

HAIGHT STREET VOICE

YEAR 2 #6

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MAY 2018

PSYCHEDELIC

is

The word “psychedelic” is derived from the ancient Greek words, “psychē” soul, and “dēlouō” to make visible, to reveal -- translating to “soul-revealing”.

Our beloved reporter, Loose Lane, contacted her P-Funk family and asked them, who live it, to describe it. “Psychedelic is ...

RonKat Spearman, guitar, vocals, Parliament Funkadelica alumni, producer, writer, leader of Katdelic

“Mind expanding depth and peace. A journey that continues to expand as long as you allow, can be very enlightening. A funky mixture of many elements depending on your point of view.”

Patavian, vocals, Parliament Funkadelic, granddaughter of George Clinton, daughter of Treylewd, member of Kandy Apple Red

“The mind’s love affair with Freedom ... From the chained, From the eyes that watch, From the inhibited, From the ruler which we use to create all things straight.”



George Clinton, Parliament Funkadelic

Rickey Vincent, author, educator, KPFA radio host, History of Funk, Friday nights 10-12, funkateer in Berkeley. www.rickeyvincent.com

“Psychedelic means a way of thinking that is so far beyond “the box” that the idea of a container for our ideas is distant memory. Not only has the box been liquefied but it never existed, that’s how now freely one’s imagination is operating.”

Lige Curry, lifetime member of Parliament Funkadelic, bass and vocals, lunch with Lige talkshow host

“Psychedelic has always made me think of the ‘60s and ‘70s because it was the style at that time especially to the younger generation. Every individual has a bit of psychedelic in them no matter where you’re from.”

Tonysha Nelson, vocals, Parliament Funkadelic, granddaughter of George Clinton, daughter of Barbarella, member of Kandy Apple Red

“Psychedelic to me is being out of your *right* mind.”

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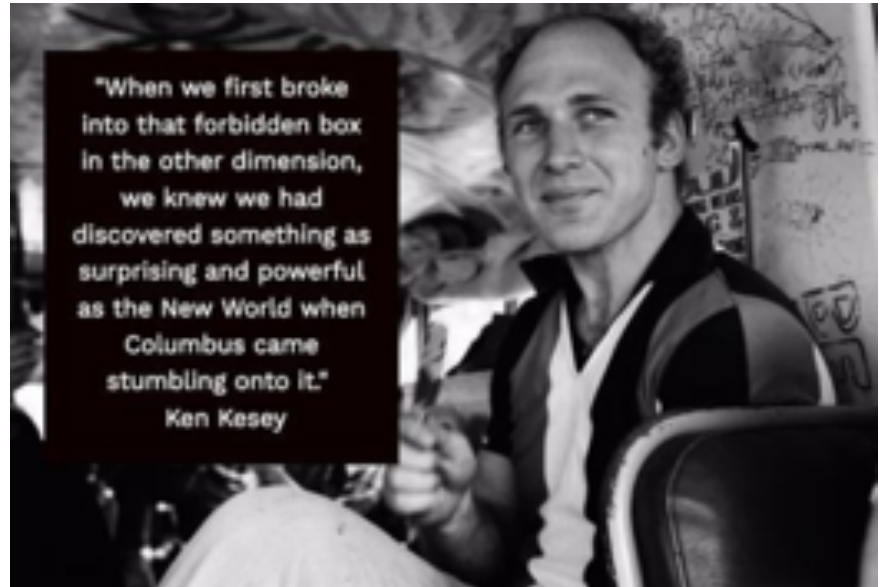


**Congratulations to the Haight-Ashbury Community
for keeping the spirit of the Summer of Love.**

**Brian Rohan and Michael Stepanian founded the
Haight-Ashbury Legal Association 50 years
ago with support from Bill Graham.**

**We represented the Haight -Ashbury Street
Community during the Summer of Love.**

Nobody went to jail.



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SF'S LEGENDS IN LAW: BRIAN ROHAN & MICHAEL STEPANIAN

Michael Stepanian and Brian Rohan of Haight-Ashbury Legal Organization were lawyers for the likes of Hunter S. Thompson, Ken Kesey, Jerry Garcia, and represented loads of hippies back in the '60s when the legal system often bullied the wildly colorful generation. Michael and Brian are still truckin' today, defending the freak flag and making sure everyone is allowed their rightful space to let it fly!

Brian Rohan: These were people who were trying something new, and of course, something *new* had to be bad in San Francisco. We're talking Irish Catholics, Italian Catholics. If the gay people were getting mauled, I didn't have to be gay, they were getting mauled. I just would protect their right to do whatever they wanted. And that was my basis. It was a group of people that were being unjustly prosecuted. We tried to set the City right, and I think we did a real good job at it. We protected all those kids up in the Haight for as long as we could.

Michael Stepanian: I was the boring, regular criminal lawyer guy! [laughter]

BR: He was hardly boring. Michael understood music, he understood jazz. He had an East

Coast sensibility. He taught me a lot.

MS: Brian brought me in. He opened my eyes literally to the Haight-Ashbury generation, the psychedelic generation. I don't know if I'd be here had it not been for Brian making a pathway for me to be on.

I think the psychedelic experience is very, very profound. It's not for everybody. LSD at 300 micrograms, you can be looking at a very beautiful scene and then suddenly the whole thing turns ...

BR: ...and starts to move. Dinosaurs come up out of the water.

MS: It moves and it turns and something happens where you can't get back to the moment of pre-dosage. And that's heavy unless you have a degree of discipline and self-confidence. Someone who is intellectually weak or emotionally disturbed -- "rats and bats" I call them -- they might freak out on not being able to get back to reality. That's the toughest part. But if you can handle it [laughs] it's other-worldly!

