

Notes (from Hanne) for Mountaintops

2017

46°34'36" N, 8°25'17"

When the spider spins a web he does it in a way the fly cannot perceive it, for this he has to become fly-like. The fly becomes spider-like when he is able to be caught within it. How can I become mountain-like and catch its spirit before I'm being caught myself?

I try to imagine the inside of it but I don't get much yet. Through some holes, dug by animals, doors ingested in the mountain and deep cracks between rocks, I can sometimes hear noises coming from within. They say the natural harmonic of the earth is F sharp but this is not at all what I am hearing. Gargling, pulsing sounds like a last breath filled with blood. A song about the impossibility to capture the grandness and completeness.

The magnificence of the catastrophe that is awaiting us and the realization that future generations will look back at us with question marks in their eyes. I leave some walnuts because they change the course of events. I whisper inside the holes and cracks hoping that words can help to get a clearer view on things. It echoes: don't go, there is nothing up there, be prepared to defend yourself.

This place is inaccessible, not only because of the height and the climate, but also because of conceptual reasons. Striving for a better world from within. A closed space relating to an open space. A window that offers a view on the world, transparency between inside and outside. Would you consider opening it to catch some fresh air? I will keep it in mind. When looking at a wall you can see that the wall is build by placing one brick on top of another. A chain of hands guiding the brick to its right place. A touch of make up making it fit the rest of the structure. One brick becomes another brick in the hands of man. A wall not to fall down becomes a black piece of paper. A wall to separate becomes a tropical sunset. What is it we are looking for? A retreat, a rescue or repetition? My hand breaks and melts and my ear listens but doesn't understand.

What is real here?

The hunter must realize he himself is hunted.

A secretive loner with the powers to amaze.

The experience of loss and ecstasy finds its place.

A good place for forgetting.

Slowly forgetting, moving ten centimeters a day, soon he will be gone. They put four copper cases with written documents in the glacier. Although writing is a fantastic tool, in some ways it kills ideas because it gives them a permanent form while ideas can change.

Change, change, change.

Trying to get a clear head here. Fresh and clean like a mountain stream. Feet are moving, body is hungry. It used to be an ocean and now it is a mountain, just like I was once a star but now I am human. I put my ear on this place, I am on the lookout. I wander around to explore the possibilities to interconnect with an inaccessible giant. It is me bending and breaking while realizing all of this has no reference, no interest in me whatsoever. And then I start caressing, giving and hoping while realizing it's me who came here, it's me who sent the invitation. And then I start obsessing with sounds and objects and ideas while translating and communicating in the hope it will somehow echo a response. In the shape of other people, in the form of ghosts and heroes ruling things here. Until realizing I am small and I am no one and I am nothing up here. So I sacrifice. I kneel in silence, I pray for their acceptance and I repeat my words, when sun comes up and when sun goes down.

Dear winter raindeer
dear blue water
I am with you
Dear summer mountain flower
dear stormy weather
I can hear you
From the valley of the death
to the rising of the stars
I am besides you
Dear silver bird of prey
dear fluffy mountain cat
I am near you
Dear howling wind
dear fresh cut grass
I can feel you
From the middle of the earth
to the middle of the sky
I am in you

Something is missing:

a car falling of a cliff, a helicopter crashing, a storm blowing your house away, thirty young children dying in a tunnel on their way home, an avalanche taking the life of a whole family except the youngest, a heart attack while trying to reach the summit, a man fighting for twenty years with his brother who lives next door, a purple flower dying never to come back, a man hiding between the rocks not able to love and be loved, a hotel closed for the season being robbed, the government stealing the land of your gods, a group of teenagers frozen to death after being trapped by a snow storm, a picturesque town filled with loneliness, the love of your life moving to the big city out of boredom, your father slowly forgetting that you ever existed,

I said something I did not mean to say. Now, one more time but with fear and feelings. About a place where summer never comes, it is not the sun that they are missing, but the smell of youth and happiness, it's just too far off and in no use of brightness anymore, they are all afraid to die and they will, very soon. They will tell you all their secrets but will lie about the past. Their stones will say they liked flowers while they didn't even like colour. They preferred black and white and everything simple. And in the meantime the people in the hotel were living their lives.

But let's go back to the beginning.

And I can still remember the guys on their horses, the horses in their stalls, the crisping of the snow and of the firing wood. Once there came a storm the form of a girl, it blew their dreams away. No wind blows for the ship sailing without destination.