

circular

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**Ian Anderson
Speaks
His Mind**



Reflections From Jethro Tull's Guiding Light

by COLMAN ANDREWS

I was on my way to interview Ian Anderson.

"Ian Anderson?" others had exclaimed when first I told them of my mission. "Why, he's the meanest guy around. He *hates* to give interviews. He *hates* people who write about him and his music. He'll mammoth you with his flute in nothing flat. (Or is it E flat?) You'll never come out alive!"

But a man's gotta do, of course, what a man's gotta do, and so one muggy Sunday afternoon, an afternoon fraught with omen, your fearless correspondent ventured into the deepest recesses of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel to talk to Ian Anderson—flautist, songwriter, singer, producer, wild and wooly showman and founder and guiding light of Jethro Tull.

I, of course, ended up enjoying the entire experience immensely.

Old Answers. "Yes, I can understand the reputation I have for not giving interviews," he began, once he had settled down with what may well have been his first-ever Monte Cristo sandwich and a glass of milk. (Ah, the culinary wonders of America!) "I mean, I don't mind doing *interviews*. I don't like answering questions such as 'How'd you get the name Jethro Tull?' or 'How many of you are there in the group, and which one of you plays the flute?'" In a country like Japan or New Zealand or Australia, where we've just been on tour, people ask these questions because they're genuinely curious, and they don't have access to a tremendous amount of information.

But I shouldn't have to answer those questions here. Jethro Tull have been around five or six years

... We answered all those questions the first, second and third time we toured here. All the facts about us are available in this country, because there are lots of press handouts here—which were done at *my* request to make life easier for me. So I shouldn't have to waste time answering those kinds of questions . . ."

"How'd you get the name Jethro Tull?" I asked.

"Well, the *reason* we broke up after the *Passion Play* tour," he replied, "was simply that we wanted to take a rest. We had been touring and making records for five years, and after a time of belonging, body and soul, to a corporate identity like Jethro Tull, there comes a point when you have to cease to be a part of that thing, when you have to have some kind of private identity—just something by which to measure your own worth.

"Our break-up lasted exactly two days. Literally two days after we decided to break up, I was on the phone to the others, saying that I wanted to book some studio time. And they said 'Sure, great.' Three or four weeks later, we started rehearsing and then recording. We made another record, *WarChild*, which is probably the start of another five-year cycle."

What's Your Number?

The next thing I wanted to know, naturally enough, was "How many of you are there in the group?"

"We had the luxury of being able to spend a long time in the studio," he replied, "doing a lot of musical things for *WarChild* that we had never had the oppor-



tunity to try before. We also were able to record under very relaxed circumstances, and out of that recording came the 10 thematically related songs which make up the album.

"Musically, it sounds very different from *Passion Play*. It's a bit more conventional in the sense that the songs have a more apparent structure. *WarChild* isn't the great amoebic monster that *Passion Play* turned into. You know, I was listening to *Passion Play* for the first time in about a year today, and I was thinking 'Christ, I couldn't play that now.' I was actually a better musician when I made that record than I am now. What I've been playing since, while it's just as valid musically, is somehow much less complex, much less of an effort to play. I mean, it was thought out a lot more at the beginning, but it's easier and more relaxed to actually play on stage or in the studio."

And, of course, I had to find out the truth about one thing: "Which one of you plays the flute?" I demanded courageously.

See The Music. "Live performances act as a kind of punctuation to our music itself," he parried. "It's a little easier for the audience to meet us on some middle ground in terms of appreciation when we're there in person. Especially if we're wearing funny clothes and jumping about with odd interludes of amusement or intrigue occurring on the stage.

"Perhaps it's not quite as easy to deal with our music simply on record, but our things are very good for people who use their imaginations, as listeners, as individuals. I enjoy getting letters from 13-year-old girls saying, 'Wow, gee, I was listening to your music and, wow, man, it's like, I see spaceships and monsters and old men jerking off . . .' There's imagination there. Listeners like this are creating something. There's something more than just the music, more than just an empty room. It means something different to everyone who listens.

