The “migrant crisis” of recent years, attached to the movement of migrants and refugees from both Central America and the Middle East, has called for both historicization and a properly global perspective. The point has been put persuasively by Jacqueline Bhabha. Such a perspective helps us understand something about both the manufacture of this crisis and its ruthless exploitation. Deployment of such language has, after all, concealed the drivers of these population movements: the Global North’s neocolonial wars, its insatiable need for cheap energy and labor, and its disproportionate responsibility for the global climate emergency. Critics and NGOs, faced by the toxic virulence of the “debates” in their home countries, the spectacle of utter misery in refugee camps and in sinking boats, and the corruption and cynicism of the solutions proposed, have stressed the human and humanitarian dimensions of the crisis. Somewhere in the mix, the prefixes “im-” and “em-” that were once routinely attached to the term “migrant” have disappeared, and with that disappearance, any sense of who “these people” are, where they have come from, or where they are going.

The Pietà-like image of Syrian Kurdish infant Alan Kurdi, whose drowned body had been picked up on an Aegean beach by a Turkish policeman, horrified the world in 2015. But for quite a while nobody even knew how to spell his name. To supply a (correctly spelled) name is to supply a modicum of recognition, not just as a human being, but as a member of a family, in this case one uprooted from northern Syria’s Kurdish enclave, en route to Canada—a family charged $5,860 by people smugglers for the boat passage and fake life jackets, and now split between Toronto and Erbil.

To speak calmly of analysis, however, to search for historical contexts and
causes in this situation might well feel wrong, lacking in empathy, perhaps, the cardinal virtue of our time. But to do so, Bhabha implies, is to meet this crisis with less of a sense of existential threat and a more sustainable response.

Sketching such a context, she reminds us that 10 to 28 million Africans were pushed into slavery over four centuries; under conditions of Empire, indentured labor pushed comparable numbers from India, China, and elsewhere to work on plantations and railways; between 1850 and 1930 about 50 million people moved from Europe and the Middle East to the Americas, the same from neighboring countries to Southeast Asia, Australia, and the Indian and Pacific Islands, and the same from neighboring countries to Central and Northern Asia; the Nazis forced 7 to 9 million Europeans to flee; and 15 million were displaced by partition in India. Such scales of migration “dwarf contemporary flows” and put the Global North’s splenetic sense of crisis into sharp perspective. 4

This call—the call to historicize—meets complicated terrain in musicology, which has been far from indifferent to the migration crisis. The arts and humanities in general have a long-standing investment in the question of the relationship between creativity and movement, particularly where that movement touches, or transgresses, normative boundaries. We have long been used to thinking about the Renaissance, or Romanticism, or modernism, in terms of exile and diaspora. The challenges of migrant or migratory aesthetics cross and connect wide disciplinary spaces. 5 The problem is, arguably, felt differently across the subdisciplinary lines of traditional academic music departments. 6 But by and large, it is engaged with intensely. Outsiders, those who either transgress normative boundaries or who have been pushed across them, have, after all, often made themselves known through their soundscapes, and we have long disciplinary habits of listening to them attentively.

If comparative musicology early in the twentieth century focused on the global diffusions of humans, musical artifacts, and ideas, postwar ethnomusicology, reactively, located music firmly in culture. It engaged with the question of migration in the 1980s, then, with a palpable degree of anxiety. The field was shaped by, inter alia, work on the so-called “golden age of ethnic recording” in North American cities and the huge influx of migrants and refugees from Europe and the disintegrating Ottoman Empire; research on the “great migration” of African Americans to North American cities and the circulation of Afro-diasporic musical practices in the “Black Atlantic”; research on the cities of the newly industrializing “developing world” and the movement of the peasantry from the countryside to the shanty towns, the bidonvilles, the favelas, the gecekondular of their metropoles. Finally, and notably, these years saw the growth of a literature on the
music of refugees, particularly those fleeing from wars in Southeast Asia and Afghanistan, very much on the Global North’s television screens in the 1970s. Over the ensuing decades the growing field of “music and migrancy” drew on these tributaries as well as the broader interdisciplinary energies of postcolonial studies and studies in race and ethnicity.7

