

1998

reality check

COLUMNS

Written By Troi Torain

Troi Torain aka STAR is a former Marketing specialist for WEA. Torain was also National Director for Virgin Records, a writer for the SOURCE Magazine and hosted MTV's Beat Suite. His syndicated radio show Star & Buc Wild gave birth to generations of freethinkers worldwide.

In 2011 STAR was inducted into News Ones Top 20 greatest radio personalities of all time.

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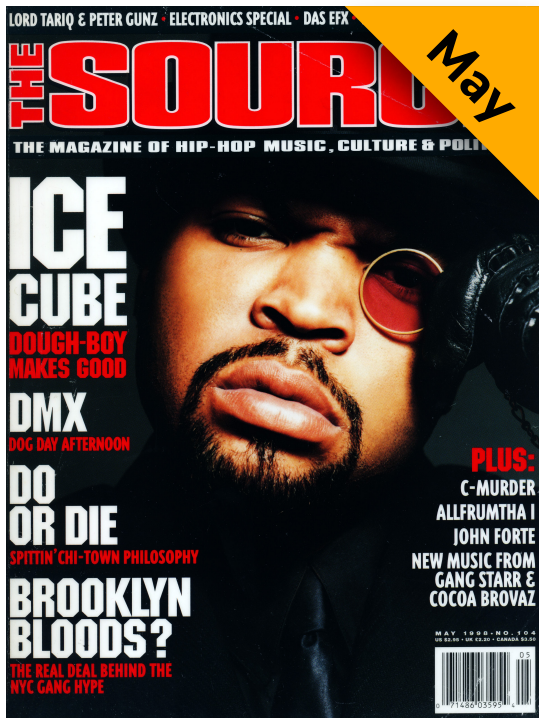
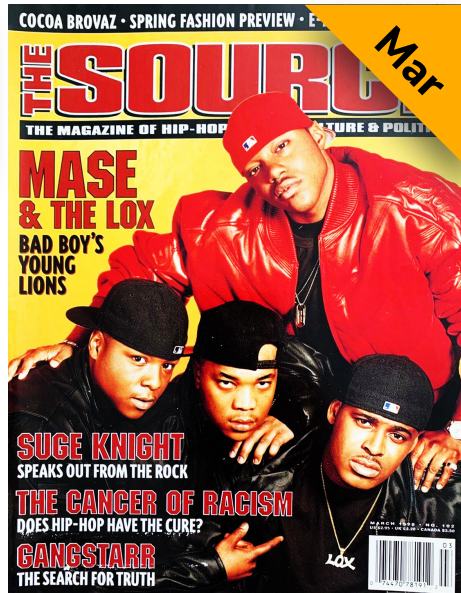
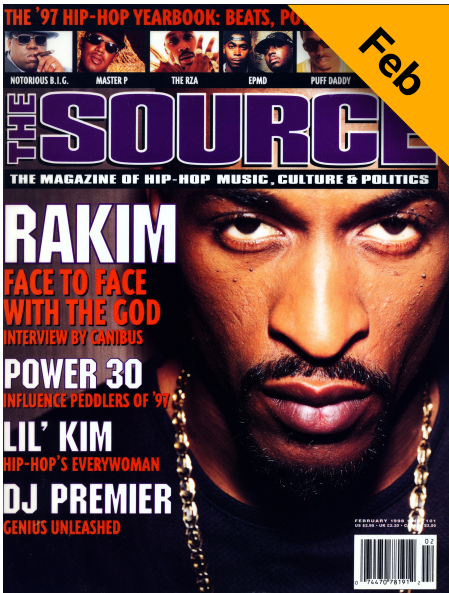
5 COLUMNS INCL.

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Magazine Covers

Covers of The Source Magazine where the 1998 columns appear.



THIS ONE'S FOR THE FAM AND THOSE WE'VE HAD TO JACK, OUR PEEPS INSIDE THE CAGE WHO HELP US STAY ON TRACK, THE BURNING HEARTS OF FAME WHOSE DAY WILL NEVER COME, THE KID WHO GRABS THE MIC AND TELLS YOU WHERE HE'S FROM.

