

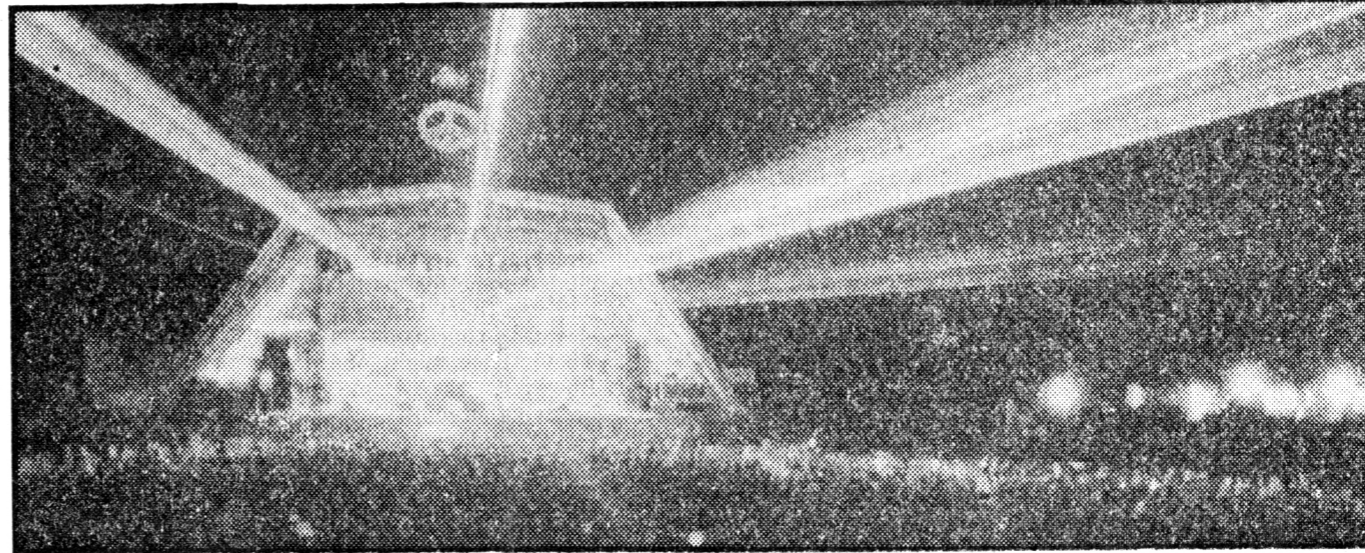
IT IS quiet in the new settlement, and the inhabitants are crouched round their fires as the smoke rises into the late afternoon sun. We are on a hill surrounded by green fields, and the clouds hang so low that it feels like being on top of the world. A group of bikers with greasy denims and shaggy hair stand chatting over a motorcycle, while half naked children with painted faces run back and forth.

Through the doorway of a round hut a group of young men in black stare morosely out. They are punks. A woman in a long embroidered dress and a worn face wanders towards her tepee with a cooking pot in her arms. She is a hippy. Nearby, a man in a top hat and clown costume is standing by a brightly painted psychedelic bus. It could be a movie set, a cross between The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test and Mad Max II, but this is real life, the tenth annual free festival at Stonehenge.

Stonehenge is where the true hardcore hippies — like the ones who live the year round in a tepee community in Wales — come to celebrate the summer solstice. But a metamorphosis has taken place. These hippies are not middle-class; they live either in round huts (known as benders) made of branches and tarpaulins, or in tents, and seem to have blended in with Gypsies, wood people and other ancient groups of English itinerants. The young men in black with the Mohicans represent the new, mystical strain of punk, whose talk of the wisdom of Red Indians and "magik" puts them close to the tepee people.

The hippies' mood has changed too. There is no proselytising for peace and love here, no campaign to change the world. The attitude to outsiders, particularly media people, is one of ritual suspicion laced with paranoia. It's an attitude that says: don't bother us and we won't bother you while we wait for the apocalypse.

