

# Top of the Struggle

strictly for the strugglin'





## In the beginning.....

Not about colour, not about fashion.  
First things first - plain old soul expression.  
Show your identity, state your reality.  
Reach out & touch the unfilled part of humanity.

### Contents: only one rule - below street level

**Graffiti** - international

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**Munich and Amsterdam spreads**

**Sane Smith** - NYC

**Part 2** - latest work

**Truroc** - text

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**Mist 1, Fista, Kelz, Fyre, Skore, The Freez Mob, Hash, Asia, Drax**  
plus lots more (space dictates limited names)

**Poems from the depths of Pitsmoor, Sheffield** - Naomi Mensah

**Music/writing/culture**

**Breaking** - the original B-boy, Bronx beginnings by Apple Pie

**Gangsta plays** - only for the hardcore

**Singles & Album Reviews** by DJ KG, Adelaide Richards

**Live music** - Gravediggaz, The Fugees, The Wu Tang Clan, Vortex

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**More poems.....**

**ENJOY....**

**Real State**

"The day of your watchmen has come." Habakkuk 2 v4

# Part Two

for those who saw issue 4 and the few specimens of this unique from York (not New York), here's more due to excessive demand:

"The year is now 1994, about 20 years or more since the artform of graffiti exploded. This art is now worldwide and the work overall has increased incredibly in terms of quality, subject matter and technique. As a whole, we are capable of expressing anything to everything in a thousand or more different ways, but to this very day, the world still remains dormant and blind to the most intricate and progressive artform since the creations of the ancient Egyptians. There seems to be no audience outside the culture. The only people who follow the art are writers or those connected with writers. We have been shut off and alienated from the rest of the world. Subliminal messages have been released in the form of an evil stereotype fooling the planet into believing we are nothing but mentally unstable, antisocial parasites, destroying society...

One explanation could be that we are actually missionaries sent to punish this wicked master race of humans, by attacking them with images and portraits of their own wicked souls. I would probably prefer to resemble the body of a hog than the decrepid identity of a human non-being (being means to be oneself, to be in tune with God and the Spirit and I hereby accuse the human race of shoplifting a fiveletter word that has never and never will belong to them).

I will not measure you by the strength of your arms or the rest of your body. Your physical attack is only a mere weakness of how you fail to tolerate a person's educated triumph. No, I will measure you by your knowledge and all you self-proclaimed men-of-knowledge should be truthful with yourself and admit you know nothing at all. Your self-evident facts and

white lies will not save your children or in fact your children's children.

Back in the beginning of earth's lifespan, the people of earth were in fact spiritual beings. Music and art were ways of communicating with the rest to the planet and worshipping God Himself. God is spirit. Upon death, your body is left behind to remain on earth. God is looking at your spirit and your soul, judging by how you have lived and what you have expressed. Have you ever looked around and noticed that we are one race, all with individual features and totally different characteristics? Have you ever looked around and noticed that all the other species on this planet look identical and live parallel lives, directed by habit and circumstance? The gifts we have been given as humans are ones we should be grateful for. We should be grateful and love every minute of your life, doing every thing for the love and not just doing things to please your own ego or to be applauded.

It has to be understood that this modern culture surrounding you is a lie. If you think that a large house with two large cars, a back garden, swimming pool lying in a huge garden is an achievement, then you are the luggage from a snail's backside and deserve to be locked up for all the pain and wickedness you and your ancestors have cast upon myself and many other souls. It is for your damage I have shed tears of blood and hurt those who have tried to help me. You have provoked me to act out violent sins that have some times subdued me to an ignorant state of mind. When the word "selfish" just appeared to you as a word, you did not see the devil creep up behind you and poison your mind with "Everything is Yours if you want it." If you claim you are innocent, then you will give up everything you have achieved to an alcoholic and live the rest of your life in a tin shed. Can you do that, I ask? No, then get out of my face, comedian. For you I resign all membership to the human race and have taken the shape to that of an alien. Yes, an alien just like the rest of you in this invisible art form. For in the history of art, we still do not

exist. For instance, I use an aerosol-based paint designed for the restoration of cars only. The fact that this once-considered limited tool has now been beautified is obviously worth some acknowledgment in the status of the world. But considering this circumstance, why should we even want to be part of an ignorant self-establishment of fools anyway? For these manipulating little idiots only preach to the converted while our creations are available to everyone for the small price of visual participation. Our gallery is the very concrete that surrounds you. If you are blind then I ask you to awake from your hoodwinked state for these walls speak to your through vibrations of beauty, the walls speak to the people of Planet Earth and, if you refuse to respect them, may the walls come tumbling down on you like a tone of painting bricks.

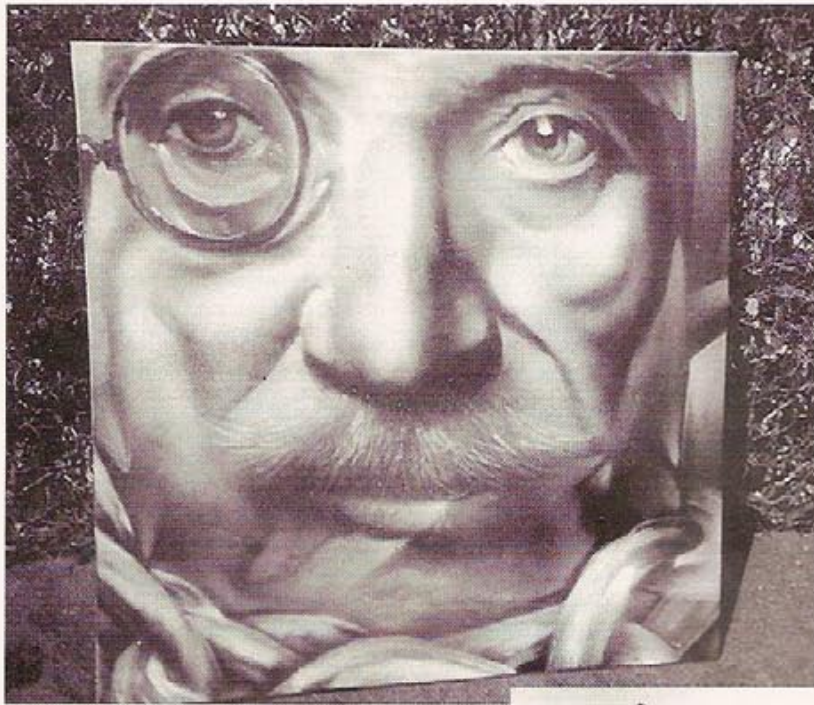
My work is infinite. You will never understand infinity, like you will never understand the universe, but you are part of it. Please play your part...

Writers as a whole should understand the chemistry of this art more clearly, research their own technique more and relate to themselves on the wall as well as off the wall! Remember there are always people out there trying to exploit us, with just the intentions of obtaining a free piece of artwork."

**Part Two is also in a band "New Flesh 4 Old" - hip hop oldschool style, more info. available on fax: 0904 652614. Mail to Part Two will be forwarded from The Real State's postal address.**

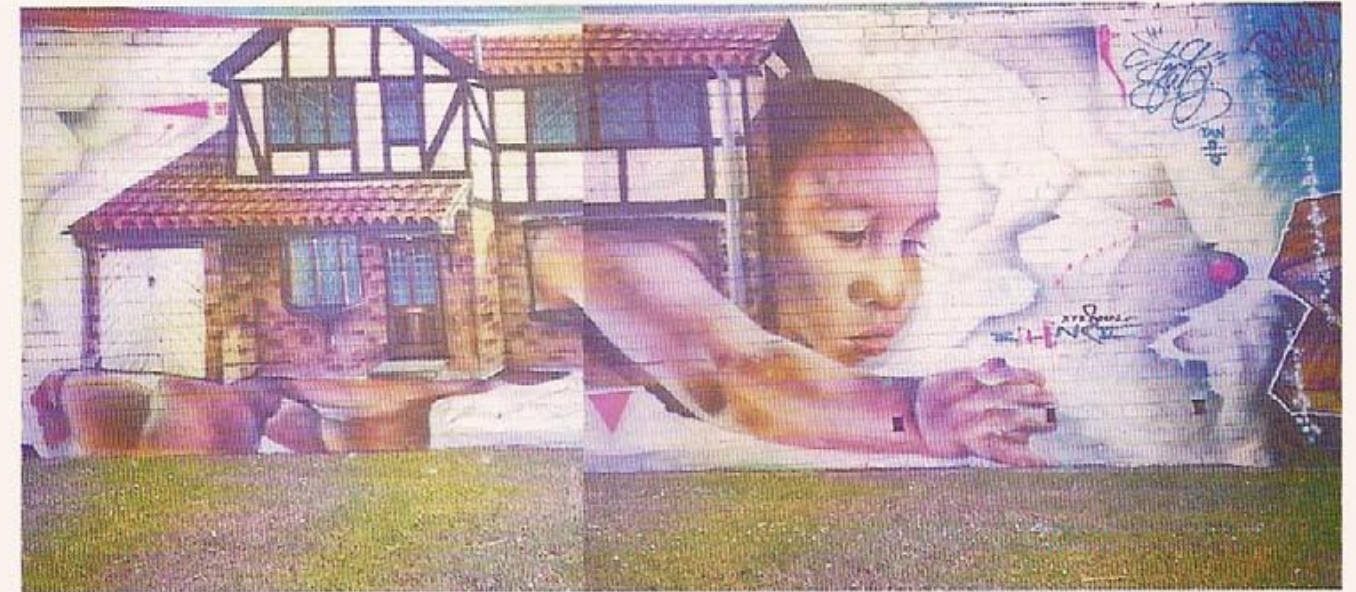
"Before I go, I would like to thank the Real State magazine for inviting me and giving me the space for another article. Keep the product flowing, cos there's no other magazine out there putting out graffiti, hip hop and the real deal in its true context. Peace to Sun Ra and LaTreaumont (RIP). You have inspired me for a lifetime. Peace to all the New York pioneers of this artform and hip hop as well. Without you, nobody else would be out there. Respect, always overdue but not least, all the writers and B Boys of the world. Never be afraid to push yourself beyond all limits...thanks for the reading."





"What will I do when  
God confronts me?  
What will I answer  
when called to  
account?"

Job 31 v 14





# phase two

"Just because I am a writer, don't lump me into a category and assume that I think the same thoughts or that I'm on the same vibe as everyone else that is considered to be down with this nation. I represent it and not necessarily the heads in it.

