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John Sebastian Comes Out Swinging



John Answers Vinyl Call

by JOE ROBINSON

Vibrant music bounds out of the little rehearsal room, freshening the limp night air. The songs stream from a place John Sebastian affectionately calls "action central," a red-velvet-draped cubicle at the southern end of his Tarzana home.

Inside, an array of musical gear—piano, autoharp, guitars, bass, drums and sundry amps, monitors, wires and microphones—surround John and the four-piece band as they ready themselves for roadwork that begins two days later. The repertoire focuses on material from John's new LP, *Tarzana Kid*, with Sebastian classics like "She's a Lady" and "Nashville Cats" sprinkled about for good measure. The latter number tonight is rendered with particular gusto. It proves an opportune moment for ex-Nashville session guitarist Jerry McKuen's country flash. John sings and the song takes on his distinctive warmth.

Three Years. It's been a long time since this bespectacled man in jeans and striped T-shirt was heard from. Certainly the call of vinyl has gone unanswered since *The Four of Us* in 1971, but all has not been still.

Inspirational Verse

Now some of us would
rather cuss
And raise a fuss
Than try and build a little
trust.

—The Impressions
"Choice of Colors"

John says that in fact he's been very busy. "I've never stopped working," he emphasizes. "For an awful lot of time I was doing college concerts as regularly as whatever act you might want to name. But not always high visibility, I guess." This he believes the result of the low LP output. "When you release an album," he says, "that's the time when it *seems* like you're happening a lot more."

When last heard from on record John was pursuing a singer-songwriting solo career. "Since then there have been several evolutions of band," says John. "I worked as a solo performer for about a year and a half and then with just a bass player for about that long. I had my fun doing that project." But, he adds, "I've always been into bands. I've always been trying to put groups together."

Good and Bad. As he describes his situation over the last few years, his speech tumbles easily, crisp and clear, like his singing. "I was writing some good songs, and writing some lousy songs," he admits, "which I didn't release on record but which nonetheless take time to write before you can figure out you don't like them. I made about half of an album which I threw away because it wasn't very good."

Determined not to release "third-rate material," he departed from the customary annual LP release, waiting for "the songs and the feeling to be really fine." On the new album John went for this "feeling," a positive, uplifting quality reflected in John's



repeated effort in rehearsals to make the music "swing."

It was a lack of swinging on the current charts that in part helped to motivate *Tarzana Kid*. John and his producer from Lovin' Spoonful days, Erik Jacobsen, were hearing scant tunes of value over the airwaves. "This is one of the first times that this has happened in about 10 years," John says. "The last time, he and I got rolling on the Spoonful. This time we were listening to things that were Number One hits and we had to say, 'Gosh, this stuff doesn't excite me at all.' We started to explore just what got us off."

Worn but True. They found that they were looking to get a "good warm feeling" across on an album. "That's a phrase that is worn to death," he readily acknowledges, "but it's not something that is achieved very often, to have the tunes and feels be right, to have them swing.

Nothing on this record makes me nervous when I listen to it. It does nothing but sound like four guys in a room playing with a little bit of spontaneity and a little bit of excitement. It's the kind of album I've wanted to make and it required the help of Erik Jacobsen to do it."

Recorded at various studios around Los Angeles (Wally Heider, Amigo, Western), the album sports some unusual melodic hybrids but generally tends to reaffirm John's country-blues stance. To capture a natural liveliness, Jacobsen used production techniques developed during the course of the Spoonful. Unbaffled rooms were used to create warmth. The quest for spontaneity found John "trying to get what most engineers are trying to eliminate. Engineers were puzzled that we weren't after this tremendously almost unrealistic quality of sound that can be achieved in 1974."

Half of the LP's 10 tunes are

written by John, with the rest collected from traditional sources and people like Lowell George and Jimmy Cliff. John has written lyrics and Lowell music for one intriguing collaborative effort, "Face of Appalachia." A lament about the tragedy of today's Appalachia, "it's also about growing up in New York City and digging country music, about being affected by country music while living in the city. . . Appalachia is a source not only of so many great natural resources," explains John, "but also of music. They're not only plowing up the coal, radically changing the area. It's part of our music that's disappearing as well."

