

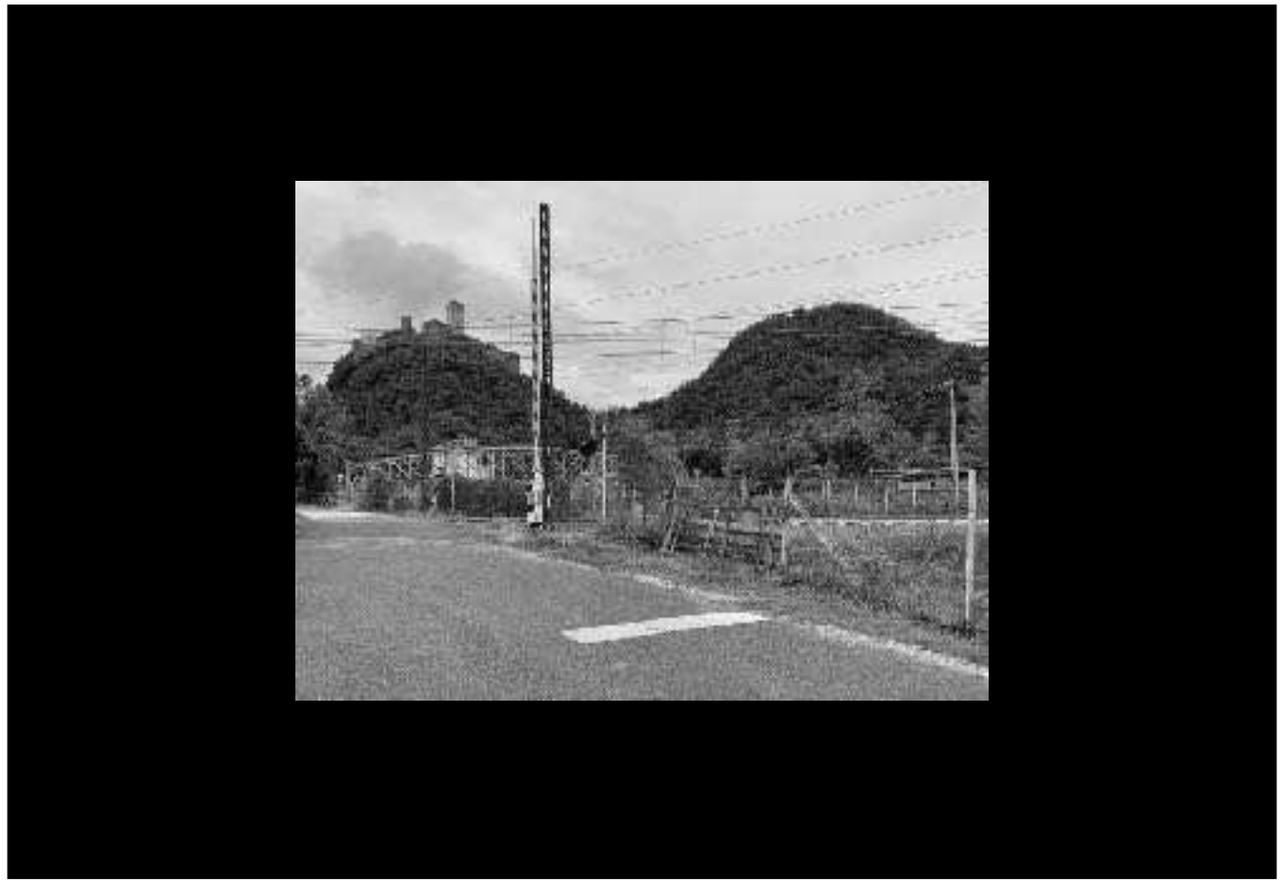
This is Reinhold Messner. (Draw.) He is the most accomplished mountaineer in the world. He was the first person to climb all 14 of the 8,000 metre mountains on earth, all of them without carrying bottled oxygen (Draw HK head off.) and several of them on solo expeditions.



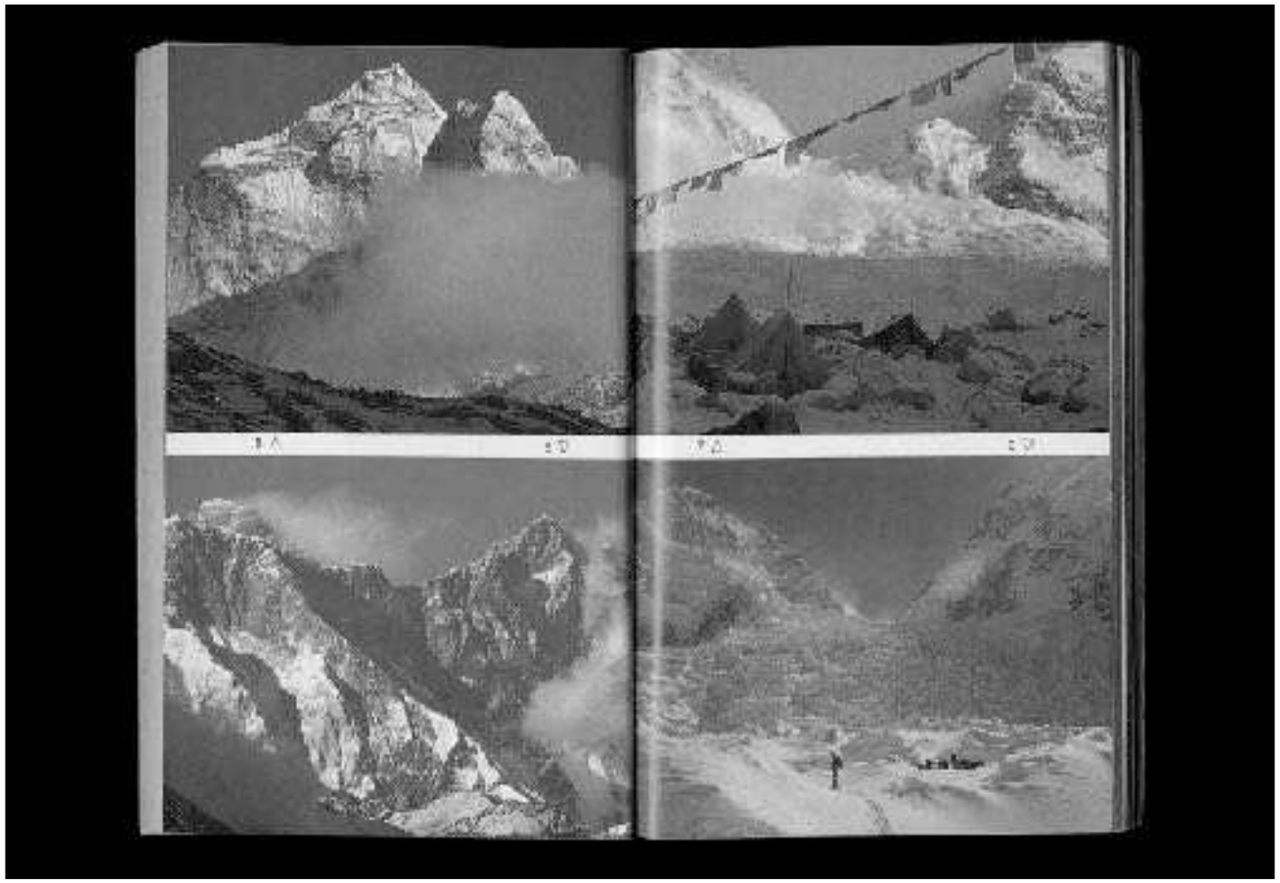
That was in the 1980s. Now Messner doesn’t climb mountains anymore, he is a public figure in politics and culture, and the author of over 50 books. And he is the founder of the Messner Mountain Museum.



