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circu^lar

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THE TALL TAPE BOX STORY

Warner/Reprise is currently embarked on a fascinating test program of new 8-track tape cartridge merchandising, which you would know about already if you read the music trade papers like you're supposed to.

The tape boxes, designed by a happy little elf in the W/R art department, are long, slender, gorgeous packages made out of cardboard, artfully concealing the ugly plastic tape cartridge inside.

The first ten tall tape albums are Jethro Tull's "Stand Up;" Arlo Guthrie's "Alice's Restaurant;" Dean Martin's "I Take a Lot of Pride in What I Am;" Kenny Rogers and the

First Edition's "Ruby Don't Take Your Love to Town;" "The Sinatra Family Wish You a Merry Christmas;" "Easy Rider" soundtrack; "Jimi Hendrix Experience Smash Hits;" Joni Mitchell's "Clouds;" Peter, Paul and Mary's "Peter, Paul and Mommy;" and "The Association's Greatest Hits."

This striking innovation in tape marketing and display will allow tapes to be displayed in regular browser boxes instead of those forbidding shelves and will prevent pilfering because most pockets aren't big enough to hold our big tall boxes.

And the boxes are pretty, too.



Frank Zappa

Zappa Bribes Critics

For the second year in a row Frank Zappa was voted Pop Musician of the Year by Jazz and Pop Magazine's International Critics Poll.

Zappa's Mothers of Invention placed third in the Top Twenty Pop Albums and Pop Group category with their album, "Uncle Meat."

This disgusting display of bad taste and critical corruption is merely one more crassly commercial Zappa trick, another prank designed to make us think he's a serious musician. International Critics, indeed — what do *they* know?

The irony, the poetic justice, is that the Mothers of Invention no longer perform as a

group, as you would already know if you read Circular. However, our spies report that Zappa and a few friends, if indeed he has any, have been skulking around a Los Angeles rock club of ill repute, making noises and occasionally making music. Even Captain Beefheart, another weirdo on Zappa's Straight Records, skulks there.

Could this mean a comeback for the Mothers?

Don't count on it, unless you hear that Eric Clapton is joining them on lead guitar. In which case, we venture to guess, the resulting group might be dubbed "Sons of the Blind Creamcheese Mothers."

Don't say we didn't warn you.

JOLLY HOLIDAY RELEASES

Warner/Reprise celebrates this gala holiday season with two terribly unique musical offerings. From Warners: a three-sided single from Peter, Paul and Mary which includes "Christmas Dinner," "The Marvelous Toy," and "All Through the Night," all on one small black vinyl circle. From Reprise: "The Sinatra Family Wish You a Merry Christmas," an album which features tracks by the individual and collective Sinatras, with their own special version of "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

In addition to such blockbusting firsts, two Sinatra singles will bring joy to the yuletide — Frank's is called "Whatever Happened to Christmas?" and Nancy's is "It's Such a Lonely Time of Year."

Meanwhile, the Dean Martin and Don Ho Christmas albums continue their joyous ascent up the seasonal sales charts.

Merry Christmas indeed!

Liberace! Ooooooh!

Smilin' Joe Smith, jovial and beloved leader of Warner Bros. Records, was ever so pleased to announce the signing of Liberace. Liberace himself paid the home office a visit, for which occasion he wore a conservative paisley daytime suit without sequins. Both Liberace and Joe wore big smiles.

It was a dazzling moment, a dentist's dream, and another Warner Bros. coup. Liberace assured us that he will bring forth an album early in 1970.

"JET PLANE" LANDING MILLION?

Peter, Paul and Mary's hit single, "Leaving on a Jet Plane," is hovering near the magical million-seller mark. Warner Bros. people breathlessly await another gold disc for PPM while the trio's manager, Albert Grossman (who is secretly the Quaker Oats man), paid a rare visit to the Burbank office where he beamed with pride and benign dignity.

