

7) “I Want My MTV”

Music Television was blowing up. Not only was music video a good business to be in late in the 1980’s and into the early 90’s, I enjoyed being able to watch other artists as well. Twenty-four hours a day. Seven days a week. MTV was, as Huey Lewis said, “a new drug.”³⁰ Whether it was the honesty of U2, the creative genius of Michael Jackson, or the sheer enjoyment of ZZ Top, their girls, and their cars, MTV was the place to be. We knew that better than most. During a time when we weren’t touring and there wasn’t a new record in sight, MTV was paying the bills.

The MTV revolution was a perfect fit with the Pop-Op model. ZigZag and video were impossible to separate by this time. It was a match made in heaven. The only bit of role reversal was that I wasn’t directing the video shoots, but instead was working for the director. Certainly I had input into the process, particularly because I always had an eye for what we could and could not do with the live show. But the process of the actual “shoot” was far too draining physically and mentally for me to manage as well.

A year and a half after we released “Architect of Light” and more than six months after the live album came out, we were still hot on MTV. With Scotty fresh out of rehab, we weren’t going to head right back out on the road. The next project wasn’t planned for release for nearly a year. We actually had very little on the calendar for the balance of 1987. We lived and remained in the public eye during that time because of video. We had two or three studio productions that we had done in and around the tour schedule last year, and we were beginning to release more of the video footage that was tied to “Be Mine Tonight”. We were also intent on using the Pop-Op Palace as an ongoing source of video as well. The advent of the VHS camera format (and subsequently Super VHS), with its portability and extended record times made for even a greater saturation of video into the ZigZag playbook. Mike had great connections with the electronics manufacturers in Japan. We usually had the latest video gear well before it was available in the States.

But the new ways weren’t always better, just different. The collection of photographs included with “Be Mine Tonight” are what I believe to be some of Scott Silversteen’s best work. Different shows. Different tours. Scott has a running feud going with the video crew. They give him grief about working so hard. After all, they had three hours of tape from five different cameras for each show on the tour. Tens of thousands of still frames. They contend that some of those frames would make really good photographs. And technically they were right. But Scott was and is all about the art of photography. His quest is always to “capture the moment.” Personally, I believe he has achieved that task again and again.

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“Who Cut the Barber’s Hair?” is a whimsical little blues based number that details one of those “quests for the Holy Grail”. It was all done quite tongue in cheek, and I hold no illusions of there being any intrinsic cultural value to the lyrical content. But it was a fun song to play, and made for a great video. By the time MTV got done showing this little piece of musical cinema three or four times a day for about two months, ZigZag was a household name.

The song starts with a mellow little chord progression that I run through on the The Gibson as I’m sitting in the Barber’s chair. There are a couple of older men sitting off to the side playing checkers. Eric is in the other chair getting a shave. Scotty is behind me with his back to the camera and he is fussing with his hair. As I finish the intro, he grabs one arm of the chair and spins me around 3 or 4 full revolutions. Scott chuckles and the full 12 bar progression explodes with drums, bass and electric guitar. The camera pans out and a bit to the left, bringing R.L. and Greg into the frame. As the lyrics are about to begin, I get up from the chair (acting a bit dazed from the “spin”).

Now won’t you please excuse me,
I’ve been feelin’ mighty weak.
So long drug down in the valleys,
Guess I’ll never find my peak.
Time to wash these well-worn Levi’s,
For to try and make a stand.
Tired of these old cigarettes,
Think I’ll try another brand.
Head out to the wilderness
With a heavy load to bear.
“Beg pardon sir do you know for sure”
Who cuts the Barber’s Hair?
Who cuts the Barber’s Hair?

By the time I get to the end of the first verse, I’ve progressed to the door of the Barber shop, and as I finish the lyric, I give a knowing look as my eyes drift off toward the Barber pole next to the door. The rest of the band is behind me now, with Eric joining in from the left. He still has bits of shaving cream on his face.

The second scene and verse are set against a travelogue that starts with us piling out of a dusty, well dented cab, guitar cases in hand, and extends to several different locations, where we are getting off of trains, boats, airplanes, and even an old German submarine. Part journey and partly a spoof on similar scenes in The Beatles movie “Help”, we crisscross the globe, dragging a little more with each new destination.

Well it’s been a real long time boy,
We’ve all been wonderin’ where you been.
Ah you must be jokin’,

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Look at the color of my skin.
It took ten long days in Nassau
And another week in Greece.
To regain this paleish outlook,
Though I'll never find my peace.
A personal state of crisis,
I truly must declare.
There'll be no rest
'Til I reach my quest
Find the man that cuts the Barber's Hair.
Who cuts the Barber's Hair?

The guitar solo is done over a psychedelic background with road maps and travel routes detailed and then removed. Scotty is just wearing out his Les Paul and enjoying every minute of it. The rest of us drift in and out of view off the edges of the screen. Sometimes playing along with Scott, and other times just doing something stupid like blowing bubbles (Greg) or attempting to ride a tricycle (Eric).

The third verse begins and we are back in the street in front of the Barber shop. Several people come and go, attempting to investigate the question at hand. A reporter, a cop, and finally a Catholic priest. All leave shaking their heads with disgust in their eyes.

Now that's my sorted situation,
Just as plain as you can see.
So if you see me comin' 'round,
You're best off to just let me be.
I'm a second cousin to the viper,
And a nephew of the raucous crow.
And I'll never ever tell you,
Anything you need to know.
'Cause when it comes to technicalities,
I tend to become aware.
There's just no cure,
Like to know for sure.
Who cuts the Barber's Hair?
Who cuts the Barber's Hair?³¹

The video ends with The Barber sitting in a chair in the kitchen of his home with newspapers spread on the floor. His wife is giving him a trim. The camera zooms in on her face, and she gives a quick wink. Mystery solved. Fade to black.

Scotty had only been out of Betty Ford for two weeks when he tried to get back in the swing of things. We were working on "Unending Continuum" and trying to accomplish as much as possible without him. I think he was doing OK. I went out

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to see him in Rancho Mirage twice, and Scott seemed to have a pretty good grip on his situation. His head was clear, and technically the Naughtyman was as sharp as ever, but there was no passion. He was going through the motions. Scott was successfully maintaining his sobriety, but there was a cost to that as well. He was detached. Music couldn't excite him. Life couldn't excite him. Women couldn't excite him. He was a mess.

I never said this to anyone, but I found myself wishing that Scott would go back to using and be his old self again. R.L. took it one step further. He insisted that Scotty sit in the car one night while R.L. smoked an entire joint and read him the riot act. In no uncertain words he made it clear that he was going to get the best Scotty had to offer no matter what it took. I just wanted my partner in crime back...

And I'm not fully convinced that what Scott has is an "addiction" in the true sense of the word. A habit, yes. A problem, absolutely. But not an addiction. In my eyes this all or nothing approach to sobriety was extreme as well. Scott had a problem with cocaine. The weed and the liquor were already there and really not part of the primary issue. Really, in my mind, Scott was more of a "victim of opportunity". He was playing with house money. I've seen lots and lots of substance abuse. And almost no one that I would call an "addict". Maybe I'm not an objective source. If it had been me, the Judge would have seen the cash outflow Scotty had generated over the last two years, put his size twelve wingtip squarely up my ass, and then probably had me locked up. I would have done my "rehab" in a ten foot cell, not a quaint little bungalow in sunny southern California.

