

Hobbs, Melissa, March 2013.

Jesse Wine

It does feel like going to a show a little bit, doesn't it?

Now?

Yes.

Does it?

It feels like they're being presented. Not to me. Just presented.

Yes, but in the same way they might if they were owned and on display, you know?

A collector would never fucking do that, put it on the floor, I just don't reckon they would.

Real Texture

There's something wrong about this being like what happens when art is collected because we're not on that side of it. We're not the collectors in this.

No. What are you?

It's something I've been thinking about; whether we and to some extent the flat, whether we could be considered materials in this show and at what point we become authors.

It's always strange going to a gallery and seeing my work, it's like seeing your bus driver at the bowling alley, you know. Or like seeing your teacher in a pub, it's just very strange. Here it's not quite that, here it feels like they're doing something else.

Jackson Sprague

House guests?

Yes, they might be on best behaviour right now.

And maybe the longer we have them the less polite we'll be.

We were having dinner the day a batch of artworks arrived and we were just thinking what should we do with these two plates and then we were just having our poppadoms off them and it was, just, funny.

Well, I really hope you eat off them. Part of me does hope they come back physically different in some way.

Are we looking after them? Part of me feels like we're making them, in that the outcome of it especially depends on what we do with them, if we're too standoffish then it's going to be really boring. We have a responsibility to inject some life into them.

Real life into them?

Yes. Or inject our subjectivity into them somehow. With the first delivery, when you gave us the flowers I was like that's really nice, giving us flowers and then there was this vase in the box and part of me was a little bit pissed off at you. What if I don't want to put any flowers in it? So then I tried it out with some pencils and I just felt kind of stupid.

A painting tends to announce itself pretty definitively, "you look at me frontally, you hang me on