



circular

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"I left my horn home,"
says Captain Beefheart.
"If I had it here
I'd be playing it,
and we'd be making
another of those
albums people don't buy."

The Tenderized Beefheart of Clear Spot

Some scenes are purely beyond imagining.

E.g., me squatting on the floor of a large broom closet at Amigo Studios in North Hollywood, interviewing Captain Beefheart interviewing Leonard Brown interviewing Don Van Vliet.

"Let me," I had said for openers, "turn you on to eucalyptus buttons." Handing him three or four from my pocket. It was my trip. For maybe five seconds.

Don Van Vliet knew personally, had cared for and nurtured, a giant eucalyptus in the western San Fernando Valley. He wrote the address down carefully so that I could visit and admire his big friend. (P.S.: My car was broken then, and by the time it was fixed, I'd lost the slip of his notebook paper. But he wants me to see that tree, hence it'll happen. I have faith in natural things, i.e., Captain Beefheart and eucalyptus trees.)

We went on to talk about:

dolphins, "When I see a dolphin, I know it's just as smart as I am. Sometimes I'd rather be thought of as a dolphin than as a human being."

automobiles, "I've been wanting a Datsun 240Z . . ." (A sports car. He subsequently bought a new Corvette, and having thitherto eschewed credit buying, found himself deep in the arcane easy-payment maze, where imperfect strangers may challenge the integrity of, even, poets and painters. Certainly a watershed experience for the automobile financing profession.)

gravity, "It's the worst whip in the world . . ." (How we turned that up is because I ventured a question about the spiritual beatings a

creative child experiences. I'm still mulling his answer, gravity having always seemed to me to be marvelously efficient, except perhaps when your kite string breaks or you slip on the stairs.)

feces, "I'm not the type to look in the toilet. English toilets have a place where you can look before it goes on down . . ." (I'm to blame for *this* one, having offered a vividly literal interpretation of catharsis in comparing attitudes toward the product of one's art. One flushed and went on to the next project. Don added, "Looking back, you can run on into someone in front of you, and that's not fair." True and decent enough I suppose, were there likely to be someone ahead of D.V.V.)

deer, "They are beautiful. They fly on the ground."

school, "I didn't go to school because it would have put an impediment in my palate." (His *painter's* palette, I think. Yes, that would be his meaning.)

identity, "You know what? I don't think of myself as being an artist or a poet. But I am constantly apprehended for things I say that seem to be elliptical, and things like that . . ."

Of course there is a question of context, but to each subject as it appeared before us the Captain addressed himself with an intent and epigrammatic courtesy, reminding me of the ardor and concentration of a self-taught tennis player of innate talent and conspicuous eccentricity.

There were several contexts, the primary one being the beginning of a new and stimulating friendship—for I felt this happening at once—if such human relationships may



be said to have begun at a finite signal.

The practical context, the reason for my being there and his excuse to break away from his recording session to talk with me, was my assignment to see what was happening with his new album, *Clear Spot*.

The subtler context, that of the ideas which flowed in our conversation, had as its principle motifs Don's almost religious respect for nature, his indignation at human presumptuousness, and his refusal to be indifferent to the plight of other living creatures. And while most people see and evaluate as two separate, sequential processes, Don perceives directly in an act of moral scrutiny—something as young children are apt to do, before experience erodes the circuit between sight and conscience—in Don Van Vliet, experience appears to fortify that circuit.

He spoke of forms of intelligence other than human.

"I live up at Eureka, among the big trees, and I tell you, those things are really saying something. You gotta work to hear what they're saying. They're great. But the eucalyptus is so far my favorite. They brought them over from Australia for lumber, but when they grew here they curved, and there was no way they could be used for lumber. I think maybe they threw a curve on the lumber companies. And I think that's heavy."

Presently I realized that we had talked of nearly everything but the Captain's work in progress, and I had to take a firmer tack if only to justify my professional presence.

I had already heard a scrap of a gentle, pretty song called "Too

"I have a very unusual voice. I have seven octaves. I have a way of going from a high note completely down to the bottom. I'll almost go to sleep to get that low note."

Much Time." And a couple of titles: "My Heart Is My Only House Unless It Rains," and "Nowadays A Woman's Gotta Hit a Man." Considerable excitement and an unmistakable disharmonic of anxiety centered on the sessions, from which a new Captain Beefheart was expected to emerge.

