

CASSIDY

exclaimed in amazement to a friend. "They called every vet in the city and probably got the doctor's secretary. It's a big dog and cat hospital, and they have loads of people. Obviously some girl at the desk got the call and the person calling said, 'I'm his mother' or 'I'm his sister. Can you please give me his number?' They got my phone and my address. So I'm moving. I have to get out of my own house!" David's voice was shocked, incredulous. After working so hard for his success, this was the result: his own life was being violated by the very popularity he had sought. For David quickly discovered that a performer of his status is not only admired, but loved—loved with an intensity that leads to thoughtless intrusions on the star's privacy. He had wanted to be a success, wanted, he supposed, to be loved all along—but not like this! And so he got together a group of fellows, loyal friends who he knew would not reveal his new address on another hilltop. He asked them if they'd help him move. And then he rented a truck and put his relatively few be-

longings into it. There was his prized set of drums—*those* had to be handled with particular care. He'd blasted the rafters many a time with them when some of his buddies joined him for an impromptu rock session. And there was his guitar, which he had learned to play with effortless professionalism. Nobody was going to be disappointed if *he* were asked to play the guitar in public—he'd decided that long ago. In fact, he had originally started playing the guitar as a youngster, when he first realized that it would come in handy one day in the career he so much wanted. There was a set of vibes to amplify his music across the surrounding hills (fortunately the neighborhood had been somewhat short on neighbors) and there was his prized collection of records, including those made by his idol, Jimi Hendrix. Jimi's death from an overdose of drugs had hit David hard, because he had been a fan of Jimi's for years, had admired the far-out things he could do with a guitar, and had also respected him as a person. And his untimely (Continued on page 76)

