

INTERVIEW

Keith Floyd on fame, tablecloths and baked beans

by Megan Tresidder
Page III

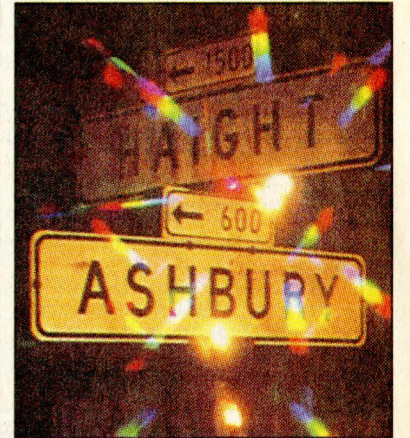
The Sunday Telegraph REVIEW

JULY 5, 1992

WHODUNNIT

Is there a killer in the House?

by Nigel West
Pages IV-V



1967 and all that: Haight-Ashbury flower child and, top, the ever-present LSD and the now-legendary band, The Grateful Dead. Bottom: coach trips with a difference, but the Free Clinic looked after those who went too far

LOVE AND HAIGHT

Whatever happened to the flower children of 1967? As San Francisco celebrates the 25th anniversary of the Summer of Love, John Hiscock finds Haight-Ashbury has gone cold on hippies

THE distinctive scent of marijuana hung thickly in the air around the battered bandstand and smoke from a dozen joints rose in puffs from the groups sprawled on blankets around the park. Several hun-

carefree, long-ago summer. Those baby boomers who, in the evening when the music



CHRIS VAIL

young to remember the Summer of Love or were elsewhere

and smoke dope and meet your friends. Now everything's so commercial. I prefer to go to Hippie Hill and get stoned. "I remember when Janis Joplin and I used to go up there to the philosopher's tree on Hippie Hill and get stoned and drink

dred people lazed contentedly in the sunshine as yet another band took to the stage to offer its version of the West Coast sound.

A couple of hundred yards across Golden Gate Park, on Hippie Hill, an enraptured couple were staging their own private love-in, oblivious to passers-by. Peace and love abounded on the grass.

To Erich Richter, surveying the sea of tie-dyed T-shirts, flowered dresses and happy people, it was almost as if, for a few hours, the years had rolled away and he was back in the Summer of Love; back in the halcyon days of 1967 and the flower-power movement, when 75,000 hippies turned the low-rent district around Haight and Ashbury streets into a counter-culture Camelot.

In those days he was known as the unofficial Mayor of Haight Street. He ran the White Rabbit "head shop", specialising in drug paraphernalia and flower-power accoutrements. Along with Janis Joplin, members of her band and about a dozen others, he shared what became famous as the Red House, the meeting place for flower children, runaways, dropouts, drugies and anyone who needed a place to crash for a few nights. Jimi Hendrix was a regular visitor and the door was always open.

That was when Scott McKenzie sang of the need to wear a flower in your hair. And when, as Dr Hunter S. Thompson wrote, "San Francisco was the best place in the world to be. Anything was possible. The crazies were seizing the reins, craziness hummed in the air... it was a whole new world."

Bands like Quicksilver Messenger Service, Jefferson Airplane, Blue Cheer and Moby Grape hung out in the Haight. The Grateful Dead, who had changed their name from the Warlocks, played a free concert every Sunday in the park, at the bandstand where the unofficial ex-Mayor now stood, 25 years later, watching with nostalgic amusement the efforts of a group of well-meaning 50-year-olds to recreate that special time.

The free all-day concert last weekend, featuring a number of Bay Area bands, was their way of commemorating what the psychedelic-style posters called "The 25th anniversary of the Summer of Love".

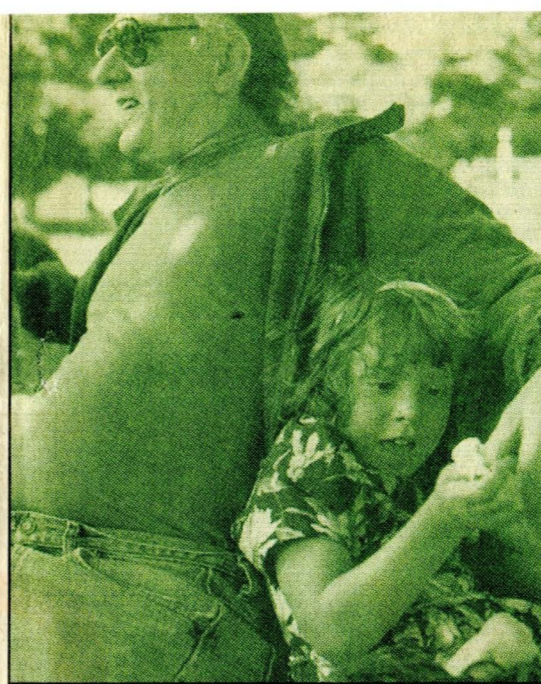
Most of the audience was too young to remember the Haight in those days, although a few middle-aged couples had come to the park to listen to the music and relive memories of a

