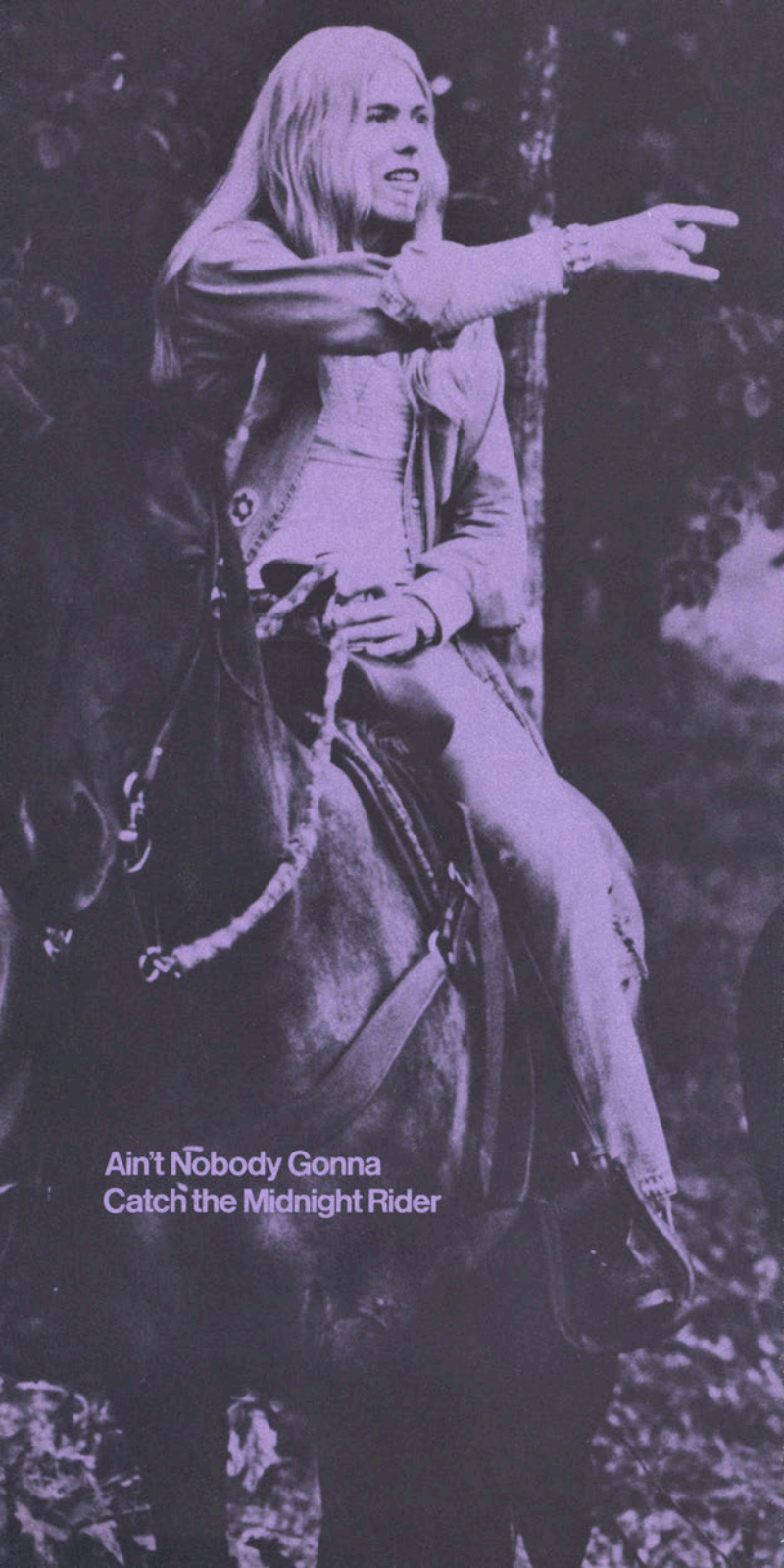


circular

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burbank, california



Ain't Nobody Gonna
Catch the Midnight Rider

Gregg Allman Steps Out (For The Moment)

by CAMERON CROWE

Gregg Allman is understandably proud of *Laid Back*, his first solo venture outside the context of The Allman Brothers Band. In the weeks prior to its release, Allman was the image of a nervously expectant father. It was not uncommon for the organist-guitarist-vocalist to be seen with the cover artwork firmly tucked underneath his arm and a cassette player in hand, playing the tracks for friends. Scanning the faces of his listeners, Allman was anxious for comments. After all, this was no casual project. *Laid Back* has been more than two years in the planning. Rewarded with unanimous enthusiastic approval from his peers, Gregg inevitably first listened in almost disbelief, then slowly formed a wide, toothy grin.

