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# circular



## Mickey Hart: Off the Road and into His Head

Mickey Hart was a drummer for the Grateful Dead for four years, from 1967 until 1971, when he left. He didn't actually *leave* the group—no one does—he just stopped performing and started working on his own varied musical projects, which finally culminated in an album: *Rolling Thunder*, released by Warner Bros. in September, 1972.

"I wanted to get into some other place in my head," Mickey explained "and the road was not the way I could do it. I had to go into the studio."

So he built his own studio in his barn in Novato, California (about 30 miles north of San Francisco). With that particular brand of Marin County "friends-dropped-by" assistance, Mickey put together an album of songs, rhythms, words and music with the help of David Freiberg (ex-Quicksilver Messenger Service), Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir and Phil Lesh (Grateful Dead), Grace Slick and Paul Kantner (Jefferson Airplane), Stephen Stills, John Cipollina (ex-Quicksilver, now Copperhead), Sam Andrews (formerly with Big Brother and the Holding Company), Barry Melton (formerly with Country Joe and the Fish), the Tower of Power horn section, Greg Errico (Santana) and various lesser-known friends, not to mention Alla Rakha and Zakir, fabled tabla virtuosos, and Rolling Thunder himself, the Indian medicine man.

Mickey doesn't sing on the album—vocals are by David Freiberg, except for one or two by Bob Weir—but he wrote almost all of the music and some of the lyrics.

"'Fletcher Carnaby' was written on Owsley's 25-chord autoharp that he gave me for my birthday," Mickey said. "I just fell into all

those nice chords. 'Deep, Wide and Frequent' (an instrumental) was just a bass line at first. For 'Young Man' I used a guitar, and the drum stuff I composed on drums (naturally). I know a little bit about bass and less about guitar; I just try to pick out a tune on the instrument that's closest," he grinned.

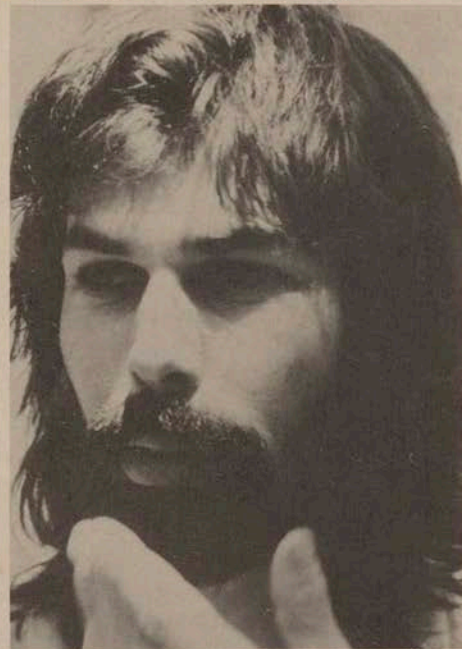
Mickey folded himself into a small brown sofa in a friend's small San Francisco apartment and talked about his life and times in a New York accent filtered through Marin County vernacular.

"I was born in Brooklyn and went to Lawrence High School . . ." he started slowly, not really wanting to talk about the past. "I had this groovy music teacher, Mr. Jones . . . I pleaded with him to let me in the band, it was a turning point . . . (He sat up, suddenly remembering the intensity.) I would have given up if I hadn't gotten in the band *that day*. But there weren't any openings in the band, so he let me pull the bass drum. Yeah, I had a harness and the drum sat on little wheels, see . . . (he jumped up). I'd strap up in this ricksha thing and pull the drum while some *other cat* played it. I was the *mule*. (He ran around in circles pulling the invisible drum.) I did that for half a year, but I practiced and started actually playing. (He sat down, serious again.)

"My school had the best drummers in the state. I looked over a list of state champion drummers once (he held an imaginary list)—hey, they're all from my school. (Shrugged.) I don't know why, but Lawrence was the school to go to if you wanted to play drums."

