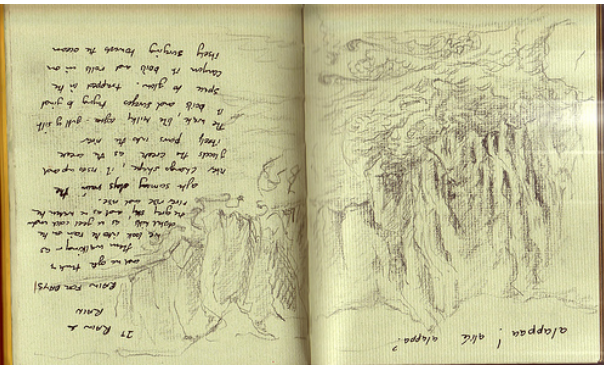
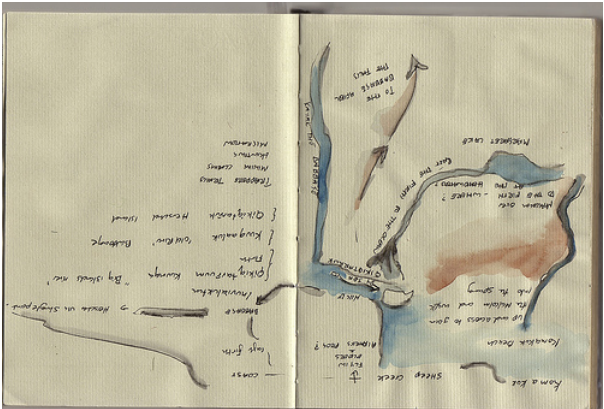


All the while, across the sea to the eastern arctic the water meets chemicals migrating from the south, poisonous heavy metals that settle in animals hunted for food.

Like the swirling progression of the river our dialogue with the landscape changes as knowledge ebbs and flows through history.

*The bulk of anthropogenic activity driving global change occurs outside the Arctic and is therefore only weakly coupled to changes occurring in the Arctic. This decoupling of causes from the effects of Arctic change reduced the likelihood that people will modify their behaviours globally to slow the rates of arctic change. (F.S.Chapin) (1)*

1 F.S. Chapin quoted in:  
<http://news.bio-medicine.org/biology-news-3/Arctic-nations-wealth-key-to-management-of-climate-change-5597-1/>



In the summer of 2003 I spent several weeks in the Northern Yukon, began a collaboration with Joyce Majiski (artist and guide) and participated in a residency in Ivvavik National Park in the northwestern Arctic. This eBook is one of a series from the sketchbooks of that journey.

