

the wee hours of July 23, 1967. Rumbly started in a "blind pig"—a private, after-hours joint that sells unlicensed liquor—that called itself the United Civic League for Community Action. When police busted the place that night, there were nearly 90 people packed inside the tiny bar and grill. All had to be escorted to the police wagons downstairs, which couldn't hold everybody. A crowd gathered at the entrance as the police led their captives out. The merriment turned ugly. Bricks and rocks were hurled, smashing the back window of one patrol car; Molotovs rocketed through the street. Stores were devoured, as if by locusts.

"I can remember as a teenager sitting on the porch," Dr. Taylor recalled, "watching people pushing shopping carts of TVs and clothes. My neighborhood was a working-class attic on the West Side. And you could see the same sights in middle-class neighborhoods. It was unreal, almost ethereal—like everybody was a contestant on the *Wheel of Fortune*, and had solved the puzzle."

#### IV. POPPY: THE GREAT WHITE FATHER

*RESURGET CINERIBUS.* It shall rise from the ashes.

Detroit is a city full of personal billboards, slogans, and mottoes. This particular one was used to revive a dying city. It was partly fulfilled. A spanking new monorail ties some of the major hotels and office buildings downtown together like a concrete dippy-do, all too symbolic—round and round, going nowhere. The mirrored Renaissance Center—Henry Ford II's helping hand to Detroit after the devastation—juts out of the ground like a weird urban stalagmite. In the 20 years since the riot the city has lost a third of its people and a larger proportion of its jobs. The white merchants on 12th Street and other parts of the city were frightened beyond belief, and decided they could never come back. Not only was this bad for the blacks who patronized these stores, it was bad for the blacks who worked in them—including those who were rioters themselves. With the loss of so many people and jobs and so much finance—and the upswing of crime—the city's tax base rapidly dwindled. By 1985 it had shrunk to 12.6 per cent of Detroit's three-county metro area, down from 45.6 in 1960. With the move of Hudson's and others out to the suburban malls, badly needed moneys were siphoned out of the city on a regular basis. Middle-class whites and blacks who did remain found themselves plagued by armed robberies and burglaries. People decided to arm themselves. Handgun sales rose sharply, and the street was flooded with illegal weapons. The city's homicide rate shot skyward.

What happened? Why didn't Detroit recover? There's no solid answer to that question, at least not by conventional logic. Conventional logic doesn't force the city's political power to admit that the bounty of the '60s wasn't equally distributed. Conventional logic doesn't scream out that the riot wasn't why Detroit unraveled: it merely burned away the facade that had hidden Detroit's invisible society, the forgotten underclass.

In the *Detroit Free Press*, Barbara Stanton pointed out that 12th Street, along with its bustling stores, hot nightlife, and periphery of black middle-class homes, had in its midst an undeniable ghetto. From West Grand Boulevard to Clairmont, there was an enormous number of substandard dwellings, the largest number of unemployed, and the highest crime rate in the city. "The riot was the underclass's way of getting back," Taylor said. "It was pure rebellion. It was the underclass's way of saying, 'We're tired of being ignored. Now you're forced to pay attention.' This was the guy who didn't work in the plant, for whatever reason. This was the guy who couldn't commerce like the working- and middle-class blacks who came into 12th Street. This was the

hype going around at the time about how blacks were prospering. Blacks were working—some prospered, like the doctors and lawyers that served the black community when whites refused to—but they weren't prospering. It was like that line Florence said to George Jefferson on a *Jeffersons* episode. She said, 'How come we overcame,' referring to the civil rights theme song, 'and nobody told me?' I guess that's what the underclass felt. And they took matters into their own hands."

