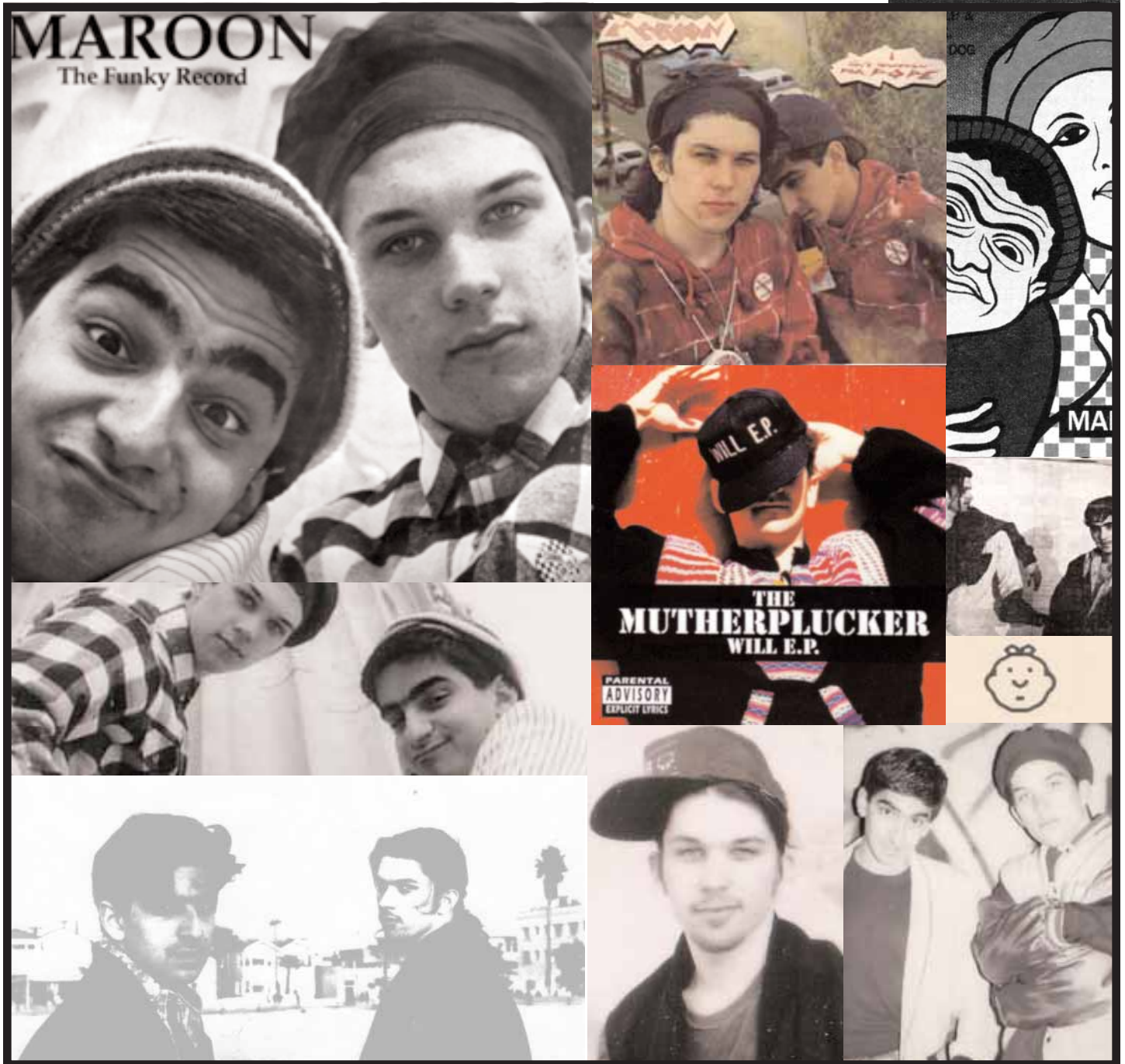


# MAROON

LOST CLASSICS OF HIP HOP

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## LETTER

Requesting permission to use Rudolf in a rap. Permission denied.

William Pflaum  
Martin Kierszenbaum  
1140 S. Forest Ave.  
Ann Arbor, MI 48104

Harry Fox Agency  
205 E. 42nd Street  
New York, NY 10017

November 13, 1987

To whom it may concern:

I am writing to request a license to record a song which includes a small portion of "Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer." We would be using the first three bars at the beginning, at which time there would be no lyrics. The first bar would later appear two more times in the song. We are producing an independent album, which includes over 12 songs, one of which would be "Rudolf's Revenge," the song previously described. This letter includes a copy of the proposed lyrics and a Notice of Intention to Obtain a Compulsory License.

