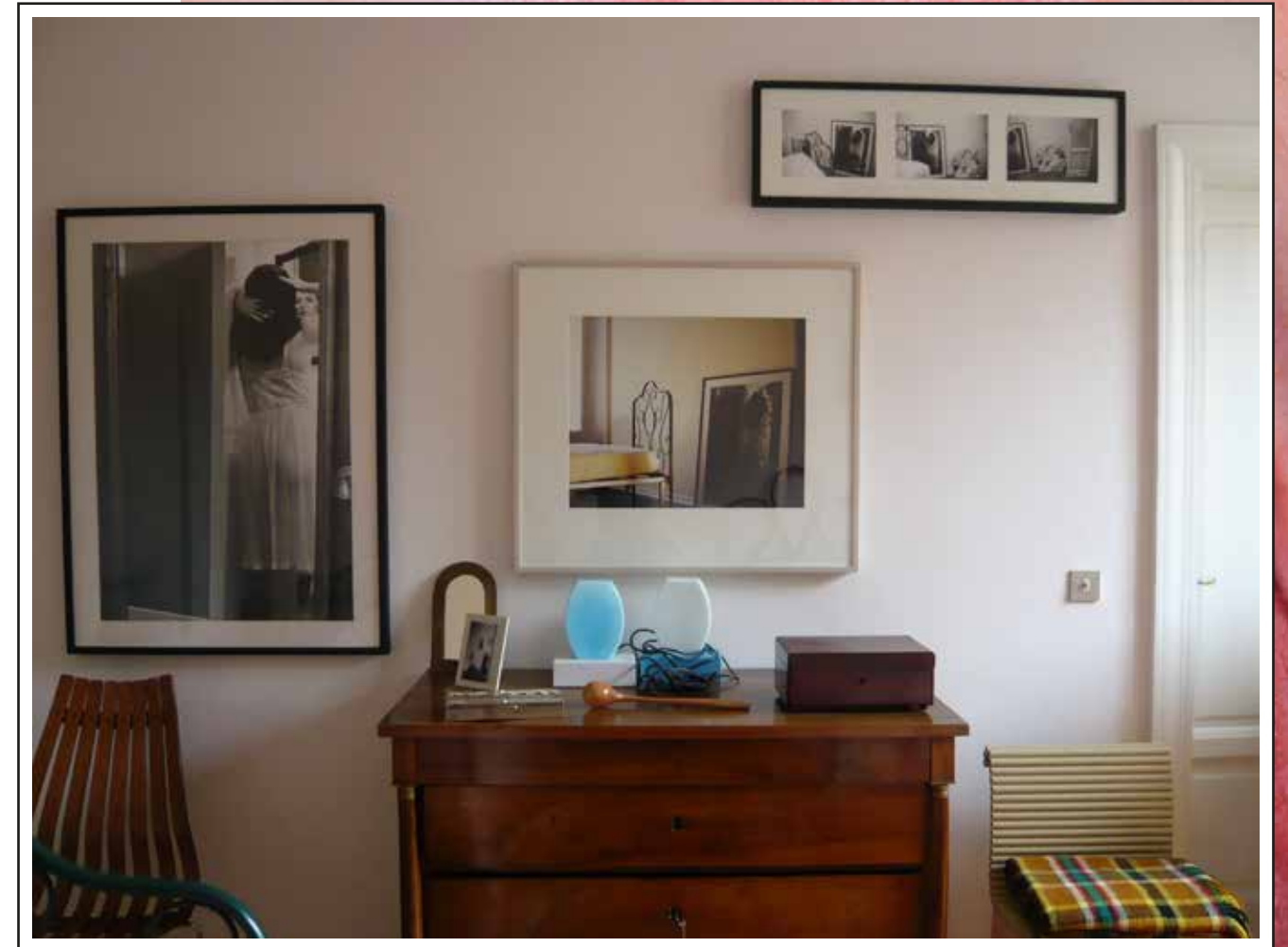


Taking Care of Youth and the Generations

Mildew, or a cockroach or lice infestation, can be 'treated', but law can never be protected by a 'treatment': it requires careful *nurturance*. This is the case because what guarantees respect for law is not its repressive apparatus, which is always improvisatory, but the *feeling* it can create when it has been culturally internalized. And this nurturance, this *care*, which alone can create this sense of both intimacy *and* of familiarity is grounded in a *shared* responsibility— at least in a society of laws. —Bernard Stiegler, *Destruction of the Juvenile Psychic Apparatus*

