



BETWEEN US!

BY DAVID CASSIDY

This month I'd like to use this column to answer a letter I received from a fan that kind of set me to thinking. First the letter:

Dear David:

I don't really know how I feel. I guess it's a mixture of hurt and shock. I don't know.

You see, I was at one of your concerts at Holmdel, New Jersey with a friend and I was standing within touching and hearing distance, so I said "Hi! David!" You turned and looked right at me, but with all my waving and smiling, you didn't even smile!

This has been bothering me for a long time, so I decided to write and ask you about it. I don't care if it takes a long time to answer this David, but I would like to know why you weren't smiling.

Love,

Cheryl H.—West Dennis, Ma.

Well, Cheryl, it's a little hard for me to explain, but I'll try. You see, when I'm doing a live concert there are a lot of things that are going on in my mind.

Some of them are good things, like how much I really enjoy singing for all of you and what a great feeling it is to be up there watching all of you having a good time and how glad I am to be able to see all of you.

But there are also some things I worry about during concerts—like is the sound system just right so everyone can hear and have I remembered to wave to all different sections of the auditorium and am I doing all the songs you want to hear and can all of you see me.

And I guess what probably happened right at the moment that I looked at you was that, even though I was looking at you—and seeing you—in the back of my mind I was worrying about whether or not everything was just right so that each person there would be satisfied with the concert.

Or perhaps I was singing a new song that night and was concentrating on remembering the words. Sometimes I add a new song to my concerts before I'm really sure of the words. And I do want everything to be perfect.

It's also possible that I was so overwhelmed at that particular moment by the reaction of the audience that I just sort of went blank. It seems like no matter how many concerts I do, it still amazes me that all those people would want to come and see and hear *me* and the applause does sometimes just about knock me off my feet!

It might have been something silly too—like if you saw me just after my surgery, I was having trouble keeping my pants up be-

cause I'd lost so much weight. I had to pin my pants up for a while and I might have been concerned about how tight I had pinned them.

So what I'm trying to say is I'm sorry I didn't smile at you but it didn't have anything to do with you and there wasn't anything major wrong—I just must have had some minor little concern on my mind at that particular moment. I shall try and see that it doesn't happen again.

Thank you for writing. I hope I've answered your question.

Love,
David

