



That 70s Show
New York City in the 1970s


Issue 2
\$15.00
Printed and bound in the USA

ISBN13: 978-1-57687-375-5

5 1000



9 781576 873755

 **powerHouse magazine**



That 70s Show

New York City in the 1970s

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 7 **Harvey Wang**
- 9 **Frank Hurley:** *New York Daily News*
- 14, 108, 111 **Martha Cooper** *New York State of Mind*
- 16-17 **Tom Cunningham:** *New York Daily News*
- 18 **New York Comes Back: The Mayoralty of Edward I. Koch**
- 19, 100 **Scenes from the City: Filmmaking in New York**
- 20-21 **Lisa Kahane**
- 22 **Lawrence Grobel** *Conversations with Brando*
- 24 **Joseph Rodriguez**
- 26 **Stephen Shames** *The Black Panthers, Interview with Bobby Seale*
- 31 **James TOP**
- 33 **Builder Levy**
- 34 **Jeff Chang** *Can't Stop Won't Stop: A History of the Hip-Hop Generation*
- 38 **Joe Conzo**
- 41 **Afrika Bambaataa**
- 45 **Dondi White** *Style Master General*
- 46 **John Fekner**
- 49 **Jamel Shabazz** *A Time Before Crack*
- 49 **Straightman aka LAVA**
- 50 **BLADE: The King of Graffiti**
- 52 **Rod Mackenzie** *Text by Graeme Jamieson*
- 55 **Godlis**
- 56 **Roberta Bayley** *Blondie*
- 58 **Please Kill Me** *Text by Legs McNeil with photographs by Godlis*
- 60 **FUN!** *The True Story of Patti Astor*
- 62 **Maripolarama: Polaroids by Maripol** *Text by Diego Cortez*
- 64, 88, 110 **Allan Tannenbaum** *New York City in the 1970s*
- 66 **Carlo McCormick** *The Downtown Book*
with photographs by **Allan Tannenbaum** and **Harvey Stein**
- 68 **TV Party:** *Text by Glenn O'Brien Photographs by Bobby Grossman*
- 70 **The Black Tarantula** *I Dreamt I Was a Nymphomaniac!: Imagining*
with photographs by **Harvey Stein**
- 72 **Richard Hell** *Hot and Cold*
- 74 **Craig Cohen**
- 74 **COPE 2**
- 76 **Jill Freedman** *Street Cops*
- 78 **Larry Fink** *Social Graces*
- 80, 98 **Ron Galella**
- 83 **Carol Friedman**
- 84 **Nicholas Weist** with photographs by **Harvey Stein** and **Alvin Baltrop**
- 86 **Stephen Blackwell** *Vote for Cuomo, Not the Homo*
- 90 **Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?**
- 92 **Charlie Ahearn**
- 93 **Arlene Gottfried** *Sometimes Overwhelming*
- 94 **Seth Kushner**
- 96 **Janene Outlaw**
- 97 **Maureen Valdes Marsh** *70s Fashion Fiascos*
- 100 **Al Pacino** *In Conversation with Lawrence Grobel*
- 101 **Helen M. Stummer**
- 102 **Misha Erwit**
- 104 **Christopher Makos** *Warhol | Makos in Context*
- 106 **Susan Meiselas:** *Magnum Photos*
- 120 **Thea Rosen**

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscribe to [redacted] for \$20* per year and receive:

Two spectacular issues | Two FREE powerHouse Books | 30% off regular books ALL the time

