

What are the rules and guidelines for the bartering process?

I want to participate, can I bring someone else's artwork to barter?

How do I decide what to bring to barter?

Can I barter for more than one artwork?

I live out of the country, can I send a friend with my work?

My cousin Alex is an artist, can I invite them?

I haven't made artwork in years, can I barter?

I'm a collector, can I barter?

Are there size limitations to the work I bring?

What if no one takes my work?

What do you consider art?

How does the concept of exchanging artwork align with my artistic goals and values?

How does the concept of exchanging artwork align with your mission?

What is the main purpose or goal of the bartering art exhibition?

Why is this important here, why now?

Is there a specific theme or concept for the exhibition?

How will you invite artists to participate?

Is the exhibition open to all artists, or will you have a selection process?

What types of art are you looking to exhibit?

How do you plan to promote the exhibition to attract both artists and attendees?

Are there any partnerships or collaborations with other organizations to enhance

NOTHING LASTS FOREVER

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namepublications.org

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info@namepublications.org

a love letter

Monica Uszerowicz

For someone who has, for whatever blessed reason, been given the trust and space to write about art, my own art collection is small. Comprised almost entirely of Florida artists, the works are in various stages of presentation and mostly unframed: still in boxes, wrapped in paper, tucked into corners, leaning on shelves. I wish I had more walls, more space, more money.

There’s a piece by Kristen Soller, woven with cotton crochet thread and embroidery floss on a handmade loom—it’s teal, magenta, and black, like a day-old bruise, and shaped like a swath of gauze. Renata Sabina Rojo’s painting of masked, nude witches encircling a fire enchanted me when it lived above my old fireplace; certainly the witches danced whenever I looked away. I hope Nicole Doran will forgive me for sometimes grazing—and wishing I could eat—an enticingly tactile work of thickened acrylic paint and polymer clay on wood, a dense explosion of color. Nicole Salcedo painted *The World*—that thaumaturgical archetype of the Major Arcana—as one of her signature plant creatures, floating and wielding small flames. Hidden in a drawer by the stove, there’s a self-printed cookbook by Jacqueline Falcone, the flourishes of her handwriting graceful enough to classify the whole thing an artwork, though she’d balk if I told her so. When it’s raining, I like to stare at Anastasia Samoylova’s sunset-pink photograph of a sun-starched car.

These pieces came to me through the pleasures and whims of friendship. They were birthday gifts, moving-day commemorations, giveaways from a too-crowded space. I have never in my life been able to afford art; perhaps my beloved collection is precious for having been built, truthfully, from love. I’ve no interest in the “art market” and I struggle to understand it—it’s confounding and inexplicable, propped up by systems I frankly don’t believe in. But the local art community consistently presents exchanges that never feel transactional: editing a friend’s CV in exchange for a meal; reviewing a residency application and receiving an herbal tonic in return; lemongrass cuttings for a set of portraits. I wish all economies could function like this, and I find joy, even hope, in these small, sweet barter; they are not unlike the free and welcoming trades of *Nothing Lasts Forever*. [NAME] created space for Miami artists and their friends and families to simply be.

Adam Smith—known as “the father of capitalism”—once observed that “nobody ever saw a dog make a fair and deliberate exchange of one bone for another with another dog.” For Smith, the “propensity to truck, barter, and exchange” was a distinctly human trait. He was wrong. He’d never met the generous crow, who often surprises their caretakers with small gifts; he

didn’t know a cat eager to present him with gifts from the hunt. At the height of his career, it was not common knowledge that plants and networks of fungi exchange minerals and sugars to support each other’s growth, or that corals live in vibrant, symbiotic communities.

The world seems increasingly heartless, and the exigencies of capitalism will have you believe this is natural—that the inclination to destroy is as human a thing as breath. This, too, is false. Cruelty is learned; it’s a choice. The capacity for tenderness is what’s natural, observed across ecosystems and species and amongst us, the meanest of animals, at our best. Consider the proliferation of virtual fundraising for every struggle (illness, housing insecurity, ongoing global genocides), how it painfully outlines the inefficiency of the systems under which we’re expected to thrive—and our willingness to correct that inefficiency, however desperately. The punitive nature of our time necessitates mutual aid, a phrase that was included in a 109-page indictment of 61 Stop Cop City protestors in Atlanta, rendered as proof of criminal conspiracy. Social justice and care transformed into criminal enterprise: the state visibly fears our humanity, then punishes it. So many of us have so little, and we need each other so much.

When Ursula K. Le Guin won The National Book Foundation Medal for Distinguished Contribution to American Letters in 2014, she chided the commodification of literature “to suit sales strategies in order to maximize corporate profit and advertising revenue,” warning that “hard times are coming, when we’ll be wanting the voices of writers who can see alternatives to how we live now.” Supporting that, she implied, will require the real work of nurturing an artist’s voice, not for its potential profit but for the necessity of its existence. “We live in capitalism; its power seems inescapable—but then, so did the divine right of kings,” she said. “Any human power can be resisted and changed by human beings. Resistance and change often begin in art.” That art can save the world is a lie the art market tells, I suspect, to maximize corporate profit. But I believe we can save each other, and that art might teach us how.

Monica Uszerowicz is a writer and photographer based in Miami who covers Florida and the broader subtropical American South. Her work has appeared in *Artforum*, *Art in America*, *The Believer*, *BOMB*, *Burnaway*, *Cultured*, *Filmmaker Magazine*, *Hyperallergic*, *The Los Angeles Review of Books*, *The New York Review of Books*, *Pin-Up*, *The Rumpus*, and in other publications. She is currently a member of Buenezas, a research collective dedicated to documenting Miami’s edible and medicinal plants.

Founded in 2008, [NAME] Publications is dedicated to making books with an emphasis on practices often marginalized in dominant art and design histories. The press facilitates the production of books by artists, designers, curators, and scholars with practices anchored in the Americas. It disseminates these titles and builds new audiences for them through exhibitions, public programs, and the salvaging of archival materials. *Nothing Lasts Forever* is made possible by Teiger Foundation and and The Jorge M. Pérez Family Foundation at The Miami Foundation.

[NAME]

Are there any special events or activities planned during the exhibition, such as artist talks or workshops?

What logistical arrangements need to be made, such as lighting, display, and security?

Have you considered any legal aspects, such as contracts or agreements between participants?

How do you plan to follow up with participants after the exhibition?

Will you gather feedback from both artists and attendees to evaluate the success of the event?

What are the methods you are using to evaluate the success of this program?

Are there any permits or permissions needed for the exhibition?

How long have you been working on this exhibition?

Have you considered potential challenges or issues that may arise, and do you have contingency plans in place?

Have you considered potential challenges that may arise due to out-of-season hurricanes?

Do you have tools?

Are you hiring?

Will the bar be open?

Is “proletarian” still a viable concept, and in what way?

Did AI come up with this?

Who killed Passolini?