

Band on the Run Again

by GORDON FLETCHER



Not long ago, the frighteningly proficient bunch of musicians collectively known as Little Feat gathered in pastoral Cockeysville, not far from Baltimore. The reason: an extended visit to the Blue Seas Studio to record and mix their newest Warner Bros. LP.

Said album, entitled *Feats Don't Fail Me Now*, is the band's first since their much-inked parting of the ways late last year. It's obviously a task of considerable moment to Lowell George, Paul Barrère, and others in the Little Feat cast—so much so that, as the interviewer made his entrance,

fatigue colored the atmosphere noticeably.

"I tell ya," Lowell said as he collapsed into a chair, "anything that *can* go wrong *will* go wrong. That's the saying, right? Anyway, it's been much too easy so far—making a record requires a lot more pain than we've had over this one and we're gettin' kinda nervous about when it's gonna catch up to us."

Dere Are Vays. The problem of the moment turned out to be mixing, that time-consuming, nerve-fraying process in which an album's final sound is gotten to-

gether. Although he's considered an up-and-coming studio whiz and, by his own admission, kind of likes the production end, George is quick to admit that moments like this are the unattractive underside of the craft.

"Mixing a record is horrendous," he says. "You either got to be all things to all people or else be Eric von Stroheim. You tell a guy you can't use his congas, so he gets mad about having to go back and do 'em over and then it's von Stroheim all over the place."

The band has been back together for roughly four months now after splitting for reasons George paralleled to Bogart movie-watching. "Really, how many Bogart movies can you take before you get tired of seeing the same old faces all the time? Anyway, about six months ago I got into this trick bag and developed all these weird conclusions about music. What then took place was a degeneration of all that had developed over the years with this band—it very quickly became 'I hate the jerk.'

"There's a lot of pressures on you in this business, things like corporate bizwigs running after you with their cost sheets, and I find all those pressures quite distasteful. And since music appreciation is the sum of one's own personal tastes, you can probably understand how I got disillusioned with these guys and the music."

By the Seas. The brief split was also occasioned by something a good bit less esoteric—lack of

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Hooked, Hogtied & Happy

by BOB MOORE MERLIS

When you check out the cover of Paul Kelly's new album—his third for Burbank's R&B busters—you might be taken aback by the S&M implications. Fact of the matter is that Paul has written himself a slew of great new songs, and he seems to dig the situation he's in on the cover and in the grooves. Who wouldn't?

Paul has been living and working in Nashville since his last LP, *Don't Burn Me*, came out. Nashville is also the home of his co-producer Buddy Killen, who first brought Paul to national attention in 1970 with "Stealin' in the Name of the Lord." Paul has been taking advantage of his proximity to Buddy's Nashville studio, The Sound Shop, and has become something of a producer himself. Since *Burn*, Paul has written and produced a string of R&B hit singles for Annette Snell on Dial Records, distributed by Mercury. He's written all four of her chart singles, and a Kelly-produced LP may be in the offing.

Paul, who has written over 500 songs, keeps dipping into his catalogue for tunes for artists in search of appropriate material. *Hooked, Hogtied & Collared*, however, contains all new songs written within the last year, and "You Turned a Lion Into a Lamb" was written on the spot for the album session. "I Believe I Can," was written by Paul's brother

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Paul Kelly's Big One

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Henry. "He can *sing*, too" Paul adds with emphasis, but the elder Kelly hasn't, as yet, recorded.

John, another of the Kelly brothers, is a writer and singer working with Paul in the studio as well.

Mind Blowers. Over the years, Paul has recorded in Muscle Shoals, Memphis, Nashville and his hometown Miami. He lived in Brooklyn for five years prior to the Nashville move but, as he tells it, he'd be happy anywhere near a tape recorder. He spends most of his time at home strumming his guitar and composing on his tape machine.

A few lucky New Yorkers saw him two years ago at an incredible Town Hall concert. Paul didn't have a regular band and rehearsed the hurriedly-assembled New York musicians for but an hour before the show. Early in the performance, everyone was tight, so Paul celebrated with an outpouring of that special quality we've come to call "soul," and the collective mind was truly blown. Paul put the New York group together with Leroy Hadley, a guitarist/conductor veteran of the Joe Tex band. Paul hopes to get Leroy to organize a more permanent group to back him in the months ahead. "He knows what my thing is and where I'm coming from," says the singer. "He knows how to lead a band through the things you can't put on paper."

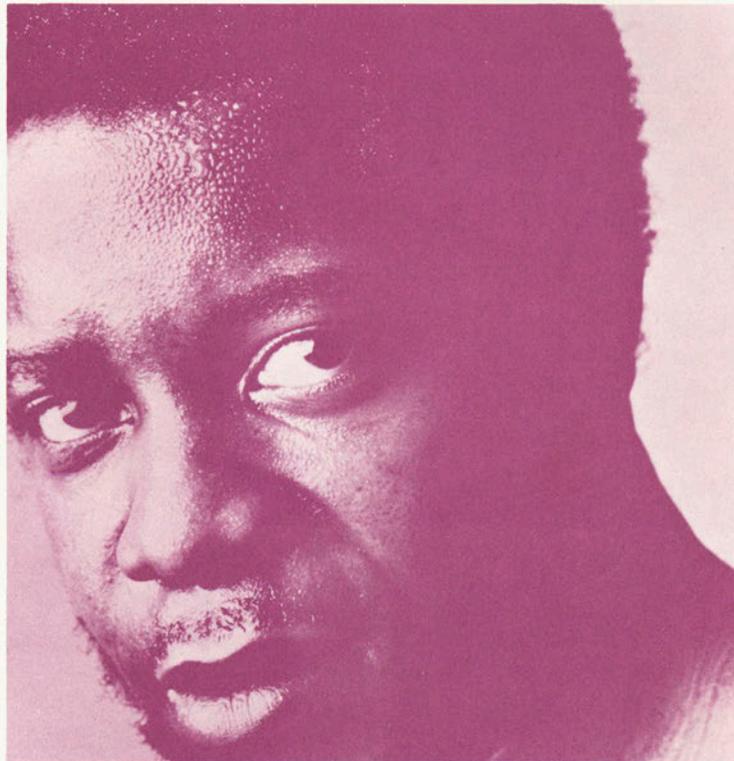
The Reverend. Beyond the singing and the producing, Paul's writing truly stands out. "Stealin' in the Name of the Lord" has been covered by artists as diverse as

David Clayton Thomas and a gospel group called The B.C. & M. Choir.

Margie Joseph did a bang-up version of Paul's "Come Lay Some Lovin' on Me" and "Come with Me" on her last Atlantic outing, and there have been three versions of "Love Me Now," including a country treatment, an R&B version by Ruby Winters and a French translation on the Continent. Other cover artists include Ann Saxton ("You're Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone"); Carl Carlton ("I Wanna Be Your Main Squeeze"); and a host of others.

