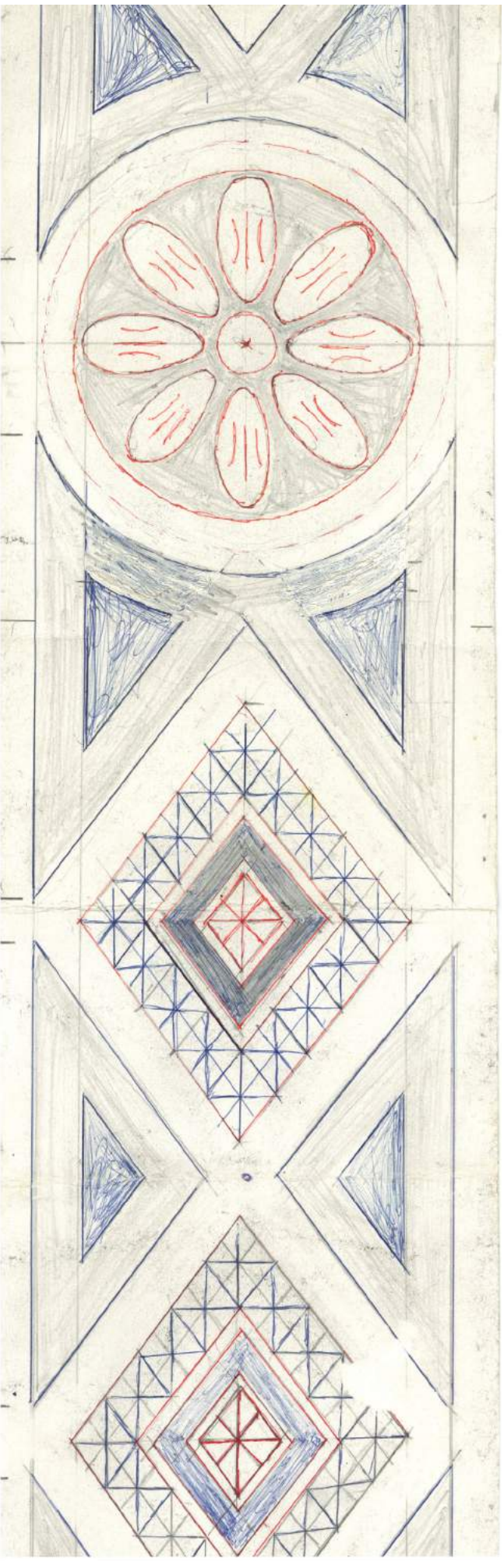
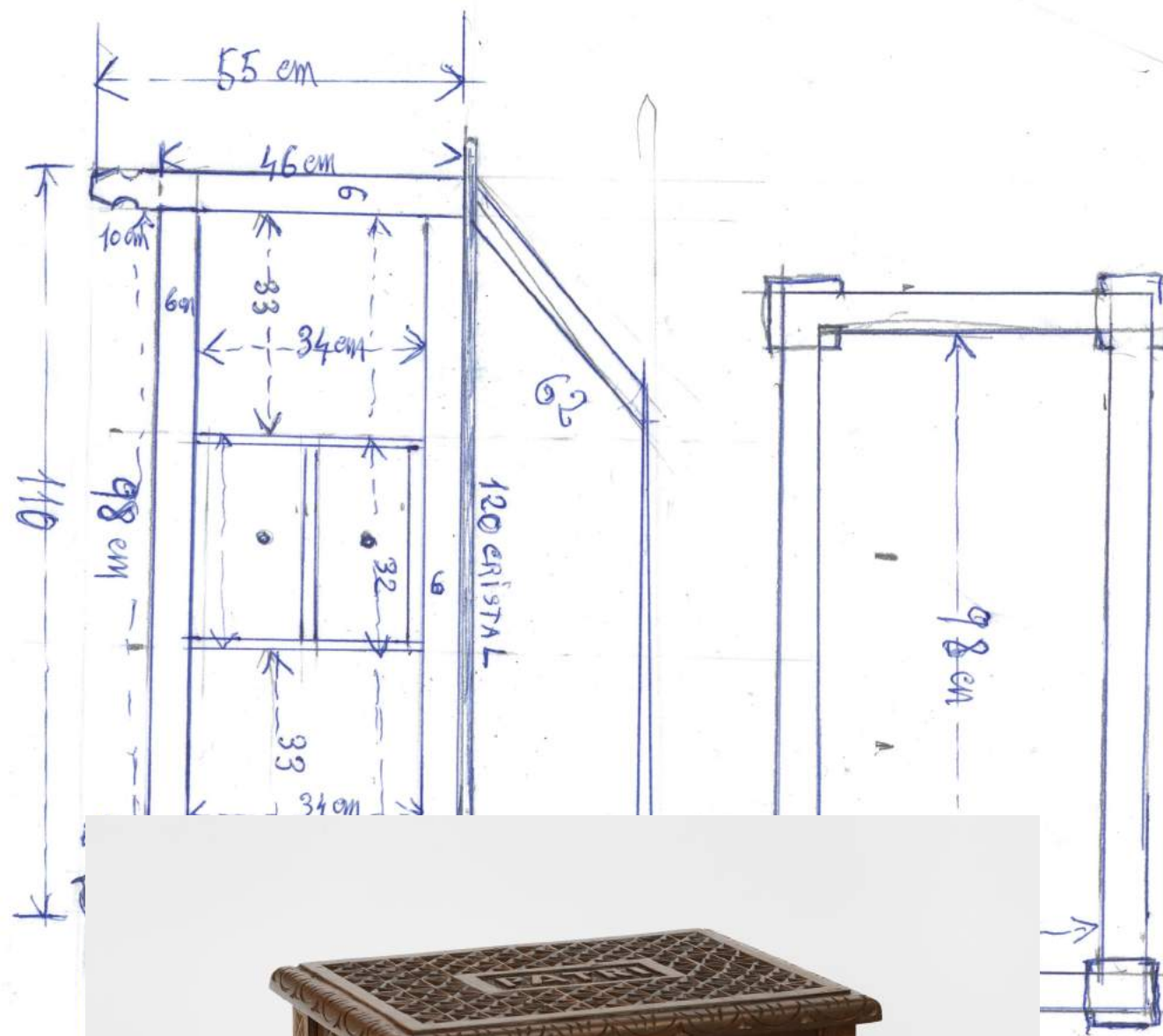


Box (a proposition for ten years)



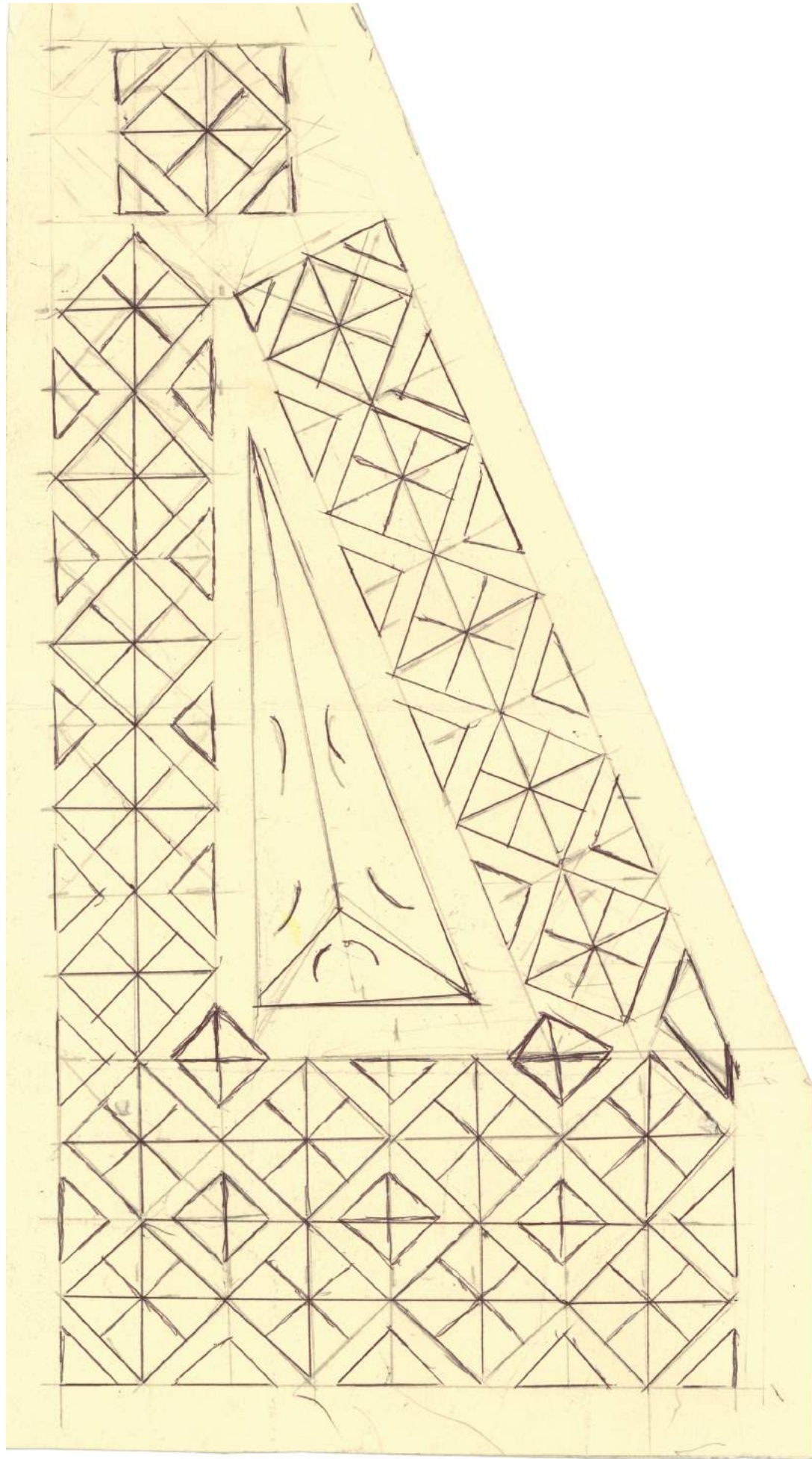
Box (a proposition for ten years)



55 x 6 x 6
 5 de 103 x 6 x 6
 4 de 48 x 6 x 6
 3 x 9 x 15

110
 49
 159
 244
 160
 084
 59
 59295

Patricia Fernández Carcedo



2012

2013

2014

2015

2016

2017

2018

2019

2020

2021

2022

2023

2024

v

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A Mutual
Agreement to Care
Patricia Fernández, Young Chung,
and Doris Chon

Introduction



Andrew McNeely

This book considers an artwork that, in the words of its maker, Patricia Fernández, arose out of an interest in containing time. Taking the form of a literal and figurative box, the piece not only reflects a wish to grasp time but also gathers material traces that document its passing (specifically ten years). That this piece holds and is itself held by time poses the question of what it might mean to publish a record of it. Is it adequate, for example, to only set down in writing the significance of what the piece contains? Or, is it better to draw attention to how the piece *as an idea* is driven by an impulse to exceed its own limits? These opposing interests, I argue, animate Fernández’s *Box (a proposition for ten years)*, a piece that, as art historian Doris Chon observes, resists containment.

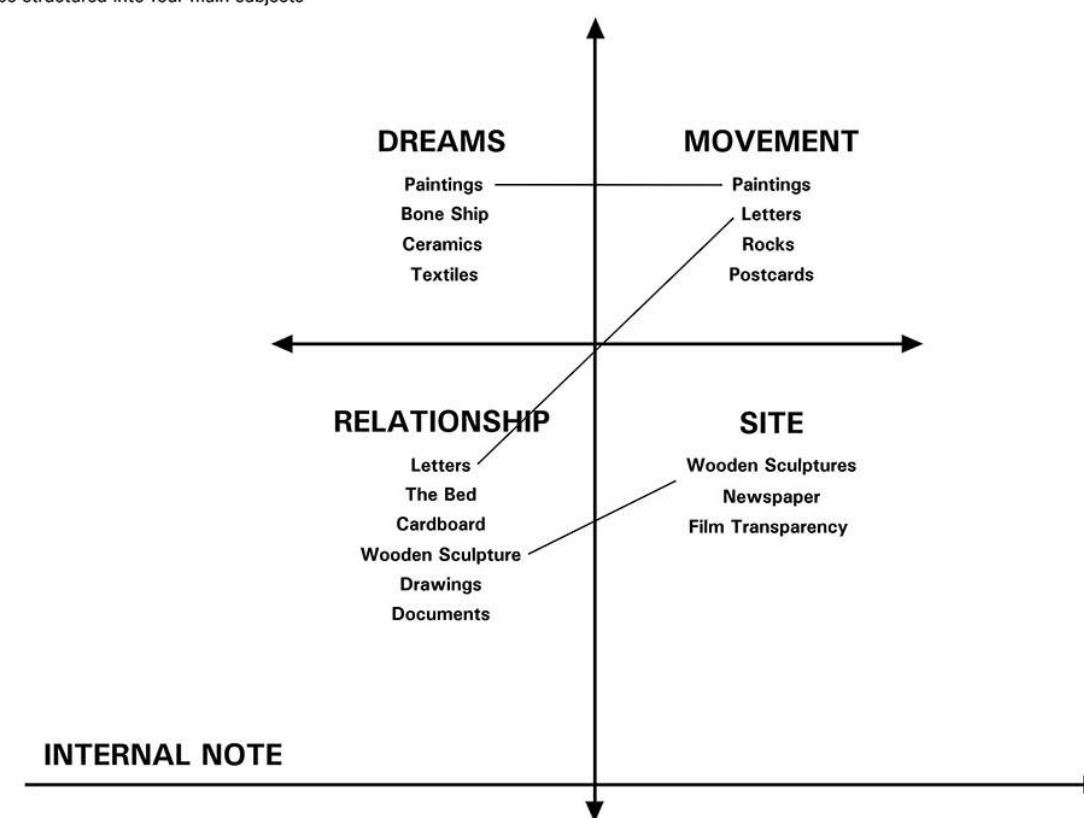
For a decade, Fernández amassed a collection of objects as part of an open-ended correspondence between her and her friend, the gallerist Young Chung. *Box*’s inventory includes the artist’s writings, ceramic ware, newspaper ephemera, postcards, textiles, sculptures, drawings, paintings, mementos, and most importantly, a written agreement between Fernández and Chung that initiated the start of the collection. The contract reads, “Please accept ownership of these pieces and those to come until 2022.” By accepting, it explains, “you allow me to continue adding to the box for the duration of ten years,” signed “Patricia.” Moved by this gift, Chung, in turn, proposed to celebrate the growth of *Box* in a series of regular exhibitions at Commonwealth and Council, Los Angeles.

Although the piece’s agreement initiates Fernández’s commitment to fill *Box*, it does not elucidate the purpose(s) of the diverse materials that represent a decade’s worth of the artist’s activity. Materials, it should be added, that quickly exceeded the volume of the eponymous walnut box that serves as the project’s center. Following *Box*’s first presentation in 2013, its contents snowballed to a scale far beyond the measurements of the original container, such as with the addition of a hand-carved daybed in 2018. *Box* is orbited by anecdotes about Fernández’s grandfather and his investment in an “X” pattern that he tirelessly repeated in his woodwork, the artist’s travels through the Pyrenees to retrace the paths of Spanish Republican exiles, and future plans for a ship made of the artist and her friends’ bones. Hence, *Box*’s borders have never been definite.

For the 2021 exhibition of the piece, the artist invited Hailey Loman and Saida Largaespada, archivists at Los Angeles Contemporary Archive (LACA), to collaborate on *Box* by processing its contents for LACA’s collection. Loman and Largaespada created three banner-like finding aids to provide context around Fernández’s piece. A finding aid is a document written by archivists that often contains detailed, indexed, and searchable metadata and descriptions about the objects in a collection. But Loman and Largaespada chose to take an approach



Fig. 1 The content of the holdings can be structured into four main subjects



Hailey Loman [ARCHIVIST]:
In the role of custodian, I can care for Fernández’s materials in ways I ordinarily don’t know how to show within our friendship. The box functioned as a container where Patricia and I can authorize each other as experts in a system we both control.

Our completed task and the archival exchange is really the unseen repair work we both do as women, together. Through archiving I can both speak up and protect our relationship under the guise of safeguarding objects. I can be a resource in postponing the grief of a concluding project, and all of its promises.

Saida Largaespada [ARCHIVIST]:
Unlike my archival partner, I came in from the outside. I struggled to understand the relationships within and outside of the box. Perhaps, I was not meant to fully grasp these dynamics.

It was the curiosity to understand the project that drove me through the work. I realize this is what I valued the most.

in keeping with the logic of Fernández’s project, foregrounding their presence as authors further shaping the life of *Box*. In one such banner, Loman writes the following:

In the role of custodian, I can care for Fernández’s materials in ways I ordinarily don’t know how to show within our friendship. The box functioned as a container where Patricia and I can authorize each other as experts in a system we both control.

Our completed task and the archival exchange is really the unseen repair work we both do as women, together. Through archiving I can both speak up and protect our relationship under the guise of safeguarding objects. I can be a resource in postponing the grief of a concluding project, and all of its promises.

Two observations follow from Loman’s reflection. The first is that Loman interprets *Box*’s contents as stand-ins for a discussion about a larger relationship. The second is that by engaging in the role of a custodian, she plays an active role in postponing the conclusion of *Box*. I contend that Loman and Largaespada’s engagement with *Box* became a new part of its original agreement. When viewed from this vantage point, *Box*’s nature as a proposition without limits comes into focus, raising the question as to whether the work can conclude at all.

The contributors to the present text contemplate and discuss what it would mean for *Box* to have an afterlife—to live beyond its limit. Young Chung considers what might be an appropriate form for *Box* to take within the context of a museum. He also recounts how the piece serves as a capsule for the growth of Commonwealth and Council. Doris Chon meditates on Fernández and Chung’s agreement as “a gamble on finitude shaped by the passage of lives emerging, intersecting, overlapping, and departing across time and space.” Her reading deals with the precariousness documented by *Box*’s several iterations, Chung’s risky formation of a gallery, Fernández’s prolonged period of isolation in the Mojave desert and her transition into motherhood.

This book has two focuses: to celebrate the completion of Fernández’s proposition, and to contemplate what it means for it to come to an end. It strives to embody Fernández’s initial ambition, not to stop time but to contain it. To contain is to hold or to have within. The obligation that Fernández’s inaugural agreement set into motion gathers people and things as if *Box* is a container that resists being full.



Installation view, Commonwealth and Council, 2021.



Installation view, Commonwealth and Council, 2021.

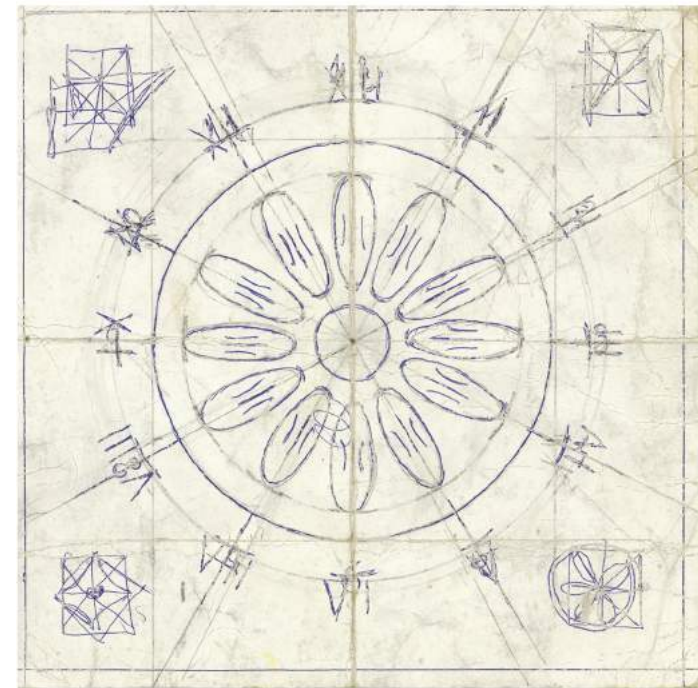
A gamble on finitude

Dedicated to José Luis Carcedo (1923–2023)

YOUNG

11 prepositions — I thought I would
tell you about this box —
where we collect what happens along
the way, between us, across ten
years. Things will be placed inside
of it, below it, beside it and
on top. It's going to live past us,
with and without us.

PATRICIA



Doris Chon

Box (a proposition for ten years) began in 2012 with three objects: the eponymous wooden box, and a handwritten letter in two parts, addressed from one friend to another. Artist Patricia Fernández wrote to curator Young Chung to propose a sculpture that would “collect what happens along the way, between us” and accumulate over the course of a decade. True to its title, the hand-crafted walnut box that formed the core of the work served as a domicile for unspecified contents to come. As patron and coconspirator in this endeavor, Chung was obliged to care for whatever form the work might come to embody with ungloved hands, and to add objects in turn. At once an unconventional commission and an open-ended collaboration between friends, *Box* was an act of faith—a gamble on finitude shaped by the passage of lives emerging, intersecting, overlapping, and departing across time and space.

The origins of *Box* in fact go much farther back than a single decade, to northern Spain. Among the many distinctive features of the woodwork that constitutes *Box* is a decorative X-motif, chiseled to resemble a star. The artist inherited this signature mark from her late grandfather, José Luis Carcedo, a sculptor and woodworker born in the town of Briviesca. Carcedo described this carved “X” pattern as a means of keeping and inscribing time into the products of his labor. This star featured prominently in the first walnut box he carved for Fernández when she was born; he inscribed its hinged lid with her shortened nickname, *Patri*. This hand-carved box from her grandfather would become a time capsule, in which the artist stored childhood toys and knickknacks for safekeeping. Even as her immediate family moved abroad in her formative years, this earliest box remained anchored in her bedroom at her parents’ home, a fixed refuge in an otherwise nomadic childhood.

Three decades later, the artist’s proposal to locate a box of her own making at Chung’s gallery, to be collaboratively filled with artworks and mementos over the course of a decade, reflects Fernández’s multiple commitments. First, to Chung as a close friend, interlocutor, and supporter of her work. Next, to Commonwealth and Council as a “home” to which she would return in the future (the gallery’s origins in the private space of the founder’s living room at the intersection of Commonwealth Avenue and Council Street in Los Angeles remain notable in this regard). Finally, to make and share a body of work over the course of ten years—a proposition that, at the start, seemed precarious. And lastly, across all these commitments, to carry on the woodworking skills and tradition transmitted to her by her grandfather, who was eighty-nine years old when *Box* was inaugurated and would soon retire from the physically demanding work of carving. Confronting the certainty of time’s passage and precarity of life, Fernández offered Chung a series of prepositions,



Tacos (wooden feet) made by José Luis Carcedo.



José Luis Carcedo in the wood shop, Briviesca, Spain, 1940s.



A selection of wooden feet made by José Luis Carcedo over the years.



José Luis Carcedo carving in his kitchen studio, Burgos, Spain, 2010s.



José Luis Carcedo carving in his wood shop, Briviesca, Spain, early 2000s.



Box made by José Luis Carcedo.

in the form of a prose poem, to envision the boundless directions in which *Box* would grow. “Things will be placed inside of it, below it, beside it and on top. It’s going to live past us, with and without us,” she wrote in 2012.