These loosely articulated paradigms of “migrant music study” shared an impulse to historicize but did so in different ways. Nostalgia prevailed in research on “the golden age of ethnic music recording” in North America, in pursuit, for reasons all too easily understandable today, of a past culturally at ease with, rather than haunted by, its history of immigration. Research on the African diaspora and the legacy of slavery sought, explicitly, a different way of imagining the history of Western modernity, not just a history “from below,” but a history felt and experienced in other ways.8 Research on the movement of the peasant to the city was inscribed in what used to be called “modernization theory,” the story of how the peasant became citizen, how the new nation-state industrialized, how tradition was to disappear or be changed beyond recognition. Music, associated with the new technologies that miniaturized it and made it portable (transistor radios, cassettes, personal computers), was inscribed in a literature on “alternative modernities,” telling us how migrants adapted, how they made homes for themselves, how they engaged in new political practices and forms of religion in their new environments—how they were to be located, in other words, in the timeline of the nation-state and global industrial capitalism. Such modes of historicizing could be described as somewhat self-interested. Put another way, they contributed to Dipesh Chakrabarty’s “History 1s,” history that flows as if inexorably into the world of nation-state and capital formation as seen from the Global North, as opposed to “History 2s,” histories of tradition and affect that are at a skew to “History 1s” but nonetheless vital and animating forces in migrant and postcolonial worlds.9

The study of refugee music in these years stood slightly apart from the study of migrant music.10 The language of crisis, understandably, was never far away from the study of refugee music. The plight of refugees—from South and Southeast Asia—demanded action. The violence of their dispersal, and of the situation in their home countries (Cambodia, Afghanistan), raised significant questions about the preservation of their traditional culture. Music, if only in the forms of songs, was something that people could at least carry with them. Trained not only in observation and analysis but also in the virtues of participation and study with master musicians, ethnomusicologists began to identify new roles for themselves. In documenting refugee music making, and learning from these refugees, they were not only doing something to increase the likelihood of this music surviving (and, with it, generations’ worth of attached cultural knowledge) but also
strengthening the collective life and resilience of extremely fragile communities, whether in camps or in the neighboring countries to which the refugees had fled. In fostering this music—through their activities in documenting and learning it—they were also fostering the livelihoods of musicians, helping them find audiences, and helping them communicate with those audiences about the disasters that had driven them to their cities. A spirit of reflexivity and experimentalism was an almost necessary corollary of this research.

Central to this spirit of reflexivity was an affirmation of the value of the music; the affirmation of nonreductive ways of representing it, useful ways of preserving it, intelligent ways of interacting with the musicians and of locating them and their music in the public sphere of the host society. Today, this long-standing affirmation draws the ethnomusicologist into evolving disciplinary and interdisciplinary spaces. Musicology’s recent turn to multiplicity is clearly beneficial for thinking about music in the context of involuntary or forced human movement. The focus of these questions has, of course, been considerably sharpened by the climate emergency and today’s coronavirus pandemic. By the turn of the twentieth century, across much of the world, relentless cash-cropping and grazing first pulled populations toward cities and then pushed them off their land as a result of the consequence drought, flooding, or bacteria and viruses that swept across the landscapes newly exposed to them. Inquiry into the question of the historical agency of bacteria and viruses now seems deadly serious. We humans may have set in motion the events that create havoc in the environment, but we are definitely not the only historical agents at play.

