

IKKE MEGET,
MEN IKKE INGENTING
NOT MUCH,
BUT NOT NOTHING

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Ikke meget, men ikke ingenting

Her i august er der en time om eftermiddagen, hvor sommerfuglene for alvor har travlt. I den stærke sol bevæger sommerfuglene sig søgende rundt. Fra sommerfuglebuskens velduftende blomster til nede i det grønne græs, hvor der fortsat er dråber fra morgenens dug.

Jeg går rundt med kameraet. Uden mit kamera havde jeg vel næppe fået oplevelsen af at stå og betragte de smukke sommerfugle. Vingerne åbner og lukker sig, sugesnablen finder blomstens dybde, og jeg oplever det hele på nært hold.

Bagefter går jeg ind. Computeren står tændt. Nyhederne ruller videre, som de altid gør: Dronekrig, missiler, dræbte soldater. Retorik fra supermagter om nationer, der skal underlægges magt og som hele tiden tester landegrænser.

Mit eget Grønland nævnes i sætninger, hvor ordet ”købe” eller ”overtage” indgår, som om et folk og et land var en ejendom, man kunne handle.

I disse dage spørger jeg ofte mig selv: Hvordan kan jeg leve ærligt i en verden, der på samme tid er så ufatteligt smuk og så åben-

lyst ligeglad outreret, som var det Hitler og Stalin, der fortsat var de store magthavere i vores verden.

Vi søger mening, retning, retfærdighed, mens verden intet svar giver. Sommerfuglen i min have ved ingenting om suverænitæt eller supermagter. Den lever sine få uger fuldstændig uden hensyn til, hvad der sker i Kreml eller Det Hvide Hus. Den er for mange ligegyldighedens billede — og samtidig, netop derfor, et modbillede til den voldelige verden, vi oplever i dag.

Jeg lever med en trussel rettet mod selve mit rigsfællesskabs eksistens. Jeg opfatter ikke min fotografering af sommerfuglene i mine have som en resignation over tingenes tilstand i en ond verden. Det er min modstand, når jeg ikke kan standse hverken krige eller stormagters vilje og ondskab: At blive ved med at pleje, vise og fortælle om det nære, det levende, det, der vokser trods alt.

Sommerfuglene kommer igen næste år, hvis haven stadig er her. Det er ikke meget. Men det er ikke ingenting.

Not much, but not nothing

Here in August, there is an hour in the afternoon when the butterflies are truly busy. In the strong sunlight, the butterflies move about searching. From the fragrant flowers of the butterfly bush down into the green grass, where drops of the morning dew remain.

I walk around with my camera. Without my camera, I would probably never have had the experience of standing there observing the beautiful butterflies. Their wings open and close, their proboscises reach into the depths of the flowers, and I experience it all at close range.

Afterwards, I go inside. The computer is on. The news rolls on, as it always does: drone warfare, missiles, dead soldiers. Rhetoric from superpowers about nations that are to be brought under their control, and that continually test national borders.

My own Greenland is mentioned in sentences containing the words “buy” or “take over,” as though a people and a country were a property that could be traded.

These days I often ask myself: How can I live honestly in a world that is at once so unimaginably beautiful and so blatantly indifferent

and outrageous, as though Hitler and Stalin were still the great powers ruling our world?

We seek meaning, direction, justice, while the world offers no answer. The butterfly in my garden knows nothing about sovereignty or superpowers. It lives out its few weeks with no regard whatsoever for what is happening in the Kremlin or the White House. To many, it is an image of indifference — and at the same time, precisely for that reason, a counter-image to the violent world we experience today.

I live with a threat directed at the very existence of my realm. I do not regard my photographing of the butterflies in my garden as a resignation to the state of things in an evil world. It is my resistance when I cannot stop either wars or the will and wickedness of great powers: to continue tending, showing, and telling others about what is close at hand, what is alive, what continues to grow despite everything.

The butterflies will return next year, if the garden is still here. It is not much. But it is not nothing.



