

ON
HOLD

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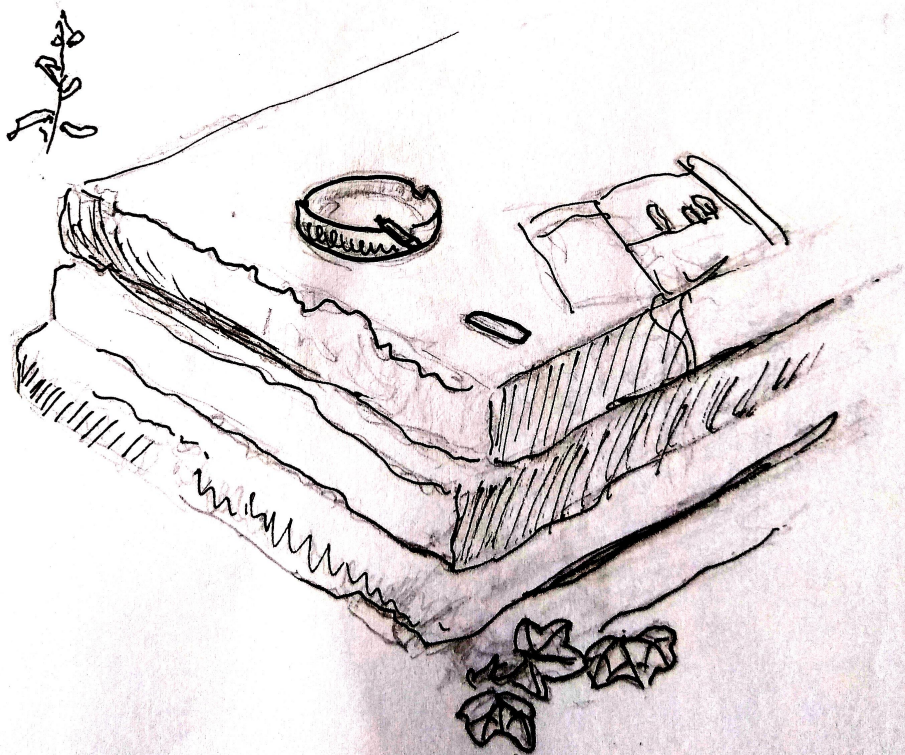
ON



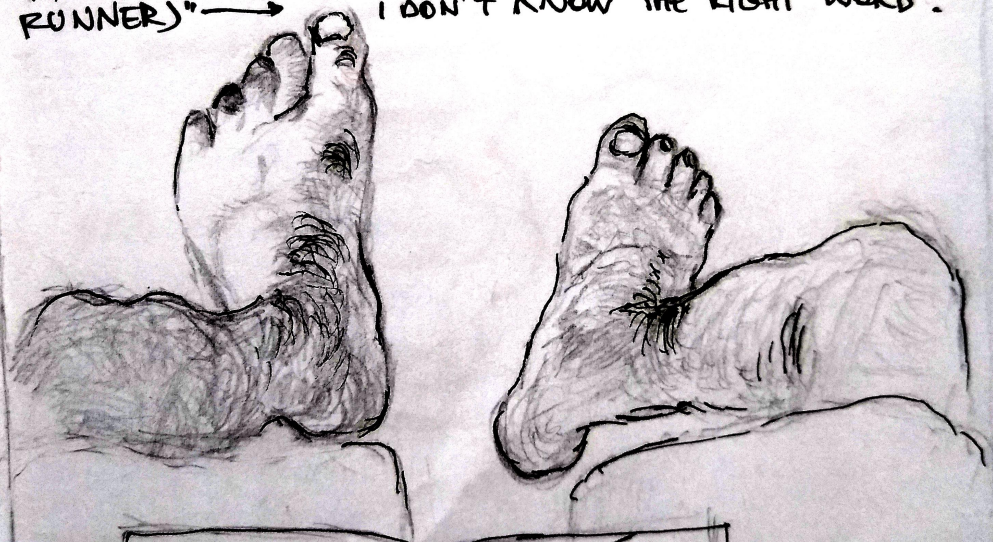
mental battles,
changing weather,
solid grounds

a zine on walking

YESTERDAY I STARTED LOOKING UP INFORMATION TO DO A NEW HIKE. PROBABLY A 30-DAY HIKE IN THE ALPS. OF AROUND 1400KM. WHEN TALKING TO A FRIEND, I WOULD DO THIS WITH, I ALSO USED THE WORDS "MENTAL BATTLE" BECAUSE THAT IS ALSO PART OF IT. THE FIRST DAYS I AM OFTEN FILLED WITH ENTHUSIASM, THEN COMES A BACKLASH. MY MENTAL TENDENCIES ARE STARTING TO WONDER. WHY THE HELL AM I DOING THIS? I WANT TO GIVE UP AND GIVE OVER TO LAZINESS. OFTEN, WHEN JUST PERSISTING, YOU CAN GET INTO A FLOW. THE SAME GOES FOR RUNNING. BEYOND THE POINT OF WANTING/NOT WANTING YOU CAN GET INTO A STATE OF JUST DOING/BEING - THE MIND STARTS TO LISTEN TO THE BODY INSTEAD OF THE OTHER WAY AROUND. AND THE BODY STARTS TO LISTEN TO THE PATH, THE WAY, NATURE. PROPER MEDITATION IS ALWAYS BEYOND SOMETHING



THE BULLET IS THROUGH THE CHURCH, AN EXPRESSION WE HAVE IN DUTCH TO SAY THAT A DECISION WAS MADE. IN A BIT LESS THAN 2 WEEKS WE WILL START WALKING THE FINAL PART OF THE GRS, FORMERLY CALLED THE GRANDE TRAVERSEE DES ALPES... FOR THAT WALK I AM ESPECIALLY ^{EQUIPED} WITH TWO WONDERFULL FEET. IT'S MY MIND'S DECISION, BUT MY BODY WILL DO THE WORK. I ALREADY KNOW IT WILL ALSO BE A MENTAL BATTLE. 600 KM / 750 KM DEPENDING ON THE ROUTES YOU TAKE. TRAVELLING LIGHT OR AT LEAST TRYING TO: SLOW AND STEADY. I AM READING A BOOK BY JAN KNIFFENBERG, "THE HUMAN AS HARD RUNNER (OR ENDURANCE RUNNER)" → I DON'T KNOW THE RIGHT WORD.

