

## ABOUT WRITING NOREFJELL

It was in August 2020, when the last volume of the Verden Som Var Min sextet was launched, that I sat with C. up at Solumsmoen, on the border between Modum and Sigdal, and noticed that the landscape, the river and the peace made me think of a possible novel. Six years with the world and my own life, from 1959 to 2019, was enough. Now I longed for fiction in a different way, far from the literature of reality, with a dictatorial freedom without limits, and yet close to myself, as I had always written novels.

When we drove up to the Theodor Kittelsen house the next day, the idea became clearer, through Kittelsen's picture of Askeladden standing there staring at the Soria Moria mountain: "Far, far away he saw something bright and glittering."

Haven't we all experienced such a moment in our lives? An expectation of something that might happen, something wonderful? Karen Blixen's famous phrase: "Longing itself is a pledge that what we long for exists!" I used her as a motto when I wrote "Oda!"

And so Helga and Ruben became the main characters in the novel Norefjell. But it took four years before I reached my goal. I carried the manuscript with me on all trips and in hotel rooms I visited as a musician during this time. I sat in the cabin and at home by Mosseveien. I had no time pressure. I ground the text, crossed out, changed or elaborated. I wanted to go to a place where I could follow Helga and Ruben to the end of the road, and at the same time face my own old age. The one I myself am experiencing now, when I am 72 years old, and society is changing with tremendous speed. Am I finding my own place in the world anymore?

I have no answer. But I know something: All ages have a longing in them.

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