Good Feelings. Except perhaps for "Stories We Could Tell," a country-flavored ballad with Buddy Emmons' pedal steel work, the mood of the rest of the album is at the opposite pole from the sadness of "Appalachia." Good-time prevails, especially on "Friends Again," a tune about the Everly Brothers. Set in an early 1930s tempo, "it's a song to be sung with a six-string banjo." But that's not all. The tune also features an unusual combination of banjo with Pointer Sisters' vocals and Amos Garrett guitar, which takes the good-time beat into a 1974 zone.

John had wanted to record Jimmy Cliff's "Johnny Too Bad" but decided he couldn't honestly do it since the song really belongs to the experience of the modern Caribbean man, and "those guys break their asses trying to sing that song." He settled instead on another Cliff favorite, the delightful

"Sittin' Here in Limbo." "'Limbo' made sense," John says, "because for all the period where I was on the road working Eastern colleges, I felt very much in limbo."

As much as any artist, John Sebastian over the years has been a creator and interpreter of distinctly *American* music. His continuing interest in American musical roots can be seen on the traditional "Wildwood Flower" and also in two updated early Spoonful tunes, "Wild About My Lovin'" ("traditional stolen by John"), a fun ditty with Ry Cooder mandolin and Jim Gordon locomotive percussion, and "Sportin' Life," a song with many versions. "Willie Nelson wrote a song called 'It's My Life' and it's almost the same tune," says John. "It's one of the folk process tunes that has really been smirched around over the years."

Rock as Folk. John believes this process is always in motion but that the ongoing folk revival has a peculiarly contemporary twist. "Rock & roll has become folk music while everybody has been looking the other way. It's played by people in the kitchen late at night. It's played in little clubs and learned ear to ear. All the things they used to ascribe to folk music, like the folk process of songs changing a little bit as they were passed from one person to another. It's gone under all of these transmutations from a black song to being picked up by a cowboy. This native American music is no different. It perpetuates itself a little at a time—a reference in a song, a stolen melody, a form."

"Nothing on this record makes me nervous. *Tarzana Kid* sounds like four guys in a room playing with a little bit of spontaneity and a little bit of excitement."

The music industry has exploded since John's days with the Spoonful, a time when hits were churned out uninterrupted and with seeming unending ease. The influx of thousands of artists since that time has, according to John, made it rougher for today's writers to crank out tunes as quickly.

"There weren't very many rules in the Spoonful days," explains John. "There was so much unwritten about at that stage that it was very easy. There weren't any singer-songwriters. There weren't any American rock & roll bands. It was before the Byrds, who people claim were America's first rock & roll band. But they came after us. There was no blues and

rock & roll interplay. There was no jug band music and folk music interplay. There was no country music Third World or second generation Nashville people."

As a writer John won't take all the credit for his songs because he claims he's not the only source of his material. "It comes from feedback from wonderful things people have done to me as well as things I've done. That kind of intense approval goes somewhere." This positive viewpoint appears all through *Tarzana Kid*, an effort designed to rout the glut of "35-year-old guys telling you their troubles." Now, my friends, ain't that a breath of fresh (swinging) air? ●

Vinyl Statistics

"Black grows the vinyl-o," chant merry bands of company employes as they celebrate the weekly issue of new discs from Warner Bros. Records and its many happy affiliated labels. Join their silly chorus as you learn about the six new singles and zero new albums which enriched us all this past week.

SINGLES SEPTEMBER 18

"**Release Yourself**" / " 'Tis Your Kind of Music"—Graham Central Station—Warner Bros. WBS 8025

"**Who's Got the Paper**" / "Rokoto"—Osibisa—Warner Bros. WBS 8031

"**Don't Eat the Yellow Snow**" / "Cosmik Debris"—Frank Zappa—DiscReet DSS 1312

"**Country Side of Life**" / "Don't Wait Too Long"—Wet Willie—Capricorn CPS 0212

"**Long Time Gone**" / "Kissimmee Kid"—Richard Betts—Capricorn CPS 0213

"**Bungle in the Jungle**" / "Back-Door Angels"—Jethro Tull—Chrysalis CRS 2101

Five Hundred Thousand Bottles of Beer on the Wall...

Another World-Wide Marathon. The ever-informative *Daily Variety's* unearthed a raqing Battle-for-World-Title which can now be included in your *Circular* file-of-facts (aka the wastebasket). In Manchester, England, on August 27, one Eamonn McGirr warbled his way to the top of the singer's endurance heap by vocalizing for 105 hours. That includes breaks, of course. Five minutes every hour for food, water, what-have-you. (All marathons seem to come with five-minute breaks attached.) He broke New Yorker Jerry Cammarata's previous record, a 96-hour tribulation. Mr. Cammarata is a speech therapist, McGirr's a cabaret singer.