Those blacks who believed they overcame, or at least got over, were what made Detroit a Reconstruction dream. Fantasies of affluence in the industrial North came true in sprawling mansions along Boston, Chicago, and Edison boulevards. High auto-industry wages created a black population—more than a million by the early '60s—that needed professional services. Black doctors, lawyers, schoolteachers, and businessmen filled the vacuum left by white professionals, who had departed for the suburbs along with their clients. Between 1950 and 1959, over 350,000 whites migrated out of the city. Racism helped create a thriving and powerful black elite in Detroit. But when the auto industry started its long slide, the black elite's monopoly on black business began to look like an empty

package. Black America's city of dreams was being left to feed on itself.

The 1967 riots scarred the urban psyche. As time brought the consequences into painful clarity, blacks realized the insurrection was a painful mistake. The city was becoming a wasteland before their eyes. Many wanted to forget what had happened.

A few years after the riots heroin made its appearance in Detroit. Unlike Harlem and Newark, where the drug picked up steam around 1966, heroin was almost an oddity in Detroit until 1970. It was then that Henry Marzette, a black former Detroit cop jailed during the '50s on corruption charges, became a top dog in the city's drug trade. After prison, he was a feared "gorilla" pimp—one who recruits prostitutes from other pimps by force. But it wasn't until Marzette noticed the exorbitant profits the Mafia was making from heroin in New York that he decided to get in on the action. Between 1969 and 1970, he took over the trade from a mob family in Detroit and became the city's biggest heroin financier. Marzette influence extended well beyond the street corner and shooting gallery; during his reign little or no press coverage was given him in the *Free Press* or *The Detroit News*.

After Marzette's death in the early '70s, heroin continued to ravage Detroit.

Crime surged as addicts fed their monsters. Detroit's car-theft rate became the nation's highest. Home owners spent tens of thousands turning their houses into iron-barred fortresses. In 1975 gangs like the BKs (Black Killers) and the Errol Flynn's appeared on the scene. The Errol Flynn's—with their black Borsalinos and weird pumping hand-dance—became infamous during an Average White Band concert, where they went on a raping and robbing spree. The situation was so volatile that year that Motown—the soul of black Detroit—moved to Los Angeles. Nelson George, author of the Motown history *Where Did Our Love Go?*, told me, "I hate to say it, but during that time, Detroit wasn't conducive for a booming black business."

With Motown gone and the auto industry in a slump, the scenario in Detroit was beginning to resemble a Greek tragedy. And the city was about to be hit with the deus ex machina—Young Boys Incorporated, or YBI. Not only were they unexpected walk-ons in the second act, they rewrote the script.

In a twisted way YBI took the place of Motown. They were young superstars to street teens, more revered than Michael Jackson and Prince. For the older junkies hooked on nostalgia, YBI wrapped the

*Continued on next page*

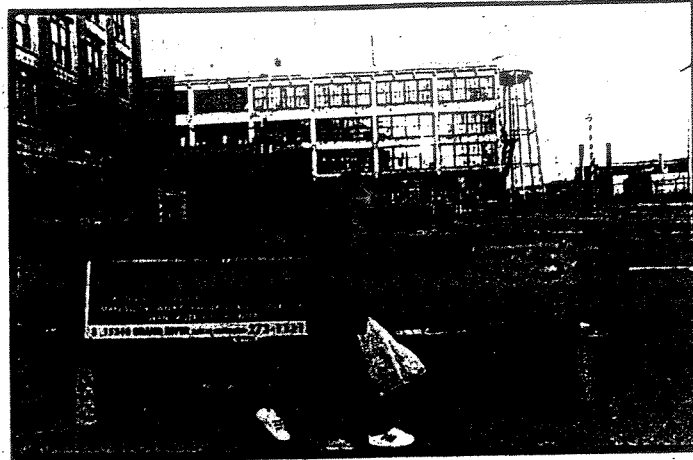
110% black wool mini skirt, \$16. Polka dot blouses, \$20. Leather motorcycle jackets, \$225. Handbags, \$28. Shirts, \$12.50. Socks, \$1.50. Hats, \$1.50. (Prices vary by store)

