

Katrine Køster Holst,

Looking at snow, thinking of mountains

I walk down a road. Parts of the asphalt are still covered by ice, where the sun has yet to get a grip. The snowploughs have left a meter high, compact, vertical wall of snow by the side of the road. The clean-cut flank reveals grey wave-shaped lines, air pollution captured between cleaner layers of snow of varying thickness. It is getting warmer, and in the coming weeks the snow will gradually sink and melt.

Next year I will walk the same road and find a similar wall of snow, but the form and lines will differ. What parameters have changed, and how are the layers affected by these changes? It might have been a colder winter, the cold periods could have been interrupted by sudden heat waves, or the traffic might have been redirected for a week or two.

The wall of snow resembles many other forms that I see in the landscape, regardless of scale, time and matter. Huge mountain ranges, small desert roses and the branches of trees – they all emerge over time through simple repeating processes, influenced by various external factors. When I look at this particular wall of snow, I get a glimpse into a language of form that connects rather than tears apart.

I am looking at snow, thinking of mountains.



April 2018, Schwartz gate, Drammen