

# Barefoot in Babylon

The Creation of the  
WOODSTOCK  
MUSIC FESTIVAL, 1969



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A PLUME BOOK





in front of the tube watching news reports of the most incredible event of my life go down . . . *without me*. Worse, I was going to hear about it ad nauseam from my buddies on the ground.

I can't tell you why I didn't go. Suffice it to say, Woodstock caught me flatfooted. Perhaps I didn't realize how big it was going to be—or how important. By the end of that weekend, following hours worth of soul-searching (and not the least bit of self-flagellation), I had a new perspective on the culture—and on my life. I fully understood Woodstock's significance and the transformative quality of the performances. There was something spiritual, otherworldly, about the festival's essence. The crowd, the scene—it was messy and loud and teetered on disaster. There wasn't a legitimate game plan from one moment to the next. But the chaos was its own kind of poetry. The vibe there, like our collective vibe, ran on its own good steam. No one knew where this was headed, nor cared. The audience, to borrow from Jack Kerouac, was made up of “the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time . . . but burn, burn, burn, like fabulous yellow roman candles.”

Studying the news feed as it evolved that weekend, I saw in the faces of those on the screen a wide-eyed, irrepressible abandon. I know, I know—they were stoned (just for appetizers). But most of us that age had grown up under the threat of nuclear annihilation, hiding under our school desks and looking to the skies. At Woodstock, however, they were under the stars, looking outward, heaven-bound, just two weeks after the first men had walked on the moon. The cosmos from that vantage was limitless and secure. There was a feeling that things were moving in the right direction, that a sane and rational voice meant enough to matter.

So much had shaken us in the intervening years: the assassinations of JFK, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Jr., Bobby Kennedy; a war in Southeast Asia that continued to claim our closest friends; civil unrest in our colleges and communities; the draft, protests, race riots, Agnew; the Chicago Seven; Chappaquiddick; the demonization of John Lennon by J. Edgar Hoover. Ideology pitted neighbor against neighbor, children against parents. America's soul, its fundamental quality, was turned inside out. Its Norman Rockwell image had grown ugly and nightmarish. No matter what, we weren't headed back in that direction. A new order would no longer be Rockwellian, but there was hope that it would be replaced by something equally upbeat.

Woodstock was certainly a legitimate template. The temporary community that formed on Max Yasgur's farm functioned on welcome, camaraderie, cooperation, respect, joy, and peace. It was utopian in every respect, a

pop-up society whose flash, spontaneous origin precluded status or disunity. Michael Lang, Artie Kornfeld, John Roberts, and Joel Rosenman were its perfect architects. Dipolar opposites—hippies and suits—they had come together, rife with suspicions about one another, and stumbled on this idealized scheme. From the beginning, their crew labored with harmony and purpose, and from that arose the festival's core. There is no doubt in my mind that their spirit was contagious. Max's farm was consecrated ground.

Years after the festival ended, I couldn't shake my sense of stupidity for missing the experience. It had become clear that Woodstock was a moment, an aberration, not the linchpin of a new world order. It happened—and it passed. Attempts to replicate the magic fell short. Woodstock was followed by Altamont, the breakup of the Beatles, Kent State, and the deaths of Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, and Jim Morrison. The society that formed in the aftermath wasn't the conformist society that preceded it, but valued passion, creativity, individualism, and freedom from stultifying restrictions. Yet it was beset by other conflicts. The "we" that was the Woodstock Generation began to splinter. Hippies fought for their own piece of the rock. There was still a sense of doing something important, working toward a goal, but it became individualistic, as opposed to an ensemble effort. All of which left me scratching my head.

I dearly wanted to attend Woodstock, I wanted in. In an effort to recapture those three days in August 1969, I decided to retrace the steps that led to the festival. Ten years after the last chord rang out over Max's farm, I set out on an odyssey—a personal reclamation project, if you will, that brought me into contact with practically everyone responsible for getting that remarkable weekend off the ground.

My timing couldn't have been better. Peoples' recollections of the event remained relatively sharp and, perhaps more important, free from the upholstery that often pads our memories decades later. Better yet, most were still alive and eager to talk. So many hands had contributed to the cause, and it wasn't until years afterward, when the shock of the festival had finally worn off, that they understood the important roles they had played. It was finally time for them to reflect, to make sense of this impact.

Two of the principals, John Roberts and Joel Rosenman, had already written a memoir about Woodstock, a funny little book called *Young Men with Unlimited Capital* that read like a CliffsNotes account of their experience. The cast resembled amiable cartoon characters; many were hidden behind pseudonyms. The narrative was humorous but myopic. I immediately gleaned this version was thin, at best, and had a bone to pick with their hangdog colleagues, Lang and Kornfeld.

Both Roberts and Rosenman were accessible. They were involved running a fairly successful New York recording studio that I had actually worked in on occasion, and a phone call brought them into the fold. They had offices in a building adjacent to the studio, on West Fifty-Seventh Street, which is where I found them one morning in 1979. Together—they were always together. This was no partnership of convenience, but something much deeper and true. They had the kind of friendship that I envied, lacking rivalry or ego. And they had each other's backs. Roberts was a big bear of a guy, more Gentle Ben than Smokey. He had a button-down conservative facade that clashed with his personality; the short Haldeman haircut, oxfords and chinos, and wire-rim banker's frames belied a playful self-image that endeared him at once. Rosenman, wiry and darker, had a harder outer shell. He struggled to play the *éminence grise*, but succumbed to an inner tug. While Roberts traded in common sense, Rosenman had the passion. He'd done some amateur acting and was a musician of note, and I got the sense those qualities constituted his demons in the venture-capital circle in which he and Roberts traveled. In any case, they made an enviable team.

They had also just emerged from an extended period of grieving. For longer than either man had expected, they'd shed tears over the ruins of Woodstock, which had cost them dearly. Roberts had lost his inheritance to its creditors. And the tangle of post-festival legalities, from licensing to endless lawsuits, short-circuited their livelihoods. Just when it seemed they could put it all behind them, I waltzed in the door.

"Gentlemen, prepare to relive the festival all over again."

I didn't actually say that to them, but you could see it on their faces. Instead of balking, they ushered me into a closet-size room down the corridor with wall-to-wall file cabinets. "Welcome to what's left of the Woodstock festival," Roberts said. "It's all yours."

Everything, they'd saved everything—all the memos, schedules, blueprints, ledgers, even the contracts with the bands. Tickets, thousands of them, lay wrapped in rubber bands. I had almost forgotten that tickets were superfluous. Ultimately, hardly anyone paid their way into Woodstock; John Roberts had picked up the tab. Sifting through folder after folder, I realized what a bonanza this represented. Collectively, it was a blueprint for the festival, from its inception to its last futile gasp.

But Roberts and Rosenman knew they weren't off the hook. If the story was going to be recounted with accuracy, they'd have to endeavor to walk me back through the details. It meant reliving the whole exasperating mess, at least from their points of view. They were willing, at last, to get it off their chests.