

Last month, FLIP's West Coast Editor Carol Deck took you to visit David Cassidy at his new house in Laurel Canyon. You saw the casual, relaxed way David lives and met his dog, Sam, and his artist roommate, also named Sam. We ran out of room last month, but now let's continue with your day at home with David!

The living room is a wide open, warm room where you want to sit on the floor and talk for hours. In the middle is a large, low table made out of a giant spool (the kind used for things like telephone wires) with four sturdy orange crates for chairs. On the wall is a painting done by Sam.

David is particularly proud of the rug. It's one of those new modern fabrics that doesn't spot and David proves it by deliberately spilling water on it. He wipes it up with a cloth and the spot disappears.

In the kitchen is evidence that neither of the guys spends much time preparing elaborate meals. There's a box of cereal on the counter and the fridge is full of ready to eat goodies.

David offers everyone a drink of water or a soft drink and then wanders out on the sun porch that's off of the kitchen. From it you can look back down the road you came up to get here. On the way out he picks up a guitar and then sits down on the porch railing and begins softly strumming.

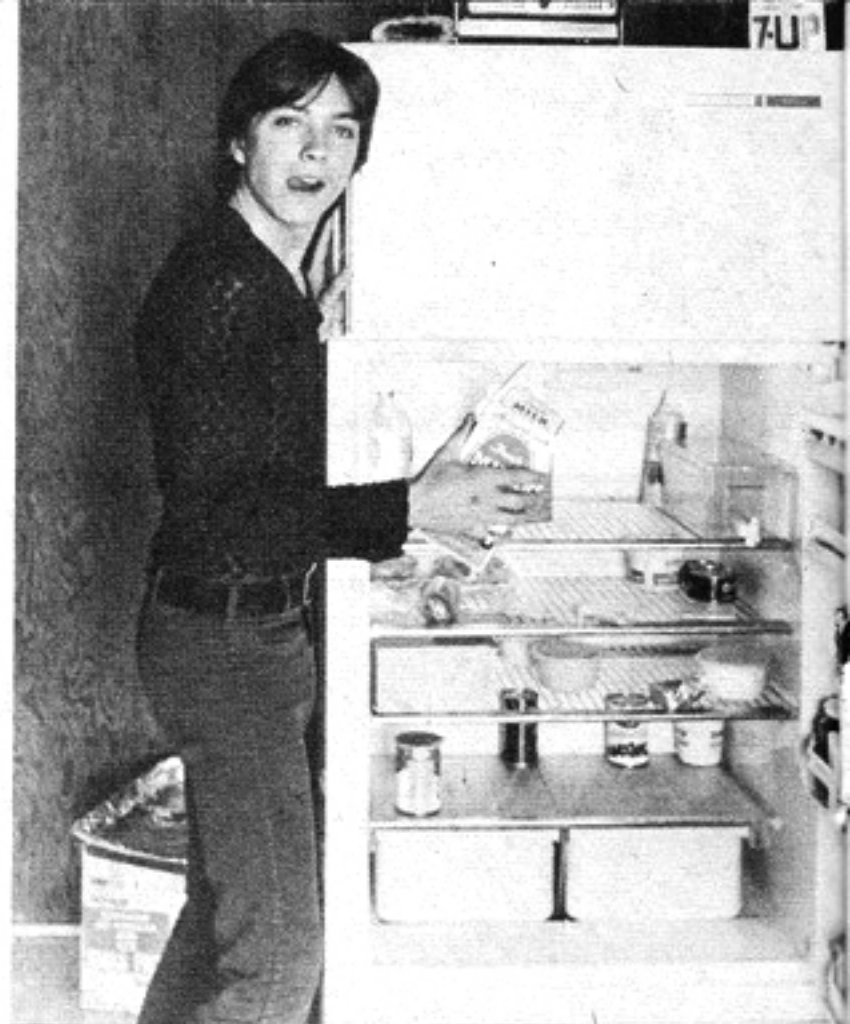
But all too soon, it's time to go. David has an appointment in town and has to get going. So he shows us back downstairs and outside and then asks if you've seen the monkey.

He explains that one of his neighbors owns a monkey that runs loose in all the neighborhood trees and he wanders down a narrow path to look for it. But just as he spies the monkey, so do the dogs who set off to chase it. The monkey knows better than to let the dogs get him, and he heads for the tops of the trees.

Back up in front of the house, David gets into his blue Mustang (which badly needs to be washed), and waves goodbye.

As we start back down the hill ourselves, you can't help but feel what a great home he has. It's not the home of a star or one of those unreachable people. It's a groovy place much like you or I would like to have.

It just goes to prove what we've suspected since we first met him—David Cassidy is real people.



David's bachelor-pad refrigerator may not have much else in it, but it's always stocked with milk, which he loves!



David has a beautiful view of the Canyon from his house, but just now he and Carol Deck seem more interested in watching Sam as he trots by.

As David opens his car door, Sam looks all ready to take a ride!

