



Agony and ecstasy as a fan is scrunched up against the barrier but gets a glimpse of David Cassidy

David Cassidy races through his act but never forgets to wiggle backside

By PETER GODDARD

To most of the 18,900 who showed up at the CNE Grandstand last night to see him, singer David Cassidy had probably only originally seemed like an unreal play-toy, alternately doll-like as on thousands of David Cassidy posters shown everywhere, and puppet-like, as on TV's *The Partridge Family* show in which he appears.

When suddenly he dashed to centre stage in his silver skin-tight foreador suit, Cassidy was very real, and very much alive, bobbing and weaving like a featherweight prize fighter at a championship bout, yet looking far more boyish than his 22 years.

Just as suddenly, the crowd seemed to realize its moment had arrived, and started surging against the yellow metal gates ringing the stage and backed by 35 policemen.

Sobbing girls

Girl after girl clambered up the barrier, only to be pushed gently back.

One Grandstand usher dragged another flailing girl back to her seat. And in one corner, three dozen other girls battled each other, it appeared, for a Cassidy smile or a piece of his clothing or just anything they could have gotten their hands on.

During the hour-long performance, the St. John Ambulance corps treated three young girls for hysteria, while in several of the rows nearest the stage, other girls sat sobbing to themselves.

Unfazed, Cassidy absorbed it all; the stroboscopic popping of the flashbulbs, the thin, shrill shrieks.

Nutty putty

He didn't have to do anything, really. In fact, even before he had appeared, it was evident the crowd would be as pliable as nutty putty in his hands. For the David Cassidy show was as much a state of mind, as a musical performance.

Everyone had come prepared for what was to happen. Both large and small-sized glossy David Cassidy photos fluttered everywhere. Selling red pennants with Cassidy's picture pinned on them became a booming business. And David Cassidy stickers, banners, Valentines, pins, chockers, and love beads were worn and carried by the dozens.

"The crowd for the Osmond

Brothers' show last week may have been bigger (25,000)," said one guard. "But it wasn't as excited as this one."

Yet, Cassidy moved hurriedly, almost automatically and often sloppily through each song. In part, this was due to the fact he was rushed for time. His plane from Lincoln, Neb., had been delayed. At one point, the promoters were about to bring in a singing duo from one of the Ontario Place pubs as a stand-by act.

But Cassidy knew exactly what was required of himself, and merely did what was demanded he do.

"My fans," he said after his performance, "are 11-, 12-, and 13-year-old girls, and are a lot more honest about their feelings. They do what they want to do."

And so Cassidy did everything he could to evoke some response. In ballads like *Cherish*, he gushed and crooned his words. In faster tempo songs, like *Rock Me Baby* — the title of his forthcoming album—he repeated an intricate set of dance steps resembling those in old *Carmen Miranda* movies and, at least once each tune, managed to shake his backside at his audience.

Loveable spaniel

It soon became obvious, however, all these actions, like his backing eight-piece band led by Dave Roberts, or singers Kim Carnes and Dave Ellington, who opened the show and sang background vocals for the star, were little else than props necessary to allow Cassidy to stand there and be worshipped.

