Lou Reed - Bowie-fied
by Mark Astolfi — TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1972

Once upon a time, David Bowie dug Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground so much that he wrote and recorded a song in their style: it's called "Queen Bitch," on his highly dour, Not even was it exceptional musically, but it was the first above-ground gay-love-lost pop ballad. Now, a year or so later, Reed and Bowie have gotten together, and I hope those spotters who are waiting for Dave to be involved with a bad album so they can tout off their flash-in-the-pan theories aren't holding their breath. Good as the VU were, Lou has never sounded so good as he does on Transformer. Not only was it his last effort (or his first solo LP, depending on how you look at it), saying it was a slovenly, "There's just too many things wrong with it," I agree. It was a slovenly, seductively sardonic. Lou didn't like his latest, "Perfect Day" is gooey and maudlin but the genius of Lou Reed is his ability to transcend his basic punk boredom consciousness, "I'm so dead really," says he, Dave Bowie has harnessed, channeled, melded this searching boredom into one of the most enjoyable and killer (in a sublubey sweet way) albums of the year. Great artwork on the cover, too.

Baker, Fogart, and Appleseed
by Neal Vitale

That decade has just barely passed, yet already the 1960's are working their way into the rock of the 1970's. In 1972, verging on 1973, Jeff Beck is a prime example of this trend. Beck now leads a trio of Beck, Bogart, and Appice; he's teamed with ex-Vanilla Fudge, ex-Cactus trio of Beck, Bogart, and Appice; he's teamed with ex-Vanilla Fudge, ex-Cactus drummer, Cozy Powell, and Clive Chamen piano-work (he would prove the big problem in the Jeff Beck Group II), the massive rhythm section of Powell and Chamen, and long linear leadwork by Beck. The results closely resembled that of Beck's first band - with Rod Stewart, Ron Wood, Mick Waller and Nicky Hopkins. Yet rather band, despite the excellence of the earlier ones, and the dabling into Mottoswivel with Steve Cooper or the second, Beck was never happy. All along, he's wanted to work with Bogart and Appice - yet his now famous car crash between bands found those two going to Cactus in the meantime. Only recently has this imminent merger been finalized.

And now, Beck has had his chance to get into doing Motown right. He was always impressed with the Vanilla Fudge - the violence, the energy they incorporated into songs like "You Keep Me Hangin' On" and such. He felt the Swirls, and other bands of that ilk, just kept "rolling it off like toilet paper" - and got his chance to get in that vein and try his hand. In the past few months, Beck had a go with Stevie Wonder that proved to be an ill-advised, ill-arranged set-up. The two never got to transcend his basic punk boredom consciousness, "I'm so dead really," says he, Dave Bowie has harnessed, channeled, melded this searching boredom into one of the most enjoyable and killer (in a sublubey sweet way) albums of the year. Great artwork on the cover, too.

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Rapp - a pearl among swine
by Wanda Adams

I was fairly skeptical about going to see Tom Rapp and Pearl's Before Swine at the Club Zircon - a bar in Somerville where people converse raucously and get drunk and break things. I was worried about the pick-up members of the opposite sex. I just couldn't figure out why gentle-voiced, soft-spoken Tom Rapp would even want to play there, and I am still somewhat puzzled.

However, all factors considered, Pearl Before Swine were quite successful at the Zircon. As far as I can tell, a number of die-hard Swine fans were in attendance, which helped to keep the background noise to as minimum as could be expected at a bar.

And in this fellow Swine, consisting of Harry Oosop on acoustic and electric (Continued on page 4)