

NINO MIER GALLERY

LOS ANGELES | BRUSSELS | NEW YORK | MARFA

JON PYLYPCHUK



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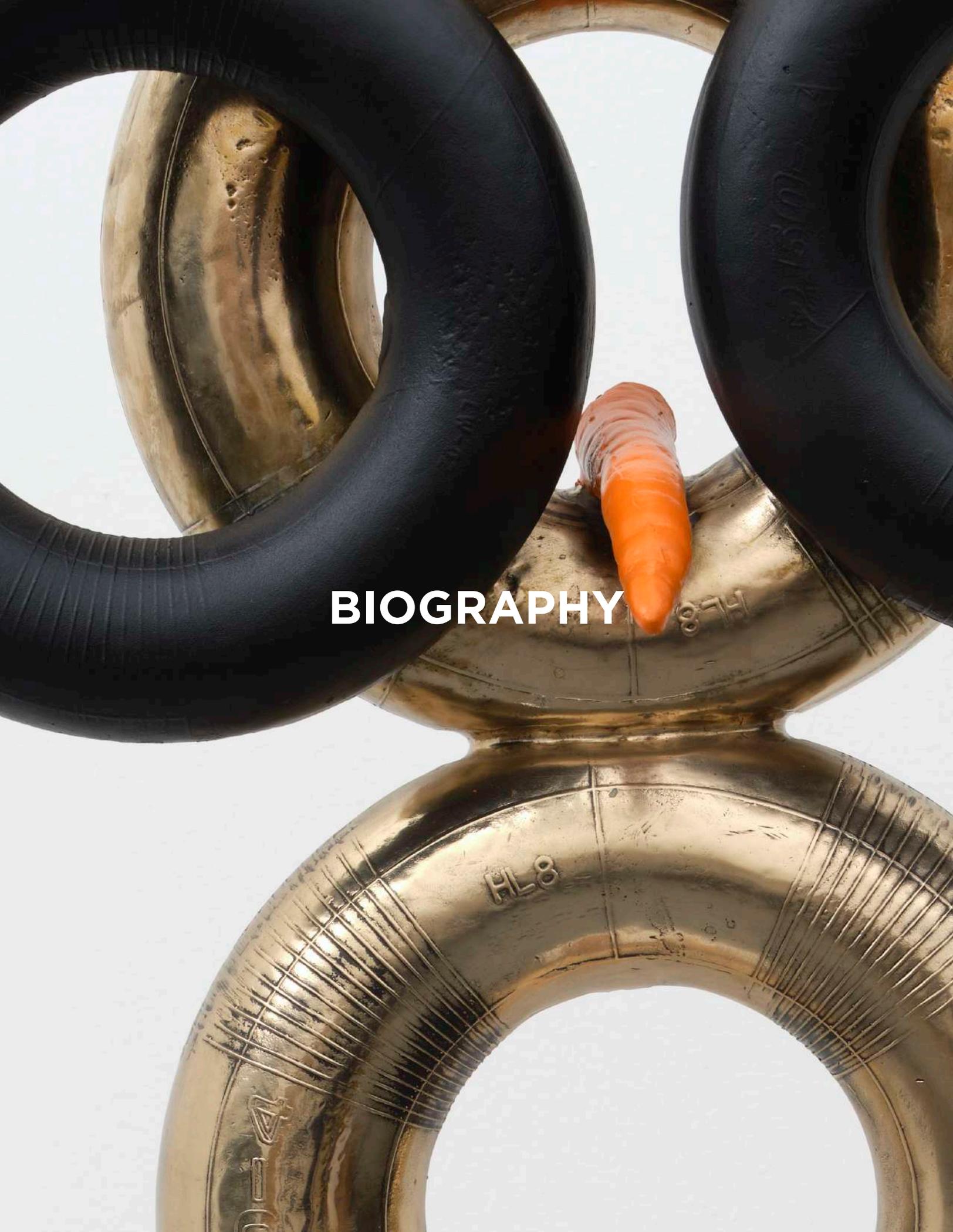
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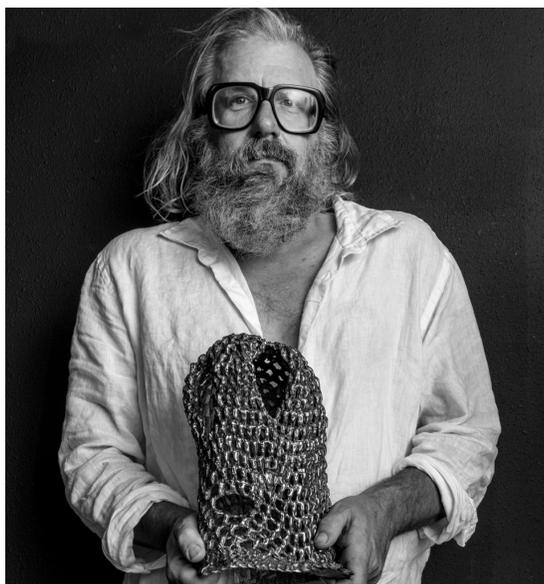
CURRICULUM VITAE 54



BIOGRAPHY

JON PYLYPCHUK

b. 1972, Winnipeg, CA
Lives and works in Los Angeles, CA, US



Jon Pylypchuk was born in 1972 in Winnipeg, Canada. He studied at the University of Manitoba School of Art, where he co-founded the collective known as the Royal Art Lodge in 1996 with fellow artists Michael Dumontier, Marcel Dzama, Neil Farber, Drue Langlois and Adrian Williams. Its members were mostly graduates from the University of Manitoba, Canada who were united in their outsider status and who liked to break the unwritten rules of artistic production. They sent childlike drawings to the National Gallery of Canada, suggesting they exhibit them, and held all-night drawing sessions. In 1998 he moved to Los Angeles, where he is currently based.

Pylypchuk is a multidisciplinary artist who works in painting, sculpture, installation and video. Working with simple materials (fake fur, wood, fabric, sheet metal, beer cans, electric light bulbs, polyurethane foam, etc.), Pylypchuk reinterprets the collage and bricolage practices derived from Art Brut. Often his 'creatures' draw upon the animal world to explore the frailty of human existence and social relationships. Pylypchuk's characters often seem to have lost their way, appearing in a wounded condition, harmed by either themselves or by others. They combine a hearty dose of cynicism and anger at the unfairness of it all with a wicked sense of survivalist humor.

Jon Pylypchuk (b. 1972, Winnipeg, CA; lives and works in Los Angeles, CA, US) has exhibited in New York, Düsseldorf, Münster, London, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Paris, San Francisco, Miami, Tokyo, Montreal, Seoul, Guadalajara and St. Petersburg. His works are in the collections of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles; The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles; the Hammer Museum, Los Angeles; the Museum of Modern Art, New York; The Saatchi Collection, London; The Museum of Old and New Art, Berriedale; and the Whitney Museum, New York.