The recording process for "Unending Continuum" went fairly smoothly for only one reason: Tom Dowd. He pushed us to the edge with comments like "are you sure that's the best you can do", and references to other tracks on other projects, and concerns about what we were trying to say. He also knew when to walk away from the studio and disappear for a few days. R.L. probably carried this project. I distinctly remember one session when R.L. the perfectionist yelled at me because I had stopped the tracking when a bass run was wrong. He and Scotty had it going. We both knew we had to capture the best of Scott when we could. All in all, this was still a hugely successful project, and the first that was released exclusively on compact disk. The era of the vinyl record was gone forever. Four songs, including "Carry Me Back" and "A Victimless Crime" made the Billboard top twenty. "Unwanted Dreams" was a hit on MTV. "The Pennsylvania Turnpike" was being used in the soundtrack of a controversial new movie by Stanley Kubrick called "Eyes Wide Shut" starring Tom Cruise and wife Nicole Kidman. And while we were holed up in the studio, the rest of our little world was continuing to spin...

The Inn was turning out really nice. I was almost never there, but everyone gave me rave reviews about the place. By and large the top two floors were complete.

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There was an ongoing concern with a piece of equipment in the kitchen, but it was my impression that Stanley and his domain would never be “issue free”. The ground level patio entrances had just been installed and the bar (of course the first area completed) and the media room were already in use. There was a problem with the paneling that was ordered for portions of the downstairs. The nursery was fully up and running and Heather celebrated her second birthday with an entirely new set of “friends” in her little world. It looked like Toys ‘R Us had opened a branch location in her bedroom. I spent most of my time at the house in my study, or “The Needle” – my small four track studio (and instrument vault) that was adjoined to the study. The swimming pool and Jacuzzi, as well as the pool house and guest cottages were all fully functional and occupied most of the time. Pee-Tee and Gladys were about to relocate from the trailer and into their new home. Their nephew Edwin was still living with them as well.

Heather Marie was doing great, and was the life of the party. Nobody came to the house to see either Leah or I. It was all about our baby girl. I spent my time with her making up silly songs and drawing pictures. With Patty (and Greg) moving to Montecito, Joy Bennett became a bigger part of our lives. Although she and Mike were both adamant that they did not want any children, she sure loved ours. “Aunt Joy” was and is a big part of Heather’s life.

Joy Bennett is an honest to goodness beauty queen. Miss Sacramento in 1979. Miss California the following year. But Joy was anything but your stereotypical bleach blonde bimbo. She was beautiful, a real “California Girl”, but the girl had a lot of business savvy as well. A graduate of UCLA with a degree in mass communications, Joy was the spokesperson for a large growers association in the San Joaquin valley of central California. She had also done a number of “public service announcements” for various non-profit agencies that were viewed in all of the major television markets in California. She knew, and liked, California governor Jerry Brown. She was good for Mike, and what was good for Mike was good for me. I will have to give Joy credit. She knew her place. If there was an issue, I always heard about it from Mike or Leah or Patty. I don’t think I’ve ever exchanged a heated word with Joy Bennett.

Melanie seemed to struggle the most when we were home and in the studio. Especially the first few weeks, when the drum tracks were normally completed. Surly and cantankerous even when he was being a sweetheart, R. L. Chambers could be a real piece of shit when he was in studio mode. On the road, Mel was much more comfortable. The other girls were there to support her and keep her occupied and involved. Patty wasn’t touring with us at all these days, and I’m sure that left a void for Melanie as well. Joy and Kelly did the best they could, and should be commended for their efforts. Mel just had relational issues that no one could understand much less assist in resolving. I rarely ever talked to her, and when I did it was very superficial and terse. I didn’t know what to say to the girl.

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Ollie graduated from Cal Poly in May of 1987. We had a ZigZag Family Tribunal to celebrate, and brought his parents and brother out from Illinois for the festivities. True to my word, I kicked Ollie out of the guest house that day. Leah then handed him the keys to the apartment in Santa Monica where she and I had lived when we first moved to L.A. Exclusive use of that property had been written into our most current contract with Capitol.

Ollie's new place was only about a block and a half from where Greg's brother Todd Townsend and his wife and daughter lived. Although not "responsible" for Ollie in any way, Mike had simply asked Todd to check in on our Boy Wonder from time to time. Although he had been more or less on his own in San Luis Obispo, Ollie still had domestication issues. He was notorious for destroying kitchen appliances. Blenders, toasters, microwaves. None of them stood a chance. It was a small miracle that to this point in his life Ollie had yet to burn a structure to the ground. Tate was still a solid presence in Ollie's life, but most of the time Ollie stayed in Topanga Canyon while the band was touring. Currently Scotty needed Tate more than Ollie did. Besides, Johnny always goes on the road with us.

I liked having Todd around. He's a great asset at dinner parties as he tells the best stories. Things that happened in Tiny's basement. Or the times we went to concerts together in high school. He particularly likes to break out the story of the first time he ever rode with me to a concert. We were eighteen and sixteen respectively, and I had just gotten my mom's hand me down Volkswagen sedan. Aerosmith was playing in Lexington, and I wanted to go. So I gassed up the VW, and procured some alcohol and other supplies. Todd, my girlfriend Diane, and another girl we were all friends with named Kim piled into the vehicle and we headed for the show. Getting there was no problem at all, and the show was great. This was Aerosmith's "Toys in the Attic" tour, with Leslie West and Mountain and Head East opening. I was impressed with Steven Tyler, but more so with the playing of Joe Perry and Brad Whitford. A really solid pair of guitarists. After the show we got back out to the car and only had one problem - no keys. They were locked in the car. We couldn't ask the venue security or the police for help, well...because we just couldn't. After about fifteen minutes of messing around with a coat hanger some girl came by and said she could get us in. It took her less than a minute.

Of course, technical issues come with the territory in a rock and roll circus. And over the years pretty much anything that could go wrong has. We've had amps blown up on stage, mic problems and cord problems (by the million - I'm so thankful for wireless). Drum heads and drum hardware break and guitars strings by the score. Of course these days we had redundant systems and extra sets of everything. And very skilled technical people. Problems don't last long anymore. Three stories come specifically to mind. The first was on one of the nights of the Petty tour. To say the least we were feeling confident to the point of cocky (and perhaps beyond). R.L. and I had this little routine worked out during

“I Don’t Know” where he would hit one of his crash cymbals with one stick, then quickly mute the cymbal with his other hand. I would turn around toward him while he was twirling the first stick and then R. L. would point it at me like a weapon and hit the snare as if to signal the weapon firing. He even recoiled the stick a bit to make it look more real. That night it was warmer than usual on stage (and/or perhaps we still hadn’t gotten use to the heat from the lighting on a stadium stage). We went into our little routine, and R.L. had the stick slip out of his hand. Caught me right in the neck. I was shocked more than wounded, and started to chuckle. Scotty saw the whole thing and when I looked over he was laughing as well. Typical R.L., he was pissed and had a scowl on his face. Greg and Eric had to carry us about sixteen bars until the laughter subsided and Scotty and I could get back to what we were supposed to be doing.

