



could them.

David ended "Could It Be For Ever" bathed in a pool of turquoise and mauve light.

Red took over for "Lonely Too Long"; the first song off David's "Rock Me, Baby" album to feature in the show. After a soft, sexy start, he moved into the up tempo section with real drive, and he carried this over to "Breaking Up Is Hard To Do", which followed straight on.

Everyone in the Pool could have sung along with David — if they hadn't been so busy screaming and reaching out to him!

### Constant Motion

Until this point in the show, David had been mainly using a hand-mike, coiling the lead round him — almost using it as a dance partner. For this number he slotted it back into the stand.

But, even so, he found it impossible to keep still. That music was telling him to move — so the mike just had to move with him, stand or no stand! He simply hoiked the whole thing up and carried it with him around the stage!

Then, for a few brief moments, David really did 'break up'. He dashed off stage during the blackout for a quick towel down and a gulp of water to ease the sore throat that had been troubling him during the previous few days.

The band filed in, while the fans stretched their eyes out into the darkness, seeking David's familiar silhouette.

He didn't keep them waiting long. Within a minute he was back on stage, seated at the piano and to play one of his own compositions, "Two-Time Loser".

Well, I knew, of course, that he'd been learning piano for a while now, but I never dreamed that he'd made that sort of progress!

It was terrific! He put so much feeling into this moving number . . . No wonder he disappeared for that speedy towel-down! Otherwise his hands

would've been slipping about all over the place and could never have put any of that sensitivity into his playing.

Just one question . . . and it's coming up now.

What on earth could the Beeb find to object to in "Some Kind Of A Summertime"? Apparently, they asked David not to sing it on Top Of The Pops as he'd intended (I think he's still trying to figure out why, too!)

It's a beautiful song, which Dave Ellington wrote specially with David's voice in mind. And David gives a perfect rendering of it here at Wembley . . . soft, gentle and wistful. So — I repeat — what was wrong with it? Still, at least David made sure that some fifty thousand or so fans would enjoy it at Wembley!

But for many (especially those lucky girls right at the front) "I Am A Clown" must surely have been the high-spot of the show. As the band played the introduction, David strolled down to the front of the stage, with mike in hand, and sat on the edge of the platform — with his legs actually over the edge into the wide open space of the auditorium!!!

All in all, David's inspired performance of this one brought the house down.

But he snapped right out of that quiet, sentimental mood with a brief, "Thank you . . . All right . . . Here we go!" to the audience.

And did he go!

He got into the strong rhythm of the next number, first through his body and then through a pair of drumsticks!

David on drums has just got to be seen to be believed! He was good right from the start, but he built it up into a frenzied crescendo — his hair flying and his hands almost invisible, they were moving so fast!

Then a clash of drumsticks, a swing of the mike — and he was straight into the vocals of "I'm A Man" . . . With every one in that stadium going crazy in agreement! This was the song where he really went to town with those spectacular leaps . . . Three in a row!!! The man must be made of energy!

He hardly even paused to get his breath back before melting into the quieter mood of

"Cherish".

Then another contrast as he worked into a tremendous guitar solo — using the instrument as if it was an extension of himself. Ear-splitting screams again, as he paused a moment to unclasp his glittering belt and let it fall onto the stage!

How many hairs missed several beats at that moment, as they fervently prayed that he would fling it out among the audience! Well, earlier on, he'd tossed out some precious tassels from his costume which the lucky catchers will cherish for ever as souvenirs. But it was just too much to hope for the belt as well! And David slipped it on again after a while to finish the show.

By this time, the Pool was pulsating with love and excitement! So much so that the first section of "How Can I Be Sure?" was virtually drowned by screams! It was as though David's fans knew now that his set must be nearing its end, and their only frenzied thought was: How can we keep him here in front of us for another moment!

### Green Light

The entire stage was drenched in green light as David drew to the end of this breathtaking performance which transcends words.

Through the closing bars of "I Think I Love You" David waved his goodbyes and said hello to all the girls who'd made that show another high spot in the tour for him.

But it wasn't over yet! The audience begged and chanted for more — and, as their reward, David leaped back on stage to give them a lucky number thirteen for an encore.

"Rock Me, Baby" rang through Wembley and seemed to re-echo through the vast arena even after everyone had finally accepted that the show was over.

Reluctant to leave, the fans lingered in the auditorium. After all, that was where they had been so close to David and they didn't want to risk breaking that magic link . . . Not yet.

But there is one thing that every British fan must remember: David didn't really say "Goodbye" to us there at Wembley . . . Only "Au revoir".

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 A pic of David as he appeared at Wembley.  
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