We are, unexpectedly, on less clear ground concerning migrants and refugees in the new mobility studies. These have been grounded in another kind of multiplicity, taking shape in the new “actor networks” or “assemblages” of bios and techne. Here, too, the human subject is decentered and, with that, the historical frameworks and narratives the humanities and social sciences have traditionally supplied. The history of “formats” (MP3s, 78 rpm discs, wax cylinders) raises some obvious questions. How do we determine exactly where such histories might start or end? It depends, to an extent, on what conceptual limits we set to the material objects in question—what exactly we decide to include in them and exclude from them. Choices are made but are often not explained or are mystified in a landscape of “quirks.” The gain in expanding the conceptual scope of the assemblage or network is balanced by an increasingly hazy sense of the moral and ethical agencies that might figure in such histories. Refugees and migrants, for example, seem to be entirely absent from the new mobility literature, partly, one feels, as a consequence of this decentering of the human subject and partly because of the bias of sound studies and the new mobility studies
toward privileged consumers in technologically advanced industrial worlds and their attendant *homo mobilis* mythologies.\(^\text{16}\) This is a significant, and troubling, absence.

We are arguably on stronger ground, from an interdisciplinary point of view, with Mieke Bal’s argument for a “migratory aesthetics.”\(^\text{17}\) This is grounded in what she and Miguel Hernández-Navarro describe as an “ethics of hospitality,” an unconditional acceptance of the presence of the migrant and a (political) embrace of the tensions and contradictions—the *mésentente*—of expressive worlds built on and around migration.\(^\text{18}\) Of significance in this particular discussion is her emphasis on the capacity of video art—which she notes overlaps with migrants’ own practices of expression and communication—to forge experiences of “heterochronicity.”\(^\text{19}\) By this, she means an engagement with the multiple temporalities of migration itself, those fashioned by stressful superimpositions of haste and boredom, linearity and circularity; by communication with families left behind in some other history and attached to some other future; by nostalgia and memory. Scholars, audiences, and migrants alike are drawn toward a shared, critical, “heteropathic” sensibility to time, one experienced as “sticky” and “tangible,” located in objects and bodies and their encounters.\(^\text{20}\)

Bal’s appeal to what we might learn from art objects connects with long-standing and increasingly mainstream (as “applied” or “activist”) practice in the ethnomusicology of migrants and refugees. What specific questions might it raise, though, regarding the injunction to historicize? What particular challenges does it pose? One such challenge is immediately evoked by the ubiquitous spectacle of immigrant orchestras and choirs. Jordi Savall’s Orpheus XXI orchestra, which brings together migrants and refugees from Europe’s refugee camps, has celebrity status.\(^\text{21}\) Others, like Chicago’s Immigrant Orchestra, have a longer if less high-profile history, one entangled with immigrant and community organizations and university performance scenes.\(^\text{22}\) Today, these are cautiously curated.

A Yazidi choir, directed by Michael Bochmann, performed recently in London, for instance, to a high level of media attention. (The Yazidis are a Kurmanji Kurdish-speaking ethnic and religious minority in northern Iraq, but also in Syria and Turkey; the siege on Sinjar Mountain and subsequent slaughter and enslavement by DAESH/ISIS was widely reported by the press in the summer of 2014.) “When you are enjoying music with other people, or making it in particular, you have to be absolutely present and forget about the past and the future and that is a healthy way of living,” Bochmann observed.\(^\text{23}\) Baroness Emma Nicholson, director of the British AMAR foundation, the NGO that ran the project, remarked that “music is a source of life....Life in camps cannot just be queuing for food.” The music of the Yazidis is the outcome of complex histories of heterodoxy.
within the Mesopotamian monotheisms and of interactions with modern Turkish, Arab, and Kurdish music cultures and with musical life in the diasporas in Europe and the former Soviet Union. The media explained it, though, as an “ancient art,” as if by reflex. AMAR, reasonably and compassionately, saw Yazidi music as a “source of life” and a means of sustenance for the community. The media message, arguably, communicated more about the West’s preoccupation with DAESH’s horrifically nihilistic view of the world than about the Yazidis themselves. The latter disappeared quickly into the fog of misinformation and obfuscation that has accompanied Britain’s response to the new Middle Eastern wars and their refugees.24

