

3-1-1970

The Big Bopper Died For Your Sins: A Study of the Function of Rock as a Form of Religious Expression inn the World of Youth

John Metzigi

Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, jdmetzig@aol.com

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholar.csl.edu/mdiv>



Part of the [Practical Theology Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Metzigi, John, "The Big Bopper Died For Your Sins: A Study of the Function of Rock as a Form of Religious Expression inn the World of Youth" (1970). *Master of Divinity Thesis*. 101.

<https://scholar.csl.edu/mdiv/101>

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Concordia Seminary Scholarship at Scholarly Resources from Concordia Seminary. It has been accepted for inclusion in Master of Divinity Thesis by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Resources from Concordia Seminary. For more information, please contact seitzw@csl.edu.

THE BIG BOPPER DIED FOR YOUR SINS:
A STUDY OF THE FUNCTION OF ROCK AS A
FORM OF RELIGIOUS EXPRESSION
IN THE WORLD OF YOUTH

A Paper Presented to the Faculty
of Concordia Seminary, St. Louis,
Department of Practical Theology
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of
Bachelor of Divinity

by

John D. Metzsig

March 1970

78995

Approved by: Duane Mehl

Advisor

Walter Bartling

Reader

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Content	Page
I. THE INTRODUCTION	1
II. THE PAPER	3
III. THE FOOTNOTES	31
BIBLIOGRAPHY	34

INTRODUCTION

I'm not trying to cause a big sensation
I'm just talking 'bout my generation.

-Peter Townshend 1
(for The Who)

The problem with trying to write a paper on the subject of rock is that the field is so diverse and varied that it is all but impossible to describe everything in complete detail. Furthermore, the entire subject of the effects of rock on a listening audience varies considerably from listener to listener. The teen-ager just likes the sound of the music and the feelings that the music brings out in him, while the adult still thinks of rock as a lot of noise no matter how many magazine articles they read or TV programs they see.

Hence, it is the view of the author that to write a paper in an academic style on the religious functions of rock would be missing the central ingredients in the entire rock phenomena. There has been a conscious attempt to put the paper into a writing style that captures, at least to some degree, the moods and feelings of the rock culture. These feelings might well be called the heart of rock and the rock scene and without some effort to capture those feelings on paper this entire effort would be beside the point.

The body of the paper itself was written from the point of view of a person who has one foot planted in the mainstream of the movement of the rock culture, while remaining enough apart from the rock scene to keep a certain amount of objectivity. This objectivity includes discussing the various historical and sociological factors which have contributed to the shaping of the present situation. Often times the discussion of those factors will

be written in the language or point of view of a member of the present rock culture. It is the hope of the author that this writing style will help his readers in their understanding of the rock scene as it exists at the time of this writing.

The scene is like a carnival. A circus. They're all there. The hippies and the plastic hippies. The heads and the college pretenders. They're all there doing their own thing in their own way. A far out hippie girl walks by in a black see through crepe dress letting the world know that bras along with slips and panties are definitely out on the hip scene. Behind her are two suburban kids in their straight clothes, looking just the way every good middle class mom and dad would like their kids to look. The sea of humanity is broken by a blotch of the red, white, and blue flag look. The escort to the flag is there in his surplus army green. Soon the lights begin to dim. The final dashing to the seats takes place. Incense smoke hangs in the air. The only sound is the hush of the five thousand people whose eyes await the first glimpse of the guru; the high priest of the beautiful people.

The scene could be anywhere. Tonight it is Minneapolis, a city with an old, proud tradition. The city's history goes back to the time when the grain of the Dakotas and the Red River Valley passed through on its way down the Great Lakes to the hungry mouths of the East. The people of the city have their roots in the hard working, no nonsense farmers of Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin. That was in the past. Tonight the children of those farmers' children wait in the dark arena for...

"Hi! My name is Donovan and I want to play some of my songs for you."

Donovan! Canadian born, drug related, poet laureate of the rock generation.²

"In the chilly hours and minutes of uncertainty, I long to be..."³

Who doesn't have a time (a summer at the beach?), or a person (Barbie with

the big brown eyes?), or a special memory (.....?) that can't be linked to one

"I'm just mad about Saphron. She's just mad..." 4

of the magical

"Any trick in the book to get you..." 5

momentary

"Black is the color of my true love's hair in the morning..." 6

songs of

"Oh no, must be the season of..." 7

Donovan.

"Donovan."

Donovan!!!

Down the street the beat of the air hammers and pile drivers shatters the still indian summer air of an October afternoon. On a street corner a kid stands waiting for a bus. The city around him looks like a living thing. Cells here and there are dying only to be cut out by the surgery of steel ball and air hammer. New parts are coming to life, steel and concrete meeting in the sky. High-risers. Highways. High dreams. High costs. Behind him, in an open window, a radio blares,

"Hot town, summer in the city.
Back o' my neck gettin' dirty and gritty." 8

He leans against the omnipresent telephone pole and reads his Car And Driver magazine in the late afternoon sun.

There will probably never be a realization of the General Motors Futurama, but if one is seeking a reasonably accurate, full-size replica, you have only to swoop in via jet...and view the sprawl of greater Los Angeles beneath you.

But as your jet begins its final approach to L.A. Airport you begin to spot nasty flaws in this working model of the future. Suddenly the wings are slicing through evil layers of photochemical smog and you can see below you that the freeway traffic isn't whizzing along in splendor, but rather is jammed in turgid clots of virtual immobility, interspersed with nasty crackups and the flashing red lights of emergency vehicles. And there is the consciously neglected ghetto of Watts, waiting to explode again, and you know that Futurama is in turmoil, and, like in the decadent East, people are hating each other and mugging each other and sitting around in baffled despair about why their children don't want to learn how to be accountants and earn a 25-year watch from North American Aviation. ⁹

And out in the street next to the bus stop the traffic is bumper to bumper, and tempers flare, fists shake, horns b-e-e-e-e-p, and cardiacs are helped along, all beneath the harsh yellow haze of the car exhausts. The car radios declare,

The freeway's concrete way won't show
 You where to run or how to go
 And moving fast you'll
 Go down slow in the end. ¹⁰

The music ends and the announcer dedicates the next song to the people in the world's longest parking lot...and soon Marty Balin is heard to declare,

Lord knows how much I loath
 This place called Tobacco Road. ¹¹

Or Los Angeles.

Or Minneapolis.

Amid the hallowed halls of society's planners the great computers go about their appointed rounds. Inside the great machines transistors sparkle with electric fire. Plastic wheels turn at incomprehensible speed. Plastic tapes vomit forth the content of their hidden memory treasures. Plastic dials record the progress of the processes. The key word - plastic. Computers going about their mechanical task of deciding the fate of countless human

situations.