And there was never any doubt that Mickey wanted to play drums. After high school he joined the Air Force and inevitably wound up in the Air Force Band. "It was called the Airmen of Note, but it was really the old Glenn Miller band." After several domestic gigs, the Air Force sent Mickey off to Europe for 3½

years. He beamed with the memory. "I was just cruisin'. I loved it. No war, it was friendly, not like the Marines or the Army. I was a judo instructor, combative measures they called it, but (slyly) my *cover* was the band." As a judo instructor he was flown all over Europe, even Africa, to help keep the Strategic Air Command pilots in shape. "It was a sport, as much or more of a discipline than drumming. I had a Black Belt in judo and I'm also that proficient in the drums, I try to do both. I play the drums physical, it's a yoga. (Pause.) I don't do judo



anymore, it's just not there right now." By day in Europe Mickey taught combative measures, but by night in places like Paris he'd hang out and play with Gerry Mulligan and Count Basie and whoever else was in whatever city.

In 1964 he returned to Brooklyn, wasted some time, and then migrated to California where he partnered a music store in San Francisco. "I had every kind of drum in that store," he said, (eyes rolling like the mad drum scientist). He was also a drum teacher, and one of his

best-paid assignments was teaching the girls of Mary Knoll school in Los Angeles (they flew him down once a week) to play the drums for their marching band. When it came time for the Mary Knoll girls to enter the state competition at Bakersfield, they one-upped their teacher by enrolling him in the rudimental open solo division. Mickey claims it was a complete surprise. "I hadn't practiced in months," but he won first place. One of the people he defeated in that competition was his own father.

Another pupil of Mickey's was Bill Kreutzmann, then and now drummer with the Grateful Dead. "We were playing every day for about two weeks at the store and he asked me to come and sit in at the Straight Theatre dance classes where the Dead were playing, so I went by one night. That was it. I was in the Dead." For four years he there remained as an integral rhythmic part of that group, until he abandoned performing in 1971 and semi-retired to his ranch in Novato.

He lives in an old milk barn with his studio, walled with cedar shingles and draped with tie dye. Outside the barn, on about 50 acres of trees, he keeps three horses; he's lost count of the cats and dogs. There's even a mountain near the ranch. "Rolling Thunder would conduct morning services on the mountain when he visited," Mickey recalled. "He says a prayer to the great spirit and we all reflect on certain things. Recording is really good at break of dawn, you just open the doors, man, and there you are in the middle of the woods, the air is so light . . ."

The Novato ranch plays an integral part in Mickey's album—woods, horses, Indian medicine man, even the electric water pump that brings water to the houses and animals. "It's the pulse of the place, all the musicians feel it." The pump is included on one track as an instrument. "I get a lot of rhythms off

my horses . . . each gait has frequencies and tones, it's a rhythm thing, the most natural rhythm there is, a living breathing animal. You really make magic up on top of a horse." He paused for breath, thought a minute, decided to summarize: "Rhythmically it's my biggest influence."

But what then of Alla Rahka, the Indian tabla player with whom Mickey has recorded and from whom Mickey has expanded not only his drumming but his spirituality? "Ah, Alla Rahka, he's more of an influence in structure, he influences me in other than the linear. Horses are linear, but Alla Rahka has no boundaries. Other drummers get me off maybe one in a hundred, but Alla Rakha can get me off every time. He starts in a different place; when he plays he's going to church, I mean, he's praying every time he's playing . . ."

Rolling Thunder, Alla Rahka, all those famous Bay Area rock and rollers, all gathered around Mickey's mountain and water pump during the last year. "So many different people came together over this project," he said with a hint of pride. Even an ESP doctor from New York visited the ranch in the course of some dream experiments (Mickey concentrated on a colored slide while playing the drums, and the vision of that slide would appear in a dream—to a person sleeping in the dream lab in New York, 3,000 miles away). "The doctor met Rolling Thunder," Mickey smiled. "They stalked each other like dinosaurs . . ."

Now that his first solo album is finally done, out, Mickey has vague plans: "I want to go on. I want to go to Africa, to Morocco and buy some *drums* (exultation), play with the natives, see what's going on. Come back and play music. I don't know, I might be playing with the Dead next week," and he grinned, not sure if he was joking or serious.

