

Boogie

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I came home from school one day and Style Wars was on CBS. My parents were both working and I just sat on the couch like "Holy shit! What's this!?" At that time I couldn't really grasp anything from the East Coast aside from that movie and Subway art. There were a lot of graff writers in my area. Everybody was doing the same thing, trying to find somebody else that did graffiti. It was almost like an all day mission to walk around, take the bus, to try and find somebody. Little by little that's how I grew into my extended family. From there it blew up. All those people I met in the beginning there are only two or three that are still in it. Everybody else left. Its picked up again this last year. I lived in an area where there was no graff at the time. I had to go to the most run down, beat up, drug infested, prostituted areas to go do graffiti. That was the only areas that it had picked up in. I didn't start becoming a good painter until the later 80's.

I don't really know how I got my name. I think during adolescence, you start getting interested in girls and stuff. So I'd go to their houses and look through magazines. I think that might have been how I got it but I don't know for sure. Its been to long, I don't remember. In the beginning it was about letters.

I really enjoy painting trains when it comes to doing something quick and spur of the moment because it doesn't matter if it runs. I like the train thing because its a little closer. When I paint on a wall I have to really push myself. I don't like painting on canvases at all. That's not my thing.

In California there were 2 major areas for graffiti, Northern California and Southern California. Between there are like 300 miles of nothing. It is a straight line, one freeway, I5 that runs all the way down. Me and a few other crew members would go frequently to Los Angeles in the summer time. This is when caps were really hard to find. Nobody had them but one of my friends had located them and there was like a box of each. He gave us a bunch and

threw them in our bags. We were driving back from LA and we stopped at a gas station. Like typical graffiti writers we get out and start tagging all around the area. This was the late 80's. There is this total dope head strung out on crack who sees us. He walks by us and doesn't say anything. He just looks. The next thing you know he's flagging down a police officer. The police officer pulls us over like a block away and pulls us all out. He was searching the bags. He searched everything in the car. He had us all separated thinking that we were a big drug bust. A lot of people move drugs from Southern California to Northern California because of the Mexican border. These cops think we are drug dealers. They were like fuck yeah we got a big drug bust. They sent every single cop to the scene. They are rifling through our bags. They were like "I don't know what the fuck this is. They don't have any drugs unless this is it?" They were talking about the bags of caps. They are pulling all these tips out. They didn't know what the fuck it was for. They eventually let us go.

These Berkley chicks had met me when I was painting in one of the yards and asked me to do a documentary on graffiti. I rounded up three of my homeboys for them to follow around watching the day in the life of a graffiti artist. I set up the whole scenario. There was a lay-up with a train that had been sitting there for years, nobody had hit them, they were next to the freeway, we need to do this on film. It was a lot of risk. She starts filming and we start painting. We were just doing throw-ups. I bust mine and sit down. Poem and Dream both finish theirs and start firing up a joint. The only person that was left was Fresh. He's painting but he was trying to pick up on the chicks. So he's flirting with her so he was lagging. The rest of us were sitting down on the tracks. I'm looking down the tracks and all the sudden I see a guy walking with a flashlight toward us. It was like "Holey shit! Time to run. RUN! RUN! Get up!" We all jet and the chick got tackled on the ground. The camera broke. They didn't know. It was dark. We ran off the railroad

tracks, underneath the freeway to the other side where I was parked. We had a 2 seater so I was taking people down the street and dropping them off and coming back. I come back to pick people up and the whole area is surrounded by cops. I don't see Fresh or Dream. I drop Poem off down the street. This was the day of the pager. I was like "What the fuck am I gonna do?" I go back to the hotel and me and Poem are paging Dream. Later on I find out that Dream was ok. He was at home. We left him there and the cops rolled on him. He and Fresh were back up against a fence. So Fresh tries to do the two step like in football and run. He gets tackled and gets arrested. Dream jumps two barbed wire fences and ends up jumping into Estuary, which is part of the bay. They have dogs running after

him, cops are running after him and he's underneath the peer. He had his hand holding the pager above the water. He looks around and makes his way to a guy sitting on his boat. He pops out of the water. He tells the guy like "Hey I'm ok, I'm cool." He realizes the guy is smoking weed. He was like "Hey check it out bro, give me some clothes, drive me back home and we'll fucking give you like an 8th of weed." Dude hooks him up and drives him through the whole police barricade. The only person that really got busted was the chick and her dad was a lawyer. Luckily they broke the camera tape so the evidence couldn't be used against us. They tried to tell my buddy it cost's 10g's to paint one freight car train. My boy Dream was murdered in 2000. He was my main partner in graffiti. 🕯

