

## **DIE ALPEN-AMÖBE**

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Ein Beitrag aus "Figuren dazwischen"  
 Jahrbuch MA Transdisziplinarität 2020  
 Zürcher Hochschule der Künste ZHdK

**Alp:** A high mountain, especially a snow-capped or white one, an area of green pasture on a steep mountainside, a large mound or land-mass at high altitudes. Alps- perhaps from Altus "high," or Albus "white" or from a Celtic word (according to Servius, the grammarian), or a borrowing from a non-Indo-European language 1590's, from Alpes (Latin), from Alpeis (Greek), from Aleps (French) Alps, a crescent-shaped mountain range beginning at the Mediterranean near Monaco, and encompassing parts of Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, Lichtenstein, Austria and Slovenia.

**Amoeba:** A single-celled animal that moves about by extending fingerlike projections of protoplasm otherwise known as false feet or pseudopods. They are not fixed and are flexible. Free-living in damp environments or internally parasitic. A microscopic protozoa, 1855, from Modern Latin Amoeba, genus name (1841 in English, said to have been used 1830 by German naturalist Christian Ehrenberg), from Greek amoibe "change, alteration" related to ameibein "to exchange", coming from the Indo-European root \*mei- "to change, go, move". So-called for its constantly changing shape.

I am not the first to walk through these mountains nor the last. Walking provides a surface, a passage, a presence, in which I make my way without method, without equilibrium, imbuing intuition with each step, which propels me forward. Perhaps my own pace or following someone/thing else's—some days lazy, and some days rushed. Some days the focus is on one object, one conversation, and other days exploring the multitude, the many, immersing in the flood—it is not scientific nor is it supposed to be. The walkings, wanderings, wallowings, are an attempt to know the mountains and myself. To navigate the myriad of identities, entities, communities, and ideas of the surround, I am now in and often perceive myself out of. To know myself and others as subjects or objects, as beings with fluid boundaries that intermix, intra-act, constitute a multitude, yet each have an own place, an own being, an own becoming. The alps are object-tified through the stories, images and pictures which accompany them—they are already assumed. Same is true for us; we believe we are our stories, wrapped in pictures, hooked, caught in time, shackled to specific ways and moments—we become objects of affection or abjection, abandonment or entrapment. We wild. We domesticate. We stray, stumble, falter, and create our own truths. We forget to walk on, pass through, flow into, and pay attention.

We become vehicles of transport rather than wayfarers meandering the multiplicity of the surround gathering knowing. Point a and point b resists fluid movement in exchange for efficiency, trapping us in narratives of the past, present, and future and hang us static in knowledge. Let us make our way, implant our own print in a surface rising to greet us, tectonic plates and molten lava emerging. Let us be immersed in noise—in action, in everything in which, there is nothing more than this and everywhere is anywhere—different, similar, unknown—Alles, was Sehen ist, ist perspektivisches Sehen—perhaps we all have our own mountains and are our mountains. Give me moments where I catch myself in the act of being of or in or with. The act of walking over pavement, snow, and dirt, through buildings, past kiosks, through fields, on logs and over buttercups. Each step adding new information, imprinting this world we live in. These moments obliterate past conditioning of choosing nature over ourselves. We become amoebas, one false foot in front of the other, appropriating, making territory, moving through the surround, being of it and becoming it.

there is nothing, more than this ...  
 car is packed, the motor on  
 the centaur is literally broken  
 fallen leaves in the night

disassociated body  
 head lines designate  
 one from the other

full gas  
 the streets are mine  
 the skies are mine  
 all treasure  
 treading highway wind  
 the ascent between valleys begins  
 bark, brown mud  
 more than this ...

snow falls, the surface rises  
 whiteflecks stick to the windshield  
 crags and seracs  
 polka dots on alabaster  
 insignificant islands

lets call this group grapes  
 and this group rocks  
 nothing special

i could feel  
 at the time  
 self not  
 self  
 a leap into  
 paradox  
 not one and not two

the moss cushion  
 pink on pink

boundary line / battle line  
 head and heart  
 there was no way of knowing  
 curving back within  
 casting out

fallen leaves-in the night  
 the very opposite of loneliness  
 who can say where they're blowing  
 chiccaine on the inside  
 i cannot grab onto between  
 plunged into no-thing

as free as the wind  
 stone and ice fields rise blue  
 twilight  
 adjust to midnight  
 the gloom and glow  
 prone to be tarn by two  
 headlights

enemy lines / pirates booty  
 problems of desire  
 art rather than spart

knowing by foot  
 why the sea on the tide  
 spreading out in rock  
 solidified in mind  
 driven by lack  
 forgotten and fluid  
 no-thing-ness  
 has no way of turning  
 curving back in  
 no obligation to exist  
 to touch  
 stretch out

more than this  
 there is nothing  
 there are no mountains  
 more than this  
 tell me one thing  
 there are no rivers  
 i, king of emptiness  
 moving jewels  
 i, the stone woman  
 births a child  
 liberated water  
 there are mountains  
 there are rivers  
 more than this  
 there is nothing

it was fun for a while  
 reaching for the next hold  
 there was no way of knowing  
 wilderness is the other  
 like a dream in the night  
 no prize  
 no one  
 no disco

carried to bed  
 who can say where we're going  
 no care in the world  
 dreaming  
 the treeline falls away

another bomb from the quarry  
 choose:  
 be present or invisible  
 walk  
 know  
 pace  
 step

retract  
 retrace

rising up to meet me  
 liberating ground  
 casting out  
 curving in  
 spilling  
 why the sea on the tide  
 has no way of turning  
 delving into the earth  
 becoming anything  
 more than this  
 you know there is nothing  
 more than this

dig to discover  
 dawn in aspen  
 hoarfrost extending  
 tell me one thing  
 side mirrors—glittered and frosted

busting seams and sifting in  
 active plates winning out  
 walking backwards  
 you too  
 break the chains  
 shake the tree who makes the wind  
 snuff it out  
 let it go  
 heal the split  
 more than this  
 you know there is nothing  
 more than this

irony allows one  
 to say two things at once  
 be both

nothing  
more than this  
stand back and watch  
more than this  
stand close and witness  
nothing













