



Street Style Fashion *freedom of expression*

Kelly Hagen is a magic consultant residing at Sunchild's Parlour, one of our rad neighborhood vintage shops, at 1665 Haight. She can teach you how to cast spells, and she can help you find your next "fly-as-heck signature piece"! Here's Kelly's "Fashion Manifesto"...

Dig On Yourself and the World Digs With You

Fashion ain't vain when you think of it as ~**Ritual Adornment**~. It's fun, it's self-expression, and it adds flavor to our lives. Consider it a public contribution to the arts, nay! ... The World.

Explore your style! **Develop Your steez™** Are you mod, grunge, goth? Are you glam on tuesdays & rock on wednesdays? Are you a witch, a wizard, a weirdo, a whiz? Try it all! Patterns will develop, and those patterns will come & go in waves, like madonna when she was reppin cone boobies for a year. Play! It's an **E V O L U T I O N**



kelly hagen

If It Looks Good On You, It's For You! Don't fall into moldy old traps like "is this a women's or men's shirt?" Psh! Irrelevant. "Can a dude wear pink sequins?" "Am i too old for this?" Who carrrrresssss. If you try it on and you are suddenly compelled to make finger guns at yourself in the mirror, then IT'S FOR YOU. Do it.

Wear It When Ya Feel Like It. Never Apologize For Being Overdressed.

You're coveting that plaid wool '60s blazer in the window; you own that semi-formal velvet gem collecting dust in the closet. "When am i ever gonna wear this?" Do you WANT to wear it? Freakin wear it!! What are you waiting for? Wear sequins to a sunday picnic, wear grandpa's '70s tie to the show in your friend's basement. Make the occasion. **BE THE OCCASION**, mannn. When in doubt, imagine those little cartoon sunglasses sliding onto your face **DEALWITHIT**

[con't on page 3 ...]

WANTED

★ (YOUR NAME HERE) ★



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And now a word from our Editor-in-Chief, Linda Kelly ... Well, er, I reckon that would be me, handing myself off to myself. Perhaps when the Wizard of Oz shout-ed to Dorothy and her colorful cohorts, *“Pay no attention to that [wo]man behind that curtain!”* the phrase got stuck in my head. Seems I’ve decided to take responsibility for my part in manifesting this magazine and come out from behind that confounded curtain and let myself be known as the creator of *Haight Street Voice*.

Hello, People! In the very first edition of this hyper-local magazine, I wrote: *“Much like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz meets Alice down the rabbit hole, we’re being summoned by a dream.”*



Haight Street Voice is indeed a dream come true for me. My decision to finally reveal who I actually am was inspired by several friends chastising me:

“Where the hell is your name in this thing?” To which I responded, “The magazine is a vehicle for the voice of the people, of community -- it’s not about me.” This publication was born from a desire to help keep local community alive here in the Haight -- and all over the world. With the curtain now lifted, it is

my deepest desire that this magazine embodies truth and freedom of expression from the people, from the heart. Funny, isn’t that what the Tin Man had all along? *A Heart!*

Publisher: Yon Hardisty * Editor-in-Chief: Linda Kelly * Doctor of Journalism: Robert Souza

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Dig On Yourself and the World Digs With You

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Don't Be Scurred.

No one's gonna laugh at you. It's 2018, are we really still on that judging-other-people nonsense? Heck no. Besides (your mom was right), if they laughing it's cuz they jelly. And truly, the happy jazz you will feel when you're *rocking* what you want -- oh man that good feeling will outweigh any shy.



Embody theAvatar.

Remember when in the future we were all gonna live in a virtual reality and you could pick a freaky haircut, metallic jumpsuit, moon boots and create your identity from scratch??? The future is now y'all!!! Build yourself from the ground up. BE the bionic fashion misfit of your dreamz!

Photo by CJ Lucero

Dig On Yourself and the World Digs With You.

* * * When you SHINE, people are gonna reflect that light back at ya (ie you're gonna get sooooo many compliments from fellow fly people, trust me...)

