Julianehab, Greenland

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In 1953 under the Concentration Policy, the Danish Government moved a large number of Inuit villagers into Julianehåb.

At the entrance of Julianehåb harbor, icebergs slowly rub their enormous bellies against each other, chafing pieces of icerock into the ocean water.

As morning begins, dark-haired men load sheep destined for the slaughterhouse into orange long-boats. Uneasily, the sheep mull around, horns turned down, scraping at the bones of the hull.

Both old and young Inuit men stand in line at the cafeteria after work, waiting to buy Danish beer with government ration coupons.

The cafeteria becomes louder, bottles and tin cups clink and clank. Eskimos in cowboy boots and western jeans yell for more booze, stagger around, go outside to piss. Steam rises from the dirt, clouds Julianehåb in yellow mist. Through drunken denseness, a rifle shot sounds as the rest of the sheep wait.