

Early this year David was saddened once again when Jack and Shirley, their marriage also threatened by countless separations because of their careers, broke up for a few days. But fortunately they reconciled after a brief estrangement.

Still, even though he knew from a very early age how hazardous showbusiness could be in the lives of those who pursued it—and in the lives of those they loved—it attracted David like a magnet. There was a certain love-hate conflict in his feelings about it, for he knew its potential cost in human misery. He had seen it, suffered it in his own life.

Yet by the time he graduated from high school, he could think of no other career, and hurried to New York to try his luck in the theatre. That seemed a natural course, both his parents being primarily theatre people and Shirley having gained her own start in the theatre. He lived with Jack and Shirley during his New York stay.

If he ever had any doubt about how much he wanted to sing and act, David's job in New York's teeming garment district convinced him. He worked as a mail-boy in a garment firm, and saw firsthand the sweaty, harried, miserable existence of the garment workers.

He lived for his lunch breaks, when he would hurry to the Broadway area and "make the rounds" of producers' offices, auditioning for shows. More than ever, he longed to succeed, hungered for success—by now, he could almost taste it.

And then he did taste it, just a bit, with his first and only Broadway part, in Allan Sherman's "Fig Leaves Are Falling." Although the play was a fast-closing flop, a CBS scout saw him during the tryouts and arranged for him to test for a movie in Hollywood.

He lost the movie role but won several television parts at Universal and other studios—in "Ironside," "Marcus Welby, M.D.," "Mod Squad," "Bonanza!" and "The FBI."

He worked happily and well in these television dramas, glad to be practicing his craft as an actor at last. Thoughts of fame as a teenage idol were far from uppermost in his mind at this time. He wanted only to become a competent, respected actor and to find some way to gain acceptance for his singing.

Yet the thought of what it might be like to be a teenage idol *had* crossed his mind. Once, when he himself was a teenager, he and Sam Hyman took their dates to the Kaleidoscope, a Hollywood youth hangout of the day. There they saw a crowd of girls clustering around a young man, and when the crowd had parted they discovered that it was Davy Jones, then idolized as one of The Monkees.

This group had been more or less manufactured by Screen Gems for its TV series of the same name, and had been cast for appearance and personality rather than musical ability. Yet the manufactured idols had taken off and gained a sizeable fan following, making a number of hit records in the process.

Little did David know that he himself would be the beneficiary of a big Screen Gems publicity campaign just a few short years later. He, however, would have pre-

pared for his career by learning to sing and to play guitar and drums.

But then, when David Cassidy saw the girls clustering worshipfully around Davy Jones, he felt (and admitted to Sam) as if it had all happened to *him* at some time in the past. Was it a vision of his own future, or wishful thinking—or was it fear? At any rate, the episode left him with a strange feeling.

However prophetic this vision was, one thing soon became clear—David was not to be a publicity creation like The Monkees. His work on TV dramatic shows immediately began drawing loads of fan mail, and the teenage magazines were quick to pick up on his popularity and amplify it, sensing that this boy had something very real that appealed to girls everywhere. But while he could be sold, he did not need to be created. He already had it—whatever "it" is.

But the pressures of fame began to build up during those first early appearances on television. Not only was there all the fan mail to be answered—there were already interviews demanding to know his innermost secrets. And he was continually being stopped on the street by eager fans. No longer could he enjoy a casual hot dog or hamburger with a girlfriend without being stopped and asked for an autograph.

Being recognized was flattering, and he realized it was a sign of coming success. But David has always been an intensely shy person, and he found it hard to know what to say to these adoring fans.

When someone asked him if he ever got uptight about being on public display, he answered quite frankly: "Yes, I hide. Whenever I can, I run for cover."

His father, mother and stepmother were all quick to spot this reaction in their son, and it worried them. For they knew that David had chosen a career which seemed destined to keep him in the public eye for years to come, and they wanted him to be happy and at ease with his fame.

They spent many hours talking to him, trying to teach him how to face the public, advising him of his duty as an entertainer to share at least a part of his private life with that public.

Yet there were times when David bolted if he saw a group of fans heading for him. When they saw him running the other way, many of them must have thought he was conceited and callous.

Actually he was just showing the insecurity that has been an integral part of his personality for many years. This insecurity, like his withdrawn nature, may well have begun with the break-up of his parents' home. But it grew through years of loneliness. For he has always been a loner at heart, no matter how many friends might surround him at times. He admits that he has never been in love, though he dated often before his career began taking up so much of his time.

Those first signs of fame only increased his insecurity by making him afraid that he would not live up to the teenage idol image that was being thrust upon him.

Unlike Bobby Sherman, who preceded him by a couple of years as the fans' favorite teen idol, David did not take naturally

to fame and adulation. Nor did he go for flashy Mod clothes, as Bobby does, although he learned to wear them with a certain amount of flair when he had to. He much preferred old jeans, a sweat-shirt and a comfortable pair of *Adidas*—a brand of tennis shoe which rapidly became his trademark.

By the time the first episode of "The Partridge Family" was televised last fall, accompanied by the release of Bell Records' first Partridge Family album and single, David was already a full-fledged teen idol. And, thanks to his parents' and stepmother's advice, he had learned to cope somewhat with the pressures of fame. But his hands would still tremble visibly before a public appearance. And when someone suggested to him that he would be the next Bobby Sherman, he was horrified.

Not that he didn't admire Bobby Sherman. It was just that David wanted to stay a normal human being rather than become the object of millions of teenagers' blind adulation. Although he liked girls as individuals, and although he enjoyed dating them, he did not want to be mobbed by them!

Yet he couldn't have his cake and eat it too. He wanted success as an actor and singer, he had worked and studied for it from earliest childhood. And he had to accept the fact that in his particular case the fame and success would be of a particularly flamboyant, frenzied and intrusive kind, no matter what he might try to do about it.

He had longed for fame in the past. But he had thought of it more in terms of the kind of success his father and stepmother enjoyed. Jack Cassidy was a Tony winner on Broadway for his performance in "She Loves Me." Shirley Jones had won the Oscar for her role in "Elmer Gantry." They were honored, respected performers. They did not arouse screams and hysteria in their fans.

But David belonged to a different generation, and he was a different type of performer, although no less talented. He was to be the object of the kind of attention that Elvis Presley had earned, enjoyed and come to expect.

Yet Elvis has the money, the high walls and the bodyguards to protect and shield him from unwanted invasions of his privacy. David Cassidy does not. If he wants privacy, he has to run and hide.

And that was why he moved from one hilltop to another recently, taking his few prized possessions with him, and hoping for at least a few blessed months of privacy and security before his hideout would again be discovered.

But he was in for a dreadful surprise. Not long after he had moved to his new apartment, David Cassidy came home one day and made a frightening discovery.

His apartment had been robbed. And that was when he realized that there is no place to hide from his fame. No matter whether his visitors came with good or bad intentions, they would find him.

—ROBERT DREW

See David in "The Partridge Family," Friday, 8:30 P.M., EST, ABC-Television Net.