

Runt Redux: The Metaphysics of Todd Rundgren

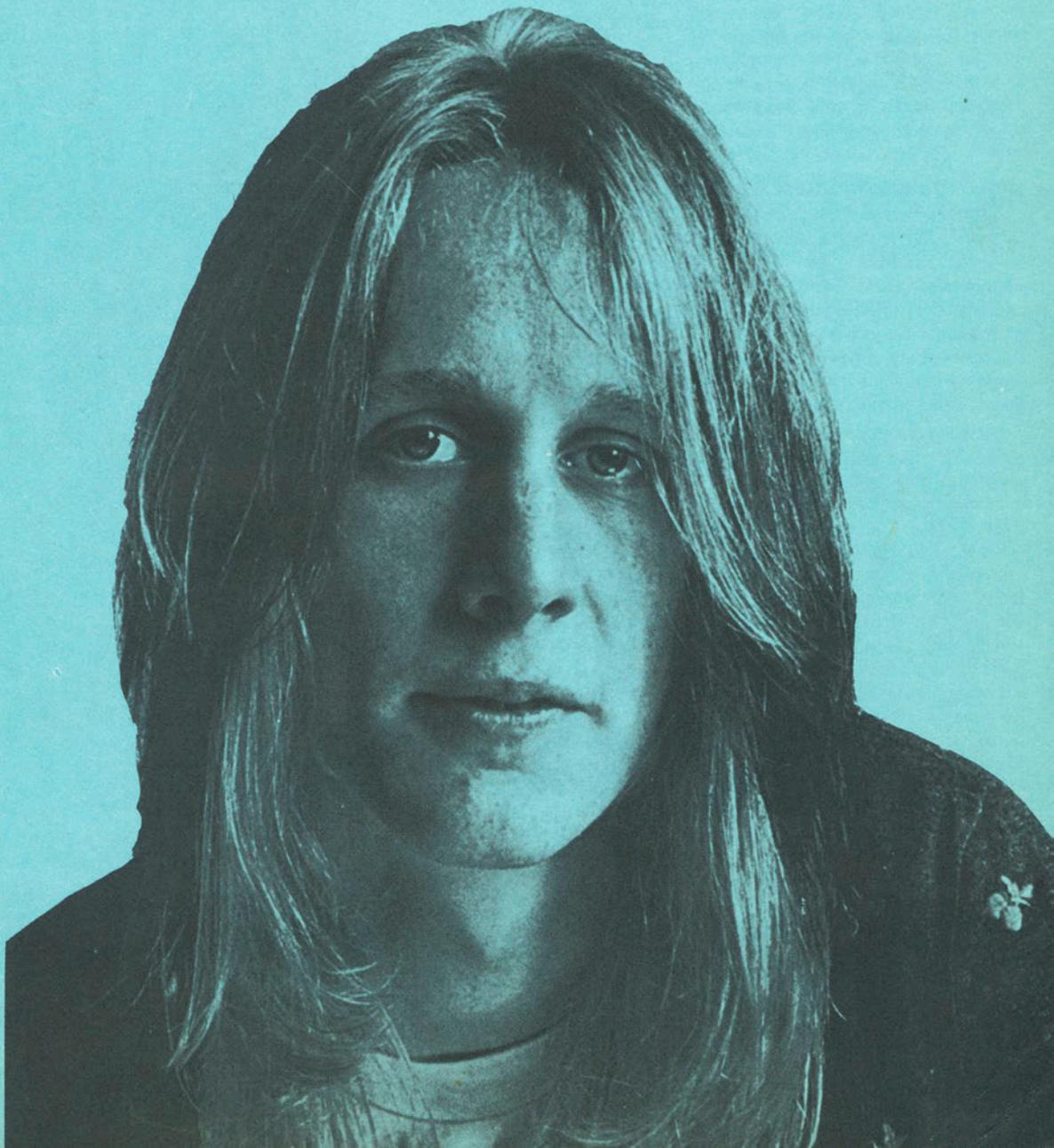
by LAUREL DANN

Todd. Wizard. Runt. Todd Rundgren. He lives in a legend land where it storms glitter, and rainbows paint his hair. Seemingly born with crushed velvet for skin, his global gyrations have won him such accolades as "punk," "wimp" and "magic rabbit." In a now immortal breach of professional courtesy, a fellow musician likened him to a '56 Dodge. The founding father of American flash, he's seriously considering running for President in 1984. He's famous for not being famous, known for not being knowable.

