

Welcome

ARCHIE MOORE

I know of nothing more difficult than knowing who you are, and having the courage to share the reasons for the catastrophe of your character with the world.

— William H. Gass



Archie Moore 1970-2018 | *Camera Familiaris*, Griffith University Art Museum
Brisbane, 8 March - 21 April 2018 Archie Moore

Every time I watched TV it would explode in my face—especially if it was a CRT one; this no longer happens with plasma or LED TVs. When I stood on the footpath at the crossing I would always get hit by a car (to avoid death I'd position myself behind the traffic light pole—the vehicle wrapping around the pole like a hand becoming a fist). To avoid a deadly static shock I would quickly tap the metal doorknob with my index finger, withdrawing at a lightning speed—a speed faster than electricity can flow at. Thankfully, this is a very rare event these days. One less thing to worry about. There are still dangers today though; dangers everywhere. Today, they are more likely to be a stroke or a heart attack.

I'm not sure if I have a fear of death but I think about it often. Every time I fly the plane crashes. What I may instead suffer from is FOMO: a fear of missing out. I have an interest in what's happening in the world, where it all began and where it all ends. I want to know what the final days of the Earth will be like. Beginnings and endings: of the planet, of life, of my own life, of an art practice. I'd be a time-travelling grief tourist if I could, and I could if I mastered 'psychonavigation'—a type of astral projection where it is said you can travel into the past and future.

The discomfort of being in my own body may have created a desire to leave it. Maybe it was Omni that introduced me to this idea through an article on Out of Body Experiences, or OBEs. This magazine provided a path to ordering hypnosis books, audio tapes and videos on the subject. Our family didn't do holidays or travel very far from home but with astral travel you could potentially go anywhere within time and space. The closed door to new possibilities became ajar. One hypnosis tape began with a meditation segment designed to relax you into a suggestible state, but I could never proceed forward from this point as I'd be questioning everything that was said. **Imagine yourself¹ outside ... in nature² ... the sky is deep blue ... the sun is shining ... you are in a park³ ... the grass is green⁴.** Now, do I imagine myself in the park observing my surrounds through my POV or do I see myself *in* the park from above, outside my body?⁵ After many attempts I would try to pick just one of these two perspectives but still the session would be disrupted by the awareness of the alternate position. I couldn't relax or submit myself totally to the experiment. The door slammed shut again.

For most people, their home is part of their self-definition, which is why rooms are thoughtfully decorated and there are nice gardens. A manicured lawn serves little purpose, except to be a public face people put on, displaying their home as an extension of themselves. The patch of grass we had was mostly dead and full of prickles. The front of the house was fibro and full of holes. The areas that were painted, many years ago, were cracked with each brittle fragment curled up from baking in the hot sun. There were rusty, metal gauze windows and any one side of the structure would sink further into the filled-in melon hole every time there was a substantial downpour. You could see if anyone was home by looking through an irregular-shaped hole in the front door. This hole produced some magic one day. Splashing into the dark, soiled, fibro living-room wall was all this colour and movement. When I got closer I could see that it was the outside world projected upside down. I didn't know what a camera obscura was, nor had I ever been to a cinema, so I sat and watched this free movie for a while, fascinated by how it came to be there. Something to adore.

This battered residence that housed many memories and experiences, both bad and good, existed as an outward manifestation of my inner experience. In the same way that you influence your surroundings, your surroundings influence you. This place embarrassed me and comforted me, but was also inadequate in keeping me cool in the summer and warm in the winter. It was dysfunctional, and appears never to have been a distinguished place, either before or after poor choices in renovation. In spite of all that, the fact that the place couldn't appear much worse allowed my brother and I the freedom to ride our bikes through the house, draw on the walls and lounge—things no other kid could do in their home. This is my dwelling in the past and although it has been demolished long ago it lives on in many ways today. I am yet to leave home.

¹ Your self?

² Where?

³ Which park? All the ones around here are shit!

⁴ Which shade of green?

⁵ See how confusing this is?