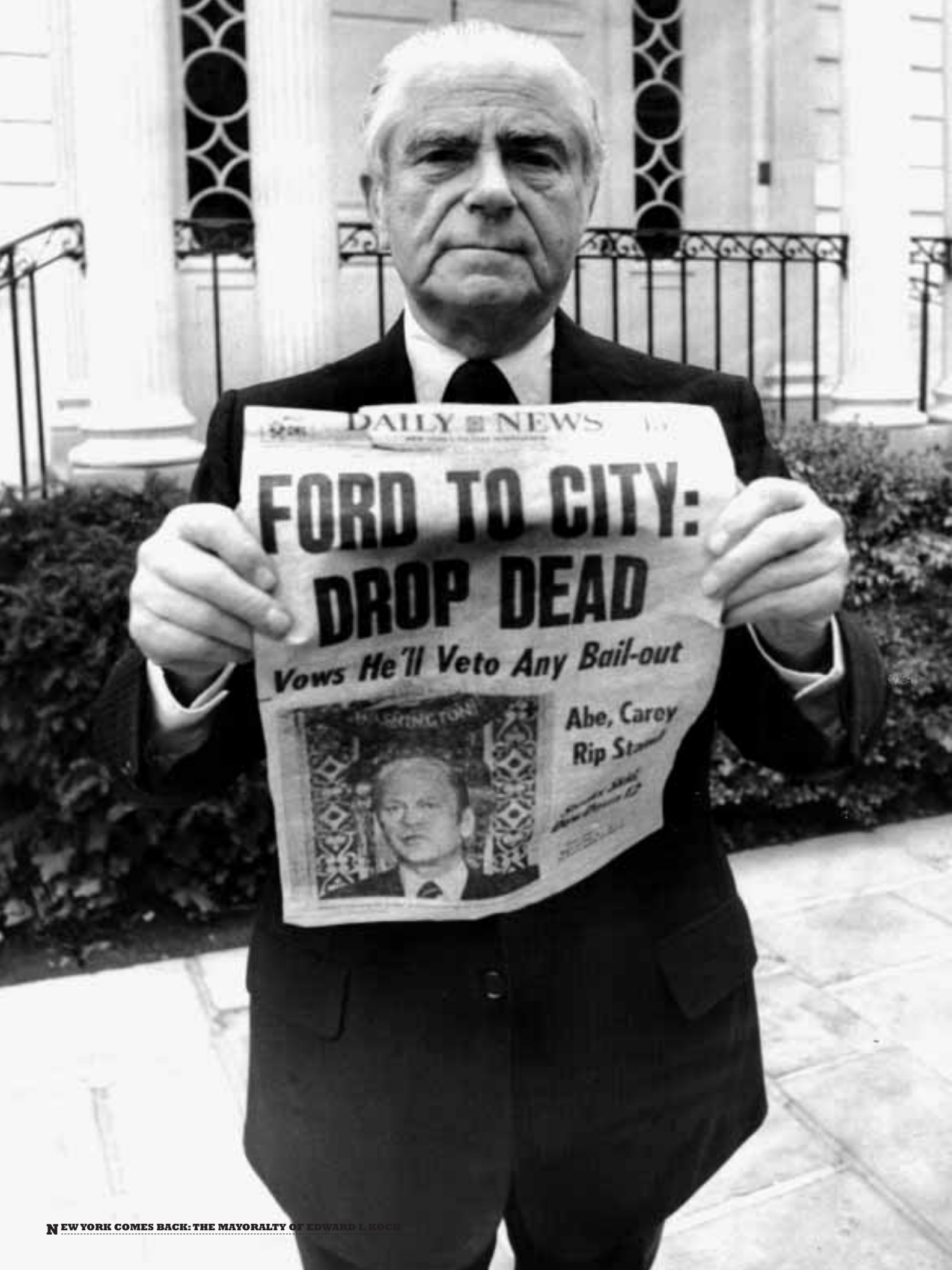
Automatic pH Charter Book Club membership | Elevation to pH VIP list: the first group to hear about upcoming events and exhibitions

To subscribe call 212.604.9074. x100 or email subscriptions@powerhousebooks.com

*\$6 fee above list price will be added for shipping and handling of two issues and two free pH books



Photograph by Harvey Wang (top) and Joe Conzo (bottom)



Can you dig it?





I was born in January 1957 and I grew up with the original CRAZY 5 members in the Parkside Projects. By 1972, VAMM, CRACHEE, JEFF, TULL 13, and I were painting trains and what made the versatility of the beginning years of graffiti—before hip hop music, when you listened to Sly and the Family Stone and James Brown, this is the beginning of hip hop though the art (and then the dancing and the raps) came later—all of the nationalities were doing it together in the early 70s. That’s what made it exciting: CRACHEE is Jewish, VAMM is Italian, COMET is Italian, TULL 13 is Yugoslavian, JEFF is Irish, and I am a black dude.

We all grew up in the same projects, all born in the mid to late fifties. We actually just started painting trains to have a good time. CRACHEE meant he was “Crazy for Cheese,” VAMM was the “Very

Amazing Mister Mike,” TULL was for the music of Jethro Tull, and the 13 was because he saw Walt Chamberlain, who was number 13, score the 100 points at the famous game when he was a little kid (he still has the stub, which I can’t figure out how to steal from his house).