Laid Back is a deeply personal album for Gregg Allman. Much of its material is uncharacteristically introspective. Guitar in hand, Allman took out a lazy Phoenix afternoon in the midst of a recent Allman Brothers Band tour to discuss its lengthy and meticulous construction.

Free the Children

It began with a situation that many a prolific songwriter encounters. Gregg Allman simply had too many unrecorded tunes to ignore. "I've been wanting to do it for a long time," Gregg explains.

"I write a lot of songs and had quite a few that were like little children that you've got to keep at home because they're green Martians or something. That doesn't make a lot of sense, but the truth of the matter was that I had some songs that weren't exactly in the Allman Brothers Band mold. Most of them I didn't even bother to show to the others. So I began to think,

'Goddamn it, why can't I do an album of my own? Why not?' The only thing stopping me was the obvious time factor, the Brothers always being either in the studio or on the road.

"We finally had some time off, though, right after we finished the *Eat a Peach* album at Criteria Studios in Miami. The board down there seemed pretty simple and I figured I could handle everything I needed to cut my album. All that was missing was an engineer, so along with Howie Alpert, I took it all on myself to record it. I had musicians down there and everything."

Something, however, was amiss. "It wasn't a disaster, it's just that you can't have a bunch of knobs and shit in your head . . . and the music too. At least I couldn't. Like my grandfather Alfred Allman told me, talking about women. 'You don't look at the mantlepiece while you're poking the fire.' He's a very rational cat."

Starting Over

Allman returned to Macon's Capricorn Sound Studios to start over with house producer Johnny Sandlin. "'Course Johnny was busy at the time of the first cuttings and that was the only time I had off . . . otherwise I would have had him come down there with me from the git-go. You can't just go out and do some big number all of a sudden from left field."

Sandlin, who co-produced *Laid Back*, played a major role coordinating musicians and arrangements. "It wasn't a situation," he says, "where 'here is Gregg and here are his back-up musicians.' This album is a total effort from everyone

involved. There was a nice feeling throughout the sessions. Everyone was very much inspired and interested in this project. It shows."

Gregg is quick to laud Sandlin, who, incidentally, plays some bass and drums on the LP himself. "I don't think it would have happened if it hadn't been for him. I wouldn't have had the patience."

Cutting to Eight

Of the original material recorded for the album, nothing was written with *Laid Back* in mind. "They were all written before the album was ever conceived. I had enough songs for two albums. I cut a lot more than were needed. Then eight tracks were picked from the bunch."

The LP opens with one of the most well-loved Brothers standards, "Midnight Rider," which made its first appearance on *Idlewild South* four years ago. This time around, its arrangement is far more lush, a little less frantic and a touch on the eerie side. It is not only ABB-associated tune to make a reappearance. "Please Call Home," formerly an unassuming piano-dominated piece, now surfaces with crashing orchestration and background chorale singers.

Gregg provides insight into the remakes. "I thought those songs got short-changed. 'Please Call Home,' for example, was done in 20 minutes. It was the last track completed for *Idlewild South*. It was a whole push-push thing. A rush job. All of a sudden I thought, 'By God, I wanna go back in and cut it.'

"Johnny Sandlin convinced me to do 'Midnight Rider' too. As I got into recording those cuts over, I realized what I really wanted . . . I could hear all these other parts. When you

write a song, you hear all of it in your head. I could hear how good it would be if I had strings and all. It was like a dream. 'Course with the band that couldn't happen. You couldn't have an Allman Brothers Band album come out with strings."

From Rags to Strings

Orchestrating portions of *Laid Back*, at times, became a difficult undertaking. "You should have seen those violin players take a look at me," Gregg chortles. "I was wearing the nastiest pair of blue jeans I had. I'd been up for about four days, stumbled into the studio and there's all these old cats saying, 'Well, who's doing this thing?' I was standing there and all these cats were saying, 'How the fuck did this freak wander in?' Then the music started. It's great how you can blow some old dude's mind. They really knocked loose and got into it."

Gregg begins picking at the acoustic guitar cradled on his leg, and before long is easing into the opening chords of Jackson Browne's "These Days." Allman's voice soars above the gentle guitar-work. It is obvious that Gregg finds Browne's classic tale a comfortable song, despite the fact that its subdued folk vein is far removed from the blues of the Brothers.

