

HAIGHT STREET VOICE



YEAR 8 #23

"HYPER-LOCAL WITH A GLOBAL PERSPECTIVE"

SUMMER 2025

SUBSCRIBE





ART AT THE EDGE OF MAGIC

JULY 24 - SEPT 21, 2025

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Photo: Grateful Dead play free on Haight Street, March 3, 1968, by Jim Marshall

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Grateful Dead in the Panhandle, 1967, by Jim Marshall

We interrupt this program to bring you . . . Jerry Garcia! Here's Jerry talking about what it's like to play music, excerpted from Dennis McNally's up close and personal book, Jerry on Jerry. We love you forever and a day, Jerry!

Jerry Garcia: I'm not a planner, you know what I mean? I can't do that. For me, reality exists note to note. It isn't extended a little way out in front. You know what I mean?

Dennis McNally: At all?

JG: Not really. Sometimes there's a big idea out there, you know? Because we may have discussed it - "Well, we're going to do this tune and that tune and that tune" - but as far as the particulars, and as far as the reality of things, of notes actually being actually played, I find myself unable to do that even if I strive for it. You know what I mean?

DM: See, that boggles me. The thing that is most striking about your playing is the inherent sense of structure and of symmetry, so that unlike some guys who feel like it just sounds like, you know, [you're] just basically bashing away for 6 minutes and then [you'll] come back. It's like, most of

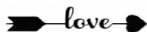
the time I can visualize it and —

JG: Let me put it this way: there is a little more to it than that. I mean, the reality, the existential reality - the real reality is note to note. But the fact is, that for me, music is like a thing of hunks, you know, of like, sentences. For me, an idea is not one note. You know? An idea is like a sentence or a paragraph sometimes. You know what I mean?

♥
Linda Kelly, Editor-in-Chief



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**46TH ANNUAL
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SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 7 2025

LIVE MUSIC | ART | NON-PROFITS | SKATE COMPETITION
CHILDREN'S ALLEY | LOCAL MERCHANTS | ARTISANS | FOOD & DRINK

11am-530pm

HONORING MUWEKMA OHLONE LAND

For three days in August, over 120,000 people arrive in Golden Gate Park to experience the music of the Grateful Dead. This is all taking place on the ancestral lands of the Muwekma Ohlone Tribe of the SF Bay Area. Haight Street Voice asks that we take a moment to recognize the Ohlone's sovereignty. We share with you the following message from Muwekma.org (with their full, and grateful, consent):

"If you are visiting traditional tribal lands, remember that for Native Americans land is more than just real estate. They have a deep emotional and spiritual connection with their land and respect it. You should do the same.

A love for one's historic homeland is a universal one. And when people have their land taken away from them, it is not just space, soil, and the animals and plants that live on it that are lost – it is the history and heritage of those people, their home.

Native American tribes lived on and cared for the vast land that is North America for many millennia before the European invaders arrived. Within a century of the settlers' arrival, native lands were stolen by various nefarious means. A few federally recognized tribes were issued, for the most part somewhat useless lands called "reservations" on which they could live and practice their traditional ways of life, but these were, to be honest, little more than large ghettos created to salve the conscience of the invaders which made them feel they were being fair to the people whose lands that were being stolen, as in the case of certain California Indian tribes. The tribes that had not formally obtained or retained, federal recognition, as in

the case of the Muwekma Ohlone Tribe fared even worse.

Today, it can be argued that with an increasing number of Native Americans integrated into the American lifestyle and residing in urban areas, the need for federal recognition of tribes is no longer an issue. However, nothing could be further than the

Truth. The Declaration of Independence states that every citizen of this country has an undeniable right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." However, citizenship was not accorded Native Americans until 1924, after 17,000 Indians served during WWI overseas in Europe (1917-1919).



The history of Native Americans is tied to the land they live on and unless that land can be guaranteed to them through federal recognition, how can their futures be guaranteed and their cultures and traditions survive? How then can they exercise their right to the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness? Federal recognition will not just guarantee them the protection of their land, it will secure their right to maintain their traditions and cultural identity and remain who they are., especially after being on their lands for over 10,000 years. An excellent example of the importance of this recognition is the case of the Muwekma Ohlone Tribe in the San Francisco Bay Area as a landless tribe. Check out the Tribe's website to see how important Ohlone language and revitalization efforts and integrating Muwekma Ohlone Tribal events and celebrations into their present-day lifestyle is for them. It is something that applies to all the tribes...."

TRIPPIN' WITH THE DEAD . . .

I came to SF from Seattle in 1964. The first time I played with the Dead, they were the Warlocks down in Belmont at the Anteroom. This was right about when they were changing their name to the Grateful Dead. My first impression was "These guys are pretty radical." Half the time pretty sour, and half the time genius, that was the way it went. I heard them a few more times, they were a bit sour, and then I heard them in Pescadero. There wasn't hardly anyone there, maybe three or four kids slidin' back and forth in their stocking feet. That was a day when the band was firing good. They were really playing nicely. It was really cool. At that point, we were just starting to get Moby Grape going. We were playing the same gigs as the Dead. They had the acid tests and everything going on then. New bands forming. That's the early experiences when I first started checking out the Dead. They were good folks. Down-to-earth people. They had quite a following even then. They had a lot of friends."