the evening when the music died, strolled out of the park and into Haight Street on a sentimental journey, found few links with the past. Where flower power and free love once bloomed, commercialism and crime have taken over. Aggressive panhandlers wait on almost every corner, and in its current incarnation the district is home to a mixed crowd of business-suited commuters, artists, yuppies and bikers. Street musicians still play their music but passers-by are expected to pay for the privilege of hearing it.

Only Mendels drapery store and Roberts hardware shop, which were both in existence long before the days of flower power, have survived the changes and are still doing business on Haight Street. Every other store has changed hands and appearance several times over.

Richter ("I was born in Germany but came to America when I was three years old") is one of the few constants in a much-changed landscape. A familiar figure around the streets which have been his haunt for more than 30 years, 53-year-old Richter wears a Gestapo-style black leather cap embedded with a skull-and-crossbones. He sports a silver ear-ring and around his shoulders is a faded blue denim jacket that has seen better days.

A street philosopher and unashamed dropout — he esti-



Veterans of a lost decade: Richter with Joplin tattoo (left) and Kachigian and daughter

mates he has spent 10 of the last 23 years sleeping in Golden Gate Park — he is a somewhat sad yet eminently likeable rogue, an anachronistic figure still trying to keep alive the never-to-return days of peace and love.

"I was a hippie then and I'm an old hippie now," he said ruefully. "The times have changed but I haven't. I'm a dreamer. I'm 20 years behind the times, mentally and physi-

cally, and I miss the old days so bad.

"In the Sixties I knew everybody in the Haight and they all knew me. Nearly all the stores were owned by hippies. Now the yuppies and gays have taken over and the old spirit of camaraderie that used to be here has gone.

"It used to be that you could go in the park, get high and sit around and everybody would smoke their weed. If you didn't

have any, somebody would give you some of theirs. The same on the street. Now it's just a tourist area. People come through on tour buses.

"I used to offer the cop on his horse a toke and he'd usually say he'd have to wait till he was off duty. Now he'd bust you for it."

The ex-Mayor now finds himself sharing space in the park with a younger, tougher crowd, most of whom are either too

the time. "They act like hippies and talk like hippies but they ain't hippies," he said scornfully. "I'm always willing to share my dope with anybody. They're not."

Drugs are a sore point with Richter, who freely admits he is fortunate, in Haight parlance, not to have fried his brains years ago. "The LSD was so good I used to trip through the park and watch the trees grow," he reminisced. "Now it's cut with all sorts of things and I have to take six to 10 hits to get off like I got off on one hit in the Sixties.

"And the weed. We used to get a four-finger lid of Mexican ragweed for six dollars, with stems and seeds in it. Now if you get a baggie containing as much as a thumbnail it will cost you 20 dollars."

He still takes a daily stroll along Haight Street in a usually vain search for a familiar face or an item of gossip to take him back again, briefly, to the Sixties. The low spot on his tour is walking past the Coffee Zone, an upscale coffee bar where his White Rabbit shop was once the centre of the Haight Street action.

"Look at it now." He rolled his eyes in disgust. "People sashay in there to pay \$2.50 for a cup of coffee. The clothes shops used to be places where you could get free clothes when you needed them. Coffee shops were places where you could sit

southern comfort. She used to get so drunk we had to carry her home." He rolled up a sleeve to show a tattoo that she had paid for. "We had a lot of people from Europe used to come and crash with us. We had a Swedish prince once. And a lot of people from England."

Joplin's and Richter's former crash pad, a fully restored 1878 Edwardian house at the corner of Lyon and Oak Streets, is currently up for sale, priced at \$895,000.

While Richter still mourns its passing, others living in Haight-Ashbury were happy to see flower power wilt and die. The old timers, particularly, recall the heady times with a distinct lack of affection. Bob McHale, 67, ran the Pall Mall Bar and Grill on Haight Street in those days and vividly remembers the impact the flower children had on the area and on his business.

