

I Have a Friend Who Knows Someone Who Bought a Video, Once On Collecting Video Art

A project by: LOOP Barcelona (Emilio Álvarez and Carlos Duran)

Coordinated by: Carolina Ciuti

Published by: Mousse Publishing

Back cover image

Keren Cytter, still from *Video Art Manual*, 2011

© Courtesy the artist

Table of Contents

First Chapter

Time-Based Media Enter Public Museums...

- 10 Buying Time
Barbara London
- 24 A Critical Cinema: The Model for a New Museum
Carles Guerra in conversation with Manuel Borja-Villel

Second Chapter

...and Private Collections

- 38 Psychoanalyzing the Collector
Haro Cumbusyan

In Conversation with the Players:
A Series of Interviews
- 48 Julia Stoschek: The Time Traveler
- 54 Marc and Josée Gensollen: Two Collecting the Intangible
- 60 Patrizia Sandretto Re Rebaudengo:
The Twenty-First Century Patron
- 68 Han Nefkens: The De-Collector

Interludes

- 76 Collecting Stories: On Production and Adaptation to Forms of Life
Sandra Terdjman
- 82 Are You Ready for the Underground Collectors?
No, and Neither Are Them
Giselle Beiguelman

Third Chapter

Video Art, Its Market and Distribution: An Unresolved Debate

- 90 The Limited Edition: Old Problems and New Possibilities
Erika Balsom
- 104 A Few Legal and Economic Questions
Egbert Dommering
- 110 Video Art's Secondary Market
Elena Vozmediano
- 120 Even Outer Space: An Alternative Model Across Time
Lori Zippay
- 128 The Right Time to Rethink the Structure
Alain Servais

Artistic Creation Facing Collecting

- 148 Video Art Manual
Keren Cytter in conversation with Jean-Conrad Lemaître
- 156 Erick Beltrán
The Moving Picture Machine

Buying Time

Barbara London

Barbara London is a New York-based curator, consultant, and writer who founded the video exhibition and collection programs at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, where she worked between 1973 and 2013. During her tenure she oversaw the acquisition of more than five hundred works of media art, including installations, single-channel videotapes, and music videos. Currently she teaches at Yale University's School of Art and is writing a book on video.

I joined the then-small staff of New York's Museum of Modern Art in the early 1970s. Evenings I caught in-house screenings of films by Michael Snow, Shirley Clarke, and Anthony McCall, which were entering the film archive collection. Over lunch break, I stood immersed in Pablo Picasso's mural-size *Guernica* (1937). I had the antiwar masterwork to myself, a few years before the painting's return to Spain. The museum was a quiet sanctuary with a rarified audience.

Back then, MoMA's curatorial departments operated as medium-specific strongholds of the twentieth century: painting and sculpture, architecture and design, prints and illustrated books, and drawings, with photography on the rise. The film department, with its isolated four-hundred-seat theater built in 1935, had its own art history and discrete audience.

As a bright-eyed junior curator, the hot potatoes that my colleagues considered questionable drew me in. I cast my fate and set sail on the rising sea of video. I gravitated toward artists who picked up the bulky portable video cameras that had recently appeared on the consumer market. These instigators gamely messed with the audiovisual signal.

The museum launched the first-ever ongoing video exhibition program. The medium's interloper status meant that I operated under the umbrella of *Projects*, the exhibition series devoted to the up-and-coming installation. Later the department of film took me in. Experimental film and video shared conceptual, countercultural motivations rather than technical characteristics. For decades, moving image practitioners remained divided into two distrustful camps—old guard cineastes versus analog gatecrashers.

Video as art was taking off in many directions. To outsiders, the field was an exuberant, confusing hodgepodge created by independents working outside of and vociferously against tightly controlled systems—namely, museums and broadcast television. I had a clean slate, and learned every aspect of being a curator on the job.

I picked up magazines founded by artists, including *Radical Software* and *Avalanche*. Given the general lack of writing about video, the only way to gather information was to attend screenings announced in offset flyers slapped onto telephone poles downtown. I climbed dark stairs along with the featured makers, who carried their latest videotapes tucked under their arms. After screenings, conversations

continued over a beer.

