

RECORD & Radio MIRROR

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7p

RECORD & RADIO
MIRROR



THE
GREAT ONES

FOUR
PAGES
ON
SLADE

THIS WEEK



COCKNEY REBEL



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CASSIDY!!
in Glasgow
in London-
meeting him
watching him
reviewing him



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RONNIE LANE

Cassidy horror

THE condition of 14-year-old Bernadette Whelan has "deteriorated greatly," according to a spokesman at London's Hammersmith Hospital today (Tuesday).

Bernadette has been in the intensive care unit since she collapsed with a "cardiac condition", at David Cassidy's farewell concert at the White City Stadium on Sunday.

The spokesman added: "Her condition has developed into brain damage and at this stage, it's difficult to forecast on what the outcome will be."

Bernadette was just one of hundreds of injured fans who had to be treated at the hospital during and after the concert - "a lot of them had sprained and broken limbs".

added the spokesman, "the place was like a battlefield on Sunday night."

As the young Cassidy fan fights for her life a major inquiry into what went wrong at the concert is being called for.

Promoter Mel Bush's comment in the national press was: "It all went to plan and the concert was a great success. There was nothing wrong with security."

(See full story page 7).



Dan cancel

STEELY DAN have been forced to cancel four dates of their current British tour following lead vocalist and pianist Donald Fagan being taken ill with chronic throat infection.

The infection which has been apparent during the end of the band's two month American tour which directly preceded the British dates, became seriously aggravated after Steely's two sell out Rainbow concerts last week.

Also guitarist Denny Dias and keyboard man Mike McDonald have been suffering from 'flu since arriving in Britain.

The dates affected, Glasgow, Scarborough, Sheffield and Southampton, will hopefully be rearranged in early June when Steely return from a European tour.

Fagan told RRM: "I'm especially disappointed at having to let down the people who have planned to see us after the fantastic response we've had from both the British public and critics to our music."

Sue sign

BLACKFOOT SUE have been signed for the Hinkley Festival which is scheduled for the 12,000 capacity Hinkley Athletic Football Club in Leicestershire on June 8. Top attractions at the show include the Bay City Rollers, Medicine Head and Geordie.

Argent single

ARGENT, currently headlining a three-week American concert tour, are to have a new Epic single rush-released on June 7. Titled, Man For All Reasons, and written by Russ Ballard, it's an edited track from the band's current album, Nexus.

R. Dean Taylor to tour

R. DEAN Taylor, back in the charts after a long absence with Ghost In My House, comes to Britain on June 20 for an eight week tour.

He will be playing a series of week engagements and several one-night stands which have yet to be confirmed. Dates so far are California Ballroom, Dunstable (June 22), Bailey's, Hull (week 23), Bailey's, Leicester (week 30), Bailey's, Derby (week 7), Bailey's, Blackburn (week 14), Bailey's, Stoke (week 28).

live live live live .

Rebel, rebel



BOWIE'S Rebel Rebel suddenly stops blasting out of the speakers and the crowd take up the chant: Rebel, rebel, rising to a massive roar as Cockney Rebel take the stage.

The gloomy lyrics, those rolling psychotic eyes, and that psychomodo lurch of Steve Harley form a bizarre counter-point to the jolly circus-type music played by the band, who remain totally motionless while Steve resembles some kind of crazy monkey marionette as he jerks about the stage.

The pace flags slightly as the Rebel try out the as yet unknown song from their new album, but it's Harley's charisma that carries them through every time; he caresses himself, does a mock strip, all the while teasing the audience and making love to his ego.

The extent of his influence is emphasised when he gets the audience to sing, with their hands waving a la Faces, and then leaves the stage completely, to return to a tumultuous reception for his last encore, Death Trip.

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All pix by Ian Dickson

Genny Hall winged her way up to Glasgow to catch David's first U.K. concert and grab a few words with the superstar.

NOT EXACTLY the place for having a tete-a-tete are they — press conferences? All the usual elements were present — inhibitions, scepticism, preconceived ideas, yeh — they were there all right hanging around like an invisible cloak.

