

of how rewarding it can be when you put yourself across the boundary of the footlights and make contact with all the people out there in the inky world of blackness.

Right from that very first role, it was obvious that David possessed the talent to make contact in a really big way . . . His part gave him one big solo number, which he'd been delighted about when he'd seen it there on his script. But, when it got to the dress rehearsal, panic suddenly struck.

As David recognised the familiar lead-in to his number, everything seemed to drain away from him. The lyrics started leaping about inside his head, jumbling themselves up into the most ridiculous word patterns . . . his mouth went dry . . . his throat seized up, as though somebody was gradually tightening a garotte round his neck . . . his knees turned into two sagging lumps of cotton-wool — but it was his stomach that really took the prize!

BUTTERFLIES

So that was when he found out what stage-fright felt like!!!

David still doesn't know how he managed to get through that number, because night after night he went through the same moment of panic — in fact, he still does (but to a slightly lesser extent) every time he sets foot on stage, even today.

"Now I get butterflies in my stomach — like everybody else," he smiles ruefully . . . "But in those days, they weren't butterflies down there — they were more like full-grown elephants!"

David has never got over the miracle of how this kind of sudden frenzied panic actually seems to help his performance!

"Somebody once tried to explain it all to me scientifically," he'll tell you . . . "It's got something to do with the adrenalin — I remember that much. But I'm always a bit leery of analysing miracles — in case it puts an end to the magic and they just stop happening!"

The miracle certainly never let David down during his opening professional

season. The audience knew nothing of his paralysing stage-fright . . . all they saw was a stunningly good-looking boy on stage whose acting and singing had a spark of star quality, lifting it above the normal standard you'd expect from somebody playing a minor part.

And, night after night, their thunderous applause told David that they had faith in him . . . that he'd made contact and that his performance had given them pleasure.

That applause was a living and incontrovertible proof that David Cassidy could win and hold an audience. This was what he'd dreamed of during those long years at high-school, but he realised now that he'd only ever half-believed that those dreams would actually come true.

There could be no doubt about it any more . . . He was up there, with the other members of his company all 'round him, straining his eyes to pierce through the harsh glare of the lights, so that he could actually see the hands clapping — as though seeing them would somehow make it all more real for him.

David has come a long way since then . . . Now it is nothing unusual for 10,000 pairs of hands to clap themselves red-rum at his concerts . . . for 10,000 voices to scream themselves hoarse for love of their idol. This kind of — almost frightening — mass response naturally gives David a tremendous thrill every time it happens.

But, even so, he still holds that there is nothing to touch that first magic moment when your audience rises to you. Back there, in that small Los Angeles theatre, David was no teenage idol . . . he wasn't even a recognised box office draw. But there, on that stage, he had his first taste of what stardom would be like.

DON'T MISS PART 13
OF THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY
WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE
JANUARY ISSUE OF SUPERSTAR '73
MAGAZINE!!!

ON SALE JANUARY 1st