-- Jerry Miller, Moby Grape guitarist



"I'm wandering around, the parking lot is thinning out, so I decide I better just sit in the car until the acid wears off. I turned some music on real loud because, you know, it's psychedelic. But all I could get was a really bad radio station to be tripping on, so I figured I better just get the hell out of there. So I'm driving and I wound up on the other end of this sports complex, it's totally dark, and I can't find anybody I'm driving on off-ramps, and the whole time my car's going boom boom boom boom. I figure that's just me, I'm tripping. But about 45 minutes later, I figure I better check. One thing you should never do, by the way, is drive under a blinking light when you're tripping, because suddenly there are rabbits everywhere. I get out of the car, and semi trucks are whizzing by. When they thunder by, it's really freaky. I check the first tire, it's fine. Second's fine, third is fine; the fourth tire is searing and melting into the ground, steaming, because I'd been riding on the rim for an hour. I get back in the car, and I don't know how to use a jack and have no idea where the spare tire is. I'm sitting in the car going,

"Shit. Shit. Okay. Sooner or later, a policeman will pull over and see if I'm okay. So I start preparing a statement for the policeman: "Officer, I have a flat tire. Could you please send a tow truck? Officer, I have a flat tire. Could you please send a tow truck?" No problem. I can say that. Eventually, a cop shows up. I get out of the car and I walk up to him. He rolls down his window and I say, "I got me a big ol' flat tire right over there!" For some reason, I just slid into trucker talk. The cop looked at me and said, "Ggrhzhghghrzhghrghghz," and I swear to God, the cop had the head of a bee. And then he just drove away.

Finally a flatbed truck arrives, he puts my car on the truck, we're driving away, and he goes, "That'll be 294 dollars" Of course I don't have any money. So I had to call my mom at 6 in the morning from Newark and ask her for her credit card number to repair the flat tire I'd gotten after sneaking off with her car. Later, the flatbed truck guy was like, "Oh, here's your spare tire!" So I just drove home. That was me going to a Dead show by myself." -- John Popper, Blues Traveler

"Jerry's on my answering machine telling me in that super nasally voice of his that he and Phil will be at my house in fifteen minutes to go to the scuba diving store uptown like we'd all planned the night before. Note to self: don't make next-day plans at 4 a.m. after a Dead show.

New York City, 1993. It's noon-ish and I'm lying there in my scraggly SoHo apartment, which is wickedly empty thanks to my ex's fit. I mean, he took everything. The only things he left were the bed, the cat, and me -- and the answering machine, upon which, as I mentioned, Jerry's voice is winding its way around the teeny little microcassette tape because these were the days of analog, when phones were still attached to the wall.

So I gather my molecules, slip out of bed, throw on my usual cords and t-shirt, grab who knows what, give a kiss to Slacks (my gray and white kitty who the ex so kindly left behind), and haul my ass down the three flights of worn-out marble stairs. Sure enough, right there outside my building, is a black towncar. The backseat window rolls down, Jerry pokes his head out. 'Hey, Linda! Get in!'" -- Linda Kelly, author of Deadheads

Excerpted from my book, Deadheads [Citadel Underground 1995]. If you dug these nuggets and want to experience some more, The Counterculture Museum is hosting me for a Deadheads book event, July 31, 5-6pm. Come say hey and grab a signed copy! Can't make the gig? QR code your way to my email and we'll get you one!



MICKEY HART'S ART COMES TO THE HAIGHT BY LINDA KELLY

Haight Street Voice: We're gonna start with way back...

Mickey Hart: Way back! (laughs)

HSV: If you think of your younger self, what was it like being here when the counterculture exploded? What did that feel like?

MH: It was great! It was lots of fun. The street was happening. It was really blooming. Everybody was creating something, doing something, trying to make a better world. It was a consciousness-raising, geo-thermal moment, I don't know what you call it, but (laughs) it certainly lit up a whole bunch of people at the same time. Lit up, get it?

HSV: Yeah! Plenty of good weed going around, too. Did you have a sense that something was going on?

MH: Yeah, we did. You could tell. It was in the air ... Electricity was in the air. A lot of things that were happening were kind of happenstance, luck was abounding. We were on the street, so we knew each other. People gravitated towards each other, and we formed little groups, finding truth. But music was the driving force. There was a spirit behind it, but music was the very center of it all ... the Airplane and the Grateful Dead, Big Brother, Country Joe and the Fish. Everybody. We all knew each other. We were friends. We competed, but friendly competition. Very friendly. We loved each other, had relations with each other, often. It was a good time for the street. After '67, something changed.

HSV: Do you think Golden Gate Park and the Panhandle, and the vibe of all those trees affected the whole magical landscape?

MH: Of course. It's the City, you know? Trees in the city, the park, the green, everybody was smoking and trying psycho-active drugs — it was a time of great experimentation personally and in groups. So, you know, it was really thriving. People were following their muse, and that was a really important

thing back then, when you could follow your muse without getting shut down for it. It didn't cost you very much to do anything. Living was cheap.