712-714 Bdway (Bet. Astor & W. 4th St.) N.Y.C. 460-8830  
 Mon.-Thur. 10:30-10, Fri. & Sat. 10:30-12 midnite, Sun. 12-8  
 227 E. 59th St. (Bet. 2nd & 3rd Ave.) N.Y.C. 752-1680  
 Mon.-Fri. 11-10:30, Sat. 10:30-10:30, Sun. 12-8

Continued from preceding page

45¢ in coin envelopes that contained a least of memories; "heh-ron" was a stone soul picnic. The origins of YBI are bizarre. Not only were the organization's forefathers—Mark Marshall and Raymond Peoples—well known to police, but their individual crimes prior to YBI were headline news during the mid-70s. Peoples, a tall and powerful enforcer, was charged along with two other men for the 1975 murder of Marian Pyszko. Pyszko, 54, a Polish immigrant and pan washer in a bakery, was dragged from his car one night and beaten with a piece of broken concrete during a rash of racial disturbances. After three trials during which several witnesses developed convenient amnesia, Peoples was acquitted.

Marshall's story is a more perverse tale. Marshall was a brilliant student in school. He was the product of a broken, middle-class home; his mother, Mary, was a secretary, and his father, Wallace, owned a shoe shop. Marshall grew up in an attractive dwelling in a West Side neighborhood, Russell Woods. Wallace later married Constance Blount; her stepmother, Beatrice Blount, was the widow of the founder of the Great Lakes Life Insurance Co. On August 19, 1974, Marshall's father, stepmother, her mother, and Beatrice Williams, Beatrice Blount's



CLOSED FORD PLANT

**THE AUTO INDUSTRY BEGAN ITS LONG SLIDE. BLACK AMERICA'S CITY OF DREAMS WAS BEING LEFT TO FEED ON ITSELF.**

nurse, were murdered. Marshall was charged with the knife-and-meat-cleaver slaying. The police report mentioned traces of semen on the bodies. After two mistrials, all charges were dropped in August 1978. Marshall said after the trial, "Justice has been done after four years. I'm going up north to fish and think."

Marshall must have pondered long and hard, because it was around this time that he and Peoples began YBI—allegedly with the more than \$70,000 collected from Marshall's father's insurance. Starting from the northwest street corner of Prairie and Puritan, YBI's tentacles eventually covered Detroit and several counties.

By 1981, YBI's employees were 300 strong, all teens and preteens, who were immune to harsh punishment for drug trafficking. Many law enforcement observers have noted that YBI was run like a military outfit, organized into soldiers (street dealers), lieutenants, and the "A-Team" (enforcement). But YBI was more like a \$400 million corporation—that was YBI's estimated gross in 1981—not unlike its hometown predecessor General Motors. Salesmen were instructed never to use the product. Milton "Butch" Jones, third man in YBI, would drill his soldiers in "marketing" meetings to "get high on money." As reinforcement, top salesmen were given expensive perks—gold and diamond jewelry, and goose down leather jackets with fur-trimmed hoods known as "Max Julians."

"YBI was the first drug organization that I know of to use brand names on their heroin," said U.S. Attorney Roy Hayes. "They had names like CBS, Rolls-Royce, and Coochi Khan. It was a Madison Avenue approach—you can trust our product."

When the competition copycatted, YBI undercut them by selling low-grade heroin under a competitor's name. YBI's drugs (they were also selling \$3 plastic packets of crack, back in 1982) were the most coveted in the state. YBI was aware of this, and brazenly began to hand out flyers in the neighborhood that stated brand name, price, day, date, and time of sale. Drugs were distributed using Mercedes Benzes, BMWs, taxi cabs, scooters, and 10-speed bikes. Sales areas were patrolled by members of the A-Team in Laredo and Wrangler jeeps, packing Uzis for warding off rival gangs. Jeeps eventually replaced luxury cars for drug distribution—their four-wheel drive insured delivery in snow storms, and made it easy to elude cops by escaping into off-road brush.

