

Journal and Courier, Mon., Jan. 19, 1976

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## Living & Leisure

# Joni plays the bard

She came to sing and they came to listen, savoring each syllable, each word, each song.

She held them in the palm of one slight hand as her nimble fingers ran lightly over the strings of her guitar, or rippled the keys of the piano.

Joni Mitchell was the bard at Sunday evening's concert in the Elliott Hall of Music, weaving a tapestry of word pictures with the threads of emotion — sadness, love, loneliness, joy.

Her essence was like quicksilver — contemplative or jaunty as she sauntered across the stage, hands in pockets, yet always sensitive to the karma of the audience.

"How's your mood, would you like to hear another down and easy?" she asks, then nods quickly, barely pausing for breath as a chorus of 'We love you Joni' echoes sporadically throughout the hall.

Her voice sweet, yet strong; sultry, then reaching for the heights, a perfectly tuned instrument, passes soothingly over the crowd. Across the aisle a young man, lulled by the music, nods quietly, a bemused expression on his face.

Her gift to Purdue is a song just beginning; "I may have to repeat a verse from time to time," she says, appologizing for the 'fragments', yet still willing to share.

The audience cheers its approval.

They came to listen; she came to sing.

— D. E. BURCAL



JONI MITCHELL

Staff photo by Dave Snodgrass

**TUESDAY  
SPECIAL**