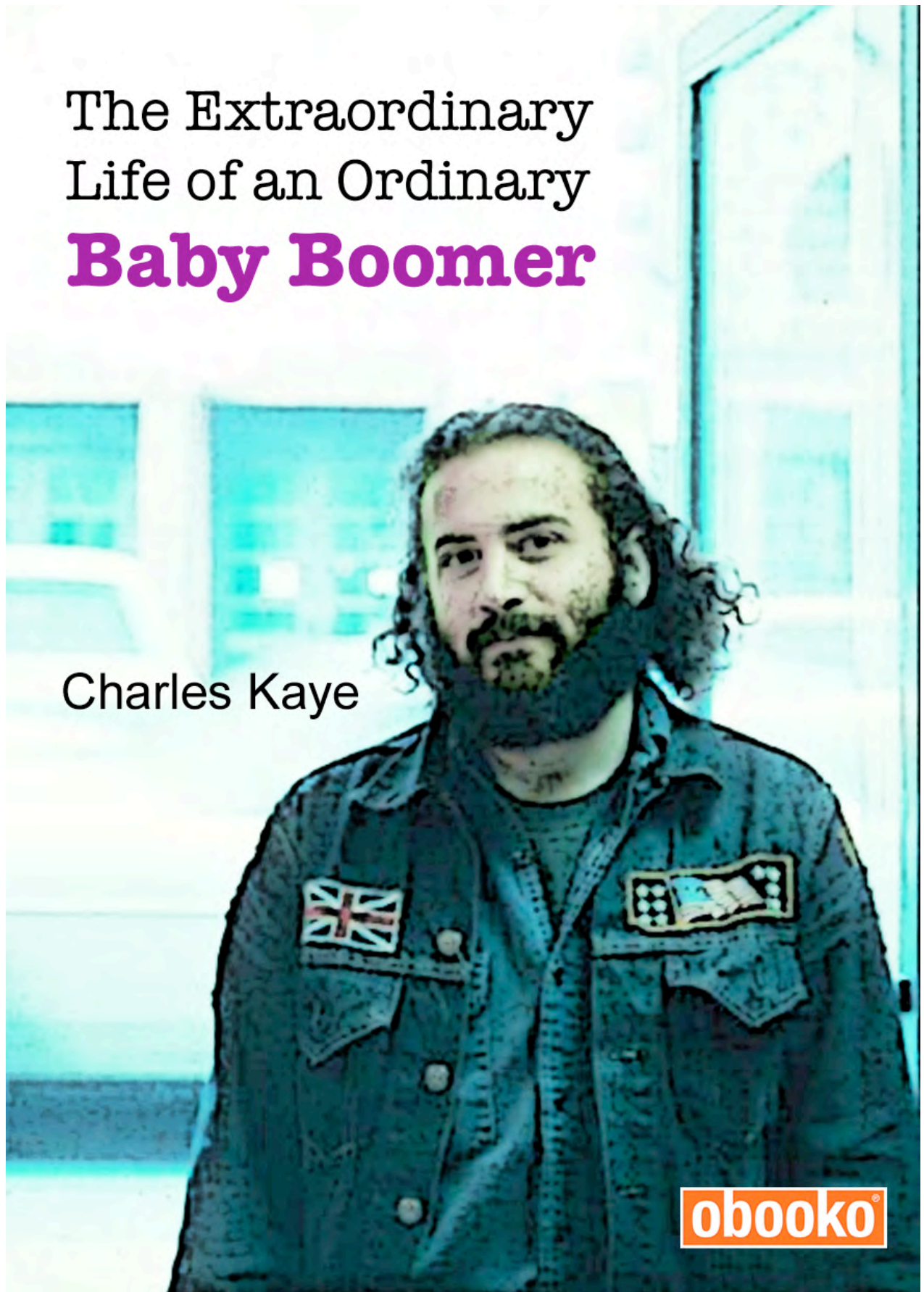


The Extraordinary  
Life of an Ordinary  
**Baby Boomer**

Charles Kaye



**obooko**<sup>®</sup>

# THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF AN ORDINARY “BABY BOOMER”

Charles Kaye

© Copyright Charles Kaye 2013

OBOOKO FREE EDITION

This is a legally distributed free edition from [www.obooko.com](http://www.obooko.com)

The author’s intellectual property rights are protected by international Copyright law.

You are licensed to use this digital copy strictly for your personal enjoyment only.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or distributed commercially without the prior written permission of the author. This free edition must never be offered for sale in any form.



## Preface

I am going to focus on the music, musicians & escapades of a "baby boomer", dissenter and all around atypical refugee of the late 60s & early 70s. Since I intend on boring you with that, I believe I will also boor you with my life in general. I will mainly use stories, incidents and circumstances surrounding my life and the effect it had on my self and others.

In order to give you a good idea of what exactly is in store for you, I would first like to relate a few facts through incidents & memories. When I was young, my father almost immediately tagged me with the nickname "Corky" which he got from his favorite comic strip in the Sunday paper called, "Gasoline Alley". I remember being three years old. My father, mother, brother and I lived in a building complex on the corner of Ashland & Juneway terrace in East Rodgers Park. Juneway Terrace is the northern most street in Chicago. Behind it is an alley. On the other side of the alley is a fence confining Calvary Cemetery which is in Evanston the first suburb to the north of the Chicago's city limits. The building was large, three stories tall with a fountain in a central court surrounded by the building itself. Every summer they would stock the fountain with huge six inch goldfish. I used to love standing by the water watching the goldfish casually swim by around the circular fountain.

During the warmer weather in spring, summer & fall, I would be outside playing. There were only two rules I had to follow don't leave the front of the building and don't cross the street. Every day, across the street an older man (since I was only three everyman was an older man) would walk his two gorgeous Irish Setters. He would look at me, smile a huge grin and yell to me, "Why you SIBERIAN SNUFF CHEWER TYWOBBER KILL BURGESS" laugh, and continue on his way. Why would I bring up this incident? First, it is amazing, even to me, that a three year old could remember such a phrase, and second, why can I remember that and not remember what I had for dinner two nights ago?

I relate this story to emphasize one point. My memory is totally unpredictable. Some of the things you will read are completely accurate, true and in perfect sequential order. Some are embellished, completely inaccurate and in perfect disorder. I would like to apologize ahead of time and remind you that this is only necessary to maintain order and comprehension of what is to follow. The life of an ordinary person who was exposed to some extraordinary incidents involving regular people, and people who made their mark on the world through talent, chance and being in the right place in the right time.

The main focus will be on the two years I spent on the road with a rock group in 1969 & 1970 called The Flock. Through working for them I was exposed to and became friends with some of the most famous people of that particular era. I will also touch on interesting and or special incidents and people in my life before and after my involvement with the group. I hope to convey my feelings and reactions to the world I lived in and that you will be moved by them and find them interesting and special.

## 1968 & 1969 I Get Involved

While in college, I become engulfed in a world of drugs, black lights and posters. The youth of America declared the need to return power to the people. The Vietnam conflict continues. I'm still reeling from the assassination of Kennedy in 1963. It is now 1968. Since Kennedy's assassination, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. took over the push for an equal rights amendment. His speeches are stirring and downright awesome. He makes me think. I have a good life and the freedom to do as I wish. Simple things yes, but things that minorities can't do. I am beginning to understand that I must do something.

My feelings regarding the issues of the day can best be described in the lyrics of the songs that have been already recorded and the ones to follow later. Songs like Peter, Paul and Mary's "Blowin' in the Wind". Country Joe McDonald's tongue in cheek, extremely sarcastic and poignant version of the "Feel like I'm Fixin to Die Rag", White Rabbit by Jefferson Airplane, the Moody Blues tribute to the counter culture hero and proponent of LSD Dr. Timothy Leary a professor of languages at Harvard University who coined the phrase, "tune in, turn on and drop out", more about Timothy to come. Later on, songs would continue the push for world peace and love. "Woodstock" recorded by several artists, "Seems I saw a squad of jet planes riding shotgun in the sky, turning into butterflies above our nation" or even more so "Imagine" by John Lennon, "Imagine all the people living life in peace. You might say I a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. Someday they all will join us and the world will live as one." These words and ideas were instilled in me through my own thoughts, meditations and opinions.

I am a student at De Paul University at the Schmidt Academic Center on Seminary and Fullerton. I am an education major, and must maintain a C+ average, so, I am working my ass off trying to stay in school, and add to that a mandatory completion of five philosophy courses. I am under a great deal of pressure and stress not to forget the fact that the war (excuse me...the Vietnam Conflict) goes on. No one in power would admit we were at war mainly because we didn't belong there. Everyone knew this was an attempt to hold on to the "Rice Belt". If you can control the sustenance of people, you can control the people. The problems seemed to all stem from money and I myself wonder why there is such an imbalance of wealth? Why can't a man be able to better himself in America if he's not white and educated? Why are people being murdered in our own country simply because they are not Caucasian? These were the things that bothered me. Ideas of equal rights and freedom for all, a new way of life, these were the important things of the day.

So, here we are involved in a racial revolution and an unjust conflict. I am appalled that our soldiers are coming home and being chastised and treated like lepers when all they were doing was going to a foreign country, putting their lives on the line and coming home to harassment if they came home at all. They are also suffering from the atrocities of inhumane treatment and torture. What's worse is instead of being treated like the heroes they are, they



are being chastised for not rebelling against their superior officers and committing treason and war crimes. I am torn because they are being treated like this by everyone. The hippies who were blaming them for the “conflict” and the WWII era generation (our parents) because for the second “conflict” in a row (the Korean War) our nation was not the world's saviors and we had to blame someone besides ourselves.

I am looking at these injustices and going nuts. I have to speak out. Then the unthinkable happens in April of 1968, King is assassinated, and shortly thereafter Robert Kennedy the Senator from Massachusetts and the younger brother of JFK is also gunned down in LA at a campaign rally.

Understand that there is still suspicion that agencies of our own government are being accused of masterminding JFK's murder and now things are really getting tense. The Democratic Convention is convening in Chicago at the Conrad Hilton Hotel. Not wanting things to get out of hand, Richard J. Daley, Chicago 's mayor, increases police presence in front of the Hotel to try and control the ever-growing group of liberal protesters.

I was kind of spoiled because I would go downtown and protest and then go home to my father's high rise apartment building on the lake shore. Never the less, I would continue this for the next couple of days.

Then it happened, the unthinkable. Shouting and yelling slogans, was no match for clubs, tear gas and shields. The cops became the aggressors and started coming after us. I ran because I was not stupid. The cops didn't care that I was really a nice guy, trying to make the world a cleaner, better and more peaceful place to live, they saw a hippie protester and started swinging. Then I made my biggest mistake. I turned to see what was going on behind me as I was hurrying out of the way, and was cracked in the head with a club by a cop who was on my tail, chasing down “the little guy”. I basically turned right into it. I was now bleeding profusely from a ¾ inch gash in my forehead.

I turned and kept running as fast as I could. I knew that if I could get into Grant Park away from the group, I might have a chance of getting home to safety. I was holding the blood back with my shirt which I removed. I was still running as fast as I could. After a while, I made it to Randolph Street and Lake Shore Drive. I was in the clear, so I started walking down Randolph toward Michigan Avenue. My plan was to try and make it to the subway, which would get me within walking distance, eventually, of my home. I get about a half block from Michigan and I spot more cops cruising the area looking for anyone they could beat the hell out of. I doubled back to Columbus and headed north to Grand Avenue.

I knew there was an “L” stop at Grand Avenue and State Street. If I could make it there without being caught, I would be in the clear. Well, that wasn't going to happen. I wound up walking all the way to North Avenue. It was late and I was weak and exhausted. I got to the subway which took me within 8 blocks of my building.

Somehow I finally made it home and had some explaining to do. “What happened to you”? My father asked me. I looked him straight in the eye, blood still present on my forehead,

and said that I was out exercising my right to free speech and I made a pass at a lesbian. I thought that was funny, but he didn't, so I explained what really happened.

He gave me a ride to the hospital so I could get stitched up. All the while he walked the tight rope between understandingly supportive and what the hell is the matter with you?

That was the end of my speaking out in protest. I was now afraid to express myself openly, but that didn't stop me from expressing my feeling in closed groups and within the safety of the De Paul Campus. We were now in the era of the slogan clashes. One side was saying, "America, love it or leave it". Countered by, " America, fix it or fu\*k it". Actually, I never used either of those slogans because I was still glad to be born in the U.S.A. and still living in the land of the free, etc. I was still interested in making the world a better place. My feelings were very simple. The world had to come together, I was a dreamer. I wanted everyone all over the world to remember we were all a part of mankind. I felt we all had to speak out even if it would mean getting cracked on the head again.

I decided to put my feelings about speaking out and voicing opinions on paper, so I wrote the following:

### The Word

These are the years of the four-letter word,  
In all walks of life the word could be heard.  
But never in public, the Word people will say,  
Society says it's obscene, so will leave it that way.  
But the word must not fall upon our young children's ears,  
Well, at least not until they reached twenty years.  
Don't say that we cry it's dirty and lewd,  
It's vile, disgusting, filthy and crude.  
But it expresses a thought the young innocently say,  
And, a policeman overhearing this carts him away.  
The judge on the bench looking stern and mean says,  
"Young man you are charged with being obscene".  
But I still hear the boy's words as each day I grow older,  
"But Your Honor, isn't the obscenity in the mind of the beholder?"

## The Stories Begin .... Laura Love

So, I'm in college, and am friends with Gary and Jayne I need to make some money, so I get a job working at the House of Lewis in Old Town. I would say it was 1968. I am living with Herman and Judy in Marine Towers a high-rise apartment building overlooking the Lake 22<sup>nd</sup> floor 3 bedroom apartment overlooking the park and Lake Michigan. I guess my father had finally made it. Playing with the big boys \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$. The house of Lewis was a novelty / head shop/ and clothing store on Wells about a block and a half south of North avenue. I am working and a large blonde woman walks in. By large, I mean huge breasts with a body big enough to support them. She wasn't bad looking at all. "Hi, how can I help you?" I said. She looked me up and down and said, "We can talk about that later. In the meantime I would like to look at that leather/suede pant suit". I asked her size and pulled a suit off the rack and showed her where she could try it on. She asked if I could help her get undressed, and I told her I would lose my job. She said she understood and went in alone. She came out and I couldn't believe the suit fit her perfectly. She bought it and asked if we could get together later. I said sure we can double date with my friends Gary and Jayne. She said OK and gave me the address where to pick her up.

Well, my father and Judy were out of town that weekend so we all went back to my apartment. She was very impressed. We started by getting to know each other. She told me her name was Love and I immediately began to think professional or porn star. She was from Texas and had just moved up here.

