

circular

Dr. Demento Examines Collector Rudi Fehr's Immaculate Discs

This is the first in a series of glimpses at record collectors through the eyes of Barry Hansen (Circular's Dr. Demento). These pieces will concentrate on collectors' personalities and histories rather than "world's greatest" collections, although Barry will describe his subjects' archives as tantalizingly as possible for the benefit (and/or torment) of all true record addicts.

Barry himself lives amid a collection numbering 1,000 records for every year of his age, which at the moment hovers slightly over 30.

Rudi Fehr is the Director of Editorial and Post-Production Operations for Warner Bros. Pictures. He is a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman in his early 60s, with a fine home in the hills above Burbank where King Oliver Gennetts and other priceless shellacs compete for the visitor's admiration with old master paintings, fine antique furniture and some very nice cut crystal. He has four daughters, a genial wife, over a dozen musical instruments of various shapes and 10,000 78s.

I first made Mr. Fehr's acquaint-

ance in the Green Room, a sort of commissary *de luxe* on the Burbank Studios lot. After lunch we walked a few blocks through drizzle to the building in which Fehr performs his official duties.

He is responsible for all WB flicks from the day scenes are shot until the day completed prints ship out to your local theaters and drive-ins. This includes not only complex editing processes but the movies' rendezvous with destiny as represented by the Rating Board (G, PG, R, etc.). "Sometimes I have to argue with them..."

In the midst of Rudy Fehr's building is a windowless room, 16 by 16 or thereabouts, in which rests his 78 collection (except for about 2,500 especially prized discs which he keeps at home). These records are kept in albums, the 10- or 12-pocket kind every Woolworth's (and fancier stores too) used to sell.* They are stored on the pipe racks customarily used for storing large film reels, except for some recent acquisitions piled neatly on a table. There is a small portable phonograph in a corner.

I was invited to browse to my heart's content, which I did for about a half hour. Not only was



I allowed to examine, handle and play the exquisitely fragile 78s (in itself one of the nicer compliments one collector can pay to another), but I was encouraged to borrow some (a real no-no for most collectors).

After filling an empty album with such treasures as "Don't Let's Be Beastly to the Germans" by Noel Coward on English HMV and "Who Put the Benzadrine in Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine?" by Harry (The

Hipster) Gibson on Musicraft, I made arrangements to interview Mr. Fehr at his home.

A shortly subsequent early evening at the Fehr home (less than a mile from The Burbank Studios) found me seated at a small table with an inlaid chessboard. I had a moment to admire the paintings and other artifacts mentioned earlier, and was served a glass of beer, which in those surroundings tasted like finest German am-

Continued on page 2

*When I speak of albums, I mean *albums*, book-like volumes in which each page is an envelope holding one record. Now that one LP can contain the amount of music that formerly took an albumful of 78s, people have come to think of an "album" as one LP record. Because 78s look like LPs, folks who grew up in the post-78 era often call individual 78s "albums," which they're not; even the big 12" 78s could hold only 4 1/2 minutes of music, considerably less than you can get on a modern 45. The word album, in any case, should refer to the package the records come in (be it one record or 12) rather than the discs themselves.

The Rudy Fehr Collection

Continued from page 1

brosia (though my host assured me it was Miller High Life).

My stenographer, Miss Sony, was still busy plugging herself in as Fehr began the story of his career and his collection. Both had their origins in 1920s Berlin, where Fehr was born in 1911, the son of a prominent Jewish banker.

"It's very strange how it started. I had an uncle who lived in New York, and he came to visit us. Every kid in Europe was most interested in life in America, and of course I asked him every day 'how do you do this, how do you do that?'"

"And I wondered, 'Do you miss German music?' He said, 'Oh, no. There's a restaurant on Broadway with a band, and every time I walk in they play a German song for me.' He told me it was a small band of Black musicians. 'One plays a drum, one plays a piano, and one plays saxophone.' I asked, 'What's a saxophone?' He promised, 'When I get back to New York I'll send you some records of saxophone.'"

