

HAIGHT STREET VOICE



YEAR 9 #25

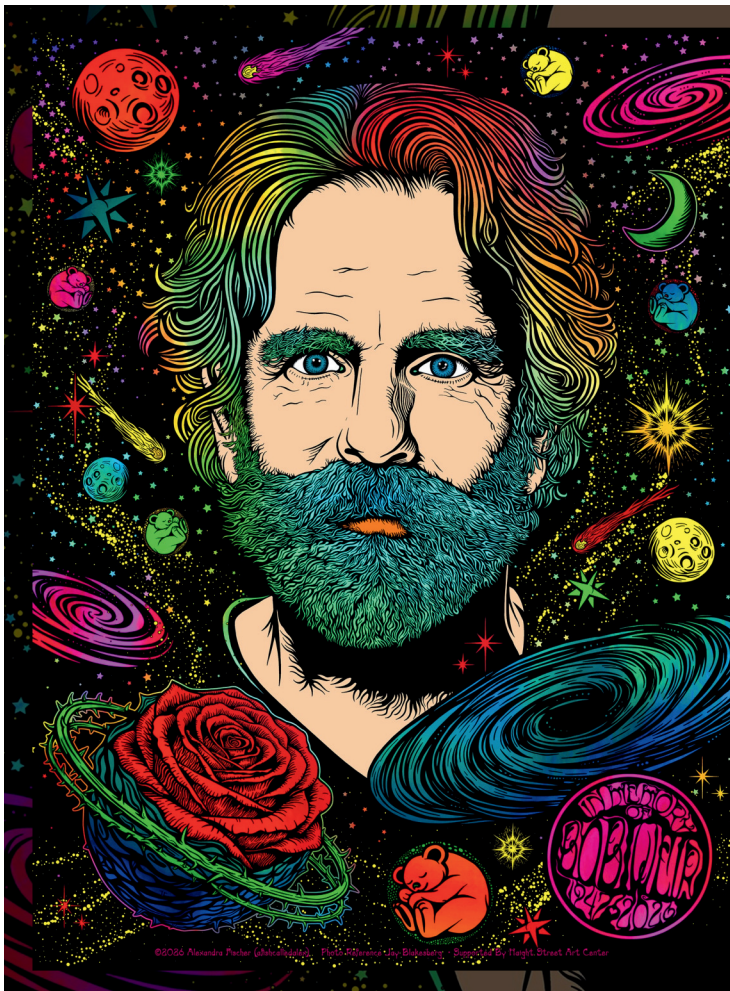
"HYPER-LOCAL WITH A GLOBAL PERSPECTIVE"

WINTER-2025-2026

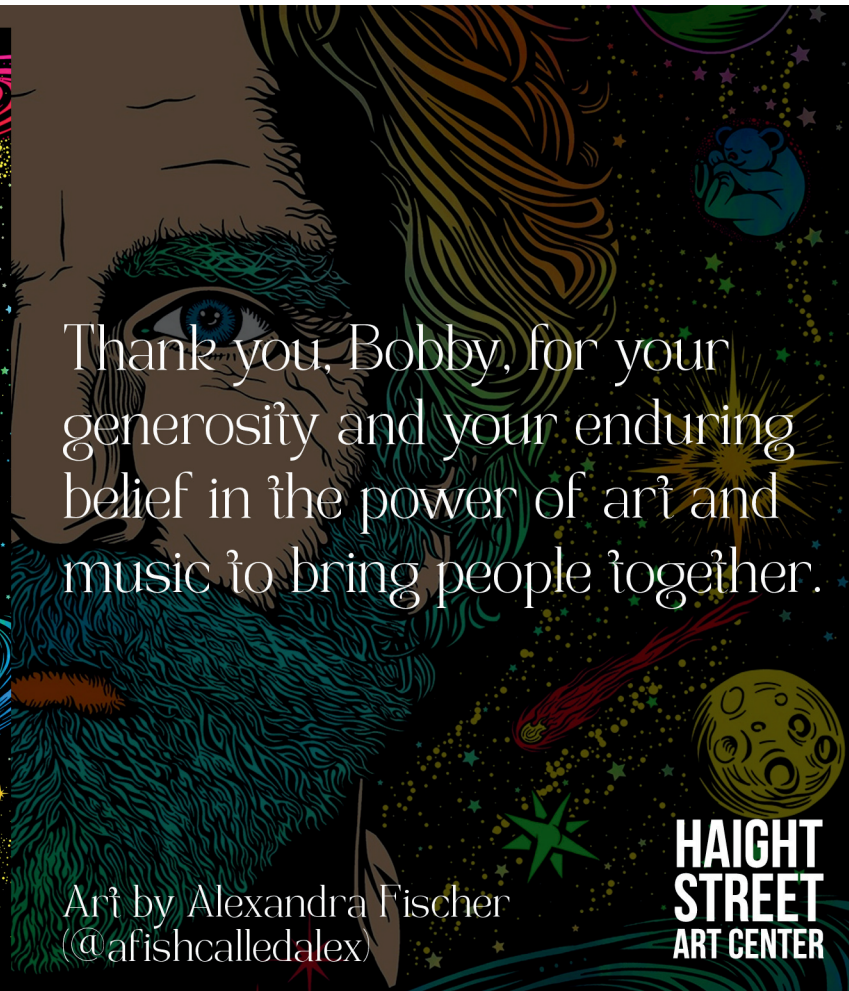
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Bobby Weir 1947-2026



