



**DUNCAN  
PHEASANT**  
Paintings and Poetry





PRESENTED BY  
**OJIBWE CULTURAL FOUNDATION**

SINCE 1974



**ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL**  
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Duncan Pheasant mzinbiige aawi, M'chigeeng njibaa. Mzinbiige tisgганuk Anishninaabe eshi shi shiiwiiwaat gii ne kinwaabendaagwad, mii dash kina ngoji gii be-mnaabminaagook zhonda Mnidoo Minising wi pi 1970 gii sa biboongak. Duncan gii newaabmdang waashi dbaadadong dbaajmowan pii mzinbiiget. En'so mzinbiiget gwaa te dbaajomwin miinwaa dbaajomwaas yaabndang pii mzinbiiget. "Pii mzinbiigeyaa dezhibiige wegwendekgwaa gezhibiigaadegaabaa. Gii kidwaag bimaadzejig gewi gaa neniigaaniijigebeg gaa nowaabmehgawag pii mzinbiigeyin." Gii shkiniigit aapji gii mnaawaabmaan eshi mzinbiigenit Norval Morrissetauyin miinwaa Salvador Daliyin, maapii waab ndooding mzinbiiganan ezhi mnwaabmenogziwat wesiinhyink miinwaa gojiing ezhi mnwaabmnaagwag wi bemaadziimgag miinwaa ezhi mooztoon gegoo maanpii Mnidoo Mnising.

Duncan Pheasant is a painter from M'chigeeng First Nation. Painting in the Woodlands style that gained international recognition after its birth on Manitoulin Island in the 1970's, Duncan has reimagined ways of telling stories in image. Each painting is accompanied by a story or poem that comes to him as he paints, "I write while I paint and it is almost automatic writing. People have said it is the ancestors coming to watch you paint. Inspired early in his youth by Norval Morrissetau, and Salvador Dali, the paintings in this show form a visual panorama of animals and nature, the vibrancy and feeling of Mnidoo Mnis.





"EAGLE MORNING"

I come from a shy space in the sky, I have always  
done things in my own way.

I follow the path set out for my kind as you must  
follow yours. In the early morning everything is clear  
and my mind wonders at what is before me. The  
clouds and the sun paint new colours every day, to  
some it looks the same but to us it is new, each and  
every day, the earth is holy.





"SACRED TROUT OF MINDEMOYA LAKE"

Caught in the net of the Ojibwa was a large fish that spoke the language. It said he was very old and wanted to die among the people. They carried him to shore and ,any people came to see, as it gave its last it said, "I was once a man now the curse is over, I will be with the one I love again"







"MANITOULIN COUPLE"

Singing amongst themselves after a long journey has passed, they have discarded all broken words and sing new ones, the beauty of the woodland forests, the lakes and rivers, the storms and rain, most of all they sing the beauty of what they see when they look at each other.





"TRIBUTE TO THE CHIEFS OF  
MANITOULIN"

Living two distinctive cultures, I give  
thanks to the many chiefs of the Great  
Manitoulin.  
Look at the faces of the people, you will  
find all the expressions of man, you  
will find the faces of all our Chiefs.



D. DEASATI



"TURTLE CLAN"

Walk softly until we meet at the dawn,  
stand softly as we give our praise to the  
new morning wonder.

Turtle clan I have known you when the  
forest was yours

I have known you when you own the  
streams

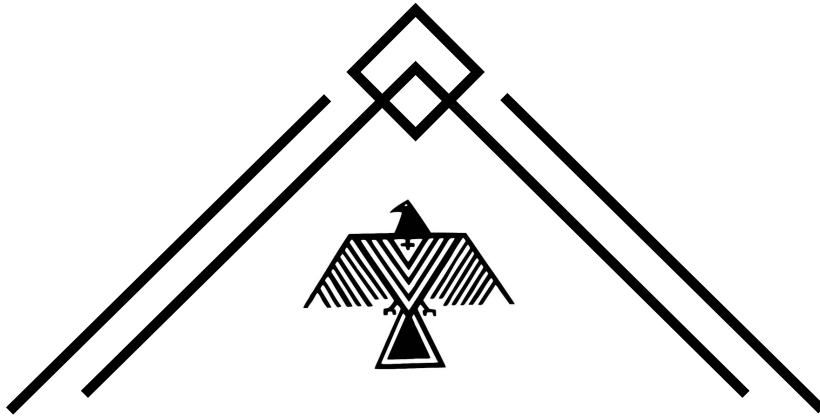
I have know you with your freedom for you  
are always at home





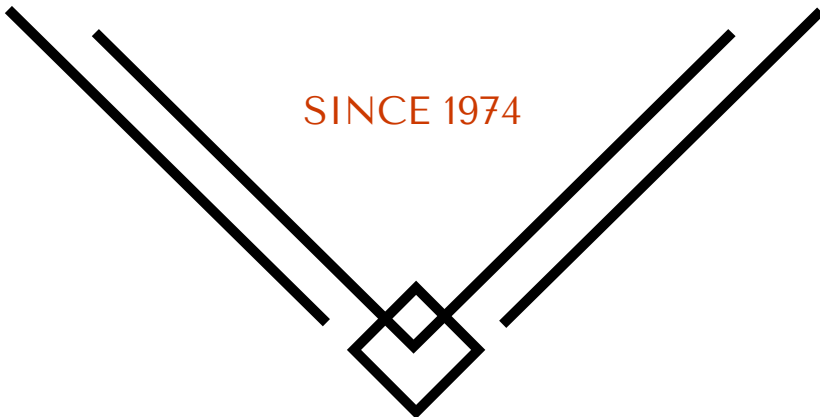
## "THE WISHING BIRD"

Nothing Belongs to you of what there is,  
of what you want, you must not take  
you must share. Wishing for it will not  
make it come, ask for it, and give  
something in return. But wishing bird  
was too shy, all he could do was wish.



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