I asked what she would like to do and she said she wanted to take me into the bedroom and screw my brains out, which she did. While Gary and Jayne were sitting in the living room watching TV, she was making me work. Every half hour I would explode, and I learned of a female trick that I would find out later that to be a post birth exercise for the womb, but she called it pumping the well dry. We talked and I got to know her and what being a female Texan was all about. Then she would allow me to take a break and check on Gary and Jayne as I didn't want to be too rude, but I had to be a little rude in order to get my "freak" on. I went to the living room to rest and regroup and five minutes later Jayne and Gary would tell me not to be rude and go back into the bedroom and keep her company. I entered the room and was immediately attacked. I worked my ass off until I spent myself again. Another break and I get pushed back in. This went on all night long, at least a dozen times. I finally gave up and while relaxing in bed asked her why me since she was so big and I was so small. How big was she? Jayne and Gary went at it in the living room, and she picked Jayne's bra and put one of the cups up to her breast. It just barely covered her nipple. That was big, but why me? She said, "It ain't the size I'm interested in, it's that pile driving little ass of yours". "Are you done with me?" I asked. "Yeah" she said, "I think I got all out of you that I could". I drove her to her temporary abode. Gave her a kiss goodbye, and that was the last I ever saw of her, but meeting her was to have significance later on as you will find out.



## I Get Involved With The Flock!!!!

Gary, Jayne and I start hanging out together on weekends. I'm busy with work and classes at De Paul University. I am in the school of education and want to become a coach since I am a jock, a short jock, but a jock none the less. They are taking me to places like the Green Gorilla, venues in Indiana etc. I sit there high on whatever was available (speed, downers, pot, acid and even heroin ) listening to old friends of mine and new ones to be made on the stage, playing music that goes directly to my sole shakes it up and leaving me with a wonderful sense of being here, there, everywhere. I am mesmerized and enthralled I've never heard anything like this before and my Uncle Lee Konitz is one of the world's most respected alto sax players. What I am listening to now is a fusion of rock, jazz, blues and country. I can hear vocal and instrumental harmony, and an electric violin that can do classical, country and acid rock. A guitar that can go from hard rock and blues to soft and melodic jazz. Drums that do more than just keep a beat and a bass that can carry a melody that stands by itself. Two saxophones and a trumpet make this a full-fledged band. The music takes you through changes. One minute it's rocking your ass off the next minute it lulls you into world of flowers and birds. Sure, I paid to get in, but I have to do more. I go up on the stage at the end of the concert and say hi to the guys I already know, Freddie Glickstein, Jerry Goodman, and Ricky Canoff. This isn't "Take Me Back" (one of their early recordings in 67), this is deep heavy changes and musical harmonies that have never been touched by anyone before. It is original yet familiar. Until now, my biggest musical influences were the Beatles (especially the White Album), The Moody Blues, The Rolling Stones and a plethora of groups from the British Invasion and the West Coast sounds of The Beachboys, Jan & Dean as well as the folk style of Peter, Paul & Mary, The Kingston Trio and Bob Dylan. Of course my Uncle was also a big influence on me as he would tell me to always keep balance in my life by listening to any kind of music every day.

I first met Freddie at school, Sullivan H.S. He went to a different Grammar School, and I guess we became friends because we were two diminutive guys. He was embarrassed to hang with me because I was a duper (back then you were either a greaser or a duper). Everyone knows what a greaser is, but a duper was a guy wearing cuffed slacks and patterned shirts. One thing was for certain, Freddie was as insane as I and with an amazing musical talent on the guitar and a voice that was sweet and tasty.

Jerry Goodman, who was the most accomplished musician of The Flock, went to Sullivan for a while before he and his family moved out to Highland Park an exclusive area in Lake County on the North Shore. I was actually a friend of his older brother Arnie. They were both excellent musicians. It was my understanding that one or both of their parents were musicians.

Ricky and I knew each other, I'm not sure I remember how, I just knew him. Our friendship was solidified by his knowledge and admiration of my Uncle Lee Konitz's work on the alto sax. He was a driving force in the directions that the music went. Fred played lead guitar with incredibly tasty riffs and a beautiful voice. Jerry was the hook of the group playing electric violin with the ability to go from classical to rock to country all within the same song. Ricky played sax both tenor and bass. There were two more guys making up the horn section. T.S. Henry Webb (Tom) played tenor and alto sax plus flute and harmonica. He was a great musician and very talented, but a little weird. When I turned 21, he would walk up to me, take one step to the side and another step forward, then without even looking at me would say, "Hey man, get me a bottle of Richard's?" He was talking about Richard's Wild Irish Rose a wine of strength more than taste. Tom eventually left the group for reasons I will not mention to save him the embarrassment, but not before he laid down some magical musical sounds. When Tom left later on, knowing full well that my good friend Jon Gerber was a sax player, I got him an audition and he became a member of the group.

The horns were rounded out by Frank Posa. Frank played trumpet with style, and the ability to show a very mellow strength. His notes were always clean and in perfect pitch. He also had the greatest sense of humor being from the Italian west side of Chicago, he loved to poke fun at his ethnicity by mimicking a typical west side Chicago accent.

Jerry Smith played bass guitar with authority and class, at times taking on the melody as well as the bottom. This was the same with the drums played by Ron Karpman (we called him Noodle) he also could take on the melody as well as keeping everything in its proper rhythm.

Finally, when the vocals came there was a natural harmony these guys were able to make another instrument out of their voices which also made them special. They had me enthralled.

My disappointment was to come inevitably with the recording of their albums. Columbia (CBS) records gave us John McClure as a producer. He was more comfortable with classical music than any other. It appears that Clive Davis thought the Flock would be more successful as a classical band. John featured Jerry Goodman more than the rest of the group, which was a disaster as I had already discovered that the key to the band was that no one was ever featured by me live, unless they had a solo, they were a group and the key to their success was that they remain a group. When I mixed their music live, the volume of the horns was increased, while Jerry was at the same volume vocally and instrumentally as the others.

In the future it wouldn't matter anyway as Ricky Cannoff passed away in 1988 from complications due to diabetes. Without Ricky's passion, the group could never achieve their sound as I knew it. However, I was to find out later after the group broke up and I went my separate way that a musician named Thomas Blecka would become a strong influence on the remaining members, helping them to try and carry on the music of the Flock.

I was so impressed with this fantastic music I ask if there is any thing I could do to help. I'm told and shown what to do. Over a period of time I become a regular at all their gigs. I help tear down and pack up. I am a roadie doing it for the love of the music. I start getting there early and help set up. They have adequate but 2<sup>nd</sup> rate equipment and a fair sound system. Soon I am staying and helping to tear down and pack their van. We go to places in Indiana and I am one of the guys.

I met a girl at a gig in Indiana. Her name was Missy, and she was drop dead gorgeous. I forget we're in Indiana and that most of the young people there are looking to find a way to get out. She has a yellow Volkswagen. She asks if she can follow me home to Chicago and I, shocked and bewildered, answer, "Of course". We spent the night together and the next day we wake up to a beautiful sunny spring morning. I don't know what to say and neither does she. I believe that if I had asked her to stay, she would have. She is about to leave and she jumps into my arms with her legs wrapped around my waist. She must have been a dancer because her legs were so strong I almost passed out from the pressure. Again, my insecurity takes over and I said nothing and kissed her sweetly. She got into her car. I asked if she was going to be OK. She said nothing and drove away. This ended the first of many encounters with women that I would be sorry for the rest of my life that I wasn't more aggressive, self confident and less naïve.

Of all the jobs we played, I guess the ones I hated the most were the ones at the Aragon Ball Room. Now, don't get me wrong, the room was great. It was the necessity of moving all the equipment up the fire escape to the second floor ballroom, and then back down in the dark at the end of the concert.

The gigs kept getting more and more frequent. I was high as a kite. I had one more trimester to finish in school and I would have gotten my degree. That is when my life would take a different direction, one of those forks in the road of life that I could never change having made my decision which road to take.

It seems that during all these jobs others were watching the Flock and their popularity. We were being scrutinized by people in the business. By now I am a member of the group setting them up and tearing them down. I no longer had to pay to get in. I am becoming a part of something I had no idea where it would take me or what it would do to me. I become like a brother to Fred, Jerry, Ricky, Noodle, Smitty, Tom and Frank.

One day Ricky comes up to a few of us and says that they had just signed a recording contract with Columbia Records. They were going to New York to record and would need to hire a roadie. I knew I wanted to do it. Things started to change. Mitch Canoff (Ricky's older brother) became the Road Manager. We were now being managed by Aaron Russo (he eventually was the owner of the Electric Theater and later called the Kinetic Playground right next to the Rainbow Ice Skating Rink on Clark and Lawrence. Money was being invested in new equipment (Acoustic Amps and a hand built state of the art P.A. System).

The PA was built for The Kinetic Playground by genius Peter De Blanc who was also responsible for the light show. I remember the day I met with him at the Playground. He did his best to try and describe the procedures for troubleshooting the system, but honestly I understood about half of what he was saying. The PA was used as often as possible for the Kinetic Playground, but was actually the Flock's.

It was the most powerful portable PA in existence until the "Bear" built the "Wall of Sound", for the Dead. Our PA was capable of providing adequate sound for outdoor festivals and large venues.

They bought or leased a 12-passenger van and an 18 foot truck, which barely held all the new equipment. We played the Theater with headliners like Johnny Winter, B.B. King and John Mayall.

A decision was eminent as to who was going to be the official roadie. IT WAS ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

In the spring of 1969, I was in my last trimester at De Paul and getting ready to receive my degree, when I was offered a "roadie" job with The Flock. I couldn't pass it up, so I went to the office at De Paul and asked what I needed to do to suspend my education for a while and pick it up when I was done. I was told to take withdraw forms to my Professors and have them sign them, which I did. However, I was to find out that there was an omission in my instructions that I would be screwed by and it would change my life completely.

I went back to De Paul got withdraw slips and had them signed by my professors. I went to the draft board and was stripped of my 2S classification and given a 1A which made me eligible for the draft in the waning years of the Vietnam "Conflict". Fortunately, this was to be the first year of a new draft system. A lottery was held drawing numbers to coincide with the days of the year. My number was 314.

Unless there was a drastic escalation of the "Conflict", I wasn't going to be called. I was ready to Rock n Roll. I was shown the intricacies of the new P.A., and the Acoustic Amps and speakers. I controlled their sound and elevated and lowered the microphones until I got the sound that made people go nuts. This was all MY stuff and MY responsibility. I couldn't have been happier. I was about to embark on the wildest ride of my life, which I am now going to share with you.

## Sandy & Molly

We were playing at the Electric Theater. I don't remember with whom because it's not germane to the subject. I am approached by a very cute blonde with an extremely nice body and an adorable freckle above her lip. Not a big one, just a tiny one. She introduces herself as Sandy (not her real name) with an unfamiliar last name. She tells me she has been a Flock fan for years and has noticed that I was with the group. She was friends with the boys or at least some of them, and when I inquire about her they tell me that the last name she gave me was her married name and she was now divorced with a child. Then I am told her maiden name and it immediately clicks.

She went to Amundsen H.S. She was practically a legend. She was well known as an exceptionally beautiful young woman who was known to have intimate relations on the first date. In other words, she had a very loose reputation. I was interested how and why a girl as pretty as her would behave the way she did. The bottom line, I found out, is she was a sweet girl who would go to any lengths to have people like her. To be plain and simple, she was very insecure and used sex as a security blanket. We became friends and I must admit her reputation was my catalyst. I was interested how and why a girl as pretty as her would behave the way she did. When she looked in the mirror she did not see herself the way others did. My heart went out to her.

I wanted to spend time with her to get to know her, and see if she was as “free spirited” as her reputation made her out to be. She was, but she also had another side to her. She would talk, and I would listen and comment. Deep down she was a good and trusting soul, who just wanted to love and be loved. She was a good mother, helped by a room-mate, Molly (not her real name). Molly worked and helped with the bills. She had a car and was very independent and self assured even though she was a little “mousey”, with glasses and strawberry blonde eyebrows that stood out over her glasses, if you didn't know her you would think she was a little funny looking. Still she was very slender with little bitty breasts and a tiny yet extremely round and firm ass. Sandy had it all great body and great looks. They made a very interesting pair. Molly was very good with Sandy 's child and I could tell right away that she would make a great mother. She was always doing things for the child and Sandy would have been lost without her. I soon found out that Molly was a hero when Sandy confided in me that she had Leukemia which back in the 60s was incurable for the most part. I began to realize the bond the two of them shared and that both Sandy and her little girl needed Molly more than anyone could imagine. Sandy knew she was going to die, but not when. Then to make things even more difficult, she began to fall in love with me and told me out right. I didn't know what to say. I was not in the position to help her in any way except to love her back as best as I could. You see another problem popped up out of nowhere, I was enamored and falling in love with Molly. We all carried on as friends and spent a lot of time together. We were all very happy even though neither knew about my feelings for Molly.

Then one night all hell broke loose. I went to their apartment for a visit, and maybe spend the night. Sandy was tending to her daughter and I had to piss. One bathroom and Molly was in it taking a bubble bath. I asked if I could come in and relieve myself. To my astonishment, Molly said yes. I went in and relieved myself while all the time Molly wouldn't take her eyes off me and my average-sized member. I looked at her and my heart melted. No glasses, and her inner beauty took over, she was, in my opinion, absolutely gorgeous. I pulled a Quaalude out of my pocket, removed its protective covering that I had made so I could carry it with me until the right situation came about, and this was the right situation. I broke it in half and gave half to her and did the other half. I kissed her long and lovingly. Then I walked out to let her finish her bath while the drug kicked in. Sandy, because of her illness became very tired and put her daughter to bed and crawled in with her. I tucked them both in and gave Sandy a little kiss good night.

Meanwhile, Molly got out of the tub and went into her bedroom where I found her completely naked. She was a vision being naturally blonde all over, small breasts and that gorgeous little ass. We made love like crazy; 69, missionary and doggie style. We were temporarily satisfied after about an hour in the bed. We went out to the living room for a rest and I was sitting on the couch. Molly went down on me and got my attention by putting me at attention. Then she turned away from me and sat down right on my "manhood". She lifted herself up and lowered herself down twice and all of a sudden started to shiver uncontrollably. She did it again up and down, up and down, and shivered again. She kept doing it about 30 or more times, I had never had a woman orgasm that much before in my life nor had I ever heard of it as well. It was a truly special encounter. Finally after at least an hour I exploded harder than I had ever done before. We weren't stupid we both knew it was the drug. Molly never knew how much I was in love with her. My heart couldn't tell Sandy about Molly and I was afraid to tell Molly about my feelings because of her loyalty to the very ill Sandy. The last time I saw either of them was at the hospital a couple days later when Sandy started to react severely to the Leukemia. However, I did see Molly, but was unable to catch her to talk and find out what happened. To this day, I still don't know if Sandy is alive or dead, what happened to her daughter and most of all what did life have in store for my sweet beautiful Molly. She will always be the one who would bother me the most that I let her get away.



## We Arrive In New York

I remember driving our old equipment van to New York City. We get put up at a hotel on 57<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> avenues in Manhattan. I believe it was called The Gorman. I have trouble remembering other details except for the following:

I was alone in the van driving to the recording studio about a mile downtown, for our first session. As I am driving along in this cosmos of taxis, pedestrians and nut jobs, I notice a tall, thin and extremely handsome woman hitching a ride. I pull over to pick her up. She thanks me for stopping and gets in. It is summertime and very hot, and she asks if I can give a ride to her friends too. "OK", I said not knowing what I had just gotten myself into. I look in back as the side door of the van slides open. For some reason, I am unconcerned about the hundreds of dollars of musical instruments in the back, mainly because the second man to get in is very familiar looking to me.

