

THE OBSIDIAN

MAGAZINE

POWER. LEGACY. LUXURY.

SUMMER 2026
ISSUE NO. 07



Rich Fraz

Home Again: Legacy Over Luxury

THE RETURN. THE REFOCUS.
THE REAL RICHFRAZ.



Inside The Obsidian Estate
Where Vision Lives

The Mindset of Ownership
Discipline. Direction. Domination.

The Art of Building Legacy
It's Bigger Than You.



ALBUM ANNOUNCEMENT

*Lost in the Mind
of R.S. Frazier*



— THE NEW ALBUM —
ARRIVES
AUGUST 21, 2026

THE OBSIDIAN MAGAZINE

POWER. LEGACY. LUXURY.

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LEAVE A LEGACY. NOT AN ECHO.



ISSUE NO. 01 | SUMMER 2026



RICH FRAZ
 — 卐 —
 LOST IN THE
 MIND
 OF
R.S. Frazier

A GROWN MAN'S DIARY OF
 DESIRE, NIGHTLIFE, MEMORY,
 AND CONFESSION.

PARENTAL
 ADVISORY
 EXPLICIT CONTENT

AVAILABLE

AUGUST 21

SPEAKEASY
 POTENTIALLY
 UNTOUCHABLE
 BAD WAY
 4 THE NIGHT
 STICKY
 CINNAMON
 CLOCK IT
 DRIVER
 MINE
 WHAT ARE WE DOIN'
 FIXATION
 GHOST

DEPMG RECORDS

Apple Music

Spotify

YouTube Music

iHeartRadio

TIDAL

DEPMG RECORDS



THE OBSIDIAN ESTATE

DEPMG WINES

Pour Legacy.
Taste Power.

Crafted for long nights,
bold conversations, and
the rooms where
empires are built.

From the cellars of
The Obsidian Estate.



EXCLUSIVELY POURED AT GEMINI SPEAKEASY.

FEATURED BOOK

THE NOVEL THAT STARTED THE CONVERSATION

FIVE WOMEN

by Richard S. Frazier

“

Five women.
One man.
A song unfinished.

A lyrical, emotionally charged novel about love, grief, music, fatherhood, accountability, and the quiet violence of becoming honest with yourself. Set between Harlem and Atlanta, *Five Women* follows Julien Saint as he reckons with the women who shaped his life — and the truth he can no longer outrun.

Dominique. Amará. Dr. Mann.
Izzy. Lucille.



AVAILABLE NOW



FIVE WOMEN. ONE MAN. A SONG UNFINISHED.

Julien "Saint Jude" Saint was once the voice people turned to when they needed beauty. His songs, his records, sold-out rooms. A career built from pain polished into music.

Then came grief. Alcohol. Divorce papers. Silence. Then came Christmas Eve.

He survives.

Eighteen months later, Julien returns to Atlanta carrying a war, a penance to his late mother, and the wreckage of every woman he has loved, failed, needed, or misidentified.

Dominique. Amará. Dr. Mann. Izzy. Lucille.

None of them came to rescue him. They came as witnesses, mirrors, consequences, and grace.

Set between Harlem and Atlanta, *FIVE WOMEN* is a literary novel about Black manhood, music, fatherhood, accountability, love after damage, and the quiet violence of becoming honest with yourself.

Julien does not need redemption packaged for applause. He needs the truth.

RICHARD S. FRAZIER was born in Harlem, raised in the Precinct, and writes from the Atlanta area. He is the author of *Songs of the Morning*, *The Precinct Kid*, *Julien*, *Music in Harlem*, *Five Women* expands truth, one note, from human love to the quiet violence through the life of Julien Saint, a singer living off the record is only the beginning.

FIVE WOMEN

RICHARD S. FRAZIER

FROM THE CREATIVE UNIVERSE OF RICHARD S. FRAZIER

EDITOR'S NOTE

Life has a way of testing every dream you dare to protect. It will ask you to endure doubt, loss, delays, and the weight of becoming, but none of that means the vision is wrong. Sometimes the journey is not about chasing perfection, it is about learning how to remain honest with yourself while building a life that feels meaningful, creative, and free. Happiness is not something the world hands to you fully formed — it is something you shape through faith, discipline, love, and the courage to keep going even when the road gets dark. If you can hold on to your purpose, honor your truth, and keep moving with intention, then your dreams stop being fantasies and start becoming the life you were meant to live.

— *Richard S. Frazier*



THE OBSIDIAN ESTATE
NEW YORK

"THE MIND
IS THE ONLY PLACE
CIVILIZATION HASN'T
COLONIZED."

— R.S. FRAZIER



DA ENTER PRIZE MUSIC GROUP
EST. 2003



DEPMG BLUEPRINT

The Artist Is The Business

MUSIC. PUBLISHING. FASHION. MEDIA. CULTURE.

Built for creators who refuse to be
rented, repackaged, or erased.

We don't chase the industry.
We build the infrastructure.

OWNERSHIP
IS FREEDOM.
CONTROL
IS POWER.

— DEPMG —

DEPMG
BLUEPRINT

THE ARTIST IS THE BUSINESS

DEPMG

DEPMG
DA ENTER PRIZE MUSIC GROUP
AGREEMENT

DA ENTER PRIZE MUSIC GROUP
— EST. 2003 —
DEPMG LLC

ALGORHYTHM

— THE SIGNAL. THE MOVEMENT. THE CULTURE. —

STYLE HAS A FREQUENCY

Wear the signal.
Ignore the noise.

GRAPHIC TEES. SIGNATURE CAPS.
ELEVATED STREETWEAR.



BUILT DIFFERENT. — MADE TO LAST.



— LET GOD SORT EM' OUT TEE —



— TIGER FREQUENCY TEE —



— SIGNATURE ARC TEE —



PREMIUM QUALITY

Heavyweight fabrics.
Built for longevity.



BOLD GRAPHICS

Original art. Iconic statements.
No compromises.



CULTURE FIRST

Inspired by music, street,
and the mindset of champions.



LIMITED DROPS

Exclusivity you can feel.
Purpose in every piece.

ALGORHYTHM

WEAR THE SIGNAL — IGNORE THE NOISE

algorhythmbrand.com

ENTER — THE — MIND

OFFICIAL ESTATE ACCESS



THIS ISN'T
JUST A PLACE.
IT'S A LEGACY.



FEATURING



GEMINI
SPEAKEASY



THE
STUDY



THE
LIBRARY



WINE
CELLAR



THE
VAULT



RECORDING
STUDIO



THE
COURTYARD



THE
GARAGE



THE
OBSERVATORY

EXPLORE THE WORLD BEHIND
Lost in the Mind of R.S. Frazier

RSFRAZIER.COM

BUILT ON VISION. PROTECTED BY LEGACY. POWERED BY PURPOSE.



LEGACY OVER LUXURY



BUILDING EMPIRES THAT LAST

By Richard S. Frazier

Luxury can turn heads, but legacy changes bloodlines. The cars, the rooms, and the shine only matter when they are attached to something deeper—ownership, discipline, purpose, and the courage to build what can outlive applause.

Real success is not about looking important for a moment. It is about creating structure, protecting your name, and leaving behind work that still speaks when you are no longer in the room.

In every record, every page, every brand, and every vision I build, the goal is the same: choose meaning over noise, foundation over flex, and truth over performance.