"These Days" is significant of Gregg's close friendship with Jackson Browne. The song was originally written in seven minutes back in 1967, after which Browne passed the tune off as superficial. Gregg never forgot "These Days," which he played back to its author years later. Browne was floored with Allman's interpretation, impressed enough to resurrect the tune for in-

"You should have seen those violin players look at me. I was standing there and all these cats were saying, 'How [REDACTED] did this freak wander in?'"

clusion in his own repertoire.

"These Days" appears on Jackson's newest album, *For Everyman*, with Gregg credited for the arrangement.

"Gregg's version is just beautiful," Browne said recently. "It's his song, now. I feel like I'm the one that's covering it." Needless to say, "These Days" is one of *Laid Back*'s finest moments.

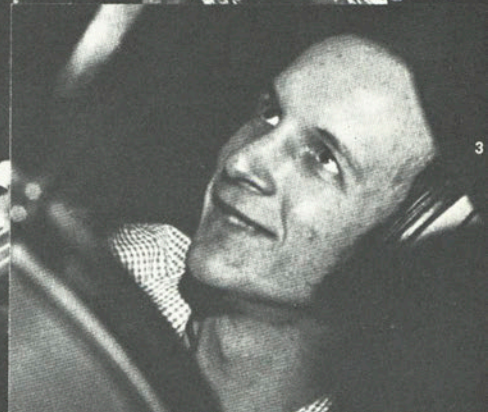
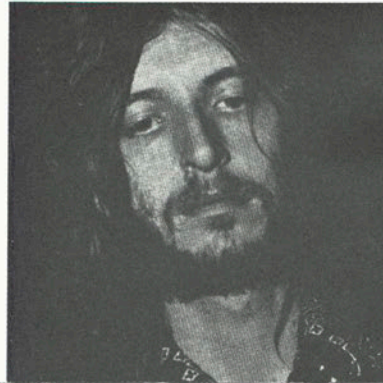
Allman, Browne & Buckley?

"I hope to cut an album with Jackson someday," Gregg wistfully considers. "I really, really hope to. I'd love to cut an album with him, me and Tim Buckley. It would be strange, but boy, it sure would be nice. There's a lot of people I'd like to cut albums with."

There will be more solo LPs from Gregg in the future. He's even got the next one named: *Laid Out*. "For that one, I'll have it all together. I know the tripping stones now. We'll go in and slam-bam-thank-you-ma'm, it'll be done. But that's way in the future. Right now I'm so sick of seeing the inside of a studio

I could puke."

Accordingly, there will be at least one *live* show featuring Allman as a solo artist. "We've already had a bunch of rehearsals," he says. "Man, it sounds fantastic. I play 12 and six-string acoustic, a little bit of six-string electric and some organ on a couple tunes. We might have 35 pieces before we're finished. We're gonna book this place called Richard's up in Atlanta under the name of The Bell-Airs."



Sinatra and Saul Sizzling on Front Burners



It's a Good Thing He Came Back When He Did.

Looks like Frank Sinatra has a huge hit single *and* album, from the pages of the Promotion Department's "Weekly Wrap Up." *O! Blue Eyes Is Back's* zooming up the charts in its jet wheelchair, reporting in at #65 with a square in *Record World*, #39 with a star in *Billboard* and #36 with a bullet in *Cash Box*. Meanwhile the 45 from parent album is teeing off at #86 in *Billboard*, #91 in the *Box* and #93 in the *World*. Perfect par scoring at radio stations from Atlanta, Charlotte, Memphis, Boston, Hartford, Albany, Providence, New York, Long Island, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Rochester, Detroit, Cincinnati, Dallas, New Orleans, Houston, Los Angeles and Denver. And the men-in-the-field are saying things like, "Good calls," "Great response," "Single is happening," "Long Live the King," "Excellent sales," "Exploding!" and "Strong sales and play." What more could anyone want? Well, how about a letter to *Circular* from Paul. W. Mills, Information Services representative of the Veterans Administration, saying, in part, "Sinatra's return from retirement is the greatest thing since VJ Day . . ."

Ron Saul Loves Us and We Love Ron Saul.

Several weeks ago in *Billboard* (November 10 issue) Ronnie, national promotion director for Warner Bros., filled the entire Letters to the Editor column with a massive missive, saying in essence that the Record Industry and the Radio Industry have to cooperate so they can both survive. The Radio people have been under attack from Record labels for a long time now to loosen up their constantly constricting and re-constricting playlists. Ron queried, "What if the Music Business no longer could afford the luxury of trying to break new acts? Would the Radio Industry then seek its audience through programing oldies and new formats? . . . How dull programing would become [you said it, Ron!]. Certainly the alternative would happen and television

