



KLUSKAP OF THE WABANAKI STORIES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By Dozay

Artist Statement

This exhibit of original paintings illustrates the various legends of Kluskap and his adventures in the Wabanaki homeland, using the landmarks that tell his story.

I chose this subject because, in every eastern state and province, there are landmarks that the Wabanaki people have always known to be important. These landmarks tell of Kluskap and his many teachings. For example, in Saint John, New Brunswick, there is an important legend involving the Reversing Falls. The legend illustrates Kluskap struggling with the beaver starting at the mouth of the Saint John River, and following the beaver as far as the St. Lawrence.

I feel, and have experienced, that our Wabanaki Tribes and their cultural significance is not as well-known as others in North America. The culture is known and considered significant among our own people, but lacking in mainstream Aboriginal teachings. My Wabanaki culture has been rapidly disappearing and there is little evidence of my own Wolastoq (Maliseet) heritage as it existed centuries ago.

Wabanaki ways were not taught in school or even recognized as a distinct Aboriginal culture. My objective is to make our own people aware of our hero Kluskap by illustrating his adventures in combination with the importance of our Mother Earth. I hope someday this will be published as a teaching tool for our children.

Kluskap legends have always been known to teach lessons of values and different characteristics of animals and Mother Earth. Kluskap was a positive force with all Wabanaki Tribes. The Wabanaki Confederacy consists of the Wolostoquuk (Maliseet) of New Brunswick and Maine, the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot of Maine, and the Mi'kmaq of Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. People from all territories have written and illustrated many versions of the Kluskap legends but I have discovered that most legends are simply told and not illustrated.

This exhibit is unique in that it will eventually have all Wabanaki Kluskap legends of the east combined. It can be used as a teaching tool that is illustrated by a Wolastoq artist using my particular style of work and stressing the true phenomenon of Kluskap as not seen before.

My earlier series, *Glooscap in Unama'ki* used all of the prominent Kluskap legends and landmarks of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. It combined my style of expression with the various Mi'kmaq petroglyphs found in Cape Breton. I featured 14 legends tied to the various landmarks that are still evident in Cape Breton. I learned, after showing this exhibit, that it was totally new to many people, even among the Wabanaki.

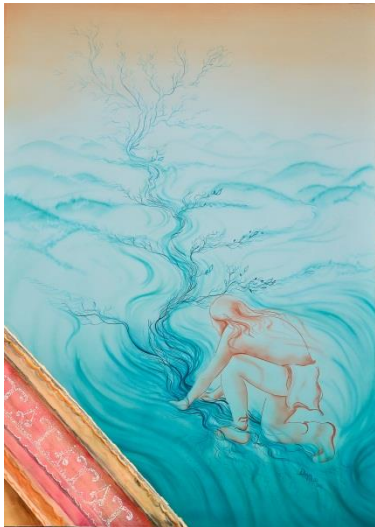
ABOUT THE ARTIST



Arlene Christmas (Dozay) has spent much of her life cultivating her passion for art. Growing up in western New Brunswick on the Tobique First Nation, Dozay is the middle child of a large family. At 18, she left the banks of the Tobique River to pursue a formal education at Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. Although she had always displayed an interest in art, her intention had initially been to pursue a career in education. It wasn't until her third year at Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, with encouragement from several important individuals, that Dozay decided to switch to the fine arts program and pursue a full-time career as an artist.

Currently, Dozay is one of very few professional Native artists in Atlantic Canada. She has constructed her creative career around traditional Native artwork, capturing First Nations culture and heritage. Although she enjoys a successful career as an exceptional and unique artist, Dozay's strength has always been on her understanding of the spiritual aspect of traditional Native artwork. This focus has ensured that Dozay and her work are recognized and appreciated worldwide.

