

ALICE COOPER
Photo Story Inside!

circular



Butter and Better Days in Bearsville

WOODSTOCK—Paul Butterfield rests a remarkably rhythmic foot on the bar's brass rail. His fingers now curl around a beer bottle, now stretch in a silent greeting. His Levis have that newish sheen; his pin-striped shirt and brown v-necked sweater add an almost aristocratic air . . . so too the neatly trimmed beard and shaggy-but-well-shaped hair. Paul Butterfield—who once slicked back his hair and never shed sunglasses—has come a long way from Chicago.

All the way to Joyous Lake, Woodstock's current the-place-to-be place. Its name taken from an *I Ching* passage, the bar is appropriately home to the famous and the friendless who gather in search of the ghosts, the glory and the good times bequeathed to Woodstock by a festival that wasn't even held there.

The bar is home too for that woody, rustic peace that pervades outside its doors. The waitresses are friendly; the music lends a pleasantly audible ambience; the food looks home-grown and is homecooked. And Paul Butterfield—who learned the blues on sleazy, screaming South Side streets—has come a long way from Chicago.

All the way home. It took nine years to get there and the days in between to make the good ones Better, the ones you hear on his last two (Bearsville) albums,

Faces Come Back to Life

by CAMERON CROWE

It was originally due out in September, this notorious Rod Stewart/Faces live double album. Recorded earlier this year at Philadelphia's Spectrum and Chicago's Amphitheatre, the package would have been the quintessential back-to-school item. But alas, it is now wintertime and the album has vanished from imminence.

"Tea for two," cracks Ian McLagen while surveying the setting for his interview—backstage at the San Diego Sports Arena. The Faces have just encored, leaving behind 16,000 fans in a state of euphoria and turning a few jaded heads as well. The dressing room is predictably loud and hectic. McLagen is sitting on metal chairs in shower stalls down the hall. Every word promptly reverberates within tiled walls.

"The live album will be totally redone," reveals McLagen. "We're recording both Anaheims (the next night's two shows at the Anaheim Convention Center) and the Palladium." Pause. "I can't hear at all. My ears are gone." McLagen punctuates the statement by thrusting a finger into one of his blocked ears and jiggling wildly.

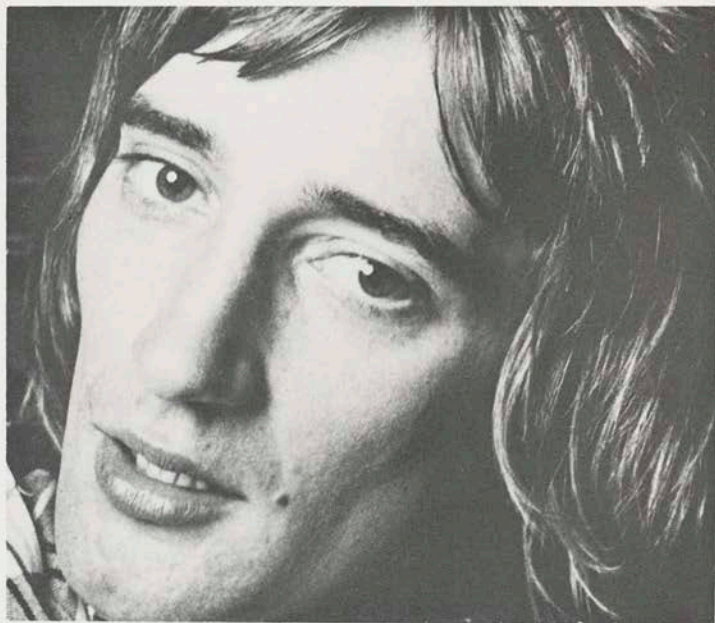
On that note, Connie De Nave, Faces' publicist, enters. "Rod's ready to talk," she declares, leading the way to yet another dubious interview site: the john. Here Rod Stewart has a few moments to talk while he blow-dries his famous hair. "Me hair is like a fookin' lawn," he mumbles amid the clamor of his hand dryer. "Got to sow it and mow it." Stewart then proceeds to set the ground rules for the conversation. While asked questions, Rod will

continue gardening his lawn. When he responds to the queries, he'll shut the blow-dryer off for the benefit of the tape recorder. Rod swiftly, amiably, clicks on and the interviewer brings up the aborted live LPs.

