

## The Making of a Diminutive Dynamo and Two Other Stories (Plus a Quiz)

by SHELLEY BENOIT

### The Introduction

The poet never did say, "Oh to be in England now that January's there." There are reasons, all good ones, why January is not most people's favorite. You spend the first few weeks voiding checks you put the wrong date on in attempts to pay for a Christmas that is already a muzzy memory. If you are a student, the spectre of mid-year exams advances and recedes like Hamlet's dad's ghost, making it difficult to know exactly when to get nervous. If you are a shopkeeper, all your stuff is on sale for

less than you bought it for. And if you are among the majority of the population that does not reside in Los Angeles, you are freezing your most sensitive extremities off.

None of this happens in Burbank, of course. And the perennially jolly Warner Bros. will not wittingly allow their far-flung friends thus to miserize. With the help of Mother England, they have just the thing for that post-Yule let-down. More and better presents. The round sort. The sort you never tire of. The sort you feared there wouldn't be any more of

after all the doom-crying over raw materials. Yes, they have genuine long-playing records. And, best of all, they are British. Lucky for you these albums sneaked in under the wire before the power crunch came. They have all the benefits that electric tea kettles and unstinting studio time afford. They are the last glowing remnants of civilization as we knew it. There are several good tunes on them as well.

Because these Transatlantic treasures have no conspicuous common bond other than their Englishness, it falls to us to make some tenuous connection. The

most English way of doing this is to make them all into a quiz. (England is a nation of Dr. Dementos, but don't let that dissuade you from visiting there . . .) The quiz will go like this: you will have the three artists described to you in detail as intimate as this periodical allows. Then you will be presented with track titles, embellished with yet more revealing epithets, and a few quotes from British reviewers. You match them. (That's right, to the artists. You catch on quick.) Seeing as you will already have been introduced to all these records by virtue of the latest 9x9 sheaf anyhow, you can probably do this with one eye tied behind your

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Tir na nOg

Chick Churchill

Leo Sayer



# Beautiful British Butterflies Emerging From Their Chrysalides

back. In fact, in the spirit of Reader's Digest, you've already won.

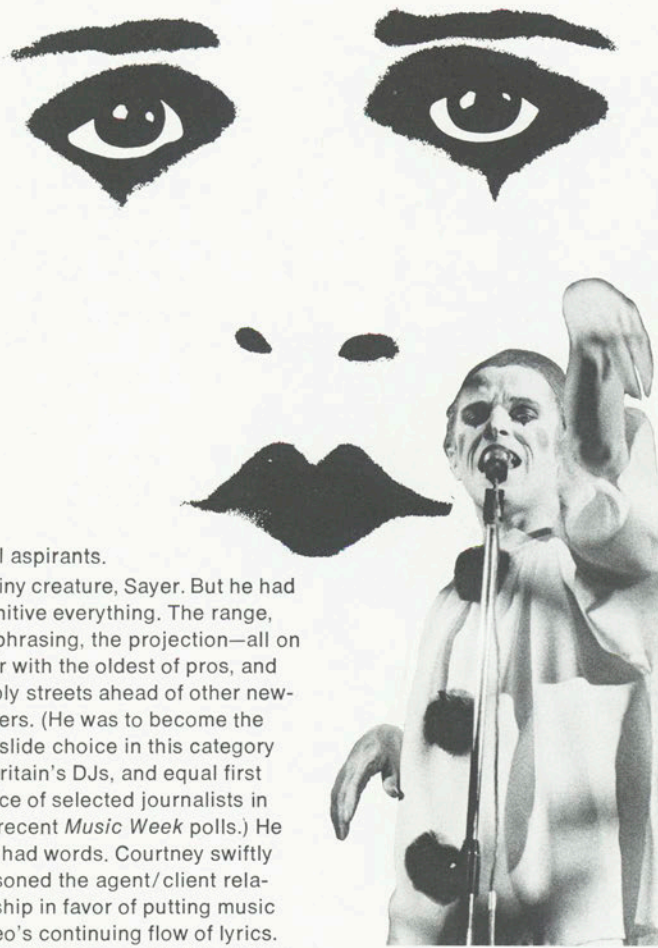
## Leo Sayer

The Leo Sayer story isn't an easy one to summarize, because at this very writing it is unfolding all over England at incalculable speed. His *Silverbird* debut LP and the single from it, "The Show Must Go On," are being consumed as fast as they are manufactured. Yet this time last year—or even six months ago—nobody but the boy's own friends could have placed his name or face.

