



VANDALS IN MOTION





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KAOS

HIP HOP DON'T STOP

Hip hop came to Europe in the early 80s, and when the films *Beat Street* and *Style Wars* were shown in 1984, the new youth culutre grew roots in Swedish urban areas. Hip hop was packaged with the four elements break-dancing, Djing, graffiti and rap, and was received with curiosity. But for the first generation of hip hoppers, the influences were few, and clothes, music and information hard to come by.

UA Rockforce, Uppsala 1986

WILLROCK: That's David's boom box to the right and Ruskig breakdancing. He always had slightly bent knees when he was doing a windmill.

RUSKIG: I'm reading a comic book while doing a windmill. In those days, we were pretty good at b-boying and battled Scare Crow, IC Rockers and other Stockholm gangs. Delight is in the background.

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KAOS

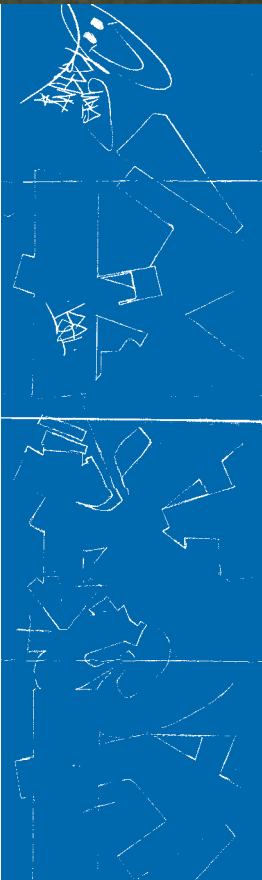
was that I couldn't see what I was doing, but the indoor stations were well-lit and it was amazing that the pieces got to stay up for a long time. It gave me an appetite for more.

KAOS: When they buffed the piece at Odenplan, we did a new one in the same location, a Merry Christmas piece in late 1988. We made some more in 1989, eight or nine in total.

RUSKIG: Our stylistic development progressed. Previously I had copied American writers or comic book characters, but now I drew my own. Kaos had to come up with a new letter style that differed from those that already existed. But instead of doing one style he did different styles every time we went writing. It was probably both pleasant and a developing experience for him.

KAOS: The Stockholm style was very one-sided. I tried to relate to it, but Ruskig had started to find his own character style and I wanted to do something that suited them too. I was torn between the two and started off from the Bando style but removed something. It looked wonky, but at least it was my own. People probably thought it looked funny, but once I'd started I loosened my stylistic ideals and painted in a freer way.

We didn't meet many writers during this period. It didn't help that Ruskig got into trouble with a big gang at a Run DMC concert. In the scuffle, one guy hit his hand onto this little pocket knife Ruskig had. It was a bunch of gangstas who were out beating people up, and I was there so they knew I knew him. After that we kept away and didn't dare go to any Hip hop events at all.



Test, Hornstull, 1988

RUSKIG: When we did this one, I'd heard about other writers getting beaten up by the cops. On the sketch for the piece, I wrote "Policemen are nice". I thought that if they caught us, they'd see the message and not beat us up.

ERSE: "Shit, a burner on the red line," I thought when I passed the piece for the first time and we got off to check it out. You could see I was a writer because I had a back patch with graf and a bag full of markers and spray cans. We opened some gates that were in the way to see the piece better and some ABAB guards saw us.

"What are you up to?"

"Oh, we were just looking."

There was an exchange of words, and the guard looked at me.

"You!" he said, and hit my bag with his truncheon.

The spray cans went "dong!". They got it and made us leave the station.



RUSKIG: We had found our niche in Stockholm, and it was a kick to see your piece and all the people at the subway stations looking at them. It was an acknowledgment of our art, and it mattered less what other writers thought, but we heard there were rumours about us.

