

RUA RED  
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Opening hours:  
Mon - Sat, 10am - 6pm

RUA RED, South Dublin Arts Centre is pleased to announce a solo exhibition by Marie Farrington.

Marie Farrington's sculptures trace the intimate intersections between history, knowledge and the act of making through an exploration of the subtle forces and entropies contained within materials. *In good faith they waited for gravity* presents a series of new works that act as delicate testing grounds within which ideas of convention and purpose may be considered, lending agency to invisible forces and revealing the tiny occurrences that unfold within the life of each object. While reflecting on the traditional subject matter of art history, the works included in the exhibition consider how materials may become imbued with value and meaning through time spent in contact with human processes. Each sculpture acts in conversation with the historical trajectories that have birthed it, drifting between its current, provisional form and the future existence it relentlessly suggests.

Marie Farrington (b. 1990) studied in DIT (BA, 2013) and NCAD (PDE, 2014; MA, 2015). She was the recipient of the 2014 RUA RED Graduate Award and Bursary.

Recent exhibitions include Periodical Review #4, Pallas Projects/Studios; /Glitch Festival, RUA RED, South Dublin Arts Centre; *COE 14*, Clarendon, curated by Michelle Cotton; *Stone Soup*, Limerick, curated by Basic Space; *A Subtle Matter*, Catalyst Arts Belfast, curated by Amy Brooks; *Origins*, Lismore Castle Arts, curated by Eamonn Maxwell; *The Producers*, Dublin, curated by Vaari Claffey.

Marie was the recipient of the 2014/15 Visual Culture Postgraduate Scholarship at NCAD, the 2013 DIT Student Academic Excellence Award and the Best Undergraduate Thesis (Fine Art). She completed a residency at IMMA in January 2013 as part of Basic Space Press, was selected by ELIA to represent Ireland in the 2013 NEU/NOW Festival and was recently awarded the Firestation Artist Studios' Sculpture Workshop Award and Bursary (2015).

For more information please visit [www.mariefarrington.com](http://www.mariefarrington.com)

RUA RED, South Dublin Arts Centre presents

# IN GOOD FAITH THEY WAITED FOR GRAVITY

*Marie Farrington*

20 June - 18 July 2015

With an essay by Eimear Walshe



From miles above, a warm drip fell upon the stargazer lily. It landed on the white rim of a soft thick petal, which bobbed gently under the sudden weight of the new arrival.

The glassy bead hesitated on the petal's curled edge, then dipped and slithered into the fleshy blushing furrow that runs down its middle. Along this velvety course there are little dark flecks, which swell up into lumps, and then long polyps nearer the flower's centre. The drip paused each time it met one of these protrusions, gathered itself, and pushed on again towards the flushed heart of the flower.

The six petals overlapped at their base and arched backwards into pointed tips with gently crimped edges. The reproductive organs stood out well clear of the petals, in anticipation. The plant held the flower out on a short stiff limb, its head appeared to cock pensively towards the sky.

Lilies propagate sexually through flowers and seeds and asexually through bulb or stem bulbets, and through human intervention by cloning from tissue culture.

Although they are hermaphroditic, lilies are self-sterile, meaning that they cannot pollinate themselves. Instead they rely on insects, wind, or humans to make the exchange between flowers. Having two sexes, any lily plant can perform the female (pod parent) and/or male (pollen parent) roles. In human-lead pollination, the pod parent's pollen-bearing anthers are often removed before they are ripe, to avoid unproductive self-pollination.

The drip sat for a while in the hollow space at the base of the petals just above the nectary. The vaulted arches of the flower stretched out above it, showy and luridly pink. At the tip of the female organ, a clear sticky liquid emitted from between the three lobes. Six anthers reached around the ovary's flanks, dense with pollen and split open with ripeness.

One of the anther's thin green stalks had drooped slightly below the rest. The drip was drawn down onto the base of this stalk, and inched along it, bottom-heavy and slow. Gravity pulled and coerced it along the thin straw towards the powdery orange tip.

If pollen fails to become a fertilising agent, it still has the opportunity of becoming a potent antigen. It can cause receptive people's noses and eyes to weep uncontrollably with no cure but to eat local honey, and if possible, relocate to a seaside town.

Instances of seasonal allergies have increased in cities since the practice of planting only male trees was introduced. Female trees became unpopular with city planners because they produce nuts and fruits that litter the streets and shed sap that congeals on the windscreens of cars that park underneath them. The decision to plant cities with only male trees creates a disproportionate surplus of pollen desperate to find a resting place.

Often the pollen makes its way into the respiratory systems of an area's human inhabitants, causing health problems. In one neighborhood in Albuquerque, separatist feminists have planted female only poplars on the streets. As a result the footpaths are a snowy mess of poplar fluff. The annual downpour of frothy plumes does not bother the inhabitants, as the female trees have resulted in fewer cases of respiratory problems, increased quality of life and a longer average lifespan.

As a preventative measure, petroleum jelly rubber inside the nose can mimic the female plant's secretion, which attracts and catches pollen, preventing it from entering the body.

The anthers were poised perpendicular to their stalks. The dense clusters of precariously balanced yellow dust stood ready, defensive.

When the drip finally reached the pollen, it resisted. The liquid sat on top of specks. Then micro-pocks on the surface of each of the grains of pollen began to fill with water and the ridges between these holes became soft and less defined. The pollen turned clammy and dark and merged with the drip into a gritty stain. It oozed along the deep cleft in the anther, collecting flecks which further coloured the liquid as it went.

The ovary sat waiting high above, but the drip continued to pull downwards to a new destination.

The Stargazer lily is a genetically modified hybrid created in 1978 by Leslie Woodruff. The precise parenting of the original plant is undocumented. The pink breed is understood to signify prosperity, optimism, and passion, as distinct from the symbolism of mourning and death associated with its white counterpart.

However, the cheery colouring does not dispel the association between lilies and death, but rather reinforces it. The exaggeratedly anterior positioning of the reproductive parts of the flower, betrays the plant's awareness of its own finitude. The excess of pollen cantilevered on overreaching stems might point towards a notion of urgency in the face of an inevitable fate.

The flower sighs. This clump of wet pollen is irretrievable. Its wide leaves wave. The hanging drip quivers and finally succumbs, dropping from leaf to leaf like a gold coin towards the damp black earth.

Eimear Walshe