

Brigham Baker - plein air trespass

14.1. - 18.2.2023, Opening 13.1.2023, 6-8 pm

Dear Brigham,

The old garden was closer to the highway than the new one, somewhat in the middle of a neighborhood outside the city. It had to give way to progress, the plot was excavated and a large building placed on top. Since then I have never been back, but I am sure that the many unsprouted seeds remain patiently under the thick layer of cement. The new garden is on the other side of the tracks, right next to the kindergarden. From the parking lot with its working class cars, a path of concrete slabs led across the so-called hobby gardens. To the right was a string of vegetable beds, and to the left the always blue rain barrel and nettle brews next to the more or less legal garden houses. Not only the little huts with their built-in kitchenettes and flowered plastic tablecloths, but the entire gardens in their abundance became an extended living space in the summer - a kind of highly labor-intensive open-air parlor, oscillating between nature-oriented urbanity or domesticated naturalness. Among some winter cherries was a small fruit tree that the brother of a grandmother had grafted with another, so that in autumn it bore two different kinds of fruit: Bonne Louise and Carola. Around them buzzed the insects and somewhat offset in time, bloomed Margrit, Rosmarie, Yasmin, Rosa, Lilly, Camilla, Erika, Viola and Iris. Parallel to the path - towards the edge of the forest - berry bushes grew up the wires and obscured the view of the adjacent plots (but not their flagpoles). Even in the green tomato house next to the equipment cabinet, strung thread and wire constructions gave the shoots direction. Funny, actually, all these straight lines, this somewhat stiff order and restraint in the garden - the weeded path, the flower beds, the neatly arranged decorative fences that separated some lettuce rows from those of others... Along with juicy tomatoes in all imaginable colors and shapes, the end of summer brought a box full of short pieces of string. On it was written: "to short to use". Or is that what you told me about your grandmother in California?

Selma Meuli

Brigham Baker

*1989, Nipomo, California, lives and works in Zürich

Education

2012-2015 BA Photography ZHdK

2016-2019 MA Fine Arts FHNW HGK

Awards

Werkbeitrag Kanton Zürich

Kiefer Häblitzel Prize

ZHdK Förderpreis

Prix Mobilière (nominated)

Manor Kunstpreis Zürich

Kunststipendien der Stadt Zürich, Helmhaus Zürich

Collections

Credit Suisse, Sammlung Manor, Nationalbank, Sammlung Roche,
Kunstmuseum Thun, Kunstmuseum Winterthur, Zürcher Kantonalbank,
Sammlung der Stadt Zürich, Sammlung des Kantons Zürich