

David's plea:

"I WANT YOU BACK!"

Dear David,

I've got to tell you something that's been on my mind for quite a while. I used to be a real devoted fan of yours, but I'm not anymore. Do you want to know why? It's your *attitude!*

I used to lay awake planning how to meet you after a concert. I even thought I would crawl under the guards' legs if I had to! All your fans dream about the lucky day when they can meet you in person. They plan, send you gifts, write you letters, think of you 24 hours a day, don't go on dates in order to be true to you, go to your concerts, buy your records, watch you on TV, remember your birthday—and how do you repay them? By saying that you don't like to sign autographs, that's how! To me that means you don't care at all about your fans. And I know you won't even care enough to write me back and deny this either!

How would you like to appear at a concert and look out into the orchestra and balcony and **SEE NO ONE THERE?** Now you're probably thinking, "What's one 15-year-old fan less going to matter in my audience?" You're right, David—you won't even know I'm missing!

You don't hear the Osmonds telling everyone what a *bore* it is to sign autographs! They always let their fans feel wanted and needed. They have more love in their little fingers than you have in your whole body! Why don't you stay in Europe where you're a nobody—where none of your fans can "bother" you with their love? That seems to be what you want, anyway.

I know you won't respond to this letter because you don't care about that. That's okay—I already got *your* message! Goodbye.

An ex-Cassidy fan
Columbus, Ind.



The thing that hurts David the most about a letter like this is the fact that people think he actually *is* that way—cold, unresponsive, uncaring about his fans, bored by his stardom. Certainly not a very flattering description of anyone! But here's the most ironic thing of all—if David really didn't care at all about his fans, would he give up his social life and his private life to dedicate himself so completely to entertaining them? If that isn't love—then what is?

"If you think it's easy getting up with the birds every day, rehearsing 'The Partridge Family' all day long, being too tired when you go home to do anything but read the next day's script, squeezing in time to practice the songs for a weekend concert, running around all weekend from auditorium to auditorium, hoping your voice doesn't completely give out . . ." David pauses for breath, then continues, "and meanwhile hoping 'Oh, God, don't let me catch the flu, or Shirley's cold, or Brian's cough, or Suzanne's rash' because being sick means staying in bed for more time than I have—well, if *you* think it's so easy, try it sometime." David's

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