



Hopes Echo: Learning A Dead Birdsong
echoscape #1: in “the place where you go to listen”
Draft 30 January 2019 by Julianne Warren

Prelude: It was spring of 2011. I was searching for something else in Cornell University’s archive of sounds when I first came across a 63-year old recording of a Māori man whistling his memory of songs of huia.¹ These tones both cut and enchanted me. In 1948, these birds were already believed to be extinct. Huia—whose distress notes echo in their given name²—were endemic to Aotearoa New Zealand. The elder huia mimic—Hēnare Hāmana (aka Harry Salmon 1880-1973)—had been invited into a Wellington recording studio by a Pākehā (a white person, of European descent) man, a neighbor called R.A. L. (Tony) Batley (1923-2004). Batley, who also narrated the recording, was a regional historian from Maowhango settlement. He was interested in saving this remnant of remembered avian language to pass on. The birds were, as Batley put it, “of unusual interest.” For instance, all huia had ivory-colored bills, but they were curiously dimorphic in shape. Those of males were generally shorter and more like “pick-axes” than females’ whose were long and curving. Both sexes were crow-size, with black-green bodies and a dozen stiff tail feathers edged, again, in ivory. Against the darkness of dense native trees and ferns filtering sunlight, the bright trim on each bird leaping between low limb and earth must have arced like coupled meteorites through a night sky.

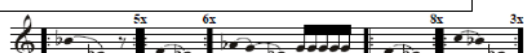
Batley: “Let us imagine two birds are feeding on a rotten tree. After awhile, the female climbs to the top of the tree and glides into the distance. The male bird calls with the following notes,” whistled by Hāmana:




“The female answers:”




“After this the male replies:”



“The male:”



“The female:”



Key:
 All staves in octaves 6-7
 All rhythmic values approximate
 ~ = slide from above
 / = slide from below
 • = slide from one note to another
 ♯ = note is higher than pitch on staff
 ♭ = note is lower than pitch on staff

“The male bird then joins the female where they scratch among leaves. After feeding they both climb to the top of a tōtara tree. And, now, to complete the survey of the huia, Mr Hāmana will repeat his calls.”

correct misspelling of Batley in insert Transcription by Dr. Martin Fellows Hatch, Emeritus Professor, Musicology and Dr. Christopher J. Miller, Senior Lecturer/Performer, Cornell University

Huia became extinct due to complex human causes that were local, but globally common in the aftermath of colonizing forces. Huia range likely contracted, then stabilized, after the arrival of Māori ancestors around a millennium ago. A couple of hundred years of European settlement escalated hunting pressures. Newcomers' intensified cropping plus grazing system plus a flush of introduced predators and parasites wrecked long-evolved ecological communities that huia required.³ The wide-scale ruination encompassed Māori-whenua (land or placenta) cultural practices. For example, generations of Māori had learned to attract huia, who were tapu or sacred, by imitating the birds' voices. Māori had ritually snared huia for tail feathers and other ceremonial or ornamental parts. Sometimes feathers became gifts. Huia may have been eaten. They emerged in ancient cosmology and conveyed messages in living dreams. Under European-imposed capitalism, mounted huia skins and tail feathers became commodified and sold internationally, which increased killing. By the end of the nineteenth century it had become evident to both Māori and Pākehā observers that huia had been brought to the brink. Some moved to put hapu i.e. tribal and/or crown protections in place. One idea driven by white officials was to capture huia pairs in their North Island home range and move them to offshore island sanctuaries: Hauturu Little Barrier Island or Kapiti Island were possible destinations.⁴



Mounted huia, Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington, NZ. Photo by Julianne L. Warren. Special thanks to curators, Colin Miskelly and Alan Tennyson.

