

Music and Rural Canada



Source: CBC.CA

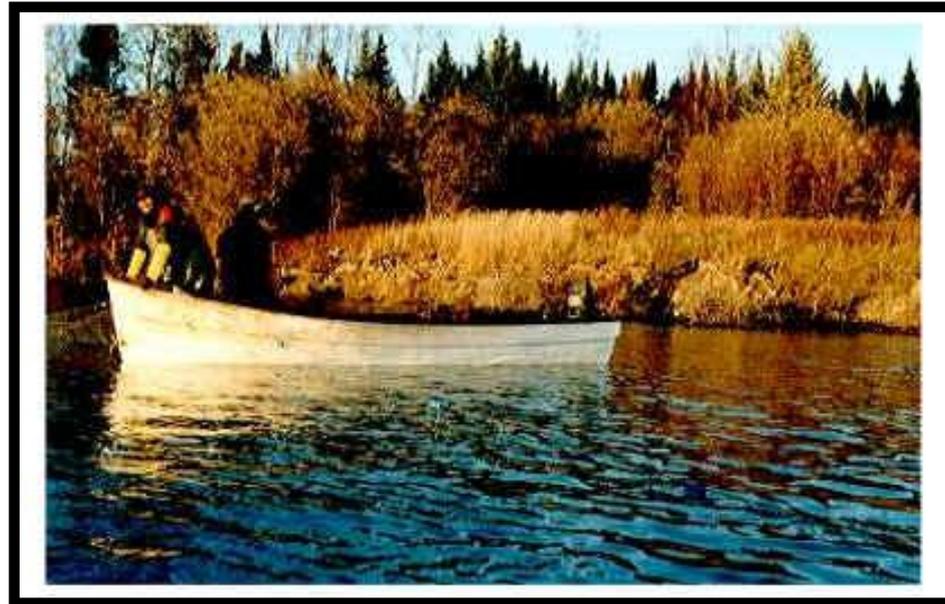
Context

“All else is considered rural”

Statistics Canada (1992)

“It’s not country or folk music, its rural music”

Fred Eaglesmith (1991)



Introduction

- Canada: Travel, Study, Song
- Cultural Geography of Rural Canada
 - Literary Landscapes
 - Geography of Music
 - Sketch Comedy
 - Visual Arts
- Music and Literature as Sources for rural research
 - Document analysis
- Music and Literature as a Teaching Tool
 - Capturing interest in a sea of popular culture

Introduction

- Purpose of this Unit
 - Offer alternative ways to describe rural Canada
 - Illustrate rural Canada: past and present
 - Highlight the richness in culture
 - The people living in rural Canada
 - Who write, perform, create
 - The performers , artists, and writers engaged in the life and culture of rural Canada
 - Whether or not they live there (or are from there)

Geography of Music Literature

- Traditional plus human-environment relationships
 - Carney (1990); Ramsey (2002); Weglarz (2013)
- Soundscapes
 - Smith (1994); Keough (2011)
- Cultural communications and musical economies
 - Kong (1995); Krims (2012)
- Music industry and sounds of alternative music
 - Leyshon (1995); Kruse (2003)
- Technological innovations
 - Nash and Carney (1996); Warf (2006)
- Identity and Place
 - Connell and Gibson (2003)

Geography With a Story to Tell

<http://www.cbc.ca/news2/interactives/tragicallyhip/>

- In 2014, Gord Downie said:
 - “Music brings people together. So my function in anything I do is to help bring people closer in.”
- The Tragically Hip are a band that has:
 - Songs about Canada
 - Wheat Kings
 - Bobcaygeon
 - Fifty Mission Cap
 - Road songs from touring Canada
 - Thompson Girl
 - At the Hundredth Meridian
 - And curiously enough, songs about sports!
 - <http://www.cbc.ca/sports/tragically-hip-gord-downie-sports-1.3597428>



Source: CBC.CA

An Evening With

THE TRAGICALLY HIP

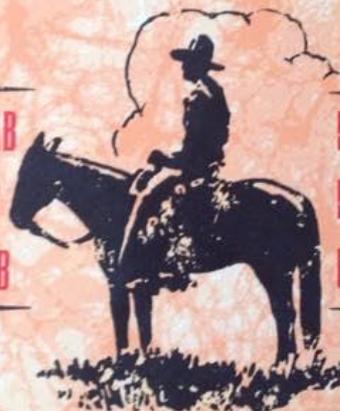
LIVE



Nov 21 Edmonton, AB

Nov 23 Calgary, AB

Nov 24 Red Deer, AB



Nov 25 Lethbridge, AB

Nov 27 Saskatoon, SK

Nov 28 Brandon, MB



WINTER
TOUR
2000

Limited Edition 599 of 3000

Some songs:

1. Wheat Kings
2. Small Town Bringdown
3. Thompson Girl
4. 50 Mission Cap

Source: Ramsey Archives

Wheat Kings – 1992

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5JjX-F7AFso>

Sundown in the Paris of the prairies
Wheat kings have all treasures buried
And all you hear are the rusty breezes
Pushing around the weathervane Jesus

