

Fuck

In my life, I've made art mostly in my spare time after work or school, in the afternoon, at night, on the weekends. As a kid at school, I would think, "school sucks, I wish I could play all the time," since making art back then was playing. And as an adult, I've thought, "I wish I didn't have to work so much and could make art all the time," since work sucks like school and I still wanted more time to play. Something has always been in the way.

A few months ago, I started a residency. I thought up an artwork I wanted to make, a story to write, and arrived with all the time in the world. My first week, I bought materials, found a library where I could read and write, and tried out a routine. I sat myself at my desk in the morning, and thought, "I will now make art," and then made nothing. Something still felt in the way.

While the ideas I had brought with me tormented me in the daytime, I started drawing at night. I bought some playdough and started playing with it. I made a little earth. Weeks went by. Nothing still. I started theorising why this was happening to me. On the phone to a friend, I discovered a dark reality, "I'm so used to having things in my way, and now there's nothing, so fuck that something now is me."

The Harvest 01
The Harvest 02
The Harvest 05
The Harvest 06

I made *The Harvest* by molding playdough into small earths, recording voice memos explaining how I made them, and videotaping them rotating for the duration of each memo. They play on iPod Touches with two Lego figures sitting on them, one is me and the other is someone else.

The Man in Bogotá, 2025
Dream of a Clean Slate, 2025
Love Too Long, 2025
Envy and Gratitude, 2025

I made these books by tracing panels from comics, photocopying the tracings, and binding them in hardcover. Each contains the same selection of panels in different orders. The titles on their spines are from short stories I have read but have no thematic or narrative relation to the books.

Please browse the books and press play on the iPods. If you would like to read one of the titles on the spines of the books, email me at mochloulisaris@gmail.com I will send you a scan of the original story.

Thanks to my friends Christian, Felix, Kyriakos, Marietta, Mathieu, Matthew, Maya, Roisin, Sam, & Simon. Thanks to authors Amy, Barry, John, & Melanie, & artists David, George, Jack, Jean, Paul, Robert, Rumiko, & Will. Thanks to Buchbinderei Hertle in München.

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Some Last-Minute Thoughts:

I made a last-minute edit to the text above, inserting the phrase *discovered a dark reality* into one of the sentences. I took the phrase from Adam Curtis, after seeing it in the first episode of his new series *Shifty: Living in Britain at the End of the Twentieth Century* a few nights before the opening. I haven't finished the series at the time of writing this – I fell asleep fifteen minutes into the second episode – but Roisin told me it ends at the beginning of the New Labor era.

I was born in Britain just before Blair won his first election, and left the island just a year after he won his second, in 2002. There's this anecdote my mom would often recount from back then, from a shopping trip to IKEA, where at the canteen I asked for an order of meatballs with gravy and an ice cream, sat at my little table and dipped the meatballs first into the gravy and then the ice cream, before eating them. I remember this part of my childhood as colorful, hopeful, and full of possibility. Looking now at some of the materials in the show – the Legos, playdough, iPods, plywood, and IKEA children's furniture – it occurs to me that they echo my memory of that period. In retrospect, maybe the reason I chose to use them was to reproduce that spirit of possibility.

A part of me knows these sentiments have simply to do with my young age and not the broader political climate of the time; another, naively insists that there was something special to that time. This comment I read under an Instagram Reel of a performance of the song *Kids* by MGMT, I feel encapsulates my naivety, “*2000-2010 was peak, we had the technology but it didn't rule us.*” Looking at these memories installed at Machine, I feel I've also discovered another dark reality. I'm not sure I can describe it with the fidelity I'd like, but I get this feeling: that the possibility offered in all these objects had been cut-off from the start; that what was on offer was the idea of possibility rather than possibility itself. And maybe that's the reason I want to rework them, play with them again, imbue them with something new.