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Composer-vampire

What do I do all day? I sleep. Well, I'm exaggerating a little — the truth is that I do not get up very easily before noon. During the winter the situation often deteriorates to the point where I barely see an hour of sunlight each day. I work as a freelance artist, and with a biorhythm like mine, I doubt that I could have ever have done anything else.

I first had trouble waking up in the morning just after I started going to a secondary school that was two bus rides away. The early bird routine became increasingly unsustainable, and by the age of 15 I was staying home more often than I should have in order to sleep some more. Luckily, my mother, herself a habitual late-riser and sympathetic to my predicament, was always happy to write me an excuse note. I thought I might grow out of it eventually, but it seems that my night-owliness has followed me into middle-age.

I have the feeling of being out of step with the world. It affects most aspects of my life in one way or another and I often wonder if it's a good thing or a bad thing for my art, this sense of dislocation. I'm hoping that it allows me to see and hear reality (my favourite subject) from an unusual vantage point. The latter part of the day is of course essentially different from the morning. It passes (I think) a little more slowly, it's less stressful and bright, more mysterious. It goes without saying that field recordings made at night have a particular quality to them. Maybe it's a sense of danger, of being out after dark, often in empty places, or else it's the transparency of the soundscape that is encountered in the later hours. Without the constant rush of cars masking quieter noises, I have the feeling that I can hear for miles.