

## A Month in the Wachau.

"A Month in the Wachau" - the book I could have written in April of this year. But have not done this as the Wachau diverted my thoughts and attention to its beauty and mystery, provoking me to commit myself to discovering all possible corners of Krems, Stein and nearest territories. Living in a comfortable studio, where every morning began with buzz of coffee-machine, I suddenly found myself realizing that my thoughts there were strangely formed in some other way than at home. The everyday morning look out the window always fell on the Danube. The cruisers were crossing my window like the planes are usually crossing the skys. My hunger for knowledge and understanding of Wachau was helped a lot by Wolfgang from whom I received a bike. I travelled over 200 miles, stopping in unexpected places, where the vineyards roll down into the valley, "stopped" by beautiful one-storey houses, which are in fact the entrances to the wine-cellars. I discovered the concept of "Heyrigger", learned to read the schedule-calendar of their "open" weeks. And there, in Heyriges I reminded myself wisdom of the ancient Greeks, who believed that drinking wine is far safer than drinking water. I rode a bike, walked on foot, listened to the conversations of the locals in the cafes and wine bars. And even got to the opening of the city museum and an exhibition on the history of Kremser mustard (with tasting), opened with the speech of the mayor. The scale of the town just is defined by witnessing such activities. I was even luckier, since my stay in Krems coincided with the timing of the festival "Literature and the wine". I would also like to thank Literaturhaus and Kunstrezidenz for an interesting company, in which I was the only writer. Talking to the artists from neighbouring studios I got a lot of new ideas. I left Krems without starting a novel, that could bear a title "A Month in the Wachau", but with lot of written diary notes and ideas for stories that could only be born here, on the banks of the Danube. Well, "A Month in the Wachau" I might write sometime in the future. If I come to these places again, I probably will feel right at home.

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