We had to pay for the instruments and so forth, so we had to charge.

We'd rather have played for free. We tried many times to play for free; and we did. But it used to cost us to play free. We always played better when we played free.

HSV: How does it feel to be returning to Golden Gate Park in August? I'll be quite frank: I know a lot of street kids and they're like, "I can't afford \$285 a day!" It's interesting that you just said we always played our best when we played for free.

MH: Yeah! We loved to back then! It was wonderful. We always gave it away to the Haight-Ashbury, the Free Clinic, you know, all kinds of things in the Haight that needed support. There were a lot of benefits! Almost every other gig was some kind of benefit.

HALO Haight Ashbury Legal Organization!

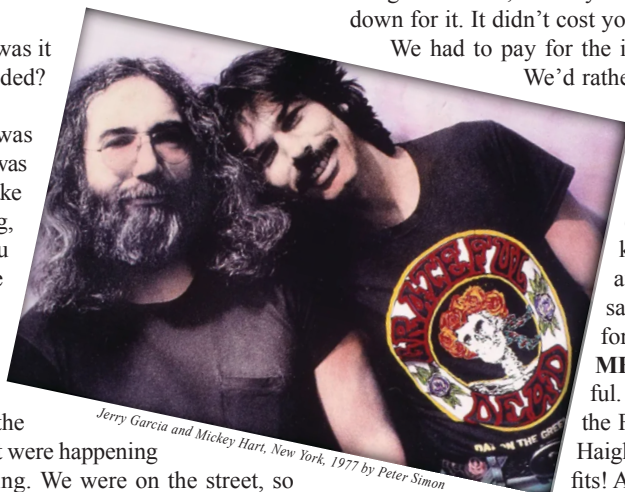
H S V :

MH: Yeah! That was in our living room! (Laughter)

HSV: I met you all back in 1990 in New York. Jerry brought me up on stage and man, it was like being on a fuckin' spaceship... There must be an electric feeling in your bones.

MH: It is! It's an electric feeling. It feels like there's a loss of gravity. The stage is like a spaceship. It certainly is. Where does it take you? That's the idea. The idea is to be able to take you and the audience to some virtual space. To leave the planet, as it were, and go someplace that perhaps is higher in consciousness and transform the consciousness. That was always the business the Grateful Dead was in...

HSV: That is beautiful! It leads me to a quote about your upcoming show, "Mickey Hart: Art at the Edge of Magic," at the Haight Street Art Center:



“Just like the Grateful Dead’s music transcends the surface level of rock and roll, my art serves as a vessel for raising consciousness, striving to create a slightly better world.” How does it feel to have your show coming to the Haight?

MH: Really cool. Really great. I love to create no matter what form: audio, visual ... you know, I have to create. And this is like a visual representation of my audio, my sonic world. That’s how you could look at it. A lot of these images were inspired by the cosmos. I’ve done a lot of work in the study of astrophysics. That’s where a lot of this comes from. Where the other comes from

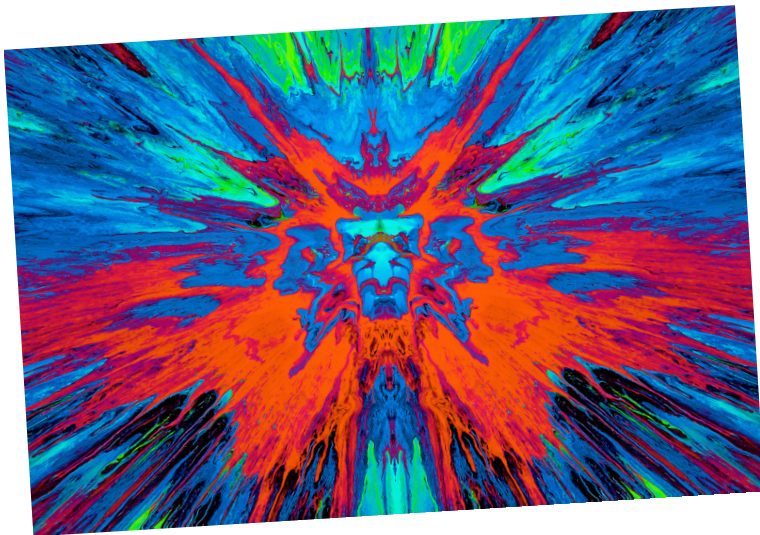
I have no idea! (Laughter) Nor do I care to know, but it’s there and it comes from someplace. So, you know, I don’t ask too many questions about where it comes from!

HSV: Your daughter Reya told me she was in Vietnam and said, “I’ll see you in August!”

MH: Yeah! She’s in Laos now. She writes for the Atlantic! She had two major pieces. The last one was with Mick Jagger and Clifton Chenier. She interviewed Mick Jagger! Got a 45- to 50-minute interview. It was really great! He doesn’t do interviews, so this was a biggie for her.

HSV: You said you like to create things. Well, you created this human, so good job, Mickey! (Laughter) What would you like to say to the Haight community and communities all over the world?