YBI made bloody examples of those who crossed them. On May 30, 1984, Rickey Gracey, 26, and three accomplices tried to rob the home of Butch Jones. The attempt was thwarted by Jones's wife, Portia, who wounded Gracey with a shotgun as the other three escaped. While he bled on the front lawn, Portia put in a call to Charles Obey and Spencer Tracy Holloway, members of the A-Team, and driver Andre Williams. When they arrived, according to Williams' testimony, Portia was outside waiting for them. Gracey apologized and asked them for some water. Obey shot him five times with a .38 automatic. After Gracey had revealed the identity of his partners, Holloway shot him with an Uzi. Fifteen times. Gracey bounced up and down on the grass. Later, his body was dumped in an alley on the north side.

As successful as YBI was, it suffered some major setbacks that appeared to dismantle the enterprise. In 1982, Mark Marshall went deep underground at the height of YBI's prominence. In 1983 Butch Jones was sentenced to 12 years in prison, as was Sylvester "Seal" Murray, 30, multimillionaire supplier of YBI and other drug syndicates. Murray was wealthy enough that police investigators found \$80,000 cached in a safe—it had been there for two years. Murray had forgotten the combination. In August 1985, Raymond Peoples was found in a car with several slugs in his back.

By 1986, the Detroit Police Department, DEA, FBI, and the Internal Revenue Service were concentrating them-

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# free.



**Midtown**  
110 W. 56th St.  
(At 6th Ave.)  
7am-10pm Mon/Fri  
10am-8pm Sat/Sun  
541-7200

**Midtown**  
132 E. 45th St.  
(Next to Grand Central)  
7am-10pm Mon/Fri  
10am-8pm Sat/Sun  
986-3100

**Midtown**  
20 E. 50th St.  
(Next to Saks Fifth Ave.)  
6am-9:30pm Mon/Fri  
10am-8pm Sat/Sun  
593-1500

**Uptown**  
1433 York Ave.  
(Corner 76th St.)  
10am-10pm Mon/Fri  
10am-8pm Sat/Sun  
737-6666

**Village**  
24 E. 13th St.  
(East of 5th Ave.)  
10am-10pm Mon/Fri  
10am-8pm Sat/Sun  
924-4600

**Wall Street**  
39 Whitehall Street  
(Financial District)  
6am-9:30pm Mon/Fri  
10am-8pm Sat  
269-9800

**Lincoln Center**  
150 W. 68th St.  
(Our next location)  
496-5400

selves, saying they had finally destroyed YBI. What they forgot was that, although 42 people had been indicted, YBI still had 258 people on the loose. It's true that prosecutors like Hayes, the late Leonard Gilman, and Gary Felder did a brilliant job of attacking YBI—treating it as a multinational cartel rather than some counterfeit gangsters on a street corner—but Young Boys had grown too big to take down in one sweep. This was proven in August, when a grand jury federal indictment of 26 defendants took place in Detroit. The name of the case is Young Boys II. "Nine of the defendants were previously indicted in connection with the Young Boys case," said attorney Hayes. "Some of the defendants are a Wayne County deputy sheriff, two attorneys hired by YBI, and Milton 'Butch' Jones." Hayes alleged Jones had continued running YBI from his prison cell in a Texas federal penitentiary.

**V.  
NEW JACK CITY:  
ROLLIN' JEEPIN'  
AND JOCKIN'**

**STOP THE MADNESS**

This is a huge advertisement that looms over Woodward, across the street from Palmer Park. One high-schooler told me that the new jacks "look at it and say 'Fuck the madness. You can't stop it, so just roll with it.'" The sign has been reduced to a banal slogan, a doofy punch line among the new jacks and front artists. In Motown a new jack is a calculating novice who enjoys killing you, aside from making a name for himself. His imitator, a front artist, pulls out a snapshot of a "nine" (9mm automatic), expecting you to run for your life. It goes without saying that front artists don't live long.

