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San Francisco Chronicle

PEOPLE

The Haight's Hip Legacy of Love

BY KATY BUTLER

One foggy dawn 20 years ago, John Barlow, the long-haired son of a wealthy Wyoming rancher, awoke on a couch in a Haight-Ashbury flat that smelled of old cat litter.

It was June 21, 1967, the official start of the Summer of Love. Stoned on LSD, Barlow staggered out to Golden Gate Park, into a rainbow of tie-dyed shirts, blue jeans and flowing Indian-cotton dresses. There were jugglers, visionaries, lost teenagers, hamburgers fried on shovels, and music — free, of course — from Janis Joplin of Big Brother and the Holding Company to the Grateful Dead.

"It was surreal," said Barlow, 39, now a rancher with three children, remembering the sensuality and the squalor. "It's like remembering a dream."

That naive and hopeful summer, someone left a truck — free for the taking — in front of the Haight-Ashbury Free Store with the pink slip tucked under the windshield wiper. A tourist asked a young man where to buy beads, and the young man hung his own beads around the tourist's neck.

Beatle George Harrison strolled Haight Street wearing heart-shaped sunglasses. By the end of summer, about 75,000 young people had waded through the stoned crowds of the Haight-Ashbury.

Nobody knew it at the time, but the Haight-Ashbury was just the beginning. In the next decade, the older half of the baby-boom generation — the 76 million children

SUMMER OF LOVE
20 YEARS LATER

born between 1946 and 1964 — would knock loose, at least temporarily, from almost every mooring of their culture.

The largest, best-educated and most affluently raised generation in American history — alienated by the bomb, the Kennedy assassination and the Vietnam War — would confidently voice the message still read on bumper-stickers: Question authority.

A nationwide youth rebellion was under way, and the Haight-Ashbury was its highly publicized opening act.

■ The Haight-Ashbury rejected the monogamous ideals of the suburban 1950s, and became a megaphone for a nascent and growing sexual revolution.

"If you wanted to have sex, you just took your clothes off, you didn't go on dates," said Peter Berg, a member of the Haight's theatrical political organizers, the Diggers. "There was that feeling of bursting free. It was fun."

In the next decade, communes, shared apartments and living together became normal; a generation delayed marriage and child-rearing; and "unwed mothers" were tolerantly rechristened "single mothers." By 1983, one-third of all single American women in their 20s had lived with a man.

■ The Haight-Ashbury did not invent drug use: Tranquilizer and alcohol addiction were growing but hidden problems among the suburban parents of the flower generation. But kids in the Haight enthusiastically discovered a new generation of illegal drugs and shamelessly promoted LSD as a spiritual rite of passage.

"People took drugs to be unhindered by normalcy," said Berg, who now edits a San Francisco-based ecology magazine called Planet Drum. "They wanted to end that 1950s brain-death."

By 1979, 25 percent of all Americans 18 to 25 had used LSD or another hallucinogen, and huge segments of the population broke

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SEX

Sensualism As Salvation

BY NANETTE ASIMOV AND BEN FONG-TORRES

If decades had personalities, the '60s would be very sexy, someone whose allure it is impossible to avoid even in normal conversation.

And it became that way quickly, mirroring in just one decade an adolescent exploring sexuality for the first time, trying everything, breaking free of parental restrictions and, ultimately, becoming very, very experienced. Sixties-style sex had no precedent in this century. Like the timing of sun, moon and Earth during an eclipse, all social, economic and political moods were well-aligned for sexuality's extraordinary bloom among young people.

No More Barriers

DRUGS

Cheap Grass And Free Acid

BY JIM BREWER

There was almost never enough food. Shelter was even harder to come by. But the kids who descended on the Haight for the Summer of Love found drugs flowing in the streets.

Pot went for 10 bucks a lid, sometimes less. A joint, often passed freely at gatherings in the park, cost a quarter. LSD — white, purple, pink; in tabs, cubes and capsules — was going for as little as $2 a hit on the street. And thousands of free hits were given away that summer at rock dances in the Avalon Ballroom and Fillmore Auditorium.

Around college campuses from San Jose to Santa Rosa, "head shops" patterned after the Psychedelic Shop on Haight

war, free speech — bringing massive numbers of people together under an umbrella of commitment. Stoked with music and drugs, camaraderie often led to sex. At demonstrations, parties, or in private encounters, women felt freer than ever to engage in sex — and even to make first moves. After all, the Pill, approved by the Food and Drug Administration in 1960, had arrived.

"The Pill enabled women to behave exactly as men have always behaved," said Lyle York, 41, an editor who identified with the counterculture at the time.

By 1967, she said, "People took it for granted that it was all right to know a man for one day and then go to bed with him. And it was OK to do it only once or twice if that's what was happening."

In his 1967 book, "We Are the People Our Parents Warned Us Against," Nicholas Von Hoffman quotes "Jan," a young woman who lived in a communal pad on Central Avenue. "The first time I went to an orgy, I was scared. I felt ambiguous. I felt like I wanted and didn't want to. Now sometimes I enjoy myself and sometimes I don't. When I'm at one and I see someone who's embarrassed because they're there for the first time, I try to make them feel relaxed."

The Orgy Scene

Her "old man," "Funky Sam," felt no ambiguity. "I enjoy balling," he said. "I enjoy it with single chicks, and I like orgies . . . it's more intense. I'll predict that in 10 years we'll be having sex orgies in Candlestick Park."

Sam's redefinition of the ball park never happened. The people who lived by the motto, "Make love, not war," found themselves having to contend with venereal diseases as side-effects of free love. The difference between those diseases and the herpes and AIDS of the '70s and '80s, however, was that VD was curable.

"In '67, if one member of a commune got gonorrhea, everybody got it," said Dr. David Smith, who founded the clinic that June. "Fifteen members from a commune would come in at a time. Group sex . . . was part of the norm." He added: "Sexual oppression was perceived as a consequence of a repressive society, so

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THE CHRONICLE

Flower children of 20 years ago tack up an inspirational sign at the Haight-Ashbury intersection, the epicenter of hippiedom.

water pipes, beaded roach clips, love beads and rock posters. "Trip Rooms," living rooms outfitted with Day-Glo posters and florescent light shows, became the rage.

"The Haight Ashbury," says Charles Perry, author of the book, "The Haight-Ashbury: A History," "was basically the biggest LSD party in history."

"They were the first generation into expansion of consciousness," says Timothy Leary, whose highly publicized command to "turn on, tune in and drop out" served as a rallying cry for the hippies who flocked to San Francisco.

'Turn onto the scene, tune into what is happening, and drop out.'

Timothy Leary in 1967

Recreational drugs always had been part of the underground and of the Bohemian scene — most recently, before the Summer of Love, among the jazzers and beatniks in North Beach. The drug of choice was marijuana. The kids of the '60s — college students and dropouts alike — seemed more open, if not more eager, to experiment in more adventurous territory.

"We were more into grass than wine and more into experimenting with psychedelics than the older guys," says Rock Scully, a San Francisco State graduate who became a manager of the Grateful Dead. "It was important to us to find good weed and get it around, as it was important to take psychedelics, to be very careful about them, but to find out what they did to you."

The youth of the '60s, says Leary, "were the first generation of the information age." They questioned,

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The most famous incarnation of the Jefferson Airplane: Marty Balin, Jorma Kaukonen, Paul Kantner, Spencer Dryden, Grace Slick and Jack Casady.

ROCK 'N' ROLL

A Mind-Blowing Array of Music

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

"I never felt that the music coming out of San Francisco was so revolutionary," says record producer David Rubinson, "but I think it was a revolutionary *attitude* of the bands and of the audience that swept the country."

In the mid-'60s, the San Francisco Bay Area delivered unto the world a mind-blowing array of popular bands, among them Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company (with Janis Joplin), the Grateful Dead, Country Joe and the Fish, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Sons of Champlin, Moby Grape, Blue Cheer, It's a Beautiful Day, Great Society, and the Charlatans.

Before the Summer of Love, however long it actually lasted, was over, many of the bands had been signed by big record companies; new recording studios sprang up in San Francisco, in Marin and in the Peninsula; the Airplane was on the cover of Life magazine, and "acid rock" and "the San Francisco Sound" had joined the trendwatcher's vocabulary.

The music — first played at parties, then on the streets and in the parks, then in clubs and concert halls, and finally on radio and records — was the constant backdrop for the times. "Rock 'n' roll," says promoter Bill Graham, "was one of the means of expression for people who were looking at life differently."

The music, says Paul Kantner, now with the Kantner-Balin-Casady Band, "was a good clarion call to action." It was, says Country Joe McDonald, "a very important part of solidifying the community. It was a morale booster; it'd make everybody feel good, and they'd go home being more convinced than ever."

But, as some of the musicians will admit, there never was an actual "San Francisco Sound." There was a volume level — way up. Before there was such a thing as "lifestyle," there was a style and an attitude — a combination of *laissez faire* and too-stoned-to-care.

And then there was the music.

Steve Miller, a young graduate of the blues scene in Chicago, visited the Fillmore on arrival and couldn't believe his ears. "I went, 'What *is* this?' I couldn't understand how the Airplane and the Dead and Quicksilver were playing to people; at that time they weren't very good bands. The Airplane were like giving flowers to the first girl singer (Signe Anderson) 'cause she was leaving. It was a social trip . . . it was not really a musical trip."

Yeah, man. But that was the idea — or

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TIME MAGAZINE — 1967 *'Not so much a neighborhood as a state of mindlessness'*

1965

January 4, 1965 — President Lyndon Johnson calls for a "Great Society."

March 4, 1965 — Owsley Stanley mixes his first commercial batch of LSD.

June 1965 — Artist Bill Ham puts on the first psychedelic light and rock 'n' roll show, with the Charlatans, at the Red Dog Saloon in Virginia City.

August 7, 1965 — San Francisco Mime Troupe arrested for performing without a permit.

August 13, 1965 — Jefferson Airplane debuts at the Matrix nightclub.

August 13, 1965 — The Berkeley Barb is founded.

August 31, 1965 — The Beatles perform at the Cow Palace.

September 16, 1965 — The United Farm Workers under Cesar Chavez vote to strike the Central Valley grape growers.

October 15, 1965 — Allen Ginsberg coins "flower power."

October 16, 1965: Hell's Angels disrupt an anti-war march from the UC-Berkeley campus to the Oakland Army Induction Center.

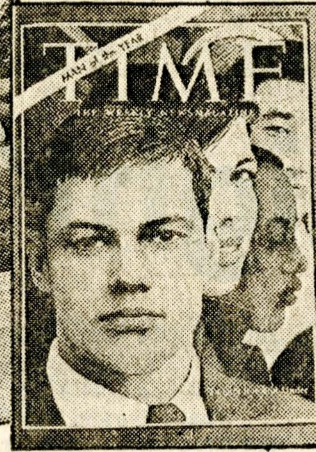
October 16, 1965 — The Family Dog holds its first dance at Longshoremen's Hall, featuring the Charlatans, the Jefferson Airplane, the Marbles, the Great Society and MC Russ "The Moose" Syracuse.

November 6, 1965: In a loft on Howard Street, Bill Graham promotes his first concert, "Appeal I," to benefit the San Francisco Mime Troupe.

November 27, 1965 — Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters put on the Acid Tests at Longshoremen's Hall.