If all that's true, then who was that not very stylish, very, very serious young man I just met? Leaving Bearsville's New York City offices I felt more like I had attended a spiritual guidance session than an interview with a gangling glitterbug.

Seated on a sofa, long legs doubled over, was a musician who doesn't smoke, drink, drug or eat meat. Featuring a T-shirt that bore his name was a songwriter who doesn't make records to make money. The hottest producer in the business was remarking that music requires only about 20% of his time. And Todd Rundgren hasn't been to Max's Kansas City in at least six months.

"Most of the things people say about me aren't true," he says, his voice void of bitterness. "If they were true, it would mean that I was doing something wrong. And I don't feel," he explains intently, "that I ever do anything wrong. I watch myself constantly. If I thought what I was doing was wrong, I'd change it. It's like that glitter image," he continues. "My



Todd Rundgren for President in 1984

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style preceded the glitter rock era. Look at the pictures on the Nazz (Todd's first recording venture) album covers. I had my own style in 1967. And," he concludes, "my music is not homosexual, pro or con. It isn't even particularly sexual."

Album Documentaries

If Rundgren's music is particularly anything, it's particularly personal—due entirely to his unique approach to recording. "Albums of mine," he states, "are all concepts. I actually live within the concept of the album. It represents my reality. I'm trying to represent a period of experience."

Labeling his albums "documentaries," Todd reveals that they chronologically chart his personal evolution. Maturing from the essentially "physical" person who nurtured the Nazz, Rundgren emerged "emotional." This period is best reflected on *Something/Anything?*, with its plethora of pain-packed love songs. "Once I got my emotions under control," he says, "I was able to recognize spiritual influences which would raise my consciousness." Todd's progression to a fundamentally "mental" orientation is cataloged on *A Wizard, A True Star* and yet more profoundly on *Todd*, his latest musical diary.

But, these last two albums are no more emotionless than their "mental" mentor. "If I can evolve as a person," Todd explains, "I become less emotional in terms of the physically based emotions most people feel—emotions like jealousy, pride and possessiveness. I'd rather have cosmic emotions," he says. Self-mockery not-

withstanding, Rundgren is serious. "I don't want to respond to the coarser vibrations."

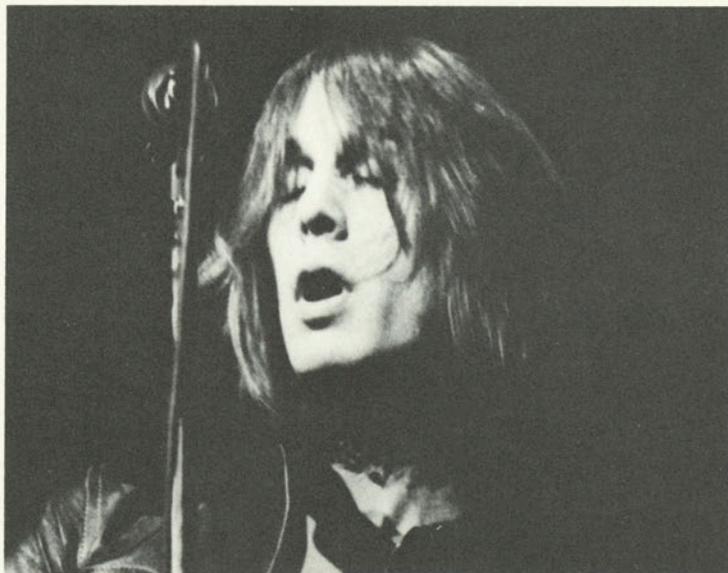
Everything Is Influential

Neither does Todd respond to the pressure to paint his masterpiece, to placate the slumping 70s with his very own Sergeant Pepper. "None of my records is going to be the masterpiece," he declares. He is defining a growth process which finds fulfillment in wholeness, not divinity.

Todd's freedom from pressure is partly financially licensed. "I make a living producing records, not making them," he notes. "So I can put anything I want on my records."

However laudable it may be to shun the sales charts, some might term Rundgren's vinyl journals self-indulgent. Generous would be closer. Motivated by boredom with the general direction of music, Todd recalls, "I stopped thinking about whether or not people liked me. I tried to put myself in their position. If I was bored, they were probably bored, too. Besides, there's no point to me making music that someone else could also make. I decided to record what appealed to me the most."

