Audio file

[1\_Crude sonic by Zsusz Ihar with new season intro.mp3](https://unioxfordnexus-my.sharepoint.com/personal/admn5769_ox_ac_uk/Documents/Transcribed%20Files/1_Crude%20sonic%20by%20Zsusz%20Ihar%20with%20new%20season%20intro.mp3)

Transcript

00:00:06 Speaker 1

Hello. Hello, hello.

00:00:08

Welcome to the Oxford Anthropology podcast.

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00:00:40 Speaker 1

My name is Eban Kirksey, and I would like to welcome you to a new season of the Oxford Anthropology Podcast.

We have 8 episodes taken from our departmental seminars and they feature talks by senior renowned scholars like Tim Ingold and Philippe Descola.

As well as up and coming cutting edge, researchers in the field.

I'm an associate professor of anthropology at Oxford and in collaboration with a group of very talented graduate students we've revived the podcast after it is laid dormant for a few years on account of the pandemic.

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Today I'm introducing a talk by Zsuzsanna Ihar, a scholar at the University of Cambridge. She talked to us about Crude sonics. She brought field recordings from an extractive zone to Oxford. Her work focuses on Azerbaijan, and in particular the capital city of Baku, a place where there has been a lot of petroleum industry activity over the years, but also a place that's quickly gentrifying. a scholar at the University of Cambridge. She talked to us about Crude sonics. She brought field recordings from an extractive zone to Oxford. Her work focuses on Azerbaijan, and in particular the capital city of Baku, a place where there has been a lot of petroleum industry activity over the years, but also a place that's quickly gentrifying.

She brought us the sounds of machinery from the oil industry, things called donkeys, that nod in the landscape as well as sounds of poetry in restaurants. This is a talk that will also introduce ghost stories, urban legends and folk songs that give us a new perspective on a modern secular city project. Without further ado, Zsuzsanna Ihar.

Salam and thank you for joining me today. So the work that I'm presenting today is quite still in a draught format. It's the sort of backbone of a multimodal website that's currently in the construction of being built. So during the presentation I'll show a few snippets. But without further ado, I will start with being on theme with an audio clip.

*Clip of a recreation of Arseny Avraamov 's composition, the Symphony of Siren Plays approx 45 secs*

This is also an endurance test by the way, and a test of your attention span. So that was the sound of Baku's insurgent and industrial underbelly, captured in 1922, though not in this clip, which is a recreation.

The audio clip that you've just heard. Was taken from a recreation of Arseny Avraamov 's composition, the Symphony of Siren. The original piece sought for the first time in Baku's history to capture the Sonic texture of petrochemical production and processing. It incorporated and reproduced the sounds of human crowds, machine guns, factory sirens. You heard cannons, battleships, aeroplanes, hydroplanes, trains and steam whistle machines, all originally conducted by Arseny Avraamov via a semaphore and telephone from atop a Swedish mast.

While the original performance evaded recording, it has since been subject to several recreations and reinterpretations encouraged by Avraamov 's arsenal of sketches, text notes, and drawn sound notations. The latter entailed the creation of universal language, composed of geometric figures, circles, Triangle squares, that according to Avramov could reproduce any sound whatsoever. It rendered sound legible, with shapes gathering into music, akin to lignum.

For the span of the Symphony Baku’s industrial and oil drilling landscape turned into an auditorium, its walls projected with an array of different political visions. It was, as the Bolshevik chronicler Vinay Phillip Miller wrote, intended to remind the proletariat of his real home, the factory. The Symphony drew the materialities of an extractive and revolutionary history into a Sonic sphere usually reserved for melodies and harmonies. According to Daniel Schwartz, the O inspiring noise rearranged the spatiality and temporality of the city, transforming for a brief moment the soundscapes of an otherwise religiously and ethnically divided working class into a symbol of proletarian unity and Soviet power.

Other than Abramov, Dischord in notes and Boris Pompeian Kids 1933 film Oil Symphony, which synchronised the physical labour of oil workers and gushing oil with the rhythm of music, there has been a distinct lack of engagement with the sounds of Baku's oil field since. A purely visual regime has. Oh sorry, a purely visual regime has manifested, instead recalling Susan Shipley's notion of the slick image of oil of rainbow. Of like hues and primordial black guises dominating the cultural imaginary. Films like Caves 1950 lights of Baku and Bailey's 1965. Island of Wonders, an extractive it's seen in this clip left exemplified the legacy of shattering gushers and blackened mounts, a legacy most recently reanimated in the genre of post Soviet documentary features about the Caspian, which routinely showcased stretches of Periurban wastelands and a cast of nodding donkeys merrily bringing oil heavenward. The iconography of the petroleum sublime keeps with the traditions of modernity by taking an otherwise ordinary substance and imbuing it with technological grandeur. And a displaced, Some would say even secularised sense of the sacred.