December 10, 1965 — Bill Graham promotes his first rock concert at the Fillmore Auditorium, "Appeal II."

1966



January 3, 1966 — Ron and Jay Thelin open the Psychedelic Shop on Haight Street.

January 21-23, 1966 — The Pranksters, the Grateful Dead, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Stewart Brand and others stage the Trips Festival at Longshoremen's Hall. Shortly thereafter, Ken Kesey flees to Mexico to escape drug charges.

February 5, 1966 — "The Ballad of the Green Berets" hits the charts. It will go gold.

April 18, 1966 — Masters and Johnson's "Human Sexual Response" is published.

May 2, 1966 — S.F. Mime Troupe members crash the first meeting of Mayor Shelley's city arts committee.

June 1966 — Janis Joplin joins Big Brother and the Holding Company.

June 29, 1966 — Betty Friedan takes the first step toward forming the National Organization of Women.

Summer 1966 — S.F. Mime Troupe starts performing in the Haight. The first Diggers papers appear, and the Diggers begin growing vegetables at Morningstar Ranch near Sebastopol.

August 29, 1966 — The Beatles play Candlestick Park in what will be their last public concert.

September 1966 — Jefferson Airplane releases its first album.

October 6, 1966 — The U.S. government declares LSD "dangerous and illegal."

October 1966: Diggers serve their first free meal in the Panhandle.

November 15, 1966 — San Francisco police arrest a clerk at the Psychedelic Shop in the Haight-Ashbury for selling "The Love Book," Lenore Kandel's book of erotic poems.

1967

January 6, 1967 — Time magazine chooses the 25-and-younger generation as its Man of the Year.

January 14, 1967 — The Human Be-In in Golden Gate Park brings together the political Beat elder statesmen Michael McClure, Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder, as well as LSD pioneers Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert; music includes the Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane; 20,000 attend.

History of the Haight

It was always a prime party place

BY MICHAEL ROBERTSON

In the heady months that led into the Summer of Love, it seemed to the residents of the Haight-Ashbury that the whole world revolved around them — oh, man, you could see it happening with your own freakin' eyes.

Hundreds of minds were blown or changed every day.

"So many people walked into that thing," said a man once known as Larry the Dealer, "and within two hours had their heads so turned around they took off their

Haight Street was named for Henry H. Haight, 10th governor of California, very heavy, very Establishment.

In 1883 the first of several cable car lines reached Haight Street. Later, a railroad line, the Park and Ocean, ran from Stanyan to Lincoln Way and from there to Ocean Beach.

No one would buy lots in the "open lands" unless access to civilization was assured.

The First Boom

The first building boom in the Haight occurred in the 1890s. Hundreds of high-

Remember The Places?

BY MAITLAND ZANE

One of the few Summer of Love landmarks still in its original location is the **Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic.**

Few businesses have survived from the '60s — the **St. Vincent de Paul thrift shop,** the **Park Bowl,** such neighborhood bars as the **Pall Mall,** the **Gold Cane** and the **Persian Aub Zam Zam** — and that's about it.

The **Free Clinic's** drop-in center is upstairs at 558 Clayton Street, just off Haight. The phone number for information and treatment is 431-1714.

Other landmarks:

THE DROGSTORE: This restaurant at

oh, man, you could see it happening with your own freakin' eyes.

Hundreds of minds were blown or changed every day.

"So many people walked into that thing," said a man once known as Larry the Dealer, "and within two hours had their heads so turned around they took off their wing-tips and put 'em down on the sidewalk and walked off."

By the spring of 1967, the Haight-Ashbury had reached critical mass. The brightest and the beatest had moved over from North Beach. It was now home to the Psychedelic Shop, a doper's emporium, and to Far Fetched Foods, a health food store.

It was the right place in the right space and time. It was historically, artistically, economically and politically correct.

But before it was hot, it was hip.

Before it was hip, it was square.

Before it was square, it was empty.

How It Began

The history: What is now the Haight-Ashbury district was originally part of a Mexican land grant obtained in 1845 and owned by Jose de Jesus Noe, an early alcalde, or mayor, of the village of Yerba Buena.

Noe was the original absentee landlord. Historians believe the first resident was German immigrant Ferdinand Lange, who arrived in San Francisco in 1864. In 1870 he bought nine acres of land east of Stanyan, and built a house for his wife and six sons on what is now Carl Street near Grattan.

In 1868 the city appointed a commission to lay out the Richmond District, and every member immediately named a street after himself, Messrs. Cole, Clayton, Stanyan, Schrader — and one Monroe Ashbury.

Stanyan to Lincoln Way and from there to Ocean Beach.

No one would buy lots in the "open lands" unless access to civilization was assured.

The First Boom

The first building boom in the Haight occurred in the 1890s. Hundreds of high-style Queen Anne Victorians to house the city's upper-middle-class were constructed by entrepreneurial contractor-builders, including the grandfather of Senator Alan Cranston.

Because Golden Gate Park was so close, the Haight was considered a prime place to party, even then.

Between 1895 and 1902, The Chutes, a popular public water-slide and entertainment complex, was located at Haight and Clayton streets. Tradition says Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson performed there.

The earthquake of 1906 touched off a second building boom, though few homes were lost in the Haight because the fire burned itself out before reaching that far.

By the '20s, the neighborhood began to deteriorate. The hot new residential neighborhoods were the Sunset and West of Twin Peaks. Many of the grand Queen Anne homes were broken up into apartments or converted into rooming houses.

After World War II, the neighborhood was squeezed from many directions. The proposed Panhandle Freeway threatened to lobotomize the area. Meanwhile, University of California at San Francisco medical school and St. Mary's Hospital gobbled up whole blocks for offices and research facilities.

In the '50s, as the city redevelopment

THE CHRONICLE

Victorians along Ashbury Street reflect the early upper-middle-class nature of the Haight District. Today, the area is experiencing creeping chic-ism.

agency began to demolish large chunks of housing in the Western Addition, more and more blacks moved into the Haight.

Whites who had stayed put during war and Depression fled to the suburbs, and property values dropped.

A Melting Pot

By 1960, the district was a melting pot — black, white, Asian; old Russians living side by side with students and professors from San Francisco State, who had an easy commute on the trolley.

The lower rents and ethnic diversity also proved attractive to the beats fleeing high prices in North Beach. References to the creation of "West Beach" appear in newspapers as early as 1964.

And always there was the park, stage and playpen for the madness and/or genius of the hour.

To serve this growing community of self-aware eccentricity, brothers Ron and Jay Thelin, devotees of Timothy Leary, opened the Psychedelic Shop in January 1966; they were followed by hippie boutiques, the I/Thou coffee shop, and, in 1967, the Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic.

By the time of the so-called Summer of Love, rents ranged from $90 for a "crash pad" to $210 for a three-floor, 11-room house suitable for use as a commune.

But as tourism, drug wars and the inconstant commitment of weekend hippies diluted and then undermined the hippie movement, the Haight went into decline.

By the early '70s, perhaps 40 percent of the businesses on Haight Street were boarded up.

"You shouldn't blame the hippies," says Haight historian Greg Gaar. "Blame those who came to San Francisco specifically to exploit the scene — to take advantage of the open drugs and sex and rip off the naive young people."

Between 1970 and 1980, the area lost 2,000 residents, and the median age rose from 22 to 27 years of age.

In 1972, Victorians were selling for as little as $25,000, and the city gave low-interest loans to speed transformation of the "hippie's graveyard."

It was, by most accounts, a slum — but a livable one.

Now, the Haight is prospering again. Fleeing the sameness of suburbia, white singles, gays and childless couples lead the return of the middle-class to the inner city.

But some believe the price of economic revival is too high, if it drives out long-term residents and produces the kind of yuppie blandness that represents those acquisitive, aggressive American values that appalled the original hippies.

Diverse Elements

Indeed, stretches of Haight Street are still among the most pungent urban scenes available in San Francisio. Those latter-day hippies, the punks, spare-change their days away on Haight Street. Meanwhile, young professionals try to avoid bumping elbows with the homeless and the residents of the area's numerous board-and-care facilities housing schizophrenics, alcoholics and drug abusers.

Today, area housing is 70 to 75 percent renter-occupied. Studio apartments rent for $600, one bedroom units for $750, three-bedroom flats for $1,000.

Many students from San Francisco State and USF still live in the Haight. Neighborhood organizer Calvin Welch remarks on "the number of two- or three- or four-income earners living together. There's a lot of flat sharing. The rich tradition of communes continues, though the motive is more economic than social."

As far as the total "yuppification" of the Haight is concerned, it hasn't happened — yet.

"We continue our fight against creeping chic-ism," Welch says.

Special credit to Haight-Ashbury Newspaper: A Collective Perspective

the Park Bowl, such neighborhood bars as the **Pall Mall**, the **Gold Cane** and the **Persian Aub Zam Zam** — and that's about it.

The **Free Clinic's** drop-in center is upstairs at 558 Clayton Street, just off Haight. The phone number for information and treatment is 431-1714.

Other landmarks:

THE DROGSTORE: This restaurant at Haight Street and Masonic Avenue had the charming decor of its predecessor, the **Buena Vista Pharmacy**. Uptight city officials wouldn't allow it to be called the Drugstore and forced a one-letter name change.

Since the hippie era it has had many owners. For years it was called the **Psalms**, and its present name is **Dish**.

409 HOUSE: Twenty-one years ago, this ramshackle Victorian at 409 Clayton Street opened as **Happening House**, a haven for hippies.

For years the second floor has been administrative headquarters of the **Free Clinic**. The ground floor is used by community activists Calvin Welch and Rene Cansanave, and it's also the office of the **Haight Ashbury Ecumenical Ministry** and the **Haight Ashbury Newspaper**.

THE FREE STORE: This closed in 1967 when the Diggers started the "back-to-the-land" movement by moving to the Morning Star Ranch in Sonoma County. The corner building, at 901 Cole Street, is now a smart restaurant, the **Ironwood Cafe**.

PSYCHEDELIC SHOP: When Ron Thelin and his brother Jay opened the Psychedelic Shop on Jan. 3, 1966, LSD was still legal and the store was a haven for acid-heads, with a meditation room that had mandalas on the wall and was redolent of incense.

Located at 1535 Haight, it was a head shop and bookstore with items such as the I Ching, the Bhagavad Gita and a new academic journal on psychedelic drugs edited by Timothy Leary.

The Thelin brothers, who had grown up in the Haight, decided to close their shop in the fall of 1967, because they'd had their fill of the commercial world.

On October 6, to satirize the media coverage of the Summer of Love, the Thelins and their Digger friends held a mock funeral on Haight Street called "Death of Hippie."

Now 47 and a father of three, Ron Thelin has lived many years in Forest Knolls, in Marin County, where he works as a carpenter and builder. His brother Jay makes stoves in Nevada City, in the Sierra foothills.

The site of the Psychedelic Shop is now occupied by **Marco's Pizza**.

HAIGHT ASHBURY SWITCHBOARD: During the Summer of Love this volunteer group, then called the **Hip Switchboard**, was at 1830 Fell Street, on the Panhandle. It functioned as a message center and job-finding agency for homeless runaways.

"I started this because I think we need to break down the barrier between the hip and the straight communities," said the founder, Al Rinker.

Rinker's whereabouts are unknown. But the organization he founded is planning a 20th anniversary street fair on June 7.

