

## Days of Shame, Nights of Fear, (Late Afternoons of Torment)—Lamentations of a Big Time Rock Critic Who Loves Black Sabbath

by 'ANONYMOUS'

(Circular is so happy to have this highly-respected, big-time rock critic appearing in its pages that it really doesn't know what to do with itself. The reasons for his wanting to remain anonymous should become obvious as his piece progresses, so without further ado, here he is!—ed.)

I'm sitting here listening to the final strains of *Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath* (well, actually I'm listening to *Let's Get It On*, but I was listening to *SBS* when I wrote the first draft of this piece. I liked the ring of the opening phrase so much that I just couldn't bear not using it), and boyoboy do I sure like it a lot. It's one of the few albums that makes me feel *whole*, if you know what I mean. When I listen to Black Sabbath I feel as though I have an army of people behind me—I fear no man when their heavy-metal fury blares forth.

I've taken a lot of crap for feeling this way about the Sabs. Ridicule, insult—I wish it had merely stopped at that—but more on that subject later. You see, before I go any further I feel obligated to inform you that I haven't always been the Sabs' greatest fan. There may even be some out there who remember my college daze when I decried the band's very existence—my review of *Master of Reality* in the school paper gave the LP a grade of D-, a pitiable fraction of a step above failure.



Photo by Stu Adams

Highly-respected, big time rock critic displays his Tony Iommi moves while jamming in a small club, backed by dummy and drummer. Face is blacked out to conceal his identity, lest his fellow critics ostracize him for his devotion to Black Sabbath.

### Rock Rabies

But there was a reason for that—not one that I'm proud to admit but a reason nonetheless. Seems as though back in those days I was a member of a small sect of rabid rock fans on campus, a very tightly-knit group which lived and breathed by the very ink of *Rolling*

*Stone's* review section. To run counter to the accepted tastes of the group was to risk certain banishment to the ranks of the rock & roll apathetics, a fate which on my campus was even more dreaded than expulsion. And ever since that first *Black Sabbath* LP was passed off as "a mass of

mindless, misguided Creamisms" or something similar, liking the band's music was about as big a taboo as seducing the Pope. A definite no-no.

But *before* the *RS* edict was passed, I had bought the record. Or, rather, ordered it from a record club (which I'm not sure whether or not I've paid—another reason why this piece is anonymous). I'd taken to liking it, too, especially the lengthy jam on side two. But once *Stone* passed its judgment I lacked the guts to admit my feelings, for I feared ostracism worse than an F in all my courses. Which I almost got anyway, for I listened to the album (with headphones behind locked doors) for an eternity.

So it was that I became ashamed of my feeling for this band. And like most people harboring some secret feeling I went as far out of my way as possible *in the opposite direction*, so as to place myself above the suspicion of my peers. I became the clique leader in Black Sabbath jokes (sample—"What do ya get when you cross a turkey and a worm?—Black Sabbath!") and castigated our heroes whenever the opportunity presented itself. Plus a few times when it didn't. It got to the point where I did my best to make myself forget all the fine times the Sabs had given me between those headphones. The moment *Paranoid* hit the racks I was all over its

Continued on page 2



# Confessions of a Black Sabbath Addict

Continued from page 1

case, despite the fact that I'd taken a bit of a liking to the only tune I'd heard of it—the frenetic title chiller.

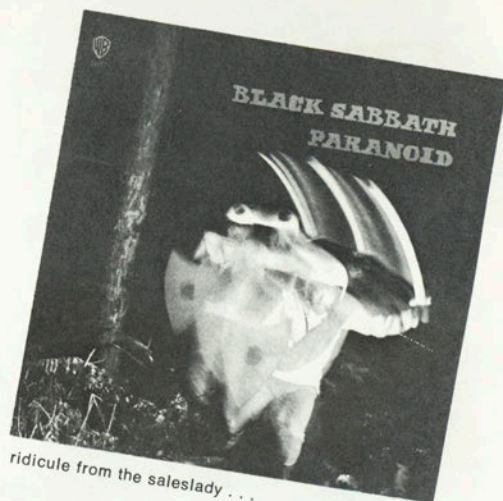
## 'Peter, Dost Thou Love the Sabs?'

But as though this were some up-dated Biblical tale, my cock was already crowing the second time. Black Sabbath's music began to pop up all around me, especially when I meandered near the underclass dorms. "Underclass," I thought to myself, but the fact that the music was following me was undeniable. Sabbath seemed determined to win me over; whenever I put them down, they turned the other cheek and returned for more. And I do mean more. To this day my most vivid recollection of my first sexual experience is the sound of the words "I am iron man!" blasting out of an underclassman's speakers at roughly 130 db just as I reached the moment of fullest excitement. Timely, yes, but the whole incident was just fishy enough to make me believe that something was up.

By the time *Master of Reality* rolled around I had finally made the irrevocable commitment to heavy-metal. But I still wasn't up to publicly admitting to liking Black Sabbath. In fact I wasn't even up to letting myself listen to the new album. "There's no way I'm gonna stoop that low," I snapped at a youthful coed when she suggested feeding my heavy-metal habit with *Master of Reality*. Then came the absolute nadir—that dreaded record review. With it the cock crowed thrice, and like Peter I've lived to shed valleys of



A slam from Stone . . .



ridicule from the saleslady . . .

tears over it.

I graduated still unprepared to come to grips with this phenomenon within/without me. Were it today I'd have grabbed my diploma, thrust my fist into the air and hollered "Black Sabbath" at the top of my lungs, but at the time that just was not to be the case. But after college came a turn of fate that may well have insured my becoming the Sabs' biggest fan—I joined the McGovern campaign. Things went great until Miami, but afterwards *everything* started to go wrong, so almost out of desperation I again started listening to *Black Sabbath*. It did the job, freeing me from my worldly troubles so well that my thirst for more of their heavy-metal mastery became insatiable. Freed of the constraints of college, I raced down to the local record mart and plopped down my meager bucks for *Paranoid* and *Master of Reality*.

## Black Sabbath Fans Liberation

The lady at the cash register looked at me kinda funny as she

rang up my sale, and I'm pretty sure that I heard her snickering as I departed. But once I was home it ceased to matter. Alone with my albums and stereo, I began to unlock the inner secrets of myself and the universe with the Sabs. Their music poured into my ears as water pouring down a desert rat's parched throat, and as they decried the world's war machines in "War Pigs" I found myself muttering "Hey, guy, that's how I feel too!" As they probed the role of religion in contemporary society with "After Forever" I said to myself "That's me talking!" And as they declared their disgust with the hypocrisy, hatred and deceit of this world and sang of escaping "Into the Void" I found myself hoping to hitch a ride. Black Sabbath was that close to being a mirror image of myself!

Of course the fact that they had developed into about the finest heavy-metal band on the planet didn't hurt their case none, either!

So I finally started telling the people around me just how much I liked Black Sabbath. I "came

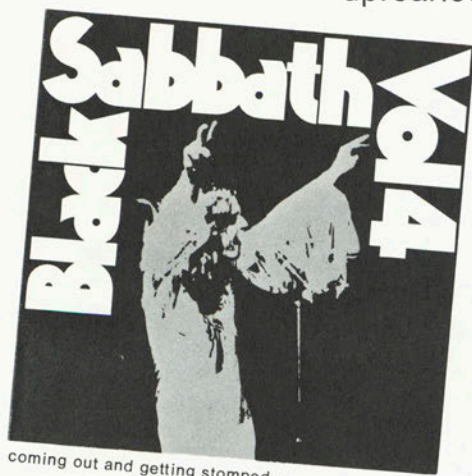
out," as our homosexual brothers might say, and like them I was forced to pay a dreadful price for my honesty. Everywhere people began to laugh at me and hold me in generally low esteem. One day my lunchtime sandwich tasted funny so I left it out on the windowsill "to air out." When I returned I found the sandwich plus two dead birds. I went hungry the rest of the day. But the worst insult of all came when the Senator from South Dakota himself came around on a morale-building visit, took one look at my make-shift "honor the Sabbath" button and began to roll on the floor in a fit of uproarious guffaws. Boy did I have a hard time explaining that to the Secret Service.

## Into the Doldrums

Soon the number of my friends drifted down to zero. My dog assumed a nasty disposition when I came near him, and my mother even began charging me rent. But just as things got to the point where they couldn't get any worse, out came *Black Sabbath Vol. 4*. I loved it from the very start to the



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coming out and getting stomped . . .

very last note, played it 12 hours non-stop before the power people took heed of the neighbors' complaints and cut the electricity. But as my love for Sabbath grew, my troubles compounded. Now without friends, I soon found myself without employment as McGovern took a frightful beating. Worse still I soon found myself without a girlfriend, for the very lady with whom I'd shared the "Iron Man" moment ditched me for some guy she met in a bar whilst I was off attempting to elect a President. My world wasn't dark—it was pitch black!

