

**the only violence is the truth**



**£3.50  
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**strictly for the strugglin'**

# I n t r o d u c t i o n

Not about colour, not about fashion. First things first, plain old soul expression. Prove your humanity, show your identity. State it, relate it, don't try to fake it. Communicate it. Dignity and respect. To yourself and others. Give it.

Why do folk always think that the secret of success lies with those at the top? The keys of humanity with the rich and famous? No, the truth and the deep secrets lie at the very bottom with the "weak", the "fools" and the "powerless". Listen to them, if you can. They'll tell you the truth. Come on, history - back me up, you children of Israel, slaves of Egypt, inheritors of the Promised Land; tell it how it is you fallen Babylonians and your crumbled Tower, your confused languages, the proud Nebuchadnezzar and his madness, from taking the glory for himself instead of giving it to God. Shout it, you unnamed Asian warriors, and the princesses born in the ghetto.

**Lust and lies is legal; reality is criminal.** Go to the ghettos where we feel it first. We tell the human story as it is, not the lies the men-at-the-top spend their days, dollars and meetings concocting. To fool the masses in classes.

And it hasn't changed. It's the same, same, same. But, just for a laugh, we'll bend the rules of their game. Doin' it this way. Runnin' the show. And now all I hear is 'You go, girl, go'.

(Don't) Editor



I wish to apologise for the limited presentation of Phase 2 printed in issue four. See -The Payback Pages for the real score. Graffiti-hungry massive, write to IGTimes, Box 299, Prince Street Station, NY10012, USA (\$20 year subscription - bargain of the year). Apologies to its editor Schmidlapp too. It was he, not Phase, who wrote - Freedom Fighters.

PLEASE ONLY SEND NEGATIVES, NOT PHOTOS, FOR POSSIBLE PUBLICATION and a stamped addressed envelope if you wish them returned.



Graffiti photographs featured are from all over the world: UK, USA, Europe, Australia....

*Me been checkin' out the fevers for the flavors of all the new zines, and spray fiends, now what does it all mean? Seems to be the culture and the vultures boomin', zoomin', takin' up room 'n' like House of Pain, it's jumpin', hittin', thumpin', but just what is pumpin'? Somewhat elemental but the element is mute. When the mental's elementary just what does it constitute? Talkin' 'bout survival, we need substance not just subject that iz suspect, or some wreck to keep this in effect. Longevity...solid-darity...at its hardest, hardest, hard not 40 ounces, gats, tits or tats, visual evo-revolution, beyond the vapors, the flavor we savor, fate lays on our behaviour...look in the mirror at your worst enemy...enemy you, enemy me, enemy WE must control our destiny..*

**by Phase**

**Risk**

I thought I died when I let go  
But what died was  
A vapid waste  
And out of pain and chaos  
Rose my first life-taste.



"Hit everything from here to Coney" Swan ordered Rembrandt as the warriors set off on their tri-borough adventure from the Bronx to deepest Brooklyn.

It was 1980 and I had just experienced for the first time what I now refer to as writing. You see, Rembrandt, the in-house artist for The Warriors, had just been given the task of marking, with his spraycan, all available surfaces on the journey home and, although I didn't yet know it, the course of my life had changed. After this, I began to notice the significance of names I saw on London's streets. Names like Rolo, In-vader, Nutty, Wilko 2, Edbutt; slogans like -George Davis is innocent and words like -A.F.C., T.H.F.C., Skins, Mods, The Firm. With regard to the words and abbreviations, I knew their meaning and general significance, but what puzzled me was the names and who was doing the writing.

Who on earth were Wilko 2 and Rolo? I was indeed confused and curious and stayed so til mid '84 when I saw Henry Chalfont's -Style

Wars. It was like brail for the blind or signing for the deaf. At last I understood! Like most, at first I viewed all this in awe, as maybe a youngster or fan would watch professional soccer or boxing, never thinking for a second I could do that, I could be that.

By late '85 I had begun to notice London versions of the -Style Wars cast. Names like Crash 151, Shades, Romulus, Kosh, Able 2, Deco, Amaze 2, Robbo, Poet, Craze, Dev 666, Amoria. Crews like NWA, Rebels, NLA and the Art Masters. I then realised all I had to do was go out there and do this. So in early '86, I started writing. The name I chose was the one I've still got: -Drax. I stole it from the James Bond film -Moonraker. He was a character that wanted to take over the world.

Initially, I only scribbled my tag on paper or occasionally street posters, bus stops and other seemingly popular spots around my neighbourhood. Often, I would place my tag annoyingly close to that of another artist and await some

form of acknowledgement. But it never came. Then I did my first piece with a friend, a writer called Dutch. It said -X-Men. The next day it was crossed out and had toy written all over it. At last I was being noticed!! As the year dragged on, however, I received no further acknowledgement. Disheartened and feeling irrelevant, my enthusiasm faded. Maybe this pale imitation of what Style Wars personified for me was like the film seemed to be: a select few individuals who all knew each other. Maybe it was a closed circle or maybe respect just had to be earned. I wrote on.

The first writer I ever met was Kid 48. I met him by chance while tagging near my house. He told me he was down with a crew called The London Giants and that I should check out The London Graff spots at Westbourne Park. Having asked me if I'd heard of the Chrome Angelz, Tuf Arts, Prime, Sned, Grace, Kast, Jap 302 and others, he went on his way. I've never seen him since. I'd never heard of any of the people

he'd mentioned but it did encourage me to go and check out the Westbourne Park sites.

On getting there, I was amazed to see a kaleidoscope of names and colour exploding out from under the westway: Skam, Rio, Sex, Time, Insane, Rich, Rage, Hate, Cane, Nonstop.....more names that I could take in on this one visit. I sat for a while and watched the grey monsters of the Metropolitan line glide by. I envisaged my name on their sides. The trains passed into the distance but the image stayed with me, firmly imprinted on my mind.

As I left, two kids asked me if I wrote and, if so, had I heard of them? They told me that they were already bombing the trains at Hammersmith and other depots. Names like Rize, Pain, Judge, Rush and Ran. I was finally beginning to realize the extent to which the London scene was already thriving and complex. At Westbourne I had seen names from my area like Noize and Robbo. People were travelling (I had never written beyond 200 yards from my house) and here were the same names ten boroughs apart. On my way home, I watched the trains for the tags of the two I had just met and, to my surprise, soon saw them. They wrote Ice 3 and Demo.

By now, London had caught on to the New York-inspired aerosol art scene and I realised it had been going

since 1982. London's first writers, however, were criss-crossing the capital creating their own identities. Some seemed to be travelling more than others: Kosh, Crash 151, Prime, Haze and Rev to name a few. In '85 the first London trains were painted (in my knowledge) by The Trailblazers (later to become the Chrome Angelz) who painted Rickmansworth at roughly the same time as Kosh was hitting Cockfosters. Still, it was some time before trains became the real focal point of London.

Now the walls of Westbourne Park, Farringdon's three corners and the boards at Covent Garden reigned supreme. Here too, every Saturday the writers would



meet to compare photos and paint, often with Mode 2, Pride, Zaki, Snake or Scribla hard at work on the boards. The crowd of assorted tourists, shoppers and passers-by watched on as the breakers broke, rappers rapped and the artists painted. This was London, but a bit of New York's flavour and spontaneity had been transported to the West End. In general, the masses were entertained. Strangers sheepishly viewing books and photos unnerved them and gave the impression that maybe this was a private affair. It was! But thousands longed to be part of it. Blacks,

whites, all classes, people from all over greater London and beyond. Steadily it grew....

By '86 a thriving scene encompassing hundreds of crews had sprung up. Fresh pieces were seen weekly on the tube system. Names like Ink 27, Set 3, Deal, Foam, Tilt, Sirius, Glory, Noize 207, Urge, Sham 69, Mag, Caos, Fued, Fuel, Mac 1 and Hang 71 were already beginning to imprint themselves on people's minds and lodge themselves in the London writers' mental book of fame.

In previous years, London's artwork had taken on a very soft or flowery appearance. The pieces being done wouldn't have been uncomfortable under headings like 'pretty'. Styles were dusty with unclear outlines and psychedelic fill-ins. The works of TCA, Grace, Enigma, Creative Arts and Snake were typical. I think it was a combination of the use of Buntlack paints and the attitude at this time in London (free 'n' easy). This type of painting became popular throughout Europe, especially in Paris, Holland and Scandinavia. To call it pretty or flowery is not meant with discredit, merely to show the contrast between what was happening in London and the brasher, starker, more abrupt styles of New York.



Interestingly, early visitors to Europe from the States showed some amount of London, or maybe just Buntlack, influence in their later works. Whereas, as trains came to the fore here, many adopted much more traditional NYC type styles, demonstrating the international exchange of ideas and styles between writers.

Silver block letters and complicated wildstyles flowed steadily out of Hammersmith, Barking, triangle sidings, Moorgate, Arnos Grove, Acton, Morden and countless other depots and sidings. By '87, the British Transport Police had formed a full time Graffiti Squad. They were based at Baker Street and occasionally Stockwell. Names like Williams, Kelly and Nixon are still remembered.



Throughout early '86 I viewed most of this in awe and not having met any cohorts (Dutch had long disappeared), I still considered myself an outsider. Then in the summer, I met Choci, an ex-punk, who had just returned from six months in New York. While there, Mare 139, Kel 1st and others had indoctrinated him with a B-boy mentality. He'd begun to write and had even 'bombed' trains. With this new associate, I regularly met writers: The London Doze, Robbo, Car 138, R27, Sham 59, Stage, Pic, Echo 89, Merc 2, Fume, Idee, Reez plus more, all met through Choci-Roc. You see, with his psychedelic and tag-covered clothing, ski goggles, two baseball caps, New York mannerisms and spontaneous outbursts of up-rocking or body-popping, he acted like a magnet to most writers. They crossed roads and got off buses to check out the nutter in the pink bermuda shorts.

