

David Cassidy writes

personally to you
about his rather accident-prone
month — it just seems he suffers
from 'third time unlucky' . . .



Hello, luvs!

I'm beginning to think that this just isn't my month.

First a whopper of a case of the 'flu right on my birthday. Then someone whams into my car and does \$400 worth of damage. Now let me tell you about my latest smooth move.

What I did first was forget to take a bunch of stuff out of the back seat of my car one night. My brother's guitar was there, and a camera I happen to love, and a few other things. The stuff was okay overnight, because my house is pretty private, and there's a big fenced yard, etc.

The problem is, I forgot to take everything inside, or lock it in the trunk (boot to you!) the next day, when I was in a hurry to get to a recording session in Hollywood.

I really did just completely forget about what was in the back seat. Until I came bopping out of the record session after it was over! Then it took me about one sixth of a second to realise I hadn't been super-bright because every bit of the stuff was gone!

It took me longer than that to believe it, though. Does that happen to you? Like you just emerge from the ocean having swum (that doesn't sound right, but it'll have to do) for miles. You look down and your favorite, cherished ring is gone from your finger. So what do you do? Start feeling your finger, of course, thinking the ring might be hidden by a pore or something!

I guess it's just human nature to absolutely not believe something you really like has been stolen or lost. It must be, be-

cause I hurried up and opened the car door and started jumping around looking under the seats! Now it would be pretty difficult for a guitar to conceal itself under the seat of a Corvette (not exactly the world's most enormous car), but never fear, I knew it was under there somewhere because it just had to be.

It wasn't. Nor was the camera, or the few other things. I immediately wanted to start hitting myself on the head with a medium-sized hammer because I should have known better. Opening the locked door of a car isn't really very hard if you know how to do it. It takes a coat hanger and about ten seconds if you're handy at that sort of thing. When I've had to open my own that way, it takes a little longer (around ten hours), but it certainly isn't impossible.

I should know that better than anyone, because I've locked my keys in the car several times, and although any sensible person has two sets of keys, leave it to me not to. It always happens to me the same way. I come zooming in the driveway with the car radio going full blast. There's a great song on, and I just can't turn it off right in the middle so I sit there digging on it until it's finished. Then, with my mind a few million miles off, I leap out of the car, lock it and then look in the window and wave goodbye to my keys, which are still in the ignition.

This hasn't happened with my new car, but it took place often enough in the past for me to know that even I can get into

a car if I have to, which means most people do it lots faster.

I don't suppose I'll ever know who took the things, and I'm really fortunate that I can replace my brother's guitar without any big hassle. Guitars are really private instruments, which is something I could explain only to someone else who plays guitar, and I'm really sorry I left it out there in full view of whoever was going through the parking lot, doing a bit of shopping.

I'm just sure the stuff wasn't taken by someone who knew it was my car. Can't stand the word fans because it makes me sound like I think I'm God or something, but the people who dig me wouldn't do something like that. If I know them, they'd see the stuff in there and stand guard on it until I came back outside!

I was just reading about some 'science' where inanimate objects can be controlled by brain waves and vibrations, so maybe if I send out a lot of those the camera will take a picture of the person who swiped the guitar and send it to me.

Oh, yeah? Sure it will.
Love,

David Cassidy