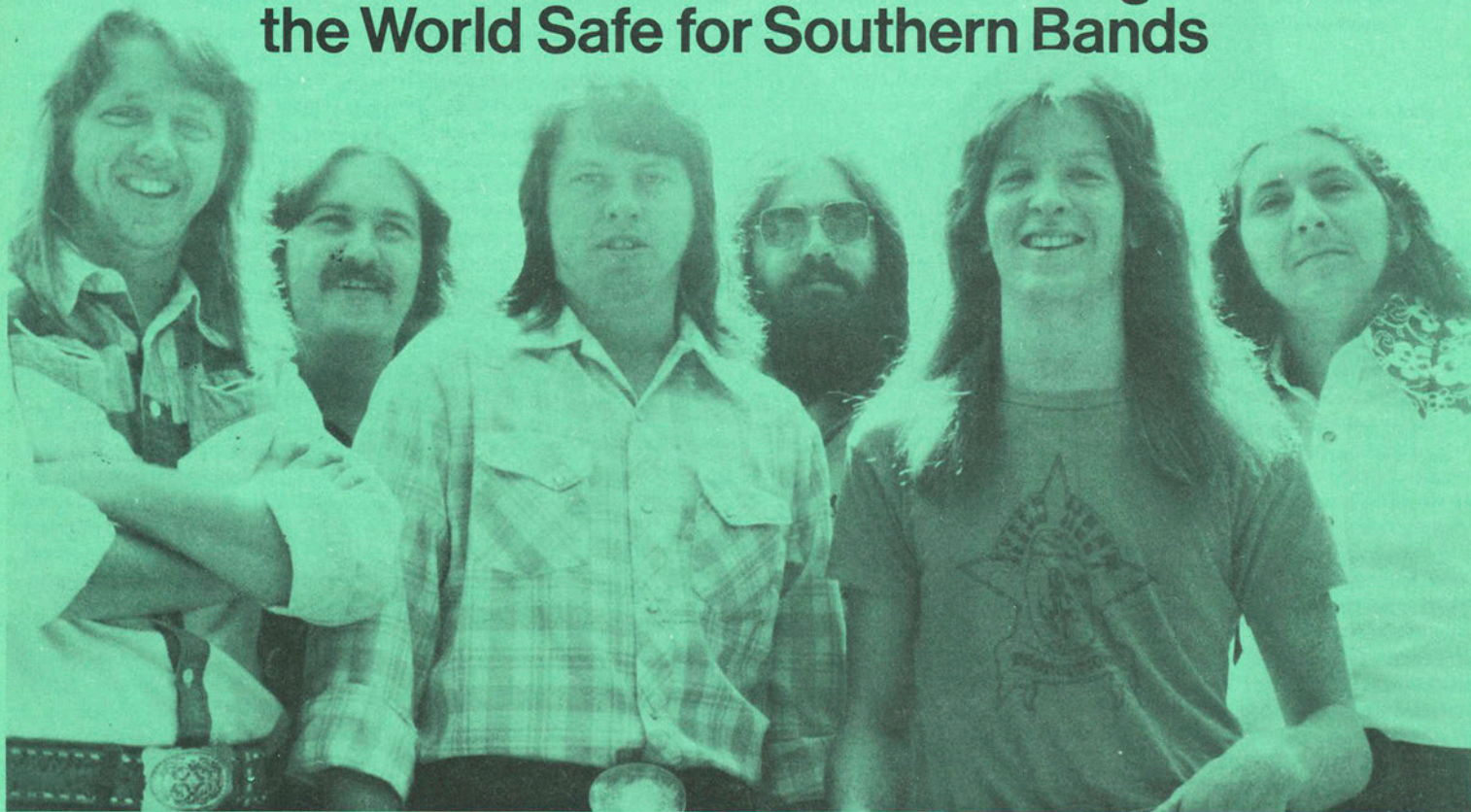


The Marshall Tucker Band Is Helping Make the World Safe for Southern Bands



Quite simply, *A New Life* is as fine an album as any band could hope to have under its belt. The Marshall Tucker Band, on the heels of a solid year of extensive roadwork, has come up with the quintessential follow-up to its superb debut album of last year.

"The material is really great," says the man who should know, composer-guitarist Toy Caldwell. "It represents more of what the band sounds like today. We've gotten a bit more polished with all the touring we've done in the time

between this album and the first one. The musicianship is better and the tunes are much more suited to the stage."

