy, raunchy crowd of all the randy ones with no homework, or plans to go to school in the morning.**

We paid another fifty cents at the door of Turner's Arena on an otherwise idle night. We came as Chicken anticipated. We came in winter, gangs of guys and young girls; we were all gathered to defiantly dance away the shabby situation of paying for two tickets. They rustled up a record player and bought some records as the packed house of kids waited in the cold hall with only our body heat. We came to belly dance slow to the magic music that finally blared through the speakers.

The chaperones had nightsticks and pistols too. They stood against the dirty dingy, nasty, stained walls, waiting for the trouble sure to come. The toilets reeked of vomit, sweat, stale cigarette smoke, beer, and cheap whisky. Feces and urine were spilled over upon the women and men's rooms filthy floors, left from the wrestling match crowd the night before.

A fight broke out; a knife was pulled. I saw the bloody victim stagger. Then I watched the perpetrator break away and run. The ball continued while we danced the dance of disgrace and pressing of the flesh all night in the stabbed guy's blood.

Over the door on cardboard were Hamlet's words left by Chicken to greet us. They were "Ah, There's the Rub." Like a lap dance today, it was then, but free with both parties getting into it to music, standing up fully dressed.

After the Belly Rubbers' Grand Ball, it was said widespread, rampant pregnancy occurred, and the next generation was procreated because the belly rubbers bustin' a move on booya bubble butts of bootays, gettin' busy on hotties bodies, wore no rubbers (condoms) after the Grand Ball.

**All this sex activity was inspired from sappy sentimentality, created by lead singer Bill Kenny, and the Ink Spots, a generation before. Along with Nat King Cole's vocal stylizing started the sexy throaty, singing techniques most lead singers used, unless they had heavier gospel influences.**

**The black vocal groups crooned; the girls swooned while we enjoyed the delicious dance, or as the church would say, demonizing dance. Then the pious pompous, elitist prudes said in protest, it was a dance of debauchery, our dance of demystification, my dance of deliverance. They, the snobbish worldly rejected and frowned upon it, cursing it as akin to the dance of demimondes at Moulin Rouge. Matrons and such hated this demeaning dance, this so called degenerate dance of the damned. The school disallowed this disreputable dance, our D.C. doo-wop dance we danced da nasty and chanced romance together to. However, whenever they held a Belly Rubbers' Grand Ball, a belly distended belly to belly rubbin' good time was had by one and all.**

## **The Ghostly Spoils in Bo Diddley's Basement**

**Bo Diddley first came to my attention in 1955. I was exiled to a boarding school for my own good, in Manassas, Virginia. It was my last year of high school when the loud announcement came over a tiny radio on my desk. This D.C. dee-jay was shouting "He's here in town at the Howard Theater, Bo Diddley!" My ears pricked in anxious anticipation as the soulful southern sounds of Bo's electric guitar and his Chicago blues band, the Diddley Daddy's played "Hambone" an old black folk song with another lyric.**

**I couldn't wait to see what he looked like, savage and strange, I thought, feeling the raw raunchy rhythm like jungle music, primitive yet urban, rural, but rock and roll. I escaped that night, hitchhiked to D.C., caught the last show, went back to school, graduated, attended college at Cheyney, Pa., dropped out, sang in vocal groups, wrote songs, married, started a family and got a job.**

### **Smitty**

**Smitty was a chef  
I knew  
While he was makin'  
Hospital stew**

**I was sneakin' in  
The morgue  
Rehearsin' doo-wop  
For the girls and  
Boys**

**Doctors nurses  
Patients too  
Love to sample  
Smitty's stew**

**Pretty Marva was  
Her name  
A bitchin' dietician  
Queen**

**She liked a kitchen  
Helper Ike  
Me and him got in  
A fight**

**And since I was  
His kitchen boss  
I fired Ike  
But Marva's love  
I lost**

**Smitty was a hip  
Cool cat  
And we began to chew  
The fat  
He introduced me  
To Miles Davis  
I played "All Blues"  
To death  
And savored it  
I sampled all the  
Jazz he had  
In his bachelor  
Pad**

---

**Chorus**

---

**{Smitty  
Smitty  
Best friend of mine**

**Smitty  
Smitty  
You're too kind**

**Smitty  
Smitty  
I'll never find**

**I'll never find a  
Pal like you  
A better drinkin'  
Buddy who**

**I can tell my troubles  
To  
When I'm feelin' sad  
And blue**

**Because I don't know  
What I'd do  
Without you there  
To see me through}**

**He said I should try  
Marva again  
And remove the  
“I like Ike”  
Button pinned  
To her drawers  
And then he said  
Be a sailor with her  
In a motel bed**

**Now me and Marva  
And the Kitchen Kings  
Harmonize dance  
And sing  
Three shows a night  
At Smitty’s joint  
He gave me pointers  
And I thought I  
Got the point**

**At Smitty’s night  
Club  
We could hit the  
Heights  
At Smitty’s restaurant  
Soul stew delights  
At Smitty’s bar  
I got an appetite  
For drinkin’ gin  
All night**

**\_\_\_\_\_Chorus\_\_\_\_\_**

**We had a room  
A bath  
And kitchenette  
Plus a baby in a  
Bassinet**

**The baby never lets  
Me forget  
When he's hungry  
Irritable and  
Soakin' wet**

**One day while I was  
Drinkin'  
In self-pity  
As the baby  
Breast-fed Marva's  
Bosom**

**She was smilin'  
And all at once  
It hit me  
That the baby  
Looked just like  
Smitty**

**He pulled my  
Coat  
To love and life  
He wrecked my home  
And then he pulled  
My wife**

**So I got drunk and  
Stabbed him to death  
With a kitchen  
Butcher knife**

**\_\_\_\_\_ Chorus \_\_\_\_\_**

**In 1960 a bass singing buddy of mine, Chester Simmons, told me about Bo Diddley's new recording studio on Rhode Island Ave. in northeast D.C. I wrote a song "For the Love of Mike" for a girl's group Chester had, the Four Jewels: Sandra Bears, Marjorie Clark, Grace Ruffin and Carrie Mingo, later replaced by Martha Harvin. Chess Records released it, and it was played on the radio locally. The main thing here is that this record was produced and recorded in Bo Diddley's basement.**

**Bo had a Presto two-track machine. Bo built the control booth. It was small, but glassed in and very professional looking. The ceiling was low and the sound was adequate. Edgewood Studio on Dupont Circle downtown, the studio I used in D.C. at that time had two-tracks also. However, the big difference now was that the talent came over, hung around, and rehearsed to record, plus, most of the acts needed original material. That's what appealed to me, that, and I could live there free and write.**

**Bo Diddley went out on the road for long stints and when he returned, he recorded himself. His recording of "Gunslinger" released on Chess Records was produced in D.C., down in his basement.**

**Marvin Gaye had been at Bo's, but left for Detroit before I arrived. He came back home from Motown Records on leave, sort of, and intimated to me then, that he was unhappy with his situation in the Motor City. He said he swept up, played drums, did some odd jobs, and they wanted him, a staunch romantic balladeer, to sing up-tempo songs. He inquired quite candidly about coming back to Bo's studio. We talked on the phone every morning. He called for a week. Things were slow at Bo's then, so I convinced him to stay with it in Detroit, and he left D.C. for super stardom.**

**Many others were there, an army of talent, most still living. Though older now, they would probably sing if asked and paid properly. Back then, we never knew how close we came to putting D.C. on the music map.**

**When I went to Motown Records as a songwriter in 1968, I saw that whole operation was started in the basement of a same sized, detached house in a residential neighborhood, just like Bo Diddley's in D.C.**

**Minus Marvin Gaye, we still had a lot more to offer talent wise. I heard the Funk Brothers, the excellent studio session guys at Motown. They backed me up on a demo album. D.C. musicians had a style too, I used Chuck Bookers band.**

**One day Marvin invited me backstage to hear some songs he was working on, all ballads. He was on tour with his first up-tempo hit, "Stubborn Kind of Fellow." After he played piano and sang the songs, keeping track of his competition, he urgently asked me about Eddie Belton and Alfred "Nooky" Robinson, two of D.C.'s finest singers, as we crossed Seventh Street Northwest from the Howard Theater, while walking in the middle of traffic, going over to Waxie Maxie's Quality Music Store.**

Ten years our senior, Bo Diddley was incidental to a long list of bourgie influenced D.C. types, who basically discarded, disowned and maybe even disrespected the blues. Therefore, it was a brand-new fresh sound brewing down in Bo's basement. Something with a "pop flavor," as Marvin Gaye said to me when we played him a sample of a jazz technique with rhythm and blues feelings and contemporary catchy subjects.

The D.C. sound in the early sixties came from Billy Steward, churches, competitive high school talent shows and local clubs. People like Van McCoy at Dunbar High, Marvin Gaye at Cardoza High and the Four Jewels at Roosevelt High, defined D.C.'s refined soul. So Washington D.C.'s own voice influxuations and vibratos that fluttered subdued tones and timbres, singing a more sophisticated, distinguished version of commercial tunes, were descendants of Duke Ellington, you might say and lured to his legacy, the preeminence of cool, hip cultured artistic expression through music, a combination, if you will, of Chocolate City and Constitution Hall.

Empirical evidence for this theory is obvious in Van McCoy's work with his Soul City Symphony "The Hustle" before he died. Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On" was reluctantly accepted as a Motown product by the label owner, Barry Gordy, but was a-typical of Marvin's D.C. black urban, musical heritage. Then the Gershwin Brothers, DuBose and Dorothy Hayward's "Summertime" as sung by Washington's Billy Stewart, makes my point emphatically phat.

If, is a conditional clause, but if Sinatra had heard Eddie Belton, a crooning lyric tenor with no equal, he would have been in awe of Eddie B's seamless full throated, majestic swingin' pure pop renditions of anything he sang.

**Sedatrius Brown is a marvel, a music savant, and a conduit of creative skills on organ and piano, composer of many melodic masterpieces. She would have certainly joined us there, down in Bo's basement with her great gifts of effortless creativity.**

**The right Rev. Lorenzo Hall had so much talent; some felt he would go mad. But he became a pastor instead and contained his classical piano, jazz organ, concert vocal soloist, choir director, and well-earned explosive ego with creative constructs in God.**

**Jimmy Hopps injected jazz, incorporated jazz, and received jazz back from all the aspiring ones that he coached, accompanied and co-produced in Bo's basement.**

**Chester Simmons was the bass foundation, recording engineer, the church, big brotherman, manager of our meager existence and musical exercise in Bo Diddley's basement. I wrote songs and A&R'ed some co-productions of D.C. handpicked hopefuls.**

**Others were there in that classic cellar, a talented tenth that flocked there after school and/or work. The ambience of ambition permeated the place. They were chosen by us, in charge there, with Bo's autocratic approval, an amateur avant garde that would have sung to the tune of millions, had the Midwestern muckety mucks after our treasure trove indemnified our exuberant efforts and not played an unfunny Polish-American joke on us, us blind Judas goats, shepherding Bo's peeps, our flock of D.C. sheared black sheep to the blues slaughter house in the Windy City.**

**They, European immigrants from Poland, who escaped the Holocaust and became American citizens in Chicago, and we, African-Americans, the descendants of Negro slaves, should have been more simpatico. But alas, we wound up pawns in a game with Chess Records from Chicago that D.C. lost.**

**I was told later by an insider there, that Leonard Chess, Bo's boss at Chess Records, did not want another Motown, and he purposely held D.C. in creative abeyance. True or not, since that day no one's succeeded in establishing a hot, nationwide record company in Washington, and there have been many attempts to put D.C. on the music map.**

**“Go-go,” a music form founded in D.C. had a film made about it, but it was left inexplicably unreleased in the lurch. Thus, when playing a game of “record the best talent in the city, put it on the map musically and get rich quick,” beware of Bo Diddley's Basement Curse.**

**Ed Green, the owner and engineer of Edgewood Studio, went on from D.C. to Hollywood and became co-owner of Green and Crowe, audio specialist for most of the big award shows today. In a Hollywood studio, where he had just recorded Sammy Davis, Jnr., singing “Candy Man,” he said to me and I quote, “If you don't make it, I'll never understand it.”**

**Recording studios have always been around or makeshift. Early on in the 1950's, the Clovers, one of the greatest vocal groups of the R&B era, who hailed from D.C., recorded their biggest hit “One Mint Julip” in a fifty-dollar per week suite at the Woodward Hotel in New York City. Hank Ballard and the Midnighters recorded “Annie Had a Baby” in a D.C. living room.**

**Lou Krefetz, the Clovers' manager, looked around as if for music spies on "U" Street before he whispered that the secret of Atlantic Records sound was in the walls, and he used a then, so thought, forbidden four letter word, funk, further confiding, the wisest thing any record producer with plans to grow should do, is own his own studio, as the recording studio is king.**

**Howard University came to Bo Diddley's basement one day. A group of music majors, all pretty coeds, soon to graduate, graced our production in progress. Gwen Hines was the music director/pianist. She later taught music at Howard, and Dot Rudd became an acclaimed soprano. They and two others blessed us with the perfect angelic vocal background.**

**Kenny St. Lewis came down in Bo Diddley's basement. Then he co-wrote "Boogie Fever" with Freddie Parren, who became one of the top dawg producers, arrangers, and songwriters of disco in Hollywood, "I Will Survive." He was at Howard University with the Mizell Brothers, Larry and Fonz, who produced all the early juvenile Jackson Five hits with Freddie. Then the brothers did "Boogie Oogie Oogie" by A Taste of Honey. Carla Thomas, my friend from Memphis, recorded for Stax/Volt Records and was at Howard too. So was singer, arranger, songwriter, and producer, Al Johnson.**

**Donny Hathaway was at Howard University and I worked with him also. He would have been in Bo's basement. The Clovers were free contractually and would have come on down, if approached correctly.**

**I could name others that would have loved to be there who lived in D.C. As only a few born and/or raised talented Washingtonians leave home and make it in show business: D.C.'s Duke Ellington, Van McCoy, Charlie Byrd, Marvin Gaye, Dr. Billy Taylor, Don Covay, Little Sonny Warner, and Bobby Parker come to mind. But those who stayed continue to astound the locals with above par performances in clubs and at church.**

**The reason most out-of-town recording entrepreneurs failed in an attempt to colonize D.C., is it's full of hip Black Americans who have an option of working in the government. That's why the best of the talent does not leave and struggle with the thankless hardships in the entertainment industry. There's no security there, so they prefer the more intelligent route for health and retirement benefits, which is working for Uncle Sam. Today, I can post a list of Who's Who that would be a fortune for investors interested in attaining the richest vein of recording artists, songwriters of untapped platinum, gold and diamond in the D. C. Tidewater, tri-state, regional record breakout area. These bright blinding, shining lights left under a barrel are still waiting to be found, as they remain, ghostly spoils in Bo Diddley's basement.**

## Nobody Got Paid

I heard that the term Bo Diddley was one used to describe prizefighters in Chicago, and that's where Bo got his name. When he boxed there in the early fifties, the name stuck. However, I discovered another possibility for his southern sobriquet called a "diddley bow." I saw one in a documentary, a real in depth piece about Mississippi blues singers. They showed this crude, homemade string device many blues musicians played in shotgun shacks all over the magnolia state. It was hung over the door or on the wall and played like a fiddle.

Bo came from a hot bed of blues singers, unprecedented in his home state, Mississippi, like Robert Johnson and Son House. Sam Cooke was born in Clarksdale, Ike Turner and John Lee Hooker too, and a few more music notables, Howling Wolf and Cassandra Wilson are associated with this blues town. Muddy Waters, king of the blues, was raised on a plantation near Clarksdale. W.C. Handy, the Father of the Blues lived in Clarksdale. Bessie Smith, queen of the blues, died in Clarksdale.

There were no drugs at Bo's that I saw. Then again, no booze was flowing in front of the D.C. talented tenth teenagers, star struck for show biz, who were now "Goin' to Chicago, sorry but we can't take all y'all," as they wouldn't all fit in Bo's hearse. Yes, a real live, used, long black funeral hearse. Bo took the Four Jewels, Connie Christmas, Jimmy Hopps,

with Chester and me. James, Bo's cousin was the driver. Jerome shook the maracas in Bo's band. And Jesse James Johnson played bass. Jimmy Hopps played piano accompaniment co-produced the girls and played drums for Bo. Bo traveled on the road in this happy hearse, so off we all went, cheerful as corpses to Chi-Town, the hoggish, black blues butcher to the world.

Bo put us up in a hotel for a brief stay. After which Chester put us up in his relatives' house. It was the dead of winter with the hawks ill wind from Lake Michigan, ice and snow on the ground, gaping holes in my shoes, and money was no where to be found, as we were all paying dues, working gratis at this point for a break in the sadistic, maladroit music industry.

We went to work at Chess Records Recording Studio. The Four Jewels recorded a couple of sides, as did Connie Christmas. Bo didn't want to do Willie Dixon's "You Can't Judge a Book by the Cover." But the people in the bleachers of the big studio began to stir at his refusal, and it was enough cause for concern to roust a visit by the big boss man, Leonard Chess. He changed Bo's mind and "Book" became a bona fide smash and a million seller for Chess Records, by my count, that they kept to themselves.

I was walking from the studio on the slippery ice and through the cold wind and piles of snow, wearing shoes lined with newspaper, singing the words to Willie Dixon's "Book."

Whoa, can't you see  
 You misjudged me  
 I look like a farmer  
 But I'm a lover  
 You can't judge a book  
 By lookin' at the cover

I was walking behind Etta James, who recorded “At Last” and Chuck Barksdale, the Dells bass singer. That night we visited with Bobby Lester, the lead singer on “Sincerely” by the Moonglows. We were all in the Dells big car, all five of the Dells, Chester Simmons, Jimmy Hopps and me. I looked at Great Lake Michigan, the lights of big broad shoulder buildings in the second city and smiled back at Al Capone and Frank Sinatra’s kind of ‘tottering’ town. When we got to Bobby Lester’s, we all sat on the floor around the walls. The Dells sang a cappella fit for the gods. They’re still singing the great song “Oh What a Night” today.

Back at the studio the next day, Jerome Greene, Bo Diddley’s comic, maracas shaker, the first percussionist of his instrument in Chicago’s musicians union, when asked if he thought Leonard Chess was tall, remarked, “Well, he’s taller than Phil and Marshall Chess.” Then, is your name Chess was the sarcastic reply from anybody working there, if you asked for anything on a recording date. It was also a running gag, their insisting on having guys they wanted to blow off, be told, when they arrived at the locked front door, “Go ‘round back, the floors wet.”

All that said, this shabby treatment and their good cop Phil, bad cop Leonard, was not just a tactless tactic they used, but now rampant as an attitude with most of the recording company owners, execs, etc. in the Amada, the amalgamation of independent, white/Jewish small owned and operated record labels that stuck together in a viscous bond to keep us black recording artists, songwriters, producers, musicians and managers in our place.

Now as I look back, I realize I wouldn't have gotten paid diddley, by any of them, as nobody got paid. It was common, coast-to-coast for these record labels, run like fiefdoms in Europe, to leave black recording artists money up to their earnings on the road.

The wanton, wanderlust Weinberg Tour and the criminally cruel Chitlin' Circuit will wear you out, all that stress and strain on your vocal chords, numerous shows a day to live and get to the next booking. The conditions so barebones, it's as a cell sometimes in jail, drudging in those dressing rooms, almost slave quarters, surrounded by the worst human element that life offers on this level of show business, while the owners of the rotten system thrive and get richer.

In Chicago, I saw Leonard Chess, the co-owner of Chess Records, that renowned blues boutique; receive the widow of a blues man on the label in his office. The door was left open, and I saw her tears and watched as the stern, otherwise aloof overseer, took a tender tack and comforted the woman in black. They left together for the funeral and cemetery, I heard someone say. I was told Leonard Chess paid for the whole thing, including the burial and headstone. Plus, he gave the grieving lady a taste of back, way overdue record royalties.

So rather than a slap in the face of the whole black race, one widow woman was spared, and maybe a few others, when the IRS begin to come around to the front door of Chess Records in the early seventies, wet floor or not. Bo said he had a handshake with Leonard Chess, instead of a protracted, complicated, one-sided contract, which could well have been back then, the same as one of Bo's own lyrics, the equivalent of wearing a cobra for a necktie. Or were we all simply as one other of Bo's songs, "Babes in the Woods."

I noticed an ominous character standing erect against the wall in the office area of Chess Records. He wore a black suit and tie with dark glasses. He never spoke or had contact with anyone of us that I could see. No one mentioned him ever. I saw him leave quickly once with Leonard Chess. I thought he could have been a bodyguard, goon, gangster, or tax guy. Anyway he reminded me of Arcane Coercion, a guy I knew on Broadway, who took care of things you needed handled quiet as it's kept.

I went to Atlanta with Chester. We took the "ha ha hearse" to Bo. When we drove through Ty Cobb's hometown in Georgia, I was warned not to talk, look at anyone, or do anything to call attention to us, as they would pull us over and lock us up or worse. I was co-operative with Chester's caveat.

### *Racist Wringer*

*The racist wringer  
Will wring your neck  
Choke a nigga  
Damn near to death*

*Mess his mind  
And make him sick  
Bigots talkin' 'bout  
His dick*

*Scared they women  
Turn a trick  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah*

*Racist wringer  
Will break your back  
Give you a massive  
Heart attack*

*Make you deal drugs  
And pimp  
An armed robbery you  
Will attempt*

*Do anything  
'Cause the world's so cold  
Before your time  
You're old*

*You goin' through the  
Racist wringer  
You could wind up  
A man like me*

*Spendin' all your  
Energy  
Tryin' to get scott free*

*Had a wife  
Couldn't keep her  
Peter Peter  
Punkin' eater  
Found another  
Punkin' sweeter  
In da hood*

*Racist wringer  
Will drain you dry  
Fracture your heart  
And make you cry*

*This racist wringer  
I go through  
Beats mind and body  
Black n' blue  
Bigtime  
To the next plateau  
On racist wringer  
Row*

*Racist wringer  
It's a zinger  
Racist wringer  
Real humdinger*

*Racist wringer  
Grind you up  
Chew you spit you out  
And such*

*Racist wringer  
Ruin your dream  
Take away your ev'rything*

*Hardship smashin'  
Up your life  
Cut you off just  
Like a knife*

*Black is black  
And white is white  
Wrong is wrong  
And right is right*

*Weak is weak  
And strong is might  
Hate is hate  
Love is fate*

*Racist wringer  
A real humdinger  
Racist wringer  
That I go through for you*

*Racist wringer  
Zap n' zinger*

*I go 'round and 'round  
Up and down  
Bouncin' topsy-turvy  
Nowhere bound  
Spinnin' over n' over  
Herky-jerky in a  
Cyclone cycle of pain*

**Atlanta was friendly and warm. It was late spring and ripe peaches were hanging from the trees on Peach Tree Street. As we parked I saw B.B. King's, James Brown's and Bobby 'Blue' Bland's buses. They were all in town, staying and eating at the same hotel as us. I ran water for a bath and when I dropped a cake of Ivory soap into the hot, soft Atlanta water; it melted.**

**Bo performed that night at a big white college and packed the place, proving to me his power base of fans were rock and roll. Yeah, sweet Georgia peaches, right within your reach on the trees, and walking sweet in the street. The big black blues singers gathered there as at a great blues summit, where the superstars of soul and their bands took five.**

**I was told I reminded Leonard Chess of Harvey Fugua, who worked at Chess Records as a producer and songwriter-singer with the Moonglows. Harvey left Chess Records to go with Motown. Unwittingly, Billy Davis, then with Chess had been an earlier founder of Motown, until he surrendered his piece to Barry Gordy and went to work for Chess Records in Chicago. We had lunch once and Phil Chess gave him one of my songs, "Hunka Junk." I wanted Bo to sing it and taught a guy named Ernest to perform it and had him play guitar to demonstrate it for Bo. Bo passed on it and Leonard didn't intercede for me as he did for Willie Dixon, on "Book."**

**Billy Guy recited my lyric and confessed to me in a Broadway coffee shop a little later, that after all those big Coaster hits he sang lead on, "Hunka Junk" was his favorite song. Billy Guy thought Ernest wrote it until I set him straight.**

## Hunka Junk

Sometimes I believe  
 Fate was unkind  
 The day that I bought  
 That no account used car  
 Of mine

Well the motor was sad  
 And the brakes were bad  
 The choke was broke  
 And all four wheels  
 Jumped out of line

\_\_\_\_\_Chorus\_\_\_\_\_

{I bought a hunka junk  
 And it's got me shook  
 I do believe to my soul  
 That I got took

A crazy horn  
 Was all I got  
 Woe is me  
 I should have left that  
 Hunka junk  
 Back on the lot}

Now my hot rod baby  
 Just loves to ride  
 I dig her so  
 Why did she go  
 And hurt my pride

**I never thought  
We'd fight and fuss  
Until she said  
She'd rather walk  
Or take a bus**

**\_\_\_\_\_ Chorus \_\_\_\_\_**

**Now my girl won't speak  
And my car won't run  
To think I thought  
I bought myself  
A ton of fun**

**When all day long  
I sit and mope  
Well the only thing to do  
I guess  
Is chunk 'em both**

**\_\_\_\_\_ Chorus \_\_\_\_\_**

**I should have left  
That hunka junk  
They could have kept  
That hunka junk  
I'm gonna chunk  
That hunka junk  
Back on the lot**

**Lastly here, the pejorative compounded term with initials M.F., that blatant expletive so exponentially popular today, was uttered to punctuate everybody's sentences at Chess Records. If I'd known it was the password, maybe they would have let me slip and slide in the front door on the wet floor that freezing cold Chicago wintertime.**

## **What Does Bobby Do in an Office All Day?**

**Other people's money was the way, as I could not afford to record. After each of these dates, I took the masters to New York City and sold them and sometimes I recorded there. Once I came in a studio on Broadway that had a strange force field with crackling energy present when I entered it. Aretha Franklin had just left with a buddy of mine, John "Punkin" McFarland, we called him Jungle Tree. He wrote "Stuck on You" for Elvis Presley and was producing the Queen of Soul's first secular record.**

**The independent labels would buy my masters and keep them on a shelf, locked away in a storage room until they disintegrated and faded away with time. This practice in insensitivity, absurdity and stupidity put me on a new course. I was convinced my own label was imperative in this ice-cold climate of non-commitment in the big rotten apple.**

**I got a call from Chester Simmons again. My best bass singin' buddy told me of a group that needed help with songs, and would I listen? I did and a school friend, Mary Bunting Lacy, was there as manager of the group. I told Mary if she wanted to get into the music business, I had the ticket, a girl's group that could get us there with my songs. She put up the money, two thousand, five hundred dollars, and we were off and running with an office and office furniture in the Tivoli Building on Fourteenth Street Northwest, plus, a local number one record, "Loaded with Goodies" by the Four Jewels.**

The Four Jewels each sang lead and I recorded each one singing lead on a record. I produced records by Connie Christmas and Johnny Steward, Billy Steward's blues singing brother; both scored big-time in the area also. The Chess Brothers staked a false claim on the Four Jewels, contending they had a contract on them. When I went to Atlantic Records, which I preferred in New York City, Jerry Wexler, who coined the term rhythm and blues, sadistically tore up a draft for a two thousand, five hundred dollar check he mercilessly showed me first. Then, sage-like Herod Antipas, he said he had confirmed from his friend, Waxie Maxie, who was metaphorically Caiaphas to my Black Jesus in D.C. that the Colored Christ, crucifying Chess Brothers owned my act, so he could not make the advance and distribution deal.

This Chicago lie and D.C. conspiratorial disappointment came when thousands of black Washingtonians were clamoring and searching in the streets of D.C. to purchase "That's What They Put Erasers on Pencils 4," the Four Jewels second big number one tri-state area hit, by yours truly. I had seen signs in windows written on cardboard, saying they had the record in stock, just hours after I allowed the Chess Brothers to press it. This was my darkest day.

Under the aegis of me, all the sessions were head arrangements, and non-union, strictly cash transactions. Putting those gifted four young, pretty girls on a pop music pedestal had been my predilection, now they were perfidiously, precariously leeward from Chicago's Chess Records and me.

**It got back to me that I had cheated a partner out of his share of Start Records, my company. This furor that family and friends of my family discussed was over a sour deal I made with a local D.C. guy, who became my ex-partner and started telling others I swindled him. This man spread the word around to all who would listen, that I tricked him out of his fifty per cent of my company I gave him, just for capital, I desperately needed to record my songs. Well the truth is, I made the guy another sweeter deal, when he expressed his desire to run things. I told him he could pick between the two acts I had recorded with his money. He was happy with this and chose his favorite act, the soul blues singer, Johnny Stewart, brother of Billy Stewart, the great D.C. singer/songwriter/piano player. Well, Johnny was great too; his potential depended only on the songs quality he sang.**

**So to set the record straight, there was no swindle, no trick, nothing underhanded or scandalous as was said by this overly ambitious investor to a relative of mine, who unknowingly repeated the lie. I was simply left with the Four Jewels after this guy made his choice. The songs recorded and in contention were “Misery Loves Company” by Johnny Stewart and “That’s What They Put Erasers on Pencils 4.” I just added the number 4 instead of spelling out f-o-u-r for today, okay? Well, the latter song by the girls became my second number one hit locally, and it played on black and white stations simultaneously. Whereas Johnny’s song, though a good selling record, did not fare as well, so the investor guy lost face in town, so to speak, and invented this specious fabrication, that I ripped him off and I was a con man of sorts. This scenario appealed to the unsupportive relative of mine, who without proof told the false story to anyone that would listen back then.**

**Now you know the real deal. I have a black sheep reputation in my family, but this wasn't the worst accusation I can think of, told by an avuncular advisor/ accomplished adversary. But then he always had the mother-of-a-problems blessing, being accepted, as I wasn't for my personal choices in D.C. This discrimination, combined with my disdain for government work and/or any local menial job they offer there, like Kay Jewelers, prompted one of my last tries at so-call respectability.**

**I sat up there writing songs in that tiny space, an attic-type, minute upper room reserved for the guy who polished the glass cases, removed the steel guards in the front windows and acted as janitor and security. While at Kay Jewelers, as I think back now, to all of that disapproval and character assassination I endured at home, I remember I was around all of that loot and I knew how to get back in at night, when the store was closed. But to my credit, I've always been honest to the core and the thought never entered my mind to break in and take the jewelry. (Yeah, right.)**

**Still the voices against my life actions continued, blah, blah, blah! And although I heard these willful whispers loud and clear, via the motha-of-a-problem's baby brotha's buzz and saw their intolerant stares zero in on me, when both were looking with those cold, critical, disapproving, "maternal dark side of the family eyes." Between he and me, it was just like seeing myself in a mirror, and watching her same like-eyes judge a jitterbug versus a belly rub contest. He was probably insecure, because I was my mother's first born and only son, plus, she was his only big sister, who helped raise him when his mother and father, my grandmother and grandfather, died early.**

So I guess it was my lot in close family circles to be controversial. At my age then, I rather relished anything said about me, as I knew nothing could be that bad really, for I was a superstar in Bobbywood, where my observations and conclusions were based purely on my own opinions and experiences, as I have no knowledge of the things I've written here being applicable to anyone else's life in the family. That said, I'd add I believe all these negative feelings meant for me alone, to be uncharacteristic for a son's first heroine and nephew's supposed male role model. Then again, it was unbecoming of a great southern lady and mild mannered gentleman from North Carolina. Both well bred, property owning orphans, though heirs in the depression, and educated, were dispensers, not-of-tough love, but the same blind scrutiny toward me. Next, the conspiring widow and her favorites, vilified me in a collusion collection-like tattle telling teacher's pets.

Because of my sad tort, I took my pastiche with me back to the "Crooked City" (New York) to try again with fifty dollars in my slide. I'd sold all my worst and worthless left over tapes to the first knock on the door. As my wife and family was gone, along with my first partner, I didn't want to be a pariah in the record business and an anathema in my own adopted second hometown, so I booked on the bus.

I worked three jobs at the 1964 World's Fair to survive. I kept them going a few weeks or so to earn recording money. I was a security guard at night. I slept on the job, and then I ate at the hot dog and hamburger stand where I worked in the morning. And I cleaned pavilions afterwards. This menial marathon for money got me a room in the seamy seedy sepia Alvin Hotel downtown on Broadway in Manhattan, a favorite haunt of show biz blacks.

By satisfying my passion for the latest fashion, she first coldly denied me with vituperation, when I went to this same school nine years before, I was bribed with a brand new wardrobe the mother-of-a-problem offered me to go back to Cheyney U., again. While there this time, I availed myself of the opportunity to record at Cameo Parkway Records. When I arrived, they'd had the "Twist," and were now at the end of an era. Dave Appell produced me, and Ugene Dozier did the charts. I sang two sides. The reason I got recorded was Dave and Ugene thought I sounded like Marvin Gaye.

Cameo Parkway in 1965 was as Hitler's Bunker in nineteen forty-five. Everyone was deserting. I met Chubby Checker. He was going home to Miss World in a chauffeur driven town car. I met Kenny Gamble, Leon Huff and Kenny's wife, Dee Dee Sharp. They were in the office getting a release, I think. Anyway, Kenny invited me to a session at another studio. All cities were inspired to emulate the vast explosion of Motown Records. It's style was, as Marvin Gaye's, infectious nationwide, and started a black independent record company epidemic.

I witnessed Barbara Mason record "Yes, I'm Ready" that night. It was so moving, her female back up singers cried when they heard the play back. They had string players in that small studio, with no more than four tracks, and I believe I heard the launched sound of the now legendary Philly label, Philadelphia International Records.

Homesick for my own label, I quit school again and returned to D.C. more determined than before to win with my own record company. What I found when I got back though, was much different than I had hoped. First off, I was lucky my wife, Janice, would have me back and I could write all day in peace.

## **The Courage of My Conviction**

**You're the courage of my  
Conviction  
The strength within my soul  
You're all that really matters  
My pride and glory goal**

**You are the one  
Who I believe in  
As I rail against the foe**

**It's you and you alone  
I honor  
And praise your grace  
In all my songs of love . . . .**

**I'd be in heaven  
You are my dream  
In a house full of happiness  
But above all these things**

**You are the courage of my  
Conviction  
You're ev'rything I know  
In this world of woe**

**You are my creed  
You are my greed  
You are my need  
To proceed  
With great speed  
And succeed  
Yes indeed**

**So when the way is dark  
And dreary  
No heart felt promise or desire  
You shine the truths  
Reflection  
Of all I could aspire**

**You're the courage of my  
Conviction  
Sweet angel in my life  
Thank God we're man and wife**

**I began looking for new acts and had my eye on the “Demures” in Arlington, Virginia. This girls’ group was near perfect until I took a hard wrong turn in choosing the lead voice. The five pretty girls had a great lead voice (Jackie) but I made an honest human, stupid mistake and advised them to change leads and let Fredericka sing lead. I had never heard the Supremes yet, and when she imitated Diana Ross, I was bowled over. So, I abandoned originality and Jackie’s terrific lead singing, for a Supreme extreme dream. I should have at least split the date with the two leads. Freddie Parren did the charts before going on to Hollywood to co-produce the Jackson 5 for Motown.**

**Donny Hathaway was at Howard University with Freddie Parren, the Mizell Brothers, Carla Thomas, Gwen Hines, Dot Rudd, plus many other talented music majors when I needed a pianist, as I am an a cappella composer. Donny Hathaway did a date with me and we recorded two sides. If I had heard him sing, I would have recorded him singing the two songs instead of recording myself, but he just played the piano. Then he came over again, and this time after I showed him the song I was working on, he asked if I minded if he sang it. When he sang my song back to me, I knew he should record it, as he owned it now. He was truly a superstar talent.**

**I continued writing songs and was turned on to a group from Baltimore; I forget their name. They had big soul, but no real lead voices. I then got the most soulful singer I could find to sing the lead, Ray Lance. He was a pure tenor in the mellow middle register. He was God blessed with a natural ability to sing up-tempo and ballads, with no trouble doing both with ample agility. We never made the studio as the time lapsed and there was no money available.**

**I put together another girls' group of attractive off campus roommates from Howard University, which I was using as my supplier for talent. I recorded them with a deal Chester Simmons got me from Milt Gabler, session guy in-charge at Decca records, who didn't know "Rock Around the Clock" was an A side by Bill Halley and the Comets. We recorded two sides. Freddie Parren did the date again. Ed Green was the engineer. Snake eyes was the Decca Records decision and I went back to work writing songs.**

**Milt Matthews was ironically from my hometown, Wilson, North Carolina. He was a young soul singer- songwriter who played guitar. He did these three things with a fierce flare and flash I noticed right off, when I saw and heard him perform, sitting with Chester Simmons and Carla Thomas of Stax Records in a local D.C. club. I had him over and we began to sing and later write songs. Chester came by to check us out and put a deal together with Jewel Records, a label down south in Shreveport, Louisiana, they had some hits, I found out, and were looking for new talent.**

**We went to Edgewood Recording Studio with Grease, a trombone player I'd seen in the house band at the Howard Theater. He was diligent, serious and a stone pro. I could sense the two sides we planned would make us stars. The whole big band, fifteen pieces showed up to record the session, all except the drummer. We waited and rehearsed the guys without drums and they sounded better each time. Phone call after phone call produced no clue to a drummer. We all began to feel the date was ruined. Grease, the arranger, threw up his hands in heated frustration and shook his head in disbelief, that in D.C. there was no drummer to give the drummer some too, as we couldn't get Billy Hart nor Washington Rucker and Jimmy Hopps was on the road. And as luck would have it, drum machines weren't invented yet.**

**Even if you owned a record label and had a hit with the distributor in your area, he would not usually honor your demands to be compensated, as creative accounting in the record distributor's favor, always cheated you out of your money.**

**In 1963, my partner, Mary B. Lacy, drove her black Chrysler to Swartz Brothers Record Distributors in D.C. She was after an overdue accounting of our recordings, independently released to date. I held no hope of her ever getting a dime in there. But like a bank auditor with a serious smile, Mary assailed that record wholesale warehouse and asked to see the books. The fact that she was astute enough to assess and read them, and then figure out the math involved in order to arrange the amount for a check we needed was unthinkable. So rare, it was probably a first, at that unprecedented time.**

**We were in dire need of money to pay the office furniture bill, or they'd reclaim it. We were several months behind on the office rent and were to be evicted that day. The phone was cut off and Mary's Chrysler, which was used for business purposes often, needed a new transmission. We paid all these bills that day because of her acute business acumen, charm and persistent professionalism. Mary Lacy, what a partner, patron saint, the first lady of Start Records. The very, very best got paid: when distributors paid small black record labels last, if at all.**

## What Kind of Songs Does Robert Write?

Milt and I took a Greyhound bus to New York City. After two weeks working, me at Macy's and he at Gimbels, we were writing for fifty dollars a week each, at H&L Music in the Brill Building on Broadway, the New York City, Tin Pan Alley temple for the music industry. Twenty-five songs hence, and a couple of tries in the studio, I got us a release from Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore, H&L Music Publishers and the label RCA Victor. I tried to go back to H&L Music later to re-mix that RCA Victor date, but no dice due to Luigi's logic. Following RCA Victor, we took the Partnership over to MGM and a stodgy, cankered, jejune, vapid, dross, boondoggle solemn languor, sludgy dud. This sounds better than it was. One day we will be vindicated, when anything we did then is redone in a re-mix, released and promoted by me.

