

FOLK FLOWERS

Song To A Seagull, Joni Mitchell

(Warner Bros.—Reprise 6293)

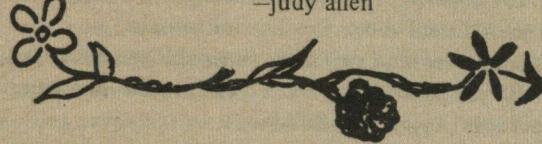
Some day I shall be very beautiful and have long, long wisps of blond, blond hair like Joni Mitchell
I shall wear a coat of flowers and glide through the plaster halls of tenement castles... nodding to Donovan as we pass
I shall walk by the sea and watch the seabirds above

I shall play my guitar and sing soft and sweet
I shall be nice on key, Baez with no cause, and write songs with beautiful words
"There's oil on the puddles in taffeta patterns
That run down the drain
In colored arrangements
That Michael will change with a stick that he found"

"We have a rocking chair
Someone is always there
Rocking rhythms while they're waiting"

But when I'm beautiful and tall and have long, long wisps of blond, blond hair like Joni Mitchell
And when I write those songs with beautiful words
I shall sing them not so softly and not so sweetly
Like Dylan I'll punctuate and enunciate
You will love every word
For I shall have the mind of a dark haired woman

—judy allen



Wildflowers, Judy Collins (Electra, EKS 74012)

Judy Collins' new album, *Wildflowers* is a young album, joyful or so full of joy that it is sadness. She seems to be in love, or to have been in love. Not with just a person, but with the world, through or because of that person.

Judy has always, with folk music or any material she chose to record (I think she must pick her own songs) used words in two ways: first to convey meaning in the finest sense of a singer's phrasing and then to create tuneful poetry. She caresses each word and phrase as if it would stand alone. In *Wildflowers* with the superb help of Joshua Rifkin arranging and conducting and of Leonard Cohen/Joni Mitchell/Judy Collins songs, she is at her best.

In the lovely "Albatross" the flute work is so nice that I would have liked some credits. "Michael of Mountains" she must know personally. How else could she have spoken of him so.

The tunes are a little hard to hum so the effect stands up under chemicals beautifully. It is difficult to say that for most female vocal efforts.

In short, the album is thoughtfully put together, well done by everybody and I hope it will be around a long time.

—s. b.

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photo by bill fibben

Another r'n'r concert in Atlanta Saturday night, featuring the Mandrake Memorial from Philadelphia, the Young Rascals and, of course, a QXI jock, Pat Hughes this time. The crowd—mostly white high school and college straights—was polite and calm the entire evening. They came to hear "Groovin'" and "People Got to Be Free," and that's all their being there meant . . .

First the Memorial. The guys seemed nervous. Their first two numbers were somewhat uncoordinated, the vocals slightly off key. But for the rest of the set they were heavy. Their music was richly textured and subtly constructed, somewhat unfunky, but that's no putdown. The harpsichordist had a great sound, with riffs running from Baroque breaks into Jimmy Smith organ licks. The lead guitarist was strange, because you couldn't hear him except on solos. Careful listening, however, revealed that he was "filling in"—not so much with discernable notes as with tonalities. It was great to watch him put down his guitar to sit at a metal box and play live electronic sound, adding textures to the rest of the music as he did with his guitar riffs. The drummer played two bass drums, about 6 tom toms and many, many cymbals, all tuned differently. Instrumentally, the Mandrake Memorial was beautifully together, a nice taste of creative music.

Pat came on between acts and said Sorry, Bird people, but FCC regulations forbid QXI from playing the Mothers because they use "dirty words." Poor QXI. They really want to play all these good people, but, well, the Government you know. Bullshit Pat, bullshit QXI, bullshit

AM radio. We would not ask you to take chances. If you have ever heard the Mothers (as you no doubt do every night at home, radio off), you know that the majority of their lyrics contain no "dirty words" by any man's standards. Where are the "dirty words" in Plastic People, Brown Shoes, Brain Police, Help I'm a Rock, Call Any Vegetable, America Drinks, What's the Ugliest Part of Your Body, etc. . . . ? Ever heard any of these, QXI boys?

But it's not just the Mothers we want to hear: It's Jimi Hendrix, The Doors, Cream, Country Joe and the Fish, Big Pink—all of which you play, you say, but only one cut from each and all on the Top 40 charts. Soft Shit.

Back to the show and the Young Rascals, in their first Atlanta appearance. Should be a packed house, but it isn't. Maybe word leaked out in advance . . .

The Rascals, four in all, are pretty jive. For 45 minutes we heard all the jive tunes they immortalized. Then for the last 8-10 minutes the boys freaked—in a very structured and melodic manner of course. Not once did we get off on their act.

Later we spoke to their organ player, who laid down some shit about how the underground and the Establishment should get together and how the Rascals were playing what they felt was the TRUTH but they can't play far out like they really want to because of the large black audience (a dozen black people were in this audience) they would lose (and maybe their recording contract too. . . .)

So we wait for the Cream and, hopefully, some real music.

—linda & bill fibben

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