A NEW SOLO SHOW BY
DANNY HOCH

“Remarkable ... Vibrant”
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“A jaw dropping tour de force”
-- Hannaham, Village Voice
“The finest solo artist in America”
-- Heilpern, NY Observer

JAILS
HOSPITALS
HIP-HOP

Developed & Directed by Jo Bonney

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DANNY HOCH in...
JAILS, HOSPITALS & HIP HOP

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After his highly acclaimed HBO special SOME PEOPLE, the Obie Award-winning writer and performer busts out Brooklyn Style with his new solo show JAILS, HOSPITALS & HIP-HOP. After a year of workshops around the US, Hoch unveils a dozen new characters, stories and . . . raps. How do Hip-Hop and Jail shape the world in '98? Come find out. This is true theatre for the solo lovers and the Hip-Hop heads too. Act like you know!

Originally produced by Berkeley Repertory Theatre

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Developed & Directed by Jo Bonney
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JAILS
HOSPITALS
HIP-HOP

Written and Performed by DANNY HOCH
Developed and Directed by JO BONNEY

Lighting Design by STAN PRESSNER
Sound Design by TIM SCHELLENBAUM

Production Supervisors
NANCY LOSEY
&
JULIE SEGOVIA ROWLAND

Booking/Live Appearances
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Jails, Hospitals & Hip Hop is performed without an intermission...
...so go to the bathroom now.
"Welcome to Hip Hop Culture, where DJing, MCing, Graffiti Art, Breaking and the philosophies are expressed everyday within the inner cities of America, and the world.

You are not doing Hip Hop, you are Hip Hop. Love yourself and your expressions, you can't go wrong..."

— from KRS ONE's I Got Next album.

PEACE TO MY AUDIENCE!

Welcome to Jails, Hospitals & Hip Hop. It's been a while gettin' to this point. I was born in 1970, and was lucky enough to have grown up in New York City during Hip Hop's infancy and adolescence. I grew up writing Graffiti on trains, b-boyng (breakdancing) and rapping. I might be an actor, writer, and teacher, but Hip Hop formed my language and my entire worldview. It influences my theatre, whether the subject matter is Hip Hop or not. I could be doing a piece about religion or war, and Hip Hop will still inform the way I see it. I also spent some time doing theatre on Riker's Island, various borough detention centers and prisons; I was profoundly affected by the vast numbers of people whose lives are dependent on, and governed by the prison industrial complex. It is colossal. It's so colossal, it makes Ford Motor Company look like a small business.

My mother worked as a Speech Pathologist in a hospital in the Bronx. I spent some of my childhood there, watching her teach people how to re-claim language. People that were in car accidents. People that were quadriplegics from police gunshot wounds. There was one kid who was sitting in a school bus on his way home, while the landlord was burning the Bronx for tax write-offs. He got hit in the head with a brick while people were looting and protesting. Every word is now a jewel more precious than a thousand diamonds.

As rappers don themselves with Italian mafia names; as urban youth clothe themselves with expensive sailing, skiing, camping, and hiking apparel; and suburban youth copy the fashion, trying to be like the urban youth (who no doubt sail, ski, and camp in their spare time); as we all co-opt each other's culture and modes of speech and try to be like one another; Hip Hop backspins in irony, trying to make sense of the high school dropout in Brooklyn who talks of Black power while deciding which Tommy Hilfiger shirt to wear with his Nikes (as if dressing like a sailor is going to keep him from being harassed by the police); or the business college freshman in North Carolina who spray paints his name and Thug Life on the barn in his father's tobacco field during spring break. Because let's face it, Thug Life is far more attractive and entertaining than business college life. It's just cooler to be the oppressed, than the oppressor. Who wants to be the oppressor? Shit, not me.

Even with all the negative representations of Hip-Hop that are shoved in our faces everyday (as if only Hip-Hop is violent and misogynistic); even though Hip-Hop, like every culture of resistance in this country, has been co-opted and commodified to sell fast food, beer, liquor and soda; there still exists in Hip-Hop a strong voice of resistance, questioning, and demand for change that can't be stopped. Fuck the Internet, Hip-Hop is the future of language and culture in the multicultural society. It crosses all lines of color, race, economics, nationality and gender, and Hip-Hop still has something to say.

While New York's Hot 97 Radio proclaims, "Hip-Hop Rules The World", suit-clad men in Washington decide whether or not to bomb Iraq, starve Cuba and Africa
and look up our youth. As Mayor Rudolph Giuliani eliminates the Department of Youth Services in a city with two million young people, as he shuts schools and hospitals, opens more jails, and donates millions to Wall Street in the same breath; I dedicate this show to the young people of New York City. We have always resisted the regular, done our own thing, and looked fly doing it. Spit ill lyrics to ruffle the feathers of devils. Flip divine styles to uplift your community. Spin wild beats to shift the earth’s position. Use Hip-Hop as your weapon, education as your rock, and don’t stop till the break of dawn.

