



# CREATION OF DESTRUCTION

WANE ONE/FC COD



by Roosevelt Franklin (Black President)

With graf in NYC, there's those centered around the demelaninated gaiety of the gallery scene and then there's heads who represent for the people. This is the story of just another working man from the ghetto trying to get a piece of the American dream.

As a kid in the window of his Bronx apt., the West Indian London born WANE could see the trains ride elevated tracks like moving art museums. His neighborhood showcased work by masters like Blade, Tracy 168, Rolieo, Seen/TC5, and the crew HPA (High Powered Artists). Their inspiration hippped him to the hype of hitting the lines. He started doing insides with markers, motion tagging on the 2 train. In 1984, he was taken to his first subway layup by Micheloeb, prez of the graf crew COD (Children On Dust). Guided by members DERO, WEN, and POEM, he was hooked.

Writers are often misconceived as nothing but criminals and vandals. In reality, many in the game were art students and ghetto intellectuals. Some attended elite high schools for the gifted in Manhattan like Humanities, Laguardia and Art and Design. WANE stayed uptown, but knew cats like that from around the way such

as MORE/FC (Fame City). In 1985, his crew ran the 1 line. Going through the Bronx, Manhattan and Brooknam, this train's importance energized the work and competition. Neighborhoods and subway lines were territorial back then. Strangers could get jacked up. MORE connected him with WEST/FC, a leader of the crew and now a chief at PNBnation. He blessed WANE by inviting him to paint at their underground train yard in the heart of Harlem.

**WANE:** *I went to the 1 line, painting in the 1 tunnel and learning what really goes on with writing. The 1 line had a lot of beef and tension. You'd constantly be running into situations. This prepared me for the real world of graf and what went on in the whole city. I was very young to the game. I'd only painted a few times. I learned a lot on the 1 line, about getting vamped, getting beat down, like "Oh, you gotta roll with a crew". I was just learning a lot about how to handle myself in certain situations.*

*In '88, what happened was I'd been painting different lines all over the city for several years. The tension from my mom, the constant racking paint every day, stealing caps, painting every other night, cutting school, hanging out and taking photos, beef with mad mothufukahs- yo, you get tired of it.*

The hunger still intact, he got entrepreneurial and started airbrushing T-shirts for heads around the way. This led to work at Unique Clothing Warehouse, a trendy store on Broadway in downtown Manhattan inspired by graf like early Madonna. Centered in the

media/ entertainment industry, he gigged for rap labels designing logos for artists like Jeru da Damaja. He also painted sets and designed graf backdrops for videos directed by Ralph McDaniels and Lionel Martin, producers of the pioneering tv show Video Music Box.

He'd flirted with studying advertising and design but was already real in the field. Even other classmates, impressed by his portfolio, wondered why he'd waste time with college. He kept working, even going back to trains briefly in the 90's. He's killed plenty of walls but unlike some contemporaries never caught canvas fever or been a regular on the show circuit.

**WANE:** *There was a certain era where people tried to bring that whole thing from the subway, the writing movement, into the galleries. At that time, Wild Style was coming out (plus) Style Wars and Beat Street. People were like, "We're gonna market the B-boys." They were trying to package the whole thing. They were like, "Ok, these guys can be in galleries, they're artists." A few guys got the opportunity to do that. They looked at everybody that came after as copy cats. They didn't look at us as being creative or worth anything. The guys that were in that time span when the movement went on as far as the galleries, after them it was like, "Ok, it's over, these are the guys that pioneered it and nobody else." Some people have been fortunate to go on and keep painting. Some continued their art careers, very few. A very small percentage of writers got an opportunity to show their work in the galleries.*

Having been around so many bonafide players in the game like Subware and Elements of Style, he kept the art in motion with his own clothing company, Writer's Bench. It's named after the gathering spot where heads congregate to watch work showcased on the mobile galleries of the rails.

**WANE:** *The designs I do are a lot of concepts*







from old crews or sayings from writers. No Toys Allowed – that was an old crew, NTA. It's about the graphics, but it's also about the message.

The grassroots company makes shirts, hats and backpacks for now. It's run out the Boogie Down with assistance from his man H.L. and Sebar7. Writers like DASH/FC and COPE help on free-lance projects. Of course his crew COD got his back. Re-dubbed Children of Destruction, they also operate as a graphics business, Creating Original Designs.

WANE's time in graf gives him an instinctive understanding of marketing. Pieces are billboards and tags are advertisement. Writer's Bench is known underground world wide. His commitment to supporting other independent businesses makes the gear exclusive. It's for the crate diggers and style connoisseurs. It also puts him against the big willies milking Hip-Hop.

**WANE:** You're dealing with mothufukahs who own corporate businesses. For one thing, if you're a minority, they're looking at you funny. If you're from the street and you're doing this graffiti thing, they're like "Ahhh, this shit is bull-shit". But they're ready to take your money fast and do your product poorly.

These guys are making money off our shit, off things people have done like ourselves. We paid mad dues for this shit, getting into all types of trouble with the law and family, putting ourselves in danger cuz of the

areas we chose to paint, just living this whole experience. They don't know nothing about it but yet they wanna exploit it.

Steady putting in work, his dedication to the scriptures has given him the vision to see false prophecy. Writer's Bench is protection, a talisman to help him stay true to the word. It's also proof that going for yours will defeat any obstacle in the pursuit of your dreams.

**WANE:** As we go on in time, things evolve and change. The rawness of the element is gone as you see in the rap game. Look at the way they treat each other. Look at the lack of respect. There was always fights (and whatnot) at jams, but people didn't get hurt like they're getting hurt now. These are adults, heads that are supposed to be businessmen but pretend to be

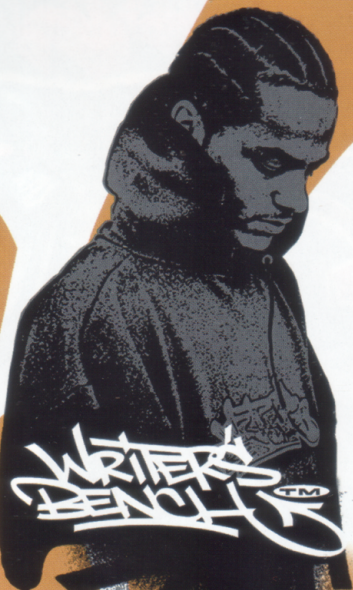
thugs, talking about so many different things. You might have been around it, but did you actually do it? I been around mad shit with drugs, but I never sold it, I never smoked it, but I always gave my peoples respect. I was like, "Yo, if that's what you wanna do, do it because you hungry right now, but I'm not gonna condone it. I'm not gonna do it."

**DASH/FC:** Real n!\$&?z that doing it ain't gonna talk about it on no record, cuz they don't want the heat, kid.

**H.L.:** All these rappers are full of shit and a lotta these gear lines are just following suit. It's as watered down as the industry is.







# EXPOSE



TEE  
333

"Lil"  
"MAN"

KJR  
Kool

Handwritten graffiti tags and signatures.

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