In his Zippo lighter he sees the killer's face
Maybe it's someone standing in a killer's place
Twenty years for nothing, well, that's nothing new
Besides, no one's interested in something you didn't do

Wheat kings and pretty things
Let's just see what the morning brings

Wheat Kings - 1992

There's a dream he dreams where the high school's dead and stark
It's a museum and we're all locked up in it after dark
Where the walls are lined all yellow, grey and sinister
Hung with pictures of our parents' prime ministers

Wheat kings and pretty things
Wait and see what tomorrow brings

Late breaking story on the CBC
A nation whispers, "We always knew that he'd go free"
They add, "You can't be fond of living in the past
'Cause if you are then there's no way that you're going to last"

Wheat kings and pretty things
Let's just see what tomorrow brings
Wheat kings and pretty things
Oh that's what tomorrow brings

Small Town Bringdown – 1987

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VlzXiOQTNMU>

Been to Reno
Drives an El Camino
Can you dig that style?
Hip canteen
You always make the scene
You're a crazy child

It's a sad thing, bourbon's all around
To stop that feeling when you're living in a small town
You're long and lean but things don't get you down
You're a top ten kingpin in the borders of your hometown

Can't get hip
You work the jobs I've quit
Don't you dig that style?
You won't admit
You just don't give a shit
'Cause your mind's gone wild

It's a sad thing, bourbon's all around
To stop that feeling when you're living in a small town
You're long and lean but things don't get you down
You're a top ten kingpin in the borders of your hometown

Small Town Bringdown - 1987

Can't live to die, too easy
Why stick around?
I want my life to please me
Not another small town hometown bringdown

This is it
You might as well get pissed
Don't you dig that style?
Make your trip
There ain't that much to miss
When your mind's gone wild

It's a sad thing, bourbon's all around
To stop that feeling when you're living in a small town
You're long and lean but things don't get you down
You're a top ten kingpin in the borders of your hometown

Within the borders of your hometown
Within the borders of your hometown
Your hometown
Your hometown
Your hometown, yeah

Thompson Girl – 1998

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XjVzuFsFv8o>

Thompson Girl, I'm stranded at the Unique Motel
Thompson Girl, winter fighter's shot on the car as well
Looks like Christmas at fifty five degrees
This latitude weakens my knees, Thompson Girl

Grunt work somewhere between dream and duty
Poking through with all them shoots of beauty

Thompson Girl walking from Churchill
Across the icy world with polar bears it's mostly uphill
But when she saw that nickel stack
She whistled hard and I whistled back, Thompson Girl

Thompson Girl - 1998

Grunt work time between dream state and duty
Poking through with all them shoots of beauty
Grunt work somewhere between dream and duty
Poking through with all them shoots of beauty

Thompson Girl, we're down to the dead house plants
Thompson Girl, we've jettisoned everything we can
She says springtime's coming, wait till you see it
Poking through with them shoots of beauty
It's the end of rent-a-movie weather
It's time we end this siege together, Thompson Girl

Thompson Girl
Thompson Girl
Thompson Girl

50 Mission Cap - 1993

Bill Barilko disappeared that summer
He was on a fishing trip
The last goal he ever scored
Won the Leafs the cup
They didn't win another till nineteen sixty two
The year he was discovered
I stole this from a hockey card
I kept tucked up under

My fifty-mission cap
I worked it in
I worked it in to look like that
It's my fifty-mission cap
It's his fifty-mission cap
And I worked it in
I worked it in
And I worked it in to look like that
And I worked it in to look like that

50 Mission Cap - 1993

Bill Barilko disappeared that summer (in nineteen fifty one)
He was on a fishing trip (in a plane)
The last goal he ever scored (in over time)
Won the Leafs the cup
They didn't win another till nineteen sixty two
The year he was discovered

In my fifty-mission cap
I worked it in
I worked it in to look like that
It's my fifty-mission cap
It's his fifty-mission cap
And I worked it in
I worked it in
And I worked it in to look like that
And I worked it in to look like that

It's my fifty-mission cap
It's my fifty-mission cap
It's my fifty-mission cap
It's my fifty-mission cap

Music – Also with a story to tell

- Fishery in Atlantic Canada
 - Stan Rogers, 1977
 - *Make and Break Harbour*
 - Written by Stan Rogers
 - Great Big Sea, 1993
 - *Fisherman's Lament*
 - Written by Ed McCann

Make and Break Harbour

How still lies the bay, in the light western airs
Which blow from the crimson horizon
Once more we tack home, with a dry empty hole
Saving gas with the breezes so fair
She's a kindly cape islander, old but still sound
But so lost in the long liners shadow
Make and Break and make do, but the fish are so few
That she won't be replaced should she founder
Now it's so hard to not think of before the big war
When the cod went so cheap, but so plenty
Foreign trawlers go by now with long seeing eyes
Taking all where we seldom take any
And the young folk don't stay with the fisherman's ways
Long ago they all moved to the cities
And the ones left behind old and tired and blind
Won't work for a pound, for a penny.
In Make and Break Harbour the boats are so few
Too many are holed up and rotten.
Most houses stand empty old nets hung to dry
Are blown away lost and forgotten
Now I can see the big draggers that stirred up the bay
Leaving lobster traps smashed on the bottom
And they think it don't pay to respect the old ways
That make and break men have not forgotten
For we still keep our time to the turn of the tide
In this boat that I built with my father
Still lifts to the sky, "One Lunger" and I
Still talk like old friends on the water

Make and Break Harbour

In Make and Break Harbour boats are so few
Too many are pulled up and rotten
Most houses stand empty. Old nets hung to dry
And blown away, lost, and forgotten.
I can see the big draggers have stirred up the bay.
Leaving lobster traps smashed on the bottom
Can they think it don't pay to respect the old ways....

