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YEAR 8 #22

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



My very first apartment in life: 612 Ashbury, cross street Haight. My digs while chasing a dream and a journalism degree at SF State, 1982-1985. As soon as I graduated I split for New York cuz I was sick of all the hippie shit. After 7 years of street-smarts school and a hell of a good time, I came back to my native Bay Area, embraced the hippie shit, and haven't looked back since.

In fact, seems I've looked forward to the point that I've managed to plant myself smack dab in the middle of where it was I came from. Full circle. The Counterculture Museum is opening its doors this Spring in that very same building I lived in at the corner of Haight and Ashbury, where this whole strange dream began.

I dedicate this edition to Peggy Caserta and Herb Greene, two shining souls deeply entrenched in the Haight when the counterculture exploded – Peggy with her wildly popular clothing shop, Mnasidika, and Herbie with his keen eye immortalizing magical moments. Sadly, both Peggy and Herbie recently left the building. Their pioneering spirits, their love

and dedication to following their dreams, are woven into the pages of this magazine. Peggy and Herbie, you inspire us to embody what we value and have the courage to follow what we know to be the truth. May remembering history, embracing the now, and nurturing community help steer us forward with integrity in these strange days.

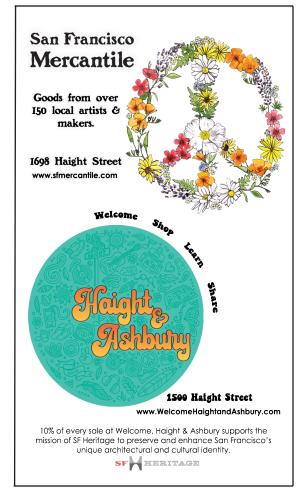
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FARE THEE WELL, PEGGY CASERTA BY LINDA KELLY

Peggy Caserta became a dear friend and confidante in the last years of her remarkable life. The following is excerpted from our interview back in February 2021 when I first got to know Peggy. I fell in love with her New Orleans drawl and infectious laugh as she shared stories -- from opening her clothing shop Mnasidika on Haight in 1965, to being Janis Joplin's friend and lover, to pretty much inventing bellbottoms,

to battling and conquering a heroin addiction. to many other mindblowing moments in her life (be sure to read her heartfelt confessional book, I Ran Into Some Trouble to hear it all in her own words). Ever grateful to you, Peggy, for your belief in my magazine and your hawk-like encouragement to always follow my dream. Love from the Haight forever and a day -- and to you as well, Herbie Greene, photographer and soul extraordinaire. Fare thee well ...

HSV: When the Beats came from North Beach to the Haight in the '60s, did you have a sense of the Beat Generation slipping over into the Hippie Era?

PC: I didn't know exactly that they were the Beats, but I did feel some extraordinary energy

in the air. I knew something was happening but I had no idea what was really getting ready to happen until it exploded in my doorway. It literally did! I rented a place on an unknown street because it was cheap. I couldn't have been there three or four months before there was a radical shift in the way the energy was in that neighborhood. You can see it depicted in that photo by Herb Greene taken of the very early Grateful Dead standing in the doorway of Mnasidika. If you look to the right you can see a barber in the barber shop. Can you imagine that poor straight man had been there forever and he's scratching his head because he's looking at the Dead and he's realizing that haircuts are soon going to be a thing of the past!

HSV: There is a magic here that lingers. You were in the middle of the vortex back then.

> PC: It was magical! The feeling we had in '65 and '66, the Dead, everybody, I mean we were innocent and we believed that we were trying to make a better world. We did stop a war. I'm gonna give us credit for that because we brought a disability to that awful god-awful war, and we stopped it. I'm very proud of that. Our intentions were good.

> If you don't have a dream, get one. And if you do have a dream, follow it! There was no indication that I would succeed the way I did with Mnasidika. I consider it a lot of luck. Who knew? No one knew the psychedelic revolution was coming!

HSV: Timing.

PC: Yes, it was the right time and the right place and somehow, someway, it was me that landed there. It could've been anybody. I knew so little about what I was doing. I just followed my heart and threw everything into it and did the best I could.

Peggy (R) and yours truly. Photo by Nancy Gille



The Grateful Dead in front of Pegev Caserta's store, Mnasidika, 1967, Photo: Herbie Greene,

WHAT WAS ... WHAT IS ... COUNTERCULTURE?

"The modern-day counterculture has its work 🛛 🛪 worse problem than the tide of conformity Welcome to the setback of the century."

-- George Hunter, The Charlatans,



👔 🕺 cut out for it. We have a much of the late '50s and early '60s. [Photo by Herb Greene, 1965. RIP Herbie 💙] SF's first underground band



"I think it's some kind of a spirit in human beings. We have to nurture it and never let go of it. I don't wanna live in the '60s but I don't want to forget what that was about, that's part of me. We gotta move forward. That spark that is in each generation, we have to inform it, nurture it, and support it."

> -- Dave Getz, drummer, Big Brother & the Holding Company [Photo above left: Getz hangin with Janis, Summer 1966, by Bob Seidemann]

"Counterculture is that we can be our own selves but we can also come together. Authenticity



and community. Watching out for others. Living for goodness and living for positive change. Ensuring something exists outside of the mainstream, hopefully in a positive way." -- Kat & Richard, groovy lovebirds of the Haight

"What culture is the counterculture countering? I would say that the church is counterculture. Who goes to church anymore? Is going to church part of San Francisco culture? No. So church is counter-culture. It's not THE counterculture, but it's a counterculture." -- Father Dan, All Saints' Episcopal Church

"Counterculture is dancing in the street and being kind of silly when people just start to go a little too serious. And I think counterculture going forward is establishing what freedom means. So the idea of freedom to be silly, to play. It's the love that comes out of trying to think anew." 🦪 -- Brewster Kahle, Founder of the Internet Archives

"Any counterculture is challenging the conduct of the currently presiding ruling class. A counterculture is not right or wrong, but it is necessary in order to have a balanced society." -- Grace Slick, Jefferson Airplane



"In 2025, to be awake, to love, to have compassion, to speak the truth through various forms of expression when you are aware

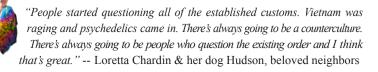
of harm being done -- that is what countering the current culture of fascism in America means to me. To actively counter oppression and marginalization of any kind. To care."