And what does it mean, a "new" Captain Beefheart? Not until much later did I hear the whole album, so that I could begin to understand the declensions of Beefhearts, old and new, then and now. The present differences are imposing, and may cause "old" Beefheart fanatics to suffer brief flashes of vertigo. Lady back-up singers. Orchestral arrangements filling interstices around the Magic Band. All the artifices of the "produced" album.

The missing Beefheart saxophones and bass clarinet:

"I left my horn home. I'm like an alcoholic about my horn. If I had it here I'd be playing it, and we'd be making another of those albums people don't buy."

But the Beefheart voice is ubiquitous, singing, growling and uttering mystifying incantations. (The album concludes with an enigmatic *vale*: "Webcor, Webcor...")

"I have a very unusual voice. I have seven octaves. I have a way of going from a high note completely down to the bottom. I can just completely relax, and I'll almost go to sleep to get that low note, but not so asleep that I don't have the blood there."

And the Magic Band is appropriately magical. No heavy hand descended to oppress, no cautious finger waved to admonish.

The Beefheart *feel* and sub-



The Making of Clear Spot

stance are merely made translucent, without dilution of the statement.

Clear Spot is lyrical Beefheart, possibly tenderized beefheart. Inviting and, to stretch the point, digestible.

So it is still Captain Beefheart, still the Magic Band, still the mystic minstrelsy of self-styled amateurs, in the best meaning of the word: "One who cultivates any study or art or other activity for personal pleasure . . ." This accurately describes the members of the Magic Band. Don says of his henchmen: "Zoot Horn Rollo started playing guitar on *Trout Mask Replica*, and Rockette Morton first played bass on the same album." Together, in his words, "they are the baddest trio in the world."

To elucidate a little, lead guitarist Bill Harkleroad, aka Zoot Horn Rollo, and guitarist Mark Boston, aka Rockette Morton (who also plays bass guitar, though not on *Clear Spot*), and drummer Artie Tripp, aka Ed Marimba, have, in the course of roughly three years, managed to attain musical standards which Don Van Vliet, aka Captain Beefheart, will discuss only in superlatives.

To this "baddest" of trios, a new member, Roy Estrada, aka Oréjon, had been added as bassist.

One more bit of background, before we return to our other contexts. Don envisioned *Clear Spot* as a gleaming disc of clear vinyl, very possibly to symbolize the clarity which he and Templeman had labored to achieve in the Captain's latest work. However, tests on clear sample platters revealed insurmountable obstacles—a nasty tendency to pick up other colors

in smudges and flecks, which spoiled the pristine brilliance of the crystal plastic; an even nastier tendency to go gooey and stick to its sleeve at temperatures which might reasonably be anticipated during shipment.

An extravagant series of experiments compromised with the Captain's original concept; and the customary black record will be visible through a clear vinyl liner—strikingly unique, even for an absolute, one-of-a-kind artist. (I suspect that DJs will be grateful. How easy for a clear disc to vanish in a cluttered control room; how difficult to squint for the

cut to be aired.)

Now about those dangling contexts.

The matrix of all that Don Van Vliet says expresses aspects of identity, oblique or head-on, statements of who he is, with or without cross-referencing.

Since he *is* a poet and a painter among these identities, I asked him about his painting. For instance, what are his views on form in painting?

"I've been told to think about it that way. And I have tried, but it always slips out . . . I think I'd rather send you one, because I sure don't know how to talk about

it. To be really truthful, I can expound about poetry, but the thing is that there's no way—you know that as well as I do, man."

He added, "I have painted with my wife, who is a painter, both of us painting on the same picture, and I enjoy that. It's great, because you can't do it all anyway."

What about color?

"I love black and white. I really do, but then that gives people a chance to put their own color into it. Lets them use their own imagination."

There's a strong, however shifting, certainty to these identifica-

Captain Beefheart M

"Everybody gets an oil well in L.A. whether they want one or not." Apropos of nothing, these were among the very first words uttered by Captain Beefheart as he traded quips with Wolfman Jack, gravel-voiced disc jockey for radio station KRLA in Pasadena.

The interview was arranged with an eye towards promoting the Captain's new album, *Clear Spot*. Wolfman understandably led off with a question about the record, asking Beefheart when he wrote it. "Going from Harvard to Yale," was the inscrutable reply.

