

**By His Friend,  
SAM HYMAN**



When I wake up, the house is quiet. The first thing I do is kick the phone off the hook, and the second thing I do is take a shower. When I'm clean and calm, I begin my real day . . . but that's living without David, and I don't think that's what you're interested in, is it?

He gets home at different hours depending upon whether or not he's recording, usually anywhere from six to eight-thirty to eleven in the evening, but sometimes much later. I hear his car, and I get everything off the couch as soon as I can, because that's always his first target.

He comes through the door like an unplugged robot, goes straight to the

couch, and falls like a tree. I know I've got a good half hour to do anything I like before he'll work himself up to his first word, so I usually read for a while, or think about what I want for dinner, because that's going to be his first topic of conversation.

And it is. He finally rolls over and, staring directly at the ceiling where he made a hole by throwing a dart a little wildly a few weeks back, he speaks the immortal word, "eat."

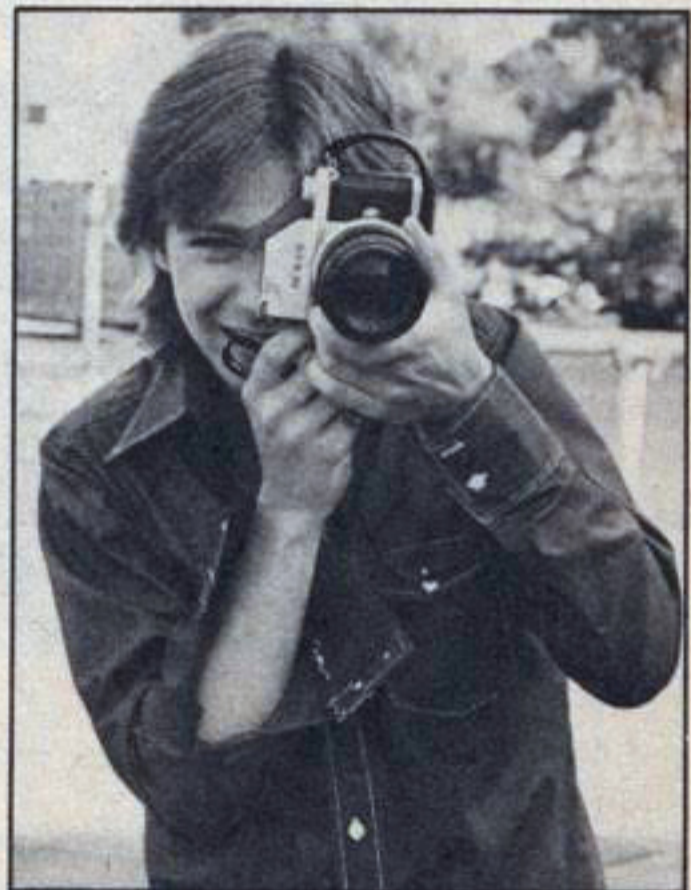
**A LITTLE MUSIC**

And eat we do. Gone are the days of leisurely health-food dinners, slaving for half an hour over a cold blender. David's special asparagus-and-avocado salads are a thing of the past. All the grace of a candle-lit table and a little music has been exchanged for a quick trip down to Colonel Sanders for some fried rooster, or, on the more exotic evenings, some take-out chop suey and moo goo gai pan (honest) from a Chinese place down on Ventura Boulevard.

After we finish off this sumptuous repast, people generally start to arrive. David retires into his bedroom for about half an hour to learn his lines for the following day's shooting. I don't know what else he does in there—maybe he sacrifices a goat in the bathtub or something—but when he comes out, he's got all his energy back, a gleam in his eye, and a guitar in his hand.

"Music?" you may be saying (if you're saying anything at all), "I can hardly believe it." Well, neither can I. He's spent the entire day acting, singing, and generally performing, and when most sane people would be sound asleep, dreaming of nothing more exciting than a stamp collection or a bunch of library cards leaping over a fence, David's sitting in his living room with a bunch of friends, playing guitar and singing!

And it's pretty good music, too. It's the kind of music he really wants to do,



**SO YOU** took my picture, David?! I choose pictures for my column, so revenge is wasted—I won't print it!

the kind of music he's going to devote himself to after he's finished with "P.F." You'll be surprised, I think, when you hear it. It's still David, but it's **different!**

Anyway, about midnight it all breaks up again, until the following evening. David sees them all to the door, and the moment they're gone, he collapses like a balloon that's had all the air let out of it. And that's it for another evening.

By the time I crawl between the sheets, he's dead to the world, sleeping triple-hard to store up energy for his next bout with the world the next day. I set my alarm, hating the idea of getting up before the sun, but I know I've got to. After all, I've got my responsibilities, and I've got to help him as much as I can, even if the ways I help don't sound like much.

After all, he's my friend.  
See you next time.

*Sam*



**DAVID IS** always this excited to see me when I visit Columbia Ranch.