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Zine #5 - 45 - The Harlem

Majestic, Fri 31 Oct 2008

HARLEM

by Majestic/Brainstorm

Do you also have those little bastards in your town, wearing some Baseball jacket of some New York Baseball or Football team they do not even know. They probably don't even know where New York is! Well, this article is dedicated to those sonuvabitches. All facts gathered by Majestic of Brainstorm.

Ok, let's talk about the worst: Harlem. Well for all you freaks who are now thinking of a place somewhere in the middle east I'll quickly tell you where Harlem is. You probably all know where New York City (Manhattan) is, right? Ok, well Harlem is a sub-section of the City (like Bronx etc..). Most of the inhabitants are black people, most of them also don't have a job. Ok, some information so that you can imagine what it is like in Harlem. Ok, as I used to live in New Jersey (Ramsey), I had some contact with New York City. I knew this guy whose father was cop in Manhattan (not Harlem), and he told me this.

"Well, normaly you shoot with your gun first in the air, to warn the guy, and then you shoot him. In Harlem it is different, you first shoot the person, and then you shoot in the air." A taxi drive told me this on my way to the airport "See that car out there?" (I said "Yup", and I looked at a car which had the wheels, the glass, the hub-cabs, the chairs, all of the insides everything taken out.) The taxi driver then said: "See the car? That car had a break-down yesterday evening".

It's true, you better not have a break-down in Harlem, especially if you are white. Because untill you'll get help you'll probably be already robbed. No kidding! I asked a taxi-driver once to drive me through Harlem, I felt like looking at the place that everybody always talked about. But the taxi driver responded me: "No sorry, take another cab".

So I asked one more, and not to my astonishment he also gave me some fony excuse why he wouldn't drive me through Harlem. I wasn't really disappointed because I had enough crazy stuff to look at in New York itself. For examples all the bums with their rather dirty look which were hanging around in Central Park, and boiling some strange stuff in their rusty tin-cans. Or standing on the corner and drinking out of some bottle wrapped up in a paper bag so that you wouldn't see that they were just DRINKING some throat medicin (remeber, throat medicin contains alcohol!!). The most terrifying thing about bums which I saw was when I spoddied a bag-lady (a woman without any home) eating out of some garbage! Yuk! I was happy when my train came I could quickly go home to New Jersey, but how many people can't do that?

Those people who live in such places for all there life have to become sort of immune to that kind of stuff. I mean I really couldn't deal with it if everytime I get home, I would see some bum eating out of my garbage! Ok, we shouldn't see only the bad



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stuff in Harlem. There are also a few people who really do care about the neighbour hood. People who would like that Harlem would once again become like it used to be. A place where the police-man around the corner knows your name and your reputation. A place were you can go out at night, without being scared for you life. Today it's different. Death in the neighbour-hood has become normal.

A lot of the kids that grow up in Harlem won't even finish school. Every second kid drops out of school!! Drugs play a great deal in Harlem. A great amount of children grow up already addicted to cocaine. And if they don't grow up already with their daddy selling the stuff then they might sell it themselves when they grow up. A drug dealer in Harlem said to a Nation Geographic Magazine Reporter "On Wall Street you get a lawyer, here you kill."

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