

---

# 05

DROSS:

Strategies For Facilitating  
Artwork During Wagework #1:  
Remote Relay [Walkie-Talkie]



We critically examine what we do and where we do it. Consisting of a fluid membership of front of house employees in institutions across London, we are interested in artworking while at work, spectatorship and subjectivation, and the subversion of curatorial intent. We have developed a collaborative approach to create contextual work during our day jobs and interrogate the status of 'visitor assistants'. As a result, we invisibly and unnoticed produce meaningful artistic interventions that are, depending on the situation, more or less subconsciously engaged with by all kinds of art viewers.

Surely I can take MY bag inside?

**the individual standing**  
*There was this feeling we had turned up to the wrong occasion.*  
**before me who happens to**  
**have taken employment**  
*The man would look obsessed one moment, then wander around the gallery*  
**as a gallery attendant**  
**might unbeknown to me**  
*posturing like Bonaparte... dejected as a prisoner.*  
**be much the greater artist**  
**of the two of us**



**embodying the nudging of conscience**

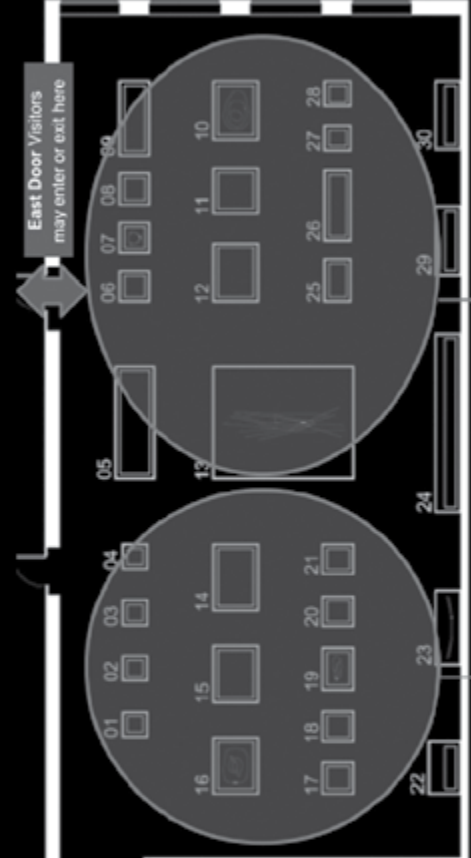
aren't Coldplay  
people say who  
sounds, but for 'small people'  
a concern not (just) for 'small

The curator  
was already  
asking  
questions  
probing  
the man  
who would  
often not  
answer  
them or ~~sometimes~~  
reply



Yeah, from my perspective it was kinda, Well, like it totally, from when we did the trial, somehow the time went differently, like, because it had a different meaning. Even though I was in the same normal places, the same, doing the same boring things, you know, half an hour this spot, half an hour the next one, there was this pressure of like, the texting and the kinda thinking of like okay what's happening, and this different awareness of what was going on a little bit, of what was the most appropriate text. Because, well, I was lucky to have these two good positions because it was a Saturday, there was no really like managers around, and like it was busy but it was still easy to get away with it. But I have to, the thing is like, I told, well, R.... was there, she knew it, that we were doing this. I had to one other colleague that I, I need to swap his lanes to be like, to be in those positions because of art, and he said what! I wanna be a ticket desk. I said no, it's in the name of art, I'll tell you later, and then R.... told him and that was in a way how I

It's hard to find where the input was for the content.



I mean the audience at FIVE YEARS didn't say anything, I mean they applauded at the end, but they did it because I was aware that they entered into anything, um, and I mean I was aware that they entered more or less worked right up until the last minute, um, the next person on was supposed to be coming in to set up as I was taking things as I was packing up myself.

Like how, say in er, in a factory where, like, your labour is divided, so my part is just to put this bit into this, and I never see the end car. But like, I know I'm doing my bit right. Um, like, there was something really like, quite liberating about that like, that I just have this task to do and I'm just doing it and it's quite a fun, like, for me it's quite a fun thing to do yeah. To like, like to be there and describe what you're seeing and like it's quite hard work because she's coming and going and um, so like, kind of occupied, it was quite a fun game for me. But like it almost felt like I wasn't thinking about what was happening, you know?

Yeah, I've heard that they're changing them from zero hours, back to ahm whatever they used to be, you know, contracts. Yeah. And I know someone who's been casual there for years and years and she applied for it. And didn't get it?!

...and didn't get it. Typical, typical. And she's really pissed off, she's gonna get fired. That's terrible, why? That's typical; it's like the [Y]. They sacked all the people. She's really pissed off about it. Yeah yeah yeah.

She's been with them for like 10 years. You would be, wouldn't you, you know, like? Yeah, they stab you in the back. I felt that, but that's even worse..

Eddie said, do you wanna take the things off the wall? And I was like, no, its not important for us to take that away. And he was very much, oh you should, you should take these things away, and I was like no, i'm just going to go now, you can deal with it. And again, you know, I don't, I don't think he necessarily had a problem with that, it was just a bit sort of surprise that we, that that's what we did. Um, but again I thought it worked to the good, and the materials we used were disposable so, why not?"



## Do you think we said enough



they kind of knew it, but it was not, it was not like obvious, like nobody cared, like because it was not obvious, because many people slack off or text around the corner or in the back room

its just very funny, like, maybe as a er, really critical about a performer like, stopping in his performance the thing that he's performing

he came and was like oh how is your performance? And I was like I am finishing it now, we are doing it now. And he was like what, you're doing it now?

um so, I guess we should probably talk about how you think it all went...um, I mean, we each have a

very different perspective on how it went, so I think just maybe he was just too shocked. Because in the pictures, like, he, he looked like he was like what the hell's going on

came in, couldn't understand what the fuck was going on at all, and just walked straight out again

THIS WAY OUT

unless you were there for the start or happened to land on a moment where a text comes through its, its not obvious at all that this is, that there's anything outside of what's happening there

initially I think he was frustrated by not being able to critique what we were doing

Like it almost felt like it was scripted. But it wasn't, that was what was so nice about it

for me I had like no sense how it was going...like how, say in er, in a factory where, like, your labour is divided, so my part is just to put this bit into this, and I never see the end car

they applauded at the end

but for the most part you were still doing your job, like, it wasn't disruptive

## interesting things now?

Somehow the time went differently, like, because it had a different meaning. Even though I was in the same normal places, doing the same boring things. you know, half an hour this spot, half an hour the next one, there was this pressure of like, the texting and the kinda thinking of - okay what's happening - and this different awareness of what was going on a little bit, of what was the most appropriate text. Because, well, I was lucky to have these two good positions around, and like it was busy but it was still easy to get away with it. But I have to, the thing is like, I told, well, [R] was there, she knew it, that we were doing this. I had to ask one other colleague that I need to swap his lines to be like, to be in those positions because of art, and he said "WHAT! I wanna be on ticket desk." I said "No, it's in the name of art, I'll tell you later." And then [R] told him. And that was how I secured those positions.



If I'd been, like spending an hour following you without the phone, I think it would have looked much more conspicuous, I think that I can pretend that like I'm, this is why I'm not looking at art because I'm like here and I'm on the phone, and with times act like I'm like more engaged with this conversation, I like I'm, it ended up being a really nice cover...

as all-Seeing vengeful deity

He would often look like some outcast on and explain it was his job not to answer that any personal feelings or opinions were of no relevance or purpose to the proceedings. It was his job to stand still and be a sort of watchmen

Daddy all the while his brisk manner and stamp belligerence made you feel he owned the space it was a strange curious and radiation he was at once the slave and the master