Cal-cal-calculator, nothin'but a smooth operator
Had himself a pet alligator, kept it in a grain elevator. 12

Men working 'round the clock to keep the machines going. Men working mines,
mills, 'most anything to earn their bread and have a place to sleep.

Machines running day and night, night and day.

A M E R I C A N E E D S Y O U !

not to match her mountains, but to run the machines, to serve the smooth
operator, the "Cal-cal-calculator." Man? Machine? The master? Need you
ask?

Get dressed, be blessed
Try hard to be a success....
Twenty years of schoolin' and they put you on the day shift. 13

Keep trying gang. Maybe the next building, machine, highway will clear it
all up. Maybe the next one, gang, will....

That gang there, sittin' in that old store-front restaurant, drinking the
funny tasting coffee and singing the folk songs, they're going somewhere.
The places are the same; same towns, same world, same kids, the only differ-
ence is the time. It's the early 60's, the era of folk songs and folk dreams.
It was a time when people, and particularly young people were silly enough
to believe that if there was evil or social injustice or prejudice around,
all they had to do was sing the right songs over and over again until every-
one had heard the song and gotten the message.

Here. Hand me the guitar a second. Heard this one by...

"How many roads must a man walk down, before..." 14

Those were the good years of picketing and peaceful demonstrations. The

coffee house, the guitar, and the protest song seemed as American as apple pie. Even the moms and dads of middle America were happy with the situation. At least the kids weren't listening to that dreadful rock and roll.

Ah, rock! The early years had come to an end. Presley was in Germany with the army. Chuck Berry, whose songs really matched the era of the fifties, sat in a jail cell, the victim of an unfair Mann Act conviction. Buddy Holly and the Big Bopper, two of the rising giants on the rock scene, died together in a tragic airplane crash. Rock was in its insipid stage. The hits of the day were lilting, melodic, and commercial, the very antithesis of what rock was all about. Rock and roll wasn't dead; it had just traded itself for a larger share of the commercial market.

Besides, who had time for that? There were wrongs to be righted, a country to be straightened out, and a world to be fixed. Don't tell us that we can't do it. Everybody knows that

We shall overcome,
 We shall overcome,
 We shall overcome some d-a-a-a-a-y. 15

It was an idyllic time. The cold war threats of the fifties that had produced the pessimism of the beatniks had been replaced by the cautious optimism of the Krushchev/Eisenhower stalemate. The mood among the young was a naive kind of hope for tomorrow and America. Peter, Paul, and Mary told us

"The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind..." 16

Dylan suggested that

"The times they are a-changin'." 17

And all be it that Judy Collins warned

"It's still a long and a hard and a bloody ride..." 18

the young people really believed in American ideals, their fellow man, and themselves.

So off went the kids to Selma, Birmingham, Washington, and Chicago. Then came the gas and the clubs and the fire hoses and the dogs and the spit and the curses and the hate. Then came the year that saw the man, the one American president that seemed to relate to youth's dreams of America, fall before an assassin's bullet. And then there were the riots and the lootings and the now famous order from the mayor of Chicago to "shoot to kill".¹⁹

The folk vision of America started to shatter. A week day night. Middle America and extreme America gathered around the tube, the radio, or the newspaper. Two couples on a double date, a four on the floor to lovers' lane, got the good news from the car radio in the middle of the latest Supremes' number. "We interrupt this program..." "A serious threat to our democracy..." "Bay of Tonkin..."

A year later 500,000 busboys, mechanics, students, neighbors, and boy friends were getting shot up in living color on the Monday night news. They were told it was to defend a country few people had ever heard of. The singers suggested,

Mother, mother, forget your pies
And think they'll not get cold,
And turn your eyes to the blood-shot skies
Your flag is flying for...²⁰

The war seemed to divide the country into two sides. The people who supported the war thought that the anti-war demonstrations were the number one national problem. The anti-war demonstrators met with growing resistance. Come along for a nice afternoon on the lawn of the Pentagon, with Norman Mailer and

Doctor Spock and Tear Gas and Fixed Bayonets and Mass Arrests, all right here in the land of the free...

But wait, you can pray for peace. Preachers tell their protestor parishioners, "Take it to the Lord in prayer."

I went into a church I passed along the way,
I got down on my knees and I pretend to pray;
You know the preacher....²¹

Stop the war with prayer?

When I was back there in seminary school there was a person who put forth the proposition that you can petition the Lord with prayer.
Petition the Lord with prayer?
Petition the Lord with prayer?
You cannot petition the Lord with prayer!!! ²²

What was that word that the guy in the magazine used about religion, was it relevant?

So much in the old cathedral seemed to the young man intent on making him feel smaller. Ahead of him, remote figures in shining robes moved on worn paths through their stations, chanting in foreign ritual. He just couldn't get with it. Around him in the half-empty rows were mostly isolated old women, tucked down over strings of black beads. To one side, a robed choir, echoing Medieval plainsong, which he couldn't remember even his grandfather singing. No one to talk to or touch. Little to listen to. A museum for other souls, not his. ²³

Sit through another boring service. Hear another out-of-it old man talk about dealing with the problems of youth today. See another all white church give a visiting black man the cold shoulder or refuse to serve him communion for "theological reasons". See the "good Christians" standing on the corner. Hear them curse you because you have a sign for peace. Feel their spit as it hits your face. Cringe as they cheer the police hurling tear gas. Get nauseated, not by the gas or the pain or the situation, but by the sound of someone saying, "Jesus will get you for this." Hear Grace Slick say,

When the truth is found to be lies,
 And all the joy within you dies;
 Don't you want somebody to love,
 Don't you need somebody to love,
 Don't you want somebody to love, 24
 You better find somebody to love.

Agree!

The year 1964 became a pivotal year, and not because in our hearts we knew he was right - or wrong. That was the year in which it became increasingly clear that it didn't matter. That was the year that the singers gave us in more polite language the same answer that Ken Kesey gave the anti-war rally at Berkeley. Kesey told the rally,

You've all heard all this and seen all this before, but we keep on doing it...But you don't have to...Me!...I'm Me!...That's the cry of the ego and that's the cry of this rally!...Me!Me!Me!Me!...And that's why wars get fought...ego...because enough people want to scream Pay attention to Me...Yep, you're playing their game...There's only one thing to do...one thing's gonna do any good at all...And that's everybody look at it, look at the war, and turn your backs and say...Fuck it..." 25

Fade out to the sound of Kesey playing the harmonica. 26 Fade in with Dylan playing the harmonica. Here him declare,

In a soldiers stance I aimed my hand at the mongrel dogs who teach,
 Fearing not that I'd become my enemy in the instant that I preach;
 Sisters fled by confusion boats, mutineered from stern to bow.
 Oh, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now. 27

Fade out on Dylan, fade in not to the sound of a harmonica but to the sound of an old style, early rock group. Heavy drumming. Loud raw guitar work. Not melodious, but moving. Four guys declare in voices accented by the streets of Liverpool,

"I wanna hold your hand." 28

Like they wanted to take a walk with us. And they did. They led us on a

magical mystery tour that was going to carry us into a new world. Look out "Old World". It's 1964. The Beatles have arrived.

