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SUE RAINSFORD

A TEXT IN RESPONSE TO
GATEWAYS, AN EXHIBITION BY FIONA MCDONALD
KING HOUSE, BOYLE, CO. ROSCOMMON





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ROSCOMMON VISUAL ARTS
WRITER IN RESIDENCE 2018

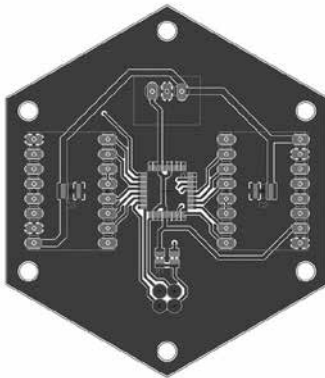
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KING HOUSE, BOYLE, CO. ROSCOMMON
SEPT 1ST - SEPT 27TH, 2018

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When we first encountered this data we lacked the descriptive capacity to contain it, and so it bled over its margins. This bleeding was at times simply inconvenient, and at others deeply harmful. At those harmful times, it caused irrevocable irrepar.

It took us time to capture this data, and then even longer to effectively enclose it. Longer, still, to manipulate it in such a way that it came to be of use. Following the full-proofing of this effective manipulation, aspects of our planet began to bloom. Following this blooming, we looked about for other life-speckled astronomical bodies that would benefit from this data. That were most urgently in need of assistance.

We saw you on the tower that you had built for watching and knew that yours was such a body. We knew also that this data, should we pass it to you, would break with your conception of the order of the world. And so, we asked ourselves: *what forms can we conjure that might allow you hypothesize and speculate, as we have come, ourselves, to hypothesize and speculate?*



#1 A series of discs were distributed. From a hole in the centre of each disc we imprinted a spiral, a pattern so often recurring on your many relics and totems. Were you to have turned these discs in the way the spirals insinuated, from their rims there would have emanated concentric waves, and after thirty three rotations the waves would have commenced to thrum faster and faster. But it seemed our pattern was too obscure.

#469 For seven minutes a day over 349 days we made hover a soundless orb that left no vapour. It hovered near your tower and was quickly seen. We were certain its movement and aseptic flight would beg scrutiny and inquiry, but it was judged to be an atmospheric phenomenon, a trickery of light.

Following these multiple mechanical failures, we decided to approach you symbiotically, and so prompted a portal inside of which this new data would perceptively unfold. It was an entry you could come upon with little or no instruction and once it was built you did, indeed, step inside it easily.

But those of you who came upon the opening were unexpectedly underwhelmed.

It was not what you had anticipated, apparently, of information pertaining to the celestial, and so it went unrecognised. We had crafted a careful, legible circuitry, where you had anticipated a tiered cascade inside of which light would rupture, inside of which light would bend, inside of which time and space would be entirely and irreversibly annihilated. The portal we had made was too geometric and insufficiently akin to a star, or what it seems you think of when you think of a star, which is an astronomical event scorching you with its intensity, transforming you with its light.

You were expecting to see something that it would break you to see.

It is, at present, impossible for you to see that yours are not the only minor, mortal bodies inside this solar system. There are others that burn and in burning glow a bitter orange and

this colour, cast across a given patch of sky, is what you detect with radar and sensor, what you speak of when you speak of "soul" and "orgone".

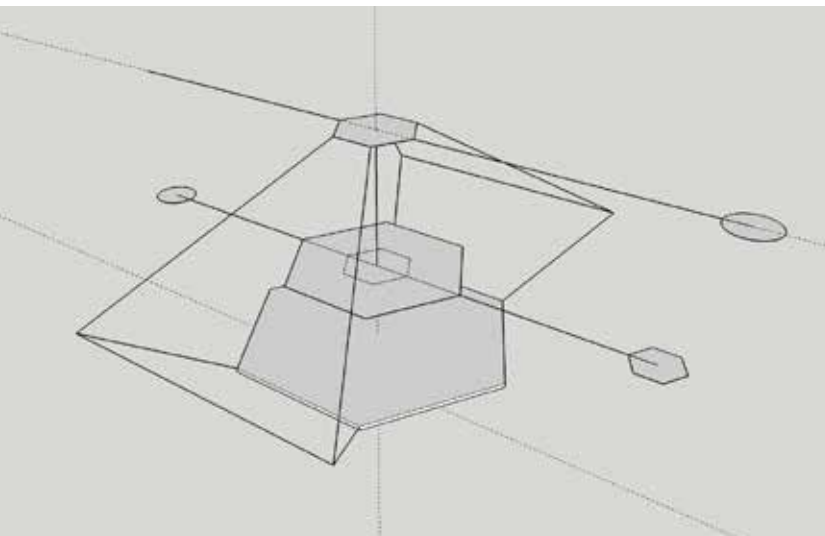
You were expecting to see something that it would break you to see, and so you saw nothing.

Nonetheless: we have since seen rudimentary versions of the data mimicked inside your personal technologies, the communicative and informational portals you carry on your person. And so, in this sense, we have transmitted something of the nature of this data, and made some progress in dismantling your preconceptions of a foreign, celestial object.

(Though it may be made of light, a celestial object can also be tracked and postulated like any other object. The light intensity of a celestial object, indeed, can be graphed as a function of time, and its weight can be redistributed. Deposited and shuffled over like silt.)

There are other things we might tell you with your words but we are unfluent in your tongue and, in any case, there is little that can be said directly of this data that we wish to send you, as you as yet lack the speculative capacity to fathom its meaning.

