

**[KIT]**

**autoskinning: passive abduction n°. 1**





Cover images: *Airbag Architecture*  
2001  
Side St. Projects,  
Los Angeles, USA  
mixed media

Design by: \*rhizomic



## I used to live in a car

"He gets a hard-on thinking about all of those networks and transfers and switchings. Yearning for more than a light bulb (although in a pinch that might do), he jacks off dreaming electricity and fibre-optic cables, the disembodied Eros lurking behind these crumbling, merely material walls. He thinks, I want out of this dungeon and into the mysteries behind the walls, returning to the core of life today rather than persisting in this vile body of which only remains the husk. It isn't going to be easy, but after so many years of deliberate, patient scheming, he imagines that he just might make it to the True Reality".

>>David Rimanelli, *Monster*

from Peter Halley, *Maintain Speed*, Distributed Art Publishers, New York, 2000. Pg 153

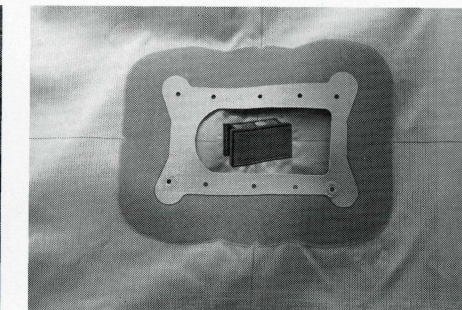
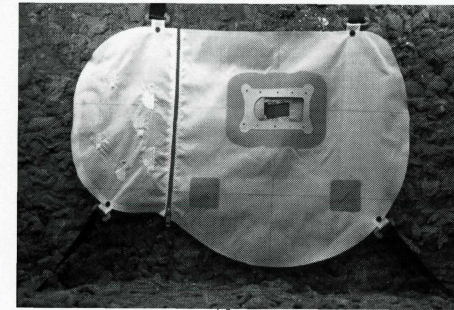
I once lived in a car. While living in the car I was generally struck by the variety of the architecture when I allowed myself the space for such contemplation. Admittedly confining when compared to the dimensions of a dumpster the car affords multiple uses and if managed correctly enables one to live a life of comfort beyond that which can be imagined. Yes there is no way one can have guests over but then that is not the point. One can always go out when guests arrive. The point was that within the car life was ordered, predictable and



safe. The car in question was a station wagon and even then not really a station wagon but more of "an estate". A Triumph Herald Estate to be precise. The vehicle was once owned by Sir Mountford Tosswill Woollaston and thus conveyed more than just the mundane, it conveyed an air of authority albeit related to the notion that Woollaston drove up and down the west coast of the South Island of New Zealand, Haast to Hokatika and beyond, hawking his Rawleigh products to the general population and dreaming of painting.

The vehicle was acquired by pure chance. A random advertisement in the newspaper on a day when I was looking for something like a car. The vehicle became an abode when I travelled beyond the city to visit points north. It was 1986 and I had no job, no prospect of a job and didn't even want one. This was before air-bags, before mammoth turbo diesel four by four wheel drive Japanese imports, before GPS assisted navigation and before the advent of daily/morning motorway crash reports via the National Radio Network.

The car was my safety net, until the chassis detached from the body on Auckland's Southern Motorway sometime in 1989, it enabled me to experience a space in which to travel and to think and to dream. I was forced to live in it for months on end and when it did finally die I still lived in it, even when I had the god forsaken job I still lived in it and used a skateboard to get to work. The attachment and reliance was that strong. I was finally forced into a proper suburban existence when

