

## **Near and Far: Gros Morne Artists in Residence September 2002**

### **Liz Parkinson and Brian Kelley**

#### **Journey to Woody Point**      September 1st Woody Point, Newfoundland

The sun is setting behind the mountains. Arrival, a nap, and a stroll around town followed by a pesto dinner and we're Residing . The Artist Residence is quite comfortable in a standard "house" kind of way--all the amenities but with the best light and view in a beige carpeted living room we'd never work in and a cool basement set up with tables for a studio. We immediately rearranged the living room artist-functional-style with the coffee table on milk crates to make a desk for the laptop by the window overlooking the harbour. This would be our clean work space. The basement we arranged to meet our needs and will be quite happy moving back and forth between the two for the month.

We headed out of Port Hope Wednesday on a straight run through the sunshine to the Eastern Townships of Quebec and Brian's old friend Yves Cousineau. Yves, a former National Ballet Dancer, Head of the Dance Department at York, Open Studio Board Member and now semi-retired antique dealer lives in Abercorn Quebec and has his Antique shop in nearby Sutton. A gracious and generous host we had a wonderful first evening chatting and laughing as the sun set outside his window over the old mountains of Quebec.

An early morning start had us crossing a sleepy NY state border a short drive from Yves' by 8:30 a.m. We spent the day traversing Maine, New Hampshire discussing the changing scenery and debating whether Brian would be returned to the bosom of his country and I would be sojourning in Newfoundland alone if they found out Brian's passport had expired and no longer looked even vaguely like the old picture of the smilin' Bri'.

Held breaths and cheerful Canadian smiles at the New Brunswick border had us both "in" and our discussions moot. We would make it to Newfoundland together after all. Our second night brought us around the cove at Pocologon to a should we/shouldn't we decision on roadside motel accommodations versus a probable wet night of camping. The failing light, looming clouds, hunger and the seashore location weighed in and we had an easy night in big beds sleeping to the sound of lapping waves after a passable fish n' chips and lobster sandwich dinner (cold lobster bits with Miracle Whip on a hotdog bun)

The morning had us bouncing out to another day through New Brunswick and on to Nova Scotia. Debate. Debate. Debate. Galleries and artist run centres in the cities of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia had us finally opting for a long day of driving through amazing country and finally up to Cape Breton Island. We camped Friday night in Cape Breton Highlands National Park just catching glimpses of the grandeur of the site before the sun set on glowering skies and we bet on a non-torrential downpour that night. A quick trip back to Chedicamp for dinner after pitching our tents had us dining on fresh, delicious fish and chips as the wind howled and the rains came down. Our Lobster fantasies were a few weeks out of date as pointed out by the perky young waitress. Oh well. We like fish and chips too. As we headed back to our tents the skies settled down and we spent a peaceful night under the trees listening to the wind through spruce.

Saturday we had a full day traversing Cape Breton Highlands National Park before heading to the ferry in North Sydney. The heights may have been a little hard on my old car but the breathtaking views along the highway were well worth it. We descended from Cape Breton to an anticlimax Saturday night at the Sidney Value Village, Walmart and plaza bar/restaurant as we put in time until the midnight ferry. Eventually it was late enough for us to line up with the rest of the overtired travelers heading for Newfoundland on the impossibly big ferry. Eight rows of cars, rvs and 3 rows of transports were loaded before the ferry set sail. Once inside with pillows, blankets, books and snacks in tow, like the rest of the crowd we headed for the best possible uncomfortable lounge for the next six hours. I managed to feign sleep in various contortions over the next few hours while Brian prowled from dark corner to open deck wide awake drawing, reading, chatting and looking at the stars.

Despite my cricks I was obviously the more rested and drove in glorious sunshine today through barrenly beautiful country to our destination here at Woody Point. We arrived around noon tired and hungry but excited about the possibilities for exploration in the next month.

We met our neighbors, ate lunch then Brian collapsed into bed while I puttered a little wired longer, had a long shower and followed suit. Despite my excitement to finally be here, a nap was a necessity. Refreshed several hours later we arose and explored a bit of town on our own before meeting for dinner. Life is good.

Green Gardens

Tuesday September 3rd

Yesterday was a spectacularly beautiful day and we made the most of it. After breakfast we headed through the Barrenlands to the shorter Green Gardens hike. This 9 km hike takes you across blustery barrenlands and up over the mountain, down through an upland bog, into a spruce forest to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. From the breathtaking cliffs you look down on rocky beach and sea stacks with waves crashing in. Then you cross a meadow-windswept but lush in comparison to the rest-with Canada Thistles, Asters, Pearly Everlasting, various berries and a veritable green lawn of early September grasses before descending to the beach.

The beach provided a wonderful treasure trove of rounded stones and washed up sea creatures to capture our "near" interest after so many "far" views. We battled the wind over slippery low tide rocks around the point to a big sea cave. We discussed the horrors of getting stuck there as the tide rose, as the tide rose. The hood of my nylon windbreaker beat a tattoo around my head as we shouted warnings to each other and leaned into the wind on our way back. It was very invigorating.

