DAVID CASSIDY PART TWO

HIS BEST FRIEND TELLS ALL



on. This week I found him lying on his bed moving his lips but not saying anything.

I asked him what he was doing and he looked at me with a very weary glance as if I'd asked him to carry a bag of cement up on to the roof. "I'm reciting my lines," he said.

"What lines?" I asked, I thought intelligently. "You're not filming this week."

He looked at me as if I were stupid. "Last week's lines, of course," he said. I knew it was no good asking why. Anyway, I already knew by then.

David had got as far as he could at that point with doing things to the house and garden, and he was getting bored.

He wasn't always that way. In fact, David Cassidy used to be able to kill an afternoon, or a whole week for that matter, with no more effort than it takes for him to grow his hair.

He was one of the few Olympic-standard thumb twiddlers I knew. But nowadays he's not the champion loafer I knew and loved. He used to be really good at wasting time. But after the last two years of working, really working, rushing about acting, performing, recording, rehearsing, touring, writing, posing for photos, being interviewed and improving his guitar playing (that's all work, you know. David's sometimes going for 18 hours a day), he's gone and got used to the pace.

Now he doesn't collapse like a house of cards the moment he comes in — he starts all over again, playing his guitar, learning his lines, anything other than relaxing!

RIDICULOUS

He's better when he gets to his house in Hawaii, but that's not often, and when he's got to stay at home, especially when he's not working flat-out,it's ridiculous.

The first day of a week off, he gets up at about ten and then staggers out of bed muttering how great it is to have nothing to do. By eleven he's rushing around saying, "What needs doing?"

Still, this is better than when he's thinking. When that happens he gets really absent-minded. Like he bathes in shampoo and uses washing-up detergent on his hair. Or his socks, when he wears them, don't match. Or he starts to read six books in one day — and I fall over them where he's dropped them!

But, to let you in on a secret, David's never happier when he's up and doing for his fans. Like recording or performing or something. He's an incredible guy — I should know.

I'm sure all of you know — or can sense from just seeing him perform — just how great he really is.

Honest, even if he weren't a big star, if he just had an ordinary kind of job, I'd still say the same thing. David's tops.

But let's face it. He *isn't* ordinary. He's a very special guy leading a very special kind of life.

So a lot of the activity around the house is just a "working off of the excitement," as David puts it. Even after a concert, when he's sung his heart out, he comes home and finds something to do. First, he makes himself a huge sandwich — usually roast beef and tomato — pours out a pintful of milk and digs in. After I've stumbled out of bed, we'll sit around the kitchen table, just nattering away about the performance, his fans . . .

Maybe one day, when all the excitement is over and David is just an ordinary bloke again (he keeps telling me it'll happen) he'll learn to relax again.

Until then, think of me! I have to live with him!