

Why I say PJ is a liar/ See PJ Video in Video section  
DURO AND THE WAR WITH MPC

I am going to tell you, nothing but the facts, about this so call greatest graffiti war in New York City history. I am going to ask you to bear with me. As I explain to you, all the Myth that has been, perpetrated throughout the years.

The war began in early 1981, when Cap got angry with Dondi, because Dondi went over some of Cap's throw-ups. Before my war with Cap, he had been crossing out Comet, and Blade. Why, I am not going to say. I am going to leave that for them to explain, because it does not concern me. I later heard the story from Henry.

First thing, do you remember when I was saying, about that one day in the Soul Artist Studios? When Cap came looking for Dondi, with his boys. Well I got into the war, because I am CIA, and if you had war with anyone in my crew then you had war with me. So yes, I started the war with MPC after that day. Cap saw that everybody that went bombing with me was also crossing him out. This is why he started, going over everybody and everything he saw in the yard. I would continue this as I go on, but keep in mind that there is a whole lot more, to say about this subject.

The following is some facts that I was not aware of, until a few years ago. The story is that Mare had some kind of beef with Pjay; I still do not know what the beef was about. Anyway, he wanted to beat up Mare, in which Kel retaliated to save his little brother. Which is understandable, Kel ended up stabbing Pjay, with a butter knife of some kind? Just kidding it was a knife. I know this now because Pjay gave an interview, in which he described why he shot PG. As I was listening to him, I could not believe what he was saying, because I never knew the circumstances behind this story. As he continues to speak, he started talking about what he had heard, or that somebody had told him. He said that we were going to his girl school to beat her up. This was the first time that I heard, that Pjay girlfriend, went to that school. He continues to say that Mitch 77 had told him a story about how we were racist. He also said it in his interview, that they, meaning me, was a bunch of thugs vamping people, he went on and on and on, Blah blah! Those in itself are a bunch of bullshit and lies. Think about it, Dondi is black; I am Spanish; Min is white, and our whole crew was made up of different races, and I can go on and on. Therefore, Pjay facts are not creditable.

I think he made up most of it anyway. Because as soon as I finish watching the interview, I called Kel and ask him all about it! I even spoke to Henry about it too; because I was under the impression that Henry did the interview, which he did not. The facts are that I never talk to Mitch about anything that had to do with Pjay. I met Mitch one time, when Kel took me to his house. He probably thought I was a little punk or something, because he had a kitchen knife in his hands, and he pointed the knife at my chest. I grabbed the knife, and I push it away from me. So for Mitch to say anything about what I said or did not say is a bunch of bullshit. I am going to say this one time, and listen carefully I did not have anything to do, with your beef with Mare, Kel or anybody else you mention in that interview. There is more to this story, but I must continue where I lifted off in the previous paragraph.

Let us get back to Cap and his boys. I Duro CIA took on their whole crew, while everybody else did nothing about Cap going over their pieces. He went over all these amazing masterpieces. For me, he destroyed the biggest, moving art gallery that the world has ever seen. The fact is that while I was catching all their stuff. I was still doing whole cars, knowing that he would catch it, and go over them. Not only was I doing this, I was also bombing all city, at the same time. I was killing the BMTs and IND's lines, and bombing everything I saw. Today, some writers do not mention me at all, when, in fact, I show them, almost everything they know. The fact is, if you look back, kel, Dondi and me, made them all famous. However, that is ok!

Therefore, to say that they won the war is nothing but lies, but to be fair, I did quit, and they kept writing. The only person that was helping me with the war was Min. Everybody else just talked shit, now you have these same cats acting like they Hate Cap. When I know that they had their chance back in the days, and they did nothing about it. What a bunch pussies. They talk as if they are style masters, when we all know they stole Dondi style. Trying to claim a crew that they were not down with, in the first place. Now they got a little fame, but all they do, is lying to the young writers of today. By trying to write themselves into the history books. Nevertheless, here is a news flash for you, your 30 years too late, I would say. History ended on the trains many years ago. Then you have these writers that stop writing in the early 1970s, trying to jump back into the bandwagon. Talking about how they were the ones who were teaching so and so when they never met

any of them. I would say yes you were there in the beginning, and I do respect that. Instead of talking shit about the people who help this art form to continue, ways after you have quit, coming back and talking shit is wrong. Why not talk about yourself instead of trying to put other people down.