The simplest answer is that Leo has exceptionally effective management and, himself, has the talent to back it up. But these alone can't adequately explain the flood-tide of immediate favorable reaction—the across-the-board embrace by young and less-young listeners. If anyone could unravel this phenomenon, the music business would be bereft of its most enduring charm, so it is best left a mystery.

Leo is from near Brighton, a seaside resort on England's south coast best known for its gaudy pier, its preposterous pavilion and its handiness as a trysting place for furtive lovers. Leo seems to have absorbed this fanciful locale in his ambivalent Pierrot persona—the artfully made-up clown whose eyes reflect the sad sea waves.

Brighton, against the odds, offered more than a colorful backdrop. It gave Leo a significant professional break. He went to auditions held by David Courtney, the latter hoping to establish a hometown agency. Leo was the golden needle in an otherwise featureless haystack of



local aspirants.

A tiny creature, Sayer. But he had definitive everything. The range, the phrasing, the projection—all on a par with the oldest of pros, and simply streets ahead of other newcomers. (He was to become the landslide choice in this category by Britain's DJs, and equal first choice of selected journalists in two recent *Music Week* polls.) He also had words. Courtney swiftly jettisoned the agent/client relationship in favor of putting music to Leo's continuing flow of lyrics. Tapes of these songs were played for Adam Faith, the enormously popular recording and TV star for whom David had drummed in the old days.

### Adam's Faith

Adam responded as suddenly and positively as David first had. He would manage Leo and produce him on record. The closest good studio was Roger Daltrey's, just along the Sussex coast. When

is "Roger's song."

In the back-to-front way that things so often happen in this biz, the Daltrey record preceded the Leo one by some months. But the songs that originally spun the heads of Adam Faith and Roger D. are the ones on *Silverbird*. In the interviews which Leo is now doing every minute, he emphasizes that all his songs are based on personal experience, and he sometimes worries that when success has relieved him of wretchedness and suspicion, he'll be hard pressed for material. Not likely, though. He's bound to have a few resounding *mots* for the shiny side of the coin as well. But for now, we're involved with a querulous fellow who throws away his title track in a few wordless bars.

Once Leo has a song, he rummages in what he calls his "voice box," seeking something appropriate for his vocal chords to don. His wardrobe of octaves is staggering—from low and gruff as a disgruntled bulldog to a spectacular falsetto that doesn't sound false at all. It has the full color and value of a soaring boy soprano. And in any range, he very naturally includes the kind of uninhibited emotional inflections that make singers memorable.

Roger got wind of the outstanding tunes occurring beneath his very roof, he promptly engaged Leo and Co. to compose the first Daltrey solo LP. From that album came the smash single "Giving It All Away"—a provocative departure from what anyone expected of the Who's flamboyant singer. And having given it away, Leo now can't help feeling when he performs it on stage himself that it

The adage that Faith can move mountains was re-proved when Adam scored the plums of British media for Leo, before the lad's record had had a chance to hit. Leo, in complete clown get-up, blithely knocked 'em dead on both Top of the Pops and Old Grey Whistle Test, and justified what can only be called his manager's faith in him. The rest is history, and is still very much in the making.





## Tir na nOg

Well that Irish odd couple Tir na nOg have certainly smartened up a bit since you last saw them.

*Strong in the Sun* they are, and such snappy dressers! They've pulled their socks up musically as well. No paltry feat, when you recall the high standard they set with their previous offering, *A Tear and a Smile*.

Sonny Condell and Leo O'Kelly have shared a long and eventful journey since they first made their

solidarity pact in the Chinese restaurant in Dublin. At the time they threw their lots in together, they were looking for a way out of Ireland and figured there was strength in numbers. Ireland would always be home and would continue to furnish images for their songs, but it was not the ideal place to launch a burgeoning career playing original acoustic material. Which is what the nOgs did with impressive dispatch soon after setting foot on English soil—or rather, London cobblestones.

These albums sneaked in under the wire before the power crunch came. They are the last glowing remnants of civilization as we knew it. There are several good tunes on them as well.

