

circular

To the French Alps and Back With Uriah Heep

Guess who's new on Warner Bros.? Uriah Heep, that's who—those heavy-metal wizards who've mystified millions with their musical magic. Of course it's to be presumed that a lot of *Circular's* readers wouldn't know all that much about the latest addition to the WB fold (after all, gang, *our* albums alone should be enough to keep you occupied all the time), so we dispatched cracked *Circ* reportress Ann Cheavvy to run down the Heep and return with her usual concise and incisive report.

Geez, even though Uriah Heep is a really together group (whatever the hell *that* means), when it comes to interviews there ain't no way you're gonna get 'em all in the same place. Two out of the five

members was the best I could do for starters, though location probably had a lot to do with the low turnout. It's understandable, after all, why a rock star might not be too enthusiastic about being



Lee Kerslake interviewed in northeastern Borneo. The mosquitos are terrible.

Anyway, lead vocalist David Byron chose to continue soaking up Hawaii's tanning rays with his lady-friend, while keyboardist Ken Hensley jetted out to equally sunny LA to size up potential in-laws. No talkee to them—same for bassist Gary Thain, who went house-hunting. Desperately, I was informed.

Lame excuses.

Two did answer the call, though, the darling duo being squat guitarist extraordinaire Mick Box and the Heep's boisterous "body drummer," Lee Kerslake. And they talked enough to cover for 10 men, much less their three missing comrades. About a lot of things, too, including their just-out Warner Bros. LP, *Sweet Freedom*. Their first album for their new label, and another first for the band in that

they recorded it outside the Merrie Olde, at Chateau d'Heronville in France. That's right, folks, the same honky chateau from which a noted rocket man blasted off into fame.

"Yeah, that's right," Mick remembered, "Elton John started the whole thing off with that *Honky Tonk Chateau* album. Now you find a lot of bands recording out of England—basically for tax reasons. We looked around for a really good studio for a long time. We sent our engineer over to Jamaica, where the Stones had just finished recording, but we ended up having

to blow that out because they had terrible troubles trying to mix the sound when it was brought back here. You see, that's part of this tax malarkey—you've got to mix your sound in England. Mix in, record out, record out, mix in . . ."

Like most anyone else, the Heep enjoyed their stay in the French Alps, even if they did spend over half their time in the studio and not out on the slopes. "What was really nice about it," said Lee, "was that you were up there in the hills and you were really isolated. All you could do was eat, sleep

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Tim Buckley: Naked Guts

Tim Buckley does not take the conventional approach. He is a singer, a musician and a poet, which complicates the matter. He is a reservoir of information and experience—an artist who refuses to find an easy groove and flow with it. More honestly than most, his work reflects his life, his influences and his development.

"It's touching all the bases," he explains, "living what you've done. It's experience that's communicated, on stage or in the studio."

He squints and pauses a moment for the right emphasis. "You know, it takes guts to be that naked."

Tim's confidence has been hard won. He's been on the road for almost 10 years, tuning into incredibly diverse live audiences.

"The toughest situation I've found is to have an audience de-

mand a song, and then want you to play it the way they fell in love with it. You just can't grow with an old song. What I try to do is win them over to where I am at the moment. Sometimes it's like starting from scratch, and it can be very difficult. But that's what life's all about."

Tim began singing in country bands when he was in his early teens. He moved to folk music with the advent of the 60s, and became a star. His identity seemed certain and unshakeable, tied as it was to an acoustic twelve string guitar and what he calls "art music."

("Art music should have a certain timeless quality. It's poetry, and like poetry, it isn't always accessible.")

Tim had his own loyal following, and it seemed for a while that he

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Mick Box

America Needs Tim Buckley

Continued from page 1
would fulfill his promise as a musician within this specific area. Instead, he began to widen his focus and experiment with rhythm & blues, jazz and rock & roll.

"If you want to work, you go where the work is. I stopped writing art songs for survival. I spent a great deal of time in New York, which is a ruthlessly honest environment for a musician. In those days the Village was alive and there was a sense of community among artists. It was very healthy, very optimistic and positive."