Kluskap Planting Wolastoq



Kluskap was instructed to lay down the St. John River, branching out to supply the water to the Wolastoq people. “There lie the bones of all our ancestors.” Aglebe’*m* [a monstrous frog] kept back all the water in the world so that the rivers stopped flowing and the lakes dried up and people everywhere began dying of thirst. They sent a messenger to him asking him to give the people water but he refused. He gave the messenger only a drink from the water in which he washed. This was not enough to satisfy even the thirst of one. At last, a great man was sent to Aglebe’*m* to get him to release the water for the people. Aglebe’*m* refused saying that he needed it himself to lie in. The messenger felled a tree so that it fell on the monster and killed him. The body of this tree became the river and the branches became the tributaries of the river while the leaves became the ponds at the head of these streams.

Gabe Paul, in *Malecite Tales*, by Frank G. Speck, *Journal of American Folklore*, vol. 30 (1917).

Design on bottom: Old woman’s Maliseet peaked hat from Negootkuk. From the Wolastoq Moon Calendar, 2011.

Guardian of the Wolastoq



Kluskap is our guardian of the sacred Wolastoq River, with all of its landmarks and locations of his encounters: starting with the mouth located at the city of St. John, where his canoe and his grandmother waited and watched over the Reversing Falls beaver dam; to Kluskap's Face, where Kluskap and his grandmother arrived on their stone canoe; to the marks left by his snowshoes, the Tobique Rock; and on to Wosisek by the Bay of St. Lawrence, where the beavers had their cabin.

Border design: Maliseet double curve, used in old traditional designs.

Kluskap's Face

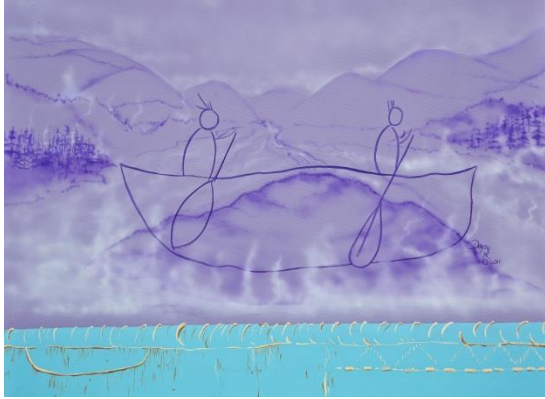


Kluskap said to Mikumwesu, "I am going to leave a picture of myself on the cliff so that when the Indians go by here in the canoes, they will always be able to see and remember me for the good deeds I have done." Below Boars Head near the mouth of the St. John River you can see, in the cliff, a man's head with curly hair. That is Kluskap's mark that he made after he first came to the St. John River, to the beaver dam. It is on the left side going down the river, about half a mile below Boars Head. When we passed Kluskap's face, we would throw figs of tobacco in the water in order that we would have a calm time.

Gabe Acquin, in *Maliseet Legends*, by Edward Jack, *The Journal of American Folklore*, Vol. 8, No. 30 (Jul. - Sep., 1895).

Border design: stylized *Mahsos* (fiddlehead) which has been very important to the Wolastoq people for centuries.

Kluskap and his Grandmother on their Stone Canoe



Kluskap and his grandmother came to Saint John Harbour from the south. Their canoe was an island. They landed at Marsh Creek (Saints Rest Marsh below Saint John). The Indians saw him coming and were amazed at the sight of his canoe. At once they knew that he had greater power than anyone else for he was doing amazing things.

Jim Paul, in *Malecite Tales*, by W.H. Mechling, Memoir 49, Anthropological Series No. 4. Department of Mines, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Canada, 1914.

Border design: Canoe design from *The Survival of the Bark Canoe*, John McPhee, 1982.

Kluskap Watching Beavers in Kennebecasis



Kluskap followed the beaver one summer to the mouth of the Kennebecasis River, where the beavers had their home. He examined these and then returned to the dam located where the Reversing Falls are now. This piece is my interpretation of Kluskap and his relationship with the troublesome beaver. The amusement on his face shows the experiences he would have had dealing with the beaver in his adventures in Atlantic Canada and Maine.

