

## The Incredible Shrinking Todd

**uto · pia** yu-to-pe-a n 1: an imaginary island described in St. Thomas More's *Utopia*. 2: a place of ideal perfection esp in laws, government and social conditions

**Uto · pia** yu-to-pe-a n 1: Kevin Ellman/percussion 2: Moogy Klingman/keyboards 3: Todd Rundgren/guitar 4: Ralph Schuckett/keyboards 5: John Siegler/bass 6: Roger Powell/synthesizers

If there's one thing everybody should've learned to expect from Todd Rundgren by this time, it's not to expect anything at all. Wherever he is today is most certainly *not* where he'll be tomorrow, and any attempt to impose a conventional method on his madness is bound to leave you twisted in knots of aesthetic confusion. The teenflash of Nazz

becomes the solo balladeer of Runt becomes the all-purpose popster of *Something/Anything?* becomes the electronic mutant of *A Wizard, A True Star* becomes all of them simultaneously on *Todd*.

And just when the *Todd* album had finally conditioned listeners to accept all of these things as facets of a single Todd Rundgren personality, he explodes out of the phone booth wearing the costume of any entirely different superhero. This latest incarnation of Todd Rundgren is something called *Utopia*, and it's already being misunderstood conceptually (standard for Rundgren creations) and physically. The latter is

infinitely easier to get a handle on.

**One Sixth.** *Utopia* is a band, a rock & roll band by broad definition. "It's a group concept," Todd assures us. "It's not Todd Rundgren and backup band *Utopia*. It's *Utopia*, with Todd Rundgren being, on physical terms, one-sixth of the total. I first came up with the concept close to two years ago and put together several combinations of musicians ultimately resulting in the one we have now."

The first *Utopia*, unveiled about the time of *A Wizard, A True Star*, consisted of Todd, bassist Tony Sales and his brother Hunt on drums (his steadiest rhythm sec-

tion since the Runt days), keyboardist Dave Mason (not *that* Dave Mason) and French synthesizer lunatic and fellow Bearsville recording artist Jean-Yves Labat. Their "tour" was a tragi-comedy of judgmental and musical errors and was mericfully laid to rest before it reached the halfway point.

The elaborate technological plans Todd had devised for the event—which included a massive dome to house the synthesizers and filtering apparatus (it also served as an impressive riser for the drumstand), real quad sound and lots of dry-ice theatrics—proved beyond the means of his

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## A Cynic's View of Deep Purple

by CAMERON CROWE

*The additions of singer David Cloverdale and bassist Glenn Hughes, Burn, the well-publicized American tour on Starship One, the California Jam . . . It seems like the last Deep Purple barnstorming ended just a couple weeks ago. Yet those prolific rogues are assaulting fall with still another burst of activity. A strong new LP, characteristically titled Stormbringer, has just been released. An international tour is already underway. Suffice to say Purple is back for more pillage with scarcely a moment's rest.*

*It was the morning after Stormbringer's final L.A. mixing session when we spoke with lead-guitarist and founding member Ritchie Blackmore. The weary*

*Blackmore, always refreshingly cynical, proved in fine self-deprecating form.*

I spend so much time making the fucking albums, I get pissed off with talking about them. Especially when I get asked about the words because I have nothing to do with lyrics. So don't ask me what they're about 'cause I don't have the slightest.

**Do you really think that Deep Purple listeners pay any attention to the lyrics?**

I don't know. I don't listen to Deep Purple.

**You've said in the past that there were plenty of subtleties in Purple's music.**

There are. If people are clever

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# Ritchie Blackmore Doesn't Listen to Deep Purple

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enough, they'll catch them. If they don't, that's too bad, it's their tough luck. We're not geniuses. Nobody . . . well, there's been a few around. Hendrix was a genius for about three years, then he went downhill. Cream put out some great stuff for about two years.

McCartney's doing it. Paul Rogers is a genius. But so often, people just miss the point. As soon as they hear anything loud, they go, "Well, this is heavy metal rubbish," yet when they hear a folk band playing trash, they go, "Well, that's nice." It's all very stupid.

## Have you officially moved to America?

I have two houses at the moment, one in England and

one here in Oxnard. I'll probably move here within the next six months. Jon (Lord) and Ian (Paice) are coming out, Glenn (Hughes) may come as well. Dave (Coverdale) wants to go to Ireland. Tax situation is getting pretty bad over there.

