without risking too much of my own money. 'If it works,' I told Garry Van Egmond, 'we might even dust off the Elvis Presley file!'

Cocker came with his own musicians—the Patto Group and the Chris Stainton Band: a party of thirty-two people with fifteen tonnes of sound equipment. Anyone who remembers my policy about the size of touring parties and their quantity of excess baggage would know I wasn't paying. In fact, after setting up the deal and priming the people in my organisation to administer the tour, I had hardly anything to do with it—which was how I missed all the drama.

The people who suffered the traumas were Garry, Patti, Simon Dickie, Bob Gibson and Brian de Courcy, who all claimed to have aged during the three-week nightmare. Cocker and five of his party were involved in a drug bust in Adelaide and each fined $300 for possession of marihuana; Joe and his travelling girl friend were arrested after a fracas in a Melbourne hotel foyer; and then the Federal Government told Joe to get out of Australia. Newspapers ran front-page serial accounts of the Cocker tour as if World War III had broken out. But the remarkable thing was that, when Cocker did fulfil his concert obligations, he drew capacity crowds who gave him a rapturous response. Critics among the rock set treated the tour as if it were the Second Coming.

I saw only his opening concert in Sydney, but I didn't need a degree in rock 'n' roll to know that he was a superb performer, but his habits twitched my Judy Garland bruises and I decided to stay well clear. Understandably, Joe was puzzled that he never met his Australian promoter. 'Where is this guy Miller—does he exist?' he kept asking Garry. Yes, Joe, I was there—looking on from a distance.

We had to cancel concerts in Brisbane and Perth. Prodded by a deportation order, Joe flew home. His legal transgressions could not be excused, but he had the misfortune to be in Australia when the conservative knee-jerk was lethal and the Federal Government of the time was reacting to an electorate disillusioned with its political performance.

Eighteen months later, in March 1974, I played what I thought was a pop concert ace and got trumped. After long and tortuous negotiations with the William Morris agency in the U.S. Kenn Brodziak and I secured the Australian and New Zealand end of a lengthy Asian and European tour by David Cassidy, a young squeaky-clean American pop singer-actor who was the idol of teenyboppers. Wholesome, good-looking and not

without talent, he also had a strong family appeal through his starring presence in a television series, 'The Partridge Family'. He didn't come cheaply. We had to guarantee $150 000 plus air fares and accommodation for eight concerts. By playing him in outdoor arenas we calculated our profit on the increased capacity and the reasonable expectation of large crowds. They didn't happen. Over the nine months or so between the start of negotiations and the concerts, Cassidy's popularity in Australia had nosedived.

I had also made the mistake of checking on Cassidy's public profile and not on the expenditure he generated. His record sales, I discovered too late, had never been strong. It was a repeat of the error of judgement I'd made nine years earlier, when I'd listened to a few people making a lot of noise and lost a substantial amount on my Judy Collins-Josh White folk festival promotion.

Even the publicity campaign we mounted behind the Cassidy tour turned round and bit us. By bruiting our expectation of vast throngs we fell into the trap of frightening off parents, nervous that their children would get trampled. The whole enterprise was a costly embarrassment.

Perhaps I should have stood still more often and taken stock, for I now realise that behind so much busy and satisfying activity I was beginning to lose my sense of direction as a producer. The drift began when I had to start hustling around for product to put into theatres on which I held long leases. It is one of the oldest hazards in the business and I'd always prided myself on steering clear of it. But with the Melbourne Metro empty, after 'Hair' was transferred to New Zealand, I needed another show to justify the rent. A similar problem loomed with the Capitol in Sydney when 'Superstar' ended its run there. The rent was $2000 a week: money down the drain if the place was dark. The treadmill beckoned.

On a visit to London I was attracted by the business being drawn by Harold Fielding's production of 'Gone With the Wind', a musical version of the epic movie. The show was playing at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, with a capacity not unlike the Capitol's. I knew that London's enormous tourist trade was keeping GWTW buoyant but I thought it was a good risk to produce in Australia. We had to spend a lot of money to duplicate the amazing effects that Fielding had created at Drury Lane. He had a huge railway train on stage every night and burned hundreds of yards of netting every performance to simulate the fire at Atlanta. Pre-production costs soon ran up