White Ravens

And he did. The first batch included discs by Paul Whiteman, Johnny Marvin, The Revelers and saxophonist Rudy Wiedoeft. "I fell in love with that sound. I had to have a saxophone, and my parents bought me one when I was 13. I very seriously took lessons, and became quite accomplished. In 1926 I joined a band. It was a dance orchestra. I couldn't call it jazz. We became the most popular young band in Berlin. There were 16 boys between 15 and 21, among them an American boy, Walter

Buchanan, who sang. He's now a professor of music at UC Santa Barbara. We were called Die Weisse Raben (The White Ravens).

"As the band became extremely popular, I started buying more records to listen to the arrangements, the sound. In 1926 Paul Whiteman came to Berlin to give four concerts. I attended three. I was in seventh heaven. It was the greatest thing I had ever heard. They played 'Rhapsody in Blue'—fantastic sound."

Not long after that, Jack Huylton's orchestra (England's foremost at the time) came to Berlin, and the young Fehr became friendly with many of the members of the band. Since he could speak both English and French, as well as German, he became the band's unofficial interpreter, accompanying them on a tour of England, hearing more and more music all the time and developing his knowledge of authentic American hot jazz. One store in Berlin imported American jazz records, and despite their expense Fehr soon accumulated thousands of them.

Precious 250

Meanwhile, he had ambitions to enter the diplomatic corps, but by 1931 the rise of Hitler had made that impossible. He discovered, though, that his knowledge of music and foreign languages was highly suitable for work as a film editor. At the age of 20 he became a cutter, and was quickly promoted to a full editor for a major German feature film studio.

Forced to flee Germany in 1936, Fehr headed for New York. At this

point he had over 2500 78s. He could take only 250, and thereby had to face the question that's hypothetically posed to all collectors: "If you could keep only X records, which ones would you choose?" Twenty-four of the best ones were broken enroute; Fehr still has every one of the other 226.

After a brief fling at selling lingerie for a friend's store in New York, Fehr set out for Hollywood. He had more than a few trepidations about this move, but he didn't care for New York and wanted to see whether Hollywood could use his skills as a film editor.

He made the rounds. Despite numerous letters of introduction nothing happened for five weeks. Then he got three calls in one hour from three big studios. He picked Warner Bros., which gave him a temporary job translating scripts

from German into English. On the very day the translation job was finished, an opening appeared in the editing department. He's been at WB ever since, working his way up through full editor to his present position. He has produced one film, *The Desert Song*, and was assistant to the producers of many others. Along the way, in 1940, he married actress Maris Wrixon. Mr. and Mrs. Fehr have "had a good time together and enjoyed ourselves every minute" for the past 33 years.

The Record Changer

Throughout these years Fehr has been constantly adding to his collection, particularly in earlier years, when he was seeking to replace the discs he had to leave behind in Germany. He was still looking for a job in Hollywood when



Photos by Ginny Winn

He had to face the question that's hypothetically posed to all collectors: "If you could keep only X records, which ones would you choose?"

he wandered by the newsstand at Hollywood and Las Palmas and spied *The Record Changer*.

This magazine, a much-lamented joy to collectors of the 1930s and 1940s, featured advertisements offering vintage discs for sale, often at what would be considered

bargain-basement prices today. Through *The Record Changer*, Fehr bought records by mail from collectors and dealers around the world, and thus built up the majority of the 78 library he has today.

Though publications such as *Record Finder* perform a similar

service for contemporary record-cravers, Fehr no longer buys many discs by mail, relying on a few local contacts for replenishments to his holdings.

Having brought his autobiography up to 1973, Mr. Fehr asked me if I wanted to hear some rec-

ords! I'll admit to being somewhat tongue-tied at this point, as he pulled one albumful of pure gold after another from his handsome cabinets (no pipe racks here).

His home collection, like the portion on the Burbank lot, is kept in albums. Each one is neatly let-

Continued on page 4

45s Join 78s as Hot Stuff for Record Collectors

There was a time when 78 collectors, the "real" collectors, could be found inhabiting junk stores, poring delightedly over a pile of discs while standing on a pile of 45s. They would crush the contemptible "midgets" to use for packing their precious lacquer platters.

But many an old-time shellac addict is opening his eyes—if not to the quality of 50s music, then to the prices they're fetching.

Got any old Elvis Sun records around? They're fetching \$100 apiece in good condition. "Stormy Weather" by the Five Sharps on Jubilee will get you \$500. "Surfin'" by the Beach Boys is worth \$50, at least on the surfless East Coast.