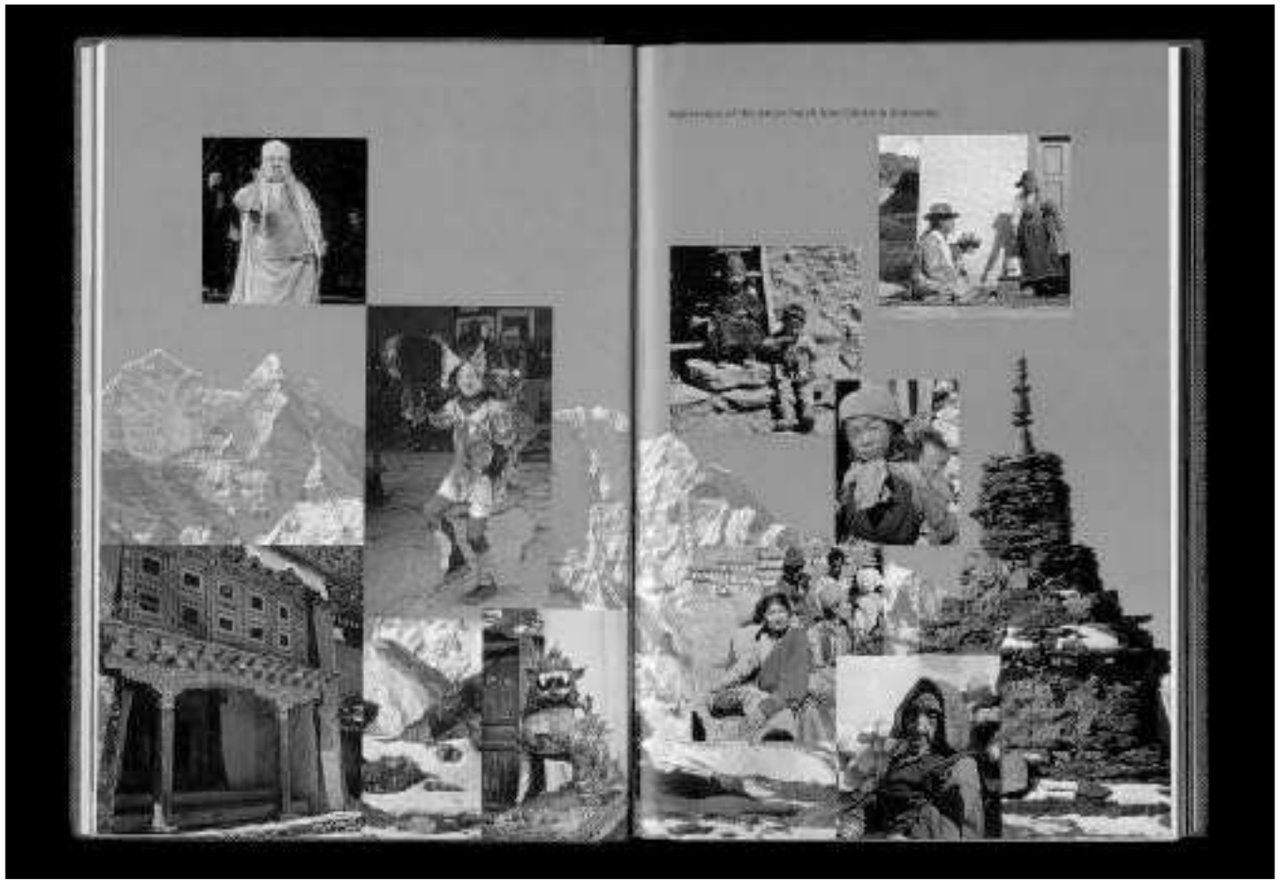
Here is the logo of Messner Mountain Museum. Three Ms. Six peaks. There are actually six separate museum sites. Each museum is located at the top of a mountain in the Italian Dolomites. Museum museum museum museum museum museum. Or just museum museum museum if you count the two Ms in each museum. Six peaks six museums. This kind of graphic coincidence is called a mindsmile. Perhaps this is even the perfect mindsmile.



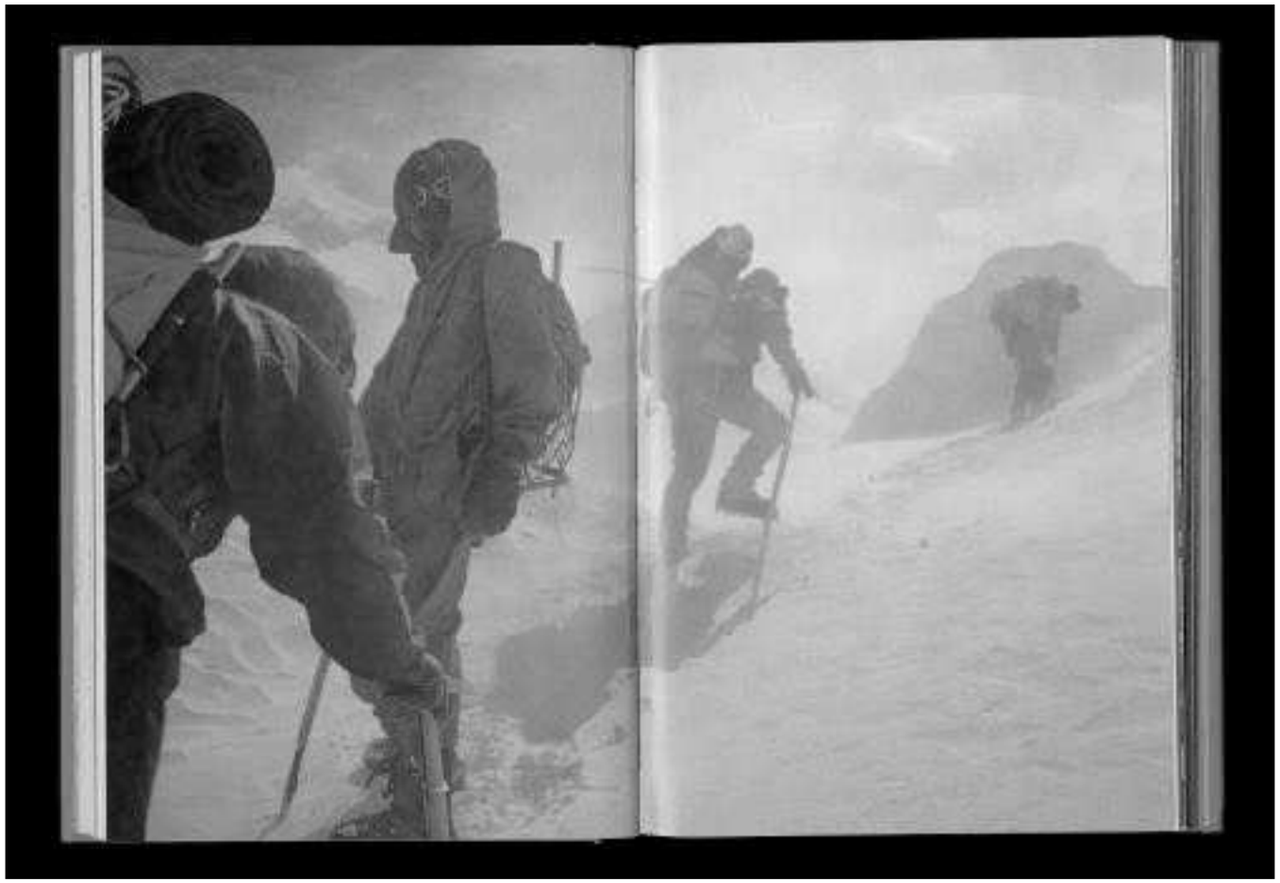
Well maybe not quite perfect. It’s too good to be true. This is the centrepiece of the Messner Mountain Museum, located in the ruins of the tenth century Sigmundskron Castle on the left of these two hills outside Bolzano. Yes, that’s right these are only hills. Not mountains! You can tell they are hills because they make a lowercase m.



