



# David's personal letter to you

COLUMBIA RANCH  
HOLLYWOOD  
CALIFORNIA

Hi there!

In my time I've tried living most places... Like apartments, houses, castles, hotels—even tents! And, of course, aeroplanes! And that seems to be where I've been spending most of my time of late... A kind of permanent 'between-stops' existence. Now I'd be the first to say that aeroplanes are great things—in small doses!!

After a few nights of non-stop giggling, my seat on the plane seems kinda like a refuge... A place where I can be sure to be able to put my head down for a few hours and get some real privacy and peace and quiet.

I even use my sky-spells for practising as often as not. It's a good place for that, I can tell you. Leastways I find it to be. I look out at the bright blue sky outside of the window and down at the fluffy white clouds beneath me, and I get a glorious feeling of freedom, like I'm floating on air for real. Well, I guess I am! So that's not so amazing, is it?

It's a time when I often find myself composing new songs, without even meaning to. It's like they just float into my brain and my fingers from way out there in the cosmos. Reckon that's what they mean by inspiration.

## NEW MEMBERS

And for somebody like me, who doesn't always find composing new numbers easy-going, it's like being in the middle of a wonderful dream.

But dreams can all too easily turn into nightmares. And one of my worst nightmares is of being confined in a small space. I love the sense of space and open country. That's one reason why I don't mind living in L.A. too much. 'Cos you can be out of the city and into the open spaces within a half hour or so of driving. But there's no way you can take a break from a plane—short of suicide!

Not that I often want to... Like I say, I normally get this great feeling of being above and beyond everything, which hardly ever fails to give me a terrific kick.

But there are times when the pressures just seem to build up, till I feel like I'm going to bust if I don't get a breath of genuine fresh air, instead of this processed stuff they're feeding you through the air conditioning!

It's crazy, sure... But, when you once get that kind of idea into your head, it's not too easy to drive it out again. And, with flights lasting up to eight hours, I can get a big uptight at times.

## TRAVELLING

After all, there are only so many things you can do on board plane to take your mind off the things that are bugging you. I can recall one time when there was a guy travelling with me who had this habit of drumming his fingers on the table. Sometimes he'd stop for a while—and drum them on the window instead! And within a couple of hours he'd gone a fair way to driving me crazy.

I tried playing guitar for a while, in the hope that I'd be able to drown the noise. But it was there, all the while, at the back of my mind, till I couldn't figure whether I was actually hearing it any more or just kinda supplying it!

So I went for a wander around and rapped with a couple of friends who were playing chequers. But all the time half my attention was with that finger-drumming guy. It was like he'd mesmerised me.

Of course, I thought of asking him to quit it. But it's not the easiest thing to slip into a friendly conversation, you know... Anyhow, the way I figured, it's a free world! If he wanted to go ahead and drum his fingers for three hours on end, who was I to stop him?