

# THE DOCK

**Tilt**

Noémie Goudal



## Introduction

Noémie Goudal constructs illusionistic interventions in the landscape, captured through photography, film and sound. Deploying scenography and staging devices, she expands photography beyond its conventional parameters into immersive installations, informed by her interest in paleoclimatology. While human temporality does not align with the deep time of geological processes, she seeks to visualise the effort that goes into making the landscape.

Created for the Prix Marcel Duchamp, *Supra Strata* (2024) is a single channel film projecting a flourishing ecosystem dissolving in an acid storm. The artist leaves visual clues or 'flaws' for the viewer that signal the trompe l'oeil construction; she does not use software to manipulate the image, but prefers physical, artisanal methods that play on perspectives. While Goudal's work retraces the evolution of the landscape without humans, here her motivation shifts from the study of ancient climates to the discovery and formal classification of plastic, or 'plastiglomerate', among sedimentary rocks.

Over the course of the film, her construction is revealed – a dazzling tragedy of the landscape.

Goudal's *Terrella* sculptures (2023) draw on the history of Earth sciences and on significant theories about the Earth's formation, from antiquity to the present day. Some of these theories turned out to be true, others false or still unresolvable. The term 'terrella', Latin for 'little earth', refers to a small ball serving as a model of our planet. The *Terrella* sculptures are a methodology for contemplating humanity's evolving understanding of the world's form and constant state of transformation. Using scenography techniques, the sculptures are interwoven with the artist's now iconic photographic works of architectural constructions including *Observatoires* (2013-2014).

Finally, *Rocks* (2024) is a meditation on the vast timescales embedded in rock formations, highlighting the imperceptible processes that shape landscapes, from tectonic pressure to sedimentation. This projection onto print prompts reflection, once again, on the concept of deep time. Goudal's work transcends the physicality of

materials, encouraging viewers to consider how these natural structures have formed and evolved. While we understand that rocks erode over time, in the moment, they seem enduring.

## **Acknowledgements**

*Tilt* is curated by Mary Conlon and Linda Shevlin. The exhibition is produced by Laura Mahon, Visual Arts & Education Manager. Our thanks to Berta Zubrickaitė, Liz O'Dowd, Krzysztof Kuczerawy, Aaron Dobson, Jonathan Harte, Terry Leahy, Pdraig Bohan, Terry Markey, Paul Cabena, Charlie Perpoil, Barry McHugh, Seán McHugh, Johnny Markey, Ray Duffy and Gusclad Ltd. for production and technical support.

The artist is represented by Edel Assanti, London. The Dock is supported by the Arts Council of Ireland and Leitrim County Council.

## **List of Works**

1. *Untitled (Mountain) I*, 2021
2. *Supra Strata*, 17 mins 47 secs, 2024
3. *Rocks*, 4 mins 13 secs, 2024