"Yeah, we're recording the last three gigs of this tour. We'll see how it turns out, I dunno if it'll be a double album or not. We can't say right now, but there'll be about five or six new numbers instead of doing the same old tunes. We want to give everybody some new stuff from us. We're recording 'Wish It Would Rain,' 'Stealer,' 'Jealous Guy' and a couple of original ones, too." Rod snaps on his dryer.

The segregation between Faces LPs (on Warner Bros. Records) and Rod Stewart solo albums (on Phonogram Records) will

Chasing Faces Through the Showers



Rod

Continued from page 1
dissolve with Stewart's next solo effort. The live album is the first of the new arrangement. All LPs will be Rod Stewart/Faces records and a special agreement between labels will solve contractual snags. The writer is curious if this decision was a result of original Faces bassist Ronnie Lane's exit last spring.

"No," Rod clicks off. "The decision was made before he left. We all sat down . . . Well, let me explain it to you. Basically, I have to do most of the work. What with having to turn out my own albums, work hard on the group albums and belt out all those songs on tours, you just can't give 100% to everything. It's impossible . . . but I wouldn't say I've abandoned doing solo albums and I wouldn't say we've quit doing Faces

albums. We're gonna combine the two somehow. It's just too much work. It's a lot of work trying to cover all the bases. Then again, perhaps we'll carry on in the old fashion. I dunno." Click.

One Year On

Stewart's new solo album, due out early in 1974, has consumed well over a year of work. This is the longest Rod has ever dwelled on one recording project. Is this any indication of a departure, perhaps a turn to more production, from previous LPs?

"You can't compare," Stewart responds. "What I try with my own albums is to get that *Gasoline Alley* feel. I believe that was my finest achievement. That's what I'm gonna try to do with my next album, pattern it after *Gasoline Alley*. If there are any fucking

mistakes, just leave 'em on.

"'Oh No, Not My Baby' isn't representative of what's to come. I did it for a giggle. It did well in England as a single, but that's it. It's not even going on the album unless as a filler. Ain't a bad filler is it? Christ, if every track's better than that, it'll be a good album, won't it?"

Stewart, who has always been partial to Marvin Gaye-Tammy Terrell-styled R&B duets, can't foresee himself attempting the same. Someone suggests aloud a collaboration between Rod and, say, The Pointer Sisters.

"If I was gonna do a duet album," he balks, "I'd do it with someone like Paul Rodgers (of the now-defunct Free). Just as a fling. The Pointer Sisters don't need me. They're incredible as they are. Paul Rodgers doesn't need me either, but our styles blend into something really valuable. He could very well be on the next album. I asked him to do a track."

Back to Mac

McLagen is still seated contentedly in the shower. We ask him to comment on the extent bassist Tetsu Yamauchi (Lane's replacement) has altered the Faces sound. "We've become looser in some ways," says Mac, "but tighter as well. That doesn't make much sense, does it? I think Tetsu is technically capable of a lot more than Ronnie was. It's made us tighten up, really. We've had rehearsals with Tetsu in England. The numbers have changed drastically. For the better. It's led us to different things. Which is



Mac

nice. 'I'd Rather Go Blind' has changed a lot.

"I haven't spoken to Ronnie Lane lately. I know he's getting a band together. He's probably recording right now. I haven't been home in six weeks, so I don't know anything for sure."

McLagen heaves a tired sigh as he recounts the band's plans in the immediate future. "We'll go back to England after this tour and finish up a single called 'Pool Hall Richard.' The flip side, 'Wish It Would Rain,' was recorded at a festival before we left for this tour." Ian bangs the side of his head with his palm. "I still can't hear . . . We'll finish the single and then mix the live stuff. Then

Dionne Warwick

Entertaining the Troopers

we have a day off. Then we start the English tour, which lasts three or four weeks. We have Christmas Day off. After that we have Japanese and Australian tours to do. Following those, we'll start the sessions for the next Rod/Faces album.

