

Roll Back the Roulette Tables, Rick; Rock & Roll Has Come to Casablanca

by TODD EVERETT

The Warner Bros. Family of Fine Labels increases constantly, in terms of both quality and quantity. The most recent addition to the list of logos is that of the exotically-cyclopept Casablanca Records. *Circular's* Far Eastern Correspondent (he's from Milwaukee, which is Far East of Burbank) was assigned to investigate.

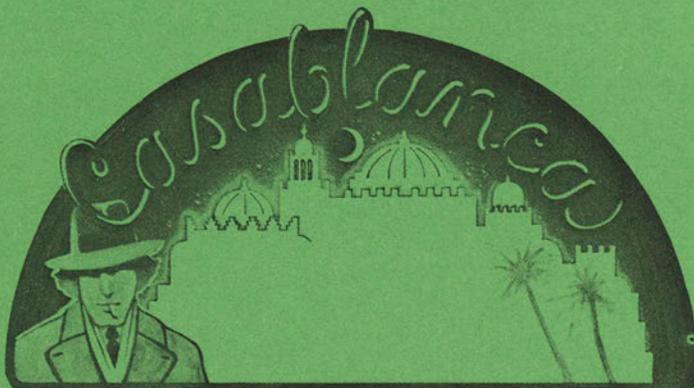
Proceedings had reached the ready-to-go stage, with tickets purchased on Pan American and Trans-Moroccan Airlines, a reservation made for two at the Dan-el-Beida Travelodge and a guaranteed Hertz Rent-a-Camel ready to greet the correspondent at the airport, when the trip was unceremoniously called off.

Casablanca Records, it turns out, is headquartered not in exotic Morocco, but rather just off the equally exotic Sunset Strip in Hollywood.

Circular's correspondent, arm still aching from his encephalitis inoculation, begrudgingly returned his bush jacket, pith helmet and swagger stick to the Warner's quartermaster, and hitchhiked to Casablanca World Headquarters.

★ ★ ★

"... Of course, we've just moved in here, so all the furniture and decorations haven't arrived," Neil Bogart, the 30-year-old, wire-haired impresario of Casablanca Records is saying. He seems pleased to offer a guided tour, even if the building that his company has taken over is still in the moving-in stage. To be sure,



there are no obvious empty packing crates littered about, though the offices do lack the Middle-Eastern opulence promised by the name Casablanca.

Where are the plush oriental carpets? "Coming." Where are the polished brass samovars? "Coming." Where are the exotic aromas? "Coming." Where are the Nubian slaves, palm fronds at the ready, the wizened old beggar and the boy willing to sell you his sister for the price of a bowl of cracked wheat? Or is that carrying the analogy a bit too far?

"What happened is this," Bogart explains with all the patience of an active promotion man. "I was trying to come up with a name for the company. Where does Neil Bogart belong? And my wife said, 'Rick's Place.' I told her no, not Rick's Place, that's in *Casablanca*. That was it. Bogart belongs in Casablanca. And, coincidentally, *Casablanca* was released by War-

ner Bros. in 1943. I was born in 1943, and I brought Bogart and Casablanca back to Warner Bros. That settled it. I like the way it sounds, the feel of it and everything else about it. I've always been an incredible Bogart fan."

Head Buddah

Neil Bogart, you may well recall, has spent the last several years heading Buddah Records, which label enjoyed one of the greater success stories of the late 60s and early 70s. He was in a large way responsible for the popularity of Melanie, Curtis Mayfield as a solo performer, the comeback of the Isley Brothers, Bill Withers, Sha Na Na, Brewer and Shipley and scores of others, and is perhaps most noted—er, famous—for his invention of "bubblegum" music. All of which, plus a few others, certainly entitle Neil to sum up his own biography.

"I always wanted to be an enter-

tainer... all my life. I started off my career as an actor, doing a lot of off-Broadway, summer stock, television, commercials and that sort of thing. When I was 18 or 19, I became part of a song-and-dance team, and I worked on a lot of the Bermuda cruise ships with that act. When I was about 20, we were playing a club in New York, and a fellow named Bill Darnell saw me and asked me if I'd like to make a record. His exact words, in fact, were 'Your voice is bad enough to sound good on this song that we have.'

