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One Way or the Other, Gram Parsons May
Someday Hang in the Country Hall of Fame

One Way or the Other, Gram Parsons May Someday Hang in the Country Hall of Fame

Gram Parsons had a noticeable mouse under his right eye on the warmish afternoon of our meeting at the Chateau Marmont. Since I am as forthrightly tactless as he is deceptively candid, I asked him about it. He said that he couldn't remember, but possibly "I ran into a door . . ."

Amiable. Ambiguous.

He went on to relate certain woeful events which had befallen him. The unsurprising climax of a recent evening's visit to the Palomino Club, a deep San Fernando Valley cultural center for Country & Western folk and low riders. The kind of citizenry who cheered the final scenes in *Easy Rider*. Maybe the shiner was a side effect.

Little Bit of Nashville in the San Fernando Valley

"I've been going there for seven years," he said ruefully.

It helped to hang onto that little scrap of factual information. Plus the irony of Gram Parsons, rock music's evangelist of C&W, being treated as a suspicious alien at that little bit of Nashville in the Valley, simply because his hair is several inches below his hypothetical collar.

GP, as Parsons is called, may someday hang in the Country Music Hall of Fame, figuratively speaking. If only for the inroads he made whilst with the Byrds. For who can forget the shock waves which followed the unveiling of *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, the glee and the consternation? The Byrds, of all bands, possessed of that most prized of commercial advantages, a distinctive and recognizable sound of their own, abruptly turn, turn, turning to drone and

twang. Without so much as a few bars of modulation.

Byrds fans, duped and captive (*not* to say gulled), found their heads in the heavy duty instant-change chamber. "Nobody really knew what they were coming to hear, because it was a surprise to them that we were playing country music," GP recalls.

However, there will be no such shenanigans with GP's solo album for Warner Bros.

A Good Word for Satan

GP, as GP's album is called, is unabashedly country. With a leavening of West Coast studio sophistication, and enough tongue-in-the-cheek to get away with it. I mean, when the lyrics are fraught with 1930s melodrama in which Satan gets a mention; and when the tempi are twosies and threesies and four-in-a-measure; and when the melody hangs out like washing on predictable chord sequences and resolutions as common as a back fence—w-e-l-l, that's country, folks. With a calculated dash of whimsy. (I'm told, by the way, that you blow it if you listen to country with over-serious ears.)

Parsons played the album for me, his eyes twinkling, and we talked about it, and about his formidable career as a maker of waves. I began to see how others might be confused about Gram Parsons, but certainly not GP. He *knows* who he is.

And his identity is such that he alone could have brought Rick Grech, ex-Family and ex-Blind Faith, together with Byron Berline, ex-Dillardards and currently Country Gazette, in a productive series of studio sessions.

GP does just that on *GP*.

Born in Florida, Parsons grew up in Georgia. Radio music in the South is full pop spectrum, R&B, R&R, C&W, as a clue to his primary influences.

He found an early affinity for the piano, in the familiar way of most natural musicians, and defected to the guitar with vast numbers of others in his musical generation when Elvis raised his banner.

And shortly was in a band, singing, and playing keyboard and guitar.

"We played lots of rock & roll, anything from Bobby Blue Bland to the Ventures, and worked anywhere that they would take a

chance on hiring a kid who was under 21."

Apparently there were enough scofflaw club owners to provide one of these bands, the Legends, with enough steady gigging to keep the band together and enable it to attract a local following. A couple of shots on regional TV lent substance to their professional image. Portents for Parsons . . .

A blur of precocity on high energy drive, with the cushion of boarding school and an option of ivy years at Harvard to round him out. But at Harvard, where Parsons seems to have gnawed briefly through an identity crisis, there was yet another band. Should he



study writing and literature? Or drop out and become a rock & roller? It was 1965, Leary and Alpert had moved on, depriving the Crimson of all those other lovely hues.