Due to cause, effect and ignorance, the days of "We as One" are over. My stance will always be for unity but I know that as long as writers conform to the norm and refuse to educate themselves and admit their ignorance, my distance and the present state of kaos that it's in will remain. Take note that I'm not on any elitist bulls\*\*\*, I'm just being realistic. I'm about as focussed as you can get and seasoned enough to kick what I kick with more than confidence so I ain't even trying to give a can a paint about what whoever's got to say about it. This culture had a solid foundation at one time because being bad, bold and bodacious came through in your painting not your @\*@\$! attitude toward another writer. You want to diss? BURN!!! Competition wasn't

that personal. No doubt that all of this we see now is a sign of the times. Things in this society have always been wack for us yet we dealt with it on other terms. I believe our understanding of who the real enemy was kept the majority of us side by side in one way or the other. You were being "deprogrammed" and re-educated as to what was really going on by people who touched a nerve and made the things they related "point blank." Now, with that whole faction of what, in reality, was our only adequate system of education wiped out, the masses have either fallen back into darkness or were born into it. People are convinced that they're thinking for themselves, while they are blindly misguided, motivated and fascinated by TV shows, programs, propaganda, ads, movies and all the other bulls\*\*\* that the very forces that have enslaved and kept you down from the time you set foot on this stolen land are spoonfeeding them. Whose schools teach them? (Us?) You think you're your own man so why would you make any moves to correct it? Just going out and "F\*\*\*ing s\*\*\* up" is not the way a battle is won...a war?? We exist in a kaotic atmosphere where violence, greed, disrespect and love of material things rule. Yet some will tell you that it has no bearing on this culture, that fame and Rambo-itis effect no one...that jocking to be in an aerosol zine or video are not a reflection of standards set in and by this society

that "You Must Oblige Or Live Up To Someone Else's Ideology" that you abide by here in our little aerosolic domain that same someone is telling you "Even Though We Dismiss You, Have Disregard For You, Your Culture, You've Got To Assimilate Where You Still Won't Fit In." Ask what you can do for your country? COMPLY...cuz that's what niggas do. That's how niggas get loved. They suck d\*\*\*. Oh now you can't tell him that he's weening on that d\*\*\*, even though he's got so much soft water in his hardcore attitude that you could sink a battleship in it. But that's a nig from the ghetto reppin' like a generic-ass reconstituted orange juice...and who suffers? THE REAL MOTHAF\*\*\*AS...well, f\*\*\* that. Brothers that's on this for keeps don't have gulams about hurtin' a sucker's feelings. Matter of factly, you want to do just that and then some. Rile him up, break his back, decompose, demolish, discombobulate and retardate his whole program. You're gonna set on his ass as if he messed with your grandma, daughter, sister and your momma and show absolutely no mercy on the day of reckoning because when you live and breathe for this such absurdities automatically set the wreck to be in effect with no pause for the cause. For when you're filthy, dirty, down that's the kind of mode that has no off-switch...on beyond the breakdown.

Ya know what I mean?



# The Fugees

Subterranea, Ladbroke Grove - London

Wyclef: "We're called the Fugees cos we're of Asiatic descent so are especially seeking refuge, but also everybody needs refuge and where we find it is in music.

Our music is 360 degree music because we cover everything. The roots are reggae and rap. I grew up with both of them, playing live instruments as well as records. Prias is my cousin and he met Lauren at school in New York. The band, The Translator Crew, create on the vibe and everyone writes their own lyrics. We haven't had a problem within the rap community cos we are real. We stop the music and freestyle. But then, we can come out playing Bob Marley, or, like tonight drop jungle from the live drummer cos we rebel. Rebel music. If it's from the heart, nothing can stop it. And our music is from the heart. It's for everybody - the ones with guns and the ones without guns. Our main aim is to show people that there can be unity. And the world needs more unity. We hope, through our music, to reach people. When we say: "This is for the real black mothaf\*\*\*as," I think both white and black people understand what we mean; it's not a racist thing. It's just how it is. We put a lot of humour into our stuff to make the message more palatable. I like to crack jokes but nobody's ever told me to my face that what I say is offensive.

My father is a preacher and he thinks I should be in church singing and all that. But not me. I have a big imagination and want to do other things too - write movies and have one out in two years.

The Fugees don't discriminate with regard to music - jungle, hip hop, reggae - we want it all. I wish the United States was as open as the UK is to music. It's easier to be a



CREATIVE artist in the UK. Now we are starting the next album and doing a few tours. Most people find it satisfying. On the whole we enjoy acceptance in the community, sometimes not cos we rebel music, but in most places it's ok. I define myself as a human being first and foremost; not as a follower of any religion, although I pray a lot.

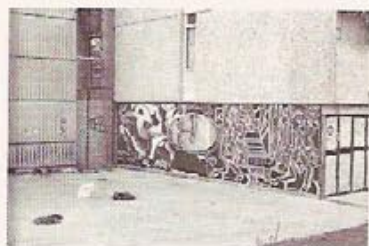


We're talking to the black youth. A stupid rapper just wants the money and status as much and as fast as possible then go. A wise rapper is in it for longevity and to reach and teach the upcoming generation. We should all be aiming to teach the little kids to get a double education: on the streets and from college. "Boof Baf" is about the gunshots around the way. Stop all that. We shouldn't be scared to talk to the kids about guns. I feel I have to play a part in stopping all this mess. Whoever is in a very powerful position is responsible for whatever happens and we are in a very powerful position so we have to take heed with what we say and do."





# Hulme, Manchester



## BROKEN GLASS

Bullet to go  
Nailed to the post  
I thought I saw you  
But it was my friend's ghost  
I looked at the space  
Where I remembered a face  
A time and a feeling  
Now it's time that's stealing  
My life and my pain  
Will I ever cry again?  
I'm frozen to the spot,  
Travelling miles in minutes  
While my heart's at fullstop  
Might as well have died  
I shouldn't have lied  
To myself  
I was doing this to "survive"  
But you were my mirror  
And when I hated you  
I hated myself  
Have mercy on a soul  
That has no wealth  
Cracked reflections  
Broken images we are all  
Until we can look  
Each other in the eye  
Pass the declaration:  
One more generation  
Of souls doomed to  
WHY?



# T r u R o c

Graffiti = doing what you like with paint and the alphabet. Letters and wildstyle will stay close to my heart and flow naturally from the artist's tool in my right hand. As a writer, new fonts will always be at the centre of my tangled web. Influenced by clever people creating liquid into solid, wall into external canvas, be it writer or dead painter in the art book at school.

Detail and technicality is not fully present in my work. That will come. At this period in my career, I do not want to paint a cluttered wall. A piece is an escape from a crowded lifestyle. My personal gallery is a derelict building in the middle of a field. This helps set the mood for paintings, the feel, structure and direction is there in my freestyles. At times, I think I no longer paint graffiti, just letters with spray paint. I look through albums and zines full of graff and think how similar they are, only a handful of cool s\*\*\* stands out. A word slapped on a wall with 3-D and bright colours. Graffiti has stayed the same. It is ironic that teenagers break the "law" to produce their work yet don't break rules to develop it. Traditional graffiti is there for people who were there. They pioneered and opened new doors. Our generation should too...or be locked in the room with the

trainspotter/photocollectors whom real writers try so hard to avoid at all costs. "SprayCan Art" ain't the Bible, kid....don't worry. Graffiti won't die. It'll live happily into the next century. "No amount of buff can erase our souls" (props: Carl 123) Graffiti can only kill itself..."I made this happen, it's my job to destroy it"....(quote from the mad scientist at end of some old sci-fi/horror B movie) Dogging is contradiction. Creation and destruction? No. A schizophrenic vandal; raise the double standard!??

Graffiti is art but not all graffiti writers are artists. There is only one option - no compromise.



## the beast within

(by Spacer, Sheffield)

Something inside graffiti is undermining the activism, sapping it of its strength.

You can sell it as progression (everything is for sale), but it fails to stand up as such. The true nature of the beast is that of a soulless feat of technical cleverness for its own sake. It clutches at respectability reaching outside graffiti for that pat on the back, killing itself in a legal space.

The writers equivalent of the watermelon smile, this kind of work reduces graffiti to the level of a sideshow attraction. The man who can achieve remarkable effects with cans of spraypaint, is added to a list of balloon sculptors and matchstick architects.

There are a million ways to diffuse the "Self media" bomb, and the enemy doesn't always wear a uniform.



# AMSTERDAM TO MUNICH



MVV

S3

Nannhofen

Malching

Esterhofen

Röhrmoos

Walpertshofen



Fasanerie

Moosach

Allach

Obermenzing

Gröbenzell

Aubing

Westkreuz

Neuaubing

Harthaus



Weßling

Steinebach

Türkenfeld

Seefeld-Hechendorf

Geltendorf

S4

Herrsching

S5

Tutzing

S6

MVV / HA 1 Stand: Oktober 1989



Petuelring

Scheidplatz

Bonnel Platz

Hohenzollernplatz

Josephsplatz

Theresienstraße

Königsplatz

Kaisplatz (Stachus)

Uptbahnhof

Sendlinger Tor

Westpark

Harras

Mittersending

Obersending

Thalkirchen

Siemenswerke

Solln

Großhesselohe Isartalb

Bullach

Basler Straße

Forstnerrieder Allee

Aidenbachstraße

Partnachplatz

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# K G ' S REVIEWS

## NICE & SMOOTH Jewel of the Nile

Another long overdue album hits the streets and, it's got to be said, it was well worth the wait. The original hip hop junkies return with ten phat new jams to once again place themselves at the top of the hip hop pile. The opening track: "Return of the Jip Hop Freaks" sees Greg Nice and Smooth B tear s\*\*\* up in their own inimitable and abstract style over the old skool beats of Schooly D's classic "PSK what does it mean." The bass line is lifted from KMD's "Peachfuzz" and when Nice & Smooth start to rhyme, it's like they never left us for the two years they never had a release. Included in this ten track set is the awesome single "Old to the New" b/w "How many blunts" which any self-respecting Nice & Smooth fan will have no doubt. But the killer tracks to look out for are "Let's all get down" which features Slick Rick "The Ruler" and "Doin' our Own Thang", both of which have sub-basslines that will probably destroy your home hi-fi if you crank it right up. The only slightly dodgy tracks you'll find here are "Save the Children", a rock-tinged track featuring Everlast of "House of Pain" and "Cheri" - the obligatory R&B effort where Smooth B croons on about loving some girl called (you've guessed it) Cheri. All in all, this album is not to be slept on. If you have their first album then you'll love this. If you haven't then this is a good introduction to the world of Nice & Smooth.

## TERMINATOR X & THE GODFATHERS OF THREAT Superbad

Norman Rogers aka Terminator X, the man who never speaks but with his hands, drops his debut album upon def ears. The silent dj and backbone to the legendary "Public Enemy" releases a 16 track showcase of hip hop stars past, present and future. If you picked up the first single lifted from the album, "It all comes down to the money" featuring Whodini, and thought you were in store for more of the same, then you're in for a big surprise.

Although one of the standout tracks on the album, "Money" seems pretty lightweight in comparison to the other 15 tracks. From "Terminator's Back" (a 2 minute dj track informing you that the said man is back) we are introduced to the punk barbarians who you can't help but compare to Onyx on the track "Kids From the Terror." Other new artists include Melquan, Bonie 'n' Clyde, Flatliners and Prince Collin. The current single "Under the Sun" features Joe Sinister, who you'll remember from his guest spot on Eric Sermon's album. Although phat, the similarities between Joe and Redman will not go unnoticed.

Now, if you haven't been listening to hip hop for over 10 years or more, you'll be forgiven for thinking that groups such as the Fantastic Five, Cold Crush Brothers and Whodini are all new artists featured on this album. Wrong! These guys are the original pioneers of rap music and when you hear the words "old school" this is what we're talking about. Although these mcs must be well into their thirties by now, they can still tear s\*\*\* up with the best of them and this is shown on the track "Stylewild '94" where old School meets now. We also get a few lessons on hip hop and its culture from the man they call the Godfather of hip hop, DJ Kool Herc. He kind of acts as host throughout the album and appears on various skits and so on.

On the whole, the album has a bit of everything on it so you're bound to like at least a few of the tracks. They even throw in a Miami bass track to take care of the brothers on the West Coast.

## CROOKLYN The Crooklyn Dodgers

When you cross the vocal talents of Masta Ace, Buckshot Shorty and Special Ed with the production skills of a Tribe Called Quest, you are 100% guaranteed a phat ass jam. And that's exactly what this is. Taken from the motion picture soundtrack of the same title, "Crooklyn" takes us back to '70s Brooklyn, to the dayz of afropuffs and bell bottom jeans. The rhymes are tight as you would expect, and the verse from Buckshot has already earned a "Rhyme of the Month" in "The Source" magazine. Nuff said. As for the beats. Well, in my books, you can never fault Tribe. And, speaking as a producer, it's one of those beats I wish I had thought

of. This s\*\*\* is heavyweight hip hop. This is what it's all about.

