Fantasy has a way of coloring and shaping people's aspirations, and the real danger of widespread, frequent viewing of pornographic and quasi-pornographic materials is probably not degeneracy but ennui. One recalls Jack Nicholson's character in Geraldo's Knowledge, who after half a lifetime spent in pursuit of an ephemeral sex goddess, finally becomes impotent.

But if you're willing to chance that, Loving and Laughing provides a passable two hours of entertainment, if you don't mind paying three dollars a head for a good B movie.

Technically, this low budget Canadian production is up to Hollywood standards, with excellent sound and color. The camerawork is nothing spectacular, but uniformly competent. Director John Sone and writer Martin Boonstein have pirated gags and styles from several sources including Mack Sennett comedies and Clint Eastwood westerns. (Even the music, which makes humorous use of rinky-tink pianos, harmonicas, tubas and the like, shifts into a parody of "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" when the hippies come into town and the residents lock up their wives and children.)

The acting is generally wooden, though considering the deadpan nature of some of the scenes, not obnoxiously so. Alone among the cast of unknowns, Julie Wildman stands out as Joanie, the athletically inclined tomboy daughter whose seduction Lucien with an exercise band.

As far as I can tell, the two sexes are about equally nude and exploited in the film. Homosexuals may find the stereotypes caricatures offensive. Like many (if not most) skin flicks, the movie ends rather weekly, and the trailer theme, an ode to the joy of loving and laughing, has a nauseatingly insipid lyric. To avoid the insult to your intelligence, as well as the exit crowd, try leaving at the start of the closing scene. You'll recognize it by the presence of the cabin cruiser on the Queen Elizabeth Highway.

Joni Mitchell, from page 7

people. In the air, the quiet excitement of the audience mixed with the palpable tension of the backstage area. Joni is a very gentle, almost naive, person, and her road entourage tries to shelter her as much as possible, from the exploitive types rampant in rock. The stage area was thus sturdy bare, empty except for Don Law, David Geffen, and a few others. In the audience, the ushering crew was working particularly diligently in keeping the front of the stage and the orchestra pit devoid of bodies, as well as hampering photographers for some unclear reason.

But Joni Mitchell commands total attention once on stage; her presence is somewhat magical. It's interesting to note that while her voice isn't that good, nor is her musicianship on dulcimer, guitar, and piano, her songs come off as little short of perfect. She realizes the limitations of her normally thin, high-pitched voice (compounded by a cold, on Monday) and of her instrumental work and balances them by accentuating her strong points. Her vocals become lilting, soaring tonal stands.

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