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# circular

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**POLKA-ROCK TO DOMINATE 70's?**

See Predictions on page 7

## CIRCULAR'S FIRST ANNUAL AWARDS FOR GROOVINESS AND OUT-OF-SIGHTNESS

**Circular**, fervently wishing to give credit where credit is due and having not quite enough copy to fill up this monstrous super-nifty special holiday/year's end edition, is all too delighted to present for your consideration, amusement, and edification its first annual **CIRCULAR AWARDS FOR GROOVINESS AND OUT-OF-SIGHTNESS**, in this particular case, as you've no doubt already guessed, for that bumper year of 1969. (Award-winners will receive, our skin-flint treasurer permitting, colorful little plastic discs—circular, get it?—bearing no inscription whatever.)



THE BELA LUGOSI AWARD FOR THE MOST FRIGHTENING COLD STARE OF THE YEAR goes to handsome Neil Young (above), alternately a member of Neil Young W/ Crazy Horse and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young and the Topanga Canyon American Legion, who has been known to frighten impressionable youngsters out of up to three years' of growth with that wanton glare he fixes on folks between songs.



Mo Before



Mo After

The recipient of this year's **WILL SARTORIAL/TONSORIAL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?** award is none other than Reprise general manager Mo Ostin, who took his mind off the untimely and depressing unfashionability of his sharp 1968 Nehru outfit by growing a vaguely Lennon-esque crop of whiskers. Finishing a very close second in this category is Creative Services Dept. Editorial Director H. Halverstadt, who late in the year began sporting a rakish British bombardier's moustache. Coming in a distant third is comely Barbie Burbank, whose acorn-brown tresses threatened in the late-summer months to reach down to her very ankles.



Frank Sinatra wins this year's **MAHATMA GANDHI MEMORIAL BENEVOLENCE AWARD** for slugging so few nosy newsmen, or newsy nose-men, as the case may be.

1969's coveted **JEAN SHRIMPTON AWARD FOR MOST COVER APPEARANCES AND GENERAL EXPOSURE TO THE SWINE-LIKE PUBLIC** is being rushed via drunken carrier-pigeon to glamorous Arlo Guthrie (left), whose appearance on a recent **Newsweek** cover cut that magazine's subscriber-ship virtually in half.

The **WALT WHITMAN AWARD FOR POETRY** and **GRETA GARBO SOLITUDE AWARD** both go to Rod McKuen, who in 1969 continued to be "a loner," at the same time remaining America's foremost poet.

Devil-may-care man-about-town T. Tim wins 1969's **HEAVIEST STRINGED INSTRUMENT VIRTUOSO AWARD** over runners-up Jerry Garcia, Jimi Hendrix, and Bonnie Prudden on the strength of his truly captivating ukelele work on his **Little Friends** album.

The **ROLAND KIRK AWARD FOR FLAUTISTS** this year goes to zany Ian Anderson, who claims, apparently suspecting that we were all born yesterday, that the handsome Jethro attracts few if any groupies.

**MOST INTERESTING TRIVIA OF THE YEAR** award goes to laughing Bob Garcia, the publicity mogul for a rival record company, for unearthing the intriguing fact that that poor blond science student-interviewer in the Bob Dylan documentary **Don't Look Back** is today none other than Jethro Tull manager Terry Ellis, who is rumored to have choreographed all those insane Ian Anderson cavortings.

This year's **WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN AWARD FOR SOUL-SEARING RHETORIC AND STUPEFYING ELOQUENCE** goes to sharp-dressing Joel Friedman (below), whose unforgettable **Feel The Tomatoes** address to Warner-Reprise's cuddly distributors at last year's convention literally brought the house down.