How do you describe those first delirious days. Not just the Beatles, they were only the first. Then came the Rolling Stones...the Dave Clark Five... the Who...the Animals...the whole English invasion. The kids were the first to blow their cool. Riots. Screaming. Delirium. Too much.

The Beatles took all those emotions locked up in the sea of coolness, the starched collars and Ivy League suits, the plastic up-tight don't embarrass yourself middle class, and turned them loose like a mighty flood.²⁹ A pimply-faced teeny bopper, who weeks before had walked down the street afraid of watching eyes, shuffled around - transistor radio blaring in his ear - lost in his private vibration world of good old rock and roll. Talk about salvation! There was no sound, no voice, no demand, no body, no nothing that "Just Seventeen"³⁰ and the Beatles couldn't drown out, take away, or just plain put out of the picture. Turn on the radio. Instant freedom from the world.

And the songs of the period. How do you describe what those songs meant? Put it this way, do you remember what it meant to have one song from a special time that you always considered "your song"? Remember the first time that you heard it? Let's see; hmmm, The summer after graduation...Those days in early...For want of a better month...August...It had been one of those summers ...Parties...Swimming...Sailing...But somehow it just never quite made it, 'til that day you looked up and she was just there...And then...Remember those other days...And one night you just heard that song together...And remember what you felt just then with her and that song playing...And now

when you hear it sometimes, you go drifting back across time and space...
 To feel now the feelings you felt then...That summer...With her...And that
 one silly "They're playing our song."

But today isn't an August, any August. Today is a nothing February Tuesday
 that hasn't been so groovy. Spent the day in school trying to ~~pass and be~~
 forgotten, and it's now 3:00 PM and in just two hours it's off to work at
 the drive-in, for an evening of picking up trays of dirty dishes. Walk out
 of the old swinging school, get in the friend's car, turn on the radio, hear
 the announcer declare, "Here it is, the new one by the Rolling Stones." The
 pause and then the song; build up the heavy bases, beat the drums, bring in
 the lead guitar, and have Mick Jaeger shout,

Soon as three o'clock rolls around
 You finally lay your burden down,
 Up the street and round the bend
 Right to the juke joint you go in. 31

"Ain't that too much. I'll play it for you again in one thin hour." But
 who cares about the DJ? What a song! Man it just does it for you. So an
 hour later you hear the same song and all the feelings that you felt this
 afternoon come back to you just from hearing that song. And later, when
 you're carrying the dirty dishes, the song comes out of some guys car radio
 like a kind of manna from heaven and leaves you feeling free and easy, just
 like it did this aft'.

"Hail, hail, rock and roll!" 32

Not just one song. Lots of songs. Everybody has the song that just has
 the feelin' that they've been feeling. Sometimes the feelin' is good and so
 every time the radio plays the song those good vibes' are back. Sometimes
 it's down, but the song having the same feelings seems to take the blues
 away - lighten the load a little bit.

"Behold the rock and roll, that takes away the sins...of my generation." 33

The name of life is feeling and the feelings are right there in the music, the good and the bad and the ugly. Just hearing those feelings on the record is like sharing them with a good friend. The radio is there as someone to share my burdens with.

Sometimes one song will do it for everybody. Take "Satisfaction." Everybody feels just like that.

When I'm watchin' my tv,
And a man comes on and tells me
How white my shirts can be,
But he can't be a man 'cause he doesn't smoke
The same cigarette as me;
I can't get no satisfaction. 34

Why can't you get satisfaction? Only you can answer. Hence, you are called to the most personal of responses. Is it the chicks? The job? Parents? School? The friends? You've got to know for you and I've got to know for me. We can still stand there side by side, groovin' with the music, and shout "Yeah". Or is the correct liturgical response amen? Who knows? Who cares? All that needs to be known is right there. Life is a bum deal, for you and me. "I can't get no..." And there's the old radio helping us with our burden.

The first members of the adult world to really notice that something was happening were the ad men. What a market! Adults buy three, maybe four records a year. These kids buy more than that in a month, saving their allowances, their \$1.00 an hour, just to buy a few discs. And the clothes. New styles. New selections. Things keep moving. Let's pick up a share of the clothes market.

There they were. Straight business men. Sitting in their offices with the wood paneling thinking that they had found the greatest sales gimmick in history. Rush to sign the latest group, fellows, there's money to be made. Nobody ever really bothered to listen to what the music was saying. Most of those people couldn't even understand the words. Who would have thought that...

If straight America understood, really understood, what rock music was saying, not the words but the music itself, they would ban it from the radio, from sale, and never let their children hear any of it again. ³⁵

Straight men, straight world, straight ahead dollar sign eyes, feeding the counter culture.

A high school gym, in a farm town in Indiana maybe, that could be anywhere in a thousand different middle American towns. Up on a little wooden stage at the far end, on the very stage where the junior senator from Ohio delivered the 1961 commencement speech, is a small group of kids, huddled over their instruments. A moving rock beat flows across the gym and out into the street. On the gym floor a couple of hundred kids are moving with the music. Along the north wall, the English teacher is talking to a chaperone, the mother of the student council treasurer,

"That music is so loud. I don't understand how they can stand it that loud."

"I know. And it's such trash. Why, when I was a girl the music said something, meant something. Just look at that!"

"I know. I guess the whole country's going to the dogs. I think that the communists are causing it. Kids today..."

Three feet away, a high school sophomore is moving in her own private ritual with the music. Monday she has an English paper due for that teacher over there by the wall. She has never gotten a decent grade from that teacher on

anything she ever handed in. And tomorrow mom wants her to clean the whole upstairs. And then there's Jeff. She came to the dance to be with him and he's over there by the stage hustlin' that girl who came with the band. How will she ever...? She keeps movin' with the beat. Relaxed. Having a good time.

Like the guy said at the war rally,

"The only way..."

Take that English paper for Monday.

"Turn your backs..."

And all that cleaning to be done.

"Turn your backs..."

And Jeff and the girl from out of town.