The World's First Psychedelic Country Rock & Roll Band

Parsons hung out in Cambridge long enough to attach himself to the entity which was eventually to record for Lee Hazelwood as the International Submarine Band. The die was doubly cast, for the Submariners were country-minded. "The world's first psychedelic country rock & roll band," says Parsons.

The Submariners moved to New York, where Parsons began to metamorphose into legend. His

circle of friends embraced the Village folkies and other underground notables. His talents garnered a film sound track credit and even a brief hitch with David Merrick, for whom he wrote an unfinished and unproduced musical.

The late Brandon de Wilde, a country music patron, encouraged the band to migrate to California, where they worked on Peter Fonda's film, *The Trip*.

International Submarine Sinks

However, C&W was still declass , and the International Submarine Band went bleakly to the bottom. What emerged from the escape hatch was defiantly tagged as the International Flying Burrito Brothers Uptown Blues Band, and in time more simply: the Flying Burrito Brothers.

At some point during this epic on the high seas of rock & roll, Parsons met Chris Hillman. That

historic encounter took place in a bank, which is reassuring, not to say revealing. For this is not at all your touching chromo of the starveling genius. Genius, yes. And touted as such, so that famous names and success for the asking twinkle and glow through all of the obscurities of Parsons' arrivals and departures.

In 1968, he joined the Byrds, with the results already noted here. And toured with them in foreign parts, including Nashville and Europe.

A cause c l bre and distinctly chilly feelings ensued when Parsons refused to accompany the Byrds on the South African leg of their tour.

Exit Byrds and Enter Burrito Bros.

But time heals all, and when they were once again on speaking terms, he and Chris Hillman joined forces with Sneaky Pete Kleinow and Chris Ethridge to become the band which played and recorded as the Flying Burrito Brothers.

Warner Bros. wanted the Burrito Bros., Parsons told me. But Another Label promised them everything but Arpege, so they signed elsewhere.

"It was really fun, some of the things we used to do in the Burritos during our first year. The Burrito Brothers were capable of doing pure country music if they wanted to. We had that kind of repertoire.

"Then, after a while, we got known for a couple of things I wasn't really proud of a whole lot. You know, throwaway kinds of stuff, we might do. And it started getting weirder."

Parsons racked himself up on a

When he had enough material for an album, he returned to California and auditioned his songs to "The rocks out in the desert." It seemed right and ready to him.

motorcycle, and departed the Burritos to convalesce. The Other Label put him on suspension.

While abroad with the Byrds, he'd made more friends, and so he hied himself back to England, where he spent the next year or so "playing with Keith Richard" and renewing relationships with such as Rick Grech, who coproduced *GP*.

The ex-Submarine bassist, son of a British psychiatrist, owned a farm in Cornwall, and Parsons reminisces warmly about the English countryside, where his wife-to-be, Gretchen, joined him from the States.

A Cow With a Full Udder

Urgency in that environment can best be described as a cow with a full udder. "We did farm work because we wanted to—and because it had to be done. A cow will just sit there and explode if you don't milk her."

He played and wrote and "tried to get back down to what I thought was plain and real."

When he had enough material for an album, he returned to California and auditioned his songs to "the rocks out in the desert."

It seemed right and ready to him.

So he called together the people he wanted—James Burton, Glen B. Hardin, Lonnie Tutt, Byron Berline and Emmy Lou Harris, a singer he'd met through Chris Hillman—and went into the studio.

With so much of himself in it, such wanderings and soul searching, what else should he call his album—
but *GP*?

— Leonard Brown



The Case of the Unrelated Brothers

Several weeks ago, *Circular* called with a request for a story about "the Parsons brothers." Both were ex-Byrds; both were hybrid country-rock artists; both enjoyed career guidance from the same managerial gentleman; and each was preparing a solo album for release in early 1973.

The catch, I discovered, on initiating my research into the lives of those two superficially similar young musicians, was this: Gene Parsons and Gram Parsons are *not* brothers. In fact, they are unrelated to each other.