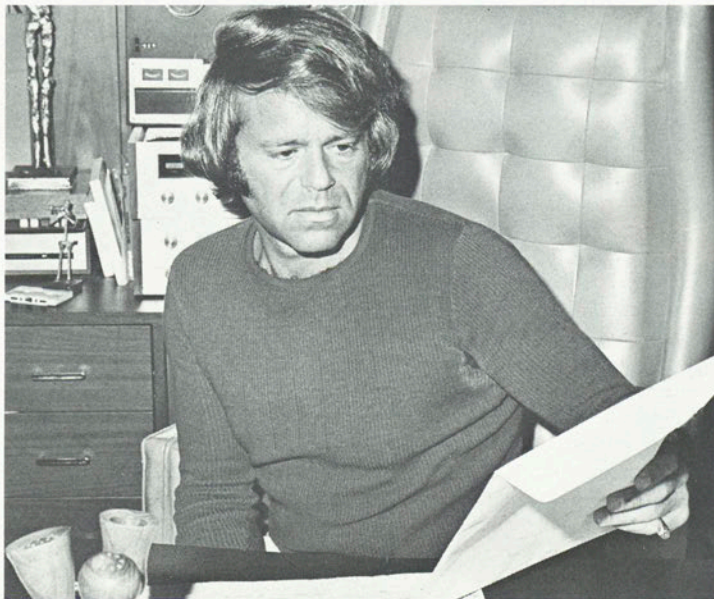
would become ever more popular. The rise of alternatives has been quite evident in radio all along: FM, MOR, C&W, R&B; their popularity has been greatly enhanced because popular-formated stations have become stale and uncreative, leaving nothing new in the way of their most precious commodity—music." Because of this impressive composition, Bob Hamilton chose beloved Ron to interview in the *Hamilton Radio Report Interview*. Some quotables from Bob and Ron follow. Bob: "Do you think there are records today that go by the wayside? That don't make it? . . . Artists that don't make it because of the short playlist?" Ron: "Absolutely." Bob then asked Ron, "Have you seen a deterioration between record promotion people and radio people over the years?" To which Ron replied, "I definitely have.

I think it again stems from insecurity on the part of both industries, but particularly radio as it stands today. I think they get their toes stepped on . . . their own egos . . . I think they get to thinking that they are as wise and as clever and as important as record promoters tell them they are and I think they get mixed up in their loyalties." And then Ron, who is pictured above, below or to the side of this column, said, "We have an in-house *Circular* magazine that we send out to over 13,000 people involved directly or indirectly with the music business . . . whether they're program directors or just people who

IT COULD BE VERSE

Dry Bones/ Cold Homes

Mid East connected to the
crude oil,
Crude oil connected to the
benzine,
Benzine connected to the
vinyl,
Vinyl connected to the disc
biz,
Disc biz connected to the big
shots,
Big shots connected to the
White House,
White House connected to
the UN,
UN connected to the Mid
East,
Now hear the word of the
Lord.
We're still listening, but for
how long?



Ron Saul

Photo by Ginny Winn

buy phonograph records, that have made a commitment or been seriously involved . . . even sitting down and writing a letter and saying, 'I really enjoyed that Gordon Lightfoot album.' "

Ruby's Run-Ons

● Hottest flash of LA's real funky folk music fans was that the **Ash Grove** burned to the ground last week—\$10,000 worth. Rumors are flying hot and heavy (pardon those atrocious puns) that there are "political" overtones. Who knows? So, if you wanna get down, be dirty and hear your music real, you'd better jet to New York City's Bitter End. ● **Dexter Redding**, detailed in last week's Capricorn commentary, won himself a Single Pick on the cover of *Record World* for "Love Is Bigger Than Baseball." ● Our multi-faceted shortages loom even more upon us. The vinyl—actually the lack thereof sez *Record World*—will cause "price increases and difficulties in receiving merchandise, especially with the Christmas season around the corner." No one can even drive to a concert now that there's a gas, or, rather, gas at twice the price, shortage. Famous People in the government, like **John Tunney** and **Alan Cranston**, are urging vinyl allocation inclusions in the current Energy Crisis Bill, now struggling away on the Senate floor. **Tunney** was quoted as saying, "PVC is becoming alarmingly scarce and without it the recording industry will be crippled. The economic impact of such a disaster would

