

LIFE IN THE RUBBERROOM

In Search of Chicago's Next Shit

WHAT, MY NAME IS... IG-88, ONE of the few Imperial bounty hunters left after the Phantom ceased to be a menace. The Rubberroom, a place where I grew up, is also the alias of a group of rap bandits hailing from the Chicago area. We're hot on the trail of these crazies, who've been travelling all across North America via the underground railroad, rocking indie-style "I know how to play 'em" parties and festivals, dropping super-sub-level vinyl, and on the verge of blowing up their game with a newly inked deal with NY's 3-2-1 Records.

Sector Log 189455

Arriving in Chicago, I headed for the local strip-bar, where I'd heard the members of Rubberroom, known only to us by their aliases H&R Cock, Starch Nemesis, DJ Sticky Cuts, Malpractice the Adjustor, and J-Bird the Ghetto Celeb, are known to hang out. If anyone was going to help me find these dudes, it was going to be some wannabe-Midori type bizitch. The type of chick who thinks she knows everything about the underground, but doesn't know anyone sane. I went over to the so-called "Wonderground," a club that claimed 'no commercialities.' The bartender said he'd seen them play the night before at some club, and had scored them some weed. H&R Cock kicked his ass when he smoked it and thought it tasted like it was grown in Fairfax, Ohio, in a "fat white dude's flower box."

Sector Log 197743

The fat white dude, going by the name of DJ Moves, said we could find the Rubberroom in Daytona Beach Florida for Spring Break '99. We detoured so Blackie could pick up some child porn, and there we found a tip... the dude at the porn shop said that Rubberroom was staying at the Acapulco Inn, rooming up with Iranian smack addicts, and that we could find them at the nearest bitch stop. I tried infiltrating their telecommunications, as they talked about "chilling in the windy city" and "rocking shows at some dope clubs." We're still waiting for the ebonics department to translate these communications for us.

Sector Log 219376

We tried to page them all day - no luck. Hooking up with Magic Mike, we found out they'd headed north after reliving the "steam-roller" scene from *Strange Brew*. Agent Big Pun arrived in his helicopter, landing on the roof of Tung Twista's summer home in Lakeland, and we all piled in, heading for LA, home of the bodybag. Again, a bug was placed and the following was recorded: "Hello? Yeah, that's true but I believe that it was fabricated. I have a hard time believing in these types. If only I could floss and make the money that they do. I'm not convinced I understand fake breasts, especially when I see 18-year-olds rocking the plastic."

Sector Log 227890

We've followed the trail of these Rubberroom cats for weeks but to no avail. Research has indicated however, judging from their current 12" "Sector Rush," and the advance copies of their soon-to-be-released album *Architechnology*, that they were on the verge of a serious population reduction project, which must be avoided at all costs. As I sat in my hotel room in LA, pondering my next move, following up on leads, this crew of midgets rolled up on some souped-up minibikes. I laughed out loud, controlling it at the last second just as their leader, the hardest dude under 4 feet pulled up. His name was Curtis.

Sector Log 241729

Following up on Curtis' lead, we headed out again, full-circle back to Chicago, where we caught up with J-Bird, the manager of this so-called "rap group," who were really just proponents of propaganda. Asked about Chicago's hip hop scene and how they fit in, he had this to say: "We give props to all the emcees coming out Chicago, from the Common Senses to the Crucial Conflicts to the All Naturals... we don't disrespect any of them, but we're doing our own thing." And the name Rubberroom? "Basically, it's kind of a metaphorical thing,

like how we deal with the world. The world is crazy, and hip hop keeps us sane, so that's why the group called themselves Rubberroom, it's our release, it's our haven from the insanity of existence."

Sector Log 281499

The Rubberroom has beat us at our own game. We've failed to track them down and it's taken its toll on all the agents involved in the search. We've been humiliated, and have no choice but to lay down our arms and let them reveal themselves through their recorded assaults and live shows. Eventually, they'll make their collective whereabouts known, and when that happens, we'll be ready. In the meantime, we recommend that all agents be assigned copies of their new album for research purposes.

FRITZTOPHER REEVES



Rubberroom's debut album Architechnology, is out any minute on 321 Records, and it's dope as fuck. Peep www.321records.com for info.

With files from Special Agents Sinsewhen, Bobby Hill, Devil Evil, Gordon Campbell, Diamond Shell, Eddie Murphy, Black Johnny and Mumble C the Imposter. This account was written under the influence of Zima, Rum & Coke, and Miller High Life. So all fools can step off, sissies!

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