

Untold Stories from Fieldwork

Edited by Peter Berliner



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qutissila meeqariput. Maah-



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Prologue

Gitte Adler Reimer and Peter Berliner

Ilisimatusarfik means an institution to promote wisdom.¹ The campus, Ilimmarfik, means “the place from where the shaman, the angakkoq, departs on his spiritual journeys.”² It is the place, where you continuously strive to develop and build knowledge.

Wisdom springs from an openness to learning, to understanding, and to develop ideas, visions, and values together in an open-ended shared learning. Ilisimatusarfik is a university of high standards. It is the University of Greenland.

The overall goals of research at Ilisimatusarfik are:

- Research must benefit the society and local communities of Greenland
- Research must support the universal Human Rights and the Rights of Indigenous Peoples

The vision of Ilisimatusarfik is to ensure, improve, and develop knowledge and welfare, culture, and democracy, and to further Human Rights in Greenland.

The vision is also a dynamic participation in and contribution to sustainable global development, including a special responsibility to protect the Rights of Indigenous Peoples.

In both content, methodology, and practical implementation, the aim of all the research is to respect and promote Human Rights.

These visions, values, and ethical standards must be present and visible in all the encounters between researchers and the people, the environment, and the culture. They must be present in the formal encounters, as well as in the informal encounters after the notepad has been closed for the day, the recording has stopped, or the observations are done. Respectful, caring, and responsible relations and connectivity inform all our acts and performances, dialogues, and encounters.

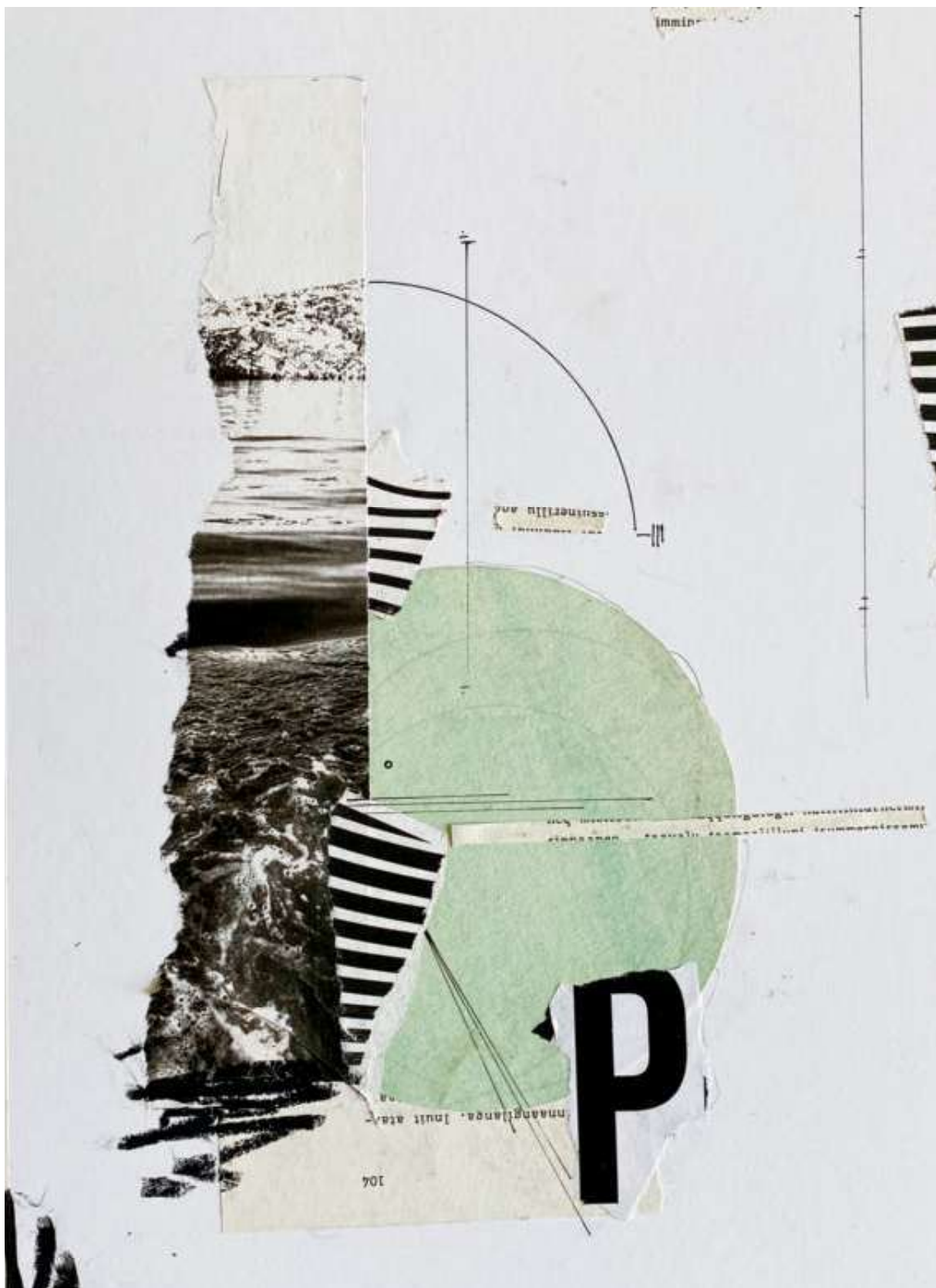
In this short book, we find stories about encounters that gave knowledge and insights, often surprising and unforeseen. The stories are an appreciation of the people, the places, and the sudden moment that generously gave us a hint of how social and environmental wisdom can present itself to us in many forms.