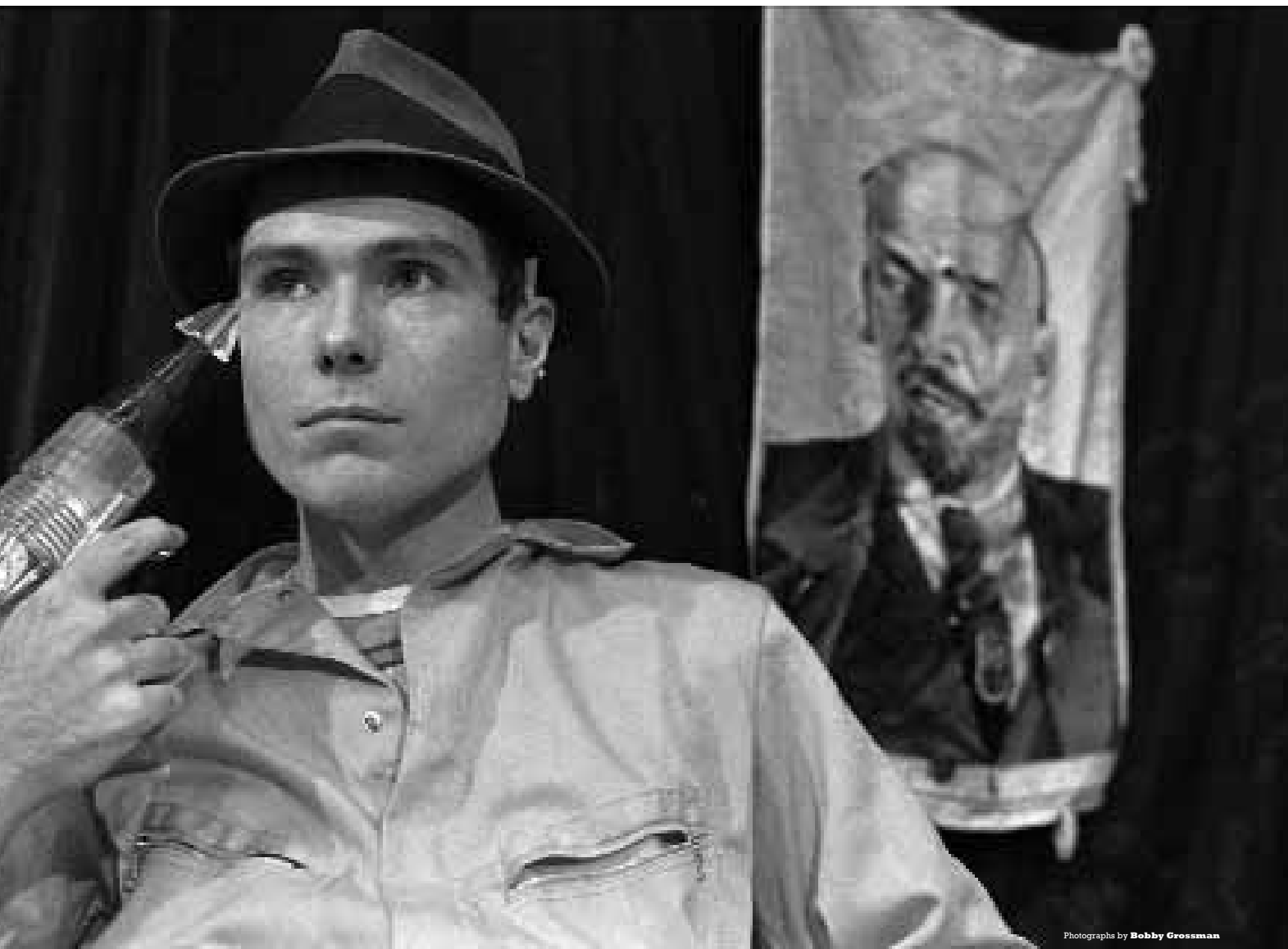
Graffiti is a self expression thing where you’re just a bunch of teenagers having fun, being crazy and it’s like, “Wow, what do we do now?” We would go out and paint on a mailbox and then scribble on the bus a little bit and then we would see SUPER KOOL 223 go by on a red train. He actually had white and Delta blue. He actually had two cans. I mean that was major! And all those dots and stuff, that was the most amazing thing you saw at the time.