Nokomis at the Entrance



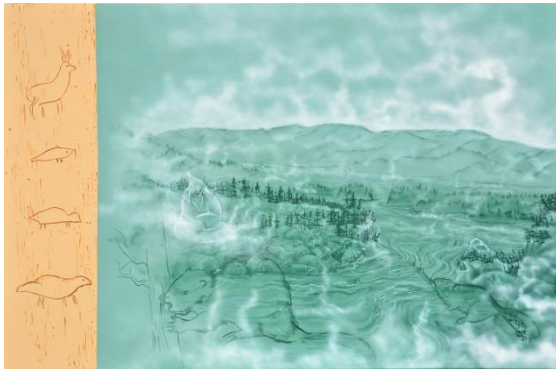
There Kluskap asked his grandmother to watch over so that no beavers would pass through.

Jim Paul, in *Malecite Tales*, by W.H. Mechling, Memoir 49, Anthropological Series No. 4.
Department of Mines, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Canada, 1914.

In the original Mechling version, she was described as holding a spear. In our traditions, a spear held by a woman was frowned upon so, in my version, she is holding a club. In Nokomis's dress, she is wearing a traditional peaked hat of Wabanaki women.

Border design: Quill work Maliseet design used to decorate a birchbark quill basket dated 1815 (Keswick #9.48), in *Micmac and Maliseet Decorative Traditions*, New Brunswick Museum, 1977.

The Troublesome Beaver Watched by Nokomis



Here, I have illustrated another version of Kluskap's grandmother watching over the river with the beavers constantly causing problems for the Wolastoq People.

Border design: Old petroglyph designs on birchbark, source unknown.

Kluskap's Pack



There is another place between Manawagonish Island and Musquash, near Saint John, New Brunswick, where Kluskap left his pack and went off. When he returned, he found a sable gnawing at it. You can still see his pack with the little hole the sable made in it.

Kluskap's Snowshoes



Travelling near Kingsclear, New Brunswick was difficult with snowshoes, so Kluskap slipped them off and left them there. At one time, you could see them—the two islands opposite Mactiquack were called “Kluskap’s Snowshoes.”

Jim Paul, in *Malécite Tales*, by W.H. Mechling, Memoir 49, Anthropological Series No. 4.
Department of Mines, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Canada, 1914.

Border design: old birchbark design found on a birchbark basket, fiddlehead etching, Maliseet, late 19th century (#57.173).

Kluskap Summoning the Animals



The story was that Kluskap had to teach the animals how to live and get along with the people of Wolastoq. This is a revision from an old drawing that I was hired to do by Dr. Andrea Bear Nicholas, to illustrate her book *Aboriginal Oral Traditions of the Wabanaki*.

Border design: Canoe design from *The Survival of the Bark Canoe*, John McPhee, 1982.

Kluskap Throwing Rocks by Negootkuk



Kluskap was instructed by his brother, Mikumesu, to go down to the seashore and gather two stones to throw upriver ahead of the beaver to scare him back. Kluskap did as his brother directed and threw the stones up the river. He threw them so far that they landed ahead of the beaver and scared him back. These stones are called Tobique Rocks today, about three miles below Perth, New Brunswick, and are now underwater.

Jim Paul, in *Malecite Tales*, by W.H. Mechling, Memoir 49, Anthropological Series No. 4.
Department of Mines, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Canada, 1914.

Border design: Maliseet birchbark basket design found in late 19th century, in *Micmac and Maliseet Decorative Traditions*, New Brunswick Museum, 1977.

