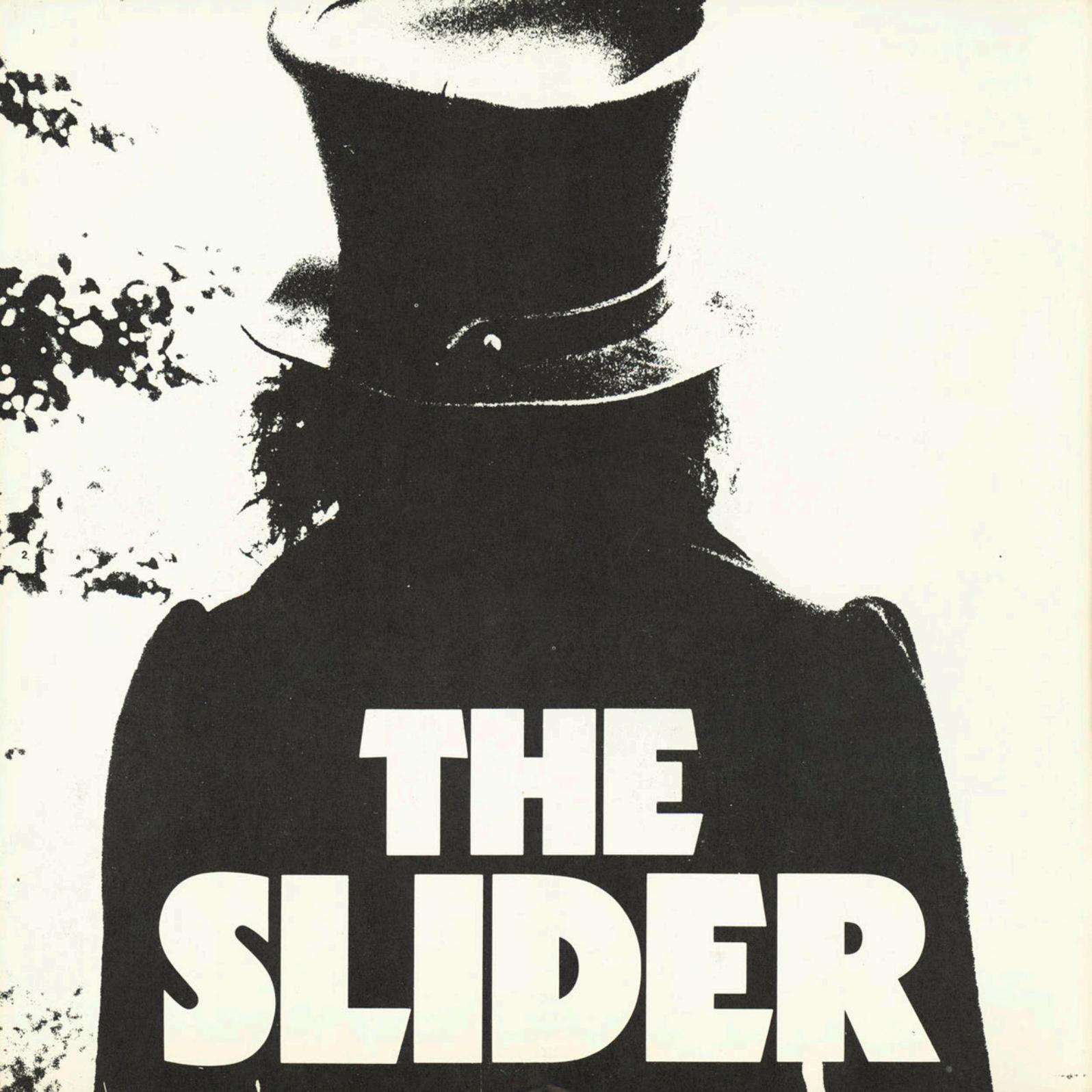


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circular



T. REX



**THE
SLIDER**

The Irony and the Rextasy

TREX is England's best-loved cooking fat. It comes in a blue box and can be used for anything from scones to toad-in-the-hole. It was



