GRATEFUL DEAD STUDIES

Volume 2 2015/2016

ISSN 2572-7818 (Online) ISSN 2572-7702 (Print)

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CITATION INFORMATION

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Grateful Dead Studies

Volume 2 (2015/2016)

Pages: 27–44

URL: http://gratefuldeadstudies.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/01/GDSv2_Williams.pdf

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Can we define who the Grateful Dead were without taking into account who actually played in the band? That is, unlike an individual's identity, whose definition fundamentally relies on both bodily presence—I am not I unless I inhabit my body, and some part of my identity changes as my body ages—and on something (or things) immaterial, a rock band's identity seems to fundamentally rely on only the immaterial. I call it an ethos, which continues to live even after Jerry Garcia's passing. The Grateful Dead, then, are the Grateful Dead even when the name changes or the personnel changes as long as they play music that fulfills the requirements of a particular ethos.

I call that ethos bohemian, a topic I have explored elsewhere (Williams 2010), but my purpose here is to explore the idea of the Dead's identity. And this question of who the Grateful Dead are gets complicated when you see them in film. Film presents a unique indexical relation between signifier and signified, the key to documentation or even pseudo-documentation (see Nichols 2001, 2–3; Nichols 1991, 5). As Pauline Kael pointed out in 1968, "we don't have to be told those are photographs of actors impersonating characters," and that's why the death of Janet Leigh in *Psycho* was so powerful (1970, 87). And when we watch Richard Lester's 1968 movie *Petulia,* we say, "Hey, there's Jerry, there's Weir, wow, there's Pigpen, just standing around on the street at the foot of Coit

Tower." And then there's a scene of the Grateful Dead playing a concert, maybe at the Avalon: "Wow. That's so cool." And at the beginning of the movie we see Janis Joplin and Big Brother and the Holding Company playing in the lobby of the Fairmont Hotel for a charity ball. Materiality reasserts itself as an identity marker.

The "Hitchcock moment" of seeing Jerry Garcia and everyone else in *Petulia* is archively important. We don't have much good footage of the band playing in 1967, even if it is staged. We don't have much film of them in their natural habitat, on the street, that young, in San Francisco. But there is a problem. For all its realism and for all of the indexical realism of film, the Garcia we see is a Garcia presented by Richard Lester. Is it then really Jerry Garcia in the movie? Or, as I put it in the title, is that Jerry Alfred Garcia Hitchcock? Or is it "Jerry Garcia"—that is, Jerry Garcia playing a hippie? Or some other character of Lester's imagination? To understand who that Garcia is, we need to go back to Lester's previous film work, specifically to *Hard Day's Night*, and see how he presented the Beatles. My claim is that this contrast will show us that Lester presented the Beatles as figures in a documentary about the salvation of Britain. But in *Petulia* he sought to undercut the bohemian ethos of the Dead. *Petulia* is a classic antibohemian artwork.

Before turning to Lester's two Beatles movies, *Hard Day's Night* and *Help!*, let me say a few words about American antibohemianism—remember, Richard Lester is American. It takes three principal forms: conservative, liberal, and avant-garde. The avant-garde, represented by someone like Frank Zappa, is against bohemianism because he sees it as an impediment to real art. A liberal, someone like Milicent Shinn in 1890s San Francisco or Lionel Trilling in 1960s New York City, sees bohemianism as an impediment to correct politics. And a conservative—name any current conservative media figure—objects on all grounds. That is, someone like Lester, a liberal, can find something in bohemianism that is attractive—the sex, the art, the style, maybe even the drugs (think of the Rat Pack and their alcoholism)—but Lester fundamentally objects to American sixties bohemianism for its irresponsibility and supposed unthinking rejection of structure, of duty. If bohemians are for the remaking of bourgeois culture, then Lester is against it. We may think of Lester

as antiwar and liberal because he made *How I Won the War,* but, as Kael pointed out, that movie is not so much an antiwar movie as it is an anti-British officers' class consciousness movie. On the surface, we see Lester as hip, down with the youth, sharing their values. He wears striped pants when he makes *Petulia.* But he's down with the proto-bourgeois youth, like the Beatles and their fans. He thinks of the Dead as proto-fascists in the way that *Wild in the Streets* portrayed the youth of America. As Kael said, "Richard Lester … is a shrill scold in Mod clothes" (1970, 120).