## Fast Spins

### Young and Dumb/ Knock on My Door

Fanny  
REP 1119

Jean Millington is young, like the title says, but extremely vocal on this newer-than-new offering from the original feminine supergroup. Roy Silver, Mark Hammerman and Lord Trenchtown collaborated on the production of this Ike Turner-composed screamer, a more-than-



likely preview of Fanny's fine future. Receiving equal billing on this fast-spinner is one of the highlights of Fanny's present, the much-admired "Knock on My Door" from *Fanny Hill*. A first-person tale of romantic intrigue, this is hard rock from the mystery file. It was recorded in England under Richard Perry's supervision.

### Mr. John

Arthur Alexander  
WB 7633

A tragic love affair is the subject of this somber but warm and compassionate ballad, sung by a gentleman whose voice is the ideal personification of those three traits, Arthur Alexander. In this song, which he wrote with Thomas Cain, Arthur is the brother of a young man killed in battle, repeating the latter's dying

words to the father of his betrothed (who had been violently opposed to the engagement). Newly recorded under the renowned supervision of Tommy Cogbill, "Mr. John" is a giant step forward for Arthur Alexander, who was well ahead of most of the competition anyway (thanks to his 1971 Warner Bros. masterpiece, *Arthur Alexander*).

### Highway Star

Deep Purple

WB 7634

As most of the Western World's younger drivers have long been aware, "Highway Star" is above all a perfect piece of travelin' music. Therefore it's only fitting that WB has moved to increase the likelihood of Deep Purple's presence on the car radios of the U.S., Canada and Japan by releasing "Highway Star" as a single in those three highly mobile nations. "Star" is, of course, a prime cut from Deep Purple's latest LP, *Machine Head*; that's the Montreux-recorded album that has beaten just about everybody's time on the hard-rock tracks lately. For the 45 rpm version, the original 6:05 time has been revved up all the way to 2:58.

### Baby My Heart

Benny Whitehead

REP 1121

Benny Whitehead, whose "Queen of My Heart" will be long remembered as a landmark in Reprise's Country-Western history, should be making hay in the pop fields as well with this soft-rocking Tennessee beauty. Continuing the cordiform theme of Benny's initial hit, "Baby My Heart" (likewise written by Benny together with Billy Swan) matches clever yet organic lyrics with a musical setting that starts out very simply but builds steadily, intriguingly and momentarily. By record's end everything's rocking discreetly but very nicely; the background vocal gets particularly infectious about that time. Here indeed is a record to obliterate people's prejudices about 45s.

## Items

### Treat Me Right

★ Recently tending to Rod Stewart's pained throat in Los Angeles was Dr. Irving Newman, who's developing a formidable roster of



rocking and rolling clients these days. He is, by the way, the father of Randy. Dr. Newman, that is, not Rod Stewart.

### The Corporate Process

★ Easily winning the last Warner Bros. Memo of the Week Sweepstakes was the following bulletin: "Please add Captain Beefheart to October 5th Release shipping on October 10th."

### Inspirational Verse

We go together

Like two straws in a Coke

Why not come over

And you'll meet my folks

— The Moonglows  
"We Go Together"

### Sparks Flying

★ Manager Roy Silver panted on the phone recently that Sparks is so hot it has three singles being released more or less simultaneously in different parts of the world. "Girl from Germany" has been selected for the Teutonic marketplace; "The Louvre" is spinning its way into France; "Here Comes Bob"



launches Sparks at England. Not altogether coincidentally, Sparks is prepping for an October tour of the Continent, a tour eagerly anticipated on both sides (how can an ocean have only two sides?) of the Atlantic. Meanwhile, domestic consumption of Sparks' current "Wonder Girl" American single is mounting to a quite respectable level, one that might well augur future hitdom.

### Birthday Ballyhoo

★ This week's celebrations include the following musical notables: Maurice Chevalier (Sept. 11), Roy Acuff (Sept. 15), Charlie Byrd, (Sept. 15) and Hank Williams (Sept. 17).