We walked down the beach in the other direction to find a waterfall that came down a small lush green valley to end in a stream of boulders on the beach. I croon-yodeled the old "Lost Horizons-Shangri La" theme as we climbed through the narrow passageway to the valley. Sheltered from the wind, our de-booted feet in the soothing waters of the cool stream, we ate lunch happy with our exploits. Finally, feeling much younger, we made the long climb back to civilization.

Finally back at the car we thought we'd drive down to Trout River on a reconnaissance mission before the sun set. This small fishing village was especially picturesque in the raking evening

light. We planned to go back for further exploration as the light faded and our stomachs grumbled that it was long past dinner time. Through the now rapidly changing vivid orange and purple barrenlands we retreated to dinner and our snug home in Woody Point.

### The Other Side of the Bay

Today we were both feeling a bit tired after our hike, big late dinner and subsequently poor sleep. But the sun was shining so we decided a drive to the other side of Bonne Bay and up to Cow Head exploring the park, would be a good idea. There were no steep hills to climb today but we did explore a totally different rocky beach which had the remnants of the 1919 wreck of the SS Effie. This contrasted the fine sandy shore and dunes further up the coast at Cow Head/Shallow Bay. Here we walked the level shore poking at the odd shell and bit of washed up seaweed. It was still as windy as ever but thankfully the sand remained below knee level blowing and settling in wonderful patterns where moisture or barrier presented resistance.

We left Shallow Bay and headed back down the coast with the plan of taking the short hike to Western Brook Pond to check out the boat tour for another day. The boardwalk through the bog, spruce forest and back nearly did us in. Although only an hour each way we were tired after our other short-long hikes. We forget that an ordinary walker isn't stopping regularly to photograph, discuss plants, colour, texture, light...it turns out to be hard work despite our enjoyment at the time. We'll have to rest a bit before we head out again. Besides we have so many sketches, collections, digital and 35 mm photographs to deal with now, we'd probably be happy if the sun never shone again. Well...not really, the light is incredible. But, a 'restful' day drawing and painting would be welcome about now. Brian maintains we still haven't made up for the days of driving and a night awake on the ferry. I think that all this wonderfulness is just plain over stimulating and thus exhausting.

Life in Residence      Wednesday September 4th

The Artist Doctor's Orders were followed today. Coffee. Breakfast. Sorting and drawing for me. Reading and writing for Brian. Unfortunately one false tired move obliterated three hours of Brian's writing so he called it an afternoon and went for a nap.

I took a walk around town in the clear skied late afternoon. I found Christine Koch at her studio--not hard, since it was just around the corner. We had a brief chat about work and Woody Point, before I let her get back to lunch/work and I continued my stretch/stroll/exploration. We'll get together again I'm sure before the month is out. I took many photos of field flowers in the patches of open field between houses. I shot our house and many picturesque others; I tried to place my afternoon experience. I'm still overwhelmed. Perhaps this is why tourists appear so silly to the locals. What do they see in that old house, this old street, that new paint job and the same old bay?

Thursday September 5th

I woke to a rustling that was not Brian outside. A cow moose and her calf were in the yard and nonchalantly made their way up and through the schoolyard and away into the surrounding hills. It was 7 a.m. and I and the moose were up. I made my way downstairs to peer at the glowering sky as the coffee brewed. Then I was downstairs in the studio trying to make sense of a raspberry

leaf I had collected at Western Brook Pond. The bizarre and beautiful thing was a difficult red/green compliment of intertwined pattern.

It was 9:30 before Brian tromped downstairs to relieve me from my arduous painting with the blow by blow account of last night's dream. He hadn't wanted to wake up from the adventure but apparently we were caught in Utah before a grim, deep voiced female official. I had uttered the forbidden "just " and the Mormons weren't taking it too kindly. I thought they were over reacting, but Brian was trying to signal me to relax and act more apologetic so we could get out of our dilemma. Unfortunately he woke up in the middle of this drama so isn't quite sure if we're stuck in Utah or not. It was clearly my fault. Unfortunately it was also my fault that had caused me to wake up with a start and hear the moose. My sister Marg had run out of the house accusing me of hiding her ---(?) I didn't, and was quite irate that she should accuse me of such an offense. I woke up frustrated that everyone present thought I should just apologize for hiding the --- (-- which I didn't!) Thankfully I woke up and Brian woke up and I hadn't committed any heinous crimes here, there or in Utah.

The raspberry leaf paintings had me hunching over the table until early afternoon. We decided we should go out for a walk to the Lomond River and loosen up this dark day. Unfortunately halfway around the bay the sky threatened rain ---and then it started and we bailed on that plan and turned around thinking we'd check-out Curzon Village, the end of the road on this side of Bonne Bay. Curzon Village starts where Woody Point ends. We quickly made it to the end of the road ahead of the rain and sat for a minute or two listening to the gently lapping water and gazing at the mountains. Then the rain caught up with us and we headed home.

Brian decided a nap was in order and headed to the second floor. I needed a walk, but because that wasn't an option at the moment, I made a cup of tea and headed back to the basement. The raspberry leaves looked a bit lost despite their crazy patterning, but I figured out a way to make each panel work---tomorrow. I decided to paint one of the contorted seaweed aliens I had picked up at Green Gardens instead. This proved more rewarding than I imagined, and within an hour I had completed the painting including all the alien shadows. Buoyed by the experience, I then decided to use up the remaining paint by filling in the ocores of the other seaweed (Rockweed actually) panels I had drawn yesterday. I was happily completing this task when Brian arose and I realized that the odd shapes I had drawn yesterday representing the seaweed had dry-morphed in the meantime to something else. Tomorrow morning's painting of these alien creatures will be interesting.