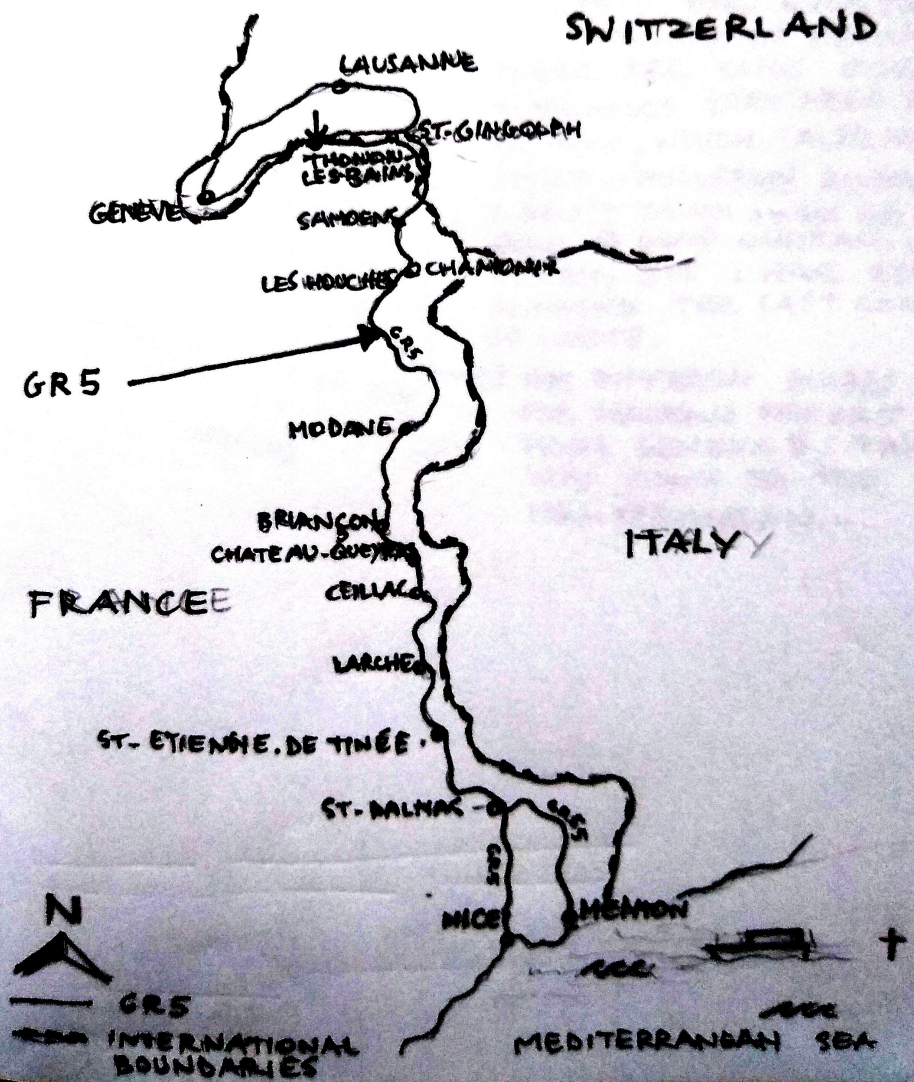


GRS: GRANDE TRAVERSEE
DES ALPES

THINGS I STILL HAVE TO FIND BACK:
~~A COMPASS, A FIRE TO COOK FOOD,~~
~~SUNGLASSES, HAT (CAP), CLOTHING~~

THINGS TO BUY: ~~WALKING STICKS,~~
~~WALKING SHOES,~~

NORMALLY YOU CAN DO THE WHOLE GR5 - (CIRCA 2150 KM) FROM AROUND ROTTERDAM TO NICE. FOR REASONS OF TIME (AND MONEY) WE WILL ONLY DO THE FINAL PART, FROM THONON-LES-BAINS / SAINT-GINGOLPH TO NICE. AND PROBABLY NOT ALL THE WAY TO NICE. MY COMPAGNON, NE T. WILL NOT DO IT ALL THE WAY SO I MIGHT ALSO OPT OUT. LET'S SEE...



18.09.20

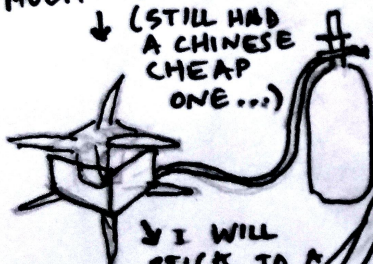
THINGS I BOUGHT OR COLLECTED TODAY: MAPS



→ THE ADVANTAGE WITH THESE RED-WHITE BOOK-LETS IS THAT MAPS ARE INCLUDED IN A5-SIZE ...

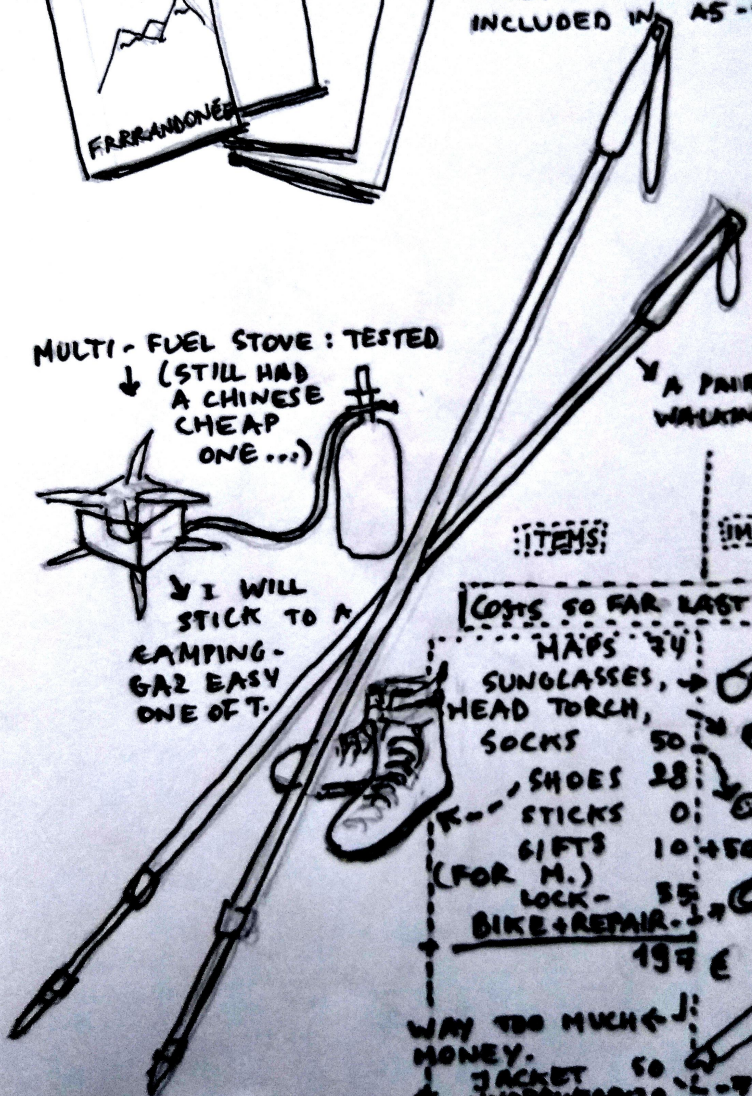
MULTI-FUEL STOVE: TESTED

↓ (STILL HAD A CHINESE CHEAP ONE...)



↓ I WILL STICK TO A CAMPING-GAZ EASY ONE OF T.

