



WANDERING WATERCOLOURS

GARRY HAMILTON

Copyright 2025 Garry Hamilton. All rights reserved



MY INTRODUCTION TO WATERCOLOURS

I had been teaching life drawing at Sheridan College in ON and later Dawson College in QC over many years.

Also, I had illustrated numerous books, and done newspaper cartoons, but most of my work was pre-separated in black with overlays to produce printed colour.

1970's Technology.

Watercolours with its exciting colour washes had its initiation for me in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. an island off the East coast of Canada, Cape Breton is home to coasts sometimes peaceful,

sometimes the scene of wild crashing seas,
full of drama.

There are inland forests with meandering
streams, and lakes,
waterfalls, high cliffs and constantly
changing skylscapes.

A great place for an artist. It is also home to
a thriving art and artisan community.

There were regular life drawing sessions in a
community center. I was fortunate that
fellow artist Bill Rogers and I attended the
same life drawing sessions.

I had been working in charcoal,
the usual medium for fast life drawing. As I
watched Bill quickly applying vibrant
coloured watercolour washes on paper,
I was intrigued.

I had to give it a shot.
Bill shared his watercolour knowledge
freely with me,
I bought professional quality paints and
paper and dove in.
I did many life drawing sessions with small
artist groups, and in my own studio,
with one or two other artists
to share the modelling cost.
A great opportunity to explore
the wet sometimes
unpredictable medium,
watercolour.



SELF PORTRAIT FROM A MIRROR

Next are 4 paintings from these sessions.

NUDE RESTING ON COLOURED PILLOW

I invented the pattern on the pillow,
including some cool blues to key the
warm colours in her flesh

NUDE PROFILE

Most nude paintings are done live
from a model,
the best way to learn quickly.

To warm up,
the poses are often short,
5 - 20 minutes,
forcing one to decide
drawing/painting choices intuitively.
All four following paintings

of nudes were half sheets
and done over about one to
one and a half hours.

A full watercolour sheet is 22" X 30"

A half sheet is 22" X 15"

A quarter sheet is 11" X 15"

If a watercolour is shown
under a window mat,
a half inch is required
on all four sides to attach
the painting to the mat.

For example,
a quarter sheet becomes 10" X 14"







PLAYING WITH TEXTURES

I invented the pattern and played up the texture of the flowing blankets against her smooth skin. Then inspired by a Sargent painting of a flamenco dancer against a dark cement backwall, I invented a coarse dark backwall to set off her soft flesh.



RECLINING NUDE

I invented the drapery behind the model and the direction of the drapery folds leading to her face, which is the center of interest. Painting nudes is essential to understanding human anatomy for an artist.

It sometimes does not involve much about the model as a person.

For brief gesture drawings he or she is there as a prop, the same as a jar of fruit or flowers would be for a still life.

It does however reveal much about the artist, the colour choices, the looseness or careful precision of the rendering, the focus on what is important, or what should be edited out.

SEASCAPES & WATER

Bill Rogers who introduced me to
watercolour, showed me some great
painting locations,
dramatic rocky coasts, inland waterfalls,
ports with lobster boats,
and Louisbourg Lighthouse.

Much of the coast in Cape Breton
is rugged and rocky
with layers of rock over the ages
revealed, as the nonstop pounding
of the crashing surf
continues relentlessly,
as it always has.

For this next painting I hung my backpack
with rocks in it from my easel,
to keep the easel from toppling over
or becoming airborne.
Gulls were ever present.
On the coast they always are.
I painted them in front of a dark area
to pop out
and become the centre of interest.



LOUISBOURG COAST WITH GULLS 10" X 14"



ANTIGONISH HARBOUR 15" X 22"

This harbour scene was painted en plein air, while visiting an artist friend, Christopher Gorey, near his home in Antigonish.



WAVE BURST 10" X 14"

To paint a moving scene like this, you watch the pattern, the changing shape of each wave as it impacts the rocks and explodes up, then dissipates into falling mist. I used a toothbrush and some white gouache for describing this.



LOUISBOURG LIGHTHOUSE 11" X 20"

An iconic reminder of our recent past.

Usually, it is blustery with crashing surf below. But I also painted it in creepy fog conditions with clear vision for about thirty feet, then a translucent, quickly becoming opaque, blanket of white.

NEXT PAGE

WATERFALL 10" X 6"

What interested me most was the movement of the water deceptively still looking at the top, then flowing, cascading down, splashing on impact at the bottom, then, rippling forward toward the viewer.

Again, for the spray, I used white gouache and a toothbrush to spatter.



WATERFALL

Louisbourg has something special,
a fortress from centuries past, now rebuilt.

It was constantly fought over,
and changed hands between

French and English
more than once.

The prize was the bountiful cod fishery.
Costumed actors occupy the village now,
play acting the role of previous citizens.

AFTER NEXT PAGE

LOUISBOURG ACTOR 22" X 20"

I don't know this guy's role,
but I suspect he was playing the part of
a press gang foreman.

He reminded me
of Mutiny on the Bounty,
and Captain Bligh.

Don't be fooled by my giving in
to the scoundrel rendering idea.

In real life, he was
a mischievous character, a fun guy.

As Picasso said
"All art is a lie."

Picasso did know how to get
the public's attention.

Mary White phrased it a bit differently
"Art is an invention."





LOBSTER BOAT WAITING 10" X 14"

Driving around in Cape Breton, I spotted this boat uphill near sundown. What I liked was the worm's eye view, and a chance to play with oblique directions.

The rough ground sloping up to the left,
the clouds sloping up to the right.

Not enough time to set up my easel.

I painted from inside my car,
my paper clipped on a plywood panel
resting on the steering wheel,
my water in the coffee cup holder,
paints and brushes
on the covered passenger seat.



AQUEOUS MELODY 10" X 14"

Cape Breton en plein air,
painting in the woods.

My painting gear in my back pack,
I started out on a very rough trail.

It was a two mile hike
into the forest
to paint this scene.
My painting was speeded up
by the mosquitos
and other nasty little flying critters
who soon discovered
me, and my delicious body.



LOBSTER BOAT, CLOUDY DAY 10" X 14"

Weather changes from one minute to the next in Cape Breton. Like most paintings in this book, it was painted en plein air.



PEGGY'S COVE 13" X 17"

One of my earlier attempts in watercolour.
The painting needed that warm red
life bouy in the boat to counter
all the cooler blues.



BURBLING BROOK 14" X 19"

Water is always full of surprises, whether roaring along, a huge force, or bursting up into spray and mist sometimes still, dark, and deep, or as in this case, burbling happily along.

MEXICO

I am not going to bore you with an itinerary.

I visited lots of different places
at different times.

These next six paintings
were done in Mexico.

It is amazing how one's palette changes
going to a tropical land like Mexico,
a land full of vibrant colour,
as opposed to temperate Canada,
a land of grey.

You step down the gangplank of the plane
and you are immediately stunned by the
heat, the humidity, the dank smell of the
jungle lingering underneath the diesel fuel
odours of the airport.

Later in the grounds of the hotel
surrounded by tropical plants,
cactus and palm trees,
you drink in
the surrounding surfeit of colour
and mentally compose
future paintings.



THE TROPICS, VIBRANT COLOUR EVERYWHERE

Same palette, as in Canada,
but editing choices very different.



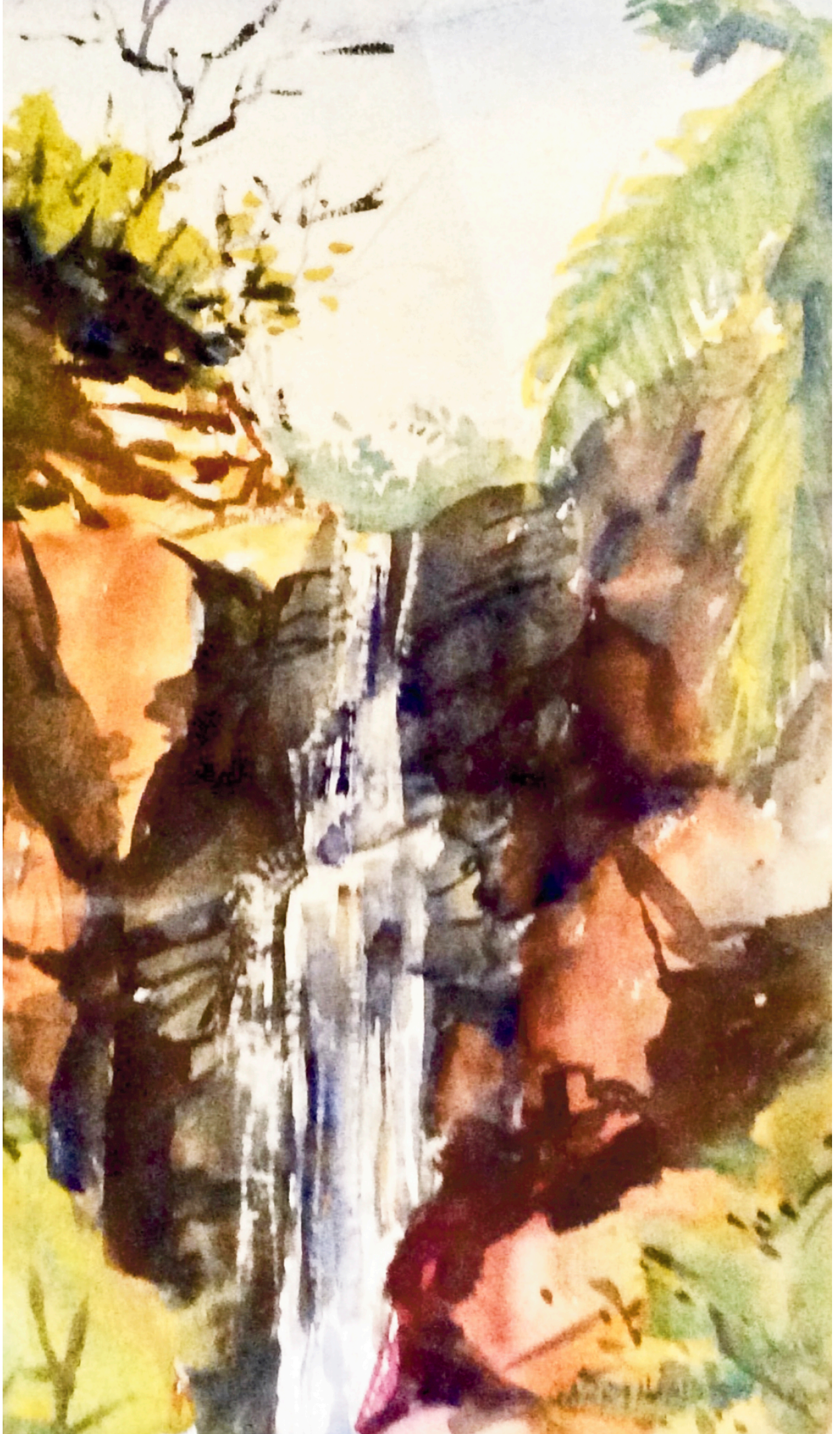
SMILE FOR THE CAMERA 14" X 19"

This guy was renting his iguana for photo taking. An opportunity for an iguana sitting on your shoulder, cheek to cheek, so to speak. I think I caught the iguana's charming smile.