## Won't that make it fairly difficult to keep the band in shape, with all of you spread out over the world.

Not really. We never socialize. We only meet when we're making an LP or when we're touring. We never—how do they say it?—hang out.

## How will it affect you, living in America?

It'll lower my standard. Without a doubt. I know that there are

a lot of silly people in Los Angeles. You probably know that as well. As long as you know what you're in for, you can steer clear of it. But if you're the least bit gullible, you go down with them. I've seen a lot of people come here and just blow it completely.

## But you don't really live in Los Angeles.

That's true. Oxnard is just north of Malibu, about an hour from L.A. It's pleasant to be right on the beach. I haven't been on it yet, I was just about to go, actually, when we had to do this interview.

## But getting a tan will completely destroy your image.

I don't get a tan. I'm only going out when the moon's out. I don't get up to the sun anyway. I go to bed about 4 or 5 in the morning and get up at night.

## Listening to the new album, there are only about two or three songs that fit into the heavy metal Deep Purple mold. It's very much a Black album.

Glenn is heavily into R&B. He lives for funky music. So it obviously creeps in from his side. Funk doesn't really turn me on. As long as it's got melody it's okay, but I prefer the heavy metal things. We can handle funk, though; we do it quite well. I just don't particularly like that stuff too much. The real out-and-out funk, the Black stuff . . . it's very monotonous. I think we've managed to keep the melody and heavy rock influence without losing out to an endless James Brown soul riff.

## Your playing on this album seems much more lively than it's been in the past.

I don't think so. I don't think

there's as much life in it this time as before. You'll always get this, though. Some people say it's good, some people say it's crap. I always go by an average. You can't always top yourself in the studio, so you have to go for a good average of songs that turn out decently. It's hopeless for me to really try to *turn on* in the studio.

## How do you compare Storm-bringer to Burn?

Amazingly enough, I like them both. I'm trying to think of the songs on *Burn* . . . I like the song "Burn" itself. "Sail Away" I thought was great. I suppose there are a few more good tracks on the new album. For once, though, I think we've got two good albums out in a row. It's usually up and down. *In Rock* was good, but *Fireball* was terrible. *Machine Head* was very good, then we went down with *Who Do We Think We Are?* Not counting *Made In Japan*, which was all right I guess, we went up again with *Burn*. I thought more than likely this would be a downer. So I'm happy about everything. I was a bit worried because as a band we don't rehearse much. We hardly ever rehearse at all, to be honest. We're very lazy. We tend to sleep a lot, watch television . . . do anything but write songs. But when someone says we've got to get an album together, at least we're professional enough to work very quickly. And we churn a record out. We're not too dedicated as a band, but I think as individual players we probably are. Getting together is always a bit of a struggle. Getting Jon out of bed and me to the gig. Always trouble.

## Don't Call Us...

*Brrringgggg!* "Warner Records, please hold, babe—" Some of us get a little lazy once in a while. We want to know what a Warner/Reprise act did recently, or who's on tour, or about the Top 40 last month. So we pick up the phone and call Warner Bros. Records in Burbank—even though the issue of *Circular* containing that information may be sitting right there on the table. What you may *not* know is that the cost of answering all these indolent, selfish calls comes to over \$55 million a year.

"So what?" you may say. "That's pin money to a big record company like that.

They probably spend more than that on Art Deco table lighters and take-out Chinese food." And that's true. We do. But if you're a record buyer, those costs are ultimately passed on to you, in the form of increased prices.

So if you're concerned about the cost of your music, keep *Circular* handy. And use it. Take the trouble to look those things up. Of course, when you can't find something, we're here to help. Except next week. There won't be any *Circular* next week because it's right after Thanksgiving and we'll all be too full. See you on December 9. You shiftless bums.

**So you don't stare out at the moon much and play gentle melodies on an acoustic guitar?**

Hate to ruin the illusion, but no way.

**I hear you're coming out with a solo single.**

I'm still working on it with a friend of mine who sings in a group called Elf and Matthew Fisher on organ. It's just a song I wanted Purple to do, but the group refused to play it. So I got together with some pals to do it. It's called "Black Sheep of the Family." Nobody's ever heard of it. It came out on an album by Quatermass about four years ago. Everybody seems to be doing things on their own, so I thought I'd have a go.

**On the whole, how do you think the newest Deep Purple is shaping up after the first year?**

They're good. It's still five ego crazy musicians fighting for the spotlight, but that will always be there. If there were any problems it would be in that respect. Everybody wants to be the star.