once secure in its oleaginous identity, back in the days when Beatlemania was rampant and Tyrannosaurus Rex was an obscure duo playing soft acoustic chants to a few hypnotized heads in this or that dark club. All that changed, of course. As the too-oft-told tale goes, the Tyrannosaurus (not seeking the extinction suffered by its namesake) did these: 1. abbreviated to T. Rex; 2. electrified; 3. sold 16 million records in a year and; 4. inspired the British press to coin *Rextasy* as the successor to Beatlemania.

Doctors and other grown-ups have not been able to contain this so-called Rextasy. It is now a peaking English epidemic. And good old TREX is being yanked off shop shelves by addled sub-teens who go bananas at the very vision of those four letters. What can they be hoping for—Bolan's bust as a shortening portrait, a likeness in lard? Where will the madness end? It is sure lucky that nobody much refers to the Queen as E. Rex because she already has enough people hanging around outside her house.

T. Rex is a household word, just like the Queen and TREX. Marc Bolan (who *is* T. Rex, with a little help from his friends) has spread

from the pages of the various pop papers out into the more sensational nationals. Marc's "Moment of Fear" is headlined right alongside "The Truth about the Windsors." The definition of his public has



swung completely from cultist to common denominator. If you find it inconceivable that his success is regularly compared with the quadruple might of rock's Mt. Rushmore, you have but to consider the evidence. Do the following data not smack of the Fab Four?

Each weekend some 50 girls are poised on the pavement outside Marc's London flat. If he dares even to part the curtains he is assailed with a blast of screams. All arrivals and departures are logged. Pints of milk on the step are counted and the registration numbers of cars stopping there are noted for future reference. The vigil convenes at dawn Saturday morning and adjourns at dark Sunday night. (N.B. It stays light in England til after 10 all summer.)

Outside is parked a hulking white Rolls Royce, with hulking chauffeur. (Marc has not driven since the day he crashed his motor scooter by the

seaside in 1965). This clean machine is more than mere transportation. "I come from a working-class background, a straight background and, if nothing else, I've proved that someone from that environment can get a Rolls Royce or whatever." And if he's hardly the first to have proved it, he's proved the necessity of someone's periodically re-proving it.

Record sales are ideal for the purchase of whole Rollises. So Marc has made sure to release only Number 1 records for the last year. The high-carat catalogue, in order of age, being "Ride a White Swan," "Hot Love," "Get It On," "Jeepster," "Telegram Sam" and "Metal Guru." Now some say "Jeepster" never got past Number 2, but it contained what Your Penpal cherishes as his most eloquent couplet—"Just like a car, you're pleasing to behold/I'd call you Jaguar if I may be so bold." And he *is* bold, bless him.

Gasps Galore

The extent and cost of his wardrobe is a constant source of national gasps. His weekly outlay on clothes alone is at least 10 times the average workingman's entire wage. He has been described as a male



Shirley Temple and he certainly dresses the part. When it comes to planned obsolescence and perishability, Detroit's got nothing on Bolan. Souvenir-starved weasels ripped his satin flesh to the tune of some \$2,000 on his last British tour. Surviving raiment is examined every few months. Anything dated by Marc's indefinable standard is quickly jettisoned. Professional practicality now dictates that he buy in bulk. "If we are doing a tour for a month, I'll go out and buy enough stuff to see me through, because they either get ripped or they fall to pieces." Has he been assaulted with razor blades or scissors? "No, just nails."

He has sustained none too few injuries. No wonder he needn't acknowledge those who censure his appearance as feeble. The man who had hanks of his tangled hair uprooted while his waistcoat and shirt were ungently removed, and was rescued by roadies minutes before fatal suffocation, says, "I'm no sissy. I have small feet. Girl's shoes are comfortable." And just the thing for tripping a hard day's light fantastic.

