kingsbury branch

a set of essays for Bb Clarinet, Trombone, Viola, Contrabass, and Electronic Playback

> Otto Muller 2021

This project is supported in part by the Vermont Arts Council and the National Endowment for the Arts

Contents:

Preface	5
Performance Instructions	9
Prologue: Nail Fiddles	11
1. Robinson Sawmill	13
2. The Old West Church Bell	27
3. The Flanders Ballad Collection	33
4. Japanese Knotweed Distribution	45
5. The Vermont Commission on Country Life	59
6. The Scope of Haunting	73
Epilogue: Returning Home	91

Preface

This piece is on and is about Ndakinna, Abenaki land. This land was never ceded to European settlers through any agreement or treaty but was taken through violence and through insidious processes of erasure and replacement that continue to this day. In the 1991 land claim case *State v. Elliott*, the Vermont Supreme Court ruled that aboriginal sovereignty can be extinguished and that

extinguishment need not be accomplished by treaty or voluntary cession because the "relevant question is whether the governmental action was intended to be a revocation of Indian occupancy rights, not whether the revocation was effected by permissible means" 1

In the case of the Vermont Abenaki, the court ruled that

a century-long course of conduct may demonstrate extinguishment, even though the exact date on which Indian title is extinguished is difficult to determine... ("there are no fine spun or precise formulas for determining the end of aboriginal ownership").²

In this work, I seek to acknowledge Abenaki sovereignty through acts of careful listening, by seeking out the echoes of that centuries-long course of conduct that still resonate in the walls and woods around us, and hearing them in counterpoint to a resilient network of relations that has never been extinguished.

As a white settler currently living in this place, I focus on the traces of settler history: the ways that rural space is constructed, ways that settler worldviews etch themselves into landscape and soundscape, and the jagged edges that are produced as land is carved into property. I am seeking new understandings of my own complicity in this ongoing settler-colonial project called the United States, so that I might divest from it in careful, deliberate, and collaborative ways. The stories of Abenaki resilience, of Ndakinna as it has been and will be outside of the settler framework, these stories are not mine to tell. The Vermont Abenaki Artist Association, the

Vermont Indigenous Heritage Center, Atowi, and the Missisquoi, Nulhegan Band, Elnu, and Koasek communities hold and share this knowledge.

Stó:lō musicologist, Dylan Robinson writes about "sonic encounters between particular perceptual logics" and says that

To effect a decolonial crisis in the act of listening – to ask listeners to become "no longer sure of what listening is" – cannot simply entail a willful approach to kick colonial listening habits. Instead it means shifting the places, models, and structures of how we listen.⁴

Robinson examines how "writing allows certain moments of sonic experience to be heard while foreclosing others." At the same time that this is a sonic work, it is also an act of writing. The score is intended to be read as a poetic text along with the musical performance, offering context on the sonic materials being employed and their complex histories.

In The Common Pot: The Recovery of Native Space in the Northeast, Lisa Brooks describes the Abenaki word awikhigawôgan "the act of writing" as an ongoing process in which we are all engaged, and offers this invitation:

Because awikhigawôgan, like storytelling, is an interactive process, I invite the reader of this text-map to play a participatory role. Rather than tracing a single argument and forming agreement or argument, I hope you will feel free to interact, deliberate, and grapple with the images and ideas raised herein. [...] In this way, this awikhigan may operate as an instrument, in the Abenaki sense, which, now in your hands and working in your mind, may foster thoughts and activities that I could not have imagined.⁵

It is a practice of writing that we take part in together. I am grateful that you are reading this, that you are listening with me. I am only just learning to listen and I am sure that you hear things that I do not, that you and I are haunted by different ghosts. To acknowledge this land, its people and histories, to undertake the long work of decolonization together, we need to find new ways to listen to each other and with each other.

This piece also emerges out of countless conversations that are already ongoing. I want to express my gratitude for the friends and relations whose wisdom informs and directs this work.

I want to thank my family, Sasha, Emmett, and Bayard, with whom I am discovering the world every day. My dear colleagues Leora Gansworth, M. T. Anderson, Sean Clute, D. Edward Davis, Emerson Whitney, Muriel Shockley, H. "Herukhuti" Sharif Williams, Khalil Dalton, Toussaint St. Negritude, Suiyee Wong, Antonio Gonzalez-Walker, Petra Simmons, Mordecai Martin, and Ariel Page, all of whom have informed this work. They should not be blamed for the faults of the work below, but I credit them entirely for any missteps avoided.

I also want to thank the Vermont Arts Council for the Creation Grant that provided the means to convene people in this project, and Anne Decker, Steve Klimowski, Jesse Metzler, Elizabeth Reid, Evan Premo and TURN Music for breathing life into these soundworlds.

Performance Instructions

General:

This piece is primarily derived from manipulated field recordings.

Aside from a few aleatoric moments, the tempo is always 60 bpm, and timecodes are provided throughout the piece to allow synchronization with the pre-recorded material. Performers should strive to blend their tone with the pre-recorded sound as much as possible, emerging and receding into that texture.

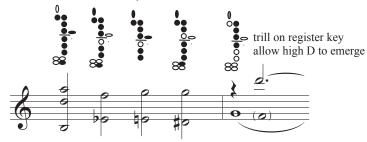
The piece is an investigation into the ways that rural space is constructed, the ways that its various boundaries can be sonified, and the possibilities of decolonization. The entire score is written as a hybrid text that offers critical engagement with the materials and compositional processes. A conducting score and instrumental parts are also provided for ease of performance, but musicians are encouraged to engage the full score.

I welcome dialogue about all aspects of the work, from the details of the instrumental writing to the underlying concepts, and sincerely hope that the piece evolves and adapts in response to these conversations.

Clarinet

There are a number of extended techniques employed, including alternate fingerings, slap tongue, singing and playing and multiphonics.

The following multiphonics are used:



The last of these multiphonics is a trill in which the higher tone emerges slowly.

In movement 4, *Japanese Knotweed*, the music should be synchronized with the tones in the pre-recorded knotweed as closely as possible.

Trombone

The trombone should use a straight mute throughout the performance to create balance with the other instruments.

The trombonist is often asked to sing and play simultaneously. Sung pitches are notated with rectangular noteheads.

Viola and Contrabass

Natural harmonics are used heavily throughout the piece. Except for the octave harmonic (where the sounding pitch and the node are the same), the desired sounding pitch is always given. The notated node is typically the lowest node, though it may be played on whichever node is most convenient.

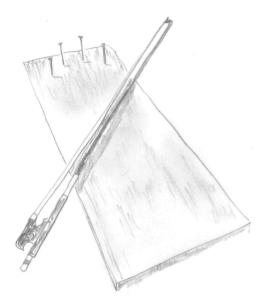
Almost all of the trills in the piece are pressure trills between harmonic pressure and the stopped pitch or between harmonic pressure and the open string. In some cases trills occur between two harmonic nodes on the same string. In all cases, the alternate pitch of the trill is provided in parentheses.

Prologue: Nail Fiddles

The rural is a periphery between something they call nature and something they don't, marked by a network of borderlines etched into the land in barbed wire, piled stone, tree lines, and old junk heaps.

This piece is an excavation of rural resonance—of the ways that these boundaries echo and hum— throughout the watershed I inhabit.

It is also a practice of listening together.

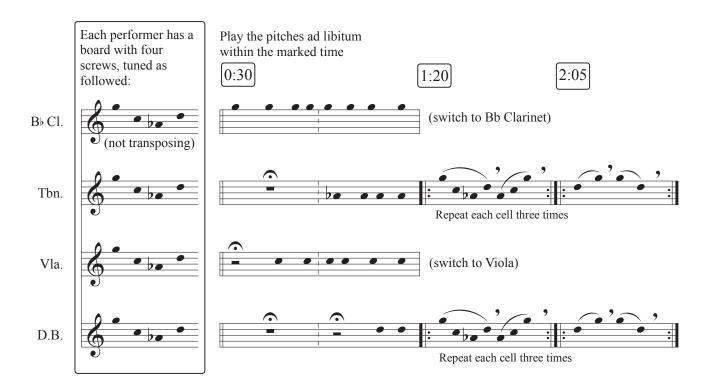


A nail fiddle is just a board with nails or screws sticking out that can be played with a well-rosined bow.

The pitch is determined by the gauge of the nail and the length allowed to resonate.

I am using 4-inch trim screws in rough-cut 1x8 spruce from Fontaine's sawmill on Route 14.

Like the soundboard of a piano, the wood amplifies the vibrations of the screws.



A nail fiddle sounds because the fasteners are loose and can be made to vibrate.

In drawing sound out of these rural spaces perhaps I am also trying to unfasten,

to pull apart the certainty that stakes a claim.

1. Robinson Sawmill

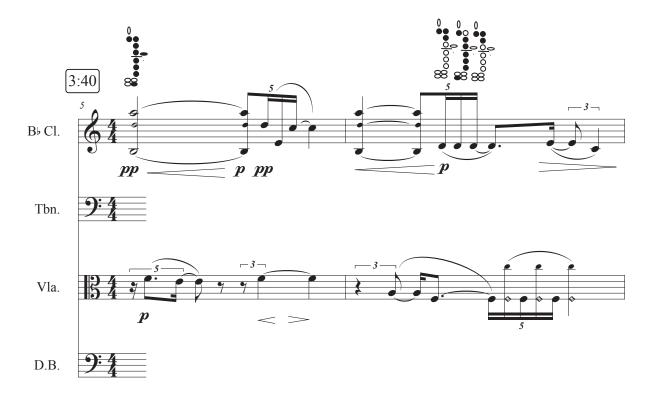
The dam has been pieced together over the years and is leaking. A persistent trickle sculpts the stone, carving into the metamorphic folds:

gray phyllites interlayered with punky, brown weathering, sandy marble,⁶

singing through the gaps Joel's hands left behind.