Emperor's Scroll. **Star Date:** 2/1/98. Having just returned from the vicious gallows on Gemini 3, I am pleased to announce that the Jackal and myself have finally been cleared of all criminal charges and old pending cases that were preventing us from communicating with you all for the past 60 days. As part of our new reignition plan for the dying art form of hip-hop, we have decided to step forward in the new millenium and not only be counted but become more visible and accessible as well. Before moving into this new arena and opening up the Federation floodgates, we have been advised by Old Crackhead Mike from Flatbush to come clean and confess our sins before trying to gain public support and acceptance. Now then, with these inspirational words of wisdom and advice, we give you our true statement of confessions.

1. To Peaches: Sorry I was so mean to you over the past five months, but being committed to four chicken heads at one time can really stress a brotha out.—Buc

2. To Karen: How many times do I have to say it, I'm sorry I slept with your sister, your homegirl,

your aunt and your moms.—Star

3. To Melquan: Sorry I cursed out your grandmother, but the next time I call your house collect at 3am drunk off of Cisco, could you please tell her to mind her own business and just pass you the jack?—Buc

4. To Shakim: Sorry Buc and I beat you down with a tennis racket and a Hennessy bottle last year, but I could have sworn that I told you Swiss cheese, extra mustard and no lettuce on my hero.—Star

5. To Star: Sorry I sold your social security number to Lisa for three Dutch Masters and a pack of banana-flavored Now-N-Laters when she thought she was having your baby.—Buc

6. To Buc: Sorry I faxed your picture to Macy's, Bloomingdales and the Gap security departments along with a note saying, "Be on the lookout for the Crown Heights booster, weekdays between the hours of 3pm and 5pm."—Star

7. To Star: Just a quick reminder that your secret is safe with me and no one has to know that your favorite sport is hockey and your

favorite group is the rock-and-roll band, Bush.—Buc

8. To Buc: Your secret is also safe with me, and the answer is no, I'm not gonna blow up the spot on how you called the 77th precinct four times last month and reported, "Officer down, please send backup to the corner of Lincoln and Rogers."—Star

9. To Marcus: Sorry I pulled your girl last week, but after seven minutes of conversation and then running through that ass in the back of Sal's Pizzeria, I've decided that she and I really have nothing more in common. So could you please take her back now?—Buc

10. To Shaun and Marlon Wayans: Sorry no one has honestly stepped to you two clowns and told you how Star & Buc Wild are coming, and that your days are probably numbered and there's nothing that Keenen can do to save you.—Star

AROUND THE WAY ENTERTAINMENT IS PROUD TO PRESENT STAR & BUC WILD, PIONEERS OF CUTTING-EDGE JOURNALISM AND PUBLISHERS OF AROUND THE WAY MAGAZINE. NOW AVAILABLE FOR APPEARANCES, STAND-UP COMEDY & PRINT

Tag name: Star
Alias: The Emperor
Government Name: Troi Torain
Hometown: Scotch Plains, NJ
Age: Immortal
Educational background: Private school
Status: Single but difficult
Hobbies during free time: Doesn't believe in spare time



Tag name: Buc Wild
Alias: The Jackal
Government name: Timothy Joseph
Hometown: Crown Heights, NY
Age: 41x5+2-188
Educational background: He started out great, but somewhere down the line he just lost focus. Rumor has it that he just shows up to school once a month to get his free train and bus passes.
Status: Taken but promiscuous
Hobbies during free time: This one is a little complex, so we're suggesting you check a few back issues of THE SOURCE and from there you can draw your own conclusions.

reality check

By Star & Buc Wild

Mar

Brooklyn, the final frontier. These are the voyages of the starship Shaqueeta. It's four year mission: to infiltrate, colonize and extort all unprotected blocks in the 'hood. To seek out the finest domestic and home grown chronic in the galaxy. To boldly go where no thug has gone before.

