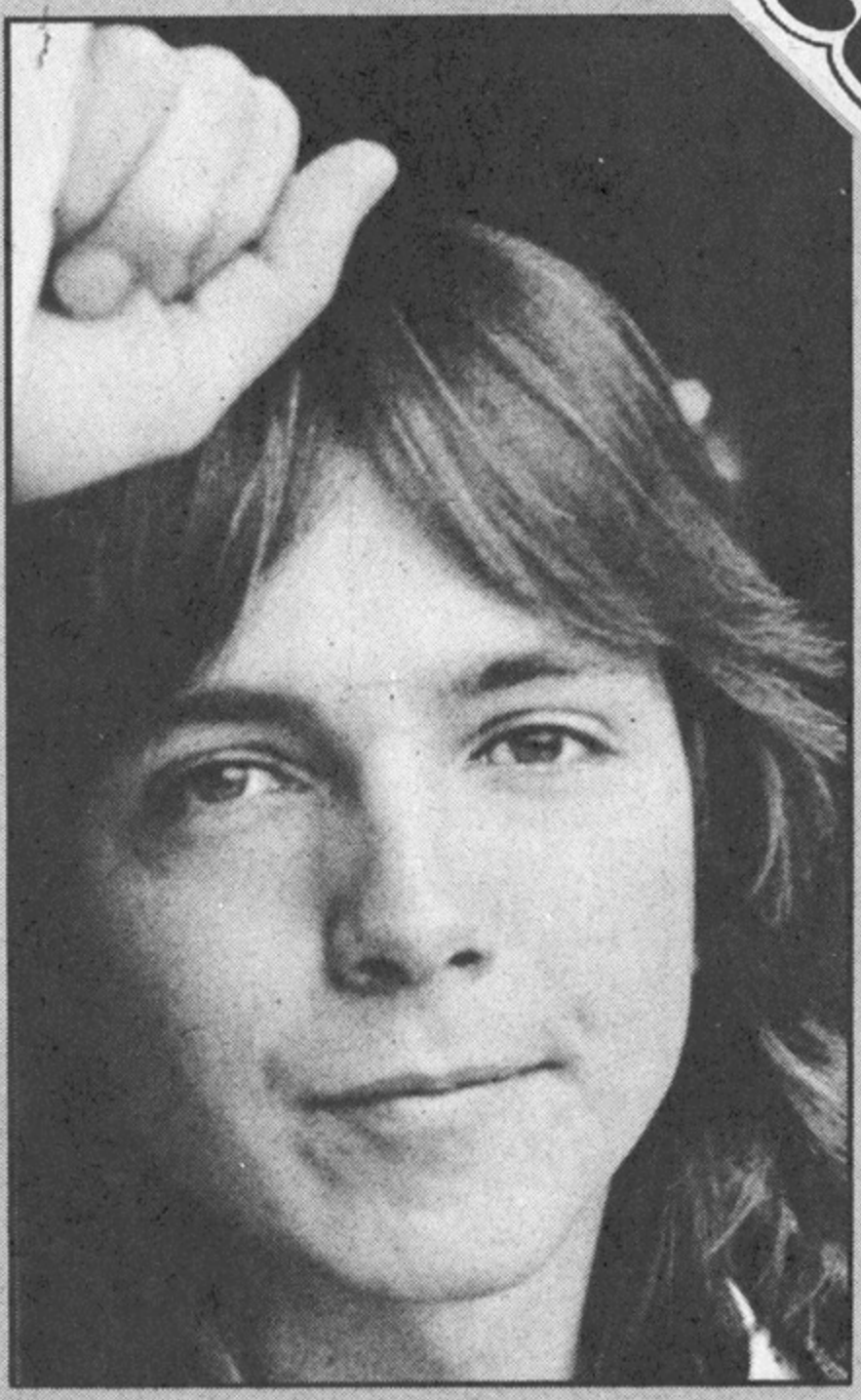


David Cassidy writes

personally to you

David was in a state of shock after the great reception we gave him in London, but he's managed to recover — to write his column!



Hello luv's!

I'm still practically in shock from the fabulous reception I got in your country, but before I start carrying on about all the neat things I did, I'd like to carry on about a few things I didn't (get to do, I mean).

Like when we got to London Airport. What a scene! I thought I must be dreaming or something, but no, there were all those people! I thought there might be a few fans (yech, there's that word again)—nope, let's make that *friends*, there to watch us land, but wow! I swear the whole world was there!

Things like that just don't happen! And when they do happen, you get the feeling like you want to run right out into the middle of everyone and start jumping up and down because you're so happy to see them, too! Anyway, that's the way this incredible sight struck me. (A photo I'd once seen of the Beatles landing in your jam-packed airport kept racing through my mind and here it was, the same type of thing, only for me???) I still get dizzy thinking about it.)

Well, you already know that I didn't get to do any jumping up and down except inwardly. I didn't even get to so much as acknowledge your presence. I'm not complaining about your police or anything, but they wouldn't even let me dash out there and wave! They made me go out by a side exit and take another

route and they were so adamant about it, they almost bodily hurried me along in that direction!

I was just sick! There it was, my shining hour and all that, and I was finally getting to see my British friends and whap! They send me out another way! If anyone reading this was at the airport that day, I want you to know you gave me one of the most far-out moments of my lifetime, and I'm so sorry that I wasn't able to let you know at the time how much I luv you for taking the time to welcome me to Britain.

The same goes for those who gathered outside my hotel while I was staying in London. I did manage to sneak out a few times and chat a little and sign autographs, but once again, it could have been so much better. I was on the other side of the hotel, so I couldn't really hear the chanting, but I sure heard about it!

The other guests in the hotel were complaining, and the hotel was getting uptight because all their security force was 'on my case' and that left no one for other problems that might come up.

Things finally came to the point where they suggested that we leave and find lodgings elsewhere! We ended up not having to do this after a lot of conversation and promises, some of which really messed up my plans to sneak back outside to meet more of you.

I was asked not to appear because they were afraid it might cause a riot! That's what they said, a *riot*! I hardly think *that* would have happened, but oh well, what could we do? It was either cool it or move on, and since we had no idea where to move on *to*, I stayed inside.

I was really sorry about something else I ended up not being able to do, and that was the *Top Of The Pops* show. It was pre-empted by the Olympics and well, that took care of that.

Hope all of you who did try and get us together even for a mo will understand why it just didn't turn out that way. But, I said this before and I'll say it again; I've never ever had such a fantastic reception!

Thanks, thanks and more thanks for caring and letting me know about it! It's something I'll always remember.

Now that I've covered the things that didn't quite come off, I'll probably spend my next trillion columns telling you all about the things I did do and what a blast they were!

Tune in next week for those further adventures!

Love,

David Cassidy

