

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



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Sam Taylor-Wood

1995-2007



Cover Image: *Self Portrait Suspended IV*, 2004, C-print 53 3/16 x 63 13/16 inches (135.6 x 162.8 centimeters) including frame. ©Sam Taylor-Wood
Back Cover Image: *Self Portrait Suspended VIII*, 2004, C-print 53 3/16 x 63 13/16 inches (135.6 x 162.8 centimeters) including frame. ©Sam Taylor-Wood

Margo A. Crutchfield

With contributing essays by
Barbara London
Linda Nochlin

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Sam Taylor-Wood
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In Context: Sam Taylor-Wood

Barbara London

Video emerged as an art form in the mid-1960s, when portable cameras appeared on the consumer market. The earliest activity was distinguished by an interdisciplinary approach, as artists had come from other mediums. The field gradually took shape as collectives formed around the sharing of the initial equipment and artists commandeered derelict industrial spaces for ad-hoc exhibitions. The first media projects were improvisational, often the byproduct of experimentation. During this "modernist" phase, artists explored the specific characteristics of video and gravitated toward ideas over beautiful images.

Back then, long before email, the pace was dramatically slower and contemporary art activities tended to be regional. Events were fewer and farther between, with just a handful of contemporary galleries and cutting-edge museum programs. Young curators culled up-to-date information by frequenting artist hangouts and reading the occasional, after-the-fact reports in such magazines as *Studio International* and *ArtForum*.

Video surfaced at a time of radical transformation in the arts. Painting was becoming three-dimensional; sculpture was morphing into immersive installations, often addressing the particulars of a specific venue or location. Actions carried out by artists alone in their studios—framed specifically for the camera lens—were captured first on Super-8 film and then on videotape. A few of the earliest media practitioners began their careers in music before switching to time-based visual media.

Avant-garde (experimental) media artists worked on the fringes of established systems. They showed their "real time" (editing video or Super-8 film was next to impossible) site-specific work in "alternative" spaces where visual art, music, and other performing arts melded into intermedia "happenings." Information spread through word of mouth. Video and filmmakers climbed dusty staircases with bulky cassettes and reels tucked under their arms and screened their latest pieces at impromptu show-and-tell events, often played back on monitors piled up on the floor for impact (projectors barely existed). They sent new work via parcel post to special events on the other side of the globe. Independently produced magazines with how-to articles had small circulations and reached pockets of media activists. Without a market, artists made videos in "unlimited editions" that reached art school students, festivals, as well as museum and library audiences.

During in the 1980s, portable video cameras proliferated yet were expensive and a bit too clunky to readily carry around. At the same time polish and glossy production values became the rage. (Some artists shot in 16 or 35 mm film for a denser image, which they transferred to video.) In the early 1990s, after more than a decade of high-end special effects being limited to expensive, exclusively commercial production studios, personal computers made effects and editing more accessible.

By the mid-1990s brighter, smaller, and cheaper projectors had become handy tools that offered new possibilities. Some artists—avid filmgoers—began deconstructing standard story-telling language. Wall-sized narrative video installations blossomed. At panoramic scale, the artists Shirin Neshat and Mary Lucier dealt with the mutability of memory over time. With the DVD as an exhibition format, dealers explored how to market media art in limited editions. Suddenly projection installations infiltrated biennials and contemporary survey shows.

At this time a young Sam Taylor-Wood graduated from Goldsmiths College where she experimented with video and photography. While at school she had become familiar with the in extremis actions of such artists as Paul McCarthy and Mike Kelley, and started to make unsettling narratives of her own. She struck an emotional chord with a straightforward approach that paralleled her London-based peers Tracey Emin and Gillian Wearing. The latest Hi-8 video cameras, again compact and user-friendly, gave this generation the freedom to experiment with media alone.

Taylor-Wood's *Travesty of a Mockery* (1995) consists of two large projections that mimic cinema's scale and surround sound. But unlike the conventional movie theater experience—viewers buy a ticket, take a seat, and as lights go down anticipate being carried away on a communal narrative ride—Taylor-Wood's installation is spatial. Viewers enter a darkened but seating-less gallery to engage with *Travesty of a Mockery*. They interact by moving closer to or farther away from the two contiguous projections, compelled as much by sound as by image to become involved.