I was introduced and can only remember one name out of the group of six, Dr. Timothy Leary. For those not familiar with him, the good Doctor was a Professor at Harvard University. He was very heavily into the counter culture/ drug society of the late 60s. I believe I have already mentioned that he coined the phrase, "Tune in, turn on, drop out". I was less than two blocks from my destination, and they were looking for a ride all the way downtown to the "Tribeca" area on the south east side of the island. I thought about it and said to myself, "What the hell". I drove them to their destination explaining to them who I was and what I was doing there and all about the Flock and their music. They all hung on every word. We finally got through all the traffic to their destination and they all got out. Timothy thanked me and asked where we were staying. I told them and acknowledged the pleasure of meeting them all.

I headed to the recording studio, all the way worried about what was going to happen to me because I was already an hour late with an hour of traffic to get through. I wasn't even thinking about how hot it was in the van.

I arrived and was immediately subjected to verbal attacks and threats of sending me back to Chicago. They all backed off when I told them, who I'd met and why I was late. They all calmed down until they opened their instruments and found a couple of them were suffering from the heat including Ricky's Sax. Needless to say recording was put off for the most part so we could get the instruments back to their original state.

I was now on the entire groups "shit list". They were all extremely pissed off at me. I was almost certain they were going to send me back to Chicago ..... on a bus, so I did my best to remain as invisible as possible. That evening there was a knock at the door of the room we were in which was one of at least two suites. I don't remember who answered the door, but I heard someone ask if Chuck was there. I went to the door and didn't recognize anyone. However, one of them was an obvious victim of polio. He said to me, "Timothy sent me, may I come in?" Well, first there became no doubt to the guys that my story was true. The young

man told us how grateful Timothy was for the ride and wished to thank me for going out of my way. He then pulled an envelope out of his pocket and handed it to me. At first I thought it was money and was about to give it back when I got a good look at what was in the envelope, 50 tablets of Orange Sunshine. All of a sudden, I went from the chastised screw up to the hero of the day.

We purposely took the next day off and went to play in Central Park. The day after that, there was a blurb in the newspaper of how the rock group, The Flock, from Chicago was spotted “frolicking” in Central Park. I realized that in this new world that I was in, I could never be sure of what was going to happen....ever again.

Was the gift of acid a blessing, or the kiss of death? I believe the acid changed the atmosphere of the recording studio. Everybody started getting weird ideas of things to record along with and added to the regular music. My opinion was it was too much, but a greater mistake was about to happen.

The boys laid down enough tracks for two albums, and I believe we were contracted for 3 or 4. This is where I had my doubts about what was to transpire. I had been with the group for several months already mixing the sound at all the gigs. What was going down on the tape was not what I heard when I mixed live. It wasn't until it was too late that I spoke up. I didn't before because it was their album their music and no one asked my opinion. To this day, I know that if allowed, I could have made the recordings sound as good as their live performances. These were the shows that never went without a request for at least one, sometimes two encores.

Soon the boys started going kind of crazy with their extra tracks and sound effects different instruments. Let's face it the Flock was a great band with great musicians, but their forte was live, on stage, performances in front of people. They would always bring the house down, because their music, albeit complicated, was always clean and uncluttered.

However, I soon became distracted by Beth and that was the end of that. Beth was a pretty and really sweet little Jewish girl. She was slender and very affectionate. She was a “groupie”, however she wasn't interested in the musicians, maybe because she wasn't flashy enough to attract their attention, but the girl was very, very talented. Interestingly, I soon found out that she had another roadie friend and treated him like she treated me whenever he was in town. His name was Sonny and he was the head roadie for the Grateful Dead. Beth may not have been interested in musicians, but she had great “taste” on “roadies” I would get a visit or two from Beth every time we came back to New York and I looked forward to it.

However, the picture of Beth that I just painted was unflattering and unkind, as was I. I could have and should have treated her much better and acted as the friend that she wanted. More conversation and having fun together was what should have been a part of our relationship, but because of me it wasn't. I only wanted to take advantage of her and her good nature and willingness to please others. In short, I didn't deserve her and her affection. Chalk up another screw up on my part. I may have been a nice guy deep down, but I had a bad habit

of putting my own needs ahead of others and wouldn't learn that lesson fully until after the period that this book covers.

While we were there, we ran into a big fan from back in the Chicago land area. His name was Michael Butler. He was from Oak Brook, had a lot of money and invested it in a Broadway Play that had just opened to extremely controversial reviews. When we had a free evening he invited us backstage at the theater. We hung out and soaked in the atmosphere. As the show was about to start he asked if we wanted to see the play. Of course we said yes, but the house was packed where were we going to sit? He told us not to worry about that. We followed him out front and looked out at the sea of faces. The theater lights dimmed and we sat down right in front on the steps in the isles. It was my first Broadway Play and my last, but what a play. The musical score was touted as one of the best ever, having had songs reach the top of the charts performed by groups like "The Cowsills", "The Fifth Dimension" and "Three Dog Night". Plus, the controversy over total nudity in the play made it the production you wanted to see if you were ever going to see something on Broadway. There we were right up front watching the musical, "Hair".

## Westward Ho! Newport/Denver/Whiskey A Go Go

Very soon after recording, our destination was home to Chicago, get our shit together and head to Denver via LA. Tom O'Doud partnered with me. We had an 18 foot straight bed truck that we leased from Ryder, so we just looked like a couple of guys moving west. We had an 8 track and a couple of Cassettes. We had Santana, Dylan and maybe about four or five more. We played them all before we were half way through Missouri.

I remember when we finally got to Needles California, we were desperately looking for a radio station, having played every cassette at least three times, we were really sick of them. I'm scanning the AM stations and suddenly, I pick something up. It was a guy with a gravelly voice, talking insanity.

"Who are you", he said? "Danisha", was the answer of young African/American girl on the telephone.

"Well", he said. "How about I get us a room we all get naked and crazy?" The little voice on the phone said "OK". The guy says, "You sound young, how old are you?" "13", she says. "13!" he exclaimed. "What are you trying to do get the Wolf arrested?" The rest was so stupid, I can't remember it, as a matter of fact, this verbal exchange was so stupid it should never have been broadcast, but it was my first exposure to the California life style. It seems I was listening to Wolfman Jack, a radio DJ in LA, who was to become an icon in the business when he got exposure on TV and movies. Everyone in the business had heard about him including me. It was my first exposure to life in California.

The next thing to hit me was approaching San Bernardino, the highway (later to find out they were called freeways) lanes were lined with reflectors of yellow and white. I'd never seen it before and was awed. I began to think I had entered another world like in a cartoon. The funny thing is I did. A world of beautiful people, drugs and money, different from the beautiful people (who were more down to earth), drugs and money for drugs back in the Midwest.

We finally got to LA and looked for the motel we were booked into on a weekly basis, because we were going to be there for a while. The motel was a couple of blocks from Sunset Boulevard, and we were anxious to check out the "Strip".

Off to the "Strip" for some site seeing and what is the first thing we see? A huge billboard with pictures of Graham Nash (the Hollies), Steven Stills (Buffalo Springfield) and David Crosby (The Byrds) promoting their first album together. Crosby, Stills, and Nash were about to be presented to the world. Next, we were outside an Orange Julius stand, something we had heard of, but being from Chicago and not California, had never tried. Naturally that was the first thing we did in LA. How touristy can you get?

Before I continue, I have to state unequivocally, that every Star and or Group mentioned from here on were in a position to and generally did talk freely to me. Being a

roadie made me less threatening than musicians, and at times more interesting. What I am trying to say is that I wasn't just in the presence of these people, I was able to talk, joke and in some cases become "friends" with these brilliant "Super Stars" and "Super Groups" who helped shape the lives of many us over the years.



Our first California gig was a Pop Festival called the Newport Festival. It was held at the Devonshire Downs Race Track from June 20-22 1969. We were unknown and on the bill with the likes of Albert King, a blues guitarist who turned out to be a really great and friendly guy (although, to be perfectly honest, many of the artist that I will be naming had already played with us in Chicago, at the Theater). Jimi Hendrix, who was justifiably called one of the greatest guitar players who ever picked up an "Ax", as he paved the way to the ultimate manipulation of the electric guitar. Joe Cocker, whose voice and gestures on the stage became legendary. Spirit, was a group of talented musicians with a couple of big hits. Taj Mahal, was a lesser known but very competent blues musician. Buffy Saint Marie, who was basically a "folk" music, but had an inner beauty that was actually visible on the outside completely surrounding her. In fact, when she was on stage, I could swear to God that I saw an aura surrounding her creating a vision I will never forget. Her extremely vibrato voice, bronzed skin tone and inner beauty will live with me forever. Creedence Clearwater Revival whose popularity would carry them on to become one of the truly great acts. Eric Burdon, who with The Animals were a part of the British invasion in the early 1960s. Jethro Tull, headed by Ian Anderson, put on great performances. Anderson, one of my favorites, would play his flute standing on one foot, while the other was placed on his knee. Lee Micheals, who had a few hit songs, "You Know What I Mean"? "Love", would lose its popularity in the future, but for my money paved the way to achieving a new direction in rock music. Steppenwolf, was well known for their song about the magic carpet ride which had already paved the road to acid rock. Sweetwater, Booker T and the MGs, the Chambers Brothers, all three groups were well known by their hit singles. Grass Roots, played that kind of music and were well named. Johnny Winter, who we played quite a few jobs with past and future and was a fantastic blues guitar player, an all white albino from Texas, he was easy to listen to, but difficult to look at directly in the eyes, unless you had already been exposed to his appearance because he was a little cross eyed. Marvin Gaye, who died too soon, but left a treasure of great music. Last, but not least, a jam featuring Mother Earth, Hendrix, Buddy Miles, Eric Burdon. Ending with POCO, who featured Jim Messina. He would team up with Kenny Loggins to produce some great hits. The Byrds, who were responsible for the folk, rock movement and creators of hit songs like "Turn, Turn, Turn" which took it's lyrics from the Bible. The Rascals, recording hit after hit. Closing was Three Dog Night, who had already recorded a string of classic rock music that would never lose its popularity. Not a bad group of musicians. What a hell of an exposure to 150,000 people for the Flock. The first album hadn't even been released, but we had made a huge impression on Los Angeles. There was no way they could steal a show like that, but they did, people were talking and extremely impressed.

Next, it was on to Denver. There was another festival at Mile High Stadium. It featured Big Mama Thornton, followed by Flock, Three Dog Night, Frank Zappa and The Mothers of Invention (Zappa introduced the "Wave" and then divided the stadium full of people into groups and had them repeat sounds that he used to compose a song performed by the



audience), Iron Butterfly, who still has one of the longest studio recorded songs to date. Zephyr, POCO, Johnny Winter, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Joe Cocker, Three Dog Night, & The Jimi Hendrix Experience.

We were all put up in a hotel (I believe it was a Marriot). It was about 12 stories high and round, but the main point is it was crawling with rock stars. My friends Jayne and Gary told me they were in the elevator alone with Hendrix. Now, that had to have been an “Experience”.

We are back in LA, again checking out the “Strip”. We stop at “Whiskey a Go Go” which was a constant venue where musicians, both local and national, would show up to play even though they weren't on the bill.

We were booked there on July 9<sup>th</sup> 1969. The job was uneventful, but our reception after the first set was an insight into the rest of our tours for the next two years. Standing ovations, encores, and deafening screams of delight. We were later to find out that John Mayal was in the audience writing what would become the liner notes for the first album “Flock”. As a postscript to this incident, it is going around on some Internet sites that John produced the album. This is true, but it was John McClure, not Mayall. Mayall would have noticed the difference, as I did between the live music and the recorded music. He might have even insisted that I sit in on the final mix.

The second night was much like the first as far as we were concerned. Nothing unusual happened, that is, nothing unusual except between sets. I was standing up “stage right” working on some equipment. All of a sudden I hear a big commotion. I look back and to my left to see a figure approaching the stage. He seemed a little drunk. He had medium long hair and a medium long beard, which I had never seen on him before. Even with the beard there was no mistaking that Jim Morrison was heading right toward me.

He had a beer in his hand and was decent enough to ask me if he could use a microphone instead of just jumping up on the stage and grabbing one. I moved away from him on the stage after giving him a mike. He in turn jumped on the stage and had a few words for the crowd. The place was packed and a great cheer went up as they all began to recognize who was on the stage. He was drunk and it was obvious as hell, but I was not security and there was no way I was going to stop him. He quieted the crowd and told them he loved them but there was no way he was going to interrupt the next set because, he was too drunk and the Flock was too good. “So”, he said, “I am going to go back into the crowd and listen with the rest of my people to this fantastic group of musicians”. Then he handed me the mike and jumped off the stage and disappeared into the audience. We would encounter Jim and the Doors more times in the future until his untimely death.

While we were at the motel, we got word that someone wanted to meet us and invited us all over to his office which was on Wilshire Boulevard. We went to the address and dragged ourselves upstairs and there painted on the door was “Offices of Frank Zappa Productions”. What a surprise that was. It seems that in Denver , Zappa had heard our set and wanted to

meet us. I stood in awe and they all started talking “shop”. We were there a while and finally left. So, I did meet Zappa, but never got the chance to speak with him. As I would find out later, it wouldn't matter that much as I was to meet a whole lot of people in the next two years, enough to make up for that, plus every time we worked, I would be treated to concerts performed by the elite of rock. Pink Floyd, the Airplane, the Who, Led Zeppelin and a host of the greatest rock artists in the world were playing, and I was there listening. The one thing I took away from that meeting was that Frank Zappa was a businessman as well as a musician, which was why “The Mothers of Invention” became the darlings of the underground. He instinctively knew what to do to please and excite audiences all over the world. Their music was so complex and in the moment that it was hardly surprising that they were so successful, everyone bought their albums and went to their concerts. They were legends.

## Filmore / Seattle / Columbia Convention

The next leg of our initial California tour takes us up to San Francisco for what was to be “The Summer of Love” in the birthplace of the hippie movement, and the “Haight Ashbury Experience”. We checked into a motel on Van Ness which was the main route from South San Francisco to the Golden Gate Bridge into Marin County.

I am out the door sight seeing in less than an hour. I was excited and giddy as a child with a playground for his backyard. I decide to walk north and then west on Van Ness toward the Presidio and the Golden Gate Bridge where I could get a good, clear unobstructed view of Alcatraz. On the way, I stop at a gas station to get something to drink. This would be my introduction to the San Francisco experience.

I walked into the station and was greeted by the attendant. He had long hair and a beard which was expected by every employer up there, but what happened next was totally unexpected. I was now in a city where paranoia of “the man” was nonexistent. The first thing this guy asks me after looking me up and down is, “Do ya wanna buy some smoke?” I was taken back, dumb founded and quick to answer. “Sure”, I said. He says to me, a perfect stranger, “Ok watch the station for me, I’ll be right back”. Now I know I look like a “freak” as my hair and beard were already filled out, but to trust me with the cash register was either very stupid, or very trusting.

He left and returned in less than five minutes. He reaches in his pockets and pulls out two one-ounce bags telling me it was from Columbia. I asked, “How much for each?” “\$10” he said. Now I was beyond dumb founded and up to the, “are you kidding me” stage. Needless to say, I first smelled one of the bags at random, and sure enough it was real and Columbian as I had a good nose for these things. I gave him \$20 and thanked him as I left after a few words of conversation. I was anxious to get back to the motel with my first real catch of the day. Alcatraz would have to wait.