Kael doesn't get why Lester turned on the youth movement of the sixties. She speculates that "the director who made three celebrations of youth and freedom (*A Hard Day's Night*, *The Knack,* and *Help!*) is now desperate to expand his range and become a 'serious' director, and [*Petulia*] is the new look in seriousness" (1970, 120). And so he employed Nicholas Roeg as the cinematographer, Anthony Gibbs (who edited *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*) as the editor, and superstar actors, like George C. Scott, Joseph Cotton, and Julie Christie. Kael may be right. But because she defines the role of critic as unconcerned with cultural history, she doesn't look at what sort of youth and what sort of freedom we encounter in the Beatles movies and in *Petulia.* There are large differences.

The Beatles, before they were corrupted by American bohemians and learned their countercultural ideals from Dylan, the Dead, and Ken Kesey, were all for reinvigorating bourgeois culture with their pop love songs, their domestication of American blues, and their exuberance and giddiness. They were young, but they were respectful. We hear this assessment time and again from the people who worked with them on *A Hard Day's Night.* George Martin, in an interview about the movie, made two important points. First, in the fifties a new humor became "enormously popular" in Britain, "a new vein of humor that was crazy, silly, anarchic." It led to *The Goon Show,* to *The Mouse That Roared,* and it served as "the protoype" for *A Hard Day's Night* (Martin 2002).

Richard Lester, of course, directed a number of episodes of *The Goon Show* (when it made the transition from radio to TV), and he directed *The Mouse That Roared.* Peter Sellers starred in both and also starred in Lester's first film, a short film nominated for an Academy Award,

called *The Running Jumping and Standing Still Film*. In fact, because the Beatles had seen all these and liked them, they asked for Lester to be their director. The crazy anarchic humor the Beatles display, which came to them naturally—they were both fun and funny at this stage in their career—is simply another manifestation of mainstream British comedy. "What do you call your hairstyle," the Beatles were asked, repeatedly. One would answer, "I call mine Fred" (Martin 2002).

The second point Martin makes is that in 1962, when he signed the Beatles to a recording contract, he signed them because he thought they were "terrific" people, because of their "wonderful" charisma. "They were able to project that charisma" in the film "which is why the film was a success" (Martin 2002). That is, in order for the audience, young and old alike, to identify with and care for a famous pop band, the band members had to be charismatic, nice, and, as Tony Blair, the film's choreographer said, "respectful. They kind of liked what we were, the older stars, the people who had been on the box [television]. They always revered us, they were very polite and had respect for us." Summing up the unanimous opinion of the boys expressed by a dozen or so actors and crew members, Blair concluded, "I thought they were wonderful" (2002).

And, of course, Lester concurred. It was important, he said, to make them feel "comfortable." Unintentionally speaking to the documentary aspect of the movie, he said, "I wanted it to be as natural an experience for them as possible." It never "occurred to us to ask the Beatles to play the Musketeers, to be anything but themselves" (Lester 2002). And where does this sense of protectiveness, of patriarchical protection, come from? (How often do we hear the older generation call the Beatles "the boys"?) When he first met John Lennon, the Beatles had just gotten back from Sweden. How was Sweden, Lester asked, and Lennon replied,

> How should I know? You get off the plane, they push you into a car, you're delivered to a hotel, have cocktails and those godawful cheese sandwiches, get into another car, drive to your performance, then back to the airport, fly home. How should I know if I liked Stockholm? I never even saw it. (Bluestone 1966, 14–15)

Lester and script writer Alun Owen conceived of the plot as an extension of Lennon's sense of alienation from the outside world. Lester said that

for first third or more of the film it was important to re-create the sense of "being hounded" and being told what to do and where to go: "So that at a certain moment when they break out and refuse and run down a fire escape and go into a field and just be idiots [that is, participate in *Goon Show*-style physical comedy] that sense of relief was what we were trying to do." That's "when the film begins to take off" (Lester 2002). Lester is forgetting that apart from that scene and the earlier scene in the night club—and, most importantly, the final shot of them ascending in a helicopter—the Beatles are trapped in a train, in a car, in a studio, in a TV concert hall, and so on. The filmmaker's sympathy for the Beatles is created by the Beatles being victimized, not for being young and rebellious, but for being famous.

