

HAIGHT STREET VOICE



YEAR 5 #14

“HYPER-LOCAL WITH A GLOBAL PERSPECTIVE”

WINTER 2022-2023

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This month ushers in the 56th anniversary of the Human Be-In, Gathering of the Tribes at the Polo Fields in Golden Gate Park, 1967. It is our hope that tuning in to the spirit of that once-in-a-lifetime day will help wash away some of the chaos and pain of recent years, and inspire a brighter path ahead.

“Saturday’s gathering was an affirmation, not a protest. A statement of life, not of death, and a promise of good, not of evil ... This is truly something new and not the least of it is that it is asking for a new dimension to peace, not just an end to shooting, for the reality of love and a great Nest for all humans.”

-- Ralph J. Gleason, *SF Chronicle*, 1967, days after the Be-In

“In 2023, I feel the vibe in the Haight and SF, in art and culture, in the young and new. A renaissance is happening.”

-- Michael Xavier, executive director, Haight-Ashbury Street Fair

“We’re lost. There’s hope, the tribe vibe is still there, but we’ve got to realize it.”

-- Dago, local character in a big-rig truck



“All I really remember is: a sunny (California) winter day in GG Park, lotta bands, and bein’ surprised that I was knocked-out by the poetry readings; I had been thinkin’ I would just have to wait ‘em out, but they really grabbed me.”

-- Bobby Weir, Grateful Dead

“While covid kept our tribe from gathering these past few years, we’re still alive and thriving as evidenced by Burning Man. While sadly we’re losing many of our elders in the community, I meet new young hippies in my store almost every day.”

-- Jimmy Siegel, owner, Distractions on Haight

“The imprint of The Human Be-In gave us an Aquarian communal vision. This year, let’s dance the apocalypse and end the Piscean Age once and for all!”

-- Magick, at the Be-In at 16 years old;

Tarot reader at Twisted Thistle Apothecary on Haight

“We’re on our way back!”

-- Cheryl Fahrner, at the Be-In in her early 20s, good friend of George Hunter of the Charlatans



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The Art of Alan Forbes and Caitlin Mattisson
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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



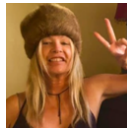
The Psychedelic Rangers planned and produced the Human Be-In / Gathering of the Tribes. Here they are at the press conference announcing the Be-In a week before January 14, 1967. (L to R): Allen Cohen, Ron Thelin, Michael Bowen, Lenore Kandel, Harry Tsvi Strauch.

Magic is in the air as I sit writing this to you -- a lot of wind, rain, lightning, and thunder, too. Electricity is ripping through the sky, a heavy rain pounding at my window overlooking the Panhandle. That rumbling in the heavens is ever-so-clearly demanding our attention.

Something is brewing. A spirit lurks, yearning to bust through (lightning and thunder, storm so close and loud now the whole building is shaking). It's as if reflecting back on the BE-IN has summoned the powers that BE. As if they're illuminating, vibrating, a sign that we're headed in the right direction, and that it is imperative we get IT right this time around.

So many deeply touching stories came at me for this edition, truly felt like gifts sprinkling down from the heavens -- just like that glorious, cleansing rain.

Blessed Be in 2023,
Linda Kelly, Editor-in-Chief

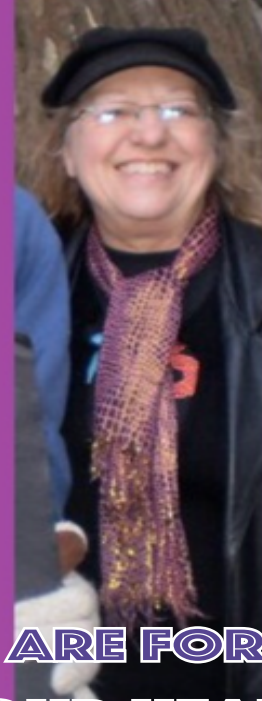


Follow the QR code and get on the Haight Street Voice mailing list! See ya in your inbox! —love—



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BEAT POET MICHAEL MCCLURE & JIM MORRISON

*Penned by film actor rocker neo beat poet
Antonio Pineda*

It all began once upon a time long ago, in a
psychedelic city far far away.

