

RAMIZE ERER

AIR – ARTIST IN RESIDENCE Lower Austria

February – March 2019

Arriving at Krems on a Sunday morning, I thought I would not stand the solitude for a whole 2 months and would promptly go back. I had no idea that, only a week from then, while in Vienna to see some friends, I would be running back to Krems against the insistence of my friends to stay with them. The residence and Krems became like home to me.

The surroundings of the town are enchantingly beautiful. I would walk about the windy hills for hours on end in the morning. I wanted to record and photograph every single one of those. I've done a fair bit; I'd like to exhibit them in our magazine's gallery when I go back, under the title "the Krems diary".

I was very honoured and happy that my work was shown at the Next Comic Festival. I've discovered an event that rivals the festival of Angoulême in quality. The works exhibited were exciting and inspiring.

I've enjoyed all the activities and trips to museums and galleries offered by the residence and have also been to museums and concerts in Vienna, making full use of the proximity to the capital: the Albertina, the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Wiener Konzerthaus, the Tricky Women animation film festival. In Krems, I've been to many exhibitions, to the Kunsthalle (Hans Op de Beeck), Forum Frohner, Ernst Krenek Forum, Kunstmeile Krems and Artothek Niederösterreich. I've attended the comics workshop organised with primary school students and the vernissage of the Baden exhibition. The events held in Vienna were harder to attend to however, and I haven't been to much of them.

The residence is, in a word, wonderful. But what impressed me the most was the friendliness of all those working here. I've felt at home here. I can't think of a residence without Sabine, her care and understanding.

I would like to thank you all, especially the museum director dear Gottfried Gusenbauer, for a wonderful two months. I will miss you all and Krems very much.

BİR KAĞ GÖNDÜR
İÇİMDEN BİR SES,
AMMAN BOŞ UYUZ,
BIRAK EVİ MOK GÖTÜR
SÜN DİYOR. NOLUYO
-BANA BÖYLE KIZ

YA BENİ,
EVE GİRMEK İSTE
MİYORUM İYAN, KENDİ-
Mİ SOKAKLARA ATIP, FİTTİRİ
FİTTİRİ DOLAŞMAK
İSTİYORUM.
YETER BE!

8 MART YA KLA
SİYORDA ONDAN.
BENİM İÇİMDE DE
BİR İSYAN VAR KAĞ
GÖNDÜR. VALLA
ÜŞENDİM, GİZİM
PASTANANEDEN
ALDIM HAREŞEYİ.















