

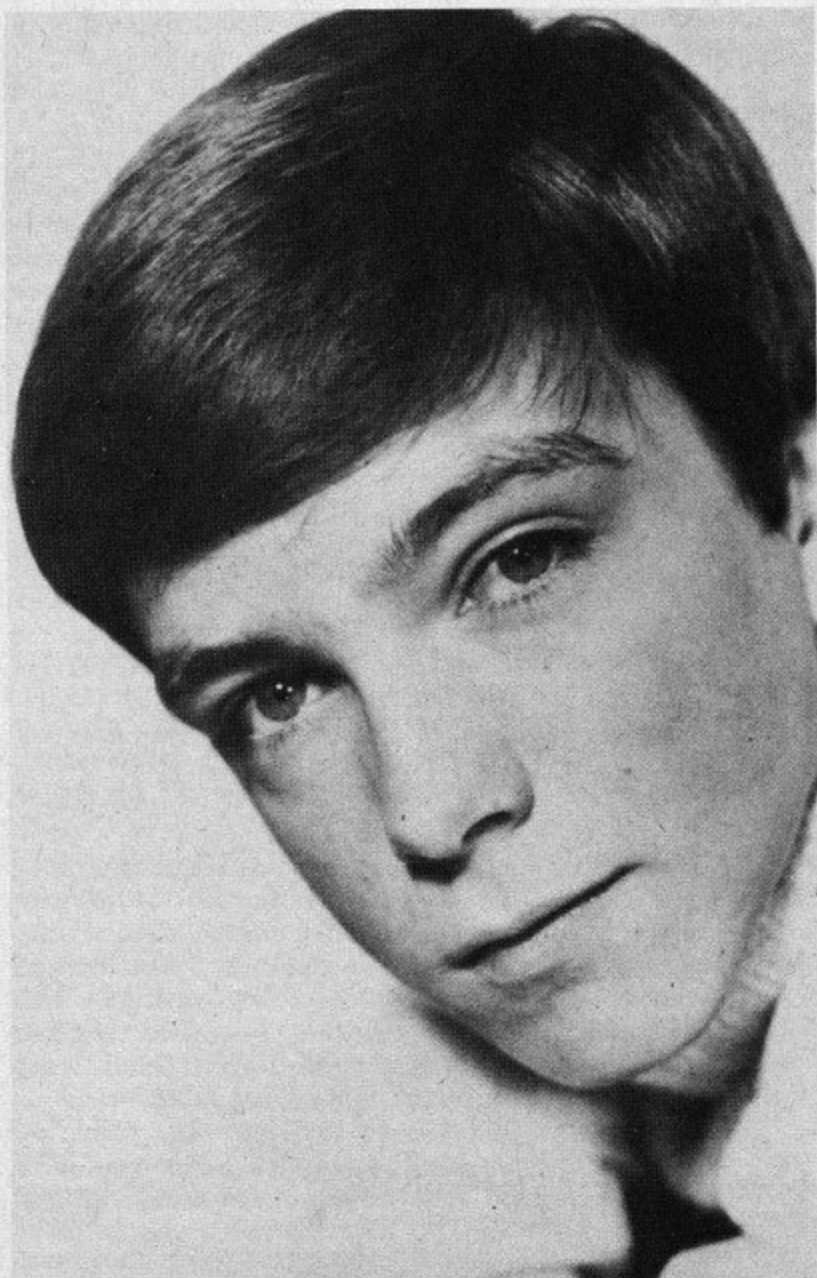
The STORY OF MY LIFE



• by david cassidy

CHAPTER SIX

IN WHICH I GO TO NEW YORK; AND LAND MY FIRST BROADWAY ROLE!



ONE OF MY FIRST PROFESSIONAL PHOTOS, below, was taken when I was 18 years old. After reading for parts, 34 you leave these photos with the show's casting director.

Another warm California June rolled around, bringing the blue skies and bright days that everybody who doesn't live in L.A. thinks is the kind of weather we have out here all year long. Normally, the summer is my favorite time—I like to be outdoors, and I love the beaches—but this particular June was a little different. I was seventeen years old, and I had somehow managed to graduate from high school!

And nobody was more surprised than I was! I had known it was coming, and I had worked (for a change) to get my grades up, but when the graduation was over, it still hadn't sunk in! I was free. I didn't have to be anywhere, if I didn't want to be there! It took about a month for me to realize what that could mean!

FELT LEFT OUT

All my friends were talking about college, comparing schools, discussing their majors, and I felt a little left out, I guess. I mean, I had no intention of going to college. I think it's great for almost everybody in the world, especially people who can do a lot of things and haven't yet figured out which particular thing to get behind, but I already had my mind made up. I knew what I was going to be, and the only thing I wanted to do was go be it!

Acting: that was the life for me. Ever since I was younger, I had gone on summer stock tours with my mom, I had held the theater in the back of my mind as the place I'd most like to work. In high school I had done a couple of plays, and the thrill had been tremendous! I loved it all—everything from staying up all night learning lines to the final curtain call! As soon as I got out of school I went down to a little-theatre workshop in Hollywood and tried out for a part—which I got! By the time it was over, I was bursting at the seams to do another, but Los Angeles isn't really full of theatres—it's a movie town, you know?

OFF TO NEW YORK

So I went home and started thinking. I thought most of the way through two days and two nights, and when my mind was made up I called my father long-distance in New York (was he surprised) and asked him if I could come back and live with him for awhile! My mind was