In the case of *Hooked, Hogtied & Collared*, the title came to Paul first. He filed it away and conjured up lyrics to match later on. The album ends with "Holding on for Dear Life" and therein lies a tale. A few years ago, when Paul was first signed with Warners, he hit the road to promote his *Dirt* LP. He met David Banks, now in charge of Burbank's burgeoning R&B activities. David is called "The Reverend" because preaching was his line before promoting. Paul was knocked out by The Rev's preaching bit and this gospel shoutin' influence shines in the intro to "Holding on for Dear Life." Quite a tribute from the man whose stock with the preaching profession must be quite low, thanks to "Stealin' in the Name of the Lord."

"Paul is a superstar in the making," says The Reverend from his Burbank pulpit. "He will do all that Al Green has done—and then some. His new album is so heavy that I'm gonna tell it on the mountain. Just great."



Green Light Ahead. As Paul Kelly is basically a retiring, introspective individual, he prefers to talk about people other than Paul Kelly. Marvin Gaye, for instance. Paul's "Let Your Love Come Down" was inspired by the feeling behind "Let's Get It On." Respect between the two artists is apparently mutual, for "What's Goin' On" has quite a bit to do with "Stealin' in the Name of the Lord" which predates Marvin's opus. "I do believe he's into my music," says Paul of the great Gaye.

Paul calls Sam Cooke "the best singer who ever sang a song," and admires the styles of Brook

Benton, Joe Simon and Van Morrison. He is considering a version of Van's "Crazy Love" for the next album.

As for writers, Curtis Mayfield is "the best writer who ever wrote a song." "He's been solidly doing it for years," adds Paul, who also digs the songs of Bob Dylan and Smokey Robinson.

With *Hooked, Hogtied & Collared* looming as the Big One in Paul Kelly's career to date, the future looks green. No matter what happens, though, Paul is happiest at home, strumming his guitar and writing a few more hit songs. He's into something he can't shake loose.

Ted Nugent's Night of Hot Licks

It was hot 'Lanta when Ted Nugent arrived in the fair Georgian capitol to tear up the Municipal Auditorium and battle Cactus guitarist Mike Pinera to the finish in front of a screaming crowd that climbed upon the seats and each other in hopes of getting a good look at the goings-on.

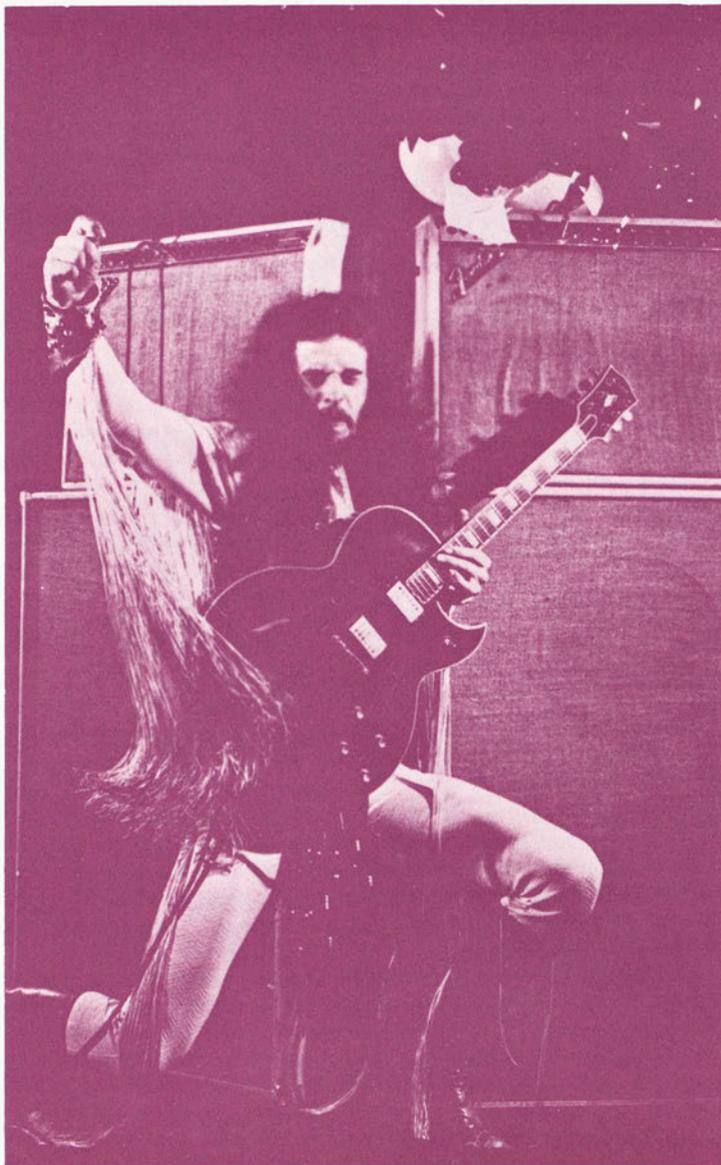
Earlier in his hotel room, wiping newly-formed sweat from a freshly-showered brow, Nugent had emphatically restated claims to being the "world's greatest guitarist."

What about Eric Clapton, due to arrive for a local appearance within a matter of days. "Well," admitted Nugent, "he's tasty, but still, I've never met anyone who could cut licks I couldn't."

And then it was off to the show, Nugent driving, cutting through the heavy traffic, predicting great things for his and the Amboy Dukes' next release on DiscReet, *Tooth, Fang and Claw*, which finally features the flashy guitarist on vocals. (*Call Of The Wild* employed the voice of his brother-in-law.)

Some Call It Unreason. Backstage, Nugent and band waited patiently while Cactus whipped the audience into a frenzy. Then, pouting and posturing, Nugent and the Amboy Dukes took the dark stage and a piercing note engulfed the fans. Suddenly the lights went up as Nugent, bassist Rob Grange and drummer Vic Mastroianni powered into the first song. Nugent strutted up to the microphone, then backstepped before belting out lyrics that were nearly lost behind the wall of sound now emanating from the stage.

For the major portion of his set,



Nugent catered willingly to the fans' need for their own Midwest/South cult hero—someone they can call their own while bands of

more renown, playing essentially the same fare, take the East and West coasts by storm. But then, in a display of what some might

call gall and most would term crazy, Nugent launched into the pure spectacle everyone had been waiting for.

Shirtless and Beefy. A roadie strode onstage during one grueling guitar solo carrying a milky glass globe and placed it in a holder atop the amplifiers.

Nugent, fingers swirling, turned to size up the object. He then proceeded to work his way slowly up the guitar neck, striking notes of ever-increasing pitch. His face became a grimacing mask. The strain radiated across the few feet separating him from the globe. The notes were now almost out of hearing range.

