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When David Cassidy (below) was performing a few years ago, he faced a regular wail of woe from teeny-boppers. The real anguish, however, was David's. He couldn't stand it and had to get away from the likes of the two at left, who were Beatle fans, but whose happy faces were the same as the ones looking up to Cassidy.

David Cassidy: An Idol Shakes The Groupie Grasp

By COLIN DANGAARD

WOMEN grasping at him. That's what finally got to David Cassidy, the teenyboppers' superpuppy, the kid who grew up with his picture outselling wallpaper for girls' rooms.

In Atlantic City, he was dressing in his trailer for a performance when two girls popped out from under a cupboard.

"They were green and sweating and looked like they should have been in a hospital," Cassidy said.

And for good reason. They had been under there two days, nibbling raisins and sipping water from canteens.

In Sydney, Australia, he woke shortly before dawn one day to find two girls leaning over him, one whispering into his ear. They had climbed over iron gates beside the hotel pool.

"We just wanted to touch you," said one.

"Suddenly, I lost control," Cassidy said.

"I'd had enough. I sprang out of bed, smashed my fist into the wall and screamed, 'This is my room! Get out! Go, Go!'"

The packs of girls were the worst,



Post-Dispatch Photo

however. Several times they tore his shirt off, descending on him like a flock of starved chickens.

"Many of them followed us from city to city," he said. "A lot of them were very unattractive." He smiled. "Only the good-looking ones got past the bodyguards."

Now 25 years old but still looking 12, Cassidy said, "Finally I realized I was losing touch with my own sexuality — that I was sick of living up to an image that just wasn't me. The David Cassidy the world knew was totally manufactured."

Thus Cassidy, whose 20,000,000 records

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