The wider picture of the Syrian refugees in Europe, and in Turkey, where most reside, is not significantly different. Cultural platforms can be found, but they are also usually framed by a language of “antiquity” and “heritage” set against images of violence and desecration. Sporadic support of Syrian musicians and music cultures in neighboring Turkey, where compassion has been worn thin by both the high numbers of refugees as well as the gaming and manipulations of its government, deploys similar language. This will seem strange to anybody familiar with what is, in fact, a significantly shared musical culture. Syria’s art music tradition, indeed, is widely understood in the Arab world as being uniquely and highly “Ottomanized.” It falls on the cities close to the Syrian border, which have absorbed nearly their own weight in refugees in recent years, to devise public education programs that both recognize and validate this shared tradition.25 Elsewhere, however, a familiar litany of “antiquity” and “heritage” accompanies the well-intentioned staging of the music of Syrian refugees for non-Syrian audiences. Efforts to showcase living Syrian musical cultures and to assist formerly professional Syrian musicians, to put this compassion on a basis of sustainability, must do constant battle with this “denial of coevalness.”26 This is, it would seem, the necessary price for five minutes of media attention, a bargain many seem prepared to make.

Such a stance, we might note, affirms rather than questions the “bare life” increasingly deemed to be the lot of refugees in general, blank slates onto which the state projects images of its sovereignty. It overlaps, from a critical point of view, uncomfortably with the hunger strikes, self-immolations, and “dirty” and other forms of self-harm protest in refugee camps across the world. In January 2002 more than sixty refugees in Woomera, South Australia, mainly from Afghanistan, Iraq, and Iran, sewed together their lips and in some cases their eyes to protest against desperate conditions and prospects. As symbolic actions, these might be understood as a staging of the violent separation of zoe from bios experienced by these refugees, their drastic reduction under these conditions to the material of their bodies as the state exercises its sovereignty, its power over life or death.
It was effective, in a way. The privately run refugee center in Woomera was closed down the next year, following media attention and subsequent inquiries. But such forms of protest continue to deepen the spectacularization of refugees as singular figures of bare life, stripped of history, of social life, of culture, in short, of “multiplicity.” Giorgio Agamben’s high currency in refugee studies, some have argued, has contributed to the problem.27

The problems are more practical than theoretical. Research into music in today’s militarized and securitized refugee camps is almost impossible. Underfunded NGOs assume enormous responsibilities for the governance of refugee camps across the world, working on shoestring budgets in countries in which the refugees are treated with suspicion if not outright hostility. Visiting ethnomusicologists are a low priority. Art and music in such contexts anyway tend to be understood in instrumental terms—as answers to the basic human need for recreation, sociality, and play and not, for instance, as the means by which people fashion selves and relationships, myths and histories, and thus moral identities. Amongst the predominantly Dinka refugees with whom the ethnomusicologist Angela Impey was working in South Sudanese camps, to take one example, song was not just where, but also how, such values were cultivated, values that were, in the Dinka’s own view, “a necessary precondition for reconciliation.”28 Though “reconciliation” was a key goal of the NGO’s administering the camp, it was impossible, Impey observes, to communicate across the language gap.

The scenes of desperation and need that we increasingly encounter as scholars have provoked improvisation, to which a recent Society for Ethnomusicology roundtable gives eloquent testimony.29 Denise Gill, contributing to this panel, describes how she found herself pressed into service as a ritual washer of the bodies of the migrant and refugee dead. Islam in Turkey requires this moment of care and communication with the dead to help them on their onward journey. In most such cases, who they are, their identities and personal histories, are unknown and unknowable. There are no grieving relatives to do the job themselves, or to supply this knowledge. Such “death work,” even when supplied by an outsider, returns the dead to a community, to an identity, and thus to the future that awaits all believers. From the point of view of ethnomusicology or sound studies, this is to inhabit a strangely inverted world, in which the researcher initiates the sonic encounter that provides the dead person with an identity. We must ask unfamiliar questions in this deeply unsettling exercise about listening and (re)sounding human subjects and the contexts in which we encounter them. More often, of course, the help we are able to provide is more mundane. Indeed, it is often focused on immediate needs and short-term futures—helping with asylum applications, setting up gigs and rehearsal space, providing access to instruments and media infrastructure, dealing
with mental health problems, or just offering conversation and friendship. To an extent, ethnomusicologists have always been doing this. But now it feels like a priority, and one that is changing the landscape of the discipline.

