



C O M P E N D I U M



Gil Friesen, Chuck Kaye, Harold Childs

# WHIPPED

## It All Ties Together

Each of the three bigwigs on the cover has good reason to be there. Gil Friesen, who was with A&M when the Tijuana Brass were still wearing som-breros, has just reached the ten-year milestone and has simultaneously been named senior vice president of administration and creative services. Harold Childs, VP of promotion, came away from this year's Bill Gavin Radio & Records Conference with the "National Promotion Executive of the Year" award. Happily enough, A&M received the "Record Company of the Year" award at the same time. And Chuck Kaye, an A&M-person-of-long-standing who's been away for a year, has returned as the label's executive vice president of Irving/Almo Music. Congratulations to all.

In a logistical feat of major proportions, Mssrs. Friesen, Childs, and Kaye were brought together one balmy afternoon on the roof of the soundstage where (we said it tied together, didn't we?) two members of A&M's newly signed funny rock & roll band the Tubes were hard at work on a gigantic mural. It's obvious that Tubes Mike Cotton and Prairie Prince can not only play their axes but paint with them as well. After the cover shot was taken, Mike and Prairie got those flying records to positively sparkle. A shot of the finished work will grace our next issue.



## Executive Action

The most recent addition to the A&M creative services staff is Jeff Ayeroff, who fills the newly created post of product co-ordinator.

"I'm working closely with Gil and the rest of the creative departments to minimize the problems and delays that arise in the release of product," Jeff explained. Ayeroff is also in charge of liner notes and certain special products.

When asked if there was anything

that needed to be said up front, Jeff stated, "There's absolutely no truth to the rumor that my moustache is one long hair cleverly arranged." But Ayeroff mentioned not a word about his eyebrows.



## Shorts

**You are a song:** The new Miles Davis album, *Get Up With It*, contains an original number entitled "Billy Preston." Makes all kinds of sense when you think about it.

**Friends in high places:** Hoyt Axton's cousin, David Boren, is the new governor of Oklahoma. At 33, former Rhodes Scholar Boren will be the youngest governor in the U.S. when he takes over in January. Hoyt has volunteered to perform at the inauguration festivities, and his third A&M album, now in progress, is due to hit the streets at around the same time his cousin David comes into power.

**Rick Wakeman**, currently in the studio in England hard at work on his next epic album, *King Arthur & Co.*, is set to score Ken Russell's upcoming film on the life of composer Franz Liszt. That's the one with Roger Daltrey in the title role.

**Joe Cocker** is spending the month of December on various concert stages in the Southern half of the United States.

**Lydia cooks:** That friendly looking lady gracing the cover of the Ozark Mountain Daredevils' new album, *It'll Shine When It Shines*, is Lydia Bonham, an excellent cook who fed the group members heartily during the recording of the album in Missouri this past summer.

## The Ozark Mountain Daredevils



## Powerful Promo

Gino Vannelli's recent hit album, *Powerful People*, caused the imaginations of A&M promo men around the country to soar. For instance, here's Atlanta promotion rep Wayne Lester with his metaphorical creation. Pictured with Wayne (on left) are WQXI's John Leader, Wayne's helpers, and Bill Sherard of WQXI.



Ross Gentile of St. Louis had a different metaphor in mind, as you can tell from the photo below. In the shot, Ross is shown persuading KATZ program director Keith Adams to add the record to his playlist. . . . Does anyone recall what these guys did to promote *Body Heat*?



# CREAM

## Commentary: "Kisses On Your Opening!"

by Peter Allen

Last month, A&M gave me a swell party at Reno Sweeney's club in New York for my engagement there and to start the *Continental American* album rolling.

In addition to the A&M staff, agents, bookers, and music people, also present were the Celebrities. These are those that are regarded as newsworthy simply because they will go anywhere, to anything, anytime they are invited. Having known—and been ignored by—them for several years, I felt that most would tender their regrets. My suggestion that they be replaced by friends, fans, or just people who could use the free meal was thrown aside by the publicist—himself a Celebrity Publicist or vice versa—and he was right, they all showed up.

Even though Alexis Smith left before I came on, Sylvia Miles left halfway through to go and watch herself on TV, Alan Carr left toward the end—well, you know, he had at least ten places to go that night—and even though a columnist's secretary looking uncannily like Jayne Mansfield crossed with Rocky Graziano had her eons-younger boyfriend go noisily from their front table for cigarettes during every ballad, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves and I'm all for that.

