

The noir of the North

I am seated in a Dash-8 aeroplane. My headphones send the melancholy tones of The Finnish composer, Jean Sibelius', beautiful work, Kullervo, into my ears. I am seated on the left side of the plane. A window seat.

We fly eastward from the coast town Sisimiut to the Atlantic airport in Kangerlussuaq at the west coast in the centre of Greenland.

From my seat, I have a view of mountains covered with snow. The sun is rising. Only the highest peaks are coloured by the pinkish red light from the sunrise.

The combination of the beautiful winter landscape and the tones of Sibelius create a whole that make me

elated and happy. The music belongs in this landscape and strengthens my already border euphoria by watching the wonderful scenery.

Winter Cold mountains, darkness, hibernating, large desolate open spaces, sadness, melancholy. The existential perspective.

Kullervo is Finnish music, and you are in Greenland. Pull yourself together; there is no relationship, a voice inside me whispers.

I obstinate and refuse the voice. There *is* an interaction between the snowy mountain landscape and the Finnish music. I will call the interaction the noir of the North.



East of Sisimiut,
Greenland, February 2017

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