Saturdays I stopped by Jaap Reitman's SoHo bookstore to see the stacks of exhibition catalogues just in from Europe. Poring over the books, I would run into Joan Jonas, Peter Campus, Vito Acconci, or Juan Downey, artists who had brought the early consumer video and surveillance cameras into their studios. They challenged convention. Before then, video had been restricted to the broadcast studio with its gorilla of a two-hundred-pound camera.

Colleagues often called me "catholic" as I sorted through everything classified as independent video—that is, video by (not about) artists. Deciphering the emerging field, I took an inclusive approach, using MoMA's venerable collection as my guide. Generally lumped together in one big grab bag, I considered documentary videos, such as Downtown Community TV Center's *Cuba the People* (1974), in the context of Dorothea Lange's Depression-era photographs of migrant farmworkers. I related the early music videos David Bowie made with Mick Rock to innovative commercial posters designed by Tadanori Yokoo. I saw Joan Jonas's videotape *Vertical Roll* (1972) as the offspring of Maya Deren's film *Meshes in an Afternoon* (1943).

Video gained the gravitas enjoyed by MoMA's other curatorial departments when in 1975 recent acquisitions became a category for shows I organized. Museumgoers encountered the growing collection of single-channel video thanks to the support of the newly formed video advisory committee. The committee officially met several times a year to review, approve, and muster funds to acquire artists' tapes that I selected. The committee included MoMA's director, several senior curators, trustees such as Mrs. Blanche Rockefeller, a few collectors of edgier art, and the former science fiction illustrator turned video artist Ed Emshwiller, who later became a dean at California Institute of the Arts. We started with Nam June Paik's *Global Groove* (1973), an unlimited-edition tape, for \$250. Shortly thereafter we acquired what are now considered video classics by Bruce Nauman, John Baldessari, Peter Campus, Joan Jonas, Lynda Benglis, Martha Rosler, William Wegman, and Vito Acconci.

Other museums waited decades before acquiring time-based video art. At the start, private collectors were few and far between, one exception being the Los Angeles-based couple Stanley and Elyse Grinstein, who had a Richard Serra sculpture in their backyard.

Decades later, Pamela and Richard Kramlich in San Francisco, Ingild Goetz in Munich, and Julia Stoschek in Dusseldorf intrepidly built contemporary collections around video by artists.

When I started out, "video curator" was a new phenomenon. In a field without history, I considered myself an archaeologist excavating the present. I worked side by side with artists and deciphered their influences, interested in connections among collaborating friends. The shows I organized defined the lively terrain.

I prepared for the future. Along with organizing exhibitions and acquisitions of video as art, I saved every paper an artist gave me—bios, press releases, announcement cards, technical schematics, photos, and notes based on what someone told me about the look, feel, and concept behind a work. Assembling primary reference materials at the moment a work is made means that a fuller picture of an original can be drawn later. These artist files now are maintained by MoMA's library.

From the start I had helpful coaches. Senior curator Kynaston McShine took me aside one day. He warned that I would best understand work by artists my age, our DNA being specific to the 1960s. My generation saw Elvis grind and the Beatles harmonize in early appearances on Ed Sullivan's variety TV show. I followed McShine's advice, and over the years have kept an ear to the ground, eager to decipher new vocabularies. This required regular visits to artists' studios, augmented with teaching a media art history course to budding artists, first at NYU and later at Yale University.

Initially I insisted that my students watch all sixty minutes of Bruce Nauman's unlimited-edition video *Lip Sync* (1969). Nauman had positioned a video camera upside down and centered it on his face. Lips and nose became gross caricatures, exhibited on a boxy monitor, the scale establishing a one-to-one relationship between artist and viewer. The artist's life-size visage is framed by earmuff headphones. He listens to and tries to repeat his just-stated and thus slightly delayed phrase "lip sync." He does this over and over until the original sixty-minute half-inch open-reel videotape ends. Many in the class fidgeted and one stormed out, but most got caught up with Nauman's concentration and occasional failure to stay focused.