The second tale is a little scarier. We were in Baltimore. The fourth in a series of Pop-Op shows at the Centerstage Theater. We were about half way through the show and about to start “Who Comes and Goes”. I begin the song on guitar, and Eric joins in the second time through the chord progression. Well, I started the song, and I heard Eric begin his part, and then nothing. Eric’s synthesizer was no longer in the mix. I look over and Eric has a puzzled expression on his face. Suddenly smoke starts pouring out from one end of the synth. Then flames. Now Eric is frightened. I keep playing. More flames. Eric is heading out the back of the Pop-Op stage. Jerry appears with a fire extinguisher and puts the flames out. We finish the song, and continue on with the show. I gave Jerry crap (after I thanked him) for finally becoming part of the act. And suggested that maybe we should make this little pyrotechnic routine part of the show. Eric didn’t think that was funny at all. He replaced the synthesizers in his setup the next day with a different model.

And lastly, my personal favorite. We were playing at a pretty nice club in southwest Houston back in the early, early days. Before Greg came down I think, so almost the beginning. They had Plexiglas panels in the floor of the stage with floodlights underneath. If my hands were on the guitar strings and my mouth touched the microphone, I got shocked. And not a little love tap either, I swear I was catching the best part of a one hundred and ten volt circuit right in the kisser. We tried everything we could think of. Different guitar, different channel on the board for the microphone. Turned the floodlights off. Scott even tried the same thing using my guitar and my mic and it didn’t shock him. I think it had something to do with the shoes I had on that night. I tried to keep my lips away from the mic for the entirety of the show. The problem is (and I came to a realization that night) that I use the front of that Shure SM-57 microphone as a point of reference. I felt “imbalanced” on stage when my mouth wasn’t touching it, at least every once in a while. I got zapped quite a few times during that performance. The next morning I felt like a hive of bees had spent the night in my mouth. The crazy thing is that we had played there a month or so before and there were no issues. The inside of my mouth hurts just thinking about it.

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Without a doubt, my drug of choice in the late 80's and early 90's was hashish. A marijuana derivative, "hash" is made from the resin glands of the cannabis plant called trichomes, and then processed in one of two methods. The typical method was to use a mechanical process to release the glands from the plant. They are usually put through some sort of mesh screen or grinder and the resulting powder is then heated to create a putty like substance that can then be smoked, eaten or even baked into foods (like brownies or cookies). The resulting product is much higher in THC (tetrahydrocannabinol, the active ingredient in the cannabis plant) content, thus more potent and effective. In my opinion, the perfect high.

Believed to have originated in western Asia (perhaps Pakistan), hashish is regionally associated by the color of the product. Black from Afghanistan, Lebanese blonde, and red from Morocco. The best quality comes from the flowers of non-pollinated female plants, and is best consumed while still soft and pliable, as the THC content is reduced by oxidation over time, and the hashish will harden and become brittle. Stronger than pot. Easier to deal with. A small chunk would last several weeks. It got me right where I wanted to be.

The second method of extracting the trichome resins is through a chemical separation process using a solvent like ethanol or butane. The resins dissolve in the solvent; the remaining plant materials are removed via filtration, and then the solvent is evaporated leaving behind only the desirable resins, commonly called hash oil or honey oil.

At one point Tiny got his hands on an entire ounce of this sweet elixir. It was potent. But it was also needed in such small quantities that you could dip the end of a toothpick about a half inch into the oil, insert it into the tobacco end of a cigarette, cut off the excess, push it into the end a bit, light it up and get stoned pretty much any time you wanted. There was no detectable smell beyond the tobacco. But you had to be careful; too much oil and you could become non-functional. It was that potent.

Anthony Casso and Connie Leggio still met from time to time. Always private, always discreet. But Connie was never one of Gaspire's "gun molls", the mafioso equivalent of a mistress. This was more of a mutual arrangement. She could (and did) tell him "no" from time to time. Sometimes meeting with Anthony was just not part of the current "project" agenda. Anthony loved his wife Lillian, and more importantly would never disrespect either his wife or their marriage by any public meeting between him and Connie. And certainly not in New York City.

Connie fell in and out of bed with more men than any self-respecting Catholic girl should ever admit. She devoured men with the same passion that she exhibited when carrying out her assignments. To her, sex was just another tool of the trade and she could sure burn a man and quick. R.L. spent two nights locked in a hotel room with her in Toronto when we were held over by a snow storm that closed

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the airport. Said he barely escaped with his life. Connie was way too rough for his tastes.

Outside of Cleveland, there wasn't anyone who knew what was on Connie's agenda. Not even Gaspire. The overall process was quite detailed and convoluted, by design. The Voice called The Drake Hotel in Chicago and left a message for Mr. Brown. This message was hand delivered by the hotel operator to the bartender in The Cape Cod Room restaurant which is inside the hotel. The bartender would deliver the message in an envelope addressed to a P.O. Box at the Fort Dearborn post office twelve blocks away.

In October 1984 we were just getting settled into the studio and really focused in on the "Architect of Light" project. Connie was busy with a little "project" of her own. In the San Francisco suburb of Daly City, California, lived Henry Lui, a naturalized American and former citizen of the Republic of China. An outspoken writer, and critical of the Chinese singular party system of government, on October 15th, 1984 Liu was murdered in his garage. All signs pointed to involvement by Chinese military intelligence. Three Chinese Nationals were tried in Taipei, convicted, recanted their stories (and later were given clemency and released). Connie Leggio's name never came up. In fact, the Chinese actually involved in the crime knew her only as "Progetto". She had been feeding the Chinese intelligence bureau information on Lui's schedule and accessibility for a few weeks.

The arrangement with Mr. Brown (a.k.a. "The Handler"), whose identity was known neither to Connie nor to the boys at Ferrito's Dolceria in Cleveland, was fairly straight forward. After the phone call to The Drake, The Voice would then call another number and leave a message that translated into a wire transfer of one million dollars from a bank in Zurich to an account at a bank in the Grand Cayman Islands. Ninety percent of these funds were then moved to another bank in Hong Kong and then a third in Geneva. Finally, half of the funds (\$450,000) were transferred to a business account in Reno, Nevada. The Handler's take was the other ten percent (plus expenses that came out of the account in Reno) – which was quickly moved to another Grand Cayman account.

As we were about to head out on the road in the fall of 1985 in support of "Architect of Light", Connie's next assignment was nearby. A lecturer, poet, and activist, Alex Odeh was killed when a bomb exploded as he opened his office door in Santa Ana, California on October 11th, 1985. The regional director of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee, Odeh was seen on "Nightline" shortly before his death, and was very critical of the Jewish Defense League (JDL), alleged by the Federal Bureau of Investigation to be a right-wing terrorist organization. The F.B.I. attributed both this bombing and several others to the JDL, first calling Odeh's death an "act of terrorism", and then backing off from that stance slightly saying that the JDL was "probably" responsible. Of course, the JDL denied any involvement in Odeh's killing. Three Israeli citizens and an

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American couple were implicated in the attack. Connie didn't know any of them. Or why they were being pursued for a crime that she knew none of them had committed.

