

Terry Melcher's Ultimate Production

by TOM NOLAN

Readers of fan magazines know Terry Melcher as Doris Day's son, the sleepy-eyed, Peck's Bad Boy who gives his mother so much "trouble" by not getting married and settling down (a situation remedied a mere month ago). A younger generation of rock fans remember him as the producer at the helm of the first and last triumphs by the Byrds. Now for price of purchase anyone who likes can become acquainted with the "new" Terry Melcher: recording artist—solo star of a self-produced (with Bruce Johnston) debut album on Reprise Records.

Actually Terry's original singing debut was for the Columbia label some 14 years ago. The trade ads showed a very collegiate young man in a white turtleneck named Terry Day who was "carrying on in a great tradition," but the music was rock & roll produced by Phil Spector.

Melcher looked back on his interesting career during a recent pleasant interview in the home of his publicist off the Sunset Strip.

"Columbia hadn't heard of Spector," he recalled. "Somehow I convinced them he was all the rage. He spent 15 thousand on the first song, plus his air fare and hotel.

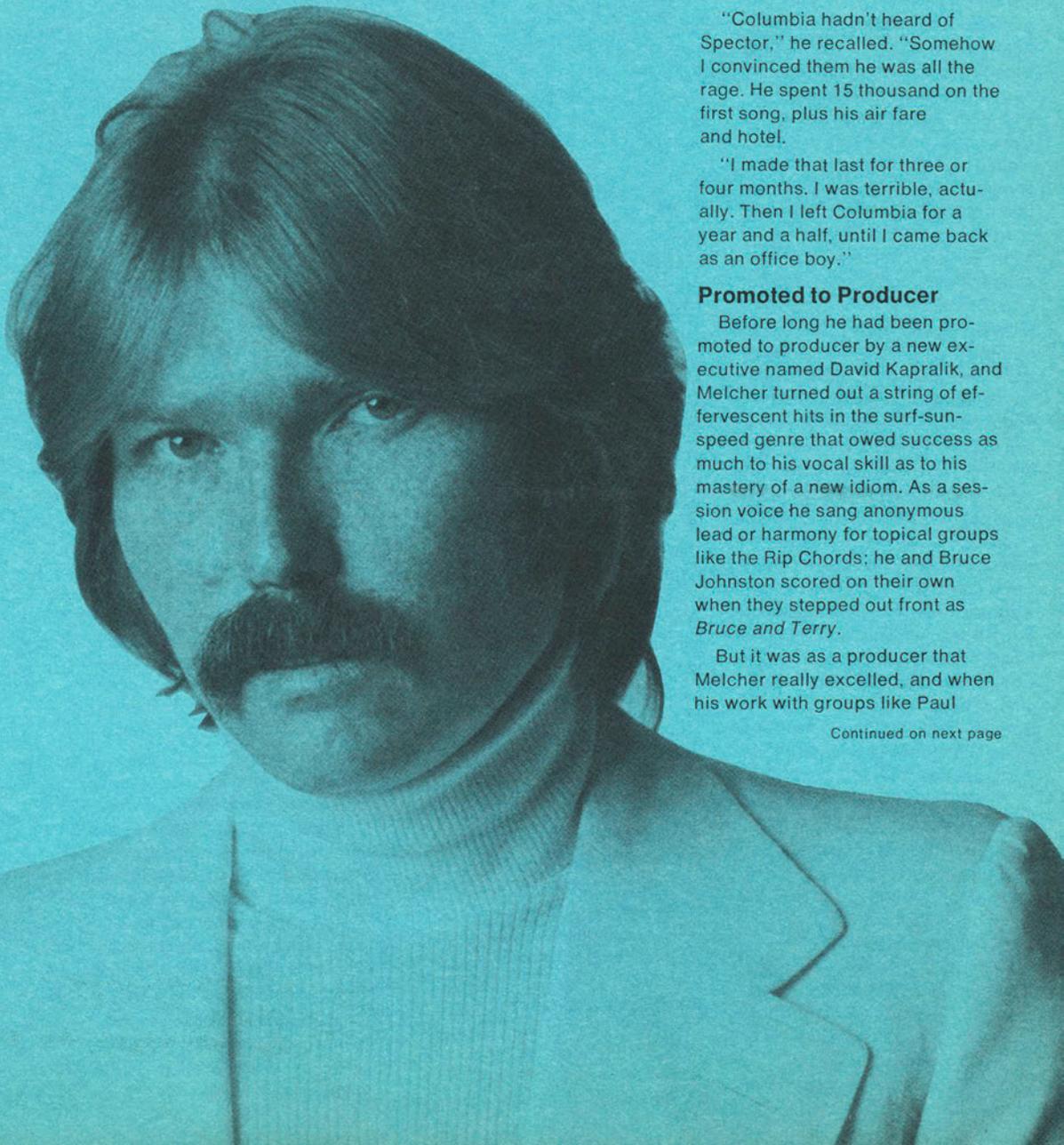
"I made that last for three or four months. I was terrible, actually. Then I left Columbia for a year and a half, until I came back as an office boy."

