

FAKIN' the FUNK



One of the best memories I have of my adolescence is traveling in a school bus listening to rap music. I didn't recognize it at the time but this was true meditation. All of my senses were being stimulated. One had to seize a window seat on the school bus in order to get the best visual experience to accompany the audio. Hip-hop music was in perfect harmony with the streets of Chicago. The pistons that fired the bus' diesel engine were in sync with the syncopated beats. Slang ridden lyrics presented the stories of the Chicago streets. Then, to punctuate the street opera, came the texture of cracked sidewalks and crackling excerpts of forgotten music. These sights and sounds have stuck with me all my life. The experience was so immersing that diesel fumes and the erratic vibration of the bus became numbing white noise. In this state, I got a hold of my psychological bearings; fear, hopes and dreams. This started when I was eleven years old and now I am thirty-two years old. My brother, Peter, was there too. These years of getting bused to inner city schools, learning the visual arts and falling in love with hip-hop music have inspired my brother Peter and I to tell these stories. Enjoy the "Funk"!

"Talent Show"

Story - Peter & Paul Ziomek

Art - Peter & Paul Ziomek

Dear Keenan,

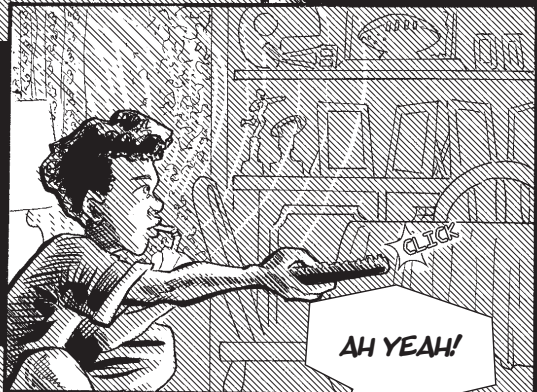
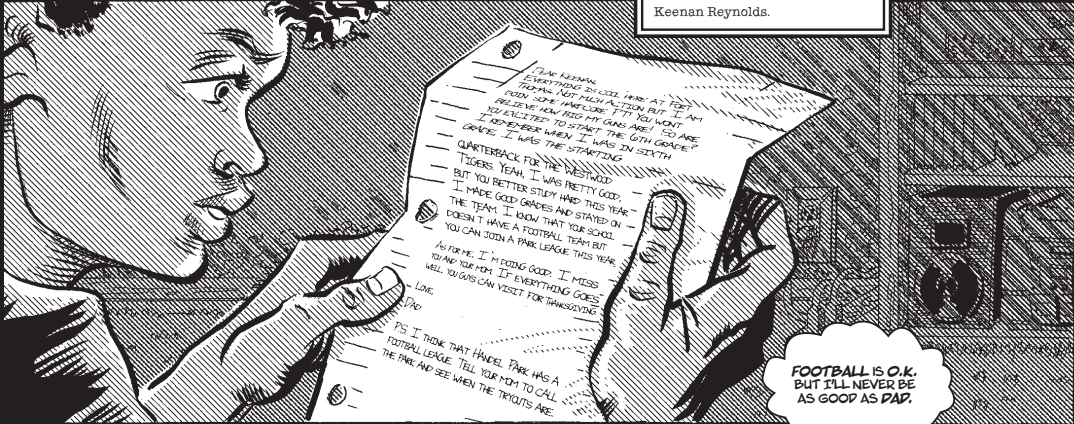
Everything is cool here at Fort Thomas.
Not much action but doin' some
hardcore BT. You won't believe how
big my guns are!

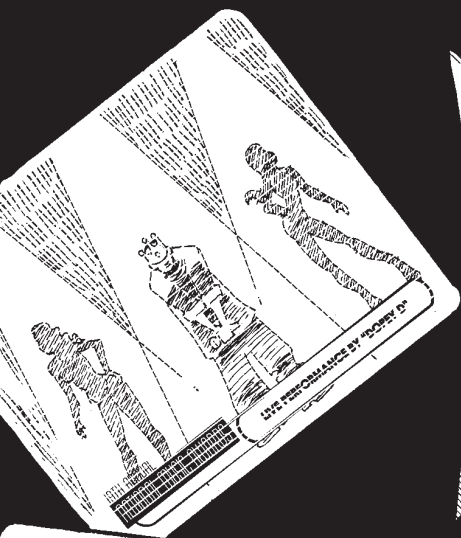
So are you excited to start the 6th
grade? I remember when I was
in 6th grade, I was the starting
quarterback for the Westwood
Tigers. Yeah, I was pretty good!
You better study hard this year.
I made good grades and stayed
on the team. I know that your
school doesn't have a football
team, but you can join the park
league this year and next year
you can join the middle school
team! See you soon.