In chronicling his own experience, Todd feels that he is merely reflecting the experiences of everyman, that the core, or central consciousness, of many varies little. He further maintains that he is not, in fact, creating his music entirely himself. "I see myself in a sort of terminal capacity. Whatever changes everyone is going through are influencing my music because what happens around me influences me."



Because he considers music to be a means of communication, not a business, it has become his vehicle for helping others grow. "I think people should hear certain things even if they're not ready. My records are more honest than 95% of them. They are supposed to last forever. I don't want someone to play my record two years after he bought it and feel like he wasted his money." But, then again, you needn't buy the album in the first place. "The thing about my records," Todd says with discernable pride, "is that you're allowed not to like them."

Living for Learning

And some folks don't. "Everyone knows I don't sell records," he claims with grin-gleaming eyes. "But I feel that the reason I haven't been successful is because I haven't been in the proper frame of mind. I don't want to be involved with the ridiculousness of the pop star life style, and right now that's unalterable. If I don't follow my own personal direction, I'll burn out. If you're a pop star now, you either have to withdraw or drink and drug yourself to death."

Neither alternative holds appeal for Todd Rundgren. Too vital to withdraw, he is also too vital to inhale, ingest or imbibe something/anything potentially damaging. "I hardly ever do anything just for fun," he steadfastly reports. "I always do something to learn."

Learning and success are directly correlated. Rundgren expects his self-actualization through learning to produce a musician, a true star if you will, who represents something. "I'm self-conscious about being watched," he admits. "If I watch someone, they have to represent something to me. When I am successful, people will be able to depend on me. I will be whole. I almost always know when something is going to happen, and I think 1974 will be the year," he concludes.

Todd stands a long-drink-of-water-stand. He shakes his head, freak flags flying. "Sometimes, these things make me dizzy," says this carousel of a man.

Todd. Wizard. Runt. Todd Rundgren. Believe everything you hear, but you gotta listen with your head.

The Power of Tower

Tower of Power have a unique ability to create and transmit *visual* rhythm. When this 11-membered Oakland-based outfit takes the stage they broadcast rhythm so that you not only sense it and hear it—you see it. It's a magic quality that few performers (let alone entire groups) possess, but Tower know they have it—and they use it.

Tower's on-stage visual charisma grips like no python ever has. First to catch the eye is saxophonist Lenny Pickett as he dances Snoopy fashion back and forth, prompting his four fellow horn

players (Emilio Castillo, Stephen Kupka, Mic Gillette and Greg Adams) to join in with hand claps, thigh slaps and occasional toe taps. The superb rhythmical specimen of drummer David Garibaldi sets down the unbelievably accurate foundation while bassist Francis Rocco Prestia sends out low-down bass riffs as he balances precariously against a Frankenstein amplifier. Electric-haired guitarist Bruce Conte strums away

down 'n' dirty ninth chords and frequently duels with the hipshakin' organist Chester Thompson and sinister looking conga man Brent Byars.

Focus on Lenny

But even before you pick up the crazy dancer in the background your eyes are focused on a black singer strutting around in elevator-heeled shoes, matching suit and earringed right ear. Lenny Williams is the main focal point of the band, though he's the group's third vocalist.

"Focus-wise it's always been the singer, and on our first three albums we had three singers," remembers songwriter/saxophonist Steve Kupka. "I got paranoid that it would affect our popularity; you know 'Oh my god, they can't even keep a singer.' But each album has sold better."

On *Back to Oakland*, the group's just-released album, Lenny exposes himself as the superb vocalist he is, expanding on vocal idiosyncrasies and mannerisms he

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Losing Mid-Winter Blues With Many Stars in the News

Put Marlon Brando Up for More Than an Oscar.

Brando's been a busy man these days consulting with scientists at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. He's working on harnessing solar energy and wind generators for his island retreat, Tetiaroa. (Nope, I'm not going to reveal the location.) Currently in progress, according to *Daily Variety*, is construction (under Marlon's direction) of experimental energy stations. Maybe he can corner the market on energy generation as well as box office receipts.

Capricorn Gala Honoring Kenny O'Dell Brightens Winter Weather.

