

OLE PIHL

# THE SUMMER BEFORE THE STORM

Hedvig and Oluf Høst on Bornholm




 EUDOR

# the harbor of copenhagen

Chaos before midnight in the port. There is always a crowd of people before departure. Boxes, cars, horse-drawn carriages and all kinds of goods. Then there are soldiers, sailors and a smell of petrol and horse bulbs. Everyone says goodbye; children, lovers and grandparents.



Do you remember it all, Søs?



Everything is fine, as long as I have Oluf with me. You can also take the next ship if you miss me!

Now they have to fend for themselves without their sweet little sister.

Yes, we will miss you!

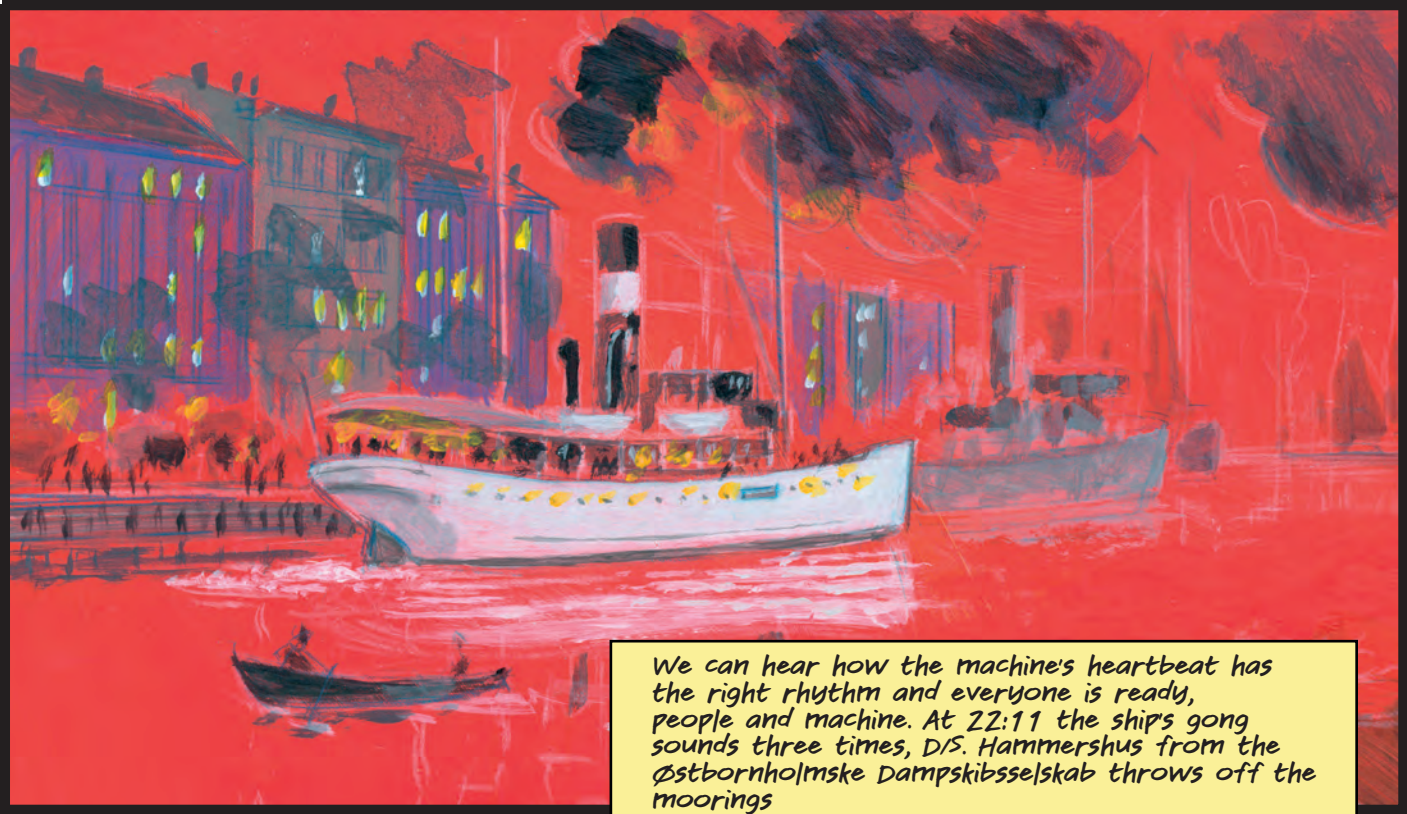
All the lights are on in the taverns in Havnegade and inside Nyhavn, tobacco smoke, the sound of accordion music and clinking glasses, someone shouting and whistling.

