

TOYS DIGEST

Issue 1 July 2005

Goteborg, Sthlm, Paris
New York, Copenhagen
London, San Fransisco

Best Interview Ever: Scuba



We teach you how to Graffiti



Cant
1982 - 2004



Vila i Frid

Aker
1983 - 2004



Toys Digest
Issue 1 July 2005

Dear reader, there are two kinds of toys in the world, and the Graff-game is filled with both of them.

First we have the small ones, the kids, who ask too many questions and might fuck up a spot or two. However irritating some of them might be, they are not a real problem. There is no way in hell you can become a writer without ever being a toy, and these kids should be treated with respect. Be kind to them, they are the future!

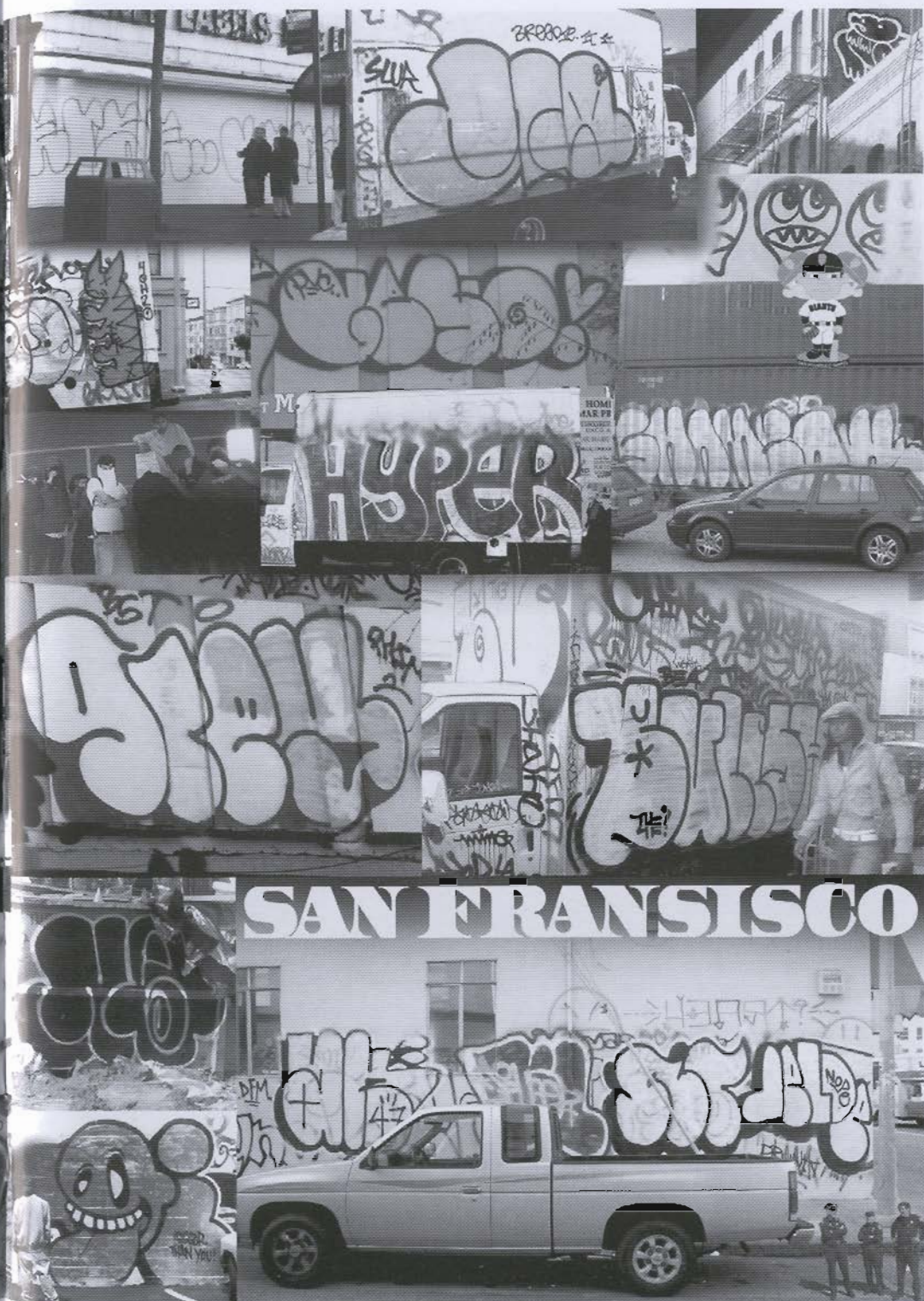
Then there are the big ones. The ones who grew up, kept writing but somehow managed to remain as toy as ever... The toys who are too toy to realize how toy they truly are. But even they shouldn't be a problem, everyone's just "painting for themselves" anyway, right? Yeah... right.

