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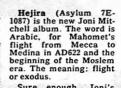
(e Joni's again fleeing down re that lonely highway

new notes

By MIKE DALY and PAUL SPEELMAN

LIKE some latter-day Greta Garbo, the face of Joni Mitchell stares out from the album cover. her imperious face framed under a dark fur beret and long, blonde hair swept aside, falling across a fur-caped shoulder.

And superimposed below her is that recur-rent lonely two-lane highway. stretching into the distance



Sure enough, Joni's suffering from the old fidgety feet again. Still travelling on from one relationship to the next. But despite her contin-



uing lack of a distinctive melody this is a much better album than her last. The hissing of sum-mer lawns, reviewed al-most exactly a year ago.

Her songs are once more inner-directed, as opposed to the objective cynicism of "hissing", and there is a return to the warmth of her earlier work.

These days most of Joni's songs sound the same: the words sepa-rate them. However, there are some very dis-tinctive tracks among the nine new offerings.

Amelia is inspired by famed U.S. woman avia-tion pioneer Amelia Ear-hart and boasts some hart and boasts some more of Joni's effective road imagery:

"I pulled into the Cactus Tree Motel

To shower off my dust, And I slept on the strange pillows of my wanderlust.

wanderlust. I dreamed of 747s Over geometric frames. Dreams, Amelia, dreams and false alarms."

Furry sings the blues describes her visit to an-cient bluesman Furry Lewis, in Memphis, Ten-nessee — home of the blues. Joni's vocals are enhanced by the plain-tive harmonica of old friend Neil Young, and by the wonderfully ex-pressive electric bass of Jaco Pastorius. Jaco Pastorius.

Jaco, currently with Weather Report, almost plays lead on all his four tracks on Joni's album. His tone and style is much like German bas-sist Eberhard Weber, but more fluent but more fluent.

The third track we'd select would be Blue Motel Room, for its slow blues feel and Joni's welchange of vocal style.

Hejira, a far from memorable album, is a welcome return to the old Joni Mitchell of the old Joni Mitchell of the strong, warm lyrics and a move further away from the Tom Scott in-fluence (Although he does pipe up on one track, Refuge of the rmade) roads).

AVALANCHE is a solid. professional Australian group with a record of group with a record of the same name (Bootleg BLA 059) that does'nt appear to be charting. We don't know why, ex-cept that his is the silly, schmaltz season and the wrong time to-launch a solid rock group agen on solid rock group, even on the oat-tails of a \$50,000 U.S. record deal.

The four musos have all paid their dues (as they say) and perhaps that's the trouble. The punks may have edged out for the momemt, but Ayalanche could well be anlther another sleeper

THERE'S little doubt that, musically and vis-ually, Queen is one of the most exciting bands around.

We say that without reservation, even if it did take until the next day for our ears to pop after one night at the opera with this British ourstet quartet.

But that is probably the only criticism the ex-cessive volume played absolute havoc with their fine instrumental and vocal harmonics.

There's no such criti-There's no such criti-cism after spending A Day At The Races (Elektra 6E 101) – Freddie Mercury, Brian May, Roger Taylor and John Deacon, as hosts, are as impeccable at the races as they were at the opera opera.

And who could fail to And who could fail to have a good day (or night) guided by the theatrical vocals of Freddie Mercury or the explosive lead guitar breaks of Brian May?

This pair's provers is aptly demonstrated in the hit single Somebody to Love, a little opus which almost emulates the operatic flair of Bo-hemian Rhapsody.

If Queen have a prob-lem, it is the brilliamce of Mercury — after all, it is his touch (as a com-poser or vocalist) which



provides the highlights: You Take My Breath Away, The Millionaire Waltz, Somebody to Love and Good Old-Fashioned Lover Boy.

Probably the only challenge to Mercury's dominance is May's Teo Torriatte (Let US Cling Together), a gentle little Japanese sing-song that can't fail to charm. can't fail to charm.

But while they stay together. let's say once again. Hail to His Maj-esty Freddie and his Queen.

AND while talking about the Queen, the Goodies (of TV fame) provide a royal treat on their first, self-titled album (Island Records L36134).

Endorsed with a little "unsuitable for chil-dren" tag, the album has run into some censor trouble, not because of naughty words but mainly because of its subject matter.

All right, it does poke fun at the Royals (Eliza-beth Rules — UK) and it does take the wind out of certain sails. But it explodes a mil-lion musical cliches and manages to entertain at the same time. So all we can do is to

quote the chorus from The Policeman's Opera and say. "Hello, Hello, Hello" to the Goodies and their brand of humor.

Joni Mitchell, as she appears on the album cover. The record is a welcome return to the old Joni Mitchell

of warm, strong lyrics.