Once again I marvel at the difficulty faced by artists hired on voyages of discovery. I'm trying to make sense of things in a visual way-in a dry basement with a hot cup of tea-that have been identified hundreds of years ago. They were under the gun to make umpteen correct identifiers for specimens that had never been seen before. It was usually hot (or very cold; they were often suffering from some ailment associated with long arduous travel-scurvy, dysentery, etc. etc.; the boat was rocking; their specimens were drying and losing colour as they worked. I have no reason to complain.

Green Point Friday September 6th

It was a gray rainy morning with odd glimpses of light on the hills opposite. We had planned to go to Green Point on the other side of the bay to see the rocky beach and catch the 3:30

interpretive hike describing the geology of the area. The weather didn't seem to be clearing -but you never know-so intrepid explorers that we are, we bundled up and set off for the hour and a half drive.

We stopped and explored the lighthouse and area at Lobster Cove Head before driving on to Green Point for a late lunch. It was too wet and windy to eat outside so we nibbled crackers with hummus and ate our apples from the comfort of the car watching crows wheeling over the old fishing huts on the shore below us. After eating we put up our hoods and headed down the hill to the beach. There was lots of driftwood washed up as well as a myriad of multi-coloured rounded stones. I had a hard time not overfilling my pockets. After much picking and choosing and photographing we made our way back to the car to warm up before the appointed time for the interpretive walk.

The walk was led by friendly Fred who was followed by seven hooded souls down to the shore to discuss geology. He stood on various rocks-sedimentary, igneous and metamorphic-indicating the variety of stone found in the area that had been moved by glaciers from the surrounding mountains and eventually turned in the sea to the large smoothed forms we saw today. He went on to describe the slate and limestone and how it appeared in the cliffs behind us. It was significant that it was no longer in horizontal layers where it had been laid down on the ocean floor millions of years ago but had been turned upright so that we saw the layers vertically. Green Point has been designated a stratotype (an international standard) by the International Union of Geological Sciences because it defines the boundary between Cambrian and Ordovician geological eras. Fred showed us the tiny teeth of fossils that were so exciting to geologists. They were found in one strata of rock but not the next, indicating the evolutionary shift. We ended the walk scrambling over limestone and shale looking for fossils and saw examples of many graptolites which look like tiny sea fans.

It was a very interesting walk and underlined once again Brian's and my amazement with this experience. We feel in Brian's terms "like kids in a candy shop". (I think we look like kids too, bundled up in hooded raincoats against the wind and rain.) However, prior to the interpretive hike, we had walked the other way down the beach and seen, to us, very interesting rocks, got some good photos and ideas for paintings. We were excited. Now with this new information we were doubly impressed and plan to go back to Green Point to explore some more---hopefully in better weather.

The Tablelands

Saturday September 7th

It was a clear morning with swiftly racing clouds in a cobalt blue sky. We met Fred and the Tilley Troop for a two hour walk through the Tablelands. The Tablelands are what led to Gros Morne's designation as a UNESCO World Heritage site. Here Fred discussed plate tectonics in relation to the looming ocre coloured mountains before us. This crumbling stone is actually the earth's mantle forced upward when the continental plates collided. Its raw alien looking surface has a high mineral content making it inhospitable to most plant life. Just beneath the surface the rock crumbles to a dark green; the ocre is rust. The colour contrast in the bright morning light was startling. Looking at all the ocre in front of us was in even starker contrast to the cambrian shield clothed in lush green forest of the mountains behind us on the other side of the valley.

The group continued up the valley floor stopping to look at dwarf junipers hundreds of years old- Newfoundland's true old growth forest-and only a few inches off the ground. We also peered at miniature bogs created from runoff caught in crevices, that over time have come to support pitcher plants, sundew, butterwort and the only maidenhair fern in Newfoundland. Apparently this area is covered in yellow lady's slipper for about two weeks each July. That would be amazing to see. We ended the walk seated on large boulders by the rushing water of the stream that took most of the runoff from the mountains. There was a travertine vein below us. Looking up the valley we could see a waterfall tumbling down from the heights of the mountains and two patches of snow which have remained since last winter and are a reminder of the glaciers that once covered this area.

We dined in town at The Old Loft down on the wharf. Our fish dinners were good but we were the only diners hadn't brought anything to drink to this unlicensed but bring yer' own restaurant. Next time. We then headed to the old Orange Lodge, now Heritage Theatre for the evening's entertainment "Mission to the Mantle " brought to us, once again by the indefatigable Fred.

This geological interpretive session was a mixture of science, song, slides and comedy in true Newfoundland fashion. He began with a little ditty about the tablelands sung to the Gilligan's Island theme. Next he went from official park employee green to Commander Fred in white tyvek space gear walking carefully over the toxic surface Tableland Peridotite before disappearing. He returned as Paul Pitcher Plant who thrived in the acidic bogs of the Tablelands and wickedly loved the guts of insects. Next he was a Newfie treehugger who couldn't afford the bus fare to BC to join his brothers saving the old growth forests there. He tried to get the crowd chanting to save the Old Growth of Newfoundland--the tiny gnarled trees on the Tablelands. Finally after alot of stretching he blasted Metallica and shouted his standard slide commentary on the minerals of the Tablelands stopping every once in a while to scream "RESPECT" with the appropriate heavy metal concert gesture. I think Brian was about to fall off his chair laughing at these ridiculous antics and then it was over. It was exhausting but a fun way to learn about geology.

