

SNESTORM FRA SYD SNOWSTORM FROM THE SOUTH

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Snestorm fra syd

En erindring fra Nuuk, maj 2013.

Varmen ligger tungt over byen. Det er hede-
bølge. Det er ulideligt varmt ude og inde.
Det giver dage, hvor jeg ikke får udrettet så
meget, og hvor jeg længes mod et vejrskifte.

Så melder erindringen sig: Nuuk, maj 2013.
Vi kørte rundt i byen på må og få i tæt slud.
Ikke den tørre, lette sne man forbinder med
Grønland — men vådt og tungt slud.

Vinden kom fra syd, oppe i stormstyrke.
Sydenvinden i Nuuk henter sin luft helt nede
fra Newfoundland og bærer en mærkelig
blanding med sig: Ikke frost, ikke mildhed,
men noget midt imellem — fugtig og varm
nok til at lave slud af sneen. Det var storm-
vejr. Sigtbarheden var ofte lav, og gaderne var
næsten tomme.

Vi kørte uden ærinde. Det var nok i sig selv
at se byen i stormvejret. Byen var som for-
andret i forhold til dagene før: Trafikken var
sparsom, og kun nogle få mennesker trodse-
de det ekstreme vejr.

Nu sidder jeg her i Himmerland midt i en
hede- og tænder tilbage på den dag i
Nuuk. Jeg husker det våde, kølige vejr, vin-
duesviskernes stille dans på forruden.

Fotografierne fra den dag er ikke smukke i
nogen enkel forstand. De er grå. Himlen og
vejbanen og husene løber næsten sammen i
det diffuse lys. Det er præcis derfor, de virker.

Et fotografi kan fastholde det, hukommelsen
glemmer at gemme: Den eksakte farve af
grålyset over Kolonihavnen, de tomme veje.

Tretten år er lang tid. Detaljerne slører sig og
til sidst sidder man kun tilbage med en for-
nemmelse — at det var koldt, at det blæste, at
vi kørte rundt. Men mine fotografier fra den
dag holder fast i det konkrete.

De siger: Det var præcis sådan her det så ud,
denne bestemte dag i Nuuk i maj 2013. Det
er ikke kun nostalgi, fotografierne byder på.
Det er noget mere nøgternt og mere kost-
bart: *Vidnesbyrd.*

Snowstorm from The South

A memory from Nuuk, May 2013.

The heat hangs heavily over the town. It is a heatwave. It is unbearably hot, both indoors and out. These are days when I do not accomplish much, and when I find myself longing for a change in the weather.

Then the memory returns: Nuuk, May 2013. We drove aimlessly through the town in dense sleet. Not the dry, powdery snow one associates with Greenland, but wet, heavy sleet.

The wind was blowing from the south at storm force. In Nuuk, a southerly wind draws its air all the way from Newfoundland, carrying with it a curious mixture: neither freezing cold nor truly mild, but something in between — humid and warm enough to turn snow into sleet. It was stormy weather. Visibility was often poor, and the streets were almost deserted.

We had no particular destination. It was enough simply to experience the town in the midst of the storm. The town seemed transformed compared with the days before: traffic was sparse, and only a handful of people braved the extreme weather.

Now I sit here in Himmerland in the middle of a heatwave, thinking back to that day in Nuuk. I remember the damp, chilly weather, the quiet rhythm of the windshield wipers sweeping across the windscreen.

The photographs from that day are not beautiful in any conventional sense. They are grey. The sky, the roads, and the houses almost merge together in the diffuse light. That is precisely why they work.

A photograph can preserve what memory forgets to keep: the exact shade of grey light above the old colonial harbour, the empty roads.

Thirteen years is a long time. The details gradually blur, and in the end all that remains is an impression — that it was cold, that the wind was blowing hard, that we drove around. But my photographs from that day hold on to the concrete details.

They say: This is exactly what it looked like on this particular day in Nuuk in May 2013. The photographs offer more than nostalgia. They offer something more sober, and more precious: *testimony*.



Nuuk, Grønland, maj 2013

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KOLOFON

Ugens foto: Snestorm fra syd
Af Keld Jensen

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COLOPHON

Photo of the week: Snowstorm from The South
By Keld Jensen

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