

MORE FAX ABOUT DAVID'S EUROPEAN VISIT

Continued from page 5

As a result, he went wild buying pants . . . satin ones, velvet ones and just plain, everyday levis. And, once he'd got the pants, it stood to reason he'd need something to wear with them: hence all the Parisian shirts. Prize buy of the trip was a splendid red/brown leather jacket — David couldn't resist the softness of the leather which felt as though it should have been used for something really delicate and was so supple that it felt like a second skin when he slipped it on.

HORSE RACING

But the high spot of the visit was still to come and had to do, not with clothes or music, but with another great love of David's — horses. When you talk to him about Paris, it isn't the thrill of seeing the Eiffel Tower or Notre Dame that he recalls, but the thrill of seeing Lester Piggott race! That was at the St. Cloud race course just outside Paris and it was the first time David had been there; but, if he had anything to do with it, it certainly won't be his last.

Compared to that, everything just had to be an anti-climax! Except David did mention how much he enjoyed the privacy and freedom he got by staying in flats again, rather than in hotels, while he was in England. And, of course, seeing so many of his music-making friends at Wembley rivalled even the pull of Lester Piggott and horses!

That's not to say, though, that the other countries were left completely in the shade. Madrid, for instance, turned out to be remarkably sunny, as David and Henry found to their delight while they soaked up the sun for three days lounging by the Villa Magna Hotel swimming pool.

Everything, you could say, was going swimmingly! And that was more or less the feeling David gave of his reaction to the European trip as a whole. It had started off with a bang when he visited Bravo magazine in Munich and finished off with a good dose of Spanish sunshine.

OVER ENTHUSIASTIC

Perhaps the one moment which left a sour taste, in contrast to all the interest and en-

joyment, cropped up at the Record Convention David attended in Benidorm. The people running it had really excelled themselves and had arranged a splendid lunch in David's honour presided over by the Mayor. Everyone was really excited, but unfortunately the pressmen got just a little too excited and simply would not let David alone to talk to the Mayor — or even to get his teeth into his lunch!

David gave fair warning: unless the journalists and photographers let him be for a while, he threatened to walk out. They persisted. So with great regret and with apologies to the Mayor and everyone who'd put so much work into the occasion, he was as good as his word and *did* walk out.

David felt it was a great shame, but tried to put it out of his mind when the time for his official press conference came later that day. He was prepared for some hostility from the press as a result of his action at lunch time, but he was not prepared for the extremely petty attitude they displayed. The press boycotted the reception, which left David in delightful peace and quiet and with a welcome opportunity to meet some of his fans who *did* turn up in lieu of the press. Altogether, things worked out very nicely for David — thanks to the small-mindedness of certain press folks. Which just goes to show that grey clouds *do* have silver linings after all.

HOME TO HORSES

All too soon, though, David was up above those grey clouds winging his way back to the States, home — and his horses. It's got to the stage where more or less the only thing he reads, apart from music, has to do with horses. For instance, he made the most of the long reading time available between London and L.A. by arming himself with two horse magazines and a thoroughbred register before boarding the plane back!

It certainly looks as if all this book knowledge is being put to good use, 'cos right now five of David's mares are in foal. And, with that important claim on his time and attention, he's going to be hard pressed to find enough time to work on his new album.

But he'll find it.

David tells Henry to watch out for a passing car when he stepped into the road to take this pic in Rome

