













## **MARIAN PENNER BANCROFT / from Human Nature (2008)**

Original c-prints 30" x 30". Captions by page in order of appearance.

### **Alberta**

37. View of Abraham Lake and Mount Michener from the David Thompson Highway along the North Saskatchewan River. The lake, formed in 1972 by the Big Horn hydroelectric dam, was named for Stoney Indian guide Silas Abraham, born nearby in 1871.
38. View from Fort Edmonton of a York Boat on the North Saskatchewan River. This fort was established by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1795. Traders sailed, paddled, and portaged these boats, capable of carrying over 2700kg of beaver pelts, to York Factory, 1200km away on Hudson's Bay where the bales were transferred to ships ultimately destined for Britain and the production of top hats.

### **Friesland**

39. Children's slide at Witmarsum, the birth place of Menno Simons, a radical priest who broke away from the Catholic Church in 1536 defending the Anabaptist movement, preaching pacifism and a belief in adult rather than infant baptism. His followers are the Mennonites, a protestant group that exists today.
40. Drainage canal near Witmarsum, Friesland, Netherlands. The dikes in this region were first constructed in the middle ages to protect settlements built on mounds of dry land.

### **Suffolk**

41. Oak tree in a crater near the Blythe estuary at Bulcamp Drift, Suffolk, England. 10,000 years ago this area was joined to Friesland, now 150 miles across the North Sea. It was thought that craters such as the one depicted were caused by the dropping of excess bombs during WW II. However, a local resident has set this theory aside. Simon Loftus states:  
  
"I, too, always believed that the various craters around the estuary were caused by German planes offloading [however] I mentioned this to Dudley Wythe, who lived and worked here for most of his life—and he told me that they were in fact sandpits . . . at various places in those marsh meadows it used to get quite boggy, particularly at the intersections between one meadow and another where the cattle crowded through the gates—so they would dig out cartloads of sand to spread there, to make it passable."
42. Gabriel, Juliet, Hugh, and Colin near the estuary at Bulcamp Drift, Suffolk, England.



















## **MARIAN PENNER BANCROFT / from CHORUS**

These photographs were made at sites associated with the music of four composers, and the maps and writing of one cartographer, all mediators of the landscape experience. The original c-prints are 20" x 20". Captions by page in order of appearance.

### **Vienna, Austria (Franz Schubert "Gretchen am Spinnrade")**

- 44. Vienna, from Urban Subject's studio window
- 45. 300-year-old Jewish Cemetery (accessible only through Protestant seniors' home)

### **Germany (Johannes Brahms "Alto Rhapsody")**

- 46. Buchenwald, at the memorial railway platform
- 47. Church yard in Jena, where Brahms' "Alto Rhapsody" was first performed

### **Suffolk, UK (Benjamin Britten "Peter Grimes")**

- 48. Near Southwold, Blythe Estuary
- 49. Tree and pole, Bulcamp Drift

### **Malvern Hills UK (Edward Elgar "Sea Pictures")**

- 50. British Camp (Iron Age fort) looking south across the Severn Valley
- 51. Juliet with book at British Camp

### **Alberta (David Thompson "The Great Map")**

- 52. Willow bush at Eyrahi Nakoda Campground (Stoney Indian Park)

## Texts to Accompany CHORUS

The following texts are from the writing of one surveyor, David Thompson, and the songs of four composers, Franz Schubert, Johannes Brahms, Edward Elgar, and Benjamin Britten, songs whose words were written by three poets: Johann Goethe, George Crabbe, and Richard Garnett. Thompson created in 1814 “The Great Map” of western North America and was alive during the lifetimes of all who are cited above except Britten. Brought out to Canada from England as a teenager to apprentice as a fur trader for the Hudson’s Bay Company, David Thompson distinguished himself as the foremost surveyor of Western North America in the early 19th century. While still a teenager and posted at Manchester House and Cumberland, he learned the Cree language. In order to increase trade possibilities, he was also sent to the eastern edge of the Rockies to spend the winter of 1788–89 with the Piegan to learn Blackfoot, the language of the Siksik (Blackfoot), Kainah (Blood), and Pikuni (Piegan).

