

self-titled debut album, which featured a pre-mega stardom and ex-Bowie schoolmate, Peter Frampton on guitar, bombed big time, especially after Brandt nailed the Bowie connection to the mast by badmouthing Bromley's finest in a statement about how "it's the difference between a Model-A Ford and a Lamborghini. They're both cars, so it's a question of style, taste, elegance and beauty." Oh yeah, and talent Jerry.

Despite its poor showing on the chart, the album became something of an instant cult classic thanks to repeated plays at Rodney's English Disco, home to Kim Fowley, The Runaways, a whole bunch of teenage groupies, plus every British band currently visiting Los Angeles. It was on the basis of this highly dubious endorsement that Elektra decided to issue a second long player, *Creatures Of The Street*, plus a couple of 45s, *Take Me I'm Yours* and *Street Corner Love*, all of which died the death in the US, largely because they were crap (although that's never been a major consideration with Stateside punters), but also because - unlike Alice Cooper and lesser American Glam stars, Flash Cadillac & The Continental Kids (who actually hailed from England where they couldn't get arrested), The Petit Bonbons, and the soon to be mega Kiss - Jobriath was possibly the only US Glamster not to tread the hard rock highway. I suppose at least he can be forgiven for something, although to us space cadets stuck out in the sticks, any fly boy from Middle America who tried to cop a hit record simply by putting the finger on Bowie was gonna get no change. Good riddance to a bad boy.

David Cassidy, son of actor Jack Cassidy, had turned all thespian in 1965, but got no further than a couple of bit parts playing juvenile delinquents in afternoon televisual schlock like *Ironside*, *Bonanza* and *Marcus Welby M.D.*,

until MGM hired his stepmother Shirley Jones to play the lead role in a programme they were filming which, it has to be said, was something of a poor man's Monkees. Mrs. Jones blagged her stepson a part in the show, now titled *The Partridge Family*, and as Keith, he not only won the hearts of a million teenage girls across America, but also cut a whole mess of middle of the road candy floss with a bunch of hack sessionmen (plus mum) which, under the watchful eye of producer Wes Farrell, became big hits on the Billboard chart in the early Seventies. Cassidy then tried his hand at solo stardom, but apart from a 1971 number one with *Cherish*, he found it hard to break from the shackles of the TV show.

By 1973, MGM had dropped the show and it looked as if Cassidy was back on the breadline - until, that is, the programme was picked up over here and aired late afternoons just after school. All of a sudden *The Partridge Family* and, in particular, Cassidy were big news. Everything seemed to be going to plan until the 26th of May, when 14 year old Bernadette Whelan died of heart failure during a Cassidy concert at London's White City Stadium. This tragic event wasn't the first (and certainly wouldn't be the last) fatality at a gig, but somehow it damaged Cassidy's career beyond repair, built as it was on a squeaky clean all American boy next door image. It seemed that it was okay for fans to commit suicide after Alice Cooper shows as this somehow went with the Master Of Darkness territory Cooper was stalking at the time, but for a fresh faced young girl to die at a Cassidy show was deemed to be unforgivable. The hits began to dry up and within a year he would be off the chart for the best part of ten years.

"I know him," sneered Phil Gallagher as *My Coo Ca Choo*, the debut single from Alvin Stardust hogged the