Promoted to Producer

Before long he had been promoted to producer by a new executive named David Kapralik, and Melcher turned out a string of effervescent hits in the surf-sun-speed genre that owed success as much to his vocal skill as to his mastery of a new idiom. As a session voice he sang anonymous lead or harmony for topical groups like the Rip Chords; he and Bruce Johnston scored on their own when they stepped out front as *Bruce and Terry*.

But it was as a producer that Melcher really excelled, and when his work with groups like Paul

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The Evolution of Terry Melcher

Continued from page 1

Revere and the Raiders and then the Byrds established him as a consistent hit-maker, his other talent was forgotten by all but old friends and trivia buffs. Rumors circulated about an occasional self-made demo—an obscure Phil Ochs song, a Brian Wilson ballad—but it wasn't until Terry cut a stunning version of "Stagger Lee" that a solo project was seriously considered. ("That was around 1969. For a while there I was into songs about people being shot. I can't imagine why.")

Even so, friends say it was many months before he had confidence enough in his own singing to begin recording in earnest; then, once in the studio, he surrounded himself with recognized vocalists to whom he was more than happy to defer and whose presence threatened to obscure his own. What had begun as Terry Melcher's solo record became a joint effort by Terry and Gene Clark; an elpee's worth of material was cut before Terry became aware that what he had produced was another fine Gene Clark album. Something similar happened when Spanky of Spanky and Our Gang agreed to assist at the new sessions Terry booked.

"It's such a jive job," Melcher says, "being a record producer. You really have to presume a lot. You take it upon yourself to decide, is this a good guitar break? Should it be done again? Is that bass part strong enough? Because the people who are playing don't ever want to say, 'That's the best I can do.' Never in your life will you hear that. All you'll ever hear is, 'I can do it better.'"

"That's what I was doing to myself."

The First Album

Through a gradual process of mixing and remixing, re-recording, selection and rejection which must have been as excruciating for the artist as it was for everyone else anxiously awaiting results, the album began to take what seemed like final shape. Test pressings were made of a platter that included an old Byrds B-side, "She Don't Care About Time," a pointed Melcher ballad, "Beds of Roses," and a seven-minute version of Bruce Johnston's "Disney Girls" cut live in one take with Bruce on piano. With just a bit more work, Melcher thought, it would be finished.

At this propitious moment he was hit by a car while riding his motorcycle. Both legs were broken; the next eight months were spent in the hospital. With all that time for contemplation he became more unsure than ever about the worth of his album. Upon his release he began yet another group of sessions. Some cuts were discarded (none of the three tracks mentioned above, for instance, appears on *Terry Melcher*), some cuts were sweetened and some songs received entirely new treatment.

"Bruce Johnston was really important at this stage," Terry says. "I was pretty convinced it was all worthless. I could never have finished it without him."

As arduous as was its rite of passage, the album was well worth waiting for. A collage of originals, Dylan and Byrds "standards" and modern country classics, it is blended by Melcher's distinctive production into an exciting and cohesive package.



Manson Trial Song

One of its high points is a medley called "Halls of Justice" inspired by Melcher's testimony at the murder trial of Charles Manson and his followers. (Terry's sole contact with that group came when a friend convinced him to audition their music; for months police encouraged him in the erroneous belief that he had been a target.)

"I wrote only part of 'Halls of Justice,' obviously. The other section is two Dylan songs. It was completely spontaneous. I walked into my house after having been downtown at the trial. I had only been on the stand for about 10 minutes. All I remember is noticing how it was all sectioned off. Here are the murderers. Here are the good people. Here is the judge.

"Someone, I think Clarence White, came by and asked how it had gone. And I wrote that song to explain what it was like."

About performing in public he is still undecided. "I'm trying to figure out a band. I've been asking certain people if they'd like to play. I don't think I'd want to do it unless I could get a really good group together. Then it would be a lot of fun. To get the people I'd like I'd have to pay everybody pretty well, and to afford that I think I'd have to cut a live album. So I'm trying to convince my record company to let me do that."

The personnel used on the album itself is extensive and illustrious: the late Clarence White, Sneaky Pete, Roger McGuinn, Jay Dee Mannis, Chris Hillman, Joe Osborne, Larry Knechtel, Spooner Oldham, Michael Clark, Gene Clark, Spanky McFarlane, Ry Cooder, Mike Deasy, Jim Keltner, Lee Sklar, Bruce Johnston. Strings arranged by family friend Jimmie Haskell. Oh yes, and harmony on Jackson Browne's "These Days" by Doris Day.

