Terminal Uniqueness
Artist Statement 1/12/25

If I want my art to mean something it's because I'm trying to help. I'm trying to create beauty for the world to see. Big, big beauty that everyone can treasure - all around the world, into the future. So when you see it you remember me. You know me. You know that it's for you.

Many Gen-Xers will recall movies from the 80's where the eccentric weirdos get the girl. Artsy boys win in the end, outsmarting and outsnarking their counterparts. It's the high school party myth, the dream of the future myth. But these are stories - probably nothing more than nerd boys capitalizing on their trauma, when they really should have just been better capitalists to begin with.

What you don't see is all the kicks to the head and knives in the back, and drama queens trying to upstage you. Nobody wants you to get that girl. You're a .001%. That's the 90's liberal college scenario where almost nobody idealistic or creative ends up making much money outside of tech.

There are two ways to see art. One is that it's superfluous and ridiculous. Another that it's the vanguard's razor edge of thought. And painting, it's sign-making for the Zeitgeist. The ultimate code trapping our collective psyche into space/time artifacts. It can be understood with nothing short of a title.

I hit the Chicago pavement in 1999 to start my career studying everything that exists. In a frenzy of survival, idealism, hard knocks - and great friends and family - I made my way to New York City where I started printing large images on fabric.

I consider this body of work the closing of a life-arc from a miracle in 1996 to the End of a Wormhole in 2019 at a painting studio in Garden City, ID. I'll try to tell you the story through imagery and words on the walls around you and you'll see some of my video art and music on a sculpture while we have ourselves a little painting party, here in Nebraska.

I hope you enjoy confronting complex realities of masculinity through storytelling and the beauty of painting with me, when originals and man-sized reproductions can be seen side by side. Special thanks to everyone who was kind and supportive while I was in search mode. Some of you are cool. Some of you eat dream rainbows and poop out mauve pats-on-the-back. I'll sell to anyone because I need the money. Just remember it's Art, so if it breaks it's not my problem.

Media is paradox. Vulnerability is paradox. Love is paradox. Masculinity is paradox. Some people hurt you on purpose. The paintings are the heroes and that is why they're so expensive. I hope you enjoy the show!

Casey Hallas (1996) *Sandalphon (Angel of Music)* [laser print]