

	<div>wavespeech</div> <div>Edmund de WaalDavid Ward</div>		<div>Edmund de Waal</div> <div>David Ward</div>	<div>wavespeechThe Pier Art Centre19 June – 12 September 2015</div> <div><div>AFINE LINE Landscape Architecture</div><div></div></div>
<div>Pier. And equivalence. Difference. Balance of energy. Wavespeech. Lading and loading, the heft, counting and recounting, marking, manifests, lists for the journeys, for warehousing, storing. Cargos. Weights and measures. The fulcrum of words and accents, the tilt in a sentence, the lightness and the lift, a gravid clutch of consonants, pebbles in the mouth. Where are we? Somewhere north. Somewhere near the sea marches, the call of trade, the tidal sweep.</div> <div>Pier. And pause. Pier point. Of arrival. Of departure. Embark. Disembark. All aboard. Pier. Extension of shore out to sea. An arm. Out on a limb but not all at sea. Sturdy. Within harbour walls. Stone. Sheltered by sounds between islands. A coal stove, made safe haven for art. Another fuel, for the spirit. Art on solid ground. Yet offering out to sea. Pier. Not a boat but a kind of ark all the same. Standing and offering out to open ocean. Pier and Ocean.</div>	<div>wavespeech: a dialogue in making</div> <div>David Ward and Edmund de Waal have known each other since 2004. This, their first collaboration, began through conversations about each other's exhibited works and ideas. The qualities these might be seen to share are haptic and visual: a close attention to surface and light; the collusion of things made in the hand and things produced mechanically; a nuanced handling of near-mono-chrome hues.</div> <div>However, we should also remember that both Ward and de Waal have used forms of texts and speech in past work, and whilst noting that de Waal is a widely read author, both artists embrace writing in many forms and contexts. As it has developed, their dialogue has therefore turned on the sharing of words, phrases and references as they addressed the potential of working collaboratively.</div> <div>Both artists were, to differing degrees, familiar with the Pier Arts Centre in Stromness already. Their attraction to it as a unique place and context intensified during the course of their exchange of ideas and led to the invitation to exhibit here. The small town of Stromness is the second largest port in the Orkney Islands, in sheltered waters near Scapa Flow. The Pier Arts Centre takes its name from its location on the quayside. It is home to an extraordinary collection of British Modernist art given by Margaret Gardiner, as well as new acquisitions within that tradition and exhibitions responding to it.</div>	<div>Whilst Ward and de Waal have been making new pieces for the Pier, the exchange of ideas and references has led to a major new collaborative work in the form of a large scale wall text.</div> <div>Their collaborative approach means that, having agreed the opening words: <i>Pier. And ...</i>, they each wrote independently and exchanged final drafts, so that parallels and echoes were arrived at without being predetermined. Later discussions centred around the method of display, such as the dispersal of lines and the colour and texture of the finished typography.</div> <div>A form of the new text is presented here. It stands in its own right. However it also indicates some points of orientation in the journey the two artists have shared. These can be used to identify themes within the ensemble of works as they are shown together in this exhibition under the shared title, <i>wavespeech</i>.</div> <div>The <i>wavespeech</i> works deploy some of the more familiar aspects of each artist's studio practices, and were also made over the same period of dialogue and exchange with the Pier in mind. They comprise three substantial new pieces by de Waal using vitrines with ceramics created for specific locations and four major new works by Ward. The latter are two groups of works on paper developed in relationship to the Pier context, and two works for specific locations, being a wall piece using mirrored elements and an outdoor sound piece.