"You're teasing me," Wolfman observed.

"I wrote it on the move," Beefheart continued. "I wrote it in about an hour."

The interview then left the subject of the album; Wolfman had other things on his mind. "Where do you get your craziness?"

"I lived in the high desert for

many years," Beefheart replied.

"And I think that some of the atomic power out there seeped through or something."

"Is that true?"

"It's quite possible. I don't know. It might have happened," was the Captain's cautious answer.

Beefheart expounded about his origin: "I came from the La Brea tar pits originally."

"Really?" exclaimed an incredulous Wolfman. "Did they dig you out or did you come out by yourself?"

"They couldn't dig it," Beefheart explained, "That's why it took me so long to come out like I am on this record."

After playing a cut from the record for illustration, and commenting effusively about its merits, Wolfman asked the Captain about his favorite horror movies, a sort of hobby of Wolfman's. He seemed pleased when



Beefheart Board—Pictured here is the Captain good Captain alas missed. For those of you re drawing of the tiger is mostly green. Pinch hi famed *Circular* columnist Dr. Demento, who w approaching anticipation as the shroud dropp

tions. In the hour or so we spent together, I do not think he ever departed from this positive mode of expression. For every *no* he would find an encouraging *yes*.

"I was born in Glendale," he told me. "They *call* it Glendale, but there wasn't much of a dale or a glen left when I was born there." And he went on to speak glowingly of his present Northern California home country.

Trying to steer our discussion back to his music and the new album, I went out on a limb, and of course he followed. I asked, "They have described what you do as dada rock. Well?"

"That's ridiculous, man," he said. "I mean, I never cut my hair off on one side, or anything like that. I'm not really interested in either disevening things up or in evening things up." He grinned. "That was a quick one, wasn't it?"

It was. So I asked him straight out: What *about* his new album?

And here is what he said:

"I'd like to take about six weeks off and lay down and drink the water a little bit slower. I've looked for these people—Ted Templeman [his producer] and Don Landee [his engineer]—for seven years. That's how long I've been in the music business. And I've looked

for someone like Ted for seven years. And the engineer is fantastic as well, I mean, I can't believe it! I think that this fellow is equally as underrated as I have been, not that I was looking for any rating or anything like that, but the thing is that I did have something to say and I felt that people should hear it. Very few did. They are hearing it more since I have been with Warner Bros. They're helping out."

There is no beginning and no middle and no end to a conversation of this nature.

One last sample:

Don Van Vliet: "First you have to love animals before you love

people."

LB: "I can't make that differentiation because people *are* animals. Don't you think?"

DVV: "Of course they are. The idea of them thinking they aren't, even the idea of that being something to think about is even more preposterous . . ."

Presently there was an end to talk. Don wanted his "baddest" trio to jam for me, and Ted Templeman gave his assent.

It was like family fun, the way they played and enjoyed each other. Captain Beefheart, on the sidelines, had a lingering impulse to break something just to contribute a token of his excitement, but the notion itself was enough to sustain him. And he beamed with pride on his Magic Band.

—Leonard Brown

eets the Wolfman



Beefheart Billboard, whose unveiling the *Circular* in black and white, the artist as emcee for the missing artist was shipped the ruly crowd into a state ed from the commercial canvas.

Beefheart replied that *Brainiac* and *Devil Bat's Daughter* were his faves.

"When you get up in the morning," Wolfman waxed philosophically, "Do you like it to be a pretty purple color, or do you like the orange colors better in the sky?"

"I like to get a big hypodermic needle and take out some of the color," was Beefheart's monochromatic wish.

"How do you do that?" Wolfman asked from the limits of his imagination. "Do you have a needle you can do that with?"

"Huge" Beefheart assented. "I just take out whatever area I don't want."

"You just zap it out just like that?"

"Sure."

This line of questioning stalled, Wolfman tried to steer the conversation to things literary, only to discover that the Captain

didn't read.

"I haven't read a book in my life," said Beefheart.

"You just don't like to read?"

"I really don't. Once in a while I ride by a billboard and I read it, but I can't help it."

Captain Beefheart is not content with just reading billboards. A few days after the interview it was to be his honor to unveil a billboard of his artwork, right across from the tar pits he loves.

The record biz cat pack was on hand at an al fresco bash honoring the great man of arts' *Clear Spot* release.