WB Artist Relations Has Just Made Tour Managing Almost a Fun Job

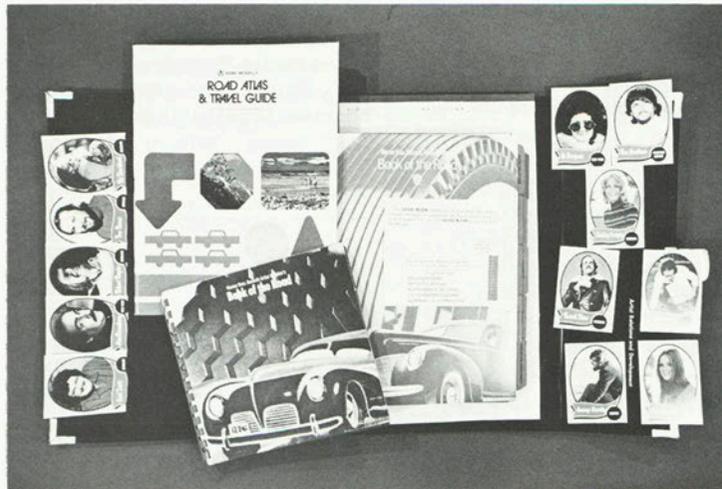
It seems there was this road manager of a Very Big Group who accidentally booked his high-living Lead Singer into the 34th St. YMCA in New York City. The lead singer didn't want to live *that* high. Then the roadie put him on a plane for Rome, Italy, when the gig was really in Rome, New York. And when the rest of the group got to the "concert hall" they found themselves crashing a girl scout meeting at the local high school girls' gym instead of preparing for a concert. (The gym didn't have a stage anyway.) So there was the famous lead singer being mobbed by Italian teenybops at the Rome airport screaming, "I wanna go-a home-a!" while the road manager, summarily dismissed by his irate former cohorts, was drowning his out-of-work blues in some bar in Utica.

Bob's Brains

So? Road managers are fired every day for less. But it's really disheartening to be fired for not doing your *specialty* right.

Well now, thanks to the Warner Bros. artist relations and development department, road managers of every creed and nation have NO MORE EXCUSES! That is, if their act is on Warner Bros. or a label attached thereto. For from out of the boiling brains of Bob Regehr, leader of the above-mentioned department, and through the collative skill of Jo Bergman, number one New York artist relator for WB, has come THE BOOK OF THE ROAD, available to any road manager or other worthy party connected to Warner Bros. Records, free of charge.

What is The Book of the Road? The Book of the Road is:



- 1) A Rand-McNally road atlas of the United States;
- 2) A Dist-O-Map mileage chart book for regions and localities;
- 3) A pack of artist relations trading cards (no bubblegum), with pictures and stats of the most necessary people to know in that department;
- 4) A handy writing pad;
- 5) And, finally, the actual thing, the real item, what you've all been waiting for, the genuine **BOOK OF THE ROAD**.

It's bound into the genuine pleather case by a loose-leaf ring binder, making it simple to slip out any one leaf of paper and replace it with an updated one. It starts out with a bunch of necessary stuff about the artist relations department, and which artist relator relates in what region (in other words, whom to call in an emergency). This of course, being all the hard facts supplementary to the colorful but not always accurate stats on the trading cards.

Then there's a section on WB's publicity department, in case a manager has to make a quick plan, or something like that. There's a sales department section, a promotion department section and a R&B promotion department section (again, names, titles and addresses).

It's Registered

After that comes the real stuff. For a total of 32 cities, from Atlanta to Washington, D.C.—one section per city—are listed: the telephone numbers of all the commercial airlines, commuter air carriers, charter air taxis, air freight lines, car and truck rental, charter bus companies, limousine rental and local union information. Next comes information on all major performing venues, listing the phone number, address, capacity, name of hall manager, size of stage, name of union steward, name of lighting/electrical man, backstage phone number, street

number of the stage and loading doors (along with other pertinent directions, if necessary), lighting equipment specs and the location of the main power source. Finally comes the hotel section, listing a number of reasonably-priced sleeperies, including their addresses and phone numbers, proximities to the airport and performing venues, and whether there's restaurant and room service, and the hours such services are available.

As is obvious, this is a valuable piece of goods—there's nothing else like it anywhere—so you can bet your life it's registered. And if Bob Regehr finds about any fink road manager getting smart and duplicating copies of the info for all his non-WB buddies, it's off to El Supremo at the top of the stairs for him, not to mention a nasty lawsuit slapped down then and there, plus probably getting his act kicked off the label. Yeah, you better believe it.

A lot of sweat, a lot of pain went into producing this book. Donna Russo, Ruth Gonzalez and Sarah Ripley know. They did most of the work Jo Bergman takes credit for. There are some post cards included, too, for anyone with up-to-the-minute information about airports having been blown up and morals squads taking over clubs.

The artist relations bunch thought of everything, you might think. You're right. They even thought of that they didn't think of everything. So there's going to be an ever bigger book in the future.

But it still isn't going to list YMCAs.

Disc Biz Needs More Leaders, Fewer Followers

The Devil Made Them Do It.