be felt in the 26 states where recordings are pressed." A bright word from *Billboard* though. The *Board* recently ran an article explaining that a PVC "extender" has been discovered by the **Keycor-Century Corporation**, major vinyl suppliers to the whole USA. The price of vinyl extended with this discovery will remain the same, about 21¢ a pound. (Black market vinyl these days is going for around 50¢ lb.) **Keycor-Century** did say, however, that LPs pressed with this "extended" vinyl compound would have a one decibel loss. It could be blessing in disguise when spinning **Deep Purple**, who normally play at 117 decibels—which, according to the A.M.A. can and will burst your eardrums. When playing those softer LPs the solution is simple—turn your stereo up. ● **Playboy Records** is playing it cool. A **Ms. Tony Baran**, general manager of Playboy's music publishing arms (Playboy Music and After Dark), announced, according to a recent issue of *The Hollywood Reporter*, that "songwriters who intend to submit 'racy tunes' to her were 'barking up the wrong tree.'" ● **Gregg Allman's** solo LP, *Laid Back*, is doing real good. *Record World* gave it an Album Pick and *Cash Box* waved it on under Newcomer Picks. By the way, here's another, more earthy, reply to the rumor that **Gregg** is leaving **The Brothers**: "Man, that's . . . well, that ain't even horseshit. I'd rather have some horseshit than listen to that trash." Better watch it, **Craig Fisher**. Meanwhile, the promotion and salesmen are saying things like, "Album of the year," "Fantastic!" "Automatic great reac-



tion," "Super sales," "Heavy play," "A bitch," "Good album, great record and super smash." ● Coming out in January is a brand new LP by **Leo Sayer**, who apparently has a six-octave range. Correction to **Frank Barron of Gibson & Stromberg**—Sayer's LP is called *Silverbird*, not *Leo Sayer*, so you could forget it—but don't. ●

Vinyl Statistics

Circular is pleased to present a running account of newborn Warner Family Records. The past week has given birth to three singles and a duo of albums.

SINGLES (November 14)

"The Great Mail Robbery"—
Rex Allen, Jr.—
Warner Bros. single WB 7753
"Concrete Canyon Boogie"—
Eric Weissberg & Deliverance
Warner Bros. single WB 7756
"Looking for Love"—
Bobby King—
Reprise single 1186

ALBUMS (November 15)

Muscle of Love—Alice Cooper
Warner Bros. album BS 2748
The Seasons—Spring, Summer, Winter, Autumn—The
San Sebastian Strings—
Warner Bros. album 4WS 2754

Happy Belated Birthdays to our very own **Bonnie Raitt** on November 8, **Mary Travers** on November 9, **Neil Young** on November 12 and **Dino Martin, Jr.** on November 17. More currently we have birthday memories and best wishes to **Tommy Dorsey** on November 19, **Duane Allman** and **Tommy Smothers** on November 20, **Thunderclap Newman** on November 21, **Hoagy Carmichael** on November 22 and **Lee Michaels** on November 24. ● Finally, a **Warning Word of the Week from the Mormons**. Salt Lake City's top Mormon Church Leaders are urging their flocks to "reject hard rock music and some aspects of women's liberation." This from the *LA Times*. **Prez Harold B. Lee** put rock & roll in its place at the opening of the 143rd World Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints Conference thusly: "Put away the shocking lack of self-respect of so many individuals, as is evidenced by their dress, their manner and engulfing waves of permissiveness." **Mormon Elder Boyd K. Packer** wants to eliminate "music more intended to agitate than to pacify, more intended to excite than calm." And to top it all off, **James E. Faust**, also an elder, announced that he thought the father should run the family unit and strike out against "voices in society who would demean some of the attributes of masculinity." I'm not sure how this all ties together. ●

The Greening of FM Radio

Major Armstrong's baby is a baby no more.* It is past the toddler days when licensees owned FM stations for their subcarriers which allowed them to beam a Muzak service to area stores. It is past the pre-teenage days when only the rich and educated knew about FM and could afford to buy a set. It is even through with its period of adolescence when it weathered its identity crisis by proving that it was *not* AM through over-blown subjectivism and under-developed selling and production techniques. FM is symbolically 21 years old now. It is old enough to drink and suffer the pitfalls of excesses. It is old enough to pay its own way. And, more and more, big enough to do its own thing.

—Broadcasting magazine

A recent issue of *Broadcasting* (a very readable radio trade weekly) devoted broad expanses of type to the coming of age of FM radio, replete with a fascinating variety of statistics and interesting (and occasionally odd-ball) observations.

Never too proud to crib an article, *Circular* has whole-hogged their hard work for this no-sweat summary. If you want to enjoy the non-instant, savory original, look up *Broadcasting's* Sept. 24 edition.

Today, St. Louis and Chicago are the only two of the top 10 radio markets that do not have an FM broadcaster among the top-rated five stations. As geography

affects FM more than it does AM, many areas, such as San Francisco and Pittsburgh, have problems. Rick Sklar, speaking for KSFY-FM in San Francisco, complained, "One FCC field inspector told me that the computers they use to allocate frequency and power do not recognize the existence of hills. With a signal that is in line of sight to the horizon, that's got to hurt you."

