

L A W R E N C E B R A I T H W A I T E

Turntable Interrogation Techniques

(from *More at 7:30: Notes From New Palestine*)

THE DUBBWOYS RUSH THE PLAYGROUND.

Viddy this, they hear and run forward. When do you belong in Us? Hear this. Feel. This dub is Us. They come to rumble like that. The PhatbaKs and heretics never hesitate to put a duppy on it's back.

Pop

Drop

Ardbop = fade, segue, break, mix, fookcup the duppy and scratch, sample and bang on the ivories like those Chi-town selectors.

We're in the Hiz, gawd.

Send the message out to fail the confusion.

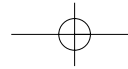
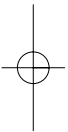
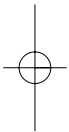
-...done slip, Bruh...

move, Bruh

shatter the windows of whips, Bruh-

In the beginning was the word and the word was bass. And the bass was good and Gawd saw that it was good and Gawd said and Gawd left plenty. Gawd left notes and files and jams and cycles.... and Vico saw that Homer saw and Virgil heard and cyphered the story of blindness and loss of self and he turn Us all into brave warriors who feared nadathin, and refused to forget and stepped to fate like like yänkee and fadayee,

-Comeon, I nah fear iYä! never, you and y'crew-



Play the jam cross Somalia-Blocks. They fixed the speakers up in doorways and windows.

Black to Blackey and forthe to Gawd's messengers

Ardbop,

Oi, yo, Tre!

Please

Please

Please

See the riddim race in accustic space.

Jam the duppy down. King fix your dome on your

Brutha's selection. Steady yourself. Balance = table.

Flag the needle.

Done slip

Blocks are your lab.

Phatbaks mash the mad/mean from the music.

LORD

Gosh!

Golly!

and pray Gawd,

G is.

Give this music to the def and breath this naga shit in, Bruh.

...zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga

...zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga zooga

...zooga zooga

...zooga zooga

...zooga zoog

...a cotton candy jelly woobly boobly hackie sack stretches and bounces over the playground. It jets out silver shimmery discs which land on the ground spinning. The children rush them crack

Crackity crack

Crack crack

Crack pop

Each kid what steps on one is bit mapped into bits of fleshy

They hurried more quickly and the cracking of discs and blasting of flesh went up a levels more...

Crackity crack

Crack crack

Crack pop and the bats come and fly and blast apart as they get attracted the sounds of kids in collision.

Pop

phzzzzt

phzzzzt

phzzzzt

....BOOOO MM crack

Pop pop pop

Pop

pop

... bursted up in the air they wreck and **ka'put** like human rockets — demolished — disassembled homies blasting into gooey popcorn each cry has no treble...

Crack crack

Crack pop

Pop

Crackity crack *phzzzzt*

phzzzzt

phzzzzt

Crack crack

Crack

bust blasted kids and bats

Pop pop pop Crackity crack

Crack crack

Crack

Pop

pop

...till they gust all the discs and make the grounds into a carpet of diced meaty fruit jelly — assembling the zone to the nontoxic mit out soundbwais ...let loose the sonic.

So then the phaylanx step forward fingering the generalz and devilz and the dubbwoys rush the duppy empirical...

nonvisual

bass and clarity
woofers...

...zooga zooga

...zooga zooga

...zooga zooga

ssshbhhhhooooo'q

One time for your mind, puta.

Que pasa! iQue, Rifa!

Whatelse can an Island bwoy do to destroy America?

Mightys from E-Town to the Hood come to rumble the duppy at
George Jay. Maybe all the lils could dream within their self as a carpet of
bouncy muck; regulate and save the daye.

Did Jimmy say that all songs start with a cry?

...when i look at you, i see the enthusiastic appearance of the great army...

Pullin trains on the 14th degree

...when i look at you,

These Gawdz of thunder

...when i look at you,

Lords of of the wasteland

...when i look at you,

These are the hollow bwoys

...when i look at you,

The tuff bwoys

...you will see it with your eyes...

With the gesture of this dusty hand

I command you to get your bands to stand

Hi Tec Wab -- The Ghetto bassy, G

This is the Fuchx

iYa!

Hi Tec Wiggaz

This is the Tek

iYa!

Hi Tec Hooliganz

This is the Army

iYa!

