



ABOVE: Another pic taken whilst David was recording the Partridge Family series.

BELOW: Danny Bonaduce, Shirley Jones, David, Susan Dey, Brian Forster and Suzanne Crough getting ready for a take for one of their early episodes back in 1972



THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY

PART 56

For a lot of folks, California is at its most beautiful in Spring. The sun is starting to make its real takeover bid for the state, but the sidewalks don't scorch your feet yet and the air hasn't taken on that feeling of being drugged with the hazy heat.

Whereas in summer you've got to be near water—and preferably the ocean—to feel really comfortable, in spring everything seems to fit a happy medium. And, in consequence, the folks around catch some of the happiness, and life is generally brighter.

Now David is normally highly sensitive to changes of atmosphere like this, and he usually reckons to come up with a new burst of energy and zest for life in spring-time.

But, sadly, the Spring of 1972 seemed to be passing him by somehow.

For a few blissfully free weeks in Europe he'd felt like a free agent; he'd escaped from the mesh of commitments organised for him by others. Of course, he didn't blame them in any way... In fact, part of him was tremendously grateful for the great job that people like Ruth Aarons, Jim Flood and Steve Wax Erman were doing every day to keep his career flying high.

But there was another part of David that wanted to break through the net of Partridge Family shooting schedules, recording sessions, concerts, public appearances and interviews. He couldn't help thinking at times how great it would be if he could just retreat back into anonymity for a while. Somehow he felt he was in danger of losing touch with himself if the pace carried on as hectically as this much longer. He was also rather worried by the way people expected him to fit into the skin

of Keith Partridge even in his private life. It had never occurred to him that anyone could confuse him, the actor, with the role he was playing. After all, it's an actor's job to learn to portray somebody entirely different from himself if necessary. Look at Marlon Brando for instance. He can play the Godfather without being associated with Mafia criminal circles, 'cos everyone knows that he's just a great actor playing a part.

With David, though, it was different. Suddenly everybody assumed that, to all intents and purposes, David Cassidy and Keith Partridge were one and the same person, with all the same likes, dislikes, hang-ups and mannerisms.

MEMORIES

"I guess the problem was that there was a bit of me in the character of Keith," David reminisced, "so there wasn't a sure enough distinction for the viewers to realise it was just a part and that I had to learn the script same as any other actor. But, you see, the bits of me that I used in the presentation of Keith's character on the screen came from the 'me' of several years back. I sort of looked back on the time when I was sixteen and drew on my memories of how I reacted then to help bring Keith to life and make him a fully credible character."

It was ironic that David should have succeeded in making Keith so convincing that people assumed he was simply 'playing himself'. So, in a way, he had his skill as an actor to thank for what was to be one of his major problems through the next two or three years: the establishing of David Cassidy as an individual with a mind and interests of his own.

Continued over