Box’s core structure consists of three separate compartments that open laterally to the front and features a hinged horizontal lid. Among the first objects the artist deposited into *Box* were a folded drawing on paper of abstract symbols; four wooden *tacos* (feet) carved by her grandfather; a rectangular yellow textile; and a round blue textile woven in a spiral pattern, with a designated incised spot on the top surface of *Box*. To these objects, Chung added the inaugural letter-contracts drafted by Fernández. Soon the artist built a set of wooden legs with a panel at the base, atop which the core structure could be raised for display. Using the four *tacos*, *Box* could be elevated an additional couple inches above the table’s upper surface, creating a shallow level to store paintings and other flat objects.

The project has grown incrementally and dramatically over the years as Fernández deposited multifarious individual objects and constructed additional wooden supports for their containment and display. While some of these support structures are contiguous with the initial core unit of *Box*, others are entirely freestanding. The

keepsakes the artist entrusted to Chung’s care in *Box* encompassed paintings, small sculptures including found objects, and works on paper; they number nearly one hundred discrete items in total. The vast majority of these were repurposed fragments and sketches related to Fernández’s other, ongoing projects—a cast concrete tile painted with a floral motif from the Canfranc International railway station (*Paseo de los melancólicos*, 2014); paintings bearing

imagery from the Ruedo Ibérico (*And Still [Facing North]*, 2017); her grandfather’s sketched design for a carved wooden clock (*Letters to the Future*, 2019); or the copper hand of Basajuan derived from arbor-glyphs in the Eastern Sierra Nevada mountains left by Basque shepherders (2019–20). Also included are smaller boxes made many years ago by Carcedo, the fabric-lined interiors of which were crafted by the artist’s grandmother, Asunción Viadas. Alongside these sketches and sculptural contributions to *Box*, Fernández has regularly corresponded with Chung about her ongoing practice, travels, and events local and in the world at large in the form of letters and cards sent by postal mail. In turn, Chung has stowed these handwritten missives in *Box* for safekeeping.

As the number of support structures exceeded the physical limits of one discrete container for safekeeping, *Box* arguably became a conceptual framework, expanding in unpredictable directions with each passing year.

Box’s scale increased significantly in 2018 with the addition of a daybed. Working long hours in the gallery each day, Fernández noticed that Chung was often exhausted with no place to lie down and recover. The daybed was created to provide a resting place for *Box*’s caretaker (notably, the artist herself slept in it for almost a year while the work was under construction). While a component of the larger project, the daybed was housed in a walnut box of its own; the full-sized mattress was set into a walnut box with a hinged lid. Depending on need, the lid could be propped open for sleep, or closed for storage or future transport. Among the dozens of artworks and keepsakes protected within *Box* and its numerous accessory structures, the daybed offered a refuge where the caretaker of the evolving project could find rest. Notably, the box housing the daybed is sufficiently capacious to support *Box* and its entire inventory of component parts. With the lid opened and their body at rest upon the mattress, one imagines the daybed transporting *Box*’s caretaker into the immaterial landscape of dreams. With the mattress enclosed beneath its protective lid, we envision the entirety of *Box* and its accumulated parts precisely compacted atop, anticipating movement through physical space.



Artist's grandparents at Pozo Blanco (White Well) in Santa Casilda.



Santa Casilda statue in the chapel.



Pozo Blanco (White Well) in Santa Casilda.

The practical and symbolic resonances of the daybed as a locus where the corporeal body comes to rest while the unconscious mind is mobilized by dreamwork play out in the objects that Fernández concurrently added to *Box* and exhibits in close proximity. Among them is a single painted portrait of Santa Casilda, the patron saint of her grandparents' hometown of Briviesca, who was deeply meaningful to her family. Rendered in a palette of deep reddish browns, Fernández's small-scale oil painting is based on the sculpted form of the saint as she appears in the sanctuary chapel's main altarpiece. Here, Casilda's sculpted body reclines across the length of the altar; her left elbow is bent such that her forearm crosses her chest, and her left hand approaches her right shoulder. The saint's body position and serene facial expression imply a motionlessness associated with sleep, or perhaps even death. Fernández's painting, meanwhile, homes in on Santa Casilda's face, neck, and left hand, whose contours appear illuminated against a dark, receding background. Hidden from sight beneath the daybed's mattress and along the ledge of the upturned lid (when open), the artist placed numerous shards of obsidian glass, cooled shards of volcanic lava believed to dispel negative energy and promote healing and restful sleep. One such shard displayed on the lid bears a vintage postcard from Carcedo's collection that pictures the fabled well at the foot of Santa Casilda's sanctuary. The verso of the card was inscribed with a note by the artist's grandparents and addressed to her at Commonwealth and Council. Every time Fernández returned to Briviesca to visit her grandparents, the family embarked on a pilgrimage up a winding mountain path to the chapel, which is located atop a rocky promontory. Along the way, her grandfather would place his hands, sore from carving, into the healing waters of the well at the foot of the mountain, where the saint herself had been healed in the 10th century.

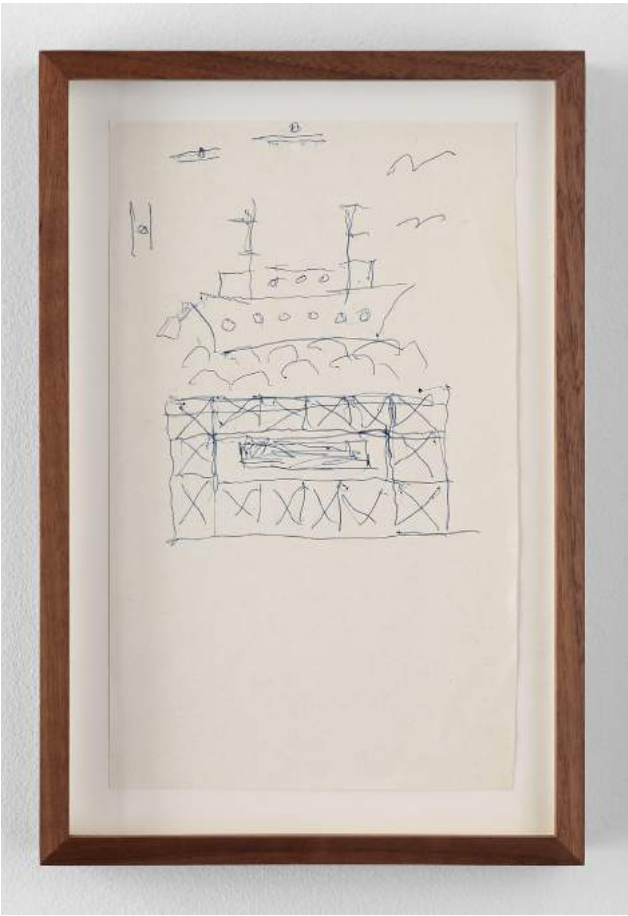
Another allusion to water can be found in the model of a ship that was added to *Box* and is displayed alongside, on top of, and sometimes beside the daybed. Constructed from the bones of livestock that the artist consumed, the miniaturized ship figuratively carries *Box* into a realm of willful reverie, transcending the subconscious dreamscape suggested by the daybed and the limits of the artist's own lifetime. The bone ship takes the form of a dory with a flat-bottomed hull and flaring topsides, making it suitable for navigating heavier seas. The model measures approximately seven and a half inches long, four inches wide, and four inches in depth.

Curved beef rib bones form the long topsides, while smaller bones are situated at the ends where the ribs meet and along the ship's sheer. In Fernández's telling, the toylike bone ship was conceived as a model for a much larger watercraft to be constructed in the future, beyond the projected ten-year duration of *Box* and the remainder

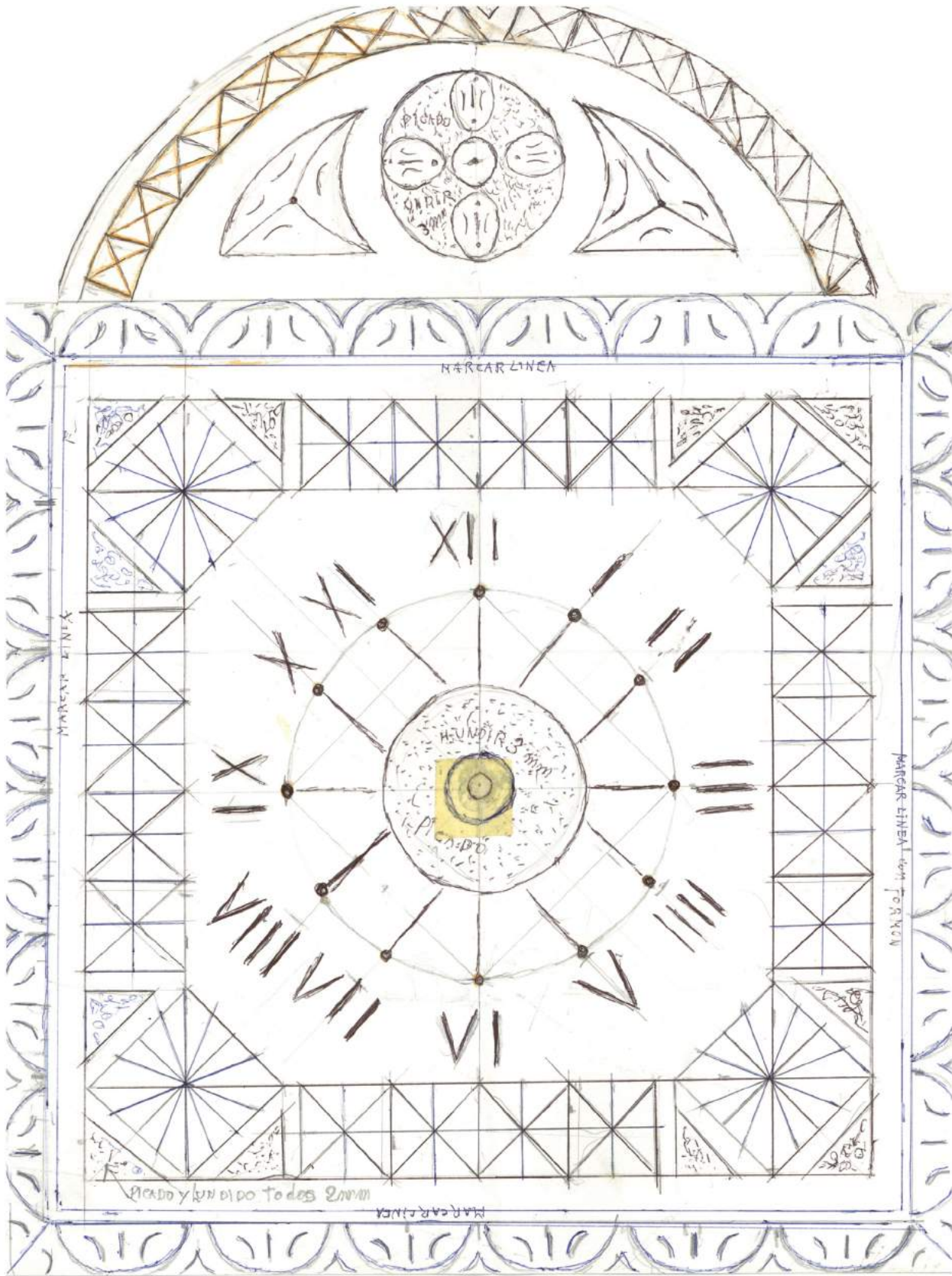
of the artist’s own lifetime. This prospective boat was to be built from the artist’s own bones as well as those posthumously donated by friends, including Chung. It would then carry the descendants of those who had contributed their bodily remains after death to a chimerical island paradise. The visualization of this voyaging boat remained at the forefront of Fernández’s mind when she accompanied her ailing grandfather to an appointment with the eye doctor a year later. Despite his rapidly deteriorating vision, the artist asked Carcedo to sketch a “boat” and a “box” while in the physician’s waiting room. In her grandfather’s rendering, which was later added to *Box*, the “boat” appears on a much larger scale than the bone ship, with two tiers and several port-hole windows, buoyant above a rippled sea. Meanwhile, the “box” is depicted as a rectangle measuring six X-units long and three X-units wide; at its center, a series of lines with a small circle at one end ineluctably suggest a prone body at rest for an unspecified duration.

The COVID pandemic in 2020 and the arrival of her first child in early 2021 brought new intensity to the artist’s ruminations on the finitude of time, space, and life itself in the context of *Box*. Living in the Mojave Desert during an extraordinary period of isolation and uncertainty, Fernández responded to the growing immateriality of time by creating a series of timepieces. One such clock was added to *Box* in 2021 and displayed within the space of an opening in the upturned lid of the daybed. The clock’s face featured her grandfather’s signature X-mark and pieces of tin and copper debris the artist had salvaged from her desert surroundings. The concurrent gestation of Fernández’s first child during this first year of the pandemic provided the artist with an alternative, and indeed indelible, means of measuring time and its inevitable progression.

In a letter mailed to Chung from Joshua Tree in May 2020 and later added to *Box*, Fernández describes her first experiments harvesting cochineal from a neighbor’s *Opuntia* cactus (prickly pear) to produce a remarkable dye in varying shades of magenta and violet. The pigment is derived strictly from the female cochineal beetles that live on the cactus paddles, a specificity that piqued the artist’s interest. She began dyeing the linen supports for her oil paintings with cochineal and added a fragment of this dyed linen, upon which she painted a rectangle bearing two circular shapes, to *Box*. These cochineal-dyed canvases became the supports for Fernández’s *Visualization for Dilation 1–10*, a series of ten paintings completed in 2021. The ten paintings corresponded to the ten months of her pregnancy, and each featured a wheel-shaped instructional tool used by midwives to measure the phases of cervical dilation undergone



Drawing of a ship and a box made by José Luis Carcedo.



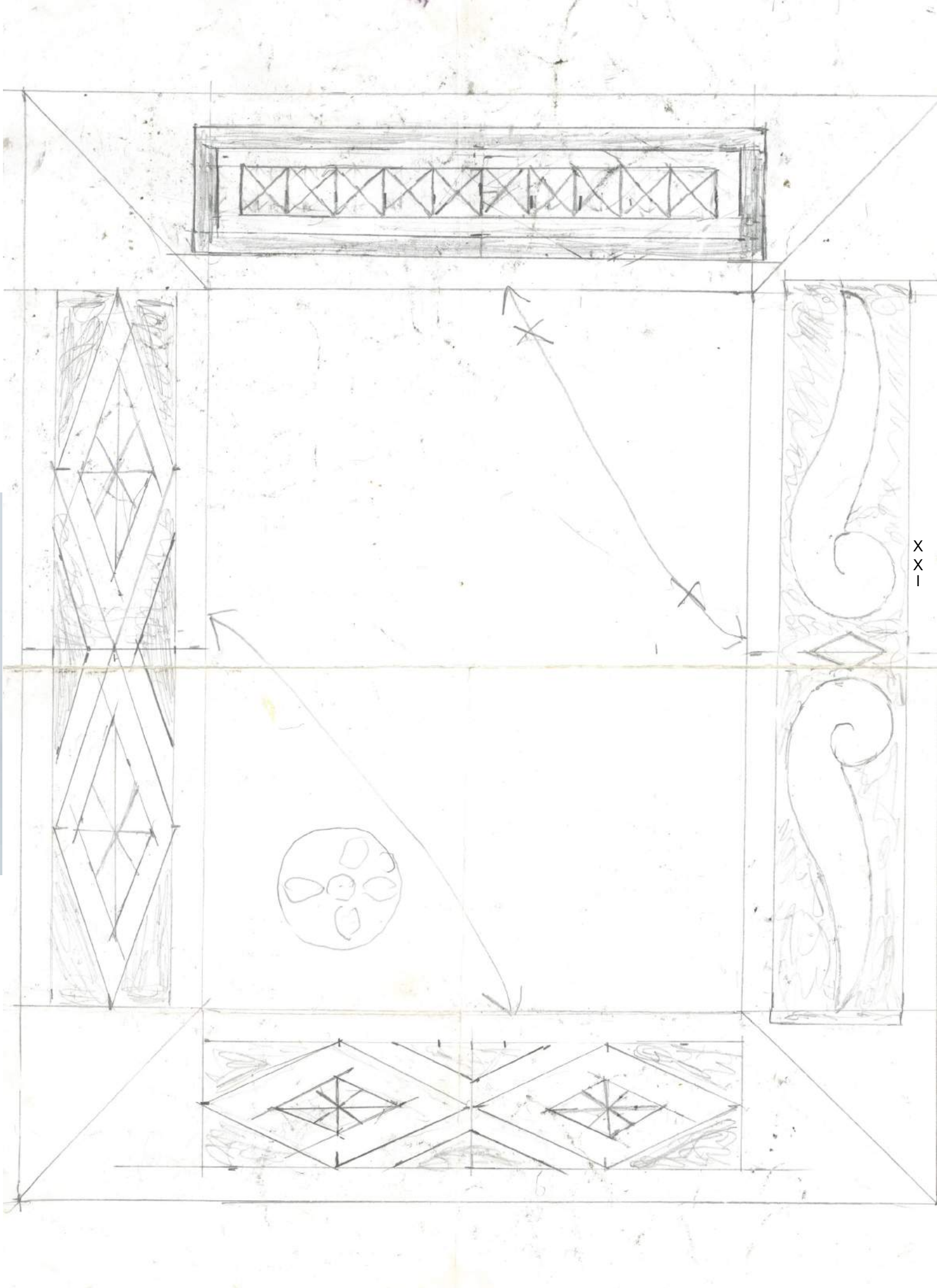
Sketch for a clock made by José Luis Carcedo.

by mothers during childbirth. Each painting was also paired with a walnut disk incised with the X-pattern developed by Carcedo to signify transfer between generations. It was during this exceptional span of time that Fernández's grandfather approached the final years of his life, her daughter Luna came into the world, and *Box* reached its anticipated ten-year mark.

The delayed effects of the pandemic postponed the exhibition to commemorate *Box*'s tenth anniversary two years, to 2024. On June 15, 2023, the artist's grandfather passed away, aged 100. Two days later, Fernández wrote a letter to Chung remarking on *Box* reaching the ten-year mark, and its potential futures. She describes the project's "original purpose" in this way: "to share—expand—grow—to record our friendship and imagine many things," all of which comes to a stop if the work enters a museum. The artist then goes on to make perhaps the most remarkable claim for the work: "The idea of the box was to create a finite container of time—but it was never to stop time. Not all things stop when they reach the end."



Model for *Bone Ship*.



The “contract” between Fernández and Chung for *Box* (a proposition for ten years) is drafted.

2013

2014

2015

2016

2017

2018

2019

2020

2021

2022

2023

2024

6

YOUNG

PLEASE ACCEPT OWNERSHIP OF THESE PIECES
AND THOSE TO COME UNTIL 2022 -

THE PIECES ARE TO BE KEPT IN THE
BOX, AND IF EXHIBITED THE CONTENTS
SHALL BE PRESENTED WITH THE BOX

BY ACCEPTING YOU ALLOW ME TO
CONTINUE ADDING TO THE BOX FOR
THE DURATION OF TEN YEARS

PLEASE TOUCH ONLY WITHOUT GLOVES
AND ALSO YOU MAY ADD TO THE BOX
IF YOU WISH TO RESPOND IN THIS
WAY,

PATRICIA

X
X
I
V

X
X
I
V

2012

The first wooden carved sculpture is created for *Box*.

2012

2014

2015

2016

2017

2018

2019

2020

2021

2022

2023

2024



2013

Small objects and paintings begin to be added to *Box*.

2012
2013

2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021

2022
2023

2024



2014

X
X
V
I
I

X
X
I
X

Cardboard maquettes are created to mark changes for the following year of *Box*.

- 2012
- 2013
- 2014
- 2016
- 2017
- 2018
- 2019
- 2020
- 2021
- 2022
- 2023
- 2024