## MARY JANE The Alkaholiks (Remix)

After droppin' the massive "Make Room", the "Liks" return with a stoopid large remix of "Mary Jane" with reproduction credits going to G-Swift of "Pharcyde" fame. The bassline is deep and moody, with a haunting vocal sample throughout. Sax stabs and keyboard riffs keep the musical flavour, without softening the groove, as the beat drives it nicely along while the "Liks" rhyme about the said girl in true B Boy style. On the B side, we are given "Relieve Yourself" where the masters of drunken rhyme drop freestyle lyrics over some mad abstract bassline. Definitely worth checking.

## JAZZHOLE Forward Motion (Mixes)

Couldn't really work out if this was a British effort or an American one. I guess it doesn't really matter because either way, it didn't really grab me. No disrespect to Jazzhole, but it sounds to me a bit like an average album track rather than a debut single. The rapper sounded pretty decent but, over those beats, it doesn't really do him any favours. The B side features the Jazzsoul mix which has a monotonous double bass sample. It sounds alright, but doesn't really further the cause none. All in all it's just a pretty average tune that will probably slip away unnoticed due to the fact that there are so many other good releases to choose from.

## SHADACIOUS U Kant Play Me/ Phunk what ya Heard

OK so it's summertime. You know the score - rag top down, girls on the beach, everyone in a happy-go-lucky mood. Well, it's a bout this time that the Heavy D type of R&B raps come out; 8 bar verse, 8 bar singing chorus, 8 bar verse etc, etc and guess what they rap about? That's right. Summer or girls. This one is about the latter and is a bit too formula for my liking. The tune is pleasant enough but doesn't really hit me or go anywhere in particular. The B side is back to the hip hop beats and the rough rhymes. I think the heads will go for this one. B side wins again.

## WU TANG CLANG Can't it be all so simple/ Wu tang Clan ain't nuttin to F' wit

Not for the faint-hearted, this s\*\*\* is as raw as it gets. The Wu Tang return with another hit lifted from the gold-selling album "The 36 chambers." "All so simple" is the A-side and, although abstract, the music is pretty laid-back unlike the rap. In their own unique style, each Wu Tang member rips through a verse reminiscing about back in the day when things were a lot easier for a brother on the streets. But, for me, the B side wins again. This s\*\*\* is mad hard, no shorts or compromise taken. It's like you put on the record and, when it's finished, you just say "Damn! Them niggas are bugged."

Nuff said.

## coolio "It Takes A Thief" (TOMMY BOY)

Coolio grabs you by the neck with lyrics so real you're choking and a rhythm so funky your spine's shuddering. After crack, it's hard to chat fake. Forced to the final line, compromise isn't an option in Coolio's hereafter...

Compton-born Coolio's lyrics are not "about" reality; they ARE his reality, steeped in it, neck-deep and rising. anything he knows about, he'll rap about - with a cutting rhythm and a funkytight style to get anyone from here to Siberia head-nodding. Forget rap genres: this man's flow and hard delivery is beyond present competition because he's only coming from where he is. The 27 year old's rap career started at 15, encouraged by East Coast rappers. He made a record, but lost the plot and fell off to crack, two of any would-be rapper's greatest fears:

"When crack was first introduced, nobody knew nothing about it and we thought it was like weed. We used to smash it and roll it inside a joint. For a couple of months there was a shortage of weed and nobody could get any marijuana, so one day, somebody was hitting that s\*\*\* off the pipe and I tried it. I didn't feel anything but the next time I tried it, I got a serious headrush." As he says



in "County Line", "Took one hit off the crack pipe I was hooked." After you've heard the album, the realisation of the near complete waste of such talent seems frighteningly easy and you wonder about the ones who didn't get away like Coolio...

He's not reticent about exposing the life and mentality of crack fiends. "N da closet" is a self-contained classic, hard and clear as glass, it describes not only the habits of an addict but the causes, the empty existences and lack of choices around them:

**"MAMA'S IN THE KITCHEN  
COOKING RICE,  
DADDY'S IN THE PEN DOING LIFE  
SISTER'S GOT A HUSBAND, SHE  
IS A WIFE  
AND I'M IN THE BACKYARD,  
HITTING THE PIPE"**

He exposes how crack started on the street before the media and the government decided it was a naughty thing and that perhaps it was a problem. He describes graphically the shame and secrecy of the crack addict.

In 1984, there was "No rehabilitation, no one to talk to, doing crimes in every muthaf\*\*\*ing place I can walk to" with his "face sucked in, yellow tooth grin, no bitches, no friends, no ends to spin, I'm stuck like a rat in a stinky-ass trap and I've sold everything I got except my gat."

This track is a good summing up of Coolio; locked in da closet for too long, he's not afraid to tell it like it is: "Someone's knocking at the door Somebody's ringing the bell Someone's locked n da closet Somebody's going to hell

Do me a favour, open the door and let him out."

Coolio is adventurous with both subject matter and styles, shifting from the cold "It Takes A Thief", the frightening chill of a criminal's dead emotions with his steely smoothness of the rhyme flow and skeletal beats, verbalising the thief's heart, to the giddy "Ghetto Cartoon" or the humorous fable on "Ugly Bitches." "Ghetto Cartoon" features ragamuffin Junior P, whose raggachant emphasises a track stinking with street sweat and the distortion of society into a cartoon massacre for immature kids. The message couldn't be stated clearer:

"Huey and Duey and Lois with an Uzi shot down Mickey Mouse's main ho Minnie. Everybody knew Minnie got shot down and the cop on the case was Huckleberry Hound. Huckleberry had a deputy by the name of Dog, our witness to the crime was Kermit the Frog but Kermit was scared and he wouldn't testify. Pixie and Dixie just did a drive by on Donald Duck but they shot and they missed and now Bugs Bunny is getting kinda p\*\*\*ed cos the shot that they missed hit his homeboy Elma Thugs selling doves on the muthaf\*\*\*ing corner. Niggas on the street know that's how it goes, Scene 2 in the funky cartoon from the ghetto."

**At the end of the day, the funkliest beats keep you riveted until your mind's whirling with Coolio's crazy humour. With the flexibility of a Digital Underground, but without the chill factor, Coolio's hitting rhymes can't be left in anybody's closet. Reviewed by Nina.**



# from THE PIT

**Naomi Mensah** is 19 and from Pitsmoor (pit by name, and pit by nature), Sheffield's darkest ghetto, but also one brimming with hidden life and creativity. Despite its bleakness, the area boasts of the toughest djs and writers in the north of England and its community is a law unto itself (no policeman would venture out of his car without another six in attendance - no exaggeration!) Here are a few of her poems, written about the culture she loves and the reality she lives:

## T U N N E L V I S I O N

Why do some have tunnel vision  
Others are blind,  
Blind in the mind  
Why is it they do not see what we see  
Feel what we feel  
hurt like we hurt  
Their pain is not real  
Their tears fall down their cheeks  
But yet they do not really weep  
Pity them  
Pity them  
For their souls faded years ago  
And their lives reflect a lonely sad hole.

## N I G H T S H I F T

The night shift was hard  
I was tired and starved  
Of energy  
Drained of my youth  
By the pressure of society.

## F O R G R A F F I T I

Tick tock tick tock  
Beat the clock  
Check the spot  
Itch your funky feet  
Quality never fails to reach to reach  
We always see the best in something  
That has been done with care and effort  
Always having pride in our work  
Seeking out new path streams, new direction  
We weave carefully threading delicate imprints in our master tapestry  
As we forget how to thread the next stitch  
Let us not forget the love  
That burns inside our soul  
Spreading these love vibes all over our mothering globe.

## H A I R

Anti Afro  
Chemical magic  
What would we do without our  
Weave-on plait extension hair dimension  
The natural way will always pay  
They say locks up and save all the headache  
Relaxation perm magic  
Death caused by chemical  
Hummm tragic

## R E C O G N I T I O N

In this life in this time some tread carelessly  
Forgetting the world and every one in it  
Dropping heavy baggage and overload pain on others  
Trekking along the paths effortless  
Which belong to all of mankind equally  
You see that face in a busy street crowd  
A face of honesty and grace  
The dignity, the face of good pride  
Not ashamed to unveil what's inside  
The beauty is within the beast.

## B E F O R E I T ' S T O O L A T E

In these crazy dayz  
We forget sometimes we are wasting time  
Until the day we find  
We lose our hair and teeth  
Then we realise, then we see  
Teach our new generation for first hand preparation  
All about this territory  
Tread the streets with angry delicate feet  
Our children of humanity  
You must then reach to grasp the time in your own frame of mind  
Before your old and wrinkled feet have time to adjust  
To this hard concrete.

For more information ring  
Naomi Mensah on  
0742 780801

## "H"

by Chrome, of WSK,  
Sheffield graff crew  
September '94

Gray and black  
A sign, a track  
You're in too deep  
You can't look back  
Shining steel in your arm  
Already causing you much harm  
As you pass the semi-conscious state  
This trip you're on could be your fate  
Swirling patterns in your mind  
But to the world outside you're blind  
Loved ones cry in grief  
As they stare in disbelief  
For from this world you have gone  
Just for that hit  
One on one.

# London's Burning



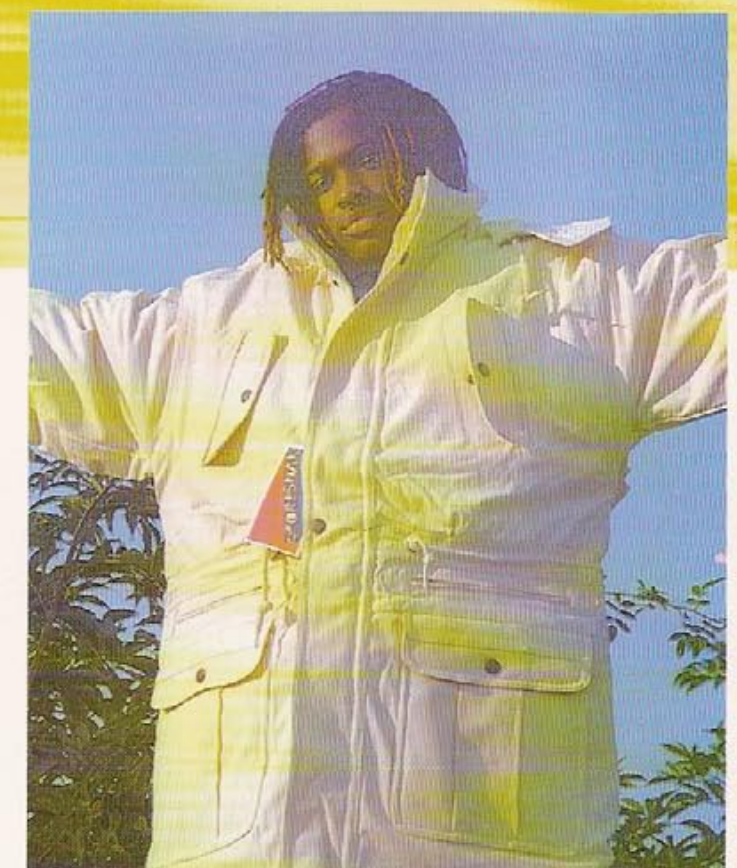
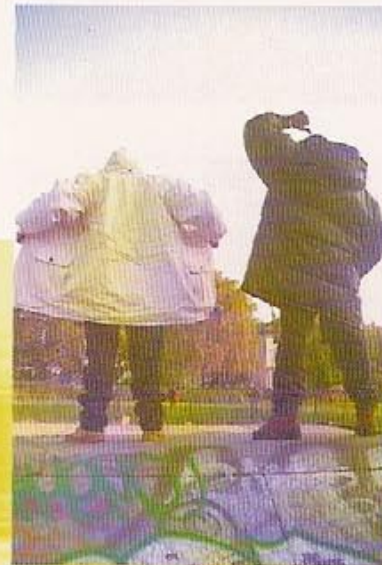


# FOUR STAR GENERAL

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**Models:** Justin, Q & Ninoi for Four Star General, Camden





## SOUTH SIDE SIZZLERS:

### Look into a Boy Dance Connection

Before there were any breakin' B Boy crews in the Bronx, and, yes, we did call it breakin', you had kids like Timbo Rock, Apple Pie (me), Scotty Bop, Ready Russ and others leading the way with an array and assortment of dancing styles never before seen in the Bronx but emulated by many of the more acknowledged B.Boys (James Bond, Bo Bo of the Hero era). Their styles were partly inspired by 'Cassablanca Kids' like Stitch 1, Cat 87, Snake 1 and Coco 144, and reached all ends of the Bronx and Manhattan and everywhere else where they went. We were just doing our own s\*\*\*. Early on my brother Sweet Duke, used to rock the fly type s\*\*\*. We used to turn out house parties with Skak/Scotty Bop. In our time, he's one of the first I know of to hit a floor move, like dropping back on one hand and motioning like he was jerking off with the other. Before that, you had the leg drop but your hands never combined with your feet when you went down. Our thing was taking any new dance that was out, changing it and adding with our original moves. No brag but girls didn't want to go near us, we weren't really trying to burn them but they weren't changing the embarrassment. Yeah, we were definitely on some ghetto glactic wavelength when it came to dancing. Just doin' our own s\*\*\* in styles people would check out whenever we stepped in a jam. When me and Timbo started dancing together with myself and Heady Russ, that was sparkle, havelo, twilight zone era, yo, what they call rockin' - we were ballin' in that fashion way before anyone. We had this move where we would take swipes at each other in opposite directions, kick out, drop to the floor, pop up in an abrupt and erratic movement while motioning our bodies toward one another. I know no one in our era ever saw any s\*\*\* like that and we certainly didn't get it from any one either.

