

Morning Rain" listened with fascination to the contrasting sounds of Villa-Lobos and Granados.

One evening I was coerced by Gordon to join a few fans and the band for a drink in the hotel bar in Fort Worth, where we had performed to a sell-out crowd at the Tarrant County Convention Center. As we sipped our margaritas, a power failure forced us to resort to candles. Tiring of the noisy, smoke-filled lounge, I decided to head up to my room carrying a candle. "No candles allowed in the rooms, ma'am," the waitress admonished in her Texan drawl. Knowing that without a candle or flashlight my room would be totally dark, I tried a second time to abscond with an unlit candle in my handbag, but she intercepted me and I had to hand it back. Feeling angry and desperately tired, I groped my way up the outdoor staircase and stumbled into a pitch-black room, hoping I would not trip over my guitar case. Striking a match from a package I had been given by a sympathetic Pee Wee Charles, I proceeded to carefully light a corner of what felt like the standard Hertz Rent-a-Car sign on top of the television set. This provided enough light for me to find my way into the bathroom, where I could wash my face and brush my teeth. My next target was a green American Express Card folder, which burned brilliantly in the tub, followed by the room-service menu, dry-cleaning slips, and the Do Not Disturb sign. It was the only way to light the room and was certainly much more dangerous than a candle. I hoped that no other late-arrival guests were busy creating bonfires in their bathtubs!

After falling asleep at around one-thirty, I was startled by the sound of someone knocking on the door of my room. The alarm clock glowed two-thirty. Blearily feeling my way to the door in the dark, I heard Gordon asking to be let in. "My God," I thought, "has Gordon finally decided that his groupie scene has become boring in comparison with a blackout romance with his opening act?" He had never before come to my room, so I was caught off guard by the unexpected visit. Gordon explained that he was concerned I would be afraid to be alone in the dark. Standing at the doorway in my