



THE REAL DAVID CASSIDY

Part two of our exclusive three-part David series!

Last week we told you how Bill, our Editor, flew to Hollywood, to talk exclusively to David in his own home for Melanie readers. This week, why David worries... what his home looks like... how he spends his working day - among other things!



BY now night had fallen... a swift California night where one minute the sun still seems to be setting, and the next - nothing but darkness! Inside David's house, a cosy glow was spread through the sitting room by a lovely old Tiffany style table lamp. David's dogs, Shish and Bullseye, padded in and nuzzled against his leg, and he stroked them absently. The number of people around the house suddenly seemed to have doubled, and David's concentration was beginning to go with all the distraction.

"Let's go into my room - less noise!" he smiled, so we gathered up notebooks, tape recorder and unfinished cokes, and followed him into his private den. David's house, by the way, is a living advertisement for modern living. The kitchen is any Mum's dream for one thing! Great huge cooker, with more dials and settings than a computer, giant deep freeze and fridge, and even would you believe, one of those lovely glass water tanks bubbling away in a corner that gives you purified water in paper cups!

The kitchen looks into the back yard, or patio, behind which is David's swimming pool, now a bit chilly for winter dips!

There's a lovely big split area sitting room, with book cases all along one end, and many record albums stacked casually on the shelf. No names mentioned - but David certainly appreciates other rock artists judging from the rock albums we saw there (along with all his own albums and Partridge Family hits).

We were now in his bedroom, and he shut the door with a sigh of relief, against the chaos outside it! You can see at once that this is his personal hide-

away, and it was obviously an honour to be invited in! How can I describe it to you? For one thing it was the sort of room every teenager would dream of having, since it had all the qualities you'd like in your own private den - if you were lucky enough to have the luxury of owning one! The 'room' was really a double room with a connecting open doorway. In the first part, where we were now sitting, the idea was obviously to make a cosy and comfortable little work area. As you entered, the wall facing you was painted floor-to-ceiling in the most vivid Union Jack I've ever seen. (Who says David doesn't like Britain?) There were comfortable, and well-worn chairs, and one of those 'sack' type cushions filled with beans. All this plus the biggest grand piano since Liberace and, just leading off, a small cubby hole of a cupboard fitted floor-to-roof with a dazzlingly complex array of tape and recording equipment. Some den!

David was by now very relaxed, and played us some excerpts on his guitar of new songs he was even then in the middle of composing. (The last number on your free record inside Melanie's first issue, *Keep on Smiling*, was in fact one of these, so you now have a collector's item in your possession. Don't lose it!)

The time I felt, was right to talk again...

"Can you tell me how your average day goes?" I asked. "You must have an awfully punishing schedule." He made a face.

"Well, it goes like this. I start Monday morning around six fifteen a.m., wake up, take a shower, drive a comb across my head and all that stuff. I have to be there between seven and seven thirty every day, and we work straight through. We shoot till one o'clock, (this is the Partridge Family by the way) take a break for

lunch from one to two, and two till six-thirty we shoot five days a week.

"For the first two years I didn't even get a dinner break, which was really a drag and sometimes we go on till maybe twelve or twelve thirty. And I'm up again at six! Weekends, I've spent practically two years doing nothing but concerts and I'd leave, like on a Friday night, to do the gigs but fortunately, recently, I've stopped all this, and, boy... it's a relief!"

"Does anything really worry you?" He thought carefully for a moment before replying.

"One thing I worried about a lot was when I was over in London in the Autumn and some of the girl fans started to try to swim across to the boat. I appreciated the thought behind it and all that, but that was really dangerous. I just don't want to even think about it! But you know those fans were so great. They sang to me at night and some of them stood out there twenty-four hours a day and would just call out my name. It was really, really touching..."

Suddenly, the sadness, the intensity was going. He was laughing... he was singing... he was at peace in the privacy of his own home. No need now to be on guard... to watch what he said... to be careful if his hair was combed right for the prying eyes of the camera. He started to sing again... his very latest record, *Looking Through the Eyes of Love*, and his eyes were dreamy and far away...

I wandered into the inner room - his bedroom proper, and knew that millions of young girls everywhere would be demanding to know how it looked. But that's really too secret... too private. I shouldn't even have been there for who likes having their most personal property described to the world. But as I stole out the impres-

sions were of homeliness and warmth: orange sheets and pillows on a low-slung double bed; pictures and souvenirs on a dressing table... a wardrobe with open doors and shirts, sweaters, jackets and all manner of clothes spilling out.

It was David's room - a private and personal place...

Next week: Don't miss the final part of this great series. David talks about the music he loves... the dreams he dreams... how he would love to have children...

