

employed at the factory that he plunked down his first \$4.00 to cut a record at the Memphis Recording Studio. This was to be the first step toward becoming a singer. Through the owner of the studio, Elvis eventually hooked up with Scotty Moore and Bill Black who at that time had their own band. An accidental jamming at the studio led to the release of "Blue Moon of Kentucky" which attained some popularity on the local Memphis stations and brought Elvis' name to the attention of the local disc jockeys. The trio followed up with "That's All Right (Mama)" and began to get more and more air time. An appearance on the famed Grand Ole Opry was considered a coup, but they were never invited back, a definite snub.

However, Elvis was finally able to stop working as a menial laborer and concentrate on his career full time. With a broken down car and very little money, Elvis had no place to go but up.

He cut another record, and this time made it to the national charts. "Baby Let's Play House" brought Elvis' name into every city in America. It was just about this time that Elvis finally got himself a manager who was determined to set his career in motion. Col. Tom Parker was going to make Elvis a star.

1955—Elvis appeared live in New York City on the Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey TV Show. It was a cold, rainy night and hardly anyone showed up in the studio audience, but in homes across the nation, Elvis was shown in all his glory—hips swiveling and guitar pounding. The girls went berserk and Elvis was on his way. His debut song—"Heartbreak Hotel."

Next came the Ed Sullivan Show where Elvis was only shown from the waist up, but the screams from the girls in the studio audience were enough to cause total chaos. Elvis' name became a household word in a matter of days. His eight simultaneously released records were all smash hits.

From 1955 until he entered the US Army in 1958 Elvis' name was never off the charts. Even while he was in the army, his career continued its meteoric rise. Marriage, which has been the fall of many a teen idol, only made his fans love him all the more. But then, voluntarily, Elvis dropped from the public eye. His last public appearance was at a benefit in Hawaii. The year was 1961, and Elvis wasn't to appear in person again until 1969!

The place chosen for his re-emergence as the King of Rock was the International Hotel in Las Vegas. In the month that he appeared there, he broke all records, packing in a crowd of 101,500. In 1970, he began touring the United States playing to capacity crowds wherever he went. In 1972, he made his biggest appearance yet in New York City's Madison Square Garden

where once no one had even known his name. From the critics, from the fans, from everyone came the same cry, "Elvis is still king!"

DAVID CASSIDY

continued from page 11

to stop the show and ask the audience to stop throwing used flash cubes and other objects onto the stage. Sometimes, I feel like an actor in a bad play who has to keep ducking tomatoes and rotten eggs—except these are 20th century kids, who are throwing more sophisticated objects at me. Flash cubes, incredible!"

David's getaway after a concert is well-planned and usually comes off quite smoothly. As David does his last number, the security guards slowly move closer to the stage and get ready to move in the direction that David will exit in order to get to his dressing room. David ends his closing song, thanks the fans, screams, "You're beautiful, beautiful, I LOVE YOU!" throws kisses at them, then turns and runs like a track star racing to get home free. The security guards run after him forming a crowd that's almost impossible to break through. "Almost impossible" because nothing is impossible. The worst incident to date was at a Cleveland concert.

David tells the story in his own words: "Security wasn't good enough and they said, 'You may not make it.' And I didn't. It happened really fast. The kids crowded around and jumped on top of me. I got down on my hands and knees and started crawling. Someone who worked for the Monkees told me to do that. And it worked. They didn't know how to deal with me in that position. See, what they want is your hair. They want to grab a lock of it. And my scalp is so sensitive, I get crazy when anybody grabs my hair. I can just cry. Nowadays, it seems that I cry quite often."

Perhaps it's not enough to say that all the girls are after is David's *hair*. The older girls (16 and up) who attend his concerts are obviously responding to the way he shakes and moves during his singing. His tight crepe jumpsuit leaves little to the imagination and his movements on stage are very provocative. Most of his fans are going through a stage where they are just changing from little girls into women and they can't really understand the excitement that wells up inside them when they watch David perform. But if they can't understand it, they're certainly responding to it—which is why they rush him in public and desperately try to join him on stage. But crowds of such "desperate" girls can be dangerous even to a Hercules-type. You wouldn't believe what harm one member of the allegedly

"weaker sex" can cause, to one defenseless male.

As if that weren't enough, David also has to contend with the crank letters he gets—death threats, etc.—and the evil telephone callers who phone the concert hall and threaten to throw bombs or knife David or whatever. Most of the time these are just the work of cranks—but the security people as well as David's own entourage can't take that chance. They have to do everything they can to protect David, to see that he leaves the concert hall unharmed and undamaged. And this isn't always easy! But this is the price you pay for being famous. David realizes this and sighs, "You have to pay dues for everything, whatever you do!"

The dues are often high though and sometimes they mean a total loss of your privacy, like having to put up with guards all the time. Can you imagine the chaos that would break loose if David were left unguarded at a concert? If he weren't trampled to death by 800 pairs of feet, he would be literally torn apart by the crowd—torn apart by people who want to keep a lock of his hair, a piece of his clothing—or even an ear or a finger! Sounds grisly, doesn't it—but you have to witness a show to believe what goes on.

And with all the political assassinations that have been going on in this country, especially since 1963, no one is immune from harm. Like Arthur Bremer, who professed to be a George Wallace supporter, that is until he pulled a gun at a rally. Horrible as it sounds there could be a fan in David's crowd screaming, "We want David!" while she is pulling a lethal weapon out of her handbag. You just never know! Perhaps there's a girl out there who's angry because she couldn't get a better seat at one of David's shows or because David never answered her love letters or because David is seen in public with a pretty girl. One can go on and on. However one never really knows how long it takes for intense love—like so many fans feel toward David—to turn to vicious uncontrollable hate?

Because of all this David does experience a fear for his life—from time to time—as do all the people connected with him through the Partridge Family and his records. But he has chosen this life for himself and although it has brought him a great deal of anxiety and very little privacy, it has also brought him tremendous wealth as well as worldwide fame and success.

But in the end David admits that he can't see himself living any other kind of life—show biz is in his blood to stay. "It's a high going out on that stage," bubbles David. "You look around and it's all there for you, people loving you like that. I'm doing what I love most to do, singing and I'm singing for people