

Deep silence

Have you ever experienced the silence? Not only the silence in the living room when the kids are in bed and the TV is off. But the deep, oppressive silence?

At home you get a sense of deep silence, if you suddenly become aware of a clock sound. Tick-tock, tick-tock. But from these little everyday sounds, there is still a long way down to the real deep silence.

I have experienced the deep silence out in the wilderness. A windless valley. Far from the sea, and no river within earshot. The rustling sound, which must be in a place like this is absorbed by the low, dense vegetation of scrub.

Here in the mountains, shrouded in clouds, at the lake smooth as a mirror, I can experience a silence that seems so oppressive that I experience a sense of anxiety. The landscape that otherwise seems friendly, produces under the heavy cloud cover sudden impression of a room so large that it initially seems threatening. I startled when a raven suddenly loud cackling, emerges from her hiding place.

This day between the mountains, I experience the deep, oppressive silence. This photo of the week should be accompanied by an acoustic picture with no sound at all.

I have often told my friends about incidents in the wilderness where I have experienced the deep silence. A few give a nod of recognition. They have also experienced the deep silence and have had this feeling of powerlessness or perhaps fear of the deep. We still all look forward to experience it again.



Lake between mountains in a valley behind Nuuk, September 2006