"We're trying to raise $1,000 for a survival manual," said Tom Schonefeld, spokesman for the co-op that runs the Switchboard. Donations may be sent to 1338 Haight Street; the phone number is 621-6211.

The last of the head shops

BY MAITLAND ZANE

It wasn't there during the Summer of Love, but Pipe Dreams looks like a vintage Hashbury head shop.

Only don't call it that if you want to stay friendly with the proprietor.

"We're a tobacco shop," co-owner Kenny McGough said firmly.

The long, narrow store at 1376 Haight, just east of Masonic, does purvey cigars, cigarets and pipe tobacco from all over the world.

But many items in the display cases are clearly aimed at marijuana smokers, or "heads," as they used to be called. Rolling papers, hash pipes, water pipes, bongs, stash boxes disguised as cans of Campbell soup, and books on the cultivation of such potent varieties of marijuana as sinsemilla. For the cocaine trade, there are expensive scales that measure by the gram, and Mannite, a sparkly white baby laxative made in Italy, which coke dealers use to cut, or "step on," the drug to maximize profits.

Pipe Dreams, now the only head shop on Haight Street, is heavy with incense, and on the walls are posters from the old Fillmore Auditorium, as well as photos of the Beatles, Janis Joplin and other rock stars of the era.

"We've been around 11 or 12 years, and used to be located a few blocks away at 1612 Haight," McGough said. "We're like a museum. Tourists from all over the world come in here and say, 'This is just like the '60s.' "

Co-owner Kenny McGough calls Pipe Dreams a 'tobacco shop.'

Here is an exerpt from Herb Caen's column of June 25, 1967:

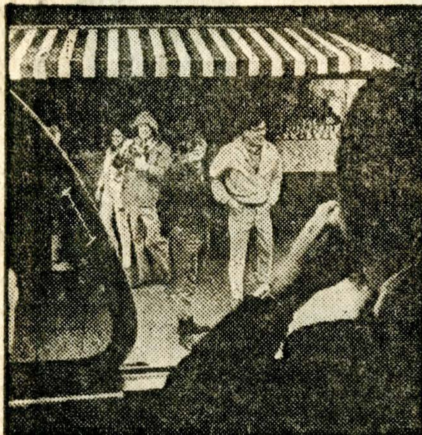
In the interest of basic research, I put on my eight-button double-breasted Brioni jacket, a pair of tight pants and my fruit boots and went out to the Drogstore on Haight St., looking more odd than Mod. The pants were so tight I could inhale only, a situation not devoutly to be desired in the Drogstore. To the sound of splitting seams, I settled down next to an adenoidal young man.

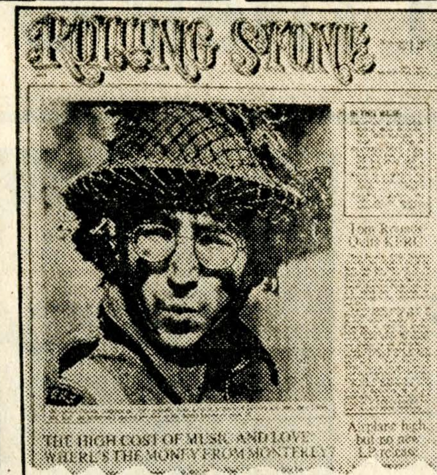
"Well," I ventured, "would you say you came to San Francisco as a gesture of protest against the sterility of middle-class morality and the puritan ethic that has been so inimical to the mental well-being of mid-'60s America? And if so, do you feel that total alienation is a viable stance vis-a-vis the military-industrial continuum? To put it another way —"

He looked at me for the first time. "You crazy?" he said. "I came out here like everybody else — to get a girl and get high." Only he didn't say "get a girl," exactly — he laid it on the line a bit more explicitly.

THE DIGGERS — 1967 *'In truth we live our protest'*

1967 SUMMER OF LOVE **1968**





March 8, 1967 — Dr. Hip Pocrates debuts in the Berkeley Barb, dispensing health advice to the Now generation.

April 5, 1967 — Gray Line begins the "Hippie Hop," running tour buses through the Haight; hippies retaliate by holding up mirrors to the windows.

April 5, 1967 — The Diggers, the Straight Theatre, the Oracle newspaper, the Church of One and the Family Dog form the "Council of the Summer of Love."

April 7, 1967 — KMPX debuts as the first "underground" FM rock station.

May 5, 1967 — On the steps of City Hall, the Diggers serve spaghetti to city employees to show "love is where it's at."

June 16-18, 1967 — The Monterey Pop Festival features the Mamas and the Papas, Janis Joplin with Big Brother and the Holding Company, Jimi Hendrix, Country Joe and the Fish, the Jefferson Airplane and Ravi Shankar.

June 21, 1967 — The Summer of Love officially arrives: Atop fog-shrouded Twin Peaks, 100 hippies will the sun to rise. It rises.

June 22, 1967 — Police Captain Dan Kiely announces 300 hippies a day are arriving in the Haight but as many leave as arrive because "it's too cold to sleep out in San Francisco." Other authorities suggest Mayor Shelley declare a "limited state of emergency" should a teenybopper invasion materialize.

August 3, 1967 — LSD dealer John Kent Carter is found dead in his apartment with his right arm severed at the elbow.

August 6, 1967 — William E. Thomas, black acid dealer known as Superspade, is found in a sleeping bag at the bottom of a 250-foot cliff in Marin County with a bullet through his head.

August 7, 1967 — Beatle George Harrison and wife Patti stroll down Haight Street followed by reporters.

August 28, 1967 — Hippies and bikers hold a funeral for Hell's Angel Chocolate George, who was run over by a tourist's car on Haight Street.

Summer 1967 — Health officials announce that the city's venereal disease rate is six times higher than in 1964.

September 9, 1967 — "Rowan & Martin's Laugh-in" debuts.

September 16, 1967 — Big Brother and the Holding Company, featuring Janis Joplin, appears at the Monterey Jazz Festival.

October 3, 1967 — Robert Crumb's underground comic magazine Zap No. 0 hits the Haight newsstands.

October 4, 1967 — The Psychedelic Shop closes its doors and puts up signs reading "Be Free" and "Nebraska Needs You More."

October 6, 1967 — A funeral announcing the "death of the hippie" is conducted in Buena Vista Park. Hippies are re-christened "the Free Men."

October 16, 1967 — "Stop the Draft" week begins in Oakland.

October 29, 1967 — "Hair" opens off-Broadway in New York.

November 9, 1967 — The first issue of Rolling Stone is published in San Francisco by 21-year-old Jan Wenner.

December 21, 1967 — Federal agents arrest Owsley Stanley at his Orinda home.

January 30, 1968 — The Viet Cong launch the Tet offensive.

February 1968 — Hippies clash with Mayor Alioto's Tac Squad in the Haight.

May 8, 1968 — A Diggers poetry reading at City Hall is broken up by police.

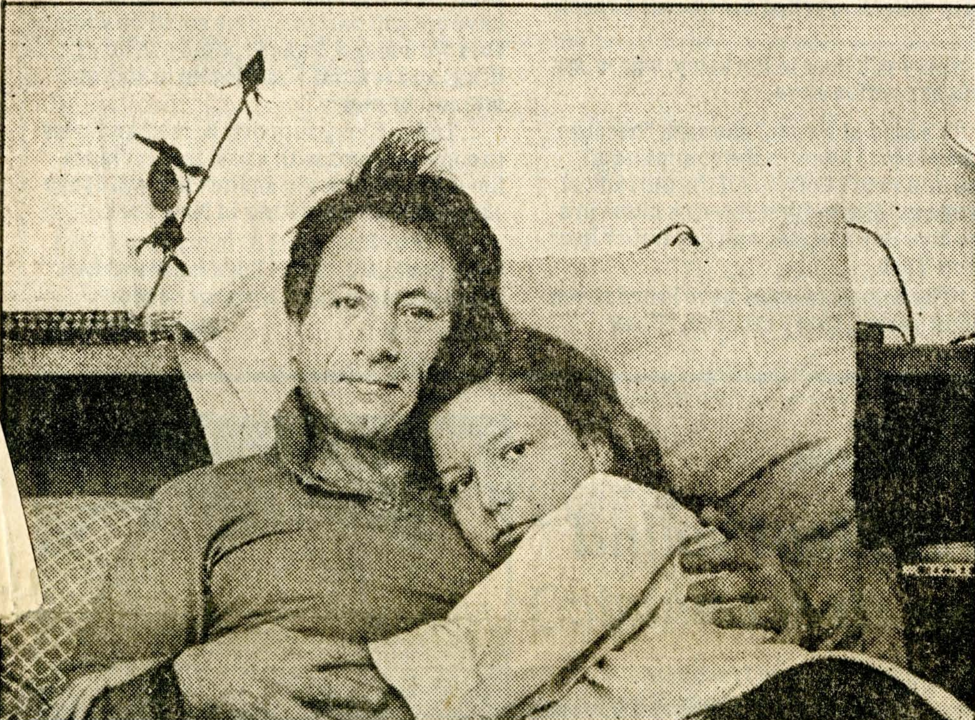
April 4, 1968 — The Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. is assassinated in Memphis.

June 6, 1968 — Robert F. Kennedy is assassinated in Los Angeles.

July 16-18, 1968 — Riots between hippies and police damage property in the Haight.

August 26, 1968 — The Democratic National Convention is disrupted by battles between anti-war demonstrators and Chicago police.

November 5, 1968 — Richard Nixon is elected president.



In the Shadow of the War

The Haight was seen as a sane place in an America gone insane

BY KATY BUTLER AND JIM BREWER

It was no coincidence that some kids were dropping acid in Golden Gate Park while others were seizing the high ground near Khe Sanh.

The hippie exuberance was an almost desperate reaction to the Vietnam war, which loomed like a deathly backdrop for the colorful freaks who danced through the Haight-Ashbury.

By September, 1967, 13,500 Americans

BY DEANNE FITZMAURICE/THE CHRONICLE

Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld (Dr. Hip Pocrates in the '60s) and girlfriend Hillary Ogle at his Carmel home.

Sex Was in Order, Anytime, Anywhere

From Page 25

the group experience was a way of ridding themselves of oppression."

While the counterculture partied oppression away, the dominant culture reinforced it. In 1967, it put "The Love Book" on trial.

The six-page volume of erotic poetry by Lenore Kandel, a local poet, was deemed pornographic, and police seized copies of it at the Psychedelic Shop and at City Lights Bookstore, arresting two clerks.

"I was amazed that people were so hung up," said Kandel, recalling a five-week trial from which people under 21 were banned. "But it freed a whole lot of people. My book helped men and women talk to each other."

Kandel's work was called "vile and filthy" by some witnesses; in court, she was challenged to come up with any four-letter word she *did* consider obscene.

"'Bomb' and 'hate' are two of the worst," she responded. A jury declared her poem obscene, and the clerks were convicted of selling it. (The verdict was later overturned.)

It was a time of confusion not just within the law, but among men and women for whom sexual freedom posed as many puzzles as it did pleasures. Some found answers from the Dear Abby/Dr. Ruth of the '60s: "Dr. Hip Pocrates," Eugene Schoenfeld, a long-haired physician who answered letters in the Berkeley Barb, on rock radio station KSAN, and in The Chronicle. Schoenfeld, 52, is now medical director of the Steinbeck Alcohol Treatment Center in Salinas.

