Scenes from the 20th Century

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An Essay for the New Millennium

Based on a lecture given at the Alpine Club Symposium: 'Climbing into the Millennium – Where's it Going?' at Sheffield Hallam University on 6 March 1999

Perhaps I'm the right age now, with the right perspective to view mountaineering, both its past and its future. Enough time has elapsed between my last eight-thousander and my first heart attack for me to be able to look more calmly at what it is we do. I believe it will not be easy for us to agree on an ethic that will save mountaineering for the next millennium. But in our search for such an ethic we first need to ask ourselves what values are the most important to us, both in our motivation for going to the mountains and on the mountains themselves.

The first and most important thing I want to say has to do with risk. If we go to the mountains and forget that we are taking a risk, we will make mistakes, like those tourists recently in Austria who were trapped in a valley hit by an avalanche; 38 of them were killed. All over Europe people said: 'How could 38 people die in an avalanche? They were just on a skiing holiday.' They forgot that mountains are dangerous. But it's also important to remember that mountains are only dangerous if people are there. A mountain is a mountain; its basic existence doesn't pose a threat to anyone. It's a piece of rock and ice, beautiful maybe, but dangerous only if you approach it. In my view, a mountain without danger is no longer a mountain but something else. I have nothing against building indoor climbing walls, and I think it's very important that children in London or Sheffield, in Munich or Berlin, and in New York, and adults too, have the chance to climb. These indoor climbing walls have to be safe, so that everyone can do their thing without getting hurt.

But outside, in the real mountains, in the wild areas, mountaineering *should* be dangerous, and for two reasons: first, you can only hope to learn something in the mountains if there is the potential for danger, and second, danger acts as a *filter*. It's a German word but also I think an English one. It means not letting everybody go where they should not go. That is the central issue – danger. Danger has to do with death. It has to do with fear. It has to do with learning; and with experience.

In 1978 Ken Wilson published that great book *Games Climbers Play* – and this afternoon's lectures tell me that the games climbers play will continue, but we should ask what climbing will offer in the future. I don't know to whom, or to which Gods, we should look in the next few years to save

mountaineering. Anyone who wants to move forward has first to look backwards, so let's begin with the most important climber in the last hundred years: A F Mummery, the first to attempt an 8000m peak. We have seen his picture of Nanga Parbat, which he took a few days before he disappeared. Before he went to Nanga Parbat, Mummery did a lot of guided climbing in the Alps, but he was one of the first climbers to dispense with guides, and to learn that the most important fact about mountaineering, even greater than its dangers, is that we have to make our own decisions. Without making those decisions, without carrying on our own shoulders the responsibility for ourselves and our friends, we cannot learn the most important lessons that mountaineering can teach us.

So just over a hundred years ago, in 1895, Mummery became a climber without a guide, a *Führerlose* as they call it in Germany. Mummery dispensed with guides and went on his own, taking his own decisions and assuming his own responsibility. If I look at climbing today, this is still very important. We climbers are idealists. Before starting any of my expeditions, even my very first climbs, I never just left home and went climbing. First the idea for them took shape in my imagination, and only if this idea was sufficiently strong was it later turned into action. Then I had to look for partners, I had to find the money, I *had* to go. It was often quite difficult to overcome all the dangers and problems that we encountered on the way but, in the end, when I successfully returned from those dangerous places, I was my own judge, my own referee and I alone could say, 'I did well' or 'I compromised'. We don't need any referee beyond the climbing scene, we need only ourselves. We are still anarchists going out there; we make up the rules for ourselves. Each one of us has to make his own rules. There are no sets of rules for everyone. For me, it's not a problem if somebody goes up Everest with a guide; it's against the tide of history, but it's not a big problem. For me it's not even a problem if many people are beginning to bolt ice climbs. I can say: 'Okay if they want to do it, let them do it.' I can find for myself enough places to enjoy the wilderness and to learn something. At my age mountains are growing every day, the deserts are becoming bigger, the cliffs are becoming steeper – and they really do seem to get steeper. Cliffs I did perhaps 35 years ago which I remember as being quite easy are now so steep I can't climb them any more, but I have no problems, at least for now, with my age and with the fact that I'm getting older. I did my first 3000m peak at five years of age in 1949, and I enjoy having exactly 50 years of climbing experience and looking back over all that history.

