

Group exhibition  
*This House Has People in It*  
1 May–13 June 2026

To begin. With something like money—many things are like money.

For instance. Money lives in coins. It tastes like pennies. It smells like hand. Money lives in coins; the coin is the house that money lives in. This is true and this is basic. These are the facts.

Money lives in coins because children, when they find money, put it in their pockets and hide it in their rooms.

They do this with other things. Shiny beads and hunks of quartz. They hide these things and look at them. They smooth them over in their palms. They contain something—something like money. But it isn't.

Thus money, to be money, must be hidden and it must be contained.

A person who knows money must know the important things about it—about how it is hidden and how it is contained.

But a man who knows money doesn't know these things about it; he knows them like a song he struggles to remember that only returns to him in dreams.

He dreams of money. He dreams of it sometimes. He dreamt he bet on hermit crabs. That his mother was there. Then the Saudis arrived for talks. He dreamt his name was Gonky.

And when he awoke something remained—an imprint—that dissolved in his vision like blots of sun.

In the mind of this man are a thousand imprints: photonegatives, strips of tape and paper, scraps of feeling that accumulated there at university, in his early working life, as he acquired his expertise.

They are the refuse of his expertise. They are the essence of his privacy.

—Ruby Bilger