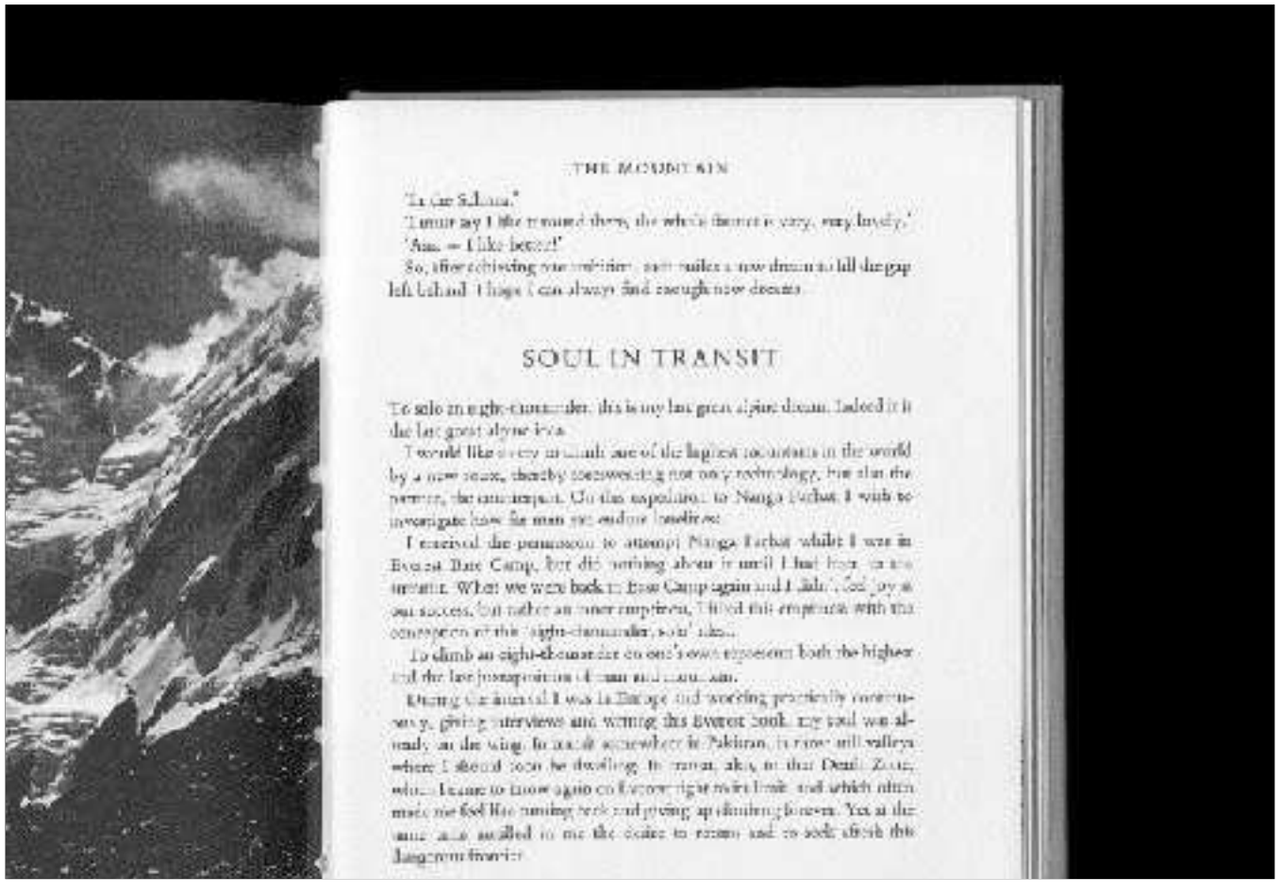
I said that Messner was the author of more than 50 books. At the Messner Mountain Museum library of course they have a complete set. Messner has written about mountain geographies and landscapes,



about global mountain culture,



about his own expeditions,



THE MOUNTAIN

'To the Sahara.'

'I must say I like the mixed thing, the white flannel is very, very lovely.'

'Aaa. — I like better!'

So, after choosing the material, we make a new dream to fill the gap left behind. Things I can always find enough new dreams.

SOUL IN TRANSIT

To solo an eight-thousander, this is my last great alpine dream. Indeed it is the last great alpine idea.

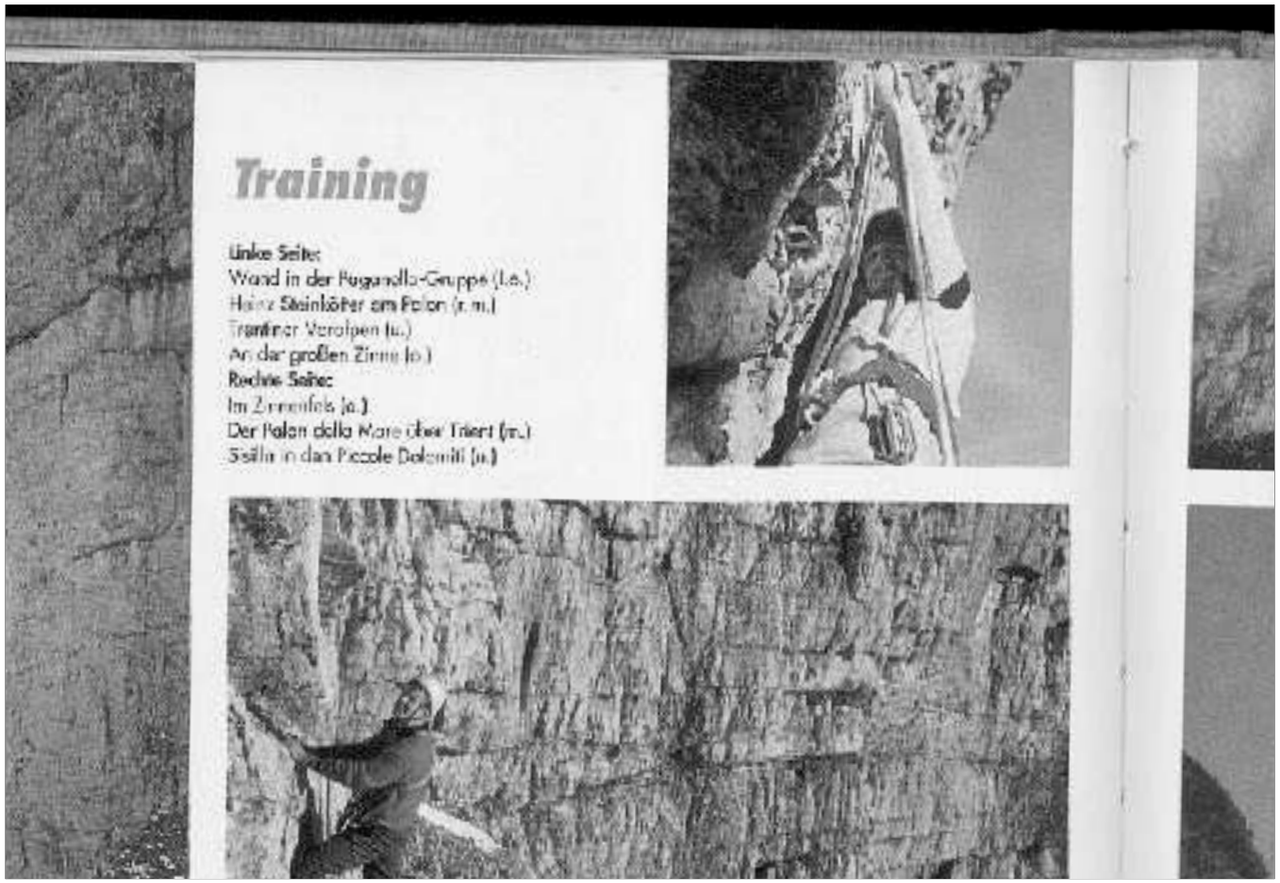
I would like to try to climb one of the highest mountains in the world by a new route, thereby testing not only technology, but also the nerves, the endurance. On the expedition to Nanga Parbat I wish to investigate how far man can endure loneliness.

