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reasons to put some pants on

FEATURING

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peace, love, and lip gloss



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sienna miller unzipped

"I'm a really fearless person."

beth ditto: "punk is fashion."

(we agree)

blue jean baby

arctic monkeys young love
lissy trullie and my girl
grows up



get crunched up

the commercialization of all things **woodstock** is nothing new—but this time, it just might stick. by rebecca willa davis.
photographed by nicholas routzen

"THE PEOPLE OF this country should be proud of these kids," an on-duty officer says of festival-goers in the 1970 documentary *Woodstock*, before adding, "Notwithstanding the way they dress or wear their hair—that's their own personal business."

Like many others who were at Woodstock—the three-day music festival that took place in Bethel, New York, 40 years ago—the somewhat-befuddled cop realized that the upwards of 400,000 attendees represented a monumental shift in music, politics, and—yes—even hair styles. After a decade of big bouffants and cumbersome go-go boots, the natural look that this generation embraced was as shocking as the bands they jammed to.

Of course, spending a weekend sans eyeliner and pomade wasn't really a choice for many Woodstock revelers; there was too much rain to keep hair dry and too few bathrooms to privately preen. The closest they got to having a beauty routine was a daily dunk in the nearby lake, where products like Dr. Bronner's Magic Soap were used to clean bodies, shave armpits, and scrub heads. That the aquatic frolicking led to total nudity, well, no one really seemed to bat an eye at it.

It was a freedom that subsequent Woodstock gatherings were never able to replicate. In 1978, 30 people attended an anniversary celebration. In 1994, festival-goers threw mud at the bands, rather than just slide around in it. In 1999, there was violence and anger instead of peace and love, with MTV pulling out its crew and the New York State Troopers abruptly shutting the festival down. And while small-scale celebrations are scheduled for this month in honor of its quadrennial, there's no attempt to completely resurrect Woodstock.

Which doesn't mean that the spirit doesn't live on. In fact, 2009 is shaping up to be like 1969 in more ways than one: We've got a never-ending war abroad, a culture war at home, and a politically active generation of young voters. This summer, more than 13 books on the festival are coming out, a line

of hippie-inspired merchandise is hitting shelves at Target, and the Ang Lee-directed *Taking Woodstock* is being released. Musically, bands like Fleet Foxes are modern incarnations of some of the folk musicians who took to the Woodstock stage. And the last few years have seen a boom in summer music festivals, drawing crowds of tie-dye-tunic-wearing, leather-sandal-sporting, beaded-headband-rocking attendees at events across the country. Granted, it might be a bit easier to pull off an au natural look, with all-natural dry shampoos, luxe eco-friendly soaps, and organic-cotton denim taking up space on our shelves. But there's no doubt that Woodstock, the ultimate music experience, has affected everything, from the festivals we attend to the outfits we wear to them. Pumping our fists as M.I.A. recites political poetry like a 21st-century Joan Baez? The times, they are a-changin'.