The truth is that they hadn't planned to work as a duo, having swung solo careers in their native land, but the audience response to the experimental gigs they did together cemented them as an act. And there soon evolved a sort of low-key, Stan-and-Ollie routine on stage that is one of the delights of seeing the nOgs in person. They borrowed their collective name from a fairy tale central to Irish childhood, and it has repaid them with befitting magic and luck.

You must always bear in mind that magic is not a joke to the Celts. It is a fact of life, and as such it crops up spontaneously in the nOg's conversation. As a child, Leo thought it was magic that the radio would play his favorite song more than once. And to this day Sonny maintains it is strictly magic that makes certain people like certain songs.

### Integral Relationship

Other evidence of their Celtic heritage is the recurring emphasis in their music on wistful and whimsical themes. An ever-present, but bearable, melancholy. And a willingness to be touched by the beauty and rhythms of the natural world. Sonny was born on the Irish seacoast and displays a systematic preference for watery settings in his songs. In fact, having committed himself to London for the duration, he made arrangements to live in a houseboat on the Thames. Leo, who was raised inland, has a more introspective turn of mind, but both share the shamelessly Irish ability to write convincing love songs.

*Strong in the Sun* is an important album for them. In comparison

to their past efforts, it is dramatically charged. This is the result of improved technical skill combined with greater use of harmonies and top-class rhythm players. The liberal use of electric adds a welcome spark of urgency and drive to their repertoire, without overwhelming their acoustic origins.

Sonny and Leo keep to their policy of composing independently and of each singing his own songs. What makes them a duo in spite of their apparent isolationism is the valuable contribution each makes to the arrangement of the other's material. Often it is Sonny's exotic percussion that sets off Leo's hypnotic subaqueous vocal. As a pair, they still confound categorization, much as did Seals & Crofts, in establishing themselves. But however you choose to view them, they have shaped up very promisingly indeed.

## Chick Churchill

It takes more than a dazzling front-man to propel a band into the region of household-word-dom and then keep it there for the better part of a decade. Chick Churchill's keyboard playing contribution to Ten Years After has always been profoundly appreciated within the context of the group, possibly most by Alvin Lee, who has said, "Chick's the best musician in the band."

Musician is the key word here. And if you have room for one more New Year's resolution, it should be that you will refrain from gratuitously applying that distinction to just any clod who owns and belabors a musical instrument. (This won't be easy, but you will

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“Chick’s the best musician in the band.”

—Alvin Lee

have done your bit toward clearing the air . . .)

Strictly speaking, a musician has some sort of training (even if he’s done it himself) and knows how to read and write music. Chick got all this under his belt when he was still young, and frankly resented every bit of it at the time. But now he is quite grown-up (28 this month) and has the perspective and opportunity to put these achievements to use. Being musically literate gives him the jump on most of his rocking & rolling peers. In addition to the obvious satisfaction of being in control of the situation, he even saves money by not having to pay an outside arranger.

The idea of assembling his own album is one that has tantalized Chick for long enough. In between chalking up eight TYA LPs and a virtual atlas of miles toured, he had been privately composing the odd tune. Recording these would permit him to exercise all of his skills—playing piano, organ, Moog and Mellotron, plus producing, plus arranging.

### Successful Sabbatical

The versatility he displays on *You and Me* is sufficient evidence of his catalog of tastes. It’s not surprising that his personal preferences range from Tchaikovsky to Thelonious Monk, from Beethoven to the Beatles. Remember, this boy was practicing the classics at age five. The album tracks benefit from this discipline as well as the rich improvisational technique he developed on stage.

No small part of being a worthwhile music-maker is knowing who

to make it with. Chick’s been around long enough to choose wisely. For some numbers he got Leo Lyons and Ric Lee, bass and drums from TYA, with whom he has an obvious rapport. On others he tapped the Chrysalis talent pool for members of Jethro Tull, Bedlam and Wild Turkey. Some altogether high octane assistance.

It bears pointing out to any skeptics who haven’t audited this platter that it is nothing like a watered-down TYA job, as is so often the case with spin-offs. For one thing, Chick hasn’t spun off. This is more like a sabbatical. And the English music press, who are in there rooting for this quiet man, have made the following remarks: “Positive and endearing;” “A tribute to common sense;” “Should surprise a lot of people;” and “Destined to be one of my favorite albums.”

The consensus seems to be that Chick Churchill, the shadowy stalwart, is due for a share of



the limelight. OK. Those were the fax. Now answer these.