"Music is really nothing without someone to listen to it. After I've

We had been speaking of painting and another question suddenly cried to be asked. "Do you have a favorite color?"



made the record and it's on that black plastic, after I've written and arranged, recorded and mixed, after the test pressings come back, one, two, three times and I finally say, 'print that one,' then the record isn't mine anymore. Within a few weeks, people are going to be investing in that property to the extent of \$5, or so, and it belongs to them just as much as it does to me. Everybody who listens to it adds something to it, endows it with some special quality. It becomes more than just the piece of music I wrote. That's something very special, and I respect that very much."

An impressive response, but I couldn't help wondering what the words Jethro Tull really meant.

Them Changes. "My songs deal with sociological and political issues only in the very broadest sense. If I were to say, 'Yes, I'm concerned with social issues,' it would indicate that I was actively engaged in a campaign to make changes, by preaching some sort of new or improved doctrine. Which I'm not. I may sing about situations, specific things that affect me, or maybe things I just see looking out of a taxi window. But to call myself 'concerned with social issues' . . . That sounds like someone in government whose job is to make sure that people who pick watermelons are paid a fair amount of money.

"In reality, I'm concerned about these things only on the level that you might be if you were walking down the street and you saw somebody beating his wife or you saw a dog that had been shot with an air gun. These are the kinds of social issues you

would react against. Singing about politics or singing about God . . . these aren't even really issues. These things have always been there. Like love, they're perennial subject matter for musical verse."

"Tell me, Ian," I queried, "What about your roots? Can we expect an album of boogie music the next time around?"

"What people write *for* is a very difficult question. There's no clear-cut answer to it. There are so many reasons and motives. Probably for me the most obvious one is that it's my way of finding out about me. Writing songs is like carrying a shaving mirror around with you. You see yourself first thing in the morning when you write a song.

Frozen Moments. "I think that painting or writing music or whatever is basically an illustration of a person's ideas, thoughts or character. It's a way of putting something down for reinspection

at a later date. And at that later date, it might have some value for other people—the listeners, the viewers or whatever."

I was frankly puzzled. "Would you characterize your music as jazz-rock?" I asked.

"Everybody has a specific reason for creating. Picasso had a definite intention when he did *La Guernica*. An ancient Greek sculptor had a definite intention when he did what he did. The only thing is, we haven't the vaguest inkling of what the Greek had in mind, because he didn't end up in the situation I'm in, being interviewed by a writer.

"What prompted an artist to paint a certain thing? Was it some kind of imagery, was he curious about an idea he didn't understand himself, was he actually trying to make a point with some kind of symbolism? Anyway, he had a very definite reason and knew exactly what it was he was trying to get at when he was painting. But rather than make it

obvious or construct it in a literal or factual way, he probably made a conscious attempt to be a little bit obscure, a little bit veiled about the way he finally put it forward. That's why anyone who looks at a painting or reads a piece of literature or hears a piece of music knowingly or unknowingly makes a contribution to the final meaning of that piece.

Reflected Truth. "If we bring a painting into this room, close the door and the curtains, paint all the walls black and then look at the piece of art, it has a certain

Continued on page 4

Inspirational Verse

All I want is to just have fun,
Live my life like it's just
begun.

— The Seeds
"Pushin' Too Hard"

Which One of You Plays the Flute?

Continued from page 3

meaning. If we walk out of the room it will still exist by itself, but while we're in the room, *while* we're looking at it, any meaning it has, any part of the essence of life experience it contains, is a product not only of the painting itself but also of the viewer. The viewer has to bring to it imagination, intelligence, sensitivity, emotion . . .

"Now, the painter may have put out a *lot* of effort in creating the work of art, and the viewer may only put out a *little*, but there is a mutual effort. There are *two* sources of thinking, of being, that somehow form the idea that is up there on the wall, that somehow form the meaning of the painting. The same is true of music—or of any of the arts."

We had been speaking of painting and another question suddenly cried to be asked. "Do you have a favorite color?"

"I've heard all sorts of music, but I haven't really listened *consciously* to much music since I was 16 or 17 years old. I do listen sometimes, but not in a very aware fashion. And I think that's sort of wrong of me. If I'm going to listen to something, I think I ought to sit down and pay attention. Even if it's only on a sub-conscious or unconscious level, I think the brain is always extending itself toward any stimulus. If I'm talking to you, I'm reacting to sunlight, light colors, dry brick walls and a few palm trees, and this is making me behave slightly differently than I would if this were London and rain was streaming down the wall and people were crowding down Oxford Street to try to get to the

bank before it closes.