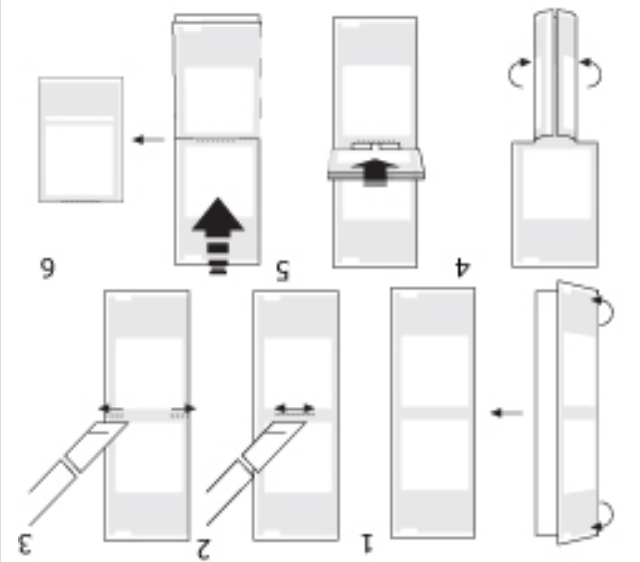
**Introduction**



Firth River

# Diary 3 (By the River Firth)

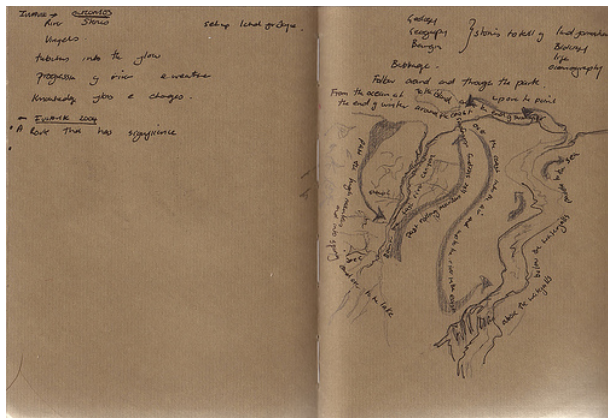
Alice Angus



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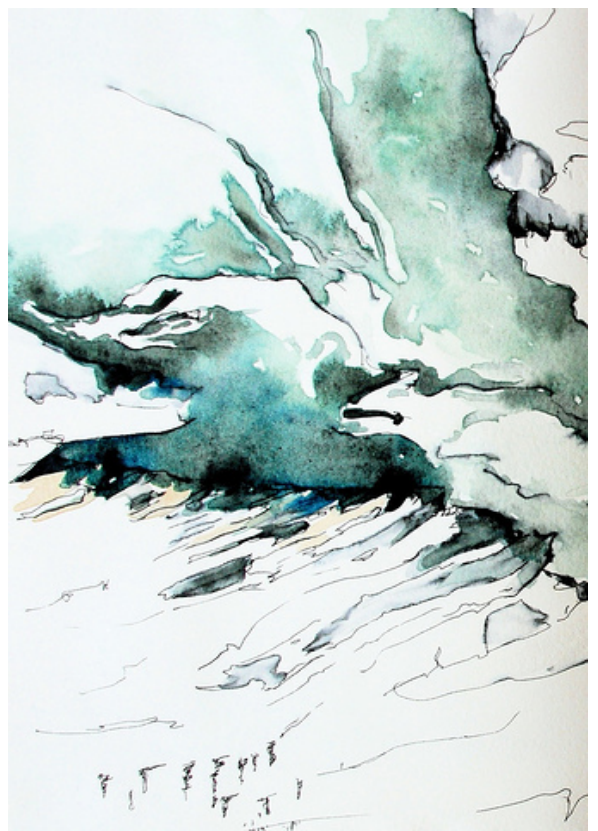
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### Diary 3 (By the River Firth) Alice Angus



### Flow

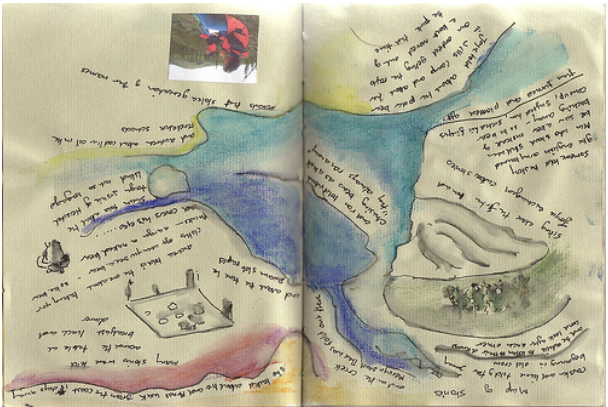
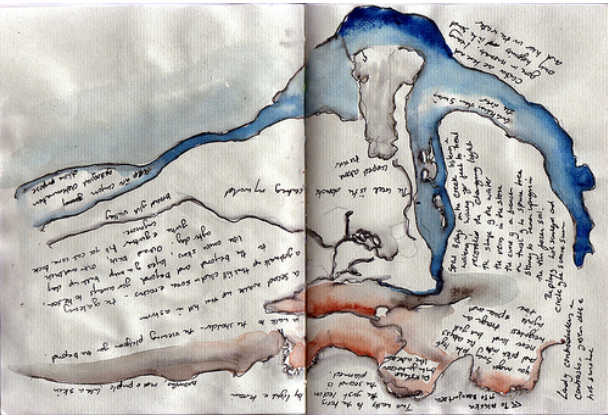
We are camped on the junction of the Firth River and Sheep Creek. Water, stained green with calcium carbonate the river flows around us. I'm mesmerized by The Firth; where it comes from and goes to, who has travelled on it, beside it around it and the people that still travel to hunt on the coast where it is heading.







With little help from glaciation and taking an unimaginable time it has carved a canyon long and deep in the earth as in the imagination. Thought to be the oldest Canadian watercourse it surges from a time beyond reckoning through deep gorges in the British Mountains. Shining greenish blue it forms freezing torrents in narrow canyons, cascades and flows into deep eddying pools on its long route to the Beaufort Sea.



Rain pours off distant hills, and after many days of precipitation the river changes shape. It rises and floods the creek, the water loses its clear bluish green tinge and in space, it boils and crashes, bulges into huge standing waves and deep swirling holes the colour of mud. Unable to escape the canyon it bursts upwards trying to find space for itself. Trapped between high cliffs this maelstrom boils and thrashes as it thunders down the valley, urgently rushing towards the coastal plain, finally to the sea and thence to a receding ice edge.