Today it is at least as important for me to consider men like Mummery, or Mallory, or George Band for example – I hope he's here – and Chris Bonington, while it's still possible to study them 'in the flesh'. I'm interested in finding out what has driven them, why they did what they did and why we will perhaps be doing the same thing in 50, 60, or 100 years' time. We have seen today a contemporary picture of Nanga Parbat – the Kinshofer

Route on Nanga Parbat, first climbed in 1962 by some Germans. Seeing all those fixed ropes, we felt immediately that something was very wrong. And look carefully at who is using those fixed ropes on Nanga Parbat – not only the guided people, not only the so-called clients, but also *leading climbers*. Unlike Mummery in 1895, the leading climbers today use, in a parasitic way, the fixed ropes and tents of the last expedition, and especially the tracks of others. They are not seeking experience for self-realising moments, those strong experiences I talked about. We can only bring home strong experiences if we stand on our own two feet. How high we go, how difficult the route is, is not so important. Each one of us has his own limit, each one has his own potential. I am quite sure today there is no great difference between going on a 4000m peak in the Alps on your own, and on an 8000m peak in the Himalaya on your own. The stronger guy can go on the 8000m peak, while someone who is not so strong can climb a smaller peak. The important thing is that groups should take responsibility for themselves. I have nothing against guiding as such. Many famous British climbers in the last century employed guides and they did fantastic things. Guides still have a role to play in mountaineering but there is one exception, I think. No guide, no matter how good, is able to control a summit climb on Everest.

Lets go back again into history. In 1895, Mummery attempted the first 8000m peak, then known as the 'Third Pole', but in the next 55 years nobody managed to climb an 8000m peak although millions of dollars were spent trying to do so. Many people died in the high mountains. In 1937, on a German expedition, 17 people died in an avalanche on Nanga Parbat. Big tragedies and no success – but not because the climbers of the 1930s in France, Germany, Austria and Great Britain were not strong. What they lacked was experience and effective equipment, but nevertheless they went to their limit – absolutely to their limit. The passion they had for pushing their limits was at least as high as it is now. Curiously, in 1950, the first 8000m peak was climbed by a French expedition. Everyone knows the story. Maurice Herzog, the highly motivated expedition leader, climbing with Louis Lachenal, reached the summit of Annapurna on a highly dangerous route. On the way down, if they had not encountered Lionel Terray (one of the greatest climbers of this century) and Gaston Rébuffat at the top camp, they might not have survived. You will remember how they fell in crevasses and climbed in a whiteout and in avalanche conditions, and became snow-blind by the end – and how they got down. They were lucky, but Herzog suffered terrible frostbite on his feet and hands. He had only this one chance to prove himself, and I believe that without his exceptional leadership and motivation, the French would have had no chance in 1950 of reaching the summit of the first 8000m peak.

Then there was Everest. After so much experience on the north side of the mountain in the 1920s and1930s, together with the opportunity to study the south side in the 1950s and with the knowledge gained from the 1952 Swiss expedition, a British team led by John Hunt reached the top through

the Western Cwm along a very dangerous route. They succeeded using the usual tactics of that time and there was nothing wrong with using oxygen. Both for the climbers and for the media, this was one of the highlights of mountaineering history. The prestige attached to the first climbers, and later won by Bonington and other climbers, including – *mea culpa* – probably also myself – the prestige we won on this mountain is today *sold* to others. Many people like to buy that prestige. They don't much like the actual activity of climbing Everest, but they like to buy its prestige. If there is a market, then somebody will offer it, and it seems that the market is functioning perfectly.

I guarantee that if someone offered Everest in a brochure, not with a guarantee of 100 per cent success, but with the slogan: 'Everest up and not back' or 'Everest the hard way' or 'Everest the cruel way', or even 'Everest the crazy way', you could sell it easily because clients only want to buy the prestige of Everest. All of us like to be important, we like to get some applause after doing something great.