In autumn that year, we put together TDK (Tone Def Krew): myself, Choci, Robbo, Doze, Snap and Ree 2. Within two months, we had claimed North London's streets and every bus route we lived on. By the year's end, we were known throughout the capital. But then, as Christmas dawned, it all fell apart. Robbo and Doze started We Rock Hard (WRH), Snap was painting a lot with Seize (who he later grassed on when they got raided and caught in Farringdon sidings). The rest of us basically went our own ways. Choci and I did our first

London trains in November '86 at Cockfosters' yard. We sneaked in, 'bombed' two cars and ran out. Now I too was a writer.

As '87 dawned, the meetings at Covent Garden had been almost totally taken over by the pseudo-train-spotters. Most of the rappers and breakers had moved around



the corner to The Piazza or had been relegated to the status of buskers or on-lookers. Only the ever growing hundred plus group of writers now regularly attended the meetings. The goings-on would have rivalled many of today's TV soaps: fights, scandal, info and gossip. Saturdays were indeed a day not to be missed. The flow of photographs were endless. Many gathered to go mass-racking. But most just soaked up the atmosphere and that atmosphere, despite its influences and catalysts, was a truly London one. Writers from all over England and even the continent attended and looked on as London staked its claim as the world's premier art spot, outside of New York. Too many names to mention, but, by now, the London scene was a very large one.

Furra, another writer, and myself were in a crew called Bad Nooze along with Seize, Punk and Juvenile which was



slowly falling apart. So we both formed WD (World Domination). Early members were Crash 151, Ceep 108, Juve, Skip, Arian and Jesto and Reas from New York. Things were looking good, not only for us, but across the city. The meetings at Covent Garden were huge, there was a strong networking of info and, though strained at times, there was a fair sense of unity.

Then, as quickly as London had got its fame and as quickly as the writers and their colours had lightened the cityscape, the darkness descended. Things turned from insular to elitist, as the self-proclaimed hierarchy tried to exclude would-be participators. Robbing became the new craze, mostly born out of a desire to impress rather than necessity. The crews turned on each other. The self-destruct button was pushed. The Covent



Garden meet-ups rapidly depleted as would-be victims stayed away and those attending kept their distance or attended in force. Those 'pretty/flowery' days had been replaced with something much greyer, rougher and apathetic. The artwork too was changing.

By '88, the London scene, though a hazardous one, was still thriving. More trains than ever were being done. Westbourne Park, West Ham, Farringdon and Tufnell Park



Halls of Fame were being re-coated weekly, but now the viewing was strictly for the involved. The door was being shut on the outsiders and stories of robbings (termed 'steamings' by the press) made sure many stayed away. Sadly, graffiti crews were among the first to engage in robbing en-masse - fast becoming the new folklore of this once-united

and positive movement.

Many from beyond considered London to be dead. Yet myself, Chane, Grand, Stop, Funbox, Envy, Kez, Macs, Cop, Cade, Excel 502, Ganja, Check and others were entangled in a war with the Graff Squad, headed by a Mr. Chard. Each week, I was either in Loughton, Farringdon, Barking, Moorgate, High Barnet or Neasden bombing and, to a lesser extent, piecing with writers like Robbo, Doze, Pic, Prime, Fuel, Drop One, Furra, Jinx, Skip, Beejay or Sham 59. One morning, myself, Prime, Pic and Sham had just finished hitting a spot when I remembered overhearing at Covent Garden that a large group were going to hit the East London line yard at New Cross.

Prime left but the rest of us headed across town to deepest South East London. But we were too late. Just as we entered the station at Whitechapel, a train covered in new pieces rolled out. We waited anxiously as the next arrived. It too was pieced. Rio had done a top to bottom, Sure Shots with a window-down, Enterprises a whole car, Cazbee a Coca Cola style lettering piece of his name, cast two quick panels and a Kaster wildstyle, Foam One half a car, No Limtz crew a window-down whole car, Coma and a Birmingham writer had also panelled. On my way home, I saw a Prime piece running on the Circle Line - so that's what he'd been up to while we'd chipped off to New Cross. And that night, I was doing Farringdon.

London certainly wasn't dead.

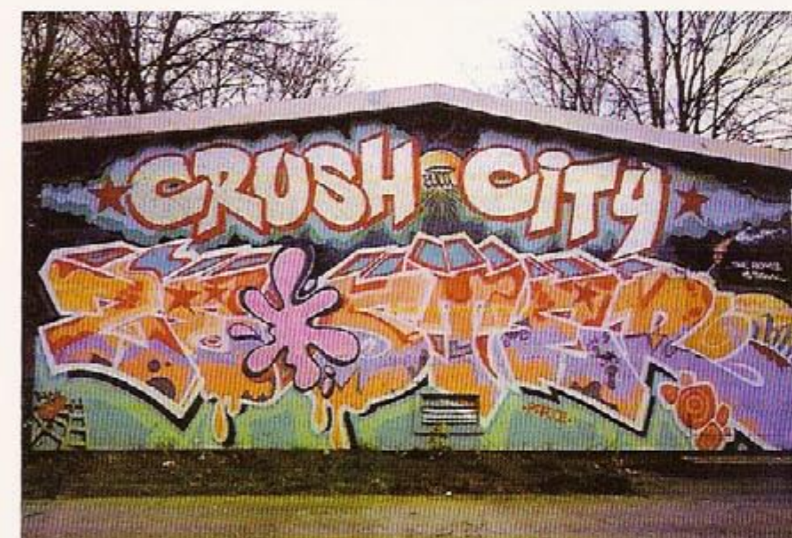
Throughout '87/'88, I was very active and, though partially worried, was proud to hear that the police were asking about me. Daily I rode the train lines, catching insides, hitting stations and taking the occasional photograph. These were the days of full addiction where I ate, slept and lived for writing. My clothes were an assortment of barb wire rips ink, stains, track grease marks and of course paint splatters. My shoes generally bore resemblance to an artist's easel and I couldn't remember the last time my fingernails didn't have paint or ink under them. Amazingly, it never occurred to me how conspicuous I looked, practically knee deep in paint and ink. I never got stopped by the police. **Steadily, I plunged further into a sea of aerosol illusion. My reality was something I wanted to replace due to boredom or whatever, a common symptom of the writer's world. For in this world, you need no real friends, and only your pens or paint can let you down. In this world, success is there, daily within your grasp, not the carrot-on-a-stick in your seemingly intangible future. It's a cocooned existence where you play by your own rules and they nearly always let you win. I played then by my rules and won.**



But that's what they all say.

Harrow-on-the Hill, Moorgate, Edgware Road and Tufnell Park were possibly the major station benches of the late '80s. Many criss-crossed the system regularly, refueling on information or gossip at these spots (check out the Kast piece on the Big Met.). Some met or regrouped to go racking. The would-be robbers hid themselves behind the facade of 'What-d o - y o u - w r i t e ?' conversationalists.

By late '89, my crew consisted of a broad selection of writers from across the capital and, as a group, we were tight. Our meeting point was The Wimpy (now Burger King) at



King's Cross where we regularly compared homemade pens, customized nozzles with a couple of dozen empty toilet rolls and a plank of balsa wood. We would have passed easily as The Blue Peter Here's-one-I made-earlier Appreciation Society but, alas, we didn't fool the manager and were often thrown out.



As Christmas '89 drew nearer, I wanted to do something really big. Robbo and I were to meet Elk and Steam late Christmas Eve. The latter two couldn't come at the last minute, but by then it was 2am and Robbo didn't want to leave the club we were in. I had the apint (lots of silvers and blacks), the gloves and the yard was within walking distance. But only Robbo knew the way in. 3am came. In desperation, I thought of a way to get him

motivated: I'm gonna do a whole train without you. That was it. Within minutes, we were walking into Moorgate Station. There was only one train in the second lay-up on the circle Line tracks. If we wanted all the passers-by to see our work, it would have to be window-down as we had no ladders. We did a six car whole train. It read Merry



Christmas to WD, Prime, Seize, Kosh, Doze, Furra, Cast, Crash, Pic, Giants, Rio 2, Pest, T. A., Tilt, Newave, Ink 27, The Big Met Posse, WRH, Skip, CD, from Robbo and Drax. This was London's first whole train and it sat at Moorgate for two whole days. It was our finest hour...and the last time they ever left trains there over Christmas.

It got TV and newspaper exposure. I remember passing through on another train on Boxing Day. There were 40 or so on-lookers, mostly writers and a film crew, on the platform next to the train. **It now strikes me as strangely ironic that, after 4 years of questing for 'fame and recognition', when it finally was mine for the taking, I chose to stay seated, smile to myself and ride on.** The thought also crossed my mind for the first time that undercover police may be present.

**Anonymous fame, I think, is the true goal of the writer. Most who seek personal respect for their artistic abilities or writing achievements tend to fade**



away when they all too often discover acquaintances cannot transfer respect they had for a name to an individual. I've always felt that the element of self-imposed anonymity served to protect the true persona of the writer and gave him something to hide behind: **- I am no longer Bert Smith. I am King One.** In retrospect, I often wish I'd never met any writers and remained totally anonymous, maintaining not only an element of mystique but also protecting my identity for legal reasons. Still, between '86 and '90 I met hundreds. Some I've long forgotten; some are still among my closest friends. Alas, I felt it was only a matter of time before one of them conveniently placed my real name, telephone number and tag next to each other in their phone book and wait to get arrested. Throughout '89, the amount of house raids was rising. Intelligence sources



among the BTP Graffiti Squad had greatly improved and very active.

1990 started slowly. Many were under police scrutiny or paying off fines. There were, however, Xwriters like Elk, Cherish, Tera, Shoom, Era, Rozer, Shun and Abel poised and ready to seize their opportunity.

Knock-knock. It was now May



1990 10am. I stuck my head out of my window and was greeted by three men who I now know to be Misty Cattle, Knight and Benyon. They asked me to come down.

'No. Tell me who you are.'

'Want a chat with you. Come down.'

'No. Who are you? I'm not coming down unless you tell me who you are.'

'Just come down. We don't want your neighbours knowing your business, do we?'

That last sentence had a dangerously unfamiliar ring to it. 'Hold on a minute' and I pulled my head in. As I did so, I caught sight of the top of a white van across the road, partially hidden by a truck. It had a light on top, a blue light.