↓ A PAIR OF WALKING STICKS

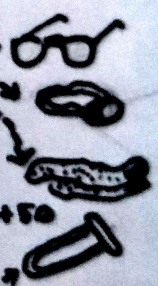


ITEMS:

IMAGES:

COSTS SO FAR LAST 2 DAYS:

MAPS	34
SUNGLASSES	→
HEAD TORCH	→
SOCKS	50
SHOES	28
STICKS	0
GIFTS (FOR M.)	10 + 50
LOCK	55
BIKE + REPAIR	→
TOTAL	197 €

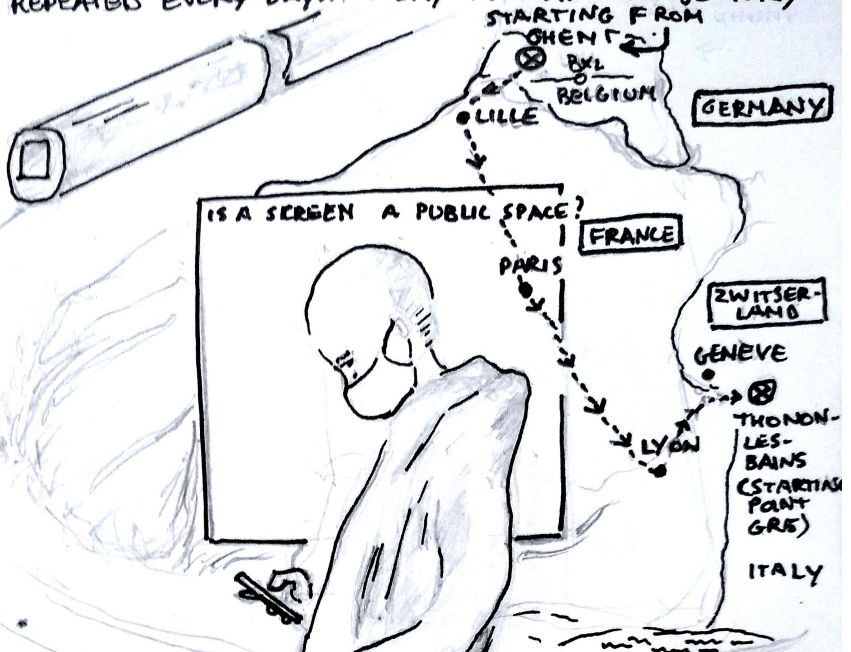


WAY TOO MUCH MONEY.

JACKET 50
+ UNDERWEAR 39
BUFF



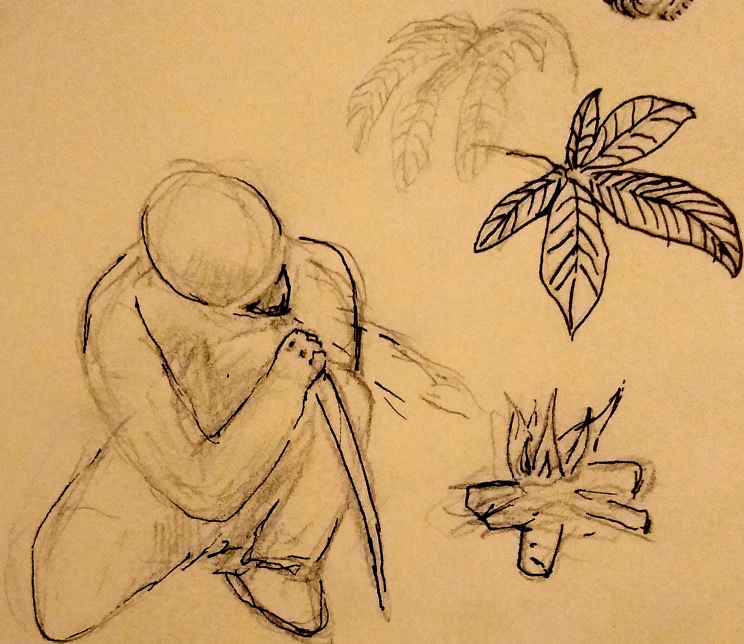
WAITING ON THE TRAIN, I LOOK AROUND... I SEE FIVE PEOPLE IN MY IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS, ALL ON A SMARTPHONE... THIS, REPEATED EVERY DAY... TODAY A TRAIN TRAJECTORY



SO I DIDN'T TAKE MY SMARTPHONE WITH ME PARTLY BECAUSE I GAVE IT TO A FRIEND WHICH'S SISTERS' PHONE WAS BROKEN... PARTLY ALSO BECAUSE I CAN TRULY ENJOY BEING WITHOUT OR I BELIEVE IT AT LEAST IMPORTANT TO NOT BE DISTRACTED BY SMALL COMPUTERS ALL THE TIME. I FINISHED READING JOYFULL MILITANCY INSTEAD... WHICH ENDS WITH AN INTERVIEW WITH SYLVIA FREDERICI. I THINK THE BOOK WAS SO SO BUT IMPORTANT ENOUGH BECAUSE IT

IT SPEAKS OF AFFECTS, EMOTIONS, RESPONSE-ABILITY, INDIGENOUS STRUGGLES, AGEISM, THE MILITANCY OF JOY (OR OTHER WAY ROUND), RIGID OR 'SAD' RADICALISM... ALL RELATED TO AN ANTI-CAPITALIST POLITICS. ALREADY FOR THAT REASON IT DESERVES CREDIT SINCE I KNOW OF NO READ BOOK THAT TOUCHES ON ALL THESE TOPICS IN ONE BOOK THIS EVENING I WILL MEET UP WITH T. LATE, SINCE HER TRAIN TO PARIS WAS BEING CANCELLED. WE RENTED SOMETHING FOR ONE NIGHT TOMMOROW THE HIKE BEGINS...

WHITE HORSE CHESTNUT.
TREE HEIGHT: 25-30M
LOOSE LEAVES



DAY 1

[T. LEANING ON A STICK] TOMORROW HER BIRTHDAY,
WHILEST BLOWING TO FIRE

TODAY WE DIDN'T WALK A LOT, TAKING INTO ACCOUNT T.'S LOWER LEGS,
AND HAVING A BUILDING UP WITH WALKING... ONE OF THE OBJECTIVES
I PUT MYSELF WAS GETTING TO KNOW ONE TREE A DAY. WE BOUGHT
A LOT OF FOOD (~~FOR THE STREETS~~). WE UNPACKED OUR BAG AND IT
SEEMS T.'S MUCH HEAVIER PACKED THAN ME. BUT MAYBE I DIDN'T
TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE COLDER AUTUMN EVENINGS. NOT EVEN AN
EXTRA JUMPER! LET'S SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES TO BE TO COLD.
WE WERE LUCKY THAT WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY RAIN UNTILL NOW.
BASED ON WEATHER FORECAST WE THOUGHT DIFFERENTLY.
PASTA-PESTO FOR DINNER!