At the same time last weekend another hippy tradition was being celebrated less than an hour away, where more than 30,000 people made their way to the Glastonbury festival. Stone-



A hippy at Stonehenge (left) and a punk at Glastonbury (right) as laser beams pierce the darkness above the CND festival's pyramid stage: pictures by Tim Malyon

Mary Harron follows the ley lines to Stonehenge and Glastonbury where punks, bikers and Rastas joined in the hippy rites of summer

Good vibrations

henge has its stones, Glastonbury has its stones, and you will hear the same talk about planetary ley lines and magic vibrations at both sites. You will find the same books too — the I Ching, the copies of Herman Hesse, even Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers comics — but the audience at Glastonbury is more placid, cheerful and well-heeled.

They stay in well-equipped tents which by Friday night had turned the fields into a brightly coloured toy-town. This is the mainstream hippy tradition, which now encompasses several generations, and proves that outside the urban centres youth culture still means an Indian shirt

and a hash pipe to many teenagers.

Glastonbury was started in 1970 by the owner of the fields, Michael Eavis, a dairy farmer with a patriarchal white beard who believes in hippy ideals. In the beginning, he says, "we had a wonderful romantic image of love and peace in the Vale of Avalon".

This image was dented when a free festival in 1971 lost £40,000. Now it charges admission as a commercial festival with a free festival ideology: since 1981 all the profits have been given to CND. This year the CND insignia was placed on top of the stage, built in the form

of a 50ft high silver pyramid. A pyramid, I was told, accumulates energy, just as I was told about Atlantis and earth magic and energy centres. After three days I felt like the only cynic left in the world.

An overwhelming feeling of déjà vu was somewhat dispelled by a new element, the Rastafarians, whose own religion of drugs, peace, brotherhood and religion (and sexism) almost makes them black hippies. Drawing black and white audiences together is something the old festivals never managed to do. Progress is slow even at Glastonbury, but performances by such reggae stars as Dennis

Brown and Aswad, struggling without their lead singer, provided high points on the first two days.

Déjà vu returned in force with Melanie, who headlined on Friday night, belting out the coy, bouncy folk tunes that made her a Sixties heroine. Harmony broke down when a biker climbed on the stage and tried to ignite her with paraffin, but she fended him off.

Later she turned to the audience and said, "I'm 36 years old. Is there anyone out there older than me?" No problem? The camp site was full of so many parents that the festival set up a special children's playground,

complete with miniature steam train. And the welfare centre was working round the clock to deal with lost kids.

The punks provided the surreal element, wandering through the verdure in their ripped bondage trousers and black leather jackets. Punk is not really a pastoral style and the bill of fare offered few concessions to their taste with the exception of the talented young primeval funk band from Australia, Hunters and Collectors.

However, those who wandered over to the Hare Krishna tent to see their transcendental rock band would have found two lost heroines of Seventies rock:

on stage, dressed in silk robes with flowers in their hair surrounded by devotees with shaved heads, were Poly Styrene and Lora Logic. Poly Styrene wrote the punk anthem Oh Bondage, Up Yours! and she and Lora were both hailed as feminist heroines. But about two years ago they joined the Hare Krishna movement and when I left the tent they were singing a George Harrison song.

Women were badly under-represented at Glastonbury: that's one Sixties tradition that deserves to be scrapped. On the plus side was the egalitarian spirit of the billing, with no superstars and a triumphant final evening. Curtis Mayfield sang with undiminished purity and tenderness, as he moved through the Impressions' canon to Superfly and Move On Up. The night before, UB 40 had created a benevolent mood with their soothing pop reggae, but Mayfield had 25 years of musical history on his side — soul has always been the best vehicle for peace and love.

Many of the Glastonbury camp fires were packing up by the time King Sunny Ade came on stage. CND had gained its biggest single campaign contribution of the year; the Greenham Common women had been heckled on stage; and the two most unfashionable rock cults in Britain, punks and hippies, joined in brotherhood.

Tim Andrews, who created the festival's crystal-clear sound system, said cheerfully: "Glastonbury has had ten years of having the piss taken out of it . . . but we're all grooving on a new reality today. God's in charge." I was left with the feeling that the archetypal festival goer is still a shy, long-haired boy in baggy, flared trousers whose adventure of the year is lying on the grass, listening to the music and getting stoned out of his brain.

Still, as Sunny Ade brought the sound of Nigeria to the Somerset hills above Shepton Mallet one saw some of the promise of last year's WOMAD festival fulfilled: where a festival is not a blind exercise in self-congratulation but a meeting place for different worlds.

