

THE MALE BAG!

*...Where Guys
Talk About Girls!*

"GIRLS AND MAKE-UP"

by David Cassidy

Have you ever sat down somewhere in public for an hour or so doing nothing but watch other people as they passed by? I have, and on a few of those occasions, I've really been surprised by some of the girls I've seen.

It isn't that I don't like watching girls. In fact, I love it! I think girls are the most beautiful creatures around and it's a treat to stare at beautiful people. But, what I'm on my soapbox to talk about is the way some girls seem determined to erase the very reasons why we guys think they're so terrific!

Most of the girls today try their very best to be stunning and I'm the first to appreciate that! I think it's great that any person cares enough to work a little at their appearance. But, sometimes, with some girls, that "little" is a little too much!

They start out with fresh, natural, God-given beauty and work at it in hopes to achieve a stunning effect. But sometimes, the word would have to be changed from stunning to shocking!

I think a lot of guys will agree with me when I say I just can't understand why some girls can't see for themselves that they really are trying too hard! I'm sure that someone has, like me, wanted to go up to a girl with some soap and water

and ask her to please wash off some of her make-up!

There aren't any insults intended—but I know that underneath all that gook, a beautiful face is screaming to be seen! Of course I've never done it, but I sure have been tempted to, especially with one girl who happened to be an old friend.

ME—STARING?!

I'll never forget it because it was close to being one of the most embarrassing situations I've ever been in. I was at a party about two years ago, talking with some people, when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around and saw this girl whose face was an absolute blank.

Well, it wasn't really a blank. It was similar to a feeling a person would get when seeing a kaleidoscope magnified before his eyes. Her face had to have all the colors of the rainbow on it!

I know I was staring at her face, but all the while my brain kept saying "smile and maybe you'll recognize her." But I couldn't and I had to apologize and tell her so. Then,

the shock hit me!

It was a girl I had known when I lived in New York. We used to get together with a bunch of other kids who were trying to break into acting! Believe me, you get to know people pretty well when you've stayed up late with them countless times, dreaming and talking about your career! But I didn't recognize her because her face had so much make-up on that she looked entirely different!

LET IT BE!

Anyway, after I recognized her at the party we had a nice long visit with each other, talking about old times, and when I said good-bye to her, I felt sad.

Here was this beautiful girl—really beautiful, inside and certainly outwardly—who had covered her face with a mask! And all the while I kept thinking that it was such a shame that no one there knew what the real girl looked like!

I may be stepping out of line,

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