I received the permission to attempt Nanga Parbat whilst I was in Everest Base Camp, but did nothing about it until I had been in Everest myself. When we were back in Base Camp again and I said: 'Got joy at our success, but rather an inner emptiness,' I lived this emptiness with the consequence of the 'eight-thousander, soul' idea...

To climb an eight-thousander on one's own represents both the highest and the last juxtaposition of man and mountain.

During the journal I was in Europe and working practically non-stop, giving interviews and writing this Everest book. My soul was already on the wing, to search somewhere in Pakistan, in snow and valleys where I should soon be dwelling. In retreat, alone, in that Death Zone, which I came to know again on Everest eight years later, and which often made me feel like running back and giving up climbing forever. Yet at the same time it called to me the desire to return and to seek afresh this dangerous frontier.

and about what he saw as the spiritual connotations of mountaineering.



But there is something mysterious about Messner. A Messner Mystery. Here we see him as a young man. In fact from the very beginning of his career in the mountains,



from his first ascents in the Dolomites and in the Alps,

Dalla cima non riusciamo a vedere molto. Il Machapuchare dietro un velo di nebbia grigia, brandelli di cielo azzurro. Sul Dhaulagiri c'è una massa di nuvole. Come un'isola immobile. A un tratto un foro tra le nuvole ci lascia vedere il campo base. Tende, morene e ghiacciai formano una massa bruna. Il tempo peggiora a vista d'occhio.



« I piedi insensibili da ore e la faccia sempre coperta da grumi di neve che la bufera strappa dalla cresta. È come se qualcuno ci colpisse in faccia con una spazzola metallica. Arriviamo in cima senza vedere, con la bocca spalancata. Durante la discesa sulla cresta dalla vetta i dolori si dileguano, si annullano nell'insensibilità ».

Hans Kammerlander

Messner mysteriously finds himself in graphic coincidence with mountains. (Draw.) Mountain Messner Mountain.

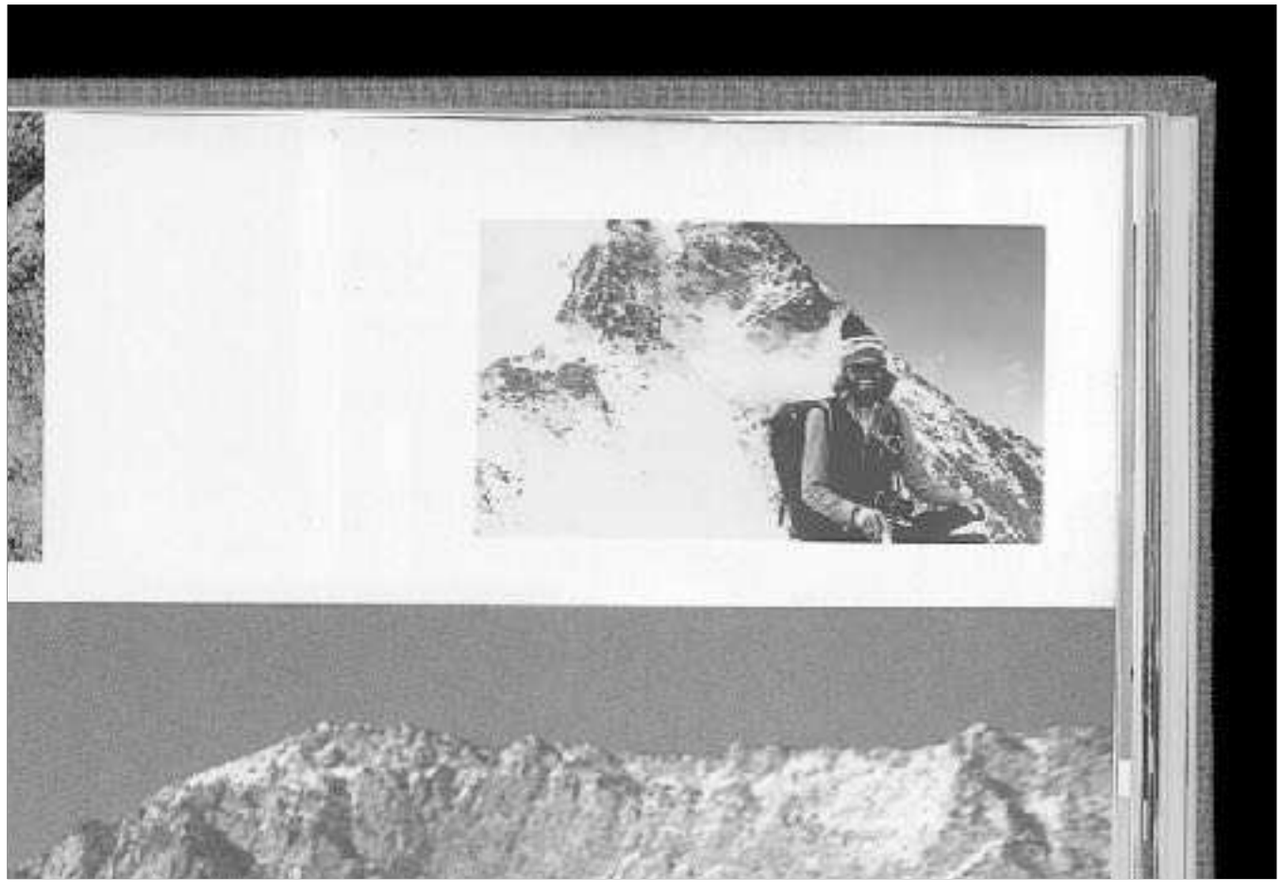
noise. In spite of my caution small snow slides often start under me. Some 200 metres below the col I stick fast. Luboriously I manage to free myself from the cramped embrace of this down-

trust it. With a long bridging stride I can perhaps reach the wall on the other side. I search on it with the ice axe for a hold – done! To my disappointment the snow is also soft and