SAMPLE WORKS

**sample selection does not reflect current availability*



I have pink eye too, 2018
Bronze and enamel paint on wooden plinth
31 x 38 x 7 1/2 in
78.7 x 96.5 x 19.1 cm
(JPY18.020)



Good morning tiger!, 2018
Bronze and enamel paint on wooden plinth
23 x 29 1/2 x 10 3/4 in
58.4 x 74.9 x 27.3 cm
(JPY18.011)



I love you, 2019

Wood glue, underwear, sock,
glitter, shellac, polyurethane,
and black cue balls on ply-
wood

24 x 24 in
61 x 61 cm
(JPY20.001)

i love
you

Rude
BUST

Untitled "I know I'll never love this way again" (double fuck you), 2021
Bronze
49 x 20 x 21 in
124.5 x 50.8 x 53.3 cm
(JPY21.004)



Untitled "I know I'll never love this way again" (Buttsy), 2021

Bronze

19 x 37 x 23 in

48.3 x 94 x 58.4 cm

(JPY21.011)





this is my last day around you, 2023
Found object rug with fake fur
60 x 96 in
152.4 x 243.8 cm
(JPY23.005)







I'm saving all my love for you, 2022
Cast bronze
30 x 19 x 6 in
76.2 x 48.3 x 15.2 cm
(JPY22.008)



ghost bag #2, 2023
Bronze
12 1/2 x 9 1/2 x 4 3/4 in
31.8 x 24.1 x 12.1 cm
(JPY23.007)



Hey there you big dummy!, 2018
Cast aluminum, acrylic paint, and LED light bulbs
47 1/8 x 31 7/8 x 2 in
119.7 x 81 x 5.1 cm
(JPY18.004)

A glowing yellow sphere is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image. The background is a rich, textured purple with marbled, organic patterns. The sphere has a soft, diffused glow, casting a subtle light on the surrounding purple surface. The overall composition is abstract and artistic.

**SELECTED EXHIBITONS
AND PROJECTS**

SELECTED EXHIBITIONS AND PROJECTS

I'VE GOT LOVE FOR YOU

2023

ARTCENTER
PASADENA, CA, US

I KNOW I'LL NEVER LOVE THIS WAY AGAIN

2021

NINO MIER GALLERY
LOS ANGELES, CA, US

AMERICAN MOSES

2018

NINO MIER GALLERY
LOS ANGELES, CA, US

I'VE GOT LOVE FOR YOU

2023
ARTCENTER
PASADENA, CA, US

I've Got Love for You is a site-specific installation and exhibition of new bronzes and paintings by Los Angeles-based sculptor, painter, musician and multimedia artist

Jon Pylypchuk. The exhibition is the first to feature the artist's songwriting, and is envisioned as a tribute to important people in his life, including his wife and his late best friend Tony Fernandez. Jon Pylypchuk: *I've Got Love for You* presents talking ghosts and other friendly, surreal creatures who guide gallery visitors through an otherworldly landscape. Pylypchuk's original songs will be featured throughout the exhibition, which stand as testaments to the emotional complexity of his career-long exploration of selfhood, community and estrangement



Photo by Gene Ogami; Courtesy the artist, ArtCenter, Nino Mier Gallery, & Petzel Gallery



EXIT

EXIT









I KNOW I'LL NEVER LOVE THIS WAY AGAIN

2021
NINO MIER GALLERY
LOS ANGELES, CA, US

Jon Pylypchuk's multidisciplinary practice has focused on the making of and use of bronze. For Jon, the medium offers a mode of non-directed experimentation. The artist controls the aging process of his sculptures through the use of different patinas that effect color and finish, making his works appear older and weathered after only having recently been cast.

While the artist's use of bronze may be new, Pylypchuk continues to use his sculptures as a way to explore the frailty of human existence and social relationships. Through anthropomorphism, he creates characters that seem to have lost their way, appearing in a wounded condition, harmed by themselves or by others. The combination of cynicism, anger and sadness imbue his installations and sculpture with a sense of survivalist humor.

I Know I'll Never Love This Way Again is an exhibition of ten bronze cigarettes all languishing in various poses throughout the gallery. The cigarette motif is not new to Pylypchuk's work, but whereas before Pylypchuk's cigarettes were made of found materials, reinterpreting the bricolage of the Art Brut tradition, their reincarnations are now solely in bronze. These new cigarettes are metaphoric for change – the intention to change and longing to return to a flawed normal. Pylypchuk's cigarettes remind viewers of our false perceptions of control—a fact that has only become more poignant after a year of the pandemic—and of how strongly we might long for those things which we know we shouldn't, and which ultimately impede our flourishing.

One can't help but feel a kinship with the exercising cigarette *Untitled, I Know I'll Never Love This Way Again (situps)* whose body is scrunched into an impossible U shape – his aspirations of a better body seemingly far away against the reddish rust of his bottom half. The weakness of will that Pylypchuk seems to be targeting has its auspices in Greek philosophy, for wasn't it Socrates who said that "No one who either knows or believes that there is another possible course of action, better than the one he is following, will ever continue on its present course." A particularly depressing inevitability given the varying cigarettes perceived endeavors to be better.

Smoking is the perfect metaphor for sin, which is a moral version of the means by which our conscious and publicly expressed desires are frequently sabotaged by another part of ourselves whose power we give insufficient credit to.

Since 1998, Jon Pylypchuk continues to be an indelible figure of the Los Angeles art community—as a fixture of the 2000's Chinatown art scene, a leader in the 2010's DTLA art scene, and an artist that embodies the independent and maverick spirit of Los Angeles. He maintains a studio in Altadena, however all work of the last year was produced in his backyard, in his underwear.











AMERICAN MOSES

2018

NINO MIER GALLERY
LOS ANGELES, CA, US



Jon Pylypchuk continues to explore new initiatives in his work for *American Moses*, delving into cast bronze and aluminum, elevating beloved and scarred found objects and foam creature faces to raucously invade the historic realm of sublime and eternal sculpture. One carbuncled face with light bulbs for eyes, Hey baby, I just had sex with the moon – and I'm pretty sure I liked it, leads a faction of flattened monochrome-creatures who squeeze into traditional picture frames. His titles are brilliant jokes, moving poems, snippets of theatre – or as the artist describes, the 'jam' that holds together the sustenance of his work. Strangely, a sticky jam sandwich seems to cheekily explain his work: oozing with sickly-sweet blobs, simple, crude and narrowly satisfying – leaving you hungry for more.

Anthropomorphism that has inundated Jon Pylypchuk's oeuvre gives life, sex, humor, madness and heart to the detritus of Los Angeles and transforms scraps we humans leave behind into weird and friendly creatures. In his orange and black painted sculpture, *If George Burns is Dead I Want to be Dead Too*, a cartoonish spectacle wearing emoji appears out of a minimalist arrangement of worn tires cast in bronze. Pylypchuk's gooey faces chronicle familiar, human matters: a tongue-in-cheek questioning of social structures like religion and celebrity, the absurdity of sex and violence, anxieties concerning the fragility of their corroded bodies and a sense of tender benevolence set against an incomprehensible, infinite and brutal cosmos.

Hey baby, I just had sex with the moon — and I'm pretty sure I liked it.

As humans, we have a bittersweet arrangement with time and gravity. We trade youthful confusion and vigor for wisdom and what culture often considers unflattering bodily wear and tear. All caused by the journey through time. Lines on our faces grow into folds like a developing brain. The grooves that record a life.

The melting faces of Pylypchuk's wall works have the allure of an aging Charles Bronson. They exude an imperfect but welcoming beauty that says "yeah I might not be so beautiful on the outside now but you love it, and I love it that you love it and I love it that you love it that I love it!"

His tire works are like unabashedly wearing a speedo on a beach and allowing the sun to gain access to parts usually off-limits. They beckon the viewer to "Come on in! The water will remind you that you are alive. The sun in its glory will swallow you up." Well-worn tires cast in bronze are painted with vibrant colors that glorify their time spent on the road. The scrapes and divots are relics of their own unique journeys — like favorite well-worn LPs.

Both works (which are cast in bronze or aluminum) cast-off the more common perceptions of their originals and speak the truth that being a bit worn and imperfect can be a very happy and beautiful place. They remind us that it is the journey through time and the spirit of age that transform what might otherwise be a mundane life into an epic heroic story.