Because of Los Angeles' infancy as a record collecting center, it's a collector's paradise. Many record companies started (and folded) here, so thrift and record stores are well-stocked with unsold and previously unwanted efforts by a gamut of artists.

Stores are untouched, compared with the desperate conditions in New York, where every outlet has been ravaged; where

vulturous collectors stalk the streets wild-eyed and drooling as the Salvation Army truck unloads, often unaware that the one-armed driver has turned over all his records to a collector-cohort who spits the take with him.

Scattered collectors who dot the California coast are starting to get organized.

On the second Sunday of every month, rain or smog, a strange scene develops behind the International Pancake House at National and Sepulveda Blvds. Here, in an amorphous sector of suburbia, cars back up like an inverted scene from *Rebel Without a Cause*, their trunk lids open like so many alligator jaws slaving for black disc delicacies.

Instead of Natalie Wood standing in the center, dropping the flag, you see the none-too-svelte, mustachioed figure of Barret Hansen—our own Dr. Demento—calling the swap meet to order.

Within those car trunks are vinyl treasures, hardly virginal, but aching for the new life that will be breathed into their grooves by a bounty of cash or a cast-off sister.

Many characters inhabit this netherworld of collectors (it still isn't too respectable a hobby)—like Chris Peak, the Pasadenan who literally lives in his truck full of records; the Stoper brothers of Pacific Palisades, who legally re-issue obscure Rockabilly classics for collector consumption; Boppin' Bob Hansen, who fulfills Kurt Vonnegut's observation that you are what you pretend to be by *living* the "teen angel"—leather jacket, rolled-up jeans, greasy hair—image.

The East Coast is more organized. Perhaps Easterners need the sopor of smooth harmonies to come down after doing battle in the urban jungle. Maybe that's why the East supports several R&B appreciation magazines and many rock history shows, while the West Coast does almost nothing. Though both Los Angeles and San Francisco have "nostalgia" radio stations (the anathema of rock enthusiasts), neither city supports an intelligent rock analysis program.

If you like rhythm and Blues of the 50s—group harmonies, the sounds of the street—then you've got a home. New York is the un-

disputed center for doo-wop collecting. New York, where the ghost of Alan Freed still beckons present day mailmen and car washers to return to the stage of Richard Nader's Rock & Roll Revival meetings, it is not so much an Oldies scene as a current phenomenon.

But if you like hard-driving, primitive, bopping, socking rock & roll—Rockabilly music—you have no place to go. There is no U.S. center for hard rock & roll collecting, though one *might* be developing in Los Angeles.

Rockabilly awareness (conscientious LVII) may be slow to awaken, following the classical pattern of foreign before native recognition. In Europe rock appreciation societies physically impose their preferences on disbelievers and detractors. The world headquarters for the Everly Brothers fan club is in Holland; there is a monthly Little Richard magazine published in England; Gene Vincent was the largest-selling Capitol artist in France in 1972 and you can find out more about Jerry Lee Lewis in Holland than almost anywhere in the U.S.

—ART FEIN

Antique Discs

Continued from page 3

tered on the spine as to the kind of music it contains: either the name of an individual artist or artists, or a category, such as "Female Personalities"[†] or with a designation relating to record labels (i.e. "Brunswick Jazz").

Though Fehr considers himself primarily a jazz collector, and has about as excellent an assemblage of pre-1932 authentic jazz discs as one could ever ask for, he also has imposing holdings in other fields. There's a lot of high-class popular music, with an especially impressive array of movie stars on disc: Rudolph Valentino, Irene Dunne, Gloria Swanson, Joan Crawford ("not very good, by the way") and several albumsful more.

He has a 78 sung by Cole Porter, "tenor with piano," the first I had ever seen in the flesh (in the shellac, rather). Then . . . shelvesful of classical music, vocals and instrumentals; the major classical radio station in Los Angeles has borrowed his discs frequently. And lots of the choicer popular sounds from the Continent during the period between the World Wars.

All collectors, of course, like to have their records in the best condition possible. Rudi Fehr is particularly fastidious about this. He flatly declares, "I don't like to play scratchy records."

Though you aren't too likely to encounter him in the Santa Monica Salvation Army store, Fehr still manages to acquire choice 78s

now and then. Perhaps the majority of his collecting and his needle-time nowadays, though, is devoted to LPs—new recordings in the Dixieland style from all over the world, and classical music of course.

