

moss.quarry.plaque

Margaret Woodward and Camilla Brueton ©

Score for two voices, call and response

Voice 1: Black

Voice 2: Blue

Imagine if you will the planet as an orange suspended by a net bag of fine mesh. Each square in the mesh measures a precise 3 square metres. The Earth divided into a grid of 57 trillion 3-by-3-metre squares.

Imagine the surface of Earth viewed from space by satellite imagery, covered in this grid. The geolocating system What3Words languages this invisible geometric grid. Each square furnished with three words.

Three words.

For each 3-by-3 square meters, What3Words allocates a unique three-word address. So wherever we are on the planet our precise location can be 'read' using this three word string.

We walk, we amble, we pause.

walk.amble.pause

Three words.

With smart phones in hand, we send photographs and messages.
Messages crossing hemispheres.
Written in code.

Our code is comprised of six words.

Six words.

simply.resists.perky
quarry.dream.hill

The first string of words are delivered anonymously to our smart phones from the satellite's view.

crest.escape.bench

In our respective hemispheres, one north, one south, we read the 3 word prompts.

With our feet on the ground.

And just as fleeting sensations, reflexes and memories compose us, we compose the rest of the code.

crest.escape.bench
mossy.roof.protects

mimes.flows.renews
Songs.endure.flows

snitch.flow.recorder
ancestor's.foot.fall

contain.fizzy.origins
moss.resides.here

Six words.

Imagine if you will, two artists –
One in Hobart/Tasmania – nipaluna/ lutruwita
And one in Cardiff, Wales – Yng Nghaerdydd, Cymru

Two artists who have never met.

Two artists tethered each to the other in their respective places, the way moss tethers to stone and to the arc of the earth as it reaches between sunrise and sunset.

Call and response.

The six words locate us, a shorthand code of reassurance.

Are you there?

We riff, resist and reset the imposition of the grid of words with our own ground truthing. A kind of poetic shorthand.

riff.resist.reset

Two artists remote sensing.
Sensing the remote.

We walk through our cities, each noticing the things that push up through the cracks, the moss that colonises stone, plaques that colonise our cities, quarries that set foundations in continuous motion. Crevice communities.

alarmed.monument.update
moss.finds.brick

employ.moguls.complain
gentrified.flour.rubble

Meshes of words. Invisible, mycelial.
Reaching out as tendrils through the city.

random.word.play.

Word associations, trigger cascades of word associations.
Codewords criss-cross our screens, crossing hemispheres.
New neural pathways push through the mesh that entangles histories and place.
Ancestors, descendants, immigrants, invaders and neighbours.

Equal.spots.define
past.present.movement

Are you where?

I'm at the disused quarry, peering through wire mesh to the old Earth Station
satellite dish.

This quarry, now emptied to the city below.
Footings, foundations, headstones and flagstones secure its resident's foothold.
Public and private memorials quarried while embankments burst and spill.
Future-proofing rivulet and wharf, home and hearth.

bedrock.bursts.below
private.unauthorised.boom

Monumental stonemasons write the city's score.

'THIS SIMPLE STONE'

Plaques to remember. Paving to forget.

Are you where?

I'm at Knocklofty at the disused quarry.
I frequent this place in my dreams where I'm at the foot of a grassy, open-wooded hill. I'm
always trying to climb it but I never reach the top.

[quarry.dream.hill](#)

I enter [quarry.dream.hill](#) into my What3Words app and it takes me to a forest on the edge of the Clackamas River in Oregon. As if in a dream I hover above a forest of pine trees, I can see their trunks, (or is it the shadows of the trunks), the omnipresent grid overlays everything, and again I'm peering through the mesh.

A sudden swerve and I'm somewhere else – a carpark in Jeddah, the Yukon or the Arctic circle invisible but for the satellite's eye.

[Or Cardiff.](#)

And then there's the ocean, so many squares, with all that water constantly in motion, yet frozen by the satellite's image.

[reservoir.platform.sweep](#)

takes me to a square of scrub near the central Kalahari near a place called Deception. Try typing it in to go there yourself.

[dish.antenna.vibrate](#)

and I'm in leaf peeping season in upstate New York.

[surveillance.face.beyond](#)

gets me close to the new Mexico-Arizona border.

[remnant.boulders.retain](#)

now I'm heading north from Mt Isa, to a square on a wrinkle on a desert. Somewhere near to, but still far from, Gunpowder and Three Rivers, on Highway 83. Am I still in America?

[earth.scar.orange](#)

I land in a beautiful green field near Epping in England.

[household.quarry.gifts](#)

And its late afternoon on the side of a mountain near Colorado springs, I can see the long shadows of the conifer trunks.

[moss.quarry.plaque](#)

My app tells me now I'm on Nunavut Land Claims Agreement – Taloyoak Inuit Owned Land.

Zoom in and I can see lakes and tarns, but lose my sense of scale. Here even the grid gives up its hold.

There are no names to anchor and orient me to this place.

[Is this Tundra?](#)

Zoom in again and the land pixelates before the message repeats apologetically across my screen;

'Sorry we have no imagery here'
'Sorry we have no imagery here'
'Sorry we have no imagery here'
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Are you there?

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[geometry.meets.dictionary](#)

Three words

Three words times 57 trillion.

[171 trillion words draped over the surface of the earth. In trios and as couplets, a tightly woven mesh.](#)

The weight of languaging.

[This language that colonises place, carried first as spores that then take hold.](#)

You tell me the Welsh word for moss.

[mwsogl.](#)

You tell me that Welsh words sound like they've grown out of the earth.

[mwsogl.coeden.green](#)
moss.tree.green

[pa.fford.nawr](#)
Which.way.now

I think about words pushing up from the ground, of fungi lifting paving stones, cracking asphalt.

embers.pelted.pace
colony.clings.thrives

I think about the languages spoken in this place before the spores of English invaded.

It's soft, and full of the earth.

I'm listening.

Ancestor's footfall.

Hunting ground, burial ground.

A city built from its quarry.

Plaques to remember, paving to forget.

With namesakes and memorials, the twinning endures.

Foundation stones laid for patron saints and citizens.

Rebeccas, dancers and nightingales, defend, yearn and sing.

Oh patriotic land.

Severance and rupture is sutured by forgetting.

Mycelial networks of memory and surveillance reach for their lost twin.

Fan out across the global mesh to Jeddah, Illinois and Cardiff.

Gunpowder, Deception, Three Rivers and Highway 83

Bedrock bursts below.