

ROOKY

Nothing is Real
Marco Laimre

Installation
2022

MASTER

Materials: polyester resin, appletree, steel, pigment ink printing-diasc, sound, kinetic lamp.

Subjects: green slime, Cyberpunk 2077, S.T.A.L.K.E.R., Fallout 76, Malus domestica "Antonovka", guns, street photography, Thorton, FPS, Mox, Pigs, Kazimir Malevich "Black Square" 1916, Marcel Duchamp "Étant donnés: 1. la chute d'eau (The Waterfall) 2. le gaz d'éclairage (The Illuminating Gas)..." 1946-1966, John Baldessari "The Pencil Story" 1972, graffiti.

NIGHTMARE

In March, when the first signs of the upcoming hot summer appear, I was halfway through a more in-depth second playthrough of Cyberpunk 2077. After the enthusiastically played, one might say rushing first tour, I was now freer from tasks and stories, I could spend my time in Night City according to myself and my protagonist's wishes. The apple trees in the garden needed pruning, and one old Antonovka tree was obviously growing in the wrong place. Not that it was necessarily wrong, but it would have interfered with the winter dream, the beach chair from Fallout 4, and setting it in the garden. Oh, how ice-cold Vim tastes on a hot summer morning in the apple trees shimmering in the sun!

I walked around Watson, fought with Maelstrom and Tiger Claws idiots, stared aimlessly at street corners and in the suburbs, studied the movement of NPCs and the fall of light, I longed to find that "something" that would characterize both my mood and Watson. I played "analytical gaming", aiming for street photography with a documentary code. Antonovka had to be uprooted, but I found that the apple tree trunk firmly stuck in the ground with its roots which might be necessary for something "necessary". For example, for tying a clothesline or skinning a Radstag. I kept it as a three-meter post.

In the beginning, I had made rules for myself not to use cold weapons and grenades and mines, not to travel by teleport, not to take the opportunity to bypass chemical combat stimulants and not do the Night city trading, which consists mainly of parsing with used cars. After rescuing an idiot from a suburban motel, I ended up with his little green Thorton. I only drove it and didn't worry too much about changing gears despite that the car broke down more and more. I didn't have anything to hang on the pole of the apple tree. I saw it even lower, about a meter high. In this way, this stump could have been used as a base for a grill or as a leg for a cocktail table. In short, the stump could have been useful.

In the meantime, the hot summer of July arrived. After messing with the Mox, I got a

better shotgun. Non-lethal. Non-lethal pump-gun. There was an opening on the side of the stump, above the old branch, where you could peek inside the stump. Which I did on several occasions but didn't see much. Wandering around the Northside for hours and rooting around at the graffiti "цой жив", I drove from there in my battered Thornton straight to the coastline of Little China. To the corner of California Avenue and Brookland. The afternoon sun started to set, in the background the commercials changed and a few heat struck Watsonians ticked while keeping their distance. Without any particular plan, I took a saw and cut the end of the apple tree stump into a cube shape. Realizing painfully clearly during sawing that this activity does not make any practical sense at all, I decided to saw the cube in such a way that at least the sides were parallel in the north-south direction. I had understood, but I had not yet reflected on this situation, everything came together and fell apart, but I was too busy with the meaningfulness itself, not with the content. But now I had an apple tree cube on top of a stump, and a photo of a green hulking Thornton in the Night city flame. The summer lasted. And it would have stayed that way, but a guest arrived on a motorcycle. After hours of chatting about Cyberpunk 2077, as well as analysing other current games in the garden, he pointed to a stump cube as if he was a nagging NPC and asked, "What is this?"

Something startling and wonderful happened. I simultaneously felt like Kazimir Malevich, who painted the Black Square in the Vitebsk garden, and John Baldessar, who, while sharpening a piece of blunt pencil that had been floating for a long time on the dashboard of the car, said: "I'm not really sure what it is, but I think that there is something to do with art here" (I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK THAT THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH ART.)

I had constructed a Pelevinian machine-gun-canceller, a Montypythonian killing joke that does not kill (non-lethal), a special philosophical cannon. I rooted up an apple tree and modelled it as an installation. Now winter is coming and "Nothing is real".