### The Quiz

I. Whose Song is

(1) “Teesside”—affairs of the heart flourish undaunted, even in this glamorless industrial and fishing seaport.

(2) “Chiswick Flyover”—pronounced *Chizzick*, and a flyover is akin to what habitues of U.S. freeways and turnpikes would call an overpass or cloverleaf. (The language barrier is more serious than is commonly admitted.) Anyhow, this is a deluxe driving tune, an instrumental chock-a-block with inventive changes of gear and bursts of euphoria to accelerate by.

(3) “Drop Back”—It alternately bites and floats. Plaintive, gripping, schizoid and irresistible. There is only one correct answer.

(4) “The Wind was High”—A romantic ballad by a swain

who’s found another way to tell you that parting is such sweet sorrow. And who thus restores the noun “lilt” to the modern musical lexicon.

II. To what discs were the below-quoted scribes referring?

(1) “This album shows conclusively that \_\_\_\_\_ can be commercial, yet retain the intrinsic values in the process—an absorbing experience.”

(2) “For too long he has been overshadowed, but here he really comes to the fore with many interesting themes that suit his superb playing.”

(3) “One of the most expressive and moving voices I know, approaching the sardonic wit of Loudon Wainwright.”

III. And for bonus points, the name game—

(1) Two artists (you should have noticed this by now) have the same first name, which is also a popular astrological sign. But which do you think adopted that name, having been born with the handle Gerry?

(2) All these albums were released by the same record company in England, the appellation of which combines the sound of one director’s given name with the other director’s surname. Name it.

(3) Which artist conducted his early career using his first name only, so as not to be identified with a prominent grown-up?

Grading is on the honor system, and the answers will never appear, so play your British platters, and have a neat New Year.



# Foghat Names One for the Molecules

After creating two albums in a row known simply as *Foghat*, the more-powerful-than-a-locomotive British quartet with the unique quality of being far more popular in the US than in GB has broken with tradition. Of course, the second Foghat album also included the famous



motif, but many sort of, er, missed the point, and the album got called *Stone and Bun* or *Boulder and Burger Roll* or *Rock and Bread* or, shorter and less ambiguously, *Foghat*. Like the first. Like God probably intended.

The title of Foghats' third long-

player graciously leaves nothing to the imagination. *Energized* it is, just like the band. Now lest you think Roger, Rod, Tony and Dave are out to cash in on the nation's latest calamity, douse your fears. The album was christened by the group's wild-mannered manager, Tony Outeda, who lifted the term from television's *Star Trek*. Simply stated (and subject to verification by Captain Kirk and Dr. Spock), "energized" is what your molecules get when you are beamed from a starship to some alien world, or vice versa. Logical? Well, at least it's better than *Rock and Bread*.

## Rock for the Road

Foghat devotees will be glad to hear that, despite the revolutionary

title departure, the group clings to the balls-out boogie formula which has won legions of admirers across the length and breadth of this energy-starved country. Like all good Foghat records, *Energized* contains a whole bunch of traveling songs in the tradition of "Leavin' Again (Again)," "Highway (Killing Me)," "Maybelline," "Ride, Ride, Ride," "Long Way to Go," "Road Fever," et al. The motion fixation is understandable when you consider the fact that the group spends more than six months every year on the road.

"Our music chugs along," says Lonesome Dave, "like us."

The band spent quite a bit of time preparing for *Energized*, taking several weeks off from touring

to develop material even before going into the studio. (Last time, they put the album together on the road—not an easy environment in which to create.) According to Lonesome Dave, the band was at ease with the material thanks to the added time and, as a result of careful preparation and planning, the new album has a "better flow" than previous efforts. Producer Tom Dawes agrees, adding that "this one sounds a lot more effortless than the last album, thanks to the rehearsals. We all had great confidence this time."

## Premier Horns

*Energized*, recorded at A&R Studios in New York, features six original numbers as well as rousing versions of Joe Turner's

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The group which makes a habit of at least six months a year on the road actually took time off to plan this new album, which is marked by songs of—you guessed it—travel and trains.

"Honey Hush" and Buddy Holly's "That'll Be the Day." Supplementing the exciting slide work of Rod Price, thundering percussion from Roger Earl, the pulsating bottom provided by Tony Stevens and the fine rock & roll lead guitar and vocals of Lonesome Dave was a horn section fronted by Dave Sanborn, previously connected with Paul Butterfield and Stevie Wonder, now spending much of his time with jazz great Gil Evans. The other horns were blown by Butterfield alumni Gene Dinwiddie and Steve Madaio, the latter now working with the Rolling Stones (another reasonably successful British band).