Like The Allman Brothers Band before them, The Marshall Tucker Band has managed to overcome major obstacles in achieving its notoriety as one of the South's biggest groups.

"We've six people that nobody'd heard of, man," explains Caldwell from his home (and the band's base) in Spartanburg, South Carolina. "Take Hydra, now they're

pretty popular without even having an album out yet. We didn't even have that going for us, we just sold this band through our own gigs. We went out there and played our asses off.

"If you were a group of Southern musicians, up until recently the most you could ever hope to be was a club band. Before The Allman Brothers Band, hell, there wasn't anybody making it from out of The South. Then Wet Willie and Cowboy made records and now, bands like Lynyrd Skynyrd

and Mose Jones are getting their break too. People are starting to listen. Thanks to The Allmans, a Southern group can do more than just play the hits in some bar or discotheque."

The Rants

The emphasis on Spartanburg as The Marshall Tucker Band's hometown is not merely a cute promotional gimmick. All band members were childhood pals from the same South Carolina neighborhood and are deeply rooted in the archetypal country,

Stay Away From Ted Nugent If You Don't Want to Foam at the Mouth

by DAVID RENSIN



"IT IS RUMORED THAT THE LATE BRUCE LEE REFERRED TO TED NUGENT'S FINGERS AS THE ORIGINAL TEN DIGITS OF DOOM," the bright red lettering on a poster outside a Detroit arena screamed visibly. "SEE TED NUGENT ACTUALLY DISINTEGRATE GLASS WITH A SINGLE NOTE FROM HIS GUITAR!"

Ted Nugent has always had a dream: to appear on the Ed Sullivan show. Unfortunately, the tube's most durable toastmaster gave up long before Nugent had the chance to realize his fondest ambition, forcing him to realign his priorities.

"Now, I'd like to play miracle guitar licks so that people literally form a cult," Nugent breathes reverently across 2500 miles of telephone wire. "Not admiring me, of course, but admiring what my

guitar can do because I want to play the fastest lick in the world—and the loudest—and the fastest. I'm a person of extremes!"

Known to Be Dangerous

Only 25, Nugent is already a seasoned veteran of the music scene with six albums to his credit. He has played since he was nine and gigged since the age of 13. He has played with his teeth and tongue, behind his head and destroyed his equipment onstage way before anyone else. He is known to be dangerous. Thought to be mad. He is also very good with his guitar, something he doesn't fail to point out if you ask.

"For the record, I'm incredible. I know I am. I've been doing it for 15 years and anyone who isn't incredible after 15 years ought to switch gigs."

Don't stop now.

"I know I can literally open eyes and cause people to foam at the mouth when I'm on. I'm not just saying it because that's what I think or meditate on, but because I get home after five nights on the road of *doing* it. I can't argue with that. I'm not bragging, just citing a fact I can't get away from." Undoubtedly, his seventh album and first on the DiscReet label, will prove or disprove his point. Naturally, it's titled *Call of the Wild*.

Nugent left home in Detroit for Chicago in 1965. There he assembled a group called the Amboy Dukes in an effort to "show my parents that I was going to make it on my own in the big time and be rocking and rolling on Ed Sullivan in a matter of years." But nothing happened, so by the time he finished high school in 1967, he left Chicago with the Amboy Dukes and returned to Detroit.

"Within three or four months we took over the Detroit scene," he claims. "No bullshit. No hype. We took over the number one spot as far as groups go in Michigan. We played all the ballrooms and top clubs."

Drowned at Mainstream

Soon the Amboy Dukes were approached by someone who offered to both manage and record them. The band ended up on Mainstream Records and eventually cut four albums. In retrospect, Nugent displays a great deal of dissatisfaction with the situation and tells the classic story of a young and innocent musician being taken for both his music and his money.

During the sessions for the first Mainstream album, the engineer stopped the tape because he thought Nugent was making mistakes. "Actually, I was letting my guitar feedback, scream and howl," Nugent explains proudly. "—something unheard of in 1967."

Perhaps now is a propitious moment to explain that Nugent uses no Wa Wa pedals, fuzz tone boxes, Leslie speakers or other electronic devices to create the sound effects he gets onstage and on record.

That first album garnered good reviews, prompting station WBZ in Boston to proclaim 1968 as the year of the Amboy Dukes. Nugent and company lived up to all expectations with their million-selling single, the title track from the second Mainstream release, *Journey to the Center of the Mind*. But Nugent was still unhappy about the production and increasingly so with the band.

