

ROCKIN' IT SUCKERS

New York City's Most Wanted Graffiti Vandals

10th
Anniversary
Edition



by KET and COUSIN FRANK





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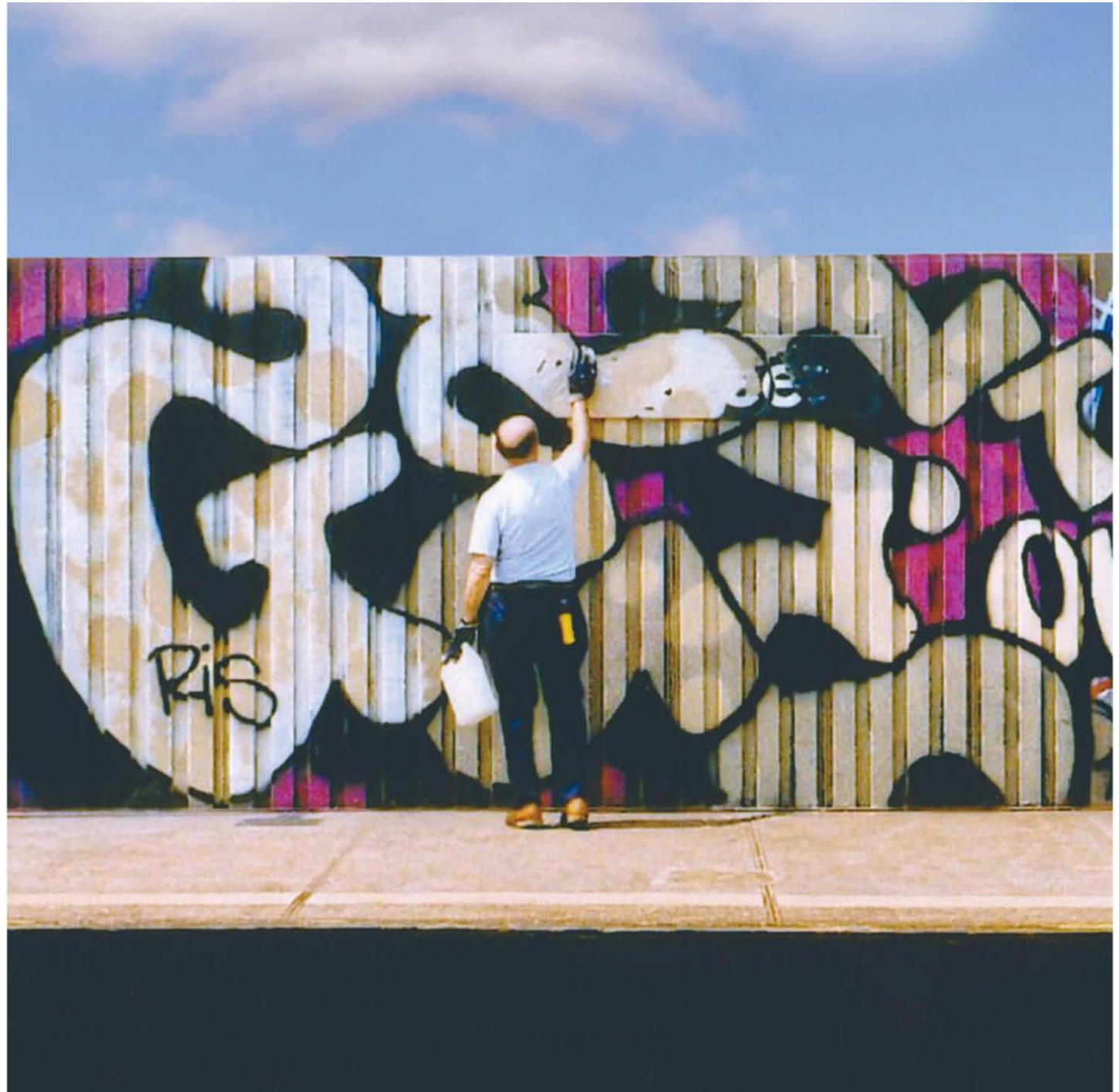


21 Street - Queensbridge
Queens
Brighton Beach
Brooklyn



STICK







Above: **Sane** **Ghost** rooftop, Queens, 1989

The Caine dedication was done because under this piece was a Peak Ghost piece that had a Caine dedication. On the first wall we wrote "Special Forces Caine One". I didn't really understand what the Special Forces were, but Peak and I ran into this guy on the train that said that he used to hang out with Caine One and that he and some other guys had created a thing called Special Forces as a dedication to Caine. So that night we went out and did a piece and wrote it - Caine One Special Forces. Everyone in that neighborhood, which was Caine's neighborhood, was happy after that. I think me and Sane did the new wall because dudes started nipping the old pieces, so I decided to go over the first wall and I threw up Caine again. - Ghost

Below: Graffiti Lives track house by **Ghost** and **Sane**, Queens, 1989

I had my arm in a sling from getting into a fight, I had fractured it in two places. Anyway, we decided to paint the track house. We were painting and doing fine when the money train came. It pretty much stopped right in front of the house so we had to get out of there. I didn't get to finish the "graffiti lives" I did on the side. The next night I called Sane to go, but he couldn't, so I went by myself. In the photo you can see that I wrote, "I just had to come back", because I didn't want to leave it unfinished. The funny thing is that since the piece was kind of tall I had to hang myself up with my bad arm to outline it. As I was painting the money train came again and it parked right on the edge of the house. I hid on the side of the house and if the driver simply had turned his head he would have spotted me. So basically I climbed down the side of the pole of the elevated track and hung with one arm while my other arm was in the sling. In the street below there was a lot of traffic. The cars that were stopping at the red light were honking and the drivers pointing at me as if saying, "what the fuck are you doing?" To them it must have been insane to see a guy hanging off the elevated with one arm in a sling. When the train left I boosted myself up to do the finishing touches. The next day I came back to take the pictures. - Ghost