Episode One: Thug Wars

E Captain's Log, star date 3/1/98. Having just refueled the U.S.S. Shaqueeta on Gorak 6, I have been informed by first officer Raheem X that The Emperor has beamed aboard and will be joining us for mission Q45KM (Niggas who owe mad money). I have assisted the Emperor in 386 Imperial collections but today will be the first time that I have full command of the vessel and the Evil One will simply observe and take notes. As we strap in and prepare for take off, Ensign Jones hollers out to me, "Captain, there appears to be an elderly man standing right in front of the Shaqueeta eating a bag of pork rinds. What should I do?" Usually, if the Emperor were in command and a situation like this presented itself, he would order the navigator to run down the civilian just because he was eating pork. But being that I am trying to set a new tone and show superior leadership skills for my crew, I tell Jones to set phasers on stun and wake that old ass up a taste.

Now as we dock out and set course for battle field (6), Nostrand and Park Place, communications officer Tanisha informs me that she has my wiz, Monica, on line two and she wants to know if I'm still gonna pick her up after school. With my first test now upon me, I've gotta get this one right because not only is the Evil One watching, but he really hates that kind of mooshy stuff during business hours. So with my best Clint Eastwood screw face I tell Tanisha, "A yo, tell sugar draws that I'm trying to make a power move right now and to go ahead with that bullshit." And as I look back in the Emperor's direction, I notice he smiles slightly but he doesn't make eye contact with me just yet.

After cruising at warp three for approximately nine minutes we pull up to Muhammad's Cyber bodega for Backwoods and some Tropical Fruit flavored Skittles, but before we get the chance to purchase the items Sergeant Griz yells out, "Oh shit, there's that kid named Lance who works for Big Lou. Don't we have him in the books for \$123 dollars and thirty five cents?" I look at Tanisha, who keeps all Federation financial books, and in a matter of seconds she says, "That's affirmative Captain."

I call Lance over to the Shaqueeta and as expected he smiles like shit is sweet and slowly makes his way towards us. I tell him to get in so he can come burn a spliff with me. Now I'm sure he

remembers he owes the Emperor money, but like a true weed head when they hear the mere mention of chronic or indo, he must obey his thirst. As I pass him a small bag of Hydro just so he can feel relaxed, I wink my left eye to Ensign Jones, which is the code for "let's take this kid to the desert."

When we arrive at the desert laughing and giving each other about 20 or more pounds, big up's and true dat, true dat's, all of a sudden Sergeant

At this point the Emperor gets up and says he's going to take a leak, leaving me and Sergeant Griz to handle the situation as we see fit, and just as Lance starts to mumble something about Lil' Kim being the sexiest mother (blooooooop), Griz breaks a second Corona bottle over this kid's head. Now Lance is definitely shook, and he's not only looking for an escape route, but he starts copping a hard plea about shit that didn't make any sense or even concern the Federation. "Yo on the real Buc, those kids been selling guns since '89, and the last time I took any money om the cops was back in '94, and if you'd ke I'll go over there and get the large Won Ton soup for you right now, oh God please don't let me catch it like this Buc, please."

After explaining to Lance how I'm now in charge of all collections for the Federation and that the reason for him being here was about the \$123 and thirty five cents, he calmed down and promised me that he would have half of the money tomorrow by 4:00 PM. Just then the Emperor re-enters the room and takes his seat, asking me just where we are at with this fool. As I inform him about Lance promising to have half of the money by tomorrow at 4:00 PM he looks at me and says, "And that's ok with you?"

Before I could say anything else or explain how this kid's brain was probably fried from dust, The Evil One pushes me aside and quickly backhands Lance across the forehead and says, "Hey cupcake, I don't know what you think we're working with here but I'm here to tell ya your her gonna tell me something better than that or I'm gonna bring Lieutenant Madison over here so she can sex it out of you."