"I recorded my first record, 'Bobby,' on the Portrait label. That was the age of all the sickie records [1961, in fact], and the song was about a girl dying in a hospital. I recorded it under the name of 'Neil Scott.' It sold something like 200,000 records and went Top 40 [58 at its peak] in *Cash Box* and *Billboard*. After that, I released about five bombs in a row, and my career went immediately downward.

? and Cameo-Parkway

"I really wanted to be an entertainer at the time, but realized that, in order to make a living, I'd have to get into the other end of the business."

Bogart went to work for *Cash Box*, selling advertising space, and was shortly thereafter hired as Assistant National Promotion Director at MGM Records. After a year there, Bogart was promoted—by his old *Cash Box* boss, Jerry Schiffrin—to national promotion

Bogart and Warner Bros.—It's a Good Combination

director. A year later, Bogart was promoted again, to vice-president.

"The first record that I bought for Cameo-Parkway was '96 Tears' by ? and the Mysterians. Then we signed Terry Knight and the Pack. We had Thom Bell signed to the label exclusively, and the Five Stairsteps. We had about 20 chart records that year. The Rationals, Bob Seger . . .

"When Allen Klein bought Cameo-Parkway, he probably did me the biggest favor of my life. He told me that he didn't care whether I stayed or left. My pride was a little bit hurt, so I went to seek greener pastures. I ran into Art Kass, who is now President of Buddah Records. Art was Vice-President at the time, and Artie Ripp was President. Artie asked me to join the label, and to bring my whole staff with me. So Cecil Holmes, Marty Thau, a few secretaries and I all joined Art and Artie and started the new company. That was a little more than seven years ago.

Simple Rock & Roll

The most important thing that I had to do at Buddah initially, since the company was just barely making it financially, was to have hit records. And the only way that I knew to have hit records was to

reach back to my days in Brooklyn, and come up with simple rock & roll records.

"Later, I was being interviewed for an article in *Time*, and they asked me how I described the music that we were putting out.

This was in the middle of the psy-

chedelic era, when everything had to be loud and undistinguishable for it to be hip. I told the reporter that the kids needed a sound for themselves—'Picture a kid on the street, chewing a wad of bubblegum . . .'

"All of a sudden, the article came out, calling me 'The King of Bubblegum Music.' I tried to live that down for a few years—it kind of hurt us in a way. When we signed the Isley Brothers and they came out with 'It's Your Thing,' people called it an R&B bubblegum record. When we signed Melanie, people said, 'how nice, folk-bubblegum.' People in the industry try to label things, you know.

"Now, though, looking back, I'm really proud of it. I think that the simplicity of bubblegum was a great step to getting back to rock & roll music, and I think that a lot has come out of it since then.

"I really think that the first record that I would have called bubblegum music was 'Simon Says' by the 1910 Fruitgum Company, followed closely by 'Yummy, Yummy, Yummy (I've Got Love in my Tummy.)' That was an interesting record, because a lot of its appeal seemed to be to middle-aged housewives who thought that there was some kind of sexual connotation to it!

"We had a lot of trouble getting some of the records played, because the programs directors thought they'd attract the wrong kind of listeners—too young—although many of the tunes sold be-



tween one and two million copies.

Getting Curtis to Go Solo

"I got Curtis Mayfield to the label because I'd worked with the Five Stairsteps. They'd appear at concerts with him, and we'd do so much promotion that you'd walk into a concert hall and see more Stairstep advertising than there was for the Impressions. So when his contract was up with ABC, Curtis came to me and told me that he'd like to sign with us. We couldn't give him the money he asked for; we didn't have that much in the bank. But we did work out a deal. I convinced Curtis to go solo, and to do his first album. He was going in one direction artistically, and the other Impressions were more conservative. His first album as a solo went gold and opened up a whole new world to him.

"The past year at Buddah was the most successful and gratifying for me. We had five or six gold albums including Sha Na Na's, Gladys Knight's and Dick Clark's *20 Years of Rock*. Stories busted open for us with 'Brother Louie,' and Curtis had two gold albums. Charlie Daniels had a hit. That was the only way I could have left Buddah, going out with that kind of year."

