



**By His Friend,
SAM HYMAN**



bunch of dull home movies."

You may have noticed by now that one word keeps cropping up—*dull*. It may be a shock to you to realize that a star's life isn't always fascinating and full of thrills (although it shouldn't surprise you if you've been reading this column for any time) but the truth is that there are long periods in the lives even of stars where they don't really do anything in particular. And in David's case, there are quite a few such periods. And that leaves me with not-too-much to write about.

I mean, I could leap up right now, grab my Polaroid, and snap a picture

of David pulling weeds, but even if a picture of only average interest is worth a thousand words, that picture wouldn't be worth a sentence fragment!

And so, when in doubt, resort to facts. David's reading "The Lord of the Rings" by J.R.R. Tolkein and loving it. In fact, this is his second time through the book!

He's at work on a new album, with more hard rock—and more soft rock—than his last record. If you'd like to know how it can have both more hard rock and more soft rock, it's very simple: the hard rock is *harder* and the soft rock is *softer* than on the last rec-

ord. It should be out pretty soon, although no one can really say exactly when. When David's really satisfied you'll like it, I guess!

We both had beautiful cases of the London Flu, and went around for three weeks sounding like we had cement in our nostrils and coughing like Camille every time we inhaled. I had to take to my bed for three or four days, but David's appointment schedule was too heavy!

I guess that's why he's resting so much now, because he was looking pretty ragged after about a week of the flu. Incidentally, if you'd ever like to hear something funny, come over and we'll play the vocal tracks he cut while he was sick! They've all been replaced on the album, but our tape of them is our most prized possession at the moment. David sounds like he's encased in a block of linoleum.

And one other thing: all our bulbs came up. I may or may not have remembered to tell you during the winter that we went bulb-crazy and bought tulips, daffodils, ranunculus (ranunculi?) and every kind of bulb made—and they've all come up and bloomed, and our yard looks like a giant, open greenhouse.

And I'll tell you what. The first ten letters I receive asking for one will get one of those flowers in the mail. I can't guarantee what condition it will arrive in, but it'll look nice when I send it.

That may not be as exciting as "the moon shone its ghostly light down on the bleak, black moors," but at least it's something. So keep your fingers crossed. . . .

Next month, I may have some real news—David's European tour!

Love from me,



AT LAST, SOME excitement! This is David leaving for a Cincinnati concert.



GOOD OL' DAVID, always smiling!!



WANT TO SEE this across a table?

Sam