

A Letter From DAVID

EXCLUSIVE IN FaVE!

David reads each and every letter you send to this column, and he promises to answer as many of your questions as he can! If you want some info, write him c/o FaVE Magazine, Drawer L, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

"BEING ALONE"

Not too long ago, I suddenly got the feeling that I'd just had it. Had it with what, I didn't quite know, but one thing was very clear to me: I had to get away from it all.

If I were you and you were me, I might be saying, "What's this? What's he got to get away from? He's not the hassled head of a household or a hard-working corporation executive. That's ridiculous—he doesn't have anything to get away from!" But I **had** to go!

THERE'S A REAL ME!

You see, underneath all my clothes, my long hair, and behind my smile lies a real person, a David Cassidy just as average and everyday as anyone you know. I'm just me, a normal person. I worry about the things you worry about and I like what you like and I see the sun and the stars just like you do.

When the Partridge show got really big, however, and suddenly I was being called "David Cassidy the Superstar," my life suddenly changed completely!

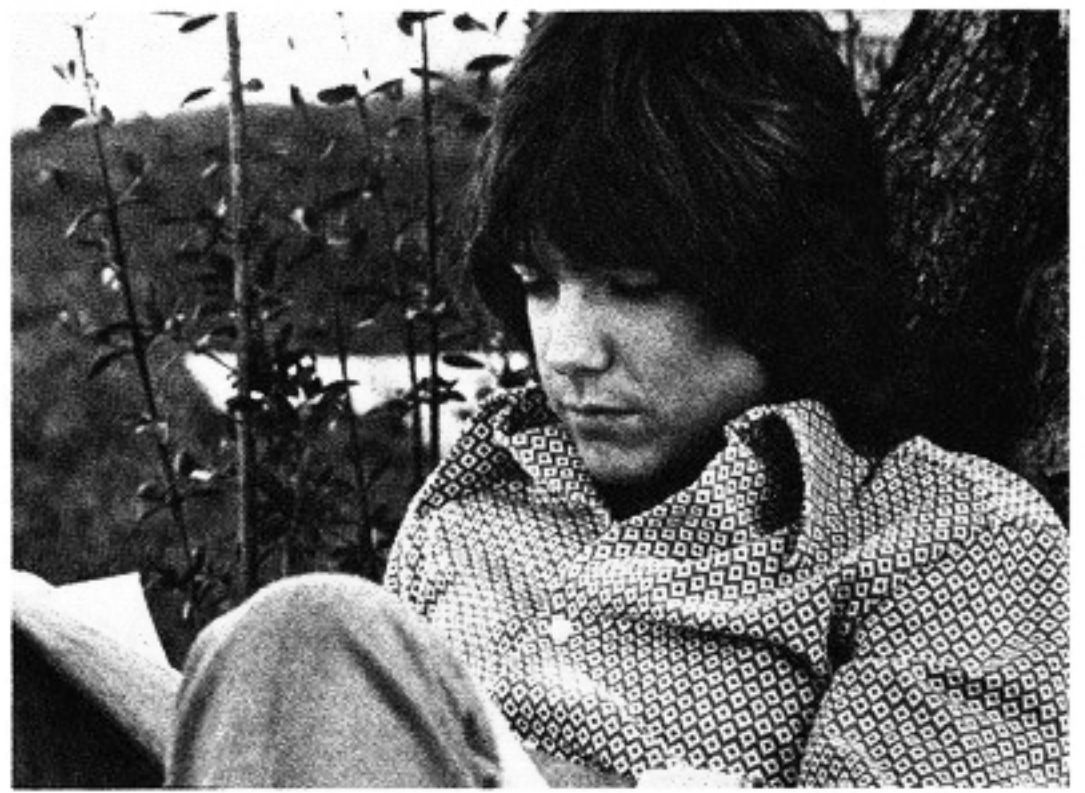
I lost a lot of privacy. I used to just drop by the supermarket on the way home from work and pick up a quart of milk and something to munch on, but all of a sudden, it seemed like I couldn't. A crowd would form, kids would start running up and down the aisles, and I'd be getting very nasty looks from the manager.

But one thing was most important to me. I just wasn't sure whether you liked me because I'm me or because I'm David Cassidy, Superstar. I'd go through stages of thinking one way one day, and a different way the next. I'd even talk to myself about it, like I'd say, "Sure, people like me, plain old me. If I wasn't likeable, I wouldn't be popular." But on other days, it would be like dark clouds crossing my brain, and I was pretty miserable.

When I'd meet a new girl, I never knew whether she liked me for me, you know, or whether she really didn't like me very much at all deep down inside, but maybe she was impressed by my name and everything.

So one day, as I was sitting around my living room, I figured I had to get away from it all. I picked up the telephone, called TWA, and soon I had a ticket to Europe booked for the season hiatus.

Sam drove me to the airport, and with a suitcase full of jeans and tee shirts, I took off for Germany, where



I bought a new Volkswagen van. Then I picked up some camping equipment, a sleeping bag, and a few road maps. I was getting away from it all!

In Europe, I'm totally unknown. They don't receive "The Partridge Family" yet, so no one knows who I am. Wow! Was that strange!

For the first time in two years, I could go places and not be disturbed. At first, I kept peeking around to make sure there was no one waiting to attack me as I stepped out of a museum or someplace. But I was really unknown, and that was cool.

In Europe, I started looking up again. I could stand up straight and look people in the face and say 'hi' without any fear. I started to get my feet on the ground again.

MET LOTS OF PEOPLE

I met lots of groovy people on my month vacation, and I had a lot of interesting conversations. I didn't really tell many people who I was, because first of all, it really wouldn't mean anything to them, and besides, I was afraid they'd look at me differently after that. So I kept quiet.

After a lot of thinking, I feel I got my head together on my trip, when I was getting away from it all. Would you like to know what I realized?

First, I realized that I'd probably never have any way of knowing for certain whether you actually like me for me or for David Cassidy. Maybe you don't even know. So I decided I'd quit worrying about it and just enjoy all the warmth and love that I feel from you and not try to peek behind it.

Second, I realized that I am a likeable person, not a phony star. I met lots of great people and made some good friends and I know I couldn't have done that if I was being stuck-up or anything.

Third, I remembered what it's like to be an average person, and I'm glad I remembered that. It put things back in proportion.

I hope that if your head starts to come unglued, you can get away from it all too. It's important, sometimes it's necessary, and it never hurts to think about yourself and your life and how you relate to people, right?

So if you need to, do it! Maybe you can't take a week or a month, but you can take an afternoon and sit in a quiet place, or even stay in your room and reflect. Getting away, for even just a short time, is a real trip!

Love,