Milt did a solo act and I went to Motown. An associate, Art Weisinger, who was with me at Start Records in D. C., called me in Danbury, Connecticut, to come to Detroit and audition my songs for Jobete Music. I sang one verse of my song, "Love 50/50."

We used to love 50/50

But now we're down

To 33 1/3

(Repeat)

Is just a fraction of your action

All you figure I deserve

**Hank Cosby, head of A&R then, hired me right away. I put down about ten songs. They published and recorded one. But that old feeling of label ownership crept back and I got a release.**

**Impressed with Muscle Shoals, Alabama and their deep southern roots in soul, I thought I'd go there and pedal my tunes, of which I had a plethora to make my own label money with. I went and struck a deal with the publisher/owner of the recording studio that produced the giant hit soul ballad, "When a Man Loves a Woman" by Percy Sledge. I got a production deal to record my songs. I ran the A&R department and was recruited by ASCAP, Nashville branch. But because of that nagging feeling to own my own label, I moved to Huntsville, Alabama to pursue that obsession. I took my leave with nearly one hundred song demos on tape, and about fifteen masters. They can be shallow as the shoals at times down there, racially speaking. So, I was Muscle Shoals Alabama Hammered and redneck Nashville, Tennessee nailed by Jimmy Crow.**

**My wife and family moved to L.A., the land of "Yucca Mucca" I wrote about. Mike Curb's music publishing firm had been the only luck, fifty bucks; I would have in Hollywood. I likened Hollywood to Chinese boxing, where everyone is fighting at the same time. I felt a double dose of misanthropy envelope me because everywhere I went no one cared or listened, as each guy or girl I met working in an office wrote songs, movies, TV shows, etc. and no chance that I saw existed for me. My type casting was all wrong.**

With dogged disappointment, I tried but another way, to escape the unknown artist nightmare I'd known. We moved to Santa Monica Boulevard, the heart of Hollywood, in a tiny one-bedroom apartment, my wife, five kids and me, roughing it at the LaMonica Apartments.

Chester called again after a time with Clayton Roberts, another bass singin' buddy. We hashed out an idea of doing some of my songs in D.C. Clayton was doing well as an entrepreneur. He had some businesses on Benning Road Northeast. A record store, jewelry store, crab house and above the stores he started a record company in an apartment. I'd eventually live and work there to co-produce the dates. I caught a flight and we hooked it up. Three acts were rehearsed and recorded. Brother Jimmy Williams, a songwriter-singer, who played organ and was influenced by Isaac Hayes, I felt, was coming into his own, subject wise, singing directly to blacks, with his hardedge, socially conscious tunes, while brandishing obvious asperity at the system.

Sedatrius Brown was an organist/singer to die for. I still ravel in the musical memory of her exquisite expertise. Jimmy Hopps told me about her and introduced us, God bless him.

The third act was a female sister singing group, the classy fine foxy Fawns. I called them "Baby Deer." I'd seen a photo of them earlier in New York City, sporting big Afros and warm stunning smiles. They had sheer beauty, a strong family resemblance and sound. I believe in them today.

The recording session was in Silver Springs, Maryland at Jose's studio, the same God gifted guy I admired in high school. We'd kept in touch some, and I was glad he was engineering the date. He'd worked with Ed Green and when Ed left for Hollywood, the whole town, was his, recording wise. We had tracks now, eight or sixteen, and this time we even had a drummer. I wrote and co-produced seven tunes on the date and split.

Back in L.A., I got an idea, played a hunch and I contacted Sedatrius. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Naomi Davenport, was an angel, as usual, and she paid for Sedatrius to fly out to L.A. and work with me. Sedatrius arrived and we wrote over eighty songs in two and a half months, using only a reel-to-reel, stereo Webcor from a pawnshop and a rented organ. I wrote the lyrics and handed them to Date, as she was called. She simply sat at the organ and usually in minutes, not more than fifteen, I might add, we had words and melody. My wife, Janice, and I sang background; Date sang lead. We called our group "US." We could only afford to record two sides at Gold Star Recording Studio in Hollywood. One day these songs created at an efficiency apartment on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood will go down in history, mark my word, history!

I couldn't find a soul with money or connections to help, and Date went back to D.C. I called Clayton and told him the situation, but he had the strong soul singer, Winfield Parker and his red-hot funky band from Baltimore being kept on melting ice. Regrouping, I did my released Motown catalog with them.

**While in D.C., I heard an album Clayton produced, sung by Eddie Belton, and arranged by Rick Henderson, who had been the bandleader, arranger and conductor at the Howard Theater. Maurice Watkins wrote the tunes alone and/or with Eddie B. It was a gem, a classic album and still is, although never released to date. This album is the one and only showcase, featuring the incomparable, irrepressible Eddie B's unbelievable lyric tenor voice in grand style.**

**I returned to L.A., went back to my writing, moved with my wife and family, and gradually became the Shroud of San Fernando Valley, a self-imposed title of my state of mind then. I was gravid with songs, but a virtually unknown recluse.**

**Igor Stravinsky felt the public takes fifty years to see what a composer is up to. Yeah right, do the math. We needed an interlude, so my wife, Janice, and I traveled to Europe. We even did a little studio work at Abby Road Recording Studios in London, England, where the Beatles recorded. When we returned to L.A., we tried in vain to get that tune played, but no takers.**

Undefeated, we remained the cute colorful contented colored couple on the corner, as one nice neighbor called us. But I'm nothing if not creative, and I found more solace in my work than before, this time turning my talents and skills to writing a book, a tome, over thirteen hundred pages. It's taken nearly ten years in all to research, write, type, edit and put my epic, *House of Louse* at my e-mail address [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com) along with a semi-autobiographical *You Just Wanna Kill the Ravens . . . 'Cause They Black* , and fictional *The Penis Gang*, plus realistic fictional *Dentist Hopper* all online. I decided to make my song catalog *Down Loaded With Goodies* an e-book too, showing the libretto only, in the form of an open independent invitational International Icon Top 40 Challenge to the Big Four record companies that closed their doors to D.C and me.

I've discovered the test of time and talent is to put a song away in a drawer after writing it down for over thirty, even forty years. Then if you can still sing it with feeling, it's a hit. This patient practice of mine, forced upon me by doors shut in my face, holds sway with the axiom: we improve, we mellow, not rot with age.

I'm attempting bloodless revolutionary habits, developing earthquake apathy, adjusting to popping my partials in my mouth to sing, preparing not to wait another eon for approval as an aspiring artist. Giving no aid and comfort to the enemy, rather getting ready to hit the boards on Broadway, D.C. and L.A. with my musicals (five), as my cornbread is done y'all. I'm the last of the Broadway Brill Building black briefcase totin' songwriters now.

**Yeah, Tin Pan Alley, I remember tenacious tinhorn publishers, record companies, managers and booking agents. Tin men types with tin ears, who listened to singer-songwriters like me, with tinny voices, sing songs we wrote in ten minutes for fifty dollars. Although in my case the song was worth, as my pop said, ten times as much. There were a lot of tin ears in Tin Pan Alley, though the Brill Building on Broadway in New York City produced many a top ten hit song, giving rise to Elvis and the Beatles. Elvis made singing rock and roll sound easy. The Beatles made songwriting seem easy, thereby creating a glut of tens of thousands of guitar playing, self-contained, pseudo songwriting-singers, who cheapened the quality of the art form to this day. As you know, the tin man had no heart.**

**The Beatles were exemplary at songwriting, but their imitators for the most part were tenuous at best. As the dearth of good songs invaded society, we were inundated year after year until the eighties turned into the nineties. Then it became apparent to me the reasons and causes of this creative dilemma was merely tentative, as heavy metal, funk and disco.**

## Starvin' Marvin

Back in D.C., I got a call from Chester and he said I needed to come over to his house and hear the new lead singer he found. I did, and met a vocally voracious Marvin Gaye. He was there drooling talent with Chester, Reese Palmer and James "Sally" Nolan. They'd been devouring a massive main course of major sevenths in their delicious harmony and such, they learned from singing with Harvey Fugua, the songwriter-singer with the Moonglows. Now, they were the new Moonglows, billed with Harvey out front.

There was another time that the D.C. Capitols needed a super sub for Eddie B, our special lead singer, and we went over to talk to Marvin Gaye, as we all agreed he'd eat up the part. Marvin came in from the playground with a basketball, and we talked, and then sang a few tunes to give him a taste of our style. We drove to an audition in New York City. Marvin had been in the air force and did this funny bit using a silly dilly English accent, as he was stationed in England and had gobbled one up. We laughed all the way there and back.

Then, there was this chance to go on stage at Spingarn High School one night and perform. I'd been to Spingarn for summer school, when I sang lead for the Leaflets. Spingarn was the hip, new high school formerly with Elgin "Rabbit" Baylor, Marty Tapscott, stars of that great basketball team back a few years before a musical masticating Marvin. They also boasted the high ranked George Terrence and the Dippers vocal group, as I found out with my valiant vocal group, the Leaflets, when the Dippers strode from the audience onto the stage and commenced to unanimously walk away with the show.

**Delores Brown, my girlfriend at the time, who like me, loved the Flamingoes, said we were loud, that's it, loud. Now that same school held a talent showcase again. This time I'd go on with the D.C. Capitols and Eddie B. We'd win the crowd over and blow everybody else, foolish enough to go on against us away. We wore these white dinner jackets, bow ties, black pants and shoes. The bass singer suggested we dress and run on stage as he did with the Ontarios.**

**We got there and Chester, Reese Palmer and James "Sally" Nolan were holding forth musically in the aisle. They were actually standing in the middle of the packed audience, dressed casually in sweaters and slacks while blowing harmony into one microphone as the girls carried on in near hysteria over the lean and hungry-looking lead singer, Marvin Gaye, insatiably gorging on "The Ten Commandments of Love." After that, we knew we had to kill the crowd and because we had our ace lead singer, Eddie B., we were confident as pros.**

**Maurice Watkins was the piano player with the group, and when we ran out on stage, it became horribly clear we could not hear him over the screams, which died down in a kind of ghoulish nightmare, as we could not be heard either. Someone had intentionally turned off the sound system and our mouths were just working in some grotesque puppetry of song, with no ventriloquist, just us dummies there on stage. This so called electrical glitch was a lesson that we had to watch our backs in these close chew 'em up chompin' contest and ravenous rivalries, when Eddie B. and I went up against Marvin's meaty music menu.**

The last time I saw Marvin Gaye was in Detroit, but he said he didn't remember my name or me. He was standing there where Motown was born in that famed, studio rec room by the vending machines, a junk food jokester, with a tiny electric like gleaming glitch in his eye, as he licked his chops for a meaty remark and smiled, saying "But your face is familiar." I'd never seen the deep seeded, carnivorous competition between us, or could I ever suspect either of us would need that. But Marvin was an avaricious, egocentric eccentric, high-strung, cannibalistic artist like me, who had established his territory, and here I was as an invader from his own hometown and obviously in the same record company now as he. This put him on his guard because many show biz types are threatened when there is no real danger of a problem. Then again, I can't really say I knew the politic of Motown at that time. Maybe he was protective of more than just his status. After all, I was at his label now and I was a pop predator, not to be ever taken lightly, he rightly thought.

Trying to make sense out of another empathetic episode with this new rising superstar, I thought back to the time in the car with Chester. Marvin and Jimmy Hopps were in the back seat when it happened out of the blue, he was on me like a shot, verbally wanting to fight, he said. But before I could say "What's Going On" like two different people, he stopped short, changed his whole persona, totally forgetting the incident that would have certainly brought us to "Let's Get It On" blows. Chester confided in me later that that was the way he was, not two-faced so much, but a victim of minatory metamorphosis. Chester said Marvin came after him with a knife once while he was in bed on the road. Nothing happened as Marvin snapped out of it apparently and went back to his old "Ain't That Peculiar" self.

It was in sixty-eight, one year after the riot in Detroit and during the “Dancing in the Street” Tigers World Series win, when we emaciated each others ego, after I said, “I don’t recognize you either, man. I thought you were a friend of mine.” The sensational starving, idiosyncratic artist, who sucked the marrow and gnawed the bleached bones of his competitors, went into the studio, and I went back to the motel to write.

We’d been friends at least before, so I tried to put myself, not in his place, but in the place of those who suffer the suspicions of stardom, as I put it. Some oddity only they are privy to in this heaping, full blue plate world of show business, or he could have simply seen the glutinous for green intentions to take over Motown productions, éclat in my eye, and be feted by Barry Gordy with a crisp splayed barbecued hog.

When I returned to New York City, a new songwriting collaborator was highly impressed with me because I knew Marvin. Then when I went to Muscle Shoals, another songwriter-singing guy there called me for details after he found out I knew Marvin Gaye.

I’d gone back to New York City in the eighties, and one sad Sunday morning I heard on TV, Marvin’s father had killed him in L.A. I was numb; I could hardly grasp this hard cold reality. I had to go on the train to Brooklyn to see a guy about a film he made of a notorious nightclub near me on Sugar Hill in Harlem, I was writing about. The guy wasn’t home, so I returned to my rat and roach infested room, sat on the bed, took a few deep breaths and turned on the tape recorder to record after writing these words and melody.

# Starvin' Marvin

**I called him Starvin'  
Marvin  
Starvin' Marvin Gaye**

**I called him Starvin'  
Marvin  
He had the music munchies  
Night and day**

**I called him Starvin'  
Marvin  
Back in Washington  
D.C.**

**He had a hunger pang  
Ev'ry time he sang  
And I was greedy  
Bobby Lee  
Yeah yeah yeah!**

**Well my bass singin'  
Buddy named Chester  
Called me on the telephone**

**He said I think you need to  
Haul ass over here Bobby  
My man's got a gourmet  
Jones**

**He said I know  
You've got an appetite  
And rhythm and blues  
Is your meat**

**You'll have a church  
Picnic  
At my rehearsal Bobby  
We're gonna have a  
Doo-wop feast  
Yeah yeah yeah!**

*\_\_\_\_\_Chorus\_\_\_\_\_*

**{He swallowed Rock and  
Roll  
Starvin' Marvin**

**His favorite dish was  
Soul  
Starvin' Marvin  
Pop stuck in his craw  
Starvin' Marvin  
He ate Top 40 raw  
Starvin' Marvin**

**He gobbled cool  
Jazz jams  
Starvin' Marvin**

**Gospel birds  
And hams  
Starvin' Marvin**

**He kept the women  
Switchin'  
Starvin' Marvin**

**Home cookin'  
In the kitchen  
Starvin' Marvin**

**His stomach growled  
On key  
To eat and run like me  
Breakfast at Bo Diddley's}  
Yeah yeah yeah!**

**Yeah I met Starvin'  
Marvin  
Third world famine in  
His voice**

**I remember Starvin'  
Marvin  
He ate up-tempo love songs  
Like a horse**

**Backstage Starvin'  
Marvin  
Played a Chitlin' Circuit  
Symphony**

**He wolfed down  
Second helpin' tenors  
For brunch lunch and  
Dinner  
He made Motown  
Mouth watering to me  
Yeah yeah yeah!**

**Starvin' Marvin  
Marvin's starvin'  
Starvin' Marvin  
Marvin Gaye**

**Starvin' Marvin  
Marvin's starvin'  
At God's angel  
Choir buffet**

**Starvin' Marvin  
Marvin's starvin'  
Dinin' in  
Some heaven cafe**

**Starvin' Marvin  
Marvin's starvin'  
For peace  
In this  
World today  
Chorus**

The song came easy as if guided by some supernatural force, and I was awed by the one take of it, not perfect, but so close it was Epiphanic [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com) .

I never felt a rivalry with him in anyway shape or form, only admiration, “Blue Skies” and good will. Once in D.C., some of us were in a car and “Pride and Joy” came on the radio. My label, Start Records, was in full gear and happening locally, so I hadn’t given Motown much thought then. But after I heard Marvin sing that song, I knew he was one for the books. His “I Need You” mendicant song satiation, served him up a post doo-wop Last Supper, others of us never reached or achieved. He satisfied what he could of his “Sexual Healing” appetite for a meal of music and feasted upon the choice cuisine of life: a red apple in the snout of a roasted suckling pig, on a garnished platter in the recording industry restaurant, at the head of a table for one repast, reserved for the “Got to Give it Up” King of Soul.

## The Assassination of Marvin Gaye

Outlandish as it sounds, I listened to an acquaintance tell me that Marvin Gaye's murder was an act of protective manslaughter by his father to stop Marvin from attacking his mother! Say what? Yeah, that's what I thought too, not knowing anything but what the press reported. Now the guy who told me this called Marvin's dad Reverend Pernell, as he had known the accused back in D.C., and had actually attended his church. Anyway, self-defense or not, Marvin lay dead as Sam Cooke, only without the great mystery surrounding this first King of Soul's dispatched demise in a motel.

I'd even heard the rumor Otis Redding and his band was murdered in midair over some dispute with record company guys in New York City about a record contract they wanted. And now this ongoing Marvin Gaye drama was the complete antithesis to what I suspected and thought I knew also. Marvin was temperamental, but to attack his own mom, I don't buy it without more knowledge.

I'm hip to the fact if these three Kings of Soul had the violent ends they suffered as rumored, someone knows in each instance, but who'd have the nerve to speak out, except in Marvin's case as it's domestic. The idea here is his heroic dad took the fall after all, but for what, to preserve his own or his son's glory, maybe. I doubt that, so I'm not sure it went down this way. I buy the fact Marvin was at odds with his odd father though, as I knew Marvin and he could be easily riled. However, to go after his mother is one on me, I can't swallow without proof positive.

**When I knew Marvin Gaye back in D.C., I was only aware of his musical satiety, but I knew nothing about his Pentecostal upbringing. I never met his father or heard a word concerning this considered strange man who wore dresses and I presume makeup even, as most transsexuals do. What a burden to bare outside such a cultish atmosphere for a public artist of Marvin's ilk to entertain. I imagine there must have been a multitude of times these two disparate personalities clashed.**

**To date no one has impressed me more than Marvin in the music game. The group I sang with back in 1958 needed a substitute for our lead singer who was fantastic. So we went to the projects in northeast D.C. for Marvin Gaye; he was at the playground shooting hoops. He loved to play sports and had skills here too. Never mind that though, because his first love was music and we went back to his family home and hit some tunes. Then the next day we drove to New York City for the audition.**

**While in his home I saw his mother and family. I never noticed a thing to note that in anyway puts a light on his untimely death. When his family moved up on the hill in northwest D.C., Marvin was new at Motown and still going back and forth to Detroit, then finally staying there.**

**We sang together back in the last days of the great golden soul groups, back when a flood of other guys our age considered their chances in New York City also at the Brill Building. All those falsetto howling, hot breath, monotone young guys blowing harmonies with black boogieman bass voices attempting to save a genre that was fast becoming passé.**

**Marvin didn't need a group; he had chops to solo, with creative songwriting talent and became a superstar, featuring his handsomeness, unlike the female side fashion, freakishness of his father, he was quite the opposite. This is why when I first read about the killing of the King of Soul, I figured his ol' man went off on him.**

**Now hear this, as I was told by my confidential source, Marvin had hit the crack pipe religiously, along with smoking angel dust which the cops confirmed he did that night before he was shot and killed, exactly like my confederate, who told me all of this on the phone said, when he saw him on the street and knew Marvin was a crack head.**

**This guy who shall remain nameless to protect his identity because of the sensitive nature of the accusation, theory or whatever else, was into hallucinogenic mushrooms while telling me he was with a high-up female Motown employee who knew Marvin too. They were driving in Venice, California that fateful spring night before his death and Marvin was standing alone on the corner at a stoplight. They saw him and he recognized them. Unfortunately, they pulled off without a word, only to discuss it later, how messed up Marvin was. I felt they should have spoken to him; then again they had that right and their reasons not to.**

**My verbose anonymous associate who laid this shocker on me knew many things about Marvin I didn't; he'd been out of my life for three decades and got in touch with me to discuss my online book "Blackballed" which I decided to change to [www.youjustwannakilltheravens.causetheyblack.com](http://www.youjustwannakilltheravens.causetheyblack.com). I called him back and he talked so long my battery-powered phone cut off. Of all the things said, only his statement, "Marvin's father wouldn't and didn't do the deed he was accused of. Furthermore, Marvin was about to abuse, or was abusing his**

mom when his frightened father had to stop him.” He never told me how he knew this for a fact, but he prefaced it by saying, “Well he’s dead now, so I can tell the truth.” I’m paraphrasing the idea I’m passing on to you with a caveat, less you consider his deprecating words gospel. I sensed angst and attitude in his voice when he told me this grim twist and turn of events about Marvin Gaye’s death.

Because of the negative nature of this piece, it is my suspicion my associate perceived an affront to his person, a painful dis from Marvin as Marvin was known for among those he knew back when he was singing in D.C. like me. Although my associate is a spiritual person, no matter, I feel he was not treated properly by a mercurial Marvin who was mischievous as well as mean spirited, if you took it to heart as this guy probably did. Thus, this was payback to the King of Soul, maybe. The only one who was there and still alive at that house in the Crenshaw district of L.A. is Marvin’s brother’s wife, and I suppose, like Lizzie Borden’s sister, only she would know the truth.

That stated, by all accounts I read, Marvin went to bed and stayed in his room the night before his tragic death at the hand of his fearful father, on April Fool’s Day, the day before his birthday. Therefore, any assertion that he was out in the street on the night before when my eccentric, worldly, learned associate, given to the metaphysical, paranormal occurrence, premonitions and out of body experiences, probably LSD induced, says he saw him wasted in Venice, is up for examination here. First off, if Marvin Gaye smoked crack, plus, PCP was in his system after an autopsy, then I submit:

*The day he died  
 His mother cried  
 He hurt his father's  
 Fiercest pride  
 And the man  
 Committed  
 Homicide  
 'Cause angel dust  
 Could make  
 Oedipus  
 Slap his mama  
 To assist  
 His  
 Premeditated suicide*

**With all due respect, I conclude my prescient anonymous associate, who said he was pals with the Dalai Lama, saw a futuristic stoned specter, a spaced out spirit, a roasted pre-graveyard ghost, a hallucinated heroin hauntin' haint, a marijuana, methamphetamine metamorphosis mirage of Marvin's mighty mystical mystique, bustin' a super speedball move to either cop and/or coming back from scoring music for his next greatest monster hit recording.**

**This character assassinating aside, I needed my arcane associate to intervene and spare my propitious presentation from a possible hostile clash with ultra-talented acts we both know well, but with whom he has a better relationship. I wanted him to sell said gifted people on my idea to finally put D.C. on the music map with their artistic help, combined now with mine in the recording studio. Consequently, this should happen while President Obama is in the White House, witness [www.footstepsoffamily.com](http://www.footstepsoffamily.com).**

# Footsteps of a Family

**Footsteps (4 times)**

**Footsteps of a family  
An American family  
Surefooted at the  
White House  
There in Washington, D.C.**

**Footsteps of a family  
The very first family  
Lock step to make  
World history**

**Barack, Michelle, Malia, Sasha**

**Footsteps  
Footsteps (And ev'ry mornin' they get up)  
Footsteps  
Footsteps (To pooper scoop a brand new playful pup)  
Footsteps  
Footsteps (Good Lord change is ev'rywhere)  
Footsteps  
Footsteps (Good God it's in the very air)**

**Maybe they'll have a  
Bouncing baby boy  
Sounds crazy  
But the country'd  
Jump for joy**

**The first lady's  
 Smile no terrorist  
 Can destroy  
 Then out of work people  
 The President will  
 Employ . . .  
 The whole hoi polloi**

**Don't need no black ghetto  
 Or no brown barrio  
 No damn red reservation  
 We're a red white and blue  
 Color coordination**

**End all that mid  
 East war  
 Oil ain't worth  
 Fightin' o'er  
 Let's save America  
 That's why I voted for  
 Obama**

**Uhh!**

**Footsteps  
 Footsteps (By dreams from his Kenyan father)  
 Footsteps  
 Footsteps (Barack's bootstraps became a rope)  
 Footsteps  
 Footsteps (He followed his mother's path on a  
 Footsteps shoestring)  
 Footsteps (By the audacity of hope)**

**La la la la la la**  
**La la la la la la**  
**La la la la la la la la . . .**  
**Barack, Michelle, Malia, Sasha**  
**(twice)**

**Footsteps**  
**Footsteps (I smelled fried chicken from the Lincoln**  
**Footsteps bedroom)**  
**Footsteps (Then I spied a black woman without a mop**  
**Footsteps and broom)**  
**Footsteps (I couldn't believe my eyes at what I saw)**  
**Footsteps**  
**Footsteps (It was the Commander-in-Chief's soulful**  
**mother-in-law)**

**La la la la la la**  
**La la la la la la**  
**La la la la la la la la . . .**  
**Barack, Michelle, Malia, Sasha**  
**(twice)**

I first met this harbinger of bad news at Bo Diddley's of all places. Bo had a house on Rhode Island Avenue in D.C. where a buddy of mine rehearsed singing groups when he wasn't acting as Bo's driver and doing odd jobs for him. Anyway, I'll say we were never really in sync; we only had music in common and I hung out there too. He vocal coached a girls' group, played some piano and wound up taking Bo's drummer's place on the road. I wrote songs for the girls' group exclusively. Eventually, we recorded in Chicago with Chess Records.

I started a label; he helped with the first session, but drifted away after telling me we missed a modulation in the studio on the local hot number one record currently playing then. He laughed and said no one noticed it but him, and he decided we didn't need to know. That was in 1963. I saw him again briefly at the movie "2001: A Space Odyssey" on Broadway downtown in New York City. We got together in the aisle when he spotted me coming in. It was a friendly chance meeting of two old acquaintances, like space cadets passing sans rocket ships in the night, time traveling obtuse planetary orbits to Mars and beyond.

The next time I saw him was just as unexpected. We hooked up in order for me to audition a woman he was highly recommending. He said I would dig her and I did. He chortled and told me he didn't tell me about her back when I had the label because in his opinion I wasn't ready to handle her ability yet. She became a composing collaborator in time. My wife and I invited her to join us out in L.A., play the organ and learn my songs at first, but no sooner than she arrived, we began writing together, me lyrics, she melodies and such songs they were too.

**We were prolific, plus, commercially on time as hell. To hear a sample of two songs download [www.UScatalog.net](http://www.UScatalog.net). He should have been the missing link when he joined us in Hollywood, but no here again, although he was responsible for our union creatively and the drummer and bass voice professional musician who might have made the difference to save our failed endeavor, he didn't.**

**I never spoke of my grievous disappointment until now, though tamer than his vicious turn against Marvin Gaye on the phone with me when he seethed. His refusal to cooperate with me and give US his expertise to acquire the obvious absent funds to exist repulsed me. I vent my contempt here in poetic justifiable print by saying how deeply he hurt US, my wife and me, although we never complained as it was never so evident before, until my flood of feelings flared after his backstabbing, condemnatory phone call, assaulting Marvin, combined with his previous rogue rash actions against US, set me off.**

**We, he and I were living at Bo's without a pot to spit in and Marvin wanted to join us. He was leery of Motown then and said so. Today, we have this fated connection as the two living messengers, who knew the best singer of our day intimately enough in his beginning career to give an honest account. This important obligation befalls us especially with both our axes to grind. So he was probably spreading this wild accusation of Marvin raising a cruel hard hand to his mother and I was seeing red after all this time for his denying US in 1973 when we were in dire straits for his unique compliment to complete the unit we were forming and become a quartet.**

**Now by his sullyng Marvin's presence in perpetuity, suggesting incredible innuendo on the phone with or without proof, whether mental telepathy, transcendental, a figment of his imagination, a vision of venal concerns materialized that Marvin Gaye was borderline matricidal and a guilty candidate for this worst crime. His accuser implied, this struggle was the reason he clobbered and kicked his father like a football the last day of his life. But I still think he loved his mother and would cut off his hand rather than ever strike her.**

**I didn't ask how he knew his accusation, fictitious or not, as I knew his answer would ruin the interest I felt for writing my side of the story. Marvin Gaye is still the reigning King of Soul in my book, regardless of his foibles. No turn of the gossip wheel, word of mouth conspiracy smear campaign, spreading venom as H1 N1 spot on shovel ready nostrum, exponentially to murder Marvin's memory is acceptable.**

**We had the Judas jaundiced, extrasensory perception call on speaker, and at first my wife and I thought he meant Marvin was attacking his mother sexually or attempting to. It was all so severe in the tone of his voice when he told us over again to reemphasize the point he was abusing her physically. It was a spellbinder and we never said a word. I couldn't forget it afterwards and I knew this kind of family secret, true or false would have killed Marvin with fans and in the media.**

Whatever instigated this riff between he and Marvin reminded me that ev'rybody ain't nice or polite. All people don't respond to kindness or recognize your contribution to them in life as important. Accordingly, you can't be a great guru if you don't know and accept this fact of human nature. His parting word to us was "would we please go outside and hug a tree for him." So he's really a reckless romantic raconteur who's just wrong about Marvin's intentions, thinking Mother Mother matricide Father Father crucified.

*The assassination of  
Marvin Gaye  
Wasn't done  
With a gun  
Nor was a sharp knife  
Meant to take his life  
Not poison or a bomb  
It was by a phone call  
To come  
For me at my home  
And the would be  
Killer acted alone*

*His words were the weapon  
This treachery will  
Rely upon  
To crush Marvin's memory  
And deeds with a lie  
How heartless  
To involve  
A colleague  
And try  
Making me*

*His accomplice  
Plus feeling I'd comply  
But I was unwilling  
To assist in the  
Killing of  
This one of a kind  
Great artist  
Whose oeuvre was  
Love  
Long live his music  
Forgive the push  
And shove  
He gave his poor  
Father  
Now both are above  
Joined with his  
Dear mother  
In heaven with his brother  
Lord help him and them  
Find peace together again  
Forever and ever  
Amen*

## **You Can't Bogart Chocolate City**

**I don't predict just one start up record label only in D.C., but many like in Nashville's hay day. I see the old vanguard in three separate companies, probably run by guys I know from back in the doo-wop day, with backing by the major labels. Then independently, there's a jazz label, country, Spanish, hip-hop, go-go, gospel, punk rock (Discord Records), folk and me.**

**Without 411 up to date on the state of things in D.C., who's living and who's dead, I only know some of the ones who died there, biding their time in the nation's capital. That said, a positive consensus of what it takes in the first place when starting a music movement still lives talent-wise in this city.**

**The time was never D.C.'s turn before. I've analyzed it and I believe the day is now. Not because of the process of elimination, as every other American city that could, has contributed its sound to the pantheon of pop music, but that I have scripted the repertoire for all the artists there and beyond. I've made a list of the talent I saw and added up their current worth in dollars, using my songs with each singer.**

**They would have to go against the top forty field of rappers and singers in hip-hop, plus, American Idol, type pop singers, etc. with marked contrast and the antithesis of bad taste. If done proudly and expertly, competitively commercial, not to leave out beautifully, as music can be, and very much an aesthetic, when in the hands of the true artiste, we will triumph. It's always about being better, which is subjective,**

until proven on the record charts, and tallied by Nielsen Sound Scan today.

After all, D.C. fits more as an alternative, and unlike the incredible Gil Scott Heron said about the revolution not being televised, I propose a televised music revolution to make up for when we all first started singing, and it was lily white and rare to see a black person doing anything on local D.C. TV, in the 1950's. But what became doo-wop, began to seep from the woodwork all over the city, sending me out into the night, cloak and dagger, prowling around town, putting this one with that one, searching for the tightest, closest harmony to form the perfect vocal group.

Although I'm musically illiterate, as I can't read or write it, I learned to sing and perform, woodshed and compose, produce and record it. And now I find myself an author of realistic fiction, with new dauntless spirit and an indomitable resolve. If this creativity were on TV, you could hear and see my work unfold 24/7, plus, keep an eye on your investment when you subscribe to it and buy my stock.

I had an unspoken beef with jazz musicians in D.C., as they insisted on being paid up front for every date. Now for those who don't know, jazz musicians make the best session players, because they're the best musicians and can play anything usually. Then there was an elitist attitude that existed between jazzmen and doo-woppers. It probably still has shifted over to hip-hop now.