With a soft thud, the globe burst apart. The crowd went wild.

If Nugent's histrionics weren't enough, he had thoughtfully provided an encore of greater magnitude—the "guitar battle" between Pinera and himself. Shirtless, the beefy Pinera bounded onstage. He shot a riff at Nugent, who dismissed it with an upturned nose and a few quick movements of his right hand. Pinera tried again. Nugent countered.

And so it went, until both were ducking and weaving in the classic fighter's style, trading the most incredible or pretentious of runs in an effort to endure and to outdo. Sweat ran freely.

When Pinera finally conceded, he shouted, "Ted Nugent!" and gazed reverently at the tall, stringy figure now framed against an amplifier. Nugent was king, the crowd was ecstatic, and the temperature had risen a few degrees between 10 and 11 p.m. in Atlanta that night.

—DAVID RENSIN

Covering Little Feat

Few album artists break through the anonymity of commercial illustration, yet the gentleman who creates the visual aids for Little Feat—Neon Park XIII—positively shines.

For Little Feat's *Sailin' Shoes* (BS 2600) Neon painted a landscape in oil, filling the front and back of the album cover with a hauntingly decadent vista of a privileged garden, with nods to Fragonard and to Gainsborough. The central presence is an animated layer cake in a swing, sailing up exuberantly, kicking off a shoe in sheer euphoria. Looking on are a large, gnarly snail, the narcissistic Blue Boy, and a malevolent old man with a funnel for a hat. Accessories for this bizarre playground include a fountain in the form of an ominous sea creature, a tree whose trunk paws the ground with a horse's hoof,



and a parade of columns crowned with urns and assorted unnatural flora.

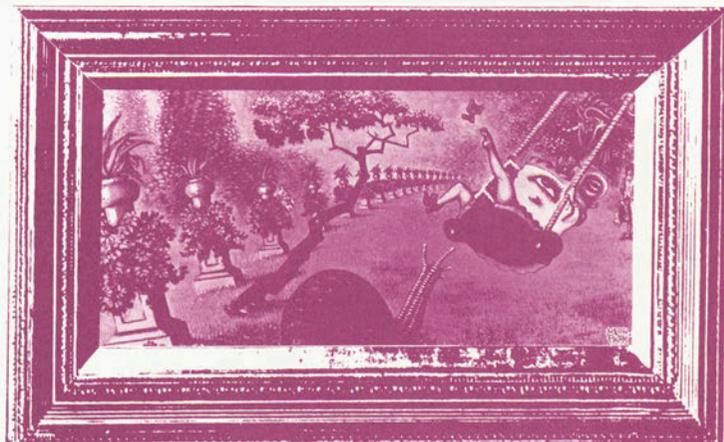
Look at the cover for Little Feat's *Dixie Chicken* (BS 2628). Against an icy tuck-and-roll upholstered background, a bluish-platinum blonde poses in a 1930's wardrobe-department evening gown. An elongated accordion, like a huge musical Slinky, curls jealously at her side. Her manicured hand rests on the squeezebox, and, guarded

by its watchful blue eye and bared teeth, she offers her essence—insinuating, predatory, frigid. The Mona Lisa as Dragon Lady.

On the latest Little Feat LP—*Feats Don't Fail Me Now* (BS 2784)—Neon has installed a slice from the Maxfield Parrish out-of-doors—a stormy Arizona sky brooding over a switchback mountain cornice. Careening jauntily around the mountain's shoulder is George Washington at the

wheel of a classic Continental, while the headlights view the onlooker bemusedly. Seated next to George is Marilyn Monroe. What their hands are doing is uncertain, but lightning is surely about to strike. So it goes.

A show of Neon Park XIII's drawings and paintings opened recently at Gawdawful Creations gallery in Hollywood, and his future is filled with projects ranging from a



Feats on the Run

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money. Little Feat have an enthusiastic following, but haven't sold a whole lot of records across the country yet. "We kinda felt that the time had come for us to do a little realization of the fruits of our labors," explained guitarist Paul Barrère, "since we've always gotten offers from folks to go all over the place and make lots more bread than we've been doing in this band." So it was that the Doobie Brothers and Bonnie Raitt were graced with the fellows' talents for a while, but in the end

"we found that we were playing our intricacies on other people's gigs," Lowell remembers sadly. "All this stuff that we'd worked years to get together for us ended up finding its way into other people's music."

The seclusion of the Blue Seas Studio finally provided Little Feat with the proper atmosphere in which to work and, to Lowell's way of thinking, was the last straw in getting things back together. "It's really nice here in that we don't have to put up with all the Hollywood hustle and bustle," he says.

"We can get in a good relaxed groove out here and take the time to do things right. It's really nice out here."

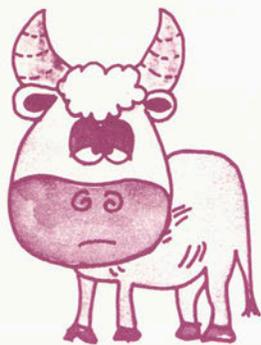
For More Years. In more ways than one. For it's within the confines of Baltimore-Washington that Little Feat's LPs go gangbusters. "I guess the reason we're so popular here," Lowell says, "is [Warners Baltimore-Washington Promotion Manager] Ed Kalicka [applause by other band members]. Wherever we're popular—and there's other places too, y'know—we find that there's people there breaking their backs for

us. We also find that we're popular in places where there's a strong orientation toward FM radio—in fact FM is the sole reason we're on the outskirts of believability.

"Almost anywhere you go you'll find only one or two stations playing the same kind of pre-packaged, mass-market music," he adds. "What we really need is a lot less radio stations but more powerful ones with the wattage to cover really wide areas, playing good *diverse* stuff."

Even if company coffers aren't clanging yet, Warner Bros. has seen fit to give Little Feat a lot of

The Bumbershoots of Your Mind



London. At last the British-released Viv Stanshall album which has been scheduled for more than two years has a title: *Men Opening Umbrellas Ahead*. This sounds like an interpretation of the cryptic graphics for a certain British road sign, but, on the other foot, it could really mean that somewhere ahead umbrellas are actually being opened by men. That is, it is reasonable to assume that somewhere men are opening umbrellas, and it might just be ahead. Neither of these possibilities is, of course, conclusive.

Brass Widows. Everyone knows that popstars struggle with tour dates and private lives so tangled that even a tanker of Hair-So-New could not unsnarl them. But what about the classical types? A recent feature in the *Times* suggests that members of the London Philharmonic Orchestra face comparable hazards. "They work in a field in which family life is next to impossible and divorce is an ever-present possibility." The photo showed a pair of dazed trumpeters consulting their diaries—69 consecutive days without a break, only three days off out of 86, and 46 consecutive nights before the public. Non-performing time is devoured by rehearsals and travel. Said one, "You have a

short life in this job and then it's the scrap heap. In a foreign orchestra a trumpet player can do two years and if his teeth fall out he gets a salary for the rest of his life."