Ilisimatusarfik is happy to publish this collection of untold stories as these stories offer a tribute to the people of Greenland by telling about the social strengths of caring, of connectivity, and empathy that expand the realm of research, as well as about the knowledge we hold and build together in unique and beautiful moments of human touch.

1. Per Langgaard (2002). "Greenland and the University of Greenland." In: Nord, D.C. & Weller, G.R. (eds.), *Higher Education Across the Circumpolar North: A Circle of Learning*. Palgrave Macmillan, London.

2. Finn Lynge (2014). "Colonial times..." In: Poppel, B. & Csonka Y. (eds.), *Arctic Social Sciences: Prospects for the International Polar Year 2007-2008 Era and Beyond*. Topics in Arctic Social Sciences, volume 6., Ilisimatusarfik, Nuuk.





Introduction

Peter Berliner and María Elena de Casas Soberón

To work in the field is to let something emerge, to spring from the soil and from the soul – whether that is a dialogue, a touch, or a reflection. It is to be in contact, to stay connected to people. It is to learn from the experience of others throughout our stay together.

In every moment we are met with hundreds of sensations and react with emotions, astonishment by the unforeseen, perceptions of beauty, of justice, of despair, entanglements, and singularities. We can only register a small percentage of the bounty of impressions, messages, knowledge, and sensations which we are invited to take part in by the people we meet in the field. Some of the pieces of information will find its ways into our reports and research papers – yet the vast majority will not. Nevertheless, they are still alive as memories. They show us that our fields create multitudes of singularities, of unique moments, of turning points, and of human touches far bigger, wilder, softer, and stronger than our research binocular can encompass.

In this perspective, a consideration is whether these untold stories should remain untold, as they are embodied experience – feelings, images, and sensations. Can they retain some of their mystery when they are transformed into narratives, captured by words, logically formalized, and symbolized? Will their puzzling amazement and astonishing endurance vanish in the process of telling? Will the written words – the lettering – make the sensed turn into petrified bones without viability? We do not think so. We think that these stories tell about the lived encounter with people, localities, and moments. We want to share the silent beauty of what moved us deeply in the coexistence with people. We believe that there is a profound, shared awareness in these stories. These vivid stories offer us a collective apprehension that transforms all of us together. They are moments of involvement that break the dominant narratives about otherness and offer a lived resourcefulness of participation and connectivity. These untold stories should be released as they break all the stigmas and classifications that have restrained wisdom and have dominated through a bombardment of research that positions people as objects of study rather than fellow human beings.

The stories in this book should be read as kind and good-hearted narratives that make people feel good and show our respect to the many amazing people we have met in the Arctic. Even though the narratives may touch upon hard issues, as well as joyful moments they are all a tribute to the people of the Arctic, especially Indigenous Peoples.





II. Encounter of the Morning

Peter Berliner

Winter has turned to summer, the ice on the ocean has melted or floated away. The inlet is grey. The sky is overcast and grey. My trainers are grey, and my face is pale with watery eyes. My soul is grey and hollow. I put on my running gear and open the door of my hotel room. It opens into a small entrance with a window with morning-cold blow flies and blue bottle flies climbing dozy up the grey glass. Their relation to death, decaying bodies, and feces makes them spooky. They are imposing themselves on us with their gloomy and noisy song of death.