©2024 Alexandra Fischer (aka @afish). Photo: Wikimedia Commons - Bob Dylan by Haight Street Art Center.



Thank you, Bobby, for your generosity and your enduring belief in the power of art and music to bring people together.

Art by Alexandra Fischer
@afishcalledalex

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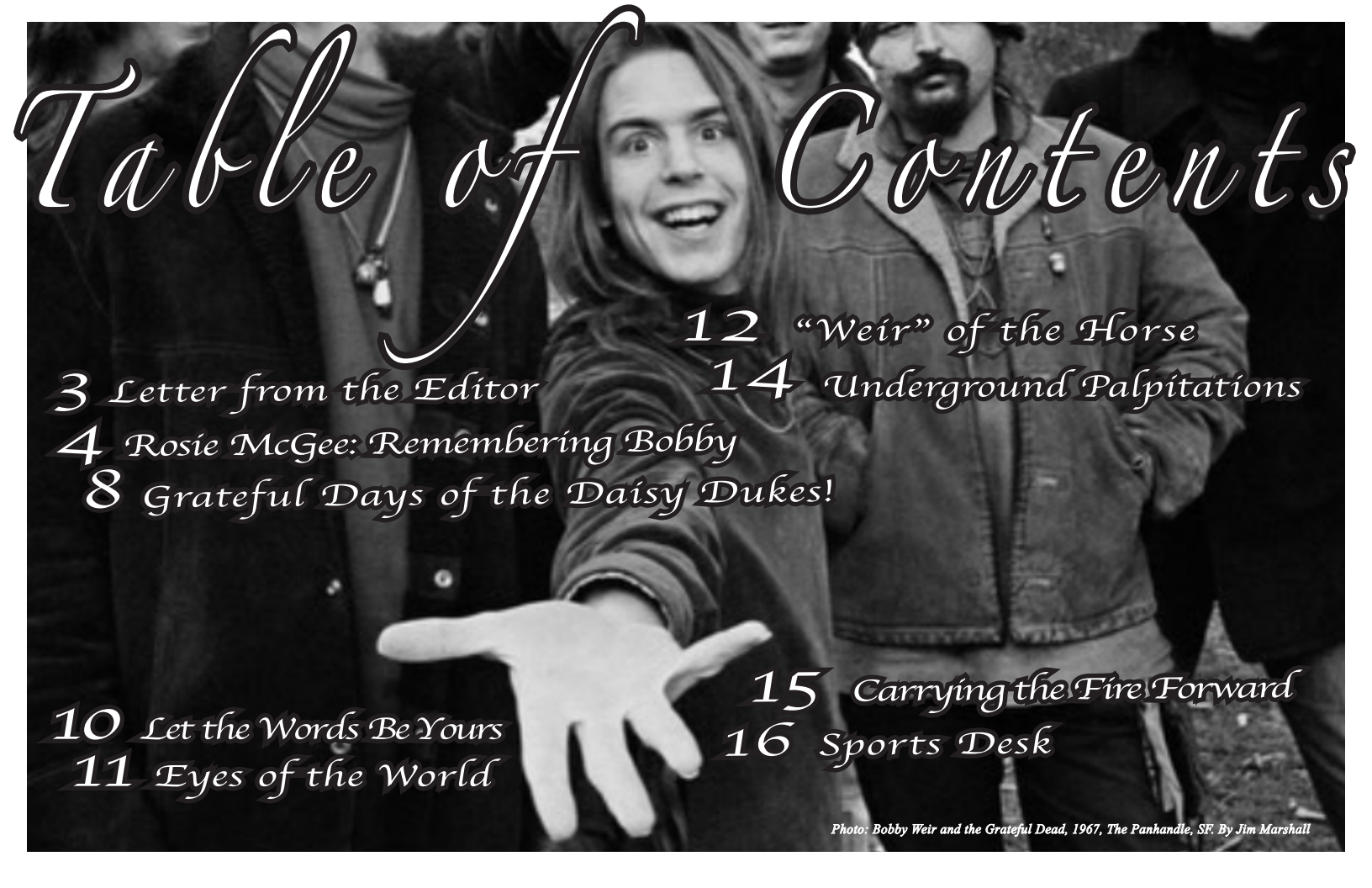