We had a studio that we painted in Upper Manhattan and my Latin brothers who were down with the studio used to hang out at clubs like The Constellation. That's back when they were wearing marshmallow shoes and s\*\*\*. If you ask me, around that time the Bronx was quite tired on the dance tip and judging

by the s\*\*\* my boys were doing, it wasn't about to touch any kids who were into dancing who were frequenting those spots. When I saw the s\*\*\* they were rockin' I was like... damn!! This s\*\*\* is too, too fly!! Being that my style is to create off of whatever s\*\*\* is presented to me, I just re-invented the stuff that they were doing plus was inspired to build s\*\*\* to complement it. So myself, Scotty Bop and Timbo were like on this Three Man Mission and, I kid you not, because there was, as I said, relatively no dance movement amongst those who partied where we partied at and no one was doing any of the s\*\*\* we were doing. Little did we know until one day when we gave this dance at Forest Gym that all the time we were dancing in this center where we balled at everyone in there who was pickin' our s\*\*\* up. This dance I call the chicken wing... Timbo and I had all of the doggone Bronx doing that one, not to mention all the other s\*\*\* we put on the B Boy map. Everyone sort of had their specialties, like one thing we had was so funky that we had different styles and touches to the same moves... different interpretations of the same dances, that in itself made our s\*\*\* fly. Timbo was just nasty and nice at the same time, body and motion that was just on point. We did a lot of routines together that was all precision. Walk by one another. One would grab the other's shoulder and as abruptly as a change in rhythm, thrust the other downward to the floor and alternate to the beat, like in that break in the Ohio players Fire. Yo, we had that s\*\*\* down pat. Duke and Scotty were the two Unpredictables. Spontaneity and adlib were droppin' the bomb in the middle of battles. Just crazy s\*\*\* you couldn't understand. Russ was the illy energetic with all type of style to throw at you and we used to double up and rock s\*\*\* many a party. I started out with him in '75. Timbo, Scotty and I knew each other from as early as nursery school age. We were dance demon fanatics who had a style that was ripe and enticing to others. Many a notorious dancer was dancing our dance, doing our s\*\*\* some of the things I describe, those who were out there, they know the script, they don't have

to believe who wrote it but it's not even debatable. Twisting your hat, springing up from the floor after a swift drop... wham! 4-5 maybe 6 spins, drop on a dime pop up... now if I go 10 places where before I got there and let's say I've been going there before that, and when I come back, it's like lookin' at yourself dancin', how much mathematics need you calculate? We were like under underground. Settin' aslage, fittin' into the play like we were actors when all along we were producing and directing a significant portion of the show. Anyone that know me knows that I'm not about to give or take credit where it isn't due and for anything I stake a claim to or testify like doin' 180 degree jumps from behind the back board slams on whoever... I bear witness to not alone. We've got the heads to back it up. We were observant and into the s\*\*\* enough to know exactly what ground we were laying down. I even have to wonder if there were moves we made up that we overlooked... cuz we had so much s\*\*\* that no one would try that I did do. I guess that's because I was like the one who you'd anticipate bustin' his ass cuz my foot styles, spins and change of directions were so retarded you couldn't figure out how I never did. A lot of what we were bringing out was what you defined as breaking back then but we were this Canton from the South trying reaping havoc out west and no dj was about to give it up to us, no matter how many jams we rocked.

But they were steadily pickin' up on the new wave of flavor we were hittin' them with. I remember Duke cold roasting this kid Trixie, one of Hero's boys... cooked and sauteed that kid and still lost this TZone contest. All I can say is this: when the B Boy was at its peak, we were there doing s\*\*\* in a fashion that was unprecedented... we're not going to say that we 'invented' breakin' but we definitely invented what those who defined themselves as B Boys and breakers made part of their agendas and repertoire.

Back then, your s\*\*\* was finesse and style with ill foot moves up top, not so much ON the floor, more like TO the floor.

You had kids like Little Johnny and Sa Sa doin' flips, Mr Bubble, Norm Rockwell, Infinity D, Clark Kent, Wallace D, those floor felons the Nigger Twins, Diamond respect due

and there are others. We were on a whole nother trip at one point that became everyone else's trip too. We were not trying to be overlords or anything... just doing what came naturally. Keep in mind that dances you see don't come out of nowhere... someone's initiating it and we just happen to be a few who can pinpoint a place in time when we happened to be doing just that. Dance for me isn't something you just hit and quit. For many of us it's more of a subconscious traditional frame of mind... the only reason I chilled was because there just wasn't any more of the fellas to get that energy from and enjoy with... still, recently overseas I was buggin' on the dance tip and had people proppin' me and pickin' up on some of my moves. It's just in the blood. You feel that vibe, you react. That's what's so fly about it from then to now you never know what will come out of you and never cease to be amazed at what others do....

## The CRIME

I thought I'd pressed forward  
But I'm getting off at start  
I thought I'd made progress  
Now I'm banged up against  
my heart.

My journey was Rewind  
To the time

When Pain was born

The fact is no fiction

The fiction's in the pact

I made with a world

Which ignored

The ones who had no map.

Life is no journey

It's a merry-go-round of lies

Til I face the pain which  
chases me

Face the truth in my own eyes  
I'm trapped to turn and turn  
and turn

Different faces searching

Unable to learn,

Complicating

Up a wall to freedom

But this wall has no top.

The only Exit is the ancient  
Gate;

The only passport

Is remembering

The One I forgot.

## a brief review of THE YOUNG GANGSTAS

written and directed by Ed Morales, San Jose. Presented in London, Sept. '94. Coming again in March '95.

It starts off with the usual scenario - a family in the ghetto, the mother blind to her alcoholic husband's faults, although he beats both her and the children and molests his daughter.

Sam and Lori, the teenage kids, are desperate for love and recognition. They come under the 'wings' of chief gangsta, Lucky, head of the Young Gangstas who deal and control the local neighbourhood and then gradually take up other territories. At last, Lori and Sam gain respect, purpose, 'love' and good times. Life is a party (and do these gangstas party...)

The play goes through every aspect of gang-life: the pressure, the politics, the impossibility of leaving, the parties, drugs, the common pain and despair. In a gang, the biggest sin is to indulge in the drugs you are dealing or to mutiny. And the initiation rites are heavy; to be a fully-fledged gang member, you must have killed someone for your leader.

Sam and Lori's family problems worsen and they are pulled deeper into gang life. Pressured by her closest 'friend', Greeneyes, Lori starts to inject the drugs she deals. Lucky gets suspicious and turns from his promise to 'always be a father to you'. He condemns her to a life of prostitution to pay for her habit and utterly rejects her. As he stands with his latest flygirls, his ex-woman, Bubble-up (now a full-blown coca-cola bottle lensed crazy crackhead) screams at them that they too will end up like her. Lucky looks at her in disgust:

"Your hair used to be silky smooth. Now it's coming out in tufts like an old rug! And you used to wear nice contact lenses instead of those horrible glasses. You're a wreck."

"You did this to me!" screams the frothing addict, while the girls laugh at her.

"No, you did it to yourself," says

Lucky. "I hate drug addicts. There's no point in loving a drug addict cos they just die and leave you." (It later comes out that Lucky's mother was an addict). The utter humiliation and rejection of the addict is quite clear.

Sam, meanwhile, is shown in prison for murder and Lori is at rock bottom (literally) on the streets, an addict and a prostitute, with nothing but the pain of broken promises and total loneliness to console herself with. Enter some 30 something Christian woman who used to live in the same block. She talks and prays with Lori who accepts Jesus into her heart and starts to rebuild her life. A changed girl, she goes to visit her brother in prison. He is full of bitterness and rage against his parents for their unjust abuse of him, especially towards his mother who threw him out of the house and rejected him as her son when Sam had beaten his father to protect HER from the old man's drunken blows.

He tells Lori he's glad she's happy but she'd better not start preaching to him. He refuses to believe his mother has become a Christian and wants to be reconciled to him now. Harder than steel, Sam's deep anger knows no limits as he determines to execute the justice he's been denied in his life. When Lucky comes to prison, Sam kills him bloodily without remorse.

But in a scene full of dangerously deep emotions, Sam is confronted by his sister Lori and the truth about his own pain and needs and Jesus' love for him AS HE IS. The now heavy 25 plus gangsta-for-life breaks down and accepts the love that sets him free from his past and his pain. For, as he said, "the prison was inside me." He can now forgive even his mother and live with peace instead of torment.

A play not for the faint-hearted, it gets sweaty close to the real deal facing too many people. The language, music, dancing, violence, gunshots, bloodbath and scenes of rage, confusion and injustice are frighteningly sharp. Just another gang story? Maybe, except with a very different ending, and no actor/actress is portraying a reality they haven't seen or experienced themselves.



# not quite DEAD ON ARRIVAL

Just when you thought pain had been reduced to the safe confines of a word on a page, a wack rap record or the definition of a fellow citizen, the Gravediggaz arrive to remind you of its all-too-real permanence.

Subterranea, Ladbroke Grove, London September 1994 they're "raising the dead" says the RZA and that surely is the time. If ever a generation needed revival, resurrection and a revolution, it's this one of spiritually and emotionally dead beings where cash rules everything around them and status and escapism have more value than life. Maybe we're not just fronting. Maybe we're not just dead stupid. Maybe we're just dead.

Well, the Dealers-with-Death, the Gravediggaz, brought a wake-up call to the London crowd. "Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide...and there isn't on this stage!" laughed the Gatekeeper (aka Fruitkwan) as they tried to contain their set on a twenty by ten foot stage. Rather like cooking an atom bomb in a microwave, the explosion was inevitable, although whether it was them or the crowd is hard to say.

The place was ramjammed with male, female, young, not-so-young, raw hip-hop-heads and the not-so-raw, but one thing was for sure: the Gravediggaz were - (what's the phrase?) - rocking the joint from top to bottom.