At least I was embraced by Monique Van Vooren for six minutes or until the cameras stopped, and Rex Reed told

me he loved some of it 'though I should sing a wonderful new song from Barbara's new album called "When There's No Getting Over That Rainbow, I Won't Last a Day Without You" (Paul Williams' great song circa 1972 as I told him, but really politely).

The next night the normal (in comparison) paying (ditto) audience returned and we had a good time, too.

## The Gold Standard

*In recent weeks two A&M and two Ode albums have been certified as gold. They'd be Quincy Jones' Body Heat, Journey to the Centre of the Earth by Rick Wakeman, Cheech & Chong's Wedding Album, and Carole King's Wrap Around Joy. What does this mean, you might ask. Here's your answer.*

It is generally assumed that a gold album represents a million dollars in sales. That's no small feat and, in fact, qualifying for gold is even more complicated. The RIAA (Recording Industry Association of America) sets the standards, arranges for the independent audit, which must accompany certification, and distributes the glittering discs. To qualify, an album must have reached "minimum sales of one million dollars based at 33 1/3% of list price of record and counterpart tapes."



Jerry Moss presents Quincy Jones with his gold album at a party given in his honor. On Quincy's other side is his wife, Peggy Lipton, and surrounding him are numerous A&M staffers.

The 33 1/3% represents the factory selling price at the distributor level. Most list prices of albums today are \$6.98 and any visit to a record store reveals that that price is seldom adhered to. Of course, it isn't often that you can buy a record at 1/3 of list price either, so an album reaching gold status has probably generated more than a million dollars in sales.

When the standards were set originally in 1958, tapes were not a significant sales factor and 50% of the list

price of the record counted toward certification. As tapes became more significant and list prices rose, it became necessary to revise the standards. The RIAA Board, which consists of industry-member representatives (A&M's Jerry Moss is a board member), established the current standards a couple of years ago. Most major record labels are RIAA members, with Motown the only notable exception.

Interestingly enough, attempts have been made to establish a "platinum" record award (to represent one million units sold), but it has always been voted down. Consequently, platinum awards that have been given are the result of an individual company's efforts and are not RIAA-certified.

The number of awards given is determined by the record company (they usually go to the artist, the producer, and sometimes the manager, a promotion man, a radio station or anyone who may have been instrumental in "breaking" the record) and the record company pays for the awards as well as for the accompanying audit. The RIAA-certified gold record is a prestigious award and most companies feel it's worth the trouble to give credit where credit is due.

## On Deck

The A&M January release will contain albums by Lani Hall; Henry Gross; Arthur, Hurley & Gottlieb; Lon & Derek; Strawbs; Nils Lofgren; Hoyt Axton; L.A.X.; Keith Relf & Armageddon; Humble Pie; and Hustler. In the anthology department, the January release will include *The Best of Free*.

New names on the roster are Lewis Furey, a Montreal-based writer-performer who plays piano and viola, and Pablo Cruise, a four-piece band from the San Francisco area.



## COMPENDIA

Editor: Bud Scoppa	Contributors: Peter Allen
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	Linda Morris Scoppa
	Tips: Jim Bickhart
	Janis Cercone
	Advice and Consent: Andy Meyer



Bob Gruen

# XMAS PARTY '74

Herb and Jerry join Richetta Osborne in spirited holiday dance.



Publicity people Dorene Lauer and Peggy King befriend the date of *Compendium* contributor David Rensin.



New-man-on-board Jeff Ayeroff gets with it by threatening to drape the photographer with the remains of his anchovy omelet.



Just as each December A&M holds its Annual Christmas Party, each January *Compendium* runs its Annual Christmas Party Page, replete with photos of lots of Lot people engaged in a lot of good clean fun. This January is no exception. If 1974 was a difficult year for a great many of us ("Year of Crisis," one radio news program called its year-end review), the spirits of the celebrants at the '74 Party seemed as high as ever, as these Official Party Photos attest. Animated as they are, these shots can only dimly suggest the festive intensity of the omelet-laden affair. And eggs weren't the only palatable items in abundance at the Party—that's a slightly blurry eyewitness statement.