MH: Never give up hope -- ever. And, you know, just keep on truckin.’ Keep your spirit up. Don’t give up, just don’t give up.



“I FIND THE BRUSH TO BE TOO LIMITED IN MY SENSE OF FLOW. I USE GRAVITY AND MOVEMENT, THE VIBRATION OF THE CANVAS, OR WOOD OR PLASTIC IN THE CREATIONAL MOMENT. EACH PIECE IS VIBRATED, DRUMMED INTO LIFE.”

-- MICKEY HART

Mickey shared other stories and good vibes. Follow the QR code to read the full transcript of our hang. See you at the Haight Street Art Center July 31, 4-9pm for Mickey’s art opening!



BARRY *The Fish* MELTON

Barry Melton: The first person to call me a hippie was Mike Wilhelm of the Charlatans. Michael was the leader of the hootenannies at The Prophet in Woodland Hills in 1963. We both ended up moving to Northern California. He started the Charlatans, and I was playing with (Country) Joe McDonald.

Haight Street Voice: And George Hunter, of course... Ben Fong-Torres told me that George Hunter was hanging out at SF State, looking all dandy, but apparently wasn't even going there!

BM: I just talked to George at the Artista party... He's an original — and he's staying true to form, I gotta admit. He's kept up his crazy persona all these years, and I appreciate that. The Artista event was special to me because everybody got to do one song, including me.

HSV: It's the 60th anniversary of 1965, not just the Grateful Dead. Let's include all the folks who were exploding in '65. When you were in the Haight, what were you doing? Were you hanging out at the Psychedelic Shop? Were you hanging out with the Diggers?

BM: I was doing all the stuff I shouldn't do. I mean, you know. I had a particular love affair with hemp in those days, the kind with THC in it. My life revolved around music and drugs. [laughs] Then it was exploding, the consciousness was exploding. In '63 I was involved in anti-Vietnam War demonstrations in Southern California before I moved up here, and then I continued that up here. The anti-war movement was gaining power. And, of course, it was on the tail of the Civil Rights movement. There were a lot of really good things happening at that time in American history. Also, we were obviously getting involved in Vietnam, but there were good things happening then. I can't say that things happening now are really great (laughs).

HSV: What about the Monterey Pop Festival?

BM: In my mind, that festival was the birth of the big rock festival. Otis Redding

was there, Simon & Garfunkel played there, The Who, Jimi Hendrix, Ravi Shankar ... and of course my friends from the Bay Area: Janis Joplin, Quicksilver Messenger Service ... I mean it was a hell of an event at Monterey. Quite frankly, Monterey Pop was very exciting and very energizing for all of us. And I think in a way it put us all on the world stage. So to that extent, to me that's the great festival of the era, you know?

HSV: I live in the bubble inside the bubble -- not only San Francisco, but the Haight Ashbury.

BM: You are definitely in the center of the universe, my universe anyway! (Laughs)

HSV: *Haight Street Voice* is "hyper local with a global perspective." What would you like to say to the Haight community, to the actual corner of Haight and Ashbury?

BM: That's the center of a cultural movement, I believe, and it has quite a history and tradition that has to be upheld, and I hope whoever is there now is upholding that tradition because it's important. It's important not only for the neighborhood but

it's important for the world to know that there are free-thinking people out there who have their own thoughts and ideas about what the future should be and is becoming. So ... keep it up! (Laughs)

Barry and I had a great time chatting about a whole lot more -- too much to fit here! Follow the QR code to read the full transcript of my conversation with this legendary, hilarious, kind soul, defender of the good folks.



Barry The Fish Melton



The Fillmore, 1968. Art by Dana W. Johnson

WAYLON JENNINGS' GRATEFUL ROADTRIP

BY LINDA KELLY

I had the incredible honor of interviewing Waylon Jennings back in 1994 for my book Deadheads. He was in the Bay Area playing a Highwaymen gig up at Konocti, so I went up and interviewed him on his tour bus before his mind-blowing performance with Johnny Cash, Kris Kristofferson, Willie Nelson. It don't get better than that, folks. Here's a little ditty Waylon shared with me that special night. Ever grateful to you for that, Waylon, Fly on, oh mighty outlaw!

They had this brilliant idea of me and the Grateful Dead together -- which was wrong. It didn't work!*

We played at Kezar Stadium. I went in there and I told everybody that worked for me and all the band members before we went down there, "Get all the water you want. Anything you want to drink, do it now. I don't care if you open the bottle, don't drink nothing while you're down there." They said, "Uh ... whadya mean?" I said, "Them guys do some serious shit!" And they really do! I said, "Just don't take no chances 'cause they'll play a little trick or two on ya, too!"

Sure enough, there was this kid named Larry. Larry would take a button and stay up for three days, if you told him it was dope, ya know? Here he come, and they give him some. He said, "I have found God, and I know exactly where he's at! Matter of fact, he's probably in one of the Grateful Dead's pockets!"