Now for a hot second Lance must have thought that Lieutenant Madison was actually gonna be some dime piece who would hit him off with all kinds of hot and kinky pleasures, but as soon as the Emperor stood back to light his cigar and answer his cell phone, a big, 245-pound, light-skinned Lieutenant Shawn Madison jumps in front of Lance wearing a black G-string with silver tassels and white cowboy boots, talking about, "Hey poppy, wanna play rodeo?"... *To be continued next month.*

Star & Buc Wild can be reached at *Around The Way Magazine*, Bowling Green Station, P.O. Box



Griz breaks a Corona bottle over this kid's head. Now with everyone on the bridge quiet and pretending to be busy, Lance looks at me and says, "What's with your man Griz and what the hell was that for?" Now just in case you've never known this about me, one of my best qualities has always been the fine art of knowing how to comfort someone in their time of need. So with a gentle smile and soft voice I say to Lance, "I don't know what that was about, did you look at him funny or say something about his mother?" With a shook look on his face Lance says, "Nah Buc, I didn't say nothing to him, that's my word, son. You know I'm cool with everybody, for real."

reality check

By Star & Buc Wild

Apr

A FORTRESS TO DEFEND, A SECRET TO UNVEIL. A LESSON TO PREPARE, A MISSION NOT TO FAIL. A SAMPLE OF OUR YIELD, A JOURNEY THROUGH OUR SOULS, REVISIONS FOR YOUR SEEDS, THE RAISING OF OUR TOLL. THE VOICE OF GHETTO REASON, THE HAND THAT BRINGS THE TIDE. THE DISTANCE IN OUR PATHS, THE BALANCE IN OUR STRIDES. THE MANNER WHICH WE SPEAK, OUR BOUNDARIES YET TO CROSS. YOU THINK MY BROTHER'S WILD, WELL HE LEARNED IT FROM THE BOSS.

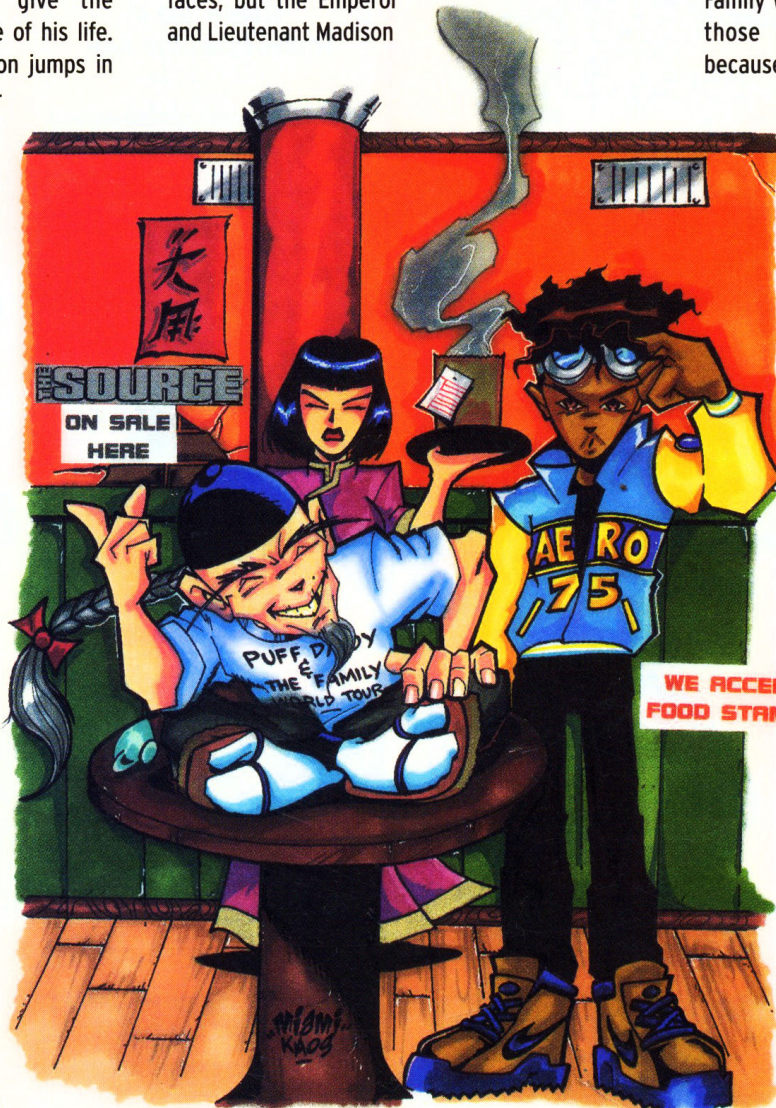
Episode 2: Thug Wars Continued. When we left you last month, the U.S.S. Shaqueeta was docked in the desert and The Emperor was just about to let 245-pound fudge packer Lieutenant Madison give the Prisoner Of War, Lance, the lap dance of his life. Our story picks up right after Madison jumps in front of Lance, wearing a black G-string with silver tassles and white cowboy boots, saying, "Hey poppy wanna play rodeo?" Now, at this point it was pretty much a simple case of the prisoner digging down deep within himself and telling the Emperor just what he wanted to hear about the outstanding debt. For the record, let it be documented that although Lieu-tenant Madison is a twinkie, or should I say "alternative lifestyle person," he is definitely no punk. And once he gets his groove started there is really no one on the Shaqueeta who can physically stop him . . . As Lance realizes that this big hairy man in the G-string was rubbing himself down with K-Y lubricating Jelly and getting ready to take the term "Keeping It Real" to a whole nother level, he looks at me in complete horror and quickly says, "Yo Buc, if you look in my right Grant Hill sneaker you will find \$65.00 dollars in food stamps, and could you please take that as a down payment?" I must admit, at first I thought this nigga had some sort of booby trap in his kicks that would blow us all into the next dimension, but after reaching down very slowly and finding the stamps, Lance tells me, "I swear before Allah, Buc, I'll have the rest by 4:00 PM tomorrow if you just give me a chance." With the stamps being right where the prisoner said they would be I looked at the Emperor who was now amping Madison up and passing him fresh double A batteries for his dildo. With fear plain to see on Lance's grill, I tell ensign Jones to open the hatch and let this shook soldier out, not because I got soft or anything but (1) I figured at least we have collected something, (2) our time has not been totally wasted and (3) the last time The Evil One let

