

7/19/87

HAIGHT ASHBURY - HISTORY

SUMMER OF LOVE REFERENCE PARK BRANCH SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

# The Summer of Love Remembered

SUMMER OF LOVE

# TELL IT LIKE IT

**W**e asked the readers of

Image to send us their memories of the Summer of Love.

We heard from New York, Albuquerque, Eugene and Ashbury Heights.

We heard about peace and love, acid and grass, the draft and music, music, music;

we heard about the exhilaration and innocence and irresponsibility of absurd freedom;

we heard about trust and alienation and the cold wind of autumn; we heard from watchers and doers, partyers and

thinkers, but they all told the same story in the end—a tale of transformation. And most of the storytellers said they'd do it all again.

Herewith, a souvenir of the Summer of Love by those who lived it.

**BARRY ROTH**

San Francisco

Gillian is two, is blond. She sits in the stroller I'm pushing toward the carousel playground in Golden Gate Park. Today, U.S. troop strength stands at 380,000. Trading off with me at the helm is Leslie, Gillian's mother, the woman I live with. In everyday awesome fact, my wife.

It is good to have a child. Pushing westward along Haight Street, Gillian at the same time sets us apart and connects us to the mutual, ecstatic discovery that for some reason is going on here, now, in this place. Lou Welch said it best: "The worst Persian voluptuary could not have dreamed our most ordinary day."

In the parking lot outside Kezar Stadium, a knot of questioners surrounds a white-robed Allen Ginsberg. Allen, as we know or soon will hear, meditated with corpses and holy men on the banks of the Ganges. He went to Cuba and Czechoslovakia. He turned Sonny Barger and the rest of the Hells Angels on to psychedelics, or else it was Ken Kesey. Gillian, her mother and I truck on past, and Allen diminishes in the distance. We need Eskimo Pies.

One playground bench is full of retarded men from one of the houses in the Haight-Ashbury. Every day they come to the park. (The hippies think they are holy. In Yeats's vision of the cosmos, the fool was right next to the saint.) One man calls down the bench to another, "Hey, George, what're you good for?" "Nothin'," George hollers back. The retarded men all slap their thighs and laugh, "Haw, haw! Good for nothin'!" At the end of this semester I will probably have to get a job. The laugh's on me.

Gillian rides the old-time merry-go-round, snugged into the camel saddle, Leslie standing cautiously alongside. From the back of one of the two roosters, I study the camel's leg like a sailor studying his Camels pack, not sure whether I see the naked lady or not. Leslie's hair is dark and straight. She always wears it down. I see her fine Irish mist of freckles and the subtle changes motherhood has wrought on her rump.

A San Francisco horse cop saunters across the playground. Beautiful, but still a cop. On Hippie Hill the boys hold their joints a little lower and wait for the Man to pass.

Beyond the hill and the uninhabited tennis courts is the natural history museum. We love the museum. Admission is free, the mineral crystals cheap and the fish preternaturally exquisite.

There are gates of knowledge and understanding that most people don't know. The bronze sea horses, the tropical angelfish, the carousel—conceivably, even the shining SFPD gelding—these at least are intimations. I don't know what my next move will be. For the rest of the afternoon, I don't even have to think about it. Gently, I lift Gillian into the little-kids bucket swing. If she drops her sandwich, or her red sandal, Leslie is there to take care of it. Beyond keeping our daughter in rhythmic motion, there is nothing—almost exactly nothing—that I really need to do.

I carry the stroller up the tall steps to our house. The plywood that shores up the glass door is acrylic-painted with a big quote out of Steinbeck and Ricketts: "Either all of it is important or none of it is." Lately, that slogan has been sounding too didactic.

The neighbor family, black, sits on the porch with the radio going. We all know: Federal troops have been moved into Detroit. Rumor has it that newly installed loudspeakers on the power poles down on Haight Street are for riot control. They can make a sound so loud you go crazy.

For dinner, Gillian's mother prepares spaghetti. Night comes, we play a little music. Our troop strength stands at infinity. There is something going on, and we are part of it. Gillian and her mother and me. Adam Clayton Powell and Ho Chi Minh. All of us.

**JOHN GARIBALDI**

Seattle

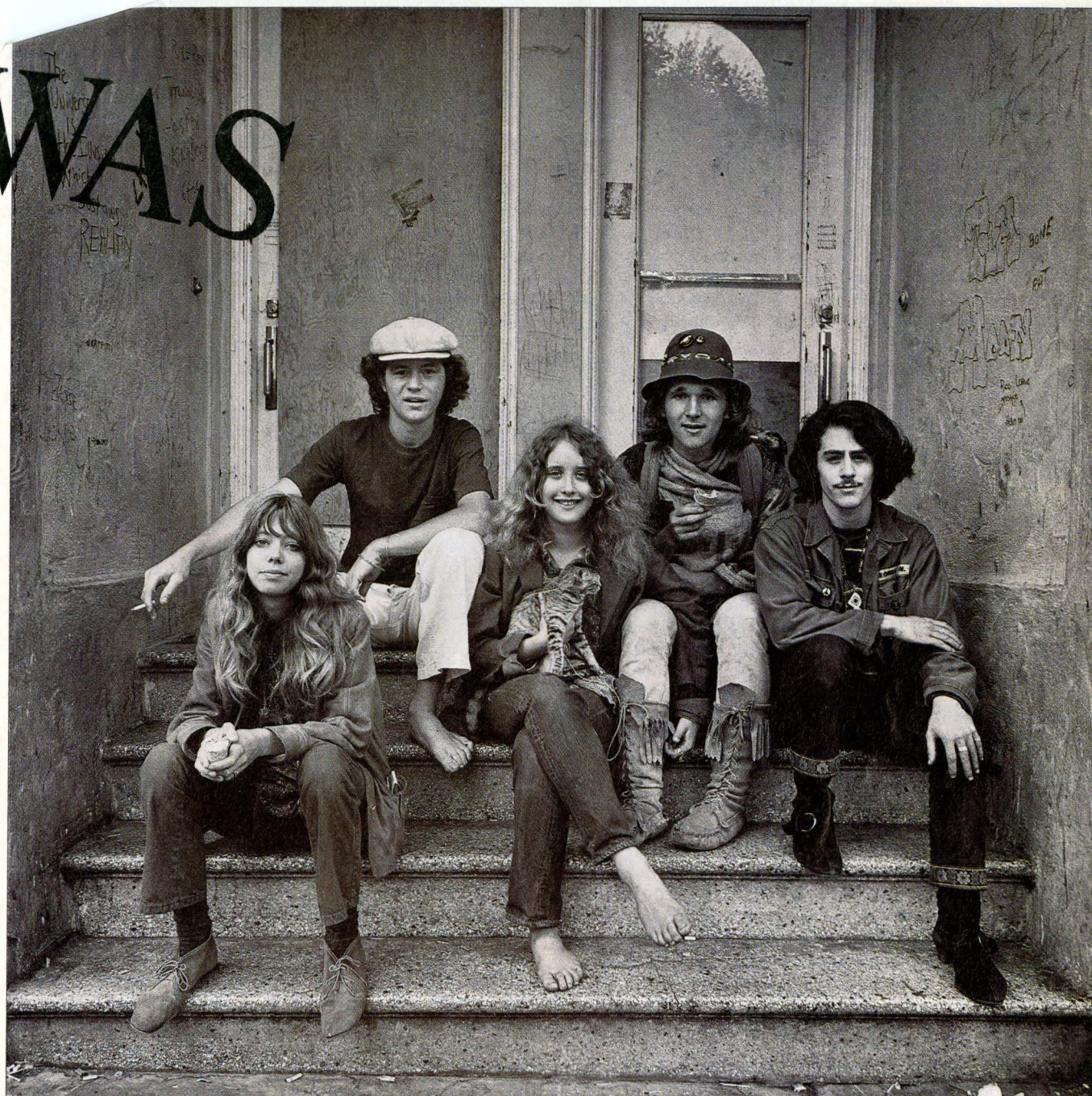
My older brother Chris was gone a lot the summer I turned ten, which was fine with me. When Chris was around, he'd end up arguing with my dad, and sometimes my mother would cry. When he drove off, you could always hear his tires screech real loud.