Taylor-Wood structured *Travesty of a Mockery* using the episodic format of TV soap operas, whose ardent viewers anticipate cathartic emotional experiences. Portrayed side by side in distinctly separate projections, an enraged young couple emotes from their stage set kitchen. Against the backdrop of a refrigerator and a counter outfitted with provisions, the female protagonist occupies the left screen. She screams at her partner and tells him to leave, drinks a glass of milk, and then throws it and a frying pan over to his side. He yells back but remains in his barren space, his only prop a simple chair pushed up against a blank wall. Suddenly and aggressively, he barges over to her side, only to storm back to his again.

Tensions crescendo but stop abruptly as the work briefly fades to black, accompanied by abrasive static. It is as if someone is angrily tuning a radio, looking for a different music channel, which puts the tirade momentarily on pause and breaks the action up into short scenes. After ten minutes the work seamlessly loops back to its beginning; the man and woman are trapped forever by the Sisyphean patterns of their emotionally fraught relationship. Taylor-Wood turns what are usually considered private actions into something public, so familiar today with reality TV and Web cams.

Taylor-Wood takes her media work along two trajectories, now shooting most of her work on 35 mm film before transferring to video. She remains interested in the cinematic and distills her disconcerting stories down to their essence, something that in their lushness and brevity echoes what became vernacular in popular culture through advertising and music video. Her installations resonate with how fashion photographers Deborah de Tourbeville and Wolfgang Tillmans pack emotionally charged tensions in a single frame, and how filmmaker Atom Egoyan painstakingly draws tension out in his feature films. Working at projection-installation scale in the language of today's media landscape, Taylor-Wood connects with artists of her cinematically motivated

generation—Aernout Mik and Eija-Liisa Ahtila. Each develops human dramas so rooted in what could actually be, but sets up an ambiguity and abstraction that elicits tension from the distancing from the real.

Flat-panel digital displays became readily available and affordable only recently. Thin screens turn media works into objects that readily hang on the wall or sit on a table. Artists now make projects specifically for an intimate, one-on-one setting to be shown in museum gallery spaces and collectors' homes with ambient light. Taylor-Wood first began using this flat screen format in 2001, and embarked along with other artists, such as Bill Viola, in exploring traditional painting genres. Stillness and the memento mori became favored themes, exemplified by her *Still Life* (2001) and her portrait *David* (2004).

The tempo of communication accelerates with technology's daily upgrades, and artists operate in this continuum. With conviction and a deft eye, Sam Taylor-Wood devises evocative scenarios that reflect the emotionally charged media landscape of today. Her art revolves around image and ideas, and she encourages viewers to pause and reflect on life's essentials regardless of unmitigated change.

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In Context: Jane Taylor-Rand Baker-Land

The first of the two photographs in this section is a black and white photograph of a woman in a kitchen. She is wearing a light blue button-down shirt and dark pants. She is pointing her right index finger towards a small white refrigerator. The kitchen has a white brick wall and a wooden countertop. On the counter, there are several items including a blue pitcher, a white pitcher, and some fruit. The woman has a surprised or excited expression on her face.

The second photograph in this section is a black and white photograph of a man in a room. He is wearing a dark t-shirt and dark pants. He is standing in front of a whiteboard and pointing his right index finger upwards. A wooden chair is visible behind him. The man has a focused expression on his face.

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Sequence of works on previous pages

Travesty of a Mockery, 1995
Two-channel projection
Duration: 10 minutes

48 *Hysteria, 1997*
16 mm film /DVD projection
Duration: 8 minutes

Self Portrait as a Tree, 2000
C-print
29 3/4 x 35 4/5 inches (75.6 x 91
centimeters)
Heather and Tony Podesta Collection

*Self Portrait in a Single Breasted Suit
with Hare, 2001*
C-print
63 3/8 x 44 1/2 inches
(161 x 113 centimeters) including frame
Collection of Ninah and Michael Lynne

Pietà, 2001
35 mm film/DVD projection
Duration: 1 minute 57 seconds
Heather and Tony Podesta Collection

Still Life, 2001
35 mm film/DVD
Duration: 3 minutes 44 seconds
Private Collection, San Francisco

A Little Death, 2002
35 mm film/DVD
Duration: 4 minutes
Collection of Barbara Bluhm and Don Kaul

Ascension, 2003
35 mm film/DVD projection
Duration: 4 minutes 15 seconds
Heather and Tony Podesta Collection

WHEN THE STARS WEEP

Linda Nochlin

Sam Taylor-Wood's "Crying Men" is exactly that: a series of large-scale photographs, in color and black and white, of moist-eyed men facing the camera. Just men—except they all happen to be movie stars.