It took us three days to get that son of bitch straightened out. Well, on the third day -- I mean, it just kept goin' on! We did that, and we wound

up in El Paso without him. Me and Richie [Albright, close friend and drummer] decided we was gonna go over to ol' Mexico, the Juarez. Well, we were in a car that half the Hell's Angels and probably half of the damn Grateful Dead's guys were in when we went across that border. Now I can just see them sayin', "Hey you dropped that!" And then "Ah, I'll get it." And then "Naw, I don't need it. We got more..."

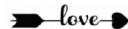
Sure enough, we come back across that border, and I had emptied my pockets, but there ain't no way to get everything out of that car; there's a ton of roaches, all kinds of stuff. We were dead as we came around that corner. They had dogs and everything in the car findin' all this stuff. We get outta the car and here comes this Mexican guy, one of the guys that's searchin' us, sayin', "Waylon! Waylon! Waylon! I didn't recognize you on your driver's license." It said Jennings, Waylon. He said, "Where you playin' at?" and I said, "Where do you want me to play?"

About that time, he looked around and he said, "Oh. Where did those roaches go?" Turns out Richie had swallowed 'em!

[*Editor's Note -- which might've surprised Waylon if he got wind of this today: The Grateful Dead's performance at San Francisco's Kezar Stadium on May 26, 1973 with New Riders of the Purple Sage and Waylon Jennings opening, was considered a particularly strong show. Reviews describe the Dead rising to the occasion of playing a large stadium show in their hometown, delivering a performance characterized by the band's website as "legendary."]

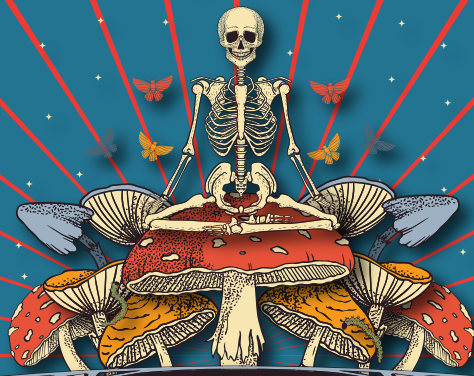


Miraculously, just the other day I stumbled across the audio file of my 1994 interview with Waylon. So good to hear his voice, along with the late Franki Secunda, my book agent -- which prompted me to publish this piece. Follow the QR code to hear Waylon tell this story and more. n that wildly alluring deep southern drawl of his. Enjoy the ride!



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LOLLY'S FOLLIES

BY LORETTA CHARDIN



In the '60s, I used to go to Faith Petric's Folk Music Club at 885 Clayton. There was a big pot of soup and lots of goodies. Every room on the main floor, including the basement, was filled with music.

It was at one of the Club's camping weekends that I first heard Country Joe and the Fish play. The Fish played folk music there but they were the quintessential psychedelic rock band that formed in Berkeley in 1965. They sang songs like "Not So Sweet Lorraine," their '60s version of the old Nat King Cole song, and "Janis," tribute to Janis Joplin, whom Country Joe had dated. Their anti-Vietnam war song, "I Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag," was a wild sensation at Woodstock in 1969. The band was electric music for the mind and body. When you were tripping your brains out, the music would boost you even higher, but at the same time, mellow. It definitely expanded your mind!

A few years later, my husband and I, and our friends Peggi and Alex, went to hear Country Joe and the Fish at the Fillmore. It was at our friend's flat where I first heard Bob Dylan singing "Like a Rolling Stone." Alex and his family escaped from the Nazis and settled in San Francisco. He worked as a zookeeper, and played the violin. He published a poetry magazine, *The Keeper's Voice*. Peggi and

Alex met when they were Freedom Riders. I like to think it was in the jail.

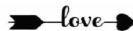
In 1966, we went again to hear Frank Zappa and The Mothers of Invention. The opening act was a comic. We sat through his act in stunned silence. It was Lenny Bruce! I

learned later that he fell out of a window at the Swiss-American Hotel, where we lived when we first came to San Francisco. North Beach was in the throes of "topless-mania." A huge birdcage stood high up on a pole in the middle of Broadway.

Inside, a topless woman danced. One night, we went with Peggi and Alex to see "The Topless Mother of Eight." I'm not sure about the number, it was so long ago. It might have been only six, but what's the difference? Afterwards, Alex wrote a poem called "Tits."

Meanwhile, the Haight-Ashbury teemed with hippie kids. But that's another fantastic story. Stay tuned!

Loretta is the star of a video interview I did with her at her bohemian home here in the Haight. Come on in and do a walk-thru with Loretta and me in "Downey Street Dream."



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CELEBRATE THE HAIGHT

BY KENNA LINDSAY



I got to attend the Haight Street Daydream fair, the first of three events celebrating the 60th anniversary of the Grateful Dead organized by the Haight Ashbury Merchants Association and the organization's current president, Robert Emmons.

Robert and I chatted about the event, and had the opportunity to show our District Supervisor, Bilal Mahmood, around the neighborhood. We made tie dye shirts together at Love on Haight, while live musicians played music by the Grateful Dead at the Sock Shop -- where they also had a Sock Doctor activity with the most adorable coloring sheets.

