

Barbarella



● Jane Fonda in "Barbarella".

by David Schtazky

Betty Friedan should scratch out Roger Vadim's eyes. He's responsible for **BARBARELLA**, along with writer Terry (CANDY) Southern, and he doesn't think much of women.

In this film, adapted from the famous French space-fantasy comic strip of the same name, he gives new meaning to the line: "Do you smoke after sex?"

His heroine, a super-she living centuries from now, travels through space on a mission-impossible to capture an astronaut who has run off with a scientific goody of great value. The heroine is Barbarella, played by Jane Fonda, who puts body and soul, but especially body, into her somewhat satiric performance. The escaped earthling is Milo O'Shea, who starred in Joseph Strick's **ULYSSES**, (another "joyce" flick).

There's not much point in outlining the plot of **BARBARELLA**. It's basically a far-out wacky, colourful, comic witty, irreverent, surreal dig at space and the battle of the sexes.

If you ignore the symbolism, you will think its just silly. But if you see it in terms of Freud, the Bible, and all those other things we in University are supposed to be cognisant of, you'll laugh even when everyone is yawning (which happens now and then.)

The symbols are very funny (a blind angel; **THE TYRANT OF THE UNIVERSE**: a woman; women drinking "THE ESSENCE OF MAN", etc.) and the sets are bizarre and highly imaginative and colourful. One character, Professor Pim, is played by Marcel Marceau in a rare movie appearance and an even rarer speaking part. Apart from the fact that you see him in a different sort of role than his usual pantomime endeavour, he is disappointing.

The music is appropriate to the futuristic theme, and the skin in the spread that appeared in Playboy a while back is identical to the skin in the movie. So don't see this show if you're under 21. That should sell a few tickets, eh?

Jimi Hendrix

by John Dunne

I never thought I'd ever be questioning the divinity of Eric Clapton but after listening to the new Jimi Hendrix album **Electric Ladyland** about eight times, two questions arose in my mind: is Clapton or Hendrix God; and is "Wheels of Fire" or "Electric Ladyland" the Bible?

Hendrix seems to leapfrog, putting his foot down in the middle of a jump. His first record was a foot down (I don't even recall its title) on his leap to his second album. On his second leap he put his foot down and **Axis Bold as Love** came out, but the end of this jump produced **Electric Ladyland**.

Let us forgive him for his first and third downs and simply groove on his landings. And if **Are You Experienced** blew your mind **Electric Ladyland** will send you so high you'll never come back.

In **Electric Ladyland**, Hendrix's guitar soars and throbs as it has never done before. There is one especially fantastic track among the sixteen on this double album that really turns on, called "1983 . . . (A Merman I Should Turn To Be)" it is connected with another stunning track "Moon, Turn The Tides . . . gently gently away." These two pieces really incorporate almost a whole record side and are among the most beautiful things I have ever heard — with great guitar solos, drums, bass and a holy bit where Hendrix plays against and with Mike Finnigan's organ.

In this record there is also the organ playing of Stevie Winwood, formerly of The Spencer Davis Group, and a medley of other instruments including the horn, flute, piano. They all combine to make two beautiful records with electrifying lyrics.

Electric Ladyland is a must for anyone who likes Hendrix or grooved on **Wheels of Fire**, **Sgt. Peppers**, or who simply likes great music and would like to help me resolve whether Clapton or Hendrix is God.



● Janis Joplin of Big Brother and the Holding Company coming to O'Keefe Centre in November.

Janis Joplin

by October Revolutionary

Janis Joplin has become somewhat of a cult. Janis Joplin is, for those of you who have never listened to Tim Thomas (who?), the lead singer of a group entitled Big Brother and The Holding Company. They are the only group which ever rose to underground fame having been heard by less than 4% of the underground. The advance publicity was unprecedented.

As it turns out, Big Brother is a bore. He doesn't play his axe, he swings it at a song until he's chopped it to bits. He fancies himself as somewhat of a guitar stylist, and maybe he will be, as soon as he learns to play. No, I take that back. That's unfair. He can play, and can play well, although he is no Clapton. But rock music is becoming diversified and specialized; it is becoming precise; it is becoming art. All art requires two vital ingredients: talent and control. Big Brother has uncontrolled talent. He has, I am sure, exaggerated his ability in his own mind, and the most jarring result is their recent album **Cheap Thrills** which was so disappointing that their record producer wouldn't let his name go on the label. It's a shame, too, because I suspect that the Holding Company could have been a vital factor in this aspiration of rock music to art. As it is, they are splitting up, and Janis is looking for a new backup. She is even, at present, considering the remnants of the Paupers as a serious possibility.

And Janis Joplin is on her way up. Afficionados of the scene love her lacerated larynx. She is raw, she is gutsy, she is earthy, but she is also guilty. She is guilty in "micspect" of the same sin as Big Brother. Her voice is uncontrolled and insecure. Whereas Big Brother is a ham, however, the problem with Janis is that she is simply trying too hard. In recent interviews which I have read or heard with her, the sterling point comes through that she is searching for this control, and that she is unbelievably destined to find it.

Cheap Thrills is Janis' album. Big Brother's bravado is consistently put down by that raw, sensual, love-me-daddy-but-don't-tie-me-down blues voice belting out 'Turtle Blues', 'Summertime', and the new hit single 'Piece of My Heart'. Even the engineering of this album, which is both atrocious and inconsistent, cannot prevent her voice from adding a modicum of homogeneity thereto.

Big Brother and the Holding Company are destined to wealthy mediocrity. Janis Joplin is destined for success. But one word of warning. Miss Joplin, and I ask you to heed. In the immortal words of my cat, whose name is James Joyce and he ought to know, "What ever happened to Grace Slick?"