



Living With DAVID



ave you ever noticed that you can change just one letter in the title of this ongoing saga, and you've got "JIVING WITH DAVID?" That's the way it feels this week.

Now I'm not a man to take his exercise in creative writing (if you knew how creative I have to *be*, some months, just to make the thing make *sense*). Writing, for me, is a serious undertaking. Believe it or not.

But how am I supposed to work when my own *home* isn't free from distracting influences? How can I be assured that one day there will be an elegantly bound volume bearing the title "Reminiscences of S. Hyman, Esq." when I can't even get a moment's peace and quiet to create *in*? ("In which to *create*, Samuel," says the voice of Miss Higgs, my 6th grade English teacher, from deep in my memory.)

Guess the name of my problem. Take a minute, while I go to the ice-box and spread some peanut butter on a piece of celery, and when I get back, tell me the name of my problem. See you in a moment.



I'm back, sticky mouth and all. All of you who said the name, "David" while I was out of the room may repeat it now.

Very good. The name of my problem is, indeed, David.

As I told you a few months back, I've begun carrying a notebook around with me, the better to rush my recollections to you while they are still (like the lettuce they're currently charging 12 dollars a head for) *fresh*. And it *works*. Unfortunately, it's also made me the object of a certain person's twisted sense of humor.

Let me say right here and now that the last time David really *laughed* was the day the hogs ate Grandma. (Obviously, that's a fictional invention of mine, but I hope the point is clear.) The man's sense of humor is as wholesome as a castle moat.

For example: I keep careful track in my notebook of when things *happened*. I'll write down, "Tuesday, Oct. 14 (don't bother writing and telling me it was a Sunday, I've just looked it up), 10:30 AM. David got up this morning in a terrible mood and went around the house smearing toothpaste on the windows to improve the house's smile." Or something like that, you get the idea.

Anyway, imagine my surprise when I opened the notebook the next day and found, after that entry, in a handwriting tortuously cribbed to make it look something like my fine, flowing script, words to this effect:

"Tuesday, Oct. 14, 11:30 AM—David spent most of the day in the laboratory, bottling leprechauns to feed to the Monster. Already the peasants have begun massing in the front yard, grumbling, carrying torches and milling about in those funny short pants they wear yelling things about the beast David is creating.

"I went out to talk to them, and asked them what they wanted. They replied that they wanted David to stop work on the Monster at once, and they also wanted to wear long pants, like everybody else. I've bought them 300 pairs of Levis, but I still don't know what to do about the Monster."



Get the idea? And below that, in the same ball-of-yarn handwriting:

"Tuesday, October 14, 3 AM" (that should obviously be Wednesday, but David never could keep his days straight) "I've done it! I've finally found a way to reproduce sound on a piece of bread! At last, it will be possible to play a record until you're tired of it, and then eat it! Scientists will acclaim me the world over, as soon as their mouths are empty from eating all the old Mantovani and 101 Strings records! This is a day which will live in history."