Paul Newman looks at us directly but veils most of the right side of his face with three outstretched fingers. His left eye, though revealed, has to work through a barrier of shadow to reach us. We are aware of the heavy ring, like the lock on a protective gate, circling his third finger, bearing the number 1, and of the network of wrinkles—no actress would ever allow them—that score his beauty with pathos. Willem Dafoe, red shirt blazing, hair tousled, covers his emotion with a diagonal sweep of his arm. Jude Law takes to grief passively but tellingly, huddled in a corner, legs drawn up, arms akimbo, a deep crease down his forehead, in a shot that is mostly moodily shaded blank wall. Kris Kristofferson, like Newman, confronts us directly, his wrinkles compressed. His expression is ambiguous, hovering between the serious and the heartbroken; we hardly know he is crying until we glimpse the drops of moisture beading his eyelids.

Benicio Del Toro stands to one side of a curtained window, dark against light, head lowered, hair tumbled, shirt open, eyes lowered, brow furrowed, lips parted, as though experiencing an emotion beyond utterance. Dustin Hoffman's sorrow is stoically withheld. His grief is diffidently contained within the dark silhouette of his naked arms and torso. Hunched over a white table, vulnerable and desolate, he lowers his eyes, as though refusing, or unable, to engage with the spectator. Laurence Fishburne gets into the crying game wholeheartedly: he is centrally and symmetrically planted in his bathroom, clutching the revers of a brown bathrobe, his head set off by a circular window, like a dark Buddha or a saint with a halo, perceptibly weeping. Robin Williams, scarcely recognizable, his clasped hands masking his mouth, sits facing us, the elbows of his shapely arms covered with a disconcerting mane of black hair, resting on his knees, the funny man ironically playing the man of sorrows. Robert Downey Jr. doesn't let grief interfere with sensual self-display: he mourns lying down and lightly draped, smooth-skinned and hairless, like a male odalisque or an epicene martyr, his arm raised provocatively over his head, his torso saucily twisted. Two older actors, on the other hand, Ed Harris and Michael Gambon, give their all to the task of sorrow. Their timeworn faces become maps of remembered feeling, sorrow-in-itself, as it were, a self-confrontation rather than a mere posing for an assignment.

are not men crying over real tragedies, personal losses; these are just good actors obeying the director's orders and performing. The woman artist has control over these powerful males; they weep at her bidding.

Yet the grief portrayed is real, in a way—convincing the way a good film is convincing. Does it matter that the onscreen stuff that makes us blub—Bogart saying goodbye to Bergman at the plane, juicy death scenes—is "only" acting? Aren't these images in many ways more moving, more tear-jerking, than most things we experience in life? That's not because the scenes are real, any more than Paul Newman's sorrow in Taylor-Wood's photograph is real; it's because of the acting. It's acting that makes me share Gambon's assumed pain, that makes me wonder what is touching Newman's heart—that makes me want to give Law a good hug, cheer him up a bit.

Maybe something more than mere sympathy is at stake here? But that's the point with movie actors crying, at any rate for a woman viewer, isn't it? They're so sexy when they're sad, these beautiful men. Their tears make them still more alluring. Their laughter wouldn't be half as seductive. Men crying: that's what's really interesting about this series, what draws us back to the images again and again.

The theme of men crying has resonances in social history, in ideas about gender difference, and most specifically in the context of Taylor-Wood's work in general, an oeuvre in which male vulnerability has played an important role from the start. Men aren't supposed to cry in public, nor too much in private, either. This regulation has eased up a little in recent years, but male weeping is generally viewed with disfavor—it is seen as a sign of moral and psychological weakness, of "effeminacy." The stiff upper lip, the lowered head, the furtive tear, the consolatory handclasp: in the male of the species, these are the substitutes for the outright expression of painful emotion. The past of Hollywood is marked by the ascendancy of the strong silent type: Gary Cooper didn't cry, and a tear-streaked John Wayne is almost unthinkable. Although crying is more permissible in our day than it was in theirs, it is still unusual to see men crying in public, despite the cult of male sensitivity. Men weeping in public are somehow an embarrassment.