**HOW DO YOU LIKE ME NOW?**

This is a personal billboard in red letters on the black spare-tire cover mounted on the rear of a triple-black—black interior-exterior, tinted windows—Mitsubishi Montero jeep. Wide Jefferson Avenue is full of jeeps—a new jack pose circling Detroit like crazy sputniks. In sync, the volumes of each Blaupunkt and Alpine stereo are increased at a red light. On green, Rakim and Eric B. sound the charge, the anthem of a new generation, the opus of a new ruling class, the preview of a new rap on the Friday night master mix.

"I ain't no joke..."

I rode with a high-schooler downtown to the Afro-American Festival in Hart Plaza. He knew some of the crews, has rolled with them in the past. Now he wants out of the neighborhood because he is book smart and street aware. But the street is like a Doberman; it can turn on you.

Finding a parking space near Joe Louis Arena, we got out and walked. The July night was hot and humid. Renaissance Center stood tall and indifferent, the pallid moon overhead, and the rivers of people beneath; it cooled in the mirrored panes of its hi-tech narcissism.

The people moved like waves of warm water along the sidewalk cafes of Greektown, Woodward's shopping district, and deposited into the concrete cavern of Hart Plaza. Packs of new jacks—all between 13 and 19 years old—covered the area in designer sangfroid and \$2000 portable cellular phones, just in case another crew wanted to "step off" into Uzi conflict. They resembled Nam platoons on maneuvers in Elephant Valley. Their classy gear consisted of Gucci and Bill Blass jogging suits, Bally and Diadora gym shoes, shiny gold Rolex watches. Some were so bold they wore diamond-encrusted Krugerrands hung from telephone-cable-thick gold chains. That's equivalent to Nat Turner fashioning a leather-studded belt out of the same cat-o-nine-tails used to plow his back. But maybe I'm confusing bravado with ignorance.

The festival was too crowded, the jazz band too weak, and the fish-and-chips booth dominated was out of its legendary

whiting sandwiches. The high-schooler said there were too many crews walking around.

"Something might jump off," he told me. I asked him if the crews had names. "Some do," he told me, "but they're pretty lightweight. If you're high-powered, you don't use a name. After YBI there are no more names. Names attract too much attention. Some use hand signals." I asked him about one group that holds up both hands and flashes peace signs. The high-schooler said he didn't know about them. I didn't press the issue; a school security official said later that it's the code used by the 20-20s.

So I know a code; I still don't have the key to New Jack City. I know its inhabitants come from two groups: deracinated middle-class black teens and their less well-off peers. The deracinated black teen knows that being heir to "a better life" resulted mainly in the castration of desire, their confusion of self (Buppie or B-Boy? as Nelson George has said), and their enlightenment that, in 1987, there is no "better life." Never knowing what it is to want—and, therefore, never growing up, or growing up with nothing to grow into—is a cruel death. New Jack City offers a suicidal lifestyle on the teens' own terms.

New Jack City for the economically

deprived is a crystalline legacy formed by the cooked-down anarchy of their parents in the 1967 riot. Because of the seared riot consciousness, because of heroin's flip-flop—killer and money-maker—and crack's entrepreneurial spirit, outlaw is the law. Teen gangsterism has transformed the teen middle- and underclass, the children of the E-Lites and Hootie Hoos, into the get-over class.