Maretha Stewart (magic ingredient of Dylan's "If Dogs Run Free"), Hilda Harris and Linda November provided backing vocals. Keyboard work is courtesy of Roger's brother Colin Earl, whose Jerry Lee Lewis machine gun-style brightened the old Mungo Jerry. Speaking of Roger, he and his own favorite drummer, Bernard "Pretty" Purdie, provided the sensational dual drumming on a number of tracks.

### Turning the Table

"Honey Hush" kicks off side one, and a great version it is. To set the record straight before it gets crooked, that insistent guitar riff is not a cop from the Yardbird's "Stroll On/Train Kept a Rollin'"; it is, to be sure, a cop from the old Johnny Burnette version of "Honey Hush." Lonesome Dave credits the riff to Johnny's guitarist, Paul Burlison.

Next up is "Step Outside," a group writing effort. This is Foghat's soul side, and it really bub-

bles along, from the Motown telegraph intro to the fine vocal blend. It runs over six minutes, but feels like two.

Dave and Rod collaborated on "Golden Arrow," which is—you guessed it—a train song. It chugs.

The side closes with another Price-Peverett (the latter being Lonesome Dave's for-real moniker) tune, "Home in My Hand." If you've seen Foghat in concert during the last 18 months, and a healthy percentage of the population has, you've already heard this one. Concert audiences go wild over its get-it-on, get down and boogie flavor and, best of all, it's a road song. (It's interesting to note that there is a reference to Geneva in this tune which jingosts have assumed was Geneva, Wisconsin. But Dave, who wrote the lyrics, reveals this Geneva is not to be found in the state that makes those "America's Dairyland" license plates, but, rather, in the land of watches, Ovaltine and fondue.)

"I was flashing back to how things started for me as a professional musician," Dave confides. Way back, Dave started with a Swiss band called Les Questions, where he was later joined by another British refugee, Les Hicks, who went on to a degree of success as part of Blonde on Blonde, a group that didn't get too well known outside the home islands. "Home in My Hand" has got some good harmony work going for it, and harmony singing is not often heard from this band. Nice to know that they can pull it off.

### Turn the Record Over

This side starts with a rousing

ode to a rock & roll Ms. by the name of "Wild Cherry" who seems to "spend her time drinkin' wine and digging that rock & roll," all the time "making love like a wild-cat." Whew! The whole group, along with Tom Dawes, wrote this one, which features the efforts of Colin Earl as well as "Pretty" Purdie.

... followed by the *Energized* version of "That'll Be the Day," which weighs in at a brief-but-intense two and a half minutes.

"Fly by Night" is Tony Stevens' first solo songwriting contribution to the group's recorded history. It concerns "something which means quite a lot to Tony," according to informed members of the band. It deals with health problems and associated hazards of the road, if you catch the meaning, and was written almost as a "thank you" to the scores of hotel doctors the band has had to call on over the past few years of touring.

The album closes 39 minutes and 30 seconds after the opening strains of "Honey Hush" in a suitably uptempo manner with "Nothin' I Won't Do," an engaging shuffle from the pens of Peverett and Price.

### On to Britain

Foghat has returned to England to rest up for the next US tour, which is scheduled to start sometime in February. Since the release of the first album, the band has not played any UK venues, due, in part, to the fact that most touring time has been taken up by US commitments. (They seem to be much more appreciated in this country.) Hopefully, this will

change next summer when they tour Europe, including British dates in their schedule.

Until they return, try to catch them on the tube on either Don Kirshner's Rock Concert or The Midnight Special (whoops, another train reference to catalog!) And don't forget *Energized*. If you do the Romulans are sure to get you.

—BOB MOORE MERLIS

## Vinyl Statistics

*Circular* is pleased to present a running account of newborn Warner Family Records, everything from 7 to 12 inches in diameter, a list stripped of adjectives, avoidable nouns and even verbs. The past two weeks have given birth to a stack of singles, no known albums.