Little Mod

Marc does not always put on a happy face. His traditional make-up, featuring a liberal sprinkle of glitter under each eye, now includes the odd plastic tear. (One can foresee a running competition between Bolan, Alice Cooper and David Bowie . . .) His appearance, the same offstage as on, occasionally rattles his Mum, who's married to a lorry driver, but then she must remember when he was 12 and had 20 mod suits to keep in order. As the twig is bent . . .

Marc was not a famous kid, but he felt famous. At times he'll say he doesn't believe in superstars—that he's just a musician, and flattered with the attention he's getting. But when confronted with sales figures, and with being shredded by

admirers, he admits, "I was born a star. I know that I'm good and I've always believed that one day people would acknowledge it. I've never needed other people to tell me how good I am. I can feed my ego myself." He says this with no vestige of self-consciousness or conceit. It is his fact. When "Telegram Sam" warbles, "I'm no square with my corkscrew hair," take note. Neither is he any dummy.

All Marc's

Marc Bolan is nobody's puppet. It has taken him years, but he has waded inexorably into the limelight. Whatever adaptations were necessary in either music or personnel, he made. Whatever direction T. Rex' music will take in the future is his decision. "Success to me is having real power, total control over what I'm doing. It has to be my gig."



As of a month ago, to keep the fans well-fed until T. Rex' *The Slider* LP (now being rushed out) was ready for release, a package called *Bolan Boogie* (as opposed to Greatest Hits, which it is) was Number 1 in British album charts. *Electric Warrior* (out last fall) was still in the Top 30 and so was a four-year-old re-issue, *Prophets, Seers & Sages/My People Were Fair*. Another revived oldie called "Deborah" recently made the singles charts. Marc professes no objection to this re-issuing except when promotion implies it is new material. Even so, he is shedding plastic tears all the way to the bank.

Ringo Movie

It may be argued that the kind of hysteria Bolan's live shows generate would be more contagious carried visually than by report . . . better to see it than be told. Without calling that the reason, he's getting up a feature-length film centered on the T. Rex concert at Wembley. (Playing Wembley is like playing an airplane hanger.) The cameraman at that gig, a friend of Marc's, went virtually unnoticed by the crowd—amateur cinematographer Ringo Starr (who also snapped the shots on *The Slider*). Bolan and his wife recaped with George Harrison and Ringo Starr aboard the latter's yacht in Cannes after launching "Metal Guru."

Ah, Rextasy. En route to this colossal superstardom, Bolan had a carefully nurtured image. His name was systematically linked to things magical and fey—elf lord, pixie prince and what you might find in the bottom of your garden. Alas, no further need to conjure him as something dancing at the far end of the rainbow. He's up to his satin collar in a real pot of gold. But you doddering old Fab Four fans can take heart—Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl, and sensible. E. Rex will most likely refrain from awarding the MBE to a box of cooking fat.

Doings and Dones of the Doobie Brothers

Summer is *Circular's* favorite season. It is, you see, the time of the year when Warner Bros. Records becomes the Navel Capital of Burbank, with the most square inches of exposed epidermis this side of the Pink Pussycat. A joy it is to the casual outsider, who steps off the sun-drenched sidewalks of historic

a busy fellow, dealing in a number of A&R-related areas. Of immediate interest was the fact that he is Warners' closest liaison with the Doobie Brothers, a group from Up North of whom all are very proud. It has not escaped *Circular's* all-seeing eye and all-hearing ears that the Doobies' current album, *Toulouse Street*, and current single, "Listen to the Music," have been picked up on by several of the more astute program directors across the country, and that the group is, as a result, being heard from on

Santa Cruz and Los Gatos when Ted first heard about them. "Skip Spence, from Moby Grape, first told me about the Doobie Brothers. Some time later, I got a tape of them from a friend of mine who lives up there. He had tapes of two other groups in the package. Those didn't impress me, but I flew up the next day to hear the Doobies. There was something I liked about their vocal harmonies; something *different*. They've also got a couple of good guitar players, Tom Johnston and Pat Simmons.