The resulting transition took his initial fans by surprise. The golden folkie was suddenly a rocker. Tim was playing the unexpected. Yet he was also opening new doors and rejecting complacency. He refused to become a stereotype.

"An image is like a geranium. You've got to feed it and water it, prune it and keep the goddamn weeds out. When you worry about image it takes you away from what's important, which is commitment to the music. When I do a show I usually take care of business. That's when things fall into place."

Tim attaches the same kind of importance to his work in the studio. His recent album, *Sefronia*, on DiscReet records, represents a blending of styles and a new maturity. The title song is a slave name, and the approach to melody is reminiscent of the early poetry.

"I think I first heard the name in a song Nina Simone did called 'Four Women.' *Sefronia* is a mythological reference and the song deals with basic relationships—man to woman, the struggle in-



involved and a kind of inherent futility that's always there."

The album is also balanced with uptempo material, similar in flavor to Tim's previous album, *Greetings From LA*.

Compromise

"There is a certain amount of compromise involved. Unlike a novel or a poem, we're limited to eighteen or so minutes a side with a record. Emotions and a whole range of experience have to be compressed. You want to reach people and you're working against a diffused culture. Things like slang and images can get confusing. But that's America, and we're lucky. Everybody's different.

You've just got to include as much as you can."

Asked about the correlation between compromise and the demand for "commercial" music, Tim remains unperturbed.

"Oh that's bullshit; everybody compromises. You stop for red lights, right? As far as the business is concerned you don't compromise when people don't understand what you're trying to say. You just try to say it another way. It's a luxury to be bitter. It keeps you from working."

Tim is involved with other projects, in addition to his music. He is busy adapting a film script titled *Fully Airconditioned Inside* into a

book, "because nobody wanted to pay a million dollars for a comedy." He is also adapting Joseph Conrad's novel *Outcasts of the Islands* into a concept album.

Never static, Tim Buckley doesn't like boundaries. He is a performer, a writer and a musician who seeks the challenge of growth and constant improvement. He understands his audience, and he has something unique to offer. An individual, he is his own category.

"America needs me," he says.

Iconoclast and artist without convenient label. Tim Buckley tells the truth.

— MARCO BARLA

Jack Nitzsche at Rock's Dead End

LONDON—Jack Nitzsche—still an intriguing dark horse, if no longer a crazy horse—has taken sanctuary in St. Giles-Cripplegate yet again to record with the London Symphony Orchestra and the New Philharmonia Orchestra (no, not simultaneously . . .). Conducting on these sessions is the versatile David Measham, who catapulted into pop prominence when he conducted the LSO for the Reizner *Tommy*. Swathed in stunning Indian jewelry, Nitzsche bent Dave Walters' ear with prophecies that rock & roll has nowhere left to go, that the future is in film. Jack's idea of someone interesting to work with in that area is *Putney Swope*-man Robert Downey. Should that combination work out, I think it would be worth both your buck and mine to take in the results.

George Again. Rumor suggests that office favorite George Melly will wend his transoceanic way to Max's Kansas City and maybe some TV station. Rumor hasn't



George Melly

specified when, but watch this space. Someday you will actually know who George Melly is.

Wideboys. You may or may not recall my reference to Dingwall's Dance Hall when it opened a few months ago. As it turns out, the place hardly needed me to put in



Charlie and the Wideboys

a good word for it. Its success has been prodigious. You've got to move fast to get in, though. They've got a habit of closing the doors before the place gets unbearably full. On stage are many of the troopers from the pub-rock circuit who have established valuable residencies, as well as new groups from out of town, for whom Dingwall's is an ideal London showcase. From the latter category on Saturday night were my Cornish heroes, Charlie and the Wideboys. (Wideboy is Anglo slang for someone of dubious character, finding frequent applications among used car salesmen, used presidents and record company executives.) Remember where you heard the name first. . .

Née Perfect. The divine and durable Fleetwood Mac should be

in your neighborhood soon, having just begun their six week tour. Leading lady Christine McVie (née perfect, whereas most of us are just née equal) spoke fondly of American audiences before departing. She says they are happy just to dance compared to Britishers

who are hypersensitive about personnel swaps. The title of F. Mac's forthcoming LP is *Mystery to Me*, so now it won't be one to you if you're asked.

