



# Living With David

By His Friend, **SAM HYMAN**



ello, and so on! I really feel great! It's about three-thirty in the morning, and it's really foggy outside, so all the sounds of the night are weird and muffled, but and muffled, but they'd probably sound that way to me anyway, because my ears are ringing like a burglar alarm!

I heard some really great rock and roll a few hours ago, and it's still echoing in my head. David and I went down to the gigantic Forum in Inglewood (that's still in Los Angeles—one of the weirdest things about L.A. is the fact that there are about six thousand little towns inside it) and we saw Elton John!

It was even better for David than it was for me. It's not really easy for him to go to a concert, you know. He'd rather see a really good rock concert than anything in the world, but it always seems to get out of hand when he does. There are always so many peo-

ple around after the first person spots him that I feel like I'm drowning!

It's really weird how it happens. We always go in after it's dark, usually during the first group's song. That way, there are still some people going up and down the aisles, so we don't stand out... and besides that, the lights are off, right?

It sounds like it should work, and it always does, at least until we're about half-way down the aisle. Then there is a peculiar kind of whispering that's unmistakable, even if you can't actually hear the words they're saying. The whisper spreads like a ripple on a pond all the way through the audience, and the next thing we know, there are hundreds of people all around us!

## WANTS TO WATCH

When David goes to a concert, he wants to watch, not be watched... but a lot of the time, so much attention was paid to David that the groups onstage would stop playing to find out what was going on! David didn't think

that was fair to them—after all, it's their show—and so he gradually stopped going to concerts at all!

But he really misses them, and so when we got a chance to see Elton John, he grabbed it! We were late, as usual, and David did his Indianapolis 500 imitation driving all the way to Inglewood (and that's a long way, for those of you who haven't lived in L.A.) and we actually got there almost on-time!

The guard at the stage door was great. He started trying to make us show him our passes, which we had conveniently forgotten, but then he saw David's face as he moved forward into the light. He was about forty, but he smiled at David like a true fan.

"I know you," he said. "I watch your show every week. I thought you were great last week."

David thanked him and began to explain about the passes, but the guard waved it aside, as if it didn't matter, and opened the door for us. David thanked him as we went inside.

"Think nothing of it," the man called after us, "and give my love to the rest of The Brady Bunch!"

David cracked up and promised he would, and we went through another door and found ourselves backstage. The music was booming so loudly that we couldn't talk to each other, but David led me through a curtain, and right out front! Elton John was sitting at his piano, about ten feet from us.

## EVERYONE DANCING

The music was great, but the most bizarre thing happened near the end. Suddenly about twenty dancing girls, wearing blonde wigs and top hats, hurried past us and appeared a moment later on the stage, and Elton John and another guy danced with the girls while a couple of thousand of tons of confetti fell all over the Forum! About a ton of it fell directly on us, and when we got home that night, we left trails of glitter all over the kitchen as we



PEOPLE SOMETIMES forget that David is really a super drum player as well as a good guitarist! Here he practices at home after a morning swim!



HERE'S A CLOSE-UP shot of our new dog "Bulls Eye." He's really a lazy fellow and this is one of his favorite places to catch a snooze! Yawn!