Beat poet Michael McClure resided on
Downey street, across the street from George
Hunter founder of the Charlatans.
Hunter Thompson lived around the
block on Belvedere Street, and the
Grateful Dead lived not far away on
Ashbury. It was in foggy November
as I wandered Lysergic through the
hallowed lanes of Haight Ashbury
that I arrived at the Victorian flat where
McClure resided. The poet opened wide the door,
he who dreamed dreams never dreamt before, and
escorted me up the apples and the pears. James
Douglas Morrison sat there bearded and hirsute.
He was casual and unaffected, and greeted my
introduction warmly. McClure and Morrison
were deep in conversation in a poetry project
envisioned by the working title, The Lords and
New Creatures. The Lizard King was in his el-
ement, McClure brought out the divine in him.
Jim waxed eloquent on cabbages and kings, in-
spired by the voices of the Beat Generation. Jim's
reading voice was also influenced by McClure.

As I rose to depart, I reminded them that the Liv-
ing Theater would be performing at the Straight

Theater the following week. Jim arched a cinematic eye-
brow, and replied he would fall by.

That night at the Straight Theater. McClure and Mor-
rison were there to participate in an experimental the-
ater troupe, political advocates of peace and change in
society. The Lizard King and McClure were well into
their cups. There is a photo of them backstage.
McClure is leading the wolf pack, and giving the
middle finger to the photographer.



Days later in front of Peppermint Go-Go, Jim es-
pied us and waved Teresa and I over to the bar. Jim
winked at me and enquired if I had anything more
mind expanding. I reached inside my pocket and
revealed a vial of capsules of needlepoint mescaline.

Jim grabbed two and popped them straightaway. No one
seemed to recognize Jim. Ecstatic waves overcame us
as we tripped in our own world. Last call for alcohol. We fol-
lowed Jim out and stood on Broadway. The sky dreamed of
the perfection of eternity. Teresa and Jim exchanged sweet
farewells. Jim gave me a hug and complimented me on the
mescaline, then he stalked off and disappeared into the SF
night. A diamond diadem of stars burned in the firmament.
As I reflect on the Magick of yesteryear, and confront the
reality of contemporary gun violence and financial-racial
inequality, there is naught to say except:

MAKE AMERICA TRIP AGAIN.

*Head on over and experience Antonio's full
blown trip on McClure and Morrison.*

<https://www.facebook.com/antonis.greco.54>



Haight Ashbury Psychedelic Center

We're over the moon to announce the Haight Ashbury Psychedelic Center column where we will share the latest news, legal developments, personal stories, educational links, and more about all-things psychedelic.

Dr. David E. Smith is the man behind the curtain, so we thought we'd share snippets from a recent conversation with this beloved man, founder of the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic just months after the Human Be-In.

HSV: How old were you at the Human Be-In?

DS: 27. I was up at UCSF medical school conducting research in animal models and human experiences with a variety of psychedelics, and reading about the burgeoning psychedelic culture.

Our goal for the HAPC is to learn from the past: What went wrong, how to do it right, how to get it above ground. Be careful — this is a sacred experience for enlightenment. The crowd manifestation at places like Burning Man, the celebrations and dancing and music, it's amazing the number of people that go to Burning Man. I'm of course way too old for that but I've talked



with people and many really don't know that the whole spark was set by the Human Be-In. It's an extension of that.

The psychedelic experience allowed me to envision a whole different world, a world that I really was not familiar with, a cosmic world. And out of that cosmic world came "healthcare is a right not a privilege". I think if people participate in this alternate culture, all sorts of ideas will come up that are transformative. And we very much need the young people to think outside the box to continue this narrative.

The current manifestation of this psychedelic revolution has been going on for centuries. I think that's one of the things that is appealing to young people, is to realize that this is an intergenerational experience, and we want to facilitate the positive and the healthy, but remind people that there can be a negative side. And that negative side is what killed the first psychedelic revolution.

Head on over to haightstreetvoice.com for the full transcript of our chat with Dr. Dave! You'll be glad you did!