### Thank God It's History

★ Thirteen years ago this month WB made its bid for the popular market with the following LPs: *Greatest Motion Picture Piano Concerto* by George Greeley, *Continental Visa Renewed* by Raoul Meynard, *Bourbon St. Beat* by Don Ralke and *I Love a Guitar* by Billy Byrd.



**Bolan Buff** — Ringo Starr, who did the photography on the new T. Rex album, *The Slider*, has slid into the world of films with a documentary on the Bolan phenomenon. Ringo reportedly has produced and directed the flick, entitled "Born to Boogie." He is shown here boogieing with a button supporting *The Slider*.

### Swallow Sailing

★ Currently astounding and delighting audiences in New England (check Itineraries for details) are Swallow, who are garnering ecstasy upon ecstasy from reviewers. "Yes I'll Say It," the Boston band's current single, is also showing strong reaction from trend-setting East Coast radio stations.

### Top Ten

1. Alice Cooper/*School's Out*  
(BS/M5/M8 2623)
2. Jethro Tull/*Thick as a Brick*  
(MS/M5/M8 2072)
3. Deep Purple/*Machine Head*  
(BS/M5/M8 2607)
4. T. Rex/*The Slider*  
(MS/M5/M8 2095)
5. Doobie Bros./*Toulouse Street*  
(BS/M5/M8 2634)
6. Allman Bros. Band/*Eat a Peach*  
(2CP/J5/J8 0102)
7. Arlo Guthrie/*Hobo's Lullaby*  
(MS/M5/M8 2060)
8. Pentangle/*Soloman's Seal*  
(MS/M5/M8 2100)
9. Tower of Power/*Bump City*  
(BS/M5/M8 2616)
10. Bobby Charles  
(BR/M5/M8 2104)

## Music Makes 1.7 Billion 1972 Bucks

In their quest for sound, the record buyers of America parted with \$1,744,000,000 last year.

In their quest for a percentage, the record manufacturers sold them to the store that sold them to you.

They've now put out a bunch of figures that broadly defines the recordings market of the past few years.

Record sales account for 70% of the recorded product total, tape sales being the other 30%. Albums made four times as much money as singles.

The sales of 8-track cartridges and reel-to-reel tapes fell off slightly, as cassettes showed some growth. The tape market changed emphasis a bit from last year, but the record market has remained essentially the same for the past two years.

The only significant trend indicated was on the chart profiling the members of the National Association of Record Merchants; they had gotten richer.

## Premier Promoters Break Barriers

Hot and heavy has been the work of the Warner Bros. Records promotional staff during the past year or so and hard and fast have been the results.

National promotion chief Ron Saul toted up the results the other day and emerged beaming from his office with this list of artists who have been thoroughly broken into the once-unconquerable confines of AM radio by the promo folks (who were surely helped by some alluring singles and albums) within recent memory: T. Rex, Grateful Dead, Jethro Tull, Faces, Malo, America, Neil Young, Tower of Power, the Doobie Brothers, Alice Cooper, Arlo Guthrie, the Allman Brothers Band, Todd Rundgren and (stretching the point just a mite) Les Crane and Gordon Lightfoot.

Since AM airplay is the eye in the needle of radio through which all promotion people everywhere like to try to pass records, it is probably not hyperbole to suspect that Saul & Co. are the best record promotional staff operating in the country at the moment.

Note that the above list is a mixture of artists fledgling and veteran, but that the vets had never before exposed themselves massively on the kilocycle dial.

### T. Rex Meets the Doobie Brothers

★ Just started is a 24-city tour of North America by T. Rex, accompanied by the Doobie Brothers. The former is burgeoning everywhere via a new album, *The Slider*, imminently due to whelp a single. The latter is springboarding in a similar fashion with the help of a booming single, "Listen to the Music," and its parental album, *Toulouse Street*.