Football Time. The sports at Chrysalis are making the seasonal switch from cricket to football. They've been challenged by *Sounds* magazine, whose office is close to the only AstroTurf pitch in England. Chrysalis' Doug D'Arcy was spied gleaning pro advice over lunch with Peter Osgood and Alan Hudson, stars of glamor-team Chelsea.

English Commercials. Any minute now England's first commercial radio station, to be called Capitol Radio, will begin broadcasting. Someone here has described their initial policy as "nonaggressive rock," so we'll see

what that means and tell you when the time comes. The advent of commercial radio is obviously a milestone, but one so appallingly overdue it makes one that much more conscious of the pitiful state of radio here. Before now the discontent spawned a series of pirate stations (London, Caroline, Veronica etc.) who, appropriately enough, broadcast boldly from aboard ship until busted or until crews mutinied.

—SHELLEY BENOIT

IT COULD BE VERSE

Pro-Motion

Sammy Slick
Made 'em click.
"What's your trick?"
They'd ask Sam Slick.

"Shake that lard
Hit 'em hard
Quote the bard
Give 'em your card

Hire a band
Shake their hand
Squeeze your gland
Across the land

Look alive
Lay down jive
Take a dive
Don't think of Clive!"

"No, don't split
What's a hit?"
The nitty grit
They'd ask Sam Slick.

Sweet as a rose
Fancy clothes
There he goes
No one knows.

Number One's Gonna Be Number One



Ruby Monday

Allman Brothers Triple Heading for the Second Week.

All three of the main trade mags, *Record World*, *Billboard* and *Cash Box*, list *Brothers and Sisters* as Number One again.

There was some nail biting going on last week when the question was: will Grand Funk's *American Band* LP boot *Brothers and Sisters* out of the Number One Spot? The answer, of course, was no. The Allmans remain kingpins, especially around Los Angeles. By the



On the far right is Todd Rundgren, serving as a mike stand for four members of the crowd he assembled at Wollman Rink in Central Park, NYC, (using the "free concert" ploy) to sing one part to "Sons of 1984," a song on his forthcoming album, *Todd*. A similarly assembled crowd in San Francisco sang the other part.

time you read this, they already will have played a massive benefit at the Fabulous Forum to a well-sold-out-in-advance crowd. As a matter of fact, as I'm typing and Korectyping, Groovy Tuesday's pulling on her ruby red boots and glittering up her chestlet for the gig.

Alice Makes an Eccentric Exchange. The New York Yankees made a special presentation to Alice Cooper recently. They gave Alice a Louisville Slugger baseball bat. In return, Alice gave Yankee Fritz Peterson a baby boa, with love, for the players' dressing room. A snake—baby or not—in a locker room would be a hard animal to catch.

Ten Years Ago in Cash Box. On September 28, 1963, *CB*'s first three Top Ten Hits read like this: (1) "Blue Velvet" by Bobby Vinton



Jethro Tull

on Epic, (2) "My Boyfriend's Back" by the Angels on Smash and (3) "Sally Go 'Round the Roses" by the Jaynetts on Tuff. Guess what's back along with her boyfriend? A brand new version of "Sally Go 'Round the Roses" by none other than DiscReet's (see last week's Ruby Monday) Tim Buckley. It's on *Sefronia*, his brand new album.

Poking at the First Amendment. From the pages of September's issue of *Broadcasting* comes the following fascinating vignette. The Reverend Carl McIntire is a fundamentalist preacher from Media, Pennsylvania. He's also a stubborn s.o.b. who is scrapping and squabbling with the FCC over his right to broadcast over what he considers to be free airwaves. His seminary lost its license to operate WXUR AM/FM in July. He packed up and moved his broadcasting equipment asea (off New Jersey) into a converted minesweeper. He's there right now, defiantly casting airwaves out from an unlicensed AM station. When McIntire attended the FCC meet-

ing he arrived at Capitol Hill with a busload of followers. Lobby on, Reverend McIntire.