Hi Tec Ninja
This is Cream
iYa!
Hi Tec Super Sane Nekgah
This is the Gottijinn
iYa!
Hi Tec Go Black
This is the Lil Burg
iYa!
Hi Tec X-ray Yush
This is the No
iYa!
Hi Tec badup slow flow Poro
This More
iYa!
Hi Tec Ras Gawd
This is woht was one more

Their tashbir morph into chains and attach themselves to
breast jinns pulling ready for attack.

4.

Done miss a beat

Done miss a beat

Chaotic theories of urban wreck em up = each one a go to coshin each one.

Bring Us up to this heretic jam

Mainland disconnected

Clash the wicked

...for every person there is a driver and a witness

Tre

Illhuman beat box it

Ardbop, juggle the mixer

Lay a plate with a track from the planet of the Irps

The Nekgaz fuse to the 1 = 1 aim + 1 destiny.

...snakes take baby steps....

the nation takes a giant

Knowledge + Wisdom = ?

Think for Me.

...my themes are tactical snapshots...

The transformation of samples is your room become yuh yard —
reassembling to make a proper plate—this block becomes a party in
resistance amplified to echo

Woht weapons? We use to bomb wallz with skillz now we roll bombs like
a kill

And if in all respects unequal, be capable of eludin them.

A lil crowd is but a mark's grip for one more Mighty.

...anticipate the reaction or the resistance of the enemy...

Our equipment

Flanger, fists and pirate digital.

choppin up ...my themes are tactical

the snapshots...

...anticipate

... the resistance of the enemy...

sound clash

The beat drops as sneaky as a stealth bomber. Ardbop flips his fingaz over
the plates and feels the scarred wax on his tips gliding over the grip from
the residue of helium and then he twist his wrists

Steady

Go steady like a bassy. It jazzy. King Tim! stay ready. ...play back the
transcript of Gotti... Tre, he's the telepathic sound system selector, dun.

Dappah Ardbop's digits shreddin this riddim in waxy pores.

He mad hecktic the sequencer/yän

kee.

He made a plate for this — to move the Heretics to crash y'crew.

Is this on the real?

Massive black kids with dawgbwais on car chains circling the square.

Baboons bitch slappin pittbulls for the muslims who greys once called
coons.

Equalize youself Mightys and regulate

Fail the fate of massive confusion

Ovastand this dubwise collusion of bands of homeboys soon to see the
bassy. G'Yal say

Slam the sonic.

Oh what a mess... Dans become hysterical with the grapple in the meta-
physical = the duppy is a soundbwoy!

Transformation to the physical *will make you feel the pain the we experience*

Woht did louis say?

Big boom

From under the ocean

1000s gone = millions on the MOVE

Raw/tambran

wham/bam/

[b]//waaah/

boom// boom/boom/boom

Boom/boom

Boom/boom

...the pain the we experience...

Move it over, dawg, dang

yaeb

Aow

pleeeeeease

I guesss I was helping her...

Ardbop and Tre cue quick to clock the dawg, build or employ the
techniques of the Grand Master. Flash is... Flash got a blaster on his head
like Poros to the Grand Master.

Extreme failures = rude dudes with ratchets at their speakers.

Tek comes rushin up with a giggle dog as his slave and rips off
his muzzle turning the rudies into levas then he sets the beast jinns to
devours the soundbwais and their thugz yet they cannot die. ...try another
vein...I guesss I was helping her... Men with Metal detectors walked about
in a trance spottin rigs and coins in the yards of recreation and the 3 topless
Janes kept levelin Cain.

the stripping of

*breasts— and milk rushes out and drowns out the sound of screaming faithfuls
and likkles til Lil Burg gets his jinn to chomp a chunk of meat from the jug and*

slash the kneck of the daemons with a tasbbir transformed from chains. He holds a word in script by No. It's a page from a 5 Star Blue Note Book:

'Walls filled with grafs like calo typos/the sacred texts undissed by the purified locos'

these are words from...