Now that streaking has come and gone, the rock & roll crazies have jumped on another bandwagon, as *Record World* recently pointed out. Apparently "The Exorcist" has sparked a devilishly long list of diabolical discs, among them "I Been Had by the Devil," performed by Zell Black, released by Motown; "My Exorcism," instrumentalized by Chapter Thirteen and sent out by new label Exorcist Records; a remake of "Sympathy for the Devil" by Lucifer, and Sam Fuller's "Devil, I Command You," from Joyce Records. This is not to mention Cher's latest hit, "Dark Lady," which utilizes black magic as its hook, or Tanya Tucker's smash single, "Would You Lay With Me," the idea being to lay with her in a cemetery. Chrysalis (via WB) has a hit with Cozy Powell's "Dance With the Devil," and the Five Man Electric Band's just released a creepy one called "Werewolr" on Polydor. Wrapping it up, we're left with the obvious *Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath* LP, *Skeletons From the Closet* (Grateful Dead remnants) and Deep Purple's latest 45 release, "Might Just Take Your Life," all from WB. Just ghoul-ing onto the charts is a Lou Adler production called "Nixorcism," a deathly satire involving voice-alikes of Walter Cronkite and Eric Sevareid covering a senatorial exorcism of the President. According to this grisly tale, Billy Graham can't oust the demon in Nixon, nor does Henry Kissinger succeed, but Sam Ervin's the hero. He cleans out Mr. N simply by reading the preamble to the Constitution. What's left on the levitating bed is a clean

sheet and a US flag lapel pin.

Payola, Drugola, Gasola?

To quote from *Billboard*, "Disc jockeys in New York and Los Angeles are reported to be getting their gas tanks filled by promotion men in return for spinning new singles. One West Coast operative takes cars to a car wash which fills them up. The promotion men and disc jockeys set up their own means of picking up the cars and having them delivered back." Who is in charge here?

Nashville Biggies to Produce Deborah Hawkins.

She's a little lady with a big country voice and WB has high hopes for her next 45, "Teach Me How To Love," produced by songwriter-producer-performer Norris Wilson. Wilson's track record is as long as your arm. He's currently heading up country music publisher Al Gallico's Nashville office. To his credit is production work with the likes of Patti Page, Diana Trask, Obrey Wilson and Conny Van Dyke, among others. Al Gallico (who originally hails from NYC) has publishing rights for

majority like Tammy Wynette, George Jones, Charlie Rich, David Houston, Joe Stampley and others. WB's eager newborn Nashville operation is tickled to death to be doing business with these fellows and, hopefully, the feeling is mutual.

Ruby's Run-Ons

● Jits and jots that sent Ruby reeling this week include quite a jolt. Yessirree, **the Stones (Rolling)** 'ave signed a contract to play Las Vegas' Tropicana Superstar Theatre later this year (at least according to *The Hollywood Reporter*). Now **Mick Jagger** will really have the desert in his toenails, never mind the speed inside his shoes. Ah well, so it goes. ● Glittering Golden discs just awarded to **Black Sabbath** for *Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath* and **Deep Purple** for *Burn*. Speaking of those cooperative fellows, the Purps, they've only just begun a 25-city tour around the US on the ever-so-popular **Starship I**. ● For those of you waiting breath-

lessly for **Yugoslavian** chart positions, *Muscle of Love* by **Alice Cooper** is a big #3 and "Jessica" from *Brothers and Sisters* by **The Allman Brothers Band** resides at #7. ● A lovely prize for **Alan Price** from the British Film Academy. They just awarded him Best Original Score for his work on *O Lucky Man!* ● It's gotta be the biggest hat in the world and it's sitting on top of LA's Cinerama Dome movie theater to call attention to new WB flick **Mame**. This splendid chapeau was created by one **Theadora Van Runkle**, who also designed costumes. She's been quoted as saying 100,000 feet of "hat material" went into the making and the flowers are 10 feet high. You'd really have to see it to believe it. ● **Word-of-the-Week-Department**. It's a new one on me but I read it in *Record World*. A gentleman named **Vince Cosgrave** who was recently promoted at MCA Records was described thusly, "Vince is also uniquely adept in crossing the areas between country and contemporary . . . he's **bi-musical**." Make of that what you will. ● House organs are so much fun. The Jolly Green Giant's company in LeSeur, Minnesota (ho, ho, ho, beans and peas and corn), calls their monthly newsletter *The Nibletter*. ● Lastly, methinks, **Todd Rundgren's** been working too hard. Two issues back (Volume 6, No. 10) **Laurel Dann** quoted Todd as saying, "Everyone knows I don't sell records." Hey there, **Runt**, I read the sales sheets and *Something/Anything?* is nudging up around 400,000 copies sold. This is not to mention your latest, *Todd*, which is well over 200,000 at this writing. The hits keep coming, you know. ●



Country comforts. In the studio, from left to right, are Deborah Hawkins, renaissance man Norris Wilson and publisher extraordinaire Al Gallico.