“Chuckermonkey our hero”, was the general exclamation. We sit down, light up and started to enjoy being in San Francisco. I left to go out exploring and a few of the guys came with. We went over to Golden Gate Park which was unbelievable, peaceful, calm and crowded. Everyone was sitting in the grass smoking grass or playing frisby with a friend or man's best friend. We took part in the festivities.

Our gig was three nights at the Filmore West opening for Ike & Tina and Ten Years After. I was really excited because the Filmore was well known all over the country, and Tina Turner and Alvin Lee were always awesome. I couldn't wait. Since we were opening I was able to get us set up and ready for a sound check. They had their own PA system, so I only had to check the amps and drums and set up the microphones with the help of my partner, Gary, who had joined the group in Denver. He went with us back to the West coast and Tom headed back to Chicago. It was time for me to find the PA mixing board and check my levels. Looking

around, I couldn't see the PA mixer, so I asked one of the staff that worked there where it was. He turned toward the back wall of the house and pointed up. I saw a platform, rather large like a huge scaffold for cleaning high-rise building windows with a ladder attached to the wall leading up. I was already pretty high, so getting a little higher up (joke) was no problem for me. I climbed up the ladder and found myself in front of a rather large board with all the lighting controls further down the platform to my right.

BILL GRAHAM PRESENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO

# GILMORE WEST

TEN YEARS AFTER | STEVE MILLER BAND  
 IKE & TINA TURNER • CLOCK | ALBERT KING • MOUNTAIN  
 TUES • WED • THURS • JULY 22 • 23 • 24 | FRI • SAT • SUN • JULY 25 • 26 • 27  
 BROTHERHOOD OF LIGHT | LITTLE PRINCESS 109

TICKETS: [Small text regarding ticket information]

I proceeded with my sound check. When I was satisfied, I went back down to earth and hung out in the dressing rooms waiting for the group and the audience. In the meantime the rest of the roadies from Ike & Tina and Ten Years After set up what they could so there would be as short a wait between acts as possible. A couple hours later everyone and the audience showed up. I make the trip back up the platform. Re-adjust my mike levels and wait. In a while, the Flock is introduced and as usual everyone is going nuts. The first two nights were great.

The last night, however was a little different. About two songs into our set, a guy comes up the ladder and sits to my right. He is wearing glasses and adorned with two braided “pig tails” (each almost a foot long) and smells very strongly of Patchouli Oil. He introduces himself as “Bear”, whom I have already heard about. Since it would be bad form to use his real name, we’ll just stick with “Bear”. He spent his free time making the best LSD you could get. I have no idea what he was doing there as he usually works for The Grateful Dead. I later found out that he was running the light show and had heard about us and used the light show as an excuse to hear us play. However, why he was there wasn’t important. The only important thing is that I am certain beyond any reasonable doubt that he was there. He looks me over and pulls a bottle out of his pocket. Without a word, he unscrews an eyedropper from the bottle and put two or three drops into a soda I was drinking. He looks at me and says, “It's nice to work on.”

It sure was, no kidding about that. I had just gotten a taste of the personal stash (White Lighting) of the best there ever was, resulting in a great set with ovations and encores. I thanked “Bear” for his generosity and climbed down the ladder to get to the stage and remove our equipment for the next act. When I am done, I pass by Ike Turner talking to a security guard. He was telling him to get some young white girls backstage for his amusement. Everything we have since been told about him is true. However, I never saw Tina except on the stage doing her thing. She was beautiful, sexy and exciting and I was tripping my ass off.

I make my way backstage and run into Jerry Garcia smoking away. He took one look at me and said, “I see you met Bear”. “Yeah”, I said, kind of dumbfounded that “Captain Trips” was actually talking to me. I sat down. We smoked and talked. I asked what he and “Bear” were doing there and he answered very simply that they had nothing better to do and wanted to catch all three acts. He also explained to me that “Bear” was the brains behind The Brotherhood of Light which was doing the light show for the concerts. We would meet again, but this was special.

My only problem was I had to pack up and leave for Seattle that night. I didn't get on my way until 3 AM , but on my way out, “Bear” caught up with me and handed me 5 aspirin. “I don't have a headache, I'm still feeling your earlier generosity”, I said. He told me that I would feel like hell if I didn't take the pills in intervals on the way up to Seattle. He had put drops of his elixir on the aspirins. I took his advice and was on my way up north. The sun rising to the

east with me on Highway 101 to the west of the Shasta Mountains was spectacular in more ways than one could imagine. I continued north to Seattle and arrived later that day.

I met with the group and we went to the promoter's motel room for an orientation about when, where and who we followed and who followed us. While we were talking, someone asked what about drugs? He went over to the dresser and opened the bottom drawer exposing every drug known to man. I still had a couple aspirin left but took some medicinal items that I might need later.

**SEATTLE POP FESTIVAL**

**FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1969**

CROME SYRCUS	ALBERT COLLINS
BO DIDDLEY	SANTANA
FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS	YOUNGBLOODS
TEN YEARS AFTER	TIM BUCKLEY
GUESS WHO	IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY
MURRAY ROMAN	BYRDS

**SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1969**

FLOATING BRIDGE	IKE AND TINA TURNER REVUE
CHARLES LLOYD	GUESS WHO
SANTANA	BO DIDDLEY
ALBERT COLLINS	LONNIE MACK
THE FLOCK	CHICAGO TRANSIT AUTHORITY
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY	CHUCK BERRY
TIM BUCKLEY	

**SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1969**

BLACKSNAKE	ALBERT COLLINS
YOUNGBLOODS	FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS
GUESS WHO	IKE AND TINA TURNER REVUE
SPIRIT	CHARLES LLOYD
BO DIDDLEY	LED ZEPPELIN
VANILLA FUDGE	LEE MICHAELS
THE FLOCK	DOORS
CHUCK BERRY	

*LIGHTS BY THE RETINA CIRCUS*



The Seattle Pop Festival (July 25 – July 28) was a gas. The weather was perfect. It was in the 80s all weekend with constant sunshine, not a cloud in the sky. We played between Floating Bridge and the Flying Burrito Brothers. Notable acts were Chuck Berry, The Byrds, CTA, Bo Didley, Doors, Guess Who, It's A Beautiful Day, Led Zeppelin, Lee Micheals, Santana, Spirit, Ten Years After, Ike & Tina, Vanilla Fudge, Alice Cooper, and the Youngbloods. However, because everything went off perfectly without a hitch, this awesome festival did not receive much notoriety, well at least not as much as Woodstock did on the other coast about three weeks later. Still, I am meeting and conversing with all of the above-mentioned “SuperStars”. Chuck Berry had been my idol for many years as well as Bo Didley (the gun slinger). Even though I had already met Jim Morrison, the rest of the group was even more interesting and conversational. Led Zeppelin were on their way to becoming the elite of the elite. However, we were to have an experience later on with their handlers and the BBC in England. Carlos Santana was a great guitar player with extraordinary arrangements and a super group of musicians behind him. Needless to say, Seattle was fantastic.

We return to LA for the CBS / Columbia Records Convention at the Century Plaza Hotel and Convention Theater. It was Columbia Records annual Convention showcasing their recording artists. CTA was there (they hadn't changed their name to Chicago yet), Santana, Pacific Gas & Electric, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Laura Nyro, Johnny Winters and of course Flock. The “cream of the crop” was there and I was about to have one of the most memorable moments of my life.

I was walking through the lobby of the hotel, when I heard a voice. The voice was feminine, with a Texas drawl. It said, “Hey Sugar, what're ya up tah”? I turned to my right and, I believe, my jaw dropped almost to the floor. I said, “I'm about to talk to the hottest woman in the world and love of my life”. She said, “Well ain't that sweet? Why don't you come over here, sit down and have a drink with me?” So, I did, after all how could I refuse an invitation from Janis Joplin.

*Painting by  
Lois Hauselman*



I sat down and waved to a hotel employee, who walked over and I asked if he could get us a couple Southern Comforts. He nodded and went to the bar. In the meantime she told me that I must really be a fan knowing what she liked. I acknowledged her statement by saying there wasn't much I didn't know about her. I loved her music and really had a thing for women from Texas. I explained about my encounter back in Chicago with Laura and she immediately understood what I was talking about. She told me most women from Texas had a tendency to do things a little bigger, a little better, and we laughed.

The drinks came and she signed for them. I was really honored. I was having a drink with Janis and she paid for it. We sat for about an hour or so talking laughing and drinking. I always felt that a person with that kind of talent had to be nice and down to earth, and she was. She was sweet and charming and funny in spite of all the hurt in her life, she enjoyed being a star, and loved the attention. I told her about the group and why I was with them. I told her that I loved their music and considered myself extremely lucky to have been given the opportunity to work for them.

I asked her if everything they wrote about her problems and insecurities growing up in Texas were accurate and she acknowledged that leaving Texas and getting to San Francisco was the best thing that ever happened to her. She said she was building more confidence in herself everyday and she owed a lot to "Big Brother And The Holding Company", but it was time to move on and she was in need of a change.

It seems that she was there to check out Columbia Records as she was being courted to sign with them. She had a room in the hotel and we went up to spend a little alone time. As I left, I said, "Meeting you is the biggest thrill in my life to date. I will always cherish this moment. It was such a pleasure and you are more wonderful than I could ever have imagined". I gave her a hug and we went our separate ways never to meet again. Meanwhile, she just kept getting better and better until her untimely death, but she wasn't the only great musician that I would meet before they died too soon.

## We Head Back East



After the convention, we head back east. Much of it is a blur, one job after another. We played Chicago , Ohio , Pennsylvania , Massachusetts , New Jersey , New York , music venues, college campuses and festivals. We opened for almost every big name group there was except for the Beatles, the Moody Blues and the Rolling Stones. Sometimes we headlined, but most of the time we opened. When the Who did their American tour promoting their Rock Opera Tommy we opened at least eight times for them mostly on big campuses that were located in small cities in upstate New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New Jersey. We didn't interact with them too much socially even though we spent a lot of time with them at the gigs back stage. After all we were into one thing and they were only into alcohol. I remember smoking a “number” and running into Roger Daltry. I asked him if he wanted some and he said no thanks we don't do drugs, which was a bit inaccurate as he turned and took a swig of either Bourbon or Whiskey. Then there was Keith Moon, he wasn't into anything except having a

good time. He was out going and friendly and would have me on the floor laughing with every movement, word and gesture. Now don't get me wrong Roger Daltry, Pete Townsend and John Entwistle were great people and very talented, but when it came to being down to earth and a regular guy, Keith Moon became my hero.

He used to talk and joke and when things got too quiet for him, he would do his impression of Robert Sterling. If you don't know who Robert Sterling is, allow me to elaborate. Walt Disney Productions did a movie based on a Robert Louis Stevenson's novel called Treasure Island. One of the protagonists of the novel was a pirate named Long John Silver. Sterling played that part so well, he stole the entire movie. Keith Moon did an impersonation of him that was so right on, I couldn't get enough of it. I would beg and plead with him into doing it as often as possible. I loved that guy.

It was during one of these gigs that man's inhumanity to man reared its ugly head. In 1958, Gibson began manufacturing a new style of electric guitar called the Gibson Flying "V". It was an awesome instrument in sound and shape. Jerry Goodman had one of these guitars and used it in all his performances. I was packing up, and Jerry handed me the "V" and asked me to take care of it. I put it carefully in its case, put it to the side and continued packing. We loaded the truck and as usual the biggest pieces of equipment went first followed by the rest according to size with the instruments being last. Normally, each of the guys would take care of their "axes" except for Ron who just kept a pair of sticks with him at all times. I was almost done and went for the instruments that were to go on the truck. "Where is the V"? I yelled. It was gone.

During the effort of packing some low life slithered away with the guitar. I was devastated, but not as much as Jerry. A guitar or Ax, is cherished by its owner. So much so, that I believe today he is still pissed at me for the loss of his treasure. One of the little things in life that I wish I could make up for.

We played a little club in New York in the "round" as the sole act. What was interesting and unexpected about this job was that there were two people in the audience that surprised the hell out of me. The first one was my Uncle Lee. He lived in New York , which was convenient since he played most of his gigs there, but his main fan base was in Europe where the fans really kept him busy.

His name is Lee Konitz and started out in the big band era with Stan Kenton, turned down an offer with Benny Goodman, wound up with the likes of Lenny Tristano, Jerry Mulligan, Charlie Parker and Miles Davis. He plays Alto Sax and his forte is Progressive Jazz. He really hit things big in 1949 the year after I was born when he sat in on Miles Davis's, "Birth of the Cool". Since then he has been featured on over a hundred albums, needless to say the man kept busy. When I saw him between sets, he was on his way out and I asked him what he thought of the group and why was he leaving. His answer was quick and concise, and answered both questions, he said, "They are too loud". I decided not to press him, shook his

hand wished him luck and told him I hoped we'd see each other again soon. Of course we did, he's my Uncle.

The other surprise showed up in the dressing room between breaks. We were sitting around and chilling when in walks Jimi Hendrix. Now we had played several Festivals with him, but never got to be in the position to have a conversation. He walked over to Freddie and told him how much he enjoyed his guitar work. As you can imagine Fred was on cloud nine after that compliment. Jimi then went into the performers' bathroom and came out about five minutes later feeling no pain.

Later on we played the Filmore East. We had the opportunity to talk more extensively to Bill Graham who always felt more comfortable in New York and we opened for Ten Years After again.

We played the Boston Tea Party a couple times. I remember once in the winter, after a show I and a few of the other guys took a trip up to Walden's Pond to check out why Thoreau thought so much of it. Well, in my opinion he fell short of giving the pond its true and justly deserved credit. Awesome, beautiful and we were there in the winter. The pond was frozen over and I remember going around to the other side of the pond and having a normal quiet conversation, when I hear in a normal voice, "you know we can hear you". The guys on the other side of the pond could hear every word we said with clarity and distinction as if we were standing next to each other. In the winter with the pond frozen, we had discovered the most perfectly acoustic amphitheater I had ever been in, and I went to Roosevelt University in Chicago, which holds the Auditorium Theater acclaimed to be the most acoustically perfect room in the world.

I remember playing another college campus with Mountain, a three-man group featuring Leslie West backed up by Corky Laing on drums and a bass player named Felix Pappalardi who produced Cream. These guys were awesome some of you may remember their big hit Mississippi Queen. Other three man groups that we played with were Emerson, Lake & Palmer, The James Gang, and The Youngbloods. I might have been repeating myself naming groups more than once. Forgive me. You try to keep track of them all. I should have kept a diary.

## Jerry Garcia, New Orleans & Des Moines



It's December of 1969 and we're back at the Fillmore West in San Francisco for three days of The Grateful Dead & Humble Pie. I spend as much of my free time (which there really wasn't too much of) with Jerry Garcia, smoking and talking. He is a real down to Earth kind of guy. We talk, we laugh, and he has nothing to say but nice things. He thinks the Flock is really great and loves hearing them. I tell him that I love the way he and Ian Anderson from Jethro Tull play their instruments. They both stand on one leg with the other foot on their knee when

Jerry plays the Mandolin and Ian plays his flute. He gets a kick out of it because he had to find a way to keep the Mandolin up and under control and it is too small for a strap. I acknowledge that I am aware that most people play the mandolin like they play the slide guitar, sitting down, but he likes to be on his feet during a concert even if he's playing for three or four hours which is often the case. I'm really beginning to feel a bond between us. He is too simple a man to hang out with just musicians and really likes to talk with regular people, just like Janis Joplin did.