Bogart left Buddah in September, 1973, after much deliberation and for reasons he's not free to discuss. In doing so, he had to buy out a three-year contract with the label.

"I got myself a business manager, and I told him that I wanted to make a deal with Warner Bros. They are the only company in the world that I would have changed for—I think that their executive

talent is the finest in the world. My business manager called and set up a meeting, and from the moment I walked in, the attitude of Joe, Mo, Ed West and the rest of the people I dealt with was, 'Yes, we'd like to make a deal, let's just figure out how to do it.'

"I told them that the direction I wanted to take was to create another kind of Buddah Records, a much smaller company that would really devote itself to building a few acts. I figure that our spread will be basically what it was at Buddah—about 50% black, maybe 20% hard singles and 30% heavier rock acts.

Music for the Audiences

"People ask me what I'm looking for, and I say 'hit music.' I really believe that there should be music for every kind of audience. I'd be interested in another Fruitgum Company, even though I'd treat them differently. I think I'd make them what they were really supposed to be, which was a fun or happy novelty act—almost a put-on. I'm really interested in music that appeals to an audience—*whatever* that audience might be.

"I've always felt best with basic rock & roll music, and basic R&B. I'm from Brooklyn, remember, and stood in line at the Paramount and the Fox Theatres to see the Alan Freed shows.

"One of the first groups I signed to Casablanca is a hard rock band from New York called Kiss. They're everything I've been looking for in a band. They're a visual show, and at the same time they're one of the best rock & roll bands that I've ever heard in my life.

"I think that the simplicity of bubblegum was a great step to getting back to rock & roll music, and I think that a lot has come out of it since then."

'The Goose'

"We've also signed the group the Parliaments, who did 'I Want to Testify.' Their first record for us is an incredible rhythm number called 'The Goose.' We've negotiated with Barry White, who's producing a girl named Gloria Scott, who we feel has tremendous potential.

"Casablanca is a company that is owned by myself—totally—and that Warner Bros. distributes. In terms of organizational structure, we're a promotion company. We have two vice-presidents. Cecil Holmes is probably the finest promotion man in the business, black or white. Certainly, in the R&B field, he's number one by far. Buck Reingold, who's been with me at Buddah for a couple of years, is one of the most exciting Top 40 promotion men I've ever been involved with, and I've been involved with quite a few good ones. Larry Harris, who is director of artist relations and national album promotion director, came to us at Buddah right off the street a couple of years ago. Today, he probably knows more people in FM radio than guys who have been in promotion for 10 or 12 years. And there's me. I promote. I call radio stations, I go on the road to visit radio stations. I love to promote. Promotion is the name of the game, and that's what we have: a promotion company. There are no A&R people at Casablanca—I don't believe in it. The promotion people are going to have to sell the product; they should be the ones to choose it.

"You wanna know why I moved to California?"

"OK," *Circ's* correspondent bites,

his shorthand arm ready to fall off. "Why did you move to California?"

"I guess maybe five or six years ago, I fell in love with California—in terms of the weather, in the way that the buildings aren't piled on top of one another, and in the general feel—but that wasn't enough to get me to move.

Kissing the Sunset Pig

"The communication on the West Coast, and you can't appreciate this unless you've lived on the East Coast, is so incredibly different. I'd get into my car and be in my office at nine in the morning and back home at eight at night and never have had a chance to stop and talk to anybody. It's so cold and so crowded, and the beat of the city is too fast to allow anybody to think.

"Here in California, I find that the secretaries at Warner Bros. are often as hip as I think I am. I can have conversations with assistants at Warner Bros., and I think that I'm talking with myself. The feedback that I get is so incredibly great—in New York, I felt that I was one of the top people there. Here, I'm just one of the people. That's good for me. I need the challenge. And, I need that feedback. I'm able to throw out ideas and have them come back even better, and vice-versa. I'll be about to go to a party here and come back with 10 pages of notes about different ideas that I'll get.

"I like that. I like to be able to talk to people, and to be able to get good response. Out here in California, it's like I'm starting all over again. And I think that the company will be the stronger for it."

Kiss Blitz Fillmore East



Neil Bogart (in middle) with Casablanca group Kiss.

