

voice of Long John, asking for a message. "I am not afraid," said Gillian, telling her grisly story. Long John had never called back.

I didn't want her as a client, but I couldn't resist telling my media friends about Gillian. Lee Leonard immediately put her on his show, "Midday," and Gillian remained unruffled even when he couldn't resist a reference to a popsicle.

I easily talked David Frost into putting her on his show. "Imagine the promos," I said, "'Frost on frost.'"

McCandlish Phillips of *The New York Times* mused over a story lead: "Many are cold, but few are frozen." And Kevin Sanders used Gillian and her film on the ABC-TV news.

The only resistance I encountered was from Joe Franklin. "I follow Romper Room," he said. "It might frighten the kiddies."

How could he worry about frightening kiddies? Kiddies are ferocious. A bunch of kiddies almost killed me and a very publicizable client one day.

Joshua White was videomagnifying a concert featuring David Cassidy, start of television's "The Partridge Family" and the king of romper-rock.

Twenty-one thousand bedwetters in a state of great hysteria packed Madison Square Garden for the event. Three- and four-year-old tots were frugging in the aisles. Ten-year-old girls in wigs and sequins, hoping to catch David's eye, made the place look like a junior hooker's convention.

Hawkers selling every kind of David Cassidy paraphernalia added to the frenzy. Everywhere you looked, they were pushing David Cassidy photos and yoyos and whips and souvenir books.

A Lilliputian horde massed outside the backstage entrance after the concert. Scores of harassed policemen tried to hold them back.

"David, David," they screamed, sneaking between the policemen's legs. "We love you, we love you."

"He's not here," shouted one disgusted cop, flat on his back while patent-leather Mary Janes beat a relentless trail across his chest. "He's home sleeping with your mother."

Of course, David had long since gone. The two men who'd been hired to keep David in one piece had wrapped him in a blanket and carried him off in a waiting limousine.

The policemen were virtually powerless. Not one of them wanted to take a nightstick to a four-year-old, even a four-year-old biting his shin. Like rats, the kids found the holes in the barricades and started pouring backstage.

I didn't care a bit about all the coverage David Cassidy was going to get out of this. My concern was my own client, Joshua. Photographers were all over the place. I wanted them to take pictures of Joshua's shiny white van filled with electronic equipment, "Joshua Television" painted on its side.

Without thinking about the consequences, I screamed out from the doorway, "Hey kids, he's in here." The crowd turned toward us. It was terrifying. We rapidly bolted the door, locking ourselves in.

There was no doubt that we had become the center of attention. Kids jumped on the van. They pushed the van. They kicked the van. We had to clear up the confusion if we wanted to get out alive.

I had Joshua turn on the sound system.

"Speak to them," I whispered.

"Attention," he croaked. "Attention."

The commotion abated somewhat. The van stopped swaying quite so precariously.

"Attention," Joshua ventured once again.

"Joshua, you've gotten their attention. Say something."

"What?" he said.

That stumped me. All of us in the van were shying away from the microphone as if it were emanating radioactive rays. We were all struck dumb.

The shaking started again. A technician finally stepped up to the mike.

His voice was three octaves higher than usual. "David isn't in here. David's gone. He's left the Garden. Please leave us alone. We're afraid of you. Please. Go away."

His appeal worked. The crowd evanesced. Ultimately, we got coverage of the whole crazy scene on television. It was nice, but it wasn't worth nearly dying for.

Sometimes publicity brings unexpected and unpleasant results.

When I sent out a release announcing John de Coney's spring wedding in Central Park, Pat O'Haire of the *Daily News* was among the reporters who came to cover the ceremony.

She climbed up on a rock to survey the scene and wrote a very accurate story about the wedding.

She described the costume worn by the bride: faded jeans, a frayed sweater, and a fedora she'd found on the street on the way to the wedding. She noted that the guests included an Afghan, a Dalmatian, a St. Bernard, and a monkey. She transcribed in its entirety the Unitarian ceremony performed by the Reverend Richard Kelleway.

"Would you like to be a de Coney?" he asked the bride, who nodded yes. "Would you like this woman to be a de Coney?" he asked the groom, who mumbled an affirmative.

It was the shortest ceremony I'd ever seen. The bridal party yelled "Right on!" and went back to the barber shop to celebrate.

Four days later, John received a letter from City Clerk Herman Katz informing him that his marriage was illegal. The seventy-two-year-old Mr. Katz, whose signature ap-