JON PYLYPCHUK
AMERICAN MOSES













SELECTED PRESS

SELECTED PRESS

FLAUNT MAGAZINE

JULY 2023

BY CERY S DAVIS

HYPERALLERGIC

JUNE 2023

BY MATT STROMBERG

BORDERCROSSINGS

JANUARY 2022

BY ANDREW BERARDINI

HYPERALLERGIC

JULY 2021

BY NATALIE HADDAD

ARTFORUM

JUNE 2021

BY CASSIE PACKARD

HYPERALLERGIC

FEBRUARY 2020

BY NATALIE HADDAD

LOS ANGELES TIME

SEPTEMBER 2018

BY CHRISTOPHER KNIGHT

FLAUNT

JULY 2023

JON PYLYPCHUK | A TRIBUTE ENTITLED, 'I'VE GOT LOVE FOR YOU' WANDER INTO THE OTHERWORLDLY LANDSCAPE

By Cerys Davis



Jon Pylypchuk: *I've Got Love for You* Installation view, 2023 ArtCenter, Pasadena © Jon Pylypchuk;
Photo by Gene Ogami; Courtesy the artist, ArtCenter, Nino Mier Gallery, & Petzel Gallery

Canadian-born multimedia artist, Jon Pylypchuk shares his interpretations of otherworldly entities. From bronze ghost bags to found object rugs and a mixed media installation, "I've Got Love For You" acts as a tribute to the important figures in his life and his relationship with the other side. Dedicated to his wife and late best friend, it will be the first ever exhibit to feature his music as a soundtrack for the showing. As a songwriter, he continues to explore the themes of selfhood, community, and estrangement in parallel with his artwork. The exhibit will be on show at the ArtCenter in Pasadena until August 19.

We turned to Pylypchuk himself to find out more about his relationship and understanding of otherworldly figures.

This is your first exhibition that features your own songwriting. How did you approach creating a multi-sensory experience for the installation?

For a couple years I had this idea about doing a puppet show. I was going to do it in a little spot in my studio it was going to be a secret. I would give out coins to people that would invite them to the secret space they would enter alone or with one other person. They would have an experience and then it would be over. I knew I wanted

to write songs for it but hadn't even started as I had not tried to write a song in probably 25 years. When the opportunity to do the show at ArtCenter came up the idea of this small secret space now had a much larger venue and could be realized in a more sophisticated way. I still wanted to keep the intimacy of the small space so the idea of the campfire and ghost forest seemed like the right thing to do. We performed the songs sitting down and I knew the intimate feeling worked when most of the viewers sat down to watch. We will perform the songs again at the closing of the show in August 19.

The installation invites the audience into a space that feels incredibly intimate to your own life. How do you navigate, if at all, the existence of an unknown audience while creating art that is so personal?

I'm the audience so the greater audience can't exist. It was easier when I was young to exist in this space as adult life often impedes the route. But if it's just yourself as the audience you can create without fear of failure because you don't have to share it. So this is how I start:

Don't think let it happen.
Be as open and vulnerable as you can.
Look at what you did.
Did it make you laugh, cry, want to puke, want to scream.

Are you almost embarrassed to share it? If so it's probably good enough to share.

Bronze is an interesting medium through which you make ephemeral objects (spirits, paper bags) feel permanent. Found objects, used as textiles in your rugs, provide another fascinating contrast between fleeting subject and lasting medium. Can you discuss the relationship between subject and medium in this exhibition?



Jon Pylypchuk, *untitled (after sherrie levine)*, 2023, bronze, 32 x 16 inches, 81.3 x 40.6 cm © Jon Pylypchuk;
Photo by Gene Ogami; Courtesy the artist, ArtCenter, Nino Mier Gallery, & Petzel Gallery

Our perception of reality is made up of myths we convince ourselves of. The story I tried to tell in the show is that nothing is permanent but that's ok because the myth can be as close to permanent as any individual object. When Tony died, I couldn't stop making bronze ghosts. Hard reminders this person is gone, monuments. It's been three years now and that compulsion has softened quite literally into rugs and the reminders that are softer. It's ok the neural pruning has taken the hard edges away. Combining the two mediums felt right and also bookended the last 3 years of work.

Many people utilize the supernatural as a touchstone of sadness or terror in their art, but your otherworldly figures have been described as “friendly.” Why the positive connotation?

My mother was the second youngest in her family. I was born when she was almost 46 years old. I was an only child and the only kid who spoke Ukrainian at my church, so I worked a lot of funerals as an altar boy. I would stand there for a couple hours at a time holding a candle and staring at some dead person from my church. At some point that initial shock and fear wears off. I hung out with mainly senior citizens as a kid. They talked about mortality in a matter of fact way which also disarms it. People dropped dead all the time. The shit that generation went through with the depression as kids the Second World War as young adults gave them a different perspective on death. You have to find a humor in it otherwise seeing that much of it would have everyone walking around with PTSD.

Motifs of community between the dead and the living seem to be pervasive throughout the exhibition. What is the role of art in facilitating community between the living and the deceased?

This sort of connects to the last question in a nice way. How is it possible that we have if you are lucky about 80 years of consciousness bookended by nothingness. Both sides. Matter can't be created or destroyed so we all have existed in a billion different chemical configurations and likely will continue to. Art is the manifestation of things we bring or have given to us from the other side. All consciousness exists always it's just that some of it isn't available to us on a regular basis because we have “real lives” that require adult thoughts. When you can try and exist somewhere in between those worlds you get to bring some gifts from there to here.

Do you believe in ghosts?

When I was a baby my mother was woken up in the middle of the night by her sister who was standing at the foot of her bed trying to convince my mother to go with her someplace warm. My mom asked how Anne and escaped the hospital and told her she looked pretty good. The phone rang and woke my mom up. It was the hospital calling to let her know Anne had died. That story came up twice. At my mother's funeral my cousin told me about Anne visiting my mother two weeks before she died. This time she wouldn't take no as an answer. I was in Strasbourg when my mother died. She came to me in the form of snagglepuss from the Hanna Barbera cartoon. She made me laugh and helped me have the best sleep. The next morning when I was getting into the bath the phone rang and I knew my mom was gone. I believe in ghosts.



Jon Pylypchuk: *I've Got Love for You* Installation view, 2023 ArtCenter, Pasadena © Jon Pylypchuk; Photo by Gene Ogami; Courtesy the artist, ArtCenter, Nino Mier Gallery, & Petzel Gallery

HYPERALLERGIC

JUNE 2023

Jon Pylypchuk Exorcises His Ghosts

Mortality has long been a theme for the irreverent artist, but his most recent show at California's ArtCenter College of Design deals with specific losses and loves.

By Matt Stromberg



Jon Pylypchuk: *I've Got Love for You* Installation view, 2023 ArtCenter, Pasadena © Jon Pylypchuk; Photo by Gene Ogami; Courtesy the artist, ArtCenter, Nino Mier Gallery, & Petzel Gallery

LOS ANGELES — Jon Pylypchuk is haunted by ghosts. *I've Got Love for You*, the artist's current show at the ArtCenter College of Design's Peter and Merle Mullin Gallery, is anchored by a dime-store campfire set-up framed by furry trees and a chorus of pillowcase ghosts suspended from above. Tapestries made from carpet scraps hang on the walls, each depicting a wide-eyed, alien-like figure surrounded by apparitions fashioned from gym socks. Bronze casts of paper bags with eye holes cut-outs offer a simple, refined take on his scrappy DIY style, an attempt to immortalize the ephemeral and fleeting.

Mortality has long been a constant theme in Pylypchuk's work, but this latest presentation deals with specific losses and loves in his life; namely, his relationship with his wife and the death of his close friend Tony Fernandez in 2020. In addition to the visual artworks, Pylypchuk composed a handful of achingly earnest lo-fi pop songs last year, which he performed with a small band seated around the campfire at the ArtCenter's opening and will reprise at the closing in August. He has wrestled with his friend's death for the last three years and channeled that grief in other recent shows, but the process of songwriting, something he hasn't done for three decades, has provided a kind of catharsis, lightening the weight of that loss every so slightly.