**The thing was, I was told by the late jazz great musician, Rick Henderson, the dean of band arrangers in town, to go union, mind you that was cool, but I had no real shot at union money as it is expensive and would cause me to solicit partners or even go to an independent label or major label for support. This move has never worked for anyone trying to put D.C. on the music map, via recordings, and should be examined here. Although in hindsight, if I could afford to record, I'd gladly pay scale per sideman for sessions today.**

**Firstly, it has always seemed to me the wisest thing to do, if you are aware of anything in this cutthroat business, is own everything outright. We local black producers only produce cheap outlaw record dates. So when dealing with exorbitant amounts of money for the musicians union up front, it has always curtailed the quality and amount of work recorded in D.C. To date, only those who are self-contained don't suffer, and that is the dilemma I faced that caused me to wait for a way out of no way, to make my records with top flight musicians and written arrangements.**

**Realistically, I know now the perverse feelings and set rules will still be waiting in D.C., regardless of any theory, joint investment plan, sharing of profits I create. Therefore, so not to miss my chance again, I intend to pay union on my dates, unless they are head arrangements and/or by self-contained bands.**

**Washington, D.C. has always been a powerful patsy for the independent labels to rape and pillage, taking the booty there like pirates and leaving Chocolate City ravished in their savage wake.**

**Waxie Maxie at his record store started the system of this plundering procuring procedure with Ruth Brown, the Clovers, LaVerne Baker and countless others who saw fit to jump upon the auction block of old, and be modern musical slaves, who gave good talent for their music masters profit.**

**Harsh as it was, there was no other way to communicate with the frugal moneyed ones in the big-time cities outside of D.C., who dealt the cards in this recording game of chance. None of the small independent labels were rich, and as they were paid by the distributors, or not, they took the money when they could, without concern for probity. Waxie Maxie benefited Atlantic Records tremendously and made them the powerhouse Mecca for rhythm and blues in the fifties.**

**Some tried to come into town with new record companies. Others like me, who were living here, tried starting labels. Lillian Claiborne had a music-publishing house on Dupont Circle, another hot spot for aspiring recording artists in D.C., like Waxie Maxie's on Seventh Street Northwest. She had the Cap-tans. They recorded in the early fifties and scored with their seminal songs at least locally. Then she had the Heartbreakers, who had a bigger hit record with "Heartbreaker." I went to see her once in her office.**

**Lloyd Price had dealings with D.C. in his office on "U" Street. He left with some musicians from Howard University, the rumor went, and recorded "Stagger Lee" in New York City.**

**Bill Boskent had Kent Records and I think Little Sonny Warner figures in there somewhere with "There is Something**

**on Your Mind.” I met Bill Boskent in my office. Chuck Booker introduced him to me.**

**Jose was working at Ed Green’s Edgewood Studio and released “Cottage by the Sea” which I still love. And the D.C. Capitols recorded “Gone” written by Jose, with Eddie B. singing lead. I even went to Capitol Transcription for a session in the early days. This was an electric firm that recorded, broadcast radio, TV, etc., programs on acetate in D.C. I got wind of them in the late 1950’s and recorded there amongst a pit of wires, snaked across the giant floor space where every other square foot was covered with stacks of tapes, machines, patchy sound proofing, mikes and speakers. An electrician guy there volunteered to experimentally record my band and me, as they had a control booth and recording equipment to make a monaural record.**

**The Chess Brothers came to town because of Bo’s interest and foresight. Plus, Bo discovered Billy Steward in D.C. and together with Bo’s band, they did “Billy’s Blues” that Mickey and Sylvia filched for a nationwide smash and renamed “Love Is Strange.”**

**Neil Gallagher, Hutch Davies and Rudy “The Shoop Shoop Song” (It’s in His Kiss) Clark had big plans for D.C. They opened an office and set up a distribution deal with Marnel Distributors in Baltimore. I outperformed them with tricks they taught me and I had seven major sellers for Chess Records and Swartz Distribution from my little label, Start Records, in the tri-state area.**

**Clayton Roberts had “You Are” by Bobby Reid. I set up the deal in New York for Brunswick Records to buy the master at Clayton’s request. I wanted him to keep the record, but they bought it cheap, as usual.**

**Eddie Singleton and Ray Gordy Singleton, Eddie's wife came to D.C., and opened Shrine Records on Dupont Circle. They had the ambition to duplicate Motown as Ray had been married to Barry Gordy and helped build the label.**

**Max Kidd is the top promoter and a founder of "go-go." There was a movie made of his life in D.C. and the intended new music trend. The owner of Island Records was up on Max and "go-go." But for whatever reason, shut the project down. However, in my opinion, D. C. could have a greater delayed reaction for "go-go" music today.**

**I heard a Christian contemporary rap group, dc Talk and a punk rock group out of D.C., Fugazi. Tori Amos is from D.C., as well as Stacy Latislaw, Peaches and Herb, Mya, Chuck Brown and the Soul Searchers, The Starland Vocal band, Kenny Latimore, plus, Genuwine. However, the challenge still looms large and no one has conquered the bloody beast of failure in D.C., when attempting to base a successful nationwide record label here.**

**The lesson learned in each case is you can't bogart Chocolate City. It's the matrix, phat with eponymous entertainment talent, emanating from an ethnic epoch of incredulous existentialism. Not the mayor, or the president who lives here, will put more black music muscle in the economy via stocks and bonds, to strengthen the nation and equal the playing field to invest in black entertainment start-ups.**

**I will open an account in a bank for this music challenge; hook up with satellite radio and cable TV. As one-third of the nation is, as I, sixty-five or over senior citizens, even elderly, glad to be alive, living longer getting stronger, they can convalesce on the confecting medicine of my music, as it is also fun 4 da young'uns 2. I bow to the poetry people in D.C. and pray they will help chase away the dissonant, empty prattle that serves as subject matter and lyrics in songs now.**

**One does not need a degree from Harvard or Yale to do the math on the pirated missing monies lost by Washington, D.C., in the silent struggle it has undergone, regionally to date, at the hands of outside independent recording company raiders, who denied D.C. becoming the music Boomtown it could unequivocally be.**

**Waxie Maxie's competition for black doo-wop dollars in D.C. was Irving Feld, who owned Circle Music Store on Seventh Street Northwest. He later bought Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus with all his D.C. doo-wop loot. His son runs it now. Waxie Maxie's record stores became a part of a bigger music store chain (Strawberries) on the stock market. Imagine that, two fortunes made from selling all that so thought redundant doggerel, albeit, the nuance of my soul and élan in my life.**

**So, Leonard and Phil Chess made their money to buy a bunch of real estate in Chicago, radio stations, at least two record labels, a distribution company, music publishing firms and whatever, with a lot of unpaid artists royalties. All this before Leonard died at fifty-two in 1969.**

**“The devil won’t on Highway 61 at no crossroads. He was waitin’ in Chicago at Chess Records. Yeah, Leonard Chess was the Legba sho nuff as shit. And man if you worked Stovall Plantation in Mississippi, you ain’t gettin’ rich by no ways I know. But boy, you go to the Windy City, you starve and freeze messin’ with Leonard Chess after sellin’ yo’ soul. And ain’t no woman gimmie them blues I sings. That was Leonard Chess not paying me that I got ‘em off.” (Quote from an anonymous big blues singer, initials H. W.)**

**Ahmet Ertegun and Jerry “R&B” Wexler made the early money, at least half, from that Clover, Drifter, Cardinal, Coaster canon. They helped Ahmet purchase a lot of fine art; he was a collector. Jerry bought a boat, not bad I’d say.**

**Syd Nathan’s Billy Ward and the Dominoes’ money, along with Hank Ballard and the Midnighters, James Brown and the famous Flames, the Five Royales and the Swallows made him a killing in Cincinnati.**

**Lou Chudd, George Goldner, Morris Levy, Herman Lubinsky, etc. made some of their wealth from young black lovers of doo-wop. If you added all of it up, you could have financed a portion of black America.**

**I think when I was trying to own my own recording company; I was trying to ape these record men. This was as impossible for me to do, as one of them being able to emulate me and sing, write, produce, record, raise the money, press the record, promote it to be played on the radio, usually all alone. They had the distinct advantage of color in a racist society, as even the I.R.S. ignored my commercial, creative contribution.**

## **Jewish Man**

**Oh may your cantors sing  
And make the temples ring  
So shall your rabbis' cry  
A prayer up to the sky**

**Then will your prophets shout  
The torah right on out  
To bless the world with song  
Mankind can sing along**

**Jewish man  
Jewish man**

**Sittin' pretty  
In New York City**

**Jewish man  
Jewish man**

**Made your money  
Off doo-wop ditties**

**I guess Jehovah  
Will understand  
If you follow  
The Ten Commands  
Father Abraham  
On Mount Sinai  
Blessed desert sand  
In Israel land**

Where all y'all chosen  
 People band  
 Jewish man  
 Jewish man

Old school subway  
 Downtown from Harlem  
 A cappella audition day  
 Secular Hebrew  
 Charmin' white Jew  
 Said I'll make  
 A star of you

You said you'd record me  
 And you did  
 I sold a million  
 You only paid me  
 A grand  
 And I may never  
 Get a hit again  
 Jewish man  
 Jewish man

I graduated  
 From doo-wop school  
 In fifty-eight  
 Thought I was cool  
 Dumb as a jackass  
 Stubborn as a mule  
 But you'd been through  
 A harsher life more cruel

Jewish man  
 Jewish man  
 You escaped Hitler's plan

**Jewish man  
Jewish man  
The master race  
Was inhuman**

**Now Jewish guys  
Ain't all alike  
I just came to see you  
Ya said take a hike**

**I balled my fist  
Knocked on your door  
You smiled and cheated me  
All the more**

**I sold my talent  
Cheap for a song  
Today I'm wiser  
Old and poor**

**I thought that you were  
My biggest fan**

**Jewish man  
Jewish man**

**We shoulda made  
A united stand  
Hand in hand  
Against the Ku Klux Klan**

\_\_\_\_\_ **Top** \_\_\_\_\_

For a decade those guys never had to pay me. They were exempt from accounting for royalties on the books, by Uncle Sam's indifference. The acknowledgement for this grave irresponsibility and oversight was modishly handled, eventually, out of some sense of, not guilt, but conservative charity, maybe, in the establishment of the Rhythm and Blues Foundation's grant program. I read the Clovers received one. Others were awarded these same, better late than never, handouts in lieu of royalties owed. Even though I admit I wouldn't throw it back in their faces either, it's the equivalent of a gold watch for a lifetime of working a menial job in most cases.

These pioneering vocal groups, male and female, have no real insurance and health care, unless through this Foundation's mercy. They wouldn't deal with me; they found me too iconoclastic.

Then there are the doo-wop TV specials, T.J. Lubinsky, grandson of Herman, who owned and ran Savoy Records, created and produces. I must confess I admire T.J.'s dedication, imagination and zeal; he puts it together in some cases better than it was before, and with broader exposure for the vast nationwide public television audience. He keeps the sound and style of doo-wop in the hearts and minds of the true fans, of which there are millions, black and white. I must salute his work ethic in this, and all the grand old groundbreaking groups who continue to sing.

**Back in the great glory doo-wop day, it was easier to succeed until a glut of vocal groups was created. Now the glut has been reduced to a dearth, and it would be tantamount to a musical miracle to overtake and out earn the humongous homeboy hubris of hip-hop, the potently powerful presence of pop or captivating commercial country even. But if we did, we'd have that musical miracle with bigger better songs, more sensational singers and make the money owed us back in spades today. We could class action sue the whole recording industry, plus, Uncle Sam for looking the other way while they, the independent record companies, who were all swallowed whole, in one way or another, by the Big 4 labels, record royalty raped us black recording artists.**

## *Gentle Lady Lampoon*

*My mother-of-a problem  
Billet-doux kitsch  
Sans that negative bias  
Controlling itch*

*Old school money  
Not nouveau riche  
No narcissistic  
Spoiled neurotic bitch*

*Nor mad bourgeoisie  
Odious witch  
Perhaps she never sang  
In popinjay perfect pitch*

*For rank ostracism  
In a parvenu niche  
Thus, I'm just another  
Blackballed odium hitch*

*Kicked to the curb  
In a deep dark dangerous ditch  
Alas, I'm daydreaming  
A bed-sweating nightmare  
Switch*

*Contagion catalyst  
For a calumny snitch  
Or picayune practical joke  
Heh, heh, heh  
Which?*

*Pretending to be Satan  
Menacingly made up  
As the devil cliché  
Hovering over my crib  
Naked and foaming  
A mouthful of evil spit*

*Then as I hid in terror  
Peeing underneath the  
Cover  
Patting me on the head  
Like a loving merciful  
Mother*

*Today older, wiser  
Her cruel countenance  
I don't see  
Insanity twisted  
Ranting raving  
Shouting obscenities  
Like a cacodemon from hell  
Mentally abusing a kid  
Like me, tch, tch, tch*

*God bless the gentle lady  
Who never dropped a stitch  
But kept her lovely head  
In the sand about me  
Like an ostrich*

*The problem of me ain't she  
The problem of me is free  
The mother-of-a problem  
Is in a home to be  
The champion of life longevity*



## **Mother-of-a-Problem**

**He lived to see a host of typist he taught enter into the cyber-space age, using his keyboard savvy. Brilliant guy, he probably did his own taxes, but definitely wore a suit, tie, clean shirt and shined shoes to work every day.**

**This decent, distinguished, debonair brotherly loved educator shared with the mother-of-a-problem anything he picked up in the street about me that might offend the family honor. But in doing so, he informed the canny, control freak, matriarchal grande dame, and austere, anti-amatory affluent authoritarian of the family about my business troubles. And heaven knows, she doesn't play, except for bridge and favorites.**

**Was he disloyal in the face of it? Did he accept any unproven, ugly accusation hurled against me? Did he refuse to defend my character, although I was a close family member, but rather instigate a future blood family feud? I wonder if I heard lies hurled against him, just how I would have reacted, had I been in his shoes then about that.**

**Anyway, because I thought at the time he was not a guileful, insensitive brute, I let it go. I believed he felt it was his anointed, appointed duty to convey my actions as the alarmist archduke of me, in the royal queen's court. Even good breeding and bearing can turn against you at will and when it does, it's usually one of those two green-eyed monsters, jealousy/envy doing the damage. I envied him a boogie-woogie life style, jitter bug days and jazzy nights, but most of all seeing and hearing the original Ink Spots on stage.**

**He just might have envied my doo-wop, belly rub dalliances, rhythm and blues, romantic romps, and 45 rpm raunchy rock n' roll records (smile). Regardless, by going into the recording industry, I had strayed from the beaten path of academia that I abhorred for myself.**

**I was summoned to the mother-of-a-problem's home with the lure that I might receive financial help for my little hurting record company. I went there and was given the cursory third degree, so that it could be an assurance made I had no real chance to win without the money I needed. When it was seen as a done deal, I couldn't make it without their money, I was promptly shown the door, as the new maid was coming to clean and I'd be in the way, plus we were through talking.**

**Respect was absent from my meeting with the two married educators. They had none for me and I was losing mine for them. The mother-of-a-problem and her spouse, who as usual, was disinterested in any of this record company talk, gave me the bum's rush. Her final intolerant word was, I'd probably give it to the Jew.**

**I left and passed a black woman running up the hill by me to clean house for her money. It was like this you see, even if you proved you had an ability, if it did not jibe with the educated ones sitting in judgment seats as critics of your very life, you became a victim of their ignorance, held up to be a prime example of what happens to those who think differently and stay in D. C.**

**The Chess Brothers asked Chester Simmons, via Bo Diddley maybe, I'm not sure, but nevertheless, Chester and I went to get Billy Stewart as he was wanted and needed to record again. Imagine being so terrific, mighty whitey had to seek you out in order to make money in segregated D. C.**

**Billy was living with his mother in her apartment. He was there when we got there and talked with us. He seemed well aware of his tremendous talent and equally business importance to anyone whoever heard him in the record industry. So as a result, Billy signed many contracts and took the outcome of seemingly irresponsible and untrustworthy actions of his own making in stride, thereby showing me it was only the pure talent after all that mattered, and the white Jewish guys on top either knew who had it, or they had to rely on the knowledge of hipper black guys around them, who raved about the ones that had it, and never mentioned the others. Well, they must of gone into speaking tongues about Billy Stewart because he was the greatest talent Washington, D.C. had produced to date in the early 1960's. Plus, I might add, the Four Jewels backed him on recording dates that sold well for Chess Records.**

**The apartment the great Billy Stewart lived in was nowhere near what he should have been able to afford, although it was clean, homey and he was happy there. His mother stayed at home and she seemed use to guys coming by after her famous, gifted son, who could out sing, play and write anybody in the world at that time. She smiled at us and beamed at him, acknowledging his musical truth all around her.**

**Billy laughed that loud laugh of his and the great guy was big in size as his musical ability. Chester and I joined in the joviality of the moment. They needed him badly we said and laughed again at the irony, that though unspoken, was justification for every black boy and girl whoever tried to make it in the racist game of rock n' roll music.**

**We left Billy there with his mom and returned to Bo Diddley's. I didn't speak all the way back as Chester drove, but had I the financing, I would have recorded Billy myself with no contract, only using cash money as an incentive. That was the compensation missing in all of this going after him, then I'm sure he got something for singing, if only big fat belly laughs.**

**Had the educators joined my effort, one of two things would have occurred. First, we would have tested the resolve of all those white-Jewish labels in power to stop us on a grand scale. Then we would have encountered the lending potential of Washington, D. C. banks to back and invest in a local ongoing music business concern. Two of these educated men of merit in my family, now ghosts, escaped immortality by foolishly shunning a futuristic fortune. All this enterprise, of course, was to be guided by the sure steady, confident, astute business acumen of the mother-of-a-problem. Ah, but that is only a dream I had, and nothing comes to a sleeper but a dream.**

# Nothing Comes to a Sleeper . . . But a Dream

(Part I)

How can I rest assured at  
Night  
That you still love me  
Counting lies and alibis  
Instead of sheep  
When ev'ry morning I  
Awaken  
Mistaken so it seems  
Nothing comes to a sleeper  
But a dream

And just a dream  
Is all I have of you dear  
A lover's dream  
That never will come  
True here

I closed my eyes  
But now my eyes are brightly  
On the beam  
'Cause nothing comes to  
A sleeper but a dream

I woke up sleeping this  
Morning  
Last night I had a dream  
Of you

**I fell out of bed  
Girl when you said  
That you and I were through**

**Well I ain't gonna open  
My eyes up  
'Til I get you back  
For sho' nuff**

**I'm staying in the sack  
'Til you come back  
And take care of this  
Nightmare**

**Call me lazy  
Just plain crazy  
But I can't face reality**

**I'm gonna sleep walk  
I'm gonna sleep talk  
'Til you come back to me**

**I'm gonna stay right here  
In dreamland  
Just you me and Mr. Sandman  
'Cause nothing comes to  
A sleeper but a dream  
Nothing comes to a sleeper  
But a dream**

I never made them proud as we were in different worlds. I was not to be trusted or dealt with. They were upstanding and worthy of respect, but rather than be brainwashed by the shortcomings bestowed upon me, I persevered by my wit, even if only half of it, I would use my mind and break these cruel constraints.

Before becoming a high school principal, my father taught science and math in the `far east', Anacostia in D.C. He also played clarinet and could read music, but the big thing here is, he taught the great Billy Stewart and bragged to me of Billy's tremendous talent that I agreed was astonishing. So it just seemed natural, back then, that a guy so hip could see the wisdom in a recording company, with all this vocal and musical ability around us. I mean why not take advantage of it, if you knew its value when you heard and saw it.

Even the other educator, WWII vet, husband, father, loquacious, bay windowed, tall, bald, cool cat, raconteur, diabetic, elder relative I mentioned, knew his way with recordings enough to form a great jazz aficionados collection. Surely that means taste and denotes an ear for the best quality possible in music. But this was all fantasy on my part to drum up interest in my thing. I was alone; no one else would become as enraptured as I about rock n' roll, like they call it now. This connotation had a low life aspect attached to it, if you had the kind of family ties and social ones I had in D.C. A lot more was expected of me and I was well aware of it, but the vast potential of the popular music business outweighed any other professional decision I could make, so I eagerly embraced pop music for life, turning my back on all expected of me at home.

Before all of the turmoil I faced at the demise of my label, Start Records, I thought back to the cold calculation, machination and manipulation of my marriage. I lived on R Street in a room there when I was single, but the mother-of-a-problem put a condition upon me. I was suddenly out of the blue told by my paid off landlady I had to vacate the premises on the very same day as my wedding, which was held right up the street on the corner of 15<sup>th</sup> and R Street N.W., at my church, Fifteenth Street Presbyterian. I was given explicit instructions to proceed back to the home of the educators, after my nuptials and told I could live in the upstairs apartment, if I got a job and obeyed the rules of the house, which were absolute, but seemed to intensify with the mother-of-a-problem's mood.

I washed pots and pans begrudgingly in drudgery at a People's Drug Store main kitchen supply type situation. They'd have me work, bustin' suds, ruining my honeymoon by starting the job at midnight, the very night after I got married. It occurred to me, my wife and I would have been better off living in my old rented room, even though I owed back rent, if the mother-of-a-problem had not seen fit to interfere and get me evicted, so I couldn't have time and/or money to avoid living with them, the educators.

My next job while living with the educators was at Kay Jewelers, and it started at ten in the morning. Anyhow, I didn't need to go out to work until an hour after they left at eight or so. But it was the mother-of-a-problem's idea to force me out an hour earlier. Consequently, I was adamant and like Rosa Parks wouldn't budge. Shortly, the police arrived and escorted me out into the street. They were called because I didn't leave the house exactly when the educators went out to teach school.

**I can recount many stories that pertain to the philosophical and personality big differences I had to live down in my young life that were part and parcel of her objectionable obsession with Virgo Victorian values, and using diabolical dictatorial discretion to decide my future for me in spite of my full-grown man maturity.**

**I did nothing major at all wrong. No real criminal things to report, although I did borrow a top-of-the-line, floor model, hi-fi record player to pawn, record a demo, sell it and retrieve the hi-fi later that same day before the educators came home. Unfortunately, the pawnshop guy called the cops, and they made me return it to the educators before my plan worked. That hurt and I was sorry.**

**I quit every school I could and I refused each conspiracy to trap me into something I despised, instead of the same effort to support my interest in the thing I love, pop music. But alas, that was not to be, and I learned early on, I was to be sacrificed, thrown on the pile of lost causes that exist in many middle class black families, I'm sure. Independence was the only way to achieve success in anything worth doing, and so I began to relinquish my psychological ties to the educators.**

**The whimsicality, make believe and constant contemporary frame of mind can never be allowed to leave the world of a creative being in the music industry and all other related commercial forms. This was big business now and everything resembling the stuff dreams are made of was precious. I never could convince the educators of this fact, as they could not really convinced me to change my mind and join the ranks of the employed, at any job I chose, anyone at all, as long as I worked, whether the job worked or not.**

When the educators moved to Columbia, Maryland in a controlled environment, I was invited to come there and experience that life style. They lived equally between D.C. and Baltimore and I enjoyed the recreational advantages they shared with all of the other well-to-do hardworking black and white neighbors at the man-made lake. They could jog, sail, fish, and/or just simply enjoy the lovely view.

I settled in there after my father died and got it in my head to try for a grant from the company that owned and built this community in Columbia, Maryland. I figured to submit a proposal to the company as they had an office in the vicinity I could walk to. And the head guy was a neighbor and friend of the educators. But I was promptly vetoed by the mother-of-a-problem, and her retired, top-notch, professional typing teacher brother, I called at her insistence, who said, he'd folded his tent and couldn't help me even for money, by typing the proposal I needed. So the whole thing was cancelled, just like that, as these two bonded kinsmen, remaining, living educators stayed true to their convictions about me, and together we missed a beautiful chance to get backing for D.C. and Baltimore talent with aspirations to be in the recording game.

In spite of all the venom spewing with a dark smirk I saw, I stood in that pricey atrium and thought back to another terrace, Falls Terrace at Benning Heights apartments, northeast D.C. in 1948, where we all used to live and now they, the educators, had arrived on Wilde Lake Terrace, with boats, white swans on the lake, ducks, fish and all.

**I remember my father-playing clarinet on “Don’t Blame Me” with a hot combo back in Benning Heights. He sat in with a great group of guys, the perfect bunch to make records. But now he was in Lincoln Cemetery, entombed in a wall forever.**

**He left me some insurance money, but the bete noir and executor of my existence saw fit to manipulate the said funds, by doling out small increments, while for three and a half years I wrote two hundred songs in a run-down, rat and roach infested, rent-strike, finally condemned tenement in Harlem.**

**I wanted to buy the house my wife rented in Granada Hills, California from the realtor there, but I could not buy it with the whole inheritance being withheld from me. I recorded four sides with a partial payment in New York City. I’m still proud of that, even if I can’t get those songs played or listened to by the public.**

**The last time I saw the mother-of-a-problem, there was sweat on her aquiline nose and mine. I had heard the myth, that sweat on the nose was a sure sign of pure meanest. I believed she held my tiny inheritance in abeyance for the tax money it accumulated and used that interest to do whatever personal thing she wanted with it, like stock investments.**

**Even now, I’m sent a check every month in the amount of one hundred to one hundred thirty dollars, according to the stock market. Today, these monthly checks she sends are to cover her posterior and not appear to others, the hostile enemy she was and is to me personally. So via her current executor, I donated the small checks back to her for miscellaneous, or whatever needed little items they might cover.**

**Then there is a figure of thirty-one thousand dollars that I receive at her death. I wish she would just give me that as I'm seventy, but she's ninety-three going for one hundred, so no dice. She enjoys holding it till she dies. I don't wish her death, for the longer she lives, the prouder I am of her feisty tenacity. I've long since gone on having learned I have to eventually earn my own money in the music business.**

**Thank God for innovative Internet guys like me, who have the blessing to be prepared for this technological advent, an invention that can equalize the music business, when the right creator comes along. I'm gambling I'm he, and my wife is certainly she. Together we made our move without financial backing, just plain hard work is all we do and we have the experience between us to pull it off, coupled with a planned commitment to own the whole damn thing, online and off.**

**I've heard of other conspiratorial atrocities in the executorial works she's arranged in advance against me, but I will withstand those too, as always. These writings are a testament to the dedication of my own accomplishments, as I have complete faith in the fulfillment of my songs and books to establish the basis and foundation needed to support a music business clearinghouse, that must be put in place to service not only blacks, but also all those deemed valuable by it.**

**Many things written factually can't be happy go lucky accounts. But a reckoning must occur from time to time to put things in the correct configuration. This book is for the disrespect, the lack of faith, refusal to cooperate in general, contradiction, disapproval, constant tricks, lies and schemes, blocking, being made a black sheep, blacklisting and blackballing I endure.**

What I tried to do back then and continue to pursue is in an industry that's worth billions of dollars today. Still they find fault and keep up that dysfunctional dissing thing they do, simply by inclusion and exclusion practices to assignment of importance in family affairs. Acceptance is the key, not just an estranged, self-imposed exile, drop out from society reaction by me, nor a counter action from the certifiably mental as a fox, mother-of-a-problem's ill-advised secret agenda with another allied next of kin's emerging aura behind the scenes, as an accommodating accomplice in self-aggrandizement, prompting a schism and continuing the sins of them, the two older orphaned siblings bent upon the antithesis of my ambitions and personality aspirations.

Therefore, today an intractable intolerance exist for me and all my high hopes and lofty dreams are the same old fodder for deprecating remarks made at my expense in the past that almost made me cry uncle, and cause a scurrilous stigmata upon my id; a handicap almost impossible to overcome, unless you possess strength and courage in the face of emotional embargo from within the family and out. Persecution's poster boy is in a better position to get over by being made public, as I am still virtually unknown, hungry and immune to all, but success at this point.

Analogous to a concatenation of crows now, they band together, perched and hovering 'round the stellar great lady, mother, mother-in-law, grandmother, aunt, cantankerous stroke victim, old biddy's sick or maybe deathbed for her to regurgitate the final frugal leavings to them, her brood, mouth-to-mouth. All are consciously thwarting my efforts though

**nearly non-existent because of my not being there and/or never really speaking to them of my expectations. Even so, it's my call to not cooperate and do the unprincipled thing that all of this punitive reaction is based upon, supposedly, ergo, I thought and knew I had an opportunity here in this book to show the link to family, when discussing the offensive obstacles that occur on the road to ruin or riches, a counterculture chosen career in the music business can create.**

# **The Black Family Member Estate Soul Executor**

**Relatives become duly alarmed when an executor kin to the beneficiaries in his or her own family handles the will. When handling the dispensing of the money inherited, the heirs can become victims of the executorial power of attorney, if said executor is guilty of a conflict of interest and misappropriation of funds by doling out the money in suspicious pieces, thereby cheating the rightful recipients of the due date intended. A lawsuit should be filed, if this lagging behind on full payment is not made within a specified time by law. If not, the case should be turned over to a fraud specialist, who knows this kind of white-collar crime, then the court should appoint a new unaffected executor dative and have the actions of the erstwhile executor investigated and charged with the felony. And I found frank Enron exculpatory evidence of savage impropriety while studying online at my escritoire.**

**To spare me superficial squabbles between beneficiaries, lawyers and/or the dichotomy of the ugly cousin executor's probable culpability in some illegal scam, I will defer to my own songs, books and performance royalties. My sibling and even my scions will be spared a schismatic court appeal, as long as the je ne sais quoi applied in the loved ones will, does not attempt in anyway to unjustly shaft me personally. But as my right hand doesn't itch, I don't expect a tidy sum. Either way, the diva of discord, doyenne of despair will have her work cut out for her in hell, if I am discounted.**

**In the first place, as far as I'm concerned, to designate a relative the executor of a will is a conflict of interest, when the one appointed to do this is in the will and stated to receive some of the inheritance. No one is that impartial it seems to do the job of issuing the money in a detached state, while personally giving it honest distribution. It always comes across that the bank interest collected, coupled with the long compensated time it takes, and self-importance is the main thing many of these family administrators selected to be executors go for.**

**When the mother-of-the-problem was my executrix, she held my money in abeyance for over three and a half years, while I lived in abject poverty by comparison to her. Then when my wife was to be a recipient of money from a deceased aunt, the money came in increments, and there was this personal note via a little bird, that her first cousin, the executor and heir also, said if my wife got the money, she'd only give it to me and it would be wasted. This insulting judgment call was made about a grown intelligent woman, who was a rightful heir and had all of her mental faculties.**

**To reiterate, this procedure can take an inordinate amount of time and toll, when the executor is making a piddling point of exhibiting pseudo power over the other heirs. This is a cheap shot only an insecure personality would take against three others of his own kin just to deprive me, in this instance, from benefiting.**

**I now know there is a statute of limitations and legal probate in these things. And if I'm quid pro quo able when the wrong person is made an executor over my affairs, I won't hold back and take low without a fight.**

The people, who pick these executors from their own family tree, are setting the heirs up for all of the aforementioned trouble and more. I think a lawyer hired to do the whole thing makes more sense and causes less friction between the heirs, plus, it makes a better impression for the deceased as a person of good will and fair-minded thinking. Ultimately, it spares the elevation of one relative over the others.

I'm tired of being disfranchised and left to suffer disassociation from family forever, for sins real, imagined or manufactured. Then, no guy is so secure as to not have peril almost at every turn in his life. First off, you've got to deal with your own mortality.

On the other hand, although I disagree with the M.O.A.P., which is now the acronym for Mother-of-a-problem, I hope she prevails, health wise. In any case, I know the old dowager, who suffered a stroke on her left side and is confined to a wheelchair, now blind in one eye, with pneumonia, still has her own shrewd head and any ugly cuz accusation I might lean towards making should never really apply here as that may be the most practical thing she could have done for herself. Having a younger successful nephew, with a doctor in front of his last name may certainly get the upscale home for the elderly, attention, respect and staff cooperation she needs that are considerable. Rethinking all of this, I decided it might not be a piece of cake to care for the curmudgeonly M.O.A.P. in her early nineties, while she actively aims at one hundred.

**Although executors get paid for their services and all, the work will never end if the M.O.A.P. testator is still alive. I know for a fact I would not have been the best choice, and I can't really see another family member in position to properly do the hard tasks needed now. That said, I hope she lives to be a crotchety centenarian, and the current cousin executor stays efficiently on the case for those seven more years of staunch servile service.**

**Washington, D.C. equals black music power, worldwide, because of its vast numbers of music loving black Americans there. However, since no big parent company will provide this tremendous customer base with support, D.C. remains a music orphan to go it alone. My plan is to adopt the area and foster all of the great talent I know, welcoming the known recording artist and new ones to my label. Then word by word, note for note, song to song, recording via recording, hit plus hit, star with star, commissioned and/or volunteer recorded donations for high per cent paid performance royalty incentives and/or negotiated upfront cash, we create an invitational song-a-thon with my original material to finance the inner cities of America's, neighborhoods 'n need, nationwide.**

**So as self-appointed estate soul executor for the have-not heirs of H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation, I will issue to each customer the original Mom n' Pop! Jnr. Inc. Music Mfr's. Online Music Service, recorded-on-demand, by request only, a way out of no way, to make a contribution to mankind and declare a real war on black urban poverty, nationwide, combating it city by city, town to town, neighborhood to neighborhood, house by house and individual by individual with avid alacrity.**

## **\$weet Reparation**

**Just a little \$weet Reparation  
 A thing called money  
 It's true  
 And life will turn from  
 Bleak to sunny  
 It ain't funny me and you  
 Need a little \$weet Reparation  
 Cashier dollars slick and new**

**Make a grown man cry  
 Make him shout out loud  
 Make him holla  
 Great day in the mornin'**

**Nothin' on earth will  
 Like a dollar bill  
 To the penny**

**Just a little \$weet Reparation  
 And we'll be livin' scot-free  
 We could spend ev'ryday  
 Together  
 On a lover's shoppin' spree**

**With a little \$weet Reparation  
 Get us a sweetheart's guarantee  
 Then ev'ry boy and girl  
 In a ghetto world  
 Could finance romance on credit  
 Life's a dollar sign  
 Honey even time cost money**

**Glory hallelujah  
\$weet Reparation  
We need a trillion  
From the nation**

**'Cause I can't find a j-o-b  
And unemployment's killin'  
Me**

**\$weet Reparation  
\$weet Reparation**

**Just a little \$weet Reparation  
Why can't we make us a  
Lover's loan  
If we could go to the bank  
And get it  
We could build our happy  
Home  
With a little \$weet Reparation  
We could make it on our  
Own**

**Ask the government  
Nothin's heaven sent  
But your love pretty baby**

**Lovers gotta eat  
Only talk is cheap  
Tell the president**

**I'll pay back the national debt  
Add it I'll accept  
Cash from the  
U. S. Mint**

**Top**

## The Oracle

First off is the fact that an unsupportive attitude, a wait and see one, meaning 'he'll come around when the going gets rough,' works wonders for naysayers, because they think I'll quit. I asked for help and sometimes I even got some. Once in South Dakota, the bigots there in my own camp were yapping at my heels as if I was a downed-wounded bear without a source of income. Those who were rather dependent upon me, my white limo driver and his son, who operated a camcorder I needed tapes from, smelled the fear of no more money coming and began to circle my bleeding carcass, so to speak, to throw to the local wolves. But the mother-of-a-problem came through with a tidy sum (fifteen hundred dollars) enough to open a bank account and astound the crew of traitors, who would have me fail simply for the black and white complexions of it.

Although I know racism always played a part in the middle border states, especially like in Nebraska where I was told by a white piano player there, who played his grand piano while I sang some of my songs I wrote about his state and I quote, "You'll have to leave my home because you just want some white pussy."

It was in the middle of a cold spell, I might add, in Lincoln, Nebraska. As I left his big rec room with a sweeping panoramic, one hundred and eighty degree picture window, looking out over the frozen tundra, I passed through the living room upstairs again, which displayed about thirty photographs of smiling pretty white women, all of his daughters, wife, sisters and mother no doubt.

When I got outside, he slammed the door, and I trudged through the ice and snow. I stood at a bus stop on the corner up the street and luckily I made out the puffs of exhaust coming from a bus in the distance, so I was spared a more chilling tale to tell.

Many other things happened in Nebraska, white and black confrontations and misunderstandings, to outright halting opportunities for my efforts, because I dared come all that way from L.A. with writings about them. The nerve of me thinking I could come there, show up with songs about life and love in the cornhusker state, written entirely from imagination and research in L.A.

I answered all the questions they asked before they blew me off, with only a glance at my beautiful, damn near, one hundred per cent perfect lead sheets, transcribed by Gerald Wiggins, an ace at jazz piano, albums, compositions and arrangements with countless scores, recordings, concerts and club gigs to his illustrious credit. But to no avail, they avoided the content in my clean, clear as a bell lead sheets, Gerald Wiggins copyist made for me of eleven original songs I brought from L.A. to Omaha, then to Lincoln in the two bus trips I took there in the early nineteen eighties.

I went to Senator Exxon's office in the nation's capital and I believe his secretary threw my work away. I went to the governor's office at the Nebraska state capitol and an aide of his came down the big impressive stair to see me, took my music and went back up to throw it in the trash, I suspect.

**I saw a successful black man there in Lincoln at a car dealership, who was extremely powerful and worked from an ownership position in a glass enclosed office above the work floor, giving orders from a microphone, and in total control over many black and white employees. He said he'd keep an eye on my progress in Lincoln before he committed to an investment. Then he had a worker drive me back to the YMCA, where I stayed in Lincoln.**

**At the YMCA, I had a crack at a commercial bank right across the street. I talked to them, but they needed collateral. I tried to put up my copyrighted songs, which is possible in a business deal with a bank, but they declined. I talked to the University of Nebraska when I was in Lincoln, and they wanted me to send my work in the mail, even though I was right there with it. I talked to the newspapers in Omaha and Lincoln; I even placed small classified ads in both cities.**

**When I tried to talk to radio and TV stations, I was blown off. I talked to local music producers, black and white, and they tried to run opinioned games, I refused to go along with. I went to the leading blues clubs, and the top one only wanted the great Koko Taylor.**

**I talked to the insurance industry for backing and maybe sponsorship, but I was rebuked by one bad-mouthing agent, so much so, she ate the lunch I bought her at Barrymore's, then lambasted me, saying she was so embarrassed at my subject matter, she'd never allow her teen-age daughter to hear or read my lewd lyrics.**

I approached some black activists in town; two women listened politely. They even made some encouraging remarks and seem to enjoy the piano and voice demo I had of the tunes. But when I met the husband of one of the women, we clashed and bumped heads on how things should be handled concerning communications, politics etc. So I hatted up after exhausting every aspect I could cover in that little office.

My money was down and I called the mother-of-a-problem for help. The fact that I was at a YMCA probably appealed to the sense of frugality, my pessimistic, practical benefactor practiced and preached. The help she sent I got via the YMCA desk clerk, a redheaded, younger than I, white guy, who was on duty that day. He informed me that my rent had been paid by certified check for a month, and that he'd had a very friendly conversation by phone with the sender of the payment he received. He went on about how nice and intelligent, so forth and so on, the talk they had was, and then he informed me of what I could and couldn't do, as he would handout the money to me, instantly making himself my boss in the mother-of-a-problem's stead.

He had been given the rights to my life in Lincoln, Nebraska, as he was made an executor of my stay there and it was final, no rebuttal on my part would be tolerated. He looked at me now with the superiority one feels when he holds all the cards. This wasn't the first time I was given over to be run by whomever was deemed to be in position to handle my affairs and I knew it wouldn't be the last, whether I liked it or not if I stayed in Lincoln.

I decided to leave that next day, making up some excuse about having to go back home. The redheaded guy behind the counter looked at me and became emphatically meaner than I thought he could be. Then he even scolded me saying, “You were sent this money to help you get established in Lincoln, not to go running back home to L.A.” I was stunned and had to hold my temper because I knew he’d crush me financially if I showed anger. I’d seen the white man’s racist, red face in Nebraska. Plus, I experienced the effect it had on the blacks there, as all but one, that black guy at the car dealership had to pretty much knuckle under to brazen bigotry. The redheaded desk clerk told me to go upstairs and talk to his superior. I did, and this short, younger, white boy had me wait for two hours until he gave me my refund from the check, so I could escape a Nebraska disaster.