We find ourselves rethinking the relationship between activism and academic reflection, aware that this changes the shape and feel of the discipline. But we find ourselves jostling for attention and effect in a crowded field. Some of the louder voices in this field create problems that we must now engage with and feel our way around. There is a powerful impulse at play in today’s media and on today’s concert stage to aestheticize compassion, reconciliation, and tolerance and to spectacularize, through these orchestras, the civility of the refugee and the migrant. Such displays clearly say more about our needs and desires than theirs. They also flatten historical relations.

Multiplicity, heterochronicity, mésentente, the “stickiness” and “materiality” of migrant and refugee time slip out of the frame. And it is hard to see how they might be introduced, in ways that are sufficiently—and sustainably—responsive to the complex needs and desires of migrants and refugees. The curation culture that Bal and Hernández-Navarro speak both from and to already seems dated and remote. High theory does not feel sufficiently attuned, tonally, to the world of crisis we now live in (manufactured or otherwise), to the dramas that play out on that beach.

But Bal’s insistence on staging her curatorial interventions within artistic practices contiguous with the media and communicative practices of migrants and refugees seems important. So, too, is her focus on the relationship of the artwork, and aesthetic experience itself, to “the matter of time.” I will conclude with mention of a thought-provoking experiment conducted recently by Impey, which seems to develop her point. The experiment touches on a new sensitivity to the dynamics of intervention into the temporalities and historicities of motion and mobile people. It concerns her research among the Swazi-, Zulu-, Shangane-, and Thongaspeaking women traders who move across the borders between South Africa and Mozambique. Movement in these borderlands had been hugely complicated by the efforts of colonial regimes (British and Portuguese) and the South African state to control water, cultivate cotton, and eliminate rinderpest virus and sleeping sickness, as well as to safeguard migration routes for wildlife. The struggle with the African National Congress, the exploitation of local men for labor in Johannesburg’s gold mines, AIDS, and the construction of the Ndumu Game Reserve (intended, but ultimately failing, to supply local jobs) disrupted traditional patterns of movement for locals between fields, water sources, and ritual sites. The crisis here involves multiple agents, geographies, and temporalities and is a structural feature of this landscape.
Women, Impey shows, came to rely on cross-border trading to sustain households, and this now involved long and difficult walks. These walks had once been accompanied by the sound of the *amaculo manihama/isitweletwele*, a jew’s harp that accompanied the rhythms of walking, and vocalizations, intended partly to ease the journey and partly to entertain fellow travelers, in which women reflected, elliptically, on the difficulties of everyday life, on sex, loss, womanhood, prostitution, alcohol. The instrument used to be worn as an ornament, too, on a necklace, metal in this part of the world being associated with power and movement. Having arrived to study the instrument and its songs, Impey was somewhat disappointed to discover that they had long been forgotten. Arriving “too late” is almost a structural condition of anthropological fieldwork, after all; we are inured to such eventualities. But it did eventually occur to her to reintroduce the instruments to the trader friends she had made. Observing the slow and initially skeptical uptake by the women, Impey saw semi-forgotten songs reemerge, and with them, a new current of conversation between these women about the landscape, its history, and the imaginative lines that traverse it. The instrument initiates motion, Impey reflects, and, with that motion, layered senses of pasts and futures attached, or perhaps, as Bal would say, “stuck,” both to landscape and to instrument. Here is an engagement, after all, with “the matter of time,” and here is an intervention that serves as a thought-provoking exercise in “remembering with.”