## WB Opens the Barn Door after the Horse Is Given Away Only to Find a Mare's Nest

It all started reasonably enough. A couple of months ago, the Warner/Reprise corporate monolith was enjoying a cresting success by a group out of England called America. It seemed time for a promotion. The Department in Charge of Such Things carefully considered the alternatives: a tee shirt, perhaps? A mug? How about a button? Or an inflatable rubber map of the 48 contiguous states? No, it was decided, all had been done elsewhere.

"How about," suggested a here-unnamed princeling in the corporate monarchy, "a contest?"

They (meaning, alas, "we") went for it. Specifically, a "Horse with No Name" contest, creating a sort of identity, it was carefully explained, with the name of the Hit Single Record. The contest would be run with the cooperation of local radio stations. To tie in further with the record, the contest would involve coming up with a clever, appropriate horse cliché. You know, like, "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

A prize had to be selected. This contest was going to be big-time, not like Dr. Demento's weekly *Circular* quiz. Something more majestic was in order.

"Of course," said the princeling, who must be Somebody's Son, the way everybody listened to him. "A horse."

Several weeks passed.

"I tried to think of all the horse clichés I could. There were single lines, and a couple of tired old poems. The contest was being announced over radio station KMET-FM, it seemed like six times every hour, on the Licorice Pizza record store commercials. I took my entries to several branches of

the store. I was away from home when I got the call, so they told my mother that I'd won. It was one of the poems—it was kind of like the song. A man was crossing the desert with a horse, and the horse was strong enough to go on and the man wasn't, so the man let the horse go on without him.

"They had me come down to the store. Some people from Warner Bros. were there, and people from the store. They took me out to breakfast, took lots of pictures and presented me with the horse."

### Massive Aging

The winner from Garden Grove, California: a rather shaken gentleman named Doug Somers. Twenty-two years old when he won; he's aged considerably in the past few

months. As has everybody.

Doug's horse came complete with name. The palomino mare, Camelot Sara Lee, came to the WB Purchasing Department also complete with an impressive-looking set of papers, attesting to her noble birth some 11 years ago. "A bargain," whistled the staff in Purchasing, "at only about \$600." The staff in Purchasing were, of course, more used to dealing with flexible vinyl compound, typewriter ribbons, paper clips and 8x10s of Alice Cooper than they were in horseflesh. It would have been far better, of course, had someone reminded everyone of that fact.

Warners was, to borrow a term from Bobby Fischer, rooked.



Doug, fortunately, knows a horse when he sees one. A licensed groom, he's spent a good deal of his life around mares, foals, stallions and the like. So he knew that something was amiss when he first noticed Camelot Sara Lee limping down the ramp in the Licorice Pizza parking lot.

### Falling Hair

"You know what a trail string is? That's when you go to a place where there are a lot of horses strung together and you can ride them for a dollar an hour or so. Well, this horse looked like she'd been on a trail string since she was two. The papers say she's 11; I've seen horses 40 years old that were in better shape. I had one of the best veterinarians in the country check her out. He says that she's closer to 15. Warner Bros. say they bought the horse for between five and six hundred dollars; the vet says that she's worth between fifty and a hundred, at most. She's old, lame and her teeth aren't any good. She needed shoeing and worming and has to have three \$25.00 shots a month to keep her hair from falling out. And besides that, she's got a nasty disposition. Not that I really blame her."

Doug called Warner Bros.; the message got misplaced. He had to go north, where he was working at the Bay Meadows quarter horse track. When he came back to Garden Grove, Camelot Sara Lee showed little improvement. "I've had her under constant care, though. I'll have to say that she's in better shape now than when I 'won' her.

"Where did you get that horse, anyhow?"

Where indeed. Nobody in the entire Purchasing Department will admit to the purchase. It's hard to believe, however, that the horse appeared spontaneously inside a locked room, with papers, in the middle of the night.

Somebody made a remark about WB not knowing its horse from a hole in the ground.

### Clenched Smile

Meanwhile, thank Heaven, Doug was taking the whole thing with a sense of humor—as much of one as he could muster, at least. He was paying room and board for Camelot Sara Lee at \$45.00 per month, plus the cost of assorted supplies to make life a bit more comfortable while the corporate wheels spun.