Rap music is also key in understanding the get-over class—I think. My trepidation comes from me blaming the ills of the world on L.L. Cool J and rap music. L.L. and rap are just reflections of New Jack City. As a matter of fact, L.L., Rakim, Run-D.M.C. and other emcees are prisoners of the hard-rock image they have triumphantly sold to their get-over peers. Once a new jack, actual or dramatized, emcee or murderer—or victim, like Scott La Rock—always a new jack. Even if L.L. tries to deny the street, as he does when showing his frustration in "The Breakthrough," spitting out to a fanatical crack self-admirer, "I should take my gun and shoot you/ in your motherfuckin' face!"—or if Rakim tries shallow defecation, saying, in the December 1987 *Spin*, that he used to be "robbin' and stealin'" and all that shit. Normal everyday shit, when his rapper voice sounds like he's still ready, like L.L., to "put that head

out" the new jacks won't allow it, because rap music is their strong-arm negotiator in the world-at-large. It's no wonder that the switchboard of Detroit's ABC affiliate lit up like crazy after the July premiere of the Run-D.M.C. Adidas commercial. This telephone vote of gangster stylists proved that not only do clothes make the new jack, they reinforce his being.

The get-over class in New Jack City understands that gangster style is both form and function. To have gangster style, you have to be "gettin' paid"—making so much gusto (money) until it's goofy. Then you can have an acquired taste by means of extortion, the ability to buy panache and aristocracy. But that's what also unnerves me about the emigré of New Jack City; the way he flashes his green card. Whether it's the kid that goes to Gucci to spend \$3000 on a wardrobe displayed no further than the L.L. Cool J show, the crackhouse, or "the projects," or the kid who comes home to a \$200,000 cul de sac and a good night's sleep after killing a rival crack dealer and two of his crew, and all the while mom and dad are in the den doing their taxes on the PC—it alarms me when the need to "show and prove" is that extreme. That's how I know that the teen bodies in the graves of

*Continued on next page*

P U T U M A Y O



Pre-Holiday  
**SALE**  
Up to 50% Off  
Selected Fall  
Clothing

**PUTUMAYO**  
147 Spring Street, Soho  
Monday to Friday 12 to 7  
Saturday 11-7, Sunday 11 to 6  
339 Columbus Avenue (76th St.)  
Monday to Saturday 11 to 8  
Sunday 12 to 6  
857 Lexington Avenue (65th St.)  
Monday to Friday 11 to 7:30  
Saturday 10:30 to 6

Continued from preceding page  
 Detroit and other major cities are not surrogates for racist whites or superprivileged parents. Citizenship in New Jack City comes with a very expensive price tag.

"Yo man," the high-schooler said to me. "I know this one kid who makes about \$2000 a day. He's a beastmaster—an enforcer. He's a big kid, about six-three 230. He carries an Uzi, but he's def with his hands, too. He just bought a Wagoneer jeep for \$22,000, but he parks it two blocks away from his house so that his parents don't find out. His family has some status and money, you know, and they expect him to go to college. But he's making too much ghetto. All the skeezers [sexually active girls] are jockin' him, too. He asked me one time, 'Know how to catch a skeeze?' I said no. He said, 'You say, "Jeep-jeep-jeep-jeep-jeep..."'"

We left the plaza. The throngs of crews grew thicker, like shadows coagulating into a nightmare. The street was drowned in cars and people; a police officer directed traffic. Just then, an old and dimpled Pontiac tapped the rear of a sleek Mercedes 300E. Three white guys—mid-thirties—got out of the Pontiac, and they were drunk. Four new jacks jumped out of the Benz, in multicolored sweatsuits and gold everywhere. Two beastmasters,

about six foot six and six foot seven, grabbed all three white guys in choke holds. The cop didn't move. One slim-teen, about five foot eight, walked up to one of the white guys and reached for his stuff. The swelling crowd egged the new jacks on. I just knew the white guys were going to catch a bad decision. The cop didn't move. I covered my eyes, but then I peeked through my fingers. A traffic jam formed and honking horns snapped the new jack out of his homicidal autism. He and his beastmasters jumped back into the Benz and zoomed off. The white guys coughed, choked, and slugged their way back to the Pontiac. The crowd moved on. The cop twirled his hands and blew his whistle. The high-schooler shrugged like a vet. "That ain't nothin'," he said. "I know another kid who was working for this crew on the east side, who said he 'lost' \$75. Quiet as it's kept, he tricked it on crack, making 51s (a crack and reefer joint). When his lieutenant found out, he and his crew took the kid to the basement, took his shoes off, got some carpenter's nails, a brick, and hammered his hands and feet into the floor. He was still alive when the cops found him a few hours later."