CHECK IT
I only ask one more favor of you (besides buying a book and a CD in the lobby after the show). I make my work for everyone to come see, but most importantly this is for my generation: Hip-Hop. PLEASE SEND YOUNG PEOPLE TO THIS SHOW! If you are a college professor, book this show at your school with a workshop. If you’re a HS teacher, or you got kids, or you know kids...Buy them tickets. Convince them that this is better than spending $15.99 for the new Mace CD, or sitting at a home watching Monica Lewinsky and reruns of Seinfeld. It aint often that young people are invited to theatre that is about them. Represent.

One Love Baby!

Danny Hoch
aka

SHOUT OUTS
There is no way I could have made this show happen without the help of many people whose support, advice and hard work can’t be acknowledged enough. To Jo Bonney, my director/dramaturg/friend. You see theatre so clearly and I’m in a fog. Thank You for your vision and patience, while I sat in my house in Brooklyn bugging out. Mad heart felt thank you’s and good-lookin’ out’s to: Stress Publishing, Clyde Valentin, Monica Lynch and Tommy Boy Records, Mark Russell, Lynn Moffat, Dave Overcamp, Alison Loubel and the whole staff at PS 122. Performance Associates (Dominick Balletta, Andrea Smith), Washington Square Arts (Kathie Russo, Mary Shimkin), Lindsay Porter, Scott Yosefow, James Morrison, Tom Ambosio, Nancy Losey, Garth Belcon, New York State Council On The Arts, Berkeley Repertory Theatre (Tony Taccone, Susie Medak, Tony Kelly, Cliff Mayotte), Ted Striggles, Kiku Yamaguchi (you bustted your ass), David Ellis.

Most importantly, there would be no performance without you—from the audience. There are tons of you (and you know who you are) who keep coming to my workshops, my works-in-progress, and my finished shows. You have helped this work to develop. You are this performance! Without you, plain and simple, there is no show. Thank You.

ABOUT THE BOOKLET
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Message to the Bluntman
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Forties, Blunts, Ho's, Clocks and Tees
You got your 'X' cap but I got you powerless
Forties, Blunts, Ho's, Clocks and Tees
You got your 'X' cap but I got you powerless

People be like shut the hell up when I talk
Like I shouldn't be talking Black, even though I'm from New York

But what's that? A color, a race or a state of mind?
A class of people? A culture, is it a rhyme?

If so, then what the hell am I you might be sayin'?
Well see if you could follow this flow, cause I ain't playin'

Ya see I ain't ya average twenty-somethin' grunge type of slacker
I'm not your herb flavor-of-the-month, I ain't no cracker

An actor? Come on now, you know you wanna ask me
I'll use my skin privileges to flag you down a taxi

But I could act mad type of rough to flex my muscle
I'm also from the 70's so I could do the Hustle

I been to Riker's Island, did crimes that was wrong
Smoked blunts and drank forties 'fore Kriss Kross was born

That's true. But so what, I know I ain't black to you
But I can take your culture, supa it up and sell it back to you

And I can sell crack to you and smack to you if you let me
I'm the president, the press and your paycheck, you sweat me

You never even met me or can fathom my derision
Try to buck my system son, I'll look yo ass in prison

Cause that's my mission, profit in my pocket, I clock it
I got billions invested in jails, you can't stop it

I'm political, I laugh at all this anti-semitical
It makes you look weak, when you try to be critical

And I laugh at all your rap videos with your guns and ho's
While you strike the roughneck pose, I pick my nose

And flick it on ya, ya gooner, no need to warn ya
Got mad seats in government from Bronx to California

And I got the National Guard and plus the Navy,
Army, Air Force, son I got niggers paid to save me
If it ever really gets to that but I doubt it
Cause these dollars that I print got your mind clouded

A kid steps on your sneakers and you beef with no hesitation
But you never got beef with my legislation or my TV station

This is my game, I can't lose
When I want to see the score I just turn on my news

And see you got my Glock and my Tec, aimed at your man's neck
I got you in check and you still give me respect

Ha. That's real funny Mister Money
Mister Cash Loot Blunts, Ho's, Mister Dummy

Mister Car, Cellular Phone, Mister Junk
You think you got props, you got jack, You the punk

This revolution lookin' like junk, and it sunk
With all the 'X' caps I sold you out my trunk

You bought my revolution and you wear it on your head
And then you be talkin' 'bout, Yeah I'm shoot you dead!

Who you supposed to be scarin', Brother?
You ain't scarin' me, but you scarin' your mother

So keep buyin' this fly revolution that I'm sellin'.
How much G's I'll make off you herbs, yo ain't no tellin'

Keep buyin' my Philly Blunt Shirts and my Hats
Keep buyin' my forties, and keep buying them Gats

And I'll keep buyin' time with the cash that you spend
We could hang out, I'll even call you my friend

And you can watch this televised revolution that your missin'
On the commercials that's between Rush Limbaugh and The Simpsons

What's the moral of this limerick that I kicked?
If you missed it, well maybe your head is thick

Or maybe your ass is too high from the Blunts
That's too bad, cause revolution only happens once.