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THE SWORD & ROSE: HIDDEN TREASURE IN YE "OLD" HAIGHT

The following is excerpted from a recent video hang at The Sword & Rose on Cole and Carl. Krystl and Nykk, members of the band Galaxy Chamber, are our magical hosts. Enjoy the vibes!

HSV: I am very excited to introduce you to a place I've only recently come to know [open door]. I feel like were in Mr. Roger's Neighborhood on acid!

K: Welcome to The Sword and Rose, an eclectic, multi-traditional, metaphysical supply shop catering to many different belief systems. Randy David founded this with his husband Patrick. They created all the incenses, oils, and ritual baths that we sell.

HSV: What would you like to say to the Haight community?

K: We can overcome anything with the power of love.

N: The ascension we're all experiencing right now cannot be stopped. Follow your own hearts and go out into nature more, breathe. Question stuff. The Human Be-In made the whole hippie movement go national because the Berkeley intellectuals finally linked up with the hippies and formed a solid union. Our mandolin player was 3 years old on his dad's shoulder! [see black & white photo, above]

HSV: Where are we in 2023?

K: We need less fear and more love. Overall, I think that's the answer to just about everything.

HSV: You think the essence of the Be-In is still with us?

K: Absolutely! And Galaxy Chamber tries to carry that energy through.

N: We've been around since the late '80s, played the Haight Street Fair many times. Played within the hippie scene, the goth scene. We're actually considered "gothadelic".

K: We played the 45th anniversary of Monterey Pop Festival.

N: Yes, with Sopwith Camel and Big Brother & the Holding Company. It was one of Sam Andrews' last great shows. He hung out with us and partied. It was his birthday. He passed away maybe a year later. We love Sam.

HSV: So the vibe is still here?

N: What's funny is you think it's disappearing and then it will re-emerge again. It's always here.



@theswordandrose

@galaxyxchamber

<https://www.facebook.com/krystl.chamber.5>

<https://www.facebook.com/nykk.fell>



MEET KENNA LINDSAY! SHARING STORIES OF THE STORES

New year, new column (yep, another one, folks)! We're excited to bring you this space, where kickass Kenna Lindsay will share the latest and greatest on what's up for the various shops in the neighborhood. First, we thought it'd be cool for Kenna to share a bit about who she is and what brought her here -- to San Francisco and to this page! Take it away, Kenna!

I am here because I left my heart in San Francisco. I moved here to love someone else and I choose to stay here after our separation, to love myself and the city I have come to call Home.

After being a tourist I was coaxed west by the Victorian architecture, walkable communities, and the idea that I could live in a city where LGBTQIA+ people hold hands in public.

The story of how I became the social media manager for the Haight Ashbury Merchants Association starts at SF Mercantile, where the unstoppable Robert Emmons took a chance on me.

The Clown Conservatory on Frederick Street helped me loosen up and learn my history: of The Pickle Family Circus and the Haight Ashbury neighborhood where instructors Sara Toby Moore and Steve Smith told stories of seeing Robin Williams and Whoopi Goldberg at The Other Cafe on Cole and Carl.



I'm glad to have lost my mind and gone to clown college when I did because I was part of one of the last Clown Conservatory classes before the pandemic wreaked havoc on many industries. Clown Conservatory taught me valuable life lessons about the importance of vulnerability and, as Sara Toby Moore says:

"Love is the greatest technology."

Each merchant does business in Haight Ashbury for a reason, and they represent the historic ideals of our community in their own way.

Many of them have been here since the days when the Haight was packed with hippies. They know and love this place and its history, and they want to share it with you.

Peace & Love,
Kenna

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BE HERE NOW AND THEN BY CARY TENNIS

Cary Tennis, writer, musician, mentor, dear friend who is sorely missed having fled SF and moved to Italy, and just a gosh-dang hilarious human. Honored to have a piece of his work in this edition. He's a renowned San Francisco scribe, much adored for his beautifully (and often brutally) honest advice column at Salon.com.

Remember when we were living in that split-level house on Rainbow Drive in Hollywood, Florida, and Patrick got that book *Be Here Now* by Ram Dass? And you sat on the couch reading it and then I read it and Raymond read it and David read it and then Thomas read it and then we tried to meditate but kept getting interrupted in our attempts to reach Nirvana?

