

Cassidy bodyguards reveal their secrets

Cassidy bodyguards John and Larry

John Monte and Larry Kraines traveled around the world with David Cassidy last year. Larry as David's supervisor and assistant, John as his road manager. In the following report, they describe the adventures they had to endure - especially with David's tempestuous admirers.

<<David Cassidy loves his fans...>>

Larry tells us. <<He always enjoyed the hype, the screaming and the hysteria when he appeared. Only very reluctantly, after several dangerous incidents, did he allow himself to be convinced that measures had to be taken to protect himself.

<<<David almost suffocated>>>

That's why we always surrounded David's stage with an army of plainclothes policemen. Nevertheless, in Nassau, a girl who approached the podium completely peacefully and harmlessly managed to jump onto the stage with a sudden leap and hug David fiercely in front of 15,000 spectators. She had made a bet with three friends that she would succeed. She looked radiantly into the audience, both arms still wrapped around David, who made a good face at the unplanned event. But the girls weren't always content with a harmless hug! Once, when he came out of the hall after a concert, he was discovered by a girl who suddenly started shouting and screaming uncontrollably. Soon he was hemmed in by a like-minded 500-strong horde. The delicate creatures began to drag him by the hair; in two seconds there were no buttons left on his suit, he was bleeding from several scratches on his face and hands and could no longer breathe under the avalanche of girls. With great difficulty we rescued a completely exhausted David, who was trembling all over his body, from dying of suffocation.

An embrace in honor

David and Larry on the plane: calm before the girl storm

Unrecognized in a Dortmund department store

An avalanche of screaming girls

All this happened in America and prompted us to devise a veritable alternating system of protective measures for Europe. When we landed at London's Heathrow Airport, we already had an impressive foretaste of what was to come. Several thousand girls had been camping on the airport grounds for days. No exact arrival date had been given. All they knew was that he would arrive from America, change planes and fly on to Amsterdam. We looked out of the window and saw that we couldn't possibly get out, so we put David in the catering trolley, covered him up to the tip of his nose with bags and actually made it to the airplane steps. But then he had to get out to make it up the few steps to the boarding hatch. And that's when all hell broke loose. An avalanche of screaming girls rolled across the airfield towards us. How they had managed to get through the official barriers in the first place has remained a mystery to us to this day. But here they came! David made it up the stairs at the last second and a stewardess closed the hatch behind him. The crying girls were put on a bus and taken back to the main building. From then on, we usually had someone from the escort team drive away dressed as "David".

David kidnapped?

But there was also the occasional quiet stop on our journey. Dortmund, for example, where David was still relatively unknown. We could really let him off the reins there. He enthusiastically went with us to a department store to buy a hairdryer, a sunshade and all sorts of odds and ends. But when a sales clerk rather stubbornly told us that English was spoken in England and German in Germany, that spoiled our fun too. Dortmund was not a very pleasant experience at all. Everything seemed to go wrong, first it rained so much that we were literally stuck in our hotel rooms.