

Joshua Abelow * Dani Arnica * Marianne Brandt * Casey Callahan * Patrick Carroll * Charles & Ray Eames * Henning Fehr & Philipp Rühr * Maggy Hamel-Metsos *

Takeshi Nii * Tabitha Piseno * Lub Poeem * Dieter Rams * David Riley * Jack Ryan * Mary Thompson * Reinhold Weiss * Thomas Wharton

MY WHOLE WORLD



December 31, 2022 - March 10, 2023 at *Baader-Meinhof Gallery*

Bruce Hannah & Andrew Morrison * Jason Hirata * Christopher K Ho * Tobias Hohn & Stanton Taylor * Arne Jacobsen * Ben Jones * Koko

Kim Laidig * Sonja Laidig * Benjamin Langford * Amanda Elle Lewis * Dietrich Lubs * Isabelle Frances McGuire * Luke Libera Moore * Robert Moser * Christian Philipp Müller

Dear Reader,


For three years this has been my home. It is the site of all feeling: joy and sorrow, deliverance and heartbreak. Within these walls I have died, and, by grace, been saved. Presenting art in this context is special, because, for me, art is indistinguishable from life. It is woven taut within the fibers, inextricably bound to every imaginable articulation. When the art lives where you eat, sleep and shit, something changes, some strange and different form of relation emerges, an intimacy that is difficult to describe.

When I was younger, I thought the world, and Art, was merit-based. I imagined that, beyond the mechanics of privilege and power, an absolute and transcendent meaningfulness was what generated culture - that what was important was both intrinsic and inevitable. Culturally, we seem to venerate intelligence and ambition, big ideas as they say. This fixation creates a troubling mythos, giving the reasonable impression that intellectual rigor and conceptual innovation are the fulcrum of arts' continued significance.

Yet meaning does not arise from sheer force of synthesis alone; semiotic networks, social engineering and manifestos of proposed radicality ring suspiciously hollow in the absence of genuine affection. I've come to believe that meaning grows from within the love we share, strengthened by the sacrifices we make for those we cherish. We try our best to be attendant stewards, to be good friends. It is through our compounding failures and tiny triumphs that culture finds form and art gains purpose.

This house in Nebraska: it is a gallery and it is my home. The exhibition reflects upon this fact. It is an attempt to reanimate its own history, holistically, and with an open gaze onto its future. It is a codex of family and a tapestry of affinity, bringing together relatives, neighbors, friends, confidantes and lovers... past and present, near and far. I hope it brings you joy.

With love,
Kyle & Koko

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several large, overlapping loops and flourishes, likely representing the names Kyle and Koko.