Forties, Blunts, Ho's, Glocks and Tecs,
You got your 'X' cap but I got you powerless

Forties, Blunts, Ho's, Glocks and Tecs,
You got your Tommy Hil and your Lex...
but what's next?
RECOGNIZE

DANNY HOCH won an OBIE award for his solo show Some People at Performance Space 122 and the Joseph Papp Public Theater in 1994 (directed by Jo Bonney). Some People toured over 20 US cities as well as Austria, Cuba and Scotland, where Mr. Hoch won a Fringe First Award at the Edinburgh Festival. Mr. Hoch spent the first half of this decade bringing conflict-resolution-through-drama to adolescents in NYC’s jails and alternative high schools with NYU’s Creative Arts Team. A graduate of the High School Of Performing Arts NYC, he also trained at the North Carolina School Of The Arts and in London. Danny has written and acted for television and several films including HBO’s Subway Stories, Terrence Malick’s Thin Red Line, Fox Searchlight’s Whiteboys premiering in 1999. Danny’s Some People can also be seen on HBO, and was nominated for a 1996 Cable Ace Award. His writings have appeared in Harper’s, New Theater Review, Out Of Character and Jails, Hospitals & Hip-Hop with Some People was recently published as a Villard Books paperback. Mr. Hoch is the recipient of a Solo Theatre Fellowship from the National Endowment For The Arts, a ‘96 Sundance Writers Fellow, and was just named a recipient of a 1998 CalArts/Alpert Award In Theatre, and a 1999 Tennessee Williams Fellow. At Berkeley Repertory Theatre Jails... received a Bay Area Theatre Critics Circle Award for Outstanding Solo Performance. And in New York City, it received a 1998 Drama Desk Award Nomination and a 1998 New York Press/Best Of Manhattan Award. Jails... was also the first off-Broadway production in New York City whose advertising money was spent on Hip-Hop Street Teams and youth ticket subsidies, instead of New York Times Ads. Jails, Hospitals & Hip-Hop is being made into a film, and is on a 40 city tour through the millenium.

JO BONNEY (Director) Most recently Jo Bonney directed the premiere of Seth Zvi Rosenfeld’s The Flatted Fifth for the New Group. She directed Eric Bogosian’s subUrbia at the Studio Theater in Washington, DC, Karen Williams’ How I Got to Cleveland with Robert Olen Butler’s Fairly Tale at PS 122, Patrick Breen’s At Midnight and Morning Rain and Warren Leight’s Stray Cats at Naked Angels and a reading of Keith Josef Adkins’ Sweet Home in the New Work Now series at the Public Theater. Also, Danny Hoch’s Some People*, and Eric Bogosian’s Funhouse, Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll, Pounding Nails in the Floor with my Forehead* and the current work in progress, Wake Up and Smell the Coffee. In May she will direct Philip Ridley’s The Fastest Clock in the Universe for The New Group where she is Associate Artistic Director. (*Obie Award)

STAN PRESSNER (Lighting Design) has created the lighting for dance, theatre, opera and music events on five continents. His work can be found in the repertoires of, among others: The New York City Ballet, The Lyon Opera Ballet, Geneva Opera Ballet, Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane, Ralph Lemon and Company, Bayerische Staatstheater, The Atlanta Ballet, The Boston Ballet, Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre, The Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble, Stephen Petronio and Dancers and The Netherlands Dance Theatre. His recent work includes: Geography for Yale Rep and BAM, The Flying

TIM SCHELLENBAUM (Sound Design) is a musician, composer and sound designer currently in residence at LaMaMa. Design credits include shows by Richard Foreman, John Kelly, Ridge Theatre, Nt祚ke Shange, New Federal Theatre and Target Margin Theater. Most recently he designed My One Good Nerve: A Visit With Ruby Dee for New Federal Theatre. He has composed numerous theatre and dance pieces and is a composer for the Teatro Pataologico in Italy, for which he has collaborated on three shows since 1992. His work can also be heard in the films The Mood Swinger and Frustration.

NANCY LOSEY (Production Supervisor) has worked in theater, TV and film for the last 10 years as a stage manager and scenic artist. She is happy to be working with Danny Hoch again on the national tour of Jails, Hospitals and Hip Hop.

JULIE SEGOVIA ROWLAND (Production Supervisor) has had the great fortune of stage managing and producing works for LA theatre's best, including Center Theatre Group/Mark Taper Forum, The Actors' Gang, A.S.K., Cornerstone Theatre Company, LA Theatre Center and Highways. Recent projects include Exit the King featuring John C. Reilly, Liberty!, Everyman In the Mall, Project: Alice and the LA Weekly Theatre Awards with Fabulous Monsters. A native Angelino and graduate of the theatre program at Cal State LA, she is very proud to be working with Danny on this ground breaking work and thanks Tom for his support.
To Danny Hoch

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