

column next to the works of such luminaries as Harlan Ellison and Charles Bukowski.



By the mid-'70s we were gaining quite a reputation as background singers. David Cassidy made a fantastic album called *The Higher They Climb, The Harder They Fall* for RCA and we were there. We sang on Hoyt Axton's *Life Machine* album along with Ronstadt and on Roger McGuinn's *Peace on You*. But one record stands out from the pack.

We wound up recording Keith Moon's 1975 solo LP, *Two Sides of the Moon*—twice: both times at the Record Plant in Los Angeles and both times the exact same songs. The first time we went in with Keith, Mal Evans, the Beatles' former road manager, produced. It was great. Mal was such a wonderful man: a big ol' gentle protective bear who looked after Keith as if he were a son. Keith sang the Beach Boys' "Don't Worry Baby" and the Beatles' "In My Life" and you just wanted to cry.

Then MCA Records heard the raw, emotional record and threw Mal under the bus. Oh, they loved Keith and they loved the songs, but something about the production just wasn't right. So they let Mal go—so sad—and the team of Skip Taylor and John Stronach was recruited to save the project. Same songs. Same drugs. I couldn't tell the difference blindfolded. MCA, however, with their superior powers of perception, thought it was amazing and finally released the album in a beautiful die-cut foldout sleeve. It tanked. The single was "Teenage Idol," the old Ricky Nelson hit. Go figure. I loved that wacky Brit. And we did many mad things together. That Record Plant will certainly never be the same. It was cocaine and caviar. First class, baby. Both times. Anywhere, anyhow, any way I choose.

There was a sadness to Keith though. Maybe that's why he and Mal worked so well together. He was truly of a different time—hell, maybe even a different planet—but he never fit in. Not with all the chicks and butlers and driving the Rolls into the pool. Not even with his own band. But you felt the genius coming off the boy like electricity. He almost crackled. It was an honor and a pleasure being around rock royalty. I pity the fool who could have had my opportunities in this life and not taken advantage of knowing that, at that very moment, you were making rock

Ostin, and Dinah Shore. I loved Dinah. I went to the theater twice that week, once to see a new movie called *Annie Hall* and a second time for a film called *Star Wars*. Not a bad season for new films at all.

On July 13, *Dirty Duck* opened citywide in Los Angeles to a resounding “So what?” but we were still taking classes, hosting concerts, and making ourselves feel useful on a daily basis, a practice that I still highly recommend. We wrote a song for Lorenzo and Steve called “Are You Ready,” but they both hated it. I was depressed enough and then Elvis died on Tuesday, August 16. I had never met the man, but when reporters described the scene at Graceland that night, Elvis had been listening to records and our *Golden Hits* was one of them. Respect, Brother E.

ABC passed on us.

Polydor passed on us.

Groucho Marx died on Friday.

Not a good week.

We hosted again at Anaheim Stadium, this time with Lynyrd Skynyrd, Ted Nugent, Foreigner, and REO Speedwagon.

Lorenzo and Steve apologized for ragging on our song; there were hugs and words of encouragement and we kept on working for Universal and taking classes. That was the best part of my week. I loved doing the Viola Spolin space exercises and learning how to listen to other actors and still be funny.

Mark and I put together a charity bowling event with our graphic artist friends at Pacific Eye & Ear, who had done our last few album covers, and went on local television with our bowling pals, David Cassidy; his wife, Kay Lenz; and Marcia Strassman from *Welcome Back, Kotter* to promote it. The following week, Alice Cooper, David, and fifty-one other stars with whom we had been in phone contact made Rock 'n' Bowl a complete success.



On Friday, September 16, the TV news announced the death of rock icon Marc Bolan and I cried for three solid days. I had never loved a man the way I loved Marc.

Herb Cohen officially became our manager in September, the same day as Nancy's final divorce papers came through. Lorenzo brought us