NEW YORK—Casablanca's first act is Kiss, a group from Neil Bogart's native New York. Kiss debuted for the press, bookers, local radio and assorted music biz types and freeloaders at a special preview January 8 at the hallowed—some say haunted—Fillmore East, reopened for the occasion.

The group was introduced by Bogart. He thanked his Puerto Rican numerologist who, it seems, accurately predicted the rise of Neil Bogart and Casablanca Records years ago. The fact that the sky over Second Avenue held a full moon was deemed to have great significance and on went the show.

Kiss are a four man group with the standard set up: two guitars (one a classy Gibson Flying V), bass and drums, three stacks of Marshall amps et al. Quite a few stage accoutrements distinguish the group.

For one, they came out dressed in skin-tight black outfits sporting Kabuki-like whiteface make-up.

For two, the rear portion of the stage was dominated by a giant cobweb, which we assumed wasn't left over from the Fillmore days. A butane candelabra flickered on stage; an enormous electrified Kiss logo, the you-know-what crisis notwithstanding, shone above the mayhem below.

Demonic Band

The band comes on strong and we were struck with the fact that Kiss play like the demons they resemble (rather than four villains from a vintage Batman comic).

Their music is the hardest of hard rock—macho glitter, if you can get through the apparent ambiguity. Some call it thunderrock.

They move on stage with machine-like precision, none of that dig-me-I'm-a-star kind of postur-

ing. Their choreography includes the not-so-subtle use of the bassist's tongue in a *crypto menage a trois* (the drummer had to remain seated) routine.

Paul Stanley, rhythm guitarist, screams in the middle of the set: "We're Kiss. Aargh! We want everybody to come along with us—you've got nothing to lose." That statement kind of sums up what Kiss is all about—you roll with them or they'll roll over you.

Their repertoire is 100% hard rock up-tempo killer stuff, the kind of music that made them notorious on the torturous New York glitter circuit (Kenny's, Coventry, The Diplomat and other strange rock & roll breeding grounds). Theirs is a kind of mood music . . . if you happen to be in the mood to blow up buildings or wreck cars.

One of their most rousing numbers, "Firehouse," features clouds of dense smoke, sirens, revolving

light beacons and flame-throwing flares. This is truly a death-defying act.

Moonlight in New York

Under it all is a very tight band with top notch musicianship. Odds are they could make it as a straightforward hard rock group, but the other stuff makes their presentation that much more explosive. Which is what happens at the end of their set.

Going firecracking audiences one better, the band bombards the crowd with some heavy artillery special effects, including exploding drumsticks. It's an instant replay of World War II on stage.

All very ominous, all rock & roll. You'll either love or hate Kiss but the odds are that they're going to be a very big act whether you like them or not. After all, what've they got to lose?

—BOB MOORE MERLIS

Come On Feet, Don't Fail Me Now

Black Sabbath

2/1 Pittsburgh
2/2 Cincinnati
2/3 Detroit
2/4 Hershey, Pennsylvania
2/5 Bingham or Buffalo, New York
2/7 Atlanta
2/9 Philadelphia
2/11 Chicago
2/12 St. Louis
2/13 Louisville
2/15 West Palm Beach
2/16 Jacksonville
2/17 Columbia, South Carolina
2/19 Largo, Maryland
2/21 Providence
2/22 Rochester
2/25 Hempstead, Long Island

Paul Butterfield's Better Days

2/1 Los Angeles
2/2 San Bernardino
2/8 Seattle
2/9 Vancouver
2/10 Edmonton
2/11 Winnipeg
2/15 Toronto
2/16 Ottawa
2/17 Montreal

Captain Beyond

2/7 Americus, Georgia

The Credibility Gap

1/21-26 Boulder

Deep Purple

2/9 Phoenix
2/10 Los Angeles
2/11 San Diego
2/13 Tucson
2/15 Fort Worth
2/16 Amarillo
2/17 El Paso
2/19-20 Denver
2/22 Minneapolis
2/24-25 Chicago
2/26 Louisville
2/28 St. Louis
3/1 Bloomington, Indiana
3/3-4 Detroit
3/5 Buffalo
3/6 Pittsburgh
3/8 Washington, D.C.
3/9 Durham, North Carolina
3/10 Charlotte
3/11 Atlanta
3/13 New York City
3/14 Providence
3/15 Philadelphia
3/17 Long Island

