

SLEEP AND HER BROTHER DEATH

is a twice monthly bootleg screening series from bed, hosted by Francesca Bennett on the first Sunday of the month at 9am pacific, and by Ratna Dhaliwal on the third Sunday of the month at 10pm atlantic, on Zoom.

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When Ratna texted me the other day, to tell me she was sick, and would be sick this Sunday, I realized that I had not prepared for this most obvious of eventualities. To paraphrase an artist friend, [Anna Roberts-Gevalt](#): "all the workers are sick or will be," and this series, predicated on illness, and time in bed, should have known better.

So, today is an intermission, or, a commercial break—asking whether the break is from commerce, or to it, in the slip-slidy-ness of these days of inescapable product placement and promotions, not to mention, as a friend's Instagram handle puts it, "chronic self-promotion." So, today, I won't tell you to spend your money—your labour—anywhere. The sickbed acknowledges more time than resources, but also more resources than there will ever be time for—"resources" having a different meaning and value in each part of that sentence, *ymmv*.

I laboured today, with my body, and with a machine, removing two layers of floor at our new studio and project space, and as I shoved my abdomen against the handle of the motorized scraper to push it forward, I thought about how so-called forward motion, or, becoming the person that I want to be, has, at different times, felt out of reach—beyond my sickbed, outside my room, after my early bedtime, etc., etc.

This, of course, is on my mind as often as I doubt myself, so today, I'm presenting three very short clips from Neville Wakefield's *Commercial Break*—films by [La Toya Ruby Frazier and Liz Magic Laser](#), [Ryan Gander](#), and [Mika Rottenberg](#), that show bodies in action and motion, or, maybe, in labour. The title of the first is *Everyone's Work is Equally Important*—an interesting premise for the project of *Commercial Break*, which gathered one hundred mostly 30–90 second videos by artists to set sail along the Grand Canal, during the 2011 Venice Biennale. But, as reported by [Art In America](#), "Wakefield was ultimately unable to obtain the necessary permits to display the sequence publicly, so it was shown only at a private party at the Bauer Hotel."



[On this Sunday night, one of the films wouldn't load at all—an on-theme echo, a glitch that maybe wasn't a bug.]