-- China Isler, spiritual director, daughter of Paul Kantner & Grace Slick

"I'm super into the Counterculture Museum being here because this neighborhood has deviated from what it used to be. I feel like it's gonna help bring it all back together, the education of how this place became what it is. The preservation of history is super important, San Francisco, and the world, right?"

-- Lindsey Sampson, bright light in the neighborhood (and Viola too!)



"The Haight is just a place. The '60s was a spirit." -- Ken Kesey, Merry Prankster challenging societal norms, author of One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest





LOVE IS BUT A SONG WE SING BY BEN FONG-TORRES

"It seems like hundreds of years and it also seems like not too much time at all," Jerry Garcia was saying. "I don't know. Time. Some things haven't changed at all, really—and the world has changed."

He was talking, in 1976, about the Summer of Love, ten years after. Only it wasn't ten years after. The big, ecstatic, scary, media-driven Summer in San Francisco was

in 1967. But *Rolling Stone* magazine, where I worked, decided that the scene had begun in '66, and to Hell with other media and their anniversary celebrations.

After all, it was just a matter of ... time.

No one knows just when the Summer of Love actually started. It took shape, certainly, in San Francisco and Berkeley -- but also in Palo Alto and in Cambridge, where Ken Kesey and Timothy Leary were experimenting with, and handing out doses, of the hallucinogenic LSD. That was back in '64 and '65, when the Warlocks, who played at Kesey's parties, hadn't yet renamed themselves the Grateful Dead; when folkies, led by the Beatles, the Stones and Dylan His Own Self, embraced rock music, and gathered at trippy dance concerts.

But if you were more inclined towards politics than parties, the societal changes began earlier in the decade, when college students created enclaves of budding activists, protesting against a war in Southeast Asia and for civil rights in the South.

In the Bay Area, Berkeley was the hotbed of political activity, culminating in the Free Speech Movement, sparked in 1964 and making a joke of U.C. President Clark Kerr's prediction, in 1959, that the students of "this generation ... aren't going to press many grievances. There aren't going to be any riots."

At San Francisco State, the administration responded to calls for free speech by putting up a redwood stage on the campus quad, available to pretty much anyone who had -- or thought they had something to say.

And that's where I was at. For me, the year was 1965. I'd spent my underclass years hitting the books, so that in the Fall of '64, I could join the campus paper, the *Daily Gater*. It was pretty good timing. I was just in time for the Sixties.

Jerry Gacia by Herb Greene, 1964

Against the drab backdrop of S.F. State's cookie-cutter buildings, political activists stood out, making for good stories. By 1965, we couldn't help noticing characters like George Hunter, a designer who dug rock music. He had Beatle hair and he'd show up almost every day wearing some kind of western outfit or a tapered Italian suit with pointy Beatle boots, and he'd hit the Tubs, a collection of barracks

turned into student government and snack huts. He'd startle people by cranking up the jukebox and dancing by himself. Later, in the cafeteria, he'd join a table of hipsters and rap about politics, anthropology, dreams and drugs. His dreams included a rock band, and, although he didn't play music, he put together the Charlatans. Hunter, his peers say, was the first dropout. Only he wasn't a dropout. He was never enrolled at S.F. State.

I did an article about Hunter's crowd for the paper, and the headline referred to them as "the happy people." Many of them lived in a friendly, low-rent neighborhood called the Haight-Ashbury, and at night, they could be found at dance concerts being put on by Bill Graham at the Fillmore and by the Family Dog at the Avalon Ballroom.

The Charlatans were ahead of the ballroom scene. They'd spent part

of the Summer of '65 in Virginia City, Nevada, at an old bar called the Red Dog Saloon, serving as the house band. They were better known for dressing up in old-timey threads and cowboy gear and for carrying guns and marijuana than for their music. Still, they were acknowledged as the first psychedelic band, and when they returned to San Francisco, they were central to the new, hip rock scene.

It was a whirlwind, but it was, it had to be a two-headed scene. There was, after all, the real world. Across the Bay Bridge, in Berkeley, the main concern seemed to be politics, and, to activists there, much of what was going on in the Haight seemed trivial. In San Francisco, the acidheads and "flower children" were content, for the most part, to stay apolitical. As Garcia said to one interviewer, "We just seek an uncluttered life."

--California Magazine, July/August 2007

Ben Fong-Torres, journalism teacher, mentor, supporter, friend. Follow the QR code to read HSV's interview with Ben for the premiere edition in 2017!



WAVY GRAVY WISDOM

HSV: What does counterculture mean to you? Wavy Gravy: Putting my good where it will do the most. The counterculture, the collective consciousness - or unconsciousness!

HSV: We're really far removed today in this crazy

world. How do we keep the faith? WG: "Duz does everything." Ralph Edwards said that. It was a soap commercial but it worked for a life commercial. Put your good where it will do the most.

HSV: I feel like back then at least you had the Grateful Dead ... there was more of a troop that was coming together.

Jahanara: (Wavy's lovely wife for 60+ years ...) Yes. There was a whole bunch of us at that time. Now we're getting old but I see that the people I would call the counterculture, that spirit lives today in many of the young people who would never ever call themselves hippies or relate to the term counterculture. But they have the heartful spirit and it gives me hope and happiness. WG: Nostalgia for the future! We are the same person trying to shake hands with ourself. Which is an acrobatic feat ... or a foot! Neal Cassady once said to me, "Boy are my feet tired! It's a good thing I'm not afoot!"

HSV: What was your childhood like?

WG: That was 80 years ago ... I remember nothing! AMNESIA! No, no, no, I remember some things ... J: You had an interesting walk around the block when

you were a child ...

WG: Yes! I lived in Princeton, New Jersey, and I was on Albert Einstein's flight path, the same walking path as he. He would go walking from campus and I would join him on his jaunts. He enjoyed my company as a 7 or 8 year old. I remember a shock of white hair, pre-dating

Don King by half a century. I

remember he had a beautiful smile.