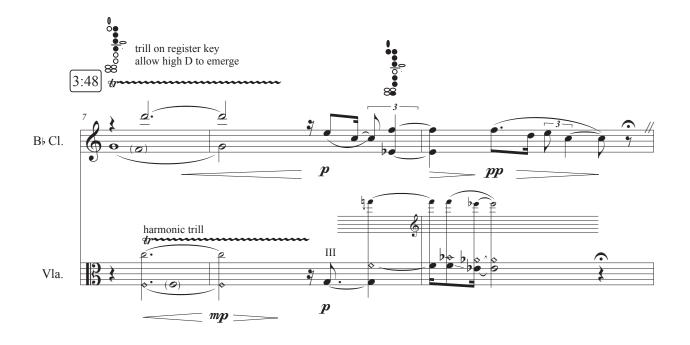
I begin my cartography at this point of contact and erosion, here in the seep.



Mapping waterways, Cecilia Chen writes of an encounter with the

often-unexpected communities convened by unruly waters [...] articulated by space and time.⁷

We convene by these leaking waters to listen together.



I replay the field recording again and again, four seconds at a time, picking pitches out of the current and laying them down on lines.

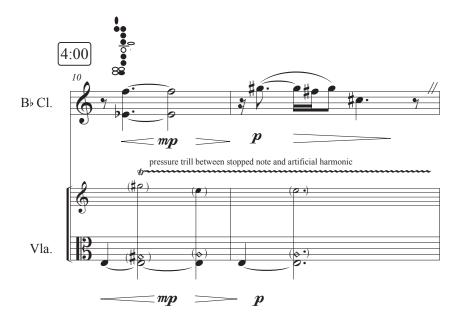
A map makes land legible for extraction.

A score makes song into object:

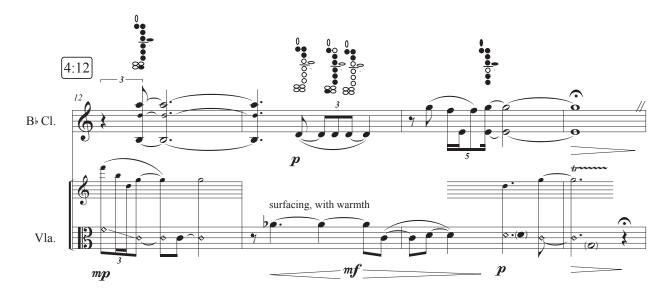
discrete and fungible units

of dried material.

But the bones of the ears of my people are ossified, and I am unable to hear song without the prosthetic of page.



The millpond is high in the headwaters. It was known locally as the "thunderstorm mill" since it relied on the runoff of heavy rain.

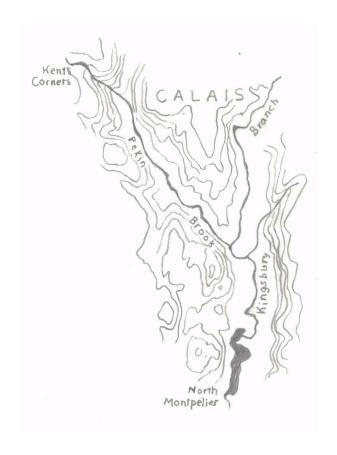


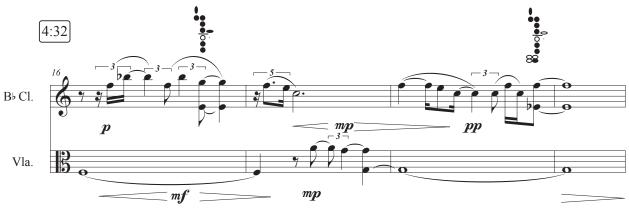
From here it flows down Pekin Brook to meet the Kingsbury Branch,

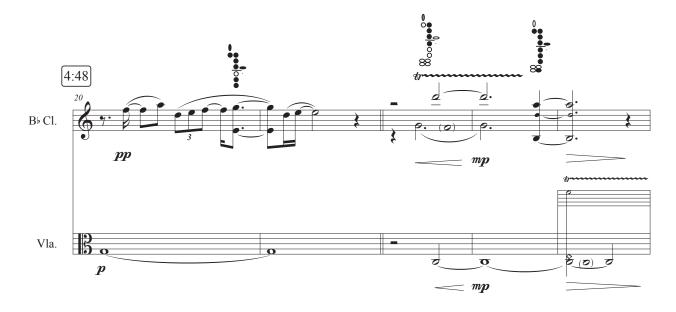
and passes through a concrete dam at North Montpelier Pond before joining the Winooski.

The Winooski pours into Lake Champlain, Betobakw, which empties to the north.

The only straight lines are the walls, built perpendicular to the current's flow.







I try to listen like rock hears water, to let each repetition carve its form



The bowl it leaves is not the shape of the current though; but of my ear's metamorphic strata—
what is durable, what crumbles.

The sound erodes the gray phyllites to reveal the garnet and brown weathering



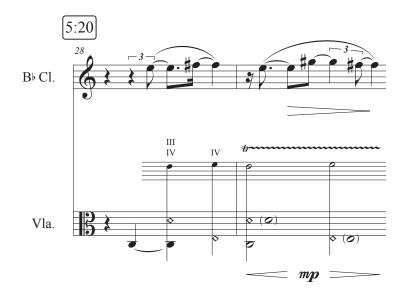
A sign on the property outlines the Steps to Restoring a Historic Treasure:

Repair the Millpond Dam

The dam has been pieced together over the years and is leaking. When the pond is dredged we will be able to inspect the dam and make necessary repairs.

Rebuild the Penstock

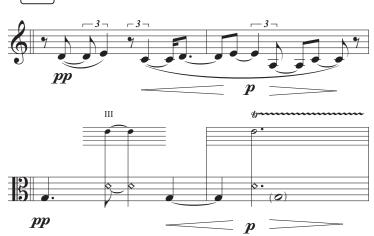
The penstock—which carries the water from the pond to the mill's turbine—is old and leaks and the valves which open and close it are no longer working. We need to replace the entire mechanism.



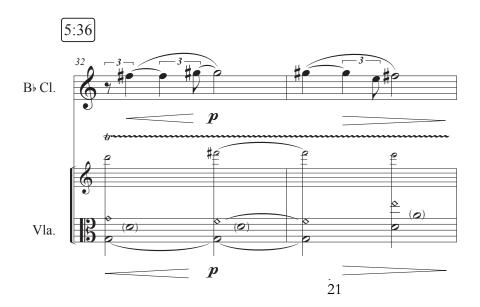
[5:28]

As I rehydrate the pitches I found in the water,

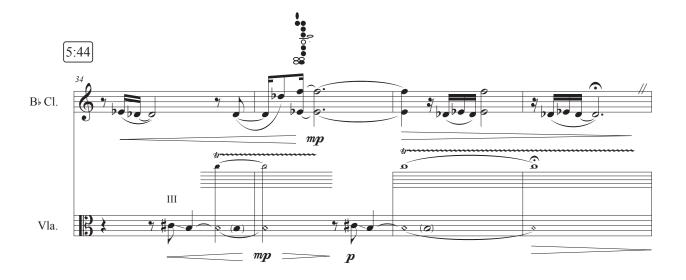
the clarinet's mouthpiece becomes a penstock



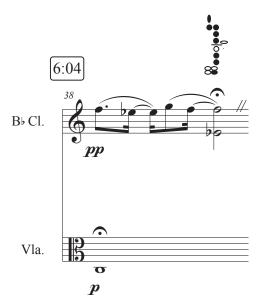
a place where breath is harnessed and made available to the machinery of the instrument, to the production of sound



A thing that leaks



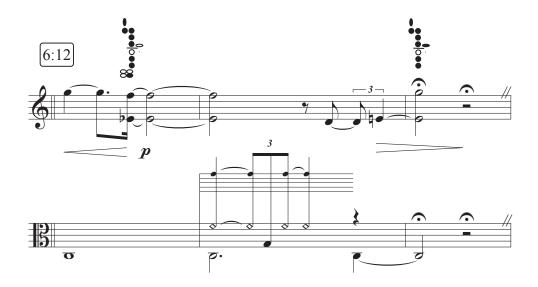
The dam is a site of slow, ongoing confrontation between "necessary repairs" and the insurgent trickle.