I get up the courage and ask him about the loss of his finger, which probably every "Deadhead" on the face of the Earth knows by now. He and his brother were chopping wood. He was steadying an unbalanced piece when the axe came down severing his finger. Having already been through my sledding accident, a story I deleted as its only significance was the pain I had felt during the incident, I had an idea of what Jerry went through, but I'm certain there was really no comparison between the two. We talked about the early days and how he got the nickname "Captain Trips" which wasn't too difficult to figure out. Then I told him about the incident in New York with Timothy Leary and the problems I caused giving him a ride. Then I told him how he made it up to me and he flipped out saying, "it was probably worth everything I and the group had to go through". I hoped he was right about that. We spent awhile talking about life and philosophy and then it was time to get to work.

We head back east with a stop in Des Moines, Iowa. We play the job, and I have some of Bear's stuff left from our return trip out west. I take it before we start playing and I am still going strong after we are packed up and back at the motel. I have a couple more "hits", so I decide to drive back to Chicago that night. No one wanted to come with, so this would be a solo trip. I grab some extra 8 tracks, grab my bag and am out the door. I go to the parking lot and fire up the Truck. I warm the truck up and put it in gear and take off. I feel a little bump I figure is a curb. I hit the interstate and am cruising all the way to Chicago with one stop for gas. It was about a six plus hour trip and I pull into the place where I keep the truck nice and safe and go inside my apartment. The phone is ringing. I pick it up and it's Ricky on the line. I ask what's up and he asks me if I had an accident back at the parking lot in Des Moines. "Hell no", is my answer. "Why?" He asks me again and says that if I did have an accident it was OK I wouldn't get in any trouble because of insurance. "Insurance for what", I asked? He proceeds to tell me that when I left the parking lot I was seen driving OVER a car. "What, you've got to be kidding me"? "No", he said that he wasn't kidding and that I had destroyed another car. I told him about the curb and that was all that happened, it was as smooth a ride as you could ask for. I don't know what the ultimate conclusion was of this story, but I think I got away with another screw up.

We did a few more jobs on the way to New Orleans, LA. We were scheduled to play a converted warehouse called "The Warehouse". We opened for Fleetwood Mac and The Dead. I was excited that I was going to see Jerry again. The "Bear" had developed what he called "The Wall of Sound". It was so big they needed scaffolding to put it up and traveled with 2 or 3

semi-trailer trucks to hold it all and their light show, and I got to use it. Of course I was constantly being hovered over to make sure I didn't mess it up.

We stayed at a hotel on Bourbon Street. I don't know where Fleetwood Mac stayed, but we were on the second floor of the hotel and the Dead stayed on the third floor. I had met a girl that night and I was so high I asked her to come back to the room with me. I was sharing a room with Jerry Goodman and figured it would be a good idea to have something to keep me occupied because I knew he would.

Before Jerry got to the room, I heard a commotion upstairs and when it stopped, I went back to smoking "mother nature". It wasn't until the next morning that I found out while I was on the 2nd floor, puffing away, The Dead were on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor getting, "Busted down on Bourbon Street , set up just like a bowling pin, knocked down, it starts to wear you thin. They just won't let you be". We had to get back to Chicago, but Fleetwood Mac and The Dead held another concert the next night so The Dead could get some money to travel on because they had spent all their money on bail.

That morning, I gave my address and phone number to the girl I spent the night with. Big mistake! The day after I got back to Chicago, I got a call from her. "Would you mind picking me up at the airport, I am getting on a flight for Chicago. I'm coming up to see you." It was too late for me to do or say anything besides, I thought, this might be nice. She was a really sweet girl and very pretty. I picked her up and low and behold, she is dressed to the "nines" with her hair up in a beehive, which had gone out of style up north about five years earlier. We drove back to my apartment in total silence. We went upstairs, got undressed made love and we both decided at the same time it was a bad idea. I took her back to the airport again in total silence. We had nothing in common. We were too different to even try to make it work. Even though it wasn't my fault, I couldn't help but feel very guilty. This poor girl flew all the way up to Chicago hoping to make herself a new life and it was all for naught. The self-loathing haunts me even today. I cringe when I tell this story, but unfortunately, there are more like it to come.



## We Tour Europe

When we are in Chicago between trips we prepare for our European Tour, obtaining passports, photos and vaccinations. Small Pox vaccinations were required before you could travel to Europe. We made appointments and went to the doctor's office. Now, I have always had needle paranoia, I'm told it is partly due to an Oedipus Complex, but I know it has a lot to do with a movie, in which the opening scene has two women in a room. A knock at the door, and when it opens reveals a delivery man with a box. The women grab the box and close the door, open the box to reveal a pair of binoculars. They fight over who is going to use them first, and the one who wins looks out the window with them. When she attempts to focus them, she screams, drops the binoculars on the floor, drops of blood fall on the pair of binoculars with two 3" long spikes coming out of the lenses.

Anyway, I digress, the nurse gives me the vaccination, and I say, "I've just been given Small Pox?" She answers, "Yes". I pass out and fall off the examination table where I have been sitting and my head hits the "stand up" scale. A few minutes later I wake up. This was an ominous beginning to a fantastic trip, 14 cities in 21 days I think. In researching this segment of my affiliation with the Flock, I have come upon many different bits and pieces of time schedules that make no chronological sense which is not as important as the stories I am about to tell.

We drive the van and truck down to Miami, and catch a brand new 747 (after all it was 1970 and Pan Am still existed). This is where I must stop and try to explain that there are some huge discrepancies of the itinerary in Europe. According to the itinerary that I received from Frank Posa, the following was what happened:

Just before we landed, we were given an itinerary. I don't remember if this is exactly what happened, but here is what the itinerary said:

Friday, April 10	Paris	Rehearsals & Press
April 11	Paris	Olympia Theatre
April 12	London	Fairfield Hall
April 13	London	Free Day
April 14	Bremen	T.V. Show Beat Club
April 15	Hamburg	Maximum Auditorium
April 16	Travel to London	
April 17	London	Royal Albert Hall
April 18	Bournemouth	Winter Gardens
April 19	London	Lyceum Ballroom
April 20	Birmingham	Town Hall
April 21	Travel to Gothenburg	

April 22	Gothenburg	Cue Club
April 23	Munich	Circus Krone
April 24	Essen	Gruga-Halle Pop Festival
April 25	Montroeux	Le Lido Du Casino
April 26	Amsterdam	Concert Gebouw
April 27	Berlin	
April 28	Frankfurt	Stadthalle Offenbach
April 29	Return to U.S.A.	

Strangely enough, Rotterdam and the Bath Festival was not in the itinerary. All the dates seemed to conflict with posters etc. So, I will just say we played these gigs in these cities. The days are not as important as the gigs and incidents themselves.

This was the first tour. It seems we stayed longer after this tour ended.

Frank wrote me the following about the trip. “I know we spent a lot more time in England and had a lot of time off. And I also remember clearly the weather was good (not cold).”

“I have pictures of several places in London and very good memories of Hard Rock Café (before it was called that), the Wax Museum, and hanging out with British friends I made including Stewart Copeland’s wife (current wife, that is – at the time she was not his wife) as well as her best friend (who I fell in love with). So, I’m sure we stayed after April 29<sup>th</sup>, but I don’t remember exactly how long. During that time we went on a few bus tours to other English towns and played at small clubs ending in Bath. I just don’t have any way to get to information to prove any of that (except a few pictures).”

“I definitely remember Bath, including the restaurant we went to.

I watched a man die (from an overdose).

Also, I remember being told to “Get the fuck out of my face” by Grace Slick.

And the weather was beautiful.”

My recollection of the time line is different. However, many of what was in Frank’s itinerary I cannot argue with since I have obtained online posters to verify many of the jobs in his schedule. I could have sworn we arrived at Heathrow Airport just outside of London. We get the first of many buses to the hotel in London.

I see my first bidet and figure out what it is for. As soon as we are able, we do a little sight seeing on foot. I pass by a nightclub with live entertainment PG rated, that served food. I go in and am delighted to find excellent food and atmosphere. I will return before the trip is over.

## Johnny Winter Royal Albert Hall London April 1970



- Friday 17 April 1970 19:30: Steamhammer, Flock, Johnny Winter
- Saturday April 1970 19:30: Taj Mahal, It's a Beautiful Day, Santana

In the beginning of this book, I expounded on the fallibility of my memory do mainly to the abuse my mind took between 1967 and 1978. Well, here is the proof. I had completed the stories of the European Tour, and while going over available information on the internet, I came upon a poster. It was on a Johnny Winter website and there in Black and White. April 17, 1970 Johnny Winter & the Flock at Royal Albert Hall, London England. Please, someone tell me how I could have forgotten about playing Royal Albert Hall in London, England, one of England's most famous concert venues that has hosted The Beatles, The Stones, Pink Floyd, The Who, and of course the London Symphony Orchestra.

We have a bus ride the next day to Bournemouth, a little city on the South Coast near The Isle of Wight, where we play our first job. It is well received and really nothing different than playing back home. Actually, most of the jobs were hardly out of the ordinary, Paris, Essen , Frankfurt , Stuttgart , Munich , Bremen , Homburg, and Deusseldorf. The coolest part of the tour was traveling back and forth on a bus on the Autobahn, which as most are aware that it has no speed limit. Have you ever ridden on a bus traveling between 90 and 100 miles per hour? However, 5 of the cities had memories worth mentioning.

1. Berlin. We had a rider in our job contracts that we would be provided with amplifiers and a PA system as we left all our equipment, except instruments, in Miami. We arrived at the hall for our Berlin gig and found an empty stage except for one amplifier and one microphone. The promoter was a young man who obviously had no idea of what he was doing. There were already hundreds of people there anticipating a concert. We did our best without any amplification. Of course it was not very good sound wise. While everyone was trying to get things straightened out with this fool of a promoter, I noticed his girlfriend and she was staring at me. This would normally surprise me, but in this case I was shocked beyond belief. She stood about 5'4" tall. She was slender but nicely developed with long legs, blue eyes, straight shoulder length blonde hair, and as I was to find out later her hair color was natural. In all the confrontation and yelling, we were able to sneak out, back to my hotel room. Her English and my German were good enough for us to communicate, although little needed to be said.

We were naked and all over each other in minutes. She was fantastic, and we made love consistently for hours. About 4:30 AM , there was a knock on my door. I got up totally naked and answered the door. It was her promoter boyfriend. He stood at the door and started yelling at her. I gave him a look and stuck my index finger up to my mouth and let out a "shhh" with a sarcastic smile on my face and an erection down below that I made sure to stare at, so that there was no mistake what happened. "Danke shoen, Frauline", I said as she grabbed her clothes, got dressed very quickly and left. I felt like a million bucks as I walked to the window and looked out at the Sun rising over the Berlin Wall. Not only did I have a great time with a drop dead gorgeous woman, but I also made sure this jerk understood that what comes around goes around. He tried to make some extra money by screwing us and the people that paid good money to hear a good concert. He screwed us and I screwed her.

2. We went to Gothenburg , Sweden for a concert which was a wonderful example of how great our concerts were. I was standing by the side of the stage, when I was approached by a vision of what you would expect a Swedish woman to look like. She stood 6'1" at least. Deep blue eyes and long blonde hair done up in a long braid, she was absolutely stunning. Her English was excellent so we talked and she told me that she wanted to show me something after the concert.

The concert ended and I took care of my business. I found her and she grabbed my hand and dragged me to her home. She went directly to her album collection and said that this is what she wanted to show me. I looked at the front cover of the album and saw a naked, fat, bearded man with an acoustic guitar covering his privates. The words in Swedish on the Album were Cornelius Sunja Taube. She told me that he was a folk singer who was the equivalent in Sweden to Frank Sinatra in America as far as respect and popularity. She told me she wanted me to keep it and take it back to America. I told her that I was very appreciative of her generosity, but I was more interested in her. I stared into her gorgeous blue eyes, she stared back into mine and the rest was an encounter worthy of history books depicting how wonderful the world would be if we could all practice diplomacy in that manner. Somehow, with the help of some friendly citizens, I made it back to my hotel. I was asked by the boys where I got the album from, and I just smiled and said, "A new friend". I still have that album stashed away with the rest of my albums in storage.

The other three gigs were all Festivals. 3. The first was the prestigious Montreux Jazz and Pop Festival in Switzerland. We flew into Zurich and got on a bus that took us around Lake Geneva to Montreux. It reminded me of Lake Tahoe in California with the mountains rising up across the lake towards the blue skies. It was a memorable vision one I would never forget.

There were several venues and stages. We were a part of the Golden Rose. We played with Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin, Canned Heat, Joan Baez, Ginger Baker's Airforce, Brian Auger, Pink Floyd, Mungo Jerry and a group called Black Widow. This was the year previous to the fire destroying a casino made famous in the song Smoke on the Water. In my research, I discovered an interview that Jerry Goodman did there. Jerry coined the phrase, "Cosmi-Classi-Rock". He also said hitting the nail on the head, "It's hard to fit us in a musical category, but what we are doing is probably more musical than anything else in rock music, in fact, Flock is a cross between every group you ever heard and every group you never heard". I love that quote because it is and was so true. It was a great festival with hardly any problems, but how could anyone have any problems in Switzerland.

Now begins the confusion. We are about to jump from April to June with May missing in between. We didn't travel twice during that year between the US and Europe, so as far as an explanation is concerned, I have none.



4. Rotterdam , Holland was a great festival starting on June 26<sup>th</sup> and ending on June 28<sup>th</sup>. We and most of the other groups had a slight logistic problem because the Bath Festival was being held on June 26<sup>th</sup> through June 28<sup>th</sup>. When we arrived, I was looking around the grounds when I spied a vision. I could hardly believe my eyes. She was about 100 feet away, and in spite of the distance, I could see she was very, very pretty. She had straight shoulder length red hair. She wore a Blue Chiffon dress that almost seemed like a nightgown, loose, comfortable and floating with the breeze and her dancing. I was on my way over to talk with her and get a better look to be certain my eyes weren't deceiving me, when I was distracted. I turned back to find her, and she was gone, but I will never forget that vision, real or not.

The Rotterdam Festival consisted of many groups including, but not exclusive to The Jefferson Airplane, the Byrds, Pink Floyd, Santana and Canned Heat. Most of us played on the first or second day because we needed to get to Bath. We played the first day to a great reception and double encores. We left right after our performance and caught a plane back to London.

We had some time the next morning before we were to leave for Bath by bus, so I took a walk over to Harrods. If you are not familiar with it, Harrods in 1970 was the world's largest Department Store. It was owned by the Fayed family (Dodi Fayed was Princess Diana's



boyfriend who was killed with her in Paris in, I think, 1997) who were, I believe Saudi's. I purchased (don't ask me why) a pair of light green, suede bell bottom pants and a dark green silk long sleeve shirt with 2 1/2 inch fringe on the sleeves. This outfit would have been great if I was a musician on stage performing, but not exactly what a roadie would wear.