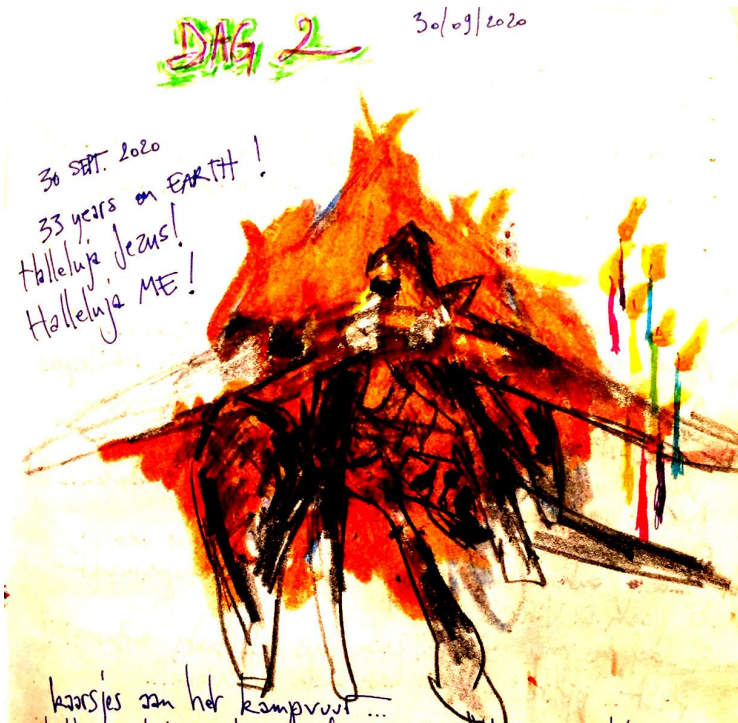
DAY 2 - T'S BIRTHDAY. WE FOUND A SUPER NICE CAMP-
ING SPOT FOR THE NIGHT. NOT SHELTERING,
JUST CAMPING OUT IN A GRASSY GREEN FIELD... WE
WENT BACK TO A SHOP TO BUY PATATO'S, EGG'S AND
WINE (RED) TO CELEBRATE T'S BIRTHDAY. 33 YEARS!

Happy Birthday T!



→ A SLEEPING
MAT CAN BE
HANDY TO SIT ON

"WHEN I FORGET, REMEMBER ME, THAT THE FIRE THAT IS
BURNING IN OUR MIDST, IS THE SAME AS THE ONE THAT IS
BURNING IN OUR HEARTS, LIKE A LIONESS ROARING AT
HER CUBS, WHICH LIVES HAVE YET TO START."



DAY 3

walked from Meron till Tête des Fieux, a bit longer. Hellish weather broke loose before T' just arrived. We found a little shepherd's "cabanon" where we were able to shelter for the weather. By the evening our clothes were dry and we had a wonderful night's sleep. We didn't walk very long but there was a strong climb in the beginning.

i didn't do my drawings + writings but here they are now, a little later... i made a drawing and writing for the first day, but messed up by making a chess board in permanent marker, that is today. i'll remake it... the notes at least.

FAGUS SYLVATICA / REGULAR BEECH

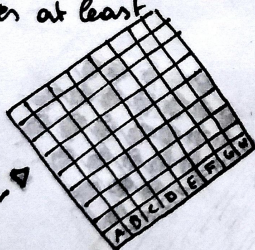
(GEWONE BEUK)

6-10 cm long leaves yellow and brown in autumn

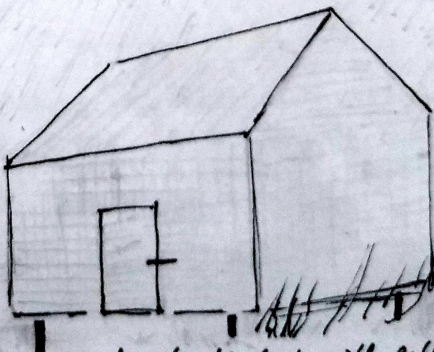
contains nuts
favourite food for small animals



HEIGHT: 25-30m



still snow (good for water)



a shepherd's hut with little inside apart from a mattress and extra blankets! And wood! And a saw for a D.I.Y. CHESS GAME!



range after range of mountains,
year after year after year,
i am still in love

G.Snyder

DAY 4 TODAY WE PLANNED TO WALK THE LONGEST ROUTE WE DID UNTIL NOW. EVENTUALLY IT TOOK US AN HOUR LESS TO FINISH. INSTEAD OF 6.30, AROUND 5.30 MIN. CHAPELLE D'ABONDANCE DIDN'T GAVE US THE LONG AWAITED HOT SHOWER, BUT WE DRANK TWO BIO BEERS AT THE LOCAL BIO-SHOP AND THE GUY WAS SUPER FRIENDLY... WE WALKED BACK UP TO A PARKING LOT WITH A TOURIST INFO ABOUT PASTORALISM AND NATURE PROTECTION AND STUFF, WHERE THERE IS A MASSIVE SHELTER TO SLEEP UNDER. PASTA PESTO WITH A WELL MADE CAMP FIRE BY T. NOTHING BETTER...



TWO 'LOCAL' BIO BEERS, ENJOYED AFTER ANOTHER DAY OF WALKING

WE DRIED OUR WET TENT, SO AT LEAST WE CAN STAY DRY LATER... ←

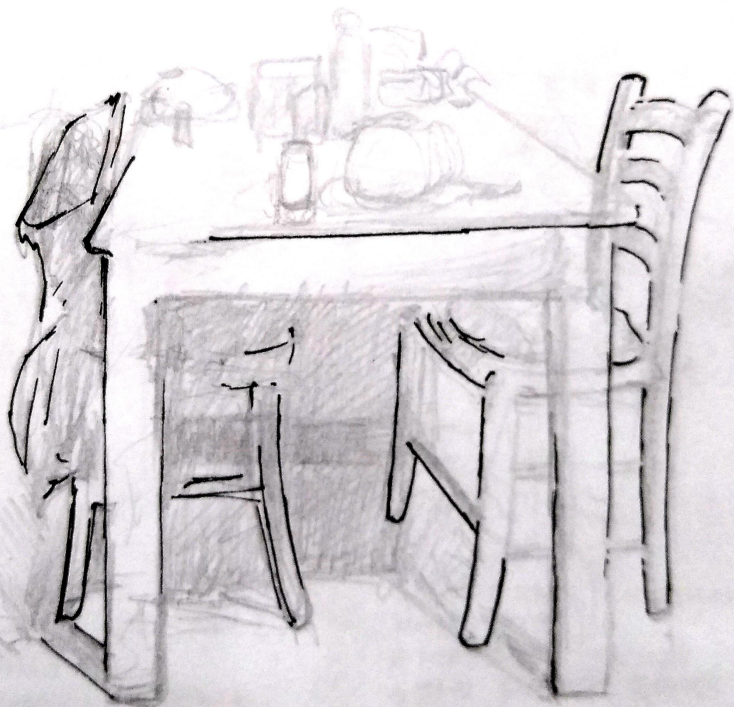


To set out, as Peace Pilgrim did on the first day of 1953, with nothing more than her singel outfit, whose pockets contained "a comb, a folding toothbrush, a ballpoint pen, copies of her message and her current correspondence,"While the economy was booming and capitalism was becoming enshrined as a sacrament of freedom, she has dropped out of the money economy- she never carried or used money for the rest of her life. She says of the lack of material possessions, "think of how free i am! If i want to travel, i just stand up and walk away. There is nothing to tie me down."