And a laugh! He was not without

humor. I was honored to share time

and space with Albert Einstein, let



Wavy Gravy at home, 2025. By Linda Kelly

me tell ya. It really floated my boat. HSV: So many different, wild, incredible souls are woven into the fabric of who you are as a human being ----

from Albert Einstein to Neal Cassady ...

WG: ... Bob Dylan, Ken Kesey, Jackson Browne ... "Toward the fun!" That's my motto! Laughter is the valve on a pressure cooker of life. If you don't laugh at stuff, you end up with your brains or your beans on the ceiling. So dare to struggle, dare to grin, and keep on laughin'.

What is that you have tattooed on your arm? HSV: A black panther.

WG: I was a clown for the Black Panthers in the '60s. It was Camp Winnarainbow on the road. They invited me to be a clown with the children of the Black Panthers while they were at their big Black Panther meeting. I was delighted to do clownage!

Come hang with Wavy and his lovely wife Jah in this video interview at their beautiful Berkelev home ... -love-



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COUNTERCULTURE - THEN & NOW BY PETER COYOTE

When I arrived in San Francisco in 1964, my first apartment was just below the northwest corner of Haight and Clayton streets. At that time, it was a sleepy working-class neighborhood with small shops, a bowling alley, a bank, laundromat, and Woolworths. Much of the population was comprised of transient med students training at UCSF on Parnassus Street.

As I write this today in the post-Trump election malaise, we may worry that things are pretty bad and going downhill perhaps. But let's calibrate those fears against a few memories about the Sixties.

In 1964, three Civil Rights workers were kidnapped and murdered in Mississippi. In July of that year, the landmark legislation of the Civil Rights Act passed Congress, in-

tended to reverse two centuries of enslavement that existed *up until that time*. Consider that it was 1954 before African Americans were finally guaranteed the rights guaranteed to every white citizen by the Constitution.

In November, of 1963, my junior year in college, President Jack Kennedy was publicly assassinated. I listened on the radio as reporters described hundreds of people crowding the road where Kennedy's caravan had just passed, pointing out "the grassy knoll" as the source of shots. All that was expunged from the Warren Report, which claimed that a single killer rode a bus to the assassination. He was conveniently murdered on television, spawning

an industry of literature and a national plunge into conspiracy theories on the part of millions who found the Government's report wanting and contrary to what many had seen and heard.

In August of the next year, a small skirmish in the Gulf of Tonkin gave America the excuse to amplify its military involvement in Vietnam, which had begun in 1955. Nineteen years later, by the war's ending with America being driven from the country, 58,281 Americans had been killed, 153,372 wounded, and another 150,332 wounded but not hospitalized. Estimates range between 970,000 to 3 million Vietnamese, Cambodians, and Laotians killed, and countless others maimed, wounded, and traumatized.

San Francisco was the hub from where thousands of drafted young men and women were shipped off to unknown jungles and rice paddies to fight, kill, and die. Many chose to flee America rather than travel to an unknown country for unknown reasons to kill people who had done them no harm. By 1965, even as the spores of the future hip culture began to



Martin Luther King Jr., Montgomery, 1965, by Stephen Somerstein

sprout in the Haight and across the nation, germinating unrecognizable communities of disparate people, mostly strangers, sharing a common list of dissatisfaction with consumerism, racism, sexism, oppressive economics, imperialism and the murderous violence announced across our televisions and newspapers, surfacing like black postcards from the "straight" world.

On February 21, 1965, Malcolm X, a fiery intellectual leader in the black struggle for equality, was assassinated at the Audubon Ballroom in Manhattan.

On September 27, 1966, in SF, a white police officer fatally shot a 16-yearold African American boy in the back named Matthew Johnson, Jr. as he

fled Hunters Point. The Fillmore District exploded into violence and the National Guard had to be called in to quell mass reaction to the murder.

On April 4, 1968, the most Christian and open-hearted leader in the Civil Rights struggle, Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated on a balcony in Memphis where he had come to support striking garbage workers.

On June 5, 1968, Robert F. Kennedy was shot and killed on television shortly after finishing a speech for his Presidential campaign at the Ambassador Hotel in LA. On December 4, 1969, Civil Rights worker and Black

Panther Fred Hampton was drugged and then murdered during a pre-dawn raid by Chicago police at his apartment on the West Side.

Given this turmoil of domestic and foreign violence and murder, and the intensity of domestic political struggles (not to mention the unrecognized PTSD from WWII and Korea that transformed many once-happy homes into danger zones), is it not understandable that a passionate desire for tolerance and peace might arise as a genuine congregating cultural force?

The spine and body of this flowering community of souls were the small stores and coffeehouses catering to what appeared to be an undeniable force, a culture with its own music, fashion, aspiration for a world that made sense, and a common use of mind-altering substances. There was a joy in discovering so many others sharing your deepest wishes, like you, interested in the same ideas. Long before the aggregating architecture of social media was aligning people with fellow thinkers, this was a spontaneous, directionless mutual discovery. It was a heady time, and the center and symbol of it all was the Haight-Ashbury.

There were many who didn't understand and feared this arising. Herb Caen, a popular and witty columnist in the SF Chronicle, continued the tradition of demeaning change-agents for the benefit of Establishment values. He had coined the term "Beatnik" to subtly associate "Beat" poets and artists with Sputnik, the Russian triumph in launching the first orbital satellite. The Beats had emerged out of the chaos of wars in Europe and Korea, and were critical of 1950s America's hyper-materialism and geo-political expansion. Beatnik was Caen's signal to the middle-class that they were not to be taken seriously and might even be disloyally aligned with Russia. He also transformed the word "hip" into "hippies", sending another public signal that the emerging culture was kid-stuff and nothing to be taken seriously. I won't use the word today.

Let's not forget that we are never protected from our errors by our good intentions. The hip communities, among which I number myself, did not always live up to our ideals and brought our problems, unresolved issues, and traumas with us into our new world, right along with the common human inheritance of greed, anger, and delusion, judgments and indulgences. We may have been correct in our criticisms of the culture and our abandonment of some of its fundamentals, but the excesses of our behavior, our insistence on our own style and ways, our self-righteousness at flaunting our own values and overt sexuality without regard to the proprieties and sensibilities of more conservative citizens, alienated much of the country who might have been our allies. They rebuked us by electing Richard Nixon as President and Ronald Reagan as Governor. Reagan came into office vowing to throw the burns out and clean up the mess and sent police with blacked-out identity badges and live ammunition against protestors in Berkeley. The resulting deaths and wounding required the National Guard to end the disturbance.