Let's continue with the history. During the 1950s and 1960s all the 8000m peaks were climbed. If you look at the records, you can see a run of 55 years without success, and then suddenly, in the 15 years from 1950 to 1964, all the 8000m peaks were climbed, one after the other. Why? Because the climbers learned how to approach these high peaks. They learned how to deal with high altitude, how to use new equipment and, putting all the previous experience together, all the 8000m peaks were climbed in a relatively short time. After that first period of conquering the 8000m peaks, interest was gone. I remember very well, as a rock climber and alpinist in the 1960s, that I was not even dreaming of Everest or Nanga Parbat or Annapurna. But by the end of the 1960s, after this short period of diminished interest in the 8000m peaks, a new generation arrived to attempt something different. After the first ascents – the so-called *voies normales* – the next generation did not say: 'I'll do the second ascent without ropes or Sherpas.' No, the next generation attacked the big walls. As you all know, we are here in Sheffield with Chris Bonington who led the expedition to the South Face of Annapurna, the first big wall on an 8000m peak to be climbed. His approach changed the whole view of the high peaks. I am sure, looking back today, that the period between 1970 and 1980 was the very best one on the 8000m peaks. At that time we were free to do anything – we had the money to do it by ourselves or to join with climbers from other countries; it was easier then to get money from sponsors and we no longer thought of going just once in a lifetime to the 8000m peaks, but once a year and even twice a year. We could concentrate experience. We could tackle more and more difficult walls. Recently Russian climbers climbed the West Face of Makalu. So most of the big walls have now been done, with the Russians in the autumn of 1990 finally succeeding on the South Face of Lhotse.

I came into high-altitude climbing in 1970, after approximately 20 years of Dolomite and Alpine climbing. My brother Günther and I were young, and we didn't think about climbing Nanga Parbat by the beautiful route of Hermann Buhl; what we dreamed about was the South Face and especially the devilish Rupal Face. You probably already know that on the way down my brother died tragically in an avalanche. From this experience I learned that the most important thing about climbing a big wall on an 8000m peak – which will be at least 4000m high from the base camp to the summit – is to forget about nationalism. Throughout early Himalayan climbing, the national flag on the summit was very important. Buhl on Nanga Parbat, the British on Everest, the French on Annapurna, they put out their national flags because their nations had stumped up the money and were waiting for success. I didn't place a flag on the summit of Nanga Parbat but before we climbed it, when my brother and I did a first ascent of a 6000m peak, we used our handkerchiefs instead, and I'm very proud of that. I think this is one of the most important things that I've done in my life – I used my handkerchief as a flag! It meant that this was *my* achievement alone, *my* responsibility. Today I hate to see the summits of the high peaks covered with flags of all kinds. I believe that it's wrong to demonstrate with flags either our nationalism or any other motivation, even environmental issues. True motivation comes only from the heart. As I said at the start, danger is part of mountaineering, it's part of the mountains. During the lectures this afternoon I have felt again what I felt 30 years ago – a passion for testing limits. Young climbers, especially, want to test their limits. Each of us has his own limit, and we know that when we reach it something happens to us. To prove that, we don't need a flag.

I was very, very lucky to be in the right place at the right time. I became a millionaire, perhaps the only millionaire among mountaineers, from climbing, from publishing books, from lecturing, from acquiring sponsors and going on expeditions. I have now been on around a hundred trips – I don't call them 'expeditions' any more, since everyone started buying expeditions to Everest. With the first difficult faces climbed, I could begin to work on style and this was for me much more important than working only on difficulties. I tried to do the 8000m peaks in small groups, I tried to climb Everest without oxygen, I tried to solo an 8000m peak and eventually I was able to solo Everest. I tried to do new routes on the high peaks with very small groups. I was not made for solo ascents because I'm afraid to stay a long time alone up there; but to prove to myself that I could stand it, I did a few more 8000m peaks solo, at least two. The best climbs I did were with one or two partners on big faces, on our own, being out there in dangerous places and wanting to come back. For many years, the greatest moment for me has not been gaining the summit; the greatest moment for me is coming back. Not *being* back, but coming back, before reaching base camp, half a day before going home again to civilisation. Between the

wilderness and civilisation at the end of the expedition, for me that is the climax, not the summit. Looking back at my expeditions, I made thirty visits to 8000m peaks and twelve times I failed. But maybe the failures are now more important than the successes, not in an economic sense but in a human one. I learned through trying. I learned through going. I learned through failing, not through succeeding. Without failing, I would maybe become a little bit big in my head and not keep my feet on the ground, do something wrong and die up there.