Table of Contents

3 Letter from the Editor

4 Rosie McGee: Remembering Bobby

8 Grateful Days of the Daisy Dukes!

10 Let the Words Be Yours

11 Eyes of the World

12 "Weir" of the Horse

14 Underground Palpitations

15 Carrying the Fire Forward

16 Sports Desk

FARE THEE WELL

Bob Weir

1947-2026

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CORNER OF HAIGHT & ASHBURY
counterculturemuseum.org

Photo by Mike Frankel - Bob Weir at Fillmore East
New York, May 1970 (cropped)

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Bobby Weir and Yours Truly hangin' on zoom, April 10, 2021, conversing about the Haight -- then, now, and beyond.

Dear Bobby,
Ever since you “checked out” (as you liked to refer to both PigPen and Jerry flyin’ away), that elusive character Death has been rearin’ its “you-can’t-escape-me” head. Point is, since you split the planet, left the damn building — there’s a weird glitch: “Bobby Weir is no longer here.” Triggers a busload of demons. Memories of having to say goodbye to way too many at way too young an age. Had Death sittin’ in the living room next to me -- why not invite him in for tea, let him in. No knockin’ if the door ain’t locked. Death is part of the dang deal.

But hey, we *gotta* keep on keepin’ on. Hold your horses -- your Fire Horses, that is. As we move out of the Year of the Snake (shedding old skin, beyond outdated ways of being) and into the Year of the Fire Horse, I do believe these majestic creatures galloping into 2026 are giving us a swift kick in the proverbial ass to keep moving forward. Towards strength. Towards truth. Towards freedom. And even though we’re all missing the hell outta you, Bobby (by the way, I’ve decided you’re going to

“heaven in a bucket”) your songs continue to fill the air and always will, luring us ever forward.

Rest easy, dear friend.



*My best friend Ben and me, 1970.
To all those who’ve “checked out,” Love y’all forever and a day.*

♥
Linda Kelly, Editor-in-Chief

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WEIR- *Forever Grateful*

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the spirit,
and the long strange trip.**