This young friend of Blackberry Williams upstages artists relations' Billy Spencer and her taxman, Harold Taylor.



Leroy Jones, an aspiring rock singer who helped the Tubes paint their mural, exudes a mellowness that spreads to Irving/Almo's Marsha Kleinbak.



Judy Yaryan of creative services tries something creative with a balloon necklace.



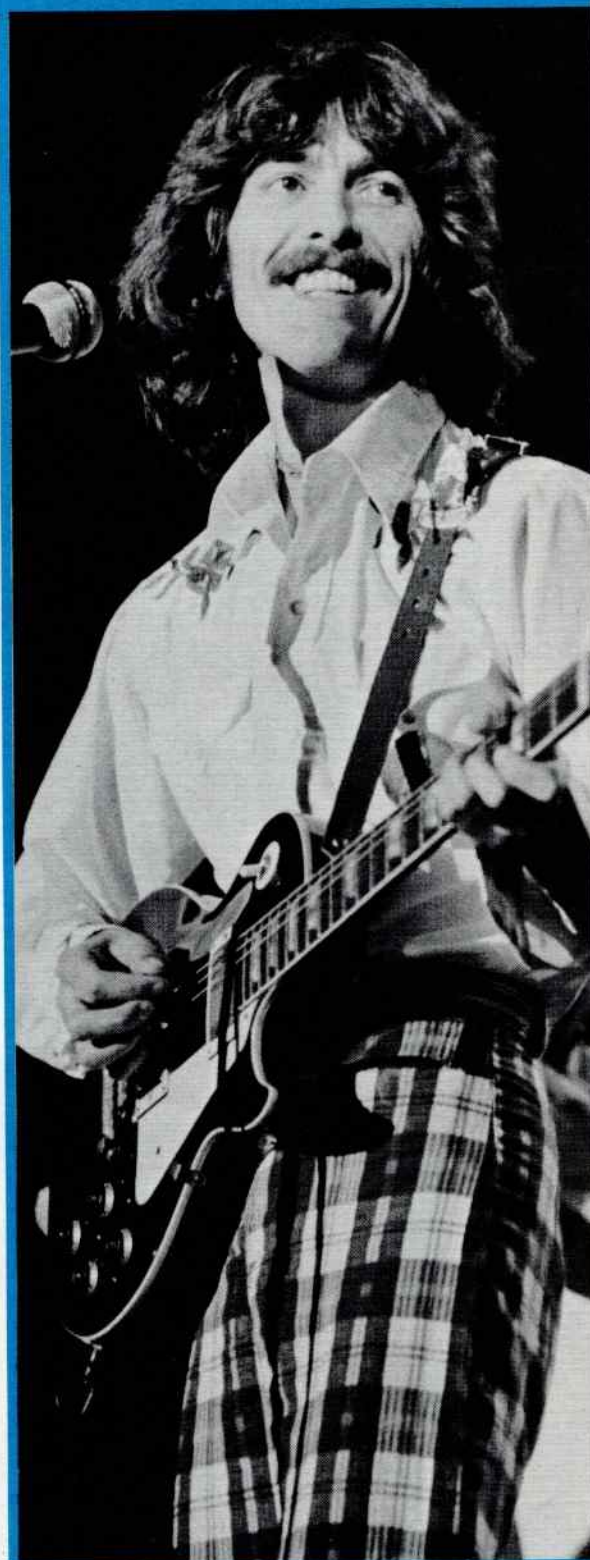
## AS GALA AS EVER



# GEORGE,



The George Harrison tour team, well oiled (except for George's rather hoarse voice) and well manned, is just completing one of 1974's big tours, winding things up the weekend before Christmas at Madison Square Garden. Along the way, Dark Horse's Ravi Shankar has teamed with Harrison to surprise and stimulate audiences with his inventively broad-based—and at times quite lighthearted—new music. Ode's Tom Scott has contributed with equal virtuosity to the music of both the Harrison and Shankar portions of the show—and his L.A. Express guitarist Robben