**Why then do you shun the spotlight on stage?**

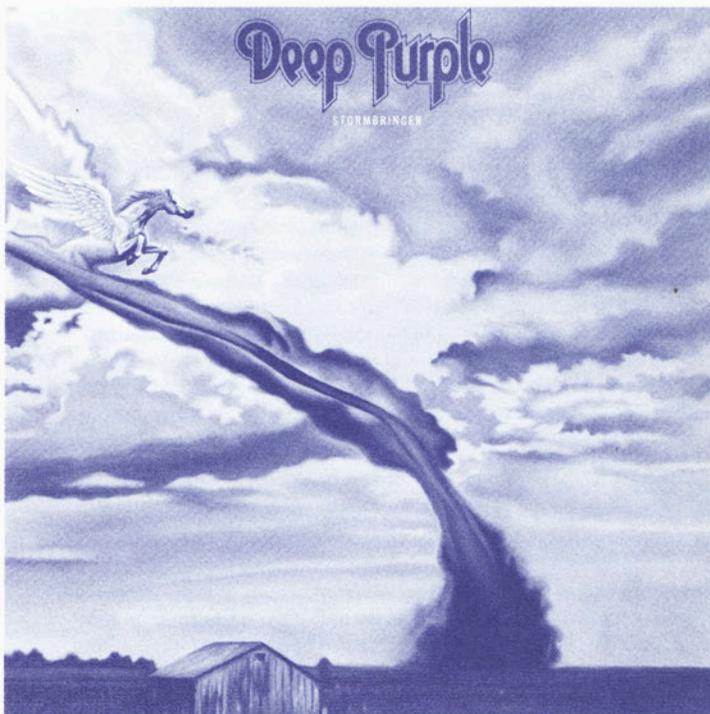
Well, I don't want to be the star as much as I want my music played and played right. I'm very domineering and pushy. I really could care less about being the star, just as long as the star is doing my material. If I listen to someone else play music, if it doesn't grab me right off, I'll ignore it.

I mean I could be a big guitar star and all, but, in a way, that's best left to people like Jimmy Page, who look good in white suits. I always get embarrassed when I start flaunting myself. I could be very sexy on stage and all that

business, but it doesn't really turn me on. I think I'm being rather silly. If I start wiggling my hips, I do that for maybe half a minute and then stop. It's degrading.

**You think you'll ever outgrow Purple?**

Of course. The only question is how soon. It does get frustrating. You can practice till you're blue in the face and people will still miss the point. But as soon as I play the guitar with my feet, they go, "Yeah, that's good." So you wonder whether it's worth it. Everyone seems to like this new album, though. I don't know why, but they all do. Glenn played it for David Bowie the other night. Bowie loved it. I don't know if that's a good sign or what. ☘



## Vinyl Statistics

Not until the latter part of the 19th Century did researchers solve the mysteries of record reproduction. Analysis of the polysexual process—a precisely-timed chain of intimate contacts between the Petroleum Industry, the Pressing Plant, the Vinyl Glob, the Stamper, the Record Jacket, the Shrink Wrap, the Rack Jobber and Mr. Retailer—had proved to be an even more baffling scientific challenge than the alchemists' search for sliced bread during the Middle Ages.

It finally took the genius of Louis "LP" Pasteur,

who observed that there were two distinct types of Record Jackets and that Shrink Wrap was not always involved in the sexual series, to explain why some records emerged "singles" and some came out "albums."

Thanks, Lou.

This past week the Poly-genetic Teams of Warner Bros., Reprise and the many fine associated labels with whom Warner Bros. and Reprise enjoy fine associations variously inter-linked to whelp five singles and no albums.

### SINGLES NOVEMBER 20

**"Should I Come Home (Or Should I Go Crazy)"/"What Kind of Fool Does That Make Me"**— Joe Allen—Warner Bros. WBS 8052

**"Feel the Need"/"We Be's Gettin' Down"**— Graham Central Station — Warner Bros. WBS 8061

**"People Say"/"Loving You Is On My Mind"**— The Meters — Reprise RPS 1314

**"Heroes Are Hard to Find"/"Born Enchanter"**—Fleetwood Mac — Reprise RPS 1317

**"Christmas (Baby Please Come Home)"/"Winter Wonderland"**—Darlene Love—Warner/Spector SPS 0401

# Todd Rundgren Manifests Another Shape

Continued from page 1

finances and manpower. (This means the show fizzled.) And the music Utopia played, this being at the time of Todd's first serious inter-cranial expeditions, proved too confusing to audiences who had bought tickets to sing along to "I Saw the Light." (This means they might not've understood it even if everything had worked.)