There was this membrane, we decided, between us and Nirvana, and we had to pierce that membrane. So we had this acid that etched tiny holes in the membrane, allowing us to glimpse the Now, which was awesome and complex, like a lake full of fish.

But then getting back was a problem. Like you might get the bends if you came back up too fast. Or like you go through the membrane and everything has expanded in this weightless realm and then you

come back and you don't fit anymore.

It depletes electrolytes too. So you eat a Royal Castle burger but it doesn't bring you back. And you go walk on the beach but it doesn't bring you back. And you have sex with your girlfriend but it doesn't bring you back. And your friends start to worry

whether you're coming back at all because you did too much. You spent too much time out there weightless in the all-consuming Fire of Now.

Also there's a faint singed quality to you, like an aroma of burnt hair. "Is something burning?" your mom asks, and your friends laugh: "No, it's just him. He got singed. By the Fire of Now."

But then after a few days you just come back

like nothing ever happened. Except you're different.



Dive into more of Cary's explorations of mind and check out his illuminating online writing workshops:

www.carytennis.com



STREETPERSON SPOTLIGHT: STORMY KARMA

Meet a lovely soul we met about a year ago here in the neighborhood. Here's an edited excerpt of Stormy's story to give you a sense of what drives this bright young spirit ...

My name is Kenneth Alexander Leith. I go by Stormy Karma. It's my artist name, my street name. It used to be my stage name when I would perform in drag back in the Midwest in Nebraska. I'm from Palmyra, a small farming town about 27 miles outside of the capital Lincoln. Nothing but cornfields and dirt roads for miles. I grew up

on my grandma's farm with my dad and my little bro. I was raised a Baptist and when I got older I started to rebel. I found that being Christian wasn't meant for me, and my grandma and dad never approved anything other than that.

So I taught myself what I needed to know about witchcraft, how to perform a ritual, how to perform a ceremony, how to talk to the deities. But then the heavy lifestyle called me and I started a magical journey down the road not knowing that this would be a part of my life for the next 13 years. After living on the streets of Lincoln for

a little while I joined a carnival and started traveling with them and that's where I started practicing and learning about my spiritual beliefs. I can say today that I am a witch and I'm proud of it. I have manifested everything in my life up to this point and this is where my story in San Francisco begins.

When I first came to SF in 2017 it was the 50th anniversary of the Summer of Love. That's when I met The Dirty Kids of Haight Street. I never knew that I'd end up right back here three years later, but here I am and

this is my story. Being home free was one of the most amazing experiences I've ever had. 13 yrs on the road, traveling, seeing 28 states. Coming to SF was definitely a magical thing, it was a blessing. It may have been a curse as well at some point but it taught me a lot about keeping the faith even when there seems to be no hope.

kennethlieth93@gmail.com
Follow the QR code to read more about Stormy's journey. ...



Stormy's original Tarot deck includes folks from the neighborhood ...

HAPPY 2023! to Everyone in the Haight!



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Haight-Ashbury Holistic Astrology

by
Michael Sollazzo



Happy Birthday, Haight-Ashbury!

It's been 56 years since the Human Be-In kick-started your good-neighborly vibes, and your birth chart from that date is pretty special ... in fact astrologer Ambrose Collingworth chose January 14, 1967 because of its auspicious nature!

On that date, the conjunct Sun and Mercury in late-Capricorn were in a tight trine with conjunct Uranus & Pluto in late-Virgo, and the Taurean Ascendant completed the Earth Grand Trine early that afternoon.

Similarly, conjunct Saturn & Chiron in late-Pisces were in a tight trine with Neptune late-Scorpio, and these were in a loose trine with an early-Leo Jupiter to complete a second (mostly Water) Grand Trine.

These two Grand Trines together created a near-perfect hexagram in the heavens... a mystic symbol formed from nearly every major planetary body excluding Venus, Mars, and the Moon.

Fueled by this vibe, it's no wonder that the

Haight-Ashbury is a magical place... and it's about to get even more interesting!

In the next couple of years, Uranus will transit your Ascendant, shaking up how you present yourself to the world. This longterm event is heightened in late-Spring of 2024 when the Sun, Moon, Jupiter, and Uranus all dance around your Ascendant.