# TOM

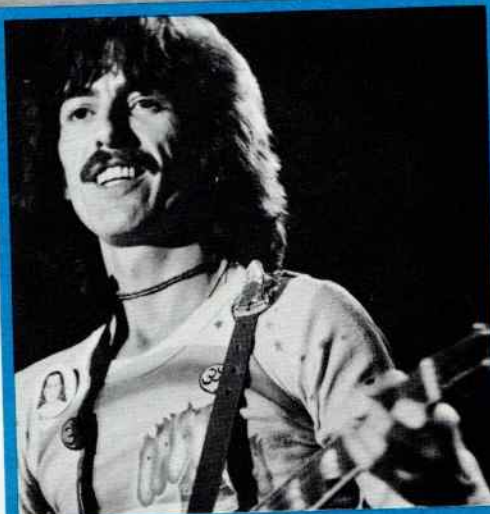




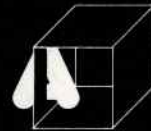
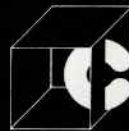
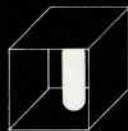
# BILLY,



Ford has doubled with George on guitar. A&M's Billy Preston has gotten audiences out of their seats during every performance with his electric stage presence. And Harrison himself—hoarse voice and all—the first former Beatle to face the public on a full-scale concert tour, has demonstrated first-hand the wit, humility, conviction, and musicality that have made him one of our foremost solo artists. It took organization to pull it off. Even more importantly, it took guts. Clearly, George Harrison stands by his convictions.



# & RAY



## Words and Pictures by Barry Levine

If traveling salesmen wrote songs instead of orders, every tune on the radio would be about life on the road. As Carole King sings, "One more song about the highway..." But along that dusty road are some memorable stops among the impersonal sterility of the thousands of look alike fruitwood-furnished-Gideon-bibled Holiday Inns of the world. Not the one-nighters with revolving doors and dining rooms and bedside consoles for the color TV and the lights and Vibra-massagers and room service or the ones with indoor swimming pools and saunas, but the hotels that have affected musicians and become traditional gathering places for them, almost always because of the single most important factor—the price.

### NEW YORK CITY

"When I came to New York in 1961 as part of a group of Canadian folkies called the New Wine Singers, there were only a few places that would even let musicians in the door: the Earle, the Chelsea and the Albert. I'd stayed at the Earle once, and nothing was going to make me go back there again. The Chelsea meant either a subway or cab downtown. I wasn't about to start hassling the subway, and couldn't afford taxis. The Albert was cheap and close to everything and everybody." That's how Spanky McFarland remembers her introduction to the Albert Hotel.

Built at the turn of the century on fashionable 11th Street east of Fifth Avenue, the eight-story red-brick building owes its name and financing to Albert Pinkham Rhyder, an eccentric American painter of the 1890s. Although he seldom left his 15th Street apartment, Rhyder's subjects were vast, murky-lit Wagnerian scenes, seascapes and landscapes. He painted amongst stacks of old newspapers, parcels of laundry, garbage, and junk two feet thick in one heavily curtained room. After he accidentally burned up his bed in an attempt to rid it of bedbugs, he slept on an old window shade on the floor and covered himself with a heap of moth-eaten overcoats. In the center of the room, surrounded by ashes and empty tin cans was a stove he used for heat and cooking. When friends would suggest removing some of the debris, so thick that it took Rhyder 15 minutes to clear a path to answer the door, Albert paled and begged that nothing be disturbed. He liked it that way.

Brother William had visions of becoming a hotelman, and after Albert died, it took William about a year to sell enough paintings to begin construction of Albert's namesake hotel. With its heavily carpeted floors, polished wood-

work and crystal chandeliers, the Albert luxuriously catered to famous personages of the age, including Thomas Wolfe. But slowly the posh moved uptown, leaving behind Greenwich Village and the Albert for the Sopwith Camel, the Blues McGoos, Baby Huey and the Babysitters, Paul Butterfield, Lothar and the Hand People, Mike Bloomfield, Cream, Canned Heat, Sly, The Byrds, and others shaggy and weird enough to make the ghost of Albert Rhyder smile and feel right at home.

By the time Spanky arrived in search of her Gang, the hotel had grown to three connected buildings stretching through to 10th Street, catering to a trade comprised mostly of New York University students and aging Village regulars, more interested in the low rates than polished woodwork.

