

L.S.D.



LONDON STREET-ART DESIGN



A WORD FROM WAYNE ANTHONY

LSD FIRST FORMED LATE LAST YEAR AS A DATABASE OF THE PHOTOS I'VE TAKEN WHILST MEANDERING THE BUSY STREETS OF LONDON TOWN. I NOTICED A COMMUNITY LIKE ATMOSPHERE OF HAPPY SNAPPERS CONGREGATING AT CERTAIN LOCATIONS, SPEAKING ABOUT ART AND WHAT THE SAID IMAGE MAY OR MAY NOT DEFINE. PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE CAN BE FOUND AT THESE GATHERINGS WHICH REALLY INTRIGUED ME. AS A PIONEER OF WHAT'S COMMONLY TERMED THE RAVE SCENE, THOUGH BACK THEN WE CALLED IT ACID HOUSE. I RECOGNISED INSTANTLY THAT SOMETHING SPECIAL WAS IMPLoding ON THE STREETS AND IN CITIES ACROSS THE WORLD. EXCEPT THIS TIME THE CHARGE ISN'T BEING LED BY MUSIC OR DRUGS. LSD IN THE 1970S BROUGHT ABOUT MIND EXPANSION AND FREE LOVE...MDMA IN THE 1980S BROKE OPEN OUR HEARTS...LSD MAGAZINE 2009 ENCOURAGES ALL THINKERS TO UNLEASH THE POWER OF RIGHT BRAIN THOUGHT AND JOIN THIS REVOLUTION IN ART.

**LSD MAGAZINE CURRENTLY COMPRISES OF TWO CREATIVE DIRECTORS AND A SHED FULL OF ARTISTS, WRITERS, CONTRIBUTORS. THIS IS OUR FIRST ATTEMPT AT CREATING A MAGAZINE SO BARE WITH US AS EVERY ISSUE WILL SEE IMPROVEMENTS ON ITS PREDECESSOR. BOTH SIRIUS 23 AND I HAVE WORKED TIRELESSLY TO COMPLETE THIS ISSUE IN LESS THAN SIX WEEKS. WE HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS ISSUE AND LET IT SERVE AS INSPIRATION. IF YOU'VE ALREADY SUBSCRIBED PLEASE SHOW YOUR SUPPORT BY JOINING NOW...OTHER THAN THAT...GET OUT THERE AND CREATE...
ART IS OUR WEAPON!**

ARTISTS - GET IN TOUCH - AND KEEP FLOWING

WORKS FROM...

IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

GOLDIE

POZAN

RHEA 'BON BON' NIELSEN ?

SIMON JONES

DJ SPIRITUAL

DJ DOMINIC SPREADLOVE

VINCE CLIFFORD

HUTCH

T.WAT

DHYANI KANE

PIERS MASON

YURI

RUDI

DIMA 27

TEK 13

C215

NORMAN PARKER

DIRK

BRUNO LEYVAL

KIERON BAIN

ANDY CAM

EMILY JANE BOND

CAIN HARRIS

SHRINECHICK NX

CHAZ

BANKSY

FREEWAY BLOGGER

ANNEMARIE JACIR

RON ENGLISH

KAY ONE

STEVE EHRET

LOW LIFE GALLERY
SOUP GALLERY
WONDERLAND COLLECTIVE
THE ART TART
SIRIUS 23
DOMINIC WADE
FAKE
KATE MAGIC
201 SOUNDSYSTEM
CHIEF SEATTLE (SUQUAMISH TRIBE)
SIM SIMMER
FEENIX 13
KESHNO
ANDREW PRITCHARD
JEFFREY M SMITH
JOHN OZIMEK
PADDY N AIDAN
CHOR BOOGIE
DANIELLE COULTER
PETER FALLAN
CARTRAIN
HAWS ONE
WILLIAM S BURROUGHS
WESTLONDON



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GOODIES

BOOTY

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BACK OF LOBBY

HOPE

Global Street Galleries

I Tag Therefore I Am!



SUPPORT ART

SUPPORT LOVE

Support Humanity

SUPPORT ARTISTS

SUPPORT PEACE

SUPPORT LIFE

Support Dreamers

SUPPORT CREATIVITY

Support Truth

Support Individuality

Support Friendship

Support Progress

Support Freedom

SUPPORT YOU

SUPPORT UNITY

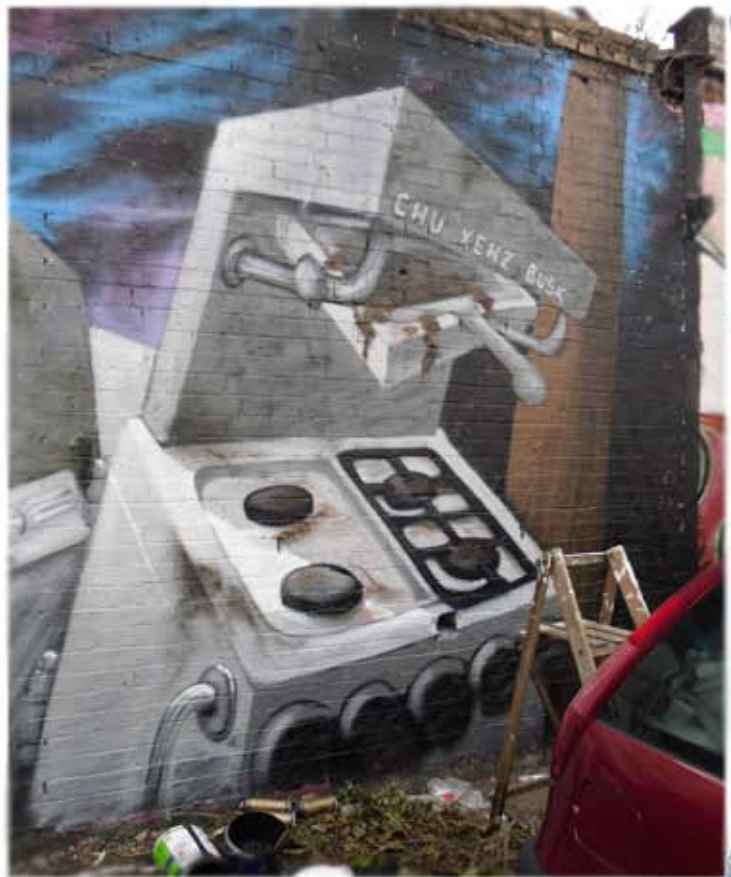
SUPPORT LSD



The Yard - Hackney Wick, London June 17th 2009







SUMMERTIME

**ENERGIES FLOWING FOR THE MONTHS AHEAD
GET UP - GET ON IT - GET THE FUCK OUT OF BED
CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANSION'S NOT JUST SOMETHING YOU READ
OR SOMETHING YOUR MATE ON ACID ONCE SAID
IT'S AN ARTIFICIAL CONSTRUCT TIME WE KNOW
BUT HUMANITY NEEDS MARKERS FOR SEEDS TO SOW
IF YOU'RE MUSING IN ABSTRACTION ON WHICH WAY TO GO
CLOSE YOUR MIND'S EYE AND LET THE INNER RHYTHM FLOW
CONCEPTUAL DREAMS FLEETING ACROSS YOUR MIND
UNREALISED BY CONFORMITY'S BIND
OPEN UP TO A WORLD THAT'S THERE TO FIND
LEAVE YOUR MUNDANE CONSTRICTIONS FAR BEHIND
THERE'S NO SECRET TRIGGER TO GRASP
IT'S YOUR SOUL - SO PULL IT - PULL IT FAST
ENLIGHTENMENT AND APATHY IS THE NATURE OF THE PAST
USE IT - FUSE IT - STRAP YOURSELF TO THE MAST
OF LIFE'S SHIP OF DREAMS
RIDE THE LIGHTNING OF YOUR INNER SELF'S BEAMS
THE POWER OF THE UNIVERSE LIES BURIED IN YOUR SOUL
SO CLIMB OUT THE HOLE AND SET YOURSELF A GOAL
IT'S TRULY SUBLIME HOW LIFE WILL EMBRACE
AN EAGER MIND GETTING BANG ON THE CASE
SO AS THE SUNSHINE SMILES ON OUR DAILY TRIALS
BLIND INERTIA'S WILES WITH ORIGINAL STYLES
DROP THE BASS, GET THE STENCILS TRACED
PICK UP THE PACE AND MAKE THE GETAWAYS HASTE
ROLLING, STROLLING, CLEAR OF THE PATROLLING
IT'S OUR REALITY TO START CONTROLLING**

SIRIUS 23 - GRAFFIX BY FEENIX 13



Leake Street, London March 2009



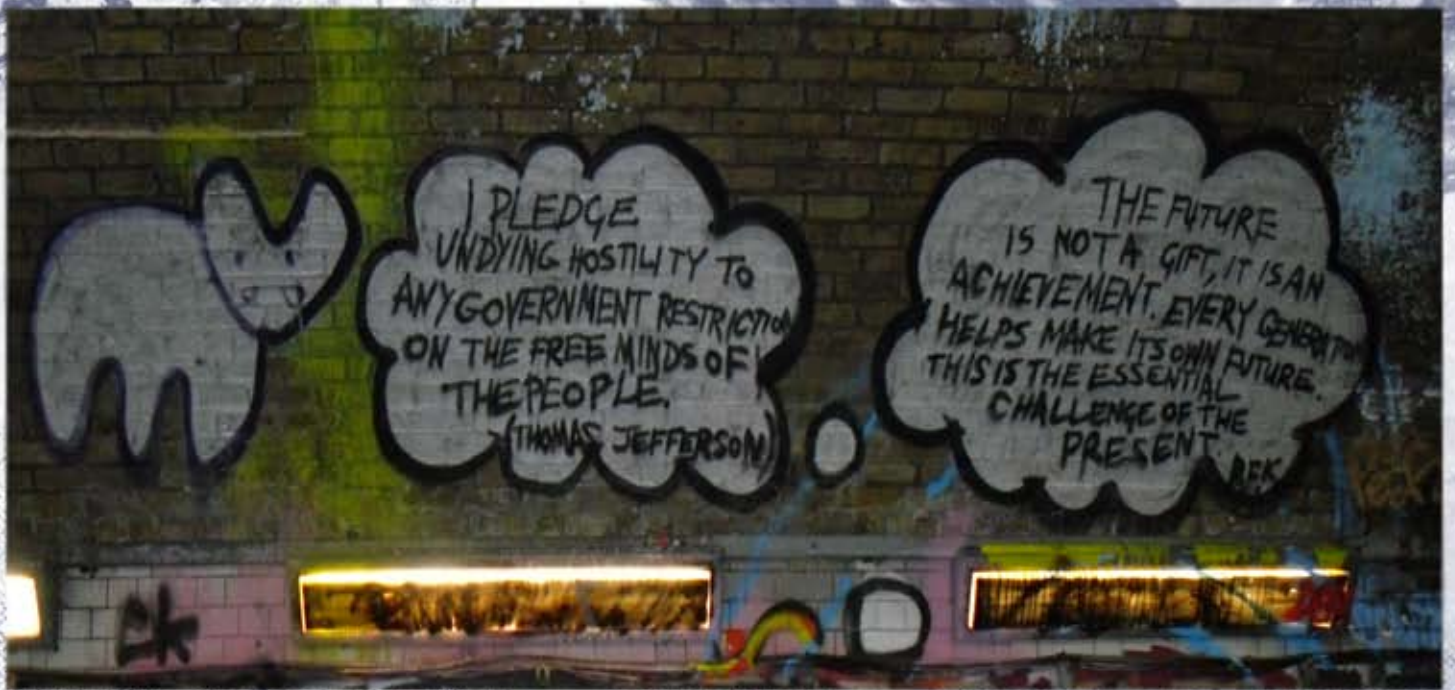




I TAG THEREFORE I AM







Life in Colour



PADDINGTON GREEN - 23:00

The desk sergeant looked up wearily. 'Evening Barry – Evening Joe. Hold on a second – Let me clear these two and I've got one for you'

He looked back at the two uniforms in front of him.. 'Right. Shoplifting. Boys – next time take him to Harrow Road – for now, get him printed, get him a doctor, get him charged, and get him out of my station. Bloody junkies. Drinking spray paint again. It was a Pernod and Blackcurrant in my day' NEXT.....

'Right – name please son'

'Ali al Hassan bin Profiling'

Where's the arresting officer? Ah Col – what's he in for?

'Taking photos of Westminster Abbey in a suspicious manner and possession of inflammatory material – here, I've bagged up his copy of 'London for Dummies'

'Clearly a wrong un. Right, cell 13 – and get him a translator – Can't understand a bloody word he's saying through that beard.'

'But I'm from Birmingham' piped up the sorry figure in handcuffs

'DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH'. Right, bang him up and have him shaved under the Terrorism Act.

'OK – Barry and Joe – This one's yours. And it's serious. Arrested in possession of a large truckload of coathangers. The arresting officers were unable to find any evidence of him working at BHS, and alerted to possible malevolent intent by a bag full of tapes and glues, they detained him under the

Subversion Act 2012.'

'Another fucking installation artist with attitude eh' barked Barry into the cuffed man's hood. 'What was it this time lad? Critiquing capitalist culture again? Viciously satirising the flimsy nature of consumerism and using the shallow transience of the fashion industry to comment on the firesale of an insubstantial society? That's 10 to 12. What were you planning to do with them all ?

'What part of get me a fucking lawyer are you having difficulty comprehending' snapped the hood'

'Well these were found on him' said the desk sergeant, with sarcasm so deeply buried in his voice that it would take a JCB to dig it out.

'Picture of the statue of blind justice from the top of the Old Bailey' said Barry 'You're fucked now lad. Bringing public monuments into disrepute, unlawful surveillance of a terrorist target,, possession of material that can be activated in the furtherance of art and the Big Daddy - crimes against mediocrity. Might be shipping you out to the Hague for that one. I'm sure the Serbian generals will look after you beautifully in the showers.'

Barry leaned into Joe's ear and gave a hoarse whisper 'D'you think he's LG?'

LG was the talk of the CID chatrooms. Murals, stencils, sculptures, all tearing the arse out of the public spaces of London Town. Since the incoming Labour government had outlawed any form of unlicensed public art and become 'Tough on Art, Tough on the Causes of Art, thousands of graffiti artists, black people (cos some things never change) old ladies exhibiting their knitting in a public place, mimes, magicians, sculptors had been swept through the gates of the new 'super prisons' that had sprung up under PFI all over the



Isle of Wight. Hysteria had swept through the tabloids right on cue as the Subversion Bill made it's way through Parliament. As the media wheeled out their time honoured laments for corrupted youth and the end of a way of life, trotted out a vast convoy of er, experts to comment on the new social ills that threatened to tear down our values and replace them with drug addled Communist Satanists and gave away free Big Brother DVD's with 33 Asda vouchers, the Bill became law and visual expression was swept off our streets. Spray cans were microchipped with tracking devices and mechanics were put under surveillance. But the televisions of LG appeared nightly – in video projections onto Parliament, paint onto Thames House, and sculptures on Jamie Oliver's front lawn. His initials were LG – that is all that was apparently known about him. And every single one of his pieces was set within the border of an LG television. The man was a ghost, he seemed to have some knowledge of police tactics or some kind of hack into their system because he had always slipped away in a cloud of spray paint as the first car pulled onto the scene. Untraceable spray paint.

'Slippery fucker' replied Joe.' No fucking idea. Listen Barry mate, I just had a call from the Mrs – I've got to skip out for a couple of hours Can you do me a favour and sort out the paperwork and I'll be back in time to do the interview with you?'

'Bloody women mate. I tell you – I'd be gay but for the obligatory registration onto that national database. Don't worry mate – you go for it – see you back here in a bit.'

As the dull echo of desperation rang through the foyer of Paddington Green the evenings business began to take shape. A bespectacled doctor could be seen over by the whiteboard prescribing watercolours (and methadone for good measure) to the spray can addict while his hand was scanned in preparation for his being bundled unceremoniously back out onto the street. Ali al Hassan bin Profiling was in Interview Room 2 wondering why the fuck someone from the Saudi Institute had been brought into talk to him in Arabic when he was a third generation Pakistani from Birmingham. Two Hale and Pace looking types were loitering outside the room. Bloody Spooks....

And then the radio's rumbled. A spray can

tracker that had gone off the grid 2 days before had suddenly come back online and was transmitting from Embankment. Looked like LG had slipped up. Barry slammed the cell door and legged it into the car park, speeding out into the London night. He had a good shot at being first on the scene as other Met stations were on restricted access to visual offences. It would be a few minutes before the TSG started to roll. Screaming down Park Lane and hurtling past the palace he fumbled with his taser and pulled on a crooked balaclava. The Thames flickered in the yellow street lights, deep, dark and all knowing. And then he saw the piece.

Before him was a 20 foot television, detailed down to the stand by light and a scrawled HD in the top corner. Bursting out of it's screen was a monkey in a pinstripe suit, wearing a Burger King gold crown and a nappy stitched out of the Tesco red white and blue. Both his wrists were handcuffed to the shadows and he was wearing a pair of mirrored aviators. Reflected in one lens was a riot helmet. In the other, another...mirror. The colours crackled with electricity and thundered out of the screen in 11 dimensions. The tear on the monkey's cheek flashed a rainbow fractal onto the silent waters.

The call came over the radio – 'He's approaching masonry with intent. Quick Quick – secure the brickwork. Where the fuck is SO19 ?'

In that split second, while Barry was mesmerised by the flood of colour, memories, fears and wonder – the black clad artist skipped over the wall and vanished into the twilight.

'Fucking Old Bill' said Joe as he looked back

SIRIUS 23





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art 4 sex



art 4 love

NEWS BRIEF

Arck Robotics
(817) 571-4528
Description:
+1 ARBOT CONTROLLER
File name: ARBOT CONTROLLER
Date: 12/20/1998 @ 2:24 PM
Sheet: 1 of 1
Drawn by: Aaron Richardson

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IRAN



OK – so unless you’ve been on one hell of a bender for the last couple of weeks, you’ve probably heard that it has kicked off rather severely in Iran. Protest has poured onto the street for the first time since the televised revolution of 1979 (Gill Scott Heron was right!) fissures have appeared in the veneer of national unity that George Bush did so much to preserve and a young and frustrated generation are looking for a voice, for expression, for change. Problem is of course is that for all this endless bloody Twittering about the demonstrations, the protestors have no real direction and certainly no leaders of any passion, belief or inspiration, let alone a bottom up strategy or manifesto for change..



The tragedy is that lives are being sacrificed on the streets of Tehran to change one mullah for another. System overhaul is not even on the table. But everything starts somewhere – and this could be the dawn of a **NEW POLITICAL CONSCIOUSNESS**.

Street art has been a feature of Iranian urban life since the inception of the Islamic revolution 30 years ago. Government sponsored though – which, let’s face it, kinda undermines its impact. While we in the West may have found 300 foot murals saying Down with the USA vaguely apt during the Bush presidency, it is just a manifestation of that old Shakespearean adage ‘busy idle minds with foreign quarrels’ and an unimaginative attempt by a paranoid totalitarian system to unify against an enemy. Not that there isn’t a history of disgraceful American behavior (CIA coups replacing Iran’s first democratic leader with their puppet dictator, arming Saddam Hussein with chemical weapons during the Iran/Iraq war etc) but the blanket anti American street art in Iran is straight out of the ‘4 legs good, 2 legs bad’ school of state bullshit.

But has the chaos hit a strange attractor??? During





the ongoing protests, not only have posters of Mr Ahmedinejad (him and Bush – separated at birth?) been predictably defaced, but interestingly, replaced with stickers - in a new campaign that has brought yet another dimension to an intensely modern series of protests, using viral techniques and all the power of the internet in the face of abject censorship. . We're gonna be keeping our ear to the ground over the next few months to see if this explosion of repressed energies ends up pirating the walls of Tehran and the endless visual propaganda.... Keep it locked



10FT VANDAL OR PATSY?

Street art created by numerous well known artists such as Banksy, Fake and T.wat have been vandalised by a person / artist using the tag 10 Foot. We have yet to make our minds up whether its the actual artist or someone engaged in a vendetta against street art in general. 10ft's original tag was the number ten written using two feet shapes.

This has been seen on the streets of Hackney for many years now. We have lots of

photographs of the walls in question on our database and on closer inspection we noticed that certain vandalised work using the original 10ft tag also featured a question mark. If this was 10ft's doing, its clear he doesn't have any regard for anonymity so why the question mark? The other vandalised works featured the

written tag '10 Foot', its begs the question, is this really a pissed 10ft or is it 10 Foot? Who decides? 10ft, have your say, contact LSD...



THE ART CAR BOOT FAIR

<http://www.artcarbootfair.com>

Now in it's FIFTH FRIVOLOUS YEAR the Art Car Boot Fair is gearing up to be the summer of 2009's ultimate recessionista event, packed full of cool art, fashion and fantastic entertainments, literally everyone can join in the fun! Credit crunch chic made easy with bargains brimming out of every car boot, plus the best food you'll ever find in a car park. Anywhere. Well hung delights from new arrival 'The Bath Pig', Debbie's Diner's winning combo of punchy Bloody Mary and delectable bacon sandwiches or, if your tastes run a tad more exotic how about a quail on a stick?



GRAFFITI REMOVAL KITS

Graffiti Removal Kits (free) - London Councils have provided local hotlines for

members of public that wish to remove unwanted graffiti / art. Considering the burden has fallen upon tax payers we felt that readers as well as Joe Public are entitled to their own personal kit. Its a little piece of graffiti history that everyone should have...So get those fingers dialing your local offices to enquire where you can obtain the neat bit of history...Be prepared to blag!!!

**WE'RE WIPING
OUT ENVIRO-CRIME**

**FLY-TIPPING, LITTERING,
GRAFFITI AND DOG FOULING
ARE ALL ENVIRO-CRIMES AND
THEY ARE ILLEGAL.**

We're launching a campaign to tackle these offences in Waltham Forest. This pack contains important information on what we're doing and how you can get involved.

Waltham Forest

DOUG STANHOPE

Stand Up Comedy (USA) - www.dougstanhope.com

Doug is a comic your either goner love or hate. The man has been touring the blocks since 1990 though if Im honest Stanhope only recently appeared on my radar. We're massive fans of the late great Bill Hicks (RIP 1994) whom we feel is the greatest comedy narrator in recent history. Stanhope isn't Hicks but shares an open honesty we just don't see any more. This man is vulgar, offensive, unapologetic and perverted on a level that only personal experience can replicate. This is what makes him so appealing long gone are the days of slapstick humor, we want stand up comics that make us laugh about the deepest darkest virtues of humanity and get a chuckle out of it whilst still within the framework of the serious matter at hand. Doug will be in London in September, check his website for exact dates and we'll be there to interview him...Google Video Him...

Doug Stanhope - Deadbeat Pro (Full show)

<http://video.google.co.uk/videoplay?docid=-8606550486520450917&hl=en>



URBAN SMUGGLER

COMPETITION

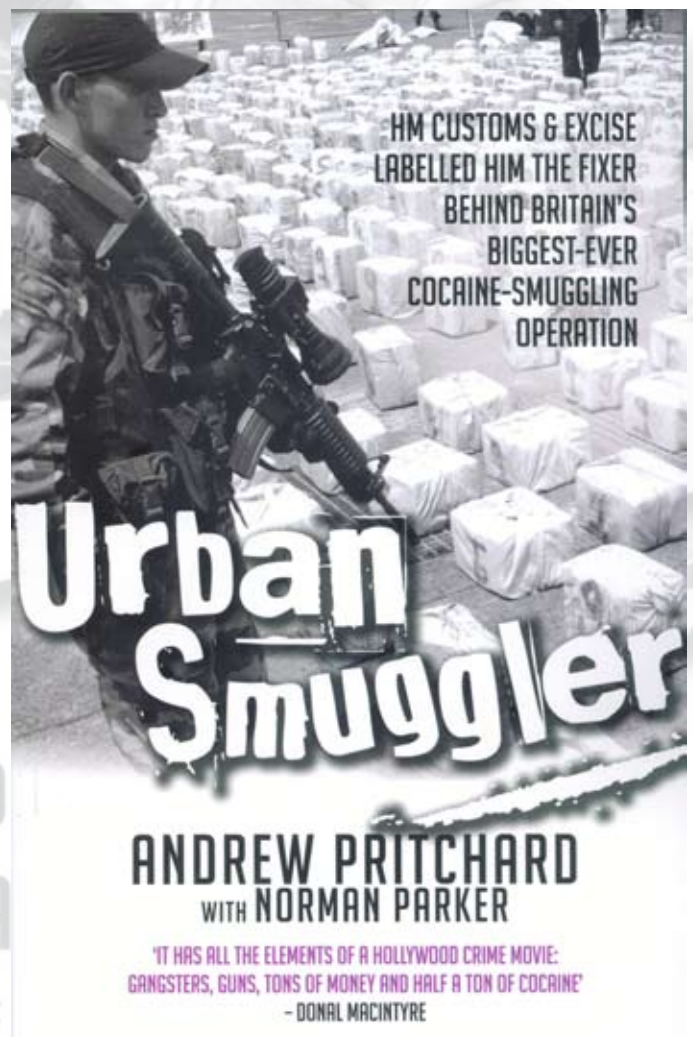
LSD HAS 10 EXCLUSIVELY SIGNED COPIES OF URBAN SMUGGLER TO GIVE AWAY. NOT BAD FOR ISSUE 1 OF A FREE MAGAZINE...

THE FIRST 10 EMAILS WE RECEIVE AT INFO@LONDONSTREETARTDESIGN.COM AFTER MIDNIGHT ON 14 JULY THAT ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS CORRECTLY WILL HAVE A SIGNED COPY WINNING ITS WAY TO THEM.

1. WHO WERE THE AUTHORS PARTNERS IN THE LATE 80'S

2. HOW BIG WAS THE INFAMOUS SHIPMENT AT THE HEART OF THE STORY

3. WHAT WAS THE NAME OF ANDREW'S FIANCEE



'IT HAS ALL THE ELEMENTS OF
GANGSTERS, GUNS, TONS OF MONEY AND HALF A TON OF COCAINE'
- DONAL MACINTYRE



BEATS SLAVE
Brick Lane, East London June 2009





ART BITES



FAKE - WA

I first noticed Fake's work on Hackney Road last summer. Nested in close proximity of T.wat's rendition of the Kray Twins, Kate Moss brandishing a large rambo type blade with the embellishment 'FAKE' is guaranteed to

I respect it, cherish it and even over-stand this sentiment so i for one will not break the silence. Indeed the same code attracted me to the street art scene in the first place so a noble and stanch ally I am.



capture the passing glare of workers, locals and tourists. At that moment i thought FAKE represented the icon of a supermodel itself not realising it might also be the artists name. Dozens of artworks later i found myself staring at his latest (at time of print) delights Fake Love and CanBird (7 layered stencil). Each as equally satisfying as the other yet with radically different idealism's and approaches.

Fake is a self taught Dutch artist who kick started his carer as a graffiti writer over two decades ago. He spent many a late night tagging walls, trains and tunnels for roughly four years before giving in to peer and police pressure. Four years ago there was a shift and an urge to return to the craft in a new dynamic format. I caught up with him at home in Amsterdam working on new secret canvases so secret i cant even speak of them. As one of the founding acid house promoters of the late eighties i understand secrecy very well.

WA: Street Artists tend to have a message, what would you say is your message?

FAKE: Each item of my work is different so i dont have a general message. I love to tell a story with pictures, a story reflecting my life or the people closest to me. For example The CanBird shows my love and addiction to







painting telling how sweet paint can be and my life is full of nectar.

The Fake Love piece is a human story but dedicated to my broken hearts and those of my friends. Every person reading these words will know of these emotional feelings because where we find love we also find pain. For example we may not all be feeling the love at the same time so this image expresses two physical emotions...Love and Pain

WA: How would you define your style?

FAKE: I guess real definition is within the people that see my work. There are 3 things I always try to incorporate in my pieces;

1. My work is very colorful, I love colors and will add them where i can. This is much harder on illegal street pieces because i only have 1 minute (hahaha!)
2. I am known for my very clean work, I use almost as much spray adhesive as I do paint. This allows me so make super clean lines with no over spray or under spray.
3. I always try to create something positive or try to make you smile ;-). This can be the image itself or the reaction I try to achieve from the viewer.

WA: If you could place your artwork anywhere in the world, where would you place it and why?

FAKE: India has always been very appealing to me. Its a very colorful culture so i think my work is suited for there. They seem so friendly

and I dont think they have seen work like mine. I imagine you can paint anywhere and this would attract big crowds who'd cheer after each layer (hahaha!).

WA: If artists were assigned their own public walls or spaces, do you think artists would use them?

FAKE: Well me and the artists I know are addicted to painting! So I would probably would use it, but this would not keep me from doing it in other places as well (hahaha!) This is our passion nothing can stop this feeling other than painting.

WA: Is there any rivary between street artists?

FAKE: Luckily I have never had any problems or rivary with other artists. I live in Amsterdam and here there are not as many street artists as in the UK, so here we try to stay in touch and paint together. In the UK artists also do this, I have recently joined the Wonderland collective in the UK. This is a collective run and made by artists only! As the the collective we/I have released our first print! It's a print of the FAKE CanBird. So this is produced and sold by the collective. Any money made by the collective on the print also go's right back in to the collective, so we can do more events and projects.

WA:How important is placement when considering where your art appears?

FAKE: It is very important to me, but it is very different every time I do it on the streets. Sometimes i prefer people to discover the work by chance, other times i will place the



work in a very high profile spot so as many people as possible see it. It depends on the message I would like to get across.

WA: Do you worry about being arrested?

FAKE: For me its important that only creative thoughts enter my mind when doing street campaigns. I never worry about being caught whilst actually working, its afterwards i might worry. It depends on how the work is received, sometimes when its high profile i worry what would happen if i did get caught. Especially if I am doing it outside of The Netherlands.

WA: Do you think its fair the media sometimes call street artists anti-social?

FAKE: Yes, Sure why not? Most street artists are not looking for recognition, they just have a message. Or would like the public to react to his/her work. And that could be enough for the artist. They forget we paint illegally on walls and doors how can that be mainstream? I never hear the media saying that getting arrested is mainstream. You can trace the influence street art has had on art in general over the past 50 years.

WA: Is street art considered copyrighted material?

FAKE: Copyrighted is a definition that I did not invent or gave a meaning to... but if I understand correctly it means that if you create an image it is copyrighted by definition. The question is, will the creator take action if it is used without permission of the creator? Will he use his right that copyright gives him?

WA: Which other street artists do you rate?

FAKE: Dolk and Eelus ROCK! and this guy I don't know his name but he is doing something so cool and simple it blows my mind. He goes on the streets at night and outlines shadows with chalk! Pure street art!

WA: As an artist you appreciate that some street art has a short lifespan, but how does it make you feel when someone vandalises your work with ramblings as opposed to covering it



with another piece of art?

Obviously I don't like it when someone vandalises my art, but street art is open to criticism, so open for everyone to like or dislike. Meaningless or pointless vandalism of my street art of course pisses me off. Still, this is a part of the street art scene and dogging other artist's work is around for years. In the last case this happened to me, I got dogged by 10foot, who also dogged a beautiful famous Banksy piece not long ago. (many people think this was Tox, but it was 10foot). So, in this case I maybe should feel honoured..?

WA: When on a street campaign what do you carry in your toolbox? :)

A big ass art folder, a knife (you never know what you have to cut extra), the biggest fat cap available, the stickiest tape around, latex gloves and a shit load of paint. And not to forget, my stencils and a camera before 10foot dogs my work...

WA: Name 10 of the tunes on your ipod!

Boys Noize (lava lava), MIA (paper plains), Underworld (all albums), Fat Boy Slim (latest album), Miss Kitten (any), Felix da Housecat (silverscreen), Bookashade (white rooms), Walter Mego (romantic), Simon and Kypski (beautiful day) and Justice (all of their shit).

**Check out my flickr page for my daily activity! : www.flickr.com/lype
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Nf9xOfCZkSs>**





Hackney Wick - London April 2009





ART RELIGION







GIVE PERMISSION - LOSE CONTROL

“Step by step they were led into the demoralising temptations of arcades, baths and sumptuous banquets. The unsuspecting Britons spoke of such novelties as ‘civilisation’, although it was but a feature of their enslavement.”

So said the Roman historian Tacitus, of the policies of Agricola, governor of Britain in the 1st century ad. And was there ever a more direct or damning sentence written on the nature of successful imperialism? It's not the armies you command or the thousands you slaughter that will ultimately consolidate control and achieve true power, but the minds you alter, the desires you infiltrate and the souls you buy.

The Catholic Church had it sorted. A hegemony that has lasted over 17 centuries dominating the lives of millions with no standing armies but the alliances they could buy, blackmail or cajole, and yet almost an independent state within a state in countries all over Europe. You wouldn't be far off in calling it the first multi national corporation in history. And corporate it was, with a hierarchical structure, chairman (bearded bloke who looks like he's spent too long in Goa) CEO, scarlet clad board of directors, an unparalleled supply network, a highly dubious product with one hell of a packaging, and an ad firm roll call of Renaissance artists Saatchi can only dream of. The art of selling nothing for everything you own was perfected in Rome in the so called 'Dark Ages'

Say what you will about heresy laws, Inquisitions, a pointless tapestry of papal wars and the insidious fear of damnation, the staggering reality is that the church's power was principally based on volunteers – queuing up to sign over their souls and their independence of thought. All of the more brutal episodes of internal religious repression played out on the fringes



– if you went to your average village in Europe and peered into the mind of the average inhabitant, he was a follower by choice. The Church's tactics were pure genius. First they defined truth, then they set limits on it and then embodied themselves as the living form of that by now undeniable truth. And once people volunteer for an ideology or a belief system, that system becomes more powerful than any conscripted following can ever hope to be.

But this isn't a discussion of religion – fuck me we'd be here all year.. Not gonna touch sales of indulgences, mass produced relics, Crusades, and my personal favourite – militantly trying to prevent the leaking of 'truth' by making the translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular a dangerous heresy. Once people could assess 'truth' independently and not solely through Church appointed pedagogues, perspectives began to multiply, doubt began to flower and before you know it the fucking earth is going round the sun. But all that's another story. The key issue here is the voluntary nature of a truly effective control structure, and the Church as a classic example.

Fast Forward a couple of thousand years. The Messiah is in the building and he's called W. Couple of towers get dropped and it's all about the world domination again. Except for one critical point. The United States was doing an infinitely better job of taking over the world before our grammatically challenged friend started doing photo ops on aircraft carriers, relieving his own citizens of their civil rights and coming up with pisspoor manufactured



evidence on the back of Haliburton contracts.

'Soft power' said Joseph Nye. And that phrase crystallises the truth of power. You can invade, govern by the tank and foist your half baked systems on people, but as long as it is done through force, you can never rest comfortably



on your throne. What did America achieve with their overwhelming firepower in the last 8 years. Well apart from mass casualties, unprecedented unpopularity and a flourishing business in terrorist recruitment, they achieved.....er..... FUCK ALL. Look at Iran – they do frequently. Here was a country where 60% of the population was under 30, Western looking, and desperate to live life through an MTV video. In 2000, if you asked around on the street, no student, no middle class baseball cap wearing Ordinary Average Everyday Guy wanted a nuclear weapon. 8 years of bellicose finger wagging and the vastly different experiences of the 2 other paid up members of the axis of evil and they all want one. If George Bush had set out to unite a country against him he could not have been more successful. Well at least he got something right.

But what if he had left well enough alone. Looked past the skin deep realities of dodgy looking bearded types burning the Stars and Stripes. Just shut the fuck up and allowed corporate America get on with doing what it so excels at. Selling a lifestyle...And just like the Catholic Church...Selling Truth. MTV, McDonalds, Coca Cola and Levis are far more effective empire builders than the US Army. One fosters resistance, the other, blind unknowing, subconscious surrender. If you look across the world – through Asia, the Far East and South America, languages are disappearing – bulldozed to make way for the English language super highway. Traditional dress is dying out after millennia for the indisputable cosmic truth of jeans and a Calvin Klein T-shirt. Customs are falling by the wayside, elders are losing connection with their youth – migration

flocks to the cities and their homogeneity..The Times they are a Changin'.

Even Tacitus with his enslaving luxuries could never have dreamt of this sort of subjugating power. This complete denial of self worth in favour of an alien 'truth'. The VOLUNTARY surrender of identity and it's staggering effect. And it's permanence. Once a culture dies willingly – it's lost to the sands of time. And yet a culture will thrive –even strengthen under a 500 year forced occupation.

Which brings me neatly onto the underground.

There is so much to discuss on the street art front on the pros and woes of galleries and the relative dangers versus wider exposure of flirting with the mainstream. And it will be in the months ahead. It applies to my world of the now defunct proper illegal warehouse party scene too. But there is this truth to bear in mind when contemplating any of it.

They can wipe your piece or shut down your rave – you'll do it all again with fresh determination somewhere else straight away – Bigger – Better - Fucking Viral.. And it will always have the impact, integrity, truth , raw power – and above all the freedom of the underground. But there will come a time – and it will – when a gallery owner sidles up to you in the back end of Hackney and offers you an expo – or a club owner offers you grands to play in a club you wouldn't be caught dead in. We all have to earn a crust and the waves of belief are sadly finite if cyclical – so I would be a naïve idealist to claim that accepting certain proposals is in any way wrong. It's just always worth remembering that



if you truly believe in something – no one can EVER shut you down by force. But once you are tempted out – inch by millimetre – there is so often no going back. **SIRIUS 23**



T.wat - London 2009 http://www.flickr.com/photos/the_twat/

G20

SHIT !!



LSD - London Street Art Design



THE FREEWAY BLOGGER BY LSD 88



I once heard it said 'if you can draw a circle, your an artist' and when you really think of it, what exactly defines artistry and whose doing all the defining? I can draw a circle, square and a rectangle so i guess that makes me shit hot. I think not! One thing i have in common with creative arty types is that Im also flat broke. Ultimately i long to join the current street wave of thought provoking guerilla artists but right here right now, i must eat, so avoid printing presses or art shops.

I look at the posters, stickers or paste ups because lets be honest, i can draw shapes but painting in space is entirely different. They say times are getting a harder but times have always been hard in working class boroughs so not much change there then. Unless i get free access to suitable materials pretty rapidly, my creative flow may well trickle away with



the tide. A great shame i hear many of you say! Im rather stuck to the internet these days as i rarely watch conventional TV, i normally rack up to a wireless network and surf away. I found a political art project which had me glued to the monitor. I can do this!!! Now at this point i guess etiquette requires i should say that the Editors, Wayne Anthony and LSD Magazine do not encourage illegal street work. Truth is the lads don't give a dam what anyone does as long as no person or animals are hurt during the process. Anyway, what caught my eye is a video called 'How to reach 100,000 people for under a dollar' The Freeway Blogger had a pure and simple message delivered by a one inch punch to the chest.



A working class yank took it upon himself to produce hundreds of messages on recycled cardboard panels and stick them on high profile Freeway Bridges (overpasses! whatever!).

Armed with nothing more than cardboard boxes collected from dumpsters, large tin of emulsion, tin of black paint, bungee cords and a secondhand slide projector bought on EBay for \$30 The Freeway Blogger has produced hundreds though probably thousands of signs. These slogans have been seen from the good ole USA to Afghanistan. 'I can do this, anyone can do this' I searched for UK equivalent of Freeway or even motor-way blogger but found nothing other than the UK 911 Truth crowd who hold up signs at motor-way junctions.

Is this my calling? a light shone down from above and faintly pumping in the background i could hear 'viva las vegas, viva las vegas' I told my rescue dog Snatch to hold the phones because like me, Im sure the circle, square and rectangle pushers would also wish to participate. They have big, big budgets to condition our minds with their physiologically developed Ad campaigns and we have so called public space. So watch all the supplied links and be greatly inspired to do something yourself. My first signs will go along the lines 'Sheep Keep Left' 'Conformists Keep Right' 'No Talking' See you out on the road...be like Nike and JUST DO IT...



Official Website: <http://www.freewayblogger.com/>

Videos

How To Reach 100,000 People For Under \$1
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pFCL98m7Jeg>

Return of the FreewayBlogger ver 2.0
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nQdTBPONUDw>

Freeway blogging; how to take back your country
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bKiPg9KKfQw>

Freeway Blogger TV Interview
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4k-i7k67Ud8>





Non-Compliance...

ART ART ART
ART CHEAT
ART ARTART



DJ Spiritual

Staying in control of your health.

Keeping at maximum health so that you rarely if ever need to go to see a doctor, is very easy to do if you are able to think outside the box. To do this, you will need to keep fully informed and to understand some simple and possibly unpleasant truths about the society we live in today. To keep it simple, the best way to explain this is to understand that we as humans are all being controlled by an almost unseen collection of secret societies and financial organisations that have very cleverly kept most of society in the dark about how the world really came to exist and works. Over the last few hundred years we have been conditioned to believe so many lies and mistruths. The conditioning we have been put through for generations has worked almost perfectly as the vast majority of people are blissfully unaware that there is a hidden power behind all the so called democratic governments of the so called 'free world'!! The ones in the real position of power are the banks and the families that own them. They in turn control all giant corporation's and major pharmaceutical, chemical and oil companies that we are all so dependant on for countless everyday products. But the good news is as each day goes by, more and more people around the world are waking up to the truths that are now so freely available through the alternative truth seeking media on the Internet. It is called the rise in human consciousness and its possibly going to come to a peak in 2012 when 'they' will lose the



control they are desperately trying to keep.

If you are looking to find out more I suggest a great couple of sites to visit that will help you see the real deal and in turn how to think outside the box. www.thecrowhouse.com and www.bbc5.tv are a great insight but be sure to watch any material with an open mind.

My health is very precious to me and over the past couple of years I have learned so many truths about how to stay strong and healthy. We are constantly being scared by the news media machine that is without doubt one of the powerful tools used by those in control. It is not possible for anyone to make an informed decision of any kind without all the real true facts. The only way to get them all, is to never accept anything you are taught or told in the usual media without looking into the alternatives as I have been doing and seeing the undeniable facts and truths that are now free for us all to see. One particular fact that's now becoming common knowledge is the truth about the chemical fluoride and how toxic it actually is for humans. If you do nothing after reading this today, please do some reading online and see all the Doctors and Dentists that are speaking out and telling us how they are now aware that they have been taught a lie by the medical system who trained them. I have a close friend who



is a dental surgeon with his own successful practice who initially laughed at me when I told him, who after looking into the online info finally saw the truth. Fluoride is a member of the Halide group of chemicals, which also include Chloride, Bromide and Iodine. All but the last one Iodine, are very toxic and have no place in our bodies as they are partly responsible for making the body store other toxic substances such as mercury, aluminium and other heavy metals that have been proven to bring on Neurological disorders like Alzheimer's and Parkinson disease, autism and more. Another fact that is becoming clear is that we are starved of this crucial nutrient that will if in plentiful supply in our diet actually



metabolism, growth and development. Calcitonin, another thyroid hormone, regulates blood levels of calcium, preventing excessive amounts from being released into the blood. This crucial nutrient is Iodine and its been purposely taken out and replaced with Bromide in many of our foods and new research shows that most of the western population is over 80% deficient in Iodine. If your metabolism is functioning correctly then in turn the rest of your crucial glandular systems will also work in perfect harmony to control the release of all the hormones needed for normal healthy bodily functions.



detoxifies the human body of these 3 toxic Halides and also is so crucial to the thyroid gland. This gland secretes two different hormones: thyroxine and tri-iodothyronine. Together, these two hormones regulate

To find out more and how to keep one step ahead of the pack watch the film on BBC5 called "Iodine the misunderstood nutrient"

So to all you truth seeking beautiful people out there, I hope you take the time out to look at these sites and keep healthy, aware and always outside the box.