By the time expeditions were arranged with this intent of rescuing huia, it was too late. Both Batley and Hāmana had been engaged in one or more huia searches led by Dominion Museum officials (now Te Papa Tongarewa). Hāmana was known for his bush skills, including imitating the birds. In 1909, he joined a party tramping into the still-dense native huia habitat in the Mt. Aorangi-Mangatera Stream area a few miles from Taihape, Moawhango block. Reports vary. It might be that someone heard a bird call on this outing, a huia neither seen nor captured, or, maybe one was. Apparently, no living huia pair was ever collected during any of the trips. Reports of birds lingering in hard-to-reach strongholds of former habitat continued even past mid-century, some quite convincing, yet without material proof.⁵

Around the same time that I first heard the bird-man recording, I also encountered “Learning a Dead Language,” a 2005 poem by poet W.S. Merwin: “There is nothing for you to say,” he writes, “You must / Learn first to listen.” According to the poet, a listener needs, paradoxically and mysteriously, to “learn to be still” and also actively to encourage the movement of something dead. What you hear, he writes, “remember,” even if you don’t “yet understand” it. Remembering, which is an act of “saving,” invites the listener into an ongoing, albeit disrupted, phonological succession. Given that the learner can grasp only “a part at a time,” to understand any of the language pieces requires stepping back to perceive a vaster order—a communication network. This, in turn, “helps you to remember,” perhaps even to remember something others have forgotten. This reclaimed grammar, you now reshape through your own impressions and breath, also “becomes yourself.” “Learning,” in the poet’s sense, “will be to cultivate the awareness” as, part to whole, the listener practices penetrating perception. This awareness is a route, in other words, into the “passion” that the dead language once composed and “that composed it”—that is, into “what never / Has fallen silent.” The listener may find the same passion reanimated by her own tongue, become willingly still, again, “When there is nothing for you to say.” The learner circles back to the starting point, to “Learn first to listen,” again, deepening communion right there, right then.⁶

It seemed to me that this kind of listening might limn a sense of strengthening yet still obscure loneliness. I was numb with knowledge of the very many kinds of life—and languages—recently, rapidly extinguished and scientific projections of far more. This bothered me. It made it easier to pretend otherwise. Or, on the other extreme, to hand a sword to suppressed anger. I wondered whether this numbness, which I sensed was wide-spread, might not be leading compassionate people, not only to abandon hope, but to slander it.⁷ This scared me. Part of the problem, I guessed, was the abstractness of “extinction” and of “kind” in contrast with the loss of a particular known voice or

face. Part was self-preservation. Who could really bear such a massive intensity of death? For some of us—awakening to challenge harmful assumptions of our own white supremacy—this intensity would be compounded by our complicity. Another part of the problem, I believed, was my culture’s systemic alienation of human beings from other land community members and the division of human feeling from reason. These fractures must certainly translate into a mortal wound in truth. And, without truth, how can any of us express love skillfully?

So, it seemed like something to pay attention to—this poem meeting this dead bird language, parts of which had been remembered by men, “saved before you,” in Merwin’s words. Maybe it was also saved for me to listen and learn? The multiplex voice haunted my every turn becoming, through intimacy, a trusted companion.⁸ I kept revisiting the old recording and re-reading this poem. I came to feel I must hear the music of the soundtrack without the English-language narration. So, I edited it out, recognizing that the imprint of Batley’s speech would nonetheless shape Hāmana’s whistled phrases. Now, however, I could play this compressed chorus of extinct birds recalled by dead human beings—colonizer and colonized—disclosed through machines repeating in a loop. I would be undistracted by the dominating presence of my own lexicon. I named the edited version “Huia Echoes.”

Under the influence of R. Murray Schafer’s *The Soundscape*, I then wondered whether other parts of lost language might come to me if I was “still” while listening to this circling song interact within different milieus.⁹ The very strangeness of the idea was captivating. So, I carried Huia Echoes around in my hand-held digital device along with a small, inexpensive recorder. I used the latter to re-store Huia Echoes, but now in replay with various others’ noises—for example, within a New York City cathedral, the edge of the Arctic Ocean, Munich, Germany and Changsha, China. A resulting series of “echoscapes”—i.e., new recordings of contemporary sonic-spheres plus historic “Huia echoes” replayed—are aural skeins of past and present, Indigenous and transported voices. These, in turn can be listened to, repeatedly, in yet other dimensions. It is one of these echocapes, composed in Fairbanks, Alaska, that I will be inviting you into momentarily.