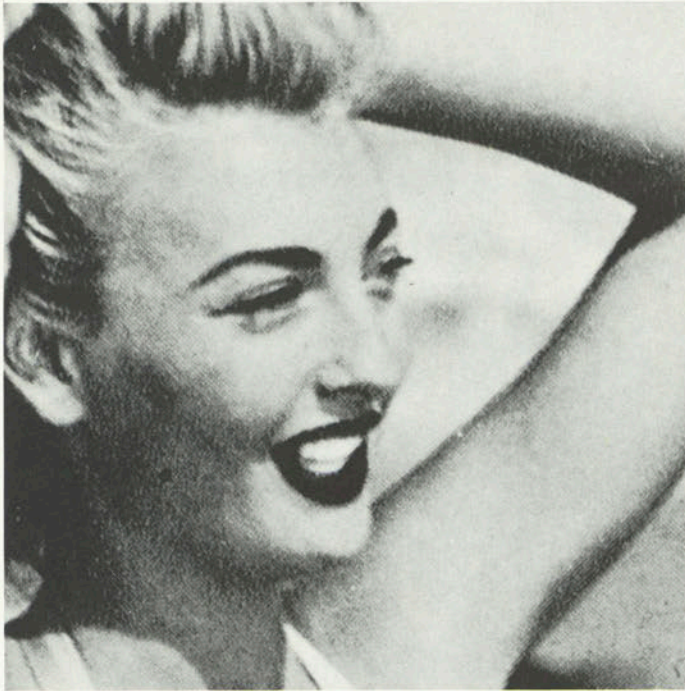


Our own hot-selling Association (above) win this year's **PINK FLOYD AWARD FOR FAR-OUT PROGRESSIVE UNDERGROUNDNESS** on the strength of their amazing **The Association** album.



## CURVY MISS CIRCULAR GETS AROUND....

Miss Circular for 1970 is none other than the ever-popular, ever-luscious, ever-ready Barbie Burbank, who writes almost as good as she looks in this candid shot, snapped as she rested from the exertions of a grunion hunt on scenic Parris Island, one of her favorite weekend "haunts." This decade's Miss Circular lists grunion as one of her favorite foods, and many is the night when her cozy sunken apartment is redolent with the scent of small boiling animals. Another favorite activity: taxidermy. "At first," confesses our flaxen sweetheart, "I was just as squeamish as the normal man on the street, but soon you forget any qualms you might have as you realize what marvelous gifts you can make your friends and relatives."



As much as she enjoys her writing activities for Circular, Barbie is no stay-at-home closet intellectual, as you might guess from the lack of pallor exhibited in this fascinating close-up of her upper thoracic region, an area once described by Playboy as 36 ("I treasure all my reviews," moans Miss Circular). As might be guessed by her high-placed connection with a record company, her musical tastes are wide-ranging, but she evinces a particular preference for what she calls "folk-rock." Her favorite artists? "Led Zeppelin and Wild Man Fischer, not in that order," she quips.



Miss Circular's sporty swimsuit (an exclusive Henri de Minneapolis design) sets a new style for the 70's with its utility—it doubles as underwear. With this provocative pose, Barbie demonstrates an exercise she learned from the "Kama Shilpa," which has enabled

her to shed pounds of ugly fat and has done wonders for her social life. A constant reader (which is true of so many of our fine writers), Barbie lists her favorite authors as Krafft-Ebing ("I just love the ring of his name") and Rodney Bingenheimer.



**Miss Circular for 1970: Barbie Burbank**

# 1969 WAS DEFINITELY A YEAR

1969, as those of us fortunate enough to have attained legal age during or before it will remember with a fond smirk, was the last year of what various historians and chroniclers will refer to in retrospect as the 1960's. And, goodness gracious!, what an almost unbearably memorable year it was, having been chock-full of simply unforgettable events and occurrences.



The Kinks (above), four years absent from America due to a quite strained relationship with the local magicians' union, toured this country and alternately delighted and revolted the tens of thousands who swarmed out to see them. Their snubbing of New York super-duper-groupie Jenny Dean aside, the high-point of their visit was being introduced to lovely Tina Sinatra, who seems destined to attract a following even more fanatical than her sister Nancy's.



Warner Bros. flung its vinyl hat into the politico-rock ring early in 1969 with Los Angeles' legendary Mayor Yorty. A hurried call from middle-winger Joe Smith on the paisley Warners hot-line to City Hall sent Yorth humming into the studio, where we see him recording a single (above). But, forever loath to take unnecessary chances, Reprise never released the single, after a steely look at sales figures for Decca's "Freedom's Finest Hour" by California Gov. Ronald Reagan and Capitol's late but nonetheless great Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen.