But Were They Her Greatest Tits? Monday, September 10, was a day not-soon-to-be-forgotten by Jethro Tull and Co. They were playing their passion out somewhere in the vast regions of the USA. It was Barrie Barriemore's birthday and a worked-up fan (obviously a fanatic) bared her chest, on which she had inscribed, "Happy Birthday, Barrie!" One wonders if the markings were permanent or washable.

Wait'll Ya Hear This One. Ward Sylvester, former manager of the Monkees and handler of Bobby Sherman, has a plane for rent. It's modest nomen is "Starship One" and it's yours (if you're a rock band on tour) for a mere \$5.00 per mile. Utilities included? I'll say—a club room, a grand salon, a library, bedroom with shower, a two-manual Thomas organ and private suites. Entertainment? Yes indeed—only a closed-circuit color videotape TV

system and eight channels of audio pleasure. Apparently, "Starship One" flies around with a large selection of TV shows and movies, but the best news of all (for all those crazy rock & roll bands) is that you can videotape your own show en route. This plane, a Boeing 720-22, is also capable of moving ballet troupes and film companies. In fact, it is designed so that it can move any sort of troupe which uses sets and special equipment. For example, there's a Tycoabrahe sound system stored in the baggage compartment.

Ruby's Run-Ons

☺ **Rod McKuen** stopped in to say hello to WB's home office last week. While here he discussed business with pleasure and told Ruby Monday that his forthcoming, *Return to Carnegie Hall*, boogies on in spots, notably with a version of Ray Charles' "What'd I Say." ☺ In case you're wondering what **Ray Charles** is up to, he's just signed to a brand new label, Crossover Records, and will release an LP and a single just prior to leaving for a 45-day tour of Europe. ☺ **The LAPD** is going nuts re-routing traffic from Doheny to Crescent Heights. There's a 5,000 to 6,000 fan-jam in front of the Roxy Theater where faithfuls waited patiently for days for tickets to see **Neil** make his grand opening September 20. Watch for further details. ☺ **Kinky Friedman and his Texas Jewboys** were canceled by a country nitery, Western Place, in Dallas. The owner said their language was "too foul." Kinky said he would've been all too glad to "tone down" the show if he'd been asked. Instead he was



Captain Beyond

told to pack up and hit in the chest by the Place's owner. Now there's a place to avoid on your itinerary.

☺ **Billboard** mag tells us *les disques* are selling more and more everyday in France. This year LP sales will increase by a possible 18%. Last year (1972, for those of you who weren't paying attention) the French bought 86 million records, 400,000 cartridges and 3 million cassettes. "In-car" music is a big thing among the Parisian chic, which explains why so many cassettes were sold.

☺ A huge reception was hosted last week by WEA Music of Canada for **Alice Cooper**. Held at the new Hyatt House in Toronto, the fete was an excuse to present the members of Alice Cooper with four platinum LPs, those being *Love It to Death*, *Killer*, *Billion Dollar Babies* and *School's Out*. At this reception it was announced that indeed *Muscle of Love* is to be the next Alice Cooper album title. Manager **Shep Gordon** assured

everyone that it "had been cleared through four large rack jobbers before they'd let us go ahead with the title." ☺ **Captain Beyond** rock ever onward, just ahead of the pack. Their recent stint at Hollywood's WhiskyaGoGo was followed by a spate of scathing reviews, but Capricorn's Space Captain is laughing all the way to the bank as sales are mounting in

Houston, San Francisco, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Los Angeles and more. ☺ **Maria Muldaur's** got Boston in a dither. She recently got a "super smash in sales" report from that city, not to mention Atlanta, Miami, Washington, Kansas City, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Houston, Denver, San Francisco and Seattle. ☺ **Ruby Monday's** been up too late in recent nights, keeping you faithfuls up to date on LA events. I'd like to make a discreet amendment about DiscReet, that being this new label is not, repeat *not*, an evolution of Bizarre/Straight, which was implied in last column. It is, in fact, a brand new label all by itself. Worse yet, typesetters be damned, Kathy Dalton (on the new DiscReet roster) is a "K" kind of Kathy, not a "C" as printed. While I'm at it with errarrangement, anyone with bright eyes who noticed that last issue's front cover said it was #29 when it was really #31 gets a free Warner/Reprise album of her/his choice. Just write to Ruby and prove you saw it before I said it. ☺