The original CRAZY 5 members went to Burke

Avenue layups (it was directly across the street from Parkside Projects) and that was the first place we actually all went. I went to the Bayside layups with HONDO 1, FRESCO 1, DR. SEX, CAMARO 170, RICAN 120, and TABOO 1. From 1974 to 1982, COMET 1 and I were kings of the IRT trains, undisputed. We easily did five thousand trains each. At one time we had so many trains running that you actually would see our name once or twice on each train that went through a curve.

What was cool about the time period was that the graffiti people were completely separate from all of the gangs: the Black Spades, Savage Skulls, Savage Nomads, Golden Guineas, and

anything that was going on with them. We were just about getting as much paint as possible, going up and painting on the trains, and just having fun. You had every nationality of people doing that. Everyone else was trying to beat the hell out of each other and everybody was in Vietnam killing each other for absolutely no reason. Graffiti was the only thing that brought people together to just play and have fun. To be Tom Sawyer, to be Huck Finn, it was just amazing, listening to Blood Sweat and Tears, Chicago, and Curtis Mayfield on the tracks. And if you had any beef with people at that time, after you duked it out at three o’clock after school, you could meet a week later in the Esplanade Tunnel or the layups and you could be like, “Oh you got some School Bus Yellow?” You got your black eye or your broken nose and so what? It was just over. [E]



Photographs by Bobby Grossman

GLENN O'BRIEN :: TV PARTY

TV Party was "The TV show that's a cocktail party, but which could also be a political party." We had lots of political icons on the set. Here's Vladimir Lenin. We also had Marx, Engels, Chairman Mao, Mussolini sometimes, and Abraham Lincoln, all influences. Mao said, "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."

I figured political power came out of the TV tube's cathode ray gun. I planned to run for mayor on the *TV Party* ticket, thinking that everybody likes TV so when they saw *TV Party* on the voting machine they'd choose us. Unfortunately we never got up early enough to get our petitions signed.

This moment is right after Debbie Harry pulled off a ski mask with an X on it when a telephone caller guessed that she was our "Mystery Guest." That helps explain her hairstyle. It goes to show you: when you've got a good haircut you can do anything and still look good. Debbie was on the show frequently, but I think we made her the mystery guest because she had been away on tour with Blondie for a while. That was 1979, the year that the group had three number one hits on the American charts. That stuff didn't go to Debbie's head for one minute.



We planned to take *TV Party* big time and this was one of the shows we shot at Hurrah's, a big night club on Broadway around 60th Street. We shot with broadcast quality cameras and serious switching equipment and had guests like the B-52s and David Bowie. David Byrne joined the *TV Party* Orchestra. On this particular night, I decided to do psychedelic *TV Party* and I mixed up a batch of magic mushroom daiquiris. They were very tasty. My assistant was artist Delia Daugherty. It was a pretty wild show. I can't remember if David Bowie had a daiquiri. I did. Amazingly, nobody noticed. I could hold my psyllocybin in those days.



Amos Poe usually directed the show. You can tell which shows are his because of the psychedelic switching and fading from camera to camera and shots of people's shoes and ears. I always meant to fire him but I kept forgetting. And we were pals. When Amos couldn't make it or was late, somebody filled in. Sometimes it was Betsy Sussler, today the editor of *Bomb Magazine*. On this night it was Debbie Harry. The show was unusually watchable.



Nile Rodgers, left, and Tony Thompson, right, of Chic. Nile was the star, producer, songwriter, and guitarist of Chic. He also produced Debbie Harry, Diana Ross, Madonna, etc. Nile was a good friend of mine and a regular guest on the show. This night he came on with a modified Jerry Mahoney ventriloquist doll to perform *Rapper's Delight* in Flemish. *Rapper's Delight* had just been a number one hit, with music copped from Chic's *Good Times*, which had only reached number two on the charts. (Later, Nile got paid for *Rapper's Delight*.) Tony was a great guy and a fine drummer. He passed away last year after a serious illness.



Jean-Michel Basquiat in the studio on Heavy Metal Night, smoking a joint. Before the show he wrote "MOCK PENIS ENVY" on a new sheet of seamless paper and the owner of the studio flipped out. He wanted to throw us out. I had to pay for the seamless. Stupidly, I didn't keep it. It would be worth a fortune today.