As video curator I was a one-woman operation, an interpreter of an unruly domain that I introduced uptown. MoMA allocated a small gallery. I had

the support of MoMA trustee William Paley, the art collector and founder of a broadcast empire. He instructed his CBS television engineers to train me and MoMA's two film projectionists. One afternoon, the three of us walked across Fifty-Third Street to Paley's Black Rock headquarters. We learned how to take apart our new three-quarter-inch cassette deck purchased with a small grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. From then on we cleaned the gummed-up heads and removed the frequently jammed videotape playing in the now-ongoing video exhibition series. Regularly stopping by to check that the machines were functioning properly, I often found young lovers seated on a bench making out, or children's toys on the floor.

One afternoon on the Upper East Side I saw Peter Campus's viewer-activated work at Bykert Gallery. Campus created his minimal installation *aen* (1975) with an inconspicuously placed camera, a tiny light, and a then-hard-to-come-by video projector. I was startled to encounter a somber upside-down live image of my own face cast directly on the gallery wall. The chiaroscuro appeared stark and the mood as brooding as a Rembrandt portrait, but updated to "now." I quickly brought *aen* into MoMA as a *Projects* exhibition. The acquisition was delayed due to a mandate that we wait at least five years before purchasing the work of an emerging artist. In the meantime, video cameras and projectors had improved and cost much less. Not being tied to a particular set of retro video equipment meant that Campus's early installation was bound to a concept and not to a specific technology.

Conceptual art was one of video's early tributaries. Art writers and contemporary curators had already endorsed these artists' works in other mediums. Vito Acconci and his peers used the new portable gear to perform alone, tracking and framing their actions on a monitor screen—a kind of mirror—simultaneous to recording. Acconci started out with video's precursor, a small Super8 film camera. He would record and then drop off his ten-minute films at a nearby drugstore to be developed. Once he received back by mail the Super8 cassette, he would then show the work on a small, unobtrusive projector that required minimal maintenance.

Acconci participated in a series of early "media" exhibitions at the Finch College Museum of Art. Elaine Varian, the well-to-do Upper East Side wife of a retired army colonel, initiated the school's

contemporary exhibition program while teaching art appreciation at the finishing school. (Her students included Grace Slick and Tricia Nixon Cox.) Befriended by the artist Mel Bochner, Varian turned away from conventional landscape painting to cerebral art by the downtown avant-garde. She organized shows with slide, film, and video by Acconci and others. (The school closed in 1976, and its buildings turned into pricey condominiums.)

A few blocks south of Finch, Ronald Feldman presided over his gallery in an elegant townhouse. Interested in knowing more about California, an area alien to me as a native New Yorker, I stopped by to see the Los Angeles-based Chris Burden's show. The artist lived for an entire week prone, high up on a ledge attached to one of the gallery walls. Burden confronted "real time" and the marketplace with his intangible, uncollectible action.

Shortly before, Burden had paid for one week of a prime-time TV advertising slot and broadcast a ten-second clip of his performance *Through the Night Softly* (1973). Startled viewers saw him crawl bare-chested over fifty feet of broken glass strewn across a busy Los Angeles street at night. Television upped Burden's ante: 250,000 people a night saw his video stick out like a sore thumb.

In 1975 Feldman released Burden's short "commercial" with several of the artist's other performance documents as a limited-edition videotape. This made Burden's video a multiple in the tradition of etchings and lithographs. Few collectors were prepared to pay the high price. Most were interested in contemporary art as a tangible object with resale potential, rather than in buying into a time-based work whose technology would be in perpetual need of upgrade.

Pushing the limits of the physical body cast Burden, Acconci, and others into a grab-bag category labeled "body art." The San Francisco artist Terry Fox explored his body as activator through a Rube Goldberg kind of cause-and-effect, extended-action performance work. I had to smile upon seeing his *Children's Tapes* (1974), in which he sets in motion a landscape of household objects. Fox distributed his tape as an unlimited edition, reaching art school and museum audiences.

Unlimited-edition video received a boost in the early 1970s when Leo Castelli opened his gallery at 420 West Broadway in a then-desolate

SoHo. I would step off the elevator and chat with an accommodating staff that stood behind the tall counter with press releases and catalogs. I received a crucial document—a copy of the Castelli-Sonnabend Tapes and Films catalog, with insightful texts written by prominent art and film theorists.