"Turn your backs..."

The whole world that ties and hangs and depresses.

"Turn you backs...and say...Fuck it..." ³⁶

A gym full of kids, just dancing and having a good time.

It's after midnight when her ride finally drops her off at the little house near the edge of town. Her mother meets her at the door.

"It's sort of late, isn't it Judy? Your dad and I were worried."

"Oh mom, it's not that late."

"Did you have fun dear? What did you do?"

"We just danced."

"Danced? How could you dance for four solid hours?"

"Oh mom...you wouldn't understand... do you mind...I'm really beat..."

Her mother goes back up stairs to the room that she and her husband have shared across all those years of hard work.

"You know Harry, something has gotten into kids now a-days. Do you suppose it's all those books that they make them read in school?"

Throughout history there has been the tension between the Apollonian and the Dionysian; between the intellectual and the emotional. The Apollonian, the logical, the poised, the unemotional; the very legacy of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. This is the very outlook that western "technocracy"³⁷ has been built on. The other side was the Dionysian with the emphasis on the emotional and irrational, the legacy of dancing, revelry, and wild emotional responses to life. What was it Nietzsche said in The Birth of Tragedy?

Every period that has abounded in folk songs has, by the same token, been deeply stirred by Dionysian currents. ³⁸

This is supposed to be a logical world. "Listen to reason, son." See the slide rules, the formulas, the Cal-cal-calculators. Teachers use logic. Writers use it. Parents use it. "Be reasonable." Laws of science. Laws of nature. Laws of the state. Laws of God. All reasonable and logical. The only trouble is that

This is an irrational world, despite the brilliant efforts of Walter Lippmann to make it rational, and we are living in a continuation of the formalized lunacy of war, any war. At this point in history, most of the organs of opinion, from the New Republic to Encounter are in the control of the prisoners of logic. They take Help! and A Hard Day's Night and...fail utterly to understand what is going on because they try to deal with them logically. They complain because art doesn't make sense! Life on this planet in this time of history doesn't make any sense either - as an end result of immutable laws of economics and logic and philosophy. ³⁹

Rational people fight rational wars. Rational people put other people in ghettos. Rational people [↓]pollute the air and the water. Rational people have put this world into one heck of a mess. Rational people - who needs them?

Reason - who needs it? What we need is somebody to love. Up with the emotions! Up with revelry! Turn on the radio - go with the music. Up the reasonable world! Dionysius '65!

1965! The British invasion had reached the hi-water point. Across the country, kids were alive with, movin' with, the sound of good ol' rock. G.E.'s most important product has given the world the transistor radio and the electronic music. Goodby, G.E., we knew you when... who needs you now? But that wasn't the last of the contributions of science. It was time to prove to the world that there could really be better living through chemistry. It was in the fall of '65 that Ken Kesey, the "Can you pass the Acid test?" Kesey, started getting publicity along with a group called the Merry Pranksters over the use of a new chemical drug called d-lysergic acid diethylamide tartrate. On the street people called it L.S.D.

It's a beautiful day out on the street. The soft warm April ocean breeze brushes the whole bay area. Along the street stand houses painted in a rainbow of day-glo colors; stripes, paisleys, patterns, spots, weird geometric shapes. Out on the street move people dressed in all kinds of strange costumes. Long flowing robes. Micro-minis. Surplus army uniforms. Beads. Necklaces. Body paint. From open windows comes the sound of a rock that is a bit different than any other kind around. A blond brushes by handing out long stemmed flowers. If you take a deep breath, you can catch the scent of burning "grass" - marijuana. On the corner, the street signs identify the place. The signs say "Haight" and "Ashbury".

Who would have thought that a little white powder would end up doing all of this? The whole thing started out with Ken Kesey. When he was in graduate

school at Stanford, he had volunteered for some drug experiments. The drug that they were using was LSD. The researchers didn't know it but the patients were soon carrying on their own experiments. Before long, the Stanford authorities found out about what was going on and raised one awful stink. So Kesey and his friends packed up and moved down the coast to a little commune. The group called themselves the Merry Pranksters. They started the bit with the day-glo colors...Stereo speakers in the trees...and wild, wild pranks. The wildest prank of all was when they had the "Acid Tests". The Pranksters threw parties in San Francisco and L.A. where they served the guests Electric Kool-Aid, Kool-Aid spiked with acid. The parties were called the Acid Tests. Inside the place where the party was going on, the Pranksters set up weird lighting effects. Music - rock music - was provided by a group of local acid takers who called themselves the Grateful Dead. The music was called acid rock.

What the Beatles had done two years earlier with their English invasion was being done again, this time with San Francisco - "the Liverpool of America"⁴⁰ - as its source. What a scene! A group calling itself the Family Dog started holding dances in the Longshore Hall. Crazy dances that combined the crazy lighting effects of the Acid Tests with the music of the bands that played the San Francisco sound. The bands became legends...The Dead...Big Brother and the Holding Company...The Great Society with Grace Slick...Quicksilver Messenger Service...The Charlatans...and the group that was about to take off and become the very symbol of the whole scene - Jefferson Airplane.

One pill makes you larger, and one pill makes you small,
And the ones that mother gives you, don't do anything at all,
Go ask Alice, when she's ten feet tall. ⁴¹

Before anybody realized what was happening, the whole San Francisco scene exploded. The people who had been "turned on" by acid and the rock dances moved into the Haight-Ashbury district. Old houses like new tenants soon were wearing their day-glo clothes. A new word was added to the dictionary - psychedelic.

When you go chasing rabbits and you know you're going to fall,
Tell em all who got, a smoking caterpillar has given you the call,
Call Alice when she's just small. ⁴²

The City soon became called the city of love, because it was love that was the key word among the "hippie" population. The theme ran through the whole movement that once one had really turned on to life, he could see that making money and all the rest of the great American virtues were nothing. The important thing was people and relationships. What was needed was for "people to smile on each other, let me see you get together, try and love one another right now." ⁴³ The heavy music was called love rock, and Jefferson Airplane was called "Translove Airline" ⁴⁴ by Donovan, who promised the world it "gets you there on time,"

When the men on the chessboard get up and tell you where to go,
And you've just had some kind of mushroom and your mind is movin' so,
Go ask Alice, I think she'll know.
When logic and proportion have fallen soggy dead,
And the white knight's talking backwards and the red queen's lost her head
Remember what the dormouse said:
Feed you head. ⁴⁵
Feed you head.

FEED YOUR HEAD!!!

