



Living With DAVID



MY

ow let's see, where did I put those notes? This month, I'm going to let you in on something truly revolutionary, a first-magnitude change in my working methods. I've gotten organized!

Now, instead of sitting down at my typewriter blinded by panic, driven by the certainty that this is the month my memory will refuse to work at all, trying to avoid the certainty that there's no more interesting material in my mind than in the average vacuum (Lord, what a long sentence), I have actually devised a method by which I can remember all the fascinating episodes that make our lives such break-neck reading!

I'm making notes!
I purchased a pretty little green book that looks like a collector's edition of Jonathon Livingston Seagull or something, but when you open it up, surprise! The pages are blank. For writing in, of course.

The day I brought it home, I left it on the kitchen table, where, naturally, David found it. (David now leaves anything he's afraid to lose in the center of the kitchen table, knowing that he'll wind up there sooner or later in his foggy mornings. We eat our cereal in the shade of a mountain of clean socks, old scripts, fountain pens, guitar picks, dental floss—he uses it to lace his old tennis shoes because it's stronger than string—and other assorted oddments of superstardom.)

TRUCKLOAD OF CEREAL

Anyway, as I was saying before I got lost, David picked the book up, held his eyes open with a carefully placed thumb and forefinger, and thumbed slowly (naturally) through it. I waited for some clever remark, but he just dropped it on top of the pile and spooned another truckload of cereal in the general direction of his mouth. He got most of it in, too.



SORRY THESE PIX OF David in England took so long to get to you! But, I'm always slow! Here's David by a billboard of himself in London!

He chewed just long enough to ensure that the cereal wouldn't choke him to death, and then dropped it down his throat like a rockslide. You should hear David chew and swallow sometime, when he's not thinking about his manners! It's enough to make the windows rattle.

I took the book off the top of the heap of rubble and put it on my side of the table. Finally his weighty brilliance ponderously uncoiled itself with all the dazzling speed of a sleeping snake.

"You gave up on 'Love Story,' huh? I knew it was too long for you."

I jotted his immortal words down, figuring I might as well put the book to use, and also that it might irritate him. "Actually," I said as I wrote, "anything that takes place in a college gives me an inferiority complex. And besides, I was crying too much to see the page."

"Unless I'm mistaken," David said around his cereal, "that book has no words in it. I think you've finally found one you can read."

"Say that again," I said, writing as fast as I could. He got up and came around to my side of the table and looked over my shoulder.



DAVE DID several radio station interviews—he had a fantastic time!