**King of Synthesis.** As it now stands, Utopia have solved those problems quite nicely. But let's immediately fill you in on who Utopia are, for their identities are as central to the group's success as is Rundgren's. Keyboardist Mark "Moogy" Klingman, an accomplished songwriter ("Friends" being the centerpiece of his folio), has one solo album under his belt. Ralph Schuckett (who also plays keyboards) has been in bands from Clear Light to Jo Mama, and did enough sessions in between to qualify as one of the ace players in studio circles. Bassist Jon Siegler has performed with Mandrill, the New York Rock & Roll Ensemble and Herbie Mann. Kevin Ellman's considerable drum talents previously have been utilized by Buzzy Linhart and Bette Midler. Newest to the fold is Roger Powell, a former engineer and researcher for Moog and ARP. "We were looking for a synthesizer player," says Todd, "and everybody said he was the best in the world. That was good enough for us."

Despite the flamboyance of the band's highly-esteemed leader, Utopia music is collective music. It is the music of six distinct personalities merged into an equally distinctive whole. It's fast-paced, constantly changing faces

as the spotlight jumps from one member to the next. The instrumental (rather than vocal) side of things is concentrated on, and most of the group's constructions are stretched far enough to accommodate a direct contribution from each member. But it is Utopia's ensemble playing that is the most dynamic and inspired. Like your first roller coaster ride.

**Up the Audience.** Where the music of the first Utopia was a stage recreation of the intensely personal head music of Todd's *Wizard* album, this bunch evolved its material on the road, in front of 300-500 seat juries. Because of this orientation, its complexity never seems to stray into alienation. Tuned to the pitchpipe of audience response, it's a remarkably accurate assessment of the rock & roll mood circa 1975. Not lowest-common-denominator boogie, but music that credits its audience with a little more intelligence.

Its elongated forms (the single album runs close to an hour and contains only four pieces) might invite comparisons with Zappa or maybe even Yes, and anyone in either of those camps would have little difficulty in testifying to its merits. For that considerable mass of people, Utopia will most likely be the first Todd Rundgren music they've encountered. And while the hefty Rundgren audience that already exists initially might be shocked at how far their hero has wandered from "Hello It's Me," if they can relax their preconceptions they'll find enough of the Todd staples of melody and mainstream musicality to satisfy them.



Those who think that the band's dazzling tightness and multi-color instrumental effects are strictly studio-inspired should go back and check the album. What they'll find is a live "Utopia Theme," recorded in Atlanta, which is virtually indistinguishable from the rest of the studio-produced set. Only the wild audience reaction gives it away. This testifies not only to Utopia's tightness, but also to the quality of sound they project in live performances. For Rundgren, who's always been painful miles from his studio sound when he ventured on the stage, this is a special triumph.

**All for One and One for All.** Though Utopia are undeniably a band, their leader, motivating force and primary source of musical direction is Todd Rundgren. How, then, does Utopia music differ from Todd Rundgren music? "Utopia reflects my group thinking consciousness," says the subject of the question, "and my individual projects still reflect my individual consciousness. I mean, Utopia represents how I relate to people. And Todd represents how Todd relates to

Todd. I can't really explain it . . . the difference will be made clear when people hear my next solo album." According to reliable information, that should be sometime early next spring.

For one who's known for a marathon ability to conceptualize about most anything, Todd encounters a little difficulty in verbalizing the basic concept of Utopia. "It's now something people associate with me, but in my consciousness it's a separate thing. And ultimately people will have to assess it separately and not connect it directly with me. It's so different and the general impact of it is so different that it's not really necessary to make too many self-conscious distinctions. It's a continuously changing concept and, although some people like to draw lines of distinction, there really are no lines of distinction."

**Live Lab.** Got that? A rudimentary explanation might run something like this. The primary concern of Todd Rundgren the solo recording artist has been communication. Not just to communicate, but the whys and

# Jocks Turn On to Bubble Machines

wherefores of the proposition, considering that if one completely understands the process by which people interact, one can then do something toward upgrading that process. But most of his investigations have been in the realm of theoretical commentary, played out on solo albums almost entirely of his own construction. With *Utopia*, Todd is outside of his own head and involved with other people. He can see an active relationship with the members of the band, with the members of the audience, and how one affects



another in sparking that process he's devoted so much time to figuring out. *Utopia* is his living laboratory.