At the turn of the last century, oil became the vital bloodline of science, technology and everyday culture. A whole rational order appeared to be based on the economies, sciences and politics of fossil resources. Fossil reason, in the words of Steininger and Close. This has been argued similarly by Jillian Rose and Divya Tolia Kelly, who described the transformation of crude oil from mere biogenic matter into substance, possessing multisensusal physical materiality and a striking visuality. To quote Rose and Tolia Kelly, it led to Co constitution of Visuality and materiality with oil in constant dynamic process, situated within networks, hierarchies and discourses of power, it is not surprising thus that oil began to function as a metonym for an array of ways to organise the world. Oil as money, oil as blood oil as milkshake, to refer to Daniel Day, Lewis. Oil as geopolitics, oil as mother of all commodity. What Apple had handily coined as Petrolic Semiosis, echoing colonel's classic 1977 study of Venezuela. It shows us that oil has been abstracted into money, modernity and even national patrimony.

Admist this Scholarly frenzy, the editors of the modern language association of America even suggested recently of forgoing 100 year intervals and categories born from. The history of ideas. And instead digging up literary works according to their related energy source from wood tallow, coal, whale oil, gasoline to atomic power. In this way we can see oil becoming a serious epistemological tool, useful in explaining and contextualising a range of different habits, traditions, knowledges and norms. In the real world, as much as on the page.

In the humanities, this has manifested in a distinct focus on Petro cultures. With scholars like Imam Zaman, Jennifer Wenzel, Amitav Ghosh and Stephanie Lamango providing a range of strategies to lead for oil in techs, case studies, and the world itself. It created a cord between spheres of literary studies, cultural studies, and anthropology. With ethnographers like Michael Chapek, Omolade, Adobe, Andrea Behets, and Hannah Appel reading for oil along pipelines, refineries, and satellite work accounts.

Yet despite the different disciplinary takes on Petro modernity and Petro culture, oil remains strikingly limited by reproductions of its materiality in image and text. An iridescent wash in the aftermath of the 2010 Deepwater Horizon oil spill, A benign series of chains and rings During the 2009 Chevron versus Ecuador trial. Obsidian, Black and viscous in Reno Fendes photographs of oil filled ponds. This entrapment within the realm of the visual and the written has led. To its epistemological exhaustion, oil can only yield so much when depicted through the same techniques.