And since *Circular* is dependably meticulous about getting its facts straight—since even *Circular* had fallen into obvious error about the non-brothers Parsons—a whole new realm of disquieting speculation appeared upon the journalistic map.

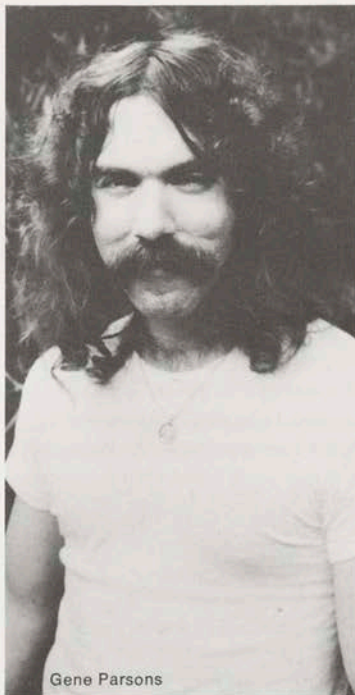
Odd Links

It reminded me of a game we played in college called "Confusions." The way it worked, someone would say, "Maxwell Anderson." And another player would answer, "Sherwood Anderson." This classic gambit led to "Robert Sherwood, Robert Anderson, Robert Maxwell," and so on. All playwrights and/or writers, and all confusable with one another.

In terms of the current WB catalog—and a public which is often overinformed to the point of dire, immobilized perplexity—"Confusions" is less a game than an educative imperative.

First, to untangle the secrets of Burbank's Parsonage.

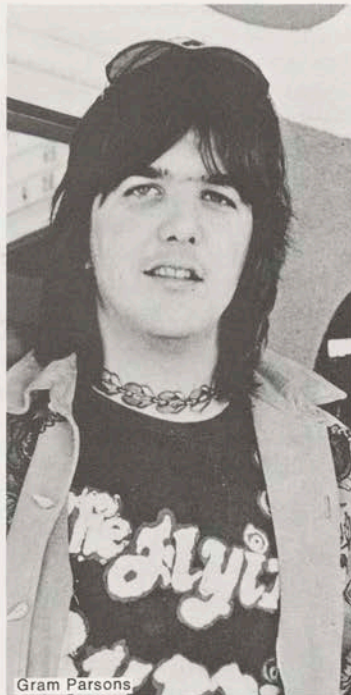
Gram Parsons' album is titled with his initials (and nickname): *GP*. Gram plays guitar and key-



Gene Parsons

boards, as he formerly did with the International Submarine Band, the Flying Burrito Brothers, and, as noted, the Byrds. This is his first solo album, and the occasion of his reentry into pop music after a hiatus of a couple of years. *GP* is a January release.

Gene Parsons' album, *Long Way Back*, is scheduled for February. A native son, Gene gigged around Southern California extensively, thus acquiring the reputation which put him in the studio with Randy Newman, Arlo Guthrie, the Everly Brothers and so on, and in due course led to four years (and six albums) with the Byrds. As a *drummer*. On his solo album, also a debut venture, Gene plays bass guitar, autoharp, and pedal steel guitar.



Gram Parsons

Gene Parsons is married and is the father of a newly arrived daughter.

Gram Parsons is married and has no children.

One of them has a beard, and I think that's Gene, but I've done nobly thus far, I think, and I'm not going to risk toppling the whole reasonable structure just to show off.

Elsewhere on the Warners list are:

Two Captains: Captain Beefheart and Captain Beyond.

Three Jesses: Jesse Colin Young, Jesse Frederick and Jesse Winchester.

Four Youngs: Jesse Colin Young, Kenny Young, Neil Young and Steve Young.

And a White Witch—and a White: Tony Joe.

A Mason Williams and a Paul Williams.

A John Stewart and a Rod Stewart (Faces' superstar lead singer).

