

IN PLACE

"Where is David? Why does he keep rushing off the set? What's he doing?" everyone is asking — and only David can tell us the answer!

Hello, luvv!

I wish someone had taken a movie of the way I've been carrying on lately. I think it would really crack you up.

Last week I started disappearing from *The Partridge Family* set after every single rehearsal or shot or whatever we were doing. This isn't like me at all because like most of us I usually stay around the set until it's time to work again. Sometimes I study my lines for the next scene or try to get into the mood I'm supposed to be in on camera, or just hang out and talk to the other people on the show. Whatever I do, I usually do it there.

Not so last week. Every single time there were a few minutes or even seconds when I wasn't going to be needed in a scene, I headed for my dressing room, which is actually a trailer that's parked outside the sound stage. And I don't mean I did it calmly and quietly. I acted like I was on my way to put out six fires!

It didn't take my co-workers long to start wondering if I had lost an aggie or two (that's a really neat marble, remember?). First it was "Where's David?" and "What's with David today?" Later on, when they had to keep yanking me out of my trailer, I think they might have referred to me in shall we say rather stronger terminology.

Now, the big question. What was I doing?

I'll never tell. And you prob-



David Cassidy

writes personally to you

ably don't care because you're already asleep from reading this column so far, right? Okay, I'll tell you but it's really kind of embarrassing.

Why was I holding up production on my own television show? I was watching television!

I don't expect you to be able to figure that one out because I realise it doesn't make a lick of sense. I'm not really much of a TV addict, as I've probably said before. This may partly be because I just don't have the time. So, whatever was so important that I had to glue myself to the tube at every available second?

The World Series, that's what! And although I don't want to sound partial or one-

sided or anything like that, if the Mets don't win I'm going to crawl up into the rafters and sulk.

I've really been having a ball watching the play-off games that decide who'll be playing in the series, and now I'm in the middle of racing hysterically off the set every five minutes to watch the actual series games being played.

Naturally, I haven't been able to pry myself away from the telly to do anything sensible like go have lunch. That means I'm stuck with grabbing a bite

when the catering truck shows up every day around noon. I don't know if you have those in England, but here in LA there are lots of catering companies that send their trucks around laden with packaged sandwiches, cold and hot drinks, fruit, all types of pastry, and a special hot section of canned soup, various things like spaghetti in aluminium trays, and my fave, cheese burritos. (For the uninitiated, who will henceforth be referred to as "those without heartburn" that's pinto beans and melted cheese wrapped up in a flour tortilla, which is pronounced tortilla.) (Actually it's pronounced tor-tee-yah. I was just trying to be terribly humorous.) (Or was that terrible humorous?)

I know it may sound awfully good to have such things delivered to your very doorstep, but without casting any actual aspersions, I must admit that much of the food on many catering trucks looks somewhat finer than it tastes. In fact, in this area there's sort of an unannounced contest to come up with the most vile name possible to call these trucks, the least offensive of which I can recall at the moment is 'the gut wagon'. So you can imagine what some of the other titles are, and you'll have to because I've promised to stop using that kind of language.

Now if you'll excuse me, I have a baseball game to watch. More about my sports freak-out next week.

Love,

David Cassidy



ROCK
LINE
USA

Can't wait until tomorrow night when ROD STEWART (love him!) and FACES pop into the LA area for a one-nighter... The American producer of your *On The Buses* is called Lotsa Luck and I'm sorry to report it isn't very funny... JAMES BROLIN returned today from Guadalajara, Mexico... HELEN REDDY will be the first pop singer to perform at the famous Metropolitan Opera House, starting off their new policy of renting the hall out to rockers... Don't you just love the name of JAN-MICHAEL VINCENT's daughter, namely AMBER?... JAMES MACARTHUR is off to Richmond, Virginia, this week to do a per-

sonal appearance at the big Tobacco Festival there... Guitar-picker of the fifties and sixties and now a record producer, DUANE EDDY will tour your side of the water as a performer in 1974... VAN MORRISON packed them in for two nights at the huge Shrine Auditorium in Hollywood... Guess who sang back-up vocals on the new ALICE COOPER LP *S.S. Muscle Of Love*—None other than LIZA MINELLI... ROGER MOORE winged in from London to participate in a testimonial dinner here in Tinseltown... BOBBY VINTON will probably be coming your way to star as a rock singer in a flick called

(appropriately?) *Rock A Bye*... TOM JONES is one of the six nominees for Male Star Of The Year in the annual Las Vegas awards gambol... This week finds the STONES rolling hard in America with *Angie* still the number one national single and *Goat's Head Soup* atop the album charts... PAUL SIMON's had hit after hit on his own and now ex-partner ART GARFUNKEL has scored his first biggie with his single, *All I Know*, I think it's utterly beautiful, and it's out of his *Angel* Clare album... Huzzah! Word around town is that DAVID BOWIE re-tours the States in January.

JANEY MILSTEAD