#### Baker's Brook Falls    Broom Point

Sunday we hiked the Baker's Brook Falls trail in weather that threatened all day to rain---and never did. The walk was level through bog covered in raspberry and blueberry bushes wherever it was dry enough. We walked through an area of wind blown poplars populated by very curious Grey Jays that came right down to the weeds beside us to check us out. Their appearance, closeness and sudden disappearance was actually quite eerie on a grey day in the grey woods.

The falls themselves were more spectacular than we imagined. After all this flat land we turned one more corner to discover the falls in a deep river gorge. We lunched alone with the falls then wended the 5 k back to the car. Being so far up the Northern Peninsula and with a bit of energy left we decided to check out Broom Point and the Fisherman's exhibit. Again this small detour was more than we expected.

The shore here is formed from huge limestone plates with enormous glacial erratic boulders resting at intervals on top. Brian had his Hasselblad with him so spent the next two hours wandering and shooting large format black and white images. I wandered until the park interpreter opened the fish store. Here myself and two others were told about the Mudge family

that fished Broom Point from 1941 until 1975. The fish store held boats, lobster traps, nets and other equipment used in the inshore fishery. Poking about the dark shed I took some wonderful atmospheric photos of coiled ropes, nets and tools. Luke our interpreter and lifelong resident of nearby Cow Head, described the work required by the three Mudge brothers their wives and children at their summer fish camp.

In the 40's they arrived for the summer by boat with all their supplies. The men fished from their small boats and brought the cod and salmon back to their wives who would gut and clean the fish, then salt and dry it on flakes laid out on the rocks. It was important to watch the weather, as rain could ruin the drying fish. Tarpaulins would have to be thrown over the fish in showers or the fish would have to be collected and brought into the store if the rain were heavier. Women and children worked steadily at this shuttling and shuffling of fish turning it to dry and gathering it up to keep it from getting wet, or moving finished fish to make space for fresh. Flies were also a problem at times--"no one wants maggoty fish" Luke declared--so children were also engaged with bracken or branches to whisk the flies away. At the end of the summer the fish store would be stacked with dry fish, then it would be packed and picked up by passing steamers.

The Mudges also kept lobster traps. Lobster traps were left in the water during the entire season. The Mudges market was near Boston. When the lobster buyer sailed by, the lobsters were crated and packed with ice for their long journey. The Mudges weren't paid for the Lobster until they reached the American market. If they were lucky their lobsters would be at the top of the hold and not too many would have died from the melting fresh-water ice packed around them. Lobsters at the bottom of the hold often died in the fresh water melt. The road didn't come through the Northern Peninsula until the 60's. Refrigerated trucks meant that fish and lobsters could be sent fresh to market. It also meant that the Mudges were paid immediately for their catch. The road also meant the family would not be isolated all summer but could drive back home for fresh supplies and friends could come out for Sunday visits.

In the small group I was both captured and captivated by Luke's nonstop talk. He next invited us over to the Mudge cottage where the three families lived for the summer. Each couple had a tiny--no bigger than a bed-bedroom and shared a kitchen/living room with a woodstove that all congregated in and the children were piled in to sleep. It was extremely cozy. I loved the little house and its decor and took numerous photos of each room, with its chenille bedspread and wildly patterned linoleum. Luke's talk wound down and bundled as I was for the cool weather, the woodstove was becoming too much so I thanked Luke and went in search of Brian. He had made his way around the head of land and was still photographing unusual textures in the rock. It was a good day for both of us.

### More Life in Residence

Monday morning Anne Marceau the Gros Morne Park Interpretation Specialist and coordinator of the Artist in Residence program here at the park, as well as her husband Michael Burzynski, a botanist and park naturalist as well as author of the wonderful Gros Morne National Park Guide, (gasp!) dropped by to say hello and discuss our participation in the public outreach programme. We had a lively discussion getting to know them and talking about possible projects in the park. It was decided that Anne would see if any of the highschool teachers would be interested in having their students work with us. The schools here are all grade schools and even then children

are bused in from the smallest communities. There are no regular art education classes. After Anne and Michael left Brian said he was going to lie down to get rid of a headache.

The headache lasted throughout the afternoon. I went out to explore and met up with our neighbours Barb and Hugh working on a community beautification project by planting trees in an empty lot. Hugh is a Park Warden. Barb Daniels was an Artist in Residence originally from Toronto, who fell in love with Newfoundland and Hugh, and stayed. We chatted about the Residency and small town living as well as growing up in West Hill, Fairport Beach and Bay Ridges at the eastern edge of Toronto. Talk about magnets! We were probably all out exploring the same bays, ravines and lakes in shorts, hoodies and rubber boots at around the same time and looking not much different from today although 30 odd years have passed.

