

# David Cassidy asks: "Meet the REAL Me!"



SINCE "realness" in anyone I meet is the most important thing of all to me, it isn't unnatural that "realness" in myself is important to me too. Parts of my childhood were different—different from the school years of many of *you*, that is. From the almost rural environment of a small New Jersey town, I was whisked into the life of New York City and then—and most *important*—into the life of the Hollywood motion picture-television world.

My family first moved to Los Angeles (that great big city composed of all those little cities like Hollywood, Bel Air, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica and Westwood—to name a few). Mom somehow managed to keep me a bit "sheltered" from the world of "show-biz" families. But sooner or later, because of various circumstances, I ended up going to a very private, very exclusive and very "in" school. There, for the first time in my life, I saw a bit of how "the other half" lives. I was still in my early teens and

some of the kids in that school who were exactly my age not only had cars—they had *racing* cars and motorbikes. A couple of them even had great big speedboats!

Needless to say, at first I was very impressed. Not only that—I was a little bit jealous! I started imitating some of those rich "fast" boys—talking in a glib, hip fashion, pretending to be indifferent to my studies, and secretly craving worldly possessions and jazzy clothes.

Luckily, *something* brought me to my senses. To this day, I honestly cannot remember what it was. But suddenly one day I looked at one of those rich spoiled kids and saw *right through him*. Maybe I just suddenly realized that being indifferent to studies wasn't the way to become a person of knowledge or wisdom, that all of the jazzy clothes in the world could never make a person good, honest and true in his or her heart—and that all of the beautiful cars and fast motorbikes cannot substitute for inner contentment. In other words, the whole scene that

was turning me on was actually based on shallow, selfish and superficial things. There was nothing whole, meaningful or *really* there. At least, not for *me*, anyway.

Well, even though I haven't gotten to the heart of my story, I have somehow *told* it—haven't I? The fact is, it's pretty hard for *me* to describe the *real me*. Sooner or later, I suppose someone on the outside has to do that for you. But for the time being, I will just sum it up by saying that the *real me* instantly dislikes artificiality, snobbishness, greed, ostentatious display—the whole "plastic scene". What the *real me* likes is pretty simple. For instance, I like to work, I like to sing, I like to chat with friends, I like to be alone and just look out at nature sometimes—and I like, once in awhile, to reach out and take the hand of another person . . . someone who can be my friend. Someone who can really love me.