Everybody liked Tiny. You can't say that about most folks. I'm sure that there are people who don't like me. Hell, there are people who don't even know me that probably don't like me. I'm way too thick skinned for that to matter anymore. But Tiny is a special guy. He's as honest a man as there is, treats my money as if it were his own, and he always tells me the truth – even if it's not the answer I want to hear. His condominium is down at the bottom of Topanga Canyon Boulevard, nearly to the beach, and about fifteen minutes from the studio. He actually owns two condo's that are side by side. Not so much because he wanted the room, but more so because he wanted the second garage. The Selleck probably spends as much time in his garage as it does in mine. He also has a sweet 1967 GTO convertible that's great for cruising the beaches and the Pacific Coast Highway. ZigZag, LLC now had forty six salaried employees. And Tiny knew everything there was to know about every single one of them.

Mike and I spent a week in the summer of 1985 in Japan on a publicity tour. We took Tiny, who almost never leaves the operations in California. I played a couple of songs on Japanese television. We recorded a couple of commercials for the upcoming tour (tickets were about to go on sale), I made a brief public appearance in Tokyo outside a U.S. Army hospital where I was going to visit. There were about twelve in our party, including Leah and Joy, two or three folks from EMI, a video tech (with two cameras), Scott Silversteen and his companion Cindy, Connie and of course, Pee-Tee and Gladys. Connie was there to “coordinate” equipment and luggage movement, as well as all of the transportation mechanics. She also had a little “public relations” work of her own to take care of. On June 18th, 1985 two men entered the home of Kazuo Nagano in Osaka and stabbed him to death in front of over three dozen witnesses. Nagano was chairman of the board of an investment firm that had swindled nearly four thousand mostly elderly Japanese out of over ten billion yen (about \$150 billion American dollars). Connie knew this was a suicide mission – after she dropped off the two men she didn't even bother going to the pickup point, instead driving directly back to Tokyo and catching the next plane for the States. A “family emergency” was what we were told. Osaka police never found the man who was supposedly the mastermind and driver of the designated getaway car.

In January 1989 we were back in Japan for shows on New Year's Eve and into the new year, and as we headed to Okinawa for a week, most of the rest of the cast and crew proceeded to Australia. Connie, as usual, traveled along with the crew. Colin Winchester, an assistant commissioner in the Australian Federal Police was gunned down in his driveway two days after they arrived. The gunman, David Eastman, was convicted of the murder, although he contended that he was insane at the time of the shooting. Part of his story was of a woman who seduced and then somehow “brainwashed” him. He was too unstable to assist the police in

identifying this woman. All he could remember, and what he kept repeating, was “blonde wig, blonde wig, blonde wig.” Connie Leggio had already checked into the hotel in New Zealand with the Pop-Op advance team. Two days later she was in Barcelona. Of course, no one within the ZagZag family or law enforcement had any inkling that any of this was going on.

“Habeas Corpus” is more than a handful of ZigZag castoffs. Most of these songs were never even submitted to the band. R. L. was surprised that a couple of the songs even he hadn’t heard before. I called Tom Dowd one night and told him I was thinking of doing a solo project, and we talked about the tracks I had started on the four track recorder in “The Needle”. Tom said he’d be out as soon as he could. Four days later he walked into The Stitch, announced that he had forty-eight hours, and proceeded to conjure his magic. He set me up on a chair in the middle of the main room in the studio, spent the best part of a day positioning three different microphones, and hooked up a direct box to The Gibson. We ran a couple of takes. Tom came back into the main room from the booth, moved some portable baffles, fiddled with the mics a bit and the phasing on the direct box. Then he and Rick Daniels had a thirty minute conversation. We did one more take. Tom came into the main room yet again, said he would be back in three weeks, gave me a hug, and assuredly stated that “Rick knew what to do.” Our Mister Dowd was an incredible man. Maybe even in Ollie’s class. As I thought about Tom and Ollie, I came to the realization that these two hadn’t met (at least I didn’t think so). I made a mental note that I needed to rectify that the next time Tom was in town.

I’d set in the middle of the room, tell Rick to start the machine, and play for thirty to forty-five minutes straight. Sometimes the same song over and over, and sometimes one song after the next. Love songs and ballads mostly. This project became affectionately known within the band as “The Pining Sessions”. I was even fooling around with a couple of tunes on the piano. I took two years of classical piano in college and the best grades I ever got were in those classes. But I just pound chords and try to keep the bass line interesting. Certainly no threat to Mr. John or Mr. Joel on any level.

Our second big MTV success was “Come Tomorrow Morning”. Again, I think the basis for this visualization comes from watching old movies for hours upon end. We used studio “extras” for the actors in this piece, and none of the band members appear at all. The only ZigZag personnel in the entire production is Tate. He’s driving one of the cars down the street at the beginning of the video.

We stole a lot of the Pop-Op set for this one and used it in the video. Of course it was easy to extend everything on the studio lot. We filmed the entire piece in both black and white and in color. The final release is a “blend” of the two pieces of film. The set is a typical metropolitan street corner in the 1930’s. There is a hardware store on the corner and the three story building is all brick with wooden window frames that are peeling and in need of a coat of paint. There is a trolley

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line down the middle of the street and an adjacent alley. Several pedestrians, a couple of cars, and one trolley come past.

The music starts and as twilight falls the cameras focus down the alley next to the hardware store. The alley has nothing but warehouse looking “rear” doors from the businesses with store fronts on the adjacent block. There are some crates and garbage cans scattered about. A man in a three piece suit, an overcoat, and a hat enters from one of the doors. There are two men already in the alley, and they have what appears to be an argument. The man in the suit pulls a gun and fires twice, each time on the word “strike” in the lyrics, and kills both of the other men. He looks around to see if anyone might be watching. A light comes on in one of the upstairs apartments, and then a second, and a third. Tossing the gun into a nearby garbage bin, the man sprints toward the street and calmly turns the corner.

“It typifies the man you are,
To see you strung out in some deserted alley.
And just like the animal inside,
You strike and strike again.
There’s no use in lookin’ back,
Your past is laid out neatly there before you.
But come tomorrow morning,
Things’ll never be the same.
Come tomorrow morning,
You’ll be feelin’ all the pain.

As the second verse begins, our leading man is entering the apartment of a young lady. They share a drink and the man removes his coat and sits down on the sofa. It is obvious that he is very nervous and every little noise or flash of light draws a quick response. She tries to woo him, and kisses his neck, but to no avail. The man gets up, pours another drink, quickly downs it, and puts his overcoat back on and grabs his hat. He kisses the woman briefly on his way out the door.

Did you think I would just pass you by,
My sweet lily of the valley.
Just leave you lyin’ there,
Like some unturned stone along the trail.
Still there’s no need in lettin’ go,
Your fears come creepin’ in from all around you.
And come tomorrow morning,
Things will never be the same.
Come tomorrow morning,
You’ll be feeling all the pain.

During the bridge and the lead, the man goes desperately from place to place, trying to resolve his issues. With each unsuccessful attempt he appears more and more worn.

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Maybe it'll bring some consolation,
Or swomehow help you live within the pain.
To know you could have done anything you wanted,
It would have all turned out the same.

During the final verse, the man arrives at what appears to be his home. He takes off his hat and overcoat and puts them in the closet. He goes upstairs and begins to pull weapons out of the closet and places them on the bed. As he opens a second door another man appears and is pointing a gun in his face. He leads the man down the stairs and towards the front door.