The Terms and Conditions are the only things keeping us from the purge. —Mindy Kaling, Harvard Law School Class Day speech 2014 — https://youtu.be/a7_49EXuLoQ



How did I as an artist, find myself here, with nothing by way of *content* to charm the average curator and secure some vertical momentum? This was hardly unfamiliar to me — to show up and escalate a series of already unstable conditions and to use them as surfaces and armatures for sorting out what is un-coded in the psyche: a chain of deferrals, questions of time over value, and value over time. In the late-1980s, a question was asked and answered: “*What then, is this mysterious relationship between the work of art and the act of resistance, when in fact those who resist often do not have the time or sometimes the necessary cultivation to have a relationship with art? I don't know*”. *

scalloped sides

Spleen deficiency

red tip
Heart heart



A crisis would lead me to the terms and conditions of each new instance. *Necessity* became my inevitable medium. I had no use for art supplies. I preferred means without end. When people say "it's a responsibility that you're never ready for, until it happens" they are usually referring to only one or two things. With nothing to plug into or get plugged with, I was pluggable by everything.

They were sophisticated in their ideas but also naïve, as they made sure to remind me; as if it were a value they held on to for counterbalance. Sophistication plus naiveté equals precociousness, but it was something else about them that attracted me and stirred my anxiety. "*Capital is not 'time is money', but also 'money is time'. The good stream is the one that gets there the quickest.*" * Relative to my way of coming to art, they were much better streams. I wanted a piece of them, as much as they could take a piece of me.

damp
heat
pattern

RR

92

93



Over a light lunch of *pasta con zucchini e bottarga* they brought up some new financial terms they had just learned. They were eager to apply these to our friendship and work. The neoliberal restructuring of the self – we were now case studies. The subject switched to the student-mentor dynamics they had with their graduate professors – two established women artists in whom they recognized a conflicted cycle of psychic depletion and fulfillment in caring for the generations. If I too was ever such an untenured outlet, it was my own compulsion.

By giving them the responsibility of caring for something for which they cared very little, and for which I cared very much, I wanted to make them to *feel* what was impossible for them to feel without import – the imperatives of another biological time. I wanted to impose this onto their budding career and steadfast ambition, to tap their reserves by outsourcing them the emotional work of finding me what I needed. I was the naive one for thinking that within this given framework, we could create a transgenerational knowledge economy towards my end goal.