DJ Spiritual, June 2009



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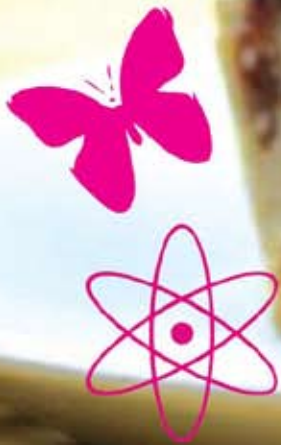
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THE SONIC TRIP

THE KING MOB

BY KIERON BAIN (KIERON ACB)

“How many punks does it take to change a light-bulb?”

“None, because punk changed fucking nothing”

This used to be my attitude towards punk music. I felt it had had its day and that the message was only one of middle class white England rebelling against its parents. That was until I met Jonny ‘Itch’ Fox, the front-man of London’s hottest (oh do wipe away the sweat) underground Punk band, The King Blues. After being more than satisfied that this band can more than crank out a decent melody, we noticed more than a tinge of political statement and ideology in their lyrics (we’ve got sharp ears like that). So we decided to hook up with Jonny and explore some of his ideas and philosophies.

Just to fill you in a little on the background here, Jonny was made homeless at the age of thirteen, when he was asked to leave the family home. He was down and out on Clapham common when he was lucky enough to meet a bunch of Spanish squatters who introduced him to the alternative lifestyles that would go on to support him for the next inaugural years of his life. Undoubtedly his experience in both life and music has given him an unparallel vista of modern life and all its glories in London, so we thought what better musician to give us an interview for the first issue of LSD magazine...

Here we go...

Just so we can get a feeling for who you are, can you tell us what you believe in?

As a band we’re from London, born and bred. I guess there aren’t too many bands from London, or even people from London. It’s kind of one of those places where if you’re born here you move out of here and if you’re not born here you move here. I guess that’s an integral part to the band that we are.

As a band we stand for eternal truths such as hope, peace, soul, unity and love.



Do you see yourself as a spokesman for your generation? Do you think we still live in a world that needs leaders, heroes and heroines?

Well I certainly think that at the moment there’s no one worth believing in, but I don’t see myself as any kind of spokesman. I don’t want to be anyone’s leader and I don’t want anyone to be my leader; I think that the whole ideology behind leadership, and following someone else’s dreams or vision as opposed to your own is wrong...

Do you think there’s some kind of shared vision that we all have, like an internalised pattern of life?

I do believe that human beings, by our very nature, care for one another, provide for one another, and look after one another. I think that’s inherent in us all and I also think love is something that pulsates through us all and through everything. I believe that’s something that can also be tapped into. At the same time everybody is different and has their own vision of how things should be, and how they want things to be. That’s fine, I think people should go about creating the world that they want to live in.

Hasn’t the world perhaps become a little too individualistic with people able to define their identities through the products they

buy, the music they listen to, the places they holiday and the experiences they seek out?



I'm not sure that that is individualistic. Again, it's taking somebody else's vision, someone else's story and kind of conforming to that. There are expectations of particular lifestyles and expectations of different roles we have in society, whether it is worker, parent, artist, teenager, or whatever it may be. There are certain expectations in alignment with your role, but everyone has the right to live as they want to live. I certainly don't think there is too much individualism in the world today.

You mentioned the big love a minute ago, as opposed to the type of love we see all the time on Eastenders. Where do you think all the love has gone in modern Britain? Love seems to be something that's brushed under the carpet that we don't want to speak about these days.

Yeah it's kind of a strange thing I guess. There are so many distractions, like advertising, to make us want stuff, to collect stuff, to horde stuff, to work hard in order to get stuff, so much so that it is sometimes easy to forget love. It's hard to take a step back and meditate and get back to what is real, away from the fake desires implanted in us. I still think love runs through everyone and we're always in touch with it; it's something they can never take away from us. They can try as much as they want to distract us, and they can try as much as they like to fool us, but love is something they can never take away, which is why the people will always be powerful.

OK then, what do you actually think are the biggest problems facing us as a society?

I think a lack of self esteem really. I think that others are perhaps so reliant on others to lead them, they think in some way that's what they deserve, and they deserve to be at the bottom of someone else's pyramid. I think there's a culture where we put people down all the time, so it's very easy to lose belief in yourself, when in fact the person leading you is just one person who is no different from yourself. I think therefore the main problem is people not realising their full potential, and relying on others too much.

Does everything have to be phrased in an "us and them" style situation, aren't we all responsible for what happens in the world today?

Society isn't made up like that. I believe in our hearts we are all individuals but within society there's a definite hierarchy going on.

What's the best way of challenging this hierarchy?

I don't know. A complete overhaul of the state would certainly challenge this authority, but there will always be a hierarchy at certain levels.

It seems like particularly with men, perhaps less with women, there's a need for an alpha hierarchy. For instance, if you just



look at the way men behave in social groups when they're out... Sometimes it seems to me that there's a real need for these alpha pyramids...

I believe there is a need for them and I believe that men are warriors, and have been throughout history. That's been taken away from men in this day and age to the point where we can't be warriors anymore and that everything becomes so pacified and consumer based that our natural instincts and roles as men have been pushed to the side. It's difficult to understand what it means to be a man in this day and age, because our roles have changed so dramatically after being fixed for so long. Now a man's role is fairly confused, but I still think we have that hunter instinct within us, which is why you see packs of men roaming the streets. It's about how you channel that hunter instinct to achieve the greater good.

Some groups would argue that's because feminism has damaged society over the last forty years...

I don't think that's fair to say. I think women should be given a chance to run things properly, and when I say that I don't mean the team behind Margaret Thatcher, I mean that women should be given a chance to step up to the plate and fulfil the positions of power within society, whilst we have those positions. If such

positions are going to exist then I would much rather see a woman in those positions. I think women are more nurturing and caring and that's what we



need in the government. If we're going to have leaders, or we're going to accept that we need this government, for better or for worse, then I think it's time to let women have a go.

Don't you think that power corrupts and that women who climb the ladder of political power have strongly embody the male facets of power (such as single-mindedness, ruthlessness etc.) that have got our country perhaps into the problems we face today in the first place? You know, I'm sure loads of politicians start of with the right ideas, but over time they become more interested in furthering their own career than looking after the people...



Well what I'm saying is that no one should have any power, I don't believe in politics and I don't believe in parliament, what I'm saying is that if we're going to have this system then I believe, as a step towards what is right, I believe that women should be given a chance to run it and they haven't been given such a chance so far.

How do you think men would take that?

I would hope that the characteristics of an all female government would perhaps help to provide more for everyone. I don't think that men would have a complex, or should have a complex because historically women have been leaders...

Yeah, it's reckoned that in tribal society most tribes were ruled by a matriarch. It was only with the expansion of the tribes to a point where land became a resource and a territory that ownership became an issue and the power of the tribal matriarchs devolved as the tribe's survival became more dependant on its ability to fight and wage war. It's reckoned around this time the power changed into the hands of the male war shamans...And we haven't changed since...

That sounds about right! I do believe that we certainly need to give women a chance to run the government, but I don't believe it's the answer to our problems.

You say in one of your songs that "music can bring people together"; do you think that people are therefore pretty isolated in society at the moment and need to be bought together?

It's a lonely planet. People are pushed into routines and pushed aside from one another.



Tell us about the Shoreditch billboard then where you put out an open letter to Gordon Brown...

We got this blank billboard in Shoreditch and we decided to spray paint up an open letter to Gordon Brown... I guess that was our step into that world. It was incredible, absolutely amazing. We expected everyone else to just scribble all over it but nobody did... Even in Shoreditch! There was no disrespect at all.

So how did you come find yourselves in such a position where you had a blank billboard to put down all your ideas...

Well, our promotions company told us they could give us enough budget to basically get one billboard in central London. We said to them rather than put up an advert they should just leave it blank and they were like "OK, well you can do what you like with it, whether it be an advert for the new single, or for the new album, whatever..." So we decided to spray paint up the open letter. I wrote the words down and then we all helped throw it up.

What kind of a response did you get from it?

Cars were slowing down to look at the letter and people were putting their heads round corners to read it because it stuck out like a sore thumb, so yeah, the response was fantastic

So we've talked around all these problems, and I always think it's really easy to talk about problems without ever confronting any solutions. So what are the answers?

I think right now it's important to focus on the positives and instead of seeing a boarded up high street we should see a potentially squatted social centre. I think the thing I'd like to most see is the Anarchist movement start taking over those places and start using them, whether it be for cultural purposes or housing purposes. I'd like to see that movement start in the same

There is no community. We're taught to fear each other, we're taught that it's OK for authority to look into everything we do. We fear the people around us, anyone could be a terrorist or a street robber, and we're told it's not safe to go outside and I think that's pushing people apart but at the same time there are large communities... I just think there's something special about music as a whole that brings people together as nothing else can, and it does bring people together. Music is a universal language and once people have been brought together the potential of the energy there is incredible, but I think the act of just bringing the people together is revolutionary.

So how do you think personal expression, like musical creativity, dance, poetry, art and music can actually solve social problems?

I don't think that those things alone can change anything whatsoever. A song cannot change the world, but the sentiment the song carries can change things, it's that energy, those eternal truths of hope. Music is merely the messenger, change will come when people come together and get pissed off enough to actually take action; that's the only way change will come about.

So what do you think of the current street art movement in London then as an inspirational medium to actually kick people's arses into thinking about things?

If someone can just go out there and throw something up on the wall that makes people think then that's wonderful. I don't know anything about art so it's difficult for me to talk about it in terms of the lines or the shading but if I see a piece of art with a message I can appreciate that.



way as it started in Berlin, Spain and Italy, and I think that the Anarchist movement can kick start that but I don't think it will be down to the Anarchists to continue that. I think by the end of this recession we'll see that it's a valid way to live and the normal, everyday people, the people who shop in Tesco's everyday will see that it's a valid way to live and from that we can claw our cities back from the gentrification that's going on everywhere. We're at a stage now where housing is a ridiculous problem in London; the way the homeless are treated is despicable. The councils haven't even built one council house per borough in London in the last year and that's just fucking ridiculous when they're allowing all these Yuppie flats to be built everywhere. There's more people coming into London and more people being born here. I'm just glad I'm not homeless now; I don't know if you're aware of a Operation Poncho, which is seeing the City of London police going round waking up people where they're sleeping and pouring ice water where they sleep so its wet and cold and they can't bed down again. It's treating people like roaches and it's incredibly inhumane. A lot of people would prefer to stay on the streets than in hostels because the hostels are incredibly unsafe, and a lot of them are just about putting heads on beds for political reasons. This is why I'd like to see a new squatting culture rise up and I'd like to see the city being reclaimed. There's a war on culture at the moment; all our venues have been shut down and it's a diabolical shame when you consider the cultures and sub-cultures that have grown out London, and this is why we have to reclaim it as ours.

Why do you think the Government is operating such a war on London culture?

Because they are really only there to kind of please the rich as it were, they're really not giving a fuck about working class people which is a shame because we're seeing a lot of people turning to the BNP and turning to the far right because people believe that politicians are just talking a different language to them. People are getting desperate but I can't tell you why they don't want to listen to the people, why they are as they, why their minds are as their minds are but I guess if you want power that bad that you've managed to get into the position then you've got a fairly single minded, ruthless brain.

Final question: Do you have any message to the LSD readers you'd like me to pass on?

Believe that you're worth more than anyone else who tries to lead you; don't let anyone tell you you're not worth the earth for true, you're worth more than you think you are and you can achieve more than you think you can.

Thank you so much for your time today Johnny, it's been inspirational taking the time to talk to you.

I could tell you what I think of Jonny. I could tell you that I think he's the most inspirational musician I've met for a long time (and I've met a lot of serious, successful musicians) I could tell you that he speaks to the both the young and the downtrodden people of the UK in a voice and a language that polarises them into action, or at least asking questions. But that isn't the spirit Jonny would like me to leave this interview in, well at least I think it's not anyway. I'm sure he'd want you to make up your own mind about his music, his ideas and his philosophies, I'm sure he'd rather that you were inspired to go and think up your own answers to the problems of the world, humanity and the universe than ever follow a word he said. And if that doesn't make you want to get off your arse and at least look out your own bedroom window to see what's going on, then I sincerely doubt anything will.

JackofKats







GLOBAL



PASTING



DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE!



COMPONENT



BRICK LANE





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BANKSY

OUR MAN ON THE INSIDE - BANKSY

Love him or hate him and quite frankly LSD loves our Bristolian rogue. We rode the graffiti train of the late eighties but like most things it faded into historic legend. Then in what seems like a short period though in real terms was actually a long arduous journey Banksy



appeared

on national

and then international media networks. Never in the history of wall painting had so many people wished their walls were blessed with an original Banksy. Property owners were even selling buildings on the strength of the murals splashed across its walls. Liberal London councils went all out to maintain or protect Banksy works. A national first...



Two new pieces were placed in London earlier this year though after media coverage the art was vandalised then completely removed. In April Banksy mania swept headlines and social networks alike as an obsolete piece said to have been one of his first was rediscovered on a bridge adorning the 2012 Olympic site. The Hackney Gazette has been

the main source of exposure albeit often late. The quiet streets of Hackney Wick were alive with the sound of power tools and crumbling concrete as art thieves attempted to remove a large chunk of wall containing the historic piece. Alerted by the loud drilling at an odd time of night, courageous art gallery staff chased the villains away. Weeks later the Gazette reported it had been completely destroyed. Rumors sprang up such as Banksy himself had painted over the stencil with white paint, so ending the plausibility of theft. Then again if Banksy



painted over the Banksy, Cyrus, where's that portable generator?

The Gazette soon announced that Banksy had placed a new stencil in Shoreditch. They claimed the little face on the banner being held by a rat was in fact a self portrait. LSD had already snapped this stencil in another spot in Shoreditch. It doesn't take a bunch of half-arsed art critics to know that this stencil is fake, sorry, you can send the drum n bass band home along with those luscious dancers. Max props to the person who got themselves published... As this magazine is

HACKNEY GAZETTE

Have you got a story to tell? 020 7791 7788

At last! Is this the face of Banksy?

by RUSS LAWRENCE

Office block mural could be the one

MYSTERIOUS guerrilla graffiti artist Banksy has apparently created his first self-portrait – on the side of a Shoreditch office block.

The notoriously secretive artist, whose works sell at auction for £250,000 and whose lovers include Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie, Jude Law and pop star Christina Aguilera, has gone to extraordinary lengths in the past to hide his identity – but his latest street mural seems to give the game away.

The simple painting on the side of the blue painted brick wall of an office block in Scrabble Street shows one of Banksy's trademark necktie-wearing rats holding a placard showing what is apparently the artist's own face.

The face bears a striking resemblance to photos of a man believed to be Banksy, who was unmasked by a national newspaper last summer as 34-year-old former Bristol public schoolboy, Robin Cummings.

Banksy has never confirmed or denied he is Mr Cummings, although his distinctive stencilled street art has appeared all over the world, the artist has regularly returned to Hackney over the years to use buildings in trendy Shoreditch and Hoxton as well as Dalston, Clapton and Hackney Wick, as a canvas for his work.

It has brought him into direct conflict with Hackney Council, which considers graffiti an act of vandalism and an eyesore and has jet-washed some of his long-established artworks. Only two months ago the infamous street artist seemed to be thrashing his case at town hall bosses when he secretly returned to create a new artwork on a building in Queen Square, Dalston, where two of his previous creations have been erased by the council.

Banksy has worked hard to protect his identity, setting up fake trails to draw reporters hell-bent on exposing him off the scene.

However, his foot-high painting on the outside wall of an unremarkable office block in Shoreditch could at last confirm the elusive artist's true identity.

The latest trademark Banksy in Scrabble Street, Shoreditch



going to press, another mural has appeared in Old Street, some say Banksy some say no...WHO DECIDES?



THIEVES FAIL IN BID TO BAG A BANKSY

Artists foil gang raid

by PETER SHERLOCK

A GANG of would-be thieves have been foiled as they used sophisticated equipment to try and steal part of a derelict wall in Hackney Wick featuring one of the first works of street artist Banksy.

The gang were distracted by artists from the nearby Elevator Gallery as they used industrial cutting gear in a bid to pierce the concrete slab from a wall near White Post Lane.

Banksy's distinctive paintings have sold at auction for more than £200,000.

The council is believed to be one of the four works by Edward Berni Banksy, who is assumed to be Edward Berni Banksy, who is assumed to be Edward Berni Banksy, who is assumed to be Edward Berni Banksy.

The derelict Hackney Wick impromptu gallery with scattered building blocks and the signs, "All People", and is located in White Post Lane, near Hackney Wick railway station, just over the borough border in Lower Haringey.

Now the Elevator artists, who have a gallery under the hovering railway viaduct in Queen's Walk, want the local authority to step in and save the street before it is damaged beyond repair.



Looking after street art – Elevator Gallery assistant Sangee Poon

"We heard there and went outside and they were gone," he said. "Now we are trying to prove it for the good of the community and for Hackney Wick because it's part of the history of the place."

"It means a lot to a lot of people and we want someone to step in before it's too late or subverted."

Mark Proctor and artist Philip Hall said the council or the Arts Council should step in to save the piece.

"They are keep two Tikas in the country, but this can be stolen by a gang of hoodlums who want to make a quick buck," he said.

"I think the whole street art phenomenon has lost a lot of steam, but it's as that the reason can only and it's a crying shame that it can be neglected because it means the community is neglected."

A spokesman for the Arts Council and saving the Hackney Wick piece would come under the weight of the council.

Tower Hamlets Council was unable to comment but the Gazette went to press.

Many Banksy pieces have appeared in Hackney. The latest stencil bearing his trademark appeared two weeks ago on the wall of Hackney Cooperative Development in Queen Square, Dalston, sparking a war of words with Hackney Council, which has argued it does not differentiate between street art and vandalism.



WE GOT OURSELVES A MAG

From this...



...to this



RIP BILL HICKS 1994





Brick Lane Area - East London June 2009





69 DB

Who are you - literally and metaphorically?

I'm someone who has spent 20 years improvising on Liveset as a result of musical revelations that hit me when Acid house exploded in the UK in 1988. I'm coming from the point of view that making music is like surfing. The best surfer in the world can't do anything without the wave. So if you like I've dedicated my life to knowing more about the wave.

Could you give us an idea of your early connection to music?

Earliest slap in the face I got from music was hearing rock n roll music by the beatles when I was 8 years old , I used to play the record for hours on end (it was my only one) I immediately got interested in 60's music and was very into Hendrix, Coltrane, Frank Zappa, Pink Floyd , Peter Gabriel, Weather Report. Then as I played the drums I wound up in a local band called X-effect which opened me up to psychedelic jamming.

Could you describe the epiphany of Acid House and Rave? What did it mean to you both as a free spirit and as a musician?

First thing that struck me about Acid house was it was so close to percussion music. It was like finally the language of percussion was given its own space in British culture. They were tracks to be mixed together to create a bigger thing. The fact that drums and bass were center stage meant that as a drummer I could understand the language more than I had in any other music. It seemed to be telling me that the thing that hadn't existed before that I had been looking for had arrived. I was so into free form jamming and psychedelic freak out music that I had been all through my youth looking to the 60's. I liked some of the stuff from the early 80's but, being too young and in a small town on the west coast of Scotland I had missed a lot of early hip hop so when I arrived in London in 88 at the age of 17 it was like a major shock to find myself in an East London rave with this new music. It was the weirdest sensation of finally being in tune with my generation. It was also the sudden acceptance of each other that united the dance-floor in those days. It was so

new and the collective discovery of House and E was something that was bigger than all of us. Like a big wave crashing in , surf was up! If you look at it like a big culture clock being set back to zero hour. The start of something massive. I think there are times in life where you can see everything very clearly . It comes like a wave of inspiration then off it goes leaving you to decide what you want to do about it. Everyone has their own way of taking it but for me, it was to try and keep surfing this amazingly creative inspiration. Every time I go to play for a party I remember how I felt at the age of 17 that first night when it all came together and I try and put out that feeling.



Do you feel that the illegal scene gave you opportunities that you may never have had by conventional channels?

Definitely, there were many times when you would find yourself the last DJ awake at a long party and you would have to play until someone got up to take over which could be a long time. It was in these kind of sessions that you would really lose yourself in the mix and find yourself catching glimpses of the wave. I remember the first raves I went to only had a couple of DJ's all night. I think house and techno are kind of like a big petrol tanker in that it takes a while to get it going then if you want to stop or change direction it needs to be planned in advance and done in a way that gives room to the momentum that has been built up. I wasn't

there but from what I read it seems that roots of house are with people such as Frankie Knuckles, Ron Hardy and Larry Levan all of whom played all night sets. The thing I want to get at is that this all changed when Rave hit the M25 orbital raves where the money element imposed the need of many big names in order to beat the competition.

Many DJ's who played there have said it meant they had to play 1 hour sets of anthems . I think the free scene that we built up (as I know these days it is really difficult to get space to play in some free parties) was a great space for music to get away from money pressure and just let it's freak flag fly.



What is liveset? Define to the uninitiated and what it means to you

Liveset for me is something I bumped into in the late 80's early 90's that came from meeting Persons Unknown (a London based liveset who used a mmt8 and a mirage sampler to make improvised livesets in the underground parties. I also got a heavy tip from watching Orbital do their live show again improvising around tracks they'd made. Also as I understand it , a lot of the original acid house producers apparently improvised their trax a good example is Acid Trax dj pierre. So for me a real liveset in the way

we understand it in Spiral Tribe is a live mix based on improvisational technique developed through daily practice. the machines can be anything you like but for me it is important that it is a voyage just like with a good dj mix. It is the improvisational aspect of spiral tribe liveset that sets it apart from live Pa's where you just play your tracks as they are on record. For us even though that creates more risk (and every liveset has ups and downs) what makes it worth it is, that when it comes together you're listening to something unique for the party. It creates a great buzz when you know that it's all connecting in the moment from the wave to the CJ (Chip Jockey dj use disks, we use chips) to the public and back. When it hasn't been planned and everyone knows that what is coming together is a unique experience it can be an intense situation. Most livesets are based on looping patterns from Drum machines , Ableton Live, outboard sequencers workstations etc. which can be brought down different channels on a mixer. This means that you can build up different combinations of beats and bass etc. at will. If you think that on one Electribe I have 256 patterns when there are two that gives me 256 times 256 possible meetings of patterns then you add another drum machine with 128 patterns then 2 fx racks with 128 user patterns you can start to see that there are many possible combinations between the patterns of each machine. Like all improvisation it helps (if you want to speak to a lot of people) to have certain basics in place like a common key, similar rhythmic structure eg. if a pattern in double time meets one in triple time that can be hard to get going with most crowds but then nothing is impossible. So I feel this way of liveset is akin to the live jams of people like, Coltrane, Funkadelic, Miles davis (on the corner) , Sun Ra, Hendrix, the attitude to house and disco found with Larry Levan, Frankie Knuckles, Ron Hardy and other old school house DJ's. It seems to have the same need to go out into the unknown and surf with inspiration.

At what point and why did you decide to take your music out of the illegal scene and to the next level?

As time went by Spiral music started to look into a kind of sped up hip house without the vocals. We were looking for a balance between break house and hardcore. We always liked all rave styles and on the liveset you could really make

up fusions by taking elements from different styles and putting them together in the mix. In France at that time the same time as Spiral Tribe arrived the hardcore scene landed so we wound up being coupled with that. This was cool when everything was fresh but after about five years I started to realise that the public who were into that were ONLY into that and got very angry if you went anywhere else with the music. I saw DJ's getting kicked off the decks after two records cause they played something slower or that just wasn't hardtec or hardcore. I've always loved all music and I have to have more freedom than that so I just decided to follow my telephone. This turned out to be a good move as in the early Spiral days I was one of the first to slag off everything commercial but I noticed that you can be in the worst dive of a club with expensive drinks, on top security, bad sound system etc. and if a good DJ gets on they can make you forget where you are. Don't ever forget the power of music to turn negative into positive. It's why I feel I can connect with Jimi Hendrix on his idea of the Electric Church. After 20 years I can definitely say that it doesn't matter if a party is free or pay it just comes down to quality if you give it then that goes way above money issues.

gives space for artists to cut a living without having to be stars. Since clear channel and the internet , things have changed radically for the middle ground but then change is never easy and there's no need to panic after all for musical communication there has never been a better time.



Where has 20 years as a musician brought you to now, as a person and in your music?

Still waxing my surfboard , I believe in self discipline each needs to find one of some sort. I love practicing if not the liveset then guitar and if i'm on the train i'll try and imagine music. I nearly lost my touch about five years ago and when your about to lose something you have to decide how much you want to fight to get it back. You can't just sit back and say i've got my rep you have to keep earning it for you own respect towards the music and for your right to take the place of someone else on the sound system. There are so many people making music these days that it makes me want to work hard as I love playing out but I can only do it if I think I have something good to say. With so many good dj's and livesets out there you have to stay onit to be relevant. I've learnt that you never know when that musical lightening bolt is going to hit so you need to be on the case all the time. You can do 3 days

Please give an insight into the DIY nature of dance music versus the lack of independant labels - where does the power lie?

The power in one sense lies in access if you can get open access to the music it just comes down to sound clash after that. That was what was nice about the 88-93 period the industry hadn't really worked it out then and that's always a good moment for music. I think the middle ground is so important for music as it

of shit then for some reason on the next day it all comes together. I'm still amazed as I always was with how the imagination and inspiration connect, that feeling of musical ideas flowing cause for some reason you're in the right place at the right time and you've been doing your practice.

Do you feel that electronic music itself is intrinsically psychedelic?

I understand where you're coming from but it helps to remember that the medium is the message and when rave music started we were using very small amounts of sample memory just to put a 1 loop break beak could take up a lot of space so that pushed creativity towards looping music something that james brown had seen way before that but none the less it opened the door to trance like music and so a lot of psychedelic stuff. Weird how the psychedelics arrived again at the same time as this technology. But electronic music can be what it likes it's just I think it sounds better when it doesn't try to imitate acoustic instruments and just gets on with being itself. E.g. I'm not a fan of drum programs that try and be real drummers if you want that feel get a drummer I love the fact that an 808 can sound so mechanical. Sometimes the fact that a synth sounds so otherworldly can give that

psychedelic feeling so I can see what your saying

Future plans???

Try and stay afloat. However, I have good company on my new album projects as i'm working with Tablloyd and MC Soom t who are amazing vocalists . I also have a project with Radioactive man who has been a really good friend and for some reason it really works in the studio .Also of course still doing our thing with the Spiral crew. Watch out for my new label Catwax as all the above projects will be on that.

Anything you'd like to add?

I'd like to thank my cat for all his good inspiration.tt

www.creationforge.com

www.myspace.com/seb69db

www.networkshop.fr

www.spiral-tribe.org

radio.full-vibes.com

info@expressillon.com



ZERO
TOLERANCE
GRAFFITI
ZONE



Slatter Street (Brick Lane Area) London 26th June 2009

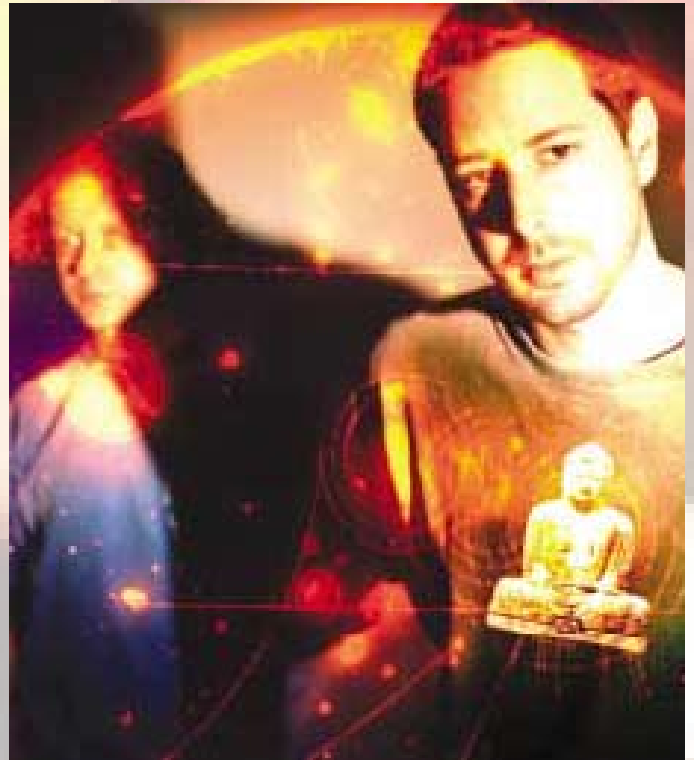




1 GIANT LEAP - WHAT ABOUT ME? WA

When thinking of supergroups a handful of names are worthy of entering the hat. This classification is normally governed album sales, gh end videos and world tour extravaganzas. Whats their message? Just listening to the albums a pattern emerges which focuses mainly on a negative.

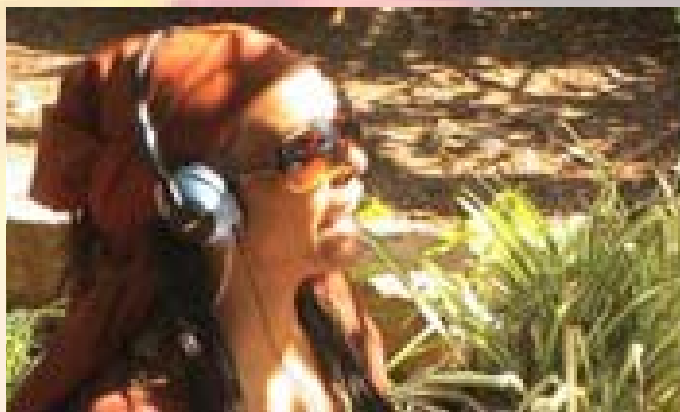
So Whats so different about 1 Giant Leap? This pioneering supergroup have achieved what 'Sir Bono' and 'Sir Bob' can only dream about. The idea of producing an album with recording artistes around the world is actually an age old concept. Some may remember the hit single by Band Aid and 'Sir Bob' screaming orders for us to put hands in pockets and give generously at Live Aid. If it were to happen then surely that was the moment though i think its also fair to note that no-one could have executed this Big Idea better than 1 Giant Leap.



I was first introduced to them on the National Geographic channel some years ago. Two lads with a background in the dance music industry trekking their way around abstract parts of the world with a portable Apple laptop driven recording studio searching for interesting people, sounds and singers. I was glued to the box! These lads didnt take the air-conditioned studio route, the backdrop to most of their recordings are just stunning. They visited villages where few white faces had tread before them. Local word of mouth brings a wealth of untapped undiscovered and unrecorded talent to them. I'd not seen any musical project like it and was truly inspired by them. As a non-musician i felt the only way i could produce a global project of that kind was to become a filmmaker and find a shit hot musical director! That was roughly six years ago and today Im a fully qualified filmmaker and editor. Still working on that concept though!

On hearing of 1 Giant Leaps latest project i could hardly contain my excitement. As it turned out i did some online marketing for

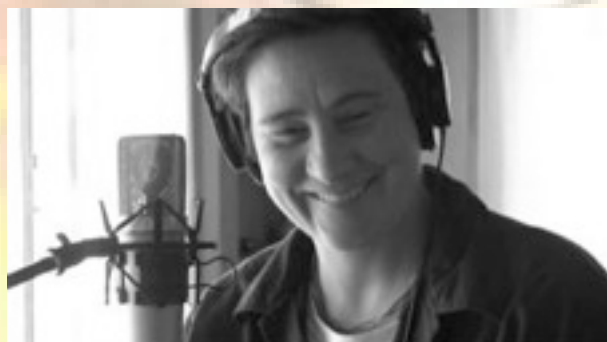
them and was sent advanced copies of their album and film. This time the lads were well versed in global trekking and had some extras coffers in their back jean pocket. The kit is updated and so is their journey. The TV series, DVD and album are pure genius. Aside from a wonderful musical tango the lads have asked the really Big questions to really Big people. Dont be fooled this album isnt about monolithic name brands its about everyday folks like you and i.



1 Giant Leap have pioneered a concept that is already being mimicked as this will become the industry standard. The Bar is raised higher that ever and i for one cant see it being raised any higher just yet. This is one of the most innovative supergroups in the world. Next time take me with you!

LOCATIONS

- Senegal
- Ghana
- South Africa
- Uganda
- Kenya
- Bombay
- Bangalore
- New Delhi
- Varanasi
- Calcutta
- Darjeeling
- Sikkim
- Bangkok
- South East Asia
- Australia
- New Zealand
- San Francisco
- Los Angeles
- New York
- London



“The primary theme of the project is “unity in diversity” – the assertion that regardless of one’s circumstance and experience, our similarities vastly outweigh our differences. *1 Giant Leap* explores simple but universal concepts that touch all of us, no matter where we come from or where we are going. Chapters of the DVD correlate to tracks on the CD, each examining a fundamental concept like sex, death, God, time or unity with a powerful message of hope.’

<http://www.myspace.com/whataboutmetv>



[HTTP://WWW.MYSPACE.COM/WHATABOUTMETV](http://www.myspace.com/whataboutmetv)

*'CALLING ALL COOL ADVERTISERS'
'CALLING TV COMMISSIONING EDITORS'
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YOU NEED US!*



ART IS A WEAPON...

GRAFFITI



MODERN GRAFFITI

GRAFFITI is often seen as having become intertwined with hip hop culture and the myriad of international styles derived from New York City Subway graffiti (see below). However, there are many other instances of notable graffiti this century. Graffiti has long appeared on railroad boxcars and subways. The one with the longest history, dating back to the 1920s and continuing into the present day, is www.youtube.com/watch?v=HgSRiJjmnYYBozo Texino. During World War II and for decades after, the phrase "Kilroy was here" with accompanying illustration was widespread throughout the world, due to its use by American troops and its filtering into American popular culture. Shortly after the death of Charlie Parker (nicknamed "Yardbird" or "Bird"), graffiti began appearing around New York with the words "Bird Lives". In the sixties American graffiti proclaiming that "Yossarian lives!", [citation needed] was briefly popular, a reference to the protagonist of Joseph Heller's novel *Catch-22*.



The student protests and general strike of May 1968 saw Paris bedecked in revolutionary, anarchist, and situationist slogans such as *L'ennui est contre-révolutionnaire* ("Boredom is counterrevolutionary") expressed in



Painted graffiti, poster art, and stencil art. In the U.S. at the time other political phrases (such as "Free Huey" about Black Panther

Huey Newton) became briefly popular as graffiti in limited areas, only to be forgotten. A popular graffito of the 1970s was the legend "Dick Nixon Before He Dicks You," reflecting the hostility of the youth culture to that U.S. president.



Rock and roll graffiti is a significant sub genre. A famous graffito of the 20th century was the inscription in the London underground reading "Clapton is God". The

phrase was spray-painted by an admirer on a wall in an Islington Underground station in the autumn of 1967. The graffiti was captured in a photograph, in which a dog is urinating on the wall. Graffiti also became associated with the anti-establishment punk rock movement beginning in the 1970s. Bands such as Black Flag and Crass (and their followers) widely stenciled their names and logos, while many punk night clubs, squats and hangouts are famous for their graffiti. In the late 1980s the upside down Martini glass that was the tag for punk band Missing Foundation was the most ubiquitous graffito in lower Manhattan, and copied by hard core punk fans throughout the



U.S. and West Germany.

Graffiti as an element of hip hop

In America around the late 1960s, graffiti was used as a form of expression by political activists, and also by gangs such as the Savage Skulls, La Familia, and Savage Nomads to mark territory. Towards the end of the 1960s, the signatures tags of Philadelphia graffiti writers Cornbread, Cool Earl and Topcat 126 started to appear. Cornbread is often cited as one of the earliest writer of modern graffiti. Around



1970-71, the centre of graffiti innovation moved to New York City where writers following in the wake of TAKI 183 and Tracy 168 would add their street number to their nickname, “bomb” a train with their work, and let the subway take it—and their fame, if it was impressive, or simply pervasive, enough—“all city”. Bubble lettering held sway initially among writers from the Bronx, though the elaborate writing Tracy 168 dubbed



“wildstyle” would come to define the art. The early trendsetters were joined in the 70s by artists like Dondi, Zephyr and Lady Pink.

Graffiti is one of the four main elements of hip hop culture (along with rapping, DJing, and break dancing). The relationship between graffiti and hip hop culture arises both from early graffiti artists practicing other aspects of hip hop, and its being practiced in areas where other elements of hip hop were evolving as art forms. By the mid-eighties, the form would move from the street to the art world. Jean-Michel Basquiat would abandon his SAMO tag for art galleries, and even street art’s connections to hip hop would loosen. Occasional hip hop paeans to graffiti could still be heard throughout the nineties, however, in tracks like the Artifacts’ “Wrong Side of Da Tracks” and Company Flow’s “Lune TNS”.



Origins

Early modernist graffiti can be dated back to box cars in the early 1920s yet the graffiti movement seen in today’s contemporary world really originated through the minds of political activists and gang members of the 1960s. The “pioneering era” of graffiti took place during the years 1969 through 1974. This time period was a time of change in popularity and style. New York City became the new hub (formally Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) of graffiti tags and images. Graffiti artists during this time period sought to put as many markings up as possible around the city. This was the ultimate goal of exposure. Soon after the migration from Philadelphia to NYC, the city produced one of the first graffiti artists to gain media attention in New York, TAKI 183. TAKI 183 was a youth from Washington Heights, Manhattan who

worked as a foot messenger. His tag is a mixture of his name Demetrius (Demetraki), TAKI, and his street number, 183rd. Being a foot messenger, he was constantly on the subway and began to put up his tags along his travels. This spawned a 1971 article in the New York Times titled "Taki 183' Spawns Pen Pals". Julio 204 is also credited as an early writer, though not recognized at the time outside of the graffiti subculture. Other notable names from that time are: Stay High 149, PHASE 2, Stitch 1, Joe 182, Junior 161 and Cay 161. Barbara 62 and Eva 62 were also important early graffiti artists in New York, and are the first women to become known for writing graffiti.

Also taking place during this era was the movement from outside on the city streets to



the subways. Graffiti also saw its first seeds of competition around this time. The goal of most artists at this point was "getting up": having as many tags and bombs in as many places as possible. Artists began to break into subway yards in order to hit as many trains as they could with a lower risk, often creating larger elaborate pieces of art along the subway car sides. This is when the act of bombing was said to be officially established.

Example of a graffiti "tag"

By 1971 tags began to take on their signature calligraphic appearance because, due to the huge number of artists, each graffiti artist needed a way to distinguish themselves. Aside from the growing complexity and



creativity, tags also began to grow in size and scale – for example, many artists had begun to increase letter size and line thickness, as well as outlining their tags. This gave birth to the so-called 'masterpiece' or 'piece' in 1972. Super Kool 223 is credited as being the first to do these pieces.

The use of designs such as polka dots, crosshatches, and checkers became increasingly popular. Spray paint use increased dramatically around this time as artists began to expand their work. "Top-to-bottoms", works which span the entire height of a subway car, made their first appearance around this time as well. The overall creativity and artistic maturation of this time period did not go unnoticed by the mainstream – Hugo Martinez founded the United Graffiti Artists (UGA) in 1972. UGA consisted of many top graffiti artists of the time, and aimed to present graffiti in an art gallery setting. By 1974, graffiti artists had begun to incorporate the use of scenery and cartoon characters into their work. TF5 (The Fabulous Five), was a crew which was known for their elaborately designed whole cars



Mid 1970s

By the mid 1970s time, most standards had been set in graffiti writing and culture. The heaviest “bombing” in U.S. history took place in this period, partially because of the economic restraints on New York City, which limited its ability to combat this art form with graffiti removal programs or transit maintenance. Also during this time, “top-to-bottoms” evolved to take up entire subway cars. Most note-worthy of this era proved to be the forming of the “throw-up”, which are



more complex than simple “tagging,” but not as intricate as a “piece”. Not long after their introduction, throw-ups led to races to see who could do the largest number of throw-ups in the least amount of time.

Graffiti writing was becoming very competitive and artists strove to go “all-city,” or to have their names seen in all five boroughs of NYC. Eventually, the standards which had been set in the early 70s began to become stagnant. These changes in attitude led many artists into the 1980s with a desire to expand and change.

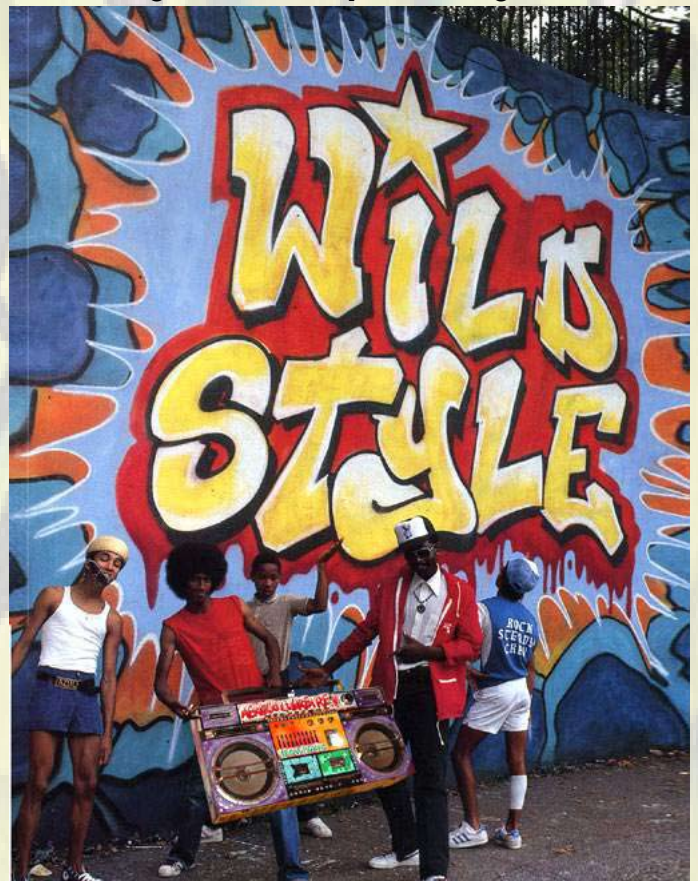
Modern graffiti on trains

The late 1970s and early 1980s brought a new wave of creativity to the scene. As the influence of graffiti grew beyond the Bronx, a graffiti movement began with the encouragement of Friendly Freddie. Fab 5 Freddy (Fred Brathwaite) is another popular graffiti figure of this time, who started in a Brooklyn “wall-writing group.” He notes how differences in spray technique and letters between Upper Manhattan and Brooklyn



began to merge in the late 70s: “out of that came ‘Wild Style’.” Fab 5 Freddy is often credited with helping to spread the influence of graffiti and rap music beyond its early foundations in the Bronx, and making links the the mostly white downtown art and music scenes. It was around this time that the established art world started becoming receptive to the graffiti culture for the first time since Hugo Martinez’s Razor Gallery in the early 1970s.