Fleetwood Mac

1/22 York, Pennsylvania
1/23 Baltimore
1/25 Potsdam, New York
1/26 New York City
1/29 Denver
1/31 San Jose
2/1 Arcata, California
2/3 Yuma, Arizona
2/6 Twin Falls, Idaho

2/7 Boise
2/8 Portland
2/9 Seattle
2/11 Salt Lake City
2/12 Cheney, Washington
2/14 Chico, California
2/15-16 San Francisco
2/17 Long Beach
2/19 Calgary
2/20 Edmonton
2/22 Fargo, North Dakota
2/23 Carbondale, Illinois
2/24 Macomb, Illinois
2/26 Wichita
2/27 Kansas City
3/1 Washington, D.C.
3/2 Blacksburg, Virginia
3/3 Williamsburg, Virginia
3/6 St. Louis
3/8 Delhi, New York
3/9 Burlington, Vermont
3/13 Hamburg, Pennsylvania
3/15 Hollywood, Florida
3/23 Alma, Michigan
3/29 Austin,
3/20 Dallas

Graham Central Station

1/21 Des Moines
1/23-27 Los Angeles



Larry Graham

Uriah Heep

1/25 El Paso
1/26 Albuquerque
1/29 Denver
2/1 Los Angeles
2/2 San Bernardino
2/3 Phoenix
2/7 Fresno
2/8 San Diego
2/9 San Jose
2/10 San Francisco

Hydra

1/26 Hickory, North Carolina

Gordon Lightfoot

1/24 Berkeley
1/25 San Diego
1/26 Santa Barbara
1/27 Los Angeles
1/30 Los Angeles
2/15 Milwaukee
2/16 Duluth

2/17 St. Paul
3/1-3 Ottawa
3/15 Miami
3/16 Daytona
3/21-25 Toronto
4/18 Quebec
4/19-21 Montreal
5/11 Anchorage
5/12 Fairbanks
5/14 Portland
5/16 Seattle
5/17 Spokane
5/18 Salt Lake City
5/19 Honolulu

Montrose

1/26 Santa Monica

Maria Muldaur

1/24-27 Los Angeles
1/30-2/2 Denver
2/6 Passaic
2/8-9 New York City
2/12 New Haven
2/13-14 Boston
2/15 Burlington, Vermont
2/17-18 Philadelphia
2/19 Greenvale, Long Island
2/21 Richmond
2/22-23 Washington, D.C.
2/24 University Park, Pennsylvania
2/26-27 Cleveland
3/1 Pittsburgh
3/5-6 Detroit
3/8-9 Chicago

Martin Mull

2/1 Lawrence, Kansas
2/2 Columbia, Missouri
3/9 Rochester
3/18-23 Cambridge

Bonnie Raitt

1/26 Providence
2/1 Lawrence, Kansas
2/2 Columbia, Missouri
2/7 Hanover, New Hampshire
2/8 Hartford
2/10 New York City

Seals and Crofts

1/24 Loretto, Pennsylvania
1/25 Evansville, Indiana
1/26 Muncie, Indiana
1/28 Macomb, Illinois
2/15 Boone, North Carolina
2/16 Fayetteville, North Carolina
2/17 Durham, North Carolina
2/18 Kent, Ohio
2/21 St. Cloud, Minnesota
2/23 Bloomington, Indiana
2/24 Columbus, Ohio
2/28 Bangor, Maine
3/1 Boston
3/2 Nassau, Long Island
3/7 Syracuse
3/8 Binghamton, New York
3/10 Rochester
3/12 Scranton
3/13 Dayton
3/15 Indianapolis
3/16-17 Chicago
3/19 Madison
3/20 Minneapolis
3/21 Detroit
3/23 Columbia, Missouri

3/24 St. Louis
3/25 Champaign, Illinois
3/26 Louisville
3/28 Pittsburgh
3/29 Richmond
3/30 Norfolk
3/31 Baltimore
4/15 San Antonio
4/16 Dallas
4/17 Tulsa
4/18 Oklahoma City
4/20 Houston
4/21 Corpus Christi
4/22 Austin
5/9 Charlotte
5/10 Columbia, South Carolina
5/12 Miami Beach
5/16 Mobile
5/17 Atlanta
5/19 St. Petersburg