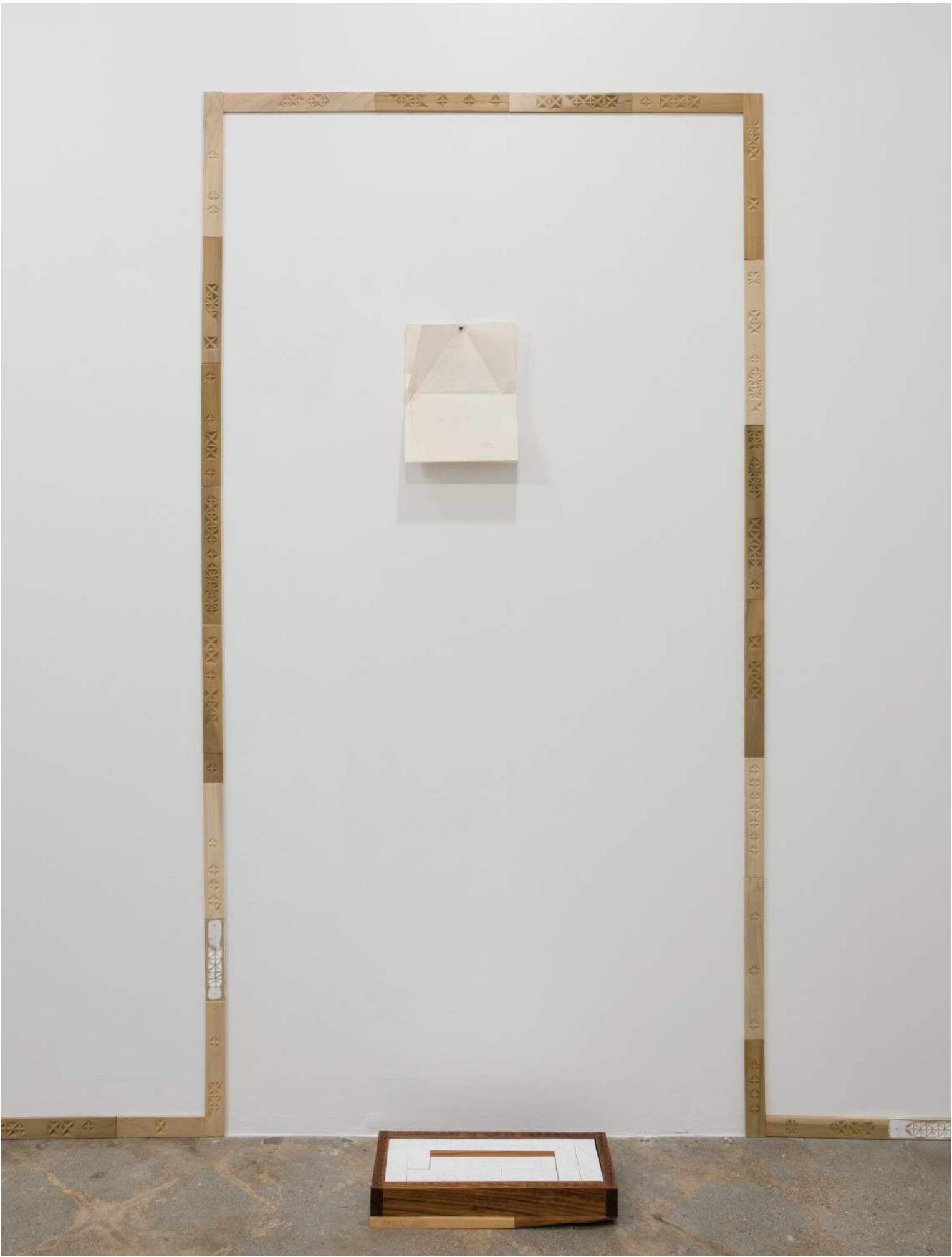


2015

X
X
X
—
I



X
X
X
—
I



X
X
X
I
V



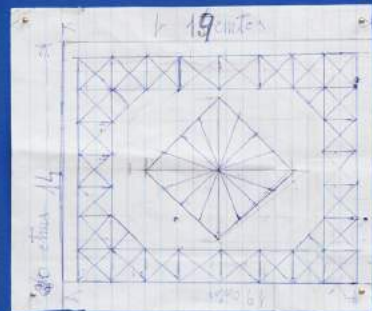
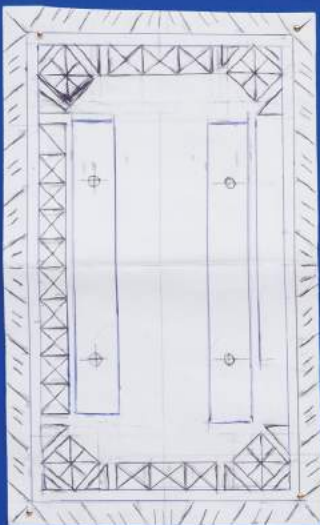
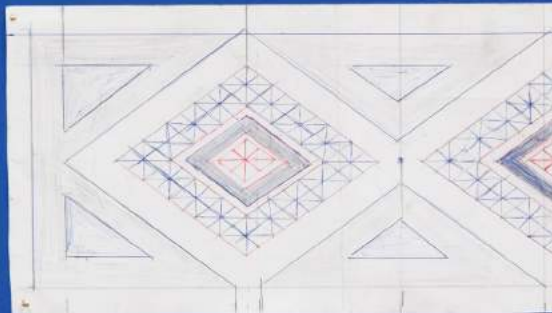
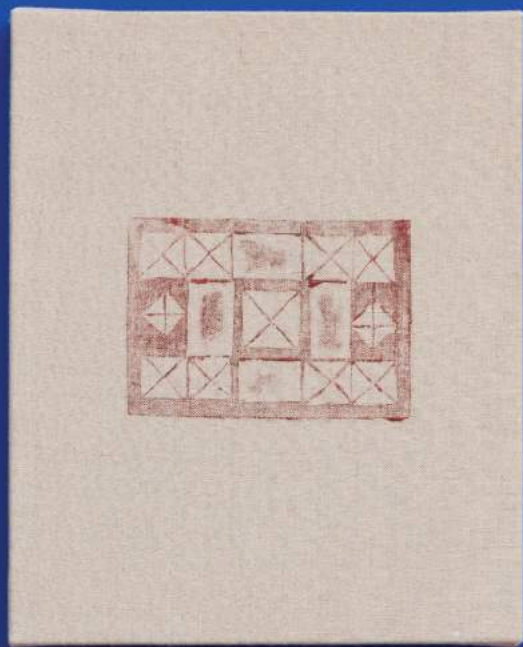
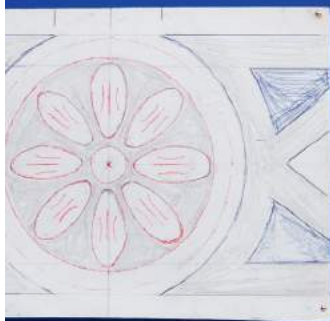
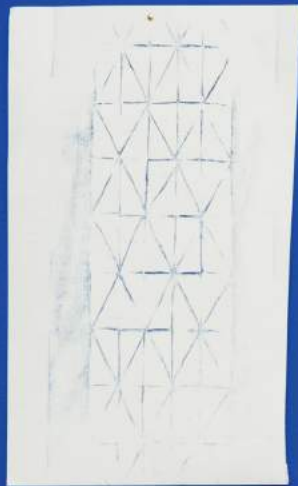
X
X
X
X
V

Carved wood structures and José Luis Carcedo's box are added.

- 2012
- 2013
- 2014
- 2015
- 2017
- 2018
- 2019
- 2020
- 2021
- 2022
- 2023
- 2024







2012

2013

2014

2015

2016

2018

2019

2020

2021

2022

2023

2024

Ceramic works are added during drinking cup exchange at Commonwealth and Council and an indexical drawing of the contents of *Box* is created.





X
L
V

X
L
V

X
L
V
I



X
L
V
I

2012 - 2022

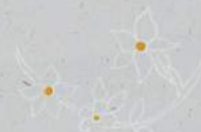


year five, on wooden book cover
2017



2014

code, Pyrenees
linen, oil, wood



wallpaper 2012

a rock from the desert,
rock from the mountains
from vertex
2 vernal equinox
2015, 2016



2014
prototype
Canfranc Train Station

Parco de los Melancólicos



2017 - carved on wooden book cover



box made in 2015
by Jose Luis, to fit inside
of other box, 2016

X from the 40's



no. 1
"Liberté" drawing, for Sad endings
2016

cardboard
folder -
copy of
grandfather's
maquette.
Holds
exhumation
related
drawings



2016

LA POSTE

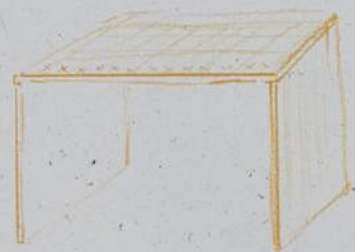


ETATS - UNIS

2015



pink drawing and
Plans to raise box: 2015



2013/14

FR.
code E

half postcards

A painting of bunkers & flowers
2014

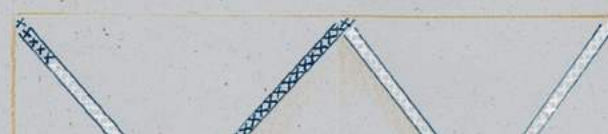


drawing for bottle
proof of death
2015



2013

carved mahogany



2016/
2017

lid - beginning the box

Walter's Rock
2014/2015

reverse

1940



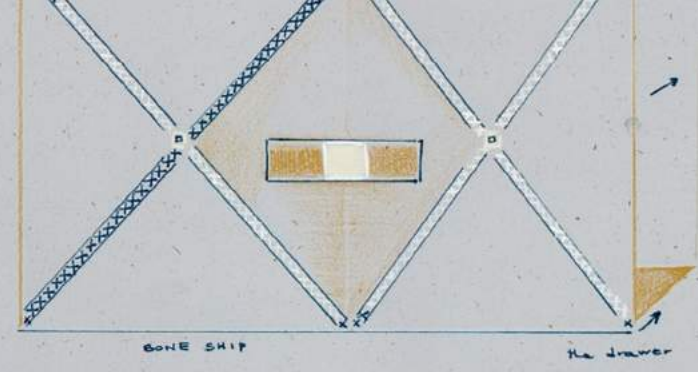
2014
yellow



1939

rock
(from Pyrenees ↑ Spain to France)

2012
fabric
Pyrenees



last walk buttes chalmont 2016
leaf / fall



on copy paper, 2012 →



La guerre

2016

postcard from Paris



slide, 2014



14p and PM
drawings

1978
2016

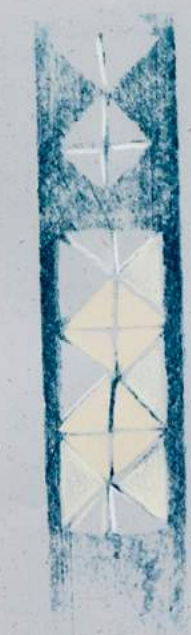


tacos
del
abuelo

2013



letter from carabo 4



2012 - white
2016 - Blue
* 2018 - as natural
base boards



risograph
of
grandfather's
cardboard
templates

2012 / 2014

Dit - Estépar - exhumations
black envelope

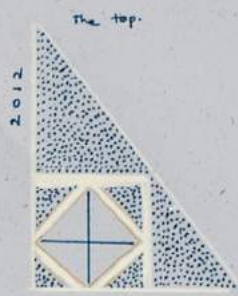


2015



2017

Limited Edition
Sargadelos & Ruado Ibrico
June 2, 1978
drinking cup.



The top

2012

2012 - blue, dyed every year

2012

2013

2014

2015

2016

2017

2019

2020

2021

2022

2023

2024



The daybed is created for Chung; obsidian rocks and a model of *Bone Ship* are added to *Box*.

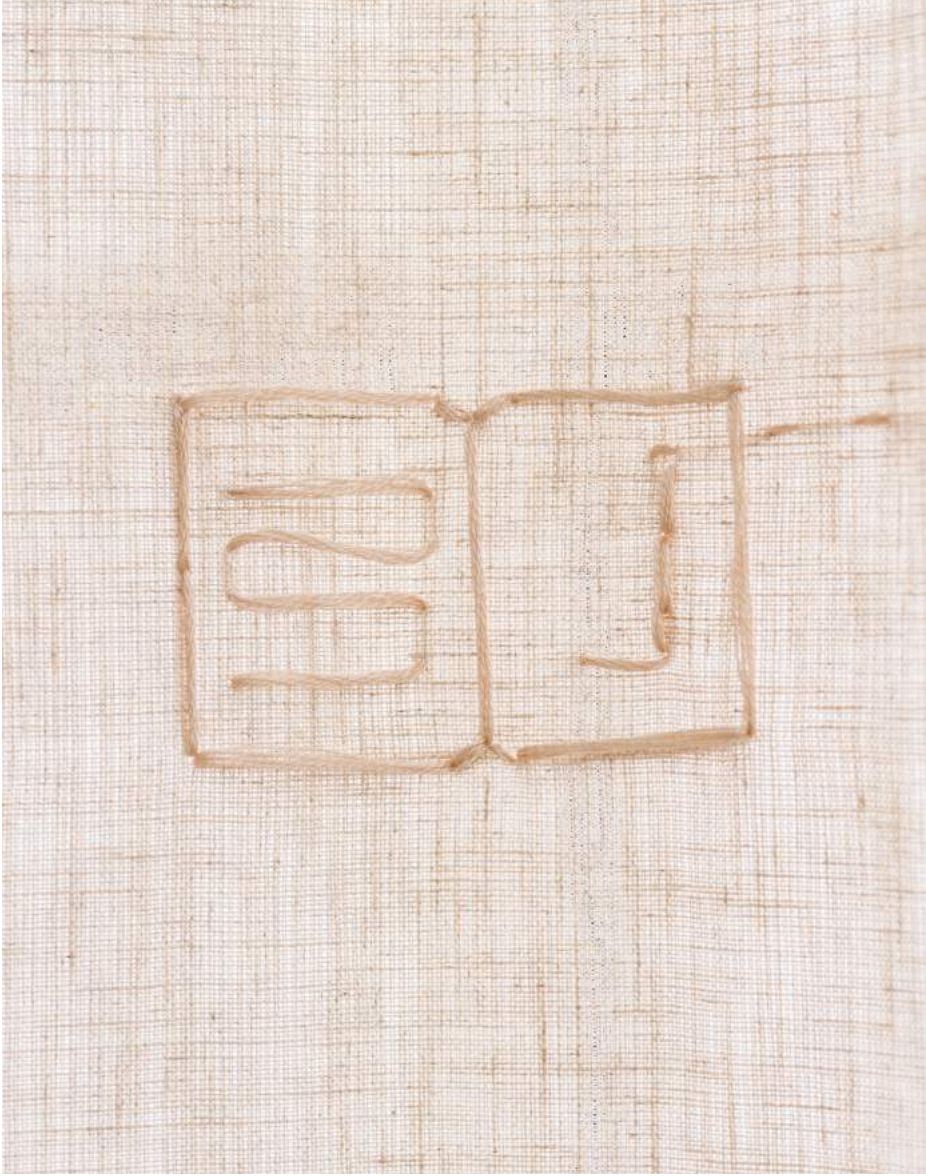


PATRICIA ON DESO de DU
A POELO ~~HOPE~~ ~~WANG~~ ~~WANG~~
COMMONWEALTH COUNCIL
ATT. PATRICIA
3006 W 7TH ST. #220
961 Angeles CA 90005
USA

13. - SANTUARIO DE SANTA CASILDA. - BRIVIESCA
Pozo Negro - Pozo de San Vicente o Pozo Negro.

Ediciones García Garrido





L
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Part of *Box* is presented offsite at Tina Kim Gallery, New York.

- 2012
- 2013
- 2014
- 2015
- 2016
- 2017
- 2019
- 2020
- 2021
- 2022
- 2023
- 2024



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2018



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A drawing made by Fernández and her grandfather during a trip to the eye doctor in 2015 is framed and added to *Box*.

2012

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2014

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2016

2017

2018

2020

2021

2022

2023

2024



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2019

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The archive for *Box* is developed by LACA and a clock enters *Box*.

- 2012
- 2013
- 2014
- 2015
- 2016
- 2017
- 2018
- 2019
- 2020
- 2021
- 2022
- 2023
- 2024



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Letters and postcards are sent during COVID lockdown.

- 2012
- 2013
- 2014
- 2015
- 2016
- 2017
- 2018
- 2019
- 2020
- 2022
- 2023
- 2024



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2021



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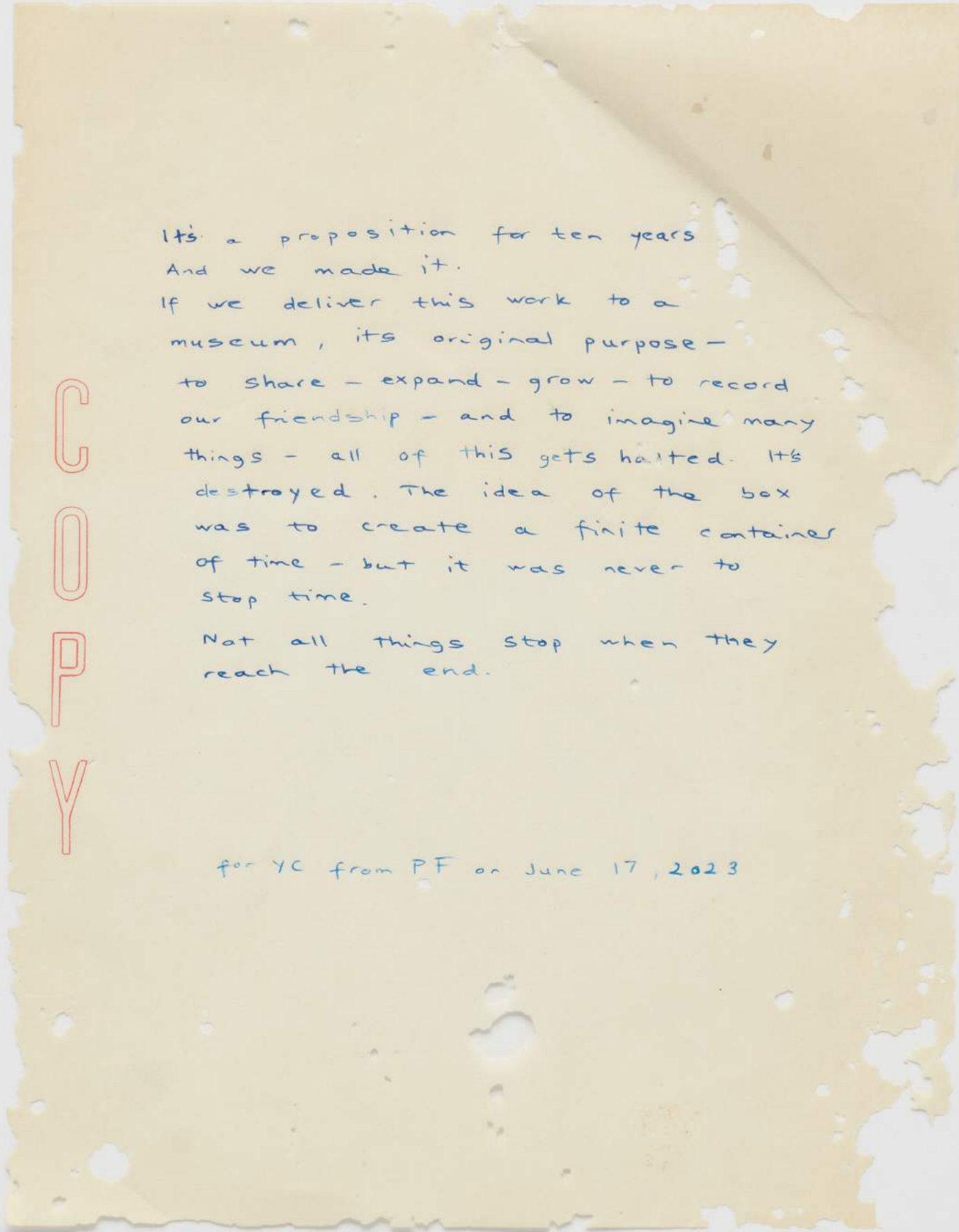


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Cochineal paintings for *Box* are made when Luna Fernández-James is born.

2022

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2022
2024



Small objects and letters are included in *Box* collection.

2012
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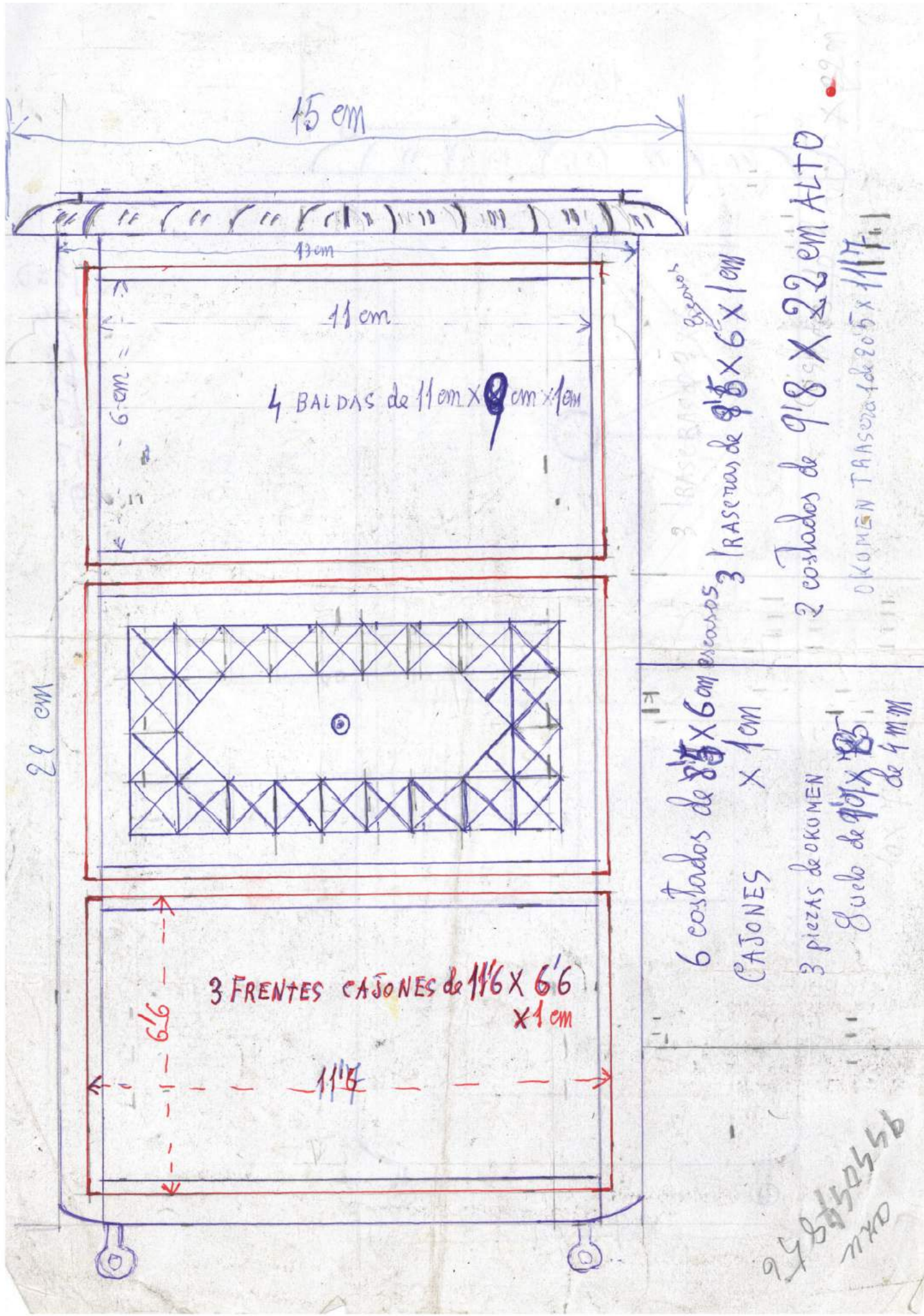




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2012

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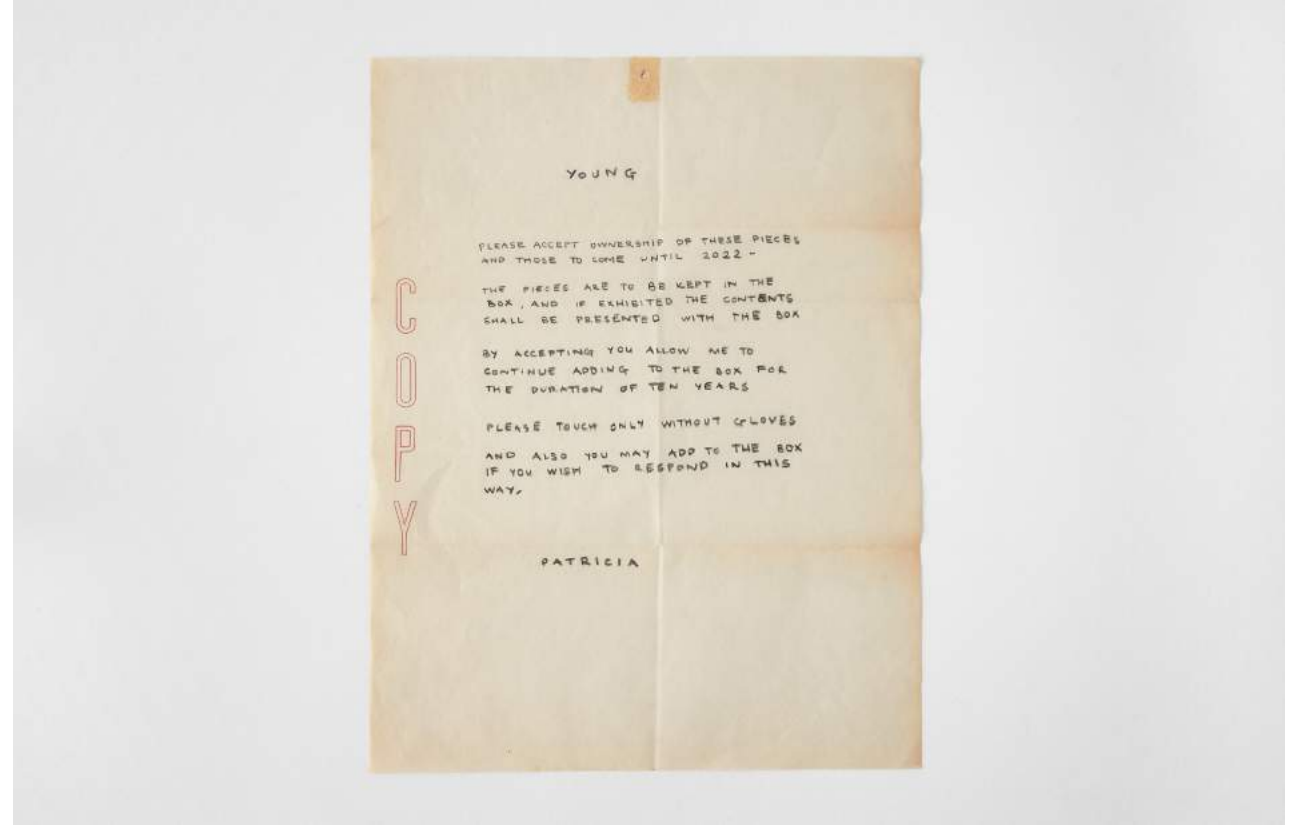
2024