The goats from Macon threw a lively and hugely successful party recently at oh so chic Beverly Hills Hotel's Persian Room to introduce and congratulate one Kenny O'Dell, writer of "Behind Closed Doors," which won a string of awards as long as your tibia. Chosen as Song of the Year at the Country Music Association Awards in Nashville, "Doors" was also named Country Song of the Year by the NARAS Grammy Committee, while Charlie Rich garnered Best Country Male Vocal Performance for belting that tune. Mr. O'Dell has an impressive composer track record, including ditties, everybody's favorite Country and Western stars have recorded, among them Dottie West, Lynn Anderson, Glen Campbell, Johnny Paycheck and the Hollies. Originally from Oklahoma, Kenny moved to Southern California with his family during the Depression (that's the previous Depression, not the one we're all faced with now). From there he moved to Nashville, to work in music pub-

lishing with Bobby Goldsboro and Bob Montgomery. "Moving to Nashville," says the soft-spoken and delightfully polite Kenny, "seems to have taken me full circle in my musical evolution. I feel more comfortable in the Country idiom but it was something I had to look into again. The years I spent writing pop songs [for the likes of Diana Ross and others] and playing rock music were an important part of my learning process. So much so that I wouldn't attempt to try to categorize my songs today." Pictured herein is Kenny, along with some well-known celebs whooping it up at the Persian Room. Thank you Capricorn for a lovely party, not to mention a fascinating new artist. Await Kenny's Capricorn LP. It's coming soon in 1974, full of O'Dell compositions and artistry.

Ruby's Run-Ons

● Most Memorable Quote of the Week comes from the pages of English fanzine *Melody Maker*. The writer's a chap named Jeff Cloves and the subject is **Randy Newman** in general and his most recent Reprise LP release, *Sail Away* specifically: "I sincerely hope that 'Political Science' is simply a piece of ghoulish relish—if it is not then we have an embryonic General McArthur thrashing around in show business." Hunh?

● **Ruby's** turned mauve over WB's showing at the **Grammy Awards**. I'm not going to mention it at all, except to say congratulations to **Kenny O'Dell** for "Behind Closed Doors" (Best Country Song of the Year) and **Eric Weissberg** and **Steve Mandel's** Best Country Instrumental, "Dueling

Banjos." Who says we're not a Country-oriented label? ● Hot news just flashing over the couch, chairs, bulletin boards and my desk is that LPs *Laid Back* from **Gregg Allman** and *Sweet Freedom* out of **Uriah Heep** have been officially dubbed Gold by the ever-loving RIAA. ● You may recall in last week's column a plea for fire-eaters, jugglers and go-go girls dressed as devils for promotion schemes. Just to keep you up to date, the go-go girls must have danced their flames off 'cause **Cozy Powell's** (out of Chrysalis group **Bedlam**) "Dance With the Devil" is hitting all over the USA. Phone requests are pouring in (full of static lately, have you noticed?), particularly in New York, Texas, New Mexico, Oregon, Michigan, Georgia and Minneapolis. ● Announcement of joint **Pete Seeger** and **Arlo Guthrie** concerts

certainly has a happy ending this week. Word is out that New York, Montreal and Chicago sold out within days after the first local newspaper ad ran. Aside from filling Reprise with pride, it saved us money. The rest of the advertisements were canceled. ● The good ol' USA seems to disagree with neighboring Canada on the subject of abortion. Last week it was noted that some Canadian radio listeners strongly objected to the sentiment expressed by **Jim Seals** and **Dash Crofts** on their newest 45, "Unborn Child." In fact, these listeners went so far as to demand equal time on the radio to voice their opinion that every woman has the right to willingly abort. But cities from Boston to Seattle, from Philadelphia to San Francisco, and from Syracuse to Dallas have been besieged with phone calls and letters from ladies



Kenny O'Dell surrounded by famous admirers, from left to right: Bobby Goldsboro, Dottie West, Kenny, Paul Williams
Photo by David Hiller

All Money Radio

supporting the duo's stand. For example, **Marion Conner** of Yonkers, New York, says, "... It is a wonderful feeling to know that we have such a popular support to our fight for life protection." A **Mrs. Audlin** from Syracuse wrote, "Regeneration and re-education of true selfhood, with self-discipline and self control as effects, will bring solutions to our problems, not abortion." ● Local recording studios are bustling with noises lately. **James Taylor, John Sebastian, Randy Newman, Jack Nitzsche, Arlo Guthrie, Wendy Waldman** and a fellow you all may remember, **Mr. Major Lance**, are currently mothering and fathering expected-soon LPs. The Major's recently been signed by Warner Bros. in England. His artistry belongs to WB throughout the world, with the exceptions of the US and Canada. His biggest hits include "The Mon-

key Time," which hit the charts in July of '63 and remained on for 15 weeks; and "Um, Um, Um, Um, Um, Um," which humped its way up to #5 nationally in early 1964.