Warner Boulevard (which street, incidentally, may well be the shortest, narrowest boulevard in the United States) and into the pool of pulchritude that awaits behind the doors of #4000.

Small wonder it is, then, that *Circ* takes every available opportunity, particularly during the months wherein the sun beats its hottest, to wander about the A&R department, where the concentration of casually-clothed beauties seems—if only by a little bit—most dense.

The occasion for one of these more recent meanderings was a meeting with Ted Templeman. Ted's

several of The Nation's Leading Radio Stations.

The Doobies were out of town—probably wouldn't have been if they'd known about the aforementioned young ladies—and their manager was somewhere, but not yet immediately available. Ted, in the office early after a long night of recording Captain Beefheart, was awake enough to answer *Circular's* probing and penetrating-type journalistic questions.

The Doobies, as it turns out, were playing at a club called the Chateau, in the mountains between (geography books ready?) California's

"That club where they were playing was a rough kind of place. The dregs of society would hang out there—people would get *snuffed* in that place. But it's an interesting thing: the Doobies also attract a lot of young girls. They're a dance band. Their live show is fantastic. They're very visual, and they communicate their happiness to the audience.

"Another of the things that attracted me to them, in fact, was that they were a working group, not just a couple of guys thrown together to make a record. They're hard workers. Iron men. They'll play



seven nights a week if they have to. They rehearse in a dingy basement, with stuffing coming out of the couch and dogs all around."

The Doobie Brothers' first album was produced by Ted and Lenny Waronker. "It was more acoustic than the new album. They're a good acoustic act. For *Toulouse Street*, I wanted to represent them more accurately as the act that they are 'live.' Since the last album, they've brought in a new bass player, Tiran Porter, and a second drummer, Mike Hossack. When the group plays 'live,' both Mike and John Hartman play drum kits, with John sometimes playing other percussion instruments. On the album, it's mainly Mike on drums and John on percussion."

Circular thanked Ted for the information. The group's manager, Bruce Cohn, was somewhere in the building as it turned out, and was able to supply us with the information that (1) many big-time musicians find the Doobies well worth sitting in with, including at times Peter Dinklage, Chuck Berry and various members of Santana (2) that the young ladies adding so much to the innerspread of *Toulouse Street* are "local mudsharks" who made themselves available for the photo session and (3) that there will be a National Doobie Brothers Tour during the months of August and September (details later) and they sure would like to see you there.

On the way back to Warner Boulevard, *Circular* stopped by a couple more desks, to do a bit more novel observation and to find out how some of the office staff feel about Warner Brothers' first group to use two drummers since the (old) Grateful Dead. "I hope this album makes it for them," said one, "they're the kind of guys you want to see make it."

"Yes," agreed another. "They're really nice people."

Top Ten

1. Alice Cooper/*School's Out* (BS/M5/M8 2623)



2. Frank Zappa/*Waka/Jawaka-Hot Rats* (MS/M5/M8 2094)

3. Jethro Tull/*Thick as a Brick* (BS/M5/M8 2072)
4. Tower of Power/*Bump City* (BS/M5/M8 2616)
5. Van Morrison/*St. Dominic's Preview* (BS/M5/M8 2633)
6. Allman Bros. Band/*Eat a Peach* (2CP/J5/J8 0102)
7. Captain Beyond (CP/M5/M8 0105)
8. John Renbourn/*Faro Annie* (MS/M5/M8 2082)
9. Deep Purple/*Machine Head* (BS/M5/M8 2607)
10. Beach Boys/*Pet Sounds/Carl and the Passions—So Tough* (2MS/L5/L8 2083)

Dots and Dashes

★ The Weekly Singles Meeting was cancelled this week because everyone was looking forward to freezing in the conference room—it's only 108° in Burbank. The combination of heat, smog, mosquitoes and vacations makes this periodical somewhat shaky on its feet this week . . .

