

and indissoluble love. Nothing can replace this, not any industrial benefits. I once brought a plant back to Moscow from the rocky Chukchi land, thinking I was doing it a favour. I got fertilizer for the native soil around its roots, place it in the warm sun, and never forgot to water it. It grew beautifully for a while, as if admiring its new surroundings, and then died.

Smart management is needed in the Arctic, or else things can get pretty hot even with ice and snow all around. Those who for centuries have been out here have had the pleasure of tasting smoked venison (remarkably tasty, dietetic meat). Where is it? You can get it at any store in Sweden, though they have fewer deer there. Masses of sea cabbage can be found in the western sector of the Arctic near the numerous coastal islands, but we haul this product to the Far North from the Pacific Ocean. Hunters cannot find good winter abodes, for they are often used as firewood by geologists and drillers. Does that make sense? Piles of metal scrap and industrial waste plague the land (nobody answerable for wastefulness).

New horizons are opening before us in the development of the Arctic which promises a wealth of oil and gas in the coastal zone, and we are already directing our energy at possessing this wealth. Our advance on the shelf deposits, planned for the nearest future, will also take place from the islands. Proceeding from our first and pretty sad experience, I want to sound a warning immediately. Look at what happened to Kolguyev Is. where oil was recently extracted. Everything there cries out against thoughtless management. When will we learn to appreciate the polar regions for which many of our ancestors have given their lives? The islands are fragile natural formations, and each of them is an