Active Participation. "If I sit down in this room and put Beethoven on that little cassette machine, some part of me is going to react to it whether I pay attention or not. So I think I would rather make my reactions conscious. In order to understand the finer points of the music, I've got to sit down and make the effort. I've got to make a conscious attempt to go towards the music rather than just letting it come towards me."

"What's your opinion of rock operas?" I inquired. "Did you see *Hair*?"

"The trouble with most music critics, I think, is that they would sit down and try to review old

Beethoven over there on that cassette machine the first time around. It might be possible, if the critic were an academic, a classical musician. If he had spent 10 or 20 years studying music and the history of music, and could really think that fast and make notes that fast, then he might be able to do it. But some guy who's been out of school for two or three years, writing for a pop paper and seeing his name in print every week and sending a copy home to mum . . . He's not inclined to be careful, to be constructive.

Star Cynics. "There's a tendency on the part of journalists to want to be entertaining, and,

sadly, there are some journalists who like to be entertaining by being cynical and destructive, because they think it's sort of amusing.

"I don't mind criticism if somebody says 'Anderson's got a horrible voice. He should try singing an octave lower.' Well, I'll entertain that notion. Lovely. But if somebody just says 'Anderson sings like a crayon on a blackboard, squeaking,' then I don't think that's justified. It's just being cutting and carping, and it's not helpful either to me or to the people who might want to know what I really sound like.

"Besides . . . I'm sure I'm better than that." e

Vinyl Statistics

Polly Ethylene, the Warner Ovenry's chef supreme, has been dispensing dollops of raisins and blackberry brandy into batches of vinyl with an especially free hand as the holiday season approaches.

"People ask me if we could make records for less," Polly smiles, "and I always answer, sure we could. We could cut a corner here or there—use bass players with nervous tics that affect their playing, or grooves that don't make it all the way around—but, darn it, they just wouldn't be Warner records then, would they?"

We agree with Polly. We think our records are worth the extra care—the complicated mixing (performed at our old-fashioned

studios), the shrink-wrapping that happens at the peak of flavor, even the painful contract negotiations. For example, how about the five new singles and six new albums that emerged fragrant and tempting this very week, bearing the proud trademarks of four different labels in our family?

SINGLES NOVEMBER 6

"**You Can't Do It Right (With the One You Love)**" / "High Ball Shooter"—Deep Purple—Warner Bros. PRS 8049

"**Me As I Am**" / "Comin' From Behind"—Chip Taylor—Warner Bros. WBS 8050

"**Oh Atlanta**" / "Down the Road"—Little Feat—Warner Bros. WBS 8054

"**Only So Much Oil in the Ground**" / "Give Me the Proof"—Tower of Power—Warner Bros. WBS 8055

"**Toledo Window Box**"—George Carlin—Little David PRO EP 594

ALBUMS NOVEMBER 8

Alone—Rod McKuen—Warner Bros. BS 2817

Stormbringer—Deep Purple—Warner Bros. PR 2832

Sinatra — The Main Event—Frank Sinatra—Reprise FS 2207

Toledo Window Box—George Carlin—Little David LD 3003

Where We All Belong—The Marshall Tucker Band—Capricorn 2C 0145

Forever Young—Kitty Wells—Capricorn CP 0146

In Pursuit of Her Majesty

God Appears To Have Saved Her.

I almost saw the Queen this time. I'd like to lie and say I really did get a look, but almost was pretty exciting in itself. They just opened Parliament, which means there was a huge parade cruising half the "sights" (Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, Whitehall and, for that matter, Parliament) of London. It is remarkable how those plumes and gold helmets and red jackets, fine horses and delicate coaches, swords and clatter can make you nearly sweat and shout before you know what's hit you. I'll try to get there earlier next time so I don't miss Brenda (as some mysteriously choose to refer to the Queen with a rather snide affection).