The thing is this: Small toys don't know shit. That's part of being toy. Remember when you were toy and you thought EVERYONE was so fucking great? And then you slowly started to realize that almost everyone sucked? That's one sign that maybe you're not a total toy anymore. The risk is that the small toys will get most of their education by the big ones, which makes for one toy-ass graffiti-future... Of course, real kings and queens will always rise up and see what's really what and who's really who... We would just like to make that job a little bit easier. So this one goes out to all the young toys with wide eyes! 40 pages of pure style, this shit is basically a schoolbook! Bite the fuck out of every page, you're still young so biting is still OK for you.

This goes out to all you grown up toys too... It might be too late for most of you but please, for all our sake, try to get some decent inspiration! And no, biting is NOT allowed for you anymore. Sorry.

And lastly, kings and queens of the world... Toys Digest is for you as well. Stay up, and enjoy! (By the way, all the pictures we used to make the SF (6-7), NYC (30-31) and Philly (34-35) pages are stolen right off the Internet. That's right, we right-clickin' as a muthafucka!)

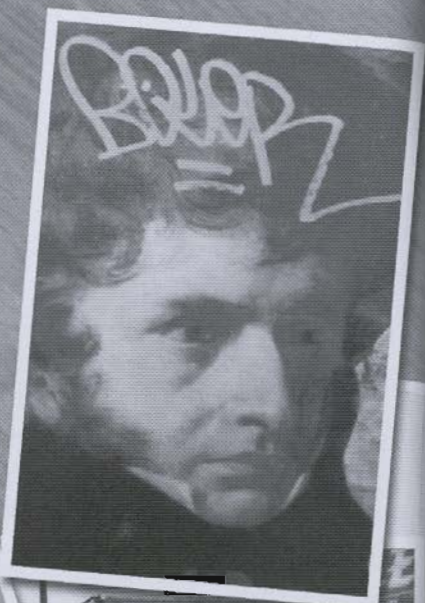


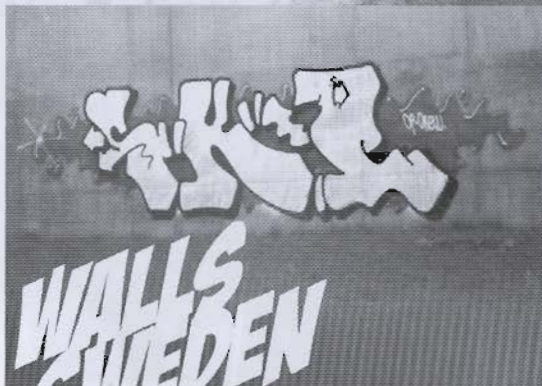


Copenhagen





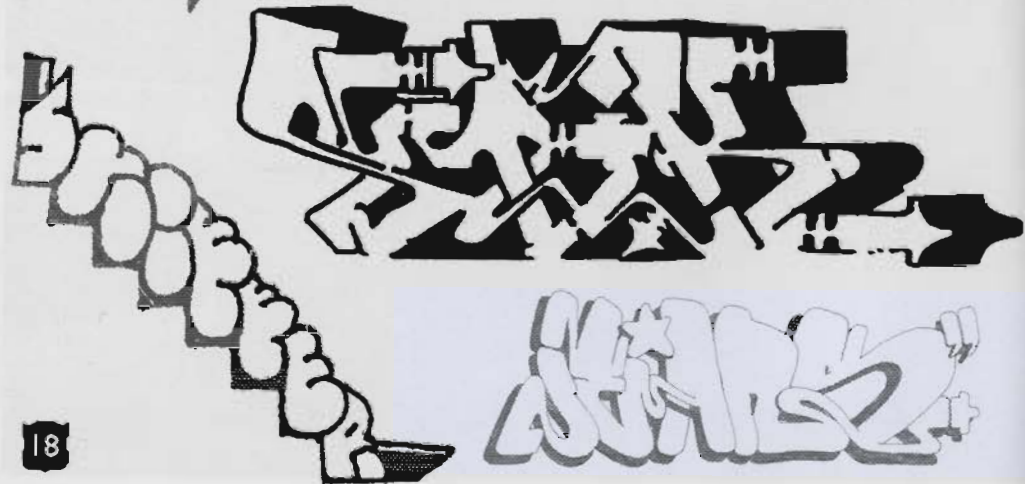
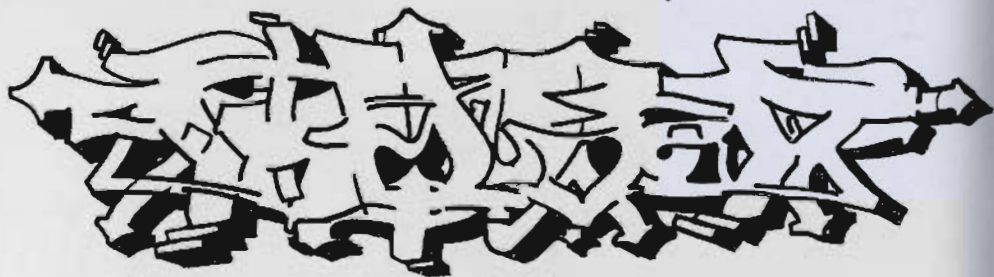