Those same forces and impulses are alive today, both inside and outside us. How many of us remember the passionate debates in rooms where people were screaming at one another for "Peace"? We are all the problems we're trying to solve, and if we don't realize that, we too bear all the negative aspects of common humanity, we're very dangerous. The responsibility to control our negative impulses is our own.

As we face the future today, nervous about our mores and institutions

crumbling, obviously inept people being advanced to run critical agencies like the FBI and the military, let's remember that 16 million people who voted for Biden in 2020 stayed home this last election. How much more careless with our country could we have been?

Yeah, we hipsters used a lot of drugs, were careless with money and property and sexual energy, but we in the Haight never approached the scale of damage to our country that the suit-and-tie prep-school class wrought in Vietnam, the CIA's smuggling crack into black neighborhoods to fund military efforts in Guatemala, Nicaragua, El Salvador that our Congress had refused -- using Americans to train local troops to fight the hungry for the fat.

We should be proud of having resisted a political system built around and for money. The US sprouts billionaires like dandelions, while the poor pick our fruit and vegetables, work in our restaurants, take care of our sick, and tend our gardens. We'll see how loyal people remain.

As one who lived and believed then, pretty much as I do now, the question remains: What do we do now? Life, history, maturity, the arrival of children, conservative pushback, lack of money, and finally, the creative evolution of the Universe itself, wiped the hip scene from the public slate. It did not eradicate our values. People changed to do what they had to do to survive.

the

The Environmental Movement. the Haight-Ashbury Free practices, alternative health this time among these often orous souls. They continue as resistance to greed, selfishness day's world. If "it ain't over till not even a fat man in the White

Calmness and clarity are what next step is networking, organizing,

getting to know your neighbors. Figure out how to help. Meet together for the fun and hell of it. Don't think in terms of good guys and bad guys. We're human beings. Each of us possesses the full spectrum of possibilities -- from Mother Teresa to Hitler. If we don't own our shadows and tame them, we put them on others. What happened in the Haight-Ashbury can happen anywhere again based on the care and attention of those who insist on living their value. We can make it so, but it takes patience, kindness, and persistence. Up for it? I am.

> *Come watch HSV's video interview with Peter* up at his Sebastopol digs! Follow the QR code!



Women's Movement.

practices all began during

scraggly, stoned, and glam-

countercultural strains of

and over-indulgence in to-

the fat lady sings," then

House can stop this train.

people need in a pinch. The

Clinic, alternative spiritual Peter Coyote by Linda Kelly





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BEATS, PUNKS, HIPPIES & VALE BY LINDA KELLY

V.Vale is a SF punk publisher who never quit. He's been doing counterculture publishing since 1977, when he founded the punk tabloid, Search & Destroy. I recently met with Vale and his wife Marian at their pad in North Beach to explore more of the story ...

VV: I'm in the front (circled in pink at right) of this photo because I was the only person in the band who knew Jim Marshall. I had joined this band Blue Cheer around August 1966. I was backstage at the Avalon Ballroom with a really cute girl, by accident I

might add, and Jim Marshall invit- Vale, Haight & Ashbury, I ed us over and showed us his photos. He had pictures of

pre-psychedelic stars like Joan Baez and other folk music types. Hippie music grew out of the folk music movement. **HSV:** What brought you to San Francisco?

VV: I had applied to UC Berkeley, I knew my uncle lived in SF, I guessed he'd help me out and he sure as hell did! I stayed at his place for free. Lawrence Ferlinghetti and my uncle were in WWII. There was this great thing called the GI Bill. If you fought in WWII, they would pay for you to go to college anywhere in the world. Ferlinghetti and my uncle wanted to become painters and went to the Sorbonne. That's how they met. Then my uncle followed Ferlinghetti when he moved to SF and started City Lights.

Way back when, counterculture had to do with reading forbidden books like *Tropic of Cancer* and *Naked Lunch*. They were not taught at UC Berkeley but you knew this was what the hip people were reading. An alternative vision on how to live. Instead of settling down and all

that. You definitely didn't get a straight job -- although I did. Starting in '67, I worked at City Lights. I was a lowly book clerk. I started their mail-order business because that would give me power to order books.

That was the way to meet anyone who mattered as a writer. I glommed on William Burroughs. It has to do with some level of rebellion in your soul. Punk rock was the last big counterculture. **HSV:** *Search & Destroy* started with money from Ferlinghetti and Ginsberg? **VV:** Ginsberg gave me a hundred. I showed it to Ferlinghetti and he immediately wrote me a matching hundred.

> If you're kind of born a rebel child, you're always gonna rebel against the status quo you were raised in. The Punk Movement was a dialectical reaction to the Hippie Movement. You write about what pisses you off about the world. But more than that, you use black humor.

> **HSV:** Wavy Gravy in the middle of a protest putting on a clown nose.

VV: Right. Everything that pisses you off about the world, don't get mad at it, make fun of it. I like punk because punk made everybody -- people put on shows in their living rooms for free.

HSV: Is it possible to keep that connection going? **VV:** Provide a social matrix, a center gathering point where people can meet and do whatever!

V.Vale's RE/Search continues to provide "Againstthe-Status-Quo" publications. Follow the QR code to learn more about this SF rebel.



A MOMENT WITH MCNALLY ...

Meet Dennis McNally (historian, Grateful Dead publicist, author extraordinaire) and his wife Susana Millman (photography goddess; Jerry Garcia walked her down the aisle at their wedding) -- dear friends of mine a zillion years. I'm thrilled to bring you Dennis in his own (fabulous) words talking about his poignant new book, the coming of the Counterculture Museum, and much more. Love you, Dennis and Susana! -- LK

As my wife keeps pointing out, the timing How Bohemians Became of The Last Great Dream: How Bohemians Became Hippies and Created the Sixties is definitely weird. Just as a madman in the White House scraps democracy and attacks tolerance -- in fact the current administration is the exact anti-'60s -- here comes my book about the other side of the coin.