We got on the bus at the hotel and were on our way to Bath. I was surprised that we pulled up to another hotel and picked up another group. To my embarrassment, the first person to get on the bus was one of the classiest women in Rock music Grace Slick followed by the rest of the Jefferson Airplane, Jorma, Marty etc. She tried to hide her face when she saw me, but I could tell she was holding back as hard as she could from breaking out into gut wrenching laughter. To quote Slim Pickins in Mel Brook's classic movie Blazing Saddles, "I leave y'all to lay some railroad tracks and come back to find y'all dancing and carrying on like a bunch of Kansas City Faggots". I looked like one of those KCFs. I tried as best as I could to remain out of sight for the rest of the trip, which killed me because I wanted to meet Grace more than anything.

However, as I am holding Grace Slick in high esteem, she does something that cannot be dismissed and must be put out in the open. We all know that many famous musicians, actors and political figures generally have a problem relating to the simple man and their needs just to say, "Hi, I've enjoyed your work, thank you." This phrase is appreciated by those who are not so full of themselves as to be unappreciative of anyone who takes the time and cares enough to approach said person and vocalize their gratefulness, and in most cases, it is welcomed and reciprocated with a "thank you" or such, as without these "fans" the celebrity would be back in San Francisco gutting fish or pole dancing. Our trumpet player Frank Posa is one of the nicest and most unassuming individuals to walk the earth. When he approaches Grace to tell her of his admiration of her voice, skills and great talent, without even looking up she tells him to "get the fuck out of my face". Well, Ms. Grace Slick, I too once held you up on a pedestal, but for this action I want it made perfectly clear. You, my dear, are a complete ass and are totally unworthy of a prominent spot in history and I wish to go on record by saying, you have aged horribly and deserve to have that prominent spot in hell, not history. I will recant this statement with a proper apology to Frank, which I am sure he will never get unless anyone who reads this tome lets you know that you have been put down in this book and for that reason alone, I hope this book becomes a "best seller" so that now as a senior citizen, you can truly look back on your life and think about all the other people that you were too good to show a moment of gratitude as it was the people like Frank who made you a star. Thank God, we finally make it to Bath .

# BATH FESTIVAL OF BLUES & PROGRESSIVE MUSIC '70

BATH & WEST SHOWGROUND-SHEPTON MALLET

**SATURDAY 27th JUNE SUNDAY 28th**

FREDERICK BANNISTER PRESENTS

**Canned Heat**  
**John Mayall**  
**Steppenwolf**  
**Pink Floyd**  
**Johnny Winter**  
**It's a Beautiful Day**  
**Fairport Convention**  
**Colosseum**  
**Keef Hartley**  
**Maynard Ferguson**  
**big band**

**LED ZEPPELIN**  
**JEFFERSON AIRPLANE**  
**Frank Zappa and the mothers of invention**  
**Moody Blues**  
**Flock**  
**Santana**  
**Dr. John - the night tripper**  
**Country Joe**  
**Hot Tuna**

Continuity by JOHN PEEL & MIKE RAVEN

WEEKEND TICKET IN ADVANCE	50/-	SUNDAY ONLY IN ADVANCE	35/-
WEEKEND TICKET ON THE DAY	55/-	SUNDAY ONLY ON THE DAY	40/-

If you have any difficulty obtaining tickets for this event or require additional information, please write to: Bath Festival box office, Unity House, 1 Parrett Place, Bath, Telephone 22331. (S.A.E. please)

# nation



## PROGRAMME



### SATURDAY

11.30am MAYNARD FERGUSON  
 12.30am JOE JAMMER  
 1.00pm KEEF HARTLEY BAND  
 2.00pm FAIRPORT CONVENTION  
 3.00pm COLOSSEUM  
 4.00pm JOHNNY WINTER  
 5.00pm IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY  
 6.00pm STEPPENWOLF  
 7.15pm JOHN MAYALL  
 8.45pm CANNED HEAT  
 10.15pm PINK FLOYD

### SUNDAY

11.30am HOT TUNA  
 12.15pm FLOCK  
 1.00pm SANTANA  
 2.20pm COUNTRY JOE  
 3.20pm DR. JOHN THE NIGHT TRIPPER  
 4.30pm BYRDS  
 6.30pm MOODY BLUES  
 8.40pm FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION  
 8.20pm LED ZEPPELIN  
 10.15pm JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

All times subject to possible change

CONTINUITY BY JOHN PEEL AND MIKE RAVEN

All times subject to possible change







5. Bath was a huge Festival with huge groups such as Santana, Hot Tuna, Country Joe McDonald, The Jefferson Airplane, The Byrds, Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention, Canned Heat, It's A Beautiful Day, Steppenwolf, Johnny Winter, John Mayal, Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin. I will embellish on their antics in a minute as they will earn a place right next to Grace not necessarily for their actions as much as their lack of action when their "handlers" took over.

The sound booth was located in a 15 foot tower perfectly centered in front of the stage about 50 feet away. Just before we were to go on, I made my way up to the mixing board and did my best to get an initial sound check. The announcer went to the microphone and introduced us and I quote, "And now, before we hear Led Zeppelin, from America , The Flock". We played and the reception was beyond belief. 150,000 people stood up after the first song with a huge ovation. This continued throughout the entire set. We finished the regular set and they wouldn't let us off without an encore. So, we played an encore. When they finished, the audience continued wanting more. We started to play another song and I was moved forcibly away from the mixing board, which was turned off as well as somebody on stage pulling the plug on us. We were dumbfounded. It wasn't the musicians of Led Zeppelin that did it (obviously) but their managers. Why? Who cares? The only thing that mattered was that it was done. This happily was not welcomed by the 150,000-strong and neither was Zeppelin. Soon they calmed down and Zeppelin did their set which as I understand they wanted to get in for the BBC which was recording and filming them before the Sun set.

This was truly a disappointing end to our tour of Europe in 1970. It had highs and lows and will be something none of us especially me, will ever forget. We left England and flew back to Miami.

## Miami, Tampa & Jamaica

We arrive back in the good old U.S.A. flying back into Miami. You may have been wondering why we brought all of our equipment to Miami and flew to Europe from there. Well, the answer is simple. When we arrived in Miami, we got in our truck and van and headed to Tampa. We did a job in Tampa and then returned to Miami where we did another job.

We left our van and truck with the equipment in Miami again and this time flew to Jamaica, time for a little R & R. After all Europe was pretty tough on us and the last week was killer.

We arrived in Montego Bay, rented a couple of vehicles and drove along the northern road to Ocho Rios. There was a Playboy Hotel, but we rented two Villas while we were there. We had maids and cooks. We bribed the cooks, and they added a “local herb” to our food. We spent the days touring the island, smoking and relaxing. One day we were sitting on the patio constantly smoking and we looked up to see a hawk circling way above our heads I would assume taking in the rising smoke. The entire time I saw him up there, I never once saw a wing flap or move. It was as if the hawk remained aloft on the warmth of our smoking. We had a great time there, visiting Dunn's River Falls, and driving our rented cars all over the island, steering wheel on the right traveling about 60 MPH on a single lane dirt road. We were relaxed and ready for what was next to come.

We flew back to Miami and hit the road up to Goose Lake, Michigan for yet another pop festival. August 7<sup>th</sup> through the 9<sup>th</sup>, 200,000 people converged on this well prepared and organized festival. It was a weekend of sun and fun. We camped out for the day waiting to play. That is when the most amazing thing ever happened to me.

I had just been given some real organic Mescaline and naturally I took it without hesitation. A few of us started playing frisbee, when one “frisbee pro” threw the thing over a fence into a wooded area. Someone had to get it, and I guess I was that someone. I jumped the 6' tall fence and grabbed the frisbee. As soon as I grabbed it, I was attacked by mosquitoes. Not your regular small mosquito because it was the middle of the day, not dawn or dusk when they usually come out. They were the size of small wasps and immediately attacked my back which was shirtless. As soon as I cleared the fence, they disappeared, there must have been some spraying before people arrived to be certain that attacks like that did not happen within the designated grounds (like I said this festival was well organized). The next thing I know I'm being told I have these huge welts on my back, and I mean huge. At the same time, I started to get off on the Mescaline. About 5 minutes later, I somehow remembered the attack of the mosquitoes, and asked a friend how bad it looked. “How bad what looks”, she said. “The welts on my back from the mosquitoes, I was just told I had huge welts on my back not 10 minutes ago”, I retorted. “Well”, she said, “Your back looks fine to me”. Somehow, the natural affects of

the Mescaline had overcome the poison from the mosquito bites. I was amazed and now tripping my brains off.

The festival was great. It consisted of some really great acts such as The Flock (naturally), Jethro Tull, Mountain, Chicago, Bob Seger, John Sebastian, James Gang, Brownsville Station, The Flying Burrito Brothers, Santana and Ten Years After.

After this (our last festival) we went back to touring. East Coast the Filmore East, the Boston Tea Party. Then we took another week off and got a couple cabins on Cape Cod. It was fall and the Cape was beautiful and empty. The cabins were right off the beach with screened in back porches facing the beach. One night some of us got really rowdy. I was sitting on the porch catching a buzz as it was turning very dark on the beach. No moon, no lights, nothing but darkness. All of a sudden, I'm freaked by Shelly, one of the guys' girlfriends totally naked slamming her self up to the back porch screen. She was at times a little bitch, but one thing could not be denied, she was a gorgeous little girl with a smoking body, an extremely nicely shaped "rack" a little bigger than normal with perfect nipples. After she caught my attention, she backed away from the screen moving her shoulders so her breasts were swinging back and forth. As she did this, she backed away from the porch until the darkness of the beach consumed her. I was staring in disbelief and out of nowhere, she did it again. Later she was criticized for her actions to which she replied, "We have been travelling together for two years, living in motels, sharing rooms etc. We have all seen each others penises and vaginas." It was true, but more important she said it with a childlike innocence.

We toured Provincetown and got hooked up with some super New England food. I was to use the recipe for the Clam Chowder for my entire career as a chef, and still believe it to be the best ever. We do a few more jobs on the East Coast and head back to the Midwest, then on to the West Coast. The Filmore West and other assorted gigs, which took us through the New Year.

In 1971, we did a couple more gigs and then I was told the Flock was no more. I was disappointed, surprised and had no idea why (although, subsequently I found out that Clive Davis stole Jerry Goodman from us to play with John John McLaughlin & the Mahavishnu Orchestra. All I knew was I had to get on with my life. I went back to De Paul University thinking I would finish school get my degree and start teaching. I went to the administrative office and told them my intentions. They took a look at my transcripts and said, "Fine, but first you'll have to take about two years of unaccredited courses." "Why", I asked? "When you left, you never brought your withdraw slips back to us, and you were given Failure Withdraws in all your courses. As you know you must have a C+ average to be in the School of Education." they said.

Now what? I didn't have the money to continue my education. My father justifiably cut me off, but did provide a place for me to stay while I got my head together. I found a job as a baker for the Kitchens of Sara Lee out in Deerfield, IL. It was an automated facility and I basically just did manual labor. I had a car, and a place to sleep, but I had no direction.

It wasn't until many years later that it finally dawned on me that just because I couldn't finish at De Paul, I had still accumulated enough credits that if I applied to a different school, all I would have to do is finish the courses I was short and get my degree and go on to get my certificate and do what I wanted in the first place.... teach. My goal was to be a coach and see where that took me. Who knows how far I could have gone. However, the simplicity of that move escaped my drug destroyed brain

I spoke with my friends Gary and Jayne. They were living in Colorado on a small farm in Lyons, which was 82 miles from Denver with Boulder midway between the two. I got in my car and moved out there.

## Bilbo & Colorado / I Return to Chicago

Well, here I am no job, no school, what am I going to do? I get in my car and drive west to Colorado. I meet up with Gary and Jayne. They are living on a small farm in a town called Lyons. It is 41 miles north, northwest of Boulder, which was 41 miles north, north west of Denver. It is a 3-bedroom farmhouse with a creek in the back feeding the house with fresh spring water directly from the mountains. There were chickens, a rooster, a goat and a horse. The lease is held by a “cowboy” wannabe who isn't too thrilled to see me. I crash for a while and all of a sudden one of the bedrooms opens up. I grab it even though I had no money or job. I don't remember how I paid the rent, but I did (I think I sold a little pot and did odd jobs).

My birthday rolls around and there is a letter for me. I open the envelope and in it is a card and \$25 from my father and Judy. I immediately take the money and head to the Boulder County Animal Shelter. About an hour before I got there, someone had dropped off a litter of puppies. They were huddled in a group looking at me. I grabbed my car keys and tossed them behind the pups. Only one turned at the sound of the keys. He was the one. I grabbed him up and paid the fees. We got in the car and returned to the farm.

I had to name the dog, which appeared to be a mix of shepherd, collie and retriever. He was adorable and smart. He liked to eat a little at a time instead of going after the food like there was no tomorrow as most dogs do. We went for a walk and I thought about a name. It happens that I was in the middle of a book called *The Hobbit* by J.R.R.Tolkien. I went back inside and proclaimed to everyone in the house, “Hey guys, I want you all to meet Bilbo Baggins”.

Life was fun. Every day we would get up and look for an adventure. Generally, we would head into Boulder looking for people, fun and work (money). I met a girl named Judy. She was from Ogden , Utah and believe it or not, she was Jewish. She owned a Saint Bernard and a Volkswagen Van. She had an apartment in Boulder and a job. This was a stroke of luck, as Gary and Jayne decided to leave and I was no longer welcome on the farm. Judy offered me a place to stay and a lot more. I took care of the dogs and the van while Judy was at work. I listened to a live recording of *Hotel California* by the Eagles; Emerson, Lake and Palmer's *Lucky Man* and Crosby , Stills and Nash. These were the only albums we had and the record player was old and had built in speakers. On her day off, Judy and I would take the dogs for a ride into the mountains in her van and occasionally we would leave the dogs and go skiing at Winter Park. We had a couple of happy months together and things were starting to get serious. So I left. I had heard about a place called Brainard Lake about 9500 feet up into the mountains. During the summer it was a Boy Scout Camp with log cabins. In the winter it was deserted and taken over by a group of communal people who lived a simple life of brown rice some veggies and we would get cheap bags of food for the dogs.

We got our share of drugs, mostly pot, and made the best of what we had. The cabins had pot-bellied stoves which kept them comfortable. Every night we would meditate as a group. We would sit in the lotus position and chant a meditation of “AAAHUUUMMM”. While all were getting into the meditation state of mind, I was having trouble keeping my legs out of the circle. My yoga was so bad that I couldn’t maintain the position and made a big deal of it. I don’t know if I was intentionally trying to be the center of attention, but the leader of the group certainly felt that way as evident by his following comment, “You know what we should do? We should cut off your leg. That will really get you a position as the center of attention since you insist on disturbing the rest of us”. I left the next morning.

I had no where to go, so I decided to return to Chicago. Bilbo and I went up to see some friends in the mountains who lived in a cabin half way between Boulder and Lyons to say goodbye. On the way down the mountain, I ran out of gas. I coasted down as far as I could and finally had to pull over. Baggins and I got out of the car pondering our next move when all of a sudden a pickup truck came by.

There was a mountain motorcycle strapped in the rear of the truck and the two guys in the truck asked if everything was OK. “I ran out of gas,” I said. They offered a ride to the nearest gas station. I jumped in the middle of the cab and Baggins jumped into the back with the bike.

