

## Deep Purple live in Amsterdam 2-01-73

Great, that's where we had to go, Jan S and I.

But first Jan's parents had to be convinced.

Jan was three years younger (16) than me. But I had already been living on my own for a while. After permission was granted, we moved to Amsterdam. But we had to hitchhike because we had to pay for the train ride back and the entrance fee of 15.00 guilders.

Once we arrived in Amsterdam, we first had to walk around a bit. What a wonderful city that was, I have known it for a while!

We found a very good Chinese man who was still working alone. What a delicious meal we had there

In the afternoon we walked towards RAI to see if we knew anyone there. It was very cold, and we were hoping we'd be allowed in earlier. Well, we weren't.

When we were finally allowed in, there was no Deep Purple there?

The gentlemen were tired and found the RAI a mess.

And that was it. Power even had to be supplied by a nearby hotel?

Finally the hall didn't open until 8.30pm. We stood there in the cold.

Once we got inside, it turned out there was no heating.

It looked poor and bleak. Luckily, we had our Afghan coats on, which were still somewhat warm.

For 15.00 guilders it was pure poverty.

If a fire had been set here, hundreds would have burned alive.

Lou van Rees walked through the room, then back on stage, and you could see that something was wrong.

The preliminary programme was a complete disaster.

A jazz musician at a rock concert?

Which also started at 10:30 pm, what a mess.

Everyone was getting restless because it was all taking way too long.

After midnight Deep Purple started the concert.

No child in time my favorite song from back then.

That Deep Purple band sucked. Apparently, I wasn't the only one disappointed, because after 50 minutes the concert was over.

And then all hell broke loose.

Everything on stage was demolished, girls were crushed by barriers, fights broke out, and the security guards? They had fled.  
End of deep purple and we never wanted to hear from Purple again.

Because the concert ended so late, we also missed our train journey back.

It was about 9 degrees below zero and we couldn't go anywhere?  
We, along with many visitors, broke into the station and tried to sleep in the reasonably heated station hall.  
At the end there were 2000 people inside.  
When the police showed up it became clear that we could stay until morning.  
The next day we went back by train.

My feeling about Deep Purple has always remained two-part.  
For many, this concert was the worst ever.  
Lou van Rees has thought twice about giving another pop concert at that old Rai.  
Yet he just kept organizing bands.

Another person who thought he could get rich quick on the backs of hippies.

Blackmore later said I would never set foot in Amsterdam again.  
But didn't tell them they would get 60 grand for 50 minutes of music.

My memories of the 60s & 70s