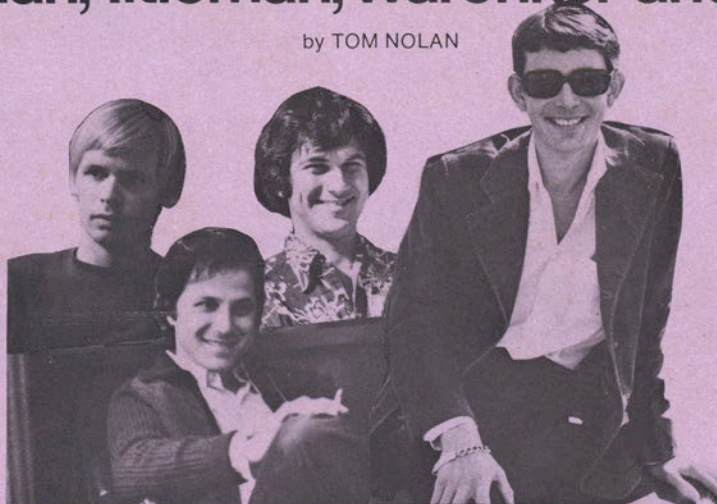


Can a Modern Day Producer Find Happiness in a Record Company's A&R Department? Ask WB's Templeman, Titleman, Waronker and Wickham

by TOM NOLAN



The A&R man*, as exemplified by pioneers like Mitch Miller and John Hammond of Columbia and Jerry Wexler of Atlantic, was once a dominant figure in the record industry. It was the A&R man who found the *Artists* that his company put under contract, helped select the proper *Repertoire* for them to perform and functioned as producer of their records. It was a job a certain kind of music-loving youngster might dream of one day having.

But today, with the advent and fruition of the independent producer, the successful company A&R man is all but extinct. Names like Lieber & Stoller, Phil Spector, Gamble & Huff, Mickey Most, Lou Adler and Richard Perry dominate the recent history of behind-the-scenes record production, yet none is exclusively committed to any large company. The independent producer, has, in fact, generally undermined the strength of the traditional A&R staff—generally, that is, except at Warner Bros. Records.

Warner Bros. is one of the few labels that continues to maintain an active, productive A&R staff. Two dominant factors contribute to its success in an industry that has all but lost the riches that such teams offer: good relations with acts and their managers and an able and loyal staff engineering corps. The WB A&R staff also

regularly produces hits, no small aid to its success.

But the most essential component is the A&R man himself. Warners has four, all also producers to one degree or another, all with different approaches, interests and points of view. And busy schedules. Arranging to see all four men in one fiscal quarter takes persistence and ingenuity.

Let us begin with Andy Wickham, for soon he is going on vacation.

The First Bright Young Man

Andy Wickham is a senior member of Warner's A&R department, having joined the company around the time of Jimi Hendrix' first LP. That was the year each record company had a Bright Young Man, and Andy filled that post as if it had been named for him. Perhaps

it had, since he was much too well-groomed ever to have worn the previous year's soubriquette, Company Freak.

Unmistakably British, he may be the only person in Los Angeles who can say "Chicano" and make it sound fashionably exotic. In spite of or because of his proper origins, his taste runs toward flagrantly American delights that certain natives of the republic might sneer at as being declass . Andy was instrumental in bringing the likes of Jack Elliott, Fats Domino, Van Morrison, Joni Mitchell and the Fugs to Warner Bros., and it was he who produced Goldie Hawn's debut disc, an under-appreciated record and an instant collector's item. He has yet to vinylize Raquel Welch, but listening to his overtures and her reactions is almost as good as

having the product in hand.

Andy is drawn to the humbly exceptional, the mundane arcane, with as much zest as he shuns any manifestation of obvious glitter. He is rarely seen anymore at Doug Weston's world-famous Troubadour; he would much rather meet veteran teevee newsmen Clete Roberts than any rock singer this side of Phil Ochs. His great gift is enthusiasm—the way he can make you see how much finer it is in every respect to forgo the obvious round of rock concerts and folk clubs for evenings spent at LA's country-and-western showcase, the Palomino, where disgruntled truckers are rallied by the likes of Loretta Lynn and the workingman's champion, deejay Corky Mayberry. It is as if he yearns for an older, a better world where show business merged with sex, economics and history in a Grand Ol' Opry of total theater. His knack of discovering citizens of such a world is impressive, and his ability to convey their uniqueness is made more compelling by the implication that everything and everyone of value is being irretrievably assimilated.

Debbie Dawn in Vienna

We meet for lunch at Musso & Frank's Grill, the oldest restaurant in Hollywood and one of the few places, we agree, worthy of our mutual patronage. Over Bass Ale and avocado, Andy speaks of his

*It's an industry quirk that few females have made it into the ranks of successful producers. Anita Kerr, Valerie Simpson and Linda Perry are three exceptions.

A Means Artist; R Means Repertoire

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latest enthusiasms.

"Debby Dawn. She's an 18-year-old country singer. I discovered her performing in a little café in Sonoma, California. Gave her my card. She had to discuss it with her parents. Her father, it developed, was the chief of police. He accompanied her to Burbank, and we made her first single."

"Hands," the uplifting ballad of a massage parlor employe, did well on country stations, but pop playmasters decided the nation as a whole wasn't ready.

"I have high hopes for her new release. Ian Whitcomb and I collaborated on a very complex composition called 'There Goes That Song Again.' It's Donna Fargo meets Johann Strauss."

Andy's other principal project is the Mighty Sparrow, the legendary Granadan/Trinidadian, one of the original singer-songwriters in a genre where music is news, satire and sly protest as well as entertainment.

"We cut his album in Miami, with the help of Van Dyke Parks. It will be his first American release. It's called *Hot & Sweet*, and it consists of 10 of his best-ever numbers. It was the first time he'd recorded in a proper studio; it'd always been a cinema before, or some little place with a three-track.

Better Than Coward

"His arrangements are like a cross between Stan Kenton and some Brazilian big-band. He's really fantastic, the last of the great calypsonians. *The Encyclopedia Brittanica* lists him as one of Trinidad's three natural resources. In person he was great. He came

sweeping in with his bodyguards, wearing this billowing cape. He really *has* that 50s panache. Insisted upon being paid after every number. 'Now I will play for you, for de sum of \$300, one of my very greatest ca-lyp-sos . . .'