With love from Haight Street

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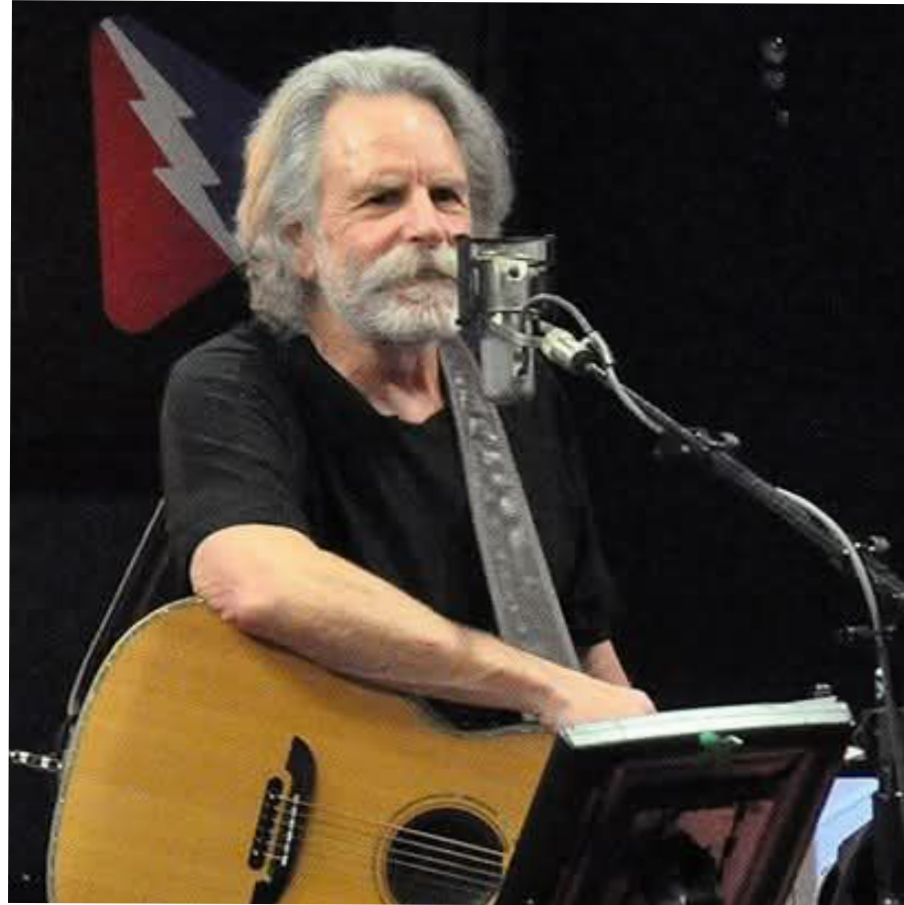
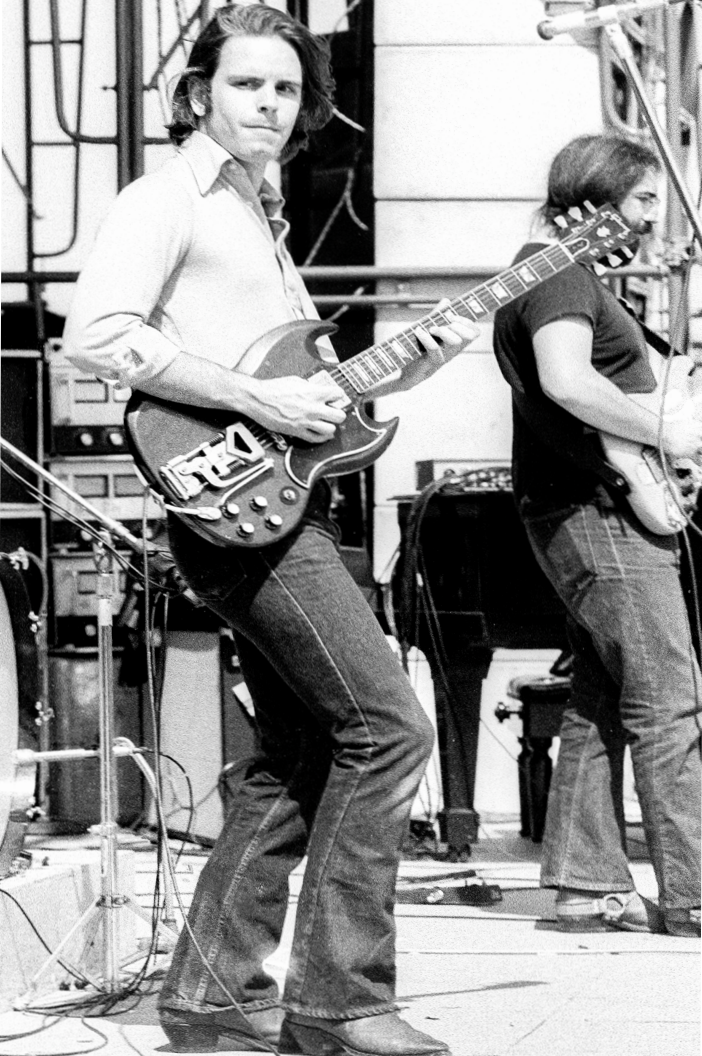
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Ashbury**

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PHOTOGRAPHER ROSIE MCGEE:



REMEMBERING BOBBY . . .



“TALKING WITH BOBBY IN THE EARLY DAYS WAS CONFUSING, AS HE APPEARED TO LIVE IN A DIFFERENT VERBAL UNIVERSE. I’D ASK HIM SOMETHING AND HE’D ANSWER A DIFFERENT QUESTION. I NICKNAMED HIM, ‘THE EARL OF NON SEQUITOR.’

HE WAS MORE COMFORTABLE WITH NON-VERBAL COMMUNICATION. THE FEW TIMES HE POSED FOR ME, HE GAVE ME THE GIFT OF HIS TRUST.”

-- ROSIE MCGEE

Photos (L to R): Bobby onstage 1973; at his beloved TRI Studios, 2013; ever the cowboy at Mickey’s ranch, 1969.





"I DON'T TEND TO THINK OF DEATH AS PARTICULARLY FINAL..

**I FEEL THAT DEATH IS THE LAST AND BEST REWARD
FOR A LIFE WELL LIVED.**

**DEATH IS WHERE THE ADVENTURE STARTS
AS FAR AS I CAN SEE.**

**WE'VE JUST BEEN SORT OF MESSING AROUND
IN THIS EXISTENCE, AND YOU GET MORE
TO THE ESSENCE OF IT WHEN YOU
LEAVE BEHIND
YOUR MORTAL TRAPPINGS.**