This particular one taking place at the Albany Hotel in Glasgow was being covered by the BBC's Scottish TV, featuring their 'star' news reporter — 'Mr. Shoot' — the questions 'Jack!'

Under these highly unsavoury circumstances I never know who to feel the most sorry for — US, 'the press' or THEM, 'the artist'. THEs, expecting the worse become wary and over cautious. And US? We find the whole situation frustrating, get very self-conscious, and usually end up by asking the sort of questions we feel is expected, and not the one's we REALLY want to know! Still compared to the bestial conference which took place at London Weekend, this one in Glasgow turned out to be pretty civil.

David Cassidy wearing a combination of denim and glitter made his way to his seat, where he was immediately surrounded by a swarm of photographers, who were frantically clicking away, as though he was about to evaporate from their midst!

"Morning or whatever it is," Cassidy pours himself a drink of water.

"Well I wanna thank you all for coming — it's really been fun — He gets up as if to make his exit, and we just crack up.

A fellow lady journalist welcomes him to Scotland and points out that his middle name Bruce is very Scottish, and does he have any Scottish connections?

"Irish," he answers, then follows it up with: "I don't know if I should have said that. Irish and English, I don't think any Scots, but I'm not real sure — one never knows."

It had been rumoured that his father was looking for a Scottish castle to buy.

"Yeah," says David. "He

mentioned to me that he was looking for a place in Scotland. I don't know how serious he was. He's kinda like me, we go to places and we both get enchanted, and think we've gotta buy a place there. I have to try and keep some control over myself."

It was at this point that one of the 'beeb' guys obviously disaffected with the direction we were heading, demanded that Jack shoot his questions.

Jack obliges. What did you think about your reception at Glasgow airport this morning?

"I thought it was quick."

Do you have any thoughts of the hysteria that you cause among the young girl fans?

"I hate to be biased about it, but only the fact that it's there. I think eventually it's going to pass on as all things do."

Are you going to miss this aspect of your career now that you've given up touring?

"I think I'll miss it. But I think in the long run, I'll feel much better about myself in stopping this phase of my career."

By now David was suffering from flashlight blindness and puts on a pair of tinted specs.

Someone shouts: "Can we finish with pictures and give the interviewers a chance."

Cassidy turns to the photographers and says: "If you're not going to keep clicking away, I can take these glasses off."

Shoot the questions — Jack was about to continue when someone else steps in.

Your recent songs have been appealing to a wider age group than your earlier songs, is this something you're going to concentrate on?

Are you disappointed that your show at Shawfield Stadium is far from being a sell-out?

"Far from!" David seemed surprised. "I had a quote this morning we'd sold thirteen and a half thousand and it holds fifteen thousand."

We also had a quote and were told it was eleven thousand.

"OK let's argue about it," says David playfully. "No I'm not disappointed at all. Quite honestly I'm here to play and if 8,000, 500 people show up or whatever that's fine by me. I've got to tell ya, if there are 10 people out there that want to see me and are enthusiastic about me then that's what I'm there for. I'm not out there counting how many people are there or how many people aren't there."

Don't you think that giving up tours like this one, you'll become detached from your fans?

"No I don't see myself as becoming detached from my fans. I mean I'm still going to be recording. I'm still going to be around."

What do you mean by quitting; do you mean that you're never going to appear on stage in Britain again?

"No, the whole thing has been blown out of proportion. I think it's misconstrued. It's just that I feel that now is the right time for me to leave this phase of my career. I mean the David Cassidy that we all have seen for the last three or four years on lunch boxes, on TV and all that — it's just not representative of me. And I feel that I can't justify continuing the touring as I'm getting further and further away from all that. I think the only way for me to do it — and believe me I've felt good about the last four years — is to end it on a high like this. I'm tired. I've played a lot of places. I think coming back year after year becomes anti-climatic, it's no longer important to me. It's no longer important to the kids."

Is your future career going to be just singing or will you go back into acting?

