

**D**avid was sitting perched on the arm of one of his armchairs, playing his guitar in a relaxed, 'no-special-tune' sort of way when I called in to see him the day before he left to return to the States.

For a split second as I walked through the door I caught sight of his wistful look as he gazed out of his window towards Hyde Park. But it was only for a second, because – as soon as he saw the door opening – he jumped up and was there beside me, almost before I was right in the room.

## A PRISONER

"Gee, I'd love to just be able to go for a stroll in that park over there, Pat . . . you know, wander down the stairs, cross over the road and then walk on alone, looking around me and taking it all in. Oh boy, it seems so quiet and peaceful over there."

I asked him what was stopping him. But, of course, even before he replied, I knew roughly what his answer would be . . .

"How can I?" he said, looking sadly at me, "My only chance to relax in there would be if I climbed over the wall in the middle of the night! And, knowing my luck, it'd be pouring with rain anyway!"

I understood how he felt – both about not being able to relax *and* about the rain!

You see, since his arrival in London, David had hardly

**"A SUPERSTAR IS ONLY  
ANOTHER GUY"  
SAYS DAVID**

been able to call a minute of his life his own . . . he hadn't had a chance to fit in any sightseeing, and the one thing he had been looking forward to was a bus tour taking in all the big sights of London which had been scheduled for the Tuesday afternoon.

Well, Tuesday morning had dawned bright and clear, so everything seemed to be going our way . . . Until about 2 o'clock – when the sky clouded over threateningly and the first drops of rain began to fall. So David had been virtually a prisoner in the bus except when he insisted on getting out (armed with umbrella) to take a closer look at famous buildings like Buckingham Palace.

"Of course, I enjoyed it in spite of the rain," he said when I sympathised. "At least it was a first step, so I shall know my way about a bit better next time I hit the English scene! I'd have been furious if I'd had to go back to the States without seeing any of these great places.

I asked David how he'd enjoyed some of the other things he'd managed to fit in while he'd been over, and first of all I wanted to know if he liked "Godspell", because I knew he'd gone to see that on the Monday evening.

"Man, was that something! You've got to see it, Pat, if you haven't already – it's just great! So vibrant, you know? And – what's the word I'm hunting? – 'fresh' I think . . . like it was coming straight out from inside those singers and actors without them needing a set script at all!"

## 'FUTURE PLANS?'

I suggested that perhaps that might be the sort of show David himself would like to go into whenever he finally decided to move on from the Partridge Family . . .

"Mmmm, I sure would like to have a part in a show like that, but at the moment I've no plans to leave the Partridges . . . so who can say what I'll do . . . maybe a