The prostitutes do business and take a smoke break under the street lamps, the sailors are caught like flies in the cone of light under the lamp. They dance a special pantomime around the girls.

It's not as polite as Pierrot and Columbine when the two dance in Tivoli for the subscribers.



But this is authentic street theater in the city night.



We can hear how the machine's heartbeat has the right rhythm and everyone is ready, people and machine. At 22:11 the ship's gong sounds three times, D/S. Hammershus from the Østbornholmske Dampskibsselskab throws off the moorings

The naval station on Holmen is filled with warships, torpedo boats, submarines, patrol boats and armored ships in blue-gray tones. It is suspiciously quiet



Several DFDS ships are docked at Langelinie. The large American ship Hellig Olav has just docked. There are still weekly departures to America. But now I don't care and want to go to Bornholm.



Have you seen a real mermaid?

It's far too small, say the critics, the legs are wrong, it should be a real fishtail.

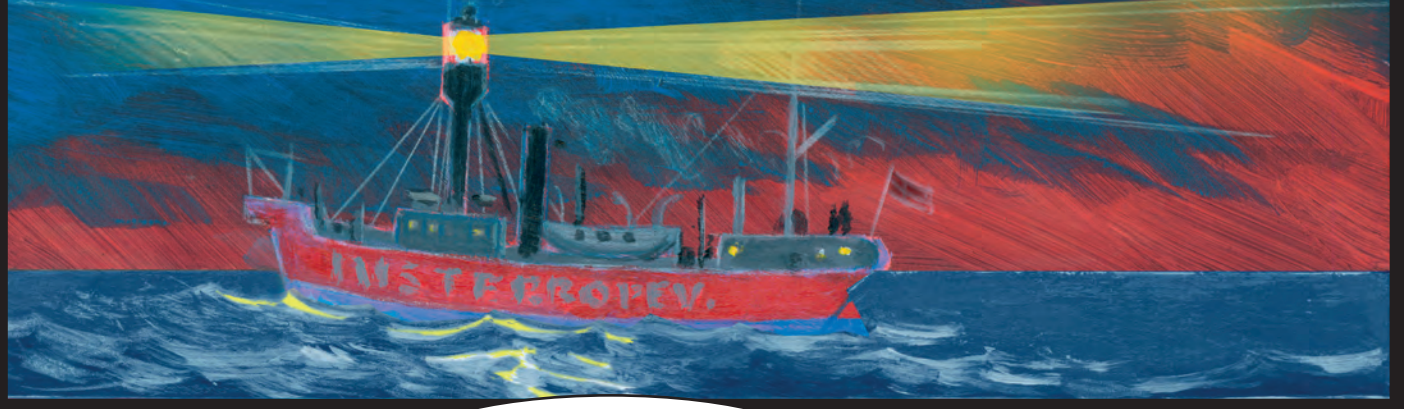
Maybe, up in the Swedish archipelago.

A nice little naturalistic sculpture by Edvard Eriksen.

Mermaids and armored ships, mermaids diving while armored ships sink.

Or out in the easton the Okinawa islands on the way to Japan's main island Hokkaido.

We pass the south coast of Skåne and round the red Falsterbo lighthouse, where the name is painted on the side of the ship in letters so large that it can be seen from several nautical miles away.



Falsterbo is a treacherous reef, many shipwrecks have occurred here over time.