On the way down the mountain, the bike shifted in the back. I asked if all was OK because it was so tight I couldn't turn around. The guy next to me said that all was fine. However, when we got to the gas station, there was no dog in the back. I got a can filled it with gas and they were nice enough to give me a ride back to my car. I was looking for the dog all the way. We got back to my car. I thanked them for their help and put the gas in the car. I drove slowly back down the mountain with the windows opened yelling, “Baggins, Baggins”. I got back to the gas station and filled up the tank. I went back up the mountain looking and yelling for the dog but came up empty. It was starting to get dark, so I went back to my friends cabin to spend the night. The next morning, I was up at the crack of dawn. I thanked my friends and headed back down the mountain one last time. I had decided if I couldn't find the dog, I would just keep going on to Chicago without him. Que Sera, Sera. (What will be will be). I drove down and believe it or not when I got to the spot where the bike had moved in the bed of the pickup, there he was sitting at the side of the road checking out every car that passed him. I stopped, his tail wagging like crazy I hugged him around his neck and went back to Chicago.

When we got back to Chicago, I was lucky enough to get us a place to stay while I got a job working at the Brewery Restaurant on Belmont and Broadway. I borrowed some money and we moved into an apartment just west of Clark Street on Farwell on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor. No furniture or anything but Baggins and I had a place to stay that was ours, and I had a job. Things were starting to get together.

I was living across the street from an old friend from grammar school and high school, Paul. He had just gotten married to a very lovely girl with a great personality. I soon met more people two girls, one that lived next door and another that lived across the street and a family that lived a block away across Clark Street, Shirley and Jim and their kids. Baggins and I spent a lot of time there. We were introduced by Dickie Rudolph who was the manager of the Electric Theater when the Flock was being managed by Aaron Russo who owned the Theater. However, since the last time I saw him, he married Minnie Ripperton who was the lead singer with a Chicago group called The Rotary Connection.

I would go over to Shirley and Jim's where the kids would all congregate and play including the four legged kid who fell right in with the other kids and boy did they have a great time together. I would sit on the couch watching them play in the living room. The children would huddle like a football team deciding what they were going to do and the rules of the game, while a tail was sticking out of the huddle wagging away.

Through Shirley and Jim, I met a bunch of people there including Rande, Anne, Karen and Jennifer. They would all play rolls in the years to come in my life. Anne and Karen were only 16, they were friends and would baby sit for Jim and Shirley's kids and Dick and Minnie's son. Rande would become a good and trusted friend who, even though he never finished high school, became very successful in the visual, sound and dish maintenance business. Jennifer loved 7up and always had a can in her hand. I also met Mike who, at the age of 16, drove a Maserati and was very successful in the drug trade.

I don't remember their names, but the two neighbor girls became objects of affection. The one that lived next to me was kind of large with very small breasts, but she was a female and I was horny and we spent several nights together having as much fun as a man and woman could have in private. This went on for a while, but then my eye turned to the one across the street.

She was petite, blonde with a set of huge, I mean huge breasts. However, things didn't work out too well for us even though we had a great relationship and really enjoyed each others company. The time had finally arrived for us to get together for a little loving. I wanted things to work out, but alas it was not to be. I was distracted by her extreme endowment, that I played and played forgetting that although I was enjoying myself, I wasn't really doing anything to excite her. I was hard as a rock and unable to control myself any longer and so I rammed my manhood into her not realizing she was still dry as a bone (not a funny pun). I obviously hurt her, and that was our one and only encounter. What a shame.

In the meantime, Shirley told me there was a young lady that she wanted me to meet for a specific purpose with definite rules. I was intrigued. She was from the North East Coast , and she wanted to have a baby. She was a lesbian with a significant other and had seen me and decided that I would make a good donor, but not a donor from the test tube stand point, but a let's have some fun while we were working at it kind of donor. I was a little apprehensive, but agreed. There was one unbreakable rule. If successful, I was to have nothing



to do with her or, any subsequent offspring. Shirley said she would set everything up and I was to expect a visit that night, because the time was right. I waited that night, and finally the doorbell rang. I lived on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor and waited and started to sweat since I had never seen her. She finally got up stairs and I was floored. She was fantastic. She was Puerto Rican with dark hair and eyes. She couldn't be more petite without being anorexic and her face was that of an angel. I was thrilled yet sad because I knew after tonight I would never see her again. We talked awhile and then she asked if we could get down to business. Well, talk about mixing business with pleasure, she was phenomenal. She was so good, that I was to explode several times. What a night. The next day, Shirley said to me that she was told there was a 95% certainty we were successful in our endeavors.

Nine months later, Libra Eve was born. So, if you are reading this and you are female and born on the east coast back about 1973 and your name is Libra Eve, I would love to meet you since I have never stopped regretting that I agreed to the terms.

Meanwhile, Mike asked if I wanted to sell some of his coke. I agreed and he gave me a couple of ounces and 18 pounds of pot. The coke was cut up so much, well you'll find out. The pot was Mexican and you needed a pound to get off. I was not very happy. I had a couple customers who bought an ounce of the coke. It was cheap so I wasn't worried that it was so bad. However, I didn't realize they were junkies looking to sell the coke to buy heroin.

They came back a night later. I thought they wanted more, but instead thanked me and asked if I would like to try some of their other coke, it was brown. They laid out a line for me and as soon as I did it, I realized it wasn't coke, but brown heroin. I turned and they stuck a gun in my face telling me they wanted their money back. I told them I had already given it to the guy who owned it. One of them picked up an empty bottle of Mateus and hit me over the head with it right where the cop hit me with the night-stick in 68. I collapsed, but could feel the blood trickling down my face. I got to my feet wobbly because of the heroin. I made my way to the bathroom to see how bad it was, and realized I would probably live, however I needed help. I made my way to the phone and started to dial and that was the last thing I remembered. Meanwhile, these two junkies cleaned me out of all the coke and pot in the apartment.

The next thing I knew, I was waking up in a hospital, with my father looking at me. "What happened?" he asked. I told him I was mugged in my own house by a couple of guys who had a "beef" with me. The doctor asked if I was doing any drugs and with my father standing right there, I couldn't tell him the truth. My father waited for me to be released and drove me home. He was curious, but fortunately he decided not to press me. I realized that I had called someone, to this day I don't know who, but because I was mumbling on the phone they decided to call an ambulance and that was it. When I got home, I realized that they had taken all the pot and what was left of the coke.

Mike and I had a mutual friend named Gary. He was a great guy I knew from high school. Mike sent him over after I called him to tell him about what happened to his stuff. I

told Gary what had happened. I don't know how he did it, but within two days Mike had his stuff back.

Meanwhile, I had sold another ounce to a guy that I met through a friend of a friend named Jed. So, to add insult to injury two days later I got a visit from this other buyer who turned out to be a Federal DEA agent. Fortunately, Bilbo didn't try any heroics during the two incidents and came through it all unscathed. Actually, in both instances with the junkies and the DEA I was asked by the junkies to put him in another room, which I did. The DEA boys didn't ASK a thing. I was told, "Call off the dog or we'll shoot it". They cuffed me and took me down to MCC ( Metropolitan Correctional Center ). They questioned me and told me they weren't interested in me, they wanted the guy I got the stuff from. Well, I knew they already knew about Mike, so I told them. They said they already knew about him, I needed something else. I said I didn't know anyone else so I couldn't help them, but I would try to get someone if they let me go. To my astonishment, two hours later, I was back on the street. Now my father knew what I was up to.

He got me a lawyer who was a former Federal Prosecutor and I was advised to NARC on someone else for the DEA otherwise I could end up doing hard time. I told them I would try to find someone at work. The Brewery was a "hot spot" and there was a chance. I kept a diary.

## The Brewer / Jennifer / Cathy & Lion

So, I now have to convince my lawyers (one of them is a good friend from Sullivan, but I will not name him), the DEA and the Federal Prosecutors that I am trying to set up some other poor slob. I am already working as a cook at the Brewery Restaurant & Pub in New Town. I convince all involved that if I am going to make a new drug connection, this is the place. I am keeping a diary, and Bilbo and I move into the area a block away from work. During the day I am playing basketball at a school called Nettlehorse with a full, but small court set up. I realize that the guys I am playing with aren't your ordinary amateur basketball players. These guys are great. How great? One day Norm Van Lier shows up. I don't get to play much, but when I do play, I am open quite a bit, so I am hearing a lot of, "pass it to the little guy".

At night I am working in an extremely fast paced restaurant. I start out as a kitchen helper making minimum wage, which was \$1.75 an hour back then. Within four months I am running the kitchen and making \$4.25 an hour, which isn't too bad back in 1972. All the while I am making daily entries into my diary (most of it is bullshit). The Brewery employed, amongst others, three people who will become a part of my story as we delve on.

I come down with a horrible case of a throat infection caused by my tonsils. I am unable to eat and am surviving on V8 vegetable juice. I'm also feeling discomfort with my teeth and go to see my dentist. I have four impacted wisdom teeth and am in agony, so the dentist makes an appointment for me with an oral surgeon to take place in a few days allowing me time to beat the infection.

The infection subsides and I go in to have all four teeth extracted surgically under anesthetic. My dentist (an understanding man) prescribes Morphine (God bless him). So, I am on Morphine and still subsisting on V8 juice. I go into work and am immediately sent home because my face is swollen and I am a blue and green hue.

A couple days later, I return to work. Jennifer was the first to notice me and I am taken back because she was without a doubt the hottest girl working there. She was a natural blonde (I was soon to find out the validity of that fact), with an absolutely gorgeous face, extremely well endowed with a perfect hourglass figure (not too large).

Back then, we in the kitchen wore short sleeved white shirts held closed with snaps. She looks at me and says, "There is something different about you". After two solid weeks of ingesting nothing but V8 juice and Morphine, I knew I had lost some weight, but wasn't aware of how much. I grabbed my shirt and ripped it open exposing, for the first time in my life, a six pack. Her jaw dropped and so did the waitress standing next to her, whose name I can't remember, but she was a red head and I believe she was seeing Corky a Chicago musician who played blues and was quite popular.

I asked Jennifer if she liked what she saw and her answer was an immediate, "Yes lets get together after work". We both got off after closing. It was a week night, so we closed at 12

midnight, and went to my apartment. We took Bilbo for a walk and went back to relax which was the last thing we did. We got hot and heavy and I wanted to find out if the blonde hair was natural, so I did what was necessary to expose another area where hair was present, and it was blonde. I lost control and immediately buried my face into this sensitive area. To my amazement, she was a screamer. My landlord lived right below me and it was 2AM, so I left what I was doing and kissed her full on the mouth. This worked, but only temporarily because she very abruptly pushed my head back where it was. She was screaming again, so I covered her mouth with mine again and she pushed me back again. I stopped and explained the situation and she promised she would keep the screaming down, which she didn't. I wound up continuing to pleasure her and to keep my apartment I freed one hand and stuck it over her mouth. This was a sufficient solution and worked enough until I changed my position so that her mouth was busy, and kissed her constantly during intercourse. It was a wonderful night and when we parted, I asked if we could see each other again. She answered, "of course, but I have to arrange it so my boyfriend is otherwise occupied". I was taken back because I was not aware she had a boyfriend, but after all it was the 70s. We saw each other at her house one more time, but I couldn't take the paranoia of being caught by her boyfriend and ended it.

After Jennifer and I broke it off, which was good, because she was too much for me both in appearance and comfort of fidelity, I decided to hit on the other waitress, whose name I can't remember because of lack of interest in her due to the following verbal encounter with me. I attempted to get together with her because she was present at the time of my positive impression on Jennifer, I thought it might have also impressed her, but I obviously didn't because of her answer. She told me in no uncertain terms that she was dating (as I said before) a musician Corky. She also informed me that she was rather large in the "sweet spot" and consequently needed a very large man, which she said I obviously was not, because of my height. So, I dropped it rather than just saying, "Why don't you ask Jennifer about my equipment?" That would have been bad form, which I would soon learn that I didn't have as much control over my mouth as I would have hoped.

The bartender's name was Corky (how's that for coincidence three guys interacting either in person or through others with the name of Corky). Before I would leave the Brewery, I would have an effect on his life, which, since I haven't seen him since the incident, I don't know if it was good or bad. His involvement in my life will be mentioned later.

Soon after my wonderful encounter with Jennifer, I met Cathy. I was walking Baggins and happened upon her and her dog Lion. The dogs played while we talked. She was an adorable little lady. She had a face and eyes that would melt the heart of any man. She had wonderful imperfections that just made her even more desirable.

To go with her brown eyes that sparkled and occasionally would flash a look of great happiness or sadness (she could not hide her feelings, or so I thought) she had below shoulder length brown hair. Her figure was nice and petite. We dated for a while mostly just getting together and letting the dogs play. Eventually, we got to know each other more intimately and

she moved in with me. We had a lot of fun together, and I was getting very serious. We even went to her parent's house. They were really sweet and friendly people of Italian decent and welcomed me into their house with open arms in spite of the fact that their daughter was living with me. While we were together, I showed the world and myself how stupidly naive I could be, by getting involved with Ann while I was involved with Cathy.

I was out visiting friends alone and ran into Ann. She was now 18 and I was interested, she always had the perfect body, one of the most beautiful I've ever seen, a phrase which has become meaningless because of the number of times I have used it, but I believe all women to be beautiful in one way or another, beauty from within and the (unfortunately) more appreciated physical beauty. This fact is both disheartening and disturbing, but as a man, I can vouch for its truth. Anyway, Ann and I went over to her apartment, talked and we could feel this was going to end up being an encounter, how deep and meaningful we did not know. We began our passionate encounter as what I would call normal, and were soon tasting each others' sweetness. However, this was not to change until its conclusion, which was to take its time. When it finally happened it was phenomenal with a shuddering feeling of both joy and satisfaction.

We looked at each other, and realizing her extremely positive attitude I decided to come clean about Cathy. I was hopeful that my honesty would soften the humiliation. It was not to be. She turned a pinkish red and became enraged with anger. I couldn't blame her, it was a wonderfully unforgettable experience and now here I am telling her about Cathy. She threw me out with out hesitation. Funny thing, with in a week or two, I am confessing that I am in love with Cathy and all of a sudden, she packs up and goes home to her parents. I never found out why, but I assumed it was her fear of commitment (women can have that problem too). Then I thought about my incident with Ann and thought that maybe Ann got in touch with Cathy. How, I don't have a clue, but if that was the case than I deserved it.

While all this was going on at one end of my life, at the other end I was no longer working at the Brewery, it seems Herman had met with an engineer and an iron-worker. He had an idea. He loved horse racing and had wondered what they did with all the horse's waste. He did some research and found out that what they couldn't sell or give away they had to pay to have it trucked out. So, his idea was to build an environmentally safe manure incinerator that expelled nothing into the atmosphere but steam. Meanwhile, I remembered that Corky, the bartender, was getting tired of his job and Chicago.

So, when I met up with him and told him about the project, his question was simple, "Will you need to hire any one down there?" I asked Herman, and he said, "Well, if we sell the machine, we'll need someone to maintain and operate it." I passed the info on to Corky, and he told me he would meet me down there. Herman wanted me to drive down to Miami while he shipped the machine down there on a flatbed. The monster machine and I were to meet and I was to set it up at Hialeah Race Track. Bilbo and I drove down to Miami. When we got down to Florida , I decide to detour through Gainesville .