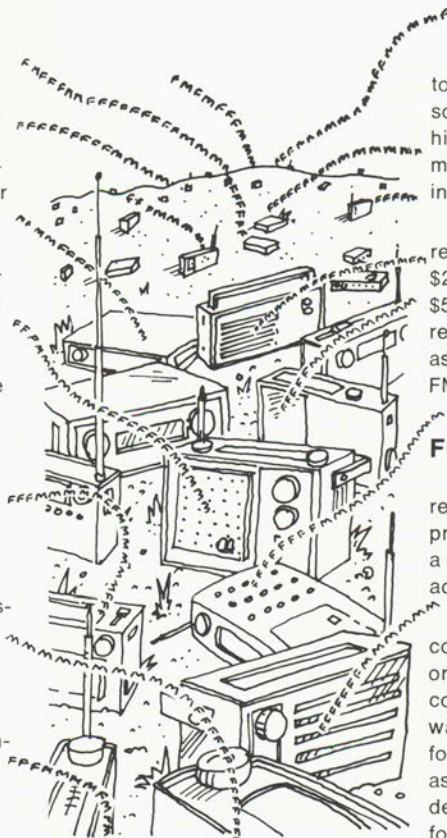
But even in hilly Pittsburgh, the FM share of the audience has doubled from 14.6% in 1971 to 32.7% today. Philadelphia is almost the same, jumping from 31.6% of the audience in '71 up to 40.2% in 1973.

Home FM set penetration has been rated as high as 95% in Boston and nearly the same in Chicago. In fact, the article claims, the only difference remaining between AM and FM ratings is the advantage AM has of in-car listening. The high cost of car FM radios gives AM the edge.

Buying Radio

FM revenues also are on the rise. The National Association of Broadcasters reports "typical" FM revenues up 8.7% over last year, while expenses rose only 5.5%. Ron Irion, NAB director of broadcast management, projects that the "typical" FM station will break even for the first time in 1973.

Radio buyers and agencies are



investing in FM with more confidence, balancing between AM and FM. They're buying *radio*, not AM or FM, says *Broadcasting*.

ABC-FM stations have increased their commercial spot load from eight per hour in 1972 to 10 today. July-August ratings show that the ABC-FM group picked up a half a million listeners over last year.

Profits also are on the upswing. The recently-compiled NAB study revealed the "typical" FM station billed \$90,000 last year. Some 43% of the 265 stations responding to the study reported profitable operations last year, compared with 41% in 1971 and 33% in 1970.

Salaries also are up, according to NAB, with programming personnel continuing to demand the highest pay. Wages for salesmen showed the greatest increase—17.8%.

On the average, the "typical" red-ink FM operation lost only \$2,800 last year, compared with \$5,200 in 1971. With projected revenues up 11%, this should be, as previously stated, the year that FM will finally break even.

FM Top 40

Focusing on programming, the report noted that FM's heralded progressive rock format has taken a decidedly retrograde turn in reaction to previous excesses.

With a widening market, more conservative-minded (and profit-oriented) people have assumed control and freedom has given way to discipline. Freewheeling formats still exist at such stations as WBCN in Boston, but there has developed a sort of AM-FM hybrid format that has swept FM, typified by WLPL-FM in Baltimore.

In fact some FM stations have gone the full circle and instated bona fide Top 40 formats. WBBM-FM in Chicago, KIOI in San Francisco, WXLO in New York and WIIN in Atlanta were among the first of the established FM stations to do so. And newcomers are, in general, programming without thought to their medium. Bartell Media FM stations, for example, program no differently from their AMs.

FM progressive rock has rediscovered live concert broadcasts (once the staple of AM network radio). The Grateful Dead helped break ground by arranging for live

*Edwin H. Armstrong (b. 1890), inventor and electrical engineer, discovered the principles of wide band Frequency Modulation (FM) while seeking a solution to the problem of static which plagues Amplitude Modulation (AM) radio. When he was 22 he had conceived the regenerative feedback circuit, which took wireless telegraphy out of the spark-gap, crystal-detector stage into that of continuously amplified sound. Six years later, while in charge of aircraft and intelligence radio for the U.S. Signal Corps during WWI, he developed the superheterodyne circuit, which underlies all modern radio and radar reception. In 1933 he introduced FM, which he considered vastly superior to AM in all respects. In all he earned well over \$1,000,000 outright for his patents. He died a suicide in 1954, considering himself a failure because FM showed no signs of supplanting AM radio.

