

found my worst enemy a charming guy in those days! My happiness kind of spread around and seemed to change my view of the whole world and everything in it. *Everything* looked good during those couple of months!"

### CAREFUL STUDY

David's call-sheet took him up to that second-floor room at some time or other nearly every day. The director worked out the calls as best he could, so that he wouldn't have to keep anybody hanging around for long spells unnecessarily, but it didn't always quite work out that way. So there were times when David would sit there for hours on end watching the others working and waiting for his next entrance.

He intended, at first, to use these long idle spells to go over his lines, but he soon found that he'd have to make sure of them at home, because he was always so fascinated to watch the director at work. And it didn't take him long to discover that you could pick up dozens of little acting tips by watching really experienced actors at work in rehearsal.

He would sit there, staring with concentration, ensuring that the show had an appreciative audience of *one!*

Then there were other times when the director would take him on one side by himself and go over his part with him personally. This was to make sure David had understood it properly and had grasped the underlying meanings in some of his lines. "We were particularly lucky as far as that went," David recalls, "because the author, Allan Sherman, used to be there too, so he could explain to us how he'd visualised a scene when he'd written it, and, of course, any problems about understanding the play could be cleared up instantly and without dispute!"

For David, all this was new!

Sure, he'd been on stage before. Back in L.A. he'd spent a year in professional theatre. But, till now, he'd been the 'kid' in the cast. Everybody had known exactly how green he was . . . They'd been wonderful about it and done all they could to help him . . . But they'd made

allowances for his mistakes, and for David — although he appreciated it all immensely — that meant that they had not really accepted him as an equal.

Now, with "The Fig Leaves Are Falling", for the first time he felt that everyone counted on him to pull his full weight right from the start.

If he did something wrong, the director was no kinder to him than he was to any other member of the cast, and David found it wonderfully refreshing to have such a high standard expected of him.

Mind you, he sometimes found it pretty confusing. He'd have all the moves marked down on his script and he'd just be feeling confident that he knew them all, ready for the run through — when the Director would announce:

"I've been having another think about this number. Let's try it another way this morning."

So all David's scribbles would start to get confused with another set of scrawled instructions. And he soon realised that it usually wasn't worth all the bother anyway because the final verdict, as often as not, was:

"O.K. Forget all that and go back to the way we had it in the first place!!!"

By that time, David's head was often so completely in a jumbled whirl that it took some doing to remember exactly *which* routine that must be!

Tired or not, he loved every minute of it.

With typical enthusiasm, he'd learned his part within a week of being given his script. But, even so, there were times when he'd be attacked by fears that he'd forgotten his lines completely — and then he'd go rushing to grab his script and cram them in yet again, till he felt as though his head must be bulging with those words . . . He'd forced them into his brain so many times!!

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DON'T MISS PART 19  
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