A couple of Taylors, James and Alex. Two Buckleys—the late Lord B. and Tim Buckley. Little Feat and Little Richard. And the Mothers vs. Mother Earth.

Plus heaven only knows what other hidden potential for bewilderment which only time and serendipity will unveil.

Bewildering Vastness

Thus far I have spoken only of possible "Confusions" to be played with the Warner Bros. roster of artists.

To expand on that into the vastness of the vinyl universe is to open a can of beans bigger than all of us put together.

It's easy to say, "Well, there's John Cale and J. J. Cale. Crosby and Crosby, High Country and Country Gazette and jes' plain Country." But where do you stop, if ever?

Yet I can't resist those two sound-alikes which came along in the same twinkle of the Muse's eye—Steeleye Span and Steely Dan. Steeleye Span is on _____, of course, and Steely Dan is out on another label, bless 'em. Steeleye Span plays traditional British folk music, and is named for the anti-hero of an old ballad, a character named "Steeleye" Span. Steely Dan is a hard rock band—and a steely dan is a dildo. If you can remember that, you have no problem with them, and, conversely, if you can't—your problem is far beyond me.

— L. B.

Accidental Serialization of Alice

Getting Ready for Alice's Baby—Part 2

In last week's Hard Goods, the lead story was devoted to how a campaign comes about—specifically for the upcoming Alice Cooper album, *Billion Dollar Baby*. However, somewhere along the



line a whole galley of type was misplaced, and the story in *Circular* ended just about the time it began.

So here is Chapter Two in the unexpected serialization of Getting Ready for Alice's Baby.

Part I

Sometime next month, probably toward the end of February, it is expected that Alice Cooper will give birth to his newest album, *Billion Dollar Baby*. A single will precede it momentarily, and the sales department announces that the album itself will ship gold.

Shep Gordon, one of Alice's managers—the one with the Brillo hair—materialized in the T-shirt and poster infested corners of WB's merchandising wing last week to "talk about a campaign."

The packaging of the album, as he explained it, is elaborate: something like a Levi pants pocket holding a wallet with a silver coin inside that bears a picture of Alice as a baby. Shep is excited, and the WB merchandisers appear to be excited, although it is often difficult to conjure up specific pro-

motional ideas without having the album art in hand. But that, as they say, is part of the game.

Shep next got more specific by playing two cuts from the album that are being considered for the single: the title song and a tune called "Hello Hurray." Lots of enthusiasm here. A lot of head-nodding. Smiles. And on the WB side quick visions of how to let the world-at-large know that Alice's baby has arrived.

Part 2

Skip ahead in time about an hour. Ideas of giant Levi pockets for instore display have been scrapped. The traditional press kit has been scrapped. Shep's idea of delivering the album to radio stations via Brinks trucks with staged hold-ups in major markets has been passed along to the wizards in promotion, who are more knowledgeable about this kind of activity.

As of this writing, with the multiple parts of the packaging for *Billion Dollar Baby* being readied in three pressing plants across the country, and the producers still working on the final mix of the album, here's what came out of 60 minutes with Shep Gordon six weeks prior to the release of the record:

- ★ Giant silver-foil hanging coins for instore display, to be packaged in multiples for as much flash impact as possible.
- ★ Direct-mailer for radio and press with complete information on the new album, neatly presented with a *Billion Dollar Baby* pin, necklace or belt-buckle, maybe even a desktop bank.
- ★ Television commercials. (Shep

swears that he and Alice were promised first crack at TV spots if and when Warners decided to move in this direction—only to twist his dial one afternoon and find the persona of Marc Bolan in a commercial for T. Rex's *The Slider*. Shep's not angry. He just wants equal time.)

- ★ A hefty advertising campaign—radio, print etc.
- ★ A billboard or some other kind of outdoor advertising.
- ★ A silver *Billion Dollar Baby* sticker for the bathrooms and telephone booths of the nation.
- ★ Last, but not least, silver lamé *Billion Dollar Baby* tank shirts for press, radio and retailers, to be co-sponsored nationally by a major beer company (Alice drinks a lot of Budweiser—hint, hint) and in Los Angeles and New York by such as the more notorious used car dealers (Cal Worthington Dodge is currently being approached in L.A.)