Slade

1/21 Detroit
1/24 Fresno
1/25-26 San Francisco
1/27 Los Angeles
1/29 Milwaukee
1/30 Duluth
1/31 St. Paul
2/2 St. Louis

Livingston Taylor

1/26 New Paltz, New York

Wendy Waldman

1/23-28 New York City
1/26 Lewiston, Maine
1/31-2/3 Bryn Mawr
2/6-10 Boston

Dionne Warwick

1/31-2/2 Caracas, Venezuela
2/8-10 Lake Tahoe
2/13-3/5 Las Vegas
3/13 Washington, D.C.
3/21-24 Houston
4/18-5/1 Reno
5/4 New Haven
5/5 Hartford
5/6-12 New York City
5/22-6/4 Las Vegas

Eric Weissberg

2/22 Bronx

Wet Willie

2/7 Americus, Georgia

Duke Williams and the Extremes

1/25 Columbus, Georgia
1/26 Miami
1/29 Pensacola
1/31 Charleston

Jesse Colin Young

1/21 Santa Barbara
1/23 Spokane
1/24 Portland
1/25 Seattle
1/26 Corvallis
1/31 Denver

Now That Her Lips Are Aligned, See Ruby Run

New Year's Eve Bashes and Gashes. San Francisco was mighty cold on New Year's Eve but it didn't keep the crowds away from the Allman Brothers Band's New Year Gala at the Cow Palace. Yours Truly was trampled right around 3 a.m., while Jerry Garcia and Boz Scaggs jammed along with Dicky, Gregg, Jaimoe, Lamar and Chuck. The Marshall Tucker Band opened the show at 9 p.m. to screams and cheers. The screaming, cheering, trampling and stamping lasted until after 4 a.m. Meanwhile, in the Los Angeles area, the Beach Boys ushered in Baby Time at the Long Beach Arena. For their efforts the BB's got personal New Year's greetings from fanatic fans.

A Real, Old-Fashioned Country & Western Welcome.

Give it to Mike Shepherd, who's just been appointed National Director of Promotion and Sales for Warner Bros. Records' Nashville office. He'll be working with Chips Moman, who's heading up A&R, country-style. They've got their work cut out for them, particularly Mr. Shepherd, as WB has recently thrown seven (count 'em) C&W singles into the ring. They are as follows: "The Great Mail Robbery" by Rex Allen, Jr., "No Rings; No Strings" by Scotti Carson; "Concrete Canyon Boogie" delivered by Eric Weissberg and group Deliverance; "(The Likes of) Louise" by pending film star Chip Taylor; "Don't You Ever Get Tired of Hurting Me" sung by Jeff Tweel; "He's My Walkin' Love" by Ms. Deborah Hawkins and "Mama's Got the Know How" by none other than Doug Kershaw.



Paul Butterfield's Better Days

Better Days Better Than Ever. After shuffling some personnel, Paul Butterfield's Better Days emerges ever stronger and bluesier. Currently the line-up stands (pay attention now, there's going to be a quiz later) with Paul Butterfield, front and center, on mouth harp and keyboards. That's not to mention, of course, his obvious vocal contributions. Amos Garrett's playing lead guitar and singing his mouth off, too. Chris Parker fits in behind the big skins while Ronnie Barron mans the keyboard machines and chirps.

Rod Hicks is the latest Better Day, playing bass and vocalizing, too. You noticed Geoff Muldaur and Billy Rich are gone? You get 10 points.

Ruby's Run-Ons

Wasn't it a long way down for flick **The Exorcist**, which is just climbing to the top? Currently in the works is a Canadian film, set for March release, titled **The Sexorcists**. Good grief, what next? Meanwhile, record biz exex are smiling again since Warner Com-