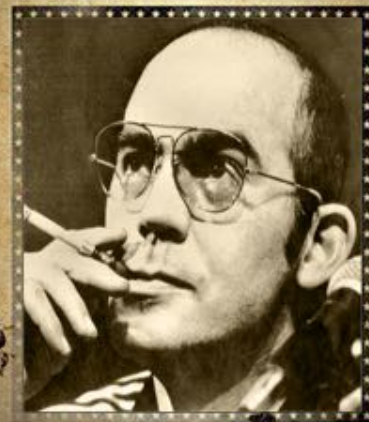
More of Rohan and Stepanian, here:

www.facebook.com/HaightStreetVoice/



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“HIPPIE HILL” -- EXCERPT FROM NEW SF FICTION

Darla glanced around at the three-story Victorians, dirty streets, and walls of businesses covered with notices, posters and faded psychedelic graffiti. The Cala Market on the corner was blanketed with them.

“Wow, we made it to the Haight,” said Darla. “I ran away three times to here and always ended up somewhere else. It’s kind of a dimensional doorway where you always launch into something groovy.” She pointed to the faded marquee of a movie theater. “Shit. The Straight Theater’s closed.” Purple letters from the last show still advertised the “GRA—L DE-D” on it with “—OUNTR- JOE AN- THE FIS.” below that in warped red letters, and the glass cases for movie posters were broken and empty. “What a bummer. Big Brother, the Airplane, the Dead and this comedy troupe called the Congress of Wonders played there for a buck-fifty when I was 14 and I snuck in. We sat in the balcony and the dope smoke was so fuckin’ thick you could hardly see the stage.”

The street was filled with hip-looking people, though most were older than they’d expected. Two bikers with black leather vests and Hell’s Angels colors stared at Darla as they passed. Someone spewed a stream of curses from a bay window. Ragged teens panhandled every passerby. Darla gazed up at the or-

nate garrets and dormers crowning the Victorian homes. They made it to Masonic Street where the zoo of pedestrians and hippie businesses petered out, turned around and headed back toward Golden Gate Park. They passed a dirty storefront that had “Diggers” written in the window. “Those are the guys who give out free food. Sometimes they give away pot and acid and stuff too. Let’s check it out.”

The place was filled with piles of dirty clothes and notes on the walls, on which half of the words seemed to be FUCK. A pale young man at the rear of the room gave them a crooked grin. They went back out to the street.

At the entrance of Golden Gate Park, a man about mind control and something called the “Illuminati”. They walked through a dank tunnel into the park and passed bushes from which the smell of pot came mixed with urine and spilled wine. “We can walk all the way to

the ocean. The Family Dog Ballroom’s down by Playland. Once somebody threw out bag-fulls of acid and psilocybin on the stage and I grabbed two handfuls.” “I never did acid,” said Paul. Darla squeezed his hand. “Then we have to.” They came to a slope where a hundred or so people sprawled on the grass.

“This is Hippie Hill,” said Darla. “Everybody ends up here sooner or later.”



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BLACK DARTS BY LEE SAYER

There I stood atop a mountain. Soaking wet. Frozen to the bone. Gazing up. Mouth agape. In awe of the stars. When out of the blue a red, white and black dart hurled down from the night sky and landed in the back of my throat! Having read a lot about Amazonian Shamanism, I knew exactly what it was. Or at least I thought I did. It was a virote. A psychic dart shot by a Brujo (dark shaman/witch doctor) with malintent. I thought then and there, this could be it. I'm finished. My throat swelled up and my ears began to ache. But before breaking down this moment of tribulation, perhaps I should provide a bit of backstory.

It was 2012. We had all just survived the "nonapocalypse." Which was really nothing

more than a marker for the beginning of a new age, according to the Mayan "Great Year."

Thus, myself and five of my psychonautical cohorts decided to convene for a celebration of life and investigations into the ever astonishing teachings of Ayahuasca/Yage. Being my 17th ceremony, I was feeling fairly comfortable with these metamorphic experiences. Yet, one can never forecast the journey ahead, when entering the territories of the Spirit World. Nor the forthcoming gifts.



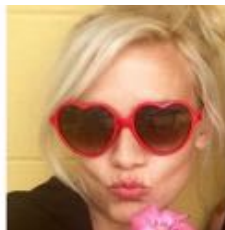
What happened that day was certainly shocking. That said, for me, these lessons continually bestow life-changing shifts ... in the best way possible.

Read Lee's full story: <https://www.facebook.com/HaightStreetVoice/>



Making Out With Molly

questionable sex & dating advice



Molly Barata is a San Francisco artist and lover. Originally from Wisconsin, she enjoys long walks on the beach with her dog, and literally nothing else. She is in no way qualified to answer your questions.

Dear Molly,

My boyfriend and I have always had great sex, but recently we did it on psychedelics for the first time and it was mind blowing. After that experience, regular sex doesn't even compare. How do we get back to good sex?

Easy, get yourself a pound of shrooms and a vile of LSD and just trip 24/7! Or ... try something new in bed. Toys, handcuffs, a sex swing. Or one of those furry costumes and a strobe light.

Dear Molly,

A guy I like has invited me to come to an Ayahuasca ceremony with him. I really want to try it, but I've heard that you can get sick and I don't want him to see me vomit. Should I go?

It's not puking you should worry about, it's shitting your pants. While those are not ideal on a first date, you'll likely feel a bond having done something so intense together. Vulnerability is sexy. Don't go if you'll be uncomfortable with him there, it will spoil the experience for you. If you think you can let go, then be open and express your concerns to him beforehand. Or just shit your pants on the way there to get it out of the way.

Send your sexy questions to makingoutwithmolly1@gmail.com or message her on Instagram [@mollybarata](https://www.instagram.com/mollybarata).



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