

Manuel: And what you're trying to describe is the opposite of that right?

Michael: Yeah... like a kind of juggernaut... something that just cannot be stopped. It will persist in its agenda unyieldingly you know... without mercy...

Manuel: Like an illness?

Michael: ...Yeah like cancer... metastasis... and I wonder with your work if it also would have this unyielding irrationality or if you would then... like... and that really comes down to you as an artist and from what kind of higher-order level – or whatever... would you ensure the destabilization of the work or would you just sort of narrow it into a new kind of rationality?

Manuel: That's a good question. I guess this is where the energy is coming from in my work. That irrationality also prevents me from being able to explain it and keeps me in that uncomfortable state of not knowing if all this makes any sense or not. That's probably what drives me. I feel very stupid somehow, because I don't know... So last week this curator came to my studio and he wanted to hear these meaningful sentences and I was just not able to do it. I wanted to tell him: Just look at it! I would sometimes like to be able to explain it but it's too elusive even for myself. There's a sort of erotic to not being able to explain.

Michael: Yeah, completely...

Manuel: I wonder if there is a way or if I will ever find a language alongside my work which will satisfy me.