I am going to bed with an issue of the magazine "Vore Damer" that has a large portrait article about

Asta Nielsen and her role in the film "Die Suffragette".

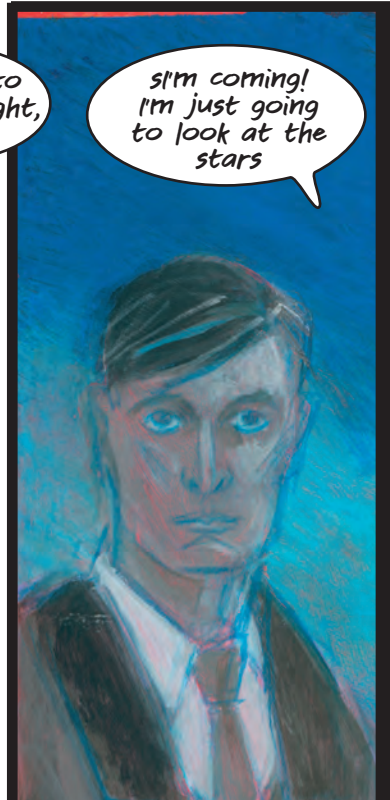
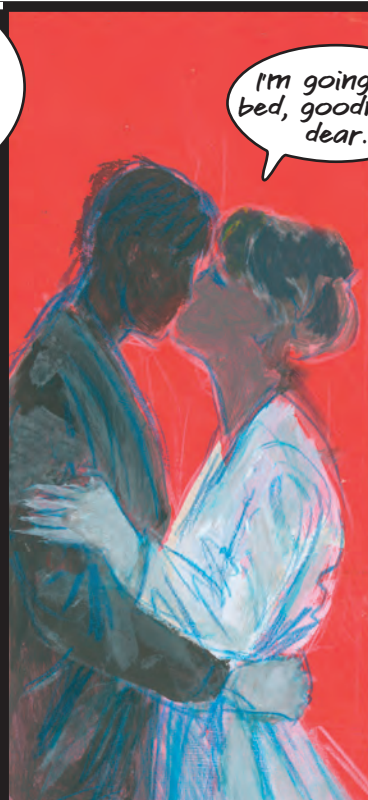
Speaking of big stars, weren't Isadore Duncan's children drowned in the Seine last year?

Her driver forgot to apply the handbrake and the car plunged into the river, drowning both the two children and their nanny.

terrible!