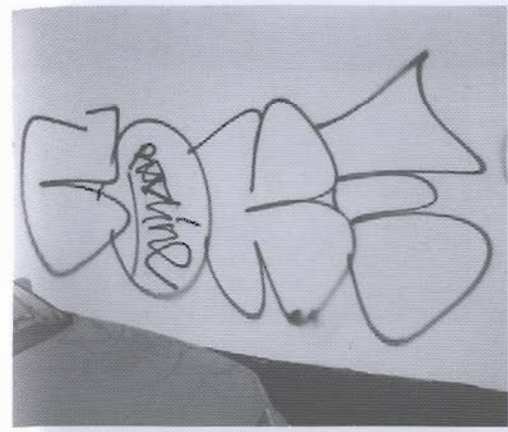
Send your comments, questions, texts and pictures to toysdigest@spray.se

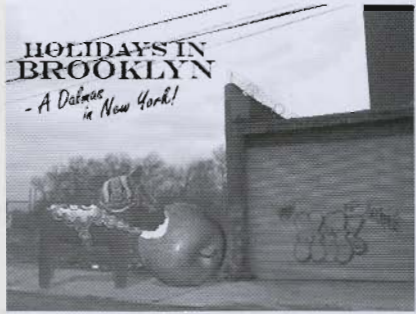


CRUSHER
CRUSH!
CRUSH!
CRUSH!



THROW=UPS SWEDEN





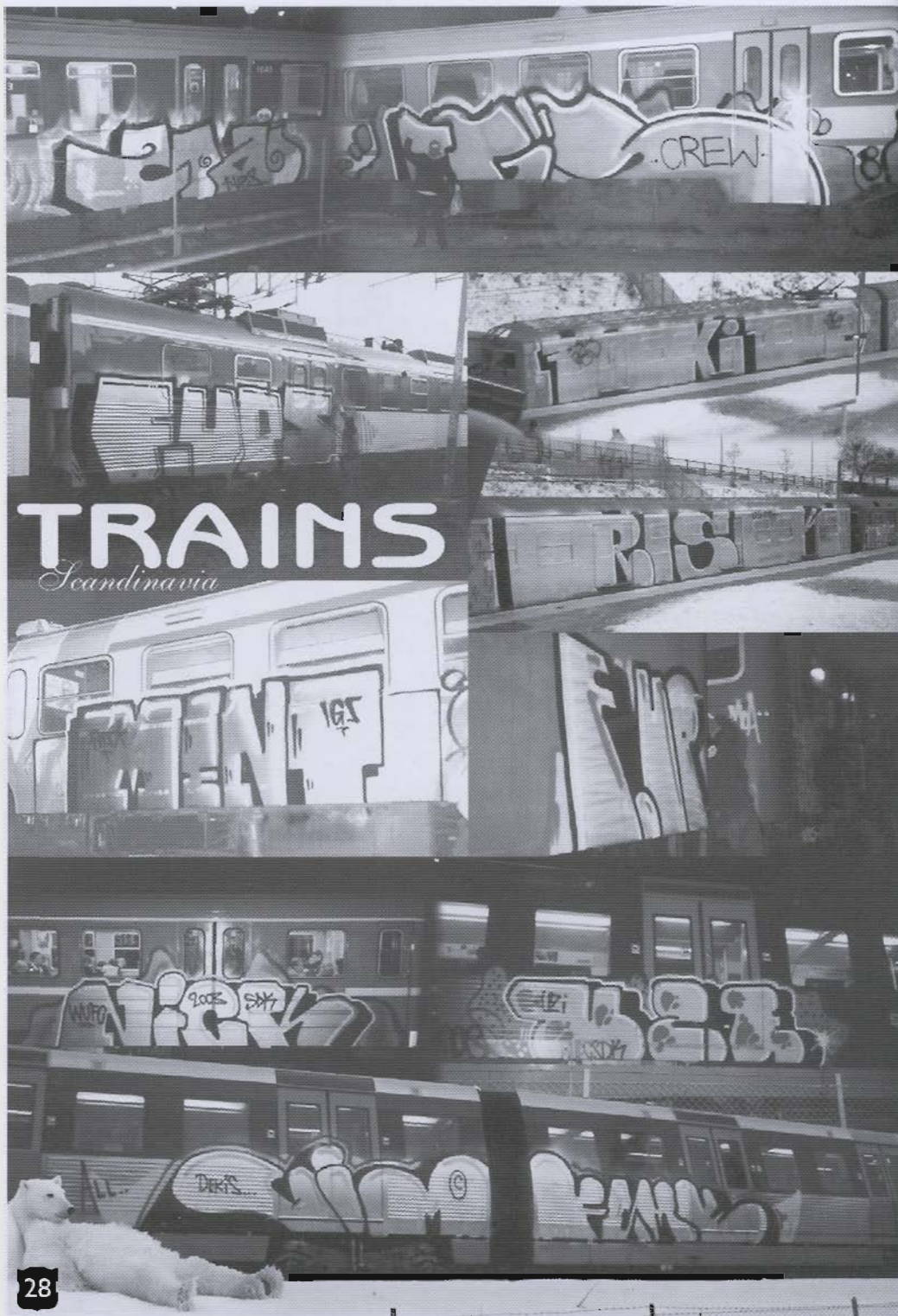


FREIGHTS SWEDEN



Tags Sweden
Tags Sweden
Tags Sweden





TRAINS

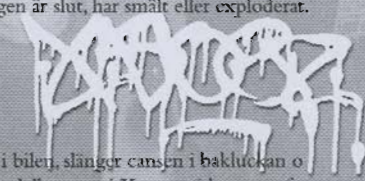
Scandinavia

FREDAG KVÄLL

Vad Gör Du?

