

Brothers From Another Planet

NONPHIXION ■ BY ROOSEVELT FRANKLIN (GHETTO GUERRILLA) ■

They stink of Hip-Hop. These 3 MC's are those sick type of cats who've been rhyming since before they had hair on their dicks. The DJ's one of them fools who don't know nothin' but wax. When not working behind the scenes at Fat Beats, DJ Eclipse spins for the Rock Steady Crew and holds it down alongside the legendary "King of the Party Records" DJ Riz with their underground rap radio show on WNYU. The producer and fifth Beatle of the crew is the baby Finsta of evil beats, Necro, now known for his own up and coming indie label and film career. Blessed with tracks by DJ Premier, Pete Rock and Large Professor, the debut album will be released by the end of this year. In their never ending battle with the matrix, Nonphixion might just blast off like Flash Gordon in the Starship Loochi.

Sicilian, Puerto Rican, Jewish, Mexican and Mayflower Pilgrim, they were made in America. Primarily from the hellholes of Brooklyn, they're the products of poverty and projects, public housing experiments in a city known for it's homegrown homeless. With a necessary survivalist mentality, they grew to become the lyrical intergalactic flag burners whose pornographic imaginations and recitations of conspiracy theories make them the next supergroup to check for. Goretex, Sabac, and Ill Bill are microphone masters who, perhaps in penance for their sins as young men of the street, rap about the problems of this reality called society from an outcast perspective. Often referring to themselves as aliens, their rugged poeticals break down the hypocrisy of this country's own thuggery never referred to as terrorism. Dusted disciples of Public Enemy like fellow acolyte Zack



de la Rocha, they run down a list of vicious instances of government betrayal that rarely are reported in the mainstream media. The CIA's role in the explosion of crack-cocaine and heroin, the secret surveillance and police murder of innocent citizens, everyday crimes of politicians, racism and other evils of the system play the villain in the MCs' verbal video games. Their use of metaphysical metaphors and science fiction references are equal only to their own confessions of drug use and ghetto wickedness. The positive and the negative make up the whole like the circle of a yin/ yang symbol. It's about one.

With a reputation built off of live shows and a loyal following, they got theirs the hard way, by doing it themselves. Since '96, Nonphixion's been touring and independently releasing strong singles such as "I Shot Reagan" and "Black Helicopters". They're loved by fans overseas, on the internet, and among the kids. Now they're fucking with Warner Brothers money. Signed to the subsidiary label Beat Down, they'll soon be putting it down for audiences on an MTV level. Will they be able to keep it real on the strange mirror world of Hollyweird? Can they defeat the beserker robots of the Industry of Injustice before the deadly mechanized nano-virus is released? Has Hip-Hop been hopelessly kidnapped into the bizarre dimension where only Sisqo can win the Rap category? This is Roosevelt Franklin, beam me up. Stay tuned for the spine tingling adventures of...