

David.

The first time I came home from the TiGER BEAT offices with my new camera proudly hanging around my neck, David was in that peculiar contortion he refers to as sitting, strumming his new guitar in the living room. He hadn't been working for a few days, and he had gotten up at about noon, so he was wearing his blue robe and his sneakers (he'd been out to feed the dogs) and once every ten seconds or so, he'd hit a chord on the guitar, in between short dozes. In his alert state, it wasn't hard for me to get into the room without him noticing me, and before he even knew I was there, I'd aimed the camera at him (with the flash attachment connected) and snapped it.

He didn't even look up. "That's a really impressive imitation of lightning," he said. "It's a shame the Ed Sullivan Show isn't on anymore."

It's best not to talk to him when he's like that, so I just went around to his other side and got a different angle and shot again. This time, he **did** look up. He also put his two index fingers into the corners of his mouth, pulled it until it stretched from ear to ear, and stuck his tongue out. He looked like something you'd find under the bed.

"Put that in your scrap-book," he muttered, hitting another leisurely chord on the guitar.

LIKE A DRIZZLE

"This is hardly for a scrapbook," I replied loftily. "These are for publication in a magazine which reaches millions."

"Don't tell me," he said. "I'm finally going to make the cover of **Popular Mechanics**." He put the guitar aside, as if I had disturbed a creative brainstorm, although it had looked more like a drizzle. "Shouldn't I hang a pair of pliers around my neck or something?" he asked.

"If you think that would bolster your sagging image," I said, "do it, by all means. These pictures will be published in TiGER BEAT."

The polite word for the expression on his face is "disbelief." "What happened?" he asked. "Are the photographers on strike?" Without waiting for an answer, he got up and flopped toward the bedroom (flopped because one of his sneakers was hanging off his foot) and turned back to face me at the hall door.

"Take all the pictures you like," he said pleasantly, "but don't point that thing at me." And he was gone.

The first three weeks, I didn't get a single picture of David. I sneaked around the house like a guerilla soldier—a noisy one—trying to surprise him in various rooms...but he always heard me coming. Once, in the kitchen,

he took a piece of bread he had smeared with peanut butter and stuck it to his face. He then tore two tiny eyeholes in it, sat on the sink, and posed for me.

"Go ahead," he said. "Try to prove that this picture is of David Cassidy. Try to prove it's just not some clown with a peanut butter sandwich stuck to his face."

I lowered my camera. "It is just some clown with a peanut butter sandwich stuck on his face," I said. "I hope your eyes stick shut and you wander around the house for the rest of your life, vainly seeking nourishment as I move the food from cupboard to cupboard." And I left the room.

"How I envy your dignity," he called after me.

DARK ROOMS

Couch-cushions, bedsheets, guitars, dinner plates, porterhouse steaks, shirts, sweaters, door-mats, tree branches—anything that could be held up quickly in front of a face...were the only things I photographed for those three frustrating weeks. I even took to waiting in dark rooms for David to come in, but he solved that problem by entering them backwards.

But I finally caught him. I sneaked into his room one morning while he was asleep with his mouth open and took four pictures. I had them printed very large that same day, and when he came home, they were hanging in the living room.

"You are looking at the next issue of TiGER BEAT," I told him, politely. "Everyone thinks these are the most interesting pictures that have been taken of you in some time." I pointed to his mouth in one of the shots. "This



HERE'S DAVID with his PREFERRED photographer, TB's Kenny Lieu!!!



AHA! David turned the tables and took a pic of me with the dogs!

filling is especially nice," I pointed out.

David gave me a look which should have reduced me to ashes. "All right," he said. "What do I have to do?"

"I knew you'd be a good sport about it," I said. "All you have to do to keep these masterpieces out of print is give me a few minutes of your precious time tomorrow morning when the sun is just right. Listen," I added as he stalked from the room in a medium snit, "isn't it better than having some complete stranger pointing a camera at you?"

"No," he said graciously, "it's not." And he was gone.

But he cooperated. And since then, all I have to do is remind him that if he can't spare me a few minutes, we can always let them have "the mouth," and he's smiling and posing for me—or at least letting me shoot him without peanut butter on his face—for as long as I like.

And he even paid me a compliment after last month's issue came out. He opened to this space and glanced at the photos, and then pointed out one of them to me.

"Hey, look at this," he said. "Here's one you can tell that I'm not Bobby Sherman. You're getting better, Hyman."

With modesty, I acknowledged the praise. After all, you've got to take it where you can get it.

See you next month...with even better pictures!

Love and stuff,

Sam Hyman