These texts are in Swedish because they're really not that fun if you're not living in Sweden. Come to think about it, they're probably not even that fun if you don't know these people personally. And if you don't speak Swedish, you probably don't. So you're not really missing anything.

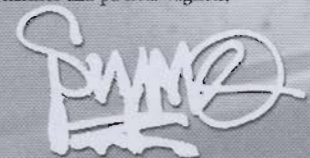
Du spenderar kvällen med att försöka tillverka etch genom att blanda svavelsyra och juicklappslack men när du av misstag frätt bort delar av din diskbänk sätter du på en teknoskiva istället o funderar på att "drop some acid". Lyckligtvis kommer du på bättre tankar, sänker en halv flaska gin, åker ner på stan o bombar Norrmalmn tills alla dina flows antingen är slut, har smält eller exploderat. Du är KSOER



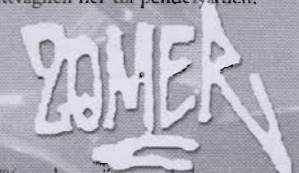
Ni trycker in er i bilen, slänger cansen i bakluckan o ger er av mot pendellayupen i X men ni kommer fram sent eftersom ni blivit stoppade av snuten i snitt 3,5 gång per km. En felaktigt dragen highlight udöser nästan ett slagsmål som övergår i att alla skäller ut alla för att alla skriker, vilket är knas. I bilen hem är alla glada igen eftersom endzenden blivit så fet trots allt. Men stämningen blir snabbt deppig igen när ni inser att ingen kommer att hinna sova mer än trekvart innan det är dags att gå till jobbet/ samhällstjänsten/ träffa övervakaren/ köra morgonvagn. Du är IGS Crew



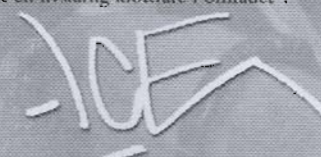
Efter o ha hängt på Bron o snackat skit o lekt tårgaskrig hela eftermiddagen blir du rastlös o vill dra in till stan. Du ska just packa in dig själv o tolv kompisar i bilen när du kommer på att du har fått indraget körkort för fortkörning och har typ tolv andra relaterade trafikförelser hängande. "De e lugnt" tänker du o bestämmer dig för att ta vagnen in till stan istället. Väl på vagnen börjar du helt onskerat bomba hejdlöst trots att vagnen är både kameraövervakad och proppfull, det senare är dock inget problem eftersom detta är Angered och du känner alla på hela vagnen, förutom kanske föraren. Du är SUMO



Du myser lite med en rackad påse chips framför "That 70's Show" innan du slänger på "Oslo Alive" o låtsaskromar en All-WholeCar på vägen i mammas vardagsrum. Efter att ha valt cans i 3,5 timme drar du på dig lusekoftan o haglöfsjackan och tar nattvagnen ner till pendelyrden. Du är ZOOM



Du går på en fest där 87% av dom närvarande har en tag och 97% av dessa är killar. Stämningen blir snabbt lite konstig eftersom 50% av dessa försöker ragga på dig (du är en av de få tjejer som dom vågar prata med) och dom andra 50% smygghatar dig eftersom du bombar hårdare än dom nånsin har gjort, och du får inte ens köpa folköl än. Du drar o bombar tills en snutbil erbjuder dig skjuts hem eftersom "det går runt en livsfarlig klottrare i området". Du är ICE



