

# DAVID LIVE!

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his room! The winds had caused temporary little uglies all over the place and David's heat was one of them. David didn't really need something more to worry about, but he immediately got on the trip that he was going to lose his voice if he had to stay in that cold room. He has lost his voice once or twice, and he'd been rehearsing hard for weeks, so we all carried his stuff across the hall and got him a warmer room.

Then we got Good News Flash #3; we had a rehearsal scheduled for two-thirty, but the musicians called us from the auditorium to say that the instruments hadn't arrived yet! That made David feel *wonderful*, because it suddenly occurred to all of us that there was really no guarantee that they'd even be there in time for the *show*! We all walked around nervously, thinking about that and listening to the wind until a very happy musician called to say that the stuff was there.

We bundled up and hurried to the auditorium, even though it was already four o'clock, because David really wanted to rehearse! His nervous energy was fantastic, and I think he would've gone crazy if he hadn't had that rehearsal. Besides, it made everybody feel better because the hall was very nice and everybody was playing well. By the end of the rehearsal period, we were all beginning to think that there *was* a chance for a good concert, after all!

After rehearsal, we grabbed a steak dinner and got back to the hotel so David could pick up his clothes. I went ahead to the auditorium with the rest of the musicians. David stayed behind in the hotel. A limousine would secretly deliver him backstage after the show began.

David had chosen his favorite performing costume, which was designed especially for him. It's like a white knit (I'm not too good at this kind of description) and it's covered with tassles, with a black bead at the end of each tassle. David chose it because, as he said, "It makes me feel like moving!" His face was almost as white as his costume, and he was pacing around backstage as we heard the murmur of voices swelling and rolling through the dark auditorium. Someone told David there were six thousand people out there, and I thought he was going to pass out!

Out on stage, the show began. A local band, Chinook, played, and they were really good. A lot of the kids had heard them before, and they liked them a lot. "At least they sound friendly," I whispered to David.

Then came our back-up group, an 11 piece band and three great singers. They sounded just great, and as the familiar tunes that we had heard them rehearsing poured backstage, David started to get himself ready, concentrating hard on what he had to do. Later he told me that he was never so frightened in his whole life, and he actually doesn't remember getting onstage at all!

And then it was time. A projection screen dropped down, and a bunch of David's favorite pictures of himself (taken by TIGER BEAT'S Kenny Lieu) suddenly appeared on it. The screams were tremendous! The music struck up, David took a deep, deep breath — and leaped out onto the stage.

First he sang, "I Can Hear Your Heartbeat," and the screaming and commotion was so earsplitting that I don't know how they heard him at all. I've got to admit that he looked really good, like he had been onstage his whole life. He told me later that it all just seemed to be *happening* and he didn't really feel in control of the situation until he suddenly caught this tre-



**CAN YOU BELIEVE THE FUN** David and I had on this tour? Even though it rained in both Seattle and Portland, we had the time of our lives meeting everyone! And would you believe that I even got to sign autographs? That's me above with the busy fingers, meeting David's fans.



**REHEARSAL TIME!** From l. to r. musical director Richard Delvy, Jonathan Lucas, and John Rossica advise David. Lucas has staged acts for the Supremes and Dean Martin. Rossica is a Bell records executive and David's friend.