Why has murder become a religious observance on the streets of Detroit? How did crack become demonic sacra-

ment? Why is gettin' paid equal to deification to the new jacks? Dr. Jorge Fleming, chief psychologist at Southwest Detroit Hospital, says that "a lack of spiritual and moral values, values which the black family has historically instilled in their children, has in the last 30 years or so shifted to a heavy emphasis on materialism. When the plants were going full steam, and both mother and father worked in the plant and brought home a combined salary of \$70,000, then the kids got anything they wanted. But when those same parents were laid off during the auto slump, and when the money wasn't coming in, there was no spiritual or loving foundation to fall back on, which caused a breach in the family. And the kids, who were used to getting everything, decided they were going to continue having the good things in life—even if their parents couldn't provide it for them."

And what does Mayor Coleman Young say? In office for more than 12 years and a wily politician, he has his pat answers. He said in the *Free Press* three years ago that the exodus of Hudson's and other stores has caused the high unemployment. No one can argue with that. But the consensus is that Mayor Young is more concerned with the gloss of downtown than the young bodies found on side

streets and in dumpsters. Mayor Young has transformed himself from a man of the people—the unanimous choice after the riot—to a corporate power broker. If prestige has its privileges, though, it also has its problems.

Mayor Young is not the cause of all the problems in Detroit. He has said on many occasions that the city's raggedy condition was handed to him. But was YBI handed to him, or crack, or the new jacks? A lot of Detroiters think the mayor has turned his back on the city. And there's at least one problem he can't slip... his niece, Kathy Volson. Volson, 23, is married to Johnny Curry, 28, alleged leader of the Curry Organization, the East Side's biggest drug consortium. The link was reported by Brian Flanigan in an April 12, 1987, *Free Press* story. Named as an unindicted co-conspirator in *U.S. v. The Curry Organization* on April 2, 1987, Volson is heard on some of the hundreds of telephone calls that were taped by the FBI during its investigation. Curry pled guilty on September 8, 1987, to running a continuing criminal enterprise and tax evasion.

Between family ties and corporate loyalties, Coleman Young's political base is draining away even quicker than the city's tax income. One teacher told me that the mayor should be on the street in a flak jacket with a squadron of heavily armed police because that's when the kids will know he's serious. But he won't do it, this teacher said.

So the new jacks continue to laugh at the advertisement over Woodward, and "wopp" like crazy. It's the latest dance, a serpentine hump and jerk, a rhythmic self-dismemberment. They wopp-danced fast and fierce back in March, a few days after Lenny Higgins was shot. The occasion was the Motor City Mixer. Given by Dr. Carl Taylor and a few associates and held at the state fairgrounds, it was Taylor's opportunity to see *Aliens 2* up close.

"We thought that these kids were not given a fair shake in the media," Taylor said, "and there were no outlets for them to have good clean fun. We also thought that a few bad apples don't spoil the whole bunch."

The new jacks came in force: monodoma sportswear, cellular phones, nines and .357s, pockets bulging with twenties, fifties, and hundreds. Six bucks at the door, and the cashier had a change problem all night.

From the time the new jacks hit the parking lot to the time they got inside, no one was armed. The security force was more than 100 men strong.