As a series, "Crying Men" is brilliant, multilayered, and provocative. Consisting of twenty-eight large-scale photographs, twenty-two in color, six in black and white, it arouses potent desires, both aesthetic and personal, in the viewer. At the same time that these images arouse desire, however, they leave it unsatisfied. Or to put it another way: you begin by feeling you can get close to these captivating male stars, but it turns out that you can't. You are always kept at a distance, frustrated in your need for intimacy.

As a series, these photographs raise questions perhaps ultimately unanswerable. Why, for instance, is it "crying men," not "crying women," or "crying men and women"? The gender of the portraits is central to their impact, as is the fact that they are documents of portraiture, not journalism. What does it mean that famous men are doing the crying, not just the man on the street—the man on the street in Baghdad or Sarajevo, for instance, who may have just lost his wife and children, or the soldier who has lost his best buddy? We have seen plenty of those pictures recently. And it certainly must matter that these are famous actors, men whose profession it is to perform a role, to express feelings on command. The mark of a good actor or actress is indeed the ability to cry on command, I am told. These are portraits of men who were told they had to cry in order to have their portraits taken by a famous artist—and all of them rose to the occasion.

For the most part, though, crying never distorts these handsome faces; the sitters may protect the glamour of their famous looks with hands or shadows, but they are always recognizable, and they don't grimace with emotional pain, as people caught by news photographers may do. Deliberately and from the start, Taylor-Wood lets us know that this is not heartrending documentary; these

Of course it hasn't always been this way. The heroes of the Old Testament and of classical antiquity poured forth buckets of tears on the slightest provocation. Tom Lutz, author of *Crying: The Natural and Cultural History of Tears*, notes that "Odysseus is hailed as a great warrior when he cries in almost every chapter of Homer's Iliad. And in the sixteenth century, sobbing openly at a play, opera or symphony was considered appropriately sensitive for men and women alike."¹ Johan Huizinga, the great historian of the late medieval period, points out that in the fifteenth century a surplus of tears came not only from great mourning, a vigorous sermon, or the mysteries of the faith. Each secular festival also unleashed a flood of tears. An envoy from the King of France to Philip the Good repeatedly breaks into tears during his address. When young John of Coimbra is given his farewell at the Burgundian Court, everyone weeps loudly, just as happened on the occasion when the Dauphin was welcomed or during the meeting of the Kings of England and France at Ardres. King Louis XI was observed to shed tears while making his entry into Arras; during his time as Crown Prince at the court of Burgundy, he is described by Chastellain as sobbing or crying on several occasions.²

For Lutz, the clandestine nature of manly sobbing is a modern phenomenon. It was the Industrial Revolution, he believes, that dried up the well of masculine tears, making a controlled, efficient, non-expressive demeanor a necessity for membership in bourgeois society:

Weeping itself became the problem rather than a reaction to a problem. Anger and stress became the substitute for tears—an attitude that persists to this day. Hardheadedness, what psychologists call "restricted emotionality," is still the paradigm for businessmen. If you cry you're weak, a bit of a Jessie.³

Apparently the same Industrial Revolution that took away men's permission to wear gorgeous, gaudy, sensuous silks, brocades, and lace, and to show off their well-turned calves in satin breeches, deprived them of the privilege of crying as well.

Taylor-Wood, then, is confronting a subject that has been underground, aberrant, until very recently. Yet "Crying Men" is far from her first engagement with the subject of vulnerable, seductive men—nor will it be her last. The figure of the vulnerable, even abject male is a constant theme in her work, although it takes different forms at different times. Earlier in Taylor-Wood's career, in the perverse and highly original updating of historical prototypes that constituted much of the "Soliloquy" series, dead men played an essential role. *Soliloquy I* (1998) shows its handsome young protagonist dead on a rumpled studio couch, his hair cascading down his forehead, his right arm limply dropping to the floor. The image is of course an updated takeoff on the British Pre-Raphaelite painter Henry Wallis's famous *Death of Chatterton* of 1854 (itself a British genre version of David's neoclassical *Death of Marat* of 1793), representing the young poet's suicide in a miserable attic, a death brought about by artistic failure and a self-administered dose of arsenic. Taylor-Wood's large photograph is far more ambiguous in its implications, an ambiguity reinforced by its accompanying predella, a panoramic 360-degree representation of contemporary men and women in a fantastically baroque interior. (The same "Chatterton" figure, incidentally, appears in a much livelier, multfigured context in Taylor-Wood's *Five Revolutionary Seconds XIII* of 1998.) Another work in the series, *Soliloquy VII* (1998), is a startlingly foreshortened modern version of Mantegna's late-fifteenth-century *Dead Christ*, using the technology of the modern C-type color print to increase its dramatic rush of linear perspective, and making the image even stranger—and deader—by coupling it with a peaceful landscape predella, so that the corpse's feet, enlarged and creased, seem to hang over the sunny bucolic panorama below.