Once I dried codfish in the late summer sun. But it was too early, the summer had not passed yet and the blow flies found it swaying in the light wind. And they put their eggs into it. I felt ashamed for treating the codfish in such a disrespectful manner.

Also, the dance flies live in the North. They form big swarms of males, and the females fly into the swarm and chooses a male to mate with. Often, not always, but sometimes, the male attracts the female by giving her a gift – namely, a dead fly. Even in mating, death is involved. It may offer an exception to Szymborska's beautiful poem about that often death is too slow, many a caterpillar has outcrawled it, she writes. But here death is ahead as it is part of the seduction and mating. It just shows that even death is more complex than perceived.

It is told that once there was a skeleton buried in a cave to the west of here. People there knew that the skeleton moved around, maybe depending on the weather and the direction of the wind, if it rained or snowed or the sun shone. Nobody disturbed the skeleton. Why would you disturb the skeleton and constrict its movements? But one day some travelers from afar took the skeleton from where it rested on that day. They took it with them to a country far from here.

The flies are crawling on the window. I open the front door and step out into the morning. The misty air fills my lungs. I start to run up a small street that will take me to the mountains. It is steep and after a short while I stop to breathe. Then I see

him coming toward me down the street, staggering and wobbling, swaying from side to side in his drunkenness. It looks like he is performing a non-rhythmic dance, a non-linear choreography, an impeccable equilibrist performing a perpetual balance without a center through surprising movements that make him and the misty, grey air, the rocks, the still asleep houses, and the potholed, wet tarmac a seamless and inseparable fullness.

I stop and stare at him. My mind overflows with visions of troubles, of drunkenness that turns into boring and disgraceful fighting and shouting, of endless listening to drunken and hoarse confessions and inconsistent confidentialities, rivers of tears, falling, disrupting the swaying dance with the misty air, falling into death from the tightrope and being carried away, another object for the eggs of the blow flies.

I clench my fists, ready for the worst, but in the same moment I realize that he is too drunk to fight. Or maybe not, you never know.

Then he is in front of me. He stops very close to me. He looks into my eyes; I see his dark eyes staring at me. They are surprisingly clear and attentive. He tries to say something, but the words get stuck, they will not out. He shakes his head. Then he offers his hand to me. I take it and we stand there in a handshake. Then he releases his hand and sways a bit, still very close to me. Then unexpectedly, he puts his arms around me and rests his head on my shoulder. I put my arms around him and sense how his body relaxes. For a long time, we stand there. I do not have any idea of how long, five minutes, twenty minutes, a day, a year. I am sure that he sleeps, then suddenly he wakes up and step backwards. Without a word he resumes his strange ballet down the wet street, through the misty air of the morning.

I stand there for a long time, watching his abrupt dance at the break of dawn.

The greyness of the morning has vanished.

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III. Awakenings

Peter Berliner

It is already nine o'clock in the morning. It is foggy, but you can sense the sun high above us as the fog seems whiter when you look up into it. I am in an office, which I share with two other guys. One of them is a family man in his mid-thirties, a computer expert, staring into the depth of the computer screen for hours on end as the young men of the Aztecs devoted their lives to the sun and stared into it until they became blind. But here is no sun to stare at, only the white haze above us. The abyss is above us. But besides from making music on the computer keys from dawn to dusk, he is also the founder and lead guitarist of a local rock band. He is a Rockstar, caught between the white light of the computer and the white light from the sky above us. Until Friday comes. Then he makes the guitar talk and joins in with his own rusty voice, singing old rock songs in the community house or in the sports hall. A local hero, an artist walking the wet streets of summer in this remote town that is half asleep on a yellow plain, next to the grey sea. A poet, with no need of fame, singing his tarnished songs on long Friday nights when the young people dance and the older drink beer from white plastic cups and talk about days gone by.

The other guy is a good friend. An enthusiast, a sage, a visionary, a builder of hope. He works with ideas, to create them and to leave them, except for the very few ones that will materialize themselves through his work and change the life of people to the better. He is a speaker, a journalist, a broadcaster, a voice that spreads the news through the radio in the many blue, red, and yellow wooden houses of the town. There, his voice multiplies itself, sounds in hundreds of living rooms, kitchens, factories, even bedrooms at the very same time. You hear his voice in your right ear and when you walk away suddenly it pops up in your left ear. It tells the news, it spreads ideas, it opens a world of joy, kindness, caring, and laughter.

