

Get Reborn

If you want the algorithmic precision of prog rock, the nutless twee of emo or the heady ham-harmonics of Kenny G, just stand still like a hummingbird and wait – that shit'll find you sooner or later, like a virus. But if you want the sexed-up, dressed-down, honking, booming, clattering call-and-response of second-line jazz, you gotta make a spiritual jump south of the Mason-Dixon Line – way south, into the humid bloom of New Orleans, where music is birthed visceral and protean. That's where you'll find **Rebirth Brass Band**, doing its thing. Anyone who's been to N.O., or even just watched HBO's excellent series *Treme*, understands that the bright bleat and rumble of big-band jazz is more than just music – it is New Orleans culture itself, the lifeblood and embodied pride of a rooted, riotous population that is sometimes bloodied and flooded, but always unbowed.

Rebirth was formed in 1982 by a handful of students from Joseph S. Clark Senior H.S. in the Treme neighborhood and, despite some line-up changes over the decades, the band's weekly Tuesday night gig at uptown's Maple Leaf Bar is a staple of New Orleans' music scene. Never standing still, Rebirth blends traditional brass band fare – horns, percussion, chanting, sublime braggadocio and repeated hooks – with funk, soul and hip hop. This is down-and-dirty music, full of outright sexual come-ons and canting for joy, though at last year's WOW gig the boys respectfully toned it down for the kids with no loss of sheer, foot-stomping fun. Rebirth's latest release, the aptly titled *Rebirth of New Orleans*, currently sits at #9 on Billboard's jazz charts and #1 on CMJ. With our belatedly arriving summer, here's an excellent chance to catch some Southern heat and get sweaty with a band that's the real deal.

Rebirth Brass Band plays 9pm Tuesday, June 7, at WOW Hall; \$15 adv., \$18 door, \$20 res. – *Rick Levin*

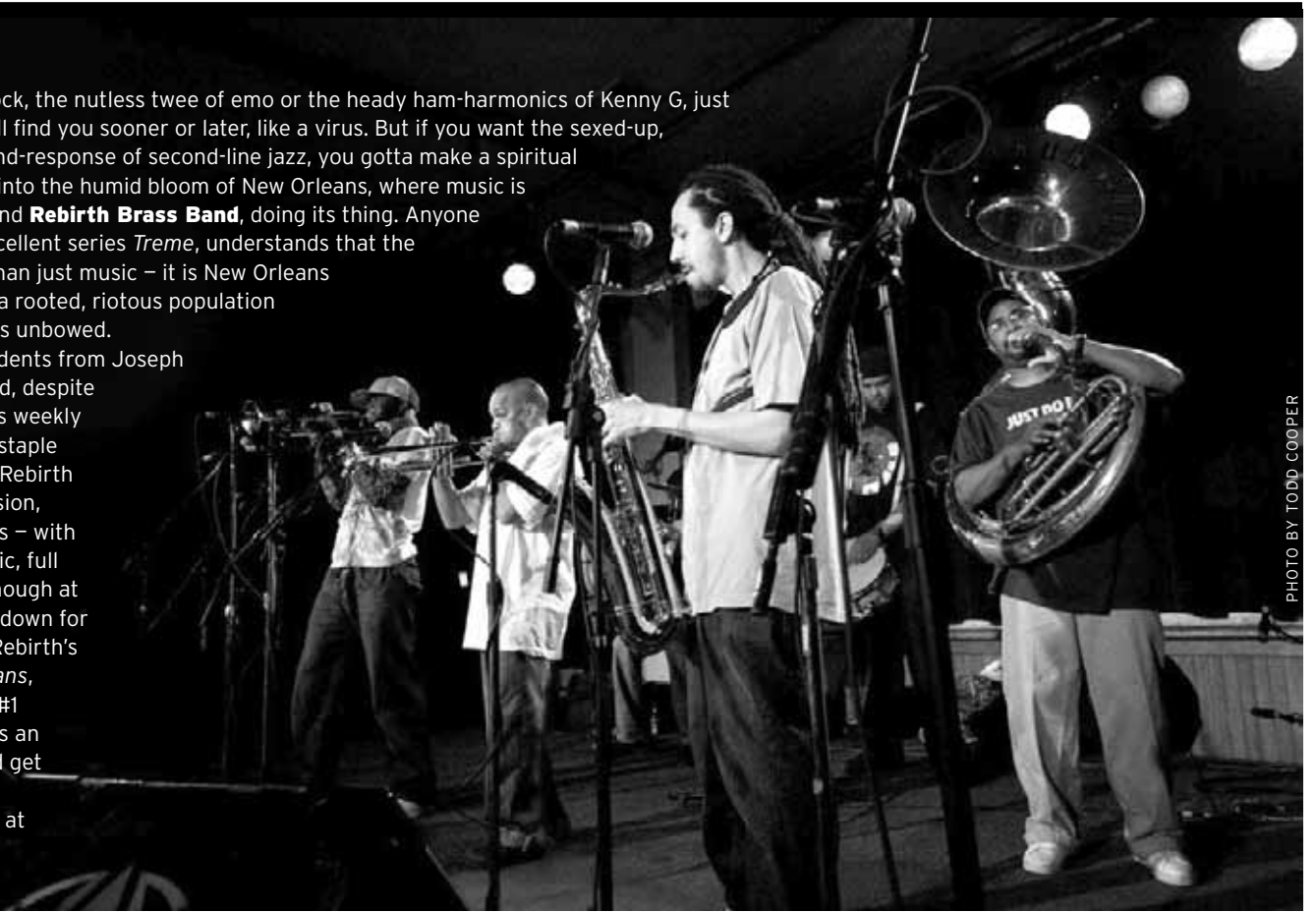


PHOTO BY TODD COOPER

REVIEW

Yelowolf

Sunday, May 29
Cuthbert Amphitheatre
Photo by Todd Cooper
More photos at
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YELAWOLF GETS RADIOACTIVE

It was something more than a "moment" when **Yelowolf** hit the stage Sunday, May 29, at the Cuthbert. Short, sharp and explosive, the Alabama-born rapper's shock-and-awe set was a furious, joyous burst of pyrotechnic charisma and mad talent – you could almost feel the tide turn on the whole scene when he decided to "get stupid" by stomping and helicoptering across the stage. Yela, a self-declared "Slumerican" and proud patriot from the trash side of the tracks, is keyed to boom skyward, and every bobbing body cramming the Cuthbert barrier could feel the crackle of his immanent launch. He ripped through a breathless set of hard-chopped syllables and catchy choruses, proving to all that his Southern trunk music has been immaculately elevated for the big show after a steady year of touring, an artistic education he compared to "boot camp." And with his debut for Shady Records, *Radioactive*, set to drop late September, Yelowolf – his gutter-proud tread still cruising the dirty streets – is primed to cross over. "I'm so excited," he said backstage after his set. "I want mainstream success with this record. I've spent my time in the underground and I want my shot at it. The records are going to reach people who've never heard of me before," he said, adding that "my core fans are going to be so psyched." Get ready to pop the trunk, people. Yela wants to play. – *Rick Levin*

