

Richardson, Peter

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Peter Richardson

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ESSAYS

“Let Fate Decide the Rest”: The Grateful Dead, Quietism, and the Politics of Utopia

PETER RICHARDSON

In reviewing youth-oriented social and political movements of the 1960s, American historians often distinguish between two groups that did not always play well together: political activists and hippies. That distinction rests primarily on two different and occasionally conflicting approaches to social change. According to Todd Gitlin:

There were tensions galore between the radical idea of political strategy—with discipline, organization, commitment to results *out there* at a distance—and the countercultural idea of living life to the fullest, *right here*, for oneself, or for the part of the universe embodied in oneself, or for the community of the enlightened who were capable of loving one another—and the rest of the world be damned (which it was already). (1987, 213)

In this dichotomy, the Grateful Dead fall squarely into the second camp. Like many of their heroes (including Harry Smith, the folk music anthologist), the band members rarely offered public comments on politics as such, and though they played scores of benefits for various causes, they were consistently and pointedly uninterested in speeches, elections, and

most forms of conventional political activity. Jerry Garcia cast his last vote in 1964, and the Dead declined to help George McGovern's presidential campaign after the Democratic nominee balked at their suggestion to legalize marijuana (McNally 2002, 75; 442).

In a 1982 interview with Jon Carroll, Garcia confirmed his aversion to the political speeches he had witnessed in the mid-sixties:

I remember once being at a be-in or one of those things, and the Berkeley contingent—Jerry Rubin and those guys—got up on stage and started haranguing the crowd. All of a sudden it was like everybody who had ever harangued a crowd. It was every asshole who told people what to do. The words didn't matter. It was that angry tone. It scared me; it made me sick to my stomach. (Carroll 1982, 21)

In the same interview, Garcia wondered why students had tried to reform their universities in the sixties. He considered "all that campus confusion laughable. Why enter this closed society and make an effort to liberalize it when that's never been its function? Why not just leave it and go somewhere else? ... It's easy enough to find a place where people will leave you alone" (Carroll 1982, 20). Garcia could even be put off by political content in the work of his peers. For example, he admired the singing of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young but noted that they were "into a political bag, which I don't like that much" (Garcia, Reich, and Wenner 1972, 121). In a 1989 *Rolling Stone* interview, Garcia was even more emphatic: "For me, the lame part of the Sixties was the political part, the social part. The real part was the spiritual part" (Goodman 1989, 73).

For holding such views, Garcia and his cohort were rebuked by their more overtly politically-oriented contemporaries. A high-profile example was Warren Hinckle's March 1967 cover story for *Ramparts* magazine, which accused the San Francisco hippies of quietism and complicity with the forces of fascism. Hinckle's story sparked outrage even among the magazine's staff. Contributing editor Ralph Gleason resigned over it and helped *Ramparts* staffer Jann Wenner launch *Rolling Stone* magazine later that year. (The first issue reported on the Grateful Dead's drug bust at 710 Ashbury Street.) But quite aside from the in-house fireworks at *Ramparts*, Hinckle's piece offers a unique opportunity to review the social

dimensions of the Grateful Dead's project. Such a review indicates that Hinckle's charge of quietism misses the mark, at least when it comes to the Dead. In fact, and as Carol Brightman has argued, the Dead's project would turn out to be more active, productive, consequential, and durable than most countercultural institutions of that period, including *Ramparts* (1998, 3).

But other parts of Hinckle's analysis hit closer to home. In particular, he was attuned to, and skeptical of, the seemingly limitless supply of utopian energy that powered the San Francisco counterculture in the mid-sixties. Although Garcia consistently downplayed social issues and concerns, it is difficult to account for the Grateful Dead's long-term success without considering the social aspirations they tapped so effectively. Indeed, I would argue that any attempt to understand the Dead's durable appeal returns us to a trio of powerful utopian impulses that shaped their project and its reception. The Dead weren't the first or the only artists to tap these utopian energies. Certainly the Beats and Pranksters worked much of the same ground. But the Dead pushed their ideals to another level in their music, organization, and community. Moreover, the same utopian impulses that help account for the Dead's success also lay behind the key challenges the band members experienced both individually and collectively.¹