Rebecca Solnit in: Wanderlust- a history of walking p.71

DAY 5 WE WOKE UP AND THERE WAS SNOW FALLING DOWN FROM THE SKY. SHIT. ALTITUDE A BIT ABOVE 4000M? SO THERE IS SNOW AT 1800M THAT STAYS, WE LEARNED... OUR PLAN SHIFTED TOWARDS RE-PLANNING THE ROUTE, TRAVEL, WHATEVER SINCE WE DON'T HAVE GEAR FOR WINTER CONDITIONS, WENT BACK TO CHAPELLE D'ABONDANCE. BOOKED A ROOM (APARTMENT) FOR ONE NIGHT. BOUGHT TOPO-GRAPHIC CARDS UNTILL CHAMONIX. WE DREW A LINE OVER THE HIKING TRAILS WE WOULD TAKE INSTEAD OF PURSUING 'OUR' GR5. THE GR5 BECAME RATHER "HIKE OF THE SHELTERS" SINCE THEY PREDICT RAINFALL FOR THE NEXT 10 DAYS.

WE STALLED ALL OUR FOOD OUT ON THE TABLE TO SEE IF WE COULD DITCH SOMETHING, TO LOSE WEIGHT. WE DIDN'T EVENTUALLY.



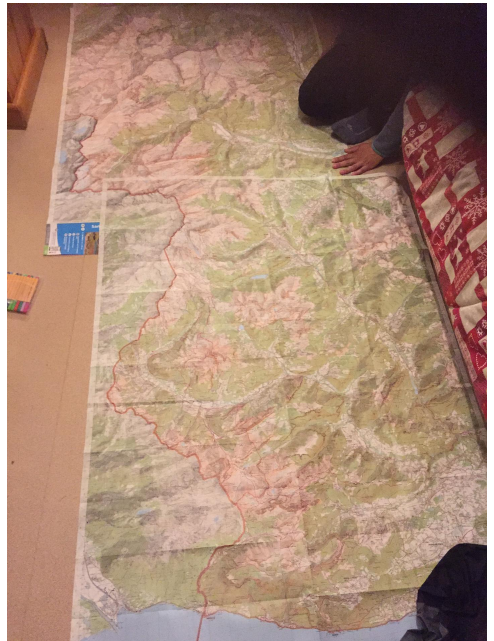
i have two doctors, my left leg and my right. When body and mind are out of gear (and those twin parts of me live at such close quarters that the one always catches the melancholy from the other) I know that I shall have only to call in my doctors and i shall be well again... My thoughts start out with me like blood-stained mutineers debauching themselves on board the ship they have captured, but i bring them home at nightfall, larking and tumbling over each other like happy little boy scouts at play.

-G.M. Trevelyan. "Walking" in R. Solnit p.141.



It's the unpredictable events between official events that add up to a life, the incalculable that gives it value. Both rural and urban walking have for two centuries been prime ways of exploring the unpredictable and the incalculable, but they are now under assault on many fronts.

The multiplication of technologies in the name of efficiency is actually eradicating free time by making it possible to maximize the time and place for production and minimize the unstructured travel time in between. New timesaving technologies make most workers more productive, not more free, in a world that seems to be accelerating around them. I like walking because it is slow, and I suspect that the mind, like the feet, works at about three miles an hour. If this is so, then modern life is moving faster than the speed of thought, or thoughtfulness. -R.Solnit p.21

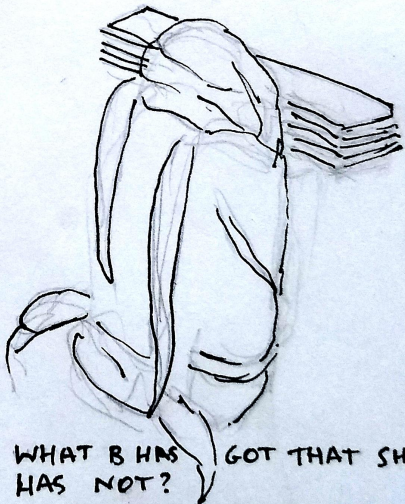


DAY 6: WE WOKE UP IN A CHALET APPARTMENT IN A TOURISTY KIND OF VILLAGE IN THE BEGINNINGS OF AUTUMN. THAT MEANS IT IS MOSTLY ABANDONED SINCE IT AIN'T NO WINTER YET. WHEN WAKING UP AND AFTER MY CUP OF COFFEE (AND BREAKFAST) WE BOTH FELT THE NEED TO STAY A NIGHT LONGER. YESTERDAY WE RE-PLANNED OUR ROUTE. WE AREN'T FITTED FOR THE GR5. WINTERY CONDITIONS MAKE THE TRAIL INVISIBLE WHEN NOBODY WALKED BEFORE. SO YESTERDAY THE PLAN SHIFTED TOWARDS MAPPING A ROUTE OURSELVES THAT STAYS BELOW SNOW LEVEL. WE DID A SMALL WALK OF AROUND THREE HOURS AND A HALF TODAY TO SEE WHERE THE SNOW STAYS...

T'S.



E'S.



WHAT T. HAS GOT:

- * YOGA - MAT (2 MATS)
- * SANDALLS
- * 2 JUMPERS, A DOWN JACKET OF 700GR
- * A TOWEL, LIPSTICK,
- BIG + SMALL

WHAT B HAS GOT THAT SHE HAS NOT?

- * SOFTSHELL JACKET
- * TWO SKETCH BOOKS
- * PENCIL - CASE FOR DRAWING.

there's all sorts of walking- from heading out across the desert in a straight line to a sinuous weaving through undergrowth. Descending rocky ridges and talus slopes is a speciality in itself. It is an irregular dancing- always shifting- step of walk on slabs an scree. The breath and eye are always following this uneven rhythm. It is never paced or clocklike, but flexing- little jumps- sidesteps- going for the well-seen place to put a foot on a rock, hit flat, move on- zigzagging along and all deliberate. The alert eye looking ahead, picking the footholds to come while never missing the sept of the moment. The body-mind is so at one with this rough world that it makes these moves effortlessly once it has had a bit of practice. The mountain keeps up with the mountain.

Gary Snyder- Blue mountains constantly walking in R.Solnit
p. 97



DAY 7: COL DE BASSACHAUX. 1800M ALTITUDE. WE WALKED SOUTH OF THE GR5. A TRAIL ON THE FLANK OF A MOUNTAIN. 'SUR LE CRÊTE' TO COL DE BASSACHAUX TO FINISH OF IN ARDENT WHERE WE FOUND A NICE SHELTER WITH AN OPEN FIREPLACE. ARDENT BEING SOME LEFT. ALONE PLACE DURING AUTUMN... GOOD FOR US! ABANDONED HOUSES, GARDENS, SHEDS



DAY 8 WALKED FROM ARDENT TO MORZINE. TODAY OUR 'ABRI' IS A HOTEL WHERE THERE ARE MOSTLY BRITISH A LAGER, A PINT, ... BLA BLA BLA. EVEN THE BARTENDER ONLY KNOWS SOME FRENCH. WE GOT UP LATE, BUT WE DIDN'T HAD ANY APPOINTMENTS. AND WE WERE OUT OF THE WIND. ONLY A SMALL WALK TODAY BUT AGAIN TOO MUCH DECISION-MAKING. WHERE TO SLEEP, NEW SHOES (BUT FIRST: TRYING TO REPAIR!) T. HAVING THIS "I EXPERIENCE RAIN AND I NEED A WARM PLACE TO SLEEP". SYNDROME. AGAIN! / AM KIDDING! I WAS CONFRONTED WITH SOME MACHISMO SUBCONSCIOUSLY OF WANTING TO BE OUT EVEN WHEN WE HAVE BEEN EXPERIENCING QUITE SOME RAIN. I HAVEN'T BEEN LEARNING NEW TREES. MAYBE TOMORROW!

