READING NOTES

Smilla’s sense of snow:

- Reading snow is like listening to music. To describe what you’ve read is like explaining music in writing. [43]
- I think more highly of snow and ice than love. It’s easier for me to be interested in mathematics than to have affection for my fellow human beings. But I am anchored to something in life that is constant. You can call it a sense of orientation; you can call it a woman’s intuition; you can call it whatever you live. [45]
- I have a sense of snow. [72]
- One of the things you can learn from snow is the way great forces and catastrophes can always be found in miniature form in daily life. [89]
- I have a good relationship with ice. [136]
- One of the reasons I’m fond of ice is that it covers the water and makes it solid, safe, negotiable, manageable. [...] I’m not afraid of the sea simply because it wants to strangle me. I’m afraid of it because it will rob me of my orientation, the inner gyroscope of my life, my awareness of what is up and down, my connection to Absolute Space. [264]
- I can smell Greenland. It’s the wind. It smells of earth. At the same time, it’s cold and dry. There’s ice in it. It’s the wind from the ice cap that blows along the coast and reaches us out here. [314]
- I have hydrophobia. But I know something about ice. [363]
- I keep my eyes on the snow and simply concentrate on walking. I feel like a child again. We’re going somewhere, I don’t need remember where, it’s been a long journey, maybe many sinik; I start to stumble, I’m no longer one with my feet, they’re walking by themselves, plodding, as if each step were a task to complete. Somewhere inside me I feel an urge to give up, to sit down and sleep. [445]

Smilla’s observations:

- It will never be easy for me to watch men cry. Maybe because I know how fatal crying is to their self-respect. [9]
- I feel the same way about solitude as some people feel about the blessing of the church. It’s the light of grace for me. I never close my door behind me without the awareness that I am carrying out an act of mercy towards myself. [11]
- Grief is a gift, something you have to earn. [12]
- I’ve never claimed that I was perfect. Confronted with people who have power, and who enjoy using it, I turn into a different person, a baser and meaner one. [20]
- [T]his beautiful transformation naturally appears through a veil of the overall poisoning of the organism. [24]
- You have to respect people’s privacy. Especially when their lives are otherwise exposed like an open wound. [24]
- You can learn something about your fellow human beings from what they write in the margin. [26]
- Maybe falling in love, the piercing knowledge that we ourselves will someday die, and the love of the snow are in reality not some sudden events; maybe they are always present. Maybe they never completely vanish, either. [43]
- I have a weakness for losers. [...] My heart beats for them. Maybe because I’ve always known that in some way, I will forever be one of them. [48]
- There’s a widespread notion that children are open [...] No one is more covert than a child, and no one has a greater need to be that way. [50]
- People hold their lives together by means of a clock. If you make a slight change, something interesting nearly always happens. [57]
- That’s nothing compared to the countless miles children have put behind them in search of a decent life. [62]
- One of the signs that your life needs cleaning up is when your possessions gradually, overwhelmingly consists of things that you borrowed a long time ago but now it’s too late to give them back because you’d rather shave your head than confront the bogeyman who is the rightful owner. [118]
- I don’t know whether it’s because I’ve seen so much that the world is starting to repeat itself, or whether it’s due to premature wear and tear on the mental apparatus. [148]
• Whining is a virus, a lethal, infectious, epidemic disease. I refuse to listen to it. I refuse to be saddled with these orgies of emotional pettiness. [188]
• Every attempt to compare cultures with the intention of determining which is the most developed will never be anything other than one more bullshit projection of Western culture’s hatred of its own shadow. [193]
• Deep inside I know that trying to figure things out leads to blindness, that the desire to understand has a built-in brutality that erases what you seek to comprehend. Only experience is sensitive. But maybe I’m both weak and brutal. I’ve never been able to resist trying. [247]
• You think that the despair will stop you cold, but it doesn’t; it wraps itself up in a dark corner somewhere inside and forces the rest of your system to function, to take care of practical matters, which may not be so important, but which keep you going, which guarantee that you are still, somehow, alive. [250]
• I don’t do well with phenomena that are supposed to last for life. Prison sentences, marriage contracts, lifetime appointments. They’re attempts to pin down segments of life and exempt them from the passage of time. It’s even worse with things that are supposed to last forever. Like my alarm clock. [281]
• I’ve never been seriously interested in books that aren’t reference books. I’ve never claimed to be particularly cultured. On the other hand, I’ve always thought that it’s never too late to start a new life of learning. [290]
• Traveling tends to magnify all human emotions. [...] To travel you have to have a home to leave and come back to. Otherwise you’re a refugee, an exile, a qivittog. [295-96]
• Sailing is the movement that comes closest to standing still. To feel that you are actually moving requires landmarks, it requires fixed points on the horizon. [296]
• I once heard Moritz say that you could live a long healthy life on heroin. If you could afford it. The stuff itself has an almost preservative effect. What puts junkies in their graves are the cold stairways and liver infections and the contaminated additives and AIDS and the exhausting business of getting money. [...] Heroin is suicide. I don’t think it’s any better because you drag it out over twenty-five years; no matter what, it’s a form of contempt for your own life. [302]
• When you’re part of an isolated group of people—whether in a boarding school, on the polar ice cap, or on a ship—your individuality dissolves and is partially replaced by a sense of unity. [319]
• The engine is a distillation of civilization. Something that is both taken for granted and incomprehensible. Even if I had to, I wouldn’t know how to stop it. In a certain sense, maybe it can’t be stopped. [323]
• You have to respect the dark. Night is the time when space simmers with evil and peril. You can call it superstition. You can call it fear of the dark. But it’s ridiculous to pretend that the night is just like the day, simply without light. [379]
• If you consider all the unpleasantness you encounter when you’re alive, it seems improbable that it would all come to an end simply because you’re dead. [409]
• Love arises when you have a surplus; it disappears when you’re reduced to the basic instincts: hunger, sleep, the need for security. [420]
• The past is a luxury we can no longer afford. [426]