Robbie, now a huge star, was in New York, acting as a police detective in Amos Poe's *Subway Riders*. I was also in it, playing Robbie's captain of detectives boss. Amos also directed *TV Party*. Legs McNeil came on the show on drugs and refused to leave. He wound up with an electrical cord clamped tight in his mouth. We pretended the show was over and he left and we restarted the show.



Jim Chladek ran ETC Studios where we did *TV Party* live. He had a lot of rules. Beverages were out, making it more difficult to have a party, but we did our best. Smoking was also outlawed, although Mr. Chladek was oddly futuristic in that what he was really against was cigarette smoking. He didn't mind if we smoked reefers, even on the air. It was just the evil tobacco that was strictly verboten. Outlaws that we were, however, Fab Five Freddy and I would puff on straight cigarettes whenever The Man's back was turned. This is possibly a Kool. My brand was Marlboro Red.



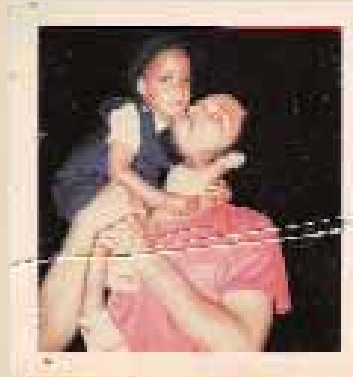
Primitive *TV Party* featured a wild acoustic ensemble with Jean-Michel Basquiat on savage acoustic guitar, Lenny Ferrari on tablas and skulls, Chris Stein on kalimba, and Tim Wright of DNA on shaman's stick and maracas. As tribal chieftain, I am assisting witch doctor Tim, who actually trained as a witch doctor in Belize, in making Fab Five Freddy disappear, an operation which, as I recall, required a lot of spit. Fred actually did disappear for a few seconds.



Janice, my mother and a friend dressed to go out. Neck scarves?

JANENE OUTLAW

My father was nicknamed "Bumpy." His real name was Raymond Outlaw. He died in the 1976, before I started first grade. My mother and father were in their early 20s during the 70s. The story I tell myself about the 70s is that it was a wacky, creative, experimental, anything-goes long moment in time filled with smell of burning incense, the sights of high-waisted, burnt orange, double-knit bell bottom pants, "black power" fist picks, black velvet, barebreasted Nubian queen paintings, *Baretta* and his cockatoo, and perfectly manicured afros and chops like my father used to wear. The truth is the 70s represent my most intense first memories. Memories that are infused with the color, sounds, and scenes of my neighborhood, my family, my city, and my father—who embodied all that was cool about the decade...to me.



Check the groovy tops me and my grandmother are rockin.' I'm certain she thought we looked cute in these outfits. We suffered from ugly clothing blindness. Many families in the 70s had this affliction.



Hamilton Grange Nursery school party, 1975. I really liked this boy. Every girl in my class liked him—peep my classmate clockin'! I don't even remember his name now. I just had to go for mine!



Onboard the The SS something or other, New York City seaport. My grandmother Jimmie James is doing her thing on a cruise we took to the Bahamas around 1976. Even at the tender age of 5 or 6 I knew cruises were wack! My "Aunt Julia" on the right was so loving but her religious talk really turned me off. Something is just not right about being on a big boat with too much food, too many elderly people, and "dinner shows."



MAUREEN VALDES MARSH :: 70s FASHION FIASCOS

Free from the constraints of the 50s and peppered with the newfound spirit of the 60s, fashion in the 70s took on a life all its own. Flamboyancy was no longer reserved for the young, rich, or famous. Flamboyant urbanity took a short ride over to suburbia, where it was welcomed with open arms. There was the mini skirt, the midi skirt, and the maxi skirt. Comical circus-tent palazzo pants, sideshow pantsuits, and who can forget clunky, funky, and chunky platform shoes.

As the decade came to a close, the fashions we now so closely associate with the era began to lose

their staying power. Polyester garments were cast aside for a return to natural fibers. Women set aside their Day-Glo jumpsuits in exchange for tailored suits. Men replaced their loud, garish, wild-print shirts with muted earth tones and subtle patterns. Sky-high platform shoes were brought back down to earth in the form of comfortable flats. And all those millions of polyester leisure suits? Well, they were shuttled off to the Salvation Army, to await a time when, 30 years later, a new generation would rediscover disco, funk, and *That 70s Show*. 📺