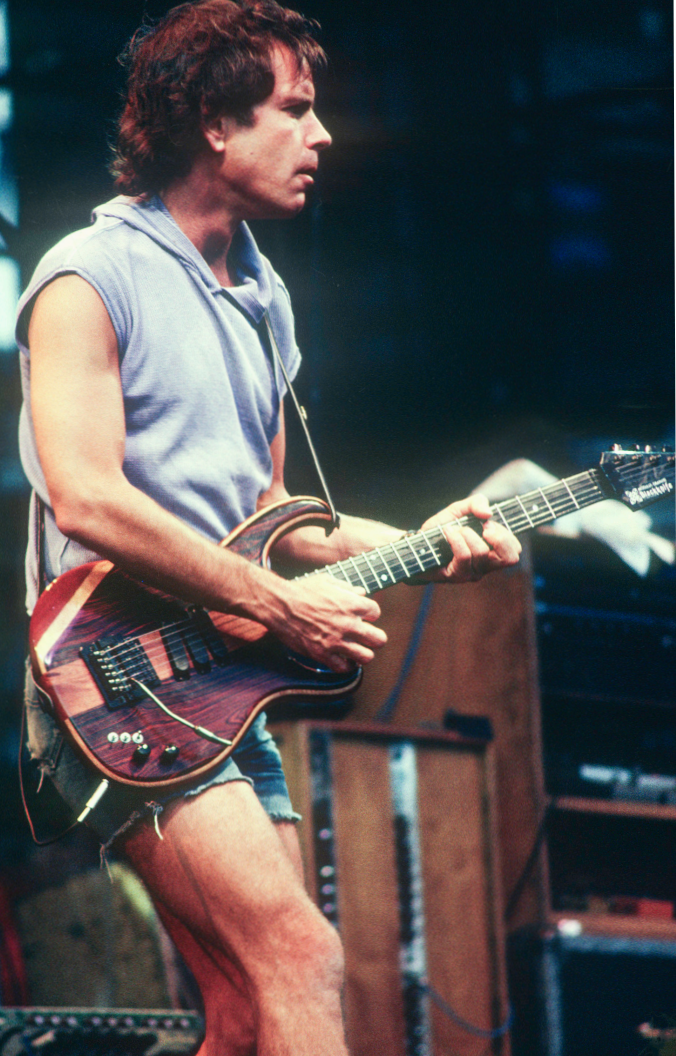
**GIVEN ALL THAT, I TEND TO CELEBRATE DEATH
-- FOR MY LOVED ONES PARTICULARLY --
AS LIBERATION.**

**AND SO I LOOK FORWARD TO DYING.
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GONNA GET AROUND TO IT."**

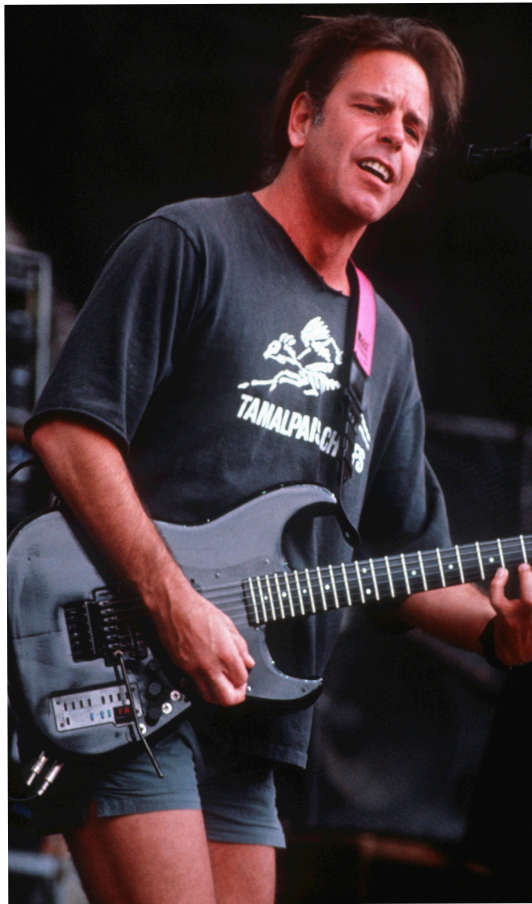
-- BOBBY WEIR



Opposite page: Bobby at San Diego airport, 1968; This page (clockwise): 710 Ashbury with Phil Lesh and Laird Grant, 1966; Golden Gate Park, 1969. Central Park, 1968. All photos by Rosie McGee.



GRATEFUL DAYS OF ...



“One of my favorite Bobby stories doesn’t actually directly involve him. We all know about his Daisy Dukes. As far as I know, he only had one pair ... and one day he discovers that he’d ripped out the seat of them. I walked into the production office backstage in ... I think Washington DC, and saw the production assistant on her knees ironing something on the floor: No ironing board for the Grateful Dead. No wardrobe department for the band either. She was a terrific young woman who was actually getting her MFA at Yale in theater; and there she was, ironing on patches to Bobby’s shorts so he could play. Only Weir!”