Astute titans, Leo Castelli and Ileana Sonnabend stood at the pinnacle of the contemporary art gallery pyramid. Once married and still close, each represented distinguished artists. In their early seventies they formed Castelli-Sonnabend Tapes and Films. Both wanted to be remembered for perspicacity and foresight. What better way to be progressive than by supporting their stable of eminent young artists' experimental use of moving image mediums? They helped to make "buying time" a little more acceptable to curators and collectors.

I walked through an early roundup film exhibition—including work by Lynda Benglis, John Chamberlain, Hermine Freed, Joan Jonas, Paul Kos, Dickie Landry, Andy Mann, Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, and Richard Serra—and entered the offices and private showroom at the back of the spacious gallery. Seated at his prominently situated desk, the urbane Leo Castelli graciously greeted me. I disappeared into a tiny, airless closet of a viewing room, where over the next decade I spent long afternoons previewing unlimited-edition independent videos that I programmed and added to MoMA's collection.

Castelli-Sonnabend, ahead of its time, lasted fifteen years. The work they released as unlimited editions at low rental fees to museums and art schools did not prove lucrative enough as a private business to maintain a staff and preservation materials.

Often I walked up a flight from Castelli to chat with Ileana Sonnabend. One Saturday I made my way through an afternoon crowd to see her show with Gilbert and George. Outfitted in identical tweed suits, their skin covered in gold, the London-based duo gesticulated, robotlike, while standing on a small table and lip-syncing *Underneath the Arches*, a vaudeville classic performed at middle-class resorts on England's seaside. The satirical spin of these living sculptors with measured movements and faces devoid of emotion confounded me as much as it knocked the socks off a few others. Die-hards were holding on to Conceptual and Minimal tenets, despite the fact that the categories were becoming outdated.

In an early MoMA video exhibition, I featured Gilbert and George's baroque videos *Gordon's Makes Us Drunk* (1972), *Portrait of the Artists as Young Men* (1972), and *In the Bush* (1972). The mild-seeming actions performed just for the camera were meant to disturb middle-class equanimity. The London dealer Nigel Greenwood had recently released Gilbert and George's videos in a limited edition of twenty-five—an anathema idea then. Rare book collectors understood the model, but technophobic contemporary collectors were skittish about the price (around US \$10,000). Greenwood graciously provided a sub-master of the three tapes. I then bargained with a New Jersey-based production facility to transfer them from the European standard of 625 lines to the American 525. The artists subsequently donated the videos to MoMA.

I paired Gilbert and George's videos with Rebecca Horn's *Performance 2: Masks* (1973), in which she wears a kind of helmet with sharp protruding pencils. As she brushes her face against a wall, she draws. I liked the dichotomy between the savagery and simplicity in her intimate action. We had just met at *Project 74*, the Cologne Kunstverein's early video installation exhibition organized by Wulf Herzogenrath. Participating artists made new work on the spot, including Joan Jonas and VALIE EXPORT. Acconci recently commented that this was the generation that didn't travel packed with art to sell: "We were the ones who made things up on the spot, we did so-called performances and installations that were thrown away—out with the garbage—once we were through with them."¹

Video fused with performance, sometimes as straightforward documentation. In 1974 I made several visits to Joseph Beuys's three-day cohabitation with a coyote. Ostensibly both were caged together like zoo animals at René Block's upstairs SoHo gallery. Entitled *I Like America and America Likes Me*, the actual event and the thirty-minute video document begin with Beuys landing at JFK airport, being wrapped in his signature felt, and arriving at Block's in an ambulance. Beuys departed the same way. Time was measured in daily issues of the *New York Times*, which piled up. Bearing his shepherd's staff and hidden partly by his felt cloak, in the video Beuys and the coyote pace, doze, and generally ignore each other.

Barbara London

¹ Vito Acconci, "Chris Burden", *Artforum* (September 2015).

Straightaway I added the promptly edited Beuys tape to an exhibition and to the collection. The video perpetuates the inscrutable artist's invincible legend. What few knew was that when the gallery closed at 6 p.m., Beuys left the cage and retreated to an elegant dinner party upstairs in Block's apartment.