When Chris was gone, I'd go into his room and close the door. He had covered the walls with posters—Moby Grape, Big Brother and the Holding Company—the Grateful Dead one showed a grinning

S.F. Examiner

HAIGHT ASHBURY VF

# WAS



## GROUP PORTRAIT, THE SUMMER OF LOVE

skull wearing a wig. And in the spaces between each one, he'd pasted up Peter Max art—swirling, twisted checkerboards and waves.

I'd pick out the John Mayall song Chris played all the time—"Room to Move"—and carefully set the needle down. Lying back on his mattress with the big headphones on, I'd stare at the walls and pretend I was stoned.

MARY PIEPER

■ *Forest Knolls*

**T**he *Saturday Evening Post* was in the Haight-Ashbury covering the Summer of Love. Some friends said the photographer was cool and that he wanted to photograph a typical hippie family. He came to our home and brought a reporter with him. Her name was Joan Didion.

The name didn't mean anything to us then, of course. She was just a shy, nervous woman who didn't seem to have much promise for getting turned on to where it was really at. We tried to show her

anyway. We could not know that she would see our Summer of Love as Yeats's rough beast slouching towards Bethlehem.

We were two couples sharing a large flat with a beagle, a Russian blue cat called Mama Kitty and a capuchin monkey. The flat was decorated with paisley wall hangings and Mexican Indian artifacts, and once we covered a room with twelve-foot-high palm fronds from Golden Gate Park. Tom (I am using the pseudonyms Didion gave us) and I had graduated from UCLA, started grad school at SF State, then dropped out. We'd known Max at college, lost contact for a year, then met again at the first Trips Festival. He was just back from Tangier. His girlfriend, Sharon, was younger, fresh from high school and the suburbs. This was our family, and we were incredibly proud of the way we shared our belongings, our money and our space.

So we invited *The Saturday Evening Post* into our home, and one afternoon we each dropped 250 micrograms of LSD, thinking that if they watched, if they took pictures, we could get them stoned with

the power of our vibes, and they would tell the American public what a wonderful thing was happening right here in San Francisco. Then everyone would understand that you could become enlightened in a flash, that you could change first yourself, and then the world would change, and there would be peace.

As we melted together that summer afternoon, a cool breeze blew in over the park and down into the Haight and ruffled the Indian bedspread curtains. The passage of time was marked only with the changing of records. We lost the boundaries of ourselves and glimpsed that bit of eternity that we could remember later only as light. The photographer took a few pictures, but Joan Didion sat in the corner of the room, a black speckled notebook on her lap. According to her article, nothing happened for four hours. She told us afterwards that she was amazed that we had been so quiet and calm. What most impressed her was that all the animals had curled up with us.

During those hours we felt ourselves taken apart, turned into atoms of light, transformed into lions, into monkeys, into beagles. The walls melted and ran like wax, the photographer's camera looked like a twenty-first-century super-machine, and we saw Joan Didion transformed, moving in graceful slow motion, fingers trailing ribbons of light. Even her clothes were alive. We wondered what she felt, clothed in being, so luminous, so alive.

She saw only stillness, as if nothing had happened.

L. M. ERRICSON

■ Napa

The candle night of June 5, 1967, I am up stringing beads all the way from Ireland under the black light some drunk dentist gave Hod, braiding passion flowers into my hair, embroidering meandering, wavelike fingering scrolls in gold metallic and shocking pink on the back of my pants, sewing a shawl with a lace tablecloth smelling of attic and trunk, replaying Quicksilver, relentlessly relighting incense, nutmeg, oregano, banana and morning-glory in the rolled out Old Gold filters I've stolen from the kitchen, to prepare myself—the thirteen-year-old, who seems to be still sticking around looking for the perfect place to paint her peace symbol, pass out her tender flowers and hand you a strawberry—to prepare myself for the Magic Mountain Festival on Mt. Tam, when my heart blew apart as Eric Burdon sat next to me and naked-to-the-waist Jim Morrison danced with me and the music tattooed me with a brand I cannot wash off, scrape off, get off, and some part of me is still dancing, stuck in the groove of being thirteen in 1967.

MAGGIE SULLIVAN

■ San Francisco

I was a sophomore in high school in the summer of 1967. I had things on my mind, such as trying to figure out whether letting Peter Rivera give me a back rub would be a good idea and trying to memorize the conjugation of the main French verbs.

One day, as I was washing my hair, the phone rang. It was Janet Scofield, a friend of mine who had a handsome older brother named Martin who sometimes let us borrow his Jefferson Airplane records.

"Hi, Sco," I said. "What's up?"

Silence. Then she sobbed, "My brother's dead." A trickle of watery soap ran down my face, and I wiped it away with my towel. Outside, it was still Marin County, where the weather was always perfect and nothing ever happened. Janet's brother, a lieutenant in the Marines in Vietnam, had never seen the mine that blew off his head.

Two months later, my brother was drafted. He and his friend Peter went over to the Oakland Induction Center, took off their clothes and, *bang*, they belonged to Uncle Sam. Sean was sent to Vietnam. He mailed back pictures of himself, standing bare-chested and squinting into the sun, with his arm around a Vietnamese woman who smiled patiently, as if waiting to get back to whatever she had been doing. His letters were short, barely mentioning the

war, and he always signed them "General Sean."

My brother was four years older than I was, but he used to bribe me to walk down to the corner store with him because he didn't want to go by himself. He slid to the floor in a dead faint the day we all went in for immunization shots. Though he was six-foot-three and broad-shouldered, I thought he looked silly in his uniform, with his name stitched across his pocket and his dog tags around his neck, as if someone would need those to return him to his rightful owner if he were lost.

Once, *Life* magazine ran pictures, rows of them, of American boys who had died in the war. They all seemed to be eighteen or nineteen, my brother's age. Being fifteen and so enamored of the male sex that the word "he" or "him" alone seemed sexy, I pined for them, those serious young faces. I couldn't imagine why on earth anybody would let himself be shipped halfway across the world where other people would shoot at him.

My sophomore year passed. I gave up on Peter Rivera and went steady with Johnny Prendergast, until the day his mother discovered us in his room listening to "Penny Lane" in our underpants. I even drove into San Francisco and walked down Haight Street one day that summer.

Sean stopped writing. A month went by, and Mother planted a few rows of tomato plants in the sunny patch of grass near the mailbox. She was usually out there watering them in the late morning, about the time the mailman drove up.

Then one morning, as we were sitting around the kitchen table eating potato pancakes and wondering if it was going to be hot enough to go swimming, we heard someone coming up the front steps.

It was Sean. He loomed up suddenly in the doorway in his dress uniform, back for good.

"Hi Sean," I said, as if he had been out for cigarettes. One of my sisters went to get the duffel bag he had left outside, and Mother, her back to us all, made him some pancakes.

CHARLES F. KING

■ Castro Valley

I grew up mostly in a small East Bay town best known for its poultry production and lack of non-European ethnic minorities. Smalltown, U.S.A. by the Bay. In 1967, the summer before I entered high school, my best friend was Harold. We knew one another from Boy Scouts. We both had acquired enough experience and seniority to be contemptuous of the proceedings.

I decided about that time to become politically aware. It seemed like everyone else was doing it. I started buying magazines, searching for a niche. I finally stumbled onto a copy of *Ramparts*, a magazine with an editorial stance hyperbolic enough to penetrate the mind of a fourteen-year-old boy. Besides, it had pictures. I bought *Ramparts* often, carried it with me wherever I went. What's the point, after all, of being politically minded without making a public statement?

About that time, *Ramparts* dedicated a large part of an issue to the Haight-Ashbury. I read the text, looked at the pictures, bought *The Golden Road (To Ultimate Devotion)* and "White Rabbit" and loaned the magazine and records to Harold at the next troop meeting.

A week or two later we were sitting together, ignoring the geeks practicing their knot tying, looking over that same issue of *Ramparts*, when we were confronted by Troop Leader, an aging scout in a brush cut, whose belly preceded him.