But, before I do, I want to highlight another aspect vital to my story-telling. Helped along by Linda Tuhiwai Smith’s book *Decolonizing Methodologies*,¹⁰ learning a dead birdsong urges me away from a culture of self-taking credit into a mindset of acknowledgement. I understand this as an intention not only to remember what is imparted, but when possible, to say through whom with particular attentiveness to holding space for and amplifying historically dominated voices. Tending this consciousness, I have been learning, also from local activist colleagues, can help form reciprocal alliances characterizing co-creative, re/generative communities.

In other words, learning to listen has also been lessons in how to participate in healthy community-making, as this continuous project has been from the start. “Officially” there were no restrictions on use of the huia imitation recording. To be sure, I checked in with Cornell Lab of Ornithology’s Macaulay Library for permission to share it the soundtrack in these ways. Their staff, particularly Matt Young, have been generous with their help. In 2016, I finally took the Lab’s field recording course, a distinct aid to my non-existent technical skills while also further training my ear.

As I continued listening and responsively composing new echoscapes, I became uncomfortable about ignoring the men on the recording. The fact is, I was far distant from their experiences and relationships and the deep history contained in this remnant. It did not belong to me. Moreover, the sacredness of this speaking gift demanded respect. What did that mean? I shared my disquiets with my Gwich’in friend, Princess Daazhrai Johnson, here where I live in interior Alaska.¹¹ Her simple question struck me: Essentially, how would I proceed without repeating colonizing harms of the past? My response developed into another calling. While my interest in extinct birds had led me to the soundtrack, listening now opened my ears to silenced human beings. Though both men who took part were also deceased, what did I owe and what might I learn of and from them, and how? I am still learning.

Thanks to the initiative of colleagues--historical geographer Dr. Mike Roche and museum expert Dr. Susan Abasa--I received International Visitor Research funding from Massey University. I had a month’s stay in the former huia range of the North Island, which I explored, listening. It was straightforward to find Batley’s archives in museums. But, it was difficult to find information concerning Hāmana, itself an expression of colonial legacy. Journalist Kate Evans and Sarah Johnston of Ngā Taonga Sound and Vision kindly connected me with Batley’s daughter. They also discovered an email address for a relative of Hāmana.

I was overwhelmed by the largess of both families. Batley’s daughter and son-in-law invited me into their home for dinner and conversation, an ongoing one. Sue and Rob have introduced me to other knowledgeable friends and passed along materials. Several members of the Hāmana/Salmon family welcomed me with meals and into their homes. Dave and Karen Salmon put me up for several nights. There was a celebratory gathering with more food, photos and stories. Before ever meeting, Toby, a great nephew of Hēnare’s, had understood that my trip was more than academic. It was also deeply personal, a spiritual journey. Toby brought me and Dave to the gravesite of the late huia whistler where he lay next to his wife. From the small cemetery on a hill, through a grassy-green fog, we overlooked the couple’s former home that had recently collapsed. After prayers, we went on a tramp into the same

bush into which Toby's uncle had guided that 1909 search expedition. Under arching canopies of trees and ferns, we listened together. Since then, I have shared some echoscape compositions with both sets of families. Their encouragements have helped liberate my own voice for which I am unspeakably grateful.

Finally, before opening into "echoscape #1: the place where you go to listen," I want to share another integral poem, this one brought to my attention by literary scholar Lesley Wheeler. The words of "Huia, 1950s" by Hinemoana Baker written in 2004, speak to the dead language listener's experience:

the huia-trapper

whistles the song

I try to resist

I want to tug

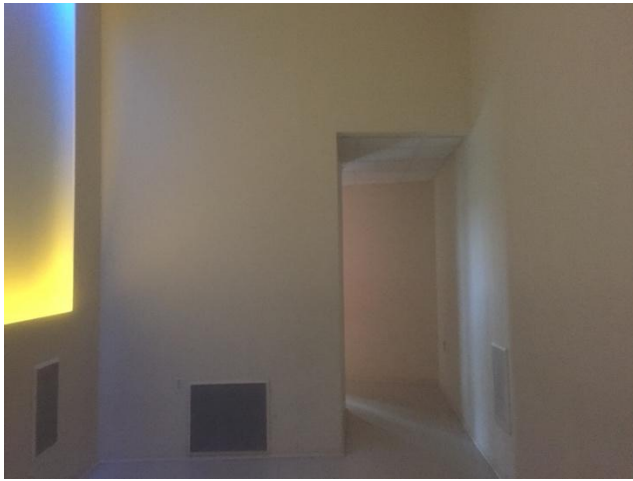
something of of him

the radio voice says

believed to be extinct

Yes, I have felt this "want to tug," a longing, as I listen to this aural relict. Maybe you will, too. What is it I want to tug out and why try to resist? Might this impulse have something to do with the shapeless loneliness I mentioned above? With anguished hope? With how to love skillfully? At the same time, what does the complex voice want to tug out of me that might be well-done to give in to?

Backgrounder for echoscape #1



Sonic sphere: *Naalagiagvik* (Inupiat) *the place where you go to listen*, a sound installation (2006)

by composer John Luther Adams¹²

Location: Museum of the North, University of Alaska, Fairbanks, Alaska.

Geographical Coordinates:

Latitude: 64-50'06" N

Longitude: 147-39'11" W

Elevation: 446 feet

Listening date/time: 13 August 2015/9:30am-10:30am

Approximate Nautical Miles from Manawatu Gorge, North Island, Aotearoa New Zealand: 6500

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The Approach: This August day, the clouds are heavy and low—swells of grey down.

The sky has just rained, darkening the pavement. Water is dripping from green boughs of spruce and birch branches. An easy wind smells like wet grass.

Downhill, in a nearby grain-field turned gold, Sandhill cranes are chiming in the few days left before migration.

The moon will be new tomorrow. The tiniest sliver of today's waning crescent, though invisible, arcs slowly above the horizon.

The morning sun's light, filtered through the blanket overhead, is muted. The listener wears a sweater.

Once inside the museum, I walk past the gift shop, show a pass, then climb a staircase to the second floor with a bay of windows on the right. To the left, there is a gallery with an alcove.

A sign on a door in the alcove says, "enter quietly."

I pause before doing so. I turn around to look, again, through the wide span of glass. This is the ancestral and unceded territory of *Tth'itu' Xwt'ana*—in English, the Lower Tanana Dene or Athabascans. Generations have come to *Troth Yeddha'*, or, "the ridge of the wild potatoes," to harvest these legumes. With such a sweeping vantage, this hill has long been an attractive meeting site. Outside, beyond today's rain veil, are mountains far older even than this land's First Peoples. The immensity of that rock, though over a hundred-miles distant, feels demanding. On a clear day, the "Three Sisters" are eye-magnets—their snowy tops gleam gold-pink. And, more to my right, to the southwest, would be Denali—the tallest North American peak.

Unless, perhaps, this summit has fallen during the night. I can't know for sure, unless the clouds withdraw, whether or not it remains standing at all.

I have entered this room several times before. An introductory plaque describes it as "The Place Where You Go to Listen." An Inupiaq legend was in the memory of the man, John Luther Adams, who imagined and, with the help of others, built this sound art installation. A woman, so the legend says, sat quietly in a place called *Naalagiagvik* on Alaska's Arctic Coast. In that place, she—I don't know her name—heard things.

In contrast to the open Arctic plain spreading into the vast, salt-smelling sea, the room the listener is about to enter is a close space—about ten by twenty feet, with no windows. There is one long wooden bench in the center. Floors, ceiling and walls are white, except for one wall that glows with the only source of light. This light slowly, barely perceptibly, changes color—in summer, of yellows and green-blues—seasonal, circadian hues tune with the unceasing flow of noise vibrating from a surround of speakers. The noise in the speakers emanates from machines that translate sources of real time physical conditions outside into sounds—filtered, tuned and tempered—merged into a continuous electronic stream. This resonating stream, fluid with emergent tones and rhythms, is a polyphony of irregular seismic groans at foot-shuddering level, at ear-height, the reliable voice of moon—from the perspective of Earth's horizon—waxing and waning, rising and setting with the chorusing sun sung through sound-damping prisms of palls and mists of air. From ceiling speakers, when aurora are active, fluxing bells tinkle down speaking for them.