Thus, WB is getting ready for Alice's new baby. Not all campaigns can be planned and solidi-

fied as easily as this, and not all elements of this campaign are guaranteed. But in the next six weeks, until a copy of *Billion Dollar Baby* is in your hands, lay off the silver lamé tank tops. We need the fabric, and besides, you might even get one for free.

In the T-Shirt Department: Captain Beefheart

Yes, Captain Beefheart, the former terror of FM radio, is on the verge of mass popularity. His single from the *Clear Spot* album, "Too Much Time," is being played on AM radio (here in Los Angeles we're snapping our fingers to the beat on KRLA and KDAY), and his emergence is about to be merchandised via one of the swiftest T-shirts of this or any other year.

It's red, white, and black, using the art from the popular *Clear Spot* poster, and it's got long sleeves and a turtleneck for winter wear.

The T-shirts were shipped last week to Warner's sales and promotion force, and there are enough at each branch to decorate the prime retailers and radio people of America.



Drug Lyrics Take It in the Ear (Again)

Huhh?

From an article which appeared on the front page of *Billboard* (January 20), describing how a three-judge panel of the U.S. Court of Appeals decided to staunchly support the FCC's 1971 decision requiring radio stations to censor records with "drug lyrics":

"Some lyrics or sounds are virtually unintelligible. To the extent that they are completely meaningless gibberish . . . they,



Ruby Monday

of course, do not communicate with respect to drugs or anything else and are not within the ambit of the Commission's Order. . . . At some point along the scale of human intelligibility the sounds produced may slide over from characteristics of free speech, which should be protected, to those of noise pollution, which the Commission has ample authority to abate."

Seatrain Signed and Flying High

Recently signed by WB and already chugging away at recording, Seatrain now consists of Andy Kulberg (on flute, bass and vocals), Lloyd Baskin (keyboards, wazoo and vocals), Peter Walsh (guitar and vocals), Julio Coronado

(drums and percussion), Bill Elliott (keyboards, accordion and bass) and Jim Roberts (lyricist)—and they're staying at Hollywood's Continental Hyatt House (natch) while recording under the producership of Buell Neidlinger.

An Easy Contest With Real Good Prizes

Just ask Ruby anything you'd like to know about all those fascinating rock & rollers on the WB family labels. The most universally appealing, witty and literate questioners win an old, rare, one-of-a-kind poster from the last of the Great Adam Somers Giveaways. Won't tell you what we've got in stock but be assured they're humdingers.

Slathered With Butterfield

Paul Butterfield's newest LP on Bearsville is popping up all over the trades lately. Two weeks ago it was cited as *Record World's* Flashmaker of the Week, *Record World* Top FM Airplay, an Album Pick for *Record World* and a Hot Action LP in *Billboard*. As of this



writing, the LP has been out for about a week and it's wailing in Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Hartford, Washington, Seattle, Dayton, Columbus, San Diego, San Francisco and Atlanta. Not bad, not bad at all. P.S. "Better Days" (also LP title) is the cut everyone is optimistically commenting on.

What We'd Like to See Are Cleaner Looking Groups

America, the little darlings, have another huge hit on their hands—namely, "Don't Cross the River." They'll be crossing river after mountain after mesa shortly as they begin a nationwide tour of Holiday Inns directed by the powerful muscle of the Geffen-Roberts Company. Hopefully, they'll be going to Atlanta, Charlotte, Memphis, Miami, Boston, Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Detroit, Dallas, Houston, New Orleans, LA, Denver, and Seattle (though not necessarily in that order), because the radio stations in those cities are loving them.