Index



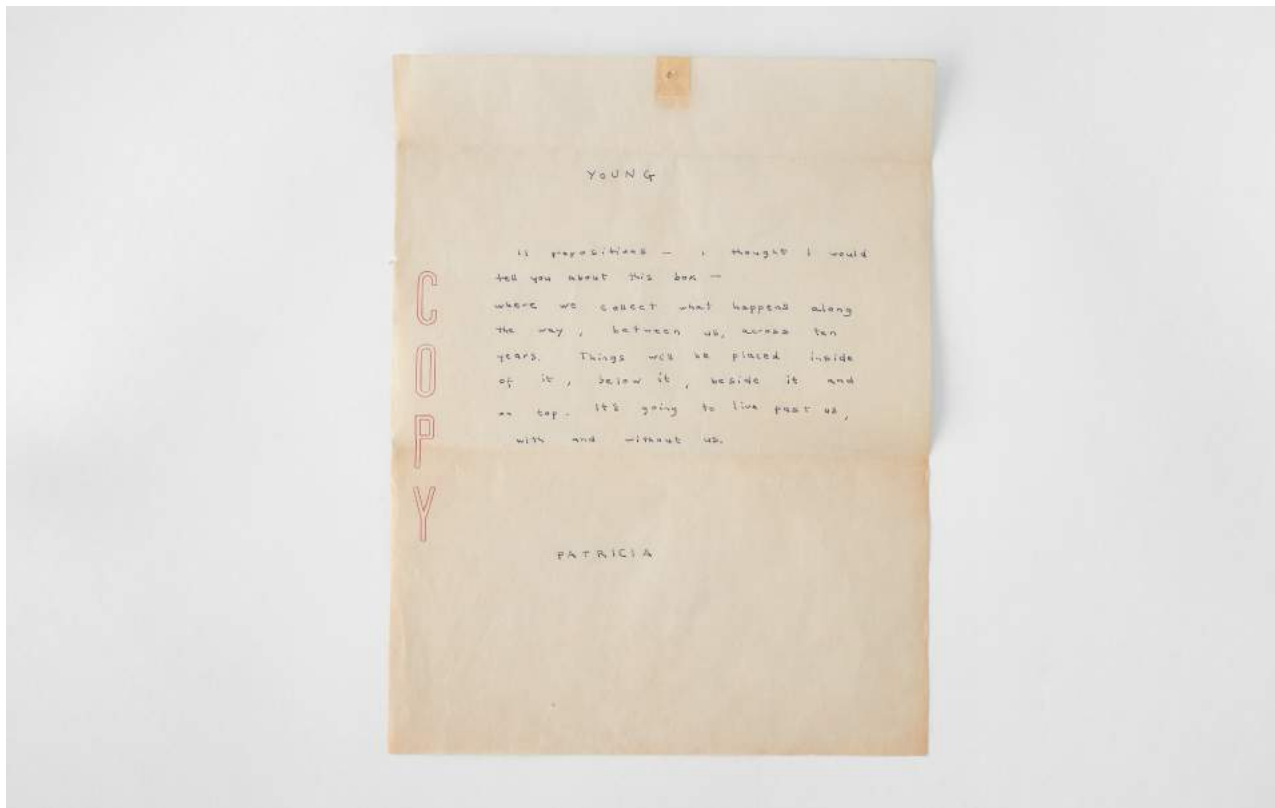
OF.31868.FE
Hand-carved walnut wood,
oil paint, wallpaper
15½ x 24 x 13¾ in

Original *Box (a proposition for ten years)* made with a “contract” for Young.
This piece was made in 2012.



OF.31907.FE
Correspondence
11 x 8½ in

First letter or “contract” for *Box*, written in 2013. All of the editions receive
a letter of acceptance or a “contract” with a type of agreement.



OF.31904.FE
Correspondence
11 x 8½ in

This letter on copy paper begins with 11 propositions, which describe
the process and concept of *Box*, and becomes the “contract” between
Young and me.



OF.31887.FE
Fabric and dye
3½ in diameter

Fabric piece from my grandmother’s house, placed under a Santa
Casilda votive.

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OF.31915.FE
Risograph
17½ x 12 in

Risograph print of several of my grandfather's drawings of box carvings and details, sent in a letter in 2012.



OF.35076.FE
Correspondence
4¼ x 5½ in

Handmade postcard from 2011 during Occupy in Sol, Madrid while the war in Syria was also going on.



OF.31913.FE
Acrylic, ink, and colored
pencil on paper
15½ x 11¾ in

Drawing of red flowers made in 2012 as part of a series on the Spanish Civil War (documents from *La Retirada*). Inserted into *Box* in 2012.



OF.31871.FE
Hand-carved walnut
wood, acrylic paint
25 x 24 x 14 in

Part of *Box*'s first exhibition at Commonwealth and Council in 2013. They are extensions (wooden legs).

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X
X
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OF.31850.FE
Oil on canvas, wood, flashe paint
12 x 10 x 1¼ in

Le P (Pyrenees). Painting made in 2013 of border documents allowing Spanish exiles to enter France after the Spanish Civil War.



OF.31866.FE
Oil on linen, walnut frame
17 x 15 x 1 in

Oil painting from 2014 of a defunct train station in Canfranc, half of which is in Spain and the other half in France.



OF.31848.FE
Oil on hand-poured cement tile, walnut frame
7 x 7 x 1 in

Prototype for a tile that would later become the flooring of *Paseo de los melancólicos* installation at LAXART in 2014.



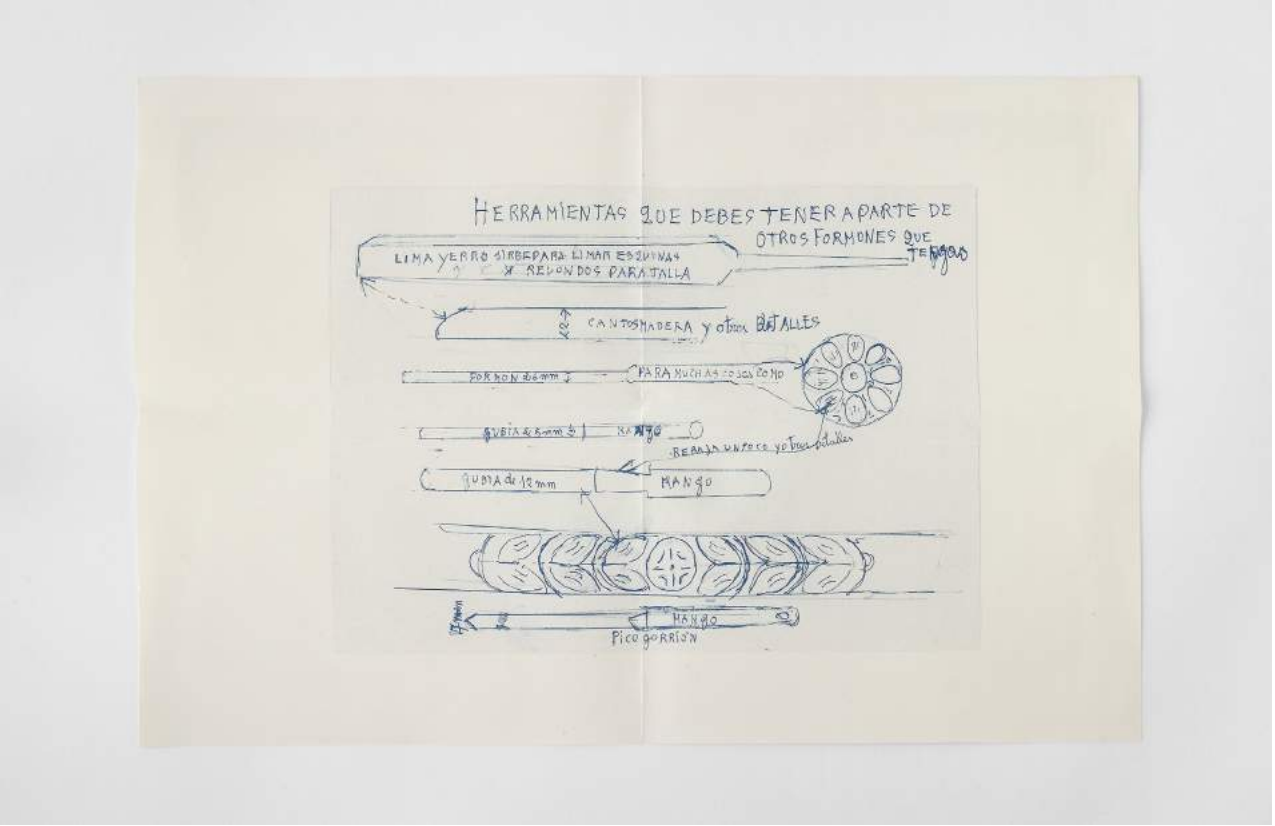
OF.31912.FE
Pencil and gouache on paper
22 x 13 in

Drawing placed under the original *Box* in 2013, to catch sun spots and trace its shape.



OF.31889.FE
String
29½ in

I think this string was tied around a rock at some point. It was exhibited in 2021.



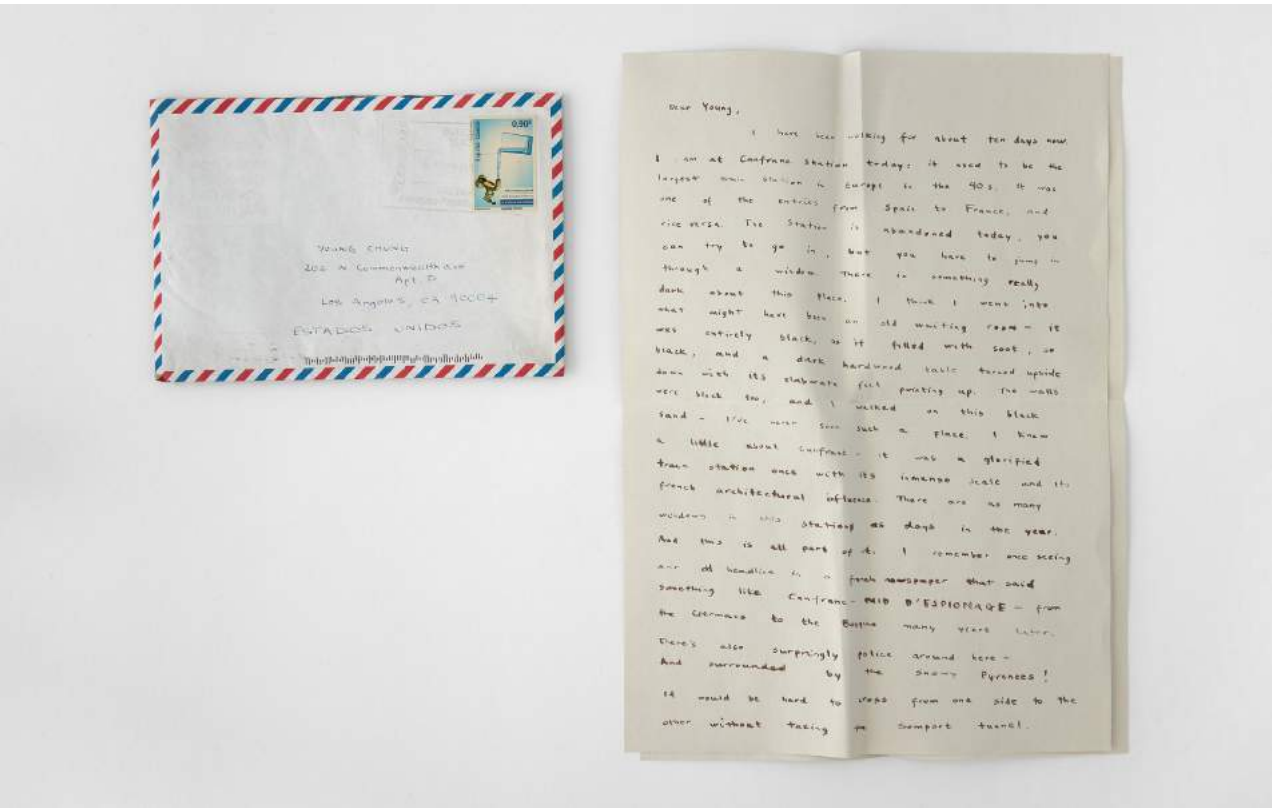
OF.31902.FE
Risograph
12 x 18 in

Risograph print of correspondence and instructional drawing made by my grandfather and sent by mail.



OF.31886.FE
Fabric, thread
2¾ in diameter

This piece was found with my grandmother's textiles in 2013.



OF.31900.FE
Correspondence
Envelope: 4¾ x 6¾ in
Letter: 11½ x 8¼ in each

Two page letter written in Canfranc. This letter was probably sent from Spain in spring because it mentions wildflowers growing out of fresh snow (maybe my first or second visit to the Pyrenees). After this letter, I made the flower *Map* which was included in *Paseo de los melancólicos* at LAXART in 2014.



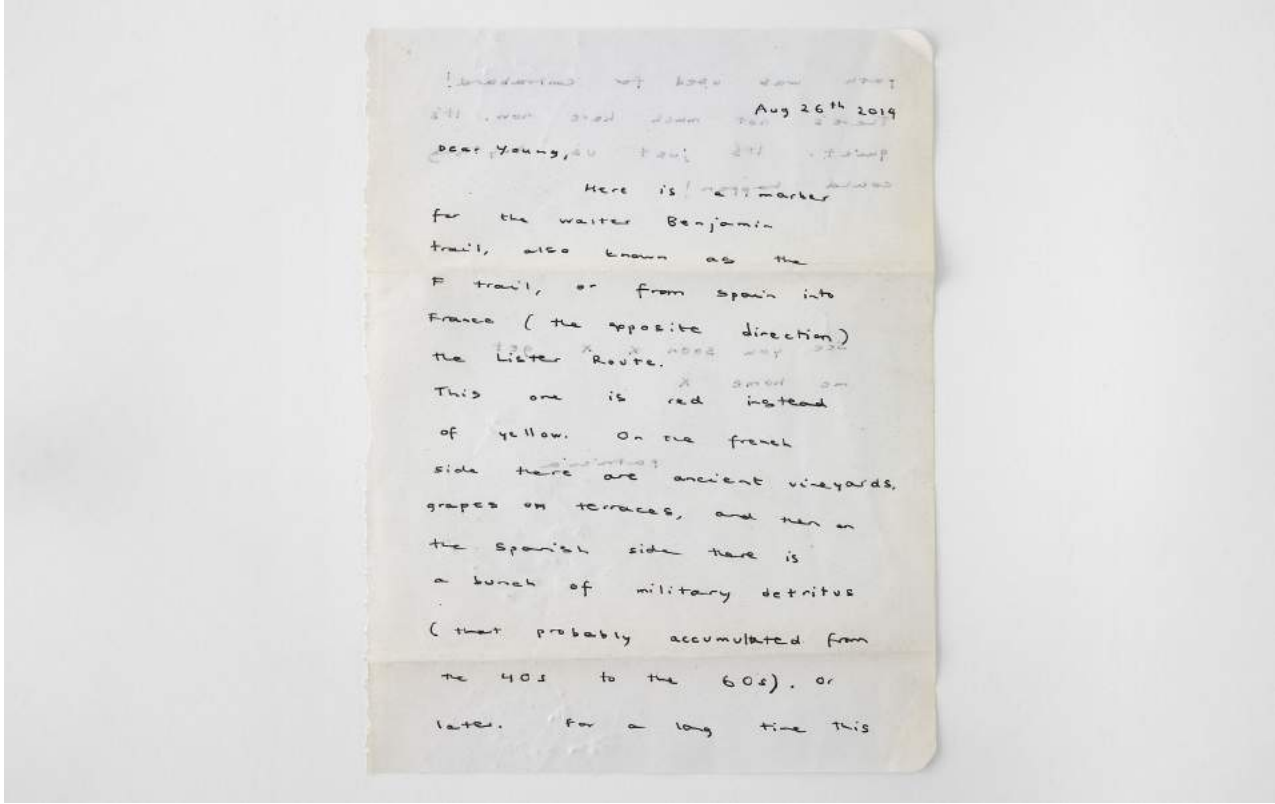
OF.31855.FE
Paper, ink, and postcard
in glass frame with thread
5 x 7 in

Half of a cut postcard. During the Nazi Occupation of France, so that the Resistance could communicate, postcards were cut in half. If two half postcards were joined, messengers would know they were in the right place. This image is from the Pyrenees, 2014.



OF.31877.FE
Found painted rock
1½ x 2 x ¼ in

Part of a marker for the F trail or Lister Route also known as the Walter Benjamin Trail. Most likely painted by the British volunteers during the Spanish Civil War.



OF.31903.FE
Correspondence
9½ x 7½ in

Letter from August 26, 2014, when I was walking the Walter Benjamin Trail in reverse (also known as the Lister Route), from Spain to France. This letter was sent with a rock in a red envelope, (which is now missing) and ends with "get me home." I think I was sad.



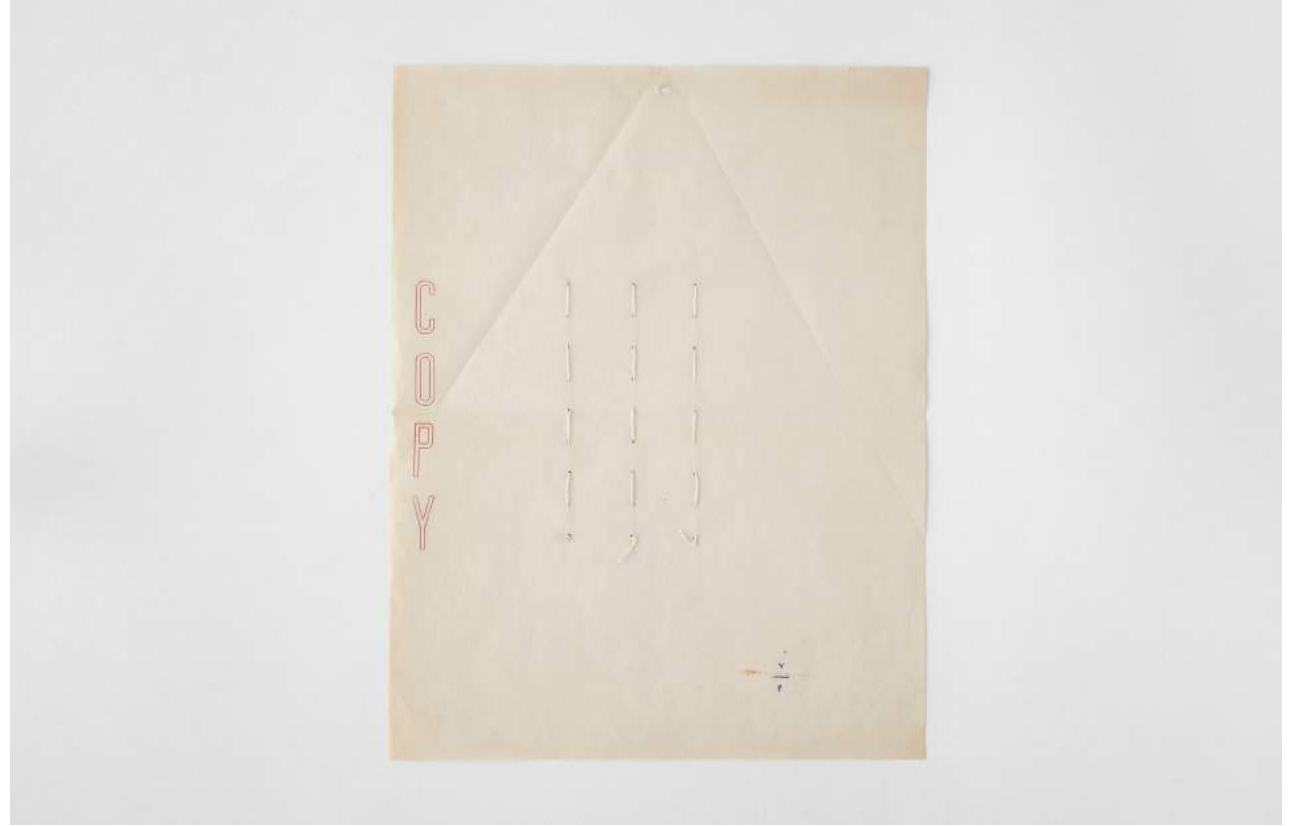
OF.31867.FE
Hand-carved mahogany,
walnut wood
16¼ x 23¾ x 13 in

One of two pieces that make up the drawer, carved with the "X" pattern and my grandfather's flower.



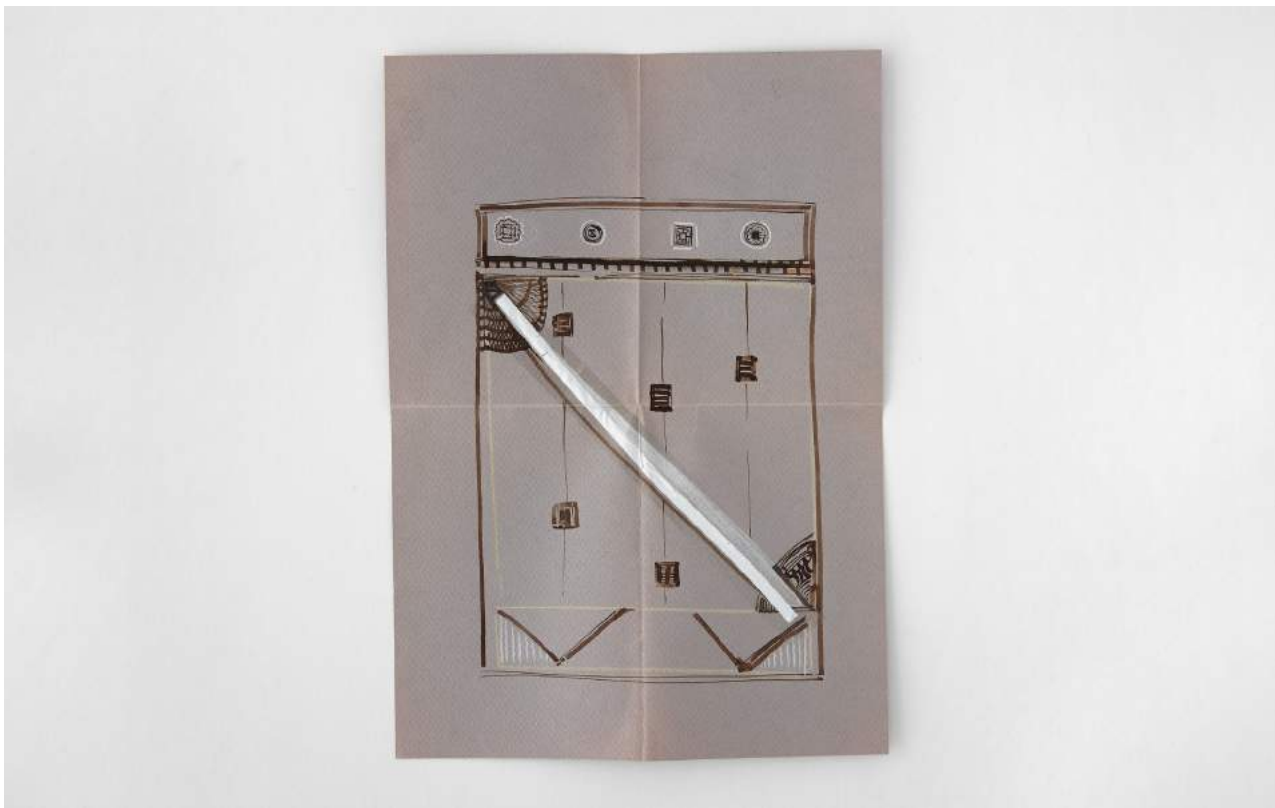
OF.31911.FE
Hand-carved mahogany,
walnut wood, bone
12¼ x 20¾ x 13¾ in

Two of two pieces that make up the drawer, a modular unit with a handle and detail that includes bone inlay.