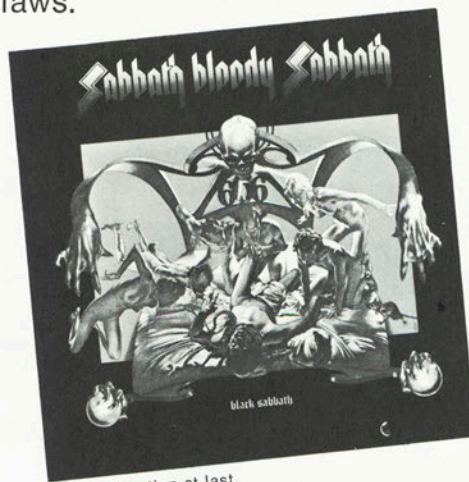
But I stuck with Sabbath and they saw me through. In "Changes" I saw that they too knew the painful heartbreak of ~~prophesies~~ having a loved one get off the train at Splitsville. Once again the Sabs had done their thing, and once again I knew I wasn't alone. I drew my strength from theirs and sooner than I'd have ever thought I got to the point where I didn't even mind being alone, for I'd become one in mind with the fantastic "Supernaut," especially the final verse

which rang out:

Got no religion, don't need  
no friends,  
Got all I want, and I don't need  
to pretend.  
Don't try to reach me, 'cos I  
tear up your mind;  
I've seen the future, and I've  
left it behind!

"I've seen the future, and I've left it behind"—What a thought! I went ecstatic when I heard those words. So well did they capsize my frame of mind that the song became an instant anthem, spurring my very existence.

'Twas good that I had something to spur me on, for soon even my musical compatriots deserted me, labeling yours truly a "Little League Tony Iommi." Let me tell you that it wasn't meant as a compliment, either.\* My parents threw me out of the house, so I found myself totally alone. Except for when I was listening to Black Sabbath on a battery-powered tape player in the pup tent I'd erected in the park. The Sabs made it clear that they were there too, with their music assuring me that I too was above all the pid-



. . . vindication at last.

dling shit that was bringing me down. Amongst the trees, trash and winos, I became a Black Sabbath junkie, immersed in my Black Sabbath jones.

### Talking Guitars, Singing Spirits

Okay, so here I am now, listening to *Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath* (for real this time) and sharpening up on my Tony Iommi-isms between pecks at the typewriter keys. And as I said a while back, I really like the album a whole damn lot. Like "Sabbra Cadabra" I play incessantly (perhaps as much as I once played "Fairies Wear Boots"), probably because it's a rollicking rocker that's almost the equal of "Supernaut." And there's "Fluff," another grand acoustic guitar instrumental. Can't explain why I like Iommi's acoustic things so much—they're nothing much technically, but maybe that old Harold Carswell argument about mediocrity having its place has something to it after

all. It doesn't matter what Iommi plays, it's what he's *saying* with his guitar that counts. Take it from me—he's saying a lot.

How about a synthesizer song? "Who Are You?" has this bridge part in it—well, it tells the whole story of where this band is *without words*. Either you understand it or you don't. It's that simple. And "A Spiral Architect" wraps the affair up—sonically, spiritually, emotionally—also in a way that words can't explain. Hearing is believing.

Well, I've babbled on long enough now. All I can say now is that I'm proud to be a Black Sabbath fanatic, and I'll tell the world at the slightest provocation. Only not when my name's attached to it in print—though I'll do anything for the Sabs as a private citizen, I must keep it cool as a highly-respected, big-time rock critic lest I incur the scorn of rockritix everywhere and lose my means of support. The only time I ever mentioned it in public—at the Rock Writers' Convention in Memphis last May—noted scribe Lestiel Bongs mocked me for at least a half-hour, so you can see why I have to be discreet. Face it, without money how could I buy any more Black Sabbath albums?

I've hung this banner outside my window exclaiming "Black Sabbath—Masters of Reality," but some folks are outside throwing tomatoes at it despite (because of?) the fact that it's 4 a.m. Dammit, one of those "tomatoes" just broke my window. I really do have to go now.

\*The author has since found what he describes as "true musical bliss" with a group he's formed of like-minded Sabbath devotees. Originally known as Temporary Suicide, the band has since changed its name to T'Riff-ik and is described by insiders as "a real happening thing." Watch for them!—ed.



DONE IN JULY

# The New Building Is 70% Complete



Construction supervisors Bob DeWaide and Bugs Bunny.

4  
Thirty miles of 2x4s, 10 miles of roof and floor joists, two miles of glu-laminated beams, an acre of plywood, 200 tons of reinforcing steel, 85 tons of structural steel, three miles worth of concrete and 5½ tons of nails is what it takes to make a Warner Bros. building—this according to the fast figuring of Bob DeWaide, project super-

visor; Hugh Myers, controller; Jack Storck, framing superintendent, and Lowell Rodgers, general foreman.

"And I've never worked on a building with more fancy details," says DeWaide. "This is one in a million. I'll betcha anything it makes the *LA Times* when it's all finished. It'll be a real standout."

## Private Balconies

Take art director Ed Thrasher's future office, for example, which rears its massive glu-lam beams skyward in the upper left hand corner of the accompanying picture. It will have windows to the front and sides, with a sliding glass door on one side that leads out to a private balcony. Or the

spacious office at the heart of the building which will be skirted on three sides by a balcony that overlooks the inner garden. Yes, inner garden. Not to be confused with the large patio (visible to the right side of the picture) which lies adjacent to what will be an outer garden, also with a walk-way/balcony looking out upon it from

Photos by Norman Seeff



If you laid all the materials it took to construct the Warner Bros. building end to end, they'd cause one hell of a traffic tie-up, but would still probably stretch well past West Covina.



the second story.

Construction continues to progress on schedule according to DeWaide, and wonder of wonders, the end-of-July completion date has not been adjusted for months. The only recent slow-up to speak of occurred during January's torrential rains, which caused about 40 tons of mud to slide into the

ground floor.

"But it didn't damage anything," says DeWaide, "—except my state of mind."

### Cafeterias

Both the ground floor and first story will have roomy lunching areas, posing a potential threat to the local eateries.

After DeWaide turns the build-

ing over to the architect—the official point of completion—there will remain a month during which the interior designers get turned loose in the offices, matching drapes, choosing desks, and so on, so the funky WB employees won't go class until at least the first of September. But class they'll go.

"Yes indeed," affirms DeWaide.

## 9X9s

When you turn the page you'll run into 10 pages of 9x9s and blurbs, describing Warners' amazing February release. Regular *Circular* takes up again on page 16 with good ol' Ruby Monday.



# Badfinger

When you've got a Badfinger it isn't rude to point. It's even less rude to stick it in your ear.

## Totem Toppers

This album, which introduces the great British Badfinger (two Liverpoolians, two Welshmen) to the Warner label, is the first the group have released since *Straight Up* a pair of years ago. It's been a long time to await the return of the supercharged harmonies and impeccable timing that lobbed "Day After Day" (not to mention "No Matter What" and "Come and Get It") to the top of the popularity totem. And with that passage of time the songwriting skill that conceived the classic hit-for-Nilsson "Without You" (a track from Badfinger's golden *No Dice* LP) has measurably matured.

## Thoroughly Embeattled

A wise apple once observed that a man shall be known by the company he keeps, which seems to go double for musicians. The company Badfinger have kept includes a complete set of Beatles: with Paul on their own early recordings, including the film tune for *The Magic Christian*; backing Ringo on "It Don't Come Easy;" backing John on *Imagine*; and backing George on *All Things Must Pass* (as in "My Sweet Lord"), plus they did the conspicuously famous Bangla Desh gig. On their own LPs they have benefited from the tutelage of such illustrious producers as Messrs. McCartney and Harrison, true star Todd Rundgren, and now the redoubt-

able Chris Thomas (who, after cutting his teeth on the Beatles' White Album, went on to produce every Procol Harum platter, as well as ones for Roxy Music and Pink Floyd)

## 12 Luvly Toons

The name-dropping will now abate so that there will be room to reveal the riches of *Badfinger*, which, if you love music, gives you a lot for your money. The tunes are all originals, and there are a full dozen of them, just like in the old days. They range from the arrestingly pretty to the wonderfully mean. A random grab into this bulging bag brings forth such variegated goodies as "Love Is Easy," the English single with the dirty great beat; "My Heart Goes Out," a winsome ballad that spins like a top; "Matted Spam" (holy moley, this one is soul-y); "Island," with gigantic jungle drums; and "Andy Norris," a bona fide house-shaker and breather. And that is to name but five. Badfinger have done enough hot stuff already to rest complacently on their laurels. But they aren't resting. *Badfinger* displays them in top gear, and we are exceedingly proud. When you've got a Badfinger, it isn't rude to point.

## Side One

1. **I MISS YOU** 2:32  
(Pete Ham)
2. **SHINE ON** 2:47  
(Pete Ham and Tommy Evans)
3. **LOVE IS EASY** 3:06  
(Joey C. Molland)
4. **SONG FOR A LOST FRIEND** 2:53  
(Pete Ham)
5. **WHY DON'T WE TALK** 3:41  
(Tommy Evans)
6. **ISLAND** 3:38  
(Joey C. Molland)

## Side Two

1. **MATTED SPAM** 3:07  
(Pete Ham)
2. **WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?** 3:23  
(Tommy Evans)
3. **MY HEART GOES OUT** 3:12  
(Mike Gibbons)
4. **LONELY YOU** 3:43  
(Pete Ham)
5. **GIVE IT UP** 4:32  
(Joey C. Molland)
6. **ANDY NORRIS** 2:59  
(Joey C. Molland and Cathy Molland)

PRODUCED BY CHRIS THOMAS



*Badfinger* is also available in 8-track and cassette.



# The Talbot Bros.

John and Terry Talbot had a choice. They could have called this first album *Full Circle*, because that's what they've come. But, alas, they didn't. Instead they opted to put their moniker at the top.

