



## Getting up..... Harlem's Graffiti Hall of Fame

This kid Keo broke it down down for me. The reason you don't see many articles about breakin' and graf in the so-called Hip-Hop magazines is because b-boys and bombers don't buy ads. Record companies finance these rags with their advertisement money like they hold radio hostage with payola. That's why coverage is always so one sided and slanted towards the rapper and occasionally the DJ. Roosevelt Franklin to the rescue...

Located at 106th St and 3rd Ave. in El Barrio, the Graffiti Hall of Fame is an annual event attracting graf enthusiasts from all over the world. The best of the best come thru to represent, showing and proving the strength, intrinsic beauty and perseverance of what's been called the last great graphic art form of the 20th Century.

Each summer these cats make it happen automatic for the people stylee. At least four different generations are represented lovely in this ghetto gallery keeping the traditon alive, passing on knowledge from elder to youth.

Part 1/TDS: We try and get like a group of people once a year, y'know, try and do something positive. So far, it's worked out. A couple of people backed out, but we were able to pull it off. It's not easy.

Chain 3: In 1996, I gave Part a call and told him it was 20 years of The Death Squad/ TDS, happy anniversary. I said we need to get together. We got some heads together came down here, did one, and said "this is fun, we should do it every year." Part was one of the first who used to piece in here with Stingray 106. Vulcan used to do a couple of pieces in here, him and Spon. I wanted to bring that action back. Part and Ezo were the ones who got all the graf heads together.

Yea yea yea ya'll, lettin' ya'll know. See the name is James/ TOP, first caught my fame by writing my name on the trains. Now I be known from coast to coast. London, Paris, Germany, check it out for ya'll not knowin' about other countries. Photographers, pictures, magazines, my face every week on the TV screen, riding around town in limou sines, eating all the best cuisine. Gold watch, diamond ring, \$500 shoes, contacts in Asia tell me what to do. Big time, James/TOP, marquee's name, you know the deal. Peace, ya'll.



Photography: Melisa Winitzky  
Story: Roosevelt Franklin (Ex-Vand)





Even though permission's granted by the school whose play ground they do these legal walls in, po-po still perpetrates, trying to intimidate. Making their presence known, they watch over the proceedings like C.O.'s stand guard in the yard. Why make it hard for people to do the right thing in a political climate where the mayor has seen fit to obliterate the city's youth services and after school programs across the board? No money for education and the arts, but plenty for prisons and bullets. And they wonder why kids be wildin' out.

This is Keo/TOP crew, BY1, 3YB, FC, XMEN. We're here at the Hall of Fame. It's a regular annual thang, just a chance for everyone to get together and relive the old days and do what we love best. It's not like it used to be , but we're still representing. Once it gets in your blood stream, you really can't stop. They can outlaw it, they can make the trains graffiti proof, whatever they wanna do. It's still gonna happen, knowhutimean? Everybody out here is doing it for the love. There's no money in it. If anything, it costs you time and money. A lotta magazines and shows are gonna capitalize on it and make their little money and that's great, do your thing. We're doing this purely for the love of it.