**Drax WD, the Last Rider of the Purple Sage. Forget the frauds. Check out The Real State.**



## the untapped rap

### Welcome to Planet K.....

You're not a slave; you're a free person. But on Planet K you have no history and no place, no identity save your dark face. At school you learn someone else's education, and that you aren't seen as part of this nation. You're told to stick to your roots, but with each successive generation they move further away. The one voice, the one factor that affirms what **YOU** are, not your family, not your friends, but **YOU** is the rap, the rhyme, the rhythm, the art, recreated, reinvented.

And then someone tells you rap is American, rap is political, a fad, violent. There is no industry for rap. So what do you do? Create the industry. Each genuine rap group on Planet K has to face the facts that:

- a) they have no industry to back them i.e. promoters, management, record companies, media..
  - b) few underground djs to support them. They favour USA imports rather than Planet K releases, although the latter are more real to the Planet K streets.
  - c) face an international censorship by record distributors
  - e) regardless of the quality of their music, they are often disregarded by hip hop 'followers' who favour the USA, little realising that by doing so they are destroying the spread of true hip hop - expressing originality, soul funk and reality.
- So the lazy, the uncommitted,

the ones out for a quick living are easily sieved out.

But there are a core of survivors in the midst of this cultural, political, media-controlled warground, who see through the half-truths and fakes and struggle on. Running their whole thing, without support or acknowledgement, often discouraged but never giving up or selling out.

Pioneers on Planet K, fighting the battles without a pay, this is dedicated to you. Your time will come for you hearts are still true.

.....

The first cold wet night in March. The Vox club in Brixton, one month following the stabbing of a black youth after a hip hop jam...the 15 year old murderers escaping with his jacket...

There is a deeper sadness and anger in the crews meeting here tonight, but something else too, for the place is unusually packed. 'I don't usually come out to jams', 'There'll be violence here. Always is at The Vox.' Yet there wasn't, and despite the expressed negativity the vibe was definitely up. Feeling the injustice more sharply than ever, tired of the tyranny of oppression and self-destruction, the youth here hold a new surge of realisation. They are on the edge of breaking out, becoming real.

Five larger-than-life brothers on stage, grabbing their mikes

more than their crotches, with a vigour and desperation that would even make the Old Skool's head turn. Despite the P.A. system breaking down, the sound engineer moaning, the Scientists flex and carve out some pure granite lyrics, cutting through and over an MC Polyfilla Ice who keeps stepping on stage to bare his gold tooth and idiocy.

'Bad Bwoy Swing' but they rock this crowd. 'Step on Stage' but they 'don't give a f\*\*k' and the homies and curious who have turned out on this foul night are chanting back at a set of raw creative energy. And just in case you're in doubt as to who's in control (it certainly isn't the promoter..), they flex it rough and smooth for fifteen minutes. Facing challenges that it's rehearsed, they address the appropriate hecklers freestyle.

Exit the Scientists of Sound. Another tough battle, but they still won it, unlike the unfortunate headliners or the MCs in the open mic contest. And the jealous were the only ones going home disappointed.



# R e w i n d

**THE SCIENTISTS OF SOUND** consisting of J-Blast, Cherokee, Kool Sett, and Aybee in a time capsule: -We came from another galaxy and we were one being. We were going through this quadrant of the galaxy. Aybee decided we should take this direction. (They told me it didn't look good in the holiday brochure.) We jumped a quadrant and our body became scrambled by the magnetic pull towards this planet called Earth. The body was fragmented and we were scattered to four different regions: Jamaica, Nigeria, St. Lucia, and Mauritius. We assumed the form of the kind of beings that peopled these places. We got pulled towards London, although still scrambled particles but gradually were pulled together. On a mental tip, we were still fused together.

We just try to operate as one being as we were before. J-blast is the mouth, Kool Sett is the heart, Cherokee the gonads and Aybee the head.

**When we come together, it's just pure energy. The closer we come together, the tighter we become until one day we return to our original state. We're re-learning that essential information of who we are,**



**what we are, where we came from and where we're going...through music, vibrations and pulses. That's why we're called the Scientists of Sound. The vibrations can destroy or they can change minds and change people. The walls of Jericho were destroyed by sound and faith. Impossible victories have been won by sound. Thinking and vibing - to aim it at the world.** Our intention is to give the people what they want as well as what we want to give. Letting them know how we feel, not being preachy. All of us have our unique styles and ingredients. We had to create a science lab through which we could recharge ourselves. We need to be recharged through proper kinetic energy. Music is that to us.



Those who went before us set the standard and pace for us to follow. Now we are moving faster, and those behind us are following our trailsmoke. But we've already hit the top atmosphere and reached Planet Earth. We are still following a trail left by others before - the pioneers of funk like Leroy Peterson, the Four Tops, Otis Reading, Sam Cooke, George Clinton, The Jacksons, James Brown....amalgamating the fusion of sounds before us to

come out with a gumbo. But our gumbo is tasty and sweet. There's no pork in our gumbo. It's pure kosher.

We've got to make use of this time. We're not running around doing nothing like lots of beings with our melanin. We are going to go for gold.

Our main obstacle is society - anything that makes you be anything other than yourself. Going to work everyday, trying to be a person that you are not.

**Back on Planet Earth, in a car parked off Brixton High Street:**

They didn't all fuse at once. Aybee was turning out music on his four track in 1986. He asked Kool Sett to join him. Four years of fusing later, during which time Cherokee had entered, plus numerous raw deals from record companies, promoters and black artists...

"Basically a whole pail of bulls\*\*\* which they stirred with a stick and fed to us. And we sure know the taste of s\*\*\* by now!.." they hooked up with J-Blast, or rather he hooked up with them.

J-Blast: "I was working with this guy from Bite-It records. The Scientists gave me a tape of their stuff. It was the most natural hip hop culturalistic truthful vibe that I'd ever heard. I'd been up and down every road in Rap Town and this was the end of the search for me. I just felt like I'd been missing 75% of myself and now I'd found it. They were a proper crew that had their s\*\*\*

together. They didn't need my help but the vibes were so right. The plane was there, and I knew if I didn't get on, it would leave without me."

The Scientists consist of Aybee, the head, who thinks about the groups aims, plans and directs; Kool Sett, the emotion, the energy; J-Blast, who can talk his way out of hell. He just comes out with things in such a colourful expressive way and Cherokee, the gonads, the raw energy. He can take you on a high and bring you to a real low. He is the basic pulse of the group.

The Scientists are affiliated to Bite-It Records, but they are looking to be signed with a large black independent label. -F\*\*\*as aren't paying us anyhow so we've nothing left to lose. We're only here to entertain and support the word and our people, the ones who come out on a cold pissed up British night to a South London club. This music is for them - to our homies cos they're the ones who've put us where we are.

And if they don't get their just reward? If this is their final show?

Silence. Then Kool Sett: - "The s\*\*\* happens."

Laughter. Car doors slam. Midnight. They're out and they're on.

The Scientists of Sound 12" is out on March 22 on Bite-It records featuring 'Bad Bwoy Swing' (Side A) and 'Step on Stage' (Side B)

## THE ZULU NATION IN THE UK

*Khalil, the UK representative:*

-I met Africa Bambataa in 1985. I wanted to be down with the Zulu Nation. He brought me into the Zulu Nation and made me a Zulu King. That means I had the responsibility of organising events in the UK. We want to break into the music scene because it's been watered down. We're holding jams and meetings, just like how the movement started: hip hop like it was before the violence and drugs came in.

We're bringing the Zulu Nation out to expose the frauds in the hip hop scene, because hip hop was built around the Zulu Nation. All the original Old Skool are members: Grandmaster Flash, Melle Mel, Kool Herc. We're about unity. There's been a lot of management problems and exploitation on the music scene. The Zulu Nation is about everyone getting their fair juice. We want to bring love back into hip hop, to bring unity and prosperity. We're holding chapter meetings where we discuss these things. If people in England get together, it will be a big push forward internationally.

The philosophy of the Zulu Nation is derived from the Quoran, the Bible, the Gilgamesh Epics (a set of ancient tablets of writing), the Samarian Scriptures and Hindu writings. The Zulu Nation is not a religion, but its philosophy is based around the ancient doctrines and scientific facts. It's about peace.

But what about justice? For many, violence is the last plea for justice.

-We don't take Malcolm's line or Martin's line; we take that middle line. Peace is not just an 'absence' of violence. First and foremost it is a state of unity and understanding and that is our aim. Malcolm's anarchic violence did not achieve it and neither did Martin's passivity and integration.

The ethnic youth use music as their medium to express their ideas, express their message through music, their desperation for peace and justice. There is no other way.

Those interested in joining the Zulu Nation, contact Khalil at Echo, 239 Stevedale Road, Fulham, London SW6.

# THE SON OF NOISE

The Son of Noise are the European favourite for UK hip hop, with constant demands for shows.

But, like prophets without honour in their homeland, the Son of Noise, relentless in their touring of Germany, France, Switzerland, return to anonymity and studio work in London to finish their second album 'Access Denied', due out this summer.

The group consists of Mada, Son, C U Roc and Renegade and was formed in 1991 after 'Hard Noise' disbanded leaving Mada, Renegade and Son as producers. C U Roc, who had just left 'Gunshot', came to the trio for production, but they ended up forming The Son of Noise.

*How would they describe their sound?*

Son: We just make music. I don't know. Maybe in Europe they like us for our hard breakbeats - they call it the 'brickwall sound' - the type of sounds before the acid stuff came in. Now hip hop's slow and funky side is getting more exposure and Europe's liking what it hears. We create our own sounds (through trial and error!) and we're very visual in our performances. Our main aim is entertaining people and getting the message out. Just hip hop basically...

The group's success is partly due to their relentless touring. Without management, they still work hard to do as many shows in as many places as possible.

Everything in the industry, except distribution, the band do themselves. They've set up their own label and feel more black artists should be controlling their own businesses:

We should help each other out. In our production, we bring in outside rappers and producers. There should be a lot more unity. The USA seems to be very negative about British rap. We give them more respect and exposure than they give us. If we keep separating ourselves, we're destroying the power we could have in unity and working together. Rap's diversity as an artform can only be shown from a unified base.