But it's also damn fine music. Things always being better experienced than explained, you should find out for yourself. ●

## Inspirational Verse

CBS and Warner Bros.  
RCA and all the os.

—Reunion

"Life Is a Rock (But the  
Radio Rolled Me)"

**More Mouths.** The National Association of Disc Jockeys, founded just two months ago, staged its first trade show for DJs at a leading London discotheque the other day. Apparently the number of DJs in England has leapt from about 2,000 10 years ago to between 20-25,000 today. Only a tiny handful are involved with radio. Mostly they operate mobile discos to entertain at pubs, clubs, weddings and the like. Many seem to find bubble machines an indispensable part of their equipage.

**Hit the Road, Hank.** Here's a small matter that's been puzzling me for days now. When Henry Kissinger was due to arrive in Italy there was fear that anti-American demonstrations might become violent. One of the proposed events was "Five Hours of Music Against Kissinger." I still don't know what "Music Against" means. Can Dr. Demento help on this one?

**Mystery Quest.** Ruby sent me a curious item scissored from *Melody Maker*. It was a little teaser ad which read: "Recording Star in 'Bungalow Love' Sensation." Ruby was convinced that the likeness—with an anonymous black bar over the eyes—was that of our very own Alice Cooper. I dialed the phone number the ad said would provide more information and the line's not in service. Then I rang *Melody Maker*, but they were all away at the printers because they have to be every Tuesday. Meanwhile, Alice experts at Greek Street (and they are experts) scrutinized the image and pronounced, "It looks more like Neil Young." I went doggedly on, col-

laring complete strangers in search of the truth. At last a man in *The N.M.E.'s* ad department revealed that the mystery man was really Rick Kenton (ex-Roxy Music), who records for Island. Sorry, Ruby. Next week I will define the English meaning of bungalow.

## The Sun Never Sets . . .

When I was still in school they used to explain away a lot of unpleasant history (like what happened to the Indians) as manifest destiny. So I guess I can't complain that the Mother Country is now the victim of a return invasion. Yes, the inexorable and inevitable Golden Arches of McDonalds have begun to rule Britannia. Precisely the 3,000th branch (worldwide) was just opened in Woolwich (pronounced Wool-itch, of course). As a special concession to the tastes of this sceptered isle, the McDonalds moguls are permitting tea to be served.

**Cover Story.** The Kinsman Morrison Gallery in Maddox Street is now running an exhibition of 70 album sleeves and posters, thought to be the cream of several years' rock & roll graphics. Among the designers represented are John Kosh, John Pasche, Roger Dean and the firm Hipgnosis, which does quite a bit of work for Chrysalis. Chrysalis were pretty pleased when the sleeve for their new band The Winkies was featured on TV as part of The Old Grey Whistle Test's coverage of the event. Although the Winkies LP is not out yet, it got a swell free plug being flashed into millions of homes like that. Visitors to the exhibition could buy limited edition prints by Guy "Rock Dreams" Peelaert for \$100 each. Orders?

## Smoke Gets in Your Ears.

Camel cigarettes have launched a saturation campaign—print ads and posters—encouraging people to smoke Camels and get records cheap as a result. What you do is send your empty Camel pack plus one pound and 75 pence (about a third less than normal shop price) plus a bit for P. and P., and they send you the album you specify direct. There is no limit to how many records you can get this way. The offer ends December 31, and you get a third off your lungs at no extra charge.

**Smiling Faces.** The happiest news this week is that the Faces, currently touring Britain, are in the most spectacular form anyone has ever witnessed. The band has always excelled at crowd rapport, but it has really outdone itself this time. Causing most comment is the change in Ronnie Wood. He seems to have virtually absorbed Keith Richard's persona—in dress (appearing clad in Keith's own green silk blouse), stance (slouching), hairstyle (pointing down, not up) and playing style (aggressive and real good). You may recall Ronnie just made a solo album for WB on which Keith figured prominently, and that Keith appeared on stage with Ronnie on a couple of the latter's solo gigs. Meanwhile, Rod the tartan-swaddled smiler is no less the darling of the fans. At a recent Faces gig he announced that his brother and sister wanted to join him on stage for a number. Out of the wings (get it) rolled Mr. and Mrs. McCartney, who triod with Rod on a tune so engulfed in audience tumult that no one can remember what it was.