So that sense of freedom and youth that Kael detected in the movie is simply that of a repressed group of boys not allowed to express themselves outside of the fame that their talent created. When one of the Beatles actually breaks free from everything—from the other band members, from the management, from the fans—what does Ringo do? He takes photos, reenacting his role as a band member on the outskirts of society. Later he encounters a group of boys, but he finds himself to be too old to join in their games, and, next, too young to play darts and drink with the adults in a pub. He really had no other role than to play drums for the establishment's favorite pop group.

The movie's plot enacts their breaking free, but staying within mainstream culture. At best they can achieve peace and privacy. There is no challenge to the establishment. There is no creation of a counterculture, no threat to dominant paradigms. Their publicist, Tony Barrow, once said that the parents who took their kids to *A Hard Day's Night* were "impressed with the Beatles." They were, after all, "all-around entertainers. In other words, they were family entertainers rather than being just a sensation for the kids" (Barrow 2002). John Lennon, for Lester, was a cynic, someone with an excellent bullshit detector. "He hated people in authority," said Lester, not because Lennon hated authority or wanted to change its nature, but because people in authority tended to treat the Beatles as "hired servants. He pricked all our bubbles of pomposity." For Lester, the Beatles "were four boys who could stand up for themselves and be amusing to

order … [They] cushioned themselves against the realities of the outside world that sometimes treated them with dreadful condescension. I did my best to hold that and put it on film" (Lester 2002). That is the essence, according to Lester, of *A Hard Day's Night.*

There is one other documentary aspect of the movie I want to mention before I turn to *Petulia.* We have a real live band playing their real live selves. And we have a real live physical urban setting that is absolutely crucial to the meaning of the film. *A Hard Day's Night* features a long scene of a comic chase against the background of a block of unrepaired bombed-out buildings. It's a powerful image of a city and nation still so obviously and painfully recovering from World War II. (Rolling Stone Keith Richards, born in 1943, strongly remembers the left-over devastation, the rationing, and the language of the adults who constantly compared their lives to life "before the war" [2010, 22]). There is a second related scene, right at the start of the movie. An older man joins the Beatles in their train compartment. He wants the window closed and their radio turned off. The Beatles object: "We have rights, too. There's four of us and only one of you," etc., etc. The old man says, "I fought the War for people like you. I think I deserve something for that." To which Lennon says, "I bet you're sorry you won." That is probably the most shocking thing in the movie.

But it also speaks to the new generation's exasperation with the War generation: Yes, yes, you fought in the War. Yes, yes, life was better before the War. But now it's 1964. Can we get on with it? The humor of the chase and of the Beatles' dialogue seeks to cover up the violence of the war, but it is still palpable, and this is important for understanding the connections between *A Hard Day's Night* and *Petulia.* As the boys cheerfully run from their fans, they pass urban ruins. The black-and-white film stock reinforces this sense of ruin and devastation, even if, as Lester has said, they used black-and-white stock because it was cheap. But the Beatles' innocence, their humor, their vibrancy, their energy, is all in marked contrast to the ruin.

And this cheery energy is what drew Lester—and George Martin, and, in fact, all of Great Britain—to them in the first place. They also were a younger generation, born during the war (Lester was born in 1932,

eleven years before Harrison, the youngest Beatle). This made them perfect candidates for being agents of positive change. That is, Lester was drawn to the Beatles because he and other adults saw them as saviors and restorers of Britain. Their attitude, their energy would rebuild the country. And so, although the young Beatles fans are absolutely mad about their pop band, the youngsters' parents are tolerant of the madness because they see the Beatles as a positive and constructive force. "They were a good example," said Jeremy Lloyd, an actor in the movie. "Everybody wanted to be like them" (Lloyd). And when Ringo takes his solitary walk with a camera, snapping pictures and reenacting the documentary aspect of the movie, he interacts with a young boy. And we think, our children are safe with the Beatles.

If *A Hard Day's Night* is about the process of breaking free but staying within mainstream culture, *Help!* is a picture of what that freedom means. *Help!* pictures where the Beatles go in the helicopter at the end of the earlier film. Freedom means never having to be chased by screaming teenage girls again. You get your own apartment, which you can now enter without being hounded. Freedom is the privacy they fought so hard to achieve in *A Hard Day's Night.* You get to live a normal, bourgeois life, if a little quirky. You get to sleep in a sunken bed in the middle of the living room. There are vending machines and a Wurlitzer organ in your flat. You get to wear gaudy rings. Freedom is the right to take part in consumerist culture. But they are still victims of their own fame, and now their enemies are bloodthirsty Indian religious fanatics and power-mad scientists.