Rock he doesn't much care for ("I'll leave that to my daughters"), but at the time of my visit he was very enthusiastic about a new German recording of the theme from *Shaft* by bandleader Bert ("Wonderland by Night") Kaempfert. For such hi-fi delights he uses a Dual 1218 with a Shure cartridge, running through a Nikko STA7070 into a pair of five-foot speaker cabinets originally built for WB Pictures sound rooms, and handsomely redecorated. For 78s he uses a separate turntable, a Garrard with a mono GE cartridge.

Record collecting is "strictly a hobby" with Rudi Fehr, one of the many factors in what he proudly describes as a rich and happy life. It clearly has had no deleterious effects on his home life, his health or his career, something one can't say for many record freaks. In fact, though his collection would be the envy of anyone, the word "freak" just doesn't apply in the slightest to Rudi Fehr. He is quick to emphasize that however much he loves his records, his greatest delight is in his family and friends. "We collect people . . ."

Of all the collectors I've met, Rudi Fehr is quite possibly the one who has the most accurate idea of the ultimate place of shellac in life's system of values.

[†]"Personalities" is a generic term which record collectors use primarily for entertainers whose main fame was achieved in other areas besides records, i.e. films, Broadway, radio or sports. Most of these entertainers made relatively few records. Some collectors use the word more broadly to refer to vocalists; Al Jolson is often classed as a "personality," but the word would not normally be applied to Frank Sinatra, despite his obvious qualifications. It has something to do with being something else besides a singer, in any case.

Your *Billboard* Star Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore

Hot 100 Chart Upheaval: Mini-War On

Billboard's recent singles chart changed format and canned stars, much to Monday Meetingoer's chagrin. "They've gone computer on us," was the harmonized moan. Ron and Bob (National Promo Mover and Assistant) explained



Ruby Monday

that the Hot 100's now spewed out by a computer, fed with $\frac{2}{3}$ retail reports and $\frac{1}{3}$ radio play. From #1 through #30, you don't get no stars—see, you've already got a hit by then. From #31 through #100 there are (and will be) only seven starred 45s. "To make the star more meaningful," they said. Well, some other labels don't feel that way, I guess, as the news is out that both Columbia and RCA have pulled all advertising from the mag. Will we follow suit? Stay tuned.

Letter of the Week

Reprinted in full, the following correspondence was addressed to Bob Glassenberger (in fact, he's a berg not a berger) who's in charge of the College Promotion Department. The "communication" mentioned was a series of postcards promoting Faces' *Ooh La La*.

Dear Sir,
Having received your little com-

munication herein enclosed, I would like to inform you that as a Christian program director for a Christian radio station, I can find no use for your materials. Also would like to have Radio KCNC (sic) removed from the Warner Bros. mailing list. Future materials will be returned.

Thank you,
Bill Turner
Program Director for
Radio KNCC

Let me add as a footnote that KNCC's slogan, according to their letterhead, is either Keeping Northwest Christ Centered or Keeping Christ Northwest Centered. In any case, be sure and tune in when you find yourself in Kirkland, Wash.

Alice Takes a Beating From the Press

Both American and British news mags are down on Alice Cooper. Sticky, disintegrating newspaper clippings—dry and readable up to a moment ago when West Coast Publicity Mangler Garry George slathered *cafe au lait* all over my desk—reveal a bust for Alice last month in Seattle and a possible



Associates applaud WB Records Chairman Mo Osting Testimonial Dinner June 3. See Ruby's Run-Ons for

Hot Scoops and Limp Droops

ban from English shores via an act of Parliament. Honestly now, Cooper was cited for "disorderly conduct" and "inciting obscenities" at Seattle's Center Coliseum walking to his dressing room after a performance for 13,000 fans. Officer-in-Charge Lt. Wally Long was quoted as having described AC as, "a perfect gentleman off the stage—as nice as he could be." Long was heading up a team of 36 police officers (two of whom were policewomen) who made "only a few arrests" for possession of marijuana and alcohol-induced intoxication. Meanwhile, a stone's skip over the Atlantic, Parliament is actually being asked to ban AC from the Isles. Labor MP Leo Abse (56), from Pontypool, recently characterized Alice as "peddling the culture of the concentration camp . . . These are evil attempts to teach our children to find their identity in hate and not in love . . . [He's] an American import which parents, teachers and welfare workers can well do without." Which may be. For sure Alice can now do well without all this bad-mouthing, which will probably result in more LP sales and larger concert attendance.