Sincerely,

William Pflaum

Martin Kierszenbaum

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We actually mention  
Cairo font on CL,  
Computer Literate,  
MP3 track on  
website. Fax attack  
samples.

ARB RECORDINGS



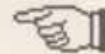
P.O. BOX 389  
GLENDALE, CA 91209-0389  
(818) 956-5186

ARB RECORDINGS BROUGHT YOU ...



AND THEIR DEVASTATING 12" SINGLE...

HERE AT ARB RECORDINGS  
WE'VE GOT BABY BEAT...



I AIN'T RUNNIN' FOR POPE

AND WE BROUGHT YOU THE STORY OF  
BABY BEAT THE BUBBLEHEAD...



NOW WE NEED TO BRING YOU UP TO DATE...

# MAROON

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Friends and Homies - Get with the buzz! The new power-packed single "I Ain't Runnin' For Pope"/"Let The Music Take You Higher" by MAROON is turning heavy-duty heads! Here's an update on a brief tip. Thanks for your support & keep on keepin' on! - from the funk-lovin' staff at:  
Arb Recordings  
P.O. Box 389, Glendale, CA 91209 (818) 956-5186

## BELIEVE THIS.

For immediate and definitive release

The reviews are rolling in on **MAROON's** double "A" side single "I Ain't Runnin' For Pope"/"Let The Music Take You Higher."

## ON A BRIEF, BIOGRAPHICAL TIP

**MAROON** is the New York/L.A. rap connection personified:

Rhyme master **Will E.P.** is a third grade teacher in the South Bronx who uses hip-hop to teach his students by day and move butts on New York dance floors by night.

Groove delegate **MK Chilly Dog** is a multi-instrumentalist wizard in hot pursuit of not only the dopest, most slammin' beat west of the Mississippi, but also a Masters degree at U.S.C. in Los Angeles.

## HOW WE LIVIN' HOMES

*Cashbox* has written: "Maroon have style and attitude to spare," labeling the guys as "an extremely promising new duo who merit future attention!"

Music leader KROQ-FM in Los Angeles has picked up on "Let The Music Take You Higher."

*C.M.J.* has dubbed "I Ain't Runnin' For Pope" "a hilarious track" and praised "a great B-side called 'Let The Music Take You Higher,' which this music is sure to do."

The special house mix of "I Ain't Runnin' For Pope" is currently receiving heavy airplay at major N.Y. clubs such as The World, The Palladium and The Tunnel.

**MAROON's** new video for "Pope" was described as "cool, classy and slick" by *The Ann Arbor News*.

"These guys are busy," *CMJ* proclaimed, "but your listening audience will really get busy when you cue up these tracks."

## RESPECT

**MAROON's** debut LP, *The Funky Record*, was voted one the top records of 1988 by *The Village Voice*.

## WORD TO THE 90's

These fellas are on a musical mission so don't miss the boat. Indulge in the sensual vibe of "I Ain't Runnin' For Pope." Trip on the positive funk of "Let The Music Take You Higher." But most of all ...

**BELIEVE THIS.**





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arbre recordings.com

Poppin zits like chocolate chips  
 At 4 o'clock thru my fireball  
 at ~~four~~ ~~the~~ afternoon I cranked a tune  
 Ate a beef jerky and got a ~~triple~~ sick  
 So I limp more like limp  
~~Then I trimmed the hair out your so-called ass~~  
~~Pump the amp at get a pump~~  
~~and wax the hair out your so-called ass~~  
 Licked a shrimp for 29 cents to send under a  
 tell ~~Guero the letter weighed about ounce~~  
 It ~~you shoot~~ ~~if you shoot~~ a bear between  
 the eyes the bullet will bounce  
 Off his face ~~and into space~~ in a fiery mass  
 New way that hair out your so-called ass  
 Just " " " " " " "  
 So-called wax so-called hair  
 So-called wax dat hair  
 Beef jerky beef jerky salad shooter Captin Kirk he  
 Got a space ho ~~on every planet~~  
 In San Antonio  
 But many ~~so~~ from there to Aditien  
~~with a bed from station~~  
 Was The vegetable tossed in ~~at~~ come out chappo

to flag  
ground  
of oil  
sail  
S  
e all lose  
~~e tracks~~  
~~West Pack~~

Is my mom

My brother sister and grandma too  
George Bush Asshole who the hell are you  
kill my family with my money  
Stomach in Noran. Thinks its funny  
when I see Dan Aykroyd so I got pissed  
Hypocritical Motherfuckers should get a list  
40 year old soldier heading south  
Young ~~but~~ republican can shot his mother