"I figure I'm going to retire the ghosts after this," he told Hyperallergic shortly before the show opened last month. "There's been a lot of ghosts lately."

Throughout his career, Pylypchuk's work has revolved around mortality, abjection, losers, loners, the fragility and strangeness of life, portraying it all with a mix of humor and sadness, pathos and the pathetic, as ArtCenter's writer-in-residence Chris Kraus notes in an essay accompanying the show. Using spray foam, lightbulbs, and an assortment of everyday items and detritus, his constructions radiate personality and character far exceeding their economy of means. "No matter the media, Pylypchuk's people are us: lumbering bundles of feeling and flesh, making our way through the world on pencil-thin legs that still, somehow, support us," Kraus writes.

As much as "Pylypchuk's people are us," they are also him, sad-sack slacker self-portraits that blend tender intimacy with cartoonish slapstick, material curiosity, and bodily revulsion. Growing up in Winnipeg, Canada, he didn't intend to become an artist. He played in bands throughout the mid-1990s before realizing he "wasn't very good at it." He studied Economics, then English at the University of Manitoba, winding up on academic probation after nearly flunking out. His friend, the artist Paul Cherwick, suggested Pylypchuk join him in art school.

"How hard can art be, right?" Pylypchuk thought at the time. "I didn't have any kind of a background in art, so I didn't know that there was anything to it. There were no rules," he recalls. "It was very liberating ... to not know that I'm doing everything wrong." With music, he had dreams of becoming a rock star, but with visual art, he simply "didn't think anybody would care."

At art school, he fell in with the Royal Art Lodge, a group of Canadian artists including Marcel Dzama and Neil Farber who prioritized camaraderie, collaboration, and an irreverent, darkly comic approach to artmaking. Far



Jon Pylypchuk, *i'm covered in stones without you* (2023), found object rug with fake fur, 60 x 96 inches; photo © Gene Ogami; courtesy the artist and Nino Mier Gallery, Los Angeles

removed from the global artistic centers, they reveled in their provincial, underdog status.

After graduating in 1997, he entered the MFA program at UCLA, where he found a group of kindred spirits in the emerging art scene based around a cluster of young galleries in LA's Chinatown. He first met Tony Fernandez, who performed songs under the moniker Mr. Banjo at Joel Mesler's Dianne Preuss Gallery, in 1999. "He's a great songwriter and I loved his songs so much I would follow him around like a little puppy and eventually he decided he wanted to put a full band together," Pylypchuk remembers. He joined on bass, and they would play several times a week at Hop Louie, a legendary now-defunct Chinatown watering hole that was an early-aughts

Angeleno version of NY's Cedar Tavern.

Around the same time, he had his first show with seminal Chinatown gallery China Art Objects, which he continued to show with until they decamped for Merida, Mexico in 2015, after which Pylypchuk was picked up in LA by Nino Mier. Three months before his graduate thesis show in 2001, the artist had his first solo show with Petzel Gallery in New York. While he has had museum shows in Detroit, Münster, and Montréal, *I've Got Love for You* is his first institutional solo show in LA, suggesting his status as a kind of insider/outsider. (He had a two-part solo museum show at the Blaffer Gallery in Houston and Ausstellungshalle zeitgenössische Kunst Münster in Germany in 2009.)

Alongside his visual art career, he continued to make music with Fernandez, most notably in KISK, a spot-on Kiss cover band supposedly from Russia that performed in full Kiss face paint. Fernandez passed away unexpectedly in July 2020 after suffering a heart attack at his home. He had texted Pylypchuk earlier in the day to tell him he was feeling sick and thought he might have COVID.

"He said 'I love you' and I said 'I love you too,'" Pylypchuk recalled. "And that was the last communication we had ... He went to lie down and then I got a call a little while later that he had died."

Pylypchuk is no stranger to death. His father fled Ukraine when he was 15 years old after witnessing his parents die in the Holodomor famine. "He never liked talking about it, but there was a constant theme of 'I'm going to die any minute,'" the artist said. His parents were older when he was born, and since his mother was the youngest in her family, her siblings began dying when Pylypchuk was a child.

"The thing is, how do you deal with that heaviness? You can't live your life constantly weighed down by it. So you have to find coping mechanisms, and for me, it was always humor," Pylypchuk said.

His work may originate from his own experience of loss, but it has a greater resonance. "To me, this exhibition is timely," Julie Joyce, the director of ArtCenter Galleries, told Hyperallergic. "We are all grieving. The wounds from the many losses we experienced during the pandemic are still fresh. They are also largely unsettled, and unrequited, due to the fact that even the way we mourn has changed. Right now we all need a little more understanding, a little more humor, a little more love."

At the show's opening, Pylypchuk and his bandmates sang plaintive songs sitting before a fake fire glowing red as ghosts swayed above, tinted blue in the blacklight. With the final number, the makeshift stage turned into a puppet show, as a ghost with long, floppy striped legs began an awkwardly ebullient dance of death, and trees wobbled goofily side-to-side.

"If this is my last day around you, I want to tell you how much I love you," Pylypchuk sang, "And if the sun goes down the moon will glow, with all of my love for you."

BORDERCROSSINGS

JANUARY 2022

On Jon Pylypchuk's Ghosts

"To our towering friendship / I've raised this little stone"

By Andrew Berardini



Jon Pylypchuk. Courtesy the artist and Petzel Gallery. Photographs: Joshua White/JWPictures.com.

One of my favourite works by Jon Pylypchuk is an ashtray he made for a magazine, in an edition of 150. Silkscreened onto white ceramic, one of his heartbreaking characters, both battered and somehow adorable, stands with a scowl that stretches past their face, which is also their body: a block, eyes two melting buttons, legs and arms a pen stroke, holding a half-empty bottle in one branchy arm and a smoking cigarette in the other. A caption above reads on the flat circle of the ashtray's face, "I wish my parents were still alive." When I first saw this piece, spilling over with spent cigarettes and delicate ashes in Jon's studio almost 10 years ago, the simplicity and truth of these words sent an icy shiver through me. An ashtray is something entirely useful for a smoker and also an accoutrement of a kind of self-harm, the kind that comforts you when few other things can. Since then, both my parents have died, and I feel like that character, battered and I hope adorable, smoking a cigarette as I write this: I wish my parents were still alive.

Looking at Jon's ghosts, made during the pandemic and cast in bronze, I feel again this grief that just won't quit. They were made for Jon's friend, a response to his death, but they can, in their humble bodies, carry my mourning, too. They are almost totems, magic figures, these rough textiles becoming people, becoming us. They are not us, but how else are we supposed to grieve? Their faces, poked out of underwear and tattered socks, are filled with complex emotions in their rudimentary features, horror and sadness and something ultimately pathetic and totally human. They are just far enough from actually being people to give me a taste of dissociative distance, so very human as to dive into some abyssal well of sorrow within me. I'm sure many works

will come out of the pandemic, hand-wringing art about isolation and social responsibility, revealing how blithely productive some artists were amidst a holocaust. Jon's are the first works I've seen that make me feel the depth of what was lost. When I think of the pandemic and try to give it a face in art, I will think of these ghosts.

The patinas of the bronzes, cold and smooth, darkly enduring; somehow this metal is both hard and soft, ductile maybe and just dirty enough that it works, especially for these creatures. Some are polished to glowing perfection; others are like burnished pennies; many wear their darkness like a thick coating of smoke. They wear the colours and shine of their patinas as if they were souls and not surfaces. They were fashioned from the ephemeral and cast in a substance that will endure. Perhaps this is the best any art can attempt to do in the face of mortality.

Jon's work has often been formed from the junkiest of materials, whether stuck with scrap wood and bubbling with exotic foams or bits of fabric swimming in flat pools of resins, sometimes, as here, formed of something humble and cast in lasting bronze. His work captures a pathos, a poetry of being, that few others can—a horror-struck tenderness, a laugh through broken teeth. If you think they look cutesy, something for children, I worry about your childhood. Though, truly, too many of our childhoods were perhaps worrisome.