A Lot of Guns

Eventually, Nugent jettisoned both the band and the manager who put them on a tour with Tiny Tim at the height of their success. "I was grossly mismanaged," is his simple statement.

He signed next with Breakout Management (Vanilla Fudge, Beck, Bogart and Appice), obtaining \$300,000 and a contract from Polydor Records. It resulted in two more albums and left him \$60,000 in debt.

"It was the same old story. I didn't see a penny of the money. They just talked about corporations, percentages and trust funds to make me a millionaire in a few years. Finally, I literally

FOR THOSE WHO DARE ATTEND TED NUGENT'S
LIVE SHOWS: KEEP REPEATING TO YOURSELF—
HE'S ONLY HUMAN . . . HE'S ONLY HUMAN.

fired everybody around me. Told them they were all assholes and to get out. I demanded releases from everything or they'd never hear from me—and very possibly themselves—again. I was getting violent, and they knew I had a lot of guns, so they agreed, but probably more out of pity than anything else."

That's when things began to look up.

In 1971, Nugent and his new Amboy Dukes, Rob Grange on bass and Vic Mastrianni on drums, began making money. They grossed \$270,000 in gigs alone, playing over 150 nights a year. Nugent bought a Mercedes and a farm and went on national hunting tours (he has hunted his own meat with bow and arrow for the past six years). He also swore never to sign another contract until he understood every word of it and was guaranteed proper representation on wax. After talks with numerous record companies Nugent found a home with DiscReet.

"That," he said, obviously smiling at the other end of the phone, "is when the magic began."

Only Human

But for all the wrestling match type advertising that surrounds his performances—eg. FOR THOSE WHO DARE ATTEND TED NUGENT'S LIVE SHOWS: KEEP REPEATING TO YOURSELF—HE'S ONLY HUMAN . . . HE'S ONLY HUMAN—he is only human.

The advertising play sells out

halls for him, along with his unmatched talent. The Amboy Dukes are quite an attraction in the Midwest and South, but the West Coast remains virgin territory for him. "My hype goes over in areas where people know who I am, but it might well offend somebody before it turns them on in

places where they don't know me. People have called my music "arrogant rock" because when I do interviews I'm sometimes a smart ass. I guess I'm pretty fast with my mouth. But when I come to LA I'm not going to be arrogant with the people the first time I meet

them. I don't rape little girls. I like to turn them on with a little of this and a little of that before everybody blows their rocks. I'm not going to strap on my guitar, hit a loud and obnoxious chord and yell "boogie" so everybody vomits. I'm going to try and bring my

A Go Go gig. The music was "untight, untogether, unsophisticated with no groove and no meat," Nugent recalls. "But the

place was just a bullshit spot for everyone to show off their shitty clothes anyway. So we never had a chance."

Big Time Jam

Nugent has been around a long time, working hard and waiting patiently to finally rock & roll in the big time. In 1968 he was invited to jam at a New York club, and when he arrived, he found Eric Clapton, Michael Bloomfield, Elvin Bishop, Paul Butterfield, B.B. King, Al Kooper, Chuck Berry and Jimi Hendrix waiting there onstage. "B.B. gave the signals when we were supposed to take our solos, and when he pointed to me, my mind was going like a computer trying to eat everything in the air. It was a chance all guitar players dream of, and I didn't even know who half of them were back then, since I didn't spend hours in the basement trying to copy someone else's licks. I developed my own style, and that's why I think I got a standing ovation along with the rest of them."

With that in mind, it's easy to see why Ed Sullivan was the only goal left in sight. If Ed were still toasting the town on Sundays, Ted Nugent and the Amboy Dukes would probably be right up there beside him through the sheer force of their personalities coupled with their outrageous rock & roll. As Nugent so characteristically says: "I guess I just like the extremes. Some people like to lay back, I like to perform abortions with my teeth and live it up."



Promo Proudly Presents Princess Prizes



Warner Bros. Promotion Man of the Year, Mr. Ed Kalicka.