Because the greatest thing you can own is not attention. It is impact that lasts.

“

Luxury is visible.
Legacy is
structural.”



THE FOUNDATION

THE PILLARS OF LEGACY

Legacy is intentional. It is architecture. It is protection. It is freedom. It is love made visible. Most people treat legacy like a speech they give at the end. Real builders know it begins in the daily structure.

Standards are the bricks. Habits are the mortar. If the work cannot survive your mood, it was never built to last.

“Luxury is what they see. Legacy is what survives when nobody is watching.”



VISION

Know what you're building and why it matters.



DISCIPLINE

Stay consistent when nobody is watching.



OWNERSHIP

Control your work, your name, and your future.



EDUCATION

Read. Study. Listen. Keep expanding.



FAMILY

Build a foundation strong enough for generations.



LEGACY

Leave a blueprint, not just a memory.

WHERE IT STARTED

ROOTS OF THE VISION

Legacy begins long before luxury ever enters the room. It begins in the places that shape your hunger.

Harlem gave me spirit. The Poconos taught transition. Jersey sharpened resilience. Georgia opened the door to expansion.

Every place added another layer to the man, the father, the artist, and the builder.

Long before the visual world existed, the mission was already being formed: create something real, disciplined, and built to outlive survival.

The polish came later.
The standard came first.

“

Before there
was the world,
there was the
hunger to
build one.”



THE WORLD BEING BUILT

ART. BUSINESS. OWNERSHIP.

A legacy is strongest when it refuses to live in one lane. Music gives the emotion a voice. Literature gives it depth. Fashion gives it texture. Business gives it structure. The Estate gives it atmosphere. This is not a collection of random ventures. It is one connected ecosystem: RichFraz. R.S. Frazier. DEPMG. The Obsidian Estate. The magazine. The records. The stories. Every brand, every page, and every song is another brick in the blueprint.

THE UNIVERSE



Music — Voice



Books — Depth



Fashion — Identity



DEPMG — Ownership



The Estate — Worldbuilding

“
Different
rooms.
Same house.”



WHAT IT COSTS

WHAT LEGACY REQUIRES

Every real legacy has a cost. It costs time, comfort, certainty, and old versions of yourself that no longer fit who you are becoming.

The outside world celebrates polished outcomes, but it rarely sees the private rebuilding behind them—grief, responsibility, reinvention, fatherhood, pressure, and the discipline to keep creating when the road gets heavy.

What lasts is usually built in seasons nobody applauds. That is where the work is tested. Not in applause, but in endurance.

THE PRICE



Sacrifice



Patience



Reinvention



Accountability



Emotional endurance

“

What lasts is built
in seasons nobody
applauds. ”

THE FINAL WORD

BUILD WHAT CANNOT BE TAKEN

In the end, luxury only matters when it reflects something earned, protected, and intentional.

Legacy is the deeper work. It is the blueprint you leave in people, in art, in family, in business, and in culture. It is what remains after the room gets quiet.

The goal was never to simply arrive. The goal was to build with enough honesty, enough discipline, and enough vision that the work could keep speaking long after the introduction is over.

Image can open the door. Impact keeps it open. One is seen. The other stays.

Richard S. Frazier

FOUNDER. CREATIVE. VISIONARY.

“Build what
cannot be taken.”



HOME ISN'T AN ADDRESS. IT'S A STATE OF MIND.

Every empire begins with a room.

A place where ideas become blueprints.

Where music becomes memory.

Where stories become legacy.

Welcome to the world behind

Lost in the Mind of R.S. Frazier.



RSFRAZIER.COM

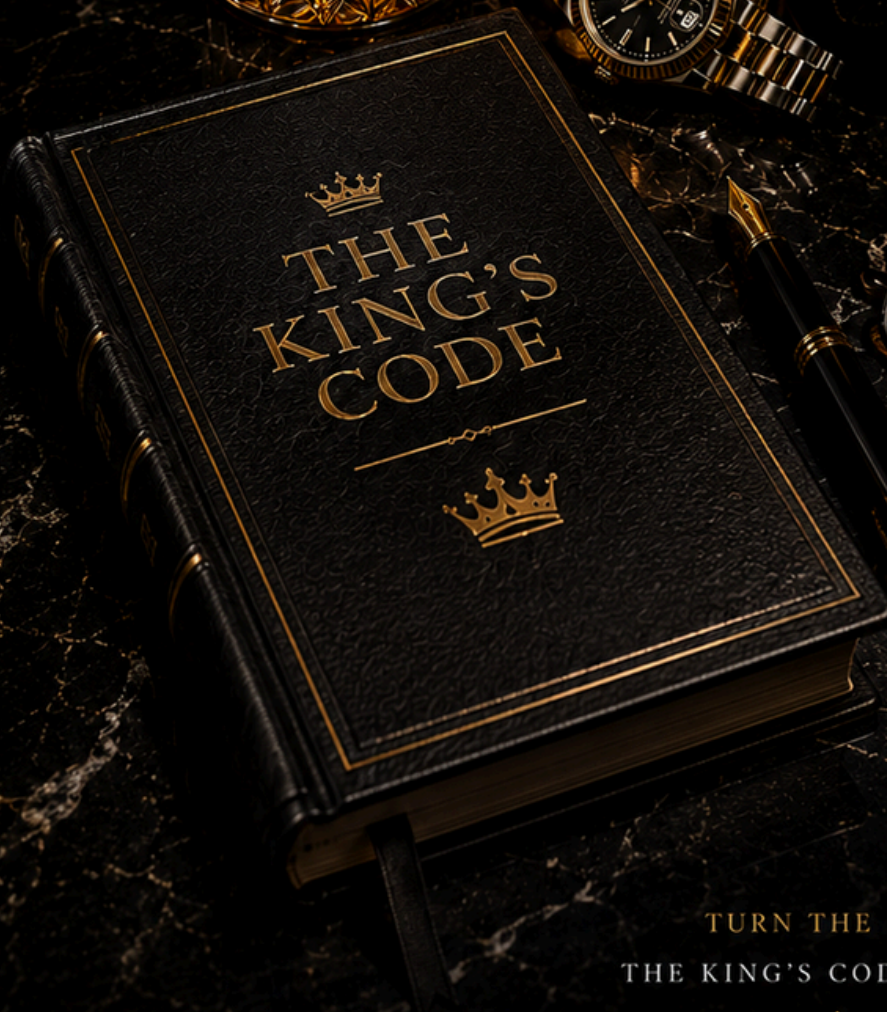
ENTER THE MIND.

BEFORE YOU BUILD AN EMPIRE... BUILD THE MAN.

VISION.
DISCIPLINE.
OWNERSHIP.
STANDARDS.
LEGACY.

The code doesn't
create kings.

It reveals them.



TURN THE PAGE.
THE KING'S CODE BEGINS.

THE KING'S CODE

DISCIPLINE. STRATEGY. DOMINION.



By Richard S. Frazier

A king doesn't announce himself.
He doesn't need to.
The room already knows.

Real dominion was never about the throne —
it's about the code you keep when no one's
watching you keep it. Most men chase the
crown. Few build the character required to
wear it without it wearing them first.

This is the code. Not a set of rules borrowed
from someone else's kingdom. A set of
principles tested in mine.