"But what of 'spirit' standing by itself, a naked noun, bare as a ghost to whom one would like to lend a sheet?"
—Robert Musil, *The Man Without Qualities*, 1930.

I like how ghosts wear sheets in fiction, from Pac-Man's sworn enemies to how the Maitlands in *Beetlejuice*, 1988, poke holes in the Deetz's designer sheets and a million other references. There's a sweetness to it for me. I hope if and when I become a ghost, someone lends me a sheet.



Jon Pylypchuk. Courtesy the artist and Petzel Gallery. Photographs: Joshua White/JWPictures.com.

But I don't believe in ghosts, at least the kind that wear sheets and haunt the unsuspecting in horror films. I don't have to believe in ghosts, I live amidst and amongst them. The poltergeists of the movies are just silly; real ghosts inflict themselves in much subtler, more sinister ways. They shape my memory and live in my body. They warp laws and cities. They howl from every word I speak, and the longer I'm alive, the more they affect me or maybe the more aware of them I become. And though ghosts are often seen as ethereal, lacking bodies, in me they are heavy, as heavy as cast bronze.

Perhaps we give ghosts sheets to give the invisible form again, a form outside of us. To give these ghosts a body is to set them free from having to live only in evidence and memories, to live only in us. Or to make

sculptures of them or write about ghosts is an act of both memorial and exorcism; it is to reveal those feelings that cannot be buried, refuse to be buried, and regard them. And though this reads as dark, and sometimes is, love is also one of those things that refuses to be buried.

From an anonymous inscription at the Battle of Salamis, 480 BCE:

*To our towering friendship
I've raised this little stone.
Sabinus, I will look for you forever.
If things turn out as people say
And you join the dead,
To drink from the river
That helps men forget,
Please don't drink the drop
That makes you forget me.*

HYPERALLERGIC

JULY 2021

Jon Pylypchuk's Chorus of Loss

Pylypchuk's art has always been deeply engaged with the most painful parts of life, those that human beings tend to push aside or deny in order to get by.

By Natalie Haddad



Jon Pylypchuk, *Untitled (pieta)* (2020), bronze, 16.5 x 13 x 13 inches; courtesy the artist and Petzel, New York; photo: Jason Mandella

In 2020, as COVID-19 death tolls rose exponentially worldwide, Jon Pylypchuk faced a separate loss, the unexpected death of a close friend, unrelated to COVID. He responded by making ghosts. For several months Pylypchuk fashioned men's briefs, ski masks, socks, and other clothing and fabric scraps into rudimentary faces (pareidolia, a recurring motif in his work) and cast them in bronze.

These "ghosts" are the subject of *What have we missed*, his seventh solo show at Friedrich Petzel Gallery. The sculptures inhabit the gallery's Upper East Side location, mounted on white pedestals and walls. The installation, which allows breathing room between the artworks, and the converted townhouse location, cultivate a somber atmosphere that emphasizes the solitude inherent in mourning, the fact that both individual and collective grief are experienced as solitary.

Fittingly, each ghost is individual. Pylypchuk, whose first foray into bronze was in 2008, used the ghosts to experiment with the medium, resulting in a range of shapes, textures, and patinas, from elongated forms with the glossy finish of liquid mercury to stretched and disfigured undershirts with darkened copper surfaces, to gleaming chainmail or matte green. Over the course of several months he made dozens; in addition to those at

Petzel, a handful are in a group show, *The New Age of Bronze* (June 27–August 21, 2021), at Fredric Snitzer Gallery in Miami, and others remain at his home just outside of Los Angeles.

The press release for *What have we missed* states, “The sculptures attempt to assure a memory does not fade, to make someone or something exist again in repeated representation.” By Pylypchuk’s own admission, death has pervaded his life; as a child he experienced the deaths of elderly relatives and anxiety about his parents’ mortality. Death has appeared in his art as an adversary, an inevitability, a creeping terror, and a promise. Deterioration is prefigured in the wood, glue, and fabric scraps that comprise much of his artwork.

In this context, the ghosts seem almost inevitable — a chorus of loss that spans a lifetime, and an echo of collective grief. Pylypchuk said by email, “My original thought was they were one individual but I have come to realize it was an individual but also all of us.”

Pylypchuk’s decision to use bronze preceded his friend’s death — early in 2020 he had started a bronze edition and he had been contemplating the possibilities of the medium. The loss invokes its associations with commemoration, yet the ghosts refuse any facade of quietude. The original materials are twisted into expressions of anger, bafflement, supplication, or sorrow, sometimes comically, other times so viscerally that they’re startling.

In one, the contorted form takes on the appearance of a gargoyle with gaping eyeholes, its gnarled arms flailing, two twigs jutting out from its head like horns; green corrosion splotches stain its gray surface. Another resembles the talking trees in *The Wizard of Oz*, with a long, crooked nose that evokes the Wicked Witch of the West. A particularly plaintive work pairs two ghostly forms, both with a deep charcoal-gray patina, in a *pieta* (*Untitled (pieta)*, 2020).



Jon Pylypchuk’s ghost sculptures in the desert, Southern California; courtesy the artist and Petzel, New York; photo: Joshua White

Pylypchuk’s art has always been deeply engaged with the most painful parts of life, those that human beings tend to push aside or deny in order to get by. Encountering the ghosts in their sometimes funny, sometimes pitiful presence is something like experiencing the comedy of life and tragedy of death all at once. “I feel like the expressions were there,” he explained. “I just squeezed them out. The way the things were knit I think directed the ability to make the expressions without tearing or cutting. In some cases I did tear or cut them.” It was “hard for me to not emerge with my heart on my sleeve,” he added.

The ghosts' vivid emotions are both a reflection of the anguish of loss and an assertion of their difference from us. This gap between identification and alienation parallels the sense of being simultaneously within and outside of oneself that can accompany the grieving process. Pylypchuk does little to anthropomorphize the ghosts. He lets viewers see themselves or loved ones in things that are often still recognizable; the most uncanny effect of the work may be identifying with a face and then seeing an empty ski mask or the frayed edges of a terrycloth towel.

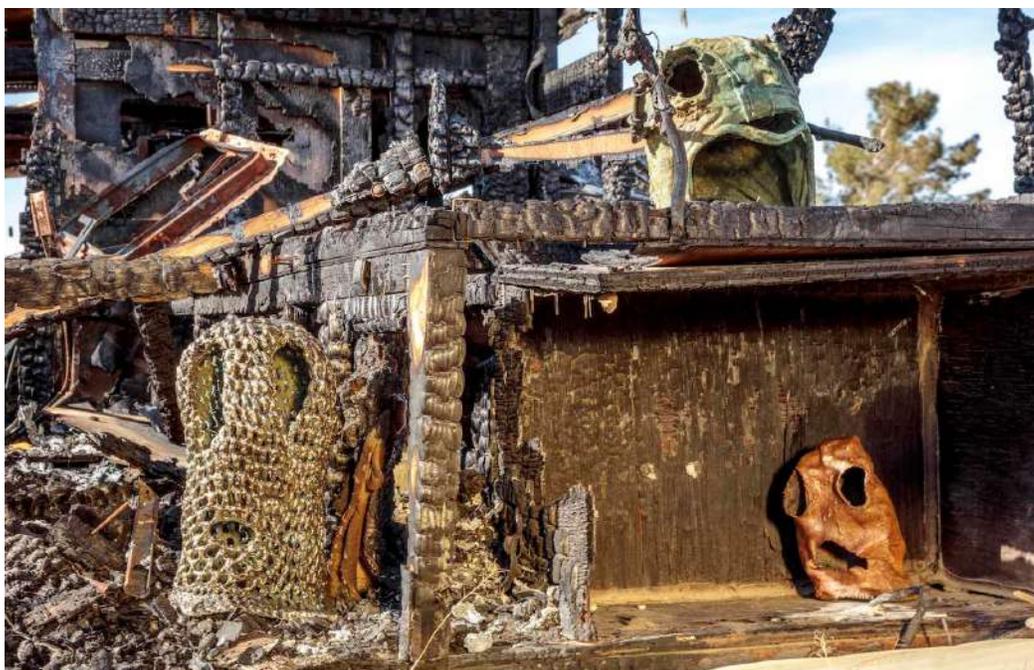
Over the years, his ragtag animal and humanoid parade has reenacted all manner of human drama. Paradoxically, the nonhuman appearances that separate them from us also mirror our illusions and delusions about ourselves. For *I Know I'll Never Love This Way Again* at Nino Mier Gallery in Los Angeles (May 15–June 19, 2021), another solo show of bronze sculptures this year, Pylypchuk used the medium to comment on mortality and the body's degeneration through age and bad habits. The exhibition featured bronze versions of his humanoid cigarettes, originally made of found materials and poured concrete, some with light bulbs for eyes.