## Chad Mitchell Sideman

Brothers John and Terry have been playing, singing and writing together since John was eight and Terry 14. That's 11 years now, and they still consider themselves "folksingers" who have "run the gamut of the contemporary music field, and who have both performed and studied a wide variety of expressive musical forms." As a youth Terry loved bluegrass and folk, but he began by studying classical guitar. His favorites, on the side, were Peter, Paul and Mary, and he eventually picked up folk forms through simple listening. While in Purdue Terry did some live and studio work for Chad Mitchell.

## Mason Proffiteers

John started on banjo, his natural ability allowing him to master the instrument with ease. But he didn't stay still, for in the following years he became adept on the guitar, steel guitar, dobro, bass, piano and drums as well. John has played with such notables as John Hartford, Earl Scruggs and John McKuen of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. Terry and John, who continued to appear together, alone and as members of groups, decided to form their own: Mason Proffit. The band recorded a total of five albums, including *Rockfish Crossing*, *Bareback Rider* and a double package, *Come and Gone*. In August, 1973, Terry and John left Mason Proffit and returned to the beginning,

forming the Talbot Bros. Even though they had good times playing high energy, electric boogie music (country style), they felt a "need to get back to the roots."

## 'Moline Truckin'

For the *Talbot Bros.* album they assembled some of LA and Nashville's finest musicians to aid in their endeavor. Russ Kunkel and Lee Sklar of the Section play drums and bass respectively; Randy Scruggs plays guitar; Josh Graves lends some dobro licks on "Comin' Home to Jesus" and "Moline Truckin'"; Sneaky Pete plays steel guitar on "And the Time" and "Over Again." Also included are Creeper Kurnow, doubling on harmonica and piano; Donny Dakus on guitar; John Jarvis on piano; and David Lindley, sideman extraordinaire to both Jackson Browne and David Blue, picking Hawaiian guitar on "Trail of Tears." John and Terry wrote all the songs except "Carnival Balloon," contributed by Lee Clayton, and Lowell George's "Easy to Slip."

## Unbreakable

The Talbot Brothers haven't lost any of the high-energy output of old. In fact, the result of coming back to where they started after 10 years proves quite absorbing and definitely interesting. We can say most honestly that the circle is unbroken.

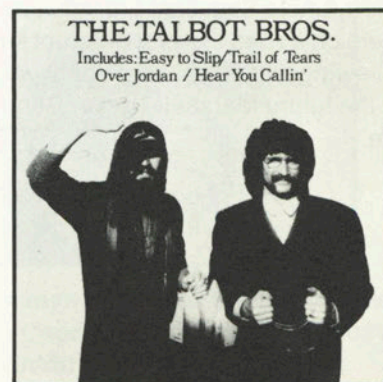
## Side One

1. **EASY TO SLIP** 3:19  
(George and Martin)
2. **COMIN' HOME TO JESUS** 2:42  
(Terry N. Talbot)
3. **IN MY DREAMS** 3:09  
(John Talbot)
4. **AND THE TIME** 2:44  
(Terry and John Talbot)
5. **TRAIL OF TEARS** 3:47  
(John Talbot)

## Side Two

1. **OVER JORDAN** 4:32  
(Terry and John Talbot)
2. **MOLINE TRUCKIN'** 2:12  
(Terry N. Talbot)
3. **COME AND GONE** 2:54  
(John Talbot)
4. **OVER AGAIN** 2:56  
(John and Terry Talbot)
5. **CARNIVAL BALLOON** 3:25  
(Lee Clayton)
6. **HEAR YOU CALLIN'** 2:06  
(John Talbot)

PRODUCED BY BILL HALVERSON





# The Marshall Tucker Band

## A New Life

Their debut album, *The Marshall Tucker Band*, was an overwhelmingly successful artistic and commercial triumph for the relatively unknown sextet of Dixie country-blues rockers.

### The Next Big Band

The word throughout Capricorn Records, much less the entire industry, is that these boys are "the next big band to come out of the South." Now, thanks to singles like "Take The Highway" and "Can't You See" and widespread roadwork with The Allman Brothers Band, the simple fact is that *A New Life* is the album to put The Marshall Tucker Band over the top.

### Toy Factory

Named after a man whose name appeared on a rusty key found by guitarist Toy Caldwell in an old warehouse, The Marshall Tucker Band began in November '71 with the solid line-up of Caldwell brothers Tommy and Toy on bass and guitar respectively, Doug Gray on lead vocals and percussion, George McCorkle on rhythm guitar and Paul Riddle on drums. Jerry Eubanks later joined in on sax, flute, percussion and vocals. The band had existed five years earlier as a Carolina juke-box band called The Toy Factory. Not long after The Toy Factory's inception, Uncle Sam sent the individual members on a road trip of a different kind. The following two years were spent waiting for the future Marshall Tucker Band to re-form.

### Big Money Boogie

It was on the first of May that Marshall Tucker played The Ruins, a club in Spartanburg, North Carolina, sharing the bill with Capricorn Records hot-shot Wet Willie. Says Toy: "Wet Willie heard us and told us to go to the Capricorn office in Macon. We had demos, so we made a bee-line down there. The next thing we knew, the people at Capricorn booked us into Grant's Lounge for an audition. Everybody in the world was down there that night (this Grant's must be some big joint). We had Phil Walden boogieing in the aisles!" And Walden boogied right into his office the next Monday morning to dig out some contracts for The Marshall Tucker Band.

### Energy Surplus

*A New Life* was produced, engineered and keyboarded by Paul Hornsby. The LP, following the fine tradition of most every Capricorn recording artist, was cut at Capricorn Sound Studios in beautiful Macon, Georgia. The material, all of which is original, is an extension of the same high-powered vein that marked *The Marshall Tucker Band*.

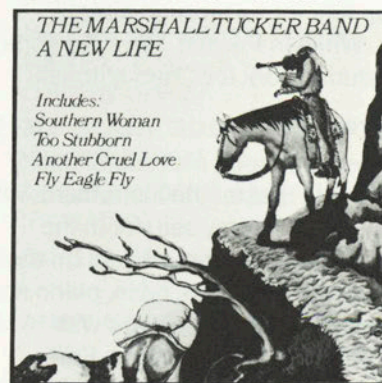
### Side One

1. **A NEW LIFE** 6:36
2. **SOUTHERN WOMAN** 7:43
3. **BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN SKY** 3:30
4. **TOO STUBBORN** 3:47

### Side Two

1. **ANOTHER CRUEL LOVE** 3:55
2. **YOU AIN'T FOOLIN' ME** 7:00
3. **24 HOURS AT A TIME** 5:00
4. **FLY EAGLE FLY** 4:15

All songs written by Toy Caldwell  
PRODUCED BY PAUL HORNSBY



*This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.*

**The Marshall Tucker Band has one other album available on Capricorn Records: *The Marshall Tucker Band* (CP 0112)**

**CAPRICORN RECORDS**



# Maxayn Bail Out For Fun!

Besides being a quartet of spirited jazz and R&B based rockers, Maxayn is also its namesake and vocal point—Maxayn Lewis, the group's sultry and powerful vocalist-pianist.

## 'She's a Scorchers'

*Bail Out For Fun!* Maxayn's third album, marks a new level of excellence in the career of the long-backgrounded Ms. Lewis and company. Bassist-Moog man and jack-of-all-instruments Andre Lewis, drummer Emilio Thomas and guitarist Hank Redd provide the bubbling and fluid backdrop for the uncommonly stunning vocal performances. She's a scorcher, Maxayn is. Hers is an ability not cultivated overnight.

## Maxayn's a Group

Maxayn, however, is the first to admit that it is her musical support from Thomas, Redd and Andre that is responsible for the fine showing on *Bail Out For Fun!* No matter how much her own talent is placed to the forefront, she stresses that Maxayn is a *group*... not a vehicle for a thinly-veiled solo career. She's had her fill of that route, having journeyed along the path of most every contemporary talented black songstress. She was a singer in the Bobby "Blue" Bland review and before that served time as an Ikette.

## Buddy Miles Sideman

The founding of the group bearing her name came when she was in Chicago with the Bland show. There she met Andre Lewis, who was in town recording with Buddy Miles. It wasn't long before the two found common ground. Before his stint with Miles, Andre had worked with bands backing popular singers touring throughout the country. The remaining Maxayn men have traveled much the same basic circuit.

## California Capricorn

Perhaps the most valuable testimony to the ability and importance of Maxayn comes from their very existence on the roster of Capricorn Records, a label best known for their specialized stable of Southern blues-rockers—The Allman Brothers Band, The Marshall Tucker Band and Wet Willie. Maxayn was the first California group to be signed by the label. And while we're on the subject of Capricorn firsts, Maxayn Lewis herself was the first and is still the only female singer to be signed.

## Getting Down to It

The group has grown over their three-year existence. *Bail Out For Fun!* is a perfect display of the collective matured talents of a band that has taken the time to not only get *down*, but get down with style. That's class for you. That's Maxayn for you.

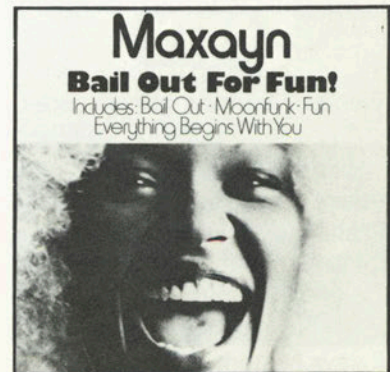
## Side One

1. **BAIL OUT** 4:15  
(D. J. Rogers)
2. **LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT** 4:13  
(B. Miles)
3. **CRIED MY LAST TEAR** 4:40  
(R. Richards)
4. **MOONFUNK** 4:35  
(A. Lewis, M. Lewis and H. Redd)

## Side Two

1. **(I Like To) FUN** 3:10  
(R. Holley)
2. **YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE LONELY** 3:50  
(M. Henderson, A. Lewis and C. Rogell)
3. **TRYING FOR DAYS** 6:45  
(M. Lewis and A. Lewis)
4. **EVERYTHING BEGINS WITH YOU** 3:40  
(A. Lewis and M. Lewis)

PRODUCED BY ANDRE LEWIS AND  
MAXAYN LEWIS



Maxayn has two other albums available on Capricorn: *Maxayn* (CP 0103) and *Mindful* (CP 0110).