Madison give some kid a lap dance I got sick on the stomach and couldn't eat solid foods for about a week. As I look at the crew of the Shaqueeta, I can see the relief on their faces, but the Emperor and Lieutenant Madison

that reason alone I tolerate his constant griping. As I'm placing my order with his cute ass little niece named Fawn, Mr. Lee comes out from the back wearing slippers and a Puff Daddy and The Family World Tour T-Shirt. Now take note for all of those concerned in the Brooklyn area, just because Mr. Lee is only 110 pounds and stands a mere 5' 4" inches tall, don't think that you can talk to him any way you please. Trust me; he's not the joke. I've burned many a spliff with Mr. Lee and he has told me all about the nasty little souvenirs and trinkets he puts in the food when people try to disrespect and play him, especially little smart mouthed kids. As I finish placing my order with Fawn, Mr. Lee starts right at me. *Mr. Lee:* Ay Buc Wheat, what the fuck happened to you in the 100th issue and who the hell gave A Tribe Called Quest so much fucking props? Buc Wheat, you full of shit. *Buc:* A yo Mr. Lee, I told you a thousand times I ain't got nothing to do with that section. *Mr. Lee:* Bullshit Buc Wheat, I know you, you big liar. Now rather than argue with him over this nonsense for twenty five minutes, I just give in and say, "Ok Mr. Lee, I'll get them to change it next month." *Mr. Lee:* Bullshit Buc Wheat, that's what you said when I told you Genius solo album should get five mics, you player hata Buc Wheat. Next time I put little souvenirs in your lo mein. *Buc:* Look here Mr. Lee, on the real you got my word I'm gonna talk to somebody for you, alright. *Mr. Lee:* I give you one more chance Buc Wheat, and don't forget my autographed Ill Na

Na poster next time, little chocolate girl sexy as hell. . . Now with mission Q45KM (Niggas who owe mad money) now complete, I jump back in the Shaqueeta and tell Jones to simply "take us out." And so the Thug Wars saga ends, with order being restored in the ghetto. Join us next month as we blast off into another galaxy. Peace and may The SOURCE be with you.