"Glyn Johns won't be producing it this time. We've done two albums with him already (*A Nod's As Good As A Wink . . . To A Blind Horse, Ooh La La*). It's time for a change. Glyn's done a good job for us, don't get me wrong. *Ooh La La* probably would have suffered more if it weren't for him. That album definitely suffered, though. Ronnie (Lane) was going one way and we were going another. A lot of his ideas didn't get used. A lot of Rod's ideas didn't get used. There was a clash. It took a year, for example, to do the title track."

Great or Else

And as for that live album, "It's gonna be bitchin' good . . . or it ain't coming out. That's why we're redoing it. It was good, I suppose. It would have been nice to have a live album with Ronnie on it, a document of what we were originally."

Rod Stewart, his hair fully dried, emerges to join the conversation. "The live act will always be essentially the same," he adds. "We just bloody well try and put a smile on everybody's faces. If they all smile, then we'll smile and that's what it's all about anyway. We don't wear make-up, but we sure can play rock & roll."

McLagen, as if on cue, whoops for joy. "My ears! They're clear," he shrieks.

LONDON—In a city beset with tidings so bad that even the fiercest fans of the 9:00 news are switching their sets off at 8:59, Dionne Warwick (whom the English call Warrick), has just managed to effect a good, old-fashioned turn-on. Happy to forget about gas that now costs \$1 a gallon—with coupon books on the printing presses—people flocked to the swanky lunch-time reception at the Inn on the Park (noted Howard Hughes hang-out) to meet Dionne. And *mirabile dictu*, numerous guests queued up by her table for a talk—a welcome change from the normal routine of scavengers cramming themselves senseless with free food while studiously avoiding their benefactor . . . The Albert Hall concert that evening was everything that fans, press, record company and performer hope for. Dionne was clad in hand-applied sequins, coruscating from throat to toe, and the reviews next morning were as radiant as her attire. To *The Guardian's* Robin Denselow, "She gave the show that I had expected Diana Ross to give a few months back and easily outclassed Ross in both presentation and musicianship. Where Ross laid on the plastic emotion, she was slinky, witty and charmingly bitchy, and when it came to re-interpreting old hits and new standards, Warwick won again." Dionne explained that people always come up after her shows saying, "I loved it, but you left out my favorite song." To prevent this she announced she would sing a medley of all of them. It was a long medley, and gold to the core, but afterwards Warner's own Moira Bellas mourned helplessly, "She



didn't sing my favorite." So next time, Dionne, remember "A House Is Not a Home."

Dumb Diddle. There is a dumb mistake in the full page ad for the new Osibisa album that currently graces thousands of music papers. *Happy Children*, the madcap Africans' first album for Warners, is claimed to contain "criss-cross ribbons" which should read "rhythms." Or should it say "wires?"

Be Aware of Leo Sayer

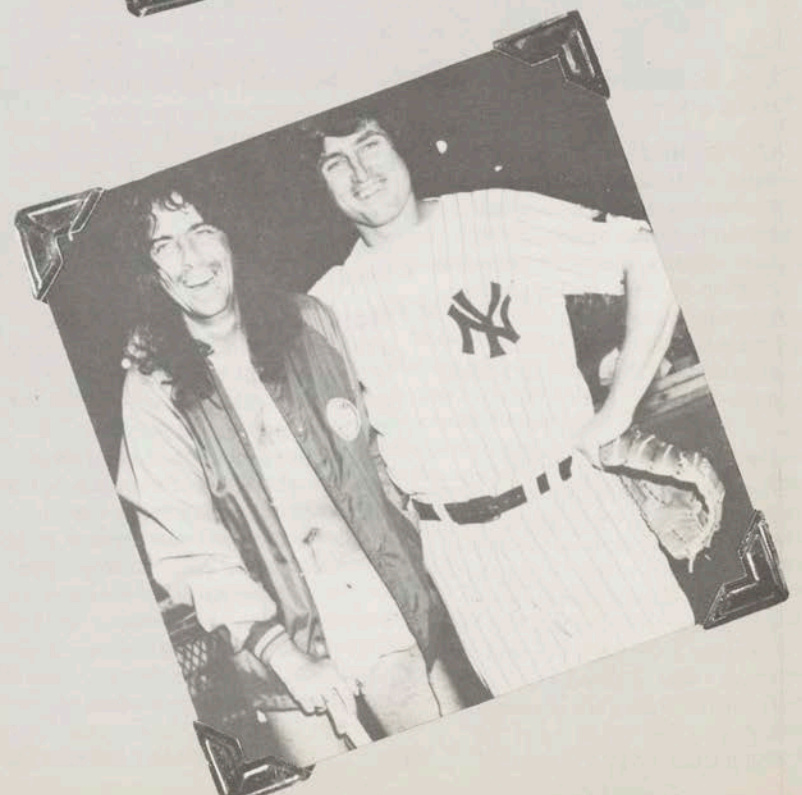
The Future Album Release Schedule, from which we all glean periodic inspiration, suggests you will soon receive the LP *Silverbird* by Leo Sayer. It's a first release from a new artist and has had tremendous attention in England where it was released a bit earlier. The music trades are unanimous in tipping Leo for the top in '74, and the reaction he has gotten

