

David Cassidy

PLACE

Due to the energy crisis, David finds he has less power to his elbow!

Hello luvs!

The way the American energy crisis has been publicised I could probably get away by saying that I'm writing this by candlelight on a manual typewriter of course, which is hardly anything different from usual because every time I try to type on an electric I have to be taken to the country for a rest!

I might also ask you to try to picture me huddled before the aforementioned machine swathed in blankets luxuriating before a brisk blaze of pencil burning in the fireplace to keep me from freezing.

As you may have guessed, things aren't really quite that awful. It's just that we aren't used to such crises because we haven't really had many major crises for a long time, longer than I can remember, anyway. What I don't understand most about it all is that it seems to me that we've been warned and re-warned that this is going to happen sooner or later.

A friend of mine went to a business luncheon about five years ago and was sleeping quietly, when a speaker came on who had all sorts of graphs and goodies with him that sort of proved that we would be paying seventy-five cents a gallon for gas by 1975. Here

writes personally to you

it is, right at the beginning of 1974 and we're up to around fifty cents already, with prices threatening to go to a dollar and rationing just around the corner. (I don't know how much that is in English money because I've never been able to figure it all out, even though I've certainly been in your country enough times. Perhaps the editor could add an enlightening note here—such as 'You're fired!') (Seventy-five cents is about thirty-one-and-a-half pence. Fifty cents is about twenty-one pence.—Ed.)

At the time of this speech most of the people at the luncheon gave this speaker a polite handclap and walked off thinking 'Who was that looney?'

I must admit that this type of discussion always makes me think of a cartoon I once saw of a man sitting somewhere in an attic cleaning tens of thousands of copies of a sign that read 'The world is coming to an end'. Well we all went our merry way and here we are, don't you know? (If I sound terribly British this week it's because the first Jeeves paperback book has just come out in the States and I've been busy devouring it.) Anyway, I don't want to touch off an international incident by taking sides in the oil dispute so I'd better stick to what's happening around my own home.

I have never believed in loading oneself down with unnecessary gadgets such as electric toenail parers, so if the power went off I could survive. My waterbed would be without its heater but then I have lots of non-electric

blankets I could pile on.

What really amazes me are the all-electric buildings that have been going up around Hollywood for the last few years. There's one right next to an office I have to visit every so often, and as it was being built, I used to just look out the window and marvel at civilisation's idea of civilisation. I don't mean just the lights and elevators and music and possibly the people in such buildings are electric. I mean the windows won't open and the air conditioning has to be on in order for people to breathe. When it goes off there's something like twenty minutes to get out of the building before suffocation sets in.

Power shortage or no power shortage, I wouldn't even want to be in one of those things. What if there was just a small earthquake that joggled up the air conditioning and then the doors wouldn't open? I ask you!

Well, I must be off to round up a few more pencils for the fire. Really, I do have my thermostat turned down to the suggested temp, and I'm only driving a maximum of 50 mph and trying to do my part. Now, where did I put my electric violin? It would have sounded so nice behind this column.

Love you,

David Cassidy
The Partridge Family