Mexican Mind-Blower. Two weeks ago sweet Ruby sent best wishes and farewells to WB's top brass, who were off to hit active Acapulco's Princess Hotel for a week of WB Promotion convening. National Promotion Chief Ron Saul hosted this fete, aided by Assistant National Promotion Head Bob Greenberg. Sunshine and surprises, among them a large quake-type tremor which reportedly spilt no drinks and split no heads, pervaded the gathering. Ed Kalicka, promotion manager for the Washington, D.C./Baltimore area, was named Promotion Man of the Year. Lauded also were Vic Faraci (Chicago), Mitch Huffman, (Seattle), Ted Cohen (long a Ruby Monday Pick Hit, Cincinnati), Chris Uncango (Richmond), Bill Beamish (Hartford), Dick Gifford (Chicago), Russ Palmer (Seattle) and Dan Davenport (Atlanta). VIP celebrity guests included Albert Grossman and Paul Fishkin (Bearsville), Terry Ellis (Chrysalis), Dick Wooley (Capricorn), Neil Bogart (Casablanca), Herb Cohen (DiscReet) and an Overseas contingent of hotshots, among them Ron Kass and Bill Fowler (WB London), Killy Kumberger (Germany),

Claude Nobs (Switzerland) and Dominic Lamblin and Benoit Gauthier (France).

Despite Contrary Rumors, Jethro Tull's Alive and Well. It's a very special project indeed for Ian Anderson and group members and, coincidentally, a rock history first. J. Tull's issuing a feature-length film, the synopsis for which has already been penned by Ian Anderson. The working title (and likely to remain so) is *War Child*. The plot revolves around heaven and hell on earth. According to Anderson, the two principals will be God and the Devil. All Tull's members will appear in the flick, Ian starring. Whether he's playing Our Father or His Satanic Majesty remains to be seen. Meanwhile, the news is out that Jethro will release two LPs (both based on *War Child*) with slightly different musical interpretations. The first-to-be-issued will be the sound track, mostly instrumental. The second is to be a "studio" album containing a great deal more vocal work. Terry Ellis is executive producer and currently (I heard it through the Transatlantic grapevine) is looking for a director. Word also out that Jethro Tull will return to touring after these three creations are completed. A final tickler for all Tull and Steeleye Span fans is that Ian worked as production consultant on a cut or two of Steeleye's forthcoming LP. It should be released in March.

Ruby's Run-Ons

● Ex as in exploitation. Follow-ups galore for **The Exorcist**, WB's hottest box office attraction.



Bearsville's Basking Paul Fishkin in Acapulco. I told you there was more to Mexico than promotion meetings.

Weeks ago I discovered a Canadian porno version called **The Sexorcist**. Now a film company called CashPix is coming forth with **The Blaxorcist**. Shooting's taking place in Haiti, Harlem and Los Angeles. Where else? By the by, keep your eyes peeled for *The Exorcist* sound track on Warner Bros. I've heard it's as scary as the flick. ● Even though **Neil Bogart** (Casablanca's prez and thrower of that oh-so-secret party noted last week) forgot it was his birthday amid the Acapulco excitement, his old pal **Law Merenstein** (vice-prez of Buddah Records) didn't. He presented Mr. B. with a life-size camel, fake and stuffed (thank goodness), not alive and belching. ● **Jon Lord** suffered an appendicitis attack not so long ago, which promptly cancelled **Deep Purple's** planned tour of the States. Presently he's walking at a 45° angle,

but when he's straight again the tour will go on. ● One more in the series of strange recording contracts which includes **Senator Sam Ervin** and **Burt Reynolds**. This time it's **James Brolin** and son, **Josh**. If James Brolin doesn't ring any ambulance bells, how about his TV alias, **Dr. Kiley**, of the ever-smiling **Marcus Welby** show? ● Eight years plus one or two weeks ago (depending on how slowly your issue of *Circular* gets to you), *Cash Box*' chart-toppers were as follows: 1. "Lightnin' Strikes" by **Lou Christie** (MGM), 2. "My Love" by **Petula Clark** (Reprise), 3. "Up Tight" by **Little Stevie Wonder**, 4. "These Boots Are Made for Walkin'" by **Nancy Sinatra** (Reprise), 5. "My World Is Empty Without You" by the **Supremes** (Motown), 6. "Crying Time" by **Ray Charles** (ABC/Paramount) and 7. "Barbara Ann" by the **Beach Boys**