High School U.S.A.



The answer to last week's question has to do with spirit. Not the fine song by that name on the Doobie Brothers' new album, nor the rock group by that name whose bio I once wrote, among other labors of love. No, this column has to do (tangentially, anyway) with school spirit, that pride in one's place of learning that inspires superhuman feats of athletics, weekend car-washes to send the band to the Rose Parade and occasional acts of violence.

School spirit was big in the 1950s. Most rock records back then were bought by high-school-ers, and by 1959 the R&R audience had expanded enough to include the cheerleader types which might have been put off by the raunch-rock of a few years earlier.

The big question: If you are a producer of rock & roll records in 1959, how do you turn school spirit into a hit? Something a little more positive, maybe, than Chuck Berry's "School Days" or Ricky Nelson's "Waitin' In School," both of which were implicitly comparing

schools to prisons before even the radicals thought of them that way?

No, it had to be the kind of a record that would bring a cheer to the throats of each and every student as they heard the name of *their* school in a real rock & roll song. That's it! Make a special version of our song for every school in the country, with the name of the school inserted at the appropriate place.

Tommy Facenda

Well, that might be a little impracticable; it certainly would be a nightmare at inventory time! But Atlantic Records did the next best thing. They found a song called "High School U.S.A." whose lyrics allowed for a couple of choruses consisting of nothing but the names of schools, the idea being that students from all these local thinktanks gather together for one big jolly rock & roll dance. (And all this a decade before Woodstock!)

They found a singer named Tommy Facenda, who evidently wanted to be the next Frankie Avalon so badly he didn't mind having to record the same song (or at least the critical couple of choruses) some 28 times, once for each of the metropolitan areas Atlantic considered sufficiently major. Sometimes two areas were lumped into one, as in the Seattle-Portland version.

A great idea, if I may say so. Tommy gets into the spirit quite nicely, and the backup band and vocal group is as lively as you get 'em in 1959. The record begins, neatly enough, with its title called out in a deep bass voice, just like "Topsy Part Two" but with a dash of tape echo.

There are a few flaws in the execution, however. In the Minneapolis-St. Paul version, for example, they left out *my* high school, and mentioned some of the others twice. Tommy, who probably had never been to Minneapolis-St. Paul anyway, also managed to hilariously mispronounce the name of a famous upper-crust suburban school.

Flaws notwithstanding, the record did manage to get to #28 on the charts in the fall of '59, which may or may not have amounted to enough sales to pay for all those extra stampers, and the bookkeeping involved in setting up a whole separate numerical series (#51 through #78).

Atlantic went on to bigger and better things. Tommy Facenda went on to obscurity; he never had another chart record. (People in Chicago must have been dismayed to find that his next release sounded exactly the same there as it did in San Francisco). A few people did manage to really clean up on "High School U.S.A."; secondhand record dealers, who have reaped enormous profits on leftover copies as trivia collectors refuse to eat or sleep until they have accumulated all 28 versions.

Question for Next Week

Every so often, you will notice that a package containing one product will contain an advertisement or plug for another, of a completely different type. There are several ways this can come about: the two products may be made by the same conglomerate; one product may be offered as a premium to purchasers of the other (as when you get to buy Junior a cheap toy as a reward for stuffing

him full of Sugar Crunchies) or some other sort of mutually beneficial tradeoff may be involved.

Records have quite frequently been used as premiums to stimulate the purchase of everything from gasoline (those were the days!) to soda pop, the record-maker getting a little free advertising in the process.

Next week's question, actually, has nothing to do with any of these merchandising triumphs. There are certain products that get pictured on record covers simply because the creative people involved in making the records wanted them to be there. Among the albums released in the past year by Warner Bros. and the labels it distributes are four which contain pictures of and/or advertisements for a number of famous products. Name the album covers which plug (?) the following goods:

- Album No. 1: *Mad* magazine, plus several brands of gum & candy
- Album No. 2: Budweiser beer, Bekins Moving & Storage
- Album No. 3: McDonald's, Coors beer, Shell Oil, Bob's Big Boy hamburgers, Holiday Inn (?), Air India
- Album No. 4: Gordon's gin, Orange Julius, Bond's clothes, Winston cigarets, and too many others to mention.

Richard Vancil of San Jose correctly identified Seals & Crofts as the men behind Uncle Sound, the answer to Doc's 3/11 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.

Oh Lawd, Stuck in Lodi Again

Gregg Allman

4/7 Providence
4/8 Boston
4/10-11 New York City
4/13 Passaic
4/14 Philadelphia
4/16 Ithaca
4/17 Syracuse
4/19 Pittsburgh
4/20 Cleveland
4/21 Detroit
4/22-23 Chicago

Badfinger

4/4 Warren, Ohio
4/5 Chicago
4/7 New York City

Elvin Bishop

4/5 Clemson, South Carolina
4/6 Fayetteville, North Carolina

Ry Cooder

4/7 Honolulu

Credibility Gap

4/16-28 Vancouver

Deep Purple

4/2 Albuquerque
4/3-4 Denver
4/6 Ontario, California
4/7 Phoenix
4/9 San Diego

Doobie Bros.