We took a personal tour of the new Counterculture Museum from Jerry Cimino, one of the founders, which might've been my favorite part of the day.

What inspired you to call the event Haight Street Daydream?

We wanted to do something similar to the Shakedown Street events that happen in the parking lots at Grateful Dead concerts. Sunshine Powers (of Love on Haight) is our local expert on all-things Grateful Dead and came up with the name, taking inspiration from the song "Sunshine Daydream" and changing it to Haight Street Daydream.

How has the city of SF been supportive of making this event happen?

The City is a huge supporter of all events planned around the 60th anniversary of the Dead. I think the biggest supporter making all of the events come together is Marianne Thompson from SF Office of Small Business. Our city supervisors office has been

a great resource and found funds to pay for the permits for Haight Street Daydream. SF Travel has put in an amazing amount of work to promote the events and get them all in one place on their website.

How are The Grateful Dead important to you?

The history of the Grateful Dead is the history of Haight Ashbury. Along with Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and Jefferson Airplane, they created the soundtrack of the Summer of Love back in 1967. Having Dead & Co. come back to SF and play in Golden Gate Park this year is very exciting and will bring so many people into the City, including my Deadhead nephew who I'll be flying in from the east coast to go to the shows with!

What would you like to see more of in the Haight?

Music. Our history is deeply tied to music and we've lost many of the music venues that we used to have. I'm excited about the reopening of Club Deluxe and hope we get more live music venues to open. Seeing these new venues going in is very exciting and will help the neighborhood to become more vibrant.

You can catch the color, music and fun of Haight Street every day, but the next Haight Street Daydreams are July 19 and August 16, 12 pm- 6 pm. Merchants and community members bring together music, art, activities, and more to celebrate the history of the neighborhood. Follow the QR code for more info!



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HONORING THE DEAD

BY STEVE HEILIG



Half a century ago, way back in 1974, the Grateful Dead announced they were retiring, and going out with a five-night run of final shows at Winterland in San Francisco. They'd been at it and on the road for nearly a decade already and were broke and burnt out. Understandably so, but as a Southern California high school fan, it seemed we'd better do anything we could to catch at least one of those last concerts. I'd only seen them live once, with their legendarily massive Wall of Sound system, and that couldn't be all, could it? So off we headed up to the big city in my 1969 VW camper van, hopefully bound for glory or something like it.

Winterland was in what was then a sketchy neighborhood for clueless suburban surfer boys who showed up after dark with no tickets, so the merciful doorman ushered us in, shaking his head at our naïveté. The New Riders were playing the Stones' "Dead Flowers." The hall already reeked of pot and sweat. My friends and I were soon separated and I spent the evening wandering on my own, or rather, as part of a mass moving gathering the likes of which I'd never experienced before. The music was enthralling. Beautiful older (20?) hippie girls madly twirled about. The whole vibe was utterly cool, even cosmic. I felt I was experiencing the last of the fabled Sixties at their finest, just in time before everything ended, including the band.

Fifty-one years later, of course, that "retirement" was a bit premature, and the Dead soon reappeared and carried on for another 20 years. But I faded from the ranks of the faithful, only catching them in person about a dozen or so more times, some of those in a work or volunteer capacity. And then Jerry Garcia was gone. Some would say he'd been largely gone for some time already.

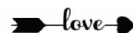


Kaiser Auditorium, late '80s, by Steve Heilig

Garcia was both the musical and spiritual center of the band, even though he hated being deified as some sort of guru figure. "I'm just a guitar player, man," he was known to say. The times I met him, briefly, he was humble, humorous. But still. "Ninety percent of their songs were just there to show off Garcia's playing," opined keyboard-

ist Tom Constanten, part of the band during one of their early peak adventurous phases (see: Live Dead). Garcia's folk roots and leanings soon took them into another peak, the era of Workingman's Dead and American Beauty albums. When the other original leader Pigpen bowed out with the fabled Europe '72 tour/album, and then died, they put out a couple more decent studio albums and then that aspect of the band was basically kaput. They soldiered on as a live band so revered that when they finally had a hit song in the late '80s they became the biggest touring act of all.

Follow the QR code to read Part 2 ...





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Counterculture Museum
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LINDA KELLY



PALPITATIONS FROM THE UNDERGROUND

BY JAMES DEAN BOLDMAN



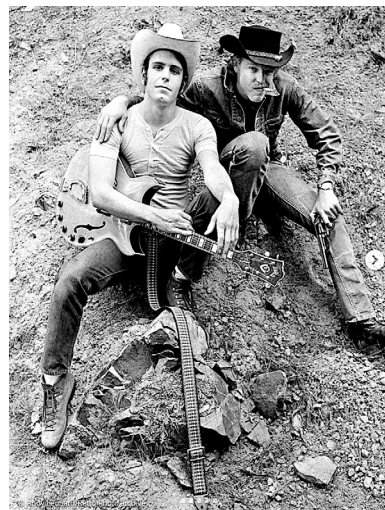
Bob Weir, in an interview with our intrepid leader, *Haight Street Voice* Editor-in-Chief Linda Kelly, was asked if he had any advice for modern-day denizens of the Haight.