A New Life From the Pride of Spartanburg, South Carolina

Continued from page 1

(Capitol). Music and times have changed. ● Another rock & roll historical first: a pop celebrity Canadian tennis tournament. It benefits the Motion Picture Relief Fund and the National Ballet of Canada. Not only will **Alice Cooper** and the **Guess Who** perform, group members will net and lob on the courts with the pros. ● Joining forces in a quartet of appearances next month are **Arlo Guthrie** and **Pete Seeger**. New York, Chicago, Montreal and Boston are the lucky metropolises. Our own Reprise will record the three US gigs for posterity as well as eventual release. ● The hardest trucking band in rock, **Foghat** of course, recently began a two-month stint of the US. They've taped In Concert and Rock Concert already too. Somebody give those boys soft-soled shoes. ● Speaking of **Foghat**, they caught a *Record World* Single Pick on their 45-rpm treatment of **Buddy Holly's** "That'll Be the Day." ● Other *Record World* Single Picks worth a jot are **Graham Central Station's** "Can You Handle It?" and **Montrose's** "Rock the Nation." ● *Billboard* cited two quadriphonic (I know it looks strange but the Hi-Fidelity Institute insists it's now spelled that way) LPs under Top Album Picks, *Ol' Blue Eyes Is Back* by **Frank Sinatra** and *Over-Nite Sensation* by **the Mothers**. ● A last touch for nostalgia softies from the pages of *Record World*. **Jay and the Americans** are in the studio again, after nearly four years of legal hassles. Their impressive past in pop numbers 19 consecutive chart records, which included four million-sellers. Hip, hip hooray. ●

small town atmosphere. Toy and bassist brother Tommy, the group's main forces, are representative.

"My father loved country music," says Toy, "and it was always around the house. That's the way we grew up. He had a casual band that got together to play square dances every now and then. Tommy and I would always go along and watch. We had a guitar duo. My father would have us play for friends at Christmas parties. We'd get up and strum all the Hank Williams tunes."

In their early high school years, the Caldwell brothers decided to make their hobby a profession. Barely teenagers, they formed their first band and traveled the teen club circuit. Toy took the rock & roll route through The Rants ("I never did figure out what that meant"), which also featured George McCorkle on rhythm guitar.

"We were playing Rolling Stones and Beatles tunes because they were what was happening. Hank Williams didn't seem to make people want to dance, so we went into the heavy stuff." Tommy, meanwhile, had formed an R&B outfit with singer Doug Gray called The New Generation.

Quit the Copy Music

Both groups traveled the club circuit until 1966, when the draft called most of the Spartanburg musicians, including the Caldwells, into the service.

"We all went in about the same time and got out about the same time," says Toy. Completely detached from music the entire four years, Toy resumed songwriting in the first weeks after his

discharge. The first song he penned, "Can't You See," was to become The Marshall Tucker Band's first hit single.

Yet, upon returning to Spartanburg, it was back to the discotheque grind again. Toy, along with ex-New Generationer Doug Gray and sax-player Jerry Eubanks, formed The Toy Factory. Two years passed before The Marshall Tucker Band was formed with the intention of taking a more creative format. Tommy joined, later bringing with him George McCorkle and drummer Paul Riddle. They retired from the stage for six months to rehearse original material and record demos.

Toy: "When we formed this band, we said, 'Man, let's quit doing all this copy music and try to be a little more original about it all. Let's play what we want to play.' Everybody agreed, and that's why and how this band got started. We all had day jobs. We quit to go for broke. I was a plumber. But we wanted to play what we wanted to play, and the hell with everything else."

It was this determination that began to surface in the band's aggressive and intense style. Wet Willie, who shared the bill with Marshall Tucker at a Spartanburg nightclub, were impressed with the group's gritty flair.

"They heard our stuff and told us to take it to Phil Walden. Hell, I never heard of the cat. Still, we drove down to Macon and dropped a tape off. We got a call the next day telling us to high-tail it down there for a weekend audition."

Held at Grant's Lounge, the audition was an overwhelming success. As legend has it, Phil

Walden danced in the aisles. As fact has it, they were signed the following Monday morning.

Their first album, *The Marshall Tucker Band*, shot into the low numbers of the charts and the group was thrust to the forefront. The group's position as show-openers for all The Allman Brothers' 1973 tours certainly didn't work against Marshall Tucker's success.

Brotherly Songs

"The Brothers like for us to play with them as much as we can," explains Toy, "and we love to. It's the greatest exposure you could have. It's especially good for our band because the music is linked somewhat. Our songs flow right into their songs. Those tours we did with them had a lot to do with this band's popularity. A whole lot of people saw and liked us. We sure can't say, 'No, man, we did it all on our own.' It would be a flat-out lie."

With the inevitable furor over *A New Life*, The Marshall Tucker Band now moves into headliner status. Caldwell, however, is a bit wary.

"I don't think we're quite ready yet. I've seen too many bands that headlined when they weren't ready and played to half-packed houses. I mean, it's nice to see a crowd and know they've come to see you, but if you don't see but three or four people out there, I'm sure it can be a little weird. It just seems to me that if a band goes up too quickly, they come down too quickly. I kinda like the idea of working our way up slowly. We've got time."