“All things being ready, we set off in the last days of September and crossed to the right bank of the river, and under the guidance of James Gady proceeded in the direction of about wsw for the upper part, of the Bow River near the east foot of the Rocky Mountains, where we expected to find some of the Peagan Indians camped; a distance of about [. . .]miles, over extensive plains, with patches of wood in places . . . . At length the Rocky Mountains came in sight like shining white clouds in the horizon. . . . William Flett and myself were lodged in the tent of an old man, [Saukamappee] whose hair was grey with age; his countenance grave, but mild and open; he was full six feet in height; erect, and of a frame that shewed strength and activity. Almost every evening for the time of four months I sat and listened to the old man, without being in the least tired, they were blended with the habits customs and manners, politics and religion such as it was, Anecdotes of the Indian Chiefs and the means of their gaining influence in war and peace, that I always found something to interest me.<sup>1</sup>

1 Thompson, David. *The Writings of David Thompson*, Volume 1, The travels, 1850 Version.

Mein Ruh ist hin  
 Mein Herz ist schwer  
 Ich finde sie nimmer  
 Und nimmermehr.  
 Wo ich ihn nicht hab,  
 Ist mir das Grab,  
 Die ganze Welt  
 Ist mir vergällt.  
 Mein armer Kopf  
 Ist mir verrückt,  
 Mein armer Sinn  
 Ist mir zerstückt.  
 Nach ihm nur schau ich  
 Zum Fenster hinaus,  
 Nach ihm nur geh ich  
 Aus dem Haus.  
 Sein hoher Gang,  
 Sein' edle Gestalt,  
 Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
 Seiner Augen Gewalt,  
 Und seiner Rede  
 Zauberfluss,  
 Sein Händedruck,  
 Und ach, sein Kuss.  
 Mein Busen drängt  
 Sich nach ihm hin.  
 Auch dürf ich fassen  
 Und halten ihn,  
 Und küssen ihn,  
 So wie ich wollt,  
 An seinen Küssen  
 Vergehen sollt!<sup>1</sup>

Aber abseits wer ist's?  
 Im Gebüsch verliert sich sein Pfad;  
 hinter ihm schlagen die Sträuche  
 zusammen,  
 das Gras steht wieder auf,  
 die Öde verschlingt ihn.  
 Ach, wer heilet die Schmerzen  
 dess, dem Balsam zu Gift ward?

Der sich Menschenhaß  
 aus der Fülle der Liebe trank!  
 Erst verachtet, nun ein Verächter,  
 zehrt er heimlich auf  
 seinen eigenen Wert  
 In ungenügender Selbstsucht.

Ist auf deinem Psalter,  
 Vater der Liebe, ein Ton  
 seinem Ohre vernehmlich,  
 so erquicke sein Herz!  
 Öffne den umwölkten Blick  
 über die tausend Quellen  
 neben dem Durstenden  
 in der Wüste!<sup>2</sup>

1 Johann Goethe, "Faust: Gretchen am Spinnrade" 1808 (music by Franz Schubert 1810).

2 Johann Goethe, "Alto Rhapsody" 1777 (music by Johannes Brahms 1869).

The deeps have music soft and low  
When winds awake the airy spray,  
It lures me, lures me on to go  
And see the land where corals lie.  
The land, the land, where corals lie.

By mount and steed, by lawn and rill,  
When night is deep, and moon is high,  
That music seeks and finds me still,  
And tells me where the corals lie.  
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,  
Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,  
But far the rapid fancies fly  
The rolling worlds of wave and shell,  
And all the lands where corals lie,

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,  
Thy smile is like a morning sky,  
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go  
And see the land where corals lie. The land,  
the land, where corals lie.<sup>3</sup>

To those who pass the Borough sounds betray  
The cold beginning of another day.  
And houses sleeping by the waterside  
Wake to the measured ripple of the tide.

SWALLOW

There's a boat sinking out at sea,  
Coastguard reports.

FISHERMAN

Within reach?

SWALLOW

No

FISHERMAN

Let's have a look through the glasses.

CHORUS

Or measured cadence of the lads who tow  
Some entered hoy to fix her in her row.  
Or hollow sound that from the passing bell  
To some departed spirit bids farewell.

AUNTIE

What is it?

BOLES

Nothing I can see

AUNTIE

One of those rumours!

ALL

In ceaseless motion comes and goes the tide,  
Flowing it fills the channel broad and wide.  
Then back to sea with strong majestic sweep  
It rolls in ebb yet terrible and deep<sup>4</sup>

3 Richard Garnett "Where Corals Lie" 1859 (from "Sea Pictures" music by Edward Elgar 1899).

4 Montagu Slater, final scene from libretto for "Peter Grimes" 1945, based on George Crabbe's "The Borough" 1810 (music by Benjamin Britten 1945).