TRACK: STM's first station pieces got talked about a lot. Nobody knew who they were. From a Stockholm perspective, the style was pretty unusual, a bit wonky. The STM piece at Odenplan with the Merry Christmas theme was weird. The letters didn't live up to the narrow stylistic ideals of the time. At the same time, you knew these guys weren't toys. The technique was there, though it left something to be desired. Previously, nobody had seriously written their names in Swedish, but STM was real graffiti. The name, Stockholms Tåg Maffia, was linked to a tradition of crew names using

the word mafia, but in English. You understood that STM was a kind of distancing that made it harder for people to find out who they were. It was said that they were foreigners, or undercover Stockholm writers. Another rumour was that STM got run over in the tunnels and died. Not many people painted stations, and it was considered to be pretty dangerous since you didn't know how it was done.

AKAY: I had seen the STM pieces at St. Eriksplan and Odenplan stations, but I had no idea who they were. One day, there was a report on the news about two guys who got run over by a subway train inside the tunnels. Everybody thought it had to be STM. Made and I decided to investigate on our own. We went into the tunnels by St. Eriksplan and searched for evidence. We went around with torches and found a spot that

System Sucks,
Stockholm Central 1989



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Buster AO Posse, Termit, Junk Cei,
Dollar, Högdalen 1989

KAOS: I cut school a lot before finally dropping out. Akay didn't do anything by day, and at night we would go out to paint. My mother was cool about me writing, but she didn't like me being out late at night, especially not on school nights. My room lay just by the front door, and I used to wait for her to fall asleep before sneaking out. Then I'd have to get back before she woke up in the morning.

One night we were chased by security guards inside St. Eriksplan station. I fell and gashed my knee and had to go to hospital. I got home before my mother woke up, but it didn't really matter because I had a great big bandage on my knee and was jumping around on crutches.

AKAY: Those were the crazy 80s and there was work everywhere. You thought about what you wanted to do and then you looked for that job. I worked in three

different camera stores so I could develop as many graf pictures as possible.

On some weekends, Kaos's girlfriend would come to Stockholm and then we couldn't go writing since she wanted to go to the disco. Once such evening in the summer of 1989, Kaos made me go to some dive in Sundbyberg called Grand Garbo. While his girlfriend was dancing, we sat on a couch, talking graf and discussing the ultimate job. Something with good hours, so one could paint a lot. We concluded that we should apply for work at a delivery company in Kälvesta in west Stockholm. It was a crappy job sorting packages, but they had a shift from 11.45 a.m. to 7.00 p.m. Great, you could be out writing, get home at four in the morning, sleep and still be in time for work. The perfect setup. We both got work there, and met at Odenplan every morning and took the train towards Kälvesta.



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Akay, Fresh VIM,
Stockholm Central 1989

KAOS: It was an intense period. We planned our pieces at work, went out and stole cans, went home, sketched and discussed colours. At night we went painting and got up early next morning to take pictures.

AKAY: We soon got tired of that job and when we would meet at Odenplan we would be pretty down.

"It would be cool to stay home all day sketching."

"Oh yeah, that would be great. Lets go home and call in sick!"

So we went home, but we figured we couldn't call in sick at the same time, since it would look suspicious. I called first and it wasn't a problem. Then Kaos sat waiting. For one minute!

About a week later we wanted to take time off again, but this time we didn't bother calling in sick. The next day, on our way to work, we went through what we were

going to tell the foreman. Kaos came up with a complicated story about his sister having an accident and going to hospital and having to help her out.

When we got to work, our time cards were gone and the foreman waved us over to his little booth.

"Where are our time cards?"

"You don't need time cards, you're never here anyway," said the foreman, really mad. "Where were you yesterday?"

"I called in sick," I said.

"Huh? I didn't get a call, but okay. And you?"

"Well, there was an accident..." This was as far as Kaos got in his long story about his sister in hospital. Later that afternoon we got fired.

KAOS: I discovered that Ångest wasn't such a good tag for bombing, so when I hung with Akay I mostly wrote Kaos.





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Midnight Run 90,
Stockholm Central 1990

RETURN TO BURN

As a hangover from the excesses of the 80s, Sweden was hit by an economic crisis in 1990, and the following year by streams of refugees from the civil war in Yugoslavia. Nationalism and populists in parliament mingled with techno, grunge and underground clubs. Among Stockholm's decimated graffiti scene, competition was friendly but serious. Painted commuter trains ran for days at a stretch and entire trains were painted in the subway. The transit authority SL started photographing all public transport graffiti, and for a while a group of ticket inspectors volunteered to guard the trains and apprehend graffiti writers.