</div>	<div><div><div><div><div>sgoir 2015</div><div>40 porcelain vessels with gilding in a pair of plexiglass and aluminium vitrines</div><div>64 × 216 × 25 cm</div></div><div><div>halmr 2015</div><div>30 porcelain vessels with gilding in 6 aluminium and plexiglass vitrines.</div><div>32 × 30 × 7 cm each</div></div><div><div><i>the lost and the found</i> 2015</div><div>xx porcelain vessels in 15 aluminium and plexiglass vitrines</div><div>22 × 13 × 8 cm each, hung X cm apart; xx xx xx cm overall</div></div></div><div><div><div><div>Quibusam, omnibus 2015</div><div>ulla demore pressin niment</div><div>64 × 216 × 25 cm</div></div><div><div><i>Recreptatio</i> 2015</div><div>tatusotae rero temporis aut pos iur, optate officiet que ressequam quae</div><div>32 × 30 × 7 cm each</div></div><div><div><i>As sum</i> 2015</div><div>tatusotae rero temporis</div><div>22 × 13 × 8 cm each, hung x cm apart</div></div><div><div><i>Facere in re cat de idemat</i> 2015</div><div>tatusotae rero temporis aut pos iur, in re cat de idemat fedegei aoso</div><div>32 × 30 × 7 cm each</div></div><div><div><i>coritatur minis</i> 2015</div><div>tatusotae rero temporis taerspe</div><div>22 × 13 × 8 cm each</div></div></div></div><div>Ward and de Waal have also been invited to collaborate in the overarching installation across the Pier's upper floor spaces. This addresses the relationships between their own works, the Pier's collection and its architecture. Responding to the rhythm of the original 1979 conversion of the building and its recent extension, the artists make fresh juxtapositions amongst key works from Margaret Gardiner's gift with their own.</div><div>The celebration of Joyce's phrase from 'Ulysses' has remained central throughout for both artists: <i>Listen: a four worded wavespeech: sceson, hrss, rsecciss, aoss</i>. It comes in the third episode of the novel, as Stephen Dedalus pauses on his walk along the shoreline. Closing his eyes, he tells himself, and us, to listen, not merely to the sounds of flowing water but also to their resonances in the surroundings. In his mind's eye he sees the coast around him, and where he stands within it.</div><div>As readers, we hear the sounds in our minds as we see the typography that sets it down. We also understand where we are in the deep narrative of the book as a whole, a point of departure as well as a scene setting. The body and vision of the central character are placed in their location in time and space. The visual and the aural fuse on the page and in the imagination.</div><div>This evocation of a moment of experience has been at the heart of the artists' aspirations for their collaboration for Orkney.</div></div></div>	<div>Encountering these new works one might be reminded of the relative scale of the standing stones of Orkney's prehistoric sites as they are seen against the horizons of water and land forms. Equally, one might be prompted to recall a moment of observing or holding a fragment of stone – which may have been formed by an earlier human hand, or shaped and patinated by weathering.</div> <div>The artists have shipped new work from their studios. There they have notes, photographs, plans, but most of all memory and shared impressions. The Pier Arts Centre's very location is built on a history of trade and exchange, where the great Modernist artists who have been so important for both artists are shown in dialogue with views out to the business of the harbour and the light and forms of landscape, seascapes and skylscapes beyond.</div> <div>Both have brought their work to be seen in rich relationship with memory and history, with the description and mapping of seascape and landscape; and with the forms of art and the imagination of place.</div> <div>Michael Tooby April 2015</div>