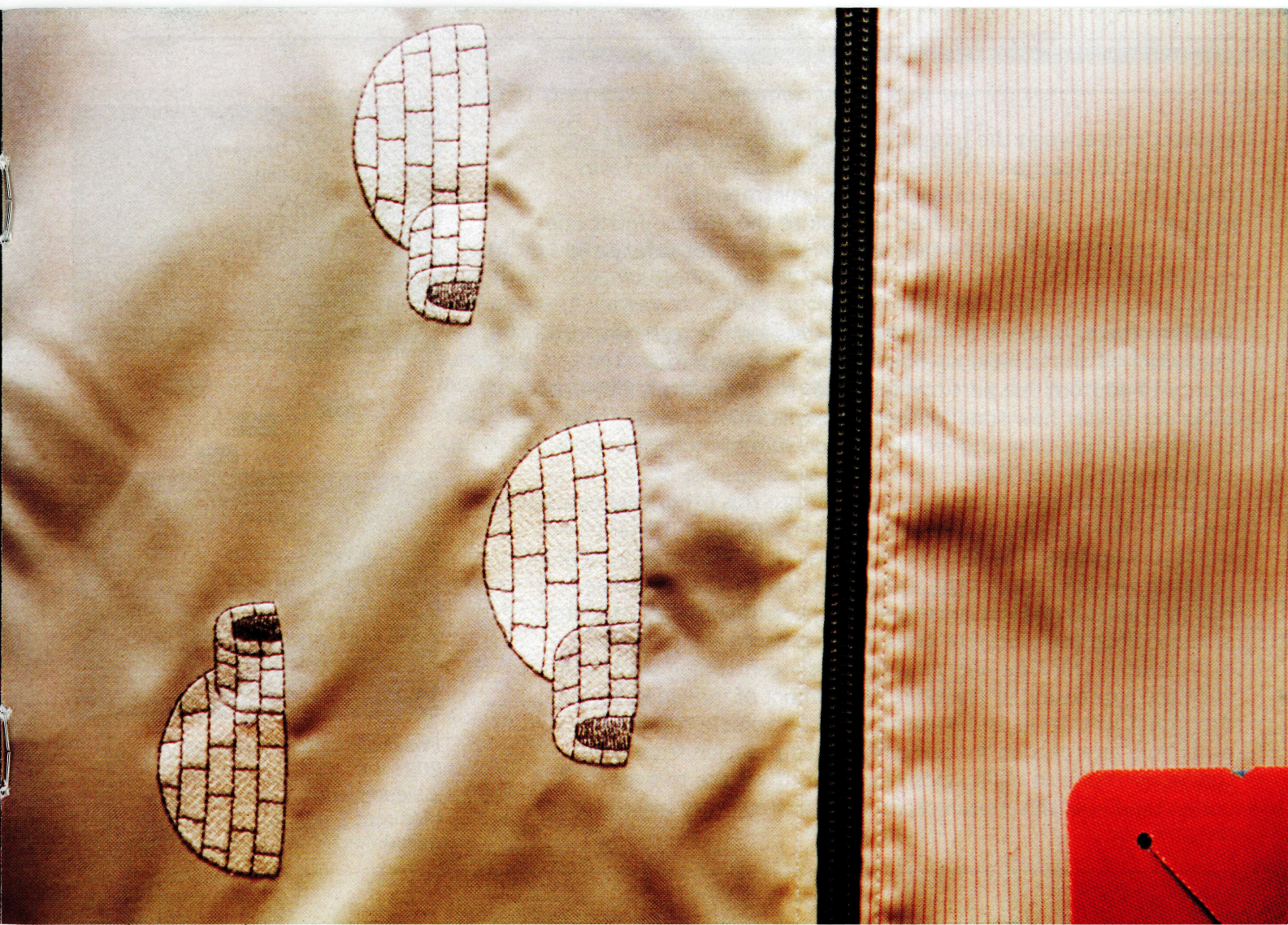