Scratchy Records Make Good Listening



Happy Scratchy. From left: John Gaydon, Terry Ellis, Alan Seifert and Chris Wright.

broadcasts of almost all of their sold-out concerts last year in an effort to satisfy fans who couldn't get in.

Television-FM simulcasts have also helped FM enormously by exposing large TV audiences to FM stereo. In addition, FM rock concert syndication is on the threshold, with The King Biscuit Flower Hour, the most widely-syndicated American-produced package, increasing from one to two shows a month on 80 stations.

Beautiful Editorials

"Adult" music, also known as "beautiful" music, has been affected by the burgeoning FM metamorphosis. Gone are the hours of uninterrupted beautiful music. Those FM stations are now becoming personality-oriented. Their formats are brightening with more contemporary tunes, more vocals and more talk. They are, in fact, assuming the classic MOR format.

One reason for this is the decreasing availability of beautiful music. Lamenting the fact that nobody is writing or recording this commodity anymore, syndication services are contemplating self-service—going to Europe to produce their own orchestrated beautiful music at roughly \$5,000 to \$10,000 per tune.

The study concluded by indicating that many former beautiful music FMs are emphasizing news, especially during morning "drive time." John Moler, general manager of WRFM in New York, not long ago instituted regular editorials during morning driving hours. The idea was so successful that he now broadcasts them twice a day.

LONDON—Chrysalis, the well-known cricket and football team that also does records, is launching its first new record label since the birth of its namesake label four years ago. It is to be called Scratchy Records and will be singles oriented. There are lots of good reasons for the latter. The main one is that record companies (in this case clever Chrysalis) have wised up to the fact that the album obsession of the 60s is now floundering like unto a brontosaurus in the La Brea Tarpits, comparably unwieldy and out of date. Too much money has been blown doing albums with unknowns, and all that. Alan Seifert, who thought up Scratchy in partnership with John Gaydon, says the idea is "to gain prominence for the artist through the singles medium as opposed to immediately recording an album, which, due to the present state of the music business, record companies are reluctant to commit to." And let us not forget the vinyl crisis either, dear reader—45s, bless their big holes, use less.

The Art of Offending. Speaking of singles, which I think we just were, I was witness to the birthday bash honoring England's leading exponent of the genre, Mr. Roy Wood of Wizzard. The party was

held on the sloop John D, moored in the murky Thames, and it lasted long enough for the tide to rise and fall several times. I could describe the event, but far be it from me to steal Rodney Bingenheimer's thunder. There was a surly DJ below decks who played what he wanted and not what my friends wanted and they said he took his job too seriously and he said his job was an art form and used a vulgar expression meaning "go away." Monster, the *enfant terrible* of Warner's London office, says this is what we get for calling paintings of soup cans art.

Inky Cream. Another noteworthy gathering this week was the do for Greenslade at the Commonwealth Institute where a half hour before the press office was sweating bullets (not to mention squares and stars) worrying that no press would make it, when, Lo, the absolute creme de la ink-stained creme turned out. Dave Greenslade does a sort of seated Charleston while plying the many keys of his many keyboards. Dave Lawson plays his assortment of keys standing up but by no means still. Focal point on stage was a gargantuan gong reflecting the glow of a red spotlight. It was not just for look-ats. Andrew McCulloch struck it several times


to great effect.

Black Out Blues. The cautious are stocking up on candles, paraffin, flashlights (which are called torches here) and warm socks, in anticipation of the dreaded power cuts. During the last serious cuts here I remember all the grown-ups sitting around nostalgically about the war. Nothing like a good black out to turn on the memories. Anyhow, you can imagine what havoc is wrought in the studios by these crippling interruptions. Your hero has just done 28 takes and is about to get the song of the century right when, blap, all is darkness and curses. Except, of course, in those superior recording emporia which can boast their own generators.

Osibisa's Girl Problem.

Dave thought he was doing the right thing giving Osibisa's number to the girl who rang from New York claiming to be an authentic friend. Alas, "We got too many girls already. This is a bachelor apartment," they protested, leaving one to surmise that the road to hell is really paved with old telephone wire.

— SHELLEY BENOIT



Roast Circular

There won't be any *Circular* next week, owing to the Thanksgiving holiday. Any chance the *Circular* staff get to avoid work, they take.

Gobble, gobble?