"Leaving on a Jet Plane," as most of us smarties already know, was culled from "Album 1700," a PPM best-seller of a year or so ago, an album which also spawned the hit single, "I Dig Rock and Roll Music."



KINKS KRONIKLE

Reprise spared no expense, time or effort to show the four Kinks a wowie rave-up time during their all-too-brief visit to Tinseltown (highlighted by a four-day performance at the world-famous Whisky A Go Go). Pictured here are just a few of the exciting moments enjoyed by the Kinks, captured on film for posterity and the Circular file.

Local Under Assistant West Coast Promo Man Russ Shaw (top left, far right) congratulates Ray Davies (songwriter and leader of Kinks) in front of the Music Hall, a world famous landmark and habitue of the Beautiful People, after which Russ took them by the Kinks' billboard (below), on world-famous Sunset Blvd.



A pleasantly intimate party for the Kinks at the Factory resulted in these candid shots of Ray Davies hobnobbing with the Greats of Our Time; Bill Drake (top right), who does something for a chain of radio stations; Mo Ostin, Reprise pixie mogul (center, with beard) — Man in background is Count Ullia della Ferraglio, an accountant; teen idol Harry Klee (above, right) with Mo again — man in background is Prince Rupert Volnupechki, a dentist; KRLA disc jockeys Johnny Darren and Johnny Hayes (below, center) and Miss Priscilla Plunge, former Miss Galaxy of 1962.



BARBIE BURBANK'S BAG

Did you hear about it? I mean, do you KNOW? **Noel Redding** got married! Isn't that simply divine? Isn't that absolutely unbelievable? He married a Danish girl. How quaint. Noel, as all of you know, was the skinny kid with the frizzy hair to the right of the drummer in the **Jimi Hendrix Experience** . . .

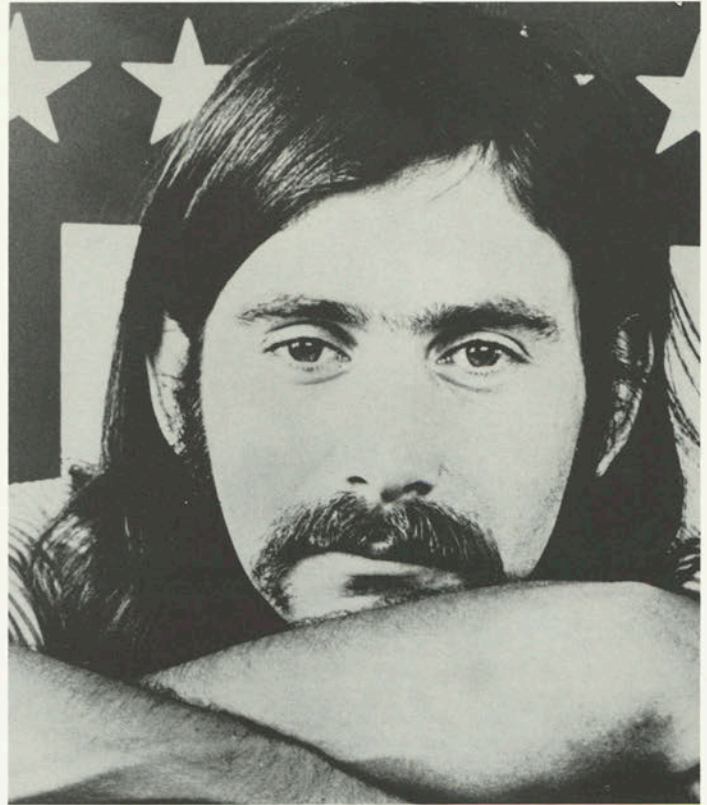
And speaking of **Jimi**, he called the other night from Hudson's Bay, Canada, all excited about his birthday present to himself — a leopard skin coat. Well, I certainly told him: What with only six leopards alive in the world (outside of zoos) it's just terrible to encourage leopard coat makers. I mean, wouldn't he feel awful if the poor animals became extinct? I told him he could make amends to the leopards of the world by giving up the coat — to me. It would make a lovely replacement for my boa of condor feathers.