Living in the Material World

We've only just begun work on a "deluxe six-record set" which will mark 50 years of fabulous films from Warner Bros. Films. There are 1800 films to choose from and the hunt is on for famous scenes and catchy sound track tunes. Eligible films include "Performance," "A Clockwork Orange," "Bonnie and Clyde," "Camelot," "Easy Rider," "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Gone With the Wind," "Sound of Music," "Summer of '42," "Strawberry Statement" and "The Music Man." It oughta be a dilly.

Sign, Sign, Everywhere a Sign

A poke underneath the paper shredder revealed bits and pieces of a memo confirming five highly incestuous signings by Reprise. The acts are The Move, The Electric Light Orchestra, Wizzard, Roy Wood and Jeff Lynne. At one time The Move's members were Roy Wood, Jeff Lynne and Bev Bevan. The Electric Light Orchestra first consisted of Roy Wood, Jeff Lynne, Bev Bevan, Bill Hunt and Steve Woolam. A slight shift recreated The Electric Light Orchestra out of Jeff Lynne, Bev Bevan, Wilf Gibson, Mike Edwards, Colin Walker, Mike Albuquerque and Richard Tandy. At the same time this latter ELO was going on, up pops Wizzard—you guessed it—made up of Roy Wood, Rick Price, Bill Hunt, Hugh "H" McDowall, Nick Pentelow, Mike Burnie, Keith Smart and Charlie Grima. This is what's known as a "Big Deal." It's also gonna be real confusing when the artwork, label copy and master tapes begin to pour in, not to mention group members.

Fanny Manager Roy Silver has had to hire two large and menacing bouncers to keep hordes of salivating malefans off the stage during the ladies' most recent European tour. And while **Fanny** was taping at world famous Olympic Studios, **Mick Jagger** dropped by to watch . . . **Black**



Sabbath will curtail their usually staggering number of concerts in the U.S. this year. A string of ticky-tacky motels, look-alike airports, soggy burgers and showtime (in that order), with two days off per 20 or 30 gigs was too much for the boys last year. Shortly they'll embark on a tour of Australia, probably England and a couple of weeks in the States . . . Tell all your accredited AF of M musician friends that the *American Federation of Musicians* has a \$7,200,000 "melon" (term coined by *Daily Variety*) to distribute among its 36,000 members. This fruit comes from the Phonograph Record Manufacturers' Special Payments Fund to which each record company contributes *dinero* based on its annual sales figures. Each musician receives bread in proportionate amounts—more money for more sessions played during the year . . . **Richard Greene**, no longer with **Seatrain**, was signed on his own recognizance by WB last week. Expect a solo 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ by him soon too . . . **Bobby King**, long a mystery entry on the "Tentative Recording Schedule," has been found out. King has been in lotsa groups, among them the Pleasant Hill Specials, the Soul Seekers, the Pilgrim Travelers, the Golden Rods, the Kingmen and Relations. At the moment **Russ Titelman** (he produced **Randy Newman**, remember?) is working with Bobby in the studio, readying an LP for fall release. No grass grows under this man's feet—he's starring in "Don't Bother Me I Cant Cope," which slides into its 10th month of performances in LA this week . . . Haven't found out a thing about the **Grateful Dead's** supposed own label that they're theoretically making for themselves. No one's saying the Dead haven't waited long enough for their own label, but when **Groovy Tuesday** flies up to San Rafael to hunt down the truth and finds out nothing, that's a disappointment . . . Sixteen Plus Candles to **Joey Dee** on June 11; **Vic Damone** on June 12; **Burl Ives**, **Rodney Argent** and **Spencer Oldham** on June 14; **Harry Nilsson** on June 15; **Billy Vaughn**, **Lamont Dozier** and **Elmer Valentine** on June 16 and **James Brown** and **Red Foley** on June 17 . . . **Chairman Mo** got a big response to his City of Hope Testimonial Dinner. All the former and current Record Company Biggies were there June 3—**Ted Ashley** (Warner Communications), **David Geffen** (Asylum Recs), **Herb Goldfarb** (London Recs), **Jac Holzman** (Elektra Recs), **Rocco Laginestra** (RCA Recs), **Mike Maitland** (MCA Recs), **Jay Lasker** (ABC/Dunhill Recs), **Stan Gortikov** (RIAA) and **Jules Malamud** (NARAS), plus a gang of higher ups from WB/REP including **Joe Smith**, who was incorrectly identified in *The Hollywood Reporter* as "President of Warner Bros. Music/Appliance Division."