Fortunately, the British army and the black police force of a Caribbean island help them defeat the fanatics. According to Lester, this movie was made with "certain restrictions," which he doesn't elaborate upon. He only mentions that Lennon had one comment about the movie to him, which was "I felt like an extra in my own fucking movie" (Bluestone). And, of course, the music and the madcap humor return to cover up or soften the Indian human sacrificers, actually making them worthy of having been a part of the British empire. So it is a bit hard to argue for the Beatles as a tool of a racist empire when in fact they probably were very uncomfortable with the whole thing. In fact, one might

point to George Harrison's sitar playing in "Norwegian Wood" a year after the movie was made as a kind of massive apology.

Fortunately, the Grateful Dead never had to play the sitar. They didn't have anything to apologize for, though it is clear from *Petulia* that Lester thought the Dead and the hippies did have much to atone for. As Pauline Kael points out, Lester in "his hate letter to America" (1970, 118) "must falsify America in order to make it appear hateful … He's like a crooked cop framing a suspect with trumped-up charges" (1970, 119). As she explains:

> The images of *Petulia* don't make valid connections … I don't believe in the brilliance of a method which equates hippies, war, surgery, wealth, Southern decadents, bullfights, etc. … 'Petulia' exploits any shocking material it can throw together to give false importance to a story about Holly Golightly and The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit. (Kael 1970, 119)

One of the reasons Kael is able to see through Lester's movie style and the film's unconventional editing and lighting is that she gets who the hippies really were in terms of her own profession. That is, she values films not for technical reasons or historical reasons but for the audience's reception of them. "Taking [a film] apart is far less important [for a critic] than trying to see it whole." Her primary interest is in how people receive movies, how they make use of them. "It's said that [*2001*] will stone you," she writes, and she thinks that is a good thing. "Using movies to go on a [LSD] trip has about as much connection with the art of the film as using one of those Doris Day-Rock Hudson jobs for ideas on how to redecorate your home … But it is relevant to an understanding of movies to try to separate out … how we may personally *use* a film … from what makes it a good movie or a poor one." She is the people's advocate, so she is tolerant of the drug culture's use of the movie. Hippies went to movies hoping to get high (Kael 1970, 97; 101).

Could you get high seeing *Petulia?* No, of course not. *Petulia* is a major-league downer. Kael called it the bloodiest movie she had ever seen, and that in the year of *Bonnie and Clyde*. The movie actually ramps up the violence found in its source, the novel *Me and the Arch Kook Petulia*, by John Haase. In the book, the violence is limited to wife-beating, enough in

its own right to be sure. But the movie attempts to make it—wife-beating and other forms of violence—endemic to America. The novel is invested heavily in psychiatry, that is, an individual, not societal, explanation for the violence. Archie, the surgeon, sees a psychiatrist, and together they both try to sort out his attraction to Petulia. Further, at the end of the novel, Petulia reveals that her behavior—and perhaps even her tolerance for being routinely beaten by her husband—is largely a result of being raised by an alcoholic prostitute who didn't know who her daughter's father was. So that is one explanation. But Archie wonders if there might be another: "What the hell is wrong with this generation?" Archie asks his shrink. "Irresponsible. Immoral. Flighty. Shallow. Unfeeling" (Haase 1966, 50). Later he describes himself in the same terms because he is divorced and thought only "the ruthless, irresponsible, immoral, the unfeeling" got divorced (Haase 1966, 92). Archie tries to identify what's wrong with Petulia: "I don't know whether it is she or her generation. Gide, Camus, Sartre, a nihilism, a distance" (Haase 1966, 115). Then in the middle of an argument, he shouts, "Stop talking like a goddamn beatnik." "I didn't know you knew beatniks existed,'" Petulia responds. Petulia, who is not a beatnik, is simply a bit unconventional, trying to make it in the straight world, like the Beatles.