You Can't Always Get What You Want — Bob Adels called to say that for two weeks now bullets, stars, *Cash Box* and *Billboard* have been run ass-backwards in this column. *Cash Box* claims to have invented the bullet notation for singles in 1959 and that *Billboard* followed suit with a star. *Record World* called to say they haven't been mentioned at all . . .

Van Morrison's new album and single are making the biggest news this week—the LP was called a National Breakout in *Billboard* and entered the chart at 104 with a star. *Record World* called it "Flashmaker of the Week." The single, "Jackie Wilson Said (I'm in Heaven When You Smile)" is hitbound on WOR-FM (New York), plus getting play at WRKO (Boston), WBBQ (Augusta), KNUZ (Houston), WCOL (Columbus) and KYA (San Francisco). Memphis

remarks, "Great reaction! It's a booger." (sic) . . .

Van Dyke Park's single, "Occapella," is getting aerexposure on the major Top 40 station in Knoxville, WKGN . . .

Tower of Power's "You're Still a Young Man" is jumping all over the charts this week—it's #1 at KDIA (San Francisco's top R&B station), #13 at KJR, #11 at KOL, #4 at KING (all Seattle), #1 at KMBY (Monterey), KROY (Sacramento) KYNO (Fresno) and KNDE and KYA (San Francisco) . . .

Frank Zappa's new LP, *Waka/Jawaka—Hot Rats*, has provoked some strange comments, among them from New Orleans: "Disappointing album, only says four letter word seven times." Houston says, "Good airplay on LP;" and Cleveland says, "Nice to have airplay on Zappa again." Boston says what we all want to hear: "Excellent sales." . . .

Alice Cooper's "School's Out" is the monster of the week—it's #8 with a star in *Record World*, #7 with a star in *Billboard* and #6 with a bullet in *Cash Box*. Is everybody happy now?

Fast Spins

It's a Lovely Day

Jesse Colin Young
WB 7618

Even people who found "Get Together" a shade too radical should be melting in the warm glow of this sunny late-summer single by the Youngbloods' vocalist. It's a long-distance love song, charmingly bittersweet, and just right for that second bowl of granola. Jesse is even more honey-toned than usual in the sparkling, country-tinged setting he and his Marin County pals have devised for this self-composed gem from his recent solo album, appropriately called *Together*. (It's also featured, by the way, in Burbank's newest \$2.00 mail-order sampler, *Middle of the Road*.)

Days of Steam

John Cale
REP 1108

As Reprise Records ventures into the swimmy waters of classical music with John Cale's brilliant album *The Academy in Peril*, it is not forgetting that erstwhile mainstay of the record industry, the classical single. As a sterling successor to such golden glories as Jose Iturbi's platter of Chopin's "Polonaise in A-Flat," Jascha Heifetz' "Hora Staccato" and the immortal "Warsaw Concerto," Reprise offers John Cale's charming "Days of Steam." Thanks to the magic of tape, John performs his work simultaneously on viola and piano; not even Heifetz could quite manage that. And just as the classical smashes of yesteryear reflected the moon-June tastes of bygone record buyers, John treats today's listeners to a tasty touch of rock rhythm in this instrumental memorial to the Industrial Revolution. Another nice touch: unlike the old days, when one had to pay an extra quarter or more to get a classic on disc, list price for "Days of Steam" is a mere 98¢. And in stereo, yet!

