

about it even if you can't stand the sight of her!

David now can afford his own home, and he's very happy there. But for a long time as a kid he had to spend his time between his mother's apartment in New York and his dad and stepmother's rather dinky pad in California.

But some kids have an inborn resilience. David was that kind of kid. And his sheer adaptability was to stand him in very good stead when he finally broke into the pop music world...

Even before the divorce, David had got a tremendous interest in music. He'd put the radio on and sing along with the programmes, and he'd enjoy whatever records came to hand. But right up to the divorce he'd also been encouraged to lead a perfectly ordinary kind of life, even though he'd come from a showbusiness background.

But he learned to cope. He learned to enter his teenage years with no chip on his shoulder, but with a great zest for life which took in building model cars and aeroplanes, playing baseball, enjoying a fast-footed game of table-tennis... and keeping at least a weather eye open for the chicks in the neighbourhood. He was pretty close to his mum, and he understood her loneliness as he understood his own.

For him, there was always the music. Sound corny? Well, if you'd been a guest in the Cassidy home around this time, you wouldn't have disputed the obvious enjoyment David got out of going up to his room and playing his records. He'd sing along, move along, dance along — in front of the mirror. And in the end he got to dreaming about making his own way in show business.

That's the thing about show business. It gets into your blood and you can't get rid of it. Show-business, with all its

## HE JUST WANTED TO BE PART OF SHOW BUSINESS'

pressures, had split up David's parents, but he didn't blame the business itself. He wanted to be part of it, and he figured that he knew enough, was experienced enough, to be able to avoid any pitfalls.

Oh, there was a time when he was in junior high school and his mum helped get him a job with a show touring through New England. He wasn't exactly the star, but he played an important part by running errands, helping make scenery, sweeping up. One night he even went on stage in full costume, as a member of the chorus, and he felt the atmosphere of grease-painted unreality soak right into his skin.

Another thing was that the other kids really LIKED David. They knew he was part of show-business, because of his mum, dad and step-mum, and they were glad that he was so unspoiled, and the only thing was that graduation meant less to him than to them. He'd got this crazy idea that he'd be an actor.

He did the odd theatrical job in Hollywood, while his school chums got down to the serious business of banking, or art, or accountancy. And in the end he decided to go to New York, and that's when he knew what loneliness was all about. He had his own special mates, and he was now really going to see if he could become a big star... on his own.

As he flew to New York, he thought about a time when he'd left home for the first time. He was only a ripper then, and he'd gone off, and he was only four years old, and everything seemed so big. He wandered and wandered, getting further

away from home, and as he realised he was hopelessly lost he started to cry.

Like any well-brought-up kid, David had learned to recite his name, address, telephone number, so the policeman who found him was able to get him home.

As far as showbusiness was concerned, David was aware of his weaknesses. He'd sung enthusiastically in the Episcopal Church Choir, and he enjoyed every moment of sharing in joyous hymns and loudly recited psalms. Remember that he had a very high voice at the time... Cassidy the soprano, rather than David the sexy pop singer.

We talk later in this book about how he came to meet Ruth Aarons who became his manager when he was eighteen years old. But before things started happening, this budding Marlon Brando, or possibly Paul Newman, had to do quite a few different jobs. There was one sorting mail in a textile company in New York. That was pretty grim work, and he hated the nine-to-five existence. It might be an okay way of earning a living for SOME people, but for David it wasn't even a way of living!

He'd go home to his lonely room and wonder if he wasn't just chasing rainbows. Mind you, he wrote home often. Without those letters, in which he could express optimism despite the failure of so many auditions, he'd have gone stark, staring, raving, Cassidy-type mad!

There was that ill-fated play *The Fig Leaves Are Falling*, which only ran for a few days. It had been out on a provincial tour, including Philadelphia, and there were constant re-writings of the plot, but nothing could save it. It was one of those shows that couldn't BE saved. Still, David knows now that you can learn from everything.

For in those days there were often more people on stage in the cast than there were in the audience. And that hasn't ever been true of a David Cassidy show. The only problem since has been whether the box-office staff can cope with the sudden rush of people all determined to get tickets.

Anyway, New York wasn't the be-all and end-all for David. He had a few happy memories of the City, and a lot of disappointments but in the end a producer who'd seen him work felt he could be right for a movie he was setting up in Hollywood. So he paid for David, on a round-trip ticket, to go back home. He was actually paying for more than that... he was financing a trip that was to produce one of the greatest and most likeable pop stars in the business.

David remembers those early days back home. "I felt that I'd returned something of a failure. I didn't get the part, but I did get into a few television things, like *Ironsides*, and *Marcus Welby*, and *Bonanza* and *Mod Squad*."

"But seeing myself on film for the first time was just awful. I think I looked okay, like no spots or pimples showed through, but I looked very young. And when I heard my voice. Oh, boy... that was terrible. I sounded like I was some kid of ten years of age, just brought in to make a recording and not knowing what was going on. Still, I have this theory that most people get alarmed when they first get to hear their voice on tape... it's like it coming from somewhere miles around."

David's definition of a "friend" is: "Someone who means more to you than you mean to yourself. I mean someone you really care about — you care what happens to them. And as far as I'm concerned, having good friends is one of the most important things in life."

"Still, I had my friends and I had my mum, and I also had a lot of confidence..."

And the key man on the "friend" roster was one Sam Hyman, and he'd been a chum of David's since they were at school together, and there aren't any secrets they keep from each other.



Sometimes David would wonder if maybe he wasn't chasing rainbows



... but he still kept up his great interest in music and show business