It took a while, but WB finally came up with an agreement with Doug. To take back Camelot Sara Lee, the Horse with No Mane.

Camelot Sara Lee will be given the opportunity to spend the rest of her days unthreatened by the prospects of riders, trainers or record company executives.

Doug, who's proven himself to be a vastly more experienced horseman than anyone in the record biz, gets the opportunity to pick his own trusty steed. "There aren't a lot of good horses around these days," says Doug with a stiff upper lip. "But, with the help of one of my resourceful cowboy friends, I should be able to find one."

The Purchasing Department has sworn to stay out of areas into which they do not belong in the future.

The corporate princeling, who it turns out was related to Somebody, was promoted. Well, you know how *that* goes.

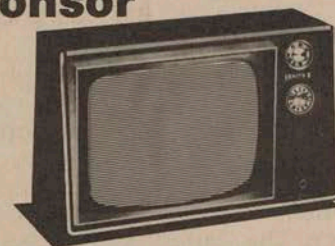
As the whole murky affair began to clear up, *Circular* asked Doug if there was any one lesson he'd learned from his experience with the WB-America-Horse-Cliché-Contest.

"Yes," he said with some finality. "You'd damn well *better* look a gift horse in the mouth."

He might get a sorrel mare next time around, Doug added.

And that, WB has to admit, would be a horse of a different color.

## Don't Touch That Sponsor



The Federal Communications Commission, switching roles from guardian of the airwaves to keeper of the purse strings, has recently taken the side of the pushers. Speaking before the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, FCC Chairman Dean Burch said the FCC doesn't have the expertise to determine whether the barrage of drug ads on TV has anything to do with the growing American penchant for drug abuse.

He said it would be presumptuous of the FCC to say which products are sufficiently "socially useful" to be permitted to advertise. While reserving judgment on their product, Burch approved the drug companies' money, saying that it "substantially" contributed to the broadcast industry's ability to provide expensive programming. The networks will breathe easier knowing that the FCC isn't going to copy Congress' cigaret banning action (the long term effects of which are still not known).

Mr. Burch's reticence may surprise radio station owners who were told by the FCC in March, 1971, to be on the lookout for records with lyrics that "glorify the use of illegal drugs." It seems the FCC has nothing against a drug culture, as long as it pays its taxes.

Nobody sings about *Anacin*, but it and its non-prescription buddies will continue to be continually on the tube. The viewer will still be constantly advised of available aids, from Vivarin to Sominex, from Chocks to Geritol.

## Dr. Demento

Last week we tested your acumen for the business end of records by asking you to identify some of the more unusual firms which have taken flings at the record industry. "I Dreamed" by Betty Johnson and "City of Angels" by The Highlights, 1956 hits both, appeared on the Bally label. Bally is of course the well-known maker of amusement devices, mentioned by name in The Who's *Tommy* ("I thought I was the Bally table king/But I just handed my pinball crown to him..."). Most recent of our three flyer-takers is Playboy Magazine, which recently debuted its Playboy Records with artists such as Tim Rose. Company #3's record label remains obscure, but traveling musicians know the company's main product well: Holiday Inns. "Wabash Blues" by The Roller Coasters on Holiday Inn Records was a regional Southern hit in the early 1960s.

### Question for Next Week

Very simple procedure this time. We give you the titles and the artists for five notorious records of the 1950s and 1960s. You name the composers. Superclue: Each of the five composers is currently featured as an *artist* on a Burbank-distributed label. For the WB/Reprise catalog album of your choice, tell the Dr. who *wrote*

- (1) "Get Out of My Life Woman"—Lee Dorsey
- (2) "I Don't Want to Hear It Anymore"—Jerry Butler
- (3) "Memories of El Monte"—The Penguins
- (4) "Mother Earth"—Mother Earth
- (5) "See You Later Alligator"—Bill Haley

(Clue: composers 4 and 5 are now better known by names other than their ancestral monickers which may appear in composer credits).