It was also, however, the last wave of true bombing before the Transit Authority made graffiti eradication a priority. The MTA (Metro Transit Authority) began to repair yard fences, and remove graffiti consistently, battling the surge of graffiti artists. With the MTA combating the artists by removing their work





Style Wars depicted not only famous graffiti artists such as Skeme, Dondi, MinOne and Zephyr, but also reinforced graffiti's role within New York's emerging hip hop culture by incorporating famous early break dancing groups such as Rock Steady Crew into the film which also features a solely rap soundtrack. Style Wars is still recognized as the most prolific film representation of what was going on within the young hip hop culture of the early 1980s. [26] Fab 5 Freddy and Futura 2000 took hip hop graffiti to Paris and London as part of the New York City Rap Tour in 1983.

it often led many artists to quit in frustration, as their work was constantly being removed.

Spread of graffiti culture

In 1979, graffiti artist Lee Quinones and Fab 5 Freddy were given a gallery opening in Rome by art dealer Claudio Bruni. For many outside of New York, it was their first encounter with the art form. Fab 5 Freddy's friendship with Debbie Harry influenced Blondie's single "Rapture" (Chrysalis, 1981), the video of which featured Jean-Michel Basquiat of the SAMO© Graffiti, and offered many their first glimpse of a depiction of elements of graffiti in hip hop culture. More important here was Charlie Ahearn's independently released fiction film Wild Style (Wild Style, 1982), and the early PBS documentary Style Wars (1983). Hit songs such as "The Message" and "Planet Rock" and their accompanying music videos (both 1982) contributed to a growing interest outside New York in all aspects of hip hop.



[27] Hollywood also paid attention, consulting writers like PHASE 2 as it depicted the culture and gave it international exposure in movies like Beat Street (Orion, 1984).

This period also saw the emergence of the new stencil graffiti genre. Some of the first examples were created ca 1981 by graffiti artist Blek le Rat in Paris; by 1985 stencils had appeared in other cities including New York City, Sydney and Melbourne, where they



were documented by American photographer Charles Gatewood and Australian photographer Rennie Ellis.



New York decline

Just as the culture was spreading outside New York and overseas, the cultural aspect of graffiti in New York was said to be deteriorating almost to the point of extinction. The rapid decline in writing was due to several factors. The streets became more dangerous due to the burgeoning crack epidemic, legislation was underway to make penalties for graffiti artists more severe, and restrictions on paint sale and display made racking (stealing) materials difficult. Above all, the MTA greatly increased their anti-graffiti budget. Many favored painting sites became heavily guarded, yards were patrolled, newer and better fences were erected, and buffing of pieces was strong, heavy, and consistent. As a result of subways being harder to paint, more writers went into the streets, which is now, along with commuter trains and box cars, the most prevalent form of writing.

Many graffiti artists, however, chose to see the new problems as a challenge rather than a reason to quit. A downside to these challenges was that the artists became very territorial of good writing spots, and strength and unity in numbers became increasingly important. This was probably the most violent era in graffiti history—artists who chose to go out alone were often beaten and robbed of their supplies. Some of the mentionable graffiti artists from this era were Blade, Dondi, Min 1, Quik, Seen and Skeme. This was stated to be the end for the casual NYC subway graffiti artists, and the years to follow would be



populated by only what some consider the most “die hard” artists. People often found that making graffiti around their local areas was an easy way to get caught so they traveled to different areas.



New York 1985–1989

The years between 1985 and 1989 became known as the “die hard” era. A last shot for the graffiti artists of this time was in the form of subway cars destined for the scrap yard. With the increased security, the culture had taken a step back. The previous elaborate “burners” on the outside of cars were now marred with simplistic marker tags which often soaked through the paint.

By mid-1986 the MTA and the CTA were winning their “war on graffiti,” and the population of active graffiti artists diminished. As the population of artists lowered so did the violence associated with graffiti crews and “bombing.” Roof tops also were being the new billboards for some 80’s writers. Some notable graffiti artists of this era were Cope2, Claw Money, Sane Smith, Zephyr and T Kid.

New York Clean Train Movement era

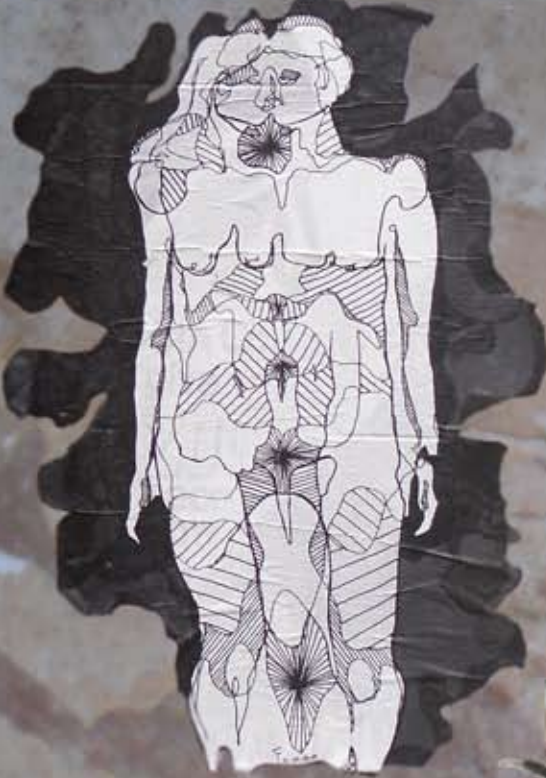
The current era in graffiti is characterized by a majority of graffiti artists moving from subway or train cars to “street galleries.” The Clean Train Movement started in May, 1989, when New York attempted to remove all of the subway cars found with graffiti on them out of the transit system. Because of this, many graffiti artists had to resort to new ways to express themselves. Much controversy arose

among the streets debating whether graffiti should be considered an actual form of art. Prior to the Clean Train Movement, the streets were largely left untouched not only in New York, but in other major American cities as well. After the transit company began diligently cleaning their trains, graffiti burst onto the streets of America to an unexpected un-appreciative public. City officials elsewhere in the country smugly assumed that gang graffiti were a blight limited largely to the Big Apple No more. The stylized smears born in the South Bronx have spread across the country, covering buildings, bridges and highways in every urban center. From Philadelphia to Santa Barbara, Calif., the annual costs of cleaning up after the underground artists are soaring into the billions.

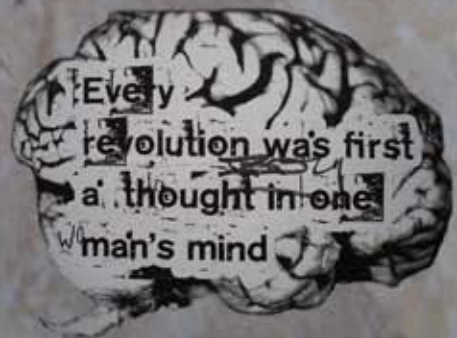
During this period many graffiti artists had taken to displaying their works in galleries and owning their own studios. This practice started in the early 1980s with artists such as Jean-Michel Basquiat, who started out tagging locations with his signature SAMO (Same Old Shit), and Keith Haring, who was also able to take his art into studio spaces.

In some cases, graffiti artists had achieved such elaborate graffiti (especially those done in memory of a deceased person) on storefront gates that shopkeepers have hesitated to cover them up. In the Bronx after the death of rapper Big Pun, several murals dedicated to his life done by TATS CRU appeared virtually overnight; similar outpourings occurred after the deaths of The Notorious B.I.G., Tupac Shakur, Big L, and Jam Master Jay.





HACKNEY WALLS





RON ENGLISH

Ron English, one of the most provocative artists in America, has been a “billboard liberator” for over 20 years, having accomplished more than a thousand clandestine reworkings of images, ads, straight art and visual puns, from the highways of Texas to the



high-rises of New York City. English creates his art pieces in the studio and then unfurls them over an existing advertisement. Usually the replacement ads last from three hours to three weeks, depending on how subtle the subversion. These “liberated” billboards are a risky venture as each one carries a felony penalty if English is caught. But after 20 years and only one arrest (the charges were dropped after prolonged haggling between the artist and the billboard company) Ron English is still at work today, and possible jail time isn’t the only thing frightening about his adventures high above the city streets. “Imagine a billboard eight stories above a crowded New York street. Imagine a rotted plank. Imagine a naked woman splashing blood balloons on a painting of a giant coat hanger. In terms of the scariest situation my art has placed me in, that stunt would

be a close second to having a bunch of drunk rednecks with baseball bats trying to avenge their God after watching me post a billboard of myself as Christ on a cross. The caption read, ‘Let’s Get Drunk And Kill God!’ It was a reference to Nietzsche, but somehow I don’t think they got it.”



The impact of English’s work cannot be understated in terms of changing actual corporate

practice and opening up the public dialog between citizens and the mega-marketplace in which they live. English's relentless and hilarious mission to expose the cartoon Joe Camel character for the penis-faced pedophilic drug pusher he was, must surely have played some part in the eventual demise of that ubiquitous RJ Reynolds campaign. And passersby, confronted with the sly "English Spin," who found themselves double-taking on imagery they once took for granted may have honed a more cynical, discriminating eye for the visual clutter that assaults them daily.

Ron has been the Subject of two Documentaries, Abraham Obama and POPaganda, The Art and Crimes of Ron English and has been featured in numerous other documentaries including Inside/Outside, Bomb It and Supersize Me. Books on his art include POPaganda, The Art and Subversion of Ron English, Abject Expressionism and Son of Pop.

<http://www.popaganda.com/>



CLEAR CHANNEL



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ABJECT EXPRESSIONISM
REN ENGLISH
INTRODUCTION BY MORGAN SPURLOCK



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4513

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6'x12'



201 SOUNDSYSTEM: BROKEN DAYS

Massive respects and big up to Wayne and the crew of LSD, bringing pure art from the streets to our screens. Having taken a trip through the stencils, graf and pieces you see raw art, inspirational and honest with subliminal and some obvious political messages and beliefs. Turn on tune in and drop out. For me these artists really lift the environment around us, taking street art to another level. About time there was a dedicated online magazine that gave these artists the props they deserve. The pieces range from clever in the extreme to just beautiful works of art.



I'm producer and engineer Mark Drifter, on behalf of 201 Soundsystem. I wanted to tell the LSD folks about the new album which features vocalist LadyRaz, Guy Calhoun on guitars and percussionist Rich Davis and artist Ross Goding. I've just put the finished version of the album Broken Days online, it's been a while in the making, long story. After having spent so long working on the songs to hear so much positive feedback and that people are enjoying the music is as good as it gets. Bless up everyone involved and peace for all the people supporting us. I've been inspired by street art all my life and the way the artists share emotion and their art so openly. When these songs were finished, we wanted to share them as free downloads and streaming MP3s. I would hope people can find inspiration and positive vibes from my sounds the same as I have taken this from street artists.



Myspace 201 Soundsystem

<http://www.myspace.com>

Reverbnation 201 Soundsystem.

<http://www.reverbnation.com/201soundsystem>

Facebook page 201 Soundsystem - FREE DOWNLOADS FOR READERS

<http://apps.new.facebook.com/ilike/artist/201+Soundsystem>

iLike downloads 201 Soundsystem

<http://www.ilike.com/artist/201+Soundsystem>

201Soundsystem YouTube Channel

<http://www.youtube.com/user/201Soundsystem>

I picked out a few pieces that really work for me, suggestive messages backed by pure art, brilliance.



BROKEN DAYS





BRICK LANE



**'Only After the Last Tree has been Cut Down
Only After the Last River has been Polluted
Only After the Last Fish has been Caught
Only Then will you Find That Money Cannot Be Eaten'**



PAGE 23

The great chief in Washington sends word he wishes to buy our land.

The great chief also sends us words of friendship and good will. This is kind of him, since we know he has little need of our friendship in return.

But we will consider your offer. For we know if we do not sell, the white man may come with guns and take our land.

How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them?

Every part of this Earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing, and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memory of the red man.

The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk among the stars. Our dead never forget this beautiful earth, for it is the mother of the red man. We are part of the earth and it is part of us.

The perfumed flowers are our sisters; the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices of the meadows, the body heat of the pony and man - all belong to the same family.

So, when the Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land, he asks much of us. The Great Chief sends word that he will reserve us a place so that we can live comfortably to ourselves. He will be our father and we will be his children. So we will consider your offer to buy our land. But it will not be easy. For this land is sacred to us.

This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors. If we sell you land, you must remember that it is sacred, and you must teach your children that it is sacred and that each ghostly reflection in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of the people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

The rivers are our brothers, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes and feed our children. If we sell you our land, you must remember and teach your children that the rivers are our brothers - and yours, and you must give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother.

The red man has always retreated before the advancing white man, as the mist of the mountains runs before the morning sun. But the ashes of our fathers are sacred. Their graves are holy ground, and so these hills, these trees, this portion of the earth is consecrated to us. We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He leaves his fathers' graves behind, and he does not care. His fathers' graves and his children's birthright are forgotten. He treats his mother, the earth and his brother the sky, as things to be bought, plundered, sold like sheep or bright beads. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert.

I do not know. Our ways are different from your ways. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man. But perhaps it is because the red man is a savage and does not understand. There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of leaves in spring or the rustle of insect's wings. But perhaps it is because I am a savage and do not understand. The clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of a whippoorwill or the arguments of the frogs around a pond at night? I am a red man and do not understand. The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of a pond, and the smell of the wind itself, cleansed by a midday rain or scented with the pinon pine.

The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath - the beast, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days, he is numb to the stench. But if we sell you our land, you must remember that the air is precious to us that the air shares its spirit with all life it supports. The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh. And the wind must also give our children the spirit of life. And if we sell you our land, you must keep it apart and sacred, as a place where even the white man can go to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow's flowers.

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we decide to accept, I will make one condition: the white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers. I am a savage and I do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffaloes on the prairie, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a savage and I do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive.

What is the white man without beasts? If all the beasts were gone, men would die from a great loneliness of spirit. For whatever happens to the beasts soon happens to man. All things are connected.

You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of our grandfathers. So that they will respect the land, tell your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin. Teach your children what we have taught our children, that the earth is our mother. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. If men spit on the ground, they spit on themselves.

This we know: The earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth.

This we know: All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected.

Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. Man did not weave the web of life, he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

But we will consider your offer to go to the reservation you have for my people. We will live apart and in peace. It matters little where we spend the rest of our days. Our children have seen their fathers humbled in defeat. Our warriors have felt great shame, and after defeat they turn their days in idleness and contaminate their bodies with sweet foods and strong drink. It matters little where we pass the rest of our days. They are not many. A few more hours, a few more winters, and none of the children of the great tribes that once lived on this earth or that roam now in small bands in the woods will be left to mourn the graves of a people once as powerful and as hopeful as yours. But why should I mourn the passing of my people? Tribes are made of men, nothing more. Men come and go, like waves of the sea.

Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all; we shall see. One thing we know, which the white man may one day discover - our God is the same God. You may think you own Him as you wish to own our land, but you cannot. He is the God of man and His compassion is equal for the red man and the white. This earth is precious to Him and to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its creator. The whites too shall pass - perhaps sooner than all other tribes.

But in your perishing, you will shine brightly, fired by the strength of God who brought you to this land and for some special purpose gave you dominion over this land and over the red man. That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand when all the buffaloes are all slaughtered, the wild horses are tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires.

Where is the thicket? gone. Where is the eagle? gone. And what is it to say goodbye to the swift pony and the hunt? The end of living and the beginning of survival.

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we agree it will be to secure the reservation you have promised. There, perhaps we may live out our brief days as we wish. When the last red man has vanished from this earth, and his memory is only the shadow of a cloud moving across the prairie, these shores and forests will still hold the spirits of my people. For they love this earth as the new-born loves its mother's heartbeat. So we will sell you our land, love it as we've loved it. Care for it as we've cared for it. Hold in your mind the memory of the land as it is when you take it. And with all your heart, preserve it for your children and love it.....as God loves us all.

One thing we know. Our God is the same God. This earth is precious to Him. Even the white man cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We shall see.

1854 Speech by Chief Seattle of the Suquamish Tribe to Governor Isacc Stevens

Graffix by Feenix 13





Curtain RD - Shoreditch, East London June 2009



LSD - London Street-Art Design





SAME WALL DIFFERENT DAY 2009





HM CUSTOMS & EXCISE
LABELLED HIM THE FIXER
BEHIND BRITAIN'S
BIGGEST-EVER
COCAINE-SMUGGLING
OPERATION

Urban Smuggler

ANDREW PRITCHARD
WITH **NORMAN PARKER**

'IT HAS ALL THE ELEMENTS OF A HOLLYWOOD CRIME MOVIE:
GANGSTERS, GUNS, TONS OF MONEY AND HALF A TON OF COCAINE'

- DONAL MACINTYRE

AT BOOK STORES NOW!

HOT DATES WITH THE ART TART

ROSE POPAY

Once upon a time there was a girl called Rose Popay. Rose was born in 1974 to thespian parents and so was always destined to perform. As founding members of Bath's Natural Theatre Company, Rose's Mum and Dad created a magical, inspirational environment in which nothing was impossible and everyday was an adventure. After this artistic and creative childhood, Rose went on to gain a BA (Hons) in Fine Art at Bretton Hall in Yorkshire and to perform all over the world in the Naturals herself. As a result, her visual work now is diverse and vibrant with a strong sense of playfulness and interaction. She has previously worked for Damien Hirst and Nick Walker, posed naked for David Bailey and this international exhibitionist presents us with her larger than life stencil work through her alter-ego, The Art Tart. Bursting onto the scene (and out of her blouse) last year at Banksy's "The Cans Festival" in London, along with appearances at Glastonbury, UpFest, The Frieze Art Fair and various other places, she has jiggled her way into the hearts of many.



There's something decidedly off the wall, about how the Tart puts her Art on the wall. It's been said that girls will be girls, and this particular girl is on a mission to inject a pinch of colour and make the world a touch less grey, a smidgen more glamorous and to leave it smelling of roses...

HOT DATES

ello ello ello...



How pleased am I to have your attention!

A few weeks ago I hosted my first big solo exhibition in Bristol. People were excited by my displayI felt at home standing on a plinth. The next step is to find a good london venue, then new York I feel.

This is the flicker folder from the show

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/rosepopay/sets/72157617400312968/>

There were around 40 canvases and also projection of my films.

Heres the link/embedded new video of The Art Tart in action

'The Art Tart Hangs Out'
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5BXTEtFV SjQ&feature=channel>

This film was made in Bristol just before the show, the teen age boys that appeared whilst filming were mesmerised.

"are you a professional" they asked in there west country tones

"yes" i replied

"Whats that? a beard"

one asked..his friend replied"no thats sexy underwear.

Im glad im educating the youth.



Two pregnant friends came to visit me whilst manning a show im doing in Bath yesterday. one due in 2 months , one due in 2 days. I painted there tummys, Ive done about 8 tummys in all now. I use face paints not spray for these works! ..face paintings on a level with graffiti I feel in its transient existance. Ive even painted Damien hirst face as a robot at a party once!



Last Sunday afternoon was spent painting a costa rica scene for the public to drift of into whilst they sip at there lattes by a cafe in Bristol.

I loved doing this on such a big scale, Im hungry to do more

Heres me with out my art tart wig...infact with out any clothes as a nude model in a Yo Majesty pop video-im the fuzzy haired nude dancing at the end!

link to yo majesty clip

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zbbvugSXUvc>

I will be doing the Rose Popay school of Art at Glastonbury festival in the let it B area in circus and theatre, do pop along and come and make your mark. Ill be with a crew doing big collaborative canvases.



Im doing lots of drawings on canvases live at events. The drewatts urban action went well. can you see the mini master pieces?! know anyone getting married that would like me to come and capture there wedding live?!

<http://theweddingpainter.blogspot.com/>

I just popped my first Art tart signed prints for sale on Ebay more to come! im well pleased with my flower receiver!

do have a peek at my new website

www.thearttart.com

just off to a relaxation centre for a hen doo, then we all have to dress up and hit the town....there all very excited about wigs and costume, however I only dress up when im working X





The Art Tart





LSD - London Street-Art Design

GM FOODS - DOCTORS SPEAK OUT

BY JEFFREY M SMITH

On May 19th, the American Academy of Environmental Medicine (AAEM) called on “Physicians to educate their patients, the medical community, and the public to avoid GM (genetically modified) foods when possible and provide educational materials concerning GM foods and health risks.”[1] They called for a moratorium on GM foods, long-term independent studies, and labeling. AAEM’s position paper stated, “Several animal studies indicate serious health risks associated with GM food,” including infertility, immune problems, accelerated aging, insulin regulation, and changes in major organs and the gastrointestinal system. They conclude, “There is more than a casual association between GM foods and adverse health effects. There is causation,” as defined by recognized scientific criteria. “The strength of association and consistency between GM foods and disease is confirmed in several animal studies.”

More and more doctors are already prescribing GM-free diets. Dr. Amy Dean, a Michigan internal medicine specialist, and board member of AAEM says, “I strongly recommend patients eat strictly non-genetically modified foods.” Ohio allergist Dr. John Boyles says “I used to test for soy allergies all the time, but now that soy is genetically engineered, it is so dangerous that I tell people never to eat it.”

Dr. Jennifer Armstrong, President of AAEM, says, “Physicians are probably seeing the effects in their patients, but need to know how to ask the right questions.” World renowned biologist Pushpa M. Bhargava goes one step further. After reviewing more than 600 scientific journals, he concludes that genetically modified organisms (GMOs) are a major contributor to the sharply deteriorating health of Americans.



Pregnant women and babies at great risk

Among the population, biologist David Schubert of the Salk Institute warns that “children are the most likely to be adversely effected by toxins and other dietary problems” related to GM foods. He says without adequate studies, the children become “the experimental animals.”[2]

The experience of actual GM-fed experimental animals is scary. When GM soy was fed to female rats, most of their babies died within three weeks—compared to a 10% death rate among the control group fed natural soy.[3] The GM-fed babies were also smaller, and later had problems getting pregnant.[4]

When male rats were fed GM soy, their testicles actually changed color—from the normal pink to dark blue.[5] Mice fed GM soy had altered young sperm.[6] Even the embryos of GM fed parent mice had significant changes in their DNA.[7] Mice fed GM corn in an Austrian government study had fewer babies, which were also smaller than normal.[8]

Reproductive problems also plague livestock. Investigations in the state of Haryana, India revealed that most buffalo that ate GM cottonseed had complications such as

premature deliveries, abortions, infertility, and prolapsed uteruses. Many calves died. In the US, about two dozen farmers reported thousands of pigs became sterile after consuming certain GM corn varieties. Some had false pregnancies; others gave birth to bags of water. Cows and bulls also became infertile when fed the same corn.[9]

In the US population, the incidence of low birth weight babies, infertility, and infant mortality are all escalating.

Food designed to produce toxin

GM corn and cotton are engineered to produce their own built-in pesticide in every cell. When bugs bite the plant, the poison splits open their stomach and kills them. Biotech companies claim that the pesticide, called Bt—produced from soil bacteria *Bacillus thuringiensis*—has a history of safe use, since organic farmers and others use Bt bacteria spray for natural insect control. Genetic engineers insert Bt genes into corn and cotton, so the plants do the killing.

The Bt-toxin produced in GM plants, however, is thousands of times more concentrated than natural Bt spray, is designed to be more toxic,[10] has properties of an allergen, and unlike the spray, cannot be washed off the plant.

Moreover, studies confirm that even the less toxic natural bacterial spray is harmful. When dispersed by plane to kill gypsy moths in the Pacific Northwest, about 500 people reported allergy or flu-like symptoms. Some had to go to the emergency room.[11],[12]



The exact same symptoms are now being reported by farm workers throughout India, from handling Bt cotton.[13] In 2008, based on medical records, the Sunday India reported, “Victims of itching have increased massively this year . . . related to BT cotton farming.”[14]

GMOs provoke immune reactions

AAEM states, “Multiple animal studies show significant immune dysregulation,” including increase in cytokines, which are “associated with asthma, allergy, and inflammation”—all on the rise in the US.

According to GM food safety expert Dr. Arpad Pusztai, changes in the immune status of GM animals are “a consistent feature of all the studies.”[15] Even Monsanto’s own research showed significant immune system changes in rats fed Bt corn.[16] A November 2008 by the Italian government also found that mice have an immune reaction to Bt corn.[17]

GM soy and corn each contain two new proteins with allergenic properties,[18] GM soy has up to seven times more trypsin inhibitor—a known soy allergen,[19] and skin prick tests show some people react to GM, but not to non-GM soy.[20] Soon after GM soy was introduced to the UK, soy allergies skyrocketed by 50%. Perhaps the US epidemic of food allergies and asthma is a casualty of genetic manipulation.

Animals dying in large numbers

In India, animals graze on cotton plants after harvest. But when shepherds let sheep graze on Bt cotton plants, thousands died. Post mortems showed severe irritation and black patches in both intestines and liver (as well as enlarged bile ducts). Investigators said preliminary evidence “strongly suggests that the sheep mortality was due to a toxin. . . . most probably Bt-toxin.”[21] In a small follow-up feeding study by the Deccan Development Society, all sheep fed Bt cotton plants died within 30 days; those that grazed on natural cotton plants remained healthy.

In a small village in Andhra Pradesh, buffalo grazed on cotton plants for eight years without incident. On January 3rd, 2008, the buffalo grazed on Bt cotton plants for the first time. All 13 were sick the next day; all died within 3 days.[22]

Bt corn was also implicated in the deaths of cows in Germany, and horses, water buffaloes, and chickens in The Philippines.[23]

In lab studies, twice the number of chickens fed Liberty Link corn died; 7 of 20 rats fed a GM tomato developed bleeding stomachs; another 7 of 40 died within two weeks.[24] Monsanto's own study showed evidence of poisoning in major organs of rats fed Bt corn, according to top French toxicologist G. E. Seralini.[25]

Worst finding of all—GMOs remain inside of us

The only published human feeding study revealed what may be the most dangerous problem from GM foods. The gene inserted into GM soy transfers into the DNA of bacteria living inside our intestines and continues to function.[26] This means that long after we stop eating GMOs, we may still have potentially harmful GM proteins produced continuously inside of us. Put more plainly, eating a corn chip produced from Bt corn might transform our intestinal bacteria into living pesticide factories, possibly for the rest of our lives.

When evidence of gene transfer is reported at medical conferences around the US, doctors often respond by citing the huge increase of gastrointestinal problems among their patients over the last decade. GM foods might be colonizing the gut flora of North Americans.

Warnings by government scientists ignored and denied

Scientists at the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) had warned about all these problems even in the early 1990s. According to documents released from a

lawsuit, the scientific consensus at the agency was that GM foods were inherently dangerous, and might create hard-to-detect allergies, poisons, gene transfer to gut bacteria, new diseases, and nutritional problems. They urged their superiors to require rigorous long-term tests.[27] But the White House had ordered the agency to promote biotechnology and the FDA responded by recruiting Michael Taylor, Monsanto's former attorney, to head up the formation of GMO policy. That policy, which is in effect today, denies knowledge of scientists' concerns and declares that no safety studies on GMOs are required. It is up to Monsanto and the other biotech companies to determine if their foods are safe. Mr. Taylor later became Monsanto's vice president.



Dangerously few studies, untraceable diseases

AAEM states, "GM foods have not been properly tested" and "pose a serious health risk." Not a single human clinical trial on GMOs has been published. A 2007 review of published scientific literature on the "potential toxic effects/health risks of GM plants" revealed "that experimental data are very scarce." The author concludes his review by asking, "Where is the scientific evidence showing that GM plants/food are toxicologically safe, as assumed by the biotechnology companies?"[28]

Famed Canadian geneticist David Suzuki answers, “The experiments simply haven’t been done and we now have become the guinea pigs.” He adds, “Anyone that says, ‘Oh, we know that this is perfectly safe,’ I say is either unbelievably stupid or deliberately lying.” [29]

Dr. Schubert points out, “If there are problems, we will probably never know because the cause will not be traceable and many diseases take a very long time to develop.” If GMOs happen to cause immediate and acute symptoms with a unique signature, perhaps then we might have a chance to trace the cause.

This is precisely what happened during a US epidemic in the late 1980s. The disease was fast acting, deadly, and caused a unique measurable change in the blood—but it still took more than four years to identify that an epidemic was even occurring. By then it had killed about 100 Americans and caused 5,000-10,000 people to fall sick or become permanently disabled. It was caused by a genetically engineered brand of a food supplement called L-tryptophan.

If other GM foods are contributing to the rise of autism, obesity, diabetes, asthma, cancer, heart disease, allergies, reproductive problems, or any other common health problem now plaguing Americans, we may never know. In fact, since animals fed GMOs had such a wide variety of problems, susceptible people may react to GM food with multiple symptoms. It is therefore telling that in the first nine years after the large scale introduction of GM crops in 1996, the incidence of people with three or more chronic diseases nearly doubled, from 7% to 13%. [30]

To help identify if GMOs are causing harm, the AAEM asks their “members, the medical community, and the independent scientific community to gather case studies potentially related to GM food consumption and health effects, begin epidemiological research to investigate the role of GM foods on human health, and conduct safe methods of determining the effect of GM foods on human

health.”



Citizens need not wait for the results before taking the doctors advice to avoid GM foods. People can stay away from anything with soy or corn derivatives, cottonseed and canola oil, and sugar from GM sugar beets—unless it says organic or “non-GMO.” There is a pocket Non-GMO Shopping Guide, co-produced by the Institute for Responsible Technology and the Center for Food Safety, which is available as a download, as well as in natural food stores and in many doctors’ offices.

If even a small percentage of people choose non-GMO brands, the food industry will likely respond as they did in Europe—by removing all GM ingredients. Thus, AAEM’s non-GMO prescription may be a watershed for the US food supply.

International bestselling author and independent filmmaker Jeffrey M. Smith is the Executive Director of the Institute for Responsible Technology and the leading spokesperson on the health dangers of GMOs. His first book, *Seeds of Deception* is the world’s bestselling book on the subject. His second, *Genetic Roulette: The Documented Health Risks of Genetically Engineered Foods*, identifies 65 risks of GMOs and demonstrates how superficial government approvals are not competent to find most of them. He invited the biotech industry to respond in writing with evidence to counter each risk, but correctly predicted that they would refuse, since they

don't have the data to show that their products are safe.

www.ResponsibleTechnology.org,
info@responsibletechnology.org

Jeffrey M. Smith is the author of publication Genetic Roulette: The Documented Health Risks of Genetically Engineered Foods, which presents 65 risks in easy-to-read two-page spreads. His first book, Seeds of Deception, is the top rated and #1 selling book on GM foods in the world. He is the Executive Director of the Institute for Responsible Technology, www.responsibletechnology.org, which is spearheading the Campaign for Healthier Eating in America. Go to www.seedsofdeception.com to learn more about how to avoid GM foods.



Hera
Juno
the que



Jupiter
Apois
Apslo
Ares
Mars
Cronus
Saturn
Jachin

54 56 58 60 62 64 66 68 70 72 74 76 78 80 82 84 86 88 90 92 94 96 98 100



The Yard - Hackney Wick, London April-May 2009

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KYMANI COR-
ITREI CONPACU-
EX FACIE ENPHE



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*Il mondo è pieno
di cose che non
vediamo perché
non abbiamo gli
occhi giusti. Gli
occhi giusti li
troviamo solo
quando li cerchiamo.*



Aphrodit Venus love
Artemis Diana moon
Athena Minerva wisdom
Demeter Ceres agriculture
Hera Juno the que







docoBANKSY A “found” film about Banksy

I first became aware of Banksy around 2000. I picked up one of his self published black books in the Design Museum London and thought this looks interesting. I put the book down and gave Banksy no more thought until 2003 when I first spotted his Pulp Fiction piece that appeared near Old Street tube station. I started to film his artwork off the walls where it appeared in London just so I could have a copy for myself and anyone else who might like one. With this footage I popped over to the Blue Water shopping centre and put the footage on DVD players in shops such as the Apple store and Curry's. Photos were taken of this footage playing in the shops these photos then sent to Banksy via his website. A few weeks passed.....then in early June '06 I was scootering back from work, I spotted his Graffiti Removal Hotline piece being removed by the council on the Pentonville Road. I took some mobile phone shots of this happening and sent them to Banksy.

I then received an e-mail back from Banksy thanking me for the photos and saying that had I ever thought about being a war reporter as I am good at getting close to the action? He asked me for an address so he could send me something. I gave him my address and he sent me a signed Di-faced tenner (one of these notes has sold on eBay for £5,100); one of his black books called Banging your head against a brick wall and a few of his stickers. This package I believe prompted me to further investigate the world of Banksy. Since April



of last year I have interviewed a wide range of people who have been affected by Banksy and his efforts.

These people include two senior cultural members of staff from the Swiss embassy in London, where in 2001 Banksy and other graffiti artists were invited to spray in their car park and have a rave afterwards; Simon Hattenstone of the Guardian one of the few people to have met Banksy face to face, then have his story published in the Guardian newspaper.

To the audience at large I am not claiming ownership of the film more that I have found a film about Banksy. One of my short interviews for this documentary is on You Tube and has had over 14000 views in just over a year, a small testament to the appeal of Banksy.

The five minute cut is currently seeping its way round the Internet with just about 400 hits as of six months ago. What is happening? Has it just gone ignored? Or are people picking it up and wondering what it is all about? Who knows.....?

Cut to.

Thursday, March 26th, 2009.

Me, film-maker, artist and culture jammer, is off to the printers. The next stage of docoBANKSY, a mashmix on the relevance and impact of famed exterior decorator Banksy. As a part of



the work, I decided to print up 100,000 copies of the hacked ten-pound note with Princess Diana's face on it that Banksy gave away as a twisted form of business card. A million quid's worth of fake cash. An idiot's ransom, ripe to be chucked into a crowd or, a la Bill Drummond, taken somewhere sacred and torched.



A neat piece of commentary, pinging back pointed questions on the nature, permanence and value of Banksy's art. I was careful with choice of printers, choosing one with a sense of humour and a willingness to take a bit of a risk. They saw and approved the artwork, so I figured the game is afoot. I had a cameraman and a brace of cameras with me. This is part of the project, and the printing deserves to be documented. I approved the plates, and by 10am the presses are rolling. As are the cameras. I snag some footage of the Di-faced tenners coming off the press. One of the printers, a senior guy, walks past and jokes that this was their contribution to quantitative easing. For a moment, I think to myself with a sense of relief that they've got the joke.

Then things start to unravel. The printers are concerned that the tenners are a bit too close to the mark. I compromise, and agree not to have the clean versions of the note printed, just the ones marked with the title of the film. No-one with half a brain could consider these to be even an attempt at a forgery. I leave with my cameraman and go to lunch, a little deflated but still cheerful.

My phone goes as we fetch sandwiches. The presses have been stopped. The boss has come in, seen the job, and gone ballistic. I go back to argue my case. No luck. I will not be leaving with the notes. Further, the boss demands the tapes of the notes coming off the presses. I quietly and politely tell him to

fuck off. The footage is almost as good as the notes themselves. I leave, *sans* notes, *avec* intact artistic integrity. I am now calling other printers to see if anyone will do the job, I have also contacted the Bank of England to get official sanction to get the tenners done. I am quite literally asking for a license to print money.

A postscript. It's sheer stinking luck that the day before all this, the biggest forgery case to go before the courts in twenty-five years went for sentencing, with the perps getting up to four years in stir. It's not surprising, really, that a printer might not see the funny side to the discovery of a million pound's worth of fake tenners rolling off his press. Dominic or is it docoBANKSY? Ps please make friends with doco banksy on Facebook.

©docoBANKSY



Love God

Shoreditch, East London April 2009

Artist: Unknown



SPEAK ART



ART VAULT



MISSILE

TRUST ART



ART MISSILE

DEPLOY ART



THINK LOVE

FREE RELIGION



KAY One

What's your background?

I was born in Paris and grew up in the borough named "the 18th". It's a quite popular part of the city. I lived with my mom that grew up in Argentina before moving to Paris after the Nazis. My father was from Brooklyn, New York but I always lived in Paris. At 16, in Paris, full of Hip Hop and dreams of killing every single trains in the world. All you want is to have your time free to do all your bullshits.

I wanted nuff loot, but didn't want to work for it, and I didn't mind

taking a short cut, as long as I was sure it would finish as a dead end. When things got hot in the early nineties, I tried to start reconverting in the graphic industry.



Who taught you to write?

When I met other writers at the Stalingrad "hall of fame", I wasn't clueded about how to make a piece. All that mattered to me was bombing the street and get know as a vandal. I finally found the name "Kay" with my man Caz, that was a hot human beat box and had a brother that was an excellent dj that'd keep me updated with what was going on! At the same period I met San. He showed me how to structure a piece and get to find my own style. I was rolling with my homeboy Banga that was from my neighbourhood. I think that San is the one that really motivated us to get bigger!

How long you been in the game?

I think that when Hip Hop first appeared in France in 1982, everybody wanted to either dance or write (or both). I started doing shit tags and pieces in 1983 when I was in care with my homeboy Dee David Freeze that became one of my best friend then cause he was really into it like me, because of people like Futura 2000, Phase 2 and the Rock Steady crew.

But as much as you can brag about how long you been writing. Only pictures can tell the truth.





And so far, all I could find in my archives were pictures from 1985. At that time, we would do trains and tunnels a few times a week. And it really mattered for the writers to come out with style. So lets say that.

How would you describe your style?

I always been really attracted by New York style, because of the way the letters flow and how they're always innovating new styles and recycling trends with harmony. In what I call the early days for me, the 80's, I saw the best styles coming from NYC, then coming to Amsterdam and Paris from a fistful of writers that would influence so many writers.

CTK and BBC were crews that really showed people two different schools. But when it came to the tags, TCG (The Crime Gang) was the lick!

Who were your early mentors?

Once again, I gotta show love to San, the founder of TRP (The Renegade Painters), who took my partner in crime Banga and myself in his crew. Dark was a big influence for us, he was one

of the few writers that would paint in Stalingrad anytime he feels. When NTM was there, I often used to go painting with Mode 2 that really showed me how to prepare my work and use a sketchbook and get organised. At the time I was a bit troglodyte, I'd be happy as long as I have a bottle of "Marsh" black ink from U.S., or even



“Pilot” or “magic marker” and a 1,5 cm tip Edding marker or very wide called “vandalizer”.

If you wasn't painting what do you think you might be doing?

I think I'd be a big time dealer like Ochoa, or a pimp! No! Seriously, I need peace in my life. I think I'd be working with children or doing missions for the community, a lot of people need help and don't know how to find it.

What was it like to paint in the old days?

Back in the days, you'd be able to paint a train yard all night if you wanted to, but you needed to know where you were going. A cool mission between friends could quickly turn into a nightmare...

As much as everything seems cooler at the time, and the government was a bit more tolerant, you had to watch your back if you went out at night.

Not only the fear to get caught by the cops, you had the gangs that started to emerge from



everywhere. You couldn't wear a pair of John Lobb or a sheep skin coat. Don't even come with you leather goose down with fur collar if you're the new boy in town!!! Local kids will rob you quick.

Plus, you have the jealous toys that once again try to get a rep by fronting... and it's only once you got rid of all those mother fuckers that you can try to keep an eye on the nazi skinheads that rule on the rich parts of town. By the end of the 80s, skins used to turn from bullies to victims, being the target of all the kids they attacked cowardly years earlier.



Were you ever concerned with the dangers of what you were doing?

When you are young, you just don't know. In the yards or tunnels, you must be very careful with the third rail, hitting it could guarantee instant death. Plus the urban violence that a teenager has to go through.

There was obviously rivalry between writers, did it ever get out of control?

I always been knows as a cool cat. But I always been part of crew that were not havin it. And as we were very prolific, jealousy came in the picture with toys feeling brave that tried to get a





rep by trying to cross our pieces. If you couldn't look after yourself, you'd quickly see other crews that would come for you. My crew, 93MC that fused with NTM at the time had beef with another crew named DCM, a few of us had to fight against the other side, but 20 years later, we're all laughing about it on both sides. But to answer your question, no, it doesn't get out of control, cause we got more posse than Portoricans got cousins! Tu sabes!

Now, the rest of that new school love beefing about nothing. They think they're getting on the path of that famous rep. "You can't change somebody ignorant that want to be like that

It's like detoxin' someone hooked on coke who won't stop smokin' crack".

Do you feel its as dangerous now to paint as it was back then?

Well, now if I'm painting somewhere, I won't have to fear things like if I was a teenager. The ones that bully people are often targeting the young ones, I know I don't look my age but come on! And regarding skinheads, you don't see them as much as we used to. You still got to watch for police as now, they're really trying to take a lot of people to court.

What I fear the most is rats! And there's many of them, they smile in your face and try to take your place.

Plus, train yards are getting harder to access, some of them have mute alarms with sensitive sensors receptive to movement or body heat.



Name some of the other artists you've worked with?



I worked a lot with my partner in crime from the cradle to the police station: Banga. But I've been painting with a lot of writers such as Banga, Mode2, Bando, Colt, Dark, San, Swen, Kea, Nel, Jay, Wane, Doc TC5, Signal, T Kid, Cope2, Sonic 002, Ink 76, Trafik, Atom, Teach, Zomby, Fume, and many more...

Tell us a little about TKC Crew.

In French, you'd spell it Tai-Ka-Cai, which means you're high. This is the crew I used to see in my hood, when I was 14. They were very present from Barbes to Pigalle, passing by the flea market or "La goutte d'or" and

we could see their tags as there wasn't many writers back then. D Shy, Kool, Reset, Gun, Snook, Tex, Sic, TKC I was writing alone or with Banga at the time. Then we connected with them and it was like fam straight away. Plus, it's the crew that connected all the ones that were up to good in the mid 80s, in my neighbourhood, the 18th.