Crooner Swoons. Before we leave the classical biz behind, spare a thought for the poor baritone solo at the Albert Hall the other week who collapsed most gracefully (I saw the action replay on TV) with heat prostration in mid-performance. Curiouser and curiouser, the baritone's stand-in was a doctor who was then so busy ministering to the stricken singer that he could not sub for him. So, out of the audience pops a bright young thing who'd been a professional vocalist for only two weeks. He knew the part. The show went on. Conductor André Previn managed to conceal expressions of freakedness, although the other members of the orchestra sported the odd arched eyebrow. (Ruby Keeler, thou shouldst be living in this hour. . .)

Quiz Time. Much though I hesitate to encroach upon Demento territory, I cannot resist posing the question—and it is on the level—what former Vice President of the United States composed the song "It's All in the Game" (as in "Many a tear has to fall, but . . .")? I can't give you a prize for this, but the generous young Ruby Monday might.

Tunes Tuned In. *Top of the Pops* is back on the air after strike action by the technicians that lasted some six weeks. The single charts were palpably affected during the hiatus, with

M.O.R. records benefiting from the radio-only exposure. A record store man pointed out to me that the Slade single ("Slade"), which was number three at the time, would have been an automatic number one had *T.O.T.P.* been running. (No secret about what it takes to sell pop records in England. . .)

Bulletin. The new Viv Stanshall album has just been plopped into my grasping hands and, I'm relieved to report, the title does in fact refer to the very road sign I suspected it might. Guess I'll throw it on the old turntable and see how back-up men Steve Winwood and Jim Capaldi made out on such winsome tracks as "Prong and Toots Go Steady."

— SHELLEY BENOIT

Top Ten

Based on Warner Bros. sales figures for the two weeks of August 5-August 19.

1. Alice Cooper's *Great-est Hits*
2. Richard Betts/*Highway Call*
3. Duane Allman *Anthology, Vol. II*
4. Gordon Lightfoot/*Sundown*
5. Neil Young/*On the Beach*
6. Robin Trower/*Bridge of Sighs*
7. T. Rex/*Light of Love*
8. Wet Willie/*Keep on Smilin'*
9. James Taylor/*Walking Man*
10. America/*Holiday*



book for children to a movie. It is Neon's antic imagination in album art, though, that music and Little Feat freaks know best. His covers always startle, provoke and amuse in rich disproportion to their immediate, ephemeral purpose. "From the moment I first met him," says Lowell George, "I knew that here was one who had tasted of the cosmic marshmallow."
—LEONARD BROWN

rope—they're one act the "biz-wigs" really believe in. "I guess there are only two ways of making it," Lowell muses, "either on the one- or the five-year plan, and when the company figures out which one it is, then they'll wait for you. The one-year plan—the 'get some gasoline, dear' operation—obviously isn't for us. We've gotta be on the five-year plan—windmills and steam power. Maybe there's something to it after all." He gets up from the chair and heads back to the booth. "I don't know," he adds. "I've gotta go mix this record." ●

You'll Have Your Own Office When They Cancel *The Wa* Now Get Back to Work.

The red lamp standing square in the center of the entrance patio glared steadily. "I knew it." Bob DeWaide, no man to be intimidated by a lightbulb, glared back at it. "They said that they'd only be shooting for a little bit. That light's been on all morning."

DeWaide, in case you've joined this continuing story late, is project supervisor for Warner Bros. Records' long-awaited New Building, just across the street

from the present digs.

Digging at the New Building is now pretty much complete, says Bob, with construction entering its final phase.

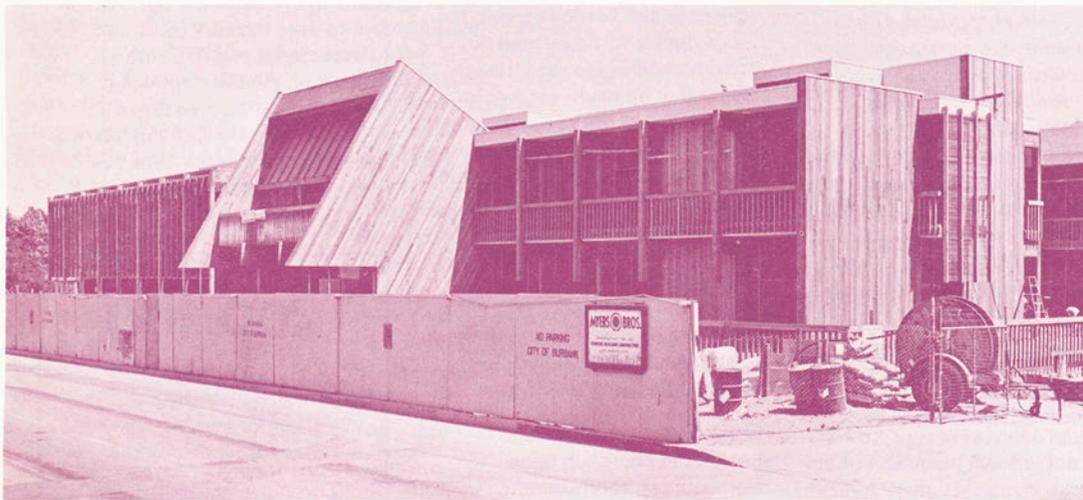
Bob's prediction last April of an early-August construction completion date, with the building ready for occupation by September, is now inoperative. Said prediction was predicted, though, before California's carpenters (no relation to Richard and Karen)

decided that they weren't getting enough money for their special services, resulting in a statewide strike. "It went on for 42 days," explains the supervisor.

"There are actually two sets of carpenters working on the building. Those doing the preliminary work went on strike; an early settlement was reached with the finishing carpenters, the ones responsible for detail work. We don't really expect the strike to

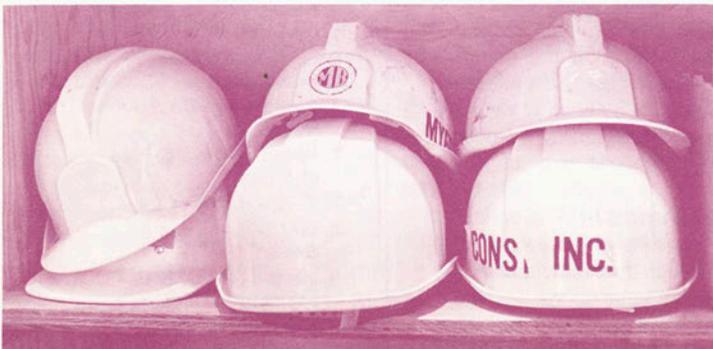
have delayed the building itself that long—most of the striking carpenters were finished with that phase of the work. What *will* be delayed, though, is site work like the parking lot, sidewalks and gutters—anywhere that concrete needs to be poured and hasn't been already. The carpenters need to make the forms."

