



A JACKIE EXCLUSIVE ON DAVID CASSIDY
IN EUROPE: PART FOUR

COME DANCING WITH DAVID

DAVID was in Madrid to sing two songs on Spanish television to a pre-recorded backing track. Actually, to be more precise, we were due to be in Madrid for only three hours and then fly off again, but when you travel with David Cassidy, plans are apt to be changed in a minute. That's the beauty of having your own private jet plane!

Spanish television is very slow compared with Britain and especially Top of the Pops, which David later recorded in London. So David was at the studios most of the day, while the Spanish TV crew laboriously recorded two of his songs.

He wore yet another of his specially made outfits, a matador-like suit in black. So far across Europe, in five performances, he'd never worn the same suit twice. A great deal of thought had gone into his wardrobe, which had been specially designed for him in Los Angeles.

David taping his Spanish TV Special.



I asked him where the pink silk suit was that he'd worn on his last trip to London, but he replied, "Oh, I wouldn't normally wear something like that. I thought as it was my first time in England, people would expect a bit of a surprise."

When he'd finished the recording, David was driven to his hotel, The Eurobuilding, which was about a mile outside the centre of Madrid. Madrid is a superbly historic city with what must be the biggest and oldest Post Office in the world. It looks almost as big as Buckingham Palace and it was pointed out to David as he was driven by it.

"We should go in and buy a stamp," he said with a laugh. "I wonder which counter you'd have to go to."

In the Eurobuilding David was in Suite 618, which included a large lounge with a sofa and armchairs and even its own bar. The bedroom had a large double bed with a green bedspread, and in the bathroom there was matching green liquid supplied free to put in the bath which made it go all frothy.

After soaking in his bubble bath David decided that he'd like to go out and see some typical Spanish dancing.

So we all went out to the Cafe de Chinitas in the middle of Madrid. This is a very imposing looking place with red plush carpets and big double glass doors looked after by a doorman in a grey uniform.

David took a large table which ran down the centre of the restaurant and seated at least 25 people. From there it was easy to see the stage at the other end of the room. This was where you can see some of the best Flamenco dancing in Spain—although David soon invented his own word for it: "Flamingo dancing."

He said he'd never seen real Spanish dancing before and obviously enjoyed it because he watched it for almost three hours. On stage, the Spanish dancers strode arrogantly about, clicking their heels, stamping their feet and clapping their hands to guitar music. A very different sort of music to that we expect from David Cassidy.

At the end of the show there was a surprise—the dancers invited David up on stage. It was a great honour, and he



willingly joined in the dancing, showing that he had picked much of it up from watching it. He twirled and twirled this way and that as he stamped his feet and raised his arms high into the air, moving like a matador.

When the music stopped there was great applause from everyone in the restaurant and the dancers as well. The leader of the dancers presented David with a brass plaque as a tribute from the dancers themselves.

Although it was now in the early hours of the morning David decided that as he didn't have to work the next day, he would go on to a discotheque. He'd particularly liked one Spanish dancer, she had a very pale face and black hair. He asked her to join us, but as is the custom in Spain she explained to David that her mother would have to come along to the discotheque as well as a chaperone! And that's exactly what happened!

Unfortunately David didn't stay out too long because the DJ recognised him and started playing David's hit records over the stereo system. That's one thing that David doesn't like when he's off duty. So it was a quick good-night kiss to the Spanish dancer and her mother and back into the limousine for the drive back to his hotel.

Imagine David's surprise when he arrived there to find that the Hollywood film stars, Steve McQueen and Ali McGraw, were also staying in the hotel. Unfortunately they couldn't meet David because Steve and Miss McGraw were filming and had to start work at eight in the morning.

As it was by now 4 a.m. David told everyone that he'd decided that this was one morning when he was going to treat himself to a long lie in. After all, he'd have a whole day to himself in Spain, a country he'd never been in before. He had planned to get his personal photographer, Guy Webster, to do a photo session with him at 8 a.m. but he cancelled this as well.

Everyone thought, therefore, that David wouldn't be up before lunchtime. But we were all in for a surprise. All his staff were summoned at ten o'clock and he told them that he'd changed his mind and intended to go skiing. When they'd recovered from this sudden shock they asked him where he would ski? He said he'd been told of a place, only an hour's drive away, where the snow was very good and he would be able to hire ski equipment.

Of course David had spent his holiday before the tour skiing in a Northern Italian village, and by now he is quite a good skier. Certainly too good for his two security men, who had to go up the slopes with him—they were left floundering about in the snow! Guy Webster, his photographer went too, but he can ski and was able to film away while roaring down the slopes with David.

In fact one Spanish photographer, who had been making a nuisance of himself in the night club the night before, was left floundering in the snow

as David skilfully whizzed by him!

When he got back to his hotel David looked happier and healthier than ever. Much of the time he has to wear make up for the stage and television but now his skin was able to get a good airing and he looked amazingly well and fit.

"I really love skiing," he said. "It's so wonderful to get away from it all. In fact I'm really happy right now. I've had a wonderful day out in the open air, and a free evening ahead of me. What more could I want?"

Next Week: A night out in Madrid.