Tell us a little about 93MC



The family! It's standing for 93 Mafia Crew, originally, it's a crew from Saint Denis, behind my hood, up north. 93 is the area code. We don't walk the same way most crews do. They often make alliance because they fancy each other style, or they see each other to try to get in crew for fame. We are more like a team. We're all watching each other's back and never backstabbed anybody. Coming to a certain age, it's important to have people you can trust and give the same courtesy back. Workwise, 93MC are the all city kings of the the late 80's in Paris. They are kings on the Paris metro line #13. Not many crews go out to the yards and do over 30 trains in the same night. But the crew's story his so long you should do a special issue about them. Peace out to Kea, Swen, Nel, Lazer, Meak, Khane, Skala, Mode, Keys, Mam, Boa, Arys, Acide, Marsh, Terry, That family lost a lot of brothers and sisters. One love to Arem, Fame, J lee, Cezar, Naze, Race, Rowe, Lady V, Patou, Tara, Sista B, Kruz, Does, Awer...

Tell us about the Destroy all Toys theme and what it means.

In 1990, I want to create my own little crew with a very activist name. I'd go to Mode 2's place almost everyday as we were part of the same crew and I was staying in the same hood. One day I told him I wanted to name my crew KAT (Kill A Toy), then Mode suggested DAT (Destroy All Toys). I loved that name as it was a global wink to any toys on earth.



How popular is graffiti in Paris?

Graffiti always been popular in Paris since it started in Europe in the early 80s. Henry Chalfant chose a picture of a Mode 2 piece made in Paris for the cover of his book "spraycan art". All the kids from the early 90s grew up on that book, and after the street bombing done by the vandals of the 90s, the next generation had to get into it.



What is the central focus of artists in your city?

A lot of writing, but not as much postering as I saw in Brick Lane for exemple. Like in New York, Parisian writers really make the difference with graffiti art and street art. As much as a lot of young guys use spraycans to paint but they are not doing letters. Some others are specialized into hyper realistic characters and scenes... but what about the real essence of the art of writing your name that we call graffiti?

Are you surprised at some of the negative feedback from the media?

Not really. You will always have some people that have a different point of view. And as my experience showed me by working in magazines and with productions, most of the journalists that write the articles must please their chief editors that are themselves under the orders from above. Plus, how could they talk about something they don't even know about. The problem with the press is that they are like record companies, they don't pay attention to an



artist until a “respectable” person in the game told them to. That lack of spontaneity show me that you must fight for your culture before you can even fight for your art!

How are the authorities responding to street artists?

They try to make it Zero tolerance. There is the trial of more than 60 writers that are suspected of being responsible for a lot of bombing. The government want to send some writers in jail or make them pay some fines going up to over 300,000€ for trains...for the street it's different, the landlord has to press charges or there wont be no charges. But the cops will take your ass to the station and waste 3 hours of their shift giving you bullshits while real crime is on the street. Cops are not stupid, they'd rather pass their nerves on a writer unstead of risking to get stabbed by a kid in the street.

Do you worry about being arrested?

Not really, cause I'm not as crazy as I used to be. I'd do something only if I really feel safe about it. But it could be anytime, anywhere, no matter what the weather report says.

You have travelled and lived in big cities around the world, how do other cities compare to painting in New York?

Nothing's like New York city, when you do a roof top that is 3 or 5 to don't say 10 time the size of anything in Europe, you realize that we are nothing.

The style that has been the most advanced for it's time in Europe is Amsterdam style. In the late 80's, it would be so “destroyed” by graffiti, that we'd compare it to the European New York.

Graffiti writers and Street Artists are being called anti-establishment and at times anarchists, do you think this accurately describes the artists involved in street work?

I'd say that the simple fact to go outside and to something that, to their eyes is illegal, is an anarchist action.



What's your opinion on street artists / graf artists becoming commercial entities?

After the pop art, graffiti is the last form of art of the XXth century. It has been there for over 35 years, so galleries had to get into it, they already ignored it for too long. Now you'll always find bombers telling you that it ain't right to do galleries if you never did the street or even made trains. I quite agree with that.



Why do artists go over each others work?

It's a form of dis. You'd insulte somebody by damaging his work.

Some others don't really have any notion of respect or they just don't pay attention. In any case, they should get the knuckle sandwich!

Do you prefer covering street walls or gallery halls?

Without a doubt, I'd cover the street walls till I'll be 70. You'll see!

How long does it take to paint a large wall?

The average pieces you often see can take the artist 3 to 8 hours, depends the way the dude is painting and the complexity of his work.



When does graffiti become vandalism?

The day it was born. When you meet graffiti for the first time, it's in the street. So of course it's gonna be associated to vandalism. But big posters advertising bullshit products in the subway or the streets is another form of mental vandalism.

Do you feel any rivalry between graffiti artists and street artists?

Yes, I do. But I must admit that most

of the street artists think their shit don't stink. And don't get it twisted, a lot of street artists just don't have the skills to write graffiti, that's why they flex differently. For exemple, I'm down with Blek le rat who is one of the first artist to do figurative stencil works in the street. But a lot of those new cats are not feeling the bombing

How distinctive are graffiti styles from one another?

By the way they do their letters, the way they twist it. Some like to see their name dripping with thick ink, some others love to do very straight letters, and some prefer 3D stuffs. You could get confused between a piece from T Kid and a Dondi piece.

The motion, the colors, the arrows, the shapes and even sometime the style of the borough would make the piece distinctive from another.

Graffiti artists are being arrested in their homes after uploading images to the internet and boasting of their work, is this something you'd be concerned about?

I think that something worst than being a toy is being a rat! If those kids get done, it's often cause of some rat that cleared a mistake by giving somebody up. A lot of kids get busted because of the illegal content they have in their comp. It's like killing somebody with a gun you take back home. Cops have special squads now, specialy for graffiti. What those kids ignore is that those squads have mad archives on everybody and they'd be taking pictures of every new shit they see. Just to make files, nahmean? You can be sure that when you go to a graffiti jam, feds will be there. To be able to take you to court, they need proofs. At the time, we didn't have internet. If you didn't know somebody that was willin to school you, you couldn't learn. Then you couldn't progress. Now kids look over your shoulder on Monday, run back home, google it, then come back the Friday of the same week full of: "Let's battle, now!" They're craving for recognition, and it makes them do clumbzy thing like showing wrecked shits like trophy! If you don't do the system, it's gonna do you!

Do you have a message?

GET INVOLVED!!! COLLECTIVE COWARDNESS IS A PLAGUE!!!!

It's good to be important, but it's more important to be good!

http://www.myspace.com/count_von_kay_one

<http://www.myspace.com/tkcrew>

<http://www.myspace.com/destroyalltoys>



BREATHE

brick lane

UN



UNITY



LOVE

THINK

BITE



EVIDENCE



ANTI SLAVE



MY SPIRIT BEAST

NORMAN PARKS

Although I felt that I had brought the Haiti story to a successful conclusion from a journalistic perspective, from a spiritual one it still left many questions unanswered. The fact that Silva Joseph had told me that I was free from evil spirits was neither here nor there. I was sure that he would have told me whatever it took to get the most money off me. And now that my curiosity was well and truly aroused, I found myself casting about for other ways to test my spiritual well-being.

The answer came from an unexpected source. Since our Colombian adventures together, Dan and I were now good friends. We regularly e-mailed each other and occasionally talked on the phone. During one of the latter conversations, I mentioned in passing the trip to Haiti and the voodoo ceremonies, especially the 'priests'.

"Why don't you do something on the Colombian shaman?" suggested Dan. "They're good at driving out spirits. You can drink the local Jage (he pronounced it yah-hey) too. It's a special potion. I've done it."

I had heard of the shaman, of course, but mostly in connection with the Red Indians of North America. My research revealed that shamanism is one of the oldest forms of religious consciousness on the planet. In many cultures the shaman has multiple roles, the most important being his mediation between the temporal and spiritual worlds, although he is also important for his healing powers. In his visionary state, under the influence of the powerfully hallucinogenic Jage, many believe him capable of communicating with the spirit world.

Jage is used extensively throughout Central and South America. Depending on the area and the culture, it can also be called ayahuasca, caapi and yaje. The potion is made by boiling the bark of the Banisteriopsis vine. Because of its psychedelic effects it has also been called 'the vine of the dead', the



numbers.

Not surprisingly, the drinking of Jage has several severe effects, not least of them nausea, vomiting, dizziness and diarrhoea. It also leads to euphoric, aggressive or sexually aroused states. The vomiting and diarrhoea are crucial to the purgative process that drives evil spirits and toxic matter out of the body. There are often visions of creatures and plants, even by Europeans who have never seen such things before. Occasionally, one sees oneself as the spirit form of whatever jungle creature one is. Some experiences can be beautiful, involving panthers, jaguars and birds. Others, involving snakes, lizards and dragons, can be terrifying.

Quite clearly, any normal person would have to think twice about taking such a potion. And I was a very long way from being a normal person. Despite my proud boast of having turned around my heart and renounced evil



in all its forms, my character previously had been, at times, savage. What if I took the potion and saw myself as one of the more terrifying creatures? What if I reverted to my former, savage self?

I accepted that the only damage I could do, deep in the Colombian jungle, would be to Dan and the unfortunate shaman. But the thought of my roaming the rain-forest in some semi-demented state, thinking I was an animal, concentrated my mind wonderfully. As things stood right now, I wasn't expecting much of an epitaph. In the latter eventuality, even if I were to write it myself, it wasn't the stuff of great obituaries.

'Front' went for the story immediately. Although I emphasised that I was going in search of my spirit beast, their main interest seemed to be in this powerfully hallucinogenic sex drug called jage. No doubt their entire readership were regularly drunk, stoned, wrecked and otherwise bombed out on a variety of illegal substances, and aspired to be even more so. The idea of some super-drug that you could get by merely boiling up a bunch of leaves would certainly fire their imagination.

The production company had been pleased with the footage they had got from the Haiti trip and had, in fact, made it into a short film, with me as the presenter. They also wanted to cover the upcoming Colombian shaman trip. Their intention was to make a five-minute video, incorporating both trips, and take it

to one of the TV networks. Once again they funded half the cost of the trip, but this time Gary would be taking photographs for 'Front' as well as filming for the production company.

The production company booked and paid for the tickets. It was only when Gary and I got to the airport that we saw that our Bogota flight stopped in Miami to change planes. Having passed successfully through Miami before, I wasn't so much concerned about not being allowed in. It was the two-hour window between our plane landing in Miami and the Bogota flight taking off that concerned me. Gary said that I was being alarmist and that two hours was plenty of time to make a connection.

We landed in Miami right on time. Then we spent forty minutes out on the runway. When we finally got to the docking gate, there was another forty-minute delay before we could disembark. Then there was a delay in getting our baggage off the carousel. With fifteen minutes left before the take off of the Bogota flight, we were racing through the airport, trying to reach the boarding gate in time.

We burst through one check-in, with a flight attendant shouting after me that I would have to check my large suitcase into the hold. I ignored her and just made it to the gate. Gary had a small bag and was passed straight through. I was stopped and told in no uncertain terms that my bag was too big for hand luggage and I would have to go back and check it in. This, in effect, condemned me to miss the flight. Realising this, Gary shouted that I should get on the next flight and he would meet me at Bogota airport.

I explained at the airline desk what had happened. They apologised and put me on their next flight. This didn't take off until the following morning though. I spent a very frustrating night in the airport hotel worrying if I would be able to connect up with Gary again. It was his first time in Colombia and Dan wasn't the most reliable person in the world. I had known all along that I would have a problem in stopping Dan and Gary partying all the time.

My worst fears seemed to be realised when I landed at Bogota around noon on the

following day. No one was there to meet me. However, just as I was about to get into a taxi and head for a hotel, another taxi pulled up and Dan and Gary jumped out. It was as I had thought. They had hit it off together and gone out on a bender the night before. In the morning they found that the cheap hotel they stayed in wouldn't take Gary's credit card. So they were delayed whilst they ran around trying to raise the money. It didn't portend well for the upcoming trip.

I did pull Gary aside and cautioned him about getting too off his face whilst we were working. He explained that he liked a bit of coke, but it was so expensive in London he could rarely afford it. He saw it as an opportunity to have a bit of fun on the cheap. He swore that it wouldn't affect his work.

Our flight was to Leticia, the southernmost town in all Colombia and the only one on the Amazon. Dan explained that there had been an agreement between the surrounding countries of Brazil and Peru to give Colombia a town on the great river. The result was the long, thin tongue of land that stretched southwards to meet the Amazon, with Leticia at its point.

Leticia was typical of all Colombian jungle towns, the two-storied shabby buildings separated by dusty, potholed streets. Along these trundled rusting old cars, surrounded by a sea of motorbikes, scooters and cycles, some carrying several passengers.

It was both hot and humid. The temperature had reached 91 degrees and it rained heavily for several hours at a time. The Hotel



Anaconda was the best in town, but, once again in Colombia, 'best' is a comparative term. There was no hot water and the air con wheezed consumptively. We were the only guests. The civil war had killed the tourist trade in an area known for its Amazon trips.

Ironically, the town was very safe, with regular patrols from the nearby army base. Peru was just across the river, which was patrolled by the Peruvian Navy. Brazil was barely two miles down the road. Smuggling is the name of the game here, drugs for the world's markets out of Colombia and weapons for the indigenous guerillas coming the other way.

I had already lost a day, so I didn't want to waste any more time. The following morning Dan introduced us to Jorge, a young guide he knew from a previous trip. We struggled down to the river with our kit and some provisions and climbed into a long canoe powered by an out-board motor. I was fully alert and in work mode now. I knew that the cultural element was going to be supremely important. I needed to see the people, the creatures and the plants, all in their natural environments. Only then would I be able to understand the true import of any visions I might see.

The Amazon was mighty and magnificent. Only a few hundred yards across at Leticia, it widened until it was difficult to see either bank. At a shout from the boatman I turned and saw dolphins, both blue and pink, dipping in and out of the water. A myriad fantastically-coloured birds swooped and called all around us. Along the bank grew thick vegetation, unbroken by any sign of human habitation. As an experience it was quite breathtaking.

It started to spot with rain. Moving swiftly, the



boatman unrolled a water-proof canopy and headed for the shore. It wasn't panic, but all his previous movements had been slow and lethargic. I wondered what he was concerned about. I was just about to find out.

Suddenly, the heavens opened. Rain, in very large droplets, poured down in such quantity that we couldn't see a yard ahead. The surface of the river seemed to boil, churned up by the falling rain. Seconds ago the sky had been clear and the sun was shining brightly. Lesson one was that the weather can change very quickly on the Amazon.

By now though, we were moored in a little tributary. Jorge suggested that it was a good opportunity to eat. We hunkered down in the canoe, eating what the hotel had prepared for us. A wind had sprung up, whipping the thick reeds so that they thrashed against each other. Together with the sound of the rain, the noise was awesome. As the elements warred around us, one could only feel very small and insignificant in the grand scheme of things.

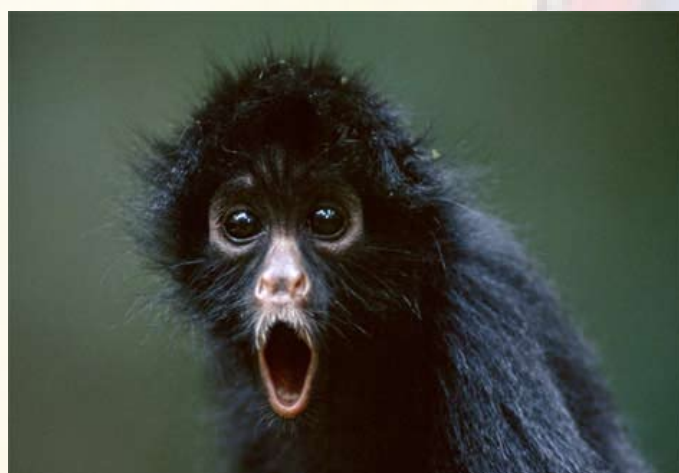
As quickly as it had begun, it was over. Once again the sky was clear and the sun shone brightly. Steam rose from the land where the freshly fallen rain had pooled. We set off, out into the main stream again. We had only been traveling for an hour, Monkey Island was still another three hours away. In Amazonian terms, this was only a short distance.



intention was. He disappeared when customs found five tons of cocaine in a shipment of wood he was sending back to the US. The place had lain derelict for many years now, occupied only by an Indian family who scraped a precarious living from the very few tourists who visited.

I was eager to get close to the monkeys. I had been doing bits to camera with Gary as we traveled, but the birds and the dolphins have all been so far away. As we glided into the bank, the Indian and his whole family were waiting for us. Soon we were standing in a large clearing, but I couldn't see any monkeys. "Where are the fucking monkeys then, Dan", I asked petulantly. Dan gave me his 'long-suffering' look, he knew me and my impatience quite well now. "In the fucking trees, Norm", he replied, pointing in the general direction of the surrounding forest.

Then I saw them. In fact, the monkeys **were** the trees. There were so many thousands of them in the branches, that the trees seemed to be the same colour as the monkeys' fur. The grey army sat watching us to see if we were dangerous to them. As the Indian pulled out bunches of bananas they recognised the signs. They swarmed to the ground and ran towards us. They were all quite tiny, none larger than a domestic cat and most the size of kittens. Some were mothers, with mouse-sized young hanging round their necks.



Dan explained that Monkey Island was a project started by an American 20 years previously. He had built long, wooden dormitories for tourists to stay in whilst observing the thousands of monkeys that inhabit the island. Or that's what he said his

Completely fearless now, they swarmed all over us. They were clinging to my clothes, my shoulders and one was sitting on my head. I laughed hysterically, all the while peeling bananas as fast as I could, only to have them snatched from my hands by the tiny manikins. Under the circumstances, it took five attempts

for me to do a piece to the camera.

Dan explained that our next mission was to photograph me with a young crocodile, but for some as yet unexplained reason this could only be done at night. We had several hours to kill. Dan announced that, in the meantime, we would go fishing. I had been fishing only once before in my entire life and I found it to be extremely boring. You sat about for hours with virtually nothing happening. As I articulated these thoughts, Dan gave me another of his 'long-suffering' looks. "You'll see", he replied cryptically.

We pulled into another small tributary and climbed out of the canoe and onto the bank. Jorge busied himself breaking off small branches from nearby bushes and a tying a fishing line and hook to each. We now had four 'fishing rods' that wouldn't have looked out of place in the hands of garden gnomes. It was my turn to have the 'long-suffering' look. I turned to Dan, indicating that I was only doing this to humour him. He smiled, but said nothing.

"What are we fishing for?" I asked laconically, as Jorge fixed a small piece of fish flesh to the hook of my 'rod'. "Pirahna", replied Dan deadpan. I pulled my feet back from the water's edge as I lowered the hook and bait into the water.

For several seconds nothing happened. Then the water seemed to boil as dozens of small, snapping silver fish thrashed about, trying to get the bait. As a reflex action I pulled the hook and bait from the water. Several piranha sailed clear of the water after it. They were only small, but seemed to be all sharp, pointed teeth. I suppressed a shudder as I



contemplated what would happen if I fell in. At this point, life in the Amazon looked vicious and deadly.

Now it was me who was hooked though. I fished frantically, pulling a fish from the water at every attempt. Soon all the bait was gone and it was getting dark. Time to find the crocodile.

Night fell surprisingly quickly on the Amazon. It seemed like, one moment we were fishing in broad daylight, the next it was gloomy and the very next moment darkness was upon us. We climbed back into the boat and pushed out into mid-stream. At the direction of the boatman, Jorge made his way to the prow and pulled back a tarpaulin. Underneath was a large battery similar to the ones in cars. He fiddled about for a couple of seconds and then a powerful beam of light shot out, lighting up the river in front of us.

Crouching over the light, Jorge directed it back and forth, first lighting up one bank with its beam, then lighting up the other. In between, the river was revealed to be an unrelievedly black mass.

The effect was quite surreal. Almost like a picture projected on a screen, the lit up section of the bank revealed every detail. "Won't that frighten everything away?" I whispered to Dan.

"Jorge knows what he's doing, mate", he replied. "The idea is that the light paralyses them. It's a thing with crocodiles. They look into the beam and freeze. You'll see."

Up until this point, it had all been something





of a jolly outing. I hadn't felt that I was in much danger, unless, of course, the canoe sank. Suddenly though, during one sweep across the river, two deep yellow lights lit up about 50 yards in front of us. They weren't as bright as car headlights, but their deep yellow glow had an intensity that you might find in car sidelights.

"What the fuck's that, Dan?" My tone was curious rather than frightened. Dan exchanged words with Jorge, who focused the beam right on the centre of the river. Once again the two yellow lights lit up the darkness.

Now there was a distinct tone of caution in Dan's voice. "It's a crocodile", he said hoarsely. He paused to exchange a few more words with Jorge. "A big one", he added, his voice dropping a couple of octaves.

Under power from the outboard motor, we had been flying along at a good rate of knots. Dan had already warned that traveling on the river at night was dangerous, because of the many, partially submerged logs. These were trees felled by loggers and allowed to float downriver. Dan had cautioned that to hit one of these at speed would be disastrous. The canoe would shatter and we would all be thrown into the water. Previously I had only been concerned about having a few chunks bitten out of me by the piranha. Now I would be breast-stroking with a large crocodile.

My thought process was disturbed by a shout from Jorge. Quite involuntarily, I jumped. What could it be now? The beam was fixed on the right-hand bank and Jorge was pointing at something. I followed the direction of his finger and saw, right in the middle of the beam, a baby crocodile, frozen into inaction.

We coasted into the bank. As we neared land, Jorge motioned me towards the front of the canoe. Explaining through Dan, he handed me the light and told me to keep it focused firmly on the baby croc. Whilst it was gazing fixedly into the beam, Jorge would circle around behind it.

As much as I tried to focus my attention on the baby croc, a small part of me was asking where its mother was. Surely this was incredibly dangerous. It must be close by and all animals attack when they think their young are threatened. Knowing what the answer would be though, I didn't bother to ask.

Suddenly, out of the darkness, Jorge could be seen in the beam. The baby croc was oblivious to him. He crept up on it and grabbed it just behind the jaws with one hand, whilst holding its hind quarters with the other. Then he held it up to show us. This croc-in-miniature bared its teeth for Gary's camera. Now it was my turn.

My thoughts firmly with big, mummy-croc, I gingerly made my way up the bank and into the glare of the beam. I stood and took baby-croc off Jorge. Partially blinded, I did my piece to camera. "Could my spirit beast be that of the crocodile?" I posed the question, whilst fervently hoping that the answer was 'no'. After that, the rest of the journey home was something of an anti-climax.

The following morning I discovered that there was a make-shift zoo barely half a mile from the hotel. All the animals were kept in wooden-fenced pens or rough pits in the ground. It was a whole lot easier to see them here than it was to chase all over the Amazon on the off-chance of seeing one. And a whole lot safer. However, there wasn't much of a selection.



The crocodiles lay, three-quarters submerged, in the mud of their large pool. They seemed as if they were asleep but, in fact, were ever watchful. As you moved near the fence surrounding the pool you could see their eyes following you.

An Indian threw a chicken onto the bank. It fluffed up its feathers and pecked at the ground, oblivious to the danger. Silently, without a ripple to give it away, the crocodile slid in close to the bank. Then, it came out of the water accompanied by a spray of droplets, its jaws snapping on the hapless chicken and it slid back under the surface, all in one swift, smooth movement. There was something inherently evil in this merciless creature. Once again I prayed that it wasn't my spirit beast.

In a pen nearby were several tapirs. They seemed to be a cross between a furry pig and an elephant. The size and shape of the body was definitely pig, but the elongated snout belonged to the elephant. It was friendly though and, as I massaged its neck, it closed its eyes in ecstasy. Suddenly it brayed, flinging the snout upwards to reveal long, curved teeth. It looked absolutely ridiculous, like an animal cobbled together out of the parts of several others. It better not be my spirit beast. Rather be a crocodile and feared than a tapir and laughed at.

In a murky pool lay two anacondas. Because of the mud it was difficult to see how big they were. An Indian keeper in his street clothes reached into the pool and grasped one anaconda around the head and neck. With his other hand supporting its middle he lifted the creature clear of the pool. It was still partially curled up so it was difficult to determine how long it was, but it seemed to be well over nine feet. In places, it was as thick as a man's leg.

The Indian beckoned me closer. I didn't have any phobias about snakes and anyway, the creature looked quite docile. With a swing of his arms, the Indian draped the anaconda around my neck. Whilst still keeping hold of the head, he motioned me to put one hand just below his and my other to hold the body of the snake. More than anything, I was conscious of the green slime from the pool running down my neck.

Gary filmed away whilst I did my bit to camera. If one had to be an Amazonian animal one could do worse than to be an anaconda, I was thinking. Growing more confident now, I was aware that, although the Indian was out of shot, you would still be able to see his hand, just above mine, holding the snake's head. I



gripped the head tightly and motioned for him to let go.

He shook his head determinedly. I was sure I'd got the hang of this and I motioned for him to let go again. He adamantly refused and, if anything, gripped tighter.

Dan was watching the whole episode and shook his head, a rueful smile on his face. "You do make me laugh, Norm", he said afterwards. "You come over here thinking you can do anything the natives can do. See that Indian. He's grown up around anacondas. He's been handling them all his life. He wasn't just holding its head. He had two fingers pressed against certain muscles in its neck that paralyses it. If he'd let go it would have bit half your head off. Its jaws open incredibly wide and it has very long, sharp fangs. If the bite didn't kill you, then the poison from its fangs surely would."

I took this all in and told myself that perhaps I should slow down a bit. Dan was right, of

course, but I so wanted to do a good piece that I was ignoring many of the dangers. Anyway, I consoled myself with the fact that I had done a good piece to camera with the anaconda round my neck.

That evening we looked through the footage we shot on the day. I smiled with satisfaction when we reach the anaconda sequence, then gaped in amazement. Half-way through, the anaconda disappeared and there I was, stroking the ridiculous tapir. It was the legacy of Dan's little tin. I had thought that Gary looked a bit off his face during the day's shooting. Quite obviously, he taped over the anaconda sequence by mistake.

He dropped his head as I went into a spontaneous rant. I shouted that we'd come thousands of miles to get that sequence and others like it and we wouldn't get another chance, so would he kindly shape up and stay straight until we'd finished filming. Dan sat in a corner, quietly, knowing that it was as much his fault for giving Gary the stuff.

It was now the morning of the day. I woke early and lay there thinking about what I had committed myself to. The dangers from the various Amazonian animals seemed as nothing compared to the upcoming experience with the jage. From my research and from what others had told me I knew just how powerful a potion it was.

I had never been much of a drugs person. I had 'puffed' cannabis occasionally and, a few times in the mid-seventies, I took LSD. From the latter I got experience of hallucinogenics. But that was something called 'California Sunshine' and, as its name implied, was all warmth and light. Even so, people still had bad 'trips' on it. So much so that some had ended up in mental hospitals. For myself, it brought about a major personality change. So I was in no doubt about the effects and dangers of hallucinogens.

Jage however, was something else entirely and had another order of magnitude of strength. Again I kept coming back to the fact that I was far from being a normal person. Some of my experiences in life had been pure horror; some of my previous states of mind pure purgatory.



ayahuasca

driver and his four-wheel-drive jeep. Once we hit the outskirts of Leticia all the roads disappeared, leaving only rough tracks. The jeep navigated across water-filled holes and around fallen trees. A normal vehicle wouldn't have lasted five minutes in this terrain.

We drove for about half an hour then stopped in a clearing at the edge of what seemed to be impenetrable forest. Quite clearly, even the jeep could go no further. The rest of the journey would have to be made on foot. But how? All I could see was thick jungle vegetation surrounded by viscous, muddy swamp.

Jorge walked to a fallen tree and climbed onto it. Dan followed. I wondered what they were up to, but followed in their footsteps. We all walked along the trunk of this massive fallen tree. To my surprise, at its end was another massive fallen tree. And after that, another. It was a log 'road', made out of fallen trees.

Walking was very difficult though, the surface



'miloca' and that it served as a meeting place for the local community.

The shaman walked out to greet us. Wilder was 46 years old, but was bald and his face prematurely aged. He looked twenty years older. Life in the jungle must have been hard. He was very friendly though and welcomed us whilst shaking our hands vigorously.

He invited us into the hut and introduced us to his wife. She looked up and nodded to us, her hands full with the meal she was preparing. I noticed some unfamiliar vegetables and, nearby, a dead monkey, its fur all blackened and singed. Quite obviously, it was monkey for dinner. I was thankful that I had to fast for the jage ceremony.

of the trees was covered with slime. Dan called out to be careful. The shaman's wife had fallen and broke both wrists recently and the shaman himself often fell. So saying, Dan skidded on the slippery bark, over-balanced and had to jump into the swamp. He stood there, up to his knees in mud, and we all laughed.

The interior of the hut was rudimentary in the extreme. Carefully crafted timbers supported the roof and wall, but the floor was just earth. Various pots and pans stood on make-shift shelves. When asked, Wilder explained that it took him ten months to build the hut. And the log 'road'? He said it took 25 years!

Then it was my turn. The surface was absolutely treacherous. One foot slipped and I over-balanced. Next minute I too was standing, knee-deep, in the swamp. Although we laughed, I was aware that it was very dangerous. A bad fall could result in broken bones and the Amazonian jungle is no place to break a leg! I focused my full attention on the act of walking.

We walked back outside with him and, growing close by, he showed us the vine we would be using. He cut a portion off and beat it to a pulp before putting it into a pot of boiling water with other plants he had cut earlier. It was left on the fire to cook. Wilder explained that he prepared the jage which we would be using tonight in the same way yesterday. It was better to let it stand for a day.

I couldn't help but remark on how expertly the log 'road' had been made. The end of each log virtually touched the start of the next. Yet it would have been impossible to get heavy equipment in here to move the trees once they had fallen. Clearly, they had been cut exactly right so that they had fallen in these positions. I marveled at the skill and knowledge that this must have involved.

Back outside, Wilder pointed out other plants, telling us which leaf cured which illness and which plant used in conjunction with which bark could cure another. Although he had no formal education, he was an absolute fount of knowledge. He explained that he was from the Huitoto tribe, who have no written records. Knowledge is handed down from father to son over generations. Wilder said that he had been learning now for 46 years, yet there was still much to learn.

Half an hour and several falls later, we emerged into a wide clearing. Right in the middle was a large hut made out of trees. It was perfectly circular, each straight, upright tree trunk closely abutting the next. About ten feet above ground level the sloping, conical roof started. It had been thatched with great care. Dan told me that this hut was called a

He went on to explain that the jage ceremony I was about to experience was millennia old and descended from the Incas. He emphasised that it wasn't himself who was powerful, but God. It was God's power, passing through Wilder that cured people.



He pointed to two small bowls on the floor in front of him. One contained a thick, viscous liquid he said was pure nicotine extract. He dipped his finger in and licked it. The other was dried, powdered coca leaves. He took a pinch and put it in his mouth. According to the lore, both are sacred to God and the Huitotos. They make the hut powerful, attracting divine power down into it, which Wilder then channels. Fortunately for me, the ingesting of either weren't necessary for the ceremony. I passed on Wilder's offer.

It was quite dark now but there was still an hour or so until the ceremony. Wilder went off to prepare. I noticed Dan and Gary standing over by the shaman's wife. Both were giggling over something. I walked over and saw that the wife was about to cut the dead monkey's willy off. I suppose it was funny, but not that funny. I guessed they were both off their faces again. I felt like a teacher on a school outing.

I called them both over to me. I looked at their now-serious faces and suddenly it was I who felt guilty. "Look fellas", I said, trying to sound as reasonable as possible, "I don't really give a fuck if you get off your faces. But do me one big favour. Keep an eye on me tonight. If I go into one and try to run out of the hut, grab hold of me. I don't want to run off and get lost in the jungle, okay?"

I guess the latter image of Norman running loose in the rain-forest was too much for them. Both burst into laughter and couldn't stop. I knew I was wasting my time and would have to hope for the best.

I wandered outside to try to mentally prepare myself. Despite the effects of the jage I wanted

to stay focused. This wasn't just a hedonistic experience, I would try to write a definitive account of it. I was well aware that, with some drugs, you forgot all about the experience once you had come down.

It was pitch black outside. There was no moon, but even if there had been it's light wouldn't have penetrated the canopy of leaves. There were jungle sounds, but the overall impression was one of stillness. I stood, legs apart, eyes closed and face tilted slightly upwards. I felt the power of the forest all around me. I'm not one for melodrama, but I found myself raising my arms towards the heavens. I was sure I felt the power run into me.

Suddenly, I was aware that I was completely at ease here and feared nothing in the jungle. A small voice whispered that, whatever spirit I am, I'm a powerful one. Another voice warned that perhaps this should concern me.

The ceremony was about to start. I went inside and Wilder introduced me to Ernesto, a young Colombian guy who was also to take part in drinking the jage. Wilder was wearing a blue tunic-type top and his head was covered by a white cloth. There was a raised, wooden platform in the corner of the hut, which was holy ground. Only the shaman and the celebrants sat on this. Ernesto and I squatted cross-legged opposite Wilder while he prayed over a small urn containing the jage brew.

Wilder warned us that, when we wanted to go outside to vomit or to use the toilet, we must ask his permission. He emphasised again that this was holy ground. Jorge would then





that sitting in absolute darkness isn't the most stimulating environment for the mind. I became incredibly bored and realised that it would be a very long night.

Suddenly I was aware that the speed of my thought processes had accelerated phenomenally. Ideas zoomed in and out of my mind like bullets. There were some flashes of light, but no colours, and no visions of anything Amazonian.

My breathing slowed, then slowed again. I guessed that this was the start of the near-death experience. The knowledge did nothing to lessen the horror of the effect. Everything was ultra-real and I was able to think forward to the next step, then the next. I actually began to experience the process of suffocating to death. I couldn't imagine a more painful, terrifying end. I knew that I had several more hours of this and cursed my self for ever taking the jage.

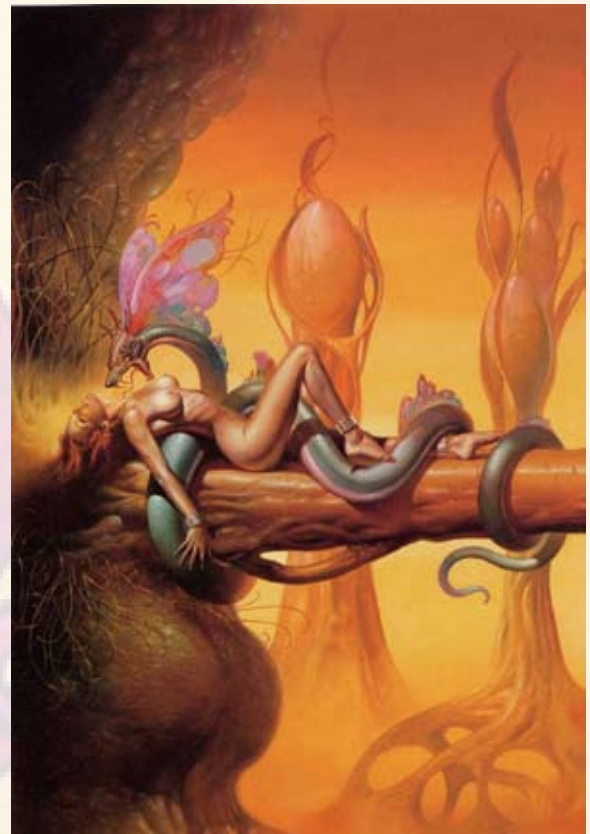
I breathed normally again and, all at once, my mind was a computer screen. Schematics of my personal relationships popped up for me to examine. I was super-sensitive to emotion. Marsha and I had been having some problems lately, but the schematic glowed with warmth and light. I could see that she loved me dearly, and I her.

guide us through the darkness. He crawled across and tied a piece of white cloth around Ernesto's forehead as well as around mine, explaining that this was to protect against evil spirits. Then he summoned each of us in turn to drink the jage.

The urn was blackened with age, its top encrusted with old, dried jage. The brew itself had an indescribable smell, one that was distinctly unpleasant. Although the taste was foul, there was no residual flavour in the mouth, only a warm feeling at the back of the throat.

This was now the holy phase of the ceremony and all light had to be extinguished. Wilder stressed that light was our enemy and would distort the effects of the jage for the worse. He consoled us by saying that we would 'see' more in the dark anyway. I reflected that, with no light, there will be nothing for Gary to film. I further reflected that Dan's little tin would probably get a right hammering. I resigned myself to the fact that I was largely on my own now.

I sat in the pitch blackness, waiting for the effects of the jage to kick in. A few feet away, but invisible to me, Wilder chanted, sang, talked and whistled a strange, breathy, unshrill whistle. Time passed, but I had no way of telling how much. I was fully conscious of all that was happening. It occurred to me



Another schematic was of an old friend I hadn't seen for a while. There was warmth in it and I resolved to contact him again. Another schematic was cold and dark. Someone I had considered to be a good friend cared nothing for me. I wouldn't contact him again.

Underneath all this, something was gnawing at my consciousness. I focused on it and realised that I wanted to be sick. "Permessos Wilder", I cried out and heard his mumbled reply. On unsteady legs, I stumbled out into the darkness with Jorge holding my arm. But it was a false alarm.

Back on holy ground, I was terminally bored. Then I discovered sex. I had been thinking of Marsha and we started to make love. But it was ultra-real and exciting, as if for the first time. A succession of erotic episodes flashed through my mind like ultra-real porno movies. The thinking of it seemed almost as pleasurable as the real thing. Suddenly I remembered being told that the shaman could see what I was seeing. I reflected that I was certainly brightening up the old guy's life tonight.

My bowels intruded. I stumbled through the darkness and rain, into the filthiest toilet I had ever encountered. I squatted over a roughly-hewn wooden toilet bowl and the diarrhoea poured out of me. The sounds, the smells, the whole experience were all ultra-real. I looked up and was reassured that Gary and Dan had both come outside with me. Then I noticed the camera and saw that Gary was filming the sequence. It was hard to look dignified, sitting on the toilet with one's trousers round one's ankles, but I was beyond caring.

The sex scenes were not so enjoyable now because I was closely monitoring my stomach, which was bubbling audibly. I rushed to the toilet again, pulling my trousers down as I went. In my haste, I crapped all over the back of the seat. Trying to clean up the mess with tissues was probably the worst experience of my life. I guessed that most celebrants did this. The thought that I had been sitting in the shit of hundreds of others did nothing for my composure.

Back inside it was just a question of fighting the boredom now. Visual or aural stimulation might have triggered something, but the



darkness and silence seemed to deaden even thought. I reflected that jage would never catch on back in London. Sex with your partner might be interesting, but it would have to be in a place with two toilets.

Finally, after what seemed like an age, Wilder said it was over. He took the cloth from my head and led me to a hammock. I climbed in and he covered it with a mosquito net. I was very comfortable, but my mind was still racing at a thousand miles an hour. I'd have had more chance of falling asleep running up stairs.

Morning finally arrived and I had counted every second. A cockerel crowed and light filtered through the doorway. When I stood, my legs were still unsteady. As I moved my arms, their outline seemed to lag behind like dark thread. I was tired, I badly needed a shower and I longed for food.

I went to wish Wilder 'goodbye', but, strangely, his eyes wouldn't meet mine. He shook my hand and wished me 'goodbye', but looked at the floor. I felt too uncomfortable to care and perhaps I was misreading things through the effects of the jage.

It did bother me though and it gnawed at me all the way back to the hotel. Previously he had been a man of impeccable manners. What could I have done to upset him? For the more I thought about it the clearer it was that he

wouldn't look me in the eye.

A warm shower and clean clothes worked wonders. I felt more like my old self as I joined Dan at the breakfast table. Straight away I asked if Wilder had said anything to him about last night and told him about Wilder not meeting my gaze. Dan looked ill at ease, guilty even, and busied himself with his breakfast.

My suspicions were fully aroused now. "Oi Dan", I said chidingly, "you're supposed to be my mate. If something was said you're entitled to tell me about it. I'd do it for you."

"Norm, I was going to tell you" said Dan, and paused. It couldn't have been for effect. Taking a deep breath he continued, "Wilder said that it was extremely unusual for you not to vomit. It's always part of the jage process. Everybody does it."

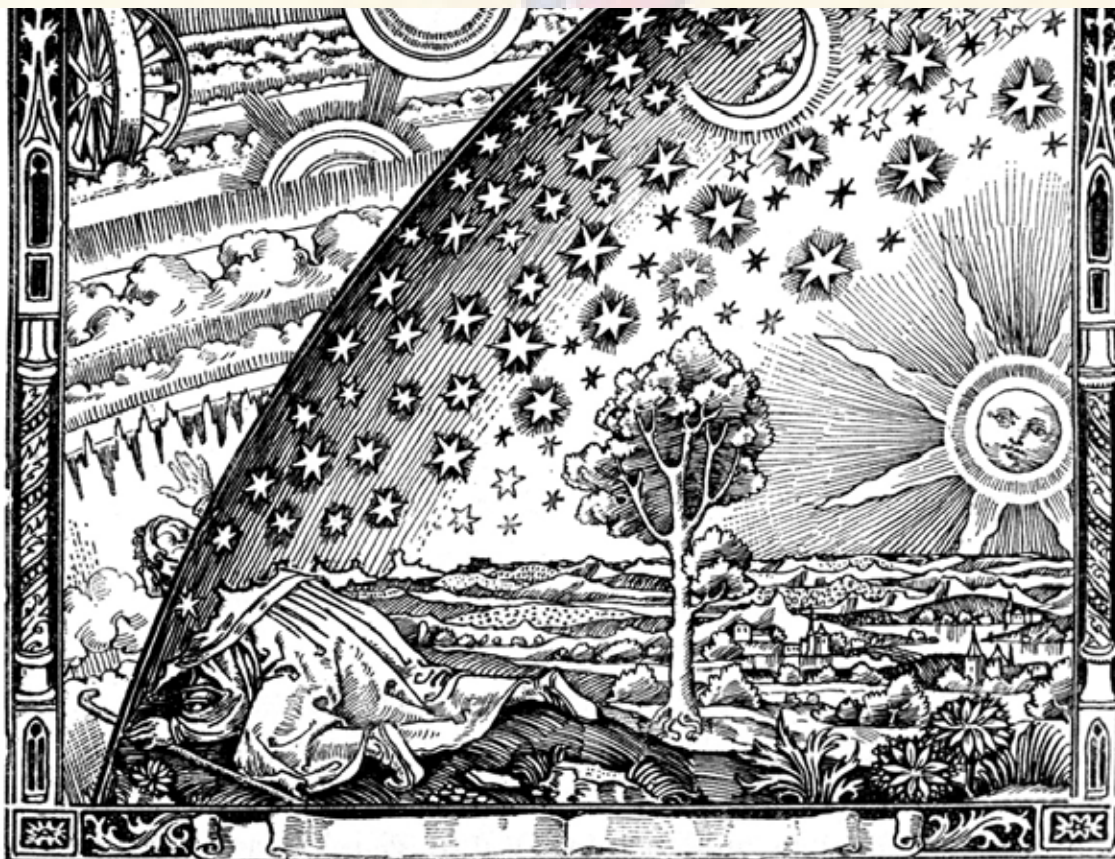
"And?" I questioned. "That can't be all of it. What's his explanation?"