"The Albert. Oh, wow, what a flash. I shared suite 245 with Tim Hardin, John Sebastian, Cass Elliot, and Denny Doherty. I remember horrible things about those rooms and Tim, but I won't repeat them," insists Spanky. "We were always late with the rent, but the manager—I never heard anyone call her anything but Miss Feldman—was pretty good about the bill. I still have a bellhop's cap with the hotel name on it, but don't tell her."

Although she's capable of inspiring fear and avoidance in her non-paying customers, Miss Feldman is an attractive 34-year-old brunette whose dark eyes have seen more than a little life in her 15 years in the hotel business, 13 of them as manager of the Albert. Offering a cup of coffee and danish, Miss Feldman allows as how a lot of the guests that she likes don't even know it, "because I'm always yelling at them. I don't know if we made it any easier for anyone, but at the time, if you had long hair and a beard, nobody wanted you. You were considered a beatnik or a bum, which isn't true. These kids were pioneers." She credits the Lovin' Spoonful with starting the musical influx, and gives their leader the highest praise in the hotelman's lexicon, "John Sebastian was one of the most stable, dependable tenants ever. He paid the rent, even when he was broke."

Sebastian is also credited with beginning what was to become an Albert trademark—the basement. "When the group checked in, I thought they were nice kids, but crazy. They got to be a noise nuisance playing in their rooms, and one day my boss, Miller, said, 'Either they gotta stop or they gotta go.' So I went upstairs, yelling and screaming, not with a broom like Zal Yanovsky says on the back of their album. They said, 'Where are we gonna go? This is our livelihood.' So I said, 'I don't give a good goddam where you go, go down to the basement for all I care.' The next thing I know, they're moving their equipment, so I said, 'Where do you think you're going?' 'But you said we could practice down in the basement.' I never really thought they would, because it's just a big empty space with old mattresses and stuff—not too nice, really."

The Spoonful quickly turned the low-ceilinged, dank, dirty basement of the Albert into a combination practice room, jamming spot, and meeting hall for musicians and friends. "Before long, they were complaining to me that they wanted the room at a certain time, and Joe Schmo wanted it at the same time. I told them, 'Look, I'm not in the sound studio business, work it out yourselves, I don't want to hear about it.' And that's the way it's stayed."

"Tim Buckley and I used to rehearse down there," recalls drummer John Seiter. "Boy, did we ever see some big roaches down there. But some people even slept down there when they got thrown out of their rooms. I stayed at the Albert for years, off and on, first with Tim and later with the Mothers of Invention, John Sebastian, the Turtles, and Spanky. All

of us lived there in sort of a separate wing, Suite 1205. The hallway reeked of pot. We were stoned all the time, taking acid and freaking around. We must have tripped every day for a year. Everybody was out of their minds doing crazy shit. That year at the Albert I had the first Christmas I ever spent away from my family. It was kind of weird."

"It's against the rules, but if you smoke a marijuana cigarette that's your business," says Miss Feldman. But she firmly insists, "As far as hard drugs go, it's not tolerated. Don't ask me how, but after 15 years in the business, I can spot a junkie walking in the front door."

With all her regard for the lifestyle of her tenants, one closet in the office is filled with battered stereos, radios, and guitars that are the liened remains of unpaid bills. "This is a hard job. Sometimes we have to put people out of their rooms. I have one clarinet here that's worth \$300. The guy that owns it keeps calling to ask me to hold it a little longer until he can get up the cash he owes. The guitars I keep for a little while, and then give away, mostly to tenants who have hocked their instrument and need something to practice with—which reminds me, one guy owes me \$20."

Reflecting over the past decade, Miss Feldman grows pensive. "To me, this business is in my blood. It's got to be more than a job. We like people, we're personally involved. Life is short and you're just passing through once. So you have to help people. Some have kept in touch with me—Denny Doherty just sent me some of his new tapes, but they come and go. One group stayed here for a while, and now they're moving up to Woodstock. They'll miss New York. They'll miss the Albert. They'll be back."

There are alternatives for those with more bucks. The Gormham for long stays (it has kitchenettes), the Chelsea for romantics, and the Gramercy Park's for Californians.