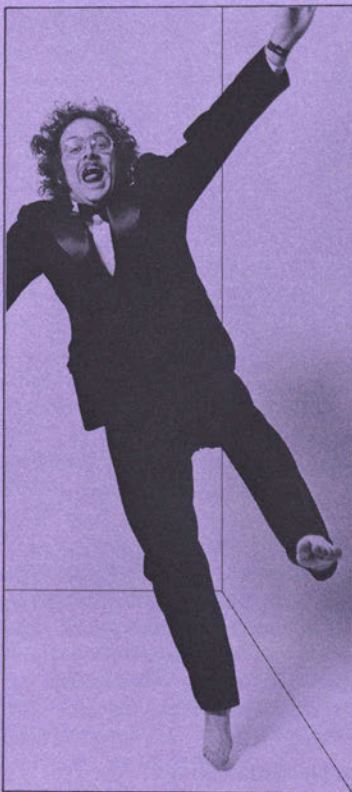
Dancing With Doctor D

The late Lindley Armstrong Jones, better known as Spike, is our hero today. In the process of making his first musical noises as a drummer (he recorded in this capacity with Hoagy Carmichael as early as 1938) Spike discovered that clever application of such noisemakers as cowbells and bazookas was appreciated by audiences even more than the most precise of paradiddles.

This native Southern Californian thereupon gathered about himself several other similarly-inclined disciples of musical levity, and on August 8, 1941, the group launched its recording career for Bluebird Records under the name "Spike Jones and his City Slickers."

Songs like "Der Fuehrer's Face" and "Cocktails for Two" proved to be just what America needed during World War II. The conclusion of hostilities brought no end whatsoever to the City Slickers' fame; at the height of Spike's career in the late 1940s he had a weekly network radio show in addition to his prolific discmaking, and also appeared in several films.

There was also a fondly remembered TV series in the early 1950s, and LPs for Verve, Liberty and WB (*Spike Jones in Stereo*, WS 1332), but it's his records from the 1940s that do the most



to perpetuate Spike's status as the supreme musical parodist of our time.

Spike began his recording career at a time in which record companies felt obliged to label nearly every pop disc with the dance step that was appropriate to its rhythm (see last week's column). Though Spike's records were hardly designed for any civilized form of dancing, such lively music could hardly be loosed upon the market without some

sort of terpsichorean designation. The one chosen was "Bright Two-Step,"** thereby giving Spike Jones and his City Slickers the honor of being the answer to last week's question, in addition to all the other neat things they're remembered for.

Next Week's Dance

Last week's column recalled the Fox Trot craze of the 1920s, and how it led to one of the big booms of phonographic history. Some 40 years afterward, a quite different sort of dance craze led to an even more notable milestone in the annals of discdom, as for the only time in memory a single record vaulted to the very top of the *Billboard* charts, dropped off them (as all records must do, sad to say) and then did the whole thing all over again, right to the top, more than a year later.

One possible explanation of this phenomenon is that the record, and the dance craze that went with it, was appealing to a different social stratum the second time around, folks who'd somehow managed to ignore it the first time. But there is another factor: the record had a different flip side for its second chart ride. To win next week's prize, therefore, you'll have to be first to name not only the two-time champion (which most everybody must have guessed by now), but also *both* of the flip sides, in proper chronology. Happy dancing!

OK, so everybody and his pet turkey knows who Denny McClain is, but nobody

at all knows that it was R&B-dominated ALADDIN Records that inaugurated a "Sports Series" with a 10" shellac of highlights from the Joe Louis-Billy Conn heavyweight title bout of June 19, 1946 (the answer to Dr. Demento's three-weeks-ago contest). Jeez! None of you punchies can ever answer the really *hard* questions.

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 12-18

1. Gregg Allman/*Laid Back* (CP/M8/M5 0116)
2. Allman Bros. Band/*Brothers and Sisters* (CP/M8/M5 0111)
3. America/*Hat Trick* (BS/M8/M5 2728)
4. Frank Sinatra/*O! Blue Eyes Is Back* (FS/M8/M5 2155)
5. Fleetwood Mac/*Mystery to Me* (MS/M8/M5 2158)
6. Uriah Heep/*Sweet Freedom* (BS/M8/M5 2724)
7. Neil Young/*Time Fades Away* (MS/M8/M5 2151)
8. The Marshall Tucker Band (CP/M8/M5 0112)
9. The Mothers/*Over-nite Sensation* (MS/M8/M5 2149)
10. Jesse Colin Young/*A Song for Juli* (BS/M8/M5 2734)

Inspirational Verse

I fought the law and the law won

—Bobby Fuller Four
"I Fought the Law"

*This actually appeared only on Spike's Bluebird recordings, not on the RCA Victor discs the City Slickers cut later in the 1940s. Due to the inadvertent omission of the word "early" in last week's question, it was implied that the phrase appeared on nearly all the City Slicker issues. The Doctor sincerely apologizes for this fumble of the forceps.