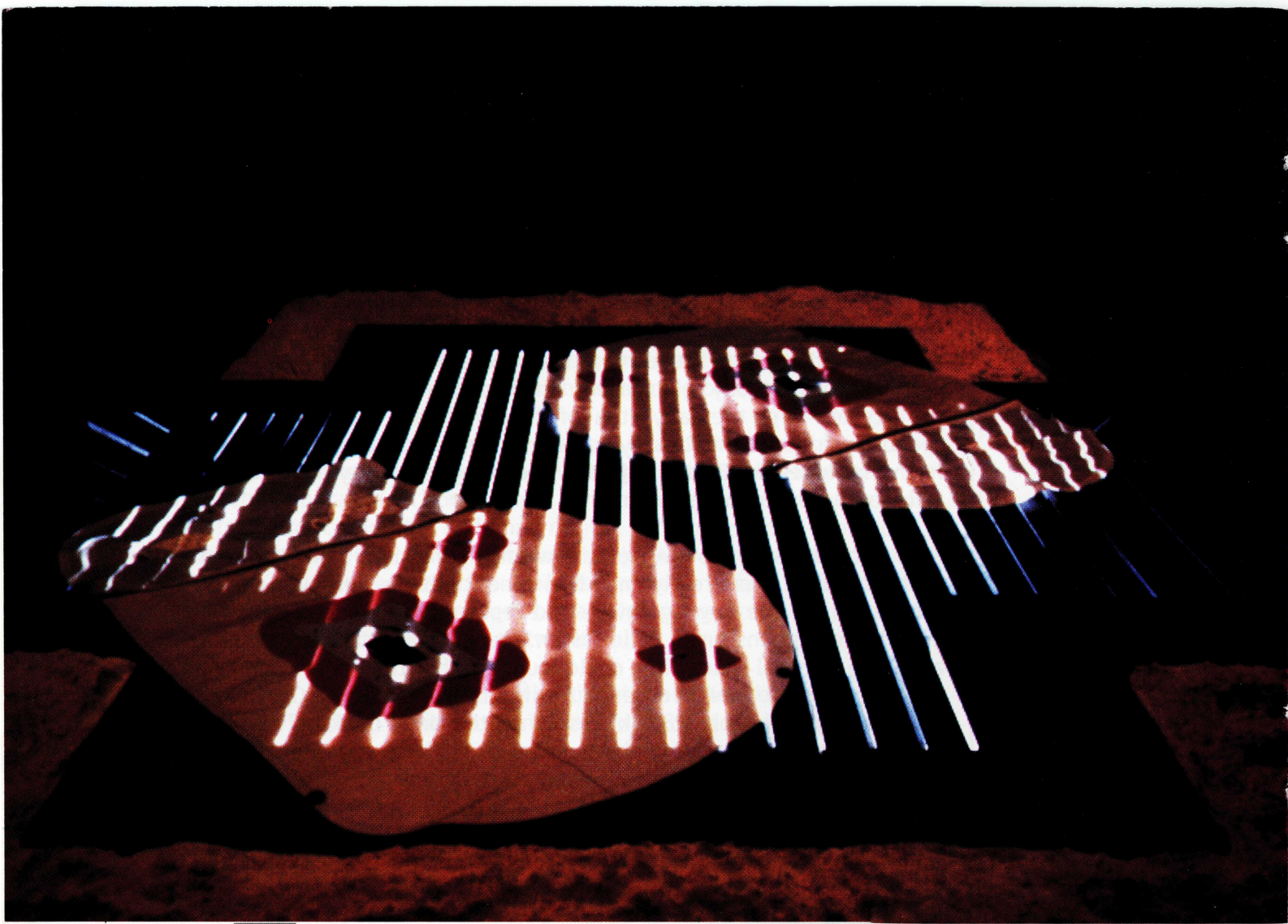