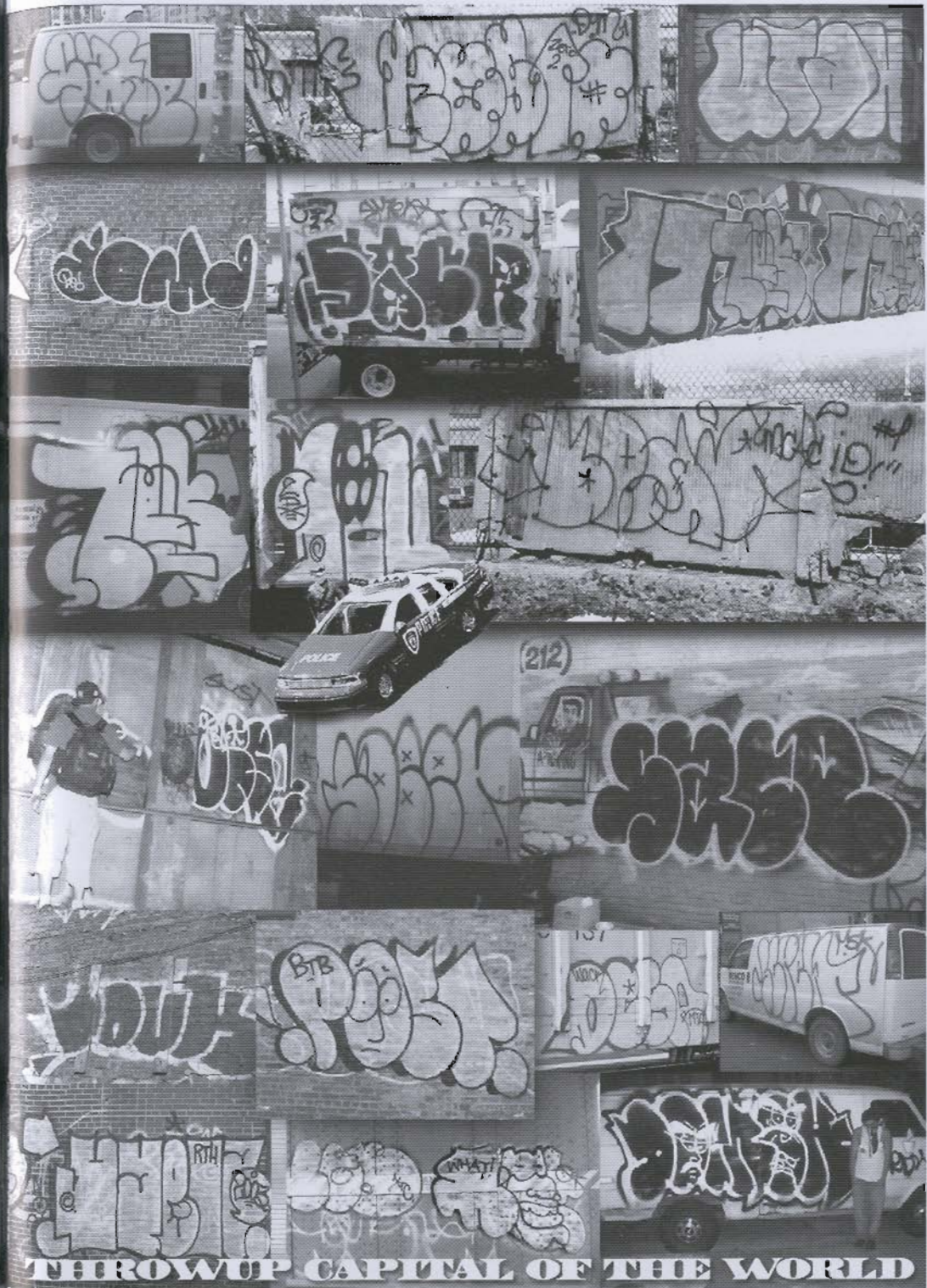
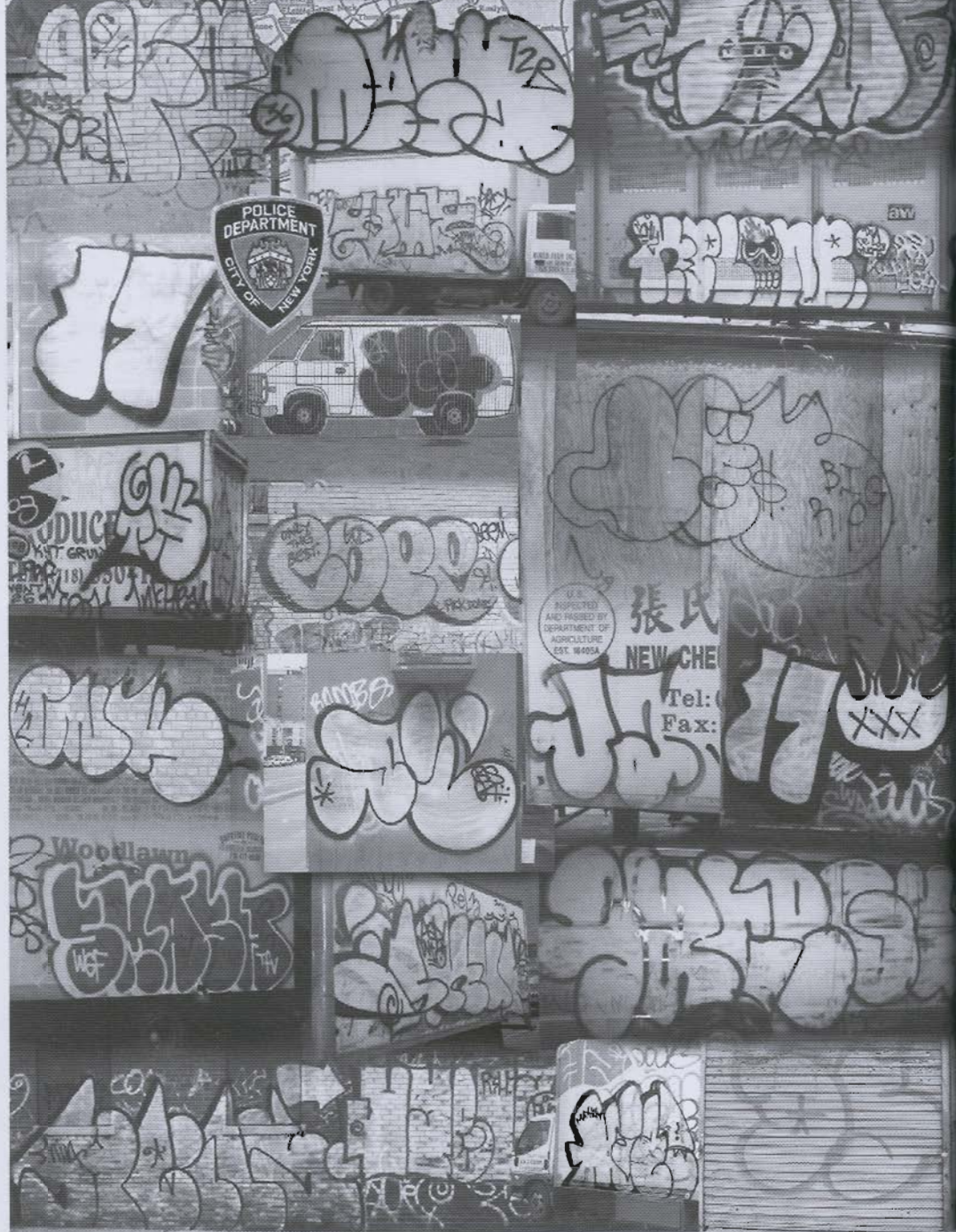
Du skiter i att gå ut o bärsa o tar istället en powernap. Du tycker att tuben har blivit lite toyig sen Falkarna försvann så du tänker köra ett gods på natten istället. Efter tre nätter scopande är du sannolikt den enda i Sverige som har lärt sig väktarrutinerna på en godslayup, så efter att ha krupit tre varv under tågen kör du en panel på exakt 3 min o 45 s. Du är UZI



