



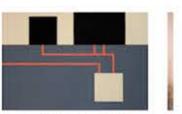




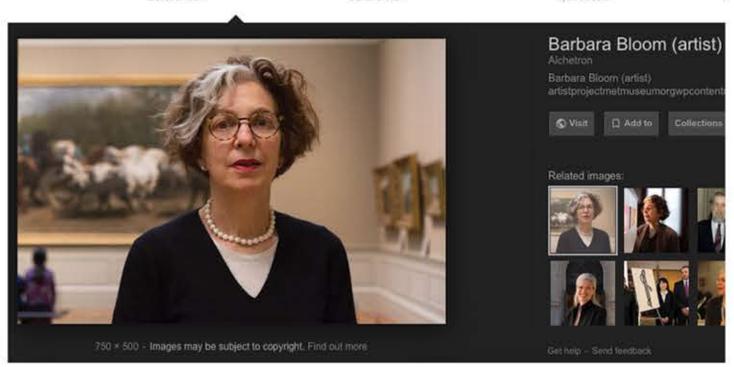
Barbara Bloom (artist) - Alchetron, T....



Barbara Bloom (artist) - Alchetron, The...



The Artists Who Defined the ....



## I'M SO TIRED I COULD SLEEP

## Alina Lupu

01.12.2018

March 12, 2018

Hi Ms. Lupu,

I do not personally know you, but I very much appreciate your work and writing.

Last year I stole a copy of your book ,you asshole from the Kunsthalle Basel. (What an asshole move, no?) I was trying to steal the Barbara Bloom book - A Picture, A Thousand Words, but it was too tricky.

Anyway...

I have a little off-space in Basel called Rheum Room. I am currently putting together a program and I would be so honored if you would consider showing a work or reading a text for my space in July or August.

I've attached a little writing about it.

To sum it up the off- space exists in my bed and was started as a way to scam the Swiss government into paying my rent. There are no openings. The work exists online through a series of written-diary-esque-entries. The first show will be later this month with Mia Sanchez. Other artists participating are Robin Winters, Sara Ursina, Marie Matusz, and Roger Van Voorhees.

Let me know if you're interested or have any other questions.

Thanks for your time, Cassidy Toner

Enticed, she Googled "train to Basel".

She chose an afternoon outgoing connection through Düsseldorf and clicked 'book'.

November 30th, 2018

Quote by Diedrich Diederichsen from a copy of the e-flux journal "Are you working too much? Post-fordism, Precarity, and the Labor of Art".

"I forsake any possibility of projecting myself as a private self, independent from my work, ultimately also renouncing any chance at negotiation, co-determination, or living the conflict of interest between capital and labor, and instead project myself as a holistic total self that is identical to my work. In return, I regain the intensification, the force, the power of my early years. All the miserable humiliations I suffer, as well as the successes that fill me with euphoria, are pushed as far as possible into the sub-subjective realm, the realm of psychology—of emotional experience. I agree to talk about them in the language and imagery of a widespread narcissism and its models and stereotypes, as events taking place between me and myself, between I and the self, where they constantly engender provisional objectivations of these experiences as they are displaced into my inner life. The result are rituals of introduction and bar-chatter openings of 1'm the kind of person who....'"\*

\*The publication was permanently displaced from a bookshelf at the Kunstmuseum Basel during Sophie Jung's opening show called The Bigger Sleep, a part of the Manor Art Award in between a few glasses of white wine by Alina Lupu.

To be continued.

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