

I think I love

Glam music can be broken up into three distinct groups: the Chinnichap merchants, the Teenybops and the Geezers who just happened to be there at the same time – but let's forget about them.

The Chinnichap types – notably The Sweet, Suzi Quatro and Mud – were signed to producer Mickie Most's RAK label and recorded songs written by Nicky Chinn and Mike Chapman. These boys were inspired by the originators visually and spiritually, but in terms of execution they were a million miles away. They were fun, brash and their ambitions didn't extend beyond getting on *TOTP* and getting to sample of few of the fruits of being a Glam pop star.

The Teenybops – This was basically a two horse race between Donny Osmond and David Cassidy. Between them both, they were probably about 15 years old. The Osmonds were a clan of Mormons who first came to prominence on *The Andy Williams Show*. Take away their single *Crazy Horses*, which was merely funny, and the Osmonds were about as substantial as a Wagon Wheel after it had been dunked in coffee for too long: sickly, gooey and floppy. And those teeth! Teeth you could have filled a graveyard with. The Osmonds became a corporation – every time you turned around, there was another one that looked the same as all the others but had a different name. Donny was the cutie-pie – again, he looked like the others, but was a bit shinier. Really, the Osmonds were just tedious. When they wheeled out Little Jimmy, well, it was the biggest boost to President Brezhnev that you could imagine. 'I'll be your long-haired lover from Liverpool'? Don't think so, pal! If Little Jimmy would have ever shown that greedy, white, pasty, fat face in Liverpool... Then there was Marie. Yes, they had a female version, of course they had a female version. The Osmonds were Stepford popsters. Five little grinning paying-in slips.

David Cassidy was much more acceptable. How can I be sure that he was? After all, we're in a world that's constantly changing (and if that strikes a chord, you're a sad, sad soul). David Cassidy gained his credibility courtesy of his alter ego, Keith Partridge. Ah, *The Partridge Family*.

you

The Partridge Family was an American TV programme, spiritually from the same shop as *The Brady Bunch*. It was smart in that it took the basic BB format and added three teaspoons of *The Monkees* into the mix. An all-American family who were a pop group.

And why was *The Partridge Family* credible? Because Susan Dey was in it, that's why. At the time Susan Dey was considered top tottie action, though one of the distressing consequences about researching this book is that, looking back, she's genuine jailbait. What could she have been? 14? Susan Dey (if the name's familiar it might be because she later found fame and fortune in *LA Law*) had those dreamy far away eyes that just cried 'Come to me, Jeremy, come to me.' I never did. (You think I'm that easy? Get outta here.)

The Partridge Family was rubbish. How can I be sure? Listen, the world might be constantly changing, but it doesn't change that much. You want further proof? Every telly programme from the era has been rehabilitated and freshly announced kitsch and cool. But *The Partridge Family*? Let me throw this name at you. Danny Bonaduce.

Who else was there on the teenybop front? David Essex, a Brit actor with the sparkiest blue eyes who occasionally knocked out truly bizarre pop songs. *Rock On* was nothing less than a spaced out, dubbed up treatment of an old Fifties rocker's tune. There were also a couple of American toothpaste adverts called The Williams Twins but, I've got to be honest with you, I don't remember them and, odds on, you don't either. So let's forget about them. The Bay City Rollers? No, they were of a different game really. They were post Donny and David and they wore tartan.



The Partridge Family – when Danny the bassist grew up, he would be arrested for attacking a transvestite hooker