— CAMERON CROWE

If I Packed My Things Right Now I Could Be Home in Seven Hours

Badfinger

2/18 Austin
2/20 Huntsville, Alabama
2/21 Baton Rouge
2/23 Detroit
3/1 Salt Lake City
3/2 Boise
3/4 Twin Falls
3/8 Vancouver
3/9 Edmonton
3/10 Calgary
3/12 Winnipeg
3/16 Portchester, New York

Beach Boys

2/18 Colorado Springs
2/19 Ft. Collins, Colorado

Elvin Bishop

2/19-20 Long View, Washington
2/21-23 State Line, Idaho
2/24 Yakima, Washington

Black Sabbath

2/18 Knoxville
2/19 Largo, Maryland
2/20 Buffalo
2/21 Providence
2/22 Rochester
2/23 Ypsilanti, Michigan
2/24 Greensboro, North Carolina
2/25 Long Island

Doobie Brothers

2/28 Bozeman, Montana
3/2 Missoula, Montana
3/3 Seattle
3/4 Portland
3/5 Spokane
3/7 Sacramento
3/8-9 San Francisco
3/12 Fresno
3/13 Bakersfield
3/14 Long Beach
3/15 San Diego
3/16 Tucson
3/17 Phoenix
3/25 Austin
3/26 Odessa, Texas
3/27 El Paso
3/28 Amarillo
3/29 Hayes, Kansas
3/30 Kansas City, Kansas

Foghat

2/22 Sacramento
2/23 San Diego
2/24 Los Angeles

Graham Central Station

2/20 Lafayette, Louisiana
2/21 New Orleans
2/23 Scranton, Pennsylvania
2/24 Kent, Ohio
3/1 Albuquerque
3/2 Oklahoma City
3/5 Ogden, Utah
3/7 Fresno
3/8 Portland
3/9 Seattle
3/11-15 Boulder

3/16 Detroit
3/23 New York City
3/30 Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts
3/31 Oswego, New York

Arlo Guthrie

3/8 New York City
3/9 Chicago
3/17 Montreal
3/30 Boston

Hydra

2/19 Troy, Alabama
2/20 Atlanta
2/21 Birmingham
2/24 New Orleans
3/10 Atlanta
3/23 Birmingham
3/24 Raleigh
3/26 Chapel Hill, North Carolina
3/27 Greensboro, North Carolina
3/28 Greenville, North Carolina
3/30 Cheraw, South Carolina

Gordon Lightfoot

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

James Montgomery Band

2/18 Central Falls, Rhode Island
2/21 Westport, Connecticut
2/22 Colgate, New York
2/23 Exeter, New Hampshire
2/24 Salem, Massachusetts
2/26 Purchase, New York
3/1 East Line, Connecticut
3/2 Worcester, Massachusetts
3/6 New Rochelle, New York
3/8 Plymouth, Massachusetts
3/10 Medford, Massachusetts

Montrose

2/19 New Haven
2/21 Hampton Rhodes, Virginia
2/22 Richmond
2/24 Baltimore
2/25 Toledo
2/26 Kalamazoo
2/27 St. Louis
3/1 Terre Haute
3/2 Clemson, South Carolina
3/3 Knoxville
3/4 Chattanooga
3/6 Long Island
3/8 Hershey, Pennsylvania
3/9 Binghamton, New York
3/10 Utica, New York
3/11 Boston
3/13 Buffalo
3/14 Flint, Michigan
3/17 Columbia, South Carolina
3/18 Atlanta



Van Morrison

2/23 Honolulu
3/21-4/1 Europe
5/8 College Park, Maryland
5/12 Bridgewater, Massachusetts
5/16 Kent, Ohio
5/17 Toledo
5/19 University Park, Pennsylvania

Maria Muldaur

2/18 Philadelphia
2/19 Long Island
2/21 Richmond
2/22-23 Washington, D.C.
2/24 University Park, Pennsylvania
2/26-27 Cleveland
3/1 Athens, Ohio
3/2 Lexington, Kentucky
3/3 Indianapolis
3/5-6 Detroit
3/8-9 Chicago