Darling **Joni Mitchell**, such a sensitive girl, has announced her retirement from public performing for a while so she'll have time to rest and write, but before she retires she'll do a concert at a nun's convention in Canada (where she's vacationing). I didn't know nuns had conventions. Do you suppose they have parades, like the Shriners?

Crazy **Doug Kershaw** certainly tore up the Troubadour here in Los Angeles. He was a wild man, simply wild; at one point I thought the dear boy would demolish the stage, but he didn't, he just demolished the audience. He wore black velvet and satin and white ruffles and fiddled a lot.

The week after Doug, **Ruthann Friedman** opened at the same Troubadour (goodness, I'm getting to be a fixture there!). Ruthann wore brown velvet and told me (after the show) that she had just finished two weeks at the Factory where the women wore strapless satin gowns and talked loudly about monkey hormones, but one of her fondest dreams came true there — she sat on a piano and sang, just like Polly Bergen/Helen Morgan. Now, that may sound perfectly charming, but I really can't imagine wholesomely sexy Ruthann perched on a red velvet cushion singing "Peaceable Kingdom" to a bunch of strapless gowns. It's so **incongruous**.

Jerry Garcia, the marvelous guitarist — guru with the **Grateful Dead**, (cuddly doll that he is), called me from glamorous Novato, Calif. to lament the fact that the Dead were not able to play at the Rolling Stones free concert Up North. The whole thing was an incredible hassle, with traffic backed up for miles and miles, a terrible sound system and the Hells Angels on a violence vendetta. The glorious Grateful Dead never made it on stage, more's the pity.



That's **Norman Greenbaum** up there, peering out with slightly mournful eyes, but then the picture was taken several months ago. Today Norman is quietly content, living on 13 acres of bucolic beauty near Petaluma, California. He lives with two lovely blondes — his wife Vicki and their daughter Sarah — and assorted horses, dogs, cats, and chickens.

It wasn't always so peaceful for Norman; originally from Boston, where nothing much happened to him, he moved to Los Angeles and became, with the aid of three others, Dr. West's Medicine Show and Junk Band, a group that painted their faces, performed in front of a freaky light show, and had a hit record called "The Eggplant That Ate Chicago." The group broke up but Norman didn't. He met producer Erik Jacobsen, who lured Norman Up North and who recorded Norman's first solo album. The album is called "Spirits in the Sky," as is the title song which is also Norman's latest single, a truly fine record, as discovered by a few discerning program directors smart enough to play it on their radio stations.

EMPLOYEE PERFORMANCE APPRAISAL

This Performance Appraisal came to us from WSRN, Swarthmore College's radio station. It was devised late one night while the discontented student radicals who run things there were listening to Wild Man Fisher's album; plans are now under way to include this appraisal in the Warner/Reprise Employee Evaluation Program, a system instituted and supervised by Wild Man Fisher.

Performance Factors	Far Exceeds Job Requirements	Exceeds Job Requirements	Meets Job Requirements	Needs Some Improvement	Does Not Meet Minimum Requirements
Timeliness	Faster than a speeding bullet	As fast as a speeding bullet	Not quite as fast as a speeding bullet	Would you believe a slow bullet	Wounds self with bullet when attempting to shoot
Initiative	More powerful than a locomotive	More powerful than a bull elephant	More powerful than a bull	Shoots the bull	Smells like a bull
Quality	Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound	Must take running start to leap over tall buildings	Can leap over short buildings only	Crashes into building when attempting to leap over	Cannot recognize buildings at all
Adaptability	Walks on water consistently	Walks on water in emergencies	Washes with water	Drinks water	Passes water in emergencies
Communication	Talks with God	Talks with the angels	Talks to himself	Argues with himself	Loses these arguments



Photo by Jim Marshall

Lightfoot Joins Warner Bros.

Smilin' Joe Smith, respected chieftain of venerable Warner Bros. Records, recently announced (in his expressive baritone) that Gordon Lightfoot (above) has signed with the label.