Zapping Through the Continent. Northern, Middle and Southern Europe are, at the moment, zinging, singing and ring-

ing with the very special sounds and effects of Frank Zappa. His itinerary reads like *Temple Fielding's Greatest Hits* and includes picturesque little spots like Rome, Bologna, Milan, Venice and Palermo (Italy, of course); Vienna; Frankfurt, Berlin and Hamburg (Germany); Stockholm; Oslo; Copenhagen; London; Paris; Rotterdam; Brussels; Lyon and Marseilles (France); not to mention Madrid and Barcelona in Spain. Now don't you wish you were a rock star?

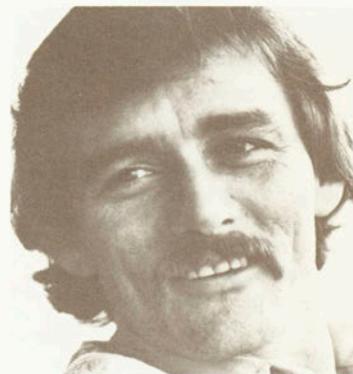
Speaking of Frank. Watch for a 90-minute Zappian TV Special coming up for air in October. You'll get to see F.Z. and Mothers doing what they always do: playing, singing, talking, breathing, sweating and it's all free (that is if you've made your last tube payment). Producing the show, along with Mort Libov Produc-

tions, Inc., is Zappa's Echidna Prods. More *Circular* filing now: an echidna is a spiny anteater, peculiar to Australia, and one of the world's two egg-laying mammals. Number two mammalian egg-layer is practically a household word, so write it in first and you'll win a singularly strange prize I couldn't unload in any other contest. (The Easter Bunny is *not* a true egg-layer, though it is a mammal.)

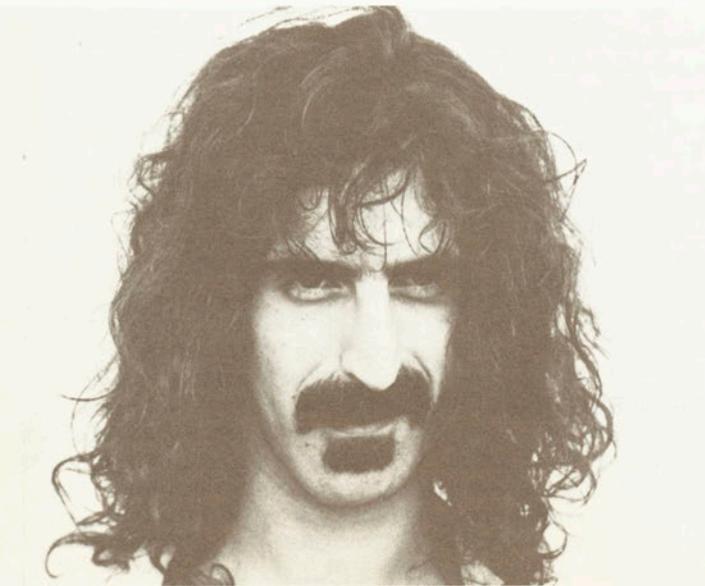
Winners With Class. As any faithful reader must've noticed by now, British Observer Ms. Benoit recently jumped into the random contest ring. Three issues back she asked which of our former Vice-Presidents wrote "It's All in the Game." Victor Number One is Howard Silver. He responded, "Written by Charles G. Dawes, who while serving as Vice-Pres during Cal Coolidge's second administration probably had nothing better to do. P.S. As you can see Dawes & I are both from Illinois. P.P.S. I wear a size large." Howard, your prize is in the mail but it's a hard one to put on. Winner Number Two is Jim Wiles, whose answer was a bit more intricate—" 'It's All in the Game' began life without words, as 'Dawes' Melody.' It was written, probably in the very early Twenties, by Charles Gates Dawes, VP under 'Silent Cal' Coolidge ('Keep Cool with Coolidge!') from 1925-29. Dawes went on to win the Nobel Prize (in 1925), and 'Dawes' Melody' went along peacefully and wordslessly until 1951, when Carl Sigman added lyrics and changed the title; in 1952 Nat Cole-sing-alike Tommy

Edwards recorded it for MGM. Though not a smash, it sold a respectably solid number of copies. In 1958 Edwards re-recorded it for MGM with a modified rock/shuffle background, to appreciably higher sales. Dawes would have been shocked at the many drug references in the lyric, particularly to cocaine ('Many a tear has to fall . . .')." Whatever that means, Jim, your prize is on its way also.