So when you're out on the street,
And you run into John or Jean or Sally.
It'll be your place to say,
Oh yes I knew him well.
Well there I've gone and blown it now,
The future lies within the ground below you.
And come tomorrow morning,
Things'll never be the same.
Come tomorrow morning,
You'll be feelin' all the pain.

The final chorus is culminated by the man being lead out of his house, and into a waiting car. The car screeches off. They arrive at their destination and the man is led out. A single gunshot and the man falls into a shallow hole. The video ends with the man, bullet hole through his forehead, lying in his "grave". Rain is falling onto his face.

Come tomorrow morning.
One fine day.
You'll wake up lyin' in the rain."³²

As part of the process when George became President and C.E.O. of ZigZag, LLC there was some corporate restructuring done. SewFine Productions became the division that managed the studio and recording projects, as well as all of the stadium and Pop-Op shows. The big new organization, and the one that we publicized and for which we created as much stir as possible was our new non-profit corporation "Love's Labour". The Executive Director of that organization was Patricia Neibauer Townsend.

Patty was beyond incredible. Organized, professional, always positive, she hit the ground running and moved mountains along the way. Within three months of purchasing the property in Montecito, we were ready for a ribbon cutting at the facilities. More importantly, we were only weeks away from welcoming our first "residents". There were a lot of conversations about what the facility should be

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named, and how we should manage the signage. My faith in Patty was solidified when she stood up in front of a group of investors and attorneys that were involved in the project and calmly declared that there would be no name, no signage. These children needed to know this place by only one name – “HOME”. Not a word of dissent was offered. We also had initial discussions while in Tokyo the previous fall of looking for a property somewhere in Japan as well. Lord knows we have taken a ton of money out of that country. It was certainly reasonable to think that we might want to “invest” some of it there as well.

The first two residents in Montecito were a pair of twins. “Izzy” and “Lizzy” were nineteen weeks old and had only been out of the neonatal ICU for a week and a half. Their crack addict mother had delivered them in an alley in the Los Angeles suburb of Compton. At the hospital they were “Jane A. Doe” and “Jane B. Doe”. We processed them through the court system and had their names legally changed to Isabel and Elizabeth Compton. They were found by a bum, who told a friend, who told the guy at the newsstand, who told the pimp from the corner, who told one of his girls to tell Laverne at the diner. Laverne called the police. Our second addition was Daniel Ortiz. His mother waited until after his second birthday to abandon him at a police substation restroom in Venice, California. At least she pinned a note on his sleeve that told us his name. And that he was HIV positive. The second staff member “Love’s Labour” hired was a top notch pediatrician. The first hire Patty made was the best pediatric nurse money could buy.

Her name was Cecilia Collingswood. I swear she is Florence Nightingale reincarnated. There are a number of very intelligent, driven, conscientious members of the ZigZag team. But this woman was different. This woman was “bright”. A graduate of Howard University and the University of Maryland’s School of Nursing, “Sissy” as everyone came to know her was educated, dedicated, and passionate. She had done a tour as an Army nurse at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, where she cared for both wounded soldiers and the children and families of Senators and Congressmen. During grad school she volunteered in an AIDS hospice in downtown Baltimore. She was divorced from a professional football player and had a four year old son named Joshua. Sissy and Josh Collingswood walked in the doors of “Love’s Labour” and became the strength of the entire operation. I call her my “soul sister from another mister.” When I need a pick me up, or begin to question the purpose of this whole operation, one look into Sissy’s caring eyes and all my fears are calmed. I drive the Astin Martin up to Montecito sometimes just to take Sissy to lunch.

After the nearly six month long U. S. Pop-Op tour was behind us we went on what was being called “World Tour” 1989” but in truth we were only going to Japan, Australia and New Zealand (for the first time), and four sets of dates in Italy and Spain. We spent two weeks in the Mediterranean before returning to Topanga Canyon and a summer of work revising the Pop-Op show. I was also preparing for a brief solo tour in the fall.

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Once we left Tokyo, we spent a week on Okinawa. I took that opportunity to sit in on some military karate training classes and learned a thing or two about the way the U.S. Army utilized Karate-do. Master Sergeant Gerald C. Winters, the self defense expert and Karate-do instructor in Okinawa was not the type of teacher I was used to. He was tough. And I was only there for three days. Every unit on the base spent two weeks with Master Sargent Winters as part of their current training assignment.

Each day was a double rotation of the four basic Karate training sections, kihon (fundamentals), kata (forms), kumite (sparring), and hojo undo (conditioning). The first rotation was from 6:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m. The second rotation was from 2:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. Throughout all of the drills, the Master Sargent continued to utter a single word of encouragement: “kokoro”. In English the word is “attitude”. In doing so, he was attempting to emphasize the psychological elements of the art form, such as perseverance, fearlessness, virtue, and leadership.

The fundamental Kihon drills were done in small groups, and the exercises were prearranged and the same every day I was there. During the kata, or forms section, we practiced a more formalized system of movements and postures representing scripted fighting sequences. These can vary in the number of movements and difficulty as one progresses through the belt system. Some of the criteria for judging “correctness” of the drills include smoothness in transition from one move to the next, gracefulness during the routine (especially the beginning and the end), and knowledge of the overall process. During the sparring sessions, or kumite, which literally means “meeting of the hands”, combatants perform an orchestrated series of moves and techniques, with one party striking and on the offensive, while the other fighter responds with defensive blocks. Points are awarded based upon form, aggression, awareness, and distance.

The belt system used in Karate-do represents the student’s current progress in learning the art form. Beginners wear a white belt, and everyone knows that a master in Karate-do (or any martial form for that matter) is a black belt. There are “examinations” which involve demonstrating all three portions of the art form. I was currently in the middle of the spectrum, having just moved from a blue to a purple belt. I only made the morning session the first day with Master Sargent Winters. The other two days I went only in the afternoon. At thirty four years of age, I was ten plus years older than everyone else in the class except the Master Sargent. I was only four years older than him. Those kids kicked my ass. But I had a great time, learned a lot, and got to spend time with some wonderful young men.

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When we finished the four concert, two city European section of the tour, it was time for a break. Joy had found a little out of the way place in Sicily called Ganjivecchio.

Located in the Madonie Mountains about two hours drive from Palermo, Ganjivecchio is a fourteenth century abbey, which has been privatized and converted into an inn and restaurant. The Tounabene family has owned this property for over a hundred years, and it prospered as a working farm and private summer residence. The restaurant was opened in 1978, and the mother and daughter team of Wanda and Giovanna Tornabene provide cooking classes as well.

The abbey dates back to 1363 and was constructed by Benedictine monks. The three story monastery was built so that the church was located in the north wing and assured that the sun's shadow never fell upon the "holy place". There have been archeological finds in the area that date back some two thousand years with both Roman and Greek influence. After sitting empty for almost a hundred years and in near ruin, the property was purchased from the church by a wealthy squire in 1770 and extensive remodeling was done. The estate became a Barony, and remained in the squire's family until 1828, when the only heir to Ganjivecchio died. Vincenzo Tornabene purchased the former abbey in 1856.