JUNGLE PARADISE 10" X 6"

I painted the next scene
of a waterfall in the jungle
from a picnic table
in an open air restaurant
at the base of the falls.

As I sip on a cold beer,
listen to the birds, the swishing water
and the dank tropical smell of the jungle
and lose myself in the painting,
it occurs to me
I am a very lucky guy.





BEACH BLANKET PEDDLER

A fast pen and watercolour impression
in my sketchpad.

Vendors are everywhere in Mexico.
Especially in tourist areas,
like a sandy beach.

THE SCEPTIC 21" X 23"

An indigenous vendor, a Huichol,
was in the hotel lobby selling his crafts.

He appeared proud,
but also, not very trusting of gringos.

I suspect with good reason,
given his people's
historical experience with us.

I think I caught his
look of distrust.

This is a detail
of the larger full painting.



THE SCEPTIC

40



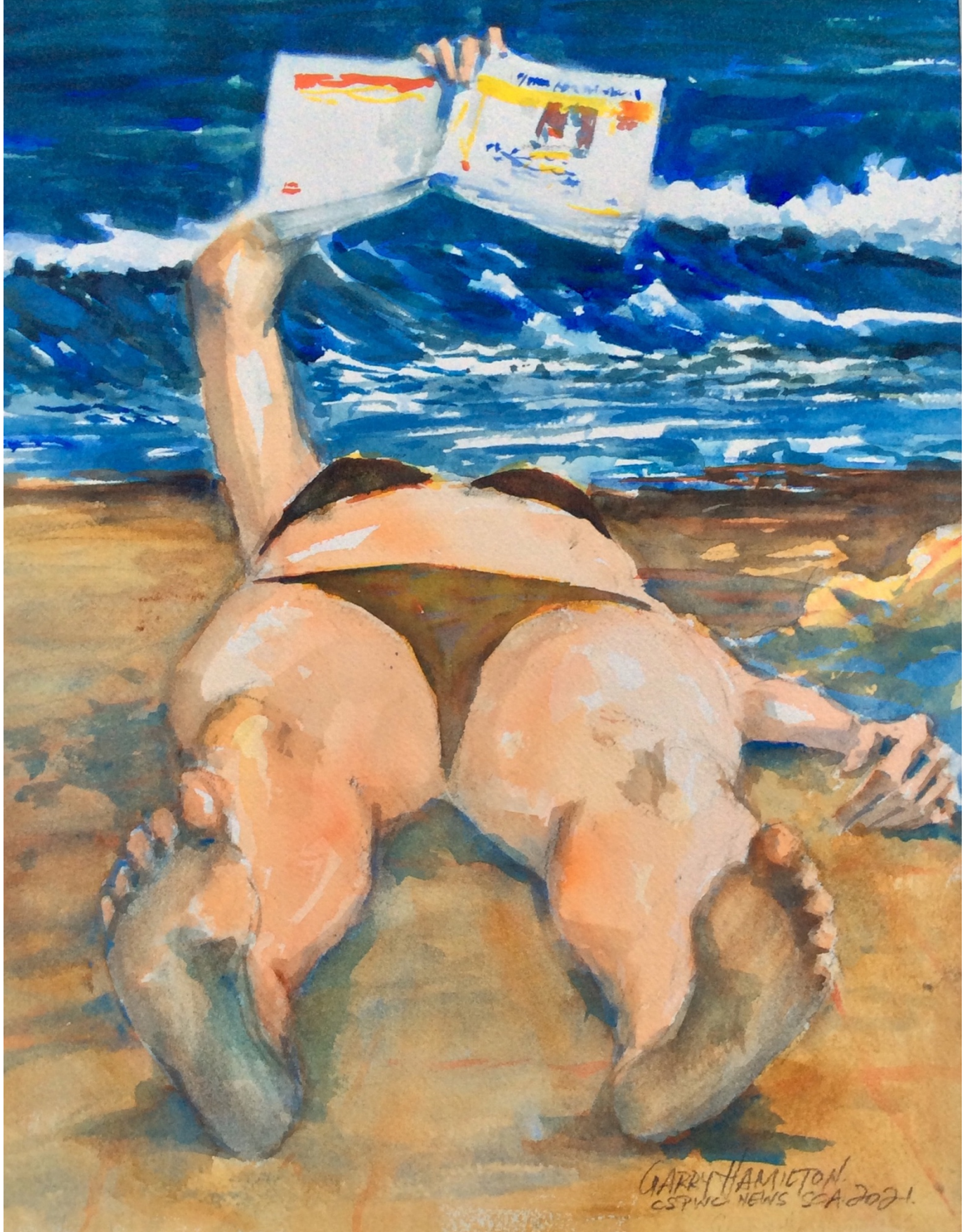
SEA, ROCK, BIRDS 10" X 14"

NEXT PAGE
SEASHORE READER

14" X 10"

There was something oddly jarring
about this scene,
the symmetry of
the bathing suit shapes, and feet,
no apparent head.

Notice how the breaking white surf
unites with the white book cover
for a single shape
that defies atmospheric perspective.
It continues the jarring
"something's weird" impact.



SEASHORE READER

MY FAMILY & HOME TOWN

Before we head off for our next trip
let me introduce my family.
I am eighty-eight as I write this book.

My two kids
are both in their fifties.
My daughter Tamara is an animal lover
and feisty like her late mom.

The painting shows her
about fifteen years ago.
Her dog Jack has since died,
and also another dog.
Bringing up a dog is a guarantee
of both love and heartbreak,
unless you are in
your likely last decade of life.

My son Patrick is an artist also. A musician,
he has enormous talent
and is continuously composing,
and playing lots of gigs regularly.
But making it in the big time in today's
corporate world is a crap shoot at best.
Maybe some day?

In the meantime, he keeps doing
what he loves doing and is really good at.

My grandson Edgar is an artist in his soul,
still searching for his medium.

He is eighteen and
in college studying photography.

I robbed the cradle and married
a younger woman.

Jo-Ann is in her early seventies,

still svelte and active.
She is the most honest, authentic person
I know, without guile or pretense,
as lovely inside as out.

My younger sister Mary is
a web page designer,
a digital artist in a medium
that completely eludes and frustrates me.
A medium for the young.
She is only eighty.



TAMMY & JACK 10" X 14"

Tammy is my daughter and was step mom to **Jack**. **Jack** was a border collie and a devoted loving companion to her. We all miss him.



**EDGAR MY GRANDSON BOOZING IT UP
WITH A FRIEND 7"X 10"**

Edgar is eighteen now. These kinds
of boozing days are all in the past.

NEXT

PATRICK PLAYING WITH PASSION 21" X 14"

My son **Patrick** is a very gifted musician. I think
he got his music gene from his mom.





JO-ANN, BIRTHDAY GIRL 22" X 15"

A happy girl full of giggles

NEXT PAGE

MARY 22" X 15"

Mary is my younger sister.

80 years old.

Younger,

Its all relative, after all, eh?

She has the condo next door to us

in the Dominican Republic,
where we spend our winters.

She is a digital web designer
and often rescues me

when I am trying to layout
a poem or story for a book,
on my laptop computer,

and
am totally confused.



MARY



SUNSET 10" X 14"

I left Cape Breton a couple of decades ago and returned to Quebec. I live in a little town, Knowlton. This sunset was in a field, a few minutes drive from my home.



JOE'S ANTIQUE STORE 10" X 14"

Sadly, Joe's Antique store had to close.

The owner hiked the rent.

For Joe, it wasn't really about the money.

He just enjoyed socializing with folks.



RETIREMENT HOME FOR CHICO & BLANCO
10" X 14"

This farm is a fifteen minute drive from my home. No place to set up my easel.

Painted from inside my car



QUEBEC CITY CALECHE 10" X 14"

I did this painting live from a park in front of the
Hotel Frontenac in Quebec City.

Juried into four international watercolour
competitions and won awards in three of them.



VIEUX MONTREAL CALECHE 17" X 28"

I used my own photo reference
for this Caleche painting.

Great subject.

Painted some years ago when caleches
were still permitted in Montreal.



LONGHORN CATTLE 10" X 14"

Watercolour painted en plein air

There is lots of wild life in our area.
Deer that eat Jo-Ann's flowers right next
to our front door. Beaver, moose, coyotes.
Even black bear poop on the road
one street away.

A neighbour, who was accused
of being the pooping culprit
pointed out the size of the pile was
way beyond his pooping capacity.
Although he did feel flattered.

There are farms with long horn
cattle, llamas, miniature horses
and a duck farm.

Nature wild and domestic
is all around us.



MOOSE 8" X 8"

watercolour with acrylic glaze on gallery canvas.

MY MOST FREQUENT MODEL

JO-ANN

Jo-Ann has too much energy to sit still for long.
Even if it means a great masterpiece
that will never come into being.

One with her face on it.