Standing diametrically opposite Conceptual art proponents was Howard Wise. This businessman-collector championed art and technology. He opened a gallery on Manhattan's Fifty-Seventh Street, and turned from painting to emphasize kinetic art. Occasionally I saw an ornery side of Wise. He lamented the limited impact he had on museum directors and curators, who put more value on content than on new technologies.

Wise presented *TV as a Creative Medium* in 1969, the first exhibition in the United States to focus on video as art. He included Nam June Paik's *Participation TV* (1969) and Charlotte Moorman's first performance of Paik's *TV Bra for Living Sculpture* (1969). MoMA's then-director, René d'Harnoncourt, was curious and stopped by.

Moorman was glamorous and always fun. We laughed as I once helped zip her into a low-cut evening gown for a performance. A brilliant musician as well as Paik's muse, she was an important player in New York's experimental scene. As the tireless curator-impresario of the annual Avant-Garde Festival, she featured some of the earliest video performances and installations by interdisciplinary artists outside the "high art" circuit.

I first met Nam June Paik when he called out a cheery hello: I had just boarded a bus and sat down a row ahead of him. We were en route from his solo exhibition at the Everson Museum, headed across town to Synapse, Syracuse University's facility set up in the manner of a professional television studio for art students' exclusive use. Paik's young assistant at the Everson, Bill Viola, demonstrated the one-inch editing equipment he used to make his recently completed tape *Information* (1973).

For many years Paik functioned as a cultural attaché, a spokesperson for video. Many benefited from him acting as go-between with funders, specifically the Rockefeller Foundation, and institutions, including Public Television's Artist TV Lab and MoMA.

Paik supported Wise's decision to close his uptown gallery to launch Electronic Arts Intermix, a distributor of independent video. I often sat at

a desk wearing headphones, immersed in work that was processual and political. The staff bustled around, and artists dropped off their new tapes. With its nonprofit status, EAI was eligible for federal and state grants, making it viable financially. EAI continues to thrive.

For his single-channel videos, Paik perfected a rapid-fire kind of editing. Produced through PBS's WNET/Thirteen Artists Lab, he knew he had one split second to grab channel-changing viewers' attention when they landed on PBS's transmission of his video *Global Groove* (1973). His quick cuts and collage methods lured viewers, and radicalized the grandfathered union engineers he pushed to exceed broadcast standards.

Paik refined his Zen ideals in his installation *TV Buddha* (1974). A video camera captures a sculpture of the Buddha and transmits the live image to a round, futuristic monitor. The sculpture of Buddha gazes knowingly at his image on the screen, evoking an obvious question, a video koan: What is the difference between the Buddha staring at a live (present time) image of himself and the Buddha confronted with a replay of a videotaped (past time) representation? For a viewer studying the Buddha on the monitor, clearly there is no perceptible difference. As Buddhist philosophy teaches, time is an illusion; among Western philosophers (from William James to Albert Einstein), the idea that time is a human construct expresses a similar conviction. The monitor is ordinary, and the sculpture of the Buddha is quite fine. Asia, in its timeless wisdom, appears adequate to the challenge of modern technology.

When I exhibited *TV Buddha* at MoMA, Paik's equally talented artist-wife, Shigeko Kubota, calibrated the ideal scale and perfect position of the pedestal to be built by MoMA carpenters. When the show closed, I was sad that the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam acquired the masterpiece.

Around this time I also presented Kubota's *Nude Descending a Staircase* (1976). I raised monies and MoMA acquired it—the first video installation to enter the collection. MoMA stockpiled monitors of the requisite size. The time will come when monitors are replaced with flatscreens or the like, as conservators pay close attention to the artists' original intentions.

Paik and Kubota both coached me as I embarked on my first trip to Asia in 1976. My fascination with the culture had grown, with Japan as the leading electronics manufacturer, celebrated for its well-designed

gear. Eager to discover how Japanese artists used the tools, I made an early research expedition, and organized the survey exhibition *Video from Tokyo to Fukui and Kyoto* in 1979. The show's sixteen videotapes all entered MoMA's collection.