from the kids on his first tour (supporting Roxy Music) has been exceptionally heartening. Take a good look at the album sleeve because that's the way people are seeing Leo on stage, clown make-up and all. Slapping on the grease-paint takes an hour, and the chore has been taken over from a professional make-up artist by Leo's wife. From his cupid-bow lips there issues a voice with the range of a pianoforte—from bird-like falsetto to force nine gale. Leo is backed on stage by a four-man group which includes a drummer with the irresistible appellation of Theodore Thunder. Newness notwithstanding, Leo has made a clean sweep of the absolute plums of radio and TV exposure—Old Grey Whistle Test, Top of the Pops and an entire segment of the prestigious Stanley Dorfmann In Concert series. Chrysalis is in a happy daze at the "across-the-board appeal" of this tiny man with the enormous lungs, but then they knew he would happen all along.

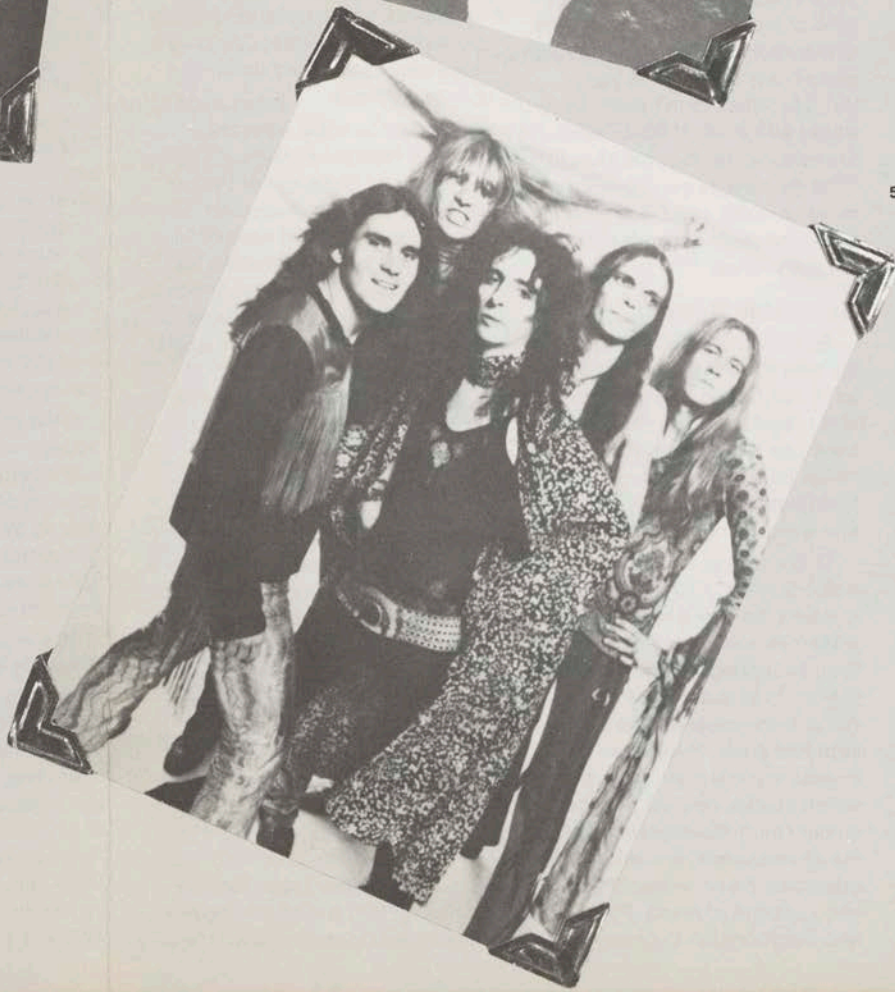
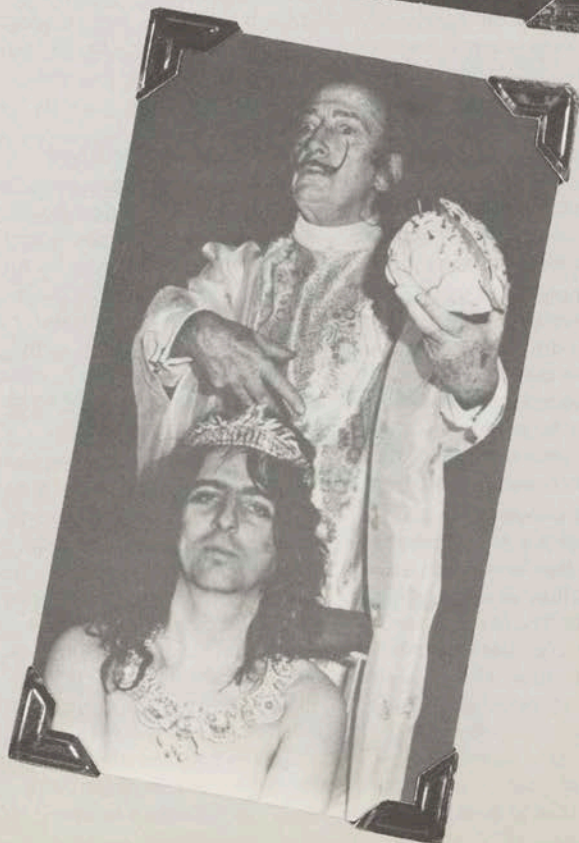
More Gold at the End. Meanwhile they cut their reveries short to jump up and quash the unfounded but pervasive rumor of danger to the beloved Rainbow Theatre. It will not, repeat not, fall prey to the demolisher's mace in the new year. The fountains, tile-work and galleries that make it a prime example of "Granada style" architecture put it in line for a preservation order, and besides, Chrysalis is negotiating a hefty new lease. Makes you wonder where they get time for football practice . . .