—SHELLEY BENOIT

# THE FREEWAY INFERNO



6 **Mammoth Set Still Stumps WB Brass**

## NEW VEHICLE PLANNED AT "F'WAY INFERNO" LOCATION

"Land Rush" Spec is Next Slated Try

BURBANK, NOV. 18—Warner Bros. execs have yet to find a suitable project for filming at the most expensive set ever assembled on Warners' back lot.

Set, dubbed "the new Warner Bros. Records building," features a multi-story, wood-exterior office structure fronting on a quiet, grey San Fernando Valley street. Lot occupied by the "new building" is adjacent to "Tenement Street," "Western Street" and other WB perennials.

Search for an appropriate debut pic for the set began shortly after construction started in August 1972. Latest attempt was a thriller revolving around a fire. Tagged *The Freeway Inferno*, drama proved unspectacular when a freeway-side brush fire Nov. 12 failed to consume the "building."

"We came pretty close with that one," WB flack Bob Lackey told *Circular* the morning after. "In many ways it was the closest we've come since *The Wacky Soil Analyst*."

Later, a Jerry Lewis-type laughter, was first abortive attempt at a property for the site. Plot of *Analyst* concerned a soil surgeon who incorrectly identified density of dirt where the "new building's" foundation was being dug. High point of hijinx came when one wall of the foundation hole caved in, taking a stuntman in hardhat with it.

"The rushes on that were gorgeous," Lackey recalls, "and the guy actually rode the earth through the bottom forms and walked out alive. But that was only one sequence and the work was going too slow. (Delays have been a major complaint in WB ranks since construction started.) We needed a new director."

Hank Jenkins, initial helmer, turned post over to Bob DeWade, who led off with *Get the Truck Off Our Land*. Story concerned a small rustic family, the Waltons, who are living happily and profitably in Back Lot County till the day construction crews roll up in pickup trucks to start work on a big office building. Every time the crew starts work the Waltons, anxious to protect their homestead and their 13-week schedule, start shooting, forcing work to a standstill. But *Get the Truck* was disappointing too, since Waltons never appeared on set (a red light and horn, DeWade's bow to New Wave-type symbolism, stood in for the family).

Next project, mounted in August of this year, concerned a flood in the building's lower story. A bursting water main was used to create the effect. Script called for members of a European news wire service to act as plumbers and avert crisis. Titled *Roto-Reuters*, pic caused several \$G in damage to the "building" before impractical nature of idea came to light. Pacted to score were WB Records acts Wet Willie, Hydra and Quacky Duck; graphics pro Dean Torrence would have created titles.

Lackey is confident in the appeal of a land-stamped story which is next idea slated for the "building." *Grabby, Grabby, Grabby* is about "a couple of hundred men and women who have been working in cramped little offices and even trailers for years. Then this new place opens up," Lackey explains, "and they just—well, they just get kind of crazy." Rumors of the set being "jinxed" aside, *Grabby* is scheduled—tentatively—to start on March 1, 1975.

RUBY MONDAY

## Taking Care of Both Ends



**Ecumenical Ecology.** The salacious saga of Warner Bros. *sur le continent* unfolds to reveal a little more excitement each week. It's kind of like watching an iceberg do a strip tease: every now and then a polar bear or penguin pops up. Up to the minute rumors include a possible mobile food unit to go, a la George Harrison's recent tour whereon the curry was served from the galley of an Indian "food unit," nee truck. Another morsel for thought is the possibility of including a "Tour Ecologist" who could, well, clean up after each entourage. Anyone wondering if there's going to be a doctor on the bus can forget it. Instead of medical personnel, General Sleaze Director Chris Ehring's collecting, reproducing and passing out delicately-worded pamphlets like this: "But the most important thing about St. Pauli is its girls. However, if you can't get all professionals and the professionals are sometimes beyond one's pocket. The safest place to find a liaison is still the Herbertstrasse. The Eros-Center and Palais d'Amour are not without their dangers—the price agreed in patio seldom proves sufficient for

the desired results." Something to bear in mind if you're ever lost near St. Pauli. That's Germany.

**Pardonnez-Moi, S'il Vous Plait.** Blundering on last week, I misspelled the Directress of T&T (that's Tour and Trailer) Personnel's hind name. It's actually Ms. Pat Bjorklund. *A bientot*, I quit.