But today there is silence. He should have been here at eight o'clock, but his chair is vacant, desolate, sad as the emptiness of an absence of a person, who has left us to go on a long journey, never to return. It is a sad and empty feeling. The Rock-

star stares into the computer and sips his coffee. Outside the windows the fog gets whiter. Inside the office the boss walks in and asks for my friend. "I saw him just a little while ago," I say, "but I don't know where he is right now." Who am I to measure time? The boss walks out.

I must do something to help my friend from getting into trouble. So, I stand up, put on my jacket, and hurry out of the office, out of the building and into the fog. From a distance I can see his yellow house blurred by the mist. It is a short walk, then I am at the house, knocking on the front door.

The house seems to be asleep, no sounds from the interior. The front door is locked. I knock again. Silence. Then I walk around the house. Through a window I can see my friend asleep on a mattress on the floor. I knock on the window, but he does not wake up. I get more hectic now, maybe something is wrong, maybe he is ill.

Then I see that a little square window high on the wall is a bit open. I can reach it and am able to open it a bit more. Then I lift myself up and manage to get the upper part of my body halfway through the window. Then I get stuck. It hurts my chest, but still, I can shout his name with a creepy, hissing voice. It sounds strange, rather eerie, in the stagnant bedroom air. Then I can hear his drowsy voice.

"Hi," I moan, "you're late for work and the boss is looking for you! Better hurry up. I'm here to get you out of troubles!" "No, no," he responds half asleep, "today is my day off." Then he turns around and a healthy deep snoring fills the room like a soft and meditative music.





IV. Coming Through the Fells

Peter Berliner

Once in a late afternoon, we went hiking through fells, the valleys, and the mountainsides with tarns. We were roving along, following almost forgotten pathways of those who went before us, or just making new pathways. At a high point, my two companions stopped to sit and talk. I continued as I wanted to be close to the sea. It must have been late summer as the sea was open without the floating ice belt, only huge icebergs were slowly drifting by.

I moved along, concerned about polar bears that may be heading for the town, driven by their empty stomach and dreams of an abundance of food.

I moved quickly across the rocks, crossing areas of sandstone, and jumping across wet bogs. Fear, or jouissance of risk-taking, made me feel like being one with the landscape, moving forward without feeling my body, but with a sensation of going at a very high speed. The ground disappeared rapidly beneath my feet as if being pulled away by itself. I felt being lifted forward as a wind sweeping across the landscape.

Then I stood by the end of the land, looking into the sea deep below me. The great blue swells beat against the rocks and withdraw again with a breathing sound. Breathe out, breathe in, exhale, inhale, exhale vigorously, breathe in deeply. Over and over and over and over and over and over, and over again.

I looked down and then around me, searching for a white moving spot approaching me. But I only saw the black and grey rocks, the sandstones, and the yellow grass waving with the soft wind.

Then, I moved again in the same way as before, like flying one foot above the ground, almost effortlessly following the contours of the land. Very quickly I approached the high point where my two companions sat.

The last fifty meters I had to climb up a fell side and I could suddenly feel my body again, the feet finding support on the steep hillside and my hands finding rocks to hold on to. I could feel my deep breathing again and the sweat running down my forehead.

Then I stood in front of them. They looked surprised. "But how, we just saw you deep down there and now you're here."

One of them smiled at me and said: "You move very quickly through the landscape."



V. Dinnertime

Peter Berliner

Some years ago, I gave a lecture on social entrepreneurship and sustainable development. During the preparation, a particular and enchanting experience kept coming to my mind. I tried to push it away, but it insisted and, little by little, climbed into my mind as a refugee climbing up a huge mooring rope in a dark harbor and hastily disappearing into the depths of the ship. The only difference between this metaphor and the imposing memory was that it did not disappear. On the contrary, it kept climbing up the mooring rope. It stayed there, tirelessly waiting to be detected by the ship's helmsman who would call for the brutal police of the hideous military dictatorship, which will come and drag him away to daft torture and a clandestine death in the cold hands of unkind people with frozen hearts. But nobody called the death squads and the memory kept hanging there on the mooring rope in between the dark water and the grey sky. Then, after finishing the preparation of my power point presentation, I wrote the following on the first slide:

This presentation builds on a story I have heard from Aaju – and I tell it as I understood it, which I hope is correct or at least adds something to the story instead of taken something away from it. It is a wondrous story of strength and beauty. It is a story of roaring waves and of courage and social responsibility.