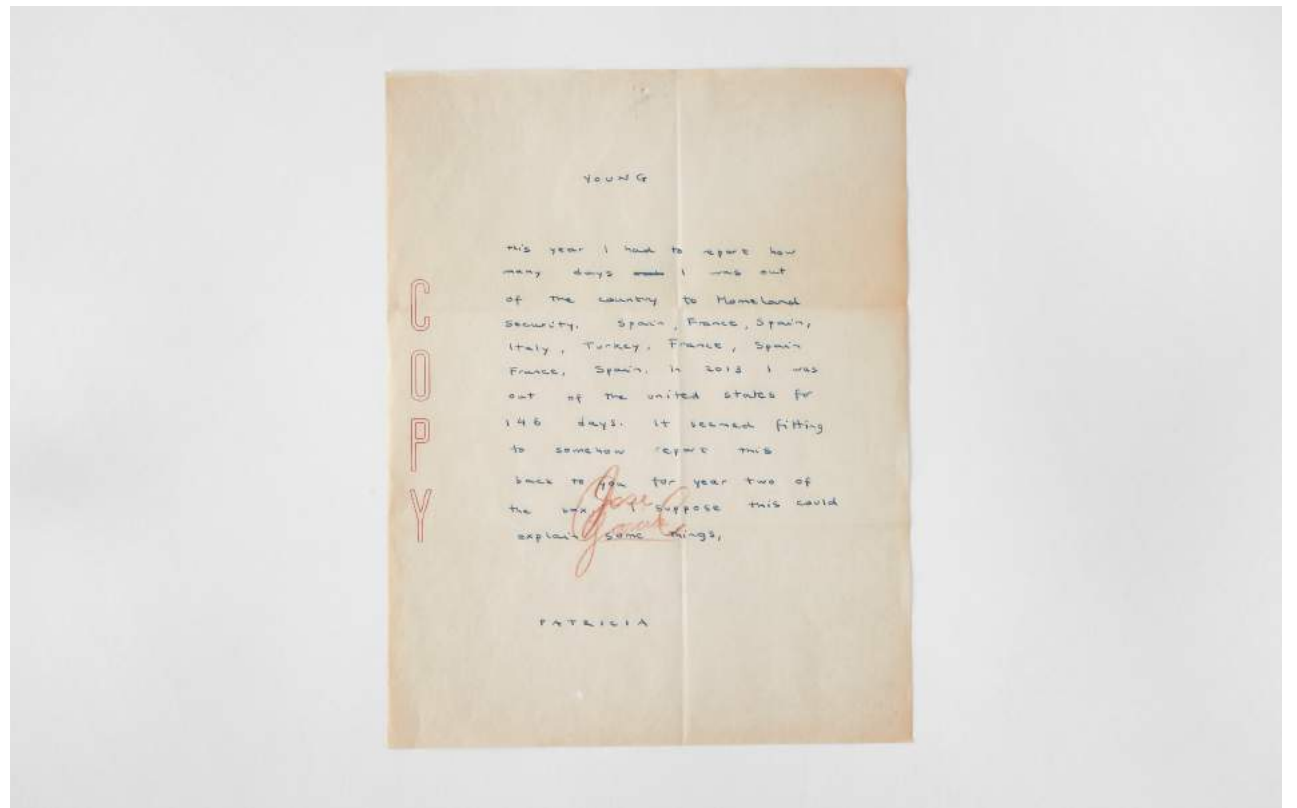
OF.31906.FE
Correspondence
11 x 8½ in

Part of Box's second exhibition at Commonwealth and Council in 2014.
Letter with stitching written to Young on copy paper.



OF.31901.FE
Ink and pencil on paper
11¾ x 8 in

Drawing included in a letter to Young with carving details.



OF.31905.FE
Correspondence
11 x 8½ in

Letter to Young on copy paper that describes my report to Homeland Security of how many days I was out of the country. It was written in 2014, during my U.S. Naturalization process.



OF.31865.FE
Found rock with yellow paint
5½ x 2½ x 1 in

This yellow rock fragment found in the Pyrenees in 2014 marked the path of *La Retirada*.



OF.31869.FE
Pencil and flashe paint
on cardboard
13½ x 10 in

Folder made out of cardboard and painted with a carving design to resemble my grandfather's cardboard folders, and intended to potentially hold drawings, letters, and other documents in the future.



OF.31910.FE
Paper envelope
4¾ x 7 in

Envelope found in Madrid's El Rastro in 2014, in the same bookstore where I found Ruedo Ibérico books earlier. I think these envelopes are intended to announce death. unbleached with black edges, it no longer seals.



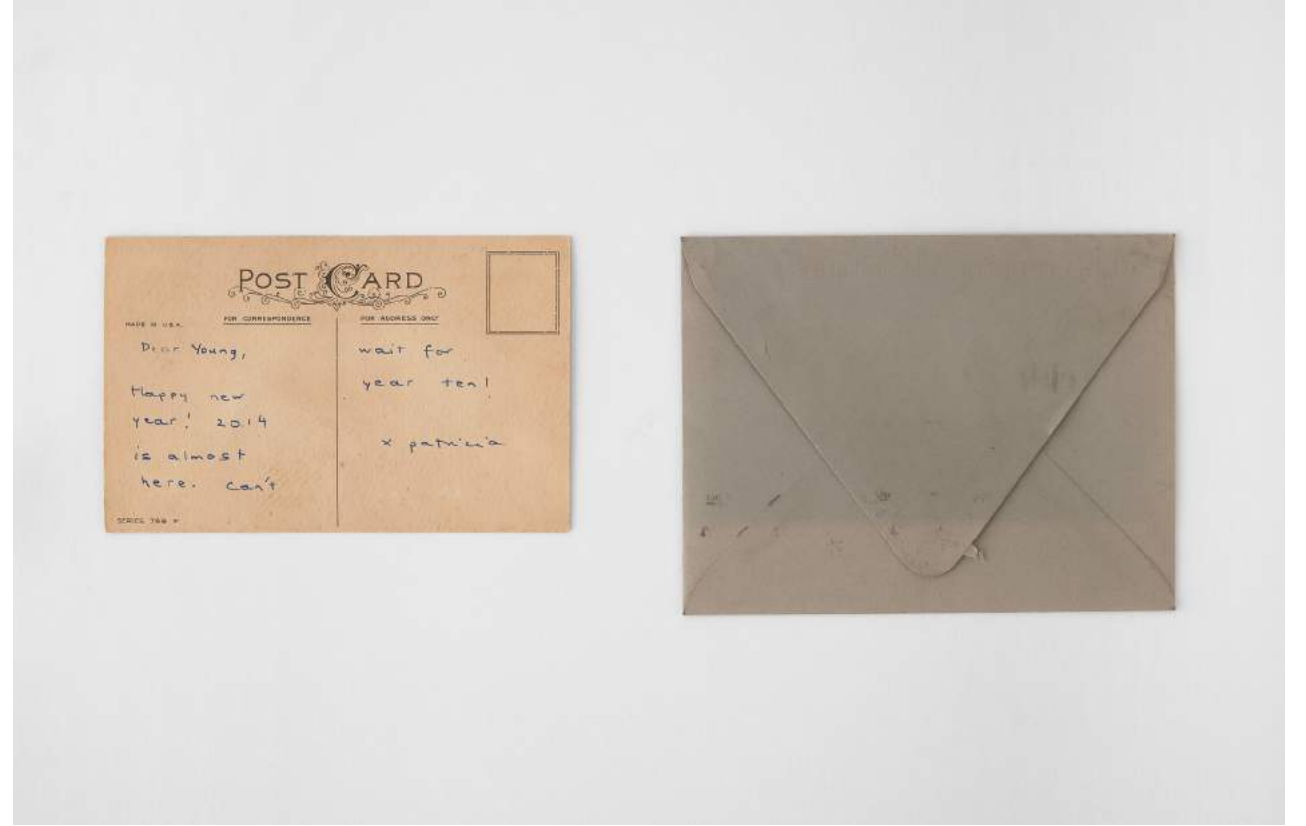
OF.31878.FE
Cardboard, ink, tape
4 x 2¼ in, 5 x 2¾ in, 5 x 4½ in

In 2014, these cardboard pieces were created as stand-ins or placeholders for carvings to be added.



OF.31853.FE
Hand-carved walnut
wood, painted slats
3 x 17 x 7 in

Sections of carved and painted slats or baseboards are organized into a container. These are from the room where *Box* was exhibited at Commonwealth and Council in 2014.



OF.31896.FE
Correspondence
3½ x 5½ in postcard

Happy New Year postcard to Young sent in December 2014.



OF.31891.FE
Correspondence
envelope: 4½ x 6½ in
open letter: 7¾ x 6 in

Happy New Year letter sent to Young in December 2014.



OF.31873.FE
Ink and pencil on paper
9¼ x 6 in

Sketch or plan for the addition to *Box* for year 3 or 4. Dated to span the years between 2012 and 2016.



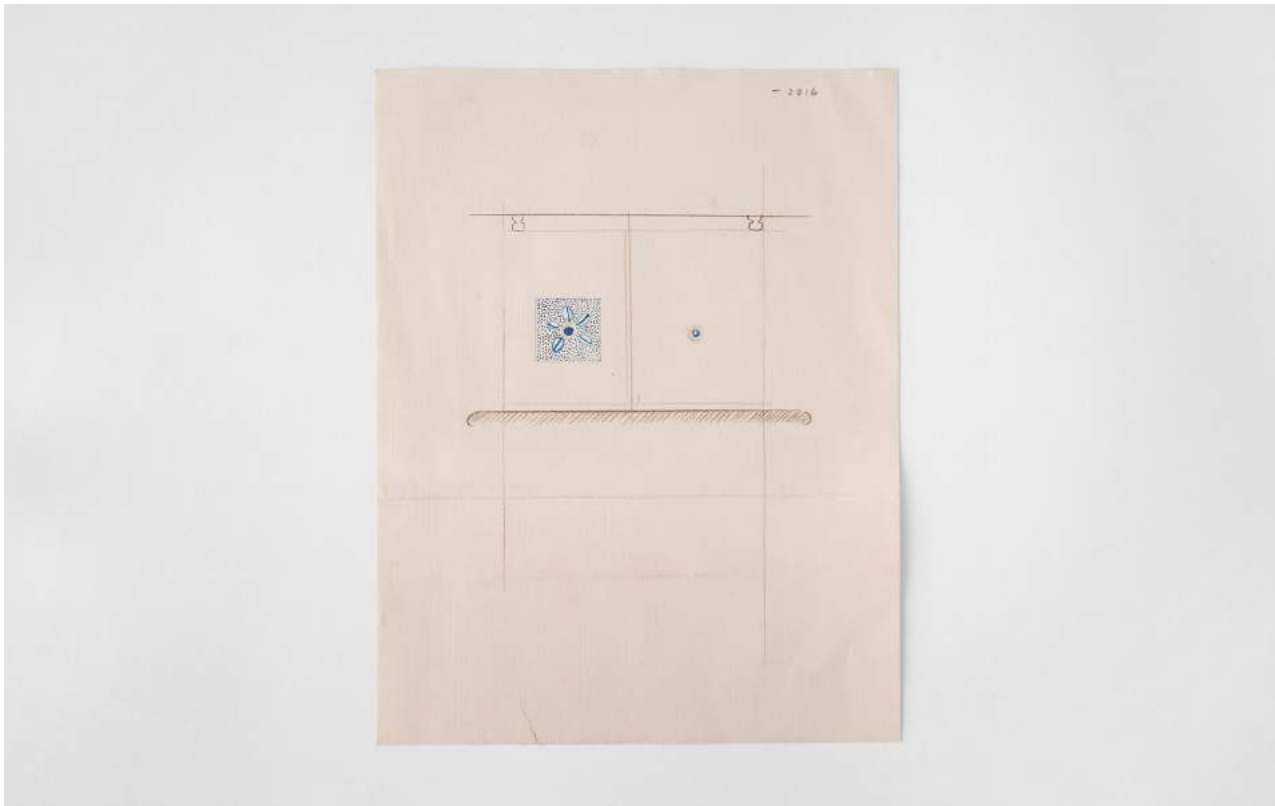
OF.31854.FE
Hand-carved wood,
paint, fabric
5 x 9¼ x 6½ in

This box was made by my grandfather with an interior upholstered by my grandmother. She also waxed the exterior of this box with my grandfather's boot polish.



OF.31897.FE
Correspondence
Envelope: 4 x 6¼ in
Letter: 7¾ x 6¼ in

Letter written in December 2015 for the New Year that includes wood veneer from my trip to Syria.



OF.31914.FE
Pencil and ink on paper
11 x 8½ in

Drawing plans for what became an addition to *Box* in year 4.



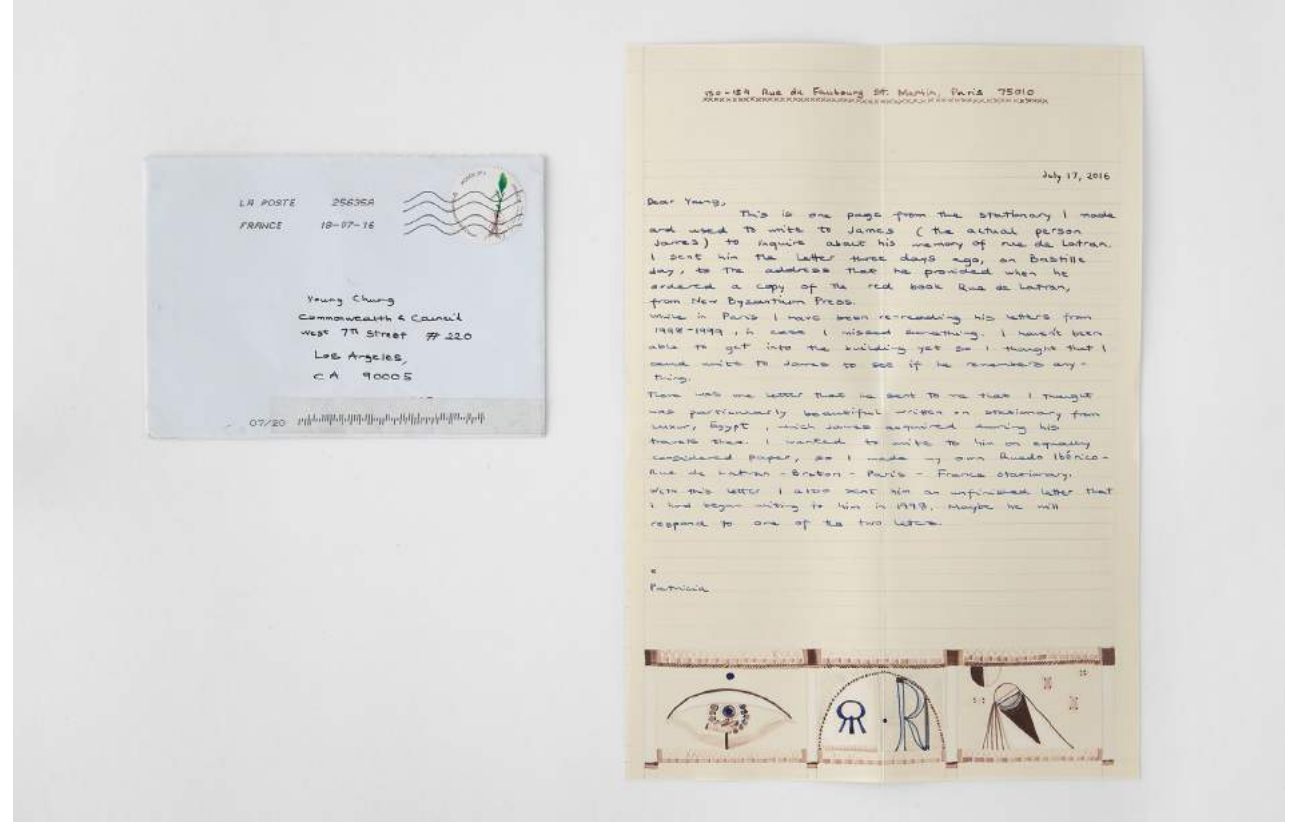
OF.31898.FE
Correspondence
Envelope: 4½ x 6¼ in
Photo with leaf inside envelope:
4 x 6 in; paper: 8 x 6 in

Photograph I took of Pepe M.'s Ruedo Ibérico book collection at the Sargadelos factory library in Galicia or his house in Madrid.



OF.31872.FE
Ink and pencil on paper
5½ x 9¾ in

Drawing made while walking in Père Lachaise Cemetery, Paris, thinking about Isaac Díaz Pardo and Pepe M., 2016.



OF.31885.FE
Correspondence
11¼ x 8¾ in

Letter written on stationery I made for Ruedo Ibérico while in Paris doing research on the printing press during the month of July 2016. The envelope is missing. This same stationery was later used to write a letter to James to see if he remembered anything about Rue de Latran, where he lived and we spent time together.



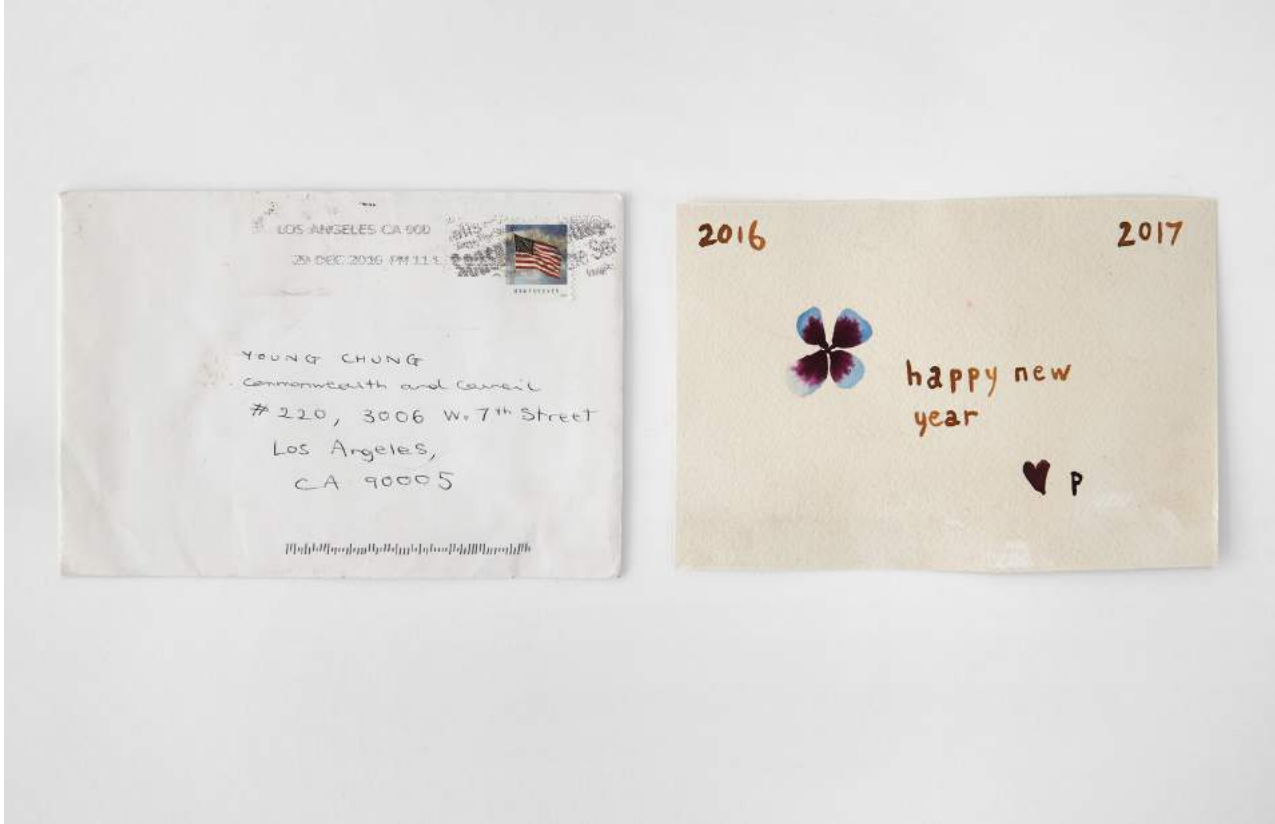
OF.31894.FE
Correspondence
4½ x 6½ in

Postcard sent during my residency in Paris after I visited the Rousseau exhibition on the same day as the antifascist march (pre-Trump) in Place de la République. It was a good exhibition. Sad days and bad times.



OF.31879.FE
Watercolor and pencil on paper
9 x 12¼ in

Drawing from when I was in Paris (researching Ruedo Ibérico). Ruedo Ibérico's inevitable downfall and forgotten story developed into *stage set for sad endings no. 1* for *Building as Ever* exhibition at Orange County Museum of Art. The back has a short text to Young written from Paris in August 2016.



OF.31899.FE
Correspondence
Envelope is 4¾ x 6¾ in

Watercolor card made for Young. Inside it says, "happy new year 2016."



OF.31881.FE
Paper on canvas with
acrylic paint
7 x 4¾ in

Some of the bottles found at the exhumation site in Navarra had death certificates inside of them, handwritten by the doctors or prison guards who allowed for the deaths. This drawing is from the *Memory is in Progress* series, exhibited at Los Angeles Contemporary Archive (LACA) in its first iteration in 2016 and then later at Los Angeles Municipal Art Gallery (LAMAG) in 2017.



