

SOM ET
UBETYDELT SNEFNUG
LIKE AN INSIGNIFICANT
SNOWFLAKE

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Som et ubetydeligt snefnug

Fra flyet har vi udsigt til en uendelig, øde vildmark. Flyet glider roligt frem gennem luften, men dernede raser en voldsom storm. Stormen skaber enorme faner af fygesne fra de højeste bjerge. Den grønlandske Indlandsis og de omkringliggende is- og sneklædte bjerge virker ufremkommeligt for os mennesker.

Når jeg betragter mine fotografier fra den gang, erindrer jeg mine tanker inspireret af det voldsomme landskab. Igen får jeg følelsen af, hvor små og sårbare vi mennesker i virkeligheden er. Vi forestiller os hele tiden som det centrale, hvorom alt drejer sig. Vi forestiller os, at vi snart har underlagt os alle naturens kræfter.

I realiteten er det enkelte menneske som det lille snefnug dernede i det arktiske kaos. Snefnugget har ingen navn. Det enkelte snefnug drukner i dette hav af andre snefnug – lige som du og jeg drukner som individ i

menneskeheden her på jorden. Vi er jo selv kun ubetydelige fnug, der af naturens kræfter skubbes gennem livet af tilfældighedernes tilfældige virvar af hændelser.

Ingen kommer nogen sinde til at fortælle om snefnuggets dramatiske rejse fra klipperne på det unavngivne bjerg og på samme vis vil vi nok også, person for person være glemt og borte fra menneskehedens historie i løbet af en generation eller to?

Apropos: Lige netop du bliver i din selvforståelse selvfølgelig husket for alt det, du står for. Men hvis du da ikke lige er slægtsforsker – hvad var egentligt navnet på dine oldeforældre og tipoldeforældre? Hvad lavede de? Hvor boede de? Hvad mente de om liv og levned? Ved du det ikke? Hvorfor tror du så, at nogen vil huske netop dig om et par generationer?

Like an insignificant snowflake

From the plane, we have a view of an endless, desolate wilderness. The plane glides calmly through the air, but down there, a fierce storm is raging. The storm creates massive plumes of drifting snow from the highest mountains. The Greenlandic Ice Sheet and the surrounding ice- and snow-covered mountains appear impassable to humans.

When I look at my photographs from that time, I recall my thoughts inspired by the dramatic landscape. Once again, I feel how small and vulnerable we humans truly are. We constantly imagine ourselves as the centre around which everything revolves. We imagine that we have nearly conquered all the forces of nature.

In reality, each individual is like that tiny snowflake down there in the chaos of the Arctic. The snowflake has no name. The individual snowflake drowns in this sea of other snowflakes – just as you and I drown as in-

dividuals in humanity here on Earth. We are as insignificant flakes, pushed through life by the chaotic whims of nature's forces and the randomness of chance.

No one will ever recount the dramatic journey of a snowflake from the cliffs of an unnamed mountain. Similarly, we, person by person, will likely be forgotten and erased from the history of humanity within a generation or two.

On that note: Of course, in your self-perception, you will be remembered for everything you stand for. But unless you happen to be a genealogist – what were the names of your great-grandparents and great-great-grandparents? What did they do? Where did they live? What were their thoughts on life and existence? You don't know? Then why do you think anyone will remember you in a couple of generations?



Grønland, januar 2015

Greenland, January 2015



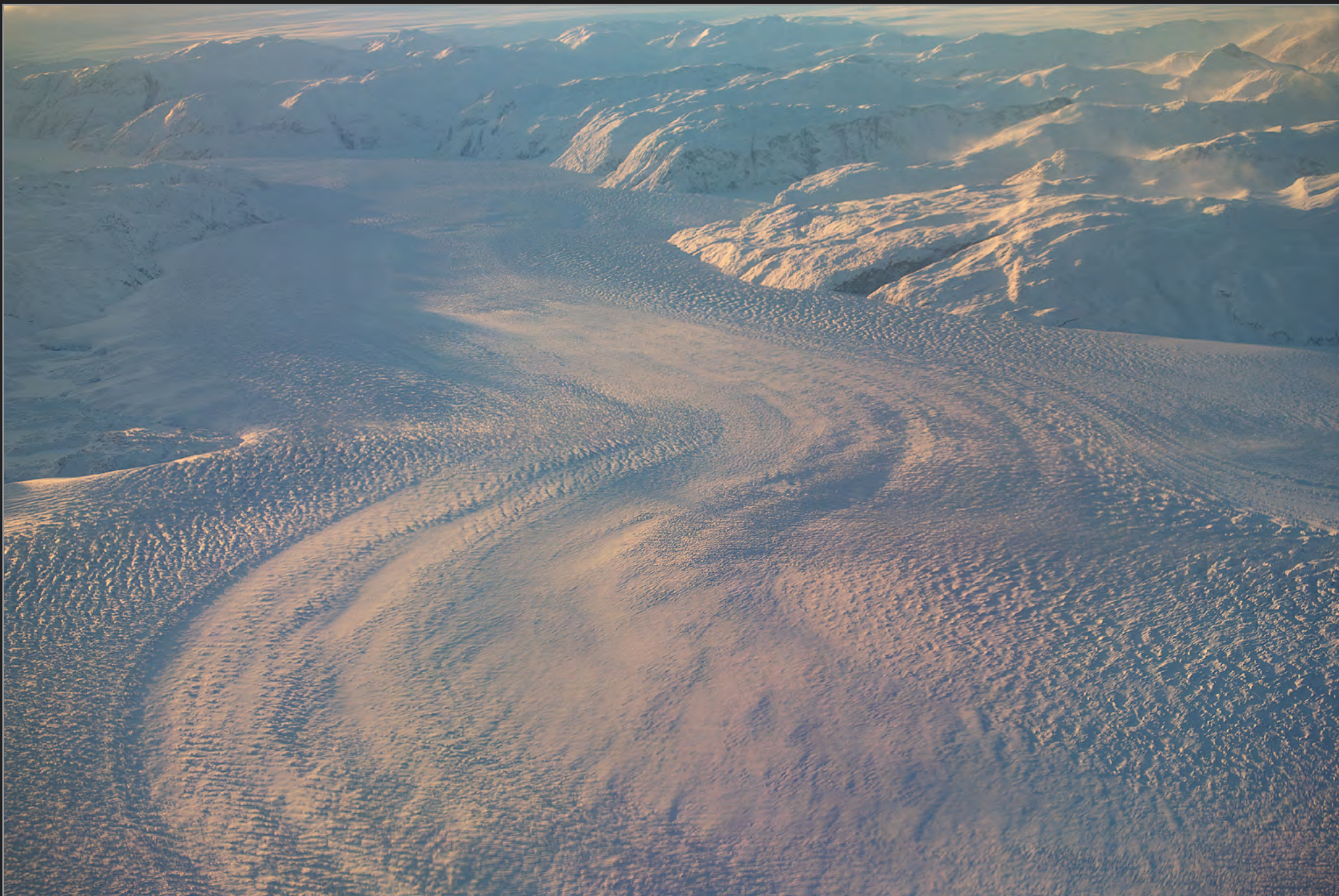
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KOLOFON

Ugens foto: Som et ubetydeligt snefnug
Af Keld Jensen

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COLOPHON

Photo of the week: Like an insignificant snowflake
By Keld Jensen

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