 APPROX 11:40

Forms it echoes what lamango termed the inescapability of petroleum infrastructures in her 2014 book living Oil, leading to either the depiction of Petro dystopias or Petro utopias, or slash Petro Topias. So, with this in mind, I want to ask what can we do? When presented with the representational limit, how can we better apprehend oil and, by extension, extractivism beyond wells, pipelines and barrels? Is there a way beyond the ocular centrism of both the fossil fuel industry and the anthropologists who study crude oil worlds? My presentation today seeks to respond to these questions by revisiting field recordings gathered in the oil fields and oil settlements of Baku, Azerbaijan, in 2019. My research in Baku took place in three neighbourhoods, Bahana, Sabail, Angara Shahar. Each settlement had a unique relationship to the city's oil infrastructure, and I would later discover a unique Sonic profile early on in my research. I had concluded that writing only field notes would render life within an extractive zone in complete if facing a number of important dynamics. The extractivist machinery was apprehended in a markedly oral fashion by those residing in each of the settlements lists. Always listened to, heard and harmonised with in an. Array of ways. Sometimes talked over, sometimes is background noise during a phone call, sometimes as an alarm to compel evacuation or the ceiling of Windows recording. Sound clips became a way to monitor a different layer of life, one active and constantly in play with those around me. I began to frame my research in terms of sound use of sound's knowledge as play, as warning as myths as Archie. Like Raymond Murray Schafer's seminal text, the soundscape in which he measured in a flat line and impact sounds of combined harvesters, the decibel range of the screw heading machine and the tonal qualities of a white throated Sparrow. Through my ethnography, I sought to record and transcribe the sounds of Baku's oil districts, categorising them according to cultural interpretation. Relation and significance. Much of my notation resembled Arab of thick and thin lines crisscrossing the sheet, or chaffers own notational forms. I kept daily. Records of gas emissions. Sirens, dog barks, arguments and creaking rigs. Sometimes the product of idleness, sometimes communal observation. Much of this gets me thinking about the idea of accompaniment in anthropology in his 1994 book The Prose and The Passion, Anthropologist Nigel Reporter decided to harmonise. This ethnographic notes, collected in the small English village of Venet with the writings of Em Foster. Unlike ethnic criticism, which sought to analyse the contents of specific literary works in order to better understand the cultural context of their authors, time, for example, we might think of Richard Handler and David Segal's anthropological readings of Jane Austen's report created an interview and structure composed of harmonious lines. I wondered. After countering reports work where the field recordings could work. Similarly, when paired with field notes. A source of non deterministic mapping which could provide cues for alternate implicit or or even subconscious, meaning akin to the wandering encyclopaedic reading reader of niche's modern age. Could anthropologists become more responsive to the complex and varied repertoire of interpretive strategies? Available to them in the field. Could they develop techniques which better respond to not only the heteroglossia of the contemporary, but the heterosexual orians when the poor red em Foster and his informants in the net, he juxtaposes his readings against one another, listing them side by side, zigzagging between an understanding of 1 and that. Of the other. He claimed for himself a certain freedom and a certain creative potential. If something as simple as a metaphor which moves between and cross references two different semantic domains can, in the words of Steiner, bring forth a new mapping of the world, a reorganisation of the habitation of reality, then surely harmonising ethnographic field notes. With field recordings can do the same. It is also worth noting that much like the zigzags which are never monadic isolates and always parted to some preexisting relationship of contrast and connection fill, the components also work according to similar logic, a sound captured during field work is never isolated from the field itself, even when played in a zoom room. Echo chamber. It reminds. It compels it. Kicks outs. The irritating question. Now, where have I heard that before? If a tree falls in a forest, some someone is always around to hear it. So thinking about what sound does, I'd now like to pair a few recordings with Balcani.

Add add. I love that. Right.