● **Wet Willie** another hot Southern band from Capricorn, gets a big break in March when they go on the yellow brick road around the country as opening act for **Grand Funk Railroad**. Who could ask for more? ● Even though the **World Wildlife Association** constantly tells us that storks are among severely endangered species, babies in the Warner/Reprise corral keep right on coming. Congratulations go out to DiscReet artist **Ted Nugent and wife Sandy**. Sandy produced a tiny female addition to the world Feb. 25. The new **Sasha Nugent** weighed in at 6 lbs., 14 oz., and arrived (as all children seem to do) at approximately 1:30 a.m. ●

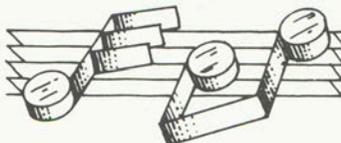


Kenny O'Dell surrounded by unknown fans, from left to right: Ruby Monday, Kenny, yet-to-surface singer/songwriter Tret Fure
Photo by David Hiller

It seems odd that after all this time one of these cute little Top 40 introductions hasn't exploited the analogistic possibilities of the very medium that this column takes its name from—namely, Top 40 radio. You know; say something like "zooming up to the top of the hit parade this week is the dollar bill, green, b/w gray" or "Big Bucks dedicates nos. 1-40 to Stock Bonds."

Doesn't it seem odd to you?

WB's top 40 selling albums of January are listed below, the previous month's performance following each entry in parenthesis



... Dollars, Dollars ...

1. *The Captain and Me*/Doobie Bros. (2)
2. *Muscle of Love*/Alice Cooper
3. *Laid Back*/Gregg Allman (1)
4. *Diamond Girl*/Seals & Crofts (4)
5. *Something/Anything*/Todd Rundgren (6)
6. *Beach Boys in Concert*/Beach Boys (3)
7. *Machine Head*/Deep Purple (16)
8. *Brothers and Sisters*/Allman Bros. Band (7)
9. *Summer Breeze*/Seals & Crofts (9)
10. *Toulouse Street*/Doobie Bros. (11)

... Doo-Dah-Doo-Dah ...

11. *O! Blue Eyes Is Back*/Frank Sinatra

12. *Sweet Freedom*/Uriah Heep (8)
13. *Billy Jack Original Soundtrack*
14. *The Marshall Tucker Band* (14)
15. *Aqualung*/Jethro Tull (22)
16. *Over-nite Sensation*/Mothers of Invention (12)
17. *Made in Japan*/Deep Purple (21)
18. *Mystery To Me*/Fleetwood Mac (10)
19. *Maria Muldaur* (19)
20. *Song for Julie*/Jesse Colin Young (15)

