

# A Letter From DAVID

## EXCLUSIVE IN FaVE!

David reads each and every letter you send to this column, and he promises to answer as many of your questions as he can! If you want some info, write him c/o FaVE Magazine, 1800 N. Highland Avenue, Suite 600, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

### Tomboys

Hi!

Everytime I say that I don't like one type of girl or another—you know, girls who dye their hair purple or paint their noses green—I meet a girl who makes my head go crash-bang-wham! and I change my mind. (Well, I haven't really flipped out over a girl with purple hair yet—though I did meet a neat girl who painted her nose green for Halloween once.)

Anyway, when I promised that I'd write about tomboys, I didn't realize what I let myself in for. I mean, about the time I say that well, I don't think I like tomboys, a really neat girl with blue jeans and a work shirt will show up and I'll want to sit at a table with a knife and fork and eat this story!

I love kidding around but I guess I should get down to it, as they say, and tell you what I think about girls who are tomboys.

I have a rule about girls: a girl has to be more girl-girl than tomboy. If she's more tomboy than girl-girl, then I say forget it!

Now please don't think that I go walking down the street turning my thumbs down at every girl I see wearing blue jeans. That's not so! Here's how it goes:

When I meet a girl who wears blue jeans all the time, I have to find out why she wears them. I mean, maybe she owns a horse or works afternoons at a riding stable. I understand that and dig it too.

But if I find out that a girl wears jeans all the time because she likes to be a tomboy, then I'm a little put off. See I'm a flip-out freak for girls who are girl-girls, you know, who are soft and feminine and make me feel like a He-man who could conquer cities, capture bad guys, leap from tall buildings in a single bound and that sort of thing. Maybe that's just my hang-up. Anyway, that's how I am!

I think a girl who tries to act like a boy (you know, she's always climbing a tree or playing football with the guys or trading jokes with them) is really afraid of boys and only feels safe when she's one of them. The way I look at it, if I wanted to be with the guys, I'd just stay home with my roommate! Now, a girl can do all those things—play football, climb a tree and tell a joke—but a girl who isn't afraid of being a girl-girl knows how to do it without acting like one of the guys. She doesn't scream, yell, act tough or stomp around with her hands



on her hips. A girl like that is okay in a movie but she'd never hit it off with David Cassidy!

A funny thing just struck me when I wrote that. I realized that I don't like a girl who's all tomboy—but I don't particularly flip out over a girl who's not a little tomboy in some way.

One of the most boring dates I ever had was with a girl who was so girl-girl that she almost wasn't human. She didn't want to walk on the beach 'cause she'd get her feet sandy. She didn't want me to roll down a window in the car because her hair would blow. She hated parks because I liked to run on the grass and climb trees. She said that was "unfeminine." I was so bored I felt like yawning! I couldn't wait to take her home!

So I guess it all boils down to a very simple thing.

Girls who aren't afraid to be feminine and aren't afraid to be a bit of a tomboy are the kind who just zing a guy around like a car hit him. A girl like this is always more girl-girl than tomboy!

As long as a girl still makes a guy feel like he's Tarzan, King Farouk and Valentino all rolled into one, she can wear blue jeans any old day!

*David*