

# declares war on vanda

ads Guilty  
ear Sentence

"His graffiti is like a cancer. If we had corporal punishment...it should be administered on him."

GRAFFITI SUSP  
CUFFED FOR TH



## Graffiti Kid Plea Bargains 1 to 4

Halloween marked a special day for the dozens of "court watchers" from the Community Board #5 area, as one of the neighborhood's most well known

planned to Duran, president of COMEEL, a local civic group. The civic group felt that by having dozens of local concerned citizens in court to see that this

and lamp posts in the neighborhood, he was caught screwing his "fat" on the street with the paint gun to make paint

mental in bringing this case to justice, and Schick

# MILLION DOLLAR VANDAL

## Cops: Graffiti king back

Infamous tagger's 'DESJ' moniker spotted

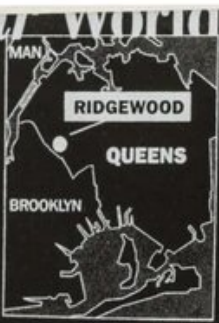


Police officials announced today that they had spotted the graffiti tagger 'DESJ' in the area of the...  
The tagger, who is believed to be the same person who has been responsible for the...  
The police department is currently conducting an investigation into the...  
The tagger's activities are considered a major problem for the community...

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MILLION  
DOLLAR  
VANDAL



new York, however, the sight of a subway train emblazoned with large spray-painted words and references to the City's not so distant past brings to mind a time of crime, when taking public transit was synonymous with taking it your own hands. Graffiti-adorned tunnels, buildings, blocks and cars allocated a message of chaos to New

■ Clean it off or paint over it immediately, before it invites other vandals. It will also help deter the original vandal. And check with your insurance agent.

## GRAFFITI SUSPECT CUFFED FOR THREE

**GRAFFITI** Detective Jerry Dassaro (photo) and Tom Weiner (below) in a dim view of Webster Ave.

DAILY NEWS EXCLUSIVE

## Nabe declares war on vandals

These destroyers haven't been stopped by... service or even jail time.

# MILLION DOLLAR VANDAL

He said a 21-year-old tagger he recently caught told him "it's a disease. I gotta do it."

## ffiti king back SA' moniker spotted

ing individual styles. More said...  
 DAILY NEWS EXCLUSIVE  
 ing and mailboxes, and...  
 DAILY NEWS EXCLUSIVE

"I really is an addiction with these kids," said Dassaro.

The Paint Program...  
 The Paint Program...  
 The Paint Program...

Paint proved graffiti...  
 Paint proved graffiti...  
 Paint proved graffiti...

We look forward to...  
 We look forward to...  
 We look forward to...

Reward up to \$500.00 for the arrest and convictions of anyone who commits Graffiti



Graffiti vandal's court case was front page news in 1994.

Rob Morrissey shuffles his scuffed white sneakers over his bedroom's torn and paint stained floor tiles. His hands flip through a book on Murder, Inc., the 1930s New York Crime Syndicate chapter. He adjusts his glasses, takes another look at the mug shots and crime scene photos of people shot dead in the street, blood puddled around their heads. He sets the book down atop a hardback on Nazi uniforms. Rob makes a selection from the bag of Jolly Rancher candies in the side pocket of his yellow North Face. He picks up a stack of handwritten stickers off his shelf, and puts them in the back pocket of his jeans, along with a homemade marker, a mop freshly filled with a mixture of Marsh, Flomaster, Krink, and Pilot inks. Ready to head out, he straightens his shirtsleeves, runs his fingers over the scar on the back of his head and up through his short spiked hair, looks down and chuckles under his breath at the "I love NY" sweatshirt thrown over his medium built frame.

A turbulent pendulum of youth and adulthood has caught up with the 31 year old. An often sour expression formed around Rob's reconstructed jaw tells of different trials and an expectation for the worst. With a slightly hunched posture and a limp kinked in his step, he walks slowly, unrushed, with no dates or deadlines to meet. Still, energetic motions are traced through his hands, which incessantly fidget with whatever they hold, practiced by years of writing graffiti.