Breakaway

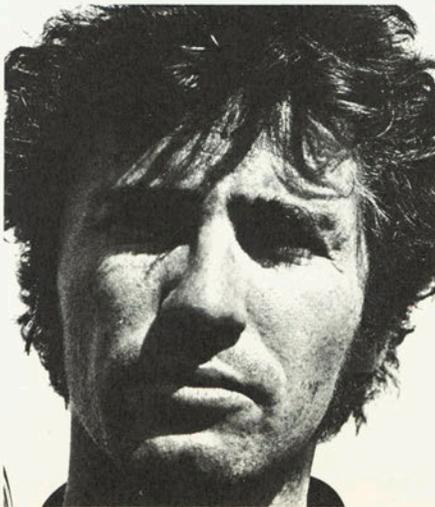
William Truckaway
REP 1105

Never one to stop short of perfection, William Truckaway (already famous for his several editions of "Bluegreens") here presents, for your single satisfaction, a subtly but magically revised version of the title cut from his recent album. While the changes may not be immediately obvious, they are sufficient to confirm *Circular*'s long-held suspicions that William Truckaway is indeed a latent soul singer, and that "Breakaway" is one of the more attractive songs of that genre to emerge from Marin County in quite a spell. Quite possibly the most air-worthy vehicle Truckaway has found since leaving the Sopwith Camel (which group, by the way, will soon begin recording its long-awaited second album, for Reprise of course).

Move With Me

Tim Buckley
WB 7623

Tim Buckley, the abstruse mystic of yesterday, and the ethereal sprite of the day before, is the evil-eyed rocker of today, as one may discover upon fast-spinning this ebullient excerpt from Straight Records' forthcoming *Greetings from L.A.*



album. No, Straight couldn't quite wait for the mid-August album release to herald the Buckley renaissance (which is also the renaissance of Straight itself, that fine logo not having been seen for some time). By way of justifying this impatience, Tim offers a scandalous tale of adulterous debauchery, in soul-shakin' tempo. Though Terrible Tim gets his comeuppance in rather a violent fashion in the last stanza, he considers himself much the richer for the experience. Having no similar punishment to fear, the listener can indulge with pure delight in one of the most vividly vicarious discs ever made.

Soul Sister

Allen Toussaint
REP 1109

Allen Toussaint's name has appeared in small print on a stack of records almost as tall as he is. As the arranger, pianist, co-producer and guiding spirit behind ever so many hit singles such as Ernie K-Doe's "Mother-in-Law," Jesse Hill's "Oooh Pah Pah Doo" and Lee Dorsey's "Ya Ya," "Get Out of My Life Woman" and "Working in a Coal Mine," Allen has been the chief translator of New Orleans' unique musical heritage into rock 'n' soul language. It was only a couple of years ago that he decided he himself could sing as well as many of the singers he backed up so successfully (there is a remarkable parallel here to the career of Leon Russell). Needless to say, Allen's new album, *Life, Love and Faith* has his name in big letters, as does the smart-steppin' "Soul Sister" single extracted therefrom.

Inspirational Verse

She blew my nose
and then she blew my mind

— Rolling Stones
"Honky Tonk Woman"

Dr. Demento

Last week's Record Label Quiz should have sent the following names through your noggins: (1) Thanks to Bobby and Boris (Pickett?) *Chess* is getting heavy play in Reykjavik (at presstime anyway). (2) *Atlantic*. (3) *Capricorn*. (4) *Buddah* (Or is Buddha a misspelled Occidental record label?). (5) *Bearsville*. (6) *Asylum* (Come to think of it, any record label is a home for madmen). (7) *Columbia*. (8) *Bizarre*. (9) *Volt* (110 of anything else might stop your turntable from turning). (10) *London*.



Question for Next Week

Jethro Tull's *Thick as a Brick*, in addition to selling a lot of records, has set a few as well. Regular readers of *Circular* recall how it beat out Alice Cooper's *School's Out* for the most elaborate package production job of the year. We are today concerned with the length of the Ian Anderson-Gerald Bostock composition which occupies the album's entirety and supplies its title. That length is 43:50, which makes it the longest record single rock composition on record. (We exclude such extravaganzas as rock operas, rock oratorios, rock musicals and *Deep Purple and the Royal Philharmonic*

Orchestra [54:30] because they are divided into discrete sections.) Now, for the WB/Reprise catalog album of your choice, be the first to identify the previous record-holder, a continuous rock performance a mere 41 minutes long, and the well-known group that recorded it.

