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You Can't Always Get What You Want: My Life with the Rolling Stones, the Grateful Dead and Other Wonderful Reprobates

Sam Cutler
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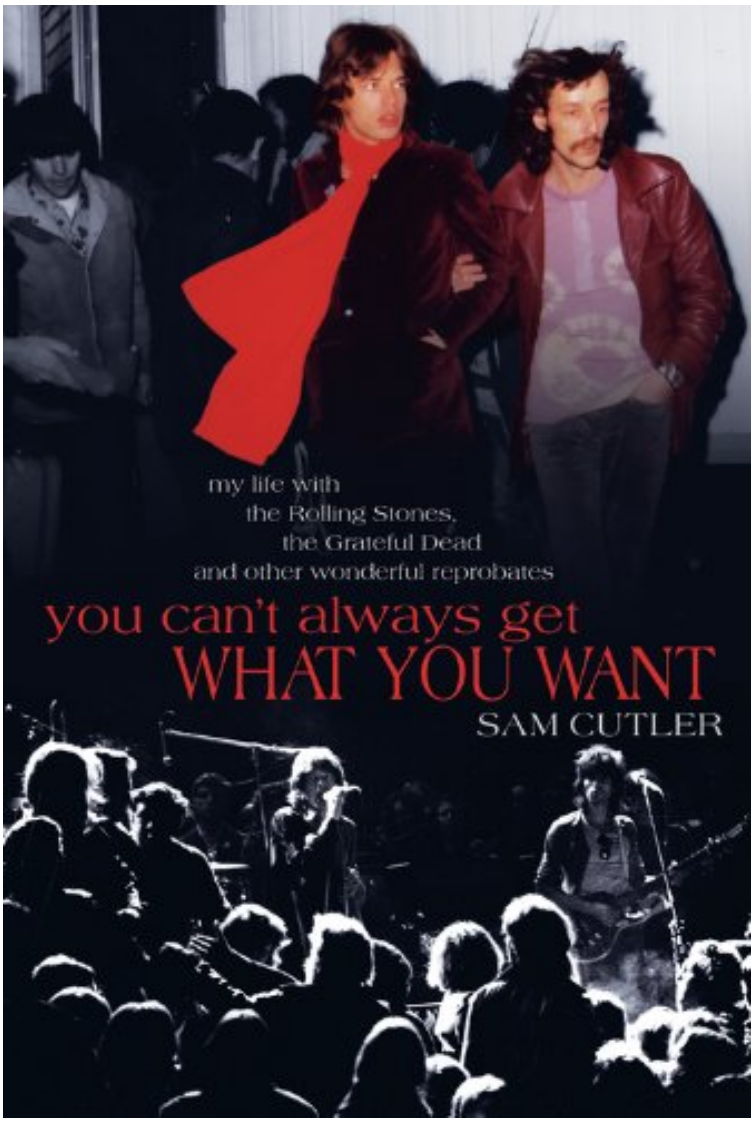

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Sam Cutler : You Can't Always Get What You Want: My Life with the Rolling Stones, the Grateful Dead and Other Wonderful Reprobates before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised You Can't Always Get What You Want: My Life with the Rolling Stones, the Grateful Dead and Other Wonderful Reprobates:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. SAM'S CLUBBy P. H. MundySam's club days remind me of a