A lot of my sketches of her
are just opportune moments that pop up,
Sitting in her nightie at the breakfast table
with a cup of coffee for example,
as in the next page, done with a 2B pencil
in my sketch pad.

The next two paintings were live demos
with JO-ANN as the model.

So, no choice, she had to sit there,
and look pretty for
two, twenty minute sessions





LOOKING PRETTY 22" X 15"



HANGING AROUND 20" X 13"

I liked the repeat rhythmic pattern
of her fingers.



Poor Jo-Ann had Covid. It really wiped her out.
She was just well enough to sit up
and watch TV at this point. I set up my easel
by the bedside, and painted her.

THE DOCTOR IS IN 14" X 10"

I have had my share of doctor visits. Most doctors were good, some not so much. This painting is a bit of pissed off self-therapy.

NEXT PAGE

JOHN 14" X 10"

I did a watercolour portrait demo
for an art society,

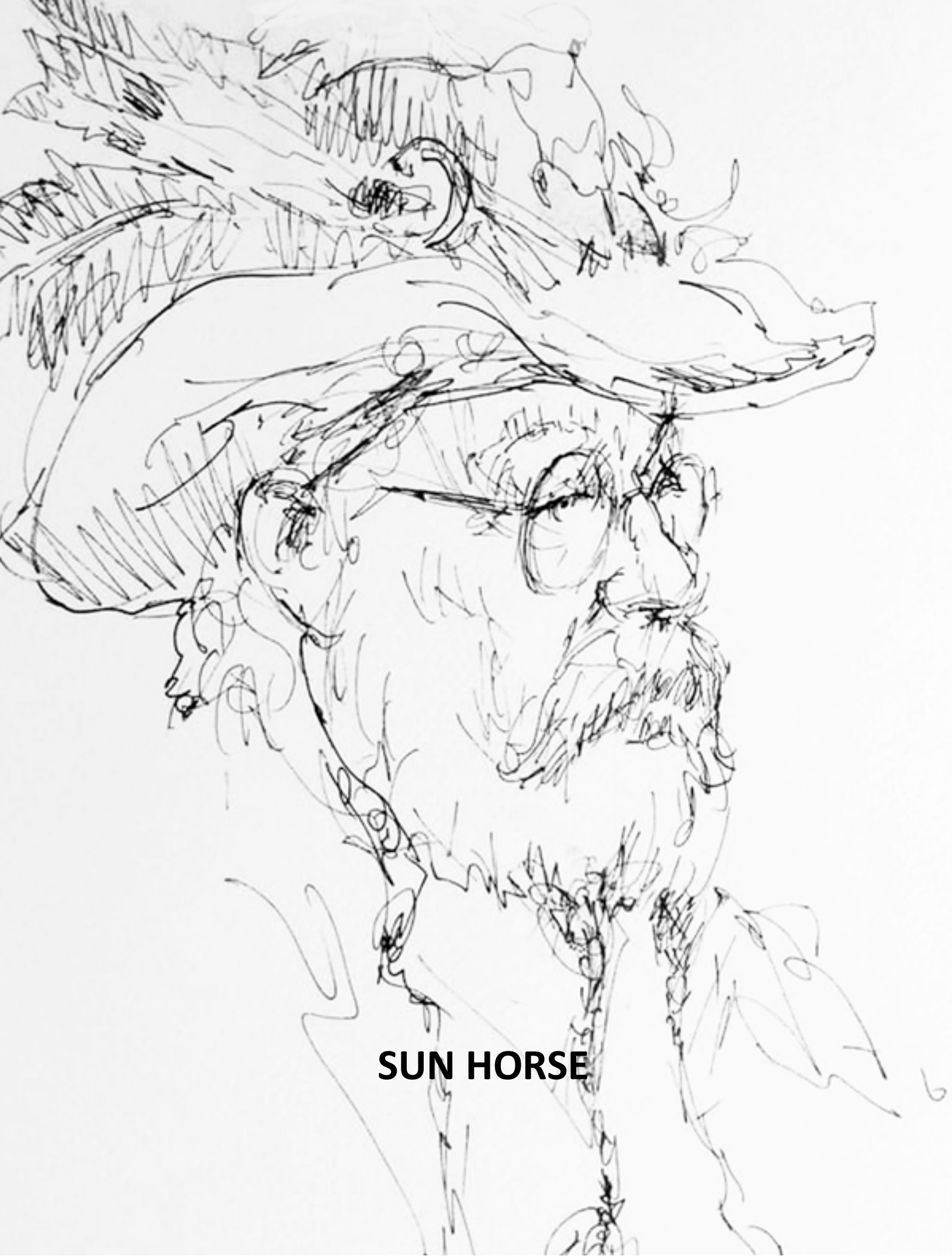
AHA, Artistes Hudson Artists.

John was the president and model.

This was my second later painting of him.

It won the North East Watercolor Society's
41st Juried International WC Competition's,
Blick Art Materials Award 1.





SUN HORSE

I met Sun Horse, a Mohawk
at a farmers market
where he was selling his own crafts.
He graciously agreed to sit for me
briefly on the spot,
while I did quick drawings
in my sketch pad.

Following the sketch,
I did a more carefully considered
watercolour portrait in studio,
using my sketchpad reference.

titled

SUN HORSE WITH SNAKE HEAD CANE

22" X 15"



GARRI HAMILTON
ESPWC NEWS SCA
2024



GLEN WITH HAT 20' X 14"

Glen sat for me and a couple of other artists quite often. I liked the texture of his beard and his usual calm composure



GLEN IN VEST 22" X 15"

ITALY

Jo-Ann and I took several bus trip tours
through Italy and Portugal, staying
in hotels and exploring
after the tour had ended.

Following are some quick sketches and
paintings from the trips.

In Venice we ate for free in
a restaurant
shown on next page.

While we waited for service,
I sketched the interior.

The restaurant offered us
free food and drinks for the sketch.
It worked for me.



LUNCH IN VENICE



**JO-ANN WITH ROMAN BUILT BRIDGE &
MOUNTAIN IN NORTHERN ITALY 15" X 22"**

On a bus tour, we stopped for an afternoon in a little town in northern Italy. Enough time to walk around, and set up my easel and paint.

In the background a roman built bridge
from many centuries ago



LUNCH IN VERONA

A fast sketch at the table in an outdoor cafe while waiting for lunch to arrive.



SYBIL

Sybil kept us all laughing on the trip, a hilarious joker. I sketched her quickly in the lobby, while waiting for the rest of the tour to arrive, for a walk to a restaurant.



POMPEI WITH RUINS

A couple of fast sketches

JO-ANN

Waiting in the lobby for our
hotel room to be made up:



PORTUGAL

Nazare in Portugal is a fascinating place.

It is a port town. The main occupation
historically was fishing.

Along with tourism it still is,
but on a much larger scale.

The town is next to a huge cliff
with access to the cliff top
by a funicular.

There is a town there named Sitio,
where the main occupation still is agriculture.

One's destiny in life, fisherman or farmer
was determined by which of the two towns
you were born into.

Life is a crapshoot.

There is a large underwater canyon,
the Nazare Canyon
which generates huge waves,
an attraction for surfers
from around the world.

Also

From the high cliffs of Sitio,
daredevils leap into space,
and suspended from hang gliders
float down
to the sandy beach of Nazare.



FISHING BOAT WITH SEAGULLS 10"X 14"

This boat along with several others is on permanent display from a way of life ended since only a few decades ago. On the peak of the distant Sitio cliff is a red lighthouse, seventy meters above sea level at high tide.



NAZERE COAST, STORMY WEATHER 10" X 14"

Jo-Ann stood by the water's edge
for context of the size of the rolling breakers
created by the underwater Nazare Canyon.
We watched hang gliders leap off the cliff top
and float down to the beach below.

I offered to sign Jo-Ann up
for a fast trip down,
but she preferred to take the funicular.

This painting uses
the three main watercolour techniques,
wet in wet,
wet on dry
and dry brush.



A HAPPY FACE

This was a gentle very happy little fishmonger
selling salted mackerel on the beach.
She appeared to be about a hundred and fifty
years old, still very much enjoying life.

ZOOM MODELS

During COVID,
I painted models via Zoom.
Four more Zoom costumed models
on the next four pages.
All were done over about
30 - 45 minutes.



PRETTY IN PINK 14" X 12"