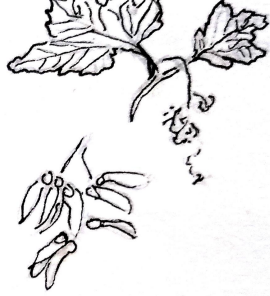


DAY 9 FROM MORZINE TO SAMOËNS. WALKING AROUND 7.30H.
TREE LEARNED TODAY: ESPOORN... IN THE EVENING WE FOUND
A _____ SPOT IN A FIELD. CHECKING OUT FOR OTHER ABRIS. THIS
MORNING WE PASSED BY THE POST OFFICE TO SEND SOME BOOKLETS
BACK HOME OF THE GR5. WE ONLY KEPT THE FIRST ONE OF THE GR5.
WE CALLED THE REFUGE IN THE MASSIF AHEAD, REFUGE DE CHA-
LET DE MOËDE ANTERNE, THEY SAID THE ROUTE WAS SNOWY AND
THE REFUGE CLOSED. WE ABANDONED OUR PLAN (AGAIN) TO TAKE
THE BIG DETOUR TO ARRIVE IN CHAMONIX. INSTEAD

WEDNESDAY

ACER PSEUDOPLATANUS
REGULAR ASHTORN

(GELIOME
ESPOORN)



FRONT LINES

The edge of the cancer
swells against the hill- we feel
a foul breeze-

And it sinks back down.
The deer winter here
A chainsaw growls in the gorge.

Ten wet days and the log trucks stop,
The trees breathe.
Sunday the 4-wheel jeep of the
Realty Company brings in
Landseekers, lookers, they say
To the land,
Spread your legs.

The jets crack sound overhead, it's OK here;
Every pulse of the rot at the heart
In the sick fat veins of Amerika
Pushes the edge up closer-

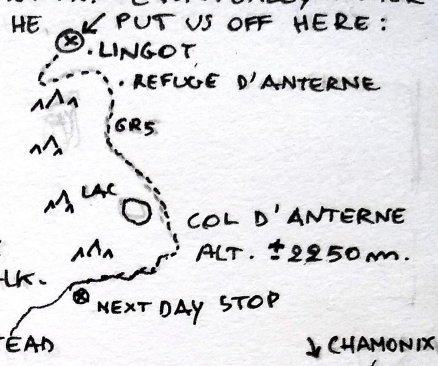
A bulldozer grinding and slobbering
Sideslipping and belching on top of
The skinned-up bodies of still-live bushes
In the pay of a man
From town.

Behind is a forest that goes to the Arctic
And a desert that still belongs to the Piute
And here we must draw
Our line.

- G.Snyder in Turtle Island

DAY 10. STARTED WALKING FROM SAMOËNS TO THE INTERMARCHÉ
 T'S WORDS, SINCE IT'S ANOTHER SUPERMARKET: CARREFOUR.
 WE BOUGHT SHITLOADS OF FOOD FOR 4/5 DAYS. AT THE POINT
 WHEN T ASKED A LOCAL FOR INFO ON WHERE WE WOULD
 BE, WE JUST LOST TRACK, WE ENCOUNTERED SEBASTIEN.
 WHEN TALKING TO HIM IT SEEMED MAD THAT WE WOULD TAKE
 THE MASSIF DETOUR TO GET TO CHAMONIX. EVENTUALLY AFTER
 SOME TALKING AND HEARTFELT ADVICE HE PUT US OFF HERE:
 WITH HIS CAR. WE RETOOK THE ROUTE FOR WALKING THIS PART OF
 THE GR5 AND WILL WALK THROUGH THIS MASSIF WHICH WILL BE COVERED
 WITH SNOW. BUT WE BOUGHT GATTERS TO HAVE DRY FEET AND UPON
 WALKING TO SOME STRANGERS, DESCENDING FROM A HIKE, IT WAS
 CLEAR THAT THE ROUTE WAS WALKABLE... OUR ROUTE WAS ALREADY
 RENAMED 'ROUTE DES ABRIS' INSTEAD OF GR5.

THURSDAY



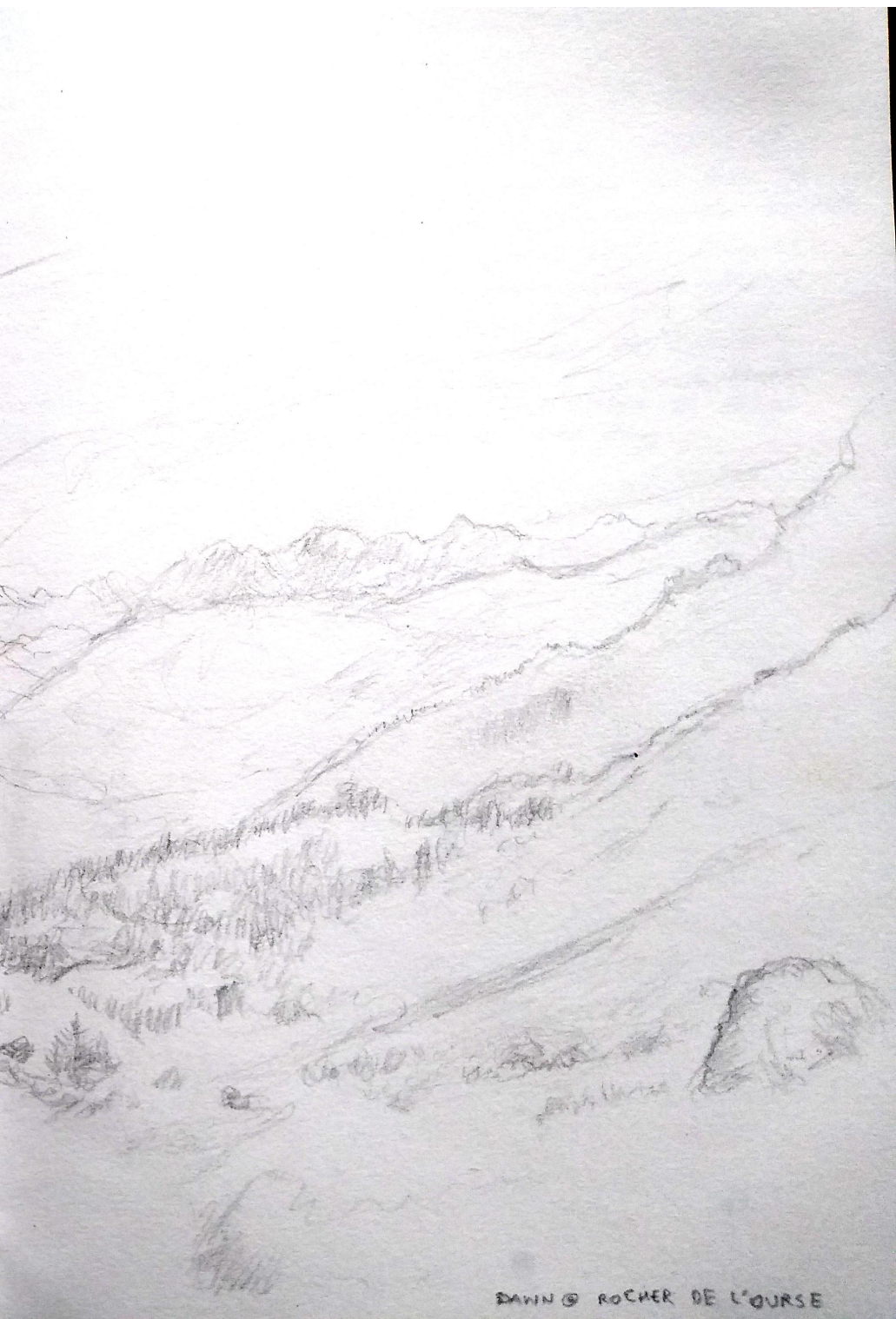
T. JUST KILLED
 A SNAIL BY ACCIDENTALLY POURING
 HOT TEA OVER IT. HER COMPAS-
 SION FOR NON-HUMAN ANIMALS
 IS INSPIRING.