This great story was told to me in the comfortable and warm dining room in a small wooden hotel, while the rain hit the windows and the wind hurriedly blew past us through the night on its way to those who live west of us. The story added in its own rights to the delicious dinner of boiling hot seal meat with horseradish purée and a tasty black sauce and freshly baked whole grain flutes – all beautifully composed and created by the young master chef in the diminutive kitchen, where a plate of steaming hot food every night was put outside the kitchen's backdoor so that the qivittut should not feel hungry in the cold of the night.

Thank you for the dinner that was offered to me so generously, and for the story that enchanted the evening. Both gave joy of living and opened new perspectives for the future.

And the story?

Do you really want to hear it?

Yes, indeed.

But was this story not a good story by itself?

No, it was a description rather than a story and whatsoever, I think that Aaju's story is part of this description.

That may be correct. Aaju told that he liked to go fishing. He liked to cook and eat fish, tasty dishes full of health and gratefulness. Steaming white fish meat. Fish soap. Salmon redder than the sunset. Dried fish full of late summer breezes. Smoked fish. Tasty fish. Beautiful fishes, full of the deep sea, rain on the sleeping ocean, and the monotonous rhythm of the ship's engine, beating like a calm heart.

He came from another town, up north. All his life he went hunting and fishing. Once he was out hunting the roaming reindeers and suddenly bad luck hits out of a blue sky. He lost half of a finger. He had to sail all the way back to the town where the doctor rinsed the wound in the surviving half of the finger. Then it was bandaged, and off Aaju went again following the call of the distant valleys and went with the wandering prey into the bluish mountains far from here, in a place that is only visitable in an awoken dream or in a magnificent narrative.

Another story that lives inside this story is that through time the abandoned half of the finger started to grow out there in the heather. First it transformed into a blossoming heather plant, then it became a buzzing mosquito in the light summer night, then a grey stone and the stone started to grow bigger and bigger (when nobody looked at it) and then, one day, it was a large mountain with little streams of water running down its sides in springtime. But Aaju did not sit there on the mountainside, singing. Aaju went sailing the high sea.

Something happened one day as he looked out the window of his yellow house. It was a grey, rainy day of the Arctic. Everything was united in a symphony of myriads of grey colors. Grey is beautiful. Grey is great. Grey is gloomy. Grey is stagnant, vegetative, timeless. Through all the greyish light and dripping rain, you could hear his voice as he was talking to himself: "It's cool to go fishing. It's sad that a lot of people are out of work. It's sad that people have nothing to do. It's sad that families fall apart because no money. It's sad that we eat a lot of junk food full of chemicals. It's sad that we produce a lot of trash. It's sad that we do not re-use old, but still

good things. It's sad that we do not have money, when the sea is full of fish."

In a sudden epiphany, he saw people in the old time like shadows passing in the rain, running across the street, seeking shelter in a doorway, disappearing into the grey. Then he saw them out on the sea, ice fishing the great shark of the deep sea, the sleeper shark that dreams away down in the dark depths while centuries slowly pass, the huge sleep-swimmer slowly dreaming at the bottom of the sea until this moment where it decides to be caught and dragged to the surface, suddenly waking up as it is pulled up onto the ice, a smell of torches, a sound of voices, and then the pain of leaving the quiet sea bottom and slowly die while the torches light up the night. The death of *eqalussuaq*, the enormous trout, blind, centuries old, now completely unmoving, deceased. But for the people the incident is a moment of food, of joy, of gratitude and of sharing the meat. Of life.

As the epiphany gradually dimmed, Aaju opened the window and shouted wholeheartedly to the empty, wet streets: "Let's go fishing. Let's create options for work. Let's work together to support this idea and do it! Let's create better income for the families. Let's produce good food in a sustainable and ecologically way. Let's re-use an old, but viable boat. Let's generate a little money, let's make a little income together!"

So, Aaju started looking for a good boat, a big vessel, a trawler. And he looked and he looked until he found a good, old trawler in a harbor in Peru. Aaju bought it and sailed through the Panama Canal and into the Atlantic Ocean. He sailed northwards, he waved to the Statue of Liberty, and to the huge harbor of Halifax, where immigrants came into Canada to join almost forgotten family members living in Kegaska or Tahsis.

