



In 1972 I was part of a six-member canoe trip from Lake Mistassini to the Eastmain settlement on James Bay, via the Rupert and Eastmain rivers. It was a sad and emotional experience. At that time the massive James Bay hydro project proposal threatened the land we were passing through. Particularly poignant was the encounter with signs left by previous travellers and inhabitants.

In my overcrowded filing cabinet I recently came across this picture-poem, which I had first composed in 1972 after our trip and which I now share with you.

Today a renewed sadness (mixed with anger) stirs me when I think of the current plans in Quebec to dam and flood even more of our diminishing wilderness.

GJL