

has missed ? david out ?



Just suppose David Cassidy had never achieved superstardom . . . What then?

Of course, he'd be pretty much the same guy — but not *precisely* the same. Because, as he'd be the first to point out, his career has changed him in many ways.

If he walked down Sunset Strip, or Broadway, or London's Oxford Street, heads would still turn . . . What girl could resist taking a second peep at *that* face? Whether it was famous or not!

But there it would end. The girls might look and wish that they had such a dishy boyfriend . . . They might cross their fingers and put on a special smile as they passed — in the hope that this groovy guy might want to follow up that smile!

But, apart from that, David would be free to carry on with his shopping uneventfully. Just another guy out to get the week's groceries or to treat himself to a new shirt . . .

Perhaps even to buy a present for his girlfriend . . .

He'd be free to be ordinary.

There have been times when David has dreamed of that kind of ordinariness . . . When he would have given almost anything to be able to step out of his front door without the fear of being mobbed by a crowd of screaming girls brandishing autograph books at him!

Yes, he'd have given *almost* anything. But not quite anything . . . Would he, for instance, have been willing to give up his phenomenal success so that he could return to being the 'ordinary' guy he might have been?

QUESTION

"No!" was the decisive reply David gave when I put that question to him recently.

"I guess there have been times when I *thought* that's what I'd have liked," he went on, "but it was never what I *really* wanted.

"The nearest I can get to explaining the difference to you is this . . . Have you ever said to yourself: 'I wish I was dead' and really believed at that moment in

time that you *did* wish precisely that? Okay, things might have been rough . . . Rough as you'd ever known them. And at times like that a lot of folks honestly believe they'd like to die, whereas, in fact, that wish is really more in the nature of an emotional release valve.

"Do you follow?"
I did follow. In fact, I'd often started to think along those lines myself. But I'd never been able to put my thoughts into words as David had done. It was as though he'd expressed part of *me*. I guess maybe you'll feel the same way, too.

When he realised that I was right there on his wavelength and he hadn't left me lost in the fog, David went on to explain how *he'd* sometimes felt . . . As if he'd like to throw the whole 'success' thing in:

"Of course, I never *really* wanted to do that," he smiled, "not right down deep inside of me. Because that was what I'd always wanted and worked for . . . The right to earn my living by acting and singing, and to give pleasure to others.

Naturally, the fact that I was so obviously giving that



Above: Now the man who operates the camera has decided to get into the action and check the lighting.

Below: As soon as he's gone Shirley, Dave, David and Barbara are deep in conversation again.