Do not get me wrong, today I respect Cap, because unlike many of my peers, he grew up and conducted himself as a man. If you opened your eyes, you would see that in the new outtakes of Style Wars. The war ended. When Cap and I finally met, and in a symbolic gesture, we face each other. We then put down our spray cans, turned and walked away from each other, leaving the two cans of spray paint on the floor. The fact is that just how the war began back in the days; Henry Chalfant was there, to co-sign the peace treaty.

#### THE SHOT HEARD AROUND THE WRITING COMMUNITY

The following is my account, of the day that Pjay shot PG3 in the back. Yes, he shot him in the back, but you do not hear Pjay, saying this in his story about that day. May you Rest in Peace and God Bless. The day before the shooting, I was hanging out on Kist block all day. I had been asked a few days before, if I wanted to participate in a group show at the school of Art and design. I was hanging out with Pg 3, Peo, and Kist, I had told them about the exhibition, and ask them if they wanted to come with me to the event. We took the train and headed uptown. We were already getting high, so when we got off the train. We went into this store, and racked-up a few more beers, and then we walk to the school. I was not aware of the trouble that was brewing, concerning Mare, Kel with Pjay. As we were walking, we were drinking our beers, as we enter the front door to the school. We stop in between the first sets of doors, and the doors leading into the school lobby. We had stopped there to finish our beers, because they were not going to allow us inside the school with the beers.

When suddenly the doors burst open, all I saw was the flash of a gun going off. I do not know who had opened the other sets of doors. Nevertheless, I started running, because everybody else was running. I remember that the sound of the gunfire did not sound like a real gunfire; it sounded more like a BB gun. I kept running up the stairs, until I went into a classroom. I had no idea at this point that Pg 3, had been shot. When I felt that the coast was clear, I headed back down the stairs. I heard someone saying that Pg 3 had been shot. The ambulance already had taken Pg, to the hospital. I saw a couple of police detectives, talking with the

other people. I was still unaware who did the shooting; I saw Bid, and he told me that we had to go to the police station. While we were sitting in the back of the patrol car, that is when I heard, for the first time, that it was Cap and Pjay, who was shooting at us.

I did not see them, so I kept asking them, if they were sure that it was they, who did the shooting. While we were at the police station, one of the police detectives took Bid into a room. Then they took Peo, and somebody that was also with us. I cannot remember who it was but when they came out the room. I ask them what was going on. Bid whisper in my ears that they showed them some photos, Bid told me the number of the photo. I am not sure what number Bid told me, but he told me to pick that number. When it was my turn to go into this room, the cop asks me if I can identify the person who was doing the shooting.

The following is the truth and nothing but the truth. They ask me for my side of the story; I told the cop that I did not see who did the shooting. He told me that it was crucial for me to remember, but I really did not know the answer. He told me to go wait outside, Bid and Peo, ask me if I had picked out the person, and I told them no. I then ask them again if they were sure that it was Cap and Pjay. The cop came out and asks each of us for our phone number and address. He said that they would be in touch with us. He then asks us to write our names and initials on their report of the incident. That was the last time I ever heard from them, directly, end of the story as far as I am concerned.

Therefore, I think that back then; if I was ever asked, to testify against Pjay. I could not, because I did not see, whom it was that did the shooting at us. Even though I knew, it was Cap and Pjay. The fact that he was not convicted proves my side of the story; he claims in the interview that he had a good lawyer. Even so, I think that the real reason is they did not have anyone who would go into court and testify. I could have not said anything that I was not sure of. Just because my name is on the paperwork, do not mean anything to me anyway. I do not know why PJay is still mad, about something that happened years ago. If anybody should be angry, it should be Pg, and his family. The man shot Pg in the back, and he had no-good reasons why.

When he was sitting in jail, he wrote Henry, asking us to forgive him, now he is acting like a gangster. If anything, whether Pjay had a problem with Mare, or

anybody else he had beef with. He should have acted like a man and handle his business the old-fashioned way. It is very easy to pull the trigger. The fact that he tries to kill somebody over graffiti, is in itself ridiculous and a cowardly act. I am saying this now, not because I have hate in my heart, because I do not, but to set the record, straight, and put to rest the lies. Not to mention that when I got home that night, the phone rang, my mom answered. My mother gave me the phone; it was Pjay. He cursed out my mom and then threaten me some more. How stupid can you get, is this what he calls being a man is all about? What he thought, that I was going to stop, going over them? Wrong my brother, bank then I had just started my campaign. Grow up already. While you still hate me, I learned years ago to go on with my life. I think you should as well; maybe we can sit down and have a cup of coffee one day because I do not drink beers anymore.

-DURO