

My night
cradled
in a fin



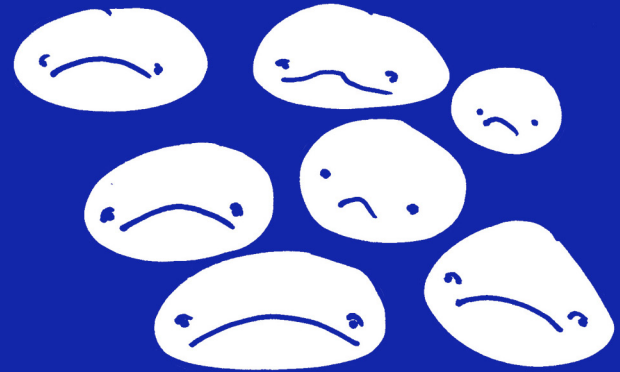
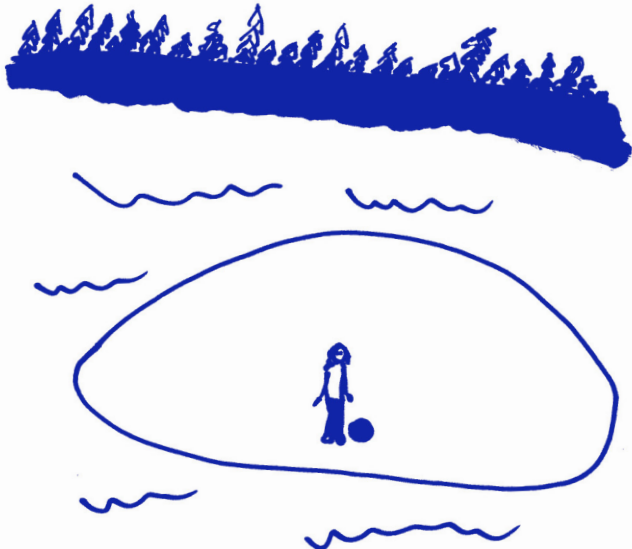


My name is Maryse and
I love beluga whales.

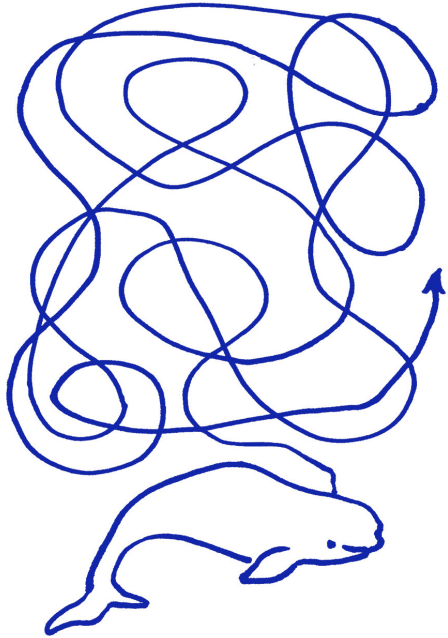
Ever since I was a little girl,
I'd been hearing of how they were
in danger of disappearing from the
St. Lawrence altogether.

A few years ago, I had an
experience with a beluga that
inspired me to create this exhibition
by listening to my emotions.

I spent four days on a large rock mid-river in the Nepisiguit, watching over Nepi, a curious young beluga. My job was to report on how he was to the scientists who were taking care of him.

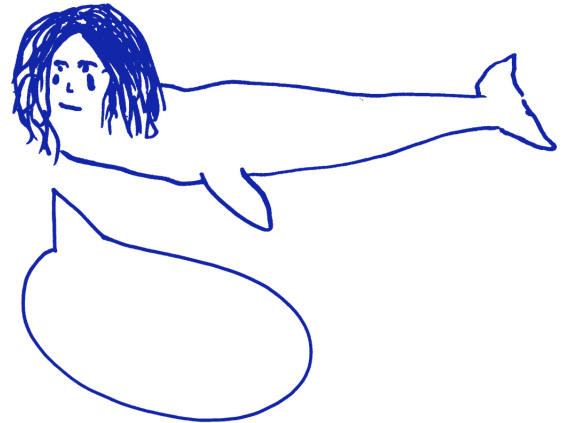


Nepi had gotten trapped far away from his home and his pod — his whale family.



The water level in the river had dropped suddenly, leaving him stranded, unable to get back to the sea.

It was so sad to see Nepi grow weaker and weaker. But I stayed by his side because I didn't want him to be alone. I spoke to him softly to reassure him.







The fins of the old belugas
curve into these kind
of hooks — almost as if
they were trying to catch
our oars to warn us
to slow down in their
sea-home.

I slept in the hollow of a rock worn
smooth by the river. It felt like being
cradled in the fin of a grandfather
beluga as he comforted me.





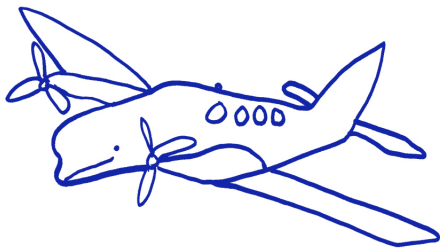
Snuggled into the rock,
I had a dream.

I dreamt that a flock of seabirds had
come with a large blanket to pick
Nepi up and take him up to the sky.

When I awoke the next morning,
some well-organized humans had
shown up to change Nepi's destiny.



They took him
to a nursery
where there were
beluga moms.
It was a risky
operation.



Maryse Goudreau's
exhibition guide for
In the Eye of the Beluga

2023