David Blue (above), exemplifying all that was good in the year's much-discussed back-to-the-roots movement, changed his name back to S. David Cohen. S.D.C.'s roots turned out to be in Nashville, of all places, where he recorded an album simply-but-eloquently entitled **Me.**



Joni Mitchell (above) painted a pretty self-portrait, got lots of mail she never saw from adoring G.I.'s in Vietnam, let her bangs grow out, and became popular far beyond anyone's wildest expectations, as did Jethro Tull, who are led by a weird, almost scary, bearded chap name of Ian Anderson (not above) who delights in making vile references to the shape of his flute.

Mo Ostin and Joe Smith, stars of stage, screen and the Mo & Jo Convention Show and the general managers of Reprise and Warner Bros., continued to sign just about everyone, their notable acquisitions ranging from Wayne Newton and Liberace to Pearls Before Swine, the Masked Marauders, Dion, Doug Kershaw, the Fifth Avenue Band and Ruthann Friedman. It is perhaps worth noting that none of these acts contains former members of either the Yardbirds or the Blues Project (though we did accidentally sign a group with some ex-John Mayall people). Such perennial favorites as the Aliis, Jacques Brel, Buddy Cole, Dino, Desi & Billy, George Greeley, Tom Lehrer, Miss Pat Collins, Bonnie Prudden and the Fabulous Echoes gave their rabid fans nary a new album this year.

The repulsive Mothers of Invention disbanded to the gigantic relief of greater Burbank and concerned parents everywhere, Frank Zappa saying some rather bitter things in explanation. The Fugs too suffered an internal split that appeared irrevocable at year's end. The split was attributed to "ego conflicts" and the group's decision that they had accomplished "all that was possible within the bounds of our particular market," according to leader Ed Sanders, who seems at the time of this writing to have embarked upon a solo career as a country-western artist.



The back you're looking at here belongs to Gordon Lightfoot, one of several new superartists signed to Warner/Reprise in 1969—Lightfoot signed with Reprise, not Warners as erroneously reported in the last Circular by the subversive idiots who run this paper.

# LOOKING FORWARD (MAYBE) TO 1970

What, we wondered for purposes of filling up another couple of pages, will the year 1970 hold in store for those of us so very intimately concerned with popular music as disseminated by the giant oligarchical Warner-Reprise monster? Here, for better or worse, are some things we expect to see happen during the next twelve months.

Stephen Stills and Neil Young, frustrated with the inability of Crosby, Etc. to reach just absolutely everyone out there in Radioland, will quit to form their own group, which the media will refer to as a super-group. This new combination will recruit Richie Furay and Jim Messina from Poco and Dewey Martin from a solo career with wonderful Uni Records. They'll call themselves something catchy and freaky, say Buffalo Springfield. They'll be very big indeed.

Led Zeppelin will crawl back under the rock they crawled out from under this year.

J. Christ will cease to be a favorite tongue-in-cheek song topic. He will be replaced in popularity by Buddha, of all people. The Byrds will record a song entitled "Buddha Is Just All Right" that will sell exceedingly well in Tibet. George Harrison will pick up on the trend and announce over the BBC that Buddha is the Way. Eric Burdon will do likewise and compose a song which he will call "Buddha Is Far Out."

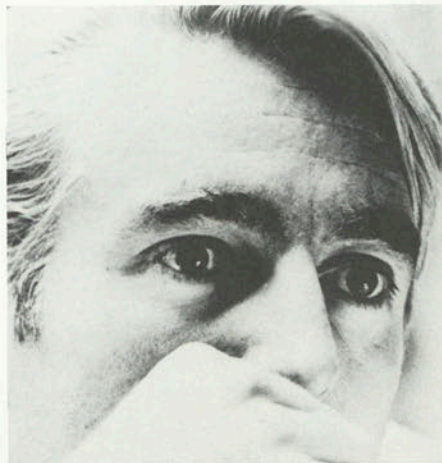
Rod McKuen (right) will be invited by the Vatican to revise the Book of Psalms. He will be unable to do so, however, due to previous time-consuming television commitments.



Fats Domino will score a huge smash with a cover of Frank Sinatra's "A Man Alone." Nancy Sinatra will retaliate with her version of "Blueberry Hill."