CONTEMPLATION 14" X 10



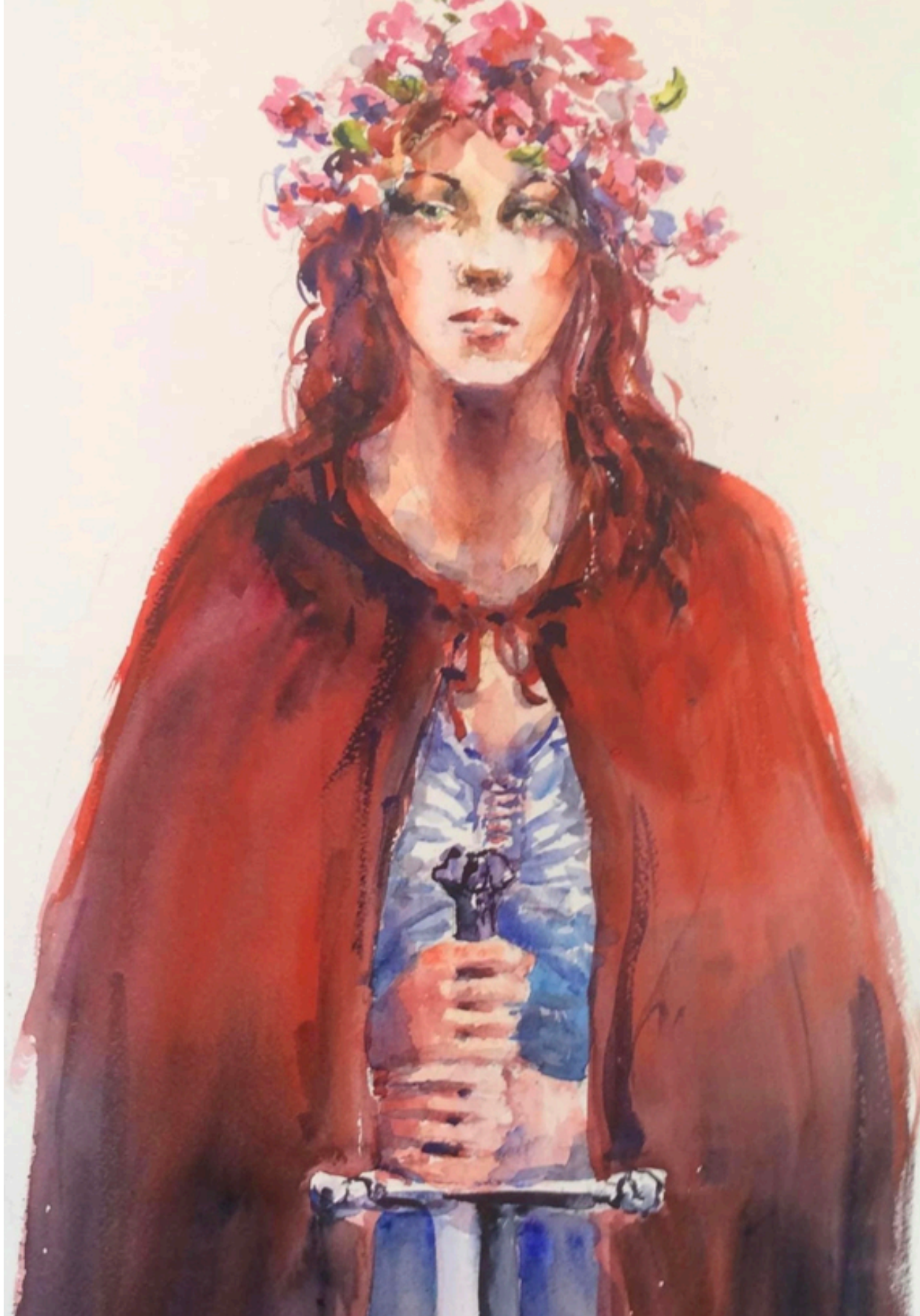
MILK SHAKE DELIVERY IN THE 50'S

14" X 14"



BIRTHDAY OR APOLOGY? 20" X 14"

Model was posed with a flower basket. I invented a window and lake view with curtains.



WARRIOR WOMAN 22" X 15"

After several of these zoom sessions,
where, afterwards we showed
our paintings online,
I was asked by Hai-Ou Hou,
owner of Chesapeake Fine Art Studio
if I wanted to teach zoom classes online.
I am not good on computers,
but after a shaky start,
it turned out to be fun.

I decided to start by teaching
some classes on skies. I explained
to the students the types of clouds,
their shapes, soft and hard edges,
their colours and why.

Also the change
in a viewer's visual perception

according to distance and humidity,
(Atmospheric Perspective).

Clouds cannot in my humble opinion
be taught without understanding
the environment they exist in.

I provided examples of various situations,
and for the classes, I gave them
photo reference, and did a demo,
guiding them along. It was fun to do.

The next 3 paintings, each 11" X 15"
were done with the group in stages
from provided outline rough
to finished painting.

These paintings are the finished result
of my guide along demos.



B.C. MOUNTAIN RANGE 11" X 15"

The reference for this mountain range
was Google Earth.

Fog surrounds the base of the mountains
as cold air descends and condenses.

In the foreground, the trees and rocky terrain

have greater tonal and chromatic contrast
than those in the distance.

For many artists the biggest impediment
to learning is fear.

Fear of making a mistake
and ruining the painting.

However, we learn from our mistakes.

It is necessary to ruin lots of paintings
to discover what works,
and what doesn't.

Process is more important
than the product
when learning to paint.

I paint fast, so a botched painting
is no biggee.

Its a guide for the next one.



A WORM'S EYE VIEW 11" X 15"

Cumulus fractus on a windy day.

This is the sort of subject
you can just have fun with.

Rendering is loose.

Most consideration is given to composition,

keeping the viewer's eye
from leaving the painting.
Notice how the flowers on the left
curl inwards to direct us
back into the painting.
The oblique direction of the clouds
provide movement.
On the right the crows also
direct our eye back into the painting.
Inward curling flowers and birds
act as bookends.



LOOKING FOR LUNCH 11" X 15"

Utah, as found on Google Earth.

I googled buzzards to get and include photo reference examples for the students in advance of class.

I explained how to distinguish them from, for example gulls.

The distant horizon is fainter, the edges softer than in the foreground.

Cumulus clouds typically have bottoms flatter than the billowing tops.

When the sun is high, there are shadows on cloud bottoms.

The sky is a deeper blue as we approach the zenith.



DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, WINTER ESCAPE

11" X 15"

Jo-Ann and I spend our winters in the Dominican Republic. This painting was done from the lobby of our condo complex.

I am the good looking guy
in the red shirt.

The gorgeous blonde
beside me is Jo-Ann.


Kite Beach is a 20 minute drive away
on a very crowded gwagwa, a mini-van,
often including a rooster,
a minstrel and
a breast feeding mom
with twins.



COCONUTS 10" X 10"

Coconut trees are abundant in the D.R. They should be culled regularly around pathways. Would you want carved into your headstone
KILLED BY A FALLING COCONUT?

NEXT PAGE NICANDRO 14" X 10"

A watercolor illustration of a person, identified as Nicandro, climbing a palm tree. The person is wearing a red shirt and blue pants, and is holding a machete. The palm tree has large green fronds and several coconuts hanging from it. The background is a light, textured wash of white and pale yellow.

Our gardener
Nicandro,
machete in hand,
cutting down
ripe coconuts



KITE BEACH 14" X 21"

Kite Beach is a 15 minute drive away in a gwagwa taking us to Cabarete, and Kite Beach. On the beach, I just sketch and take photos. When I set up my easel to paint, I get surrounded by curious Dominicans, some standing right in front of me.



KITE BEACH ON A WINDY DAY

10"X 14"



KITE SURF WATCHER

14" X 21"

What is he thinking?

Is he just enjoying the skill of the kite surfers?

Is he thinking of trying it himself?

THE APPRENTICE 15" X 11"

At Kite Beach I saw this naked infant
entranced by the kite surfer
holding his kite
in preparation for entering the water.
It broke me up.



GERRY HAMILTON
ESPAC NEWB SEABOARD



COME ON, GIVE IT A TRY 14" X 10
Never going to happen.

THE SUNDOWN WATCHERS 14" X 21"

I came down to paint the sunset over the ocean. I got unexpected models, who inadvertently held their pose.

In the painting, the sun has just sunk below the horizon.

The clouds are wet in wet technique. The sparkle in the water is done with dry brush technique, lightly dragging a brush with low water content in the pigment, over a paper which has tooth.

Cold pressed (also called NOT), is a paper with a medium texture (tooth). Rough designates a more textured surface. No texture, or smooth is called hot pressed. This painting was done on cold pressed paper.



THE SUNDOWN WATCHERS



KITE SURFER GAINING MOMENTUM

Many kite surfers do amazing acrobatic tricks.



HORSE RIDER BY THE SEASHORE 10" X 14"

The sea, a galloping horse, and a sky decorated by flying multi coloured kites. What more could an artist hope for? Dominican riders ride bareback, or sometimes with a blanket, and usually wearing flipflop sandals.



DOMINICAN HOME 10" X 8"

Foliage is everywhere in the D.R.

Vibrant colours, a huge variety of shapes.



DOMINICAN HOMESTEAD 14" X 18"

A typical homestead with washed clothes hung out to dry on the barbed wire fence. Some cattle in the field next to the house. A rooster perches on a chair back on the porch.



YAYA 14" X 14"

Yaya delivers fruit to our door. She is smiling, but it is a tough life. Next page is her thirteen year old daughter on my balcony. 14" X 10"



GARY HAMILTON
2013 OCEANO NEWS



SHACK IN THE JUNGLE 14" X 10"

There is lots to paint in the D.R. besides kite surfers. This shack with chickens all around is in the jungle, a ten minute walk from my condo.



THE FAMILY VEHICLE 10" X 13"

Moto-conchos are the family vehicle for most people in the D.R. I have seen as many as 4 on one moto-concho. Everything gets transported on them. For example, propane tanks, even oversized ones for hotels.



PROPANE DELIVERY 22 "x 15

120



BOVINE BUFFET

10" X 14"

There are cows everywhere in the D.R.
They are in home front and back yards,
in fields, fenced in or not.

Often tied to a tree,
the other end of
the rope in a clove hitch knot,
tied around one horn.

If you have a cow,
you don't need a lawnmower.
This is a young one, munching away,
apparently unaware,
he does not have
a very promising future.



THE COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT 10" X 14"

Where there are cows, there are cattle egrets. The egrets eat the bugs that infest the cattle.

They seem to pair up, one on one,
a perfect example of a symbiotic
relationship.

I have never seen them
appear to communicate with each other,
face to face,

"So, how's life treating you?"

"Find any really good grass lately?"

But I thought
it was fun to speculate about.



THE ODD COUPLE 12" X 16"

The problem with painting cows live,
is that like all grazing animals,
they keep slowly moving
as they eat.

The best opportunity to paint them
is if they are lying down
as in the previous painting,
or tied to one spot,
or in this case fenced in,
with a dense jungle behind.

A BRIEF HISTORY

I graduated from the Ontario College of Art in Toronto in 1963 with poor marks.

I had spent 15 months at Fort Chimo, (since renamed Kuujjuaq) in Quebec, on a weather station, tracking and recording info from weather balloons, each with an attached radiosonde device.

I transmitted the information obtained to the DOT,

(Department of Transport)

in order to forecast the weather.

I did this in order to save enough money to pay for attending art college at OCA, the Ontario College of Art, in Toronto, since renamed Ontario College of Art and Design, OCAD.

During my art studies I also drove a beer
truck delivering beer on weekends
for La Batt's Brewery,
and did life posing evenings, to earn
enough to live on and
continue attending college.
My marks suffered.

