

# Spotlight on David

## LINDA CALVERT REPORTS DIRECT FROM NEW YORK ON DAVID'S FANTASTIC MADISON SQUARE CONCERT

I've been a bit lost lately, especially since filming at Columbia Ranch stopped in December. I missed the fun of being on the set, and things seemed pretty dull after working with The Partridge Family.

Of course, I could still drop in on them at home, but Shirley was busy with her family and children, Susan was filming with Charlton Heston, and David zoomed off on his tour to Europe (when he came to see you in England).

It was typical of my life that when David asked me to go on tour with him I was too busy, and now that a quiet time had descended upon me – well . . . I was bored, to say the least!

### DAVID'S VOICE

It was a windy, wet spring morning in February, when my telephone shrilled from its table in the corner, willing me to answer. I slowly picked up the receiver, and was surprised to hear David's unmistakable voice coming down the phone loud and clear . . .

"Hi Linda, I'm back, how are things with you?"

"Nothing's been happening since you left."

"I think that's amazing, you're not usually in when I call. I don't see how you get time to be bored, I told you to come to England with me, everyone was so great, man . . . you should have seen those lovely girls . . . too much."

"Well, I'm glad you had a good time, maybe things will perk up a bit for me."

"Actually, the real reason why I rang was to get you to come to a concert I'm playing in New York on March 17th, you MUST come, it will be a real gas. You've got no excuse, as you've just told me how bored you are, anyway when I was in London, I promised Pat you'd be there on the spot and cover it for her. Don't forget to come backstage and wish me luck, I'll leave your name at the door. There should be a really wonderful bunch of people coming."

"Gee, put like that, how can I refuse!"

"See you at Madison Square Gardens, Linda. Bye for now."

### HOLLYWOOD

So there I was, a few weeks later, having taken off from Hollywood bound for my destination – Kennedy Airport, on route to that special date, David's first live appearance since he played a part in a Broadway comedy, three years ago. The plane landed, after a smooth flight, the only butterflies I had were from excitement as I walked out into the watery sunshine and hailed a cab to take me and my luggage (for an overnight stay) to Manhattan, where I was booked in for the night in the large modern Americana hotel, located in 7th Avenue, New York.

By the time I had cleaned up, and had a quick hamburger, it was time to start towards the concert venue. Madison Square Gardens is rather like your Royal Albert Hall inside, although not half so imposing from the front view. It has a rather grey, curved front, outside which a colourful array of fans were queuing, like a

rather ragged snake's tail. I spoke to two girls wearing tee-shirts with David's name boldly printed in blood-red ink, and they said they had been waiting for a few hours, hoping to catch a glimpse of David arriving.

I fought my way round to the stage entrance, and had to wriggle through the barrier of fans surrounding it. The concert was a complete sell-out with all 22,000 seats sold, and hopeful people still waiting to see if anyone wanted to sell a spare ticket.

I gave my name, and the magic door opened like Aladdin's cave, and I stepped into a network of television cables, and newsmen. Everyone wanted to meet David Cassidy, and see what he was all about.

### EXCITED

I reached his dressing room, and exchanged a few quick words with him:

"Oh boy Linda, I'm so excited . . . Have you seen the crowd that has turned up? I had to get here three hours early as they thought I might find it hard work to get in my dressing room."

We looked into a television in the dressing room, and could see the entire audience on the screen. The only sign of his excitement, was the way his expressive hazel eyes seemed even brighter than normal.

I know David too well, to stay and chat to him while he was so obviously engrossed in the thought of the performance to come, and of his music.

"I'll come round afterwards," I said.

"Okay," he replied, vacantly running a hand through his