Black America is many generations separated from its roots. We're only one or two generations away. We still face racism, but not in the same ways they do. A rap artist in the American music industry will be promoted and managed. The British rap industry - what's that? If you're coloured in the UK, you're part of a community but not society. In England, there are many rappers, but they don't get the same coverage as the Americans. Yet rapping started here fourteen years ago. We should break away from the USA styles, not because they're not good, but because we have our own styles and different realities to express. I don't come from Compton, but I got enough to say and feel. We're speaking about what we know to be true to ourselves.

Just because our realities, experience of racism and life is different to that of a coloured person in the USA doesn't make us any less true to hip hop. It would be good to get a bit more support from the Americans, instead of domination. Rap is a voice and when you've got a loud enough voice with something to say, the people will hear you.

Rap is worldwide like no other artform, apart from graffiti perhaps. It gives you the freedom and form to express yourself on different levels. Rap music itself is a pioneer; the modern day equivalent of jazz. Its diversity is endless. It has to be street as it is a form of communication and wants to get as close to the people as possible. It's about getting your message across, reaching people where they are. Most rap records preach a moral, but not in a sermon format. The audience is invited into the rap and that's how it communicates. Rap itself is a message.

But it's still music. When Chaka Demas and Pliers brought out a ragga version of Twist and Shout, you had 29



year olds getting down on the dancefloor. If a rap version of Twist and Shout came out here...automatic dance ban. Yet it's just as fat and just as enjoyable. Rap needs much more exposure, more radio play and special shows. In the UK, getting exposure has little to do with quality or talent, just the dj's whim. Struggling British rappers have got an average shelf life of 6-7 weeks, and rap albums are totally by-passed. The Crispy Three released an album and no one even knew it was out, yet people were asking for it. It will always sell on the street vibe. It's not the fault of the music. The rap is good; it's the marketing and promotion.

Record companies don't know how to deal with rappers. And rappers need to know how to deal with business, know how to get their point across. Record companies are scared to deal with rappers. But trouble sells!

A good promoter is someone who understands how people want to be treated and loves the music. You don't have to be flash or have loads of contacts; just be organised, responsible and ensure things run on time and to quality.

DJs shouldn't police music. It's his/her job to expose music, not to divide and criticise. Just play. He/she is supposed to be opening the world of music up to people, not closing it.

Europe has given us lots of support and respect and we're constantly touring there, but we'd like to tour more in

the UK and USA.

To see The Son Of Noise live is an experience in itself. Notoriously wild with individual flavour and rap that travels, watch this space for a band that will never say die.

## Discography

*Twelve inches:*

The Son of Noise (B side: Ill Justice) - Cold Sweat

Milk & Chocolate (B side: Master of Menace) - Cold Sweat

The Negative Forces (B side: The Mighty Son of Noise) - Cold Sweat

A Crazy Mad Flow (B side: Retro '93) - Little Rascool Records

## Albums:

The Mighty Son of Noise - Cold Sweat

Access Denied - out summer 1994

For more information ring Jason on 071 403 6071



## Swallowing the Image

by London Artikal Homegirl  
Adelaide Richards

African/Caribbeans in Britain are lost when it comes to culture. Young people have a lack of role models, or musical and cultural heroes they can relate to so they look to other countries for guidance. Most kids that live on housing estates are rude bwoys/gyals who are all into the same thing: chirpsing, garms (clothes) and music,

the three essentials. In England, you will find two types of young black female: a sister who dresses in a 'Gangsta Bitch' (a slang term influenced by rapper Apache), fashion aka: Karl Kani, Cross Colors, Machine jeans, army waistcoats, combat boots, bandanas, sock hats etc. or a sister who wears the yardie (Jamaican) styles, especially for dances. This consists of garments such as leggings, with rips or holes, shiny sequined catsuits and batty riders. Blatant stereotypical views of a black female. But they exist.

The street fashions that have proven so popular among the UK youngsters have been imported from the United States and Jamaica; two main countries that feed highly on music and fashion.

Kids look to other countries for influence because that is all they see. Black radio stations, magazines and cable stations in the UK all project the African American lifestyle through music, TV shows and movies. The same also with Jamaican culture. The yardie vibe will always be very close to these descendants. Also, ragga will continue to be popular with the youth along with the patois language. Yes, I understand we should be true to our roots and culture, but we should also be part of the living real world instead of its clowns, victims and ready stereotypes.

It is also a 'respect' thing. People just automatically love anything that is American. Whereas British black people

who contribute to their society, community or the media, be they publishers, recording artists, designers or other pioneers, are only gaining respect from a minority of their people when it should really be a majority. The rap industry in England - what a laugh. We despise ourselves, don't

## R a p Reviews by Neka

### Leaders of the New School Classic Material b/w Spontaneous (Elektra)

The second single release from the LP 'T.I.M.E.' offers fat beats and rhymes from the crew, with its infectious bassline and horn riffs, not to mention their unique style. The remix provided by Diamond D will leave the LONS followers wondering which to choose from, as both the original track and the remix stand out on their own. The B side also offers the listener two excellent cuts of 'spontaneous' (13 MCs deep), with LONS and the New School Society rocking the mic. Once again, you'll be torn between the original and the remix, but whichever one you choose, both come correct.

### Ice Cube 'You know how we do it' b/w '2 n the morning' (Priority)

With the assistance of QDIII, Ice Cube provides the West Coast flavour, with a laid-back

believe there is room for a black original in the UK. If you're not American or Jamaican style, what are you? Yet there are many quality rap artists with their own form in the UK. Why should we have to sell-out, be something we're not, to fit in the 'market'?

groove. However, for those of you who prefer Cube's hardcore beats and rough'n' rugged lyrics, you will not be disappointed, as the B side offers the bonus track '2 n the morning', which is not available on the LP 'Lethal Injection'.

### Simple E 'Play my Funk' (Fox Records)

This track is taken from the Motion Picture Soundtrack of Wesley Snipes' latest film 'Sugar Hill' (which has yet to reach these shores). This is an impressive single by Simple E. Its smooth flow and fat bassline opens the track, leading into her hard-edged rap style. Using an R'n'B chorus, but one that doesn't distract the listener from the lyrics and the beats. Altogether, producing a simple yet slammin' cut.

Through the mass media realising there is a large amount of home-grown talent, young adults in Britain will not always be looking to Jamaica or America to be their saviours.

Don't consume - create your own.

### Terminator X B and the godfathers of Threath featuring Whodini 'It all comes down to the money' (P.R. O. Division)

Terminator X returns from the 'Valley of the Jeep Beats' with old skool veterans Whodini in tow. The single offers several mixes where the guys drop a positive message over horns and a funky beat, accompanied by the vocal talents of Khadejia Bass. This track may not hit you straight away, but is one to grow on.

### Snoop Doggy Dogg 'Gin and Juice' (Death Row Records)

A man who has very much been in the headlines recently flexes his skills over the West Coast G-Funk laden track. With its haunting beats and wailing synth, it takes you on a ride through a day in the life of the man himself 'just kickin' a little somethin' for the Gs'.

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## DJ POGO

has been spinning, scratching and mixing for 11 years, and playing professionally for 8 years.

'It all started at primary school! The end of term disco, when the caretaker would bring out his record players. I used to watch him!! But I got into scratching when Malcolm McClaren's 'Buffalo Girls' came out in '81. I collected boogie tunes and rap records, my first rap record being 'Rappers Delight'.

I played my first club, Club 85 at Islington, when I was 13. I did shows for free, jumped up on dj's sets. Anything to get on those decks. I made my opportunities if there weren't enough coming to me. I still go around the London scene, but I've produced many records and remixes, including Monie Love's and MC Mello's albums.

People need to be more committed and to start doing things in the rap industry. Radio djs need to play rap tunes not just six months before the record's out but when it's released and after. There's a lot of talk and promises, but folk need to put their money where their mouth is. There isn't a lack of talented djs or rappers, but they need to get more aggressively committed, not to lose heart so easily. They don't want it enough.

People should stop bickering over styles (UK/USA/ragga). The whole issue is to RAP and get your message over

and out, to be heard. What you SOUND like isn't the issue; it's what you get across.

The British rap industry is non-existent. We have been brought up on white rock music, that is the 'British heritage'. Now, all of a sudden, the British music industry has been blasted with rap music. They can't deal with it, don't know how to. In the USA rap and black music has been an integral, if not the CORE, of the music industry from day one. The USA is more used to black musicians and the difference in marketing and promotion to rock and pop music.

Britain's coloured culture is young, two generations young and still struggling, struggling hard. Our radio stations need to get their act together. British rap records should get as much play as USA records. And rap in general should get more play full stop, not just late night slots or 'community'/ pirate air play. There's a huge market for rap and it's being totally ignored and misunderstood. There should be more jams, better promotion for jives, more support for people out on the scene.

I've heard people say, 'Oh Pogo's playing that slot but I could do better.' Well, I'd love them to! I'm all for new and better djs coming out. But they need to get busy and sorted, stop being so lazy. When I was getting up as a dj, I'd battle anyone and MAKE my own opportunity if one didn't arise. I'd love to see more djs come out and

compete on the decks. They should go for theirs, just as we got ours.

For myself now, I'm carrying on with dinging and production. I want to get fully established as a producer in all realms of music, and eventually do some TV work.'

