

**POP
SHOP**



DAVID CASSIDY'S last ride on the tour trail . . . in a coin-op canter along a German street.

CASSIDY'S LAST BLAST

WAS David Cassidy's last blast. A riotous tour that marks official end of his brief, but always spectacular pop career.

The fun started three weeks ago in an exotic Paris hotel where he and his entourage are kept in cages, tame pheasants wander around the dining room, and suites come at £70 a night. From there, the tour took in Scandinavia, paused for some glamorous sightseeing on the beaches of St Tropez, and this week trundled down through Germany.

Off-stage, the highlight of the tour for David was a visit to St Tropez.

He said: "I just loved it—those beautiful women blew my mind completely."

"They were all topless—and so natural about it that I felt a bit ridiculous wearing a bathing suit."

"I considered taking mine off, but finally decided against it."

"I love beautiful women. Just looking at them lifts me up, and St Tropez is a great place for looking."

"The best thing about this tour is that I have been able to do ordinary things. I went shopping in the Flea Market in Paris and I got pushed and shoved like everybody else."

"I am not very well known in France, and being able to act like a normal human being gave me a taste of

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW BY BOB HART

what I hope the future will hold in other countries."

After three British concerts, David, just 24, will spend a couple of weeks away from it all on a chartered yacht, cruising round the Greek Islands. With a few carefully selected friends.

Then he starts on a very different project.

Together with photographer Henry Diltz, who tours with him, he will write a book about his world tour.

He said: "I just want to write the true story. All the things that happen behind the scenes, and that people just don't know about."

"It will all be in there—the highs, the lows, and the ladies."

"It won't be a sensational

sex shocker or anything like that, but it will be the truth."

"It won't be aimed at the David Cassidy fans, but I hope some of them are interested enough to read it. It will show both sides of me, good and bad."

Stories

"I'm not a writer. But so many of the stories written about me have been so totally unreal that I thought that the best way to put the lid on the whole thing was to write it all down myself."

His overall impression of this tour?

"It has been fun. The best fun I have ever had in my life. There have been a few small problems but nothing

that the people I have with me now couldn't handle."

"I'm just sitting back and relaxing. I am taking the whole thing pretty lightly, I suppose. I know that I have only three shows to go now before the whole, incredible David Cassidy thing is over."

"And there is nowhere I would rather do the last concerts than Britain. I know these three concerts are going to be the best I have ever done, and I am going to enjoy every minute of them."

Tonight, David plays his first British concert in Glasgow. On Sunday it's London's turn . . . and on Tuesday he plays Manchester.

Then the party's over.

That will be the world's last glimpse of David Cassidy, glittering superstar. He has outgrown his pop image.

And, as he told me in Paris: "I can't go on pretending to be something I'm not."

This is a very different David Cassidy to the tense, over-protected young man who played in Britain last year. He knows what life is all about, and how he wants to live his.

He has spent most of the last four years tied to an image that was a figment of several Hollywood imaginations. But he is not tied any more. He is doing things his way—with a lot of style. Musically, he is changed too. His concerts are full

of surprises for anybody who thought David was just a pretty face.

The teenybopper hits are there, but there is plenty of rough, tough rock and roll for good measure. He has an excellent band, and he is having a lot of fun.

During his shows, anything can happen.

Glittering

At one, the carefully prepared, glittering costumes were left hanging in the dressing room. David ran on in white slacks and a faded baseball shirt.

At another, he sat down at the piano and started to

play the Beatles' song Let It Be. His startled musicians played right along, but one of them told me later: "Rehearsed it? We didn't even know he could play it. The kid's good."

For the past few days, David has been living in an out-of-London hideaway, gathering strength for his final moment of pop glory.

But if the days of David Cassidy, pop superstar, are numbered, the days of David Cassidy, musician, traveller and lover of life, have only just begun.

Early this week, the European leg of the tour ended with a concert in Munich's stark Olympic Stadium. There followed a wildly successful party.

After the party we were sitting in our hotel watching late-night Munich float by over the rim of our beer glasses when David said:

"I've always promised myself that I would go out in a blaze of glory."

"I'd say I was doing that, wouldn't you?"

I assured him that I would say just that. And I looked at the stunning, blonde German girl at his side. Her name was Puppa and she could not believe that any of this was really happening.

Here was the young man that girls in most countries dream about meeting. He was talking about going out in a blaze of glory, and she was going to be part of it.



CASSIDY dwarfed by tour friend . . . 6ft Swedish model Ut'

PICTURES BY HENRY DILTZ