Wanda's son Paulo manages the rustic inn called Tenuta Gangivecchio. Although not a five star hotel, the rooms were basic and comfortable, and Paulo was an outstanding chef. We had booked the entire inn for two weeks and had fairly free run of the place (with the exception of the kitchen). Leah and I (Heather was in Kentucky with her grandma and "poppy") stayed in a little one bedroom stone cottage that was in a private corner of the estate called La Casa di Annunziata. With our own kitchen, outdoor grill and private garden, we were feeling very much in our own little world. We made a commitment to each other for those two weeks. No talk of the band, the tour, Pop-Op, or anything else related to "the business". We spent a great portion of every day just holding hands and talking. And we made love every night we were there.

Although there were almost twenty of us in the party, mostly we broke up into smaller groups to explore the small villages, wineries and fishing towns along the northern coast of Sicily. We hiked in the mountains and visited the Roman villas. And we didn't encounter a single person who recognized any of us. I was confident this sort of "peace" couldn't exist for us anywhere on the planet. I'm sure glad that I was wrong about that. And that once again we had a chance to catch our collective breaths before heading into the next project.

It would also be remiss of me not to point out that dessert was the most incredible part of the day. By the end of our visit I was pondering in the morning what we would have for dessert that night. They were that good.

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We returned to Topanga Canyon for only two weeks before heading off to Seattle. We were going to do a two week Pop-Op run at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and also record some video during the day. I went up a week early to prep, and became reacquainted with a town that I visited many years before.

Between my freshman and sophomore years at UK, I went on an incredible summer adventure. I had begun noticing about a year or so earlier an advertisement for Puget Sound Guitar Workshop in Guitar Player Magazine. I thought it would be the perfect solution to two issues. First, I was nineteen years old, and looking for the first time at the world of possibilities laying at my feet. I needed to travel. I needed to be “On The Road”. Having never been west of Missouri, I yearned for the life that Jack and Neil experienced in Kerouac’s classic story. I needed adventure. Stories that could be put to melodies, you know – Life Songs. Second, I needed a plan that would prevent the Judge from booking up my whole summer painting something, mowing something, or moving something.

All of this happened so long ago, that I would have to make up names for all of the characters – as I don’t remember any of them. So I won’t waste either of us the exercise. The guitar workshop was held just outside of Bremerton, Washington, which is just across Puget Sound from Seattle. A beautiful fifty minute ferry ride from the city. After the week there, I hung around Seattle for a few days, got a motel room, and just roamed the downtown area. I had taken the Greyhound Bus to get there and it took three days. I hated it. We stopped at all hours of the day and night to pick up passengers, transfer from one bus to another, or once to clean the bus in Des Moines, Iowa after some child threw up all over the seat in front of them. I had to come up with a Plan B. I could have flown home (in fact I was so sick of the bus on the way out west that when we got to Denver I got off, took a cab to the airport, spent the night in a hotel, and caught a flight the rest of the way to Seattle the next morning) but again I went back to my Kerouacian way of thinking and decided to hitch hike. I wasn’t sure if I was heading back to Kentucky or not.

It didn’t take long for the adventure to get interesting. And it started with what may perhaps be the most embarrassing moment of my life. I was picked up just south of Seattle by a middle aged man in a pickup truck. I want to say it was my second ride since leaving the hotel downtown. He was some sort of technician, and had a bunch of tools scattered everywhere. After he picked me up we stopped at a drive thru package store, where he cashed his pay check and bought a twelve pack of Olympia. We drank that while driving all the way to Portland. He had an apartment there. We both took showers (actually I went outside and smoked half a joint while he was showering) and then we went to a nice steak house for dinner. We got drinks (he was now drinking bourbon and Coke, I just had another beer), ordered our meal and had just received our salads. Everything was going fine. And then suddenly it all fell apart.

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I had probably not taken more than a bite or two of my salad when the man with me started muttering and grumbling something. He was starting to get drunk and was slurring his words. He called a waiter over and said something that I again couldn't make out, but apparently the waiter understood. The look he gave my companion was priceless. Then he turned around toward the family that had been seated next to us a few minutes ago. An ORIENTAL family. Now I was connecting the dots. Amidst the continued muttering, as the waiter disappeared briefly, were the word "gook" and something about "they killed my buddies". They brought our steaks, I think in hopes that the food would silence the man. I quickly began to eat – I knew that some shit was about to hit the fan. I was right. The man got louder and the restaurant manager arrived immediately. Apparently he wanted us moved, or the Asian family moved or something. The manager said something about not being able to refuse service, and then the man exploded. If my clothes and The Gibson hadn't been back in his apartment, I would have split right then and there. A larger man that must have been security (but no badge or gun) escorted my companion out the back door. I thought he was going to beat the hell out of him. They packed up all of our food and handed it to me. Nothing was said about a bill. I went out the back following the two men and realized that a taxi was waiting. We got in and the cabbie finally got an address. He took us back to the apartment and the man promptly passed out. I gathered up my stuff and got the hell out of there.

The next ride got me across Portland and to the on ramp for Interstate 84 going east. At this point I couldn't decide if I was going south to California, or east and back to Kentucky. I somehow came to the conclusion that the FATES should decide. So I walked back up the road about 200 yards so I would be well in front of the freeway on ramp, and waited for a ride. Whichever way they were going, that was the way I was heading. It was only about ten or fifteen minutes until a small brown Datsun pickup pulled to the shoulder in front of me. A girl with long auburn hair was driving. She had a dog riding in the back. She asked which way I was headed, as she let the dog out to relieve himself on the curb. I asked how far she was going to go – I didn't need a five mile hitch. She said Lewiston, Idaho. Right on the Washington border. Sounded like a swell place to me, so I got in. The dog hopped into the back with my guitar and we took the on ramp to the most incredible stretch of Interstate highway that I had ever experienced.

Idaho Lady

Well I came down south through Portland,
Thought I was headed for Californ'.
The old man that just dropped me off,
Had me wishin' I still hadn't been born.
I was hopin' I wouldn't have to walk too far,
Before I caught another ride.
I didn't hardly have a chance to look up,
'Til she was right there by my side.

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Well she had a Datsun pickup,
Put my guitar in the back.
Pointed to the floorboard,
Said there's beer down in that sack.
Then I suddenly realized,
That we were heading east.
What the hell how far are you goin' this way,
She said three hundred miles at least.

I was just looking,
For a place to rest my weary feet.
My Idaho Lady you were,
Something extra sweet.

I-84 follows parallel to the Columbia River from Portland upstream toward Walla Walla, Washington and then to Idaho Falls, Idaho. She was probably in her early thirties, not attractive but not ugly, a little overweight, and had obviously had a bad case of acne as a teenager. She was "plain". But she was nice enough to give me a ride, and that was all that mattered at the moment.