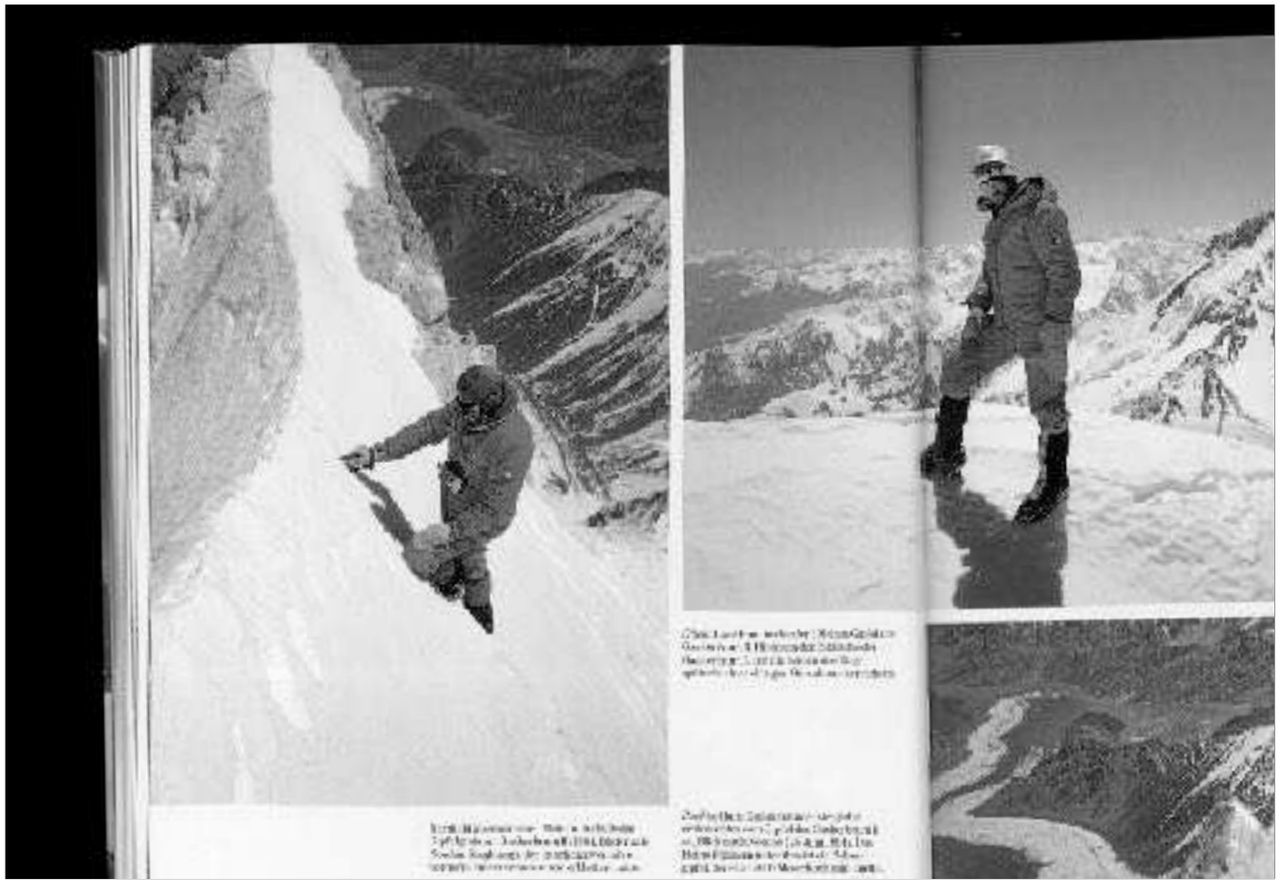


Ascent of the Gimmy Le face.

Mountain Messner Mountain.



Mountain Messner Mountain.



What is going on here? Well, all I can do is report. I am a reporter bringing you the news of what I saw there at the Messner Mountain Museum. Mountain Messner Mountain. In this image we find a clue. Look at this figure on the right, this is Hans Kammerlander. His intials are H, K, and you see that he does not align with any of these mountains. He is not a Mountainous Man like Messner.

is being laid face down on a rock up here, the skull split open, and heart and liver thrown to the vultures. The bones are burned. We have too much respect for this ritual to want to anger the people. An old woman making tea

It slowly becomes clear to us what we have let ourselves in for. All the villages on our way are abandoned or empty. We had reckoned on being able to buy food as we went, but we have already been going for seven hours



Messner, Cheng, Nena and Tsao at base camp.

keeps guard. We carry on. Poor Tibetans previously often threw the bodies of their dead into the river or burned

without meeting a soul. We are dead-beat. We have not had enough to drink, and far and wide there is no

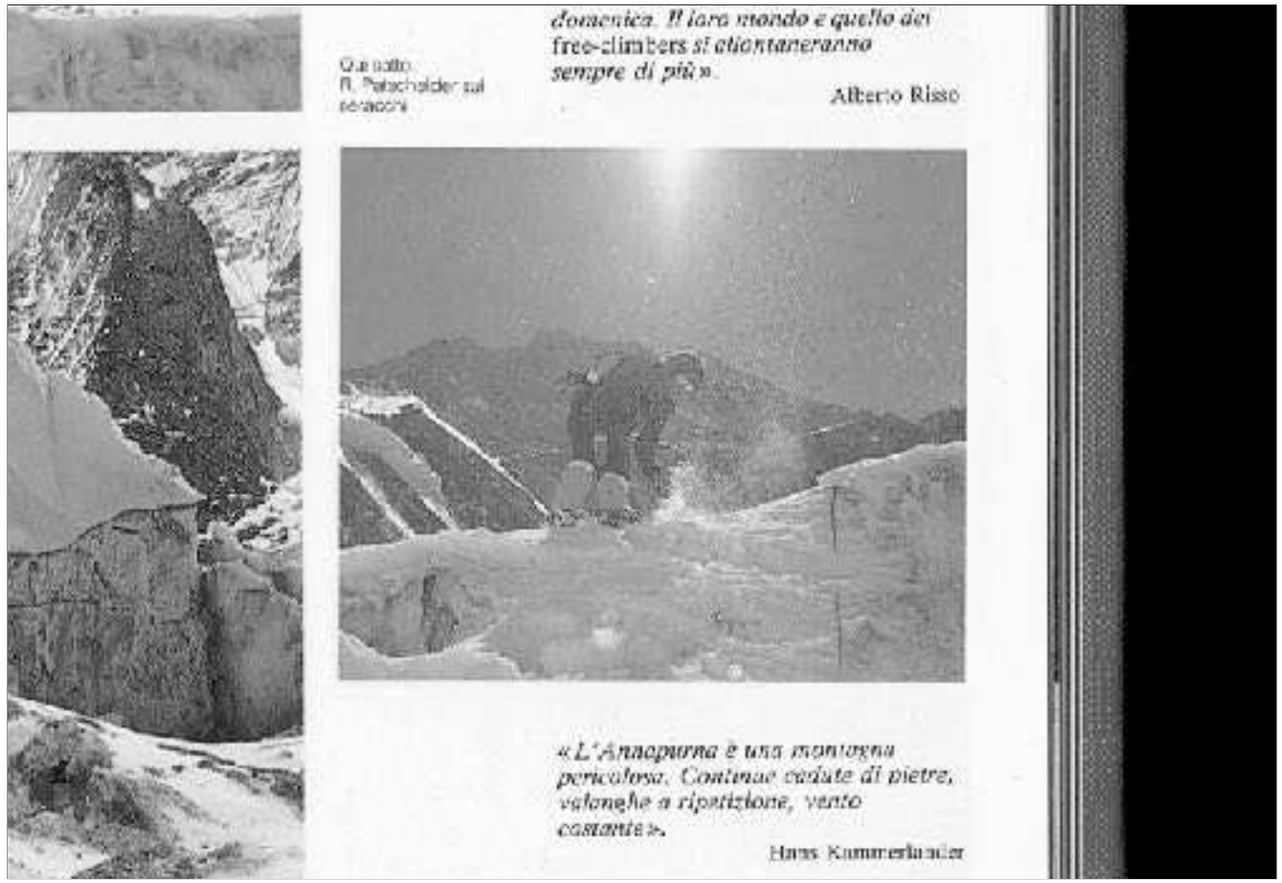
Mountain Messner Mountain. And these people are Cheng, Nena and Tsao. C, N, and T. No M no Mountain. No M no Mountain. No M no Mountain.



You can also do your own research into this online. This is what you will find. Messner Mountain. Peter Habeler. P, H, no mountain. (Draw X.)



Just draw. (And an X.)



domenica. Il loro mondo e quello dei free-climbers si allontaneranno sempre di più».

