

in writing new songs, so that's maybe something else you could try your hand at, if you reckon you might have a talent that way.

At the moment, I'm getting in quite a lot of practice time, and it seems as if that might go on longer than I'd expected. You see, it looks as though I'm to have an extended vacation — thanks to the motion picture scriptwriters!

ON STRIKE

They've been on strike. So, of course, everything at all the studios had to grind to a halt while they waited for more scripts to film!

I guess it came at quite a lucky time for *The Partridge Family* because we hadn't started shooting the new season's shows, so there was no loss of time on set for us, while actors and equipment were all kept on standby. That's been happening with quite a few shows, though, and it's cost the film companies a great deal of money.

And, of course, it's messed up all the studio schedules for the next few months while shows catch up on lost ground.

Right now, it seems quite a nice idea . . . I carry on lazing around, trying out some music, or grubbing around in the garden — just generally looning about, enjoying myself.

But the problems are to come. Because with a late start, the pressure will be on once we do get shooting, and it's quite likely that the filming programme will have to extend beyond the present schedule.

So I'm all jumpy that it might interfere with plans for my promotional tours in the summer and fall of this year . . . Everything's still in the air, as it is . . . So it wouldn't take much to cancel the whole thing, and I'd be really sad if that had to happen.

Meanwhile, I'm keeping my mind occupied

getting things lined up to go into the studios and lay some new album tracks. I guess you've realised by now that I've gotten all that hassle about my recording commitments straightened out.

I hate it, the way anything like that is grabbed by the media and blown up, right out of true.

Surely every artist must want freedom to choose the numbers he's going to record for his fans — and to a large extent, at least, the *style* he's going to interpret them? Well, that's the kind of freedom I want anyway! And I hope you like the use I mean to make of it.

I want the *real* David Cassidy to come across to you on my discs . . . Not some image that somebody else has conceived . . . But ME, the real, live, flesh-and-blood me!

One thing that's almost for sure is that there'll be some arrangements of old Lennon and McCartney numbers on this next album. Well, I guess you all know how I've felt about the Beatles ever since I was a kid of about ten, and they've been kind of my music models — if I've ever had any at all. So this is something I've been wanting to do for a while now.

And I've gotten even more enthusiastic about it since I've met John Lennon. I'm hoping that you'll really freak out at some of those songs. And I'll be adding something of myself to them, 'cos I'm full of ideas for arrangements and all. But I don't want to tell you more, till I've actually canned them, gotten them pressed, and you can hear the effect for yourselves!

And that shouldn't be too long away now!

But it looks as though I'll have to say goodbye pretty smartly, 'cos Sheesh and Bull's Eye have unearthed the most perfect throwing stick, and I can see that they're going to tug at my pants till I put down my pen and go play with them!

So, as a guy who values the seat of his pants staying put where the tailor intended it — I reckon I'd better be getting along right now!

Love,
David.

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