PILLAR I

SILENCE IS STRATEGY

The loudest man in the room is rarely the most dangerous one. Silence is not absence — it's calculation. It's the space where the real plan gets built while everyone else is busy performing theirs.

I learned early that talking early gives your position away. A king studies before he speaks. He watches who reacts, who postures, who reveals themselves in the scramble for attention. Then he moves — once, and correctly.

The Discipline:

Say less. Watch more. Let your results talk after the fact, not your plans before it.



PILLAR II

DOMINION OVER REACTION

Every man will be tested. The question isn't whether the fire comes — it's whether you burn with it or command it.

Dominion means the throne inside you doesn't shake when the room does. Other men's chaos is not your obligation to absorb. Their urgency is not your emergency. A king filters noise before it becomes a decision.

The Discipline:

Before you respond to anything — a slight, a setback, a betrayal — ask if this moment deserves your throne or just your patience.



PILLAR III

BUILD IN PRIVATE, ARRIVE IN PUBLIC

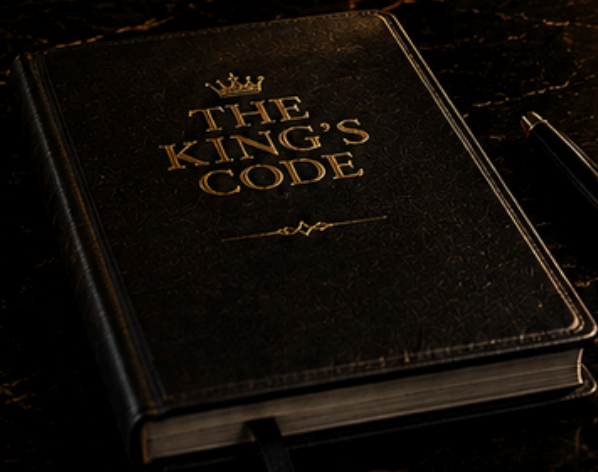
Nobody sees the years. They see the year it worked.

The King's Code rejects the need to narrate the process. Half-built things get picked apart by people who were never going to help finish them. Protect the work until the work can protect itself.

This isn't secrecy for its own sake — it's stewardship. A king doesn't owe the room a preview. He owes it a finished kingdom.

The Discipline:

Let the unfinished stay unfinished —
to everyone but you.



PILLAR IV

STANDARDS OVER MOOD

Kings are not made on the good days.
Anybody can hold the code when it's easy.
The code is proven on the days you don't
feel like it — and you hold the line anyway.

Discipline isn't motivation. Motivation leaves.
Discipline stays and does the work motivation
was too tired to do. The standard has to survive
contact with a bad mood, a bad week, a
bad year — or it was never a standard.
It was a preference.

*"Luxury bends to how you feel.
Legacy doesn't ask."*

The Discipline:

Build systems that don't require you
to feel like it. Feelings are weather.
The code is the foundation underneath.



PILLAR V

LEGACY IS THE CODE'S FINAL TEST

Power gets your name in the room.
The code gets your name remembered
long after you're gone.

A king builds more than a moment —
he builds a standard. One that outlives
trends, opinions, and even him.

The code you live by becomes the
blueprint others will follow when
they're not looking. That's when you
know it was real.

Because legacy isn't what you leave
behind. It's what you built that keeps
working without you.

*"You don't rise to the top
to be seen.
You rise to build something
that will never fall."*

The Discipline:

Live the code now so your legacy
won't need an explanation later.



LOST IN THE MIND

THE ALBUM. THE MAN. THE MOMENT.

By The Obsidian Magazine

*For more than twenty years,
RichFraz refused to sing.*

Not because he couldn't.

Because life convinced him someone else
needed his voice more.

Twenty years as an MC will do that to a man — bury
the first voice under the one that paid the bills, the
one that built the name. Bars over ballads. Rhythm
over melody. For two decades, that trade made sense.

Then life asked for the other voice back.

Lost in the Mind of R.S. Frazier is what happens
when a man stops negotiating with his own history
and lets it in.

Thirteen tracks. Four acts. One name on the cover
that hasn't sung publicly since a chorus room in
Pennsylvania, twenty-some years ago.

*“I didn't choose
to sing again.
Grief did.”*

- Rich Fraz

INSIDE THE STORY

THE MAN

A boy from Harlem.
A voice discovered in
a Pennsylvania chorus room.

P.25

THE RETURN

Fourteen months of hope.
One day we'll never
get back.

P.26

THE ALBUM

Thirteen tracks.
Four acts.
One uninterrupted journey
through love, loss,
desire, and grief.

P.27-28

THE CRAFT

Building a sound.
Building a world.
Building what didn't exist.

P.28

THE MOMENT

The debut.
The first time in over
twenty years.
The truth finally sung.

P.29



THE ALBUM
ARRIVES

08.21.26



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

THE MAN

RICHFRAZ — BORN TO CREATE.

RichFraz — born Richard S. Frazier — came into the world in Harlem in June of 1984.

At eleven, his family moved to Blakeslee, Pennsylvania, a relocation that could have ended a Harlem story before it started. Instead, it gave it a second beginning.

It was a seventh-grade chorus class at Pleasant Valley Middle School that first revealed the voice — not the one the world would come to know him by, but the one underneath it.

He sang through the rest of middle school and all of high school, closing out his senior year in a five-part harmony a cappella group, absorbing an era of R&B that would sit dormant in him for two decades.

Then hip-hop claimed him. Three mixtapes between 2002 and 2008. A debut album, *Easier Said Than Done*, in 2014. A sophomore record, *Tale of Two Kingz*, in 2021.

RichFraz built a name as an MC — bars, structure, discipline in the pen. But somewhere in a box at his mother's house, notebooks full of R&B songs written in middle school and college sat untouched, waiting for a reason to matter again.

They got one.

“The voice was there long before the world gave me a reason to use it.

— RichFraz



7th Grade
1996–97



10th Grade
1999–00



Senior Year
2002

Songs from
the soul don't
disappear.
They wait.
R.S.F.

“

BARS WERE
MY EDUCATION.
MUSIC WAS
MY SALVATION.

— RICHFRAZ



BORN

June 1984
Harlem, New York



MOVED

Age 11
Blakeslee,
Pennsylvania



DISCOVERED

Chorus Class
Pleasant Valley
Middle School



EVOLVED

MC. Artist.
Writer. Visionary.
Entrepreneur.



BUILT

A legacy that
speaks for itself.
A future that
inspires the rest.

THE RETURN

In January 2021, RichFraz's grandmother was diagnosed with triple-negative breast cancer.

For fourteen months, the family fought beside her. His mother made the drive between the Poconos and Atlanta for a full year, present for every step of a battle that seemed, for a moment, won — until the cancer returned. When it did, his mother brought her grandmother to a care facility in Pennsylvania to be close to home.

She passed away one week later.

RichFraz was living in New Jersey at the time. The family had planned to see her that day. They didn't make it in time.

This isn't the story of sudden loss. It's the harder version — fourteen months of hope, relapse, and distance, ending one day short of the moment that mattered most. It's a grief that doesn't resolve. It sits. It waits for a voice to carry it.

That voice turned out to be the one he'd set aside in a Pennsylvania chorus room two decades earlier.