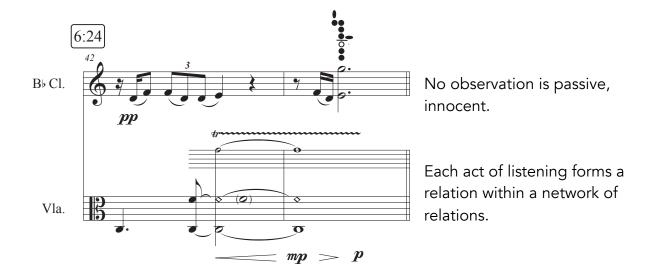


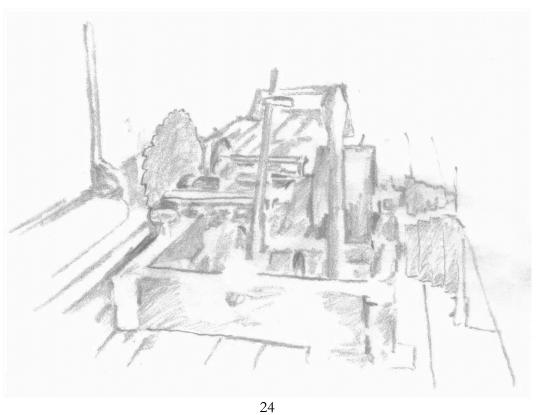
In The Common Pot, Abenaki Scholar Lisa Brooks writes that

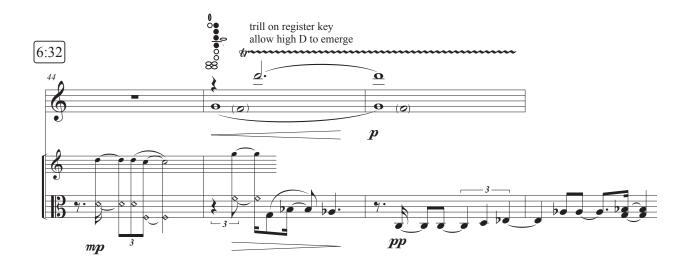
When Europeans arrived on the Algonquian coast, they entered into this Native space:

a network of relations and waterways containing many different groups of people as well as animal, plant and rock beings that was sustained through the constant transformative 'being' of its inhabitants.⁸

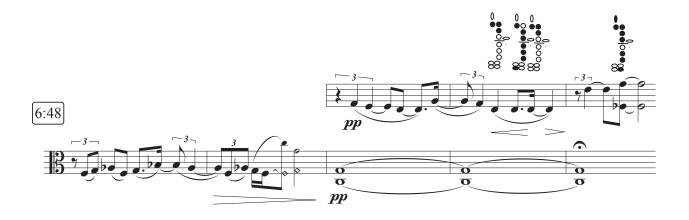






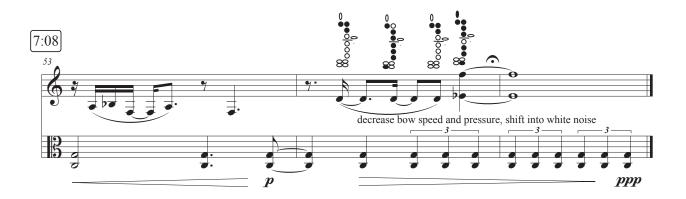


We convene by unruly waters, to listen together, to these singing gaps where runoff from a silted pond enacts its slow resistance, its patient work



I try to listen like rock hears water, but my ears keep damming up, piling walls to harness the runoff

to power the spinning machinery of architecture and form.



2. The Old West Church Bell

From Robinson Sawmill, on special occasions, you can hear the bell of the Old West Church.

In his work on soundscapes, R. Murray Schafer writes:

Wherever missionaries took Christianity, the church bell was soon to follow, acoustically demarking the civilization of the parish from the wilderness beyond its earshot.⁹



Throughout Britain's colonial projects, missionaries cited William Cowper's verse:

The sound of the church-going bell These valleys and rocks never heard; Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell, Or smiled when a sabbath appear'd.¹⁰

Not only can a bell dominate the soundscape with its volume

but with its regularity.



The performers join in the sounding of bells.

Play ad libitum from the set of pitches given, matching the approximate volume and envelope of the recorded church bells.

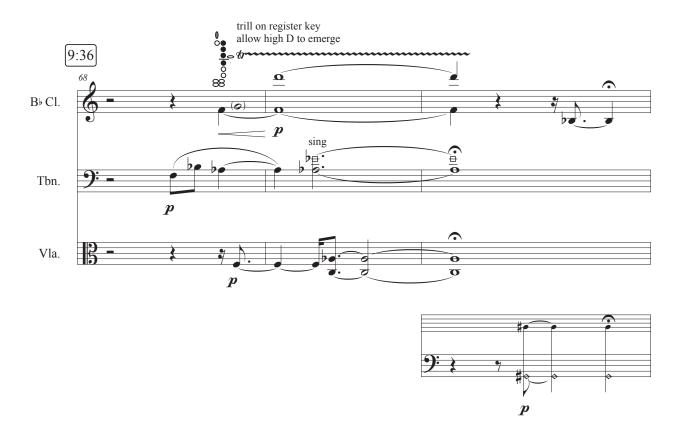




Beyond its religious significance, the church bell synchronizes a community within a shared experience of time.

Whether marking out hours or ceremonious days, it imposes meter on the soundscape.

Pitch is also a function of time I slow down the sound of the bell three times tuning the bell to the pitches I heard in the stream by acting upon its relationship to time



In Beyond Settler Time, Mark Rifkin points out that

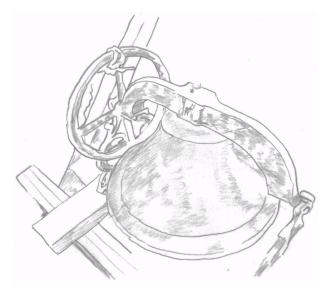
the insistence that Native people(s) occupy a singular present with non-natives... that shared, unified "now" ... seems to eerily resemble the representation of Indigenous populations and territories as necessarily part of the United States.¹¹

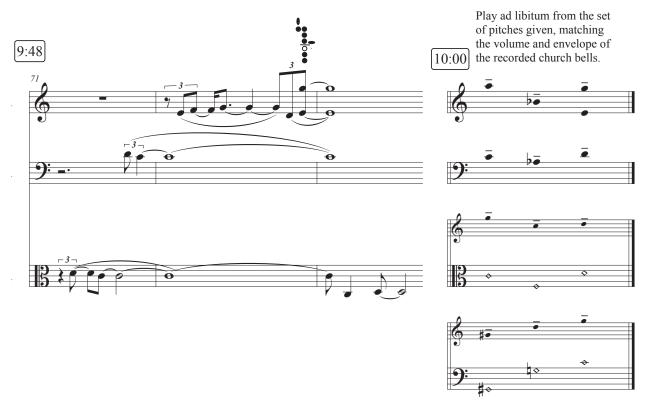
He advocates instead for "varied temporal formations that have their own rhythms [...] that emerge immanently out of... shifting sets of relationships." ¹²

Even this bell resists a unified experience of the past.

It was never a "church-going bell," but was a school bell, added to the belfry of the Old West Church in 1972.

It has only sounded in re-enactment of past ritual.



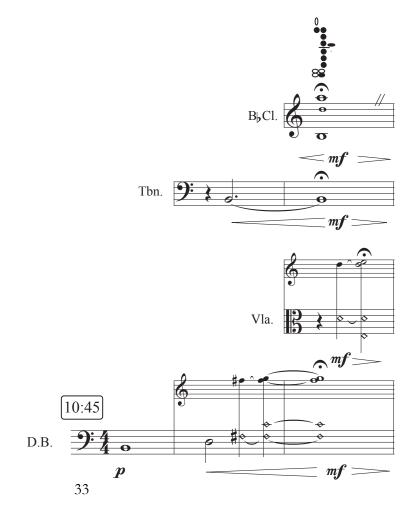


3. The Flanders Ballad Collection

In 1930, Helen Hartness Flanders began recording folk songs

collecting and editing such material and making it available for the usual singer, historian and literary scholar¹³

as part of the Committee on Traditions and Ideals of the Vermont Commission on Country Life.





Answering A Wish I stopped at a sign-board marked End of the Year; I had travelled through shadows and rain. Just beyond was a wonderful, glorious land, Twas the Land of Beginning Again. I paused as I entered, and one backward glance Showed my many mistakes all too plain: And I thanked God devoutly for another chance In the Land of Beginning Again. A chance to be kinder, more thoughtful, sincere. To think less of self, be less vain; A chance to help others throughout the new year. In the Land of Beginning Again. So with hope born anew, and a prayer in my heart That my efforts would not be in vain. I entered that wonderful, glorious land, The Land of Beginning Again.

-Reprinted from an old news-

paper.

A map makes land legible for extraction.

A collection makes song into object: a unique discovery to be organized and made available.



And where did you learn it Mrs. Daniels?

You learned it from—

You've know it for a long time.

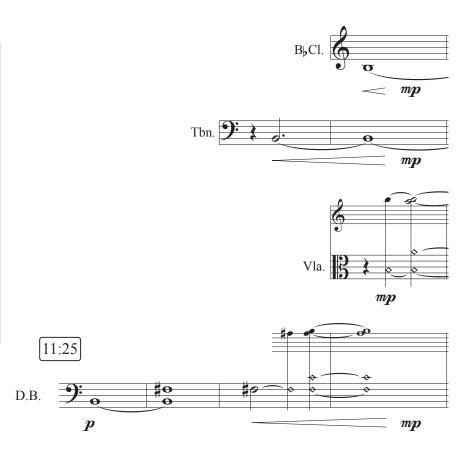
Can't remember.

I read it from—

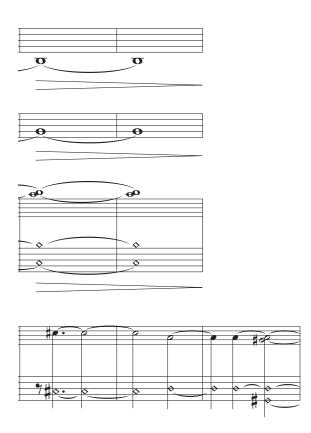
A note to performers:

As Myra Daniels begins to sing, the pitches you play are collected from the past, analyzed digitally, and resynthesized.

Where possible, adjust your intonation by ear, each time you play—aligning to a microtonality that resists legibility.