"What are you two reading?"

We were silent in the face of assumed authority. It was part of being politically correct. Troop Leader looked over the magazine for a moment, then, in a voice choking with righteous indignation, told us, "Get rid of that piece of communist filth."

If I hadn't known I was onto something already, Troop Leader did an excellent job of pointing me in the right direction. I had learned to pay close attention to the items that most annoyed my



### COMING INTO THE HAIGHT

elders and betters. It was a good way to get a line on some interesting stuff. Still is.

The next day, Harold called with an idea. His older sister lived in San Francisco and had offered to take us on a tour of Haight Hill. We needed a plan, considering the fact that both his parents and mine had forbidden us to set foot in the Haight. After due consideration, we followed the path of least resistance. We lied. The parents bought it.

I didn't have any hippie clothes, so I figured I'd wear the most garish combination of items I could come up with. Figured I'd blend right in. I have a photograph of myself, standing at the corner of Haight and Ashbury in 1967: navy pea coat, orange polo shirt, blue stay-pressed Levi's, green socks, Hush Puppies. Blending right in.

We walked down the street looking for celebrities. Didn't see any. Listened to people playing guitars and recorders and finger cymbals. Harold's sister bought some incense. We were in a kind of reverie, the result of experiential overload.

We finally stopped in a head shop that carried a variety of posters

and tourist items. I bought a copy of the *Oracle*, filled with indecipherable poetry and commentary. It was the issue with a then-well-known back cover photo of a nude couple apparently *in flagrante* delectable. The purchase somehow made the whole trip official, as real as the printed page.

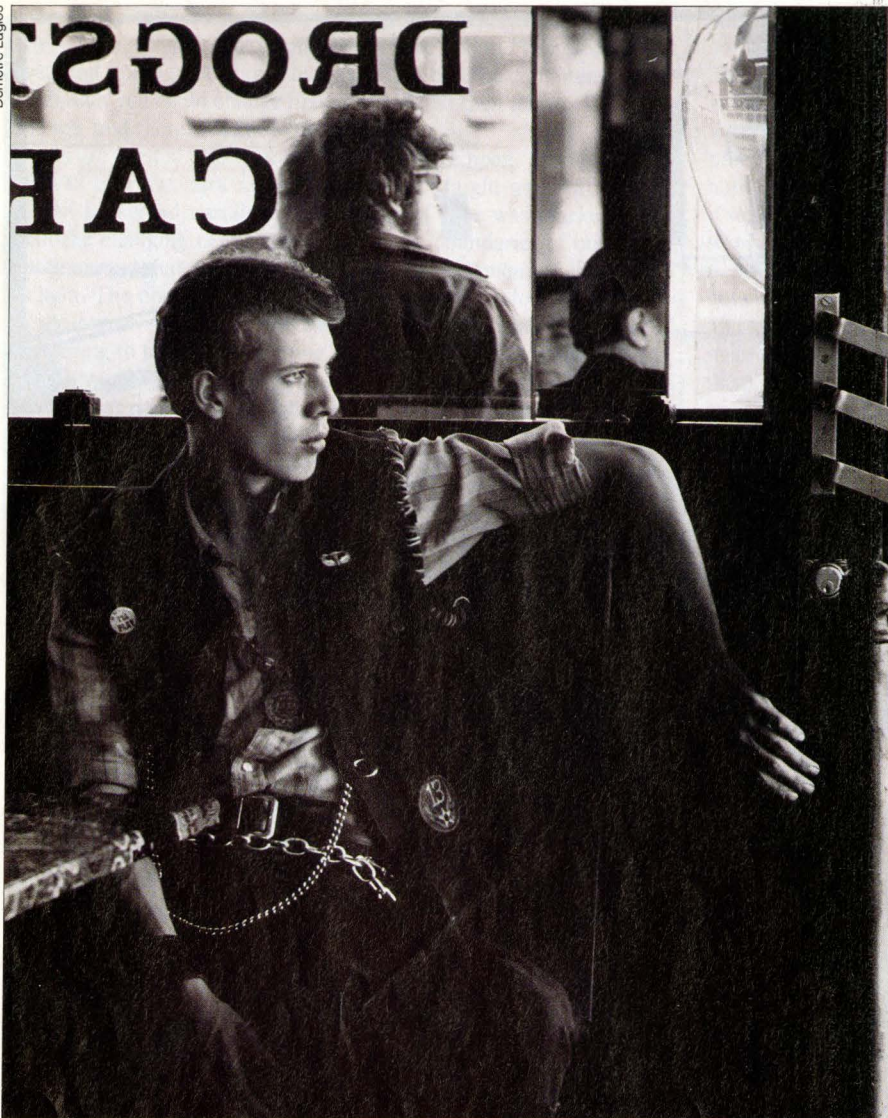
Back home things went fine until my parents found the *Oracle*. Anger and recriminations. I was grounded for two months. There was talk of sending me to the associate pastor, a specialist in youth problems.

Never happened. It was already too late.

DANA CRUMB KALDVEER

■ Potter Valley

**R**obert was still doing greeting cards free-lance for American Greetings, and I got a job at the Florence Crittenton home for unwed mothers. I've always sworn it was the intensely fertile environment at Florence Crittenton, but whatever it was, I became pregnant in July of the Summer of Love.



#### AT THE DROGSTORE CAFE, MASONIC AND HAIGHT

The first Zap Comix were printed, folded and stapled on the floor of our apartment at 1555 Oak Street, and I would hawk them on Haight Street, the theory being that people might buy from an extremely pregnant woman as opposed to an extremely funky dude. It worked!

After Jesse was born I used to deliver Zap Comix in his baby carriage to the stores on Haight Street. I can recall going into the Boot Hook, owned by Bobby Bowles, with a delivery and having Bobby come running over and peer into the carriage saying, "What did ya have, what did ya have? Oh, a seven-pound boy and 50 Zap Comix!"

JACK D. DOYLE

■ *Corte Madera*

**D**igging a hole in the side of Parnassus Hill at 5:30 a.m. seemed like a strange way to start a celebration. The joint in my right hand and the bloody mary in my left—combined with the fact that, as usual, I was supervising the work instead of hard at it—made it a little more palatable.

Fifteen or twenty of us were up at that brave hour. We were in the back yard of one of two UC Regents-owned houses that backed up to UCSF. In some long-forgotten era, the university had acquired the property and set it aside for student housing. I lived in one of the houses with seven or eight unrelated non-student bargain-hunters. My lady and I shared two rooms upstairs: one just big enough for our king-size waterbed and the other for about 700 plants and a

stereo system. Our rent was a royal \$37.50 a month.

The party was in honor of six or eight Cancers. Someone had even gone to the trouble to paint crabs on the sidewalk to guide the partygoers. This was probably the only time I ever appreciated my birth sign. In those days you were asked every two hours, "What's your sign?" I used to always say, "Arco," and I really believe that my life would have turned out differently if that major disease had been named Aquarius!

The two main Cancers being honored were me and Big John—a wonderful guy who lived in the other house with his wife, Winky, and a passel of the most hyper kids in San Francisco.

By nine a.m. the pit was dug, the fire had burned for the required two hours, I had switched to beer and we were able to spread the coals and put the remains of one fat pig in a couple of dozen packages of tin foil directly above the coals. We then filled in the hole and built yet another fire on top of the ground. This fire was to burn all day and into the night.

By eleven a.m. there were maybe 200 white, black, brown, yellow—and awesomely mellow—people kicked back in the two houses and back yards. By this time, I was getting a tad high, mostly in the traditional San Francisco fashion of drinking. Then along came Jones, down from Mendocino, where he lived in a tepee. He had once been a chemist and he still must have felt a calling. He was the kind of dooper who was just not happy unless everyone within his eyesight was too ripped to find their faces with their hands.

Well, Jones caught me in a weak moment—I mean, it was my birthday. He suggested

I try a few drops of his magic potion on the end of a joint. It was too new for initials, he said, but he guaranteed it would do magic for my soul.