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KAOS

Är graffiti
vackert?



37,
väktare, Nynäs-
hamn:

–Ja, det kan
det vara. Jag såg
ett helt pendel-
tåg nålat med
snögoobar som
var snygga. Fast
det var ju fel att
måla där.

when we routinely started checking through
the whole train before writing, to make sure
no-one was there.

AMAN: With hindsight, I think the Inspec-
tion Group's influence was pretty limited
and didn't make much difference to how
much graffiti was made. Of course, they were
a hassle, but at the same time we were so
energetic that we did graf anyway.

NUG: I don't know if it was because of the
fight that they stopped guarding the trains,
but they went back to working as ticket
inspectors again. We recognized each other
when we saw each other on the train, but
they paid me no attention and I never even
had to show a ticket. They never had any
authority as security guards but were really
brutal and complete bastards. It wasn't like
they could bring you in for questioning, but
it may have been the beginning of what was
to come in the late 90s.

Merry Kickhit, Nynäshamn 1992



KAOS: After the jam, I stayed on in Uppsala before getting a flat by Fridhemsplan in Stockholm in late 1992. It was an old unrenovated two-room place without a shower, hot water or heating. You had to make a wooden fire in the stove to keep it somewhat warm. On the plus side, it was cheap, barely a thousand kronas a month. At first, I lived there with Aman, then Slisk, Nug and Duane moved in.

AMAN: When Kaos got the condemned place, it had already been planned that Nug and I should live there with him. Of course we wanted to do that. Your own place and the chance to live free of everything. We moved in a few days before New Year’s Eve.

KAOS: None of us had a driver’s licence, so we moved all our stuff in on the train.

One night, we were moving Aman’s bed from Rotebro. We dragged it up to the station to take the commuter train in to town, but Aman felt we were missing an opportunity to go bombing.

“Let’s go out to Märsta. I’ll wait with the bed while you take two cans and run to the lay-up and bomb all the trains.”

Say no more. We took the train going the other way, went out to Märsta and Aman waited at the station while I bombed the train and did a little piece. Then we took the bed and went home to Fridhemsplan.

NUG: We called the flat 82 because it was at No. 82. It was a dirt-cheap two-room flat. Not very big, but still five of us lived there. Kaos, Aman, Slisk, Pike and me. For most of us, it was the first time we moved away from home.

AMAN: There were always new people popping up in the flat and there were all kinds of parties. You slept when you were tired and were awake when you wanted.

NUG: Sometimes we didn’t pay the electricity bill and it got really cold, or a fuse might blow and we didn’t know any better than to get by without power before somebody’s girlfriend poked around in the fuse box. The whole flat would hum to life when the power came back on.

KAOS: It was a real bachelor pad, and as soon as someone was gone for a while, somebody else moved in. We shared rooms and someone slept in the kitchen, which was one of the best places because the stove made it warm. In the winter, we gathered around that stove to get warm.

NUG: It was all about alcohol and graf. Kaos worked a bit and Slisk went to high school. The rest of us were on welfare and saved the money to go out travelling. I’d go to New York, interailing in Europe, or hitch-hiking with Aman.