Martin Mull

3/9 Rochester
3/18-23 Cambridge

Randy Newman

2/22 Greeley, Colorado
2/23 Glassboro, New Jersey
2/24 Boston

Leo Sayer

3/7 Columbus
3/8 Akron
3/13 New York City
3/14 Pittsburgh
3/15 Boston
3/17 Philadelphia
3/27 Chapel Hill, North Carolina
3/28 College Park, Maryland
3/29 Wichita
4/1 Minneapolis
4/4 Oklahoma City
4/5 Dallas
4/6 Houston
4/11 Sacramento
4/12 Fresno
4/13 San Diego
4/16-21 Los Angeles

Seals & Crofts

2/18 Kent, Ohio
2/21 St. Cloud, Minnesota
2/23 Bloomington, Indiana
2/24 Columbus
2/28 Bangor, Maine

3/1 Boston
3/2 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

Top Ten

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

1. Black Sabbath/
Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath
(BS/M8/M5 2695)
2. Gregg Allman/*Laid Back*
(CP/M8/M5 0116)
3. Maria Muldaur
(MS/M8/M5 2148)
4. Foghat/*Energized*
(BR/M8/M5 6950)
5. Gordon Lightfoot/
Sundown
(MS/M8/M5 2177)
6. Billy Jack Sound Track
(BJS/M8J/M5J 1001)
7. *The Beach Boys in Concert*
(2RS/K8/K5 6484)
8. *Graham Central Station*
(BS/M8/M5 2763)
9. Todd Rundgren/
Something/Anything?
(2BX/L8/L5 2066)
10. Alice Cooper/
Muscle of Love
(BS/M8/M5 2748)

Living in the Bituminous World

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

Sopwith Camel

2/19-23 Boulder

Livingston Taylor

2/22 Bronx
2/23 Worcester, Massachusetts
2/24 North Adams, Massachusetts

Marshall Tucker Band

2/22 Casselberry, Florida
2/23 Hollywood, Florida
2/25 New Orleans
3/1 Greensboro, North Carolina
3/2 Blacksburg, Virginia

Dionne Warwick

2/18-3/5 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

Kitty Wells

2/21 Savannah
2/23 Doraville, Georgia
2/24 Chattanooga
2/25 Knoxville
2/26 Asheville, North Carolina
2/28 Roanoke

Wet Willie

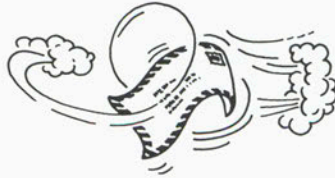
2/21 Knoxville
2/23 Augusta

Duke Williams and the Extremes

2/24 Buffalo

Frank Zappa/ The Mothers of Invention

2/23 Los Angeles
3/1 Atlanta
3/2 Memphis
3/3 Oklahoma City
3/5 Dallas
3/8 Kansas City
3/10 Houston
3/14 Vancouver
3/15 Portland
3/16 Seattle
3/18 Salt Lake City



LONDON—The news here is that they've called a General Election for Feb. 28 to see if they can get things to go a bit better. Giving you my strictly punter's eye view, this seems to have been precipitated by the government's deadlock with the Trade Unions Congress. The coal miners want—and God knows deserve—more money. At present miners earn about \$75 a week for doing one of the most dangerous, dismal, arduous, life-shortening and necessary jobs in the world. Meanwhile, the Tory government, as personified by the bachelor prime minister, Mr. Heath, is sweating to stem inflation and fears that obliging the miners (now a nationalized industry) will give way to a leap-frogging situation of pay rise requests from other essential services. The admirable feature of British government in a case like this is that they can go ahead and call a general election when a real crisis occurs, whereas Americans are restricted to expressing themselves only once in four years, Watergates and illegal wars notwithstanding.

Straightforward Button.

Lest you think I've been wasting valuable music biz space rabbiting on about this, you should know that the issue really does affect everyone living here. Musicians I know who are set to tour the States at the time of the election are making arrangements to vote by

proxy. And here at Warners, Derek Taylor has done the most splendidly subtle but heartfelt bit of campaigning. He has produced a batch of wordless buttons in the form of the standard British and European road-sign symbol for "No Right Turn."

Elusive Dreams. How embarrassing. After Telexing myself hoarse last week in praise of the new book of illustrations called *Rock Dreams*, I now discover it is not available in the United States, and, in fact, is not even on sale in England until March 8. Pan, the publishers, have no distribution deal in America, although negotiations are in progress with Popular Library. If you want to beat the rush, hop over the border to Canada, where Pan does have rights.

Guarding Against Filth.