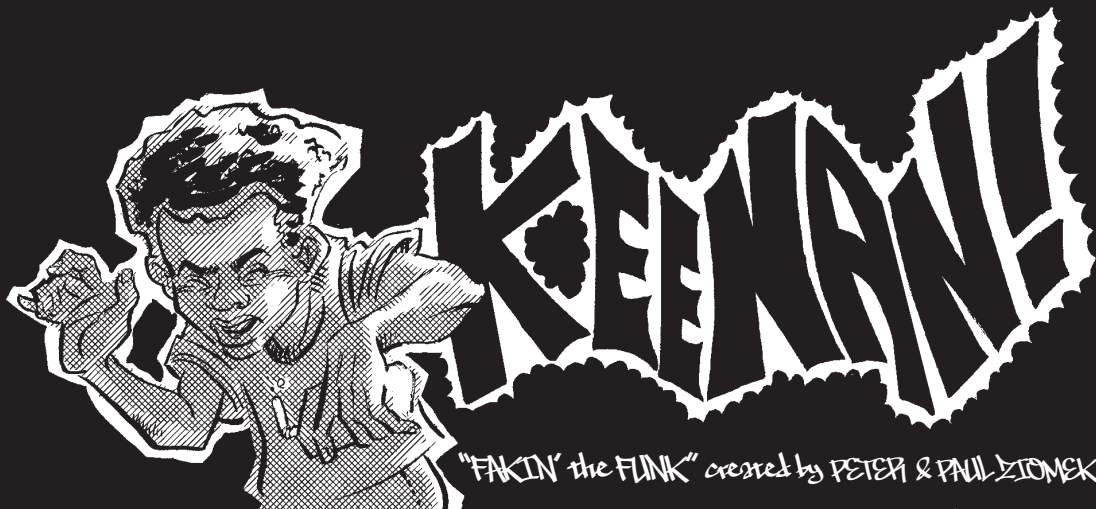
Love,
Dad

P.S. I think that Handel park
has a football league. Tell your
mom to call the park and see about it!

