

Woodstock Reviewed by a Hippie

“Love was free, the music rocked and the hippies came in droves.”

A Woodstock themed garden party. What was I going to wear? I fussed and fretted about it more than my wife did, while she planned the picnic with a military precision I have only witnessed at Christmas.

Finally, the evening came. So after donning a full head hair and my best flares I was piled up with chairs, cushions, blankets. The picnic basket stuffed with all manner of tupperware containers, foil wrapped goodies, several odd-shaped items wrapped in clingfilm, a couple thermos, plates, cutlery and enough alcohol to satisfied the navy, had to be wheeled along as no mortal man could lift it.

To be honest I was a little worried (and not about how much food and drink we'd brought). I really hoped everyone had dressed up too. But I needn't have worried. As I turned the corner I saw hippies of all shapes and sizes, multicoloured, bell-bottomed, long-haired and moustachioed. And that was just the three girls on the door.

They greeted me with a flower; some love beads and a peace sign stamp that I still haven't been able to wash off, then ushered us into the commune.

And though it was still early, we weren't the first to arrive by a long way. Around 70 people were already there and set up camp in style. Three piece suites, Candelabras, Tee pees. People had really made an effort.

The Coffin Dodgers began to play and man did they rock. They played two sets and by the end of the second one, had everyone up and dancing away. Far out.

As it began to get dark an impromptu performance of A Midsummer Night's Dream was staged. Various people in the crowd were surprised to find they were going to star in it. In fact, one unwitting performer was on crutches.

The play itself was chaotic and camp but made full use of the beautiful setting. The woodland scenes were set under the huge weeping willow tree. And in my opinion Puck stole the show.

Once it was fully dark we were treated to a display of fire juggling. It looked awfully dangerous but very impressive. It's one of those things you really hope the kids won't try at home.

The whole evening was topped off with the oohhs and ahhs that accompanied the fantastic firework display.

I have to say, it really wasn't bad for a fiver.

And just before I try and wash the peace sign stamp off again, LDG asked me to include a couple of other bits of information:

Festival gossip

Whom, feeling a little worse for wear, ended up sleeping in the summerhouse behind the willow tree?

Lost and found

Found one pair male boxers and one pair of red French knickers on the tennis court, please contact Lynda or Brian Lewis to claim.