4/2 Oklahoma City
4/3 Abilene
4/4 Waco
4/5 San Antonio
4/6 Dallas
4/7 Houston
4/10 Tallahassee
4/11 Miami
4/12 St. Petersburg
4/13 Orlando
4/14 Gainesville, Florida
4/24 Morgantown, West Virginia
4/25 Baltimore
4/26 Roanoke, Virginia
4/27 Greensboro, North Carolina
4/28 Knoxville
4/29 Chattanooga
5/1 Nashville
5/2 Evansville
5/3 Memphis
5/4 Clemson, South Carolina
5/5 Birmingham
5/6 Hattisburg, Mississippi
5/9 Auburn, Alabama
5/10 Jacksonville
5/11 Atlanta
5/12 Mobile

Foghat

4/3 Toledo
4/5 Cincinnati
4/6 St. Louis
4/7 Louisville
4/8 Green Bay
4/9 Milwaukee

4/10 Davenport, Iowa
4/11 Indianapolis
4/12 South Bend
4/13 Cleveland

Graham Central Station

4/5 Richmond
4/6 Durham, North Carolina
4/7 Baltimore
4/10-11 Atlanta
4/14-15 Washington
4/25 Cincinnati
4/28 Columbus
5/2 New Brunswick, New Jersey
5/3 Cleveland
5/4 Detroit
5/5 Chicago
5/6 Minneapolis
5/11 New Haven
5/12 Baltimore
5/16-18 Dallas

Grinderswitch

4/3 Misenheimer, North Carolina
4/9 Macon

Arlo Guthrie

4/19 White Plains, New York
4/20 Washington DC
4/21 Detroit



4/26 Elgin, Illinois
5/2 Richmond
5/3 Miami Beach
5/5 Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Hydra

4/12 Hickory, North Carolina
4/13 Spartanburg, South Carolina
4/15-21 Louisville

Kiss

4/1 Cleveland
4/2 Toledo
4/3 Columbus
4/4 Warren, Ohio
4/6 Ft. Wayne, Indiana
4/7, 12-13 Detroit
4/19 Miami
4/26 Toronto
4/28 Cambridge
4/29 Reading, Pennsylvania

5/1 Mansfield, Pennsylvania
5/17 Edmonton, Alberta
5/19 Lethbridge, Alberta
5/23 Fresno
5/24 Portland
5/25 Seattle
5/27 Spokane
5/31 Long Beach
6/1 San Francisco

Linda Lewis

4/19 Montreal
4/20 Ottawa
4/22 Detroit
4/23 Cleveland
4/24 Hempstead, Long Island
4/26 Boston
4/27 Princeton
4/29 New Haven
4/30 Providence
5/2 Hampton or Norfolk, Virginia
5/3 Washington DC
5/4 Philadelphia
5/6-7 Chicago
5/8 Madison
5/9 St. Louis
5/12 Memphis
5/14 Denver
5/16 Albuquerque
5/17 Tucson
5/19-20 Anaheim

Gordon Lightfoot

4/6 Chicago
4/7 St. Louis
4/8 Stillwater, Oklahoma
4/12 Atlanta
4/13 Princeton
4/18 Quebec
4/19-21 Montreal
4/26 Greenville, South Carolina
5/4 Phoenix
5/10 Davis, California
5/11 Anchorage
5/12 Fairbanks
5/14 Portland
5/15 Eugene
5/16 Seattle
5/17 Spokane
5/18 Salt Lake City
5/19 Honolulu
6/25 Sarasota Springs, New York
7/14 Denver

Maxayn

4/1-3 San Francisco
4/12 Cleveland
4/13 Niagara Falls
4/14 Baltimore
4/25 Richmond
5/1 Jacksonville
5/3 Miami
5/10 Indianapolis

Van Morrison

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

Martin Mull

4/1-6 Cambridge
4/13 Norfolk, Virginia

4/22 Allentown, Pennsylvania
4/25 Seneca Falls, New York
4/26 Buffalo
4/27 Alfred, New York
4/28 New York City
5/4 Princeton
5/5 Philadelphia
5/13 or 14 Ithaca, New York
5/17 Rochester, New York
5/18 Providence

Ted Nugent and the Amboy Dukes

4/4 Grand Rapids
4/5 Detroit
4/6 Toledo
4/7 Jackson, Michigan

Top Ten

Warner Bros. sales figures for week of March 18-24.