The message was clear. The old system is no good. "Tune in" to what we're saying. "Turn on" to drugs, to life, to the world, to your brother, and to love. "Drop out" of the old system and join in the new culture that is

springing up. The government was the "hippie" love for each other and all people. The economy was "sharing" with each other everything they have. Paul Kantner, guitarist of "The Plane" likened playing rock to preaching "the Sermon on the Mount" and called the music "the greatest church in the last century."⁴⁶ San Francisco was no longer just the "Liverpool of America," it was also the "Mecca of the youth culture" that everyone was to visit. Scott McKenzie advised the young pilgrims,

If you come to San Francisco,
Be sure and wear some flowers in your hair;
If you come to San Francisco
You're going to meet such gentle people there.
There's a whole generation, with a new explanation,
People in motion.⁴⁷

All across the nation the motion started. Kids, good, clean, W.A.S.P. kids, moving on marijuana, hashish, and the number 1 trip- LSD. The sound of acid rock had tuned them in and now they were turning on. Mom and dad America couldn't believe their eyes. There was junior, their pride and joy, hair down over his ears lying on the library mall and blowing marijuana smoke in the face of the American dream. He'd covered the walls of his room with those way out, wild colored posters. Last week he helped Fred paint his panel truck day-glo orange and pink and red and Lord knows what else. And he always had the radio crammed to his ear listening to that infernal rock. Who would have thought....

Who would have thought that the "San Francisco summer of love" would really come about. It did that summer of 1967. After it was over, the police or the mayor or somebody like that estimated that nearly 100,000 kids had been in the "Hashbury." That doesn't even include the up-tight plastic tourists

who came to gawk at the scene. They just maybe will "Super-zap the world with flower power." San Francisco has become the capital of the whole "turned on" world. Wow!

By the summer of '67 the whole world had tuned in to the San Francisco scene. The Who were the first with Happy Jack. Then came the Beatles with Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts' Club Band album with its hymn of praise to "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds". Before you knew it the whole world was movin' to the sound of acid rock. The whole world seemed caught up in the "love theology" it carried with it.

The San Francisco scene crested that summer. The autumn nights made sleeping outdoors a sure ticket to pneumonia, so the summer hippies who had been camping out in doorways, alleys, and parks, picked up and went home. The Diggers, a volunteer organization that had provided free clothes and meals, had run out of money. Many of the original hippies left The City and drifted off to New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado to form farm communes. In late September, the owner of one of the "head shops" sponsored a mock funeral for the dead hippie movement; they buried a pair of sandals, a string of love beads, and an old army shirt. Drug addicts, pushers, and criminals moved into the "Hasbury" district. The few remaining hippies moved out. The area that had reigned as the love capital of the youth movement became a scene of crime and violence. The summer of love has ended.

Death. Ashes. The old buildings stand. The new dream has deserted them.

EXTRA! EXTRA! YOUTH DIES IN DRUG INCIDENT IN HAIGHT....EXTRA!

Old heads nod I told you so. Police chiefs talked about what happens when you let the bums and drifters take over. The dream that rose up to national prominence with the Hashbury scene seems to have ended. Died. It lies like other broken dreams; forgotten, friendless, and alone.

But wait! There is stirring in the ashes. Something is arising from the ashes like the phoenix in the legend. Indeed, it is a very legend that is rising. No, not a legend; a myth. There is a vision being seen. A new Jerusalem arising out of the destruction of the old.

It is the dawning of the age of Aquarius,
 Age of Aquarius,
 Aquarius,
 A-Q-U-A-R-I-U-S ! 48

Who cares if things didn't work out. The early Christians couldn't make the communes at Jerusalem work either. ⁴⁹ Proclaim the good news! The new age had dawned. Send out the missionaries. Where is Paul? Where is Silas? Who will go?

Columbus rests quietly in the fleeting warmth of the autumn afternoon. Down the street at the stadium the Buckeyes emerged victorious... The crowd walking the streets on its way to the cafes and bars for the post game revelry must hurry, the homecoming show begins at 8:30. Straight college kids and their parents. An All-American football weekend. On the bulletin board a handbill with funny-shaped, hard-to-read lettering declares,

HOMECOMING '67. The Alumni Club is proud to announce... live and in concert.... Jefferson Airplane... tickets... also appearing...

A bird hasn't arisen from the ashes. It has turned out to be an Airplane. All across those autumn days the kids turned out to fill the gyms and

auditoriums and amphitheaters. And not just for the Airplane. Quicksilver... Grateful Dead...Big Brother.... The San Francisco groups have gone out on tour.

Music, rock music, had gone a wandering in the streets of San Francisco and had come out merged with myth. Marshall McLuhan observes that "Youth today lives mythically and in depth." ⁵⁰ Rock with its heightening of the moment had always done that. Rock

brought us a style of thought that allows ideas to create themselves out of feelings and emotion, a style of thought that accepts metaphors as myths. Those myths, when we find them, are strong enough to sustain belief and action, strong enough to allow us to fashion a sense of reality out of those things that are important to us. ⁵¹

Haight-Ashbury gave birth to an apocalyptic vision of the future. The "scene" had faded, but that vision lived on. It came alive in Columbus that night in the minds of the listeners. It was "resurrected" many times and in many places. It continues to be reborn, at concerts, on the radio, and on records. "The kingdom...is at hand" - in good old rock and roll.

Rain continues to fall. Rain has fallen for days and days. Every piece of clothing feels soggy and damp. The moisture has turned upper New York state farm land to pure mud. In the fields around the little town of Woodstock, the mud has become a nightmare for the 500,000 people who have come for the rock festival. The promoters expected only one-tenth that number. The food supplies that were arranged have proven hopelessly inadequate. Toilet facilities are all but unheard of. The space that would have comfortably slept 50,000 campers is swarmed with ten times that figure. The roads leading to the site are clogged with an immense traffic jam. Disaster seems imminent.

One of the promoters gets on a microphone and announces to the crowd,

There are a hell of a lot of us here. If we are going to make it,
you had better remember that the guy next to you is your brother. 52

People start sharing food, clothes, drugs, anything. Volunteers work in the volunteer kitchens which try and serve food to the hungry. Members of Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters were there operating a free first aid stand. The groups volunteered to play through the long Saturday night. 500 people stayed behind to "heal the scars that have been put into the earth." The police even joined in to the spirit of togetherness. A member of the security force offers a light to a girl rumaging in her purse for a match. She had a joint in her mouth! When it was lit, she offered to share it with him. See the vision. Just like San Francisco.

Hey people, now smile on your brother,
Let me see you get together
And love one another right now. 53

People sharing with each other, loving each other. The myth is alive and well in up-state New York.

