Source Source UNLTD



Letter

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Priceless Everywhere Else

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FIRST OFF... As of this writing, there are basically 4 left standing in the ongoing race for president. Whoever survives is going to have their hands full trying to undo all the damage that has been done to this country, it's citizens & the collective psyche. We need to start producing, buying & exporting things here again and, in turn, create jobs for ourselves. Whoever can get that done, and restore moral decency to this country, is who we need running things Make your choices carefully. Support your local vendors when you can, and keep the community strong , vital, and real.

AUDIO/VIDEO VHS, Hi-8mm to DVD CONVERSIONS Cassette, Mini-Disk to CD

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INFORMATION

Attn. Parkers: Alternate Parking is suspended:

Feb. 6th
Feb. 7th
Feb. 12th
Feb. 18th
Wed.
Ash Wednesday
Asian Lunar New Year
Lincoln's Birthday
President's Day

• The Ninth Precinct Community Council Meeting will be held on Tues., February 19th, 7:00 pm @ 170 Avenue C (Enter on E. 11th Street) WWW.THE NEWNINTHPRICINCT.ORG

VOLUNTEERS

• **VOLUNTEERING CLOSE TO HOME...**Think about checking in with your elderly or homebound neighbors. With the weather so unpredictable they may need help with some simple chores

BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE HUNGRY ALL YEAR ROUND...
Help out by contributing to our ongoing food drive
to benefit Middle Collegiate Church Food Program.
Bring your canned goods to our store. Thanks

COMMUNITY NEWS

GET LISTED! UPCOMING EVENTS, GIGS, ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST...

To submit, Stop by our store @ 331 E. 9th Street OR e-mail us at santo@sourceunltd.com Submissions must be received by March 28th. Inclusion subject to space availability.

- TAKSIM...Souren Baronian's Middle Eastern Jazz Ensemble performing with Special Guest dancer Aszmara, Friday, February 8th, 8:30pm-12:30am @ The Cupping Room, West Broadway and Broome Street, No Cover and No Minimum, Reservations call 212-925-2898.
- LOSE YOUR SUGAR BLUES...Want to kick the ice cream, cake, chocolate, or candy habit? Learn how sugar effects your body and how to take control of your eating habits. Explore the causes of sugar cravings and find out how to overcome them. Led by Uri Feiner, Holistic Health Counselor and a Director of Thriving Health. Mon., Feb. 4th, 7pm-8pm, FREE @ The 14th St. Y, 344 E. 14th St., Info: 212-780-0800 www.14streety.org
- LIVING LIKE ED BEGLEY, Jr...Dubbed "the star of climate change" by Newsweek magazine, Ed Begley, Jr. is Hollywood's "it" man for all things green. In Living Like Ed, he offers large and small ways to reduce our impact on the planet and live a greener, better life. Speaking & signing books, Wed. Feb. 20th, 7pm 8:30pm @ Strand Books, 12th St. & B'way. Info: 212-473-1452
- URBAN WORD NYC... 10th Annual Urban Word NYC Teen Poetry Slam, preliminary round. Monday, Feb. 11th, 6pm @ Poetry Project, 131 E. 10th St. (corner of 2nd Ave), Call (212) 674-0910 www.poetryproject.com

- CONEY ISLAND THROUGH THE INVISIBLE LENS....
 an exhibit of limited-edition, original, color pinhole photographs by Anna Sawaryn, February 2-15, @ The 4th Street Photo Gallery, 67 East 4th St., Reception Feb. 3rd, 2-6pm Gallery Hours Tuesday -Saturday 2-8 pm. Sunday by appointment. Call 212-673-1021, www.annasawaryn.com
- PAIN RELIEF'S ON THE WAY... Egoscue Manhattan would like to invite anyone who is interested in learning more about non-medical pain relief to visit their clinic at 274 Madison Ave. (betw. E. 39th and E. 40th Sts.), Ste. 801. FREE EXERCISE CLASSES the week of February 18th. Call 212-213-3220 to reserve your spot. www.egoscue.com
- LOVE LETTERS...An unusually tense game of Scrabble unfolds in this short film. Directed by Mary Gillen and Starring Sandy Mowbray-Clarke and Harry Shaw. Experience the film by going to www.youtube.com and enter the name MARY GILLEN in the search box.