Alberto Risso

Qui sotto: R. Reichhalter sul ghiacciaio

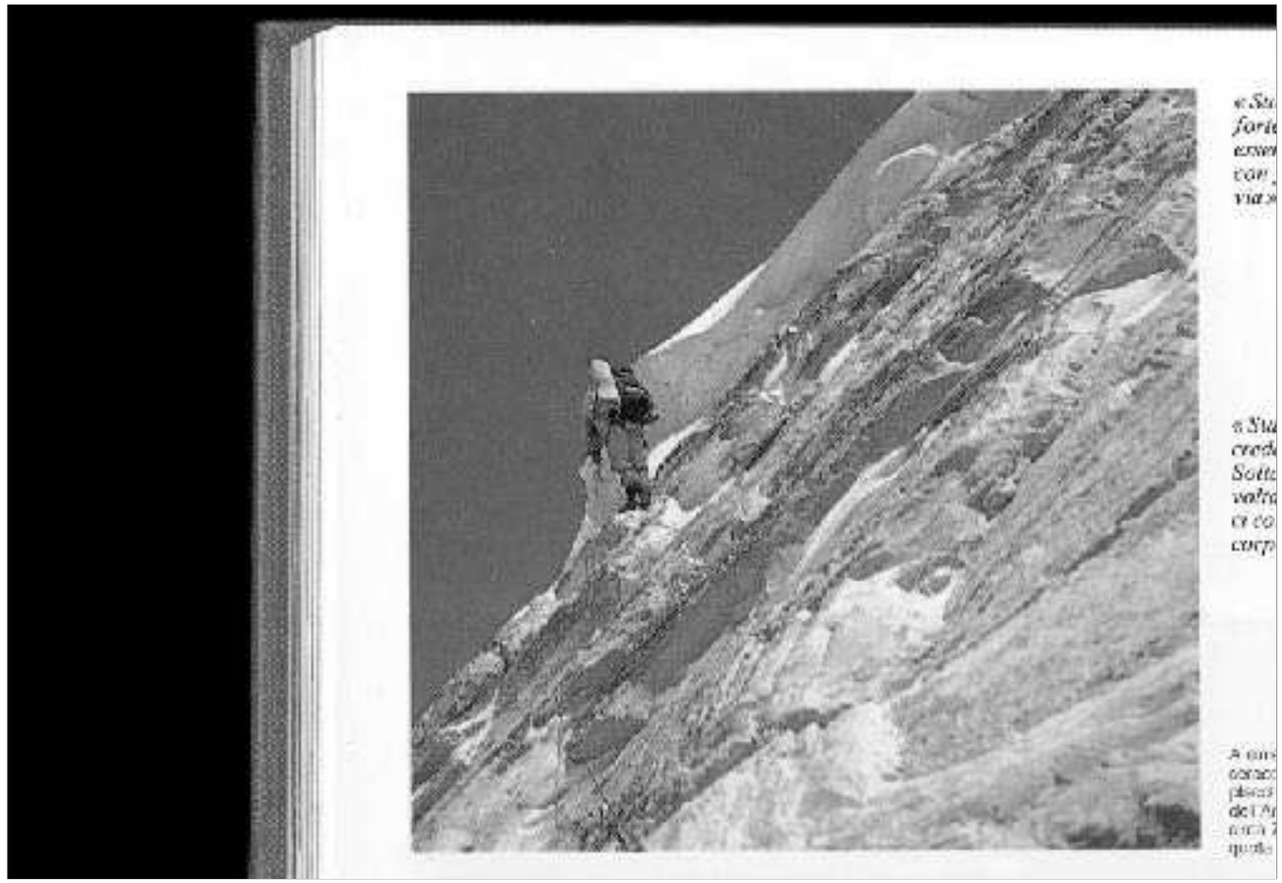
«L'Annapurna è una montagna pericolosa. Continue cadute di pietre, valanghe a ripetizione, vento costante».

Hans Kammerlander

As I looked through those Messner monographs at the museum I started reading. (Zoom.) Perhaps Messner's words would explain the mystery.



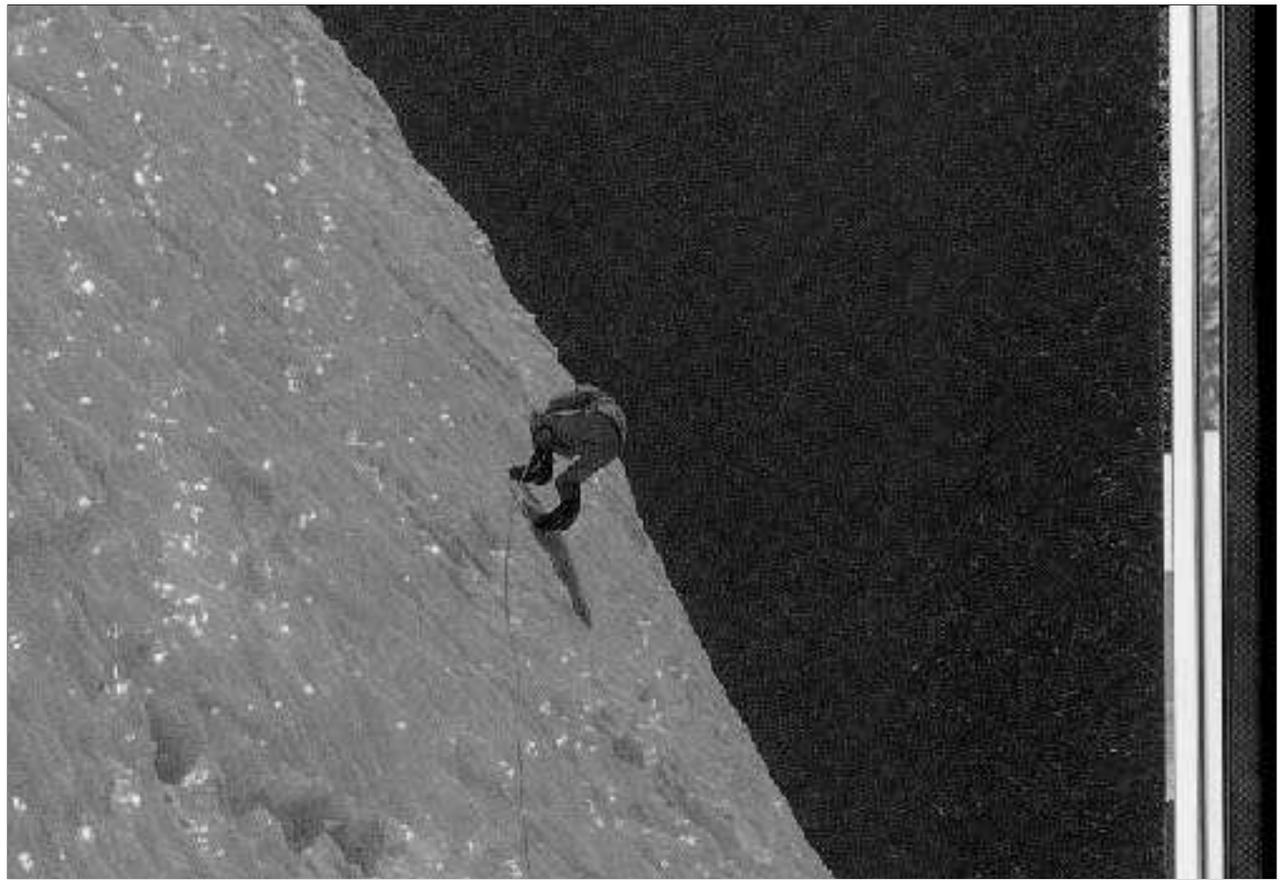
Listen to Messner. (Mumbling the Mountain Messner Mountain.)