"One of the more frequent questions I got," he recalled, "was from people who said, 'Well, we've dropped all our conventions; we're free, but, gee, we still get jealous. What should we do about it?'"

Jealousy was not an obvious part of the orgiastic fiestas hosted by millionaire socialite John Wickett. Now 70, he recalls with relish that hundreds would attend his bashes, among them rock stars Jim Morrison of the Doors and Janis Joplin.

"There were pillows, pillows everywhere," he said from his Pacific Avenue mansion. "Ooohh, I had about three waterbeds. People could do whatever they wanted to do. We tried to get as sexy as possible. Super sexy." Wickett was also a member of the Sexual Freedom League, whose causes ranged from fighting censorship to promoting the legalization of cunnilingus.

"All their big parties were held in my home," said Wickett. "Girls were trying to prove they had no hangups, either racially or religiously or by age. Lucky old me."

And so they were, said Dr. Smith of the Free Clinic. "Among white 'flower children,' it was almost a political obligation to have sex with a black male," he said. "In the dominant culture, black men had gotten lynched because they had sex with white women. So to make up for all this, if you were politically aware, you had sex with a black male. He just couldn't be right wing."

Despite their earnest attempts at righting perceived wrongs, women in the '60s were rarely treated as equals.

"We weren't so hip," said Barry Melton, guitarist with Country Joe and the Fish. In the rock world, women were groupies who could be called on to cook or roll joints. "The entire cultural movement was extraordinarily sexist," said Melton, now an attorney. "Remember, there were chicks, and there were people."

Lyle York remembers. "In 1968," she said, "my gay male roommate and I were going to have a party. I said, 'The only thing I don't like is that there'll be lots of dishes to wash,' and he said, 'Don't worry; there'll be lots of other chicks there.'"

York was upset, but speechless. "We were all just tremendously ignorant of feminism," she said. Gradually, however, "When we found ourselves behaving exactly like men sexually, we realized that we should have all the power they have."

But that, says York, doesn't change the impact of what happened in the '60s. "The sexual revolution," she said, "was a change of beliefs ... The current repressions are happening in the context that people are more free, and that feeling is here to stay."

were dropping acid in Golden Gate Park while others were seizing the high ground near Khe Sanh.

The hippie exuberance was an almost desperate reaction to the Vietnam war, which loomed like a deathly backdrop for the colorful freaks who danced through the Haight-Ashbury.

By September, 1967, 13,500 Americans and 20 times as many Vietnamese had died in the war. The carnage was a nightly feature on network TV news.

"Most of the people who came to the Haight were fleeing the war," said Peter Berg, a member of the Haight's theatrical Diggers political group. "They felt America had gone mad, and they were coming to be with people who were loving and sane."

The revulsion against the war that led some to the Haight-Ashbury led others to anti-war protests at the University of California at Berkeley and on other college campuses.

The protests began with small teach-ins in 1965 and slowly grew. In October 1965, while 170,000 Americans were fighting in Vietnam, 14,000 protesters converged on Berkeley from all over the West Coast and marched on the U.S. Army Induction Center in Oakland.

Playful Element

There were the customary long political speeches, but the protest had a playful element as well. Ken Kesey — the West Coast Johnny Appleseed of LSD — showed up with his Merry Pranksters and gave a speech on the similarities between the anti-war movement and the military.

From the back of a truck in the protest march, a jug band called Country Joe and the Fish belted out the lyrics that made them famous:

"One, two, three, what are we fighting for?

"Don't ask me, I don't give a damn

"Next stop is Vietnam

"And it's five, six, seven, open up the pearly gates.

"Ain't no time to wonder why,

"Whoopee! We're all going to die."

Country Joe and the Fish — and poets Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder — formed a middle ground between the no-nonsense New Left of the East Bay, and the psychedelic theatrics of San Francisco.

"They were two distinctly different communities," said Country Joe MacDonald, who belonged to both factions. "The East Bay was not really into having picnics and dances and public events. They were hung up on confrontation and their revolution led to a life with no fun, which we found intolerable.

"On the other hand, the Diggers in the Haight-Ashbury were interested in ripping off the system and giving it away, and in culture, art, music and poetry. The average participant took the best of both worlds and put them together."

Sometimes the two viewpoints clashed. During the October, 1965, Vietnam Day, for example, Hell's Angels — great friends of Kesey's — attacked the marchers.

Organizers did their best to bring together both strands during the "Human Be-In: Gathering of the Tribes," in Golden Gate park on Jan. 14, 1967. Twenty thousand attended the event, promoted as a "union of love and activism."

Snyder read both anti-war and nature poems, and so did Ginsberg, the poet who invented the term "flower power" to describe a new brand of nonconfrontational politics. Shunryu Suzuki-Roshi, abbot of the San Francisco Zen Center, meditated all day on stage, and activist Jerry Rubin gave a serious anti-war political speech.

Growing Demonstrations

Later in 1967, 100,000 people marched through the city to Kezar Stadium to protest the war. In October, 3,000 people protested in "Stop the Draft Week" in Oakland, and Joan Baez was among 200 arrested.

In the Haight-Ashbury, by contrast, the Diggers announced that the "war was over" and put out a poster of President Lyndon Johnson and North Vietnamese leader Ho Chi Minh embracing.

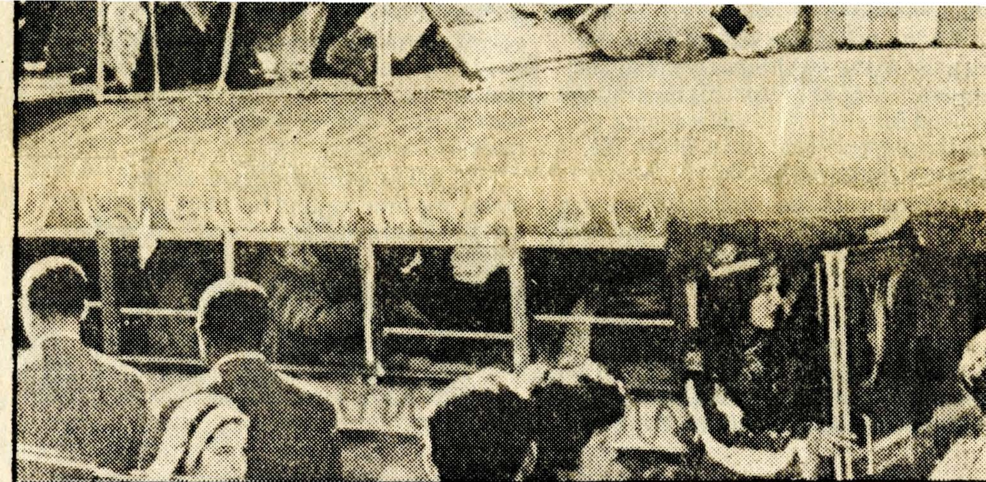
Many members of the baby-boom generation attended both the dances and the demonstrations.

"I would go to marches for the same reason I'd go to the Fillmore (Auditorium): to see friends I never saw any other way," said Hal Aigner, 43, of Greenbrae, a carpenter and publisher who frequented the Haight and marched at the head of San Francisco's first peace demonstration.

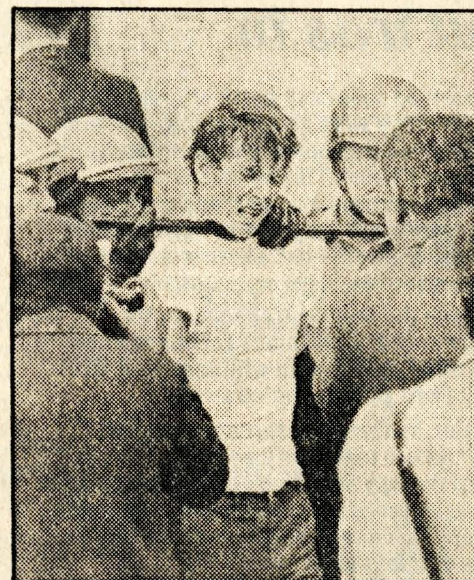
In 1968, while the Haight-Ashbury continued to deteriorate, anti-war politics surged into the headlines. In March of that year, a U.S. infantry unit massacred more than 500 civilians in the South Vietnamese village of My Lai. In April, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated in Memphis. By the year's end, there were more than a half-million U.S. troops in Vietnam, and more than 30,000 Americans had died in combat.

Anti-war sentiment boiled over that summer in Chicago, where 10,000 demonstrators clashed with police outside the Democratic National Convention.

Aigner recalls that he lost interest in most mass demonstrations after that. "You started getting groups that couldn't distinguish between protest and juvenile delinquency," he said. "But if there were something like the Vietnam war to give us a common identity, I'll bet the whole process would start all over again."



Merry Prankster Ken Kesey, with followers atop his psychedelic bus, showed the humorous side of the political element.



By October '67, a protest at the Oakland Induction Center turned ugly.

The Chronicle sent one of its reporters, George Gilbert, into the Haight-Ashbury district where he lived for a month as a hippie. Here is an excerpt from his series of articles of 20 years ago.

It was cold, raining, and they were huddled together in front of the Drogstore Cafe.

A little girl about 15 stood in front, blocking the door.

"Do you have any spare change?" she asked as she adjusted a soggy feather boa around her neck.

She took the quarter, kissed me on the cheek, and said thank you. Then she turned and gave the quarter to a man who was dressed in a paisley shirt and pants and wore a dirty beige fur vest.

He took the quarter without a word and looked at me with a smirk.

This was my first night in the Haight-Ashbury, the world capital of the hippie movement.

MARTY BALIN — 1968 *'There really is this love thing'*

They Did Their Own Things

STANLEY MOUSE

Poster artist broke the rules

Artist Stanley Mouse's appearance hasn't changed drastically since '67.

Stanley Mouse, '60s poster artist, does not look much different from the way he did 20 years ago.

His hair is only a couple of inches shorter; he wears the same style of wire-rimmed glasses that were in fashion then, and he is at home in a well-worn pair of jeans.

"God, I'm 46, but I still feel 23," he said.

But Mouse, who created dozens of posters for San Francisco rock concerts, is no anachronism.

"For a while, in the '70s, people didn't really care about the poster art — they were on a sort of '50s trip," he said. "It wasn't until the '80s that people started noticing that something started happening back then.

"The '60s posters were where fine art and commercial art met. It was great — this was breaking all the rules possible."

The Fresno native came to San Francisco in 1964 from Detroit. "A lot of my friends were here from Detroit. This group called the Family Dog was putting on a lot of dance concerts, and we did a lot of posters for them." He also worked almost exclusively with fellow artist Alton Kelley.

Some of the more bizarre images included old drawings of Edgar Allen Poe, Toulouse-Lautrec-style women, Old West paintings of Indians, pyramids and skulls and skeletons.

Mouse and Kelley's more widely recognized creations include the Grateful Dead's "Skeleton and Roses" in the mid-'60s (an image lifted off a century-old painting by Edmund Sullivan), the Zig Zag Man (1966), the "Europe '72 Ice Cream Kid" and "Rainbow Foot," done for the Grateful Dead (1971), and the album cover to Steve Miller's "Book of Dreams," which won a Grammy Award in 1977 for album cover of the year.

Mouse is working on several projects now and wants to promote a greater awareness of art in his community.

"I would possibly like to use the whole town as a gallery," he said. "The rock 'n' roll stuff was basically to make a living and avoid working at a mundane job."