Wheaton, Illinois is not that far from Woodstock. The distance is not much greater than the distance from Washington, D.C. to Watts. The jet age has come upon us, along with the age of mass communication. The word of what is happening has reached almost every corner of the land. T.V. networks run specials on the various rock groups. Conservative religious publications, like Christian News and Plain Truth, call the emerging scene a "new communist menace." Even Life devotes an issue to the "Music that's hooked the whole vibrating world." 54 The cover photo - Jefferson Airplane, the "Top rock group", of whom they wrote,

The Jefferson Airplane flies the
runways of the mind and the
airways of the imagination. It

arrives and departs at will,
 exploring 'surrealist landscapes.
 It wears transparent disguises,
 garments suitable for an adventure
 through the looking glass. Images
 eccentric, but not unlikely. The
 Jefferson Airplane is a jet
 soaring through the clouds and
 penetrating the dark, leaving
 behind a blur of city. It reaches a
 timeless speed, 3/5 of a mile in 10
 seconds. A strato-cinema begins
 in mini-panavision. Breakfast is
 served and it's time for dinner.
 For shorter trips, the Jefferson
 Airplane is a custom-made glider,
 Baxter's, an odd assemblage of
 ambiguities. Its high-octane fuel
 feeds two Piper Cub engines. Its
 fuselage is San Francisco facades.
 The craft moves happily along over
 society's litter: a wastebasket lost
 in a sea of empty cans. A stop sign
 pointing to a greasy heart.
 Jefferson Airplane lands on an
 empty lot and its six-man crew
 become soloists. In their Flexiglas
 boxes, each has a different stance,
 each a different mood. Together
 they form a structure of thrust and
 counterthrust. Ballads of chance
 encounters in a stream of
 consciousness. Passenger, be free
 and easy. Go along with allegory.
 Fly Jefferson Airplane and it will be
 the first day in the rest of your life. 55

From Woodstock to Wheaton, Washington to Watts, and almost everywhere
 in between people, young people are moving with the myth. While English
 teachers and so-called youth experts are doing exegesis on all the words
 of the songs, the pupils and listeners are sitting there knowing the
 "experts" are missing the whole point. It isn't the words that have
 the message, it's the whole medium. Sometimes it's a word or two that
 jump out at you. Sometimes it's the mood the music produces. All the
 kids know is that rock is unwinding a myth that is feeding a life style

that is producing a counter-culture. What else do they need to know?

Look whats happening out in the streets
 Got a revolution Got to revolution
 Hey I'm dancing down the streets
 Got a revolution Got to revolution
 Ain't it amazing all the people I meet
 Got a revolution Got to revolution 56

Barbara Jean sits in the confines of her room doing her chemistry. In the background, her radio is blasting out the latest from the new "underground" radio station. Her mind tries to think, $HCL + ClO_2 = \text{equals...}$ All the while her foot keeps tapping out the beat. A strange contrast isn't it Barbara Jean? The book in front of you is representative of the so-called real world. Cold. Factual. Strangling. Behind you Canned Heat is inviting you,

We're going up the country
 Don't you want to go? 57

Don't you want to go? Don't you?

Who needs chemistry? What has that or anthropology or math done for me lately except get me in hot water with the parents cuz my grades weren't good enough? Besides, all this stuff won't help to live a better life. If I could only learn to live free and love free I could be happy.

Leave the city got to get away,
 Goin' leave the city got to get away,
 All this fighten'and fussin'
 You know I just can't stay. 58

Barbara Jean, her spirit moving with the music, sits in the confines of her room doing her chemistry.

One generation got old
 One generation got soul
 This generation got no destination to hold
 Pick up the cry. 59

A Midweek Drama

(The scene is a middle class kitchen...a house wife standing alone.)

"Oh god! It's three o'clock. Those darn kids will be home. I suppose Jim will bring that gang of bums over here and sit down in the basement and play the loud music. I swear if they... There's just no point in trying to talk to 'em. Kids now a'days just have no respect for anyone. If I had ever acted that way around my father, he would... Maybe we were too nice. Maybe the times have gotten too good. They've got so much that we didn't have, you'd think they'd be grateful! Oh lord, there they are..."

(fade out to mental anguish)

(the scene is a supper table....dad and mom are speaking)

M: "How was work today dear?"

D: "I don't know how long I can keep going down there. If it weren't for you and the kids..."

M: "Would you like another beer?"

D: "I'd love one."

D: "I heard on the news on the way home that they picked up a couple of guys from one of those rock bands for being on dope and molesting a stewardess on an airplane. You'd think they would put all those bums and dope fiends in jail. They have..."

(the scene is the basement of the same house later that same night. Jim is thinking to himself)

"Those guys from the "Concrete Canoe" are just too much. Wow!! A stewardess yet. Too much. 'Spose that's air piracy?" (laughter).

(The radio on the night stand is blasting out the latest song by the "Concrete Canoe" right next to the bed where Jim is lying. He sits up and prys a bit of plaster from a crack between the cement blocks. He lifts out a joint and lifts it up. He reaches out and flicks off the light. He settles back on the bed and lies there smoking the grass and noying with the loud music.) Fade out.

(The next scene has his parents and their friends talking about what's wrong with youth today.)

End of Drama.

On Sunday morning a fundamentalist preacher rants about the evils of adultery and fornication. On Wednesday an ethics class in a large urban high school is talking about the problems of pre-marital sex, pregnancy, and VD. A movie by the public health service dramatizes the whole thing in a very negative way. On Friday, three couples on their way to a party groove with the sound of Dylan declaring,

Lay Lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed.
Stay Lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead. 60

By midnight the party looks like a scene out of a bacchanal with couples locked in embrace scattered on furniture and floor. The record player is going and declaring:

Hey now it's time for you and me
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Come on now we're marching to the sea
Got a revolution Got to revolution 61

The scene is Grant Park at the time of the Democratic convention. In the center of the park, on the back of a truck bed, a rock band blasts good vibes out across the crowd. Later there will be demonstrations that will end in violence. The phrase keeps passing through the crowd, "Revolution for the hell of it." 62 Later on the Rolling Stones will talk about "A Street-fighting Man." 63

Public opinion, particularly among middle class people, begins to rise against the attitudes of youth. Feelings run high that the kids are guilty of being,

"obscene lawless hideous dangerous dirty violent and young." 64

The generation gap becomes like the drawing line for sides for a war. The public outcry is for stronger measures to control the kids.