*"The bars couldn't hold
what I was feeling.
Only the singing could."*

— RICH FRAZ

The notebooks came out. The pen changed. And what began as private mourning became *Lost in the Mind of R.S. Frazier* — a return to singing that RichFraz didn't plan so much as survive into.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Minnie D. Carr

April 5th 1936 – March 29th 2022

The people we lose never leave the rooms they built inside us.

THE ALBUM

Thirteen tracks. One continuous emotional arc, moving in four acts: confidence, fall, confession, and haunting.

It opens wide awake — *The Gemini Speakeasy (Intro)* sets the room, candlelit and self-assured, before *Potentially* and *Untouchable* stake out the confidence the record will spend the rest of its runtime dismantling. *Bad Way* is the hinge — a record about the ex you can't shake and won't admit you're still watching, mutual hypocrisy put out on front street with a rare kind of honesty.

From there the fall deepens through *4 the Night*, *Sticky*, and *Cinnamon* — tracks built for smoke and low light, textured in the candlelight-and-velvet aesthetic that defines the record's world. *Clock It* and *DRIVER* push the tempo without losing the ache underneath it. *MINE* and *What Are We Doin'?* sit in confession — five-part harmony carrying weight the words alone can't.

Fixation closes the loop before *GHOST* — the album's final act and its emotional center of gravity. It's the haunting the whole record has been building toward: grief finally given a name, sung by a man who spent twenty years making sure nobody heard him do it.

Neo-Soul Noir is the only genre tag that fits. Candlelight over polish. Confession over performance. This isn't a comeback record chasing radio. It's a man opening a door he kept locked for two decades and finding out what was waiting on the other side.

There's a technical story behind all of it, too. RichFraz built four distinct vocal models with *ElevenLabs* — trained on his own speaking and singing voice — and sang the entire record through a combination of his original voice, those trained AI vocals, and Audimee for lead vocals and background harmonies. The instrumentation followed the same instinct-first approach: beats built across Pro Tools, FL Studio, and Suno, with drum loops and arrangements shaped by RichFraz's own vocalization and beatboxing rather than played note-by-note — the same lineage as Michael Jackson and James Brown, neither of whom played an instrument, both of whom knew exactly what they wanted a track to sound like and built it by voice alone. Every performance and arrangement, top to bottom, is his. He's since begun formal vocal training to bring his live voice up to where the recorded one already stands.

*“I heard it before I could sing it.
So I built what I needed to get it out.”*

— RICHFRAZ



THE THIRTEEN CHAPTERS

Thirteen tracks. Four acts. One continuous story.

ACT I — CONFIDENCE

- 01 The Gemini Speakeasy (Intro)
Instrumental Neo-Soul
The invitation.
- 02 Potentially
Contemporary R&B
Hope disguised as confidence.
- 03 Untouchable
Contemporary R&B
Setting the standard. Knowing your worth.
- 04 Bad Way
Contemporary R&B
The hinge. Mutual hypocrisy with nowhere to hide.

ACT II — FALL

- 05 4 the Night
Modern R&B
No titles. No promises. Just the night.
- 06 Sticky
Neo-Soul (Sexual)
Bodies talk. Words don't.
- 07 Cinnamon
Neo-Soul (Sensual)
Warmth, spice, and everything in between.

ACT III — CONFESSION

- 08 Clock It
R&B House (Empowerment)
Moving different. Still feeling it.
- 09 DRIVER
Afrobeats / Amapiano
Mystery. Pull. The chase.
- 10 MINE
Modern R&B (Cat & Mouse)
I want it all. But can I keep it?
- 11 What Are We Doin'?
Contemporary R&B
Five-part harmony. Trying to make sense of us.

ACT IV — HAUNTING

- 12 Fixation
TrapSoul (Seduction / Addiction)
Obsessed with what I can't have.
- 13 GHOST
Contemporary R&B Ballad (Grief)
The goodbye that never really ends.



AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE



"I heard it before I could sing it.
So I built what I needed
to get it out."

— RICH FRAZ —

THE LAST WORD



LOST IN THE MIND OF R.S. FRAZIER ARRIVES AUGUST 21, 2026

The first time in more than twenty years the world hears RichFraz sing.

What began as grief became purpose.

What began as silence became thirteen songs.

Lost in the Mind of R.S. Frazier isn't simply an album.
It's proof that some voices return exactly when they're needed.

“ *Build what cannot be taken.
Sing what can't be said.* ”

-RichFraz

RICHARD S. FRAZIER
FOUNDER • CREATIVE • VISIONARY



AVAILABLE WORLDWIDE • AUGUST 21, 2026

RSF DEPMG RECORDS



DEPMG BLUEPRINT

— THE ARTIST IS THE BUSINESS. —

By Richard S. Frazier

p.30

Every empire starts as a rejection of something.

DEPMG — Da Enter Prize Music Group — started as a rejection of the deal that was never going to be offered on fair terms. Founded in 2003, it began the way most real infrastructure begins: quietly, without permission, built by someone who'd already decided he wasn't going to wait to be chosen.

Twenty-plus years later, it's not a label. It's not a brand. It's the operating system underneath everything RichFraz has built since — the music, the novel, the fashion line, this magazine, the Estate itself.

“*I didn't start a label.
I started infrastructure.*”





THE ORIGIN

p.31

2003 wasn't a good year to start a music business with no money and no connections. That's exactly why it worked.

It started in his mother's basement in Blakeslee, Pennsylvania, summer of 2003 — a cheap Behringer B-1 condenser microphone, a cracked copy of Cool Edit Pro 2.0, and a small group of young, hungry MCs recording songs for no reason bigger than wanting something to ride around in the car to. No budget. No plan beyond making something that sounded good blasting out of speakers on a summer night.

That basement is DEPMG's real founding date, whatever the paperwork says.

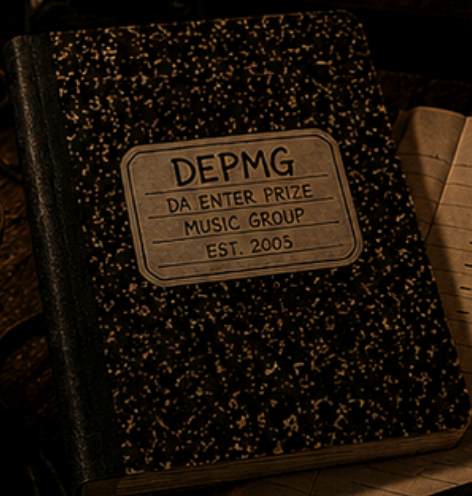
DEPMG began as a name on a notebook before it was a name on anything real — the same notebooks that would later hold the R&B songs that became *Lost in the Mind*. Da Enter Prize wasn't just wordplay. It was a thesis: entry into the industry was rigged to favor whoever already had the keys. The only way in was to build a different door.

The early years were mixtapes and grinding — 2002 through 2008, three projects deep before the first proper album. No shortcuts. No one to blame if it failed, no one to split credit with if it worked. That's what ownership costs at the start: everything, alone.



THE DISCIPLINE:

*Build the thing you can't get
invited into. Ownership isn't given.
It's constructed.*





THE PHILOSOPHY

p.32

OWNERSHIP IS FREEDOM.
CONTROL IS POWER.