turntable interrogation techniques

6.522...these are the effects which cannot be made into flows: The duppy went to swallowing seeds again and wombles danced and wombles danced waving hammers at jets as the bananaspits roll by lookin snorky inna dip ride bangin speeding murdered by tubby then Fuchx saw a version. It was plate of More out by Goldstream drenched in lighter fluid and smoke ash. There were sparks of living light plucking the hairs from his body. More special, he, stepped into a frame -- stood on a cliff of blood burned into clay which became tile. The running streams became a hallway and the kids busted there noses and ripped their lips slamming themselves into walls. Wiggy was dancing on the lunch table as the warders and cyclepaths clapped and laughed. Some kid had a rocket launcher aimed a speaker on the school wall. Under a table a native kid with headphones typed sparks like letters from a latop making the illusion of logic dutch Schultz math tricks into paratatic sentences transformed into news items made music. Wittengen saw Abbas as the genius of gringo coshin commando communiqué centrifugal numerics strategy. Literacy performance art was made on the real by bum rushin the 999th plateaux givin way to philisteens Squared in 4 elements of dark skinned arabics Or island kids armed with throw lighters and pipe rockets Fuchx with a heart like a forked sword splits opponants headshells Striking barers and banners of fear The courage of an armless soldier Bringing warrior's water Truht and not delusion. ...lackin in schoolin... yet producing the sonic discussion of the x-ray vision

the stripping of treble

these are words from...

Fuchx saw a More special in the science room using gun powder and oil to smooth over the wounds and eczema -- covering his knot. The dub was scratchin. He saw More being downloaded by SMUs, jakes, sailors and ministry workers as a cowboy previewed mpegs of Wiggy stripping the Mighty..

bass

turntable interrogation techniques

exploiting phobias,

He saw More's mom crawlin on the floor car chained to a dawgbwai pullin her legs as she collected and reassembled pieces of shattered geisha masks.

...taking away comfort items

Fuchx with a heart like a forked sword splits opponants headshells Striking barers and banners of fear

down

with the courage of an armless soldier

Bringing warrior's water

leadership & firmness

heroism in the hiz

700 hearts filled with faith

Woh't's the weight of the world?

...bass...

...taking away comfort items

The texte of the 5 Star gon a x-ray a shadowed figure swang from a plum tree

1.2.

1

2

victoria see nagas and all eyez get lynchy

.... trebling pon sensitivities.

...gimme my try...

cracked masks with salt stains

hymens busted in trains

Dred Don Dane covered the Blue beat dream — postered the scene all

10 • LAWRENCE BRAITHWAITE

over the city.

Punctuated by the visual liquid compositions of I.B.C.

Sound systems as resistance fighters with light weapons

Army see his daddy. Army see his moms. Army see her face filled sampled with kaposi

...ring around the rosy...

Coke mules and career oportunities for children like homosexuals and the teenage prostitution.

...what's his math? He's such a cutey...

From the Bowery to Hells Kitchen or sussin the grow stashed on reservations.

Come MighTY lord duke Fuchx and say,

STEP UP!!!

Come flex...

Smackin crack sots in the Holiday with Billy

S'all jus nega shit, gree.

[Hit it with the illhuman heretic King Tim drum machine]

Tre.

Ardbop reloads

And he reloads

And he reloads

Chasin pitch to balance the revolution of fads - held in ransom with twice the power to sacrefice, these Mightys, holdin down their square, are as solid as 10 thousand with the force of a fid

...ready 2...

1.2.

1.2. transforming the block into a hiz come to party. Bruthas. Esquires.

Purify with fire.

Gang bangin the duppy with the will of fadayee

hear,

here:

the reach the reach the reach the reach the reach the reach the reach the reach...

Cream is stalled and surrounded by giggles, deadeyes and smirks as he gets boxed in by walls of webpages. His throw lighter tumbles. He sees only

massive digits of megs and plungers, endless downloads and More being sucked up into upload files and completed folders. Holocustic holographic local ganked pornographics being devoured by baboons and beast jinns chompin on geisha masks. He sees the transcripts of endless chats with homosexual sociopaths and dialogues of entrapment. He sees a grey fat man in James bay watching a naga bwai get fucked on a couch by pox festered pale man who is nude under a cowboy hat and construction workers shooting dope up their arms in the livingrooms of federal workers.

Gawd.

The birth of confusion.

Fusion.

Bombin the walls of building. Old and new school. This Island. More.

Aaron. ...and dub babys raised by romans. Breakin hymens and definitions.

An ill dope plan...daddies dreaming jism mixed down to sets transformed from semen = rhineland bastard

in creation

The deadeye men. Jinns. Ins.

The illin beginnin...