Now It's #49 Withabullet

Paul Kelly's beautiful R&B single, "Don't Burn Me," is now charting and pick-hitting all over Charlotte, Memphis, Jacksonville, Miami, Hartford, New York, Wash-



ington, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Detroit, Dallas, Houston, San Francisco, New Orleans and Seattle. And in the largest trade mag of all, *Billboard* (please no letters—in terms of square inches covered it is the largest trade mag), the single (bless its little hollow heart) is SOUL CHART NUMBER 49 WITHABULLET.

Brewing a Beefheart Biggie

Subterraneous and subcutaneous subterfuge work is being done at this very moment by Ron Saul *et al* in Promotion to cook up a smash single ("Too Much Time" from *Clear Spot*) for the good Captain, who recently concluded a vastly successful gig at LA's famed Troubadour. The place was jammed every night—partial credit of course due to Martin Mull, Capricorn's Mighty Midgetophile, who had them chuckling into their bluesridden food and drink. Already playing "Too Much Time"

Smiling Through the Recession

are WREK-FM (Atlanta), WRNA (Charlotte), WMC-FM (Memphis), WBCN (Boston), WBRU (Providence), WHCN-FM (Hartford), WNEW-FM (Gotham), WIBG (Philadelphia), WXRT (Chicago), WYDD-FM (Pittsburgh), WSAI-FM (Cincinnati), WHFM (Rochester), WPHD (Buffalo), WABX (Detroit) and KILT-FM (Houston).

What We Don't Tell You Won't Hurt You

This week there will be no mention of the Doobie Brothers, James Taylor or Seals & Crofts because they all have hits and you know all about them already.

Bill, Are You Sure?

"Dueling Banjos" was the Top Tip in Bill Gavin's sheet this past week. He reports he's had strong reaction to this 45 from his R&B correspondents, which will probably crack you up if you've heard the single. It's currently charting at #64 with *star* (*Billboard*), #75 with *square* (*Record World*) and #80 with *bullet* in *Cash Box*. Last week there was a mighty re-order, rumored at 95,400. Kal Rudman called this freak hit single the "most feared smash to be" in his column of the past week's trades.

Inspirational Verse

There was an old lady from
Wooster
She had ten hens and a
rooster
The rooster died, the old
lady cried
My hens don't lay like they
used ter

— Fats Domino
"The Rooster Song"

Happy Old Year

★ Moguls Mo Ostin and Joe Smith have gleefully announced that 1972 was a record-breaking year for the Warners waxery. Sales climbed to new heights, 50% higher than 1971. Twenty-four gold records were awarded all told last year. The coming year will probably be remembered as the last year in the present quarters; the new building will be ready early *next* year. Right now it's just a big hole across the street.

So Long Mama, I'm Off to Yokohama

★ James Taylor is preparing for his first concert tour of Japan. He will debut at the Kosei-Nenkin Hall in Tokyo Jan. 25 at 6:30 p.m. It seems Oriental audiences like to go to concerts in the early evening; none of the nine concerts is scheduled later than 6:30. After playing in Tokyo, Osaka, Ngoya and Sapporo, James will return to the States Feb. 10 for a concert in Honolulu.

Playing the Numbers

★ The Vice-President In Charge of Counting *Circulars* erred last week, calling Vol. 5 No. 2, No. 3. To square this transgression with the Cosmic Comptroller, this issue is No. 3a. Tune in next week for No. 4.

God Only Knows

★ Former Beach Boy Bruce Johnston has signed with Elton John's Rocket Records, distributed in the U.S. by MCA. He will record an album in Britain next month, assisted by Dean Torrance (of Jan and Dean) and Terry Melcher (out of Doris Day).

Smile

★ Dennis Wilson's baby, Carl Benton, born New Year's Eve in LA, is reported doing fine, as is mother Barbara.

Singles Session

★ The Phlorescent Leech and Eddie are back in the studio again



in Hollywood to "cut some new singles." If all goes well, the 7-inchers will be in the hands of the public before the duo's upcoming tour.