After graduating I found work in Montreal
designing labels for the neck of shirts.

I took night courses
at Sir George Williams University
(since renamed Concordia)
and put together an art portfolio.

In 1967 the portfolio got me a job
as one of the

art curriculum creator/teachers
in a new community college,
Sheridan College, in Ontario.

We were five artists teaching in
a vacant high school in Brampton ON.
The others were Bill Firth, chairman, Bill's
protégé, Scot Turner, Don Wightman, Dave
Chesterton and myself.

Meanwhile a huge campus was being
constructed in Oakville ON.
I also did a lot of book illustration during this
time, and through a contact
from this, I was hired 4 years later
by the Montreal Star.
I did cartoons and page layout for the front
page of The News and Review section,

and often other front page sections,
Sports, Business, Fashion.

After two strikes,
before the Star folded, I applied
and was hired full time in the Art program,
at Dawson College in Montreal.
Twenty years later I retired in my early
sixties and moved to Cape Breton.

There I met Bill Rogers a watercolorist,
who introduced me to the medium.
Subsequently I received signature status
from a number of
international watercolour societies,
including the CSPWC,

the Canadian Society of Painters in
Watercolour.

In 2007 I returned to Montreal
and was later elected
1st Vice President of the CSPWC
serving from 2014 - 2018.

I still paint and
also write and illustrate
a newspaper column
“Observations of an Octogenarian”
for the local paper,
the Townships Weekend
in Knowlton, QC
where I now live.

THE MONTREAL STAR

Next are two samples of my work at the
Montreal Star
way back in the 1970's.

It was a really fun time to work there.

However, it became a time when
newspapers were going broke due to TV
news competition, and in Montreal, an
exodus from Montreal to Toronto of many
English speakers.

Newspapers were forming syndicates
to cut costs by sharing reports from
shared foreign correspondents.
Also, in cities with two newspapers,

each syndicate would agree between cities
to each close one newspaper
in their own city.

This reduced competition in each city
that now had only one newspaper.
Union busting behind closed doors.

No choice,
Before the Montreal Star bit the dust,
I returned to full time teaching
at Dawson College, in Montreal.

I love teaching, but
painting, illustrating or cartooning
and writing have always been
my most exciting gigs.

NEXT - SOME EXAMPLES OF MY WORK
Mayor Drapeau is shown just in black.

However, it was printed in full colour.

I pre-separated it in
the four process printing colours.

I drew a black rendering on illustration board, and positioned separate clear plastic overlays for each of the three printing colours magenta (red), cyan (blue) and process yellow.

I applied bendy screens, which results in printing coloured dots according to benday screen resolution on each overlay.

- a skill set now made redundant
by digital technology.

I did the cartoons of both
Mayor Drapeau
and **President Nixon**
with a crow quill pen and india ink.
Ancient technology also,
but I love the sensitive character of line
possible with it.

The **Mayor Drapeau** cartoon (just black)
was also bought later from
the **Montreal Star**
by the **Toronto Star**,
for a piece on their op- ed page.

Control eludes Drapeau's grasp

Ralph Surette

MAYOR JEAN DRAPEAU stalks city hall these days like a man feeding on his neck the chill of a loss of power.

The equivalent feeling in non-political terms is that sensation you get when three of four engines conk out in mid-flight between Montreal and Quebec City — which is, incidentally, the route that brought the mayor to grief.

The days when the "Drapeau-Sauzier administration" was an expression to be feared and respected by its friends and enemies alike are subtly fading out — for reasons other than the departure of Lucien Sauzier as the mayor's right hand man.

At city council meetings, appearances are largely unchanged. The mayor is still lord and king. But even here, members of his Civic Party, hand-picked for their capacity to keep out of trouble, are increasingly reticent, and some are even daring to challenge the party line.

The reality has changed considerably, however. For there is little left at city hall to excite anyone. The council agendas contain little more than routine administrative things that wouldn't raise too many howls even from a real opposition: routine credits for sewers and streets, granting of business permits, zoning, routine passage of expropriations and credits for the city's pre-determined housing program (96 per cent of which is paid for by Ottawa and Quebec).

Important as some of these powers can be, they certainly do not live up to the public image Mayor Drapeau has built of himself — the man of the grand design. He sits in the mayor's chair and appears to be bored and doodling, calling out "adapto" by rote as the clerk reads the resolutions.

Powers go to MUC

The powers the city has lost — powers over police, the transportation commission, valuation, water purification, planning, economic development, food inspection and air pollution control have gone to the Montreal Urban Community.

Cut to the MUC. Mr. Drapeau is in the same chair in the city hall council chamber he occupies as mayor of Montreal, but this time as president of the MUC council. And one would think him in full control, since Montreal has 32 of the 81 council seats and seven of the 12 MUC executive committee seats.

But here, too, things are not too hot for municipal duties. Mayors of the suburban municipalities take potshots at him, refuse to rise to his calls to greatness. Control eludes him.

The mayor made a ringing speech in favor of a municipal income tax a few weeks ago during the 1973 budget debate. The budget would be passed automatically by virtue of provincial law whether the council voted for or against it. Given this situation, the mayor urged the suburbs to join Montreal in passing the budget in a show of unity — a unity which he said would give the MUC strength to press the senior governments for a municipal income tax to redress what he saw as the root evil of the MUC's divisions: an inequitable municipal taxation system.

It was a virtuoso performance. A convincing performance. But a nagging reality seemed to fall on his shoulders as he wound up his speech, and he dissociatedly ended up saying he had "no

illusions" about his words having any effect.

And he was right. The suburbs voted against the budget anyway in a show of disunity and Quebec City more or less laughed off his idea about the municipal income tax.

The MUC came into effect in 1970 over the howls of the suburbs, who saw in it a reincarnation of Drapeau's "one island, one city" scheme of the early 1960s and an attempt by Montreal, in collusion with the Union National government, to "take over" the suburbs.

However, in the place where they understood the power game — the offices of Drapeau and Sauzier — there was progressively less joy, especially after the Liberals came to power and rammed police integration through for Jan. 1, 1972.

For it became increasingly obvious what the MUC was in political terms: a massive power play by Quebec City.

The main element of this was Quebec's taking over the police by placing it under the control of a seven-man Public Security Council, of which four members are named by Quebec City and who are not responsible in any way to either the MUC council or executive committee. And this power grab is continuing, much to the dismay of Mayor Drapeau and the rulers of the MUC.

Since police are the fundamental unit of power of a municipality the size of Montreal and of the MUC — its budget is two-thirds the entire MUC budget and the MUC councillors have no control over it — the loss constitutes a substantial blow to municipal hegemony.

No more can Jean Drapeau use the police to fashion the image of "his" city to his liking as when police cracked down on hippies during the 1968 post-Expo year, arrested an African folk dancing troupe for performing bare-breasted, harassed the subculture newspaper *Logos*, raided movie houses showing skin flicks and performed other like chores in the name of Drapeau's campaign to keep Montreal a "clean town."

This is not to argue that the provincial government will be necessarily more enlightened in its use of the police than Drapeau was, but simply to argue that power has shifted.

There may be several motives for this shift, over and above the reasons Quebec has offered for its actions in pushing through police integration.

The ostensible reasons, as Justice Minister Joffe Choquette has laid them out, are that modern urban pressures are forcing metropolises everywhere to integrate police on a regional basis, that only integration can ultimately stop the rise in police costs, that Montreal police because of the nature of their work implicate all of Quebec society and are not strictly a municipal force, and that Quebec's control brings a measure of "objectivity" to police use in Montreal. That last one is a very deft argument. It means that with Quebec controlling the police the suburbs cannot complain of Montreal's control. The suburbs agree.

Other motives are ideological, and perhaps even personal to some degree. There is reason to believe that the Liberal government has been out to "get" Jean Drapeau for a couple of years now.

Jean Drapeau is a genuine small-conservative whose concept of power is the age-old method, adapted for the particularities of Quebec, of throwing the masses a few crumbs and a lot of mythology, with himself set up as the incarnation of the collectivity's aspirations and the keeper of public morals.

Small liberalism in this province, on the other hand (and this includes the

Parti Quebecois as well as the Liberals) is based on technocratic centralism and sees its room for a "republic within a republic" — whether that "republic" be too-powerful school commissions, too-independent government in situations, too-easy citizens' committees, or the City of Montreal.

The centralizing process has been going on since the Liberals took over, whether the legislation they presented had to do with assessment, police services, health, taxation, *Lois-Quebec* or any of many other jurisdictions. The latest such scheme contained in a government white paper, would make a provincial organ responsible for overseeing all urban development in the province and would abolish the right of municipal taxpayers to halt zoning changes by referendum. There is also provision in another bill that would require school crossing guards on the island of Montreal to negotiate their labor contracts with the Public Security Council — thus, indirectly, with the provincial government. A minor matter, but it upset the elected representatives of the MUC. The trend is for Quebec to take over more and more municipal powers on grounds of efficiency, modern-style bureaucracy and cost-cutting, undemocratic as it may be.

When the Union Nationale was in power, the provincial government made the hinterland, and Drapeau had a freer hand in running the city. Collaboration was easy to get from a like-minded provincial government.

Incidents

That the Liberals may be out to "get" Drapeau can be traced to a number of incidents that have occurred since the 1970 election in which the mayor may have overplayed his hand and provoked the quiet ire of Quebec.

The most telling of these incidents — and one which underscores the ideological differences — occurred one afternoon in November 1970 when the provincial cabinet was forced into emergency session — in the middle of the FLQ crisis — to deal with a threat by Drapeau to close down the film *Quiet Days in Clichy* and arrest everybody in two theatres where it was showing that very night, although the Quebec Cinema Supervisory Board had okayed the film.

Under such circumstances the board was forced to withdraw the film for "further examination." Drapeau, rubbing it in, even warned a member of the board that "you are through humiliating the police."

There is no reason to believe that the Quebec government has chosen to forget such impudence.

The *Quiet Days in Clichy* incident was revealed in an exclusive story on the front page of this newspaper Dec. 12, 1970. That same article, chronicling the mayor's use of the police in his campaign to keep Montreal "clean" according to his requirements, asked with some alarm "where will this crusade lead?"

