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'Sneaking with imaginary enemy at night An eye in the needle falling red and glowing bright It's got balls, it's written on the walls Graffiti crimes in the shopping malls.'

— 'Graffiti Crimes', 1979

When Kiwi rockers Misex recorded their hit song 'Graffiti Crimes' in 1979, daubing city walls was still seen as outright vandalism, wilful damage, earning a 'bomber' with a spray can a *big* fine or up to three months in jail. No wonder graffiti artists (of all genders) needed 'balls'.

Looking back, Misex had the synthesisers, strobe lights and tight leather trousers and tank tops, but today their look and sound is obsolete. Hip-hop, on the other hand, the branch of music most associated with graffiti, remains alive and kicking, still a moving part of modern pop. And this is a story inseparable from hip-hop.

Last year, 2023, hip-hop reached the ripe old age of fifty. In 1973, a cultural revolt, based on music, street art and dancing, was born in New York City. Eventually hip-hop washed into Aotearoa (before the internet, things took longer) and when it did, it ignited and changed lives, including that of author and photographer Jaimie Baird.

Picture this: Manners Mall, early 1980s, a dirty cement strip of wind-whipped pavement in the heart of Wellington, the unlikely melting pot of hip-hop in Aotearoa. It's a popular gathering place of rappers, break dancers and graffiti artists, mainly teenage males, clad in black cords, sneakers and oversized US Army issue jackets. The ground shakes with beats thudding out of a radio cassette player.

Breakdancer Siliga Fa'alogo (aka Kosmoe) is a fixture here. He's a local hero, a twisting superstar of hip-hop dance. Young Māori and Pasifika like Kosmoe and the equally famous DJ Tee Pee are taking up this influential black American subculture, making it their own.

So what's that got to do with this book? Kosmoe has another identity as Frosty K, graffiti criminal extraordinaire, painter of great sprawling murals in wildstyle letters. He leads a group called the Bloodz, notorious for creating urban inspired art on city walls using spray cans and felt-tipped markers. They're the scourge of council cleaning crews with high pressure hoses and chemicals.

We can guess the rest. Jaimie Baird meets Kosmoe in the mall and they talk of a shared love and respect for graffiti. By day, Jaimie is a buttoneddown public servant, but he's fascinated by hip-hop art, ready to start working nights for the cause. Camera in hand, he joins Frosty K and the Bloodz, documenting their guerilla street art, recording it before the council trucks roar up and blast it all away. Which brings us to Club Graffiti. Jaimie and his new associates boldly set up a collaboration to locate and record the best graffiti as it is created. A key mouthpiece is 'The Uncut Funk Show' on station Radio Active, founded by Mark Cubey (now the Wednesday Night Jam). Last year it celebrated 40 years, another hip-hop milestone.

In an unsigned press release sent out to newspapers in 1985, Jaimie encourages graffitists to write in (to Box 3766, Wellington) with the chance of having examples of their work recorded for posterity. 'It is left to individuals to judge for themselves whether Club Graffiti is historically valuable or the dreams of a lunatic'.

Either way, lunatic or not, for almost forty years Jaimie has followed the evolution of street art: recording graffiti in all its varied forms, in all sorts of weather. The hundreds of compelling images in this book are proof of his astonishing commitment to listening to – and passing on – the voices in words and images daubed on walls across the capital.

Today graffiti is an accepted, even expected part of the cityscape. No longer reviled by city councils, its likely to be done on commission by a new field of superstars, some trained as artists. Much has changed since the heady days of Frosty K and his Bloodz, sneaking through Cuba Street, cans at the ready, ready to commit those graffiti crimes.