Jon One, Ulriksdal 1993



Ursinniga Vandals In Motion (Vandals In Motion Unchained), Ulriksdal 1993

VOTE
CLIFF BARNES

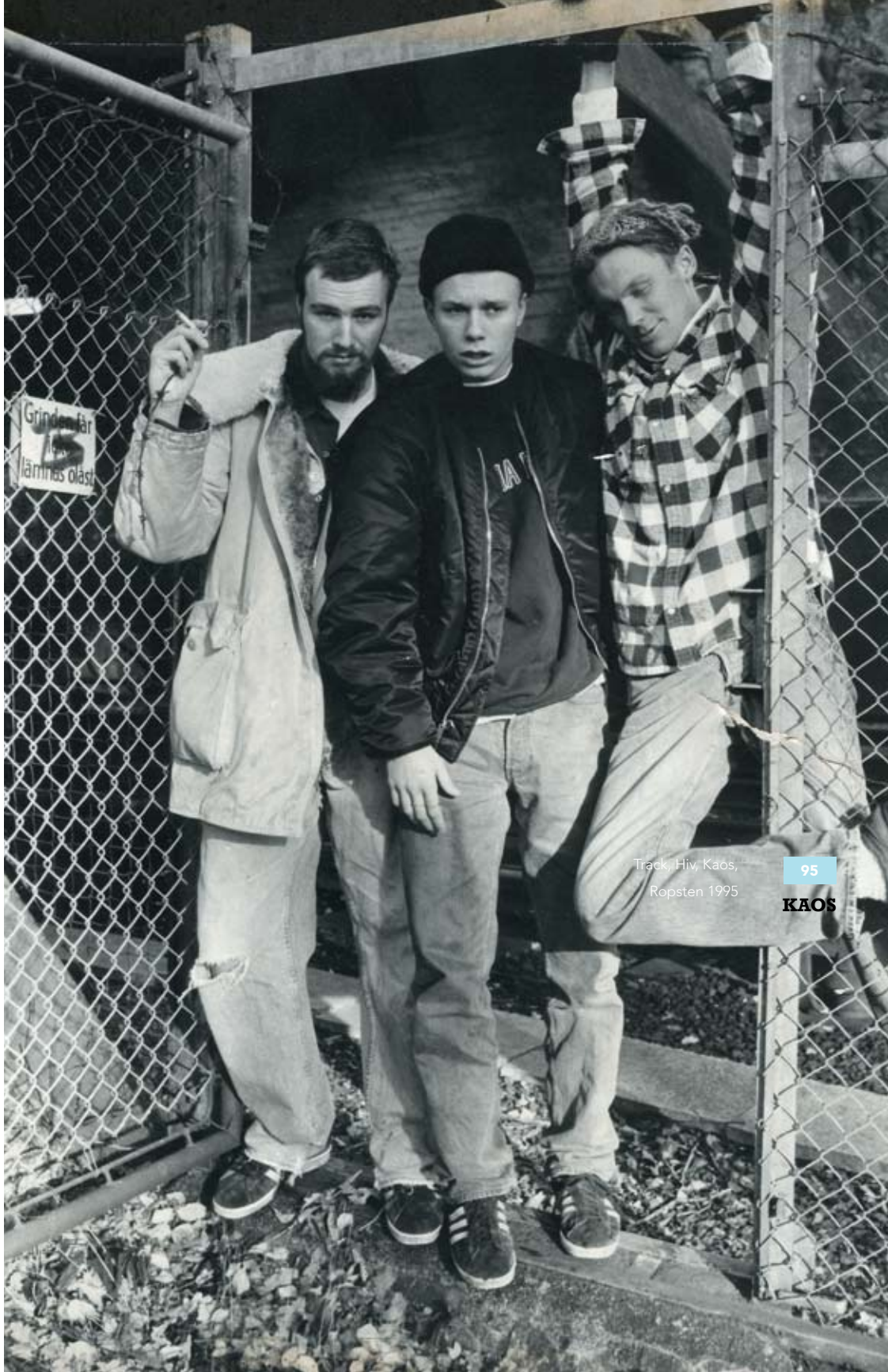


FOR PRESID

Puma, Kliff, Barnes,
Stockholm Central 1994



Vice, Shad, Högdalen 1995



Track, Hiv, Kaos,
Ropsten 1995

CLIFF BARNES
FOR
PRESIDENT

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KAOS

» **KAOS:** In the early 90s, we'd met many writers from Helsinki. This meeting took place through Nug and Aman's friend Pose, who was half-Finnish. People like Trama, Egs, Spy, Nois and Main started coming to visit.

One Saturday morning we went into Mörby. The Finns wanted to do wholecars on the upper floor and Aman, Rustle and I did a window-down on the lower floor. When we were done, we went up to check how the Finns were doing. One guy was up there just watching.

HIV: I was born in 1973 and ended up right between two generations of Finnish writers. There was a bunch of oldschool writers who were born in the early 70s, and then there were writers like Egs, Midas and Trama. They were very active, but a bit younger than me. So I often went out writing on my own.