* * * When you SHINE, you inspire others to do the same! Look at that awesome person feeling good in that awesome jacket and spreading groovy vibes ...YOU can do that too!!!
* * * When you SHINE, you *for real* make the world a better place, a happier place ...

A RADDER MAGICAL COLORFUL PLACE!

Say Hi!!! to Kelly in person or @duder9000. Shout out to legend Tommy Zefferi who coined the phrase 'Dig On Yourself and the World Digs With You' and who lived it everyday.



Dig On Yourself
and the World Digs With You

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Tsvi: "This Old Motherf#&ker is Still Here!" by Linda Kelly



Harry Tsvi Strauch, who turned 80 this year, is one of the neighborhood's true originals. He was there – meaning here – before everyone else. He and his wife, Hyla, owned a Victorian next to the Grateful Dead house way before the Dead were even here! He and Hyla also owned a super-cool shop called "In Gear" at 1580 Haight Street, between Clayton and Ashbury from May 1966 to September 1969, which folks like Janis Joplin and Joan Baez used to frequent. [Janis bought her signature white fur hat there]. Here Tsvi talks about his take on fashion, then and now and beyond.

HSV: What is your most cherished remembrance about owning a shop on Haight Street in the 1960s?

TSVI: My wife Hyla and I were honored and pleased to present the works of jewelers, clothing designers

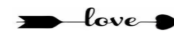
and artists to the hippie nation – and be part of the new emerging consciousness in America.

When you're in a historical moment, you often don't realize it. I wish I knew then what I know now. I was on Haight Street recently when a group of people with a tour guide was passing in front of where The Psychedelic Shop used to be. The tour guide said, "We are coming to the famous intersection of Haight-Ashbury." I shouted - "Folks this is where the Psychedelic Shop was !!!!!"

What a difference a day makes !!! What the fuck? History is for those who weren't there when it happened by people who weren't there when no one is left who was there to say what it was like ... Well, this old motherfucker is still here!



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



Automatons: A Fashion Rant by Lee Sayer

There's a contagion sweeping the nation, and much of the rest of the world. It's called "homogeneity". In my opinion, the sorry state of fashion in San Francisco/America reflects a symptom of a much larger cultural

conundrum. At first glance, it may seem superficial to place any significance on how people dress. I disagree. This commentary will address this issue in relation to culture, politics, music, and corporate influence to point out an overarching conclusion. I feel it's important to include these other aspects of our day and age in order to understand the

bigger picture/agenda I believe is purposefully suffocating the expressive aspects of society; for control and profit. Individuality and culture are being washed away by a sea of mediocrity.

The Bay Area is becoming enveloped by a wave of social media blue, starchy whites,



and dockers khaki; with sprinkles of checks and plaids. Haircuts are neatly cropped lawns and sculpted hedges. Azure lights flicker in windows projecting the latest reality drama, shoot'em up video game, or utterly crucial

sports match (not). There are wifi antennae up everyone's arse, coffee shops every 93 feet, and rock & roll style tour buses for every Silicon Valley employee. Historic buildings are demolished and replaced by boxy bird houses. Just ... Like ... Paradise ... Likely few of S.F.'s recent transplants have experienced the enchanting vibe this city USED TO HAVE. FYI, if you follow this

article to the Facebook page, this turns into an utterly epic rant. Continue at your own risk ...

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



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“San Francisco is ...” by Peter Beren

“*SAN FRANCISCO is a mad city -- a city
inhabited for the most part by perfectly
insane people whose women are of re-
markable beauty.*”

—Rudyard Kipling

“*SAN FRANCISCO in
the years before the fire
provided a sort of Big Rock
Candy Mountain for the
entire American people
... good Americans when
the died might, in the terms
of the epigram, go to Paris.
While they were alive they
wanted to go to California.
Oceans of Champagne,
silk hats and frock coats,
blooded horses, and houses
on Nob Hill, these were the
rewards that came to the in-*

*dustrrious, the far sighted, or the merely fortunate.
What better scheme of things, at least on this side
of the river, could any man ask?”*

—Lucius Beebe

“*FANCY A NOVEL about Chicago or Buffalo,
let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee. There are just
three big cities in the United States that are ‘story
cities,’ New York, of course, New Orleans, and
best of the lot, San Francisco.*”

