

JANIS IS GONE

by Michael Ferguson

Perhaps it began at Altamont. Perhaps it's true that we are indeed on a "death trip." Something strange is happening.

Death is a reality we live with constantly. Yet, when a person we love and make legendary passes away, it seems somehow unfair. We feel cheated and cannot believe that such a person can die.

Two weeks ago Jimi Hendrix died of what are now "undetermined causes."

Now, Janis Joplin, the Queen Bee of Rock and Roll, is dead at twenty-seven.

I find myself fighting sadness and pity. What is happening? Where are we going? What ^{are} we doing?

Janis Joplin was the first female rock Superstar. She first made it as a member of Big Brother and the Holding Company, one of the early San Francisco/Haight St. bands. At the height of their enormous popularity, she left the band, saying they no longer provided her with the musical atmosphere her singing required.

She formed a big, loud and brassy unit that she hoped would serve as a focus for her incredible, screaming vocal style.

After six months, Janis was on her own again, looking for something new to satisfy her.

A few months ago, she put together a new band, Full Tilt Boogie, a band that she loved and said she had been searching for since she discovered she could sing.

She was revitalized. There was a new interest, a new excitement about

ROCK

by

MICHAEL J. FERGUSON

Rocknroll: Contrary to popular rumor, The Who will not appear at Duke University in two weeks. Scheduled to appear, however, is the Guess Who (a far cry from The Who), offering countless renditions of their major opus, "American Woman." It's rather obvious, what with the similarity in names, how the mix-up occurred. On the brighter side, Poco, an offspring of Buffalo Springfield and an excellent country-rock band, will appear in the near future at Duke. No date is available yet. The Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young concert scheduled for Oct. 5 in Raleigh was cancelled due to Stills' current problems with the law. C, S, N & Y are expected to appear, but don't expect to see them for several months, probably March at the earliest. As we understand it, Donovan and his new group, Open Road, are booked to play at UNC (Chapel Hill) sometime this fall. Again, no confirmed date. If you care, Three Dog Night will be at Wake Oct. 17. We'll try to keep you posted on all this and hopefully we can separate the rumor from fact.

the music. A few appearances on the Dick Cavett show proved that this band was giving her something others couldn't. Her performances, even on the sterility of television, were sparked with the old tension and bite; her voice had that characteristic edge to it. Janis looked healthy, not drawn and haggard, not weary and jaded. She sounded beautiful.

Janis Joplin sang the Blues. She came out of Port Arthur, Texas, a true On The Road beatnik, but very nearly shattered by her experiences in that town. But she could sing, Lord she could wail. At the peak of her career, she was compared to her idol, Bessie Smith. (A few weeks before her death, in a gesture of love and respect, Janis bought a gravestone for Bessie's unmarked grave).

She put herself into every song she sang. She worked herself into a rage of misery, of ecstasy, and she always laid her feelings on the line. Every time I saw her perform, she tore herself apart on that stage. That was the way she was, the way she wanted it.

Janis Joplin is going home to Port Arthur, the town that drove her away.

A newly completed lp (with the band) is to be released shortly, along with a single, "Get It While You Can."

She was a real woman, arrogant and gutty and completely sexual. And she was a little girl, shy and scared and uncertain.

Janis Joplin is dead. She died every day. Every time she walked out on stage.

Why?

JEFFRIES-COSTELLOE

(cont from pg. 1)

Mr. Robert Costelloe will be teaching classes in three-dimensional work. He is a native of Dublin, Ireland, and has studied at the National College of Art, Dublin; the Accademia di Belli Arti in Rome; and was graduated with honors from the Central School of Arts and Design in London.

He has taught at the Notre Dame International High School in Rome, at the Free School of Art in Dublin, and at the Pocono Art Center in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Costelloe has exhibited in London, Dublin (both one-man shows) and in numerous major group shows throughout the British Isles. He was awarded the prize for the outstanding painter under 25 years of age at the Irish Exhibition of Living Art.

This week the local colleges and universities are showing the following films: WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY-(Tribble Hall) "The Old Fashioned Way" - 1934, USA with W.C.Fields. Sunday, Oct. 11, 8:30 p.m. "The Cameraman" - 1928, USA with Buster Keaton. Monday, Oct. 12, 8:00 p.m. NCSA-"Cry the Beloved Country." Sunday, Oct. 11, 8:30 p.m.

REVIEW: "ZORBA"

(cont. from pg. 3) by Mary Beth Zaboltny

deep booming voice was capable of penetrating Duke's acoustically poor auditorium. Though his dancing left something to be desired, his gestures and simple masculine presence on stage were excellent.

Vivian Blaine as Hortense was also quite effective. Her death scene was possibly the most believably touching part of the show.

Unfortunately, a number of technical difficulties may have kept the performance from reaching any sort of climax. The pace of the show seemed unbearably slow and the choreography, though interesting, was not clean and lacked energy throughout act one. Most of these things picked up remarkably in act two but by this time it was too late. The scenery still seemed to be moved with a great deal of difficulty and despite the fact that they had only one follow spot, it always managed to illuminate a stage-hand crossing to move scenery during a scene.

In short, "Zorba" had all the characteristics of an excellent musical still in rehearsal. If the dancing were cleaner, if the lights and scenery were used to enhance instead of detract, and if the general energy level had risen, then perhaps "Zorba" might have been an evening of vibrant musical theater. It was, instead, a somewhat entertaining disappointment.

THE CLUE

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by Alexander Marsh

It was but an hour later when a ruddy illuminescence shredded the dark, inert of the horizon. Rounded tips of the Kaatskills appeared, baptized in the sun's first appendages. The landscape grew in scope and the light progressed and the autumnstrewn countryside gleamed.

I passed into a thickly wooded section in which I knew my aunt's manor was located. The foliage, once a shimmering ceiling of scarlet flakes, soon deepened to an organic dusk. Large trees spread about me along the spiralling band of a road. Roots, like petrified snakes, made my automobile leap and groan. The oppressive darkness required headlights in which to drive.

But, as it came to pass, even the strong yellow beams emanating from my car would fail to penetrate the film of mystery surrounding my situation. A menacing bat flashed over the road ahead. An omen? Should I- could I- return to the bright bustle of The City? Too late! The moss-girded gateposts of my Auntie's old house approached, were left behind me. Thus, by my own innocent hands, I had conducted myself into a month of Evil and Nightmare!

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