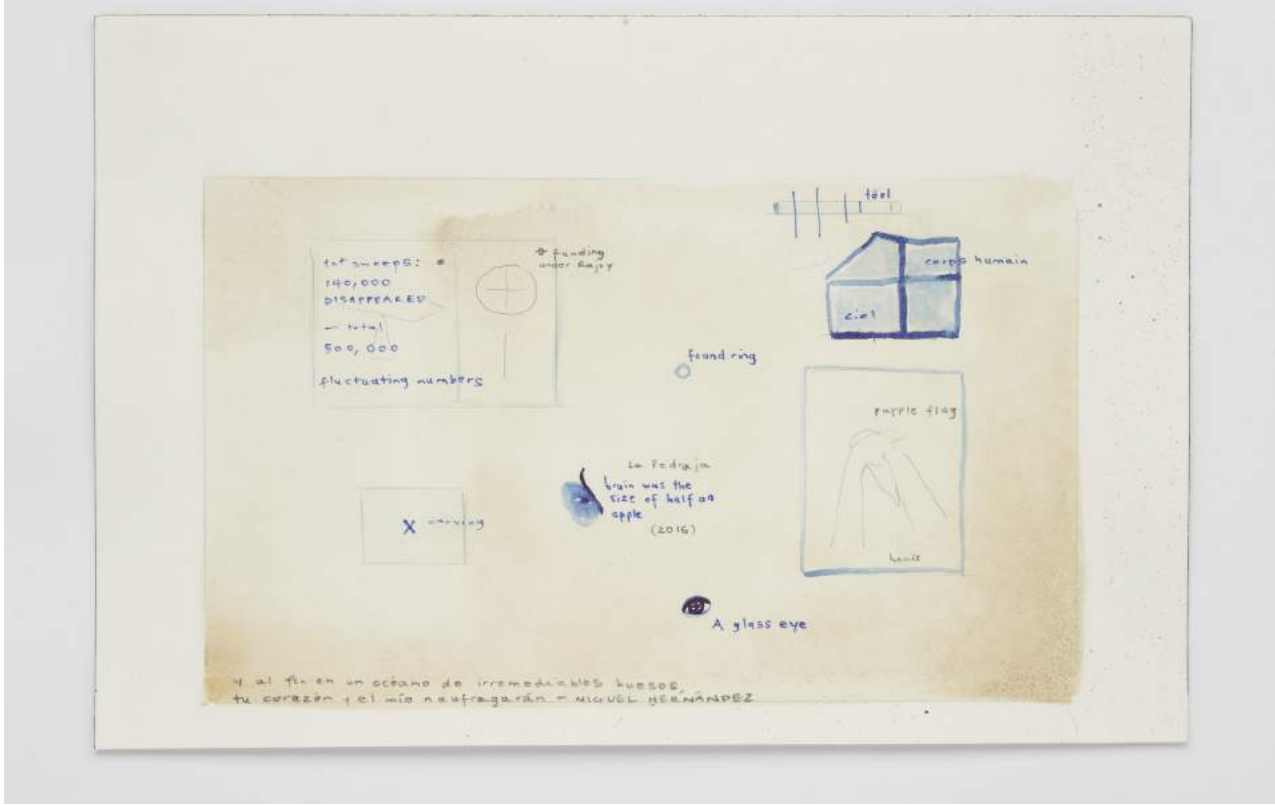
OF.31870.FE
Colored pencil and flashe
paint on paper, walnut frame
44 x 27½ in

An attempt to make an inventory drawing or index of all the items found in *Box* up to the year 2017. The inventory drawing neglected to include a representation of itself.



OF.31880.FE
Ink and pencil on paper
11¾ x 8¾ in

An exhumation drawing, a sketch that continues the work for *Memory is in Progress*.



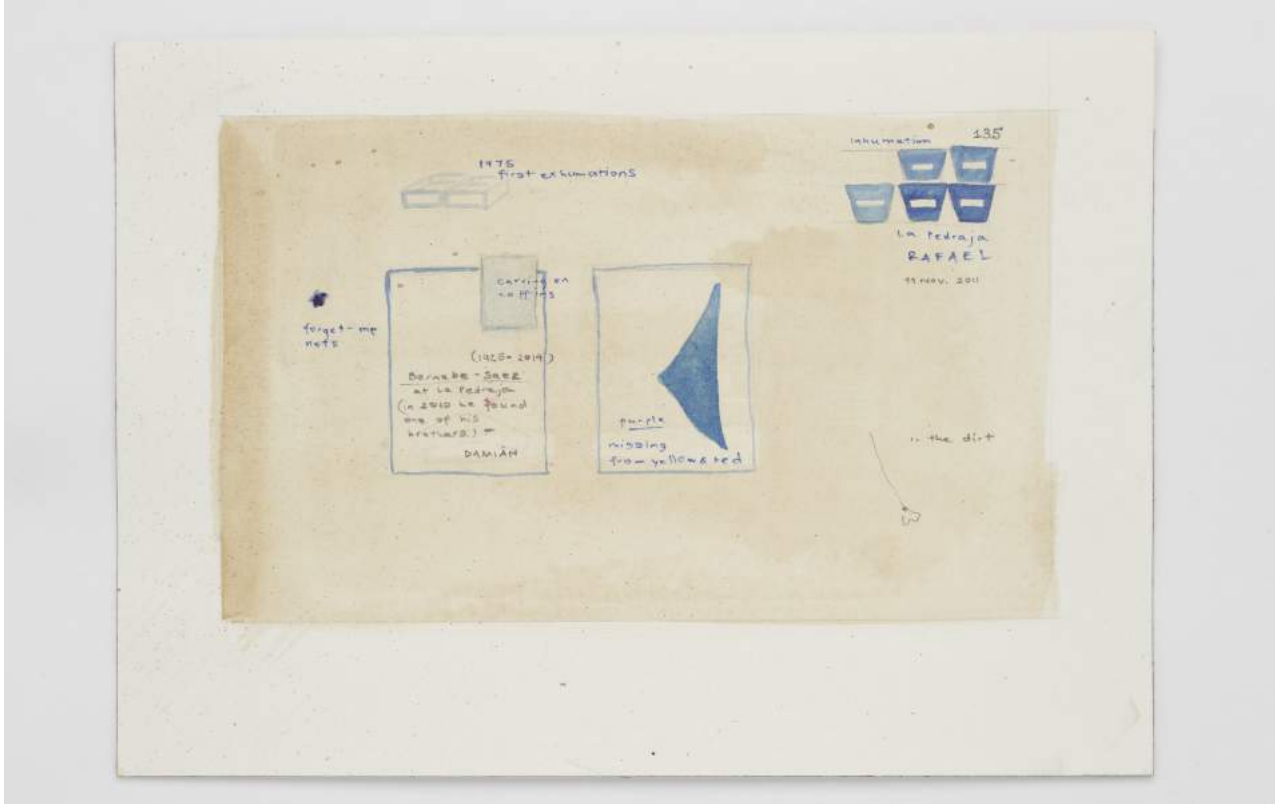
OF.33843.FE
Watercolor and pencil on paper
7½ x 10¼ in

An exhumation map, sketch, and text for one of two paintings titled *Memory is in Progress III*. These two paintings were shown as a diptych at LAMAG in 2017.



OF.31883.FE
Color slide film
2 x 2 in

Slide image (photograph taken by Óscar Rodríguez). Óscar documented the exhuming of bones and remains with the non-profit Asociación para la Recuperación de Memoria Histórica (ARMH). We corresponded for a couple of years during which he sent me updates, visitors books, and images he took on-site at exhumations.



OF.33844.FE
Watercolor and pencil on paper
7½ x 10¼ in

An exhumation map, sketch, and text for two of two paintings titled *Memory is in Progress III*. These paintings were shown at LAMAG in 2017.



OF.31861.FE
Ceramic
4 x 3 x 3½ in

Ruedo Ibérico pitcher used to serve drinks at Commonwealth and Council on the occasion of the exhibition that took place in 2017.



OF.31863.FE
Ceramic
2¾ x 2¾ x 2¾ in

Ruedo Ibérico cup shared with Young and added to *Box* in 2017.



OF.31852.FE
Hand-carved walnut wood,
painted slat, drawings,
pressed flowers
6½ x 13¼ x 2 in

Hand-carved walnut book cover that presses and holds drawings and other ephemera. The number 5 is carved on top. Made in 2017.



OF.31864.FE
Ceramic
2¾ x 2¾ x 2¾ in

Ruedo Ibérico cup shared with Young and added to *Box* in 2017.



OF.31874.FE
Newspaper
15 x 12 in

Newspaper Correo de Burgos from Sunday, April 17, 2016. Older newspaper on exhumations added later.



OF.31882.FE
Linen, thread
14 x 9¼ in

One of several embroidery napkins later to be used for a LACA dinner.



OF.31893.FE
Correspondence
7 x 4½ in

Happy New Year card sent to Young in 2018.



OF.35635.FE
Watercolor and
pencil on paper
11 x 8½ in

Watercolor sketch for Young's daybed.



OF.31862.FE
Ceramic
5 x 4½ x 2½ in

Perseids porcelain bowl from 2018. The drawings on the bowl were made based on the story of St. Lawrence and his tears. The bowl was intended to catch the tears or meteor shower.



OF.31884.FE
Correspondence
4¼ x 5½ in

Postcard sent to Young from Spain on January 22, 2018.



OF.35085.FE
Hand-carved walnut wood
5 x 1¼ in

These walnut wooden pieces hold up the headboard of the daybed so that it stays open.



OF.35082.FE
Hand-carved walnut wood,
mattress
78 x 36 x 41½ in

Daybed was added to *Box* in 2018 because Young was spending so much time at the gallery and he needed a place to rest. When the headboard folds down it makes another box, a platform, or a pedestal. The daybed can hold everything.



OF.31890.FE
Correspondence
4 x 5¾ in

Watercolor drawing of the Perseids made into a postcard and sent to Young from Briviesca, Spain in 2018.



OF.31859.FE
Bone, wood
7½ x 4 x 4 in

Model for *Bone Ship* made from the bones of the meat I ate that year.



OF.31860.FE
Rock
3½ x 4½ x 2½ in

This rock was used to hold a postcard of Santa Casilda.



OF.31895.FE
Rocks
2 x 1 x 1 in – 5 x 3 x 1 in

Bed of rocks that sit under the bed, releasing negative energies as a protective and healing stone.



OF.31888.FE
Correspondence
3½ x 5½ in

Postcard of Santa Casilda's well (magical springs) where I used to go with my grandfather and he would put his hand in the water to help it heal. The back of the postcard features handwriting from both my mother and grandfather. This card was sent to Commonwealth and Council.



OF.31846.FE
Oil on linen
8 x 10 x 1 in

Painting of Santa Casilda's statue found at chapel of Santa Casilda's mountain—reclining, "sleeping," or dead. This painting is from the *Sleepers* series made in 2018.



OF.31875.FE
Rock
1½ x 1¾ x 1 in

Small white rock, maybe quartz.



OF.31858.FE
Fabric, thread
98 x 116 in

The curtains are embroidered with drawings from notebooks of one year of Jungian therapy dream analysis and were hung in the exhibition at Commonwealth and Council. Later I used the curtains at the desert house for a while.



OF.31908.FE
Pressed flowers,
fabric, thread
6½ x 5½ in

Textile made for year 5 of *Box*. Hand sewn with pressed flowers.



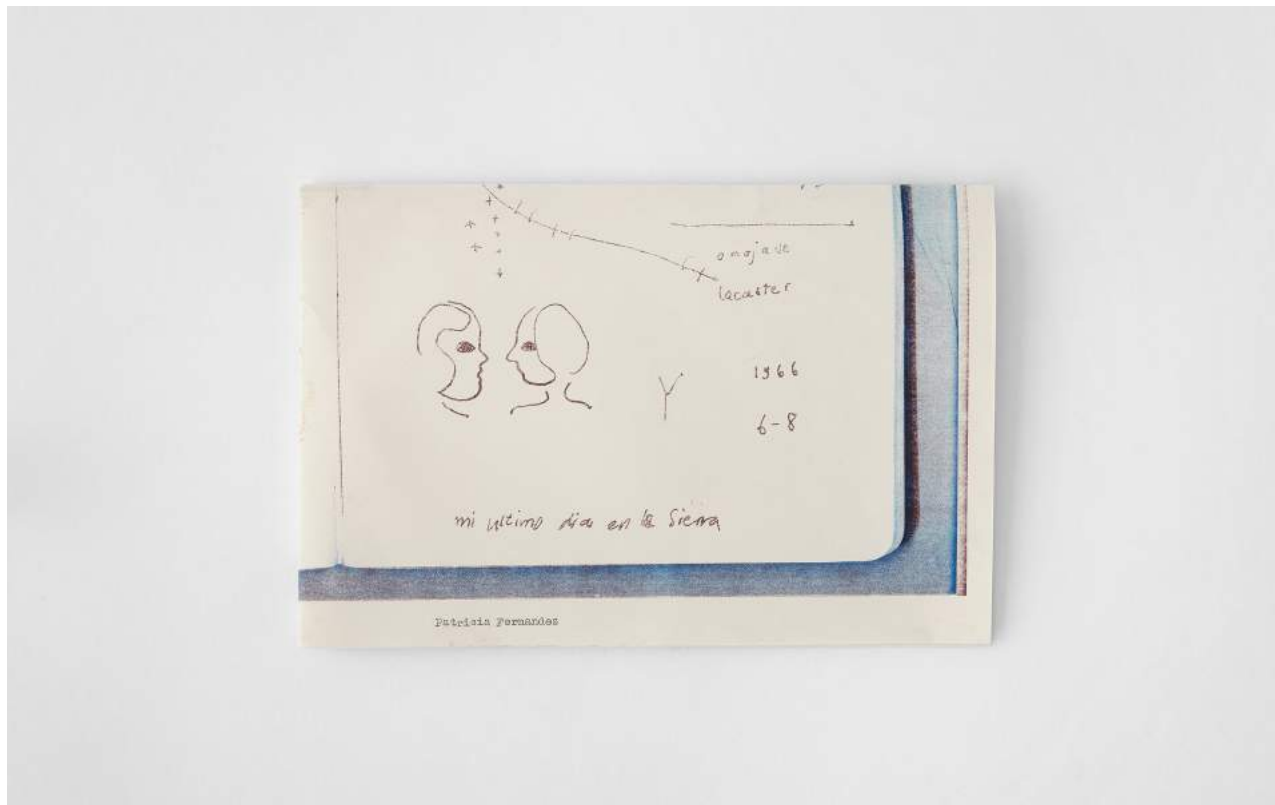
OF.31909.FE
Correspondence
8 x 11½ in

Happy New Year letter to Young, sent from Spain in 2019.



OF.31851.FE
Oil on panel
6 x 8 x 1 in

Oil painting of the 13 moon petroglyph we saw in 2019 and went back to several times on the mesa near Bishop, CA.



OF.31856.FE
Risograph
12 x 18 in; folded 6 x 9 in

Two-color Risograph prints of notebook drawings of the arborglyphs made while walking in the Sierras; used also as an invitation for the Bakersfield exhibition at Todd Madigan Gallery in 2018.

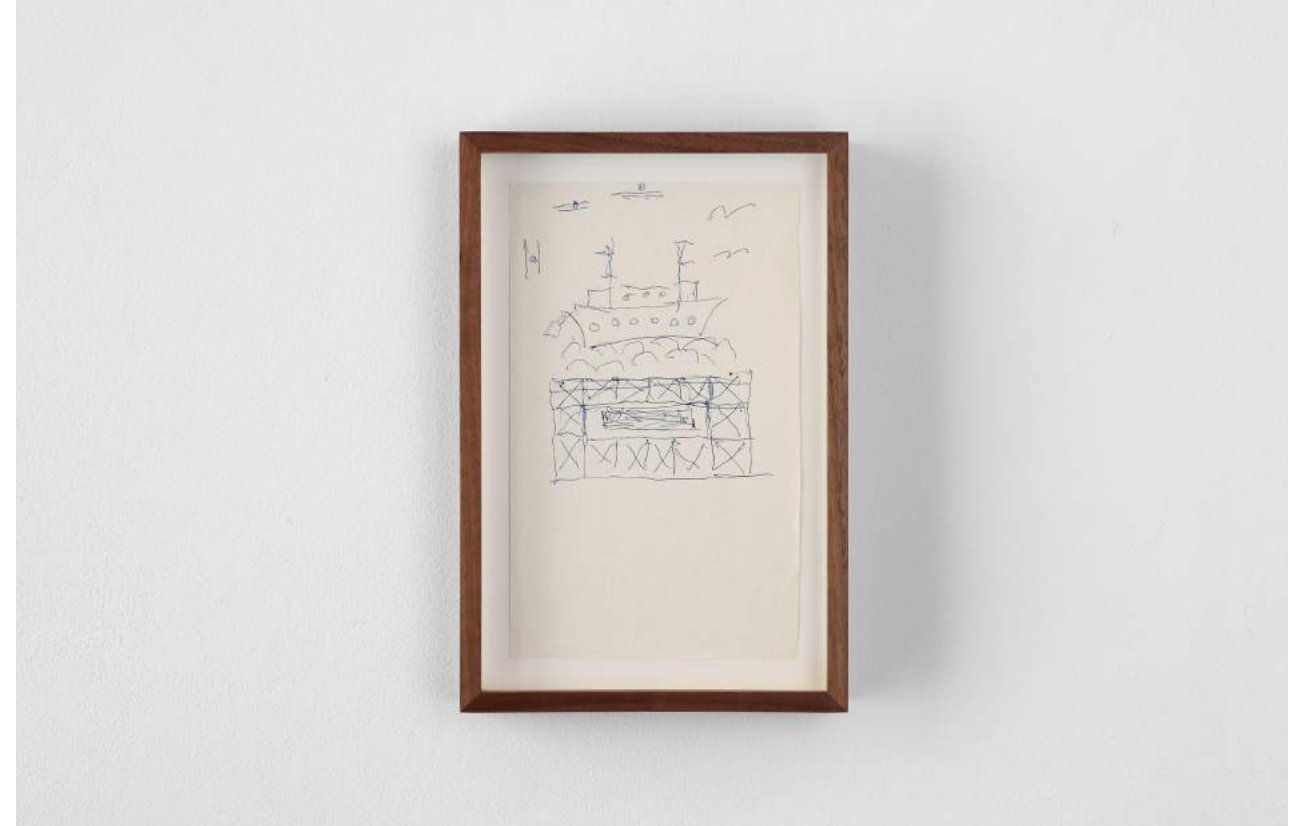


OF.31857.FE
Copper
7 x 5 in

Copper hand from an arborglyph found in Mammoth Lakes near the Tioga Pass, 2019-20.



Risograph print of sketches from my notebook and the arborglyphs I drew as I walked in the Sierras. These drawings were probably the most fun to make, the most fun I had in a while. This later became an invitation for the exhibition *Here is My Name* at Todd Madigan Gallery.



Drawing my grandfather made while we waited at the eye doctor in 2015; I asked him to draw a ship and then a box. The drawing was framed and added to *Box* in 2019.

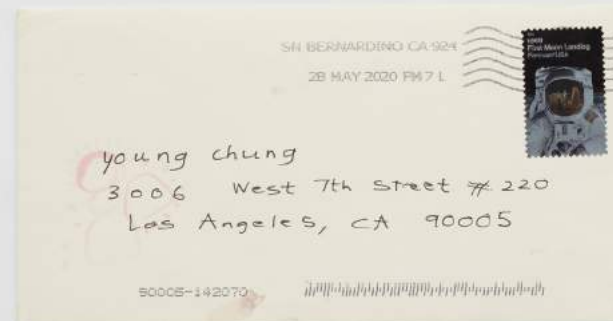
Something from Lone Pine, added in 2019.

Wishing I could be celebrating in person; a watercolor note to Young.



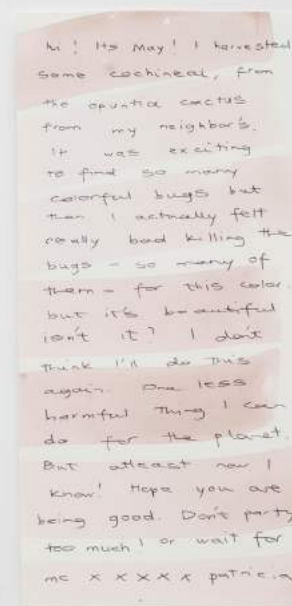
OF.35636.FE
Correspondence
6 x 4 in

We drove to Shasta Mountain; I was pregnant.



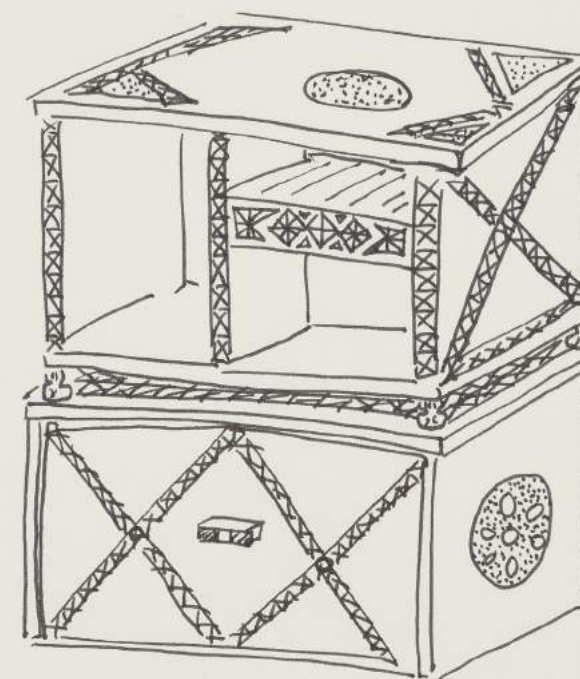
OF.35637.FE
Correspondence
3 ¾ x 7 ½ in

Letter to Young from 2020 with cochineal tests.



OF.32232.FE
Oil on tin, wood, quartz
clock hand movement
7 x 11¼ x 2½ in

One of the clocks made in the desert, during the isolation and pandemic.



OF.33845.FE
Pen on paper
8 x 10 in

Sketches of the original *Box* to be used for the *Finding Aid* banner LACA made in 2021.

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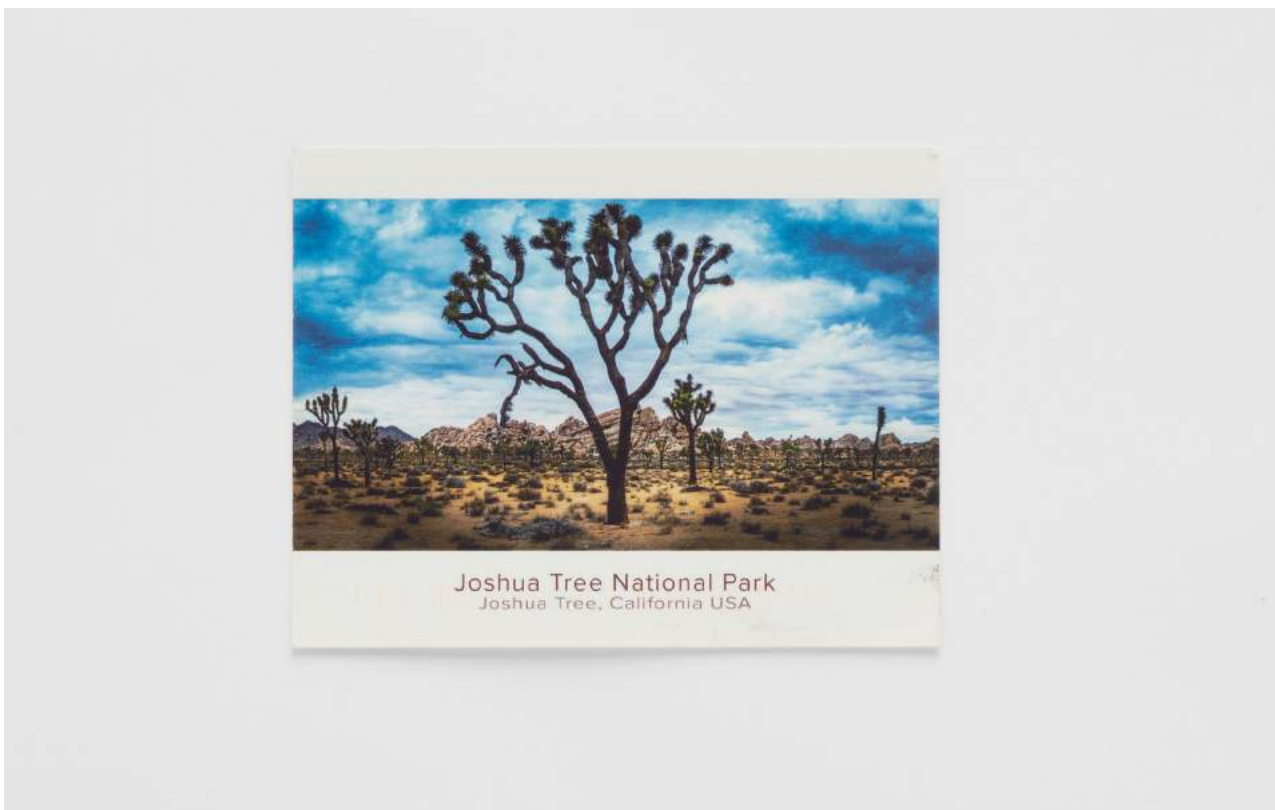
OF.33842.FE
Correspondence
4¼ x 5½ in

Small wooden card sent to Young as we go from the year of the rat to the year of the ox—probably sent in December, two months before Luna was born.