KEN HEIMAN

LINDA BOYD

'60s openness had its limits

For Linda Boyd, the '60s was no joke. She was 21 during the Summer of Love, and she followed the news carefully. She saw things from a perspective she says reporters did not.

"The media missed the seriousness," said Boyd. "(The '60s) was a serious pursuit of an alternative way of being with each other, and a lot of us were studying how people live communally. . . . It was a serious exchange of ideas and experiments about another way to live."

Boyd, it seems, spent more time studying on her own than at San Francisco State before dropping out in 1967. That honed her organizing skills, she said, which she used working with the Spring Mobilization Against the War in the '60s and '70s, as co-chairman of the Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade in the early '80s, and again now as an administrator at the University of California.

Although she looks back on the era with satisfaction, Boyd recalls the difficulty of being a lesbian even in the age of "free love":

"It was superficially tolerated among the people I knew," she said. "No one would ever say that there was anything wrong with lesbians or gay men, but it wasn't discussed or recognized. It was kind of a hush-hush thing. People were just hip-ocrytical."

NANETTE ASIMOV

BY JERRY TELFER/THE CHRONICLE

Kerry Bramhall, born in the summer of '67, grew up in a Berkeley house that had six bedrooms, 20 cats 'and at least 15 people living in all the time.'

KERRY BRAMHALL

Summer of Love baby grew up fast

Kerry Bramhall never had to run away from home to join a commune. Home *was* a commune.

Born in the official Summer of Love, Kerry grew up in her mother's six-bedroom house in Berkeley.

"There were at least 15 people living in it all the time," she said. "They ran some kind of collective called the Cheese Conspiracy."

Kerry still lives in Berkeley, where she works at a coffee store.

"It's kind of ironic," she said, "because all the people I knew in the commune all come into Pete's Coffee. All the old radical therapists." Her mother is now a nurse in a large East Bay hospital, and her father lives in New York.

"The commune must have lasted seven or eight years," Kerry recalled. "They threw these huge parties, with about 200 people. And I remember everyone dressed very hippie. My sister and I were the only kids there, and we had our friends over all the time. We could have 10 kids at once. Sometimes I was made fun of because my clothes were funky and my mom was weird, or whatever. But when my friends came over, we always had a good time. I didn't have uptight parents, so we could do whatever we wanted. I was exposed to a lot of drugs and sex and was allowed to stay up late and be messy."

Today Kerry supports herself and tries to come to terms with a past that includes having been brought against her will at age 12 to live with her father in New York.

"Sometimes I feel 30 in my 19-year-old body," she said. "I feel I'm a lot wiser than other people my age. I've seen so much."

NANETTE ASIMOV

THOMAS CAHILL

A police chief's hippie 'nightmare'

The guy who hated the Summer of Love more than anyone wasn't even someone who had to clean Golden Gate Park every day. This man's job was far worse. He was chief of police.

Thomas J. Cahill, 78, has enjoyed retirement for 17 years. But to hear him tell it, anything would have been better than what he went through.

"When a policeman walked down the street prior to the '60s, he was generally in command," said Cahill from his home in the Richmond District. "If he told someone to move, the person would move. In the '60s, he'd have a riot on his hands."

At a time when the counterculture was talking flower power, black power and love the Vietnamese problem; you had the change in the social order, particularly the blacks who were demanding more recognition; and on top of that you had murders, robberies and riots on the campuses."

One of Cahill's biggest surprises concerned his dashed expectations.

"I always felt that if a young person grew up to be 17, 18, 19 without getting involved in trouble, they were generally on a good road. Yet we saw many 'green' kids that age, and the next thing you knew, they were in trouble. They had plunged into the morass of narcotics.

"A fellow was standing on Market Street one time waiting for a bus, and he had a resurgence of the effects of narcotics.

R. Crumb created a '60s hero

R. CRUMB

CHET HELMS AND MIMI FARINA

Turbulent sound was sweet music

Mimi Fariña seemed frustrated.

The founder of the Bread & Roses

"When a policeman walked down the street prior to the '60s, he was generally in command," said Cahill from his home in the Richmond District. "If he told someone to move, the person would move. In the '60s, he'd have a riot on his hands."

At a time when the counterculture was talking flower power, black power and love power, Cahill was talking "manpower." Few people wanted to become a professional "pig."

"We had the salaries available," he said, "but our problem was we could not even fill the positions. You can see our dilemma in having so many demonstrations. You had grew up to be 17, 18, 19 without getting involved in trouble, they were generally on a good road. Yet we saw many 'green' kids that age, and the next thing you knew, they were in trouble. They had plunged into the morass of narcotics.

"A fellow was standing on Market Street one time waiting for a bus, and he had a resurgence of the effects of narcotics. All of a sudden he ran across the street and plunged into a plate-glass window. You had girls tearing off their clothes and running naked. They'd be on the second floor and thought they could fly.

"That's why I look on those years as a nightmare."

NANETTE ASIMOV

R. Crumb created a '60s hero

R. CRUMB

Cartoonist zaps 'Mr. Natural'

"In 1968," said cartoonist R. Crumb from his home in the Sacramento Valley, "this girl came running into my house saying, 'Robert, Robert! You gotta come see this guy! He says he's Mr. Natural, and he looks just like him!'

"Well, he turned out to be this short Hindu guy," said Crumb. "A lot of people have told me stories like that."

Impersonating a comic-book character. It's no crime. But it may be why a Hayes Street computer teacher changed his legal name in 1984 from Roger Greene to "Mr." (that's the first name) and "Natural" (that's the last). He says he may have been the true inspiration for Crumb's comic guru.

But "I never heard of him," said Crumb, 43. "The idea came to me in a flash in 1966. It was a cartoon stereotype of old men with long beards who are sort of fake voodoo doctors. When I invented 'Mr. Natural' I was living in Chicago, and I was taking a lot of LSD at the time. I moved to the Haight-Ashbury in January 1967. I was so spaced out."

Crumb's work appeared in the favorite undergrounds of the day: Zap, Despair, Arcade, Weirdo.

"Originally," he said, "underground comics had a hippie constituency. Now it's harder to find them, and the people who seek them out are into comics as a serious art form."

Now Crumb is back drawing Mr. Natural for the new Hup comics, available at specialty comic stores.

NANETTE ASIMOV

Turbulent sound was sweet music

Mimi Fariña seemed frustrated.

The founder of the Bread & Roses benefit troupe recently was sitting on stage at the Palace of Fine Arts and talking with other name-brand '60s representatives, including musician Country Joe McDonald and Chet Helms, who ran the music promotion group Family Dog and managed Big Brother and the Holding Company. The topic was supposed to be music, but it had evolved into a discussion of old-vs.-new, and an audience of 450 was hanging on every word.

"My response to all the loud music (of the '60s) was to invent the Berkeley Bread & Roses Festival (in the '70s)," Fariña said to Helms. "I knew that somewhere in the hills there were people who still wanted to hear the sweet sound of a dulcimer.

"Now I'm very concerned about the computer. When I think about what the computer is doing to the humans in my life (I see that) what is getting lost is the notion of caring, which is what held us together in the '60s. It may have been an uphill fight, but we were bonded together."

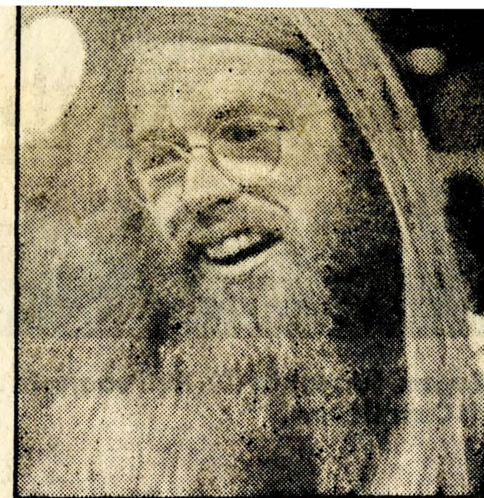
"Well," said Helms, "the computer is just another instrument — it helped Bob Geldorf (to organize Live Aid)."

"I appreciate that," countered Fariña, who sang folk music with her late husband, Richard, in the '60s and who is the sister of folk singer Joan Baez. "But I maintain that what we've lost is the 'small is beautiful' idea. It's a wonderful thing to have such large exposure, but I feel ripped off."

Country Joe reached for the mike.

"The '60s were larger than all of us," he said.

NANETTE ASIMOV



Music promoter Chet Helms looked the part in July 1969.

DONNA CHABAN

Letting it all hang out was in

Eighty bucks got you a lot of things in '67, sometimes even rent. One of the chancier deals for the price was a shot at eliminating the "ghosts that were getting in the way of getting on with life" through an encounter group. But there were no guarantees.

Donna Chaban was pretty enthusiastic about encounter groups in those days. She handled public relations for the Esalen Institute in Big Sur and San Francisco, which offered the groups in such meeting places as Grace Cathedral and other churches.

"They were really fun," she said. "The process itself was a lot of role-playing, forms of psychodrama, acting out a scenario."

Today at age 46, Chaban is an administrator in a San Francisco law firm, and "very establishment." Then, she participated in "four or five" encounter groups between '66 and '69 while working at Esalen. Depending on the skill of the encounter group leader, she said, and on the number of participants (10 to 20 people was typical), prices could go as low as $40.

"The first step was to go around the room and introduce themselves, tell why they were there and what their goals were. They talked about any particular problems, whether they were going through a divorce or whether the problem was their family or job," said Chaban. "Sometimes people would go to an encounter group to get feedback from other people or to work on their insecurities — find out whether they (their insecurities) were real or imaginary."

Like the decade itself, encounter groups relied on strangers getting to know each other quickly and willingly. And, like the decade, they dwindled away.

But, as a result of those groups, she said, "people today are more open to individual therapy. And there are programs at the various medical centers that offer crisis therapy that wasn't available then. These kinds of things grew out of that."

Chaban recalls that she and a man she had been dating for about four months took part in a "marathon encounter group" one weekend and stopped dating right afterward.

"I'm glad," she said. "I've seen him go through four wives since then. I wonder what in the the world he ever learned?"

NANETTE ASIMOV

ABBIE HOFFMAN

'60s lessons still work in the '80s

A gaggle of admirers crowded around Abbie Hoffman to read the words on his purple sweat shirt.

They said, "My country invaded Nicaragua, and all I got was this lousy T-shirt."

One man who'd come to hear the former Yippie speak in San Francisco looked up from Hoffman's belly and said, "I'd love to talk with you later after all these people have left. I'm with that girl over there," and he pointed to his friend across the room.

Hoffman smiled and rolled his eyes almost imperceptibly. He leaned over to the man and said gently, "This isn't the '60s. These days we say 'woman,' not 'girl.' "

NANETTE ASIMOV

LEE THORN

Vietnam vet traded bombs for love

Lee Thorn's job in 1966 was loading bombs for the Navy in Vietnam. When he returned home to Los Angeles County that summer, he was expected to mow the lawn.

"I tried to explain to my parents what I was feeling," he said, "but they just couldn't hear me. They wouldn't. I was so alienated, so after a week I went to Berkeley."

But Thorn had been on active duty. He was "the enemy" despite his conversion to an anti-war stance:

"We had bombed Haiphong and were supposed to take out the refinery. Maybe one out of 50 bombs hit the refinery, and the rest hit the city. It was like Dresden — saturation bombing. It seemed like what we were there to do was to destroy as many people as we could, and I didn't want that."