**Capricorn Puts Out.** Currently on the road are two of Capricorn Records' most sought-after acts. From November 1 through December 18, "The Gregg Allman Tour (With Special Guests Cowboy)" will travel through and perform in 29 cities across the U.S.A. Simultaneously, "An American Music Show (Richard Betts on Tour With Special Friends Vassar Clements, Spooner Oldham and The Poindexters)" zips through 26 pit stops. Twelve lucky towns will have had a chance to see both shows by the time this extravaganza is over, including New York, Boston, Nashville, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Passaic. What! You've never heard of Passaic? Hah! You're banished to New Jersey.

**Frailty Thy Name Might Be Paycheck.** Times are not just a-changin'. Business in general is nose-diving; Detroit's reporting sales down 38 per cent. Even the record business isn't as comfortingly round and black as it used to be, thanks to skyrocketing concert prices, vinyl shortage *cum* liver cancer dangers, prohibitively tight AM radio station playlists and, revealed November 14 by the *Daily Variety*, "a 'bombers list' — an inventory of acts that have bombed out

in any of a number of prestigious clubs nationwide." This gem came out of a recent club owners convention in Denver. The *Variety* dryly reported, "And as for the reaction of agents, managers, promoters or record companies, Doug Weston, owner of the Troubadour in L.A. and one of the spokesmen for the club owners, said, 'They will scream like stuck pigs.'" That's one way of putting it, Doug. "The 'bombers list,' which already contains 25 names, is balanced by a 'goodies' list that contains the best bets, already with about the same number of

## Ruby's Run-Ons

◆ A communications breakthrough in **Kutztown, Penna.**, recently, reported by *Billboard*: "Now the deaf can enjoy rock music. **The Rock Gospel Co.**, four sign language teachers from **Gallaudet College**, presented a rock concert at Kutztown State College here sponsored by the student activities committee . . . The Rock Gospel Co. interpreted the music and words in sign language in a theatrical manner, using hand and body movements." It probably won't do a lot to



**All Smiles.** Guest with cigar, Maid of Honor, Collapsed Mother of the Bride, Zap and Bride at Finnish fiesta. Photo by Reijo Porkka.

names on it. Both lists are subject to change." We are assured this is not a blacklist. "The 'bombers list' is reserved for those 'who have been particularly big bombs,' Weston said. 'It's not intended to be a blacklist,' he added. 'It's for acts that really righteously bombed. It's to prevent buying an act, paying a price and finding out it's outrageous.'" If there's a club in your neighborhood who's involved, burn it down.

spark record sales, but it's a nice touch. ◆ **Lester Lanin** plus 15-piece orchestra made merry music for **Frank Zappa's** recent New York reception. Pictured hereabouts you'll find Frank grinning his way through a **wedding** in Helsinki. No one (and I really mean no one) in the International Publicity Department has the slightest idea why Frank attended this gala. Nevertheless, there he is. The mother of the

bride looks like she could use a chair. ◆ A battalion of stars showed up for **Gregg Allman's** Los Angeles party to celebrate massive success of "The Gregg Allman Tour." Included were **Bonnie Bramlett** (whose Capricorn debut LP you can expect to hear after the first of 1975), **Claudia Lennear**, **Ossie Osbourne** of Black Sabbath, **Flo and Eddie**, not to mention Deep Purplians **David Coverdale** and **Ian Paice**.

◆ Licorice records, my foot. **Attic Records** of Toronto (whose birthing was previously heralded in this column) had a unique debut release. Three singles were issued with the following press release from the lips of **President Al Mair**: "We have been concerned for sometime about the possibility of a vinyl shortage and felt that because we are a new company, perhaps we could bring a fresh approach to the problem. We chose licorice . . . There were, of course, some problems with developing this configuration for the mass market, all of which we think we have overcome. Because licorice is extremely malleable we thought we would have some problems with warpage. However, after field testing we found that not even the Post Office could twist the licorice to the point that it could not easily be put back into shape." Delighted, I ate my way through one and one-half 45s — believe me, there was nothing licorice about them. ◆ The kindly **RIAA** bestowed two Golden discs this week, one to **America** for LP *Holiday*, the other to **Jethro Tull** for *WarChild* album. Too bad the editor didn't know about Tull two weeks ago for the big cover

story. ◆ Speaking of things it's too bad nobody knew two weeks ago, I introduced **Bonaroo** with a bumble. **Jerry Weems**, see, really plays lead guitar and **Bobby Winkelman** hawks rhythm. Sorry fellas. ◆ Jazz lovers look here. If you look hard enough you'll spot **Maria "Oasis" Muldaur** smiling beguilingly at **Benny Carter**, world