Brian did not arouse himself Tuesday. I painted and walked exploring Woody Point as far as the Discovery Centre teaching myself how to use the macro attachments for the digital camera by photographing roadside plants. I think this little digital camera is great but find the viewing screen useless in bright sunshine. Without using the viewing screen framing and focusing are not accurate. I ended up losing about 60% of the images but was impressed by the clarity of images that did work.

By grey Wednesday Brian keeping to his bed had me off to Cornerbrook for drinks and food to entice him to get better. My return trip surprised both bear and moose along the highway. I took an early evening walk to Curzon Village through the enveloping mist. The colours appeared intensely green and grey in the wet soft light. There was a softness and silence that accompanied with the sweet scent of wood burning made the walk magical.

### Driving with Gustav

There was heavy rain and wind overnight and Thursday morning the rain and wind continued. I left at 8:45 to meet Anne and the Principal of Cow Head School to discuss our participation in a workshop there. It wasn't until I was out on the road and listening to CBC that I learned that the rain and wind was the tail end of Hurricane Gustav. I drove a white knuckle hour and a half buffeted by 120k winds around the south arm of Bonne Bay and Back up the east arm to pick up Anne in Rocky Harbour and go on up the peninsula to Cow Head. I drove in second and third most of the way hoping that a gust wouldn't take me off the wet highway and over the embankment. There were many trees down and across the powerlines as I approached Wiltondale but despite the teeth gritting excitement of passing lurching lumber trucks and swaying campers moving slowing (sideways!) through the long mountain passes, the road up the peninsula was clear.

After planning the print session at the school, Anne and I returned down the highway stopping for lunch at Java Jacks in Rocky Harbour (the only latte on the peninsula!) before dropping her back at work and returning to Woody Point. I made one other stop at the fish plant in Rocky Harbour buying a salmon fillet and some turbot to tempt Brian into eating. There were no further incidents other than watching a surprised cow moose veer her way back into the woods rather than into the car. There was less strength to winds but it was still blustery with white caps on the bay and debris from the earlier gusts littering the road.



I struggled until late painting a clump of Canada Burnet then grilled the salmon. Unfortunately the smoke alarm got a bleary Brian out of bed as I frantically tried to waft the air in the kitchen out the door. (He's alive!) This is a very tight house. The wind causes it to shudder but not whistle. A little broiler smoke has no where to go but up.

Lookout and Life      Friday September 13th

It was a grey morning, blustery and colder on my 7:30 walk before breakfast. There was a bull moose feeding behind the hostel. I struggled painting rockweed all morning. Brian is still in bed. In the afternoon the sky cleared and I went on the Lookout hike to the hills behind the Discovery Center. This is a steep path through forest through a high bog on the mountain, then rock. It provides a wonderful if windy view of all of Bonne Bay. There was a moose feeding below me on the bog and a panorama of glistening water as well as snow on the far mountains, freshly deposited during yesterday's storm.

Anne and Michael dropped by after meetings on this side of the bay inviting Barb, Brian and I to dinner in Trout River. Brian stayed in bed although he is feeling a bit better and I took off for a pleasant evening of conversation and Wolf fish in the pleasant restaurant. It was raining again as we made our way back through the Tablelands.

Saturday September 14th

It was still raining in the morning and I kept myself busy painting a Star Flower collected on the Lookout hike. By the afternoon Brian was up and felt like a walk around town. It was still grey but glimpses of brilliant light spotted the mountains.

After the walk I went back to painting and Brian had a nap. I made a late dinner which Brian shared. His humour is returning although his head still has a tendency to pound. He managed to finish a pastel drawing and is working on a moose and seal scribe from bits we collected on shore proving he's slowly getting back to ol' Bri' mode. Get him to show it to you if he can get rid of the smell....

There was more of ol' Bri stomping around tonight. I guess after four days in bed he's wanting to get some work done. It did however seem like I was in some middle of the night Tom Waits song "What's he doing down there?". This Tom Waits line is becoming a standard, in this quiet house, in this very quiet place. Brian apparently was up with a headache but was distracting himself looking at Orion in the clear night sky. Why he had to put the dishes away and turn on the stove fan I don't know. It sounded and smelled like he was disposing of a body: "What's he doing down there?"

Sunday September 15th

I got up at my usual 7 despite the late night wonderings about my housemate. The morning light on the mountains behind the house made them brilliant gold. There were only high strips of cloud in the sky. I resolved to go for a hike today---after my coffee and morning painting session. When Brian rolled downstairs around 11, I was finishing my two tone gold/rust ferns and about to get ready for the Lomond Trail. He still had a raging headache and was willing to accept medical help after I suggested I could drive him to the hospital in Norris Cove. I could always go for a walk later... An hour's drive each way as well as a hospital wait and late lunch

brought us back to Woody cove at the ubiquitous 4 p.m. Why do grey fall and winter days always seem like low energy 4 o'clock to me? With his new pain killers Brian was buoyed for sketching near the local lighthouse. Now it was me with the headache. I retreated to bed for an hour of reading and rose at 6:00 with less neck tension from close painting and driving, but now it was raining. Oh well. I had a nice early evening stroll in the gentle rain as the light faded in the distance.

