



Living With DAVID



The name of the game for this month is PEACE AND QUIET. Long days of listening to music, watching the sun make lace through the leaves of trees, lay on my back on the grass and keep track of the cloud-show.

The house is mine. The mess on the living room floor is mine. The dirty dishes in the sink are mine. The voice that sings in the shower is mine.

Before you begin to harbor dark suspicions about what I have or have not done with (or to) David, I'll explain

He's gone back to work. Once again he's slaving away, long hard days under the hot lights, smeared with make-up, changing costumes, learning lines, rehearsing scenes, going on location, doing recording sessions, posing for still more pictures (if you stacked all the pictures of him on top of one another you'd have a new way to climb Mount Everest), getting up in the morning early and coming back late at night, exhausted with lines to learn before he can go to sleep.

In other words, it's just the way I like it.

There's nobody looking over my shoulder as I write to you, telling me that this infinitive is split or that participle is dangling, or that last sentence ended with a preposition.

GETS HIS EYES OPEN

The way it works is this. He gets up at five or five-thirty in the morning, shudders his way into the shower

the side of a mountain or something. Besides, I know how he hates people who are cheerful in the morning.

"Eggs?" I say, "bacon? hominy grits? watermelon? pork chops? ice cream? cookies? We've got a special today on lard cakes, an authentic recipe from the hill country of Tennessee, very ecological and so forth. Macaroni and cheese? Black-eyed peas? How about a yogurt milkshake?"

With each mention of a kind of food



THE FRONT GATE at Columbia Ranch is one of the first things David really sees through bleary eyes. See the girls waiting there? THAT's what gets David's adrenalin going! He stops to say hello, even if he can't invite them in.

where he gets his eyes open just far enough to see the floor two or three feet in front of his slippers. Then . . . very slowly . . . he finds his way to the kitchen like a man lost in a gold mine, hands on the walls and head down.

I'm always in the kitchen, having fallen out of bed at the sound of my alarm about ten minutes before he does. He comes in and I snap on the light (it's dark at that hour) and he covers his eyes like someone who's just been exposed to the Martian's blinding-ray and makes his first sound of the morning. A groan.

"Good morning," I sing out cheerfully. "And another big day begins." I can't tell you how hard it is to be cheerful, but it's my duty. I've got to get him off on the right foot, or he just might drive his automobile into

his eyes have grown a little wider. By the time I get to yogurt, they're practically all the way open. "Oooooop," he says. The person who loves to eat most in the entire world at any other time of the day can't stand the thought of food this early.

UP AND RUNNING

"Calves' liver? Banana mash? Tomato aspic? How about some orange juice with a few raw eggs in it and some cinnamon on top?" By now my own stomach is beginning to churn, but it's okay, because with a look of pure terror, David is up and running for the front door. I stand, leaning on the kitchen table, until I hear his car start, and then I stagger into the living room and collapse onto the couch for about three hours of dreamless, foodless sleep.



NO, DAVID's not a coffee drinker, but hot cocoa helps him wake up!