But why talk about this now, at the beginning of 2023? Because this is when you are laying the groundwork for these future changes. Uranus is nearly done with its transit of your True Node in Taurus, so what new way of expressing your magic are you bringing into your reality? What revolutionary ideas and actions will help you align to your purpose?

You've got some work to do, Haight-Ashbury, and we're excited to see what you create!

If you would like to schedule an astrology or psychic reading, please email Michael at hello@michaelsollazzo.com



SPORTS DESK

by
Cynthia Johnston



“Death of Hippie:
An End to the Summer of Love.”

Well, that didn’t work. Nice try, though. The idea, according to Diggers who helped start the whole thing nine months earlier with the Human Be-In, was to convince the media to point their cameras anywhere but the Haight. And to send the unwashed masses back to Nebraska. Unfortunately, the unwashed masses were done with Nebraska. They kept coming. Bad drugs and criminals followed along with tour busses and an oppressive police presence. The original artists and musicians who lived there fled to Marin and other more bucolic locations.

Hippie culture rippled unabated from the wellspring that is the Haight. First of all, there was the music – a whole new genre known as psychedelic took the world by storm. Bellbottom jeans and hippie fashion were all the rage.

Soon, Buming Man exploded in the Black Rock Desert, attracting distinctly hippie-like revelers from all over creation. After the death of Jerry Garcia, Dead & Co rose from the ashes of the Grateful Dead. Dead cover bands popped up everywhere, some Jerry-centric, some with the ghost of PigPen out front. Those bands began the burgeoning Skull & Roses Festival, currently

featuring five days (April 19-23, 2023) of Grateful Dead songs in multifarious styles by some 32 bands. Grateful Dead music itself has become a genre of its own.

The 1967 Diggers intended “to end the commercialization of the hippie lifestyle and the mainstream appropriation of their social experiment.” You guessed it. To quote journalist and author Joel Selvin in a 2007 *SF Chronicle* piece “... the mythology of that summer in 1967 has never disappeared. The SF hippie, dancing in Golden Gate Park with long hair flowing, has become as much of an enduring American archetype as the gunfighters and cowboys who roamed the Wild West. The Summer of Love resonates in strip mall yoga classes, pop music, visual art, fashion, attitudes toward drugs, the personal computer revolution, and the current mad dash toward the greening of America.”

For those who still mourn the passing of Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead, take heart. It has evolved – something Jerry himself would most likely encourage in all of us – but it’s still out there. You just gotta poke around.

Check out Cynthia’s badass website:
www.mywayisthehighway.com



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Genesis of Luminous Progress

The psychedelic vibrations of *The Summer of Love* (1967) were still resonating in 1969 when one evening 3 of us were getting high smoking Mexican marijuella at my home, near the Grateful Dead house in San Francisco -

Steven Arnold, my wife Hyla Dee and I.

That night we decided to create an erotic art film.

Celebrating 50 years since the premier of *Luminous Progress* at the 1971 San Francisco International Film Festival

In order to show the film we had to darken all explicit erotic scenes.

This expurgated version was shown around the world by New Line Cinema. In 1984 I took the movie back and made a new 16mm version with all erotic scenes full visible.

This 2021 Digital Restoration is unexpurgated.

Harry Ted Strach

All new 2021 Digital Restoration, 2K restoration from the original 16mm original and magnetic soundtracks by Pacific Film Archive & Cinema

Preservation Alliance. Friend supervision

and audio restoration Peter Conditon, Cinema Preservation Alliance

Digital transfer: Thomasina Cochran, Andrew Dreyfus

Magnetic Sound Capture: Simon Daniel Sound

Color Art: Giovanna Cleveland

Booklet: Steve Seid, archive media curator and media historian, PFA

Pacific Film Archive (PFA) by Sebato, Film Archivist

Samuelia Bushman, Film Collection Supervisor, Steve Seigal, curator retired

Steve Seid, curator retired, Paramount Pictures (1964) Space Time Travel

Harry Strach, Artistic & Executive Producer

Paramount Pictures (1964) Space Time Travel

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