1. Original Sound Track
From the Motion Picture
Mame (W/L8W/L5W 2773)
2. Deep Purple/*Burn*
(W/L8W/L5W 2761)
3. Tower of Power/*Back to Oakland* (BS/M8/M5 2749)
4. Seals & Crofts/*Unborn Child* (W/L8W/L5W 2761)
5. *Maria Muldaur*
(BS/M8/M5 2148)
6. Doobie Brothers/*What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits* (W/L8W/L5W 2750)
7. Black Sabbath/*Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath*
(BS/M8/M5 2695)
8. *Graham Central Station*
(BS/M8/M5 2763)
9. Marshall Tucker Band/*A New Life*
(CP/M8/M5 0124)
10. Gordon Lightfoot/*Sundown*
(MS/M8/M5 2177)

February's Faves

4/8 Cleveland
4/9 Columbus
4/10 Pensacola
4/12 Miami
4/13 West Palm Beach
4/14 Sarasota
4/17-20 Atlanta
4/26 Washington D C

Alan Price

4/3-4 New York City
4/7 Cambridge
4/8-9 Philadelphia
4/15 Los Angeles
4/17 San Francisco

Todd Rundgren

4/1 Lincoln, Nebraska
4/2 Kansas City, Kansas
4/3 St. Louis
4/5 St. Paul
4/6 Kenosha, Wisconsin
4/17 Boston
4/19 New York City

Leo Sayer

4/4-6 Nashville
4/8-9 New York City
4/10-13 Philadelphia
4/16-20 Denver
4/23-28 San Francisco
4/30-5/5 Los Angeles

Seals & Crofts

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

Bob Seger

4/8-13 Atlanta
4/15 Miami
4/16 Pensacola
4/17 Mobile
4/20 Detroit
4/21 Chicago
4/29-5/4 Vancouver
5/8-12 Los Angeles
5/20-23 Toronto
5/24 Parsippany, New Jersey

Frank Sinatra

4/8 New York City
4/9-10 Hempstead, Long Island
4/13 Atlanta
4/15 St. Louis
4/16 Providence
4/18 Detroit
4/21-22 Philadelphia
4/24 Washington DC
4/26-27 Chicago

Talbot Ross

4/1 Denver
4/2 Durango, Colorado

4/3 Salt Lake City
4/5 Phoenix
4/6 Charleston
4/9-14 Atlanta

Tower of Power

4/1 San Luis Obispo
4/5 Ypsilanti, Michigan
4/6 Iowa City
4/7 Gary
4/16 Calgary
4/18 Edmonton
4/19 Lethbridge, Alberta
4/20 Spokane
4/21 Cheney, Washington
4/26-27 Cambridge
4/28 Torrington, Connecticut
4/29 Upper Montclair, New Jersey
4/30 Hempstead, Long Island
5/1 Parsippany, New Jersey
5/3 Springfield, Massachusetts
5/4 Wellesley, Massachusetts
5/5 Providence
5/11 New Haven
5/17-19 New York City
5/26 Honolulu

Mary Travers

4/3-6 Philadelphia
4/21 New York City

Marshall Tucker Band

4/3 Misenheimer, North Carolina
4/5 Philadelphia
4/6 Washington, Pennsylvania
4/8 Bowling Green
4/9 Martin, Tennessee
4/11 Indianapolis
4/13 Cleveland
4/19 Kansas City

Wendy Waldman

4/12-13 Minneapolis

Dionne Warwick

4/18-5/1 Reno
5/4 New Haven
5/5 Hartford
5/6-12 New York City
5/22-6/4 Las Vegas

Wet Willie

4/5 Hampton Rhodes, Virginia
4/6 Greensboro, North Carolina
4/7 Roanoke, Virginia
4/12 Binghamton, New York
4/13 Springfield, Massachusetts
4/15 Boston
4/20 Providence
4/21 New Haven
4/22 New York City
4/25 Detroit
4/26 Dayton
4/28 Madison

Jesse Colin Young

4/4 Santa Cruz
4/5 Fullerton, California
4/6 Irvine, California
4/7 Santa Barbara
4/8 Palo Alto
4/26 San Diego
4/27 Phoenix

This week this column is dedicated to all of you out there turning 40 this year. No words to the wise; no idiot prime of life consolatory drivel. Let's face it. You're 40, and there's nothing you can do about it. Cheer up anyway. This column's been 40 all along, and it's never really been bothered by it. But then, you should make as much money as it does.

Following is a list of WB's top 40 selling albums for February. January performances trail in parentheses.