In 2021, the cigarettes were drinking and smoking, and wallowing in an emotional morass or making futile attempts at self-improvement — all against the backdrop of the year's sociopolitical and health crises. In this case, the grandeur of bronze chafed against their rusted exteriors and the weight of rumped bodies on stick legs — the weight of their mortality.

In some ways, the ghosts share more with Pylypchuk's 2008 bronze sculptures, in particular the epic, life-sized "Untitled (Bronze Elephants)," which I described at the time as "bear[ing] the crushing weight of immortality." The artist stated, "Permanence was totally in my head — making my impermanent friend permanent. Or at least trying to."

Before the exhibition Pylypchuk traveled to the Southern California desert with the ghosts, where photographer Joshua White documented them amid the indigenous flora and nestled in ramshackle structures and abandoned vans. The discrepancy between the illusion of life and the reality of the object that the gallery context underscores is diminished in the desert, where the ghosts converge with the natural world, their creatural character animated by the alien landscape. In nature, as in White's photographs or even in Pylypchuk's verdant backyard (where I saw them), what's most evident is their strange and irreplaceable singularity.

In *The Gift of Death* (1992), Jacques Derrida, analyzing the work of other philosophers, writes: "Death is very much that which nobody else can undergo or confront in my place. My irreplaceability is therefore conferred, delivered, 'given,' one can say, by death."



Jon Pylypchuk's ghost sculptures in the desert, Southern California; courtesy the artist and Petzel, New York; photo: Joshua White

ARTFORUM

JUNE 2020

CRITICS' PICK: JON PYLYPCHUK

By Cassie Packard



Jon Pylypchuk, *Untitled*, 2021, cast bronze, 15 x 19 x 12 inches

While grappling with grief after the death of a close friend, Jon Pylypchuk cast a number of bronze “ghosts,” which are currently haunting Petzel’s soigné townhouse space on the Upper East Side for the Winnipeg-born, Los Angeles-based artist’s solo exhibition “What have we missed.” Pylypchuk, a multidisciplinary bricoleur who is known for crafting pitiable creatures from poor materials such as mangy fake fur, bits of plywood, and copious amounts of hot glue, first explored metal casting in 2008. Made in 2020 and 2021, the pedestal- and wall-mounted sculptures on view, largely untitled, are cast from scavenged fabric scraps and clothing including saggy underwear and flaccid socks: homely sartorial effects for our ungainly flesh containers, memorialized in a substance frequently utilized to glorify the dead.

Hovering somewhere between bedsheet spook, executioner’s hood, and death mask, the specters’ faces have features implied by holes that have either been hand-cut or came readymade: for example, the leg openings in an upturned pair of men’s briefs, which drolly suggest a set of eyes. The sculptures are just humanoid enough to invite projection, a feature of pareidolia, our meaning-making tendency to see faces in objects, which has long played a part in the artist’s work. Pylypchuk hails from a line of Angelenos whose art traffics in abjection and regression (Mike Kelley, Paul McCarthy), and, like their work, his doomed project of trying to conjure up the dead is riddled with pathos. His heavy spirits are variously patinated and textured: One resembles a piece of chainmail with its network of thick, gleaming knots, while another appears battered, tired, and tatty; patches of its ribbed, carob-colored surface are a corroded shade of green. After all, the patina of grief changes from day to day.

HYPERALLERGIC

FEBRUARY 2020

Searching for Humanity in the Not-Quite-Human

Throughout his career Jon Pylypchuk has confronted the most awkward and gut-wrenching parts of being human.

By Natali Haddad



Jon Pylypchuk, *Cast your empire on a kingdom of doubts* (2019), wood, wood glue, watercolor ink, rebar, volleyballs, tires, polyurethane, paint brushes, paint cans, gloves, glitter, carpet, black cue balls, 102 x 152 x 111 in; all images courtesy the artist and Petzel, New York.

Cast your empire on a kingdom of doubts is the title of a 2019 installation that serves as the centerpiece of Jon Pylypchuk's current solo exhibition at Friedrich Petzel, *Waiting for the Next Nirvana*. Bounded by a shopworn Persian rug on a low platform, the piece features seven mid-sized figures arranged around a kind of joker king (inspired by Trump, according to the artist), joined by two cronies.

Typical of Pylypchuk's figurative sculptures, these are cobbled from everyday objects and junkyard scraps: The "king" is primarily composed of a stack of tires, while the flanking figures are assembled from wood planks and tires, and the rest have soccer balls for heads and utility gloves for feet.

Cast your empire encompasses the poles of grandeur and dejection, and the tension of reconciling them, that define Pylypchuk's aesthetic. Though the title sets the stage for failure, it's the figures that embody the absurdity, and poignancy, of a kingdom of scraps and a court of fools.

Waiting for the Next Nirvana is the LA-based artist's sixth solo show at Petzel since his 2001 gallery debut, *The Crying, No Arms, Mournful Thoughts Society*. With the current show the slackers and delinquents that populated

earlier works have matured into parents and domestic partners; aside from *Cast your empire*, the show consists of collage-paintings that detail declarations of love (both romantic and familial), desire, and rejection among an intimate cast of characters crafted from fabric encrusted with glue, paint, glitter, and other materials on canvas.

Throughout his career Pylypchuk has confronted the most awkward and gut-wrenching parts of being human, his scrappy characters caught in existential (and sometimes real) battles between feelings of alienation and attempts to forge bonds and find value in a world of injustice, pain, and disappointment.

Born in 1972 in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in the central Canadian prairies, Pylypchuk was a founding member of the Royal Art Lodge, the mid-'90s collective of University of Manitoba art students known for their esoteric references and dreamlike, darkly surreal aesthetic.

The group gained international attention with the touring exhibition *Ask the Dust* (2003-4), but Pylypchuk left Winnipeg in 1996 to earn his MFA at UCLA. In Los Angeles, he was among a group of art-school grads — including artists Frances Stark, Pae White, and Laura Owens, and gallerists Steve Hanson and Giovanni Intra, founders of Pylypchuk's first LA gallery, China Art Objects — who established a new art scene in Chinatown and repudiated both conventional materials and modes of exhibition and circulation.

The scene served as an incubator for Pylypchuk to develop his motifs into emotive collage-paintings and sculptures. In works from around 1999 and 2000, stick figures made of wood and fabric scraps hot-glued onto paper or board interact with melancholy pigment clouds or faux-fur animals, many grasping at something meaningful through a fog of insecurity or despair.