In Berkeley, he said, "they were coming from this holier-than-thou head set. I couldn't stand them calling guys I still related to 'degenerates.' "

Thorn was 23 then. Two weeks off the ship and he was a junior at UC-Berkeley studying political science and Asian politics. "People thought I was the teacher because I had aged so much," he said. "I was just a couple years older than they were, but I was a *lot* older than they were." He joined the counterculture full force in 1967.

In 1967, he helped found Veterans for Peace.

At 43, Thorn is director of development at Catholic Social Services in San Francisco.

"I've worked my whole adult life for peace," he said. "Now I think people are beginning to understand."

NANETTE ASIMOV

BARRY MELTON

Country Joe's 'Fish' is now a Dinosaur and a lawyer

Here is how Barry (The Fish) Melton describes himself 20 years ago:

"In 1967, I was a 20-year-old lead guitar player of an emerging, successful Bay Area rock 'n' roll band. I was a true counterculture kind of guy. I had long hair and left-wing politics. I had unusual pastimes, like 'substance exploration.' I was a real live-for-today kind of guy."

Melton's band was Country Joe and the Fish. In "Woodstock," he said, "I'm the guy who shows up with the green-looking cigaret, long hair and flowered shirt."

Here is how the Fish describes himself today: "Early middle-aged, father of two, family man, San Francisco attorney and part-time musician."

He did say attorney. The Fish's law office is, by coincidence, at 1 Haight Street. "I get a kick out of that," he said. "Here I am at the *other* end of Haight Street."

Melton's evolution hit a turning point after his first son, Kingsley, was born 10 years ago. Like his contemporaries, Melton found that while the '70s weren't preventing him from "living for today," tomorrow suddenly had so much more meaning.

"The only way to make money was to go on the road," said the man whose famous "Fish cheer" ("Give me an 'F'!") landed him in jail more than once. "But I didn't like being away just when I had started a family, so I figured I better do something that could earn me some money." Hence, law school.

Today the Fish handles criminal, juvenile and civil cases. He is married and has a second son, 8 months old. He is also a guitarist in a band of musical legends called the Dinosaurs, with John Cipollina (Quicksilver Messenger Service), Peter Albin (Big Brother and the Holding Company), Spencer Dryden (Jefferson Airplane) and Merl Saunders (Saunders-Garcia Band).

"As a lawyer and a musician, I try to keep a community consciousness," he said. "I don't represent large corporations. But I gotta make a living from it."

Has the hippie gone yuppie?

"Money is not the engine that drives my existence," he said. "Sometimes I walk down the courthouse steps and see a punk rocker walking the other way. He sees me, and I think, 'Wow. This guy is looking at me like I'm a cop.' The irony truly strikes me then — he doesn't know where I'm coming from."

NANETTE ASIMOV

TIME MAGAZINE — 1967 *'Hip is no longer a fun trip'*

'San Francisco Sound' Never Really Existed

From Page 25

at least one of the essential ingredients in the San Francisco mix. Though many of the musicians were serious, just as many of them weren't. Bands got together on whims, because the Beatles made it look like fun, or because Dylan had expanded the sound and vocabulary of folk music, from which so many of the college-educated hipsters came.

One of the first bands on the scene, the Charlatans, was put together by a designer, George Hunter, who was far more interested in image and style than music. Drummer Dan Hicks explains the band's reputation for looking better than they played: 'It had a little to do with the fact that the leader didn't play any instruments. And at rehearsals, he'd say things like, 'When we get to this place here, we'll get . . . *far out.*' "

Grace Slick remembers why she and her film-maker husband, Jerry Slick, formed Great Society: " 'Cause we went to see Jefferson Airplane. And we said, 'Well, that was better than what we're doing now, which isn't anything.' He was going to school and I was modeling, which, if you're 5-7 and 104 pounds, is meager."

The Grateful Dead began as the Warlocks and had played fraternity parties and topless bars. Jerry Garcia remembers: "We said, 'This is awful; this eats it.' " But the Dead, as popular as they became, never expected to be commercial: "We never had that glamour flash that the Airplane or Moby Dick — or Grape, whatever it was — had, that was sellable." Instead, the Dead immersed themselves in Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters' various "acid tests" and "trips festivals," events that helped set, however blurrily, some of the standards of the scene:

■ The long, meandering, improvisational "jams" identified with jazz and Latino music. "Sometimes," says Garcia, "we'd play for five minutes and freak out: 'I can't play anymore; it's too weird!' When you're high, sometimes you want to play for hours; sometimes you want to stick your head in a bucket of water, or have some Jell-O."

■ In the ballrooms, early concerts became multimedia "happenings," where the lines between stage and audience were dismantled. "There was a move to bridge the gap," says Paul Kantner, "to make the audience more performers, and the band more a part of the audience."

"What was going on," Joe McDonald learned, "was a hell of a lot bigger than we were. It was light shows, stage production, the audience, and the musicians."

■ The light shows — swirling, bubbling liquids projected onto walls, mixed with slides and loopy films — became a regular part of the dance concert scene; along with the surrealistic posters that advertised the concerts, they spread quickly around the country.

■ The music had no singular sound. Bands might be based on folk-rock, R&B, blues or country-swing. As time went on, some dabbled in Indian ragas, jazz and experimental, electronic sounds. "That was an issue of the times," says Kantner, "to expand, to enter forbidden zones."

■ The dance-concerts produced by Chet Helms at the Avalon Ballroom and Bill Graham at the Fillmore encompassed much more than rock 'n' roll. Graham booked jazz, blues, Motown acts and occasional poets. "My background wasn't rock 'n' roll," says Graham. "The musicians here and the visiting artists told me where their roots lay. (Michael) Bloomfield came in with (Paul) Butterfield, who told me about Cream and Chuck Berry and Otis Rush — and one thing led to another."

Country Joe and the Fish emerged stars out of the Bay Area's '60s music blitz.

■ Much of the music of the day was based on drugs. Jerry Garcia switched from banjo to guitar after taking acid. "LSD," he once explained, "made me want to hear longer sounds."

■ Beginning with the Berkeley-based Country Joe and the Fish, and hitting a peak in 1968 with the Airplane's "We Can Be Together" (with its incendiary line, "Up against the walls, m———"), the music could be political. "That was scary," says McDonald, " 'cause we had grown up in a period of real conservatism and conformity." The Fish came to precede their anti-war song, "Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag," with a spell-it-out "Fish Cheer." When the band began encouraging the lusty spelling out of a word other than "fish," they were banned from numerous concert halls and kicked off the Ed Sullivan Show.

■ Early on, local bands seemed willing to play anywhere for free. But once they were being courted by record companies from Los Angeles and New York, they used their power well: In 1966, the Airplane scored a then-unprecedented advance of $25,000 from RCA; Steve Miller, the savvy guitarist from Texas and Chicago, received more than $50,000 from Capitol and forged the way for other bands to make similar deals.

■ Finally, it was in San Francisco that KMPX, the first FM "underground" rock station, took to the air, 21 years and a day ago. Tom Donahue, an exile of Top 40 radio, turned the station into a phenomenon and changed the face of FM radio.

These days, sex, drugs and politics rarely make the charts; there's no identifiable new wave of San Francisco bands; the barriers are back up between bands and fans; radio is formatted as tight as Prince's pants, and the Beatles' "Revolution" is being used to sell Nike shoes. And, oh yes, "White Rabbit," having been used in the Academy Award-winning movie "Platoon," is out again, complete with a video on MTV.

Did anything really change?

No, says Grace Slick. "I thought that, with an incredible amount of media blitzing and books and knowledge, you could change people. But you can't. The only person I can change is me."

Maybe, says McDonald, who now sings and works for Vietnam vets and against ongoing wars, and whose office at Fantasy Records in Berkeley features a God's Eye on one wall. "Life is more interesting now, and more amusing and entertaining."

But as he thinks back 20 years, he grows wistful. "We really thought we were going to convince the whole world to love each other by getting them to listen to rock 'n' roll music and taking a drug called LSD. Our generation had a lot of casualties; we paid a heavy price. And when you look back at the beginning of the end of the Summer of Love, to the battle going on in America, you realize that the Establishment did not voluntarily relinquish its control over the government and the culture. And that we survived that is unbelievable."

PEACE & LOVE SONGS

By far the best-known song about the Summer of Love was **"San Francisco (Be Sure To Wear Flowers in Your Hair),"** with its promise: "For those who go to San Francisco, summertime will be a love-in there." It was written, of course, by a Los Angeles-based musician: John Phillips, leader of the Mamas and the Papas, on the eve of the Monterey Pop Festival.

Other peace-and-love songs included Marcia Strassman's **"The Flower Children"**; the Fifth Dimension's **"Aquarius/Let the Sunshine In"** from "Hair"; Bobby Womack's **"Harry Hippie,"** and **"San Franciscan Nights,"** unforgettable, like a bad trip, for Eric Burdon's earnest lines: "Old cop, young cop feel all right on a warm San Franciscan night. The children are cool; they don't raise fools; it's an American dream, includes Indians, too."

Most hippies hated those songs, preferring supportive but less specific tunes like the Beatles' **"All You Need is Love,"** Donovan's **"Wear Your Love Like Heaven,"** Jefferson Airplane's drug anthem, **"White Rabbit,"** and, most of all, **"Get Together."** The Dino Valente composition was recorded by the Airplane, the Youngbloods, We Five and even England's Dave Clark Five.

THE NAME GAME

Before the Summer of Love, rock groups named themselves after birds, cars, and jewelry. With Bay Area bands, names were just another way to toy with the Establishment and amuse themselves. Among the many choice rock-band monickers of the day were these:

Aum
Blue Cheer
Chocolate Watchband
Cleveland Wrecking Co.
Dancing Food and Entertainment
Final Solution
Frumious Bandersnatch
Hallway Rug
Initial Shock
Joy of Cooking
Loading Zone
Rhythm Method Blues Band
Sopwith Camel
The Only Alternative and His Other Possibilities
Tongue and Groove
Truman Coyote

'Some Kids Were Stoned All the Time'

From Page 25

"Only I found the shrine crowded and sordid, and by the fall I was in a

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Some Kids Were Stoned All the Time'

From Page 25

lampooned, laughed at and rebelled against authority. Their parents drank hard liquor, so they didn't; their teachers showed films about the evils of smoking marijuana, so they did.

"We discovered our parents were completely uninformed about drugs," says a 41-year-old Marin County parent who says she took more than 50 LSD trips between 1966 and 1968. "The whole nation was already taking to drugs in a big way, mostly over-the-counter or prescribed stuff like Benzedrine, Dexedrine, Librium, Valium.

"When we were lied to about marijuana, we didn't trust anybody," recalls novelist Ken Kesey. "We had to try everything for ourselves. How did we know they were not lying to us about the other stuff?"

Jacob Needleman, professor of religion at San Francisco State University, believes that disillusioned youth of the '60s turned to drugs in such large numbers out of a "need to come in contact with something transcendent.

"The churches were not able to do it; they had lost contact with their own spirituality," he says.

The searchers soon turned to lysergic acid diethylamide, perhaps the most powerful drug that had ever been taken voluntarily. Marijuana never went away, but it was acid that filled the Haight-Ashbury with unimagined new colors.