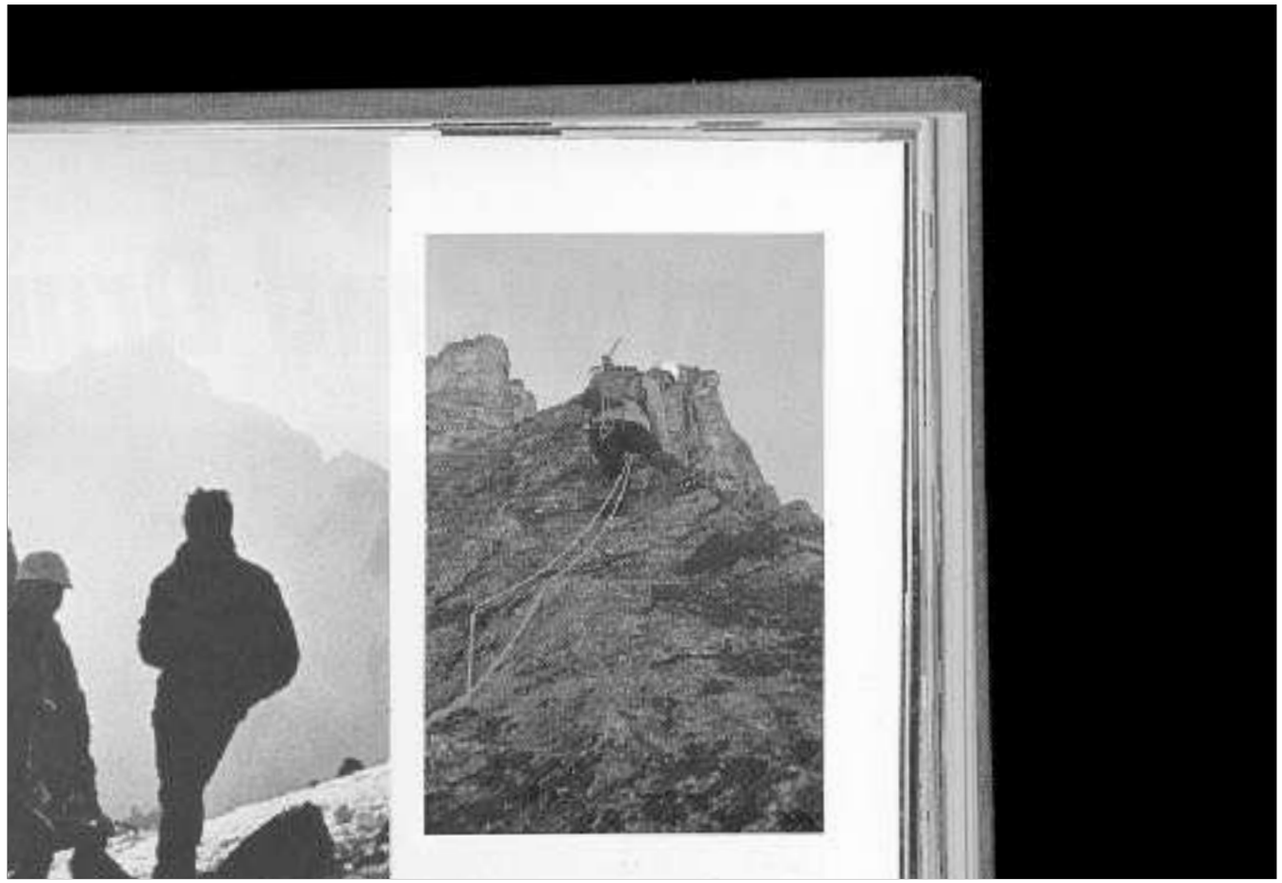
(Zoom.) “Half-asleep, images tumble through my consciousness. I am also looking for evidence about myself. And to put substance to a dream. And then again, the solo climb, it's not a real climbing problem at all, but a figment of my imagination. I want to climb a mountain as I see it in my mind, not as it is."



MMMountainMMMessnerMMMountain.



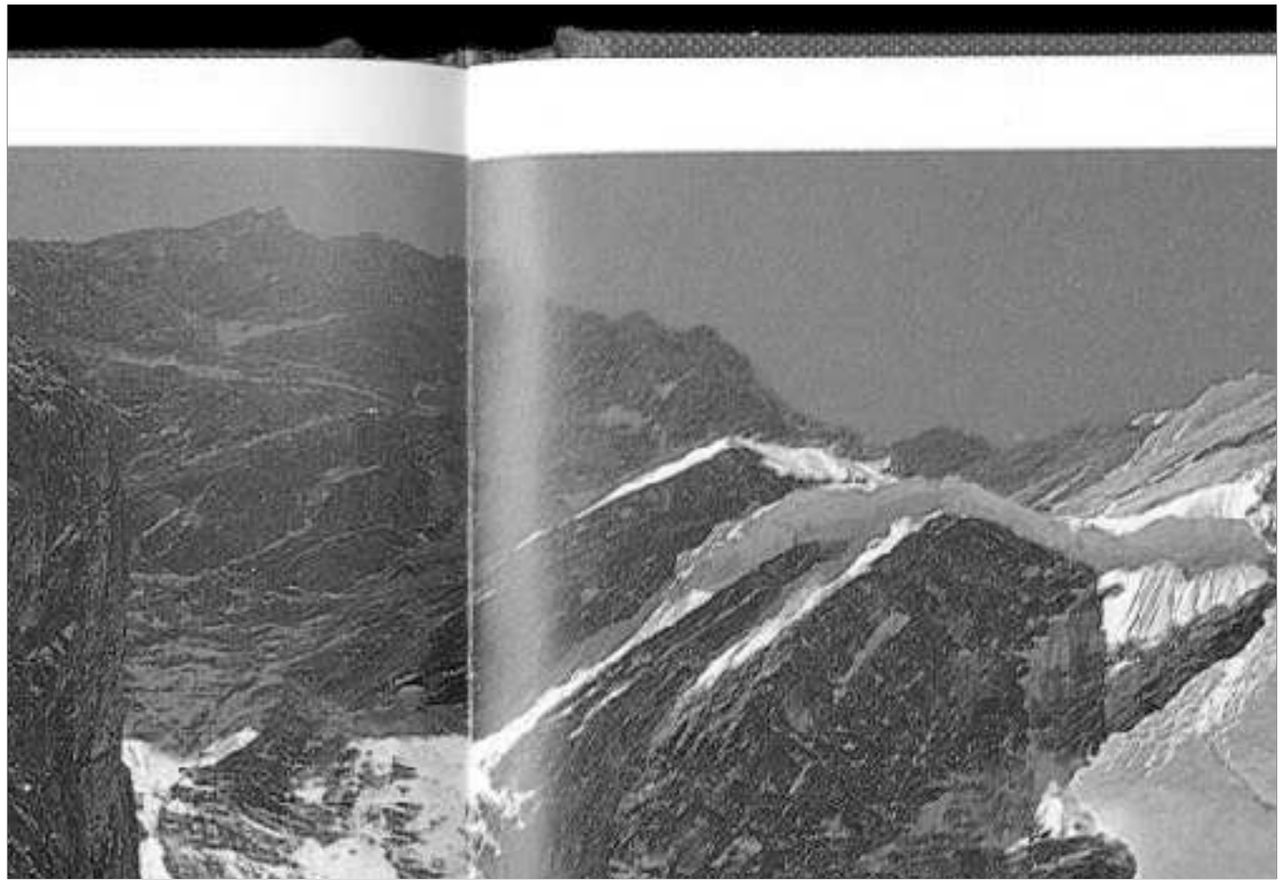
"From below, from a good distance, the face had appeared to us as a graphic whole. Now we were on it, we were lost like travellers in the desert. Beginning and end were not visible. The world around us, nothing but valleys and mountains, seemed to me as far away as the universe is from the earth."