There's a new sun rising up angry in the sky,
 And a new voice crying we're not afraid to die;
 Let the old world make believe,
 It's blind and deaf and dumb.
 But nothing can change the shape of things,
 Nothing can change the shape of things to come. 65

The press talks about a conservative, law and order, backlash. Nixon is carried into office by appealing to the "silent Americans!". The new Vice President wins support by verbally attacking the youth. America puts the first man on the moon; and the second and the third and the fourth. The silent "love it or leave it" Americans have something to cheer about. Governors in California, Wisconsin, and Minnesota begin to use harsher methods in dealing with the youthful protestors. The situation seems to remain in the control of the establishment.

The future's comin' in so sweet and strong,
 And nothings going to hold it back for long.

There are young dreams, crowdin' out old realities,
 There's revolution sweeping in like a fresh new breeze;
 When tomorrow lives today, the bells may toll for some,
 But nothing can change the shape of things, 66
 Nothing can change the shape of things to come.

The myth lives. The myth of Haight/Ashbury and the San Francisco scene lives on fed by four years of rock's mythological influence. It surfaces in high schools across the country as students in mass break the dress codes.

Roll over Beethoven
 Dig these rythm and blues. 67

Hear the voice of the myth speaking as children openly criticize the life style of their parents.

You are the crown of creation,
 You are the crown of creation,
 And you've got no place to go.
 Soon you'll obtain the stability you strive for
 In the only way that it's granted, 68
 Safe among the fossils of our time.

See the myth in action as police in Chicago, New York, Madison, Washington, and California find the young increasingly hostile.

They've got the guns, but we've got the numbers,
 Goin' to win, yeah, we're taking over.
 Come on! 69

Feel the impact of the myth as law enforcement agencies across the country report an alarmingly high disregard for law and moral order on all levels.

"In order to survive we steal cheat lie forge fuck hide and deal." 70

Watch the myth affect all aspects of American life as business leaders show concern over the unwillingness of college graduates to pursue careers in the business field.

All your private property is
 Target for your enemy
 And your enemy is
 We 71

The myth of rock and the the rock scene continues to shape young lives as well as guide them as the children who have been raised and nurtured by rock go into life believing that the world will be a better place as soon as they are able to take control of it.

Who will take it from you
 We will and who are we
 We are volunteers of America
 Volunteers of America
 Volunteers of America
 Volunteers of America 72

.
 .
 .
 .
 .
 .
 .

Footnotes

1. Greil Marcus (ed.), Rock and Roll Will Stand (Boston, 1969), p. 86.
2. J. Marks, Rock and Other Four Letter Words (New York, 1968), p.124.
3. Donovan, "Catch the Wind," Donovan's Greatest Hits, Epic.
4. Ibid., "Mellow Yellow."
5. Ibid., "Sunshine Superman."
6. Ibid., "Colours."
7. Ibid., "Season of the Witch."
8. Richard Goldstein, The Poetry of Rock (New York, 1969), p. 105.
9. Brock Yates, "California Dreamin'," Car and Driver (March 1968), p. 73.
10. Jefferson Airplane, "Star Track," Crown of Creation, R.C.A. Victor.
11. Jefferson Airplane, "Tobacco Road," Jefferson Airplane Takes Off, R.C.A. Victor.
12. The Steve Miller Band, "Kow Kow," Brave New World, Capitol.
13. Bob Dylan, "Subterranean Homesick Blues," Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits, Columbia.
14. Peter, Paul, and Mary, "Blowin' in the Wind," Peter, Paul, and Mary in Concert, Warner Bros.
15. Goldstein, op. cit., p. 65.
16. Peter, Paul, and Mary, op. cit.
17. Ibid., "The Times They Are A'Changin'."
18. Judy Collins, "Hey Nelly Nelly," #3, Elektra.
19. "Esquire's Seventh Annual Dubious Achievement Awards," Esquire (January 1968), p. 55.
20. The Association, "Requiem for the Masses," Insight Out, Warner Bros.
21. The Mama's and the Papa's, "California Dreamin'," If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears, Dunhill.
22. The Doors. "The Soft Parade," The Soft Parade, Elektra.

23. Stan Cornyn, The Mass in F Minor - The Electric Prunes, Reprise, Verse on Record Jacket.
24. Jefferson Airplane, "Somebody to Love," Surrealistic Pillow, R.C.A. Victor.
25. Tom Wolfe, The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test (New York, 1968), p. 199.
26. Ibid., p. 199.
27. The Byrds, "My Back Pages," The Byrds' Greatest Hits, Columbia.
28. Marcus, op. cit., p. 15.
29. Richard Goldstein (ed.), US (New York, 1969), p. 128.
30. Marcus, op. cit., p. 19.
31. Ibid., p. 32.
32. Ibid., p. 32.
33. Marks, op. cit., p. 117.
34. Marcus, op. cit., p. 129.
35. Jonathan Eisen, The Age of Rock (New York, 1969), p. 37.
36. Wolfe, op. cit., p. 199.
37. Theodore Roszak, The Making of a Counter Culture (New York, 1969), p. 1.
38. Eisen, op. cit., p. 63.
39. Ibid., p. 66.
40. Ralph J. Gleason, The Jefferson Airplane (New York, 1969), p. 8.
41. Jefferson Airplane, "White Rabbit," Surrealistic Pillow, R.C.A. Victor.
42. Ibid.
43. Jefferson Airplane, "Let's Get Together," Jefferson Airplane Takes Off, R.C.A. Victor.
44. Donovan, "Fat Angel," Sunshine Superman, Epic.
45. Jefferson Airplane, "White Rabbit," Surrealistic Pillow, R.C.A. Victor.
46. "The New Sound," Time (June 23, 1967), p. 53.
47. Marcus, op. cit., p. 144.