Relationship to self / Solitude:
• I feel the same way about solitude as some people feel about the blessing of the church. It’s the light of grace for me. I never close my door behind me without the awareness that I am carrying out an act of mercy towards myself. [11]
• What delights me about this story is that everyone involved, the guests and the owner, accept it as perfectly natural to carry out an infinite number of operations so that one guest can have peace and quiet in a room of his own. That is a great tribute to solitude. [11]
• Then comes peace. That’s when I put on a record. Then I sit down and cry. [...] I cry because in the universe there is something as beautiful as Kremer playing the Brahms violin concerto. [56]
• I feel the same way about my spatial freedom as I’ve noticed men feel about their testicles. I cradle it like a baby, and worship it like a goddess. [103]
• I enjoy the sea and the ice without continually feeling cheated out of Creation. [121]
• I usually tell myself that I’ve lost my cultural identity for good. And after I’ve said this enough times, I wake up one morning, like today, with a solid sense of identity. Smilla Jaspersen—pampered Greenlander. [135]
• And I—who am I? Am I the scientist, the observer? Am I the one who has been given the chance to get a glimpse of life from the outside? From a point of view made up of equal parts loneliness and objectivity? Or am I only pathetic? [234]
• When you have only a few cubic yards to yourself and your innermost feelings, that private space must be subjected to the severest discipline if it is to withstand the dissolution, destruction, and pressure to yield coming from all sides. [277]
• If you're homeless, you're always looking for connections, similarities, little smells and colors and sensations that remind you of a place where you felt at home, where you once felt settled. [310]
• The bad thing about death is not that it changes the future. It's that it leaves us alone with our memories. [311]
• I tell myself that it's the loneliness that's getting to me. I grew up in a community. If I've desired and sought out brief periods of solitude and introspection, it has always been in order to return to the social group as a stronger person. But I haven't been able to find that group. [...] I'm still searching; I haven't given up. But I don't seem to be making any progress. Now life on this ship has turned into a travesty of my existence in the modern world. I'm no hero. I had affection for a child. [371]
• As a child I sometimes dreamed that everybody was dead and had left me behind with the euphoric freedom of choice in an abandoned adult world. [374]
• I'm 37 years old. Fifty years ago, that was a full lifetime in Thule. But I've never grown up. I've never gotten used to walking alone. Somewhere deep inside I'm still hoping that someone will come up behind me and box my ear. My mother. Moritz. Some outside force. [446]