Entering, the sonic sphere: Upon first opening the door, a listener sometimes feels repelled by the room's chaotic acoustic atmosphere, [**Room threshold-:24**] even afraid [**1**]. In past visits, I have hesitated on the threshold, my heart pounding. I have watched many would-be listeners crack open the door, and choose not to enter.

[**2**] One of the most important things about this place is that the listener *may* go. Anyone who enters this room may exit the same way.**

But, I will stay for awhile. I am carrying Huia Echoes inside.

###

First, listening: This place, says Adams, “is not complete until you are present and listening.”

First, the listener must resist leaving. Second, I must not resist immersion before I must, at some point, leave.**

[**Room alone-5:15<<**] My gut hears the rocking Earth rumbles. Seeping through my eyes, the hum of crescent moonrise. Tone-rays of sun lap my cheeks. Tinkling aurora bells water my head,...**

My ears float away, drifting birds on a current of noise... **

This is a dream of voices dreaming. Who is the dreamer? Is she Earth? The human composer? The present listener? Past and future ears? Some other fount? Is it possible for all to dream the same dream?

The listener doesn't know.**

A Māori chant shared in the nineteenth century by Te Kohuora of Rongoroa, says, *Na te*—that is, *from the*—primary source, rising-thought-memory-mind/heart-desire...

I wonder, when the mind/heart remembers the source and desires what emerges, isn't that supreme hope? **

Who can solve hope? **

Te Kohuora's chant continues, *Te kore te rawea*—that is, unbound nothingness—stirring *hau*—breath of life and growth—moving through darkness, the world, the sky, moon, sun, light—day!—earth (female)—and—sky (male)—and ocean, the children of earth and sky, food plants, forests, lakes and rivers, ancestors of fish, lizards, birds...life and death and life...**

In Māori, change happens across the *pae*—liminal spaces of potential emergence—between life and death, light and dark, silence and noise, absence and presence, inhabitants and visitors, one kind of being and another.**

In this place, in this room, I imagine many *pae*--the sound is never-ending and never the same, unfolding in time. There are low tones and high, consonances and dissonances begin and end, the inaudible outside is audible

inside mingled with dim ambience and subtly changing colored light. The door that opened will close. The listener who entered— *inhales* *exhales* will eventually depart [\gg]

Replaying Huia Echoes: Then, by pressing a button on my play-back machine [**Room w/Huia Echoes 6:47** <<], I release the legacy of interrelations voiced by Huia Echoes, foreign to this place, into the many other exchanges already happening^{**}: two men—now both dead—the colonized one sharing a *taonga*—a treasured thing—with the colonizer, a colonizer passing it on. The taonga is the imitation of two birds reciprocating want, dead voices sound animate. What is breathless, and unchanging, sings, full of breath, if not changing, bringing changes (or, were the multiple voices always ever asleep, now waking?)^{**}

The room's noise courses in eddies and flushes downstream. Huia Echoes tracks a round channel.^{**}

While the noise of this inside world is ever-changing as is the outside one, Huia Echoes is a recording with a chorus of voices that repeat^{**}—beginning-middle-end—^{**}the same, over and over again.^{**}

Or...are they?^{**}

What happens across the pae between this room of noise and the machine-saved echoes of lost man-and-bird?^{**}

[**2:20**] Huia Echoes sounds mingled and disruptive, tender and insistent. [**2:29**] The echoes echo, [**2:50**] Their voices are buoyed by waves...sink, and soar.^{**}The bird-man chorus varies with the outside weather heard inside the world of this place. [**3:00**] While, aurora bells curtain the recording's higher pitches, making them hard to distinguish. When the clouds disperse, beyond the walls, the octaves of the sun's choir widen and brighten. The sun brightening, paradoxically, shades Huia Echoes' tones. [**3:24**] The clouds, darkening, unexpectedly, expose the re-playing voices. Aurora, quieted, release the higher notes of extinct bird-man songs. [**3:40**] Catching a sonic wave—and, sometimes I hear speech—the voices, caught, sway up and down—male and female oscillate:

Here I am.