— SHELLEY BENOIT

Through the Years



With Alice Cooper



It All Comes Back to Paul Butterfield

Continued from page 1

Paul Butterfield's *Better Days* and *It All Comes Back*. It took nine years of running the road, of relentless personnel changes, of recruitment that likely puts some paid A&R man to shame . . . and nine years of being among the best in what was essentially a black man's business.

"By '71," Butterfield recalls, abruptly ready to talk, "I just got tired. I had that big band then [one of the first white bands ever to incorporate horns], and we laid down some pretty good stuff. But, I felt like I didn't really know what I was doing." His brown eyes are intense, yet focused inward.

"The music was getting more and more complex and I was getting more and more frustrated. I needed a rest."

Bearsville Retreat

So the Butterfields—Paul, his wife Kathrine and their then baby son Lee—stopped running and rested in Bearsville, a tiny town just a walk from Woodstock which boasts three municipal buildings: a post office, a store and a record company.

That's where, and when, he met Amos Garrett, a street-grown guitarist. Sessions with Eric Andersen and Happy and Artie Traum—among others—brought Garrett to Woodstock. Paul Butterfield—among others—kept him there. Theirs was an instant musical meeting of minds which quickly opened to engulf singer Geoff Muldaur, formerly of the often famous, occasionally infamous, Kweskin Jug Band and husband of Maria. Paul, Amos and Geoff remain the nucleus

of Better Days.

