

FIRST OF
A GREAT 3
PART SERIES ON
DAVID

WHAT does Hollywood mean to you? To me, it meant movies and hustle and freeways and hotdogs and all the ideas of California I'd ever imagined since I first heard Beach Boys records and realised that OUT THERE there was a whole fascinating world that we here in Britain could scarcely imagine. We, that is Angela, a girl from MELANIE, David, from Bell Records in London, and Tom, a man from the B.B.C. who was going out with us to film David for shots on Top Of The Pops, were lost for words at our first sight of Los Angeles, film capital of the world, spread out below our plane like a carpet of light all twinkling, blinking and magical. And from that moment on I think we were hooked! No one actually said anything, but as we sped from the airport to our hotel on Sunset Strip everyone gasped, and gasped a lot! Flashing signs, fast cars, crazy roadside cafes, all-night discos, psychedelic light shows - from then on I think we really felt we had arrived! The hotel was big and huge and modern. Being a favourite place for touring rock groups, we felt very much at home. You could sleep (if you wanted to!) but who could resist all those channels and channels of colour TV still going strong at two o'clock in the morning?

I woke early to a cloudless blue sky and the sun coming up over the city sprawled out for miles. A car hoofed downstairs and Sam, David's friend from schooldays who has a cottage in the grounds of his home, had arrived to take us to lunch. Sam is one of the nicest people you're likely to meet, and together with the people from Miss Aaron's office, (David's personal manager) did absolutely everything to make our trip a success.

We were soon speeding in air-conditioned comfort (those cars!) high up narrow twisting roads into the hills above the city. Although it was winter, the temperature was in the seventies - and Sam apologised for the weather being so cool! At last, we swung into a private roadway, and voila! the Cassidy residence swung into view. It's not a large house - leastwise not by Hollywood standards - but you could see at once that it was someone's home... happy, lived-in, friendly. A figure waved from the front steps, and with some shock we realised it was David himself! Taller than I'd expected, hair gleaming in the afternoon sun, incredibly white teeth. "Hi! Great to see you all! How was the trip?" He was in high spirits and fired us with questions about London and the people he'd met while over here last Autumn. The big thing on everyone's mind, of course, was his current Spring trip then still in the final planning stage.

"Honestly I just couldn't believe the incredible response I got last time. You can't believe what it was like walking out on stage. I'm anticipating as much or more of a high of excitement when I go over this time. It's just such a great, great feeling!"

We were inside the house by now and we wandered around with David while Top of the Pops did their thing with cameras and lights and cables

THE REAL DAVID CASSIDY

a melanie
pop
superscoop

How would you like to meet David face to face?
To talk to him in his own home high above Los Angeles?
To play with David's dogs... chat to the people who
know him best and be given a personal conducted tour
of David's house? Well, we did just that! Bill
Williamson, our Editor, flew to Hollywood to be David's
guest - and here's the first part of his
account of that wonderful visit...



everywhere. I asked him about his dogs and his eyes lit up. "You'd like to see them? This way..." Beside the house there's a lovely rambling paddock, closely guarded by a heavy locked gate. David is terrified someone will leave that gate open and the dogs may wander out on to the road. A lovely playful English setter bounded up to us and distributed free licks all round. David bent down to tickle his ears.

"This is Bullseye. He's really lovely. He's got hip trouble, and about a month ago they didn't know whether he was going to live or not. He's just a pup but they did an operation on him and the doctor says his recovery is miraculous. He didn't want to give me any hope, but now he's fantastic. I really love him. Once, when I was fifteen, I owned a horse of my own for riding. Now, I've got Bullseye, Shish, who's a mongrel and a female, and two cats, Harold and Maude. Bullseye, by the way, is a fantastic soccer player!"

We pulled some oranges off the trees growing in the paddock and moved back into the house to find a quiet corner. I'd noticed David was nervous about the open gate thing and I cautiously asked if he was ever afraid of anything. He looked troubled.

"Well, yes. I'm afraid one day I'm going to wake up and it's all going to be over, that it's just been a dream. Then again, I have this fear that it's not going to end that I'm never going to end up doing what I want with the freedom to do it. I'm trying even now to get time off to travel and just loon around or goof off, and I'd like to set aside a few months of the year to do just that. Did you know that I had an operation a year ago when I had to have my gall bladder out? Then, I had my tonsils out, like two years ago. Suddenly all these things just started happening to me physically. They just said: 'Listen, you're overworked - you have to stop'. But it's difficult - it really is, though I am slowing down a bit now. My fear really is that I'll push myself too hard and overdo it..."

He brightened up as Cokes and a huge pile of sandwiches arrived from a nearby delicatessen - though I noticed he himself didn't eat much. Close-up, David's eyes are a startling blue, and you get the oddest feeling that behind that slightly hunted look he can see straight through to your very thoughts.

The afternoon sun was fading fast and winter twilight was creeping over the house. In the back yard, the swimming pool looked ghostly and deserted

with Autumn leaves floating gently on the still green water. David was talking again... quietly... and I leaned forward to listen as he gazed almost unseeing through the window into the gathering darkness. "Somebody asked me the other day if I ever get jealous or possessive. Well, I am jealous, in a pretty loose sense with people - or girlfriends I've had in the past. I think if you've gotten that far with a person, then the key word is really trust. If you trust someone then there is really no need to be jealous. I found myself becoming... I guess you could say, hurt recently by hearing things about my fans. Suddenly, you would see all these people you thought of as your fans - and then, just as quickly they were gone. Switched to someone else. I'm possessive with my fans. I guess it sounds corny... but I really do love them. They've given me a lot of happiness. It's almost like there was a marriage involved. I think of them all the time and really fondly..." He was very thoughtful... hunched up on the window seat... a boy who had millions of admirers but perhaps no girl close enough... dear enough... to trust with his longings and confidences.

"What kind of things make you sad?" I asked. He looked up, slightly surprised.

"Well, there are a few things I could think of that make me sad. I was in love one time and that didn't work out and I see her now and again and that makes me sad. I had a lovely dog who was really really a good friend of mine - the one I wrote Ricky's Tune about. His name was Sam but I called him Ricky... Ricky the Rascal! When he died it was really a sad day for me... you know, being in love with somebody - and having them taken away from you or having them die - is really, really upsetting..."

I thought even then, was he trying to say something? Was he talking about something else entirely... something so hurtful that he could never reveal its secret to someone like myself, an outsider? David Cassidy, Superstar, could have been any boy in the world just then desperately needing some girl to reach out her hand to touch him, whisper that everything would be all right and that the darkness outside would be dawn again tomorrow...

NEXT WEEK:

Part 2 of this moving and personal interview. Why David worries. What his very private bedroom looks like. How he spends a working day!