The answer now is clear. It has led to Quebec City taking over the police.

There has been some speculation that the mayor will not run again when his term is up in 1974. He has hinted at this himself, saying the mayors of most cities that got the Olympics were not around to preside over them.

There is always a danger in predicting the resignation of politicians because politicians tend to love power so dearly that they find at the last minute that they can't possibly tear themselves away from it.

But when power is taken away from you before you quit — well, that may be another matter.



Illustration by Garry Hamilton

g. *Chlorophyll*

[illegible]

living over the job. We made good calls, and our first three projects at various age categories during the summer, two successes — which is like sitting in jail, somewhat constrained from the side and behind. We wrote a letter to Judge Davis suggesting that the others over the year are coming out at the trial and that someone had just — under-

This bill is the Senate Watergate hearings and is critical appointment of a Kennedy Democrat as special prosecutor. That thing really helps to give me to the president. Besides the past, [and] a very statement that most of their support was provided by "us."

[illegible]

And what can you say about the
Kugel, Hoffmann and Hoffmann?

It wasn't just if they had a lost interest. Pharyngitis was the he helped at some, and that must be how to get us with a few months' stress at the ground.

From the perspective of the United Nations, there are four main reasons why the world's population is growing so fast. First, the world's population is growing so fast because of the high birth rate. Second, the world's population is growing so fast because of the high life expectancy. Third, the world's population is growing so fast because of the high fertility rate. Fourth, the world's population is growing so fast because of the high infant mortality rate.

On 16 July 1992, the prime minister (Mr. J. S. Chaudhary) announced that the government will effect the privatisation of the following: 10 National Water Supply Corporations; 10 electricity generating companies; 4 airports; 4 national banks; approximately 20,000 enterprises (including 1000 agencies) and a portfolio of assets. Some transfer to government's direct ownership.

Three, namely, the agencies involved in the project of atomic power, having to give the transfer, the government has, over the years, to fully ready to find them the resources that would produce the new nuclear technology, thus, already in the ownership of government of India or India's interest.

There are many reasons why the U.S. is the only nation with a leading role in the world. It is the only nation with a leading role in the world.

One of the biggest public concerns is to lose the privilege to hunt, as it provided such an important, free recreational outlet in the form of grouse moor, and this danger – as the authors suggest – has been made more acute and persistent – the efforts to secure the Wharfedale grouse moorland of 1994 has only delayed, rather than prevented,

know exactly¹⁷ and describing the mechanisms efforts to get to the root of that apple often, whether based on their own. There is, of all, none of the young colleagues who would speak privately – as they would have – that they were writing in the interest of a mutual security. That is, these apple-

137

Local Musings

The view from my balcony



GARRY HAMILTON

OBSERVATIONS OF AN
OCTOGENARIAN

As I sit on my condo balcony in the Dominican Republic eating breakfast, I am not alone. Yes Jo-Ann is opposite me. However I am not talking about her delightful company. Nope.

As I sip my coffee, I often make some wise insightful observation to her about world events. Before I am

even finished talking, my statement is greeted with guffaws of laughter. Hee, hee, hee comes from the three huge pine trees opposite my balcony. There are a couple of families of mocking birds living there. They hop up and down from branch to branch eating their bug breakfast in unison with Jo-Ann and me eating ours (eggs, not bugs) and interrupting our conversation frequently with very rude mocking laughter.

Behind us hanging from the balcony ceiling is a feeder for hummingbirds. The tiny yellow-bellied bananaquits have not received the memo that this is a designated hummingbird feeder. Between the two bird species, there are ongoing territorial disputes, never resolved. I think it may be learned behaviour from being around humans too long.

Not Jo-Ann and me. Or you. Other humans.

CONT'D ON PAGE 9



My Balcony

CONT'D FROM PAGE 8

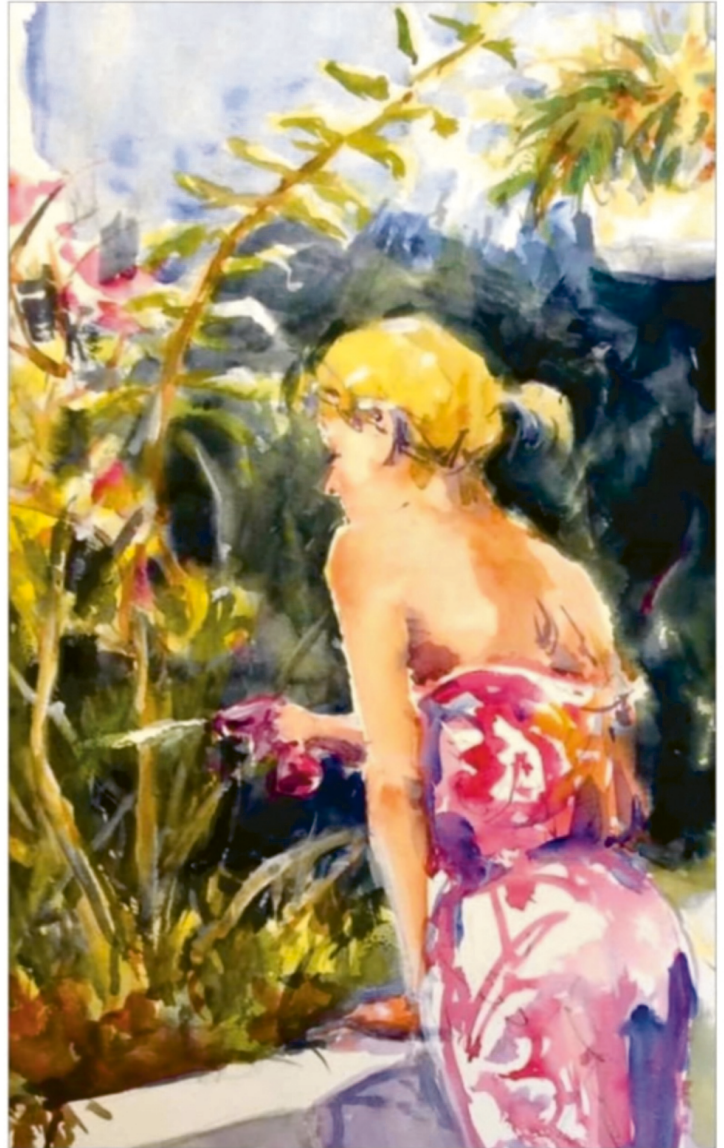
Both bird species however are absolutely intimidated by wasps. Not us! We stand firm against them. The wasps have stingers and telepathy. Yes, telepathy. They have communicated to their comrades our battle strategies. Sounds impressive doesn't it. However as a more advanced species, we too have tools (swatters) and to hold them, hands with opposable thumbs. As with the birds, it is a battle that never ends.

On the wall beside the balcony going all the way to the roof is a white four-inch plastic pipe. It's purpose is for washer/dryer heaters to blow into. It is also home to numerous tiny geckos.

They do daily exercises climbing the wall next to it to the rooftop. Once arrived at the top, I imagine they take a deep breath, turn around and head back down. Up and down, there is continuous two-way traffic.

Facing our balcony, a hundred yards or so away on another balcony, there is a guy who smokes really foul smelling Dominican cigars. We hope for a change of wind direction.

Breakfast finished. Time to get busy and paint, or write. Or FaceTime my grown kids back in QC and commiserate about the violent weather shifts back home. Then maybe drift down to the pool for sunbathing and a swim.





I hope
my paintings have given you
some pleasure.

An appreciation of paintings done with
observation, with feeling, and with
manual skill.

Paintings that were produced, with
a human personal perspective,
rather than generic programmed
AI images.

I hope
my comments have given you some
insight into a painter's life,
the painting process itself,
and maybe a few chuckles
along the way.

For myself, I believe a fulfilling life
includes doing something

you love doing.

Doing it with passion and pleasure,
while enjoying the fellowship of other
likeminded obsessives.

And if you are lucky,
a loving empathetic partner
to share life with.

Next -
3 more books available
on **Amazon**

SURVIVAL AS DEMOCRACY DIES,

A fanciful peek into a near future
extrapolated from current world
events

.....

SH*TS 'n GIGGLES

(AND A FEW WTF TEARS)

The title describes the content.
Rhyming poetry in the age of Trump

.....

THE ARTIST'S EYE

12 Outstanding Artist's current
paintings with theirs and my comments

NEXT some excerpts

SURVIVAL AS DEMOCRACY DIES

***THE NEAR FUTURE
NORTH AMERICA***

GARRY HAMILTON



EAGLE EYE GETS LUCKY

Eagle Eye felt a bead of sweat trickle down his forehead. It meandered down over his brow. He felt a salty sting as it crept into his right eye. He blinked but kept focus on the bushes about thirty paces ahead.

Full concentration, loaded crossbow pointed directly at those same bushes. He breathed in and out slowly, his breath out of sync with his heart which was beating like a jackhammer so loud he could hear it.

He wished he had an AR-15. He wished he had a bazooka, a grenade. He didn't.

What he had was a crossbow.

Probably enough time for a single shot if he was lucky. It had to be a kill shot. Anything less and he would be ripped apart, his guts, pieces of him splattered everywhere like a G.I. Joe doll in a blender.

He had a bowie knife in a sheath hanging from his belt. He had Daphne the wolf, hackles raised uttering a low growl by his side. Let's face it, if he had to rely on those two things for his defence, he was a goner.

He was a good marksman. A really good marksman, able on most days if there wasn't too much breeze to put an arrow right in the center of a bullseye a hundred feet away.

That would be true usually for seven out of ten shots, if he had several seconds to aim and there was no breeze.

There was no breeze, thank God. Would he have several seconds? Probably, but no more than that.

Okay where should he aim for? What would be potential kill shots? The animal would be facing him, so a shot in the heart would be difficult. For a facing shot the massive sternum and rib cage might deflect the arrow away from the heart. Nope. The only shot that might stop an animal this huge was through an eye into its



brain, or better still, through its open mouth also into its brain. He felt a whisper of a breeze, saw leaves flutter slightly.

