

If I happened to be invited to exhibit at Loggia, at first I would be able to think about nothing but the fact itself for quite some time. And the fact would be more of a story I tell myself than an impulse for anything further. After carrying the prospect around with me for a while, I would gradually get used to the idea. Together we would ride our bikes, go to openings, meet with my family. Adjoining these real experiences would be imaginary ones, usually concentrated on the night of the opening at Loggia. The scenes would be quite vague, more like a vibe with snapshots, a close-up of a laugh, a hand holding a beer with a tattered label. I wouldn't see my work in the room. Most of my work is not very colourful, but in this imaginary image it would be a multicoloured, blurry background to the good atmosphere. I would also have romantic plans: to stroll past the gallery in the evening when the exhibition was closed and press my nose up against the glass. Subtly, from these scenes I would almost be able to filter the public reception to the show. I think it would take time for past impressions, onsite encounters, conversations about the site and my own artistic concerns to amalgamate until a concept would manifest itself. Bit by bit, my intuition would formulate my objective for the show, and eventually force it upon me. This objective might even cause me to become angry. Then it would be time to consider formal questions. Next I would have to devote myself to the material implementation. At this point things would get awkward - I am rather critical of the classic "art product" after all. Perhaps that's why I produce most of my works in response to a specific context...

For concepts in general, as well as for my exhibition at Loggia, I would draw from my everyday reality. For example, my exhibition would reflect the way my daily life is defined by artist friends and constant discussions about art and all things related to it. I would use this as a medium to address the dynamics and position of the exhibition space – in this case Loggia. It would be best if my work at Loggia resembled the prevailing disposition or *habitus* of the place as closely as possible, and could cause one to "trip up". If I were to exhibit at Loggia, I would do a "sceney" work with a twist. The basic installation, i.e. the medium and the presentation, would be predetermined by the objective and require little further work – a picture always pops up and that's just the way it must be, it's virtually impossible to get rid of and I would always end up returning to it. The pop-up picture would suggest an approach that I would stick to as obediently as possible. It would involve articulating intuitive conditions into rules and then adjusting them through the course of the process. This sounds more procedural than it really is. My decisions regarding material are based on the character I want the object to have, and an important point: to what extent can I find, afford and process the material. I usually select a fairly simple material and don't exploit it for its symbolic meaning. Of course, there would be crises. In my experience, there would be a crisis at each transition between the different phases. First would be the transition between feelings about the issue at hand and deciding on an approach. Second would be the one between mental development and physical implementation. Third would be the one between implementation and installation in the space, i.e. shortly before the opening. The second one would likely branch out into many sub-crises and probably involve crying. That sounds really intense. And it is. But the solution to my crying question would come floating along in the flood of tears. For the installation, along with Stefan and Yves, I would have Robert to help me. He could even make formal decisions about the presentation in the room or build me a display. Of course, I would want some recognition. But if my final exhibition turned out to be coherent and therefore well-rounded, I could accept less recognition. I'd be proud too, but I'd give myself a week or two for that.