—Frank Norris

“*FIRST IN RAPTURE*

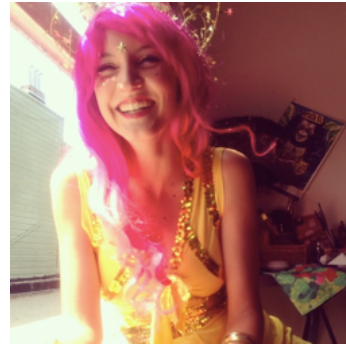
*And first in beauty;
Wayward, passionate, brave
Glad of life God gave.*

The sea-winds are her kiss,

And the seagull is her dove.

*Cleanly and strong she is—
My cool, grey city of love.”*

—George Sterling



“*YOU WOULDN'T THINK
such a place as San Francisco
could exist. The wonderful
sunlight there, the hills, the great
bridges, the Pacific at your shoes
... The lobsters, clams, and crabs.
Oh, Cat, what food for you. Every
kind of seafood there is.*”

—Dylan Thomas, in letter
to his wife, Caitlin

San Francisco ... also known as:

- Bahgdad by the Bay
- Barbary Coast
- City of Saint Francis
- 49 square miles surrounded by Reality

From *More True Than Strange: Collected Writing 1968-
2018* by Peter Beren, forthcoming from Pathstone Press,
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Photo is Aimee D. - local beauty

Growing Up in the Haight by Scott Batchelor

I was born in 1957 at UC Medical Center and raised in the Haight-Ashbury until I was 17. I lived on Ashbury Terrace and got to see a lot of interesting things. I used to ride my bike over to Speedway Meadows and watch The Tubes and other local bands play. I think I've seen *everybody!* The Sopwith Camel lived around the corner from me, and the Grateful Dead lived close by, too.

When I was a kid, I was a little hippie. One day my friends and I were riding our bicycles around and we came across a party. The front door was open, so we went in. There were bowls of joints, bowls of acid sugar cubes, and naked women everywhere, dancing around strobe lights. We grabbed some acid, some joints and left. Turned out that was the Ken Kesey acid test party house.

When I was in junior high school, we used to make tie-dyed t-shirts and pipes in our art class and woodshop. When I was still in high school, I got let into a discotheque called "Dance Your Ass Off" on Columbus Avenue. Well, that place changed my life forever. I started wearing platform shoes, 3-piece crushed ve-

lour suits, a gold chain around my neck with a razor blade attached. Back in those days, everybody sat in the balcony and snorted coke and smoked weed. And then there was the dancing: the Hustle. It seemed like there was a thousand people on the floor at the same time doing the same exact dance. So much fun. I got seriously into fashion and probably changed clothes three times a day. I had to always look good. I also drove a Cadillac Eldorado, and sold cocaine and weed. I was good at it.

In a couple years, that era passed. I started listening to Echo & the Bunnymen, so my dress started to change to the New Romantic style. Then I met a girl who cut hair for all the punk bands in San Francisco -- well, a lot of them. We exchanged haircuts for drugs and I became a punk. Oh boy, did my life change after that. I had a lot of fun. I met a lot of famous bands and hung out with them, did a lot of drugs. I lost everything. People died. For some reason I survived. I love my city. 61 years of being here. I'm not much of a writer but I had fun doing this. Hope you enjoy.

Photo: Scott and his dog Duke, back in 1987.



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- William Michael Smith

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- Late For The Sky (Italy)

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- Indie Voice Blog



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*Sunday 10/7 - Avocado Festival, Carpinteria, CA

www.rogerlensmith.net

My name is Larkin and I make wearable art. For many years this took the form of jewelry. Since moving to the Haight, forces have conspired to inspire my work in another direction. These days, I turn ordinary jean jackets into totemic statements of self expression.

About two weeks into living in the Haight-Ashbury, I came in one evening from walking my dog and announced to my boyfriend that I wanted to meet somebody who was over 65 and had been in the Haight for over 35 years -- and then be invited into their apartment, and become their best friend! We both laughed at the specificity and ridiculousness of my request to the universe.