L'Anse Aux Meadows                      Monday September 16th

Brian felt not exactly up to a walk but good for a drive...so I suggested we go up the Northern Peninsula to L'Anse Aux Meadows. What a drive! Only 480?k each way. As we made our way around Bonne Bay and up the peninsula, the grey morning became increasingly blue. The landscape also changed dramatically getting more barren and flat with the Long Range Mountains veering off in the distance. Despite my vigilance we saw no whales. Eventually we could see the cliffs of Labrador in the distance across the Strait of . The weather was incredibly beautiful. Why would the Vikings ever leave such a nice sunny place?

Before viewing the small museum and archeological site at L'Anse Aux Meadows we needed to eat. Eventually we found a picnic site by pushing our way through the hedge surrounding the car park and trundling out over the lichen covered rocks and partridge berry mat to hunker out of the wind on a soft bed of lichens, mosses and berries behind a small rock rise overlooking the barren lands. It was a sea of gold and red and green out to the glistening ocean with distant small dark islands. Barren, but beautiful.

Refreshed we tackled the museum and were impressed by the scale model boat, runes and maps. However the most exciting display was the diorama of the site including tiny people chopping wood complete with wood in various stages of cutting, animals scattered about and small dogs barking at some perceived threat as they do best. Dioramas became our next musical obsession when at the appropriate time in conversation one of us would start humming the theme from the Wizard of OZ "If I only had a Brain" and the other would sing forth "I would make a diorama in my dad's pajamas, if I had to have a job" ad nauseum. Our admiration of dioramas led to numerous discussions--and verses for--other ideal jobs--helicopter pilot, park botanist...artist. (Oh yeah, that last one doesn't often pay very well...but sometimes you get to go places...)

We drove back down the peninsula buoyed by the day but on a wary Moose Patrol as the sun descended towards the horizon. It was hunting season and besides the threat of hitting one of the beasts on the road we had the added danger of hitting one of the potential hunters who spent the early evening driving slowly down the highway, scanning the tundra for moose. At any possible sighting, they would stop in the road completely oblivious to the through traffic behind them. As the evening progressed and we entered the park boundary where there was no hunting allowed, the distraction became not only watching for moose on the road but watching an incredible magenta to orange to gold to purple to blue, long, long sunset that silhouetted the trees and mountains. And then it started raining. The last 150 k were spent white knuckling it in driving rain that flooded the rough road and sent sheets of water over the windshield whenever an invisible black pothole was struck or another vehicle passed.

Stanleyville

Tuesday began grey and wet, but by mid-afternoon after a morning of painting we were ready to move. We decided to check out the hike that led to the abandoned logging town of Stanleyville. Along the highway we stopped at an unusual ocre and sienna rock cut that gave us some wonderfully useful dirt. The hike took us over a gorgeous mountain pass to a small cove that once boasted a town with a steam driven logging mill. The beach here was comprised of loose shale and the odd reddish coloured stone that we collected for drawing. We discovered many of these soft stones in various shades ocre to sienna.

### Into the Long Range Mountains by Helicopter

Wednesday we were up and out of the house by 7 a.m. to be ready for the helicopter at 8 a.m. over in Rocky Harbour. It was still foggy when we arrived so we went over to Java Jacks for coffee. We sat by the front window overlooking the bay, willing sky to clear. Slowly blue sky moved towards us from the north and we drove back to Park Office ready to go. Then we had to wait some more. Finally the helicopter arrived from Pasadena. There were three research groups using the helicopter that day and each of our excursions had to be planned in the most efficient and economical sequence. Brian's group was the first to fly out as they were going to count fish in several lakes not too far from Killdevil Mountain. After they landed in the barren landscape, Brian said he found small patch of dryish moss out of wind and happily sketched and dozed in the warm sunshine.

I went out on last helicopter ferry with the botanists Michael and Anne and Park Warden Jennifer looking for a rare Mountain Fern never before seen in Eastern Canada but recently discovered in the park. This fern is usually only found in the arctic or high up the west coast of Canada because it needs a late snow melt and a north facing slope with lots of water. Computer matching of this data led us to fly to several possible sites but we never found our much sought after fern. I learned alot more about fern identification on the hunt quickly brushing found fronds to check for identifying leaf shape and fruiting bodies. We did much hiking up and down steep slopes, sliding though water into bogs, over rocks logs and any number of plant covered obstacles. It was an exhausting but exciting hunt.

I loved the helicopter ride! It was incredibly exciting to fly straight up and over great heights then come in close, hovering like a bird to choose an appropriate landing spot. We flew over the Long Range dramatically catching the updraft over Western Brook Gorge, past rushing streams, lush valleys, high rock and tundra. We even saw a few caribou crossing a high plain. It was altogether wonderful.

### Woody Point Friday September 19th

A brilliant pink sky reflecting off the white clapboard on school building beyond my window woke me. It was an incredibly beautiful 7 a.m. walk but was perhaps a sailor's warning about the rest of the day. I was surprised by a cow moose and calf on the road at our corner as I was returning from my morning loop. She stared my down and I halted my oblivious striding as she and her young moved at their own pace behind the Senior's residence and up into hills. While drinking my morning coffee I heard gunshots once, then four in a row and one final blast a few seconds later. The chilling sound echoed off the surrounding hills. But where did it come from?

