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## **PROLOGUE**

The story you are reading began to develop in 2008 when I met the protagonist in a bar in Adelaide, one of the most populous cities in Australia.

This was not sheer coincidence. At that time I was working for a local newspaper that didn't pay me enough and gratified me even less. Short, inglorious articles on pedestrian sports. I was looking for a story to tell, one with a solid past, with transformations and triumphs and defeats. Ultimately, what I was looking for was a character on which I could do a thorough investigative work and which, in turn, would allow me carve out a niche for myself in the editorial team.

Daniel Atfield, a colleague who was in his last year of service, told me about a certain Ivano, an Italian immigrant in Southern Australia, who had a vineyard a few miles outside the city. I could not imagine anything less interesting than an Italian who made wine.

Until I learned that while Ivano was his real name, in Italy he had been known for years as

Fra32, a nickname that sounded like a code, or a password, used by Ivano to make his way into the world of graffiti in the 90s.

In Australia, graffiti artists weren't anything new. In the 80s and 90s we'd already begun to see the first tag-bombed trains, with styles that had an American flair.

So what would it take to get me to write a story about Fra32? It was Daniel Atfield who talked me into it. He had the unerring instincts you get from being a veteran journalist, and his nose told him we were onto something good. While conducting research on the world of Australian Graffiti, he had heard about a stashed photographic archive that Fra32 kept hidden.

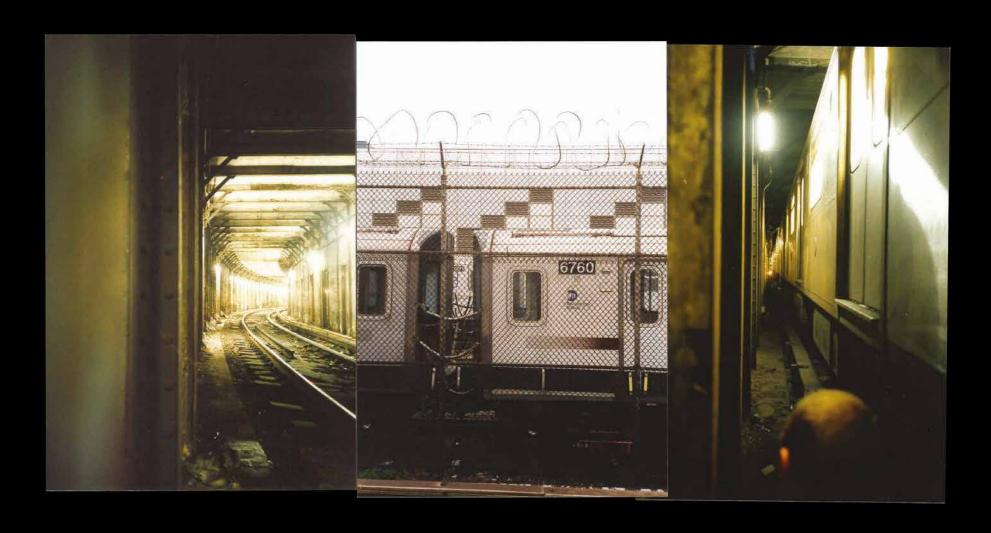
In his view, there was not just a story to tell: there was also an archive to show. I had been looking for a good story, and bringing to light the story of this strange character who had chosen Australia as his adoptive country held a kind of fascination for me. I had nothing to lose; I could give it up at any time.

So that is how one night, driven by my thirst for the spotlight, I stepped into the bar where the Italian used to hang out. I found him sitting at the back of the room. He hadn't ordered anything. I sat down and bought him a glass of brandy. Then I introduced myself: "Nice to meet you, my name is Chris Gibson".





## NEW YORK



## BOSTON



NYC



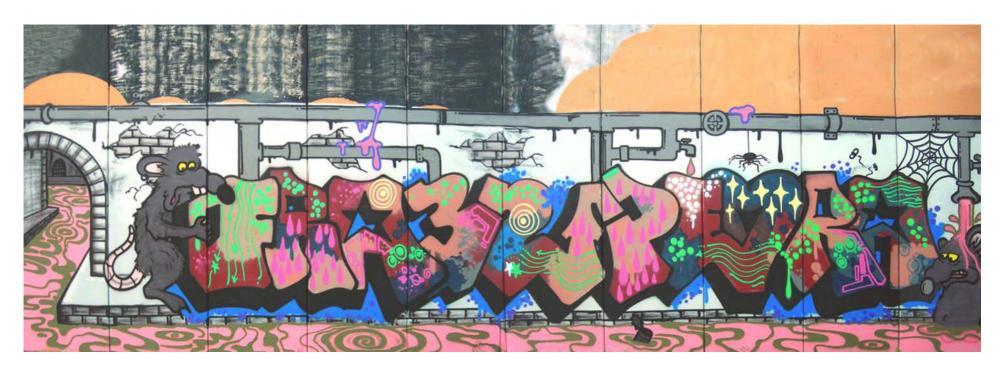
































## "I KNOW FRA32 REALLY WELL. I COULD RECOGNIZE HIS SILHOUETTE IN A DARK YARD FROM 50 FEET."

Fra32 is one of the writers with the greatest presence in the history of Italian and international writing, right from his first tag in 1994. Since then, his name has multiplied on walls, trains and subways as he travelled through Europe, going as far as China. His unique, unmistakable style has influenced generations who have seen him as a seminal figure.







