

David's

personal letter to you

COLUMBIA RANCH
HOLLYWOOD
CALIFORNIA

Hi there!

... You know how it is when you've got a really nice memory stored away about some place or something you've done in the past... You sort of keep on dreaming over it in your mind, till you get to wondering whether it could ever *really* have been that fantastic at the time!

That's why I always find myself split right down the middle when I'm trying to decide to go back to places which have meant a lot to me first time round. I can't help being a bit scary that it'll all turn out to be one big let-down. So I'd lose out both ways... I'd have a lousy time *and* I'd shatter a beautiful memory too. I'll bet you've felt exactly the same way before now — except you might not have stopped to analyse it like I have recently.

You see, I had precisely this problem with Italy... To go, or not to go? Ever since I was in Italy last year, it's been like a magnet for me! Everything was so wonderful there; the scenery was breathtakingly lovely, the skiing was good, the people were really great... You name it — I liked it!!

I guess the folks there were really just about as nice as they are in any country, come to think of it. The big difference was that they didn't have a clue who 'David Cassidy' was!

NEW PALS

And that meant that I could mix in with them and get to know them. To them I was just another American tourist, who'd come for the snow skiing, and who happened to be a pop singer.

Sure, they soon got to realise I was a singer. Well, it didn't take the greatest scientific brain of the century to work that out when I tripped into the ski lodge with my guitar all tangled up with my boots and skis!

That was really nice, the way they greeted me. As I came in and they saw the guitar, they all stood up and started waving their hands around, shouting, "La musica! La musica!" Now I'm no expert on the foreign language stunt, but even I could get as far as translating that one! So I just grinned, while they gathered round to have a closer look at the guitar and help me get myself and my bags sorted out!

Actually, it soon turned out that language wasn't too much of a problem at all. For a start, a lot of the folks there spoke some English. And, anyway, when the words ran out, we seemed to get along fine with pulling faces at each other and pointing at things. In fact, that was kind of fun in itself, and we usually used to end up in fits of laughter — so it didn't really matter whether we'd gotten the original point across or not!

INTERNATIONAL APPEAL

In any case, there are some things which are universal, don't you agree? Like a smile means the same thing anywhere in the world... So does falling over on your skis! And so does music.

You don't have to understand the *words* of a song for it to mean a lot to you. You can be right there with it, simply by being sensitive to the mood of the music and the expression the singer puts into it. I know that's true for me, at least, and I guess it must be so for all real music-lovers.

Anyway, there's no other way I can account for fans in France, Germany, Belgium, Holland and all these other foreign countries going for my music. I guess, it might be that their English is incredibly good... I hadn't thought of that possibility before! But I reckon it's