So in the last five recordings you've heard the sound of nodding donkeys, the eviction of a family from Bahana a taxi ride between the airport and downtown Baku, a ghost story told about a black pond, and a 1975 jazz classic. In in a A way into balcony which houses Bucky's first oil distilling factory built by Russians in 1937, sound becomes an essential way to encounter the space to give a bit of a context about Balkana. For decades, it was considered the largest oil deposit in the world, producing 6.2 tonnes of oil. In the span of 12 years, Western visitors like Jane Doe Terry, a British journalist, and Charles Thomas Marvin, a British traveller. Early on in the 20th century, we described the Township as a place of deafening wars only intercepted by gushing, gurgling, and the grounds of exasperation sounded by workers. This would only intensify during the turn of the century, which saw the expansion of oil fields and the replacement of former wooden derricks with steel constructions. In many ways, these early. Descriptions about Ghana are reminiscent of the claims made by the futurist experimenter Luigi Russolo, who in his 1930 manifesto art today Rumori proclaimed that the Pure Silencer antiquity was to be replaced with the new world of Machinic in. Sounds the rumbling and rattling vengeance, breathing with obvious animal spirits, the rising and falling of pistols, the stridency of mechanical sores, the loud jumping of trolleys on their rails, the snapping of whips, the whipping of flags, his manifesto would mark a flash point in their history of oral perception. But thinking about the Mori. We're also, we're also brought back to the. Space of bahane. Interestingly, this prediction by Russolo would herald the replacement of the pastoral and the nocturna with the machine music of Honegger Pacific and imitation of a locomotive locomotive and tiles ballet mechanique which employed a number of aeroplane propellers, Prokofiev, Pasta Asia Mozelos Iron foundry. And Carlos Chavez's HP horsepower, all dating from 1929, whilst noted by musicologists, this Sonic turn has often been missed by anthropologists and historians adamant to register industry only via the physical or structural. In my own ethnographic, in my own ethnography, it was impossible to ignore the machine exams of balkana with interlocutors attesting to it as a hallmark of the neighbourhood. At Kona Destefani, one of the local meeting spots, a number of individuals proudly referred to balkana as the loudest settlement in the capital, where machines. Still yelled like men. Interestingly, the loud roar of oil became both the signifier of masculine power and relevance in these accounts, whilst heard increasingly rarely, an ample deposit was thought to roar, hinting at a sense of virility and vitality, whilst all the below capacity rigs creeped and croaked like once. Guy Nana, or mother-in-law to quote a local by the name of Samir, a decrease in volume was correlated with this investment by Sokar, the state oil company of the Republic of Azerbaijan, and Balochan his own decline and loss of its former status as the centre of Global. Still, this is particularly so by the time of the 1990s, when the exploitation of the Azari Shirag Glenashley development drove oil extraction offshore, reducing the need for drilling in balkana. Locals often describe the overland and subterranean pipelines as containing noise, moving oil invisibly out of the country. Hearing the surge of oil, or the creak of the well, had allowed the previous generation to keep track of production. Indeed, those belonging to an older generation remarked about the proud wars of the oil fields during the Soviet period, when Azerbaijan as a part of the USSR still received ample support from Moscow and experienced stable profit from onshore oil, 1 exception in order to remains the last track you heard, Vagif Mustafa Aziz's. 1975 jazz mugum composition NAFTA slate oil live rocks, which sought to integrate two different ways of musical thinking by conjoining the four kick improvisation of mugam with rich jazz. The tune was meant to emulate the rhythm and sounds of life found on an offshore oil platform originally named Chad Nikkanen, later renamed to Nefta Slate, which in 1958 turned into a proper live in settlement here. Despite being offshore, oil was granted an oceanic Sonic texture, but returning to ballet. Anna, the field recordings captured in 2019, also provided an example of Sonic cuts and borders, hinting at a strategic architecture of sorts. Whilst considered a proud workers settlement, a zone of technical innovation and the landscape of potential riches during the Imperial and Soviet period, as stated by the 1990s and early 2000s, Balkania had become a periurban backwater, with crumbling houses, polluted environments, a lack of civic communities and pulling maintain infrastructure. Nothing but creaking rusted oil. Derrick Derricks and the clamour of the unemployed and poor. It prompted the construction of a major highway and. And a fortress like. Rock wall lining? Lining it from the airport all the way to the to the the downtown of Baku Sound in many ways was described as funnelling down with the tensions successfully diverted even when pressed against the wall. Which I did a number of times. I could barely hear any signs of life on. The other side. On one occasion, being so keen eared and performing my daily experimentation led to The Conjuring of the sirens. Of the police. Curious, after having been alerted to strange eavesdropping. Eavesdropping was a an A a frequent activity within BAHANA by both outsiders and locals. It's interesting, with recent allegations of Azerbaijani government acquiring Pegasus, a programme that can record phone calls and read text messages accessing accessing photographs and passwords. And secretly making audio recordings of who has the right to actually eavesdrop in these spaces. And this is a question that I'll pose later on in my presentation of who can listen to who, what is being heard, what is being silenced, and how does one not only talk but listen back, moving from balkana to sabaya? Which