Can You Remember?

Every person who took a trip returned with a different story. Twenty years later, memories may be understandably fuzzy. As comedian Robin Williams has said, "If you can remember the '60s, you weren't really there."

One who was there, and can remember, was John Barlow, now 40, who took the first of countless trips in 1966. "It was the single most positive thing that ever happened to me," he said. "I experienced the eternity of the moment, the realization that everything is connected to everything else. I understood Plato, and in a sloppy sort of way, Eastern mysticism, and more to the point, God."

During the Summer of Love, as he wandered about the Haight-Ashbury, he took LSD once a week, trying to recapture, without success, that first mystical experience.

"It was as though I was trying to revisit the shrine where a miracle had taken place, and hoping for a repetition of the miracle," he said. "Only I found the shrine crowded and sordid, and by the fall I was in a suicidal state of mind."

LSD was still a legal substance when it was brought to the Haight in 1965. A chemist named Augustus Owsley Stanley III, known as Owsley, manufactured his first large batch of acid that year, the first of possibly as many as 4 million doses made by Owsley alone. Meanwhile, Kesey, author of the novel "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," and his friends, the Merry Pranksters, based in La Honda, held "acid tests" in public ballrooms, accompanied by the music of the Haight-based Grateful Dead, and free bowls of LSD-spiked punch.

"It was a brilliant marketing strategy," said a former acid dealer. "It created a white-collar demand for drugs and probably was responsible for the rise of cocaine."

By 1979, 25 percent of young adults age 18 to 25 had tried LSD or other hallucinogens, according to a national survey. More than 68 percent had tried marijuana and 35 percent were regular users. Arrests rose accordingly. In 1965, there were 18,815 arrests involving marijuana. Five years later, there were 188,903, according to the FBI.

"There was an attempt to be responsible about drug use," recalls Edward Makem, a free-lance writer who lived in the Haight during part of the late '60s. "You didn't take acid for the first time without a trip guide. You didn't give large doses to newcomers. You made sure it was quality stuff."

Getting To Be a Bummer

By the time of the Summer of Love, "bummers" were becoming the norm. Most of the stuff showing up on the street was cut with Methedrine, a trade name for an amphetamine that produced the "flash" high associated with heroin.

Speed, the street name for amphetamines, had always been considered too dangerous by the "responsible" set; little or no mind-expanding value, they said.

It also was addictive. Kids soon began "shooting" combinations of amphetamines, LSD and sometimes heroin, sharing needles and turning up in hospital emergency rooms.

Looking back today, Makem shakes his head and says:

"We never guessed that marijuana would eventually be tied into murders and mob activity, or that addiction would rear its ugly head, or that cocaine traffic would one day help fund the Contras in Nicaragua."

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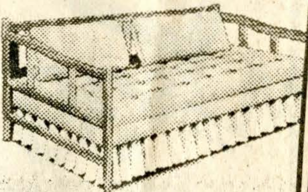

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them, but to find out what they did to you."

The youth of the '60s, says Leary, "were the first generation of the information age." They questioned,

See Page 29, Col. 1

THE CHRONICLE

...irational sign at the Haight-Ashbury intersection, the

...I' ROLL

...ind-Blowing Array of Music

...ORRES

...that the music coming out ...ancisco was so revolution... ...s record producer David ...think it was a revolution... ...he bands and of the audi... ...the country."

...60s, the San Francisco Bay ...nto the world a mind-blow... ...pular bands, among them ...ane, Big Brother and the ...any (with Janis Joplin), the ..., Country Joe and the Fish, ...Messenger Service, Sons of ...Moby Grape, Blue Cheer, It's a ...Day, Great Society, and the Char...

...re the Summer of Love, however ...ctually lasted, was over, many of the ...had been signed by big record companies; new recording studios sprang up in San Francisco, in Marin and in the Peninsula; the Airplane was on the cover of Life magazine, and "acid rock" and "the San Francisco Sound" had joined the trendwatcher's vocabulary.

The music — first played at parties, then on the streets and in the parks, then in clubs and concert halls, and finally on radio and records — was the constant backdrop for the times. "Rock 'n' roll," says promoter Bill Graham, "was one of the means of expression for people who were looking at life differently."

The music, says Paul Kantner, now with the Kantner-Balin-Casady Band, "was a good clarion call to action." It was, says Country Joe McDonald, "a very important part of solidifying the community. It was a morale booster; it'd make everybody feel good, and they'd go home being more convinced than ever."

But, as some of the musicians will admit, there never was an actual "San Francisco Sound." There was a volume level — way up. Before there was such a thing as "lifestyle," there was a style and an attitude — a combination of *laissez faire* and too-stoned-to-care.

And then there was the music.

Steve Miller, a young graduate of the blues scene in Chicago, visited the Fillmore on arrival and couldn't believe his ears. "I went, 'What *is* this?' I couldn't understand how the Airplane and the Dead and Quicksilver were playing to people; at that time they weren't very good bands. The Airplane were like giving flowers to the first girl singer (Signe Anderson) 'cause she was leaving. It was a social trip . . . it was not really a musical trip."

Yeah, man. But that was the idea — or

See Page 29, Col. 1

ABBIE HOFFMAN — 1987 *'It's too bad we couldn't make it last'*

The Look of '67 Was Laid-Back

BY NANETTE ASIMOV

A bald man in a dark, three-piece suit cut a swath through a cloud of Patchouli and a crowd of about 300 long-haired men and women in Golden Gate Park wearing typical hippie garb. The year was 1967, and the man was R. Buckminster Fuller.

He reached the podium and leaned into the microphone.

"You're probably wondering why I'm dressed so strangely," said Fuller, who was 67 then (he died in 1983). He told the crowd that he'd grown his hair long 40 years earlier and that he'd worn unusual clothes "to get his radical ideas across."

Soon, he said, he realized that people would see his costume first and ignore his ideas. He switched to a suit.

"I began to look like a third-rate banker, and people began to listen," he said.

Beyond its preachiness, Fuller's preamble acknowledged that people dress to get a message across. In the late '60s, the message was independence, and clothes became as important a tool of communication as rap sessions, sit-ins and the telephone.

"The Diggers had free stores and taught people to do tie-dying there as part of 'individualization,'" said Judy Goldhaft, who performed with the Diggers, Haight-Ashbury's theatrical political organizers, and with the San Francisco Mime Troupe. "The trappings of society were very mass-produced. Because of the consciousness that was happening, people were giving up a lot of white cotton shirts, and white cotton tie-dyed very well."

Well-dressed chicks and up-to-the-minute freaks turned their white shirts into rainbows and their blue jeans into multicolored tapestries and ankle-length skirts. They wore homemade clothing complete with beads, feathers and fringes. Embroidered peace symbols were important, as were clouds.

"Fashion at the time included sensuality, lush fabrics, uniqueness and comfort," said Goldhaft, who now works with an ecological education group called Planet Drum. And it wasn't patterned on the ideas of well-known designers. For the first time, it was the other way around.

"Instead of starting on the haute-couture level and trickling down," said Joan Chatfield-Taylor, then fashion editor for The Chronicle, "it sort of bubbled up. The smarter designers began to respond to the streets. You had the 'Summer of Love' look."

It was that look that inspired the creation of paper clothes and metal clothes, plastic clothes and leather clothes. But it wasn't until 1968 that panty hose were widely available, creating a major market for miniskirts.

"It was a very freeing invention," said Chatfield-Taylor, now a free-lance writer. "Perfectly thin girls used to wear girdles because that's what they were supposed to do. The Summer of Love may have meant walking around without shoes. But the real freeing thing was panty hose. What happened is that nobody wanted to look square. There was no dress-for-success. It was more important to look 'with it.'"

But people were dressing for success — it was just that the definition of success had changed. The necktie was the noose of the Establishment, and the bra, the harness. Both were frequently tossed into the trash — or burned. Clothes became more relaxed than they'd ever been, and jeans became the uniform of youth. Public schools eliminated dress codes, and offices softened theirs. The result became the new American look: Casual.

Like counterculture politics, clothing offered an alternative. Not all of it was

BY JERRY TELFER/THE CHRONICLE

Carol Miller (left) and her five children: Marley, 2; Morgen, 16; Aura, 6; Poosa, 12; and Bro, 9. Carol and her husband, Michael, fled the Haight in 1970 for the Cazadero hills of Sonoma County.

Where the '60s Are Still Alive

BY TOM ROTH

In her wood-heated, solar-powered cabin in the remote mountains above the Russian River, 40-year-old Carol Miller sips red raspberry tea and tells how she has kept the ideals of the '60s alive in the '80s.

"Here I can watch my children grow up with a sense of freedom, and a responsibility for the land and each other," she says.

In 1970, Carol and her husband, Michael, loaded their Volkswagen bus and headed north from the faded Day-Glo of the Haight.

After a fruitless visit to Mendocino, they found a secluded section in the Cazadero hills of Sonoma County where 40 acres were available for no money down, $200 a month — no power, no running water, no paved roads.

The Millers and several other families

the rain-soaked forests of Oregon.

And some traveled only as far as city buses could take them, and the communes they established in the Hayes Valley or Berkeley are still flourishing.

Geoph Stardance, 37, lives in a communal house in Berkeley and helps edit the Collective Networker, a newsletter about cooperative living. He says he knows of about 100 communes in Berkeley, Oakland and San Francisco.

"In general, the movement seems to have matured," he says. "It just doesn't seem so wild or crazy today."

Communal households today are more stable. Members earn livings in professions, salaried jobs or by "movement work." Usually governed by consensus, some communes frown on intra-house sex; others encourage it. Some are politically active, others are apolitical. Some share all income; all share expenses.

residents live in clusters of houses, share chores and expenses, and partly support themselves by raising crops.

The common thread is a return to the land.

The Millers had $300 in their pockets when they bought their Cazadero property. Survival called for selling their bus, forming a commune, and raising most of their food. They built their first home — a dome pod — under the trees.

"We got our clothes from free boxes or made them," Miller recalls. "We only bought oil, rice, beans and tamari." The couple planted grapes. Carol made candles. Michael would work occasional carpentry jobs.

Today the Millers have five children: Morgen, 16, Poosa, 12, Redwood (Bro), 9, Aura, 6, and Marley, 2. Their 40-acre ranch blossoms with fruit trees and a large vegetable garden. They have a few sheep. They also earn money through home industries

Psychedelic prints starred in a February '67 Haight-Ashbury fashion show.

Both were frequently tossed into the trash — or burned. Clothes became more relaxed than they'd ever been, and jeans became the uniform of youth. Public schools eliminated dress codes, and offices softened theirs. The result became the new American look: Casual.

Like counterculture politics, clothing offered an alternative. Not all of it was anti-fashion; women wearing slacks in public was still relatively new in '67, and bell bottoms dressed them up.

"Comfort," said Goldhaft, was what put women in slacks.

Either way, comfort has remained a priority in clothing. High heels are no longer mandatory, and neckties, well, that depends on your profession. The '80s have received the message.

headed north from the faded Day-Glo of the Haight.

After a fruitless visit to Mendocino, they found a secluded section in the Cazadero hills of Sonoma County where 40 acres were available for no money down, $200 a month — no power, no running water, no paved roads.

The Millers and several other families took up farming on three logged-out, grazed-out ranches 15 miles and 90 minutes from Guerneville. They are among thousands of hippies who deserted the "bad trip of the Nixon years" to follow their own vision.