It's not new. Going back to the 1830s when corporations were first created and became the basis of the American econ-

omy, the country has always celebrated two kinds of freedom. There's the Thoreau kind; he questioned the Protestant work ethic, American racism, and our relationship to nature, along with other fundamentals. The other kind of freedom in America is the right to make as much money as humanly possible ... the Trump kind.

In the '60s I was in the backwoods of Maine or in college in northern New York State. As a result, I read about what was happening in SF at the public library. Apparently I've spent the last 50 years or so studying what I missed. First Kerouac and the '50s in

Desolate Angel, then the Grateful Dead in A Long Strange Trip, then the background origins of the counterculture, the relationship with black culture, primarily black music, in On Highway 61.

In the process, I came to SF to research, fell in love with the City, eventually connected with the Dead and became the band's biographer and then the publicist. In 2016, I was invited by the Califor-

nia Historical Society to curate a photo show celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Summer of Love, and realized that it was a book I needed to write; The Last Great Dream is volume four, the final episode of American bohemianism in the late 20th century. I've always liked the Beat Museum across from City Lights Bookstore, but the idea of combining Beat with '60s DENNIS artifacts as a Counterculture Museum in the Haight makes perfect sense to me.

What happened in the '60s in SF is a wonderful statement of people coming together to skip the usual American mythology and create a culture that was inclusive, healthy as to the natural order, and open to sexual freedom. It was then and is now an antidote to the repression coming out of Washington, and as such, something we need very much to embrace. And if you can afford it, The Last Great Dream is kind of good background reading for the job!

Do your homework, kids! Follow the QR code to order The Last Great Dream! love_





RECORD STORE DAY 2025 AT AMOEBA SF

Visit Amoeba SF on Saturday, April 12th for hundreds of limited edition releases available only at indie record stores! View the full PDF list of 2025 Record Store Day titles on Amoeba.com

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RSD STORE HOURS

Amoeba SF will be open 9am – 7pm. Trade counter will be open 11am - 7pm. The RSD menu process starts at 8am. RSD customers will line up in front of the store up Haight St., towards Shrader St. Customers not shopping for RSD titles can come into the store once we open at 9am (no line).

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COUNTERCULTURE MUSEUM: "WE'VE GOT STORIES TO TELL"

Just in time for Spring, there's a Counterculture Musuem about to bloom on the corner of Haight and Ashbury. Jerry and Estelle Cimino -- the folks behind the Beat Museum in North Beach for 20 years -- have been dreaming up this new adventure since 2019, and when this particular location opened up, the synchronicity wasn't lost on them. A big fan of the Beat Museum, I had a lovely hang with Jerry and Estelle back in January as they gave me a tour of the new joint, still a work-in-

progress at that point. They're aiming for a late-April, early May opening, so stay tuned!

Jerry Cimino: Counterculture is as old as civilization. The Greeks and the Romans had counterculture. We're going to talk about what's the difference between a counterculture and a subculture, and how the subculture sometimes becomes a true-blown society.

We're gonna start here (gesturing to front area). This will be a Beat Generation case because that's where we're starting the story. We have the Beat Museum in North Beach.

Haight Street Voice: Yay Beat Museum!

JC: And the Beats became the Hippies. We'll have a video here so people have the chance to review and understand the lineage of what happened in this era.

Then as we head on back, we'll be doing the Civil Rights Era. We'll talk about what happened on the national stage as well as what was happening here in the San Francisco Bay Area, because the Bay Area has a very rich tradition.

We'll have rotating exhibitions here in the back. The first one we expect to present will be the San Francisco Oracle. We have eight of the original twelve Oracles. This is a magnificent one of the Houseboat Summit. We've got a lot of stories to tell!

HSV: What is the task of counterculture moving forward?

JC: It's the artists and their free spirits and the young who push society forward. It's the people who put their own passion and perspective into things to show

what can be, and typically it's been the young. Every generation wants to do something different than its parents did. And in the sense of the counterculture, people try out different things and sometimes things stick.

For me, counterculture is basically people who think that they can have a sense of their own lives, what's important to them, live in a more free

way and dig into what they wanna dig into - whatever it may be. It's kind of like the spirit of the Beats. "We don't care who you are, what you look like, or what you're into as long as you're not hurting anybody else. Come join our party!"

That's why the hippies were so embracing. That was the whole idea behind Woodstock. Five-hundred thousand young people show up and there's no violence, there's no trouble. There's people getting high or doing whatever they're doing, but nobody got uptight about it. Even in the rainstorm, it was just a good weekend for most people.

And the legacy lives on.

We've had a museum for 20 years, we know how to tell a story. Estelle and I have talked about a lot of things we could be doing with the rest of our lives, but for us this is important because it empowers people. It

let's people realize they're not alone and you can learn from what happened in the past and you can make choices for the future. That's why we're doin' it. HSV: I know a lot of people are excited that this is going to be a place you can come hang out, you can learn, you can read a book. It's a place to land.

JC: Yeah, the people in the neighborhood have a special place. People who are visiting from overseas or other parts of the country, they might just be here for a day and they're gonna wanna tour the museum and see all the exhibits and spend maybe a few hours here. It's the locals that'll probably come for book signings and other events that we'll be hosting. We're going to cater to a lot



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of different levels — just like we've done at the Beat Museum. Meeting people where they are and being open to what people want. We don't claim to have all the answers for anything, and we're very much open to ideas! **HSV:** Estelle, what does counterculture mean to you?

EC: I really believe counterculture is about



going against the grain of what is considered "normal." It's people living their truth, it's people being authentic to who they are and what they want to happen in their lives and the lives of others in the world. It isn't always what the government tells us or what parents tell us growing up.

When I was a kid I was way too young to be part of hippies and everything else, but I saw all the hippies and I admired the fact that they seemed so free and they could do what they wanted. It was just so appealing. I told my parents, "When I grow up I wanna be a hippie!" I really didn't want to be a hippie, but I

wanted to live that lifestyle, be that person who could live free without somebody telling them what to do all the time and how to do it. I believe we all should live our authentic selves. Of course there's some things ... don't kill one another, don't harm one another — I believe in those things. But beyond that, it's what is your truth and try to move towards that truth.