Installation view of Jon Pylypchuk: *Waiting for the Next Nirvana* at Petzel, New York, 2020

The contrast between the poverty of the materials and the gravity of the expressions is disarming. Yet the characters' forlorn charm and their poetic turns of phrase are undercut by bursts of anger and callousness. In a 2016 podcast the artist explained, "I like this idea of something that could be considered cute also being malicious or somehow not so cute."

This contrast culminated in 2006 with *Press a weight through life, and I will watch this crush you*, commissioned for the Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit's inaugural exhibition, *Meditations in an Emergency*, curated by Klaus Kertess. The installation (which was reprised at Petzel in 2007 and Montreal's Musée d'art contemporain in 2010-11) is a sprawling shantytown, built from materials scavenged in Detroit. Congregated outside of the rickety structures are human-animal hybrids that drink beer, hold pissing contests, fight, and pass out.

This aesthetic has roots in Southern California's legacy of conceptualism, particularly in Mike Kelley's explorations of social relations through the dynamics of suburban high schools and lower- and middle-class workplaces. But where Kelley asserted a critical distance between himself and his subjects, Pylypchuk collapses that distance by mining his own experience and emotions to produce a palpable sense of pathos.

At the same time, the internal and external dystopias that emerged from memories of his past, reified through creatures that are both "us" and "not-us," are uncanny reflections of America's dire social and economic climate, both then and now.

In an otherwise favorable 2007 Artforum review of *Press a weight* at Petzel, author Nick Stillman asserts that Pylypchuk's work "eludes designation as 'critical,' largely because of its flippant humor." Yet even in 2007, the precariousness of Pylypchuk's shantytown conveyed a visceral sense of entropy, of a microcosmic world desperately trying to stay intact.

The Detroit iteration (the one I saw) felt neither flippant nor humorous, but rather like a portrait of perseverance in the face of adversity. Today, "Press a weight" evokes the homeless encampments that have become fixtures in the Los Angeles cityscape, while his characters in this and other installations call up images of people on the margins of society.

The mis-en-scene of *Press a weight* was followed by several works in which Pylypchuk abandoned the figure and narrative, aside from expressive titles, in favor of elemental disembodied heads. His next exhibition at Petzel, *The War* (2009-10), was a bestiary of faces illuminated with light-bulb eyes or back-lighting.

As a few critics noted at the time, the wall-mounted objects evoked the nonwestern masks that early European Modernists prized, yet the crude construction and mood lighting summoned a kind of return of the repressed filtered through an adolescent heavy-metal aesthetic. (In particular, the gnarled "Blanket" and molten black "Fire Teeth," both 2009, hovered on the wall like chthonic demons; you could almost hear Napalm Death emanating from them.)

Pylypchuk reworked this format for a series of sculptures made from household objects — including sinks and toilets, in a Duchampian gesture. Bathos takes over from pathos in these works as he deflates the storied legacy of the readymade, without relinquishing his stake in it. The pieces also reflect the human impulse to project human traits onto things — for instance, to see faces in objects (pareidolia). In the aforementioned podcast he



Installation view of Jon Pylypchuk: *The War* at Petzel, New York, 2009-10

noted the appeal of modifying an object by adding two dots and a line to “convey a certain emotion sometimes through the most simple gesture.”

The artist’s characters are often plagued with vices and destructive patterns — codependent relationships, binge drinking, smoking (of actual cigarettes, by giant anthropomorphic cigarettes) — that will inevitably amplify their pain rather than assuage it. Yet more often than not, they hold out hope for something better, for unencumbered emotional exchanges or expressions of love, or simply to love and be loved.

Pylypchuk’s empathy for his creations shows through in flashes of vulnerability. In the 2002 work “Now how will we get around?,” two shopworn, multicolored humanoids slump on wheeled platforms, unable to walk, and ponder their predicament. There are no simple solutions in this world, but Pylypchuk conjures a sense of bitter resolve that equals that of the scrappy cat-boxers fighting for the highest stakes in 2005’s “i will stop fighting you when death stops fucking with me.”

Waiting for the Next Nirvana marks another stage in the artist’s development. The title is a play on the double meaning of “nirvana” as the Buddhism concept and the name of the epochal grunge band; both signal a nostalgia for an idealized past (underscored in Pylypchuk’s return to his early-2000s alter-ego, Rudy Bust) as well as hope for a better future that may never arrive.

Pylypchuk explained by email:

I was never a big fan of Nirvana but it still made my guts tingle when I first heard [Nevermind]. When I make stuff and I’m not thinking about it, to me that is my other nirvana, a place I can’t describe where nice things come from — a place of nothingness. Always waiting to be back there.

In *I used to be your internet kids* (2019), a tall figure stands between two shorter ones; all three are composed of pants collaged onto canvas, imbuing the works with another level of corporeality. The rumpled fabric lend the trio a disheveled look, the inverted pants recalling dirty rabbit ears, but a sheen of glitter on the lacquered surface adds luster to the mundane. It’s not a leap to see the central figure as a stand-in for Pylypchuk and other parents who feel the sting of irrelevance in their children’s independence.

The title piece, *Waiting for the Next Nirvana* (2019), depicts another rabbit-eared adult next to a diminutive figure. Indecision and anxiety spread across the grown-up’s sagging face and body. The abstract background — an atmospheric storm of indigo and brown erupting into fiery reds near the bottom — nearly blends in with the figures, threatening to subsume them, but for the orange polyurethane ooze spewing from the child’s mouth.

The intimacy of *Waiting for the Next Nirvana* is striking to encounter. The dramas in these pieces are impelled by the instincts to seek companionship and to feel needed. These are desires that afflict animals and humans alike. They are both utterly banal and vital. Central to Pylypchuk’s practice is the notion that the discards constituting his artworks are not elevated by their proximity to us. Rather, what elevates us is our recognition of ourselves in their frailties and foibles. They urge us to strive beyond our basest instincts and to rethink what it means to be human.

Los Angeles Times

SEPTEMBER 2018

JON PYLYPCHUK | A TRIBUTE ENTITLED, 'I'VE GOT LOVE FOR YOU'

By Christopher Knight

For Jon Pylypchuk, scraps of wood, expanding foam insulation, some quick spray paint and a handful of found objects have been constructive materials for making sculpture over the years. Five new works show him running at top form.

Of course, in Pylypchuk's eccentric universe, top form is low down. The suite of DIY-style sculptures in *Lost in Your Eyes* at Nino Mier Gallery is no different. Conceptually, David Smith's tony Tanktotem sculptures from Abstract Expressionism's glory days meet tattered troll dolls; their hybrid parentage is a bracing amalgam. Joyfully silly, the anthropomorphic figures are also unexpectedly poignant.

Each is made from a vertical bundle of scrap wood, the shortest nearly seven feet tall, and the largest towers overhead at 12 feet. Sprayed with foam and painted white, the bubbly, scabbed surface looks like some itchy skin disease has overtaken them.

Two rubber tires bolted onto either side of the bundle make for an oversized pair of big, banjo eyes; skinny bicycle tires stretched horizontally beneath them seem to make the sculptures grin. If these creatures have ancestors, they're perhaps the hostile fighting trees in *The Wizard of Oz*—fantastic trees of arcane knowledge whose role was to keep intruders out of the enchanted forest.

A couple of sticks protrude as outstretched arms, a pair of work gloves speared on each. Rather than a proffered embrace, however, these hands push back. The gloves' middle fingers stand erect, impaled on the sticks, jauntily flipping the bird at approaching admirers.

Lost in Your Eyes is collectively titled after a 1989 Debbie Gibson make-out record. It's an exhibition as lovestruck symphony, cuddly characters deftly destabilized by that sassy finger-detail, at once open-hearted and self-protective. There's no coherent reason in the world why gussied-up piles of trash should be moving, but — weirdly — they are.



