

The ONLY paper with THIS week's BBC charts!

RECORD & Radio MIRROR

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inside:

Are YOU
David Cassidy's
SUPERFAN?



STEVIE WONDER

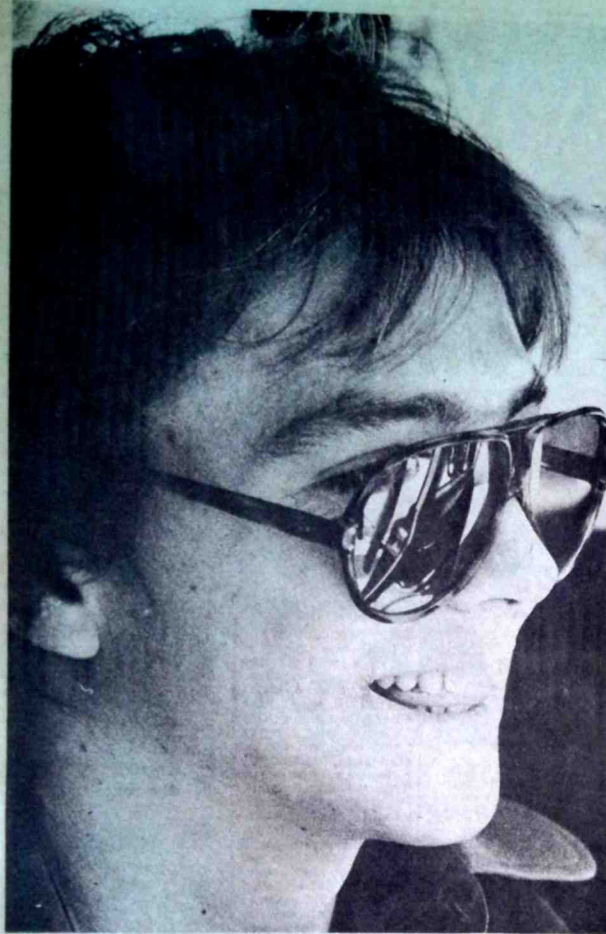
The amazing affair of
LULU and BOWIE

plus...

colour poster: SUZI QUATRO

Chartbustin'
MUD





Louise — tapes, pix and posters of David — her favourite star

LOUISE Quinell is sixteen, lives in Sussex, and is a Cassidy Superfan. Now her letter, sent some weeks back, puts her in the running for the award, but she can be beaten yet on

laces, pens, jigsaws, calendars, mirrors, cups, records . . . and his autograph, seven times. Four on pieces of paper, others on pictures.

"He signed for me after my autograph book went astray at a Wembley concert. I've 200 pictures from American magazines . . . and a total from all sources of . . . 10,200. And there is my collection of Cassidy tapes, from radio and television. And, in the summer of 1973, a magazine said I must be Cassidy Superfan Number one.

"I like other kinds of music, too, so it's not just being biased. I cried over Cassidy, with sheer joy and delight at seeing him at Wembley. My one ambition, having travelled so far and spent so much over such a long time, is to meet him . . . properly meet him."

Louise collects her Cassidy mementos — other fans DO things to

prove their loyalty . . . travel a million miles for one of his smiles!

So . . . let's hear, this week, from the fans who want to be Superfan number one. Write about



your superfanishp to Genevieve Hall, Record and Radio Mirror, 7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG — entries to be in by Monday, February 18. Write on behalf of a superfan pal, if you like. But do write

Next week: Another Superfan Supercontest.

superfans

CRAZY over Cassidy? Dotty about Donny? Smitten with Slade? Bewitched with Bowie? Okay, so everybody's a fan of SOMEONE. But we're looking for the real, honest-to-goodness, hundred-per-cent SUPERFANS.

Would YOU swim half-way across the River Thames fully-clothed just to get near David Cassidy on a boat? A couple of superfans did just that. Would you wait nearly thirty-six hours at London Airport in the hope that Donny Osmond would look your way and maybe give you a grin and a wave? Several superfans did just that. Or would you hitchhike from Southampton to Glasgow and back in the hope that you could get a ticket for a Gary Glitter concert? One superfan, aged sixteen, did just that . . . on her own.

We're looking for the SUPERFANS. Superstars aren't born, they are MADE. And who makes them? You the fans. The superfans. The devotion and dedication shown by superfans never fails to astound us lesser mortals who merely write about and sometimes meet the superstars. Maybe YOU are David Cassidy's number one SUPERFAN . . . then why not take part in our search?

This week sees the start of a seven-part series featuring seven top pop super-names and we're looking for seven superfans. Each week we'll invite fans of a different star to take part. Maybe YOU aren't a superfan but know somebody who is. Then let us know the facts. We'll do the rest. Each superfan, judged by a special panel of pop folk, will receive a commemorative Superfan plaque to be presented by . . . well, that's a secret!

FIRST a few background facts on how David Cassidy, first in the series, became a superstar. David Bruce Cassidy was born on April 12, 1950, in Englewood, New Jersey, of movie-business parents. His father is actor Jack Cassidy, his mother (Everlyn) a talented singer and dancer.