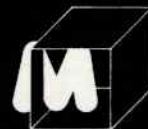
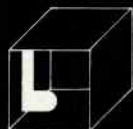
### LOS ANGELES

On the West Coast, too, there are certain spots that on-the-road musicians call home. Rent the crummiest room in L.A. and as you're being led up the garbage-smelling stairway, the manager is sure to tell you about the stars who used to live in that very room. In New York, it's a broken heart for every light on Broadway. In L.A. it's a celebrity for every room.

The Tropicana Hotel, or Motor Hotel as the older sign out front proclaims, complete with palm trees and blinking neon sign, "Singles from \$9," competing for attention on Santa Monica Boulevard with "The Phone Booth," "Completely Topless," "Businessmen's Luncheon," outwardly shows no sign of being different from many of the stops along any highway. But it's had its share of stars. The Rolling Stones' under assistant West Coast promotion man used to put them up there.

"They're not all headliners, but they pay their bills," says Dan ("spell my name right, will you") Keenshan, desk clerk and part-time limousine driver. "I don't know where these people get their money from. I did a job last night. 'Pick up group, go to the Forum, then as directed.' Well, I'll tell you. I took them to the concert, and because I was the driver, I got in free. I never heard of the group, and I couldn't tell whether they were acrobats or musicians. After the concert, the four pile into my car, and the two girls immediately took off their clothes. The men asked me to take a quick trip to Malibu. What wasn't going on in that car! When I got to Malibu, they told me to stop along the road. I couldn't see anything but brush. They got out of the car, naked as jaybirds, and went down this path. One of the guys told me to come along. He said the girls wouldn't mind one more but





I thought they might be like the Manson family. You know, get me out there just for some crazy thrill-killing. Tell you the truth, I was going to leave them there, and just then they came out of the bushes with the girls still naked. I drove them back to Hollywood and dropped them off. The bill was \$90 and \$2 for parking. They gave me \$112. I don't know where they get all their money."

As far as the goings on in the back rooms of his hotel, where Gil Lane considerably puts the musicians so the chambermaids don't get there 'til last, the leathery, six-foot-tall, Texas-drawling owner-manager is just as tolerant. "What a person does is his own business, as long as he doesn't bother my business. Oh, there was this one little girl that I had to make stop coming around. She would come up to me and tell me what she had just done, and with who, and what she was going to do. And all in the filthiest language. Now I've seen a lot, but I'm just not interested in that."

Gil came to the Tropicana after 35 years in the hotel business. "I started out as a bellboy in Austin. My wife worked as a waitress. We worked together all over, and then 10 years ago, I lost her. I started drinking pretty heavy, just drifting around. Then a friend from down here told me about this place. At the time, Sandy Koufax was part owner, up until last year, when I bought him out. I started Febru-

ary 22, 1963. Five weeks later they made me manager. When I took the place over it was catering to a regular business crowd and it was doing lousy. I looked around a little and saw there was a need for a hotel for musicians. At that time, if your hair was long hotels wouldn't even let you visit, let alone check in. And if you brought a woman to your room, there was the manager knocking at the door to ask if the lady was registered. Well, I went up to the Whisky and to the Troubadour and gave out a lot of cards. Thirty days later, I cut out all my advertising, and I haven't done any since. It's strictly word-of-mouth here. Most of my guests come back year after year, and most of my staff have been with me for years. We just make people feel at home. Why, when you walk through the lobby of the Hyatt House up on the Strip, everyone stares at you. They're just not our type of people."

One of the big attractions of the Tropicana, in addition to the low rates and sympathetic management, is Duke's Coffee Shop, with its famous three-eggs-toast-and-coffee breakfast. But like many others suffering through the recession, the big red 89¢ sign is gone from the window on Santa Monica. It's still a gathering place where local and out-of-town musicians



and out-of-work actors can sit and schmooze over a cup of coffee. Muddy Waters, Wet Willie, the Israeli National Orchestra, the African Traders and others—all gather around the Tropicana Pool whenever they're in L.A. "And when they call for reservations," says Gil, "they all tell me to say hello to Kelly." Gil's wiry little terrier and constant companion has become the Tropicana mascot.

On the credit-card level, the Continental Hyatt House has in recent months been unseated by the slightly less garish Sunset Marquis, down a steep hill from the Strip on Alta Loma. Kitchenette included.