Tall fences around the pits foiled practical jokers and a pleasant time was had by all.

Unfortunately, Beefheart arrived too late for the unveiling and the party, but he pronounced the twilight display—across the street from the Los Angeles County Museum of Art—quite acceptable. ■

Inspirational Verse



Do you remember when we met
That's the day I knew you were
my pet

— Phil Phillips
"Sea of Love"

At Last! An Album That Sleeps on the Sofa!

In some quarters of the music business, Captain Beefheart has long been regarded as too luminous to mention, like a crazy second cousin who sweeps in from out of town and can't be held responsible for what he says and does.

That reputation is changing, but it was never deserved. From *Safe as Milk* to the present, the man has been a solid hitter, producing music that punched out a space for itself with persuasive melodies and abundant wit. On *Clear Spot*, he has worked his magic in a new direction alongside the old. Mixed with those ever-entrancing future rock excursions are earthly tunes of graceful incandescent loveliness, a relaxed and stretched-out sounding of his steady pulse. If *Trout Mask Replica* (for example) was Captain Beefheart categorically laying it down so that it stayed down, *Clear Spot* finds him surveying his handiwork and smiling. This is music that drops in for the afternoon and winds up staying all week, seeming always to have lived here, welcome for both its charm and its repertoire of salty stories.

Snap and Growl

Which is not to say that the snap and growl of previous Beefheart records are missing here. The title tune, "Clear Spot," is liberally laced with underscum from the nasty side of the swamp, and finds the Magic Band as rowdy and rumbling as ever. There is enough bump and shuffle on "Crazy Little Thing" and "Low Yo Yo Stuough" to delight anyone who ever wore a copy of *Strictly Personal* down to the backbeat; and new mapping of

earth and space on "Sun Zoom Spark" and "Golden Birdies" in the worthy tradition of *Trout Mask* and *Lick My Decals Off, Baby*.

Remember the Ronettes?

But the biggest reward of *Clear Spot* is hearing Beefheart at leisure, doing business with love and quiet dreams. "Too Much Time" is your gorgeous radio ballad with impeccable production, informed by the persistent vision of a sincerely loving man. It is moving without syrup and brisk without slickness. First horns on a Beefheart record. Girl singers. Remember the Ronettes?

But for my money (I assume you're betting with your own), the sweetest single moment is "My Head Is My Only House Unless It Rains," the kind of torch that shapes a single pure tone in the air around you when you listen. The warm, even-paced serenity of the music is topped off by the bite in Beefheart's voice and the stunning clarity of the Magic Band's accompaniment. That group is no less incredible than ever in its virtuosity, as if Sun Ra had lain down with Gary Lewis and the Playboys in the presence of John Lee Hooker.

Custody

We in America have funny ground rules for our artists. "Sure you can get divorced from reality," we tell them, "but see that you get custody of the images. And keep in touch. Let us know what you feel." What Captain Beefheart feels—loneliness, love, and cheer—is now a matter of record. Play it twice. If you haven't missed your exit, you'll feel it too.

—Charlie Haas

Dots and Dashes

Jethro Tull's newest single, "Living in the Past," was reported as being "home" in last week's Singles Meeting. "Home" means that it is a bonafide hit and here are the adjectives to prove it: Kal Rudman called it "red hot," Bob Hamilton pegged it as a "will be hit."

Leaping Bearded Lightfoots

Old Dan's Records, Gordon's latest on Reprise, was selected as a National Breakout LP in *Billboard* last week. The money-changers are enjoying heavy reorders for this album from Los Angeles, Dallas, Philadelphia and Boston. Below is an up-to-date photo of GL, thoughtfully supplied by Al Mair. It's lucky he sent



it because Gordon has had that beard for 18 months now while *Circular* has been running photo-after-peach-cheeked-photo . . .

From a Ref Dub to a DJ Copy

Assistant Promotion Overseer Bob Greenberg posed an interesting problem for the technically-minded last week at the Gathering of 45s. He personally delivered a ref dub of "Don't Burn Me" by Paul Kelly to Kal Rudman, who immediately termed it "an R&B hit from Warner Bros." It now seems that everyone who has received their DJ copies of this same single is saying that it's not the same

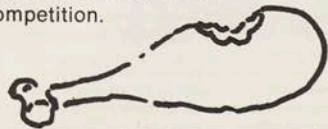
song. They claim it is "running slower and sounds different." Needless to say the Production Department personnel are at this very minute smacking their foreheads in confusion . . .