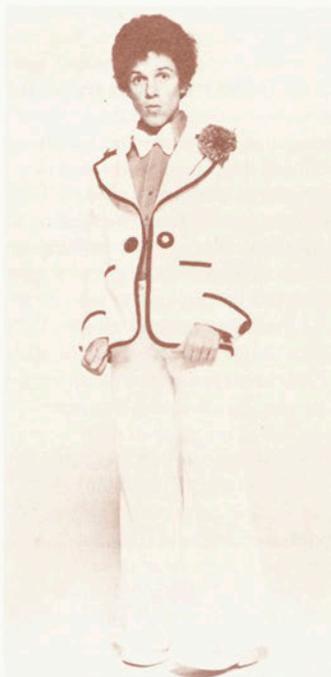
Faith in Adam. Well at least I didn't miss *Stardust*. I was first on my block, having caught a screening of the work print several months ago. I've been waiting ever since to see what the press reaction would be. Happily, my wild approval has been overwhelmingly ratified by grown-up critics now that the film is in gen-

eral release. Significantly, so much excited praise has been heaped on Adam Faith's performance as the flinty but vulnerable manager that co-star (and arguably bigger British box office draw) David Essex seems lost in the shuffle. I mean to see the film again when the queues settle back down to an approachable length. Meanwhile, Adam should turn up soon for the U.S. premier of *Stardust* at the Chicago Film Festival.

Do the Loco-Promotion. The fetid network of the underground (what New Yorkers call the subway) has long been brightened, and quite regularly vulgarized, by poster advertising. *Music Week* now tells us that the proportion of that space advertising occupied by major record companies is about to jump substantially. Music makers reportedly are attracted by the success of this medium in publicizing books. Certainly Adam Faith and Leo Sayer both have been plastered all over those echoey walls well in anticipation of this trend. I must confess feeling that almost any record poster would be an improvement on the ubiquitous hair transplant offers.

Just a Successful Boy.

Adam's protege, young Leo Sayer, has emphatically maintained the career momentum that made him *Melody Maker's* "Face for '74" back in January. A practical lad, he has recycled the hit he wrote for Roger Daltrey, making "Just a Boy" the title track of his second LP. The album, already Number 4 after just two weeks out, contains two other sizable British single hits of Leo's—"One Man Band"



and "Long Tall Glasses." As we liked to say in my Yankee high school, Leo, "Way to go." (Pronounced Waida go . . .)

Cajun Coup. Country music acts from America, you've maybe heard me say before, go down unbelievably well in London. It may be inaccurate to describe Doug Kershaw as a country act, but he was received at Dingwalls' last week with the emotional tumult normally reserved for players of that ilk. My prediction that he would make kindling of the stage was confirmed by agog Greek streeters who, even now, are crackling with plans to get him back. The audience, with a high ratio of musicians, stood on chairs to cheer on Doug and the backing band, which

included his brother. The self-styled "Coonass" made the most of a steamy one-night stand.

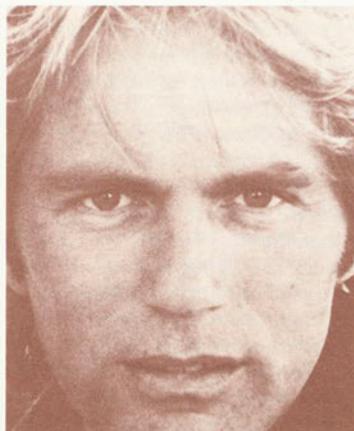
Request Spot.

Barbara Charone, that dervish of journalistic energy destined to be exhibited in the Smithsonian as proof of perpetual motion in humans, has settled (an inappropriate word in her case) in London, where she has joined the staff of *Sounds*. She sends salutations to Cameron Crowe, Bobbi Cowan and Al Rudis, all of whom she suspects are furtive readers of *Circular*. Barbara's favorites, in case you were wondering what to give her for Christmas, include Bonnie Raitt, Maria Muldaur, Randy Newman, Little Feat and Dingwalls' Dancehall, the only reliable purveyor of Tequila Sunrises in London.

Top Ten

Based on Warner Bros. sales figures for the week of November 4-8.