Now it was Dan who couldn't meet my eyes. He took another deep breath and continued, "Wilder doesn't know for sure, but he thinks that the evil spirits inside you are so strong that you need to keep what you might vomit inside you just to control them." You could have heard the proverbial pin drop. Dan and I finished our breakfast in complete silence. Later, I reflected that, from a spiritual perspective, it was the worst news I could have heard.

Back at 'Front' though, all was joy and light. For them, the spiritual perspective was something you drank with tonic. They exulted over the photos of me with the anaconda and baby crocodile. They laughed at the ridiculous tapir and its long trunk. The photo of my sitting on the toilet brought the house down. They were all to be included in the article. I laughed along with them, but inside I was far from amused. Wilder's words still haunted me

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Un missionnaire du moyen âge raconte qu'il avait trouvé le point où le ciel et la Terre se touchent...



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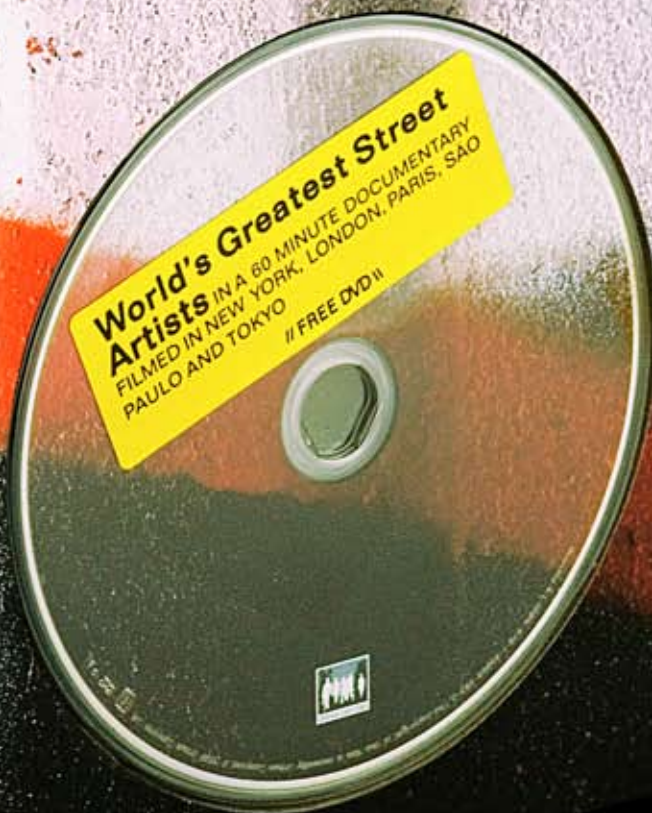
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CHAZ: RANTS FROM THE UNDERGROUND BROKE FILMMAKER.

My Uncle Mick asked me the other week if I was going to Cannes this year? I replied, "I would rather drink my own piss!" Yes, it was May, the time of year when every wannabe hopeful filmmaker phones round to see if there's a spare corner of a room in some dingy French hotel to stay in while they pitch and try to force the DVD of the short film they've made into some fat buyer's hand.

Why do so many filmmakers seem to think every year that this is the thing to do? It all starts on a dreary film set in November and some Producer starting the exciting rumour of how they're taking the film to Cannes! Whoopee fucking doo! It's not in competition you twat! The reality of course is that they're going to be competing with thousands of other filmmakers at the Cannes Film Market, how depressing. This year because of the current climate, not many sales were made.

I suppose it started with films like Blair Witch Project. One of the first features to use the camcorder to full effect and made for \$60,000. And we all wet ourselves after that one, trying to raise an equivalent kind of low budget in the Underground Film Scene. I personally got a migraine from all the wobbly camera shots. But nether the less like the Internet has spurned a million monkeys with keyboards; the digital camera has spurned another couple. Colonically washed out on to the beaches of Cannes, stools that wouldn't normally move from the bowel, without a whopping line of Columbian up the hooter. One or two exceptions granted.

This year, the Publicists tell us that a Major Film company has picked up a film that was made for £45. It's a Zombie film made from the POV of the Zombie. Trying to figure out what's going on in the post-apocalyptic Zombie virus hell. They probably got the idea from the many video diaries being made by lonesome filmmakers wandering round the festival trying to collect business cards. But they made it for £45!!! Oh fuck off! They're all



working on points! Did they get the tickets, accommodation and flights to Cannes for free? Or did they hitch? And anyway how much did the Publicist charge to get that story over to the press? You can just picture the film student reading that, just before he goes down to the Pub to meet his mate Jamie and together they will make their Zombie film for a fiver and take it to Cannes next year and the rest of the Budget they can spend on drink.

£45. Think about it. That amount should cover the tea, if you're lucky. I don't think they're taking into account the cost of the camera, the stock or the electricity bills to charge up those cameras and lights or even the bus fare to get you to the set in the morning. They filmed "Colin" over 18 months in Wales and London and the £45 apparently covered the food costs across that period for all cast and crew, and a crowbar. Where do they come up with these figures? It sounds fantastic! What commitment! I'm going to go one better and film over 24 months for 30 quid. And every other aspiring filmmaker will have to see it. Check out the DVD special editions to find out exactly how the kid did it. £45! I think not my friend. It's another spin story from the Publicist. The company wants a return and why shouldn't they?

I on the other hand have stayed in London to work on a real low budget film. And no it's not costing £45, it's more in the region



of £5000. And that's a struggle. I won't give you the full breakdown of the budget, but we have managed to rent a Red Camera for about £1200 for the seven-day shoot and also gain a Professional Costume and Make-up department for £600 (inc budget for costumes and materials). The actors and remaining crew are on travel and food expenses, but as the film is about knife crime and aimed at 12 to 17 year olds, we managed to get them to do it for this. We also need to buy stock and make sure it's distributed to the schools and colleges. Our main problem in this Production has been trying to get more money, as stories like the one I've just talked about seem to warp the minds of private Financiers, who think you can produce a film for nearly next to nothing. But we still have to feed everyone on the crew. People don't work too well without food and cups of tea. For example, the other day we were filming in a pub, on a deal with the landlord to eat and drink in there. In order to keep costs down and improve production by not drinking alcohol (with a few notable exceptions), most people drank soft drinks, they cost £1.20, so the bar bill ended up being £150, which came out the budget.

The same misconception happens for Actors. When we read the headlines of the kind of money that the "Stars" who are in the public eye receive. We make the assumption that all Actor's shit money. Of course this is far from the truth. Yes, the "A or B List Movie Star" just like the overpaid Football player has that life; Big houses, fast cars and adopted African

children. But most supporting and working actors (the middle-class actor) rarely have that luxury, having to take what's left of the casting budget, after the "Star" has had their slice.

A recent story caught my eye, when Terrence Howard was replaced in Iron Man. He was quoted as saying that the filmmakers didn't want to share the pot. Unusual for a Star to speak out about that. But every penny counts. Producers have much experience on things like that. The big budget greedy Producers have cut the smaller people out. Hence the use of British Actors in recent Hollywood Blockbusters. The reasons are because they can get British actors on a cheap rate and if you're shooting anywhere but the USA, then they don't to pay them the expensive SAG (Screen Actors Guild) residual payment. The British Actor has been put into the category of second-class citizen by Hollywood. It's all designed to suite the fat cats of the industry. So if these companies find these products that have been made for next to nothing, it's pretty much a guaranteed return with minimal outgoings, if the film is good enough.

Young filmmakers out there. Keep working for nothing and keep the Execs happy in Cannes. Cristal doesn't come cheap ya know. Not wanting to give all my ideas away but someone should have made a horror movie from the footage of the G8 protest in London; it looked low budget enough for Cannes and certainly scared the shit out of me.



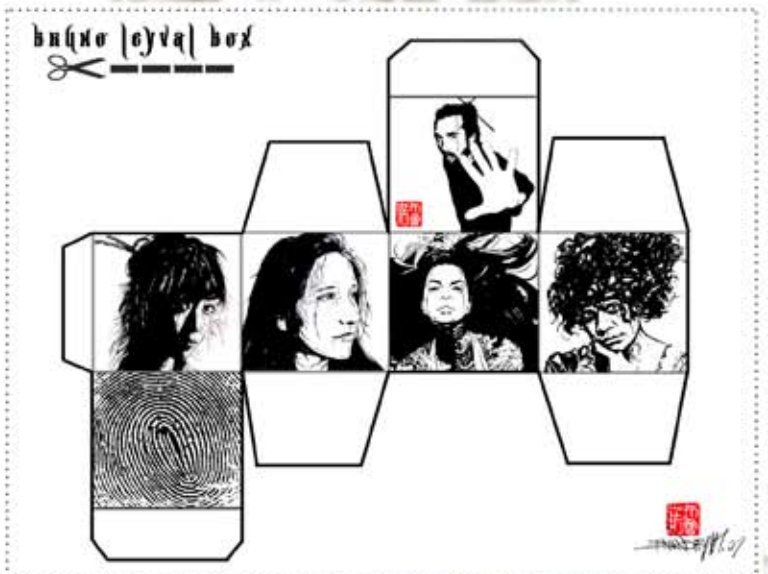


Bruno Leyval (France)





bruno leyval box



71 432

<http://www.brunoleyval.com/>
<http://www.flickr.com/photos/brunoleyval/>

RAW IS COOL .. KATE MAGIC

When I was a kid growing up in the 70's, being healthy was definitely uncool. Vegetarians were seen as smelly, sandal-wearing bearded types who lived on tofu that tasted like sick and boring as hell brown rice. Having fun and being glam, on the other hand, to my pre-pubescent mind, involved Babycham, Black Forest Gateaux, Chinese take-aways and 10 Silk Cut. Hard as it is to believe now, Chinese take-aways were the height of sophistication in 1980.



Well, we're not in the 70's anymore Dorothy, and if you ask me 2009 is a friggin weird place to live. Is Obama the new messiah or the latest in a long line of Satanists? Should we be grateful for the incredible choice and quality of foods available in supermarkets now or worried about impending food shortages? Is the Internet the most fun us humans have ever had at our fingertips, or an isolating and time wasting activity which is eroding our lives and destroying society? Is it even possible to keep up with the zillion new dance music genres that appear every week without our internal tape decks getting chewed up?

The only way to keep sane at the beginning of the 21st century, when it seems as if the lunatics have well and truly taken over the asylum, is to keep our inner guidance strong and clear. I believe in a divine wisdom inside us all, a greater intelligence inherent in our cells, which if we can just tune into it and hear it above the babble of Babylon, will always guide us onto the true and righteous paths. And for me, the main way of accessing this wisdom is through keeping my body temple clean and pure with holistic detoxing techniques, raw foods and superfoods. When I eat only foods that are natural, unprocessed, and preferably local, seasonal and organic, I find I am centred, grounded, balanced and level-headed. No matter how insane the world outside gets, I know what I have to do, and I know why I have to do it, and my focus and vision remains clear.

The first raw food book I ever read was by an American hippy dude called Viktoras Kulvinskis, and the book was called Survival into the 21st Century. People often ask me if this diet is a back to basics affair, returning to the way our ancestors have eaten, but I don't believe it is. I believe this diet is uniquely suited to the times we are living in now. It was very hard and quite dull to be raw in the UK twenty years ago, when avocados and kiwis were still considered exotic, and the only superfood around was Spirulina. And who knows where

we will be in another twenty years, we could all have become slaves to a master race of robots and forced to live on weeds and roadkill, or perhaps we will have worked out a way to recycle plastic bottles into four course gourmet dinners. Rather than waste time speculating, I prefer to live in the moment, and enjoy what we have now. Which is the greatest access to the widest range of optimum nutrition foods anyone on the planet has ever experienced.



I eat biodynamic leaves like purslane, mizuna, and landcress, grown less than an hour down the road in Sussex. I eat sprouts grown for pennies in my own kitchen. I eat seaweeds such as wakame, sea spaghetti, and kelp noodles, the best seafoods ever. I eat superfoods from some of the planet's most pristine locations – foods like maca, cacao, suma, purple corn and ashwaganda. I take the best from Chinese medicine, English herbalism, ancient Ayurvedic remedies, and Amazonian shamanism and mash it all up into a diet that's off the scale. If I say I eat raw foods, people automatically imagine I live on lettuce and bananas, but I can't remember the last time I ate either of those foods. When you know what you're doing, raw is about eating the most outrageously fantastic foods possible. Foods that explode in your taste buds with their freshness and vitality, and keep having the same effect as they travel through your body, filling it with positive life force and energy. When you get it right with raw, you can literally feel your cells bubbling with excitement. This, I can't believe it feels this good to be alive feeling is something you'll never get from a Chinese takeaway. Maybe you can get it from a certain range of white powders, but with those there's always a downside, always a payback. With raw foods, you just keep spiralling on upwards into infinity, winning more of your life back every day. And ain't that the truth we're all searching for. Just a world where we can all get on with having the most freaking fun every day. No guilt, no blame, no fear, no destruction, just love, peace, harmony and bliss. Now stop me before I turn into that smelly sandalled hippy.

Kate Magic has a predilection for getting carried away, but thinks that's a healthy counterbalance to the boxed in lives most of us are forced to live. You can find all the hows, whys, wheres, whens and whats of raw foods at her website <http://www.rawliving.eu>, and in her three best-selling raw food recipe books Eat Smart Eat Raw, Raw Living, and Raw Magic. Kate lives in Brighton where she home educates her three sons, as well as giving monthly raw food classes in London and Brighton. Google Kate Magic (there's only one) and find her blog, MySpace, facebook, YouTube, and twitter.



DIRK ROBERTSON

AUTHOR, ARTIST, MENTOR

Dirk Robertson loathes the word talented preferring to call his skills activities. In ten years he has written several books, circumnavigated the globe busking, served as mentor to company CEOs, appeared in feature films, David Frost has him on speed dial and he gave acting lessons to convicts in prison. Dirk has penned fictions on the Triads, Jamaican's, snowboarding and even a reference book on how to teach disabled children karate.



A large framed scotsman who of late appears slightly taller due to his perfect afro. Incredibly proud of his grey streaked hairdo, habitually running an afro comb through the fuzz. A 9th Dan in Karate Dirk could prove more than a handful for those with bad intentions but this giant is a gentle cuddly bear. Busy as a bubble bee one of his latest projects is turning heads on catwalks and at retail outlets. Dirk has mastered the technique of transforming unloved carrier bags into desirable fashion accessories worn by 21st century women. Whilst i knocked back a few pints of the black stuff at a pub in London Fields, Hackney the coffee slurping artist allowed us a quick peak into the inner workings of his simple yet complex thought process. **WA**

DR: If Im honest i don't see myself as having many talents, i just have many activities and i feel this quite strongly. I think talent is a slightly different thing, i think as an artist, if you sit there after creating a piece of work going 'yes this work is magnificent, everything i do is magnificent, Im so talented' you defiantly have no artistic drive. There's no point in getting up is there? Mind you, the thing i like about Picasso is i remember how upset he was at being mortal and the thought of dying. He basically got upset that the world would be deprived of his talent, which i kinda like that, i mean its obviously an ego the size of Brazil but with Picasso, you go, i'll take that.

LSD: So how did the plastic bag idea come about?

DR: I went to a thing at the Scottish Museum one day and someone was weaving out of plastic, but not very well. They were weaving out of old plastic shopping bags but because it was rubbish they weren't putting the love into it. I though recycling seems interesting but why does it have to be rubbish cause the effort and time are just the same and i picked up on it.

LSD: Do you have any fashion cutting experience?

DR: No. Though i was already a keen amateur knitter which i really enjoyed. The carrier bags appealed to me so i got some and cut them very badly, each item was very rough. The first item was a scarf but because it was roughly cut it looked rough. One day at the knitting group

i joined a really helpful lady showed me another way of cutting. This meant i had a uniform size thread wether plastic or ball of yarn. Then i knitted a scarf from Sainsburys shopping bag and the line'n'cut was really good. I was wearing it one day on Tottenham Court RD when a fashion agent (Bicha) stopped me, they thought it was a special by Japanese designer Izzy Miyake and were intrigued by the colour. They were staggered to know it was made from plastic. I was taken on the agency and started to churn them out quite like a wee cottage industry.

LSD: So you started making scarf's, what else did you make?

DR: Scarfs initially until my confidence grew i started to do little hats like the ones you'd see at Ascot. It was quite funny because it got very difficult for the agent because every-time i did something new it was quite difficult to get an harmonious uniformity. They had to see the product after-all and they'd actually given names to each bag for example The Portobello Bag, i had to check their website to remember the names and to remember what the bags looked liked. We had an artistic bust up which is really odd because i don't ever fall out with anybody but arguing with my agent made me feel like a true artist. The gripes were put to one side and we got on with it. I kinda felt like i'd arrived when my irate agent called me to say he'd reprimanded a retail outlet for stuffing onions in my bags as part of a shop display. He told them they couldn't put an onion into a Dirk Robertson bag. It was incredibly funny to get caught up in the debate but by the end of the conversation i was 'yeah your right, they can put an onion in a Dirk Robertson bag.



LSD: So lets go back a second, how many carriers bags does it take to produce a scarf?

DR: It takes abut twenty bags nothing gets wasted, so what happens is i cut the ends off and that makes thread. Very fine thread for other projects, i don't use thread for scarfs. People know what i do so when i travel round Edinburgh, London or New York people save their bags for me that they'd normally

throw away. So i don't seek them out, that would be the wrong process, i went to Sainsburys and take bags from checkout. The bags i had were amassed through consumption which is part of my art. Everyone has bags in their kitchens they don't know what to do with, some have holes or ripped but no-one really walks down the road with huge bundles of bags to use again.

LSD: Take us through the process...

DR: Part of the process is to cut the ends off to create a tube and then i roll the tube up and cut into single length of yarn. I can have as wide or thin or long as i like. Each bag creates a single piece 35-ft long and the projects just eat the bags up. In the beginning i used the bag ends as stuffing in my cushions until i became slightly more sophisticated and realised they'd make good thread.

LSD: What types of products have you made?

DR: Scarfs, Hats, cushions, hand bags and i once made a kilt from Sainsburys bags.

LSD: How can the public get them?

DR: Some people come to me with specific orders and others go to the website and pick a design. I also guarantee my products for life, if you can find me i will repair it for free. Most of the time Im available via the website. I don't believe in taking peoples money with any recourse for damaged goods. Send it via my agent or find me and its done.

LSD: Not even Tesco cant guarantee their 'bags for life' for life, why would you offer this labour extensive service for free?

DR: Well what happens is someone buys a bag, hat or cushion, it gets ripped and they don't use it again. ITs put in a corner and back into that dangerous arena and may well end up floating down the river. I don't want that so offer the guarantee.

LSD: Are you sure you want us to print that/

DR: Absolutely. If its damaged i'll repair it. As an art i really enjoy it, you find another wave, another form, another environment and it suddenly transforms you. You don't always have to be in the same environment doing the same things to find it not working and to think thats goner be our life. For me thats reflective of my art.

LSD: So you started using orange Sainsburys bags then you obviously moved on to other carrier bags of varying colours. Was this a deliberate progression?

DR: No i didn't, all thats happened is i accept the bags which come to me. I don't want people to come to me saying I'm looking for this or that for you, i don't want that, i don't want them in Marks and Spencer stuffing bags into trollies. Part of the art is the consumption process which



is the reason most of the bags are Sainburys, they seem to dominate. Harrods less so because people tend to keep them and look after them. You rarely see a Harrods bag floating down a river eating up a swan because people value them differently. When i get my hands on the bags the value changes for me, because i go to someone's house pick up the bags and travel on the bus. I don't care if someone bumps into me, jumps on me or stands on top of my head. Once I've made it into one of my bags something changes. If on route to meet a buyer or my agent i get quite upset if people tug the bag but what's changed? It the same bags but different value.

LSD: Where do you think it will go from here?

DR: I really haven;t a clue though Im thinking about making women's clothes though not quite got he confidence yet. Its a world i know nothing about, its the shape even the shape of manikins. The male shape is not as interesting, also what makes me curious to go in that direction is the response from the handbags. Women do not spend money on a handbag out of any other reason than they like it. On average a bag takes about eight hours to make so i get a great thrill when women buy them. I'll probably be the same when it comes to clothes. Bags are like people they're for life...

<http://www.bicha.co.uk> (Agent)





Dirk Robertson



Doug Stanhope - Stand Up with Bollocks

www.dougstanhope.com



DENIED THE RIGHT OF PHOTOGRAPHY

A beautiful sunny day.

I was nearing the end of my 10 mile commute into work, and as I rode up past Liverpool Street Station I glanced over to the RBS building to check the time on the LCD clock outside. Twelve minutes to nine, sweet, a few minutes early meant there might be a chance to divert up through Hoxton Square and Rivington St to check for any new art pieces thrown up overnight.

My eye was caught though by a pretty girl being filmed outside the RBS, stood directly under the clock, and I thought I'd check out what a g'wan. I swung the bike round and over the pedestrian crossing, pushing it onto the pavement as there were a few Old Bill stood around, all hi-vizzed up and looking bored.

I stood there a minute or two, watching as the newsreader was doing her piece to camera. I thought I'd grab a quick picture of her and the crew, as it was something different, a break from the daily routine. I pulled my mobile out of my bag, cracked the lens cover open, set it onto daylight setting and snapped a quick image. Shut the lens cover and went to put the phone back in my bag. All of a sudden there were three Police right in front of me.

"Excuse me Sir, do you mind telling me what you're doing here?"

"Erm, I'm not sure I have to tell you actually, but I'm taking a photo of the newsreader and film crew here"

"And why would you want to be doing that Sir"

"I'm just interested in the scene that's all, nothing wrong with that is there?"

"We have a duty to check what you're doing here Sir, and why you're taking photographs of this building"



So they asked my name and address. I asked if I had to give that info and was told that no, I didn't have to but they had the power to arrest me if I didn't give it. So to save myself hassle I gave them the right name and address. Off one goes, over to his van, all linked up to the Police national database. The other 2 try to make small talk, funnily enough I didn't really engage them in conversation. While we're waiting 2 city boys in suits come along, stand about a metre along from me, and take pictures of the film crew.

"So why aren't you going to stop and question them, Officer?"

"We can only deal with one case at a time, Sir"

yeah yeah.

Though by now there's more cops outside the building, stood around doing nothing. Suits win, cyclists lose in the 'perceived criminal' stakes it seems. Especially cyclists with beards. Another film crew are now stood across the way, looks like they're filming me being stopped for photographing. Oh the irony.

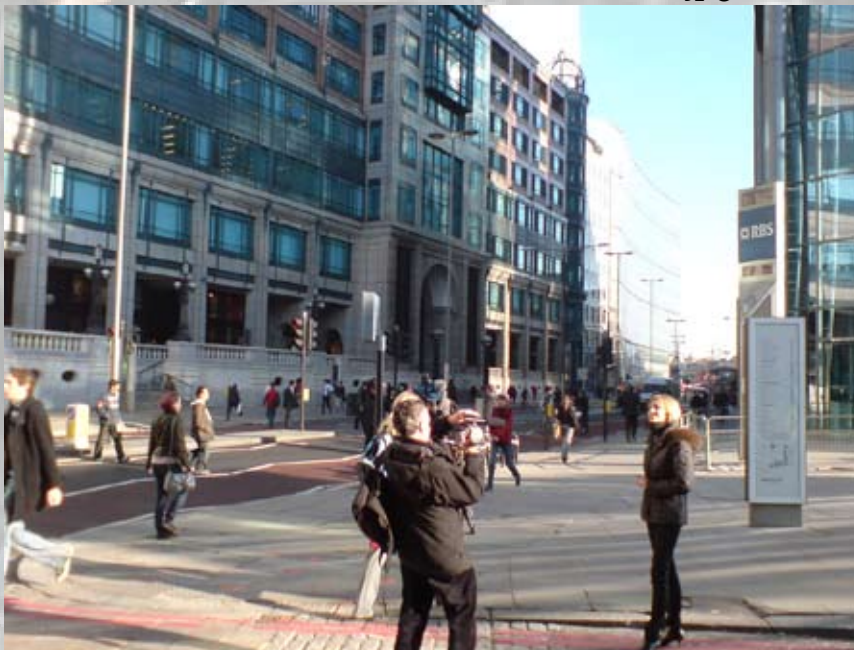
The other cop comes back, having checked me out on the database, seen my details check out. He fills out a form, a 5090X and gives it to me, it's a 'Record of Stop' under the PACE Act, legally justifiable as I was 'acting suspiciously'

by taking the picture. The form states there was "Press Interest" - I reckon a lot of journos use mobile phone cameras in their job, don't you? The form also states that I was "asked to action per actions" - nah, I didn't know about that either!

As they let me go they warn me not to ride on the pavement! Don't do this, don't do that, seems there's little you can do now without permission - I don't remember signing up to this new world order.

The offending photo:

http://farm4.static.flickr.com/3454/3403341797_04fbbdd7a5_b.jpg



The Form 5090X:

http://farm4.static.flickr.com/3328/3410180254_ed7a77165f_b.jpg

METROPOLITAN POLICE SERVICE Form 5090(X)

Family name* [REDACTED]
First Name(s)* [REDACTED]
Gender M F DoB [REDACTED] A/Age [REDACTED]
EA Code [REDACTED] SDE Code [REDACTED] Height [REDACTED]
Address [REDACTED] Post Code [REDACTED]
Vehicle Type [REDACTED] VRM [REDACTED]
Stop & Account Behaviour Action Possession of an item Presence in area

Search Grounds *Outside Royal Bank of Scotland taking photographs of Press interest. Asked to action per actions, not searched*

Date [REDACTED] Search (if different location) [REDACTED]
Time [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
Loc's [REDACTED] BOCU Code [REDACTED] BOCU Code [REDACTED]

Stop Only Search Outcome Code [REDACTED] Arrest Code [REDACTED]
Person Only N Vehicle N Damage caused* Injury caused*

*Details
Seizing/Blotting Officer [REDACTED] BOCU [REDACTED] Team/Unit [REDACTED]
Warrant/Per No. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Copy for person stopped

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE LAW

JOHN OZIMEK

The death of Liberty is not always the work of overbearing authority: all too often, it is the people themselves who beg, cap in hand, to be made that bit less free – all in the name of some illusory “security”.

There is much confusion about our supposed “right to take photographs”. Of course, there is no such “right”: British law has not, historically, been rights-based; the focus of much criminal law is in defining, in precise detail, those things that we are not permitted to do.

With a few very specific exemptions, the Law has simply not had much to say about photography. Taking photographs of “prohibited places”, as defined in the Official Secrets Act, may be considered an offence. Furthermore, photography may be done stupidly, aggressively, recklessly – in which case, the law will concern itself with the circumstances surrounding the act. Don’t obstruct. Don’t harass. Don’t trespass. These are well-defined offences and just because there is a lens between you and the rest of the world does not give you carte blanche to do as you please.

Little has changed. So why do photographers



feel increasingly like some persecuted minority, stopped and hounded at every turn? The first chip at our freedom to photograph came with the paedophile panic. Much of the public was – probably still is – functionally vague about what paedophiles get up to: the role of photography within their abuse; and whether casual snapshottery is genuinely an adjunct to their activities. Nonetheless, a sense grew that somehow any and every photograph of a child was dangerous.

Taking photos of children, no matter how innocently, became a matter for suspicion – and public organisations, particularly schools, issued edicts against doing it. These may well be unlawful: but the damage is done, and nowadays anyone out with a camera runs the risk of being reported as possibly up to no good.

Then came terror. The Police – specifically, the Met – suggested that the public take notice of photographers and, since photography might just possibly be linked to terror attacks, to report any and all suspicious photography. The subtle distinction between suspicious photographers – and being suspicious of all photographers – is easily overlooked: for many, photography itself is now a suspicious activity.

Did the police intend this? There are various laws, which give the police extended powers to stop and search individuals where they may reasonably consider an individual is “acting suspiciously”. So the answer is probably Yes





– and No.Society is increasingly risk averse: more and more policing is about preventing crime or dealing with situations where there is “potential for” harm. So what more natural than to focus the public on actions that are not illegal but which might - just, once in a blue moon – provide a lead to something that actually is illegal.

That such an approach has the bonus effect of multiplying police powers is but happy accident.

As for what happens when you are stopped: the police may not seize cameras or delete

film. Some of the worst breaches in this respect seem to be the work of the relatively less trained Community Support Officers. Attempts to seize film as evidence of a crime are pointless, since such seizure is almost bound to break the “chain of evidence”, thereby rendering the photographs themselves useless in any subsequent trial.

What police may do is “stop and search” or “stop and talk”, but only if your actions merit it. Generic suspicion is not good enough. Ironically, the most onerous requirements – the form-filling and declaration of ethnicity – are measures originally intended to protect the public.

Yet as Piers discovered to his cost, they intensify the experience, turning a short informal check into a laborious twenty-minute encounter. This is not the death of Liberty: nor even an end to the right to photograph. But unless we are very careful indeed, we are rapidly sliding toward a situation where the taking of photographs will be reason enough for the police to stop and question you: and refusal to bow our heads and politely explain ourselves could lead to arrest, detention and even charge.

Some would count this as a necessary price we pay for safety.

John Ozimek - Twitter: <http://twitter.com/JohnOzimek>





Brick Lane Area May 2009



OFF DA WALL

The workman raised me brick by brick
So I suppose he's Dad, but what a prick
He mortared me up at a right old pace
Then pissed all over my virgin face
Lived an all weather life of urban strife
Blunted many a muggers knife
Watched the local lads year by year
Drinking beer and selling gear
But I've got to say my life did alter
As the suburban promise began to falter
Hip hop beats on the city streets
Riot Plod deployed in fleets
And still as stone I saw an artform honed
Fumes thick and fast - I was shitfaced stoned
My first run in with a can of spray
Was '81 - sky gunshot grey
Electro vibes and Outlaw scribes
A new generation of aerosol tribes
My first few tags were not so hot
Crews far too busy just smoking pot
But as time unraveled before my feet of gravel
The word was out and began to travel
Posses old and new would form a queue
Talent exploded and the colours flew
Day by day my aspect changed



Some phat as fuck, some plain deranged
I gotta tell you my ego soared
To the other walls I was a fucking Lord
Blasters booming a deep new sound
Breakers crowned on my hallowed ground
And now and then I got a chemical shower
From a council desperate to retain some power
Miserable fuckers always looked so sour
But fresh paint back on within the hour
See the flashing blue trying to turn the screw
Called themselves society's glue
But the time they spent being bent
Charging us all unofficial rent
For crimes committed against cement
They missed a stabbing to great lament
Riots brewed - we all got screwed
Complete fucking chaos swiftly ensued
But that's all part of history's curve
My changing face was the community nerve
From tags to straight up pirated flags
Abstract dreams in glorious rags
I saw it all from every sphere
Until a bulldozer said my time was near
The years I was here I saw it all
From a tag just scrawled to the soul enthralled
Street art still standing tall
But what do I know - I'm just a wall - **SIRIUS 23**

BRICK LANE





PRIVATE PRIVATE PRIVATE PRIVATE PRIVATE PRIVATE PRIVATE PRIVATE PRIVATE PRIVATE



WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING
HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM HAZCHEM





RADIOACTIVE

www.radioactivefm.co.uk



The Pirate Bay

RHEA BONBON NIELSEN

Her cousin introduced her to marvelous parallel universes at the age of 5 while she nursed a very broken nose (very bad skater) and she never returned to Earth completely. Rhéa attended university in the UK over a decade ago and stayed ever since. Relatively new to the streets of London, her love for sci-fi has created all sorts of mischievous Barbarellas out and about town and her alien girls are first seen pasted in walls here and there before they are mutated to be part of the world of Finer Arts.



“I don’t believe propaganda should hang on walls, I prefer to create references to the fact that some of us will never abandon childhood completely. It’s an ode to the kid in my head for getting me through the real world.”



I grew up surrounded by politics and terrorism and neverending propaganda so as much as I appreciate different points of view and understand that any wall is the perfect place to raise social issues awareness, I feel people are exposed enough to it to make up their own minds. So I don’t have a reactionary message, I create images that are non offensive, non political, just something that hopefully, whoever passes by would find well drawn and distract them from their daily commute boredom. I am aware my pasteups and pure sci-fi cheesecake, you need a little sense of humour in every corner.

I will never understand why people insist on making a divide between the ones who “decorate” walls and the ones who want the streets to remain graff/letters territory. I was taught to respect other peoples craft, if I wouldn’t cover someone’s tag, why would they think their tag is better than a stencil to mess up somebody else’s effort? I mean, we are all on the same boat and there are plenty of walls. If either of us would get caught, we’d be dealt with in the same way . We were cornered by quite a few kids a while back whilst painting at Leake St. and it’s sad to see that they are not interested in taking their skills further. The only work they left standing was DON’s... at least they have good taste when it comes to old school graff, I’d give them that!

As a kid... I can’t remember ever not drawing, I do remember my mom making bin all my sketchbooks when I was about 16 and that put me off sketching for over a





Rhea 'Bon Bon' Nielsen





decade. I guess I got back to it with a vengeance! Thanks to my friends Zo, Burgess and Nin who had a look at my original drawings and insisted for years that I kept at it, eventually got them out.

POW last September was the first time I pasted in public, I was very lucky to meet a couple of greats... Stickee crash-tutored me on brushes, buckets and homemade wheatpaste, FarkFK was the best teacher I could have ever had when it came to backgrounds (himself having to do most of mine for months), and TEK13 had a go at showing me how to cut stencils and keeping my fingers on. I have no patience when it comes to cutting, I draw everything by hand so I can't trace all over the whole thing again, I rather paste it and spray finish it off. Ben Slow got me into drips, splashes and general mess and Oliver Winconek challenges me with every single drawing he comes up with... and DanK and Mishfit, seeing them hand free spraying something I could only do on paper is

incredible. Same fascination first time I saw the Busk, Blam or Foundry doing their thing. I have a very long way to go... I know... no rush though!

I have met incredible people, LAB organised a couple of great shows that got me working alongside guys like T.Wat, Grafter, Rugman, K-Guy, Snub, Sinnal, Vilchez... I usually paste around Notting Hill with T.Wat... Sunday evenings are not strange to a knock on the door... and a "Get in the van!!!"

www.rheanielsen.com

If you could place your artwork anywhere in the world, where and why would you put it there?

Probably at the Guggenheim Museum in Spain, the Titanium façade would be a good, immediate background for my alien girls.

Do you prefer covering street walls or gallery halls?

I am just happy to illustrate, where they end up is not important – until rent is up I guess, it's nice to have the choice.

Do you have a message?

With my Sci-fi? my sci-fi cheesecake...!? Yeah... "Take your life seriously... or I'll beam you off my planet".

Name some of your mentors.

Tek13 and FK have always taken good care of me, and 2LW knows the best spaces...



Name 10 Tunes on Your ipod!

I refuse to tell. It's not cool at all.

Top 5 Websites!

www.rheanielsen.com

www.delarge.co.uk

www.wehearit.com

www.marvel.com

www.littleartbook.com/

www.artkandy.co.uk/

Name 5 of your Fav artists

(Only 5?!)

Gabriel Moreno

El Gato Chimney

Milo Tchais

Inkfetish

Hutch



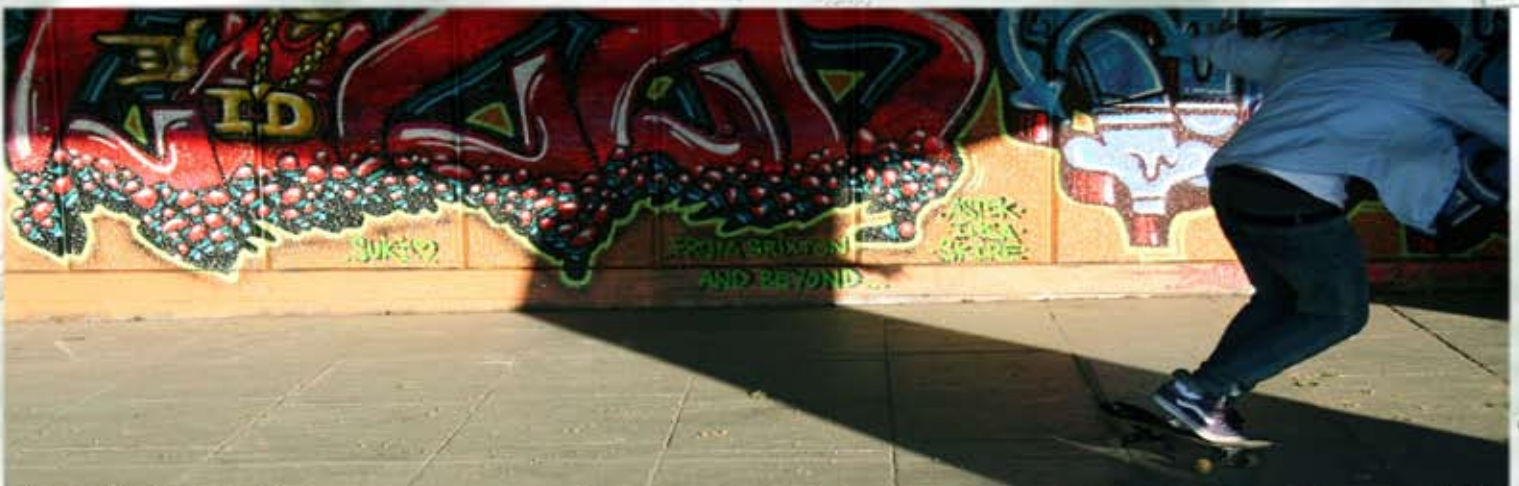


South Bank, London May 2009













DISCO SHED

Long long ago in the windy city of Chicago an infamous club called The Warehouse took credit for the genre revered as House Music, soon after, Garage some say is accredited to The Paradise Garage. The legacy of Britain's Disco Shed is yet to be written, what can be said right off the back, is this shed is special and may well be the best shed in the country. The capacity of this garden



dwelling equals no more than a romantic picnic. How much space does a DJ need other than room for decks, mixing board, monitor, vinyl or some cases MP3 CDs? The plug n play Disco Shed has been delighting hearts 'n' minds across this vast landscape in pursuit of mass shed domination. The happy-go-lucky founders Peepshow Paddy and Aidan 'count' Skylarkin provide both day and evening services.



'By day, chill out and enjoy the good-time garden party vibe, with classic garden games, and Jane Fonda workouts. Then dance the night away to top quality DJ sets, with a full light show and live visuals on the shed's giant rooftop screen. The Disco Shed is a unique, adaptable, ready-to-go self-contained performance area,

with the personnel on hand to rock your festival. We can also work with you to accommodate artists of your choice.'

The lads are scheduled to appear at certain hip and cool spots dotted around this great landscape and already been featured on BBC3, Channel 4 and newspapers in the

UK and Ireland. DJs from up and down the country have either played or want to play a set in the shed. Our mate Mixmaster Morris says "I had loads of fun on Sunday, probably played better than in the club tent as well!". This summer season Shedonists will be doing their thang in Britain's Best Shed (probably!)



<http://www.discoshed.com/>





Banksy - Destroyed





THE CALIFORNIA CONNECTION



CHOR BOOGIE

Totally primal, sizzling with colour, dimension whirling through dimension swirling you into a lucid trip through the collective unconscious.....Meet our man in San Fran - Maximum Respect to Chor Boogie



Who are you - in every sense?

I AM.... CHOR BOOGIE. I PAINT A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING IN A SURREALISTIC TO HYPER ABSTRACT REALISTIC KIND OF MELODIC SENSE

OF COLOR THERAPY... A GIFT THAT HAS BEEN BLESSED TO ME TO SHARE WITH YOU...

How did you connect with art and how did that ride reach adulthood?

I'VE BEEN AN INVOLVED WITH SO CALLED ART EVER SINCE I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD EXPRESSING TO MY KINDERGARTEN TEACHER WHEN I GROW UP I'M GOING TO BE AN ARTIST ..WHEN I TOUCHED THE FIRST BATCH OF PAINT... AS FAR AS IT GROWING WITH ME TO ADULT HOOD ..IT HAS BEEN A WONDROUS JOURNEY OF TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF STREET LIFE... FINDING MY SELF.... AND LIFE





ON LIFE'S TERMS... AND ALL THOSE IVE LISTED HAVE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE CHARACTERISTICS..THAT I'M GRATEFUL FOR.. ITS THE REASON WHY I'M AT WHERE I'M AT ..

Who or what are your influences - your inspirations?

WELL I HAVE MANY FROM ART HISTORY TO MODERN... BUT FAIR AND FOREMOST... THE MOST HIGH...THEN MYSELF...THEN...MICHELANGELO.. LEONARDO.. TO KLIMT..AND..DALI.. TO PHASE2..VULCAN.. APEX.. POSE2.. SAKE.. COMA..

**Wall or canvas - Gallery or street?
Please give us an insight into the possibilities and limitations of each**

NO LIMITATIONS NO EXPECTATIONS... ON EITHER THAT'S MY WORLD OF FREEDOM ..SO BEAM ME UP SCOTTI..

What techniques have you personalised and how do they bring your ideas to life?

