

THE BIRTH OF A



FAN

Magazines should be a two-way process. That's what I believe, anyway.

Of course, it's marvelous to think that, as editor of the David Cassidy Magazine, I make contact with thousands of David's fans every month. And, all the time, I'm doing my bit to bring you and David closer together.

But, naturally, I want you do do your bit too.

After all, I wouldn't be in this job at all if I wasn't interested in YOU as people, would I? Unfortunately, I can't hope to meet and chat to every one of you individually. But that's where the magazine comes in . . .

If you think about it, one of the few ways of talking to thousands of people at once is by writing a mag, like this.

That's where I need your help.

You see, I can clatter away at my typewriter all day. But I want you to keep up your end of the conversation . . . I want you to tell me about yourself, how you feel about David, if there's anything special you'd like to see in the magazine . . . In fact, I want to hear anything you feel inclined to pour out of the end of your pen!

Of course, hundreds of you are doing just that right now. And you're doing a grand job too! So don't start getting indignant and thinking that I've forgotten all your efforts.

I certainly haven't! And, if I was ever in danger of doing so, I can assure you that my daily sack of mail would jog my memory soon enough!

But for all those hundreds of you who write to me regularly, there

must be thousands of readers I've never heard from by yet. If you are one of them—don't be!

I don't want you to remain a blank face. I want to know all about you. And so does David!! Remember: if you want David to read your letter, the surest way is to have it printed in his own magazine. That way you get an absolute guarantee, and David gets to know another friend.

He'll certainly be getting to know Janet Porter pretty well this month! Not that sixteen year-old Janet ever dreamed that her letter would be printed when she put pen to paper a month or so back.

SOMEBODY

She just wanted to tell somebody how she felt about David and the rather strange way it had all come about. As soon as I read her letter, I decided that this was one that I wanted to share with David and all of you . . .

"Dear Pat," she began,

"You're the last person I ever thought I'd be writing a letter to. You see, I could never see anything in David Cassidy. But please don't just screw my letter up and stop reading it. Because all that's changed now.

"I can tell you, nobody could have been more surprised than me at the time. Which is saying something. Because now I simply can't imagine how I lived before I loved David!

"I just thought you might be interested to hear how I got converted and also about an idea I've got. You see, I think that many of the people who go about knocking David may well be secret fans of his. I should know because I used to be one of them.

"I feel ashamed to talk about it now but I used to be really horrible about David. I used to say awful things about him and some of the

girls in my class at school got furious because they were very keen on him at the time.

"It was my little sister that suffered most though. She was only twelve when I *Think I Love You* was released over here and she went crazy over David at once, you know, went out and bought the record and everything.

"I remember one time when I nearly got brained thanks to that record. Sue was playing it and I joined in—but with my impression of a chimpanzee's voice, so she could hardly hear David at all. And it drove her mad seeing me jumping around taking off her beloved David. So she threw her shoe at me and missed my head by a fraction of an inch. It hit a vase instead, so we were both for it.

"Of course, I feel awful when I think back on it now. But at the time I really couldn't see anything in David's music and I couldn't see that he was that special himself.

"I always thought he was quite good looking. But so were lots of other guys. And you never know with cameras. Some boys are really fabulous in real life but come out looking awful in snaps. But with film stars, they've got to look good in pictures, haven't they? I couldn't help wondering whether David would look that good in person.

"Anyway, unless I liked his music I just wasn't interested. So I stayed very definitely anti.

"My trouble was I couldn't keep quiet about it. I'd really shoot off about how stupid he was and how he was just one of these bubble-gum stars who couldn't last. So it got to be kind of my signature tune. Everybody knew I couldn't stand David.

"Which made it very difficult

David at poolside on the Fairsa