To support these claims, consider Hinckle's 1967 article. As San Francisco braced itself for the Summer of Love, Hinckle turned a gimlet eye to his new neighbors, the hippies. *Ramparts*, the San Francisco muck-raker launched in 1962, was peaking in terms of its circulation and impact. It had just won a prestigious Polk award for exposing CIA misconduct in Vietnam, and only a few months before, it had engineered the release of Eldridge Cleaver from state prison and added his name to the masthead. Hinckle's colorful leadership was a key part of the upstart magazine's success, but he was no flower child, and his article, "A Social History of the Hippies," offered a sweeping and sometimes critical take on the Haight-Ashbury scene, including the Grateful Dead. Although the March issue also included a stunning whistleblower piece on the CIA's sponsorship of the National Student Association, Hinckle's was the cover story. Bob Seidemann's cover photograph showed San Francisco artist Stanley

Mouse, née Miller, dressed in *Sgt. Pepper*-style jacket, an iron cross dangling from his neck, and an exotic pipe in his hand. The photograph was accompanied by an enigmatic caption (which was the slogan for the Family Dog concert promotion company): “May the Baby Jesus Open your Mind and Shut your Mouth.”

In his article, Hinckle claimed there were two distinct political strains in the San Francisco Beat scene that predated and influenced the hippies. The majority strain, represented by Allen Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, sought to challenge the mainstream culture’s complacency and conventional wisdom. (This was also how *Ramparts* understood its purpose.) The other strain, Hinckle argued, was a “distinctly fascist” one embodied by Jack Kerouac. “It is into the fascist bag,” Hinckle wrote, “that you can put Kesey and his friends, the Hell’s Angels, and in a more subtle way, Dr. Timothy Leary” (1967, 17–18). That brand of fascism, according to Hinckle, “can be recognized by a totalitarian insistence on action and nihilism, and is usually accompanied by a Superman concept” (1967, 17).

It was not a clear or common definition of fascism, but Hinckle’s claim was clearly based on Kerouac’s increasingly reactionary positions and Ken Kesey’s relationship with the Hells Angels. Kerouac’s star had already dimmed, but Kesey’s was burning brightly, especially in and around San Francisco. Hunter S. Thompson, whose bestselling book on the Hells Angels appeared in 1967, introduced Kesey to members of the motorcycle gang in 1965, and Kesey famously hosted them at a La Honda party in August of that year (Wolfe 1968, 168–69). The Angels were not known for their politics, but many were veterans, and in October 1965, a group led by Sonny Barger violently confronted peaceful antiwar protesters on a march from Berkeley to Oakland. One Angel shouted “Go back to Russia, you fucking Communists!” A month later, Kesey persuaded the Angels to stay away from a similar antiwar march by furnishing them with a generous supply of beer (Rorabaugh 1989, 97–98).

Having linked Kerouac, Kesey, and Leary to fascism, Hinckle shifted to other aspects of the Haight scene, but he returned to his political point at the end of his lengthy article:

The danger in the hippie movement is more than overcrowded streets and possible hunger riots this summer. If more and more youngsters begin to share the hippie political posture of unrelenting quietism, the future of activist, serious politics is bound to be affected. The hippies have shown that it can be pleasant to drop out of the arduous task of attempting to steer a difficult, unrewarding society. But when that is done, you leave the driving to the Hell's Angels. (1967, 26)

After reading Hinckle's article, Ralph Gleason, the revered *San Francisco Chronicle* music critic and contributing editor at *Ramparts*, resigned from the magazine in a rage. In a letter to Hinckle's mentor and advertising executive Howard Gossage, Jessica Mitford noted Gleason's displeasure, which he aired at a meeting of the magazine's editorial board.

[Gleason] was not consulted about the Hippie article, which was full of inaccuracies. He was originally supposed to write this article, but Hink III went ahead without his knowledge, first thing he knew about it was when it was in print. In February, he wrote a furious letter of resignation and demanded that this letter should be printed in the mag. He got no acknowledgment, nobody contacted him at all, it was never printed ... There was much along this line, and a good deal of son-of-a-bitching, etc. I asked Ralph if he would come to a meeting with Hink/Scheer, he wasn't sure but certainly not if it were held at Ramparts' office, he'd never set foot in that place again. He was, in a word, simply furious with the lot of them. (Hinckle 1974, 189)

In his 1974 memoir, Hinckle expressed regret that he dumped on Gleason's flower children "without giving him a chance to defend the little fascists." But he stood by his analysis and claimed that the nightmare at Altamont supported it (1974, 144–45).