Here I am.

Over here.

Here am I.

Who are you? Who I am? Am I you? You, me? Are we “we”?

In the stream of sounds, the calls of Huia Echoes alter. Or, is it Huia Echoes—as leaves do the wind—re-directing the room’s flow of sounds? Are the ears of the listener transformed? Who is the changer, and, who being changed? in this dream of dreamers dreaming

Who or what has will? What is trust? What desire?”

[5:40] *Huia Echoes silent:*

After listening awhile, I stop the machine replaying the bird-man recording.

[5:50] My ears are relieved by the silence of their clattering tones within this room full already overflowing with sounds. Is that relief a germ of forgetting?

Yet, having grown familiar with the added presence of Huia Echoes, the room now also sounds wrong. I feel the absence of the composite voice—with a pang—as a plangent void. Is that pang a seed of remembering?

What if Huia Echoes, rather than remain a captive of the machine, found a sonic wormhole and escaped?

Though the recording is off, I still catch phrases of the bird-man voice repeating—a ghost of tones. Is that audible phantom, my desire or Echoes’? [>>]

###

The listener plays—Still captivated by the ever-rolling sounds of the room. I stay on, listening, but not still. Alone in that room, my voice turns itself on. Wells, though it does not want to shout nor need to cry out, but, somehow, at the same time to dissolve yet stand out. [Rhymes in Room]

My childhood’s nursery rhymes surface as breath and rise through my mouth. Words play wordplay words

Three blind mice repeats, mantra-like syllables scamper, unpredictably. [:19]

How much wood can a woodchuck chuck... / ^{much} *wood could the woodchuck chuck* ^{tosses} an adverb [:10]

PeterPiperpickedapeckofpickledpeppers tumbles out cannot outrun time. [:15]

Humpty Dumpty’s manifest consonants--*and all the king’s men / couldn’t put Humpty Dumpty together again*

are miscarried skipping stones. [:12]

Mary had a little lamb catches a current resonates and clashes randomly as it flows until
the lamb was sure to go OOOOOOoooooblends as sun hum tuned in human capacity to fundamental frequency of
the daily spin of Eaarth—twenty-four point two seven hertz is a tempered G-oooooooo my tiny vowel-oooooooo
softens into a quiet pool of sound an octave between the organ of solar light and shimmering aurora bells harmonize
with the whole planet

I become a self-conscious composer

A coda happens [:24]

three blind mice *three blind mice* *three blind mice* *see how they run?* bending the old
rhyme into a question goOOOOOOooooooo..... [>>]

Run, where? Blinded, how? Why see? Why listen? Why sing?

[**Threshold 2**] *Exiting*-It was time to leave the “Place,” where it has been safe both to give in and to resist,
be distinct. One of the most important things about this room is that the listener may leave. Anyone
who enters this room may find their way out [**Ends 3:54**]

###

Coda: Outside the window pane, the sun and moon sliver--audibly rising back inside--still hid behind silver
billows, as did the distant mountains I *had* kept faith in them.

Beyond the clouds, a fingering menace is closing around Earth. The menace twists Earthlings into an
undying sameness, a *pae*-less monotone of un-existence.

But, there is a gift of breath that can say *yes!* and also *no!* And, I don't know! And, in between, spaces of
potential emergence from which many voices might echo.

What if Huia Echoes did pass through a wormhole back there in the chaos of sounds? What if they did
refuse the machine, and my will to turn this off or on?

In the afterglow of listening in The Place, it's not only that I hear music in the whirl of a fan, or mistake a
distant chainsaw cutting firewood as throat-singing, there also is something going on with the birds.

###

[Swainson's <<] *Swainson's Thrushes*: One early morning this spring, I heard Huia Echoes in my sleep.

They were singing in the forest beyond my open window. I leapt out of bed I grabbed my
recording stuff (because, who would believe me). I fumbled, bleary, with my gear while easily imagining that
those Swainson's thrushes
as I suddenly recognized them
had picked up the lost bird-man voice.