Let's go back a moment to the Alps and focus on what we see there today. Climbers – that's us or at least almost all of us – are trying to eliminate danger and exposure. And yet in the last few weeks, with these avalanches in Austria, we have seen that it's not possible to make the mountains completely safe because mountains are inherently dangerous. We may believe we are secure, but in reality there is always a risk. And if the German Alpine Club imagines that putting bolts on all the routes in the Alps will decrease the current number of fatalities, they are wrong; because the more equipment, the more infrastructure you put in the mountains – ropes, cable cars, bolts – the more people will come and the more people will be at risk from avalanches, storms or basic human error. We are all human, we all make mistakes and these developments mean that with more of us going up there, there will be more deaths.

You know that the Swiss made a tunnel through the Eiger's North Face. When Heckmair, and Harrer, and Kasperek, and Vörg climbed the North Face of the Eiger in 1938, the railway was there but the Eiger was still a big challenge. Why? Difficulties were severe, danger was great, exposure was maximum – until, in the 1970s, helicopters came in to save all, or almost all, the people who made mistakes. Then everything changed. The Eigerwand of today is no longer the Eigerwand of the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s. I believe that the 8000m peaks, with the fixed ropes we saw today on the Diamir Face on Nanga Parbat's Kinshofer Route, are in a similar position. They are not the same mountains that were attempted in the 1930s or even in the 1970s. You all know Mont Blanc was first climbed in 1786 and it is still a great mountain. If on Mont Blanc there was no trail, no footsteps and nothing with which to orientate yourself; or if the huts were swept away by an avalanche, then Mont Blanc would still be a big and challenging mountain. I guarantee that if Mont Blanc were today without any infrastructure or footsteps – which I define as a sort of transitory infrastructure – then many of the people who climb 8000m peaks today could not even climb Mont Blanc. Mont Blanc is a serious mountain, but every summer we reduce it to a very small mountain, so that everybody who is able to walk can get up it because there is a trail. There's always someone around to help, the risk is gone, the difficulties are removed and even if there's a whiteout there are so many people around that one of them – most probably a mountain guide – will be able to save everyone. But this has nothing to do with real mountaineering.

I'm sure that there are still millions of possibilities for the next generation on 8000m peaks, on 7000m peaks, on 6000m peaks, on small cliffs in England and on small cliffs all over the world. I, for my part, am more than happy with the opportunities that have come my way. I certainly didn't plan my life. When I was 25 I switched from being more or a less a pure rock specialist in the Dolomites (and of course I did some ice climbing as well) to a high-altitude climber. I did so because I had lost my toes on Nanga Parbat, and also small parts of my fingertips, and wasn't up to hard rock climbing any more. Then I developed a 15-year passion for high-altitude climbing, and became a specialist in that, and maybe even a little obsessive in my desire for 8000m peaks. It's certainly partly my fault that today 8000m peaks are something special. To be honest, they are not that special. You could argue that it was Napoleon who made the 8000m peaks because he invented the metre to be exactly that particular length. Anyway, the 8000m peaks are still difficult, they are still high, and they are still dangerous if you approach them on your own, even on the so-called 'normal route'.

But what leading climbers are doing now on Everest, going up among the commercial expeditions using Sherpa help on a good trail, using the fixed ropes, the tents, some of them even stealing food and oxygen bottles – that's a parasitic way. During the last three or four years I have seen reports that four, five, six people have climbed Everest solo. Checking again, I find out that they climbed Everest solo together with twenty other people on the summit. How did they do it? Being solo on Everest but together with twenty people, I don't know how that works. Maybe they are geniuses, maybe they fly above the others. I have no idea! Last summer, in the Karakoram, I had an option for a permit for the Gasherbrums, and I knew there would be a few expeditions there. But when I approached base camp, there were 200 people waiting for Gasherbrum II and Gasherbrum I. They all came to me and said: 'It's so bad, its not any more like in your time. Everything has been spoiled!' And I said: 'So why are *you* here to spoil everything? You are the ones doing the spoiling! I would like to go on my own, on my own routes, and there are many possibilities,' I told them. 'You can go left and right and there and there!' But they all went on one route – the Japanese Couloir on Gasherbrum I and all of them on the classic Austrian route on Gasherbrum II after somebody had put in fixed ropes. None of the 200 tried to do a variation, to do his own route. Why? Because this is Gasherbrum the 'cheap way'. It wasn't a problem for me; I quit and went and did my own mountaineering somewhere else on smaller peaks in alpine style, and I think this is the style we should introduce again on the high mountains. This is much more difficult but also much more fulfilling than climbing with 200 people on a high peak just to be able to say that you've done a high peak. Difficult faces are still there at 8000m, 8500m, 8800m – but remember what I said: our play is a play with danger.