There's a version of success that looks identical from the outside — the same chains, the same stages, the same headlines — but one man owns what he built and the other is just borrowing it back at interest. You can't tell the difference from a magazine cover. You can tell the difference the day someone else decides what happens to the work.

Music. Publishing. Fashion. Media. Culture. Five lanes, one house. Not because a man can't focus, but because ownership across every lane is the only way none of them can be taken from him individually. Pressure a man who only owns his voice, and he has one thing to lose. Pressure a man who owns the label, the publishing rights, the clothing brand, and the magazine covering all three, and there's no single lever left to pull.

“Control isn't a feeling either.
It's whoever's name is on
the paperwork.”



THE DISCIPLINE:

*Never build something you don't own
a controlling piece of. If you can be
removed from it, it isn't yours.*



THE ECOSYSTEM

p.33

DEPMG isn't one thing wearing different outfits. It's five real businesses, load-bearing on each other.

Music gives it a voice — DEPMG Records, home to the RichFraz catalog and the Neo-Soul Noir era.

Publishing gives it depth — Twin Scales Publishing, home to Five Women and the broader R.S. Frazier literary universe. The name isn't arbitrary: Gemini and Libra, his sign and his daughter's, two scales balancing one house — proof the same mind that writes hooks can write novels, and that the business was built with more than one generation in mind.

Fashion gives it identity — Algorhythm, elevated streetwear built on the same "built different, made to last" standard as everything else in the house.

Media gives it a mouthpiece — this magazine, controlling the narrative instead of waiting for someone else to write it.

Culture is what all four add up to when they're operating in sync.

None of these exist to prop up the others as marketing. Each has to work on its own. That's the difference between a brand extension and an ecosystem — one collapses if the flagship stumbles, the other doesn't, because every piece can stand alone.



FIVE LANES. ONE HOUSE.



MUSIC

DEPMG RECORDS

*The voice.
The catalog.
The soundtrack.*



PUBLISHING

TWIN SCALES
PUBLISHING

*The depth.
The stories.
The legacy.*



FASHION

ALGORITHM

*The identity.
The style.
The standard.*



MEDIA

THE OBSIDIAN
MAGAZINE

*The mouthpiece.
The narrative.
The platform.*



CULTURE

THE MOVEMENT

*The impact.
The influence.
The blueprint.*

FIVE BUSINESSES. ONE VISION. ENDLESS CONTROL.



THE DISCIPLINE:

*Build each lane strong enough to survive without the others.
Connection should be a bonus, not a dependency.*



THE BLUEPRINT GOING FORWARD

p.34

DEPMG LLC exists today because a mixtape-era decision in 2003 refused to be undone by two decades of industry pressure to sell, license, or fold.

The blueprint was never about getting rich off one record. It was about building something that keeps producing value in rooms RichFraz isn't even in — a publishing catalog, a fashion label, a media property, an estate, all generating on their own terms, all still answering to the same name on the door.

“A deal makes you money once.
Infrastructure makes you
money on a loop.”

THE DISCIPLINE:

Measure success by what still runs without you in the room.



MUSIC

DEPMG RECORDS

*The voice.
The catalog.
The soundtrack.*



PUBLISHING

TWIN SCALES
PUBLISHING

*The depth.
The stories.
The legacy.*



FASHION

ALGORITHM

*The identity.
The style.
The standard.*



MEDIA

THE OBSIDIAN
MAGAZINE

*The mouthpiece.
The narrative.
The platform.*



CULTURE

THE MOVEMENT

*The impact.
The influence.
The blueprint.*

FIVE LANES. ONE HOUSE.

FIVE BUSINESSES. ONE VISION. ENDLESS CONTROL.

THE DISCIPLINE:

Measure success by what still runs without you in the room.



DEPMG LLC
DA ENTER PRIZE MUSIC GROUP
— THE ARTIST IS THE BUSINESS —

RICHARD S. FRAZIER



FIVE WOMEN
a novel

TWIN SCALES PUBLISHING
STORIES THAT LAST

LOST IN THE
MIND
OF
R.S. Frazier



DEPMG RECORDS
MUSIC THAT MOVES

LEGACY
IN EVERY
BOTTLE.



DEPMG WINES
TASTE THAT ELEVATES

ALGORHYTHM
— CLOTHING —



STYLE THAT SPEAKS

ALGORHYTHMBRAND.COM



TWIN SCALES
— PUBLISHING —

STORIES THAT LAST

RSFRAZIER.COM

The Obsidian
— MAGAZINE —

CULTURE THAT INSPIRES



THEOBSIDIANMAG.COM



DEPMG
— RECORDS —

MUSIC THAT MOVES

DEPMGRECORDS.COM

BUILT BY CREATORS. OWNED BY CREATORS. LEGACY FOR GENERATIONS.

p.35

DEPMG WAS NEVER THE GOAL. IT WAS THE TOOL.

The goal was always what infrastructure makes possible — a **novel** that stands on its own, a **record** that pays tribute instead of chasing a chart, a **fashion brand** with its own culture, a **magazine** that owns its own voice.

Every DEPMG-owned lane is proof of the same idea:
the artist doesn't need to be rescued by the business.

The artist is the business.

“Built for creators
who refuse to be
rented, repackaged,
or erased.”

— Richard S. Frazier
Founder. Creative. Visionary.

DEPMG
DA ENTER PRIZE MUSIC GROUP — EST. 2003

THE ESTATE

INSIDE THE WORLD WE BUILT

By The Obsidian Magazine

OPENING — p.36

*This isn't a house tour.
It's a walk through a mind.*

The Obsidian Estate doesn't exist on any deed. It exists at rsfrazier.com, and in every room *Lost in the Mind of R.S. Frazier* moves through—confidence in one wing, confession in another, haunting in the room at the very back. Every space was built with a feeling attached to it before it was built with a floor plan.

Home isn't an address. It's a state of mind. The Obsidian Estate is what happens when that state of mind is given a front gate, hallways, and a name on every door.

*"Every empire
begins with
a room."*

THE PUBLIC ROOMS — p.37

You enter through The Gate — private access only — into the Main Hall, grand entrance, double staircase, the kind of room built to make a first impression do the talking.

Turn left and you're in The Library, floor-to-ceiling shelves, a reading lounge built for a man who said the mind is the only place civilization hasn't colonized. Turn right and you hit The Closet — the designer collection, private fitting, proof that Black Ties & Bulletproof isn't just a magazine feature but a lived standard.

At the center of it all sits the Gemini Speakeasy — jazz lounge, private bar, live music, named for the sign on the man who built it and echoed again in the imprint that carries his daughter's name alongside his own. Off to the side, the Hall of Legacy — a wall of invitations, a legacy wall display, the receipts of everywhere this world has been welcomed.



THE DISCIPLINE:

*Public rooms perform. Private rooms confess.
Know which one you're standing in.*



MAIN HALL



THE LIBRARY



THE CLOSET



GEMINI SPEAKEASY



HALL OF LEGACY



- ① MAIN HALL
Grand entrance. Double staircase. Built for first impressions.
- ② THE LIBRARY
Floor-to-ceiling shelves. A reading lounge for a man who values the mind above all.
- ③ THE CLOSET
Designer collection. Private fitting. Black Ties & Bulletproof as a lifestyle, not just a feature.
- ④ GEMINI SPEAKEASY
Jazz lounge. Private bar. Live music. Named for the sign on the man who built it and echoed in the imprint that carries his daughter's name.
- ⑤ HALL OF LEGACY
Wall of invitations. Legacy wall display. The receipts of everywhere this world has been welcomed.