Cracking the Promo Jargon

Week after week, Dots and Dashes listens to a cryptic accounting of each LP's success/status quo/failure on the open market, a code which has remained uncrackable since the beginning of time, mostly because no one ever asked. It goes something like this: "The Section. 13,500 in and 25,084 out." Producer Andy Wickham, dazed by a first exposure to this litany last week, gave D&D a veritable Rosetta Stone by requesting a few more verbs and nouns amid the figures, prepositions and conjunctions, which additions provided the following Typical Secret Message: 13,500 copies of the Section's LP now reside in various WB branches around the nation and 25,084 copies are out in the record stores . . . ■

Circular Gets Off

★ The staff of turkeys who regularly produce *Circular* each week plans to hide out over the Thanksgiving holidays for obvious reasons. Hence, no Nov. 27 issue. Subscribers are urged to divert their energies to a study of the most recent Warner/Reprise catalog, the green and yellowish edition dated October. Stiff competition.



Jethro Tull Contest Concludes

Way back in October—the 16th to be exact—*Circular* proffered some 36 ridiculously hard questions about Jethro Tull, promising eventual answers and prizes, both of which are here now.

First the winners, who numbered five in all: first place was awarded to Jim Parrett of Ottawa, Ontario; next four placers were (in order) Dennis Dyrhoff of Norristown, Pa.; Kevin Pugliano of Canastota, N.Y.; Steve Ciano of Brooklyn, N.Y., and the team of Thomas Frederiksen and Stephen Caruana, both of Hoboken, N.J. They won assorted albums too numerous to detail.

And now the answers, set in conveniently inscrutable transistorized type.

1. Jethro Tull (1674-1741) was an agronomist and agriculturist (2 points). He invented an improved seed drill and the horse-drawn cultivator (3 points) and he wrote *Horse-Hoeing Husbandry* and/or *New Horse Hough Husbandry* (same book? Maybe, anyway, 5 points; total, 10 points).

2. The first band was called "Blades" (4 points). Members—Ian Anderson (guitar), John Evan (drums) and Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond (bass) (1 point for each answer; total, 6 points). "Blades" (the club "M" used to frequent) was chosen to cash in on the James Bond fad (5 points; total, 15 points).

3. Two changes—Jeffrey's parents forced him to quit and he was replaced by Glen Cornick (3 points). Also, John Evan switched to organ (2 points; total, 5 points).

4. "Blades" expanded to seven members and became the "John Evan Blues Band" (5 points). Tull members who served apprenticeships were Ian Anderson, John Evan, Glen Cornick, Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond and Barriemore Barlow (1 point each; total, 10 points).

5. A demo record was recorded for and subsequently refused by MGM records. Eat your heart out Mike Curb!!! (Total, 5 points).

6. Anderson and Cornick (total, 5 points).

7. Mick Abrahams and Clive Bunker join Anderson and Cornick (4 points) and Jethro Tull is formed Christmas week, 1967 (3 points; total, 7 points).

8. Anderson found a yellow plastic lampshade (4 points) which he began to wear on his head on stage (bookings picked up). Also, he began to play flute on a couple of numbers (1 point; total, 5 points).

9. Tull paid dues at the Marquee in London (2 points). First big concert was at the National Jazz and Blues Festival (3 points). After an appearance at the Sunbury Jazz and Blues Festival (3 points), Reprise and our fab raves were mated (total, 8 points).



10. Mick Abrahams was the spoilsport (total, 3 points).

11. None other than Martin Lancelot Barre (total, 3 points).

12. Tull was picked to perform on the *Rolling Stones' Rock and Roll Circus* (2 points) but . . . no guitarist. So, a guitarist from Black Sabbath was borrowed (2 points) and he and the rest of the band mimed while Ian Anderson played live (2 points). Unfortunately, due to the subsequent death of Brian Jones, the show was never aired (2 points; total, 8 points).

13. Poor Ian . . . an ulcer for his efforts (total, 5 points).

14. Jethro Tull performed on the *Switched-on Symphony* special (3 points). Working with Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra (2 points each; total, 4 points), Tull performed "Bouree" (3 points; total, 10 points).