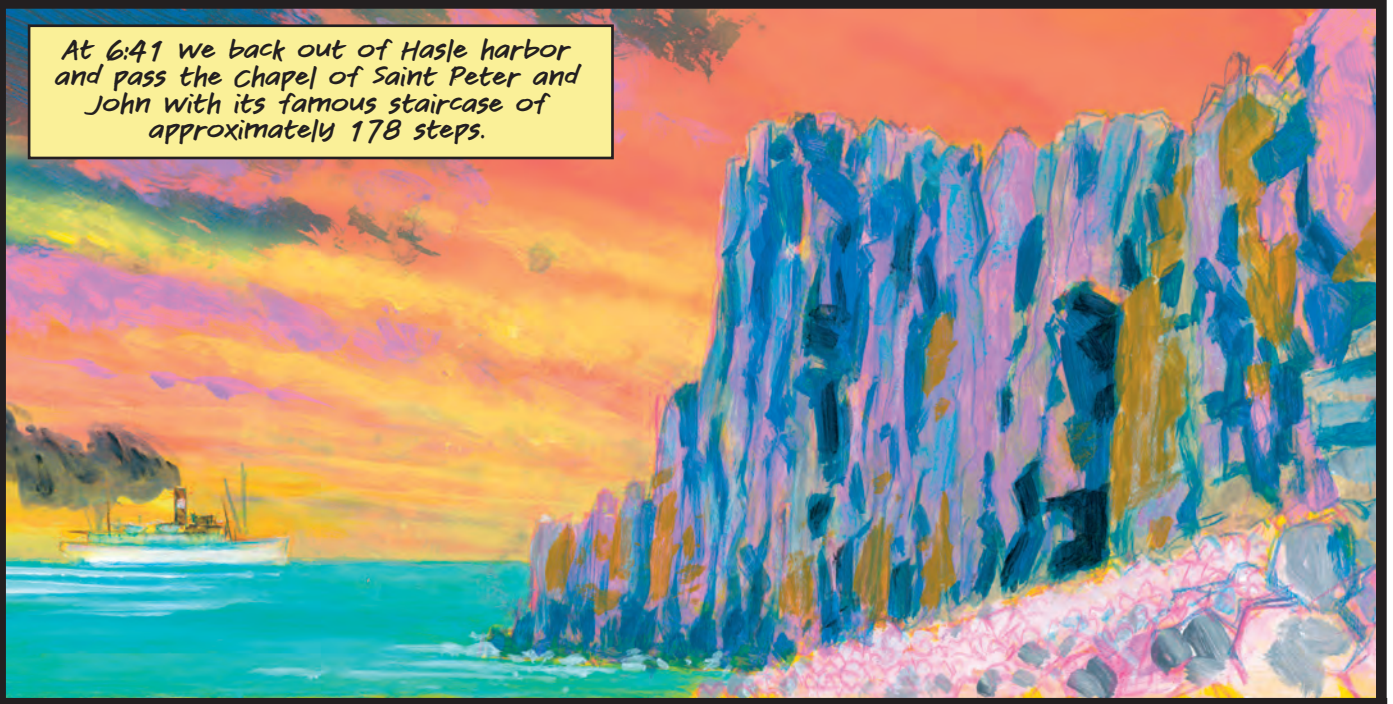
I'm going to bed, goodnight, dear.

I'm coming! I'm just going to look at the stars



Jeg gyser ved tanken om, at det at være berømt ikke beskytter nogen mod skæbnen. Snarere tværtimod, så er det næsten som om, at man er endnu mere udsat.

At 6:41 we back out of Hasle harbor and pass the Chapel of Saint Peter and John with its famous staircase of approximately 178 steps.



Further ahead and above it all, the mighty silhouette of Slotslyngen and Hammershus towers, on top of the unapproachable granite mountain.