is on the other side of Baku, we see a different Sonic texture. With Subil we see a Sonic texture that's being defined by the ecology itself. So several interestingly, much like Bahana was a 19th century oil town, but unlike Balachandra it was dug downwards. What happened in Sabeel was you actually had a concave environment created through the man made digging. So as you can see, the entire Township, it recedes into a valley. And what this has created is an amplification of all sound. So one of the frequent observations that people will make about sabeel is that everything seems louder than it should be. Gossip ripples across across the alleyways, construction roars are louder than ever. And the strange. Sort of storage tanks that carry oil for SOCAR BP, Chevron also create these peculiar acoustics that can be heard across the. But Sabio is interestingly also a centre for soundscape, so Ashiq Sound, as you can hear. So actually performance as you can hear is a communal musical tradition. It's most often performed in the back of restaurants, garden spaces. It's also a performance that is improvisational, so there is no set repertoire that will be sung on a given night. But performers will often relate to their audience, picking out aspects and characteristics that they see in those that they sing to. So this tradition has roots in the working class area of sabio, but one that is also being approached by the current processes of gentrification. Sabio, which really intensified during the F1 formula rates years of Baku from 2000, or four onwards, where you saw the hosting of Eurovision, you saw the hosting of major sports events. And a real investment in Baku's rejuvenation as a site of entertainment across the Caspian, so Sabil became an experimental zone of mass gentrification, but also a strange sort of glorified architectural projects. So you had a number of luxury development built that were. Meant to function as incentives. And they were meant to function as incentives, predominantly for military staff stationed in the Gorno Karabach so frequently. You saw the sort of selling of or the giving over of apartments to ex military staff, veterans, but also the families of the military and also to state. Improved journalists. So one of the major developments, which is so if you can see along this highway was even termed an apartment for the journalists of the state. So that's sort of your poet laureates of the. State so suddenly you sort of see this hollowing out of a particular sound. You see the loss of the Asterix tradition, but you also see a population of different sounds. And one of the the sort of sounds that were complained about is the sort of the events held by the ally of government. Celebrating these openings of the apartments which? So this one was a clip that I recorded during one of these inaugural celebrations, and a lot of people complain not only about the sort of the, the breakdown in the flow of the city, the rhythm of the city when these sort of inaugurations happen, but the loudness of them that they were, these ongoing source of parties. That happened. That the rest of the population the rest of the savvy or settlement, wasn't Privy to, they weren't invited to. So Savil is once again this site of contestation, but perhaps not as much as the next space, which was the site. The main the most of my field work in Baku called Gara Shahad. And Gaia Shahar is the source of the cherry on top in the current governments urban regeneration project, so the 221 hectares sustainable settlement was began in 2006 and it was meant to herald. The city sort of coming into an environmentally friendly. Status, but it was also one of the most ambitious remediation projects with Gara. Shahar being the original oil field. So it's the oil field that was the source of the experimental project of the noble brothers during the late 18th century. It was the most extensive site of oil production. In the latter part of the 20th century, and it was a deposit that seemed to offer continuous production of oil. Up until the end of the Soviet period, which saw the decline of Ghadar, Shahar and its sort of transformation into a space for internally displaced people. So when the war began in the corner karabach, A majority of the population was moved into Gaara Shahar as the only. Site of of potential. And this was caused by two reasons. First and foremost, individuals Idps from the Gorna Karabach were not allowed to own property. So you couldn't move to Baku and become registered in the city. You had to essentially inhabit site to Philly Egality or semi illegality. And what that prompted was the formation of a number of makeshift towns, some of them still around. So here you can see the new remediated projects. Aptly titled the White City instead of the Black City, which was part of the former Presidents campaign to cleanse the city, so as anybody does, he thought white connoted with greater sort of purity and innocence that would sell. And that became sort of the tagline of making things white. Making things clean, making things. Pure, but in the sort. Of peripheries of this site you still see the Black City. And Gary Shahar had this sort of tradition once again, like Sabail being an epicentre of ashika tradition. You had the Mugam tradition also still caps essentially mixed with sort of a Burgundian and a Nagorno Karabakh style of that music. But you also had a very strong. Community form around these peripheries and to this day there has been a sort of ongoing campaign of eviction that hasn't been able to get rid of the settlement. And one of the essential techniques of the community in both Sibyl and in Bahana has been this creation of gossip. So gossip in the form of urban legends and ghost stories has been a way to discourage further gentrification. And that. Has particularly sort of been centred around this part of the Black City, which has been the most politically active and resisting sort of real estate speculation and forms of gentrification, and one of the clips that you hear and have heard previously and the other slides. For example, this field recording.

