

## Foreword

Gude! ( aka: Hi!)

Here we are again. As announced this issue is our review of the year 2015. The review consequently overlaps a big part of this mag. Next to nearly 250 photos we present you two travelreports, one from Barcelona with NOISR, the other one from Southeast-Asia with GPK.

We also take a look back 10 and 20 years: On the one hand we remember Matthias, who passed away in 2005. On the other hand we go back to 1995 and take a glare at how the Hessian Yards and trainstations looked like. Steeldreams in silver and mintgreen!

This time the pictures are not sorted by names, but by background and asthetical sense. As in Nr1 we don't want to take any assessment with that! „Fame is the game“, so new sprayers can present themselves also with just a few pictures in here. So send us your stuff! Our plans are to hold on to this structure – the next issue is gonna be sorted by names again. After that release you will get the review of the year 2016.

Have Fun with Nr2!

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## NOISR IN BARCELONA

A little dusty hole as our housing. I haven't had a loft bed since my childhood... We had different reactions towards that: the yound ladies felt „cool“ about that. Everybody around 20 not...

It was wild in the begnning. Sun, Sangria, Senioritas and Spray. Sounds a bit like a Cliché, but its true.. No contacts, just visitors. Thanks to everybody who was there. „Touri-Spots“ were visited and served.

First contacts were made and my eyes were opened to how „Subwayspray“ works in Barna. I just knew it from videos from around the millenium – it hasnt changed. Crowds up to eight men are normal. Spraying sober? So German.. Esprandillos and a jersey of Barca to go spraying? Standard. Pure vitality, lazy securities and low consequenses if you get busted. Those guys enriched my vocabulary with venga, vamanos, rapido.

Good things were made and overstretched with the „Chavales“. If something works, it works as long as it works no more.

We were just a little group of sprayers. 4 „Tontos“ and noisy plasticbags. So, open the lid, climb intio the chamber, go downstairs. It seemed to me that we were out and about like 3 days... instead we just went 3 stations with much climbing up and down. Actionman and Spiderman would be proud! Almost there, we were completely wet. Rebos says: just that one last sensor to go round and everything is fine. The sensor lays in the next corner, smashed into his components. Lots of joy, lets get it on. After a short period of time everybody's finished, time to leave this place. Noise? Dont care. Again.. whatever...

Then, Inox aka „Speedy Gonzales“ starts to sprint, so lets go. I take a look around – no security – I take my picture and chase after them. No problem. I didnt get, that the security nearly got us, until I saw the picture I took down there. Fuck it, that's Barca baby.

Lets go to Mallorca in order to do a anthropological survey! First evening El Arenal and „Ballermann“ as you know it. Drinking, bellowing. Second evening: Magaluf. Horrible food, sunburn, cellulite. ENGLISHMEN! People I like the most. Drinking, pukeing, birching. What else do you need? Third evening: time for metro.

Down in the tunnel, right to the train, spray. „Backjumps“ were like 5 to 6 minutes. Nice mission! Everything done more or less, as the train starts moving. We ran right behind it and got out of the tunnel. My fellow right in front of us, everything dark. Run, run, run. He tripped. I see something falling out of his bag, tripod or something like that. I try to catch it up, greasy, weak. Fuck! One of those fucking dogs shit in this tunnel and its me, who picks it up. HATE! Back into the car, back to Magaluf to abuse some drunk english girls...

Spraying still works on the next day with a nice sunburn instead of the tunnel...

Resume: nice country, nice people, cheap beer on the streets from those little Pakistanis – all in one its worth a visit. „Hasta luego Locos“ and a big thank to those „Hospi Hood Dominators“. Gracias por todo Nycer – Rebos.

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## **MATTHIAS**

### **1984-2005**

Usually a man does not leave behind much - physically. Personal belongings – maybe a heritage. So, whats the heritage of a sprayer? Sometimes not more than some fuzzy photographs and washed out bombings littered across the city.

I

Fall 2004

Chrome – Black - Chrome, no highlights, no backround, rarely tags. Just two or three letters in ever changing combinations. And nearly never other pictures next to them.

Over a couple of years a lot of those letterings appeared in the city. One evening a young man, who tampered with a little house next to the street, where electricity is divided into the houses, got recognised by plainclothed policemen. The policemen are very attentive, because of some burglarys that happened the days ago in that district; the area is bolted, before the young man could even flee with his bicycle. On a slightly slopy road his bicycle gets stopped suddenly by the car wing of the police patrol car, the young man falls two to three meters down the road. Colours all over his clothes, imminent danger, house search.

II

Ten years

What's left of that night and its consequences is littered around the city like Mathias' bombings. Anecdotes of spraying the Hall of Fame and parties are told by those who knew him, knowledge about the house search and the following trial is rare.

It's well known, that Matthias could pull out a film reel out of his camera with some pictures of train bombings from that night before on it and that he got arrested in handcuffs. Which punishment he got and if there was probation, there are a lot of different truths told.

Which things got confiscated by the police can not be reconstructed, the deadline for destructing the official documents has passed for years. Even Matthias' parents do not possess any case files anymore. His best friend, who maybe still stores some of his things, lives on the other side of the world now.

What is left of Matthias' life as a writer is as fragmentary as his story. You could put it into one folder: some sprays of the Hall of Fame and a few sketches are still there next to four photographs of bombings. No trains, no blackbook, no hard drive.

Photographs of the Hall of Fame show colourful and somewhat experimental work, sketches are designed costly. In contrast to that, the bombings are pure, simple, authentic. While Matthias spent whole days with his friends at the legal spots, in the night he only went along with one or two partners. There was no crew.

III

Fall 2005

It's not clear what happened in the months after the trial. How the judgement treated Matthias – even that mosaic is uncompleted. You can be sure, he roved around the city to paint spots, which he had thought of being too hot before: the main train station, signal boxes, even the main street next to that electricity house, where he got busted. Especially those paintings are that ones, which coin the city the most until today - Those paintings are his farewell ones.

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**1995**

**Steel is real!**

We go back another ten years – back to a time, where the grass was still greener in the yards and the panels drove longer than some careers of today's writers last.

Train stations and yards full of silver and mintgreen steel. Pure Flavour – 20 years stored in hessian archives. Departure!