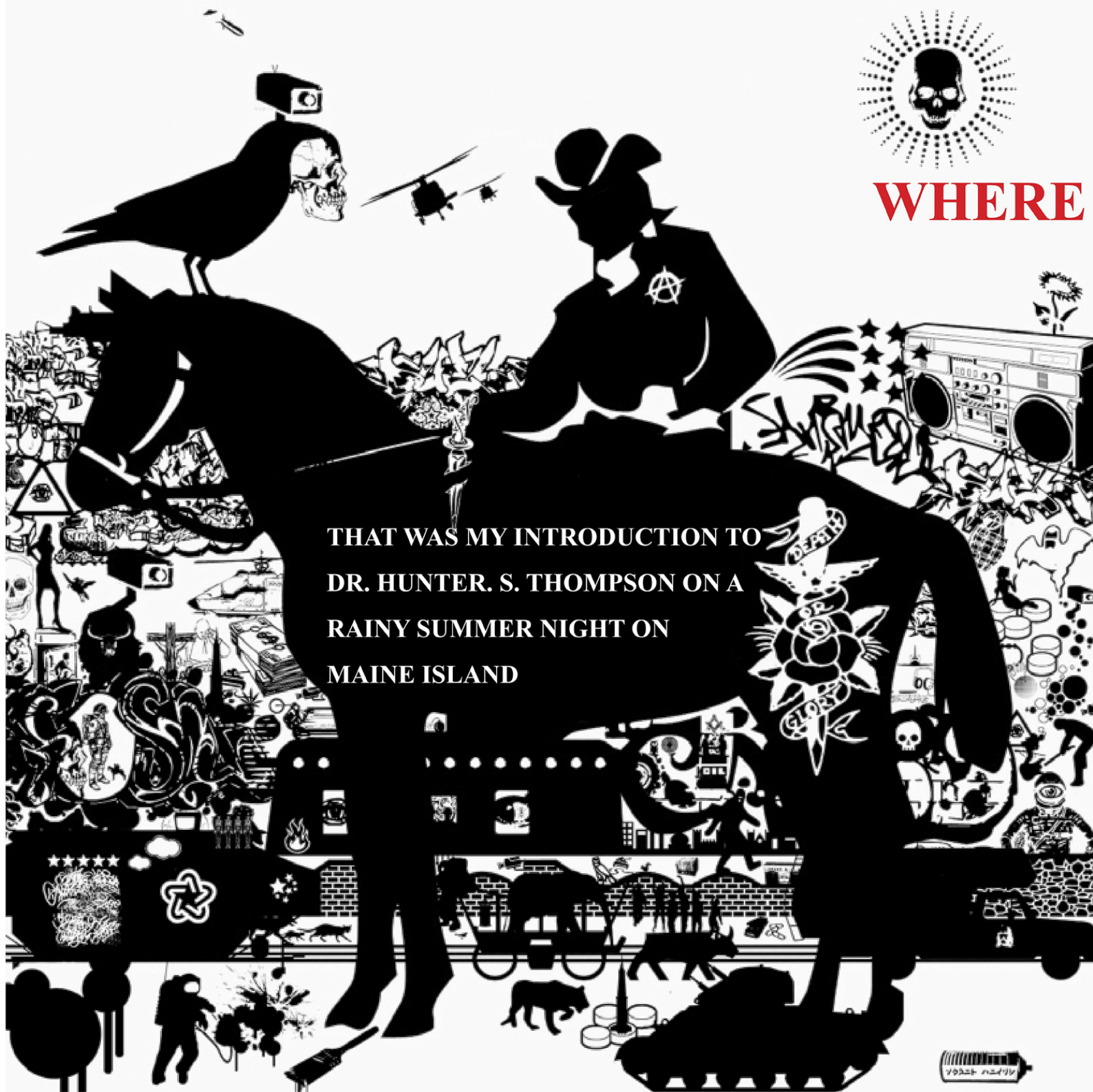


“Where are all the Indians?” was shouted at me from the bar by a man in tinted Ray-Bans in a stern yet drunken slur.

“I didn’t get Brando when he sent Sacheen Littlefeather to the Oscars. It was not the right place for Indian politics. Christ no one cared. It made me feel sane. You wouldn’t remember that you’re too young. Be glad you can’t remember it. I wish I couldn’t.” That was my introduction to Dr. Hunter S. Thompson on a rainy summer night on Maine Island, just beside Saturna Island. I had just moved out to the Island from Vancouver as I had to get away from city life. There seemed to be just as much crazy on that Island as in the city. Maybe more. Well everywhere has crazy if you look for it and you don’t gotta look hard.

I had just finished playing an improv set with some local island musicians and we went to the bar for a drink and smoke. At the time I liked Jack Daniels; it was sweet and went down easy. My mind was shattered after just getting out of a long term relationship with a California girl. She always smelled like the beach and hash.



THAT WAS MY INTRODUCTION TO
DR. HUNTER. S. THOMPSON ON A
RAINY SUMMER NIGHT ON
MAINE ISLAND

WHERE ARE ALL THE INDIANS?

Hunter jumped in front of me and said Hendrix was an Indian and he lived round here. I knew that, but the way Hunter told me it sounded like a ghost tale.

Hunter offered to buy me a drink so I sat down with him while he rambled off lines like a machine gun on rapid fire. After 10 minutes of sitting beside him at the bar stool, it dawned on me things were going to be heating up as the night went into morning.

An innocent drunk bystander was cheering on a televised NBA match. I saw Hunter look more and more perplexed and angry by this as the game went on. Finally he flicked his cigarette at the man and said, “What do Indians know about basketball?”

The man just stared at Hunter stunned and said he wasn’t an Indian and he would pretend that a smoke just didn’t fly his way. Hunter laughed and paid no attention then slurred out loud, “You can keep on pretending Tonto. People make lives out of it and go far.”

Nothing came of it and I believe everyone at this point knew who he was in the bar. I noticed everyone whispering to one another; Hunter could have got away with murder. Everyone just would pretend it didn’t happen.

As the night went on Hunter informed me he had been divorced; how the NBA is really run by crooks and the sad state of American politics - no matter what puppet dances to rule. So let’s have a drink.

A girl recognized Hunter and approached him. When she got close he grabbed her and shouted, “It’s my birthday, kiss me and it’s his too, so have a drink with us!” She looked truly horrified at first but sat between us and had the drink.

Everything seemed to calm down for a few minutes and the shouting seemed to stop. I thought well it looks as though the girl has calmed down Hunter and I remember thinking to myself it was like King Kong with Faye Dunaway. The night may now be calm for all. As soon those thoughts entered my mind the Doctor spilled his drink on the bar, slid his glass at the bartender and shouted, “Give us all another drink Tonto, Pronto.”

**Extract taken from
Chris Field’s forthcoming book
BUY THE TICKET TAKE THE RIDE.**

www.chris-field.com
Check out his latest album Steel
Tiger released by Warmgun Records.