# Ted Nugent & the Amboy Dukes

## Call of the Wild

Who plays 150 nights of the year to millions of fans? Who is able to break glass onstage with a single note? Who is known as the king of the feedback guitar? Yes, there in the spotlight. It's Ted Nugent and the Amboy Dukes!

### Six-Disc Prelude

While Ted Nugent does not exactly call himself a superman, he definitely possesses some enduring qualities. The Amboy Dukes began way back in 1965 and first appeared on vinyl in 1967. They proceeded to cut four fine albums for Mainstream, including their much heralded *Journey to the Center of the Mind*. Two more discs for Polydor followed, the last released in 1971. Since then, Ted and the Amboy Dukes have spent their time assembling and writing material for their first on DiscReet, *Call of the Wild*.

### Out of the Dark

The LP is very much a conceptual experience, drawing its inspiration from Nugent's lifestyle. He grows his own food and hunts his own meat. It also follows the in-concert program closely. There, in the dark, a single feedback note gradually increases in volume. The red lights come up, slowly revealing a literal wall of natural wood-finished amps with burlap fronts. The Amboy Dukes move stealthily in the dusk-like atmosphere. Drummer Vic Mastrianni and bassist Rob Grange soon join in and the whole package builds until suddenly there's a rim shot on the drums, an explosive chord and the band breaks into "Hibernation," "a huge, rolling song," says Nugent.

### Moving With the Music

Ted Nugent has been playing guitar since he was a mere nine years old. By 13, he was already gigging in local bands to support himself. When the 60s rolled in, he was way ahead of everyone else, playing with his teeth and tongue, behind his head and destroying his equipment. Time and hordes of flashy guitarists haven't caused Ted to discard anything from his enormous repertoire of onstage antics. Instead, he lets loose on impulse, surprising everyone who thought there was a rock & roll energy crisis.

### Harnessing Atoms

Nugent feels *Call of the Wild* is closer to *Journey to the Center of the Mind* than anything else he's done. But he adds that it's not the same, but rather a logical musical evolution. "When we play soft, it's almost inaudible; when we play loud, it can be painful; when we play slow, it's very bluesy and when we play fast, it's scary," Nugent explains. "We also have to be very careful to watch ourselves and stay in the groove. We're atom-like and have to be properly harnessed."

### Painless Dentistry

Now this doesn't mean that The Amboy Dukes raise a din requiring cotton in your ears, but perhaps it does explain why Nugent is fond of saying: "Instead of singing you a lullaby, we'll kick you in the teeth and roll right along, playing music that makes you forget the pain. Our

music is one of extremes because my life is one of extremes. It has a lot to do with foreplay and everybody getting off together in the end."

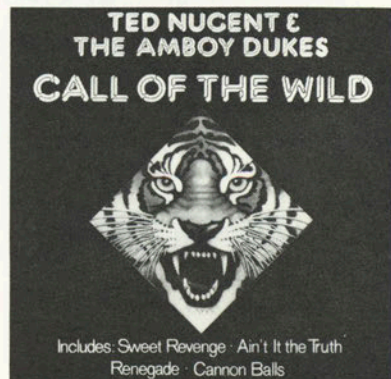
### Side One

1. **CALL OF THE WILD** 4:46  
(T. Nugent)
2. **SWEET REVENGE** 4:03  
(T. Nugent)
3. **PONY EXPRESS** 5:18  
(T. Nugent)
4. **AIN'T IT THE TRUTH** 4:54  
(T. Nugent and R. Grange)

### Side Two

1. **RENEGADE** 3:34  
(R. Grange)
2. **ROT GUT** 2:42  
(T. Nugent, R. Grange, V. Mastrianni and G. Magno)
3. **BELOW THE BELT** 7:02  
(T. Nugent)
4. **CANNON BALLS** 5:42  
(T. Nugent)

PRODUCED BY LEW FUTTERMAN





# Kiss

**KISS:** "To touch or caress with the lips as a sign of greeting or parting, love, desire, reverence, etc. A small candy."

## One for Mummy

A kiss is often the culmination and much sought after goal of a hard evening's work (dinner, a show and such). Hopefully it is the beginning of something much more rewarding. That's how it is with Kiss. In the twinkling world of rock & roll that parallels the secret desires of our private lives, Kiss is a band that literally sparkles. Kiss is not one to just follow in the wake of myriad other glitter groups. No. Kiss outdistances them. According to one New York critic, their music is "the most thought out, controlled sound around, with a stage show that is just as professional. This group looks as if it had just stepped out of the underground movie *Pink Flamingos*."

## One for Daddy

Kiss is the product of much work and struggle. With Gene Simmons on bass and vocals, Peter Criss on drums and vocals, Paul Stanley on rhythm guitar and vocals and Ace Frehley on lead guitar and vocals, Kiss is four musicians whose previous group incarnations had equally as remarkable monikers: Wicked Lester, Rainbow and Bullfrog Bheer, for instance. And never once, through all the pre-flight hassles, did they decide to kiss it off. They pursed their lips, so to speak, and stuck it out.

## One for Sissy

All the members, save Simmons, were born and raised in New York. Paul Stanley suffered, by his own account, "delusions of grandeur as a child," insisting that his classmates call him "king." Gene Simmons was born in Haifa, Israel, and can speak four languages, English being among them. Peter Criss started out on a Rootie Kazootie drum set and busted them in a week from enthusiasm. Ace Frehley walked into the auditions for the band's lead guitar spot with all the self-assurance of the ex-gang member he was, and Simmons and Stanley disliked him immediately. But when he'd finished playing, after being told by Simmons, "You better be good," Stanley recalls, "I would have called him 'sir' or anything else he wanted."

## And One for Butch

Collectively, Kiss likes to dress up, wear makeup, oversize platform shoes, vinyl and frost their hair. Heavy music is their forte, and as Peter Criss says, "I've been waiting for this for years." Kiss is a first step, a door to new worlds of heavy rock & roll. Pucker up, and take a chance.



## Side One

1. **STRUTTER** 3:10  
(Stanley and Simmons)
2. **NOTHIN' TO LOSE** 3:26  
(Simmons)
3. **FIREHOUSE** 3:18  
(Stanley)
4. **LOVE THEME FROM KISS** 2:24  
(Stanley, Simmons, Criss and Frehley)
5. **100,000 YEARS** 3:22  
(Stanley and Simmons)

## Side Two

1. **DEUCE** 3:05  
(Simmons)
2. **COLD GIN** 4:21  
(Frehley)
3. **LET ME KNOW** 2:58  
(Stanley)
4. **BLACK DIAMOND** 5:11  
(Stanley)

PRODUCED BY KENNY KERNER AND  
RICHIE WISE

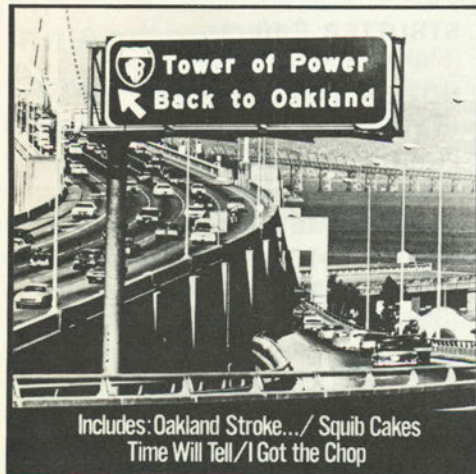


This album is also available on 8-track  
and cassette.



## TOWER OF POWER Back to Oakland

Emilio Castillo and Steve Kupka write most of the songs, Lenny Williams sings lead, and everybody's heard about Tower of Power's unbelievable five-piece horn section. Put all that together with a rhythm bunch that spells funk, and going *Back to Oakland* becomes one of the most desired trips of 1974.



Warner Bros. Album BS 2749

This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.

Tower of Power has two other albums available from Warner Bros.: *Bump City* (BS 2616) and *Tower of Power* (BS 2681).

