

Pelléas et Mélisande

A raven flies determined towards a target further into the fjord. I can not find out whether it is on a desperate hunt for something edible, or it just for fun is testing its capability in flying under these harsh conditions.

The cold air from the shores of the fiord creates sea smoke when it is passing over the warmer sea. The sea smoke creeps close above sea level and gives the impression that the fjord steamer. But the cold is extreme this late afternoon in March, and I know that the sea smoke only is formed during extreme cold days in this part of the country.

Two glaciers inside the bottom of the fiord set more and more ice floes free, and the current leads the large and small pieces of ice out to the sea. Out behind the sea smoke the tops of the mountains on the other side of the fiord are visible just above the sea smoke. Deeper in the background a thick ice fog is formed out in the Davis Strait.

Up in the sky the sun is shining white and cold. The sun creates a true drama with its cold rays on this amazing landscape.

I take my binoculars from my eyes and make coachman's cape to keep warm. I must continue on my expedition to the distant goal far north...

Nop, I shake myself in the thin shirt on the balcony of my apartment here in Nuuk right down to The Godthaabsfiord. Then I enter my living room again and close the door behind me to concentrate on The Berliner Philharmoniker and Herbert von Karajan's version of the Finnish composer Jean Sibelius' work, Pelléas et Mélisande, while I sip my glass filled with the dark-skinned Italian red wine.



The raven and the ice floes in the sea smoke , The Godthaabsfiord, March 2012