



DAVID was off to his first European concert appearance in the Belgian industrial city of Antwerp. An hour down the motorway from his hotel in Brussels.

Because of the fans, it was planned that he should enter the Sports Stadium after his band and singers, Kim and Bob, had started the first half of the show.

David arrived already dressed in his stage outfit of tight, black cat suit, with sequined embroidery on the front, and a large but delicately designed belt at his waist.

David was whisked through the glass door at the back of the stage, through the draped curtains at the side, and into his dressing-room. Out in the auditorium (which is normally used for indoor cycle racing) several thousands of David's



Continental fans were already waving white silk flags with David's picture on them.

One of David's tour managers, John Monte, bounded onto the stage in a plum coloured velvet suit and yelled, "I can tell you that David has now arrived but he doesn't know you're here. Shout out 'We love you, David Cassidy' so he can hear it back there in his dressing-room."

The resulting roar could probably have been heard by David if he'd still been back in his hotel in Brussels! That's the way it is when he's about to meet his fans.

During the first half of the show the music was very good and happy. This was because David always carries the same band around with him and he lets his friend Bob Ellingson pick the

**JACKIE SPECIAL ON
DAVID CASSIDY IN EUROPE PART TWO.**

ROCK 'EM BABY!

musicians he thinks will help David the most.

Bob is married to the blonde haired singer and composer Kim Carnes, who wrote one of the songs on David's maxi-single, in partnership with David himself. Both Kim and Bob wrote songs for David on the Rock Me Baby album. They also have a regular column in the monthly David Cassidy Fan magazine which David's organisation publishes in America.

Back in his dressing-room David showed me one of his most treasured possessions, an incredible guitar which you can just see in one of the pictures. It is made of dark red wood and is intricately carved. There are little people, reindeer and even a cottage with smoke coming out of the chimney!

"Yes, isn't it beautiful? It's all hand carved you know," he told me.

"I got it about a year or so ago from a record producer. I told him I wanted a guitar with a Les Paul neck. As you can see it's got inlaid pearl on the neck and there's a forest scene and a watermill."

"I've also brought with me a white Stratocaster guitar which was made in the first month of 1960. It was originally black but I took it apart and did it over myself. I only started to paint it the night before I came away. I found it for 200 dollars in a second hand store, quite a discovery. The older guitars are much better than the new ones."

He fingered the hand carved guitar again, and started strumming it lovingly before he added, "I don't think there is a better guitar than this one. I really feel good when I'm playing it."

Then suddenly the interval was over. The lights of the large auditorium gradually dimmed as the band struck up, and the seconds ticked away to David's appearance. Suddenly backstage David was being hustled along by two of his helpers and almost physically propelled across the stage into the glaring spotlights, where he was greeted with an enormous scream from the audience!

David started right into playing all his old favourites. At one point he sat down on the front of the stage and sang "I Am a Clown," and as he did so several members of the audience leant over the barriers and handed him roses. It was a beautiful moment—and something that had happened in Hamburg as well.

David told me that he loved this moment in the show, it's something he definitely couldn't do in America, and probably couldn't do in Britain because his fans might be so excited that they'd rush forward and mob him.

But the idea of his fans presenting him with all those pastel shaded roses really touched him very much indeed.

Then as quickly as he'd relaxed and sat down, he was on his feet again gliding across the stage like a cat.

A black suited, blond haired gilded cat, purring with pleasure at the response of his audience. And besides playing his guitar and singing, David now began to show what an accomplished musician he is, by sitting in at the drums on one number (at his special drum kit) and at the piano for another number.

Then all too soon he was singing "Rock Me Baby" and was gone despite the repeated shrieks from the audience. Backstage, I watched David come off stage dripping with sweat from the energy he'd used in his performance, then he was hustled through the stage door straight into the waiting limousine, still in his stage clothes and make up. The audience were still roaring for more when he was over a mile away.

Life for David has to be like that, unless he is to risk being ripped to bits by over-enthusiastic fans.

He was driven straight back to the Amigo Hotel where a party was to be held for the band, so that they could eat a late night dinner. On the menu that night was vegetable soup, steak, salad, and coffee. But by now David was really exhausted and slipped into a quick bath before having his meal sent up to Suite 225, where he sat at a small table with a couple of friends, including Anthony Fawcett (known by David as The Ant) and talked over the evening's concert.

"Were they good?" he asked uncertainly about the audience, because David always sets himself the highest standards. Of course they were, he was reassured. "But I can do better than that," he said modestly and this of a show which was really good! He'd been aware that he was still suffering from the stomach trouble he'd picked up in Germany. But none of the audience had a hint of this setback.

Once again he had to be in bed early, because he had to get up the next day at half past six to fly to Madrid for a television show. That's the trouble with being David Cassidy, as soon as you've given your all in one performance and you're lying there in your hotel room absolutely exhausted you have to think about the next day and starting all over again.

But David knows that this is the price of stardom.

Next Week, the flight to Madrid.