With a little help from their friends, they found keyboardist Ronnie Barron. Essentially discovered by Mac Rebannack, Barron left the Doctor in New Orleans to create a variegated career which even included a stint with Louis Prima's group in Vegas. Lighting later in Los Angeles, he joined Dr. John again and met Albert Grossman (who, incidentally, owns Bearsville Records). Grossman brought Barron to Butterfield. The Better Days boys were impressed; they incorporated Barron.

The last to enlist were the group's resident *enfants*, Billy Rich on bass and Christopher Parker on drums. Twenty-three and 22 respectively, the two were not—contrary to rumor—selected for their vitality. "They happened to be young," Butterfield comments. "They also happened to be good. That," he says emphatically, fingers gripping the beer bottle just a bit tighter, "is the only reason we chose them."

Rich's history parallels Paul's in that he too moved from the big band—his was Taj Mahal's—to the small. Parker, who is also a painter, originally arrived in Woodstock to practice his art. But, he'd been a drummer since age four. When he met a group called Holy Moses, he drummed again with religious devotion. The group broke up, leaving Parker lost in Woodstock and found in Better Days.

'Our Band'

. . . That's just Better Days. Including Butterfield's name provided initial identification. It has



been dropped, for as Paul stresses, "It's our band. It's not my band." Yet, for so many years, it was his band: Butterfield had sliced himself into sections. One section for horns, one for keyboards; one section for percussion, one for vocals. "I had to take it all apart," he maintains, "and take a good look at the pieces. I knew there was another direction in my heart."

If the complexity of the Wall of Sound syndrome catalyzed Butterfield's drop-out, it also catalyzed his climactic return. Crazed by complexity, his sanity was restored by simplicity. "The 'One Note Symphony' concept is what I'm into now," he explained.

"So many bands take a good song and add five great ideas to it. By the time they've added all five great ideas, they've negated the total product. The result is too confusing, too undirected to make any musical sense. All I'm trying to do," he continues with characteristic fervor, "is to say something to move the heart. Music—totally honest, real music—is the only way I know to do that. There

are things I want to say, not in an ego trip sense, that I couldn't say any other way. There is no other way for me to express what's in my heart."

Not Looking For Love

Butterfield swallows a long sip of beer. Words are wearing. He toys with the chicken salad served him an hour ago. He turns to face a friend. Silence is his servant; music is his master. He is not a worshiper of words. He speaks seldom, always in strained, urgent symphonies, only when he feels the words worthy.

Answering the people's questions is worthy, but trying at best. "Just what kind of information did you want?" he'll ask politely, displaying almost imperceptible discomfort. He'll explain, "You've got to be careful with people. There are people that I look at, and I know that I don't want anything to do with them. I can almost always tell when someone wants to take something from me but won't give anything back. No," he answers a question he's

I'm Stuck on LA Freeways, Got Rainwater in My Boots

asking himself, "I don't feel that everyone who talks to me is looking for something. Some of them really love you, but I never look for or expect that."

Yet, love is what he finds.

He is loved at Joyous Lake, but seemingly more for his goals than for his glory. Hinted at in *Better Days'* music, Butterfield's goal is honesty. "I'm just trying to play music and be honest about it; I'm trying to play something valid." And he's playing most of it on the harp.

With Muldaur absorbing much of the vocal responsibility, Butterfield is freed to let loose on harmonica. A classically-trained flautist, Butterfield picked up the harmonica at 14 and played it. No lessons. No painstaking trial and error. He played it. By age 16, Muddy Waters was inviting him to sit in. By now, Butterfield may well be the most respected harpist around.

While he considers most harp players to be "extremely derivative," he has his idols, too. "Taj and Stevie Wonder," he says with respect. "They have a sense of the harp. Both of them have their own feel; they do their own thing. They're not derivative of anyone."

Nor is Butterfield, although the influence of Little Walter on his career was major. "I don't think I'm derivative," he says with reserve. "But, I'm not into that competitive shit. I play what I play and if that's beautiful, that's great. All I'll say is that I know that instrument, the harp, really well. I just know it really well."

No contest.