"I don't know. I know I'm going to be making another album. I don't know whether I'm going to be acting though. I consider it in my room every day and be a singer, but in order to be an actor you have to have a project to act in, and I don't have that right now. So essentially I'm only a singer. I would like to do some acting again. I haven't in a long time. Although I have been seriously looking. There have been a lot of offers but most of them have been unimaginative, and a lot of what I was doing on TV and I'm not putting Walt Disney down but that kind of thing, which isn't what I want to do."

A few weeks ago during my telephone interview with Cassidy, he had told me that his final album with Bell Records would most probably be a live one. I asked whether

it would be live after all.

"I've just spoken on the phone to the folks in charge," he replied, "and it's just been confirmed that I'm going to do it. Tonight at Shawfield Stadium will be the first live recording, then at White City, and finally in Manchester."

You weren't too happy about doing a live album were you?

"I wasn't happy about the thought of it, but when I really considered the whole thing, I thought I would like to savour the moment and have it recorded. So that whenever I want to think about it, say five years from now, I can put it on and say: 'This is what it was like leaving.' So in a way it's not like just making a live album to sell like a greatest hits album — I don't really care for albums like that — I'll be doing songs that people perhaps won't be expecting me to do."

This final album would see the parting of the ways between David and his record label Bell — was he going to do it — it's all over.

"Aah," he stalls, "well there is no record company at this point. There's no president — he quit, half the staff quit too, so there's been no record company in the United States for me for almost a year. The entire staff of Bell records here in England has quit. So I don't have a record company at all — it's all over."

Suddenly Dave Bridger who heads the promotion's department at Bell and who's also Cassidy's right arm during his UK tours, comes up with: "Well I'm still here!"

This was greeted by fits of laughter from one and all, then it was back to the acting.

What types of film role would you like to play?

"Something different. Something that I have never done, something that will allow me to stretch."

(Tarrant instantly flashes through my mind — can't you just picture him swinging from tree to tree — well he did say he wanted to branch out — didn't he?) OK — back to the confessions.

Something which is original and not derivative of everything else that you see today. I would just like to read something if not do it. I'd like to read a film script and go through it and say, 'this has got some STYLE to it, I mean the writing has got some style to it. I honestly believe that first there was the word.'

"If the material is there I think that's the basis for making a good motion picture."

Is there anything about yourself that you don't like at all? Says I changing the

subject — Anything about yourself that you really hate?

"I hate having to come to these things," he replies. (Like I said don't we all).

"No that's not really all that true," he quickly adds — just in case it was the wrong thing to say! But David you just haven't answered my question.

"I don't know, I suppose we all have little things about ourselves, about our personalities that we hide and keep inside ourselves. I mean I'm certainly not going to reveal them to 800,000 people!"

What an old meany! Well is there anything about other people that you don't like?

There was no hesitation as he answered: "Dis honesty. Someone shouts out, 'could you repeat that?' 'Dis honesty'."

I suddenly remember that he was going to write a book.

Yes I'm going to write a book.

Would he enlighten us?

"Well I can only tell you that there have been so many of these books that have been put out, and I've read a few of them — Er — this man back here — He was now pointing to a fellow with flowing blonde hair. "This man Henry Dilz has been like my friend and photographer for a couple of years — now he's a lunatic!"

He's an eccentric, he's also a really great photographer and over the course of my world tours, he's taken thousands of pictures of people and places. He's recorded little incidents and quotes that have gone on during dinners, back stage and on stage. Anyway we're going to do a book when I get some time. It's not going to be just a fan magazine."

Are you going to reveal all your sex life...? (I mean I was only joking really! I was! F.S. I wasn't kidding.)

"No, it's not going to be a sex exploitation book, 'cos that's not what touring is about, it's just going to be honest."

It's going to be fun to read isn't it?

"I hope so, it's gonna be fun for me to do. I mean we've got some really good stuff. Stuff that would normally be written from an outsider's point of view will be written from a focal point of view. I feel I want to say what it's like, I want to show what goes on — the highs and the lows."

David's often been asked about marriage and he's always been known to say: "No I'm not getting married."

So I wasn't going to ask him THAT, only whether or not he had found himself time to form a serious relationship.