Top Ten

Warner Bros. Sales Figures for
Week of September 17-23

1. Deep Purple/*Machine Head* (BS/M8/M5 2607)
2. Allman Bros. Band/*Brothers and Sisters* (CP/M8/M5 0111)
3. Seals & Crofts/*Diamond Girl* (BS/M8/M5 2699)
4. Doobie Bros./*The Captain and Me* (BS/M8/M5 2694)
5. Jethro Tull/*A Passion Play* (CHR/M8C/M5C 1040)
6. Deep Purple/*Made in Japan* (2WS/J8/J5 2701)
7. Deep Purple/*Who Do We Think We Are!* (BS/M8/M5 2678)
8. *Tower of Power* (BS/M8/M5 2681)
9. Van Morrison/*Hard Nose the Highway* (BS/M8/M5 2712)
10. *The Marshall Tucker Band* (CP/M8/M5 0112)

Uriah Heep's Lee Kerslake and Mick Box Talk About Stars,

Continued from page 1

and record. So we ended up getting really into what we were doing, and we came up with an album that we're really pleased with. There's a lot of good stuff on it."

Mick then directed his remarks towards the band's switch to Warner Bros.—from that "other" label—and commented on the particularly timely significance of *Sweet Freedom* in light of the switch.

"You see, our last album was a live thing, and we did it that way on purpose. It was made to show people how all our material had progressed from its studio beginnings to where it is now. On a lot of the songs it's really obvious that we've come a long way. So that album was really an 'end of an era' type of thing. From here on out we're moving forward to even better things, and it's only fitting that we're on a new label at the beginning of this new era."

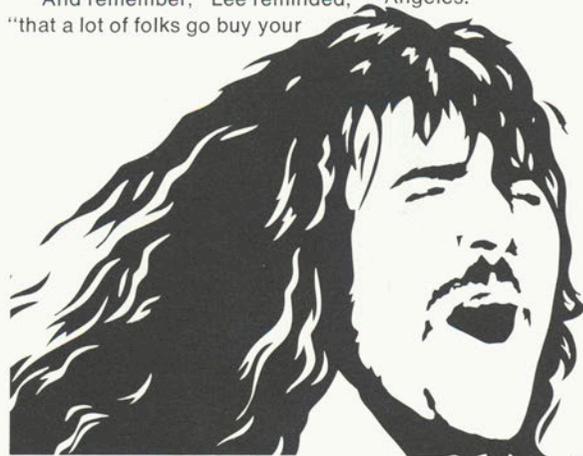
Goodies

Could this mean that the group will no longer perform any of their older material, the recorded *Wonder Bread* that's built them strong in ways too numerous to list? "Oh no!" Mick quickly countered, "we'd never do that; it would be giving our audience a nasty elbow (*whatever that means—ed.*). You should never allow your audience to stop you from progressing—ever—but then you've got to remember that you're out there to entertain, and you should really give the people what they've come to hear.

"After all," he continued, "ticket prices being as outrageous as they are you've really got a duty to make the fans happy. Everybody knows

the old stuff and would like to hear it, so what you have to do is draw a line—give them just enough goodies to go with the newer material."

"And remember," Lee reminded, "that a lot of folks go buy your



albums, like the songs, but are really interested in seeing how you do them onstage—how you move around, how you jazz 'em up, etc. If you only do new stuff then they might well end up goin' home a wee bit disappointed."

As for the new album, both members mentioned "Circus" as one of their favorites. The song was indicative of the Heep's softer side, Mick explained, and then he proceeded to tell a bit about how those softer sounds come about.

"The softer side of us comes out basically in hotel rooms. We're a loud band, but the softer stuff is still a part of us, and a part we like very much. It's fun playing that kind of stuff, especially right after a concert when we get back to the hotel and the adrenalin is still going. We'll pick up acoustic guitars, bongos or whatever and play until we drop. 'Circus' was written dur-

ing one of those sessions—by Lee, Gary and m'self—and it turned out good enough to put on the album. As you might guess through the lyrics, it's a song about Los Angeles."



the album length, so on *Sweet Freedom* it's got a longer solo and a whole lot of things at the end, since it's one of those numbers where the title is repeated at the end."