The rest of the day was history. I vaguely remember climbing a tree in the Panhandle, and a nurse from Sacramento later told me we had a charming conversation. I woke up at eight p.m., safe on my waterbed and feeling far better than I had a right to. I could tell from the noise that either Don Ho had moved into the neighborhood or that the party was still going on. People greeted me like a long-lost explorer returning to the mainland as I made my way to the fire pit. (For some reason, you had to walk through a window in Big John's son's bedroom and down a plank to get to his back yard and the fire pit.)

The sun was just setting as we dug up our dinner. The meat was so tender it melted in our mouths. We were down to jug wine by this time, but it seemed like the perfect combination. Some wise guy said that the food was so good he bet the next generation would give up peace, love and dope to become food groupies. We just laughed at him—shows how bright we were!

J. PATRICK O'CONNOR

■ *Piedmont*

**D**uring the summer of 1967, I was in Peace Corps training at San Jose State College. It was not only the Summer of Love but also Vietnam Summer—a Yippie-inspired national anti-war effort centered on college campuses.

Not long after our training began, a few Vietnam Summer

participants visited with us at our tables in the student dining hall. They were wild, with their long hair and unwashed clothes and their seeming inability to utter a sentence without saying "man" several times. The Peace Corps had become an extension of America's imperialism, they said, and we were just as much a part of the war machine in Southeast Asia as the Green Berets. "You guys are actually worse than them, man," they would tell us, "because the Green Berets aren't trying to trick anybody about what they're doing."

Probably more unsettling was their practice of asking us for our plates and silverware as we stood up to leave at the end of our meals. Then they devoured the food we had left uneaten.

We were preparing for assignment to the Philippines. Our training consisted mostly of classes in Tagalog, but also included lectures on Filipino history and culture. Our faculty wanted us to understand that the culture we were about to enter was completely valid on its own terms. This was news to many of us.

One of the assignments intended to broaden our appreciation for cultural differences was received on short notice one Friday afternoon: Spend the weekend in the Haight-Ashbury, alone, with only two dollars. They told us if we couldn't survive a couple of days in an area 50 miles from our dormitory, then we would probably have a hard time being effective in a Filipino village.

I got a ride to San Francisco late Friday afternoon with a couple of the Vietnam Summer people. We made the trip in an old pickup truck that didn't have any glass in its windshield. We went first to Chinatown, where we each had a 60-cent bowl of white rice for dinner. The tea was free. Then we drove to the Haight. As we walked down the street I met a high-school classmate I hadn't seen in four years. He had a Marine uniform on, and he said he was being shipped to Vietnam the next morning. He came with us to an apartment right above one of the shops on Haight where lived a young hippie woman who sold drugs. She didn't want to let us in, but the Vietnam Summer people convinced her we were not narcs. She said narcs were beginning to come out of the woodwork.

My friend the Marine could not be persuaded to go AWOL, nor would he take a toke on the joint making the rounds of the circle we sat in on the floor. He was really getting uncomfortable. When he wanted to leave, I left with him. This turned out to be one of the dumbest decisions of my life. He took off to make midnight curfew at Treasure Island, and I was alone with the Peace Corps' grand experiment.

I wandered up and down Haight Street trying to figure out what to do. I had this silly idea that someone would just invite me in for the night. I thought I might even get laid. I abandoned this notion about one a.m. as I drifted down the street that fronts Golden Gate Park. I came upon three seriously drunk men just coming out of a bar and asked them if they knew where I might spend the night. They didn't know what to think of me. What was I—a cop, or a homo, or what? I said I was a Peace Corps trainee on a screwed-up field trip with no place to stay. One of the guys, the biggest of the three, kept insisting I must be queer and saying he was sure as hell going to find out. The other two told me not to pay him any attention, which made the antagonistic one say they were

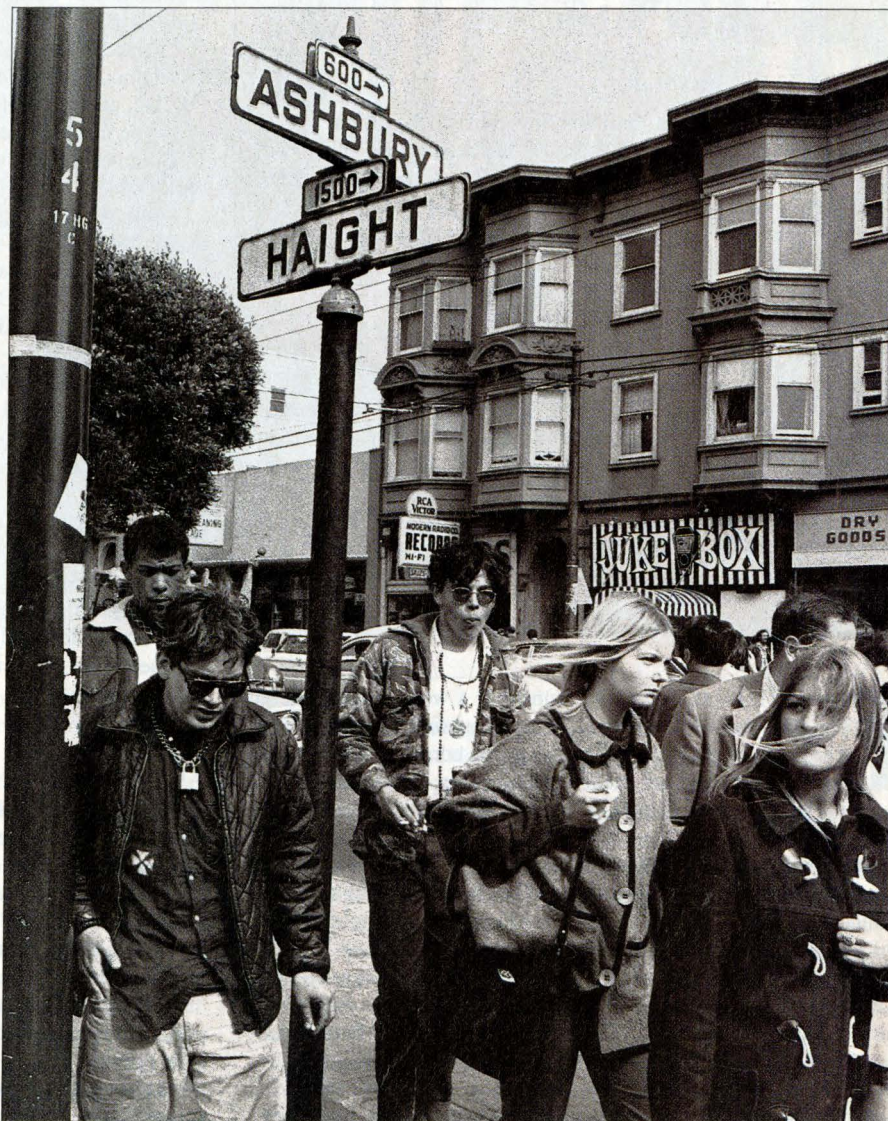
trying to keep me for themselves. We ended up walking two or three miles to a rundown apartment building, where one of the more congenial men lived. The other two men headed off, but the big one said he would be back when the other guy was through with me. This was a one-room flat with a double bed. I said I'd take the floor. I couldn't sleep, I was so afraid the big, crazy-acting guy would be coming back. At about five a.m. I got up and left.

There was a small market open a few blocks away, and I bought an orange and a pear. Then I caught a bus and just rode around San Francisco. I made up my mind that what the Vietnam Summer people had been saying about the Peace Corps was true. I would resign, and my draft status would switch to 1-A.

I got a bus back to the Haight around noon. The only other Peace Corps trainees I saw said they had spent the night in a motel. I asked them how they could pay for that on two dollars, and they said they had used plastic. It turned out that many of the others had gone back to campus Friday night or hadn't come at all.

My letter of resignation was forceful and angry. I said I'd come to believe the Peace Corps was a fraud and would remain so as long as our government was killing people it had no right to be at war with in the first place. The director of the training asked to see me before I left. I don't remember anything about that conversation, only that his secretary said she expected me to be taller. At five feet eleven inches I asked her how much taller. "About six-foot-five," she said.