"He does this wonderful song, 'English Diplomacy,' with lyrics every bit as good as Noel Coward's. In fact I think they're better than Coward." Andy recites the subtle broadside, pronouncing syllables precisely in the enunciated lilt of the colonialized, savoring the cutting wit of the words. He has done it again—convinced a rapt audience of one that his ardor-of-the-moment is an aesthetic necessity.

I have caught up with him just in time. He is on his way to England for a brief vacation, during which he will savor what rituals and relics are still extant of the Empire he loves. "I need to go back from time to time to someplace where I'm appreciated," he laughs. One isn't sure whether he is referring to a different country or another era.

Modern Day Hobo

Into the "arena" now—the row of modest offices at Warner Bros. where the A&R department alight at infrequent intervals in what seems to be a perpetual maelstrom. The chaos is presided over by a staff including Benita Brazier, Judy Maizel, Trudy Portch and Pat Nichols, who regularly receive well-earned liner credit for album coordinations.

Lenny Waronker, then. Pale yellow sweater. Black patent leather oxfords. Distracted. Hopefully he asks, "Wouldn't you rather do this



Andy Wickham

Photos by Ginny Winn

some other time?"

Lenny is Vice President and Director of A&R, so he's got even more to worry about than incessant studio dates. But he's known for that—worrying. He's been doing it at Warner Bros. since he joined the company in 1966, but continues to rank high on the most-lovable-executive list. He gnaws his thumb and mutters, "I don't know. I just don't know." Sooner or later, one is certain, he will know but even then will feel it unlucky to admit it to himself.

"You have to understand," he is saying, "that the people I work with are highly individualized. It's hard to explain, but besides making a good record and having it sound right, you've got to make that personality . . . pop out. Like with Arlo. There's a definite character there, you can almost see him. This guy by himself, sorta funny, a modern-day hobo . . . screw-up . . . whatever.

"Arlo's albums are probably as colorful as any I've done. I don't have all that much to do with helping him find material. He and John Pilla usually come up with things, usually at the last minute. There's always lots of room for things to happen on the spur of the moment. Cutting Arlo is lots of fun, actually." He mentions fun in a wistful way, as if for him it's an abstract concept.

"With Maria Muldaur it was very obvious. There's a personality in that voice. It's very animated. Depending on what song she does, there's a picture. That's why picking the songs is important. You pick a song first for its quality, then secondly for how well it fits that personality. That's the idea, to get all those elements coming together, working at the same time. Sometimes you succeed, sometimes you don't."

It is suggested that he was surprised at the phenomenal success

of Maria's record. Grudgingly he admits, "Yeah, I was.

"It was a first album. I didn't know what kind of audience she had. I knew there was a loyal *small* audience. I hadn't thought we'd made a particularly commercial album. I guess it was more accessible than I'd thought.

"The second one will as a consequence be easier to approach, because of the success we've had. I know where I'd like to go, the kind of songs we can go after. We'll probably have a similar sort of concept, but we can expand some. Make it better."

Ry's Big Next One

Waronker perks up considerably when asked about Ry Cooder's new nearly-finished album.

"This is Ry's best album yet. At this point, I think that it might be a great album. It's the most commercial album we've ever done with him. His singing is much better and so is his playing. It's closest in feel to his first album, but the arrangements are more interesting. The songs have the best chance yet of getting through to people. It's all a much more personal kind of stuff, even though a lot of it is older material. There are some pop tunes, like 'It's All Over Now.' There's 'Mexican Divorce,' an old Drifters tune that Burt Bacharach wrote, that Ry found, that works. There's a song that Ry adapted and wrote some words to, that's beautiful; it's not titled yet.

"It's the first album that kinda goes out at you. It's very adventurous. It's a different story, this album. There's lots of things going on. We did one thing with Earl

Hines that's incredible. Five and a half minutes. *Incredible!* We did a Josh White song called 'Tamp 'em Up Solid,' with kind of a 50s gospel group singing with him. Then there's a Little Milton tune called 'Aren't You Glad Things Don't Talk,' which has a gospel group on it. Then we have some of the old Sam Cooke Singers on



Lenny Waronker

some of the other tunes. We may even have strings on one track. So it's varied. It's really neat."

The Randy Newman Method

Lenny's father founded Liberty Records, and Waronker grew up with that company, thus gaining an indispensable education in a business he loved from the start. During the final days of the Brill Building dynasty, Lenny urged his best friend from boyhood to put

"I discovered Debbie Dawn in a little café in Sonora, California. Gave her my card. She had to discuss it with her parents. Her father, it developed, was the chief of police."—Andy Wickham

his musical aptitude to work writing rock & roll songs. Eventually Randy Newman got the hang of it.

Feeling myself on firm ground, I make the mistake of asking about Randy's progress towards another LP. (I had earlier heard Lenny through the wall, laughing at some rough tapes of the latest Newman compositions.) Slowly Lenny

write. It just builds up inside of him. I can try and make him feel guilty or something, but . . . it doesn't really help. When he's ready, it comes out.

"He has seven new songs. Which is good enough to start with. In Randy's case you just have to start, and hope there'll be new things coming out once you've begun."

All About Russ

Russ Titelman is self-effacing, and wary of a stranger poking around with no apparent purpose. He wears polished brown oxfords and projects an air of not being at all sure how he got where he is or how long it all may last. At the sight of a tape recorder he asserts, "I have nothing to say." When the machine is unplugged his relief is visible.

Russ minimizes his pre-WB activities as so much squandered time, although they include perfectly respectable session work and a composing stint with Gerry Goffin.

"We saw *Hard Day's Night* and immediately went home and wrote a song. It was 'Yes I Will,' a hit in England for the Hollies." Titelman shrugs amiably, as if anything from those younger years was predestined to obscurity. "Let's see, what then . . . I wrote 'Gone Dead Train' with Jack Nitzsche for the movie *Performance*. I brought Little Feat to this label, and produced their first album."