JC: We're a history museum and we don't shy away from the truth. History teaches you.

HSV: And this museum is going to inspire people to remember.

JC: We hope so! We hope people remember what happened in the '60s and reclaim their power to make positive change for themselves, for our society, and for the world.

EC: We want to empower people — inspire and empower. We don't want to fight against things, we want to fight for what we want. Let's take action for what we want. That's what we're about: Showing how the past can inspire today and the future. The stories of the past are wonderful. We're excited to tell those stories.

HSV: What do you want to say to the Haight community?

JC: We're thrilled to be here, warm welcome by people in from other merchants, people the neighborhood, people who on the street. We just want to your community. We didn't in the '60s, and yet we understand, we think, what the story is, and we invite you and en-

courage you to tell us your sto-

ry, tell us what we might be missing. What's the flavor of this? What's the twist to that story? We want to

tell the good, powerful, unique story that literally started at this intersection (pointing out the window) and went around the world!

EC: Exactly. And we could still do the same thing today. We can make change!

Come watch a video tour of the Counterculture Museum in its early stages. By the time you read this, Jerry and Estelle's dream will be that much closer to coming true!





and we really have felt an extremely

the community who live in literally live be a part of live here



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HAIGHT-ASHBURY **PSYCHEDELIC CENTER**

David E. Smith, MD (aka "Dr. Dave," Founder, significant portion going to clinics that served the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic)

Excerpts from Healthcare is a Right: A Memoir by up, and we accepted government funding with a Black community."

"As the Haight Ashbury changed, the clinic turned

its focus from general medical care and began treat-

"I was excited about the possibility of making public health care more widely available, particularly to the kids I saw on the streets in my neighborhood, the Flow- ing more and more people for problems related to

er Children who had begun to trickle into the Haight Ashbury."

"On June 7, 1967, we opened our doors as the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. A line of patients stretched around the

block by the afternoon, attracted by word of mouth "As I continue my lifelong work in helping others on Haight Street. They were as young as 13, most of them below 21. They came with infections from cuts and scrapes, sexually transmitted diseases, and bad drug reactions."

"I began to see parallels between the hippie situation in the Haight and the plight of the patients I saw at the Alcohol and Drug Screening Unit at SFGH."

"I became more deeply involved with the National Free Clinic Council (NFCC), which I had founded in 1969 to bring together people around the country who had started clinics like ours. Our inclusion of Black Panther Free Clinics led undercover FBI agents to infiltrate the gathering. The Black Panthers were more pragmatic. They referred to us with some disdain as "hippie clinics," but they saw that affiliating with us was a possible path to accessing money. Somehow, this odd coalition held



drug abuse and addiction. Treating addiction was still considered out of scope for legitimate medical practice. The concept of the community-based addiction program did not yet exist."

to overcome their addictions, I continue to explore, both professionally and personally, the new horizons opening in the addiction medicine field, including the revival of psychedelics, especially the plantbased ones like psilocybin and avahuasca. Researchers in schools of medicine, psychiatry, and theology are studying ways psychedelic substances can help for post-traumatic disorder, end of life anxiety, major depressive disorder and substance use disorders."

"By focusing on acceptance and gratitude, core tenets in recovery, I find myself at peace and I am proud and honored to have been a part of a health care revolution."

Come explore the Haight-Ashbury Psychedelic Center archives. Thank you Dr. Dave for the healing your work brings the world!



TALKIN' 'BOUT OUR COUNTERCULTURE by Steve Heilig PART 1



"We're all here to be silly and have fun, as long as we recognize the fact that our democracy is going up in flames ... " -- Joan Baez, March 2025

It was the wondrous Patti Smith's 70th birthday and she gave a rousing show at San Francisco's fabled Fillmore, complete with a birthday cake, a thousand fans singing her the happy birthday song, and a blazing encore of The Who's 1960s signature anthem "My Generation." "Not tryin"

generation," she roared. On the way out and down the stairs, elated by her energy and commitment, I overheard a young voice behind me say "She really shouldn't do that last song ---her generation screwed everything up for everyone."

Ouch! That hurt, even though she was referring to folks a bit even older than me. And yes, the 2016 presiden-

tial election had gone very badly for the kind of soundtrack and documentary for all of it. values Smith's generation evoked and espoused. my tongue, and just shook my head a little. She just rolled her eyes and they walked on. But her blanket accusation, ignorant though it might have been, is a common one that left me thinking.

"The sixties" have been re-hashed to oblivion

but there are big reasons why all that reflection and examination and yes, nostalgia exists at all. The very term "counterculture" implies some kind of opposition to something, or multiple things. People were talking about a "revolution" - but what might that be? It seemed vague, ill-defined. However, if one looks at the constellation of what were often called "movements," there was indeed "revolution in the air," as Bob Dylan sang.

I've tried to count the movements, and for convenience sake come up with a baker's dozto cause a big sensation / Just talkin' 'bout my en. Your results may vary, but here's my list:

environmentalism/ecology,

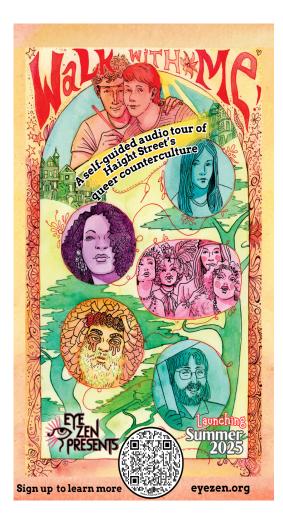


Joan Baez and Patti Smith

Each movement has had varying lasting impacts I cringed, looked back in anger at them, but bit in the past half century and more. The Revolution didn't quite arrive ...

> Follow the QR code to read Part 2 of Steve's exploration of counterculture.





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PALPITATIONS FROM THE UNDERGROUND BY JAMES DEAN BOLDMAN

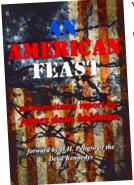
A few years ago I wrote a book called *An American Feast*. It's a book about America, from my perspective, and it begins with my arrest at 19 years old, on May 1, 1971 ... while completely naked and on Acid ... smack-dab in the middle of Washington DC's Reflecting Pool.