*No Harmful Side-Effects*  
2000  
Platform,  
Melbourne, Australia  
mixed media

the vehicle was stolen while I was at work. A major organisational feat considering there was no petrol in the fuel tank and there was still the problem with the chassis/body relationship. I had toyed with the idea that I should live in the city and forgo the daily ritual of the skateboard into town, but as I would spend my Friday nights, on my way home, drunkenly throwing empty beer cans from the Hopetown Bridge onto the streaming motorway traffic below, I was reluctantly forced into suburbia.

Now I wouldn't want to give you the wrong impression, living in a real house was pretty normal for me really and I had done it before. I enjoyed the comforts of the television, the viewing device that replaced my windscreen, except everything happens just a little faster. There was the obvious increase in available physical space. One could lounge rather than perch and I was able to acquire complete junk in order to furnish my surroundings. On bombing forays into the city I was able to pick up stuff all the time; bookshelves, oil paintings, lamps, glassware, crockery, plants, bicycles, stereos and tables. The sort of thing that wears out fast and is easily replaced by a short trip to the "store". The

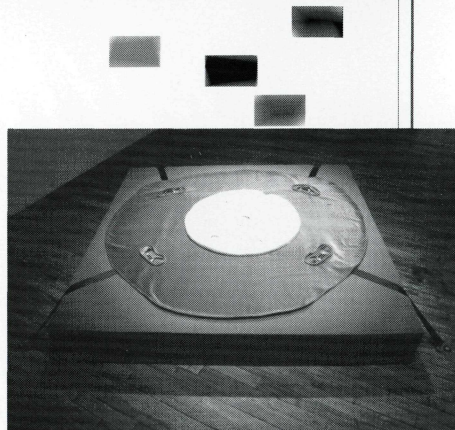
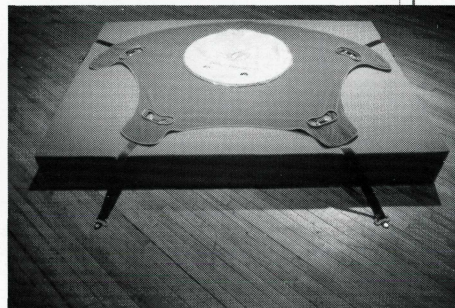






connection between the inner city work place environment and the inner city suburban residence became blurred when I was finally "let go" as an act of contrition perpetrated by management. Finally again free to explore the diverse intricacies of modern life I once again fled to the motorcar for safety and sustenance.

The enveloping warmth of the vehicle enabled me to reconsider the notion of the vehicle as a device for transformation. The ability to go from one part of the world to a completely different other no matter how small or great the distance. The only real constraint being time and we are all confronted by this problem at some point in our lives. The vehicle becomes the device by which our banal existence does mutate into this other, the exotic traveller, the wandering minstrel, the carpetbagger, the explorer, the idyll wanderer, the fervent capitalist, it operates as a medium in which we can conduct the eternal search for real meaning. Having spent some time experiencing the somnambulist cradling of technology the motorcar does still represent the perfect expression of our free and simultaneously controlling society. At once the expression of freedom, the symbol of individuality and the target of thieves and government, the vehicle retains its other role as a cocoon for our daily transformation from blind sedentary drone to highly mobile voyeur. If we are to ever understand how this metamorphosis assists our very existence it is



*Passive Restraint Systems*  
2001  
Galerie Clark,  
Montreal, Canada  
mixed media

incumbent upon us to investigate in detail the nature of the reality surrounding the object. This search cannot but help to abstract the physical reality and enable us to view the very beating heart of the beast as something other than a steaming bloody mess of tissue and fluid.

"There was an old woman, Ignatevna, who cured children of hunger. She gave them a potion of mushrooms cut with sweet grass and the children died peacefully away, dry foam flecked on their lips. The mother would kiss the child on its aged, wrinkled forehead and whisper, "He's through suffering, praise God!". Ignatevna stood there and said "He's passed on, the quiet little thing... He's better off than the living, lying there like that... now he's listening to the silver winds in heaven..."

Andrei Platonov, Chevengur, 1928

Michael Morley, Dunedin, 7 April 2001

centre pages:

[left]  
*Poi.n-t*  
2001  
Galerie Articule,  
Montreal, Canada  
mixed media

[right]  
*No Harmful*  
*Side-Effects*  
2000  
Platform,  
Melbourne, Australia  
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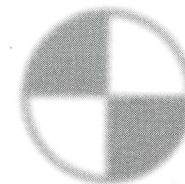
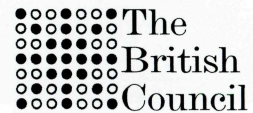
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