During his City of Hope
dinner.

Photo by David Hiller

Living Well in the Material World

LONDON—Many English musicians, group and solos alike, are giving strength to a healthy (if long overdue) kind of singer-songwriter backlash. During the singer-songwriter boom it became obligatory for reasons of both image and anticipated royalties to compose all their own stuff. This produced an incalculable number of albums suffering the flab of forgettable songs. It has



now dawned on people that most writers are lucky to pull off two really top-class tracks out of 10. Obviously certain super singers (Joe Cocker, Rod Stewart) have known all along that a powerful, personal interpretation of someone else's great tune is bound to go over better than a lame "original." (In fact, is it not more original to work up a fresh arrangement of an appropriate song than to write your own poor copy?) This doesn't mean that musicians



Fanny

are going to quit writing. It just means that some badly-needed sub-editing will take place—that in the future we can hope for albums of their best plus other people's best. And not a moment too soon.

Fanny Supreme

Glad to take part in this movement are the lovely Fannies. They have been slipping into the studio on their rare nights off the road to record an old Supremes treasure, "Back In My Arms Again," which they have assimilated so splendidly it's hard to believe they didn't write it themselves.

Behemoth Flick

O Lucky Man! has settled down to a satisfying run in Leicester Square after opening to outstanding notices. Everyone who sees it is struck with the uncommonly snug fit of Alan Price's songs to the story—the best integration yet of music and picture. Forewarned is forearmed and your forearms should be laden with pounds of popcorn, chocolate, Kleenex, aspirin and Murine because the

film runs a solid three hours without intermission.

Good Timing

The Times That Try Record Companies' Souls (they do so have souls) . . . Nazareth, the Scottish

band whose LP *Exercises* jogged out of Burbank sometime last season, is all of a sudden the hot new group with a smash single and cover photo on *Melody Maker*, stamping and singing live on color TV, cultivating delirious fans. And they've earned it—gigging at a rate of one night off per month for months on end. Pity they were just (oops) dropped from the label.

Silent Ceiling

The Incredible String Band have been booked to appear at the London Music Festival to be held later this summer at Alexandra Palace. Known affectionately as "Ally Pally," this Victorian white elephant is now being treated to a new acoustic ceiling to the tune of \$25,000. That's a lot of egg cartons.

—SHELLEY BENOIT

My Dad's Smaller

Fortune magazine's recent ranking of the nation's top 500 industrial companies makes the weekly listings of record sales seem a petty pursuit. To get on *Fortune's* list, a company must have sold over \$200 million worth of goods. That's a lot of Gold Records.

The number one company this year, as well as last year, is General Motors, who moved more than \$30 billion worth of cars and stuff.

No record company, by itself, could be included on the list, but these days most of the big record companies are owned by even

bigger corporations, whose amalgamated sales are enough to make the list. Rankings of the record company parent organizations reflect little the maneuverings of the music business.

RCA, of RCA records, is at number 19 this year, down from 18 previous year. It was nosed out by Goodyear Tire and Rubber.

Columbia Broadcasting System, Columbia Records' daddy, is a distant second at number 102, the same as last year.

Warner Communications, owner of the Warner/Elektra/Atlantic

Musical Boys From Borstal



The Incredible String Band

This week's answer, like last week's question, is inspired by that rowdy raver from Faces, "Borstal Boys" (currently circulating as the B-side of the group's latest single). The title might be translated "juvenile delinquents" or "hoods" or something such. Borstal is the name the English give their juvenile prisons—or so we Colonials are informed by the cover of a remarkable 1970 album called *Fresh Out of Borstal* (RCA LSP-4328). Fresh, whose name is the answer to last week's question, is a trio which offers some suitably grim and grimy music in this album (whose cover pictures them in prison garb, complete with numbers). Fresh is perhaps best remembered, however, for a gentler number called "Stoned in Saigon" on a subsequent elpee called *Fresh Today*.