In two weeks, I ate the second bowl of white rice I'd ever had for dinner in my life—this time in Chinatown in Toronto, Canada.



Wayne Miller / Magnum

SIGN OF THE TIMES

I was approaching 30 that summer, doing my five-to-life bit for armed robbery at Soledad, when the first hippies came in behind their acid busts. I don't know which of them did it, but one day the word cracked like lightning around the yard: "Hey, man, you know that song 'Mellow Yellow'? You know what it is? If you take banana peels and bake them, then grind them up, it's like pot, man, but better!"

Prisons love nothing so much as routine. So every Wednesday without fail, at breakfast you got bananas to go with the cereal. With 3,000 convicts eating, there were usually about thirteen or fourteen of those 55-gallon garbage cans full of discarded banana peels on Wednesday mornings.

Suddenly that particular Wednesday the screws started scurrying around, shaking everyone down, looking everywhere, tapping their snitches frantically to find out why there was less than one full can of banana peels. The convicts who worked in the bakery shop were the most popular people in prison. Everyone—I mean everyone!—was hitting on these dudes: "Bake my peels, man! Bake my peels!"

By that weekend, the rumor was reluctantly accepted as the fraud it was. Donovan's popularity plummeted, and hippies were as shunned as child molesters. As usual, the staff was a day late and a dollar short. Even though they knew as soon as we did that the only thing you got from smoking bananas was a sore throat, it was well over a month before the Wednesday morning bananas were back on the menu.

## LYNN R. FRIEDMAN

■ San Francisco

As a twelve-year-old fulfilling my tourist obligations in the foreign land of Haight Street, I hit head shops filled with colorful hanging paper lanterns, pillows, posters, buttons, incense, fringed leather purses and peace symbol jewelry. And one thing that puzzled me. A small box at the check-out counter labeled "roach clips." I remember thinking, how disgusting those hippies were, playing with insects in their apartments.

## NANCY HILL

■ Santa Rosa

January 1967, I turned eighteen. I moved out of my parents' home in South San Francisco and moved into a Waller Street pad. We had a large, broken water heater. After the hot water ran for fifteen minutes, it turned to steam. Sometimes we would crowd into the bathroom and have an instant sauna. We had a black light in there and we would paint cockroaches with fluorescent paint just to trip out on them as they moved.

## JIM TOLAND

■ San Francisco

That night, I was waiting for Sunshine, a woman I had met a few days before and loved. I leaned against the black and white stripes of the Juke Box bar at the corner of Haight and Ashbury wearing my suede cowboy boots, Levi's button-flies and an original size 48, World War II leather flight jacket. A date was a date.

Diamond passed by. He was a featherweight boxer, just turned pro, and had already fought in New York and New England. He wanted to be billed as "America's First Long-Haired Fighter." He was bright, well-read, but he had a dark side.

A pimply-faced kid, just starting to grow his hair long under a sweat-soaked cowboy hat, dropped his backpack at our feet. "My name's Bummer," he said. "Do you know a place where I can crash?" Diamond looked at me and we both laughed. "I'll bet you really are a bummer, kid," Diamond said. "Got any money?" Bummer nodded. "Go buy us some wine. Then I'll tell you where you can crash."

We drank burgundy out of a bottle wrapped in a brown paper bag. Bummer produced an already-rolled reefer and we passed it around. "You go to school, kid?" asked Diamond.

"No, I dropped out. I wanted to find out about life—real life," said Bummer.

"You came to the right place, son. I'll teach you a few things," said Diamond. "I'm a thief."

"How can you be dishonest—it's so uncool," said Bummer.

"I'm not dishonest, punk. I'm telling you I'm a thief—that's not dishonest. If I was dishonest, I wouldn't tell you that I was a thief," said Diamond.

Bummer paused, letting that sink in. "So you're honest because you admit that you steal. Back home, in Kansas, it's never right to steal. I don't think hip people should ever steal. It's not cool. What do you steal?"

Diamond cast a hard glance. "What do you know about life? You're just another parasite—living off your parents, or, maybe, taking up space in a commune. What do I steal? Things. Everything. You, Bummer, steal energy and time. You bring nothing to anyone. Take, take, take. 'Help me, gimme, do something for me'—that's stealing. That's dishonest."

Bummer picked up his backpack and began to walk away. Diamond's barrage continued. "You want to crash—crash there in the gutter. What do you know about being hip?"

Bummer paused, "Well, I . . ."

"You probably don't even know the secret hippie handshake," said Diamond. Bummer shook his head. "I shouldn't even bother," said Diamond.

"Please. I want to know. Teach me."

Diamond looked at me. "Teach him? He wants me to teach him. OK, kid, we need something about as thick as a folded ounce of weed—maybe like the size of a pack of cigarettes."

Bummer fished through his pockets and produced an address book. "How's this?" he asked.

"Not thick enough," said Diamond. "Gimme me something thicker, like a wallet—pass me your wallet with your right hand."

Bummer did it and waited. "What's next?" he asked.

"That's it," said Diamond.

"I don't get it," said Bummer, extending his hand. "Give me my wallet back, man."

"No," said Diamond.

"Come on, man. I need that money."

"So do I, punk, so do I."

As I was about to say something, a maroon-and-cream-colored VW van with New York plates and blaring Jimi Hendrix's "Purple Haze" swung to the curb. Sunshine, sitting next to a thickly bearded young man with a ponytail, leaned out the window.

"Hey. I'm splitting. Luther is taking me to a commune in upstate New York. I met him hitchhiking today and I'm going to be his old lady. You understand, huh? Be cool. Peace."

They drove off, her fingers out the window in a V. Diamond and Bummer were gone.

## TRUMAN PRICE

■ Independence, Oregon

I noticed the Summer of Love in passing, heading out as it came in. For me it started earlier, maybe in '63, sometime before the war got serious.

That was the summer Gary Marxsen came to Canyon with me to babysit Darby. It was a deal for me. A free full-time sitter and all I had to do was feed him. He was good, too. Good for Darby. Told him long stories, was kind to him.

Gary had had a rough spring. The winter had been partly spent under back staircases. He was filthy but not scary, his hazel-brown eyes peeping over a matted beard and ragged serape. He was a natural target for every stone-throwing kid in town; even hippies teased him.

Chuck and I found him in jail in Monterey. Sweeney, always the



### INTERIOR DECORATION, CENTRAL STREET

friend of all mankind, bailed him out with some rich kid's money. He'd been trying to fly out of a tree at the folk festival. His right ankle was wrapped in tape.

Gary didn't find fuel all that often, but when he drank, it was always too much. Maybe it was the home, back in Missouri, that he had never understood. Maybe it wasn't impossible until the Army diagnosed him brilliant and sent him to Chinese language school. After that it was jails and mental hospitals and hiding under staircases. For Gary the world was a continual revelation.

But I could interpret, usually. I came from the farm and spoke in the same accents, and we more than understood one another. When I wandered into carpentry and rented a house in the woods, I found him. He was pleased I trusted him, and he took care of Darby every day.

It was a good summer. We were living in luxury, after a couple of years on the street, or of sharing the stranded boxcars of empty railroad flats with a dozen strangers—friends of a day or two. God,

we were trusting.

Sometimes when I got home Gary and the boy were away. They made friends up and down the canyon, brought home things, loaves of homemade bread, vegetables.

Deciding how to greet people had become a problem for me. "How are you?" was impossible. It was replaced with "What do you do?" or "I'm a poet, what are you?" Here where one neighbor was a fine builder, the next a prolific writer, this phatic communion packed a punch.

But it was a terrible, hard question for Gary to answer. He had a set response from Omar Khayyam: "What then of the pots He marred in making?" If pressed, he skipped directly to, "Pish! He's a good fellow! 'Twill all be well!"