REDMER YSKA







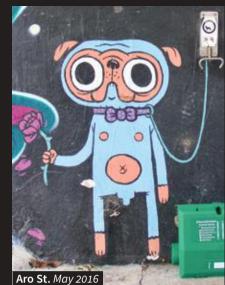


Trentham Railway Station, Upper Hutt. Oct 1985





13



May 2012



STAL TH SHED

Waitangi Park. Dec 2018



Abel Smith St. Jan 2023

Waitangi Park. Jan 2017

Abel Smith St. Jan 2023







Ghuznee St. Feb 2011

Ghuznee St. Aug 2020





















Abel Smith St. Jan 2021











Party Vote

Cuba St. May 2015

121

Island Bay. 2014

Photo James Gilberd

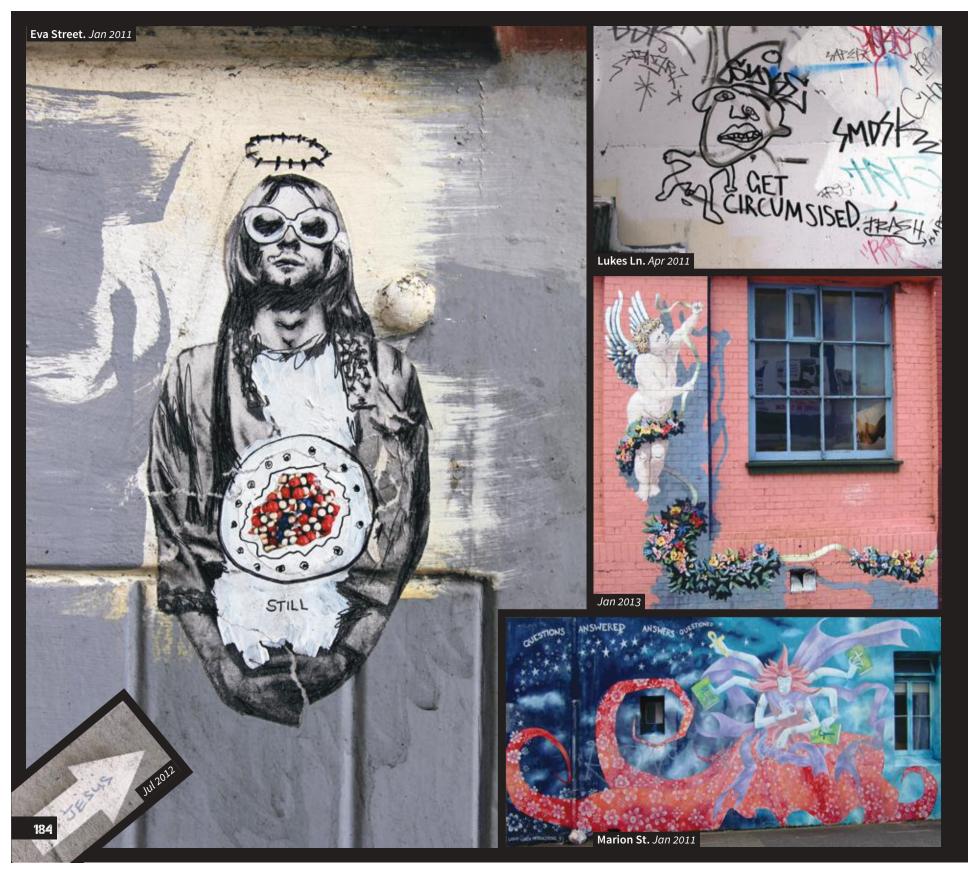


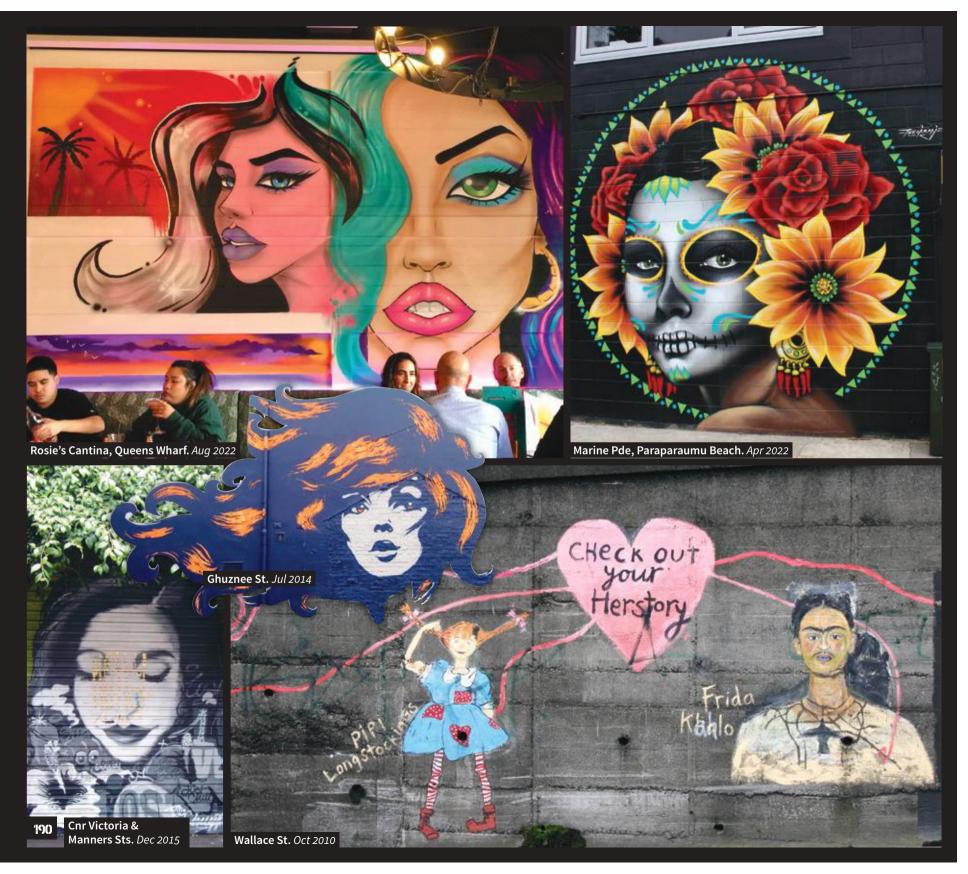


My friend Jo lets me paint pictures on her garage at 43 Palmer Street because I have so much to say. Originally, other local graffiti artists had a go, most recently Joe McMenamin, whose birthday picture for his daughter Echo became so tagcovered that I turned it into the 'NO MORE WAR!' message seen here at far left. After that I remember painting in succession: a 1917–2017 Hammer and Sickle, a Māori Madonna (pictured), a portrait of Greta Thunberg, "Livin' in lockdown" with the moon over Wellington City, and "Vote for the trees cause the trees can't vote!" – that's where the tree image in these pictures comes from, added to over months with a variety of birds, animals, national flags and anti-war messages. The chequered pattern in the top left corner is the 'Wiphala', the indigenous people's flag of Bolivia, painted in support of the government of Evo Morales.

TIM BOLLINGER







FOUR DECADES 1200+ MAGES

Art or vandalism, protest or social commentary – how you see street art depends on where you stand.

Jaimie Baird's *Here Today Gone Tomorrow* documents his 40-year fascination with these ephemera as "a testament to human imagination, innovation and cultural diversity."

Whatever you make of it, this book's riot of colour and off-beat street images cements Wellington's reputation as "one of the coolest little capitals in the world" (*Lonely Planet*).

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