— LAUREL DANN

Ashford & Simpson

12/3-4 Chicago

Back Door

12/7-9 Los Angeles

Beach Boys

12/3 St. Louis
12/4 Greencastle, Indiana
12/5 Madison
12/6 Charleston, Illinois
12/7 Cleveland
12/8 Boston
12/9 Kingston, Rhode Island
12/10 Durham, New Hampshire
12/10 Washington, D.C.
12/13 Union, New Jersey
12/14 Philadelphia
12/16 South Orange, New Jersey
12/18 Brooklyn
12/19 New York City

Tim Buckley

12/3 New York City
12/5-9 Cleveland
12/12-13 Ann Arbor
12/15 Edmonton, Alberta
12/16 Victoria, British Columbia

Paul Butterfield's Better Days

12/15 Poughkeepsie, New York

Captain Beyond

12/15 New York City

Alice Cooper

12/8 Nashville
12/9 Greensboro, North Carolina
12/11 Madison
12/12 Ann Arbor
12/14 Toronto
12/15 Syracuse
12/16 Norfolk
12/19 Washington, D.C.
12/22 Tampa
12/26 New Haven
12/27 Montreal
12/29 Binghamton, New York
12/31 Buffalo

Kathy Dalton

12/3 New York City
12/7 Memphis
12/17-19 Los Angeles

Doobie Brothers

12/4 Bowling Green
12/5 Little Rock
12/7 Champaign, Illinois
12/8 Bloomington, Indiana
12/9 De Kalb, Illinois

Linda Lewis

12/5-10 New York City

Gordon Lightfoot

1/25 San Diego
1/26 Palo Alto
1/27 Los Angeles
2/15 Milwaukee
2/16 Duluth
2/17 St. Paul

Maria Muldaur

12/13-16 Denver
12/20-23 Los Angeles
12/27-31 San Francisco

Martin Mull

12/6 Springvale, Maine

Rod McKuen

12/15-16 Santa Monica

Randy Newman

12/7 West Haven, Connecticut
12/8 Wayne, New Jersey
12/9 Canton, New York

Osibisa

12/3-5 San Francisco
12/7 Seattle
12/8 Portland
12/9 Stockton
12/12 Los Angeles
12/13 New Orleans
12/15 New York City

Todd Rundgren

12/4 Hays, Kansas
12/7 Pittsburg, Kansas
12/8 Columbia, Missouri

Three Man Army

12/4 Bowling Green
12/5 Little Rock
12/7 Champaign, Illinois
12/8 Bloomington, Indiana
12/9 De Kalb, Illinois

Tower of Power

12/7 San Diego
12/14 Phoenix
12/20-22 San Francisco
12/23 Fresno
12/28-29 Los Angeles
12/31 Las Vegas

Eric Weissberg

2/22 Bronx

Jesse Winchester and the Rhythm Aces

12/5-9 London, Ontario
12/10-15 Toronto

Jesse Colin Young

12/7 St. Paul
12/8 St. Louis
12/9 Kansas City
12/14-15 San Francisco
12/16 Los Angeles

Vinyl Statistics

Circular is pleased to present a 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. The past week has given birth to six singles, and one hilarious album.

SINGLES (November 27)

"Midnight Rider"—Gregg Allman—Capricorn single
CPR 0035

"Santafly"—Martin Mull With the Sondra Baskin Glee Club—Capricorn single
CPR 0037

"Isn't That So?"—Peter Yarrow—Warner Bros.
single WB 7761

(November 30)

"Rainbow Song"—America—
Warner Bros. single
WB 7760

"Teenage Lament '74"—Alice Cooper—Warner Bros.
single WB 7762

"Mama's Got to Know How"—
Doug Kershaw—Warner
Bros. single WB 7763

ALBUMS (November 27)

*The Incomplete Works of
Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks*
—Warner Bros. album
3XX 2744

Chubby Checker's Chartbreaking Chant



There are several ways to break a record. Immediate saturation air-play on major market tight-playlist Top 40s is nice. "Secondary" markets can be helpful as well, as can network TV. You can also break records quite efficiently with a sledgehammer. One record that may never be broken, however, is that set back in the Kennedy years by Chubby Checker's "The Twist." This summer, 1960, Parkway Records release went immediately to the hearts and hips of teenage

Inspirational Verse

You make me feel real loose
Like a long-necked goose
Like a—oh baby that's what
I like!

