

STEWSPOT'S POP SCENE



It's been a great time for pop all right. If you were tired of your older brothers, sisters or cousins going on about the "Great Days of The Beatles", you now know that you haven't missed anything, because Osmond-Cassidy-Sweet-Rod Stewart-and Slade-Mania have almost equalled those beat-boom days of many years ago.

But just how much fun is it for the popsters themselves? The Beatles had one another to talk to when they were walled up and besieged by their thousands of fans, but what about poor David Cassidy? I remember the first time he was on "Junior Choice". Broadcasting House was surrounded by masses of excited fans, climbing scaffolds to perilous heights and breaking the world's high-jump records just to get a glimpse of him.

Between our chats, while the records were playing, David would occasionally turn to the window and wave and smile to them all. That was the signal for

us to hang on to our seats as the building rocked to the screams of his devoted followers.

When they first built the sound-proof studios they could never have imagined they would have to withstand such a crescendo and I'm sure the people at home must have thought their radios were picking up "The War of the Worlds" from another network.

David was as cool as a cucumber though. In fact he was feeling so relaxed that instead of just popping in and saying "hello" as was his original intention, he stayed for nearly the whole programme.

"What keeps me going is my love of the music business," he told me. "I always mean to do only a few minutes and I find myself enjoying it so much that I forget what time it is." David works so hard that he is often exhausted before he goes on stage.

"I worry that I'm never going to get through the performance," he said. "But when I go on stage and the kids cheer, well it's like my battery gets charged and I get all my energy back."

Then when it's all over, the problems begin. It's David's manager's responsibility to get him out of the theatre or stadium without the fans seeing him. He's not being mean, it's just that his people know that if he is caught, such a huge crowd will develop that people will get hurt, and that includes David.

Some of the fans are really determined to get to him though. They have been known to drop sleeping pills into his road managers' tea, so they can sneak past them while they snooze. (They didn't succeed.) The girls also use all manner of house-breaking equipment to get into his hotels at night.

When he is eventually safely tucked away somewhere, David is left to shower and get some rest.

"That's when I often get depressed," he said. "You feel so isolated and alone after playing to all those people. But of course you're pretty exhausted too, so you're asleep in no time. Then the next day it starts all over again. But don't get me wrong. I really wouldn't want to do anything else. And I'm grateful for the people who have helped me become successful. Sometimes, though, I'd like to have some time off to spend on myself and my friends."



Ed "Stewpot" Stewart—the disc jockey who knows the top pop stars.