I could go on about the cornhusker state and I will. Aksarben, strange enough was the name of the peoples business I was steered to by a state fair guy I saw about the possibility of a concession at the next state fair. I’d already been to the college stadium to find out if I could sell my cassettes to the crowds that herded into Memorial Stadium, home of the University of Nebraska, big red football team. They were skeptical about it and left it up in the air.

Before I left L.A., I talked to Bob Gibson, a Nebraska native and the great major league pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals, once from my home and once in the lobby of his hotel in L.A. I wrote a song about him, but he wouldn’t come down to meet me. He was on the road with an agent plugging something, I forget now.

Anyhow, I'd talked to everyone of consequence when the state fair guy told me about the Aksarben people. I never got the connection until I got back home that Aksarben was Nebraska spelled backwards. The Aksarben people I met in Omaha at the Red Lion Inn there, saw me in a penthouse suite on the top floor, and as I looked out at the falling snowflakes, for the first time I felt a solid foundation forming.

The suite was top flight and about six collegiate looking, white guys, informally dressed, were there to talk to me about my proposition for a "Nebraska Masque Ball" to be held on the flat, wide, grassy plains of the state. When I talked to the state fair guy, I scaled the idea down to try and accommodate the admissions he'd have in attendance, but the original proposal was for considerably way more space, open to the whole of America and the world. Plus, the price tag was a hundred million to produce it, okay? I was going to feature my whole catalogue of songs and have every name star I could afford be there for one week, seven days of celebration, entertainment, dining and dancing, hot fun in the month of August before it got too cool. I knew I needed TV sponsors and these six guys started naming big companies they could get. They named Coca Cola, IBM, McDonald's, Ford, GM, General Electric, etc. I was completely overwhelmed at the namedropping, but I kept my composure and allowed them to continue without interruption.

Then it happened, when the young leader of the guys said, "Let's take him to see the oracle."

And another one said, "Why the hell not?" And they all six agreed that I should see the oracle.

**Then I had to ask, “Who’s that?”**

**And they all spoke in unison saying, “Warren Buffett!”**

**I, of course, knew who that was, the second richest man in the world. Well, definitely the richest guy in Nebraska. They then assured me he would be interested in this project because it was just the kind of all American event that he was looking for to present Nebraska to the world with, so to speak.**

**The suite became a beehive of activity as I sat and marveled at their exuberance, enthusiasm and over the top dedication to Mr. Buffett. They said they had to work on the idea some because it was too raw to show at this stage, but when they honed it and worked out the rough spots, it would be presentable.**

**I asked how much time it would take because I would only be in town two more days, as that’s all the time I could spend there. They huddled like the offense of the cornhuskers football team and even gave a rousing cheer when they broke that huddle, and the leader said they’d get right on it, and I could meet them at Mr. Buffett’s private office he kept secret from the public. I didn’t think anything too much of it because all billionaire guys are eccentric, that’s the nature of the breed.**

**The next day I got a call at my motel about four in the afternoon, and I was told to rush on over to the office as Warren Buffett could spare fifteen minutes to talk to me. I got that proverbial lump in my throat and rushed out to the address they gave me in downtown Omaha. It was near my**

motel luckily and in an office building on the top floor. I went up in the elevator and when I got off, a pretty, smiling, voluptuous white girl about eighteen, dressed in a Big Red cheerleaders outfit on roller-skates met me. She blushed bright, cornflower blue eyes and told me to follow her to the office.

The six, young, white guys were all in the outer office wearing suits and ties. They seemed ready to close a serious deal. The leader of the guys told me to relax and just be myself. The sexy girl on roller-skates left the outer office and a stiff, tall, older red faced guy, wearing a bow tie and suit came out of the main office and said, "Mr. Buffett will see you for fifteen minutes, please."

We all followed him into the larger office and the man sitting behind the big desk smiled at us. The guys and I greeted him and he asked right off if this was a family event without smut. I assured him it was, even though that depended on the family he had in mind. He laughed at that and took it to mean the event was clean.

Then he thought and the others were silent when he said, "Coca Cola for sure, they'd be interested. I'll get them and the others will follow." He asked if I wrote all of my own songs and if I could sing them.

I answered, "Yes," proudly, and he asked me if I could sing 'Mammy's Little Baby Loves Shortnin' Shortnin', Mammy's Little Baby Loves Shortnin' Bread'. Then he played a ukulele and the others began to sing it with him. Suddenly they stopped short, when he asked me if I could dance and sing that,

as it was his favorite song. I looked at him incredulously and although I wasn't sure what the real Warren Buffett looked like, I was cocksure this race hater, dimwitted, hayseed wasn't he. So I got up slowly and told them I'd be mad as hell if I'd missed another deal or something else important just to come here. But they were all laughing so loud and long they didn't hear a word I said.

When I left them there having a collective convulsion fit, rolling on the floor in a cacophonous cachinnation, the phat girl on roller-skates told me they were a fraternity at the University of Nebraska, and they had to do this for an initiation. I went back to my motel, packed and caught the next bus to L.A. The college boys were so good at that con, I knew not to ever deal that trusting way again as it was no joke what I truly offered Nebraska.

The other interesting ironic thing of note was when I copyrighted my work, *The Nebraska Masque* at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., that same day, Bruce Springsteen released his hit album, *Nebraska*. In any event, to order my work, "Nebraska Masque", go to [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com).

## Deadwood Dicks

I was working my way over the oracle of Omaha ordeal back in L.A., where I regrouped. After picking my next project in the Middle Border States, I began to collect and read copious research books and data on South Dakota, finally settling on the excitement and complete drama of the most vibrant happening town and time in the Wild, Wild West, Deadwood, South Dakota circa 1876.

I studied and became amazed and astonished I'd never really seen or heard of the sepia events I uncovered, handled in the movies and or Broadway musicals nor TV. This great wealth of Black history during 1876 was the hook to me, and I got it all down in songs. I went there three times and triple checked my notes. I explored the locations, lived there, met and talked to the town natives and Native Americans at Pine Ridge Reservation. I formed my perspective based on the facts and fiction befitting my fascination with the area. Mostly based on the truth though, I wrote a musical review, *Nigger Hill*, about the subject of Deadwood, featuring my take on the real phenomenon of Nigger Hill, the gold strike black men discovered, got paid for and left the vicinity as rich men [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com) .

The Middle Border States, Nebraska and South Dakota, are claustrophobic to me, because they have no large bodies of water around them. Then I discovered, the whole haunted Black Hills should belong to the Natives, meaning the Sioux.

**My wife, Janice and I, took a business trip to Deadwood, South Dakota. The first time I saw this historically rich, old, gold, ghost, gambling town, nestled in the Black Hills, we encountered gangs of rambunctious white bikers on their way to join thousands more in Sturgis, double rainbows in a field at the Wyoming, South Dakota border, and a herd of Bambi's crossing the highway at midnight in an electrical storm that just about frightened us to death. I'd composed all the twenty something original songs about Deadwood in L.A. and was still learning to sing them in the motel, when we arrived in Spearfish, a neighboring town outside of Deadwood.**

**We went into Deadwood sorta like the pioneers who came to pan for gold in 1876. That morning we settled at another motel in town, ate and went straight to the library to check out the old newspaper articles, where the history we wanted waited on file. We went to the hot spots of historical interest and arranged to see Nigger Hill, our main objective, via a white lady miner there, who was very cooperative and colorful. We went up on the hill where the Black men had their mining camp.**

**We stayed in town for about three days and the second day rather late in the evening we went up to Mount Moriah, the famous cemetery where Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane and many, many other notable citizens are buried. When we got to the main entrance, the woman on duty there was rushing to leave, but she said we could go on up and see the graves. It was getting dark fast; the cemetery was empty, and we walked up to the gravesites where Wild Bill and Calam were buried side by side.**

We'd had a disagreement about something then, long forgotten now, and as we walked and talked on the way to the burial site, we were suddenly livid with each other. We arrived at the two famous graves enraged, as I remember, and there was something strange and eerie happening between us as we stood arguing, so much so, we were oblivious to the hallowed place where we stood over these two great characters of the old west, who maybe had this same kind of incensed exchange, while in the heat of a difference of opinion just like us.

Finally, we realized standing there in the pitch darkness now, that we were having a row over the dead past, greatest heroes of Deadwood and maybe the most exciting, unrequited love couple, certainly the most popular couple in the whole Wild West at best, telepathically croaking out these raspy, raunchy rants, fussin' and cussin' via us, under a full moon over Mount Moriah.

Deadwood is a ghost town for real. I saw one and I heard plenty ghostly, ephemeral burst of soiled doves, Wild West sounds of ecstasy. Once in my apartment above Deadwood Dick's Saloon and Casino, I saw an image of Wild Bill Hickok sprinting to the Number Ten Saloon from the corral under my window in the slushy mud and rain.

This Wild Bill imagery I saw was another prank these Deadwood characters played to get into my head for fun. This guy looked and dressed just like the real Wild Bill in his pictures I saw in the history books. But ever since Omaha and that Warren Buffett gag, I knew guys would try that kind of trick, so I took it in stride and never mentioned it to them. This drove them crazy asking questions, "Did I see or hear anything strange last night?"

“No,” I answered, as I packed my bags and left for Rapid City in a cab to my secret stash there under the shadow of Mount Rushmore. I wouldn’t let my right hand know what my left hand was doing in Black Hawk, South Dakota, where I met with the musicians who recorded [www.nebraskamasquerade.com](http://www.nebraskamasquerade.com), my concept album I’d been sitting on for the right time to do. I escaped the financial failure that I would have surely been saddled with if I had depended solely on the Deadwood (Limp Dick) connection to see me through. They all just wanted me to hook them up with Hollywood when I went back to L.A., the nerve!

Original songs can appreciate the longer they last on sheet music and/or in a recorded file online. Had I more courage with my talents then, I’d have acquitted myself appreciably. But sagacious impropriety, vicariously living through the imagination in feeling and activities etc. of an active artist temperament, curtailed my immediate success and rendered me an unknown struggling, creative person today.

## Little \$ucce\$\$

All I need is you  
And a little success

All I need is you  
I'm forever obsessed

All I need is you  
For complete happiness

All I need is you  
And a little success

**You and success  
I must confess  
I'm out to get you  
Both somehow**

**I'll never rest  
'Til I pass the test  
That I've been failing  
Up 'til now**

**And love's hallelujah  
Is waiting just for  
You and me  
When I take that extra  
Bow in my life  
On that stage called  
Destiny**

**You and success  
I won't settle for less  
This time the good breaks  
Won't slip by me**

**I'll do my best  
To make progress  
Just to keep you  
Standing by me**

**When I sail the right ship  
Upon a sunny money crest  
Then I'll be blessed  
If I possess  
You and a little success**

**\_\_\_\_\_Top\_\_\_\_\_**

## The List of Near Lost Legends

Age has nothing to do with this list. It's about pure talent and a matching up with songs in my catalog that these recording artists could sing and a hypothetical projection of the least amount of money they could earn in sales with a ceiling of one million dollars. Here's that list in alphabetical order.

### James Allen

(Died)

James has the gift of a producer for any music venue in the popular vein. I often think of him now in a producer capacity or even if he writes, a composer etc. He stood head and shoulders above everybody in his specialty on the piano. He could help take us home. He has many of the musical gifts we need as a people.

### Eddie B.

In my estimation, the best pop crooner alive! Best man at my wedding, distinguished gentleman, living a respectable wholesome life style with a down-to-earth sense of humor. If he's alive, can still sing like a bird, and has that unique sounding voice, we'd stake a claim on pop music as long as he lives, plus, posthumously.

**I'd simply record him with the best arrangers and orchestras, background singers, musicians, producers in the world, as I believe Eddie B. belongs to the planet. I've heard them all and no one can out sing him living. He's pure pop now, and as such doesn't require any, but pop material today. He could sing all the great old and new standard songs and earn millions.**

**The enigma of Eddie B.'s beautiful voice was: is it falsetto or natural? Is it a trick throat or is he a eunuch? None of the above, he's a natural born lyric tenor, vocally smooth as Chinese silk and strong as U.S. steel: sailing, flying, floating, soaring, swinging, crooning, singing and performing.**

**If Eddie B. shaped and honed his phenomenal voice and style from birth, so be it. If it's fake falsetto and just a great homemade tenor imitation job, perfecting and projecting his sensational sound back in the fifties as a teen-ager, I doubt it. When I first heard him, he was the best ever, crystal clear, pristine, cool water or warm as spring sunshine and forever formidable.**

**He's handsome, classy, educated, intelligent, manly, played ball: baseball, basketball etc. He became a welcome unfalsetto freak, an oddity unthinkable in all the annals of doo-wop singers. Not since the great vocal group tenors begin this high range of musical excitement at the apex of the male register, has there been anyone of his immeasurable ilk.**

**He's an enthusiastic, electric entertainer, who when his father died, worked at a printing company in D.C., while still in high school. Eddie B. helped to support his sick mother and family with his other brothers. He toiled at his job, denying himself frequent trips back and forth to New York City to show off his talent and get a record deal, sacrificing what would have been a cosmic career.**

He was married; last I saw him, and cooking fatback and butterbeans, while worrying about his teen-age stepdaughter's growing pains at home. I also saw an inner strength and acceptance of his starless situation, though out of the running, but not about to stop the race. Eddie B. never retreated, but remains into the present, first-rate and ready to claim his crown, the king of pop! There are many stories to tell about Eddie B. to date, focusing on his unknown tremendous talent, vocal tone and life. This is but a laudatory introduction to his great God gifted ability.

Now as a footnote, I've lived long enough to hear influences and similarities in the style Eddie B. mastered. First off, I noticed the great Eddie Fisher was an inspiration to Eddie B., though Eddie B. sings in a step higher register. Then once when I was listening to Chuck Cecil's "The Swingin' Years" radio show in 2007, I heard a bit of Bing Crosby in Eddie B., not a lot but just enough.

## **The Blossoms**

The Blossoms were a full-figured girls' group, budding in show business around D.C. I noticed them at Shrine Records with Eddie Singleton and Ray Gordy Singleton, his wife. They invited me over to hear some acts they'd recorded, and the Blossoms stood out, a perfect pitch peony to release then. Now I'd figure they're bigger and better and worth at least one million dollars doing my songs.

## **Chuck Booker**

**Chuck Booker told me once “I think too.” We got along famously, and he is the best session guy I know with his band. Chuck plays hip guitar and all his guys are cool. If he wanted to, he could record himself. I can only say what I can add to his worth here, as it may be much more.**

## **John Bowie**

**(Died)**

**John is the songwriter I’ve known longest and best in D.C. He’s the best there. I saw him singing on TV in the new Clovers, and he looked and sounded happy to be there. We both love that group. I have no way to say what he’s written, but I know it’s hot; John is tops with me.**

## **Roscoe Bowie**

**He has worked on many dates as a saxophonist, arranger and reedman. He’s always called when we record for his great knowledge and expertise in music production.**

## **Chuck Brown**

**I met Chuck through Clayton Roberts. He impressed me in person. Then I heard his record, “Bustin’ Loose.” I think he’s the most bodacious singer to come out of D.C. or still be coming out of D.C. I heard the hot rapper Nelly repeat his hook line.**

**I feel like bustin’ loose  
I feel like bustin’ loose**

**It was all over the radio and TV. Check Chuck out on his classic “Strictly Nocturnal” CD and his latest “We’re About the Business” on the Raw Venture record label.**

## **Joe Brown**

**The last time I saw and talked to Joe back in the 60’s, he was a checkout guy for Safeway up on the hill in northwest D.C. We always get along great, and he was all smiles and laughing as before at Cardoza High. Joe is in a class by himself as long as he has his voice. No one sings in his baritone register with as much class and soul, he would truly be a star.**

## **Sedatrius Brown**

**No one can touch her living or dead writing quick pop melodies. She excels there with sheer artistry for putting tunes together off the top of her head. D.C. is a tough market and she’s made a living there, singing many of the songs we wrote in Hollywood back in 1973. If she, we, whoever recorded them correctly, the sky’s the limit.**

## **Carl Burnette**

I went with my wife to Venice beach in California and met Carl who plays guitar and produces hip-hop/goth songs like my [www.ojslashnicoleslashron.com](http://www.ojslashnicoleslashron.com).

## **Reggie and Buzz**

We worked together doing two sides of mine at Capitol Transcription in the fifties. They are brothers and had a great band, horns, and super rhythm section. Reggie played guitar and Buzz played drums. I played a cut for Chuck Booker and he dug it. I saw them again, I think, and they gave me a song “Bon Voyage.” I love it.

## **The D.C. Capitols**

I sang and recorded with L.K., Tank, Eddie B., Clayton and Maurice. Benny Taylor took my place. They may not want to “hit some tunes” now and I wouldn’t hold it against them. But if they did, they’d have a catalog of about six or seven old things I wrote and many more new ones to consider from Maurice, Eddie B., or me.

## **The Cardinals**

I just listened to an example of their work. It’s some of the finest ballad singing in the era. Right off the bat they’re worth whatever Ernest Warren the lead singer, is up and able to do.

## **The Clovers**

**I'd take them old on crutches, new too.**

## **Connie Christmas**

**She sang the blues in D.C. Connie sang alone when most other girls were in groups. She got a local smash I wrote, "What a Night What a Morning," for Checker Records.**

## **The Demures**

**I will never forget the five lovely ladies from Arlington. Ever since I saw them wearing those fly red dresses and heels on the Dunbar High School stage at a talent show, they walked away with. They look and sing like angels to me.**

## **Jimmy Crawford**

**He does it all and he does it all well. He writes, plays piano, and all keyboards. He arranges, produces, and he can sing etc. The Crawford Brothers broke the color line in D.C. They were related by blood, a family of hip black musicians, who sang and played nightly at the Hayloft, on Dupont Circle northwest, a club they integrated in the fifties.**

**Young adult males and females mixed and mingled, dancing to the soulful rhythm and blues the Crawford Brothers dispensed. Interracial, heterosexual couples had no fear of bigoted bullying and racist ridicule there, as it was totally desegregated and located downtown in the nation's capital. I knew Jimmy Crawford; he was the leader of the group. Jimmy**

did one of my first record dates in D.C. He wrote out the leadsheets for copyright purposes. He did the charts for the session, selected and directed the band. I recorded two tunes. Then I was partners with the late Gene Levy, Waxie Maxie's son-in-law. Waxie Maxie drove us all to Ed Green's recording studio. Harold Lucas in the Clovers was with us.

## Ernest

I taught him my song "Hunka Junk." He did it well. He writes, sings and also plays guitar.

## The Fawns

Baby Deer, as I called them, have this sound that I know is commercial, but they didn't get released back then. I still listen to their demo tapes at home.

## Alfonzo Feemster

I haven't heard a word about him, but I know he's a hell of a singer, and groups, good groups are his specialty; he's a lead singer for sure with heavy gospel tendencies. Maybe now, he'll let me hear his group and sing tenor . . . ten or twenty miles away.

## Grease

I would love for Grease to do my charts with a drummer this time; he's tops in my book.

## **Lorenzo Hall**

**(Died)**

**Rennie was an extraordinary vocalist, composer, conductor, choral director, plus piano, organ player and next door neighbor his genres included: classical, jazz, religious and pop. There's no telling how much Rev. Rennie was worth, but I'd venture on what I know, a fortune.**

## **Edward Hackney**

**Hack was the promotion man I wish I'd gone down south with to take my records to Chatty Hattie and all the rest he said were waiting to play my tunes. But as he wisely said and I wrote, "Nothing Comes to a Sleeper But a Dream."**

## **Rick Henderson**

**(Died)**

**The dean of band arrangers, my conductor of choice, he could simply pull out all the old charts he wrote at the Howard Theater and record them and anything else he's written. He could reproduce his alto solos, on the old stage show charts and record his arrangements of this or his own material with or without vocalists.**

## **Gwen Hines**

**Gwen taught at Howard University last I heard. She is uncanny, and her touch is magic with anything in music she desires, music director, choir director, producer, etc.**

## **Sherlock Holmes**

**I visited him at his home and heard a concert of his original songs. I wanted to record him, but money was scarce. And it would have been then, as his song, a “Calculated Risk.”**

## **Jimmy Hopps**

**With his vast experience and no doubt hard connections in the world of jazz alone, this master musician could run his own jazz label.**

## **Shirley Horne**

**(Died)**

**I just heard the wonderful singer/musician, Shirley Horne do her thing and perform “Here’s to Life.” It was a salute; proper and fitting send off by, Shirley’s homie, new Dee Jay, Kait Tait, to KKJZ-FM jazz personality, Chuck Niles who died the day before. Shirley’s gorgeous, rich timbre and confident caresses of the music was definitive dedication. What a phenomenal world talent from D.C.**

## **Houdini**

**Dean is the first guy I heard rap or talk, recite etc. with any authority back in 1973. He recorded a radio commercial I worked on, and I was aware then, the spoken word was important and up-and-coming. He has many other talents and by now he could astound me with something new that he's into.**

## **The Jewels**

**We've talked some and corresponded some. I went on vacation in Vancouver, British Columbia last year, took some more deep breaths and wrote some songs for them. After all, they're the divas of doo-wop. These wonder women scored nationally with "Opportunity" and backed James Brown, touring with him and singing, "Say it Loud, I'm Black and I'm Proud." Prior to that as the Four Jewels, they got numerous local hits for me.**

## **Al "The Convincer" Johnson**

**As I remember, Al is at his best producing and arranging either for others or himself, as he sings too, with the Unifics and plays keyboards. He could arrange anything in a commercial vein and score with his own material. "It's been known to happen!"**

## **Max Kidd**

**A promoter and a half, got his own life's story made into a film, featuring a new music trend, "go-go," that I believe was started back in 1973 at his apartment on Green Street in Anacostia southeast. He was working with a keyboardist named Herky, as I remember, when I stayed there.**

## **Ray Lance**

**Ray's the best natural tenor, soft soul singer I've heard, the very best. Up-tempo no problem, ballads, forgetaboutit, he'd kill gospel too. All he'd need would be songs and I've got that covered.**

## **Sonny Lane**

**Sonny was the bad boy of doo-wop. I met him in 1960 when I was the supervisor of an electrical cart heating food crew at the Washington Hospital Center in D.C. The guy that hired me loved to sing as I, and I continued his and my feelings by starting a vocal group there at work. Sonny was the lead singer; we recorded his song "The Letter" at Edgewood Studio in D.C. We, Sonny and I, took it to New York City to no avail.**

## **Stacy Latislaw**

**I heard her sing on record and saw her on TV. She's a winner in my book. I've got her new tunes in my catalogue.**

## **D.C. Bobby Lee**

**Songwriter, singer, record producer, record label owner and music publisher, now author, book publisher, essayist, e-entrepreneur, polemicist, theorist, activist, humanist, ethicist, reparationist, and rogue radiant radical. The founder of this new movement to raise the monies that elevates consciousnesses in this country and world, to have the cause of financial H.R. 40 \$weet Reparations for descendants of black slaves in America paid in full. This is the goal of my challenge to the major recording companies I'm making today, with six hundred, and eighty-five original songs.**

## **Quincy Madison**

**Excellent guitarist, played some behind Eddie B. and his group, when Reese Palmer, Wardell Belton, Alfred "Nooky" Robinson and Lorenzo Hall sang together in that super singing group of legend in northeast D.C. He could do anything musically he'd want today.**

## **Jimmy McPhail**

**Baritone crooner of the first order, jazz or pop tunes, plus pioneer vocalist I heard in the fifties on TV, in clubs and at the Howard Theater.**

## **Milt Matthews**

**Milt's my partner in the Partnership, our duet in New York City. We worked and wrote together for a year or so. We compiled over twenty-five songs, that alone is worth big-time money. But Milt has his own thing too, and I'd never sell him short.**

## **Frank Mills**

**He did something very rare by anyone's standard in show business. He sang country songs in a natural country twang and feeling. There was no difference in him and Nashville singers except one; he was a black man in D.C. He's a natural phenomenon, who can really sing in that style, go figure.**

## **Carrie Mingo**

**Carrie accentuates the authentic D.C. sound. She was the lead singer on "Loaded With Goodies" and "Time For Love" by the Four Jewels. With suitable material, she ranks up there with the great ones out there singing today and yesterday. The one thing is, if she'll sing? I'm only interested in her recording for posterity, and I'm anxious to hear what all this time has done for her original voice and musical experience. Carrie Mingo's leaving the group, The Four Jewels, sunk our chances at local little black-owned Start Records, for the musical power base we were creating, as she was the best vocally devastating diva we needed to pull it off nationally, recording-wise, with due respect and appreciation for the terrific efforts of the other**

members of the quartet, who stepped up heroically and even scored big in D. C. also. Nevertheless, it was the threat of Carrie's scary talent, as just her singing presence in the group made it formidable, so much so Leonard Chess could release anything she ever sang back then, written by me and score a direct hit for Chess Records.

Unfortunately, back in that day as even in Duke Ellington's day, it was an unwise perception that the act of singing for a living and/or performing on stage period, was looked down upon as being common and beneath, so thought, dignified bourgeoisie Washingtonians. Therefore, since Carrie did not feel she was above singing the rock n' roll songs I wrote for her, I would have allowed her to record only and omit performing them for a living, frowned upon by her sister, she said, who was a government employee, I gather and still impressed with the church, and/or that old middle class Negro no-no about show business being taboo and therefore, bad for blacks.

## **Billy Mitchell**

(Died)

God knows, Deek can sing! I know too as I've been in the room singing with him, unreal! Thus, I've got all the original tunes he'd need.

## **King Henry Mont**

He used to sing lead in the Harlequins. Later, he graduated to lead his own band and worked at a nightclub on Benning Road and all over the D.C. area. He was King Henry, and I loved his baritone D.C. sound.

## **Mordecai**

**I heard about him and if half of it is true, this jazz pianist would garner a lot of attention to his art, if exposed to the rest of the world.**

## **The Orioles**

**They are still the first and foremost doo-wop vocal group of my youth. They featured Sonny Til, the king of love ballad lead singers.**

## **Reese Palmer**

**With charisma to burn, Reese could run for mayor of D.C. and win, if he wanted to. He can sing with the best and he did with Eddie B., Marvin Gaye, Harvey Fugua and now the Orioles.**

## **Bobby Parker**

**“Barefootin’” need I say more. Bobby had the gall to sing blues in D.C., when all around him guys were attempting vocal harmony. He was playing and singing the stone blues with his guitar and he got a big hit. I just heard it again in L.A. covered by Johnny Winter.**

## **Winfield Parker**

**A strong soul singer and gospel singer, I co-produced in 1974. Give him material and release it only after a better mix, with not as many opinions to muck it up and look out!**

## **Houston Person**

**Played his saxophone alone and accompanied the late, great singer, deceased diva, and his partner, Etta Jones in D. C. a lot. The town was truly blessed to hear them both.**

## **The Rainbows**

**Lead voices galore as I remember, responsible for “Mary Lee,” the first modern and different group sound to catch on in D.C. after the Clovers. I’m sad to say I was informed they recently lost their bass singer, Victor English. If they have songs or not, they’re good to go.**

## **Alfred “Nooky” Robinson**

**He sings ballads ballads ballads. A great balladeer if I ever heard one. If he can forgive me for saying I thought he was singing too low in 1974, when I was home in D.C. I’d have ballads for him, pop, jazz and gospel!**

## **Little Royal**

**He had a James Brown vocal fetish, as I recall. I wrote him a song “If a Dollar Could Holla.” He sang it with his band. He was dead into James Brown then. I’d rather he be his self now.**

## **Dorothy Rudd**

**A classical, career soprano, graduated Howard University, music major. It would be the proper thing to do by opening up that whole field to the world with our own artists, from and at Howard University today, with Dorothy leading the way.**

## **Chester Simmons**

**(Died)**

**He was my main man, manager, recording engineer, producer, bass, and all 'round asset to any venture I had in the recording industry!**

## **The Spoons**

**I know where Robert Hooks is. I talked to Sammy Hawkins in New York City years and years ago. If Bucks around with Tenor and Little Joe, Good God, let's record that bad boy!**

## **Melvin Standard**

**Melvin was a good guitar player back in the day when a group felt lucky to have one. That after all was the first step towards accompaniment on stage and in a recording. I wish we'd gone in the studio with Melvin and James Allen, plus, drums and bass at least back then. But maybe it's still not too late for Melvin.**

## **Johnny Steward**

**Johnny was the blues man that I first heard and saw in George Terrence's Dippers at Spingarn High School. They wasted my group. Johnny recorded "Misery Loves Company" on Start Records for me and scored a local hit. I've got way better songs for him now.**

## **The Swallows**

**Eddie Rich is the lead singer I could listen to most. He came from another place, not high, nor low, but easy going and intimate. He sang love songs. Junior Denby, the upright bassist in the Swallows, gave the group another dimension, and I listen to him as well today. I still love the Swallows.**

## **Sweet Honey and the Rock**

**Smithsonian Folkways Records was doing them. I don't know their status, but I have songs for them. I've heard and seen them and I feel we could compliment each other musically.**

## **Jimmy Taylor**

**Jimmy or James, as he was called, was the first and best ballad lead voice I met in D.C. We sang together with Chester Simmons and Cecil Washington. We went across "U" Street from Chester's house to record our first recording in a tiny studio with one track. Jimmy was perfect. He later sang lead with the Bachelors on "After." He introduced me to John Bowie.**

## **Maurice Watkins**

**Maurice is a songwriter, piano player and accompanist. When I heard the work Maurice did with Eddie B., I knew they could go on as a team forever, fitting musically as they do. Plus, the songs Maurice and Eddie B. wrote were some of the best ever recorded locally in that pop genre. The world is waiting.**

## **Brother Jimmy Williams**

**He sings to the people the truth about the problems of racism, about love and about revolution. He plays organ, writes his own songs and sings them ethnically emphatically hot!**

## **Robert “Jose” Williams**

**Jose is the most talented singer, songwriter, recording engineer, producer, music entrepreneur and cartoonist, I ever met. He’s still the most all around, totally gifted, recording, industry-wise individual I know.**

## **The Wright Sisters**

**They sang back up on some songs of mine at D&B Recording Studio in Silver Springs, Maryland in 1974. I was awed by their easy application of harmony and blend with that unmistakable family sound. They could sing back up and or record as a group.**

## **The Velons**

**Ahh, John King tenor, lead singer, wrote “Someone Special” for the Four Jewels, and was always one of my favorite songwriter-singers in D.C. Jimmy Falwell, gung ho tenor, always got the job done, a joy to listen to and be around his vast talent. Buddy Owens, baritone, special big voice, he could sing alone, as they all could, and spread a dulcet contagion of melisma on the record charts.**

**\*Sweet Reparations™ is a division of Mom n’ Pop! Jnr. Inc. Music Mfr’s.**

Those artists I don't know, I hope to know soon. I've deliberately left out the ones connected with or from D.C. who've made it, but they can feel free to join in, if it's contractually possible, or they can simply donate charity recording studio performances and/or productions to this invitational challenge to the major recording companies for H.R. 40 \$weet Reparations.

1. **Kenny St. Lewis**
2. **Mya**
3. **Genuwine**
4. **Fugazi (Punk Rock Group)**
5. **Don Covay**
6. **Little Sonny Warner**
7. **Kenny Latimore**
8. **Backyard Go-Go Band**
9. **Lloyd Price**
10. **Keter Betts (Bassist) (Died)**
11. **Ellas B. McDaniel (Bo Diddley)**
12. **Washington Rucker (Producer/percussionist)**
13. **Ed Green (Recording engineer)**
14. **Freddie Parren (Composer, Arranger, Producer) (died)**
15. **Peaches and Herb**
16. **Gil Scott Heron**
17. **Tori Amos**
18. **The Starland Vocal Band**
19. **Tim and Mookie (Who produced Genuwine's "So Anxious")**
20. **Robert Hooks (Rock Creek Productions)**
21. **Kevin Hooks (Film Director)**
22. **Clayton Roberts (Claytown Records)**
23. **Denyce Graves (American Mezzo-Soprano)**
24. **The Five Keys**
25. **Jimmy Gordon (Promotion and Distribution)**
26. **Ruth Brown (died)**

- 27. The Duke Ellington School for the Performing Arts**
- 28. Howard University School of Music**
- 29. A salute to the late great “Songbird,”  
Eva Cassidy**
- 30. Aaron McGruder (Cartoonist)**
- 31. Eleanor Holmes Norton (D.C. Congressional  
Representative)**
- 32. Sean ‘P. Diddy’ Combs (ex-Howard U. student/  
Hip-Hop entrepreneur)**
- 33. dc Talk (Gospel Music Artists)**
- 34. Meshell Ndegeocello**
- 35. Martin Lawrence, Tommy Davidson  
& Dave Chappelle (Comedians)**
- 36. Shirley McLaine, Warren Beatty and Goldie Hawn**
- 37. Maury Povich and Connie Chung**
- 38. Stephen L. Carter (Author)**
- 39. Randall Robinson (Activist/Author)**
- 40. Danny Glover (Actor/Chairman of  
Tran Africa Forum)**
- 42. Julian Bond (Board Chairman of the NAACP)**
- 43. Kweisi Mfume (ex-President of the NAACP)**
- 44. Roger Wilkins (Author/Professor)**
- 45. John Welsh (TV Personality)**
- 46. The Washington Wizards (NBA Basketball Team)**
- 47. The Washington Mystics (WNBA Basketball Team)**
- 48. The Washington Nationals Baseball Team**
- 49. The Washington Redskins Football Team**
- 50. Councilman Marion Berry**
- 51. Houston Person Jazz/soul saxophonist**
- 52. Edward Norton, actor**
- 53. Saul Williams, poet/actor**
- 54. Mom & Pop! Jnr. Janice Marie Lee and  
Robert E. Lee, Jnr.**

**Anyone left off this short list, your name can be added, as this is an ongoing website. So even if this event were done as a stunt, the commemorative merchandise alone would equal tenfold the paltry sum spent to establish a demographically sound national and worldwide syndicated platform for the label launch. Cognitively, this would also give us usage of the National Mall, MCI Center, RFK Stadium, Kennedy Center, Constitution Hall, for Doo-Wop City Concerts, and the Belly Rubbers Ballet Company “Damp, Dry Hump Suite” performances, plus, an opening up of the nation’s eyes, ears, hearts, minds, souls, pocketbooks and wallets in a TV documentary and song-a-thon that feature my original music to promote H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation for the people of color, descendants of black slaves in America with slave names, like Jackson, Johnson, Smith, Jones, Brown, Lee, etc.**

## Bobby's Lobby

My career, if two thirds spent with one third left, suffering from severe chronic lateness on C.P.T., will rise as a phoenix to the challenge I intend, as “Renaissance Robert”, my Presbyterian guilt and field holla in full falsetto forte. My voice is colored by the countless counter tenors I have known, who sang sweetly once upon a time. I don't expect to be believed, liked especially, nor do I seek approval. I know who I am and what I want. I just don't know, as you, my time here to produce and record this music for urban renewal in the hood, via H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation goin' Imaginationwide.com™ for the people with Black American Inner City Interactive Inc.™ and “Bobby's Music Show Biz Lobby.”™ The Internet is the way to exhibit my lyrics, then sell the music today, via five e-books online [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com) and offline retail: *Downloaded With Goodies*, *The Penis Gang*, *House of Louse*, **this book** *You Just Wanna Kill the Ravens . . . 'Cause They Black* and the latest book *Dentist Hopper*. We can shape the way people think and act, by owning media companies. This brave bold, new egress from abject poverty, compounded by racisms incarceration is our fresh modus operandi.

Music's switch to modems and the “Synclavier Syndrome” which plays all the instruments on keyboard is setting the recording industry on its ear. I however, prefer music charts and vocalist on live dates, with all the musicians present and on camera for the DVD.