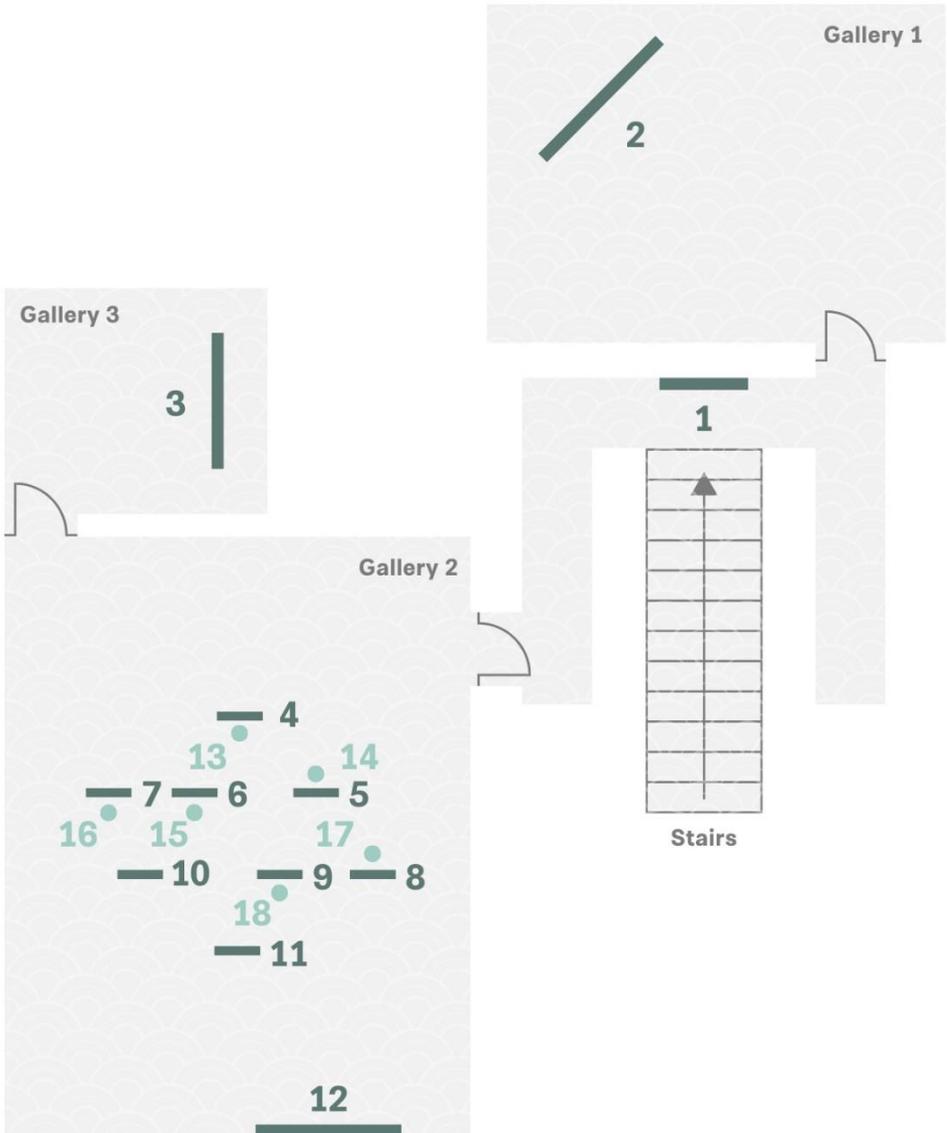
### **----- Photography -----**

4. *Soulèvement IV*, 2018
5. *White Pulse III*, 2023
6. *Observatoire II*, 2013
7. *Observatoire V*, 2013
8. *Soulèvement I*, 2018
9. *Observatoire X*, 2014
10. *Soulèvement VI*, 2018
11. *White Pulse VI*, 2023
12. *Démantèlement III*, 2019

### **----- Sculptures -----**

13. *Les Ciels de Dante*, 2023
14. *La Tectonique de Wegener*, 2023
15. *Les Montagnes Attirées par Les Étoiles d'Arezzo*, 2023
16. *Le Monde Aléatoire d'Aristote*, 2023
17. *La Terre Creuse d'Edmond Hailey*, 2023
18. *La Terre Aplatie de Newton*, 2023

# Map



# **Another Name for Rainfall**

Sue Rainsford

Eon (i)

The storm was visible.

The storm was visible from a long way away.

The storm was visible from a long way away, where it raged on the horizon.

The storm was visible from a long way away, where it raged on the horizon—it had  
the heft of God.

Grey arrangement of clouds that sparkled at their core with some force  
beyond mere lightning. It rolled and spread and took the sun  
like it was a flashing coin and not a blazing orb  
I had learned to worship.

It was, until that moment, a pristine truth of this world;  
daylight hours of butter and daffodil tones.  
Their irrefutable duration.  
But—that impending  
swathe of ozone.

It saw us born into  
the day's inversion.  
A sleeker bodied  
version of nightfall.

And, it was  
only commencing.

Eon (ii)

This weather event, it bled.

This weather event, it bled across boundaries.

This weather event, it bled across boundaries by which countries knew themselves.

This weather event, it bled across boundaries by which countries knew themselves  
and saw the lakes and the mountains transcend.

The storm began to stir the ground—a filigree reworking of soil and sand. It whipped the rain into a latticework that gathered all across the skyline, and it reached down my throat; made quick work of language. Undid all my little words.