In 1931, the commission reported on the "devoted labor by Mrs. Flanders in an unexplored country where she was forced to do pioneer work against many obstacles of a difficult type."¹⁴

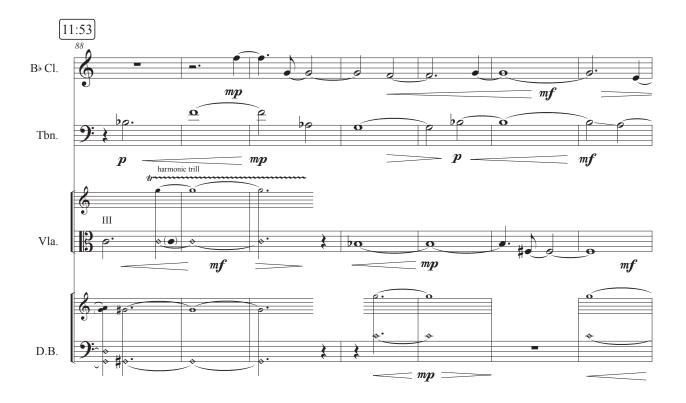


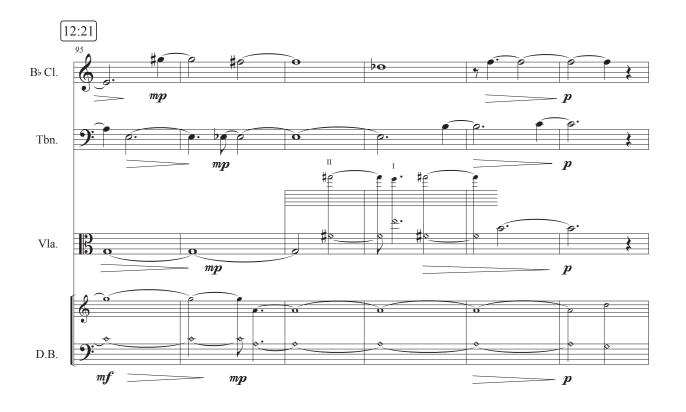
As Marimba Ani notes, "pioneer work" is a part of a larger project:

The colonial pattern was repeated again and again [...] the idea being that he deserved to be 'rewarded' for his pioneering spirit and his willingness to 'settle' 'untamed' lands (e.g., lands previously inhabited by the cultural other).¹⁵

But a song learned off the page was already available the river valleys of Vermont were already mapped

There is no land of beginning again, waiting to be cultivated and tamed by pioneers.





Drawing from the Halq'eméylem word for white settler, xwelitem, "starving person,"

Dylan Robinson offers the term *hungry listening* to name "settler colonial forms of perception" ¹⁶

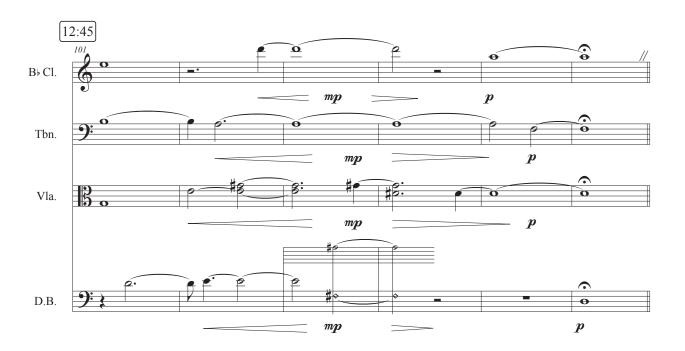
"which gathers and instrumentalizes content that is heard." ¹⁷

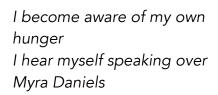
I analyze the audio of Myra Daniels' song,

A moment in time captured in wax, transferred to magnetic tape, reduced to arrays of numbers,

frequencies, transcribed and arranged

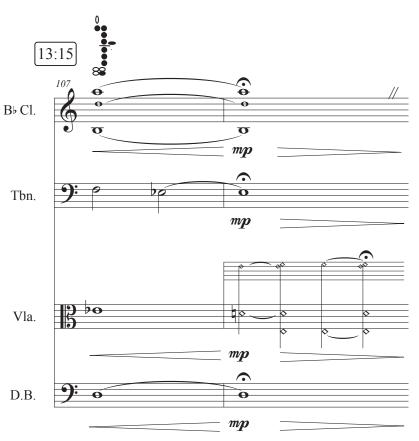
a digitized ghost



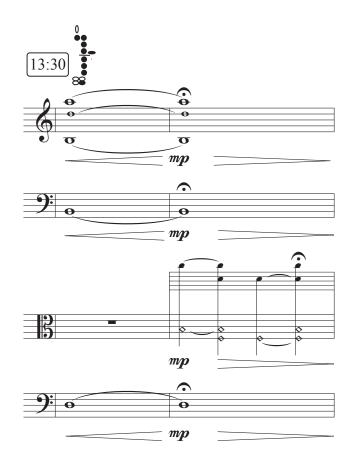


harvesting the resonance of her voice to be milled into discrete and fungible units,

materials for building.







Maybe I need to start over to go back upstream, and keep listening in the headwaters.

But there is no land of beginning again

In contrast to "hungry listening," Robinson offers the term xwélalà:m, listening that

is not predicated on use value or the drive to accumulate knowledge...

a form of attention in which we are attentive not only to sound but to the fullest range of sensory experience that connects us to place.¹⁸

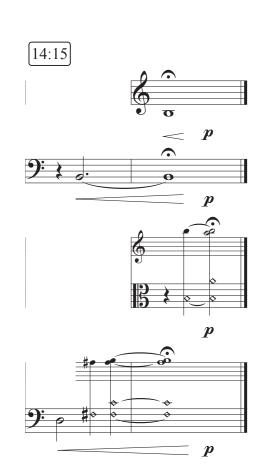


If we're going to be "kinder, more thoughtful, sincere" we have to do it where we stand

where we gather, convened by unruly waters.



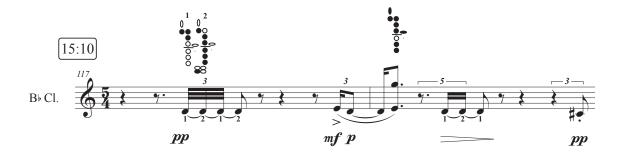


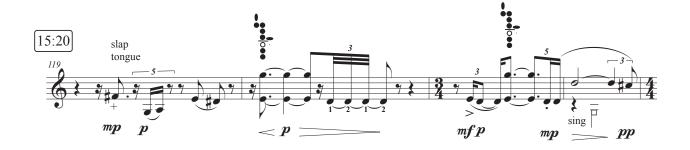


4. Japanese Knotweed Distribution

The Robinson millpond empties East into Pekin Brook, named after wheat sent back by a missionary.

Japanese knotweed now lines the edge of waterways throughout this basin.

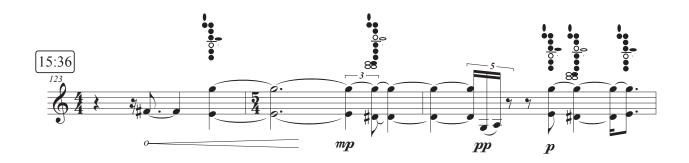




At my own house, it pushes in from the road. Its rhizomes have reached the vernal brook and pioneers have begun to travel downstream.

State departments of environmental conservation offer recommendations for management and eradication.

They tell the story of an ornamental brought to project the image of the rural the country estate,



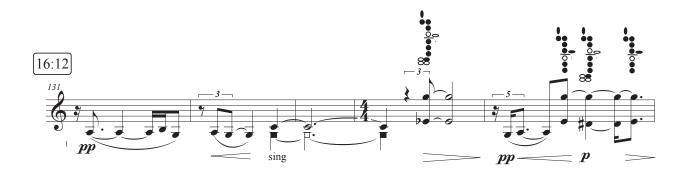
that escaped cultivation¹⁹ and crowded out the surrounding ecology:

Knotweed thrives in disturbed areas and once established can spread rapidly, creating monoculture stands that threaten native plant communities.²⁰





Two winters ago, a friend and I made an installation: we cut 300 dry stalks and hung them in a gallery, a giant knotweed wind chime you could walk through, feeling the pitch of each stalk against your face.

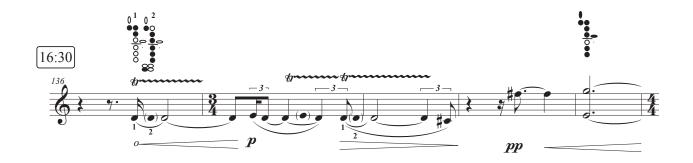


When we started the project, we were thinking about the narratives of invasion being used to justify a border wall,



the quiet complicity of gardeners fighting their own trench warfare

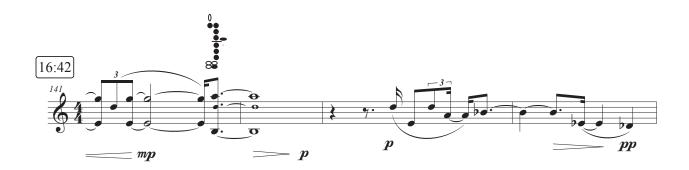
to defend a virginal state of nature against an aggressive foreign threat.