Well, the potential for manifestation in the vortex that is Haight-Ashbury is unusually strong, and it was just the very next day that I met Larry Fisher on the corner of Haight and Clayton. He was directing some French tourists to take better photos and then turned his attention to me and my dog. Within minutes we were invited into his apartment, and within hours we were all best friends.

Our friendship wound up being the last of many catalysts to get me into textiles after years of interest. Among many bizarre and wonderful artifacts in Larry's Ashbury Street apartment were some slides of his artwork from the '70s. Most notable was one of a denim jacket which he had embellished heavily around the word "Filthiness" (a nickname he had given to a friend).



We bonded quickly over a similar sense of humor and a similar set of motivations driving our creativity, namely:

1. An excess of mental energy that if turned inward or unused can be potentially dangerous.
2. A desire to make old and ordinary things new and funky.
3. A deep soul longing to wage a personal war against the tyranny of conformity in an increasingly beige world.

Check out Larkin's wonderfully unique artwork at larkinandlarkin.com.

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,

Met a new guy online and he's just revealed to me that he's involved in the furry community. He seems great, but this weirds me out. Should I give him a chance?

Ah the adorable furies, a trend I don't totally get, but hey whatever floats your boat.. or wags your tail. First find out if he's a part of the sexual contingent of furies. It may be the ONE thing you don't like about him, but it could be a pretty big thing. Especially if he's a sex furry. If it's a big part of your life, it will end up being a big part of yours. Just as you deserve to be loved because of your proclivities, he deserves to be loved for his. As much as I love all creatures, I'd release him into the wild to find his furry mate unless you can hop on board.

Dear Molly,

I hate the way my boyfriend dresses. He wears clothes he's had since the 90s and it makes me embarrassed to go out with him. He's perfect in every other way. He's smart, funny and he worships me, but I can't get over his bad style. What should I do?

He sounds awful! How terrible for you that his clothes aren't cute! I would be ashamed too. Of yourself for being so shallow. Buy him a nice shirt and get over it. Or let him go worship someone who can see past his Old Navy cargo shorts™.

Send your sexy questions to makingoutwithmolly1@gmail.com or message her on Instagram @mollybarata.



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“My Most Memorable Wardrobe Malfunction” by Loose Lane

The girls of the House of MORE! represent the cream of the crop of San Francisco Drag. With over 200 years of stage performance between them, they have brought audiences from tears of joy to tears of fear. Our reporter Loose Lane, asked these fine divas: “What was your most memorable wardrobe malfunction?”

Juanita Moore: That was the year that I swept block after block of Folsom Street Fair with the 300 yards of crinoline that was under my Mr. David Couture skirt. I collected everything from beer cans to condoms.

Voodonna Black: I did a sultry burlesque number to “I Put a Spell On You” and when it came time for my big reveal, the zipper of my tear-away skirt got caught in my pantyhose and ripped - revealing my very hairy leg, (now I just shave it all off!).

Nicki Jizz: I did a high kick in a skimpy leotard and a testicle popped out. I didn’t realize it until I got off stage and an audience member told me.

RubyBlue: I was performing at



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the Stud Bar and my left Nerf Ball boob fell out of my dress, then high-kicked it and it went flying into the audience then someone threw it back! So naturally, I took out my other Nerf Ball boob and threw it into the audience like a pro-drag football star.

Miss Rahni: I was performing Super Bass by Nicki Minaj dressed in long pink hair, a sparkly bra and a hunter green lace gown that I had used as the mermaid tail. I’m performing the song in the shallow end of the pool and was “getting my life” when all of a sudden, I get to the drop off of the shallow end and the weight of the gown drops into the deep end and brings me down with it! I had no time to take a breath before i was at the bottom of the pool tearing the green gown from my legs. Fortunately, I planned ahead and had only pinned it a few times around my knees and ankles. After what felt like forever, I freed myself from the lacy prison and swam back to the surface to finish performing my song. The thing that pissed me off the most is that no one tried to come in and save me. HOW RUDE!!

Read House of More's full story:
<https://www.facebook.com/HaightStreetVoice/>

