

Diary 15 – 2 August 2012

More mosquitoes, a little bit of porn and a dangerous man from Finland

This morning I listened to a song by Danish songwriter Allan Olsen. Two guys leave Mestersvig for Denmark, dreaming of the light of the cities, factories and railroads but end up longing for the eternal snow and helicopter-like mosquitoes in Kong Oscars Fjord.

Some hundred kilometres north of Kong Oscars Fjord the snow is slowly withdrawing (this week a stone looking like an armchair revealed itself together with a muskoxen cranium next to my plots) while the helicopter-like mosquitoes seem to linger.. Providing everlasting irritation and continuing inspiration for authors of the week letter. This week too, the hourly routine goes like this: at first, you try to fight them, put on repellent, waving, blowing, clapping and gesticulating at them. Then you try to ignore them, for a short moment believing that you can actually be that cool. It must be possible, you assume. Then you go mad - screaming, running, swearing, sweating, crying, and resigning. Then it starts all over again. God, Satan and all the tupilaks and spirits of the mountains together damn these mosquitoes! Hrm, hrm...

In Zackenberg, a week begins and ends on a Thursday. When the Twin Otter arrives and take away people we were just beginning to know and deliver new blood, thoughts and personalities to the station. This week Riikka, Dina, Christian, Taras and Olaf left, leaving the station a bit empty behind. Luckily, 5 hours later, Per, Morten, Christian and Gergely arrived. A new week had begun with fieldwork and food, funny folks and fantastic views over the fjord.

On Saturday, to escape the Saturday night and its fatal Sweet Sweet Zero's that usually turns my Sundays into some resemblance of a teenage nightmare, Kirstine, Katrine and I decided to leave for a sleepover at Pashuset. The overwhelming amounts of flowers that manage to survive and bloom at these high latitudes keep on amazing me! Arctic blueberries, *Dryas*, *Cassiope tetragona*, *Polygonum viviparum* and different species of *Saxifraga* followed us all the way to the small and incredibly sweet looking trapping hut. Kirstine brought cognac and Katrine dared us to make an all-nighter, just to be a bit teen, so we waited and watched the sun go down behind the mountain, just to see it rise again 10 minutes later. If we were a bit tired the next morning, after trying to sleep in a tent under the never ceasing arctic sun, it all vanished after discovering a pile of German magazines, at least 30 years old. An erotic story from *Caprice* and a banana worth 80 kr. made the perfect setting for a walk home.

When we got back on Sunday afternoon the summer had really hit Zackenberg valley. Not a standard circumpolar summer, but a burning hot, sun-sizzling and siesta-demanding summer. Kenny stated that nothing in this world could get him out of his sun chair and the rest of the northern gringos wandered around longing for nothing but a Sundowner by some pool and some God-damned-air-conditioning. At 21.00 hour, the thermometer measured 17°C! Jesus, we cannot investigate climate change under these conditions!

Only one polar bear encounter occurred this week. Katrine was alone in the field, when it unexpectedly appeared closer to her than she liked it to be - white and enormous. She had one trembling hand on the radio and one on the riffle when it lifted its gigantic paw and waved at her. And suddenly looked a lot like Gergely in his practical white safari gear, with a mosquito net over his head, waving at her. As long as it does not get scarier than a Finn on the heath, everything is well.

Last comment on the cake-situation; rumours say, that Lone does not make the same massive amounts of cake as Dina does, but this I will still have to see in order to believe...

Have a great week!

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