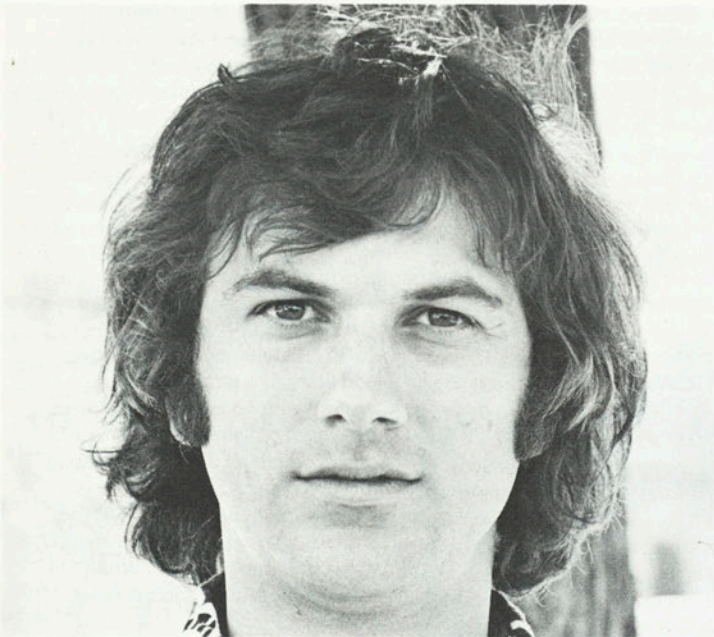
It was during the *Performance* scoring that Russ met Randy Newman. He has since co-produced two Newman discs, *Randy Newman Live* and *Sail Away*. Other credits include a Gene

subsides into a state of reflection that is close to melancholy.

"Randy's a different case altogether. We really haven't done enough to know much about the new project. He hasn't written enough, not in terms of songs, but in arrangements. But when he does get it together, and it works . . . that's it. For instance, the track 'Sail Away.'

"But you don't get Randy to

The Doobie Brothers, Van Morrison, Randy Newman, Arlo Guthrie, Ry Cooder and Maria Muldaur Are All Produced 'In House'



Russ Titelman

Continued from page 3
Parsons LP and several interesting singles.

"You don't have to mention the Dion project at all," Russ laughs. He makes a game of casting about for memory of something, anything else he's worked on, as if his self-image of the fortunate amateur is not cheerfully at odds with the truth. It's obvious Titelman is more at ease when the subject is music proper.

Breaking Bobby King

"Here, let me play something for you," he says, whipping a single from the shelf behind him and centering it on a turntable. "This is a guy named Bobby King, a fantastic singer. He played the preacher in *Don't Bother Me, I Cant Cope*. I've cut two singles with him." The side he plays is a

fine version of the Gram Parsons tune "She". Russ eagerly lifts the needle to his favorite section.

"Listen, listen to this." The female backing chorus swells and mingles with a throbbing string arpeggio. "Yeah! That made the whole session worthwhile! Well," he says, turning the volume down, thinking his visitor might be bored, "it goes on."

He then plays the flip, a remake of Bobby Womack's "Looking for a Love" which was upstaged by Womack's unexpected reissue of his own oldie. "That's Ry Cooder doing that funny piano thing. Ry coproduced and played guitar. Milt Holland did percussion.

"I'm going to cut Bobby again soon. But I have to watch the budget from now on when I'm making singles. There's always a tendency

to spend more on a single.

"Well . . . what else you want to know? Ask me some questions. I don't know what to say. Do I like my work? Oh, yeah!"

"Current projects? Larry Graham and I coproduced Larry's album, *Graham Central Station*. Have you heard it? Oh, he's a wonderful musician, a great bass player, fantastic sound, plays incredible lines, you think they've been overdubbed three times. You should hear that record.

"What else? I'm finishing up Ry's new album with Lenny. It's tremendous.

"Oh yes, we're supposed to start recording Randy next month. But he hasn't done the arrangements yet. I don't know what we're gonna do. I just don't know."

But his heart doesn't seem to be behind any such dire sentiment. Seeing the "interview" is over, he feels free to beam once more.

"Where you going now, you gonna go see Teddy? Well, don't believe a word he tells you."

Definitive Executive Footwear

Ted Templeman's office is uncommonly tidy, and Ted Templeman's manner is nicely brisk and businesslike, softened by a latent funkiness. Inside the stiff collar of his starched white shirt a homey laundry stencil is visible, and the executive's footgear is U.S. Keds.

Templeman is a former Warner Bros. artist, having been the lead singer in Harper's Bizarre. He was cozened into producing by Lenny Waronker and now supervises the recording of an alarming number of singers and groups. Recently

released: Chunky, Novi and Ernie (coproduced with John Cale), and Montrose (exploding in France). Just issued: Van Morrison's live LP *It's Too Late to Stop Now* and the latest from the Doobie Brothers. Templeman is adding final polish to the long-awaited Lorraine Ellison album and already has begun some new things with the Doobies.

In spite of the pressures of such a workload, Templeman manages to take as much time as he feels necessary to bring out the best in each artist. (Lorraine Ellison's album, for instance, has been two years in the making.) I wondered how the task of coaxing excellence varied from one assignment to the next.

Doin' the Doobies

"Well, it all depends. The emphasis with a self-contained unit like the Doobie Brothers is on working out the arrangements beforehand, then capturing the right performance.

"The Doobie Brothers are great to work with. They are superior musicians. They play like studio guys in the studio; on top of that, they're a band, so you feel that, more than with most bands. A lot of bands can really kick ass on-stage, but when you get 'em in the studio they seldom really click.

"When you get a bass player who plays as if he has a meter in front of him . . . that's very rare. Or a drummer who can play as well as Jimmy Gordon. Or those two guys on their guitars, who are really good guitarists, both acoustically and on those rhythm things. Tommy, who is the lead singer and writer, is a great lead

"Gerry Goffin and I saw *Hard Day's Night* and immediately went home and wrote a song. It was 'Yes I Will,' a hit in England for the Hollies."
—Russ Titelman

player as well.

"They're all incredibly courteous. They know when they can't be objective, and they have the ability to stand back and say, what do you think, could the chorus be different?"

"The best way to do it with the Doobie Brothers is to work up your tunes, then listen to 'em. They may not be in quite the right form. Cut your tracks, then rethink what you're doing. They may lay down the initial vocals, put 'em on cassettes which they'll take away and listen to. Then we'll talk over what might be better. Maybe we'll have to cut something once again; maybe we'll have to edit.

"They're quick in the studio because they're so efficient. It's the thinking spaces that take the time. If we just sat down with them we could make a hell of a fast album. But the difference between a good album and one that's really special is that time where everyone can evaluate."

Van the Man

With Van Morrison, Templeman says, the producer's concerns are totally different.

"Van rethinks and rethinks and rethinks, but once you get the initial performance down, that's it. He does the vocals live, and you either use it or you don't, you know what I mean?"

"The thing that takes time with him is, it's hard to get a group of musicians together that Van can work with as a cohesive unit. People don't have a tendency to stick with him; he's a demanding little guy. Rightfully so. If I could sing like that, I'd want all those guys perfect too, you know?"