OF.32233.FE
Ink and pencil on paper, oil
on tin, wood, ribbon
Object: 1½ x 2¼ in
Card: 5 x 3¼ in

Making circles, thinking about hypnobirthing, time and X's.



OF.35074.FE
Correspondence
4¼ x 5½ in

Postcard to Young. Luna was born and we were living in Joshua Tree.



OF.33841.FE
Oil on cochineal dyed linen,
walnut frame, hand-carved
walnut wood, bone
19¼ x 15¼ in; 2¼ in

Visualization for Dilation Painting made for Young after the *Transits* exhibition in Seoul.



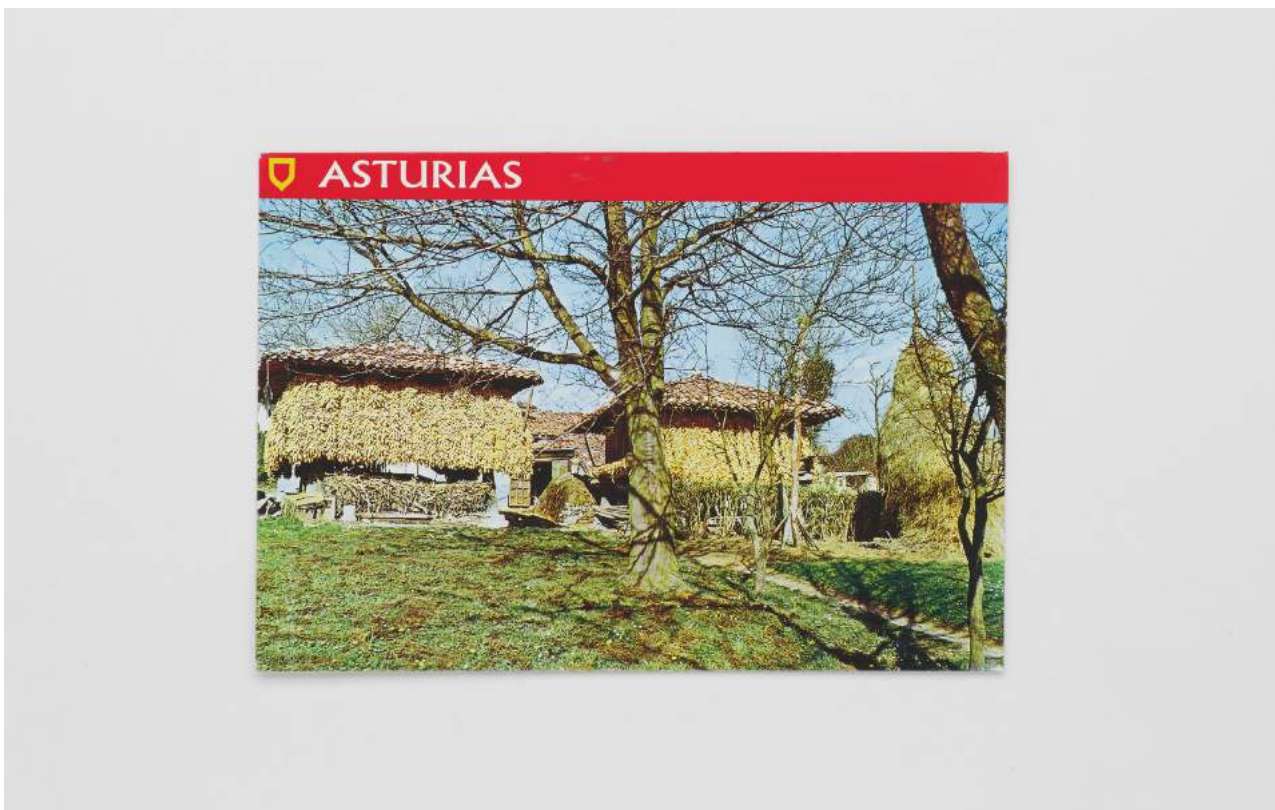
OF.35669.FE
Ceramic
4 x 4 in

An open edition of ceramic cups, made after one year of breastfeeding, on the occasion of Spring Equinox, 2022.



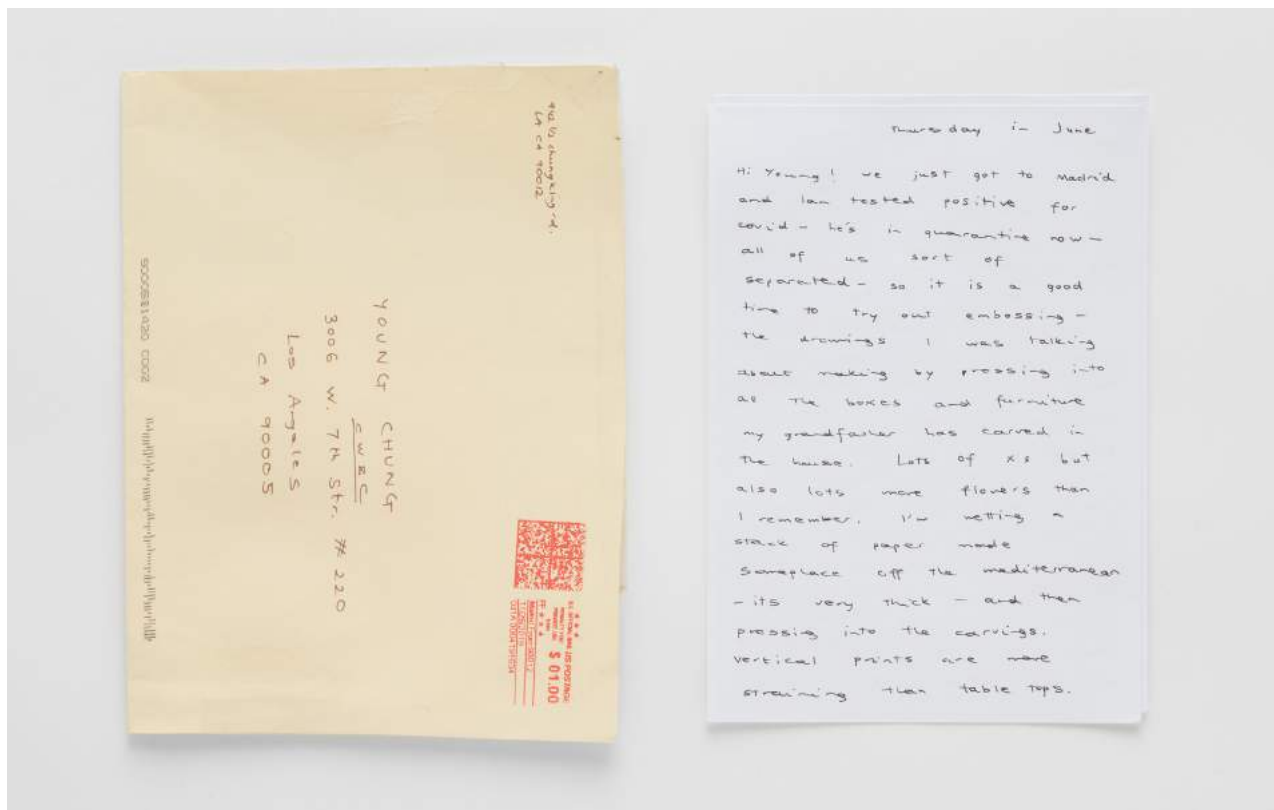
OF.35075.FE
Correspondence
4¼ x 5½ in

Postcard from Documenta in Kassel, of course, I loved this. Although it rained, I thought the whole thing was beautiful. Luna made it extra hard and extra fun.



OF.33840.FE
Correspondence
4¼ x 5½ in

Postcard from Asturias; humidity is noted as extra great.



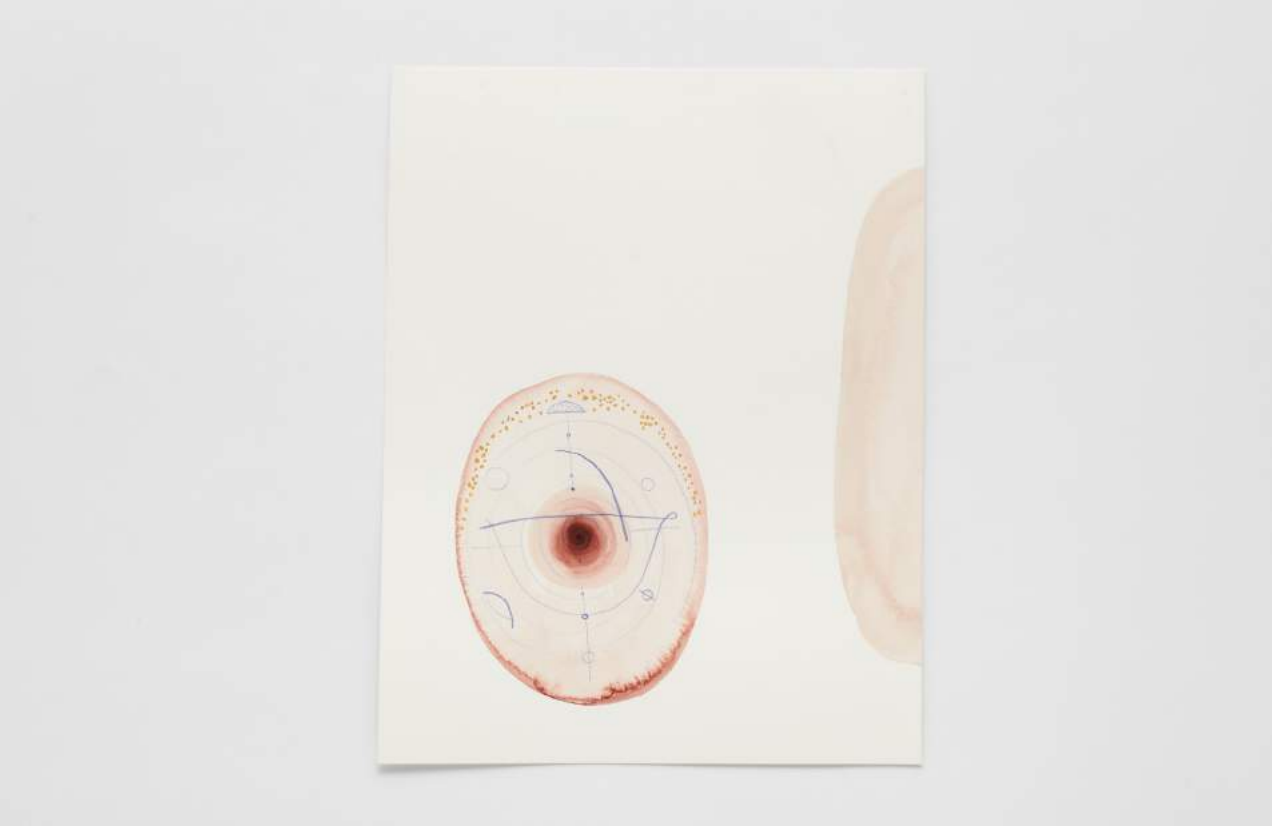
OF.35080.FE
Correspondence
6¾ x 9 in

Thursday in June. After driving across the country (USA) we flew to Spain and I found myself standing still because Ian got COVID and we all had to quarantine from each other. We didn't document all the pages of this letter, not because it was long but because the letter was intended for Young and not the public, which is something I have started getting more self-conscious about.



OF.35081.FE
Pencil and gouache on pressed
handmade paper, walnut frame
10½ x 16 in

I had the time during quarantine to hand emboss/press many boxes or carved pieces of furniture that my grandfather made while at my parent's house. These are to be book covers, for *Box's* tenth year.



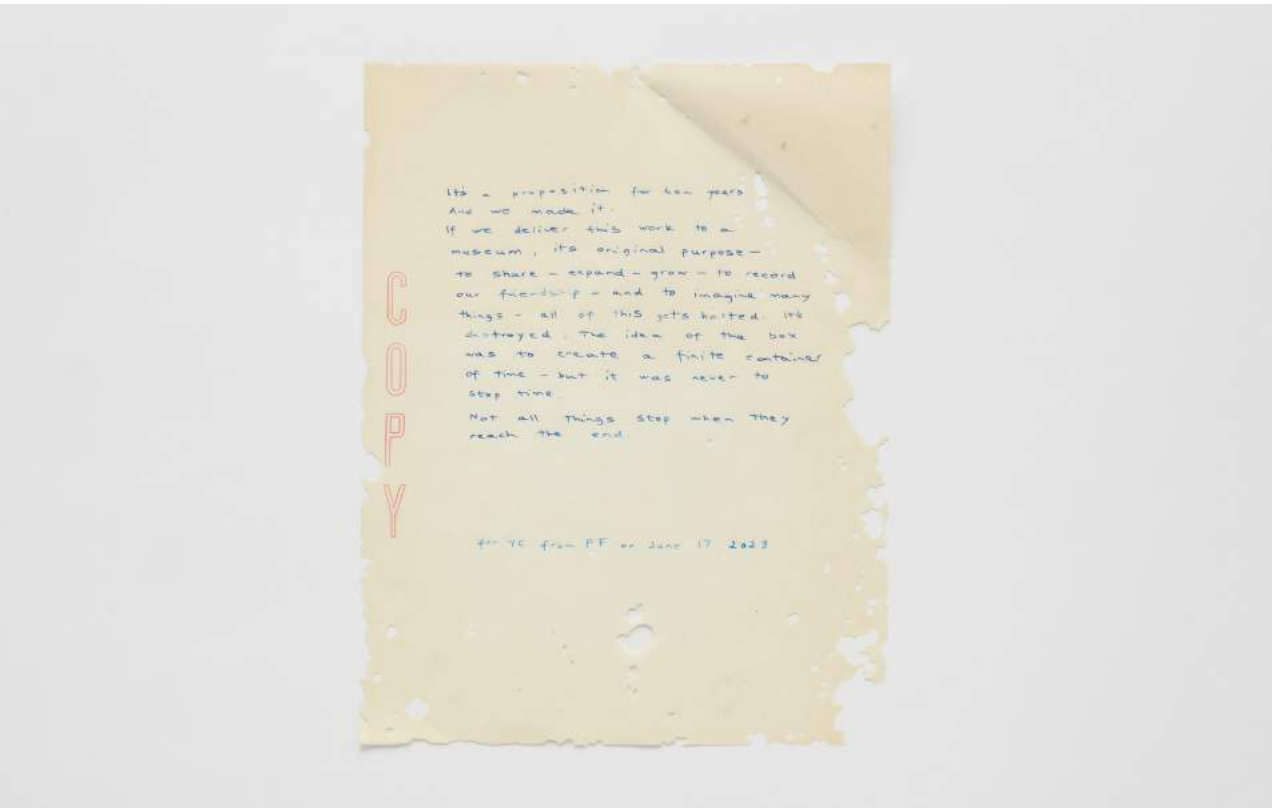
OF.35634.FE
Watercolor, pen,
and pencil on paper
11 x 8½ in

Egg drawing made while waiting in Mexico City.



OF.35077.FE
Oil on cochineal dyed linen
8½ x 4¾ in

Small circle oil painting on a cochineal fragment. Made in 2023, when I was making cochineal books, bookmarks, and doing a lot of sewing.



OF.35633.FE
Correspondence
11 x 8½ in

Thinking about ten years. This is the last letter to Young, added to *Box* in 2023.

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OF.35850.FE
Oil on bone
3 x 4 x 1 in

Painted face on found bone.



OF.35852.FE
Glass, bone
1¼ x 1 x 1 in

Kiln-fired glass with pieces of animal bones in the shape of half an egg.



OF.35851.FE
11 x 13 ½ in
Oil on linen, hand-carved walnut
wood

Painting of a bone ship with one of my grandfather's frames.



OF.35853.FE
Soil
1¾ x 1 x 1½ in

Soil from my grandfather's burial site, molded and formed into half an egg. This plot of land also holds the remains of my great-grandfather and possibly my great-grandmother as well.

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Doris Chon: How many *Box* (a proposition for ten years) commissions are there?

Patricia Fernández: There are four existing commissions.

dc: How many more years are left on the other commissions?

PF: Christopher's and Kang and Geoffrey's were sort of started at the same time in 2016 and will grow until 2027.

Young Chung: Are there other projects of yours where you are also thinking about time and relationships in similar ways?

PF: *Bone Ship* is also similar. The idea is that when I die, my bones will be used to build a ship that will take my friends and allies to a place where we can rest and spend time together in our retirement. It's not just my bones, because that wouldn't be enough, but other people's bones too—others who may want to be part of the vessel. Of course, it becomes tricky because I have to put the plans into play for the future and have faith that someone will take care of the bones and build it.

vc: You won't be around to supervise the completion of this project.

PF: Well, I'll be dead, but it's a promise.

dc: You are entrusting it to the next generation. I understand *Box* as very much about mortality and what remains. It's interesting too that because of the pandemic and a host of other reasons, Commonwealth and Council's *Box* is officially set to end in 2024. What if there's an institution or somebody who buys this from you? You're not adding to it anymore after that, right?

PF: No, this *Box* is for Young.

vc: Why does it have to end after ten years? Why couldn't it continue until we were no longer friends?! [laughter]

dc: Or you [YC and PF] get divorced or something.

PF: Well, we can remarry if you want. [laughter]

dc: I sense a kind of hopefulness in the initial proposition, right? Ten years seemed like a long commitment at the start; it felt precarious. But now that you've reached ten-plus years, it's like, "Oh, we did it. It's easy." And maybe even a little bit of, "Oh, I'm not ready to let this thing go yet. It's going to keep growing, even if it's just me growing it."

vc: I know! She added a daybed to our *Box* in 2018 for us to take breaks and rest.

dc: In the 2021 installation, the lid of the daybed is open and one of your clocks is displayed in the gap between two panels. Does that particular clock stay with the daybed and always get installed like that?

PF: No, it can be elsewhere. The rocks have always been near the daybed—on top or under—because they're supposed to ward off nightmares and cleanse; it's all obsidian underneath the mattress.

vc: When the daybed is open, *Bone Ship* always sits on the ledge of the lid?

PF: It doesn't have to. *Bone Ship* sat on top of the daybed when it was closed because it served as a platform. The year that *Box* was shown at Angels Gate Cultural Center, a noticeable addition (besides some notes and cards) was this carving on top of the surface of the daybed.

vc: No one knew it wasn't carved previously because no one was closing and opening the daybed.

PF: I wanted to draw attention to that in that iteration. Originally I had envisioned your *Box* being on top of the daybed because everything can get compacted into that space, but we have not yet shown it that way.

dc: Almost like a shipping container that can just be packed up!

PF: So the idea is that it's completely collapsible. Everybody makes fun because it's not really a box. It's like a million little boxes inside of boxes, but the idea is that everything fits within the parameters of the daybed. The second year when we presented Young's *Box*, it was on a pedestal with these extended feet. There was an empty space in the middle where paintings were stored as if it were a painting rack.

dc: When Commonwealth and Council's *Box* was archived by Los Angeles Contemporary Archive (LACA), metadata had to be generated for each component. Are there any descriptions which you would admit to deliberately holding back on?

PF: When the metadata was originally created for LACA, I was describing things to Hailey Loman (director of LACA) and she was typing them out. Later when I reviewed it, because of time passing, things felt different. I didn't remember



Box (a proposition for ten years); collection of Kang Seung Lee and Geoffrey Wall.



Box (a proposition for ten years); collection of Shulamit Nazarian.

what some things were or why they were added. For example, “special rock” is the description of a piece instead of something more informative like, “This is the rock that marked the trail of the Republicans that fled. Perhaps, it was painted by the British allies, most likely.” If there are letters that are about a major thing, I won't specify it in the metadata. I'll just say, “This is a letter about...”

dc: Well all those letters can in principle be downloaded and made legible, can't they?

pf: Right, but it's a little hard. I purposely started editing the way that the objects were being documented because I didn't want all the letters to be reproduced since some are only intended for Young and not the public even though at the time I didn't mind the idea of someone going to Commonwealth and Council to sit down and read the letters. It's very different accessing something online versus going to a physical space and spending time sifting through documents. This is a totally different thing than reading in the privacy of your room on a computer screen. I think that is when I thought, I don't want you to know everything. Where's that pilgrimage aspect?

vc: What are other artist projects that are time-based?

dc: There's something like On Kawara's date paintings, which are similarly marking time. But there's not a lot of involvement with an interlocutor or another party—it strikes me as pretty solitary. That's the interesting part of this project because at least with the four commissions that are in progress, it tracks all the challenges and the blessings of trying to materialize a relationship. In some cases, it comes more easily and feels organic. In other cases, it can't help but become transactional and about the art market, the different motivations that people have for wanting to own work.

pf: I mean, you might not want a relationship with me. You might just want the thing.

vc: Patricia, you were gifted a box when you were born?

pf: Yes, my grandfather made a box for me when I was born. Then I think every year after that, as a gift for my birthday. At some point, there were so many boxes.

dc: Are there dozens of them back in Spain?

pf: Yes, there are so many boxes around the house—boxes that my grandfather gifted, boxes that he made for my parents. Besides that, there's furniture that he made. The special covers for this book are actually pressings of the boxes that are around my parents' house.

vc: Does your grandmother also have boxes that your grandfather gifted? Did she get one every year as well?

pf: No, she didn't get one every year. That was something that he did with the newer people in his life because he started making boxes when he retired from his job. He was a day laborer. Then he really got into woodworking and making boxes for people. He never sold them. I think that my brother's children were the last to get boxes. Maybe just the oldest one. When my second nephew was born, my mom suggested that I make a box for him since my grandfather was not able to carve anymore.

dc: So if they're in the family, they have boxes?

pf: As in, everyone has to have a box.

vc: Does Luna [Patricia's daughter] have a box?

pf: No, she doesn't have a box yet. Eventually when I retire, I'll make her a box. [laughter]

dc: Are you the only one who carves in the family now?

pf: Yes.

vc: Our *Box* has a smaller box inside of it that your grandfather carved and your grandmother stained and lined as well. Is this the one you got when you were born?

pf: No, the one that I got when I was born has my name, my shortened name.

dc: Patri?

pf: That's the one.

vc: Given this relationship with your grandfather and the origin of *Box*, how do you feel about extending this tradition with others outside of your immediate family in the form of commissions? Maybe it wouldn't have been conceptual and time-based, but you could have gifted me a box as a symbol of our friendship and I might have literally put things in it, right?

dc: You could have used your box the same way Patricia used the one her grandfather made for her.