1. **The Gregg Allman Tour**
2. **Jethro Tull/WarChild**
3. **Foghat/Rock and Roll Outlaws**
4. **Alice Cooper's Greatest Hits**
5. **America/Holiday**
6. **Todd Rundgren's Utopia**
7. **Montrose/Paper Money**
8. **Van Morrison/Veedon Fleece**
9. **Maria Muldaur/Waitress in the Donut Shop**
10. **Little Feat/Feats Don't Fail Me Now**



Bonaroo Join Continental Blitz

Introducing a Brand New Band.

Newly-signed to WB, group Bonaroo will make six on The Warner Bros. Music Show, which was exclaimed over to the point of catatonia in last week's column. Even now the name "Bonaroo" is being stenciled upon piece after piece of luggage and equipment, while passport clearance phone conversations grate away in the official Tour Trailer. That trailer's become a conversation piece from stem to stern in the home office. (Apparently there are some people who find abject frenzy fascinating.) It's located next door to Special Services (lovingly described in Vol. 6, No. 35), which is housed in another tempting trailer "out back." These mobile homes, *en deux*, are, well, sea-foam in color and have no rest rooms. They do, however, have a standard office Sparklets-water-and-coffee-machine-ensemble, guaranteed to keep the tour trailer

Trippers running inside the main building to evacuate.

Back to Bonaroo. What happened above, see, was that I wandered out, intent on accurately researching the Tour Trailer and got distracted. Bonaroo's what we're talking about here and your first logical query must be "what's that name all about?" Uh, as I understand it, if you spell it differently (I didn't ask how) it indicates the hard-headed honcho who's *Numero Uno* at any given local prison. Break down Bonaroo and you'll find an array of men with musical histories as long as my tongue. Firstly, Bobby Winkelman, who lead-guitars and sings, earned experience in a Bay Area Band called Bandersnatch and later in the Steve Miller Band. Bobby Lichtig, on the other hand, got grips touring and recording with Seals & Crofts. He's Mr. Bass Man of Bonaroo, singer, flautist and horn-blower (sax and clari-

net). Meanwhile, Michael Hossack keeps the beat. Any reader of *Circular* or avid Doobie Brothers' fan knows Mike percussed as a Brother on three Gold Doobalbums. Arbitrarily placed fourth in the lineup is Bill Cuomo, who fingers the tusks and vocalizes. He's been around, having toured and/or recorded with Paul Williams, Mac Davis, former WBer Alan O'Day and Gene Clark. Winding up Bonaroo personnel is Jerry Weems, rhythm guitar chunker and warbler of great reknown, who's best known perhaps for having played with the Edgar Winter Group on "Free Ride."

Contest Cut Back. Due to an already overwhelming and steadily-increasing response to the Contest-of-the-Week found in Volume 6, Number 34, all Ruby Monday competitions are temporarily suspended. The question was "What is this man doing—in 46 words or less?" The answer is that the fellow (whom I discovered leering out of the pages of *Billboard*) is inserting an anti-shoplifting device into Carole King's *Tapestry* album. It's a metal strip, see, and if you don't pay for a record with one of these babies in it, alarms go off at the door. The cashier is supposed to remove it—after you cough up. By the way, this contest suspension applies to Ruby Monday contests only. You can always count on Dr. Demento. His prizes are better anyway. Congratulations and happy *Billboard* reading to Bob Ward (Glendale, Calif.), David Goodwin and Joe Garcia (San Bernardino, Calif.), Arthur Nolan (Niles, Ohio), Richard Vancil (San

Jose, Calif.), Herb Allen (Hollywood), Priscilla Faulk (South Portland, Maine), Robert Powers—possibly *Powens*, hard-to-read-category winner—(Peabody, Mass.), Vince McDermott (Oxnard, Calif.), Jim Garbell and Ken Weiss (Van Nuys, Calif.) and, finally, Jack Franklin (Studio City, Calif.). It's a nightmare.

