

## Are you Hip or Hippie?

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We tend to forget that the word 'hip' comes indeed from 'hippie' — the flower children who were the first to dream of an alternative life that was all peace and happiness.

And Goa was one of the places where they saw their visions — fuelled by mildly hallucinogenic substances.

A foreigner in Goa is still referred to as 'hippie' and a surprising number of the real thing are still alive and well and attending Ingo's 'Saturday Nite Hippie and Artisan Bazaar'.

Foreigners themselves are bemused to find themselves back among a sixties glad fest. The sellers are a mixture of all nationalities — from a healthy dose of Italians, to a sprinkling of Germans, to Britishers, to the Irish, to a decent collection of Japanese — the variety is most apparent in the food.

You can buy Japanese Sushi, Thai spring rolls, British Roast Beef and Potato Sandwiches, Greek Mousaka, Tibetan momos, Arabian Falafel and Humus and German Bread.

Ask a few questions, and you discover that the sellers come from intriguing backgrounds. Cuckoo who runs the Japanese stall has a degree in Acupuncture.

Gary, who makes the Lucky Pixies knows where exactly in Jaipur to buy gems. Ingo himself is something of an antique expert and has a shop in Calangute, and counts himself the original 'Baga boy' — one of the first wave of hippies that discovered Goa in the seventies and were so entranced by it that they are still around.

Antonio from Italy leads the team that makes the most exquisite coconut jewellery, inset with turquoise and silver.

They sell not only at this bazaar, but at markets around the world, travelling with the seasons to Brazil and Europe. He is a storehouse of information on all the various kinds of coconuts to be found around the world. Paula from Italy paints on lightbulbs.

Switch them on and a riot of colours is unleashed. Dieter is an installation artist from Austria.

If you have half an hour and the patience, he will make a plaster mould of your face and cast a wax mask. The masks are exquisite, perfect down to the last detail of eyelash and wrinkle.

Everyone of the stall owners is educated, well informed — and doing their own thing quite successfully.

Step away from the main lanes of the bazaar and you come to the Indian stalls. You are greeted with slightly desperate cries of 'You see my things?'

Lots of the things are garish, made-for-tourist rubbish. But unexpectedly you come upon bargains

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Blouses richly worked with Zardozi, hand embroidered bedspreads in elegant colours, pretty beaded purses... all at amazingly cheap prices — and in shocking contrast to the foreign stalls where a very high premium is put on hand work. The sellers pursue you relentlessly.

They aren't here doing their own thing, but struggling to earn enough for the next meal. It comes home to you that an alternative lifestyle is an indulgence. The poor in India have very few alternatives.

At least three bands play during the course of the evening.

A performer from Germany takes a long drink of water and musically adds gargling to the variety of strange sounds she is producing. If you're lucky, you could catch Remo in an impromptu performance.

The space before the stage becomes a dance floor and various happy patrons jig around. A foreigner declares 'Man this is magic! Goa is the life!'

And in the by lanes the calls are more and more strident 'you buy my things? Please you buy my things!'