The red light ceased to glare. A claxon blasted. Somewhere toward the rear of the building an



The light.

View from the rear.



Battle plans.



ltons.

electric saw began to grind. DeWaide smiled.

"The dry walls are all in. The handrails and paneling, the paving tiles and the ventwood grilles are 80% complete . . ."

Ventwood grilles?

"That latticework around the top level. It's wood. People inside can see out through the lattice, but sunlight coming in is kept to a minimum . . ."



Pouring the inner courtyard under *The Waitons'* watchful eye.

The claxon sounds. The sawing stops, abruptly. The light flashes red again.

" . . . which makes for a lighter load on the air conditioning. All of the exterior glass is tinted, too. Same reason.

"What needs to be finished is the hardware, cabinets, plumbing, electrical work, the grillework for air conditioning, the drop-in ceilings on the garden level and the final painting. Stromberg-Carlson

are installing the telephones now; all Pacific Telephone does is run in the one line."

That sounds as though it'd all take a lot of time.

"Not really. Most of the work has been done. We expect to be finished by October 4."

Another claxon. The red light snuffs. A distant buzz. DeWaide grins.

"They're shooting *The Waitons*

just on the other side of that hedge. When the cameras start rolling, the horn sounds, the red light goes on, and anybody over here who's making noise has to stop, so there'll be no sawing or pounding on the soundtrack.

"It's a kind of distraction that we don't get on a whole lot of jobs." DeWaide sighs, picks up the telephone, dials a number and begins to negotiate the price of a load of wood.

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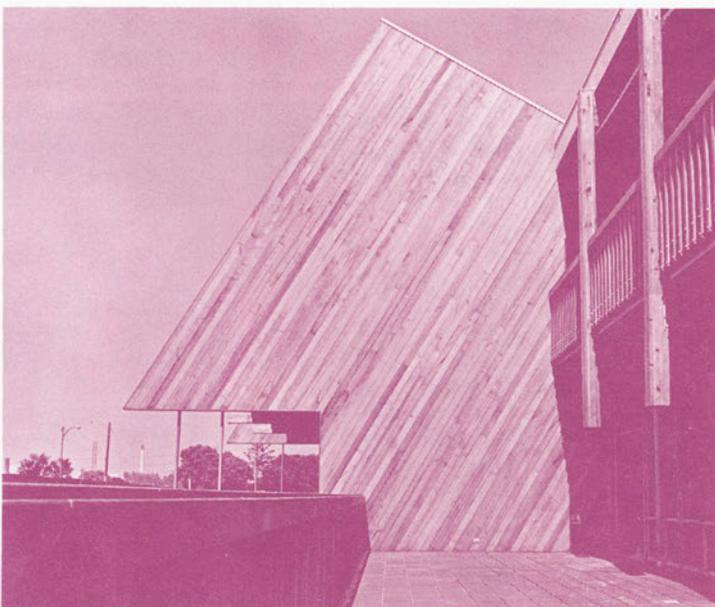
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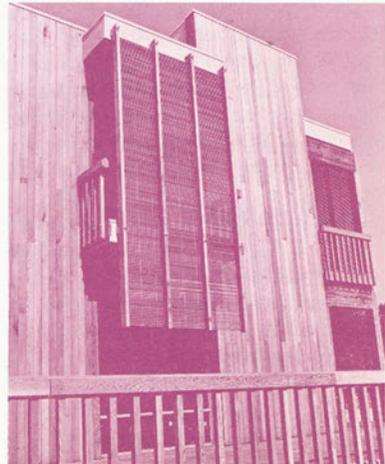


Side view, main entrance.



Bob DeWaide negotiating.

Latticework detail.



Pour Water in My Ear and I'll Follow You Anywhere

Rushing Ronnie Out. Ron Wood's debut solo album (announced two issues back) is being released ASAP (as soon as possible) to coincide with a New York-based promotional tour. The tour's taking place between the end of August and the start of September, and from the itinerary it looks like a massive city-a-day kind of road trip. Plans include radio and press interviews in a list of cities as long as my used rolls of typewriter ribbon, including Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Washington, D.C., Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles and San Francisco. As soon as that stint is a *fait accompli*, Ronnie has to dash back to home base where he'll immediately embark on a three-month tour of the Continent with Faces. See *Ron I've Got My Own Album to Do* Wood run, pant, pant.

Exposing Our Soul. Sandwiched in with last week's jabbering on recent signings, you may've noticed Capricorn's grabbing up of Percy Sledge and WB's new production deal with Bobby Womack. In addition to those R&B gemfuls, Ms. Candi Staton's been recently inked. She'll continue to put product out of Muscle Shoals with Rick Hall at helm as



New Chrysalis Attraction, UFO. If spotted, do not call the airport or police. They're confused enough already.

producer. WB's also pushing soul product under the aegis of InnoVation II Records, a new, strictly-soul-oriented label which will be nationally distributed by Warner Bros. In charge of InnoVation II is one Gus Redmond, formerly with GRC Records, who'll be working out of Chicago where InnoVation II is based. Meanwhile, WB's recently released a batch of R&B LPs for whose success there seems to be no boundary. Ain't no mountain high enough to contain the sales story of Ashford & Simpson, Tower of Power or Graham Central Station. Paul Kelly's 45, "Hooked, Hogtied & Collared," plus album of same name, has been rising on Soul charts everywhere and Picks (both for singles and albums) have been piling up for Jimmy Cliff, the Meters, Lenny Williams, Parliament (on Casablanca), Lorraine Ellison and Black Ivory (on Kwanza). *Record World* recently saw fit to bestow a few of their 1974 R&B Album Awards on Warner's groups including Ashford &

Simpson, who walked away with Top New Vocal Duo (under Diana Ross and Marvin Gaye, of course); Graham Central Station and Tower of Power, both of whom fell under Top New Self-Contained Group; and all the forces behind the soundtrack to *Cleopatra Jones*, which took the Number One spot under Top Soundtrack Album.