So David spent most of his tender years in the company of baby-sitters, away from his travelling father. At the age of five his parents were divorced and he went to live in Hollywood with his mother.

David says that as far back as he can remember he wanted to be a star. But he was encouraged to lead a normal baseball-playing childhood, doing only the occasional theatrical job until he was fourteen.

On leaving school, he decided to leave home and live his own life in New York. He started a nine-to-five job sorting out mail in a textile company, taking time off for auditions. Finally one producer felt he was spot-on right for a movie he was setting up in Hollywood, so he paid David's fare back home.

No, David didn't get the part. But he did get into a few television series, like Ironside, Marcus Welby MD and Bonanza. At eighteen, former table-tennis champion Ruth Aarons moved in to manage his affairs — at the request of David's dad. He was coached in drama and

eventually auditioned for the part of Keith Partridge for a new television series launched by CBS.

He got the part — and the shock of his life when he found that his television mum was going to be his real-life step-mother, lovely Shirley Jones. So . . . the Partridge Family became America's favourite telly show, and songs from the series hit the top of the charts and David became a superstar. **p h e n o m e n o n** . . . attracting superfans galore.

David really digs his fans. He says: "It's a high gig, but out on that stage. You can look around, and it's all there for you, people loving you just like that. My friends are there with me, and I'm doing what I love to do most — singing and I'm singing for people who would rather have me sing than anybody else in the world."

And he sometimes hits rock bottom as he says: "I think of the loyalty of those fans and I wish I could get to talk to every single one of them, share their problems, sign their autograph books. . . just chat. But I have to cut myself off. In a way it means me leading a surprisingly lonely life."

He looked out of his hotel window, "Look at those fans. Standing out there in the cold, waiting for me. I feel rotten. Look terrible. After a weekend of killing myself with work — I have to keep smiling."

But I love 'em."

Sometimes he signs autographs until he feels his hand is going to drop clean off. "The only thing that irritates me," he says, "is when people say they don't actually want an autograph for themselves. It's never I like you — I'd love to have your autograph . . . it's My daughter would never forgive me if I didn't get you to sign" . . . or 'My friend Jos needs two for his kids' otherwise they won't let him back in the house."

Superstar David knows that superfans have to pay their dues. Fans can be a handful of his hair, or a lump of his flesh. They don't qualify as superfans. More like SUPERGHOLS.

Those who disturb his sleep in the midnight hours with mixed-up phone-calls need SUPERDRAGS, not superfans.

But YOU, now, maybe YOU are a superfan. If you saw David in the street, would you faint? — Ask for his autograph? — or go up and chat to him? Would you go off David if, suddenly, his records didn't sell?

And if somebody else puts him down, how do you react? Do you try to put YOUR point of view across, calmly and quietly . . . or thump the opposition on the nose . . . or get into a noisy argument?

SUPERFANS know how to answer those questions



points by others . . . we're just using the facts as a sample of the kind of Superfan entry we want.

"I've been a fan for more than three years and have collected EVERYTHING printed and published on him. I have magazines, special books, badges, posters, pictures, neck-



Religion don't pay

SKETEER DAVIS (above) is a country artist with string of hits to her credit — *The End Of The World*, *I Can't Stay Mad At You*, *Gonna Get Along Without You Now*.

But now, like several other top country artists, she's really got religion.

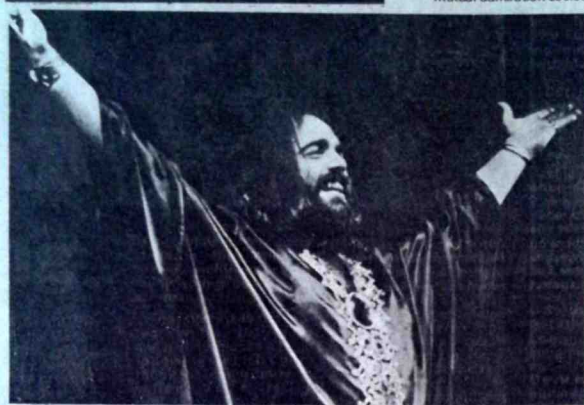
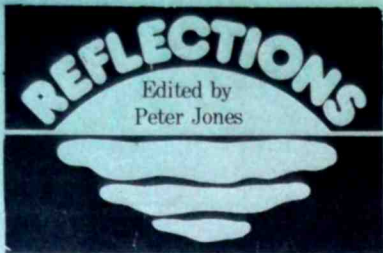
And it's got her thrown off the famed Grand Ole Opry show in the States. She's part of the Christ Is The Answer team, who stop people in supermarkets and on the streets to try to spread the message.

Local shopkeepers kicked up a fuss, had some of the evangelists arrested. Skeeter Davis hit out at that on stage, was suspended from the show. Now she's feeding most of her earnings into the Christ Is The Answer group. Is touring churches and so on, along with her preacher Bill Lowery and the Joyful Noise, a Jesus-rock band. A single-minded lady is Skeeter when riled. . .