"No," he answered, "not now."

But you would like to? I prompted.

"I would LOVE to!"

He certainly wasn't giving much away — so I tried again. Was there no one in mind at all? (Christ it was like getting blood out of a stone!)

"Well I saw this waitress on the third floor that looked kind of attractive...!" We just literally fall about at this guy's natural comedian.

Later that afternoon we find ourselves at the Olympia Centre in East Kilbride where David has been invited to take part in their 'Spring Class Campaign'.

He finds a moment or two to chat with some of the town's disabled children.

about 'keeping Britain tidy' and ends up with, 'Catie for the World Cup!' Much to everyone's delight.

The concert at Shawfield Stadium kicked off at 6 pm to some good old rock 'n' roll nostalgia with Showaddywaddy. The band did a lively set and went down extremely well considering what they were up against. Tony Blackburn made a feeble attempt — not that anyone really cared — for any moment now HE was gonna appear. HE being the stuff that dreams are made of.

I'm not going to go into the concert in great detail as my colleague John Beattie over there in London is going to give you an in-depth report.

I will say that after having to endure the excessive grating of Cassidy's two chick back-up singers, the little darling himself came as looking absolutely divine — stunning in fact.

Attired in a inescapably white-tailed sequinned suit, with matching gloves, and a black sequined shirt, he looked as though he had just stepped out of one of those spectacular Hollywood motion pictures.

With the aid of his white stick, he moved with all the grace of a gazelle as he sang and danced through his first number, Dreams Are Nothing.

More Than Wishes. Several hours were reached during his lengthy set, such times as when he sang Some Kind of a Summer, Daydreamer, who poetically joined in, as with the Beatles Please Please Me.

All the usual chaotic scenes took place but thank goodness nothing as tragic as the horrific scenes which took place at White City.

I turned to a young lass who had written across her handkerchief, 'I love David Cassidy' and asked her why she loved David.

"I love him," she screamed hysterically through a cloud of tears, "because he's GOD."



"celebration of panic and fear" — John Beattie

THE aforementioned warnings in RRM some weeks ago spelling out the dangers of a possible full-scale crowd massacre at David Cassidy's farewell concert at London's White City stadium, very nearly materialised on Sunday evening.

The scene was one of complete panic and fear as over-worked St. John ambulance men and security guards dragged hundreds of hysteria-ridden girls from the massive crowd, estimated to be something in the region of 30,000.

It was a sickening sight and a picture festa for the crowds of photographers who happened to be stuck, right in the midst of the chaos. It was a brutal affair which must never be allowed to happen again in the interests of public safety, unless the promoters can give detailed guarantees on safety regulations.

In this instance I blame the organisers of the show for not foreseeing the dangers. Casualties were in excess of 750 and it could so easily

have been much worse. For a start the stage at the White City was situated at one end of the ground. The terracing at the other end was completely empty with the fans pushing toward the middle of the ground to get a better view of their hero.

But it was the fans who were packed into the central grass area of the stadium who came off worst. A long backing barrier, blocked their way between the Press enclosure and the high stage.

The supposedly lucky ones who had managed to clamber to the front of the barrier were the 'unfortunates' — they had to bear the full weight of thousands of kids behind them pushing forward.

Standing in the enclosure and watching the terrified faces of the front-runners turn from a jovial pink to a pale blue and then a faint blue, my mind drifted back to a somewhat similar situation which happened, not at a pop concert, but at a football match in Glasgow a couple of years ago.

Around 60 people died on that fateful day — crushed to death at an exit stairway during a Rangers/Celtic

match on New Year's day — the terrified looks on the kid's faces on Sunday was similar to the looks on the faces of the helpless who died in Glasgow.

Fortunately a full-scale disaster didn't happen at the Cassidy concert but there's no doubt in my mind that it could have. Promoter Mel Bush and his organisers should have thought more carefully about the dangers and the consequences.

The grass area was sectioned off badly — surely more sections and more barriers could have been the answer and maybe the stage should have been situated in the middle of the ground thus confining everybody else to the terraces.