Lightfoot, one of the few remaining blond Indians from Canada, holds a special place in the halcyon lexicon of folk music, acclaimed most everywhere as a masterful songwriter, singer and guitarist. His fine songs have been recorded by just about every folkie there is, and he's a revered culture hero in Canada. Deservedly so.

Smilin' Joe tell us Gordon's first Warners album will reach our eager ears in January.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE PUBLISHER OF CIRCULAR

Christmas, as someone wise once said, always comes this time of the year. It seems as if every Christmas we are deluged with a lot of messages telling us to put Christ back into Christmas, urging us into the spirit of brotherhood, and suggesting that it is better to give than to receive. In the wake of these printed reminders, many of us often forget the main reason for this king among holidays: material acquisition. There are, of course, some other seasonal benefits, such as the one-upmanship you can achieve with Christmas cards to people you dislike and the garish ways you can decorate your yard to get even with your neighbors, but basically this is a holiday to grab what you can.

Suggestions to achieve this are a bit late by now, but they bear repetition for next year. Do your shopping in novelty stores, where you can find a plethora of gold-plated objects of indeterminate function. Often you can get rhinestones embedded for a very low price, adding considerably to the apparent costliness of your gift. You can make arrangements at some stores to "inadvertently" wrap a price tag with the present. It is also advisable to suggest to the recipient that your present can be opened before Christmas (allowing the person to get you another present if the first was insufficient). When opening your presents, always remember to save the boxes so you can exchange them more easily.

These few hints should make your Christmas a profitable one.

William Randolph Burbank
Beloved Publisher of Circular

ARTIST ITINERARY Dec.12 through Dec. 26

CALIFORNIA

Grateful Dead, 12/13, Swing Auditorium,
San Bernardino

COLORADO

First Edition, 12/21, Vale Village Inn, Vale

ILLINOIS

Crosby, Stills, Nash & **Young**, 12/13, Chicago
Auditorium, Chicago

LOUISIANA

Fats Domino, 12/1 – 12/20, Al Hirt's Club, New
Orleans

MICHIGAN

Crosby, Stills, Nash & **Young**, 12/14, Masonic, Detroit
First Edition, 12/15 – 12/20, The Moon, Detroit
Fleetwood Mac, 12/19, Palladium, Birmingham
Fleetwood Mac, 12/20, Silver Bell Ski Lodge, Pontiac

NEVADA

Watts 103rd St. Band, 11/15 – 12/15, International
Hotel, Las Vegas

NEW YORK

Turley Richards, 12/12, Broome Tech. College,
Binghamton
Dion, 12/19 – 12/20, Fillmore East, New York City
Turley Richards, 12/20 – 12/21, Felt Forum,
Madison Sq. Garden

OHIO

First Edition, 12/8 – 12/13, The Bedroom, Columbus
Crosby, Stills, Nash & **Young**, 12/12, Cleveland
Public Auditorium

PENNSYLVANIA

Turley Richards, 12/18, California State College, Calif.

TEXAS

Jethro Tull, 12/12, Municipal Auditorium,
San Antonio
Fleetwood Mac, 12/12, Municipal Auditorium, San
Antonio
Jethro Tull, 12/13, Municipal Auditorium, Austin
Fleetwood Mac, 12/13, Municipal Auditorium, Austin
Crosby, Stills, Nash & **Young**, 12/18, Univ. of
Houston, Houston

Apologia

The last issue of this excellent publication featured a sensitive and poetic Thanksgiving message from Circular's grizzled publisher, but the Circular staff, infiltrated by Communist hippies, left the publisher's name off the article. The fools. My name is William Randolph Burbank, and those pinko saboteurs better not forget it again.

WANTED: Quiet, obedient, seen-but-not-heard child, about five years old, boy or girl, for key position in the Warner/Reprise Creative Services Department. Chief function: lowering the average age of the Creative Services staff, now nervously close to thirty.