



Living With David

By His Friend, SAM HYMAN

Just once, I'd like to begin this monthly report from the madhouse with some truly *classy* phrase, like "and now I take my pen in hand . . ." and then you could sit wherever you are when you read this, and picture my scribbling by candlelight in some dark window, with a plume in my hand, dipping it into the ink from time to time and chewing on the tip as I try to think of some really *poetic* way to tell about everything that's happening in the lives of David Cassidy and yours truly.

But the trouble is, I've already told you too much. I mean, you probably know by now that I use a typewriter, so there goes the pen bit, and you already have a pretty good idea what our house is like, so the dark corner kind of goes up in smoke. See, that's the trouble with being honest—it makes it hard to make yourself sound more exciting later on!

However, since there's no possible way you can check it out, I will tell you that I'm writing this by candlelight. You don't have to believe me, but it's true anyway, and here's why:

Thunderstorm.

We get about three a year in Hollywood, and the place is never quite ready for them. I mean, if it rains for fifteen minutes the streets get flooded. If Noah's flood had happened here, he'd never have gotten the boat ready in time!

PRACTICAL JOKE

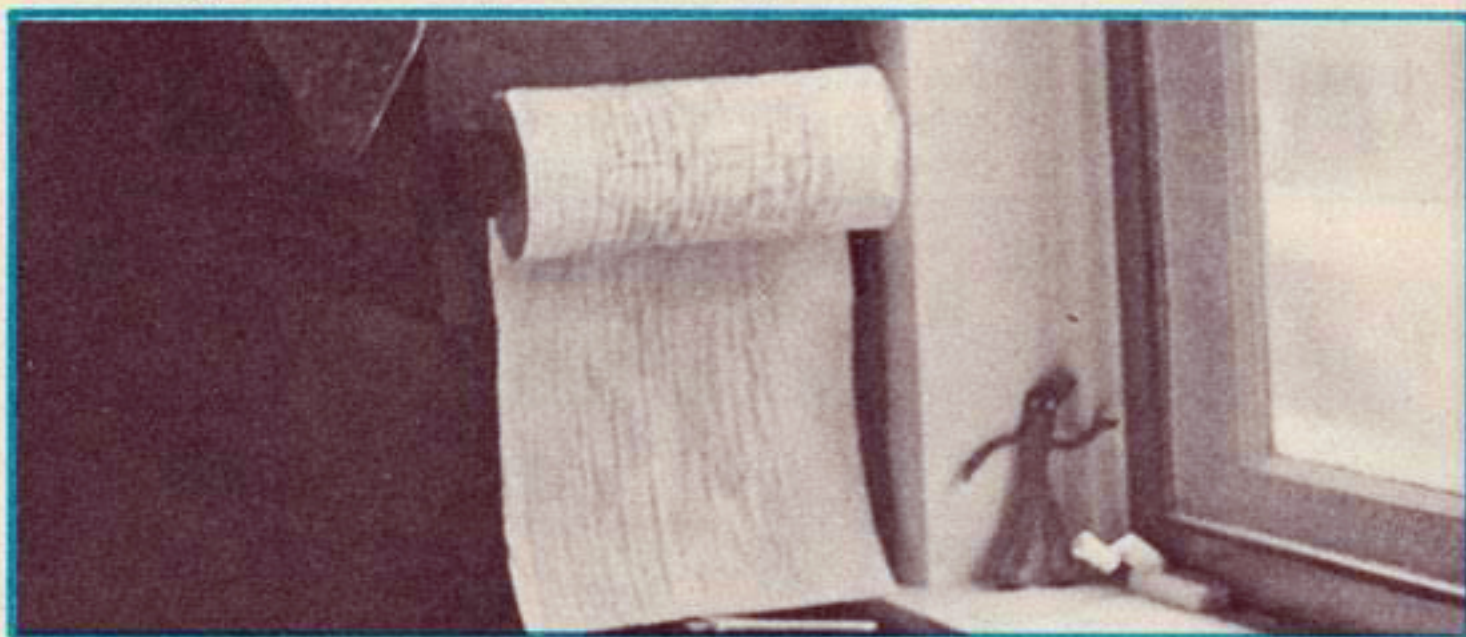
And David and I are really no more ready than the city is. At the first flash of lightning this evening, we looked at each other as if we each thought the other one was playing some sort of gigantic practical joke!

"Did you do that?" David asked, suspicion all over his face.

"I'm not that good yet," I said. "I can hardly turn on the lights in my room without skinning my finger."

It happened again—and then there was a deep rumbling sound. David went to the window and peered out.

"Either airplanes are raining down



JUST WANTED YOU to see a friend of David's on the kitchen window—Gumby!

out of the sky," he finally announced, "or we're about to have a thunderstorm." When David comes to a concrete conclusion like that, I can never think of anything to say, so I didn't.

And then there was a gigantic flash, like the lightning had been trying to part David's hair or something, and a crashing sound like someone was bombing the city with empty trashcans.

"EeeYOW!" David said, jumping about three feet—and I suddenly discovered that I had somehow stood up from the couch, and didn't remember doing it at all! "Sounds like a thunderstorm to me," I said, more to test my voice than anything else.

"Well, they missed us that time," David mumbled. He walked across the living room and picked up his electric guitar, strapped it on, and plugged in.

CHASE IT AWAY

"That's a good idea," I said. "Chase it away with your music."

He gave me that look. "No culture," he said, "no culture at all." And he began to make very strange sounds on the guitar, as the thunder rumbled around outside.

"That's very nice," I ventured, as he played on. "I don't think it's a hit, though."

"Of course it's not a hit," he said



SOMEBODY MIGHT THINK DAVID has a lot of guitars, right? And, they'd certainly be right, too! David's got about 5 guitars all together and each of them gets its fair share of playing! David keeps them in the corner of his bedroom right next to the redwood picnic table bench you see in the pic!