That was the summer Chuck and Janis hitchhiked out from Texas. They came by to rest up for a few days, then hit the road. Chuck had people he wanted Janis to meet, in LA and San

*(Continued on page 34)*





## Places & Dates in the History of the Haight

BY CHARLES PERRY

In 1965, the Haight-Ashbury was one of the most obscure and little-known districts in San Francisco, but a scattering of bohemians had moved in to take advantage of the low rents and the convenience to Golden Gate Park, and their presence could already be seen. The original hippie business in the Haight, a coffee shop called the **1** Blue Unicorn, was actually north of the Panhandle at 1927 Hayes. The **2** House of Richard at 405 Shrader, later 1541 Haight, was the first hip shop in the Haight; it sold ponchos and huaraches. The first hip shop on Haight Street itself was the mod clothing boutique **3** Mnasidika at 1510 Haight.

When the first public psychedelic gatherings—the rock dances put on by a group called the

*Charles Perry wrote The Haight-Ashbury: A History (Random House/Rolling Stone Press). At the Be-In he handed out a poem: "I kiss you shamelessly on the navel. Eek!"*

Family Dog at Longshoreman's Hall, Bill Graham's benefit shows for the San Francisco Mime Troupe and Ken Kesey's Acid Test parties—showed how large the Bay Area psychedelic community was, the Haight became that community's focal point. Late in November 1965, jam sessions at **4** 1090 Page led to the formation of Big Brother and the Holding Company; when Janis Joplin joined the band, she lived at **5** 112 Lyon. The Grateful Dead lived at **6** 710 Ashbury.

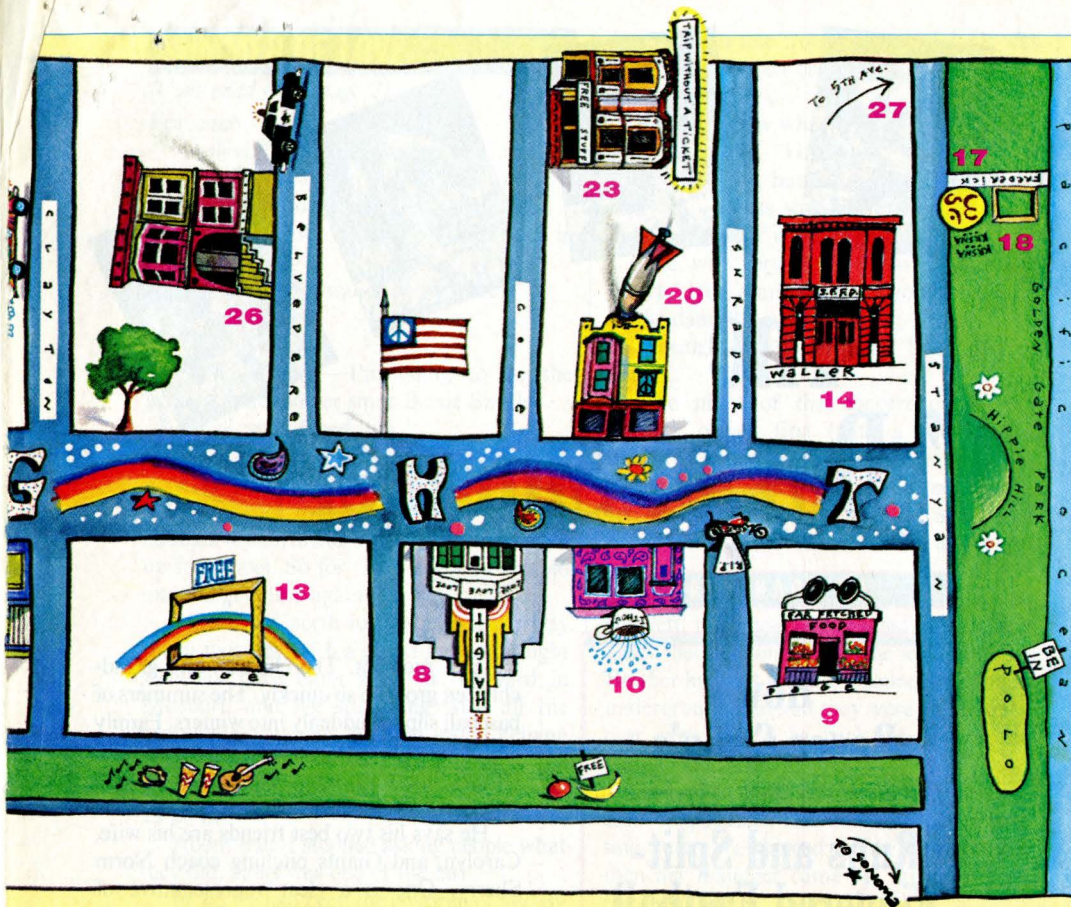
After the Trips Festival in January 1966, the pace accelerated in the Haight. The boldly named **7** Psychedelic Shop (incense, occult books, Indian records, marijuana paraphernalia) opened at 1535 Haight on January 3, 1966. In May 1966, work began on converting the old movie theater at 1702 Haight to a dance hall/performing arts center to be called the **8** Straight Theatre. Work was delayed for more than a year by permit problems (nobody had ever applied to make this sort of conversion). **9** Far-Fetched Foods, always known as Blind

Jerry's, was the neighborhood's health-food store at 1915 Page. The **10** I/Thou Coffee Shop at 1736 Haight marked the western extremity of hip businesses. The eastern extremity, at 1377 Haight, was the **11** Phoenix, which handled much the same goods as the Psychedelic Shop.

On September 20, 1966, the world's first psychedelic newspaper appeared, the **12** Oracle; its offices bounced around several addresses and wound up at 1371 Haight, upstairs from the Phoenix. An anarchist faction in the Mime Troupe calling itself the Diggers objected to the mystical, quietist tone of the Oracle and circulated provocative broadsides on Haight Street in response. When LSD became illegal in California on October 6, 1966, the Oracle people, confident of the ultimate triumph of psychedelics, staged the Love Pageant Rally in the Panhandle—perversely organized as a celebration rather than a wake. The week following the Love Pageant Rally, the Diggers began distributing free food in the Panhandle every day at noon, to

feed the hungry, stage an anarchist provocation and make a psychedelic/artistic statement. In November the Diggers rented a double garage on the south side of the 1600 block of Page for the **13** Free Frame of Reference, a "free store" where everything available (mostly clothing, often stolen) was "free, because it's yours." This first Free Frame was boarded up for code violations (people had been sleeping there) on December 18, 1966.

Several Diggers were arrested for blocking a public thoroughfare during a street theater performance on Halloween 1966. The Psychedelic Shop was busted for selling a purportedly obscene book of poems on November 8, 1966. On November 22, 1966, in response to evident police pressure on the hippie community and the local merchants' association's refusal to admit hippie businesses, the hip shop owners announced the formation of the Haight Independent Proprietors in a press conference at a neatly renovated firehouse at **14** 1575 Waller. In November 1966, the HIP



David Gamble

long ceased to provide free food for newcomers (though huge quantities of bread were baked at All Saints' several times a week, starting in June). The basis of the local economy—dealing marijuana—was undergoing the usual seasonal drought. Still, the San Francisco Police Department would later estimate that 75,000 would-be new residents descended on the Haight in the summer of 1967.

That wild summer was marked by strange, discordant events. On June 11, 1967, the ballet dancers Rudolf Nureyev and Dame Margot Fonteyn, of all people, were rounded up in a marijuana bust at **26** 42 Belvedere (charges were almost immediately dropped). On August 3, 1967, a famous LSD dealer named Jacob "Shob" Carter was found murdered in his apartment at **27** 1372 Fifth Avenue with his right arm neatly cut off at the elbow. The area of Golden Gate Park at the end of Haight Street known as Hippie Hill was paid a surprise visit by George Harrison of the Beatles on August 7.

Chocolate George, organizer of several Hell's Angels dances, died in a motorcycle accident at Haight and Shrader on August 24. The Straight Theatre finally began hosting theatrical performances but had to deal with a highly organized campaign to keep a dance hall from opening in the Haight. On September 26, 1967, the day after the Straight was denied a dance permit, the owners opened the place as a dance school—for which no permit was needed—featuring instructors "Jerome Garcia" and "Dr. P. Pen." The Grateful Dead house was busted for drugs on October 2, 1967.