# MAROON

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arbrecordings.com

## CHRISTGAU'S CONSUMER

BY ROBERT CHRISTGAU

## REVIEW

Village Voice, 1989

Small surprise (best blues since Cray, best white rap since the Beasties) subsumed in somewhat

our and, yes, NRBQ). When your favorite new song—that would be “The Madison Time,” just edging “I Can’t Rock You”—was released in 1960, you wonder what so future might hold.

**Boogie Down Productions: By All Means Necessary (Jive)** Musically, this could and should be richer. Deprived of the great murdered beatmaster Scott LaRock, KRS-One is reduced to a stark minimalism that matches his mood: still brooding his ‘Um on the cover, he’s as serious as Jesus inside, occasionally pretentious but never full of himself. He criticizes the self-proclaimed kings of a scene too democratic to support royalty and the self-proclaimed godfathers of a scene too young to have an old school, identifies tribalism as the white man’s game, and comes out strong for peace through strength. Only “Jimmy” is much fun, and “Jimmy” is a condom commercial. But at his best—“Stop the Violence,” which might conceivably catch black radio in a community-spirited moment of weakness—he’s as complex and cold-eyed as the kings themselves, with two extras: he’s not middle-class and he’s on a mission. **B PLUS**

**Foxy Chameleon (Elektra)** “Fast Car” is so farseeing, “Mountains n’ Things” so necessary, that it’s doobly annoying when she puts her name on begged questions like “Why” and “Talkin’ Bout a Revolution.” Maybe I should be heartened and so forth that Intelligent Young People are once again pushing naive left-folkie truisms, but she’s too good for such condescension—even sings like a natural. Get real, girl. **B PLUS**

**The Chorus: Marital (Arista)** Anybody can’t hear this album’s pretty textures and expert housekeeping has problems with his or her central nervous system. I think, facts are facts. But tastes are open to dispute, and anybody who gets off on his falling rhythms and obscure lyrics has his or hers stuck in the ‘60s and up his or her ass, respectively. **B PLUS**

**Hairspray (MCA)** Conceived by collector John Waters rather than some marketing strategists, this is a party record that doubles as proof of a sensibility, refurbishing the pre-Beasties ‘60s not by polishing girl-group touchstones but by mining the middle of the 1960 charts. Dense music rooms, from the swinging poppy waltzes of Ray Bryant’s “Madison Time” to the “Squishy” backup of Gene Chandler’s “The Road Not Taken” to the “There Without” doesn’t quite fit, but by scientist Peggy March’s “I Wish I Were One” in between the funky-girl stone “You’ll Love a Good Thing” the protoconscious “Nothing To Place of You.” Waters points up objective laughability and its use in the mind of the beholder. This at its best—giving the ridiculous because the ridiculous makes us struggling for. **A MINUS**

**Hard as Hell (Profile)** Though “In generation” is really only new with the same package, things in its less than epochal way to hear black Brits talking the way white Brits used to draw 25 years ago. Accented get an edge, too. But musically mention conceptually, they don’t call Simon Harris has a knee than a gift for the dissociated electrobeats of contemporary and when Einstein observes the Dis “ain’t got enough talent to rock in jam,” he ain’t just pumping his man C.J. Mackintosh. Nevertheless, the energy is

they call fresh—the sense of unbounded possibility that makes the early phase of any pop movement such an upswing: I disapproved into calculation. Check out Norma Sirrah’s masterminds. Asher D and Daddy Freddy’s skank, and Lady Sugar Sweet’s tough-as-die, and wonder what else is cooking over there. **B**