Many people.

This particular recording was part of a collaboration with one of my interlocutors and it was a recapturing of a story that has been shared with the. Number of real estate agents, but also visitors to the city and it describes the fact that in these new developments built around the White City, what they're seeing is oil in the. Taps. So they're describing pipes of, you know, of these luxury bathrooms emitting. Oil and whether this is true or not is isn't the important thing. What they're doing is that when they're seeing visitors come into the White City, these are the facts that they'll share. So when you have people visiting for an inspection or visiting for potential sale of the. Property, you'll get bands of people coming from the Black City to discourage the transfer of the property or the sale of the. Property and this has become an essential part. The spreading of gossip across social media, but lesser what you hear. It is that it's told mouth to mouth. It's told it's told verbally, predominantly and alongside the sort of urban legend about this sort of oily. Water you're also seeing in the former settlement in the Sibyl settlement, one of the sort of common stories is that you have radiation underground. So once again, these are claims that are not verified because the oil companies are resistant to making these sort of. Studies there hasn't been any underground study. There hasn't been any soil quality studies. Groundwater studies are few and far between, so the Community has really had to rely on sort of these stories, stories about oily water, stories about groundwater rate, ground radiation. And stories about even sort of sinkholes forming and what you get is that these urban legends will turn sort of fantastical. So in the ghost stories, which are sort of a longer story. That are shared both for fun and for entertainment and as part of the sort of campaign to discourage remediation in these stories, you'll hear things about men being swallowed up on their way to work by these sinkholes. You hear stories about black ponds seeping into houses and submerging. Of little girls. So you're hearing these stories that are involving spectres. They're involving elements from Zoroastrianism. They're involving a sort of cues that could be thought of as religion. But they're incorporating the extractive industry, and they're incorporating the extractive apparatus. No longer are the ghost or the caboose. These mainly spectral or old relic fed entities or artefacts, they're inhabited, and inhibitors of the oil refineries. Itself, and these are sort of the stories that are shared alongside these other noises, which might be sort of active protests. So in demolitions, one of the strategies is to sort of distract those that are doing the bulldozing or those that are doing the exclamatory work with screams and shouts. To make it sort of so unbearably loud that they leave, so there is a sort of a crying back to or shouting back to the growth. And that's sort of similar in both gauchar it's similar in Balaklava and it's similar in Sabeel. So you're seeing these proliferation of very similar strategies according alongside these three disperate spaces.