Calfcake

THEY used to be called beefcake pictures — naked and hairy chests placed in juxtaposition to something with a virile sort of image. Chest close to motorbike was regarded as an ideal combination for turning on the ladies. Still happens, as this picture of **Ricky Wilde** and his second-hand machine shows. . . he roars round the garden of his home on it. I've a feeling Ricky may be third time lucky with his records. . . Mrs. Malinski sounds pretty commercial to me. However I must knock some sense into the twelve-year-old lad. He claims to be an Arsenal supporter. . .



It's not all Greek for Demis

THE PUBLICITY big guns are really blasting off for **Demis Roussos**. The Greek star, who used to be lead singer with Aphrodite's Child, has already captured the Continental market. . . and we are about to be blasted into submission. Demis Roussos? Well, some say he's like an updated Cat Stevens, whatever that may mean. Others that he's a male Nana Mouskouri. . . whatever that implies. But he's for sure a blend of

rock and Greek byzantine music, and it's a music of many different moods.

So, for that matter, is the man himself. The Aphrodite's Child smash hit was *Rain and Tears*. Other hits followed. But the group split, because Demis was so determined to fuse today's music with the sound of his own culture.

"Give me three years — and I'll make it," he said. That was in January, 1972, and he's beaten his target easily. His *We Shall Dance* single was a million seller. . . and his album *Forever And Ever* is a real monument to his talent. That's the one that is being

MimeMan for West End

LINDSAY KEMP is the man who moulded and coached David Bowie in the arts of mime. In 1964 he heard Bowie on radio and instantly got into his writing and singing style. Then discovered that Bowie had long been a fan of the Kemp style of theatre. . . so the mutual admiration society

was complete.

Lindsay has designed a lot of the Bowie clothes, and taught him how to use make-up. Of course David went on to superstardom in pop music, a poll-winning, chart-topping giant.

Now it looks as if Lindsay Kemp himself will find real fame. His show

Flowers has opened at London's Institute of Contemporary Arts. And he soon gets his first real West End season at the Cameo Polytechnic in Regent Street.

And that man rooting his head off in support of Kemp is. . . David Bowie, of course.

Fluff's treat

DISC-JOCKEY Alan Freeman, alias Fluff, flew all the way to Las Vegas, just to pay twelve quid for a meal choice of lobster or beef, and twenty-two quid for a bottle of champagne, and lord knows how much as a bribe to the head waiter just to get a table for his party.

Ah, apart from the meal there was a cabaret act by a singer named Frank Sinatra. Making a comeback. And Alan Freeman is one of his greatest fans. . .

Note: as Ol' Blue Eyes walked out on stage, to a fantastic reception, he said: "Your applause didn't fool me. You'd have done the same thing if Pope Paul walked out here."

Who?

MANY a "conventional" musician has expressed difficulty at picking out the differences between top groups. . . say the Who, the Beatles and the Rolling Stones.

Who-man Pete Townshend appreciates the hang-up. . . his dad was a "conventional" saxist with British big bands. He said: "But an opera singer who doesn't like modern singing would probably say that Sinatra and Crosby sound the same."

"But I think that we are as different from the Stones as say the Glen Miller band was from Tommy Dorsey's. The Stones have Mick Jagger, and he gives them a figure image. We don't have that kind of image."

"Again, the Beatles came along at just the right time and were more or less 'adopted' by the public. Their success was a kind of NATIONAL success, so they all became household names. We never had that image either. We are successful just through hard work and because we believe what we do."

Sporting David

IF it's big enough and good enough for a Billy Graham evangelical meeting, then it's big enough and good enough for a David Cassidy concert. That's the thinking Cassidy and company taking over the Melbourne Cricket Grounds (capacity 65,000) for his tour "down under."

And though it's a first-time tip for David to Australia and New Zealand, it's been worked out that he'll draw more people and cop more money than even the Beatles at their peak. Additionally David plays at two tennis clubs and one racetrack.

Knight switches theatres

THAT story about CBS sending out search parties to find Robert Knight when his five-year-old record suddenly avoiks from the grave is NOT true.

"I was in school, and I still am," he said at a London dinner in his honour. "And what's more, if I'm not back in school by February 19, I've had it!"

The reluctant star, as someone called him, is quite determined to finish his doctorate course and come good as a man of medicine. It's hard but gets a little easier since he proved himself with *Love On A Mountain Top*. That song was a last minute B-side that the record company said was crap. They Didn't care how I did it and gave me a terrible arrangement. I just wanted to do it my way, sort of Motown, but they still said it was crap.

Nowadays Robert has unlimited time in the studio available to him and spends most nights there after school. And if he doesn't like the arrangements they give him "I just don't sing. . . that way they know it's wrong."

Next release from him by the way is another five-year-old product. . . Everlasting Love, covered successfully here at the time by Love Affair. And after that some new recordings which Robert says "is where I'm really at."

Are
you the
Sladest?



Strawberry special

PICTURED here is what you might call a family affair. A get-together in the Strawberry Studios, Stockport, when Mike McGear, of Scaffold fame, arrived to cut his new album with Paul McCartney, of Beatles fame.

With a little help from his friends (Paul, Linda and Wings), Mike will get the album out via Elektra by the end of August. He also had a lot of help from Lol Creme, on the left of the picture. . . he's one of that excellent band 10 cc.