

# HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED what adorable David Cassidy does when the lights go out?!

## Sure—you've shared nearly all of David's private life with him, but . . .

Through *16* and *SPEC*, you've joined David for intimate private morning hours in his trailer-dressing room—with its wall-to-wall carpet, dim lights, stereo record player and David's "practicing" guitar. You've met him afternoons backstage on tour and shared his laughter, apprehension and consideration for lucky fans who found out where he was. And, of course, you've visited his home high in the Hollywood Hills, and even spent many evening hours alone with David in his most private sanctuary and hideaway, his bedroom—with everything David needs and enjoys from his cameras to his color slide viewers to his 12 guitars!

And during all this time that you've come to know David better—and *very personally*—you've come to love him even more. But there has always been one place in David Cassidy's private life that's been kept off-limits to you—until now, that is. Finally—just for all you *16* regulars—David is drawing aside the veil of secrecy that has surrounded his *nights*!

When the busy-ness of the day dies down and the excitement of the evening is over, when the stars are out and the moon is high in the sky and it's time for David to go to bed and turn out those lights for another night—what then, little DC-luvver, what then?

Before David snuggles up in his king-size bed—with its matching pastel sheets and pillowcases—he always throws one of his bedroom windows open wide, cos David digs *fresh air*! For the first few minutes, as David lies alone in the darkness, his mind is a total blank. He likes to just lie there quietly and let the whole world vanish from his thoughts. After a while, however, David begins to think. He's one of those night people who—if he had his way—would stay up most of the night and sleep all morning. But because of his heavy schedule David knows such luxury as that is far behind him and—well, *maybe* somewhere far ahead in the future. In the meantime, David knows that—in order to meet the extremely demanding work load he faces each day—he must lead an organized life, and that means hitting the sack at an appropriate time so that he will be able to get up at 6:30 A.M.!

So after David has blanked his mind completely to all this day's activities, in his head he quietly peruses tomorrow's schedule. He has a sort of mental check list for each tomorrow, so David spends a little time

going over it just to make sure that when tomorrow comes he'll be prepared for it—and he won't *forget* anything!

After David has finished planning the next day, his thoughts take an entirely *different* turn and they always swing towards the same two things—*music* and *love*. To David, music and love are not two separate things, but rather *one*—a whole. Since it is impossible for David to go to sleep right away, he soon finds himself writing a little song in his head. First, he hears the music—and then the words just sort of arise from somewhere in his heart. They are usually very beautiful words, very poetical words and very *romantic* words. Some of David's inspiration for these songs comes from real-life events, but most of it comes from his romantic imaginings.

David—like all normal, healthy young men—secretly longs to meet the one girl in the world he can love *deeply, truly* and *forever*. And there isn't a night that passes that David doesn't think about "her"—the girl of his dreams who—though she may be very far away—as he lies there in the darkness, is very close to him.

*There'll come a time—*

*Why, I know—*

*You might see me after a show,*

*And maybe there'll be no one else around.*

When those words spring into David's thoughts, he remembers how often he has longed for that special someone to suddenly appear. *Who knows*, he thinks in the silence of the night, *she may just walk through any door one day—backstage after a show, or through the doorway of my hotel suite someday when I'm on the road—or maybe one day she'll just walk into the recording studio where I'm cutting a record.*

Now David is beginning to grow sleepy. There's a soft glow around him and he feels all warm and cuddly. Somehow—through a trick of his imagination perhaps—he feels the girl he longs for right there in the room near him, and moving closer. As David drifts off into dreamland, he reaches out. He can feel her hand in his. He gently pulls her close to him, puts both his arms around her, snuggles up, smiles happily—and falls asleep holding his pillow in his arms.