We were almost to her exit when I was given an option. She could let me out now, and I could continue down the freeway, or I could spend the night at her place with an offer of warm soup. She made it exceedingly clear that there would be no sex. That was fine enough with me. A soft couch and no sex was better than the hard ground and no sex. We exited the freeway and wandered five or so miles back into the woods. She pulled the truck up in front of what amounted to a log cabin. The dog jumped out and was on the porch before I even opened the door. We went in and I was introduced to the woman's sister. She was younger and thinner. Probably only three or four years older than I. She greeted me with near ambivalence, and I went out back to have a smoke. We ate vegetable soup for dinner that was very good, but wasn't going to sustain me long term. I needed BEEF. I was now of the opinion that these two lived off the garden in the back yard and the chickens roaming the grounds. I was quite sure they picked berries and had fruit trees around somewhere. Certainly what I would call a sedate existence. But they sure seemed happy. After dinner we played cards and smoked a little of her "home grown". Both of the women told me goodnight, and I began to drift off to sleep on the couch. The dog was on the end of the couch at my feet. I got the feeling I was horning in on his turf.

She ask all those same silly questions,
Where you from and all of that.
On the road for six days now,
And I can tell you that's not where it's at.
She had to stop for gasoline,
So I bought a new brand of cigarettes.

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Beginning to think of getting lucky this time,
But wasn't placin' any bets.

It was time then I decided,
To see just where we were at.
That's the Columbia River over there she said,
And some folks call this The Flats.
Indians love on most of this ground,
And brokers own the rest.
I dreamed of a Cherokee princess,
Then wondered how she would be dressed.

I was just looking,
For a place to rest my weary feet.
My Idaho Lady you were,
Something extra sweet.

About that time the sister shook my arm and woke me up. I almost fell off the couch and kicked the dog in the process. He was not the least bit happy, and gave us a long snort as he nestled back into the cushion. The sister whispered "come with me". I followed her into the front room of the house. She sat me down on the bed and took off her bathrobe. She was completely naked. I knew what to do from that point. After we finished she ushered me back out to the couch to sleep the rest of the night. And implored me not to let on to her older sister. We all got up the next morning and took a hike. I wondered as we wandered just what the hell I'd gotten myself into this time. After a couple of hours I was pretty beat. The ladies looked like they could have walked all day. It was suggested that it might be a good day to pick white onions. So, we headed back to the "house", all four of us (including the dog) piled into the Datsun, and we drove to a farm up near Walla Walla. I was handed a mesh onion bag (big one, probably held fifty pounds) and followed the women as they started down adjacent rows with me between them. We filled three bags like that. I don't know what they were going to do with a hundred and fifty pounds of onions, but I thought maybe they had a co-op or something and would be able to trade with their neighbors for other food and supplies. I was starting to feel a bit "Grizzly Adamsish" at this point. Starting to think I could grow a beard, live off the land, and survive by whatever means available. The Judge would have had a heart attack right on the spot. But then I thought about pizza, and cold beer. Television and the stereo. Who was I trying to kid, I could never live like this.

We stopped for white onions,
Walla Walla's where it was.
Have you ever been to Moscow she said,
I said no but there's no cause.
Well you know that you're welcome to stay,
It's just me and a sister of mine.

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Daddy didn't leave us much of a home,
But it suits us very fine.

She pulled in on a small side street,
Next to a row of flowers.
We smoked what she'd planted in the garden that spring,
And talked 'til the morning hours.
Then she was lying next to me,
And I swore it wasn't real.
But the evidence still lingers on,
In the way she made me feel.

I was just looking,
For a place to rest my weary feet.
My Idaho Lady you were,
Something extra sweet.

We had a vegetable quiche for dinner and I knew that I would either leave the next morning or starve. When I told both ladies goodnight, I let them know that I appreciated all of their hospitality, and that it was time for me to move on. I might get up at first light and leave before either of them had arisen. We said our goodbyes by candle light (the generator was solar powered and the lights didn't last long after it got dark) and the dog and I crawled back on the couch. He gave me this look right before I blew out the candle on the table next to the couch that said I'd better find other accommodations – this arrangement couldn't be permanent. I told him the feeling was mutual. It was well into the night before I was awoken by a kiss on the forehead. Escorted to the front room again, the younger sister and I made love until the sun was starting to peek over the mountains to the east. I dressed and walked out the front door. I must have shook my head a couple of dozen times as I walked over the ridge near the girl's cabin and out to the main road. Beyond the realm of my imagination... Like I said earlier, I don't remember many of the names – including the names of these two young women who took really good care of me for two days and two nights. The dog's name was "Blue".

It was three days later,
Before I began to tell.
I was much too much of a stranger here,
To have fit in very well.
She said you haven't even played this thing,
As I was packin' up to go.
I sang a song and she fell in love,
But she never told me so.

I may head out for Houston,
Or maybe San Antoine.

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But is don't matter where I am,
'Cause right now anywhere is home.
And the things I will remember,
Like the way she combed her hair,
Leaves part of me in Idaho,
And somehow she's with me everywhere.

I was just looking,
For a place to rest my weary feet.
My Idaho Lady you were,
Something extra sweet.

My Idaho Lady you were...³³

After I left Lewiston/Clarkston it took three rides to get to Idaho Falls, Idaho. I caught a lift with a family in a Volkswagen minivan that were willing to take me the entire way, but when they stopped for gas I spied a diner across the road and told them I was going to get a cheeseburger. I had a friend from way back whose brother lived in Idaho Falls. His name was Brian. We hung out, got high, and played guitar. They had a small house with a little breeze blowing through it. It was quite comfortable. About dark Brian's girlfriend starting closing all of the windows. I thought this a bit odd because it was going to be even more comfortable once the sun went down. The problem was FLIES. They hatched at sunset and were awful. Brian tried to warn me in advance, but I just blew it off. There were thousands of them. Armed with a rolled up newspaper, we killed those things for over an hour. After that we were fine as long as we stayed in the house with the air conditioning on. Nobody dared go outside. The next day was the same routine. I departed on the third morning.

Now that I was darn near to the Rocky Mountains, I was guessing that California wasn't where I was headed. I caught a ride with a trucker in an eighteen wheeler down to Boise, and walked into a little tavern in hopes of finding something decent to eat. Two things hit me as soon as I walked in the door. The first was the smell of chili cooking, and the second was Lynyrd Skynyrd on the juke box. I ordered a bowl and a beer and took a seat at the bar. Another Lynyrd Skynyrd song followed – I think it was “Gimme Three Steps”. And then a third, “Sweet Home Alabama”. Now I like Skynyrd as well as the next red neck, but when Ronnie and the boys finished singing about Mr. Young and the “guv'ner” they moved right into “That Smell”. I had to ask the bartender what was up with the tune selection. He told me that there wasn't anything in the juke box BUT Lynyrd Skynyrd tunes. As “Swamp Music” started, I was told the whole story. How the fellow who owned this establishment was a roadie for Skynyrd, and was on the plane the night it went down. There was a cycle of songs set up in the record machine. He said two or three more, and then after “Freebird” there would be silence for thirty minutes. Then the entire set list would cycle again. My chili and an order of French fries arrived just as “What's Your Name?” was cranking

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up. I sucked down the chili and the fries and washed them down with a cold Michelob Light. “Saturday Night Special” ended, and the well-known solo guitar began wining through the intro of their anthem – “Freebird”.