#### SAN FRANCISCO

When they came to San Francisco with flowers in their hair, hotels were pretty much out of the question for most musicians. But everybody knew someone living with a bunch of people in one of the houses clinging to the hills of Polk or Douglas Street, or in the cheaper sections like the Fillmore, or you could always sleep in Golden Gate Park. It was a time of peace and love and happiness, as well as Owsley, Kesey and the Merry Pranksters. The Grateful Dead lived together in one of those houses, and so did Quicksilver Messenger Service and the Jefferson Airplane. When Janis got to San Francisco after Port Arthur, she found a place for a while with Chet Helms and the Family Dog. But today, for musicians on the move, there's the Gaylord. On Pine Street, the Gaylord, like the Albert and so many others, attracts its particular business with convenient location and low price. "Almost all of our acts stay there," says the manager of the Boarding House, one of San Francisco's leading clubs.

The Gaylord's young desk clerk volunteers that he is an actor himself, and proudly lists the Pointer Sisters, Bette Midler, most of the cast from "Oliver" as recent guests. "You see, we're in receivership—you know, bankrupt—so we like to give theatrical rates to attract performers and such, who usually aren't bums or anything. The manager is this real nice guy, and we've got this big room on the roof that he lets musicians use. Up there, they can blow to their heart's content, or whatever."

Built in 1922, the Gaylord is a splendid example of neo-Spanish architecture with wood-beamed, hand-painted lobby ceilings and white-stuccoed walls and archways.

"I'm worried about what's going to happen to this place," says the desk clerk, admitting that he's not too long in the hotel business. "Every once-in-a-while a leak springs out somewhere or the 50-year-old elevator breaks down. It needs a lot of work to keep it going, but there just isn't the money for it."

Pointing out an animated group walking through the lobby, he affectionately identifies them as cast members of the musical "Lorelei." When the show opened in San Francisco, they held a Carol Channing Look-Alike Contest. Two hundred queens turned up in drag, singing "Hello Dolly." Only in San Francisco.

Over on the other side of town are the Hyde Park Apartments. Two blocks from Fisherman's Wharf, just up along the Hyde and Powell cable car, the Hyde Park offers a superb view of the Bay and Alcatraz Island. Miles Davis, Charles Lloyd, and others come there for its inner courtyard open to the sky, and its complete apartments with living room, kitchenette and bath. George Zimmerman and his wife have worked there for a couple of years, and look forward to their musical guests. "We usually put them right over the office, that way if they make any noise, they don't disturb anyone," says George.

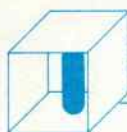
But as well as the frugal, San Francisco has its share of the best hotels, for the musicians who have made it. The Miyako Hotel in Japantown is one of the more exotic. Built in the style of a Japanese pagoda, the Miyako, instead of the sounds of Muzak, pipes in the tinkling sounds of Japanese instruments amid its multi-levels and Zen rock garden. For \$75 a day, you can have a three-tiered suite with sliding Japanese screens, Japanese footbath, sauna, sunken tub with built-in telephone, and aquarium on the wall. Ah, so.

After a hard night's work, a whole group, with friends, can walk down the street to the Kyoto Baths where they can rent a hot spring pool, enjoy a massage with hot towels brought in by slap-slap slippered, Kimono-clad attendants. First a steam cabinet to get your head together, then a frolic in the pools, and then some exercise in the fully equipped workout rooms. Starting from \$2 a person. The attendants are ever so discreet, and they giggle quietly, too.

But if the modernistic is more your style, the new Regency Hyatt House on Market Street and the Embarcadero is the place. Even if you don't have \$50-\$100 a room tariff, you can walk and gawk at the lobby that stretches to the skylighted roof, with the floors arranged ziggurat-style to the roof 20 stories above. Jules Verne glass-enclosed elevators cling to the wall as they ascend toward the sky in plain view of the startled audience gathered in the huge lobby below, affording a dramatic view of the plant-strewn vista. It's a great place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.

But all these places, no matter how simple or elaborate, are hopefully only stopping-off points for musicians on their way to the farm in Marin or Woodstock or the house in Laurel Canyon. At any rate, it's easier to have them to look back at than to look forward to.