5.WELL THE TECHNIQUE IVE BRANDED AS MY OWN IS THE UPSIDE DOWN TECHNIQUE...ITS WHEN I INVERT THE CAN UPSIDE DOWN AND RELEASE THE PRESSURE..TO



A FINE CALIBER..AND PAINT THAT WAY ..ITS ACTUALLY AND OLDER TECHNIQUE BUT NOT AS ADVANCED AT ANY LEVEL FROM WHICH I HAVE BROUGHT EN IT TO..ITS HELPED ME

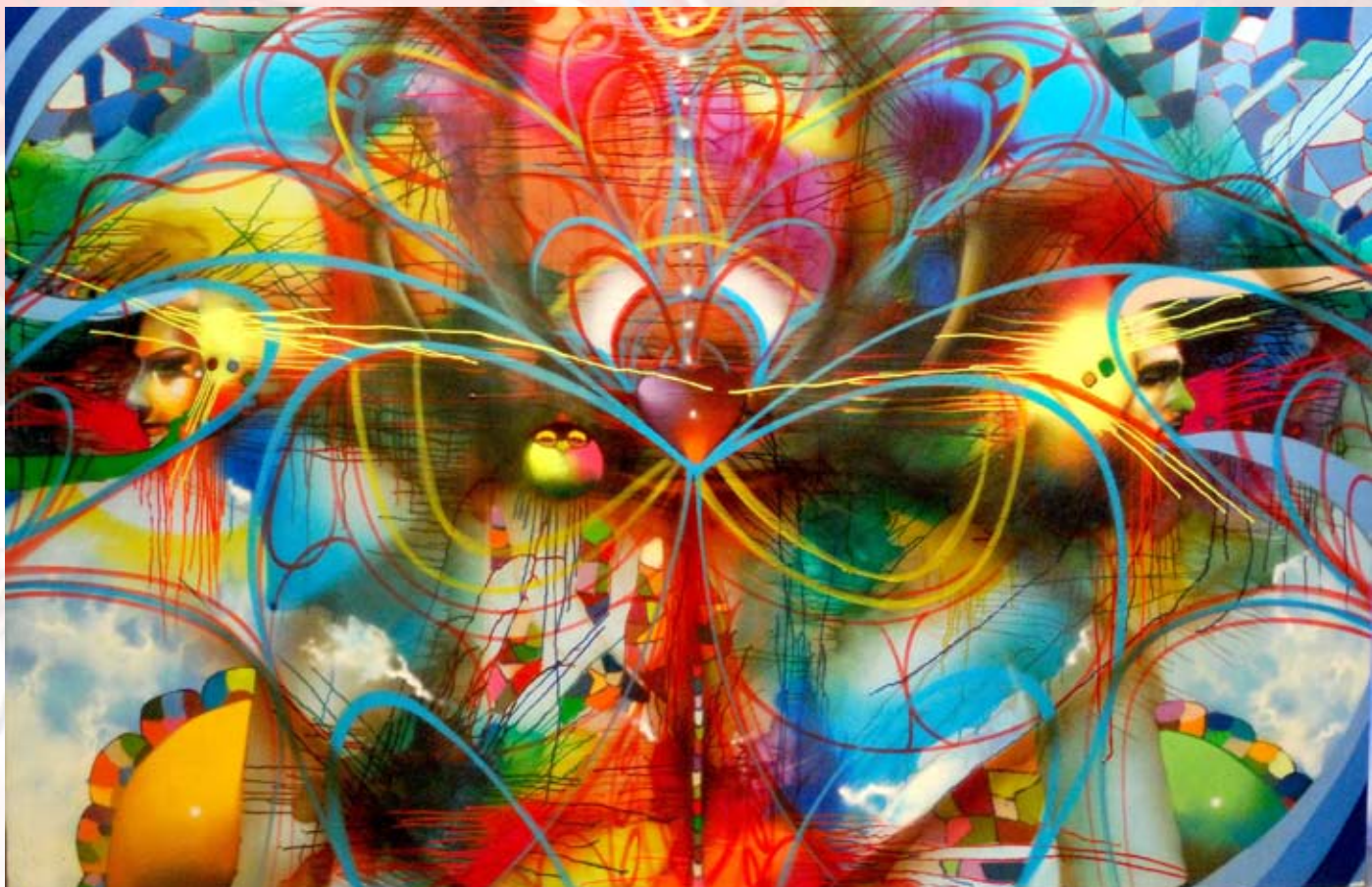


PRODUCE AND TAKE MY ART WORK WITH A SPRAY CAN BEYOND LEVELS OF ACHIEVEMENT... TO THE POINT WHERE I CAN PAINT ANY SIZE I WANT ..NO LIMITS.. IVE ACTUALLY PAINTED THE SMALLEST PAINTING IN THE WORLD WITH SPRAY PAINT... SO ITS AN ACQUIRED TASTE..

Give us an idea of recent and future projects

I HAVE SOME SHOWS LINED UP A FEW IN LA.. 1 IN PARTICULAR A COLLABORATION WITH A STREET BOMBER NAMED COPE 2 ALONG

WITH MY DYNAMIC AT MID CITY ARTS IN SEP.. CALLED BEAUTY AND THE BEAST..A SHOW IN FRANCE IN 2010 SOME EAST COAST PROJECTS IN THE SUMMER ..PROJECTS IN AUSTRALIA AND INDIA...AND THE LIST GOES ON...



Do you have a message?

NATURAL VISIONS.. NO MATTER WHAT.. JUST KEEP CREATING WHAT EVER IT IS YOU DO..

What do you hope people take from your work?

COLOR THERAPY ..ACTUALLY ESTABLISH YOUR OWN MEANING FOR IT BASED UPON HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT IT NOT SO MUCH HOW YOU THINK ABOUT IT OR BALANCE IT OUT... YOU CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT FOR WHAT IT ITSTAY FRESH





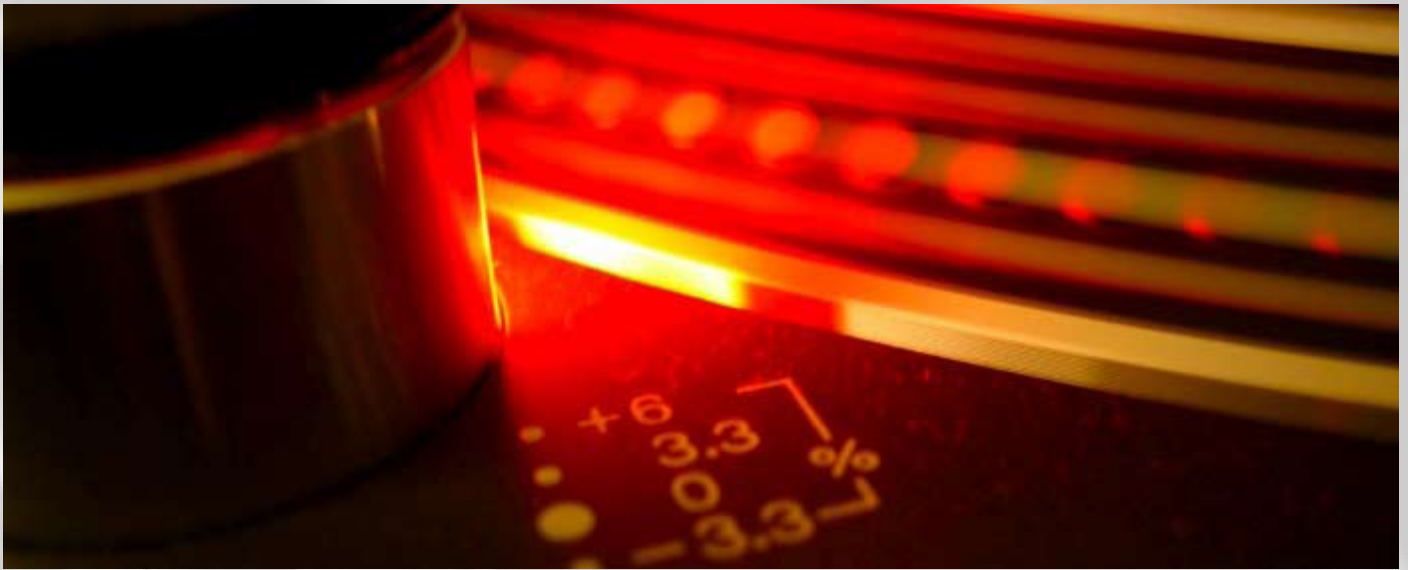
THE WALL - HACKNEY







Divine VINYL



Having been a pro DJ from the mid 80s, I would say that in many ways I am very much a vinyl purist. Having been playing for so long, I find playing a good old-fashioned 12" single, far easier to play and effective than any of the new formats available in this digital age. For me, the touch, feel and smell of Vinyl conjures up lots of nostalgic memories, and some of the most enjoyable warm & memorable times in my life and career as a DJ. Flicking through my collection at home or through my record box at a gig and being able to recall a track by the color and design of the label or the markings I use on it is without doubt one of its best selling points.

I still remember to this day my first 12" single purchase when I was still at school and still have my original copy of it, George Benson's "Never Give Up on a Good Thing" in my record collection, which has grown somewhat since then. I fondly remember running home from the local record shop to play it over and over on my dad's stereo, dancing around my living room until I knew every word off by heart.

Even now, when I do search through my collection, each label and design or scruffy cover with stickers or marker pen comments on white labels, all remind me of each track, and times when I have played them. The 12" single is as far as I am concerned, quite simply a work of art! The pure collectability of these records and all the various different labels etc was and is, still so addictive still, even today. Compared to 2 decades ago, when there was only the 12" to play on the Technic's turntable, any aspiring wannabe DJ these days, has an almost limitless choice when it comes to choosing the equipment they will use to make people get down on the dance floor, which should be every DJ's ultimate aim when they are behind the decks.

When the 1st 'official' DJ turntable 'the industry standard design award winning Technics SL1200' came out in the early seventies, it was the only machine of its kind available. There



where other decks or 'Stereo Transcription' turntables as they are sometimes known, but none built to such a high specification specially designed and built for mixing tunes together.

Here is a bit of info about the 1200 *From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia;*

The **Technics SL-1200** is a series of **turntables** manufactured since October 1972 by **Matsushita** under the **brand name** of **Technics**. Originally released as a **high fidelity** consumer

record player, it quickly became adopted among radio and club **disc jockeys**. Since its release in 1978, SL-1200MK2 and its successors have been the most common turntable for **DJing** and **scratching**. The MK2 presented several improvements, including to the motor and casing. Since 1972, more than 3 million units have been sold. It is widely regarded as one of the most durable and reliable turntables ever produced. Many of the models manufactured in the '70s are still in heavy use. **Rappers** have referred to the turntable as "1200", "Technics", "Tec 12" and "ones and twos".

Until the mid 80s, vinyl was the only format or medium apart from Reel to reel or microcassette, to play music from in the home or elsewhere. It was also around the time of the 12" singles emergence as the most popular release format for artists. It was then that CDs first appeared as the new format for release of popular music and although it would get better before it got worse, this was the beginning of the demise of the 12" single.

The first Compact Disc for commercial release rolled off the assembly line on **August 17, 1982**, at a Philips factory in **Langenhagen**, near **Hanover, Germany**. The first title released was **ABBA's** *The Visitors* (1981)



But Vinyl still ruled the roost for a long while yet. 12" singles were still very much the only real medium for DJs to use on their 1200 decks, and due to this, a whole industry emerged based around the sale, distribution and manufacture of 12" 'dance' releases from all over the world. The 12" "re-mix" became the fashionable thing to get produced and ready, to add some flavor to your song, on the dance floors of clubs all over. These 12" dance releases started hitting top positions in the charts, and increased the shelf life of major artists chart songs with these new extended dance mixes and here

is where the DJ remixer came into his own. The whole concept behind this is where the sound of House music as we know it today originally came from. Its birth was in the gay clubs in NYC like Paradise Garage or Studio 54, where Dj's like Shep Pettibone and Larry Levan had been using their 2 track reel to reel tapes to cut n splice their favourite bits of disco tunes together, like a vocal hook or a disco stab, which they then looped over the top of the original tracks and then mixed together to create a repetition of the best parts of tracks to build the energy on the floors of these heaving all night Gay parties. Tapes from back then are still listened to and you can hear the unmistakable influence that House music eventually evolved from.



It's a little known fact that in the late 80s, the powers in charge, the major labels and manufacturers of the new CD format, attempted (unofficially) to squash vinyl as a & recognized release format. The way they attempted this was by buying up and destroying a lot of the machines used in the 1st of the 3 stages of making a 12, 10 or 7 inch vinyl press. The story as told to me by a very reliable source a Gentleman call Sean Davis who is one of the only surviving vinyl cutting engineers explained that Neumann GMBH, the German Audio company who made the majority of the lathes used by almost the entire industry, suddenly & without any apparent reason, decided to take all the spares used to keep these big old lathes in working order, off the shelves and unavailable.

This of course was a big problem to any of the literally hundreds of cutting rooms around Europe who were busy every day cutting albums and 12" single masters for production. If a machine broke down and needed spare parts replacing, all of a sudden the spares were no longer available. You can imagine how this was affecting the music industry as at the time vinyl was the main format for release. As it transpires, this was a combined effort from Neumann, along with 2 other huge companies, Sony and Phillips who had invented & introduced the CD format. It was an attempt to try to make CD the only release format available to artists and therefore control the industry. So in response to this, the whole of the UK/London recording industry (Abbey road studio in particular) decided to join forces by standing firm and



refused to ever use ANY of these companies products again in there studios unless Neumann allowed them to buy all the spare parts and continue to maintain there own cutting machines.

This was a big move but it worked as Abbey Rd was and still is one of the stanchions in the UK recording industry. Neumann microphones were the industry standard (& still are some places) as well as the cutting lathes etc, so in reply to this Neumann decided to do a deal and agreed to sell exclusively all of the Neumann spares, manuals and parts etc, to Mr Sean Davis, who is now the only person in Europe who has the skills and parts needed



to repair all existing cutting machines. The man is a living institution, and is quite possibly responsible for keeping the vinyl industry alive to this day. Unfortunately though, the sale of vinyl singles has taken a battering over the last couple of years. So much so its very nearly dead in this country. This is due to rising costs of materials and the fact that most of the equipment needed, is now on the continent in one big factory. There are still a few old die hard's cutting tracks in London but its far cheaper to cut process and press vinyl in Germany these days. Because of this there are still lots of great labels putting good quality underground House music out but with smaller quantities, which has inevitably put the price of vinyl up from the UK. This will never stop the diehard vinyl junkies like myself buying their 12"fix every week. Lots of good quality new 12' pressings still make it through to the UK shops every week, but the amount of shops selling vinyl is decreasing al the time. The west end is one of the last places to find pure vinyl dance music shops like Black Market, or Phonica records. Gone are the countless outlets that used to be in every London high street from Croydon to Ealing, Ilford to Notting Hill Gate.

The Pioneer CDJ revolution

But its not only this that's seen its demise. Where once a DJ/ producer would make a track in his studio, then go get a 10" dub plate cut at his local cutting studios (on a Neumann lathe), so he could get it played out in a club or on radio, then press up 500 copies to sell, this no longer is the case. Now days all he/she needs to do is record it direct to CD from his computer. Although this has been the case for a few years, CD's have only just become a major medium to actually DJ with, in the clubs, mainly due to the release of a piece of cutting edge DJ equipment, a CD player called the Pioneer CDJ 1000. This fantastic machine has revolutionized the DJ/club scene as its almost the same as playing and mixing on a Technics 1200 with vinyl. Built to look and work as closely as possible to the Technics 1210 it almost looks and works the same way. As with the turntable it has a platter but it doesn't spin and this is used to control the speed of a CD playing inside. It also has a surface above the platter that works the same way as

a record would if you touch it. With a pitch control and several extra functions as well, the CDJ is an amazing piece of kit and very user friendly.

There are loads of other brands and models out there but this one is for sure the club DJ CD industry standard player.

The next page tells you all about this amazing piece of kit.

CDJ-1000

The **CDJ-1000** (known as the *Mark 1* once the second version was released) is a digital turntable that plays back **CD**'s and can store cue points on removable **SD** media. Created by **Pioneer Electronics** in 2001, it is generally accepted as the first CD player that can accurately emulate a vinyl turntable --including the ability to scratch-- and has since become a popular **CD player** used by **DJ**'s.



Pioneer CDJ-1000s in use.

It implements a large touch-sensitive platter with a digital display in the middle that can relay information about the position in the music. Although this platter is not driven like a turntable, the display in the center shows positioning information for accurate cueing.

The CDJ-1000 has become a popular tool for dance clubs and DJ's, and is currently one of the most widely used DJ-style CD decks. It supports playback from CD, **CD-R** and **CD-RW**.

It implements many standard features for DJ CD players such as **looping** and pitch changing in addition to less common features such as reverse play-back and turntable break-stop and start. It includes the **master tempo** introduced on the earlier **CDJ-500** & **CDJ-500S** models, whereby the music changes speed without changing pitch, although such algorithms had been possible in realtime on software.

It's generally agreed to be the first CD player to be widely adopted in club use. Until this was available point few clubs bothered with CD machines in them, either due to their lack of DJ functionality and overall robustness, or due to the fact **DJ**'s still liked to use the **vinyl** format as most of the upfront music they required to play was still much more prevalent on vinyl over CD media. The other reason this machine took-off in popularity was the release of recordable **CD-R** and then **CD-RW** media discs and stand-alone machines which could record music onto them. Before this, **DJ**'s who wanted to test in either a club or as early promotional items to radio DJ's, a new piece of music they might have made themselves in a studio, often had to rely on getting **acetates** pressed-up. These were both expensive to do and had inherent short lifespan; as after a few plays the disc would wear-out and thus be completely unplayable.

(From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia)



Currently there is great deal of change going in within the DJ world. There is almost nothing between the various different formats available, for DJs to use to mix with. Unlike pre CD where there was only one musical format Vinyl, now there are 3 formats including the new kid on the block, the MP3. The digital age is well and truly upon us now. And this new medium MP3 is fast becoming the way forward for the beginner to try his or her hand at mixing, as any one with a computer can now mix in the 'virtual' world, or on their desktop so to speak. This involves using software that actually mimics the way you control the vinyl on a turntable, by using the cursor on the computer screen. There are literally hundreds of new brands, that sell everything from entry level to advanced level MP3 equipment that is software based and hardware for any compatible computer system. This is slowly creeping into the clubs as vinyl is slowly being phased out due to its weight & lack of new releases on this original dance music format. So here is the Old Skool DJ's dilemma. Me, being a vinyl purist am finding it increasingly difficult to play vinyl in clubs & venues, because most of the time they only have CD players or if the decks are working the tone arms are bent due to DJs laying their heavy CD wallets across the turntable. Most of the time there are rarely any needles or cartridges either so it is getting so difficult to play it out at all.

To combat this and get with the times I have a large library of CDs recorded from my Vinyl collection that I use as well as the vinyl. But I will always prefer the familiar feel and sound of the 12", even if they are such a pain to carry around.

There is also software that connects with hardware that allows the user to use a vinyl template that controls the music MP3 in the computer.. Programs like Serrato, Final Scratch and Torque come with 2 pieces of master vinyl and a junction box that acts as an interface between the decks and the computer, allowing vinyl feel with digital ease and access. We shall see what the future has in store for vinyl and the new virtual possibilities of mixing..... One thing is for damn sure though - the DJ's going to be around for a good while yet!

DJ Spiritual





AN EXHIBITION OF WORK FROM

gemma
correll

The Soup Gallery



DIMA 27

I was born in winter of 1954 in the USSR, the country which ceased to exist 20 years ago, in Tbilisi, the capital of Georgia - a small, currently independent country in the Caucasus. Both of my parents were artists.



My grandfather was a famous collector of art in the Caucasus, even before the Bolsheviks, and as he turned 80, he started to paint himself. That is why the apartment that I grew up in was something in between the museum and a painting studio, thus it was quite uncomfortable to live there. Maybe that is why I spent most of my time outdoors.

I hope, the time will come, when the scientific works will be written about the Alternative City Culture of the USSR of 60-70s, but as I



can briefly describe it, this was a strange mix of: anticommunism, national patriotism, hooliganism, crime, chivalry, alcohol, drugs, young maximalism, rock, rebelliousness amplified by the conflict between generations. In parallel, there was another gray, Soviet reality with its conformism, lies, demagoguery, and socialist realism. The society was divided into the "elite" - privileged Party members (comrades) and those ordinary human beings - my family belonged to the latter, but this is another story altogether.



I began to read when I was four years old, but studied poorly. I was visiting the art school for a short while, I loved to draw, but I skipped a lot of lessons, because of the street, which seemed more interesting and attractive to me, and as a result I was excluded. My fascination with the street ended up with six years of imprisonment in accordance with the Article 105-17 of the Criminal Code of GSSR: attempted murder without aggravating circumstances. I served the full prison term, was seriously wounded during the prison riots in one of the Uralic camps and miraculously

remained alive, but this is another story.

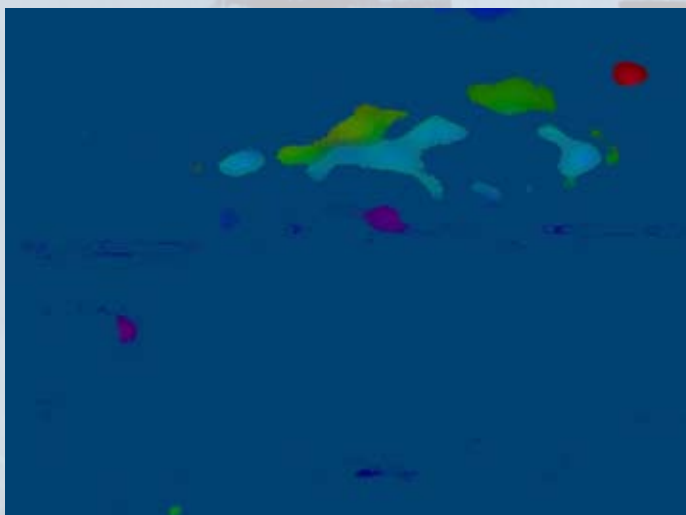


In 1979 I returned home... I found three of my friends dead - one of them in the car accident and two others of an overdose, but otherwise everything else seemed not to have changed at all.

I knew I had to change something in my life, I did not want to go back to prison and neither did I want to die. I soon got married and began working as an artist at the State Sculpture Factory, where I worked for two years. In 1981 I enrolled at the Tbilisi State Academy of Fine Arts, specializing in glass and ceramics within the Department of Applied Arts. In 1986, I graduated with the diploma from the Studio of Monumental Ceramics of the Academy.

In 1988, I started to work as a fine arts instructor at the Department of Architecture at the Tbilisi Polytechnic Institute, and simultaneously also worked as an artist designer of ceramics.

Meanwhile the country in which I lived



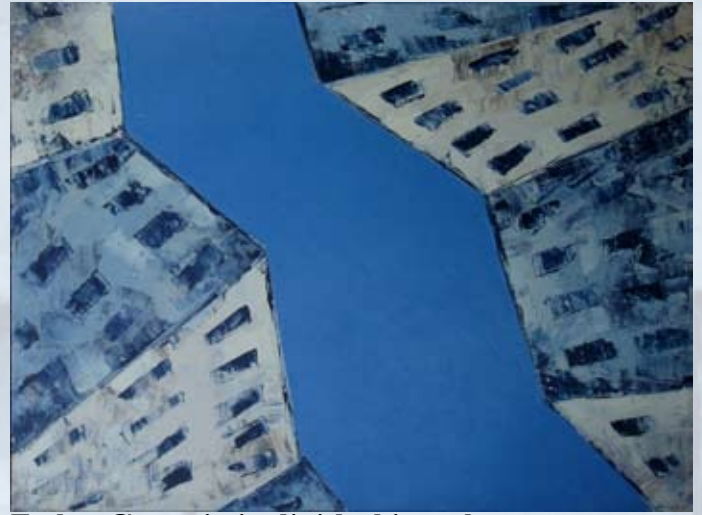
started to change rapidly - the "Perestroika" has begun and censorship started to ease. Suddenly, many exhibitions of alternative art began to be held and I rushed to take part in them - just a short while before, this seemed impossible for me and I was only painting for my own pleasure.



In 1989-1991 many of my works were sold, I resigned from the institute and went completely into creative work. This was the happiest time of my life. I began to gather my works for a Personal exhibition. It seemed that my time had come and that it would last forever. But it all ended as suddenly as it began. The USSR collapsed, Georgia gained independence country and nationalists came to power. Disturbances and riots broke out in Tbilisi almost immediately and gradually led to a full-scale civil war. The very first building that burned down and was completely destroyed during the hostilities was the "House of Artists" which housed the "Artists Union of Georgia", the Museum of Modern Art and a Restoration Centre. Up until now, there's a deep pit in its place, even though it's been 18 years since then. Perhaps, it is symbolic that the diploma work of my father, which was kept in the restoration studio, as well as two of my works, which were displayed in the Museum of Modern Art were burnt together with the "House of Artists".

Hoping that the hostilities would come to an end quickly, I, together with my friend, got involved in the civil war - first against the Nationalists, then against the so-called separatists. Many people were killed and

many more injured, but nothing changed for the better. Only then I realized that there was nothing I could change and I became a staunch pacifist.



Today Georgia is divided into three parts. Revolutions and military conflicts are taking place almost on a regular basis and there seems to be no end of this in sight. Truly, there are no limits to human stupidity, but this is yet another story.

I began to paint even before I started to walk and talk. For my entire life I have been trying to express myself through art. For several years now, despite all of the difficulties and problems, I have been working in digital format realizing my creative ideas on the Internet. <http://www.d27.ge>



BOMB

THE SHOP are:

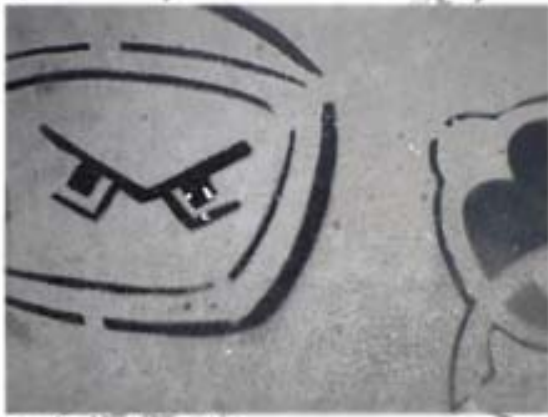
Four yip (Netherlands) • 409 (USA) • Just (Spain)
Camo (Germany) • Omino71 (Italy) • Aleix Gordo (Spain)
Oh,No! John! (Italy) • Mr.Klevra (Italy) • Bushit (Netherlands)
Yale (Spain) • The lost Boys (Spain) • Punk robot (Brazil)
No name (France) • Feral Percy (Australia) • Mr. Seta (Spain)
Okrabelo (Spain) • Mr. earworm (Netherlands)
Seven Logos (Spain) • Eurochild (Croatia) • Ras le bol! (France)
Phoce (UK) • Ratia (Spain) • Wolf (Spain) • RMKrew (Spain)
SOIE (Spain) • Grito de Rabia (Spain) • LES (Spain)
Vitu insitu (Spain) • Xef (Spain) • Addhesive (UK)
Wojo-Faces (Netherlands) • Vf (Sweden) • Stilo (Spain)
Ana botella crew (Spain) • FO! (Spain) • Rochio (Peru)
Familia Asterisco (Portugal) • My Monstaz (Portugal)
Face-Noke1980 (Germany) • Fcs (Germany) • Dase (Spain)
Heavy Heart (Switzerland) • Discodip (Netherlands)
Skesis (Italy) • 100% porcino (Spain) • K pez (Mexico)
Taneskin (Mexico) • Asz10 (Spain) • Stelleconfuse (Italy)
Foma (Spain) • E1000ink (Spain) • Drao (Brazil)
Ranze (Spain) • DVCrew (Spain) • Kisha (Spain)
Mr. Cisa (Netherlands) • Shaire Productions (USA)
Trhick (Spain) • El ocho (Spain) • Link project (Spain)

Organiza:



Patrocina:





**East
London
April'09**





DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE

VINCE CLIFFORD

Conformity, Conformity really don't mean jack to me..... 'contradiction in terms' ...or onset of the brainwash worm!

Over the next few article's, I hope to attempt a re-balance on the 'attack' by the system to dispose of 'free spirit' independent thought...and the basic miss-information with hidden agendas, concentrating on 'what we don't see' that will affect our everyday lives.

I don't intend to state the obvious' hopefully, if your reading this' your awake enough to have looked into certain areas, or be willing enough to research and find out for 'you'!

(As self-education is to be commended.)

But the one aim I hold is for everyone to spread, discuss and question everything' add what you know, take what you will'

But keep the topics alive' ...and on the street... because in our current and previous 'recent history' street life' is there for us' the people !

Who am I?

No one ! A ghetto street kid....
grown old!

What are my Academic qualifications?

None' sussed it early!

Why should you 'pay attention'?

It's up to you!

But, there are certain thing's that regardless we should all be aware of!

I promised I would impart certain' self-held opinions and contribute to 'LSD'

With a hope to use certain historical, cultural, political, and ethical concept's and facts, to cut through the spin' and reveal the real importance of certain factors.

For example "don't put hair bobble's in your mouth"!(**wtf**)

Personally – I feel something is wrong with the society, we've lost something' along the way. Our willingness for a copious uncomplicated lifestyle, in reality



has perverted existence into a life of servitude to the machine, a blind acceptance of the inevitable codex norm, with a genetically cloned 'dolly' / goldfish, disposable (N.L.P) thought process. Let's pray for survivors!

As a child of the 1960'z, I've lived and experienced, even contributed to the metropolis / brave New World

Ours really was the last generation in the crossover from humanity to the mainstream pay-as-you-go techno- human!



Living in a re-booted upgraded version - Thatcher'ite 84.mk2.>setup< /.exe / RUN!

(HAIKOU! :)

This political environment we're supposed to be diverted by, has never been so transparently revealed as inept and corrupt.

The non-altruistic ruling governors' ... are caught in a 'common purpose' mind set' ruler's rule we comply! (Unwittingly!)

But , if you take a step back ,the '**green shoots**' reveal '**rotten roots**'.....

For example'.....

The official acceptable story on the governments economic recovery' for the motor industry

Is just that - a story.....

Firstly thirty five thousand people, entered into the 'car scrappage scheme' with a two thousand pound bonus per unit - (seventy thousand pounds of government - manufacturer debt + v.a.t) providing the industry with a temporary demand.

In real life terms:

Seventy thousand pounds (a debt) is paid out to encourage thirty five thousand people, to get 'IN DEBT' during a recession caused by 'national debt' .

Tax payer debt + personal debt = British economic recovery ? mmm! Mr chancellor

- + - = +

Tell that to the bailiff's ! sorry , I have a mortgage, a car loan ! I have no debt.....clear off! leave the Corsa on the drive .

It's a rotten example of how we are force fed 'imaginings' for corporate and governmental profits. Driven by the so called stigma attached to 'not' having a 09' Jones's plate!

Job security conditions apply : any non payment of acquired debt [plus interest / v.a.t] will result in repossession plus full repayment of monies owed)

What a tangled web they weave.... In 'our' society' based on DEBT & greed ! (+27.9% APR)



BUT.....

@ WHAT PRICE !

I recall a little ditty' I viewed at christmas'..... hidden news (as it may affect international relations with a global trading 'super' power)..... Its so hidden its now **removed.**

In Dongguan and Guangzhou ,cities in southern Guangzhou province, China.....

The local newspapers where reporting issues and prosecutions of a local international Manufacturer. The company were supplying hair bands' the beloved' bobble!

The company had a franchise on recycling rubber products to manufacture the central components of their product. It was discovered that in an attempt to cut costs,

The recycling process was sidelined and the rubber was directly put straight into the product directly! Wrapping it in thread before re-sale !

This directly linked to a major rise's within certain health care issues, in the areas of H.I.V ,Herpes ,genital warts ,syphilis ,gonorrhoea, and other S.T.D's !

A chinese government official, whos statement the paper quoted said:

Recycling condoms was illegal. China 's manufacturing industry has been repeatedly tarnished this year by a string of scandals involving shoddy or dangerous goods made for both domestic and foreign markets.

The bacteria and viruses' would have slipped through customs in a nice 'shiny' new bag, sold in bulk cheap to the un-expecting retailer , and on to the unknowing public.



Clifford-Price & Associates



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SMALL BUSINESS MEETS STREET ART

THE MARSEILLE WAY

OK – so how do I put this? Marseille ain't Paris. Or Lyon even. And definitely not some charming chocolate box village in the fucking Dordogne. Nope, it's a bit different the old Roman port town of Massila, the town that put the French into Connection. No Louvre, no Rive Gauche, no iconic Tour Eiffel or post gleamingist La Defense (sorry Zaha, that stilted waterside orphan just won't cut it) and a wholly welcome lack of poodle drenched sophistication. And my god the Marseillais are loud and proud of their not so fair town.



Half hearted and mildly risible attempts are being made to gentrify the city centre especially on the news that Marseille has landed European Capital of Culture in 2013. Only a cynic would comment on the significance of the 13. Trams now waft along some of the city streets, public art is rearing it's faintly bourgeois head and city officials are no doubt scanning Google Earth for some greenery amongst the concrete to convert into the 21st century Hanging Gardens of Babylon, all to help prove their bourgeois credentials and shake off the knowing looks the rest of France exchange when Marseille is mentioned.



It is the bastard son of the Provencal idyll, with sun, sea, wealth and rolling hills in every direction outside it's jostling urban sprawl. The black sheep of France, a constant source of disapproval to the well heeled residents of Aix and not even on the radar of the 'I say, you wouldn't believe how quirky life is here' characters of 'A Year in Provence'



As with so many top down attempts to change the face of a city though, those who seek to change her are blind to her core, her identity, her individual if hardly textbook beauty. It's a rough old town, never having rounded the sharp edges of a port community. Huge



swathes of immigration have changed it's human colour scheme and money is hard to come by – not that so many of the residents seem to be unduly caught up in corporate ambition. What with sunny days and cheap pastis, there's always a street corner and a plastic chair with your name on it. Immigration, unemployment, and concrete - all the list of social ills that breed disaffection



colourful pieces of art, some that have been there for years. Far from being viewed as vandalism, a council headache or a constant source of frustration for the impoverished small businessman, the street art adorning the shops are part of the environment, the visual harmony and even you might say, the capitalist model!



and end up scrawled on the walls are here. It is a town of graffiti. Tags on every wall – every door – every shutter. Spray paint courses through its veins. But there is one aspect of Marseille graffiti that makes this an LSD article instead of a travel piece. Its acceptance and celebration.

In the area around the open air square of Cours Julian, bars, restaurants, clothes shops, purveyors of crystals, antique shops etc all have two things in common. One is that they simply do not fit the French boutique aesthetic of sleek and chic or rustic and romantic. They are almost like market stalls come of age with windows and doors, but holding on to the bodge job essence of street traders. The other is that they are invariably covered in



Huge painted elephants thunder the way to the Pakistani restaurant – dazzling antique maidens drip from the Greek taverna. The colour photocopy shop boasts it's quality





But hang on. Isn't this just co-opting a pirate form of art and using it for profit like so much creativity corrupted before? Well possibly. But the area around Cours Julian is certainly not a victim of the Portobello Road syndrome of institutionalised high end boho with it's roots in something real but a modern day parody of itself. There's nothing clean or tidy

through a piece of electric colour. Restaurant doors are guarded by mural chefs, bars have vines wrapping themselves into 3 dimensional space and the odd Bacchanalian elegy. The stationery shop shutters are a huge mural



about the artwork. The streets heave with tags, scrawled teenage petulance, and fabulous works in doorways. It is by no means a wealthy area, not a Starbucks in sight, and all of the business owners in the area are struggling at best. Speak to the owners about their take on the street art shop front and most will tell you over a pastis and a fag that they are delighted.



extolling the delights of pencils and fountain pens. And my personal favourite....that most apparently mundane of trades, the plumber advertising himself loud and proud in graff. Even the bloody sex shops are in on the act



Gives character they say – and represents the reality of our urban life far more truthfully than any old Ikea shopfitting. You can't help but crack a wry smile chatting to the artists themselves though. Their version is just so slightly different. 'Well, we just kept tagging em up over and over again, with pieces of seriously varying quality until they just sort



of resigned themselves to it and adopted the enlightened attitude of – if you can't beat em – get em to do your shop properly'



Underground and conventional melt seamlessly into one another here. Subversion and protest aren't really an issue seeing as the art is pretty much legal and accepted. But the whole area throbs with street culture, skaters, blaggers, hip hoppers (real and Tesco), tone deaf muppets with a guitar. And the art is it's backdrop – its soundtrack. Totally real, Totally off key. And totally worth checking out.....I recommend ordering the pastis – you'll fit right in! **SIRIUS 23 THANX 2 KESHNO**









Bethnal Green - East London 2008



TEK 13

BORN in Scarborough and raised in York, TEK 13 currently resides in London's east end. TEK 13 has worked with numerous clients including Gimme5, Stussy, Supreme NY, Virgin Records, The WMA's, The MOBO's, The Brits, Lethal Bizzle and HMV.



Although regularly undertaking commercial work, TEK 13 remains firmly placed in the underground art scene and paints at many underground events and group shows.

Tek 13's work is predominately stencil based but he is also highly regarded as a leading illustrator and graphic designer.

TEK 13 is the artist behind the international 'Staring girl' street campaign and she can be found in various forms across the globe.

www.myspace.com/tek13

www.flickr.com/tek13

www.otpdesign.com



Where and why?

I guess anywhere that i think makes an impact, i just want to try and paint in as many different surroundings and countries as possible.

Walls or Galleries?

i do both, but for very separate reasons and each helps you reach a different audience, but you cant beat the buzz of doing illegals.

Mentors?

i would say ive had influences, coming from York, Part2 was a big influence and also HEXO1. And the rest of my crew i guess.

IPOD?

Anything by: EPMD, Lethal Bizzle, Masta Killa, Rza, Method Man, Wiley, The LostBoyz, Lee Scratch Perry, Bounty Killer and Buju Banton.



Websites?

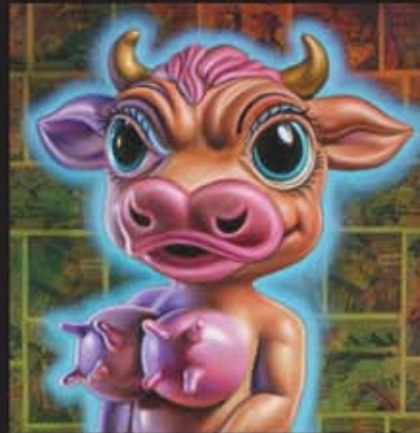
www.otpdesign.com
www.hurtyoubad.com
www.egothieves.com
www.hypebeast.com
www.stencilrevolution.com

otp@hotmail.co.uk
www.otpdesign.com
[www.myspace.com/
onetrickponydesign](http://www.myspace.com/onetrickponydesign)



POP *Perversity*

PARODY IN COMICS AND ART



Isabel Samaras (*On Tender Hooks*), **Ron English** (*Popaganda*), and **R. Sikoryak** (*Masterpiece Comics*).
Moderated by **Colin Berry** (*On Tender Hooks*). Parodists from the worlds of art and comics show how their sharp, sly images blur the boundaries between the popular and the profound, the propagandistic and the profane. Parody is a familiar part of our culture, but when done right it can still shock and awe, revealing deep truths while it makes us cackle. **San Diego Comic-Con • Friday, July 24 • 6 - 7 pm • Room 32AB**



On Tender Hooks

The Art of Isabel Samaras

Essay and orchestration by Colin Berry; Text by Justin Giarla, Lucy Blue, Shag, and The Pizz.

160 pp; full-color; 2009

Chronicle Books

www.chroniclebooks.com

www.devilbabe.com

Masterpiece Comics

by **R. Sikoryak**

"Where Classics and Cartoons Collide!"

68 pp; full-color; 2009

Drawn and Quarterly

www.drawnandquarterly.com

www.rsikoryak.com



Abject Expressionism

by **Ron English**

Introduction by Morgan Spurlock

Forward by Peter Frank

200 pp; full-color; 2007

Last Gasp Press

www.lastgasp.com

www.popaganda.com

YURI



I'm Yuri from Genoa, Italy, and i'm 29. It's not a long time i put stickers on walls, I started in Berlin (probably the place where you can find the biggest part of my works) cause i love that city, i spend a lot of my free time there,

where i can find open mind people, a lot of cultural and artistic situations and, last but not least, a fantastic night life, with never ending partys!

The city was marking me deeply, chainging my point of view about a lot of things, and i felt better! so i decided to return something to the city, I hope the city like it! =)



so my stickers were born!
The name of my main character is Povero Cristo, it's an italian way to define somebody who lives following the society's rules and he always take it in his ass because of that! You can define Povero Cristo "poor but honest"! Now I'm still warking on Povero Cristo and on some new characters.

the link of my page is **www.myspace.com/yuri3d**





THE WALL * HACKNEY LONDON JUNE







TRAIN HOPPING IN INDIA

DANIELLE COULTER



Well what can I say..Hey all, I now am over the trauma on our 2nd week in India, so I feel I can actually talk about it now without a meltdown. While sleeping the luggage was stolen on the sleeper train & I was left with nothing but a bit of clothing and luckily my passport, The list of stuff is way too long to even go into it..

While reporting it in the shithole border town of Ruxaul to the police, a founder of a organisation overheard our situation while he was reporting a girl he had just captured off our train. We then ending up having to stay in the safehouse for the girls been rescued from been trafficked. News spread of the amount stolen and then a local journalist turned up with all his TV and newspaper buddies to do interviews and pictures with the whole neighbourhood gathered outside the home wanting to get in on the action.... it was literally like been in a goldfish bowl....I now know a taste of the trauma Britney goes through its SHOCKING!! We slept on wooden frames with straw and a flea infested sheet, in this concrete shack with no electricity, most disgusting toilet u can imagine, non edible food, the mozzy feast festival that happened in our room along with no drinking water that nearly killed Kyla who still looks horrendously diseased, the girls crying from nightmares in there sleep, annoying sound of the rats nawing on something in the walls, locals all around staring through the bars on our windows and a water pump as our shower being a peepshow to people coming in and out of the courtyard

to get to the “bedroom” “toilet” or “kitchen” . We thought we only had to stick it out for a night r 2 but the border closed for Nepal so we were stuck in Hell on earth for 5 days which seemed like a lifetime....I can only describe it as my own “Banged up Abroad” experience!

Seeing as we were so well known and apparently the friendliest foreigners they ever met (if not the only foreigners)even after our depressing situation, the Cheif of Police and the Army got together and organised a day out with them to the army camps and also went with them to a village where they were giving medical aid to the adults and children. I have to say that was a really crazy experience. When the border finally opened all the villagers walked alongside our rickshaw near to the border, which was really scary having all the eyes staring blankly at you and the women giving major evils. We then met some of the Nepal army who we met previously and they told us they



organised our bus tickets to Kathmandu, so we piled into their army jeep with the remaining luggage, and they gave us an armed escort across the border to the bus station. You want to see the look on peoples faces when we rocked up to the bus station with the army... hahaha PRICELESS! Needless to say nobody on our bus was gona mess with us!

ANYWAYS.....Nepal, Kathmandu, is AMAZING! Live music every night on all the rooftop cafes, Reggae, Jazz, Rock you name it you can find it, and its so nice to hop from place to place taking it all in alternating your music preference each night meeting similar explorers. We have met some funky ass people and its just brill. I also am pretty sure we met Bob Marley re-incarnated 2 nights ago...man with many words of wisdom who i will never forget. It turned out he owns a reggae bar and he was having some party coz all the buddist college students had finished exams so we went lastnight and there was a kick ass dj, mental dancing, endless roaming joints, plenty of beers and a hole lot of madness. When all was wrapping up he invited us to an after party along with a load of other heads in a secret spiritual



location.....unfortunately we aint like the hardcore hippies yet so we wandered off home absolutely mashed to discover a bag of skittles which were savaged and incredibly satisfying as once again in our time of need we had no water to drink. Who knows where we will end up tonight but im sure it will be worth a few lines in the olld diary :)

So on my end note, if you ever get the chance, GET YOUR ASS HERE you wont be let down!