-- Dennis McNally, Grateful Dead publicist 20 years and biographer, author of *A Long Strange Trip* and several other history-laden gems.

THE DAISY DUKES!

“In the early ‘80s (before Dennis -- and before the show at the Greek) I noticed my camera wasn’t working, so I went to sit backstage to try and fix it. Bobby came over to me, asked me what was the matter and said that he was so sorry, and that he knew nothing about cameras. He was really sorry he couldn’t help me fix it. Such a sweet, well-meaning, voluntary gesture.”

-- Susana Millman, photographer extraordinaire, author of *Alive with the Dead: A Fly on the Wall with a Camera* -- and the woman who captured these moments of Daisy Duke’d Bobby.



LET THE WORDS BE YOURS ...



BY KENNA LINDSAY

*I caught up with a handful of merchants on Haight Street this month to hear their thoughts about Bobby Weir and the Grateful Dead. So many shops celebrated the life of Bobby after he passed. There was dancing in the street outside of **Love on Haight** and **Psychedelic SF Art Gallery** (both on Haight at Masonic). The neighborhood let its lovelight shine, processing the grief... together. Community is such a beautiful salve for sadness and hard times. Here are a few sentiments from the Haight about the Bay Area's beloved Bobby Weir and the Grateful Dead.*

Peace & Love, Kenna.

Kayo Anime Clothing [1603 Haight Street] shared this photo with me of a beautiful young family of Deadheads who were celebrating Bobby's life. I love how the Grateful Dead community is inclusive of all kinds of people across life experiences and generations. The music brings people together.

"My favorite Bobby Weir / Grateful Dead memory is honestly just the feeling of that magic moment when you're in a crowd of strangers and somehow it feels like family. Bobby always carried that effortless cool, like he was the guy holding the door open for everyone to walk into the music together. A lyric I always come back to is: 'Once in a while you get shown the light in the strangest of places if you look at it right.' That feels like Haight Street itself."

— Cary Lane LaScala, owner of **Cary Lane** (1615 Haight at Clayton)

The team at **Candy's On Haight** (1352 Haight) also love this poignant lyric from "Scarlet Begonias" and I have to agree with them that it does feel like the spirit of the Haight itself.

Destini, co-owner of the soon-to-open **Ash and Berry Tea House Apothecary** (Haight at Cole) also applauds this lyric for its Haight vibe. She told me what an honor it was to witness the procession as Bobby made his last trip down Haight Street, a historic moment for the community, making its way to his memorial at SF's Civic Center Plaza.



Bobby's farewell to Haight Street

"My favorite memory is first learning about the Grateful Dead from a show called 'Freaks and Geeks' and I listened to American Beauty for the first time. I fell in love. Seeing the Deadheads this summer was super special for me. It was like seeing Haight-Ashbury like it could have

been in the Summer of Love and that's something I have the privilege to cherish forever. The vibes of the moment were felt everywhere, and not everyone could say they saw that. That's definitely something I loved as well."

— **The Sixth House Nail Studio** (1340B Haight)

"We absolutely love the presence the Grateful Dead brings to the Haight!"

— **Bizza** (1463 Haight)

"I remember my late father introducing me to the Grateful Dead when I was growing up in San Francisco. It's an honor to now own a store in the same neighborhood the band once lived, played, and thrived in."

— Kenny, owner, **Chameleon Vintage Archive** (1572 Haight)

"Watching Bobby's zest for the life over the years inspired me to do more, be better, care more ... and of course ... be grateful."

— Sunshine Powers, owner, **Love on Haight** (1400 Haight)



Owner Kayo (L) and Deadhead family

EYES OF THE WORLD...

BY STEVE HEILIG



“Longevity was never a major concern of ours. Lighting folks up and spreading joy through the music was all we really had in mind.”

-- Bob Weir

It has become common, when somebody widely famed, respected, even beloved dies, to say “How lucky we were to be alive at the same time in history as _____.”

I’ve heard that a fair bit since Bob Weir died in January, and it rings true for more reasons than just musical. Many were shocked by his passing, but for me the Golden Gate Park Dead & Company shows last summer did feel like a farewell for him, as from what I saw he seemed very frail. Rumor then was that he’d had emergency dental surgery just before the shows but we now know he’d just been diagnosed with cancer. I’d wager he went on his own terms, like he’d lived his life.

My favorite memories of Weir (beyond some stellar long-ago shows, of course) were from when I was a volunteer with the SEVA blindness project long ago. He was really an unofficial lead SEVA fundraiser -- along with board members Ram Dass and Wavy Gravy -- lending the Dead’s huge presence and endorsement, and sometimes an “Eye Ball” benefit show too. The word “Seva” basically translates to “service with a smile” and that’s something Weir brought to the work.

