

The making and breaking of management deals, combined with a series of erratic romances, was exacting its toll from the troubled troubadour from Orillia. Wisely, Gordon overcame the drinking habit in the early eighties. One day he asked what I was doing with the cheques he generously paid me every week. I explained that I was saving up to help my parents buy a larger house. Paragon Road could no longer contain all the Boyd gang, and I was embarrassed to have only a small basement room to call my own. Gordon introduced me to his accountant, who set up my corporation, Liona Boyd Productions Inc. Little did I know that, twenty years later, this relationship would cost me all the fees I had earned from Gordon, as the accountant involved me, along with many others, in poor real-estate investments. That same year, we relocated to a more spacious house in Etobicoke, on the shoreline of prehistoric Lake Iroquois, which is now part of Toronto.

While on the road with Gordon, I used to listen from the sidelines to his endless problems with lawyers, agents, and managers. I had always reasoned that everything would become easier once I "hit it big" as a recording artist, but money and success complicate life; within a few years, I was experiencing the same professional headaches.

Towards the end of my Lightfoot tours, my sporadic life with Cal had become a daily roller-coaster ride and I was increasingly afraid of his emotional ups and downs. His volatile nature was too much of a contrast to my more even temperament. On several occasions, I flew back to Toronto only to find that my disconsolate lover had put himself on the next plane and turned up on the doorstep of my parents' house begging forgiveness. Finally, I decided that his ongoing jealousy towards my career was intolerable. The situation was exacerbated by the knowledge that he had countless contacts in the music world, yet refused my requests for introductions. One night he screamed at me for wanting to play on a telethon. The next moment he was in tears, telling me I was the love of his life. The dizzying see-saw of feelings grew unbearable, and one December