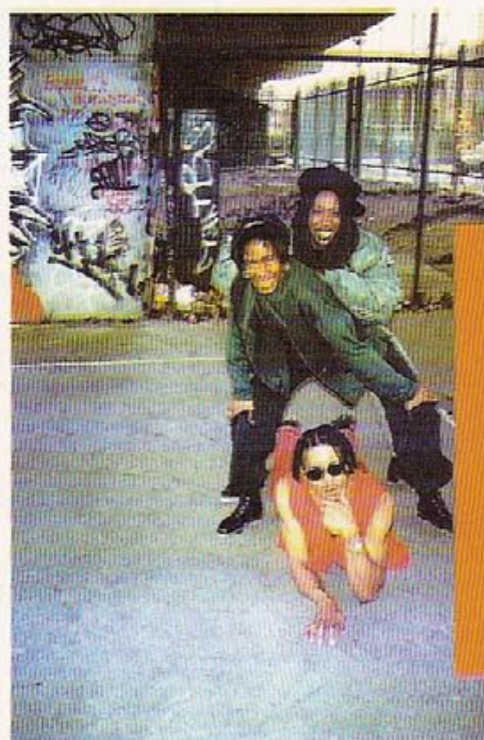
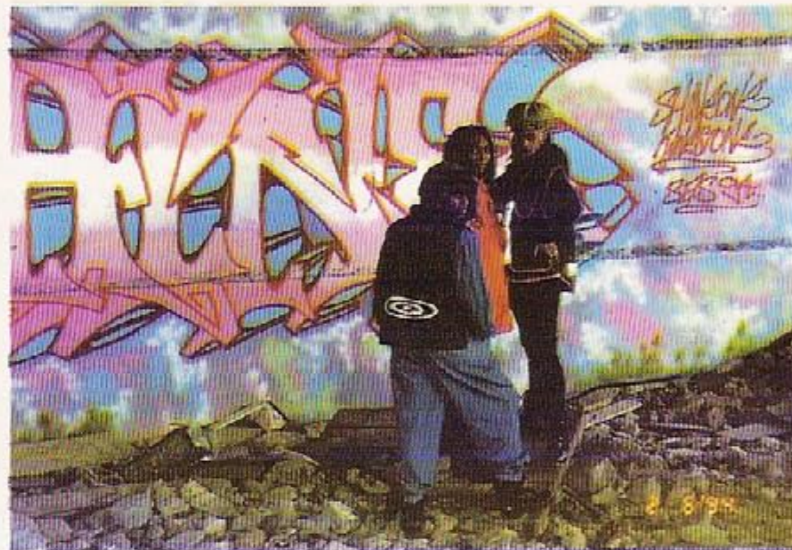
DJ Pogo Tel. 081 314 0690



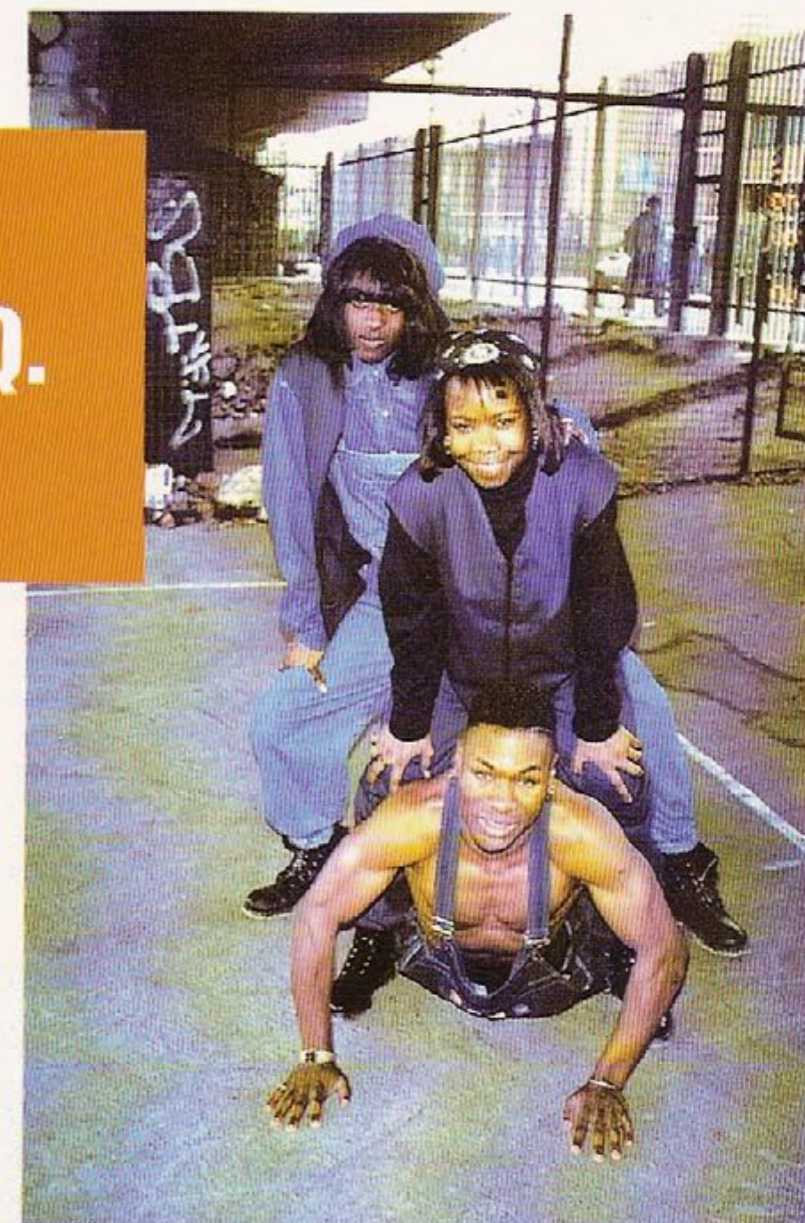
'As soul music diminished to a category on the pop charts, the beat from the street said no-no-no, you're too sweet. Try some of this instead. Stomp your feet. Don't admit defeat.

Rap burst forth precisely where it did, when it did because that's where the long, long night of poverty and discrimination, of violent marginality remained a hurting truth nobody was telling. That's where the creative energies of a subject people were being choked and channeled into self-destruction.

To the brutality that once ripped us away and now tries to rip us apart, we turn a stylised mask of indifference, a core of silent refusal. Boom. Chaboom. Boom. While our feet, feet, feet dance to another beat.'



**From: SPOON**  
**29 Carnaby Street London W1 1PQ.**  
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# Strictly 4 My Niggaz

Interscope Records

If pain can ever be seductive, it's on this album. The straight title fits the uncompromising music. With the focus and directness which only comes from first hand experience of reality, Tupac addresses social truths with irresistibly funky loops and cunning rhymes:

*'I'm not racist  
But let's trade places.  
Trace the hate  
And then face it.'*

The fast, dense furious beat belies the thought - not an emotional frenzy, but blood-in-his-eye realisation.

*'Niggaz get their necks broke daily  
Trying to stay jail-free and  
All you po-police will never  
find peace on the streets til the  
niggaz get a piece.'* The deep, dark heavy bass-bone isn't talking froth.

The album shows a huge diversity of rhythms and styles. The energy ranges from manic speed and taut energy to heavy deep gangster-rolls. From inspirational anthems (Keep Ya Head Up and Strictly..) to raging war-cries (Holler if Ya Hear Me, Deadly Venoms). Themes go from social despair ('they say there's no hope for the youth when the truth is there ain't no hope for the future'), street survival, judgment and women, the good ('the diamonds, the pearls, the round-the-way girls') and the bad ('couldn't be my sista if she's acting like

*a mister', -Is that your woman? No that's just a hooch looking for some cooch')*

Folk can call the lyrics dangerous and 'evil' but in fact they are coming from the very bass line - courageous, affirming and inspiring those who live these realities. And his images are so tight, the emotion described so vivid, that understanding is dragged out of you, whether you like it or not! This man is fixed on one thing - to tell a deaf world how it really is for his people. Those who judge him should judge themselves first. They wouldn't take the personal risks he does for the sake of changing the tragedies of their community.

Tupac can capture not only a genuine deep 'nigga' emotion, but can demonstrate situations in a way you can visualise (eg. in Papaz Song Last Wordz or the phone conversations/car scenarios in Peep Game).

It's all there: the language, the rage, the love, the pain, the realities, the energy - dense like poison. You might not be 'into all that'; you might LIVE 'all that', but the attraction is



in the unique focused style and 4D drama. The songs take you into them, inner soul videos of reality. Whatever. You emerge from that album different from how you went in.

*'remind you of the things you were made to forget.'*

*'Pump your fist if you're pissed/To the sell-outs livin' up/One way or another you'll be givin' it up'*

His fear of gold-digging women ('Tell me why they, tell me why they play me/Cos y'all niggaz not one of you'll betray me') and his loyalty to friends in the Pen. ('See you when I free you/if not, when they shove me in') has an uncanny and prophetic ring to it. This guy seems to know his own fate. The risks he has taken aren't those of a - madman - heated, impulsive, crazy illogical. They are calculated. He has counted the cost of speaking and living the truth, and is obviously prepared to pay it.

The album shows the tunnel vision of a hunted animal, yet the great soul of a struggling man, slave to no one. Crazy maybe, if it's sane to escape. But Tupac would rather face it.

**"I'm not violent; I'm petrified and nervous."**

# Those Funky Flyer Kings

a venture into Hip Hop nostalgia

A while back, I took a peep at an LP, produced by a supposedly knowledgeable source, containing Rap classics of the early years, Sugar Hill, Flash, etc. On the back of the cover were dedications and acknowledgements, to hip hop's 'participants and players' - so to speak, djs, mcs, even dancers. Not one mention of the fellas who stayed up until the wee hours into dawn, knockin' out flyers for 'cat fronts' and makin' it possible for promoters to hype their parties through the slick innovation of their finished work. The flyer represented a prelude to the jam, creatively supplying a fantasy for those who'd been here, and the potential clientele, at times creating an aura of 'gotta be there' through one's choice of phrases and wording. Every promoter wanted a 'funky flyer'. If there was only one word to choose to describe or define it in relation to hip hop, you'd have to say... necessary.

Flashback: Kool Herc, Gregory Disco Wiz, 1972; Exec, Hevelo, Party's Over, someone hands you a flyer....There's a facsimile of

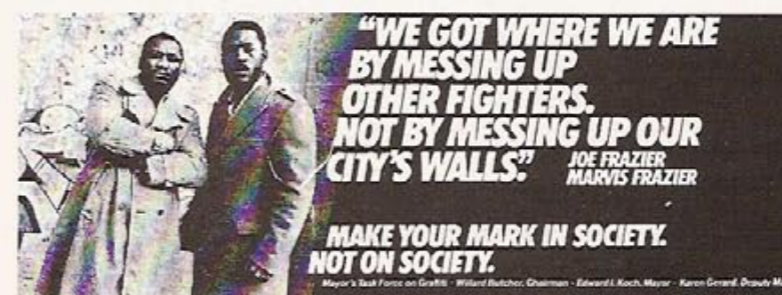
Herc on it, pulling a rabbit from a magician's hat. Its handwritten information about the next function. The flyer is fresh, to the point and unique. It's signed Kareem. There were more to come. Then one day, Kareem just faded away...There were flyers, but nowhere near as memorable as those. Then around 1978 or so, a whole new crop of flyer fanatics emerged, as did new sound systems, and crews along the way. Buddy Esquire, PhasToo, Sisco Kid, Eddie Ed, A. Riley, Brian Hicks, Danny T. and Edwin Myers. Speaking to a few from time to time and managing some information from doing so, I got to look at yet another perspective of the Hip Hop genre, one that sadly seems to have faded away from the culture...