*Terra* no longer meant land, earth or territory. It meant the cracked heel that has scaled a rolling hill. Tender arch of that same foot, taking its thousandth upward step. Terra: the surety that you will never stand still again. No more constant granite beneath you, only a rug that shifts and shifts, buoyant on some errant breeze.

Yes, that is what terra meant:

a center,

d r i f t i n g.

And, *firmament*—it no longer meant the sealed vault of heaven. No longer a celestial backdrop or expanse of sky. It meant a back on the brink of breaking. It meant those thin bones upon which rest the cosmos: quick-to-fracture ribs where there should be buttressed pillars of inexhaustible stone. It meant the sky, relenting; revealing itself as so many penetrable folds and refusing its role as buffer between us and the coming

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Eon (iii)

When the sky comes for you, it is an animal.

When the sky comes for you, it is an animal like no other.

When the sky comes for you, it is an animal like no other, its nose deep in your scent  
and its gait quick and low.

That foundering sky taught me a lesson in gossamer; strands of illumed ozone  
beneath the moon which was the sun beyond a veil which was the storm rushing to  
upturn our sandy shore which was millennia's worth of rocks worn into infinitude.

It was a lesson I learned in a windstruck woodland. I learned it ankle-deep in the  
melt-water run off the high mountain glaciers, stepping on shelves of soil that were  
in fact shelves of ether.

Soft patter of warming rainfall sundering the high trees' canopy. Where their flowers  
had been white, they were tinged with pink's every hue. Where their leaves had been  
green they flickered orange, and curled.

I told the sky—that faltered spine,  
*I am a weft of silk and the threads are giving.*

Rainfall; it meant, now, *This place where I will disperse.*

It meant *The shape I'll leave having lain on my side with my hands clasped and my back  
bent.*

It meant, *This iridescence that has come for me.*

another name for rainfall  
sue rainsford

Eon (iv)

Walking through the reconstituted woodland I came upon a rock.

Walking through the reconstituted woodland I came upon a rock scarred by wind.  
Walking through the reconstituted woodland I came upon a rock scarred by wind, its  
bulk a marker of time.

I thought my eyes had been undone by that same scarring wind when I saw the stone  
give way.

One single shard, alone—caught on the updraft, a fleck of stone.  
That was all: a rock giving up a part of itself from a pockmarked divot where its  
surface was worn.  
That was all.  
And yet—it remade my eyes, to see it.  
Pulled a new sliver of iris to the fore.

You will know how a thing is made when the rain has come, because when the rain  
has come all things will loosen.  
Spill of ash.  
Glimmer of silt.  
Sunlight catching on the palm trees' rootwork.  
A colony of smoky plumes rising from the hot and fragrant earth, the rainfall  
tempering its own low fire—quiet flame its own hot droplets kindled.  
Your eyes remade with every blink.  
Rainfall; it means l

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It means igneous. It means quick to flare, ready to bloom.

another name for rainfall  
sue rainsford



Rainfall: quickening lustre, sharing its gleam  
with what was once wood, once husks and loam.

Rainfall: quickening lustre, sharing its gleam.

Rainfall: quickening lustre.

Rainfall: quickening.

\*

## **Biographies**

**Noémie Goudal** graduated from the Royal College of Art with an MA in Photography. She was shortlisted for the Prix Marcel Duchamp in 2024. Her work is held in public collections including Centre Pompidou, France; David Roberts Art Foundation, UK; FOAM Museum, The Netherlands; Fotomuseum Winterthur, Switzerland; High Museum of Art, USA; Kadist Art Foundation, France; Kiran Nadar Museum of Art, India; Moderna Museet, Sweden; and the Victoria & Albert Museum, UK.

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**Sue Rainsford** is an Irish fiction and arts writer based in Dublin. A graduate of Trinity College and IADT, she completed her MFA in Writing & Literature at Bennington College, USA. She is a recipient of the VAI/DCC Art Writing Award, the Arts Council Literature Bursary Award and a MacDowell Fellowship. She has been awarded residencies at IMMA and Maynooth University, and recent commissions include RTÉ Radio 1 and BBC Radio 4.

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