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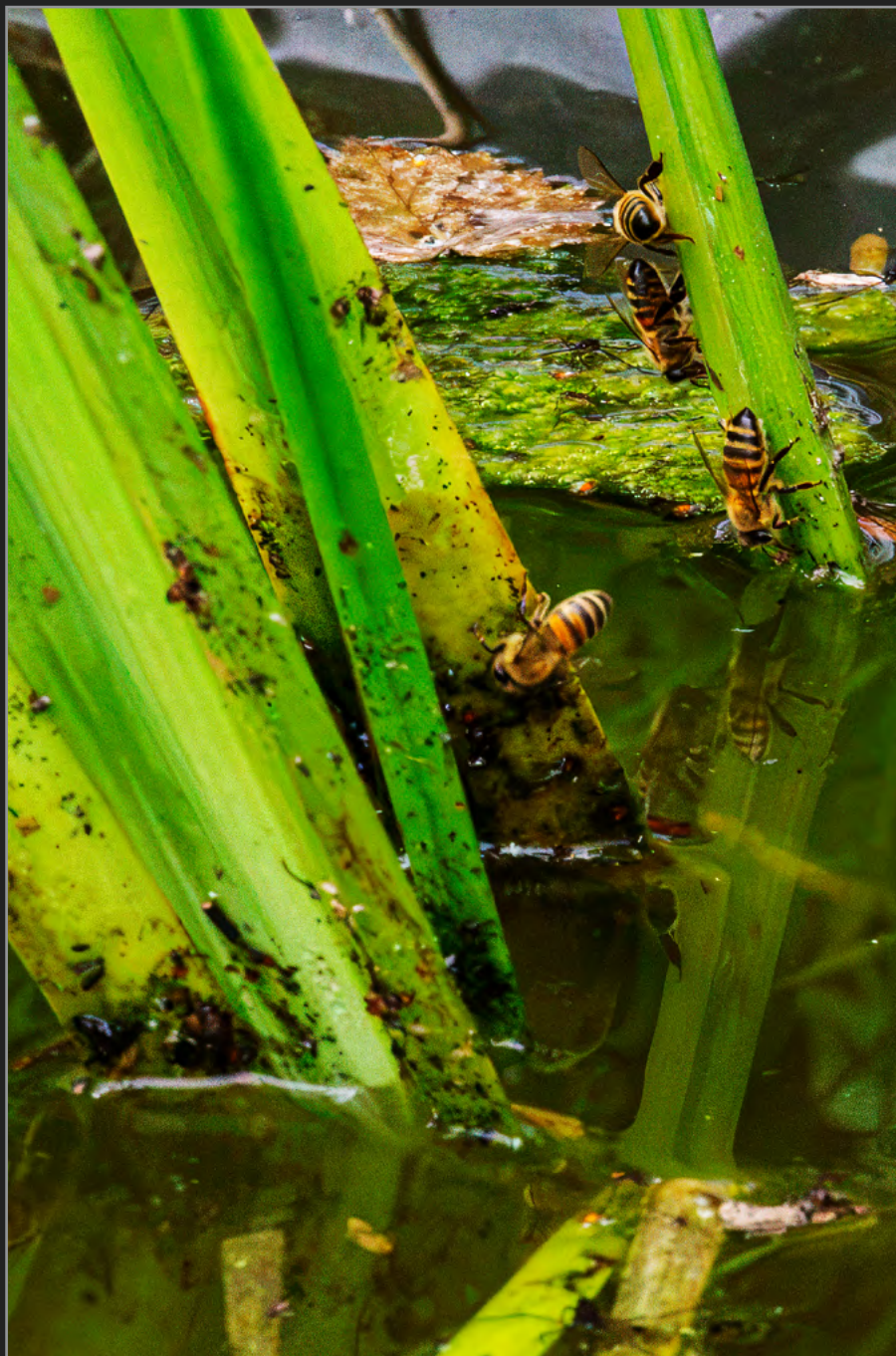
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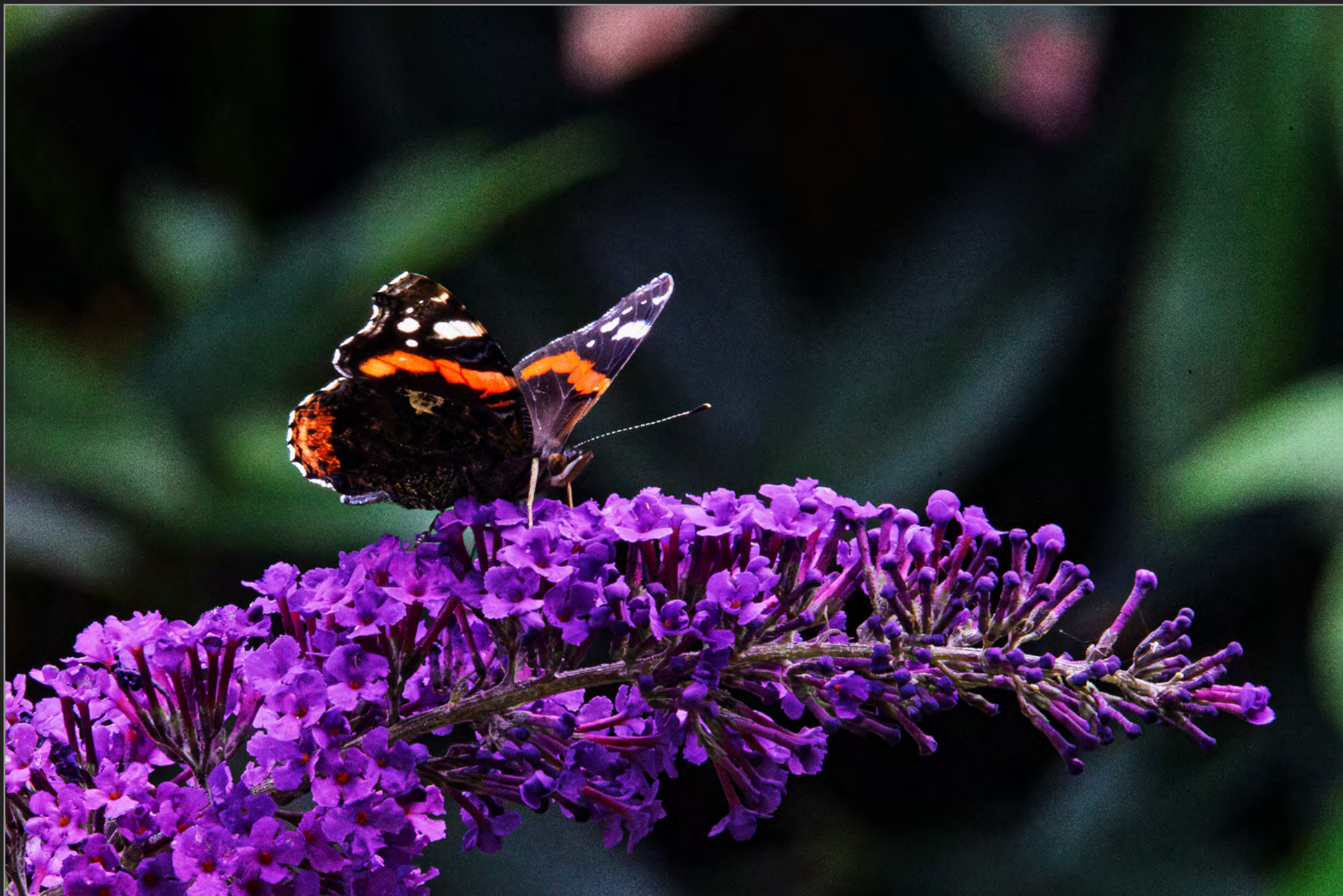
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KOLOFON

Ugens foto: Ikke meget, men ikke ingenting
Af Keld Jensen

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COLOPHON

Photo of the week: Not much, but not nothing
By Keld Jensen

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