I knew that several months previously, Dick & Minnie Rudolph had moved down there from Chicago. If I didn't mention it before, I will mention it again. Dick Rudolph was the manager of Aaron Russo's Electric Theater. Aaron was our (The Flock's) manager and I knew Dick through those instances. His wife's maiden name was Minnie Ripperton. Minnie was a star in her own right gaining fame with a Chicago group called The Rotary Connection. They had met when the Connection played at the Theater. I would later find out my friend Jayne was standing with Dick as he was watching Minnie rehearse. He turned to Jayne and said about Minnie. "I am going to marry her". Sure enough they were married in either 71 or 72. Minnie had a son who went by the name Ringo. To my amazement, joy and surprise, they had a baby girl named Maya. I was thrilled and felt very comfortable with the baby, holding her and helping change her. I could only stay a day because of my previous responsibilities and necessary arrangements that had to be made down in Miami for the initial demonstration of the machine. However, I was there long enough to hear Dick accompany Minnie on the guitar while she rehearsed a song for her new album. I didn't realize it then, but I was privy to the first performance of "Loving You" to an audience (of one and a half).

I listened intently and watched the looks that Minnie and Dick gave each other while they were rehearsing. There was so much love in that house I became envious. Alas, time came for me to leave. I said my good byes with handshakes, hugs and kisses. Little did I know it would be the last time I would see any of them. Minnie passed away, and I understand that Dick got into talent representation. As for Maya, little did I know that I had helped change the diaper of a future star of television and movies, after a stint on Saturday Night Live, Maya began to do movies and "situation comedies".

I went on to Miami, set up for the demonstration and the machines didn't work properly. My father lost a lot of money, Corky had no job when he arrived and I had experienced the first of several business failures between my father and me.

I returned to Chicago and looked for a job. I still had my apartment in New Town, but needed money badly as I was do in court for my trial on the DEA charges.

I was facing a mandatory 20 years in a Federal Pen. What I wasn't aware of was they had tested the coke and found that out of the whole ounce, there was less than a gram. I pleaded guilty and was given four years probation. I went out to celebrate, because being on Federal Probation, I could serve it anywhere in the lower 48 with permission. I got a job as broiler chef at the 95<sup>th</sup> restaurant, so named because it was located on the 95<sup>th</sup> floor of the Hancock Center which at the time was the tallest building in Chicago. I maintained friendships with most of the people I was already friends with.

I just happened to meet up with Annie, who was a nurse that I knew from Sullivan. She was sweet and had been through much since we were friends in H.S. An auto accident had almost taken here life and she became extremely religious. As a matter of fact she was practicing a Kosher life style. Fortunately, we were both able to eat meat, which we did with enormous enthusiasm. In other words, the sex was great. I found myself falling in love with

Annie, but she felt we could not get serious because I was not Kosher. I objected stating that my grandmother (rest her sole) was Kosher and I didn't think that it should come between us, but alas it did.

My career as a chef was improving. I began to make decent money and learned my trade from a slew of great chefs on the job. I was still having fun and occasionally still doing drugs. I ran into Jennifer "7up" and we made plans to get together at her house. I brought a couple of tabs of LSD with. We met in the afternoon at her place and dropped the acid. We took off our clothes and with a small candle on a table in between us sat there just staring at each other. Time seemed to stand still. We touched, but not in a sexual manner. We felt each other, amazed at God's work. Time passed and we finally got down to brass tacks enjoying the pleasures of our bodies over and over again. We finally came down enough to realize we had been together for about 10 hours. We were amazed at the amount of time that passed and how much we enjoyed each other. We parted that evening satisfied and as happy as two people could be.

Within a week, I received a job offer in Greeley, Colorado and permission to take it from my probation officer. Bilbo and I left immediately.

## Back to the West/Through Debbie Hyatt

So, I found myself in need of getting away and starting over somewhere else. I get a job offer from a guy named Boots who owns The Driftwood Restaurant in Greeley Colorado. Bilbo and I pack up, get in the car and drive to Greeley. We find a place to live and go to work.

I didn't like the Restaurant, the people I had to work with, the method of preparation and most of all the sanitary conditions. Since I was not hired as a Chef and none of the things I didn't like were any of my business, I quit. In a couple days, I had a new job at a Sambo's Restaurant (eventually because of the stigma of the name they would become Denny's Restaurants). I was sitting around with Bilbo one evening watching TV and smelling the fragrance of the nearby stock yards, when the phone rang. It was my friend Sandy.

Sandy and I were very close in H.S. We hung together quite a bit. In fact, his parents owned a cabin cruiser docked at Diversey Harbor on Chicago 's lakefront where we would spend weekends during the summer. I remember walking into his basement apartment one day and was greeted by the odor of five one hundred pound plastic bags of Jamaican Gonja. What a surprise that was. We wound up rolling spliffs, which were huge joints made up of about an ounce of weed and about four or five rolling papers in the shape of a cone.

Anyway, back to the story. Sandy says to me, "Chuck, I hear you're working at a f\*cking Sambos in f\*cking Greeley Colorado. Why don't you pack up and come to San Diego where I am living in a house in Mission Hills. I have enough room for you and Baggins and can put you up until you find a job and a place to live." I figured why not? I have nothing really going on here, so Bilbo and I pack up our belongings and head to San Diego .

We arrive on a Sunday, get settled and on Monday, I start looking for a job. I get back to Sandy 's on Monday night and I already have a job working for Ten Downing Restaurant, an English theme place, owned and operated by the Executive Chef who is from England. They are opening a new place across the street from Del Mar Race Track and need a Sous Chef. Talk about a lucky break. Everyday, I would go to work and come home (I worked the day shift) where Sandy and I would chill out and do a dooby or two. We generally played Backgammon or Gin Rummy. One time, I was taking too much time to make my play and when asked why, I told Sandy I was really wasted at which point he told me in no uncertain terms, "If you can't handle it, don't do it", words of wisdom that have lived with me since.

Brian, the Executive Chef and owner of the restaurant, had a younger brother who was a professor of languages at Oxford University in England. He was on his way to Oregon , where he had purchased a parcel of land and stopped in San Diego to help out with the opening of the new restaurant in La Jolla. One night he was closing the restaurant when an obviously drunk gentleman walked in. He said with a very thick English accent, "I'm sorry sir, but we're closed". The drunk retorted, "I don't care, you serve shit here anyway". To which he was told, "That's right sir. We serve shit, but it's always topped with parsley." I don't know



why I related that story except that in the cooking business, it is one of the best stories I've ever heard. Unfortunately, most people won't understand it.

After a while I got together enough money to move out and get my own place, not a moment too soon as Sandy had a visitor from Chicago that he had met before named Sherry. She was a sweet and intelligent Jewish girl and I could see their relationship was going somewhere. They eventually married and moved to Omaha, Nebraska, where Sandy worked as a meat packing plant manager. All was going great for them when suddenly Sandy passed away in his garage with the motor of his car running. There were several scenarios as to his disturbing and untimely passing. One was it was self inflicted and the other was he was simply tired and by accident fell asleep at the wheel. I chose to believe the later.

Meanwhile, I meet this tall and well endowed young lady from Louisiana. I ask her out and she says that she would like to, but she is Creole (1/2 white and 1/2 black) considering the body and rack on this girl, I couldn't care if she was from outer space. I really think she felt I was too short for her. I leave Ten Downing when offered a job at La Costa Country Club which is a world class Country Club and Health Spa. My supervisors turn out to be elitist pigs and I can't stand working with them. I get a job as a cook at the Sheraton Harbor Island Hotel where I am the only member of the kitchen staff that is not Mexican. These guys would get work permits and cross the border everyday and go home and live like Kings. I will say that I got a superb education in Mexican Cuisine.

I'm tiring of San Diego , but Bilbo loves it there. He gets to play at two of the three beaches, meets new dogs everyday. This place is heaven for him. Hell for me. I don't understand or am not good enough for San Diego girls and have forgotten what it was like to be with a woman, even though, I would soon find out that it wasn't just the city, I would have problems throughout the state.

I move up to San Francisco. I find out that in order to get a job there, I had to take an oral exam with an Executive Chef member of H.E.R.E. Local #1. He would grade me on facility and ability levels. There were three types of facilities, A, B, & C. Ability was designated by a specific kitchen title, like Executive Chef, Sous Chef or Cook. You could work any job at or under your designation. I was a Class "A" Chef. I got a job as a morning and lunch cook at the Jack Tar Hotel on Van Ness Boulevard.

This was a very good thing as I was able to improve my speed on the line and make a good buck doing it. Back then a line cook was paid \$9.00 an hour. I moved into a coach house of a house at #1 Marin Drive in Belvedere. I am in Marin County in the highest per capita town in California, at its most exclusive address. I could walk out my door and be on the edge of the Bay looking along the Golden Gate Bridge back at San Francisco.

I find I have a friend from Sullivan living in Sausalito. He graduated a year ahead of me and went to work for the Federal Government, had an accident and collected a sufficient amount of money to live on for the rest of his life (no name mentioned because of that). I also

meet up with Dava. Her brother Gary was the guy who helped me out with the rip off back in Chicago. She is pregnant and due in a month or two. Things were good. I did some catering and soon was completely settled in.

I find out that my friend Ann, who I saw back in Chicago while I was living with Cathy, had a girl friend I had met with her at Jim and Shirley's back in Chicago, living in a town in North Central California. I get her number and give her a call. We decide she is going to hop a train and come down to see me. I pick her up at the train and am immediately shocked by how hyper, nervous and unstable she was. We hardly spoke a word to each other. We got to the coach house and we both were freaking each other out. We tried to have sex, thinking it would make us more comfortable, but it too was unbearable.

We looked at each other and I asked her if she wanted me to take her back to the train station. She said there was another train leaving in an hour or two, so I drove her to the station, gave her the best apology that I could muster (I felt so bad that she had taken the train back and forth for almost no reason what so ever) and said goodbye.

I wasn't having the best luck in California as proven by the fact that I would soon be asked to leave my coach house. I went looking for a place to share as the rents in Marin were astronomical. I found an ad for a room-mate at 100 Sausalito Drive in Sausalito up in the hilly, forest area. I went for the interview with Baggins. She wasn't too bad looking and seemed nice. The price was right and Bilbo was welcome. I was interested and believe I got the place because she really liked the dog. We talked and she made it clear in no uncertain terms that this was to be exclusively platonic. I told her that I was lonely and would love to meet some women. She said she had a friend, a Jewish girl who was having a birthday and had just broken up with her boyfriend. I agree to the fix up.

I went and picked her up. She was not my type at all, but I figured, what the hell!!! We talked and found conversation easy. She told me she had just been dumped by her boyfriend and was still very upset and that I shouldn't expect anything. "Where do you want to go?", I asked since she knew the town better than I. She suggested a bar and grill. We went and I soon found out why she wanted to go there. The first person we ran into was her ex boyfriend. He was about 6'3" weighed about 240 pounds, was black and scared the living shit out of me. We had a drink. She tried to get him to take her back right in front of me. He actually apologized and bought us a drink, telling her to stop disrespecting me. This guy impressed the hell out of me and I thanked my lucky stars that he was a decent person.

Meanwhile, she got plastered. We eventually left and she was having trouble staying awake. I drove her back to her apartment and we went in. She told me she was going to "take care of me", and after the bar, I felt I deserved it. She disrobed and got into bed and then asked me to get naked and show her what I had. I started toward the bed and she stopped me and told me that she wanted to see my "goods". She actually made me turn around naked so she could "inspect" me. I guess I passed, and she invited me into bed. Just as I was climbing into bed, she passed out. I tried to wake her and was really getting pissed off. So, I got out of

bed, put on my clothes and left her a present before I left. I won't say what the present was because I am not out to give credence to how disgusting I can be. I never said a word to my room-mate, and started looking for a job in another area.

I got wind of a job at The General Store and Forge in the Forest Restaurant on 5<sup>th</sup> and Junipero in Carmel-By-The-Sea just north of Big Sur. Big tourist area with a lot of money. There were two restaurants in town The General Store, and The Boars Head Inn, which was owned by the mayor of Carmel, Clint Eastwood.

I moved down and things started off great. The owner got me a place to live. My address was the coach house behind the 3<sup>rd</sup> house north of the corner of 5<sup>th</sup> and another street. My talents and the restaurant melded together. The owner even let Bilbo stay on a porch outside the kitchen. As long as he went nowhere near the prep or dining area and the customers. I developed a few new dishes, learned how to make the popular ones already on the menu. Like I said, things were great.

One day, I came home from work, and there was a strange van in front of the house, and Baggins was getting kind of excited. We went inside and there was my old friend Ronnie (Renaldo) and his girlfriend Sarah in MY bed doing "the nasty". I was so happy to see friendly faces that I didn't even care about the mess they made on the sheets.

They stayed a few days, and when they left, I decided to go back to Chicago. I read an advertisement for a restaurant for lease in Helper, Utah, so I took the northern route back to Chicago and stopped off in Helper. It would have been a good set up with living quarters above the restaurant. However, I was told the dog would have to stay outside, year round. That I couldn't do to my best friend. I told him I'd think about it and get back to him, but I wanted to get back to Chicago and made up some stupid reason why, so I could leave my options open.

I got back to Chicago and immediately got a job as Banquet Chef at the O'Hare Hilton Hotel. I got an apartment in the Catherine Courts Apartment Complex, which was occupied mostly by employees at the airport. My upstairs neighbors were a mother and her 18 year old daughter. I guess I could have had both of them, but went for the daughter. She was blonde and extremely thin which I really liked because ever since Molly, I really liked very slender women. We got together a few times and had a lot of fun, but neither of us was very serious.

I changed jobs when I was offered a Sous Chef's position at the Hyatt Regency O'Hare. While there, I met another Debbie. She was Irish and blonde and her father was a Chicago cop, so she believed she could get away with anything. We went bowling, and right in front of a few hundred people, she pulls an ounce of weed out of her pocket and says lets get out of here and smoke this. Well, we got out of there quick. We made a date. We wanted to see Herbie Hancock downtown at the Auditorium Theater.

The next afternoon she came to my apartment looking for a little fun and games. We had some fun and games and then I told her I had to get to work, I was on the schedule, and crawling around naked on her hands and knees trying to make me stay. When I told her no,

that I had to get to work so I could pay my bills, she got angry and didn't try to hide her feelings one bit. I went to work. I got off work and came back home. Got dressed and she picked me up. We went to the concert, had a great time. She drove me home. Didn't say a word or give me a kiss, pulled away, and that was the last time I saw her.

I would eventually move to Evanston about two blocks north of Howard Street, which divides Evanston and Chicago. I would have two more encounters with two different women.

So ends the first 30 years of my life. The second 30 years was not as fun, as I was to be responsible for a wife and her 5 kids, but that's another story.

If you enjoyed reading my book please send me a quick message via the Feedback link on my [obooko.com](http://obooko.com) download page. I will be delighted to hear from you. Positive or Negative.

Please note: This is a free digital edition from [www.obooko.com](http://www.obooko.com). If you paid for this e-book it will be an illegal, pirated copy so please advise the author and obooko. We also recommend you return to the retailer and demand an immediate refund.