—The Big Bopper
"Chantilly Lace"

America, zooming to the very top of the *Billboard* charts just as the Kennedy-Nixon TV debates were captivating American parenthood. "The Twist" was about as big a record as you could find in 1960, but after 18 weeks it finally ran its course (as all records must, alas, even *Johnny's Greatest Hits*) and dropped off the charts.

A fine success story, to be sure, but not unique. Many other records have been #1, a few others have sold as many copies, and several dozen managed to stay on the charts through the turbulent weeks of campaigning (another was Brenda Lee's "I Want To Be Wanted," which also made #1, one of two discs by Ms. Lee to do so).

Twin Peak

The best was yet to come for Chubby, however. By the fall of 1961 many of the same adults who had in 1960 hollered at their kids to turn down the record player so they could hear Dick and Jack were themselves twisting the night away, as The Twist became a jet-set craze. On November 19, 1961, one week before the first Joey Dee & the Starlighters record entered the *Billboard* charts, the Checker "original" achieved reentry. And just as the twisters of Liverpool were discovering The Beatles, the twisters of America twisted Chubby right back to the #1 spot, with almost the same record. "The Twist" was identical to the earlier winner, but the flip sides were different. Whereas "Toot" was the B-side the first time around, Parkway gave you two twists in one for the 1961 revival, as "Twistin' U.S.A." became the new flip side. To

alleviate confusion at the pressing plant, "Twistin' U.S.A." was not designated as a B side; it became instead one of the few C sides in record history. (C for Chubby, obviously).

The quotes surrounding the word "original" in the previous paragraph are there, of course, because the *real* original of "The Twist" had been done a good six months before the political conventions by the song's composer, Hank Ballard. Though Ballard's "Twist" started out as the flip side of "Teardrops on Your Letter" and got only minimal R&B exposure at first, the Ballard original-original did enjoy a substantial chart career coincident with the first ascent of the Checker cover.

Duplication Reduplicated

Though a couple of Christmas goodies have come close, no other record in recent history has managed to duplicate Chubby's double chartride, with its two equal pinnacles. If you happen to be the type who just looks at song titles on the charts and not at the artists' names, however, you might think otherwise. When Hank Ballard's "Teardrops" entered the charts in March 1959, the nation's hottest disc was a tribute to a major figure of Roman mythology, from the quivering lips of a young singer who was quite a demigod himself in those days, and who later became a Reprise artist. Over a decade later, a very different song with the exact same title duplicated the chart primacy of that 1959 pagan ode. Next week's prize goes to the lass or laddie who most promptly identifies the double-duty song title, the Repriser to be, and the

foreign outfit that stole his title 10 years after.

Winner of Dr. Demento's four-weeks-ago contest is Ron Albert of N. Miami who correctly answered that SHELLAC was lacking during WW II, thereby hampering record production. Bill Phisher of Tampa wins the doctor's three-weeks-ago contest by correctly answering that it was Spike Jones & His City Slickers who replaced the term "fox-trot" with "bright two-steps" on their record labels.

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, Ca. 91505) wins any *single* Warner/Reprise catalog album (Please specify choice.) Answers will be geographically pro-rated; ties will be judged on the basis of penmanship, wit and lucidity.

Top Ten

Warner Bros. Sales Figures for
Week of November 26-December 2

1. Alice Cooper/*Muscle of Love* (BS/M8/M5 2748)
2. *The Beach Boys in Concert* (2RS/K8/K5 6484)
3. America/*Hat Trick* (BS/M8/M5 2728)
4. Allman Bros. Band/*Brothers and Sisters* (CP/M8/M5 0111)
5. Frank Sinatra/*O! Blue Eyes Is Back* (FS/M8/M5 2155)
6. Osibisa/*Happy Children* (BS/M8/M5 2732)
7. Gregg Allman/*Laid Back* (CP/M8/M5 0116)
8. Uriah Heep/*Sweet Freedom* (BS/M8/M5 2724)
9. Fleetwood Mac/*Mystery to Me* (MS/M8/M5 2158)
10. *The Marshall Tucker Band* (CP/M8/M5 0112)