Three-Gun Salute to Billboard. This week the largest of the trade magazines (11 by 14½



in.) wins our bows and scrapes. We even have three good reasons. Firstly, their Top 100 LPs chart creators volcanoed *Highway Call* by Capricorn's Richard Betts from 88 withastar to 48, star intact. On the second hand, DiscReet's Kathy Dalton was honored as "New on the Charts," with a lovely photo and special mention for her 45, "Boogie Bands & One Night Stands." Finally, the *Board* won *Circular's* undying affection for running the following, "HAWLEYVILLE, Ia.—Stereo and quad industry giants to the contrary, 74-year-old Dalles Fidler has invented a revolutionary phono-



graph which he prefers to modern technology. It's operated by steam. Fidler keeps his invention out in the garage. It takes time to get the steam up to 60 on his pressure gauge. But when that point is reached the contraption suddenly starts playing an antique Edison cylinder 'turntable' and music squawks from the tin horn speaker dating back to the early 1900s. . . 'I doubt that I'll seek a patent,' says Fidler. 'The components involved are much too hard to acquire. I found mine in junkyards, from friends' trash bins and in roadside ditches.'

Meanwhile We Curtsy to KNDE. Sacramento gets the Righteous Radio Award this week since KNDE added two of our little vinyls. "Tin Man" by America was one, and Elvin Bishop's "Travelin' Shoes" the other. By the way, Elvin learned about New York City the hard-and-fast way on September 11. En route to a WABC interview, his taxi lost a door. According to the WB New York hot wires of communication, the door was ripped off by a passing vehicle. Elvin's still intact and smiling, as you see him here.



Stories We Can't Tell. Despite promises rashly made in last week's issue to the effect that this *Circ* would contain fresh bulletins anent the New Building disaster, we've got none to give since the Committee In Charge of Postponing the New Building has yet to issue any its proclamation. We'll write when we get word.

Ruby's Run-Ons

● Guess which 45 was helping salaries around here five years ago this week? Oh, "Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town," by **Kenny Rogers and the First Edition**. Furthermore, **Dean Martin's Everybody Loves Somebody** LP was padding paychecks five years before that. "Ruby" was #7 on *Billboard's* Singles Chart while *Everybody* resided at #1 on a decade-old *Board* Top 100 Chart.

● Going straight to the hurricane's eye of late are music publishing companies, some of whom've started tape piracy law suits against the likes of Texaco Oil. Their reasoning is that the big oilers should prevent their local stations from selling those pirated spools on the premises. ● Faithful **Seals & Crofts** staffer **Susan Joseph and husband** were blessed with a boychild born September 14. The wee one's name is **Justice**.

● **Guitar Man Award of the Week** goes to **Edgar Winter** bassist **Dan Hartman**. *Billboard's* Inside Track section recently reported, "Hartman has been performing in a 'guitar suit' featuring stereo cordless microphones and amplifiers sewn throughout the outfit making Hartman probably the first man

to become an extension of his guitar." Undoubtedly. ● **Bobby Womack's** cooking right along. An anonymous but informed source reports he's been signed to play **Sam Cooke** in a forthcoming flick which, hopefully, will not be called "The Sam Cooke Story." An interesting aside or two: Bobby once was signed to Cooke's record label as a recording artist and later married Sam's widow. ● Golden glitter shining on Chrysalis' **Robin Trower**. His second LP, *Bridge of Sighs*, was just declared Gold by the RIAA. ● September 27's "Midnight Special" features **Randy Newman**, who will be hosting the show.

Guests include **Maria Muldaur, Ry Cooder, Dr. John** and the reunited **Turtles**. ● Word came recently from Chrysalis that **Ian Anderson**, while passing through L.A. on his way back from Australian tour of some magnitude, purchased a "competition motorcycle." Sorry, fans, brand name not revealed.