“The Haight Ashbury is a special place,” Weir answered. “It has always had a certain magnetism and magic. There is always an upswing. Stay away from the bad drugs. You’ve found your home. Make it pretty and keep it clean.”

I remember what it was like when I first showed up here in 1976. The Summer of Love might have been over, by a few years, but it was a history that was still recent and I thought I’d landed somewhere between Oz and Deadwood after the gold had dried up in the Black Hills. The miners had all left, leaving only the gunslingers and gamblers in a lawless society.

This little Valhalla was full of renegades and runaways, people hiding from the Draft, others from the law -- and lots of musicians and weirdo collaborative artists. I

felt like I was the last one over the wall, falling into a secret place, one that took me in, right away. I had a place to sleep within my first hour. The place was fantastic. They dosed me from their communal stash of Owsley and I stayed



Weir and John Perry Barlow, 1972, by Andy Leonard
Lookin' a little Deadwood in Northern California.

the night. I’d taken acid before but nothing like that. It wasn’t until I got to the Haight that I had access to the real thing. That’s when I realized that the acid experience wasn’t about seeing trails, partying and feeling weird for 8 hours, it’s more about dumping the jigsaw puzzle that is your mind all over the floor, and when you come back down, you have to put it all back together, but you find that the pieces fit a little differently, and that changes you, changes the way you think.

I’d flown in from Guam with a duffel bag containing two-thousand opiated Thai sticks and I traded a cabdriver at SFO two of them for a ride to the Haight. I awoke the next

morning to tinkling bells and gauzy sunlight streaming in through sheer fabric covering leaded glass, little rainbows of refracted light through crystals, the smell of incense and strong black coffee, and the soft drone of sitar music coming from somewhere. Where the hell was I?

It ... was ... fantastic.

I opened my eyes and the realization started to hit me in jolts: I was somewhere very strange, I had no idea how I'd gotten there or if one or two days had transpired. But it dawned on me that I was now completely naked, I didn't know how or why, on a beautiful Victorian settee in this incredible room with lush hanging Spider plants and Fuchsias and a thick Persian rug. Someone had covered me in blankets and just let me sleep.

A large, jovial and somewhat effeminate man appeared. He was wearing a sari or a sarong, and was now sitting at my feet and offering me coffee. It seemed apparent that he was the house-mother and in charge of this little world, as other hippies began to slowly appear, like Munchkins popping up in Oz. And it was obvious that they were all worker bees in this patchouli-scented hive. They seemed almost Amish in their work ethic and THIS, I was slowly beginning to grasp, was a hippie commune in the Haight Ashbury. As I took it all in, the events leading up to this were starting to come back to

me from the night before. These were real hippies and they'd taken me in right away.

Out on the street, everyone seemed to be about my age and no one seemed to have a real job. There were buskers and beggars, but they all got by somehow, and there was a palpable and pervasive spirit of camaraderie and a vibe of artistic collaboration and experimentation in the air. It was a world of art and music, of revolution and societal change, it was happening all around me and I was walking in the still-fresh footsteps of Janis, the Airplane, the Dead, and I could feel it, a living history at the intersection of art and rebellion. And, just like that, I was Home.

Now it seems like another world trapped in amber. But it became a part of who I am, one that informs me still. It left me with a lasting impact of kindness and connection. We were the dreamers of dreams and I made the discovery that the Haight Ashbury isn't just a neighborhood. It's a state of mind.

Make it pretty and keep it clean.



*Munchkins in the Land of Oz
by W.W. Denslow*

We're diggin' James Dean Boldman and his new column! Follow the QR code to pick up more of what Jim's layin' down ...



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NATIONAL VINYL DAY AT AMOEBASF

AUGUST 12, 2025

By Audra Wolfmann

Tuesday, August 12 is National Vinyl Record Day, a holiday founded by San Luis Obispo radio host, Gary Freiberg, in the early 2000s.

According to the Mission Statement associated with the holiday, National Vinyl Record Day celebrates “The Preservation of the Cultural Influence, the Recordings, and the Cover Art of the Vinyl Record.”

Not to be confused with Record Store Day, a semi-annual event established to celebrate the culture of independently owned record stores, Vinyl Record Day is a celebration of the art and culture of vinyl itself. On Record Store Day, new collectable releases are produced to entice shoppers out to the stores. Vinyl Record Day celebrates our personal connection to the vinyl artform, stressing the importance of preserving the superior sound quality of vinyl that you just can’t achieve with streaming.

The date August 12 was chosen as it commemorates the day in 1877 when Thomas Edison invented the phonograph. Even though

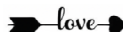
the first phonograph actually played tin-foil-covered cylinders (the first vinyl record wasn’t pressed until 1948), the symbolic meaning behind the date holds true for most music fans.



You may not have heard much about Vinyl Record Day, but Amoeba Music’s San Francisco location would like to change all of that for you this year. Amoeba invites music fans to connect with the rich history of vinyl by coming in to browse, experiencing the joy of the tangible vinyl album. You can’t wrap your arms around a stream.