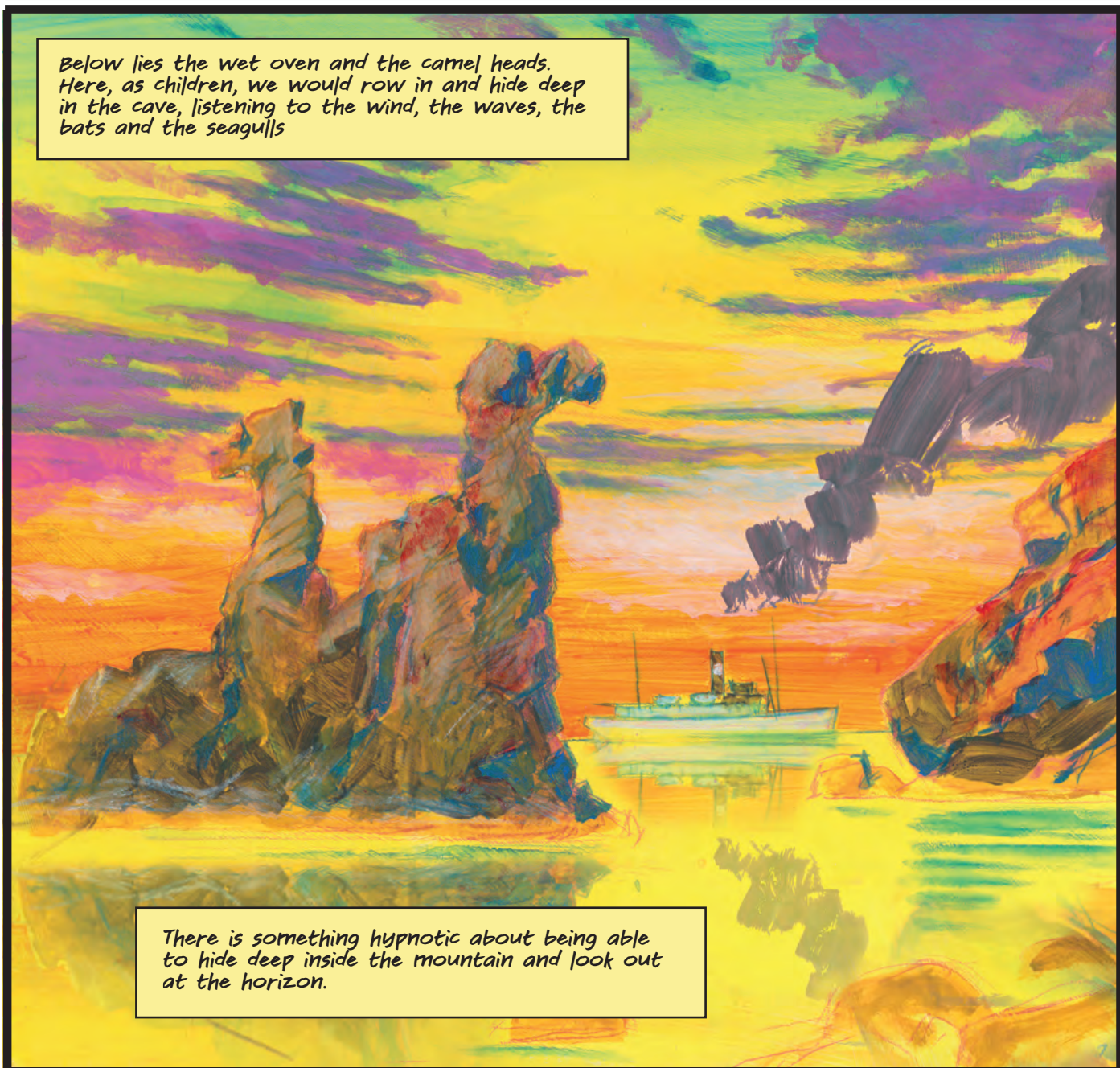


A monument of antiquity prouder and more dramatic than anything else in the Nordic countries.