In a surprise move, Liberace (above) will produce Richard Perry in an album of revitalized Fleetwood Mac hits.



In line with Pete Johnson's earlier prediction, all Warners and Reprise products will begin including the inscription "A subsidiary of Kinney Shoes" beneath their logos.

Warner-Reprise Editorial Director H. Halverstadt will break more fingers and become as bald as the proverbial billiard ball.

Donovan will drive a lot of diabetics to an early grave.

Polka-rock will become the year's most fashionable new idiom. Andy Wickham will save Warners from missing the boat by importing an authentic Bonn polka ensemble and producing their album of adaptations of Fugs standards.

Neil Young will write a forty-minute number centered around the lyric "Down by the swimming hole/ I ran over my baby in my big black limousine." The single will not sell well in Los Angeles.



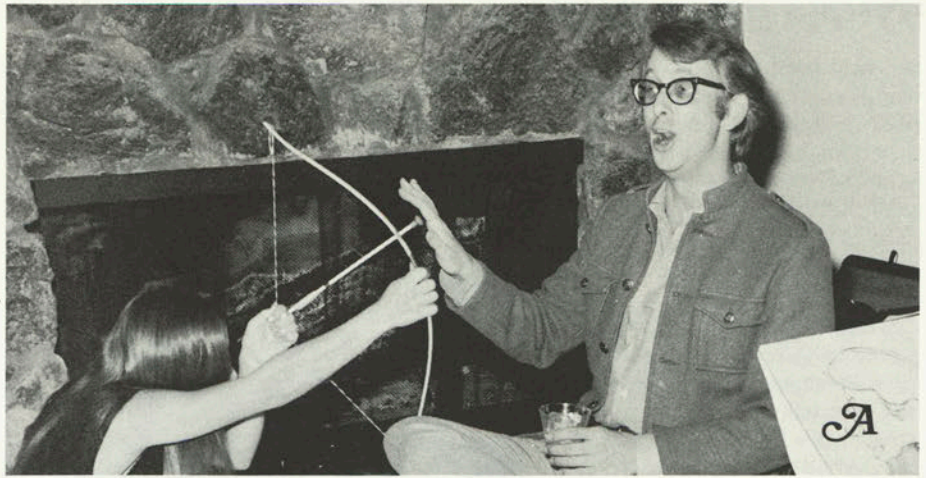
Frank Zappa (above), in conjunction with Herb Cohen, will start several new record labels catering to acts that would otherwise not have the opportunity to make records. The labels will be called Perverse, Degenerate, Disgusting, Nauseating, Repellent, and Obnoxious, and Mo Ostin will negotiate Reprise distribution of all of them.

We on the staff of **Circular** and in the Warner-Reprise Creative Services Dept., plus all those in the A & R Dept., Accounting, Sales, Promotion and Janitorial Depts., not to mention the W/R artists, will continue to be our wonderfully wacky and witty selves and avoid the temptation to take all the usual record-biz stuff seriously. This will prompt **Rolling Stone** to continue referring to the two labels as "hipper-than-thou."



Bill Haley (above) will finally read the writing on the wall which will inspire him to become a sign painter, forever forsaking dreams of the Rock 'n' Roll Revival.

*The Buffalo  
Mo Ostin  
Wild West Show*



With appropriate year-end good will, the Warner/Reprise gang gathered at the Ostin Ranch in rustic Encino to honor four foreign dudes—Ian Ralfini and his wife from the W/R London office, and Mr. and Mrs. Ken Middleton from the Canadian operation.

The elegant W/R staff conducted itself with its usual decorum and strict observance of formal amenities: Stan Cornyn, who creates services or something (A, right) tried to establish whitey-Indian relations; Ed Thrasher (pointing rifle at left) attempted to solve the Anglo-American problem, but the Ralfinis were disarming and the Ostins were in the stagecoach. Dick Sherman got hustled by his wife (C), Clyde Bakkemo (D) suffered indigestion, and Mrs. Bakkemo suffered Clyde. Judy Sims, David Herscher, Walt and Mrs. Calloway (E) convened a brief meeting of the Creative Services Mafia, which brought out Sheriff Mike Maitland (F) which alarmed staff weirdo Pete Johnson (G).