Star & Buc Wild can be reached at Bowling Green Station, P.O. Box 854, New York, NY 10274



seemed disappointed that I cut the rodeo short, although they respect my final decision. As we pull off, I order Jones to head over to Mr. Lee's on Franklin Ave. so I can pick up a small order of beef lo mein. When we arrive at the restaurant I exit the Shaqueeta to personally go get my food. Now for those of you who don't know, Mr. Lee has been a dedicated reader of THE SOURCE magazine since 1991, even though he always complains about our microphone rating system being full of shit. He makes the best beef lo mein in Brooklyn, so for

reality check

By Star & Buc Wild

May

EVERY PULL IS A COUGH, EVERY PAGE IS A BOOK, EVERY THOUGHT IS A DREAM, EVERY WORD IS A JOOK. EVERY STEP IS A MILE, EVERY FIGHT IS A WAR, EVERY STREET IS A MAP AND EVERY DAY IS A TOUR.

A wise man once said, "Where have you been all day b*#@# and what the fuck is that smell?" From this point on we ask that you love us or hate us but no in-betweens. Having been confused and unsure about our futures for quite some time, we've finally found ourselves and now have a clear understanding of just who we are. For those of you who know how we get down, we ask that you please start referring to us as "the seeds of Satan" when sending mail. For those of you who are joining us for the first time, please step aside and watch the pistol smoke. Once again we have been falsely accused and have become the focus of ongoing investigations for mail fraud and selling stolen property, and we would like to take this time now to clear what's left of our names and credibility. For the record it must be known that we were persuaded with hypnosis and enticed with naked women to take part in this wrongful act against the federal government. It must also be known that full immunity has been offered to us from the prosecutor's office if we drop a dime on every one involved in these scams. All we have to say in regards to that is "niggas betta start running..." Moving right along, for this month's feature we were gonna share with you a few of our personal tips on "The Art of Pistol-Whipping," but due to politics and bullshit the topic has now been changed to the "Art of Pimp-Slapping." These techniques can be used when you're having trouble obtaining vital information from a person, or when a clear understanding needs to be established between certain parties.

1. Before administering the necessary blows to the subject, strap him or her down with duct tape. This will stabilize all squirming and hopes of escape.

2. Slowly roll up your sleeves, then do about 10 deep knee bends. This will let the subject know that you mean business and that even if this shit takes all night, somebody is gonna do some fuckin' talking.

3. There are many ways to set it off, but we prefer this one: Ask the subject if he or she is comfortable, wait for a response, then give a swift backhand to the jaw. This should not only set the tone but get the complete undivided attention that you need. The element of surprise is a motherfucker, and sometimes the subject is so shocked they fold up right away and give you what you're looking for. If not, you



Star and Buc Wild

must now combine psychology with short, controlled hits.

4. After the first blow and a 30-second grace period, you should have gotten some kind of results. If not, lean down and look the subject in the eyes and softly say, "Damn, kid, your shit is all fucked up, are you alright?" If you're dealing with one of those pretty motherfuckers, this is usually their breaking point.

5. If you're still not getting anywhere, chances are you're dealing with one of those hardcore street kids with a steel jaw. For that, we suggest kicking them in the shin or knee cap several times with a small crescent wrench. If that doesn't work, try dropping a heavy blunt object on their little toe. Trust me, I've seen the toughest nigga break down behind that one.

6. Lastly, if all else fails, turn out the lights then try the old standard pimp-slap which consists of a long, sweeping, open-hand delivery to the forehead. There's nothing like a little humiliation to get a person going. There are other extreme measures that can be used, such as Pepper spray, itching powder, and two large glasses of Nestle's Strawberry Quik, but for those you will need the help of an assistant and one hell of an imagination.

See ya next month and may THE SOURCE be with you. P.S. Big thanks to Alfred Silvera. Thanks for everything!

Star & Buc Wild are Co-CEO's of AROUND THE WAY FILMS. You can write to them at Bowling Green Station, P.O. Box 854, New York, NY, 10274.

