

The following text is part of my blog concerning my project in Krems. The whole idea is uploaded in <http://kremsproject.blogspot.com>

I believe it is interesting, how some thoughts, when written down, can lead to an architectural idea.

Another reason for which this blog was uploaded is that any comments are absolutely necessary and welcome, from Austria or Greece, or wherever they come from. I believe is going to be interesting, this mixing up of ideas.

Somebody who knows the place or somebody who doesn't will share their feelings. Different cultures will underline the notion of the international 'artist in residence'.

Of course this project would not have been realized without the support of ORTE and AIR Krems.

Krems an der Donau, Niederoesterreich, Austria

"I decided to write a diary that I felt that more & more it had become a *blog*. The reason is the need to **share**.

I had also the feeling that my whole project is going to be based on sharing. Sharing photos, sharing memories, sharing adventures, sounds, feelings in a place that everything stops beating after 16:30, while you cannot speak any other language and you are always worried "why they don't give me another bag at the supermarket?"

You want to look further and deeper but you can't. Closed windows and closed doors in front of warm people- *who don't want to share?*

I want to see the mountain but I can't. I am always afraid that *I am being watched* from the prisoners. Sometimes I see that they are greeting and I turn off the lights and close the grilles. When I turn off the lights I feel *safe* to look deeper. There is nothing beyond.

I need a light, a sign, something that will describe what is beyond. The form of the mountain- *the outline maybe?* Something further. It's ironic. Also the prisoners would like to know what is beyond.

I look at the beautiful houses and I am trying to talk to somebody. I pass from the backyards. I see this nice landscape and few furniture in a cozy garden corner. If I stare too much, or I stand longer I always hear that sound!

Windows shutting, a noise of a door, a tv playing. **Where is everybody?** *I still feel being watched* . I know someone is looking at me behind a *peephole* of a

door.

On the other hand, there are a lot of museums. Nice, big, modern museums. Too many compared to the city's scale. It is strange, it's really strange a small town hidden behind itself to be so much exposed- *I mean through the exhibitions*. **Exhibited or exposed?** It's so nice to be introduced through your work. I start to believe it's the only way. Partially exposed. Partially introduced. Really, **where is the center?**

Two parallel ways. The city life and the art. The Donau river and the Obere Landstrasse. Never met. So strongly linear routes. Connected with bridges, but without physical connection. Without any optical connection. The one doesn't know the existence of the other. How magic is the silent river sound, and how safe is the voice of the city's crowd. I need somewhere **to stand**.

It is interesting to walk always along barriers. The river. The railroad tracks. The row of the buildings. I need a **point of reference**. In order to know how to get back. *In order to see behind*.

On the one side the high, silent prison wall. On the other side the low, silent cemetery's wall. Really, what kind of experience is to walk, always between? Ostracizing places, forbidden notions, mysterious, hybrid spaces. Both in the city. The one across the other. The cross sign, and the guard's tower. Representative, powerful signs. I feel the presence of the dead. I feel the presence of the guard. The tinted window, still doesn't let me to see behind!

I go up to the mountain. I observe. *I feel the power to observe from above*. I can see the prisons, I can see all the little secrets of this town. Nobody can see me. I keep the *monastery as my new point of reference*. It must be always opposite to me. I am heading the right direction.. *The mountain and the monastery. The prison and the cemetery, the city and the river*. Dipoles in "terms of endearment". Undiscovered. *What's the space between?* Emptiness. Everyone has somewhere to go. He passes through and disappears to his destination. That's why you never see gathered people, just people around..

I keep walking and I see a cross. A religious symbol up to nowhere. I try to found the way to approach. I go up to the vineyards, but i still don't find a

path. Probably there isn't. *You cannot approach.* At least I am so happy for this little **surprise!** *It keeps me safe the existence of the signs.* Of well-known symbols. *At least the existence of traces.* As I go down I don't expect to see a house with a yellow beam- shelter and a nice modern glass facade. An architect must have crossed this street, for sure! I am sure that I'm in the right way. Ah, the power of traces!

It's about a network in the city, that connects the riverside with the empty fountain at the centre of Stadtpark, the proposed new city centre.

These large 'tubes' begin from the Donau, or the green areas, forming inclinations and shapes suitable for seating, laying, skating or bicycling. Sometimes they even form a building. The starting point is the river and its silent sound, the ducts, the marina side..

These empty 'pots of life' transfer the sound of all these human activities and bring it to the city's center. It works like **communicating vessels**. The one brings life to the other. The sound of the activities connected each other and mixed up. It's like standing under the bridge, at the city's entrance and hear all this noise, the vibrant, enlarged sound of moving, back and forward.

At this phase I would like to "borrow" the title of the Lentos exhibition, **SEE THIS SOUND** and I will focus on the project Laurie Anderson - *The Handphone Table* (1978). You sit at a table and music underneath of the table is conducted through your bones, as you hold your hands to your ears. The hollows within the table act as loudspeakers. It is an intimate way of hearing as well as feeling the music. The principle of the performance of Handphone Table bases **on the conduction of sound through bones**.

Maybe it's time to wonder if the sound of the city is really transmitted through its own human activities? "