15. Mick Abrahams left Tull and formed *Blodwyn Pig* (1 point) and, later on, the *Mick Abrahams Band* (1 point). Glen

Cornick formed *Wild Turkey* (1 point). Clive Bunker and ex-Procol Harum guitarist extraordinaire Robin Trower have formed a band called *Jude*, which is now in rehearsal in London (3 points; total, 6 points).

16. John Evan quit London University (2 points) and his studies in pharmaceutical chemistry which is, as Ian puts it, "all about drugs" (3 points; total, 5 points).

17. Ian Anderson married pretty Jennie Franks (3 points), a secretary in the publishing department of *Chrysalis* (3 points). Jennie Anderson wrote the words to "Aqualung" (1 point; total, 7 points).

18. Martin Barre, who else? (Total, 2 points).

19. The songs and their albums: "A Song for Jeffrey," *This Was*; "Jeffrey Goes to Leicester Square," *Stand Up*; and "For Michael Collins, Jeffrey and Me," *Benefit* (total, 5 points).

20. Terry Ellis, Chris Wright's partner in *Chrysalis*, co-produced all six Jethro Tull

albums, including *Living in the Past* (total, 3 points).

21. David Palmer arranged and conducted the orchestral passages on Jethro Tull albums, past and present (total, 3 points).

22. Jimmy Grashow, a noted New York graphic artist (3 points), created the woodcut which covered the *Stand Up* album (two points; total, 5 points).

23. The one and only "Mac" Mac Kenzie (2 points) is JT's premier soundman (3 points; total, 5 points).

24. Julia Fealey, a 14-year-old nymph deluxe, is a schoolchum of Gerald Bostock. The young poetess accuses Gerald of being the father of her expected child (total, 4 points).

25. Ian, on the back cover, is wearing the number 39 (total, 3 points).

26. Professor Pangloss was the "Old Master of Philosophy" in Voltaire's *Candide* (total, 5 points).

27. "Bouree," from the album *Stand Up*, originated at the hand of Johann Sebastian Bach. Shame, shame, Ian! (Total, 5 points).

28. Poor Ian! On close inspection, it is noticeable that Mr. Anderson has two thumbs and nine (count 'em NINE) fingers! Which means there is one extra (no foolin'), and it's on his left hand (total, 5 points).

29. Believe-it-or-not-Ripley, *Thick as a Brick* was the first Numero Uno on the American charts (3 points). In England, it was *Stand Up* (2 points; total, 5 points).

30. Gerald "Little Milton" Bostock (total, 3 points).

31. On the back cover of *Benefit*, the song "A Time for Everything" is listed with a question mark tagged on the end. On the record label there is no question mark (total, 5 points).

32. "God" (I beg your pardon . . .) appears a total of two times on the record label, seven times on the back cover, eight times on the lyric sheet and, finally, eight times in the music itself. Total number of times, 25 (total, 8 points—you can be liberal in allocating the points).

33. Burton Silverman painted the exquisite works that are the cover, back cover and inside fold of *Aqualung* (total, 5 points).

34. A non-rabbit is an animal thought to be the source of a possible cure for cancer in chimpanzees and rodents (total, 3 points).

35. A flutist is Herbie Mann or Charles Lloyd, or Roland Kirk or et cetera. A flautist is Ian Anderson. If you can't tell the difference, subtract 50 points from your score. Actually, this is a preposterous question to relieve your frustrations on (total, 5 points).

36. The five albums are *This Was*, *Stand Up*, *Benefit*, *Aqualung* and *Thick as a Brick* (total, 5 points). ■

Doctor Demento

Goat farming, the vocation so colorfully celebrated by Norman Greenbaum on his new Reprise album, *Petaluma*, was the subject of last week's question, in which we inquired after the name of another part-time recording artist, recently deceased, who preceded Norman in this down-to-earth occupation.

That was no less a man than Carl Sandburg, whose goat farm near Flat Rock, N.C., provided (like Norman's) the title for one of his albums, *Flat Rock Ballads* (Columbia).

Sandburg, of course, was also noted for his biography of Abraham Lincoln, and for poems about Chicago ("Hog butcher for the world"), fog ("The fog comes on little cat feet"), grass ("I am the grass; I cover all") and many other subjects.

You can read all about Bob Dylan's visit to Carl's goat farm on pages 165-66 of Anthony Scaduto's *Bob Dylan—An Intimate Biography*.

