



## *A Hippie at Hippiefest*

By Wayne Parker

Lets us do the time warp!

No wait! That was the Rocky Horror Picture Show kind.

Let's do 'A' time warp, the kind that takes you back in time. Let's warp to the mid late sixties. For those that lived it, you know the era I speak of. For those that are too young to have experienced it, there are a few words that I must catch you up on; Groovy, Peace and Love, Far Out, Cool, In the Groove, Chill, Laid back, Right on man, and so on.

The generation that shaped a new world and life view; brought forth ideas in a basic fashion that only now are reappearing and being expanded upon. Protests, anarchy, peace marches, flower power, anti war rallies and free love. You get the idea.

The music that helped shape that new world view was a huge leap beyond the original rock and roll era of the late fifties, past the beatnik era to early sixties of folk and way more complex than what was being offered ever before.

Yes I am speaking of the British invasion, the summer of love, the free expression of what was felt from within, the newest (at the time) and probably the most profound era of music. Yes this was the music of the hippie era. Yes those god awful, lazy looking, ripped jean, tie-dyed shirts, head bands and sandal wearing people.

My name is Wayne and I was a hippie. I was one of those people that got totally caught up in that era from dress, to music, to attitude and if I am being brutally honest here, the drug culture also.

While we are being honest, I must say that I am still a hippie in nature, minus the drugs but I still maintain an attitude of free expression, progressive thought and putting myself out there as me, Wayne Parker, the person that makes a difference in other people's lives.

Okay, now you get who and what I am in life.

I heard about a concert event that would transport me back to the era I was fully entrenched in all those years ago. It was labeled as 'Hippiefest,' an evening of sixties originals performing in Toronto. Within minutes of hearing of the concert, I had tickets purchased for Kat and me.

The bill for the evening was; The Turtles, Felix Cavaliere's Rascals, The Zombies, Mountain, Mitch Ryder, Badfinger, Country Joe McDonald.

The only pitfall for the evening was not being able to take in our trusty camera, as this venue is way too security conscious. So without any personal visual record of what was actually happening, you will just have to take my word for it.

Decked out in our hippie best, hair flowing and attire to suit the day, we entered the venue of some 8,000 others a bit late. Our usual pit-stop to the washrooms and to grab a Pepsi, errrrrr I mean large cold hugely over priced beer and then off to our seats. As we were late, Badfinger had opened and Mitch Ryder was already on stage. You know one of many hits, Devil with a Blue Dress on. Totally cool!!

Each act played about 45 minutes with a break in between to set up for the next artist.

Are you one of those who remember Woodstock???? The next act was one of the originals from Woodstock, Country Joe MacDonald, yes you all remember the Fish cheer song:

and it's 1, 2, 3, what're we fighting for?  
don't ask me, I don't give a damn  
next stop is Vietnam  
and it's 5, 6, 7, open up the pearly gates  
well there ain't no time to wonder why  
whoopee! We're all gonna die.

Talk about a voice for a generation.....

Break time, people smiling, laughing, dancing, having fun everywhere. Remember, this is hippiefest, a time to relive all those years ago. I spotted an elderly professor type, balding, long pony tail, white guru top, white pants and sandals, walking with what looked like his grandson, wearing tye dyed shirt, jeans and sandals. How cool this would have been for a photo.

Others wore huge pink sunglasses, a variety of hats were seen, a lot of colored hair, faces painted, bandanas with an over all atmosphere of total love and peace hovering over the venue.

Up next were the Rascals, Groovin', People got to be Free, Good Lovin', In the Midnight Hour and so on. Awe, what memories.....

Another break and off for another Pepsi \*LOL\*

A lady around my age, danced over to me , hugged me and struck up a conversation asking if we have met before. We spoke of similar hang outs in Toronto in the late sixties but even though we never met, hugged again and went about the rest of the concert. Just the way it was on this evening.

Hitting the stage was by far the group of the evening even though it was far from over. The Zombies, part of the British Invasion with their monster North American hit, Time of the Season, followed by Tell her No, She's Not There, I Want You Back Again and so on. What a treat and the response from the audience was a non stop explosion of applause.

Another break and something real interesting happened. A late teen to early twenty kid approached me and asked if I was selling, as in drugs. Of course I said no. As he departed, I leaned over to Kat and said, "I still have it". The look and the aura of a hippie still emanates from within me. What I held so dearly to me in attitude and actions way back then still exists today. I have come full circle to something that I really appreciate.

Next up was The Turtles, featuring the one and only, Flo and Eddie. They are as slick and have the same showmanship they had the last

time I saw them way back in the late sixties. They played a couple of early hits, a few of their collaborations with Frank Zappa and finally their all time greatest hit, Happy Together. They brought the house down.

The final act, Mountain, was one of the greats from way back when. They are another Woodstock veteran group, who has earned their place in history with wild guitar riffs and one of the first groups to adopt a cowbell in their music. A run through their hits and a grand finale of Mississippi Queen, had the audience on their feet once again.

WOW, four hours of flashbacks, wonderful music and a beautiful crowd.

What more can be said about getting out for those few hours, playing, having fun and feeling great vibrations all around me. Life is so good when we go in directions that feel good.

Is there an event or a hobby or something in your life that feels great to you????

If there is, why not write about your passion right here at the Magic Happens?

Peace and Love

[Wayne](#)

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Kat's 2 Cents

While I remember many of the songs played – I had heard them on the radio – I didn't know most of these bands during their hay-day. Each band would say the year that the song they were about to play was released. Each time a date was mentioned, I would turn to Wayne and say, 'I was 4.' Or, 'I was 7.' LOL It was great fun there though and the crowd was about as age diverse as I had ever seen it. There was a lot of love and kindness in the crowd and a general vibration of celebration. I was privileged to have seen that show, today, 30/40 years after the hay-day.

In Gratitude

[Kat](#)