**Jean Jett and the Blackhearts: Up Near Alley (Epic)** Jesus I wish she was just a little bit better than she actually is, and by closing side one with the cover tracks “Tulane” and “I Wanna Be Your Dog,” she comes this close to convincing me she’s made the leap. But though nobody else male or female puts out such a reliable brand of hard rock, lean and mean and pretension-free, and though being fe-

much attention to a similar document from Bahia or the Caucasus or a Pentecostal church in North Carolina. But I swear the notes and song summaries are lively enough to book the curtains, and anybody whose knowledge of Zulu chorale steps at Lady Smith should check out these hymnful shouts, stomps, whistles, yodels, and whistles. The deep, muscular harmonies of the Easy Walkers get my blue ribbon, but every rock and roller ought to hear the Greytown Evening Birds, who sing about their hunger like the Beach Boys. **B PLUS**

**Negativ8: So Far, So Good... So What? (Capitol)** Dave Mustaine is earnest about his rage—at nuclear holocaust and the PMRC and lying scumbags and his own



PICK HIT: Hairspray



MUST TO AVOID: Graham Parker

male gives her an edge in a quintessentially male subgenre, not since her start-up has she made something special of her popular instinct. It’s almost as if that’s the idea. **B PLUS**

**Lady Smith Black Menace: Unleash the Hammer (Bluesweeper)** Though it’s worse than ridiculous for Grammy taste-mongers to classify these slick professionals as folk musicians, they are excellent, subject to foreign people’s few of diminishing returns—after you get past how different it is, you’re stuck with differentiating it from itself. So, a couple of hints. One, this is a harmony album: Joseph Shabazz isn’t submerged, but he isn’t showcased either. That’s a nice little change. Two, it’s a religious album, replete with full translations and 12 ways to sing amen. That one I’m not so sure about. **B PLUS**

**Living Colour: Whirl (Epic)** A few songs—the just-minding-my-own-business-suckers “Funky Vibe,” the Mick Jagger production/tribute “Glamour Boys,” and “Middle Man” if it’s as unironic as I hope—are smart enough, but while it’s

self-destructive tendencies. He covers the Sex Pistols like a champ. He doesn’t boast, he doesn’t preen, he allows himself but a single “bitch” on an entire long-playing record (she sounds very irresponsible and probably deserves it). And thus the latest well-regarded metal band gains its modest portions of profit and respect. But where’s the monster guitar? Where’s the angel singing like a bat out of hell? Where’s the big deal? Upped a notch for meaning well. **B MINUS**

**Melvins: Ragged (SST)** In an evolution that now seems inevitable if exceedingly slow, they aren’t hot, and this is how they’ll prove it in Alaska, California, Buffalo, and other distant locales. Helps that they’ve learned their own instruments and each other’s moves after 10 years. Helps even more that they’ve integrated a real live magicked virtuoso into the concept. Elliott Sharp’s fife and some are the making of “#1 for Take-Off” and “The Pope is a Potato” and “The Wit and Wisdom of Judge Bork.” Which latter I trust SST’s dance department will get on immediately. **A MINUS**

**NRBQ: Cool Blues in All (Reunion)** The Northeast’s finest once of showing the it’s been missing, revealing how the aged to stay away: the same old on the synapse too, the crossed by stars in a rut. One since all manners.

**Muskratbush** Anybody with a li complexities, and Lady Smith too some people deny rances sake, will alternative. Without the Small Tigers interplay, cutting animal noises and harmonies. Sing in ad more at home in

**Muse Like’s Sister** never saw to more careers than to appeal to the converted; I wouldn’t have paid so

37. Prince: The New Power Generation (Paisley Park)
38. Mary Lambert: Alimony Beach (Polydor)
39. Donner Party: Donner Party (Pitch-a-Tent)
40. Guy: Guy (Lipton/MCA)
41. Leonard Cohen: I’m Your Man (Columbia)
42. Joe Louis Walker: The Gift (Hightone)
43. Pat Shop Boys: Introspective (EMI-Manhattan)
44. Dag Nasty: Field Day (Gint)
45. Mahliathini and the Mahotella Queens: Thol
46. Womack & Womack: Conscience (Island)
47. Heartbeat Soukous (Earthworks/Virgin)
48. The Go-Betweens: 16 Lovers Lane (Capitol)
49. Miriam Makeba: Sangoma (Warner Bros.)
50. Black Uhuru: Brutal (RAS ‘87)
51. Voice of the Beehive: Let It Be (London)
52. Buzzcocks: Let’s Not Forget (ROIR cassette)
53. Shannon Jackson: When Colors Play (Carver)
54. Big Black: Songs About Fucking (Touch & Go)
55. Melvins: Ragged (SST)
56. Bootsy Collins: What’s Bootsy Doing? (Columbia)
57. Maroon: The Funky Record (Arb Recordings)
58. Randy Travis: Old 8 x 10 (Warner Bros.)
59. Jon Hassell: The Surgeon of the Nightly Re
60. The Real Roxanne: The Real Roxanne (Select)

## BEST ALBUMS

Village Voice, 1989

from Robert Christgau’s “Record Guide of the 80’s” book.