Benny Carter and Maria, flirting. Photo by Michael Dobo.

famous alto saxophone and trumpet player, composer, arranger and band leader. King Carter arranged part of and played on Maria's latest LP, *Waitress in a Donut Shop*, and joined her in four performances, kicking off a tour on the right foot. Other jazz greats adding flavor to Maria's LP and appearances are **Snooky Young**, **Harry "Sweets" Edison**, **Frank Rosselino**, **Plas Johnson**, **Sahib Shihab**, **Tony Ortega**, **John Collins**, **Marty Harris** and **Earl Palmer**. ◆ **Melodiya Studios, Moscow**, will see its first American artist come December. None other than **Ray Conniff** will cut an LP there and he'll be, according to *Billboard*, "the first pop performer from any country outside the Soviet Union to record there." ◆

# You Don't Need a Weatherman...

You might not find the word "stormbringer" in your dictionary. I would imagine they'll have to make room for it in the next edition, however. As the title of Deep Purple's latest album, it should rapidly rival the currency of such longer-established words as "burn," "machine head" and "made in Japan."

If Webster is in doubt about the definition, he need look no farther than Deep Purple's title song.

*Rain Shaker*

*On a stallion twister*

*Bareback Rider*

*On the eye of the sky . . .*

For an illustration, he could hardly improve on the cover painting, showing a winged white

horse atop a twister just like the one that took Judy Garland to the Land of Oz.

Several years, several decibels and an exclamation point separate Deep Purple from John and Beverley Martyn, whose now-out-of-print *Stormbringer!* (WS 1854) delighted collectors of quieter sounds. Ranging from purely acoustic to gently electric, the album presents the original songs and voices of John (from Glasgow) and Beverly (from Coventry). They made the album in the USA with a select group of studio musicians including Paul Harris and Levon Helm, with Joe Boyd producing. They went on to make a second set for WB, *The Road to Ruin*.

**Question for Next Week.** The late Alan Freed did not, as is often supposed, coin the phrase "rock & roll." The magic phrase goes back almost as far back as "jazz" and "boogie" in the musico-sexual lexicon. As early as October 4, 1934, it served as the title of a song recorded by the famous Boswell Sisters.

It was Freed, however, who changed the phrase from a verb to a noun. He used it first as a punchier synonym for the record industry's "rhythm & blues" terminology for contemporary black music. As the 1950s progressed, and white performers like Bill Haley, Elvis Presley and Carl Perkins made their mark, show business needed a term that included their music as well as that of Chuck Berry, Fats Domino and Little Richard. Freed's slogan filled the bill magnificently, and (with its abbreviated form "rock") still works quite well after two

decades of musical evolution and revolution.

Mr. Freed—who co-wrote several hit songs including "Sincerely," acted in several motion pictures and spent much time in courtrooms before his death on January 20, 1965—was clearly a handy man with a colorful name. In addition to his name for the music he played, he had a fine sobriquet for himself: "Moondog."

Only trouble is—at the peak of his career he was suddenly enjoined, legally, from using that name. Who would want to do such a thing to a disc jockey, and why?

This is a test. For the next 167 words, this column will participate in a



simulated National Small Type Alert. Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep. You are reading these words in 6 point Helvetica regular type instead of the 8 point Helvetica regular (with 10 point Helvetica medium subheads) which is the backbone of this publication. Do not panic. Dr. Demento is safe and well.

Speaking of Dr. Demento, he's got a repeat winner: William Stout, who deftly drew Cassius Clay to provide an answer for the Doc's November 11 puzzler. Even though Bill lives in Los Angeles and won the Danny Kaye contest not long ago, his artwork is too fine to ignore.

This has been a National Small Type Alert Exercise. In case of an actual Small Type emergency, there would be no Demento winner and this column would direct you to the 1/4" Helvetica medium headline on the cover and to the current issue of *Foreign Affairs Quarterly*. Thank you for your cooperation. Normal *Circular* programming now resumes.

## Top Ten

Based on Warner Bros. sales figures for the week of November 18-22.

1. Deep Purple/*Stormbringer*
2. George Carlin/*Toledo Window Box*
3. Sinatra — *The Main Event*
4. The Marshall Tucker Band/*Where We All Belong*
5. Jethro Tull/*WarChild*
6. America/*Holiday*
7. The Gregg Allman Tour
8. Fleetwood Mac/*Heroes Are Hard to Find*
9. Graham Central Station/*Release Yourself*
10. Randy Newman/*Good Old Boys*

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