Rolling Stones album title that shredded my late teens self-esteem like cabbage into cole slaw: "Live'r than you'll ever be." Turns out it wasn't a statement by the band, but the bootleggers who purloined the goods. When Sam got the boot from the Stones, he caught on with Jerry Garcia, and got hired by the Dead.So Sam in his time, like Ben Hur...rode two chariots, just not quite at once. And he brought the Dead what they didn't have...management spine. Curiously, a Brit soaked in a caste and class structure gets scraped off on the Dead, all sharing in common a near-insolvency, but the Dead being "Family" oriented, drinking the Kool Aid, and Cutler coming from a place where they still believe in royalty. Due to his questing spirit in his teens Cutler had learned the idea you could change your cosmic perspective with 1 tab of Blue Cheer. But was it anarchy, or democracy, with the Dead's curious, rudderless, consensus decision-making and not-making, that emboldened Cutler to take charge?As he develops his story you learn The Dead were almost financially flat-lining before Cutler, and with the Parkers he jumped to the Code Blue and got the balance sheet out of the red and into the black with endless (200 gigs a year) touring, Cutler's account also masterfully unrolls a new tapestry in Stones and Dead reminiscences, stitching in details not known before, how the Altamont fiasco came to be...and it wasn't a dead albatross to be hung around his neck, tragic as it was.Cutler gives a humorous account of his knock-down, drag-out, roll-around on stage pre-concent with Mr. Antisocial Personality Disorder himself, Bill "I walked out of Treblinka at 5, still alive, and you're not gonna F me around" Graham, but the truth is? They both seem to have been cut from the same cloth. What Graham did for the Airplane/Starship when he took over their management (bankrupt, which is why they had to change their name), Cutler did for the Dead. He ruefully points out that following the Cutler/Parker regimen, the band turned the corner -- were buying houses and cars, while he could afford neither on his salary of $200 a week -- roadie's pay at the time. Sam was gone by 1974, long before the Dead were making the Forbes top 40 year after year, and paying their roadies 100 grand a year.Maybe Sam made one mistake...he seems to have lived in those Aviator sunglasses you on the back of the book...and was inscrutable, and unyielding, doing his deals and rolling the combination on his hard-shell briefcase to lock in a load of dough, and undoubtedly a sizeable stash of drugs. That's a snapshot of who he was. He's brave enough to show us who he is now, in a couple of contemporary photos, having dropped the shades, gray-haired, even shirtless, tats and moles (man, you're living in Australia! get those checked out at the Derm doctor!). So Sam changed, evolved. But he wasn't there for the Uncle Scrooge rollin in his bankvault stage of the Dead's rise, and of course the Stones had scraped him off in America to deal with the aftermath of Altamont and their train left the station, two lights on behind.Sam writes well, and as far as we can see, he meant and means well. When Meredith Hunter got shot at Altamont, it was Sam who showed the courage to leave the stage and go up to the downed man, to see what was going on, and whether he could help, wading through the Hell's Angels and the indiscriminately worse biker wannabes who perpetrated and perpetuated chaos at Altamont, and killed the hippie movement by killing in concert.Sam actually lived with heart, just on a different wavelength from the Dead and Assoc. and in fairness to Sam, they didn't practice what they preached, starting with Ken Kesey and the Pranksters, Owsley and the Dancing Babes, and Dancing Bears...they didn't just let him be, truckin' his way. They scraped him off too in a power play. Perhaps if he'd had the humility to accept the humiliation? But that's not what General Patton does.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Just exactly perfectBy Tyler Roy-HartI don't usually find rock memoirs interesting at all - most rockers aren't that interesting as people, are unwilling to get into anything real, or are unable to convey anything meaningful in a coherent way. This one is fantastic. Cutler is insightful and witty and soulful and his voice comes through clearly in the writing. He conveys both a gleeful sense of fun and a clear-eyed view of how the rock lifestyle destroys some of the best people who come into it. Neither naive nor entirely cynical, Cutler provides a rare balanced view.There is, of course, a tremendous focus on Altamont, and the whole book is in a sense structured around laying out Cutler' s view of that day. To a certain extent it feels like he is trying to set the record straight or at least get his word in. That's fair enough, and certainly he brings some interesting aspects of it to light.1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. If you were at Altamonthellip;or were fortunate enough to be a reasonably early follower of the ...By The Amazing FezziwigI was a senior in high school when I went to the Altamont free concert with the Rolling Stones, Jefferson Airplane, Santana and others. (Others being the Grateful Dead, whom I had been following since late 1966hellip;they didn't play of course). I found this book accurate, entertaining and a very memorable read. I've read virtually every book written on the Grateful Dead and The Rolling Stones and found "You Can't Always Get What You Want," to be very well written. If you were at Altamonthellip;or were fortunate enough to be a reasonably early follower of the Grateful Dead, I highly reccomend this well written memoir. Well done, Sam Cutler!

An exhilarating, all-access rock memoir from someone who has seen and done it all, this telling recounts the many experiences of Sam Cutler, the former tour manager of the Rolling Stones and the Grateful Dead. With intimate portraits of other stars of the psychedelic circus that was the music industry in the 1960s and 1970smdash;including Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, the Band, the Allman Brothers, Pink Floyd, and Eric Claptonmdash;this account is an ideal resource for any music fan. A detailed explanation of the infamous Rolling Stones concert in Altamont, where a man in the crowd was killed by the Hells Angels, is also included.

From Publishers WeeklySex, drugs, and rock-n-roll play strong supporting roles for headliners the Rolling Stones and the Grateful Dead in this straight-dope, tell-all account of Cutler's years managing road shows for "the yin and yang of bands." A dissatisfied schoolteacher in 1960s London, Cutler turned his involvement with the music scene into a career as "a sort of production honcho, doing all the dirty work on site" that others wouldn't. His work with the Stones began with their 1969 appearance at Hyde Park, and continued through an entire U.S. tour, ending with the Altamont disaster in California. After that, Cutler took up with the Grateful Dead, managing finances and tours (including Europe '72). Cutler's memoir is populated by a fascinating range of rock stars, gangsters, and international drug lords, but his insider position doesn't always penetrate the chaos; one important exception is his account of Altamont, the massive, free, outdoor Stones concert overtaken by violence (among other record-setting details, Cutler reports that "police had done nothing in the face of serious violent crime... other than bravely towing away hundreds of cars"). Of certain interest to anyone who recalls the music scene of the early 1970s, this fast-moving narrative of rock-n-roll excess should also absorb music fans of any age. Copyright copy; Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. “A riveting rock read.rdquo; nbsp;—Sun-Herald