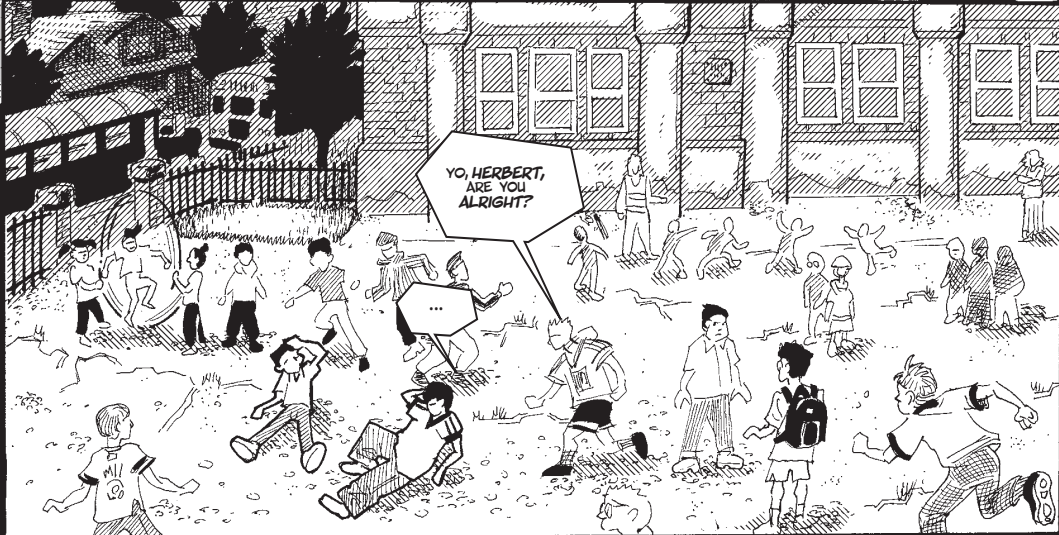
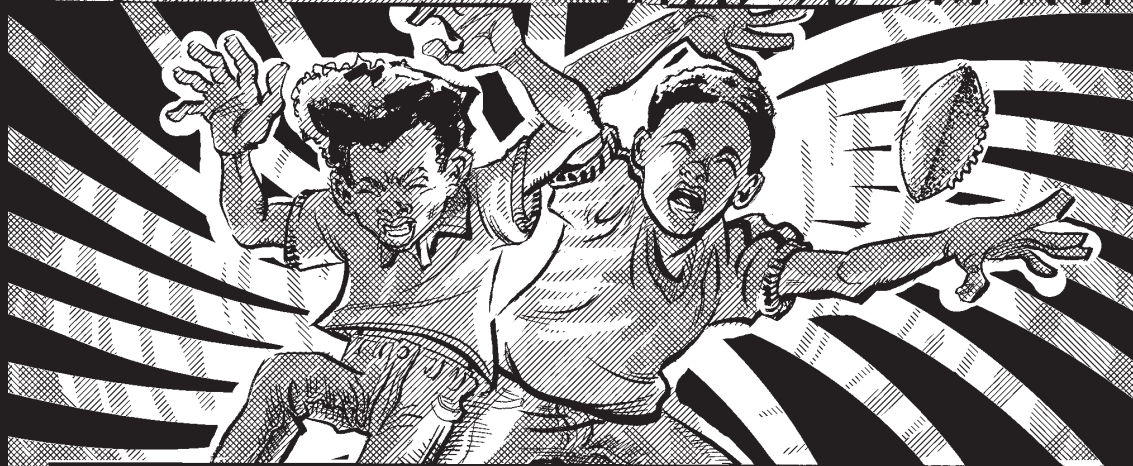
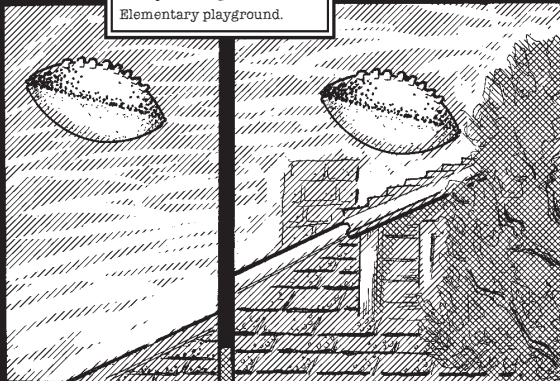
In the apartment of 11-year-old Keenan Reynolds.

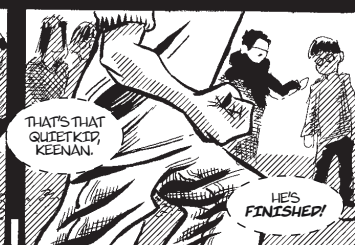






Friday morning at the Falcon
Elementary playground.

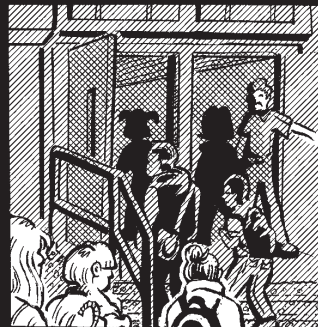




Yo, I could go on and on
show you I ain't no JOKE
I make the mic SMOKE
and....