The question we are faced with is not one of abstractly critiquing “the denial of coevalness,” or of intervening in a political economy of knowledge, “providing history” to those deemed to lack it or to have been somehow denied it. This would be to set ourselves up on a pedestal and to make a lot of unwarranted assumptions about the strangers currently in our midst. Neither is the question one of redistribution or of generating multiplicity, “many histories,” merely for the sake of it. This would risk amounting to a procedural exercise, and not necessarily an insightful or helpful one. We need to find ways of sharing what we know, after all. It is, though, a question of what Bal and Hernández-Navarro’s exhortation—to “remember with”—might mean in our disciplinary field. It is to ask what cues it might take from shared or shareable objects, ecologies, media, and artistic and musical practices. It is to underline the value of this solidarity, even while acknowledging the steep contours of power and prestige on which it will inevitably be built. It is also—counterintuitively perhaps—to affirm the value of taking and making time. As people who have spent our lives in music, we probably have a head start. But these lives are conducted under the heavy and creaking media signage of the “migrant crisis,” an actuarial intellectual culture demanding impact and relevance, and the constant drumbeat of “activism” and “applied” research. Do we have that time? That is the big question.
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1. See Jacqueline Bhabha, *Can We Solve the Migration Crisis?* (Cambridge, 2018).
2. On the construction of “migration” in these terms, see Daniel Trilling, “Uncomfortable Facts: The Migrant Crisis in the European Media,” in *Lost in Media: Migrant Perspectives in the Public Sphere*, ed. Ismael Einaashe (Amsterdam, 2019).
3. It is particularly poignant that his father is still obliged to correct the record. See “Bavê Alan Kurdî: Navê kurê min ne Aylan e, Alan e,” RÜDAW, June 28, 2019, https://www.rudaw.net/kurmanji/kurdistan/280620196. Aylan is a common Turkish name, hence the confusion in the early reports.
4. Bhabha, *Can We Solve the Migration Crisis*, 15.
6. Ethnomusicology has done the lion’s share of the work, but at this point it would be hard to think of any area of music study that hasn’t been touched, to a greater or lesser extent, by the question of migrancy.


16. For a critique of sound studies along these lines, see Gavin Steingo and Jim Sykes, “Introduction: Remapping Sound Studies in the Global South,” in *Remapping Sound Studies* (Durham, NC, 2019).

17. See Bal and Hernández-Navarro, introduction to *Art and Visibility in Migratory Culture*.

18. Ibid., 9. *Mésentente* is Jacques Rancière’s term, meaning misunderstanding, rather than (simply) disagreement, and implying for Bal and Hernández-Navarro the possibility of working through differences in a creative and non-adversarial way.


20. Ibid., 229.


25. Perhaps the most successful, but unsung, efforts to integrate refugee Syrian musicians in Turkey have been in Şanlıurfa, a large city on the Syrian border. Trade, religious networks, tribal connections, and Turkish, Kurdish, and Arabic dialects connect the city organically to the Syrian provinces of Raqqa and Deir ez-Zor, which has contributed to the relatively peaceable integration of approximately half a million Syrian refugees over the course of the last ten years. The city council’s arts organization, ŞURKAV, runs music classes and concerts in the Vali Kemalettin Kültür Merkezi under the direction of Ahmet Dağlar; these involve both recently arrived and long-term resident Syrian artists.

26. On Damon Albarn’s efforts to provide a stage for the Syrian National Orchestra at Glastonbury, see Homa Khaleeli, “The Orchestra of Syrian Musicians: ‘When
there is violence, you have to make music,’’ *Guardian*, June 23, 2016, https://www.theguardian.com/music/2016/jun/23/syrian-national-orchestra-daman-albarn-when-there-is-violence-you-have-to-make-music. Morten Carlsen and Søren Sørensen’s “Syrian Culture Caravan” in Copenhagen in 2015, an initiative (at which I was present) to bring together refugee Syrian musicians across the Nordic countries, including composer Nuri Iskandar, the Syrian National Ensemble, the Refugees of Rap, and others, ran into a local but symptomatic problem: the closing, on the day, of the Øresund Bridge between Copenhagen and Malmö due to a terrorist incident.