It would be better to ask you to envisage a glass dome that has ruptured but kept its shape while trembling, while continually threatening to slip out of place.



A ruin in constitution, but not in
practice.

If you can hold this in your mind,
if you can hold in your mind the
notion of something that is
a ruin
in constitution
but not
in practice
you are beginning to have some
sense of the technology we are
attempting to impart to you.

But first, we must stoke your
perceptive imagination, which is a
faculty as yet unrealised. This is
why, currently, you can come face to
face with the data we are presenting
and remain unable to comprehend it.

What you have fallen prey to, as
well as over-excavation, is over-
excitation.

This has numbed your more expansive
cognitive parts, which you might think
of as muscles as yet unflexed, and while
their first flexing will be painful,
thereafter the scope of your body will
be permanently altered.

In order to access what we are
presenting, it is this group of
muscles, the perceptive imagination,
that must be galvanised.

Otherwise you will never conceptualise
this modular iteration, this method we
would like to impart.

In short: there is a message that we
would like to tell you.

As before: inside the portal there
is a circuit.

Inside the circuit there is a code
by which one can harness a radiant
energy.

This energy is both endless and
resilient, and functions in a way
not dissimilar to supernovae, were
supernovae to forget themselves and
indiscriminately complexify. It is both
a melding and a fracture, governed by
simultaneity, incapable of yielding.
Its heat is a heat that will intensify
and serve you in making repairs to the
over-excitation you have wrought.

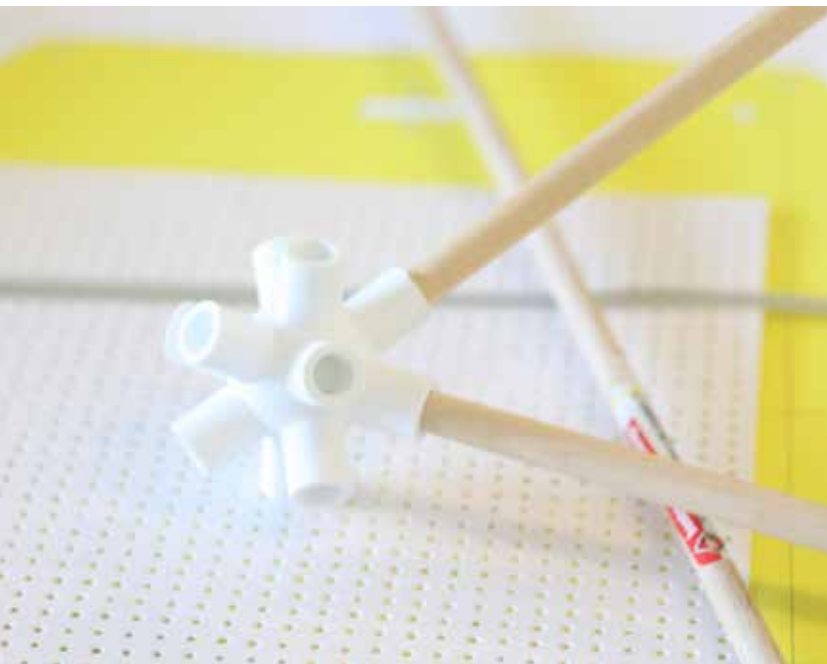
If you read this, and if it makes sense to you, follow the path to the portal.

If you have not apprehended the portal within the next 50,000 days we will attempt another message.

We will send another sign.

Sue Rainsford

Images by Fiona McDonald
Circuit design by David Murphy



ABOUT ROSCOMMON ARTS CENTRE'S VISUAL ART WRITER IN RESIDENCE

Visual Art Writer's Sue Rainsford and Joanne Laws are the Roscommon Arts Centre's Visual Art Writer's in Residence for 2018. During this time, Joanne & Sue are invited to write critical texts on selected exhibitions and projects happening across the county. The intention of this residency is to allow writers to experiment with their writing style and explore new ways of disseminating their work. Their writings will be available at Roscommon Arts Centre and online as they are published.

Sue Rainsford is a writer & researcher based in Dublin. Her practice is concerned with hybrid, lyric and embodied texts, and explicit fusions of critical and corporeal enquiry. She is a recipient of the VAI/DCC Critical Writing Award and the Arts Council Literature Bursary Award. Recent projects include The Freud Project Residency at IMMA, where she collaborated with Bridget O'Gorman to respond to Lucian Freud's assertion 'I want the paint to feel like flesh'. Her debut novel, *Follow Me To Ground*, is available from New Island Books, and she was recently awarded a fellowship at The MacDowell Colony, New Hampshire.

Fiona McDonald is an interdisciplinary artist based in Dublin. She works primarily with sculpture, installation, print, hardware and code. She is a recipient of the Arts Council of Ireland Bursary Award 2018. Recently she has been an Art in Science Resident at UCD Parity Studios where she collaborated with researchers in both the Space Science and High Energy Astrophysics Groups at the School of Physics. She is a current visiting research assistant at OMG the Orthogonal Methods Group at CONNECT the Science Foundation Ireland Research Center for Future Networks and Communications. Other recent commissions include a Science Gallery Dublin Commission to create an artwork in collaboration with researchers from CONNECT & AMBER at Trinity College Dublin. Recent exhibits include *ICOE* at Science Gallery Dublin, *Light Lines* at Mermaid Arts Center and *U-turn* The Library Project.

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