"Plus, his music changes, and then he requires a different kind of a feel. The drummer on *Moon-dance* would not necessarily be the right choice for *Tupelo Honey*. Getting a group together whose dynamics fit his dynamics of the moment takes some time.

"You have a process of elimination with sessions. There are a lot of throwaways. He has a version of a song called 'I Shall Sing' that's wonderful. He never would release it. He thought it was mariachi shit or something.

"Personally, I think Van can do no wrong. I think you could just shove the mike over to him when he woke up in bed in the morning, and he'd sing perfectly. He's just a great, great talent.

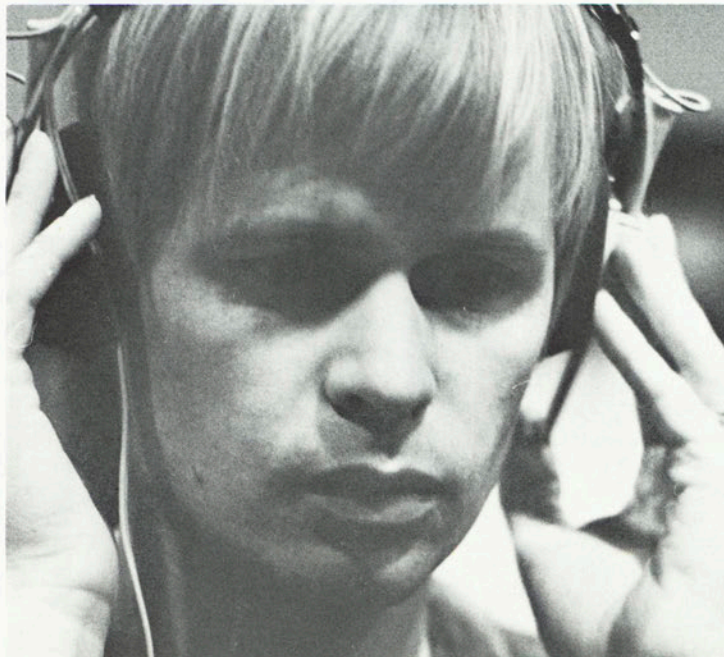
"Lorraine Ellison and Van are on the same level, for me. I think she's

one of the best singers around.

"The project with Lorraine began with Van and I coproducing, but then Van got involved with his own work on the road and drifted away from it.

"Lorraine is in a unique situation. She's not a soul singer, she's not a gospel singer, she's not a pop singer. She's not an R&B type. *Stay With Me* almost defies comparison. So it took a while to find the right directions for her. Sometimes it involved great big huge orchestras recorded on a 24-track, and that takes time to get together.

"The interesting problem was the material. I knew Lorraine had written some really fine songs. But when we started cutting, she didn't have anything that sounded worthwhile. So we had to pick tunes.



Ted Templeman

"She came out with her husband, and they stayed out here, and we layed down some things, and it was . . . so so.

"Then she went home and tried to write, and couldn't come up with anything. So I said, well, come out again, but if you come out, come alone.

"She came out. I said, play me anything you've got, gospel tunes, just anything. She played me a great, great gospel tune. So we cut that.

"Then I said, well, we're not workin' for three or four days now; which was just jive. (I hope she doesn't read this.) So she went back to the hotel, and I'd said just try and write some stuff. She had no one to hang out with. Her mind was in a singular thought pattern, and she came up with some *great* songs, one of them a potential single."

'To Make Them Successful'

Whatever variations in approach are necessary in dealing with individual artists, Ted has a unifying point of view which he applies to all his work.

"Your job is to make them successful. But to sustain success might not mean making hit singles. It might mean simply furthering their career, giving them something to build on, making them extend themselves, even if it won't be accepted right away, even if it means you won't be the most popular guy with every member of the group.

"Here's what you gotta go for: Legit songs; and something you know will get them respect. Respect from other musicians, and respect from the public."

Trippin' With the Doobies in the 'Superstar Cruiser'

ENGLAND—The tour bus was one of those roomy deluxe numbers, with tiny fake Victorian lamps perched on the tables between the seats; two refrigerators stocked from A to T (ale to tequila); and even a flashy, well-lighted "Superstar Cruiser" emblazoned across its front and sides.

The Doobie Brothers were on the road in England, the last stop on their four-country European tour, and even with the curtains snugly drawn against the cold and the 8-track blasting out Chicago, the mood inside the bus was pretty grim: superstar or no, it's pretty hard to make the five-hour journey from Leeds to London without a bathroom on board. Or any other appropriate European pot, for that matter.

Even if your London hotel still carries on in traditional heated-towel-rack tradition, and despite what you may read in *Tiger Beat*, the occupants of your average popstar scenicruiser have their problems too. The Doobies had set foot in the cabin of exotic Air India's flight to London faced with an amazing lack of pre-history: no hit singles in Europe, no previous tours, no really sensationalist press (John Hartman dyed his platinum hair back to burnished brunette for the occasion and no one even noticed)—yet sold-out gigs in every town they played!

'Late 60s Freaks'

To be entirely truthful (and would we ever try anything else, especially so close to tax time?), the band had had good airplay and reactions to "Long Train Running," and had even charted on Holland's pirate Radio Veronica

with "China Grove." But most of the other side of the Atlantic was still virgin—London, Luxembourg and Lourdes included. Even though Tom Johnston offered a succinct answer everytime he was asked about the advance success (the gist being "Who knows?" or "Who knows, man?"—for who knew?), the reasons for the overwhelming turnouts were hard to figure—and often nervewracking to live up to. There were four countries to win over on this tour in the time usually reserved for the trip from Fresno down to Anaheim.

That could faze even a bunch of "late-60s freaks" (as the London press quickly dubbed them) who had never set foot on foreign crust before. (Except for drummer Keith Knudsen, who had toured with Lee Michaels and so knew where to find all those trendy velvet suits the minute the band hit Kensington Market. "Forget Mr. Freedom," advises Keith.)

But the crowds soon laid to rest any media-exaggerated reports of crises, whether of petrol or applause. They were up and off their collective arses after five numbers everywhere, even in such notorious hotbeds of popstar apathy as Southampton, England.

No one knows how many bands regularly schedule the Southampton circuit; even Mick Coles, United Kingdom artist liaison extraordinaire, couldn't name an even handful. It's one of your basic Industrial Revolution leftovers, with miles of once-picturesque shoreline ripped by rows of sleazy docks, and rows of sleazy pubs ripped up by the sailors who regularly drown their sorrows on leave. But any band

that opens with a sure-fire encore (in this case, "Listen to the Music") is out to prove that it's slugged a few pints in its day too. By the time of the actual encore ("China Grove"), the audience was up to its necks in billowing dry-ice smoke—and determined to keep on steaming for at least 45 minutes more.