He heads north. The high sea hits him with storms, the vessel is almost under water, but it resurrects again and again from the cold waves and reaches the frozen coast, where unemployed men are waiting, curved backs, hands in pocket, staring to the sea. The ship comes in, the men enter it, it leaves again, gone fishing, lands the fish in foreign harbors far from here, comes back, men leave it, sober, pocket full of money, wife and children welcoming, kisses, the sun is high on the sky, the moon is full, food on the table in the wooden houses, in the concrete flats, stomachs full, deep sleep with dreams of the open sea.

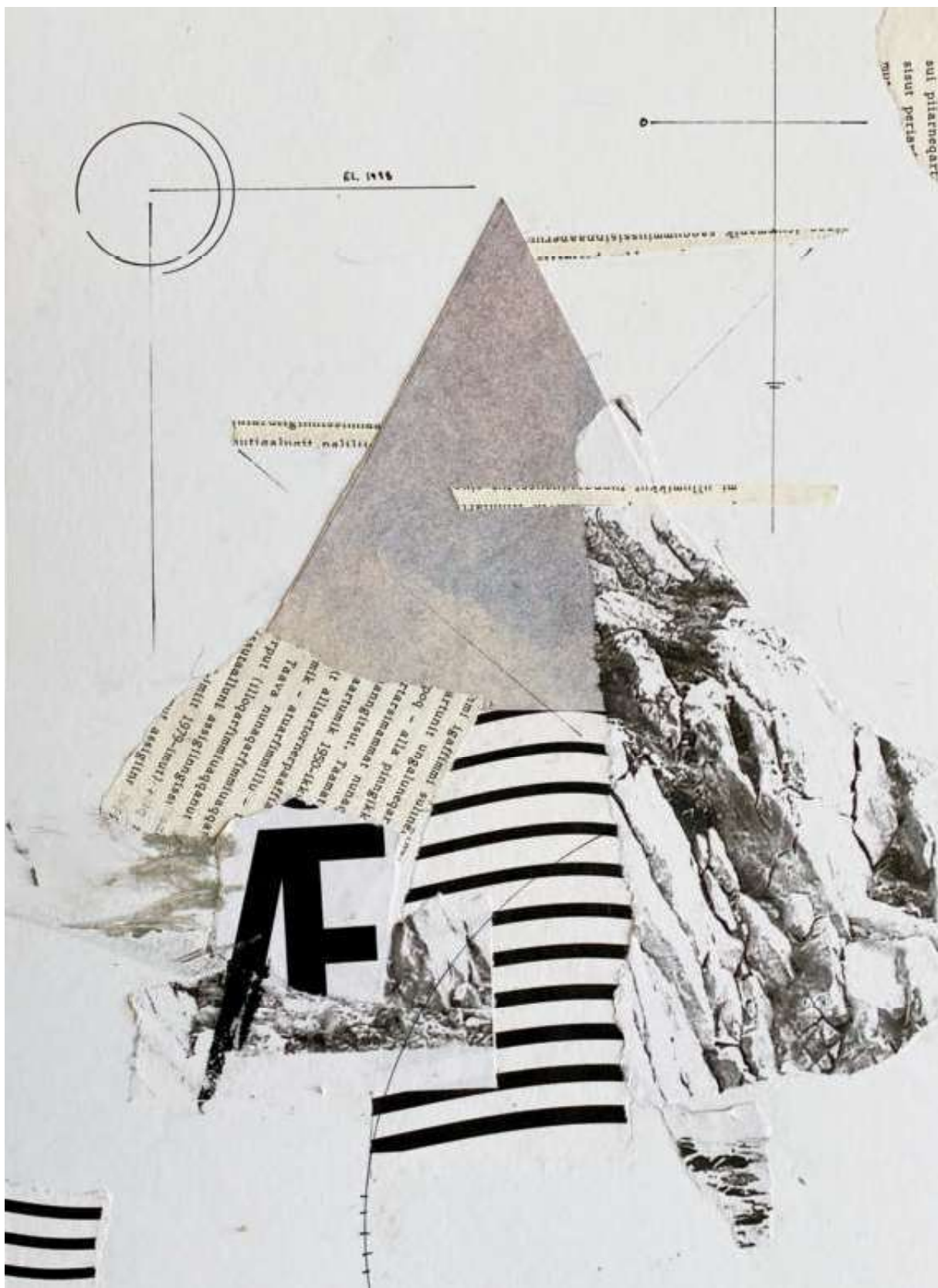
That was the story, a story of dreams of the high sea.

Outside the rain is still falling and the wind rustles by, round the corner of the house and further on, away from here and into the night on its way to the people who live to the west from us.