munications stock prices began to thump upward due to the outstanding success of **The Big E**. It's set house records in 25 theaters across the US and Canada and has pocketed more nominations than any other pic in the feature-length film division of the Hollywood Foreign Press Association's 31st annual Golden Globe Awards. Meanwhile, the Washington, D.C., police department's morals division has decided that no one under 17 should be admitted. ● **Bonnie Raitt's** growing no grass under her little feet these days. She's just come back from Wally Heider's studio in San Francisco, wherein she played slide guitar on a track called "Don't You Mind People Grinnin' in Your Face," from the **Pointer Sisters'** forthcoming LP. She came back to UCLA last week, where she played a concert with **Robert Pete Williams**. He's a great old-time Louisiana bluesman. If you want to know more, you'll have to ask **Dr. Demento** or **Ry Cooder**. ● **Frank Sinatra**, out of retirement permanently it seems, is causing quite a buzz in Las Vegas. He's just opening (January 25) a limited engagement (seven nights) at Caesars Palace. According to *The Hollywood Reporter*, it's already being called the "Sinatra Week." ● **Ol' Blue Eyes**, which will undoubtedly redden fast during the Vegas stint, is currently headlining another show, this one for radio, Here's to Veterans. This will tack onto Sinatra's string of performances for the V.A. which began 'way back in '47. ● **Neil Young** and **Alice Cooper** scored big with the RIAA. Both artists' newest albums got Gold recently, that is, *Time Fades Away* for Neil and *Muscle of Love* for Alice. ●

Top Ten

Warner Bros. Sales Figures
for Week of January 7-13

1. Black Sabbath/
Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath
(BS/M8/M5 2695)
2. Foghat/*Energized*
(BR/M8/M5 6950)
3. Gordon Lightfoot/
Sundown
(MS/M8/M5 2177)
4. Gregg Allman/*Laid Back*
(CP/M8/M5 0116)
5. Alice Cooper/
Muscle of Love
(BS/M8/M5 2748)
6. Todd Rundgren/
Something/Anything
(2BX/L8/L5 2066)
7. Graham Central Station
(BS/M8/M5 2763)
8. *The Beach Boys*
in Concert
(2RS/K8/K5 6484)
9. Gram Parsons/
Grievous Angel (MS 2171)
10. Frank Sinatra/
Ol' Blue Eyes Is Back
(FS/M8/M5 2155)

Well, Things Aren't Really *That* Bad...

LONDON—Maybe I exaggerated. It could be the end of the gross excrescences of civilization as we knew it, but life certainly does go on. And so do all its pleasanter amenities. The movies are still moving, the theater is still bowing, the ballet is still pivoting. And the premier bands are still blasting exuberantly to the delight of dedicated fans. So why couldn't the Allman Brothers make it?

Doobie Devotion. Anyhow, those wonderfully butch Doobie Brothers are no sissies, and they're bound to get a hero's welcome

Vinyl Statistics

Circular is pleased to present a running account of newborn Warner Family Records, everything from 7 to 12 inches in diameter, a list stripped of adjectives, avoidable nouns and even verbs. The past week has given birth to a number of healthy singles, no known albums.

SINGLES (January 16)

"You Will Be My Music"—
Frank Sinatra—
Reprise single REP 1190

"Blazing Saddles"—
Frankie Laine and
Madeline Kahn—Warner
Bros. single WB 7774

"Good Time Gals"—Slade—
Warner Bros. single
WB 7777

"Tell Me Why"—Life—
Reprise single REP 1185

"You Bet Your Sweet, Sweet
Love"—Kenny O'Dell—
Capricorn single CPR 0038



Maria Muldaur

when they arrive here, via Europe, at the end of this month. To help instill Doobie-devotion in the breasts of the masses, Warners is planting a free Doobie single (the memorable "Listen to the Music" from *Toulouse Street*) on all comers to the London Rainbow gig.

A Lot of 'It.' There seems to be a groundswell here in favor of Maria Muldaur. Can't pinpoint it. Just oddments of whispers—that indefinable buzz. And the interest can only grow with the recent arrival from America of a most entrancing color poster of the curvy wahine (perhaps you've seen it). It's been too long since the Colonies exported such a lithe and ogle-worthy lady to beleaguered Englishmen. The ones I know are all

hoping to see Miz Muldaur in the flesh. Soon. The greatest abundance of "it" since Elinor Glyn.

Schlockwind. Speaking of "it" in its coarser manifestations, an unsavory but popular group called Hawkwind (last of the undergrounders . . .), who feature an obese stripper, have offered a contest to fans. First prize is a weekend on the road with the band. Second prize is two weekends on the road with the band.