Cotswals Investment

Southampton, then, was a perfect advance for the rilly big shew (Ed Sullivan where are you now?): London's Rainbow Theatre. Scene of numerous *Melody Maker* scoops, *Rolling Stone* reprints of *Melody Maker* scoops and historic superstar jams, the Rainbow holds for many American bands the same kind of mystique attached to La Scala by Maria Callas.

Even though Pat Simmons broke off a short dissertation on the yogurt-producing capacities of his five goats to coolly protest that the Rainbow was "just another gig, only another gig," Tiran Porter broke under the strain and actually bought something in one of those trendy places he wouldn't be caught dead in at home.

John Hartman wiled away the jitters by poking into the bodies of old Silver Clouds (Rolls Royces, not the reigning London groupies) with manager Bruce Cohen, looking for "investment possibilities" (although it later became apparent that Bruce actually had his investment possibilities set on a castle in the Cotswals, complete with ghosties, ghoulies, bumps in the night etc.).

Shortly before the sound check, Keith and Tom left the safe confines of the hotel long enough to

go change money across the street. They ended up spread-eagled against a wall, frisked and freaked by a Bobbie on a "late 60s" trip of his own.

Dressed as a Rear Seat

So it was with mixed emotions that the band met the ovation greeting their first appearance on the venerable olde Rainbow stage. The next 90 minutes presented a band well up to the challenge, however, both in all their better-known numbers and the many new selections from the just-released album, *What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits*. A spectacular "Without You," complete with smoke, lighting explosions and prismatic rainbow, "brought the audience to its feet gasping" (as *NME* reported the following week) and kept them that way—even though English audiences are notorious for their listening and not their boogieing.

This madness carried over to the next night's performance, at traditionally staid Oxford Polytechnic University. The smoke machine went a bit "round the bend" (as those Oxfordites say), leaving everyone coughing, hacking, wringing wet and too revved up to mind. Three Man Army, the opener, joined the Doobies onstage for an encore jam that probably still has those hallowed halls ringing.

By this time the band were into full English swing, the braver ones (who shall here remain nameless) even having a coach-decorating go with Biba's blood-red lipstick on the train ride, Saturday afternoon, to Leeds University. The disgruntled football fans who had gone up earlier in the day for a championship match that ended

up in a draw failed to see the humor. But numerous security guards, accompanied by German Shepherd killer dogs (a usual precaution for post-football crowds in Leeds) got the band through relatively unscathed, with only Pat's wolfskin coat appearing slightly the worse for wear.

Clockwork Concert

The Doobie Brothers "Live at Leeds" presented an almost unparalleled set to a nearly unparalleled audience. Here, the locals knew *all* the songs to yell for—and the names of the band members to boot!

By the time of the final performance at the Rainbow, the word, or the vibes, had obviously spread, for the audience was well primed for a good time. I'm pleased to report that they got just what they wanted, maybe what they needed—everything worked like proverbial clockwork, including the film crew who got most of the spectacular numbers preserved for posterity.

I guess success, like those nameless vices mentioned in the new album title, had become a habit as well. When the Doobie Brothers return to Europe, as they plan to sometime next fall, it will be with a solid history to back them up. "Listen to the Music," re-released in Britain, is firmly charted already and still climbing; "Natural Thing," released as a tour-backup single in Holland, charted within two weeks of the tour there; and *The Captain and Me* is well on its way to going Common Market Gold.

Next time I bet they even get a bus with a bathroom.

— ANN MARIE MICKLO



Pump Lines Tie Ruby in Knots

What the World Needs Now Is a Fuel Injection.

For weeks now the radio, the TV and occasional visitors from the East Coast have been telling Californians how much worse the gasoline shortage "is" back there. That "is" now reads "was" because it's hit us hard at last. In fact, this column almost didn't make its dreaded deadline because I sat behind a 1929 Rolls Royce, three Maseratis and a Bentley (Hollywood is famous for bizarre and expensive cars) for nearly an hour on Sunset Strip waiting for 10 gallons. Hah! Ten gallons fills *my* tank, but you shoulda seen the guy with the Bentley. An interesting article in a recent issue of *Record World* pointed up lost record sales due to the "Sorry! Temporarily Out of Gas" sign hanging out at 90% of the nation's service stations. Apparently, shopping patterns of the population have altered greatly. Everyone is buying at one-stop shopping centers instead of marketing at small specialty stores scattered throughout the country's burghs. What this means is that independent free-standing record stores are seeing fewer and fewer customers, while large chain diskeries located in shopping centers tend to get all the business. Meanwhile, even the chains are having their share of problems. Store workers are often late or don't show up at all. Delivery vehicles are almost at a standstill since they tend to use more gas than cars. Imagine trying to buy an album in Amsterdam, where gasoline is selling for around \$3.00 a gallon.

A Real Good Idea From Hubert Humphrey. HHH is in

the process of urging Congress to open up the House of Representatives and the Senate for nationwide radio and TV coverage. His point, and it's a good one, is "Congress casts a blurred and confusing image for the men on the street and we are regularly made victim to upstaging by the President." Humphrey also advocates televising activities of Congressional committees and subcommittees. In conclusion he said, "Such broadcasts could perform a truly informative role. The considerable cost of establishing this should be weighed against the price we now pay for public ignorance." I'd sure like to know what they're doing in Congress, wouldn't you?

Job Opportunities in the Promotion Department

WB's fast-moving, hard-grooving promo men must be staying up late at night thinking these up. To call public attention to the already-huge-in-England Leo Sayer, San Francisco's man, Bob Galliani, is renting an Amusement Park in which he will plunk fire eaters and jugglers, which are yet to be hired. In Seattle, Russ Palmer's paying children to dress up in clown outfits and give away Leo Sayer buttons in record stores. Atlanta's own Dan Davenport's currently looking for Go-Go girls to dress as devils and dance for Cozy Powell's debut 45, "Dance With the Devil." Murray Nagel's searching high and low in Los Angeles for a Todd Rundgren look-alike. This contest is running at Tower Records (a huge chain *not* suffering from the gas paucity) and radio station KLOS. Dye your hair



The new Fanny. They'll show theirs when Hugh Hefner shows his.

red, green and blue and give these guys a call.