During one of many subsequent forays in 1981, I met Teiji Furuhashi, while he was still an art student in Kyoto. He subsequently teamed up with classmates, all eager to move art beyond museum and gallery walls. Attracted to technology but suspicious of the information-age dream, they founded Dumb Type, a collective of architects, designers, choreographers, actors, artists, and computer programmers. Furuhashi and I stayed in close touch throughout his life, as he and Dumb Type developed sophisticated theatrical performances that I traveled throughout Japan to see.

Years later and just months before the artist succumbed to AIDS, I featured Furuhashi's installation *Lovers* (1994) in the 1995 show *Video Spaces*. The installation is spartan. A metal tower with five synchronized projectors on rotating shelves occupies the center of an otherwise-empty gallery. Technology operates as a dutiful stagehand. *Lovers* allows visitors to interact with life-size dancers projected onto the gallery's black walls. The naked figures appear spectral, drained of life. After a while, their actions become familiar, so it is a surprise when two of the translucent bodies come together in a virtual embrace.

When MoMA acquired *Lovers* in 1996, the hardware and software were part of the package. Surprisingly, the gear is still in good working order, albeit obsolete after twenty years. The good news is that the Dumb Type members who worked closely with Furuhashi have carefully upgraded the programming software, ensuring that the installation retains the artist's original aesthetics. Dumb Type is sharing updated code with MoMA's conservation team so that Furuhashi's legacy lives on. Further decisions will always need to be made; curators, conservators, and registrars try to leave as complete a paper trail as possible. At some point, beyond my lifetime, as memory and technology fade, this masterpiece of media art conceivably could become a conceptual work.

Conundrums motivate me. In the late 1980s my horizon expanded beyond Japan to include other parts of Asia. I was curious about how previously isolated artists in China were digesting current trends. In September of 1997 I left for Beijing lugging a backpack stuffed with

a computer, camera, tape recorder, and cables. I also brought someone along who could make it all work and put my "curatorial dispatches" on the net. My original motivation for the Internet project was to make my file folders public. Instead of squirreling away the information for later use, I would put my findings up on the net for curators and anyone else curious about art in China. I thought demystifying the curatorial process would be beneficial. (Now blogs are common.) A casual visitor to <http://adaweb.walkerart.org/context/stir-fry/> can still travel with a curator on a research quest.

Several weeks into the stir-fry trip, I caught up with Zhang Peili in Hangzhou. Respected as one of China's best and brightest young painters, he was the first artist there to tackle video. Demanding and resolute, Peili became adept at using humor, in particular parody, to neutralize enforced ideologies. He founded the media department at the Zhejiang Art Academy, and as dean and professor he has had a profound impact on subsequent generations of media artists in China.

Peili showed me his just-completed *Eating* (1997), a video sculpture with three monitors stacked one on top of the other. Each screen details a different point of view of the same concise and modest action. The top monitor focuses on ear movement during chewing, and the base monitor shows a knife and fork attacking a piece of cake. These composed, fairly static shots are in color. Separating them is a black-and-white action view of the cake traveling from plate to mouth. Shot with a camera taped to the eater's wrist, the disorienting perspective turns eating into a weird event. The delivery of morsels to a gaping mouth is surreal. In the same way that many non-Asians are adept at handling chopsticks, the Chinese fellow in *Eating* devours Western foods—cake, tomato, and hard-boiled egg set on European-style ceramics—with knife and fork. It is as if a sentence is parsed into subject, object, and verb. In this humble but incisive work Peili confronts the effects of unrestrained modernization and the impact of the global on the local, especially in terms of daily life. The humble citizen, as with J. Alfred Prufrock, is measuring out life, bite by bite.

When Peili and I met, he had no clue about preservation or edition principles. I forwarded links to sites that outlined how artists in the West handle their media art work. He figured it out, and the following year MoMA

and exhibited *Eating*. Peili's installation joined twenty sin-
 videos by China-based media artists added to MoMA's col-
 lection years before.

Peili and his peers are well informed, well-traveled, and gen-
 erally resolute about working close to home, where they have con-
 siderable opportunity. Throughout China, private and state muse-
 ums dedicated to contemporary art have sprung up, and many of
 them actively acquire media art. Professional staff in the field now
 meet high international standards. Recently, directors of private mu-
 seums in China convened for the first time to discuss their collec-
 tions. The Guggenheim Museum in New York and the Villa
 Stedelijk in Munich were cited as examples of how over generations,
 there will inevitably be deviations from the founders' original inten-
 tions. The focus is above and beyond technology issues.