Mo Mobilization. Things are looking quite spiffy at Greek Street, no doubt due to the state visit by Burbank's own inimitable Mo Ostin. The windows were cleaned, the toilet seats fixed, the window broken since the Christ-

Bassman is a thankless job
When touring through the
land.
You sit in hotel rooms and
sob,
No girl to hold your hand.

Singers have the jolly time;
They gaily push their luck.
The bassman smokes and
bums a dime
From roadies on the truck.

You finally get some
overflow,
And then, just when you've
kissed her,
You stop just when you want
to go —
She says she knows your
sister.

mas party replaced, desks tidied and Derek Taylor suddenly interested in the Doobie Brothers. I wish Mo had come sooner. Those busted toilet seats were hell!

Leo, Leo Everywhere. Leo Sayer continues to display symptoms of superstardom, the chief of which is ubiquitousness. The record shop I pass on the way to work has an all-Leo window display, featuring that natty cover which Chrysalis has submitted for the *N.M.E.*'s sleeve-design-of-the-year award.

World's Richest Resource. Driving north out of London on Sunday I spied what must have been Ducks Deluxe (heros of the pub-rock circuit) gig wagon. Among the graffiti engraved in the dirt on the truck's backside was the noble sentiment, "Save energy. Make love slowly."

—SHELLEY BENOIT

Crawling Out Windows on 4th Street



In the days when most records were pressed on hand-operated machines (as a goodly number still are today) the mislabeling of discs was a very common phenomenon. On manual presses the labels are situated in two stacks, one on each side of the machine; at the beginning of the pressing cycle, the operator must affix one label to each of the two stampers in the press. Should anything happen to disturb the operator's concentration at the crucial moment, he may very well transpose the positions of the two labels, or put the same label on both stampers, and someone in Puyallup or Keokuk will wonder why "Satisfaction" sounds like "The Under-Assistant West Coast Promotion Man" and vice versa.

Inspirational Verse

"I'm never ever gonna quit 'cause quittin' ain't my schtick."

—Barry White
"Never, Never Gonna Give You Up"

Bizarre Mix-Ups

Less frequently, the operator may be supplied with the wrong stack of labels (or the wrong stampers, to look at it the other way). If the pressing plant is one that produces for a variety of otherwise unassociated labels, the results can be as bizarre as a 45 in my possession which bears very genuine-looking Sun labels for "Dixie Fried"/"I'm Sorry, I'm Not Sorry" by Carl Perkins, but which plays "Still"/"Please Don't Leave Me" by the Fontane Sisters, a Dot release of the same period.

Perhaps the most celebrated mislabeling ever, however, came with the Bob Dylan single that was the subject of last week's question, "Positively 4th Street." In a slip-up that was clearly *not* the fault of a daydreaming press operator, thousands of copies purporting to be "4th Street" actually contained the song better known today as "Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window?" (Emphasis Dylan's). The mistake copies contain a different performance of "Crawl" (with backup by Bloomfield, Kooper, et al) from the one eventually issued under its proper title (with the Band). Neither song, of course, actually mentions 4th Street. Positively.

Question for Next Week

While we're on the subject of labeling, mislabeling and attendant confusion, let us go back to the days of the 78, in which any piece of music more than nine minutes long necessitated a multiple-disc set. These sets, as I've mentioned before, appeared in book-like packages holding anywhere from two to 15 or more rec-

ords; these books inspired the term "albums" which remains with us today as one of the more anachronistic vestiges of the 78 rpm era.

With their bulk, weight and fragility, 78s provided many a nightmare for the retailer and wholesaler. But at least, you might say, they didn't have to put up with multiple inventory (8-tracks, cassettes, quad etc.) in that one-speed, all-mono era. Well, guess again. From the mid-1920s until the late 1940s nearly all classical albums (which amounted to nearly half the business) were packaged in two forms, each of which had its loyal customers. These were

known as "manual sequence" and "automatic sequence." For a record of your choice (sorry, no 78s; see the little print below) be the first to correctly describe the difference between the two sequences and why both were in demand.

There was no Circular three weeks ago (or four weeks ago, for that matter) owing to the holidays, so everybody gets one more week to answer Doc's 1/7 question.

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.

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