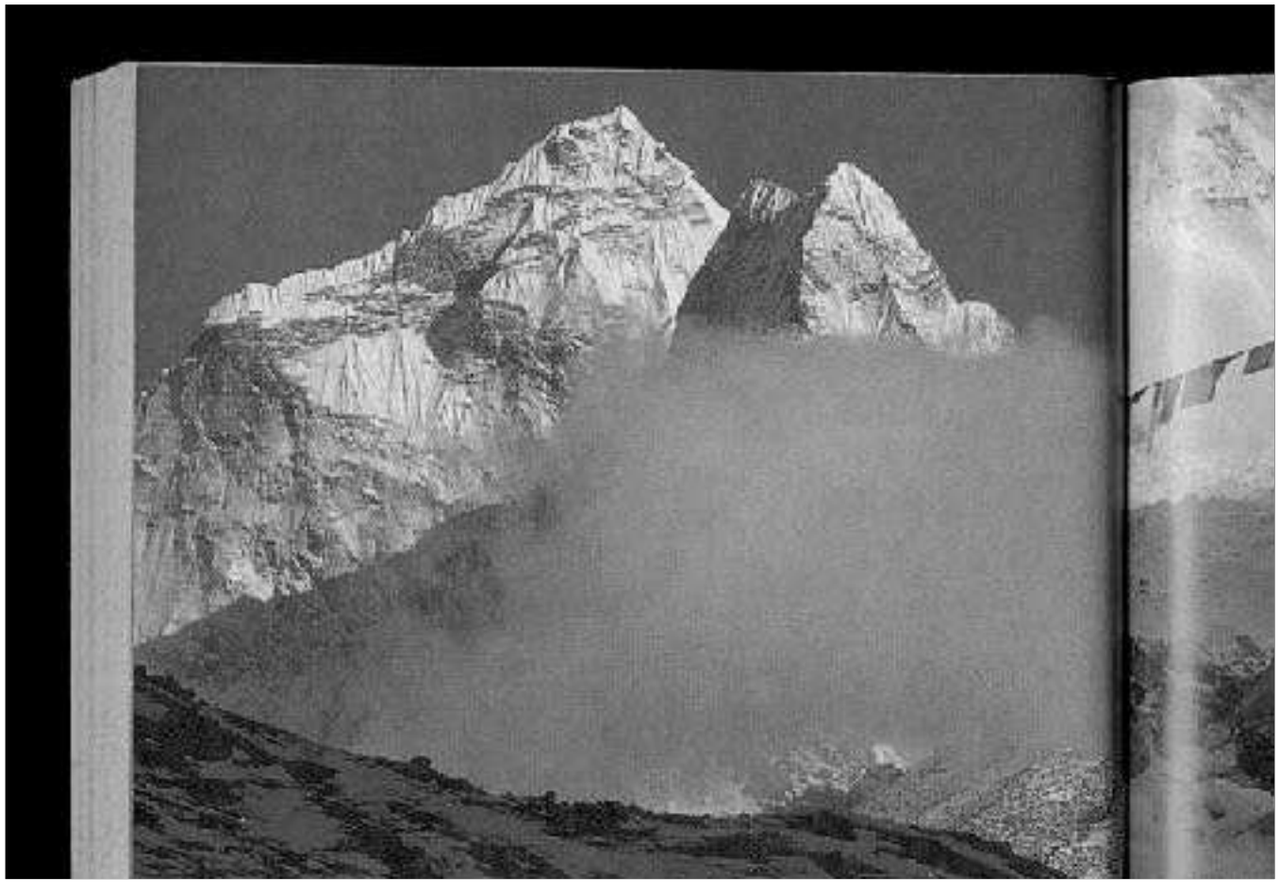
(Zoom.) Mountain Messner Mountain.



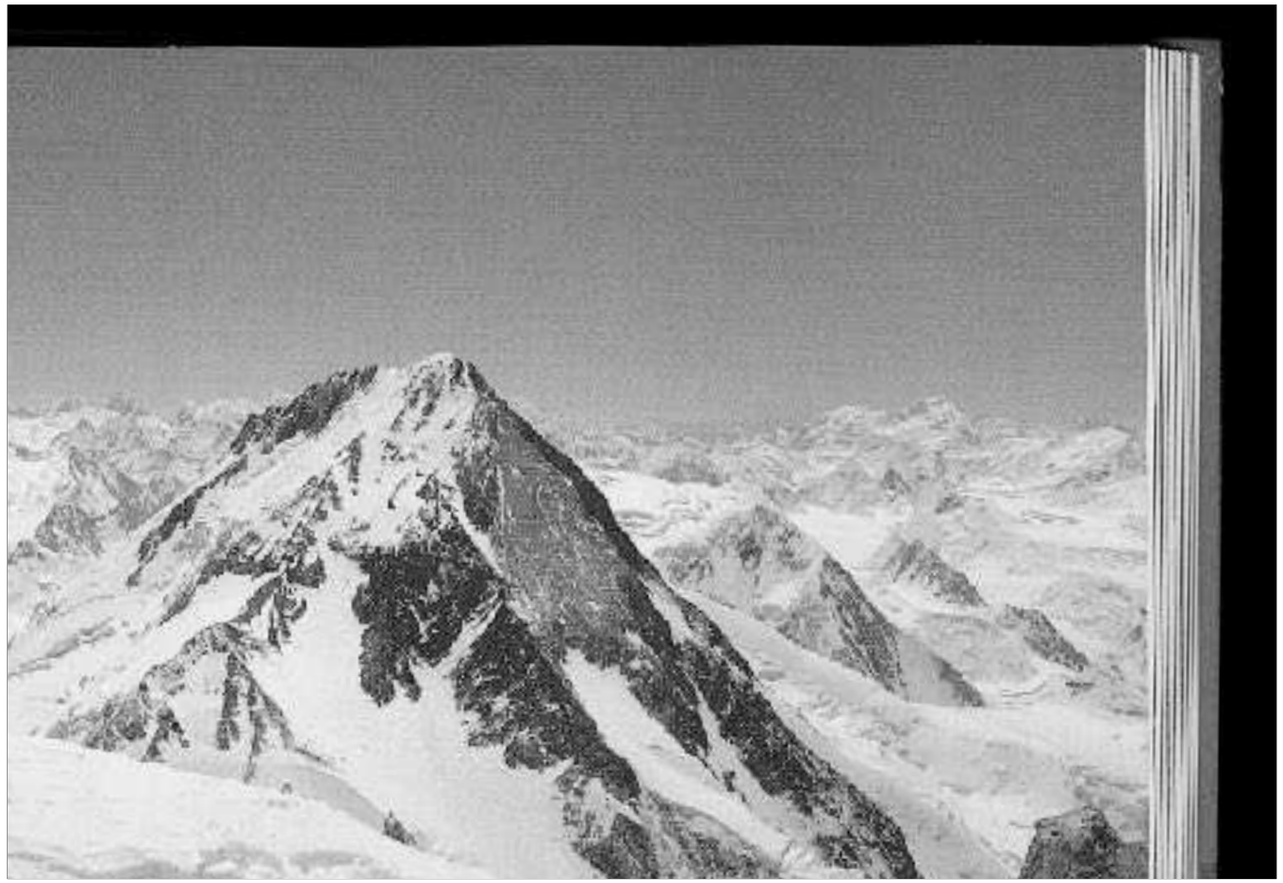
(Big zoom.) “I used to be accused of escaping from reality in these climbing trips. However, I had much more the feeling of escaping into reality. When I was up aloft, especially at the limit of my powers, I was doing my own thing; and this gut feeling is truth, reality."



(Zoom.) Is that dust on the printing plate or is that you, Messner?



“I sit here as if I were a constituent part of this mountain. Every little move I make with the utmost respect. I daren't slip, daren't trigger an avalanche nor tumble into a crevasse …” Are you there Messner?



“I am like the snow on the mountainside, and perfectly in tune with the rocks, the ice, the clouds. No more need for philosophy. I am in concord with everything — including death.” (Drawing a long down slope.)