In 1992, I came along with Midas and a few others to Stockholm. They were painting a subway at an end station and I was keeping watch and checking it out. Then Kaos came up to me.

"Why are you just standing there? Get some paint and write!"

I'd just started doing graffiti and was more into bombing, so Kaos helped me sketch up.

KAOS: It sucked that he should be inside Mörby and just look as the others did wholecars. I gave him a bunch of spray cans, told him he could do a piece and helped him sketch a Barok that he filled in and did outlines on. He thought it was great and was really pleased.

HIV: When I returned from Stockholm I thought about what type of graffiti I wanted to do. I was a bit lost, and not so into the stuff many others in Finland were doing. I mostly enjoyed the feeling of action itself and thought less about style. That's when I came up with the name Hiv. I was influenced by Kaos's style and attitude in writing. The important thing wasn't wild style but a straight and simple message, and that painting itself was a big part of graffiti. It was an action style that wasn't ashamed but showcased the name clearly.

KAOS: He started writing Hiv and had no idea about style, but he made it work. He came to Stockholm to visit and then we started Cliff Barnes after the character in the Dallas TV series.

HIV: I got to know Aman and Nug too. I was good friends with Aman but never understood Nug. Kaos was the easiest and the one I got on best with. We were the same age and had the same attitude to graffiti, we

were into action. After I got to know him, I must have visited Stockholm five or six times in a couple of years. I used to come on the Helsinki ferry, bringing only a few cartons of cigarettes and bottles of vodka. Then I'd sell the smokes and vodka and could live on the proceeds for a few weeks while I slept on the floor of the Fridhemsplan apartment. Travelling around all the suburbs of Stockholm was a big thing for me. There were backjumps and gangs of kickers and there was no comparison with Helsinki, which was much smaller. As I saw it, graffiti was not so much about the perfect outline or an amazingly thought-out concept, but just what you did. In Finland, everyone was concentrating on style and forgetting the most important thing: getting up and fuck the whole city up!

THE BLUE PAINTERS

» **AMAN:** The blue painters came along in 1995. I only heard rumours to start with, that other writers had had their commuter train pieces painted over in blue paint.

KAOS: It turned out that SL had hired two Finnish guys who had come from Värmland with a load of blue paint. One of them was called Risto, drove a car with Finnish plates, and had pitched the blue paint idea to SL. It started with pieces sporadically getting painted over on the trains in Sundbyberg and Väsby. We didn't understand, and thought they were guards since they showed up at times when people were writing. Then we realised they were just a couple of bums. But we still didn't understand what they wanted, or why they were painting over the pieces.

SIN: I had seen some train cars painted blue, but it took a while before I realised they were actually painting over pieces inside the lay-ups. That they were out looking for graffiti.

NUG: At first you would wonder if SL couldn't afford buffing anymore. Then you would realize that your piece was painted over without going to the buff, that they were painting over the pieces inside the lay-ups.



AMAN: It was a strange situation. People would come into the lay-up and paint over your piece. The problem was that you didn't want your piece painted over because you wanted to be able to take a photo of it in daylight. The blue painters were a special case, because usually when SL buffed the trains, they removed the paint. Here they added more to the trains. A sort of graffiti censorship situation.

KAOS: They could play dirty sometimes and travel out to a yard, paint over some old piece and then sit and chill inside the train until morning. During that time, we'd be sitting outside waiting for them to leave. They were completely illogical in their way of working, so it was hard to know how they were going to do next. After a while, SL seemed to think it was working so well that they hired more blue painters who were more organised. Some writers used to paint before the blue painters arrived at night, but I preferred to wait them out and paint once they'd gone. You got better pictures that way.

