## AIR - ARTIST IN RESIDENCE Niederösterreich, April 2022

There's only 2 things to say about this residency, actually. One is a big THANK YOU to Michael, who invited me here, and to Julia and the team who took such great care of me while I visited Krems/Stein in April. It was a privilege to be able to reside in TOP22. The other thing is: I started working on my $5^{\text {th }}$ poetry collection while I was here. I am aware this sounds small and insignificant to most of the people, but fellow poets will know what a huge fucking thing it actually is. It so often happens one arrives at a residency and tries. And it stops there. The environment here has something, a certain "je ne sais qui", though. One can try - and go on. In that sense, it is rather anti-beckettian.
I will try to take that with me as I go home to continue. I also started working on a book of essays here, and I translated a good half of the book I am at the moment working on. I also took part at the Literatur \& Wein Festival, where I read on the Saturday Matinee Poetry Reading (23. 4. 2022, Artothek). Since this is one of the first readings after the 2-year Covid shut-down, it was all the more appreciated. One can still feel the hunger for the art in the air, it gets almost pulpable while reading, coming from all of us, those that read and those that listen.
I also walked a lot here. I went very close to the river. I had some excellent wine. I ate small breads with $S$ carved in at the bottom. I met some cool people. I peed in nature. My German's better now. The guy with the $3^{\text {rd }}$ garage in the yard can be rather loud, but has a really slick motorbike, and is astonishingly passionate about it. It is possible to walk around the jail, but not into it - it being so close did not feel scary or weird at all, it being near a vinery, a church, a campus, a gallery and our place made it profane in a way. Was a big chunk of food-for-thought, this proximity. I could go on, it was an intense month, but to cut to the chase: I liked it here.

