

Silvaplana - Somewhere Between Alps and Aloha

Some places begin long before you arrive.

Silvaplana is one of them.

Anyone coming from the north, down the Julier Pass, knows the moment:

up there it's just rock, wind, silence – and then, on the descent, that light.

A light that feels as if the Alps have borrowed a hint of the South for a moment.

The lake below doesn't shine like a mountain lake, but almost like the sea:

turquoise, wide, open.

Then suddenly a row of colourful kites stretches across the water, as if a beach down there had forgotten that it sits at 1,800 metres.

For many, the holidays begin right here – still in the car, before the village sign even appears.

Silvaplana is no classic mountain village.

It's sportier, looser, a little saltier.

In summer you don't just hear cowbells, you hear the click of windsurf masts,

the slap of neoprene, and voices from all over the world trying to do the same thing:

read the Maloja wind.

This wind decides the day – in summer and in winter.

When it arrives, it arrives properly:

it lifts the sails, tugs the kites out of your hands, and makes the meadow by the Mulets

sports centre sound like a runway where dozens of coloured wings are about to lift off.

Next to it, vans and tiny buses line up, spilling boards, ropes, sandals.

It looks improvised, but in the best possible way.

A bit of Hawaii, a bit of Engadin – a mix that works nowhere else.

And then you see Solo, Silvaplana's unmistakable surf-and-ski instructor, rolling in with

his white Jeep convertible, Hawaiian patterns on the seats, sunglasses in his hair,

as if Tom Selleck in Magnum, P.I. had simply swapped "Maui" for "Silvaplana" in the

script.

No wonder even local politics here carries a hint of salt and wind.

The mayor, Daniel Bosshard, spends the off-season not in spa resorts

but surfing on the Canary Islands – always slightly wind-marked,

bringing back to the mountains a trace of open ocean.

But Silvaplana isn't just summer.

In winter it moves to a different beat.

The Corvatsch rises above the lake like a vast winter arena.

Freestylers find their snowpark at the top – lines, kickers, rails – a place that demands

the same courage as a strong Maloja wind in July.

And on Fridays, when Snow Night begins, the piste glows late into the night,

as if Silvaplana were saying:

Sbrinzlas

“Here, sport doesn’t end at sunset.”

On the frozen lake, snowkiters carve their arcs, cross-country skiers draw long lines, and next to the Mulets sports centre you hear the deep slide of curling stones, teams moving across the ice as though conducting the winter itself.

Silvaplana lives by rhythm, not by stillness.

A village that is always in motion – on the water, in the snow, in the air.

And yet there are moments when everything slows down:

when the kites fold for the night, when the lake turns smooth, when the wind takes a breath.

Then you sit at the shore, watch the last blue streaks in the sky, and wonder for a second where you actually are.

In the Engadin?

Or somewhere between Alps and Aloha?

Maybe right in between.

Maybe that’s the magic of Silvaplana:

a place where the usual borders fade – between summer and winter, between sport and daily life, between mountain and wave – and where everyone who arrives feels like a bit of a local the moment the wind gives its first pull.

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