

We Have McDonalds at Home

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Markus Quicker,
Andréa Spartà,
Nora Turato,
Ricardo Valentim,
Lawrence Weiner,
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curated by
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“We Have McDonald’s at Home,” as the meme goes, doesn’t necessarily mean that what is served at home is worse than McDonald’s. As we transition from the child’s eyes to the meme philosopher’s, as taste buds change and the yellow arches become signifiers for calorically dense, highly processed food and a capitalist system that, like the burgers at McDonald’s, seems vampiric in nature, immune to spoiling and driven by blood-sucking motives, our developed minds must reconsider what was served on our childhood plates.

McDonald’s at home, the aroma of momma’s cooking, begins to smell like an antidote to our prolonged exposure and embroilment in profit motives that have been poisoning us all along. We’re talking about fighting back against the punch to the gut by industry. It’s not necessarily about whether you like the food or not, but about the reasons why Coke is cheaper than water in some areas of Mexico, and why there are more McDonald’s restaurants than health facilities in the US.

McDonald’s is undoubtedly an institution. If self-sustain-

ability is the bare minimum and growth (along with an implicit monopolization) the ultimate goal, then institutions must cultivate the belief that what they provide cannot be found elsewhere. Why can you only have good McDonald's at McDonald's? Why do people think you must go to a museum to have an aesthetic experience? What are institutions' motives?

In our dealings with artists we come upon works and slip into the mode of collectors by sheer exposure. Being an artist, curator, or critic always seems to come second, because

you're always an enthusiast first—a fan of art(ists). How you relate to it and what it brings out of you, be it new art, or writing, etc. is an effect of that fanatic precondition.

The objects in this show have their own stories of how they found themselves in our possession. Some are gifts, some were acquired from the artists directly, some from gift shops. Some are originals, some are editions. Some of the objects teeter on the edge of not being artworks at all. The selection for this show highlights the home cook, who found their kitchen in our basement

(shared with the other residents of the building).

Works:

Tomomi Yamakawa, CHBND, 2024, inkjet print on paper in artist frame, 13 x 18 cm

Thomas Geiger, I want to become a millionaire, 2010– (this edition circa 2020), print and pen on paper, 10,5 x 14,8 cm

Markus Quicker, title unknown, 2024, spray paint, button, glue, compact disc, collector's frame, 12 cm diameter

Lawrence Weiner, A BIT OF

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MATTER AND A LITTLE BIT MORE, 1976, language + materials referred to, dimensions variable

Ricardo Valentim, Sometimes the audience is running late. & Sometimes the audience leaves early., no dates, offset print, each 8,9 x 5,9 cm

Andréa Spartà, untitled & untitled (2), 2025, marker on paper, collector's frame, each 14,8 x 21 cm

Nora Turato, pool 3, 2019, publication, 704 pages, signed by the artist, 14,8 x 20 x 4 cm

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I didn't realize my mother was a good cook until after I moved out of the house. When you're a child and your mother takes you to McDonald's you don't think she can cook... and I had one of those mothers, you know, no matter what you want she has the ingredients at home.

Child: Mom, I wanna stop and get some McDonald's!

Mother: I got hamburger meat at home.

Child: But I want McDonald's hamburgers.

Mother: I'll make you a hamburger better than McDonald's!

Child: Better than McDonald's?

Mother: That's right, when you get home you can help Mama make it.

You say shit, bet, better than McDon-

ald's...

Mother: Okay, go get me the big black frying pan from under the stove. Now while you're handing her the big black frying pan and she says, „Now while you're in there I want you go get in the refrigerator, give me the chopped meat, and while you're in there, get me a green pepper and onion.“

Child: Ain't no green peppers at McDonald's.

Mother: I'm not making McDonald's, I'm making you Mama's burger. And I need green pepper and onion, and while you in there, give me an egg out too.

Child: What you need eggs for? I want hamburgers. You're making Egg McMuffins.

Mother: I'm not making no Egg McMuffins! I don't even know what no damn

Egg McMuffin is, just get me the damn egg and just shut your mouth.

She takes the egg and the green peppers and chops the green pepper up in big chunks-not even dices, big chunks of green peppers and onion-and mix the egg in and put paprika and all this shit in it and make a big meatball and put it in the middle of the frying pan. At McDonald's the meat is this thin; your mother's shit is like this fat with green peppers hanging out of it and shit, and at the big split in the middle there's grease popping out. And you're looking at it while it's popping, you're looking at the grease in the pan and you're thinking to yourself, „That don't look like no McDonald's!“

Mother: Go inside the refrigerator and get me the bread out the bread box.

Child: Ma, we don't have no hamburger buns, all we have is Wonder Bread.

Mother: That's what I said, get the bread out the bread box!

Child: You're gonna put it on square Wonder Bread?

Mother: Goddamnit, bread is bread! You better bring me that bread before I slap you in your mouth. Don't tell me about no Wonder Bread. As much as that bread cost, you tell me some shit about Wonder Bread? This is Wonder BREAD. A hamburger is a ham BURGER.

Saying all this as she makes it and puts it in the middle of square Wonder Bread. At McDonald's they use buns-the meat covers the whole bread. At your mother's, the meat's right in the middle of the bread with grease running through the middle making the bread stick to the plate. Now the big green peppers hanging out the top of this big meatball on the bread and you try to put some ketchup on it and it mixes with the grease, turning the bread

into pink dough. Then you grab it and get fingerprinted, and you got big pink fingerprints in the dough and you stand there looking at it and you try to make it look like McDonald's, so you rip the edges around there to make it round and you got green peppers and grease running down your hand.

Mother: Now go on outside and play.

And the other kids got McDonald's. They were outside like:

Other Kids: We got McDooonald's, we got Maaacdoonaald's. We got Maaaaac-donaaaalds hamburgers! McDonald's, MaacDoonaaald's, McDonoough.

And you are standing there with this big house burger and kids are honest, they be like:

Other Kids: Ughh, where you get that big welfare green pepper burger?

Child: (Crying) Uuuuuhhhhhh, my mother made it.

And some long slob... when little kids cry some long slob come out their mouth and it hangs this far to the ground and it won't break. And adults stand around going like, „That's not gonna break,“ and it won't. The wind can blow and that slob is like... ahhhhhh.

Eddie Murphy, *Raw*, 1987