Let me try that.

So that you sort of heard the sort of over layering of these three strategies? Of both the urban legend, the sort of screaming and wailing, and this sort of third other counter example of of those sort of quiet and enjoyable zones. So the bird noise, the attestation of the attesting to life in these spaces, because obviously one of the strategies. In these forced evictions is to argue that there is no good quality life in these spaces. So Ilham Aliyev, the current president of Baku, has frequently argued that these makeshift settlements are place devoid of culture, devoid of music and song is one of the sort of. Claims that you can equate sort of an absence of culture to the absence of song. You can sort of equate the absence of culture to the absence of tradition and it becomes important then to sort of archive these. The presence of, for example, ashik poetry or ashik song as something that proves otherwise, as proves that. These spaces are spaces of enjoyment. There are spaces. Of cultural production. They are spaces of also ecological diversity. One of the elements of the project in capturing these soundscapes is to also capture, for example, diversity of bird song in these spaces. To say that in these industrial zones, you actually can get because of their. Their sort of level of neglect you've been able to create, sort of populations of of birds, of dogs, urban straight dogs, settlements and colonies and other sort of wildlife as. Well, and that has become important for the IDP settlements to argue that there there's there's value and there's worth in these spaces beyond the aesthetic beyond the visual. So the QR codes allow you to actually enter the project which. Are over there. So the QR codes do actually allow you to go on to. The sort of website that it's the sort of first iteration of the website. It's currently sort of being built, but it will house these different sort of soundscapes, different ways of notating and also visualising the sound. So there's been a sort of Sonic map that's been built to emulate both the sort of terrain of bus. But moving with the sounds itself, so you have this sort of loop of the music and the sort of sounds being the cartographic device instead of the satellite images instead of the sort of other visual mapping techniques. So it's sort of thinking about whether we can do sort of a Sonic cartography instead. And the sort of. Motivation behind the multimodal project was to sort of want to create an alternate archive of these. Sounds. So if we are talking about sound as testimony and sound is evidentiary matter, which there has been a sort of, there has been a sort of attempt by these IDP activist organisations to get these sort of sounds to be recognised as sounds of inhabitation. So proof of inhabitation, proof of. Of rightful inhabitation and sustained inhabitation, but one of the failings in this is the fact that it's just not taken seriously. You can't sort of. They've been not allowed to include Sonic, so auditory or video material. In these cases, they've. Told put in a document and that will serve as your testimony. So one there is a source of a need to to sort of maybe fight against this idea of what counts as legal proof or legal evidence in the space of backer. But then there's sort of real initiative to create an alternate. Have to say that if we can't enter the area of sort of normative legal structure, then let's create this alternate archive. Let's create an alternative assertion of. Which has been the sort of strategy of Idps of an inherent awareness that one they wouldn't be taken as legitimate actors within the legal sphere. So what's essentially needed is just an archiving by themselves and for themselves, and secondly, there is also a contestation around who owns. Archives in in Azerbaijan, particularly when it comes to the oil infrastructure and the oil refinery. Space. The majority of archival matter when it relates to spaces like balkana or spaces like gauchar, are still owned by the bronopol. The Noble Brothers corporation. So you're seeing Sweden still have claim over this archival matter and you actually have to go through the venerable sort of entity to gain. Permission to use this material. So in terms of videos captured from the beginning of the 20th century, silly to end the end of the 19th century, still need to sort of go through this for noble agency, but not just that because Grenoble still owns Villa Petrolia, which was the noble brothers, sort of a place of residence. Anything sort of on those grounds is still owned by the entity, so by the Chernobyl organisation. So in terms of actually getting archival material of these spaces, it becomes next to impossible without going through this entity. So it's also about thinking about who owns these archival archival recollections. And may be thinking about the fact that this other sort of period of Balaklava or Gara Shari's history or Savills history also deserves mention and also deserves an alternate archival space. And then I think. Lastly, there is also the fact of how has Azerbaijan been engaged with the landscape itself? I mean in terms of Baku and the upstream peninsula, in the cartography of it, it's been in the hands of the oil corporations when it comes to hydrographical surveys. When it comes to. Even ecological surveys it all has had to go through the state oil corporations or car, so the actual mapping of the city space has only been done so far as what Sircar has permitted or has engaged. So in creating these sort of Sonic and spectral maps, you're also giving something that's sort of viveur as the Castro, you know, term the alternative views and experiences of the world or the view of alternative worlds. And then I think lastly sort of the the, the way that sort of the Sonic notes. Want to sort of intervene in things? Is the actual role of the anthropologists themselves, right? So in the project I got to thinking in terms of especially. This, this, this legality around eavesdropping in Azerbaijan where sort of you know the the alleyways of garish are higher where sort of described as communal air canals. But then you also. Have these sorts of walls that are so sort of. They they cleave and they block. And they and they create these pockets of silence. And then there is this sort of active hostility around the active recording, the act of taking notes. I remember that one of the, you know, the the most sort of dangerous things that I could do was take my notepad out because it was seen as not in the communities themselves. But when it comes to the police and when it comes to sort of. State operators, you're just not supposed to take your filled book out. Filled notebook out because it's not. It's it's seen with so much suspicion. So you do have this element of taking sort of covert recordings, especially of the demolitions, especially of the eviction. So it it lends itself to this conceptualization of the anthropologist as an eavesdropper, right? And it comes back to even the etymological root of noton, or a note, a sound note, but also a field note, as not only an observing, but a marking carefully of something. So there is something. Active and passive suggested there, but then I also think about eavesdropping or of noting as a multivalent nothing so Shakespeare would have had it in his play Much Ado about nothing, referring to illicit or concealed forms of overhearing that lead to much or right or not. Thing. So there is this tension around whether eavesdropping actually sort of allows you to take note of anything worthy or anything interesting? But we also know by Polonius, right? Hiding behind hiding in the closet, in Gertrude's closet that the eavesdropper also gets stabbed in the end. Right, so it's. Also, the anthropologist doing something that's quite dangerous and quite illicit, so we know that sound as an entity can be, can be evidentiary and it can be a dangerous sort of artefact to hold on to and. You know, once again, dangerous to who? And dangerous for what purposes. But I think there is something interesting in that tension there to think about noting and nothing but also this idea of taking a mental mark of and then making a mark on something. But yeah, perhaps. At best, the anthropologist anthropologist, as an eavesdropper, is more akin to Benjamin's Angel. Right? So I think thinking about listening to who with or what is something that has to be. In the field of anthropology, and I think, you know, they were seeing this momentum, I think, about the book listening after nature. Now this interesting multimodal techniques that we are thinking about. What else can we do with sort of the anthropologist toolkit? Is it only the field node or are we sort of pushed towards? Being recorders of sound, being sort of collectors of sound as well, not like an ethnomusicologist, but in a different way. And is it a factual or descriptive style of doing anthropology? When we take notes, is it something that we're rooting to become objective notes, or is it something to create an alternative stylistic intervention? So I think that's another question to integrate when thinking about sound is, is it going to be a descriptive technology or is it going to be a? Actual technology, when we're using it, is it going to be a political technology or is it going to be an aesthetic technology knowing that sound has this sort of aesthetic tradition and maybe sort of?

To end with a with a, with a critique with. I think about Sperber, bemoaning the great loss of knowledge which occur occurs between what anthropologists learn in the field and what they managed to convey. So his great fight against jargon dominating the way that anthropology is written and this sort of intense field work experience turning into a painstaking abstract dissertation. I want to think about sound as something that can counter that, that just like literary modes of expression can bring a different style into being. It can bring a different sort of lexicon into being.

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