But Taylor saw the dark side. "Yeah, we stopped the weapons, but we couldn't stop the mind-set," he said. After the crowd of more than 2400 got off of the floor—the deejay mixed in a machine gun sound effect—the party was jumping. "Throw That Dick," a mixture of Chicago house and rap, began to play. The place went berserk. Fights broke out. A group of 15 boys circled around three girls and molested them. Another crew of 30 new jacks brutally kicked and beat one boy in a corner. While assorted members of Dr. Taylor's team broke up the fights, the sexual assaults, and other melees, Taylor ran over and snatched the kid, bloody and bruised, to safety.

"I told him," Taylor said, "I think you should leave. You are going to wind up getting killed if you don't get out of here. And he told me, 'Trick it, man, trick it. I ain't no ho. They just gonna have to kill me, 'cause I ain't no ho, and I ain't runnin'.' He was just so determined. I didn't understand it. That's when we had to pull the plug."

Taylor said he didn't understand the kid, but the next day—when all the kids were saying what a success the party was—his words rang loud and clear. It wasn't so much what he said, Taylor told me, but what he wore. Remember what I said about clothes and the new jack? Well, here's the motto paid in full. Aside from the new jack's black color theme—sweats, trench coat, and Ellipse gym shoes—the kid had a black cap with a white stencil that said, *Shoot me. I'm already dead.*

**A BOUNTY of BEST BUYS**

<p><b>PANASONIC</b> Blank Video Tape T-120 Premium STD</p>  <p>Min. purchase 6 Max. purchase 12 after factory rebate</p> <p><b>\$2.59</b> each</p>	<p><b>WELBILT Ultrasonic</b> Humidifier</p>  <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Portable</li> <li>Automatic Humidity Control</li> </ul> <p><b>\$35</b></p>	<p><b>SONY Dream Machine</b></p>  <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>AM/FM Clock Radio</li> </ul> <p><b>\$19</b> (etc.)</p>
<p><b>SANYO Stereo Walkman</b></p>  <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>AM/FM Stereo or Cassette Player</li> <li>Headphones</li> <li>Belt Clip</li> <li>Various Colors Available</li> </ul> <p><b>\$19</b> (MCP3 or RP48)</p>	<p><b>ZENITH Vertical VCR</b></p>  <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>HQ</li> <li>Remote On-Screen Programmable</li> <li>4 Event/14 Day</li> </ul> <p><b>\$449</b> (VFD 238)</p>	<p><b>TOSHIBA MICROWAVE OVEN</b></p>  <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Gleaming White Cabinet</li> <li>Streak Black Glass Door</li> <li>Touch Pad • 5 Capacity</li> </ul> <p><b>\$149.95</b> (ERX5610)</p>
<p><b>GE VCR</b></p>  <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>On Screen Programmable</li> <li>Cable-Ready</li> </ul> <p><b>\$249.88</b> (R-7520)</p>	<p><b>RCA 27" COLOR TV</b></p>  <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Dimension Digital Control</li> <li>MTS Stereo Sound</li> <li>147 Channel Cable Compatible</li> </ul> <p><b>\$659</b> (F8R2723)</p>	<p><b>PANASONIC Pocket Watch 3" Flip-UP Color TV</b></p>  <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>3" Flip-up Color TV</li> <li>Battery Operated</li> <li>High-Tech Styling</li> </ul> <p><b>\$399</b> (CT311 or 312)</p>
<p><b>NEC VCR</b></p>  <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>HQ</li> <li>3 Event/7 Days</li> <li>VS Tuning</li> </ul> <p><b>\$279</b> (R88)</p>	<p><b>QUASAR 10" COLOR TV</b></p>  <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>High Fashion Designer Colors: Pink, Blue, Almond or White</li> </ul> <p><b>\$199</b> (2145)</p>	<p><b>ZENITH 27" STEREO TV/MONITOR</b></p>  <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Audio-Video Jacks</li> <li>Remote Control</li> </ul> <p><b>\$599</b> (2790)</p>

**Sound City** Consumer affairs #800335

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Reg. Store Hours 9-7 Mon.-Fri., 9-6 Sat., 11-5 Sun.