Ruby's Run-Ons

Rock & roll sure 'nuff makes strange bedfellows. **Chrysalis**, which is not only a record label but a music publishing company and a booking agency (over in London, that is), has just jelled **Bob Hope** for several English personal appearances and BBC-TV spotlights in May. **Playboy Magazine** recently barked up the wrong bush when they called on **Fanny** to expose themselves. "We'll pose nude when **Hugh Hefner** poses for the centerfold with a

hard-on," said **Jean Millington**. Speaking of Fanny, their omnipresent manager, **Roy Silver**, reports that the recent Handball Tournament sponsored by Olympia Beer was such a success *everyone's* lining up to fund the next one. Apparently Roy was the star at this Encino, Calif., tourney. **Gregg Allman's** tour, sparked by the huge success of his solo 33 1/3, *Laid Back*, is definitely off and running. Starting March 16 in North Carolina, Gregg and group will rock in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Cleveland, Detroit and wind up in Chi-

The Record Biz Contains at Least One Human

cago April 23. Opening act will be **Cowboy**, another best-loved band from Macon. Their new album (on Capricorn, of course), *Boyer & Talton*, will be released at the end of March, so watch for it (that is, if you have enough gas to get to a record store). ● Boy oh boy is **Frank Sinatra** making money for Variety Clubs International. His forthcoming concert tour mentioned last week kicks off at Carnegie Hall (NYC). All the "choice" seats have been sold including top boxers costing \$1,000 per. ● Sorry to see you go, **Artie Wayne**. Artie, a celebrity at WB Music Publishing Co. for many years, is off to another pasture as of this week. He'll be heading up **A&M Records'** publishing company from now on. ● Ladies love flowers, especially around Valentine's Day. **Head of International Bits and Pieces Tom Ruffino** gave Ruby this exclusive. Apparently switchboards at every radio station in Toronto, Canada, ceased operation for at least five minutes February 14 while **Warner/Elektra/Atlantic's National Promotion Director Larry Green** and his boys hopping with roses for these oft-neglected but well-appreciated telly operators. Another exclusive from Can: ● is that the public there (no doubt agitated by **Women's Libbers** and the **Anti-Over-Population crowd**) is demanding equal time on radio stations to speak out on abortion. Seems they've decided **Seals & Crofts'** current single, "Unborn Child," only presents one side of the story. ● Newest member of the Capricorn fold, **Elvin Bishop**, begins recording March 10 in Macon. **Dicky Betts** will lend

Two weeks ago, *Circular* noted that the just-concluded Acapulco promotion convention had honored Ed Kalicka as Promotion Man of the Year.

No sooner did this news hit the Washington, D.C./Baltimore area, Kalicka's stomping ground, than *Circular's* Washington Correspondent, Gordon Fletcher, volunteered to flesh out the announcement with some background on his favorite promotion man.

Fletcher's report follows.

At the age of 46, Ed Kalicka outshines the field in an area of the music business generally dominated by hotshots half his age. He has managed to separate the "promo" from the "man" and approaches his labors with a measure of humanity rare in the biz of tapes and vinyl.

I know of no one in his Washington-Baltimore territory who won't break into a smile at the

talent along with Macon studio masters **Charlie Daniels** and **Toy Caldwell**. **Johnny Sandlin**, who else?, will produce. Pictured herein is Elvin and Dicky. ● Saving the bad news for last is my forte and here's one that's almost too hot to handle. *Billboard* recently ran an article stating, in essence, that handling vinyl chloride can give you cancer. It's a rare form of the disease, of course, called angiosarcoma. That's fatal cancer of the liver for those of you without medical dictionaries on hand. Seven cases have been discovered so far, one at a Union Carbide plant and six at B. F. Goodrich Chemical Company in Kentucky. All I can say is better wash your hands after you shut off that stereo. ●

mention of "Kalicka," "Kaleek," "Ed the Head" or any of his multitude of monickers. The pony-tail and the battered old Grateful Dead baseball cap have become an institution in the Capital area, an institution synonymous with warmth, friendship and a complete lack of bullshit.

Endorsements from the man's record contacts are truly staggering. Perhaps listing a few of them here will better accomplish the task I seem to be so ignominiously stumbling over:

"I've never met a promo man who was so adept at getting a record playing without resorting to hype," says assistant promoter Mike Oberman, himself a veteran of the WEA wars.

"It's always a gas to do business or pleasure with Ed," chimes in critic Jeff Menick.

Scribe David Logan claims that "Kalicka is by far the most impres-

sive man in the area," and popular DJ Damien Einstein figures that "I've just never met anyone like him."

Nor have I ever met anyone like him. I've never met anyone who'd give up his day off to transport you to some faraway concert, then hang around for two hours to make sure that you made the proper connections. And I've never met anyone who'd stay cool when one of his hosts nodded off from lack of sleep after inviting him out to dinner.

I've never known someone like that, that is, until I met Ed Kalicka, and, like the rest of my music biz comrades here in Washington, I feel honored just being associated with him. He's truly one in a million, and all us folks here would just like to take this opportunity to congratulate him in print. And let the world know that he's truly somebody special.



Elvin Bishop (left) and Richard Betts examining something that looks like the neck of a guitar without strings or frets.

Goin' Back to Houston, Houston, Houston

Badfinger

3/4 Cleveland
3/5 Toledo
3/6 Columbus
3/8 Vancouver
3/9 Edmonton
3/10 Calgary
3/12 Winnipeg
3/13 Parsippany, New Jersey
3/14 Greenville, Pennsylvania
3/15 Lansdale, Pennsylvania
3/16 Port Chester, New York
3/17 Dover
3/20-24 Atlanta
4/5 Chicago
4/6 St. Louis

Elvin Bishop

3/7-9 Atlanta

Tim Buckley

3/4 Twin Falls, Idaho

Deep Purple

3/4 Detroit
3/5 Buffalo
3/6 Pittsburgh
3/8 Washington, D.C.
3/9 Fayetteville, North Carolina
3/10 Charlotte
3/11 Atlanta
3/13 New York City
3/14 New Haven
3/15 Philadelphia
3/17 Hempstead, Long Island
3/18 Syracuse
3/19 Boston
3/20 Providence
3/22 Dayton
3/23 Madison
3/24-25 Chicago
3/28 El Paso
3/30 Ft. Worth
3/31 Amarillo
4/2 Albuquerque
4/3-4 Denver
4/6 Ontario
4/7 Phoenix
4/9 San Diego
4/10 Tucson