Brian was keeping a low profile --he's still not feeling 100%. I spent the morning finishing my seaweed paintings---punishing myself regularly with the mantra "These Images Should Be Larger!" "Finally done, I ate a late lunch and took the community path behind school up into mountains above town. The guidebook had said the path was unmaintained but this proved not so. I followed a gravel track up the hill and walked easily over boardwalked bogs ending at old cemetery near the Park's Discovery Centre. Unfortunately I discovered the end result of the shooting this morning. Resting on the bench at the top of the climb I enjoyed the view back to Bonne Bay and turned to look over the bog and further up into the mountains. It appeared that a moose was lying down in the grass a short distance away. Watching the rack for sometime I realized it was not moving. And what was that pink mound nearby? I continued my walk and was less surprised by blood on boardwalk and ATV tracks in/out of the bog. The bull I have occasionally seen in the morning and over Brian's shoulder at dinner, is probably now that head and entrails left for the birds in bog. I felt saddened by his loss. The school children running track up the path stopped to look and had another opinion. There were too many moose. They cautiously reminded me that it was illegal to hunt in the park but weren't too surprised that a moose had been shot so close to town. Hmm...

I returned to the house in the rain with news of the moose. There was still no sign of Brian. I made hot lemonade (for Brian's aches and my chill) as well as pasta sauce for later. Then I descended to the basement to try nature printing some of the bracken I had collected on the walk. Many hours later, I had some decent results that I hoped to colle onto some of my boards. I was cleaning-up when Brian emerged. The wind was howling and rain beat at house. We had a small spaghetti dinner and good conversation before I headed to the computer and Brian took on the basement.

Saturday September 20th

Even in residence there is housecleaning. After tidying up, I painted and a late stroll up the hill made my day. Brian napped and made guest appearances in the basement. Around 6 p.m. Anne and Michael came by to see the work we've been doing and to take some photos. We had a nice chat then headed next door to Barb's for an excellent potluck: tapenade, scallops, wild rice, grilled vegetables, good wine, conversation and shortbread with Yve's apple and maple syrup preserves over icecream to top all it off. The last course was enjoyed in comfy chairs looking at slides of Gros Morne in winter (pristine) and Brian's and my artwork. It was very full evening.

Sunday September 21st

I saw three moose this morning. Unfortunately just after I finished photographing the bull on the hill by the water tower the Game Warden came driving up the hill towards me. I learned from Barb that he has a town mandate for a cull so Sunday at 7:30 a.m. he was out to shoot. I wished the bull away. As I was coming back up the hill after my loop the cow and calf were leaving the yard across from our house. Unfortunately they made their way up the hill towards the warden. Later I heard a series of shots. Did he shoot all three?

Brian is really not well again this morning. He emerged late and we were off to the hospital in Norris Point without much convincing. Once we returned it was drugs and bed for him. I had a late lunch and made arrangements with Barb to see the little house in Winter House Brook that she said was available to artists. (Perhaps I could arrange to come back here sometime.) We also

wanted to see the two Ocean Sunfish that washed up in Glenburnie that Ann and Michael mentioned last night.

Barb Daniels, our neighbour was an Artist in Residence several years ago. She met Hugh McCormick, her neighbour and a Park Warden and now lives in Woody Point. Barb and I met at 4:30 p.m. and spend the next while chatting and walking the salt flats in Glenburnie the small town at the bottom of Bonne Bay. We both enjoyed poking around among the seaweed looking for treasures. The Ocean Sunfish were about 600 lbs of prehistoric looking grey fish. Michael said they were actually like plankton following the ocean currents but unable to negotiate their progress. They look quite sad and definitely far away from their Caribbean home.

Barb and I returned to quietly sneak downstairs to take a look at what Brian and I have been working on. Then we went next door to look at the project she is trying to get done before an exhibition next June at the Art Gallery of Newfoundland. She has alot to do but it should be spectacular when completed. At 8:30 we realized the time and I left her to finish her packing and cleanup for her trip to Nova Scotia in the morning and I returned to check on Brian and eat dinner.

Monday September 23rd

The Cruise ship -The Polar Star was in the harbour this morning. This is encouraged for tourism. Small boats have been hired to ferry people from the ship to shore. They are dining in town at the Old Loft and groups have been taken off in school buses to see the Tablelands. Tonight local musicians were on board for a Newfoundland "kitchen party" There is talk that a permanent cruise ship dock will be built in Woody Point. I don't know....see it soon.

Brian was feeling a little better today but was not out of his PJ's all day. I painted and took a walk along Trout River Pond in the balmy 20 degree weather. It is hazy but very warm and the bees are out gathering that last bit of nectar. The walk took me through bush along the lake to the Tablelands. When I returned I headed to the basement to natureprint some ferns I had collected.

The Insectarium and Curzon Village Shoreline

Tuesday September 24th

It was grey and wet today but very still. We drove to Deer Lake to get Brian's prescription filled. On the way back we stopped at the Insectarium we had seen by the highway. We weren't quite sure this small barn set in a clearing between stands of dark spruce would be worth our while but we decided to check it out in the continuing rain. The butterfly house was quite wonderful; many tropical species had been hatched and these bright flashes of colour flitted from fruit to us to specimen plants in the humid air. The main display barn was also more interesting than we expected. It was filled with mounted specimens from all over the world.