The dead Christ, universal paradigm of male vulnerability, makes his appearance again in Taylor-Wood's *Pietà* (2001), a slow-motion film, about two minutes long, in which the artist herself plays the role of the Virgin Mary, lifting and lowering, with some difficulty, the inert body of the actor Robert Downey Jr., partially and inappropriately clad in un-Christlike trousers but in a pose that might have served as a prototype for his not dissimilar role in "Crying Men." A more ambiguous work from the same period is a small photograph of a beautiful strawberry-blond nude in profile, and in a pose descended from Holbein's *Dead Christ* (1521). Teasingly, Taylor-Wood's figure could be either male or female, but in the context of her *Passion Cycle* (2002) (passion both in both the sexual and liturgical sense), in which it was shown, it functioned at least in my eyes as a vulnerable and seductive young male.

adoring nymph Echo (1628-1630). According to Ovid, Narcissus was punished for admiring his own reflection too much, but who could blame him? Lying in a position not unlike that of Beckham in Taylor-Wood's video, Narcissus reveals the beauty of his lifeless form to the spectator, as the contemporary artist reveals that of her modern idol. One could even say that the spectator—in this case myself on the floor of the National Portrait Gallery—is given the place of the admiring nymph in Poussin's painting. Is Beckham really sleeping? Does it matter, any more than the fact that the "Crying Men" are faking it? What matters is the work, in the end, and the potent emotional disturbance it gives rise to in those, like myself, who are seduced by the charms of the flesh presented under optimum conditions. As in so many of Taylor-Wood's works, including the "Crying Men," little touches of beauty's other—the ugly, animalistic side of the human male—enhance the visceral impact of the image, touches like the bristling black hair covering Beckham's shapely arms (see Robin Williams in the "Crying" series). Apollo and Dionysus are combined in a single mortal man, with shades of Nietzsche's theory of tragedy.

"Crying Men" is itself a part of a triad of works expressing, it would seem to me, different aspects of the human condition. The other two parts are, *Self Portrait Suspended* (2004), showing Taylor-Wood mysteriously suspended above the ground in a series of gravity-defying poses; and a short video, *Ascension* (2003), in which one man lies flat on the ground while another, with Ray Bolger-esque flexibility, tap-dances directly above him, a white dove ludicrously perched on his head and finally taking off for the great beyond. The three pieces together are ripe for allegory, even allegory with spiritual implications.

Surely the crying men represent all that is dark and earthbound, the misery, real or imaginary, tying us to our terrestrial fate. The trio of prone male figure, dancing man, and white dove is a grotesque, Bakhtinian parody of the Holy Trinity, and of would-be creative freedom. Only the artist herself, precariously suspended somewhere between the floor of her studio and its ceiling, between heaven and earth, accepting this intermediary position and its difficulty, attains a kind of freedom, finding, in the words of my student Jovana Stocik, "an uninhabited and uninhibited place—her own studio, but above the ground." Hers is the difficult position of grace.

Taylor-Wood has captured still another type of vulnerable man with her camera recently, and he is neither crying nor dead, but sleeping. And it is not a still camera that records his slumber, but video. An hour-and-seven-minute-long moving picture of a man whose only movement is the twitch of an eyelid, or the languorous drift of an arm to shadowy, unseen nether regions, may seem a redundant reversion to outmoded Warholian tactics of overwhelming boredom, but this motionless man is well worth watching asleep over the course of an hour, for he is literally a sleeping beauty. I am referring, of course, to Taylor-Wood's notorious video portrait of the world-famous soccer star and sports idol David Beckham, filmed in one continuous shot, and recently installed in a darkened alcove of London's National Portrait Gallery. Not much happens in this filmic portrait, titled simply *David* (2004), before which I planted myself, seated on the floor, for half-hour segments. But when, for example, the unconscious Beckham moves his right arm to reveal one of his most recent tattoos, "Angel II," on his right shoulder and bicep, it is momentous. And of course one constantly wonders what is going on in our hero's unseen nether regions.