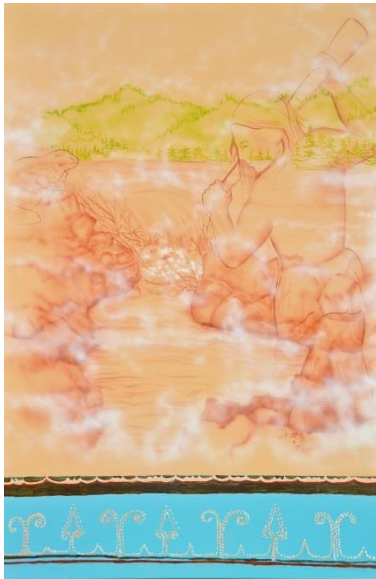
Kluskap Visiting the Little People in Negootkuk



Kluskap's grandmother told him that there were people in Tobique. He started up the river to find them and there he saw the little people. Countless legends and stories have been told in Negootkuk by my grandparents and Elders in the community.

Border design: The ancient medicine, Flagroot (*kewhuswusk*), which is used for all-around well-being and was always found on the shores in Negootkuk. My parents used the medicine for everything from colds to toothaches. I vividly remember having to chew the dried root for a toothache. The taste made me so sick that it caused a very upset stomach. My mom responded with, "Drink the steeped root," so it's safe to say it was very powerful. It has now disappeared due to environmental causes.

Kluskap in Grand Falls



Kluskap went up St. John River as far as Grand Falls, across which the beaver had built his dam. Kluskap tore it to pieces, as you can see today, and drained the water off. He did this so that, when he returned to Saint John and broke the beaver's dam there, they would have no other pond to go to.

In *Maliseet Tales*, by W.H. Mechling, Memoir 49, Anthropological Series No. 4. Department of Mines, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Canada, 1914.

Border design: Old Maliseet clothing design found on a traditional peaked hat, Tobique, 1910 (CMC #111-E-28). From the Wolastoq Moon Calendar, 2011.

Beaver's Wosisek (Cabin)



The Tobique Indians say that the young beaver subsequently took refuge in Temiscouata Lake. They say that the high hill on its shores, opposite the mouth of the Cabano River, is the house which he built after being driven up from the mouth of the Saint John River.

Gabe Acquin, in *Maliseet Legends*, by Edward Jack, *The Journal of American Folklore*, Vol. 8, No. 30 (Jul. - Sep., 1895).

Border design: Petroglyphs at French Lake, Oromocto, New Brunswick.

Kluskap Calming the Wind



Kluskap said “I know how.” With that, he stood up in his stone canoe with his stone knife and stabbed into the air. The wind calmed.

In *Maliseet Tales*, by Frank G. Speck, [Journal of American Folklore](#), vol. 30 (1917).

I wanted to illustrate the power Kluskap had in Wolastoq territory by his will to be able to control everything around him.

Border design: Maliseet Wampum design.

Glooscap in Unama'ki

Artist Statement

The beautiful landmarks and legends of Cape Breton Island (Unama'ki) inspired this body of works. Wabanaki people have a belief that there is a hero out there that has always guided our people and that hero, guide, teacher is Glooscap. In many legends Glooscap would leave landmarks, which were the results of his teaching. Through using his teaching, of all virtues we hold true, we can see that his "persona" and the lessons he leaves for us are very real, by the fact that the landmarks are still here. His teachings will always be guiding and remind us that he will return to reassure us, to hold true and never lose faith in his lessons.

These landmarks that grace this beautiful immutable Island, remind us of his existence here and across Atlantic Canada. I have been researching and photographing these sites for five years, always looking and always studying different locations, checking the flora and fauna with all its intricate details. It made me imagine his actual presence at these particular locations. You can sometimes feel the significance of how he had come to these and how they were created. One image was made of a historical landmark in Chapel Island (Potlotek), Nova Scotia.

There is one thing often lacking here in Atlantic Canada; it is the Aboriginal people's history and importance, especially being First Peoples of this Sacred Planet.

Note: The artist chose to use the Glooscap spelling for Kluskap in her Unama'ki series.