## Songs & Writers

Here are some IRVING/ALMO songs that have recently been recorded:

SONG TITLE
THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN CALLING
YOU AND ME AGAINST THE WORLD
WHEN YOU'VE GOT NO HOME
I WON'T LAST A DAY WITHOUT YOU
I HONESTLY LOVE YOU
HE WAS A WRITER
CHANGES
NOTHIN' FROM NOTHIN'
SO HARD LIVING WITHOUT YOU
MOTHERLAND
LITTLE MAN
LOVIN' ARMS
DON'T WORRY BABY
I WON'T LAST A DAY WITHOUT YOU & LET ME BE THE ONE (Medley)
WHEN YOU'VE GOT NO HOME
CITY STARS
SO HARD LIVING WITHOUT YOU
I HONESTLY LOVE YOU
I HONESTLY LOVE YOU

WRITER
Richard Kerr/Gary Osborne
Paul Williams/Ken Ascher
Peter Allen/Carol Sager
Paul Williams/Roger Nichols
Peter Allen/Jeff Barry
Molly-Ann Leikin/Gloria Sklerov
Phil Ochs
Billy Preston/Bruce Fisher
John Bettis/Kerry Chater
Benard Ighner
Benard Ighner
Tom Jans
Brian Wilson
Paul Williams/Roger Nichols
Peter Allen/Carol Sager
Dobie Gray/Charles Higgins
John Bettis/Kerry Chater
Peter Allen/Jeff Barry
Peter Allen/Jeff Barry

RECORDING ARTIST
Three Dog Night
Jerry Butler
Olivia Newton-John
Barbra Streisand
Andy Williams
Cilla Black
Cilla Black
Brenda Lee
Sandy Rucker
Keg Johnson
Keg Johnson
Millie Jackson
Keith Moon
Al Wilson
Melanie
David Ruffin
David McKay
Bobby Vinton
Ray Conniff

## Tom Jans

Tom Jans was real nervous. While recording in Nashville, the Californian writer-singer had been invited over to Johnny Cash's house by the man himself for an evening of picking. And it was his turn to take the hot seat.

"Johnny Cash has these singer-song-writer things out at his house. He invites six or seven writers each time, up-and-comers, people whose material he likes, and people he's trying to help. Billy Joe Shaver was there, Larry Gatlin, me, and then some heavies: Tammy Wynette and George Jones were there, Roy Clark, Bobby Bare—oh, man.

"After dinner you play a little pool and then John comes up all dressed in black and he's a very impressive figure—there's no jive behind it, he's a totally dedicated, faithful man. He says, 'I think it's about time we all went down and sang.' And there's all these people you've respected and loved your whole life, and you find yourself singing with them.

"You go down to this little room with a fire burning in the fireplace and the guitar's handed around from person to person. The little chair you sit on to sing your songs is called the hot seat, and everybody's gotta sing. Even George Jones was shaking when he got up there. I sang five songs, and out of that John recorded 'Heart's Island' and 'Old Time Feelin'.' It was one of the finest



examples of people sharing music I've ever experienced. There wasn't a drop of liquor served—John said, 'June won't have it.' But when I left there I was high as a kite."

It's a long way from Berkeley to Johnny Cash's house, but this Phi Beta Kappa has made the passage without a hitch. From country music in general, and especially from the songs of an-

other scholar-turned-shitkicker, Kris Kristofferson, Jans learned the value of simplicity and directness. When he joined Irving/Almo and began to write with pop veterans like Jeff Barry, Tom applied those lessons about saying it straight.

"I had to throw off a lot of my academic background in order to write good songs. This song, 'Shine It On,' that Jeff and I wrote together—David Alan Coe's recorded it for his next album—it blew my mind when we finished it because in the last verse we lyrically take the song from... well: 'Papa's gone but, Lord, his blood is flowin' through my veins/And Mama's gone to find him so she can't ease my pain/Another woman holds me now in a little different way/And now I know why Papa smiled when he heard Mama say...' Whap! We take a man's whole lifetime and turn it around in one verse. That's *direct*. And then say something at the same time. I mean, before I would've had him 'looking back over his shoulder' and 'holding on to the fears of his youth.' It took me a long time to reach that point."

With an album out on A&M and with a band poised to go on the road, Tom Jans has begun to present his songs to pop and country listeners directly. And other people—like Cash, Coe, Helen Reddy, and Gary Stewart—keep cutting them as well. Berkeley to Nashville, Cash to Reddy—Tom has himself a pretty good spread.