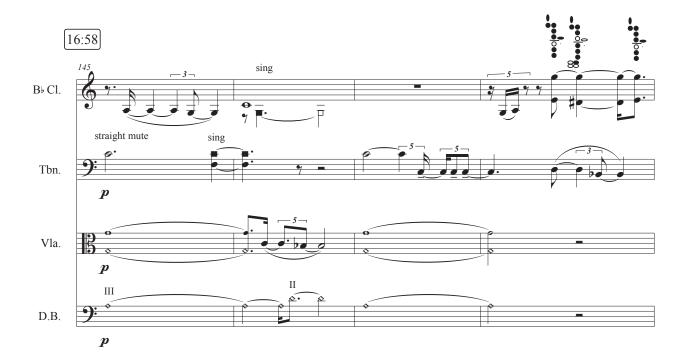


But kneeling in the mud sawing down one stalk after another,

It became clear that this wasn't a piece about immigration, that the threat of knotweed has nothing to with where it is from,

but what it does when it gets here.



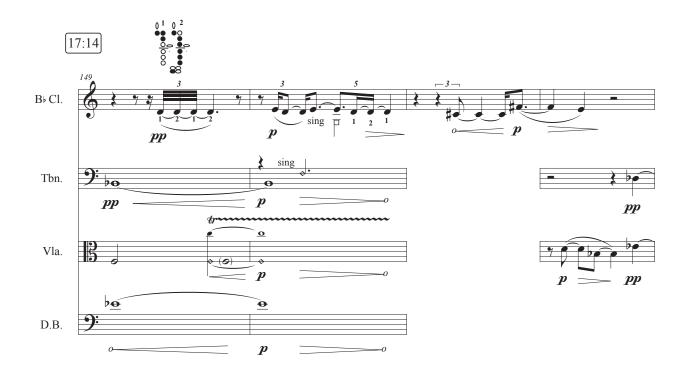


I was stacking the bones of a companion species, a fellow colonizer in this project of settling,

of spreading rapidly and thriving in disturbed areas.

Our rhizomes are intertwined, and even as I cut him back—attempting to out-compete his monoculture with my own, he is rendered capable.²¹

Among my people there is a story. It is sung as the *Twa Sisters* in the British Isles or told as the *Der singende Knochen* by the Brothers Grimm.



Two siblings compete. One kills the other, and claims the prize, leaving the body adrift or abandoned.



Years later, a wandering musician fashions an instrument from the remains. and when it is played, these singing bones recount the crime.

Moving through these dry stalks, hearing them bristle against my face,

I realize that I am both musician and murderer. I need to hear the story retold,

to remember that we are brothers, to remember that I killed him,

to remind myself why.





Discussing the removal of invasive albizia trees in her native Hawai'i, Mary Tuti Baker writes:

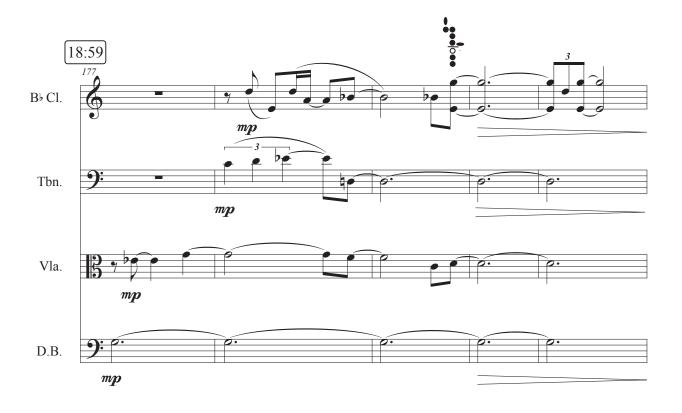
The land itself demands that we respect the mana (divine power) of all plants growing in the forest, including [...] invasive species²²

Respect is not incompatible with removal.

I listen to these singing bones to remind myself that Something can be beautiful and still need to be uprooted,



that harvesting song from these stalks is a way of being in relation while releasing them from the land



I take the melody I transcribed from the waters that escaped the cultivation of Robinson's dam

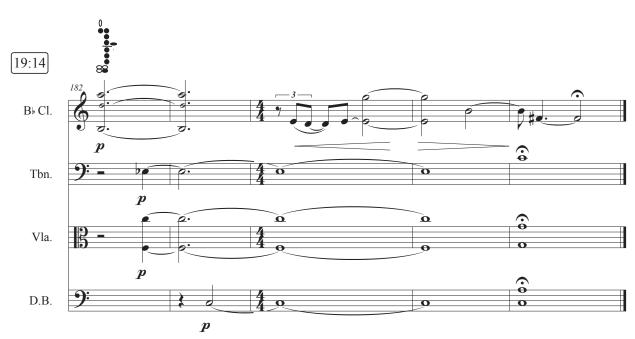
I slow it down like the church bells, dropping the pitch and put it in counterpoint with the tones from knotweed stalks.

I'm trying to piece together duets that have always been there.

because I know what it is like to thrive in disturbed places

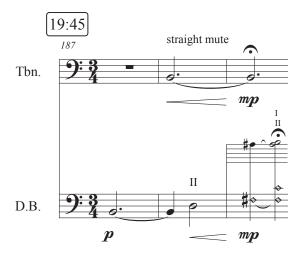
But I am still learning to listen.





5. The Vermont Commission on Country Life

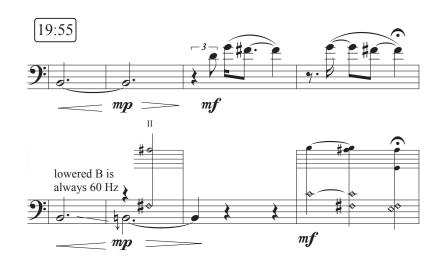
There is a lot at stake in the stories our songs tell, in the choice to gather and instrumentalize.



Helen Hartness Flanders began recording folk songs as part of the Committee on Traditions and Ideals of the Vermont Commission on Country Life.

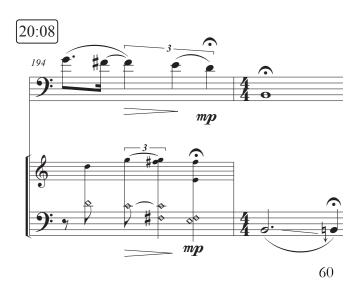
Referencing the days of singing schools and shape note songs,

the commission's report, tells us that



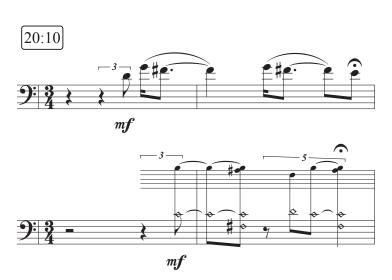
Community music has immense social power.

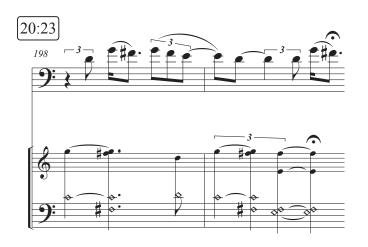
It harmonizes men as well as voices. [...]
It is the art which most directly realizes unity through harmonious cooperation.²³



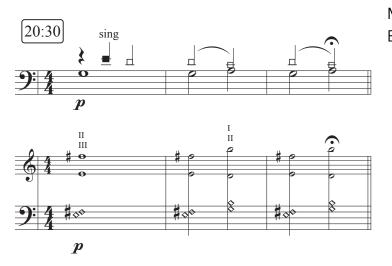
Maori scholar Linda Tuhiwai Smith recounts a conversation in which African American historian Bernice Reagon Johnson

"described her own community as one held together by song rather than by territory."²⁴





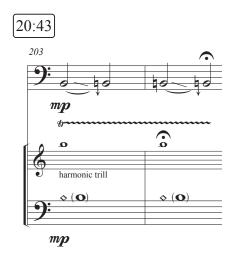
A collection of songs draws a map that marks the shifting perimeters of a people

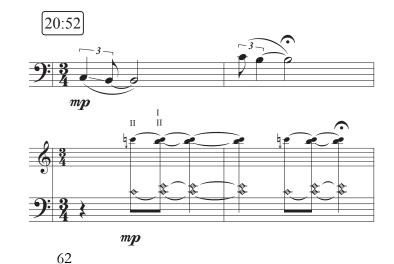


Myra Daniels and her brother,
Elmer George sang:
lullabies,
murder ballads,
work songs,
local history,
bawdy tunes from the lumber
camps,
ancient English folksongs, with
melodies that had never been
recorded

When the folklorist, Alan Lomax, came up from Texas to meet Helen Hartness Flanders,

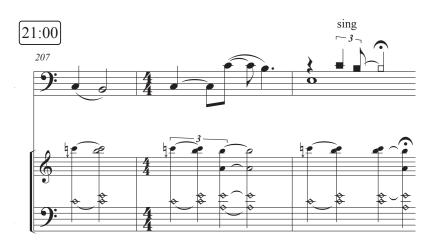
she brought him to Calais to record Myra Daniels and Elmer George.





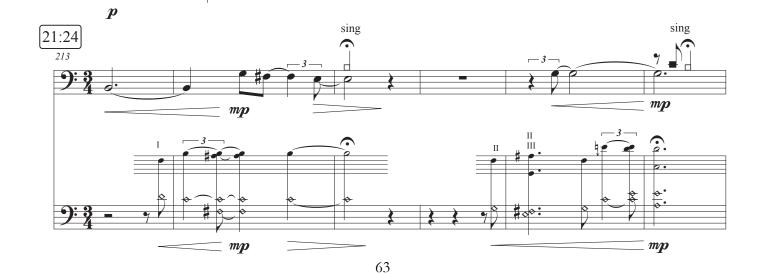
Flanders was furious that he used these recordings, and future recordings of Elmer George

without crediting her as the original collector

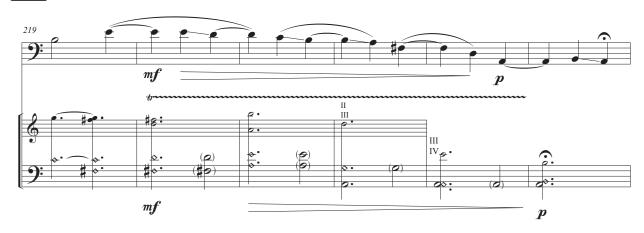




She wrote to his boss.

