

**non
STOP**

23

**Aeron - Zürich
Boing - Glarona
Edi 24 - Fribourg
Fuzzi - Olten
Nakuli - Basel
Okob - Winterthur
Rov - Aargau
Zoo - Lucerne**

& MORE!

AERON - ZUERICH

"Real Graffiti is illegal"

The fact that Nonstop culture magazine wanted me to contribute something to their 23rd issue put me in a difficult situation. I've never felt like as though I've wanted to show my work as a writer on any internet site or graffiti magazine. I've always had the notion that you only deserve fame when you've earned it and that it isn't something you can buy.

Nowadays it's self-evident that quantity goes over quality and it really turns me off to show my work in public platforms. However, I felt honored that Nonstop contacted me and that I can be a part of this issue. I feel it should work exactly like this.

My name is AERON. I'm an Agent contracted by BYS. BEAM, BESH, HOW, RZN, FONER and RUGBY are also part of the BYS Crew.

Real graffiti is illegal. It belongs on the streets and on the trains, always contains some form of risk and 100% engagement, requires a clear mind, forces you to be strategic and creative, and has lots of individuality and self expression. The letter itself is more than God... Driving around and finding walls is a thrill for me. Sketches in my mind are waiting to be released. I'm surrounded by ideas. After every time I paint I run to feed my addiction. The public space belongs to me. I design what is on the wall and love to see my complex pieces on the streets. Setting the alarm clock, preparing my stuff, and stepping out in the dark night on the empty streets is something more beautiful than I can describe. It's the beauty in the illegal side of it that gives me joy. Local writers impressed me a lot as a kid and, more than anything, gave me the motivation to push myself to paint more. Dondi and Skeme inspired me with their publication in Subway Art, Style Wars and some of their later publications. Skeme's attitude about bombing is 100% along the same ideals as mine. Sento's style and direction impressed me a lot in a later point of my career. I'm glad that graffiti exists throughout the world and that I've been able to grow as much as I have. It's given me the opportunity to emboss this movement actively and it's been an enormous enrichment in my life. For me it means quality of life and freedom.

I want to greet my people from the crew, DAB, CIEFER, KAPULY and everybody that knows and respects me.







People ask, How did you get in there? What they really want to know is if they are likely to end up in there as well. I can't answer the real question. All I can tell them is, It's easy.

And it is easy to slip into a parallel universe. There are so many of them: worlds of the insane, the criminal, the crippled, the dying, perhaps of the dead as well. These worlds exist alongside this world and resemble it, but are not in it.

Extracts from "Girl, Interrupted" by Susanna Kaysen.

Photos: The Smart Bastard, Lisboa 2010







LOZ

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CONTRACT

FUZZONE - NYC

"Yo this is Fuzzzone! Fuzzzone! The graffiti writer!!" It's early spring on the East Coast and I am on the phone with IRT's legend Fuzzzone AKA Vincent Fedorchak. I had called him earlier in the week without any success and finally here he is calling me back. "Come early," he says on the phone "we'll spend the day together. We'll have time to talk". It's very early and extremely cold on this particular Saturday morning however the sun is shining and the roads are still and calm. We haven't really slept the whole night, having been driving straight from Washington DC all the way to White Plains, NY where we are to meet the man himself.

We arrive at the Gulf gas station where Fuzz works around nine. We're beat. He is waiting for us in the booth, short, heavier than in his twenties but still handsome and nicely tanned. He wears nothing but classics: a grey hoodie, washed baggy jeans and some gritty, yet still stylish, worker shoes. Loads of pens and drawing paper are scattered all over the desk. He greets us warmly. We quickly cross the road with him, get coffee and roll in a Mexican convenient store and get back to the booth. There is a sofa and some chairs. We make ourselves comfortable. He stays behind the desk and starts talking, barely noticing customers coming in to pay for their gas.

Being from Europe I hadn't heard very much about Fuzz before I came across his exceptional first book, "A Childhood in the Bronx". After the first time I read it I quickly realized it was, for once, a book about graffiti that doesn't rely on (boring) photos. Fuzz is a modern storyteller. A writer became a writer. He tells his life and through the account of his enumerable adventures, depicts a recent past that most younger graffiti writers dream of having experienced. His journey in decaying NYC starts 40 years ago. In 1970, Young Vincent Fedorchak, then 10 years old, arrives in the Bronx with his mother after the separation of his parents straight out of Gary, Indiana.

On his debuts in the Bronx

"You got to understand how the Bronx was back in the days. Firstable the Bronx was like how Gary Indiana was back in the fucking sixties. You had skunks, you had fucking dears. You could go golfing. It was fucking great and the trains had only pieces of plywood around the yards. So that means when you were in the fucking streets, you'd just go the yard, do wholefuckingcars, you were chillin'! Cars where going by shouting what's up dawg! I was going to the 4 yard everyday then. Then they got this assumption to build the two biggest buildings in the Bronx, these two ugly fucking skyscrapers, The Tracy Towers, you know like the World Trade Center. That marked the end of an era."

On how he got his name

"It was 1970 around Christmas time. In the 4 yard, there was a lot of Spanish kids, Afro-american kids, the first pioneers-gods of graff. I met that dude Staff 161. I was like a midget and he was a huge black dude. AJ 161 was there, King Kool 156, Priest 167, Pjay 109... they were all bombing the 4 yard at that time. They asked who I was and I told 'em, my name's Vinny. I always liked Popeye the sailor man so I also told them I was Popeye. Staff said it sounded like a homo name. 'We gotta find you a name,' he said. Since I was blond he said, 'maybe your name should be Fuzzy.' I was like, no that sounds like a fucking homo, you gotta be out of your mind, we gotta think of another name and then it popped in my head. Close by, there was that light bubble making that noise fzzzzzzzz. I said to myself, I'm gonna have to chop off the Y and I made it Fuzz. Then I told Staff I needed a number but since I lived on Knox place, I didn't have one. So I figured if I was gonna be Fuzz, I was gonna be the original Fuzz, the motherfucking man, Fuzzzone."