**We must establish our own businesses, then manufacture our own goods, distribute them, plus, sell the goods via our own retail stores, franchises, and chain stores, located in the American inner cities nationwide. This plan must be funded by the investments of the people the plan will serve, and any other interested parties, who invest by buying my recordings. I will reduce investors' potential risks by underwriting projects with our own lending companies and banks for credit. I'll need heavy black support and selfless sepia succor, an outpouring of professional talent participation via vocal donations for SAG and AFTRA scale. The Big Four, Three, Two or One major label, don't know what's coming around the corner. . . and what comes 'round the corner in the record industry rules.**

**The song and video, "We Are the World" dramatized the plight of poor children worldwide, with celebrity singers performing an original song, composed by the late great and still number one recording superstar, Michael Jackson, with sensational successful singer-songwriter, Lionel Richie. Then top arranger, conductor composer, Quincy Jones did the charts. Despite that efforts commercial success, this tremendous single did not end hunger and poverty on earth, because one song, no matter how good could not do this.**

**But if six hundred, eighty-five songs, thirty-two bar, standard form original songs were recorded first, with my D.C. list of unknown and known artist, then if charity donation performances, featuring commissioned and/or volunteer national singing stars of the music industry were televised live in videos and reality-based recording dates, the hypothetical**

**figure would be through the roof. Realistically, I calibrate we can raise and earn from the D.C. unknown artists on my list, alone, sixty-one million dollars, by my count, from my songs to promote one trillion dollars of H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation money for thirty million people in the Black inner cities nationwide, at one hundred thousand dollars per person.**

**I know as you, the political thing is a game in D. C. I know because you only have an elected winner, and D.C.'s always the loser. Then there are never resounding results, locally or nationwide. I wear a ski mask in protest and I am abstemious in my public image too. Along with Bobby's Lobby™ on "K" Street, my proposal will be laced with harmony for mankind in it's contention for a prosperous H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation Day, minimum one hundred thousand dollar, or open to be decided check for each head of the household, descendant of black slaves in America.**

## **\$weet Reparation Day**

**African-Americans  
Got money comin'  
From Capitol Hill**

**People of Color  
Got money comin'  
They pass H.R. 40  
Bill**

**Po' black people  
Got money comin'  
\$weet Reparation Day**

**Ev'ry street in the hoods  
Hummin'  
'Cause it's on the way**

**Y'all we got money comin'  
They don't punk out and vote  
Nay**

**Slave descendants  
Got money comin'  
\$weet Reparation Day  
Cash money's comin' like Jesus  
A blessin' from above  
We can live in the Waldoff Astoria  
My love**

**Summer in the Hampton's  
Winter in sunny Vail  
When they send that phat  
Check in the mail  
Without fail**

**Baby we got money comin'  
Let's move to Beverly Hills  
Ain't gon' be no mo' slummin'  
We can pay all the bills**

**Honey we got money comin'  
\$weet Reparation Day**

**Hallelujah  
We got money comin'  
A trillion they say  
Brothas n' sistas  
Got money comin'  
They owe us back pay**

**Our race got money comin'  
\$weet Reparation Day**

**Whenever my money  
As soon as my money  
Man gimmie my money  
Right now**

**\_\_\_\_\_Top\_\_\_\_\_**

**It's taken me a lifetime to do what I have in mind because it is the hardest thing, to own your own record label, independent of the major parent record manufacturers and distributors. In fact it's unheard of being done successfully by a black man.**

**The recording industry may be worth over thirty billion globally, even with online pirating. As blacks, we contribute a staggering percentage of over one-third of that figure would be a safe estimate. Therefore, I commit myself and my life's work to challenge the major labels left, via my Read and Request Catalogue website: [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com) as this is the only way to claim our fair share of the recording industry pie, and begin urban renewal in American Inner Cities Neighborhoods of Need Nationwide.™ Then as far as H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation goes, I'm all for it and I have formed a H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation Union™, with Bobby's Lobby to address**

**this owed compensation to African-Americans through every means at my command: songs, musicals, sheet music, DVD's, videos, records, documentaries, films, BET and TV One reality-based programs, tie-in products, testimonies, endorsements, donations, advertisements, etc. and vote coordination. If banks underwrite these kinds of ventures, I'll target, no, start the blackest bank in D.C. first, when ready. We can't hang back any longer, the world is watching and waiting, we must do for ourselves what we would have them do for us. In the spirit and inspiration of the Fisk Jubilee Singers of old, I intend this challenge with your partnership participation, to be a win-win celebration and prosperous investment in my plans for all y'all.**

**The War on Poverty cannot be waged with words alone without the missing music. A commissioned music or an unsolicited musical contribution is the natural resource of black people. I offer a composed music, combined with all the arts to benefit and underline the struggle of the race. It's our earthly heritage, natural treasure and contribution to mankind to unite in this effort, as our worth is astronomical.**

**I will start communicating by utilizing the media facilities in and around D.C., PBS TV, Pacifica Radio, XM satellite radio, Radio One, the three top documentary firms in the area, Voice of America, every recording studio, and video production company we deem right for the job in the tri-state area. All entertainment facilities venues: clubs, amusement parks, beaches, Wolf Trap, Carter Baron, Ford Theater and all of the centers for performing arts across America should then be available to us. The overanxious audiences' tension will be way past palpable and Robert Hooks and Warren Beatty both from D.C. can share the M.C. honors for the event.**

The capitol city's aims can be accomplished now. If you still want voting rights, this will get them. You want statehood, have no fear the way is clear. You want H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation or not, invest in this plan by buying what you like to hear on, Downloaded with Goodies, da cyberspace bomb, a thermo-nuclear musical blast from the past to the present and beyond to the future. Remember, along with the hip-hop kids, there are sixty-five million mature over fifty souls in the U.S.A. for Bobby's Lobby, music enthusiast just as you, waiting in the wings.

I'm singing lead for the Me, Myself, and I, A Cappella Trio now. We're striving to qualify right up there with my previous generation's best songs by the immortal Mills Brothers "Paper Doll," and the eternal Ink Spots "If I Didn't Care," the archaic source of all this oowing and ahing doo-wopping in the first place. Therefore, whichever one of these two greatest progenitors said doo-wop first on record, invented it.

Today, I have doo-wop ditties for every American Doo-Wop City and doo-wop singers to sing it. Lest, they increase my medication, I'll continue creating, as there's a method to my madness here in Ward 3. I won't say the name of this institution (St. Elizabeth), but after two lobotomies you forget things like that. Anyway, I'm beginning to drool some and itch to doo-wop and belly rub in the rubber room. Don't be alarmed, Dear Reader, "I'll Remember" (In the Still of the Nite). One dark night when you least expect it, I'll sing all of my unsolicited songs to you in your ear, a cappella. I'll be the overweight anachronism in the black sweats and ski mask, doo-wopping and rolling my potbelly, while contemplating leading a major recording industry invasion and H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation Rally in Goat Alley. And that ain't no stage joke, 'cause I ain't hardly playin'. Heavy breathing again, but on a respirator this time I came up with this:

# Blackballed

## \_\_\_\_\_Chorus\_\_\_\_\_

**{He said you'll never work  
In the music business  
On old B-Way  
Night or day**

**He said you'll never work  
In the music business  
Skip Hollywood  
You're no good**

**He said you'll never work  
In the music business  
Don't try Nashville  
You'll get killed**

**He said you'll never work  
In the music business again  
So any town you sing around  
Won't play your sound}**

**I've been blackballed  
I've been blacklisted too  
He called me crazy  
Because my skin's a darker  
Hue**

**I've been blackballed  
Where Negroes don't talk  
Back**

**I'm banned forever  
Because I happen to be  
Black**

\_\_\_\_\_ **Chorus** \_\_\_\_\_

**Not New York  
Nor Detroit  
Or Nashville  
L.A. and London Town**

**I've been blackballed  
All over music land  
The world of music  
Is in an angry white  
Man's hand**

**I've been blackballed  
A credit to my race  
For saying no man  
To the man  
In his red angry face**

\_\_\_\_\_ **Chorus** \_\_\_\_\_

**Being Blackballed** endowed me. Rather than making me a eunuch, I became a “word engineer” as a friend remarked. Not quite the etymologist I’d like, however, but one with hard-on, considerable cojones enough to fight back creative blue balls, from foreplay, of held in abeyance songs, and “you don’t have the balls to win, in by the balls show business.” He said that, this genital wart, (record company owner) who spread the word like testicular cancer, back in the day, so other recording companies would shun me whenever I made a call.

Today, via my oeuvres reproductive organ, it is now possible a much more prodigious and profitable perspective has been gained by my forced wait and abstinence. It gave me the celibate gonads to attain volume in an age when cocky, commercial content rules this whole tough testicles entertainment racket. Now I have the unnumbered nuts and scrotum sac of a sperm whale, (Moby Dick) to screw the record industry over with an orgasmic burst of hits. And though hard to swallow, I will, because I can. Therefore online, my well-noted semen, as ink on clean white sexy sheets of music paper intends to impregnate and rock the world.

- 1. Blackballed is better than castration.**
- 2. Blackballed is better than no balls at all.**
- 3. All black men are blackballed.**

**The whole of Black America is blackballed. Dare I say, the world of the darker races is blackballed because of ignorant complexion issues. So D.C. the capital of the most powerful nation ever known is blackballed, excluded economically and politically with no Senators, nor Congressional representation, except for the efforts of one Eleanor Holmes Norton.**

Otherwise, D.C. is being prevented from voting rights and human rights with a majority of Blacks held there like impotent puppets in a palace, unable to express a natural desire to participate in the passion of government choices concerning American life. Original lyrics to songs and company titles mentioned in this book are under the legal auspices of Mom n' Pop! Jnr. Inc. Music Mfr's. the parent company of this poignant musical protest project proposal to that inimical to me and inexplicably linked to entitlements for our suspended subsidy. Man . . . give us our cotton pickin' money!

## **Detroit Needs a Miracle**

**If sixty-nine year old songwriter singer, Smokey Robinson has anywhere near over four thousand original songs as he said, his options are wide open on the Internet, TV, radio, live music, reality records, videos and movies. Thus, Smokey has a ready-made opportunity to head up his own online music store and pair said material with singers who've had hits, but now can't get a break or new tune. This was evident on the "American Idol" tribute to Motown this year.**

**First off, most of the shows singers, except two were lacking star quality, although Smokey's songs held their own after decades at the top of the pop song book and on the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> century Billboard charts. So songs keep and have a shelf life, improving with age even, as wine. If written by a pro of Smokey's ilk, they'd still shine like classics, held in abeyance forever.**

**Consequently, Smokey and maybe Berry Gordy, jnr., the founder of Motown Records, could back this new and improved venture and sell Smokey's X unknown catalog of songs on TV and online as "American Idol" does, only with a big new millennial twist, they actually pre-record, then sell the finished productions by phone and on the Internet, all sung by professional recording artists in a live reality video presentation on TV.**

When a posting as to which singer and song sold the most in competition with the entire recording industry in a cyber challenge is featured, sales will ring off the cash register on TV after each performance and at the end of the show. That's hot and where there's Smokey there's . . . Simon Fuller might pick up on this point and record his "American Idol" hopefuls on TV as I suggest Smokey do. Simon could use Smokey's songs or others that qualify.

The same success as "American Idol" should be expected. I for one am not as interested in new versions of old songs, as much as originals. I'm in sales and I see a ka-ching money tree lit up on TV and computer screens world wide. So, how many more songs are out there, up for grabs and just how good are they anyway?

Going back to Smokey, let's just say he has a few more "My Girl", "The Way You Do the Things You Do," "I Second That Emotion," and last but not the least of his best, "Shop Around." By far this song tops the list in my estimation of Smokey's catalog to date. If he can get on top of Ol' Smokey in an issue of new songs, out of the vast unheard, unbelievable number he quoted Elvis Costello on TV, it would be a phenomenon. It's so creative I can't even say the whole number, four thousand and whatever. However, the whole song must really be there, not just the lyrics alone, but melodies and words that make sense. I'm stressing songs that compete with anything currently on the hot 100 Billboard charts.

**I shutter to think of an old songwriter, famous or unknown, who would hold back hundreds of potential hit songs. What would be the reason? How could anybody be that much a Midas, a music Midas. Whom do you know like that? Why just one, Smokey Robinson is the answer. Now am I accusing Smokey of composing doggerel, certainly not, I just don't think he can write bad songs. He'd have a gem in there worth listening out for. What else could it be? Smokey wouldn't lie or stretch the truth, nor exaggerate his prolific power.**

**Great songs are scarce not plentiful. Quality wise, good songs flow from excellent songwriters like Smokey. If one possesses a catalog of songs, one possesses a network for music on TV and radio, plus the Internet, via videos again as BET did for years, while being paid for airing free content, and producing the first black American billionaire. This time Smokey could pay actors to depict the songs, or use average people. He could try the public acting out the songs in competition for prize money, using cell phones and/or camcorders.**

**Smokey Robinson called Natalie Cole on the Larry King Show; she has kidney problems. Odd Ol' Smokey didn't discuss giving Natalie one of his four thousand songs to sing and help pay for her medical expenses. Since he can't give her a kidney, a song from him would be the next best thing, a little medicinal music for Natalie, who may receive a kidney before she gets another hit song.**

**Smokey, whose first name is William or Bill would be a real Stimulus Bill to Detroit with over four thousand songs to be programmed into the Big Three auto manufacturers' new cars in the future. Motown sounds again would be just what the doctor ordered, a shot of soul in the system, so to speak.**

I'm not at all attempting to make light of the rare accomplishment of accumulating a treasure trove of music, I imagine would be available if Smokey actually produced this godsend for all the above to benefit. The last "American Idol" loser, I saw, claims he's written over eight hundred songs. Internet music services say they have millions.

Michael Jackson owns a big piece of the Beatles song book, they say. Irving Berlin boasted he wrote over a thousand songs. To his credit, he lived to be one hundred. Cole Porter wrote hundreds, but not all recorded, performed by professionals. Ellington wrote copious works and songs too. If this is a trend, the current songwriters of note ought to change their way of getting songs heard, and be promoted, sold and paid by volume. "Don't Mess With Bill" is a template of the exclusive excellence needed for saving Detroit, exploit Detroit with the 2<sup>nd</sup> comin' of Mo' Motown!

This time a Big Three car makers Mo' Motown sponsored syndicated radio and satellite broadcast will be programmed for and in each new car Detroit designs, produces and sells. I'd give my royalties to know if Smokey said he wrote one million songs, would he have inspired anybody to ask to hear just one? The Library of Congress may intervene at will to verify his claim officially. We must determine if it's substance or quantity driving the music business bottom line today.

Smokey could save Detroit and exploit Detroit by producing some of the four thousand songs in a 4 diva's 4 Detroit live concert, starring Aretha, Diana, Martha and Anita, all singing his X unheard B4 hits. Songs must be proven popular to count in the minds of those who run the music business as they have lost their collective ears and cannot hear nor can they read or know what lies on the tracks or page, what is sung or written period.

Therefore, no matter how many songs whoever sings, writes, even Paul McCartney, it's all up to acceptance by the public. How valuable it is depends on the sales. If there is or was a pop song science test that could reveal the status and worth of a new tune, we would have the key to the music box forever. We would own the good songs and make a fortune. Smokey could become mayor of Detroit, Michigan governor, U.S. senator, just by putting the fruits of his labor, the content of his catalog to task for Detroit.

Smokey's statement of prolific proportions gave me the idea to dramatize my own dilemma online with e-books that present original songs interspersed throughout the story lines of four cyber books. You can hear the missing music of the words posted by subscription only . . . Why just one lonely song, a great one can solve the problem of the recession, if it's better than "We Are the World" in spirit, "We Are Family" in soul and "Imagine" in heart.

Out of four thousand songs, Smokey has salted away for . . . posterity, maybe now this idea will really get a hold on him. Smokey is a "Ain't That Peculiar" walking personalized ipod. He's a boon to the continuation of cyber dominance over the ancient, all but forgotten CD. He'd be the darling of Silicon Valley, a conquering hero on Wall Street and a possible winner vs. "American Idol" for the top TV spot with his own smokin' "Hot One Hundred Show".

**Four thousand new original unheard Smokey Robinson songs could very well enter into the Realm of Sheer Genius, that is if evidence exist that one of said four thousand songs sells. I mean just consider the hype and P.R. for the airing of this tune, followed by the rest globally. Smokey never releases bad songs. He's known for quality craftsmanship. Just one song played would have the attention of a Broadway musical opening night to the tenth power for the televised credit card only Nielsen Sound Scan judgment tally.**

**Smokey should sing the song in his haunting top lead tenor voice, pitched in a lilting, falsetto, maybe as he did with "Bad Girl." Or it can be a rousing up-tempo rocker, something on fire, everyone begins to sing and cover. I like his, "First I Look at the Purse" by the Contours because mass market America thinks with its pocketbook. The video will be a masterpiece to hustle.**

**The King of Pop owning the Beatles catalog to any extent is tantamount to being, President Obama, in the music business. It's an extreme accomplishment of the gods blessing in spades. Smokey should bring Michael Jackson back with a bigger hit than "Thriller." Both Smokey and the King of Pop oughta give Q a call to do the charts 1 Mo' Time. Lastly, do what would truly be a Rock and Roll Hall of Fame tribute to the missing Miracles and help save the city of Detroit from itself.**

**Like Dr. Maya Angelou, he could write Hallmark cards, but add his music. Today, Smokey is a soul cuisine entrepreneur. That said, I see him starting his own four thousand song recorded gift card business. Now you understand why I wrote this message and tip, proposal, business plan and a how-2-make a lotta money. It's a new day, this is a new way. They quote astronomical numbers of songs written today. I heard a thirty year old country singer at a country TV award's show say his group and he had written hundreds. When all country singers use Auto-Tune, those songs will sell.**

# **Mom n' Pop! Jnr. Inc. Music Mfr's.**

presents

## **International Icon**

**“International Icon” is a live televised show, online performance of veteran vocalists picked from a talent pool, featuring professional music pop stars of big hits in the recent past, now presented for their re-entry in the entertainment industry, all singing original recorded works of art.**

**We have a catalog of songs for a roster of these recording artists, who were successful with at least a one million seller to their credit, but because of the nature of the music business not to value such achievements with a do or die continued A & R interest, these once victorious vocalists wither away in lesser venues of commercial competition. We feel strongly they deserve rewards of proper material, instead of inferior songs to sing.**

**Our theory is, these singing stars just need another quality song to revive their popularity and bring them back, born again to the public. Thus, we propose this tried and true approach to fly in the face of current amateur night TV, the vogue today. By utilizing our proven pros, who sing and record right on camera, producing an original potential hit record, plus, a video, purchased with credit card by phone and/or online, instead of phony phone call votes!**

**This invitational, commissioned and volunteers' showcase of music veterans unlimited, virtual vendor.com venture, plus, TV and syndicated radio simulcast, so offline customers and fans in cars, etc. can participate in purchasing these rare recorded works of art, exist to realize renewed potential interest and become a prolific provider, rather than merely a one shot, hit and miss recording artist deal. The name of the show again is "International Icon." It's for virtual vocalists, who don't write their own songs, but can sing the hell out of anything good and original they get their hands on. All songs are published and supplied by Mom n' Pop! Jnr. Inc. Music Mfr's.**

**To re-emphasize, these songs are performed live, then instead of votes from viewers, the audio and video version is immediately judged by actual national and international online worldwide purchases, tallied at the end of each hour show, and registered, via, a music moneymaker meter machine, called Mr. Ka-ching! Customers purchase the songs by credit cards on the phone or online only. Retail sales will follow upon orders received for our wholesale distribution.**

**The major recording companies these vocalists are signed with, split a percentage of the profit shared with "International Icon." And the recording artist receives the same paid royalty rate agreed to in their current recording contract. If singers are free agents, the option to sign said singer goes to "International Icon" first, on the Mom n' Pop! Jnr. Inc. Music Mfr's. parent label. All recording companies using this concept will retain the rights to manufacturing and distribution of their artist. Then again, they can redo the recordings and videos at will.**

**The cyber sales and any other ancillary profit will also be split after production cost between “International Icon” and the respective recording companies concerned. All artists receive the same royalty online as offline retail sales. Musicians, background singers, and technicians, etc., are paid union.**

**Promotion is mostly self-contained, via, “International Icon” on TV. All other promotion online and offline paid for by the network and recording company involved in this project. The whole operation will further promote the growth of the expanding music industry by creating an instant industry melding of content and professional singers between hits in America and the world.**

**It’s a vast improvement, advancement, and extension of the existing pop music venue, with a win-win over the unlawful filching going on today online, featuring Mr. Ka-ching!, the music moneymaking meter machine, that rings, lights up and reports via a deep melodious, sexy speaking voice, the amount of sales per show and sales progress of each song sung live, with every one-hour episode on live primetime TV. What a venture! Consider “International Icon,” oh yeah, satellite and syndicated simulcast, terrestrial radio, plus, online and offline purchasing, for the complete, satisfying money-back guarantee, real deal of a musical lifetime!**

**S**tart Records, a division of Mom N' Pop! Jnr. Inc. Music Mfr's. the De Facto Parent Company of the Independent Electronic Entertainment Industry presents, a cyber-harvest of the original lyrics from a song catalogue, to be recorded on-demand, featuring pop, r&b, hip-hop, rap, blues, gospel, soul, jazz, country, folk, rock & roll, and show tunes, twelve popular musical categories, for all interested, commissioned and/or volunteer, paid performers and subscribers participating in this commercial creation.

I'm offering an original song service, read and request, online file, featuring lyrics to be recorded with the missing music on demand by commissioned, professional recording artist and gifted participating, volunteer vocalists. This is an open invitational music anthology, with instructions to the public, talent, sponsors, investors and all interested parties participating in this Mom N' Pop! Jnr. Inc. Music Mfr's. Challenge to the Big 4, 3, 2, or 1 recording companies left after this printing.

1. Unknown talent must purchase a permit for ten dollars per song. This will entitle you to receive a demo and/or lead sheet of each song you order in the catalogue online. Just e-mail the song you select by title only, along with your credit card number, expiration date and name. You will receive the demo and/or lead sheet within a week via e-mail or the U.S. mail worldwide. This permit gives you the right to compete in contest worldwide, to perform for royalties this song only. If however, we do not select your version of a song, we maintain the right to allow our first choice of the better performance to air via the media. All amateur recording artists with accepted versions of songs will be contacted to do live and/or taped reality TV, online, plus radio simulcast for SAG and AFTRA scale. Mom N' Pop! Jnr. Inc. Music Mfrs. only, will release, promote, distribute and manufacture the finished accepted amateur productions of its material, leased and submitted from our catalogue. Contact: [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com).

2. All known talent interested in performing any of these songs can do so for charity, as any famous artist donation will go towards the Neighborhoods n' Need Program, Mom N' Pop! is introducing. Therefore, if you are currently under contract to a recording company, by what is known as 501c3, you can still keep, or donate your royalties to the cause aforementioned. This approach will receive credit via the media, as it will be well noted that your good deed was gratis. If agreed, we will pay for the recording session. Contact: [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com).
3. Sponsors contact Mom N' Pop! Jnr. Inc. Music Mfrs. if interested for terms, ideas and prices privately at [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com).
4. Investors, stock can be acquired in this company. For details contact: [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com).

**Mom n' Pop! Jnr. Inc. Music Mfrs. is an online and offline, original music service offering live recordings and videos on demand from a reality-based TV show, "International Icon," featuring a roster of famous singing stars, performing this material with corporate sponsorship for different, selected charities after granted permission from major and Indie record labels, cooperating and participating as partners in these productions for a percentage of the online/offline profits they promote and distribute for their artists.**

**We also combine a companion piece of correlating new cyber-books in the package as a novel device to showcase the Top Forty Challenge International Icon song-a-thon. Customers will pay via the phone and online by credit cards. Interested sponsors and/or investors for stock inquiries of this event, contact [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com).**

**Remember, H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation to every head of the household, African-American descendant of slave names like Jackson, Johnson, Jones, Smith, Brown, Lee etc., living in these United States via Bobby's Lobby, a self-help clearinghouse with stock and bond options to sponsor this rising hue and holla to proffer the victims of slavery from ghetto to ghetto.**

# Vomit Town

# Chapter 1

## New Orleans is a N' Word!

**Critic: “Mr. Mayor, yo’ baldheads big as caption balloons in Cartoons.” Then likened to thought bubbles of conversation, talkin’ to oneself and subliminal mind readin’, in unison, the Lower Ninth Ward lampooned ...**

*C. Ray*

*Saw you walkin’*

*With Bush*

*Without kissin’ his slack ass Texas tush*

*But you was huggin’ n’ kissin’ on*

*Blanco*

*That say she ain’t no jive skank stank ho?*

*Now you say don’t come back home*

*’Cause you can’t get us no mo’ loan*

*If we don’t own so forth and so on*

*Muddy machinations*

*Uprooted ruination*

*Obeisant oaks don’t need*

*Neon nihilism*

*Just jazz funeralize*

*Old black folks*

*Layin’ flat fat splat in foul fetid flood water*

*Drowned and floatin’ to Jesus*

*Geechee guy grinnin' in a shotgun shack doorway*

*By the levee say*

*He seen 'em blow up the wall . . .*

*And Lake Ponchartrain rush into his hall*

*Then drown his family one and all*

*Now zombies haunt haints*

*Wake saints while ghosts shake*

*Spooks, spirits, castin' darker angels voodoo spells*

*Of Eshu the Legba*

*As dead magnolias and New Orleanians*

*Drift upon the bleedin' lake*

*Exiled evacuees*

*Who count blessin's*

*Should be takin' swimmin' lessons*

*Buyin' rowboats and messin' with anything that floats*

*Inner tubes, kayaks, water wings, boogie boards,*

*Buildin' mud moats*

*Postin' lifeguards*

*On levee walls during the hurricane season*

*Due next Fall*

*Be able to make*

*911 cell phone calls*

*One in all*

*To God*

*Buy flood insurance*

*Along with life*

*Save yourself*

*Your kids and wife*

*Store canned foods*

*And don't forget*

*Toilet paper, soap*

*And that's an order*

*Don't be no dead face down corpse  
 In the water  
 And/or grizzly ghost  
 Of the Gulf Coast  
 Slaughter*

*After this have blue roof top  
 That convert into sea worthy crafts  
 Amphibious cars, plus, rubber rafts  
 Then scuba gear  
 And even water skis  
 Y'all hear*

*Own houseboats  
 With second homes upstate  
 Less y'all gon' parish  
 In da Parish  
 Be unrewarded  
 In da Ward  
 Be embarrassed  
  
 In da Parish  
 Be underwater  
 In da Ward*

*Don't become ineluctable as vermin  
 Unratified by succor  
 In spite of prodigious  
 Music contributions  
 Culturally worth Capote's "caskets of gold"  
 Still you're impoverished  
 And anathematized  
 Y'all can't write your congressman  
  
 'Cause he may be corrupt  
 Y'all shant call your senators*

*'Cause they'd hang up  
 Y'all won't reach the President  
 'Cause he's abrupt  
 And the Iraq War  
 Always interrupts  
 Now gross, grotesque sans glory  
 It's a ghoulish graphic story  
 Because y'all couldn't  
 Escape in critical mass  
 Exit as passed gas  
 Be free at last*

*From the missin'  
 Person's bureau  
 Lost child where are you  
 Somewhere drowned  
 In a watery grave  
 Prisoner in some  
 Perverts cave  
 Doin' things  
 While he misbehaves*

*Just hang on kid  
 And you'll be saved  
 Help is on the way  
 Like they say  
 If you pray  
 Don't worry  
 If you worry  
 Don't pray*

*Some folks left in a Gulf 5 plane  
 Then others sailed  
 In yacht's the same  
 In drawin' rooms*

*On private trains  
 Listenin' to Nina Simone  
 As she sang  
 "I Put a Spell on You"  
 Boo!  
 Ah the japery of Gulf Ghost,  
 Rather Gulf Coast area  
 Subsidy  
 Niggers n' flies  
 They do dispise  
 Niggers n' flies*

*No expectant entitlement earned  
 In lieu of enlightenment  
 As a magnificent redound  
 Soulfully Nicolas Payton's trumpet blows  
 "Precious Lord, Take My Hand"  
 To overflowin' levees  
 Overflowin' people  
 Overflowin' toilets  
 Juvenile and Cash Money  
 "Back That Thang Up"*

*We're not the same  
 We're not to blame  
 Exculpate us from  
 This cold as a corpse's clit  
 Cold as a witch's tit  
 Cold as a polar bear's shit*

*A Congress of transitory obese  
 Bodies in the drink  
 Gulpin' up the  
 Gulf of stink  
 Gagin' drownin'  
 Cannot swim  
 Calls to Jesus can't reach Him*

*Dogs and cats  
 Die or leap roof to roof  
 Creoles Cajuns  
 Long in tooth  
 Sail away from  
 Uncouth black youth  
 Shootin' burnin'  
 On TV coverage  
 Corruptin' truth  
 While Irma Thomas  
 Performs "Back Water Blues"*

*Bush Clinton  
 Collect money  
 501c3 on TV  
 But don't tell recipients  
 How they'll use it in the  
 Bush Clinton Katrina Fund  
 As debris sits rottin'  
 By the cubic ton  
 While bodies lie in repose  
 On the parkin' lot of the morgue  
 Inspirin' the Meters Band  
 To make "Just a Closer Walk With Thee" fonky!*

*Proceeds go to charity  
 Cost effective  
 Much less than expense  
 Now on the race problem  
 Of unemployment, poverty, healthcare  
 And crime*

*If only H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation passes  
 But it's the port  
 It's petroleum products  
 It's the music  
 It's the cuisine  
 It's the style*

*The newspaper said*

*Now they'll patch the  
 Superdome singin'  
 "The Buckets Got a Hole in It"  
 By Louis Armstrong  
 To withstand a mighty  
 Category 5 hurricane*

*Mo' thought bubbles from N'awlin'z, the sinkin' `Old City`  
 Spoken by a conjure woman  
 The seer said, "Mr. Mayor commission  
 A singin' riverboat pilot who sings good  
 Get Harry Connick Jnr.  
 Have 'em float music junk bonds  
 By Fats Domino*

*Then along with Habitat  
 For Humanity  
 Hook up mutual benefitin' businesses  
 Like a TV channel, recordin' studios, radio stations,  
 Satellite, cable, digital  
 Terrestrial at once!  
 'Cause imminent domain  
 Is a rich man's game*

*She took her high blood pressure  
 And diabetes medication  
 And predicted  
 If y'all don't get a hold  
 Of global warmin'  
 I sees ya gon' be sicker than me  
 Or dead as Stagolee!*

## **Katrina**

*Global warmin' in my bed  
 She made the earth move  
 And rocked my world  
 Ergo, I'm suckin'*

*Down on a big brown bosom real tit*  
*She moanin' low*  
*And she ain't shaved shit*  
*My finger wet into her hot flesh*  
*She pulls it out*  
*And licks the drip*  
*I spread her posterior*  
*With my free hand*  
*I bust her poot sack*  
*Till she can't stand*  
*My thick long jawbreaker*  
*Makes her come*

*She worked her hips*  
*Gyratin' so in a rotary motion*  
*'Causing her big heavin'*  
*Breasts to spin*  
*In counter-clock wise full circles*  
*'Round n' 'round*  
*Again n' again*  
*Black nipples and*  
*Areolas contrastin'*  
*On warm brown skin*  
*Looked like fleshy ebony saucers flyin'*

*Then between them thighs*  
*Where the bootay lies*  
*I wedge into a tight pudendum*  
*While Jelly Roll Morton,*  
*The complete Library of Congress recordin's*  
*Drone on in the background*  
*At the Superdome*

*Her name was Katrina  
 She drove 'em into an arena  
 She hit town from the West Coast of Africa  
 Just like the slaves  
 To become an African-American  
 Category 3 tropical storm*

*Now the homeless are stinkin'  
 The city is sinkin'  
 People are lootin'  
 Others are shootin'  
 Folks are angry  
 All of 'em hungry  
 People are dyin'  
 Babies cryin'  
 Nobody's tryin'  
 To end their sufferin'*

*In the middle of the storm  
 With floodin' as well  
 When Katrina comes in  
 The hard winds howl  
 The mean rains fall  
 But Big Easy missed the brunt  
 Y'all overall*

*Bigger than Louis Armstrong's grin  
 She hit the high note  
 With all her wind  
 Now Lake Ponchatrain  
 I denounce  
 Spillin' over*

*Crescent City  
 By the ounce  
 Katrina said to Rita  
 Her gray eye filled with dread  
 Let's take turns  
 And destroy the Gulf Coast  
 Then her eye turned red*

*Katrina told Rita  
 I'll hit and hurt 'em first  
 And flood the 'Old City'  
 With a mother nature  
 Curse*

*Po' N'awlin's Katrina winked  
 And she begin to cry  
 Her tears fell down  
 As drops of rain  
 She cried a monster hurricane*

*Some folks fled  
 Others wound up dead  
 When Katrina came to a head  
 From global warmin'  
 In Neptune's oyster bed*

*Katrina smiled  
 And darkly said  
 Rita come now in my stead  
 You're my sister  
 And best girlfriend  
 My closest tightest next of kin  
 My sweet little pretty sister  
 Now you're my second wind*

*Two ugly mean spirited sisters  
 Came one behind the other  
 Two sisters stormin'  
 From hell  
 Satan's their big brother*

*This rain is an African rain  
 In the rainy season  
 Drops big as bucketsful came  
 Like in the Rwandan forest  
 Or on the Serengeti Plain*

*Noah knew this rain  
 Flowin' into a river  
 Floatin' them on an ark  
 Over the sea and  
 An ocean*

*A new land emerged  
 From this rain  
 To toil and tend  
 'Till crops grow and procreation  
 Fills it back again  
 With people flow  
 From this rain*

*This rain begins  
 A drought of sin  
 Destroyin' all  
 Idolaters within  
 It falls on all  
 The evil ones  
 Behind the walls amen*

*So life is flowerin'  
As ev'ry livin' thing  
Is multiplyin'  
With this rain*

*Hurricane torrents  
To blame  
With no intermission  
From this rain  
40 days and nights  
For mankind's shame  
Heaven opened her portals  
To monsoon on mere mortals  
This rain*

*After God's frightenin'  
Lightnin' flashed  
And His wonder  
Thunder resounded  
Both clashin' in the skies above  
The time I'm speakin' of  
In the Bible  
Explains this rain*

*Soon judgment days gonna come  
 When Gabriel's trumpet sounds  
 Then folks eat manna off the ground  
 With angels flyin' all around  
 People bow at Jesus throne  
 And receive a starry crown  
 Walk on streets paved with gold  
 See pearly gates that surround  
 Many mansions that abound  
 Harps halos and  
 Long white gowns*

*No frowns or sinners found  
 Heaven is a holy happy town  
 Aaron Neville, tenor  
 Sings "Amazin' Grace"*

**D.C. Official: "Most black men and women are domesticated.  
 They behave according to the political dictates of society."**

*Lawdy Miss Clawdy  
 I've got a feelin'*

*Katrina gon' break  
 The Supadome ceilin'  
 And the shards of Crescent City  
 Gonna fall all over me  
 I could bleed to death*

*From multiple stab wounds internally  
 Homeless in the land*

*Of the free  
 Po' with no house  
 Lord I don't wanna be  
 Stuck in the Supadome  
 After dark*

*Or stuck in the Convention Center  
 'Cause Katrina flooded my home  
 When you move you lose  
 And sing them fonky blues  
 Like the Neville Brothers  
 In Congo Square*

*Drain Lake Ponchatrain  
 Pray that it don't rain  
 I feel the people's pain  
 From that bitch's hurricane*

*They say, he said,  
 She said  
 "I can't hold yo' hand  
 No mo'!  
 So go on with the kids"  
 And then she slid  
 Underwater and drown  
 Fo' sho'*

*So . . . have a baby  
 Leave a baby behind  
 Have a wife and family  
 Only half you can find  
 A whole lotta people  
 Did Katrina despise  
 They showed it on TV  
 The whole human race  
 Saw her & Rita's cold black eyes  
 Weathermen saw 'em  
 Glarin' in the skies*

*The Red Cross raised  
\$1 billion  
They'd like another  
That's the goal  
\$2 billion  
Now in the face  
Of donor fatigue  
\$3 billion  
Evacuees don't fret  
But don't be old less  
Y'all get  
Messed over and all wet*

*So stay tuned  
To the weather channel  
Day n' night  
And you can handle  
Yo' business right  
When hurricane season  
Hits the calendar  
On the mantel  
With all its might  
Ev'ry color  
Ev'ry shade  
You're an American  
You got it made  
So live in any city  
Live in any town  
In any part of the country  
We got you covered  
All around  
We'll pick up the slack  
No matter what you lack*

*We're the government  
 For all who dwell in this land  
 And we're here to tell you  
 We'll give you a hand  
 The wheels are in motion  
 We'll conquer the  
 Atlantic Ocean  
 Before we let our  
 Gulf Coast National Guard down  
 Again with lurid imperialism  
  
 In the Lower Nine residences  
 Even though it abates  
 Our sink or swim society  
 We must eschew jet streams  
 That threatens oil and gas  
 For American money in the Gulf  
 We'll need backhoes movin' debris  
  
 With indisputable video evidence  
 Mexican manpower  
 Manual Labor  
 Por favor  
 Señor  
 \$44,000 per year salary  
 Is the average median wage  
 They clear  
 Accordin' to the latest gage  
 1 in 8 Americans  
 Live in poverty  
 Skid row is gonna grow  
 And gas prices are risin' at the store  
 Now you need a second home  
 And liquid assets  
 A whole different voice  
 A whole 'nother force*

*A brand new cool choice*

*Cash Money hip-hop artist  
Beats blastin' uncensored  
Are cranked up higher  
On Bourbon Street*

*We need each other  
Us who think and feel the same  
United in stocks n' bonds  
To form an Instant Industry  
And end poverty and disillusionment  
In the nation  
Damn the damage done in  
N'awlin's  
Buy high n' dry next time  
Sprawlin'*

**Racist: "Once we've attended to our nigger business. We can proceed to the real business at hand in N'awlin's."**

I've never been there, but I've seen it depicted in movies and such, pictures and the like, plus, the stories, folklore and mythology along with the latest urban legend about Katrina and the wake that followed her devastation. This prompted an interest in me as I was about my own task of finding funding for them via music sung and composed, an original catalog of songs donated and bought online. Since I only had the wherewithal to print and feature this concept only, I searched for a way to pay for the lot.

I fell upon this idea in the midst of pirating going online with companies selling music and/or stealing it outright. Anyway, I thought I'd maybe stumbled onto a way to show a part of my work even as poetry, by customers seeing the idea, subjects, etc. Then they would and could pre-order, read 'n request on demand, the whole melody, written by composers and sung by my voice choice from a roster of professional vocalist I have posted with a budget, listing all cost for a potential investors savvy at [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com) my website.

But back to Katrina and her humongous wake, I also see a chance now to present my work to aid in the resettling of the evacuees scattered all over, and bring 'em back home safely with a chance to live there again, another further, this time on high ground.