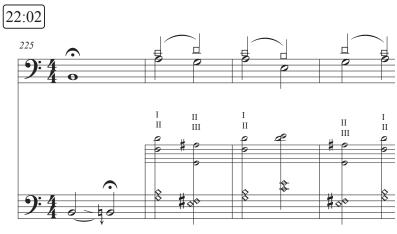


[21:43]



And Lomax wrote back to his supervisor at the Library of Congress:

"Some long lonesome day I'm gonna scalp that Flanders gal. I can understand now why the Mohawks and other savages always ravaged the pioneer women." ²⁵



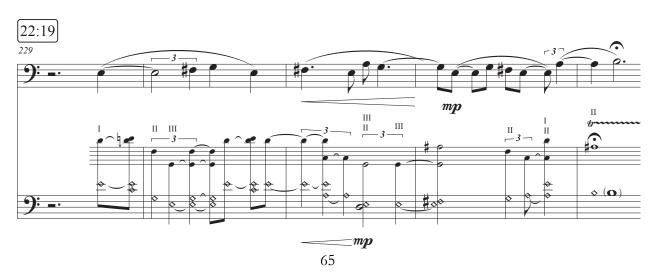


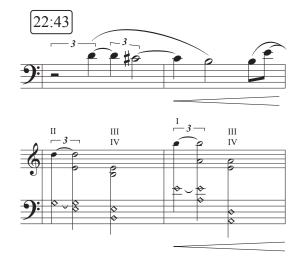
I really didn't want to include that quote at all,

to invoke or re-inscribe its violence.

But maybe we need to hear the conversations behind the closed doors of the Library of Congress

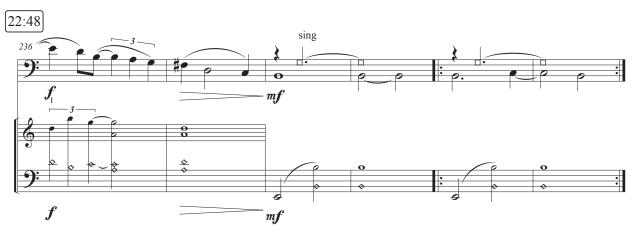
to understand the stories these collections tell.





We also need to hear, that the Vermont Commission on Country Life, where Helen Hartness Flanders began her work,

was born of the Vermont Eugenics Study.



The first page of the commission's report, Rural Vermont: A Program For The Future reads:

The work in Eugenics led to the conviction that a comprehensive survey of the factors influencing life in Vermont was essential to the understanding of the human forces which make for progress in the state.

Thus, the center of interest from the beginning was in the people²⁶



Michael Davidson examines the tacit role that eugenics plays in notions of past and future:

If eugenics imagined a future of better babies and healthy families, it also constructed a past to which those deformed and disabled bodies could now be consigned... those deemed lower (and earlier) on some Darwinian evolutionary $scale^{27}$



For Henry Perkins, who spearheaded the commission, rural futurity required

the culture and genetics of those mythic pioneers, to be preserved from the inherited traits of:

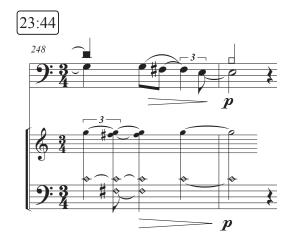
pauperism,

insanity,

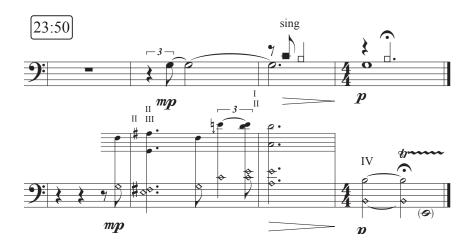
criminality,

dependency, and

feeblemindedness



In its implementation, Vermont's sterilization program targeted mixed-race and Abenaki families.

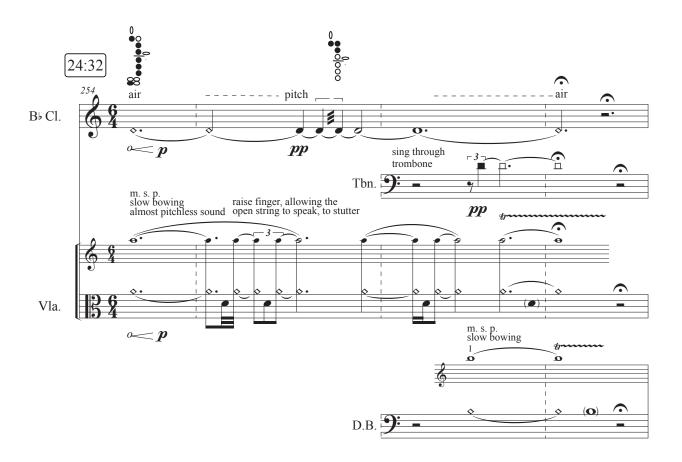


How do we create a community music that does not seek to "realize unity through harmonious cooperation"

but creates space for irreconcilable difference for dissonance to be perceived as beauty?

6. The Scope of Haunting

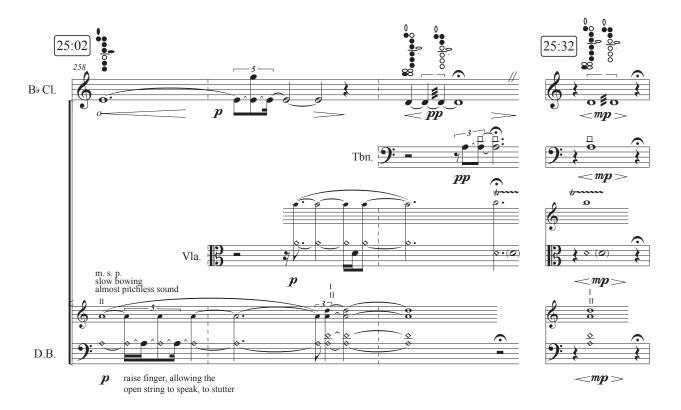
Ghosts stand vigil at another boundary line, disrupting that shared, unified "now."

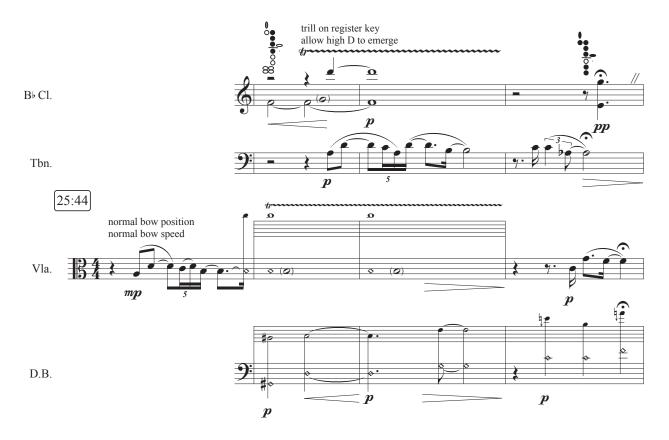


Ghosts resist efforts to erase past violence and produce homogenous futures. As Arthur F. Redding writes:

just as ghosts trouble the boundary between life and death...These ghosts emerge at and often as the very disjunctures between a hypermodern and rationalist Western social order, on the one hand, and the displaced but thriving remnants of peasant or urban folk cultures, which "modernization" so often aims to stifle, dismiss, and subdue.²⁸

Rural space is haunted.





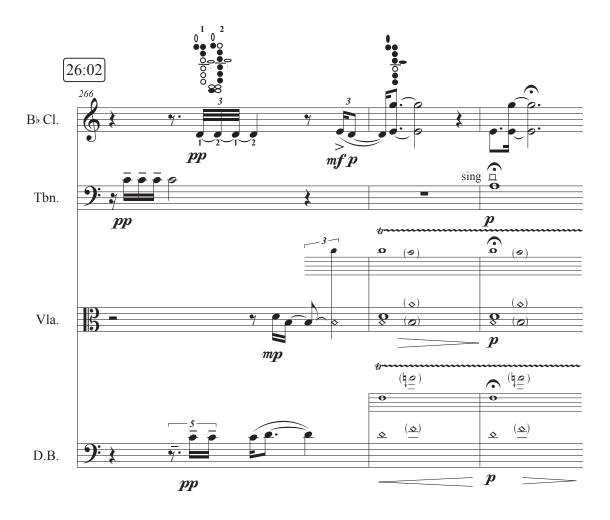
Eve Tuck and C. Ree describe settler colonialism as "the management of those who have been made killable, once and future ghosts." They write:

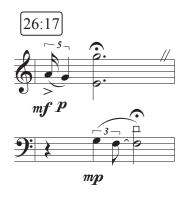
Haunting doesn't hope to change people's perceptions, nor does it hope for reconciliation. Haunting lies precisely in its refusal to stop. Alien (to settlers) and generative for (ghosts), this refusal to stop is its own form of resolving.

For ghosts, the haunting is the resolving, it is not what needs to be resolved.²⁹

I am curious how we tend to settler ghosts, whose relationship to place has been unfastened from time.

What songs can we bring forth from their bones?