Phase: -Maybe it was '77 or '78..I believe I was looking at one of Flash's flyers, convinced I could do even better. To cut a long story short, I ended up meeting their manager and the rest is history. I started out doing some primitive stuff that got to the point but was nowhere on the level of what was to come. By 1979, with hip hop all over Manhattan and the Bronx,

and parties being frequent, as with any company that is looking to sell, advertising became vital to promoters. Myers, Danny T., Riley and Hicks were slick illustrators who took a somewhat sophisticated approach. Combining their drawing abilities with presstype and line, flygirls and funky moped-riding B-boys and such. Danny's girls had a dreamgirl air about them that in an almost lifelike way requested you bring your body to the party. The latter duo, rocked with the fashions of the times, be it Fletchet caps, or Web Top Adidas...appealing to the stylewise partygoers. Eventually they all split up, and went separate routes, some never to return.

Apparently, some worked directly with promoters. Breakout used Buddy Esquire, who'd incorporated shapes, line and lots of animation with his flyers. Bam used Eddie Ed for Pooh II, Charlie Chase used Sisco, a mul titalented artist and dancer, who also worked with illustrations, djs on flyin' turntables and crazy imaginative s\*\*\* that people would end up collecting. There was definitely something to it. Some folks would actually look at a flyer before reading it, because the finish was so 'dopey'...

You can't question the importance of what we were doing...promoters would call all times of day and night, to



!!

get a flyer out of you, and often times were when the wording was totally up to you. You just did it. You could, in effect, make mediocre talent seem superstarly, just by manipulating words, using photos, and presenting it extravagantly. Sometimes fate was in your hands.

By 1981, Phase, using multiple styles and somewhat characterizing 'a look' that one could relate to as a 'hip hop' happening was putting out 75% of all the flyers in circulation. -I was by now a flyer junkie. That's just how it was. Forget about the \$; it was chump change. You didn't do all that work for the money. You did it for the results.

Buddy Esquire agrees that the fun of creating flyers was more so the object than the money reflecting on how promoters ended up owing you to this very day. If that was the case, it appears flyers of this type would never have existed. The bottom line was knowing that, if a party was packed, you had done your job. People may come regardless, but a good flyer always helps in appealing to folks to begin and continue to come to see who ever was rocking. *Sisco Kid*: 'The flyers made the party substantial, even if there was nothing going on, we made it look like there was something going on.'

Ecstasy Garage Disco, in recognising the flyer man's role, and a category for these annual rose awards dedicated to them which makes their significance

evident.

**Phase:** 'I recall, in 1981, Mike, Dave and I devising some type of show to pay tribute to this style of music. People take for granted the title 'Hip Hop' but it's not so simple. It was what it was so we never needed to categorize it. The idea was to give Awards and so on like the Grammys, (Godfather of..., Best Beats, etc.) but I had to make it official and bring the party-ers with it...it became The First Annual Hip Hop Awards. What I'm sayin' is, the notion to then, and sometimes before then, actually put in writing that that's what it was and, in some effect, made it become so.'

Sittin' down, alone or with a select few, djs promoters wondered what approach to take, to bring folks in was automatic, instinctive and the overall purpose for doing flyers and often went along with the programme.

I spun records, rapped and promoted some shows. Whether the show was yours or someone else's, you knew what the motive was and just went with it. You ate and slept flyers, you couldn't escape it. What was created became an element of hip hop in that eventually the style was solely in conjunction with it, and so frequent that the association goes hand in hand. If I didn't love it, forget it. Thinking about the time and effort that could be spent doing it, and the headaches some of these guys would drag you through..like I said, NO WAY they could pay you for



Phase 2: Sculpture in lobby of The Javitz Convention Center, New York

that...the s\*\*\* was madness. Don't let anyone tellyou, because they sure can't tell me 1,000,000 hours and tons of flyers later, that what we did wasn't part of this culture....I say if these guys had any sense....it would still be....

**Special thanks to:**

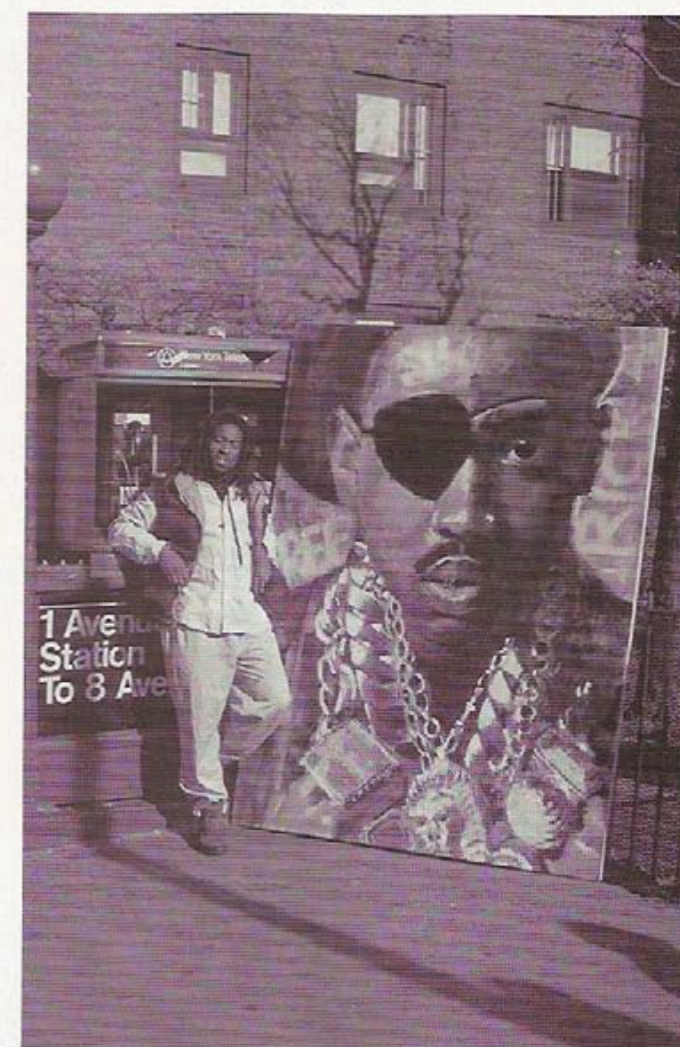
Ecstasy Garage Disco, T. Connection, Black Door Productions, Mike Dave Productions, Cold Crush, Brothers disco, Bambaataa, M.O.S., Kool Herc, Gregory Disco Wiz, Dutchmaster, Tibby Tibbs, D.S. Smokey, P.T. John Brown.

**From an underground movement that started over 25 years ago, pieces and the artists who create them have infiltrated all facets of society and culture. Hopefully, we've only just begun.**

'I hate, I despise your religious feasts; I cannot stand your assemblies....but LET JUSTICE ROLL ON LIKE A RIVER, RIGHTEOUSNESS LIKE A NEVER-FAILING STREAM.'  
*Amos 5 v24*



The New York Mayor, Rudy Guiliani, vows to make the streets of New York free from that dreaded eyesore known as graffiti. Maybe he should get off the dick, and take care of some of the s\*\*\* taxpayers really get heated over.



KTRO (New York)



'To cure injustices, you must first expose them before the light of human conscience and the bar of public opinion, regardless of whatever tensions that exposure generates.'

*Martin Luther King*



# ADRENALINE STREET

Pictures by Sean Cronan  
Text by Vulcan



Lou Cox is just a small part of a new breed. A breed of street athlete which draws energy directly from their immediate environment. These surroundings know nothing of mountains, trees or fresh air.

Concrete, steel and asphalt is the nature they commune with.

There are no million dollar contracts or endorsements in this game. The only pay-off is the rush!

Welcome to Adrenaline Street!

When asked which he prefers, the street or the parks, Lou is graphic and to the point: 'I've never gotten stiff over a park set-up. I get my rocks off in the street! Riding down the street, sinking fat lines off stuff seems more natural! Skate parks are staged stunt areas. I'm not much of a performer so I'd rather roll with the homies.'

The market hasn't even been able to keep up with the demand for heavy-duty hardware that can take the rigours of this new freestyle army.

So, armed with three years of road experience and a concern for that lack of gear, Lou has introduced his own rail for extreme skaters called 'The Sideswipe', designed specifically to out-perform what Lou calls the 'lame' designs on the market now.

Bjork, Shonen Knife, and loud techno are amongst Lou's other adrenaline rushes, but he'll be quick to point out: 'BECK rules!'



## PHASE 2 - THE PAYBACK PAGES

**Aerosol (R)evolution assessed by Phase2, from the writer's lips:**

'As a tradition, 'writing' (what those who did it have always referred to it as from DayOne+) has adorned NYC's halls, walls, subways and its system since the 70s. Its initial function was to adapt a name and possibly a number (for sequence of origin, like I or II, street number, building number or simply as an accommodation) and write it as many times as possible in as many places you could. At first 'getting up' was the sole objective, from 'Dri-marker' markings to paint, to large markers, and larger signatures to 'masterpieces' which eventually developed into an unprecedented language, spoken in the underground. Looped, arrowed and wildstyle letters were the first styles that signified a detachment from modern day language, unconsciously writers of the early era set a stage for a foundation of style that eventually took what was considered wild and made it even wilder...as far as style goes...it all began here in NYC. You've got to understand that what is now seen as traditional was unreadable then.

That's why being and coming from that whole school, my attitude and understanding of it is a lot more focused and more deliberate and so its imperative to surpass whatever was done B4. That's the only way the art progresses. It's been overlooked that playing on

letter and word is the most creative & intriguing aspect of Aerosol Culture, reconstructing their format and function is in a class by itself. No pseudo intellectual art critic can come close to critiquing it. Its evident that they don't even understand it or where its coming from. It's not 2,000 years old so conventional standards are not applicable. In creating it, we set our own standards, a standard that cannot be ignored.