Back to Backup

★ The Section, famed for its support of James Taylor, has just finished work on John Kay's second album. Their efforts on their own, you'll remember, are available on Warners.

Tull Thesp Troupe

★ Jethro Tull are adding a new wrinkle to their concert presentation. During an interlude in their set, the Jethro Tull Players will present a series of skits for the entertainment of the fans. Not since the old days at the Globe

was a theatrical event as eagerly awaited by Londoners, who will get first peek very shortly.

Birthday Bonanza

★ This week's celebrations include the following musical notables: Jim Rado (Jan. 23), Neil Diamond (Jan. 24), Ray Stevens (Jan. 24), Joe Smith (Jan. 26), Huey Piano Smith (Jan. 26), Eartha Kitt (Jan. 26), Bobby Blue Bland (Jan. 27), David Seville (Jan. 27), Billy Wolf (Jan. 28), Richard Wright (Jan. 28), Acker Bilk (Jan. 28) and Artur Rubinstein (Jan. 28).

Top Ten

Warner Bros. Album Sales Figures for Week of January 15-21

1. America/*Homecoming* (BS/M8/M5 2655)
2. Jethro Tull/*Living in the Past* (2CH/K8C/K5C 1035)
3. James Taylor/*One Man Dog* (BS/M8/M5 2660)
4. Beach Boys/*Holland* (MS/M8/M5 2118)
5. Grateful Dead/*Europe '72* (3WX/K8A/K5A 2668)
6. Deep Purple/*Who Do We Think We Are!* (BS/M8/M5 2678)
7. Seals & Crofts/*Summer Breeze* (BS/M8/M5 2629)
8. Black Sabbath/*Vol. 4* (BS/M8/M5 2602)
9. Paul Butterfield/*Better Days* (BR/M8/M5 2119)
10. Doobie Bros./*Toulouse Street* (BS/M8/M5 2634)

How Do You Follow "The Eggplant That Ate Chicago"?



The previous installment of this column concluded with four song titles, each recorded by a current Burbank artist in his pre-WB (or Reprise) existence, whom I asked you to identify. Somehow I omitted to ask you to name the labels they appeared on, but I'll put them in the answers anyway.

(1) "Soul Francisco." Tony Joe White (who has a new WB album in the works) recorded this for Monument, away back even before "Polk Salad Annie." It was a smash hit—in France.

(2) "Gondoliers, Shakespeares, Overseers, Playboys and Bums" was the follow-up to "The Eggplant That Ate Chicago" by Dr. West's Medicine Show and Junk Band on the Go-Go label. It wasn't a hit, perhaps because nobody could remember its name. A few years later, after "Spirit in the Sky" had sold its million, "G.S.O.P.&B." was reissued on the Gregar label with the artist credits reassigned to the erstwhile Junk Band's leader, Norman Greenbaum. It still wasn't a hit, unfortunately.

(3) "The Golden Gridiron Boy."

Randy Newman, Dot 16411, 1963. Pat Boone is rumored to have been the producer.

(4) "The Revolt of the Dyke Brigade" is among the selections on the Takoma album *Days Have Gone By* recorded in 1967 by John Fahey. It is, of course, a guitar solo.

Question for Next Week

Now that we know that White, Greenbaum, Newman and Fahey each has a past, it's time we do some more digging into WB's and Reprise's own yesteryears. Our safari into Burbank's catacombs reveals a number of groups, successful and otherwise, whose posters, biogs and records once flowed from the doors of 4000 Warner Blvd. (Before it became 3701 even.) Some of these groups were even written up in *Circular!* Here's the deal. I supply the names of the members; you (for the WB/Reprise single catalog album of your choice) be the first to supply the names of the groups.