"Dreamer" is a song about something that Mick and Lee informed me is pretty much peculiar to these shores—male groupies. Like "Circus" it came about during the period when Ken was laid up with viral hepatitis, and the Heep had to quit their then-current US tour. "Gary and I went to Los

Angeles to get some business done," Mick informed me, "like getting some sun before we went back home. While we were out there we decided to get some writing done, and 'Stealin' ' and 'Circus' were mainly written at that time."

But what about the male groupies? "Yeah, well the guy in the song is the type who's always hanging around bands, trying to help you with your cases and this,

Male Groupies

Ken Hensley's "Stealin' " is the Heep's new single, culled from the album at the request of WB bigshots who visited the group's recording sessions. "They liked the song," Mick recalled, "and for good reason. It's a good song, and we're real pleased with it. We had to edit it down a bit from

Dreamers and Sweet Freedom

that and whatever. Like I said," Mick continued, "they're people that you normally find when you're on tour in America—England just doesn't have that many. Y'know, the sort that figures if they hang around enough, they can be a 'part' of the band. Like when it comes time for the girls, they want 'their share' because they're 'personal friends' of the band. Whoops . . . sorry about that!"

Somewhat stunned by the ferocious feminist glare that the last remark brought to my face (*the writer is a noted supporter of feminist causes—ed.*), the boys continued onward to a discussion of the new album's title track, "Sweet Freedom."

Bananas

"It's a song written by Kenny," Mick said, "which he originally

conceived as a dreamy sort of acoustic-type thing. He got the group together and we listened to the song and figured that the best way to do it would be one of these big production-like things, with a lot of viv around the title. There's no particular meaning in the words, but I really like the title. It goes back to the earlier days and things like 'All You Need Is Love.' You just read in your own meaning, I guess.

"Kenny also wrote 'If I Had the Time,' which is a sort of medium-paced thing with a lot of nice effects and a really good intro. It's one of those numbers that's not gonna knock you out at first, but it's really nice to have there on the album. It sort of grows on you each time around, and you begin to get to the point where you look forward to hearing it more and more."

Lee's fave on the new album is "Seven Stars," a tune he went absolutely bananas over when I first mentioned it to him. "It's great, it's fabulous! I love it! It's so strong! It knocked me out when I first heard it and it's still growing on me! It's basically got three qualities—a strong, heavy beat, a constant beat and lots of things about stars and planets in it—stuff that Americans like!"

"The song is depicted by the title," Mick added, "it's about stars and planets, and it's got a lot of nice ideas. Just make sure you listen to it in headphones, so you get the full stereo effect."

The mention of celestial bodies then got me to noticing that the sun was about to set, bringing with it scores of pesky mosquitos hell-bent on a sanguine supper. So I

decided to end this interview by asking that old interviewer's standby, "in what direction do you see the band progressing?"

"Well that's a tough one," Mick answered, "'cos we don't really set out to do anything until we record another album or such. But we're always drawing from our influences, and we can only improve. As time goes on, we'll just continue to get closer together as a band, and hope that our music also continues to get better."

— ANN CHEAUVY

Uriah Heep Discography

Albums

Very 'Eavy . . . Very 'Umble,
Recorded early 1970.

Salisbury, Recorded October/
November, 1970.

Look at Yourself, recorded July,
1971. Released in America
through Phonogram.

Demons and Wizards, recorded
March/April, 1972. Released in
America through Phonogram.

The Magician's Birthday, recorded
September/October, 1972.
Released in America through
Phonogram.

Uriah Heep Live, recorded
January, 1973. Released in
America through Phonogram.

Sweet Freedom, recorded June/
July, 1973. Released in
America through Warner Bros.

Singles (American)

"Easy Living" (Phonogram)

"Stealin'" (Warner Bros.)



