

'Shooting Up' With Lou Reed

By MITCHELL SCHNEIDER

With the cunningness and ferocity of a carnivorous rock and roll animal, Lou Reed preys on his audience. In a tour de force performance, Lou Reed graced the stage at New Jersey's Capitol theatre and weaved unmistakable lyrics into a complex network of dense musical fibers.

Lou Reed gnaws at his audience, inserting sharp teeth, never once letting go. Wearing a clinging black muscle T-shirt, Lee jeans, and cowboy boots he resembles a 50's macho greaser a la Presley. But the turnaround is his bleached-blond hair and black painted nails.

He moves violently to the music, gyrating to every guitar screech. Arms extended over and back of his head, he evokes erotic male fantasies of a woman tied spread-eagle to a pair of bedposts. His stage presence is purely sexual and he performs intense choreographic variations in his unique brand of pelvis-rock.

Lou Reed is a true New York City living legend dating back to the mid-60's when he was lead singer and chief lyricist for the Velvet Underground. The Underground had a small, but devoted cult following and they prophesized and presented dimensions of decadence and social disease existing in the city.

Bursting into "Sweet Jane," an old Underground classic, Lou Reed talks his lyrics, forcefully grabbing onto the obviously phallic, microphone stand, almost devouring the voice piece. With a searing, energetic guitar lead pitted against the familiar chord progression, he moves his fingers eloquently to the lyrics, giving enormous amounts of personality and substance to the song.

The audience at the Capitol were predominantly New Jersey suburbanites who seemed to be haunted by Lou Reed's demonic omnipresence. It almost seemed as if it were a conspiracy by an underground organization and Lou Reed was their "packaged" artist who would hijack the media into bringing national

focus on a cult of sexual aberrations.

The bewildered crowd was then dragged into a labyrinth and raped mentally with sharp, jagged edges of tumultuous New York City insanity. Those in the audience who felt the need to upset the flow by shouting out requests were silenced by Lou Reed's blunt response of "fuck yourself."

Before launching into "Heroin," an old Underground masterpiece recorded



Lou Reed in Concert

recently on Lou Reed's Rock and Roll Animal album, he skillfully wrapped the microphone wire around his arm with vigorous amounts of tension. He is the quintessential rock and roll actor simulating an injection of urban disease.

Curling himself into a position resembling an embryo, he injects the destruction chemicals and all at once lurches out of his folded stance like the birth of a baby. The music builds into mountains of crescendos as he receives the monumental rushes from the drug.

The performance of "Heroin" is an electrifying art form as Lou Reed

portrays the physical and mental experience of the drug. His confusion, tension, and pastoral acquiescence to the concentrated sin is underscored by the band's complex syncopated rhythms with its brutal percussion and thunderous bass lines.

It took the commercially successful "Walk on the Wild Side" to spark the first

A Subway Hijacking?

By MARLENE PETLICK

If any of you out there take the Pelham Bay number six subway train regularly, you just might decide to find another way to get to your destination after seeing the new film, *The Taking of the Pelham One Two Three*. The plot is at first simple and chilling: three men, one an ex-officer in the British Army, another, a former motorman for the NY Transit Authority, and the third, a Mafia reject, hijack a subway train and hold nineteen passengers hostage for one million dollars ransom - in cash.

Armed with machine guns and with "absolutely no scruples about killing" the gang gives New York City exactly one hour to deliver the money; if the city doesn't comply, the hostages will be murdered. For every minute late they are in delivering the million, one passenger will be killed, promised the hijackers.

This sets up an unbelievable, nailbiting tension: will the city give the hijackers what they want? Can the city get it together (in the bills the hijackers demand) and have it delivered in the space of an hour?

In some truly funny scenes, the mayor is portrayed as a weak, ineffectual guy who virtually has his "three wisemen" (Deputy Mayor, Comptroller and Police Commissioner) make his decision for him about paying the ransom money.

"Think what you'll get in return for paying the money," his wife tells him. "What's that?" he asks. "Eighteen sure votes."

visible reaction in the audience who seemed to be under the hypnotic effects of Lou Reed.

Over the years Lou Reed has managed to survive the Hollywood-hype and movie star image other rock stars have succumbed to. Unsurpassed by others, Lou Reed remains the true cult star and is the genuine street prophet riding his lyrics to the heart of city decadence.

There are some excellent performances here, especially Walter Matthau's, as the tough and quick-thinking Transit Police Chief. Robert Shaw is the methodical, cold-blooded military man turned hijacker is totally convincing and appropriately hateful. If you haven't read the book or seen the movie yet, I won't tell you what his fate is.

Director Joseph Sargent captures the "feel" of New York well through the characters - a hooker, the drunk on the hijacked train who is sleeping through the entire hysteria, street people, patrolmen, upper East Siders, TA workers and politicians. The people involved (and a New York audience appreciates it in a special way) are shown as bumbling and apathetic in some ways, but highly efficient and caring in others. People here, used to every imaginable disaster, have the kind of sense of humor and jaded sophistication which sometimes surprises small-town tourists.

In the beginning of the film, when Robert Shaw takes out his machine gun and announces he is taking over the train and that no one is to move, the passengers all laugh.

Perhaps they think they are on Candid Camera, or that it's some publicity stunt. It's more than likely, though, that they can't imagine where the hell these guys think they can take the Pelham Bay train. Surely they couldn't be interested in safe passage to the Brooklyn Bridge?

All in all, the film well constructed, effective, thriller, one of the best of

City College of New York (CCNY)

October 18, 1974-OP-Par