Side One

1. **OAKLAND STROKE...** :53  
(Kupka, Castillo, Garibaldi and Tower of Power)
2. **DON'T CHANGE HORSES (In the Middle of a Stream)** 4:28  
(Williams and Watson)
3. **JUST WHEN WE START MAKIN' IT** 6:30  
(Williams, Castillo and Kupka)
4. **CAN'T YOU SEE (You Doin' Me Wrong)** 3:00  
(Williams, Castillo and Kupka)
5. **SQUIB CAKES** 7:49  
(Thompson)

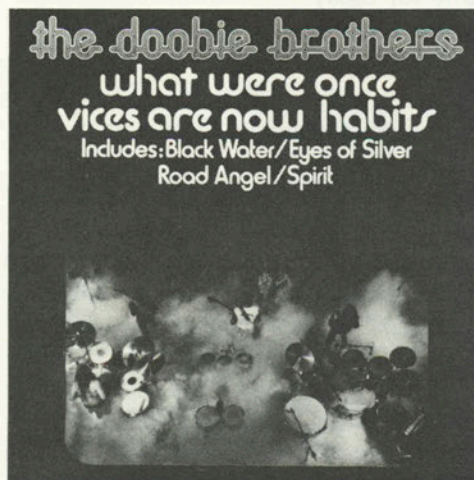
Side Two

1. **TIME WILL TELL** 3:11  
(Kupka and Castillo)
2. **MAN FROM THE PAST** 4:00  
(Williams, Castillo and Kupka)
3. **LOVE'S BEEN GONE SO LONG** 4:47  
(Conte)
4. **I GOT THE CHOP** 2:59  
(Kupka and Castillo)
5. **BELOW US, ALL THE CITY LIGHTS** 4:20  
(Kupka and Castillo)
6. **...OAKLAND STROKE** 1:08  
(Kupka, Castillo, Garibaldi and Tower of Power)

PRODUCED BY TOWER OF POWER

## THE DOOBIE BROTHERS What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits

The title refers to the Doobies' ability of making hit records, though how that could ever have been a vice isn't too clear. But you can be sure that hit-making is one habit they aren't going to soon break—not as long as people like to rock & roll.



Warner Bros. Album W 2750

This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.

The Doobie Brothers have three other albums available from Warner Bros.: *The Doobie Brothers* (WS 1919), *Toulouse Street* (BS 2634) and *The Captain and Me* (BS 2694).

Side One

1. **ANOTHER PARK, ANOTHER SUNDAY**
2. **BLACK WATER**
3. **DAUGHTERS OF THE SEA**
4. **DOWN IN THE TRACK**
5. **EYES OF SILVER**
6. **FLYING CLOUD**

Side Two

1. **PURSUIT ON 53RD STREET**
2. **ROAD ANGEL**
3. **SONG TO SEE YOU THROUGH**
4. **SPIRIT**
5. **TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT (And I'll Give You What You Need)**
6. **YOU JUST CAN'T STOP IT**

PRODUCED BY TED TEMPLEMAN

## NEIL YOUNG Tonight's the Night

Neil's first wholly studio album since *Harvest*, is, of course, a gem, sparkling with the voice, the songs, the acoustic and electric guitars, the piano and the stunning performances that have set Mr. Young above and apart from all the rest.



Reprise Album R 2180

This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.

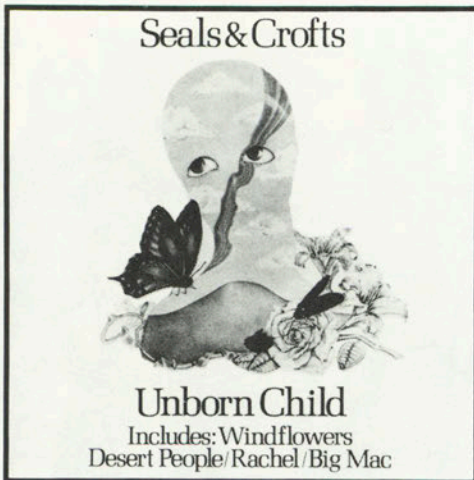
Neil Young has six other albums available from Reprise: *Neil Young* (RS 6317), *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere* (RS 6349), *After the Gold Rush* (RS 6383), *Harvest* (MS 2032), *Journey Through the Past* (2XS 6480) and *Time Fades Away* (MS 2151).



## SEALS & CROFTS

### Unborn Child

Seals & Crofts have another gift for you. It's entitled *Unborn Child*, and it glimmers with songs of beauty, wisdom and joy that James and Dash and their families know and long to share with you. Receive it thankfully.



Warner Bros. Album W 2761

*This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.*

Seals & Crofts have three other albums available from Warner Bros.: *Year of Sunday* (BS 2568), *Summer Breeze* (BS 2629) and *Diamond Girl* (BS 2699).

*Side One*

1. **WINDFLOWERS**  
(Seals and Seals)
2. **DESERT PEOPLE**  
(Seals & Crofts)
3. **UNBORN CHILD**  
(Bogan and Seals)
4. **THE STORY OF HER LOVE**  
(Seals & Crofts)
5. **DANCE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON**  
(Seals & Crofts)

*Side Two*

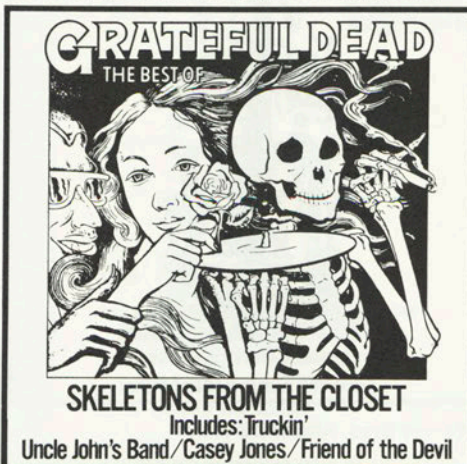
1. **RACHEL**  
(Seals & Crofts)
2. **KING OF NOTHING**  
(James Seals)
3. **29 YEARS FROM TEXAS**  
(Seals & Crofts)
4. **LEDGES**  
(Seals & Crofts)
5. **FOLLOW ME**  
(Seals & Crofts)
6. **BIG MAC**  
(Seals & Crofts)

PRODUCED BY LOUIE SHELTON

## GRATEFUL DEAD

### The Best Of (Skeletons From the Closet)

Since a nine-record set would be unwieldy both in cost and in fitting into your record cabinet, the best of the Grateful Dead had to be narrowed down to a single album. But the selected tracks are the very best of the best.



Warner Bros. Album W 2764

*This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.*

The Grateful Dead have nine other albums available from Warner Bros., among them: *Live Dead* (2WS 1830), *Workingman's Dead* (WS 1869), *Europe '72* (3WX 2668) and *History of the Grateful Dead, Vol. I (Bear's Choice)* (BS 2721).

*Side One*

1. **THE GOLDEN ROAD (To Unlimited Devotion)** 2:07  
(Garcia, Lesh, Weir, Kreutzmann and McKernan)
2. **TRUCKIN'** 5:09  
(Garcia, Lesh, Weir, and Hunter)
3. **ROSEMARY** 1:58  
(Garcia and Hunter)
4. **SUGAR MAGNOLIA** 3:15  
(Weir and Hunter)
5. **ST. STEPHEN** 4:26  
(Garcia, Lesh and Hunter)
6. **UNCLE JOHN'S BAND** 4:42  
(Garcia and Hunter)

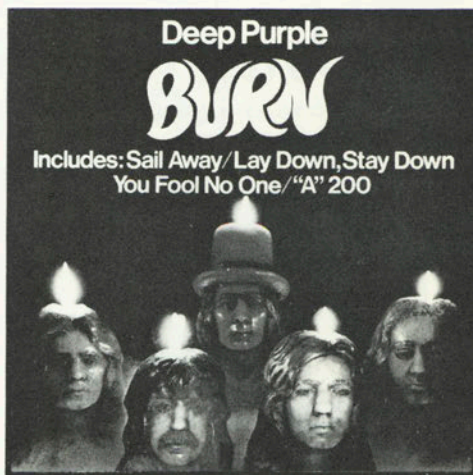
*Side Two*

1. **CASEY JONES** 4:24  
(Garcia and Hunter)
2. **MEXICALI BLUES** 3:24  
(Weir and Barlow)
3. **TURN ON YOUR LOVE LIGHT** 6:30  
(Malone and Scott)
4. **ONE MORE SATURDAY NIGHT** 4:45  
(Weir)
5. **FRIEND OF THE DEVIL** 3:20  
(Garcia, Dawson and Hunter)

## DEEP PURPLE

### Burn

A new lead vocalist, plus a new bassist (who also sings), join Jon Lord, Ian Paice and Ritchie Blackmore, and the result is a bigger, badder Deep Purple than ever, whose music just *burns*. That's why they called the album that.



Warner Bros. Album W 2766

*This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.*

Deep Purple have eight other albums available from Warner Bros., among them: *Machine Head* (BS 2607), *Who Do We Think We Are!* (BS 2768) and *Made in Japan* (2WS 2701).

*Side One*

1. **BURN** 6:00  
(Blackmore, Lord, Paice and Coverdale)
2. **MIGHT JUST TAKE YOUR LIFE** 4:36  
(Blackmore, Lord, Paice and Coverdale)
3. **LAY DOWN, STAY DOWN** 4:15  
(Blackmore, Lord, Paice and Coverdale)
4. **SAIL AWAY** 5:48  
(Blackmore and Coverdale)

*Side Two*

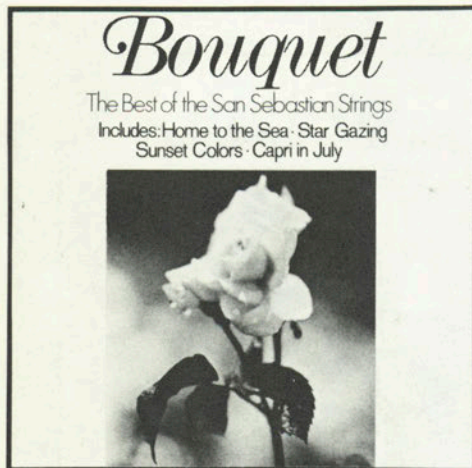
1. **YOU FOOL NO ONE** 4:47  
(Blackmore, Lord, Paice and Coverdale)
2. **WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE** 4:55  
(Blackmore, Lord, Paice and Coverdale)
3. **MISTREATED** 7:25  
(Blackmore and Coverdale)
4. **"A" 200** 3:51  
(Blackmore, Lord and Paice)

PRODUCED BY DEEP PURPLE



## BOUQUET: The Best of the San Sebastian Strings

From the ensemble that brought you *The Seasons*, *The Earth*, *The Sea* and *The Sky* and many other outstanding mood albums, now comes *Bouquet: The Best of the San Sebastian Strings*—as fresh and as sweet as beautiful music can be. Pick one for your lover.