Art organizations everywhere have formalized procedures.
 Contracts cement relationships, in an effort to cover all bas-
 ic aspects of all sides. We may think little is left to chance, as work is
 produced, released in editions, and acquired with attention paid to
 details, a new form of conservation. But media has a short
 history. Electronic tools have progressed from unwieldy and crude to
 sleek and refined. We live in an on-demand world with constant
 goals and objectives. Artists no longer consider equipment as tools
 but as operators.

Intangible, experiential form, media art has never been readily
 commodifiable. It rarely comes up at auction, and when it does, it's nev-
 er a big ticket item. The onus remains with museums and the
 courage of daring individuals who lead the way as enlightened
 patrons of media as art. The acquisition of media art translates
 "art for art's sake" in more ways than one.

Attention. Inspiring new rejoinders in media are here. Great art

*I Have a Friend Who Knows Someone
Who Bought a Video, Once
On Collecting Video Art*

Barcelona
June 2016

A project by
LOOP Barcelona (Emilio Álvarez and Carlos Duran)

Publisher
Mousse Publishing, Milano

Publishing Editor
Ilaria Bombelli

Coordination
Carolina Ciuti

Copy editing
Lindsey Westbrook, Chiara Moioli

Interviews (Chapter 2) by
Carolina Ciuti

Transcriptions and translations
Carolina Ciuti, Alison Moss, Gaizka Ramón

Graphic design
Mousse

Printing
La Trama, producció i serveis gràfics, Barcelona

Photo and image credits
Julien Bismuth, *Mime Works I-IV*. From the exhibition
Mime Works from the Gensollen Collection,
performance by Gregg Goldston, collectorspace, 2013.
Photo: © Sevim Sancaktar (p.42)
Pipilotti Rist, *Cinquante Fifty*. From the exhibition
Cinquante Fifty from the Han Hefkens H+F Collection,
collectorspace, 2015. Photo: © Sevim Sancaktar (p.45)
Keren Cytter, stills from *Video Art Manual*, 2011.
HD video, 14:42 min © Courtesy the artist (p.149)
Keren Cytter, stills from *Date Series*, 2004.
Digital video in seven chapters, black and white,
sound, 48:55 min. © Courtesy the artist (p.150)
Keren Cytter, still from *Dreamtalk*, 2005. Digital video,
color, sound, 10 min. © Courtesy the artist (p.150)

A special thanks to
The LOOP team and the authors

Acknowledgements

We would like to thank all the collaborators that, over the years, have made LOOP possible and that, with their knowledge and experience, have always provided a space for shared reflection and confrontation of moving image art practices and more.

Supported by
Generalitat de Catalunya, Departament de Cultura
Ajuntament de Barcelona

© 2016 LOOP Barcelona, Mousse Publishing,
the authors

All rights reserved. No parts of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without prior permission of the publisher.

Printed May 2016

ISBN 9788867492190
€ 18

SLIT HERE
INSERT TAB I

I

1015 1104 1202 1227

1015 1104 1202 1227

1015 1104 1202 1227

1015 1104 1202 1227

1015 1104 1202 1227

THIS TAB
GOES IN SLIT
MARKED J

J

SLIT HERE
INSERT TAB J

CUT OUT THIS SLOT

CUT OUT THIS SLOT

CUT OUT THIS SLOT

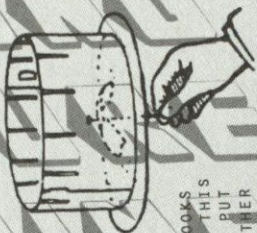
CUT OUT THIS SLOT

CUT OUT THIS SLOT

THIS TAB
GOES IN SLIT
MARKED I

I

MOVING
PICTURE
MACHINE



IT LOOKS
LIKE THIS
WHEN PUT
TOGETHER

CUT OUTSIDE OF THE FIGURE

D

C

B



CUT OUTSIDE OF THE CIRCLE