All right, the kids were partly to blame but after all, they paid over £2 for tickets which should have entitled them to protection at any costs. The security boys didn't have a chance to control the crowd because a couple of them treated it all as a big joke!

I noted one security bloke who thought he'd have a bit of a lark and subsequently, he started throwing buckets of water over the fans directly behind the barriers.

Some people were literally screaming out for water and the panic developed.

The horror of the situation was only driven home when Cassidy appeared on stage.

After several numbers he abandoned the bedlam and that famous 'Boob' joke. Tony Blackburn tried pathetically to get the crowd to move back.

He didn't help matters when he announced that unless everybody controlled themselves, the concert would be stopped. The tension mounted and the Press enclosure became enveloped in a sea of bodies with friends, who had managed to wriggle through the barriers, trying to comfort their companions until help arrived.

Suddenly, amid all the confusion, the ugliness was completed in my eyes. One young girl was pulled from the stage and a security man, obviously shaken, shouted: "She's dead, she's dead... this one's a goner, look at her, she's gone green and is cold all over."

At that point six ambulance men rushed to the scene and as one tried mouth to mouth resuscitation,

DAVID CASSIDY has started this week of a possible disaster at the White City stadium next month.

They believe many fans will get injured because all of the 40,000 tickets sold are unreserved.

"When the gates open there's going to be a riot to get the best seats," said Nicola Walker of London.

"Can't you visualise From RRM April 13th 1974 White City."

A row broke out this week when several RRM readers complained about security arrangements for the David Cassidy concerts

to be seated. The reason why there's been no reserving of seats is because the kids never ever sit where they're supposed to which causes aggravation.

The fans will be allowed in the stadium one at a time through a number of turnstiles and won't opening the gates at four o'clock instead of 5pm as advertised.

They'll obviously be a Red Cross unit and a giant video screen to bring up to us everyone has a good view."

another sat on top of the unfortunate victim and thumped away on her chest with his fists before the girl was carried off in a stretcher.

Eagle-eyed photographers fought with security men and each other trying to get pictures of the stricken fan while riled St. John ambulance men screamed, "bloody animals!" at them.

I'm not too sure how that young girl got on but I heard later that she had "died". Her heart stopped beating but a doctor had massaged it back to life on the way to Hammersmith Hospital. Blackburn, acting like a puppet on a string by this time, told the crowd that the show wouldn't go on until everybody sat down and then he simply said that it wouldn't continue either unless everyone clambered out of the Press enclosure. Several scuffles broke out

in that area and at the end of it all one girl photographer sneered: "They threw us all out but I've got 17 pictures showing the way that they did it." She was shaking with fright.

Eventually, after a delay which seemed an eternity, but which, in fact, only lasted 20 minutes, Cassidy, himself, returned to complete his set. The enclosure was cleared but every often, young girls escaped through the barbed wire surrounding the arena and made frantic dashes toward the stage.

The show ended as it had started. Young girls crying and screaming while a steady stream of security men carried them away to apparent safety!

If this is what fan mania are all about then, sorry — I don't want any part of it.

Time's star

WHAT a shame... Cassidy has gone and we're left with such non-entities in comparison such as the Osmonds, the Jackson Five and further down the scale to our own Wad, Glitter, Sweet and ugh, would you believe, Bay City Blowers!

Not that I blame the guy for doing it. He must be sick about the whole image bit. I mean, if you were 24 and pushing on to 'prime' of your life, you'd want to prime the world that you were something say musically, if you were in Cassidy's position.

I believe the White City gig in London — his last London appearance as such, was Cassidy's way of saying, "well folks, that's me as you know me and now I can get on with doing things which please me."

It was a selfish attitude in his thousands of fans and his decision to 'quit' live shows is curfist matched clearing up his skin problems anyway!

Despite the chaos which was happening not more than a few feet away from the stage, it was a relaxed David Cassidy who got up and sang his finale to the faithful thousands.

Resplendent as a true superstar wearing a brilliant red suit with tails, white gloves and stick with glitter bow-tie, he marched through a cloud of white smoke to the rapturous screams from the fans who have elevated him into a money-making status symbol.

