

David Cassidy writes

personally to you



What turns David on – and what are his pet hates? You're the ones who've asked, so here's the complete list . . .

Hello, luvs!

Thanks so much for all the great mail I've been receiving. Some has been forwarded by FAB, and lots of other letters have come directly to me in Hollywood. I really wish I could answer them personally, but I just can't. But I will try to answer some of your questions here in this column.

So many of you have asked me to write more about the things I like and don't like, so I thought I'd spend this whole column thinking up a few lists of answers. Since I like more things than I don't like, the plus lists are probably longer, and not violently interesting, but try not to go to sleep!

I like animals, especially dogs, cats and giraffes (I really dig giraffes, they're so weird!) . . . old movies . . . new movies . . . fireplaces . . . popcorn popped in the fireplace . . . incense . . . smiles (every one is different, as any smile-watcher can tell you) . . . people who can wiggle their ears (no, I can't) . . . kerosene lanterns or hurricane lamps . . . candles burning all over the place . . . zoos (although I do get bugged by the fact that the animals aren't free in their natural habitat—but somehow, the way things are going, I think they're probably safer behind bars!).

I don't like fur coats (for obvious reasons) . . . smoggy air . . . cigarettes (I have nightmares that I've started smoking again!) . . . obvious manicures on men . . . teased hair on anyone . . . shopping (except at a health food store, which is neat and interesting) . . . professionally decorated houses (they

seem so cold) . . . houses that don't look lived in, where you're afraid to breathe because you might disturb something . . . tattoos . . . astrology buffs who are so into it, they base everything in their lives and the world on the stars.

I really dig people with unusual occupations . . . reading books on nutrition and taking the right vitamins . . . the ecological movement . . . the roasted chestnuts you can buy from street vendors in New York City . . . staying up late and getting up early, but not together . . . going barefoot . . . the beach . . . the beach at night . . . Hawaii . . . cranberry juice . . . kaleidoscopes . . . bowls of fruit sitting around . . . houses with a view . . . cocoanuts, although I usually bash myself trying to crack them open . . . big families who do things together in real life like the *Partridges* do on television . . . camping . . . cooking and eating outdoors . . . everything about the outdoors . . . palm trees . . . trees, period . . . recycled paper . . . trying to talk with various accents . . . drug stores that have soda fountains (they smell so great) . . . hardware stores.

I can do without doctors' and dentists' waiting rooms . . . seeing off someone I'll really miss at a train or plane (they seem further away) . . . lime jelly . . . big lunches (lot to eat in the middle of the day makes me want to sleep, which I've been known to do) . . . guns . . . girls with hair you can't touch because they're afraid to ruin the effect.

I laugh at really silly jokes . . . myself when I sing a sour

note . . . remembering the goofy things I did and thought when I was a little kid . . . old film comedies . . . the *Peanuts* comic strip, especially Snoopy . . . circuses.

I'd love to stop all the bad things that are happening in the world . . . act a really far-out adventure-type role, and also something on the serious side . . . go to every country in the whole world . . . adopt a yardful of homeless animals but it isn't legal here . . . have my own riding horse . . . learn to tap dance well . . . sing with a huge choir like Judy Collins did on *Amazing Grace*—what a sound!

I'm bored by arguments about politics and religion (they're pointless and no one ever wins but a lot of people get mad) . . . being sick (I about went out of my head when I was recovering from my operation and had to stay in bed) . . . people who live for clothes and won't step outside their house unless they're perfectly attired . . . people who repeat themselves . . . people who repeat themselves . . . heh heh.

I hope this has answered a whole bunch of your questions!

Love,

David Cassidy