### Warner Bros. Album BS 2768

This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.

The San Sebastian Strings have many albums on Warner Bros., including the multiple record sets *The Sea*, *The Earth*, *The Sky* (3WS 1730) and *The Complete Sea* (3WS 1827).

#### Side One

1. PUSHING THE CLOUDS AWAY 2:25
2. DO YOU LIKE THE RAIN? 2:46
3. WE TWO ARE DRIFTING 2:09
4. FLOATING PAST THE FIELDS 2:35
5. I'LL CARRY HOME AN ORCHARD 2:45
6. SPRING PRELUDE 2:05
7. L'ORAGE (The Storm) 5:30
8. WHO HAS TOUCHED THE SKY 2:58

#### Side Two

1. SUNSET COLORS 2:43
2. THE DAY THEY BUILT THE ROAD 4:44
3. BELCHER LANDING (One Certain Summer) 2:19
4. CAPRI IN JULY 2:42
5. THE FOURTH OF JULY IN SIOUX FALLS 2:12
6. A FIST FULL OF SNOW 3:05
7. STAR GAZING 2:27
8. HOME TO THE SEA 2:38

Words written by Rod McKuen  
Music composed by Anita Kerr

PRODUCED BY ROD MCKUEN AND ANITA KERR

## MALO Ascención

Ascend right along with the multi-rhythmic strains of the country's foremost Latin-rock band. *Ascención* is Malo's fourth album effort and by far their highest reaching.



### Warner Bros. Album BS 2769

This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.

Malo has three other albums available from Warner Bros.: *Malo* (BS 2584), *Dos* (BS 2652) and *Evolution* (BS 2702).

#### Side One

1. OFFERINGS 5:40  
(Jorge Santana)
2. A LA ESCUELA 3:15  
(Francisco Aguabella)
3. EVERLASTING NIGHT 4:10  
(Jorge Santana and Bob Lazaneo)
4. LATIN WOMAN 4:05  
(Ron Smith)
5. CHEVERE 3:58  
(Ron DeMasi and Pablo Tellez)

#### Side Two

1. LOVE WILL SURVIVE 3:47  
(Ron DeMasi and Pablo Tellez)
2. THINK ABOUT LOVE 3:26  
(Ron DeMasi)
3. TIEMPO DE RECORDAR 3:17  
(Pablo Tellez)
4. CLOSE TO ME 2:40  
(Ron DeMasi)
5. NO MATTER 6:55  
(Jorge Santana)

PRODUCED BY FRED CATERO, JORGE SANTANA  
AND PABLO TELLEZ

## SLADE Stomp Your Hands, Clap Your Feet

Four of the rocking & rollingest young guys ever to come out of Great Britain are here with their second album for Warner/Reprise, and they'd like you to know that it's to be used specifically for tearing down minds, bodies and dance halls. So *Stomp Your Hands, Clap Your Feet*, and sweat a bucket.



### Warner Bros. Album BS 2770

This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.

Slade has one other album available on Reprise: *Sladest* (MS 2173).

#### Side One

1. JUST WANT A LITTLE BIT
2. WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE OUT
3. FIND YOURSELF A RAINBOW
4. MILES OUT TO SEA
5. WE'RE REALLY GONNA RAISE THE ROOF

#### Side Two

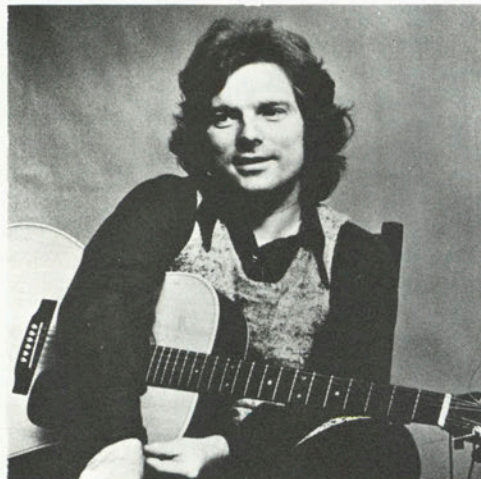
1. DO WE STILL DO IT
2. HOW CAN IT BE
3. DON'T BLAME ME
4. EVERYDAY
5. GOOD TIME GALS

PRODUCED BY CHAS. CHANDLER



## VAN MORRISON It's Too Late to Stop Now

This two-record set of in concert recordings captures Van's live style immaculately. Whether he's singing it straight, improvising in his inimitable way or just letting the band get into it, *It's Too Late to Stop Now* is totally satisfying and must listening.



Warner Bros. Album 2BS 2760

*This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.*

Van Morrison has six other albums available from Warner Bros.: *Astral Weeks* (WS 1768), *Moondance* (WS 1835), *His Band and Street Choir* (WS 1884), *Tupelo Honey* (WS 1950), *Saint Dominic's Preview* (BS 2633) and *Hard Nose the Highway* (BS 2712).

### Side One

1. **AIN'T NOthin' YOU CAN DO**  
(Malone and Scott)
2. **WARM LOVE**  
(Van Morrison)
3. **INTO THE MYSTIC**  
(Van Morrison)
4. **THESE DREAMS OF YOU**  
(Van Morrison)
5. **I BELIEVE TO MY SOUL**  
(Ray Charles)

### Side Two

1. **I'VE BEEN WORKING**  
(Van Morrison)
2. **HELP ME**  
(Sonny Boy Williamson)
3. **WILD CHILDREN**  
(Van Morrison)
4. **DOMINO**  
(Van Morrison)
5. **I JUST WANNA MAKE LOVE TO YOU**  
(Dixon and Dixon)

### Side Three

1. **BRING IT ON HOME**  
(Sam Cooke)
2. **SAINT DOMINIC'S PREVIEW**  
(Van Morrison)
3. **TAKE YOUR HAND OUT OF MY POCKET**  
(Sonny Boy Williamson)
4. **LISTEN TO THE LION**  
(Van Morrison)

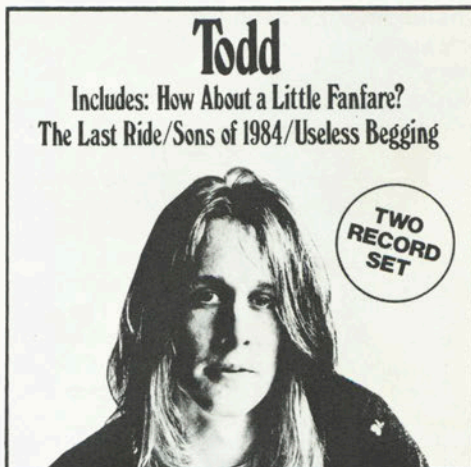
### Side Four

1. **HERE COMES THE NIGHT**  
(Berns)
2. **GLORIA**  
(Van Morrison)
3. **CARAVAN**  
(Van Morrison)
4. **CYPRESS AVENUE**  
(Van Morrison)

PRODUCED BY VAN MORRISON AND  
TED TEMPLEMAN

## TODD RUNDGREN Todd

Much to the delight of all concerned, Todd periodically takes time off from his production chores to make an album of his own. This two-record set features a song with one vocal track recorded by thousands of patrons of a NY skating rink and the other by visitors of a San Francisco park.



Bearsville Album 2BR 6952

*This album is also available on 8-track and cassette.*

Todd Rundgren has four other albums available from Bearsville: *Runt* (BR 2046), *Runt/The Ballad of Todd Rundgren* (BR 2047), *Something/Anything?* (2BX 2066) and *A Wizard, A True Star* (BR 2133).

### Side One

1. **HOW ABOUT A LITTLE FANFARE?**
2. **I THINK YOU KNOW** 3:48
3. **THE SPARK OF LIFE** 6:43
4. **AN ELPEE'S WORTH OF TOONS** 2:08
5. **A DREAM GOES ON FOREVER** 2:21
6. **LORD CHANCELLOR'S NIGHTMARE SONG** 3:30

### Side Two

1. **DRUNKEN BLUE ROOSTER** 3:00
2. **THE LAST RIDE** 4:46
3. **EVERYBODY'S GOING TO HEAVEN/KING KONG REGGAE** 6:35

### Side Three

1. **NUMBER 1 LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR** 5:10
2. **USELESS BEGGING** 3:27
3. **SIDEWALK CAFE** 2:25
4. **IZZAT LOVE?** 1:56
5. **HEAVY METAL KIDS** 4:13

### Side Four

1. **IN AND OUT THE CHAKRAS WE GO**  
(Formerly: Shaft Goes to Outer Space) 5:48
2. **DON'T YOU EVER LEARN?** 6:01
3. **SONS OF 1984** 4:37

All songs written by Todd Rundgren  
PRODUCED BY TODD RUNDGREN





# February Will Be Full of Fun, but January's Still Jumping

## February's Fabulous Formations From the Merchandising Department.

Sixteen albums aren't the only surprises WB has in store for consumers in February. It's the merchandising goodies that go along with them you'll soon be coveting. For example, Tower of Power's newest, *Back to Oakland*, will be touted by bumper stickers and decals. The Doobie Brothers made a short film in London during an appearance at the Rainbow, while Van Morrison also did a flick (same theater) which goes on for an hour and a half. International Merchandising will be editing this one down to one-half hour and will be using cuts from the movie for TV spots advertising his latest offering, *It's Too Late to Stop Now*. Seals and Crofts' as-yet-unshipped album, *Unborn Child*, will be peddled with tee-shirts and stickers. Again in the sartorial department will be a *Stomp Your Hands, Clap Your Feet* shirt for Slade. The topper tee of them all, however, will come out with the new Kiss album (courtesy of Casablanca Records)—yes indeed, it's a genuine rhinestoned cotton chemise, sparkling away with the Kiss logo. Keep your eyes peeled and you might be able to garner one or two of these hotlets at your local disc haunt.