Only talk is cheap, tell the President, "H.R. 40 \$weet Reparation!" The Superdome syndrome is at the mercy of America. And if the U.S. Government refuses to pay its debt to the Superdome survivors, as a symbol of a nation's truest feelings for them, it's own native New Orleanians . . . who will?

Put yourself in their place, as much as you can for 5 filthy days and 5 nasty nights of torture! Now smell it. . . . Feel it!

See it  
Hear it  
Think it  
Experience it  
Dis it  
Cuss it  
Try it  
Act it  
Fake it

Steal it  
Taste it  
Hunger it  
Fight it  
Live it  
Die it  
Beat it  
Savor it  
Gag it

Take it  
Suffer it  
Think it  
Fear it  
Hide it

Shake it  
Grab it  
Make it  
Rough it  
Pray it

This is for the Superdome sole survivors scattered, displaced, buked, scorned, and the Gulf Coast Holy Ghost helpless, homeless clientele of, 'N' wordz, New Orleans Neglected Ninth Ward Neighborhoodz 'n Need Nationwide Network!

*Think swelter in the shelter*  
*Think overcrowded*  
*Think disgustin'*  
*Think plastic bowls of defecation*  
  
*Think the mother of all odor*  
*Think rampant BO*  
*Think massive halitosis*  
*Think irritable wall-to-wall*  
*Think flatulence 24/7*  
*Think moans n' groans constantly*  
*Think shout outs to Jesus*  
*'Round the clock*  
*Think glossolalia non-stop*  
*Think kids and babies*  
*Cryin' infinitum*  
*Think people vomitin,' bleedin'*  
*Think elderly, sickly, dyin,' dead*  
*Think poundin' rain*

*No let up*  
*Think whirlwinds*  
*Batterin', bustin' a hole in the Dome*  
*Think dirty muddy water*  
*Ev'rywhere*

*Think smeared feces on  
 The Superdome seats  
 Think human waste  
 In heapin' piles upon the floor  
 Think bein' afraid to go to sleep  
 Think about eatin' someone for food  
 Think about eatin' your own fingers  
 Think about drownin' yourself  
 Think about starvin' to death  
 Think about murder  
 Think about lootin'  
 Think about missin' loved ones  
 Think about suicide  
 Think about goin' mad  
 Think about screamin'  
 Think about no electricity  
 Think about no water  
 Think about a hardship endured  
 With societal indifference  
 And petty partial payment for rebuildin'*

*Then re-establishin' post Katrina  
 Neglected Native, N'awlin'z Neighborhoodz  
 in Need via 'N' wordz Inc. Nigga'z wit Nuttin'*

**Nationwide Network**

*Coulda Woulda Shoulda  
 Superdome/ Convention Center Performances plus Feast,  
 Instead of Them Suffering and Starving*

**“Let the Good Times Roll”**

*by Shirley and Lee*

**Bryant Gumbel Ellen DeGeneres Master P. Tyler Perry**

**Arnel Neville John Goodman Jamie Lynn Spears**

**Co-M.C.'s  
and  
Little Romeo  
(4 da kids)**

**Dave Bartholomew Fats Domino Nellie Lutcher**

**Allen Toussaint Aaron Neville Lloyd Price Jerry Lee Lewis**

**Eric Burdon & the Animals Britney Spears The Dixie  
Cups**

**Mystikal Tim McGraw Faith Hill Juvenile**

**Brooks and Dunn Clarence "Frogman" Henry B. G.**

**Gary U.S. Bonds Frankie Ford Better Than Ezra**

**Buddy Guy Faron Young Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown**

**Hank Williams, Jr. Barbara George Harry Connick, Jr.**

**The Neville Brothers: Art, Charles, Aaron, Cyril & Ivan**

**Pete Fountain Linda Hopkins Jean Knight**

**Dr. John Irma Thomas Johnny Rivers**

**The Meters Ellis Marsalis**

**Branford Marsalis Wynton Marsalis**

**Delfeayo Marsalis Jason Marsalis**

**Lucinda Williams Lil' Wayne Wyclef Gordon**

**Dirty Dozen Brass Band Buckwheat Zydeco**

**Preservation Hall Band Dr. Michael White**

**The Best Marching Mardi Gras Indian Band  
&  
Jazz Funeral Band**

**Nicholas Payton Davell Crawford**

**The Philharmonic Orchestra**

**Best Gospel Church Choir**

**Big Chief Bo Dollis and the Wild Magnolias**

**Rebirth Brass Band Snooks Eaglin**

**Walter Wolfman Washington Eddie Bo**

**Irvin Mayfield and the New Orleans Jazz Orchestra**

**Soul Rebels Brass Band D. L. Menard**

## **Request return command performances by:**

**Bob Dylan**

**Paul Simon**

**Jimmy Buffett**

**Dave Matthews**

**Arlo Guthrie**

**Elvis Costello**

**Willie Nelson**

**John Fogerty**

**Randy Newman**

**Linda Ronstadt**

**Keith Urban**

**Yolanda Adams**

**Last, but not least, all the other surprise superstars who  
are commissioned like Harry Belafonte**

**Aretha Franklin Little Richard**

**B.B. King Chuck Berry**

**Patti LaBelle & LaBelle with Pink, Mya and Christina  
Aguilera**

**Sly & the Family Stone Al Green**

**Bill Withers Bo Diddley KoKo Taylor**

**Ike & Tina Turner (One Time Reunion Review!)**

**Michael Jackson Bruce Springsteen Bobby Blue Bland**

**Etta James Bonnie Raitt Norah Jones**

**Lionel Richie Herbie Hancock La India**

**The Ohio Players Mose Allison Ani DiFranco**

**Keb' Mo' Hugh Masekela John Campbell**

**Robert Randolph Doug Kershaw C.J. Chenier**

**Little Feat The Radiators**

**Bishop Paul S. Morton, Sr. Doug E. Fresh**

**Slick Rick Kermit Ruffins Trombone Shorty**

**Warren Haynes Angelique Kidjo Yerba Buena**

**Galactic The Blind Boys of Alabama**

**Woody Allen**

**Superdome, plus, the Convention Center MRE Deliveries  
from: Emeril, Paul Prudhomme and Leah Chase**

**“Ain’t Got No Home”**

**by Clarence `Frogman´ Henry**

*They had a car  
A bigger bankroll  
Bigger than mine  
A thriving business  
Bigger than mine*

*The template of manhood  
A symbiosis sublime  
He’s got these n’ those  
From his head down  
To his toes  
Turns up his pointed nose  
At me  
Miasma of miscegenation  
Creole distingue  
Anomalous  
Baroque-chained democracy  
Cater-corner sacral state of confusion  
What does this portend for them  
New Orleanz is a ‘N’ word  
Neglected Neighborhoodz of Need  
With no Nationwide Network*

*It'll go to seed  
 Unless it remains  
 A success symbol  
 A people place where happy faces smile  
 Day and night  
 Rebuildin' in spite of the differences  
 Aidin' the plight of those at the mercy  
 Of the poor box . . . yeah, right.*

## **Wrought-Iron Irony**

*Hurricane Katrina  
 And Rita erroneously struck another Rita,  
 St. Rita's Nursin' Home  
 Where 30 died anonymously*

*They're adoptin' dogs  
 N' cats for pets now  
 But when Katrina irrupted  
 A Tsunami wouldn't  
 Give blacks nascence  
 As conspiratorial spoils of oil  
 Abrogate their subsidy*

*Soiled spoiled black sugar  
 Sweet from the Domino plant  
 Flows as the wind blows  
 Flotillas from FEMA  
 Facile fall guys  
 Fight fumes fueled from  
 Misappropriations by  
 Leaders in the nation*

**INTERNATIONAL ICON INVITATIONAL  
INSTANT INDUSTRY SONG-A-THON**

**4 The idle poor's  
Expectant entitlement  
In lieu of the absent enlightenment for equality  
A TV channel devoted to  
The Gulf Coast disaster relief  
Out of New Orleans  
Terrestrial and satellite radio simulcast**

**Snipers to Gretna, Louisiana: "Next time we'll cross that bridge when we come to it."**

**'N' wordz, Nee Negroez, Neo-Nazi'z Nemesis think George Bush shoulda been your king of the Mardi Gras, as he made the numbers of black Dooney'z and 3NG gangz nil, null and void compared to before, and I noted there was no outcry from the French Quarterz mostly white occupantz in New Orleans (smile).**

**Now as a handful of chicken feed is scattered in the back yard of country homes down south . . . so shall the politicians issue monies owed to the black immigrants exiled out from emetic, aqueous, unwieldy N'awlin'z. They need to proliferate, naw, not with nasty negative namez, 'N' wordz endured, but as 1=people, chere.**

**1 = People**

**1 = people  
= 1 people  
Don't divide the people**

**Multiply love times all the  
People  
Your people and my people  
God bless the common  
People  
Yes we are the people  
1 = people**

**Red white yellow black  
Tan  
1 = people  
= 1 people**

**Flesh and blood a human  
1 = people  
= 1 people**

**All the angels in heaven  
Buddhist Moslem and  
Christian**

**We're all a part of a great  
Plan  
On each continent and  
Island**

**Subtract no one in the free world  
Ev'ry man woman boy  
Girl - - - -**

**\_\_\_\_\_Top\_\_\_\_\_**

**Each little sunbeam  
 That shines =  
 Each little flower that grows =  
 Each person that I see  
 Is the sum total of life  
 To me - - - -**

**Since creation began  
 1 = people  
 = 1 people**

**Made by the same Father's hand  
 1 = people  
 = 1 people  
 When the Maker commanded  
 Descendants of Adam  
 Got banned**

**From the Garden of Eden  
 To explore the earth  
 And expand it**

**To speak French Swahili  
 Italian  
 Spanish Chinese and  
 American - - - -**

**\_\_\_\_\_Top\_\_\_\_\_**

**An antediluvian anonymous antebellum-attired blind date at the 2005 Mardi Gras Ball leaves her escort in the dark, escaping masked and unknown after stealing his money and broken heart. Now he, the duped tourist, conned conventioner must leave town, but returns rich to find her and does, hiding in the Superdome during Hurricane Katrina, from her master, a heartless black man, who when the waters subside, demands payment from the love sick conventioner, exactly what the French sold Louisiana for, \$12 million . . . in order to have her forever. And to add to the wrought-iron irony, the beautiful Creole woman sex slave in question is a namesake of the state, starring Denzel & Halley with Terrence Howard as Robaire, a today black sex slaver, so ev'rybody 2<sup>nd</sup> line back home 2 B extras & get paid.**

## **Louisiana Purchase**

**Nocturne lady in  
N'awlin's  
Cash conventioners  
Sprawlin'  
Parasol parades ballin'  
To the Bourbon Street  
Beat  
Struttin' in the  
French Quarter  
Sexy land of dreams  
Daughter  
Southern gentlemen  
Oughta  
Riverboat paddle you**

**Louisiana Purchase**  
**Of love**  
**Spicy hot**  
**Cruisin' on the Mississippi**  
**Moonlight**  
**Hits the spot**  
**I'm romantically fallin'**  
**Praline love nuts**  
**In N'awlin's**  
**Louisiana is**  
**Gnawin'**  
**And clawin' at me**

**Red light district**  
**Creole has**  
**Voodoo woman**  
**Razz ma tazz**  
**Wrought iron**  
**Balcony kisses**  
**Above the birthplace**  
**Of jazz**

## **Robaire the Cockhound**

**Robaire the cockhound**  
**Cajun Creole after sundown**  
**Mississippi River bound**  
**Robaire will abscond**  
**With your zydeco heart . . .**  
**By the love pound**

**Geechee spirit in your soul  
Hambone heartbeat mind control  
Told me a lie you was out with  
The girls  
Wearin' a big wig of long  
Blonde curls**

**Sashayin' into our bedroom  
Spreadin' your scent of sweet  
Perfume  
Smellin' like Patti LaBelle  
And our marriage is goin' to hell  
My Michael Jordan cologne  
Just can't keep you at home**

**I don't want you back on the  
Rebound  
If you've been a bitch  
With a cockhound  
He's chasin' stray women  
Around town  
And makin' they last love drop  
Come down**

**Beware of Robaire the cockhound  
He howls in the night  
Where the lost delights of loves  
Buried sugar bones are found**

**Robaire the cockhound's world**

**Renown**

**He stays in the doghouse**

**Escaped from the pound**

**He preys on fine women in heat**

**Sniffin' at fire hydrants**

**On main street**

**He goes at love just like**

**A pit bull**

**Jumpin' over stonewalls for a**

**Mouthful**

**Just like a rottweiler**

**He'll puppy love doggy style ya**

**He'll mount up behind ya**

**So let me remind ya**

**Beware of Robaire the cockhound**

**When you hear his soulful sound**

**Le w o o o o o o o o o o o o**

**(New Orleans)**

**Le w o o o o o o o o o o o o**

**(Louisiana)**

**Beware brotha beware**

**Take care sista take care**

**Stay clear mista stay clear**

**Robaire's a one night affair**

**Robaire cocky Robaire**

**Is out there huntin' somewhere**

**Lookin' for some strange derriere**

**Robaire the cockhound**  
**Will rip off your nightgown**  
**Tear you to bits**  
**Freak you to fits**  
**Gnaw you like a bone**  
**Then leave you alone**

**Robaire the cockhound**  
**Cajun Creole after sundown**  
**Mississippi River bound**  
**Robaire will abscond**  
**With your zydeco heart . . .**  
**By the love pound**

## **Voodoo Valentine**

**Loozana lady**  
**Seductress sublime**  
**Stickin' little pins**  
**In my picture all the time**  
**Love hex from Haiti**  
**You're a voodoo valentine**

**Magnolia mama**  
**Bewitching boucoup**  
**You haunt like the ghost**  
**Of Marie Laveau**  
**Now spellbound and**  
**Southbound**  
**I'm coming back to you**

**New Orleans is Crescent City  
 On the Gulf of Mexico  
 That's the place  
 I Miss . . . issippi River go  
 And when I'm deep down there  
 Creole Cajun queen I know  
 You're workin' mumbo jumbo  
 And major mojo**

**Loozana woman  
 How can you be  
 So riverboat ruthless  
 To cast love's curse on me**

**Loozana lover  
 I'm in a love trance  
 Your hocus pocus potion  
 Charmed me at first glance  
 Voodoo valentine  
 My heart never had a chance**

**Loozana baby  
 Mamselle so fine  
 I'm mint julep hazy  
 A bayou zombie cryin'  
 Said only Satchmo's trumpet  
 Wards off a voodoo valentine**

**Loozana lady  
 Let's end this romance  
 By playin' Louis Armstrong  
 While we Dixieland slow dance  
 And masquerade French Quarter kisses  
 Laced with John the Conqueror root wine**

Now only Satchmo's trumpet  
 Wards off a voodoo  
 Valentine  
 Love hex from Haiti  
 You're a voodoo valentine

## “Ain’t That a Shame”

by Fats Domino

*Katrina breached the levee  
 Dirty water  
 Rushin’ in  
 Water darker  
 Dusky blacker  
 Than the shade of  
 African skin  
 Deluged drowned  
 Destroyed  
 The 17<sup>th</sup> Street Canal  
 In Lakeview  
 7<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> & 9<sup>th</sup> Wards  
 Gentilly  
 New Orleans East  
 Jefferson Parish, Tremé, 12<sup>th</sup> Ward  
 St. Bernard Parish, Algiers a teeny-weeny bit  
 But not nay drop  
 In the affluent Garden District  
 Hit  
 Rich people  
 White people*

*Just you people  
 Fucked over people  
 Should refuse to be cowed  
 \$weet Reparation=money  
 Sour Reparation=none  
 \$weat Reparation=work*

*Whites the ultimate  
 Blacks an insult  
 Browns the result  
 Reds a tumult  
 Amber an occult*

When the French Quarter goes underwater, New Orleans is a ghost town. “Saints” is played on a lonely cornet, a solo by the ghost of greats, Buddy Bolden, King Oliver or Manuel Perez and maybe Satchmo. While Katrina with a fresh magnolia in her hair, sips a mint julep in the rushes on Bourbon Street.

Ev’ry street’s a Canal Street now. Voodoo priest swim with surfen’ zombies going into the drive-through daiquiri bars for a drink. Sailin’ high on crystal meth from haunted Lafayette Cemetery No. 2, sippin’ Southern Comfort after a gang of goblins gathers at the Superdome, where po’ ass folks can’t go back home.

Tourist who traveled to the city, see the devastation, smell the debris and some can’t get out again. Lord, it’s a shame and pity they’re all trapped 12 feet below sea level. Thousands could drown at the breached, floodin’ levees, caused by 175 m.p.h. gusts in the mouth of the Mississippi River, and all along the Gulf region. They might as well nuke New Orleans accordin’ to the news, which preached total devastation and prayed the evacuated escaped.

**To repeat, Noah knew a sinful city; it rained 40 days and nights. God slew the idolaters inside the walls while the righteous rain falls on highways, roads, streets, bridges and brackish waters rise, then wild winds blow stingin,' burnin,' numbin,' blindin' your eyes. It's boarded up along the tracks of the streetcar named Desire, a route where Goth gumbo gobblers revel, still suckin' up Hurricane go-cups. Until the storm subsides, the city hides in attics, holdin' on without fresh water and food. The mood of the city is crude, decimated by the storm, flood, FEMA, politics, death, homelessness, mildew, mold and mud.**

**I scripted a challenge to the recording industry that could help the cause by supplying the things needed and resettle the roused, ousted residents back in the city to rebuild their homes. I got the talent rosters from the Big 4 labels and I'll commission the best ones to sing the bought and/or donated songs I collect.**

**Post Katrina Ka-Ching Re-Starter Kit 4 New Orleans and the Gulf Coast survivors to assuage hurricane fatigue and ennui.**

## **Crescent City Challenge to the Big 4 Recording Companies**

- 1. Vivendi Universal Music Group**
- 2. Sony BMG**
- 3. Warner Music Group Corp.**
- 4. EMI Group**

That they contribute 25% each, against earnings made in 2010 by us, of the first dollar gross points in matching grants, to be donated to the new music's cause for the returning, resettling, rebuilding of the Ninth Ward residents concerns and best wishes in New Orleans. This fund will foster the basic needs of temporary shelter with services: banks, stores, food stores, drug stores, gas stations, etc., in the immediate afflicted area to assure these citizens in their quest to re-establish homes and occupy the space they dwelled in before, or receive an opportunity to relocate in another acceptable, to them, space that suits their fancy and is equal in dimensions to the space they lost in the city because of Katrina. This is the purpose of the Crescent City Challenge to the Big 4 Recording Industry major labels.

## The American Idle Poor

*St. Xavier  
 Implored  
 The blessed Savior  
 To stop  
 Katrina's crass ass behavior  
 When she exposed her  
 Hairy labia and spewed  
 A hurricane  
 The priest mourned  
 The deceased and blessed 'em  
 Then he made another proposal  
 That was promptly put in  
 The rejection disposal*

*So Katrina rained  
All over the Gulf,  
Switchin' her whale tail  
Humpin' up and down  
The coasts spine*

*Boldly she broke wind  
To rub it in  
Destroyin' all from  
Her behind  
As the pundits argued  
About intelligent design*

*The red tape red-tagged  
Who ran ragged at  
The Superdome  
Long to be back 14 feet  
Below sea level  
With 14,000  
In the Lower Nine  
And \$14 billion below  
The poverty line  
As for poor vs. prosperous  
People  
Shouldn't be no mo' po'  
No po' box  
No idle po'  
Just Po' Boy sandwiches  
To eat while sippin'  
Abita amber, a local brew  
Along with Hubig pie  
Pineapple or peach for  
Desert*

## **Idle hands**

**Idle hands  
Idle hands  
Idle hands  
Idle hands**

**My mama and my papa  
When I was but a child  
Warned me 'bout a man  
With idle hands**

**My uncle and my auntie  
Whispered 'bout my cousin  
Said he'd never amount to much  
With idle hands**

**Idle hands get busy  
Working in the city  
Build a better city  
With idle hands**

**Idle hands do something  
Even if you wash them  
That could make a difference  
With idle hands  
Idle hands  
Idle hands  
Idle hands  
Idle hands**

**I can't fondle fingers  
Dangling from a body  
Only doing nothing  
With idle hands**

**Why are you not like others  
I could have known and loved  
Instead I find you sitting  
With idle hands  
Idle hands don't hold me  
Idle hands don't move me  
'Til you do what I told you  
With idle hands**

**Idle hands  
Idle hands  
Idle hands  
Idle hands**

**Thus, the online n' offline book of song lyrics 2 B viewed, pre-ordered and then recorded on demand by professional singers, commissioned and volunteers, a perfect voice choice with each song. You pay ten dollars per song in advance for The Crescent City Challenge aforementioned above. So please allow 6 weeks to record, ship offline, plus, the same online to download, satisfaction or money back guaranteed!**

**Each purchase of a song pays for the establishment of a high yield, music bond company to finance the Crescent City Challenge to the Big 4 recording labels via our online/offline song subscription service store, featuring an Instant Industry International Icon Imagination-wide Song-a-Thon on TV, rendering of custom Recorded Works of Art sung expressly for this venture by donations from benevolent superstars. As you need the whole of the recording industry to concentrate, assist**

**and fight that damn, deep, down and out depression, loss, etc., with cash, and hopefully help decimation and discrimination disappear with better urban development, using this equal opportunity open invitational, commission and volunteer event for outsourced offerings from international and national music industry pros and amateur prospects performing a new catalog, in Jesus name!**

**This article appeared in Paper Doll Magazine, April 2006.**

## **Chapter 2**

### **Voodoo Vomit**

**I'm known as Dignified Druthers for the magazine articles I write. I'm probably more familiar to most who read my stuff in real men's magazines on the racks. I've been a regular in "Paper Doll" recently and now I'm looking at the possibility of branching out to a new cyber venue for me. I've got my eye on the online magazine "Spy Boy" based in New Orleans. They e-mailed me and I called 'em back on the phone collect. My reasons for this quest started with my off and on Post-Katrina scribblings that know no end and seem to have a mind of their own. I realize however, many, actually plenty writers are clinging to that overcrowded bandwagon.**

**It's hard to explain the depth of my commitment. It overwhelms my sensitivities at the damnest time and in the strangest ways and in the oddest places. Consequently, since I am a published writer, I have an obligation to make my voice and opinions heard.**

**My thoughts are not as tame as many articles I've written and/or rejected in my mind. And I feel if I keep sitting on my secret writings on this beaten to death story, I will soon have a book. It should be a whole book by now, as I've been at it since they televised the first day back a year ago in 2005. You see I think I know why America refuses to get involved in helping the evacuees, which are the main object of my hot piece so far. They, the exiled in question are black and poor. This has been turned into a silent persecution, because the President of the United States ignores their plight and the governor has no fight**

left to address this grave human injustice and the mayor's black hands are tied tight in red tape as he is bound by the special interest that shadowed his re-election to office, consequently, all is compromised so that the American people accept the idea it is being handled to the best of the nation's ability in sound bites and photos, articles, documentaries, specials, etc.

Hell, many good folks sent checks and supplies, plus, others went there to move the rot and debris, after others had done heroic missions in airboats, with helicopters and trucks to rescue and save many lives there in that flooded area of the 'Old City,' blessed by tradition, culture and art, though cursed by this thing that's racial, damn it. And because it was and is bigoted for America to refuse to restore it via their own recreant Congressmen and Senators, by a vote of confidence. The respect for all poor human life, especially, black fellow countrymen and women with children is self-evident as we find ourselves in a sacrificial lamb frame of mind, giving over these poor souls unlucky enough to have the pigmentation problem in our racist society, worse than a disaster, to the likes of FEMA.

I know the thinking and some, not all of the negative hard hate, even tough love stuff works. Yeah. I believe the evacuees should shoulder the responsibility for their burden upon taxpayers. Yeah, I can get into the fact that you can't run away from your problems. You must face them and persevere, showing heart and above all else character and forthright righteous independence. O.K., O.K., I know, but you must consider and allow for shock and a redirection of these qualities because of the obvious ugly treatment the victims experienced. This is the only point I'd dwell on, that rings true. Although I realize we still, rather they should have put a plan of their own together and a leader should have emerged by the

**4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> day in the Superdome at least. Then again, many would argue, and rightfully so, talk is cheap, and not even Dr. King at his oratorical best could quell an empty stomach, then revive and refresh a tired, weak filthy body. That soiled person's attention span was on receiving fast relief. Thus, reaction was rhetoric resistant to any attempt at grandstanding or political agendas. I dare suspect this is the reason Mayor Nagin stayed away and only lived in the same town, but not the same place and condition. That's why he only, maybe drove by the "Dome," but didn't have the heart to address the unfortunates trapped in that melee to be sufferer's over and over until it got so bad, welfare, unemployment, homelessness, even racism seemed acceptable and a welcome burden to them.**

**To be hungry and go hungrier in the most powerful nation on earth is purely and act of evil, not political neglect. To be dirty, then filthy because of conditions is a horror to behold in great numbers, all together at the same time like Holocaust victims. The Iraq War paled in importance beside this setting of dire circumstances, accept in the minds of those in the seat of power at the White House, Congress, the Senate, the State Capitol of Louisiana and make shift city hall in New Orleans. So then chaos was contagious as there was no real leader to steer a course and set an accomplishable goal for all of those Americans, black and white, etc., watching TV and reading this myriad of accounts, expressing the usual line of "You have to come here to see it."**

**I don't have to come there to see it. I saw it on TV as everybody else did. I don't need to smell it. I believe it stank to high heaven. I don't need nor want to experience it as it is plain to see it's an off the charts, painful position to be in! New Orleans is the challenge, too bad it is subjective, and the war in Iraq gets the juice, oozing as black gold there.**

I knew when I started hopelessly freelance writing this subject I would be beating dead Secretariat. I just couldn't control my feelings that came over me at will, rendering me another guy putting forth a creative effort on the page to right their wrong of our age here in this black, red, white and blue land. The people down at "Spy Boy" online magazine had an impressive subscription number I read, over a million. I didn't think they could pay me much if they were at ground zero, Post-Katrina, but I couldn't resist the idea of having my work released from the Big Easy itself.

"Spy Boy" featured black political and racial takes on everything in an intelligent, highly earthy, exciting approach that got them Word of Mouth and a worldwide readership to boot. The editor and owner was a woman. I addressed my first communication on the phone to her. I referred her to the things I wrote in the aforementioned last issue of "Paper Doll," the men's offline magazine I made a living writing for. "Paper Doll" had subscriptions totaling over two million and sold on the racks, over the same amount, doubling up when the cover warranted it, with a woman posing under a brown paper bag over the picture, that was nearly always buck wild mad naked and beyond suggestive, but out right prurient, with interspersed interior intellectual articles. I flinched at this porn debauchery and hoped she, the editor; owner of "Spy Boy" would understand my professional predicament.

Time passed, as it always does and I had thirty-seven cents on my desk at the hotel I lived in on Rodeo Drive of all places. I won't say the absorbent amount I paid to be here for a day at a time, like I did from time to time to impress a future employer, a lady and just to escape my humdrum existence, living in the home of my widowed sister-in-law and cheap motels, I usually slept at in L.A. for sex; I changed them like my underwear. I lived off my advances, not too smart for a sixty-nine year old

shirt and tie suit wearing, shinned shoe, homburg hat, gold watch fob sporting Blackman, way overweight, thinning pate atop my head, with high blood pressure to worry about on top of all the above. Anyway these were my life crosses to bear as of the minute when the phone rang. Her voice was that sun-belt twang I could get hooked on. It had a built in sexy smile that was hidden behind the sly guile and guise of strictly business and I'm in charge motha fucka, so don't you ever forget it B.S.

I used my best bass baritone voice and made sure to enunciate every word, especially the endings of plurals I usually murder, except in print on my laptop. She was attentive, a good listener when I answered her most pertinent probing into my current position as a freelance writer. I convinced her I could and would write exclusively for "Spy Boy" if she insisted, since she liked my work. I was broke to the bone, and didn't want to beg, con or make myself a big boring pest by asking for any money, yet. But as a real miracle would have it, she inquired if I could come to New Orleans because she had some special projects in mind she felt I should write.

I had my opening and I didn't hesitate to get the how, where and what I had to do. She relaxed me with a laugh, a friendly one I liked right off as it put my mind at ease. She said I could stay at her cabin on the bayou and write. She assured me she would pay me with an advance, if I came on my own. I understood her reluctance to trust me, a stranger, until I was on her turf. After all I could just get the money and rip her off, right? I'd never do this, but she didn't know my character and integrity.

I had this credit card I'd never used. I got the damn thing at the bank. I put just enough in my account to keep it open. I guess the card had about five hundred dollars on it. I'd have to pay my own way there and back in case we couldn't come to terms. I agreed to tell her of my obsession I didn't understand, concerning her hurting city. She believed I might have a calling to come there and write for "Spy Boy." We hung up when I said I'd leave on the first plane out today after I packed a bag.

We both figured I'd arrive that night at Louis Armstrong Airport. I left the hotel in good conscious as the credit card was accepted and I paid my room service bill for breakfast, tip, liquor cabinet and tax. I wrote a check I had against the bill and got back seventy-eight dollars for cab fare. I got to LAX, paid for my ticket and caught the first thing out on a United Jet, I think. I was moving so fast I couldn't keep track of the trivial anymore. I bought a round trip ticket and pretty much exhausted my credit card. I prayed I could pay for a bus to Tallulah's Visitors' Center where I'd meet with my new boss. I sent these scribblings I made in my mad dash to New Orleans to "Spy Boy."

*H.R. 40 Music Bonds in lieu of what is owed until it is paid on that great day in the mornin' comin' to all black heads of households, descendants of slaves now red blooded Americans will be compensated for the grave injustice to them, for the innocent people who died, died in vain, unless the people in America band together and recall this imposter President and his whole misguided regressive regime. He knows how to spin a lie to the people and get a photo-op like Paris Hilton, etc. It doesn't matter to him what he says or doesn't say at this stage of the lie. He can change the subject when things get too hot to handle.*

*We'll take our H.R. 40 Music Bonds to these declamators in Congress and the Senate, as they won't escape being pinned down on our crucial social issue by hiding behind what they like to consider broader problems, usually war and or some other topic up for grabs along party lines. They can pontificate with other known bigots slinking around the halls of the Nations Capitol, sans hoods and sheets. We will take H.R. 40 Music Bonds to them personally, the Supreme Court too, and the jive ass President, up there, by exposing the vulgarities they live with anti black, red, white and blue and bring out their true racist feelings.*

**I had to stop as my jet was ready to land and I couldn't wait to leave. One of my fellow passengers threw up on the plane when we landed. A brass band welcomed and greeted us when we deplaned at Louis Armstrong International Airport in the great city of New Orleans, Louisiana. We were greeted to a concert of second line marching band favorites that held tight to the soulful tradition of the place. "Saints" was blasted ad nauseam at us in blaring cheerful tones, and I admit to a lighter feel, a pep, as they say, in my step.**

**I passed a restaurant called "Stinkin' Good," I could smell when I went to get my bag. I kept my laptop and briefcase with me on the plane. I cleared security, still enforced, looking for terrorist foolish enough to try this highly suspicious act of trying to blow up . . . whatever they are suppose to be targeting. I'm a holdout of course, a 9/11 conspiracy theorist die hard, who believes fervently the government, those in the loop had the World Trade Center and the rest of this mass massacre perpetrated upon innocent victims, in order to establish a hold, militarily in that oil rich region. I could expound on my theory as others have and do, but I have no proof and it's only my honest belief they're guilty.**

I caught a bus as I was told to do, headed for a tourist center on the bayou, forty miles away called Tallulah's Visitor Center. I'd never been to the famous, infamous city of New Orleans before and I didn't get a chance to really see and enjoy it. The bus by-passed the city and headed to the highway past a white couple hurling on the street. I felt a change in the air and scenery as the surroundings became extremely verdant, and I could see great snatches of waterways that winded, then bended hidden suddenly by cypress, oaks, even palm and willow trees with an abundant undergrowth on both sides of the bus.

We turned up a gravel road off the highway and there it was, Tallulah's Visitors Center in neon red and blue letters shinning in the modern brick building, made in a 'round type design. Beside it was a larger building with Jelly Roll Morton Motel in the same neon. I got off the bus, broke as before in the Regency Hotel, on Rodeo Drive, when I was down to my last thirty-seven cents in L.A. I still had my checkbook and by now an invalid credit card. But not to worry, as I had carte blanche credit arranged by my employer, who said she had a strong connection here.

I registered, and my room was paid in full, plus room service, or I could simply charge my meals in the two restaurants there. I went up to my room on the second floor of this three-floor motel. I was in the rear and had a view of the opening between tall trees of the famed bayou. I stood and got an eyeful of the water there, calm and still with a glimpse of the end of a pier showing a smattering of fishing and tourist boats full of laughing, happy on vacation out-of-towners, I guessed, and closed the heavy yellow curtain. I had a balcony and a miniature bar, which I raided immediately. It was well stocked and I sampled Cognac, two, three in fact, like shooters in those tiny bottles. I felt I shouldn't unpack because the boss lady said

she'd meet me here this Friday night after work. I settled down with the seafood I ordered from room service and hit the tiny bar again. This time I tried the wine, a white, with the fish and a red for me. I opened my laptop and read the latest issue of "Spy Boy" online. It cost one hundred dollars to subscribe for a year. I used my credit card once more, crossing my fingers at the rejection sure to come this time.

I marveled when it was easily accepted and wondered exactly how much money I had on this magic card. I didn't remember that part of the transaction, when I opened my little checking account in L.A. Maybe I had mo' money, I thought hoping they'd made a mistake in my favor. It could happen, I could have checked it out before I left and used it more, but I rather preferred this element of shock and surprise.

I'd noticed the common door I never liked between two rooms in many hotels before. It was there as an adjoining convenience, I assume for families with small children and such. The sun was setting with a beautiful bayou glowing, gleam of mixed hues that I opened the curtains to appreciate. A black goddess stood on the balcony next to mine to the left. She had long braided tresses and a flower in her hair, a white gardenia, I thought. She was dressed in a white pants outfit with matching stiletto high heel shoes and pearls hung 'round her graceful ebony neck.

She was the same fine woman I'd seen on TV in a documentary, walking down a deserted street in the Lower Ninth Ward, while speaking in an interview. I'd know her baring anywhere. Her intelligence captured my interest when she spoke on TV, but I was mostly into her great thighs, so meshed tight together as she strode over the vacancy she passed on both sides of the debris piled street she used to live on. Her full healthy black thighs, dark flashing eyes, the thick hair that she wore ever so proudly in a style I'd never touched, only seen a little on TV maybe. It suited her all of it. Now she was my next-door neighbor. I cleared my raspy throat. She turned to see me; our eyes embraced the moment and enjoyed the shared contact compulsion with whatever those lucky enough to do so get from a first glance, they'll never forget as long as they both live.

Her knowing smile put me at a speechless place mentally and I could only nod and she was gone. I don't know why, but next something moved me to look toward the closed common door again. And she knocked upon it softly. I managed a "Yeah!" and she opened the damn thing wide, standing there a vision dressed to the nines in the sylvan swampy bayou sunset. I finally spoke, "Please come in, won't you . . . I saw you on TV in a documentary. You were . . . just like now, beautiful. You're the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen. Please come in; I'm called Dignified, Dignified Druthers, I'm a writer. I write articles online. I just got here from L.A. It's my first visit to The Big Easy . . ."

She was smiling broadly at me and it disarmed me completely when she said, "I know, I'm your new editor. Hi, I see you got here without a hitch, so we can head out to the cabin and get acquainted."

I was overcome, but I stood my ground, collected my soul that spilled upon the purple carpet and I said seriously, “My pleasure, I’m pleased to meet you. I had no idea you were you, I mean the sexy woman in the documentary. I’d planned to look you up though, as soon as I got to Crescent City.

“Well, she said, you can tell me all about it in my boat. Get your things and we can get going . . . or if you like we can venture down to Sydney’s, the supper club here. They always have the hippest artist performing.”

“Yeah,” I said with a grin that belied my deeper interest in her offer. She took my meaning to be with her and stay in her pretty as a picture presence as long and often as I could to heart.

The décor of Sydney’s Supper Club was fabulous, with tremendous paintings wall to wall of jazzy early New Orleans, when the giants of the genre ruled musically in this town. There was a big sidewall full of Satchmo in all his sainted marchin’ in glory, his golden trumpet in hand on a bandstand with Sydney on the clarinet, Kid Ory, trombone, Jelly Roll Morton on piano, etc. and a woman vocalist, clearly Mahalia Jackson. I was impressed to the bone. My boss lady had the run of the place and she sat like a New Orleans black beauty queen at the table positioned just so, for us to have privacy and get an eagles eye view of the show.

Somebody had the brains to get the entire late great trumpeter, bandleader extraordinaire, Erskine Hawkins’ 1940’s charts and a live big band laid ’em on us. A white singer I never heard before crooned like Arthur Prysock, one of my favorites, and a girls group from Japan sang a bunch of old Motown hits.