Peace out hahaha

A very mellow and content Danielle the drama queen hehehe





Goldie





ANONYMOUS

GOLDIE



Pisciarelli

CUBIC SHEEP

What was the motivation behind the project?

The P3 (cubic sheep) project wants to develop, in a funny way, a criticism to the human being who follows the flock without any awareness of his own actions.

The P3 project is based on two main aspects: a critical/expositive one and a recreational/interactive one. The first aspect is characterized by the small dimensions and the almost nonexistent weight of the works which allow to make art installations in every context. Instead the second one aspires to the recreational/interactive aspect of the work's user who becomes then the work's author. The files of the graphics, in fact, can be downloaded from these links: www.flickr.com/photos/samburubrica and www.myspace.com/sambusambu. Besides the various characters, you can also download the P3 graphic completely white and you can customize it. After you have created it you can send a photo of the sheep at simoneambu@gmail.com. The photos will be then uploaded on these websites: www.flickr.com/photos/samburubrica and www.myspace.com/sambusambu.

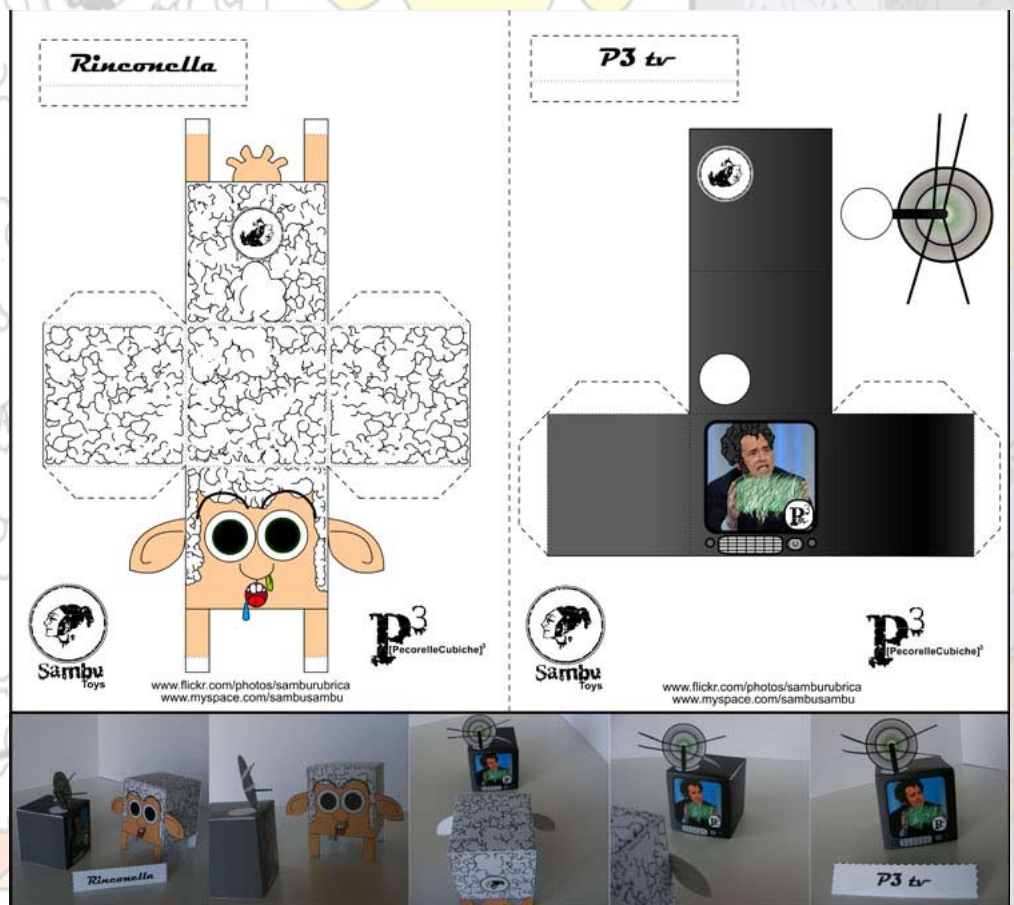
The conception of the aspects (recreational, creative and interactive) is inspired by: Kinder chocolate eggs, for the realization of characters which can be built, with a common theme; LEGO Constructions for the encouragement to creativity, and obviously by Paper Toys, 3D toys made with paper which can be built.

How are people responding to the project?

Until now nobody has responded yet. Since I published it on line just few time ago, it is necessary to wait a bit before someone responds. I have the intention of getting in touch with some shops which sell toys in order to send them the printings so that they can give them to their customers completely free.

Do you have any idea how many sheep are out there?

As for the already ready ones, until now I think there are about 60 sheep out...or perhaps even more...



What do the sheep symbolize?

With the cubic sheep are taken up in an ironical way the symbolic meanings referring to this animal: the human being who, following the majority without the consciousness of his actions, submits himself to the will of the stronger and more powerful people, undergoing passively and without any reaction.

Do you have lots of sheep in your studio?

They are not so many because I had to throw away some of them, which I have used for an installation in a night club. Now I'm printing and creating other sheep for a collective exhibition which will take place on the first week of September in a show room in Cagliari.

Do you have any favorite sheep?

Yes, my favourite sheep is the mutant one: *mutantorella*

Do you plan on creating other interactive toys?

Hitherto, only in theory, I'm developing a project in order to recreate some fables, with characters and settings to be built. Always paper toys in 3D. Even with this project I would like to find a way to customize the characters giving just a basis on which you can draw.

Whats your background?

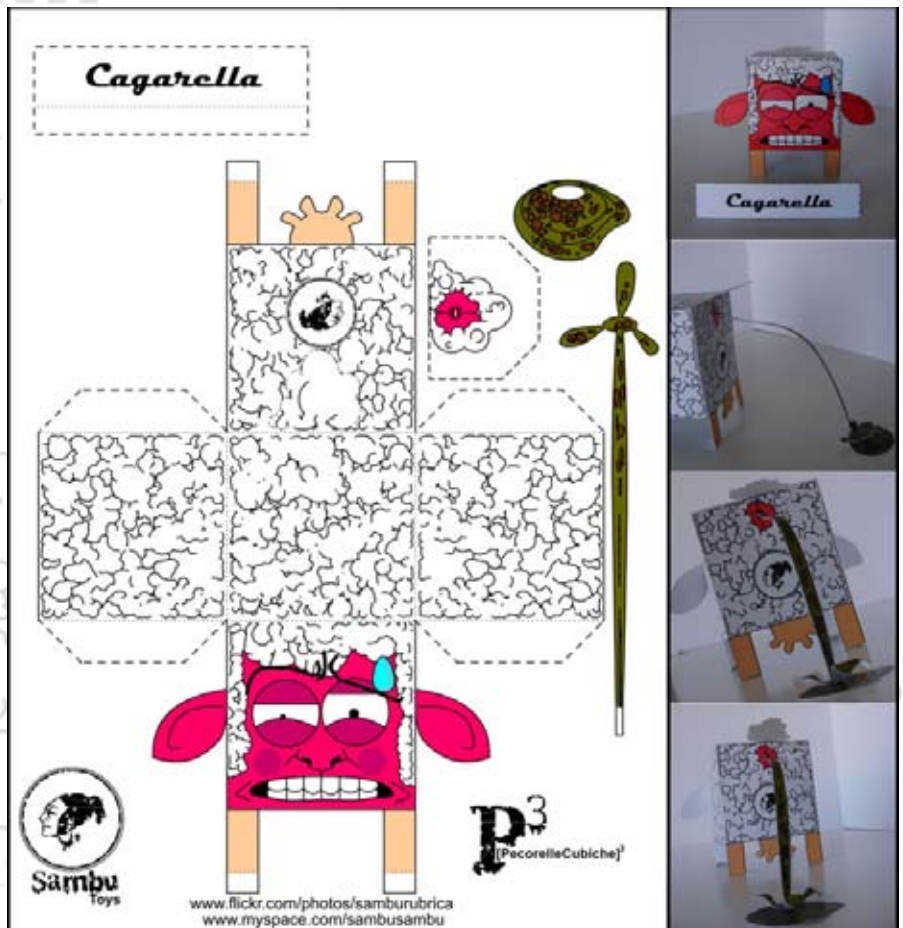
I have graduated in Anthropology at the university of Cagliari, with a thesis about anthropologic dystopias (the wicked nature of human being) and then I have done a master's degree in Rome for curator of museums and contemporary art events. I have attended to quite a lot of collective exhibitions and I have also organized several artistic event.

I'm really interested in the world of illustration, street-art, pop surrealism, graphic art, art-design, animation and toys which stimulate the creativity (LEGO).

Are you self taught or did you attend art school?

I'm self taught. I started to draw when I was a child. when I was about 20 years old I dedicated myself to the illustration with Indian ink in black and white. after that I joined the illustration with the color, using recycled materials and industrial paints. about 3-4 years ago I realized also a T-shirts design which I sold in my friend's online store. Since a few years I've been dedicating myself to the graphic and art design, until now with theoretical projects, except from the paper toys.

The basic idea of mostly of my artistic production is founded on criticism and research about Utopias, dystopias, critic self-consciousness, self-respect and respect for the others, freedom of thought and expression.



Who are your art mentors?

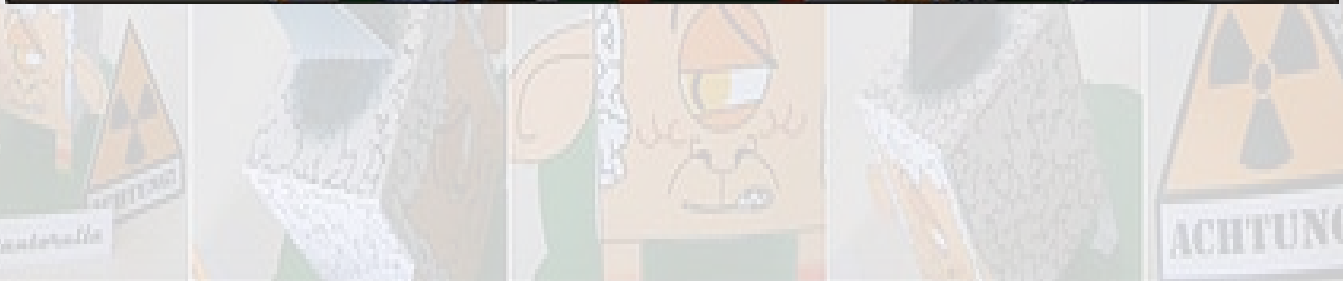
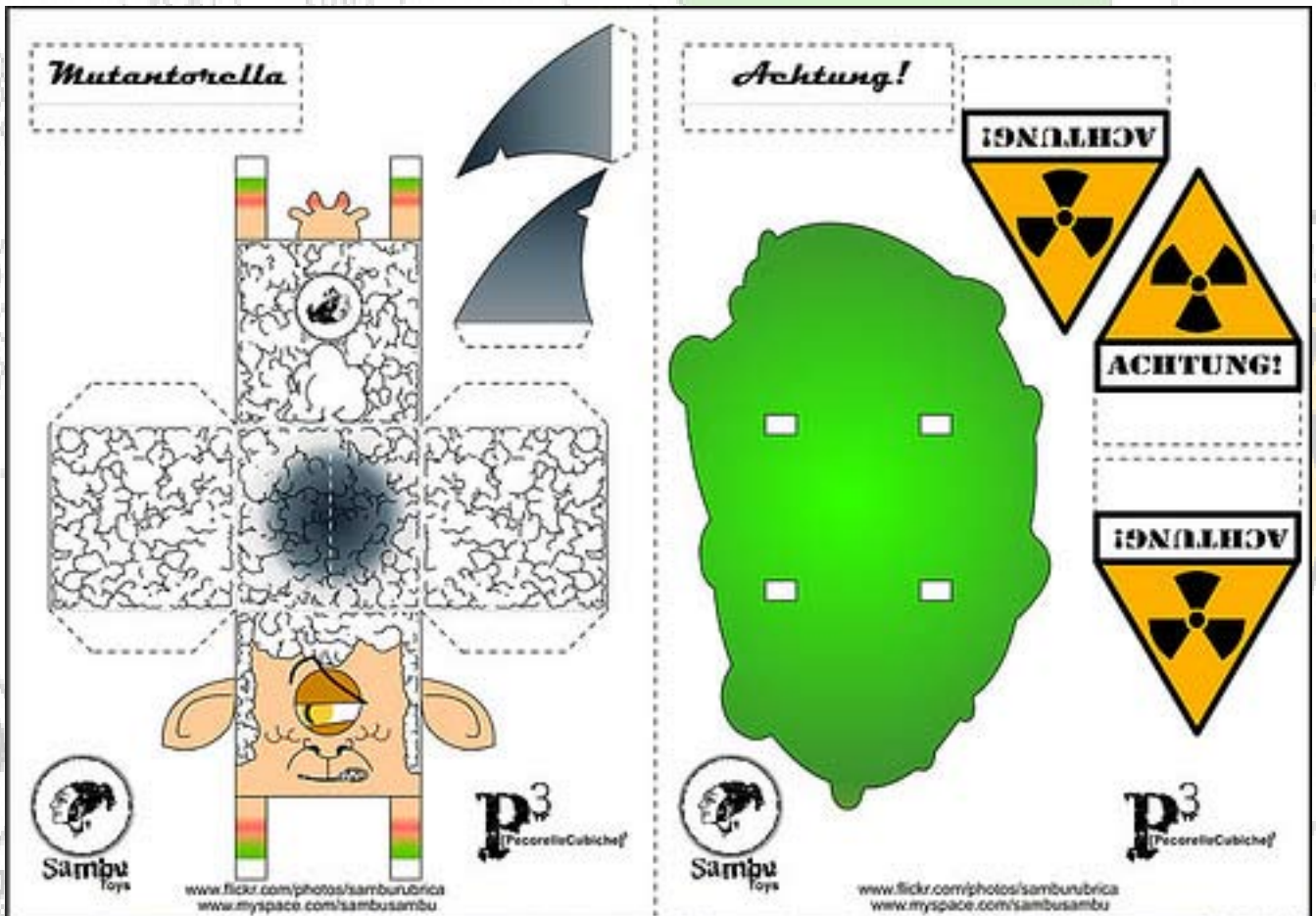
I don't have a particular one

Where would you like to see the projecting heading in the future?

I would like to see the projects on which I'm working, until now just in theory, in contemporary art galleries abroad or in non-conventional show rooms, both in Italy and abroad

If you could place your sheep anywhere in the world, where and why?

I would like to spread the sheep (which can be customized) all over the world and I would like the creators of them to send me the photos of their sheep so that I can publish them in my web page. I would be really happy!





Hutch

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/streetkonst/>



**FUCK
YOUR
COLLECTIVE**



RUDI



Rudi was born in 1976 in a small Spanish city called Caceres. When he was young on early 90's he was already interested street culture and graffiti and started painting walls in a city where it was completely unknown, only few young guys used to hide in abandoned places outside the city to do paintings all around without any artistic interest or thought, just the rebel fact of it mattered and the fact of doing something different from the rest, at the end of the 90's he moved to Madrid with some other graffiti writers and some artists living in the

center of Spain was different and got to know people in the big city who thought him to work in a different way, he started doing big walls and traveled trough Europe attending to the main exhibitions and massive graffiti events with his handy cam in order to expand his styles and also with the idea of making a DVD documentary afterwards. He learned a lot during that time archiving new skills and improving his style and afterwards he released the DVD "Canal Vibraciones", a documentary with 3 hours of exclusive videos from more than 7 different counties and some impressive interviews. After that he has been living in Madrid working in many different events, expositions, art galleries, painting stores like Carhartt or having painting hanging in los Alpes. An endless list of places and painted and few TV interviews for a couple of Hip Hop programs. He has done many different styles, but he defines himself as a colorful selection of living order with forms and volume letters without losing the original graffiti concept, but a bit "cyberhappy" and Futuristic touch.!Quite a thing!. Graffiti its his life.





Rudi (Spain)





Rudi (Spain)

ART BOMB FREE



the
FACE OFF



Smug x Klingatron

6TH JUNE 09

The Soup Gallery



Transport Hackney Style 2009



table de nuit en verre transparent
 se sur la table de chevet pour
 la nuit la confort de ma...



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ART



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table de nuit en verre transparent
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LOW LIFE GALLERY

CLEVELAND, OHIO USA



LOW LIFE GALLERY CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE LOW LIFE MANIFESTO!

There is a war that is being waged on culture. Big box retail. Warehouse club lifestyle. Does anyone really need 15 pounds of chicken? More isn't always better. Turn off the television. Go see live local music. Read a book. Support the little guy. Don't always super size. VOTE! Do instead of watch. Get out, walk in the woods and reconnect with nature. When is the last time you went to a museum? The shopping mall? Which one do you value more? Why? Avoid chain restaurants. Travel more. Try talking to total strangers about the things which really matter to them. Exercise daily. Sleep in late sometimes. Read poetry. Really listen. Celebrate diversity. Enjoy art. Live life!

Low Life Gallery is in the heart of a Cleveland, Ohio working class neighborhood called Collinwood. Not familiar with Cleveland? Ok, dig this, think Birmingham with long cold winters, tons of snow, a river so polluted that it once caught on fire and significant drug and violent crime. Unemployment is high. Alcoholism, drug addiction and depression are higher than the American national average. The town is part of the American rustbelt; cities that once produced most of the world's steel. This town has been given up by most. We hang on because we can.

This decay has lasting, dramatic effects on how one views his or her world. Rust, trash along the highway, boarded up buildings, factories closed so long ago that trees grow up through the machinery. To exist and create here requires a gritty, elbow out mentality. Most of the art we display is produced by self-taught artists painting on found objects like board, windows, or reclaimed canvases. Graffiti artists, collage artists, assemblage artists using all sorts of found objects discarded by others frequently exhibit at Low Life.

You ever find yourself in Cleveland, Ohio, look us up at. New shows are installed every month. If you can feel the heat coming off the street, we'd love to hear from you.

www.lowlifecleveland.com





Low Life Gallery - Cleveland, Ohio USA





ANDREW SHONDRICK

After spending early childhood digging tarantulas out of the sand and talking to small animals in Texas, Andrew would return to his region of birth: Cleveland, Ohio.

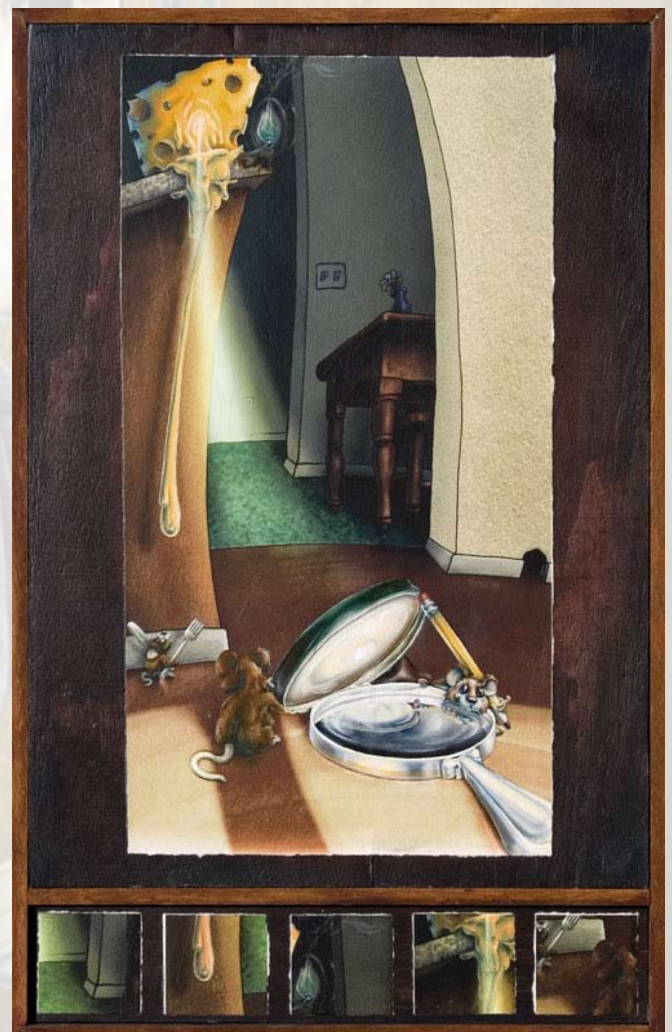


Finding comfort in a land where no one wore snakeskin boots, he quickly began adapting to seven-month winters exploring his artistic talents.



“It’s the stupid things in life that I want to devote myself to. Sometimes I’d like to be important in some real-life sense of the word, but in the end nothing amuses me like ants crawling through cracks in the pavement. I never know where I am going either. I’ve always been a tourist in my own city. If I ever cease being mesmerized by it, I’ll probably have to move.”

www.arshondrick.com



STEVE EHRET



Steve Ehret ain't no joke, dig. Ehret hails from Massilon, Ohio, the site of the Little Steel Strike of 1937, one of most tragic instances of anti-union violence in the history of the United States. This town has been gritty for a long long time and Ehret prefers it that way, often drawing inspiration from the decay. Born a Chatholic, Steve isn't so sure about Jesus these days. From the looks of Steve's art, he is questioning a lot more than heaven and hell.



My artwork is a mix between humor and the darker side of life and situations. I cannot stay in one category. The work is truly ever evolving daily. Some days I enjoy



making something bloody, gross, dark, angry, ugly and oozing with slime. Other days I feel like making my creatures look awkward, confused, sketchy and possibly a bit sweaty. Some are just looking for a bite to eat, others may have just figured out the meaning to their very life! Some of them have a reason to be in the piece and others may just have stumbled down the wrong road and ended up in something that they truly wish they wouldn't have. Most

of the time there is a story of sorts un-winding before ones very eyes and other times it's just a mess of random thoughts that have been circulating in my head for a number of weeks or months. I try my best to keep away from real life subjects such as politics and religion. Not that they don't influence my work I just see enough of it in the papers and on TV daily. I work mainly with acrylic on canvas or watercolor and different kinds of dyes on paper. Everything I do, everyone I talk to and mostly every trip I take is a major influence on my pieces. Its ever changing and I hope it stays that way.



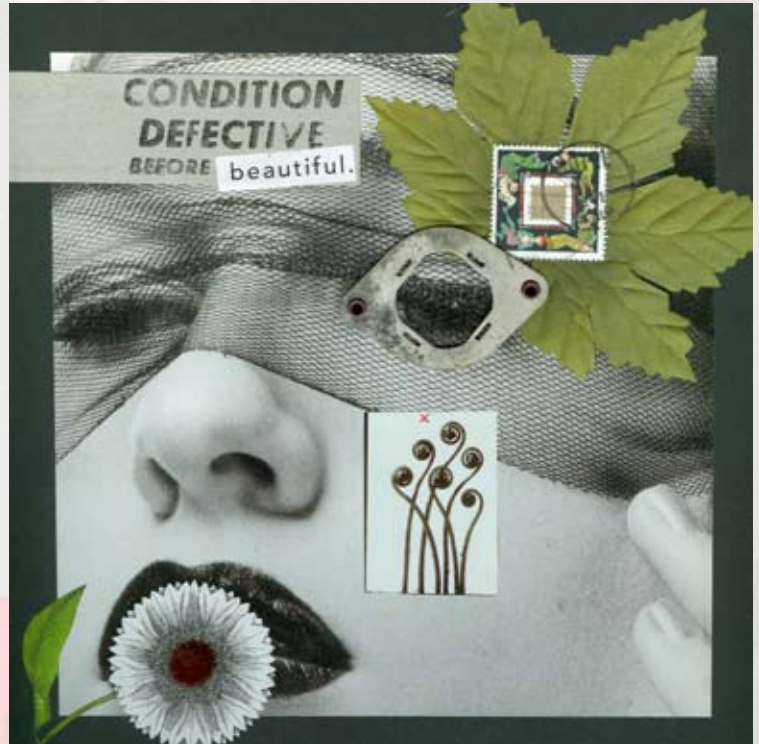


Steve Ehret - Low Life Gallery USA



PHOEBE MARIE NELSON

Phoebe Marie started making postcard-sized collages as a way to basically cheat her way through her final portfolio review at the university of Colorado. She cobbled together bits of the work she'd destroyed from her years at school into these small pieces, purposefully avoiding applying any "meaning" to them - preferring to let the onlooker decide what the images meant to them. What she found was something she actually loved doing and continued creating these little pieces well after school



ended. Phoebe Marie recently collaborated on a custom vinyl toy series with punk rockers, Rancid. In addition to her collage and vinyl toy work, Phoebe Marie experiments with urban photography.

HYPERLINK "<http://www.msplinks.com/MDFodHRwOi8vd3d3LmtpbmRhbg1rZWFuYXJ0aXN0LmNvbQ==>"
<http://www.kindalikeanartist.com>



JOHN G.



John is an illustrator from Lorain, Ohio. John has illustrated concert flyers and posters for hundreds of local and national bands



and recently started to publish his own comic book called Shiner. John digs cats, dogs, and punk rock zombies.

HYPERLINK "<http://www.myspace.com/jgritty>"



RON COPELAND



Ron Copeland is a rustbelt rat. Originally from Massillon, Ron is very familiar with Canton, Akron and Cleveland, Ohio. All three cities are in states of rapid decay; this is where Ron came up. Copeland moved to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 2008. Turns out he found beauty in this former steel town's urban landscape. Originally a photographer and professional roller blader, Ron discovered a talent for assemblages of discarded objects, silk screened images, and painting. His work focuses on decay, both personal and communal.



HYPERLINK "<http://www.myspace.com/copelandart>"

THE PLANT GUY

Growing Peppers and Chillis

Next time you buy a pepper or chilli - don't use or throw away all the seeds - keep some and grow them!

Peppers are usually succulent with a sweet taste and come in all sorts of colours - often starting off green and then maturing to red. Chillis are often small with various degrees of heat and usually come in red and green.

These instructions also cover plants such as Tomatoes and Cucumbers which need similar growing conditions and nutrients.

Best Sites

These plants need a warm, sunny site with little wind - and if grown in a greenhouse, polytunnel or covered with fleece they will produce an earlier crop and a higher yield.

A site in a raised bed or next to a south-facing sunny wall - which will radiate the sun's heat back onto the plants - would be ideal. Grow bags in a similar location would be fine.

If growing in pots - the bigger the better a final size of 45cm wide and high is a minimum.



Best Soils

The plants need well-drained, moisture-retentive soil - so dig in loads of well-rotted organic matter. If growing in pots - 'New Horizon' organic peat-free compost is highly recommended as is 'Bio-Bizz All Mix' - if your soil is poor you could always add a couple of bags of these composts to cheer it up a bit.

Also consider putting in some 'water retaining gel' - which will hold water and slowly release it when needed and some grit or small stones - which will improve drainage.

Highly recommended is to add 'microrhizome bacteria' - either in form of granules which are added to the bottom of the rootball or 'Rhizotonic' a liquid feed available from Canna. This greatly increases the rootball and the plant's ability to uptake nutrients giving much stronger healthier plants - which are more resistant to pests and diseases.

Growing

Put 2 or 3 seeds into a small pot - 8-10cm - cover with a clear plastic bag and put on a

window-ledge - put the pot in a saucer and only put the water in the saucer - keep a bit of water in the saucer - check daily!

If you've got one - put them in a heated propagator - about 22-24°C would be ideal.

Over the next 2 weeks the small seedlings will appear - pick the best one in each pot and grow on - put the others into a separate pots and keep them or give friends to get them growing.

When about 20cm tall move the plant into a bigger pot - about 15cm wide would be fine and let the plant grow to about 30cm tall before moving to the final growing location as weather allows and definitely after the last frosts.



Cultivating

The plants can be trained up canes and frames or wire attached to the wall - especially if your expecting a bumper crop!

Remember to check regularly!

Don't let the plants dry out - especially when flowering - remember no flowers no fruit!

You can water manually with a can or set up a small automatic irrigation system.

Timers are about £/€ 20-25 and the pipes and drippers would be £/€ 10-15. This would save a load of grief if you forgot to water them for a few days and obviously means you don't have to rely on anyone else to water if you're away!

Feeding the plants is critical!

When small they don't need much but as they grow they'll need more - lots more!

Early in the year - the top leaves of Nettles soaked in water for 3 days are one of the best organic sources of nitrogen - later in the year the leaves of Comfrey 'Bocking 14' - again soaked in water for 3 days - are an awesome source of phosphorus - just when the plants need it!

If not available - try a general purpose tomato food.

Harvest

This will depend on the crop you're growing, the climate and weather where you are - hopefully not in London ;-)

Peppers and chillis can be picked early or left on the plant to mature and change colour - but leaving to mature on the plant will reduce the yield.

At the end of the season you may need to cover the plants with fleece to ensure maturation.

Pests

All the usual suspects - greenfly, blackfly and worst of all - red spider mite.

Spray with organic 'Neem' oil - in the early morning or late evening.

If growing under cover and the pest is spider mite - order some predators immediately!

LSD Note: In countries where its legal to grow one or two cannabis plants (Spain, Switzerland, Holland Etc) this system can also be applied to your plants. We DO NOT advise readers in countries where growing small plants for personal consumption is illegal to follow this procedure. In such cases we advise readers to stick to peppers and chillis...If not then be like Bill Clinton and DON'T INHALE!!!





FLASH BACK

BRICK LANE, LONDON NOV'08





2009



**CURVED SPACE + TIME
THE WORLD ONLINE
FRACTAL EQUATIONS AT THE EDGE OF YOUR MIND
THE PSYCHEDELIC EFFECTS
OF VINYL ON DEX
COSMIC REALITY DEALS A NEW MINDSET
COZ IT'S A NEW INTENSITY FROM NATURE'S SPRING
THAT MAKES YOUR BODY + YOUR MIND IN HARMONY SING
PICKING UP THE RHYTHM AS WE DROP THE BASS
ARCHETYPES OF NATURE YOU GOT TO FACE**

**THIS IS THE SOUND OF THE UNDERGROUND FLOWING THROUGH YOUR
MIND**

**CROSSING THE LINE
REDEFINED
WITH THE BASSLINE THUMPING
DANCEFLOOR JUMPIN
FREEDOM KICKIN IN
THE ADRENALINE PUMPING**

**WITH THE RAGGAMUFFIN CREW IN DE PLACE
RIPPIN UP DE BASS
HARDCORE BIZNZZ IN YOUR FACE
WITH THE BAD BOY MASSIVE.....IN...THEAREA
COME WITH DE FLAVAZ..A ..RUB A DUB STYLE
WE SAY
RESPECT TO THE JUNGLIST MASSIVE - GHETTO ON WAX**

**URBAN REALITY TO THE MAX
DUCKING AND A DIVING
STILL SURVIVING
TRANSMITTING TO THE WORLD
MOBILIZING
COZ MUZIK CAN INFILTRATE, PENETRATE, DOMINATE + LIBERATE
SO SAFE MATE.....
SO THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS TO BE FREE
CLOSE YOUR EYES - GO WITH THE FLOW
FEEL THE RUSH
NOW YOU KNOW
SO RIDE THE VIBEZ
AZ WE COME ALIVE**

**BRINGING IT BACK ON TO A SPIRITUAL TACK
IT'S A DOLLAR BASED WORLD + THAT'S A MATTER OF FACT
POLICE ARE ON THE SCENE - U KNOW WHAT I MEAN
PROTECTING PUBLIC MORALS WITH A LOADED MAGAZINE
COMMERCIALISATION'S THE BEST FORM OF ATTACK
OR YOU CAN ALWAYS FLOOD THE SCENE WITH KILOS OF SMACK
CAN U KEEP YOUR MIND FREE FOR ALL ETERNITY
JUST HOW CRYSTAL CAN U REALLY SEE**

**NAVIGATE - ACTUATE - - IMAGINATE
CLEAN THE SLATE – IT MUST BE FATE SO SIDESTEP THE STATE.....
ELEVATE + WE'RE FEELIN GREAT
SUBLIMATE – INSTIGATE - DEDICATE – APPRECIATE
DE - CONTAMINATE
MEDITATE – DESTINATE
TOLERATE - TRIBULATE - IRRITATE .. DE - GENERATE
SATISFY - GRATIFY - EXHILARATE
THEY'LL INVESTIGATE
LEGISALATE
TRY TO CONFISCATE - VIOLATE
BUT WE'LL FRUSTRATE
VINDICATE-
JUSTIFY
IT'S DO OR DIE**

SIRIUS 23

**HAZARDOUS
MATERIAL**

NO

2

CODEX ALIMENTARIUS!

SAVE HUNMANTY*SAVE A CHILD

THIS IS NOT A DRILL!

VOTE NOW B4 ITS 2 LATE

[HTTP://PETITIONS.NUMBER10.GOV.UK/VITAMINS/](http://petitions.number10.gov.uk/vitamins/)

[FACEBOOK HTTP://GROUPS.TO/NOCODEX/](http://groups.to/nocodex/)



Shoreditch Feb'09





Shoreditch - East London June 2009

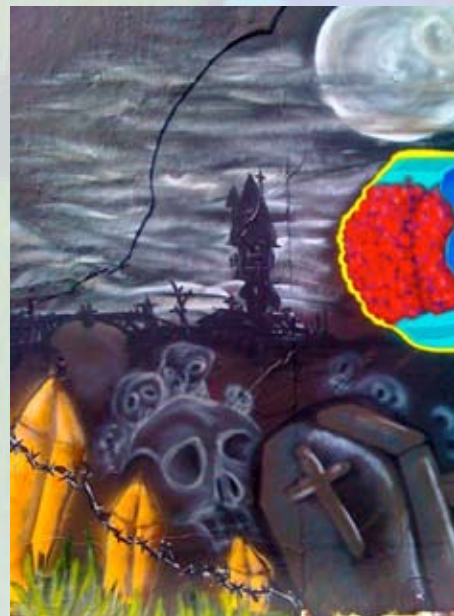


THE GREENWAY - PETER FALLAN

Running 5 miles from Victoria Park to Beckton is The Greenway. It cuts through East London crossing roads, railways and canals. Created before much of this part of London was built up, the route is in fact Joseph Bazalgette's famous sewerage pipe that saved Victorian London from the scourge of Cholera. Being closed to traffic it is seen now as the eco-friendly gateway to the Olympic Games as it passes within 100m of the Olympic Stadium.



I cycle this route everyday and always have my iPhone close at hand. Despite being 5miles long there is only one small spot that has attracted any street art. I say street art but it is very much in the old skool spraycan graffiti style; we may be East London but are still a world away from the uber trendy parts. Where the Greenway crosses the District Line at West Ham is a short stretch of wall which I have tried to photograph. I'm often with my kids so they appear in some photos. They enjoy the pieces as do everyone I show.



It may appear strange why Newham should attract artists. The borough has very little in the way of spraycan art aside from childish tags and the now ubiquitous postcode marks. This wall would appear to be nationally significant and maybe of international interest as I recall seeing photos posted in Graphotism up to 10 years ago (as Plaistow Wall even though we are nearer West Ham).



I'm sure the presence of artists in the area goes back perhaps as early as the mid 1980s. I remember photographing graffiti pieces in a yard alongside West Ham tube back in 1987. This yard was subsequently built upon so perhaps artists looked to space above the railway line. Newham has no visual art gallery space so this wall is especially important.

The wall has a rapid turnover rate meaning that almost weekly you can be guaranteed of new pieces. As you can see the work is of an exceptional standard. Many years ago I commissioned Aztek in a youth project in his home area of SE2. That his work has appeared on the wall is a testament to the pull of the wall. So far the only artists at work were kids defacing the latest pieces with tags and throw-ups. There were rumours of this being a legal wall but I've never had



this confirmed. The more likely truth is that it is a piece of wall so remote and inoffensive that it is left well alone by the authorities.



Like I say I have been photographing graffiti for over 20 years. I started with work by Metso in Basildon which is connected to West Ham by the C2C railway line. The only other hotspots along this line were throughout Havering, Barking and Dagenham. Barking was of course the site of the deaths of 2 artists a few years back. I've also had the pleasure of not only meeting but employing the legendary Artful Dodger aka 2000AD aka Adee. Both him and Aztek were really nice guys and immensely talented.



The Greenway wall at West Ham can be accessed from West Ham tube/DLR. Upon exiting head north 100yds along Manor Road. Access the Greenway via a footpath on your right. When up on the Greenway walk to your right for about 100yds.





3D Art - Shoreditch / Brick Lane Area, London May 2009



LSD - London Street-Art Design Photography: W.A







HAWS 1

Started writing around 2003 after seeing graffiti plastered along the train tracks and on the local busses, liking the look of it I wanted to have a go myself. Me and a few friends formed a crew (one of many) and started off just pen tagging in ridiculously skinny markers round where we lived and checking out all the new pieces, throwups, tags etc by local writers; WSN, FTWO, NA to name but a few. At the start I went through various different names (most of them extremely random jumbles of letters I liked) until I decided on HAWZER which was later shortened to HAWZA and eventually HAWZ and HAWS. After about a year of just tagging I started sketching piece designs and then moved on to painting them around the local spots like the hall of fame in Halifax, Greenhead park in Huddersfield, 42 spot at Elland Bypass, Hebden Bridge skate park and spring hall in Halifax. Kept painting the local spots and a few further afield until I hooked up with OTP members TEK 13 and SAMER through other crew member DAISY, when we painted a production together in York around 2007. From there started painting with them all regularly as a crew on various productions and bombing missions around the North of England and down in London, as well as several commissions, working for a variety of different clients including; Stussy, Gimme5, The Brits, Fabric and Urban Nerds.





If you could place your artwork anywhere in the world, where and why would you put it there?

Never really thought about it, I just want to paint in as many cities as possible all over the world really but if I had to pick one id have to go for the predictable answer and say New York for obvious reasons...

Do you prefer covering street walls or gallery halls?

Definitely streets and halls of fame.

Do you have a message?

Hi, I'm a graffiti artist. That's about it usually...

Name some of your mentors.

I wouldn't go as far as to say mentors but the crews I looked up to when I first started and influenced me early on were FTWO, WSN, NA and NKA and KBG from over in Leeds, props to them all!

**Name 10 Tunes
on Your ipod!**

Mad Skillz -
Ghostwriter

The Pharcyde -
Passin' Me By

Ice cube - Ghetto
Bird

Da Bush Babees -
Hit 'Em Up

Celph Titled -
Rock (remix)

A Tribe Called
Quest – Keep it Moving

Cocoa Brovaz. Ft Raekwon - Black Trump

Apani B – A Million Eyes

Chi Ali – Funky Lemonade



To name but
a few hip hop
tunes, then
just a load
of random
bassline,
dubstep and
grime at the
moment! MP3
though, not
about iPods...

Top 5 Websites!

www.otpdesign.com

www.flickr.com/photos/rezwah/

www.dirtcheapmag.com

www.kidkanevil.com/

www.flickr.com/photos/btkillaz/

Name 5 of your Fav artists.

At the moment id say worldwide; ASKEW, definitely ATOM, although haven't seen anything new from him for a while and DOES. Then from over here AROE, love all his new stuff and RT are killing it at the moment, personal favourite from that crew though would have to be DERS. There's many more than that, just the 5 I could think of.. **www.otpdesign.com**

I'D LIKE TO GIVE A SHOUT TO WGS, BTK, FPT, NRG, DB, FTWO, WSN, KBG, NA, TPN, GDN, DT, ANYONE I'VE FORGOTTEN, HEBDEN BRIDGE AND YORKSHIRE IN GENERAL....





BRICK LANE





Trust US

Consume

FEAR

RUN

SLEEP

RELIGION

OBEY

Inform

Believe

VACCINATE

33

SECURITY

BUY

ILLUSION

Dysfunctional

WATCH TV

LAB RATS

Magik

ORDER

DO IT

Mind Control

TAKE FLIGHT



THE LIMITS OF CONTROL

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

It is with immense pleasure that we would like to introduce our guest writer for this issue - Mr William S Burroughs. The fact that he's been dead for over a decade is neither here nor there - he's a multi talented kind of guy and the laws of physics never stopped him before.....

THERE is a growing interest in new techniques of mind-control. It has been suggested that Sirhan Sirhan was the subject of post-hypnotic suggestion, as he sat shaking violently on the steam table in the kitch of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles while the as-yet unidentified woman held him and whispered in his ear. It has been alleged that behavior-modification techniques are used on troublesome prisoners and inmates, often without their consent. Dr. Delgado, who once stopped a charging bull by remote control of electrodes in the bull's brain, left the U.S. to pursue his studies on human subjects in Spain. Brainwashing, psychotropic drugs, lobotomy and other, more subtle forms of psychosurgery; the technocratic control apparatus of the United States has at its fingertips new techniques which if fully exploited could make Orwell's 1984 seem like a benevolent utopia.

But words are still the principal instruments of control. Suggestions are words. Persuasions are words. Orders are words. No control machine so far devised can operate without words, and any control machine which attempts to do so relying entirely on external force or entirely on physical control of the mind will soon encounter **the limits of control.**

A basic impasse of all control machines is this: Control needs time in which to exercise control. Because control also needs opposition or acquiescence; otherwise, it ceases to be control. I control a hypnotized subject (at least partially); I control a slave, a dog, a



worker; but if I establish complete control somehow, as by implanting electrodes in the brain, then my subject is little more than a tape recorder, a camera, a robot. You don't control a tape recorder - you use it. Consider the distinction, and the impasse implicit here. All control systems try to make control as tight as possible, but at the same time, if they succeeded completely there would be nothing left to control. Suppose for example a control system installed electrodes in the brains of all prospective workers at birth. Control is now complete. Even the thought of rebellion is neurologically impossible. No police force is necessary. No psychological control is necessary, other than pressing buttons to achieve certain activations and operations.

When there is no more opposition, control becomes a meaningless proposition. It is highly questionable whether a human organism could survive complete control. There would be nothing there. No persons there. Life is will (motivation) and the workers would no longer be alive, perhaps literally. The concept of suggestion as a complete technique presupposes that control is partial and not complete. You do not have to give suggestions to your tape recorder nor subject it to pain and coercion or persuasion.

In the Mayan control system, where the priests kept the all-important Books of seasons and gods, the calendar was predicated on the





most of it for themselves and doling out only enough to keep the other eight rowing. The two leaders now need to exercise control to maintain an advantageous position which they could not hold without it. Here the method of control is force - the possession of guns. Decontrol would be accomplished by overpowering the leaders and taking their guns. This effected, it would be advantageous to kill them at once. So once embarked on a policy of control, the leaders must continue the policy as a matter of self-preservation. Who, then, needs to control others but those who protect by such control a position of relative advantage? Why do they need to exercise control? Because they would soon lose this position and advantage and in many cases their lives as well, if they relinquished control.