**Maroon: The Funky Record (Arb Recordings ‘88)** College wisecrasses is all they are, biting the Beasties as if they’d made the shit up, stealing hooks from operas and disco records I never even heard of (or heard, anyway). Their gimmick is that they’re not stupid (or stoopid, whatever)—mention Icarus, dis guys who don’t know their mikes from their dicks (“should be castrated,” very funny). Also dis Reagan and Koch, for that “political” touch. Pure opportunism. Must admit I get off on their skinny little beats, though. Beats count for a lot with this shit. **A—**

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Oct. 28<sup>th</sup>, 1991

My MAN Will:

HERE'S THE TUNE. Study hard. As we discussed, you take all multiple voice parts (POSSE - English) as well as your vocals. I'll sing and do Dan's "let's rock the jam + get" in addition to my "and now..." - I'll also double the multiple "posse" parts. You bug out + lip-sync the vocoder (funny glasses, megaphone! - you still got it from your protesting days? - that's it - the megaphone!). Plus, let's offer up a considerable amount of just plain buggin' out. I want to say that I'm very happy w/ the tune in general. I think it really has the spirit of you, me, our friends and what we felt when first started doing Maroon. It's really "us" - wacked out and insatiable. So let's proudly lip-sync this mudder into the hitsphere.

Unrelentlessly, sincerely + more,  
Martin

I can't believe  
we did this.

Dallas Express News, 1991

get as hard as those written by home-boys who develop their rhymes on the mean streets of their neighborhoods. The duo's releases have become hits throughout the United States as well as Latin America.

The duo's 1988 English-language hit "Ain't Runnin' for Pope" ranked as one of the Top 10 rap singles on college radio.

And now the group's Spanish-language hit, "Que La Musica Te Eleve," is an international hit via the airplay the song's video has been receiving.

#### 'Bailando' broadcast

Maroon will be showing its stuff this weekend on the Spanish-language dance show "Bailando." The show is filmed here and broadcast nationally on the Univision network. It's aired here at 4 p.m. Saturday and rebroadcast at 5 p.m. Sunday.

In addition to their...

↓ Preformed vocals on "Beso."  
↓ MP3 available on website.





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## REVIEW

Philadelphia City Paper, 1989

### Student Raps And Brutal Beatnigs

New sounds: take the trouble to find them.

By Frank Blank

**H**owdy folks! Well, now that all of that annoying holiday stuff is over and done with, it's back to business as usual. Once again, it will probably be another year in which thousands of cool records disappear without a trace, not getting the exposure they deserve. Let's see if we can do something to save a few of them.

First up this week is *The Funky Record* by Maroon. This record is available on Arb Recordings, which is a student-run label based at the University of Michigan. But what is in the grooves of this record sounds like anything but a student project.

Maroon is a rap duo made up of Will E.P. and Mike Chilly Dog, and on "The Funky Record" they angle their material through turf ranging from the humorous to the political. Others who have reviewed this record seem to go to great lengths to stress that this is white rap, as though Maroon is recording at a disadvantage from the start.

That's not the case at all — Maroon is completely at ease working in the realm of rap sounds, and several times they are successful at

pushing the boundaries of that musical form. Poorly done rap music easily can become a monotonous thump, but Maroon craftily builds their tunes around springy beats that support a daring use of instrumentation. Unlike those blockhead Beastie Boys, Maroon is not on a mission of parody, and the result is one of the stronger rap records that I've heard recently.

This record may be kind of hard to find, so you may want to contact the label for further information. Write to: Arb Recordings, 418 E. Kingdley Ave. #2, Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

Next we turn our ears to the sounds of *The Beatnigs*, who do not push boundaries but reinvent them. This San Francisco area band's *Alternative Tendencies* release is a stark blast of power and emotion, wrapped in music that is as unique as it is aggressive. From the moment the first song, "Television," it will be obvious that you are facing some challenging and different music.