The winner of Dr. Demento's two-weeks-ago question (Q: Jackie Wilson was lead singer for what

group? In what year was "Reet Petite" born and co-written by what famous company executive? A: Billy Ward and his Dominoes, 1957 and Berry Gordy, Jr.) is Gary (Wooly) Waldron of Salt Lake City, Utah, who forgot to make a record request so *Circular* is sending him *The Slider* by T. Rex.

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

California

Cold Blood
8/13, Balboa Stadium, San Diego
8/19, Marine World, San Carlos

Foghat
8/14-15, Whisky A Go Go, Los Angeles

John Hartford
8/15-20, Boarding House, San Francisco

Arlo Guthrie
8/17, Civic Theatre, San Diego
8/18, Hollywood Bowl, Hollywood
8/19, Santa Barbara

Randy Newman
8/19, Berkeley Community Theatre, Berkeley

Connecticut

Beach Boys
8/18, Dillon Stadium, Hartford

The Phlorescent Leech & Eddie
(Howard Kaylan-Mark Volman)
8/18, Dillon Stadium, Hartford

Georgia

Captain Beyond
8/14, Municipal Auditorium, Atlanta

Illinois

Beach Boys
8/16, Mississippi River Festival, Edwardsville
8/17, Auditorium Theatre, Chicago

John Fahey
8/18, Rockford

Iowa

Tower of Power
8/19, Ice Arena, Des Moines

Louisiana

Seals & Crofts
8/14, McNeiss State College, Lake Charles

Massachusetts

Fleetwood Mac
8/14, Boston Commons, Boston

Jesse Colin Young
8/15-20, Pall's Mall, Boston

The Phlorescent Leech & Eddie
(Howard Kaylan-Mark Volman)
8/16, Boston Summer Festival, Boston

New Jersey

Tower of Power
8/16, Sunshine Inn, Asbury Park

Beach Boys
8/19, New Jersey State Fairgrounds, Hamilton

Deep Purple
8/20, Sunshine Inn, Asbury Park

New York

Tom Paxton
8/13-15, Central Park, New York City

Fleetwood Mac
8/20, Camp Street Edward, Staten Island

North Carolina

Faces
8/17, Sports Arena, Rockingham

Fleetwood Mac
8/18, Speedway, Rockingham
8/19, Baseball Stadium, Charlotte

Tower of Power
8/18, Music Festival, Rockingham

Captain Beyond
8/19, The Stadium, Charlotte

Oregon

Foghat
8/18, Paramount Theatre, Portland

Pennsylvania

Tower of Power
8/17, Farm Show Arena, Harrisburg

Labelle
8/19, Convention Hall, Philadelphia

Beach Boys
8/20, Allentown Fairgrounds, Allentown

Rhode Island

The Phlorescent Leech & Eddie
(Howard Kaylan-Mark Volman)
8/19, Lowe's Theatre, Providence

Texas

Faces
8/19, Cotton Bowl, Dallas

Virginia

Alice Cooper
8/14, Hampton Rhodes Coliseum, Hampton Rhodes
8/16, Victory Stadium, Roanoke

Washington

Herbie Hancock
8/16-26, The Gallery Seattle

Foghat
8/19, Paramount Theatre, Seattle

Washington, D.C.

Dionne Warwick
8/14-20, Carter Barron Theatre

The Phlorescent Leech & Eddie
(Howard Kaylan-Mark Volman)
8/20, Constitution Hall

West Virginia

Alice Cooper
8/15, Charleston Civic Center, Charleston

Wisconsin

Eric Quincy Tate
8/16-17, Mother Tucker's, Madison