She gets the sobriquet "beatnik" from a failed writer living across the hall from her in an apartment building in Greenwich Village, when she was trying to make it as a model. So she knows beatniks, but she left the Village for California and married a rich blond Aryan Californian. She's 23. Archie is 36. He saves her from her violent husband, and the novel ends with them married. He successfully enables the kooky Petulia to assimilate to the mainstream, and Petulia successfully cures him of his malaise. As Archie told his psychiatrist, he had been unhappy because he had spent his youth in the library and medical school. "Before I knew it, I was thirty-six … I wasn't happy. I don't know what the hell I wanted. Something foolish, romantic, hedonistic; something irresponsible, unthinking—you name it, I wanted it" (Haase 1966, 185). Petulia seemed that way, but together youth and middle age wrought a safe, personal conventionality. The bohemian is firmly rejected.

Raymond Wagner, the producer of *Petulia*, read the novel when it first came out in 1966, loved it, and called Richard Lester to ask him to direct it. He agreed if Julie Christie would take the part of Petulia. She agreed, and Wagner and screenwriter Larry Marcus went to San Francisco four or five times before shooting to scout locations. Why they chose San Francisco instead of Los Angeles, where the novel takes place, is unclear, but Wagner said that what they saw was captivating. They wanted to document, not the blossoming of the hippie scene, but rather how straight people's lives were impacted by psychedelia. And this intention comes across clearly in the movie. Just as the English have described the Mod scene as something that around 800 people participated in and the rest of the nation watched, so did a minority (probably a much smaller minority than 800) participated in the psychedelic scene of 1966. This was, after all, before Monterey Pop, before the Summer of Love. Wagner says that he wanted Lester because he brought "something unusual" and "vitality" and "strangeness." Wagner and Marcus saw the world changing, and they wanted to capture it. And Lester could capture the clash between straight and counterculture (Wagner 2002).

But it's not as if Wagner, Marcus, and then Lester really understood what they were seeing. They understood the mainstream's reaction to the counterculture, and they knew what beatniks were, but when they tried to substitute hippie culture for beatnik culture they got mixed up. The script's opening scene (and the script is dated March 1967), in which Janis Joplin and Big Brother and the Holding Company figure prominently, is described as a charity ball with entertainment by a go-go band; and we can see two go-go girls in silver shimmering dresses and beehive hair flanking the band on the stage. The script says: "we [i.e., the camera] rush past the go-go band, the shakers … The music stops for a second, everyone sags and thinks, "Thank God it's over," but instantly the music begins again and everyone good-naturedly swears, "Those crazy kids are trying to kill us" (Marcus 1967). Charlie Manson would not have surprised Lester one bit.

Also, at a turning point in the movie, Archie appears in the audience of a Grateful Dead concert. They are playing "Viola Lee Blues."

Figure 1. Nicholas Roeg, "Garcia Posters Loom Above George C. Scott," *Petulia* (1967). Warner Home Video, 2006. DVD still courtesy Jay Williams.

Figure 2. Nicholas Roeg, "The Grateful Dead Watch as Petulia is Carried Out," *Petulia* (1967). Warner Home Video, 2006. DVD still courtesy Jay Williams.

The script, without specifying the band, states, "INTO DISCOTHEQUE NIGHT Archie dances with many girls, some hippies, some chic, all terribly young and unsmiling" (Wagner 2002). Archie is lost in that kind of crowd, just as Lester and the rest would have been. Rather than being convinced that there is nothing like a Dead concert, that the hippies were about peace and love and understanding, Lester portrays the band in this scene as frightening young toughs who hold their audience enraptured through incredibly loud music and a disturbing and fragmenting light show. Archie flees the scene in panic.

The hippies, as Kael first saw, are portrayed as violent hypocrites. In one scene, included just to make this point, a hippie guy and chick are in a checkout line in a grocery store. He eats from a can of sardines; the cashier wants him to pay for it, but the hippie instead offers it to him. "I love you," says the hippie, but the cashier is firm. The hippie gets angry, shouts at him, and grabs his girl and storms out. Archie and Petulia watch, helping us understand the true nature of what Archie in the very first scene mistakenly calls "the Pepsi Generation" (Wagner 2002).