SOME OTHER TREE

LARIX DECIDUA (EUROPE'S LARIKS)





DAWN @ ROCHER DE L'OURS



Rhythm is originally the rhythm of the feet. Every human being walks, and since he walks on both legs with which he strikes the ground in turn and since he only moves if he continues to do this, whether intentionally or not, a rhythmic sound ensues... Animals too have their familial gait; their rhythms are often richer and more audible than those of men; hoofed animals flee in herds; like regiments of drummers. The knowledge of the animals by which he was surrounded, which threatened him and which he hunted, was man's oldest knowledge. He learnt to know animals by the rhythm of their movement. The earliest writing he learned to read was that of their tracks; it was a kind of rhythmic notation imprinted on the soft ground...

-Elias Canetti, *Crowds and Power* in R.Solnit

FRIDAY
DAY 11. WALKED FROM LINGOT TO COL 'D' ANTERNE TO ROCHE DE L'OURSE Today i took more initiative. Eventually we bought gaiters yesterday to pass the Col d'Anterne today which was covered with snow. Luckily traces for the ascent and the descent, probably by locals according to T. There stopped our last bit of the following of the GR5, since yesterday, since we descended Southwest instead of going Southeast (trail GR5). We follow a bit of the GRP TOUR DU MONT BLANC but quite soonish found a cabin next to a rock. The rock looks like the head of a bear "Roche de L'OURSE" walked about 6 hours and a half today. Must have been the mildest walk we made since we started. Also probably the hardest... climbed a thousand metres. Even a bit more. Makes me think of the time i climbed three times a day. Today we climbed 1150 metres in one day.



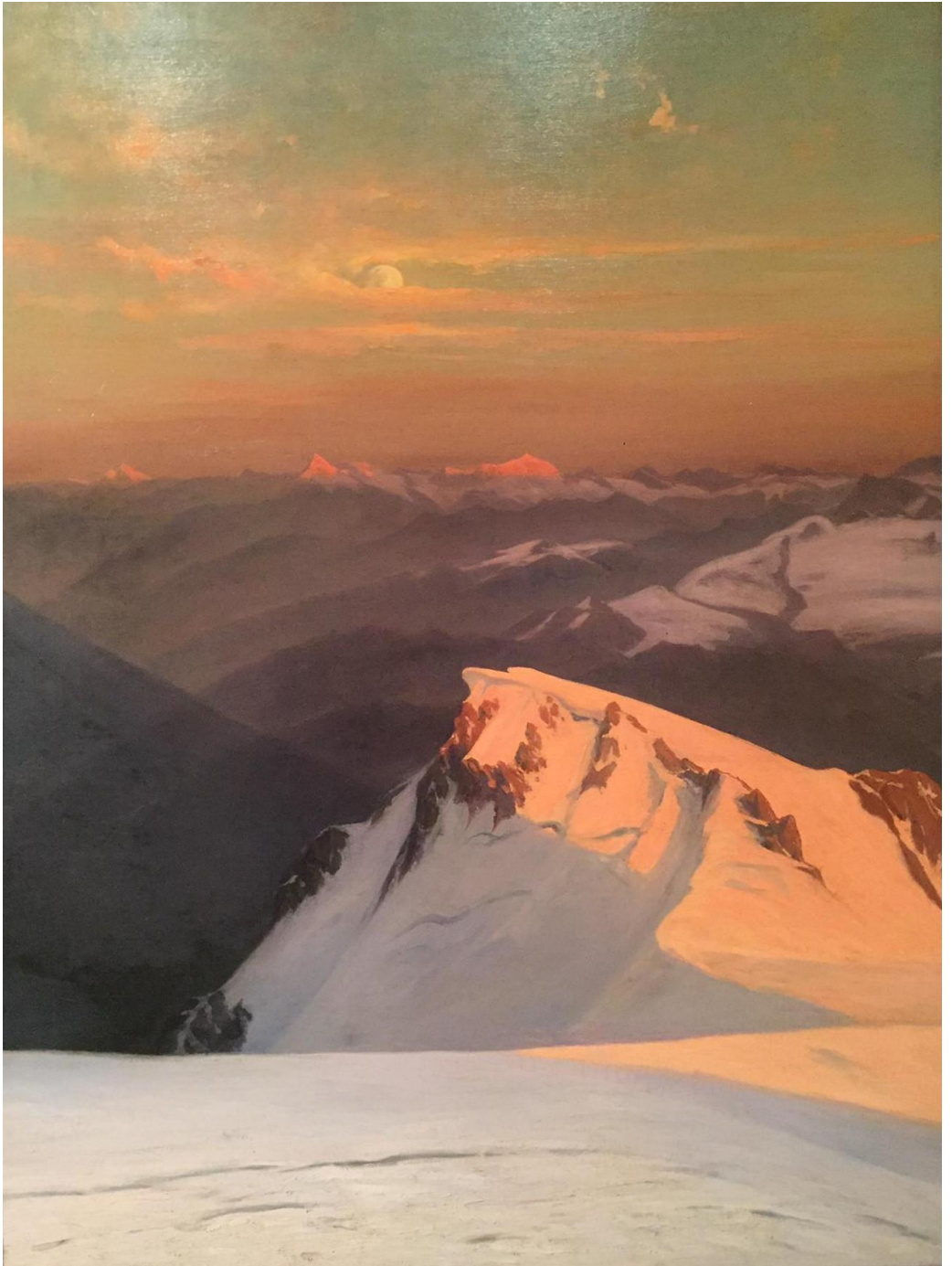


SATURDAY
DAY 12: FROM ROCHER DE L'OURSE (ENTREVIE) TO LAC VERT, MELK
SERVOZ, VAUDANGE, LES HOUGHES... RAIN, RAIN, RAIN... BIÈRE, VIN ET
GENEPI DANS CET ORDRE... BIEN BOURÉE. WE RENTED A STUDIO
@ AIRBNB. THE MORNING WE STARTED OF OUR ALL-DAY-RAIN-WALK
AT ENTREVIE DESCENDING THE WHOLE DAY. AT MIDDAY SOME
FRENCH FRIES AND A DRINK, AND: NOODLES IN A CHURCH... GOD A-
GREGED ON IT BEING A GOOD IDEA. AFTERNOON STARTED WITH
A SMALL ASCENT, ABOUT TWO HUNDRED METRES. AFTER THAT
T. WAS LOW ON ENERGY AND I COULDN'T MOTIVATE MYSELF
NEITHER TO CLIMB ANOTHER TWO HUNDRED METRES IN
THE RAIN. SO FINISHED OF WITH FOLLOWING THE MAIN
ROAD TO LES HOUGHES. WE BOOKED SOMETHING AT LUNCH
TO BE DRY FOR THE EVENING/NIGHT. WE WENT SHOPPING
AND AFTER WARDS HAD A DRUNK EVENING WHERE I
EVEN HAD TO PUGE. BEER, WINE AND GENEPI (A LOCAL
HERBAL DRINK) IN THAT ORDER. GOOD ENOUGH TO SLEEP
OUT LATE.