REALITY CHECK

BY STAR & BUC WILD

SMALL TOWN SCAMS AND DREAMS OF PUSHING WIGS BACK. CHROME WHEELS SPIN AND KIDS THEY WANT A PHAT SACK. SHORTY GOT GAME AND EYES THAT MAKE YOU STRESS HER. JAKE RIDES LOW AND SOON HE'S GONNA GET YA.



event was almost postponed because of bad weather and an old bar stool slut named Claire who just happened to be passing by and offering mic checks for three dollars and fifty cents. . . Anyway, after my 141 attempts and 129 direct hits versus Danny's 141 attempts and only 64 direct hits, his arm suddenly gave out and the judges unanimously declared me the winner. Grand Prize: three subway tokens, one boot leg copy of Wu-Tang live at The Nassau Coliseum and one twenty sack of Yard weed.

\$12.00 Dunhill cigars. (Sorry, can't give actual date because of incriminating evidence that could lead to jail time and a possible conviction).

This next list is just a bunch of shit that comes to mind when we're smoking trees and playing Mortal Kombat 4: *Best undetected weapon to carry to school:* Jovan Musk cologne. Trust us; we sprayed that shit in some kid's face last year and we hear he's just now able to pronounce A, E, I, O and U. *People's tapes we traded for fat bags of smoke in '97:* Snoop Doggy Dogg, Royal Flush, Ghetto Twinz, Lost Boyz, Coolio and E-A-Ski. *Thank God it's over, but how in the hell did Homeboys In Outer Space ever get on television when we were having trouble getting a spot on Saturday Night Live?* *Best way to fix a beggin' ass ni**a:* Get a small bag of party mix, fill it with Alpo Variety Snaps, then tell him, "Here, son, try this, it's the new shit." *People's beeper numbers we sold for phat bags of smoke in '97:* Karl Kani, Larenz Tate LL Cool J, David Mays (THE SOURCE magazine), Big Punisher, Silkk The Shocker and Busta Rhymes. *People's names we use when making collect calls:* Russell Simmons, Eddie Murphy, Jamie Foxx, Babyface and Chris Rock. See ya next month and May THE SOURCE Be With You!!!!!!! **S**

November '97: Star beat Kashif Williams from *Bushwick in a Crowd Assault Motivating competition*. This was a tough one. The trick was to see who could actually stop the concert for the longest period of time by shooting turbo glow in the dark marbles at the fat b*@ch who was singing on stage that night. Grand Prize: two six packs of Miller Draft and a bootleg copy of Wu-Tang live at The... (Sorry, can't give actual date because of incriminating evidence that could lead to jail time and a possible conviction).

January '98: Star beat Cory Jackson from *Brownsville in a ten minute Ninja Warrior bus shootout competition*. Only the evil eye of wisdom could pull this one off without breaking a sweat. The trick was to not only get the bus driver to stop the vehicle and try to confront you, but to then back him or her down with yellow rapid fire marble shots to the shins and groin area so that he or she would retreat back to the bus for cover. Grand Prize: two

Captain's Log, Star date 5/3/98: After watching this new cupcake Kobe Bryant literally pimp the system for his fair share of the pie, The Emperor and I have now been inspired to crown our selves the new Pro One Slingshot Champions of New York. . . For the record, let it be known that we've been catching wreck on the streets of Brooklyn for quite some time and just like a broke and bitter old school rapper, we're here to say "we want our rightful fucking props." Now, before I go any further I'm simply gonna let the record speak for itself.:

Jenkins from East Flatbush in a Division 1 Renegade competition. This event took total concentration and nerves of steel. The object was to fire three marbles at a time in the direction of cars that were waiting for red lights to change. If you were lucky and caused enough of a disturbance, the driver would run the red light and hopefully cause major fender benders. Grand Prize: two number 3 White Castle Combo meals, one fresh pack of Parliaments and two Wild Grape Crooked I drinks.

October 28th, '97: Buc beat Danny Santoro from *Bay Ridge in a Heineken Bottle Marksman competition*. This

July 7th, '97: We beat Shaquan Collins and Dawood

Star & Buc Wild are CO-CEO's of AROUND THE WAY FILMS. You can write to them at Bowling Green Station, P.O. Box 854, New York, NY 10274.

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FEB-JUN 1998

E D I T I O N

Shooting Star



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