Miranda Whall Passage













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My presence was always temporary, in passing. Each time I arrived in a place I began a new story; a quest in search of something elusive, transient or difficult to define, a 'thing' both common and rare. My travellers' observations were inevitably predictable at first but my stories unfolded, twisted and turned leading me to unexpected conversations, coincidences and collaborations. I was a passenger carried along simply by the pleasure of not knowing, the pleasure of not being at home; free to wander and wonder, to surrender to time and warm winds and to fall in love with songs, voices, words, faces, dances and places... now this collection of distilled and fragmented images and sounds reveal and conceal my 'passage'.

for more information see www.mirandawhall.com











ISBN 978-0-9568607-5-0

Passage was developed in dialogue with: Lindsay Hughes, Creative Producer, Visual Arts; with support from Victoria Wastling, Arts Assistant, Visual Arts; and Charles Farina Technical Manager, Exhibitions, ICIA, University of Bath. The project was developed in France, England, Spain, Wales, Turkey, Mexico, Thailand and Germany.

Artistic collaborators: Aye Boon for the rice grass and monologue, Chan Tieng Kothkaew for her Khaw poetry and voice, Buason Thanomboon (or Maekru Buason Maungpraw) and Sree Maun for their improvised traditional northern Thai operatic song, Ajarn Sanan Thammathi for his Lanna folklore song, Jesus Mejia for writing and recording *Tehuana* and his recording of *La Lorona*, Francesca Guillen for her audio recording for *Frida*, Dan Mennill of the Mennill sound analysis Laboratory, University of Windsor for the bird song recordings, Salih Kuscu for his Sufi / Whirling Dervish performance, The Istanbul Sufi Ensemble for accompanying Salih, Sermin for her song, Erwyd Howells for his whistle, Twm Morys for his poetry, Pwyll ap Sion for his musical compositions, The Aberystwyth Male Voice Choir for their performance of *Carchar* Hiraeth, the contributors to Hiraeth for their thoughts and voices; Mary Lloyd Jones, Anwen Jones, Margaret Ames, Hazel Thomas, Sue Jones-Davies, Gwenllian Ashley, Anna Evans, Dafydd Sills-Jones, Jez Danks, Iwan Bala, Allun Edwards, Erwyd Howells, Joan Anthony-Jones and Annie Suganami, Vivian Chinasa Ezugha for her voice, Manuel Malena Carrasco for his voice, Chris Clavo for his guitar and broom stick accompaniment, Ana Lydia for her feet, Flor Koo Rubio for her laugh, James Aparicio from Lime House recording studio for recording Manuel and Chris, Ana Hernanz and Gonzaga Gomez-Cortazar Romero for the Spanish translations, Dr Rupert Marshall for his project with the Ctenophore comb jellys, Dr Helen Marshall and Jonathan Williams for diving and filming Ctenophore ma Cherie, Catherine Renee Piquemal for the French translation and her voice, Nick Jones for recording Cathy, Pierluigi Virelli (Lui) for performing and recording *The River*, Giovanna Scredo (Maya Berlin) for her dancing, Deri Roberts and Andy Allen for recording *Hiraeth* and Deri for editing the sound for *Passage*, Pete Telfer for filming the AMVC, Luce Choules for mapping this publication and Ciara Healy for

Facilitated by: Simon and Donna Beckmann the Directors of Joya: arte + ecología residency, Los Gázquez, Andalucía, Eve Ropek the Director of Aberystwyth Arts Centre, Carys Worsdale the Aberystwyth Arts Centre gallery and residency assistant, Sine Ergün the Director of Maumau artist residency, Istanbul, Maribel Bianchi and Alec Von Bargen the Directors of the Ondarte International Artist Residency, Mexico, Shukit Panmongkol and Rampad Kothkaew the Directors of Ne Na Contemporary Art Space and residency, Chang Mai, Thailand and Monfai Cultural Centre, Thierry Leornard the Director of Le Posiedon; diving and boat centre, Nice, Christa Matter the Director of

Supported by: Jonathan Williams, Rosa Chavez, Suzanne Holtom, Rob Kenyon, Claire Ward, Neri Balderas, Bijan Zade, La Joaquina, Luis Pech Ruiz, Fernando Cavich Arellano, Pedro Aldana, Mai Refky, Antigone Papageorgiou, Efe Songun, Soner Tekdemir and everyone that contributed a monologue recording for Divine Love made in Istanbul,

The Project is dedicated to Jonathan Williams and Ioan Whall-Williams.

Funded by: The Arts Council of Wales Creative Wales Award 2012; The Arts Council of Wales Research and Development Grant; The School of Art and TFTS Aberystwyth University; and ICIA, University of Bath.