Connection with Isaiah:
• All along I must have had a comprehensive pact with Isaiah not to leave him in the lurch, never, not even now. [5]
• But the boy on the stairs looks right through me with a gaze that cuts straight through to what he and I have in common. [14]
• I see that he is alone. The way someone in exile will always be. And I see that he is not afraid of solitude. [14]
• It's the morning of Christmas Eve. [...] I've been gradually withdrawing from the world. [...] Because I have allowed myself to be cowed by Ravn. Because I am failing Isaiah. [108]
• I think about what has happened to me since Isaiah's death. I see Denmark before me like a spit of ice. It's drifting, but it holds us frozen solid in the ice floes, in a fixed position in relation to everyone else. Isaiah's death is an irregularity, an eruption that produced a fissure. That fissure has set me free. For a brief time, and I can't explain how, I have been set in motion, I have become a foreign body skating on top of ice. [...] From this angle a new Denmark comes into view. A Denmark that consists of those who have partially wrested themselves free of ice. [233-34]
• To find out what your purpose is. Maybe that's what Isaiah has given me. The way every child can. A sense of meaning. Of a wheel turning through me, and through him, too—a vast and frail and yet necessary movement. That is what has been violated. Isaiah’s body in the snow is a violation. While he was alive, he brought purpose and meaning. And as always, I didn’t appreciate how important he was until he was gone. [341]
• Out on the platform I suddenly know that he was up on the roof with Isaiah. That he saw him jump. This certainty comes to me like a vision, still without details, but absolutely unshakable. At that moment, across time and space, I share Isaiah’s terror; at that moment I’m up on the roof, too. [406]
• There is ice under my feet. I’m on my way across the ice toward him, just as Isaiah was heading away from him. It’s as if I am Isaiah. But on his way back now. To do something differently. To see whether there might be an alternative. [466]

Perception / Relationship with father:
• So my father is a man who possesses everything he can get his hands on. [...] Even the beta-blockers, which he’s been taking for the past ten years to steady his hands, are largely without side effects. [31]
• Seen from a distance, we are a father and daughter with a plethora of wealth and vitality. On closer examination, we are simply a banal tragedy spread over two generations. [31]
• At the door he hands me a check. He knows that this pipeline is his connection to my life. Even this he is afraid of losing. [40]
• He had brought me to Denmark because I was the only thing that could remind him of what he had lost. [...] I was in that memory. With great difficulty he had brought me here, and over the years he had withstood an endless number of rejections in a desert of hostility so that he could look at me and find some momentary respite observing the traits I had in common with the woman who was my mother. [111]
• That was the last time I tried to run away. I won't say that I forgave him. I always disapprove of adults who are unable to deal with the pressure of love and take it out on little children. [111]
He is my father, who still loves my mother and maybe me as well, and is now sick with anxiety he can’t control. [240]

For as long as I can remember, I have been trying to escape this house, this country. Each time, life has used him as its unresisting instrument to call me back. At this moment it becomes more obvious than it has been since I was a child that freedom of choice is an illusion, that life leads us through a series of bitter, involuntarily comical, and repetitive confrontations with the problems that we haven’t resolved. [255]

Because [my father] wanted to transform everything Greenlandic into something that would make it European and familiar, and because I apparently had smiled at him—I apparently had smiled at him—the boundless trust of an infant. [300]

Perception / Relationship with mother:
- It was different with my mother. She laughed and gave birth to her children and gossiped about her friends and cleaned skins like a woman. But she shot and paddled a kayak and dragged meat home like a man. [33]
- Even now, when I think of her, she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. [35]
- But at moments of great intimacy, she lets me drink from the milk that is always there, beneath her skin, just as her blood is. [...] There I drink immuk, my mother’s milk. [35]
- She got whatever she asked for. By wrapping her guest in a web of fierce, mutually obligating courtesy. This made her ashamed of her, and it made me love her. It was her response to European culture. She opened herself to it with a courtesy full of pallid premeditation. [76]
- I think about my mother. Whatever is thrown into the Arctic Ocean never comes up again. [391]