Wagner and Lester try to map the beatnik ethos onto the hippie ethos and end up confused and angry without realizing they are trying to equate

Figure 3. Nicholas Roeg, "Write When You Get Work," *Petulia* (1967). Warner Home Video, 2006. DVD still courtesy Jay Williams.

two similar but importantly disparate bohemian movements. Bohemia is not a monolithic entity. Alton Kelley, in the documentary *Rockin' at the Red Dog* (Works [1996] 2005), highlights the divide between beatnik and hippie. When he, Lynne Hughes, and Ellen Harmon helped to form the Family Dog in San Francisco, they wanted to create a new scene that centered on dancing. It could happen in San Francisco because urban renewal had not removed all the old buildings that were suitable for live performance and audience participation. Kelley makes the explicit point that beatnik culture had died because people wanted to move. Beats were static, cool, and defensive. Hippies were active, hot, and dramatic. No wonder Lester and Wagner felt threatened. New art forms were revolutionizing their world, and they resented it. Hippie culture, like beatnik culture—like any bohemia—creates an us-versus-them mentality. Lester and Wagner had been one of us. Now, in San Francisco, they were one of them. They wanted the black-and-white world of the beatnik to return. They hated Day-Glo.

The Grateful Dead and their music make several appearances in the film, each time reinforcing the theme of despicable, violent American bohemian youth. First, early in the movie, we see Archie drive home and park his car. On the wall above his parked car are two enormous portraits of Jerry Garcia (fig. 1). Plastered on the bus stop bench opposite the Garcia portraits are posters for a Dead concert, featuring the same portrait. That night, as Scott works at home, he has a flashforward to that scene of the Dead playing "Viola Lee Blues." (The flashforward is not in the script, nor are the scenes of the posters mentioned, so we can assume these are additions by Lester and Nicholas Roeg.) The Dead and the hippies are inescapable, and they even infiltrate the subconscious.

The Dead's music makes two other appearances, so to speak, and both are associated with violence. Both times it is "Viola Lee Blues" playing over a radio that Petulia's husband, David, is listening to. The wife-beater clearly digs the music. It is the soundtrack for the inner turmoil of his life. And, finally, there is the great moment of the Dead milling about on the street, just being themselves, like the Beatles. This is the Jerry Alfred Garcia Hitchcockian moment. David has just beaten Petulia senseless in Archie's apartment, at 307 Filbert Street. Archie discovers

her unconscious and calls the ambulance. As the police carry her down the stairs of Telegraph Hill on a stretcher, a crowd gathers and makes an assortment of guesses about her condition and the reason for it. "She'll have a hard time washing the blood out of her hair." "She's dead." "Those rescue cops never give up." "Yeah, but they are all racists." "I had the same trouble with a piano." A kid stands by holding a portable TV showing a battle scene from Vietnam. The script reads:

> All through this we have also been aware of many T.V. sets, all with programs with various kinds of violence. One youngster comes to the door holding a portable T.V. and we see on the tube war casualties being flown out of the Jungle by helicopters. (Wagner 2002)

At the bottom of the stairs the crowd is thicker and all of the Dead are there (fig. 2). The script reads, "Half a dozen 'hippies' loaded down with Chinese food and a yellow guitar are coming up the steps" (Wagner). They are no different from the rest of the observers. In the movie, we hear the Dead's unscripted lines: "Bye bye, mama," says Weir. "Write when you get work," Garcia quips (fig. 3). I've been unable to discover whether these lines were given to them or whether they were ad-libbed.

In one sense, it doesn't make a difference. "Write when you get work": Nothing, says Lester, reveals the heartlessness, the cruelty, the selfishness of the hippie counterculture than Jerry Garcia making fun of an unconscious, beaten young woman. Lester has used the documentary nature of film to show us what he thinks lies behind the façade of the hippie culture. They are impolite where the Beatles are polite; they are disrespectful where the Beatles are respectful. Richard Chamberlain, who plays David, said that Lester "kept it all secret. What he wanted out of this film. It was his secret. And he didn't want to tell us" (Chamberlain 1968).