THE PRIVATE WINGS — p.38

Upstairs is where the performance stops.

The Study — private, custom library, fireplace, city views — is where the writing actually happens: *Five Women*, this magazine's features, the notebooks that eventually became songs.

The Sitting Room overlooks the Main Hall, a conversation space built for the moments that don't need an audience.

Down the hall, the Master Suite — private balcony, walk-in wardrobe, en suite bath — and beyond it, the Observatory — skyline views, a telescope lounge, a nightcap room built for the hours when the rest of the house has gone quiet.

This is the wing GHOST lives in. Not the speakeasy downstairs — up here, where the haunting act of the album actually happens, alone, with a view of a city that doesn't know what's being felt eleven floors above it.



"The Study is where the truth gets written down before it gets sung."



- ① **THE STUDY**
Private library. Fireplace. City views. Where ideas become legacy.
- ② **THE SITTING ROOM**
Overlooks the Main Hall. A space for conversations that matter.
- ③ **THE MASTER SUITE**
Private balcony. Walk-in wardrobe. En suite bath. Rest with no audience.
- ④ **THE OBSERVATORY**
Skyline views. Telescope lounge. A nightcap room built for the quietest hours.

THE WORKING ROOMS — p.39

Every estate needs rooms that produce something, not just rooms that impress.

The Recording Studio — state of the art — is where *Lost in the Mind* actually got built: the ElevenLabs vocal models, the Pro Tools sessions, the beatboxing turned into arrangements. The Wine Cellar holds the DEPMG Wines reserve, private and estate-grown. The Vault — secure storage, private archive, hidden access — holds what doesn't get shown yet: unreleased masters, drafts, the half-finished things *The King's Code* says a king doesn't owe anyone a preview of.

Below it all, the Mechanical Room runs the Estate's systems and security — the unglamorous infrastructure that keeps everything upstairs running. Outside, the Garage — three-bay, car gallery, valet entrance — and the Courtyard — rose garden, camellia paths, stone inlay — give the working rooms somewhere to exhale.



THE DISCIPLINE:

*The rooms that make money
don't need to be beautiful.
The rooms that spend it
can afford to be.*



1 RECORDING STUDIO

State of the art. Where *Lost in the Mind* was built.



2 WINE CELLAR

DEPMG Wines reserve. Private and estate-grown.



3 VAULT

Secure storage. Private archive. Hidden access.
What the world hasn't heard yet.



4 MECHANICAL ROOM

Runs the Estate's systems and security.
The infrastructure no one sees, but everyone relies on.



5 GARAGE

Three-bay car gallery. Valet entrance.
Built for performance. Designed for presence.



6 COURTYARD

Rose garden. Camellia paths.
Stone inlay.
A place to exhale.



1 RECORDING STUDIO

2 WINE CELLAR

3 VAULT

4 MECHANICAL ROOM

5 GARAGE

6 COURTYARD

THE SPEAKEASY PROGRAM — p.40

No room in the Estate is more alive than the Gemini Speakeasy, and no feature of it travels further than the cocktail program built around it.

Twenty cocktails, told in two parts. Part I pours through all thirteen tracks of the album — a drink built for the mood of every chapter, from the confidence of *Untouchable* to the ache of *GHOST*. Part II, *The Magnificent 7*, extends the lore past the tracklist — seven more pours built around the wider Estate universe, each one carrying its own piece of the story.

This is worldbuilding you can taste. Every glass poured at the Speakeasy is a small piece of canon — proof that the Obsidian Estate isn't a metaphor dressed up as a website, but a fully realized place with its own rituals, recipes, and rules.

*"A house tells you
who lives there.
A drink menu tells you
who they used to be."*



**GEMINI
SPEAKEASY**

— THE —

**MAGNIFICENT 7
COLLECTION**

*The Signature Cocktails
of The Obsidian Estate*

*Every drink tells a story.
Every story leaves a mark.*

1 RICHFRAZ <i>Three Cities, One Soul</i>  PROFILE Warm • Smoky • Smooth • Slightly Sweet	2 DEPMG <i>Wisp Velocity</i>  PROFILE Hard • Dark Berry • Citrus • Mysterious	3 JUNGLE <i>The Wild, Reformed</i>  PROFILE Tropical • Bright • Rich • Exotic	4 PHANTOM <i>You Never Saw It Coming</i>  PROFILE Crisp Apple • Tart Raspberry Bright Ginger • Mysterious
5 THE SAXMAN <i>You're In Danger, Girl</i>  PROFILE Smooth • Silky • Seductive • Unapologetic	6 NOISE CANCELLATION <i>Frequency Over Noise</i>  PROFILE Clean • Crisp • Complex • Controlled	7 ALGORITHM <i>The Best Was Always There</i>  PROFILE Bold • Layered • Smooth • Visionary	THE MAGNIFICENT 7 FLIGHT <i>Start Here</i> - NOISE CANCELLATION - JUNGLE - THE SAXMAN - PHANTOM - ALGORITHM - DEPMG - RICHFRAZ <i>A journey from clarity to legacy.</i>

PART I

THE ALBUM

LOST IN THE MIND OF R.S. FRAZIER

*A journey through desire, temptation,
confidence, grief, memory, and redemption.*

01. GEMINI SPEAKEASY <i>"Welcome To The Mind"</i> • 1.5 oz Dark Rum • 0.75 oz Anise • 0.5 oz Espresso Liqueur • 0.25 oz Demerara Syrup • 2 dashes Chocolate Bitters  GEMINI OLD FASHIONED	02. POTENTIALLY <i>"Maybe It's A Beautiful Place"</i> • 1.5 oz Basil • 0.5 oz Honey Syrup • 0.5 oz Lemon Juice • 2 dashes Orange Bitters  GOLD RUSH	03. UNTOUCHABLE <i>"Nothing Can Touch Me Today"</i>  ONYX MARGARITA	
04. BAD WAY <i>"The Sound Out Is The Muscle"</i> • 2 oz Rye Whiskey • 0.5 oz Anise • 0.25 oz Simple Syrup • 2 dashes Walnut Bitters • Branded Cherry  DANGEROUS MONSIEUR	05. 4 THE NIGHT <i>"We Both Know"</i> • 1.5 oz Vodka • 0.5 oz Passion Fruit • 0.5 oz Pineapple Juice • 0.25 oz Vanilla Syrup • Pineapple Top  NIGHTFALL COUPE	06. STICKY <i>"Get Me Sticky For Your Sticky Sweet"</i> • 1.5 oz Spiced Rum • 0.5 oz Brown Sugar Syrup • 0.5 oz Lime Juice • 2 dashes Angostura • Mint Leaves  STICKY MOJITO	
07. CINNAMON <i>"The Room Changed When She Walked In"</i> • 1.5 oz Cognac • 0.75 oz Cinnamon Syrup • 0.25 oz Cream • 2 dashes Orange Bitters • Cinnamon Stick  CINNAMON SIDE CAR	08. CLOCK IT <i>"She Is The Beat"</i> • 1.5 oz Gin • 0.5 oz Elderflower • 0.5 oz Cucumber Juice • 0.25 oz Lime Juice • Cucumber Ribbon  BEAT MAKER	09. DRIVER <i>"Real Or Illusion?"</i> • 2 oz Whiskey • 0.5 oz Sweet Vermouth • 2 dashes Orange Bitters • Expresso Orange Peel • Luxardo Cherry  CROSSROADS OLD FASHIONED	
10. MINE <i>"The Decision Was Already Made"</i> • 1.5 oz Dark Rum • 0.75 oz Amaro • 0.5 oz Black Cherry Liqueur • 2 dashes Chocolate Bitters • Branded Cherry  MINE FOREVER	11. WHAT ARE WE DOIN'? <i>"The Lie Tastes Better"</i> • 1.5 oz Vanilla Vodka • 0.75 oz Espresso Liqueur • 0.5 oz Red Wine • Reduction Syrup • 2 dashes Chocolate Bitters  BLACK COUPE	12. FIXATION <i>"Look What You Made Me Love"</i> • 1.5 oz Rye Whiskey • 0.75 oz Amaro Averna • 0.25 oz Espresso Liqueur • 2 dashes Black Walnut Bitters • Flamed Orange Peel  SMOKED COUPE	
13. GHOST <i>"The Moment You Realize They're Not Coming Back"</i> • 1.5 oz Grey Goose Vodka • 0.5 oz St-Germain • 0.5 oz White Cranberry Juice • 0.25 oz Fresh Lemon Juice • 2 drops Saline Solution  NICK & NORA			“Some nights change you. Others expose you. A few leave you. The rest becomes the soundtrack.” 