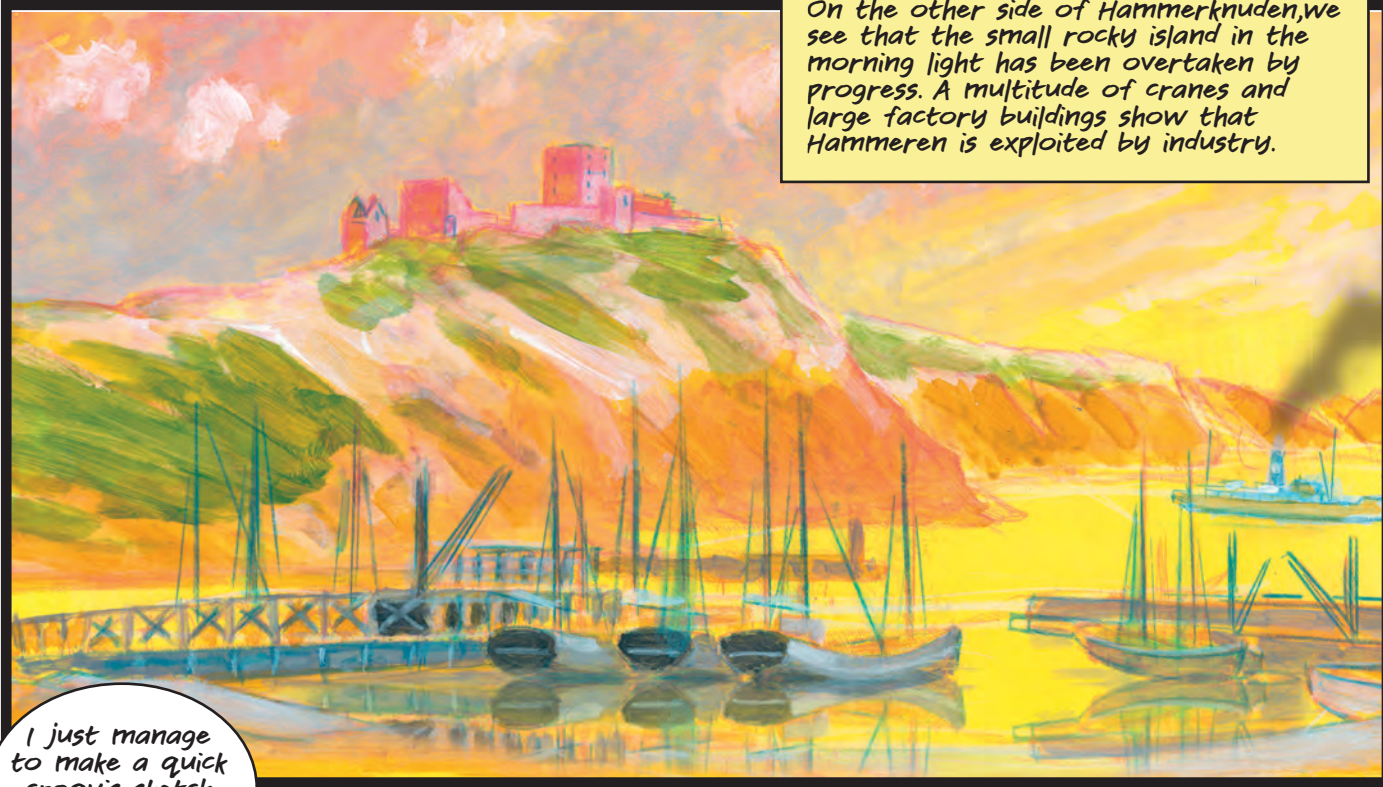
Manteltårnet og borgen kroner som en magtdemonstration over hele bjerget og vogter truende over alle, der sejler på Østersøen.



Below lies the wet oven and the camel heads. Here, as children, we would row in and hide deep in the cave, listening to the wind, the waves, the bats and the seagulls

There is something hypnotic about being able to hide deep inside the mountain and look out at the horizon.

On the other side of Hammerknuden, we see that the small rocky island in the morning light has been overtaken by progress. A multitude of cranes and large factory buildings show that Hammeren is exploited by industry.



I just manage to make a quick croquis sketch of the Manteltårnet.