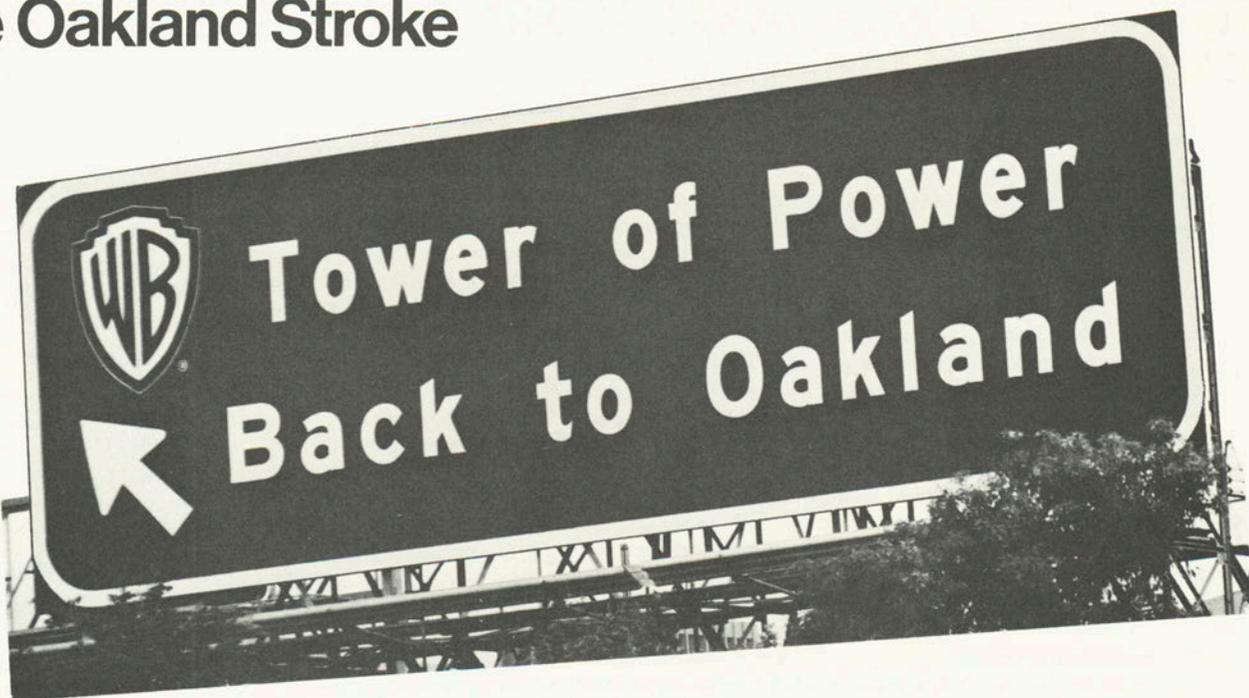
... Dollars, Dollars ...

21. *Gimme Something Real*/Ashford & Simpson (27)
22. *Eat a Peach*/Allman Bros. (25)
23. *School's Out*/Alice Cooper
24. *Billion Dollar Babies*/Alice Cooper (20)
25. *Hat Trick*/America (5)
26. *Harvest*/Neil Young (28)
27. *Who Do We Think We Are!*/Deep Purple (30)
28. *Happy Children*/Osibisa (18)
29. *2000 and Thirteen*/Reiner & Brooks (23)
30. *Smash Hits*/Jimi Hendrix (33)

... Oh, Doo-Dah Day ...

31. *Foghat* (31)
32. *Killer*/Alice Cooper (35)
33. *Montrose* (29)
34. *After the Goldrush*/Neil Young (32)
35. *Paranoid*/Black Sabbath (38)
36. *Takin My Time*/Bonnie Raitt (24)
37. *America* (37)
38. *Thick as a Brick*/Jethro Tull (39)
39. *Homecoming*/America
40. *Love It To Death*/Alice Cooper

Do the Oakland Stroke



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only touched upon during the previous album, *Tower Of Power*. His uniquely individual voice conforms easily to the slower ballad-oriented material of the band as well as to the funkier dancing tunes. However his style dictates that the band cater their playing somewhat to the lead possibilities of his voice, which weaves in and out of the forceful-yet-compliant textures of the five-man horn section.

Funk's No Bunk

"The new album is pretty much an offshoot of the last one," explains Steve, "and on it Lenny covers the three basic types of material we play: the funky tune, the kind of the middle-of-the-road pop ballad but sort of near soulful at the same time, and third, the sophisticated ballad."

In his listing of the three basic musical genres of the band Kupka mentioned the "funky tune" first as no idle preference in listing but

rather because it is in this substance that the group has established itself and its sound. When the band's first record was released (*East Bay Grease* on the now defunct Fillmore Records label) black listeners thought the group was entirely black. In concert this innate sense of funk runs through every member—the rhythm section sets the level, the horns embellish, and Lenny drives it home.

"Funky is just a form of syncopated music, jungle music," says the more-or-less leader of the group, saxophonist/composer Emilio Castillo. "When it's heavy on syncopation it's funk. See, it's like when we play live, we get down, get bad. I look on it as funky music being the staple of the band and ballads being our ace-in-the-hole. If it was just funky tunes and nothin' pretty, people might wonder about the musical substance because our ballads do have a little

more substance. But if we can demonstrate we can do both it's a plus. Also our music has always been danceable, and that's been another ace-in-the-hole."

