

I remember the empty Arches before the opening night.

I remember the crowds in front of the different venues.

I remember the open looks of people.

I remember the excitement before the performances and the discussions after the shows.

I remember the strong link between first works from young artists and the presentation of well-known artists.

I remember the chance to get another view on art and life – through presented works and through the people who are performing or working for the NRLA.

I remember Nikki between the people – taking care and fighting for the arts.

I remember the possibility to see again old friends and to meet people such as Lois Keidan and Martin Hargreaves, Ron Athey and Vaginal Davis, Kira O'Reilly and Sophie Travers, Kris Canavan and Dominic Johnson, Tim Etchells and Kamal Arafa, and, not at last, one of the most generous men I've met in my life – Franko B.

I remember the open arms of Franko B when we've seen each other for the first time, in one of the Arches, between two shows, in the afternoon.

I remember the moment when the friendship began.

I remember what's important in life. For example love.

Raimund Hoghe