<p>Now sea and earth could no longer be distinguished: all was sea that had no shores.</p> <p>Ovid, <i>Metamorphoses</i> (8th century) trans. Mary M. Innes</p>	<p>Oh and sometimes the words come crashing in Bashing like waves at Yennaby against the rocks One after another Soar – Crash!</p> <p>Another Crash! Lift, Crash! Up, wait, crash!</p> <p>And at the very edge of that huge breaker in comes rushing, lightly, swiftly and daintily the very thing itself that is water.</p> <p>The edge of the wave.</p> <p>Margaret Tait, from <i>Word Song</i> (1958)</p>	<p>Planked or boarded and above or floored, from bilge to bulge. Carlings or athwart her horizontal or an-end tabernaded and stepped or stanchioned and 'tween decks. Stayed or free.</p> <p>Transom or knighthead. Bolted, out in the channels or battened in, under the king-plank. Hawse-holed or lathed elegant for an after baluster cogginged, tenoned, spiked plugged or roved or lashed.</p> <p>And all things other fast or eased: bellied full or brailed and furled.</p> <p>For a poet's gale or for a navigator's: in a hard blow or before a zephyr.</p> <p>David Jones, <i>Anathemata</i> (1952)</p>	<p>Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: scesoo, hrss, rssecsiss, oooos</p> <p>James Joyce, <i>Ulysses</i> (1922)</p> <p>Right away the mast was rigged with its sea-shawl; sail-ropes tightened, timbers drummed and stiff winds kept the wave-crosser skimming ahead; as she heaved forward, her foamy neck was fleet and buoyant, a lapped prow loping over currents, until finally the Geats caught sight of coastline and familiar cliffs. The keel reared up, wind lifted it home, it hit on the land.</p> <p>Rowell (c. 8th to 11th century) trans. Seamus Heaney</p>	<p>The sun had not yet risen. The sea was indistinguishable from the sky, except that the sea was slightly crossed as if a cloth had wrinkles in it. Gradually as the sky whitened a dark line lay on the horizon dividing the sea from the sky and the grey cloth became barred with thick strokes moving, one after another, beneath the surface, following each other, pursuing each other, perpetually.</p> <p>Virginia Woolf, <i>The Waves</i> (1931)</p>
<p>.....and the ship ran on with a good strong North Wind gusting –</p> <p>fast on the middle passage clear of Crete – but Zeus was brewing mischief for that crew... Once we'd left the island in our wake – no land at all in sight, nothing but sea and sky – then Zeus the son of Cronus mounted a thunderhead above our hollow ship and the deep went black beneath it. Then, then in the same breath Zeus hit the craft with a lightning-bolt and thunder. Round she spun, reeling under the impact, filled with reeking brimstone, shipmates pitching out of her, bobbing round like seahawks swept along by the breakers past the trim black hull – and the god cut short their journey home forever.</p> <p>Homer, <i>The Odyssey</i> (8th century) trans. Robert Fagles</p>	<p>Beachcomber</p> <p>Monday I found a boot – Rust and salt leather. I gave it back to the sea, to dance in.</p> <p>Tuesday a spar of timber worth thirty bob. Next winter It will be a chair, a coffin, a bed.</p> <p>Wednesday a half can of Swedish spirits. I tilted my head. The shore was cold with mermaids and angels.</p> <p>Thursday I got nothing, seawood, A whale bone, Wet feet and a loud cough.</p> <p>Friday I held a seaman's skull, Sand spilling from it The way time is told on kirkyard stones.</p> <p>Saturday a barrel of sodden oranges. A Spanish ship Was wrecked last month at The Kame.</p> <p>Sunday, for fear of the elders, I sit on my bum. What's heaven? A sea chest with a thousand gold coins.</p> <p>George Mackay Brown, <i>Fisherman with Ploughs</i> (1971)</p>	<p>A rim of the young moon cleft the pale waste of skyline, the rim of a silver hoop embedded in grey sand; and the tide was flowing in fast to the land with a low whisper of her waves, islanding a few last figures in distant pools.</p> <p>James Joyce, <i>Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man</i> (1916)</p> <p>c.1608 The Binh Thuan shipwreck</p> <p>1643–1646 The Hatcher Junk</p> <p>c.1690 The Vung Tau Cargo</p> <p>c.1725 The Ca Mau Shipwreck</p> <p>c.1752 The Nanking Cargo</p> <p>c.1817 The Diana Cargo</p> <p>c.1830 The Desaru shipwreck</p> <p>1919 Scape Flow</p> <p>Shipwrecked porcelain cargoes</p>	<p>These boats are like the Viking ships. They are like the Westray skiffs. They are like the Eday boats. They are like the Orkney yol.