



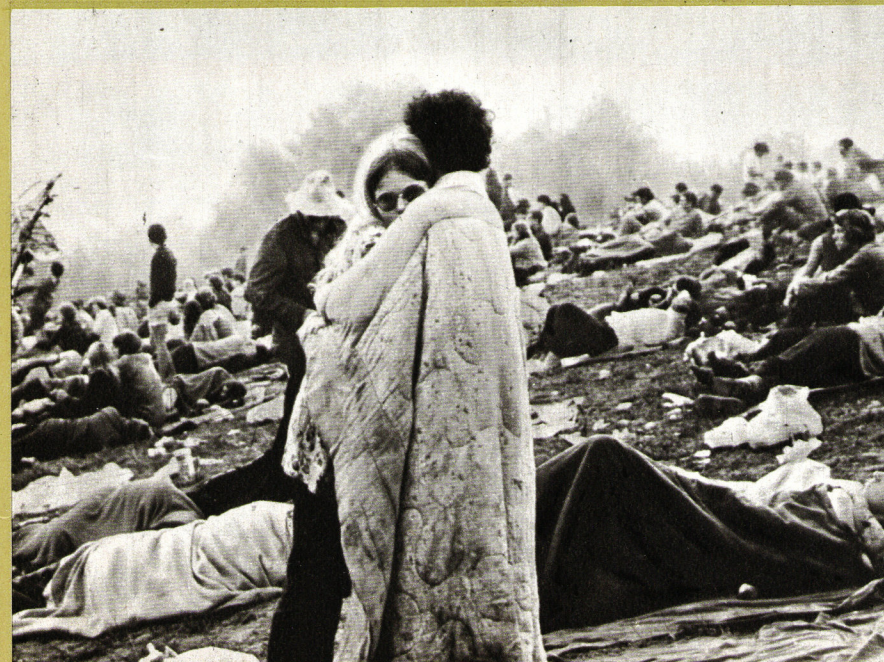
To veterans of the preturnpike days who used to brave the Friday night traffic to the Catskill Mountain resorts, the procession brought back memories. Although surely in the memory of no man was there a procession quite like this. Perhaps if you wanted to stretch the imagination it was like the Children Of Israel leaving Egypt.

Certainly it was a march of the young. By the tens of thousands, on foot and by wheeled vehicles of any description, hippies from near and far were heading up New York's highway 17B, to the Great Woodstock Rock Trip.

Three days of peace and music, was the way the promoters of the outdoor rock festival described their adventure. And so they came from as far away as Oklahoma and Oregon, across the thousands of miles of unfriendly territory, like the pioneers of old crossing the badlands, risking the wrath of the locals in their Flower-Power Volkswagens and Day-Glo buses instead of the old white-canvassed prairie schooners. But, in their beads and beards and leather vests, these pioneers heading for Max Yasgur's alfalfa field near Woodstock came also looking for peace. On the Thursday night before the festival Route 17B was chocked with their traffic, and finally, as it reached the last intersection, the caravan was directed along an old farm road, called Happy Avenue, by state troopers. The promoters of the Rock Trip expected perhaps 50,000 people; instead, nearly half a million showed up. Such a situation would have broken the back of most spectacles, would have caused violence, disaster status among concessionaries, workmen, performers and all the rest. But for three days, enduring terrible weather, shortages of food, water, shelter and sanitary conditions, the hippie community lived cheek to cheek without so much as an el-

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bow in the ribs. At one point, when two men began a loud argument that threatened to break into a fight, those around them chanted, "Peace, Peace, Peace" until they shook hands and cooled it. On the day of the performance, while workmen frantically tried to complete the monumental job of arranging platforms and speakers for the performers, the multitude calmly went about the business of living: cooking meals over hibachi stoves, holes in the ground, tin cans suspended over open fires; washing and cleaning, and turning on. Since the red-packeted security forces of the state police had been warned to keep their cool, too, there was a hands off policy, and the smoking lamp was lit. The sweet smell of pot wafted over the throng. This was it, baby.

It wasn't until dusk that the first performer, Richie Havens came on. Then it rained, and Max's farm became a sea of mud. Schedules were drowned in the quagmire, but the patience of the gathering held fast; patience, in fact, was the only thing not in danger of running out.

Saturday night the music began again and went on virtually non-stop until 10:30 a.m. Monday morning. The Who, Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin, Sly and the Family Stone, Mike Shrieve, Joan Baez, Jimi Hendrix, Ravi Sankar and many more performed on the high platform. Woodstock rocked. The festival did not make money, apparently, a fact which equally obviously doesn't bother the promoters, Mike Lang, John Roberts, Artie Kornfeld and Joel Rosenman. They feel it was worth it.

The Woodstock Rock Trip could have been a disaster for the hippie world. Instead, it set an example. "Peace, brother, Peace", reigned indeed. Preserved for posterity, the entire adventure was recorded on film and has now been released as a movie.