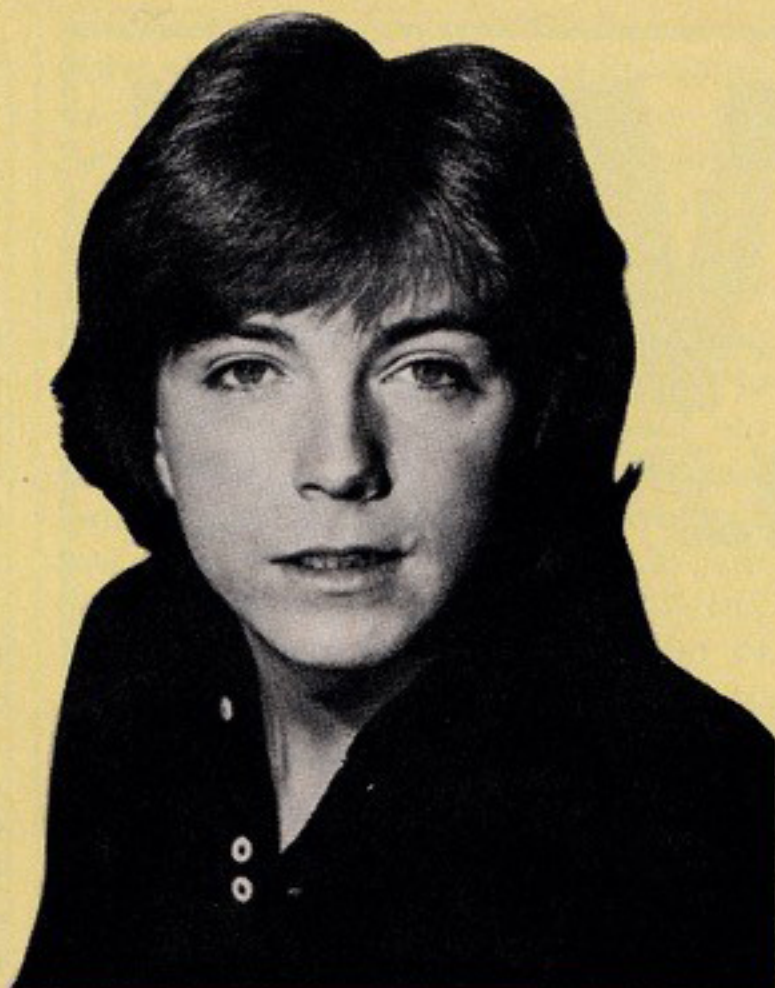


THE STORIES



THAT HURT ME

By David Cassidy

About three weeks ago, I had a strange little ceremony at my house. I took a small stack of fan magazines—about six of them, and each with my picture on the cover—and, with rock and roll blaring out of the record player, Sam and I tore them into small pieces and burned them, one by one, in the fireplace! When we were through, there was nothing left but a black, twisted pile of ashes!

This is the third time since “Partridge” went on the air that I’ve held this little ceremony. In all, I think I’ve burned twenty or so of these icky mags (not TIGER BEAT or FaVE, or T. B. Spectacular or Partridge Magazines of course) since my face started appearing on their covers. Honestly, sometimes, I wish I could make my face disappear completely whenever certain magazines aimed their cameras at it!

STORIES HURT ME

You may think it’s weird that someone who is on the cover of a magazine should want to burn it! If you’ve never been on a magazine cover, it probably seems like what you’d do is run out and buy ten of them and hang them all over the place—but that’s just because you can’t imagine the *depths* that some magazines will stoop to, just to peddle their crummy pulp! I’m telling you the truth when I say that some of the stories they dream up about me *hurt!*

I mean, magazines are very important to me. There’s no way I can get to know each and every one of you, no matter *how* much I want to! For a lot of you, I know that the magazines are the closest we come to *talking* with each other, and that’s why I spend so much of my time writing for the *good*



ones—because it really *matters* to me! But try to imagine how I feel when I open a magazine to find a big, full-color picture of myself, and beneath it a bunch of *lies!*

Well, it really hurts. It hurts me to read things about myself that aren’t true, “quotes” that I never said, opinions that I’ve never held, headlines that promise “intimate” secrets over stories that tell nothing at all—or, even worse, a pack of big, fat lies.

Let me give you some examples:

A magazine (one of the ones I burned) recently had a picture of me on the cover and above it, the words, “DAVID WEDS!” in giant screaming letters that you could read halfway across a supermarket! As a matter of fact, I was *in* a supermarket, buying some munchies, when that piece of junk caught my eye, and I was so surprised I almost dropped my jar of nuts!

FICTIONAL MARRIAGE

I bought it and took it home, and I couldn’t *believe* what I read! The whole thing was a come-on, an attempt to get my fans upset by making them believe I was going to get married so they’d buy this junky magazine and read the article! And the article itself was a *total* cop-out, just some hack writer pretending he knew what my wedding day would be like *if* I ever got married! And the writer was completely wrong! If I ever *do* get married, it won’t be anything *like* that!

Here’s another example. Several magazines lately have run stories about

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 27