

EN NOTE FRA ØDEMARKEN

A NOTE FROM THE WILDERNESS

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En note fra ødemarken

Målet med dagens vandretur var at nå hele vejen rundt om bjerget Lille Malene lige uden for Nuuk. Vi skriver år 2009, og dengang tog jeg ofte på vandreture i weekenden, alene eller sammen med gode venner.

Det var overskyet, tåget og fugtigt, og netop derfor føltes det rigtigt. Jeg har altid haft det bedst på disse dage, hvor solens lys bliver dæmpet af lavthængende skyer. Sådanne dage træder fjeldenes toppe kun delvist frem. Der skabes en intim stemning i de i forvejen mennesketomme, øde dale.

Tågen ændrer hele oplevelsen af at gå. Afstande bliver svære at vurdere, og stien opløses flere steder i sten, mos og fugtig jord. En let regn lå i luften uden egentlig at falde, men den satte sig på tøjet og på kameraet som små perler. Når landskabet føles enormt stor, og når der kun hist og her høres klukken fra små bække, så skærpes ens opmærksomhed. Man går langsommere, standser oftere og lader blikket glide hen over landskabet uden egentligt at lede efter noget bestemt.

De lavthængende skyer sætter gang i fantasien. Fjeldtoppene forsvinder ind og ud af tåge og skyer, og det var, som om landskabet hele tiden ændrede form. Stilheden er markant og man oplever en fornemmelse af at være meget lille i noget meget stort.

A Note from the Wilderness

The goal of today's hike was to make it all the way around the mountain Lille Malene, just outside Nuuk. We are in the year 2009, and at that time I often went hiking on weekends, alone or together with good friends.

It was overcast, foggy, and damp, and precisely for that reason it felt right. I have always felt most at ease on days like these, when the sun's light is muted by low-hanging clouds. On such days, the mountain peaks emerge only partially. An intimate atmosphere is created in the already uninhabited, desolate valleys.

The fog changes the entire experience of walking. Distances become difficult to judge, and the trail dissolves in several places into stone, moss, and damp earth. A light rain hung in the air without falling, yet it settled on clothing and on the camera as tiny beads. When the landscape feels enormously vast, and when only here and there the gurgling of small streams can be heard, one's awareness sharpens. One walks more slowly, stops more often, and lets the gaze glide across the landscape without really searching for anything.

The low-hanging clouds set the imagination in motion. The mountain peaks disappear in and out of fog and clouds, and it was as if the landscape were constantly changing shape. The silence is striking, and one experiences a sense of being very small within something very large.



Nuuk, august 2005

Nuuk, August 2005



Nuuk, august 2005

Nuuk, August 2005



Nuuk, juni 2006

Nuuk, June 2006



Nuuk, september 2006

Nuuk, September 2006



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Nuuk, oktober 2007

Nuuk, October 2007



Nuuk, juli 2010

Nuuk, July 2010

KOLOFON

Ugens foto: En note fra ødemarken
Af Keld Jensen

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COLOPHON

Photo of the week: A Note from the Wilderness
By Keld Jensen

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