When we returned Brian headed to bed and because it had cleared I took a walk through town to pick more ferns, then headed down the road to Curzon Village in the soft grey afternoon. I continued past paved road turnaround and headed down to the shore. I spent a pleasant few hours walking along the rocky shore to a small waterfall. I returned to the residence through rain and then headed once again to the basement to perfect the printing of ferns.

Wednesday September 25th

It is grey again today. When I woke up it was soft and still, but the wind has picked up and although the far mountains are hidden in mist there is a chill breeze. I nature printed bottle brush, dogberry, wild rose and bracken that I picked-up on my morning walk around town. The weather doesn't seem too promising for an afternoon hike--I had hoped to at least get to Lomond this afternoon. With Brian on a smorgasbord of drugs and moving slowly, more vigorous outings are out of the question. Tomorrow we are teaching the print workshop at Cowhead school about an hour and three quarters drive away up the peninsula at the north end of the park. I hope the weather is brighter. A nice drive will cheer Brian up--although he's uncomfortable sitting too long. We plan to go for another walk along the cobble beach at Green Point when the workshop is over. Last time we were there our pockets were quickly laden with marvelous rounded multicoloured stones. I am looking forward to going there again.

After lunch I headed downstairs to look at work--arrange, rearrange make notes-- and eventually decided I better go for a walk despite the weather. I headed to Lomond River which has a forested path along the river. The colours are changing fast! I took photos of many plants -gold, red and mottled variations and looked up to the hills around me at flashes of colour within the green of the spruce. There are many windfalls "wind forests" on this trail--areas where great swaths of trees have been blown down. It was a pleasant and extremely quiet afternoon. I returned to show my photos to Brian, discuss my outline for the workshop tomorrow and make a vegetable curry with much of what is in the fridge.

Cow Head

Thursday September 26th

It was a beautiful day. Of course we were slated to teach a print workshop at Cow Head School in the afternoon so a hike was out until the class was over. The grade 11 students we worked with were great. We took them on a two hour odyssey of art and artists, the Gros Morne Residency, print basics, styrofoam relief specifics and the theme of Near/Far. The kids made some terrific prints and seemed genuinely pleased with their work. It was refreshing for me to work with such fresh, uncynical students.

We ate a late lunch snack buoyed by the energy of the workshop. We then walked out to Cow Head Point. The breccia here looks like ice flows. Unfortunately grey fog was setting in and the grey stone slabs were less than spectacular in the flat light. I can imagine them being quite magical in glancing sun. We returned to the car and headed down to Green Point. Brian wanted to photograph the limestone layers and fossils with his Hasselblad. I trolled the cobble beach in the opposite direction, admiring the round coloured stones and banks of driftwood.

Western Brook Pond Boat Tour

Friday September 27th

Today had to be the day for the Western Brook Pond Boat Tour. Incredibly we don't have enough good days left in Newfoundland to put it off any further. The weather report said it was going to clear, so forever hopeful in the grey late morning haze we headed around the bay and up through the rapidly changing to fall mountain valleys. Parking by noon we walked to the dock, picnicked and picked up our tickets for the 1:00 boat launch. We stood in bow of the boat the

entire two hours with Brian sketching and me taking digitals and slides of the deeply cut glacial fjord.

Last Days in Residence          Saturday September 28th

It was another grey, rainy and windy morning. We were glad we went on the boat tour yesterday. My early tired night led to a sleeplessness. I read *Latitudes of Melt* from 11:30 -3:30 when I forced myself to turn out the light. Even so, I was still awake at my usual 7 a.m.

Despite my disturbed night I managed to paint some good last paintings: the vertebra from the coast past Curzon Village emerged early this morning on one of the linen panels. I also painted the dogberry that I knew wasn't going to last the trip home onto a japanese paper collaged board. I also worked on some of my plaster panels overlaying them with tone before Brian and I walked downtown to return my library books, mail his postcards and buy a last loaf of the delicious homemade bread sold at the Old Loft. We had a window of opportunity in the heavy day and needed to get out.

We returned to nap until dinner.

Sunday September 29th

Our last day here dawned pink and orange over the mountains. A cool blustery wind blew all day. The clouds flew quickly through blue sky shadowing brightly lit mountains purple as they passed. I finished painting a few small identifications this morning then we cleaned and packed up our materials. We went for a walk to Stuckless Pond in the late afternoon. The wind was strong but we were sheltered beneath the forest cover. The tall thin spruce and poplar waved far above us. Many wind blown trees were lying in the forest but thankfully none fell in today's gusts.

The sunlit mountains were spectacular as we returned, seeming to change colour and intensity from moment to moment. After dinner Christine Koch dropped by for tea and to look at our work. We had a nice chat before she left us to finish packing.

I can't believe a whole month has gone by! It will take a long time to digest even some of the information I collected in Gros Morne. I am looking forward to seeing my slides developed and working from them and the digitals on new work. The 12" panels are developing in their own way, emerging as art from my "midden" of layered information-natureprinted japanese papers, rolled pattern, specimens, printed and painted bits. Brian's 12" foray was to his mind less than successful, but he drew a wonderful sketchbook documenting the experience and hopes to get his head around the 12" panels when it isn't pounding so hard. He was sick.

What am I taking away with me that is Gros Morne? I close my eyes and see the ever changing sky, I feel the wind and long to taste again that delicious air.