Question for Next Week

Bob Dylan, of course, is a pseudonym for Robert Zimmerman. Pseudonyms, of course, are nothing new in showbiz; wasn't William Shakespeare a pseudonym for Francis Bacon?

We all know, of course, about Bobby Darin and Bobby Vee, because both of these gentlemen have recently seen fit to return to their original monickers, at least briefly, in their search for the ultimate in authenticity.

And then there's good ol' Richard Starkey!

Here are the names, real and



pseudo, of eight mighty music men of the past and present; for the WB/Reprise single catalog album of your choice, you know what to do before anybody else does. (P.S. Is the present a pseudonym for the past?)

1. Robert Byrd
2. Robert Brown
3. Jimmy Drake
4. Don Van Vliet
5. Marion Slaughter
6. J. P. Richardson
7. Chester Burnett
8. McKinley Morganfield

- A. Big Bopper
- B. Captain Beefheart
- C. Professor Longhair
- D. Muddy Waters
- E. Nervous Norvus
- F. Washboard Sam
- G. Vernon Dalhart
- H. Howlin' Wolf

The winner of Dr. Demento's three-weeks-ago contest (Brotherly Matching Quiz: 1-D, 2-C, 3-A, 4-E, 5-H, 6-G, 7-B, 8-F) is Ruth Hathorne of Kansas City, Kansas, who requested *Year of Sunday* by Seals and Crofts.

Each week the good doctor poses a music lore question whose answer is the focus of his subsequent column. The

earliest reply to his question (mailed to Dr. Demento, c/o *Circular*, Warner Bros. Records, 4000 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Calif. 91505) wins any single Warner/Reprise catalog album (please specify choice). Answers will be geographically pro-rated on the basis of two days per time zone, ties will be judged on the basis of penmanship, wit and lucidity. ■

Artist Itineraries

Colorado

Ry Cooder
11/29-12/1, Tulagi's, Boulder

Connecticut

Bonnie Raitt
12/1, Wesleyan Univ., Hartford
12/2, Yale Univ., New Haven

Delaware

John Sebastian
12/3, Univ. of Delaware, Newark

Georgia

Doobie Brothers
11/27, Univ. of Georgia, Athens
Wet Willie
11/29-12/5, Fox Theatre, Atlanta

Hawaii

Malo
12/1, Maui
12/3, HIC Auditorium, Honolulu

Indiana

Deep Purple
12/2, Coliseum, Indianapolis
Fleetwood Mac
12/2, Coliseum, Indianapolis
Dick Heckstall-Smith
12/2, Coliseum, Indianapolis
Peter Yarrow
12/2, Indiana Univ., Bloomington

Iowa

Deep Purple
12/1, Veterans Memorial Aud., Des Moines
Fleetwood Mac
12/1, Veterans Memorial Aud., Des Moines
Dick Heckstall-Smith
12/1, Veterans Memorial Aud., Des Moines

Kansas

Deep Purple
11/29, Memorial Hall, Kansas City
Seals & Crofts
12/1, Cowtown Ballroom, Kansas City

Louisiana

Doobie Brothers
11/28, Southeastern State Univ., Hammond

Massachusetts

Bonnie Raitt
12/3, Brandeis Univ., Waltham
The Section
12/3, Music Hall, Boston
James Taylor
12/3, Music Hall, Boston

Michigan

Seals & Crofts
11/29, Ford Theatre, Detroit

Minnesota

Deep Purple
12/3, Metropolitan Sports Center, Minneapolis
Fleetwood Mac
12/3, Metropolitan Sports Center, Minneapolis
Dick Heckstall-Smith
12/3, Metropolitan Sports Center, Minneapolis

New Hampshire

Martin Mull
12/1, Univ. of New Hampshire, Durham

Oklahoma

Doobie Brothers
12/2, Assembly Center, Tulsa

Texas

Doobie Brothers
11/29, Municipal Coliseum, Lubbock
12/1, County Coliseum, El Paso

Virginia

The Section
12/1, William & Mary College, Williamsburg
James Taylor
12/1, William & Mary College, Williamsburg

West Virginia

Fanny
12/2, Wheeling College, Wheeling

Canada

Gordon Lightfoot
12/1-2, National Arts Center, Ottawa, Ont.
12/3, Arena, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.