"This used to be a solid, working-class area, with a lot of Irish," he said, sitting in his old bar, which, since he retired from the business in 1989, has been completely remodelled and renamed Martin Macks.

"Then the flower kids came along and really screwed up the neighbourhood. It got to the stage where you couldn't walk down Haight Street because there were just so many people. It was like every day was New Year's Eve. All the kids were sitting around with flowers in their hair, smoking pot and raising hell. There were light shows, psychedelic shows, all kinds of shows. Hare Krishnas, hippies, beatniks, they were all here.

"Most of them weren't old enough to drink and those that were had no money, so business dropped off and I had three terrible years. A lot of my old customers didn't want to come down the street any more. I used to tear my hair out. I was delighted to see the end of the kids."

Richter and the middle-aged hippies and homeless who now frequent the streets and park receive scant sympathy from those who live in the Haight today. They are not romantic figures living in a time warp, but are scorned for their disinclination to fit in with the new society.

"Hippies?" snorted McHale's conversation. "They're nothing but a bunch of bums. They ought to go out and get a job. It would do them the world of good."

The only authentic 1967 landmark still left in the area is the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic.

Continued overleaf

The trip that took us for a ride

Christopher Booker calls the romanticism of the Sixties to account

YEAR by year now, a quarter of a century on, we are recalling the landmarks of the great Sixties dream. Last year, it was the anniversary of *Time's* famous 1966 cover story proclaiming London the "Swinging City". This year it is the turn of San Francisco flower power and 1967 — the year when the newly-hirsute Beatles trotted off to Wales to meet the old guru called by *Private Eye* the Veririshi Lot-samoney, and when every shopgirl in England was tinkling with hippie bells.

Next year it will be 1968 and Student Power, the year when in Paris, Grosvenor Square, Chicago and all over the world thousands of students hurled themselves against lines of riot police, screaming "Make Love Not War". The year after it will be the great "love-in" at Woodstock.

As the bandwagon of Sixties nostalgia rolls dutifully on, we may inevitably look somewhat askance at the way that strange, frenzied age has in retrospect been blurred and romanticised into the

stuff of legend. A decade when so many people happily parted company with reality has now itself become the focus for a new kind of make-believe, gilding the Sixties into a blissful dream-time, when to be young was very heaven.

In 1969, as the Sixties were coming to an end, I attempted in a book called *The Neophiliacs* to analyse just what had been happening to us all in that great psychic earthquake which had engulfed Britain, America and Western society in the years after 1956.

I tried to show how so many of the phenomena associated with the Swinging Sixties could be understood as a succession of collective fantasies, large and small. As one grew out of another, all had certain things in common. All were centred on an image of youthful rebellion, a heady vision of social, sexual and political liberation, and although all began with the intoxicating dream of escape from

dull, boring, conventional reality, all too often this eventually led to a nightmare, ending in some kind of self-destruction.

Many people today, particularly those too young to remember those years at first hand, want to recapture the heady "dream stage" of the Sixties fantasies, without dwelling too much on how they crumbled into often violent disillusion.

The dramatic mood swings of the Sixties, more than any other age in history, were written in the pop songs of the time. In the first flush of Beatlemania and the great pop explosion of 1963 and 1964, the happy euphoria of songs like *She Loves You* and *Twist and Shout* marked the dream stage.

In 1965, the year of the miniskirt and Swinging London, Mick Jagger belting out "I can't get no satisfaction" reflected a growing sense of frustration as the fashions and fantasies of the time grew ever wilder and more extreme. And this

sense of a generation wanting to shake itself into oblivion was taken still further by The Who repeatedly screaming "I wanna die before I get old" to the accompaniment of wild cacophony and smashing guitars.

In terms of the dream turning to nightmare, look again at the reign of flower power in Haight-Ashbury in 1967. What could have seemed more free and innocent? Yet it was not long before that frenzied dream of drug-assisted sexual and spiritual liberation turned horribly sour. Within three or four years some of its brightest stars, like Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix, had died miserable deaths from drugs and drink. Many of their followers, their minds softened by pot or blown by LSD, were left sad, clapped-out wrecks.

