

# IN REVIEW

# Amplifiers, lipstick tubes, and Joni

FOLK by Feiner

Joni Mitchell at le Hibou these next two weeks.

Sunny Joni. Standing up alone by herself on the stage alone by herself in the singer-songwriter scene, her Martin ringing out unamplified, drowning under eight million seven hundred and forty thousand two hundred and three watts of electric sound sold to date, shining water drop of simple love in the sands of soul and acid lyrics.

Story is told, Jimi Hendrix caught her act once, it later taking eight studio-men and nine million dollars to stop him burning his riot squad amplifiers and lipstick tubes and hush and screaming soul and becoming a monk.

Oh yes, Joni, like a breath of fresh air has come back in her summer short dress smil-

ing out from her yellow is the colour of my true love's hair, and it's always the first set spent looking at this angel before trying on her songs.

Get hold of yourself, ink, you are tougher than to lie down to this. It's all cream soda from five years ago that was a good place to get on and came out sounding just like the record on your guitar at the royal burger boosted only be metallic fi or picking scratches of your hand not yet trembling from the evil grip of poison marijuana.

And you outgrow it and proved it by laughing at Gord Lightfoot and putting away Ian and Sylvia. Straight, Uncool. Left behind as you passed through the Doors out of the weakening clutches of folk rock, the Fish Game replacing the six string hanging from your wall now splashed and stained with old acid and sticky residues of sugar cubes.

She would do this to you even with cotton in your ears, for her

lyrics are up the stairs. Delivered on the ringing of her open tuning stringing with the quality of singing of a choir boy, they draw water colour pictures in the air around her eyes.

They are her lyrics; she is their personification and actress. You can place her in the gentle scenes they create knowing she will not break the scenes. Nothing breaks all night, nothing crashes, she does not make the scenes, she golden smiles you through her creations and her face does what has to be explained.

Joni has blossomed at the Hibou the first flower of the year. She will give you a candle for the dark flood of stormy examinations coming cold and fast. She will rise inside the east end of your acid blown head and give a brief relief of clean before you sink down in the black hole of soul of Jimi Hendrix and the Cream.

Do yourself the favour of her flavour.



Joni - smiles, songs and summertime