● Don't think for a minute that your household greenery isn't listening to every word you say. From Eastbourne, England, via *Billboard*, comes the proof: "Charles Roberts, a dedicated gardener, last week showed friends a 4¼-pound tomato he raised himself. A stereo buff, the 62-year-old sound freak said he hypoped its growth by fitting headphones around it and feeding it stereo music from dawn to sundown." Now if those software manufacturers were really smart, they'd start making little tiny headsets for philodendron. ● Our International Department, as well as all WB Burbankers, want to extend the **Lasagna Laser Beam Light**

Award to our Italian representative/licensee, **Dischi Ricordi**. Particularly, **Signor Pier Tacchini** and his toiling staff, who were responsible for WB being #1 in LP sales and #3 in tape sales all over the friendly boot. ● An L.A. filmmaker, doing a promotional reel for WB, found that too many quick cuts gave his product a choppy appearance. So he smoothed some of them over with quick inserts of the omnipresent **Bugs Bunny**. The flick looks fine, and has been retitled *What Were Once Splices Are Now Rabbits*. And if you believe that . . . ●

Top Ten

Based on Warner Bros. sales figures for the week of September 15-22.

1. **Alice Cooper's Greatest Hits**
2. Neil Young/*On the Beach*
3. Richard Betts/*Highway Call*
4. Robin Trower/*Bridge of Sighs*
5. America/*Holiday*
6. Various Artists/*Duane Allman Anthology, Vol. II*
7. Gordon Lightfoot/*Sundown*
8. Little Feat/*Feats Don't Fail Me Now*
9. Wet Willie/*Keep On Smilin'*
10. Bonnie Raitt/*Streetsights*

Twelve-Inch Paralysis Strikes GB



London. How can anyone possibly think or work in these circumstances? The long-awaited white labels of the new Randy Newman and John Sebastian have just arrived at Greek Street and no one feels like doing anything except sitting and listening. Too rapt, even, to leave the room long enough to make cups of tea. (Britain's highest accolade.)

Filet of Bunny. There are a couple of radio shows here I enjoy. (Mostly, though, I hate the radio here.) One is called Desert Island Discs, where the guest-person gets to choose the eight ditties he would take with him (along with the Bible and Shakespeare) were he a castaway. This is pitched to an older audience than its companion show, My Top Twelve, where a guest popstar gets to pick (and hear played) the dozen tracks he'd pack onto his ideal LP. I just heard the selections of Kiki Dee (the seasoned British chanteuse whose career has flourished recently under the aegis of Elton John). Her favor seemed to fall most strongly on Burbank. (They could have played just one of our famous loss leaders.) Anyhow, the best moment was when she surprised the host DJ with a Little Feat number, "Fat Man in the Bathtub" from *Dixie Chicken*, and thereby achieved what must be one of Little Feat's only airplays here. She heard welcome praise on the band, whom she'd heard of from a

fellow musician. All of which adds fuel to my conviction that Little Feat should not underestimate the extent of their British following.

Elderly Hippies. An event of epic magnitude took place last weekend, that being the CSNY concert at Wembley Stadium (with titanic support acts: The Band and Joni Mitchell). The crowd swelled to some 72,000 (with unofficial estimates going way higher) at some \$8.75 per head, decimal fans. It was described to me as "a bunch of elderly hippies out for a community sing." The multitude were happy and generally well-behaved. Most gratifying was the report of an exceptionally effective outdoor PA system. Burbank's own Jesse Colin Young warmed up the growing mob (probably a mere 50,000 at that early hour) and indulged its hearty insistence for an encore.

Yawn. A further entertainment was provided for the chosen few (well, not so few, really) by way of a sit-down dinner in some swish St. James eatery. I understand there was no end of amusement to be had watching the press sidle up to munching superstars (who were officially not giving interviews), thinking that the absence of notepad and Sony would fool them. Those who lacked the front to induce a conversation settled for hovering behind chairs like eavesdropping waiters. Periodically, manager Elliot Roberts would cross the room to say something to Neil Young and anxious scribes would part in his wake like the Red Sea. Then sometimes it would be Neil mak-

ing return peregrinations to consult Elliot. A witness assessed Neil, resplendent in ruined straw hat, as "most charismatic" of the evening's pantheon, all eyes fastened to his every move. (N.B.: *After the Gold Rush* mysteriously reappeared in Britain's Top 50 a week before the concert.) My own sympathies lie with the weary Jesse Colin Young, who arrived a bit late, poked his head in long enough to glimpse the seated throng and announced, "Uh, think I'll go to bed." This meant missing out on a small-hours jam incorporating at different moments Neil, Graham Nash, Robbie Robertson, Jimmy Page and John Bonham. (T.B. Too bad . . .)