Rob's anxious demeanor and the scars scattered over his skin recall a litany of disruptive events, a list that effectively serves to sour his attitude towards the present, and disengage any hopeful expectations for the future. "Now there's nothing, everything's just shit," he declares. He waxes on how it would be living in the '60s, dropping tabs, sleeping with flower child ladies under fractal tapestries; just one of a number of past eras that fill his mind. A stack of books on the Vietnam War and peace protests sits adjacent in his room to WWII volumes, and a true crime collection concerning Prohibition era gangs to rival that of any library. His thousands of subway graffiti photographs archive a time into which he constantly drifts back. The world in which Rob lives has little, if anything, to do with the world now changing around him.

The East New York neighborhood in which he lives marks no signs of the urban renewal that has now turned parts of the City into a touristy play land; nothing of bright city lights and towering buildings. At Brooklyn's easternmost edge, Rob lives at a no-mans-land juncture just before Queens, where empty lots and stretches of cemeteries fill more space than buildings. A void reaches across the landmass. Isolated in location, Rob's neighborhood has been overlooked by civic interest and prospects for a "better New York." Homes like his are sparsely lined along their blocks, entered below ground level through broken fences, leading down to rubble pile yards, marking a time at

which the city was structured on a different grid, this part of it now built over and forgotten in the past.

There are no attractions, nothing to draw crowds, no hints of gentrification. This is not part of the Brooklyn into which visitors are welcomed by expressway signs reading, "Believe the Hype." The underground train station on Grant Avenue marks the last stop in what is technically still Brooklyn, at which point any civic hype has been diffused. Around the corner from the station stands a red electrical box on an empty corner with a bold silver name written down its side: Desa-MTA.

Before the scars, before the limp, before the East New York residence and before it began to dilapidate, in the summer of 1975 a newborn Robert Morrissey sat in his mother's lap on the fire escape of their Grove Street apartment in Bushwick, Brooklyn. The sticky summer heat clung to his mother, who sat perched cradling a cool drink in one hand and her baby boy in the other, pointing out city activity while the passing trains entertained her third and youngest child. Rob's acclimating eyes fixed on those M and L line subway cars, rushing by on elevated tracks through the Myrtle and Wyckoff Avenues station on the corner adjacent to their Bushwick apartment. Years later, recalling what the trains exposed, his mother would claim responsibility for Rob's addiction to graffiti.

The fire escape provided refuge from impoverished conditions inside the Morrisseys' residence. Shortly after his birth, Rob's father left. Welfare checks got the family by, and when his teenaged older brothers picked up work, the extra income eased the financial strain. His two brothers, one of whom was regularly in and out of trouble, looked out as best they could for Rob in their father's absence. As the family faced its own hardships, their neighborhood faced a growing set of troubles as well, rapidly becoming a much worse place to live.

Two years after his birth, New York City's 1977 blackout caused chaos in poorer neighborhoods throughout each borough. In Brooklyn, Bushwick erupted into riots, looting, and at least 25 fires that burned for more than a day. Escalating urban tensions fueled outrage and expression, and in the arena of graffiti writing, new styles began to proliferate throughout the neglected area. Even as a toddler, Rob was seeing it all unfold.

The trains were already the most exciting aspect of Rob's environment, whether they were written on or not. As he grew, he'd gaze from his family's living room window in the winter and fire escape in the summer, watching as pieces from the 1970s shaped into wildstyle burners of the early 1980s. Rob read each name passing on lines between Brooklyn and Queens, even if he couldn't understand the

A photograph of a stop sign with graffiti and a quote overlaid on a dark background. The stop sign is orange with black graffiti that reads 'MAY' and '1997'. The background is a night street scene with warm lights. The quote is in white, bold, italicized text.

*THEY SAY I'M THE STAR OF THE MEDIA.  
THE POSTERCHILD FOR ANTI-SOCIETY.  
THE QUALITY OF LIFE DESTROYER...*



MILLION  
DOLLAR  
VANDAL





♡ ♡  
LOVE  
[scribble]

MITA