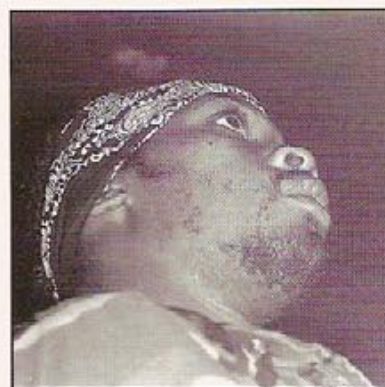
When they cry "You tell me to go to hell but I'm already here!" the whole crowd is singing the same line. They were chanting the words to "The Diary of a Madman" before the RZA, the Gatekeeper, the Grymm Reaper and the Undertaker came on. "Tripping" tripped a live wire proving this wasn't just studio magic, if you've heard the album. It really is more potent live.

Their vibe, their performance, their lyrics and beats (laid down by Prince

Paul - the Undertaker- who was also a founder of De La Soul's unique rhythms on "Three Feet and Rising") were on time, correct and tight yet as wild, huge and explosive to verify that all this comes straight from crazypained heads and not a record exec's gimmick.

From the depths of despair and psychopathy, they articulate the truth the majority of civilisation spends its time trying to avoid. But the weirdest thing is, you come out of their tunes feeling relieved and satisfied, like when someone has expressed something you felt but couldn't word.

Their sardonic and brilliant "1-800 Suicide" mocks the despair of their coloured brothers and states that the agony of their reality is something to wake you up...to life. To feel pain, deep pain is a proof that you're still alive cos it's not a nice world and if you're feeling that, then you're halfway dead. In "Suicide", the RZA-rector (resurrector) threatens to raise you from the comfortable numbness of despair and death to face life. It takes more guts to do that than to "run away" to death. No sympathy for suicides here, the final comment on the dead guy is:

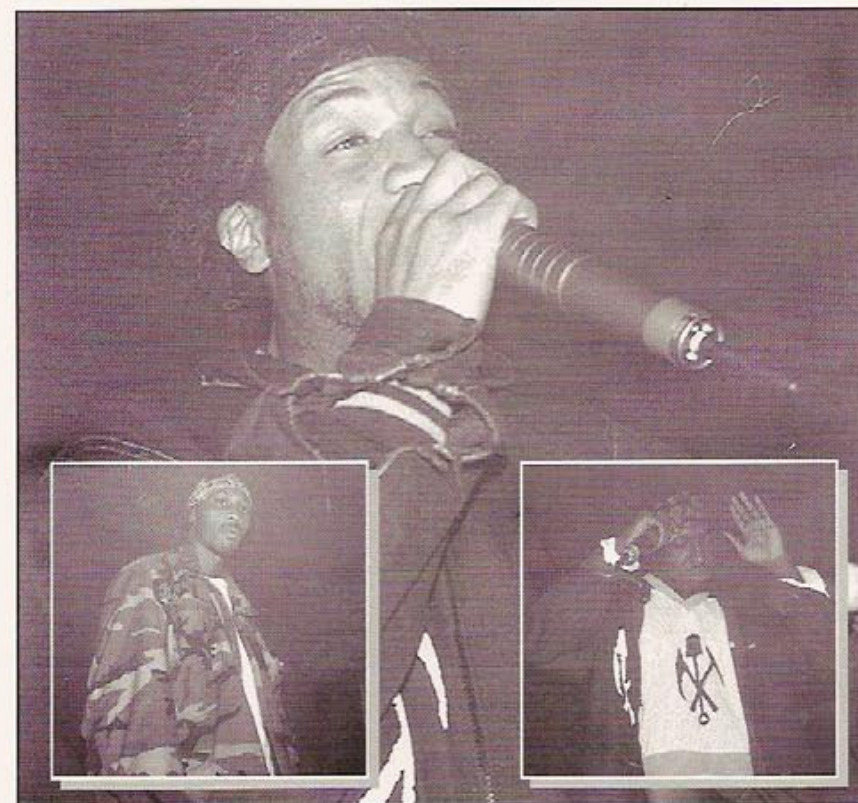


"Well, raise the day - goodbye, there's no need to cry cos we all die."

And then begins a new break with sounds of...hell? I thought we were already here. Maybe not.

This is the war cry of brothers who've lived too much in it and have had enough. The imagery is from a direct and daily confrontation of pain and death but their message is to wake this generation to reality not passive acceptance of lies and despair. Both beats and rhymes bear witness that they are dealing hard with hard truths.

But it's not just the crowd that will tell you that gravediggers are the only ones who will never be out of a job....



# DJ Vortex

the baby prodigy of inner London with four tracks and a booming record label business going international...at 13.

DJ Vortex was brought up by his elder brother, DJ Mafia, on electro and hip hop ("the split came in the mid 80s - one went more technical and the other pure hip hop. A lot of ragga came in and jungle soon emerged on the technical front" - DJ Mafia on the development of British underground music)

DJ Vortex: "My brother used to mix on his decks and I'd watch him. He educated me about music. Hardcore came out of hip hop - the vocals and the beats." Here he drops a DJ Deckjammer tune with a wicked snare and bass drum lop to do damage to your spine - "That's a sample of a sample of NWA's 'Straight Outta Compton' - it's basically all coming from hip hop. But hip hop was getting kind of dead in the UK and on the club scene. There's no industry in the UK to support it."

DJ Mafia: "When I go to New York, I just go to hip hop clubs. But not here. Something in the UK had to give back and that's about when rave started. In the USA when they try to do rave it's funny - djs sampling DMC and technofying it!! Imitation rave is a laugh just like imitation hip hop. In America, they're too busy with hip hop to have to understand or develop an underground sound like jungle. We're producing music for our environment. MC Moose said: 'USA has hip hop, Jamaica has ragga and England has jungle. We are jungle.'"

"Jungle comes from hip hop, ragga and rave. It's just a progression of beats. But jungle's more 'keep it flowing - follow the mix' than 'scratch & impress.' Jungle's aim is to follow take a crowd through feelings that's why the music must be continuous." When Vortex was 9, Mafia started showing him how to mix and that was it.

Mafia: "He went off on a mad one! Just hunting out tunes, get to know everybody in the business and the people making tunes."

In 1992, Vortex made his first track with Nookie followed by "Heavy Atmosphere" and "Rhythms of Jungle". He also made two others including "Self Destruct" out on Grand Larceny Records label/Dancemaster. However, it was the same story: the distributors lied, didn't push the record and he got paid 25%. He's never dj'd but is making seriously deep jungle: "It's not about speed; it's about originality. My inspiration s are all hip hop - Wu Tang, Nice & Smooth, Rakim, EPMD, KRS 1. I've still never been to a rave. Just the studio, just the music."

"Unless you continually stretch your limits, originality drops. You get people sampling tunes and the same breaks each time - just feeding off each other and that's when rave died. People weren't open to music. They ran out of ideas and imagination. If you don't have the imagination to stretch, don't start!"

"I sample from film tracks and hip hop breaks. You've got to be able to control your idea and the music. I don't want my tune to sound like a megamix. Anyone can do that. I want to create an original sound. Eventually, I'd like to have my tunes as a soundtrack for a futuristic film. No one's hooked into using jungle in that form yet but really it's ideal."

Jungle is now but it's not a new thing. A lot of people have been down with jungle for years - right from the start in '89. It's just that people haven't been brought to hear it. The tunes which are given exposure basically get more listeners cos how can you decide for or against what you've never heard? It's not an age/class/colour thing. You can do anything you've got a heart and will to. Some people have been surprised and taken the p\*\*\* when they've seen me, a little kid, mixing at Unity records (Beak Street, London) They say "Oh, does your dad work here?" but from Unity and other people in the business, I've had nothing but pure support and encouragement. I want to carry on making tunes. My mixing isn't tops but practice makes perfect

- or nearly perfect!

Eventually, I'd like to play in clubs but I'd rather concentrate on tunes at the moment. A lot of people have hit it from the angle: "Play in clubs and then do the tunes people like to hear" but I'm doing it the other way.+

Indeed. With his brother, he has started up an international recording label, Sound Chamber Productions, taking in demo tapes from hip hop and jungle djs all over the world, giving them 50% after distribution throughout the country. The business is thriving and clocking up money to buy more studio equipment. Mafia admits the brother eight years his junior is a "prodigy." He has taught himself on a variety of computers and, at barely 13, he's typing 50 wpm, producing flyers, newsletters, running a recording label and making money a twenty year old would be pleased to make without any management. Whether you think it's right or wrong, crazy or cold, when this boy talks "no limits", he's talking his reality.

**"Sound Chamber Recordings MCMXCIV - over the following months Sound Chamber Recordings will be bringing you the freshest sounds in Hip Hop and Rap direct from the USA. Various different djs will be featured in order to show a wider variety of talent. These hip hop and rap mixes will be updated each month and strictly limited! UK mixes will also be available in various categories in addition to hip hop (jungle, house). As from August '94 Sound Chamber mixes will be available on mail order. In order to ensure your copy of any forthcoming or previously released mix ring the number shown below. If you are interested in mixing tapes for release, ring the number shown for an address to send us your demo. 0831 299 806."**



# WU Tang Clan

The Forum, Kentish Town, London



Well, a very good performance considering they had their coach hijacked the night before, lyrics, tour video, clothes and luggage stolen, an internal combusive argument resulting in nobody speaking to anyone and twenty minutes of their show taken up by their mentor coming on stage preaching Selassie, one love etc. etc. If anyone hears a Birmingham yout rapping Wu Tang style or selling the stuff, deal with justice and let the Wu Tang decide on the mercy.

Respect to Chester of LoveZone Promotions for bringing the Clan plus Shyheim over.

## impressions of a name

by Mist One

"It was August 1989 and I headed for NYC on a graf exploration and adventure. On the way into Manhattan from JFK airport, the highways were really bombed. I was looking right away for some names that I'd heard of before....

As we were going through Queens, I saw a throw-up on the side of what looked like elevated subway station. It was "SANE." That was the first bit of graf I'd seen in NYC by someone I'd heard of. I'd got some photos of pieces by Sane Smith. When I first heard the name, I wasn't sure if it was one or two different writers. Later, I was told they were brothers.

My first day back in NYC, I headed straight for the subway. I got to Grand Central, jumped on a No. 5 train going downtown. I went to the first car so I could look down the tunnels as the train moved fast through the transit system. It passed a disused station. There it was in a split second - a "Smith" bubble letter. I ended up at Bowling Green station and went on to walk through Battery Park to where I could see the Statue of Liberty. I thought the World Trade Centre would be a good place to

have a look at the city. It was a good view from the observatory on the 110th floor, the roof top was open as well. I walked around the top, then I noticed a "Sane Smith" tag written on the wall next to the exit. This was only written in a very small pen, no bigger than handwriting but it was there. I'd not seen any other names that I'd heard of yet but Sane Smith was starting to amaze me. There weren't any other tags there but there it was at the top of New York City. Within the next few days I started to see other names that I recognized but none that surprised me more than Sane Smith. He was really up. I started to see it more and more. Everywhere I went, it was there. The



tags were all over Henry's (Chalfont) studio. I met A one there. He took me to see some Lee pieces on the Lower East side. He said he knew where there was a new piece by Sane nearby but we got p\*\*\*ed, did some sheet tagging and forgot. There was a couple of other pieces that I remember really well - one at Union Square. It was really high up, on the side of a building. It may have been 20 or 40 floors up - "Sane 182." There was also a message with this,



something like: "To Mayor Koch - Sane Smith and crew, we cheated on you." I didn't get a photo of this but I've seen it again on one of the video grafs. Fista and I had a look for it in '93 but couldn't find it.

The other place was on a bridge in Queens, somewhere on the Long Island rail road track sides.

All the graf spots I've been to in NYC over the years, I've always seen something by Sane Smith. I've taken photographs of other pieces before and when they've been developed, I've noticed Sane Smith tags on the same walls or on the tracks in front of the pieces that I'd not noticed before. Fista took a picture of me next to the elevated track as the subway train was approaching. When I saw that picture, it had a Sane tag right by my feet on a post.