**Martin Mull, the Capricious Capricorn.** "Overall, he's just the picture of a charming young postgrad doctor. Kind of roguish, but don't be fooled. Mull has a gentle disposition but his mind has more dark corners than a chimney nook. His heart belongs to dada." That's from *Melody Maker*, January 26, and I couldn't

have said it better myself. Guess what the dear boy's up to now? He's just completed his third LP for the Goats via WB. Recording in New York and elsewhere, Mull finished the album barely prior to a breathtaking run to Logan International Airport (Boston's proud newly-reconstructed flyway), where he hopped a Pan Am 747, hoping to beat it to England in time for his recent BBC dates. One cut on the forthcoming album, "I'm Flexible," employs a mostly out-of-work-these-days contingent of traditional jazz and swing era stylists and sidemen. Martin's

singing on this one like an old-time bandleader. (Wait a minute now, did you ever hear Glenn Miller sing?) Names which may or may not mean something/anything to you (depending on how far back you go) include Joe Newman, Joe Wilder, Jimmy Knepper, Quentin "Butter" Jackson, Sammy Margolis, Hymie Schertzer and Billy Mitchell. Meanwhile, Martin recorded more contemporary tracks in Macon, Georgia, employing local talent like Chuck Leavell and Johnny Sandlin, whom everybody knows from *Brothers and Sisters*, not to mention *Laid Back*.

Should be a winner, this new Mull LP. God knows he needs it.

**But What Does a Horse Laugh Sound Like?** It's a whole new approach to promotion, folks. Mel Brooks' new Warner Bros. film, *Blazing Saddles*, will be previewed soon at a Los Angeles drive-in theater for, get ready, 100 horses and their guests. A "horsepitality bar" (cough, cough) will be set up, serving, of course, "horse-d'oeuvres" (cough, choke). As if that weren't enough, the drive-in speakers will attach to saddle pommels to tape

## Vinyl Statistics

*Circular* is pleased to present a running account of newborn Warner Family Records, everything from 7 to 12 inches in diameter, a list stripped of adjectives, avoidable nouns and even verbs. The past week has given birth to an abundance of singles and albums.

### SINGLES (February 8)

"Might Just Take Your Life"—  
Deep Purple — Warner  
Bros. single PUR 7784

"Muscle of Love"—Alice  
Cooper — Warner Bros.  
single WB 7783

"Forever Young"—Kitty Wells  
— Capricorn single  
CPR 0040

"There Goes That Song  
Again"—Debbie Dawn —  
Warner Bros. single  
WB 7767

"My Happy Birthday Baby"—  
The B.C. Generation —  
Casablanca single  
NEB 0002

"Nothin' to Love"—Kiss —  
Casablanca single  
NEB 0004

### ALBUMS (February 8)

*Back to Oakland* — Tower of  
Power — Warner Bros.  
album BS 2749

*Unborn Child* — Seals &  
Crofts — Warner Bros.  
album W 2761

*Badfinger* — Warner Bros.  
album BS 2762

*Grateful Dead — The Best Of  
(Skeletons From the Closet)*  
— Warner Bros. album  
W 2764

*Burn* — Deep Purple — Warner  
Bros. album W 2766

*The Talbot Bros.* — Warner  
Bros. album BS 2767

*Bouquet: The Best of The  
San Sebastian Strings* —  
Warner Bros. album  
BS 2768

*Ascención* — Malo — Warner  
Bros. album BS 2769

*Stomp Your Hands, Clap Your  
Feet* — Slade — Warner  
Bros. album BS 2770

*Todd* — Todd Rundgren —  
Bearsville album 2BR 6952

*Call of the Wild* — Ted Nugent  
and the Amboy Dukes —  
DiscReet album DS 2181

*A New Life* — The Marshall  
Tucker Band — Capricorn  
album CP 0124

*Bail Out for Fun!* — Maxayn —  
Capricorn album CP 0125

*Kiss* — Casablanca album  
NB 9001



the equines cracking up. A galloping poll, if you will. Meanwhile, *Saddles* is making news at WB Records because the title tune (sung by Mr. Frankie Laine) has been popping up on radio playlists everywhere, including WBCN (Boston) and KSFO (San Francisco). It was also picked to click under Choice Programing in *Cash Box* two weeks ago.

**Speaking of Country & Western.** They're twangin' and clangin' at WB Nashville this month. Kenny O'Dell, a Capricorn by label, won two Country Single Picks to Click, one from *Record World* and the other from *Billboard*, for his newest 45, "You Bet Your Sweet, Sweet Love." Of course, everyone's aware of Mr. O'Dell's two envied 1973 Grammy nominations: one for "Best Song" and one for "Best Country Song." The song in question is "Behind Closed Doors," vocalized by Charlie Rich. Capricorn has just signed an already firmly-entrenched C&W success, Ms. Kitty Wells, who promises to release an abundance of country material forthwith. And here's a surprise—Dean Martin (who usually shoots for the vast MOR market) is recording country material for his next Reprise LP.

## Ruby's Run-Ons

◆ A new Warner Bros. album, starring **Mary Travers**, is in the works at the Hit Factory in New York. It includes material by **Eric Anderson**, **Kenny Loggins**, **Jake Holmes**, **Harry Chapin** and **Jim**

**Croce**. **Cashman and West** (that's Terry and Tommy, respectively) are co-producing. They were, as you probably know, minds behind Croce's string of hits. ◆ A jolt for your Daily Reminder. **Gordon Lightfoot** hosts "The Midnight Special" on February 22. ◆ *Cash Box* tells us **Black Sabbath** is one of Sweden's most popular groups. The boys've sold over 80,000 LPs there and that's a lot for a mere one-fourth of Scandinavia. ◆ Three of our favorite acts top the heap in Canada, at least when counting concert tickets sold. They're **Alice Cooper**, **Neil Young** and **Jethro Tull**. The figures came from **Martin Onrot**, a fabulously succesful mounted maple leaf promoter. ◆ According to *Record World's* **Craig Fisher** (who's been wrong before), **Todd Rundgren** will be out to tour in the not-too-distant future with new ensemble **Utopia**. Members include **Moogy Klingman** on piano, **Ralph Schuckett** on organ, **Kevin Ellman** pounding skins, **M. Frog** (a.k.a. **Jean Yves-Labat**) on synthesizer and **John Seigler** on bass. ◆ Here's an item to make undying **Lovin' Spoonful** fans jingles jangle. The one and only **John Sebastian** is in the studio right this minute, under producership of **Erik Jacobsen**. Among others lending talent to this hot forthcomer are **Kenny Altman**, bassist and formerly of the 5th Avenue Band; **Zally Yanovsky**, guitarist of the original Spoonful; **Lowell George**, guitarist of Little Feat and **Bill Payne**, keyboarder for the same group. ◆ The date's a secret but the party's splashy. Casablanca's Prez **Neil Bogart** will host "A Night in Morocco," complete with gambling (illegal?),



Alice Cooper swinging clubs on the links with pal Johnny Mathis.

belly dancers (legal) and hookahs (legal or illegal, depending on who's smoking what). Supposedly **Sam** will man the keyboards. All this for **Kiss**. ◆ **Neil Young's** changed the title of his to-be-released album. Formerly *Tonight's the Night*, the new moniker is *Human High*. It'll be out whenever. No promises at this point. ◆ **Maria Muldaur** will gig on the road with **Stephen Stills** in 16 cities across the nation. If you live in one of those sweet 16s, you'd best not miss that one. ◆ An ear, nose and throat specialist needed by **Linda Lovelace** who was rec-

cently nabbed by Las Vegas police for (and I quote from the *Daily Variety*), "a vial of cocaine and numerous barbiturates and amphetamines." At least she's out on bail—a mere \$7,000. ◆ Operating on the save-the-good-news-for-last theory, **Deep Purple's** management company has just announced that the Purps are the world's highest paid group. They laid printed claim to a deal worth \$500,000 for one appearance on **Don Kirshner's** In Concert. It airs April 6, and the price alone should be enough to convince you to watch. ◆



# Graham Central Station Gets on the Tracks

Larry Graham had just awakened and was doing a soul-yodel to test the remnants of his voice. After five nights of doing two sets each evening, he was showing physical strain. His manager was fixing him a triple-strength hot toddy, not exactly a breakfast drink, but it was meant more to put the tang back in Larry's larynx.

"Well, my voice is a little better, but here I am with a buzz," he says, smiling.

His group, Graham Central Station, had been creating tremors of delight down the street at the Whisky, which looked like a lot of fun. But not so.

"Unfortunately, at this point it's not all fun. We rehearse all the time. We're all pretty bushed. It would probably be all fun if we were doing all of what I wanted to do. For instance, like tonight, going on and playing at 9 o'clock isn't exactly fun. But the 11 o'clock set is gonna be a whole lotta fun."