Now examine the reasons by which control is exercised in the lifeboat scenario: The two

universal illiteracy since they operate through the mass media - a very two-edged control instrument, as Watergate has shown. Control systems are vulnerable, and the news media are by their nature uncontrollable, at least in Western society. The alternative press is news, and alternative society is news, and as such both are taken up by the mass media. The monopoly that Hearst and Luce once exercised is breaking down. In fact, the more completely hermetic and seemingly successful a control system is, the more vulnerable it becomes. A weakness inherent in the Mayan system is that they didn't need an army to control their workers, and therefore did not need an army when they needed one to repel invaders. It is a rule of social structures that anything that is not needed will atrophy and become inoperative over a period of time. Cut off from the war game - and remember, the Mayans had no neighbors to quarrel with they lose the ability to fight. In "The Mayan Caper" I suggested that such a hermetic control system would be completely disoriented and shattered by even one person who tampered with the control calendar, upon which the control system depended more and more heavily as the actual means of force withered away.

Consider a control situation: ten people in a lifeboat. two armed self-appointed leaders force the other eight to do the rowing while they dispose of the food and water, keeping



leaders are armed, let's say, with .38 revolvers - twelve shots and eight potential opponents. They can take turns sleeping. However, they must still exercise care not to let the eight rowers know that they intend to kill them when land is sighted. Even in this primitive situation force is supplemented with deception and persuasion. The leaders will disembark at point A, leaving the other sufficient food to reach point B, they explain. They have the compass and they are contributing their navigational skills. In short they will endeavor to convince the others that this is a cooperative enterprise in which they are all working for the same goal. They may also



make concessions: increase food and water rations. A concession of course means the retention of control - that is, the disposition of the food and water supplies. By persuasions and by concessions they hope to prevent a concerted attack by the eight rowers.

Actually they intend to poison the drinking water as soon as they leave the boat. If all the rowers knew this they would attack, no matter what the odds. We now see that another essential factor in control is to conceal from the controlled the actual intentions of the controllers. Extending the lifeboat analogy to the Ship of State, few existing governments could withstand a sudden, all-out attack by all their underprivileged citizens, and such an attack might well occur if the intentions of certain existing governments were unequivocally apparent. Suppose the lifeboat leaders had built a barricade and could withstand a concerted attack and kill all eight of the rowers if necessary. They would then have to do the rowing themselves and neither would be safe from the other. Similarly, a modern government armed with heavy weapons and prepared for attack could wipe out ninety-five percent of its citizens.

But who would do the work, and who would protect them from the soldiers and technicians needed to make and man the weapons? Successful control means achieving a balance and avoiding a showdown where all-out force would be necessary. This is achieved through various techniques of psychological control, also balanced. The techniques of both force and psychological control are constantly improved and refined, and yet worldwide dissent has never been so widespread or so dangerous to the present controllers.

All modern control systems are riddled with contradictions. Look at England. "Never go too far in any direction," is the basic rule on which England is built, and there is some wisdom in that. However, avoiding one impasse they step into another. Anything that is now going forward is on the way out. Well, nothing lasts forever. Time is that which ends, and control needs time. England is simply stalling for time as it slowly founders. Look at America. Who actually controls this country? It is very difficult to say. Certainly the very wealthy are one of the most powerful control groups, since they are in a position to control and manipulate the entire economy. However, it



the retention of control. Here's a dime, I keep a dollar. Ease up on censorship, but remember we could take it all back. Well, at this point, that is questionable.

Concession is another blind. History shows that once a government starts to make concessions it is on a one-way street. They could of course take all the concessions back, but that would expose them to the double jeopardy of revolution and the much greater danger of overt fascism, both highly dangerous to the present controllers. Does any clear policy arise from this welter of confusion? Than answer is probably no. The mass media has proven a very unreliable and even treacherous instrument of control. It is uncontrollable owing to its need for NEWS. If one paper, or even a string of papers owned by the same person, makes that story hotter as NEWS, some other paper will pick it up. Any imposition of government censorship on the media is a step in the direction of State control, a step which big money is most reluctant to take.

I don't mean to suggest that control automatically defeats itself, nor that protest is therefore unnecessary. A government is never more dangerous than when embarking on a self-defeating or downright suicidal course. It is encouraging that some behavior modification projects have been exposed and halted, and certainly such exposure and publicity should continue. in fact, I submit that we have a right to insist that all scientific research be subject to public scrutiny, and that there should be no such thing as "top-secret" research.

would not be to their advantage to set up or attempt to set up an overly fascist government. Force, once brought in, subverts the power of money. This is another impasse of control: protection from the protectors. Hitler formed the S.S. to protect him from the S.A. If he had lived long enough the question of protection from the S.S. would have pose itself. The Roman Emperors were at the mercy of the Praetorian Guard, who in one year killed twenty Emperors. And besides, no modern industrial country has ever gone fascist without a program of military expansion. There is no longer anyplace to expand to - after hundreds of years, colonialism is a thing of the past.

There can be no doubt that a cultural revolution of unprecedented dimensions has taken place in American during the last thirty years, and since America is now the model for the rest of the Western world, this revolution is worldwide. Another factor is the mass media, which spreads all cultural movements in all directions. The fact that this worldwide revolution has taken place indicates that the controllers have been forced to make concessions. Of course, a concession is still





Load @ Royal Albert Hall, London - June 22nd 2009





HIP HOP *West London*

What Hip Hop means to me! - WESTLONDON (Fashion Designer / Hip Hop DJ)

In this month issue I will look into what Hip hop means to me & why it should be understood as an "Art Form".

Hip Hop defines the union between a life style and the inner workings of self. Hip Hop represents consciousness, self awareness, political activism, creativity, love & peace.



In the early days Rap Groups like "Afrika Bambaataa" with the life changing track (Planet Rock) brought in a new world order that changed the lives of Billions.

When anyone hears that track no matter if you like Hip Hop or not the Force cannot be avoided. They had Break Dancers in that video, i never even heard of Break Dancing until then. Malcolm Maclaren was still doing the pogo! I saw that and was never the same again. Thats the power of music, in this case, Hip Hop.

Born in West London during the



seventies i have over 30 years of Hip Hop in my blood. Its second nature to a world of people in the UK. Yeah, we imported it from the U.S but lets keep it real America imported the MC from Jamaica in the sound system days of the 1950s. 'A Time for a change!' This statement came to life with the greatest Rapper the world has seen with album sales to match Elvis. The legend that is Tupac Shakur. With his style of rapping Hip Hop changed from the old school (Afrika Bambaataa) style of Rap that countless mc's followed like Run D mc, Big Daddy kane & NWA. Tupac combined all these Hip Hop forces into one man with his political insight that has been documented by



countless interview, documentaries & magazines. THUG-LIFE! This term is the New Urban World Order. An organized set that could build outside of the Systems & Governments of the World.

Tupac Shakur woke up millions to the power that is Hip Hop! The real day to day side of life that we all live every day. His lyrics, touches every part of a young man's makeup. The creativity of Tupac & the team that surrounded him i.e my generation brought about a Billion Dollar business. But this Billion dollar business is like all billion dollar businesses it has a two edged sword that destroyed him & countless other Hip Hop stars that died before their time! The term "money kills" comes to mind. Im outta here, increase the peace...

LINKS TO £££WESTLONDON

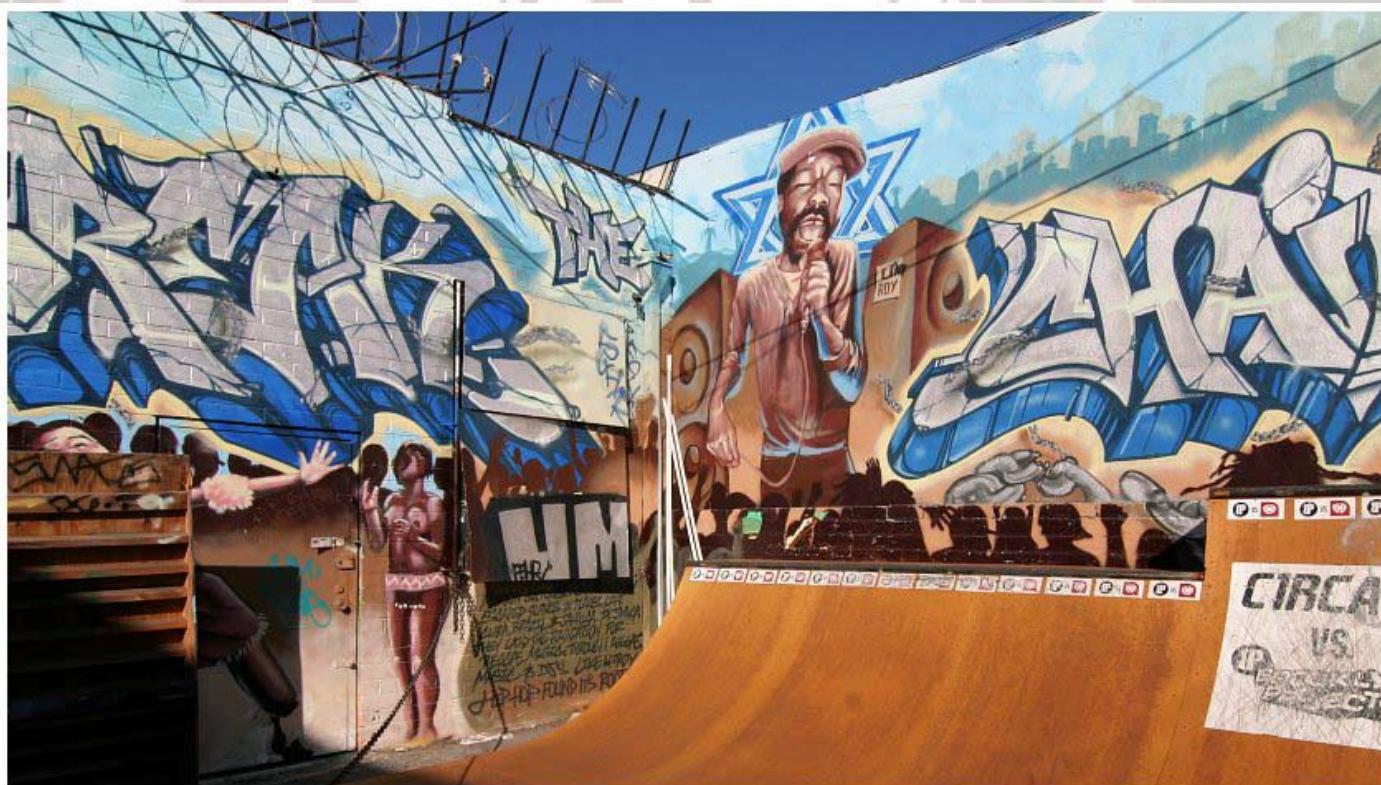
www.myspace.com/bosslondon1

www.myspace.com/westlondonremix1

www.myspace.com/bosslondon

www.myspace.com/streetartfashionanddesign

www.cafepress.com/streetartfashionanddesign



NEWS

A MAN ON A MISSION KRS1

KRS1 has always been a force in Hip Hop with his countless calls to the youth of the world to stop the violence & his calls to the NYPD (New York Police Department) to stop police brutality against all races. A fair minded political Rapper that has kept flash gits in their place, mc's come & go, But KRS1 is the GODFATHER of Rap he's one amongst a few Rappers that I would let my children listen to.



THE RETURN OF EMINEM



Slim Shady has returned after a 3 year absence from the Hip Hop game. With his long awaited album (RELAPSE) with a 2 year writers block behind him a year clean from Prescription drugs, some recreational drugs. There no doubt the Elvis of Hip hop is back! Personally I think he never left! With his countless appearances on mix tapes & production work he's always been around. But for his fan base a long awaited album is out to

satisfy their addiction to their king. The death of his long time friend & label mate "Proof" sent him into a dark place also the breakup of his second marriage hit him hard but he's back. We're all happy to see his return except for Rick Ross, Fat Joe, DJ Kalid & others that have maintained their dislike of him.

With (50 CENT) attacking Rick Ross by exposing his Baby Mother as trying to be a porn star with a step by step commentary as she does all type of explicit sexual acts with some dude on his (50CENT) website boy! That's got to hurt; no one wants their Baby mother on some guy's website especially when she or he isn't getting paid for it! Eminem comment on this is he thinks it's hilarious.

A Bum in Eminem face! Eminem has stated that he was in on the stunt at the MTV Movie Awards. Sacha Baron AKA (Bruno) drop from the sky on to Eminem's lap,

Eminem goes on to say that Sacha Baron AKA Bruno called him when they were in Europe & he had an idea to do something outrageous at the Movie Awards.



WHITE RAP IN HIP HOP

PAUL WALL, is in my eyes the No.2 white Rapper next to you guessed it Eminem. With his chop & screw (slowing a track down in tempo speed) sound from HOUSTON TEXAS, Paul Wall is a welcome sight in the Hip Hop game. His style of Rap is more layed back then Eminem but his Production work is second to none you can't compare him to anyone a true trend setter.

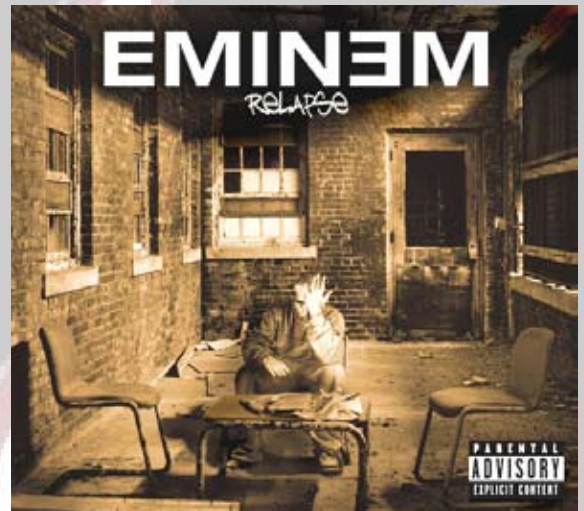
ASHER ROTH, Wow! Where did this guy come from is he the long lost brother, clone or evil twin come

to destroy Eminem unmatched rhyming skills! No matter what you think he got skills. I like this kid looking forward to hearing him on a track with Eminem or a battle with Eminem.



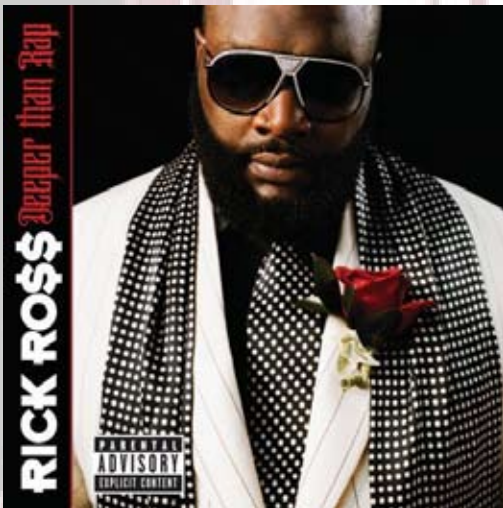
REVIEWS

(EMINEM-RELAPSE) I like his new album it has the feel of a older Eminem LP with the good Doctor Dre maintaining his undying support for the Eminem recovery if you can call it that.



(RICK ROSS-DEEPER THEN RAP) This album is a classic don't watch the beef between him & 50Cent , don't let that take away this master piece. I really like this album some grow mans S... gone are those juvenile beats & raps that have left Hip Hop fans thinking I'm getting to old to listen to this S... good luck with the

album Officer Ricky LOL.



(PHARRELL-OUT OF THIS WORLD) A very good album, Pharrell takes Hip Hop forward not to mention his clothing label (ICE CREAM) never taking Hip Hop back a true visionary with a classic blend of beats & raps. On the album you get the must have remix Everyone Nose (featuring Kanya West, Lupe Fiasco & Pusha T).



CAMRON-CRIME PAYS

Camron sits at the top this week wit his new album, taking the spot from rick ross. Ross settles at the number 2 spot with 26,000 sold, and so far his album has sold 270k. Also debuting this week is paul wall, with 22,000 sold in his first week. Very week number if you'd ask me. He takes the number 3 spot. At number 4 is gucci mane, also debuting this week with his latest albuming, and selling a dissappointing 15,000 copies. At the number 5 spot is jadakiss, selling 13,000 copies this week. And his album has sold 260,000 so far. Quite impressive for rapper with no hot radio single, like the other artist on the charts like florida and soulja boy that have radio hits and are still struggling to hit the 200k mark.

WEST LONDON TOP TEN

BLOOD RESPECT- THE GAME
MAFIA MUSIC REMIX- RICK ROSS
MONKEYZ- EMINEM
OFFICER RICKY- 50CENT
SWAGGER LIKE US- GILLE DA KID
SUCCESS REMIX- JAY Z & NAS
AGAINST THE WORLD 2009 REMIX- TUPAC SHAKUR
SELF CONSTRUCTION REMIX- KRS1
LOOK UP IN THE STARS- KID CUDI
WHEN THE MONEY GOES- JAY Z

THE WORST- WU TANG CLAN & ONYX
THIEF THEME- NAS
HURT- T.I & BUSTA RYHMES
GOT IT TWISTED- MOBB DEEP
COLD AS ICE- MOP
AMERICAN BAD ASS- KID ROCK
I AM- EMINEM
CURTIS 2- CAMRON
LIVING PROOF- GROUP HOME
STRAIGHT OUT OF COMPTON- NWA

**JAY Z - 'I'M A HUSTLER'S HOPE, NOT
HIS PIPE DREAM'**



The Wonderland Collective
www.thewonderlandcollective.com

LSD - London Street-Art Design

SALT OF THIS SEA

Starring Def Poetry Jam performer SUHEIR HAMMAD

Soraya, born in Brooklyn in a working class community of Palestinian refugees, discovers that her grandfather's savings were frozen in a bank account in Jaffa when he was exiled in 1948. Stubborn, passionate and determined to reclaim what is hers, she fulfills her life-long dream of "returning" to Palestine. Slowly she is taken apart by the reality around her and is forced to confront her own internal anger. She meets Emad, a young Palestinian whose ambition, contrary to hers, is to leave forever. Tired of the constraints that dictate their lives, they know in order to be free, they must take things into their own hands, even if it's illegal.



'In Annemarie Jacir's stunning debut feature, two young Palestinians steal a taste of freedom on the run from the law. Rasha Salti on a film that dares to imagine the impossible. "This is certainly not one of those films that will leave those who think Palestinians need to concede more to Israel comfortable or amused. This is a film with "bad" Palestinians, men and women, attractive, seductive, compelling, which claim a piece of your heart within minutes. Bonnie and Clyde meets Ghassan Kanafani - just what we needed to dream again."

The National

"Salt of this Sea ...is absolutely one of the best films I've seen in years " - Michael Moore,





DJ MIXES

DJMB - Profile <http://www.djmixdownloads.co.uk/dj/djmbprof.html>
Massive Attack Vol.1 (Drum n Bass) - www.mediafire.com/?mdhzyijkuny

Funkin DJ's - Profile: <http://www.djmixdownloads.co.uk/dj/fdjsprof.html>
Funkin DJ's Volume 1 (Funky House) - www.mediafire.com/?4zozzkm3ynk

Graeme Park - Profile: <http://www.djmixdownloads.co.uk/dj/gpprof.html>
Classics Mix Vol.1 (House) - www.mediafire.com/?bybe2ifl9aj

Jay Kay - Profile: <http://www.djmixdownloads.co.uk/dj/jkprof.html>
Fundamental Vol.01 (House) - www.mediafire.com/?nj5j53tmatm

Bassline Smith - Profile: <http://www.djmixdownloads.co.uk/dj/bsprof.html>
August Bank Holiday All Flavour Mix Pt.2 (Drum n Bass) - www.mediafire.com/?gmy0mogywzn

DJ Desire - Profile: <http://www.djmixdownloads.co.uk/dj/djdesireprof.html>
(Techno)
Fast - www.mediafire.com/?ddc8nzfy0nm

<http://www.djmixdownloads.co.uk/>

GRAFFITI DOCUMENTARIES AND FILMS

All links working at time of print...

BOMB THE SYSTEM (2006), a drama about a crew of graffiti artists in modern day New York City

<http://video.google.co.uk/videoplay?docid=-7656439438696750030&hl=en>

BOMB IT (2007), a graffiti and street art documentary filmed on 5 continents.

<http://video.google.co.uk/videoplay?docid=5077264480694196857&ei=Jw5CSqPQIjzq-QbyjPzEBw&q=graffiti+documentary&hl=en>



INFAMY (2005), A feature-length documentary about graffiti culture as told through the experiences of six well-known graffiti writers and a graffiti buffer.

<http://video.aol.com/video-detail/infamy-2006/135855124> / Trailer <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cYCBpq0aCss>

JISOE (2007), a glimpse into the life of a Melbourne (AUS) graffiti writer. Shows the audience an example of graffiti in struggling Melbourne areas

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XvkX-2lZnuA>

NEXT: A PRIMER ON URBAN PAINTING (2005), a documentary about global graffiti culture
Trailer: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=edIgm5hMaT0>

PIECE BY PIECE (2005), a feature length documentary on the history of San Francisco graffiti from the early 1980s until the present day.

Trailer: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=edIgm5hMaT0>

RASH (FILM) (2005), a feature documentary about Melbourne, Australia and the artists who make it a living host for illegal artwork called street art.

Trailer: <http://video.google.co.uk/videoplay?docid=7729840541233437404&hl=en>

STATIONS OF THE ELEVATED (1980), the earliest documentary about subway graffiti in New York City, with music by Charles Mingus

<http://vids.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=vids.individual&videoid=11135555>

STYLE WARS (1983)

An early documentary on hip hop culture, made in New York City

http://v.youku.com/v_show/id_XODQ3NjYxODA=.html

WILD STYLE (1983)

A drama about hip hop and graffiti culture in New York City

DVD Trailer: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Hee38-NV11E>

GRAFFITI VERITE' : READ THE WRITING ON THE WALL

<http://www.imeem.com/people/wvQ8ZQP/video/uGASWWbl/bob-bryan-graffiti-verite-read-the-writing-on-the-wall-ar/>

This highly respected multi award-winning documentary examines graffiti art from the perspective of those who create and appreciate it. The film follows 24 different artists from Los Angeles as they demonstrate their graffiti technique and discuss the roots and meaning of graffiti art. Bob Bryan's award-winning documentary reveals the underground world of the urban art from. Candid interviews and open discussions with the artists provide insight into the link between graffiti, ritualistic hieroglyphics and cave paintings, as well as how graffiti functions as a form of street propaganda and public art gallery. GRAFFITI VERITE discusses the spraypaint medium as a serious form of public art that is connected to the larger history of cultural expression.

GRAFFITI - KINGS DESTROY (FULL DOCUMENTARY)

Graffiti Documentary Full Length Feature, New York Kings of the Subway

<http://video.google.co.uk/videoplay?docid=-5408423431657910907&ei=cQ9CSt6BL9aF-Ab05pzMBw&q=+Kings+Destroy+&hl=en>

GRAFFITI - FROM TAGS TO RICHES

From Tags to Riches is a short UK Graffiti Documentary, mainly filmed in Bristol with a few bits from London. Features artist such as Inkie, FLX, Paris, Sickboy, Cyclops, Sweet Toof, Tek33 & more

<http://video.google.co.uk/videoplay?docid=-5652229711792527942&ei=5gxCSuzqL8Sd-Aaj6I3GBw&q=graffiti+documentary&hl=en>

GRAFFITI - EAT THIS CAKE

<http://video.google.co.uk/videoplay?docid=3968436891123248419&ei=pg1CSu3iM8WI-Abm3cHGBw&q=graffiti+documentary&hl=en>



BRICK LANE



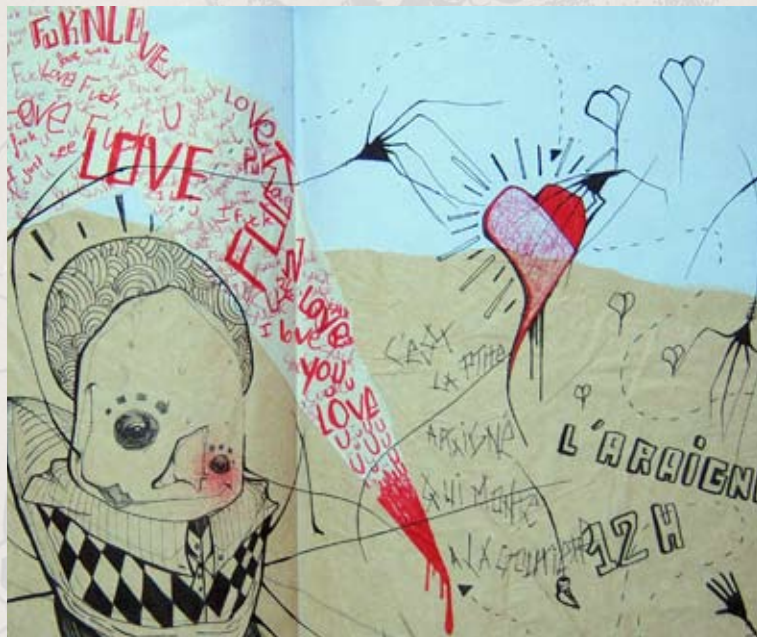
POZAN

GOOD MORNING LSDDDD I 'm Pozan , i'm French and I live in Lille in the north.

I'm student in the Académie des beaux art de tournai in belgium since two years now. In a art numérique section.

I work for graphisme, publicity and animation like stop motion etc...

but I work mostly outside of class on my characters and my personal universe. I work on the old paper like parchment, old diary , old newspapers etc... And i want give life to this papers with my



character and my ressent graphism. I live in a city when the grafity is realy present, everywhere, and when i see the wall i search the old wall with many crack, dirt etc..

And It's like the old paper , the old wall and the old paper are around us everyday but killed and i want give there life.

I don't wanna be a tagger or graphity artist which is a beautiful and lettering

will be.

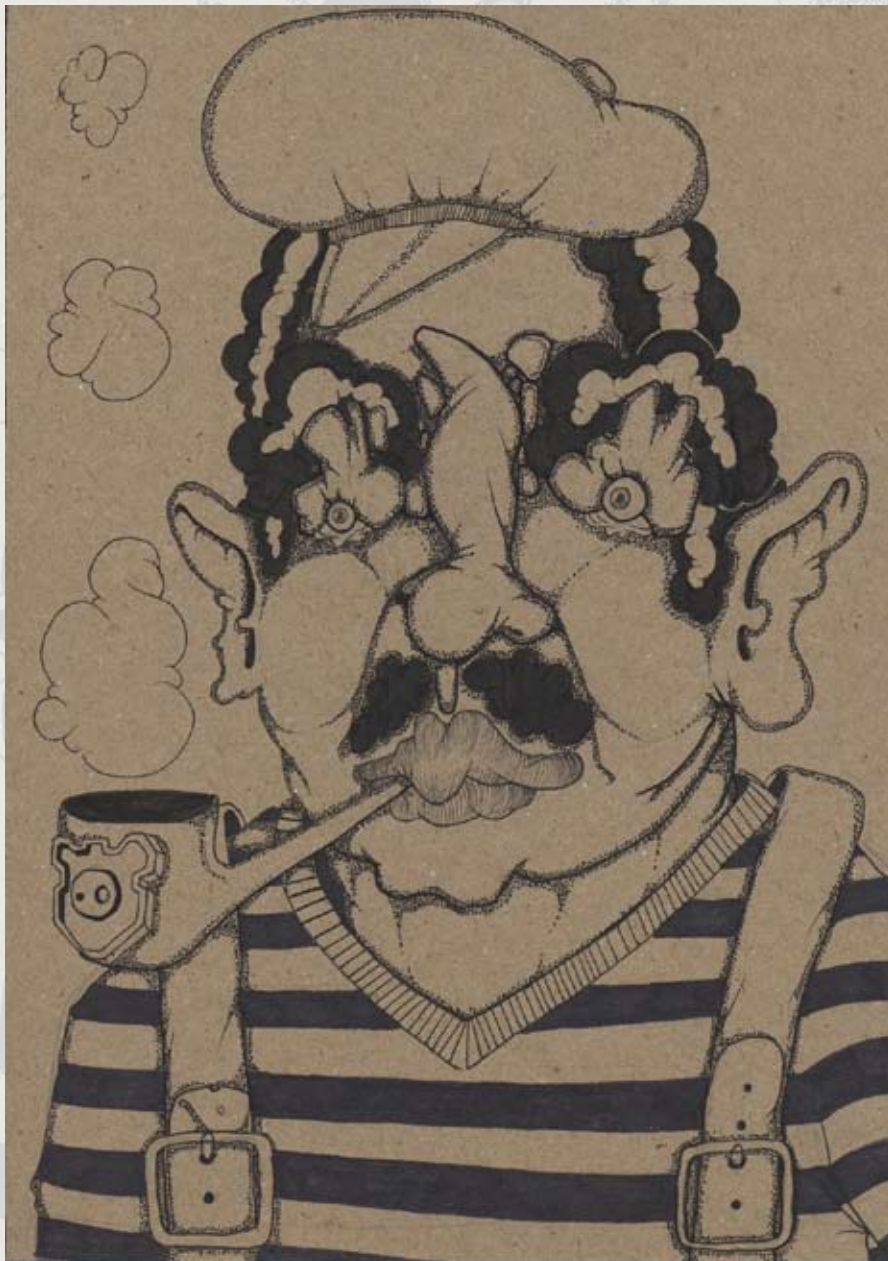
I want to play with the environment around me and give it a second life in the eyes of people. This is a sort of message, why destroy the old wall when just a paint or collage or draw can reanimated it? rechercher

And I draw with the technik " modern " like graphism, inspirate by many artists like amose, eroné, bom k gutter etc...



I work much with the black and white, or just little touch of colors, i like the contrast, like the black and white is for me something that i love very much.

Now i work for graffiti and colage, i want to the futur paint a giant character with giant decor, or just put many draw with the message in this city.



I want to be a tattoo artist too , for impose a graphik version of a old school tattoo but i don't know how the futur can made.

Sorry for my english, very bad I know.

I hope you understand my approach a little and what I wanted to explain.

GRAFFITI TERMINOLOGY



All City

The state of being known for one's graffiti throughout a city. Originally throughout the five boroughs of New York City through the medium of subway cars. A writer or crew must have a tremendous amount of ups to be considered, "All City."

Back to Back

Wall, freights, that are pieced completely from one end to the other. Also, it refers to throw-ups being placed one after the other on a wall, freight, etc. (also known as End to End). End to End used to be called window-downs but this is an older expression that is falling from popularity.

Back Jump

A quickly executed throw up or panel piece. Backjumps are usually painted on a temporarily parked train or a running bus.

Black Book

A graffiti artist's sketchbook. Often used to sketch out and plan potential graffiti, and to collect tags from other writers. It is a writer's most valuable property, containing all or a majority of the person's sketches and pieces. A writer's sketchbook is carefully guarded from the police and other authorities, as it can be used as material evidence in a graffiti vandalism case and link a writer to previous illicit works.

Bite

To steal another artist's ideas or lettering schemes. Seasoned artists will often complain about toys that bite their work.

Bomb

To bomb or hit is to paint many surfaces in an area. Bombers often choose throw-ups or tags over complex pieces, as they can be executed more quickly.



**Buff**

To remove painted graffiti with chemicals and other instruments, or to paint over it with a flat color.

Burn

To beat a competitor with a style.

Burner

1. A large, more elaborate type of piece. The piece could be said to be “burning” out of the wall or train-side. Because they take so much time and effort, burners in downtown areas are more likely to be legal pieces, painted with

the consent of the property owner. The early writers of New York also did burners illegally on trains, and adventurous modern writers sometimes still do large scale illegal pieces in heavily-trafficked areas.

2. More recently, any quick chrome bombing or throwup.

Burning

Any work having not been removed. “That piece is still burning on main street.”

Cannon(s)

A slang term for spray paint cans. This term is thought to originate in Brooklyn, New York.

Cap

To cross out or in any other way ruin a piece made by others. Derives from a writer named “Cap” who was infamous for making throw-ups over others’ pieces.

Crew

A crew, krew, or cru is a group of writers or graffiti artists. Some crews are members of gangs, or are associated with gangs (sometimes for procurement of art materials or for protection while painting), but most crews are unaffiliated with gangs. It can happen that an ordinary



group of friends suddenly form a crew if they are all interested in graffiti and want to start collaborating. By painting in a crew with the crew name there's a smaller risk of being held responsible for the works if a member gets arrested, because from a legal point of view the name could have been painted by anyone in the group. Crew names are usually three letters.

Dress-Up

To completely write all over a specific area like a door-way, wall or window that is untouched.

Dubs

A mostly London/UK style of graffiti executed in silver or chrome paint. Usually on railway walls or street locations, it is done very quickly by a crew or group of writers.

End-to-End (...)

The opposite of top-to-bottom - meaning a train-car covered with paint from one side of it to the other. Used as an adjective and non-commonly as a noun.[6]

Etch

The use of acid solutions intended for creating frosted glass, such as Etch Bath, to write on windows. In Norway some trains have even been taken temporarily out of service because of the acid tagging, which is potentially dangerous for other people's health.

Fills

Also referred to as "bombs" "throw ups" or "throwies". Fills describe a piece of graffiti that is either filled in a rush or a solid fill. A fill is also the interior base color of the piece of graffiti.

Going Over

To "go over" a piece of graffiti simply means to paint on top of it. While most writers respect one another's artwork, to intentionally and disrespectfully paint on top of another's work is akin to a graffiti declaration of war. However (due partially to the limited amount of desirable wall-space) most graffiti writers maintain a hierarchy of sorts; a tag can legitimately be covered by a throw-up, and a throw-up by a piece, and this is commonly done without incident. If a piece has previously been slashed (or "dissed"), it is also acceptable for another writer to go over it. To violate these guidelines, or to simply paint lower-quality graffiti on top of a higher-quality artist's work





will quickly characterize a writer as an annoyance, or “toy.” This is thought to be dangerous as a few remarkable crews are rumored to be physically violent to people not respecting their self-claimed rank in the hierarchy. also: hot 110

Getting Up

To work your reputation or “rep” through graffiti. (see King)

Heavens

Pieces that are painted in hard-to-reach places such as rooftops and freeway signs, thus making them hard to remove. Such pieces, by the nature of the spot, often pose dangerous challenges to execute, but may increase an artist’s notoriety. This term also encompasses a double-meaning as the locations are often very dangerous to paint there and it may lead to death, thus, going to heaven (also known as “hitting up the heavens”).

Head

Similar to a king or queen, a “head” is a writer who has much skill and a high reputation among other writers in his area.

Hollows

Also referred to as “outlines” and “shells”. A hollow is a piece of graffiti that contains no fill. (see fill)

Insides

Graffiti done inside trains, trams, or buses. In 1970s New York, there was as much graffiti inside the subway trains as outside, and the same is true of some cities today (like Rome, Italy and Melbourne, Australia). While still very common, insides are often perceived as being less artistic.



King

The opposite of toys, kings or queens (feminine) are writers especially respected among other writers. King of throw ups, king of style, king of a certain line...This is sometimes separated into “inside” and “outside” kings. To be a king of the inside means you have most



tags inside trains (to “own the inside”), and to “own the outside” means having most pieces on the train surface. One should note that there are kings of style among a variety of other categories and the term is regionally subjective. Self-declared kings will often incorporate crowns into their pieces; a commonly used element of style. However the people must be very self-confident when doing it, since other great writers tend to slash out self-proclaimed kings who have not gained that rank yet in their eyes. Typically a writer can only become a king if another king with that status already has expressed so.

Knight

A respected graffiti writer whose skills are still progressing. They are not as good as a king, but are much better than a toy.

Landmark

When an individual “tags” on a certain location that becomes very difficult for removal. Can also be a location that won’t get noticed too much, therefore it stays on longer.

Legal

A graffiti piece or production that is made with permission.

Married Couple

Two simultaneous whole cars painted next to each other.[3] Some artists make fun out of term by connecting the two paintings across the car-gap often in a humoristic or obvious way to signal the marriage. (Subway cars permanently coupled and sharing a single air-compressor and electrical generator between them are technically married pairs.)

Mop

A type of homemade graffiti marker used for larger tags that often has a round nib and leaves a fat, drippy line. Mops may be filled with various inks or paints.

Paint-Eater

An unprimed surface such as raw wood or concrete that eats up standard spray paint. If a location has been given the reputation of being a “paint eater” than in such cases a more thicker paint should be obtained and executed.

Pichação

Brazilian name for the unique form of tagging found in that country.

Piece (short for masterpiece)



A large and labor-intensive graffiti painting. Pieces often incorporate 3-D effects, arrows, and many colors and color-transitions, as well as various other effects. Originally shorthand for masterpiece, considered the full and most beautiful work of graffiti). A piece requires more time to paint than a throw-up. If placed in a difficult location and well executed it will earn the writer more respect. Piece can also be used as a verb that means: "to write".



Racking

Shoplifting or robbing, not limited to but including paint, markers, inks, caps, and clothes. Although disputed whether racking is an essential part of graffiti, there are writers who don't consider using legitimately acquired paint or pens as proper graffiti.

Roller

An enormous piece done with a paint roller instead of aerosol.

Run

The length of time graffiti remains up before being covered or removed. If a piece has been up for a year, it is said to have "run for a year".

Rusto

Rust-Oleum brand spray paint.

Scribe

Also called "scratchitti," scribing creates hard-to-remove graffiti by scratching or etching a tag into an object, generally using a key, knife, stone, ceramic drill bit, or diamond tipped Dremel bit. The Mohs scale of mineral hardness determines which stones or other objects will scratch what surfaces. Often accompanied by etch, which is a faster method only applicable on glass surfaces

Slam

To paint an extremely conspicuous or dangerous location.

Slash

To put a line through, or tag over, another's graffiti. This is considered a deep insult. It is also known as "marking", "dissing" and "capping" (because of an infamous writer called CAP going





over almost every piece on every car of the New York transit system in the early 70s and has become sort of a criticized legend because of that). Also referred to as “crossing out”, “dissing” or “going over”.

Stainer

A marker used to tag with, generally with a 12mm or 20mm tip. In some countries such as

Asustralia possession of these without a reason can result in an on the spot fine

Sticker

Also referred to as “labels” or “slaps”. A sticker (often obtained from shipping companies and name greeting labels) with the writer’s tag on it. A sticker can be deployed more quickly than other forms of graffiti, making it a favorite in any public place such as newspaper dispensers, stop signs, phone booths etc. A popular sticker that was used originally was the “Hello my name is” red stickers in which a writer would write his or her graffiti name in the blank space.

Straight letter

Also referred to as “straights” and sometimes “simples” are a direct blocky, more readable and simpler style of graffiti. Straight letters can be read by anyone and usually contain only 2 colors.

Tag

A stylized signature, normally done in one color. The simplest and most prevalent type of

graffiti, a tag is often done in a color that contrasts sharply with its background. Tag can also be used as a verb meaning “to sign”. Writers often tag on or beside their pieces, following the practice of traditional artists who sign



their artwork. It is the act of writing with a marker or spraypaint and commonly used as “tagging up”. A less common type of tag is a “dust tag”, (commonly done on cars or garage doors) done in dust by writers wishing to practice. The verb tagging has even become a popular verb today in other types of occasions that are non-graffiti-related. Tagging first appeared in Philadelphia, with spraypainted messages of “Bobby Beck In ‘59” on freeways surrounding the city. The first “king” was also crowned in Philly: Cornbread (graffiti), a student who began marking his nickname around the city to attract the attentions of a girl. In New York City, TAKI 183 inspired a newspaper article about his exploits, leading to an explosion of tagging in the early seventies.



Throw-Up

A throw-up or “throwie” sits between a tag and a piece in terms of complexity and time investment. It generally consists of a one-color outline and one layer of fill-color. Easy-to-paint bubble shapes often form the letters. A throw-up is designed for quick execution, to avoid attracting attention to the writer. Throw-ups are often utilized by writers who wish to achieve a large number of tags while competing with rival artists. Most artists have both a tag and a throw-up that are essentially fixed compared to pieces. It is mostly so because they need to have a recognizable logo for others to identify them and their own individual styles.

Top-to-Bottom

Pieces on trains that cover the whole height of the car. A top-to-bottom, end-to-end combined production is called a whole-car. A production with several writers might cover a whole-train, which means the entire side of the train has been covered. In the U.S. this term can also be



used as a single noun instead of only an adjective.

Toy

Used as an adjective to describe poor work, or as a noun meaning an inexperienced or unskilled writer. Graffiti writers usually use this as a derogatory term for new writers in the scene or writers that are old to the scene that still do not have



any skill or reputation. The act of “toying” someone else’s graffiti is to disrespect it by means of going over it. An acronym meaning Tag Over Your Shit or just plain up Ass-Hole.

Undersides

Tags or signatures painted on the under carriage of passenger trains. Undersides are normally marked in the yard after painting the train panel, most undersides will last somewhat longer than the original piece, as the railway workers primarily focus on the most visible things and sometimes don’t have resources to clean everything.

Up

Writers become up when their work becomes widespread and well-known.[3] Although a writer can “get up” in a city by painting only tags (or throw-ups), a writer may earn more respect from skillfully executed pieces or a well-rounded repertoire of styles than from sheer number of tags. Usually the more spots a writer can hit, the more respect he or she gains. A writers ups is determined by how much prolific graffiti he/ she has accomplished and that is actively running.

Whole Car

A single or collaborative piece that covers the entire visible surface of a train car, usually excluding the front and rear of the train. A whole car is usually worked upon by either a single artist or several artists from the same crew and is completed in one sitting.

Whole Train

All train cars (usually between four and eight or more, regardless of the train length) completely covered with paint reaching the far end of the train on one or both sides. Such demanding actions are often done by multiple artists or crews and with a limited variation of colors - commonly in black and silver - because of the stressing time limitation they are facing when painting in the train yards (very often less than 30 minutes). However the more artists who participate, the better works can come out of it and the cars are done quicker too. This type of graffiti, if



finished successful, is one of the most respected forms amongst other writers, but is also rarer due to the higher risk of getting caught.

Wildstyle

Graffiti with text so stylized as to be difficult to read, often with interlocking, three-dimensional type.

Window-Down (...)

Used mostly as a prefix for a whole car (other variations are possible too) where the content has been painted below the window borders, almost always covering the whole surface

in its length (see end to end). Can be used as a more precise alternative to the mentioned term within the brackets, but though not in addition to top-to-bottom as that will exceed the definition of the term.



Woodblock Graffiti

Artwork painted on a small portion of plywood or similar inexpensive material and attached to street sign posts with bolts. Often the bolts are bent at the back to prevent removal.

Writer

A practitioner of writing, a graffiti artist.



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So Long

and Thanks

for All the Fish...