Du tjuvöker pendeln till Lerum för att ragga på femton-åringarna som hänger på bussterminalen o dricker HB, men det hela skiter sig när dom fattar att du är över 20. Du tycker de e lugnt, du har ändå rackat proteimpulver, Absolut vodka o Auto-K Racing så du drar o bombar linjen istället. Du är PPXE



NEW YORK CITY

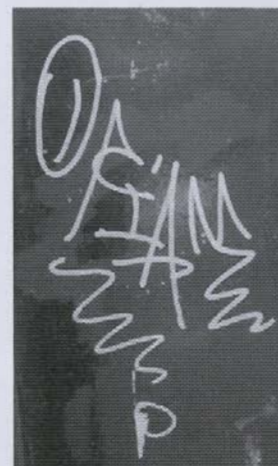
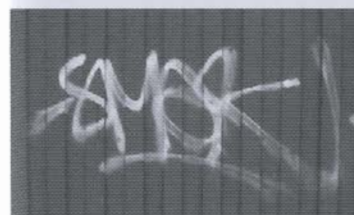


THROWUP CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

LONDON



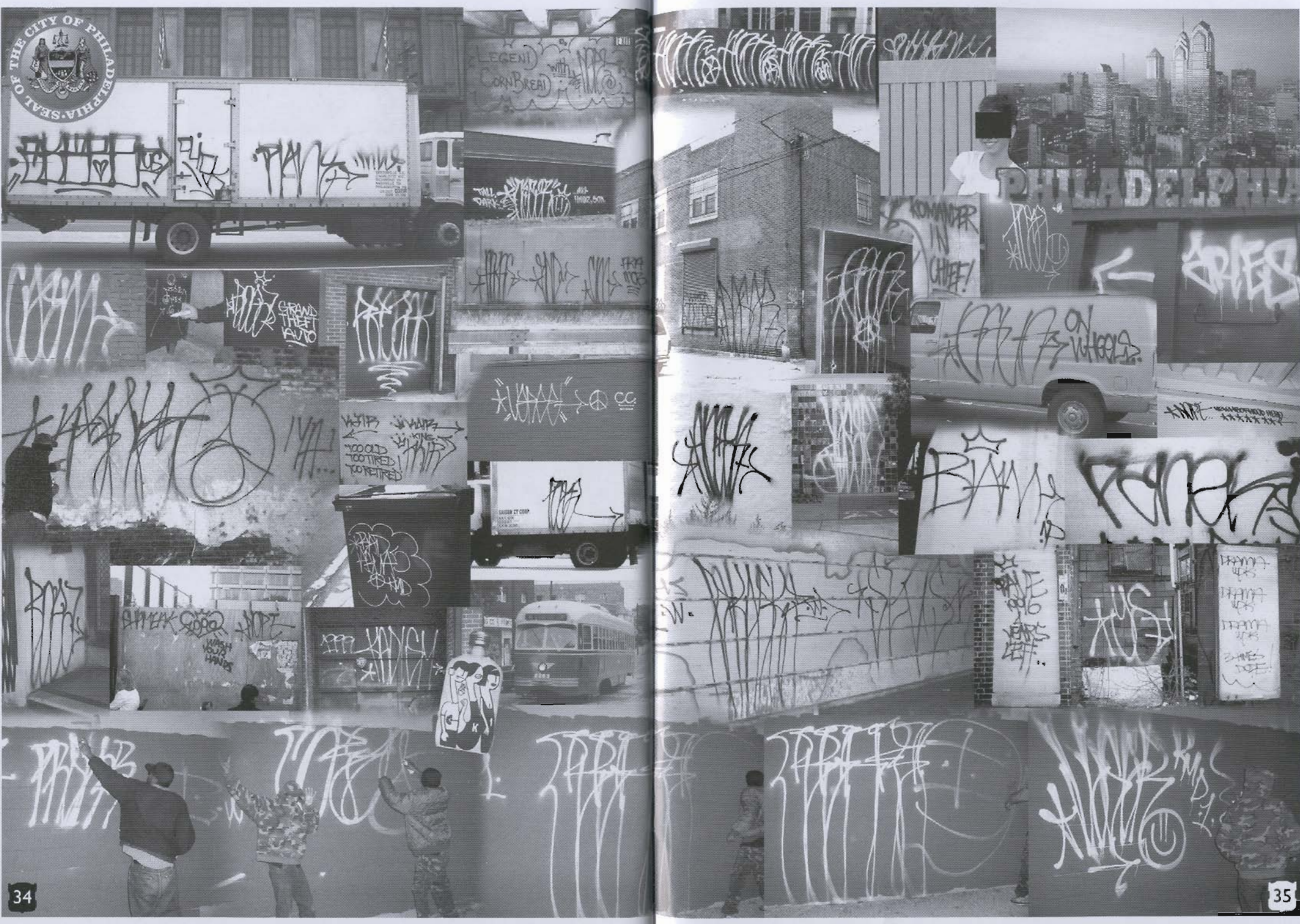
With Love From London...