THE ESTATE

INSIDE THE WORLD WE BUILT

The Obsidian Estate lives at rsfrazier.com — interactive, expanding, guided by an AI concierge built to walk visitors through its rooms the way this feature just did on paper.

It isn't finished, and it isn't meant to be. New rooms get added the way new songs get written — when there's something true enough to need a space of its own.

For now, the gate stands open. The Speakeasy is pouring. Music drifts through the Main Hall. Somewhere upstairs, another page is being written. The Estate keeps growing because imagination never really finishes building.

*"Built on vision.
Protected by legacy.
Powered by purpose."*

— *Richard S. Frazier*
FOUNDER. CREATIVE. VISIONARY.

RSFRAZIER.COM — ENTER THE MIND

TIMEPIECES OF POWER

THE ART OF PRECISION

By Richard S. Frazier

42 OPENING

Money can be made back. Time can't.

That's the whole argument for wearing something precise on your wrist instead of something merely expensive. A timepiece isn't jewelry in this house — it's a daily reminder that the only asset nobody can print more of is the one ticking against your pulse right now.

Every watch in this collection was chosen the same way everything else in this world gets chosen: not for what it says about money, but for what it says about respect — for the hour, for the work, for the version of yourself that doesn't get today back.

"A watch doesn't tell you what time it is. It tells you what you're willing to waste."

43 THE COLLECTION

A real collection isn't assembled to impress a room. It's assembled the way a library is — one piece for purpose, acquired when it mattered, not when it trended.

There's the everyday piece, worn into every important room in this magazine — the one photographed more than any other because it's the one that's actually lived in. There's the piece reserved for the nights the Speakeasy is open late, heavier, darker, built for candlelight instead of daylight. And there's the piece that doesn't leave the Vault except for the occasions that deserve it — the kind of timepiece you don't wear so much as borrow from your own future for a few hours.

None of them are interchangeable. Each one is calibrated — literally and otherwise — to a specific version of the day.



THE EVERYDAY
Daily discipline.



THE SPEAKEASY
Night. Luxury. Presence.



THE VAULT
*Reserved. Legacy.
Rarely worn.*



THE DISCIPLINE:

Don't own a watch you can't explain the purpose of.

44 TIME AS CURRENCY

Everyone says time is money. Almost no one spends it like it's scarcer than money, because money comes back around and time never does.

Being early is a power move nobody talks about, because it looks passive. It isn't. Walking into a room five minutes ahead is a quiet way of saying you value the meeting more than your own comfort — and walking in late is the opposite message, dressed up as an accident. Precision isn't about anxiety over the clock. It's about refusing to let carelessness with hours become carelessness with everything downstream of them.

“Punctuality is the only compliment that costs nothing and means everything.”

THE DISCIPLINE:

Treat every hour like it's already spoken for, because it is.



45 THE RITUAL

Discipline doesn't start at the big moments. It starts in the fifteen minutes nobody's watching.

The watch goes on before the day starts, not as decoration but as a kind of oath — a physical reminder, worn all day, that the clock isn't neutral.

Mornings are structured the same way a record gets sequenced: quietest, most important work first, while the hours are still uncorrupted by everyone else's urgency. By the time the phone starts ringing, the real work is already done.

This is where *Standards Over Mood* from *The King's Code* actually gets tested — not in the big public decisions, but in whether the ritual holds on the mornings it would be easier not to.



THE DISCIPLINE:

*Protect the first hour of the day
like it's the only one that's
actually yours.*



*"Discipline is doing the things you know you should do,
when the version of you that wants the results the most shows up."*

46

PRECISION IN THE WORK

Lost in the Mind wasn't finished by accident, and it wasn't finished on someone else's clock either.

Thirteen tracks, arranged top to bottom, mixed across three separate tools, sung through four trained vocal models — none of that comes together without the same precision this feature is about. Every deadline in this campaign, from the novel's release to the single to the album, was built the way a watch movement is built: dozens of small parts, each exactly on time, so the whole mechanism reads as effortless from the outside.

Precision isn't the opposite of art. It's what makes the art land exactly when it's supposed to.

*"Nobody claps
for the gears.
They just notice when
the hands are right."*



47 CLOSING

A timepiece is the smallest thing
in this world and the most honest one.

It doesn't perform. It doesn't posture.
It just keeps counting, whether or not
you're using the hours well.

Wear something that reminds you
of that every time you check it.

*"Build what cannot be taken.
Protect what cannot be replaced."*

Long after the music stops, the lights dim,
and the guests leave the Speakeasy,
the clock is still working. Legacy is
built the same way.



Richard S. Frazier

Founder. Creative. Visionary.

R.S. Frazier



48

BLACK TIES & BULLETPROOF

FASHION FOR THE ELITE

Armor used to be obvious. A breastplate looked like a breastplate.

Modern armor is quieter. It's a tailored jacket that moves like it was built for the body wearing it. It's a chain that isn't loud so much as certain. It's the difference between dressing to be seen and dressing like there's something worth protecting — a name, a legacy, a family, a business with your face on the door.

Black Ties & Bulletproof isn't a styling philosophy. It's a thesis: elegance and armor were never opposites. They're the same instinct, dressed two different ways.

“

“Style is the first thing people read before you ever say a word. Make sure it's not lying.”

R.S. Frazier

48

49

THE UNIFORM

Every day starts with a decision that has nothing to do with fashion: what does today require of me, and what should I be wearing to meet it.

The everyday uniform is black — black shirt, black suit, minimal ornamentation, one watch, one ring, nothing that competes with the work. It's not a lack of imagination. It's the opposite of noise. A uniform means the decision gets made once, correctly, and every morning after that is one less decision standing between you and the actual work.