Relationship with the mechanic:
- “I’m sorry if I give you the impression that it’s only my mouth that’s rough. I do my best to be rough all over.” [95]
- We probably all have an image of ourselves. I’ve always thought of myself as Ms. Fierce with the big mouth. Now I don’t know what to say. I feel as if he has betrayed me. Not listened the way he should have. [...] Fortunately, the moment has passed. [115-16]
- I’m honest enough to admit that there’s a certain pleasure in standing next to him this way. I have to stop myself from prolonging the conversation solely for that reason. [133]
- We could have been young lovers. Instead of a dyslexic stutterer and a bitter shrew who tell each other half-truths and are walking together along some dubious path. [136]
- As a rule I swim against the current. But on certain mornings, like today, I have enough surplus energy to surrender. Now, as I’m walking along beside the mechanic, I am strangely, inexplicably happy. [137]
- Our faces are now at the same level. [...] Then I kiss him. I don’t know how much time passes. [...] I could stay, but I don’t. It’s not because of him or me. It’s out of respect for what has taken hold of me, for what hasn’t been there for years, for what I don’t think I recognize anymore, for what is foreign to me. [167]
- There in bed, happiness comes over me. Not like something that belongs to me, but like a wheel of fire rolling through the room and the world. [...] The next moment I want to hang on. I want it to continue. He has to lie beside me tomorrow, too. This is my chance. My only, my last chance. [186-87]
- That’s why I’m scared. [...] It’s the fear that what has been given to me won’t last. It’s the sound of all the unhappy love stories I’ve never wanted to listen to. Now it sounds as if they’re all contained within me. [188]
- Falling in love has been greatly overrated. Falling in love consists of 45% fear of not being accepted and 45% manic hope that this time the fear will be put to shame, and a modest 10% frail awareness of the possibility of love. [...] I still remember him from the time before I really noticed him. I see his solitude, remember his stutter, his embraces, and the awareness of the enormous core of his personality. When these images start to radiate too much longing, I cut them off. At least I try to. [...] Falling in love is a form of madness. [331]
- When I recognize him, I realize that I’ll have to return to the Kronos. Not because it suddenly doesn’t matter whether I live or die, but because the problem has been taken out of my hands. It no longer has to do with Isaiah alone. Or with me. Or with the mechanic. Or even with what there is between us. It’s something much bigger. Maybe it’s love. [375]
- What truly frightens me is my secret need to cling to him. [...] Somehow I think that I don’t know him, that I’ve never made love to him. On the other hand, there’s a coldly dignified consistency in his lack of regret. As soon as the opportunity presents itself, I’m going to kick him out of my life. [419]
- First it got dirty, then the fur fell out. It got holes in it and the stuffing came out; otherwise it was hollow inside. You’re like that teddy bear, Fojl. [423]
Relationship between Smilla’s mother and father:

- You might have some clue to the white-hot energy between him and my mother if you consider the fact that he stayed there four years. [38]
- Deep within every blind, absolute love grows a hatred towards the beloved, who now holds the only existing key to happiness. [38]
- Moritz with his golf clubs and beard stubble and syringes oscillated between the two extremes of his love: either a total merging or putting the entire North Atlantic between him and his beloved. [39]
- When my mother disappeared, she must have taken part of Moritz with her. Or even worse: part of his physical world must have drowned along with her. [111]
- Somewhere inside Moritz there is a landscape she will never reach. The home of his feelings for my mother. [248]

Relationship to mathematical order:

- **Concept of infinity as metaphor for solitude:** “What delights me about this story is that everyone involved, the guests and the owner, accept it as perfectly natural to carry out an infinite number of operations so that one guest can have peace and quiet in a room of his own. That is a great tribute to solitude.”
- **Euclid’s Elements revered as seminal work:** “Then there is the feeling that always comes over me at the mere thought of that book: veneration. The knowledge that it is the foundation, the boundary. That if you work your way backwards, past Lobachevsky and Newton and as far back as you can go, you end up at Euclid.” [15]
- **Fermat’s vanished proof:** “Fermat wrote in the margin: ‘I’ve discovered a truly wonderful proof for this argument. Unfortunately, this margin is too narrow to contain it.” [27]
- **Newton’s bucket demonstration and Absolute Space:** My only spiritual brother is Newton. I was moved when [...] he tips a bucket full of water and uses the tilted surface of the water to argue that there is Absolute Space inside and surrounding the rotating earth [...] Absolute Space—that which stands still, that which we can cling to. [44]
- **Bertrand Russell and cooking:** “Bertrand Russell wrote that pure mathematics is the field in which we don’t know what we’re talking about or to what extent what we say is true or false. That’s the way I feel about cooking.” [53]
- **The number system and human life:** “[T]he number system is like human life.
  - First you have the natural numbers. The ones that are whole and positive. The numbers of a small child. But human consciousness expands.
  - The child discovers a sense of longing. The negative numbers. The formalization of the feeling that you are missing something.
  - And human consciousness expands and grows even more, and the child discovers the in-between spaces. Between stones, between pieces of moss on the stones, between people. And between numbers. [...] It leads to fractions.
  - And human consciousness [...] wants to go beyond reason. It adds an operation as the extraction of roots. And produces irrational numbers. It’s a form of madness. Because the irrational numbers are infinite. They can’t be written down.
  - It doesn’t stop. It never stops. Because now, on the spot, we expand the real numbers with imaginary square roots of negative numbers. These are numbers we can’t picture, numbers than normal human consciousness cannot comprehend. And when we add the imaginary numbers to the real numbers, we have the complex number system. [111]
- **Geometry in consciousness:** “Geometry exists as an innate phenomenon in our consciousness. In the external world a perfectly formed snow crystal would never exist. But in our consciousness lies the glittering and flawless knowledge of perfect ice. If you have strength left, you can look further, beyond geometry, deep into the tunnels of light and darkness that exist within each of us, stretching back towards infinity. [301]