Amoeba SF will celebrate August 12 with eclectic, all-vinyl DJ sets from 4pm-7pm. Discounts will be offered on select vinyl care accessories, because you’ve got to keep your vinyl in shape. Also check out our BOGO sale on Clearance 7”s – buy one and get the second one (of equal or lesser value) FREE!

Follow the QR code to find out about other cool stuff Amoeba’s got up its sleeve!



HAIGHT-ASHBURY HOLISTIC ASTROLOGY

BY MICHAEL SOLLAZZO



Hello, Haight-Ashbury!

As you've seen throughout this edition, Dead & Company will be playing three shows in Golden Gate Park this August 1-3. Because of this unique moment, we decided to take a look at that weekend's astrological weather report for the Haight-Ashbury neighborhood.

The main thing that pops out is the Saturn/Neptune conjunction in early Aries -- a multi-month conjunction that won't be exact until February 2026.

While everyone in the world is experiencing this conjunction's interplay of structure/control (Saturn) and spirituality/illusion (Neptune) in take-action Aries, the Haight-Ashbury gets to experience it in the 11th House, which means that the energy may be focused on how you connect as neighbors and as a community.

This is also happening just a few years after your second Saturn Return, so it may be timely to ask how you plan to share your gained wisdom with those following in your footsteps? What do you put in place to foster the next generation of Haight-Ashbury folk? What pitfalls can you point out for them to avoid?

Also, if the words "structure" and "control" send you into a tizzy, it may be helpful to remember the Grateful Dead's iconic dancing skeletons. Bones provide the framework and stability so our bodies can move and play. :-)

One other note in looking at the chart for August 1-3 is that Saturn and Neptune at this time are in opposition to Mars in late Virgo.

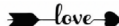
Those tribal drumbeats might be far away that weekend. This doesn't mean they're gone, but you might enjoy a little respite.

So, if you find yourself celebrating while listening to great music in the company of your amazing Haight-Ashbury denizens, see if you can give yourself some space to let loose, to play in a sandbox of your own making, or perhaps one that's awaiting you in Golden Gate Park. ;-)

Sending Love to the Haight!

-- Michael

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



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NORTH BEACH + HAIGHT-ASHBURY:
TWO NEIGHBORHOODS, A SHARED HISTORY

SPORTS DESK

BY CYNTHIA JOHNSTON



Feed your head. Find somebody to love. Take another piece of my heart. Gimme an F!

Everybody remembers something about San Francisco in the Sixties. Even if they weren't there, magazine covers with swirly Day-Glo graphics, dancing nymphets, flowing hair cascading down naked backs, bell bottom Levis, flowers, beads, and peace signs told them something was happening here. And of course, there was the music.

Back in the days of fat bean-bag chairs, skinny joints and massive headphones, I confess I'd barely heard of the Grateful Dead – and then only because they were mentioned in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. My jam was Beatles, Byrds, Animals, Janis Joplin, Jefferson Airplane, Kinks, Rolling Stones ... But Country Joe and the Fish defined the era with their 'Fixin' to Die Rag: "And it's one, two, three what are we fighting for? Don't ask me, I don't give a damn. Next stop is Viet Nam..."

Behind the music beat America's heart of darkness – 27 million young men living under a gruesome Sword of Damocles called the Draft. Mere fodder for a voracious war machine, between 1964 and 1973, over two million teenagers were forced into war in Southeast Asia. Thousands more

signed up to avoid the Draft. The ultimate Catch 22: Sign up for war to avoid being forced to sign up for war.

Only 100 years earlier, the Emancipation Proclamation of 1865 that was assumed to free the slaves, kicked off another 100 years of systemic racism and subjugation by replacing slavery with the Convict Lease program, which begat the police system to arrest and jail freed slaves for loitering and then rent them out to be worked to death. The Convict Labor System begat Jim Crow laws, which begat the war on drugs -- all adding up to incarceration of Black people and slavery by another name.



Country Joe at Woodstock, 1969

We thought we were woke by supporting civil rights. Little did we know how much worse it really was. On top of that heavy karma, in our DNA we carried a Trail of Tears.

Early on, the Beats and the Blacks raged against the machine in music, poetry, books and art. The Beats begat the Pranksters who heralded the Hippies on a coast-to-coast psychedelic bus called Furthur - all of it fueled by a burning desire to wage art. All of it fueling the primal scream of rock & roll.

Gimme an F!

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



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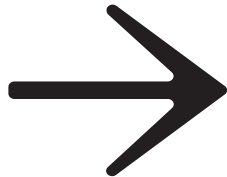
On August 1, 2025, San Francisco Heritage will release a Request for Concept Proposals for the historic Doolan-Larson House and Storefronts at the corner of Haight and Ashbury, an intersection that helped define a generation.

We invite bold, dynamic concept proposals for the future use of this important site. Proposals should acknowledge the site's history as well as San Francisco's ongoing role as a nexus of cultural and political change.

For more information please visit: **HaightandAshbury.org**

Or share your opinions instantly using the QR Code below:

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