

DAVID'S DESIRES

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FEBRUARY 1972

He looks tired, very tired, but his eyes are bright with excitement. He feels the tickets in his pocket to make sure they're still there and punches his friend in the arm.

"I can't believe it! I'm finally leaving!"

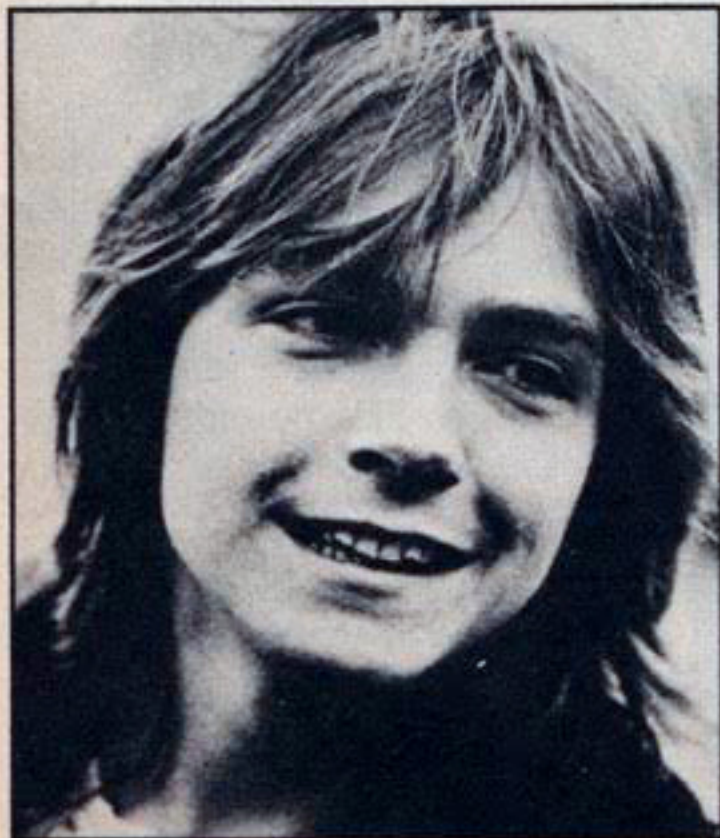
"If you make me drive off this road, you'll end up in the hospital again instead of on a plane!" remarks the guy.

But he isn't listening. "A real, honest-to-goodness vacation at last! Just me and Europe! No show, no concerts, no calls, nothing!" He sighs happily and checks his watch. "We're not going to be late, are we?"

"I'll get you there in plenty of time. And be quiet, I'm starting to get jealous! I might decide to come with you!"

"Nope—you know I haven't been alone in months!" He shakes his head and some of his enthusiasm disappears. "I've got a lot of thinking to do. I haven't even had time to do that lately!"

Everything goes smoothly until he's checking in at the counter. Suddenly two girls see him and rush over. Before long, he's completely surrounded by a circle of his fans, begging for autographs. He signs them as fast as he can, keeping an anxious eye on the clock.



DAVID LOVED his first trip to London and has returned there again!

The crowd grows, but finally he has to leave, and as he runs to the gate, he sees one of the crest-fallen girls burst into tears. He simply hadn't had time to sign his name for her, but on the plane he still thinks about it, and some of his excitement dwindles away.

Hours later, he arrives, rubbing his eyes sleepily. He begins to wake up a little as he goes through customs. Two teenage girls walk by. They both smile at him, and go on their way. He can't help laughing out loud. It's terrific! They didn't know he's David Cassidy! For the first time in a long while, he begins to relax.

MARCH 1973

When he walks into the photo studio, everybody is there waiting for him. An assistant runs up and takes the pile of clothes changes he's carrying.

"Sorry I'm late—the traffic was terrible," he says to the editor. "Is this outfit okay for the first shots?"

She looks at his beige, chamois pants and jacket. "Great!" she nods. "Where did you find it?"

"Oh, I had it made in London," he remarks casually, getting up on a tall stool and facing the camera. He starts to work, changing from one pose to another with practiced ease.

"How about some smiling?" directs the photographer. The famous dimples flash. The camera needs reloading, so he hops off the stool and moves away from the bright, hot lights.

"Anything exciting happening on the show?" inquires the editor.

He frowns and then shrugs. "Keith Partridge is living and well." He brightens a little. "I'm working on a whole bunch of music for my new stage act. Heavy!"

"Watch out," she laughs, "or you'll change your image!"

He doesn't smile. "That's exactly right."

The editor gives him a thoughtful look. "When is your contract with the TV show up?"

"Next season is the last I'm signed for. I've got a lot of plans for doing different things after that."

"You mean more dramatic roles?"

"Right!" He pulls on a turtle-neck someone hands him and takes his place on the stool again. "I'd like to play a bad guy, the kind of role that will really show what I can do. It's been almost three years since I've had a chance to act in something really serious."

"It sounds exciting," the editor admits. "But do you think all of your fans will dig the idea?"



MARCH '73 found David ready to go into new areas of records & movies!



A HAPPY DAVID looks forward to another year with love—for YOU!

WHAT ABOUT FANS?

"This is something I have to do. The fans who really like me will stay with me, I guess..." The words are forceful and calmly spoken, but suddenly he tosses his dark hair back in the old, familiar gesture.

"All I know is, as terrific as the last few years have been, it's time for me to stretch out and grow..."

He's looking directly into the camera now, but he isn't even conscious of the clicking of the lens. Lost in his thoughts, the large, hazel eyes hold an uncertain, wistful expression.

For a fleeting moment he looks like the shy young David Cassidy who was... before it all began to happen.