You may ask, why was I in that ridiculous situation?

Simple. Nixon was in the White House, the Vietnam War was raging, and I, being of Draft age, had just set fire to my Draft card and dropped it through the iron fence onto Richard Nixon's south lawn. But, I wasn't alone.

I was one of 12,000 angry young people that the combined forces of the Capital Police, the National Guard and the United States Marines, who were landing in helicopters on the grounds of the Washington Monument, strug-

gled to contain. It was the largest mass arrest in U.S. history ... and it was my introduction to the counterculture. I was considered an agitator, because I was willing to stand up and speak out for my beliefs, even when



they were not always popular. But it felt important and personal to me because I was part of a generation that was under attack for our stance against the war. And I was eligible for the Draft.

Now I'm older and tired, and Trump has returned to the Oval Office. And, while I'm not exactly the energetic firebrand that I once

was, I did manage to instill certain values in my children.

And, on the day of the recent election, before the votes were even counted, I recognized some red flags, the last of which told me it was over and I knew that Trump, that cruel buffoon, the least qualified jockey in the race, would win back the highest office in the land, and that the world would think, because of that sea of red on the electoral map, that we're all behind him.

But, for me, the final Red Flag

that informed me that it was over, and that the Resistance was and is still of paramount importance? It was when, on the day of the election, not in Texas or Arizona but in the Blue-est area of the deep-Blue states, here in what we



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half-jokingly call the People's Republic of Berkeley, Berkeley, where there is a long history of resistance, Berkeley, where there's a cannabis dispensary on every corner, right

next to the Whole Foods, Berkeley, home of the Free Speech Movement and of student led anti-war protests in the '60s, of the Black Panther Movement, and now the home of highly educated older hippies in tiedye, who drive Teslas and ride around on \$4000 recumbent bicycles ...

The final aforementioned Red Flag, on the very day of the Election, no less, was when my beautiful transgender daughter, Max was driving on the freeway, and some fucking idiot wearing a wife-beater t-shirt and

MAGA hat on backwards, pulls up alongside Max's car, not a foot away at 65 mph on the freeway, mind you, and for no reason screams "I'll kill you, you fucking freak," scaring poor Max, who is the sweetest most sensitive soul, out of her, not his, but her, mind.

I'm embarrassed to report that my immediate protective fatherly response was to suggest that she maybe "tone down her look" in order to attract less hostility, which I'm proud to say, Max flatly and defiantly rejected ... and I wouldn't have considered it either.

So, now I'm asked: What is the task of counterculture -- then, now, and beyond?

> My answer is this: It is raising thoughtful, kind children who are taught to respect and support the human rights of all, including their own, while standing up and speaking out loudly and firmly against that which is clearly wrong, against those that endeavor to roll back and erode, if not deny, basic human rights to our most at-risk and vulnerable. It is feeding the hungry, spreading kindness in a world that seems to have increasingly forgotten how. And it is by passing the torch to a new generation in order to en-

sure that the Resistance lives on. And that is the ultimate defiance.

Viva la Resistance.

Welcome James Dean Boldman and his brand-new column! Follow the QR code to pick up what Jim's layin' down ...

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POWER TO THE PEOPLE



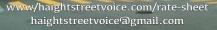
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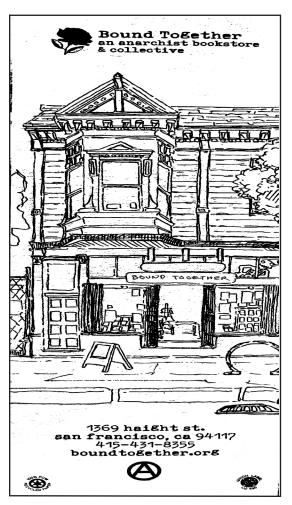
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RATE SHEET





ANARCHIST BOOKSTORE

by Kenna Lindsay

Meet Tom Alder, longtime volunteer at Bound Together Anarchist Collective Bookstore on Haight, who took the time to discuss what this cool venue is all about. **KL:** What brought the original collective members together around books?

Tom Alder: The bookstore was originally started as a community bookstore project in 1976 at the corner of Hayes and Ashbury. A lot of the people who were involved came out of the muralist movement, small press publications, and poetry circles. It was started as an all-volunteer collective, and it still is to this day.

Then as new people got involved, some of us were or considered ourselves anarchists and wanted anarchist literature on the shelves. At the time that I got involved there wasn't very much. **KL:** What does it mean to be a collective to you? **TA:** We work it, we own it, we manage it. So there's really no bosses. There are definitely dif-

ferent degrees of experience, but it's an attempt to operate a place democratically rather than top to bottom. **KL:** How do anarchists run a bookstore like this one? **TA:** It has its ups and downs. Sometimes we get a relatively small group of people that do weekly shifts, and that really helps with keeping the hours consistent. When we reopened after the pandemic, we only had four people doing shifts. I think it was very different in the '80s and '90s because there were more people involved that actually lived in this community, and that helped us in terms of staffing the place.

KL: What about the Prisoner's Literature Project?



Do you have a favorite story about how doing that affected somebody's life?

TA: I actually started the Prisoner's Literature Project, but originally it was oriented towards gays in prison. It was inspired by the gay community news which came out of Boston and they did prisoner penpal letters oriented towards gays in prison. They also sent books to prisons, so I wrote to them, got some information and started soliciting books from progressive publishers.

At that time the war on drugs was expanding, and



then the AIDS epidemic started to emerge, so we started adding AIDS information pamphlets in with all our packages so that there was some information within the prison system. People started to ask us for books, sometimes they were people we knew. Over the course of time, it became for whomever was behind bars. We've gotten a lot of letters. We have people

come in who have been in prison and gotten books and they always thank us. They often say it really made a difference. Some people learned to read and write this way. One guy in a penitentiary was a gay prisoner in the early '80s and he had written to us because he got permission from the warden to actually bring in gay titles into the prison library. That was the first time there were those kinds of titles in their libraries. And I always thought that was ... I like that.

Come watch our video hang with Tom at Bound Together Bookstore on Haight!



