



**DAVID REALLY LOVES** his own personal recording studio he's getting together at home! He's always there!



**AND, WOULD YOU believe** that David's getting good on the piano? Music is one of his best friends!

a beautiful place, and it would be ideal . . . but he can never seem to get there!

If he doesn't have anything to do during his break, it's always too short to make it worth going all the way to Hawaii and back. If the break is long enough, then the studio—or the recording company always comes up with something David's got to do . . . and his loyalty to his fans makes it almost impossible for him to say "no!"

And so the house in Hawaii has been inhabited by a succession of friends, and they all write back to say what a wonderful time they're having, which is enough to make him so upset that he sneaks an onion into the blender while I'm making my breakfast health-shake!

It's gotten to the point where I have to hide the mail or throw out my breakfast! I mean, people don't understand why you should have onion on your breath at 9:30 AM! It's okay after lunch (as okay as it ever is, at least) but in the morning, it's really bizarre!

#### **FORGOTTEN HOW!**

What it's all come down to, is the drastically sad fact that David has forgotten how to relax! When he manages to get to Hawaii it helps, but when he's got to stay home—like he's doing now—it's ridiculous!

The first day or so, he sleeps until ten in the morning and then staggers out, looking like the bottom of an ash tray, and throws himself onto the couch where he lays on his back for half an hour, talking about how great it is to have nothing to do.

Then, sufficiently awake to be sure he won't scald or freeze himself, he takes his shower. He emerges from his room looking fresh and together, wide-awake and scrubbed—and already getting a little fidgety.

"What needs doing?" he'll ask. "Let's get some of this junk-stuff done."

And we will. We'll clean the house, rediscovering such wonders as the color of our carpet and the fact that "that thing has drawers in it, if you move all this stuff away from in front of it." "Good," I'll say "let's move all the stuff away so we can get the drawers open, and then put all the stuff in the drawers." And so we do, and another fifteen or twenty important pieces of paper disappear forever.

#### **NOTHING AROUND**

When the house is our version of spotless—which means that there's nothing laying around that's big enough to make you fall down in the dark—David begins to look around discontentedly, and then he'll go to a window . . . and I know that there's a project brewing. The farthest out he's gone so far is putting in a whole lawn, but I'm expecting him to go out and doctor the roots of all the trees any day now.

All this is great for the house, but not so hot for my peace of mind. Because when this phase ends, I know I'm in for a time like the present . . . with David sitting on the roof, or carpeting the doghouse, or laying on his back reciting last week's lines.

During these periods, he lives on salad. He uses shampoo on his body and detergent on his hair. His socks, when he wears them, don't match. He begins six books in three days and I trip over them at night where he dropped them.

#### **NOTHING WORKS**

I've tried everything. I've gotten entertainment kits for shut-ins and wrapped them and pushed them as anonymous gifts under his door. I've

developed an interest in crossword puzzles. I've even watched daytime television, trying to get him interested. But nothing . . . and I mean nothing . . . seems to work.

Aha! In the fifteen minutes since I wrote that last sentence, the phone rang, and David got it. It was his record producer, and the mix wasn't right on the last record. Will David come in and give his opinion on the new one?

"Aw, I'm on vacation," David says into the phone, carrying it into his room so he can put on his shoes. "I don't want to," he insists, cradling the phone between his chin and shoulder so he can change his shirt. "I don't get that many vacations," he protests, as he searches for his car keys and his shades. "Oh, all right," he finally concedes, and he drops the phone at the door as he sprints for his car!

He's off and running again, doing something for his fans, and he couldn't be happier! Maybe some day, when all the excitement is over and David is just a guy again (he says it'll happen), he can learn to relax all over again. In the meantime, though . . .

Help!

*Sam Hyman*



**MEET TWO** more of our growing family! Harold and Maude are great cats!



**DAVID'S MOM EVELYN Ward** is spending some time visiting with us!