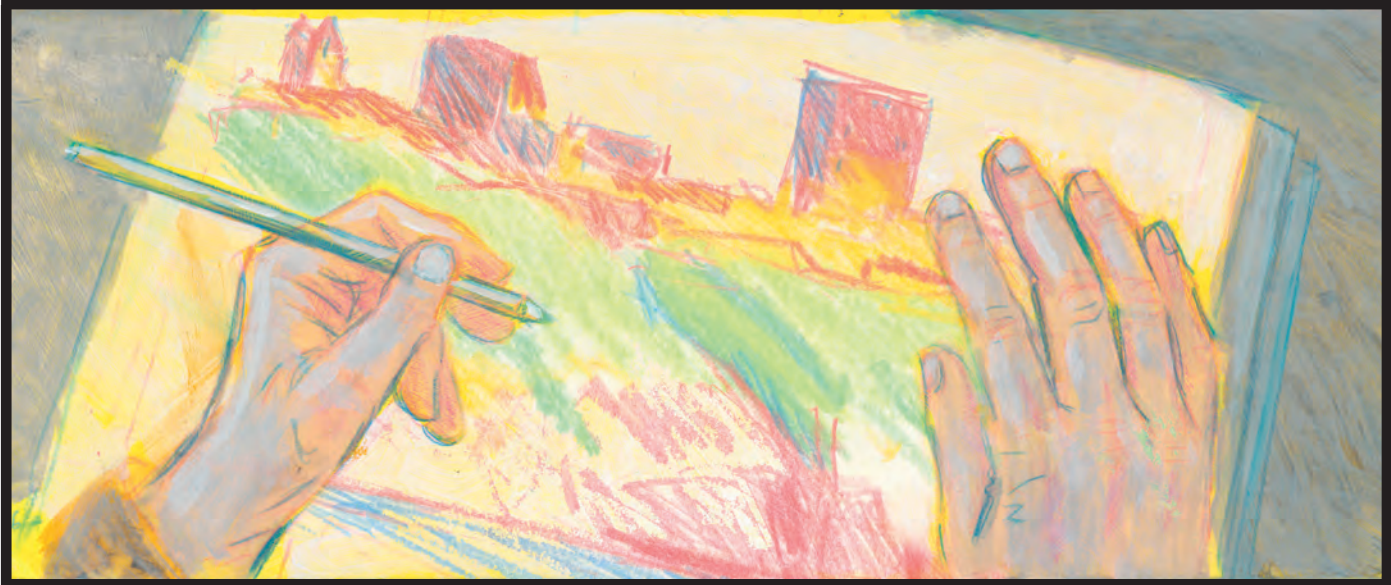


You are quick at building sketches.



They call it progress!

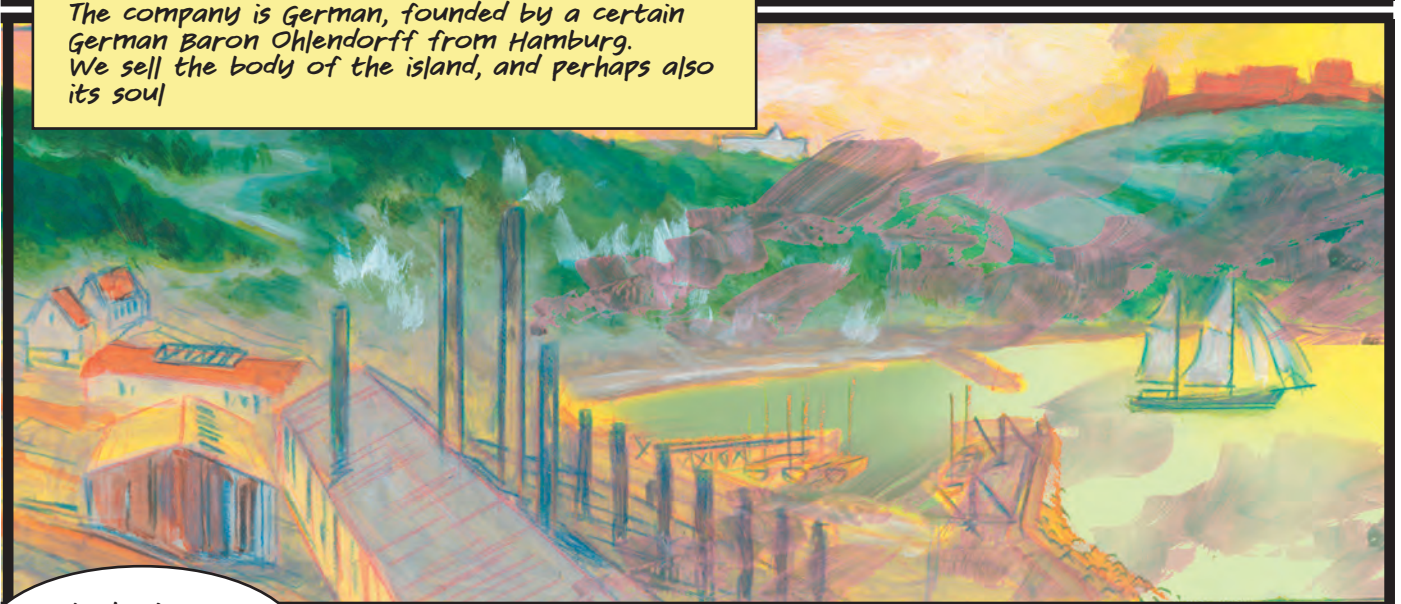
We sell the island's body and soul for petty mammon.



