

Mario Bernardi at two concerts in Ottawa, relishing the contrasts between the large and small concerts, and appreciating each situation for its individual satisfactions; the variety of experiences kept everything fresh and stimulating.

In Seattle, after giving a private guitar lesson to the chief design engineer of Boeing, Murray Booth, I was invited on a fascinating tour of his plant, where he recklessly allowed me to clamber into Air Force One, the U.S. president's plane, which was being refitted in one of the hangars. As I sat in the pilot's seat and snapped a photo, a silent alarm was triggered; the next thing we knew, two Boeing officials in cars with blaring sirens raced up to the plane to reprimand him and confiscate my film.

In August 1976, Gordon accepted four dates at the Universal Amphitheater in Los Angeles. Having never been to the City of Angels, I was elated at the prospect of visiting Beverly Hills and Hollywood. We stayed at the Hyatt on Sunset Boulevard, and every evening were driven over the twists and curves of Laurel Canyon to Universal Studios. The evenings were so chilly that, wearing only a thin cotton gown, I froze on the outdoor stage during my first show. For the remaining three performances, I warmed my fingers on a hot-water bottle hidden behind my chair. On a whim, I looked up my lost love from 1966, Paul Koslo. He came to hear the concert and later partake in my feast of fruit, cheese, and wine in the private Winnebago I had been assigned on the amphitheater back lot. Following his dreams, Paul had pursued his acting career in Hollywood. Even more "spacey" and dissipated than he had been during his acid-tripping days in Toronto, my romantic teenage heart-throb had become a movie star. I preferred to remember the hippie idealist passionately strumming his guitar in my parents' living room. Memories are sometimes better left shrouded in the past.

Gordon had developed a drinking problem, which was becoming harder and harder to conceal. At the slightest provocation, he exploded at his employees. Some evenings our headliner was decidedly tipsy before the shows, causing his promoters acute consternation.