Future Stock. As weeks turn to months, seasons and years here



in Burbank, reams of photocopied departmental announcements plopped relentlessly into Corporate In-Boxes with alarming regularity. Many times, for example, I've referred to the Promotion Department's 100+ page "Weekly Wrap-Up." Less obvious (the "Wrap-Up" causes quite a thud followed by a spasmodic wooden clunk as it's flailed into *Circular's* hapless In-Box), but strangely intriguing, is the "Tentative Recording Schedule," dispatched each Friday from the A&R (that's the what-are-the-artists-doing-and-who-are-we-signing Artists and Repertoire) Department. For weeks now it's tortured me with an unannounceable entry. So hot to break the news, I pestered implacable Ed West (Vice President of



Extreme Importance) to the point of avoidance-corner-turning tactics. It's all over but the shouting now as I freely announce two forthcoming LPs on the lip-smacking newest of new label affiliations, Warner-Spector. No less than Cher is recording a Jimmy Webb-produced LP, charted (heh heh) for January release. Furthermore, you ain't read nothin' yet. Warner-Spector's also planning an album titled *The Law, Language and Lenny Bruce*, scheduled for same release date. As far as we know, the LP's material is previously unreleased wit and wisdom from Mr. Bruce. Between Cher and Lenny, Warner-Spector's launching the label with a bang.

Ruby's Run-Ons

Winsome Warner trio **America's** hit the Top 10 with 45 "Tin Man" from album *Holiday*. It's listed as #4 with a star in *Billboard*, #8 with a bullet in *Cash Box* and #7 with a square in *Record World*. "Tropic of Sir Galahad" notwithstanding. Wouldn't want to ruin it for you, but **Mike McGear's** just starred in a film produced by the WEA office in London, wherein he "acts as the heavy to a skimpily-clad female wafting around the grounds of some English country estate to the tune of 'Leave It,' Mike's 45 issue from WB debut LP *McGear*," according to **Anne-Marie International**. She's the only one around here who's seen it and, since feature-run Stateside is doubtful, we've conspired to let you in on the ending. He drives home alone. Just signed to WB and proud of it is one **Gary Wright**

who, you'll all recall, was once a main man within **Spooky Tooth**. He was organeer, organizer and vocalist of that very popular group which produced six albums before disbanding. Since then, Gary solo-LP'd a dandy 33 $\frac{1}{3}$, *Wonderwheel*, with **George Harrison** in assistance. Tours, albums and hit singles to follow, no doubt. October 23 proved to be an eventful day in the career of **Graham Central Station**. They were gigging at Paul's Mall, hottest niterly in Boston, when none other than

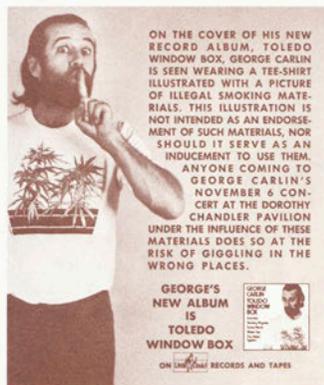
Stevie Wonder sat in during the Station's second set. **Artist Relations Expert on Eastern Shores Ted Cohen** reported, "Both sets were sold out, both sets were great and the whole evening generally tore everybody up." Just as Little David Records' **Modern Jazz Quartet** has released its last album after a 20-year career, *In Memoriam*, this famous four will play a final show November 25 at NYC's **Avery Fisher Hall**. The occasion, needless to say, will be momentous, particularly for New

York's jazz-loving hordes. *Record World* listed **Gordon Lightfoot** at #5 under "Most Promising Male Vocalist" in their 1974 Country Single Awards. This particular category is usually reserved for up-and-comers so Gordon, after a 10 or 12 year career, must be thrilled. **Uriah Heep's** been slathered with RIAA-approved Gold Discs for the *Sweet Freedom* LP. Not only in the U.S.A., but also in Germany, England, Japan and New Zealand. There's a track record for you.

Where There's Smoke There's Obfuscation

Little David Records' comedy kingpin George Carlin performed Wednesday last in a Los Angeles concert. Before the event, a series of odd dealings transpired between the Warner Bros. ad team and the formidable *Los Angeles Times*.

On October 24, an ad plugging both the show and George's new LD LP went to the *Times* for placement in its November 3 entertainment supplement. The ad showed George in a herbaceous tee shirt. It read: "On the cover of his new record album, *Toledo Window Box*, George Carlin is seen wearing a tee shirt illustrated with a picture of illegal smoking materials. This illustration is not intended as an endorsement



of such materials, nor should it serve as an inducement to use them. Anyone coming to George Carlin's November 6 concert at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion under the influence of these materials does so at the risk of giggling in the wrong places."

