



It was already there when we lived naked in huts. In 1969.

In 1969, the Volkswagen Van was already 22 years old. And 1969, well that was a great year when you were that age. A great year to dream; lying in the grass watching the moon while Armstrong and Aldrin were hopping around on it. A great year to dance naked in

the mud at Woodstock and put your clothes back on to walk the streets and protest the Vietnam war. A great year also to reread Kerouac who had just left the road for good, while listening to Abbey Road without knowing it would be the Beatles' last album. In France, it was

a great year not to give a darn about newly-elected president Pompidou, or the very first flight of Concorde, because in 1969 in France, we knew before anyone it would be the erotic year.



The Van is 60.





It has carried all the world's ideals. The door must not have been shut right.

Imagine all the people holding hands, the liberation of our comrades, sexual liberation, the end of capitalism, of profit, of oppression, the ongoing struggle, a free Vietnam, free love, the smell of incense burning, the smell of bras

burning, the smell of goat cheese and patchouli, Cuba si, nuclear no thanks, nan trugarez, nein danke, gurus, shamans, chakras, little red books, the road to Katmandu, to Goa, the road again, Afghan jackets, Indian shirts, Swedish pretty

hitchhikers, bell-bottoms, sheepskin vests... When you realize everything the VW Van has lost on the way, you wonder how its reputation has made it intact.



The Van is 60.





Of couse it's a VW Van, ask your dad.

Frankly, what else could it possibly be? Sure, your little nephew sees two blue cats picking flowers on the sides but he's only six. Of course; your cousin Harriet sees a huge heart in the middle but remember the poor thing only reads silly romance novels

and has lived alone 35 000 years. As for your cousin Oliver, he sees a horned mask--the type serial killers might wear. But your cousin Oliver is a pimply post-adolescent type whose main occupation is to watch horror movies when he's not feverishly paging throu-

gh magazines he hides under his bed. So who's right? It's your dad, a man of experience who knows what he talks about, and to whom, by the way, you should listen more often.



The Van is 60.





It's unusual to drive the vehicle you were conceived in.

Love was everywhere the year you were born. Love on sheepskins now moth-eaten. Love on thick pink polyester rugs now burned to ashes. Love in communes now long shut down. Love un-

der trees that were cut down since. Love on beaches now washed away, in countries with new names. Love without even taking off their now outdated clothes. Love on music nobody remembers and fol-

lowing gurus now turned realtors. Come to think of it, apart from you and the Volkswagen Van, there isn't much left of those years.



The Van is 60.





It belonged to a Trotskyist, a Maoist, a Democrat and a Republican without ever changing owners.

Everyone changes. We change opinions, we change for the left, we change for the right, we change governments, we change republics, we change diets, we change weight, we change haircuts, we change socks, we change underwear, we

change favorite colors, we change eating habits, we change religions, we change wives, we change for a man, we change to become a woman, we change for new energies, we change for sustainable development, we change doctors, we

change medicines, we change for change's sake because everyone changes. Except for your old Van: but for a few parts, it has remained just the same for 60 years.
The Van is 60.





We know, it's a shock.



The Van is 60.

