

A dangerous sail

A man and his kayak. A dangerous but beautiful sail in a landscape filled with sculptures of ice of all sizes and in all forms.

The ice is coloured in all shades of blue, turquoise and white. Day in day out the ice is belaboured by the rays of the sun and the hard blows from the waves and the other ice floes. Every hour the ice is broken down on its voyage from the Arctic Ocean to this South Greenland fiord.

When the sun has melted the ice away or something breaks off the icebergs and the ice floes they are capsizing to find a new natural balance on the sea surface. A capsizing iceberg provides high waves that easily can crush a kayak made of seal-skin. This dynamic continues until all the ice has melted away. The extreme amount of ice makes often the waters very difficult passable for small boats.

Nevertheless, a person in a Greenlandic kayak this day challenge the icy fiord. For only a generation ago hunting trips was a necessity for many Inuits. The supply of food to the family and the settlement often depended on some brave men who in their small, fragile kayaks went cruising to hunt seals and seabirds.



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