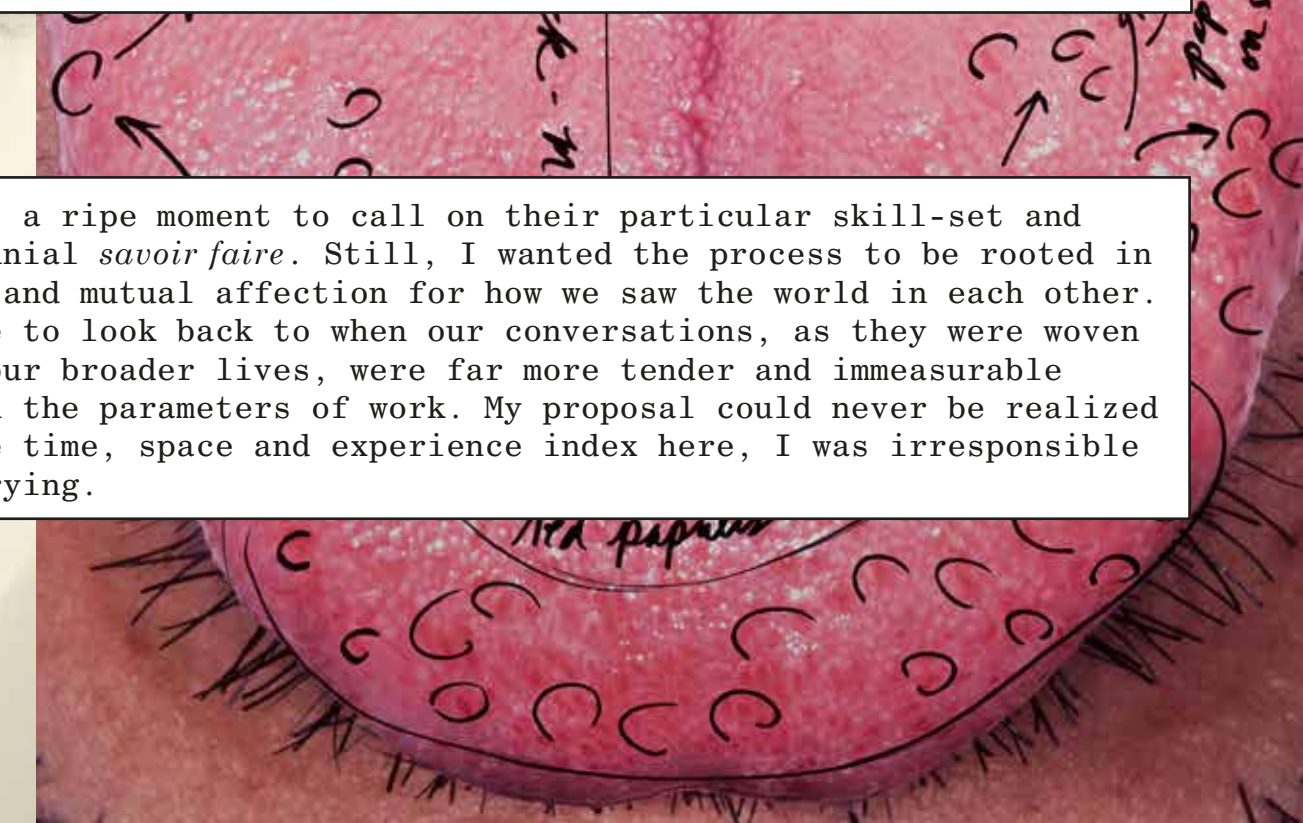
back, right



We had to be critical of our own search criteria while we checked our data stream for tangible and intangible values. We needed to evaluate the risks and biases and re-think our own persuasions as subjects in order to help me navigate my options. They were to author my *profile* in a language that, *in some special way*, would lead her to me.



It was a ripe moment to call on their particular skill-set and millennial *savoir faire*. Still, I wanted the process to be rooted in trust and mutual affection for how we saw the world in each other. I like to look back to when our conversations, as they were woven into our broader lives, were far more tender and immeasurable beyond the parameters of work. My proposal could never be realized in the time, space and experience index here, I was irresponsible for trying.





They were innocent, of course. The millenium's wink to innocence. The world was not a place in which to succeed when I was 26. It was said to be futureless, or so I believed. Counterinformation gets you somewhere, but nowhere I really wanted to go. They needed to pay for that, for glamorizing that *other* time and asking for more of it with wide Pixar eyes, indulging my vexed nostalgia as if there were something to be gleaned for contemporary application; as if the key to my youth would appear like some phantasmic product to be appropriated, a door to the party to end all parties – as if they had missed out, always missing out. They owed me for that, for being my colleagues and not my peers. It was hardly their fault.

Text: Carissa Rodriguez. Excerpted from the artist's account of an unrealized proposal for Gluck 50.

All images: Carissa Rodriguez

FOREGROUND IMAGES:

Pages 89–91, 93–96: Interior views taken by the artist in 2010, of the guestroom of a Milanese gallerist who hosted her on a previous trip to Milan. Featured are works by Cindy Sherman; as well as by Louise Lawler and Nobuyoshi Araki, former guests whose respective photographs taken in the room, were gifts to their host.

Page 92: iPhone image taken by the artist at Ristorante Piero e Pia, Milan, during her residency at Gluck 50.

BACKGROUND IMAGES:

Pages 89, 92, 95: From the series, *It's Symptomatic / What Would Edith Say?*, 2015, a diagnostic look at the work of art via artists and their tongues.

Pages 90, 91, 93, 94, 96: From the project *Feed Fecundity*, 2015, in which the artist instructed Mario Nuciforo to prepare her daily meals according to a regimented diet for the duration of her residency at Gluck 50. Nuciforo prepares a risotto dish made with the reproductive organs of squid.

***QUOTATIONS:**

Page 89: Gilles Deleuze in 'What is the Creative Act?'

Page 91: Jean-Francois Lyotard in 'Marie Goes to Japan'

Special thank you to Claudio Guenzani.

For A. and E.

–C.R., NYC, July 2015