Dozay

"Glooscap in Unamaki"

How Niscaminou Made Glooscap



Long ago, on the great bold cliffs of Cape North (Kte'dnuk), on the eastern side of the Cape, Niscaminou, the Very Great, made Glooscap of the good red earth of Cape Breton, and breathed on him until he lived. Then, when he had made him and he breathed, Niscaminou willed that Glooscap should wait on the lonely cliffs seventy times seven days until He came again. "Until I come, wait on the mountain," Niscaminou told Glooscap. Glooscap waited, lying on the cliffs as Niscaminou had made him, with his head toward the rising sun, his feet toward the setting sun; his arms flat on the earth and stretched toward the north and the south. He waited through long dark nights when the lone gull cried; he waited through the long brittle-dry days of summer, and in the snow of winter. The wind came and the rain and still he waited. The hills turned from the palest blue to indigo and were black and bare before the snow covered them with white. Still Niscaminou did not come and Glooscap waited. The land turned soft with spring; the sea birds laid their eggs. Still Glooscap waited. Then, at noonday, when the red cliffs were blue with hare bells, Niscaminou came again to Cape North, and from the dew that clings to the rocks, He made an old woman to care for Glooscap's wigwam, "Noogumich, Grandmother," Glooscap called her.

Still Niscaminou willed that Glooscap should wait on the great bold bluff of Cape North until the noon of another day, when He came again to the mountain, and from the sea foam where it was white and thick at the foot of the cliffs, He made a little man to wait on Glooscap. "Nataoa-nsem, my sister's son, Little Martin," Glooscap called him. Still Niscaminou willed that Glooscap should wait, and with the next noonday, when the sun was high in the sky, came the Mother of the Mi'kmaq out of the great beautiful earth of Cape Breton. When Niscaminou had made old Grandmother and Nataoa-nsem, my sister's son, Little Martin and the Mother of the Mi'kmaq, Glooscap left Cape North and went over the mountains until he came to the Fairy Hole on the lovely bay of St. Ann. There he pitched his wigwam and lived for many long winters.

Artist's note:

For this research, I explored Cape North, located on the eastern tip of Cape Breton, outside Highland Park. I photographed the sleeping giant in all seasons, and all angles, because his

creation took years and many seasons. I also climbed and hiked this site.

Glooscap's Canoe, Bird Islands



In the olden days, when Glooscap lived at Fairy Hole on St. Anne's Bay, there lived an evil wizard who did not like him. He was jealous of Glooscap because the Mi'kmaq marveled at Glooscap's magic and took no heed of his. When the Mi'kmaq passed his door on their way to Glooscap's wigwam, he sat beside his miserable little fire and prodded it angrily and mumbled to himself, "Glooscap, the Great Glooscap." He plotted slyly to kill Glooscap, but there was no way he could touch him. He tried to outwit him with his magic but Glooscap eluded him. At last, one day, when Glooscap was away from Fairy Hole, he stole two girls from their wigwam and drove them mercilessly over the shore to St. Anne's Bay. The girls stumbled and fell on the rocks and he struck them with his spear. "Your Great Glooscap," he snarled at them, "Where is he? Why has he not come to save you as he said he would?" He prodded them with the sharp point of his spear. "Why do you not answer? Where is your Glooscap? Perhaps if I shout for him he will come." "Glooscap!" he shrieked, "Glooscap!" The hills rang with his shrill jeers. "Glooscap Glooscap! Where are you Glooscap?" He screamed at the girls, "Your Glooscap is a liar. When you need him he does not come."

Then he saw the Great Glooscap striding down St. Anne's shores. In a frenzy, the wizard struck the girls and drove them over the rocks. Lying on the shore, he saw Glooscap's great stone canoe. He pushed the girls into it and heaved it into the deep water. "What will you do now Glooscap?" he jeered, "How will you save these girls?" He paddled leisurely along the shore, hurling scorn at Glooscap. "Ah, the Great Glooscap," he taunted, "The Great Glooscap." He turned to laugh at Glooscap, helpless on the shore, but Glooscap was beside him. With an ugly snarl he lurched at Glooscap and struck him with his paddle. Glooscap pushed him aside, set the girls carefully ashore and turned on him, lifted him high above the Bay and dropped him into the sea. Glooscap turned to his broken canoe, pulled its shattered gunwales apart and left it as two islands, the Bird Islands. The wind, the rain, and the sea have beat against the islands until there is nothing left of the old smooth contours of Glooscap's great stone canoe. The seabirds long ago found the Islands and still lay their eggs on the bare rocks. All day their hoarse cries echo against the shores, as lonely and as desolate

as the sea that rises and falls against the broken rocks of Glooscap's old stone canoe.