The Summer of Love was clearly over. The foot of Oak Street (a terrible location for hitchhiking, which had oddly become traditional) was full of kids leaving. On October 6, 1967, the HIP merchants, the Diggers and various others organized a decidedly Diggerish "Death of Hippie and Birth of the Free Man" celebration on Haight Street, ending at the Psychedelic Shop, which had a sign in its window reading, "Nebraska Needs You More." □

merchants also organized the Hip Job Co-Op, an employment reference service for jobless hippies, with offices usually at the **15** Wild Colors crafts shop at 1418 Haight or at the **16** Print Mint at 1542 Haight, a psychedelic poster shop that also sometimes housed the *Oracle* offices.

During the Diggers' second street-theater provocation on December 16, 1966, "Death of Money and Rebirth of the Haight," pointedly aimed at excoriating the existence of even HIP merchants on Haight Street, a Hell's Angel named Chocolate George was arrested for interfering with an arrest when another Angel was busted for parole violation. The hippies raised their bail, and in gratitude the Hell's Angels threw a party in the Panhandle on New Year's Day 1967. The Human Be-In (Gathering of the Tribes) at the Polo Field in Golden Gate Park on January 14, 1967, brought the first media attention to the surprisingly large Haight-Ashbury community. The Haight got a unique publishing service in January 1967: the Communication Company, which printed leaflets for free for passing out on Haight Street. Its office was off the beaten

track at 406 Duboce.

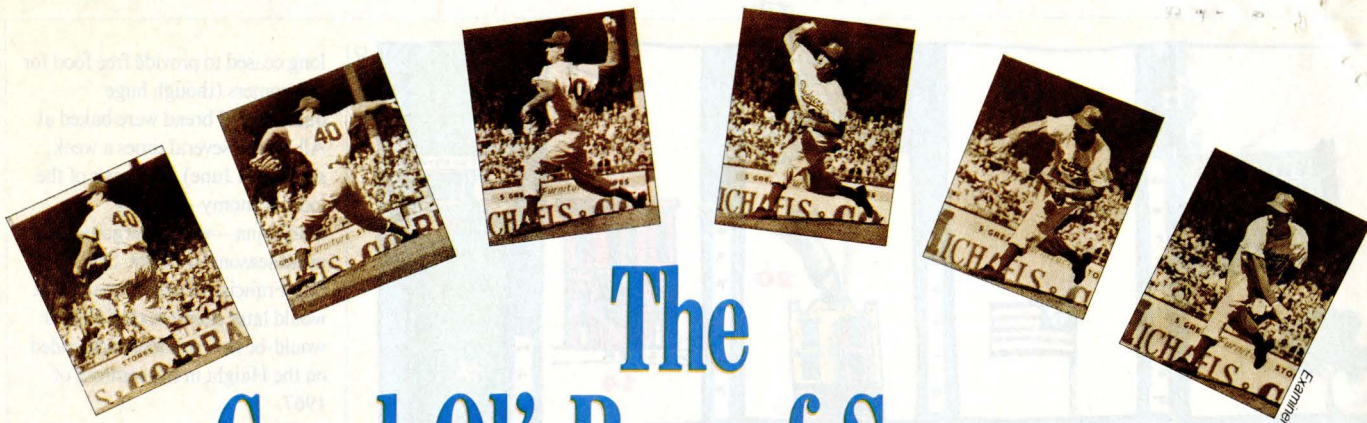
On January 18, 1967, the **17** Radha-Krishna Temple opened at 518 Frederick, the second Hare Krishna temple in the United States. Next door at **18** 520 Frederick, the Diggers opened a new Free Frame, which was padlocked by the city within a month. At the beginning of February, **19** All Saints' Episcopal Church at Waller and Masonic offered the Diggers an office for their food and housing services. Another Digger project at the time was the free crash pad at **20** 1775 Haight.

New businesses opened in droves, the most famous of them being the **21** Drogstore Cafe at 1398 Haight (originally called the Drugstore; it was decorated with drugstore paraphernalia such as apothecary jars, but the police would not tolerate the name Drugstore). By no means were all of the new shops run by hippies. However, the business so knowingly cited by outsiders as the archetypal sleazy ripoff, **22** Love Burgers (opened in the Pall Mall Cocktail Lounge at 1568 Haight in March 1967), was nothing of the sort. It was run by a woman known as Love, a flamboyant and beloved

community figure who gave away free hamburgers on holidays, put up unwed mothers and organized Easter egg rolls for neighborhood children.

The Diggers' most enduring free store, the **23** Trip Without a Ticket, opened in mid-March 1967 at 901 Cole. Emboldened by Be-In energy, the HIP merchants and various others announced the formation of the Council for a Summer of Love on April 5, 1967. From April 5 to May 15, 1967, the Gray Line bus company offered a "Hippie Hop" tour of the Haight. To handle the huge number of drug busts as of May 1967, a group of lawyers organized the **24** Haight-Ashbury Legal Organization with offices at 715 Ashbury, right across from the Dead's place. The growing number of medical problems showing up in the late spring of 1967 inspired the **25** Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic at 558 Clayton, which in August expanded to 409 Clayton as well.

The Summer of Love was a time of indescribable energy and confusion. Most of the old-timers in the Haight had moved out to places like Morning Star Ranch in Sonoma County. The Diggers had



# The Good Ol' Boy of Summer

BY JOAN RYAN

## How Roger Craig's Homespun Home Runs and Split-Fingered Fastball Turned the Giants Around

Giants manager Roger Craig is sitting in a booth at Zim's restaurant on the corner of Market and Van Ness. It has not been a good week for the Humm-Baby. Hours earlier, the Giants had lost their eighth consecutive home game, which knocked them out of first place. His star pitcher, Mike Krukow, is losing and everybody wants to know why Craig doesn't banish him to the bullpen. Another longtime pitcher, Greg Minton, had just been released, and Craig had the sour task of breaking the news. On top of that, crotchety columnist Glenn Dickey had tattooed Craig in the *Chronicle* two days earlier for overusing Krukow, underusing young pitcher Mark Davis, speaking ill of star Chili Davis, not sending hot-hitting Will Clark to the plate often enough, playing "little ball"—in short, committing every managerial sin short of throwing games.

Still, Craig has shown up at Zim's as promised to sign autographs. His legs stretch out under the table, gray snakeskin boots poking out the other side. His wife, Carolyn, sits beside him.

"Hi, partner," Craig says, shaking a six-year-old boy's tiny hand. He signs the boy's baseball, then goes on to hold a baby for a photograph, show a woman the grip for the split-fingered fastball and explain to a fellow why the Giants have been a little erratic this season. "Because my wife hasn't been telling me how to manage," Craig says.

Another fan wants to know how he remains so calm during games. "I don't. I lose hair every day," he says, running a hand over his scalp.

A young man hands Craig a Giants program open to the first page. He asks Craig to sign it. Craig does. The young man flips a few pages and asks Craig to sign that, too. Craig does. Uninvited, the young man

slips into the booth next to Craig. Craig moves over to make room.

"Why're you leaving Krukow in the starting rotation? He's hurting the team," the young man asks, flipping to yet another page for Craig to sign.

"Kruke pitched better today," Craig replies as he signs the program again. "If we're going to win, he's going to have to be a big contributor."

The line of autograph seekers has disappeared. The young man chatters on. Craig and his wife have reservations for dinner in San Francisco, a rare night out on the hometown, but Craig says nothing to the young man. He waits until he has finished, extends his bear paw of a hand for a shake, smiles and wishes him well.

Roger Craig never seems in a hurry, as if he believes time's meter doesn't apply to him. And perhaps it doesn't. Here he is, 57 years old, and he's still wearing knickers to the ballpark, still playing cowboy on his ranch in San Diego, still insisting that enjoying oneself is the main thing.