SUNDAY
DAY 13: JEAN FERRAT . LA MONTAGNE . WHAT A GOOD NUMBER. MY MOM JUST SENDS IT TO T. SHE WATCHED PHOTO'S OF LES HOUCHES WHERE WE PASSED YESTERDAY. TODAY LOOOONG SLEEPING AND I MADE BREAKFAST @ BED FOR T: COUSCOUS + A LA RABIATA SAUCE + BACON + EGGS. AFTERWARDS WE STARTED WALKING TO CHAMONIX BUT EVENTUALLY TOOK THE BUS... WE BOOKED ANOTHER STUDIO AND WENT TO THE ALPINE MUSEUM. DISCOVERY OF THE DAY: GERARD LOPPÉ, HIMSELF AN ALPINIST HE TOOK THE EFFORT OF ALSO PAINTING AT HIGH ALTITUDE. EPIC PAINTING. BOUGHT SOME STUFF AND EVENTUALLY WENT EATING PONDUE SAVOYARDE AUX CÈPES. CÈPES BEING A (LOCAL) MUSHROOM. DE-U-icious AND GREAT SERVICE. IT'S STRANGE TO SEE BLACK PEOPLE IN MOUNTAIN TOURISTY CONTEXTS. SUCH A WHITE 'BUSINESS',... SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT. DECOLONIZE THE MOUNTAINS. LAST REFUGE OF THE WHITE BOURGEOISIE







ROGER
BRODERS

FUNICULAIRE
CHAMONIX-PLANPRAZ
LE BREVENT 2000^m D'ALTITUDE
FACE AU MONT-BLANC

PM
LL!

MONDAY
DAY 14 TOURIST OFFICE. BUYING A MAP, "VERLOREN BROOD"
(LOST BREAD, BREAD SOAKED IN MILK & EGGS) AS BREAKFAST BY
T. DECIDED WE'D STAY IN CHAMONIX AND DO DAILY WALKS
FROM HERE. TODAY CLIMBED TO MONTEVER MER DE
GLACE WHERE THE GLACIER WAS REALLY WITHDRAWN,
COMPARED TO PICTURES WE SAW YESTER DAY IN THE
ALPINE MUSEUM. PICTURES GOING BACK MORE THAN
A HUNDRED YEARS. FROM MERE DE GLACE WE WALKED
TO SIGNAL AND FURTHER ON IN THE SNOW TO AGUILLE
DU MIDI. THERE WE DESCENDED. ALL ROUTES WERE AL-
READY 'TRACED' (TRACÉE). PEOPLE WENT BEFORE US IN
THE SNOW. NICE DAY WITH MAYBE THE LAST TRACES OF
SUN, LET'S SEE WHAT TOMORROW BRINGS. WALKED A
ROUND 6 TO 6.30 HOURS TODAY. MEDITATIVE DESCENT
WITH EVEN A BIT OF RUNNING...



DAY 15 FROM LES HOUCHEs TO REFUGE DE BELLACHAT TO LE BREVENT (ALTITUDE 2525 m.). A STEADY SLOW CLIMB TO CULMINATE IN A SNOWY & RUGGED ASCENT THE LAST COUPLE OF HUNDRED METRES (BELLACHAT TO LE BREVENT) I AM NOT USED TO SNOW, SO THE LAST HUNDRED METRES SNOWY, OR EVEN ICY, WERE AN ADVENTURE TO ME. WE DIDN'T HAVE CRAMPONS BECAUSE AFTER BREAKFAST WE WENT BACK TO SLEEP AND WE DIDN'T THOUGHT WE'D WALK SO FAR/HIGH. CATCHED OUR BU: TO LES HOUCHEs AND STARTED CLIMBING. A TOTAL OF AROUND 1550 m OF ASCENT. NOT BAD. NO RAIN/EXTRA SNOW UNTILL THE VERY LAST BIT. I OVERCAME SOME FEAR OF WALKING IN SNOW BECAUSE SOME ROUTE WE HAD TO TRACK OURSELVES A BIT... THERE WAS A SLIGHT TRACE OF SOMEONE WHO CAME BEFORE BUT IT WAS GETTING LATE AND WE DIDN'T KNOW HOW THE DESCENT WOULD GO. UPON COMING BACK I MADE POTATOES, BAKED, WITH HOT-DOGS. T WAS NAKED BUT WE ENJOYED THE FOOD AND THE SIMPLE EVENING. AND FIRST AND NOT LAST: T MADE PANCAKES AS BREAKFAST! WAAUUUW, MMMMM... WALKING FROM 12 TILL 18.30 WITH A SHORT BREAK.



DAY 16 NO-THING TO DO. WE HAD TO BOOK TICKETS BUT INTERNET MOSTLY FAILED ON US. BREAKFAST: PORRIDGE + EGGS + BAKED POTATOES + 'VERLOREN BROOD'. KEBAB IN THE EVENING FILLED THE DAY WITH TRYING TO FIX TICKETS. TOOK US HOURS AND EVENTUALLY GOT FIXED BY MY MOM. BOUGHT NEW SHOES SINCE RUNNING DOWN A HILL AFTER YESTERDAYS' CLIMB MADE A CRACK IN MY SHOES.

DAY 17 WALK TO LE FLÈGÈRE. LAST DAY BEFORE HEADING HOME. DIDN'T WALKED SO MUCH, A COUPLE OF HOURS, MAYBE 3 TO 4... DIDN'T FOUND LE FLÈGÈRE. SHOULD HAVE BEEN A REFUGE. WE SAW SOME CHAMONIX FROM VERY CLOSE. THREE BIG ONES AND TWO LITTLE ONES! AMAZING... BETTER THAN FINDING A REFUGE. CONCLUDED WITH CARBONARA: DELICIOUSLY MADE BY T.

DAY 18. GOING HOME. IF WE HAVE A PLACE CALLED THAT WAY. I'VE BEEN WANDERING FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS NOW... FIRST HOURS SLEEPING ON THE BUS CHAMONIX - LYON. IN LYON WE HAD TO WAIT LOOOOONG TIME. ALREADY ± 6 HOURS WAITING ± 1 H BECAUSE OF IT BEING LATE.

soaked up in screens
in a railway station
all the waiters for a train come late
lined up to get their dreams fulfilled...
staring in vain
soaked up in screens
staring screams of attention
inspiration leaks
when attention is bleak
staring at a screen
synonymous for inspirationlessness
the dreams that can be attained
through this
drowned by forgetfulnessness

i try to capture movement
in vain

keep on walking
keep on walking
keep on walking