



Living With DAVID



Et cetera, etcetera, etcetera. If you put these things together in one volume, you'd have a longer book than *Hawaii*. Not necessarily a more exciting book, of course, but at least considerably longer.

This point was driven home with his usual forcefulness and tact by David this morning as I sat down to write to you. I was staring moodily at the page, waiting for an opportunity to derail the muse of inspiration long enough to grab a little for myself. So far, the muse was behind schedule. In fact, I was beginning to wonder whether that particular route had been discontinued and perhaps I would never be visited again.

I have a few habits when I can't get it going which, to a short-tempered, intolerant roommate might be a little annoying. For instance, I crack my knuckles. I rock back and forth in my chair (which isn't a rocking chair and has a tendency of tipping over backwards when I'm really thinking.) And I hum kind of tuneless songs.

I was tilting back, humming tunelessly and cracking my knuckles for all they were worth, trying to get any kind of idea for this article when David stuck his head in through the door.

"Making popcorn?" he asked. I cracked my remaining knuckles in his general direction and ignored him. When I'm writing, I need to concentrate.

"I suppose you're trying to concentrate," he said cheerfully. "I suppose you'd like me to go away so you can work." He flopped down on the couch, shook up the 7-Up he had in his hand, put his mouth over the opening and let the foam explode into his mouth.

Normally, he's great at this, but this time he must have given it an extra shake, because it made his cheeks bulge out until he looked like a hamster and



IN MY NEVER-ENDING quest for things to write about David, I even followed him to work. This scene was about the most exciting of the whole day!

then soda-foam exploded between his lips and ran down his chest.

"If your fans could see you now," I said, returning my attention to the blank page in front of me.

He mopped his chest (he wasn't wearing a shirt) by the simple process of rolling over so he lay face-down on the couch and wiggling a little bit. Then he rolled back over and regarded me with a musing expression.

"You've written maybe thirteen hundred pages of this column in the past year or so," he said. "I feel like I haven't had time to live all the things you've written about! You just sit there, slaving over a hot typewriter, day after day, working, expanding your powers of description, trying to capture on a piece of paper the airy perfection known as David Cassidy..." He gestured and sipped a little more drink on his chest.

"You're going to have the stickiest

torso in the world," I commented. "Why don't you go out in the garden and catch some bees with it? I have work to do."

"The thing I can't figure out," he said as if I hadn't spoken, "is why you don't get any better. If I sing a lot, I get better; if baseball players practice their swings, they get better; poets who make poems all the time get better; why don't you, writing away day in and day out... why don't you get any better?"

"Because I'm writing about an uninspiring subject. If you had to write about you all the time, you'd begin to understand. I'm faced with the necessity of somehow making your life sound glamorous, exciting—or even interesting—and how do you help me?"

What do you give me to work with? You sit around the house all day spilling 7-Up on your chest, thinking up ways to distract me, finding new uses