*Schmidlapp (editor of the original Aerosol Newsletter IGT):* 'Dutifully, I'm inclined to absorb everything and take nothing for granted, opening my eyes to all aspects of this phenomenon. You have to get hip. Not until you learn from it can you really reflect on it. On individual levels, one develops ways of rendering words, that although the next writer may not be able to decipher it, there's that 7th sense that can relate to it and what makes it work. We're like a circle of phonetic architects with a new breed of complex architecture.

*Vulcan:* 'I concentrate on doin' s\*\*\* different everytime I paint. Decipherability is not a factore. Takin' it to the extreme in the most outrageous way I can, that's for me what style's all about.'

*Phase:* 'Style is an aspect of Aerosol culture that cannot be adressed with 'bombing', 'tagging' or other components. Yet they're all thrown into one barrel and stamped with a label, when

## THE PLANET K TOP - TEN C H A R T

APRIL 1994

- 1 MISTAH BELLO - "Daddy On The Run"
- 2 NASTY NAS - "New York State of Mind"
- 3 JERU THE DAMAJA - "De Original"
- 4 SCIENTISTS OF SOUND - "Bad Bwoy Swing"
- 5 BLACK MOON - "I Got Ya Opin'"
- 6 THE LAST POETS - "Easy Comes, Easy Goes" (from Ed O.G. 12")
- 7 Mc M - "I Got Soul"
- 8 GANG STARR - "Mostly the Voice"
- 9 THE ROOTS - "My Mellow, My Man"
- 10 ANOTHER LEVEL - "What's That You Say"
- 11 DARKMAN - "Yabba Dabba Doo"

its diversity demands separate forums. The kids have got to know and realize there's solid substance to this movement. It's culture, their culture and whoever can't come to grips with that, well, that's their problem. But it is ludicrous to simply acknowledge the so-called documentation of this culture by virtually the same sources that have throughout history distorted, painted and depicted pictures of its view from their view...Once you realize that they have ill concern for the facts unless you're a sell-out or a fool, you're going to question their analysis of the state of your state...even disavow it.

*Vulcan:* 'People need to see this all from our eyes and with projects like Stay Up (a film about aerosol culture), I hope that I can finally depict the reality of this from the right perspective.'

*Phase:* 'It's a case of everybody but the rightbody tellin' the story. Someone who's at a distance evaluating or validating something I'm engulfed in 24-7, as if I am not capable of doing so?.....I don't buy it. It's high time we dismissed these infantile paperback assumptions and dramamtizations of the truth and reassessed our efforts. From a technical but realistic angle in all actuality we've ultimately destroyed and reconstructed a language and created our own.'

*Dome:* 'I just ignore all the nonsense, don't acknowledge them or it. I paint for those who can appreciate it. As far as style goes, you can do a

million straight or readable letters, but that's been done. It's regression. You have to go forward and challenge yourselves to the edge.'

*Phase:* 'This is a domain where esoteric rules and outsiders have to step completely into to truly relate with it.'

*Dream:* 'At first I didn't look at my work technically, I just did it, but once you start to see the mental and physical complexity of it...it becomes more tecncal for you. My best is yet to come. Hardcore attitudes produce an indefinable energy that makes for what emits from the spray cans of writers who take that renegade approach to language as a visual expression. Unheralded Pica xssos of our time???? Style, writing and aerosol culture is a way of life, the breath you breathe, and when it gets that deep there is nothing any fake pioneer, the powers that be, or the pawns in their game can touch you with. They know it and that's what they are afraid of. But you gots to be radical 'cause there is no other way to approach it. Me, I'm that Mau Mau, that Black Panther that's going to strike attack, dismantle, and destroy any element of bulls\*\*\* that's in this atmosphere. Simply put, it's my duty to be outspoken and tell it like it is. No dreaming or fantasizing, just making the points that apparently most don't have the balls to makes, line for line, stroke by stroke and word to the letter.

Ya know what I'm sayin'?

Peace up to the new generation of writers who keep the culture going and the pioneers growing.

**Bullets to the brains of all funk fakers.**



# AN ASIAN WITH NO SYMPATHY

Oh my.

Where are you from, on the street, begging, claiming homelessness and poverty? Man, you don't know the meaning of these words. Fifteen surplus pounds on your bones and in your pocket. Not denying that your (soul) condition is pitiable (let me educate you), still, any person who is from a coloured state will feel a surge of anger and incomprehension.

How many coloured people beg on the streets? We have lived in hovels and gone years below the 'poverty line' (what's that?), be it Bombay or Bradford, without claiming a penny from the State (what's that?) and this is the norm. We would work, be it with cancer, TB, arthritis or typhoid, underweight and malnourished. To beg was saved for the utterly destitute - those without family, friends, health or any means or survival. Even the desperately poor both pitied and feared the beggar.

And here you are - devoid of

soul identity. Young, fit, with family, work, education and friends, State support, a British passport, have never known the poison of racism - sitting on the steps, lost within a poisoned mind and bitter soul. Angry at something, but you don't know what so you blame us. If you helped us, you might help yourself out of this pain. I wish my cousins had half as much clothing, or a third of your fat on their bones! You spit at me: 'It's your fault! Give me. Give me. I want, I need..' a life, a soul.

Oh Lord, forgive me, help me because I feel no compassion for them, and what's more, no guilt in feeling no compassion. For the anger of injustice blinds me. My flesh and blood are poorer yet happier than you, waiting their time. And it's coming. Their pain never makes the headlines. Yet they've never given in to Poverty, never allowed selfish despair, bitterness or laziness rule them. They earn less in two weeks than you get in one week from the State, yet no grumble or curse is on their lips. They respect their life,

love it and live it.

My twelve year old cousin weighs 3 stones 12 pounds. She is second in the class at her high school in Harrow, North London and sleeps on a mattress in a house where

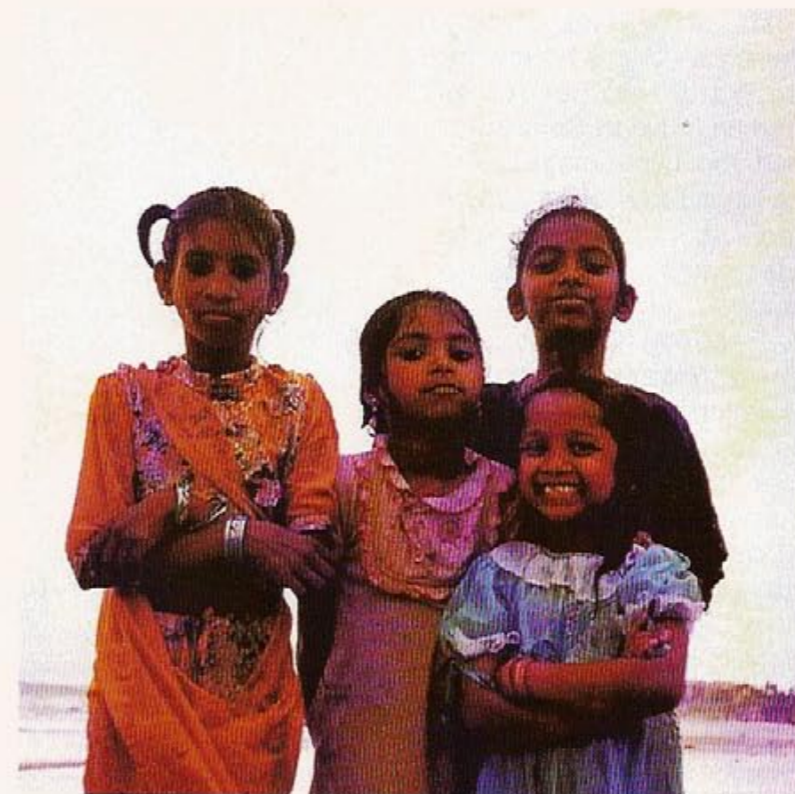


rats still run downstairs. The father works 10-8pm six days a week for £110 and they are no exception to The Social Rule.

**'Asians work too hard...'**

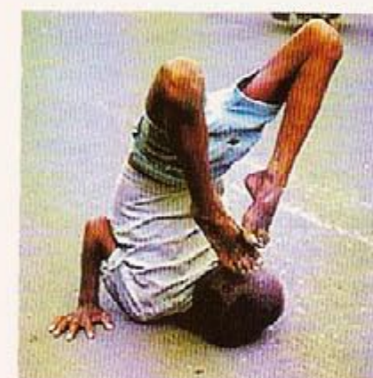
Too right we do. We have to, to survive and we refuse to bow to your laws, to let these wrong rules govern our lives, to become like white society. Your youth on the street tells us what those values are - greedy, selfish and soulless. For the youth can tell no lies about the basic nature of society.

Thousands, untold, unspeaking thousands of fearful people slave for independence rather than give in to a society that would make them its second rate 'ethnic' community, the dependent minority rather than an essential part of society. Unacknowledged but inactive. **'You have not converted a man because you have silenced him.'** (Malcolm X)



So as I watch the third member of my family die in 18 months from overwork, poverty and lack of healthcare (in England, not Africa or India) - don't ask me for change for a cup of tea or a cigarette. Oh man, I need help. I'm becoming like you already. God help me and save me from this bitterness, this pain which twists my soul when I see my friends and family suffer.

Don't tell me racism is a thing of the past. It's a thing of the heart. And the human heart is as hard as ever.



Respect from the street you won't get  
cos only you can give yourself  
self-respect

If you don't want to listen,  
don't blame me if you don't  
understand.

## MY MAN

Oh no  
I've got to walk past him.  
I've got to look at him  
And not stare at his soul,  
Not break  
into obvious joy.  
My mute mouth  
Betrays my too-loud heart,  
Bangs my thoughts,  
My rational being  
Into a blot  
Gobbled up  
By this Gangster Love.

# Letters

Yo! The Real State - I have just purchased your magazine and I think it is excellent. It has given me the inspiration and motivation to write a piece of work that displays how I feel and what I believe.