I long for a Welsh which is nearly at an end in the farms of 'False Herd' and 'White Herd'. And the names that tools and implements had in the 'Valley of the Bracken Field' and the 'Acre

And the stories about Glyn-Dŵr and Arthur in the 'Place of Halls' and the 'Great Wall'. And the summery words of a girl as she took off her shirt over by the 'Lakes of leuan' or the

It will soon all be gone, as the old white homesteads went long ago beneath those mighty woods on the 'Sweet Mountain' and the 'Bank of Birds'...

'You comin' up to Tom's Place later, then?' I long for a Welsh which is nearly at an end.

Ponterwyd (Cymraeg)

Mae hiraeth am ryw Gymraeg sy bron ar ben Yn y Fuches Gau a'r Fuches Wen,

Ac am yr enwe fu ar gelfi ac arfe Yn Nant Cae'r Rhedyn ac yn Erw Barfe, A'r chwedle am Glyn-Dŵr ac Arthur Gawr Yn Lle'r Neuadde ac yn y Fagwr Fawr.

A geirie hafaidd merch wrth dynnu'i chrys Draw wrth Lynnoedd Ieuan neu Nant Rhys.

Wedi mynd y bydd y cwbwl gyda hyn, Fel yr aeth yr hen dyddynod gwyn Ers llawer dydd o dan y coedydd cadarn

Ar y Peraidd Fynydd a Banc yr Adarn... 'You comin' up to Tom's Place later, then?' Mae hiraeth am ryw Gymraeg sy bron ar ben.

By Twm Morys 2012

One of the fourteen poems written in response to fourteen audio recorded monologues by Welsh speakers on the subject of Hiraeth, for the Hiraeth project 2012.

















Carchar Hieraeth

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Dyw e ddim gwerth ei gael os dy - na mae'n ei wneud;











Just as the shoreline itself is an archaeological and historical site, formed and reformed over centuries by the moving stones of here and there, Whall's quests capture a sense of place always in transition, always evolving, gliding playfully, and sometimes painfully, over continents like

Maybe we all need to move, maybe the things we think of as roots are really shackles...maybe the whole world, our adventures and misadventures in it, are all part of a game forefold, a mythic narrative written in the imagination and in words.

None of Whall's guests began with a fixed and certain itinerary in mind. All were thoroughly researched, but each journey predominantly sought out encounters with the unknown. A great journey needs plenty of time. If rushed, each experience risks becoming a kind of abstract package tour devoid of beauty and meaning. There is nothing to do on a great journey but pay attention.

Here, most often, is nothing more than the best perspective from which

History is written by the victorious and the victorious leave traces behind that allow us to build up a picture of the position they once held in the world they once inhabited. This picture becomes more focused through time, its increased visibility an indication of the socio-economic success of settled and sedentary communities. But the world is full of secret treasures, hidden unseen orders, buried across time and space by those who have lost their footing in the narrative of history. Perhaps they had no reason to record their lives in a permanent way. Perhaps their concerns being of those they loved was never lost, even when their features were long forgotten. Present now only to our senses in particular places, hidden treasures can still elicit a reaction as strong as if they were visible, often even stronger.

Like that night we swam out across the Bay towards the sunset. The evening light on your skin, the sea-salt on your lips. We have all we need.

In Ovid's Metamorphosis, transformation occurs during moments of crisis, often realized as an expression of intense passion. These transformations arise in specific temporal, geographical and mental places, at crossroads and different time zones. Whall navigates her way through the intricate connective tissue of vast landscapes, weaving her subjective and objective experiences of cultures together through song, poetry, swimming, loving, dreaming. Out of this comes an acknowledgement of the benefits and real disasters that genuine change can bring. Perhaps this is why the intoxicating whispers of a lover in the night, a terrible, trembling anxiety. A sensible response to an insensible age.

get through life – or that we are entitled to get through life – without having to earn our identities. Engaging with otherness is very different to imitating it. Engaging with otherness facilitates personal change and growth and this comes out of hardship. As we venture out beyond our familiar environments we learn to live with our hands, our feet and our hearts, we remember what the lives of those who walked before us never

Whall challenges the assumption that we are entitled to be what we are

without labour or pain. Each guest confronts the notion that we can

We recover within us some of the native integrity of the wild.

Beauty can so often move us to tears. We see it all the time in film; when there is connection, reconciliation, when we declare our love, when we overcome. We cry because our own best hopes for the world so rarely get a chance to thrive. We cry because it is so hard to forget. We cry because we are fatal. We cry because our desire to have our losses reinstated uninterruptedly affects us through and through. We cry because we are not conversant enough with the language of our hearts to hear what love has to say. We cry when we learn the dark truth: love's arrival is only ever

We cry when we remember the quieter truths we forget to live by in

Images / texts : Artist and Authors Design : Chalet Alpin Publisher : Foldedsheet™ Printed in England 2015

ISBN 978-0-9568607-5-0

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ISBN 978-0-9568607-5-0 British Library Cataloguing-in-Publication Data A catalogue record for this publication is available from the British Library.

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