I made what I thought might be a horrible faux pas, when we slow danced. I was under her spell and could not control my thoughts about her chocolate tempting thighs I'd pry open and make my way deep into the deliciousness of her camel-toe vagina. She noticed right off and seemed to allow the erection there that would not quit as we moved together to Aaron Neville's solid soul hit "Tell It Like It Is." I was no longer ashamed or embarrassed while her ample body answered the call with its amorous response. When the sexy song ended, we took the magnum of Champagne unopened on the table from the bucket and rushed back to my room. She asked me if I had a license for that . . . pointing to my hard on which refused to go down or give an inch.

"Yeah," I told her, bowing my head in shyness that I felt for my obvious lust for her.

Then she asked, as she kicked off her high heels, "Have you got a condom for it?"

"Yeah," I admitted, what with the way the world was and my being a single guy out in it, I was ready. I hadn't had an occasion for three months to use one, but I got the new pack from my bag.

Now she was in her bra and panties. Lord, I nearly leaped into bed with all my poundage. But I eased wisely instead beside her and I caught a good whiff of her fragrance of femininity. I couldn't wait and touched her vagina, right on the heaping mound of her pubic hair I loved, so thick and curled, tangled and wet, long and black . . . she moaned and I kept my finger moving into the interior of her being. She let go a yelp I loved and turned for my first big kiss, I hungrily gave and got back in a swoon that she couldn't stymie, while she caressed my towering penis.

Although I was heavy set, a senior citizen, even fat, nah, obese, I had an asset that always saved the day. It never ever failed me, but twice, once when I was twelve and I made the mistake of showing my vast enormity to a white girl, fifteen out back by my fence in Pittsburgh. She looked at the sight and exclaimed, "It's too big!" Another time I was doing it, I'd just started and before I could enter the labia, she reached down and felt the bulky head of my manhood, let out a shriek and split.

Now my lovely employer was getting a grip 'round the circumference and spanning the length of my generous gift to her, expanding, extending exceedingly as I held my breath and kept my fingers probing the open sodden, wetter than runny opening in my hand and I worked it, milking it as she wiggled and writhed, moaning and groaning a more than just heavy breathing, but litany of exciting wordage I delighted in coming to an erection beyond one I ever achieved. She whispered breathlessly with abandon a wanton salacious exclamation and question, "Damn, goddamn that's a big black mother fucker, man. How did you grow it so big and long?"

Before I could think of an answer she'd mounted me and began to gyrate her intentions and aims in a fury now. In no time she came and came and came until as if she were a rag doll, I rolled her over on her stomach. I couldn't stave off my agony, and the pull of orgasm upon anal penetration in one jerk and pump, brought us both a pleasure neither had ever known. We clung close all night and when morning came, so did we, again. The sunlight on the bayou shown mystically, calling us to the swamp, beckoning and waiting in adventure excitement and romance. We'd passed the biggest test a man and woman have to face, intimacy. Once you have that in flying colors, the rest is a piece of king cake.

We showered after another romp, room service, another romp and nap. At midday lying spooned together; my big frame was not even a thought. She gave me such ambition, I got up to write as she rolled 'round in bed, even laughing at her and my ability to please the other infinitum.

The visitor center was lush and ripe with colorful flowers and nosy nature in the sunshine. I heard the frightening fauna growl and howl all night. Now I was impressed with the flora, as primroses, azaleas bloomed along garden paths. And for some strange reason, I wrote this off the top of my heart.

*She was married to the mainframe, Tulane brain and rode often on horseback, cantering on an Audubon Park riding path. She was forlorn, a cheated on, co-owner of the prized property in question, a large, old Victorian structure with a grand front porch, painted tan, plus brown trimming. It sat regally, echoing a time long gone in New Orleans. But this was still the exclusive, elite Garden District and up to it's standards, ways, habits and entanglements today. The man of the house was sitting outdoors at a sidewalk café on Magazine Street with the pretty proprietor of a rare bookstore there for lunch. They lived like New Orleanians use to.*

I stopped short, realizing my wide departure from the real problems, as I'd strayed, attempting my hand at a love story of all things. Back on track, I wrote again, while my editor in chief readied herself in her room, next to mine, through a common door.

*There will be a fund in place to relocate the vanquished so they can live another further. My work will act as collateral for H.R. 40 Music Bonds to be sold to investors in or out of the New Orleans Neighborhoods 'n Need. When a new song I buy from unknown talented composers is sung by pros and is bought by the public, it will assist in the rebuilding, plus, wage earning opportunities and the establishment of a nationwide network on behalf of expectant entitlements earned in Post-Katrina Government Grants.*

*These high yield bonds I call Music Bonds, to finance the victims of the storm in New Orleans Lower Ninth Ward will be sold for a song. I challenge the Big 4 recording companies each and the U.S. Government for matching grants equaling the amount earned from a buy and sell song catalog by the year 2008, to finance the forgotten, to rebuild homes wherever it is safest to replace the ones once occupied on the empty lots left by these same people, forced to haul ass leave town.*

*Fractious as it is, Hurricane Katrina put New Orleans on the map and world stage. Not the voodoo, mojo gumbo, home of jazz, music, racial traditions or racial pigmentation divides, but the shit storm put the whole damn thing up on the examination table and under a mega-microscope (MRI) and beyond for all those millions watching on TV worldwide and reading about the happenings there from newspaper, Internet and/or magazine accounts, who gave a fat fuck about the outcome as it was unveiled.*

*The corruption and double standards, all the cronyism, hidden hand, brother-in-law deals, nepotism, incest, and outright criminal illegal industry, activist activity that permeates the very fiber, fabric and core of Crescent City are brought to bear today.*

*People either want to stay way away from the toxicity and graft that exist hand in hand or some more heroic mission might even be curious to come and see the atrocity Bush visited upon the outcast occupants, who were run out of their own hometown and forced to start all over again in another po' ass setting and style of life, in another cities' slum.*

*I for one do not give a shit storm if the folks in Iraq have a democratic government, or even if they elect another Saddam Hussein president. I'd rather they do whatever the hell they see fit to do as long as I don't have to hear about it over our own domestic problems here. For we come first to me. I wish them the best, but on their terms not mine or this administrations. Saying this, I believe New Orleans and the Gulf Coast sends the bigger better message to America and the world and that is to take care of home first and don't fight on two fronts at once or serve two masters, Bush and Cheney.*

*Now, I don't think the black evacuees should have left New Orleans because if they'd of stayed in the French Quarter, the dry spot there would have made the difference. Then Bush would have to make a move over his own order of presidential neglect to FEMA and Michael Brown. Brownie, as did all of the awash, affected, afflicted appointees the administration sent down, obeyed the Commander-in Chief's washed up wishes. So to hell with post shit storm, unsocial service crap, anyway. No need treat it any differently than the Mexican Americans, who demonstrated in L. A. with half a million people, protesting against the immigration injustices plotted against them.*

*The New Orleans black leadership missed a chance to demonstrate the same thing on TV for days probably, to suffer no more than three days before financial aid would be brought into play P.R. wise to save face, as the world was watching in the earliest stages, post-Katrina. Some will disagree, thinking this is said in hindsight, but I hoped for this tactic then when I was disappointed by America's dereliction of duty.*

*I'd have hip-hop stars strike against the Big 4 labels and work non-profit, under one banner leaving the major labels in the corporate dust of indecision, if they refuse to cooperate. The hip-hop artists need to help the people get a leg up, and become the co-leaders of the movement for real, financially speaking, selling music bonds, artists from each hometown city with urban blight, serve.*

*I don't believe hip-hop stars would be caught with their pricey designer drawers down and not do shit for Katrina victims, evacuees from the Gulf Coast and the traditional home of jazz, New Orleans. I mean, there must be over one hundred big name acts in the hot as hell hip-hop hustle, that if all of them united for the cause, with at least a twenty-five per cent kickback from their four parent labels in a matching grant to help keep the people ruined by disaster close, and pay clean up crews of the debris, plus, put in services, especially the electricity, water, gas, phones, etc., they could earn all the money via music bonds to the public and garner matching grants from the government, then the country would be forced to focus on the tragedy as an opportunity to do some good, instead of just war alone in Iraq. The nation needs to roll up*

*her sleeves and rebuild Crescent City as a human nature response and project for posterity. It might just be your city next time going through the negative throes of the current administrations indifference and finding your state and city or town deadlocked in disagreement about the most natural answer because of lies, red tape and disingenuous officials acting and reacting to a lousy, lame duck fuck up's bunch in D.C.*

*Ergo, hip-hop should become the co-hegemony of this movement to bust a move 'em all back home and restore ev'ry last abode therein. Hip-hop needn't sweat the whole cost of this cool idea, as it can hook up with country music, rock, gospel, r&b,, jazz, folk and others. All the genres should be involved with the same ambition to bring the nation and the world back to the subject of not just wreck and ruin, but hired help working to clear the rubble and raise the homes destroyed so the next rebuilding phase can take place. But first you must care for the ones most affected by this horror of vast proportion, allowed to flood the Lower Ninth Ward. The key is money to pay the way back. That is the best recourse to compete with all the wasted attention on this empty, ridiculous war in Iraq for oil spoils.*

*I feel if hip-hop cares about its own dubious future, they'd do it fast, not only for fronts and props, but money, so this idea can't be beat and it is highly inclusive as all of the stars can sell at least one song or album CD and even continue their individual careers as heroes. The achievement and accomplishment of this act of unselfish, charitable, honorable humanity would make hip-hop, increase its niche bitch nation immortally, rather than immorally.*

*Robert Johnson has done more for the advent of hip-hop than anybody as he broadcast the music in videos 27/7 and he saluted the performers with TV specials honoring them every year. He owned BET with white partners. This tradition continues today on BET in his absence. Now I read his latest project is acquiring hotels and motels, which would be useful for the New Orleans evacuees, if hip-hop would co-sponsor them until they are resettled back home. Mr. Johnson's bank, Urban Trust, could handle the financial disposition of this whole event with and for the hip-hop industry. Urban Trust is open for business. This would be the prime mover shaker association to establish the H.R. 40 Music Bond for the re-birth of the Big Easy. Then potentially every fan of hip-hop could purchase the bonds from a trust worthy business guy at the apex of the game and America's first black billionaire might even co-sponsor this great event.*

*The most important factor to insure success for the cause is to make it paramount that the opportunity exists for everybody to get paid and profit from the sale of the music bonds. It's also for money spent on advertising the participation and progress along with pitching the music bonds, featuring videos for TV and CDs for radio, etc. too.*

*Hip-hop performers are synonymous with bling and all of the dilly and jiggy accoutrements associated with Notorious B.I.G.'s Benjamins. This is great for the business of rebuilding a whole city's neglected Neighborhoods of Need and restoring the gutted houses and slow flow of folks back home from evil eviction.*

*The way things stand today, by all accounts, the ugly subject of the Gulf Coast and New Orleans is pretty much played out. Still here and there, in the media something pops up and jogs our memories that the persistent problem has not gone away, but lingers as a recurring nightmare, still haunting America for answers today.*

*Although it is not an African-American elephant in the room now, it nevertheless sparks a smidgen of interest in newspapers, of which I read three daily. In the face of crime, mayoral election, Mardi Gras and The Jazz Fest, the only other excitement to keep the cause on the front burner of hit topics nationally is, we need a 'round the clock, TV show coming out of the "Old City" to raise awareness in the spirit of America that it is on the move and determined to come back greater and more glorious. I suggest a reality based TV vehicle that would feature all of the hip-hop and other music stars, movie stars, TV stars, celebs, all the athletes and commerce we can generate in New Orleans to run simultaneously with radio nationwide while the work is actually, actively in progress. And don't forget the Internet is there waiting to receive all other inquiries and purchases by credit card.*

*I also add a positive approach to the theme and tone of the piece with avoidance to mudslinging and injurious innuendo. This attitude should be reflected in the songs, movies, TV shows and guest performers. However, as the creative expression must be uncensored in order to ring true, and not artificial sounding, all creativity will be freely given.*

*I've grown sick of so-called, Brownie, the ex-boss of FEMA. When Katrina hit, he was rightfully scorned, because he showed some knowledge of administrative workings and reported his timid talks with the bored President and blind Homeland Securities head, Chertoff's, trifling inexcusable stupidity in the face of emergency mode action. Now he has 20/20 hindsight and that's all the savvy fools require of him. He is rescued, even by those who hate Bush and want to let the President's scapegoat off and go after the top guys. Well do it, as both are guilty, Bush and Cheney.*

*These official D.C. types keep letting themselves off the hook after the fiasco some call it, but none say what it really was, they don't dare, it's too god awful to dwell on. However, no cowards allowed at this writing, so it was racist and cold blooded to abuse all those po' black people at the dreaded Superdome and cruel Convention Center. Those tragic ones stopped in the rain at the Gretna Bridge, turned back to fend for themselves in the wild elements of nature at its worse wilding, weather wise, under the armed threat of racist pigs.*

*Nah, Brownie wasn't innocent, nobody was innocent in charge. The whole thing was an abomination before God. I would venture to say that these same guys would have done the same atrocity to white people, and they did, check out Mississippi, that's a cryin' shame. They have access to all that hard cash and just so they won't have to deal with blacks, both races of poor folks suffer.*

*There's a relationship between Iraq and New Orleans Lower Ninth Ward; both are in ruins. George Bush sees the similarity and how the people react the same. They all obey his orders and wait to be saved by him. this emboldens his slack spirit and half ass hubris, giving him a false sense of security to call the blankety blank shots.*

**If art is subversive and creative writing but a substitute for sex, we all had a deficit here, us writers so hung up on it, missing it, deprived of it, downright suffering in silence in our hovels, lonely rooms, sexless, etc. Now that I had sex, I couldn't write worth a shit. What would become of me walking around all day with that unmistakable Viagra bulge in my trousers, a glint in my eye and one thought on my mind, her, her skin, her shape, her aura. Her eyes, thighs, hips, a smell so exotically erotic I reveled in it, ate it up, wore it like cologne, hoping it complemented my own scent and flavor.**

A painter approaches the composition of a subject by instinct. His artistic talent is his guide, not sex, right? And when all is said and done creatively speaking, there is still the urge and melancholy as before, but old age makes the whole thing a cruel joke now when you can't do either, write or fuck.

“Where you at?” She asked, looking so good I dropped my shades on the thick purple rug!

“Sexintricities.” I said, “Ubiquious booty.” I joked. “Dopamine to the brain, you know.” I was aware of my outsized body, although I'd lost weight with all the sexual activity we had, and she recited a poem.

*Cupid shot his arrow  
He just grazed you  
He shot again dead center  
In your arrow proof vest*

I smiled at her wit and told her as she read my notes online, “Cupid ain't miss shit, baby.” My music bond for the hospital, homes and jobs, jobs, jobs is to be fully advertised in New Orleans, factor it in as reciprocity. I'd want the budget to invest five thousand dollars per song I buy and get produced and performed here at a going rate of seven per cent, that's enough to, by the time the song hits in a year, pay for education, start a business, buy a home, get married and have a baby.

Nola Mae was wearing blue jeans, a hip cool top, a sun hat, sandals and ready for the boat trip to her cabin. And as she'd read and finished my proposal, she addressed it.

**“That’s all cool with me, but it’ll never get over with the local whites here. Most don’t want us back up in here for squat. They want us gone, out for good.”**

**“What about the blacks in office now? Don’t they count?”**

**“They’re workin’ for the hater gator in the swamp. The hungriest, greediest gator, who would stomp upon the ground, we from the Lower Ninth Ward lived upon and claim it as his. He’ll gobble up the vacant land, this white human gator in the real estate biz.”**

**“Yeah,” I agreed with her.**

**Then I said, “Worse than Ol’ Traficano and Marcello, huh?”**

**I mentioned the two underworld bosses from the 1960’s in New Orleans and she acknowledged my concern with, “Don Vaselina too. That’s just mob stuff. This is where we live. Anyway, back in December of 2005, we had a Senator introduce a Bond Bill that actually passed in the House, 50 to 9, no shit. But it died; they thought it would cost the taxpayers too much liability, they said back then. Something called the Financial Services Committee decided.**

**This Senator had an idea to create a corporation that would buy all the damaged property with Federal money sponsored by Treasury Bonds. The homeowners could get a check for sixty per cent of their value before Katrina. This corporation would settle the borrowers’ debt to the lenders when they paid that one hundred per cent off. They’d clean up all the properties and sell ’em, you know, bid on ’em like slaves in Congo Square. They’d sell ’em to private land developers, fuck the renters.**

Then the suckered lenders would take low than value, but this Senator felt it was cool because they'd have a good reason to deal with these mortgage guys, who are up shit's creek because of regulators that crack down if they're late with the cash. The trick is these same guys don't want to be land developers in such a crazy wild ass market here in the Big Easy." I interjected I knew a girl named Big Easy in high school, to not even a smile and she went on.

"This Senator felt the people in dire need would be better off just like white head Barbara Bush, the former first ol' lady said. And the Senator said the taxpayer wasn't whole. I remember that 'cause I didn't know the term whole. He promised it wasn't a charity thing, as he only wanted to give Crescent City the framework it needed to rebuild, because we'd never make it alone. He said it would buy us time to pay it off, all these mortgages if you had to leave."

I'd heard enough and I got the point she was dubious about the Music Bond idea as a Senator had a similar scheme and blew it. So I should re-think my idea. "Fuck that," I said matter of fact and added, "Look, I've got missing links in my plan, but if it won't work here and now with the conditions so obvious to the naked eye and sane open mind, I don't know. We can appeal to the whole country. Hell, the world online, we just need a hook. So it ain't beggin,' you dig?"

"I dig, Dignified, but if I have my druthers, and I do, I'm gonna have to sleep on it and with you over the weekend before I go smilin' bowlegged back to work. And you're going to work on the things we come up with together to improve this music junk-bond plan or find us a new hustle idea that has a better chance. I need to smoke it over."

She rolled a joint and lit it, smoked it with two hits and passed it to me. She was fine as they come, a real beauty on the bayou. The pot was primo and I walked in a wobble down to the dock, where the boats were and we got in her motorboat. It was just big enough for me and her. We left the pier when she pushed the red button on her control panel. We were cruising on the waterway, all silvery, surrounded by a semi-tropical setting I suppose. I batted and swatted away flies and what they call the state bird of Louisiana, a swarm of mosquitoes we avoided as I feared for the West Nile Virus from them, which was considered deadly and when we seemed in the clear around the bend and onto an expanse that flowed in an endless stream out to sea, I guess, she became my tour guide.

“We’re not too far away, but just never go out without me or telling me. Oh, can you swim; do you operate boats?”

“Nah.” I answered concerned some now about my safety. “Can you swim and handle boats?” I longed to say, bitch, but didn’t. She laughed, the sunlight catching her pretty face, and her teeth contrasted with her dark alluring complexion I loved. I’d wanted to touch her in the boat, but I didn’t dare. She had on this bodice type thing. It was mauve and her form filled it to a tight t. Her lips were some plum shade that complimented her pink purple mouth, I must of kissed a thousand times by now and would enjoy and thrill to again if I, we didn’t drown. I was high, and a rush of paranoia grabbed me, so I popped a tranquilizer and a Viagra, half a pill. I stuck to my doctor’s prescription and dosage. I hadn’t experienced any side effects to know it, just my acid reflux kicked up from time to time. I popped Mylanta like dinner mints after meals. The anxiety passed, and I returned to her gabbing at the sights and telling me about our trip.

Things crawled scampering over rocks on shore, across branches loping lowly over us at times as we poled through a close fit to the open water beyond. “High elephant grass,” she said and two black cormorants flew and landed on the banks across from us. And then beavers swam to a dam somewhere in an inlet on the other side of the boat. Other birds in the trees called out our presence and alerted the wild life that we were around. I saw a boat coming she called a launch, loaded with tourist. They were having a good time and passed by us laughing it up, waving and such, while I felt suddenly ill and seasick. I’m not sure if I was or what, but I felt a surge and nauseous taste all at once come over me. I got ready to relieve myself of it, if it peaked and I had to let it go. She didn’t notice and kept us on course to the cabin that was closer yet, she promised and passed me a joint.

*Seasick*

*Airsick*

*Carsick*

*Can’t keep nothin’ down*

*Summoning up the remnants*

*Of the remains of a night on the town*

*In the morning*

*And all day long*

*I empty the contents*

*Of my belly*

*Bile sloshes*

*Revolting in my gut*

*Bucket of blues*

*As goulash on my*

*Galoshes*

*Violent vomiting  
Blood wrenching  
With a vengeance  
What I ate and drank  
Creole and Cajun soul  
In a second helping full bowl*

**I stopped gagging, as we'd arrived at the quaint cabin, and moored the boat. I took my bags; she had one I carried from the boat, feeling relieved, I didn't have to embarrass myself like an ol' drunk fat bastard, by vomiting.**

# Voodoo Town Economics

## Lower 9 Reservations, Accommodations, Expectations and Entitlements

I've seen the pink tarps covering the architectural designed theme in the background when superstar, actor, Brad Pitt speaks his activist plans and purpose to help with the job of housing for returning New Orleanians in the Lower Ninth Ward. Well, I too am inspired and make a music bond offer at ten dollars a song, of which I have six hundred and eighty-five to be exact. I will show one gladly, to kick things off called. . .  
 “In New Orleans, Old New Orleans,”  
[www.inneworleansoldneworleans.com](http://www.inneworleansoldneworleans.com).

### “In New Orleans, Old New Orleans”

In New Orleans  
 Old New Orleans  
 Louisiana town

In New Orleans  
 Old New Orleans  
 Shrimp gumbo  
 By the pound

In New Orleans  
 Old New Orleans  
 I met you  
 At the Mardi Gras

**In New Orleans  
Old New Orleans  
I don't know  
Who you are**

**We danced all night  
Made love all day  
Then you went away**

**I never did  
Unmask your face  
Your name you  
Didn't say**

**You said you'd  
Meet me  
At the church  
You left me  
In a lurch**

**In New Orleans  
Old New Orleans  
You made my love  
Come down**

**In New Orleans  
Old New Orleans  
I feel just like  
A clown**

**In New Orleans  
Old New Orleans  
Louisiana town**

**In New Orleans  
Old New Orleans  
Shrimp gumbo  
By the pound**

**In New Orleans  
Old New Orleans  
I met you  
At the Mardi Gras**

**In New Orleans  
Old New Orleans  
I don't know  
Who you are**

**In New Orleans  
Old New Orleans  
You made my love  
Come down**

**In New Orleans  
Old New Orleans  
I feel just like  
A clown**

**Imagine Brad and Angelina touch dancing to this original song, wearing Mardi Gras costumes at a masked ball. This would be the perfect music video for an acting donation to help house those returning and burnish their Lower Ninth Ward's legacy on film. Then they could shed their masquerade garments to perform this. . . .**

## **Touch Dancin' in the Bathtub**

**Touch dancin'  
In the bathtub  
Touch dancin'  
Up a bubble flood  
Of soulful suds  
Touch dancin'  
In the bathtub  
And rub a dub  
We slipped on soap  
And fell in love**

**Baby here we are  
So close together  
As you run your slippery  
Fingers through my hair**

**Well the music stops  
But we're still together  
As we dance the dirty  
Water down the drain**

**Never ever thought that  
I'd  
Get you to shed your  
Pride  
And slip and slide  
With no regrets**

**But it's Saturday night  
We're both married  
And we're bathing in bubbles  
Don't pull the stopper  
And leave your wrinkled papa  
Soakin' wet**

**Touch dancing  
In the bathtub  
Touch dancin'  
Up a bubble flood  
Of soulful suds  
Touch dancin'  
In the bathtub  
And rub a dub  
Well it's no joke**

**I hope nobody's heart  
Gets broke  
In soulful suds  
We slipped on soap  
And fell in love**

**By utilizing cause celeb Hollywood superstars music video acting donations and fulfilling the orders received online and off, plus, an advance for production cost from MGM/UA to pay for the film, plus, first series of music videos. As a volunteer video song and moviemaker, I offer an excerpt of "Vomit Town", my latest e-book, along with musical incentives, as souvenirs, keepsakes, and Recorded Works of Art all in live concert for subscribers online and off to bring 'the return' about.**

**I'd seriously pit Tom Cruise against Brad Pitt for the heart and soul of Angelina Jolie. And for mo' boffo box office booyah! in spades, I'd have Denzel and Halle dancing to the same tune in costume at the same masked ball in the same frame.**

**And from the very same film again, for a supa badd, kickass, superstar, music video, acting donation . . . I insist on a dramatic musical cameo starring Britney Spears and Jamie Lynn Spears, playing the human parts of Katrina and Rita. Both these Louisiana ladies could build a hundred and fifty houses with the song I have in mind. They can both sing it together, and of course, welcome ev'rybody home who got the boot. I have a roster of great national, international and local vocal follow-ups posted online featuring singers I'd record to cover 'the return' and help get the Lower Nine back on its feet.**

## **Housewife Looking for a Home**

**Since you been gone  
I'm out here all alone  
I'm just a housewife  
Looking for a home**

**Looking for a home  
Housewife looking for a home  
Looking for a home  
Housewife looking for a home  
In New Orleans**

**If the way you feel hangs dirty on your clothesline  
Oh why can't we wash it out  
If the wrinkles in your love life really matter  
Oh why can't we iron it out**

**I'm just a housewife  
Looking for a home  
Now that you left me  
To make it on my own  
Since you been gone  
I'm out here all alone  
A lonesome housewife  
Looking for a home  
Looking for a home  
Housewife looking for a home  
Way down in New Orleans**

**Looking for a home  
I'm searching for a place  
To call my own**

**Looking for a home  
The night when we got married  
You promised faithfully  
But now you left me stranded  
And I'm drowning in the sea**

**The sea of matrimony  
That's where you put me down  
I'm gonna take all my troubles  
Straight to the lost and found**

**Since you been gone  
 I'm out here all alone  
 I'm just a housewife  
 And I'm looking  
 I'm looking for a home**

**Looking for a home  
 Housewife looking for a home  
 Looking for a home  
 Housewife looking for a home  
 In New Orleans**

**Then all the homesick Lower Ninth Ward can return to be player participants in a positive reenactment antithesis of their segregated African-American abandonment in the Superdoom they now called "Home Sweet Dome." This film will show the correct treatment administered and assure Hollywood super movie star acting donations with a simultaneous reality TV show of the on location shoot to pay for the returnees upkeep and rent in local motels and hotels, not crack hotels, but three star, at least, meals included, plus, hospital, mental and dental for the duration of the film, music videos and royalty paying reality TV show.**

**I believe these two hundred and fifty thousand folks are the superstars of the show and their identities can all be substantiated and authenticated by the data that exists on file so they can be compensated. This act of public concern and creativity is like New Orleans, a work in progress. So instead of just the Hollywood superstars getting the usual big salaries, this time on this project, the Lower Ninth Ward will get paid well as extras.**

**This article and the next three here, appeared in vain and disappeared on [www.samepage.com](http://www.samepage.com) 2008.**

## **50 Cent 4 President**

**Curtis Jackson, AKA 50 Cent is a master of glib salesmanship. He appeals to the hip-hop nations common sense. As I watched his interview, “All eyes on 50 Cent”, I thought past the hoodwink, hype, hoax hustle and concentrated on the fact that 50 Cent could sell over one million CDs in four days time, a record time. By inciting fresh interest not enjoyed since Biggie and Tupac went east coast versus west coast fighting over Faith.**

**Anyway, I got to thinking in a political frame of mind what with the mayoral race upon us in L. A. and I pictured 50 Cent in this same arena. I thought higher than mayor or governor as former movie star Arnold Schwarzenegger is and settled on what actor Ronald Reagan accomplished, President of the United States of America.**

**I realized rappers can speak on a dime about any subject, especially if they prepare. So if, 50 Cent writes his own words and performs while reciting by rote his creations, he’d be the perfect candidate to win the youth vote. And as my wife said, the young can influence the old, but not vice versa.**

**50 Cent has a money and fan base growing exponentially worldwide today. As I see it 50 Cent is in a superior position of strength, having to compete constantly, travel globally, work closely with many others to build his product and present his image for continued success. He lives in a mansion that he bought surrounded by rich white neighbors who seemed to endorse him as a good guy on TV. Incidentally, 50 Cent loves the camera and that's a plus for any politician.**

**He has, as all important men, a personal staff, business associates, even an entourage. Add a chauffer, maid service, a cook, gardener, round-the-clock tight security, I'm sure, and career advisors. All these advantages put him right up there on the same strata with the other well to do presidential hopefuls campaigning against him in the primaries.**

**I envision a rap representative can win the election by being an underdog, outsider, and rebel force coming from the street. Today it's all possible and only depends on the man. That said, 50 Cent is the guy. He's bright, charismatic, popular, well-liked, unmarried with multiple bullet wounds, like a gulf war vet to show for his struggle to be the best in the music business.**

**It seems nothing is impossible after hip-hop recording artists, Nelly and country singer, Tim McGraw conquered the charts with a hit single as a duet. That means rap opened a door that was closed and locked. They walked through a gate that is guarded 24/7.**

**In retrospect, Shirley Chisolm the first woman, a black congresswoman dropped out of her bid for the White House as did Jesse Jackson who tried twice to become the first black President and failed. Then Rev. Al Sharpton came up short. All this happened because they didn't have the total package to deliver to the people.**

**Now I don't know 50 Cent nor do I know his political ambitions, but if he could run he should. President Bush is a lame duck and Hillary Clinton won't be much competition to somebody who can sell over one million anything in four days. The Democrats could do what Senator Humphrey wanted to do when he talked about hooking up with a red hot James Brown on his ticket. Yes, the godfather of soul for vice-president sounds preposterous. However, stranger bedfellows have joined ranks for a run at the White House, I mean consider George Bush, Sr. and his then V.P. who couldn't spell potato.**

**At this juncture, I would consider 50 Cent viable as a candidate if only to demonstrate how no other excepted party approved him and he only had the popular youth vote. He's politically unconnected, with no ties to special interest groups. Therefore, he'd be a potentially uncontrolled president. America must and will have a black president soon, and no one can predict when or who it will be. The same staid, correct right seeming politicians who stand before us now, spouting that familiar so so rhetoric that like the kids say is way wack, need not apply.**

**But if 50 Cent could toss his hip-hop hat in the ring (a cap cocked to the side over a white doo-rag), we'd have a much more inclusive concept of government than all these usual professional political types in the D.C. loop put together. Unfortunately, it is not to be as 50 Cent is underage (not 35). Also any serious jail time on his record would prevent his candidacy. Imagine though his cabinet of west coast cronies, Eminem, vice-president, Dr. Dre, secretary of state, the Game, Snoop Dawg, G-Unit, Ice Cube, Ice T. and first lady, Olivia, etc.**

**Then 50 Cent singing about a candy shop and Olivia licking his lollypop would be no worse than Bill Clinton and Monica, right? Our present president started two wars. 50 Cent could do that too, like he did with Jayceon Taylor, AKA the Game, ok? Consider all those boring Bush press conferences, heck, 50 Cent can do that too and he does. On television in the last president election, red was pitted against blue on a map. 50 Cent could do that too. And as for perpetuating false reasons for war situations as Bush and Chaney are suspected of doing! 50 Cent and his veep Eminem can match that and they already have. But 50 Cent's more skilled 'cause nobody got killed.**

## Rita Marley

*Rita Marley should be stoned  
 And perhaps she is  
 Rita Marley should be stoned  
 And perhaps she is  
 The reason Rita should be  
 Stoned  
 Is she wants to move Bob  
 Marley's bones  
 She said she wants to  
 Take him home  
 But Jamaica say  
 Leave 'em alone  
 She want 'em to be with Jah  
 In Ethiopia  
 She gon' back to Africa*

*Bob Marley should be stoned  
 And he probably is  
 Bob Marley should be stoned  
 And he probably is  
 He's carved in stone  
 Reefer sacrament jones  
 The raggae music style  
 He owns  
 No matter where Bob's  
 Tombstone  
 Throughout eternity  
 He'll live on  
 In mankind's soul*

*As the father of what  
 "One love" condones  
 Haile Selassie posed  
 With Hitler  
 His royal picture's  
 In a book  
 When I saw the emperor  
 With der Führer  
 I had to take a second  
 Look  
 But it was Haile Selassie  
 Called Jah meaning god  
 The same one who  
 Rastafarians pray to . . .*

*Ahh Rita Marley should be stoned  
 And she definitely is  
 Rita Marley should be stoned  
 And she definitely is  
 Bob Marley should be rocked  
 Raggae rolled great ganja  
 Stocked  
 The whole world should be  
 Rasta 'round the clock  
 As Bob and Rita drone  
 On Bob's uncle's prime  
 Homegrown*

*So, Rita Marley should be stoned  
In Rolling Stone  
Rita Marley should be stoned  
In Rolling Stone  
With a ghost written article by the  
Late great creative father of raggae  
Not overblown  
Asking that his remains lay  
Proud and prone*

*Bob's ghost is calling  
On the phone  
For a royalty advance  
And loan  
Then there's a quick  
Click dial tone  
As he and Jah share  
A joint upon their co- throne*

*Top*

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## The Queen of Soul Contest

He was a nymphomaniacs dream in a cheap garret on the Left Bank of Paris. She was stunningly nookie naked and nubile, sexually shucking and jiving alluringly about until she was all tuckered out. She made her high squeal; he made his loud shout. Then both out of sorts whispered, "Enough," no doubt.

He was uniquely dark skinned. You couldn't see his facial features until his eyes flashed with fury and his teeth shone pearly white, clenched perfectly, forming a handsome, movie, lady killer's smile. He was black as his gun, a forty-five held and aimed at her heart, his target if need be. "Don't move," said he.

I was standing in front of a full-length mirror as my imagination ran its course. The woman with me in bed mumbled something under the covers and went back to sleep. I went on these jaunts often here lately, living my adventures out in my spare time, my unguarded moments, when I wasn't at the behest of my employer, Immortal Soul Chosen Frozen Food and Company, the makers of Menus from Chitlin' Circuit Cafes Cuisine! Poon, puddin' 'n tain, country coconut cake, purple picnic punch, pork brains 'n eggs, chitlin's, cracklin' cornbread, biscuits, rolls, pot liquor, southern fried chicken, N.C. chopped barbeque and ribs, pigs feet, tails, ears, ham hocks, neck bones, roasted snouts, etc. from free range hogs, salt-free, sugar-free and fat-free.

**It is my responsibility to be the P.R. guy and move the product of classic chosen frozen soul food dishes for microwaves worldwide via the Internet. Yeah, I have a hell of a job in front of me, subsequently, an idea hit me to try and tempt the Queen of Soul, Aretha Franklin to be the company's testimony in a contest for her title versus the most formidable queen of R&B, rock n' roll, rock, acid rock, dance and soulful pop music, Tina Turner! A diva Battle Royale for big-time bucks!**

**I saw and knew most all of the drawbacks to my idea, but I couldn't resist the spark in this concept if I could post it and it caught fire online. First off, I have brand new original songs for these remarkable recording artists with excellent lyrics and magnificent melodies, then access to the best producers and musicians anywhere. I had this brainstorm over twenty years ago when I was a songwriter in Hollywood. I envisioned these same two singers of note to bless my work then that I put away after an extensive effort to at least musically compose the contest. I wrote many top forty type songs that were commercial and befitting the talents of these two illustrious Queens in the music industry to record and perform in contest.**

**However, I refrained from attempting to present my plan, because of a lack of faith I could cut through the bureaucracy, I perceived, right or wrong, in both superstars' camps. I had no intention of giving up my fifty-one percent stake in this venture without a better reason I anticipated being offered back then from troublemaking sycophants. So I decided to hold my work in abeyance, taking a chance things might come into fruition, allowing me a better shot at achieving my goal of owning the music as collateral for the production without any conflict business wise from gluttonous unknown wannabees.**

**I expected to make all of the other deals and concessions necessary in order to proceed to succeed. Ultimately things began to happen in succession when Ike Turner died. I'd seriously really intended to work out some way he and his band and the Ikettes might, miraculously merge again in support of Tina. To be honest, I knew big money; millions would have to be posted in escrow to award the winner of this challenge from Tina to Aretha for her crown. The Queen of Soul Contest is what I called my hustle, back in the day, now quiet as it's kept and on the down low, I'm back at it.**

**Suddenly by surprise and shock, I was made the head of marketing, promoted by the boss herself, Mrs. Ida Mae Burnside, the sole owner of Immortal Soul Chosen Frozen Food Mfrs. of America. She heard my spiel once or twice in meetings at her headquarters in L.A. She moved from North Carolina in '63 and began in the can goods business first. You know, black-eyed peas in a can with whoop-ass pork. Then fatback 'n collards, no kiddin', they told me about 'em, I never ate 'em, but the old office guys say it was righteous. She sold her canned southern dishes on the west coast only, during the sixties. Now she was coast to coast and had a brand new plant being built in New Orleans-the Land of Chefs and Recipes, she'd use in her next line of ' Chosen Frozen Big Easy Cookin' she had planned, yum, yum, yum!**

I'll continue talking her into co-sponsoring the contest. If I can get enough money through other sponsors to go on TV, maybe she will. She, Ida, my boss, was adamant about that. I thought of the three black ad companies I knew existed and wondered how to pitch each. One had rap superstar, Jay-Z now, Spike Lee headed another, Damon Dash, hip-hop entrepreneur, ran the other one, plus, I could go to the biggest brand ad guys with my concept and check them out for big bucks. I'd need graphic artists 'round the clock coming up with commercial stuff to get the ball rollin'.