Gleason's retort never appeared in *Ramparts*, but in a 1967 oral letter to historian and musician Frank Kofsky, he offered his thoughts on hippies and their politics. In that communication, he claimed that *Ramparts* editor Robert Scheer, who had almost defeated East Bay Congressman Jeffery Cohelan in the 1966 Democratic primary, was not a natural leader of the hippie community. At age 29, when he decided to challenge

Cohelan, Scheer was a former Berkeley graduate student, City Lights employee, beatnik, and jazz aficionado. His campaign speeches called for an end to the war in Vietnam, more attention to poverty and racism in the East Bay, and the legalization of marijuana and abortion. His extemporaneous addresses were notable for their lucidity and power, and his friendship with Bill Graham gave him access to San Francisco hippies. Yet Gleason was adamant about the mismatch between Scheer and the Haight-Ashbury counterculture. “I don’t think there is any possibility whatsoever of Bob Scheer ever becoming a leader of the hippies,” Gleason said. “In the first place, the hippies don’t listen to speeches” (Gleason 2013/2014, 117). Commenting on the San Francisco Human Be-In in January 1967, Gleason concluded that the addresses “were a drag”:

Nobody wants to hear political speeches. These kids will not listen to political speeches, and Bob Scheer doesn’t swing and he doesn’t move and he doesn’t get to them ... I don’t think that they can be politicized in the sense that Scheer is a political person. And I think that looking at what they are doing with a view toward politicizing or not politicizing them is discussing them in the wrong framework. (2013/2014, 117–118)

Gleason was literally correct that Scheer didn’t swing; indeed, he once told a friend at a San Francisco jazz club to stop moving to the music. “We don’t do that,” he said disapprovingly (Richardson 2009, 157).

In his article, Hinckle described hippie culture as tribal and utopian, and in passing, he compared their project to Brook Farm, the commune founded by Transcendentalists in the 1840s. This was a fruitful observation, and I would argue that three utopian impulses in particular help explain the Dead’s remarkable history and popularity. Before turning to them, however, let me immediately qualify that claim. It is not only that utopian aspirations shaped the Dead’s project; many efforts of that period can be described that way. It is also true that the Grateful Dead appealed to powerful cultural forces outside of themselves and in many ways beyond their control. And once we put it that way, we must also examine the Dead’s own experiences with these same fractious energies.

The first utopian impulse I have in mind is ecstasy: not the drug but the feeling, the urge to transcend or get high, or as Kesey put it, to

get off dead center. In the public mind, this urge is inseparable from the Grateful Dead's image, but we need to distinguish their project from Cheech and Chong's. Certainly the Grateful Dead weren't the first artists to get high and write about it. That pattern long predates the poetry of Omar Khayyám, whose illustrated *Rubáiyát* inspired the Dead's distinctive iconography of skeletons and roses. But the Dead's fortunes were linked to a particular historical moment, one that placed enormous value on intense experience. That moment started with the Beats in and around San Francisco: Kesey and the Merry Pranksters pushed it even further with the Acid Tests, and the Dead's connection to those ecstatic events accelerated their transformation from bar band to psychedelic pioneers. Fun was definitely a goal, but they took their trips seriously—so seriously, in fact, that they designed their concerts to mimic and accommodate acid trips. That desire for transcendence is so well known that it may suffice to quote Jerry Garcia's 1972 remark that "the Grateful Dead is not for cranking out rock and roll, it's not for going out and doing concerts or any of that stuff, I think it's to get high" (Garcia, Reich, and Wenner 1972, 126).

For the Dead, ecstasy had a corollary: improvisation, which was also linked to a particular historical understanding of what it was to be an artist. The Dead's overall sensibility owes a great deal to the work of Jack Kerouac, Charlie Parker, and Jackson Pollock, the three masters of midcentury improvisation. As Dennis McNally notes in his biography of Kerouac, "All three of their approaches were as much of the senses as of the mind, and each performed with savage physical intensity" (1979, 149). Most critics were unimpressed, McNally adds: "All three were labeled undisciplined, explosive; it seemed to the critical mentality that their stormy spontaneity was somehow too easy" (1979, 149). Yet Garcia's instructors at the California School of Fine Arts and Lesh's jazz training certainly encouraged such improvisation. For the Dead, transcending *stasis*, the Greek word for standstill, would not be accomplished by recital. Getting off dead center (*ekstasis*) would require artistic spontaneity and discovery.