48. Ronald Dyson, "Aquarius," Hair, R.C.A. Victor.
49. The Acts 5: 1-13.
50. Marcus, op. cit., p. 9.
51. Ibid., p. 23.
52. Barry Farrell, "Special Edition - Woodstock Music Festival," Life(1969).
53. Jefferson Airplane, "Let's Get Together," Jefferson Airplane Takes Off, R.C.A. Victor.
54. Robin Richman, "The New Rock," Life(June 28, 1968), p. 51.
55. Ibid., 54.
56. Jefferson Airplane, "Volunteers," Volunteers, R.C.A. Victor.
57. Canned Heat, "Going up the Country," Living the Blues, Liberty.
58. Ibid.
59. Jefferson Airplane, "Volunteers," Volunteers, R.C.A. Victor.
60. Bob Dylan, "Lay, Lady, Lay," Nashville Skyline, Columbia.
61. Jefferson Airplane, "Volunteers," Volunteers, R.C.A. Victor.
62. Richard Goldstein (ed.), US (New York, 1969), p. 163.
63. Marcus, op. cit., 98.
64. Jefferson Airplane, "Volunteers," Volunteers, R.C.A. Victor.
65. Roslyn Kind, "The Shape of Things to Come," Give Me You, Dynagroove.
66. Ibid.
67. Marcus, op. cit., 31.
68. Jefferson Airplane, "Crown of Creation," Crown of Creation, R.C.A. Victor.
69. The Doors, "Five to One," Waiting for the Sun, Elektra.
70. Jefferson Airplane, "We Should Be Together," Volunteers, R.C.A. Victor.
71. Jefferson Airplane, "Volunteers," Volunteers, R.C.A. Victor.
72. Ibid.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Association. Insight Out. Warner Brothers WS-16960.
- Beatles. A Hard Day's Night. Parlophone PCS-3058.
- Beatles. Help. Odeon SMO-84008.
- Beatles. Meet the Beatles. Capitol S7-2047.
- Beatles. Revolver. Capitol T-2576.
- Beatles. Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. Capitol 2653.
- Bible, Holy. King James Version. Philadelphia: The National Bible Press.
- Blues Project. Cafe Au Go Go. Verve Forecast. FIS-3000.
- Braden, William. The Private Sea. Chicago: Quadrangle Books Inc., 1967.
- Byrds. The Byrds Greatest Hits. Columbia CS-9516.
- Canned Heat. Canned Heat. Liberty LST-7526.
- Canned Heat. Living the Blues. Liberty LST-27200.
- Chad and Jeremy. Yesterday's Gone. World Artists WAM-2002.
- Collins, Judy. #3. Elektra EKS-7243.
- Cox, Harvey. "God and the Hippies." Playboy, December 1967, 93-94.
- Cutler, Donald R., Editor. The Religious Situation 1969. Boston: Beacon Press, 1969.
- Deffner, Donald L. Toward Adult Christian Education: A Symposium. River Forest, Ill.: Lutheran Education Association, 1962.
- Donovan. Donovan's Greatest Hits. Epic BXN-26439.
- Donovan. Sunshine Superman. Epic BN-26271.
- Doors. The Soft Parade. Elektra EKS-75005.
- Doors. Waiting for the Sun. Elektra EKS-74024.
- Dylan, Bob. Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits. Columbia KCS-9463.
- Electric Prunes. The Mass in #F Minor. Reprise 6275
- _____. "Esquire's Eighth Annual Dubious Achievement Awards." Esquire, LXXI (January, 1969), 53-61.

- _____. "Esquire's Ninth Annual Dubious Achievement Awards." Esquire, LXXIII (January, 1970), 103-111.
- Farrell, Barry. "Special Edition - Woodstock Music Festival." Life, 1969.
- Gabree, John. The World of Rock. Greenwich, Conn.: Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1968.
- Ginsberg, Allen. "An Interview." Playboy, April 1969, 81-92.
- Gleason, Ralph. The Jefferson Airplane and the San Francisco Sound. New York: Ballantine Books, 1969.
- Goldstein, Richard. The Poetry of Rock. New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1968.
- Great Society. Conspicuous Only in its Absence. Columbia CS-9624.
- Hair. Dynagroove LSO-1150.
- Hedgepath, William. "Hippies As Parents." Look, July, 1969, 69-74.
- Hendrix, Jimi. Are You Experienced? Reprise 6261.
- Hendrix, Jimi. Smash Hits. Reprise 2025.
- _____. "The Hippies." Time, XIC (July 7, 1967), 18-22.
- Hodenfield, Jan. "After Woodstock?" Rolling Stone, October 4, 1969, 10-12.
- Iron Butterfly. In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida. AtCO SD 33-250.
- Jefferson Airplane. After Bathing At Baxter's. RCA Victor LSO-1511.
- Jefferson Airplane. Bless Its Pointed Little Head. RCA Victor LSP-4133.
- Jefferson Airplane. Crown of Creation. RCA Victor LSP-4058.
- Jefferson Airplane. Jefferson Airplane Takes Off. RCA Victor LSP-3584.
- Jefferson Airplane. Surrealistic Pillow. RCA Victor LSP-3766.
- Jefferson Airplane. Volunteers. RCA Victor LSP-4238.
- Jonathan Eisen, Editor. The Age of Rock. New York: Vintage Books, 1969.
- Kind, Roslyn. Give Me You. Dynagroove LSP-4138.
- Led Zeppelin. Led Zeppelin. Atlantic SD-8216.

- Mama's and the Pappa's. If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears. Dunhill DS-50006.
- Marcus, Greil, Editor. Rock and Roll Will Stand. Boston: Beacon Press, 1968.
- Marks, J. Rock and Other Four Letter Words. New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1968.
- McLuhan, Marshall. Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man. New York: The New American Library, Inc., 1964.
- Moody Blues. In Search of the Lost Chord. Deram DES-18017.
- Mothers of Invention. Absolutely Free. Verve VV6-5013.
- _____. "The New Rock." Time, XIC (June 23, 1967), 53.
- Peter, Paul, and Mary. In Concert. Warner Brothers 1555.
- Quicksilver Messenger Service. Happy Trails. Capitol ST120.
- Quicksilver Messenger Service. Shady Grove. Capitol SKAO-391.
- Quicksilver Messenger Service. Quicksilver Messenger Service. Capitol ST 2094.
- Richman, Robin. "The New Rock." Life, LXIV (June 28, 1968), 51-94.
- Rolling Stones. The Rolling Stones. London LL-375.
- Rolling Stones. Their Satanic Majesties Request. London NPS-2.
- Roszak, Theodore. The Making of a Counter Culture. New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1969.
- Simon and Garfunkel. Bookends. Columbia KCS-9529.
- Simon and Garfunkel. Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme. Columbia CS-9363.
- Simon and Garfunkel. Sounds of Silence. Columbia CL-2469.
- Stearn, Gerald Emanuel, Editor. McLuhan: Hot and Cold. New York: The Dial Press, 1967.
- Steve Miller Band. Brave New World. Capitol SKAO-184.
- Steve Miller Band. Sailor. Capitol ST-2984.
- Strawberry Alarm Clock. Incense and Peppermints. UNI 73014.
- Vanilla Fudge. Near the Beginning. AtCO SD-33-278.

Vanilla Fudge. Vanilla Fudge. AtCO SD33-224.

Who. Tommy. Decca DXSW-7205.

Who. The Who Sell Out. Decca DL-74950.

_____. "Who's Who." Newsweek, June 9, 1969, 95.

Wolfe, Burton. "Grace Slick Is A Tough Chick." Cavalier, February 1969, 77-81.

Wolfe, Tom. The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test. New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1968.

Yates, Brock. "California Dreamin'!" Car and Driver, March, 1969, 73-76.