The Closet — private fitting, designer collection, back wing of the Estate — exists because the uniform still has to be earned in the details. Cut, fabric, fit. Nobody sees the tailoring. Everybody feels it.



THE DISCIPLINE:

*Dress for the work, not for the room.
The room will notice anyway.*



50 ALGORHYTHM®

WEAR THE SIGNAL.
IGNORE THE NOISE.

Algorhythm is the other half of the wardrobe — elevated streetwear, graphic tees, signature caps, built on a standard that doesn't bend just because the pieces are more casual.

Where culture moves first.
Create the style. Be the trend.



CULTURE FIRST

Built from the rhythm of the streets and the soul of the culture.



PREMIUM QUALITY

Superior fabrics. Flawless fit. Attention to every detail.



LIMITED DROPS

Small runs. Big energy. Never mass produced.



BUILT DIFFERENT

Made to last. Designed to move with you.

“

The formula is rhythm.
The method is soul.
Built by bars.
Worn with purpose.

THIS ISN'T FAST FASHION.
IT'S REAL FREQUENCY.



RAW
PREMIUM TEE



RAW
HOODIE



RAW
5-PANEL HAT



BREEZE
OVERSIZED HOODIE
& SWEATPANT



BREEZE
SWEATPANT



ROJO
COLLECTION



WEAR THE SIGNAL. IGNORE THE NOISE.

CREATE THE STYLE. BE THE TREND.

ALGORHYTHMBRAND.COM

51

THE BLACK TIE DOCTRINE

FORMALWEAR ISN'T ABOUT THE EVENT. IT'S ABOUT WHAT THE EVENT IS WORTH TO YOU.

Black tie is a decision to take a room seriously enough to dress like the outcome matters — a signing, a premiere, a night at the Speakeasy that isn't just another Tuesday. The Estate has its own dress codes for exactly this reason: certain rooms, certain nights, ask for a different version of the standard. Not costume. Calibration.

The tuxedo isn't costume armor. It's the most literal version of the philosophy — cut close, controlled, nothing loose enough to be a liability. Even celebration gets dressed like it might need to defend itself.

THE DISCIPLINE:

Match the formality of your dress to the seriousness of the room. Never let the room out-dress your intention.



52

BULLETPROOF.

THE TITLE ISN'T
METAPHOR FOR
ITS OWN SAKE.
IT'S THE POINT.

Real bulletproofing was never about fabric. It's about building a name and a standard solid enough that nothing — a bad look, a bad night, a bad press cycle — can actually pierce it.

The suit and the streetwear are the visible layer. The bulletproof part is underneath: the discipline, the ownership, the legacy that doesn't depend on any single outfit landing right.

Dress well enough, consistently enough, and the clothes stop being the story. That's when the armor's actually working — when nobody's talking about the jacket anymore, just the man wearing it and what he built.

“The best armor doesn't look like armor. It looks like confidence that happens to be well-dressed.”

RAW
5-PANEL HAT



RAW
HOODIE



BREEZE
SWEATPANT



RAW
PREMIUM TEE



DETAILS
THAT LAST



BULLETPROOF IS:

- Consistency when nobody's watching
- Standards when nobody's clapping
- Ownership when nobody understands
- Legacy when you're long gone

YOU CAN'T FAKE ARMOR.
YOU HAVE TO BUILD IT.



THIS ISN'T ABOUT FASHION.
THIS IS ABOUT FOUNDATION.
THIS IS ALGORITHM.

WEAR THE SIGNAL.
IGNORE THE NOISE.
ALGORITHM BRAND.COM

53

CLOSING.

Black ties for the
rooms that need respect.

Bulletproof for the
ones that need protection.

Same wardrobe,
same house, same
standard underneath both.

Style opens the door.

Substance is what keeps you
in the room after it closes
behind you.

“

Dress like
the name
matters.
Because it
does.”

Richard S. Frazier

— Richard S. Frazier
Founder. Creative. Visionary.



SAME HOUSE. SAME STANDARD.
DIFFERENT ROOMS. SAME NAME.
THAT'S THE LEGACY.



54

THE FINAL WORD LEAVE A LEGACY. NOT AN ECHO.

By Richard S. Frazier

None of this started as a plan. It started as a basement, a Radio Shack mic, and a group of kids who just wanted something to ride around to.

Somewhere between that summer in Blakeslee and this page, it became a novel. A record I didn't know I still had in me until grief went looking for it. A magazine. A house that only exists at a URL and somehow still feels more like home than most real addresses. A name — DEPMG — that turned into an actual door instead of just a word on a notebook.

Lost in the Mind of R.S. Frazier is the center of all of it, whether or not people clock that when they hit play. Thirteen tracks I sang through a voice I had to build back myself, arranged with tools I taught myself to bend into something that sounded like truth instead of technology. Confidence, fall, confession, haunting — that's not a sequencing choice. That's the actual order I lived it in, compressed into forty minutes so somebody else wouldn't have to take twenty years to get through it the way I did. Every track is a room in the same house this whole issue walks through. *GHOST* was always going to be last, because grief doesn't go first. It waits until everything else has been said, and then it says the one thing underneath all of it.

I didn't plan the order any of this would arrive in. *Five Women* found its ending before I found mine. *GHOST* got written by a fictional man because I wasn't ready to sing it as myself yet — and then I was. The *King's Code* got tested in real time, not written after the fact. *Twin Scales* carries my daughter's sign next to mine because none of this was ever just about me, even when it looked like it.

What I know now that I didn't know in that basement: legacy isn't the big moment. It's not the album release, the press run, the cover. It's the fourteen months nobody saw. It's the notebooks that sat untouched for twenty years until they were finally needed. It's showing up the same way on the days no one's watching as the days everyone is.

I lost my grandmother one day before I could get to her. I've spent every page of this issue, every track on this record, trying to make sure that one day doesn't get the last word. It doesn't. She does. This whole thing — the Estate, the label, the imprint, the magazine you're holding — is the room I built so she'd have somewhere to still be heard.

If you take one thing from this issue, take this: build something that keeps speaking after you've left the room. Not for applause. Not for the algorithm. For the version of you that's still writing in a notebook somewhere, waiting for a reason to matter.

That reason always comes. Usually right when you've stopped waiting for it.

“ Build what cannot be taken.
Leave a legacy, not an echo. ”

— Richard S. Frazier

Founder. Creative. Visionary.

DEPMG — THE ARTIST IS THE BUSINESS





THE OBSIDIAN MAGAZINE
SUMMER 2026 | ISSUE NO. 07

“BUILD WHAT CANNOT BE TAKEN.
LEAVE A LEGACY, NOT AN ECHO.”

— *Richard S. Frazier*
Founder. Creative. Visionary.

DEPMG
DA ENTER PRIZE MUSIC GROUP

The label. The platform.
The movement.
The Artist is the Business.


TWIN SCALES
PUBLISHING

Books that build worlds.
Stories that outlive us.
Legacy in print.


ALGORITHM

Streetwear with intention.
Designed to disrupt.
Wear the signal.
algorithmbrand.com


DEPMG WINES

Curated. Aged. Intentional.
For the moments
that matter most.

THE OBSIDIAN ESTATE

Not just a house.
A world. A standard. A legacy.
Access the world inside.

RSFRAZIER.COM



DEPMG
THE ARTIST IS THE BUSINESS.



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DEPMG_CEO



RICHFRAZ

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