</p> <p>They are shaped as if the sea had smoothed them into that shape.</p> <p>Margaret Tait, from <i>The Boats at Droman</i> (1966)</p> <p>And in the whorled buckle he holds to his ear Hears Sea and messages, Remarks of the trawlermen and seals' bogle, Swish and slosh and suck of the tide in the geo, And the horrendous boom In the under-rock cave.....</p> <p>Margaret Tait, from <i>Concha Orcadensis</i> (undated)</p>	<p>Going by the lead</p> <p>Anon ?</p> <p><i>ufelservien</i> 171 dinner services <i>theeged</i> 63,623 tea cups and saucers <i>haffeged</i> 19,535 coffee cups and saucers <i>chocoladged</i> 9,735 chocolate cups and saucers <i>treckpotten</i> 578 tea pots <i>melkommen</i> 548 milk jugs</p> <p><i>tafelborden</i> 14,315 flat dinner plates <i>soepborden</i> 1,452 soup plates <i>quipseloren</i> 299 cuspidors <i>spuigpotes</i> 606 vomit pots <i>viskommen</i> 75 fish bowls <i>enkele schalen</i> 447 single dishes <i>nest ronde schalen</i> 1,000 nests round dishes <i>botervlootjes</i> 196 butter dishes <i>kommetjes en pieringen</i> 2,563 bowls with saucers <i>mugs of Engelse bierkannen</i> 821 mugs or English beer tankards <i>spaelkommen</i> 25,921 slop bowls</p> <p>Inventory 203 chests of porcelain on The Geldemassen, sunk near the Bangka Strait, January 3rd 1752</p>
<p>an edge, fragment of shards, a broken coast of rock where you stoop and you pick up a stone and not know if it has been worked by hand or by the sea or by both broken, chipped. It is like you say as you turn and let it drop back. I remember listening to the sea in Japan and the names for the sounds, the wavespeech, zawa zawa, soyo soyo, byuu byuu. What do you hear?</p> <p>Ocean non-stop Ōkeanos the ancient Greeks call the Great River like a serpent encompassing our world continuous surface of undulating wavespeech waters carry Phoenicians here from Mediterranean shores Norse prows preen the waves as Heaney says Hudson Bay and whalers meet their match on frozen ocean as John Rae ploughs on and we voyage out in our imaginations cast off I write and Hamnavoe slips her moorings setting sail waves wash what stays. Pier.</p>	<p>cladach shore kyst kaigan</p>	<p>scòl-mara tide tiddevannet shio</p>	<p>làn-mara high tide høyvann michishio</p>	<p>reothart spring tide springflo òshio</p>

<p>Now sea and earth could no longer be distinguished: all was sea that had no shores.</p> <p>Ovid, <i>Metamorphoses</i> (8th century) trans. Mary M. Innes</p> <p>.....and the ship ran on with a good strong North Wind gusting –</p> <p>fast on the middle passage clear of Crete – but Zeus was brewing mischief for that crew... Once we'd left the island in our wake – no land at all in sight, nothing but sea and sky – then Zeus the son of Cronus mounted a thunderhead above our hollow ship and the deep went black beneath it. Then, then in the same breath Zeus hit the craft with a lightning-bolt and thunder. Round she spun, reeling under the impact, filled with reeking brimstone, shipmates pitching out of her, bobbing round like seahawks swept along by the breakers past the trim black hull – and the god cut short their journey home forever.</p> <p>Homer, <i>The Odyssey</i> (8th century) trans. Robert Fagles</p>	<p>Oh and sometimes the words come crashing in Bashing like waves at Yēsaby against the rocks One after another</p> <p>Soar –</p> <p>Crash!</p> <p>Another</p> <p>Crash!</p> <p>Lift, Crash!</p> <p>Up, wait, crash!</p> <p>And at the very edge of that huge breaker in comes rushing, lightly, swiftly and daintily the very thing itself that is water.</p> <p>The edge of the wave.</p> <p>Margaret Tait, from <i>Word Song</i> (1958)</p>	<p>Planked or boarded and above or floored, from bilge to bilge. Carlings or athwart her horizontalized or an-end</p> <p>tabernacled and stepped or stanchioned and 'tween decks.</p> <p>Stayed or free.</p> <p>Transom or knighthead. Bolted, out in the channels or battened in, under the king-plank. Hawse-holed or lashed elegant for an after baluster</p> <p>cogginged, tenoned, spiked</p> <p>plugged or roved</p> <p>or lashed.