Next it hit me I'd have to go down in my garage to retrieve all of my old ideas and notes, tapes, cassettes I could find and lay out my approach to the most definitive design for the event. Ahh, major event planners, I'll go online and get two, put one with Aretha and the other to work on Tina, what the hell, why not a third one to cover both.

Things really began to fall in place for the contest to happen after Aretha left music sage Clive Davis to go out on her own. She said she was open for a big label to probably come up with a label distribution deal. I'd look into this by contacting all four majors to sponsor the contest and distribute, promote and manufacture the recordings. I'd have the whole exciting thing on TV too, a radio simulcast and online colossus costing millions. . . at least a twenty-five million dollar budget to start. Yeah, it's well worth it, until the big money kicks in from record sales, ancillary tie-ins, documentary, live TV concert, sponsors, investors, media interest, etc.

When the 2008 Grammy's aired, I heard gorgeous Beyoncé introduce the incendiary Tina Turner as the Queen, and it went right through me, not as a faux pas, nor slight, but fact, since she didn't say Queen of Soul, which is Aretha's title. Three months earlier I'd heard an announcer say sensuous Mary J. Blige was the Queen of Soul and I winched about it, as foxy Mary J. is the charming Queen of Hip-Hop Soul.

I saw both performances, Aretha and Tina's and I was certain they could still compete in contest. Afterwards the hubbub in the press and on TV tabloid shows talked about it in apocryphal terms that involved glamorous Beyoncé mostly and next I read Aretha's title was changed by her M.C. in an introduction on stage to Empress of Music, thereby encompassing pop, gospel, soul, jazz and blues genres. Thus Aretha, also being adept at singing classical music can add opera to her oeuvre. Tina, on the other hand, has a crack at conquering hip-hop, country, jazz, rock n' roll, folk, dance and show tunes.

Both versatile, superstars shine spectacularly, running the gamut in musical categories. These tremendous abilities on both their parts made me reconsider my one category of soul songs at first, although, I came back 'Stronger' as Kanye would say and does, in favor of the Queen of Soul Contest (Q.S.C.) Yeah, my songs are in that secular bag all the way. I was down home in the soul zone when I wrote many of the songs I will show the two exquisite queens that vouch for my earthy range and variety. I offer these to be recorded works of art and compliment their statue across the board as I've got them both covered with my catalog.

I'd present songs for Aretha on her home ground and Tina on hers. One month rehearsal should be sufficient. After that, I'll record the artists in a studio with producers we settle on; both studio versions and cinema vérité take two weeks each to tape, then promotion for a week on TV and radio, all this along with fashion fittings for two high-end wardrobe changes to be featured on live performances by each.

Do they dislike each other? Is there bad blood? I don't know. I only know Aretha ain't Ike and they don't have to sing together or appear together; they stay separate, ok? Both can make a fast fortune doing this if they agree with me on terms. It'll be a spontaneous holy dance, shout against night moves of bygone juke joints and funk museums down home, now exponentially urbanized globally.

I remember seeing a show on TV, honoring both singers as other vocalist performed their hits. Aretha sat on an aisle seat, as did Tina, affording a peacekeeping vocal giant, the vivacious Patti Labelle to go down the aisle between them with a warm friendly word to both pretty proud, lovely ladies. I could see the look of appeasement upon Patti's famous face as she went from one ruling queen to the other, going about her conciliatory task on camera. I'll find that tape and show it online, it's perfect.

Back to the Grammy's, 2008, I thought Tina was still physically fit for her age, a phenomenon energy wise, in voice and shape, what a woman, unbelievable! She'd give anybody a fit, Queen of Soul or not; she's got the goods and always delivers. I listened to the clarity and stark quality in Aretha's instrument, her uplifting God's gift of all time, that marvelous majesty she gets when climbing the register to glory, a place no other can go or reach in this world, astounds me.

**So, am I risking her regal abject abdication or artsy fartsy assassination by daring to tamper with the right order of royalty in music today? Is it sedition in the kingdom of soul to suggest such an outrageous concert as a Queen of Soul Contest that pits Tina Turner brandishing material hot and heavy breathing, lust laden, thundering with her sexy singin' dancin' back up group, and a butt kickin' band in a packed house at some blessed hall that rates raves on the continent or maybe even an outdoor venue in a massive stadium, one located in America for Aretha and the other in Europe for Tina.**

**I can dress them, no adorn them in the embodiment of elegance from Wal-Mart's with jewelry from Kay Jewelry, just kidding, the finest designer gowns I can find with Winston's, Cartier and Tiffany's jewelry to boot and all of the five star luxury surrounding this blockbuster occasion deserves: flowers, perfume, limos, security, all of the special accouterments in place.**

**I'll offer them both one million a piece to learn the songs, then one more million each to record them in the studio. Add a prize of one more million each to perform live and lastly a grand prize of ten million for the winner, then half that figure to the loser. All immediate initial sales from purchases of downloads from the live recordings made by credit cards, accepted by phone and online only until studio recorded CDs are distributed to retail stores.**

The next big payday will take place from royalties both women receive from a major label, labels, Wal-Mart or Star Bucks, etc., releasing this recording of the Queen of Soul Contest, audio and reality video. Fierce competition is in the air, Obama versus McCain was exciting to watch and hopefully the same dynamic will bless my undertaking, which will take about three months to stage.

So will Aretha's predominate pipes prevail over the racy raw grit and funky sexuality on display exhibited by the driven dynamo diva, international icon challenger, Tina Turner whose goal will be to dethrone her? Just as soon as an amenable investor shows enthusiasm with a start-up twenty-five million dollars, I'll bring it to you.

I quit the chosen frozen soul food business to make this music challenge of icon versus idol and like odd makers in Las Vegas, I would bet on it. I heard Bubba Jackson KKJZ radio DJ in L.A. play a bunch of Aretha's cuts all day. He played one blues where, I swear, she actually growled twice on the tag of the tune.

Aretha's coming to L.A. for two dates at the House of Blues in November of 2008. This is a chance to try and reach her in L.A., a rare visit because she doesn't fly, but travels on her custom made bus. I hope she's comfortable. Can torch singer/dancer/actress Tina be bold, brassy and bad enough to beat Aretha or will the 'full-figured lady' 'sang' and kick her voluptuous derriere back to Switzerland? I must find their two booking agents, then fire off e-mails, post 'em online. Yeah, send 'em to all potential parties who should be interested in the Queen of Soul Contest. That's recording labels, product sponsors, TV and/or cable networks, radio networks, etc.

**I'll hire a corps of cameras capturing celebrities and worldwide clamoring, capacity crowd reaction, security, two orchestras playing two scores, two conductors, two M.C.'s, one famous neutral M.C., network announcer, two live recording crews, two groups of background singers and dancers, plus choreographers.**

**I'd use a barometer on stage to ring and bling out the money being made instant industry. That's kick ass, better and bigger than the number one TV show in America. Yeah! I'm off and running in two directions, one after Aretha and the other after Tina.**

**Would it be torturous to sit for three hours and listen ten songs apiece recorded live, switching back and forth from one stage to the other with Tina in Europe and Aretha in America? Because I rather enjoyed that 2008 Grammy cut away to Amy Winehouse's performance in London from Hollywood, I'd welcome this technology with a half hour entr'acte, while simultaneously showing some clips of the backstage drama in a documentary.**

**The finale will be a handing over of the prize purse, a bejeweled gold crown, scepter and sable wrap to the winner. Well, I'm leaving Paris and off to Switzerland to get an audience with Tina Turner, if possible. I have to show her my material and propose she challenge the reigning queen of soul for her title. If she's smart as I think she is, she'll recognize the once in a lifetime value of such a booming show biz extravaganza as I have in mind. Tina's a sixty-eight year young Sagittarius with a Taurus moon rising. I'd say, her towering talent formed an R&B creation of the most powerful, popular, successful sensual act ever to grace our senses. That said, my next move is to get Tina's formal challenge to Aretha, the Queen of Soul, and deliver it by hand in Detroit. Wish me luck.**

Later, my last night in Paris, at a bistro sipping cliché aperitifs on the Champs Elysees, a ravishing, size uh! uh! uh!, French lady of the evening stated her opinion of my project, Queen of Soul Contest between international icon challenger, Tina Turner versus the reigning queen, Aretha Franklin. She said, “Demographically, it’s a baby boomer’s ball. . . but, the winner would be a foregone conclusion, depending upon your choice of style over substance and/or individual taste in music.” Anyway, I’m off to Switzerland to talk with, maybe, the next new Queen of Soul.

I recalled on the train to Tina, I’d had a conversation concerning the Queen of Soul in my songwriting career before this big concert contest idea. In 1968 I was in New York City at Tommy Small’s Bar and low and behold, Wilson Pickett, one of my favorite male soul singers walked in the joint with a few friends. He spotted me and sent his buddies to the tables in the back. We’d never met, but he sat down next to me, thinking I was a Black Panther because I was dressed in a leather jacket, jeans, black boots, a black turtle neck sweater and sporting a big afro. Wicked Pickett thought he’d test my hubris, so he smiled and said, “You’s a Black Panther.” I told him, no, although I was a militant. Then I saw he was in awe of them and we discussed it. Aretha was playing on the jukebox and he acknowledged her vocal prowess by bowing his head in unmistakable humility akin to adoration. I made a statement of agreement and he got up, saying with a mischievous grin, “But you still look like a Black Panther,” and joined his entourage in the rear. That was a bonafide endorsement from the soul hierarchy to Aretha’s empyrean power. The song playing on the jukebox was ‘Runnin’ Out of Fools.’

## Einstein Meets Frankenstein

**Einstein meets Frankenstein in the San Fernando Valley at a Northridge, California home for the elderly recording studio, circa 2009. This nightmare begins back in the late seventies, thereabouts when I, my wife, Janice and family lived on Las Palmas Street in Hollywood, California. Janice was still teaching elementary school and I was still writing songs and novels. Once unfortunately, I was caught without a tape recorder when two songs were being composed, words and music, taking turns one after the other, turning over and over in my a cappella mind.**

**I struggled to remember the new tunes; I wrote both lyrics out and continued to sing them as I dialed my wife's office at school. The secretary paged her and she came on the line. I told her my dilemma and her advice was to book a small cheap home recording studio near us and she would get back as soon as possible to drive me and record the two songs. This I did, and I was lucky twice enough to be happily married to Janice, plus book time with one, Andy Sells, a producer, recording engineer and guitarist in Woodland Hills, California.**

**The main song I was desperately trying to keep correctly in my head was "Albert Einstein" and so far so good, I was into it enough to also tackle the second song "Tan Your Hide" first [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com).**

## **Tan Your Hide**

**Children laughing  
 Playing kid games  
 Tan your hide  
 Topless ladies  
 Hot sun babies  
 Tan your hide**

**Dune buggies at low tide  
 Strip down let's take a joy ride  
 By the seaside  
 Tan your hide**

**Tan your hide  
 Down by the stagnant ocean  
 I've got a love tan lotion  
 Bona fide to tan your hide**

**Tan your hide  
 Tan your hide  
 In the noon day sun  
 Tan your hide  
 Tan your hide  
 'Til the moontide comes  
 Rollin' in**

**Tan your hide  
 Tan your hide  
 We can start a fire  
 Tan your hide  
 Burning up  
 With red hot desire**

**Sea gulls dolphins  
Sharks eat humans  
Tan your hide**

**Choppers and yachts  
Haves and have-nots  
Tan your hide**

**Hang gliders slowly glide  
While surfboards  
Slip and slide  
Get southern fried  
And tan your hide**

**Tan your hide  
Buried in dirty sand  
Beach beauty and muscle man  
Forget your pride  
And tan your hide**

**Tan your hide  
Tan your hide  
Where the sun don't shine  
Tan your hide  
Tan your hide  
Pay no never mine  
To people watching**

**Tan your hide  
In greasy water  
Under smoggy sky  
Tan your hide  
Tan your hide  
'Til you're satisfied**

Janice arrived in what seemed to be a life time, but time was flexible with Andy, the recording engineer and he said he'd allow me extra traveling time getting to him when I explained my plight. All the way there I sang the two tunes until we entered the tiny home recording studio. I was out of breath and mumbling the songs between words of identification and information and Andy saw the situation from my fear I'd lose the songs so he started learning "Tan Your Hide" first because for some strange feeling, I felt I'd forget it. But I didn't and as the tape was rolling and Andy learned it in one take and a half we went into "Albert Einstein" [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com).

## Albert Einstein

Albert Einstein  
 Albert Einstein  
 Albert Einstein  
 Albert Einstein  
 Albert Einstein  
 Albert Einstein

He could really blow your mind

Albert Einstein was a genius  
 Ev'rybody knows  
 He discovered E equals  $MC^2$   
 He split an atom in mid-air

Albert Einstein had a mathematician's mind  
 Multiplying and sub-dividing all the time  
 Albert Einstein was a blessing to mankind  
 He could really blow your mind

**Albert Einstein had a theory of relativity  
In his laboratory dreary  
He'd smoke his pipe so peacefully**

**Albert Einstein had a mathematician's mind  
Multiplying and sub-dividing all the time  
Albert Einstein was a blessing to mankind  
He could really blow your mind**

**He had the great presence of mind  
To theorize light years in time  
Astronomical amounts  
He could brainstorm space and count**

**A cyclotron was in his head  
Where nuclear physics  
Future led  
He'd calibrate the  
Drops of rain  
In a tropic hurricane**

**Albert Einstein  
Albert Einstein  
Albert Einstein  
Albert Einstein  
Albert Einstein  
Albert Einstein**

**He could really blow your mind**

We finished and Andy hit me with a producer's contract, as Janice said the other day was a pre-cursor to the Work for Hire contracts being discussed currently to establish a musician's contribution to the song and no other claims. Andy's wife was there in the tiny studio and after a silence as the songs played via the speakers, I acquiesced and signed, figuring it harmless. Then again, until I signed he wouldn't release the cassette demo and he held onto the rough master.

Years later, when I listened to these two tunes at my delight and satisfaction, I was grateful I had copyrighted possession of them. Then present day when I had a chance to record a second song in a session, I chose "Albert Einstein." I love this song and pictured it sounding somewhat identical to the style Andy and I arranged it in. Anyway, I'd only had one other occasion to attempt the song on a demo I don't like at all.

Therefore, I decided to show the original demo and recapture that feel, key and tempo even. Janice and I would be singing, of course, but when we did tracks, she was all but eliminated from being in the session, the studio, the neighborhood of Northridge, and earthquake notoriety. C.L., the recording engineer lived in my neighborhood, and incidentally he bears an uncanny resemblance to singer-songwriter, pianist Neil Sedaka. Sometimes I look at him and expect him to break out into both Sedaka versions of the song "Breaking Up is Hard to Do."

I believed we were musically blessed, with a keyboard guy I know only as Sam. Secret Sam I call him, C.L. calls him, Sam the man, as he refuses to tell me his last name and Sam won't either because C.L. thinks I'll book the guy myself and record

elsewhere with him. Once when I went out to help Sam, as I sometimes help guys who worked for me with heavy instruments, mostly drummers, C.L. came out right behind me in a huff to block my discourse with Secret Sam, who was whispering his last name in vain.

Secret Sam was a keyboard guy with a deep knowledge and expertise with electronic devices, software and excellent musical track building skills that make for an entire orchestra. We recorded with him many times, using this method, just us, the two singers with C.L., the recording engineer and Secret Sam, the keyboard man.

Consequently, it's at this juncture the drama began again when C.L., anxious to get his ruse going, asked me to play my original demo of "Albert Einstein" to a total stranger, named Dave. Drums were set up on a rather close space in the small studio. They, this music culpable two, C.L., the producer-engineer and Dangerous Dave tried to drum up a feeble farce of false intentions from the start. C.L. seemed to hang his high-hat hopes on Dangerous Dave, the drummer and I hooking up on the production. No dice, I went into the control room where C.L., the recording engineer waited for the results of this forced false union as Caiaphas sweated the crucifixion. After all no one can really fake musical ability with drum sticks or on the piano, unless they can play.

I told him straight out I had to have somebody like Sam, I wanted Sam, I called for Sam. He'd been exclusive when I first inquired of his availability and talents. But the deal was done, as I was told to my skepticism, we booked Sam for the next day. Well hell, I didn't believe or trust C.L. after the cheap trick he pulled on me, thinking I'd go along with Dangerous Dave and destroy my homage to the greatest scientist.

**Dangerous Dave, it turns out, was complicit in the plot from the first, but servile in our presence, like Igor sans a humpback, serving coffee along with his other studio duties. My suspicions were on alert and I was surprised Secret Sam took the gig and was standing there in the flesh over six feet tall and although I wouldn't have recognized him, now I will as his Dr. Frankenstein facial features came thundering back into my memory in a lightning flash.**

**We went right to work. I sensed in him a new attitude, one of professionalism personified. He was more in charge now than before when he transcribed my songs and we recorded without question. After a few passes, he altered the bridge I added to "Albert Einstein." The day before C.L. had a guitarist come with a B.B. King genre influence. He was said to be coming out of retirement with forty years of experience. His name was Brian or Byron and he played well, all except he never really got the bridge. I had the feeling he continued to stall and blow the chord changes, so I stopped the musical mistake. Blonde Brian or Byron and Dangerous Dave on drums is on a demo CD in my drawer right now that I cringe at even touching, forget listening to it again.**

**The mad music scientist experiment was in progress; we finally had tracks to sing the song. Then after a tit-for-tat shop talk tug-of-war between Secret Sam and C.L., Secret Sam suggested I recite something on top of the vocals for "Albert Einstein." I did, writing it in minutes, I might add. Secret Sam said it gave him chills when I said the words. This idea worked in effect and I basked in the glow of pulling off the hook of the song if in form only. Disingenuously, C.L. told me on the phone he had something better than Auto-Tune. I would have wanted to hear my new recitation I wrote in Auto-Tune. I still want Auto-Tune baad an a Mickey Fickey.**

## **Albert Einstein Recitation**

**Some say he  
Made a Frankenstein  
And unleashed it on mankind  
He fled Nazi Germany  
With planned atomic energy  
This formula lurking in his  
Head  
Caused thousands of Japanese  
War dead  
Now if the world could  
Harness it  
The monster won't blow us  
Up**

**He had the great presence of mind  
To theorize light years in time  
Astronomical amounts  
He could brainstorm space and count**

**A cyclotron was in his head  
Where nuclear physics  
Future led  
He'd calibrate the  
Drops of rain  
In a tropic hurricane**

**So North Korea and Iran  
Russia China understand  
America offers out her hand  
For peace and love  
In ev'ry land  
Can't we all get along**

**He could really blow your mind**

**Mind you, the thing I hated most was when Secret Sam said I should let Dangerous Dave play some live drum lick sounds, on my pet song "Albert Einstein." I was as in creative bondage, tied to the whims of this electronic expert working on the best sound effect for my precious song. Because I was fearful while we did the vocals and mix he'd leave and I preferred him there technically, it cost me later, in more ways than one. He told me it was not a money thing yet, when I offered him more money. "Be patient," he said, like Boris Karloff, acting as a condescending sage, "and it will all work out."**

**I noticed C.L. had another coup going on against me and Janice, all because I acted interested to show my appreciation for Secret Sam's top of the line production, one man band I was lucky enough to have and grace my creation. C.L. was beside himself with envy and became a sorely perturbed, spitting image of the pop singing star, hit songwriter Neil Sedaka with fangs.**

I never really heard “Albert Einstein” played back in the studio. When I heard it at home, my once melodic, happy, friendly, smiling, sing-a-long song was transformed into a Transylvanian grotesque groove with ominous omissions and foreboding forte. Plus, it was frightening as C.L. said when I inquired about adding a thermonuclear explosion from a intercontinental ballistic missile at the end of the recording. They agreed, then whittled the thought down to nothing et. al. Regrettably, Janice was no where on the CD, but I didn’t know it. There were just those vocals I did, Secret Sam asked for, that made it sound somewhat like Nazis singing in World War II for Hitler.

The instrumental cut of “Albert Einstein” was suppose to be a mere clique track for us to learn and rehearse to. C.L. said we could use it when we sang at a gig. C.L. doesn’t really think we will make it. When Secret Sam asked me what I was going to do with the CD, C.L. remarked quickly under his breath, “Nothing” and turned his back in anger, looking more like Neil Sedaka’s evil twin, while acting as menacing as Bela Lugosi.

I would like to think he was only angry at me because I hadn’t become big time. But he never held any hope for us; we were just customers who paid the whole tab due after each tape was mastered. I have two master tapes in C.L.’s care now because we were still expecting to finish the punching and mixing we need, especially on the first song “Footsteps of a Family,” a shout-out to the first family, done with Noriko Olling, a gifted keyboardist [www.footstepsoffamily.com](http://www.footstepsoffamily.com).

When C.L. saw Noriko write something on a lyric sheet, it bothered him the whole date until he grabbed it from my wife's hands and pretended to go and check the lyric. Yeah right, no he was panic stricken to see what Noriko wrote on that sheet of paper. Satisfied, it was only her name I asked for with Janice, so we know what to put on the credits of the CD; C.L. said that the jokes, as he called some of the verses were okay. He feigned caring about content which he never had before. He was still jealously guarding his musicians so I couldn't cut him out of the contracting fee.

The hideous aspect to "Albert Einstein," the second song I recorded in mid-October, coincidentally turned out themed on time for Halloween horror. First they tortured the tempo and made maniacal morbidity of a catchy, pretty melodic little tune that should have been a thing of sheer commercial pop beauty. My masterpiece "Albert Einstein" is now an American Industrial Gothic ode to an immortal quantum physicist. Its maestro Secret Sam's mausoleum monument monstrosity laid to rest, he and his calculating, cruel, cold as gruel co-conspirator C.L., the recording engineer musically murdered. It is a death knell I am posting like a funeral wreath online [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com).

The production was made with an evident evil entity in residence. Probably, it's C.L.'s payback for my long absence from his would be control freak clutches. He overemphasized the fact that I hadn't seen him in ten years. His psychopathic unkind mind bristled because of some perceived offense he neurotically believes has been instigated and commissioned by me. He sent me enough unsolicited business junk mail announcements to paper a wall. I saved them because of the inordinate amount of attention and unwarranted length his own sick persistence caused to produce a revenge he's

harbored for all these ten years I stayed away to write. I remember during my time out from C.L.'s recording studio, he sent me an announcement he was producing an act he liked, believed in and even backed with a free recording session or more studio time, maybe for an album. C.L. warned that he would take note of who of his customers would show up to this club date in the San Fernando Valley. He also indicated he would knock off time from your next production if you attended.

I noticed our picture was no where in and among the ones proudly presented in the studio, although we'd been there many times and paid in full to date. He even advertised he had video, but then again when I mentioned video he was silent as became his new way with me and he had Secret Sam apply this same tactic of just looking back at me without answering my question, when could I work with him again. Although without answers to my question, we parted friendly enough.

Regardless, it is my biggest concern, owed money or not, I'm sure he would love to excoriate me either way. I'd never knowingly go back there unless Noriko was booked. As I only live ten minutes away, I'd even feel better about that by having C.L. call me when she arrives to work. The great thing about Noriko is I read at her site online, she has an all girl band! C.L. said she was on the road in Europe with Gladys Knight. I had a notion Noriko didn't want to work with us again, although she and we were both affable and tolerant of the others intentions for the song. It turned out beautifully produced by Noriko and not one hitch from the good witch. The onus was on us as Mom n' Pop Jnr. doing the vocals.

I would love to do at least one more song with Noriko and her all girl band behind us. C.L.'s to call if she can make it. We're still here patiently waiting. Secret Sam said, "Be patient." C.L. said Secret Sam wouldn't be free until December. Janice thinks the song "Albert Einstein," isn't as much of an unholy terror as I do.

In this I'll urinate on you and tell you it's raining world, given my preconditioning to be a practicing pacifist, especially in a predominantly white neighborhood in the San Fernando Valley. I was predisposed to be this black man of peace. To his advantage, being white, C.L. could make some heinous, criminal accusation to the police; after he had Dangerous Dave call and they'd take me away to jail upon his word alone. I wouldn't have a leg to stand on, pardon my paranoid, null and void opinion, but that sucks flat notes of discord.

It doesn't even have to be racial, in fact, I wouldn't be surprised to find it's based entirely on a clash with my so thought particular personality. I can't believe he doesn't think I'm black. Nah, he's not so ethnically correct he gets a free pass to actually dislike me for just being me. Not so, don't go for it; it's camouflaged racism, coded in high tech lingo, they use like Yiddish speaking owners in a sweat shop.

Any and all technical banter between Boris and Bela escaped me. They always went at it back and forth over and on the console board in this twenty-four track analog relic I work in, and booked time after time, ten years ago, on faith in my work alone. Extreme impoliteness was exhibited, but we went along being in the moment to get the job done. It was all done calmly and honestly, no matter how esoteric and disrespectful it is. I'd be in a perfect world backed by Noriko's all girl band, and have I got a science fiction, mushroom cloud cover bombshell to record with them, for Mom n' Pop! Jnr.

**So as God and all his angels would have it, I decided to send “Albert Einstein” to Whoopie Goldberg’s “Head Games Show” on the Science Channel. I pray this will be the answer, promotion wise. If any of this deadpan music pans out, then I’ll have to deal with reality, face my problems in the studio and out in order to achieve a victory via TV of seamless symmetry. Nevertheless, I’ll never forget the hate I experienced from C.L. after a recording session and I left my briefcase in the studio, came back in from the car through the still open front door to his chilly Bela Lagosi impression and Neil Sedaka’s uncool doubles frowning two-face of contempt.**

**C.L.’s musicians are excellent and they each have a rather competent aura around their beings. Each of the three I worked with back to the first music guy, Chris, who was an artiste with the synthesizer. He could become a marching band as C.L. captured the reaction of the parade route crowds with his arsenal of sound effects.**

**When we went to London I thought we’d lost the great cassette of “Our Flag Old Glory.” But I had the master tape and took it to Abbey Road Recording Studio, where the Beatles recorded. It was unexpected to be so exciting that we did some tracks over, remixed and ordered a new box of cassettes to audition at radio stations in 1994, but got no takers, so we went back to C.L. and Chris. But they refused to remix it back the way it was before I lost the cassette demo. Luckily in time, I found it in my bathrobe pocket.**

It was a work of art, pure craftsmanship, the crowd reaction, the horn for horn, drum for drum, crashing cymbals, tempo, Souza sound, down to the classical ending, instrumentally mood morphing into strings and a symphony orchestra coda. Lastly I submit, Janice and my voice, plus my call and response pastor imitation, exposes us mangling the enunciation of the lyric and sounding like, Eddie Murphy doing Buckwheat. I felt then as now, Chris's beautiful details of a marching band with a fife and drum opening, before the big military band music could catch on commercially. It was amazing! [www.leeewaylodlibrary.com](http://www.leeewaylodlibrary.com) click Frozen Chosen.

## Our Flag Old Glory

Our flag  
 Our flag  
 Old Glory  
 Our flag  
 Is flying high

Red white and blue  
 Old Glory  
 Is flying in the sky

A twenty-one-gun salute  
 The high school band  
 To boot

The whole town's marching  
 Down Main Street  
 To the drum and bugle beat

**Carrying our flag  
Our flag Old Glory  
Our flag is flying high**

**The big parade is coming  
And Uncle Sam is too**

**Today is all American Day  
In each and every way  
We'll wave our flag  
Old Glory  
For the whole wide world  
To see**

**From town to town  
All over  
These fifty super states  
This nation is united  
For God and liberty**

**Our flag  
Our flag  
Old Glory  
Our flag is flying high**

**Red white and blue  
Old Glory  
Is flying in the sky**

**Our flag  
Our flag  
Old Glory  
Our flag is flying high**

**Red white and blue  
Old Glory  
Is flying in the sky**

## **Nothing Comes to a Sleeper - - - But a Dream**

**(Part II -The Recitation)**

**You know that's so true  
I'm just lying here thinking  
About my love life  
About you  
I have sweet sweet dreams  
Of love  
I was and I am  
A romantic fool  
So I believed in time  
You'd come around**

**I thought like the great  
American dream  
I was entitled after all  
This time  
To your real affection  
But I was hurt deeply  
And broken hearted**

**When I realized the truth  
You had other plans  
And they didn't include me  
Now I could cry  
Oh I could die  
Or I could make another try  
Yes I can hang onto my  
Dream of you  
I understand now**

**I'm like a sleeping giant  
Rip Van Winkle  
Lost in the arms of  
Morpheus  
A realm of fantasy  
Filled with dreams  
Impossible to achieve  
In real life**

**I dreamt of having you  
All to myself  
But now that my dream  
World is shattered  
I must go on somehow with a  
New approach  
What a frightening thing  
When a midnight creeper  
Strikes**

**How can I give up on us  
I know you need time  
To really make up your  
Mind about me  
I know I was wrong  
Maybe you can find it in  
Your heart  
To forgive my faults  
I pray you will give me  
One more chance  
To prove my love  
Don't just leave me  
With my memories of you  
Please don't go**

**Come back home  
I won't rest until  
We're together again  
No matter how late the  
Hour  
I won't tire of pursuing  
My dream  
Of having you back  
And having your sweet  
Kisses once more  
And feeling your body  
Next to mine in bed  
We use to share that bed**

**No matter how long it takes  
I'll dream on  
You are my reason for  
Getting up everyday anyway  
So as my eyelids grow  
Heavy**

**No amount of hot black coffee  
 Ice water on my head  
 Can wake and shake me  
 Until my dream comes true  
 No alarm clock loud noise  
 Can stir me from my passion  
 To put us back together  
 As lovers . . .**

**Nothing comes to a sleeper  
 But a dream  
 Sing it one more time  
 Nothing comes to a sleeper  
 But a dream  
 Aw you sound so good  
 Nothing comes to a sleeper  
 But a dream  
 Uh uh uh**

**Chris was into the steel guitar on this country, blues, soul, pop theme piece I recited after Janice and I sang the song, [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com). This had become our signature and my style since we'd been recording at C.L.'s studio, where our voices were stacked on tracks like dead bodies at the morgue in unison with a multi-unisex sound. C.L. was deliberately mean-spirited toward us when we talked to Secret Sam about a ram's horn effect in "Abide in Me." Little did we know, C.L. was a French horn musician. He had a horn in his house but didn't tell us. Secret Sam used a perfect French horn approach on the synthesizer. Witness [www.leeewaylodlibrary.com](http://www.leeewaylodlibrary.com) click "Frozen Chosen." Anyway, C. L. would never volunteer as he refused to even clap when we could have used more hands than ours in the studio. Chris and he delighted in getting us to overdub our own hand claps.**

## Abide In Me

**Abide in me (Go where I send thee)**

**Abide in me (Do as I bid ye)**

**Abide in me until**

**You see**

**A brighter light**

**In the night**

**There was a Man**

**Who had a plan**

**To make a man**

**And a natural woman**

**So the story goes**

**He put them down**

**Upon the ground**

**In temptation**

**And sin**

**But ev'rybody knows**

**When the door is closed**

**We're all only human**

**And we can't help but be**

**In God's little garden**

**Of love**

**\_\_\_\_\_Top\_\_\_\_\_**

**And when you see it**

**Shining**

**A holy halo over a head**

**Making miracles**

**Reminding you**

**That God ain't dead**

**And then the Man  
 Who made a man  
 Said I command  
 You have my little  
 Jesus**

**Virgin Mary have  
 You ever been  
 To Bethlehem**

**Well it's not very far  
 I'll put a star  
 In my heaven to guide  
 You  
 Now tell thy husband  
 Joe  
 To pack his ass and  
 Go  
 \_\_\_\_\_Top\_\_\_\_\_**

**I didn't request Chris this time; I did inquire and was told he was busy. But if he was suggested, my hesitation would be due to his professional arrogance and client treachery. He asked for the tracks of one of my songs we recorded. He wanted his own copy, just an instrumental, clique track. Next time I heard it, it was in a L.A. furniture commercial. I couldn't even book him with a deal like before again, unless I had more to offer. I use to get him and Secret Sam to build the tracks, each took a section: Chris, rhythm tracks, Secret Sam strings and horns, or vice versa; now both guys are busy.**

Fleshed out, “Albert Einstein” was a shovel ready, spot on grave corpse, funeral dirge and cyber-cryptic casualty as imaginable with Mephistopheles, he and his male chorus singing backup behind my reciting the words harkening an expected nuclear bomb threat. Creepy as it sounds, if this production ever were to become ‘da bomb,’ it took a cast of me and Janice playing protagonist, innocent victims: C.L., the diabolical recording engineer, Neil Sedaka look alike as the bloodsucking villainous vampire, Dracula, Secret Sam is Dr. Frankenstein who created the monster music production and Dangerous Dave was Igor, the subservient drummer, plus Blonde Brian or Byron with his ax, played a long hair, Lon Cheyney, jnr., Wolfman medical marijuana smoker, smellin’ ghostly ghoulish guitarist . . . in a music throw down to bury the hatchet in an open coffin containing my long lost departed song, “Albert Einstein” online [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com) .

## E-Mails

Greetings Al,

I'm sending you "I Heard a Moan in Memphis" and "Secretariat, the Handsome Horse" [www.uscatalog.net](http://www.uscatalog.net) . These songs were co-composed in Hollywood 1973 along with a catalogue of over 85 more tunes in this batch I've held in abeyance until now. After mailing these two songs out, back then, I received no replies, so I put them all in a drawer until I read of your new 501(c)(3) venture in Memphis. As you were instrumental in playing my first local hit record "Loaded With Goodies" by the Four Jewels on my Start Records label in the early 1960's, when you were a DJ and broadcasting from the window of Waxie Maxie's Quality Music Store in Washington, D.C., that rainy night, I thought maybe lightning might strike twice.

The second song "Secretariat, the Handsome Horse," by coincidence is the same subject being filmed now as "Secretariat: The Making of a Champion" by Mayhem Pictures for Walt Disney Pictures to be released October 2010. Ergo, it occurs to me, I either have an offering of a demo with either song or a commissioned recording by the queen of soul, if you wish.

Congratulations and the best regards for success. I can be reached 1- 818 360 9162 online [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com).

Leeeway

## **I Heard a Moan in Memphis**

**I heard a moan  
I heard a moan in Memphis  
The day that Martin Luther King got killed  
I heard a moan a soulful moan in Memphis  
And I guess I always will**

**OO OO OO OO WH O O A  
OO OO OO OO WH O O A**

**I heard a scream  
I heard a scream in Dallas  
The day that John F. Kennedy got shot  
I heard a scream in Dallas  
Deep in the heart of Texas  
That I never ever have forgot**

**OO OO OO OO WH O O A  
OO OO OO OO WH O O A**

**I heard a shout way out in L.A.  
When good Bobby Kennedy died  
I heard a shout right out of the mind in L.A.  
And then I heard all the people cry**

**OO OO OO OO WH O O A  
OO OO OO OO WH O O A  
OO OO OO OO WH O O A  
And then I heard the whole world pray**

**I heard a moan in Memphis  
I heard a scream in Dallas  
I heard a shout out in old L.A.  
And then I heard the whole world pray**

**Congratulation,**

**After reading the article of your directional venture, “Secretariat: The Making of a Champion” in progress for the October release, I felt compelled to solicit your project with my song, “Secretariat, the Handsome Horse” co-written copyrighted, published and recorded in 1973 after Big Red’s Triple Crown victory and online today at [www.uscatalog.net](http://www.uscatalog.net). As an added attraction, I suggest you commission me to hire the queen of soul, Aretha Franklin, and record a remake of this tune and a complete original sound track. Thereby, sending the whole thing through the roof because of her ability and fame; plus, she loved the great horse too. By the way, any additional original music you require, I can supply.**

**Good luck,**

**Leeeway**

## **Secretariat, the Handsome Horse**

**Secretariat, the handsome horse  
Secretariat, the handsome horse**

**Born to ride born to run  
Born to win and win again  
Stay out in front and never trip  
The jockey never used his whip**

**Secretariat, the handsome horse  
Secretariat, the handsome horse**

**His triple crown is history  
He won for you  
He won for me  
So that the world could plainly see  
He ran the race so gracefully**

**His owner smiled  
She jumped for joy  
His trainer grinned  
So proud of him  
Will he retire  
Nipped in the bud  
Put out to pasture  
Turned out to stud**

**Yes he can run the winner's course  
Secretariat, the handsome horse  
The stable boy could surely be  
Where he gets his energy  
A carrot here some sugar there  
His stallion spirit is everywhere**

**Secretariat, the handsome horse  
Secretariat, the handsome horse**

## **Lord Be My Talent Scout**

**Lord I'll do anything  
Go anywhere  
If you would help me  
Out**

**I need an agent on high  
To make a deal  
And beat the devil  
Lord be my  
Talent scout**

**Lord I'm a songwriter  
Singer  
Show business is my  
Life**

**I'm a senior citizen  
I've only got one fan  
And she's my loving  
Wife**

**Lord I'm gonna send  
You  
A CD to heaven  
With some songs  
That could make me  
A star**

**God let the angels  
Sing background  
And please Jesus play  
Lead guitar - - - - -**

**Lord I'll audition here  
Audition there  
And I won't have a  
Doubt**

**If you'd be my manager  
In New York and  
Hollywood  
Lord be my talent  
Scout**

**I've been rejected  
Dejected  
I need someone with  
Clout**

**I need a wheeler  
And a dealer  
To help a sinner  
Be a winner  
Lord be my talent  
Scout**

**Amen!**

**(To Be Continued)**