### SINGLES (January 2)

"I'm Into Somethin' I Can't Shake Loose"—Paul Kelly—Warner Bros. single WB 7765

"Theme From Black Belt Jones"—Dennis Coffey—Warner Bros. single WB 7769

### (January 9)

"The Show Must Go On"—Leo Sayer—Warner Bros. single WB 7768

"Fire"—Osibisa—Warner Bros. single WB 7770

"Virginia, (Touch Me Like You Do)"—Bill Amesbury—Casablanca single NEB 0001

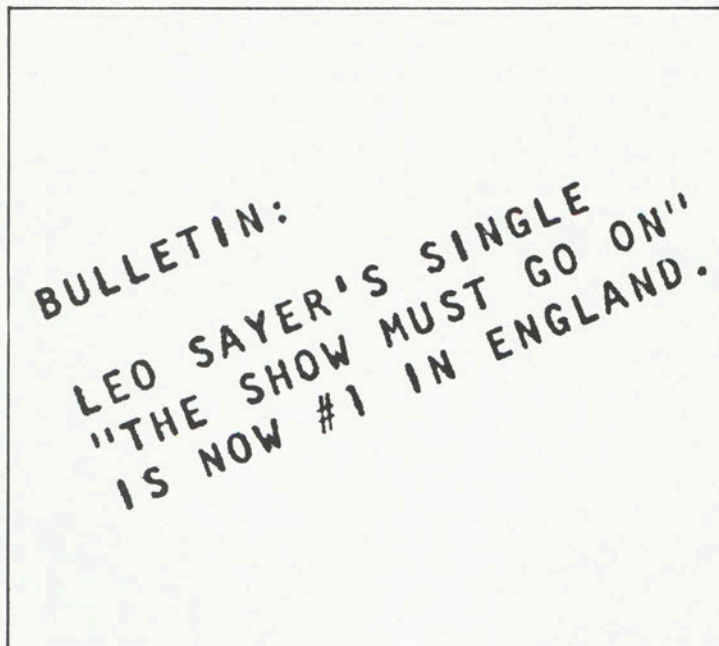


# England, 1,000,000 B.C.

LONDON—The end of civilization as we know it continues. I got up this morning praying that when I went into the bathroom for the pipe-feeling ritual it would be warm. Feeling the pipe is the fastest way to tell if there's any hot water that day, because, even at the best of times, it takes a few moments to reach the tap. But the pipe was cold—bitterly so—to the touch. And the more bitter because it is that pipe alone which also keeps the chill off the room. To keep warm I tried the fashionable layered look in promo t-shirts (a George Melly short-sleever over an Ol' Blue Eyes long-sleever). In desperation simply to get my hair washed, I headed for a hairdresser in a big department store, assuming that they would be somehow less offended than a more high-tone coiffing house that I didn't want a er . . . uh "style." But when I got there they were on a no-power day. No hairdryers. When I got to Warners, though, no one could detect how bedraggled I was. The place was so dark I had to feel my way up the stairs to find a bistro-style

## Ruby Recupes

Ruby Monday's lips were operated on over the week-end, so she's been given the week off to recuperate. But don't fret. She'll be back with us next week, pursing that puss and planting those smackers with renewed vigor.



press office lit by just a few candles. And the gloom was hardly dispelled with the news that the on-or-offness of an especially big tour was unsettled. But then two nice things happened. We heard the Doobies might be here soon, and the un-sinkable Moira Bellas was included in *Music Week's* New Year's Honor Awards "for taking care of business and being lovely with it." To celebrate, Dave Walters put on his antique "Ruby Tuesday" 45, apologizing for the surface noise and explaining that someone had been sick on it at a party. He cleaned it again lovingly, solemnly observing that this immortal single (b/w "Let's Spend T.N.T.") was now deleted. Adding to the prevailing aura of unreality was a BBC-TV film crew in the reception area shooting a

scene for a documentary about a busker.

### Melody Maker of the Week

Meanwhile, Leo Sayer continues to dominate all newcomers (and at the rate releases are being cut back, the competition may never catch up). *Melody Maker* just devoted its entire front page to the opinion that Leo is "the star for '74." And then gave him the center spread so as to ice the cake.

**Divine Mrs. M.** I finally got out to the New Merlin's Cave, the folk club organized by Richard Thompson and his friends. It was a quite spectacular example of what the British call "value for money," as, for just over a dollar, one could see at least four first-rate acts. The star turn-on the night I went was the bewitching

Beverly Martyn (who, with husband John, made several of Warners' most prestigious, as opposed to best-selling, albums). I won't say the ladies in the audience got unpleasantly jealous, but it was a plain fact that Mrs. Martyn devastated every man in the place, and there were all different sorts of men. Is this why her husband reputedly discourages her from gigging on her own?