CHILD STORIE

SERVING TOYS AND KINGS SINCE 2001

Berzeliigatan 5 (Pro Stuff), 421 53 Gothenburg, +4631155995



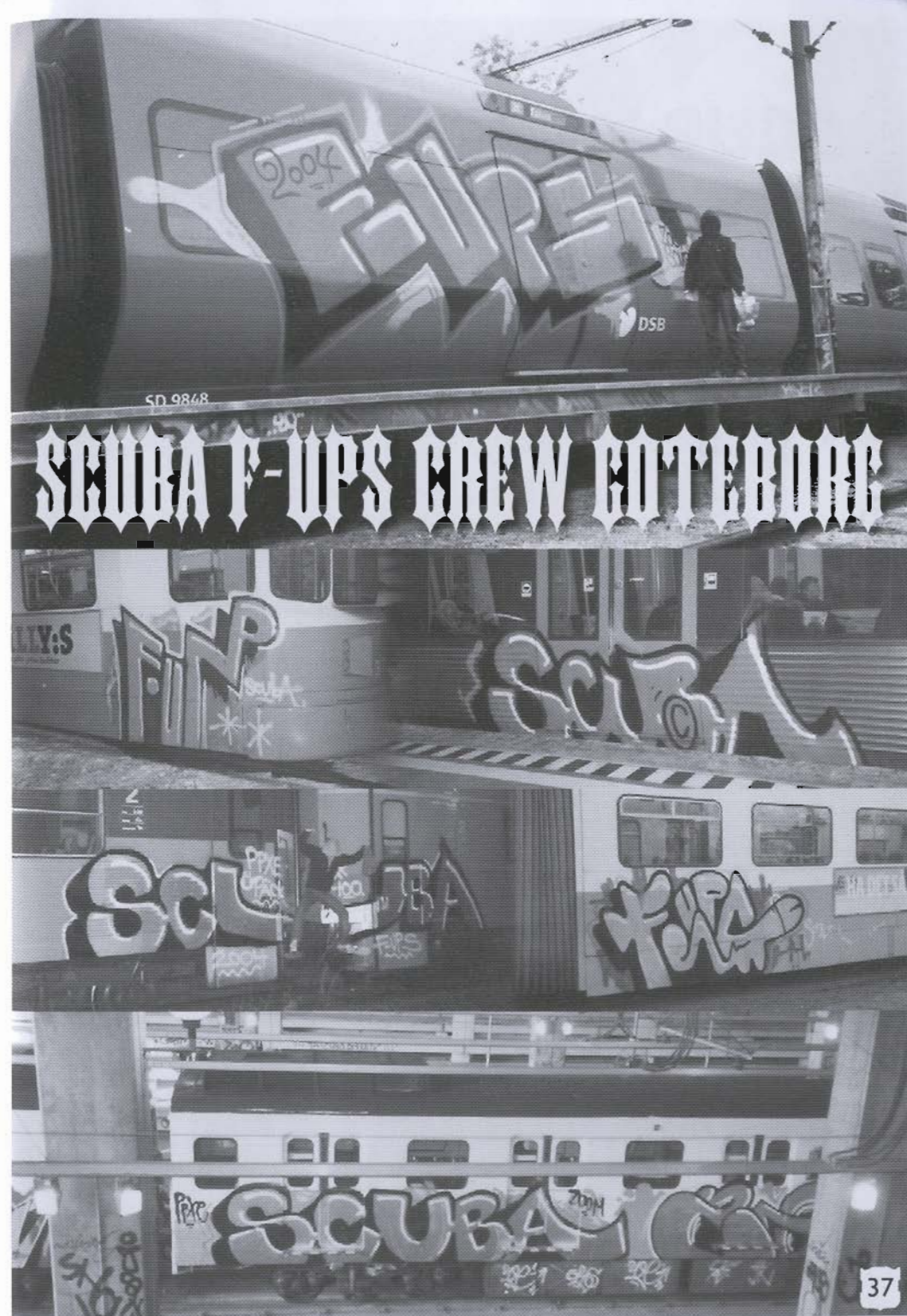
LOOKING FOR THE BOMB?
CONTACT OUR CHEMICAL WARFARE EXPERT TEAM



**BOMB
ALERT!**

CHECK OUT THE NEW BUFF PROOF GROG INK FROM ITALY!

hiphop.nu
WWW.HIPHOP.NU



SCUBA F-UPS CREW COTEBORRE

SCUBA - TOUGH TALK

TD: You got any good chase-stories?

SCUBA: Me and my pal RENK did this rooftop just by Järntorget (in Göteborg). It was raining and we had to use ropes and all types of stuff just so we wouldn't slip and fall. Once we were done we went down a spiral-staircase where we bump into some cops...

They chase us all the way up the stairs, that was cool.

TD: Ok. You got away?

SCUBA: When I get back up I notice the cops doesn't dare to step onto the roof, but unfortunately they got Renk. There wasn't much to do about it and the cops started making Renk shout "Come back!", so I kept going.

I've gotten chased millions of times but no one ever got me.

Maybe it's because I don't wear baggy clothes.

TD: Have you always been into dangerous stuff?

SCUBA: Mmm... The higher the risk, the better the spot... Tags should be high above ground, it would be fun if a buffer died while buffing one of my tags.

TD: Ooh tough guy... Tell us a little about yourself... There are a lot of rumours but no one seems to know anything for sure. Where are you really born? We've heard both Africa and Russia. You look a bit more Russian than African.

SCUBA: Haha I'm actually born in Africa. I've been moving around my whole life... Real trailer-trash

TD: Is it true that you once walked outside in -40°C, in Russia, in just your underwear?

SCUBA: It's true... haha

TD: IGS and F-UPS could easily be named the top train-writing crews of Göteborg. You've been in both. Why did you drop IGS for F-UPS?

SCUBA: I didn't feel my qualities were appreciated... I barely painted with anyone but ZOOM (F-UPS) at the time so it seemed natural to switch... If you can't beat 'em join 'em.

TD: If you had the chance, would you drop F-UPS for... let's say MOA?

SCUBA: Mmm... It could happen... But I wouldn't care.

People take graffiti too seriously, they feel dissed when you leave a crew.

TD: What is the single dopest thing you've done in graffiti?

SCUBA: I guess it's rooftops and stuff I did in the beginning.

TD: So why did you stop doing that stuff?

SCUBA: All the other "hardcore" writers did their trains and got mad props... And it was the easiest shit ever.

TD: You got anything special you would like to say in this interview?

SCUBA: Not really.

TD: Nothing you would like to diss? No aggressions you would like to get out of your system?

SCUBA: No aggressions... But you could always ask me why I feel I am the best.

TD: Why do you feel you are the best SCUBA?

SCUBA: No one else has learnt how to paint and gotten up as fast as me... I got big on street bombing, rooftops, trains, trams, scratch-tags... Without even trying.

I always thought graffiti would be a challenge... But I was wrong.

TD: What would you like people to think when they think about SCUBA?

SCUBA: The biggest graffiti-prosecutor referred to me as "Absolute number one". But I guess most people think of SCUBA as a beefy, ripped dude. A real beefy dude.

TD: Yeah. Right.

SCUBA: Small children might associate me with horror.

DT: Ok is there anything else before we finish up this interview?

SCUBA: Fuck that, ask me what I think about Stockholm.

DT: What do you think about Stockholm?

SCUBA: Cool city but I didn't feel like people bombed that much... I was out bombing for three nights only and some called me bomber of the year... Pathetic!

TD: So how do you feel about Göteborg?

SCUBA: A real dump... but kind of chill.

TD: Ok then, thanks!

SCUBA: Best interview ever.



"I always thought graffiti would be a challenge... But I was wrong."



cargo

KRISH

CRASH

CRASH

2005... Yo-Yo! CRASH BIEP... THE KCRW CREW... STRICTLY FOR THE TOYS!

CRASH