

David Cassidy is depressed because journalists are trying to catch him out

It was a grey and gloomy day, as London has so many of them. At Heathrow, a TV crew was standing by. Waiting for the arrival of a certain someone. There were press people other than TV's Tony Blackburn. Then the plane landed and all eyes were on a medium height person, young and handsome, coming down the gangway.

A couple of gentlemen assisted him over to the VIP room. TV would talk to him first. It was quick and effortless and was on the occasion of the Top Of The Pops broadcast anniversary, the programme was being broadcast for the five hundredth time and for that occasion they would of course have the biggest star of them all with them.

Ask away, he said, smiling. It was asked.

Is it true that you don't record your own discs? asked one.

'Were you at my concerts here last spring?' replied the singer. No. said the journalist. Don't ask stupid questions, the singer warned.

Is it true that one of your friends died of an overdose? asked another journalist. Yes, he replied

-Can we have the details? -he continued.

'No, no. I'd rather not talk about it, replied the singer

-You have been seen holding hands with a girl in Los Angeles. Have you become engaged? No! Several questions buzz through the room, all of them about his sex life and a few financial questions.

Doesn't anyone want to know anything about my new LP? asks the singer. There is none.

Well, says the singer's press officer, that's all for today. Thank you for coming, ladies and gentlemen of the press! David Cassidy walks out to his aeroplane, because he is David Cassidy. About fifteen minutes later, the plane lifts its silver wings into the sky after Cassidy's briefest visit to England. This little description of the situation tells us very well what his life can be like and what it is like when journalists try to put him against the wall

-Sometimes I feel like they're just trying to get me to reveal myself in one way or another, so they can get a good story. But I know that I can't think like that because then I'll just get depressed.

In a way, I feel like there's a distance between my fans and the people who write about me, for them.

After a concert I always feel totally exhausted but always tired in a very happy and upbeat way, because it has been an amazing experience to be the main attraction in such a show, bursting with emotion and excitement. That's why I'm saddened when the press afterwards only knows to trap me in something useful so they can sell a few extra copies.

If David Cassidy ever needs to recharge, he'll shut himself away for a day or just an evening in his beautiful home. He has a lot of pressure on his shoulders and he knows it.

Often I don't feel like going to a concert and performing. I feel tired and out of sorts, my whole body is heavy as lead. But that feeling always disappears the moment I stand in front of the audience. Then I'm completely myself again and feel the energy flowing. I wonder if the energy will flow when David Cassidy appears in Scandinavia in the spring for a concert that could make the Rolling Stones' concerts look like school dances?