



Here's David arriving (above) and leaving (below) East Kilbride last May. But in between, he was pretty busy - as you'll see in the next few pages.



David's

personal letter to you

Hi there!

I know by now that you must be just about fed up with hearing about my holiday, so I thought maybe I could tell you a bit about some of the recording I've done in the past few months.

But before I get started on *that* tale, I'd like to thank you all for the marvellous response that the *David Cassidy Live* album has received. I'm really grateful that so many of you liked it, as well as the single.

I was a bit worried that you might not like "Please Please Me", but you more than erased any doubts I had. So, once again, thanks.

Now, where was I? Oh yeah, the recording. Well, I guess maybe I should apologise for keeping my visits to Sarm studio quiet, but it really was vital. You see, when you're working at a recording studio, you have to book the studio pretty far in advance.

If you don't finish the work you're doing during the period that you've booked, then that's just too bad—it's someone else's turn!

So it was really vital that I finish mixing and producing the whole album before my time was up. It was decided that, since that was the case, we had to make absolutely sure that we didn't lose any time to interruptions.

ABSOLUTELY QUIET

The whole operation was kept absolutely quiet, and I managed to get the job done on time. I was working with Barry Ainsworth, and it was really a great experience.

You see, while I was doing the concerts Barry was sitting outside the stadiums, in a mobile recording studio, making sure that all my bad notes were covered up!

No, seriously, he did a really fine job on the engineering, and when we're at Sarm, he was a great help. I was a bit nervous, because even though I produced "If I Didn't Care", I was still a bit doubtful about a whole album!

But once Barry and I sat down and actually got to work on the tapes, things went pretty smoothly, I think I learned a lot, too.

One thing that happened was really funny, and I want to share it with you. You see, it took six nights to finish working on the album, and to make certain that there wouldn't be any hassles with the police, the folks at Sarm studios rang up the local "cop shop" and told them that I would be at the studios, just in case there was a leak in security and they might need help in traffic control or something.

SURROUNDED

I guess they also gave them a description of my car (I had hired a white limousine) because there was virtually no parking space around the area, and they were hoping that I wouldn't get a ticket if the police knew the problem.

Well, about the third night, when Barry and I had wrapped things up and I was looking forward to going back to the house, I went around the corner and found my car—surrounded by three enormous policemen!

I went up to them and asked what was wrong, hoping that everything was alright. I knew that I was parked in a slightly illegal fashion, but I hoped that they'd let me off with a warning. The last thing I wanted was an argument at 11.00 pm!

Well, you can imagine my relief when I found out that they had recognised my car from the description given to them by the studio, and that all they wanted was my autograph!

That was one of the most pleasant autographs I ever gave anyone!

Apart from that, the sessions went off with out a problem. And, even though I really enjoyed working on the album, I don't think that producing is what I want to specialise on just yet!

It's pretty tough to be critical about your own