



arms and body. Other fringes, starting at the knee, dance round his calves in time to the beat.

His moods change as he phrases the lyrics of the songs. One moment he clutches the hand mike like a lover and whispers into it. The next he throws back his head and roars like an orator, his right arm flailing the air. Again, for a passionate phrase, he stares straight into a thousand eyes and pleads for understanding with one hand spread open towards his listeners.

It is a virtuoso performance. You love him but all the time you are torn between the physical David and the super-star who is so professional he gives every note a special inflection, every gesture an arresting significance.

You are unaware of time passing. You are in a dream, a gentle hysteria. Involuntarily you cry out when others scream. Your back never touches the seat because you are hunched forward as if a few inches could bring you that much closer to David.

At last the concert ends. You are limp but unbearably happy as you

edge your way through the crowds into the night air. Like a current on the surface of a river you sense that fans are milling towards the stage door in the hope of catching one last glimpse of David.

You wonder how he must feel himself after giving so much. Is he slumped in a chair in his dressingroom like a victorious boxer, too tired to answer questions, too 'all in' to face the piles of autograph books that have been sent in for his signature? Or does the stage personality still hang on him like his clothes, so that he has to unwind gradually until the nerves are calm again?

Only those closest to David see him on these occasions. They have learned to tell from his face his elation and his critical assessment of the evening: the things that have pleased him, the things that have gone wrong.

Leave him to himself. Go home and dream of the night's magic. And think of him whispering to each and every one of you: "Thank you for coming Thank you for everything!"