I had just finished my chili and was thinking about having a second beer when a young woman who had been sitting at the other end of the bar approached me. The fast part of “Freebird” had just started. She was maybe twenty-four or twenty-five years old, blondish brown hair, a fairly nice rack, and a very nondescript face. She sat down next to me and asked where I was headed. I guess having my possessions piled around me was a tip off. I told her I thought I was heading back to Kentucky, but thinking I might go south to Texas as well. At this point I wasn’t really sure, and I had a few hundred miles before I had to make that decision. She said she would be happy to give me a ride. She had a full tank of gas and the evening to kill, so why not. I told her that I didn’t want to impose. She said “Let’s go”.

We went out to her car and she popped the trunk. I put my guitar and backpack inside and closed the lid. We started out down the highway in front of the bar and then made a couple of sweeping left turns. She pulled into a dark lane. I could see a lake or pond in the background. We never spoke another word. The car was turned off, and then put on accessory so that the radio was still playing. She moved her seat all the way forward and then got out. I followed suit. We crawled into the back seat, smoked half a joint, removed all of our clothes, and make love to the sound of the bullfrogs and crickets. After we finished we dressed and got back in the front seat. She drove me back to the bar and dropped me off. I kissed her lightly on the cheek, got my stuff out of the trunk, and walked back into the bar. I thought it was about time for that second beer.

Two days later I was stuck – literally. I was just outside of Ogden, Utah and couldn’t catch a decent ride all day. They were repaving one side of the freeway, and the congestion made it less amenable for someone to stop and pick up a rider. I got frustrated, found a nice park with big trees and nearly new picnic tables. I pulled out my guitar, and sat down on one of the tables. I sat there and played the rest of the afternoon. As night fell, I wandered across the park, found a convenience store, bought some cookies and a Coke, and went back to the park. I saw no postings prohibiting overnight camping. So I finished my “meal”, smoked a little weed, rolled out my sleeping bag, and crawled in. I awoke several hours later and felt water on my face. I opened my eyes expecting rain, but instead found a star filled, cloudless sky. I went back to sleep. I felt water again. This time I opened my eyes, leaned up and looked around. Still looked fine. Back to sleep. Water again, and more intense. This time I realized what was going on. There was a sprinkler system in the park, and it must have been set with a timer to go on in the middle of the night. By the time I grabbed up my stuff and got out of the park, I was fairly well drenched. I went back out to the freeway. And stood there for several more hours before I finally caught my next ride. This experience led me to think quite negatively about the state of Utah. In my opinion, we should

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build a wall around Utah and turn it into a prison colony for the entire country. Let the Mormon's and the convicts sort out who gets control of the state. I've been back through Utah once since, and my opinion hasn't changed. We've never done a concert there.

When I finally did catch a ride and got out of that miserable excuse for a state, it was a doozy. The guy was a lighting technician who had a U-Haul Rental truck full of equipment he was transporting from Los Angeles all the way back to New York City. He got me as far as St. Louis. We took turns driving and sleeping. Along the way he told me everything that was great about New York, and everything that was wrong with L.A. An army private who was on his first leave from his base in Kansas took me from St. Louis to Louisville. I remember mostly that we smoked lots of cigarettes and listened to a classic rock station at a pretty high volume. I did take the Greyhound the rest of the way home after spending a couple of days with friends across the river from Louisville in New Albany, Indiana. Hard to believe that eleven years have gone by since I made that trip. And I'll never tell my kids that I ever hitch hiked. It was a different time, and a different America.

I had just sat down with a grilled sandwich and a beer to watch the beginning of third game of the 1989 World Series between the San Francisco Giants and the Oakland Athletics. Mike and R.L. were expected shortly. Our newest staff addition, Woodrow Holley – of course he went by “Hollywood”, was the best short order chef on the planet. Leah and I had stolen him from a place in San Diego that served these wonderful sandwiches and salads. When we met the maker of these delights we begged him to work for us at The Inn. H-Wood had just whipped up a killer B.L.T. on toasted rye with a side of macaroni salad and two dill slices for me and was at the ready for whatever anyone else might desire. He probably makes more meals in the grill than Stanley does in the main kitchen. It's not a matter of preference, but more of location. The grill is closer to the pool and the guest houses (which all have kitchens that are rarely used). I think I was reaching for a fork on the table in front of me when I heard Al Michaels on the television broadcast say “we're having an earth – “ and the television feed was gone. Soon they came back on with Michaels on a phone line and a still logo on the screen. He described the scene from Candlestick Park and became an “on location” reporter for ABC news. Soon we were seeing national coverage with pictures of the collapse on the Bay Bridge and the Cypress Viaduct. Sixty three dead. Nearly four thousand injuries.

Officially known as the Loma Prieta earthquake, as the epicenter was near this peak in the Santa Cruz mountains, about ten miles northeast of the city, the earthquake was the largest (6.9 on the Richter Scale) to hit the San Francisco Bay area since 1906. There were twenty-two structural fires in the area in the next eight hours. Infrastructure and roadways were damaged. In total there was over six billion dollars in damage. And several thousand people were left homeless.

Long Live Rock And Roll

Our initial response was water. First we got Connie (who was out at the pool at the time and entertaining in the Pool House) to find a wholesale source. We bought the entire warehouse and Premier Cart and Cartage delivered it via four eighteen wheelers. Then Patty found a contact with a bottling plant. They made a fifty thousand bottle production run just for us that was transported directly to San Francisco and Oakland. The label contained only one word – “Imagine”. Patty (in cooperation with a group of doctors who were also assisting with care of our children in Montecito) found a source for army surplus blankets, and had those shipped in to the Red Cross emergency facility in San Francisco.

Maria de los Santos was a thirteen year old girl who lived with her parents in Santa Cruz, California. Her parents dropped her off at piano lessons that afternoon and headed to Pacific Garden Mall. During the earthquake, the mall sustained considerable damage. In the wake of falling debris, her mother and father were both killed. Maria became Izzy and Lizzy’s older sister and moved into the house in Montecito shortly after the disaster occurred.

On December 6, 1989, the Grateful Dead played an earthquake benefit concert at the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum Arena. "The Big Man" Clarence Clemons joined the group that night. Bob Weir dragged me on stage to join them on Dylan's classic "All Along the Watchtower". I returned to play harmonica on an old Ron “Pigpen” McKernan era Dead song “Turn on Your Love Light” during the encore.

Looking back on all of the years, I reflect upon my own mortality. Shakespeare, Yates, Tolkien, Beethoven, Gershwin and Porter, these were all immortals. Even though they are “dead”, they yet live on through their works. Once a year on the day he was murdered, we look back and say “yeah, John is dead”, and yet we are encouraged by the fact that Mr. Lennon is still very much “alive” in the musical community. Have I left my mark ??? Will my “works” merit consideration far beyond my life time ??? Why am I thinking this deep ??? On classic rock radio stations all across the United States we average five to six “slots” in a twenty four hour cycle. That basically means that one of our songs is being played by every classic rock station in the country every four hours. The best part of this little tidbit is that every time one of our songs is played, the ZigZag cash register rings, and somewhere in Topanga Canyon an employee of the corporation is making a bank deposit.

Leah and I were laying side by side in the bed one afternoon taking a nap. She was six months pregnant with our second child, a son. I could feel him wailing away inside his mother’s womb. I giggled, and kissed her gently on the lips. She asked me how things ever got this good. The answer to that was easy.

“Money for nothing’ and your chicks for free.”³⁴

We got lucky.