



magazine, *Du & Ich*, "I have men friends who I sleep with – and I enjoy it. Satisfied?"

Just as fascinating was Cassidy's incessant bum-wiggling on stage (often accentuated by a starry patch sewn on his behind), a phenomenon the press dubbed "Bum Rock". Even *New Musical Express*, in an article entitled "Those Billion Dollar Cheeks", got quite carried away: "A twitch of the left cheek, a jerk sideways with the right, an uplift of both or a cheeky, rumpy swerve across the stage – David knows the lot." But it wasn't just his butt that got noticed: fans rapidly learnt he was so well-endowed – his half-brothers call him "Dove" – that he didn't need to stuff socks down the front of his crotch-hugging catsuit.

Eager to shake off his Keith Partridge

persona, Cassidy agreed to be photographed semi-nude for *Rolling Stone*. The accompanying article revealed that every Cassidy gig was followed by a bacchanalian orgy with groupies literally falling over each other to have sex with him. Despite this, there was no getting away from the fact that as a millionaire at 21, with a gold album, *Cherish*, to his name, David was still a lucrative, clean-teen proposition. Coy titles such as *Could It Be Forever* and *How Can I Be Sure?* – reinforcing all that teen angst –

were transatlantic hits in 1972.

What he couldn't have predicted was that he'd be working 18-hour days, seven days a week, in an effort to fulfil all his acting and singing commitments. The stress was taking its toll: after passing a gallstone and suffering a tumour, his skin was now breaking out in spots. Journalists were frequently told, "David can't see anyone today. His acne is really bad."

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Disguising it at first with lashings of orange pancake, he would have to resort later to curing it with heavy doses of tetracycline and a purgative diet of brown rice.

Cassidy's spectacular success in the UK, however, between 1972 and 1974, meant there'd be no let-up. To his dismay – but to the

delight of his producer, Wes Farrell, and Aarons – Britain's teenies were even keener on him than their American cousins. From the moment he arrived in London, he was besieged by fans. On his first night in town, he was serenaded by hundreds of them outside his room at the Dorchester – after which no hotel would have him. Aarons promptly hired Liz Taylor's 120-foot yacht, *Ocean Sabre* (moored mid-Thames), but nothing could deter admirers from taking sightseeing boats to get a closer peek at their idol. In fact, with fans relentlessly outsmarting Cassidy's security mea-

sures (he even had to record his *Top of the Pops* appearance in a secret venue), it began to look as if they'd set up a sophisticated private communications system to sniff out his every port of call.

Cassidy's double-sided single, *Daydreamer/ The Puppy Song*, and his album *Dreams Are Nothin' More Than Wishes*, stayed at number one in the UK charts for fifteen and thirteen weeks respectively. At his UK concerts, where he was playing to audiences of 6,000 ranging in