GUEST COLUMN OF THE MONTH

Be Part of the Guest Column...Submit your stories, photos, drawings to: santo@sourceunltd.com



THIS MONTH...Excerpt from "Ungrateful Dead: Murder at The Fillmore" by Patricia Morrison

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Tam Linn, lead singer of the rock group Deadly Lampshade, has a beautiful rich husky tenor voice, for which he writes songs that show it off to best advantage—a practice which is not always, or even often, to the best advantage of the rest of his band. He also has a gift for gorgeously singable melody lines that make great hooks for hit singles—but only if he sings them. He is an inventive guitar player—but only in the service of his own songs. Even in this time and place of amazing hair—Haight-Ashbury, San Francisco, 1966—he has some of the best: thick, straight, shoulder-length; and he isn't

above tossing it around like a Civil War whore to pull in chicks. He is well aware of all of this, and aware also that it doesn't exactly endear him to a whole lot of people. Especially not to the people hat know him best and have to work with him most closely. And he doesn't particularly care.

But it hardly seems to matter. Under their British manager's tutelage and Tam's selfish though effective leadership, within a year the Lampshade have evolved from a sloppy Oakland bar band to a hard playing, brilliantly creative, psychedelic outfit. But in the process of becoming stars, they have lost—some say cynically tossed overboard—much of the political and spiritual consciousness that had been their original stock in trade. Well, when it comes right down to it, they're not

the only Bay Area rock group to have done the same in the service of their music, steering clear of at least the most overtly political stuff—though nobody is entirely apolitical, in the sense that politics doesn't deeply affect their music and their persona, their way of being in the world. Because you can't be, not in this time and place; it isn't possible to think and feel and stand apart. Politics is part of the scene, part of what makes the music move and live and thrive—it was so from the first, and it will be so until the last.

Likewise the drugs. Nothing nasty, or not that often anyway, not till later. In the beginning it's just pot and acid and mescaline and psilocybin; speed is the worst of it. The reign of terror that heroin and powder cocaine will bring about is still a few years off: if they are used—and they are, even now—they are used in secret, and junkies and speed freaks and cokeheads are looked down on in the social milieu. Musicians, of course, have their own rules...

But Tam is by far the most enthusiastic substance fan among the Lampshade's personnel: he can blow a kilo of grass in days, a gram of coke in a few whale-sized snorts, a whole blotterful of acid, thousands and thousands of mikes of Owsley's finest, in a week. And that's only what people actually see him do: there are tales of much harder stuff, and even not-so-veiled whispers of him dealing that harder stuff on a professional scale, not just those amiable transactions among friends that are like asking someone to pick up a quart of milk for you at the grocery store next time they go to

buy milk for themselves. But no one knows for sure. Strangely enough, the drugs don't affect Tam's creative work in the slightest, which almost seems to be missing the point. His output is brilliant, and his voice is amazing, and even drugs can't improve much on that - or, if you take the other view, can't hurt it much either. But one point nobody misses about Tam is that he has aggravated, annoyed, incensed, infuriated and enraged pretty much everyone he has ever come into contact with. The only reason most people put up with him at all is because he's so freakin' talented, and of course he's a rock star, and also of course he's so very very cute. Apart from that, though, Tam Linn, born Tommy Linetti, is a terminal pain in the behind.

So when he is found pretty darn terminal indeed backstage in the

Fillmore Auditorium dressing room one spring afternoon, stuffed into one of his own band's road cases a couple of hours before the Lamps are to headline there, not even his own band is particularly sorry about it. Shocked, yes; irritated, yes; pissed off that even in death he's managed to find a way to inconvenience them and screw them over once again, yes yes. But grief-stricken? No. You couldn't say that about them. You couldn't say that at all.



The Rock & Roll Murders: The Rennie Stride Mysteries, a new series of murder mysteries set in the Sixties rock scenes of San Francisco, LA, NY and London, by Patricia Morrison, author of The Keltiad science-fantasy series, retired rock critic (one of the first female rock critics), widow of rock singer Jim Morrison, East Village resident since 1968. Next up: "California Screamin': Murder at Monterey Pop" (June '08) and "Love Him Madly: Murder at the Whisky A Go-Go" (Dec. '08). Books can be purchased at Barnes & Noble, barnesandnoble.com, Amazon.com, and lulu.com

Satch's Corner Where you can read about some good cd's, books and videos that can be purchased at www.thesourceunltd.com through our affiliation with amazon.com (just click on the amazon logo)

ROBERT PLANT/ALISON KRAUSS -- RAISING SAND

Not your daddy's Led Zep or country music for that matter. This unlikely duo teemed up and produced a fine piece of work that is understated, mature and great to listen to. Produced by T Bone Burnett with a lot of space that gives the two room to work in, there is a very open sound which is enhanced by the primarily acoustic band. Their cover of the Everly Brothers "Gone, Gone, Gone" rocks in the way those early rock records did. "Please Read The Letter " is another standout. This is worth checking out. I give it 3 bones. . "See you next time on the corner...."