Air Traffic Control, Come in Pul-eeze. Skies above the Atlantic have been bristling of late with Warner ladies in transit. In a configuration something like the fox, the geese and the corn, we find Ann-Marie Micklo of Burbank looping through London (where she alerted me to the Chelsea garbage strike. Oh shame to see it piling higher before the ancestral haunts of Oscar Wilde, the Rosettis and Mick Jagger). In exchange the sublime Moira Bellas (perennial object of my esteem and guiding light of Greek Street's model Press Office) has made her maiden voyage to Burbank. (Just think, her first taco.) And now it's Jo Bergman, taking refuge from the New York outfit in England's green and pleasant hinterlands. Time somebody took up a collection for Ruby Monday, I say.

—SHELLEY BENOIT

Once I Tried to

Rex Allen, Jr.

9/25 Odessa, Texas
9/27 Phoenix
9/28-29 Douglas, Arizona
10/1-3 Farm Progress Show, Ft. Dodge, Iowa
10/5 Dubuque
10/12 Constantine, Michigan
10/19 Lake Wales, Florida
10/31 Los Angeles

America

10/16 Brown Coliseum, Green Bay
10/17 Quincy College, Quincy, Illinois
10/18 Iowa State University, Ames
10/19 University of Missouri, Columbia
10/20 LaCrosse Auditorium, LaCrosse, Wisconsin
10/25 West Point
10/26 Madison College, Harrisonburg

Elvin Bishop

9/23 Northern Kentucky State College, Highland Heights
9/24 Palace Theatre, Dayton
9/25 Performing Arts Center, Milwaukee
9/26 Civic Center Theatre, St. Paul
10/2 Drury College, Wiser Gym, Springfield, Massachusetts

Ry Cooder

9/24 Teton Village Festival, Jackson Hole
10/5 Symphony Hall, Atlanta
10/6 Guthrie Theatre, Minneapolis
10/7 Edina Auditorium, Minneapolis
10/14 Massey Hall, Toronto
10/19 Constitution Hall, Washington, D.C.
10/27 Symphony Hall, Boston
10/31 Portland Opera House, Portland, Oregon



Fleetwood Mac

9/28 Allentown
9/29 Scranton
10/4 Boston
10/5 New York City
10/6 Washington, D.C.
10/9 Providence
10/11 Philadelphia
10/12 Rutherford, New Jersey
10/13 South Orange, New Jersey

Go to Vegas... Only Made It Out to Needles

10/14 Pittsburgh
10/15 Columbus
10/16 Cleveland
10/17 Cincinnati
10/18 Detroit
10/19 Chicago
10/20 Stevens Point, Wisconsin
10/21 Minneapolis
10/23 Eau Claire, Wisconsin
10/24 Milwaukee
10/25 St. Louis

Graham Central Station

9/27 Spectrum, Philadelphia
9/28 Scope, Norfolk
9/29 Memorial Auditorium, Greenville



9/30 Municipal Auditorium, Charleston
10/2 Public Arena, Cleveland
10/3 Civic Auditorium, Pittsburgh
10/5 Michigan Palace, Detroit
10/6 Ambassador Theatre, St. Louis
10/18 Central State University, Wilberforce, Ohio
10/26 State University of New York, Albany

Hydra

9/27 Kansas City Memorial Auditorium, Missouri
9/28 Kiel Auditorium, St. Louis
9/29 Veterans Memorial Auditorium, Columbus
9/30 Convention Center, Louisville
10/9 Harrisburg
10/10 Cleveland
10/11 Detroit
10/12 Toledo
10/13 Ypsilanti, Michigan
10/14 Marquette, Michigan
10/15 Flint
10/16 Kalamazoo

James Montgomery Band

9/30 Northeastern University, Boston
10/3 Aquarius Theatre, Boston

Doug Kershaw

9/28 Texas Opry House, Austin
10/4 University of California, Riverside
10/11 Texas A & M, College Station
10/12 Eastern New Mexico State University, Portales

Little Feat

9/28 Spectrum, Philadelphia
10/2 Agora Club, Columbus
10/4-5 Palace Theatre, Detroit
10/7 The Brewery, East Lansing
10/10 Western Maryland College, Westminster

Van Morrison

10/16 Veterans Memorial Auditorium, Columbus
10/17 Masonic Temple, Detroit
10/18 Auditorium Theatre, Chicago
10/20 IMA Auditorium, Flint
10/21 Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto
10/23 Constitution Hall, Washington, D.C.
10/24 Spectrum, Philadelphia
10/26 Palace Concert Theatre, Providence
10/27 Boston Music Hall
10/28 New Haven Coliseum

