

THE SNOWBANK

Katrine Køster Holst

I walk along the side of the road. On the asphalt, scattered ice spots remain in places where the sun's rays have not yet penetrated. The snowplough has cleared the road and at the side of the road the snow is lying in a compact, vertical bank just over a metre tall. The clean-cut flank of the snowbank facing the road reveals wavy lines of contamination in shades of grey captured between thick and thin layers of whiter snow. Spring is approaching, and in time the snow will no longer pile up but gradually melt, collapse and disappear.

Next year I will walk along the same road and find similar snowbanks. From a distance, they will look the same, but on closer inspection there will be differences. Which parameters have changed and how has this affected the form and markings on the layers of snow? It could have been a colder winter, the period of frost could have been interrupted by sudden heat waves, or the traffic could have been diverted for a period of time.

This snowbank at the side of the road has something in common with many other forms I see in the landscape, regardless of scale, time and matter. Huge mountain ranges, small desert roses and the branches of trees — they are all

created through simple repetitions that are influenced by different external circumstances. When I look at this cross section of snow, I get a glimpse into a language, the language of forms that binds things together rather than separates them from each other.

Thus, I can look at snow and think of a mountain.

Translated by Christine O'Hagan

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