

NOVEMBER_2013_

The Good, the Bad, the Indifferent

CONOR MARY FOY

'Adiaphora'

Kevin Kavanagh Gallery, Dublin

30 October (Live performance 7.15pm) – 2 November, 2013.



CONOR MARY FOY
 Top left: *Vitous* 2013, digital film.
 Bottom left: *Roarer* 2013, digital film.
 Right: *Watcher III*, lambda print on diabond, 2013.

Afterward, under the glaring gallery lights, Foy's photographic and digital works revealed a sense of explorational play that was absent from the regimental routine of the LIVE performance; as if the handcuffs of fetishistic

planning had been discarded. Wearing casual, everyday dress against a forest backdrop, individual (let's call them 'henchmen') come decorated with ceremonial pointed hats of gold, silver and pink mylar, that double as masks with neither eye nor nose holes. Standing, arms by their sides, they portray the contradiction of blind indifference and being dressed to impress – public and private man canceling each other out. For this reason Foy's *adiaphoric* theatre of indifference could also be seen as a theatre of suppression, with the potential of violent/sexual liberation within a herd mentality.

In Foy's films the artist's creativity seems unbound by procession or doctrine. In the digital work *Roarer*, a masked performer gears up with the same ratchet instrument used in the LIVE performance, but the droning this time crescendoes into a ROAR. Foy's improvised instrument acts as a tormented voice-box for the faceless (emotionless) performer. In the digital work *Vitous*, another troop of masked performers dance in the woods as if miming a mosh pit. Liberated. Drunk.

Foy's performing troop (whom I suspect the artist is conducting rather than performing with?) suggests the KKK klansmen of Philip Guston, the S&M liminality of Eva Rothchild and ritual 'get-togethers' of Clodagh Emoe. Falling on the eve of All Hallows' Eve, Foy's allegory of ritual was calendar-specific; presumably a playfully scheduled event on the part of Kevin Kavanagh himself. Intentionally thematising Foy's art (with its obvious horror associations) against the annual festivities of Halloween had the potential of, well, reducing everything down to *Trick-'r-Treat*. However, the idiosyncratic accents in both aesthetic and conceptual delivery added lots of scope for the mind to wander while standing 'stiff'. You could call Foy's 'peacocking' (or cruising) in the wildernesses of leafy forest and after hours gallery as ritual porn. Whatever the label – it's less difficult to be an addict than indifferent.

'AT DAWN WE WILL STAND IN A CIRCLE HOLDING HANDS...;', with Conor Mary Foy and Nicky Teegan, opens tonight (14 November) with a live performance at TACTIC, Cork; runs till the 28 November.

Notes

- 1 Niamh McCooney's text can be read here:
[<http://niamhmccooney.wordpress.com/2013/10/24/adiaphora-conor-mary-foy-at-the-kevin-kavanagh-gallery/>]
- 2 Zygmunt Bauman and Leonidas Donskis, *Moral Blindness: The Loss of Sensitivity in Liquid Modernity*, Polity Press, 2013, p. 41.

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