It seems, then, that Garcia was unknowingly made complicit in an attempt to disparage the life he was leading, the ethos of his band, the very foundation of his identity. The material identity marker was being used for the establishment's purposes. Lester asks, "Do you want to know who the Grateful Dead are? I'll tell you who, the rotten little bastards." But does Lester succeed? After all, there is more to film than its peculiar indexical nature. That line that Garcia delivers, "Write when you get work," actu-

ally cuts two ways. It's not funny in the way that the Beatles or the Goons were funny. But it is a joke, a straight line delivered in an incongruous situation. Garcia could not have known what Lester was up to—it was Lester's secret—but he did know that *Petulia* was just a movie, something not to take seriously. Movies were to get stoned by, after all.

But it goes even further, I would argue. I imagine that anyone born between 1940 and 1955 had at least one parent tell them, "Write when you get work," or something to that effect. Garcia, then, is throwing that establishment credo back in its face, a rebellious act immortalized by Daniel Clyne's hero Hungry Chuck Biscuits's "motivational" credo, "Ya don't work, ya don't eat." Get a job, wear a tie, take a bath: All these "adult" instructions formed a clear line of distinction between Garcia's generation and those who, as a matter of fact, were responsible for the Vietnam War. Garcia is using Lester, co-opting the establishment, to make the insult work, turning its insulting moral instructions—get a haircut, take a bath you dirty hippie, get a job—back upon itself. After all, Petulia's near death is a symptom, recognized by the counterculture, of the hegemonic culture's own diseased state. Garcia is applying the epitaph to a dying mainstream: Write When You Get Work. Those are the words the mainstream culture is dying by. And Petulia, who ends up having a baby with David (she does not marry Archie), and Archie, who remains single, both go off in their most appropriate vehicle, an ambulance. Lester's imagery actually works against him, and Garcia will have nothing to do with his disease.

The death of the mainstream culture takes us back to the beginning of the movie at the charity function. "They're trying to kill us," says one of the guests of the band. Little did this person realize that Janis Joplin, who rarely wore makeup, had gotten a professional to do her face and hair. She looks absolutely fabulous. And why not? This is her moment, another moment like that at Monterey. Joplin wanted badly to succeed, to make it big in music. She wasn't going to sing like Peggy Lee, or even Joan Baez (though she started out as a folk singer and ended up in a long-term relationship with Joan Baez's former lover's former lover, Peggy Caserta). So Joplin was, like Garcia, working from within, exploiting capitalism's desire for the new to make some money for herself. She would be the

last person to come at them with knives, which is what Charlie Manson would do.

So it's the fear emanating from the mainstream that infuses *Petulia*, fear of these kids who might turn guitars into knives. It's a fear that is one more symptom of the sickness that Garcia so ably and typically turned on itself in a witty and devastating line: "Write if you get work."

Given the stark contrast I have created between the Beatles and the Grateful Dead, between *A Hard Day's Night* and *Petulia*, it is fair to ask a pretty basic question: Why did Garcia like the Beatles and *A Hard Day's Night?* "[The Beatles] were real important to everybody,'" Garcia once said. "They were a little model, especially the movies" (Jackson 1999, 67). They were a model, not an example. The Dead didn't want to be the Beatles. They had their own look, their own style, their own ethos, which of course, in 1964, was still evolving. As Weir said, "The Beatles were why we turned from a jug band into a rock 'n' roll band'" (Jackson 1999, 67).

Though I believe that their turn to electric instruments was more complicated than that, let's take it at face value. The Dead went electric because of the Beatles. And electric instruments made them loud, which is what they really were after. And loud is offensive. The Beatles quit the road and performing because they could not play louder than the screams of their audience. Can you imagine the Dead caving in like that? They would have gone to 11 on their amps to be heard. That was the whole point, and being electric had less to do, in the long run, with being like the Beatles than with creating the right sound to go with their ethos.

There was, of course, an overlap between the Beatles' ethos and the Dead's, and Garcia summed it up well: "The [Beatles'] movies were a big turn-on. Just because it was a little model of good times … They were making people happy. That happy thing—that's the stuff that counts—was something we could all see right away" (Jackson 1999, 67). The Dead were bohemians, out to have fun for fun's sake. So they could overlook the politics of *Help!* They could overlook Lester's plots of victimization. Klaus Voorman (2002) once said that he knew Lennon hated being pursued by fans. And, of course, the screaming drove the Beatles into hiding.

But the Dead could relate to the Beatles' happy smiling faces and totally believe them. The Dead weren't going to become a second house band for the establishment and British royalty. But they were going to have fun, and dance, even if Richard Lester condemned them for it.

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