SIN: The first time I encountered the blue painters was one evening when Kaos and I were out in Väsby. Kaos was drunk and fell asleep on a bench in the woods and I sloped off to the lay-up to write. I went around pretending to tag the cars to see if anything happened. Nothing did, and everything seemed cool. When I went to wake Kaos up, I saw him by the noise barrier further away. I waved to him, but as he approached I saw it wasn't Kaos at all. It was a cop. Cops were coming from all directions and there was nowhere to run. They picked me up and found the cans I'd dumped nearby. They told me that there had been blue painters in the car who had called the cops. I was brought to the nearest police station but they let me go pretty soon. Then it all fizzled out and I was never convicted for that. It was only trespassing, after all. I don't know what happened to Kaos, but I guess he woke up in the morning and went home.



LIVE FROM STUDIO VÄSBY

» **SIN:** I think one of the reasons Kaos and I started hanging out more was that I knew the Bläsut subway yard. I'd painted the trains in there three or four times before and Kaos wanted to go.

KAOS: SL renovated Bläsut in 1994. It had earlier been the line 17 yard, but now it was just a maintenance yard with buses parked in there too. It meant there were fewer people working there and it was easier to sneak into the hangar.

SIN: Occasionally they would park whole trains inside the hangar, but often there were just one or two cars, sometimes none at all.

KAOS: Sin showed me how to get in. You jumped over a fence and then wriggled through the thick rubber strips between the hall doors. The first time we went was one snowy night. We stood in front of the doors, but night buses kept passing by. It felt as if we'd been standing there for hours pretending to push this broom hoping to get a

Sure Shot, Stockholm Central 1994
SIN: This is a tribute to the Beastie Boys, who were playing later that week. I did the letters and Kaos did the characters and cameras. The red paint is probably a Dupont can that didn't cover at all, so we put something over it so it would look somewhat okay.

minute to squeeze inside. Once we got in, it was the first time I was inside a hangar to do pieces. I was nervous.

SIN: There was an eight-car train parked inside. We painted a blue line car. They had a thin white line along the front, which the red and green line trains didn't have.

KAOS: After that night, we concluded that Bläsut was the place to go. Sin lived nearby and we started to hang out there. A pretty



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KAOS

Jiff,
Slussen 1997

NUG: The mentality was that you couldn't do more than a throw-up in that short time. But once I tried, I realized you could actually do a panel. This was also a development that came about while we were living in No. 82. I did a lot alone and did some backjumps on the subway. I'd often use Auto-K chrome with a white Carlofon cap, black rust protection for outlines, a Belton for background and white Carosol for shining. You could do a good panel in five minutes. If you didn't have time to finish, you surfed along the train to another station.

KAOS: Reson and I did backjumps quite a bit once our eyes had been opened to them. It was probably something in the air, because a lot of Stockholm writers started doing backjumps.

HNR: Termit had told me that Nug was doing backjumps a few years earlier, surfing the train and writing. Then we did a few backjumps in Akalla. The result wasn't great, but the writing itself felt good. It became our thing and we taught ourselves. We knew other people were doing backjumps too. It was like a wave, but I don't know where it came from.

KAOS: It went from really shitty pieces to somewhat better. You developed ways to paint faster and help each other out on pieces. I'd seen MOA from Copenhagen do it, several of them working on the same piece. It felt strange at first, you wanted to do your own piece. But if you let go of the prestige, collaboration worked well on backjumps.

AMAN: We found ways to write that didn't involve so much trouble. Doing backjumps was pretty practical. You could do them in the middle of the day or in the evening and

do two panels that ran in traffic. They didn't take so much paint, either. If two of you were writing together, you got quite a lot back for the paint and work you put in.

KAOS: Aman and I started biking out to the end stations to paint. Hagsätra was the obvious alternative. Then we did Ropsten, and Skarpnäck, which had just opened.

AMAN: One thing that really appealed to me, and probably Kaos and many others as well, was the action itself. It's quick, and it's the first line that counts. You get what you get, the image of a moment. Like a jam, if you want to compare it to music. You can't clean it up in the studio afterwards. On a commuter train that you do for 20 minutes, you can shape up the lines afterwards. I remember a backjump Kaos and I did. It was nothing special, a silver piece with red lines, maybe white shines, but no background. But I thought: "Shit, what potential there is in this."