Chrysalis Creates, the World Takes. Our largest English corporate companion, Chrysalis Records, has more than doubled in size since its founding. ChrysaRecs, headed by those two young wizards, Chris Wright and Terry Ellis, seems to have a finger in every slice of the record business pie now that their organization encompasses music publishing, talent booking, concert promotion and personal management, not to mention disc releases. Pictured herein is one of their newest attractions, UFO, never before viewed in *Circ's* pages. UFO's debut LP, *Phenomenon*, and their current 45, "Doctor,

Doctor," have attracted spacious media attention, including dubs like "Top FM Airplay This Week" from *Record World* plus various album and single picks. Also shown hereabouts, is a never-before-published photo-exclusive of (reading left to right) Mo Ostin, Ian Anderson and Terry Ellis. The shot was snapped in *Circular's* very office during a recent tour by Mo for Ian of WB's Burbank home office building. Unfortunately, there was an accident with the paper shredder and Solomon Penthaus, being eyed by both Mo and Ian, was cut off. Foiled again in an effort to expose Mr. P.

Inspirational Verse

Hum a little soul
Make life your goal
And surely something's
gonna come to you
And say "It's all right."

—Curtis Mayfield
"The Monkey Time"

Ruby's Run-Ons

◆ Next month's coming attractions include (OK, hold your breath) new LPs by **Ms. Bonnie Raitt** (*Streethlights*), **Randy Newman** (*Good Old Boys*), **Graham Central Station** (*Release Yourself*) and **Fleetwood Mac** (*Heroes Are Hard to Find*). ◆ No new contests

this week, but several winners on the **Barbi Benton** quiz. Of course, she's signed to **Playboy Recs** and her boyfriend's **Hugh Hefner**. C'mon now, all you consumers, keep your eyes open and your wits sharp for next issue's ludicrous contest. ♦ This week under the Law-Suits-We-Love-to-Read-About Department is a jotting from *Billboard* in which we find music publisher **MCA Music** suing a company of folks d/b/a **The Village Gate** who've apparently taken the *après-Bette-Midler*-classic "**Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy**" and, "substantially copying" it, are using same under the name

"**The Cunnilingus Champion of Company C.**" It's in an off-Broadway show called Let My People Come and that's where I'll stop comment. ♦ *Women's Wear Daily* gave **Peter Ivers'** *Terminal Love* a rave review. **James Spina** said (and we quote proudly and loudly) "The music compares to nothing else in rock. Ivers commands enough lyrical swagger to make **Bowie** retire (again), **Lou Reed** worry and **Cole Porter** move over. A jagged blend of delicate frenzy, Ivers' music deserves considerable investigation by anyone interested in the progression of rock." Whew. ♦ **Rumor Control** wants

the world to know that, in fact, **Jeff (Skunk) Baxter**, formerly of **Steely Dan**, is not going to become an intrinsic member of the **Doobie Brothers**. It's more of a guest set situation, you understand—he kind of "sits in" at live performances. ♦ Internationally, we're ripping right along with **Gordon Lightfoot's** *Sundown* LP selling and charting in South Africa, New Zealand and, not surprisingly, Canada. In Japan, I noticed we're rushing up the Singles Chart with a ditty titled "Pocket Ippai No Himitsu" by **Agnes Chan** at #7. Comebacks-We-Can't-Wait-to-See include that of **Tiny Tim** who, so

sez *The Hollywood Reporter*, "celebrated his 49th birthday by announcing he's making a showbiz comeback." ♦ **James Taylor's** selling out while walking, man. He's just trucked himself home after a move-a-minute tour of two weeks' and 10 shows' duration. Seven out of those 10 sold out, and two set new attendance records. Tour was geared around his new album, *Walking Man*. ♦ **Todd Rundgren** to produce, according to *Record World*, **Daryl Hall** and **John Oates'** forthcoming 33½ for Atlantic. ♦ Yes, Virginia, there's at least one way to make a lot of money *quick* left in this country. **Evel Knievel** found one—or so it seems. The man stands to make \$32 million on his jump (September 8) across the Snake River. In the words of *The Hollywood Reporter*, it's the "largest one day gross in history for a sporting or entertainment event." Give that man a record contract and watch what he'll do with it. ♦ If your stereo's begun to sound dull lately and you're missing those deep bass audibles, maybe, just maybe, you're suffering from wax buildup. At least that's a solution offered and documented by *Billboard's* August 17 issue. Three random editors of *High Fidelity Magazine* had their ears syringed with warm water to remove "heavy wax deposits." One of the gentlemen had a 10-db increase in hearing, according to studio tests. Turns out, after the ear job, he could hear almost twice as well. One of the editors had no long-lodging wax and the third showed a 5-db improvement. Of course, you might need a new stereo, but it's something to ponder. ♦



Jethro Tull in Burbank. Mo Ostin, Ian Anderson and Terry Ellis hanging out in *Circ's* "back office," sans Solomon Penthaus who was busy greeting the VIPs, but who fled when the cameras came.

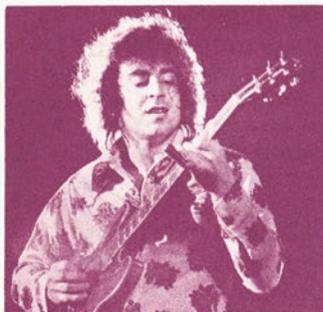
I Might Come by Boat. I Might Come by Plane.

Beach Boys

8/28 Canadian National Exhibition,
Toronto, Ontario
8/29 Columbus State Fair, Ohio
9/1 University of Indiana, Bloomington
9/2-3 Pine Knob Theatre, Detroit
9/21 Ontario Motor Speedway, Ontario,
California

Elvin Bishop

8/30-31 Marine World, Jungle Theatre,
Redwood City, California



9/6 Central Park, Wollman Rink,
New York City
9/7 Palace Theatre, Waterbury,
Connecticut
9/8-10 The Bottom Line, New York City

Chunky, Novi & Ernie

9/10-15 Ice House, Pasadena, California

Cold Blood

8/31 Gordon Creek Festival Grounds,
Portland, Oregon
9/8 Cal Expo Fairgrounds, Sacramento

Ry Cooder

9/14 St. Lawrence University, Canton,
New York

Deep Purple

8/29 Arrowhead Stadium, Kansas City,
Missouri
8/30 Astrodome, Houston

Doobie Brothers

8/27, County Coliseum, Erie, Pennsylvania
8/29 Dillon Stadium, Hartford,
Connecticut
8/31 Three Rivers Stadium, Pittsburgh
9/1 Portsmouth Stadium, Virginia
9/2 Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City