*G-Rime, Nottingham*

The Real State - I just picked up your mag and thought it was deep...well worth my time and money. I also like the stuff that kid Part 2 from Yorkshire, England did. His work's real impressive...I'm looking for somebody to trade flicks with from out there. So if you, or some reliable people you know, are interested in East Coast pictures, please write back.

*Kaws, 94 Reservoir Ave, Jersey City, New Jersey 07307 USA.*

To whom it may concern - Yes, my name is Cope. I'm from the Bronx, New York. I got one of your magazines. You put one of my pieces on page 29. Thanks a lot. I really appreciate it...

Yush, The Real State Members - this is Kalle from the Yard fanzine out of Bremen in North Germany. I read about your magazine in the latest Graphotism update and it sounded very interesting. We focus on (mainly illegal) graffiti, sketches and fresh European hip hop. We are all young (17-19 years) hip hop junkies, into British tunes (Mell 'O', Blade, Killa Instinct, Son of Noise, Pointblank etc.) but not enough educated in the British Graffiti movement. Okay, I know Graphotism and photos which some mates sent...but I think that can't be all. Perhaps we will work together in the future for a strong European underground....Even if you are not interested in any kind of co-operation, be aware of my tons of respect. If you like, I'll send you a copy of our next issue. Interested in hearing German rap music? Put pen to paper and send some advice - peace out!...Props to the whole British Massive! My English sucks, I know. F\*\*\* racism.

*Kalle Dahme, Yard Team, Baumhauser Weg 25, 28279 Bremen, Germany.*



## Truth Soldiers

How far can you go?  
Ask the lowest  
They will know.  
The black pioneers are expendable  
And broken down territory is dependable.  
You breed menaces 2 society  
To destroy a surplus community,  
The ghetto bastards,  
Unemployed,  
Single young women, the sick  
And paranoid.  
Then walk in and claim the reward  
That the dead youth fought for without a sword.



# RAMPAGE

**An executive front or a dj outfit? Try the best of both.**

As far as definitions go, the group of five guys are certainly 'storming' down barriers in the music industry like no one else. Back-seat boys with originality and flavour, the musical history of the group started in 1985 when djs Richie P and Mike Antony were playing swing, hip hop and ragga at private parties. They got their first break in 1988 when they were approached by Zak to dj on his radio station, LWR. Here they presented a Saturday night show, with live mixes and the best in R'n'B. They also started playing at a nightclub they called 'The American Dream', London's first specialised R'n'B and New Jack Swing club.

When LWR closed, Mike and Richie worked with Zak on a pilot show for Channel 4, including interviews with soul, hip hop and reggae artists and other stars in the Black entertainment field.

In 1991, D (the one with the business sense) joined Mike and Richie to form 'Richie And Mike Promoting And Giving Entertainment' (R.A.M.P.A.G.E.)

The first venue with the new look Rampage was the Chocolate Factory. 2,000 people would jam into the early morning at The Factory. The Fridge approached the team to start a new weekly Friday night 'Rampage' - soon the hottest spot in London

town.

Richie: -We can play for everyone. Yes, we play jungle. Even straight hip hoppers were loving it at the Snoop concert. At The Fridge we dropped jungle. The audience went B.O.O! and then the dancefloor rammed! Everyone was down and dancing. Styles (the L.A. link for Rampage) said, when he first heard it: 'What's this crap? Sounds like ragga techno!!' Next thing, he's nodding his head to it...

They hosted PAs by Naughty by Nature, Tribe Called Quest, Ice Cube, De La soul and many more. Three months later, Rampage moved to Empire Leicester Square where they launched themselves as major players in the British music industry. They started bringing in acts and performing on PA shows such as Pete Rock and CL Smooth, Arrested Development, Ru de Boys, Boys II Men, Das Efx, UMCs, Redman plus many more. It was Rampage who broke SWV in the UK.

During 1991-4, Richie held shows to capacity crowds in other ways. They put together new British acts, promoted, produced and featured acts like Rhythm and Bass, Piece by Piece, LC Bizzi and T-Love, using venues such as The Hammersmith Palais, The Equinox, The Fridge and The Brixton Academy.

The workload was drastically increasing, so at the end of 1992 Psycho, a dj who

previously worked with top carnival sound system RAPATTACK, joined Mike and Richie. The biggest Rampage show was 1993 Notting Hill Carnival (sponsored by Rondor Music International). At least 95,000 people passed through their show and the group were voted best newcomer at the event, with the second largest crowd. They also helped to put together the International Association of African American Music, the greatest black music seminar in Europe.

Last year, Richie joined BBC Radio 1 with Mark Tonderai to do the first undiluted live dance show on Saturday nights. Live mixes, live jingles, live phone link-ups with Rampage US, bringing artists on the phone to talk about what's happening out there - an unprecedented format for European radio.

But why such an emphasis on American artists? Richie: 'It's not that big American/British thing. If there were British groups that could qualify, we'd bring them out, but we're only dealing with quality. The problem in Europe is that black people don't know their history. UK hasn't GOT a black history. What did I learn about my history at school? We've been here for two generations; black America's been fighting and growing for centuries.'

Why are they promoting rap? Styles (Rampage's link-man who goes to the artists direct):

Rap's got a solid base, in more ways than one. **Hip hop is basically talking about reality to the young ethnic youth.**

Richie: 'In England, there's nothing stopping them from stepping forward. But they've got to be known by their own style, express themselves honestly as they are, not copy the American style.'

Styles: 'It just doesn't work in rap. Biting is forbidden.' And the secret to their success and leadership in opening new fields for black music:

Richie: 'We've got an edge above because we're dealing with people not companies - simply the artists and the audience. We're djs first - djing is still there. You can never forget your roots cos then you lose your grip on where you want to go. So we KNOW what people like and want. Our attitude to business is that of a dj.'

And Richie P has worked for MTV Europe and most of the major record companies in London. Now he is the one and only A & R black man in Europe and International A & R man of black music for Rondor Music Publishing.

Rampage were the only non-house DJs nominated in the International Dance Awards in 1993 and it was this small group of London djs (aged between 21 and 26) that brought over Snoop Doggy Dogg and the Dogg Pound - to do his first live appearance in Europe in early February this year.

Styles: 'That show proved that rap concerts don't cause violence.'

Snoop's response to his first time in the UK?

Styles: 'He didn't think there were so many black people in England! He thought he'd be playing to a few white kids nodding their heads.'

Richie: 'I had to show him a video of the Notting Hill Carnival and Snoop said: 'I've got to change my whole show!' and straight off rang L.A. He said the London concert was the best he'd ever done, even better than the ones with Dr. Dre. 'I felt like Elvis!' he said after the show. He's a real down-to-earth guy and can cope well here on the cultural level. He's coming back soon.'

Whatever national jealousy may exist over Rampage, one thing's for sure: They've broken down some of the toughest barriers in the music industry and exposed raw, high quality music to the masses.

Styles: 'We place our audience first. All our politics are based on what the audience wants. Cost comes last.'

'If you think you qualify as an original artist, get in touch. Rampage will help people who want to help themselves.'

**Contact D at Rampage UK**  
**Argyll House**  
**6-13 Chamber Street**  
**London**  
**E1 8BW**

**Tel: 071 480 5516**  
**Fax: 071 480 5830**

## RAMPAGE UK

### 1. RAMPAGE UK

The sound system, one of the largest in Europe. Also manages other djs, providing image enhancement, booking arrangements and promotion.

### 2. RAMPAGE PROMOTIONS

organises events with other companies eg. Another Planet, Kiss FM, Choice FM. Looks after the artist, shows him round town, holds parties.

### 3. RAMPAGE PRODUCTIONS

Developed to contain the street sound that Rampage have, specialising in all dance music, from jungle, hip hop, soul swing, reggae. They write, produce and perform.

### 4. RAMPAGE RECORD AND ARTIST PROMOTIONS

The team is sought by record companies to break records and artists into the market.



# S T A R

Last night I saw a star  
explode.

I ran out of electricity tokens  
Yellow street light on my bed  
Entertained

By supertram construction  
nightlife,  
Taxi horns,  
Clock chimes,  
Coronation Street above me,  
Brookside below me,  
Drunks home-crawling,  
Dogs and owners walking

And idly stared up at the black  
Yellowlit mass above

The concrete pigeon-coop  
flats.

A few stars to be counted  
But hard to focus on,  
do a dot-to-dot on  
But no, one single  
Animation

Glaring, flaring,  
Sparks flying,  
Twisting, burning,  
Megakilo watts  
Of combusting energy,  
Of atoms blindly  
Smashing, vibrating,  
Creating  
With unknown cause or  
season

Above our logical world of  
reason

Ha ha  
It spurned and burned,  
Flashed and shouted  
20,000 trillion blazes flouted  
For one hour and a half  
I was mesmerized  
By its unconscious  
Self-generating beauty,  
This raw, unchallenged  
honesty,  
Above this world of vanity  
An approaching plane  
In the Top Left Hand corner  
Of the page Sky,  
Diagonally directed  
Straight at my star.

There was no button to press,  
No way I could avoid it.  
I watched in terror and alarm,  
Unable to decoy it.  
It hit my Star,  
It died, it broke.  
Falling fragments,  
Trails of red smoke.  
The plane  
The same  
Down to the Centre Right  
Hand Side  
Of page Sky  
While my Star withered  
To the status of the others  
and I ask  
WHY?

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connoisseurs write to:  
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Gwen  
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My cousins Parl, Jaesh, Bhijal, Raju, Taruna, Niti, Nisha, Shyam & Gireesh, BIG, big up Wayne & David  
- potnas in my crime. Peace to all our supporters: disrespect the cynics. Last but 4 most my Lord &  
Saviour Jesus Christ - All the Glory is Yours.

'The stone you builders rejected has become the capstone -Salvation is found in no-one else, for there is no  
other name under heaven given to men by which we must be saved.' Acts 4 v11-12

# THE REAL STATE!

the international underground arts & music magazine  
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Dear,  
 If your ego's in high gear  
 Please stay away from here.  
 There's no room  
 For heads with cheap volume.  
 Quality's the key  
 For a voice in reality.  
 Don't give me the blame  
 If I expose your shame.  
 It's the name of the game-  
 Truth deals with the vain.