They fled the media hype of the cities for the Mendocino coast, the tall timber of Humbolt County, the chaparral of the Sierra foothills, the deserts of New Mexico, or

Communal households today are more stable. Members earn livings in professions, salaried jobs or by "movement work." Usually governed by consensus, some communes frown on intra-house sex; others encourage it. Some are politically active, others are apolitical. Some share all income; all share expenses.

All demand a middle-to-high level of personal commitment, Stardance says.

"We have the same struggles as nuclear families," says Marilyn Blair, 50, of Berkeley's music-loving Hillegass House.

In the less constricted countryside like Cazadero, small communities largely replace the commune.

At a Calistoga "intentional community" and the Farallone Institute near Occidental,

couple planted grapes. Carol made candles. Michael would work occasional carpentry jobs.

Today the Millers have five children: Morgen, 16, Poosa, 12, Redwood (Bro), 9, Aura, 6, and Marley, 2. Their 40-acre ranch blossoms with fruit trees and a large vegetable garden. They have a few sheep. They also earn money through home industries that sprang from the '60s: She makes and sells herb-filled pillows called "herbal delights"; he designs and installs alternative-energy equipment for home use.

"Both Michael and I felt a compelling need to have more power over our lives, our food supply, over the air we breathe," Miller says. "We didn't want to feed the economy that was building bombs and supporting the Vietnam War."

Celebrations of that certain summer

Here is a list of events commemorating the 20th anniversary of the Summer of Love:

April 18 and May 9: "Celebration of the Arts," Golden Gate Park bandshell, 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Free.

May 7 and 8: "Summer of Love 1966 — '67 Multi-Image Slide Show," by Allen Cohen and Gene Anthony. Special guest: "Vagabond Poet" Tony Seldin. Roxie Cinema, 3117 16th Street at Valencia. 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. $6 at the door and $7.50 at Bass. 863-1087.

June 20 to 28: " '60s Retrospective Movie Series" includes "Magical Mystery Tour" and "Beatles Shorts" (June 20); "Easy Rider" (June 25); "Monterey Pop" (June 22); "Bonnie and Clyde" (June 23); "Fillmore" (June 28); "Jimi Plays Berkeley" and other rock shorts (June 26); "Janis" (June 27); "Romeo and Juliet" (June 21), and "Barbarella" (June 24). Red Victorian Movie House, 1659 Haight Street, 626-8999. There will be a matinee each day at 2:15 p.m. for $3; evening shows are $4. Call between 1:30 and 4 p.m. or between 6:30 and 11 p.m. for schedules.

June 21: "All Beings Parade." A march from Haight and Central streets will begin at noon and proceed to Golden Gate Park. Free.

July 1 to 11: "Visions of the Future." Artwork from 1967 to '87 on a futuristic theme. The Haight-Ashbury Community Center. 1833 Page Street (street level of the Park Branch Library). 921-3773. Open 6 to 10 p.m. Monday, Tuesday and Thursday. Expanded summer hours may be in effect. Free.

July 26: "20th Anniversary Chalk-In & Community Celebration." Golden Gate Park Panhandle between Ashbury and Clayton streets. Noon to 4 p.m. Free.

August 15: "Farewell to the Piscean Age Party." Golden Gate Park bandshell. 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Free.

September 12: "The 20th Anniversary of the Summer of Love Celebration." Music, poetry, dance, theater and art by performers, celebrities and personalities from the '60s. Also, there will be environmental, political and "spiritual" information booths. Golden Gate Park, Polo Fields. Noon to 5 p.m. Free.

For more information on events, call Summer of Love Productions at 921-3773 or 665-4437.

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ASSEMBLYMAN JOHN BURTON — 1967 *'Hippies are potentially the greatest threat'*

When the Haight Was in Flower

From Page 25

social and legal taboos against drug use. By 1985, 27 percent of adults older than 26 said they had smoked marijuana at least once.

■ The Haight-Ashbury was no feminist paradise: Women in earth-mother dresses cooked for men who called them "chicks." But the phrase "Do your own thing" ended the anxious conformism of the 1950s and helped encourage the women's and gay liberation movements.

"This is the real fallout," said James Ogilvy, a spokesman for SRI International, the Menlo Park think tank that has conducted demographic research on the baby boom generation. "Other groups have been able to come 'out of the closet,' partly as a result of the expressivism of the hippies. That's much more significant than whether people are still wearing beads."

■ In the Haight-Ashbury, clothing was a costume, not a uniform, and theatrical self-expression was encouraged. In the next decade, thousands experimented with est, encounter groups and therapy.

Not all the results were good, said Robert Bellah, a sociologist of religion at the structive reform. But it also leads to cynicism and to just looking out for yourself," he said.

■ The Haight-Ashbury opposed corrupt authority and promoted a romantic, tribal communalism. Most of its communes are gone, but an alienation and frustrated idealism lingers like an aftertaste.

"Being a hippie — and that's not what we called ourselves, we called ourselves freaks — was a commitment to the idea that property was a bad dream, that people could get along with each other if they tried, that there were more important things in life than competition and material success for its own sake, and that nothing is as it seems," said Barlow, the rancher, who still considers himself "a devoted hippie."

"The way I heard the message was, 'You mean we don't have to play if we don't want to?' And that was a welcome sound. It rang a real clear bell in a lot of heads."

Even the most mainstream baby-boomers still hear that message like a subliminal generational tape.

"They're not as loyal to the company," said professor Charles O'Reilly, who teaches a seminar on the baby-boom generation at

THE CHRONICLE

Hippiedom held sway but a brief summer. On Oct. 6, 1967, a mock funeral on Haight celebrated 'the death of hippie.'

ert Bellah, a sociologist of religion at the University of California at Berkeley. "Saying, 'Do your own thing' and de-legitimating most existing structures can lead to con-

LINGO

Here's a glossary of '60s terms and how they translate into the '80s.

Pad	Condo
Crash pad	Condo under $100,000
Bread	Plastic
Mod	What's hot
Square	What's not
Keep on truckin'	Just say "no"
The fuzz	Cagney & Lacey
Rap sessions	Networking parties
Dig	Get into
Groovy	Bizarre
A matchbox	Three-sixteenths of an ounce, and not one leaf less
Far out	Oh, God
Far freakin' out	Oh, my gawd
Hippie	Yuppie
Chick	Woman
Threads	Benetton
Oh, man	(Research indicates that this phrase was a mistake to begin with and that natural selection has eliminated it and its users. There is no known translation.)

a seminar on the baby-boom generation at the School of Business of the University of California at Berkeley. "They are more self-assured and used to questioning. They're a little harder to manage. They're less likely to accept the received wisdom from on-high.

"At the same time, a lot of them feel they want their work to do more than just make a profit. They want a sense of vision. People don't necessarily want to be in low-paid social service jobs, but they want to feel they're contributing."

The Haight's dislike of institutions pervaded American culture. Since 1966, confidence in all major American institutions dropped drastically, and has improved only slightly since 1983. In 1966, 61 percent had faith in the military and 56 percent in big business. By 1983, only 53 percent trusted the military, and 28 percent big business.

In the 1950s, 80 percent of Stanford Business School graduates wanted to work in big business; today 80 percent, impressed by baby-boom enterprises such as Apple Computer, want to run their own.

■ The Haight's romance with American Indians, Eastern religion, peace and planetary consciousness — and its hatred of all things plastic — contributed to the ecology, anti-nuclear and natural foods movements.

The Relay Tower

"The Haight-Ashbury acted like a relay tower, to energize and boost things that were already present," said actor Peter Coyote, who was a member of the San Francisco Mime Troupe and a Haight-Ashbury Digger in the 1960s. "I consider it one of the healthiest times in recent memory."

Coyote, 45, now lives in Mill Valley with his wife and two children. He had major roles in "E.T.," "The Jagged Edge," and "Outrageous Fortune." Instead of performing in parks and living in a truck, he owns a home and works in an industry dismissed in the '60s, he says, as a "tool of multinational corporate culture."

The road has not been easy: In 1969, Coyote nearly became a casualty of the counterculture as a result of hepatitis contracted by shooting drugs. He stopped using drugs and looks back on some '60s notions as naive.

Today, Coyote finds himself in a country that has treated him well financially but disappointed his dreams. Peace is still a slogan. Younger members of the baby boom who graduated into a tougher economy seem more concerned with elbowing their way in than dropping out. AIDS and cocaine addiction have blown away the foggy idealism of the sexual and psychedelic revolutions.

Thinking about the war in Nicaragua — often-called this decade's Vietnam — he says with his generation's bitter, theatrical bluntness, "I'm enraged that we're paying people to work for us who throw hand grenades into schoolhouses full of children."

At Odds With the World

Coyote dropped easily back into the economy of the 1980s on his own terms. Others, working as masseurs, carpenters, environmentalists or health-food workers, and facing rising rents, have not been so lucky. And some of those who found economic niches remain permanently at odds with their own society.

"I feel like I'm a drone, and in the '60s I didn't," said Cecile Earle, 42, who teaches business English at Heald College in Oakland. "In the '60s, I felt like dreams, potentials and possibilities were all there."

Others who once wanted to save the world are now tending their own gardens — or at least the tulips on the deck.

"All my middle-class values started to creep in," said a teacher at a conservative suburban high school who went back to work in 1975. "I was approaching 30 and I wanted a nice house and a car that didn't have two windows missing."

A guilty ambivalence about money remains, said Bob Ortalda, 36, a Redwood City accountant who gives financial advice to many baby boomers.

"We didn't want to 'grub for money,' " he said. "Now, we're interested in money, but we're incredibly ill-equipped. Professional couples come and see me and don't even know how much debt they have. We don't like money, but we like the VCR and just about everything else in the mall."

Counterculture Consumerism

In one of the great ironies, the anti-materialistic tastes of the Haight-Ashbury became huge consumer markets. Blue jeans went designer. Health foods went gourmet. Fortunes were made in herb teas, gardening gear, nonfashion fashion, camping equipment and raw cashew butter. Cheap indulgences in drugs and rock 'n' roll were replaced by a fascination with expensive new experiences, like trekking in Nepal or hand-made pasta and chocolate truffles.

Advertisers, who can't hook baby boomers with a simple appeal to wealth and prestige, try more sophisticated approaches. American Express's ads, starring a businesswoman carrying a lacrosse stick, say, "American Express. It's part of a lot of interesting lives."

And those American Express cards come in handy: Members of the baby-boom generation, who abhorred delayed gratification and loved slogans such as "Do It!" have gone into debt for Windsurfers and trips to Hawaii, rather than washing machines.

The Haight as History

Nevertheless, the legacy of the 1960s, and the Haight-Ashbury, remains.

"The kids — as we called them — grew up and went on to other things, as all people must," said Bennet Berger, a sociology professor at the University of California at San Diego.

"But the straight people have gotten more liberated and the unstraight people have integrated themselves in local communities. The residue of what they did is visible in all sorts of transformed ways. That's what making history is. You don't have to overthrow governments or take power."

Other baby boomers — communards, writers, therapists, ranchers, environmental activists — still keep the faith, in their own ways, as they age and blend into society as a whole.

"Something happened that spread like a light through the culture," said John Barlow, who is trying to pull his family's ranch through the agricultural crisis and is working part time for the Nature Conservancy. "At this point, it's very dim but it's everywhere."