The Power of Tower

The new album contains healthy doses of that funk and feel. Recorded in a semi-live fashion (all tracks recorded simultaneously) *Back to Oakland* exposes more of the various facets of Tower of Power than has any of their previous albums. "It's a good album, better than any of the others," says Emilio. "It focuses a lot more on Lenny Pickett's solos and Chester Thompson's solos; the band plays better, and Lenny sings a lot better because he helped write some of the tunes."

Over their last three records (*Bump City* was the first for Warner Bros.) Tower have exhibited a refinement in their three major areas of music. The climb has been

gradual, though, from the \$25-a-night gigs in Oakland and Berkeley clubs to headlining performances across the country. The rise in musical quality and group stature stems from that *power* the group possesses—a force enabling them to visually project the syncopated rhythm known as funk. Their image is what they are; what they send out is what they feel.

"We just wanna make music on a certain level and open the ears of people to a different style," Emilio concludes. "Some people say we play an old style, but I think we play a very futuristic style. I wanna keep on tryin' to do that and take the followers that we have and fulfill the obligations that we owe them. I just wanna keep playin' good and playin' where people dig us. I'd say we're avant-funk, a little bit of soul and pop-influenced—we just reach all levels, man."

—STEVE ROSEN

Time to Turn the Government Back Over to the Queen

LONDON—Election results: Mr. Heath handed the keys to 10 Downing Street over to Mr. Wilson, but not immediately. The race was so close that it was not easy to spot the winner. A prime minister is not voted for directly, as is an American president. In a general election, people vote only for a Member of Parliament (MP) within their own home constituency. At the end of the day, the party with the most MP's gets its leader—chosen by the party—in as Prime Minister. Because of the different sizes of the constituencies and the varying margins by which seats are won, it is possible for a party to lose even though it has polled more overall votes. This is precisely what happened to the Tories, and Heath did some desperate last minute hustling to try to get the increasingly popular third-party Liberals to throw in their lot with him and form a coalition which would give them—together—more seats than Labor in Parliament. But the Liberals would have no part of Heath, and Labor, who could have also done with Liberal support to have a decent majority, will have no part of the Liberals. Thus we are left with a minority Labor government who have inherited problems so grave that victory seems an ironic word for their situation. I hope I haven't bored you by going on about the election, but I found it gripping stuff. I can't wait for the next one. And rumor has it I may not have to wait long. Meanwhile, Warners' Derek Taylor, who canvassed strenuously for Labor, is conspicuously cheerful and has recited to me a list of convincing reasons why it is good that Wilson is in. More about that as time goes by.



George Melly

Now We Are Darts. Other results: The winner of the Steeleye Span Darts Classic was none other than the host team, as predicted. It wasn't a fix. Peter Knight and Rick Kemp are just red-hot and downright inexorable. *Melody Maker* ran a creditable second, after more than five hours of fierce competition. Butterfly Boy Roy Eldridge seized the opportunity to sharpen up his eye-hand coordination as he was shortly off to the States to lay out a 32-page Chrysalis supplement for *Billboard*.

Melly at the Biba. Visitors Ron Saul and Russ Thyret prefaced their attendance of the Chrysalis Convention with a visit to Warners Greek Street, from which all trooped off to Biba to see the Office Hero, George Melly. (Biba is the gargantuan boutique periodically mentioned in this column. The top floor Rainbow Room Restaurant is now used regularly for musical functions—TV tapings,

press receptions, etc.) from what I hear, the place was, as usual, awash with the nauseatingly hip—"men" with enormous earrings, meticulously made-up, girls dangling canes and cigarette holders. The food and drink were insipid and the effete milieu was sadly inappropriate to the boisterous George, who thrives best in the earthier atmosphere of pubs and clubs. For eyewitness coverage, ask Ron.

Debbie Dawn Breaks. While I was in the office, Dave-the-Rave put on a track that stopped us all in ours. The ridiculous shoved to the verge of the sublime—like the Shangri-Las, Mary Hopkin and the New Seekers hopelessly homogenized in some demented mix-down. I demanded that Dave play it four more times so that the vastness of the loon could blossom and I, too, could say, "There goes that song again," coincidentally the title of the number. By fortuitous chance,

I had just read last week's *Circ* in the bath and actually knew the true story of Debbie Dawn and Andy Wickham. The dazzling liberties the singer takes with conventional intonation on the flip side must be heard to be appreciated. One wonders if Burbank, and not Britain, will be first to sink giggling into the sea.