Avant Garde

1. *Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath*/ Black Sabbath
2. *Laid Back*/ Gregg Allman (3)
3. *The Captain and Me*/ Doobie Bros. (1)
4. *Energized*/ Foghat
5. *Diamond Girl*/ Seals & Crofts (4)
6. *Muscle of Love*/ Alice Cooper (2)
7. *Sundown*/ Gordon Lightfoot
8. *Summer Breeze*/ Seals & Crofts (9)
9. *Beach Boys in Concert*/ Beach Boys (6)
10. *Maria Muldaur* (19)

Middle Guard

11. *Toulouse Street*/ Doobie Bros. (10)
12. *Graham Central Station*
13. *Something/Anything?!*/ Todd Rundgren (5)
14. *Machine Head*/ Deep Purple (7)
15. *Billy Jack Original SoundTrack* (13)

16. *Aqualung*/ Jethro Tull (15)
17. *Marshall Tucker Band* (14)
18. *Ol' Blue Eyes Is Back*/ Frank Sinatra (11)
19. *Song For Juli*/ Jesse Colin Young (20)
20. *Gimme Something Real*/ Ashford & Simpson (21)

Mud Guard

21. *Overnite Sensation*/ Mothers of Invention (16)
22. *Mystery To Me*/ Fleetwood Mac (18)
23. *Eat A Peach*/ Allman Bros. (12)
24. *Sweet Freedom*/ Uriah Heep (12)
25. *Brothers and Sisters*/ Allman Bros. (8)
26. *Harvest*/ Neil Young (26)
27. *Paranoid*/ Black Sabbath (35)
28. *Silverbird*/ Leo Sayer
29. *Made In Japan*/ Deep Purple (17)
30. *Smash Hits*/ Jimi Hendrix (30)

Rear Guard

31. *Tower of Power*
32. *School's Out*/ Alice Cooper (23)
33. *Foghat* (31)
34. *Billion Dollar Babies*/ Alice Cooper (24)
35. *Grievous Angel*/ Gram Parsons
36. *After the Goldrush*/ Neil Young (34)
37. *Montrose* (33)
38. *America* (37)
39. *Blue*/ Joni Mitchell
40. *Ladies of the Canyon*/ Joni Mitchell

Royal Family Roulette



LONDON—Well, the royal family certainly had its ups and downs last week. The Prince of Wales realized his long-term ambition to meet Barbra Streisand, another of this world's most prominent profiles, but barely had time to reflect upon this pleasure before being phoned long-distance by his sister, the Princess Ann, who told

him of her lucky escape from a kidnap attempt in which four men were shot. This was the first serious physical threat to a member of the royal family for nearly 40 years. The implications are distinctly unpleasant for a country that has been, by contemporary standards, sublimely free of fear and loathing.

Van's Got the Flu. To get all the bad news over at once, we'll move on to the feverish topic of Van Morrison's health. After putting in several full-scale rehearsals in London, Van suffered a relapse of the dreaded influenza that had felled him a few weeks prior. The present bout was timed precisely to blow out his opening gig in Bristol, not to mention the pair of weekend London dates (told you not to mention those London dates . . .). It is presumed that by the time you read this, Van will have recovered. There were plans for him to act as DJ one evening on Radio Luxembourg, playing his own choice of records. But this chance could be lost if that night is appropriated to fill in the missed London dates.

Procol Chasing Butterflies. Meanwhile, Procol Harum are alive and well and touring in their own relentless fashion. I caught up with them in the comparatively dismal setting of Reading University where they played an extremely well-balanced set to a hall overflowing with students who, despite their zombie-like appearance managed to roar their approval of the Procols during and after the show. I hadn't seen Procol play since Santa Monica Civic back in 1970—a gig memorable for its exemplary presentation, with par-

ticular regard to dynamics. No set builds that way accidentally. These days the Procols sing a song from their new *Exotic Birds and Fruit* LP called "Butterfly Boys," which is, you guessed it, a swipe at their glamorous record company. Chrysalis' Roy Eldridge kept a brave face on throughout the performance of this one, seeming to enjoy the handsome harmonies at least.

The Strongest Survive. Maybe it's the craze for recycling, reinforced by the nostalgia that permeates straitened times, but there genuinely seem to be more old records than new played on Britain's commercial station, Capitol Radio. A bit alarming for new art-

ists when you consider they played Buddy Holly's "Words of Love," the Spoonful's "Summer in the City" and the Stones "Brown Sugar" one right after the other while I was telexing this column. Still, Maria Muldaur and the Doobies squeezed themselves in earlier—Darwinian proof of the fittest surviving.

—SHELLEY BENOIT

Vinyl Statistics

Circular is pleased to present a running account of newborn Warner Family Records. The past week has given birth to 11 albums, no singles.

ALBUMS (March 22)

- Between Today and Yesterday*
—Alan Price—BS 2783
- Light Shine*—Jesse Colin Young—BS 2790
- Terry Melcher*—MS 2185
- Normal*—Martin Mull—CP 0126
- Boyer & Talton*—Cowboy—CP 0127
- Now We Are Six*—Steeleye Span—CHR 1053
- Bridge of Sighs*—Robin Trower—CHR 1057
- Exotic Birds and Fruit*—Procol Harum—CHT 1058
- Apostrophe*—Frank Zappa—DS 2175
- Seven*—Bob Seger—MS 2184
- What Am I Gonna Do*—Gloria Scott—NB 9002

Inspirational Verse

If you've got no button
Oh what a shame—
How in the heck
Will anybody know your name?

—Royal Teens
"Big Name Button"

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