His backing band — an eight piece lunk, had warmed up a while I thought was a rather good number on this occasion, entitled "Alright" — a Grand Funk

ladies who joined him onstage as he sang his finale.

The first couple of songs were unrecognisable amid the noise, but he tried to ignore the terrible buzz which was coming out of the PA system as he went into a humorous dance routine with some clown who was dressed up in a dog outfit — "I call him Storm," he told the audience afterwards.

His latest single, If I Didn't Care was the first song that was able to latch on to and it's possibly an early reflection on the kind of material we're likely to get from Cassidy in the future.

I get the impression that he's very much into the Liza Minnelli sort of syndrome. Cassidy can do the cabaret movements rather well. The sound had got better in this song and the often laid back instrumental intervals gave him ample opportunity to wiggle his backside more and concentrate on movements and steps which he's got rehearsed down to a fine art.

Just as I was wondering what this guy was all about he had the audience flared and the show was brought to a rather offputting end as Cassidy disappeared leaving his hand waving for the next number in a state of bewilderment.

When he did return however, it was a very different looking Cassidy. He must have found the atmosphere rather warm so he'd changed into a pair of white satin trousers and a black beanie.

A lot of celebrities have been put off by the unfortunate events which sparked off his disappearance but Cassidy had a different attitude. He was speaking in his own words and he was not being threatened by the crowd. He was not being threatened by the crowd. He was not being threatened by the crowd.

ever, guitarist.

But most of the handkerchiefs came out as he went into a slow tempo version of Breakin' Up Is Hard To Do. The fans related specially to this one because of the circumstances and the star himself, sang it with a real degree of sadness in his voice.

By this time darkness had fallen over the stadium and the floodlights were switched on but the spotlights were still firmly projected on Cassidy — it was hard to believe that such a little bloke standing onstage was creating such a human waterfall in the eyes of over 30,000 kids.

In quick succession he went into Didn't We Have Ourselves Some Kind Of A Summer and I Am A Clown wearing his now famous mask face and telling the kids how he "lost it" while in Germany.

It's in songs such as I Am A Clown where Cassidy shows his talent. There's no doubt in my mind that his lyrics and soft melodic voice really get through to the kids. They stood around in a semi-depressed mood almost enjoying their unhappiness in this way.

One young girl had travelled down with her two brothers from Leeds for the concert and she had lost them amid the earlier confusion. "I wanna die," she cried. "I want to die and I don't want to be like her." It was because of Cassidy and his clothes were saturated in sweat and tears and there were thousands of others like her.

Even when Cassidy tried to hit the mood with an almost funky would-you-believe version of The Love Train and a song about it being the most beautiful night of the year, the kids were not moved. They were not moved. They were not moved.

Daydreamer, I'm not sure if he was trying to adopt a more gritty sound here but it didn't come over the way it does on record and the gradual decline of his vocal progress was only beamed by some effective backing vocals on How Can I Be Sure.

One of his main influences "was the Beatles", he told the crowd, "I've been meaning to do this number for four years," he shouted as the band went into the intro chords of Please, Please Me. Beatiemania saved by this number with the fans almost feeling obliged to react in that manner.

An aging gentleman at the hot dog stall didn't seem too pleased at the rip off, "why don't you tell 'em to sing his own bleedin' songs — the Beatles did that ten years ago," he shouted at me rudely at a group of weeping girls.

But it was not to be. Further numbers included Cold Feet and Easy Rider before Cassidy suddenly stopped, yelled "goodnight" and made a dash to exit backstage despite his earlier suggestions that he wanted to rock 'n' roll all night.

The organisers obviously decided to pull him off earlier than intended. The bedlam had gone on for long enough as far as they were concerned and outside the stadium, it was a crowd of hiding oneself while hundreds of rampaging girls were quivering around any suspicious looking vehicle which might have been hiding their superstar.

Despite the event, I hope that when the end of Cassidy's earlier stage act suggests that he'll move the "live" thing the more he'll be able to do it. I don't think he'll be able to do it. I don't think he'll be able to do it.



John Beattie