Ah radiant chillum

technology invasion nad the ragamuffin cousins with a hidden pocket full of local product — massive technology = Meth crystals poppin geishas maskies jus try and clock Me

...sssbhbbbhooooch zuuq

Stroll passing in a broken beat cop...

...zooga zooga.....sssbhbbbhooooch

Lil burg dream/dream/water it drip like everywhere ... like the trickle down the side

of mental — posses and possibilities....iced in the middle of two crackers pretending to be pissed over a betty.

Clip a brutha stuck in the center.

...ring around the rosey...

Lil burg sees the back of a image of a boy's head kinky on his knees...

hands cuffed and a weapon at the back of his natty. It looks kinda picturesque like a movie or groovey like top shelf cd homicide darky bwais.

Mag pockets standing, without motion, behind him, at stations somewhere.

the face of the baldy obscured by flesh distortion of metal disruption as the body sinks deep in the ocean....

...gotti...

The deadeye men. Jinns. Ins.

The illin beginnin...

Ah radiant chillum

We crash y'crew/Gats on Dats/Woht weapons? /Our weapons/Tardid or Repitition. Swords and words spoken/Our identity/7:30 irony: the balance of the needle, arm and turntables

...and sturm and drag queen troopers bust butts over the heads of kids trying to build castles out of pebbles and make them play jump rope with tied used condoms as bombs blast the playground to shreds.

ah

...sssbhbbbhoooch zuuq

Stroll passing in a broken beat cop...

...zooga zooga.....sssbhbbbhoooch

Was's moms was down to a few pounds, by then, and hanging out at the Max on the corner early morning before the sun come red fa down and when others set to prey and some pray....

Their flow will bring urban tales like cantos

Of the glory of grafs on walls

Of locos with spray can type

Oh oh oh that

New Palestinian tag...

...and some feggit, when Army was 12, he tried to fuck with Army and the yankee shankt the subject 1 night and dumped him inna bush — the likkle Mighty kept walkin like, s'all la = mind/no matter.

...but he loved his uncle barlo

come sing me a tale of the ol school crews

like Tek's daddy and the Danny Boys

Spoony Gee vs Giovanni's radical scribbles

Silence the duppy's giggles

Swang Poro,

Just like Woht Was

No,

Fuchxmo,

Lil Burg

GottjJinn

Creamfist inna paralysis

Army and Tek

They come to wreck

...zooga zooga.....sssbhbbbhoooch

the stripping of

the body

exploiting phobias

the body

these are words from...

the riddim

ya aba abdillab

nabnu ummat in the biz...

turntable interrogation techniques

Typing luv/love letters to martyres and timothy macvie

...taking away comfort items

walyi

...a system of turntable interrogation techniques, habibi

to treble pon sensitivities.

[mmmmm]

nice

[MmMmmm]

Gawd is.

knowin

clay struggle with fire

protected from the poets

Surrounded by water. Let Ardbop build the pyre. He got a riddim to drop so throw it — on the masses. drop the the wicked on their faces. ...bun yah... He twistin some tempos and fuckin with the flanger and echos...

kinda slapback

MEZ BREEZE

glob.oil+clim[bing.natures.wrath.ladder]ate.alt.aftermath

_poverty blood 4 oil_su.r[e]vival.stitching.via.s[creaming]outh.melts+white.vicious.vulpine.leaders.gloat.white_
][cul[sp|t]]|.cultural.KKorners.sinking.in.de[hege]monic.bel[p.only.4.terror.null.I.US]]_
_white_death.vultures.feed.on.oil_driven.carrion.as.mutha.n[m]ature.reels.+gree[d]n.house.wrecks_

_mem[e].ory_haemorrh.age_

pro.p[ane]lled.in2.corri.do[o]rs[of.st(inging)alwart.purception]
[pulp.skull.x.poseure.reeling.me.thru.black.birded.houses
+shifting.neglect.eye.sockets.]
thick.memoir.cableing.nost[||neur]a[lgia.bloody
[rigidity.in.glue.guilt.threads.stretched+corridor.soaking].
[sinking.in.soft.amniotic.decay+rotted.s[h]oul[d(er)]s]
_complete.denial.overlay_vs_con.vex[ing].coping.lenses_
[l(p)eaking.in.joint.connection.smoke]
[(le.p)rosy.smiles.tickling.my.protean.gut(s)]