If one wanted one episode to encapsulate that particular chapter from the Sixties, it might be the remarkable story — which at

Inside The Sunday Telegraph
Review this week:

FASHION Anouska Hempel's perfect shapes: Page VI

FOOD AND DRINK A miracle from eggs and olive oil: Page VIII

BOOKS Einstein — his love letters and his lost child: Page X

ARTS The Duke of Northumberland, our latest film mogul: Page XIII

TRAVEL A guide to the national parks of Sweden: Page XIX

PROPERTY The social jungle of southwest Florida: Page XXII

TELEVISION Week's highlights and today's full details: Pages XXIV-XXVI

AFTER a deafening, bottom-numbing performance of Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber's loudest hits at the Royal Albert Hall, it was a relief to exchange the stupendous vulgarity of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Cats* and *Starlight Express* for the relative calm of the **Dorchester**, in Mayfair. By the time that the limousines had deposited Michael Crawford, Lloyd Webber *et al* on its doorstep, the guests at the first-night party were happy to change the subject and concentrate on the buffet.

It was a surprise to see Cecil Parkinson. "I should have been at *Don Pasquale* at Covent Garden," he said, waving a flute of champagne. "But I've known Michael for some time, my wife is fishing

in Hampshire so I thought I'd come along." He had survived the ordeal remarkably well and was looking forward to his elevation to the Lords.

"Some of them have told me they're looking forward to the new intake. It should be a much livelier place. I think it's been lagging about 20 years behind the Commons — pervaded with an air of Butskellism." But details were niggling him. "It's such a bore having to change cheque cards, stationery and so on. Honestly, sometimes I've wondered whether to renounce the blessed thing."

The reluctant prospective Lord slipped into the crowd, perhaps to seek counsel from the Marquess of Cholmondeley. Meanwhile, an exhausted Michael Crawford, accompanied by his daughters, Lucy and Emma, staggered from huddle to showbiz huddle. "That performance has put years on me," he said. "It's the first time I've sung in the Albert Hall — quite nerve-racking." Emma chipped in encouragingly: "I've listened to his voice mature over the years and I've seen all his shows. It doesn't matter where he is in the world, he's



only a plane ride away."

While we pondered this, Lloyd Webber, 44, arrived, hugging almost everyone in the room. What was it like to hear those hits from his infant *oeuvre* again? "It made me feel very, very old."

Younger and prettier, if not yet as successful, was Lady Lucinda Savile, who scampered into the **Ivy**, in London's Covent Garden, to celebrate Charlotte Bingham's novel, *Stardust*, about a Fifties theatrical diva.

Although the copy I leafed through seemed to be printed upside down, it struck a chord with Lady Lucinda. "I'm trying to get into acting," she said. "I've just been to an audition for a tiny part in the film of Jilly Cooper's *Riders*. I didn't get it, which is a bit disappointing. Still, I start a drama course next week. I'm

sure that will help." Meanwhile, she was looking for an agent. Luckily there were several hundred in the room, all misty-eyed on their third Bellini while a piano tinkled in the background. "*Darling*," said Charlotte Bingham, dragging her away. "Let me introduce you."

While the auditions continued, Miss Bingham took me to one side. "I'm quite used to the theatrical world," she said. "My mother wrote sketches and revues when it was very difficult for women to do that sort of thing. Our house was full of actors and I

grew up on theatrical gossip." Indeed, she is married to Terence Brady, who was enjoying himself with the canapés.

In another corner, things were not going so swimmingly. "I'm looking for work at the moment," said James Bolam, who finds himself resting until a sitcom starts in the autumn. "Where's my bloody agent? I must find him and kick him in the shins. I've given up ringing him."

To the sound of shows crashing to a standstill all over the West End, the party continued. By now Lady Lucinda had been introduced to everybody. She was determinedly optimistic: "I can't wait to start. Do you know what my favourite rôle would be? Perdita in *Polo*. You can put that in."



Geraldine James, 42

sender, 42; **Bruce Gyngell**, managing director of the disenfranchised TV-am, 63.

THURSDAY

Dame Barbara Cartland, now finishing a record-breaking 565th romantic novel, 91; **David Hockney**, Bradford's famous living son, 55; **Sir Edward Heath** KG, MP, Father of the House of Commons and former Prime Minister, 76; **Jim Kerr** of the rock group Simple Minds, 33; **Steve Coppell**, Crystal Palace manager and former Manchester United and England footballer, 37; Hollywood star **Tom Hanks** (*Bonfire of the Vanities*), 36.