Maria Muldaur

10/24 Normal, Illinois
10/25 Auditorium Theatre, Chicago
10/26 La Crosse, Wisconsin
10/27 Orchestra Hall, Minneapolis
10/29 Center for the Performing Arts, Milwaukee

Randy Newman

9/27-29 Troubadour, Los Angeles
10/5 Symphony Hall, Atlanta
10/6 Guthrie Theatre, Minneapolis
10/8 Midland Theatre, Kansas City, Missouri

10/11 Washington University, Graham Chapel, St. Louis
10/14 Massey Hall, Toronto
10/15 Genesee College, Batavia, New York
10/18 Philharmonic Hall, New York City
10/19 Constitution Hall, Washington, D.C.
10/27 Symphony Hall, Boston
10/31 Portland Opera House, Portland, Oregon

Ted Nugent's Amboy Dukes

9/20 Signorelli's, Lafayette
9/21 Vinton, Louisiana
9/25-26 Winter Haven
9/27-28 Jacksonville
9/29 Ashville

Bonnie Raitt

9/25 Berkeley Community Theatre
9/26 Memorial Auditorium, Sacramento
9/28-29 Santa Monica Civic Auditorium
10/3 Golden Hall, San Diego
10/4 Celebrity Theatre, Phoenix
10/6 University of New Mexico, Albuquerque
10/7 Regis College, Denver
10/11 Avery Fisher Hall, New York City
10/12 Irvine Auditorium, Philadelphia
10/13 Allen Theatre, Cleveland
10/14 Kleinhans Auditorium, Buffalo
10/16 Massey Hall, Toronto
10/19 Palace Concert Theatre, Providence
10/21 Aquarius Theatre, Boston
10/22 Constitution Hall, Washington, D.C.
10/23 Pennsylvania State University, University Park
10/26 Capital Theatre, Passaic, New Jersey
10/28 Richmond Mosque, Richmond
10/30 Greensboro Auditorium
10/31 Civic Auditorium, Atlanta

Doug Sahn

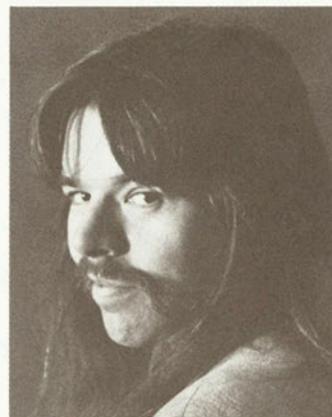
9/26 Hartwick College, Oneonta, New York
9/28 Carnegie Hall, New York City
10/3-6 Main Point, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania
10/9-13 My Father's Place, Roslyn, Long Island

John Sebastian

9/27 Shady Grove Music Festival, Gaithersburg, Maryland
9/28 Cortland State College, Cortland, New York
10/4 Bethany College, Bethany, West Virginia
10/5 Widner College, Chester, Pennsylvania
10/6 Wake Forest University, Winston-Salem
10/10 Siena College, Loudonville, New York
10/11 Western Maryland College, Westminster
10/12 Colgate University, Hamilton, New York
10/13 Brooklyn College
10/14 Worcester, Massachusetts
10/18 Capital Theatre, Passaic, New Jersey
10/19 Jersey City State College

Bob Seger

9/27 Civic Center, Philadelphia
9/28 Civic Arena, Pittsburgh
9/29 Civic Center, Baltimore
10/9 Arena, Harrisburg
10/10 Convention Center, Cleveland
10/11 Cobo Hall, Detroit
10/12 Sports Arena, Toledo
10/13 Eastern Michigan University, Ypsilanti
10/14 Northern Michigan University, Marquette
10/15 I.M.A. Auditorium, Flint



Frank Sinatra

9/27 Universal Amphitheatre, Universal City
10/2 Boston Gardens
10/4 Buffalo War Memorial
10/7 Spectrum, Philadelphia
10/9 Civic Center, Pittsburgh
10/12-13 Madison Square Garden, New York City
10/25 Municipal Auditorium, Kansas City, Missouri
10/26 New Sports Arena, Cleveland
10/29 Memorial Auditorium, Dallas