As its etymology suggests, ecstasy is a kind of journey, a refusal to stand still. So it is no surprise that the Dead were also committed to mobility, a more distinctively American value than ecstasy. Kerouac's *On*

the Road, which celebrated both, was the band's foundational text, and the Dead's lyrics elevated trips, both psychic and geographical, to mythic importance. "Truckin'" became a signature song, and adaptations of "Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad" and "I Know You Rider" were concert staples. Again, many musicians have sung about travel, Kerouac was preoccupied with it, and Kesey and the Merry Pranksters famously documented their cross-country odyssey, which was also immortalized in Tom Wolfe's 1968 bestseller, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. But the Dead took the concept to another level. Having chosen to become a touring band, they undertook a series of annual migrations that both enacted the American fascination with mobility and modeled it for two generations of Deadheads. The band members understood the importance of these journeys, both for themselves and for the fans who accompanied them. Garcia called the Dead's traveling culture his generation's "archetypal American adventure" (DeCurtis 1993, 45), the modern equivalent of joining the circus or riding freight trains. Mickey Hart claimed that the Grateful Dead were not entertainers: "We're in the transportation business. We move minds" (McNally 2002, 538). Hart's comment is meant figuratively—the Dead specialized in ecstasy—but to the extent that it also works at the literal level, it underscores the association between ecstasy and mobility.

As Hinckle's article prefigured, the Dead were often compared to nineteenth-century Transcendentalists, and the band's approach may owe something to that tradition via Kerouac. But their project's expansiveness makes Thoreau's sojourn at Walden Pond look small, local, even precious by comparison. The vastness of the American West fascinated Kerouac, but it was a given for natives like Kesey and the Dead, and it made mobility a basic condition of their worldview and art. Psychedelics had also opened up a new frontier in Frederick Jackson Turner's sense, a fresh meeting point between savagery and civilization. Indeed, the psychic frontier as imagined by Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter was in many ways wilder than its western precursor.

The third utopian impulse that helps account for the Dead's unique and sustained appeal is the urge for community. As Hinckle noted, the San Francisco counterculture was *tribal* and utopian. The effort to maintain and grow the community, and not simply to sell more records or play big-

ger venues, was a consistent undercurrent. Here the Dead distinguished themselves very sharply not only from other musicians, but also from their key artistic influences. Kerouac's friendships were an important part of his art, and Kesey assembled the Merry Pranksters and convened the Acid Tests. But again, the Dead took this utopian ideal to another level. Their inner circle consisted of the musicians, managers, lyricists, and key crew members who lived together in various configurations, shared their earnings more or less equally, and made decisions more or less democratically. As the touring operation grew, so did the band's extended family of wives, girlfriends, children, and employees.

Supporting that growing tribe meant more gigs at bigger venues, which also expanded the Dead's community. The band's focus on the concert experience, and their conviction that this experience was a communal one, was clear from their commitment to sound quality, their willingness to allow taping, and their general onstage demeanor. Connected by the Dead's touring schedule, newsletter, and later the band's website, this larger community would famously come to include one vice president (Al Gore), two other U.S. senators (Al Franken and Patrick Leahy), an NBA all-star (Bill Walton), a famous scholar (Joseph Campbell), and other notables. Paradoxically, the band's mobility did not impede their efforts to create community, which were never tied to a specific location. To the contrary, that mobility supercharged the community's growth. "We went on a head-hunting mission for twenty-five years," Mickey Hart told Carol Brightman. "We went out there and got this army in tow" (1998, 3).

Many of the Dead's politically oriented contemporaries also tried to create community. One was the Red Family in Berkeley, a commune that included Tom Hayden and Robert Scheer. Hayden's memoir makes it sound especially horrible. Militancy was its dominant mood, and Hayden describes their self-criticism rituals as "torture sessions" (1988, 421). Other efforts were part of the back-to-the-land movement that followed the collapse of the Haight-Ashbury scene. One is portrayed in the film *Commune*, which recounts the mixed fortunes of the Black Bear Ranch, founded in 1968. Another notable utopian effort was The Farm in Lewis County, Tennessee, which San Francisco hippies launched in 1971. Each effort has its own story, and many failed, as did Brook Farm. None failed

more spectacularly and tragically than Jonestown, another San Francisco-born utopian enterprise that rose and fell in the mid-seventies. But the Dead community was a different breed, neither commune nor fan club but a resilient and durable network. This communal emphasis again distinguishes the Dead's project from Thoreau's, for example, which was a celebration of the self-sufficient individual.