(e) the famous Arkansas folk-singer whose lyrics converted (b) into (c).

In addition, *if you win*, we'll give you an additional album (our choice) if you can name

(f) the WB group that had a mini-hit with a revival of (c) in the fall of 1968, and included it on their album *The Secret Life of* _____.

Question for Next Week

Exactly two weeks ago, *Circular* reported the signing to a WB contract of an artist who has already favored Burbank with one of the most successful albums in recent memory. On Side Two of that album, there lurks a 1:07 instrumental version of a fine old folk tune, which in a differently-titled vocal version was just about as big a hit back in 1959 as the WB album's 3:16 title track was in '73. For the WB catalog album of your choice, be first to name

- (a) the recently-signed-to-WB artist
- (b) that 1:07 selection
- (c) the title under which that same tune was a hit in 1959
- (d) the artist (now deceased) who made it a hit in 1959

Last week we printed the winner to Demento's two-weeks-ago question instead of the three-weeks-ago one. It was an accident, really. Sorry for the shortened answer time, but Steve Lutomski of Milwaukee was quick enough, anyway, so nobody's hurt, right? Everybody's happy, OK? We don't feel guilty, or anything, but just don't bug us about it, alright? Anybody can make a mistake, can't they? "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." OK? The four-weeks-ago question got skipped; that's the reason for all this, if that means anything to you. Nobody answered that one, so there was no winner, so nobody was hurt, right? Everything's OK, alright? Jeez!

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.

Than Your Dad Is

happy family, is an equally distant third at 261. Now *Fortune*, staid business monthly that it is (owned by Time Inc., number 220), doesn't do anything as frivolous as awarding stars or bullets, but if they did, Warners' ascendance from its previous 294 surely would have gotten the nod.

MCA, of the newly-consolidated MCA label, is fourth at 344, down from last year's 338.

Columbia Pictures Industries, owner of Bell Records, is at 441, down from 433 a year ago.

The rest of the waxeries, fine

bunch that they are, are not represented on the list. This doesn't mean that A&M or Motown are fly-by-night operations. They are independent businesses not set up on the gargantuan scale of the Top 500 industrial businesses.

Indeed, the *Fortune* fluctuations have little effect on the music business.

Record barons can simply turn up their headphones and smile; they don't have to worry about how high the stock is.

"God bless the child," they say, "that's got his own."

If You're Ever in Memphis, Please Stop by Minglewood

Tim Buckley

6/12-16 Atlanta
6/20-21 Louisville
6/26-7/1 Kansas City, Missouri
7/5-8 Placitas, New Mexico

Cold Blood

6/17 Sacramento
6/24 San Diego
6/29-30 San Francisco

Deep Purple

6/11 Detroit
6/12 Ithaca, New York
6/14 Atlanta
6/15 Jacksonville
6/16 Tampa
6/17 West Palm Beach

Foghat

6/15 Baltimore
6/16 New York
6/17 Long Island, New York

Grateful Dead

6/29-7/10 Universal City, California

Malo

6/24 Chicago

Martin Mull

7/4-8 Chicago
7/11 Rochester, Michigan
7/18-21 Philadelphia

Randy Newman

8/12 Cape Cod

Mason Proffit

6/23 St. Paul, Minnesota
6/24 Schererville, Indiana
6/25 Crystal Lake, Illinois
6/26 Wheeling, Illinois
6/27 DuPage, Illinois
7/5 Torrance, California
7/23-28, Washington, D.C.

Seals & Crofts

6/15 Saratoga, New York
6/22 Tulsa
6/23 Oklahoma City
6/27 Salt Lake City
6/28 Dallas
6/29 Houston
6/30 San Antonio
7/1 Corpus Christi
7/7 Maui
7/8 Waikiki
7/11 Anchorage
7/13 Seattle
7/14 Portland
7/15 Sacramento
7/22 Los Angeles
7/24 Lennox, Massachusetts
7/25 Edwardsville, Illinois
7/26 Minneapolis
7/27-28 Chicago
7/30 Detroit
7/31 Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio
8/1-2 New York
8/3 Syracuse, New York
8/4 New Haven
8/5 Columbia, Maryland
8/10 Springfield, Illinois