Tower of Power

9/27 Selland Arena, Fresno
9/28 Santa Cruz Civic Auditorium
10/11 Felt Forum, New York City
10/12 Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire
10/13 Massey Hall, Toronto
10/15 New Haven Coliseum
10/17 Assumption College, Worcester, Massachusetts
10/24 Mosque, Richmond

Dionne Warwick

9/23-28 Japanese Tour
10/9-13 Mill Run Theatre, Niles, Illinois

Frank Zappa/ Mothers of Invention

10/29 Palace Theatre, Waterbury
10/31 Felt Forum, New York City

Bats in Burbank's Belfries



The Los Angeles Dodgers, 1974 edition, enjoy considerable support among the halls and hills of Burbank. It's doubtful, though, that they or any other present or future ball club will ever receive a tribute to top the one accorded the 1962 Dodgers on Reprise single R-20,105, sung by grand old trouper Danny Kaye.

Written by Sylvia Fine and Herbert Baker, "D-O-D-G-E-R-S Song (Oh Really? No, O'Malley)" traces the progress of a game between Dem Bums ("dem bums, dem dry bums . . . but they're my bums") and their arch-rivals from Up North, the J-I-N-T-S.

The early outlook isn't brilliant for the Smogville nine. The enemy's Orlando Cepeda hits a grand slam. In the home half, (Ron) Fairly hits into a double play and Frank Howard strikes out. Things are relatively even from then on; Willie Mays is out trying to stretch a triple into a home run ("Roseboro tags him on the bottom of the spine") and Maury Wills is out trying to steal (1962 was the year Wills set his recently-

shattered season stolen base record). Kaye's portrait of an itchy Leo Durocher, coaching Wills at first base, is especially charming.

In the bottom of the ninth, the "Flatbush refugees" finally bear down and, thanks to some erratic San Francisco fielding (which Kaye turns into a tongue-twisting ballet of errors) apparently win the game. "The team that's all heart/all heart and all thumbs . . . they're our Los Angeles Bums!" rhapsodizes Kaye, pausing along the way to ask "Do you think we'll really win the pennant?"

Reprise 20,105-B, by the way, presents Kaye's poignant reading of "Myti Kaysi at the Bat." This is of course the game's best-known literary work, Ernest Lawrence Thayer's "Casey at the Bat," retold in a Japanese setting.

Nishimoto at the Bat.

Unknown, perhaps, to Kaye or to "Myti Kaysi" adaptors Fine and Baker, another American comedian had recorded his own Japanese-dialect version of "Casey" some nine years earlier.

In this version, the locale is Yokohama, and the would-be-hero's name is Nishimoto. Who was the perpetrator of "Nishimoto at the Bat"? (Hint: This comedian's "Japanese" routines were best-sellers, but he was even better known for his songs in a certain European accent, for which he used a different pseudonym.)

Well, heh-heh (nervous clearing of throat, straightening of vestigial early-60s narrow tie), looks like we have a little catching up to do here, but then so do you. Seems the transition from every-other-weekly publication of *Circular* to reassuring regularity gave the *Circ* staff a mild case of print-lag, which means that we announced *no winners* last issue but we're announcing *two issues' worth of winners* *this issue*. Or non-winners, since nobody correctly answered the question in issue 27 (dated August 26) about what a certain 11 songs had in common (the answer, revealed an issue later, concerned the very wonderful Browning Bryant).

We do, however, have a *bona fide* last-minute winner on the question in issue 28 (issued bright and early September 2 but somehow also dated August 26 for reasons known only to *Père Penthaus*) concerning summer songs. John W. Hopper, of neighboring Pasadena, knew for a fact that "Summertime, Summertime" (thank the Jamies) and "Summer Breeze" (a very warm welcome, if you will, for Seals & Crofts) were the solstice serenades in question, and said as much on a postcard, thus garnering *Chip Taylor's Last Chance*. So now we're all caught up, sort of, and will announce the winner for last week's question (answered by the Doctor above) in next week's issue, bringing us that much closer to relative normalcy.

Anyone wishing to answer today's question should send her or his answer in before two weeks spin by. The first right answer will win its originator any *single* album in the handsome Warner Bros./Reprise catalog. Replies are pro-rated for geographical farness and neatness is also a factor. So's originality. So, too, is the correct address: Dr. Demento, Warner Bros. Records, 3701 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Ca. 91505. Dementos, by the way, are those little red things they stuff dolives with. Been wanting to get that off my chest for weeks.

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