—SHELLEY BENOIT

## Top Ten

Warner Bros. Sales Figures for Week of December 31-January 6

1. Black Sabbath/  
*Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath*  
(BS/M8/M5 2695)
2. Alice Cooper/  
*Muscle of Love*  
(BS/M8/M5 2748)
3. Todd Rundgren/  
*Something/Anything*  
(2BX/L8/L5 2066)
4. Gregg Allman/*Laid Back*  
(CP/M8/M5 0116)
5. Frank Sinatra/  
*Ol' Blue Eyes Is Back*  
(FS/M8/M5 2155)
6. *The Beach Boys*  
*in Concert*  
(2RS/K8/K5 6484)
7. Uriah Heep/  
*Sweet Freedom*  
(BS/M8/M5 2724)
8. The Mothers/  
*Over-rite Sensation*  
(MS/M8/M5 2149)
9. America/*Hat Trick*  
(BS/M8/M5 2728)
10. Billy Jack/*Sound Track*  
(BJS/M8J/M5J 1001)



# An Unjustly Unknown Gridder

Our answer to last week's question about Forgotten Football Melodies is as brief as (unfortunately) the career of the record involved was: "Golden Gridiron Boy"—Dot 16411—produced by Pat Boone and Jimmie Haskell. Date: 1962. Artist: Randy Newman

## Next Week's Preamble

In celebration of Bob Dylan's return to the concert trail (and by way of welcoming him to the extended family of Warner Communications), I pose this week a Dylanic question (on which syllable does the accent fall in the word Dylanic?).

On second thought, I don't think I'll offer a prize for that one, though a copy of "Zimmerman Blues" (from Ralph McTell's *Not Till Tomorrow*, Reprise MS 2121) might have been appropriate. We can't dawdle over mere pronunciation, though, not when Dylan's earlier phonographic career affords such a treasure-trove of phonographic trivia—singles never released on albums, variations in takes between different copies of the same album, and the *Free-wheeling Bob Dylan* caper. Veteran folkies and primal Dylanophiles will of course recall that four songs (including the hilarious



"Talking John Birch Society Blues") were removed from the LP at the 11th hour, and four others substituted. Well, you say, that happens all the time: even Warner/Reprise has had to perform such feats on occasion. The trouble is, some employe of Dylan's former employer put the wrong stamper on the press, and thousands of copies containing the original lineup were shipped to stores (though sleeves and even labels evidenced the revised programs).

## And Here's the Question

I have chosen for Next Week's Question an even more celebrated mixup that afflicted one of Dylan's single releases, a mixup which may well owe something to Dylan's much-imitated habit of giving his songs titles that had no immediately apparent connection with the lyrics (except to Dylan himself and those who get their jollies from poring over his household trash). Whatever the reason, the first press run of this single

contained a completely different song from the one usually known by the title that appeared on its label. (I bought one myself, innocently enough, at a small store in Venice, Calif., where at the time I was busily engaged as editor of a pioneer fanzine, *The Little Sandy Review*). Well, the situation was quickly rectified, the record re-serviced and the corrected disc became a good-sized hit, putting a happy end to what must have been the nightmare of the decade for the promotion department.

A postscript to the story arrived a few months later, when the song that had been prematurely leaked to the public was issued as a legitimate single (in a new ver-

sion with a different backup band). It was not a hit. The question, of course, is . . . What is the ambiguous title that started (or at least failed to stop) the SNAFU, and what is the true name of the song that was prematurely leaked and then re-recorded?

Winner of Dr. Demento's 12/17 contest is Harold Horowitz of Bronx, NY, who correctly guessed that Canned Heat collaborated with Alvin and the Chipmunks to record the not-quite hit "Christmas Boogie."

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, 3701 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Ca. 91505) wins any *single* Warner/Reprise catalog album. (Please specify choice.) Answers will be geographically pro-rated; ties will be judged on the basis of penmanship, wit and lucidity.

## Inspirational Verse

If you want to be happy for the rest of your life  
Never make a pretty woman your wife.

—"If You Want to Be Happy"  
Jimmy Soul

## circular

a weekly news device  
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burbank, ca. 91505

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