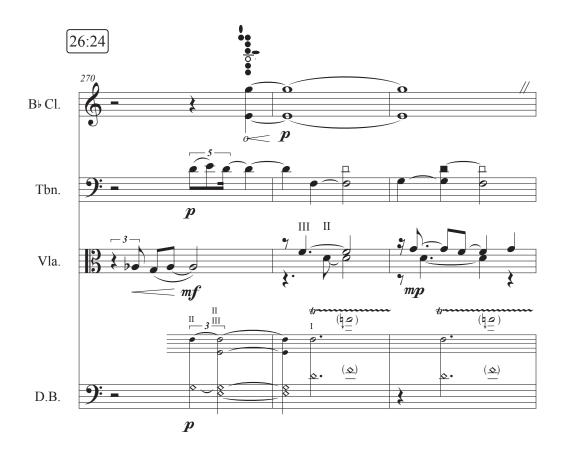




The Kingsbury Branch flows into the Winooski at Cate Farm, just west of Goddard College.

William Martin Jr., whose farm became Goddard's campus claimed Susannah Martin as a distant relative.

He bought the timbers from Ipswich courthouse, where she had been imprisoned for witchcraft and sentenced to death, and he built a garden house from them



In general I avoid the place.
I do not know if ghosts travel in rafters,
but I do not doubt that the garden house is haunted.

The timbers are fastened to hand-carved corbels, a cow, a ram, a pig, and a goat. celebrating the farm's success in scientific breeding, and at the same time projecting the rural imaginary of a historic English cottage.

The space calls out to be haunted, to have its gaps inhabited by "relentless remembering and reminding." ³⁰

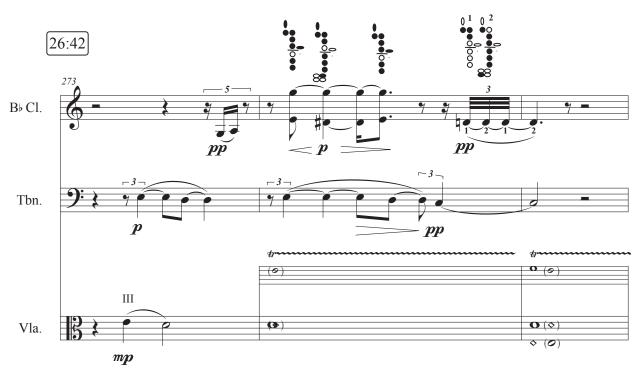
I don't know if Susannah Martin is there, but I think I would have liked her.

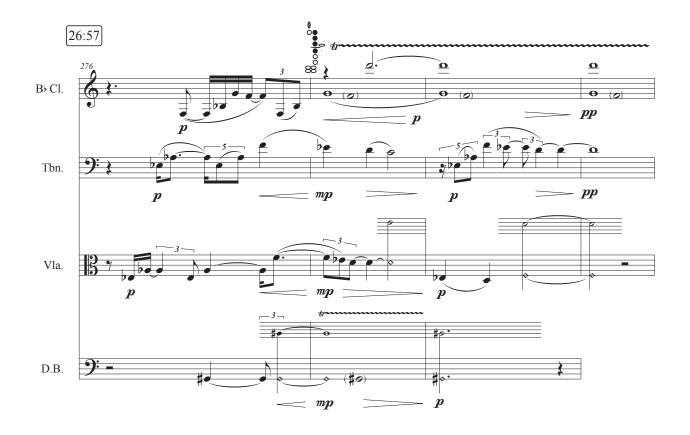
Cotton Mather reported that she laughed at her accusers,

and when the magistrate asked why, she responded:

"Well I may at such folly?"31







I sit in front of the Tudor fireplace and try to describe my project to her.

I play her excerpts of the melodies I have derived from my recordings of water and plants.

I ask her if we can work together on a movement together, but I also explain that I will not be able to hear her answer,

That I am still learning to listen.

In his piece *I* am sitting in a room, Alvin Lucier records the sound of his speaking voice.³²

He plays that recording into the room and records it again, repeating this process until the echo has consumed the sound in a shimmering chord unique to the room's interior.



I play my recording of water rupturing the Robinson dam until the walls have absorbed it entirely.

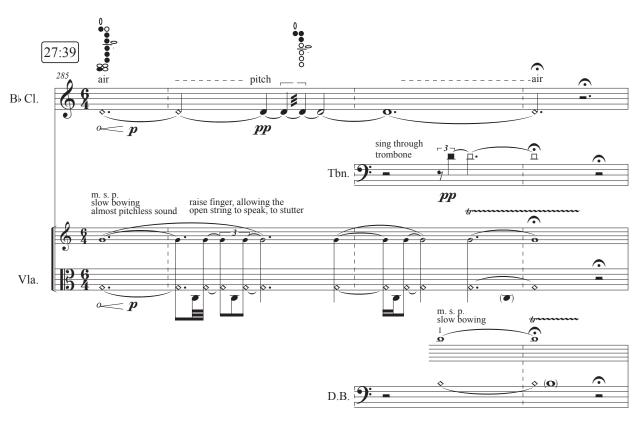
I return to my original transcriptions of these unruly waters,

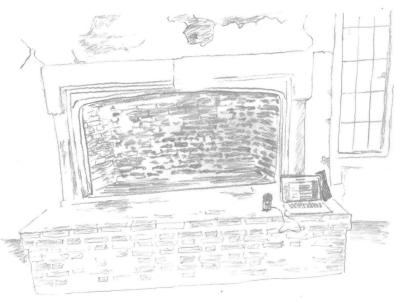
and put them in counterpoint with this haunted chord.

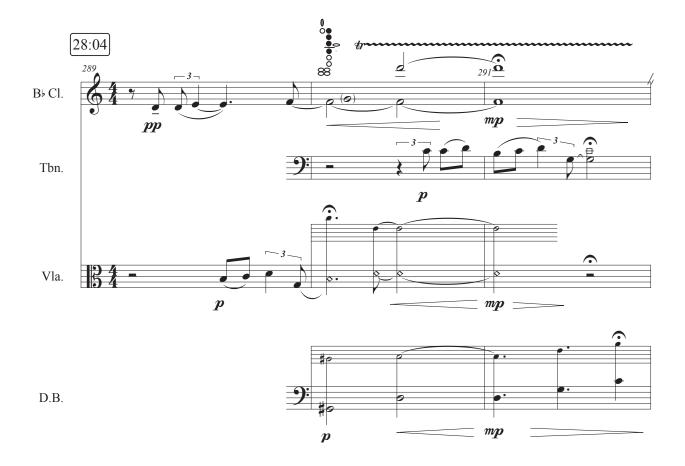
I even play Myra Daniels' voice into space and let the walls sing it back to me.

The lines blur between listening composing and ceremony





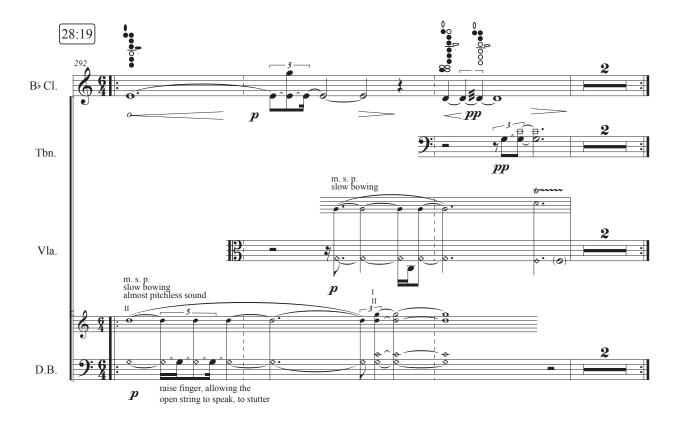




It is in the garden house, as I begin to share these songs with ghosts,

that they cease to be materials I have extracted and become a way of being together

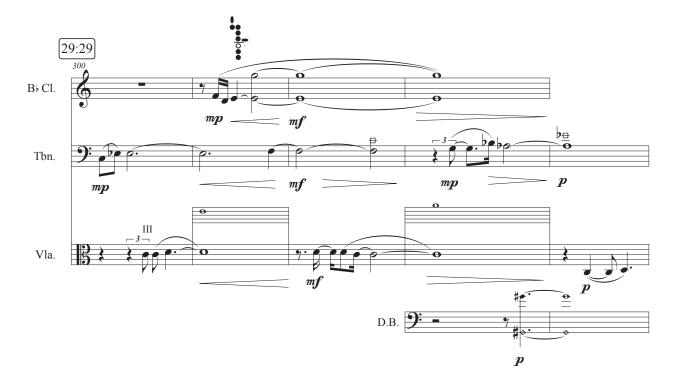
of being in relationship across our incommensurable difference.



Shawn Wilson writes that

The purpose of any ceremony is to build stronger relationships or bridge the distance between aspects of our cosmos and ourselves.³³





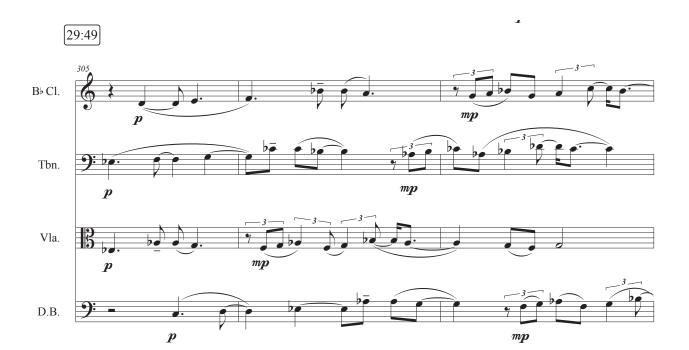
I did not grow up with ceremony.

