

# INGENTING NOTHING

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# Ingenting

Det er søndag, og fridagen skal udnyttes til en tur i fjeldet. Skidt med, at der er diset, og at der regner. Vi skal ud i det fri for at få frisk luft og nyde naturen.

Det er en vandring i ingenting. Undervejs træffer vi ingen fugle og andre dyr. De har for længst fundet læ for den kolde regn. Vi er alene i fjeldet. Ingen andre mennesker har behov for at gå tur i denne slags vejr.

På store strækninger står klipperne blottede og tomme. Klipperne er glatte, og vi skal gå varsomt for ikke at falde. De våde, glatte klipper fremstår som smukke kunstværker, fordi regnen fremkalder overfladens mønstre.

I lavninger vokser den grønneste mos. På nogle strækninger går vi i våd mose, hvor spagnum har suget alt regnvandet til sig. Støvlerne sætter sig fast for hvert et skridt, og mosebunden slipper kun nødigt støvlen.

Oppe over os dækker regnskyerne bjergenes toppe. Det deroppe ligger bortgemt i den tunge, grå tåge.

Dette landskab virker så stort. Vi har vanskeligt ved at rumme det. Her er ingenting, og alligevel fylder det storladne landskab vores sind og giver en stemning af andægtighed.

Da jeg igen er hjemme, kommer jeg i tanke om en anekdote, jeg engang hørte: Det var en bus med en gruppe turister, der kørte igennem et stort, øde bjerglandskab. 'Stop bussen', råber en turist. 'Hvorfor? Her er jo ingenting?' svarer chaufføren med et skuldertræk. 'Turisten svarer: 'Ja, netop! Jeg bor i en by, og jeg har aldrig set ingenting!'

# Nothing

It is Sunday, and the day off must be used for a walking tour in the mountain landscape. The weather is hazy, and it is raining. Never mind! We must get out to get fresh air and to enjoy the nature.

It is like walking in nothing. On our way we notice no birds and other animals. Long ago, they have found shelter from the cold rain. We are alone in the mountains. No other people need to walk in this kind of weather.

On large stretches the rocks are bare. The rocks are slippery, and we must be careful not to have a fall. The wet, bare rocks appear as beautiful works of art, because the rain develops the patterns of their surface.

In the hollows, the greenest moss grows. On some stretches we walk in the wet bog, where the sphagnum has absorbed all the rainwater. The boots get stuck for every step, and the boggy ground only with reluctance let off the boot.

Above us, the rain showers cover the peaks of the mountains. The peaks are shrouded in mist.

This landscape seems so huge. We can hardly grasp it. In this landscape is nothing. Yet, the huge landscape fills our minds and gives a mood of devotion.

When I got back home, I remember an anecdote which I once was told: It was a bus with a group of tourists. They drove through a huge, deserted mountain landscape. *'Stop the bus'*, a tourist shouts. The driver answers with a shrug: *'Why? Here is nothing at all?'* The tourist answers: *'Yes, precisely! I live in a city and I have never seen nothing!'*



*Udenfor Nuuk, Grønland, juni 2002*

*Outside Nuuk, Greenland, June 2002*



*Udenfor Nuuk, Grønland, september 2006*

*Outside Nuuk, Greenland, September 2006*



*Udenfor Nuuk, Grønland, september 2006*

*Outside Nuuk, Greenland, September 2006*



*Udenfor Nuuk, Grønland, august 2001*

*Outside Nuuk, Greenland, August 2001*



*Udenfor Nuuk, Grønland, august 2001*

*Outside Nuuk, Greenland, August 2001*



*Udenfor Nuuk, Grønland, august 2003*

*Outside Nuuk, Greenland, August 2003*



*Udenfor Nuuk, Grønland, august 2001*

*Outside Nuuk, Greenland, August 2001*



*Udenfor Nuuk, Grønland, september 2003*

*Outside Nuuk, Greenland, September 2003*

## KOLOFON

*Ugens foto: Ingenting  
Af Keld Jensen*

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## COLOPHON

*Photo of the week: Nothing  
By Keld Jensen*

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