*The Beatnigs* use brutally percussive rhythms under a massive bass sound, with surging layers of instruments and sound effects woven in

and around the song structures. The lyrical content of the songs ranges from the sarcastic to the angry, but the band avoids the trap of preachy haranguing — their attitude is heartfelt but not condescending. It's sad that this is exactly the kind of music that will not find a home in any of the little niches into which the music world has segregated itself. *The Beatnigs* album is an adventure.

*Alien Sex Fiend* have a new release on Caroline Records entitled *Another Planet*, which is where this record belongs. These British clowns want to be scary but wind up being nothing more than stupid. Over remarkably dull rhythm-machine thumping, a gloomy voice recites the lyrics to tunes with such clever titles as "Spot Your Lucky Warts" and "Wild Green, Fiendly Liquid." This record is atrocious. Avoid at all costs.

Another band that fancied itself as master of fright was *The Misfits*, who haunted the hardcore scene during the late '70s and early '80s. With ex-Misfit Glenn Danzig's current solo success, Ruby Records has decided to re-release the *Misfits Walk*



▲ The rap duo Maroon.

*Among Us* album from 1982. At that time, the hardcore scene was in its creative glory days, with bands like Bad Brains, Minor Threat, Black Flag, and Screaming in their peak. The music of *The Misfits* of that period reflects what was then the state of the art, with ferocious, fast guitar sounds thundering along at a near out-of-control clip. Lyrically,

The Misfits lived in a horror movie world that was also reflected in their shockama appearance. Still, their music has aged remarkably well and sounds fresher than most of what passes for hard rock today. If you missed them when they were around, this record is highly recommended.

Less raucous music comes courtesy of *The Waterboys'*

*Fisherman's Blues* album. This is a many-membered Irish band, and from appearances alone, may lead one to expect something along the lines of *The Pogues*. But although the music here is created with traditional acoustic instruments, *The Waterboys* are less concerned with maintaining song structures that are recognizably Irish.

The songs are mostly the compositions of guitarists Mike Scott, featuring restrained pop that is complemented by the instrumentation. If anything, *The Waterboys* sound almost daring for their acoustic color in these days of electronic keyboard inanity.

Before I go, I'd like mention that the *Origin Sins* will be playing at Philadelphia's Nixon Head at JC Dobbs on 112th. I saw the *Origin Sins* a few months ago and they played one of their strongest sets that I saw in a year. They have a powerful sound that roars hard, and you won't be disappointed if you go there.

Next time, we'll catch on a lot of releases from Philadelphia area, including new stuff from *Decom* and the *Dead Milkmen*.

Original Sins  
Nixon's Head; JC Dobbs  
Thurs., Jan. 17 (928-19).

• • •



# MAROON

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## POP REVIEW

### ■ Singles



└ **MAROON:** "I Ain't Runnin' for Pope" b/w "Let the Music Take You Higher" (ARB Recordings)

Though "Pope" is the A-side, the funkier "Music," yet another tribute to Sly Stone (both in title and its "Music Has No Color—Extended Version") is the highlight. Sounding like the Red Hot Chili Peppers if they streamlined their sound to highlight rap, Maroon have style and attitude to spare. The vocals are mixed in kind of low, so you're forced to listen to this real loud. An extremely promising new duo who merit future attention. (EH)

CASH BOX MAGAZINE 18 February 17, 1990

## REVIEW

Cashbox, 1989

## REVIEW

Cashbox, 1990

## Reviews

**MAROON – *The Funky Record***  
—Arb Recordings

*The Village Voice* called this "the best white rap since the Beastie Boys," which ordinarily wouldn't be saying much, but in this case, *The Funky Record* is a witty, provocative, thoroughly-illin' platter that gives rap a much-needed dimension in white-boyiness. Maroon is two squirrely dudes from Ann Arbor, Mich. (Will E.P. and MK Chilly Dog, a.k.a. William Pflaum and Martin Kierszenbaum), who can switch effortlessly from the loose-jointed and wacky to the hard-hitting and political. Their style is epitomized by "the Baddest and the Hippest," a nerdy, nasal, double-time boasting tune that works not only in spite of its whiteness but *because* of it. ("I'm the hippest and the baddest/ The baddest and the hippest/ I'm hipper than the goblins and the ghoulies and the witches.") Elsewhere on the record they deliver some keen sociological insights, particularly in "Red White & Blue," a devastating indictment of American policy in Central America that traces the root of all evil to the cabal of banana growers and CIA-renegades that Mr. Reagan has sanctioned to do his Southern Hemisphere dirty work. (Pflaum and Kierzenbaum used to host a bilingual radio show in Ann Arbor that spotlighted Latin culture and music, so they know a little something about the subject.) Musically they are fairly straightforward. Rather than samples they rely on simple scratch techniques, Casio-style keyboards and percussion, and what seem to be real, live guitars, over which they scatter their goofy wordplay like spitballs in an 8th-grade cafeteria. It's a credibly produced, fun-loving record that belongs in any serious rap fan's collection, one whose deeper virtues become apparent with repeated listens.