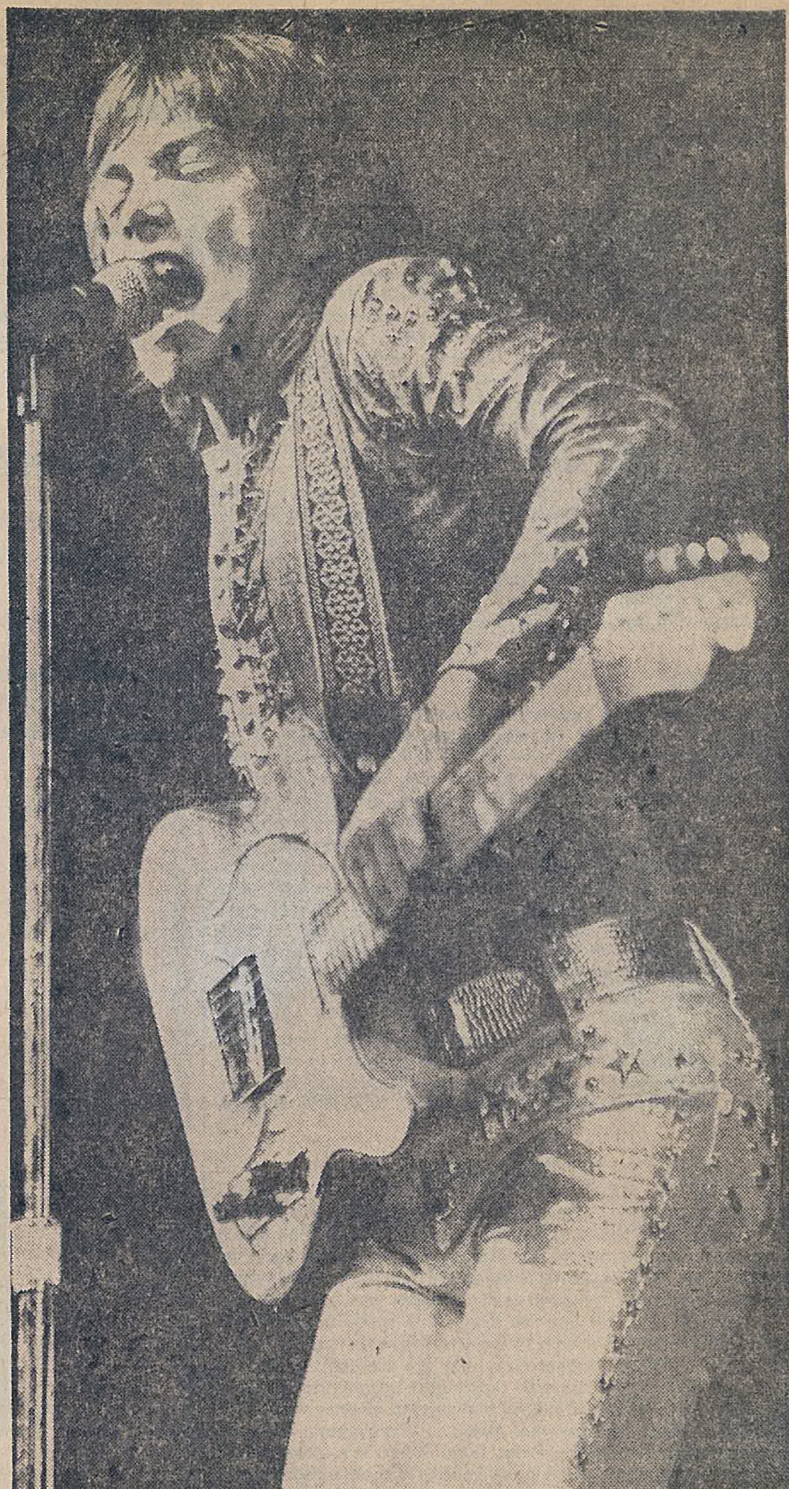
As a pop star, Cassidy owes more to Mickey Rooney than to Elvis Presley. There's nothing rebellious about him. Nothing anti-social.

His secret? He's as lovable as a pet cocker-spaniel, and almost annoyingly wholesome.

As indicated by the two biographical books now out on him, *The David Cassidy Story*, and *Life, Love and David Cassidy*, by his screen mother, Shirley Jones, Cassidy simply radiates positive values.

Like Bobby Sherman and the Osmond Brothers, and, before them, The Monkees, Frankie Avalon, Fabian, and Ricky Nelson, David Cassidy is a TV media created pop star, and he displays all of TV's safe values.

So often was last night's show interrupted—first by Cassidy's



DAVID CASSIDY bobbing and weaving for 18,900 fans at the CNE Grandstand looked like a featherweight prizefighter in a bullfighter's costume. He moved hurriedly, almost sloppily through his performance.

stage manager who insisted all those standing sit down, then by Cassidy himself taking brief rests—the interruptions seemed like commercial breaks in one vast out-door TV spectacular, and no one in the audience complained, or seemed to lose interest.

"But I try to be whatever I

am," Cassidy said a bit tiredly after the show. "I don't read what is written about me in magazines that try to break my image, or read those fan magazines always full of gossip."

"If I worried about what I did, I would end up eating my heart out with the worry."