

## An exotic soundscape

We are sailing in the archipelago. On the port side we have a view to the mountains in the distance. In front of the mountains the coast, which normally marks the borderline of the mainland and the archipelago, lies. But today the shoreline is covered in a dense fog.

The Ocean currents, the tide and the wind have simultaneously gathered the massive icebergs, which to their ultimate destination are floating around aimlessly in these waters. Further out to sea, where our boat lies, we also find small pieces of ice from long ago decomposed giants.

It is an easy sailing, but we know that we later have to cross through the fog and the ice. It may be a difficult navigation. Even collisions with smaller ice floes get our little boat to seem fragile.

When we turn off the boat's engine, we recognize the silence. The ice floes are moving silently in a flow close to the boat. The water glugs faintly, when the small waves hit our boat.

Now that our sense of hearing has become accustomed to the silent landscape, we hear the birds. A little further inland a flock of birds are resting. It must be eiders and black guillemots, perhaps along with some seagulls.

The sea birds are hidden by the fog, but their voices move along over the water. The sound gets the landscape to seem exotic - as the soundscape to be found in an African river delta. A strange comparison here in the arctic landscape far north.



North-west of Qaqortoq, August 2015