How did these three utopian impulses come together for the Dead? The examples of each are legion, but the event that best pulls together all three may be the Festival Express, the 1970 train tour across Canada that the Dead undertook with Janis Joplin, The Band, and other acts. The tour itself was far from perfect. For starters, it was a financial disaster. At the first concert in Toronto, protestors articulated a utopian ideal of their own: free live music. After they clashed violently with police, the city of Montreal cancelled the next scheduled performance, and security concerns depressed turnout in Winnipeg and Calgary. But from the Dead's perspective, the tour was custom-built to their utopian specifications. For two weeks, they partied continuously, jammed with fellow musicians on the train between gigs, and made their way westward across the plains of Canada. Occasionally they deboarded to perform a concert, but mostly they were living the ecstatic, mobile, and communal dream.

I've traced these utopian impulses to the Beats and Pranksters, but at least one other group shared the Dead's commitment to ecstasy, mobility, and community, and that was the Hells Angels. Long before Kesey or Hunter Thompson crossed paths with the Angels, they were pursuing their own vision of the good life: a combustible admixture of heavy drinking, drug use, road trips, and a powerful if frequently extralegal form of fellowship. According to Garcia's boyhood friend, Laird Grant, the motorcycle gang had fired their imaginations in the fifties:

We knew about the beatniks and we knew about the Hell's Angels and were fascinated by both of these cultures. We'd see the bikers around, the Hell's Angels coming up from San Jose, or read about what would happen in Monterey. The movie *The Wild One* came out in '53, I think, and that was incredible. At that point, all of us wanted to wear leather jackets and ride Harleys. (Greenfield 1996, 10–11)

The Hells Angels were on the scene at least as early as the Dead's magical summer at Rancho Olompali in 1966, but Garcia believed that the Angels "adopted" the band in January 1967, when the Dead played at a party thrown by the Angels in Golden Gate Park. As Dennis McNally notes, the motorcycle gang's relationship with the hip community was problematic because of the Angels' antipathy toward antiwar demonstrators (2002, 176–77). But if Hinckle looked at the Hells Angels and saw fascists, the Dead (like the Pranksters before them) saw fellow travelers. The Angels became staples at Dead concerts and figured famously in the Altamont fiasco in 1969, which Hinckle seized upon as confirmation of his 1967 claim.

The Dead's emphasis on ecstasy, mobility, and community helps us understand their project and appeal, but these themes also lie behind some of the Dead's greatest challenges. Consider ecstasy, especially the drug-aided variety, which counterculture historian Theodore Roszak dubbed "counterfeit infinity" (1969, 155). The psychology of addiction is complex, as is the role of drugs in the Dead's world, but the health consequences of their use are far less ambiguous. Two band members died young of drug or alcohol abuse, another struggled with heroin addiction and died in an auto crash, yet another eventually required a liver transplant, and Garcia's heroin addiction became increasingly problematic in the eighties. These outcomes were neither distinctive (especially in a rock and roll or larger bohemian context) nor inevitable, but they are powerful reminders that the Dead's commitment to ecstasy, however complicated, was far from costless.

Part of the band's ecstasy problem, ironically, was its itinerancy. Mobility, the key to freedom in the Beat tradition, eventually became a stern master. The band's grinding schedule fed Garcia's appetite for drug vacations. As the Dead's growing core community became more difficult to support, the band chose to play larger venues, which Garcia found oppressive. His heroin addiction deepened, and for a time, he rarely left the downstairs studio of the house he shared with manager and fellow user Rock Scully. Paradoxically, the center of this flourishing and mobile community became a virtual solitary. Garcia's family (both biological and musical) saw him through his health scares, but the same combination of

utopian impulses that contributed to the band's success also claimed several lives, threatened others, and hampered the band's creative development. My point here is not the easy moral one—that the Dead's penchant for drug-aided ecstasy reduced to vice—but rather the opposite: that the band members' lived experience with their utopian ideals was complex, layered, and paradoxical.

