**Week 660: Fooling Down: The Next Generation**

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Young Boye, Young Ones — those who remember the 1989 Fresh Fest from the schools they went to — were the first to show up. They knew the names. They knew the days. They knew the time. They were quick to get in the doors and head straight for the B-Boy area. My 18-year-old son, Trent, and I were flabbergasted by the huge crowds that contained like 12,000 people, and I only expect it to grow. The B-Boy area of the Fresh Fest was fine, with people wearing their signature dark glasses, a white t-shirt, and black and white sneakers. 

Some of the older people in the crowd had a hard time, not to be able to see in the dark. But there were several old-school heads in the audience who were able to follow the words of the rappers and see the moves of the dancers. 

**THE ALSO-RANS**

**WEEK 660**

**In Upper Marlboro, It’s Hammertime All Over Again**

BY MICHEL DU CILLE — THE WASHINGTON POST

Tuesday, April 18, 2006

In Upper Marlboro, Mo., there are old-school acts. There are old-school rappers. There are old-school heads. And there’s a lot of old programming.

In the last few years, the city has become a hotbed for hip-hop. The old-school acts have started to make a comeback. The old-school rappers have started to make a comeback. And the old-school heads have started to make a comeback. 

In Upper Marlboro, Mo., there are old-school acts. There are old-school rappers. There are old-school heads. And there’s a lot of old programming.

**The crowd filed out after mid-night.**

In Upper Marlboro, it’s Hammertime All Over Again.