

# DAVID, you were FANTASTIC!

**A**S DAVID IS HERE, WE'LL BE OPEN ON SUNDAY.

That was the special message that greeted David and his fans from the windows of a Wembley restaurant.

Now Wembley is used to upheavals . . . Football crowds and pop fans galore invade the town quite regularly. But even Wembley recognised that David Cassidy was someone *extra-special!*

The minute you set foot inside the Empire Pool, you *felt* it . . . There was a kind of electricity in the atmosphere. But, if you were one of the lucky ticket holders, I hardly need to explain to YOU what it was like at Wembley!

All day fans had clustered thickly round the doors. The doormen were going berserk, trying to check that every ticket they let pass was for that particular performance.

Tickets were like gold-dust. Desperate girls were everjoyed to spend every penny of their hard-earned money in exchange for two hours' bliss and a world of memories.

Once inside the Pool, you could feel the excitement mounting to fever-pitch — and that was before a single musician had even set foot on stage! This restless, swaying crowd had been waiting months for this moment, and the thought that it had at last arrived made their bodies ache with a yearning excitement.

The sound rebounded from the roof as they sang for David: "Nice one, David, Nice one, son . . . Nice one, David, let's

were another one."

A bit premature at this stage . . . maybe. But everything comes to she who waits, as they say. And, sure enough, David's Whole Damned Band *did* come — face to face with a wall of frenzied screaming, the moment they stepped out onto the stage.

The girls loved that band . . . They were a part of David . . . a link with him.

That went especially for Kim Carnes and Dave Ellingson — both great personal friends of David's — who gave the opening set and gave us some great stuff in it, too!

What a job! To sing for some forty minutes to an 8,000-strong crowd who have all come to see one guy, and one guy only!!!

## Kim and Dave

But somehow Kim and Dave managed to bring it off . . . They had that crowd with them every inch of the way — quiet and attentive during the slow opening numbers, and tapping their boogie-boots through the rock'n'roll sequence.

Then . . . a great Bob Dylan song followed by another couple of rock numbers — and it was over.

"There will be a short 15-minute interval," announced the DJ, "Diddy" Dave Hamilton, to a loud sigh of disappointment from the crowd . . . Another quarter of an hour before that longed-for first glimpse of Darling David!

Somehow they lived through what must have seemed to many like the longest, most tantalising quarter of an hour in their lives.

As the interval drew to an end, the commissionaires tensed up for the challenge. Their orders

were to keep the audience in their seats (not *on* them!) and not to let any of the girls crush forward when David came on stage.

What a hope!!! They were doomed to failure right from the start — and they knew it!

When the Whole Damned Band struck up and David ran onto the stage, *Wembley went wild!* Ear-splitting screams and hysterical sobs drowned the first few bars of David's opening song . . . But what did that matter? It was a sensational moment that affected David as deeply as it did every one of his fans there in the huge arena.

They surged up and forward, in the vain hope of coming close enough to touch him; to show him how much he meant to them. And, you know something?

He felt the same way! Well, he did his best to express it by the choice of his opening song — "Everybody, I Love You!" And, while he sang . . . while he caressed the mike with his hands and his voice, his tight-fitting catsuit showed how his body was a part of that music.

Fans were riveted by every rippling movement of a muscle . . . Even his back was magnetic as he turned round to lead in the band — and how!!!

They were still way up on Cloud Nine Hundred and Ninety Nine when the familiar opening strains of "Could It Be For Ever" emerged through the ecstatic applause. David took those opening bars really slow — mirroring the vocal tempo with sinuous body movements, which sent the crowd crazy . . . Each twist was greeted by a new wave of screams.

The decorations on his costume and the belt slung casually across his hips glittered as the lights