Foghat

8/27 Portland, Oregon
8/28 Seattle
9/4 Central Park, New York City

Graham Central Station

8/30 Swing Auditorium, San Bernardino



8/31 Sports Arena, Los Angeles
9/1 Oakland Coliseum
9/2 Balboa Stadium, San Diego
9/6 Century II, Wichita, Kansas
9/7 New Mexico State University,
Las Cruces
9/8 Civic Plaza, Phoenix
9/11 Coliseum, Denver
9/12 Myriad Auditorium, Oklahoma City
9/14 Kiel Auditorium, St. Louis
9/15 Auditorium Theatre, Chicago
9/16 Arena, Milwaukee
9/20 Coliseum, Charlotte, North Carolina
9/21 Cumberland County Auditorium,
Fayetteville, North Carolina
9/22 Felt Forum, New York City
9/26 Civic Auditorium, Pittsburgh
9/27 Spectrum, Philadelphia
9/28 Scope, Norfolk, Virginia
9/29 Memorial Auditorium, Greenville,
South Carolina
9/30 County Hall, Charlotte,
North Carolina
10/2 Public Arena, Cleveland
10/5 Michigan Palace, Detroit
10/6 Ambassador Theatre, St. Louis
10/26 State University of New York,
Albany

Arlo Guthrie

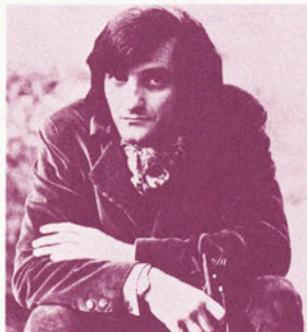
8/28 Blossom Music Festival, Cuyahoga
Falls, Ohio



8/30 Feline Center, Wolf Trap Farm Park,
Vienna, Virginia

Doug Kershaw

8/23-31 Oregon State Fair, Salem
9/2 Oghala Sioux Tribe Reservation,
Pine Ridge, South Dakota
10/4 University of California, Riverside
10/12 Eastern New Mexico State
University, Portales



11/7-11 Arizona State Fair, Phoenix
11/26-30 Great South East Music Hall,
Atlanta

Kiss

9/14 Massey Hall, Toronto, Ontario

Little Feat

8/27 Bangor, Maine
8/28 Boston Gardens
9/6 State University of New York,
Brockport
9/7 Private Party, Pittsburgh
9/8 Delaware Park, Delaware

James Montgomery Band

9/6 Providence College, Rhode Island
9/7 Georgetown University,
Washington, D.C.
9/13 New Jersey Fairgrounds, Trenton
9/14 Southeastern Massachusetts
University, North Dartmouth
9/19 University of Maine, Orono

Ted Nugent and The Amboy Dukes

9/20 Signorelli's, Lafayette, Louisiana
9/21 Vinton, Louisiana
9/25-26 Winter Haven, Florida
9/27-28 Jacksonville, Florida
9/29 Asheville, North Carolina

Parliament

8/30 Charlotte, North Carolina
9/26 Clark College, Atlanta

Todd Rundgren

8/31 Convention Hall, Asbury Park,
New Jersey

Doug Sahn

9/2-3 Bottom Line, New York City

9/12-15 Main Point, Philadelphia
9/16-17 Paul's Mall, Boston
9/20-21 Capital Theatre, Passaic,
New Jersey
9/22 American University,
Washington, D.C.
9/25-29 My Father's Place, Roslyn,
Long Island

Seals & Crofts

9/15-18 Universal Amphitheatre, Universal
City, California



Tower of Power

9/7 Balboa Stadium, San Diego
9/8 Cal Expo Stadium, Sacramento
9/13 Selland Arena, Fresno
9/14 Swing Auditorium, San Bernardino
9/20-21 Marine World, Redwood City,
California
9/27 University of Idaho, Moscow
9/28 Boise State College, Idaho
10/11 Felt Forum, New York City



10/12 Dartmouth College, Hanover,
New Hampshire
10/20 Stonehill College, North Easton,
Massachusetts
10/25 Mosque, Richmond, Virginia

Mary Travers

8/28 Wollman Rink, Central Park,
New York City
8/31 Sundance Lodge, Mt. Snow,
West Dover, Vermont
9/1 Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis,
Massachusetts

UFO

9/6 Ft. Wayne, Indiana
9/7 Michigan Palace, Detroit
9/8 Rivoli Theatre, Indianapolis
9/10 St. Paul Municipal Theatre,
Minnesota
9/11 Cowtown Ballroom, Kansas City,
Missouri
9/12 Milwaukee
9/13 Auditorium Theatre, Chicago

Baby, I Might Even Catch the Train . . .

9/14-15 Ambassador Theatre, St. Louis
9/20-21 Electric Ballroom, Atlanta
9/23 Lisner Auditorium, Washington, D.C.
9/24 East Wing Auditorium, Baltimore
9/25-26 Roxy Theatre, Northampton,
Pennsylvania

9/27 Tower Theatre, Philadelphia
9/28 Academy of Music, New York City
9/29 Allen Theatre, Cleveland
9/30 Ohio State University, Columbus
10/3 Moore Theatre, Seattle
10/5 Berkeley Community Theatre,
California
10/6 Santa Monica Civic Auditorium,
California

Uriah Heep

9/4 Felt Forum, New York City
9/5 Music Hall, Boston
9/6 Capital Theatre, Passaic, New Jersey
9/7 Baltimore Civic Center
9/8 William & Mary College,
Williamsburg, Virginia
9/11 University of South Carolina,
Columbia
9/13 Municipal Auditorium, New Orleans
9/14 Hofheinz Pavilion, Houston

9/15 Moody Coliseum, Dallas
9/19 Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles
9/20 Berkeley Community Theatre,
California
9/22 Seattle Civic Arena

Dionne Warwick

8/27-9/1 Front Row Theatre, Cleveland
9/10-15 Music Fair, Westbury, New York
9/20-28 Japanese Tour
10/9-13 Mill Run Theatre, Niles, Illinois

Kitty Wells

8/29 Fairgrounds, Marshfield, Wisconsin
8/30 High School, St. Francis, Wisconsin

Wet Willie

8/28 Empire Theatre, Minot,
North Carolina
8/29-31 State Fairgrounds, Minneapolis

Jesse Colin Young

8/27-29 Chicago Stadium

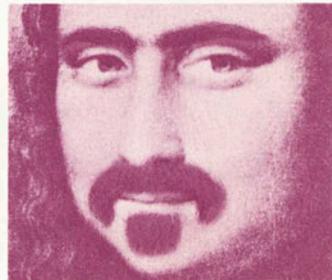
8/31 Cleveland Stadium
9/2 Varsity Stadium, Toronto, Ontario
9/21 Ontario Motor Speedway, Ontario,
California

Neil Young

8/27-29 Chicago Stadium
8/31 Cleveland Stadium
9/2 Varsity Stadium, Toronto, Ontario
9/21 Ontario Motor Speedway, Ontario,
California

Frank Zappa/ Mothers of Invention

10/29 Palace Theatre, Waterbury,
Connecticut
10/31 Felt Forum, New York City
11/1 Capital Center, Largo, Maryland
11/2 University of Richmond, Virginia
11/6 Syria Mosque, Pittsburgh
11/9 The Orpheum, Boston
11/11 Onondago War Memorial, Syracuse
11/12 War Memorial, Rochester
11/17 The Spectrum, Philadelphia



11/19 Veterans Memorial Auditorium,
Columbus, Ohio
11/20 Hara Sports Arena, Dayton
11/22 Ft. Wayne Coliseum, Indiana
11/24 Dane County Arena, Madison,
Wisconsin
11/27 Auditorium, Madison, Wisconsin
11/29-30 The Hat Trick Arena, Chicago
12/1 Cleveland
12/31 Long Beach Arena, California

Top Forty

PLEASE NOTE: This Top Forty listing contains musically and financially explicit material. If you believe that it is your right as an adult to know how Warner/Reprise releases did in July, please read on. But if you feel you may be offended by explicit material of this sort, simply write across the listing: "I do not wish to read this. Who cares how many records you guys sold in July? What makes you think I want to look in the parentheses for the June standings? Phooey. Phoo," and the listing will continue to appear anyway. But you will feel better about it.