VI. After Midnight

Peter Berliner

We sailed all day into the fiord. At nightfall we reach the area for reindeer hunting. We sailed around until we found a good spot to drop the anchor. In a small arm of the fiord, we found the right place. When we were about to drop the anchor, we realized that another boat was there, without any lights. Then all at once we saw a man appearing on the boat. He looked as he just woke up from a deep sleep with beautiful dreams and moments of total oblivion. "Hi," we said, "we are looking for a place to drop the anchor for the night." He stared at us. Then he pointed into the darkness behind us. "There are many good spots over there, in that direction." We could easily have anchored a hundred meters from him, but we understood that he needed to be alone there. So, we sailed deeper into the darkness and found a nice, calm spot there, in between the black water of the fiord and the stars of the firmament above us.



Images

María Elena de Casas Soberón

My first time living in the Northern lands of our planet. When we experience something for the first time, it starts in the body. How to describe, in words, the sensations, the movements, the wind-driven snow?

Before landing I saw the land below us. That first impression will always live in my spirit.

The beauty entered through my sight, and I felt it move like a light in my gaze, as a daydream, a reverie right here in the lucidity of the day.

Still, every step we took takes away my breath.

It was a sensation of good luck – the good luck of being welcomed into a world unknown to me and to feel the openness of the land and the people, like huge arms of kindness embracing me.

I see all the lived experience as fixed impressions, drawings of light, as timeless details, a hunch, an amazement at the beauty of mystery. They are images, revealing themselves to me. They inspire me, they impact on me, they enlighten me.

In the book, *Einstein's Dreams* by Alan Lightman, there is a chapter that suggests we imagine a world without time. A world exclusively of imageries. That is the way my untold stories come to me:

The beauty of the sound of the propellers of a small red airplane travelling through the sky. From here, up in the air, the sight of the colorful houses, spread in the landscape, as signs of joy. The contrast between the deep, dark blue ocean and the immaculate white color of the snow.

The charcoal-grey immense rocks with spots of snow – magnificent abstract paintings.

A new body of sensations shaped by the cold.

The dreaming valley saturated by the deep blue of the late afternoon fading into nightfall.

The silence so concrete that you can touch it with your hands.
The visit of a desperate woman, her crystal tears, claiming for answers.
The openness of the heart of Suulut, a sample of the high spirit of the people.
The proud presence of an old fisherman, the dignity of his work.
The stories of pain, whispered to our hearts.
The astonishing buildings of the University, like a pod of whales
travelling through the sea.
The kind hand and laughter of Hanna, helping my steps across the frosty road.
The intense questions of the students, deepening our shared reflection.
The young man's weeping guitar and trembling voice, singing to his lost brother.
The silver fiord shining through the hope of Anna.
The strong and clear voices of adolescents, clamoring for their rights.
The walk up the steep mountain road after a day of dialogue.
The silence.



The people behind the book

Gitte Adler Reimer received her master's and PhD in Arctic Culture, Language, and Society from the University of Greenland. Since receiving her PhD, she has been deeply involved in anthropological and historical research in Greenland and is the Principal Investigator in Population Dynamics in Greenland since 2014. Her areas of specialization include cultural and social anthropology, cultural identity, kinship and gender in the urban Arctic, population dynamics in Greenlandic settlements, and anthropological methodology. She now serves as the University Rector at the University of Greenland.

Peter Berliner (pebe@uni.gl) was born in Tasiilaq 1955 in a green wooden house and welcomed into this world by the warm hands of the local midwife in the wee hours of a winter night. Through my life, I have learned from people recovering communities, cultures, and human dignity after organized violence and disasters - in various places around our world, including the vibrant and viable cultures of the Arctic. To build and share knowledge through dialogue and activism is the core of human learning as I understand it. Licensed Clinical Psychologist and accredited Specialist and Supervisor in Psychotherapy and Organizational Psychology. Professor of Arctic Community Psychology at Ilisimatusarfik - The University of Greenland. Head of the University of Greenland Centre for Child, Youth, and Family Research, of the UArctic Thematic Network on Children in the Arctic – Traditional Knowledge and Sustainable Development and co-founder of the UArctic Thematic Network: New Genre Art Education in the Arctic. I have done community-based interventions and rights-based fieldwork in disaster prevention, intervention and recovery, treatment of torture survivors, prevention of violence and peace promotion through psychosocial workshops, trainings, supervisions, community based baselines, and program evaluations in zones of conflicts and disaster, including in The Philippines, Honduras, Guatemala, India, Poland, The West Bank, Kosovo, Jordan, Russia, and Haiti - for institutions and international NGO's, amongst others the UN, Police Academies in Denmark and Norway, DANIDA (Denmark's Development Cooperation, The Ministry of Foreign Affairs), the International Federation of the Red Cross/ Red Crescent, and Save the Children, Denmark. Engaged in psychotherapy, community psychology-based interventions and prevention programs, education, and training of staff in Denmark, Greenland, Norway, Finland, the Dominican Republic, Honduras, Guatemala, UK, Mexico, and Russia. Founder of the University of Copenhagen Multi-ethnic Traumatic Stress Research Center in 2001 and co-founder of the Copenhagen Centre for Disaster Research in 2011. My research is primarily on methods of psychosocial programs as contributions to building social resilience and social sustainability.