It was fun to hang with Weir, with quick funny encounters. The one time I thanked him for his invaluable support, he kinda shrugged and said “Well, if I can help more people be blind anywhere, why the hell not?” I couldn’t help but chuckle and replied, “Right, but you mean LESS people, I think.” “Yes, that too, depending on what night it is,” he laughed.

With SEVA, and some other philanthropic work I witnessed that he was involved in, such as a large AIDS benefit when that disease first struck, he just tried to get good things done, without a lot of preaching or seeking credit. He’d not want or demand any halls or ballrooms or organizations named after him. Bob Weir didn’t suffer from “Edifice Complex,” even though his obituary appeared on the front page of the *New York Times*. *The New Yorker* called him “the holy fool of the Grateful Dead,” and that seems to fit.

On a David Letterman show, you can watch Weir recruit a few others to “levitate” a bemused Jerry Garcia. Would Garcia have allowed anyone else to do that? I doubt it. As Weir reported, Garcia’s last words to him after Garcia’s final show were, “Always a hoot, always a hoot.”

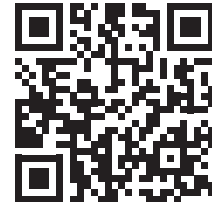
Follow the QR code to Part 2 of Steve’s fond remembrances of Bobby ...



“Levitating” Jerry on the David Letterman show, 1987



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HAIGHT-ASHBURY HOLISTIC ASTROLOGY

BY MICHAEL SOLLAZZO



Hello, Haight-Ashbury!

Let's talk about cycles. Firstly, the passing of Bob Weir has brought the cycle of life and death to the forefront for many in our tribe. This can be a time of mourning while also celebrating the creativity and community that he fostered.

Six decades ago, the Grateful Dead were in their infancy, and we share a cycle with that time: both 1966 and 2026 are years of the Fire Horse, which begins on February 17.

For those unfamiliar with the Chinese Zodiac and how it relates to Western Astrology, the Chinese Zodiac's 12-year cycle of animals essentially tracks with Jupiter's 12-year orbit. The Chinese Zodiac also assigns 5 elements (each reigning for 2 consecutive years) which gives a 60 year cycle between repeating element & animal combinations. Some see the 20-year Jupiter-Saturn Great Conjunctions correlating with this 60-year cycle, which is something we can explore another time.

From a geocentric & tropical astrology perspective, Jupiter's mid-Cancer placement in mid-February 2026 is roughly where it was mid-July 1966. From a

distance (~gravitational) perspective, Jupiter on February 17, 2026 is about as far from Earth as it was in early-January 1965, early-February 1966, mid-December 1966, and late-February 1967.

Okay, so what does this all mean for the Haight-Ashbury and our connected communities?

One interpretation is that we are in a cycle similar to the one that gave rise to the Grateful Dead, the Human Be-In, and the 1960s counterculture movement in general.

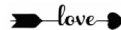
The Year of the Fire Horse may be a time to foster and connect with your community ... to jam and run with your creative herd.

However it expresses, the year of the Fire Horse is expected to be intense and charged (it is "fiery fire" after all), so how will you channel and direct this energy? How will you fuel your fire and also give yourself time and space to relax and chill?

Sending love to the Haight,

--Michael

Feel free to email Michael (hello@michaelsollazzo.com) with questions or to schedule a reading. Follow the QR code to his site!



Artist Hayley Colette (@pretzelegant) cyanotype + stitch on Rosie McGee's photo



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PALPITATIONS FROM THE UNDERGROUND

BY JAMES DEAN BOLDMAN



It's a safe bet that anyone who has met Bobby Weir probably has a pretty good story to tell for the rest of their lives. Not me. Mine is so stupid, it's embarrassing. *I had no idea who he was ...*

I'd been in the Haight for a few years, long enough to at least be aware of the Grateful Dead, and you couldn't ignore the legions of tie-dyed Deadheads hanging around especially at the corner of Ashbury, but I wasn't yet on-the bus, as they say. I had certainly heard of Jerry Garcia, and probably could've picked him out of a



police line-up, but I wouldn't have been able to identify Bobby or Phil in a million years.

By 1981, I was working at The Other Cafe, a little comedy club at the corner of Cole and Parnassus. I had managed to finagle my way in as a manager, and part of my job was to run shows. It was a blast because I was putting comedians on our little stage that included Dana Carvey, Richard Lewis, and Paula Poundstone. It was where I met Robin Williams, who adopted us, even helping out by paying our rent. We became his favorite club in which to drop in from time to time, and he was already globally famous. So, over time, I got to know him pretty well because, whenever he'd show

up, it was my job to shuffle the lineup and put him onstage. And more often than not, when he did come in he was with a friend. Some famous, some not.