1. **On the Beach**/Neil Young
2. **Sundown**/Gordon Lightfoot (1)

3. **Holiday**/America
4. **Walking Man**/James Taylor (2)
5. **Bridge of Sighs**/Robin Trower (3)
6. **What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits**/Doobie Brothers (5)
7. **Wonderworld**/Uriah Heep
8. **The Captain and Me**/Doobie Brothers (7)
9. **Apostrophe'**/Frank Zappa (6)
10. **Keep on Smilin'**/Wet Willie (14)
11. **Unborn Child**/Seals & Crofts (11)
12. **Diamond Girl**/Seals & Crofts (13)
13. **Maria Muldaur** (4)
14. **Summer Breeze**/Seals & Crofts (9)

15. **Toulouse Street**/Doobie Brothers (10)
16. **Machine Head**/Deep Purple (15)
17. **Kiss** (12)
18. **Energized**/Foghat (17)
19. **Paranoid**/Black Sabbath (27)
20. **Let It Flow**/Elvin Bishop
21. **Light Shine**/Jesse Colin Young (20)
22. **Burn**/Deep Purple (16)
23. **The Allman Brothers Band at the Fillmore East** (25)
24. **Eat A Peach**/Allman Brothers Band (28)
25. **Made in Japan**/Deep Purple (37)
26. **Montrose** (18)
27. **Beginnings**/Allman Brothers Band (30)
28. **Harvest**/Neil Young (34)

29. **Laid Back**/Gregg Allman (26)
30. **Back to Oakland**/Tower of Power (19)
31. **Beach Boys in Concert** (39)
32. **Foghat** (33)
33. **A New Life**/The Marshall Tucker Band (29)
34. **Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath**/Black Sabbath (23)
35. **Over-Nite Sensation**/Frank Zappa & the Mothers of Invention
36. **Billion Dollar Babies**/Alice Cooper
37. **The Marshall Tucker Band** (32)
38. **After the Gold Rush**/Neil Young
39. **Smash Hits**/Jimi Hendrix (35)
40. **Twice Removed from Yesterday**/Robin Trower

The Numbers Game



Ever since mass production of records began in the 1890s, record companies have without exception found it convenient to number their products. Starting with 1, 1000 or any other figure that seems appropriate, all records of the same size and speed are numbered consecutively as they are released (or, more precisely, as the decision to release them is made).

Ideally, a series once initiated could go on forever. Columbia, as I pointed out last issue, carried one on through over 11,000 single releases spanning 35 years.

In reality, few series last that long, even if the companies using them manage to survive the infinite traumas that beset record-makers. Any change in the nature of the product (as from mono to stereo) or its price (as the recent jump to \$1.29 that brought down Columbia's 35-year veteran), or just a simple desire for a new look, can ring the death knell for a series.

Sometimes a change is dictated by bookkeeping convenience, as when RCA shelved a series of some 31 years standing at the beginning of 1974 for a fancy new combination of codified letters and numbers that embraced both 45s and LPs. (RCA then proceeded to enrage future discographers by jettisoning *that* system, at least for singles, with the advent of the recent price rise.)

Sometimes a series will simply run out of numbers. Were it not

for that, the current longevity champ would be Capitol's singles series. It started at 100 when the label debuted in 1942, and got all the way to 5999 (in 1967) before it bumped into a previously established 6000 oldies series. At that point Capitol simply backed up and reused its numbers beginning with 2000, and is currently re-cycling the #3900s first used in 1958.

With Capitol thus disqualifying itself, the current consecutivity championship goes to MGM, which opened up shop in 1947 with a 10000 singles series. Now in the 14000s, the MGM chronology still has quite a ways to go before it conflicts with the 30000 series formerly used for the 78-and 45-rpm versions of MGM's pioneering movie soundtrack albums. MGM, by the way, accomplished the transition from 78s to 45s by simply adding a letter K to the 78 numbers, a procedure adopted after a very brief flirtation with a separate series for 45s. Moreover, by the simple expedient of changing the K to an M, MGM has nobly allowed the chronology to continue into the \$1.29 era. (Warner Bros. and affiliated labels have, for the record, followed a similar practice of changing prefixes, with a subtle twist: while the various numerical series for singles have been more or less continued, each has been skipped to the next convenient round number. Bookkeeping rears its practical head once again.)

Second place among American labels goes to Mercury, which has been in the 70000s since 1952. Atlantic would be right up there, except that in late 1958 they were

somehow compelled to jump from #1200 up to #2000. *C'est la* WEA.

Question for Next Week.

What do the following songs have in common:

- "Yesterday"
- "Sweet Caroline"
- "One Time in a Million"
- "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head"
- "For Once in My Life"
- "Don't Wait Till Mornin' Comes"
- "Happy Man"
- "Today"
- "What the World Needs Now"
- "Jean"
- "La La La (If I had You)"

(Hint: The answer involves an

artist whose name appears prominently upon the roster of recent Reprise releases.)

Answers floweth over in response to Dr. Demento's July 29 question, which concerned the identity of the "lost" LP featuring Maria Muldaur. Of this flood, however, only an elite rivulet offered the correct answer (*Steelyard Blues*) and, of these, only one was first. The one was from Art Schaak of nearby Studio City, who wanted and got Ry Cooder's latest, *Paradise and Lunch*.

The first correct answer to this week's stumper will net its author any *single* LP in the Warner Bros. catalog (Warner Bros., the greatest name in catalogs since 1958) if only that answer arrives here before Dr. Demento's next question hits the street in the issue appearing two weeks hence. Remember to indicate choice of album, which doesn't mean that one should forget neatness, precision, and the fact that entries will be geographically pro-rated by an independent testing laboratory. Write to: Dr. Demento, Warner Bros. Records, 3701 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Ca. 91505.

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