I was in Germany with Ces 53 when I heard the sad news that Sane had died. We were very shocked to hear the bad news. I heard a few things about what happened later and read something in IGTimes about it. When I was back in NYC in '91 and '93, there were still loads of Sane pieces, tags all over plus lots of memorial pieces to Sane and messages. One by Hash TFP said: "Sane RIP the best friend a guy could have."

**Sane Smith -  
you definitely inspired  
and impressed me.  
Much respect, RIP and  
rock on."**



# NEW FLESH 4 OLD

is a hip hop band from the north, with the bottomless pit flavour. Members include Out of Order, The Baker, Toastie and Part 2.

"The sound has that original hip hop concept, like the big hard beats crashing down with some deep longated bass lines. The loops have the same sort of rawness but taken from a more obscure range of breaks, chopped up in a really off-beat kind of way, strange but keeping in touch with the original old school fashion."

Check out the pitbass of "So Complex", stretching and backing up on The Honeydrippers' "Impeach The President" with dark jazz samples from Sun Ra (RIP). It's undoubtedly hip hop but its uniqueness demands open listening. Headhunted by labels already, let's hope they keep up the

momentum.

They've been developing their abstract styles for the past two years, combining their long list of unreleased tracks with the most eccentric stage performances.

The Baker constructs his lyrics in a format he describes as scaffolding. He chooses a word then follows up with a rhyming word, changing the subject but still relating things to each other. His subject matter is influenced by his 24-7 analysis of life in general, fusing with his longtime obsession with the dictionary... Complexity is his aim whereas Toastie builds his lyrics with simplicity. Out of Order pieces his lyrics together in an abstract sense. Though constructed simply and to the point, he compares his lyrics to "graffiti wild style", a complicated structure and bases his subject matter on his name: "The meaning of Out of Order is to be out of being ordered. I force my life process plan so as not to be programmed. Others are brain washed in education to

consume, labelled by people with a degree of evil equal to the devil." He handles his lyrics with self-discipline and keeps rhymes tight, while speaking his hidden warnings about laws that are set out to limit and imprison.

New Flesh play exhaustless live shows and have supported such groups as The Pharcyde, Blade and Gunshot. Part 2 feels that "most people in the hip hop scene these days seem to look inside hip hop for influence, instead of looking outside it and being original."

More information ring  
01904765972  
or fax  
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Left to Right: Part 2, The Baker, Out of Order & Toastie

# soul to move

missjones is the real soul singer the '90s have been looking for. New York City listeners already know her from voicedrops and production for Red Alert, DJ Ron G and Funkmaster Flex. She was introduced to Doug E Fresh by a dj/producer friend outside a shoe shop in Harlem. A popular Denice Williams song, "Cause You Love Me" was blasting on a homie's boom box at the time.

The tune was a fave of Doug's and he was considering sampling it on his next project. He asked Tarsha (missjones) to perform it a capella and did she!

"I guess I couldn't ask for a set of better circumstances as far as who I got my start from...at that time I was going through a lot because my mother had recently passed on...Doug helped me take the negative things that happened in my life and take the energy from that and bring it out in the soul of my music." Doug E then took her out on the road with his Get Fresh Crew regime.

"Doug E's one of my good friends to this day. Who do you know that will take that much interest off of somebody on the streets like that and just really, really care?"

Her record deal was snapped thanks to mix lord, Ron G. When the dj shopped a deal of his own to StepSun Entertainment's President Bill Stephnie, the music mogul's ears shuddered to the sounds of the female singer in the opening tracks. "He told Ron he was looking for a female artist. So Ron set up the meeting and Doug and I came in and had the meeting with Bill and said we already had songs prepared, but we really didn't. So I went home that night and wrote "Where I wanna B Boy" and Ron put some music to it that same night as we had to present it to Bill the next morning. The next day, Bill loved it and signed me on that song."

And this song is one of the toughest on the forthcoming album. This girl **DELIVERS.**

"In debt" is deeper and sweeter and slower - knocking down posing divas' attempts to fake sincere devotion. "Don't Front" samples Jeru's "Come Clean" drip-drip on a totally different level. This girl is real, from the street yet undoubtedly a classic-in-the-making. Impossible to front on, you're moving to these tunes before you've had time to consider that this girl's destined to fly.





# the heart of the matter

New Jack City, Above the Rim, Menace II Society, Strapped, Crooklyn, Do the Right Thing, Fresh...brilliant depictions of "reality", of inner city soul survival and a man's struggle against a world set against him, truth and freedom....but in the end, the biggest stars in the films - the despair, pain, destruction and sense of being trapped - are too permanent features in our social landscape to allow for much diversity in genuine black art and culture.

Yes, Menace II Society was dope; I'd see it four more times but it's too real for too many people for it to be inspirational. Films, like too much of the present music and media/literature, give statements of "reality" without delving deep enough to show answers or daring to expose the crisis as more than one of colour. There are people out there exhausted of fronts. "It's got to be real." Yeah well maybe there's another reality other than a life-sentence of pain and despair. No - I'm not tripping. Still I hear the same "No thanks - I'll hold on to this pain - at least this is mine." So there's no real hope for a coloured person? Is it all politics at the end of the day? So you can't be an original AND experience real freedom and joy? Peace is not a necessary word in this life?

OK, have it your way. It's cool to be on self destruct, maintaining the average statistic while the devil's grinning all over his face....

But get ready for a leash of productions that are going to blast

coloured experience into new territory. How about the real-life tales of gangstas who've been to hell and back and are now free-living....in the ghettos that once held them prisoner. These productions document the metamorphosis of new creations. What they said was impossible, isn't.

These plays/films are written by the "gangstas" and ex-drug addicts themselves, from all over the USA, but particularly L.A. and other cities in California. The dialogues, dancing, rapping, posturing, scenarios could only be constructed and performed by ex-gangstas because no actor, however perceptive, could know the heart of a gangsta. As Lucky (one of the characters) says: Being a gangsta's not in the way you walk or talk; it's in your heart."

These are gangstas-for-life, but they'll give Dionne Warwick and her Club a cardiac arrest because they're purer and more righteous than she'll ever be for all her morality and preaching against gangsta rap. Their music, braids, dancing, rapping, language is their culture, their heritage - the drugs and guns which her society's neglect helped burden them with aren't. Yet not even rolling gangstas can front on this new breed for they're realer than real.

These plays are performed to over 13,000 strong audiences throughout Western America, and are pulling still more crowds than any box office. For when originals with love deeper than their former hate walk those same streets then, believe, it's ON like never before. With a two-sided blade they did lethal damage, but with the word of God, "sharper than any double-edged dagger", they're causing a revolution.

You think if you gave it up now, you'd be paying for life, reminiscing on the good ole bad ole days, writing books, songs, raps of "reality" and hate and despair and pain and frustration, going through the motions....well, step back, press eject and listen to a new tune. Your tune. Created for this very hour and for a generation that nearly wasn't....

Priscilla Birdsong was in the Harlem

Crips for over ten years and also a major black mafia group in East L.A., addicted to crack and with 25 years' worth of jail sentences on her back... "I was raised in Compton, South Central, L.A. By the age of 14, I was involved in gangs. For me then gang life was exciting, family-orientated, an escape to go party and be free, just be myself, and they offered me the "love" I was looking for. I got involved with one of the head boys of the gang, an original gangster, and began a routine of robbing different people, restaurants, car-jacking and also was one of the biggest drug dealers in the south west area, selling drugs and also indulging in the drugs. That's when everything started tumbling down. I used to sell drugs to federal authorities, police chiefs. At the same time, I was becoming very addicted so I began to sell them on the street. I was in and out of jail from the age of 16. I felt like an animal caged up. Deep within me I knew that there was another way out but when I was in there I would adapt to my environment. I used to just do my time and get out.

When I was 24 I met a guy from a black organised crime group (mafia - a black underground crime ring). He introduced me to forgery, pick-pocketing in banks, writing cheques in banks, white collar crimes. I did that for five years. I had 25 different names when I went to jail. I was smoking drugs really heavy, going round all the states doing these crimes till eventually I had 15 cases and a total of 25 years' jail sentence. During all this, I didn't have any feelings. I didn't like people and being involved in black underground you couldn't have too many friends. I grew very cold towards my family, although I'd ring every now and then and send them gifts. Amongst all this, I had two kids. The eldest, Andre, was my partner-in-crime from ages 4-8. He would help me take purses out of the banks. He watched my back more than anybody else did! I now regret that he was allowed to be involved with all that. He saw me get abused by the guys in the organisation. One of the guys got upset with me cos of my heavy drug habit. During one attack, my skull was cracked in two places and I suffered several lacerations to my

face. I was kidnapped, raped and stabbed four times. I went underground and hid out in one of the drug houses in east L.A. I cried out to God. They took my kids away from me, the organisation put out a hit on me, I had warrants out everywhere. I was at my lowest - at the bottom, so I thought. The last straw was when my one best friend got killed in a drive-through jack-in-the-box shooting. Two robbers killed her in front of her children. When I found out the next day, I lost my mind. My mind went blank. I had no feelings. My father and brother came to pick me up from the drug house. Although they were both Christians, they could not house/look after me because they both had families and I was a dangerous item to be connected with! My brother said: "Jesus is the only one who can help you." Still, I didn't want to accept it. Anything but that.

But eventually I went to the Victory Outreach's women's centre - they were the only ones who welcomed me. I accepted Jesus as my Saviour and was transformed. I was demonpossessed and I've been set free. Where once was hatred and pain and addiction is this great love and peace. Now I am a rap minister (MC Life) - I never rapped before I became a Christian! When I was set free, all these new things started happening in me. Now I'm living a victorious life in Jesus; I've been forgiven much therefore I love much. Now I know nothing can separate me from the love of God.

When I gave my life over to God, I owned up to every single charge and eventually, through God, each charge was dropped - 25 years dropped!

During my time away from God, I just felt so lonely. I felt like I was in the world by myself and I just wanted to fill that emptiness inside me. I just wanted that peace and joy in my life and that's what I was so desperately searching for. Now I know Jesus is the only one who can fill that loneliness. Where once there was deep hate and pain, I've got love and a peace I could never have imagined. I have a worldwide vision - to spread His message round the world, starting with L.A.'s gangs and mafia.

**HOMEBY SERMON** has already a firm following all along the West coast, but its not just his rhymes and

rhythm that are rocking low-riders and jams - it's a message born from a personal experience of deepest realities and a sense of urgency. If anyone knows the time, it's this ex-Mexican gang member, known as Blackbird for his darker-than-most colouring:



"I was from a Mexican gang in east L.A. called East Side Clover. I'd constantly carry a .38 pistol. We went against the Bloods and the Crips. From the age of 13, I did a lot of crazy things. I started out with just a street knowledge at 11, you know, just getting into dealing and street survival. I moved on to the gangs cos they offered fun, a sense of belonging, the opportunity to be somebody, to have respect, people looked up to me, people feared me - but then there were also times when I'd be surrounded and I'd fear people. I tried girls, drugs, parties, "letting my anger out" and all but none of that really made me happy. Everybody had to front. When you get locked up, you can hear men cry at night. It doesn't matter how bad you are, you get lonely. Nobody knows how you really feel cos you have to put on this front and look like you have it together. As for how I considered my future, I reckoned I had four options: end up in prison one day for a long stretch, join the mafia, make a fast buck illegally and have people working for me, or maybe, one of these days, just walk away from it all and become a regular citizen where nobody knew me....

I was raised in a church but I didn't really believe in it. I just thought church was a place where people came and socialised because they had nothing better to do with their lives. My father was a pastor but I reckoned he was that just because he couldn't get a trade. At 11 I knew how to hotwire cars. I didn't want to hear about God.