Doobie Brothers

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
3/27 El Paso
3/28 Amarillo
3/29 Hayes, Kansas
3/30 Kansas City, Kansas
3/21 Manhattan, Kansas

Foghat

3/6 Pensacola, Florida
3/7 Laurel, Mississippi
3/8 Birmingham
3/9 Lafayette, Louisiana
3/10 New Orleans
3/13 Charleston

3/14 Knoxville
3/15 Roanoke
3/16 New York City
3/18 St. Paul
3/19-20 Chicago
3/22 Washington, D.C.
3/23 Philadelphia
3/24 Pittsburgh
3/27 Atlanta
3/30 Miami

Graham Central Station

3/5 Ogden
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

Grinderswitch

3/15-17 Charlotte, North Carolina

Arlo Guthrie

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

Hydra

3/10 Atlanta
3/23 Birmingham
3/24-25 Raleigh
3/26 Chapel Hill, North Carolina
3/27 Greensboro, North Carolina
3/28-29 Greenville, North Carolina
3/30 Cheraw, South Carolina

Gordon Lightfoot

3/15 Miami
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

3/6 New Rochelle, New York
3/8 Plymouth, Massachusetts
3/10 Medford, Massachusetts

Montrose

3/4 Chattanooga
3/6 Hempstead, 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

3/15 New York City
3/16 Passaic
3/21-4/8 Europe

5/8 College Park, Maryland
5/12 Bridgewater, Massachusetts
5/16 Kent, Ohio
5/17 Toledo
5/19 University Park, Pennsylvania

Maria Muldaur

3/5 Detroit
3/6 Valparaiso, Indiana
3/8-9 Chicago
3/22 Vancouver
3/23 Seattle
3/24 Portland

Martin Mull

3/9 Rochester

Top Ten

Warner Bros. Sales Figures
for Week of February 18-24

1. **Seals & Crofts/**
Unborn Child
(W/L8W/L5W 2761)
2. **Deep Purple/***Burn*
(W/L8W/L5W 2766)
3. **Marshall Tucker/**
A New Life
(CP/M8/M5 0124)
4. **Grateful Dead—**
The Best Of (Skeletons
From the Closet)
(W/L8W/L5W 2764)
5. **Todd Rundgren/Todd**
(2BR/K8/K5 6952)
6. **Slade/***Stomp Your Hands,*
Clap Your Feet
(BS/M8/M5 2770)
7. **Badfinger**
(BS/M8/M5 2762)
8. **Doobie Brothers/**
What Were Once Vices
Are Now Habits
(W/L8W/L5W 2750)
9. **Malo/***Ascención*
(BS/M8/M5 2769)
10. **Black Sabbath/**
Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath
(BS/M8/M5 2695)

3/24 Detroit
3/26-30 Philadelphia
4/1-6 Cambridge
4/13 Norfolk
4/21 Pittsburgh

Ted Nugent and the Amboy Dukes

3/8 Joplin
3/15 Wichita
3/20 Manhattan, Kansas
3/22-23 Milwaukee
3/29 Louisville
3/30 St. Louis
4/4 Grand Rapids
4/5 Detroit
4/6 Toledo
4/7 Jackson, Michigan
4/8 Cleveland
4/9 Columbus
4/10 Pensacola, Florida
4/12 Miami
4/13 West Palm Beach
4/14 Sarasota
4/17-20 Atlanta
4/26 Washington, D.C.

Leo Sayer

3/5-10 Atlanta
3/11-16 Washington, D.C.
3/18-23 Boston
3/27-30 Philadelphia
4/3 Hempstead, Long Island
4/4 Providence
4/5 New Haven
4/6, 10-15 New York City
4/16 Chicago
4/17 Columbus
4/18 Cincinnati
4/19 Cleveland
4/20 Buffalo

Seals & Crofts

3/5 Boston
3/7 Syracuse
3/8 Binghamton, New York
3/9 Rochester
3/10 Utica, New York
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
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, North Carolina
5/10 Columbia, South Carolina
5/12 Miami Beach
5/16 Mobile
5/17 Atlanta
5/19 St. Peterburg

How the Record Business Voted

Livingston Taylor

3/7 Scarsdale, New York
3/13 Farmingdale, New York
3/16 Wakefield, Massachusetts
3/23 Concord, Massachusetts
4/5 Nutley, New Jersey
4/6 Centenary, New Jersey

Marshall Tucker Band

3/5 Pittsburgh
3/8 New York City
3/10 Providence
3/11 Syracuse
3/12 Potsdam, New York
3/13 Rochester
3/14 Binghamton, New York
3/15 Passaic
3/16 Boston
3/17 Bangor, Maine
3/21 Pottsville, Pennsylvania
3/23 Toledo
3/24 Flint
3/26 Evansville, Indiana
3/27 Indianapolis
3/28 Columbus
3/29 Grand Rapids
3/30 Madison

Dionne Warwick

3/4-5 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

Kitty Wells

3/4 Christiana, Delaware
3/5 Arlington, Virginia
3/7 Trenton, New Jersey
3/8 Allentown, Pennsylvania
3/15 Ayer, Massachusetts
3/16 Esckoeag, Rhode Island
3/17 Windsor, Vermont
3/18 Nattapofette, Massachusetts
3/21 Dayton
3/22 Toronto
3/24 St. Catharines, Ontario
3/30 Platteville, Wisconsin
3/31 Meguanee, Michigan

Wet Willie

3/9 Lafayette, Louisiana
3/11 Carrolltown, Georgia
3/20 Jacksonville, Alabama
3/22 Charleston
3/28 Statesboro, Georgia

Frank Zappa/ the Mothers of Invention

3/5 Dallas
3/8 Kansas City
3/9 Oklahoma City
3/10 Houston
3/14 Vancouver
3/15 Seattle
3/16 Portland
3/18 Salt Lake City
3/19 Boise
3/21 Colorado Springs
3/23 Denver

LONDON—By the time you read this, the election will be over and the TV will shut down early again. For the weeks just prior to the voting the stations broadcast to their old, pre-crisis shutdown times, so as to accommodate endless political speechifying. Many people felt there was no point in calling an election at this time, but, once it was with us, it proved to be short, sharp, dynamic and exceptionally pervasive. Everyone I know is voting. Except your hapless alien correspondent. I asked a couple of my spies in selected record companies to generalize about how they felt "the biz" would vote. I got all three answers, but the preponderance was Liberal-leaning-toward-Labor. It is surmised that execs may "vote for their money" and back the incumbent Tories, that musicians may favor Labor, and that press and creative persons may relate to the literate, underdog Liberals.