Artist's Note:

This site is located just outside of the Cabot Trail, on its eastern shores. I managed to rent a boat to view the actual pieces with all the many species of coastal birds. When I cruised around the rocks, the shrill cries of all the birds filled the air; you can almost hear the haunting cries for our hero to return.

Glooscap's Door



There is a doorway to Glooscap's domain
Where you throw dry punk and fish
For his fire and food.
But you must not enter
Though you may leave a gift on stone
Waiting to feel goodness.
This is the way the legend goes
So the Micmac elders say.
At Cape Dolphin near Big Bras d'Or
There is a hole through a cliff
It is Glooscap's door.
And on the outside a flat stone
It is his table.
The Indians on a hunt leave on table
Tobacco and eels.
This brings them luck, so the story goes

The legend lives on.

Excerpt from *The Legend of Glooscap's Door, Song of Eskasoni, More Poems by Rita Joe*, Ragweed Press, 1988.

Artist's note:

This location was by far the most difficult. First, we had to hike it around the cliffs of Kellys Mountain, located at the base of the mountain on the northern side. After the hike in, we had to scale the cliffs that had ropes attached a long time ago, to reach the cave's entrance. By this method, I could only photograph the entrance. In order for me to get the whole image, we had to get a raft to be able to reach the location. This location had very special significance, because of the threats of mining on the mountain, which would destroy this historical site.

Glooscap and his brother Malsum



When Glooscap came from the Sky in a stone canoe, he came with his brother, Malsum. The two were giants, 12 feet tall, and both could make themselves larger at will. Glooscap was manlike but Malsum had the head of a wolf. Glooscap was a good and powerful Chief but Malsum, banished from the Skyland for his evil ways, had been sent to redeem himself in Glooscap's service. But he was jealous of his brother and if he could, he would kill Glooscap and become Chief in his place.

Glooscap set to work and create the little people, the *megumoowesoos*, and then he created men and women by shooting arrows into the trunks of ash trees. Finally, out of clay, Glooscap created the animals. Secretly, Malsum touched Glooscap's belt and whispered an evil charm.

The last of the clay twisted itself and fell to the ground where it came to life as a strange animal; not badger, not beaver, not wolverine, but something of all three, a creature as restless and wild as its maker. "His name is Lox!" said Malsum. "I made him!" Malsum instructed Lox to stir up trouble for Glooscap and so Lox went stirring up the animals to make mischief.

Glooscap summoned all the animals and warned them. The animals muttered angrily among themselves. "It is clear that as long as Glooscap is master, we can do nothing. Malsum would let us do as we please." Lox knew that both giants lived charmed lives and that neither could be killed except in one certain way. Lox noticed how each of the giants talked at times, privately, to the people of the Sky. He overheard Glooscap saying that he can never die unless he was struck in the heart by a flowering rush. He also heard Malsum saying "I am safe, for nothing can harm me but a fern root piercing my throat."

Lox saw how he could turn things to his own end and went to Malsum and revealed Glooscap's life secret. Lox then hurried to Glooscap saying, "Master, Malsum knows your secret and is about to kill you. He will die if his throat is pierced with a fern root." Glooscap had barely torn the root from the ground, when Malsum appeared, flowering rush in hand. Touching their belts, both grew in a flash so tall their heads touched the clouds. What a battle that was! Each blow made the earth tremble and pine trees shake at their roots. At last Malsum risked all in a mighty thrust but, stubbing his toe on an island, he lost his balance. Swift as light, Glooscap's fern root pierced the wolf-like throat and Malsum, his brother, died.