Reviewers have criticized *David* for failing to live up to Michelangelo's statue of the same name, or to the video's purported prototype, the same artist's *Night on the Medici Tomb* (1526-1533). Taylor-Wood herself opts for realism: "I wanted to create a direct, closely observed study. Filming while he was asleep produces a different view from the many familiar public images."⁴ Yet at least two images from the high art of the past are imbricated in Taylor-Wood's image of the sleeping Beckham and his godlike beauty. One is Girodet's *Endymion* (1791) in the Louvre, which plays light and shadow over the ravishing form of the sleeping nude youth with similar effectiveness, and the other is Poussin's painting of Narcissus—dead rather than sleeping—watched over by the

Endnotes

When the Stars Weep by Linda Nochlin was first published in *Sam Taylor-Wood Crying Men* (Gottingen: Mathew Marks Gallery, White Cube and Steidl, 2004.)

1. Tom Lutz, *Crying: The Natural and Cultural History of Tears* (New York: W.W. Norton, 2001), quoted in Stuart Husband, "Big Boys Do Cry," *The Observer*, April 20, 2003, online at <http://observer.guardian.co.uk/review/story/0,6903,939758,00.html>
2. Johan Huizinga, *The Autumn of the Middle Ages*, 1919, Eng. trans. J. Payton and U. Mammitzsch (Chicago: at the University Press, 1996), p. 8.
3. Lutz, *Crying*, in Husband, "Big Boys Do Cry."
4. Sam Taylor-Wood, at <http://news.bbc.co.uk/a/hi/entertainment/3661245.stm>

Authors

Margo A. Crutchfield's curatorial career has focused on presenting current, adventurous work by a range of emerging to established regional, national, and international artists. She is Senior Curator at the Museum of Contemporary Art Cleveland, having held positions as Associate Curator of 20th-Century Art at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, as well as Assistant Curator and Interim Director at the Aspen Art Museum. Among the many exhibitions she has curated are the first solo museum exhibitions by such artists as Diana Cooper, Ingrid Calame, Hiraki Sawa, Tara Donovan, and Kori Newkirk, and group exhibitions such as *All Digital* (new media artists Charles Sandison, Lynn Hershman, John Simon, and others) and *Material Witness* (Santiago Sierra, Jun Nyugen-Hatsushiba, Johnny Coleman, Laylah Ali, and others). At the Virginia Museum she curated the *Martin Puryear* exhibition (traveled nationally in 2001–2002), as well as exhibitions by Beverly Semmes, Alison Saar, Philip Guston, Mimmo Paladino, and Magdalena Abakanowicz, among many others.

Curator **Barbara London** founded the Museum of Modern Art's video exhibition program and has guided it over a long pioneering career. She helped assemble MoMA's premiere media collection. Her recent activity includes *Automatic Update*, a show drawn from technology of the last decade with work by Cory Arcangel, Xu Bing, Rafael Lozano-Hemmer, Jennifer and Kevin McCoy, and Paul Pfeiffer; *River of Crime*, a community online project with the Residents, an avant-garde group that makes music as well as art; *Stillness: Michael Snow and Sam Taylor-*

Wood; Anime!!; Masters of Animation: Hayao Miyazaki and Isao Takahata; Music and Media, with Laurie Anderson/Greil Marcus, Michel Gondry/Ed Halter, and Brian Eno/Todd Haynes; Gary Hill's installation *Hand HearD*; *TimeStream*, a Web commission by Tony Oursler; and a series of Web projects undertaken in China, Russia, and Japan. She founded the "Video Viewpoints series" (1977–2001), in which artists discussed their work. She received Bunkacho and NEA fellowships to investigate electronic technologies and their effects on the arts in Japan. She has written and lectured widely.

Linda Nochlin is the Lila Acheson Wallace Professor of Modern Art at the Institute of Fine Arts at New York University. She has published widely in the fields of 19th- and 20th-century art as well as contemporary art and is considered a leader in feminist art history studies. Her most recent book is *Courbet*, published by Thames and Hudson; her book *Realism* is a classic text in the field. In addition to teaching at NYU, Yale University, the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, and Vassar College, Nochlin has curated a number of exhibitions, including *Women Artists: 1550–1950* (1976, with Anne Suntherland Harris, Los Angeles County Museum of Art) and *Global Feminisms* (2007, with Maura Reilly, Brooklyn Museum of Art). She recently wrote a catalogue essay for the Louise Bourgeois exhibition at Tate Modern and an essay, "Renoir's Men," for a forthcoming Renoir exhibition in Rome.