Descriptions of Cold / Ice / Snow / Winter

**Cold**

- The universe is pulling a comforter over him, so that he will never be cold again [4]
- The cold—not what is measured on a thermometer, but what you can actually feel [6]
- Those who have traveled enough in places where it’s very cold will sooner or later find themselves in a situation where survival means staying awake. Death is built into sleep. [340]
I never believed that people could be truly cold. Strained perhaps, but not cold. The essence of life is warmth. Even hatred is warm when unleashed on its natural target. Now I realize that I’ve been mistaken. A cold, overwhelming current of energy, physically real, emanates from this man next to me. [405]

Ice / Snow

- like the veins of a tree through which the liquid slowly seeps; [...] it’s one reason for believing that ice and life are related in many ways [7]
- as if the snow were a window through which he has caught sight of something deep inside the earth [7]
- As if it has always been the snow, [...] which has created the light on this winter day, and which still shines with a diffuse glitter like brilliant little gray beads. [9]
- As if it were breathing, as if it condenses and rises and sinks and disintegrates. [9]
- The snow makes everything look like a village. [68]
- Elsa Lubing: Snow is the symbol of inconstancy. As in the book of Job. [72]
- I think about what has happened to me since Isaiah’s death. I see Denmark before me like a spit of ice. It’s drifting, but it holds us frozen solid in the ice floes, in a fixed position in relation to everyone else. Isaiah’s death is an irregularity, an eruption that produced a fissure. That fissure has set me free. For a brief time, and I can’t explain how, I have been set in motion, I have become a foreign body skating on top of ice. [...] From this angle a new Denmark comes into view. A Denmark that consists of those who have partially wrested themselves free of ice. [233-34]
- In the channel the grease ice is held together with a thin, dark, disintegrating crust of ice, what’s called ‘rotten ice,’ dissolving and crumbling from below. [234]
- It was created in beauty. [...] The water grows viscous and tinged with pink, like a liqueur of wild berries. A blue fog of frost smoke detaches itself from the surface of the water and drifts across the mirror. Then the water solidifies. Up out of the dark sea the cold now pulls a rose garden, a while blanket of ice blossoms formed from salt and frozen drops of water. [416]
- It doesn’t make sense to try to conquer the ice—there too much resistance in it. [...] Yet they still want to conquer the ice. [...] You can try to live with the ice. You can’t fight it or change it or replace it. [417]
- In some ways ice is so transparent. It carries its history on its surface. [418]

Winter

- I thought that it was a distorted picture created by people who had no understanding of winter. [...] My mother, along with many others, preferred winter. Because of the hunting on new ice, because of the deep sleep, because of the handicrafts, but most of all because of the visiting. Winter was a time for community, not for the end of the world. [276]