Excerpts from *More Glooscap Stories, Legends of the Wabanaki Indians*, by Kay Hill, Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1970.

Artist's Note:

I chose this legend to illustrate the wonderful small islands that scatter around in the Bras d'Or Lakes, where a lot of the Unama'ki series took place. This legend wasn't really concentrated in Cape Breton.

Tale of the Two Sisters: Plaster Cove



Glooscap's home was at Fairy Hole. Just in front of the caves at this headland are three little islands in a straight line, known as Bird Islands. These are the remains of Glooscap's canoe where he left it when it was broken. At Plaster Cove (Two'butc or looking out), two sisters saw his canoe broken into three pieces and they laughed, making fun of Glooscap. At this, he told them that they would remain forever where they are. And today, there are two rocks at Plaster Cove, which are the remains of these girls.

Artist's note:

It was very difficult to explore the landmark in this particular legend. My daughter and I hiked up these gypsum mounds, which were very steep and unstable, because of the crumbling rock. Many times where we stepped it would cave in, so needless to say, we were really having difficulty staying on the mounds. I wanted to include these mounds because they are in full view for our people and Glooscap, with his canoe not too far from this location.

Glooscap's Dinner at Table Head



After Glooscap left his canoe, he went over to Table Head (Padalkodi'tck) on the south side of the Great Bras d'Or Lake. Here he had his dinner. This site can still be seen, as a clear flat area on the cliffs in the northern point of Cape Breton, going towards Black Brook.

Wreck Cove, Glooscap Tipping his Canoe



When Glooscap's canoe foundered, he jumped out of his canoe at Wreck Cove. He lifted out his moose skin canoe mat and left it on shore to dry. It is still there today, a space of 15 acres of bare ground where the mat lays.

Artist's Note:

This particular landmark is located on the Cabot Trail, just outside of Ingonish.

Beaver Series, Red Islands



From Salt Mountain, Glooscap was chasing a beaver. The beaver made holes in Indian Island (Elnuwe'e Minigu) trying to get under it. He did get under, went to Elguanik, and came out at Tewil (Grand Narrows).

Artist's note:

This is one of the many chases Glooscap had with the beaver, which concentrated around the Bras'd Or Lake

Looking for the Beaver who is Hiding



As Glooscap journeyed through the western end of Bras d'Or Lakes towards Whycocomagh, he startled a beaver at Indian Island (Wi'sik or cabin) and drove him out. Glooscap followed the beaver through St. Patrick's Channel until he lost him for a while.

Artist's Note:

These small islands are presently located close to the Aboriginal communities of Waycobah and Wagmatcook.

Throwing Stones at the Beaver



The rocks Glooscap threw at the beaver became Little Island. The lesser of the two elevations of Indian Island was made by the soil thrown by Glooscap. From Salt Mountain, Glooscap could make Indian Island in one step, standing with one foot on the Mountain and the other on the Island. Little Island consists of rock rising about ten feet out of the water. Glooscap stood at Wi'sik (Indian Island) and took a piece of rock and threw it toward the place where he thought the beaver was. The rock is now Red Island (Pau-enukte'gan).

Glooscap at the Canso Causeway



Glooscap tried to chase and stop the beaver from doing so much damage to the waters of Cape Breton. You see, the Beaver was a nuisance to our great Glooscap because of his mischievous ways, which always led to problems from dams to floods. This shows Glooscap trying to chase the beaver out of Unama'ki, right from the Canso entrance, where the landmark of the Porcupine Mountain was made by Glooscap throwing great boulders at the beaver, to try to stop him from coming on Unama'ki. Glooscap's attempts to stop the beaver also created the many little Islands in the Bras d'Or Lake, to the Canal at St. Peters. In one of his legends, the story is that he had finally made the beaver the size he is because of his troublesome ways. Before he started his troubles, the beaver was as large as our great Glooscap.

