



out in INDY

Long before Rudolph Valentino dashed about the smoldering sands of the desert in "The Sheik," there were idols.

And since the advent of movies and television, teen-age idols have appeared and flourished, some captured in their prime — James Dean, Janis Joplin, Jimmie Hendryx — in the middle of a long, lazy slow-motion shot, frozen forever in a memory.

Others burst onto the scene in frenetic, speeded-up caricatures of life — Mick Jagger, George Harrison, Bob Dylan — no momentary stars. But in time they too will fall from the galaxy like burned-out meteors.

THEN THERE IS David Cassidy. Superstar, King of Bubblegum, but still a king.

He is apart from the others, because his appeal is based on personality rather than tangible talent.

Cassidy is loved by a single segment of the teen-age world. Girls, by the thousands, the millions, listen to records, and decorate their walls with his picture.

Cassidy is the idol of the popular, the pretty, the homely and forgotten girls who throw themselves lemming-like upon the stages where he sings.

David Cassidy is purity, chastity and security personified in their minds.

To an amateur psychologist who lived through the Beattle era, dateless except for the Senior Prom, the David Cassidy phenomenon is not all that mysterious.

THE TEEN-AGE IDOLS of the world allow teen-age girls a little more time to grow up, before being pushed into the open arms of eager boys. They are surrogate boyfriends who don't make demands, who don't ask them to smoke pot or get drunk or "prove" that they love them.

An idol only asks that you see his movies, buy his records or attend a concert. In return he offers a smile "just for you" and a chance for a girl to stay a girl just a little longer.

BMT
Editor