Were these boreal flesh-and-feather throats echoing the echoes of extinct birds from a half-world away?

I cherish that dream all the more as a/wake a persistent, ringing void keeping us,
in the world-alive
in play

[>>]

¹ <https://macaulaylibrary.org/asset/16209>; RAL Batley, Archives, Box 2011.117.1 MS 177, Whanganui Regional Museum

² <https://www.nzgeo.com/stories/huia-the-sacred-bird/>

³ For discussions of extinctions in the wake of both Māori and Pākehā arrival, see, for example: Alan Tennyson and Paul Martinson, *Extinct Birds of New Zealand* (Wellington: Te Papa Press, 2007) and Atholl Anderson, "A fragile plenty: pre-European Māori and the New Zealand environment" 35-51 in Pawson and Brookings, *Environmental Histories*. Excellent environmental histories include: Pawson and Brookings; Catherine Knight, *Ravaged Beauty: An Environmental History of the Manawatu* (Ashhurst: Totara Press, 2014, 2018).

⁴ For discussion of huia-human interrelations, see: W.J. Phillipps, *The Book of the Huia* (Christchurch: Whitcombe and Tombs Ltd, 1963); W.J. Phillipps, "Huia Research," Dominion Museum (creating agency) 1927-1954, MU000235, Wellington: Museum of New Zealand/Te Papa Tongarewa; H.T. Whatahoro (S. Percy Smith, transl.), *The Lore of the Whare-Wānaga: Or Teachings of the Māori College on Religion, Cosmogony, and History Vol. 1: Te Kauwae-Runga, or 'Things Celestial,'* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011); Margaret Orbell, *The Natural World of the Māori* (Auckland: Collins, 1985); Murdoch Riley, *Māori Bird Lore* (Paraparaumu, NZ: Viking Sevenses, NZ Ltd, 2001); Walter L. Buller, *A History of the Birds of New Zealand* (Vol 1) (Westminster, S.W., 1888), 9-17; Geoff Norman, *Bird Stories: A History of the Birds of New Zealand* (Nelson: Pottan and Burton, 2018).

⁵ Phillipps, *The Book of the Huia* and "Huia Research;" Personal communication, Hāmana family.

⁶ W.S. Merwin, "Learning a Dead Language" in W.S. Merwin, *Migration: New and Selected Poems* (Port Townsend, Washington: Copper Canyon Press, 2005), 41. See also, Julianne L. Warren, "Hopes Echo," The Poetry Lab of The Merwin Conservancy, 2015, <https://merwinconservancy.org/2015/11/the-poetry-lab-hopes-echo-by-author-julianne-warren-center-for-humans-and-nature/>

⁷ For example, Derrick Jensen, "Beyond Hope," *Orion Magazine*, <https://orionmagazine.org/article/beyond-hope/> deems hope a "bane."

⁸ Alan Licht, "Sound Art: Origins, development and ambiguities," *Organised Sound* 14 (1) (2009): 3-10 met my real sense with the word "companion." Also, I acknowledge an integrated influence of David Abram, *Becoming Animal* (New York: Vintage, 2011) also liberated my relationality.

⁹ R. Murray Schafer, *The Soundscape* (Destiny Books, 1993). Also, *Voice and Void*, The Aldrich Contemporary Art Museum, 2007; and Jacob Kirkegaard, “Aion,” at MOMA, 2013,

<https://www.moma.org/interactives/exhibitions/2013/soundings/artists/6/works/> ; and Janet Cardiff and George Bures Miller, “The Murder of Crows,” Armory, 2012,

http://www.armoryonpark.org/programs_events/detail/janet_cardiff_george_miller_murder_of_crows

¹⁰ Linda Tuhiwai Smith, *Decolonizing Methodologies* (Zed Books, 2012).

¹¹ We have a co-authored chapter forthcoming, “To Hope To Become Ancestors,” in *What Kind of Ancestor Do You Want to Be?* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2020).

¹² John Luther Adams, *The Place Where You Go To Listen* (Wesleyan University Press, 2009);

<https://www.uaf.edu/museum/exhibits/galleries/the-place-where-you-go-to/>