The climax is not on the summit, the climax is the coming back, the coming out of a dangerous place. If we go to really dangerous places in

difficult situations, we become another kind of human being. We become more animal then human, but I think this is a positive thing. At the moment when we know that we did it and were able to survive, that we are able to be coming back, that is a wonderful moment. You are almost there between making it and not making it, maybe almost sometimes between surviving and dying. This is so strong an experience that you want to have it again and again; you seek to come out and, being out, you seek to go back in.

In 1955 I tried to cross the Arctic Ocean, unsupported, from Siberia to Canada via the North Pole. I failed in the first few days and afterwards I had an accident and had no opportunity to try again. I sometimes wish that I had been able to return, for just one reason: *not* to be able to say that I'd been to the North Pole unsupported; if I couldn't do it, then so be it. Nor do I think that spending three or four months in the Arctic night would be much fun, with all the cold and hard work. But if I imagine, after three or four months of risk, wilderness, difficulties, seeing above those chaotic ice cliffs the mountains of Canada – small mountains, they are hardly 300m high, but mountains nevertheless – after all that flat Arctic Ocean. That moment, I know, would be so great that I would give all that I have, my castle – not my children, that's the only thing I would not give away – but I would give all that I have to experience that moment – and I am so happy that such a moment is not for sale. You can never buy it, you can only approach it with your own risk, with your own decisions, with your own dreams, with your own dangers.

There was a problem with this morning's discussion about guided expeditions to Everest: we did not talk about the real problem, only the legal one. But I think we all have a bad feeling if somebody buys something that is not 'buyable': that moment of coming out of danger, coming out of risk. Whoever does Everest on a typical, guided commercial expedition is not 'doing' Everest. He is not living that moment of coming out of risk, he is cheating himself. I know that these people will never get that genuine climax we can get out of climbing, whether it be rock climbing, ice climbing or high-altitude climbing. We can get this true experience only if we put ourselves in danger, put ourselves in difficulties, and if we take all the responsibility on our own shoulders; if, step by step, day by day, we try to survive. Exposure is only real if nobody can come and help us.

On Everest, there can be no help for clients if there's a big storm, or an avalanche, or even human error. So the legal question is, does anyone have the right to say: 'Go with me to Everest, I'll take you up and guarantee that you'll come back down'? Nobody can give that guarantee. I had an offer eight years ago from an American industrialist who owns a big airline and who wanted to climb Everest. He told me that I was the only one who could guide him up it. He said: 'I won't pay you because what I'm asking you to do is worth more than I can possibly pay you. Instead, I'll give you a part of the airline.' And I said 'no'. I will never do it, first of all because maybe I'm not able to climb Everest any more. Second, I would

not go up with oxygen because that is something I've never used, but guiding I probably should have oxygen. Third, I could never take the responsibility for a client on Everest. The mountain is too dangerous, especially from the south side. I refused the American's offer – and I'm much happier without a chunk of airline.

Human beings need only a few elements to survive. We need water, we need oxygen, we need food, we need the earth beneath our feet, we need light and we need warmth. We need nothing else. Now, in my third period, I am crossing deserts and I love it. (After the vertical world and the high world, now I am trying the flat world, the horizontal world, not only in bed, also outside.) In the past, I tried to cross Greenland during the winter. It was night, continuous night, always black, and this was the big problem. Light was missing. When I crossed the desert, water was missing, food was missing, and I had to carry both. When I was a rock climber long ago, the ground under my feet was missing and I felt it; I was always exposed to gravity. If I go to high altitude, oxygen in missing, and on Everest there is so little oxygen that we really are at the limit of what we can do. We are always dealing with something that is alien, that is not of our world; the mountains and the wilderness are not made for human beings and we sense that. We are so happy when we do the last step out, exactly the last step out of these places that are not made for human beings and we know that once more we avoided death.

