

Out & About with Lori Sunflower

Where were you during the Summer of Love, 1967?



Kizzen Lakai

In the summer of 1967, I was 15 and lived in Old Town, which was sort of the Haight-Ashbury of Chicago, and spent a month and a half living as a runaway. Those were some amazing times, with a lot of love-ins and be-ins in the parks. A lot of hippie youth collected there that summer. Good, live music everywhere. Anti-war and civil rights demonstrations going on. It was an exciting time of peace, love, music and an awakening. A turning point. Now, 50 years later, people still talk about the Summer of Love. Something shifted that year and an expanded spiritual consciousness was born that summer (LSD may have had something to do with that!).

I was there and very much a part of all the happenings, and also a bit of a wild teenager needing to find places to stay, although there were a lot of footloose young people at that time. Mid-summer I moved in with my dear older sister, Chris, who was married with two children, and she tried to corral me from running off to Old Town! But, I still was able to go with my friends and be part of that whole movement. Peace!



Diane Bairstow

All my friends were going to San Francisco, but my goal in life was to be a beatnik, so I went to Greenwich Village. By the time I got there, I had to settle for being a hippie since there were no coffee

shops and beats left. But that's OK, I had a good time anyway! I was living with this guy and we were way into demonstrating, doing posters, going to demonstrations and just bein' alive and a young hippie! It was my first time away from home and certainly an awakening experience from my Catholic, all-girl high school, one year in college, and then BAM! I was in Greenwich Village. It was very much an awakening experience. I learned a lot about life and people, almost got trampled by a police horse while demonstrating, and I came home after a couple of years in New York a lot wiser and more worldly than when I'd left!



Barry Monroe

In 1967, I'd been married for 3 years, and in the process of forming a 6-piece show band. We rehearsed for 6 months, and opened July 20. Everyone was hearing news from Haight-Ashbury, but no one's really ever heard of McFarland and Grand Avenues, which was our Haight-Ashbury in Coconut Grove, on Biscayne Bay near the University of Miami. We had affordable housing with the same demographic as Haight-Ashbury: old buildings that could house a lot of young people. Some of the best Colombian marijuana came through there. People would rent places on the bay, taking speedboats to gather sea bales big ships would throw over. Everybody was starting to get into the *Be Here Now* book, spirituality, playing music, eating healthy, seeing what the government is doing; sort of an echo effect from the Haight-Ashbury scene. This lady named Mama Mango started a serious vegetarian movement, creating great tasty dishes. People'd say, "This isn't so bad, not like what mom used to do with frozen spinach or canned corn that served as vegetables." This was fresh. I wrote a song about her last year to capture some of that era. It really was a time of change, so many things going on. I started '67 in a suburban house with kids and diapers. Then I divorced, bought a hippie motor home and hung out in Coconut Grove, building this band that lasted 3 years. Mostly it was always about music, wanting to write the next song, looking for creative juices. Sometimes you don't always find them!



Sandia Belgrade

I came back from Europe, which freed my spirit up. I lived in Denver, a cabin above Georgetown, and women's land in Santa Fe. When I saw Audre Lorde and Adrienne Rich, it put me through pretty radical stuff, and retrospectively those two helped me see why the Summer of Love was not exceptionally freeing for women. It was mostly white men, and I wanted a more radical change from history. I remember it was starting in '67 because I thought, "there's something wrong here." So everyone can say it was great, but I think it's very important for people to also acknowledge it was white male. It was very freeing if you were in Jerry Garcia's band!



Bruce Becker

I got out of the army in August of '67, so I wasn't actually home for the summer, but that was the very last time I ever got a haircut! My story's not as colorful as some people's because I was pretty much preoccupied with getting out of the Army until August. Everything I knew about everybody hitchhiking to California, I heard through the news. When the army was done, I rode a bus home, ripped off my fatigues, went into the woods and thanked God I was home! I dusted off my customized Triumph Bonneville and hit the road with my friend and his Harley. We went to Mexico, across Canada, and to Colorado, my first time ever, and got on the cover of the *Denver Post*! I spent the end of '67 in Aspen hiking, hot springin', being in my element—just a fishin' pole and a coffee pot! I also met my wife that year, which was a big part of '67 for me.

Getting outta the Army was like climbing outta the womb. I began my life with my true spirit, which was following the adventure, always. I missed the summer of

love until August, but that month was me realizing I was my own man again.



Jeannie Krogh

I was 21, summer of love, '67. I was waiting out the summer to finish my last year of college, in my hometown, where I lived at home, where I went to college, and I hated it there. We had *Time* magazine and *Life* magazine and I could read what was going on, and I realized at that time that I felt these were my peers. I was called; I know I was, at some level. In my college, they were having Support Our Boys in Vietnam rallies, and I was thinking, "This is wrong! This isn't right at all." The next year I left for San Francisco, and had missed the summer of love, but was inspired by it! And love will steer the stars, and love will steer the stars...



Barbara Hoepfner

In 1967, I had just graduated from college, and I was living at my parents' house, trying to decide what I was gonna do. As a fluke, in my senior year of college, I interviewed to be with the Marines, cuz all the recruiters were there, and I did it, and I got accepted! And I was a Students for Democratic Society (SDS) person, so, well, I could never make it. I mean, the Marines?! Or was I going to be a Donut Dolly for the Red Cross in Vietnam? Or, I was going to move to Tucson, AZ, where I had an aunt and uncle. I could start a life, get a job, do the thing! Thank God none of that worked out! (laughing) I ended up in Vail, CO where I made tons of money and was able to afford a one-way ticket to Europe, which was my home for the next 2 years, which changed my life.

If you have feedback or suggestions for future topics, please email peaceloveli@gmail.com. In addition to being the Staff Photographer for The Crestone Eagle since 2012, Lori Nagel is a freelance photographer, graphic designer & web designer. www.sunflowerstudios.us.com.