Six days later, the Ad

Squad received a call from the *Times*: this won't do. An "offensive" picture (the pot) and "suggestive" message (?). After the lag, of course, WB can't substitute the new ad so out goes a scathing letter from Warners suggesting that while the *Times* should, of course, print what it wants, it might streamline its timing. Also goes a new ad to appear November 5 with less "suggestive" wording and CENSORED blocks over the tee shirt photos.

Comes another call from the *Times*. Again, no good. Those CENSORED blocks give the impression that the *Times* (which runs plenty of raunchy movie ads) did the censoring. So it's blacking out the word CENSORED.

Clover Was Catnip for the M-G-M Lion



Connie Francis, Sheb Wooley, Conway Twitty, Herman's Hermits, The Animals and Tommy Edwards, plus the earliest known works of Van Dyke Parks. And oh, those musicals!

But if there was one disc, one single, that did for M-G-M what "Cathy's Clown" did for WB and "Exodus" for UA, it was Art Mooney's banjo-plucking, sing-along revival of the 1927 hit "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover." It was on the charts for 16 weeks early in 1948, and Number One for three of those weeks. (I do have to qualify slightly my previous hint that this was MGM's first pop "smash-eroonie." Apologies to crooner Art Lund, whose "Mam'selle" was Number One for a couple of weeks in mid-1947).

Question for Next Week.

A few months back I ran a question about Browning Bryant, listing a bunch of songs which turned out to be the contents of his old RCA album.

You'll be hearing more about Browning Bryant shortly. (Meanwhile just *hear* him—Reprise MS 2191, in my medical opinion the sleeper of the year).

I brought this up for another reason, however. Next week's question is the same deal—I name the songs, you name the artist.

"I Am the Greatest"
 "I Am the Double Greatest"
 "Do You Have to Ask?"
 "I Have Written a Drama,
 He Said Playfully"
 "Will the Real Sonny Liston
 Please Fall Down"
 "Funny You Should Ask"
 "2138"

"The Knockout"
 "Afterpiece"

Hint: Since the album was made, the artist has changed his name. Either monicker will do.

Want to reach today's active male? The kind of guy who prefers top-performance road machines to station wagons, who spends big for casual wear and grooming aids, who takes 7.2 transcontinental flights every month? You can find him . . . and make him part of your marketing plans . . . through the fine print following Dr. Demento's column in every issue of *Circular*, a respected "rock" magazine in its own right. Every week, the man-on-the-make turns to this little block of shrunken-headline backchat for news, views, tips, trends and friendly advice on everything from how hot his hibachi should be for steak *au poivre* to what kind of tie to wear with a flowered shirt to how to solve his pathetic little sex problems to who won last week's contest. This week, the fine print editor salutes Maserati, Dewar's and J. Press, and will be watching the mail.

Two winners this week! Lynne Ackerman of Toronto, Ontario, was the first to

reach us with a correct answer to the savage Doc's Oct. 28 question (the answer ran last week), overcoming fierce environmental obstacles ("I'm over 3,000 miles away, & it's hard to hitch up the huskies to the sled to make the trip to the trading post to mail this"). We'll bet. Meanwhile, we finally dredged up a victor in the essay event (the birth of rock journalism) in the person of David Klingaman of Huntington Park, California. David outlasted his competitors by visiting something like 500 words on us, rife with—he admits—"eratic [sic] contradictions and vast drawn conclusions." Vast drawn? Lynne gets Maria Muldaur's *Waitress in the Donut Shop*, David gets *Sunflower* by The Beach Boys and everyone gets Milton-Bradley's Pester *Circular* Game to play at home. Should you want to answer the question asked above, send your response to Dr. Demento, Warner Bros. Records, 3701 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Ca. 91505. The first right answer wins its originator the *single* Warner/Reprise catalog LP of her/his choice, so state a preference. Entries are pro-rated for geographical distance; neatness, wit, snap, savvy, verve and color coordination are also factors. Confidential to F.N. in Azusa: move the right speaker a little closer to the center of the room and no, an off-white vibrator does *not* go with Madeira sauce.

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