Suddenly a loud crack of breaking brush as a huge bear suddenly exploded out of the bushes. It charged toward him, its mouth gaping open,

spittle flying from side to side. How could a beast this huge move so fast?

And yet for Eagle Eye, time seemed to slow down. He saw the bear charging and himself aiming almost as if he were detached from his body and observing the scene from above.

He saw himself release the trigger of the crossbow. He saw the arrow, in repeated images, fusing into each other in sequence, himself diving, almost floating to the side.

He heard a brief humming sound as the arrow flew forward, followed by a whoosh of air and flying fragmented foliage rising then falling like confetti.



The bear careened past him, its legs slack, but its body carried past him by the sheer momentum of the charge. The arrow vibrated briefly, the feathered end protruding out of the bear's open mouth.

Eagle Eye held on to his crossbow as he rose shakily to his feet, his eyes

fixed on the bear. It wasn't moving. He turned and gave a thumbs up to the group behind him. Then he leaned to his side and retched.

Behind him mixed reactions. The other five members in the group were trembling with fear. There was nervous giggling from some.

Tears flowed freely down Chip's cheeks. Her hands cradling the sides of her head as she turned her face skyward, a low crooning coming from deep within her throat.

The others had no idea of the part she had played in guiding Eagle Eye's movements, or the arrow flightpath. Was he aware? Probably not.

Tiny, his immense hands balled into fists was trembling, his huge body suddenly covered in sweat, his deep set eyes wide open, the whites showing, focused on the bear, a low growl rumbling from deep within his huge chest.

Tammy had her fist pressed to her mouth to keep from screaming. Daphne her pet wolf trotted back to her, hackles beginning to flatten down.

Pops stared straight ahead, eyes focused on the bear, then on Eagle Eye, then one by one on each of the others.

Holy Crap murmured Muzak quietly to himself. He was the youngest member of their group of six.

Young, but athletic and street smart. He had been living on the streets from childhood. He had often managed in the past to calm down contentious situations through his wit and humour.

A witty retort would definitely not have sufficed for this situation. Although the bear's mouth was gaping wide open in a horrific grin, that grin wasn't a smile. Muzak was pretty sure the bear did not have a sense of humour. Certainly not in his present state.

Eagle Eye knelt beside the bear's head. He wiped away traces of vomit from his mouth onto his sleeve. He leaned his head back and eyes closed,

silently gave thanks to whatever forces had guided his arrow.

He gave thanks to the bear which was about to provide the group with food.

It had been a long trek through the backwoods in northern Quebec and the group was exhausted. Exhausted and hungry.

But not hungry for long. From its hind quarters, Eagle Eye cut off some choice parts. Over a roaring fire the group of six, feasted on roast bear. Saliva dripping from her muzzle Daphne, their tame wolf uttered a low woof. Eagle Eye tossed a big piece of raw bear meat to her.



UNLIKELY RESCUES

Pops slowed down his little red car as he cruised past the crowded square in East Montreal. Two American POWS were on the prowl looking for U.S. refugees or trouble makers.

Actually, they just wanted some action. Heads to crack open with their crowd control batons. They were hoping for someone to resist their interrogation so they had an excuse to beat the hell out of them before throwing them into a paddy wagon for detention in their new home, a crowded cell.

America had invaded Canada. U.S. military were in charge now. That was them, Right? So why not have a little fun beating up the locals? U.S. military were the law here now. Get used to it.

Pops pulled his car over to the curb and stopped. He watched as the two military thugs chose their next target.

A huge figure, head hunched down was slouching away from them. Although he may have been trying to appear smaller by his crouched over posture, it made his figure look even bulkier, bigger.

His body was broad, massive with unusually long arms covered in curly dark hair. A shaggy mane of brown hair fell over his forehead covering the thick brow ridge over his deep set dark eyes. He was dressed in standard light green medical lab clothing which strained against his immense bulk. He knew that he stood out in a crowd. He was attempting to put some distance between himself and the two

uniformed military cops. The cops picked up the pace, shoving people out of their way as they advanced. An old lady staggered as one of the cops elbowed her aside. She swore at him *Maudite De Sans Design!* The cop balled up his hand in a fist. He didn't throw a punch however. A slap on the back of his head staggered him and interrupted his swing. A young man riding on a unicycle was looking back at the military cop over his shoulder while riding away. He shook his hand limply from the wrist as if the slap he had delivered still stung. Then with the same hand he reached in his hip pocket



and pulled out a harmonica. While playing the harmonica, he tilted his hat

in a wide sweeping theatrical gesture of you're welcome to the old lady.

She cackled with laughter and pointing toward him yelled *Mon Sauveur!* Peals of laughter from the crowd. The cops changed direction and charged toward the unicycle riding musician. He zigzagged expertly back and forth in front of them just beyond their reach while playing the William Tell overture on his harmonica and lifting his hat up and down in time with the music.

His escape was assisted by the crowd who kept getting in the way of the two cops. Pops by the curb in his little red car observed all that was

happening, the unicycle riding musician and the huge mop haired figure who was the cop's initial target. The big guy was headed his way.

Hey Big Guy get in the back and get down whisper yelled Pops motioning to the huge stranger. Invitation accepted in an instant. The stranger dove in through the back door and laid prone on the floor in the back. Pops eased away from the curb and into the traffic, heading south on St. Lawrence Blvd toward a left at the intersection with Rue Sherbrooke.

The entire scene was being witnessed by another pair of eyes. Parked also by the curb close enough

to see all was a despondent young woman in a small pickup truck. Beautiful with dark skin and a mass of curly auburn hair. She wiped away tears and giggled at the sight of the military cops trying to catch the zigzagging musician.

The zoo in the Eastern townships an hour and a half drive from Montreal where Animal handler and custodian Tammy had spent so many happy hours had been forced to close down after Canada had been invaded by the USA.

She loved the animals she had cared for. She had managed to rescue her two favourite animals, Eightball a

donkey, and Daphne a tame wolf.
Daphne was riding shotgun next to her.
Tammy sighed, mixed emotions.
The wolf placed her paw on Tammy's
thigh.

Eightball the donkey, was in the
truck bed. The unicycle riding musician
was pedaling her way, and the two
cops were about fifty feet behind him,
cursing and puffing as they tried to
follow his zigzag path.

She leaned out the window and
yelled *Get in the back*.

Muzak tipped his hat toward the
two cops, hopped down from his
unicycle, tossed it in the back of the
truck, and vaulted over the side and

into the truck bed beside Eightball the donkey. Tammy pulled away from the curb. The stoplights at the intersection changed to green and off they went turning left on Sherbrooke, the same route as Pops and the burly stranger in the little red car had taken.

When they were far enough away, she stopped the truck and her passenger hopped out.

He came to the driver's side. *You Okay?* He asked seeing her tearstained cheeks. *Yeah, I'm good* she smiled.

They decided to head north together, to escape this godawful invasion. He got in the cab, sitting next to Daphne. Daphne let out a low growl

to let him know who was in charge. They headed north on a dirt road on the northwest side of the Saint Lawrence River, now twice its previous width from decades ago. Tammy turned on the radio to see if the cops had filed a public warning with their description.

Nothing. The announcer repeated messages they had heard earlier about strange new mutated animals attacking people outside the urban areas. Nuclear power plants now under water had leaked radiation causing mutations to wild life. Old news. She turned the radio off.

NEXT

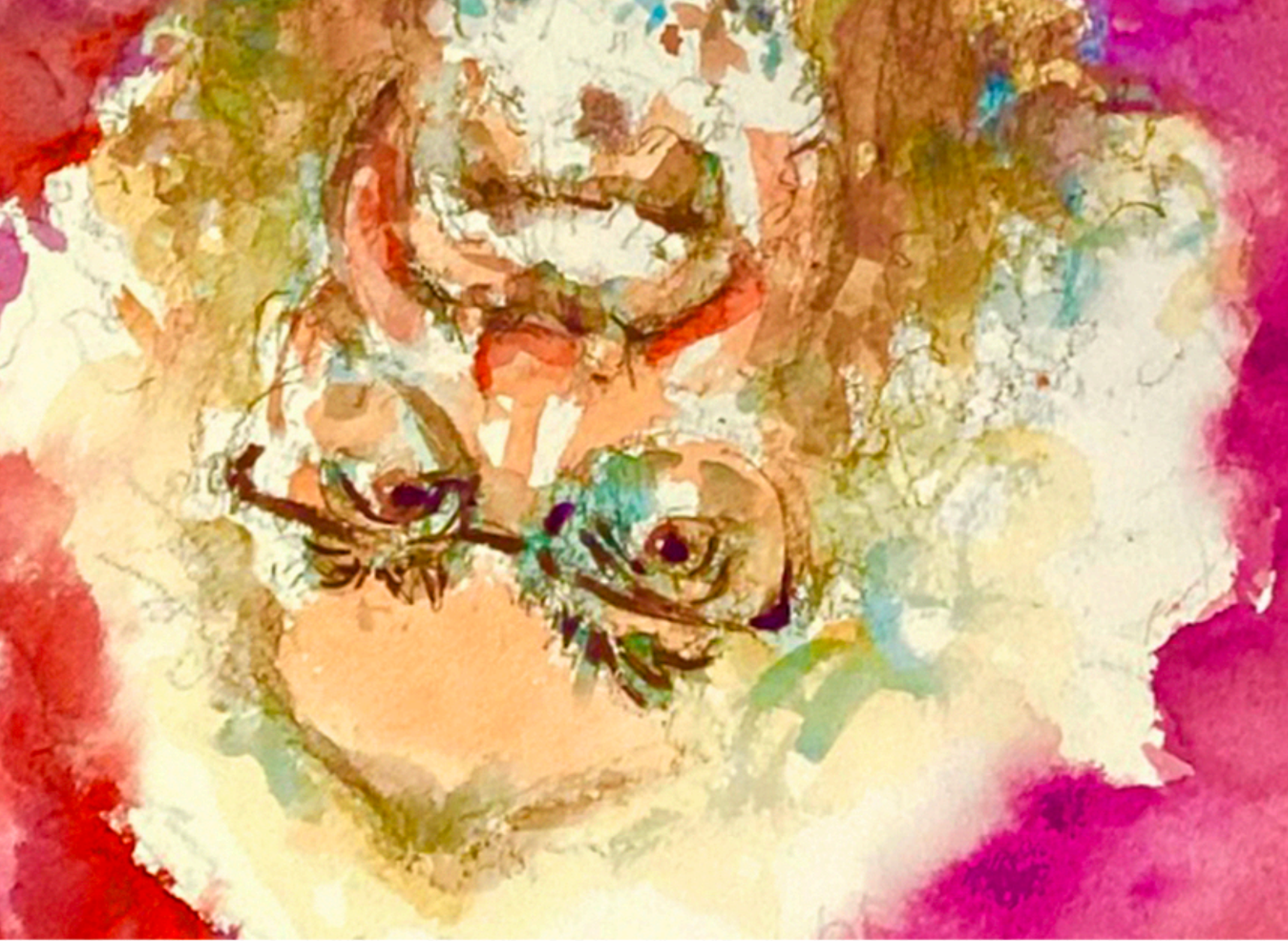
SH*TS 'n GIGGLES AND A FEW WTF TEARS

In full colour, is intended as an escape from the tsunami of gloom and foreboding everywhere on social media, in the age of Trump.