Large quantities of hammer granite, the fine light and reddish gray granite, are shipped here. "Bornholms Granitværk", the contract is called, with its Danish name



The company is German, founded by a certain German Baron Ohlendorff from Hamburg. We sell the body of the island, and perhaps also its soul



It's business and it's good money for our little island.



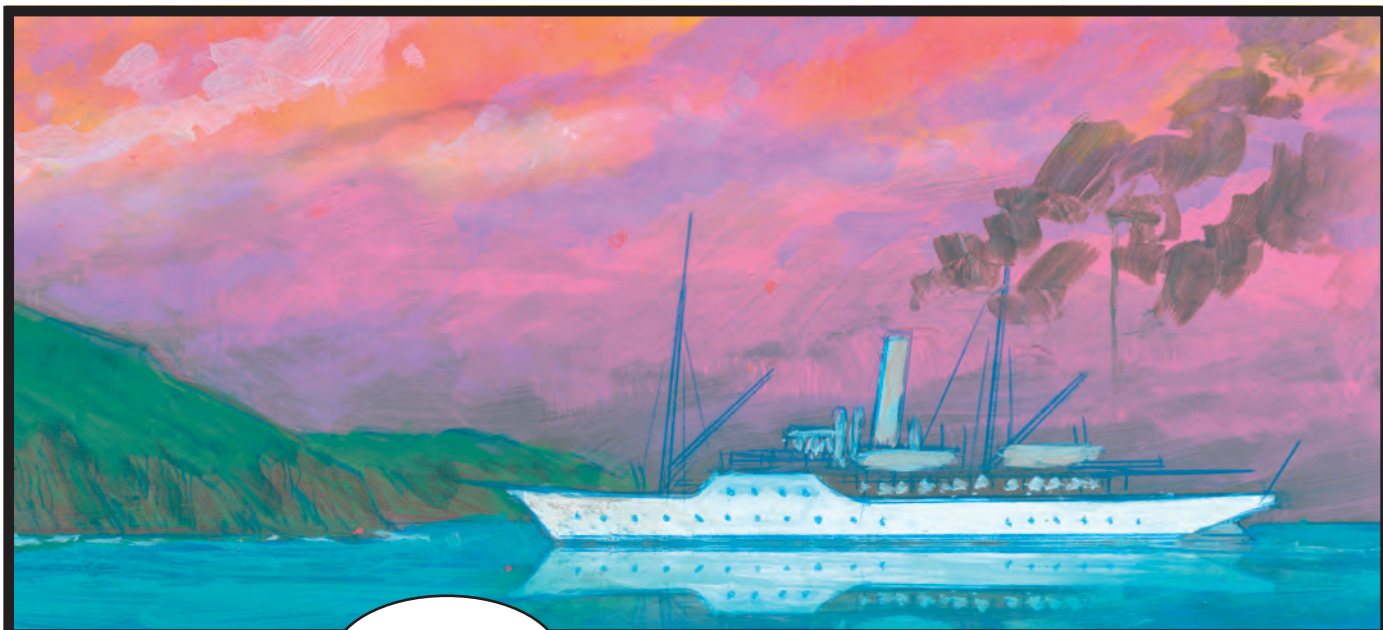
Granite for the Kaiser Wilhelm canal.

"Granite and tourists".



It is 98 km long and connects the North Sea with the Baltic Sea.

Yes, almost all of the Bornholm granite goes to building the Kiel canal, it's a gigantic project.



It looks a bit like the royal ship.



The royal ship is a wheel steamer with two chimneys.

The one that is King Christian, sailing from Sassnitz on Rügen with German tourists



I love to travel.

This year we will be riding on the new train line from Gudhjem to Rønne.

It's going to be fantastic. New times and progress are coming



Soon we will be flyingin zeppelins to Berlin, Paris, London and New York.

I'm ready, Oluf. When are we flying?.

Calm down now Hedvig, we are going to Italy first.