One night, I was at a party, smoking a joint, dancing in the back of the room. There were five guys in their mid-20s in the corner. I was just

putting on some music and they went passed me into the restroom to fix some heroin. They were arguing about who was going to go first. One guy finally ties up and starts to fix. He overdosed and/or the stuff was junk. He just collapsed. They dragged him into the main room. He had no pulse, no breath in him when we tried to resuscitate him. He was cold dead. The girl whose place it was said: "You've got to get him out of here cos I'm on parole and I don't want to go to prison." Then another girl said: "Hey, wait a minute! Blackbird's dad has a church on the corner. Why doesn't he say a prayer for him before we throw him into the alley?"



NO WAY! There I stood with a beer can in one hand, a joint in the other and they were asking me to pray for this guy. I refused. They all got on me: "Blackbird, you want us to jump you? Are you down for the neighbourhood or what?"

I said: "You guys are crazy!" but I placed my hands on this dead guy's head like I'd seen my dad do, thinking all the time "This is crazy, I can't believe I'm doing this!" I couldn't remember how to pray. I just said: "Hey God, if you are for real, why don't you let my homeboy live?" Then I remembered my dad used to say: "In the name of Jesus." So I said: "In the Name of Jesus." As soon as I'd said that, there was this gap between a girl and the door and I just dived through and ran all the way home, feeling sick - "I've touched a dead man!"

The next day, I was walking down my alley and met two of the girls from the party. They said: "Hey, Blackbird! We were looking for you last night but you ran off." I asked them what they were talking about.

"After you prayed for him, he just got up and he was real white and kinda scared. But he was alive! We were looking for you."

I couldn't believe it. I said: "I have to see for myself." So I went to his house



and see him sitting on the step, smoking a cigarette and drinking a Koolaid. He said: "I heard what you did for me. Thanks." Then he asked if I'd got 25 bucks so he could get another spoon (of heroin)!

Well, he was the same. But not me. I knew that God was for real. I gave my life to Jesus and God showed me that the Bible isn't a book of words but of LIFE - everything in the Bible is for real.

Five years after that, I was at Venice Beach, California with some homeboys. This was in the early '80s. Ice T was just coming out rapping, not famous yet. He was down rapping with the kids on the streets. One guy said: "Hey, Ice T, how do you write raps?" He said: "Like this" and wrote on some paper sacks. I watched him and God told me: "You could do that but with my message." And from then on, I started writing raps. Before that I'd never rapped.

Now my tapes are out in prisons and I'm told the guys play them before they go to bed. Gang members play it at their parties with respect, and people listen. My stuff isn't for Christians. Ain't no Christian pat-a-cake for me. My raps are done solely for the gangstas. They're smoking indo, drinking beer and listening to it. Car clubs write and ask for it. They bump it as they're cruising through the Boulevard.

My vision is to be rapping all around the world. I have had record labels ask me to sign with them but I want worldwide distribution only. I put my life in God's hands when I got saved and someone told me once "DON'T LIMIT GOD. Don't put him in a box. You never know what God's gonna do. He is a God of mystery but purpose." And sure, since I've been saved, opportunities have just sprung up everywhere. I've been several times to Holland, Hawaii, Paris, New York as an artist but, for me, all I'm aware of is that God wants to use me as an evangelist.

A lot of rappers tell me that I have a different style. Most rappers rap about themselves or what they see around them, their ideas. Still, the attention is focussed on them. My rap is focussed on God and the people. It's all I see and know and feel. Some have said "Oh, it's a new concept - 'it's fly', but how can it be a concept when it's in my heart, it's

all I have? It doesn't matter to me that people don't like my music. My thing is not to become famous, to be well-known/respected as I walk down the street. My thing is to reach the world with the Gospel of Jesus Christ - and rap is the means I've been given.

My dream is to know God cos, when it all comes down to it, when you're six foot under, the one thing is to know God and I want to be right there in the centre of his will. All I need is God - the cars, girls, drugs, status - they don't satisfy, you just keep doing it because they don't satisfy. But God has a way of meeting all my needs. Before, my aim was to get money and to get high. Now all that's changed. I'm not working for the devil anymore. I'm working for God now. When I got saved, suddenly everything became free - girls, drugs, respect. But my tastes had changed. My heart had changed. I no longer wanted it like that.

There are a lot of up and coming rappers who want to reach other people. I'd say, first thing you need is God's heart and then you speaking love and people hear that. Secondly, make sure your words are loud and clear; you can keep the beat fast if you like that but, unless you're rapping for rappers, slow down your lyrics.

#### **ACTRESS Marlon Williams is from Los Angeles :**

"I was 12 when I started partying, drinking, smoking and that all gave me a mentality of lack of discipline - my thought was to party, not to take life so serious. I enjoyed what I was doing and would party at any opportunity. I went to a trade school in Minneapolis and that's when I got exposed to drugs. I got into cocaine when I was 18 and, to me, it was the ideal drug because of all the other drugs I had tried. The effects weren't the same. Cocaine gave me something that made me feel real good about myself. I was looking for acceptance. I wanted to be popular and liked and I just wanted to be loved, especially by a man cos my father was never a permanent figure in my life. Cocaine fulfilled those needs - temporarily and at price. It brought out in me a personality I liked cos I was basically shy. I felt alone, I felt guilty and I hurt bad, but around other people I portrayed a real happy, together person. From 18-23 years I was heavily into crack. At 20

I got married to another cocaine user. So he was violent and that made me get into drugs more cos abuse takes away even more of your self-esteem. I hated myself; I really wanted to die cos I didn't feel that I had any direction in my life. Because I was a drug addict, was drinking and had no self-esteem, no self-respect, my husband left me. He took everything. I came home one day and everything was gone.

I met an older man, 58 and I was 24. I moved in with him and he was sexually abusive. He raped me and locked me away from my family and friends. But it was in that terrible setting that I met the Lord. This man's son's girlfriend was a Christian and she spoke to me about Jesus. I knew from Catholic School about "God" but didn't know He was real and could change my life, give me purpose. That he could fill this deep ache inside me.

I gave my life to the Lord and my addictions are no more cos the deep needs inside me have been met by something real and lasting. I feel good about myself. The shyness has gone as has the pain and shame of those years. Now I have a caring husband and God's healed my pain and emptiness. Before I gave my life to the Lord, I was always looking for fulfilment in a person, a man. Which was a stupid thing to do as it is unreal, impossible. Jesus' love is unconditional - he loves you just the way you are - it was while we were at our worst he died for us. All men are limited in the type of love that they can give. So for me, true love has to come first from God because his love is pure. You don't have to earn it; he gives it freely and his love heals. Jesus returned to me self-esteem and a pure love.

All my life, I struggled to obtain the respect of men that I never had cos I didn't respect myself. Now I have been restored; I respect myself and others. **RESPECT DOESN'T COME FROM THE OUTSIDE FIRST, BUT FROM THE INSIDE. YOU CAN'T DEMAND RESPECT OR LOVE FROM ANYONE.**

My dream as a kid was to be a singer and an actress. Now that's returned to me. If I ever earned enough as an professional actress, I'd open a shelter for battered and hurting women to get women off the streets. At present, I work with women who have been abused and I have a

support group.

I was once shy, hurting, addicted, lonely, without self-respect and purpose, without love for others. Now all that has completely changed and the only factor I can point to is Jesus. I only wish I'd known about this when I was younger - I'm now 36 and those years seem such a silly waste now.

#### **Loren Morrison is from Richmond, San Francisco in Northern California:**

"I grew up in a neighbourhood that was all gang-invested. A lot of my friends played sports. The only other alternative was drugs. I went overboard after I started at 13. I became a real drug addict, so that's why I never got to be a full gang member cos a gang member can't be an addict. I started with marijuana, then acid, speed and cocaine. But it was crack that took my life over.

In the beginning, I was enjoying it because I thought I controlled it, not because I needed it. But later it changed. I HAD to do it - it had a stronghold on my life. It gave me (so I thought) security and confidence - I was very shy. Drugs gave me power as a drug dealer. I sold a lot of drugs, got respect, and it put money in my pocket. But life in crack is terrible. I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy. The people you'll hurt, the things you'll do when you need some more crack are beyond your comprehension until you are involved in it. And the funny thing is, you can't help it. You get tired of being tired. I had severed all my family relationships. During this time, I still held down a job. But when you start using, you start burning all these bridges, take advantage of the people who trust you so eventually you lose that trust.

I started to hear about the Lord on TV and my friend's mom was a Christian. I went to hear Nicky Cruz. When I was at school in 7th grade, we'd been made to read his autobiography, "Run baby run." When I heard what God had done in Nicky's life (and he was a much bigger mess than I), when I saw what God had done in his life, that was the thing which brought me to want to trust God. Nicky knew about the pain of living on the streets, broken relationships, addiction and despair - yet he also knew real hope and was

living proof. He had hope in Christ. If it could change him, then there had to be hope for me and I was TIRED, man, I was so tired. I had no will or strength left to fight. When there was the altar call, I went up there and said, "If you're real, touch me like you've touched him."

"That was it."

Was there an automatic transformation? He laughs. "NO! Of course not. The next day I went and did drugs again but I felt different. I didn't want them. I was miserable now with them. I didn't have any friends or family around me so it was easy to fall back into that. Finally, I gave it all up and moved into the Victory Outreach Man's Centre."

The former shy crack addict with nothing in view save his next hit, is now free - free in a way that is rare to the point of being freakish. His charisma and confidence on stage is unforced. Not only an actor to vvy with Larenz Tate, he is assistant director with the "Young Gangstas" company, involved in several productions including "Straight from the Hood", "Tell It Like It Is", "Shot Gun", "Duke of Earl I & II", "Cold City Dreams" and "Gang Life American Style" - hardcore varieties that really could only be tolerated by gang members themselves. And if you think he's getting fat rich selling pain, think again. All shows are free yet the entertainment value is to a standard to question current box office hits. Each performance pulls up to 15,000 and during that time the gangs call a truce out of respect. ("Maybe there's a few fist fights, but that's it. Afterwards, unfortunately, it's on again. But they love the plays.")

On top of this, the braided 29 year old is a pastor of a church in Richmond, California: "Christ has given me a clear vision. When I was in crack, I didn't really even think, let alone see, the future. I just lived, no, existed, from day to day, hit to hit. Every once in a while, I'd say: "One day, I'll get it together" but would just go on the same, living from day to day, week to week. Now the future's so bright, I need a pair of shades! Even acting - compared to my involvement with the gangs and getting them off the streets, seeing the beautiful things God is doing - it just doesn't compare. They can't tell me I don't know what it's like to have hit your last hit of drugs. And I know

what it's like to tear your family apart and to live with that pain and guilt.

When I gave my life to the Lord, and felt that love, that became my mission - to reach others with Christ's love and power, to set them free. It's mad, I guess! Before that, I figured I'd be lucky to even get to church any Sunday!

"Jesus Christ is the coolest individual to have ever hit this earth. There's this myth that serving God is square - it's so untrue, it's a joke. The Lord is the funniest, the most creative, the smartest, the strongest, the finest - he's all and more and he's living in me now!! That's just crazy. And the thing is, when you "Give your life over", you don't lose life - you gain it. You're fulfilling your destiny and living every minute of it. I'd say to all who are unsure but desperate: Give the Lord a chance, a real chance."

1 Corinthians 15 v 9

"But by the grace of God I am what I am and his grace to me was not without effect."

Romans 8 v 37 - 39

"No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future nor any powers, neither height nor depth nor anything in all creation, will be able to separate us from the LOVE OF GOD that is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

2 Corinthians 10 "For though we live in the world, we do not wage war as the world does. The weapons we fight with are not the weapons of the world. On the contrary, they have divine power to demolish strongholds."