Or perhaps he doesn't hurry for precisely the opposite reason: He is so keenly aware of time's steadfast march he doesn't want to

fritter a moment. The children and grandchildren grow up so quickly. The summers of baseball slip so suddenly into winters. Family and baseball. They are so interwoven in Craig's life they now seem to be merely different threads of the same fabric.

He says his two best friends are his wife, Carolyn, and Giants pitching coach Norm Sherry. One is a clear representative of family, the other of baseball. But they, too, are intertwined in both worlds.

Carolyn, for example, was named after Babe Ruth. Her father was such a baseball fanatic he named his oldest son George Herman and his oldest daughter Ruth. Her mother, however, so despised the name that she ignored the birth certificate and called her Carolyn.

And Sherry, whom Craig met in the Brooklyn Dodgers minor leagues in 1951, has become so much a part of the family that the Craigs and the Sherrys—parents, children and grandchildren—gather for reunions more often than most blood relatives.

Craig divides his time among three homes and two families. One home is a 40-acre stretch of land near San Diego on which he is building a three-bedroom log cabin, a proper setting for a man given to wearing string ties and riding horses in the rain. His four children live within 60 miles. (Son Roger Jr. moved to Oregon last year but returned six months later saying, "I missed the family too much.")

Then there is a condominium he and Carolyn just bought in San Mateo. And the third home is the Giants clubhouse, where he lives with his other kids.

Two years ago, anyone referring to the Giants clubhouse as a home, or the team as a family, would have been greeted by laughter and maybe a spit of tobacco juice. The clubhouse used to be a place where 30 or so

Joan Ryan is a sportswriter and columnist for the Examiner.

Giants manager Craig is a rehabilitated Dodger. He broke in with the Brooklyn team in 1955 (above).

## SUMMER OF LOVE

(Continued from page 21)

Francisco.

I asked, "And what do you do, Janis?"

"I sing. I'm a singer. I'm going to be."

"What sort of places do you sing?"

"Oh, I sang some in coffeehouses back in Austin."

"What kind of music do you like?"

"Blues."

"What's that?"

"What's that?—I'm going to be the greatest blues singer since Bessie Smith."

"Well, sure. Good luck."

Then they left. I never saw her again.

The work got boring. I drove to New York and back in eight days. I moved into a cubbyhole apartment in a firetrap and signed up for school. So for Gary it got to be cold and hungry time again.

He headed north to the orchards, pretty much together, with a girl, a girl who might someday have hung wash in the yard in Missouri, and he, stumbling with all the morning-glory seeds bursting inside helping create his new reality, he went through the door and fell or flew into the canyon. He was 23 or 24.

About then I stopped asking people what they did. Janis was one of the last.

In '63 we had been the children of joy. By the summer of '67, I never knew what we were anymore. It was beyond comprehension.

Then I left. I moved away. I got old.

Sweeney, he's a speech teacher now. Chuck gave up the live stuff and became a collector. I call square dances and try to write letters.

But if I dig deep enough, I can find the bones. I know I was there.

PETER LIEPMAN ■ Berkeley

I was a sophomore at UC Berkeley in 1967, and I fell asleep every night listening to KMPX. One night, I was half asleep when the disc jockey (Larry Miller?) said that Janis had lost her dog, would anyone who knew where it was call her at . . . and he gave out her home phone number! I wrote it down despite the fact that I did not know the whereabouts of her dog.

The Avalon Ballroom postcard announcing the next concert showed up. Canned Heat and Big Brother, June 8, 9, 10 and 11. I began to contemplate calling Janis Joplin to ask her to dance. But I was wavering. Then on a Sunday afternoon, "Call on Me" came over the air waves:

*Well, baby, when times are ba-aaa-d,  
Call on me, darlin', and I'll come to you.  
When you're in trouble, and feel  
so sa-aaa-d,*

*Well, call on me, darlin', I say,  
Call on me, and I'll help you . . .*

I dialed Janis's number. The first sound I

heard was a line from the song—Janis was listening to herself on KMPX!

"Hello?"

I didn't know what to say, so I mumbled something like, "Hi, Janis"—pause—"you don't know me, but I'm a big fan of yours, and—uh—I was wondering if you'd dance with me at your next gig at the Avalon."

She was very down-to-earth and very direct. "Hey, man, why don't you just ask me at the dance?"

"Yeah, I could do that." I felt sort of stupid.

The night of the concert came. Big Brother played first (with a short introductory routine by the Congress of Wonders). I could hardly wait for Canned Heat's set. I positioned myself near the stage so I could ask Janis to dance as soon as she got off.

Then the set was over. I found Janis as she left the stage, introduced myself and asked her to dance. But she couldn't. Big Brother had just finished a soundtrack for an underground film and they were going to the cast party. She'd be back just before Big Brother's last set.

Just as Canned Heat started its last song, Janis reappeared. This time I asked, and she said sure. We danced a free-form boogie, then her manager came up, tapped her on the shoulder.

"Thanks for the dance," she said. "I've got to go on."

What a night!

MARY SCHOONER ■ Pulga

For me, it began in a bed in Cowell Hospital on the UC Berkeley campus. I was 25, and I had been struggling with science courses when I got so sick I couldn't go on. At the hospital, I dreamed of a more spontaneous, more committed life. I had been reading about the Diggers in the *Berkeley Barb*. They were attempting to dispense with private property, expose hypocrisy, challenge middle-class morality and lead the world to an economy of barter and trade rather than money. I became convinced that I could change my life for the better if I joined them.

Some weeks later, I went to the Diggers' free store on Cole Street. I guess I had imagined it as an office. What I found was an unfurnished storefront with boxes of used clothing stacked on the floor. The people there seemed to be as much in the dark about what was going on as I was. I'm not sure I ever saw a Digger there.

At some point I learned that a man had come to the Free Store with an idea for baking bread in big batches and distributing it to people in the Haight. I think I was told about it at a party, where I met Pam, who was connected with a vigorous young man who drove an old pickup truck and liked to "liberate" items that might be needed by the

Diggers. Pam had been thinking about contacting Walt Reynolds, the man with the bread-baking method, and I had been wishing I could use my bread-baking experience to feed the youngsters who were just beginning to arrive in great numbers. I had learned by then that the philosophy of the Diggers, if there was one, was, "If you want it to happen, go ahead and do it." So we got together with Walt and lined up a place to bake the bread, the kitchen of the All Saints Episcopal Church at Masonic and Waller.

The first job was to get supplies for Walt's healthful recipe, which contained powdered milk as well as whole-wheat flour. I went around to milling and shipping companies, but found that only white flour could be obtained free. I finally solved the dilemma by soliciting contributions from store owners in the Haight and using the money to buy the flour and milk. The dough was mixed in plastic garbage cans and baked in two-pound coffee cans.

Pretty soon bread was being baked weekly at the church. Almost immediately people started coming to the church to get loaves. It became a routine: On baking days each commune would send one or two members to the bakery to mix, knead and bake for a couple of hours. They would then take several loaves home with them. Other people would drop in and eat slices of bread right there. We began to line up butter and honey, too, for baking day.

Twice a group of us tried to use a loaf of bread in lieu of toll on the Golden Gate Bridge. The first time we met with a hostile response; the second time, we were polite and conciliatory and suggested the toll taker buy the loaf for a quarter, which would pay our toll. It still didn't work.

Over the weeks, staff at the bakery changed. People would come for a while and then stop coming. Pam and her Digger friend were only with us for a short time at the beginning. I eventually went to work in the Financial District. And with lack of leadership, the bread baking lost its initial spirit. Strange ingredients began to creep into the bread dough. At one of the last bakings, I came in late and discovered people getting ready to put in a can of fried grasshoppers from Mexico.

As the bakery was winding down, so was the Summer of Love. Futile messages from the Diggers warned people that bad trips were increasing, crime and hard drugs were moving in, soon it would be even colder and windier than it already was, and it was time to move on. Finally, they held a mock funeral, "The Death of the Hippie."

Sometimes I miss those days. I don't miss the drugs, the uncertainties, the bad trips and the sleaze, but I miss the spirit of venturing into the unknown, the feeling that everything was possible, and the confidence and trust that came of sharing the same feelings with a whole generation. □