How does that lived experience square with Hinckle's concerns before the Summer of Love? "The crisis of the hippie ethic," Hinckle wrote, "is precisely this: it is all right to turn on, but it is not enough to drop out" (1967, 26). To support that point, he quoted Emmett Grogan, the charismatic Digger, who complained that the hip merchants in Haight-Ashbury "created the myth of this utopia; now they aren't going to do anything about it" (1967, 26). It is true that the neighborhood was already in crisis. Hunter Thompson, who lived on Parnassus Street at the time, wrote that by the end of 1966, "the whole neighborhood had become a cop-magnet and bad sideshow" (2000, 235). That description roughly matches Bob Weir's recollection:

Even before the summer of '67, the strangers coming in were starting to outnumber the rest of us. We weren't quite getting the riffraff yet—people with missing teeth and stuff like that ... By the time of the Be-In, people were coming just to be at the party, not bringing anything. I could see the whole thing tilting. (Gilmore 2007, 50)

If Hinckle's concerns about the Haight's disintegration were valid, there was also a journalistic back story, which his memoir made explicit. "What I found objectionable about the hippies," he wrote there, "or, rather, about some hippie promoters—was the attempt to make a serious political stance out of goofing off" (1974, 144). Hinckle was thinking in particular of *Rolling Stone* magazine, which he called "one of the leading merchandisers of this counterculture bullshit" (1974, 144).

His comment betrays a rare hint of resentment. By the time Hinckle's memoir appeared, *Ramparts* had filed for bankruptcy for the first time. Hinckle left to start *Scanlan's*, where he helped create Gonzo journalism by teaming Hunter Thompson with illustrator Ralph Steadman for the first time. But *Scanlan's* tanked after only eight issues. By that

time, *Rolling Stone* was thriving. With permission from *Ramparts* art director Dugald Stermer, Jann Wenner lifted several design elements for his new magazine, and after *Scanlan's* went under, he also recruited Hunter Thompson. Thompson admired *Ramparts*, appreciated Hinckle, and privately complained about writing for a magazine preoccupied with what the Jackson Five had for breakfast (2000, 502). But Wenner saw something in the San Francisco hippies and their music that Hinckle did not, and *Rolling Stone* endured.²

Hinckle's argument, then, was with politically apathetic hippies as well as those who rode to commercial success on the strength of Haight-Ashbury utopianism. If we direct those charges at the Dead, neither hits the target squarely. True, the Dead did not see or present themselves as political activists. Even within the music business, they were innovators more than reformers. The easy road would have been to sign a record deal, move to Los Angeles or New York, and tour primarily to support new albums. The entire music industry was set up to make that the default option. That the Dead declined to pursue this option is in some ways a political act, though I doubt they would have described it that way. In the end, they created a multi-million dollar organization that continued to reflect their values. In doing so, they also invented a tour-heavy model that the industry has since been forced to emulate.

If the Dead gave electoral politics a wide berth, they certainly did not "attempt to make a serious political stance out of goofing off." Nor did they, any more than most artists, "drop out of the arduous task of attempting to steer a difficult, unrewarding society." What they offered, Garcia said in 1972, wasn't social steering but instead what Charles Reich called "a signpost to new space" (Garcia, Reich, and Wenner 1972, 127). The difference between the two approaches returns us to Gitlin's original dichotomy and rehearses an ancient tension between philosophers and poets, in which the former condescend to the latter while resenting their popularity. Although the Dead avoided issue-oriented organizing and explicitly political statements, they displayed an uncanny ability to tap the nation's inexhaustible and transformative utopian energies. In that sense, they resembled Walt Whitman's imaginary new breed of artists, divinely adequate to America's landscape, "affecting politics far more than the

popular superficial suffrage, with results inside and underneath the elections of Presidents or Congresses” (1888, 5). Moreover, the Dead put their ideals into practice with remarkable success, especially compared to other utopian projects. Although the personal costs of these ideals were high, these same ideals informed one of the most productive and durable countercultural institutions to emerge from that unique time and place.

NOTES

1. For an earlier and somewhat contrasting analysis, see Williams (2010), which focuses on the Dead as a bohemian (rather than utopian) enterprise.
2. Even more galling to the politicos, perhaps, is the fact that the magazine has continued to produce consequential political journalism, including recent pieces on Goldman Sachs, the Tea Party, and Gen. Stanley McChrystal.

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PETER RICHARDSON is a lecturer in the Department of Humanities at San Francisco State University and chair of the California Studies Association. His publications include *A Bomb in Every Issue: How the Short, Unruly Life of Ramparts Magazine Changed America* (2009), *American Prophet: The Life and Work of Carey McWilliams* (2005), and numerous articles on literature, politics, and media.