Jette Rygaard (jery@uni.gl), PhD, Extended Master's Degree and Master of Art. Associate Professor Emerita at the Department of Language, Literature and Media. Ilisimatusarfik. Research areas include literature, literary theory, media studies, methodology, cultural studies, and visual anthropology. Co- Principal Investigator on the recently completed 5-year project, Rockwell Kent and Early 1930s Greenland, funded by The National Science Foundation.

María Elena de Casas Soberón, guest teacher at Ilisimatusarfik - University of Greenland, clinical and community psychologist, psychoanalyst, poet, and social activist in networks of NGO's in Mexico. Founder of the psychosocial workshops in the Siunissaq project and facilitating workshops for young people and university students in Nuuk, Tasiilaq, and Maniitsoq, using a practical and experiential psychosocial approach. Doing the workshops, Maria Elena builds on more than 30 years of doing community-based and group-based work in marginalized areas in Mexico. Teacher of Freudian and Lacanian psychoanalysis, transpersonal psychology, and cultural psychology. Specialist in gender equality and sexual education in a framework of Human Rights and social resilience. Founder of a Peace Education Program at Universidad Cuauhtémoc, campus Aguascalientes. This program encompasses several certification-giving psychosocial workshops for teachers, social workers, psychologists, medical doctors, lawyers, and members of the civil society. The program focusses on sexual education, peaceful conflict resolution, collective creativity, activism, creativity, resilience at work, social responsibility, rights for children, and right for women—all aiming at promoting a transformation to enhance Human Rights in educational, clinical, and community interventions. Supervisor and consultant to several NGOs and governmental institutions as well as activist groups.

Naja Carina Steenholdt holds a PhD in Arctic Studies from Ilisimatusarfik and Aalborg University. Her thesis "Subjective Well-being and Quality Life in Greenland" explores subjective well-being among Greenlanders based on 70 interviews across 13 locations in Greenland. Naja Carina graduated as MSc at Ilisimatusarfik in 2017 and has since the beginning of her early student days been interested in living conditions and quality of life in Greenland.

MarieKathrine Poppel, Ph.D. Emerita, Institute of Social Science, Economics and Journalism, Ilisimatusarfik, University of Greenland. MKP was Assistant Professor at Department of Social Work 2007-2021, and she was head of Department of Social Work 2012-2013. MKP's doctoral dissertation "Men's violence against women in intimate relations in Greenland" was defended October 2020. She was guest researcher at Institute of Criminology, University of Oslo, September-October 2008, and guest lecturer at University of Victoria, UVIC, Institute of Social Work. Victoria, BC, September 2010. MarieKathrine Poppel has published several articles and book chapters on gender equality and gender and violence. Most recently "Gender roles and contributions to the household in Greenland" (2020); "Are Women Taking over Power and Labor from Men? Gender Relations in Pre- and Post-colonial Greenland" (2015); "Changes in gender roles in Greenland and perceived contributions to the household" (2015); "Citizenship Practices" (2014). MKP is the editor of the book "Køn og Vold i Grønland" ("Gender and Violence in Greenland") (2005). MKP has been part of research teams on gender equality and domestic violence, and she participated in the Survey of Living Conditions in the Arctic, SLiCA, as a member of the Greenland research team, as national organizer of the regional

interview efforts, and as an author of articles based on SLiCA findings. MKP is participating as a co-researcher in the Canadian led (Université Laval) project “Arctic Economy and Social Transitions – The Wage Partnership”. She is member of the WAGE Executive Committee and the Training Commission.

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