The deepest feelings in climbers, in mountaineers, in adventurers, has to do with death. We all know that we have to die and with every expedition, with every great ascent, with every time we go out in dangerous places, in difficult places, in exposed places, we feel that death is a possibility and we try with all our ability, with all our passion, with all our instincts, with all that we have, to avoid death – and afterwards we feel great. We feel so great and so deeply involved that we want to have that feeling again. This is maybe the biggest danger: that climbing, mountaineering, adventuring is disappearing into itself. We surely will never know exactly how we are made inside in our deepest feelings and we are all searching for that knowledge. Today I am studying the history of climbing because I know that just a hundred years ago great writers, like today Krakauer for example, expressed their deepest feelings. I am more interested now in deep feelings than in exploring the mountains. Today we do not have to go to the Himalaya or to the Dolomites to make maps because satellites can do it for us. Satellites can provide us with maps of the mountains. But we can also use the mountains as a medium to study our inside maps, and it is important to see the faces of the climbers when they come back. If you could see the face of Hermann Buhl in 1953 after Nanga Parbat, or the face of Tomo Cesen in Spring 1990 after the South Face of Lhotse you would learn everything you wish to know. Our faces are like maps, especially after our climbs, after our adventures. But our faces are only a part of the expression of what is inside us, and that is the most important thing.

Now I'm coming to the end and to my key point – danger. Risk, cold, difficulty are part of the mountains, they are the guts of the mountains. But we can continue to learn from them in the next millennium only if we don't sell out. It would be quite easy to sell out, for example by building a cable car on Everest. It's theoretically possible and maybe some investors could make a good business out of it. But in doing so we would steal everything from Everest. I don't think we have the right to destroy these values and only with these values can we learn something. At the end of our life, it's not important if we are rich or if we have a big house; at the end of our life it's only important how many experiences we have put together. For me, mountaineering is still one of the best ways to learn through nature, to learn through something that is stronger than we are. There are those in Germany now, climbers in the DAV and journalists, who say: 'You are crazy, you say mountaineering without danger is not mountaineering. You like the fact that people are dying.' They mark me down as moving in a 'brown direction' – you know what is a 'brown direction' in Germany? A Nazi direction. They say that the Nazis also said that mountains have to be dangerous. In Germany now people are trying to make the mountains safe but they make two big mistakes in doing so: they destroy the mountains because mountains without danger are not mountains; and second, they destroy the filter which can stop those going who should not be there.

If somebody's not able to climb Nanga Parbat, he can climb a smaller mountain with a few friends and have exactly the same sort of experience that I have described. We learn strong solidarity through mountaineering – something which is very important especially in this period of time when everybody is becoming more and more selfish and only looking to himself and his own pocket. If we want to preserve the opportunity to learn, still to be able to experience mountains and wilderness in the same way that Hillary and Mallory and Mummery did, then we must save those values.

We should not begin by making rules for others. Maybe I have in the past, but today I have only rules for myself and these rules are very exact. I will never go where others are going. I would also like to advise you to 'never go where all the others are', so that you can be on your own with your own small group. Go to your limit – not above and not below, but to your limit. 'Passion for limits' would be a good slogan for mountaineering in the next millennium. The third thing is: do not leave any kind of infrastructure – and bolts are infrastructure. I think that young climbers are right if they use new technology for belaying themselves in the crazy things that they do. They have to use some technology today. They are going now to smaller peaks to try very difficult lines and I am sure, tomorrow, they will be on the 8000m peaks on even more difficult lines. But not only difficulty, not only lines are important, but also risk, and the fact that mountains are dangerous. Only if we save the values of the mountains, can we hope to have values for ourselves and these values are, in the long term, not for sale. In twenty or thirty years the Everest tourism

which we have today will be gone, and those journalists who really are interested in reporting objectively on what we're doing will finally understand what is true alpinism and what is not.

There are only three more rules that I have followed. I have never in my life placed a bolt, and I never will. If I cannot go, I don't go. I have never used oxygen bottles. If I cannot go, I don't go. I will never make a live broadcast from a desert or from a mountain. I never take a telephone with me, never have a handset with me on a mountain, on an adventure, because then I'm destroying the risk. I'm not any more out there on my own if I can broadcast it to the world. If I have to broadcast from Everest's summit then I have to prepare the whole mountain like a Disney ride for bringing up all the people you need. These are the only three rules that I follow and if I dream today to do something tomorrow, it will be a smaller mountain because I'm getting older. It will be a smaller desert, but I dream of carrying less and less. The next time I will probably go out into the wilderness for half a year with just a rucksack, and nobody will know where I've gone. Thank you very much.