There's two of you, lying hidden and it's smooth in every way. One sketches up, the other follows, filling in the letters. The collaboration made it go so fast. It was quite fascinating. When you find that set-up and feel there is so much potential in a method, or anything you do at all, it's very inspiring to carry on with it. You polished it and developed all the details to make it as smooth as possible. To make as good a piece as possible in the little time available. It became a parallel track to painting the commuter train. But it was also in the air. The subway became trendy.

SIN: My first subway was a backjump in Hagsätra, which was one of the most popular end stations for backjumps. When Skarpnäck opened in 1994, not many people went writing there because the station was

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KAOS

THE OWNER'S NAME IS SPELLED: F-A-L-C-K

» **KAOS:** Eventually, the delivery-man job became popular among writers. I worked with Skil, Reson and Aman amongst others, and that was just at my office.

SKIL: When I met Kaos, I was working as a paper boy, but I got into the deliveryman career in 1996. I worked there for a while before getting a job as a car messenger. Over the years, I alternated between being a car messenger, deliveryman and school.

KAOS: Both the cops and SL found out that a lot of us worked as deliverymen. They went to the media and said that the job of being a postman had some sort of special meaning to graffiti, something about getting up early in the morning. In the same breath, they said we took hard drugs to stay awake. They were probably looking for some meaning with it all, it couldn't be a coincidence.

One cop yelled the most: Palle Nilsson. He sat in an office out in Aspudden and headed their little anti-graffiti group. He was hard on Reson.

RESON: The cops pinpointed me, used to take my cans away when I went out and kept

picking on me. But they never managed to nab me and that was probably why they were so mad. They used all kinds of dirty tricks to get to me. They came to the delivery office to question my girlfriend who worked there too, tried to get my father evicted and back-talking me to my girlfriend's parents.

KAOS: I think that politicians were discussing zero tolerance against anything graffiti-related in Stockholm. The cops took that literally and took off the gloves. First they raided the home of a gallery owner who had a graffiti exhibition. Then they put an old cop in a car outside my door to take pictures of people who came to visit me. I saw him a few times but never understood anything until a friend of mine was called to an interrogation during which they showed him pictures of himself outside my house. One day they called me into the station. Since there was not clear reason for questioning, I smelled a rat and brought a lawyer. At the station, Palle Nilsson spelled out all the names I used and wanted to show me that they were onto me. They had got most of the names right, and I felt a bit uncomfortable.

"I could put you away for all this," Palle Nilsson said. "But it would mean a lot of paperwork for me. So if you quit graffiti now, and I don't see these names again, we'll forget all about it."

My lawyer didn't know anything about graffiti. He thought I'd been given the greatest chance in the world and should do what the police said. But I'd got going and wasn't interested in giving up writing. It was mainly about the names. The cops had started a database in which they entered all the tags that appeared to build large investigations. I thought that if I just changed the odd letter, they wouldn't make the connection. So I used a new name every time and stopped

signing the pieces. It was a pity, I'd written Kaos on trains all the time until then. It was also hard to find good names to use. Often I came up with something as I was standing next to the train. I might start with a B and then I'd stand there thinking while the others were sketching up their pieces. Then I'd tease out yet another letter and then words would appear with barely pronounceable combinations of letters. Eventually I narrowed it down to a handful of recurring tags. Aman probably had ten different names too. It turned into a mess, and for a while things got touchy with the MOA guys in Denmark. Though we still wrote VIMOA, they felt we weren't pushing the crew as much anymore and didn't know what all the names meant. They constantly wrote VIMOA in Denmark, but the situation down there was quite different to what was going on in Stockholm.

SKIL: In 1996 there was a Hip hop jam in Alvik, just west of the center. There were a lot of writers there, and some plainclothes guards turned up outside, arresting people who were tagging. There were a few rumours about that afterwards, but nobody took any notice since it was an isolated event.

SIN: I heard that something was going on with the commuter trains. Kaos had been in Väsby and seen people creeping around in the lay-up. But they weren't piecing so they weren't writers. After that, I didn't hear anything for a while and thought no more about it.