I grew up with legibility,

a world available to, definition, abstraction, and extraction to the pioneering work of science and the future-oriented arc of progress.

As I listen across these boundaries though, I am learning that they are not lines to illuminate

but points of contact where conversation has always already begun.







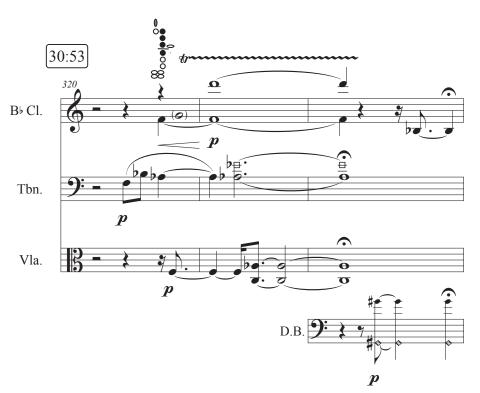


Eve Tuck and C. Ree write that

Decolonization must mean attending to ghosts, and arresting widespread denial of the violence done to them.³⁴

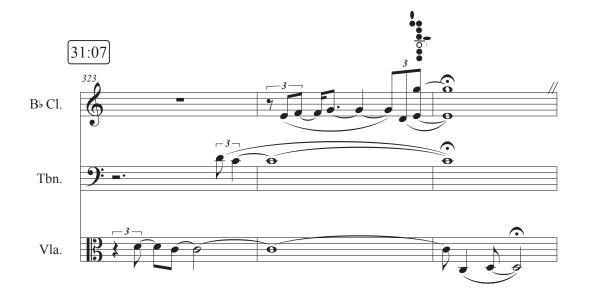
But in the same breath, they remind us that "at some point, we are going to have to

talk about returning stolen land."

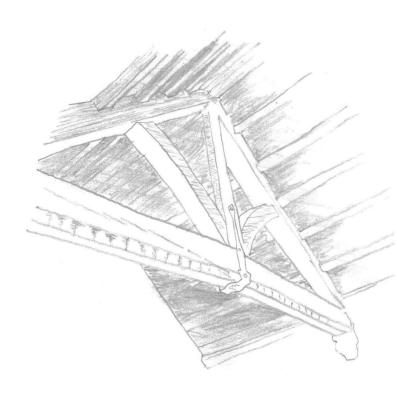


Even as I re-imagine counterpoint as a mode of ceremony,

I must remember Purcell's *Faerie Queen*, a celebration of magic and enchantment, premeired the same day that Susannah Martin was arrested for witchcraft.





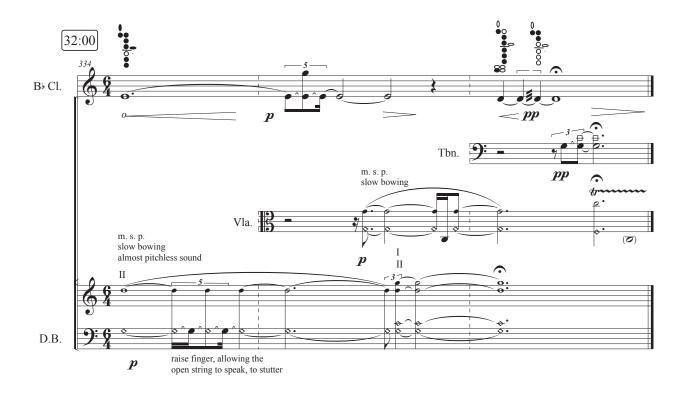


"Mercy is a temporary pause in haunting, requiring a giver and a receiver. The house goes quiet again, but only for a time.

Haunting can be deferred, delayed, and disseminated, but with some crimes of humanity—the violence of colonization—there is no putting to rest."³⁵

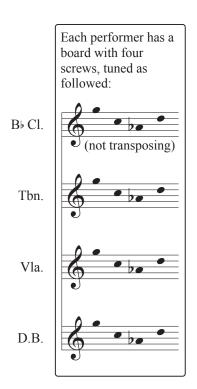
- Eve Tuck and C. Ree





Epilogue: Returning Home

The performers return to the nail fiddles, which have been tuned, by hand, to pitches fished out of the water's song. As the piece fades out, they draw the last of these notes out of the metal and wood, and let them loose to flow back into the Winooski.



Maybe we will talk a little, share stories. Then we will return home.

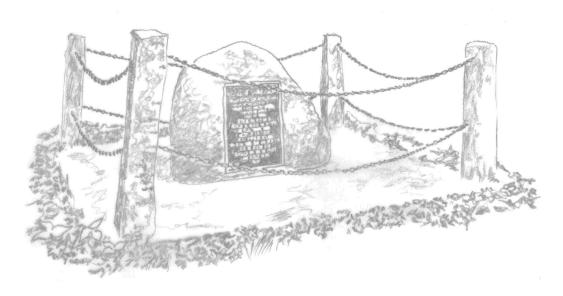
My hope is that we go home with slightly keener and more patient ears, that we are more attentive to humming waters, singing bones, and haunted walls,

that we can hear what they are asking of us, even if their songs are unsettling.

Eve Tuck and K. Wayne Yang write that decolonization is not about reconciliation, but about an ethic of incommensurability, about relinquishing settler futurity.³⁶

The homes we return to are the product of many dams and mills, of pioneer work against many obstacles of a difficult type,

and once established they can spread rapidly, creating monoculture stands that threaten.



Walking distance from the Robinson Sawmill is the homesite of the "first permanent settler of Calais."

Granite posts, metal chains, and a concrete rectangle mark the site, But behind them, the old foundation has been reduced to an unremarkable divet, overgrown with invasive periwinkle

After a good rain, you can close your eyes and hear the water spilling over the dam in the distance.

¹ State v. Elliott, 616 A. 2d 210 - Vt: Supreme Court 1992

² Ibid.

³ Dylan Robinson, *Hungry Listening: Resonant Theory for Indigenous Sound Studies*, (Univ. of Minnesota Press, 2020), 2.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 72.

⁵ Lisa Tanya Brooks, *The common pot: The recovery of Native space in the Northeast,* (Univ. of Minnesota Press, 2008), xxv.

⁶ Abigail Ruksznis, Jonathan Kim, Keith Klepeis, and Laura Webb, "INTEGRATION OF STRUCTURAL ANALYSIS, EMI AND GPR SURVEYS, AND HYDROGEOLOGY IN THE PLAINFIELD QUADRANGLE, CENTRAL VERMONT," (2012).

⁷ Cecilia Chen, "Mapping waters: thinking with watery places" in *Thinking with water*, ed. Cecilia Chen, Janine MacLeod, and Astrida Neimanis, (McGill-Queen's Press, 2013), 276.

⁸ Brooks, *The Common Pot*, 3.

⁹ R. Murray Schafer, *The soundscape: Our sonic environment and the tuning of the world*, (Simon and Schuster, 1993), 55.

¹⁰ Giordano Nanni, *The colonisation of time: Ritual, routine and resistance in the British Empire,* (Manchester University Press, 2017), 165.

¹¹ Mark Rifkin, Beyond settler time: Temporal sovereignty and indigenous self-determination, (Duke University Press, 2017), 1.

¹² *Ibid.*, 2.

¹³ Vermont Commission on Country Life, Rural Vermont: A Program for the Future, (Free Press, 1931), 378.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* 374.

¹⁵ Marimba Ani, Yurugu: An African-centered critique of European cultural thought, (Africa World, 1994), 411.

¹⁶ Robinson, Hungry Listening, 2.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 71.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 72.

¹⁹ Minnesota Dept. of Agriculture, "Knotweeds," 2020.

²⁰ NY Invasive Species Clearinghouse, "Polygonum cuspidtum," 2013.

²¹ The concept of "rendering capable" is explored in Donna Haraway's *Staying with the trouble: Making kin in the Chthulucene* (2016).

²² Mary Tuti Baker, "Waiwai (Abundance) and Indigenous Futures," in the Routledge Handbook of Postcolonial Politics, (Routledge, 2018), 28.

²³ Vermont Commission on Country Life, Rural Vermont, 129.

²⁴ Linda Tuhiwai Smith, *Decolonizing methodologies: Research and indigenous peoples*, (Zed Books Ltd., 2021), 129.

²⁵ Paul Heller, The Calais calamity and other tales of wonder and woe, (2014), 213.

²⁶ Vermont Commission on Country Life, Rural Vermont, 1.

²⁷ Michael Davidson, *Invalid Modernism: Disability and the Missing Body of the Aesthetic*, (Oxford Univ. Press, 2019), 106.

²⁸ Arthur F. Redding, *Haints: American Ghosts, Millennial Passions, and Contemporary Gothic Fictions*, (Univ. of Alabama Press, 2011), 6.

²⁹ Eve Tuck and C. Ree, "A glossary of haunting." Handbook of autoethnography (2013), 642.

³⁰ *Ibid.* 642.

³¹ Rebecca Beatrice Brooks, "The Witchcraft Trial of Susannah Martin" February 14, 2012. historyofmassachusetts.org

³² Alvin Lucier, "I am sitting in a room." 1969.

³³ Shawn Wilson, Research is ceremony: Indigenous research methods, (Fernwood Publishing, 2008), 11.

³⁴ Tuck and Ree. "A glossary of haunting," 647.

³⁵ *Ibid.* 648.

³⁶ Eve Tuck and K. Wayne Yang. "Decolonization is not a metaphor." *Decolonization: Indigeneity, education & society,* no. 1 (2012).