

foreword

In the early 1970s I used to carry a sketchbook around with me everywhere I went. I drew with colored pens. Once when I was sketching my audience in Central Park, they had to drag me onto the stage. After a while I had quite a collection of drawings. The drawings were becoming more important to me than the music at that time.

Christmas rolled around in 1971; all my friends were kind of nouveau riche, so buying Christmas presents was going to be really difficult. I had put the drawings into a ring binder accompanied by hand-written lyrics. Elliot Roberts, my manager, and David Geffen, my agent, took my binder of drawings and lyrics and had a limited edition of books made up, which I called “The Christmas Book,” and I was able to give them out for presents that year. People really liked them.

Years ago there was a fire north of Malibu. Henry Lewy, my engineer, and his wife, Nadine, lived there, and I drove over to see them to make sure they were okay. They had packed up a lot of their belongings in bags, and the bags were standing in the hallway of their house. As I walked in, I saw my Christmas book on top of one of the bags. I couldn’t believe that was one of the things they were saving.

It’s been a long time coming in making this book public, but we’re publishing it now. Work is meant to be seen, or heard, as the case may be. It’s always exciting to launch your work into the world.

– Joni Mitchell, May 2019



This collection of poems
And songs
And drawings
Is for myself
And for my friends and loves
Who are in this book.

The first poem
I wrote under the hairdryer
Preparing a beehive
For a snow-queen contest
After reading "Silver Screen"
And "Movie Mirror."
The beehive was crusted
With silver sparkle dust
And professional spray net
Since I now stood six-foot-two
On my three inch spikes
The Ooif was a target in the turns
For everyone under five-ten
With short arms -
It developed awful itches I couldn't get at -
But it looked so far out on Sandra Dee...
Well I knew you can't really knock something
Till you know it - inside and out - all sides
And I'd find that then, when you understand it
It's hard to knock it
You just feel it - laugh or cry.

Merry Christmas
and
Happy Hollywood
Jon Mitchell