Seatrain

6/9 Long Pond, Pennsylvania
6/16 Greenwich, Connecticut
7/16 New York

Eric Quincy Tate

6/12 Greenville, South Carolina
6/13 Greenville, North Carolina

Tower of Power

6/12 Las Vegas
6/16 New Haven
6/17 Akron
6/18-23 Toronto, Ontario
6/24 Chicago
7/2-7 Atlanta
7/9 Cleveland
7/10 Toledo
7/11 Columbus

Marshall Tucker Band

6/14-17 Placitas, New Mexico
6/18-23 Boulder, Colorado

Dionne Warwick

6/14-17 San Carlos, California
7/30-8/4 Cleveland
8/8-12 Buffalo, New York
8/27-9/1 Warwick, Rhode Island
9/3-8 Wallingford, Connecticut
9/10-16 Washington, D.C.
9/18-23 Chicago
9/24-30 Long Island, New York

Eric Weissberg

7/4-8 Crete, Illinois
7/14 Park City, Utah
7/15 Columbus, Ohio
8/11 Monticello, Iowa
8/24 Ottawa, Ontario

Wet Willie

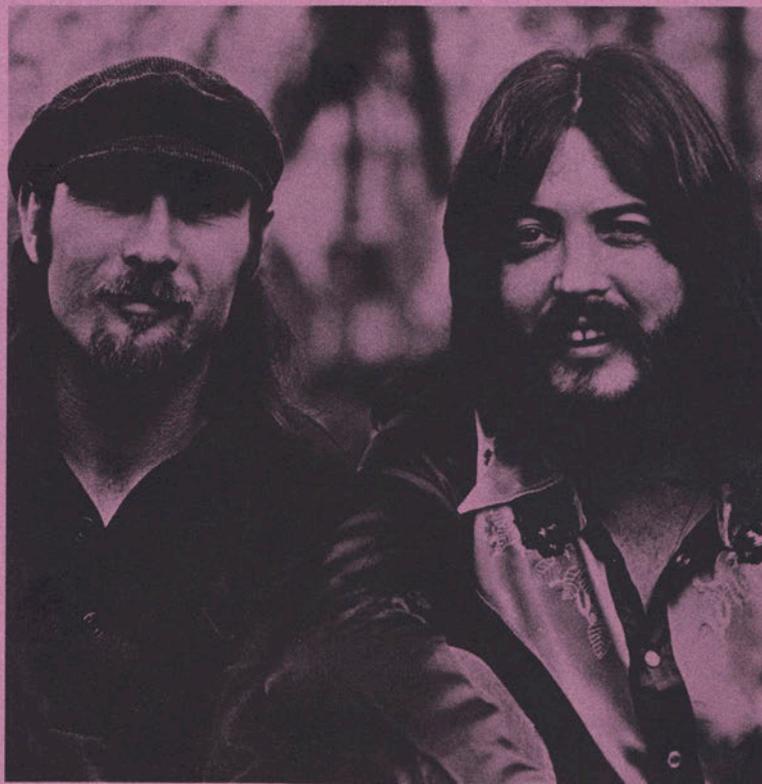
6/16 Valdosta, Georgia
6/25-30 Toronto, Ontario

White Witch

6/15 Indianapolis

Mothers of Invention

6/15 Honolulu



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 gives birth to two singles, no known albums.

SINGLES

(June 6)

"Ooh La La"—Faces—

Warner Bros. single WB 7711

"Two Worlds Apart"—Julie Covington—

Warner Bros. single 7716

Top Ten

Warner Bros. Sales Figures
for Week of June 4-10

1. Alice Cooper/*Billion Dollar Babies* (BS/M8/M5 2685)
2. Deep Purple/*Machine Head* (BS/M8/M5 2607)
3. Deep Purple/*Who Do We Think We Are!* (BS/M8/M5 2678)
4. Seals & Crofts/*Diamond Girl* (BS/M8/M5 2699)
5. Doobie Bros./*The Captain*

and Me (BS/M8/M5 2694)

6. Deep Purple/*Made in Japan* (2WS/J8/J5 2701)
7. Procol Harum/*Grand Hotel* (CHR/M8/M5 1037)
8. Faces/*Ooh La La* (BS/M8/M5 2665)
9. Fleetwood Mac/*Penguin* (MS/M8/M5 2138)
10. Foghat (BR/M8/M5 2036)