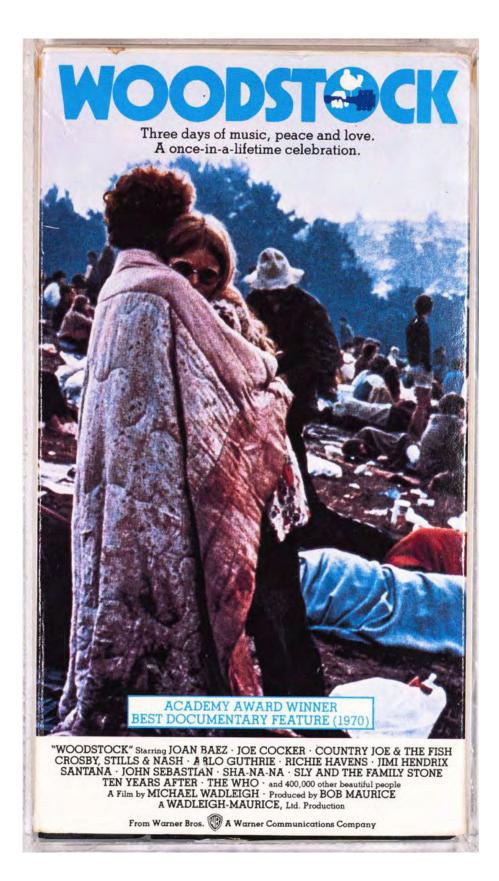
29-WOODSTOCK MOVIE



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Martin Scorsese, one of the editors, attests that "without the film, the concert would notbe morethan afootnote to the social and cultural history of the 1960s—represented by a still photo in a picture book, a line or two in the history books. What the movie did, and continues to do, ts distill the Woodstock experience, and, more important, keep it vibrant and alive."

More pertinent perhaps are the words of arch-druid and hippie chief Jerry Garcia: "Woodstock ... it's a Biblical epical unbelievable kindof thing!"

The quasi-celebrity status of Woodstock—the town, not the event—rests on the compelling myth of sacred ground which ignores the inconvenient truth that the festival actually happened elsewhere. Since moving to New York City in 2006, I have become a frequent visitor to Woodstock. Something draws me there. It is simultaneously compelling and repellent, in a word, *uncanny, *as the relations between "self" and "it" become charged.

– "Tie-Dye in my Arm," Mark Beasley, Bulletins of The Serving Library #4, 2012

VHS cassette, Woodstock Movie, 1992, 19.7 x 11.2 cm