**For booking information please ring Ed Morales on 408 435 3300 (San Jose, California)**

#### **Victory Outreach**

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**Contact:** Los Angeles, 454 Cobera Ave, La Puente, Ca 91746. Tel: (818) 961 4910.

**Contact:** Brooklyn, 471 56 Street, Brooklyn, NY 11220. Tel: (718) 439 3309.

**Contact:** The Bronx, 10 38 Longwood Ave, The Bronx, NY 10474. Tel: (718) 439 3309.

**Contact:** South Central, Watts, 8612 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Ca 90003. Tel: (213) 778 4773.



# TIMED RELEASE

Even if Congress agrees to a federal war on crime, America, and indeed the rest of the western world, should brace itself for an unprecedented wave of youth violence. Population booms beyond the control of any politician will direct the pain and frustration of a lost and forgotten generation, the result of years of broken promises, greed and the marginalisation of the coloured population. Marginalisation is drawing a narrow line at the edge of your paper; it's setting fixed limits on the lives of over 40% of the population for no other reason than skin colour.

It's proclaiming a person's life and death sentence before they've even been born, while declaring to the world that freedom, opportunity and justice is for all....on the other side of the line.

On both sides of the Atlantic, the 'ethnic minority' population has continued to grow. In England, the white population has slowed down over the past two decades. So the age structure of the coloureds is very different from that of white people now - more elderly whites, but more young coloureds. While 16% of the population in the UK as a whole is now aged over 65, only 3% of this is made up of coloureds. Ninety per cent of black people in the UK are under 45, and half of them are aged

15 or under. The highest dependency rates in the UK - i.e. those unable to work and dependent on the State - are whites. This ratio is higher than that for coloureds, even taking into account high black unemployment and the fact that there are more whites than coloureds. Proportionally, more coloureds are working and supporting the nation. Also, a smaller percentage of black than white people suffer limiting long-term illnesses, but blacks have poorer health care than whites. British statisticians predict that the growth in ethnic youth will continue to rise and will, in fact, increase at a faster rate.

In America, the coloured population boom is already exploding. While the total USA population will rise by approximately 12% in 20 years, the number of teens aged between 15-19 years will go up by 21% to 21 million. But young black and Hispanic men will increase by 24% and 47% respectively.

Still, population growth alone doesn't explain the mushrooming rise of youth violence which has grown faster since the mid 80s, especially among the coloured generation. The epidemic seems to come from increasing hopelessness among the young. American statisticians anticipate that the rate of violence among youths will increase even faster if inner city drug use and the wide availability of guns continues. More than one in five American children live under the poverty line and this rate is ever moving up. And kids raised by single parents (over 30% in 1991, and predicted to be 40% by the year 2,000) are most likely to get in trouble.

Black and Hispanic women together account for half of those receiving benefits from the AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children program) or 'welfare.' One reason why fewer white women need to apply for welfare is that the federal government has a less-publicised program for which most of them qualify, so white mothers escape scrutiny and criticism. They are not seen to be the single mothers parasiting off the state.

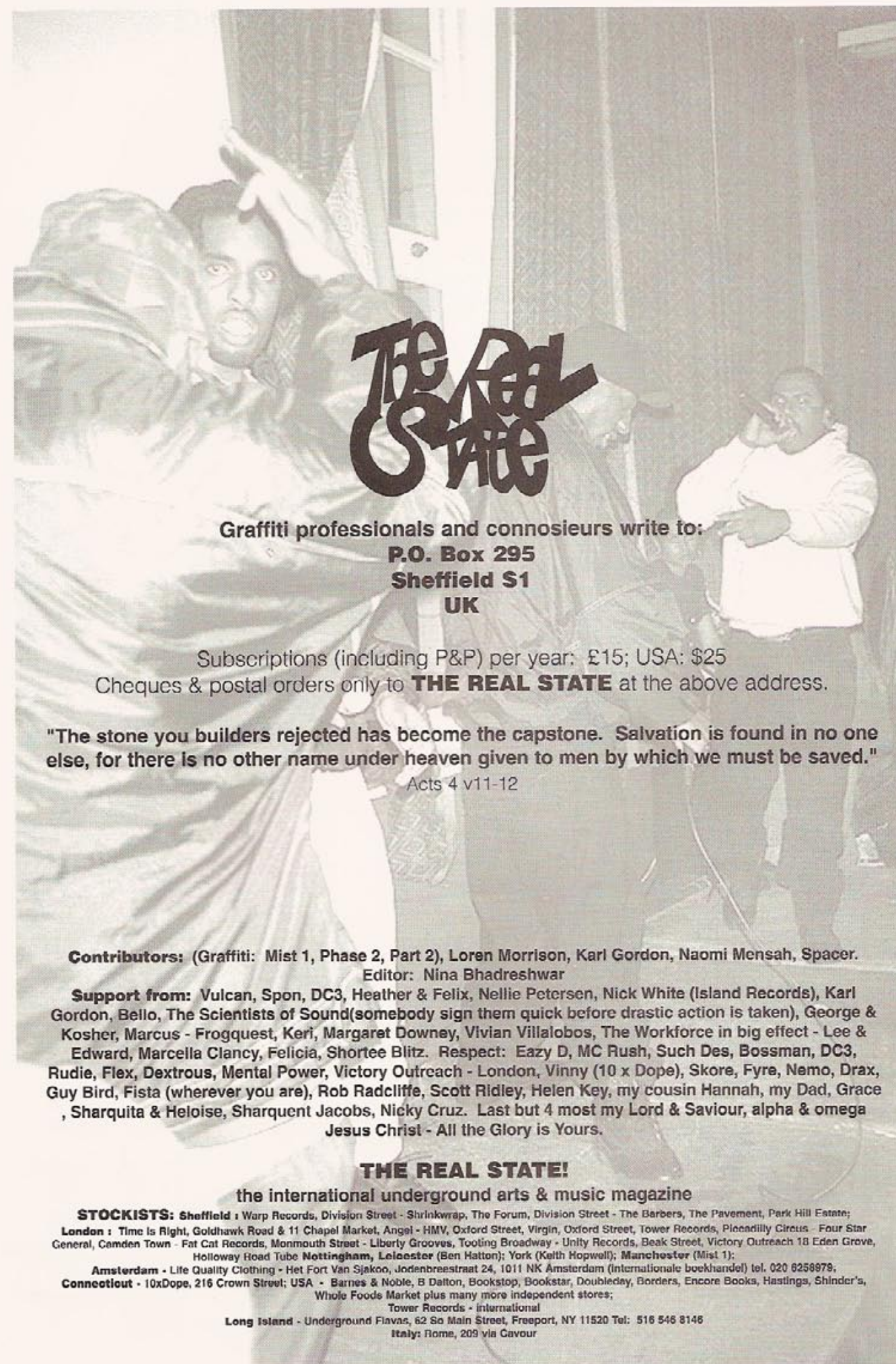
But there is no way to live on welfare. Even in the most generous states, stipends fall below what the government defines as the poverty level. In 1990, annual cash allowances for families on AFDC ranged from \$1,356 in Alabama to \$7,512 in Massachusetts with the national average at \$4,692. But, at the end of the day, the typical AFDC stipend works out to one seventh of the average income enjoyed by American families. And cutbacks are increasing in federal contributions while states let allowances lag behind inflation.

Meanwhile, the USA is considering a multimillion dollar 'War On Crime' including 'midnight basketball leagues' for the boys and girls and other projects designed to keep teens busy and crime-free. So basically welfare money is being used in a great experiment, a big sugar dummy for an angry youth to suck on. **But don't you know - we don't suck anymore.**

Take the statistics for those who don't finish High School. For every \$1,000 earned by a white, a black female will earn \$974. A black male will earn \$797. Or, perhaps, for those who do over five years in college: \$973 for a black female and \$771 for a black male.

No explanation needs to be given as to why the emerging coloured generation is angry nor why the young black male is a raging psychopath. It's quite reasonable and logical.

What isn't reasonable or logical is how the federal government's war on crime is going to solve the crime of the federal government.

**THE REAL STATE**

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**"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

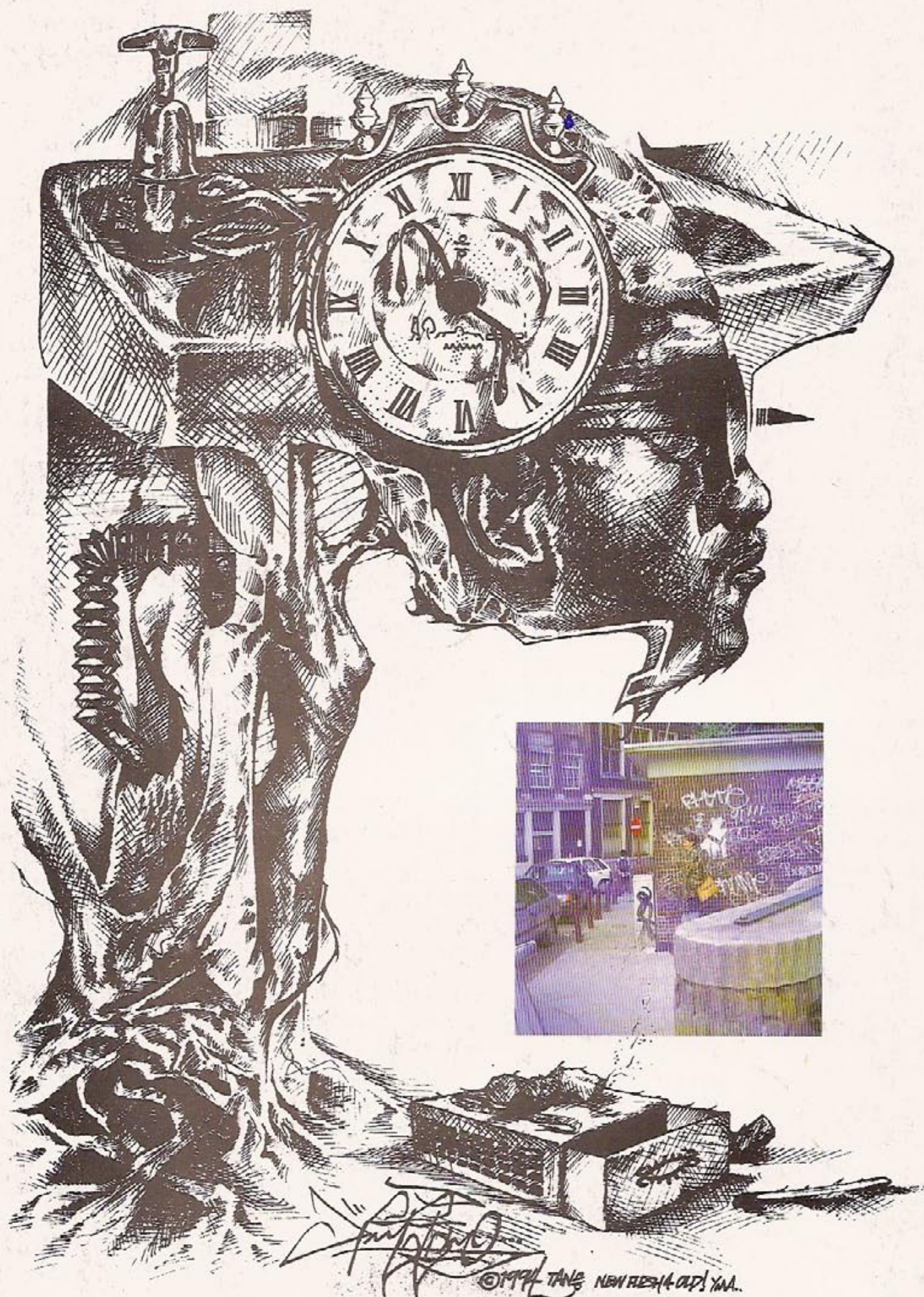
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 the international underground arts & music magazine

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**"don't waste time else time will waste you"**