HAIGHT-ASHBURY HOLISTIC ASTROLOGY BY MICHAEL SOLLAZZO



Hello, Haight-Ashbury!

As the Byrds (and Bible) said, "To everything Scott Decision of March 6, 1857 triggered the (turn turn turn) there is a season (turn turn American Civil War. The bombing of Pearl turn)..." So what season are we in now?

From a Solar perspective, we are entering Spring, a time of balance and regeneration, of new growth and hope for the future. If you find you need a little of that in your life, a walk in nature might soothe your soul (and luckily Golden Gate Park is just down the street).

But you may have noticed that our times are a bit frenetic and chaotic.

and have been for several years. Astrologers will often look to slower-moving planets to track longer "seasons", and the cycles of Uranus (associated with radical change, revolution, etc.) may be helpful to contextualize the current state of our world.

If we use a heliocentric Uranian model, some comparable times to where we are now are Spring 1941, late-Winter/early-Spring 1857, and late-Fall/early-Winter 1772/1773. All of these times were ones of specific turmoil and change for the through this, and I look forward to better times US and the world. More than that, there were specific "triggers" around these times that are often pointed to as leading to greater conflict. The Boston Tea Party of December 16, 1773

to join WWII.

triggered the American Revolution. The Dred

Harbor on December 7, 1941 catalyzed the US

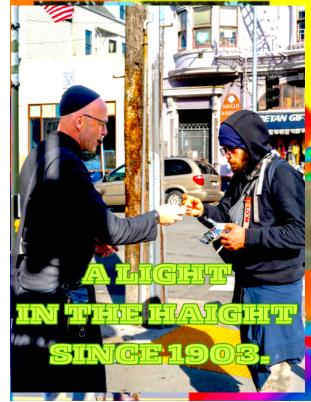
It is my hope that such a "trigger" is avoided in our current cycle. Finding ways to reduce conflict at all levels may help diffuse these energies. If you find yourself revving up for a fight, can you find a way to calm yourself down and identify a compromise or peaceful solution? At the same time, some

things may need to be fought or resisted, and knowing when to do so is important.

There are many other ways to weather this storm. and perhaps one of the best is to do it together, get to know your neighbors, look out for one another, focus locally. And be sure to take care of yourself and your needs, too. Meditate, exercise, take breaks from social media, and find ways to laugh. Create art, get involved, connect, protest, dance, live, and start to build what comes next. We'll get ahead with you all. Sending love to the Haight.

Feel free to email me (hello@michaelsollazzo. *com) with questions or to schedule a reading.*

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SPORTS DESK

BY CYNTHIA JOHNSTON

"We want an immediate end to police brutality and the murder of Black people."

While Hippies were creating their iconic image, Black Panthers were doing the same thing, marching onto TV screens and into unsuspecting living rooms all across America. Whether they were media-savvy or

just plain lucky on May 2, 1967, they managed to radical thing you can do these days. Put your own

happened every morning in Oakland, where the

clude not getting killed by cops, she pioneered Com- Well and Power to the People! munity Survival programs to improve people's lives. Ericka Huggins directed the OCS. Her trailblazing approach to education applied core Black Panther



principles stressing self-determination and community control. Under her leadership, students -- Black Panther Party for Self Defense achieved near-perfect attendance and regularly per-First, the spectacle: Black men in black berets, Afros formed above grade level. They were taught conand black leather jackets, marching into the California flict resolution, martial arts, and meditation. Teen-State Capitol, fists raised, armed with loaded shotguns. age students helped younger kids and seniors. They It doesn't get much more counterculture than that, learned nutrition by growing a community garden,

mathematics by running the school store, and published their own newspaper. But that was then. What is the task of counterculture now? Community Survival. Start with survival. That's the most

show up 10 feet from Gov. Ronald Reagan's press oxygen mask on first, as they say on turbulent conference and steal his spotlight. Instant fame! flights. And as Ericka Huggins says, a spiritual compo-But that's not the whole story. The real action nent is necessary for sustained activism. Amen to that.

Then, Community. People taking care of people, men and women of the Black Panther Party spent including free health care. Boost personal agency at a two hours cooking breakfast for the kids in their young age. Foster mental health, plus drug and alcohol school, Oakland Community School (OCS.) I can addiction awareness. Teach kids leadership skills and still hear the joyful cacophony of those children to stand up for themselves, for community. Eventualfrom when I was involved with one of their other ly, the most radical concepts become mainstream.

programs - teaching inner city kids about ecology; In the '70s, the USDA adopted the Free that the environment belonged to them and wasn't Breakfast Program. In 2010, the Black Panther "just a place for white kids to ride their ponies." model was adopted by the Oakland Unified School Elaine Brown was the first and only woman to lead District. The marching song for today's counterthe Black Panther Party. While promoting their radi- culture comes combined, courtesy of the Hippies cal political platform, which unfortunately had to in- and the Black Panthers: Teach Your Children

> Check out Cynthia's badass website: www.mywayisthehighway.com



San Francisco Heritage Announces A Visionary Opportunity at the Doolan-Larson "House at Haight-Ashbury" Reimagining the Counterculture Legacy

Later this summer, San Francisco Heritage will release a **Request for Concept Proposals** (RFCP) for the redevelopment and reuse of the historic Doolan-Larson Residence and Storefronts—the **"House at Haight-Ashbury"**— on the northwest corner of Haight and Ashbury streets. We are seeking an experienced team to adapt the prominent building as a dynamic cultural facility that explores the many lessons and aspects of "Counterculture," its precedents and its legacy, and its profound significance in San Francisco's history.

First, we want to hear from you! Email us at haight@sfheritage.org

Over the next three months we are eager to meet with members of the community and interested parties to benefit from your insights and interest in this singular opportunity. **Please reach out to us for one-on-one of small group meetings at the Doolan-Larson House**, or we can come to your homes to meet with you and your neighbors, to your place of work, or to your community or business association meetings.

Let's meet to:

- Discuss San Francisco Heritage's aspirations for this iconic site and the process to find a team that can successfully execute the project.
- Ensure that the effort is true to the character and history of Haight-Ashbury and benefits the community.
- Hear your goals, ideas, thoughts, dreams, and concerns on what this iconic project can and should be.



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