

me that the appropriate response to this situation was to be downright bloody terrified!

Hang on a minute, I thought. If this roof goes I'm going down with it, and with all these kids on top of me!

Not a pleasant prospect. I've never been so terrified in my life. But somehow, with the help of some of my men, I managed to get them – and myself – off there and down to safety. It wasn't easy though. Trembling with fear as we were, we knew there wasn't any point in just telling these girls that the roof was going to collapse any second. In that hysterical state, all that mattered to them was David Cassidy. Death meant nothing whatsoever – and nor did injury. If these kids saw David on the other side of a busy main road they'd be off across it like bullets out of a gun. And they wouldn't care if there were a sixteen-ton truck bearing down on them. To them, at that time, it was totally irrelevant. So we had to physically grab them and manhandle them kicking and screaming off the roof – all the time struggling to stop hordes more of them climbing up there.

The moral of the story is that there's a lot more to security than having a few blokes standing about near the doors – which is all some of these half-arsed outfits used to do. It wouldn't surprise me if they're still as lax today. You've got to get a grip on the psychology of the crowd you're dealing with – and if you're not on top of that, you'll lose control, very probably with tragic consequences. That's why throughout my security career I made damn sure that the teeny bop idols such as Cassidy, The Bay City Rollers and the like were never seen by the fans in a situation where the kids could come to harm if they tried to get closer.

That's another thing people get arse about – they make the assumption that security's mainly for the artists' benefit. It's not! It's relatively easy to keep the artist safe – because he or

she's surrounded by experienced, expert bodyguards. It's the kids you're really looking out for – or at least you should be!

With all that experience I thought I knew pretty much everything there is to know about security – but when we arrived in Japan with David, the way the police handled things was a real eye opener. At the airport I was horrified to see a sea of expectant faces waiting for David – there must have been three thousand of them, identical in their school uniforms and clutching pens and paper. That in itself was weird – all Japanese schools have the same uniform apparently, making them look like an army of clones! Well I could see no way of getting David through.

'There's no way I'm allowing David to go through there. There must be another way out of here!'

No there wasn't, they said. I was having none of it.

'Well what happened when The Beatles came through here then?' I demanded to know.

'They come through this way – no other way,' said one of the cops.

'Oh come off it,' I persisted. 'There's got to be. Are you going to risk the safety of all these kids by trying to get David through that lot? You can't just pile through three thousand screaming girls. Someone's gonna get hurt!'

But they were unmoved.

'We show you,' the cop said confidently.

'No you bloody well won't mate!' I chipped back at him indignantly. 'I'm not risking David's life – let alone all these kids!'

'No, we'll have no problem,' the guy insisted again. 'We have what we call "the truncheon,"' he added with a smile.

'Hold up a minute – did I hear you right? You're not thinking of beating your way through with a bloody truncheon are you? Are you bloody mad?'

'No, no, no,' he repeated. 'We show you.'