The Steeleye Span Darts Classic. No matter how the voting goes, all three party leaders will feel the sting when the long-awaited Steeleye Span Darts Classic takes place, as the faces of Heath, Wilson and Thorpe will be superimposed on the dart board. The tournament will take place in a pub called coincidentally, The Tournament. Rallying to the challenge will be eight teams from press, radio and record companies, plus the cocky hosts, Ste. Eleye choir. Those doing battle with the arrows include the Gutterpress Poseurs (from *NME*), the MM Reds (from *Melody Maker*), the Spottlits (from *Sounds*), the Hammersmith Flyovers (from *Island*), the Butterfly Boys (from

Chrysalis), the 247 Music Makers (from *Radio 1*), Two's Company (from *Radio 2*), the 208 Hotshots (from *Radio Luxembourg*), and, hopefully, nobody else. The glittering trophies are waiting to be carried off.

Chrysalis Convenes at Great Fosters. Actually, the Butterfly Boys have a heavy week ahead. Much tearing of hair and scribbling of essays in preparation for the second annual Chrysalis convention. The three-day bash will be held in a most ancient hostelry—the 400-year-old Great Fosters in Egham (sort of near Heathrow). The joint comes with original minstrel galleries still intact, although attending Chrysalis players will be dissuaded from turning their knobs too far up. There is legitimate concern that the hoary edifice could literally collapse from an excess of good vibrations. Ron Saul, Russ Thyret, Derek Sutton and Mike Papali are expected to represent the colonies. They should take care not to lose their heads as did that former resident of Great Fosters, Ann Boleyn. The primary purpose of this tasty junket is the presentation of new product, using all forms of media known to man and possibly a few known to woman. Chrysalis have invited representatives from their many foreign territories—Europe and points as far east as Australia and New Zealand. There could be about 100 on the busiest day. Sporting high-light will be a football match—Chrysalis vs. the world (an assortment of their licensees). A string quartet will perform a medley of Chrysalis hits, and three new signings—Bridget St. John, Brian

Protheroe and Rinky Dink, the Chrystal Set—will be introduced. Further "surprise entertainment" has been promised, guaranteed to upstage the strippers and magicians who kept things light at last year's convention.

Regal Reading. Warners Greek Street now features copies of *Circ* in the loo. I don't know whether this is for our spontaneous edification—or a response to the terrible TP shortage.

—SHELLEY BENOIT

Vinyl Statistics

Circular is pleased to present a running account of newborn Warner Family Records. The past week has given birth to five singles, no known albums.

SINGLES (February 27)

- "Sugar Is Sweeter"/
"Forever's Only Been a Day"—Toni Wine—Warner Bros. single WB 7755
- "Saturday Night"/"Valley"—
Jamestown Massacre—
Warner Bros. single
WB 7787
- "A Dream Goes on Forever"/
"Heavy Metal Kids"—Todd
Rundgren—Bearsville
single BSV 0020
- "What Am I Gonna Do"/
"What Shall I Do"—Gloria
Scott—Casablanca single
NEB 0005
- "In and Out of Love"/"What
Did You Do in the Revolution
Dad?"—Keith—
DiscReet single DIS 1193

'New Orthophonic High Fidelity'

Record companies have rarely been at a loss for slogans to extol the sonic virtues of their platters, on their labels and elsewhere. Through the first decade of this century, endorsements from world's fairs and the like were the rule (for years every Victor label crowded, "Awarded First Prize at Buffalo, St. Louis and Portland Expositions"). The advent of electrical recording in 1925 inspired a whole new crop, exemplified by Columbia's "Viva-Tonal Recording." In the mid-1930s, as we saw last week, ad copy writers had a heyday with "high fidelity." Surprisingly, however, this magic phrase was not used on any actual record labels at that time (except for a few special demonstration discs which were not offered for sale).

Neo Ortho

Perhaps Depression-era customers just weren't ready for such high-toned slogans. Things were rather different in the 1950s, however, as the magic phrase was brought back for a revival that dwarfed its earlier vogue. In the early spring of 1954, RCA Victor Records proclaimed with deafening fanfare that all its new re-

leases were being recorded in "New Orthophonic High Fidelity." This slogan appeared not only in ads but on labels as well, the latter having been redesigned in Technicolor for the occasion. Consumers were led to believe that RCA had retooled its factory from guggle to zatch.

RCA was honest enough to eliminate the slogan from new pressings of records released prior to 1954. Rock & roll collectors will note, however, that RCA did not bother to delete the phrase from its 1955 reissues of "That's All Right" and other sides originally recorded by the fledgling Elvis Presley for Sun Records, on equipment that was a little short of High Fidelity and certainly not New Orthophonic.

But what *is* "New Orthophonic"? The prefix "ortho" means simply "correct." "New Orthophonic" therefore merely means "new correct sound," which can be any kind of sound you want it to be (except maybe pseudo-stereo). And what, you may ask, is "old" Orthophonic? Well, *that* slogan (without the "old" of course) appeared on Victor labels from the end of 1925 until 1934, and indicated that the records were recorded electrically instead of by the earlier shoutin'-down-the-horn method. However, when used on a *phonograph*, Orthophonic didn't necessarily mean electric at all: the trademark was freely used throughout the same period herald what was no more than a somewhat improved version of Victor's old reliable crank-record Victrola. So Orthophonic, like old, like high fidelity, is just what you make it.

Question for Next Week

Be advised that I shall return to the history of sound and its slogans at a future date. (How come there are so many more slogans about sound than about music?) Now, however, we venture into 1968, a year which record buyers had presumably come to assume that all records were magnificently recorded, and most companies found it no longer necessary to say so on the labels. In that year Warner Bros./Seven Arts Records (remember?) issued an album of original songs by an English acoustic duo. The album sold slowly and was rewarded with an early deletion. One-half of the duo subsequently forsook his folkling-

ing ways, and five years later made an album which looks to be one of the larger hits of 1973-74 (on another label). For the prize identified in the accompanying small print, be the first to name the acoustic duo, and the ex-member thereof who went on to chartdom.

Nobody knew anything about Highway HiFi, that Chrysler was the company that offered it, or that it used 7-inch, 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ rpm discs to get its message across (the answer to Doc's 2/11 question). Nobody even guessed. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

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.

circular

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BULK RATE
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Los Angeles, Calif.

Inspirational Verse

I punched my buddy in the
nose after lunch
Now I'm in trouble 'cause the
dean saw the punch

—Bobby Vee
"Stayin' In"