The winner of Dr. Demento's two-weeks-ago contest (O: Who was the current Reprise artist who figured strongly in the first hits produced by Erik Jacobsen? A: John Sebastian, as lead singer for the Lovin' Spoonful) is John Simmons of Berkeley, Calif., who requested *Performance*.

Honorable mention, but no album, to Henry Diltz of Los Angeles.

Each week the good doctor poses a music lore

question whose answer is the focus of his subsequent column. The earliest reply to his question (mailed to Dr. Demento, c/o *Circular*, Warner Bros. Records, 4000 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Calif. 91505) wins any single Warner/Reprise catalog album (please specify choice). Answers will be geographically pro-rated on the basis of two days per time zone, ties will be judged on the basis of penmanship, wit and lucidity.

## Artist Itineraries

### California

**Tower of Power**  
9/21-23, Funky Quarters, San Diego

**Banana & the Bunch**  
9/22-23, Brothers, Guerneville

### Colorado

**Herbie Hancock**  
9/18-23, Tulagi's, Boulder

**Seals & Crofts**  
9/22, Univ. of Colorado, Alamoosa

**Nazareth**  
9/24, Folsom Field, Boulder

### Connecticut

**Fleetwood Mac**  
9/23, Univ. of Connecticut, Hartford

### Florida

**Doobie Brothers**  
9/19, Pirate's World, Miami  
9/20, Bayfront Center, St. Petersburg

**Fanny**  
9/22, Univ. of Miami, Miami

**T. Rex**  
9/19, Pirate's World, Miami  
9/20, Bayfront Center, St. Petersburg

### Georgia

**Doobie Brothers**  
9/23, Municipal Auditorium, Atlanta

**T. Rex**  
9/23, Municipal Auditorium, Atlanta

### Idaho

**Cold Blood**  
9/23, Boise State College, Boise

**Mason Proffit**  
9/23, Idaho State Univ., Pocatello

### Illinois

**Malo**  
9/23, Ari Crown Theatre, Chicago

### Louisiana

**John Hartford**  
9/19, Louisiana Tech, Ruston  
9/21, Univ. of Southern Louisiana, Lafayette

**Doobie Brothers**  
9/22, Warehouse, New Orleans

**T. Rex**  
9/22, Warehouse, New Orleans

### Maine

**Swallow**  
9/23, Univ. of Maine, Farmington

### Maryland

**Mary Travers**  
9/23, Univ. of Maryland, Catonsville

### Massachusetts

**Tim Buckley**  
9/24, Music Hall, Boston

**Frank Zappa**  
9/24, Music Hall, Boston

### Mississippi

**Fanny**  
9/23, Belhaven College, Jackson

### Montana

**Mason Proffit**  
9/22, Montana State Univ., Bozeman

### New Hampshire

**Swallow**  
9/22, Laconia

### New York

**Fleetwood Mac**  
9/22, State Fair, Syracuse

**Tim Buckley**  
9/22-23, Felt Forum, New York City

**Frank Zappa**  
9/22-23, Felt Forum, New York City

### North Carolina

**John Hartford**  
9/23, Univ. of North Carolina, Chapel Hill

### Oregon

**Nazareth**  
9/22, Portland Coliseum, Portland

**John Hartford**  
9/24, Southern Oregon Univ., Ashland

### Pennsylvania

**Tim Buckley**  
9/19-20, Main Point, Bryn Mawr

### Texas

**John Hartford**  
9/20, Mountainview, Dallas (afternoon)  
9/20, Univ. of Texas, Arlington (evening)

### Washington

**Nazareth**  
9/23, Paramount Theatre, Seattle

**Mason Proffit**  
9/24, Spokane Coliseum, Spokane

### West Virginia

**John Hartford**  
9/22, Bethany

**Doobie Brothers**  
9/24, Municipal Auditorium, Charleston

**T. Rex**  
9/24, Municipal Auditorium, Charleston

### Wyoming

**Seals & Crofts**  
9/23, Univ. of Wyoming, Laramie