- (1) Ralph Parrett, David Capilouto, Gary Green
- (2) Sal Valentino, Ron Meagher, Ron Elliott
- (3) Jim Lowe, Weasel, Ken Williams, Mark Tulin, Preston Ritter
- (4) Svend Asmussen, Ulrik Neumann, Alice Babs
- (5) Shaun Harris, Bob Markley, Dan Harris

Each week the good doctor poses a music lore question whose answer is the focus of his subsequent column. The earliest reply to his question (mailed to Dr. Demento, c/o *Circular*, Warner Bros. Records, 3701 Warner Blvd., Burbank, 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

America

1/23 Denver
1/24 Oklahoma City
1/25 Kansas City, Kansas
1/26 St. Louis
1/27-28 Chicago
1/31 Detroit
2/1 Buffalo
2/2 Toronto
2/3 Rochester
2/4 Philadelphia
2/8 Cincinnati
2/9 Columbus
2/11 New York
2/13 Greenvale, Long Island
2/15 New York
2/16 Boston
2/17 Providence
2/18 Hartford
2/21 Pittsburgh
2/22 Owings Mill, Maryland
2/23 Philadelphia
2/24 Richmond
2/25 Washington, D.C.
2/28 Charlotte
3/1 Atlanta
3/2 New Orleans
3/4 Houston
3/5 San Antonio
3/6 Arlington, Texas
3/18 Honolulu

Paul Butterfield

2/8-11 Boulder
2/13-18 Los Angeles
2/20 San Diego
2/21 Bakersfield
2/22 San Jose
2/23 Fresno
2/25 Berkeley
2/28 Sacramento

Doobie Brothers

1/24 Boise
1/25 Portland,
1/26 Seattle
1/27 Salem, Oregon
1/28 Salt Lake City

John Hartford

2/2 St. Bonaventure, New York
2/3 Pittsburgh
2/16 Georgetown, Kentucky
2/17 Davidson, North Carolina
2/28 Morris, Minnesota
3/1 Vermillion, South Dakota

Gordon Lightfoot

2/2 Jacksonville
2/3 Nashville
2/9 Columbia, Missouri
2/11 St. Paul
3/6 Regina, Saskatchewan
3/7 Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
3/8-9 Edmonton, Alberta
3/10-11 Calgary, Alberta
3/21-25 Toronto
4/11 Portland,
4/12 Seattle
4/13-14 Vancouver
4/15 Corvallis, Oregon
5/10-13 Winnipeg

Martin Mull

1/25-27 East Lansing, Michigan
1/30-2/4 Cleveland
2/8-9 Notre Dame, Indiana
2/10 Albany

2/11 New Britain, Connecticut
2/24 Rindge, New Hampshire
3/2-4 Syracuse
3/8 Brunswick, Maine
3/9 Frederickton, New Brunswick
3/10 Acadia, Nova Scotia
3/11 Halifax, Nova Scotia
4/17-22 Los Angeles

Gram Parsons

2/13-18 Boulder
2/22-25 Houston
2/28-3/4 Chicago
3/7-12 New York
3/14-17 Philadelphia
3/20-25 Boston

Bonnie Raitt

1/22-27 Boulder
2/13-18 Los Angeles

Seals & Crofts

1/23 Cincinnati
1/24 Ft. Wayne, Indiana
1/26 Chicago
1/27 Indianapolis
1/28 St. Louis

Tower Of Power

1/27-28 San Francisco
2/2 Louisville
2/3 Pittsburgh
2/4 Newark
2/5 Waterbury, Connecticut
2/8 Toronto
2/9 Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
2/10 Richmond
2/11 Hampton
2/12 Atlanta

Wet Willie

1/27 Cincinnati
1/28 Seattle

Vinyl Statistics

Circular is pleased to present a weekly running account of newborn Warner Family Records, everything from 7 to 12 inches in diameter, a list stripped of adjectives, avoidable nouns and even verbs. This week brings only one birth, a single at that; no known albums.

Singles (Jan. 17)

"Paint Yourself in the Corner"—
The Classic Sullivans—
Kwanza single KWA 7678