

## Instructions for Clarity

“Welcome ...  
I'm pleased to see you all here today ...  
I knew it would be difficult for you, so I want to congratulate you on making it this far.  
I know you are all here looking for answers.  
I know you want to know why you are here, and about who all the others are in this room.  
Don't worry, your questions will be answered... all will be revealed in just a few moments.  
Just be patient.

In this world, our age is revealed by an orb embedded in the palm of our right hand that changes colour every seven years.

It is clear from age zero to six.  
Blue from age seven to thirteen.  
Red from age fourteen to twenty.  
It turns black at twenty one.

But you know this already ... so let me tell you something that you don't know.

Our maximum age is strictly legislated: twenty one years to the day.

That orb embedded in our palm turns black once we have reached our last day.

Congratulations, you have reached your last day.

You could have only failed if you wanted to quit.

Now, let me tell you something else.

Throughout your twenty one years, each of those colours in the palm of your right hand has not only represented your age, but also your sections of duty according to your age.

We each have four sections of duty in which we all must adhere to  
our duty to ourself, our duty to others and our duty to mankind

Today you must complete your final duty.

Your duty of sacrifice to all beings and other things

Sacrifice is giving up on something good for something better

Once you complete this final duty, you will be allowed onto the carousel in which you will renew, return to zero and the orb will be once again become transparent.

Only one of you will be allowed into the carousel.

Don't be afraid.

On the other side of your fear, lies your freedom.

You each are part of an arbitrary but finite number of decision makers

You are plural agents of altruism.

Or perhaps you are agents of pleasure and utility working under the guise of virtue?

There is only one way to find out.

You must each face each other forming a ring

Grab a hold of the adjacent hands

Right hand to left hand

Interlock you fingers

On the word "go", each of you must attempt to bend back your opponent's hand and inflict pain by straining their wrist.

This pain is your fear leaving your body

Tired? Sore? Out of breath? Sweaty?

Good ...

That means it's working.

Excuses are for those who don't want it bad enough.

Your identities are interchangeable

Your strategy is variable

Should you succeed?

Your strength will reveal your victory

Now lets begin.

Go.”

Nicky Teegan

## WHELM

Six people walk through a forest shouldering a long, rectangular wooden frame.

We view the figures from behind walking down a gradual incline. The path that they walk down is a muck track, the kind of path that isn't made by people in the sense of being laid or cleared but rather one that's been worn. Black rocks stud the ground.

The figures carrying the frame are dressed in everyday clothes, no different from any you would see on someone in the street or in a bar. On their heads are tall, stiff pointed hoods with no visible eyeholes. They appear to be made of metallic fabric. As they walk, their hoods sway and wobble on their heads and wind blows the material against their faces, revealing suggestions of noses and brows.

The forest itself is palpably silent and the crunches of their simultaneous footfalls create a broken rhythm.

Viewed from behind we can see that something covered in white cloth is suspended from the centre of the frame by rope. From above it becomes apparent that it is a human figure wrapped in a white shroud. As the ropes sway with the movement of the walking figures, so too does the figure in the shroud.

They continue down the track in this manner for several minutes before a low drone can be heard in the distance.

As they walk, the noise grows louder and louder, a low vibrating hum. It is apparent that they are walking towards it. It rises and fills the air until it begins to drown out the sound of their feet on the earth. A hazy, light rain begins to fall. The sky is a cold azure blue.

Slowly, they enter a clearing. High, dark forest surrounds the knee high grass, making the sky become a flat, glowing blue circle. The noise has become deafening. A tall figure with broad shoulders stands knee high in the grass. He is swaying violently with effort as he swings a large, flat diamond shaped piece of wood on a rope above his head at high speed. The noise is emanating from the diamond.

His black masked head rises as the other figures enter the clearing, he slows down the swinging and the diamond spins in a downward spiral until it lands with a dull thump on the grass. The clearing is now silent. He draws the wooden diamond towards him by the length of rope attached to it, and holds it in his hands, all the while without moving his head from its upright position. He stands in the silent clearing for a prolonged pause of about a minute, facing towards the six figures with the diamond held in his hands at his chest. The silence becomes filled with a tense dread as the single figure and the 6 figures stand, unmoving, facing each other.

Abruptly the figure holding the wooden diamond turns and walks briskly into the darkness of the forest.

Now the six figures slowly draw forwards into the clearing.

Among the rustling grass in the centre of the circular clearing is a large rectangular hole dug into the ground.

As they approach, the murky water that fills the hole ripples.

They walk forward, three on each side suspending the frame above the hole.

After a measured pause, slowly they begin to submerge the frame and the figure into the pit. The ropes creak. The cloth gradually begins to wick the muddy water, changing the figure in the frame from white to dark rust.

They let go, and figure and frame become fully lost under the dark water. They spread out around the pit and reach out to hold hands. They stand joined in a circle as streams of bubbles rise.

Conor Mary Foy

Printed on the occasion of the National College of Art and Design Gallery exhibition

*'At dawn we will stand in a circle, as the sun rises it will renew the souls of the pure'*  
A two person exhibition of Conor Mary Foy and Nicky Teegan

Exhibition open view Thursday, 10th April 2014, 6-8pm  
Exhibition continues from 11th April - 15th May 2014

NCAD Gallery, 100 Thomas Street, Dublin 8, Ireland  
Opening hours 11 - 5pm. Admission free.  
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