

The faces in the ice

I often make the decision: Now I want to think. Think big thoughts. However, it is hard to focus. It always ends up having installed me in my thinking armchair with my idea booklet in front of me, ready to scribble the important new ideas down - and then my mind instead went off on a journey. Like a dream they lead me through events where magical powers are taking the command of life and death. I am not in control of how it all ends, and of frequent occurrence nothing is noted down in my booklet.

I experience much the same way with icebergs. When I get close to an iceberg, I begin to stare on this massif and the mind takes off. I get stuck and start staring at these white and blue giants for a long time. Later on I begin to look for shapes in the large surfaces of the

iceberg: Is this a face of a human being? Often I spot faces in the structures of the ice. Everywhere small and large faces. Not only human faces but also animals and other creatures which look like the mythical creatures that a good artist can conjure up on his canvases.

A psychologist would probably be able to get a lot out my story about what I see in the random structures of an iceberg. This iceberg I saw inside the fiord Kangerluarsorujuk. The fiord is home to two sheep farms and ruins testify that the landscape formerly has been the home of the Norse.

If you look carefully at the photograph, you can actually see a stunted human face. I am sure that it must be a face from when this landscape was the domain of the Norse.



Icebergs in the head of the
Kangerluarsorujuk fiord, June 2014

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Go to the Text