PF: I don't know. Maybe you wouldn't have. Maybe I would've just given you a box and you would've been like, "Okay, thank you. Bye."

vc: If you had gifted me a box, I would've put my things in it. Perhaps because our *Box* serves as a prototype for other commissions, I'm more mindful. I'm not going to put my cigarettes in it, you know?

PF: But I never said you couldn't...

vc: What have these commissions become about for you?

PF: I think it's about a mutual agreement to care for something, whatever form it is in. When you make a work of art and somebody likes it and buys it, where does it go? How does it live?

vc: We're all going to die. We're not going to take it with us on your *Bone Ship*!

PF: Yes, but even beyond that, so much artwork is just bought and sold and that's it. There are many people that don't have a day-to-day relationship or experience with the thing. I wasn't intending for you to not be able to feel like you could use your *Box* in your life. It wasn't about that at all. You know, your daily life happens to be in a gallery, which is a public space. That's where it sort of becomes more interesting too.

vc: I think that's why it transitioned from my personal collection into the collection of Commonwealth and Council.

PF: So more than anything, I was hoping for you to have a relationship with it. I think that it's come to mark some kind of growth.

vc: *Box* is a living sculpture. Not only is it about our relationship, but it marks the last twelve years of the gallery and your practice as well. It's a time capsule for them.

PF: I'm just remembering now that first letter, which was a contract that was a poem that said, "Young, here are the prepositions for your *Box*: things will live on top, inside, to the left, underneath, etc." It was so much about locating a place for me too. That is one thing about *Box* that has also been similar to the boxes that my grandfather gave to me: that they were in a specific location, in Spain. *Box* brought me to my childhood room, where nothing is the same, but I remember that place and my box from when I was a kid. So in some ways,

Box marks a space, not like a territory, but a place where you can have something that is like a home. *Box* was always a place that I could visit; it was a space created by a physical object that I made for someone, but also a space to grow. I think that that's what Commonwealth and Council was to me and to a lot of people, in the beginning. It was a place we went to. It didn't feel like a gallery.

dc: It was where you would go to see Young.

PF: I thought of it as an extension of your house. You invited people to put things there. For me, as someone who didn't really have anything in LA, it was like, "This can be my home. I'm going to put *Box* here."

vc: [laughter]

PF: In a way, I can always come back to this place and I'm going to for the next ten years.

dc: It was an anchoring point.

vc: I guess the question for me now is, will our *Box* stop growing? Is it no longer alive because it has reached its lifespan? I would love for it to continue to grow. It remains a case study for what we could do together through art. It is a commitment to your vision. I did commit to celebrating its last year at its final destination: a museum. What if it's like a chapel or a room that's dedicated to our *Box*? Maybe there's a permanent room for our *Box* where people will continue to engage with it beyond the ten years. Then perhaps it finally gets donated after that, but then what? Maybe Luna will never even get to see it because it remains in storage. Maybe there's a way to carve out an environment for our *Box* to continue to live in. Maybe it's a building!

PF: I think it becomes so much about real estate also, which is kind of the antithesis of *Box*. On so many occasions, it marked a loss or something. Because there was no way to have it make money for the gallery or for anyone. This *Box* belongs to Young. It's not for sale. You did a whole exhibition at the gallery, and can't sell anything. It seems crazy to a lot of people.

dc: It seems counterintuitive to how commercial art galleries usually function.

PF: Well, if this thing that was about Young has turned into this thing about Commonwealth and Council, the gallery could actually profit



Box (a proposition for ten years); collection of Christopher and Beate Chee.

from it in order to survive. In some ways, it's a little bit like *Bone Ship*, this idea that we will make a thing out of everybody's bones and then together, we will become the ship's structure. We will use what we already have, our bones. In a Mayan cemetery in Pomuch, Mexico, every year people take out the bones of their families to dust and clean them in preparation for the Day of the Dead. Afterwards, they put them back into their respective boxes. This care given to those in the afterlife makes me think of how Young has cared for his *Box* over the years, and to imagine other potentialities for everyday gestures and shared objects.

dc: Yes, I mean it raises the two dimensions of stewarding, as a true privilege and a weighty responsibility. Because it is both. When you think about a museum acquiring *Box*, they either pay a lot of money for it or receive it as a gift. When you consider sending *Box* off to the museum...it's like, "Wow, you did it!" and then it literally goes to die in their storage. Who will ever see it after that?

pf: It could be part of the stipulation that if someone acquires it, they need to have this kind of relationship with *Box*.

vc: In a way, our *Box* is marked by our shared time. It's not like someone could remove our inscriptions and make it their own.

pf: I remember once wondering, "Is Young going to get this mail?" Because it used to be Young only at the gallery, all the time. (That's why I made the daybed. I was at the gallery a lot and noticed that Young was there all the time. He lives there; he needs a daybed.) Then it became other people picking up the mail. I was like, "Okay, I'm going to write this postcard to the team. I want to say hi to everyone because they are all now part of *Box*."

dc: The most fundamental and interesting thing about *Box* is that it is literally the fruit of Patricia's creative labor, right? Everything in there has been touched and modified. There's no way to reverse that and turn it back into a different state of matter. It can only move forward, into the future.

pf: The forms can be reconfigured, but it's hard. It's there.

dc: And it's so bound up with all sorts of sentiments, efforts, and memories.

vc: Today our meeting prompted the idea that our *Box* should remain visible and there should be a dedicated site for it.

dc: Like a wake? [laughter]

pf: A celebration of life? Because then it stops, right? I mean, maybe the institution would show it, but you just never know. I mean, it's in our storage right now so it's already stunted.

dc: It's in hibernation. [laughter]

pf: Why does an institution have to be the ultimate resting place?

dc: I don't think an institution has the capacity. I feel like I barely have the capacity to capture what it is because it encompasses all the richness of a relationship—one that I would argue even the two of you don't fully understand all the aspects of. There's just something about it. It was always so laden. It was always going to be a very meaningful work.

pf: If *Box* does go to an institution or somewhere else beyond Commonwealth and Council, is it going to get sanitized and protected behind glass?

dc: No one will ever touch it again except an interpreter—a conservator, curator, or preparator. No one will be able to see how things actually relate to each other in there, you know? I love that part in the letter where you say you can only touch the things in here with ungloved hands, right? Like, you have to use your bare skin.

pf: I said that? That's good.

dc: This book is primarily about Young's *Box*?

pf: Yes, it's about *Box* (a proposition for ten years). It's also about time. For me, an edition of five was important. In my logic, ten years for every *Box* meant that's fifty years. At that time, it was about accepting my lifespan.

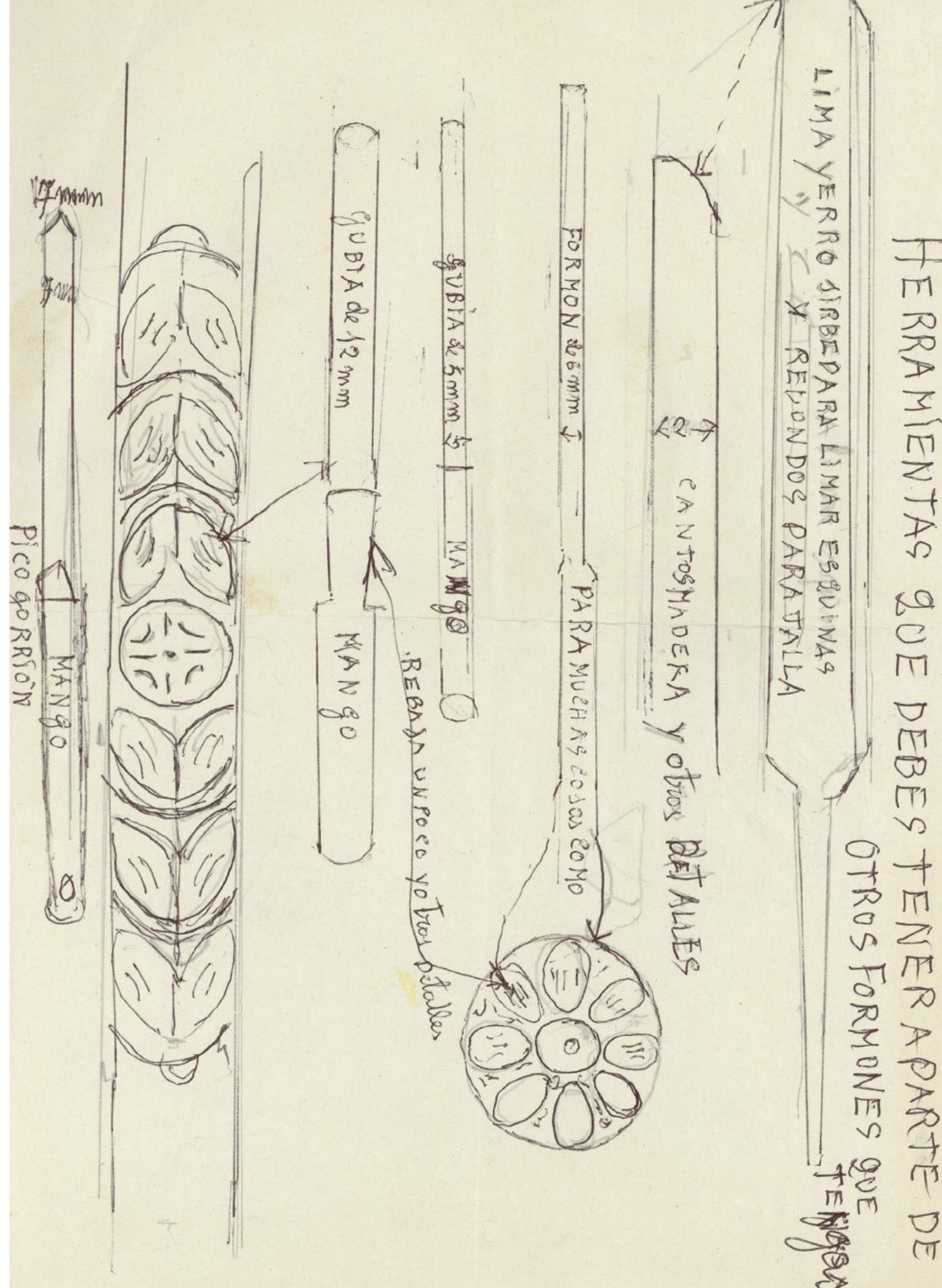
dc: There's one more *Box* left?

vc: Yes, but technically you could do three more. You're only 43! [laughter]

pf: But it was about my capacity to carve, you know.

vc: You're not going to carve it. Luna will! [laughter]

pf: That's an idea, but maybe I will have her work on *Bone Ship* instead.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book is dedicated to my grandfather, José Luis Carcedo, and grandmother, Asun Viadas, who were makers as long as I can remember and in whose company I found peace. Infinite thanks to my parents who always had so much patience with me. Deep gratitude and love for Ian James and Luna who make sense of the planet by dreaming with me. And to Young Chung who trusted my most impossible ideas from the start. A special thank you to the team past, present, and future at Commonwealth and Council. Also to all the kind archivists at LACA, especially Hailey Loman, Andrew Freire, and Saida Largaespada who said yes to me; and to Evan Walsh who photographed every piece of *Box*. Thanks to Kang Seung Lee and Geoffrey Wall, Shulamit Nazarian, and Christopher Chee for their support throughout the years. Thank you to Doris Chon and Andrew McNeely for their words and Tanya Rubbak for the book design. Excellent copyediting by Kate Rouhandeh.

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pp. XXXI–XXXV (Courtesy of LAM Gallery, Los Angeles);
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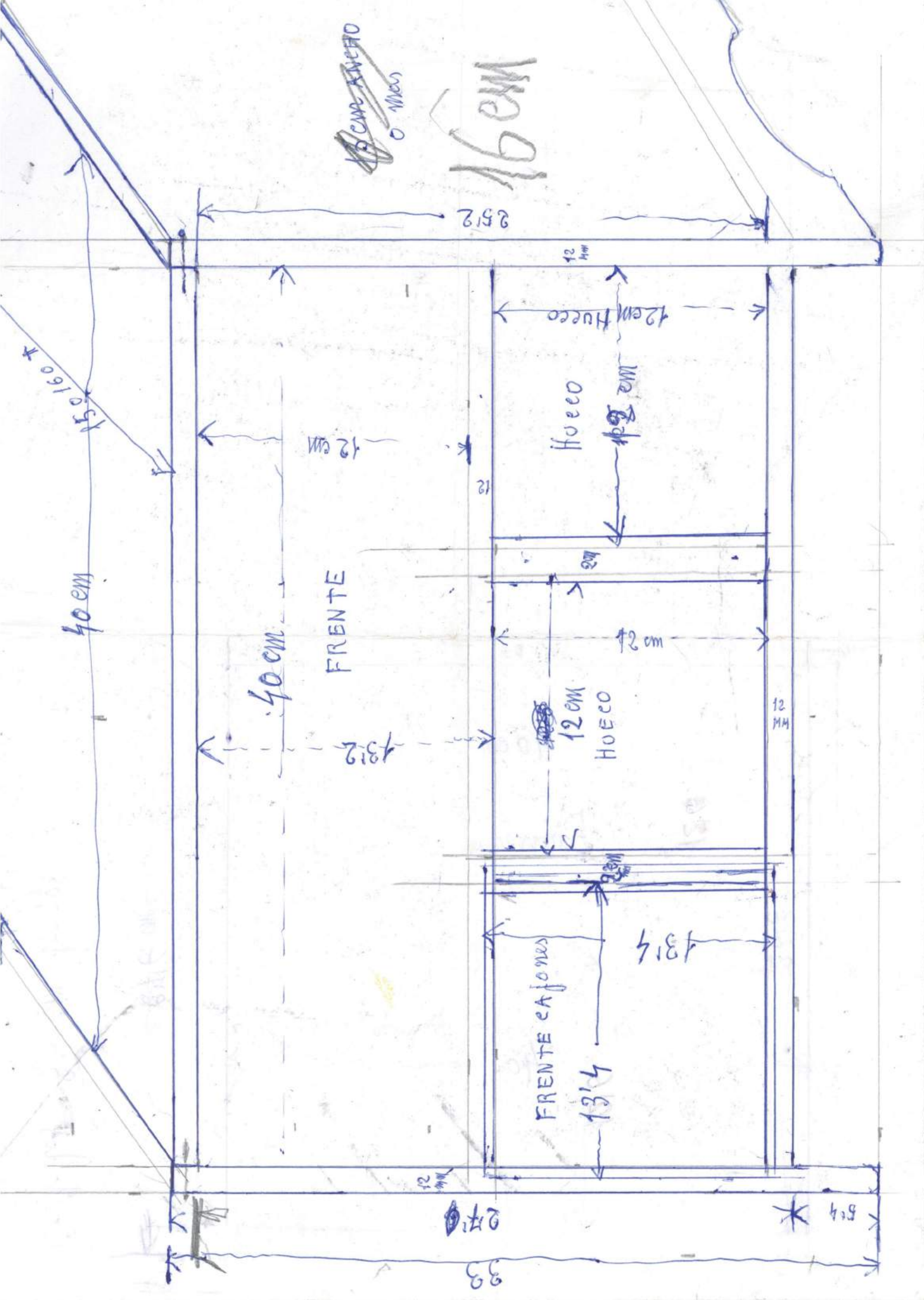
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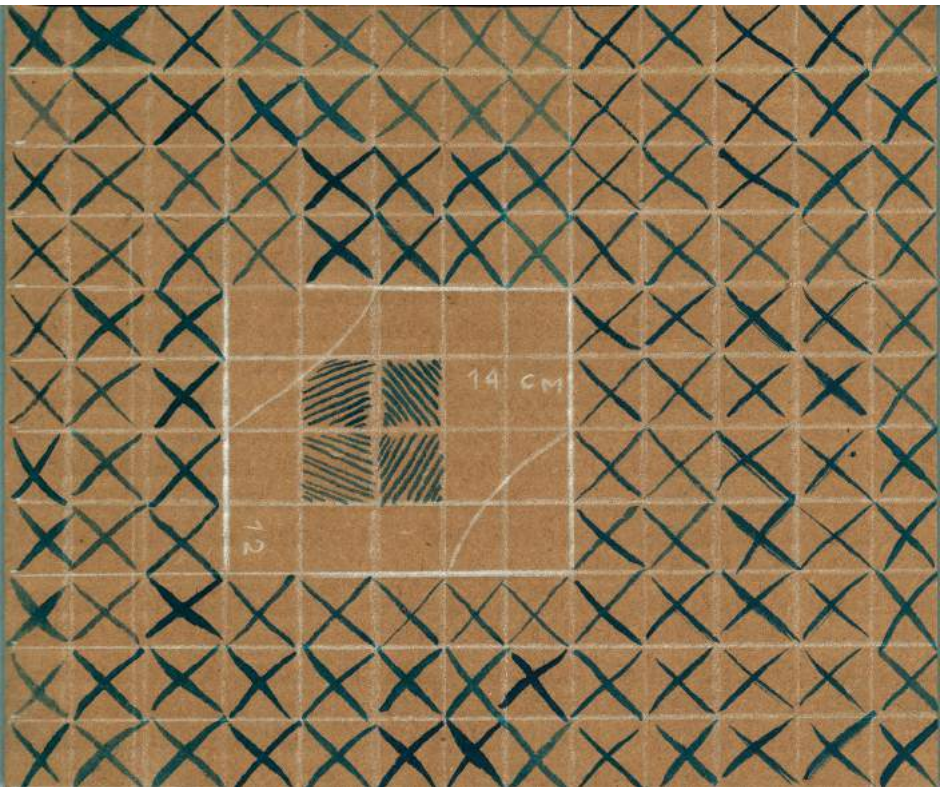
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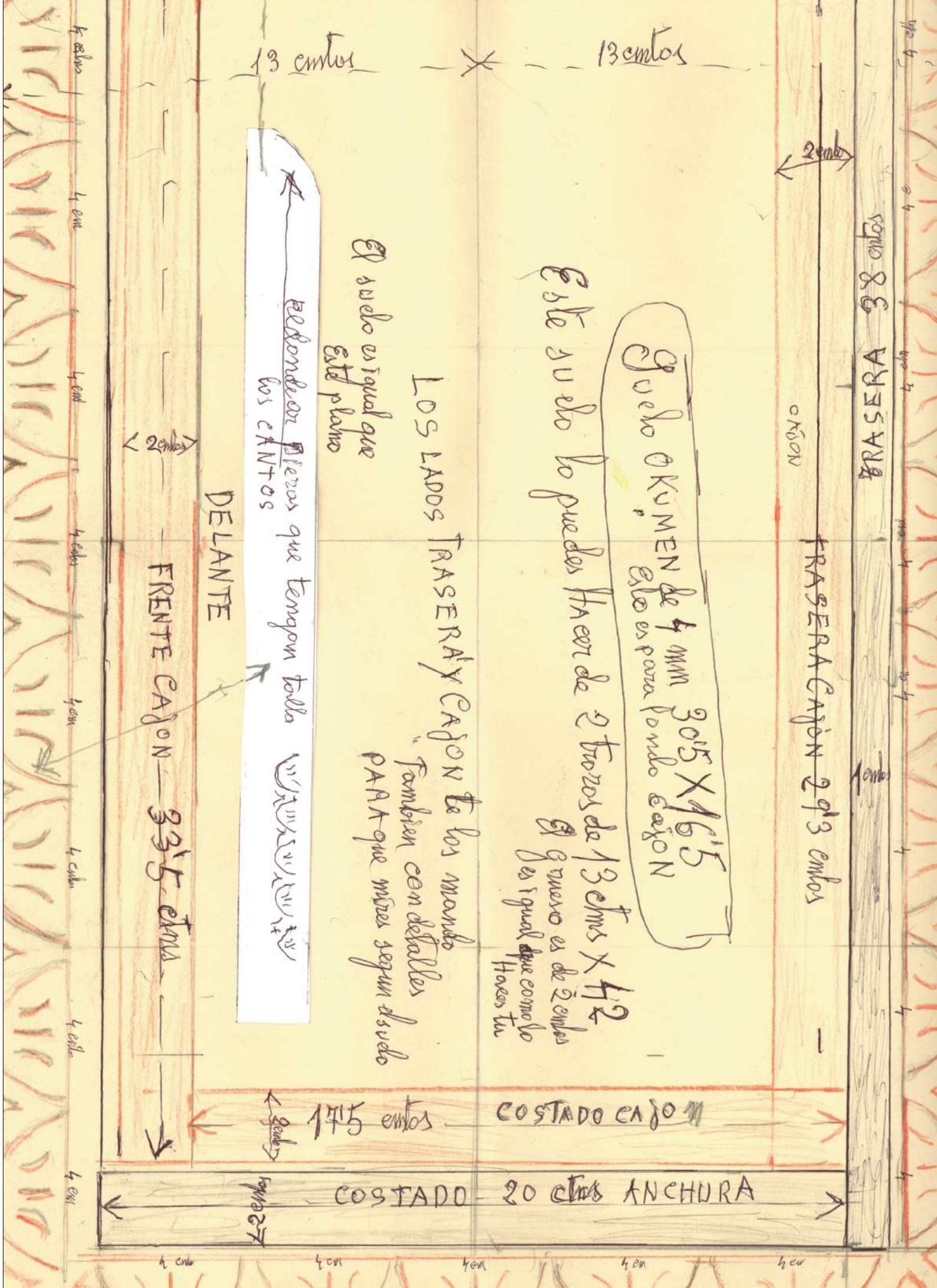
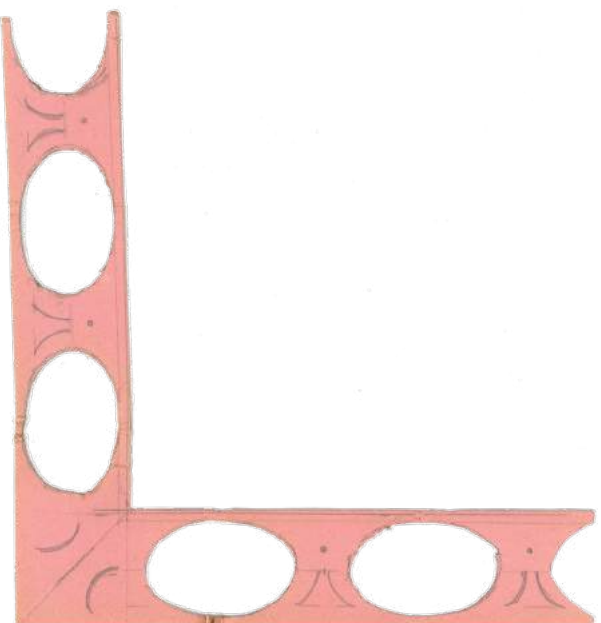
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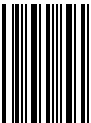


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Patricia Fernández Carcedo