</p> <p>And all things other</p> <p>belled full</p> <p>fast or eased:</p> <p>or brailled and furled.</p> <p>For a poet's gale or for a navigator's: in a hard blow or before a zephyr.</p> <p>David Jones, <i>Anathemata</i> (1952)</p>	<p>Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: seesoo, hrss, rssecciss, oooos</p> <p>James Joyce, <i>Ulysses</i> (1922)</p> <p>Right away the mast was rigged with its sea-shawl; sail-ropes tightened, timbers drummed and stiff winds kept the wave-crosser skimming ahead; as he heaved forward, her foamy neck was fleet and buoyant, a lapped prow loping over currents, until finally the Geats caught sight of coastline and familiar cliffs. The keel reared up, wind lifted it home, it hit on the land.</p> <p>Beowulf (c. 8th to 11th century) trans. Seamus Heaney</p>	<p>The sun had not yet risen. The sea was indistinguishable from the sky, except that the sea was slightly creased as if a cloth had wrinkles in it. Gradually as the sky whitened a dark line lay on the horizon dividing the sea from the sky and the grey cloth became barred with thick strokes moving, one after another, beneath the surface, following each other, pursuing each other, perpetually.</p> <p>Virginia Woolf, <i>The Waves</i> (1931)</p>	
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<p>my advice to you is: don't disturb the jetsam (on the beach)</p> <p>Sappho (6th century bc) trans. Josephine Balmer</p>	<p>Beachcomber</p> <p>Monday I found a boot – Rust and salt-leather. I gave it back to the sea, to dance in.</p> <p>Tuesday a spar of timber worth thirty bob. Next winter It will be a chair, a coffin, a bed.</p> <p>Wednesday a half can of Swedish spirits. I tilted my head. The shore was cold with mermaids and angels.</p> <p>Thursday I got nothing, seawood, A whale bone, Wet feet and a loud cough.</p> <p>Friday I held a seaman's skull, Sand spilling from it.</p> <p>The way time is told on kirkyard stones.</p> <p>Saturday a barrel of sodden oranges. A Spanish ship Was wrecked last month at The Kame.</p> <p>Sunday, for fear of the elders, I sat on my bum.</p> <p>What's heaven? A sea chest with a thousand gold coins.</p> <p>George Mackay Brown, <i>Fisherman with Ploughs</i> (1971)</p>	<p>A rim of the young moon cleft the pale waste of skyline, the rim of a silver hoop embedded in grey sand; and the tide was flowing in fast to the land with a low whisper of her waves, islandng a few last figures in distant pools.</p> <p>James Joyce, <i>Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man</i> (1916)</p> <p>c.1608 The Binh Thuan shipwreck</p> <p>1643–1646 The Hatcher Junk</p> <p>c.1690 The Vung Tau Cargo</p> <p>c.1725 The Ca Mau Shipwreck</p> <p>c.1752 The Nanking Cargo</p> <p>c.1817 The Diana Cargo</p> <p>c.1830 The Desaru shipwreck</p> <p>1919 Scapa Flow</p> <p>Shipwrecked porcelain cargoes</p>	<p>These boats are like the Viking ships. They are like the Westray skiffs. They are like the Edyøya boats. They are like the Orkney yol.</p> <p>They are shaped as if the sea had smoothed them into that shape.</p> <p>Margaret Tait, from <i>The Boats at Droman</i> (1966)</p> <p>And in the whorled buckle he holds to his car Hears Sea and messages, Remarks of the trawlermen and seals' bogle, Swish and slosh and suck of the tide in the gco, And the horrendous boom In the under-rock cave....</p> <p>Margaret Tait, from <i>Comcha Orkadensis</i> (undated)</p>	<p>Right away the mast was rigged with its sea-shawl; sail-ropes tightened, timbers drummed and stiff winds kept the wave-crosser skimming ahead; as he heaved forward, her foamy neck was fleet and buoyant, a lapped prow loping over currents, until finally the Geats caught sight of coastline and familiar cliffs. The keel reared up, wind lifted it home, it hit on the land.</p> <p>Beowulf (c. 8th to 11th century) trans. Seamus Heaney</p>	<p>Going by the lead</p> <p>Anon ?</p> <p>tafelservisen 171 dinner services</p> <p>theeged 63,623 tea cups and saucers</p> <p>koffieged 19,535 coffee cups and saucers</p> <p>chocoladeged 9,735 chocolate cups and saucers</p> <p>trekpetten 578 tea pots</p> <p>melkkommen 548 milk jugs</p>