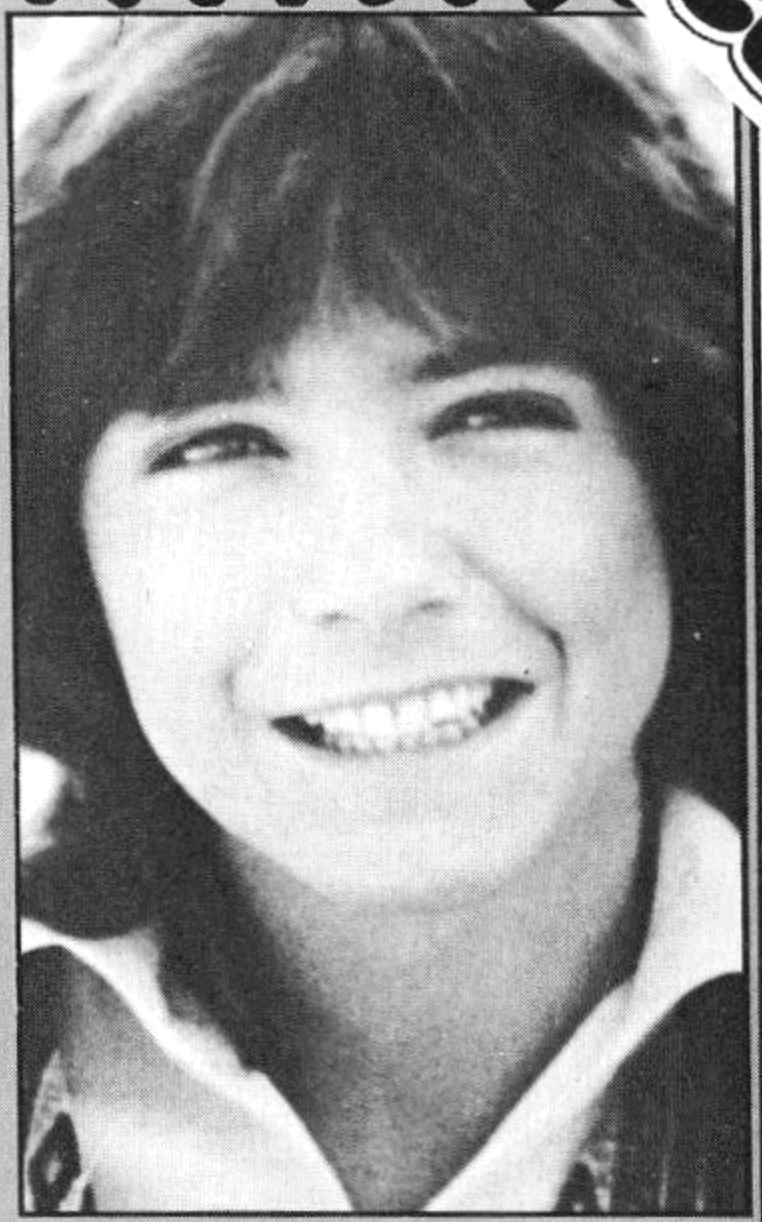


# David Cassidy writes



**Hollywood must be one of the most way-out places – yet when it comes to gear our friend David just doesn't care, as he explains in his letter to you this week . . .**

Hi there, luvs!

I think maybe you'd better write and tell me what they're calling girls in England these days. It used to be birds and dollies, so I heard, but I don't know what else to open with besides *luvs!* And for all I know, that may be way out of style. You've got to keep me posted on these things, you know.

On with this week's news. I've been asked a question by FAB readers, and lots of interviewers too, and to the people who know me, the answer is anything *but* news.

What kind of clothes do I like, and where do I buy my clothes? Good question, but I'm afraid you may be sorry you asked.

I really don't know what it is that makes us individual and different from each other, and it follows that I naturally have no idea why I'm not clothes oriented. Here it is the hey-day of fashion with great shops and wild fabrics and all that jazz. Lots of my friends dig clothes—though not to a ridiculous extent where every ruffle has to be perfect and your day isn't complete unless you've dropped by the bootery. They just dig them.

If the wardrobe department comes up with something really neat for me to wear on *The Partridge Family* or at a concert, I don't snarl and look the other way. I

wear the outfit and feel great. But before I know it, I'm right back in jeans and a shirt, feeling even greater.

Now I'd better tell you how I happen to own more than just a couple of shirts. (If I don't tell you, one of my friends will, because I'm always getting ribbed about this.)

When my acting career started off, photographers started wanting to take pictures of me. They couldn't find me at parties or Hollywood night clubs, because those I avoid! So, they had to shoot me (lens-wise, of course) at home. And they soon found out that jeans and a shirt, most usually a tee shirt, were part of my natural habitat.

For a while I just got this look, and then different photographers started bringing along a shirt. Then I'd give *them* a look, and they'd hum and haw and end up saying "well, er, David, we need you in two different shirts, so we thought we'd bring you a change." After that, they coughed a lot and I changed shirts and I usually ended up forgetting to give them the shirt back.

I must say, I've built up quite a nice wardrobe this way. And so economical. I'm kidding, but that's where some of my clothes came from. The rest I got for Christmas or something, and

maybe once in a while I'll go in a store if something really catches my eye. But I don't even have a special store I like. Clothes just aren't my thing, and I'm kind of glad they aren't. I'm a lot more interested in what's inside a person than I am in what's hanging on the framework.

Does anyone recall my first column, where I talked about how much I like to keep moving and see new places? Well, one of my day-dreams has always been to go to an island and live in a little grass shack (or however it is the song goes) and that's exactly what I just got back from doing! Tune in next week so that I can tell you everything that happened to me in Hawaii.

In the meanwhile, how's about writing back? You can find me at Screen Gems, N. Beachwood Dr., Hollywood, Calif., 90028. I'm so sorry I can't answer the letters, but that's just not humanly possible. But I do love reading them and will try to answer some of your questions in this column.

Love,  
DAVID.