Ellish Alliteration



A morsel of alphabetical trivia has provided our food for thought this past week. Or is it trivia? A great many different factors may serve to weld four musicians together into that superhuman entity known as a rock group. Friendship, musical togetherness and mutual ambitions are well known examples of these ties that bind, but has one ever thought of alphabetical coincidence? Could some mysterious linguistic power have helped bring together these knights of the doubled "L"?

Dennis BaLL, bass
Dave BaLL, guitars
Cozy PoweLL, drums

Francesco AieLLo, vocals

Their first ChrysaLis album was

produced by

FeLix PappaLardi through arrangement with WindfaLL Music Ent. Inc. The group name, of course, is BedLLam. A far from trivial band this is, I might add, and much more into rocking than into alphabetizing. But what if they'd named themselves BedLLam?

Question for Next Week.

What better follow-up to alphabetical trivia is there than punctuational trivia? Our subject for this week is a band which recently made its Burbank debut with a very nice album. The membership of this band is the same as it was when said band recorded for Another Label, save for the absence of one member who chose to become a soloist and was featured on a now-deleted Reprise album. That's a Clue; now here's the Question. When this band recorded for that Other Label, its name was the same as it is today, except that said competitors invariably impeded the free flow of this name with some ungainly punctuation attached to its final word. (On the labels, that is, of both LPs and 45s; they got it right on the album jackets). For your free album, be the first to identify this group and the manner in which it was previously punctuated.

Since *Circular* returned to weekly status only two weeks ago, you haven't had enough time to answer Dr. Demento's three-weeks ago contest. The winner of the label-to-city matching contest will be announced next week.

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.

August Hots

August Hots. Not a bad headline for WB's top-selling albums of last month, huh? The West Coast wasn't exactly suffering then, but what about that eastern heat wave! Wowee! That's one of the reasons Warner Bros. prefers to remain a small town, California record company.

We're "just folks," in spite of our millions; really, we are. The only hot ones around here are our many wonderful artists, singers and musicians, and their lovely albums; and that's a good kind of hot, believe you me! Careful not to burn your eyes on the following list.

Month-before performances follow in parentheses, as usual.

Ten Tops

1. *Machine Head*/Deep Purple (1)
2. *Diamond Girl*/Seals & Crofts (2)
3. *A Passion Play*/Jethro Tull
4. *Made in Japan*/Deep Purple (4)
5. *The Captain & Me*/Doobie Bros. (3)
6. *Summer Breeze*/Seals & Crofts (6)
7. *Hard Nose the Highway*/Van Morrison
8. *Billion Dollar Babies*/Alice Cooper (5)
9. *Toulouse Street*/Doobie Bros. (7)
10. *Tower of Power* (8)

Bubbling Under

11. *Bear's Choice*/Grateful Dead
12. *Aqualung*/Jethro Tull (10)
13. *Killer*/Alice Cooper (12)
14. *Love It to Death*/Alice Cooper (15)

15. *Who Do We Think We Are!*/Deep Purple (17)
16. *Hendrix*/Sound Track
17. *After the Goldrush*/Neil Young (21)
18. *School's Out*/Alice Cooper (14)
19. *Harvest*/Neil Young (19)
20. *Workingman's Dead*/Grateful Dead (32)

Pleasingly Plump

21. *O Lucky Man!*/Alan Price (13)
22. *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere*/Neil Young (23)
23. *American Beauty*/Grateful Dead (29)
24. *Paranoid*/Black Sabbath (24)
25. *Deep Purple in Rock*/Deep Purple (22)
26. *Twice Removed From Yesterday*/Robin Trower (18)
27. *Foghat* (33)
28. *Smash Hits*/Jimi Hendrix (27)
29. *Fireball*/Deep Purple (28)
30. *Kindling*/Gene Parsons

Not To Be Sneezed At

31. *Moondance*/Van Morrison (31)
32. *Benefit*/Jethro Tull
33. *America* (34)
34. *Sweet Baby James*/James Taylor
35. *Bare Trees*/Fleetwood Mac (26)
36. *Stand Up*/Jethro Tull (25)
37. *10 Years Together*/Peter, Paul & Mary
38. *Blue*/Joni Mitchell
39. *Camelot*/Sound Track
40. *Easy Action*/Alice Cooper