FRIDAY

Former Wimbledon champions **Virginia Wade** (1977), 47, and **Arthur Ashe** (1975), 49; **Evelyn Laye**, musical comedy star, 92; **Reg Smythe**, creator of Andy Capp, 75; **Lord Lambton**, author and former Tory MP, 70; singers **Josephine Veasey** (mezzo soprano), 62, and **Ian Wallace** (bass), 73; **John Dunlop**, racehorse trainer, 53; **Frank Stapleton**, Bradford City manager and former Republic of Ireland striker, 36.

SATURDAY

Peter de Savary, entrepreneur trying to sell off his holdings, 48; **Giorgio Armani**, Italian fashion designer, creator of the soft suit, 58; **Julia Trevelyan Oman**, theatrical designer, 62; **Suzanne Vega**, singer/songwriter, 33.

Sing for your first-night supper

CONTINENTAL MOTORING INSURANCE

NOW YOU HAVE A CHOICE

EUROP ASSISTANCE

£64

AA 5 STAR*

£108

(Not really a big decision, is it?)

Because Europ Assistance is Europe's largest motoring organisation and it provides more comprehensive protection on your Continental motoring holiday than anyone else. You pay only for the time you are away, (£22 plus £3 a day) and that covers the car and all the passengers'

personal and medical needs throughout your holiday. Our extensive network guarantees that help is always one phone call away — 24 hours a day. So we take care of everything and you won't need to worry about searching for your phrase book or paying bills.

europ assistance

Prices are for a 2 week holiday Based on car, 2 adults and 2 children, and including* the enrolment fee of £3 for Non-Members. All prices are correct at time of printing.

CALL 0444 442211

or send in the coupon

Post to: Customer Services Department, Europ Assistance, FREEPOST CN2819, Haywards Heath, West Sussex RH16 1ZA.

Name (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms)

Address

Postcode

Date you are travelling

REF: FCSTM07

LOVE AND HAIGHT

Continued from previous page which has grown and flourished on the corner of Haight and Clayton Streets and now has 11 branches in the city.

Founded by the goodwill of a group of medical students and interns at the University of California in San Francisco, the Free Clinic provided medical treatment and hope for the runaways and dropouts who could not afford even the most rudimentary medical care. Staffed entirely by volunteers, it was housed in the front of a three-storey Victorian house.

Today the clinic occupies the entire house, its staff sees more than 7,000 patients a month and its files provide grim testimony to the social changes of the past 25 years. Whereas its initial patients were mostly teenagers suffering from venereal diseases, skin problems, drug overdoses and cuts and bruises, those that climb its stairs today usually have more serious problems.

"We used to tell people they had syphilis and give them a shot of penicillin," said its director, George Dykstra. "Now we have to tell them they are HIV positive and are going to die."

Outside on the street corner Craig and Pete, two guitarists in their early 20s, were attracting a crowd of appreciative listeners who filled their open guitar case with notes and coins. Recently arrived in the Haight from Maine, the duo professed to have found their spiritual home.

"The Summer of Love doesn't mean anything to us," said Craig. "We don't remember flower power but we love the Haight. It's a great area with a lot going



Transport of delight: 'They act and talk like hippies, but they ain't hippies'

on. We're making a good living here, too."

One of the first arrivals at the park for the 25th anniversary concert was balding, 53-year-old Richard Kachigian, who sat in the second row with his four-year-old daughter Kaya, waiting patiently for the music to begin.

He had spent a lot of time in the Haight in those days and recalled his tentative experiments with drugs. "I started exploring them in 1963, when you couldn't get LSD here. Then I heard of a chemist in England who, if you sent him \$50, would send you LSD or mescaline, whichever you preferred."

"I wrote to the address I was given and had a letter back telling me to send \$50; so I did and he sent me back LSD. A lot of people seemed

to know about it and were getting regular shipments from England."

Those who went to the concert in search of a temporary fragment of the past went home at the end of the day slightly saddened by the event's inability to resuscitate a bygone era.

Others left satisfied with having enjoyed a day's free entertainment in the sunshine. Erich Richter watched these depart, clutching their folded blankets and empty ice chests, leaving behind rubbish bins overflowing with the detritus of a day in the park.

"Most of them didn't know about the Summer of Love or what went on," he said. "This park knows a lot more than they do. It never changes. Only the people change."



HOROSCOPES

dial 0898 606 plus the number you want

to hear Leticia Palmers astro forecast for the week ahead

731 Capricorn	735 Taurus	739 Virgo
732 Aquarius	736 Gemini	740 Libra
733 Pisces	737 Cancer	741 Scorpio
734 Aries	738 Leo	742 Sagittarius

Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate, 48p per min at all other times