Glooscap Leaving the People

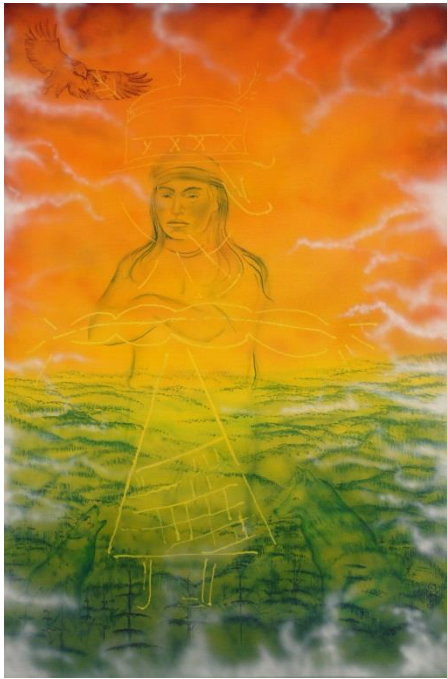


When the time came for Glooscap to leave the Mi'kmaq, it is said that he left on a great whale.

“I left a message to Nikmaq
In the caves of stone
My home.
The message says I go away
But will return someday
And the sun will again shine
Across the trails my people walk.
Kluskap O'kom.”

Excerpt from *L'nu & Indians We're Called*, Rita Joe, Ragweed Press, 1991.

Glooscap the Great



Glooscap is the creator of the Wabanaki. His is well known in song, legend, and our history as a teacher, father, caregiver, protector, and guardian. Today, Glooscap is still mentioned from time to time as the Wabanaki savior. He is believed to be asleep waiting for the day when the Wabanaki will need him. Glooscap is portrayed here with his helpers, the two dogs, Night and Day. His messenger, the eagle, is overlooking the land of the Wabanaki

It is said that a number of the Wabanaki went to him to wake him to ask for his help when things looked bleak in the first decade of the last century. His help is believed to be possibly forthcoming in the future, to defend the Wabanaki against the white man.

Kluskap's Fish

A long time ago when Kluskap was in the land of the Passamaquoddy people, he wanted to help the people survive. Each time the men went out on ocean hunting trips many came back with stories of the giant fish in the Bay. The pure blue green color of the ocean had turned a brown color—this was from the giant fish chasing each other and killing everything in the area. It got so bad that the tribal hunters would not go out on the ocean. The people called to Kluskap asking for his help. So Kluskap got into his giant canoe and started catching the giant fish and turning them into the size they are today. But there was one fish who would continue to escape from Kluskap by hiding in the deepest waters. The fish continued to chase and eat the smaller fish and this kept the water brown. Kluskap stood on the highest peak along the Bay to wait for the giant fish. This time he saw the fish and captured it with the help of Whale. Holding it tightly he put a spell on this fish. Kluskap's spell was that the fish had been so much trouble, that now it had to swallow the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay twice a day, and all other fish will avoid being eaten by this troublemaker. Some of the fish's offspring carry the thumbprint of Kluskap on its body. Whale had helped Kluskap and was allowed to keep its large size. Still today you can see the Bay being swallowed twice a day between the narrows of Deer Island and Eastport. Off in the distance the whales still watch, making sure that Kluskap's spell is being enforced.

Epilogue

This series came about over a few years to depict the journeys that Glooscap and the beaver encountered on our beautiful Island. I wanted to research all the legends representing Unama'ki (Cape Breton) landmarks because our Aboriginal history needs to be preserved and used to teach our young and old alike.

I wanted to teach about all the significance of our folklore hero and his many wonderful traits that our Wabanaki culture have followed and believed in for centuries. I also wanted to recognize the original inhabitants, the Mi'kmaw, who are part of the Wabanaki Confederacy

In all of the paintings, the white smoke is the fog; Unama'ki stands for "Land of the Fog."