—SHELLEY BENOIT

Top Ten

Warner Bros. Sales Figures for
Week of February 25-March 3

1. The Doobie Bros./
*What Were Once Vices
Are Now Habits*
(W/L8W/L5W 2750)
2. Tower of Power/
Back to Oakland
(BS/M8/M5 2749)
3. Seals & Crofts/
Unborn Child
(W/L8W/L5W 2761)
4. Van Morrison/
It's Too Late to Stop Now
(2BS/K8/K5 2760)
5. Todd Rundgren/*Todd*
(2BR/K8/K5 6952)
6. Deep Purple/*Burn*
(W/L8W/L5W 2766)
7. Marshall Tucker/
A New Life
(CP/M8/M5 0124)
8. Black Sabbath/
Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath
(BS/M8/M5 2695)
9. Graham Central Station
(BS/M8/M5 2763)
10. Gregg Allman/*Laid Back*
(CP/M8/M5 0116)

Mike Oldfield Was Once a Sallyangie

If you've got an FM radio, ears, eyes, a subscription to one or more of the music trades, or more than one of the above, you've probably heard or heard about Mike Oldfield's *Tubular Bells*. This album of extended instrumental compositions (with a cameo appearance by Vivian Stanshall of bonzocanine fame) has done right well for Virgin Records (distributed by corporate cousin Atlantic), especially since some of its music appeared upon the soundtrack of *The Exorcist*.

We all know, of course, that the official soundtrack album of *The Exorcist* will soon be available on Warner Bros. Records. But let the Demento diadem shine proudly for a moment upon the head of Mike Oldfield. For, like most of us, Mike Oldfield has a past, a part of

which was immortalized (almost, anyway) on Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records (by which cumbersome the record company that prints this magazine was once formerly known).

Sallyangie's Story

Back in 1968 (give or take a year) WB-7A released, with appropriately tasteful ballyhoo, an album by an English acoustic duo known as Sallyangie. The inner-spread of WS 1783, as Sallyangie's *Children of the Sun* was known to the Accounting Dept., contains 1) the lyrics, 2) likenesses of the troubadours, in misty orange ink superimposed on 1), and 3) the following rubric:

The Sallyangie are Sally Oldfield, twenty-one years old, and her sixteen-year-old brother, Michael. They live and work in London and were recommended to us by John Renbourn of The Pentangle.

All this, and the melancholy but melodious music within, notwithstanding, Sallyangie didn't sell, and only the most assiduous of collectors were able to savor the lead vocals by Sally, the harmonies by Michael, and the instruments by both.

Desiring, apparently, to be heard by the less assiduous among us, Michael subsequently gave up singing, compensating for this muteness by learning to play a great many different instruments. Having also adopted the less formal "Mike," he repaired to a studio to record his performances on 20 or so different axes, which thanks to modern technology are almost all heard at once on *Tubular Bells*. Also heard, by the

way, is a "Girlie Chorus," one of whose two members is Sally Oldfield.

Question for Next Week

And now we turn to another artist whose past is chronicled (a little of it anyway) in the vaults of Warner Bros.-Seven Arts. I speak of single 7197, produced by Richard Perry no less, and featuring an aggregation called Uncle Sound. 7197 didn't sell, of course, but the vinyl remains to memorialize a way-station along the career highway of one of today's very major names (a vocal combination, actually. The question is, of course, who is it that hides behind the name (a cute one, isn't it?) of UNCLE SOUND?

The answer to Doc's 2/18 quiz is 1934. The question was, "When did the term 'Hi Fi' come into regular use?" Only one person tried to guess, and he was wrong. This is the second week in a row with no winner. Guess Doc'll have to get out some more of his children's questions again.

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

Blind man, street car
Foot slipped, there you are
—Buddy Holly

"Lookin' for Someone
to Love"

Vinyl Statistics

Circular is pleased to present a running account of newborn Warner Family Records. The past two weeks have given birth to four singles, no known albums.

SINGLES (March 1)

"Bad, Bad Leroy Brown"
Frank Sinatra— REP 1196

(March 6)

"Whispering Grass"
Corky Mayberry— WB 7789

"Sundown"
Gordon Lightfoot— REP 1194

"Gimme Some"
Danny Cox— NEB 0006

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