One night I was in our little office making up envelopes of cash to pay that night's comics, while the headliner was still onstage and there was a tapping on the door. It was Robin. And he had a friend in tow. Maybe as a joke, he introduced the guy to me as "Huey Lewis" — and I fell for it, hook, line, and sinker. I really believed he was Huey Lewis.

And, even as the three of us smoked a joint of primo Thai marijuana outside, I kept calling him Huey, making an utter fool of myself. Not only did Bobby respond to it, but worse, no one ever bothered to correct me! It wasn't until later after they left when our Deadhead kitchen staff filled me in that my embarrassment began to creep in, my face turned beet red, and I felt like an absolute idiot.

So, yeah, I "met" Bob Weir, but I didn't meet him. Not exactly ...

Check out more of James Dean Boldman's wildly colorful (and true!) stories about moving to the Haight in 1976.



CARRYING THE FIRE FOWARD

I see a lot of parallels between the Grateful Dead and Amoeba Music.

Both were founded by folks who thought there was a better way to approach running a business, one that allows people to be themselves while maintaining a respect for the differences between them. Peace through Music. That's Amoeba Music's motto, and that was the aim of the Grateful Dead and their offspring.

We can learn and experience a broader perspective of what it means to be alive at this moment in time together, rather than by ourselves. This requires keeping an open mind and heart, and leaving ourselves open to the possibility of failure, individually and collectively. But we also need to be open to miracles, serendipity, karma, fate. Call it what you will.

I have been proud to call myself a Deadhead, an Amoebite, and a citizen of the Haight for almost 30 years. Improvisation is not just a musical style; it's a way of remaining true to the moment. Bobby Weir embodied this through-

out his life and I, for one, am very grateful for the example he set. Now let's carry the fire forward for others to see. Thank you, Bobby. We've got it from here.

-- David Aberdeen



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SPORTS DESK

BY CYNTHIA JOHNSTON



How do you describe a note? A single note that expands into a crescendo that makes you want to howl at the moon. And by “you,” I mean me. One note, one word: Paint. Unto a Masterpiece. Bob Weir’s voice, Bob Dylan’s song, sung at A.R.T. (Artist Rights Today,) a 1989 benefit for Bay Area Poster Artists in San Francisco.

Featured acts included Jerry Garcia & Friends, with Bob Weir as a surprise guest. And surprise he did. I can still hear that blistering note rising through the erector set rafters to the top of the Gift Center Pavillion where I was maybe checking sound, more likely smoking a joint. My partner Steve Brown was shooting video on the ground floor. You can get a taste if you ease over to the digital side and click on Steve Brown’s Flashback Jam. There’s a lot of other cool stuff there too, including a fun exchange with the boss, or “El Presidente” of rock poster artists, Alton Kelly.

The poster artists in question were members of a “Gang” calling themselves Artista, founded in 1980 by Alton Kelly, David Sheridan and Pat Ryan, who collaborated on Artamis, their badass dragon logo. Many “loominaries” joined the Gang, including Marlon Brando. “Almost all the great Bay Area bands were members,” says Kurt “Crowbar” Kangas, longtime Gang Member. Think: Country Joe and (Barry Melton) the Fish, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Jefferson Airplane, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Santana ... “Bob Weir was not

a Member of the Artista Gang, although he was a Member of the Family Dog, which eventually turned into the Artista Gang,” said Crow. I had no idea.

In 1965, one of the Family Dog bands, the Charlatans, sporting long-hair, Gaucho hats and fringed jackets, occupied the Red Dog Saloon in Virginia City, Nevada, creating a Western-Edwardian style as well



as a Wild West Hippy Dance Hall scene – from the “high” Sierras all the way back home to psychedelic San Francisco. There, they occupied a Victorian mansion on Pine Street a couple blocks from the so-called Dog House, so called because its inhabitants, including impresario Chet Helms, happened to have a dog. Helms is most famous for transplanting Janis Joplin from Texas to San Francisco. He also managed the Charlatans and along

with the Family Dog, produced wildly popular dance concerts promoted by above-mentioned poster artists.

Alton Kelly and *HSV* fave Stanley Mouse collaborated on concert posters and album covers, like the iconic Grateful Dead Skull & Roses. Speaking of the Dead, back at A.R.T., Jerry’s set with Friends-plus-Weir included the aforementioned “When I Paint My Masterpiece.” Bob Weir painted many a brilliant piece over the years – the master stroke being that magical Hawk circling his 2026 memorial at San Francisco Civic Center. “Wheel to the storm and fly...”

For a bunch more Artista stuff, including why Sports Desk decided to join the Gang, head over to the digital version!



love →



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