

I have arrived to Krems just the day before the first meeting between all the March artists-in-residence and it was the first/last time I saw them. Earlier I thought I'm not addicted to company, but here few times I caught myself knocking on the neighbours doors proposing to fix something or borrowing salt. This March was interesting, there would be sequences of days when I wouldn't speak to anyone at all, just work or read or look through the window. Sometimes I'd go for walks in the hills (direction Wachau) and I would try to catch some sounds with the recording equipment organized by the lovely people at the office. Amongst the people here it was very memorable to meet a great, almost legendary festival producer Jo Aichinger, he drove us to Heurigen and we had a nice conversation about pre-modern era Intonarumori and Indonesia.

Back at the flat I was mostly impressed by the view of the church tower in the jail territory, it's the sight that used to wake me up every afternoon; also it's quite nice to live in a close proximity to a tolling bell; seriously – I have gigabytes of recordings done just hanging down the microphone out the window. As I write it now - the question appears if i'm not violating the rule of "no filming of the jail etc.". Taking images is a rather obvious objective source of information, while sound recording is more enigmatic and less plausible. What is the focus in listening? Is it called hearing? As if you could set focus on some preferred sounds taken out of the whole fabric weaved into your acoustic ornamentality. Actually in live act of listening it's possible to slightly focus your hearing (I don't mean a mere focusing of attention) on different aspects of the environmental sound fabric by involving all your vestibular apparatus in the act of listening. Moving around. Observing the soundscape of the site continuously also helps to befriend the soundscape with all it's sound palette. But again, that is possible only during live act of listening on site. Field recording provides a very subjective view of the soundscape because of the microphone's technical parameters and it's practice of use. Any sound recording is like a ready-focused listening perspective intentionally or accidentally formed by the recordist himself. In the context of this it would be interesting to mention that I spent one night recording on the 19th century railway bridge in Krems. I used my Lithuanian custom made contact microphones (made by sound-artist from Utena) for that, but when the next day I checked the recordings there was nothing interesting in them. Maybe the whole adventure of it was a bit too much of a fun story. I had to climb the fence here and there.

But let's jump back to the flat... I often thought about this church tower – for many it's the only building visible out the barbed windows... I would lie down, look at the tower through my horizontal window blinds and think to myself the thoughts of Kaspar Hauser - "A very big man must have built it. I would like to meet him".

Looking at the world from clusters of lined horizontal bars you start noticing a strange phenomenon. Wind from the open window touches fine fin metal plates and makes one of two clusters sway slowly but perpetually for hours (observations have stopped earlier than the phenomena itself). On the other page, on the two fotos it can be seen the differences of the positions of the blinds. Both images were taken just a split second apart; it's kind of perpetuum mobile, or a very natural organic time measuring device at least (a wind clock that shows a different conception of time-marking - not the regular ticking clock kind of metronome, but a rather irregular, very slowly changing it's pendulum speed and slightly swaying out of phase with its own moving parts):



Two photos below further demonstrate how the hanging structures of the window blinds catch the slightest air circulation even when the window behind them is closed and there is no direct contact with wind from outside:



I would like to thank AIR – ARTIST IN RESIDENCE Niederösterreich team and hope it wasn't the last time I roamed the hills of Wachau.

A.B.