Greenland vs. Dane / European Mode

- In the early sixties the Christian mission in Greenland still had some of the quivering rigor of imperialism. [68]
- Is this a portrait of Denmark’s relationship to its former colony? Disillusionment, resignation, and retreat? While retaining the last administrative grip: control of foreign policy, mineral rights, and military interests? [81]
- Not one day of my adult life has passed that I haven’t been amazed at how poorly Danes and Greenlanders understand each other. It’s worse for Greenlanders, of course. It’s not healthy for the tightrope walker to be misunderstood by the person who’s holding the rope. And in this century the Inuit’s life has been a tightrope dance on a cord fastened on one end to the world’s least hospitable land with the world’s most severe and fluctuating climate, and fastened on the other end to the Danish colonial administration. [89]
- I feel like telling him why I feel a connection to the Inuits. That it’s because of their ability to know, without a shadow of a doubt, that life is meaningful. Because of the way, in their consciousness, they can live with the tension between irreconcilable contradictions, without sinking into despair and without looking for a simplified solution. Because of their short path to ecstasy. Because they can meet a fellow human being and see him for what he is, without judging, their clarity not weakened by prejudice. [193]
- The problem with trying to hate the colonization of Greenland with a pure hatred is that, no matter what you may detest about it, the colonization irrefutably improved the material needs of an existence that was one of the most difficult in the world. [313]
- Technological change has not destroyed the peoples of the Arctic Ocean. Believing that would be to think too highly of culture. It has simply acted as a catalyst, a cosmic model for the potential—which lies in every culture and every human being—to center life around that particularly Western mixture of greed and naivete. [...] What they want to coerce is the Other, the vastness, that which surrounds human beings. The sea, the earth, the ice. [361]
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Greenland</th>
<th>Dane / European</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Temperament</td>
<td>• They say that people drink a lot in Greenland. That is a totally absurd</td>
<td>• I’ve always been fascinated by the melancholy shamelessness with which Danes</td>
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<td>understatement. [24]</td>
<td>accept the enormous gap between their common sense and their actions. [224]</td>
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<td>• Compassion is not a virtue in the Arctic. It amounts to a kind of</td>
<td>• To understand the humiliating, exhausting, monotonous emotional dramas with</td>
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<td>insensitivity: a lack of feeling for the animals, the environment, and</td>
<td>which European children and parents are bound together in mutual hatred and</td>
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<td>the nature of necessity. [35]</td>
<td>dependence. [247]</td>
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<td>• People don’t like saying “I’m sorry” in Greenlandic. [271]</td>
<td>• Danes are such pigs: they keep dogs in their houses. [13]</td>
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<td>• Just like everyone born in North Greenland, any suggestion of being</td>
<td>• He’s a little piece of what’s good about Denmark. Honesty, integrity,</td>
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<td>cooped up was intolerable. [38]</td>
<td>enterprise, obedience, crew cuts, and financial order [340]</td>
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<td>• There are people in Greenland who have a way with dogs. [78]</td>
<td>• That’s the European method. Hoping to work your way out of the problems</td>
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<td>• You can’t grow up in Greenland without being familiar with abuse. [301]</td>
<td>through action. [107]</td>
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<td>• Europeans need easy explanations; they will always choose a simple lie over a</td>
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<td>Approach</td>
<td>• I take the Greenlandic way. It consists of submerging yourself in the</td>
<td>contradictory truth. [342]</td>
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<td>dark mood. Putting your defeat under a microscope and dwelling on the</td>
<td>• Danish joy in luxury [76]</td>
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<td>sight. [107]</td>
<td>• All money in Greenland is attached to the Danish language and culture. [166]</td>
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<td>• We would never dream of being regulated by [wristwatches]. [...] In</td>
<td>• There’s nothing under the sun as grotesque as cold European courtesy manifested</td>
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<td>Qaanaaq we are guided by the weather. We are guided by animals. By love.</td>
<td>in the third and fourth worlds. [273]</td>
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<td>And death. Not by a piece of mechanized tin. [282]</td>
<td>• I don’t like being watched. [...] The whole rotten monstrosity of government</td>
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<td>• For many Greenlanders, the most difficult thing about Denmark is the</td>
<td>controls and demands that fall on your head when you come to Denmark. [313]</td>
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<td>paperwork. [26]</td>
<td>• The European measurement of distance is quite different. It’s a concept for</td>
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<td>• The Greenlandic hell is not the European rocky landscape with pools of</td>
<td>reshapers, for those whose primary view of the world is that it must be</td>
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<td>sulfur. The Greenlandic hell is the locked room. [103]</td>
<td>transformed. [317]</td>
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<td>• Growing up in Greenland has ruined my relationship to wealth for good.</td>
<td>• Wants to be taken seriously. Wants to exert his authority. The way Denmark</td>
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<td>I see that it exists. But I could never strive for it. Or seriously</td>
<td>does. [...] But all around him are powerful forces: money, development, abuse,</td>
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<td>respect it. [166]</td>
<td>the collision of new world with the old. [340]</td>
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<tr>
<td>Social Order</td>
<td>• They discovered that the Greenlanders, whom they regarded as a</td>
<td>• Denmark’s entire population is middle-class. The truly poor and the truly</td>
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<td></td>
<td>transitional form of ape, had the largest skulls in the world. [17-18]</td>
<td>rich are so few as to be almost exotic. [30]</td>
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<td>• I have been fortunate enough to know quite a few of the poor, since</td>
<td>• 120,000 kroner. The annual net salary for one of us ordinary Danes. Five</td>
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<tr>
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<td>many of them are Greenlanders. [30]</td>
<td>times the annual salary of one of us ordinary Inuits. [225]</td>
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<td></td>
<td>• People live so close together in Northern Greenland. Sleeping many to a</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>room. [...] The community is so small. [233]</td>
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