Joe Williams



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## REVIEW

CMJ Reports, 1989

CMJ New Music Report, January 6, 1989

### Jackpot!



MAROON The Funky Record (Arb Recordings, 418 E. Kingsley Ave. #2, Ann Arbor, MI 48104/313-761-BARK)—Coupla white, what-look-like-college-boys-from-U-Michigan join forces and put together a sometimes very funny and surprisingly dope, def, danceable disc. I'm talking about Maroon and their funky new record, **Funky Record**. Every time white guys get in front of a mic these days, everyone feels obliged to measure them against the Beastie Boys, but I'm going to refrain mostly because the comparison would sort of be like comparing L.L. Cool J to Public Enemy. They're doing different things, ya know? But one thing these guys do share in common with the Beasties is that they're both great rap groups. Unlike the aural denseness and Zep-mania of the Beasties' record, Maroon's record is stripped-down, with refreshingly spare beats and breaks. The production is also wonderfully unpretentious, with the lads sometimes sounding like they're shouting at the mic from down the hall in the bathroom. But don't get the

incorrect impression that this is a hack, garage recording—just dig into the jams and you'll realize that the quality of this record is very high indeed. "Baddest And The Hippest" sports an amazing million-words-a-minute delivery, while "Slimy Rat" slides in a bitchin', blazin' guitar solo. A couple of my personal faves are "Squirrely D's On Deck" and "Steppin' With Squirrely D," featuring some mighty sweet singing. "You Look Good" also has a catchy sung chorus between the yuckin'-it-up rap. This is a rap record made by guys who like to hang out watching reruns of *Gilligan's Island*, tossing back cheap beer and telling jokes. Don't miss it, this one is a surprise delight!

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ARB RECORDINGS  
(313)761-BARK

Arb Recordings is a student organization at the University of Michigan.

### FOR IMMEDIATE AND DEFINITIVE RELEASE:

MAROON will not be stopped. The massive second pressing of The Funky Record by MAROON is now available for you to eat.

• MAROON is the critics' choice.

"Best white rap since the Beasties."

-Robert Christgau  
(*Village Voice*, May 24)

"A-" (A better grade than Run-DMC, BDP and Ice-T)

-*The Village Voice*  
(Readers Guide, May 24)

"This collection of 13 songs is good...Fresh!"

-*Detroit Metro Times*  
(*Detroit Wax*, Sept. 14)

"MAROON raps it right...[The Funky Record] has given rock and roll some sort of rebirth."

-*Ann Arbor News*  
(June 18)

"'Baddest and the Hippest' is bad, hip and surprisingly fast."

-*Michigan Daily*  
(November 14)

"The sounds are funky, fresh and original..."

MAROON are the new boys of rap, rap with a purpose."

-*The Torch*  
(November 9)

• MAROON was also featured in the *Detroit Free Press* (June 6) and *CMJ* (November 4). The media attention sparked personal requests for the record from *Spin's* John Leland and *Rolling Stone's* Rob Tannenbaum who were both impressed with the professional quality of this student effort.

• MAROON has received airplay across the country, from New York to California. Check out the burst of energy of *Baddest and the Hippest*. Don't miss the interaction of message and music in *Slimy Rat*, a cut based on rapper WILL E. P.'s experience as a tenant organizer in Brooklyn, NY. *Steppin' With Squirrelly D.* is a funky good time for everybody.

• The Funky Record is available at Tower Records in New York and fine record stores everywhere. The Funky Record is also available through mail order by writing to:

Arb Recordings  
418 E. Kingsley Ave. #2  
Ann Arbor, MI 48104

• MAROON is composed of WILL E. P. and MK CHILLY DOG. MK, who has a B.A. in music theory, Spanish and communications from the University of Michigan, is now going to graduate school at the University of Southern California. WILL E. P. is an undergraduate at the University of Michigan.

For more information call (313) 761- BARK.