Past vs Present in New Brunswick



Make and Break Harbour

In Make and Break Harbour boats are so few
Too many are pulled up and rotten
Most houses stand empty. Old nets hung to dry
And blown away, lost, and forgotten.
I can see the big draggers have stirred up the bay.
Leaving lobster traps smashed on the bottom
Can they think it don't pay to respect the old ways....

Outport Newfoundland



Rural Abandonment - Newfoundland



Fisherman's Lament

By Great Big Sea

Written by Ed McCann

(the father of band member Sean McCann)

Fisherman's Lament

I stand in the doorway as the moon rises high.

Over glorious oceans, reflect the bright sky.

My heart it is aching so much I could die.

I know only the ocean, since I was a boy.



And I spent my whole life out there on the sea.

Some government bastard, now takes it from me.

Its not just the fish, they've taken my pride.

I feel so ashamed I just want to hide.

The Collapse of the Cod Fishery



Fisherman's Lament

I fished with my father so long, long ago.

We were proud of our trade, and in us it did show.

We held our heads high, there was lots of fish then.

That was the time when we were proud men.



We challenged great storms and sometimes we won.

Faced death and disaster we rode with the sun.

We worked and we toiled we strained our men brane.

We were a proud people, will we e're be again?

The Inshore Fishery



Fisherman's Lament

And I spent my whole life out there on the sea.

Some government bastard, now takes it from me.

Its not just the fish, they've taken my pride.

I feel so ashamed I just want to hide.



Captured Foreign Trawler



Fisherman's Lament

My father is gone now and the fish are gone too.

Our future is managed, oh what can we do?

I'm too old to change, but what of my sons?

How will they know that we weren't the ones?



DFO regulations admitted the rape

Of our beautiful oceans, from headland to cape.

They brought in big trawlers, they tore up our twine.

Politicians don't care what's yours and what's mine.

Traditional Inshore Fishery



Fisherman's Lament

And I spent my whole life out there on the sea.

Some government bastard, now takes it from me.

Its not just the fish, they've taken my pride.

I feel so ashamed I just want to hide.



Lost at Sea 1926

Benjamin Tibbo
Mayle Tobin
Rufus Veinot
John Walters
Benjamin Wagner
Henry Weinacht
James Westhaver
Eltus Westhaver
Robert Westhaver
Cemuel White
Adolphus Whynacht
Angus Whynacht
Charles Whynacht
Stewart Whynacht
Wade Whynacht
Westley Whynacht
William Whynacht
Cemuel White
John Wileox
Josiah Wilneff
Phinas Wilneff
John Williams
John Winters
Gabriel Winters
Milwood Winters
Harry C. Young
Paul Young
Danlet Zellers
Elijah Zellers
Ieose Zilver
Alman Zineck
Anthony Zineck
Artemas Zineck
Barnet Zineck
Henry Zineck
Joseph Zineck
Lawson Zineck
Raymond Zineck
Spurgeon Zineck
Freeman Zineck
E. Zineck
Arthur Zineck
G. Zineck
William Zineck

Burin Buchanan
Amos Burke
Harvey Bush
Robert Bush
Simon Bush
Amenoe Chassion
Cyril Chassion
Joseph Chassion
Fred Cleversey
William Corhum
Perry Corhum
Samuel Firth
Leaman Graham
William Gray
Rounsefell Greeh
Duncan Haughn
Robert Haughn
Hastings Himmelman
Jerry Himmeon
Thomas Martell
Aubrey Mosher
John D. Mosher
Melvin Richards
Horace Ring
Ross Pierce
Adam Selig
Andrew Shankle
Basil Shankle
Calvin Tanner
James Tanner
Ronald Tanner
John Wagner
Warren Wagner
Frank Wolfeld
Milton Walters
Norman Wambach
Parker Wambach
Wade Wambach
Walter Wambach
William Wambach
Ferdin Weaver
Dequid Wehner
Kenneth Wehner
Lester Wehner
Royce Wehner
William Wehner

Fisherman's Lament

“You brave Newfoundlanders” now he said to me,
“Shove the package to hell and go back to the sea”.
If we don't stand our ground we will fade away.
And the bones of our fathers will turn into clay.



And I spent my whole life out there on the sea.
Some government bastard, now takes it from me.
Its not just the fish, they've taken my pride.
I feel so ashamed I just want to die.

The Cod Moratorium, July 2, 1992

A 400 Year Industry ends