I just heard something so incomprehensibly stupid I'm still spluttering. I told you a while back that a group of Chrysalis artists recorded a segment of *Midnight Special* for American television. Among the songs performed by Steeleye Span was an exquisite thing called "Two Magicians" (a favorite of mine from their forthcoming *Now We Are Six* LP). The song has been axed from the show by some pea-brain because it contains the word maidenhead. Chrysalis think it's pretty funny that a 400-year-old traditional ballad has been censored, but I remain utterly nonplussed that anyone could find this offensive. And yet Lou Reed gets off scot free. Will someone explain to me what this means?

London Office News. Greek Street Sweepings: Des Brown to-

day collected a curious looking award from *Disc* on behalf of Alice Cooper, polled as Top International Group in 1974. Excitement seethes already over the March tour by Van Morrison and the Caledonia Soul Orchestra. The dates would appear to coincide with the release of Van's live LP, coincidentally recorded here his last time around. Speaking of tours, Ralph McTell has sold out all 30 of his dates and has just released an album I can only call heavenly. Pity Burbank dropped him. Butterfingers . . . Friends, do you suffer from Inner Bags? Shannon just got a request for artwork for one of these unpleasant-sounding things, and was last seen wailing with those "Inner Bag Compilation Blues" again. Mama?

— SHELLEY BENOIT

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 two albums.

ALBUMS (February 15)

What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits — The Doobie Brothers — Warner Bros. album W 2750

It's Too Late to Stop Now — Van Morrison — Warner Bros. album 2BS 2760

High on Highway HiFi



Turn down the quad for just a minute, boys and girls, and let the old Doctor tell you about the first auto music system (outside of radios, that is) ever installed as original equipment by a major auto-maker. Chrysler was the company, and the system was called, with alluring alliteration, Highway HiFi.

Highway HiFi, as the name implies, was strictly mono. (Well, Street Stereo just doesn't quite have the same flair). It was mono because they didn't quite have stereo discs perfected yet. It used discs because they didn't quite have tape cartridges perfected yet, and if very many people had gotten involved with trying to thread a reel-to-reel tape deck at 70 miles an hour, a lot of you wouldn't be here to read this today. So Highway HiFi settled on discs, cute little 7-inchers which

Inspirational Verse

I'm standing on the corner
with a bucket in my hand
I'm lookin' for a woman
who ain't got no man

—Ricky Nelson

"My Bucket's Got a Hole
in It"

could be inserted into the machinery just about as easily as a tape cartridge anyway.

Highway HiFi, in fact, was reasonably comparable to today's 8-trackers in convenience. Once inserted, the discs played upwards of 30 minutes *per side* at 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ rpm; each one was therefore the equivalent of two 12-inch LPs timewise. One disc in my collection presents the First Drama Quartette in a reading of Bernard Shaw's *Dan Juan in Hell*; side one of this plays a full 40 minutes, and side two runs 50!

Grand Canyon Scratches

Discs being discs, however, you had to pay for all this convenience with a severe loss of quality, compared to your Home HiFi anyway. Though, under the circumstances, the Highway HiFi discs (recorded and pressed by Columbia) represented an engineering miracle of sorts; in the long run they offered none of the sonic advantages of the disc medium (*vis-a-vis* tape) and all of the disadvantages. In order to get all that content on a side, even at 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ rpm, the grooves had to be much "smaller" (shallower) than on regular records, and much closer together, and the volume level had to be drastically lower. Thus the signal-to-noise ratio was somewhat comparable to that of a 1935 78—when the discs were new. Now imagine the dust, dirt and scratches they picked up on the road! With the grooves as tiny as they were, a casual brush with a pair of sunglasses in the glove compartment could carve something resembling the Grand Canyon upon the record surface. In all my travels through second-

hand America I've yet to find a Highway HiFi disc in listenable condition.

Of course there weren't an awful lot of them made; radio's monopoly on entertainment-on-the-go was virtually unchecked until the arrival of 8-track (and its late sister 4-track) in the 1960s. (I do recall, however, an auto disc player marketed by Sears Roebuck in the early 1960s, which handled, or I should say manhandled, conventional 45-rpm platters. When properly programed, it could be as aphrodisiac as Wolfman Jack on a summer evening, but it was not recommended for use with any records you wanted to have around for a while).

Question for Next Week

Now that we've heard about Highway HiFi, maybe you can tell me when high fidelity started in the first place. Or, to be more specific, when did the term "high fidelity" begin to be regularly used in consumer electronics advertising? (First answer within three weeks wins.)

Adam Faith recorded "It's Alright" and was also instrumental in the development of Leo Sayer's career, says John Mrvos of Des Plaines, Ill. He's right and he was first.

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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