

David Asks YOU: "Come In My Bedroom!"



LAST MONTH in 16, David Cassidy introduced you—and only you—to his personal and private “inner sanctum” away from the hustle and bustle of Hollywood and the Sunset Strip. High on a hilltop, David’s private “castle” gleams in the moonlight. He’s already taken you inside and shown you his sumptuous living room, and he has entertained you in the luxurious den of his private dwelling place. But now the time has come for David to take you to his secret hiding place—to lead you behind the closed and locked door where only he goes when he wants to be alone.

DAVID’S BEDROOM

David’s bedroom is a whole world unto itself—complete with everything David needs and desires. As your congenial host leads you into the marvelous room where he spends his most happy hours, you find yourself breathless with joy and surprise. The floor is covered with a thick, lush, wall-to-wall carpet. David walks a few steps ahead of you and you stand enchanted—as though in a dream—as you watch him do all the things that he normally does when he’s in this room alone.

First, David stands very still for a few minutes. Though he’s tired after a hard day’s work, there’s an expression of calm happiness on his face. He walks across to the bed, sits on the edge of it, kicks off his boots, puts a record on the record player (it happens to be right above the head of the bed) and then flops down right in the middle of the bed. Amid the comfortable disarray of his surroundings, David wiggles his toes and, with a happy grin on his face, listens to the music for a while. He usually plays the latest best-seller LP or something hot off the music presses. So tonight he could be getting an earful of anything from the Who to Rod Stewart to T. Rex.

Suddenly the record ends and as soon as it’s finished, David—sitting on the edge of the bed again—reaches into the drawer of a beautiful antique wooden chest that sits near his bed. The top drawer of this chest is filled with all sorts of brand new photo equipment—for recently David has become a photography-freak. He looks at his camera, examines a new lens, discovers a box of color slides he hasn’t had a chance to look at yet, takes out his new color-slide-viewer—and is soon enraptured by the sight of the latest bunch of pictures he has taken.

“Hey, come over here!” David calls to you. “Sit beside me and take a look at these.”

Soon you, too, are enraptured—for before your eyes are gorgeous color scenes of the brilliant-hued undersea world of coral and tropical fish. David grins at you, then—in an almost proud-little-boy manner—says, “I’ll bet you didn’t know I was an undersea photographer—did you?”

You assure David that his slides are the best