The story of Graham Central Station began last year, when Larry decided to produce a group called Hot Chocolate (not the group that recorded "Rumors"), which featured a beautiful singer named Patryce Banks (also known as "Chocolate"), and to work with Lenny Williams, who is now singing with Tower of Power. Playing bass with Sly and the Family Stone wasn't requiring all of his time, so he figured he'd use his talents to work with these two acts as a writer-producer.

Finally, after six years as bassist with Sly Stone, Larry decided to leave the group, not knowing at the time exactly what he was going to do next.

He'd written a lot of material for

Hot Chocolate and was rehearsing with them until they could find a bass player for their band.

"As a result, when I split from Sly, the group was already into my tunes and my concept. So they were the people most ready to go off in the direction I was going at that point."

So with the addition of Larry and Robert Sam, from Billy Preston's God Squad, on organ, Hot Chocolate became Graham Central Station.

They spent all, "and I mean all," adds Larry, of one month rehearsing. By the time the woodshedding ended, they felt they were ready to record their first album. Teaming up with Russ Titelman, Larry co-produced the group's initial effort, which he describes as "being exactly what the group is."

"I love it. If I didn't, I wouldn't have put it out, because it means too much to me," he states, exhibiting the warmth of personal satisfaction.

Onstage, the group exudes all of the professionalism present on the album. Graham Central Station is not just something thrown together to ride the soul train. It's an idea honed into an art by talent and hard work.

Although the response the group gets from their audiences at live gigs pleases them endlessly and the album, *Graham Central Station*, and single, "Can You Handle It," are trekking their way up the soul and pop charts, Larry leans back elegantly in his hotel chair, smiles his "you ain't seen nothing yet" grin and says, very

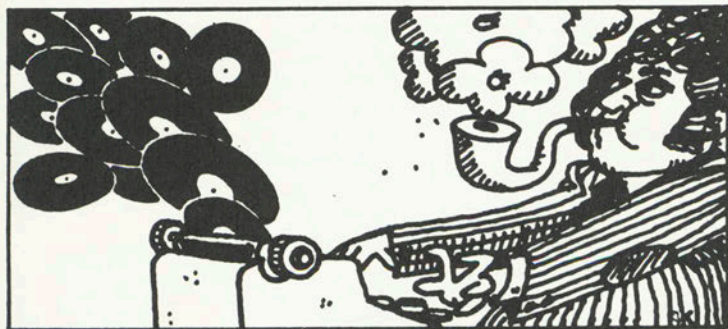
assuredly, "If we're gettin' this kind of reaction now—I mean already, 'cause the band's very young timewise—then with the ideas we have for the future, we're just gonna knock 'em out." And his smile gets wider, because he knows.

—TIM HOGAN





# Ambrose Wants to Be a DJ



## DOCTOR DEMENTO

The "Names of Men" section of *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary*, which gives the original meanings in Greek, Latin, et al, of hundreds of monickers, does not have an entry for "Ambrose." The same book's "Biographical Names" section informs us, however, that St. Ambrose was a fourth-century bishop of Milan.

### Ambrose the Aristocrat

The Doctor don't need no dictionary to remind you of the trivial and not-so-trivial roles played by the name Ambrose in the English and American pop music of the 1930s, the 1950s and the 1970s. The most enduring use of the name in the field was made by a British bandleader who reached the peak of his career in the 30s. This Ambrose, in fact, rarely bothered to use his first name, which was Bert. Known as "The Aristocrat of Dance Bands," Ambrose and his Orchestra played a vigorous but elegant brand of swing, blending a solid beat and hot solos with carefully conceived arrangements which often had a touch of the exotic. Perhaps his biggest hit was "Hors d'Oeuvres,"

an instrumental which sold equally well on both sides of the Atlantic.

(Worth admiring, incidentally, is the artwork on a retrospective album of Ambrose's hits, also called *Hors d'Oeuvres* and issued on London in 1948. With a curious touch of early Martin Mull, it shows a pickle playing trumpet while another canapé of uncertain flavor blows clarinet, and a smiling sandwich bangs on a drum which is itself a sandwich, though not a smiling one, what with its head being beaten and all that).

### Linda and Ambrose

Our second Ambrose had a much more transitory career, but he nonetheless walked his way into the hearts of a fair number of record buyers—through a subway tunnel. "Introducing Linda Laurie" reads the label credit on "Ambrose (Part 5)," a record on the Glory label that reached the glory of #52 on the *Billboard* charts in early 1959. It's a novelty dialog record, in which Linda and Ambrose carry on a rather one-sided conversation while walking through a subway tunnel to the accompaniment of a little soft jazz. Linda does most of the talking,

including this inspirational prose:

Ambrose, when you grow up, why don't you be a doctor? You want to be a—disc jockey? Ambrose, you can't spend the rest of your life avoiding responsibilities!

Ambrose himself is content with an occasional mutter of "Just keep walkin'." The record concludes, most cryptically, in mid-sentence, and we wonder forever if the young lovers were annihilated by the Coney Island express, or if they maybe brushed against the third rail.

### Ambrose Slade

The name Ambrose *almost* became one of the most glorious in English pop music once again in the 1970s. Ambrose got the gate this time when a rowdy bunch of rockers, prominently identified with the "skinhead" syndrome early in their career, decided to streamline their name as well as their image. Anybody remember Ambrose Slade? Under that name Lea, Holder and company made an album for Fontana a few years back. The LP was a grabbag of early originals, plus songs by Lennon & McCartney, Steppenwolf, the Amboy Dukes, Marvin Gaye and Frank Zappa ("Ain't Got No Heart"). The liner notes contain the information that the name Ambrose Slade was thought up by recording manager Jack Baverstock to replace the group's original name of The Inbetweens. The album's title contains a hint of the havoc that was to be wrought upon the king's English by these lads after they lopped off Ambrose and became simply Slade: the title is *Ballzy*.

### Question for Next Week

Now that auto stereo has established itself as one of the more ubiquitous musical media, and auto quad is becoming a major factor in the marketplace, let us go back to the days of auto mono! Of course it wasn't called mono then, it was called High Fidelity, or simply HiFi (accent on the first syllable, please; HiFi unfortunately became so strongly identified with mono that the public thought of it as the opposite of stereo, as if stereo recordings were something besides high fidelity in nature!) The earliest auto music system to be marketed by a major auto manufacturer was called Highway HiFi. They did it in conjunction with an equally major record company. To win next week's prize, be the first to name the record company, the auto-maker, and briefly describe the nature of the software involved.

Winner of Dr. Demento's 1/21 contest is Bob Day of Sun Valley, California, who was the first to successfully describe the difference between manual and automatic sequence records. You didn't pick any record for your prize, though, Bob. What about it?

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.

### Inspirational Verse

Johnny, he'll never do  
Bobby, no it isn't him too

—The Ronettes  
"Walking in the Rain"



# Ronald Noses Out the Doobie Brothers



LONDON—Seems like the best way to get press in England last week was to have pulled off the greatest train robbery of all time, escaped from prison, run round the world, and been captured 10

## Top Ten

Warner Bros. Sales Figures for  
Week of January 28-February 3

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

years later in Rio de Janeiro with your trousers down. This is what Ronald Biggs did and he scored pages front, back and center. Next to Ronald, the Doobies have made quite a good show of it. So far, they prefer just to sing about trains, though. In fact, you can't crack a paper of the musical variety without confronting the fundamental five. On stage here they have been a distinct sensation—getting the sort of cheers of recognition as they walked on that are normally reserved for bands that people have actually seen before. (I'd say this was due, in no small part, to the consistent tact and ingenuity of Moira Bellas, First Lady of Greek Street, site of WB London. She had the suss to take a few key press to New York a while back for a proper Doobie preview.) Anyhow, cheers abounded, particularly at the fire-and-brimstone climax to the set. (Where would rock & roll be these days without dry ice?) An informed source, Burbank's own Ann Marie Micklo, said she's never seen the boys play better.

**Tube Transfixer.** Another spy of mine who just came in from the cold of the Colonies reports that Americans now have access to that most addictive of all British TV series, *Upstairs, Downstairs*—saga of masters, mistresses and servants at the turn of the century. I recall passing up actual dinners out and trips away so as not to miss a minute. My spy said that Peter Asher was so determined to catch the first episode, despite looking after a protégée performing in Santa Monica, that he rented a motel room so as not to miss it. I genuinely envy all of you

seeing it for the first time. Let's see, if I got to the airport by 3 p.m. . . .

**Raitt Rave.** At the risk of appearing shamelessly slow on the draw I now find myself raving about the Bonnie Raitt album which I have only just heard on Moira's perpetually-in-motion turntable. Does everybody know how good that record is? I hope so.

**Book Boggler.** Meanwhile, hoping to appear a bit quicker off the mark, I'd like to recommend an absolutely mind-and-eye boggling book of color illustrations covering the chronological spectrum of popular music from skinny

Frank Sinatra to substantial Frank Sinatra, called *Rock Dreams*. The artwork is by a German, Guy Peellaert, whose name, however unwieldy, is an inevitable household word. An accompanying economic text, mostly by way of captions, is provided by English journalist Nik Cohn. I can only say that the book is stunning, staggering and stupefying. Page after page of overwhelming fantasy/hallucination. Really, it leaves you quite undone. Printed in Holland and published by Pan Books of London. Ask your dealer. Be the first on your block.

—SHELLEY BENOIT

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