Through the elegance and fun of rhyming poetry, a reprieve, best read with a glass of red wine, or whatever floats your boat.

And when the news is really bad
(WTF TEARS)

There is relief in escapism, and when that fails, mockery.



SH*TS 'n GIGGLES

AND A FEW WTF TEARS

GARRY HAMILTON



WINTER CAMPING IN QUEBEC

Great outdoors in a tent,

Invite by, best friend

Scout Leader Brent.

Abandon winter blues,
Bring skis or snowshoes.
Adventure in the wild,
Your inner child.
Said Brent.

Chaperoning a Boy Scout troop
A noisy boisterous group
With best friend Brent,
Off we went.

In cold winters' glow,
Trees and hills
Covered in snow,
Brent knew exactly
Where to go.

In snow we dug trenches,
Laid in pine branches,
As Brent directed,
Tents above, soon erected.

Inside, each tent,
Aroma of pine,
Fresh and clean.
Initially fine

But supper was beans.
Beans AKA Musical Fruit,
Hours and hours
Of toot, toot, toot.

Hours later, I awoke,
Gurgling, gassy beans

Had spoke.
Three minutes, max,
Maybe four,
Then Show Time!
Bean poo galore!

Parka put on and ski boots,
Staggering out of tent, aware
No extra time to spare.
Skis put on with little toots.
Pants? No thanks.

In one hand toilet roll,
In other hand,
long ski pole,

Zigzagging up a nearby knoll,

Arriving at the top I stop.
Bum facing tent-ward
Chose my spot.

Upward parka quickly broughted,
Downward, bare bum
Quickly squatted,
Changing unfortunately,
Squatting center of gravity.

Worst fears a reality,
Becoming mobile, instantly.
Gaining momentum, exponentially.
Bare bum in breezes freezing
Backwards, downhill careening

Arms outstretched,

One hand, ski pole holding
T'other, toilet roll, unrolling,
Downhill I zoomed,
Nightmare scene unfolding.

Arriving at tent opening,
Four minute lead time expiring,
Show Time, instantly arriving.
Minor explosions!
Mixed emotions!

Tent sleepers traumatized.
Threats of my imminent demise,
Impossible to pursue,
Blocked at door
By bean poo.

Apologies and message to
Tent camping guru,
Former best friend,
Brent.

For winter camping events
Or sleeping in
Overcrowded tents.
Change the menu please.
Eliminate Dammed Beans!



CRAP SHOOT OF IF's

What if all the votes
Were counted for Al Gore,
Would hurricanes
Still be
Striking every shore?

What if Comey had acted right,
And Hillary, not Trump
Had won the fight?
Would there be
A saner world for you
And me?

Civility and Democracy
Beating out Autocracy?
What if Bush about Iraq
Had not lied?
Would so many
Innocents have died?

What if Trump or Musk's dad
Had not been
Horrid fathers?
Really bad!

Would their sons be

So obviously defective?
In a crazy Bullshit world,
Effective?

If all these If's
Had been reversed,
Would the present still be
So cursed?

Unfortunately
For you and me
All these If's,
Ended tragically.
Crap Shoot of If's
That's Destiny.

.....

NEXT

THE ARTIST'S EYE

THE ARTIST'S EYE

The artist's eye is a feast for the eye.

Examples of works of outstanding
artists who all share a common
attribute.

They each are true to their own inner
voice.

They each have
their own unique way
of seeing and expressing their vision
on paper, canvas
and gessoed panels.

Masterful technique on display,
with a variety of ways to "see".

Accompanied by comments
explaining
their painting inspiration
and the process,
This book of outstanding paintings
will delight and inform anyone
with an eye for beauty
and a wish for viewing insight.

THE ARTIST'S EYE



GARRY HAMILTON

SOULIERE

QUACH

ZAROWSKY

BERRY

BOOTH

McVICKER

ROGERS

GURUNG

SUTHERLAND

PEPLER

BLAUKOPF

HAMILTON

The back cover reveals names
of the 12 outstanding artists whose
works are displayed.

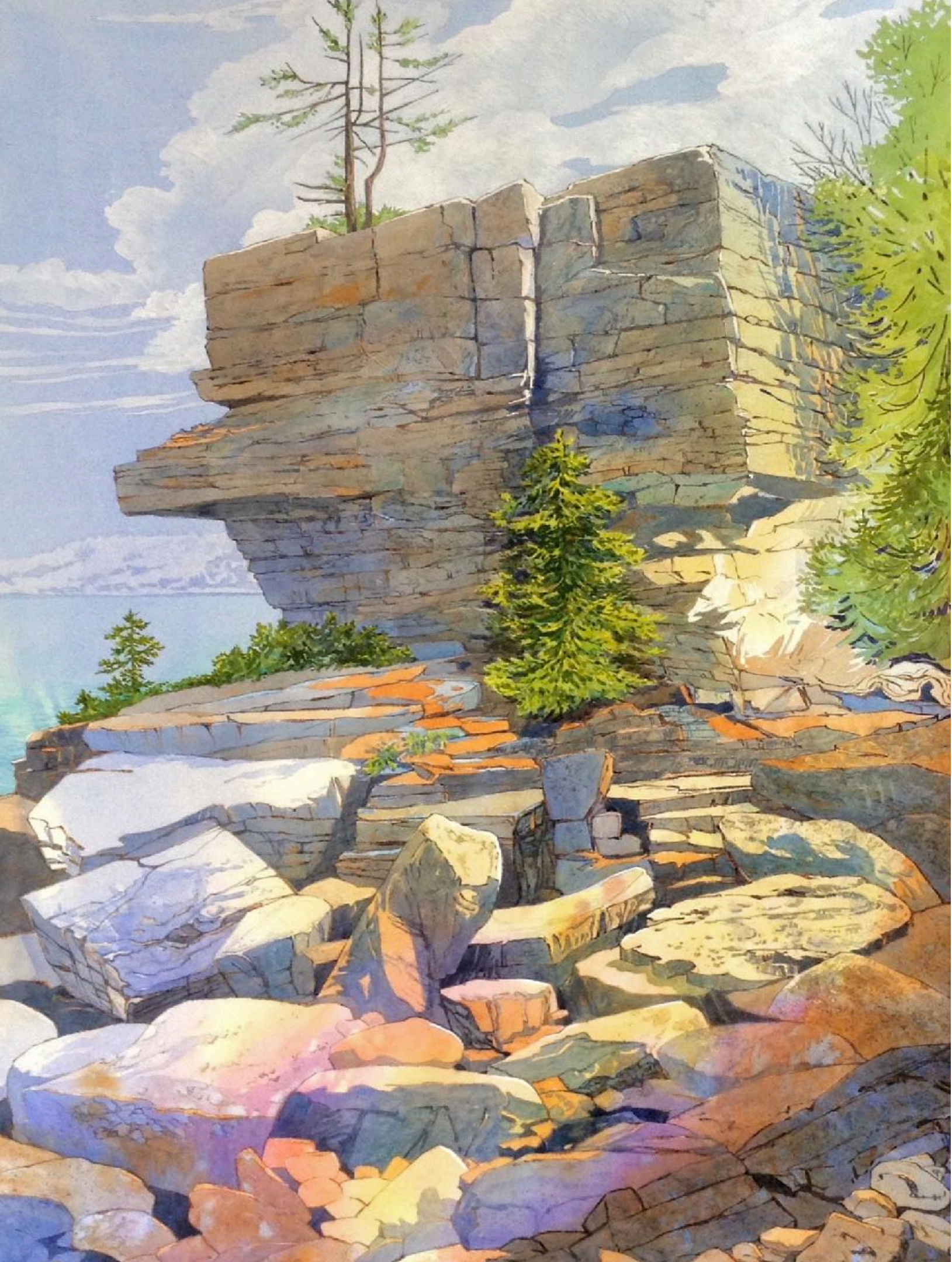
Here are some examples
of their work

LIN SOULIERE

SOLITARY WITNESS

22 X 30 in

WATERCOLOUR ON COTTON RAG





GRAHAM BERRY
CHARLESTON LIFE *15 X 20 in*
WATERCOLOR (2019)

NEXT
LUAN QUACH
BENEATH THE SILENCE
22 X 15 in



Luanguach

To see more of my paintings
go to my website, garryhamilton.com
where you can also download
my **FREE** E-Books.

To buy a print book,
Go to Amazon.
Search for "garryhamilton"
with quotation marks

WANDERING WATERCOLOURS
THE ARTIST'S EYE
SH*TS 'n GIGGLES
SURVIVAL AS DEMOCRACY DIES
FIREWORKS ON THE 9th FLOOR

If you enjoyed one,
to make me
Really Happy (Big Digital Hugs)

PLEASE WRITE A REVIEW

Thank you

CHEERS EVERYBODY

Garry