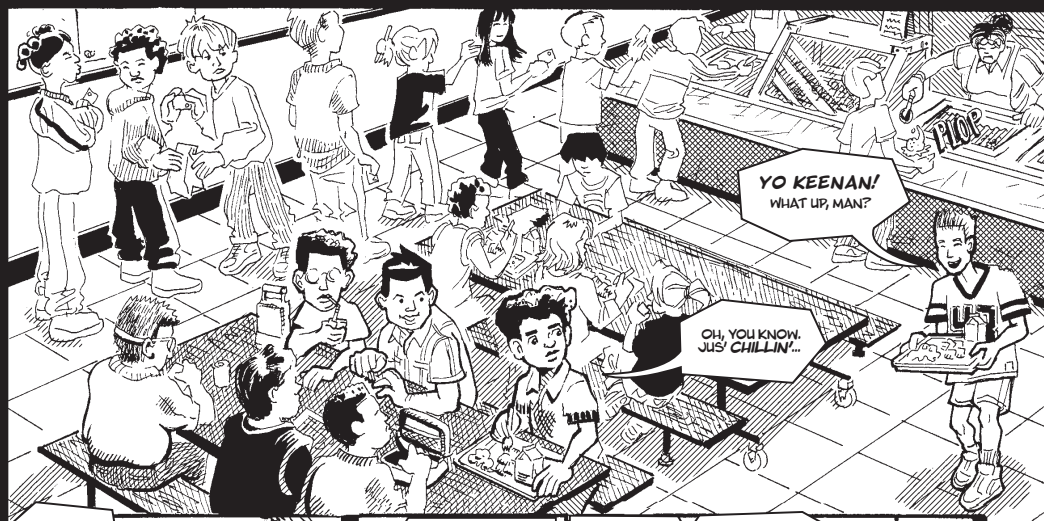
Go, peace out
HEP!A



ALRIGHT GUYS, SINGLE FILE,
AND BE QUIET. THE THIRD
GRADERS ARE TAKING A TEST
AND YOU WOULDN'T LIKE A
BUNCH OF NOISE WHEN YOU
ARE TAKING A TEST.



Later that day in the
Falcon Elementary Lunchroom.



...GETTIN' MY
RAVIOLI ON.

HEY MAN, I
DIDN'T KNOW
THAT YOU COULD
RAP?

YEAH, I SPIT A
FREESTYLE EVERY
NOW AND AGAIN.
IT'S JUST A
HOBBY.

COOL... MAYBE
YOU CAN
TEACH ME
HOW TO RAP
SOMETIME.

OH, JUST SO YOU
KNOW; HERBERT
AND HIS BUDDIES
ARE GONNA TRY
TO JUMP YOU
AFTER SCHOOL.



NAW, MAN.
IT'S A LONG
STORY.

YA SEE; WHEN YOU WERE
SICK LAST WEEK, I
BORROWED THIS POPE
BREAKIN' MAGAZINE
FROM MY UNCLE PEREK.

THEN THAT PUPE BRIAN SAW
IT AND HE WANTED TO CHECK
IT OUT.

HE ASKED ME IF I COULD DO
ANY **BREAKIN'** MYSELF.

YEAH MAN, I CAN
DO A **WINDMILL**,
HEADSPIN, AND
ALL TYPES OF ILL
MOVES.

CAN YOU **TEACH**
ME SOME MOVES
DURING GYM.

UH...YEAH.
YEAH, NO
PROBLEM.

AFTER LAPS, MR. MARTIN GAVE US FREE TIME FOR THE REST OF THE
PERIOD AND I HAD A CHANCE TO SHOW OFF SOME POPE MOVES TO
THE WHOLE CLASS.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU
COULD **BREAK**
DANCE.

WEEEEEELL, I CAN.
I'M JUST **NOT** THE
BEST.



THEY ALL WERE **LAUGHING** AT ME. NONE OF THEM
REALIZE HOW HARD IT IS TO DO A **WINDMILL**,
SO FORGET THEM.

ALL EXCEPT THAT PUPE **BRIAN** THAT I
WAS JUST TALKING TO. HE WAS COOL.

I'VE TRIED TO DO A
WINDMILL BEFORE, IT'S
TOUGH. YOU DID MUCH
BETTER THAN I DID.

SO WHAT TYPE OF
DANCE MUSIC DO
YOU LIKE?

WELL, I HAVEN'T
THROWN DOWN IN
A WHILE. I'M A
LITTLE RUSTY. WHAT
I REALLY NEEDED
WAS A **POPE BEAT**
TO BUST OUT TO.

NOT DANCE MUSIC,
MAN. **HIP-HOP!**

BUT I NEVER
SEEN ANY
BREAK-DANCING
IN RAP VIDEOS...

SO AFTER GYM CLASS,
BRIAN SAID HE WOULD LET
ME IN ON THEIR **FOOTBALL**
GAME.

NO WAY MAN!
THOSE GAMES
ARE ALWAYS
LOCKED!

I TOLD YOU
I WAS A
BALLER!

ARE YOU GONNA
PLAY **FOOTBALL**
WITH THOSE
JOCKS AGAIN?

WEEEEEELLLL.
MAYBE **NOT**
FOR A WHILE.