KAOS: Nobody seemed to know much about the plainclothes guards, or what to look out for either. When Swet from Denmark was in Stockholm and we were out drinking beer, we decided to go into the driver's cabin of a subway car; I had a key so getting

Cold, Webs, Västerhaninge 1999

in was no problem. There was just one girl in the car, so it felt okay. We unlocked it, slipped into the cabin and sat there drinking beer. Two stations later, the door was opened from outside. There stood the cops.

"You can't be here!"

The world's fattest cop was trying to squeeze into the cabin and interrogate us. We stood packed like sardines in the little cabin. The cop said he had been alerted by a Falck Security guard, and it later turned out that this was the girl who had been sitting in the car.

The Falck guards were sort of burned from the start. They had taken over the car that the Inspection Group used five years earlier, the one we smashed during the Väsby

fight. We knew the rail workers used it sometimes, but now we would see it at odd times outside the lay-ups, and that would tip us off that something was going on.

SKIL: I think the Falck guys mostly wanted to learn how it worked at first. They wouldn't get involved even when they saw people write, and sat for long periods outside the same lay-ups where we discovered them several times. There was no reason to do that if they weren't trying find out why some places were being painted, and how it all worked.

KAOS: At the start, the Falcks were mostly on the commuter trains and only on weekends. Back then we were doing the com-





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KAOS

Cake, Ians, Dekis, Ikaros,
Kaos, Bromma 2005

GET A LIFE, YOU DAMN BUNCH OF VANDALS!

Good economic circumstances prevailed in the 00s, most notably in Stockholm. The town was cleaned up for its 2004 Olympic bid, and graffiti found itself in an increasingly vulnerable position. An extensive zero tolerance policy led to the closure of exhibitions and legal walls, all graffiti being cleaned within 24 hours and increased penalties for illegal graffiti. The Stockholm police instituted a special anti graffiti squad, and SL replaced the fired Falck force with new guards. Simultaneously, the graffiti world was globalised and during the summer months, the city was visited by writers from all four corners of the world.

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MegaTronic, Norrtälje 2011



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KAOS

KAOS: Both that collaboration and the competition we developed during our train writing times has remained since then. Skil is constantly developing his writing, and I do my best to burn him. He also has a pictorial sense and holistic thinking that often enables us to get the pieces together. You can do your thing but still get it to fit the whole. That's good. I don't want to do something just like somebody else.

SKIL: During the time Kaos and I were doing trains, walls became secondary. We used our best cans on trains and did walls with whatever was left. Now I buy cans to paint a wall and can choose exactly which colours to use. It has meant my walls have become better in the past few years. But they're still spontaneous. We aren't as controlled and organised as others, with exact colour scales everywhere. I still like writing that way. You get what you get.

Kaos, Barcelona 2006



Breakin News, Slussen 2009

BREAKIN NEWS

KAOS: The vacuum left after the Falcks got fired lasted for a few months before SL hired new security companies to guard the trains in 2004. It was a stew of old Falck agents who had found their way to other companies. Some knew what they were doing and others didn't have a clue. In Märsta, the guards spent most of their time in their box by the station drinking coffee and playing video games. Sometimes they took the car to the lay-up

and checked it out for a while before returning to their coffee. You clocked them and started writing as soon as they went back to the station. They weren't as dedicated as the Falcks had been and probably just saw it as ordinary property protection.

One night, Banos, Risla and I were going to paint a commuter train in Älvsjö. Risla brought Reil, a writer from FAME whom I'd never met before. He was a peculiar character who wore a leather jacket and nice shoes while we painted. Not long after that, I quit my delivery job and suddenly had lots of free time in the days. At the same time, Reil was unemployed so we started playing badminton by day and partying at night. During the same time, I got to know Ape, Fits, Roxy and the others in FAME.

APE: I moved to Stockholm from Umeå in 2001. I was fascinated by the subway and painting trains was probably my main reason for moving. At first, I moved into an old dog food shop in Bagarmossen on the south side with Skar, Roxy and Unik. A few years later Reil and Fits moved in too.

FITS: I grew up in a nearby town and used to travel into Stockholm to paint fairly often. When I met Ape and Roxy, I moved there permanently. I got to know them better during a car trip we made together in the summer of 2004.

APE: Roxy and Plåster had bought a rusty old minibus that we took for road trips. It

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