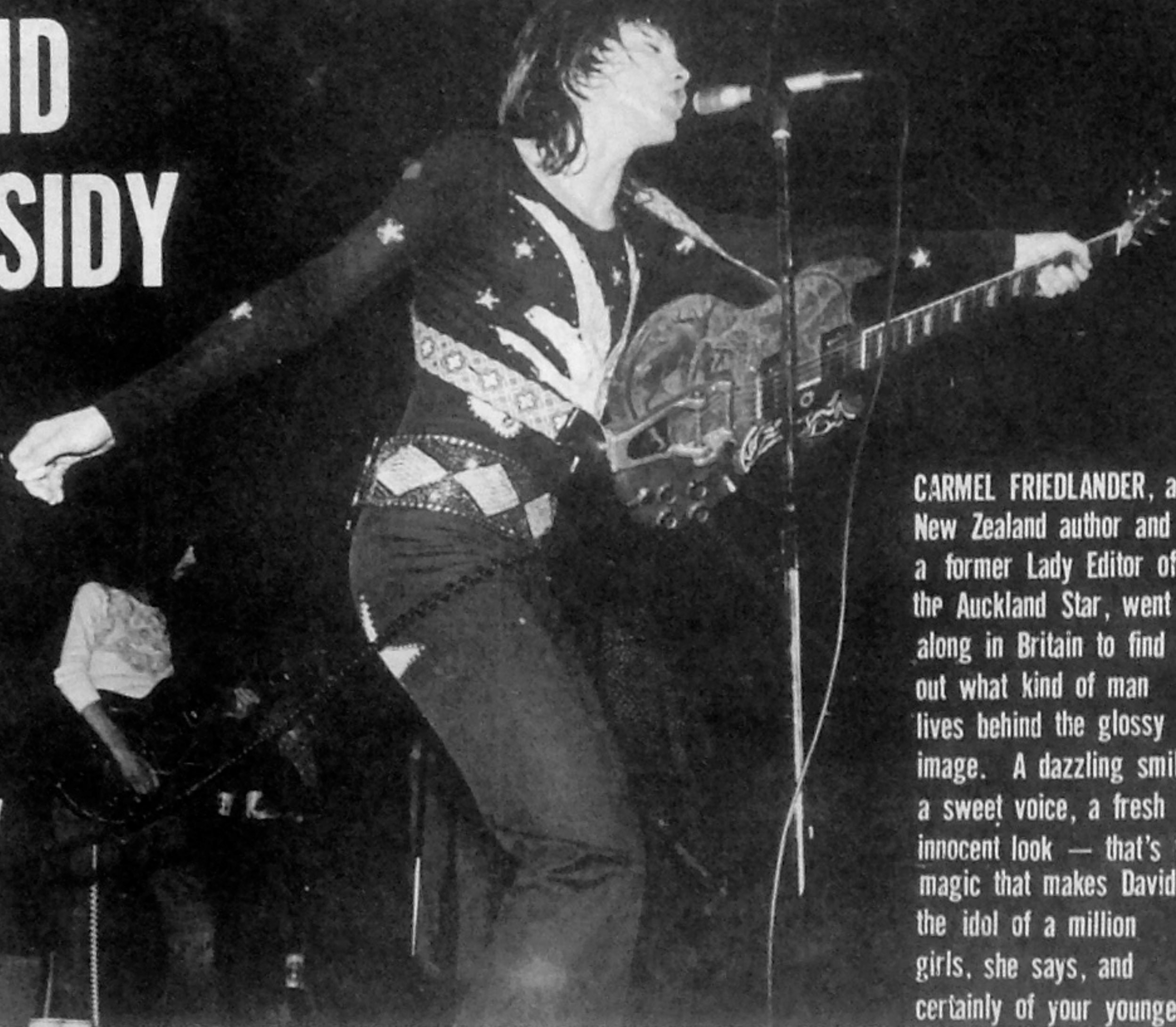


DAVID CASSIDY



Opening night at David's first British concert tour, March 14, 1973, when the weenybopper idol faced a crescendo of hysteria and emotion. Security men fought a running battle with frenzied fans determined to reach the American star. Smashed seats, free-for-alls and at least four girls taken to hospital for treatment to bruises, marked his 48-minute appearance at the King's Hall, Manchester (above).

AT ONLY 23, American pop idol David (The Partridge Family) Cassidy has made it. He's successful, rich, handsome and healthy. He's mobbed by adoring female fans wherever he goes. His records sell in their millions. His TV series has been renewed for its fourth season earning him a fat salary. He owns a luxury Hollywood home, drives a BMW car and can afford anything he wants.

BUT now he has all this, he CAN'T do the things the average man enjoys. He can't go out to a movie or restaurant or take a girl out on a simple date in peace. Whatever he does outside his home, the gossip columns will feed off, Holly-

wood style, and fans will mob him. He can't be sure that a girl wants him for himself, not for the surrounding aura of fame and wealth. There's little time for courtship in the old-fashioned sense when you work his hours: filming for TV on week days, recording at nights and weekends, and concert tours on weekends.

He's had his phone number changed eight times in two months (although there are six lines to his home), and has changed houses four times. He now lives well inside a property guarded by electrically operated gates, and cared for by a cook, a housekeeper, occasionally his mother over from the east coast for a visit, and his

long-time school pal, best friend and merchandising manager Sam Hyman who lives in the guest house in the grounds.

A lot has been written about the loneliness of the man at the top, but the isolation of the pop idol, the bubble-gum hero, is complete. I know. I spent five days with him and his party (Sam and his tour manager John Monte) as they moved around London and Europe on a promotion tour.

The whole idea was to introduce him to his European market and fans, and to set up a concert tour in England. The slight figure stood up well to the ravages of fan hysteria and lack of sleep. For most of the time he was surrounded by people; but he was strangely alone.

The fans know little of this man; for he IS a man. At 23, in spite of a few silver strands appearing in his daily washed hair, David looks a very young 17.

CARMEL FRIEDLANDER, a New Zealand author and a former Lady Editor of the Auckland Star, went along in Britain to find out what kind of man lives behind the glossy image. A dazzling smile, a sweet voice, a fresh innocent look — that's the magic that makes David the idol of a million girls, she says, and certainly of your younger sister. Carmel had five hectic days touring with David and his entourage.

His visit drew crowds which hadn't been seen since the heyday of the Beatles and The Monkees.

"There is an isolation," he told me during the tour. "There's no chance for any relationship with women to be established. You give up one thing for another — success in business. I place a lot of importance on it. I've been working very hard now for four or five years and it's been hectic. The whole thing can own you if you let it. You've observed some of it yourself in the last five days."

We were talking just before he left to board the plane at Heathrow to fly home. Close to 5000 screaming girl fans had turned out to sob their farewells to their darling David. They had almost broken