CURRICULUM VITAE

JON PYLYPCHUK

b. 1972, Winnipeg, CA
Lives and works in Los Angeles

EDUCATION

2001 M.F.A., University of California, Los Angeles, CA, US
1997 B.F.A., University of Manitoba, CA
1996 Yale University School of Music and Art, New Haven, CT, US

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 2023 *I'VE GOT LOVE FOR YOU*, Nino Mier Gallery, Los Angeles, CA, US
I'VE GOT LOVE FOR YOU, Peter and Merle Mullin Gallery, ArtCenter, Pasadena, CA, US
- 2021 *I Know I'll Never Love this Way Again*, Nino Mier Gallery, Los Angeles, CA, US
What have we missed, Petzel Gallery, New York, NY, US
- 2020 *Waiting for the Next Nirvana*, Petzel Gallery, New York, NY, US
- 2018 *Lost In Your Eyes*, Nino Mier Gallery, Los Angeles, CA, US
American Moses, Nino Mier Gallery, Los Angeles, CA, US
- 2017 *Like an eagle rising from a Phoenix*, Eric Hussenot, Paris, FR
- 2016 *i am resuming my place at the top, by force, so suck it!*, Páramo Galeria, Guadalajara, Jalisco, MX
- 2015 *Summer Show*, Petzel Gallery, New York, NY, US
Feed Your Baby Valium, China Art Objects, Los Angeles, CA, US
- 2013 *after the royal art lodge*, Galerie Division, Montreal, QC, CA
- 2012 Sydney Biennial, Sydney, AU
I won't give up on you, Fred Snitzer Gallery, Miami, FL, US
for all the love in the world, Tomio Koyama, Tokyo, JPN
- 2011 *In the absence of human bastards*, China Art Object Galleries, Los Angeles, CA, US
Love, my reluctant but faithful enemy, Galerie Hussenot, Paris, FR
- 2010 *Old Drunk Paintings and Other Works of Fine Art*, Frederic Snitzer Gallery, Miami, FL, US
Jon Pylypchuk, China Art Object Galleries, Los Angeles, CA, US
Jon Pylypchuk, Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal, Montréal, QC, CA
- 2009 *Jon Pylypchuk*, Blaffer Gallery, The Art Museum of The University of Houston, Houston, TX, US
Jon Pylypchuk, Sies + Höke Galerie, Düsseldorf, DE
Blaffer Gallery, The Art Museum of the University of Houston, Houston, TX, US
The War, Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York, NY, US
Experimental Art and Culture: Jon Pylypchuk, The Art Gallery of Calgary, Calgary, CA
Jon Pylypchuk Ausstellungshalle zeitgenössische Kunst Münster, Münster, DE
Jon Pylypchuk, Alison Jacques Gallery, London, UK
- 2008 *Jon Pylypchuk*, China Art Objects Galleries, Los Angeles, CA, US
Jon Pylypchuk, City of Zurich Theatre, in association with the Migros Museum, Zurich, CH
- 2007 *Press a weight through life, and I will watch this crush you*, Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York, NY, US
Jon Pylypchuk, Galerie Ghislaine Hussenot, Paris, FR

- Jon Pylypchuk*, Jack Hanley Gallery, San Francisco, CA, US
Jon Pylypchuk, Sies + Höke Galerie, Dusseldorf, DE
- 2006 *Jon Pylypchuk*, Tomio Koyama Gallery, Tokyo, JPN
Jon Pylypchuk, China Art Objects Galleries, Los Angeles, CA, US
you are all too close to dropping off now, Alison Jacques Gallery, London, UK
you asked me to come and see your routine, you call this a fucking routine? Curve: Jon Pylypchuk, Museum of Contemporary Art, Cleveland, OH, US
Jon Pylypchuk, Massimo de Carlo, Milan, IT
- 2005 *i have thought deep into this trouble*, Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York, NY, US
Jon Pylypchuk, Galerie Ghislaine Hussenot, Paris, FR
- 2004 *i will live with my hands like this*, Massimo de Carlo, Milan, IT
you won't live past 30 (with Adrian Williams), China Art Objects, Los Angeles, CA, US
you are the only one left, Galleri Christina Wilson, Copenhagen, DN
Jon Pylypchuk, Locust Projects, Miami, FL, US
Erections Pointing at Stars and Angels, aspreyjacques, London, UK
- 2003 *Jon Pylypchuk and Diena Georgetti*, Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington, NZ
Jon Pylypchuk, Tomio Koyama, Tokyo, JPN
i will plug your wound to protect everyone now / plug everyone now, Galerie Borgmann-Nathusius, Cologne, DE
and now occasionally, and reluctantly, i lift my head from where it hangs in shame, Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York, NY, US
- 2002 *if wishes were horses*, China Art Objects, Los Angeles, CA, US
- 2001 *don't let me down/this is all you are allowed*, Galerie Borgmann-Nathusius, Cologne, DE
the crying, no arms, mournful thoughts society, Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York, NY,
- 2000 *how to live to 100*, China Art Objects Galleries, Los Angeles, CA,US
- 1999 *one day art sale*, China Art Objects Galleries, Los Angeles, CA,US

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 2023 *The Bioelectric Self*, The Pit, Los Angeles, CA, US
Assymetrical Orbits, Harris Art Gallery, University of La Verne, CA, US
- 2021 *Fall for Art*, Tomio Koyama Gallery, Tokyo, JP
- 2020 *Downloadable*, Petzel Gallery, New York (online)
- 2018 Bombay Beach Biennale, Bombay Beach, CA, US
- 2017 *SomeBodies*, Petzel Gallery, New York, NY, US
The Inner Skin: Art and Shame, MARTa Herford, Venus, Los Angeles, CA, US
Heat Wave. Curated by Dylan Brant. UTA Artist Space, Los Angeles, CA, US
- 2016 *Wasteland*, Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac, Paris, FR
- 2015 (Performance) *Kisk*, Hammer Museum of Art, Los Angeles, CA, US
Group Exhibition, Blum and Poe, Los Angeles, CA,US
Under Construction, Páramo Galeria, Guadalajara, Jalisco, MX
Sweet Sixteen, China Art Objects Galleries, Los Angeles, CA, US
Seinfeld (a show about nothing), Fredric Snitzer Gallery, Miami, FL, US

- 2014 *Person, Place or Thing: Works on Paper By 50 Artists*, Kornfeld Galerie, Berlin, DE
Split Milk, Armory Center for the Arts, Pasadena, CA, US
Death Ship: A Tribute to HC Westerman, The Pit, Los Angeles, CA, US
Not for all my little words, Marc Straus, New York, NY, US
Dramedy, Fort Worth Contemporary Arts, Fort Worth, TX, US
- 2013 *Pet Shapes*, China Art Objects Galleries, Los Angeles, CA, US
True Believers, Max Presnell, Jason Ramos, Torrance Art Museum, CA, US
My Winnipeg: The Artist's Choice, Plug In Institute of Contemporary Arts, Winnipeg, CA
After the Royal Art Lodge, Galerie Division, Montreal, QC, CA
- 2012 *My Winnipeg: There's no place like home*, Plug In ICA, Winnipeg, CA
Flights from Wonder, Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum, Santa Barbara, CA, US
Created Worlds and Altered Histories, JK Gallery, Los Angeles, CA, US
- 2011 *Flights From Wonder*, Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts, Santa Barbara, CA, US
- 2010 *Inauguration of China Art Objects Culver City*, China Art Objects, Los Angeles, CA, US
Paper, Frederic Snitzer Gallery, Miami, FL, US
The Drawing Room, Annet Gelink Gallery, Amsterdam, NL
Knock Knock: Who's There? That Joke Isn't Funny Anymore, Fred Torres Collaborations, New York, NY, US
- 2009 *The Curse of Ceramics*, China Art Objects Gallery, Los Angeles, CA, US
Compass in Hand: The Judith Rothschild Foundation Contemporary Drawings Collection Gift,
Museum of Modern Art, New York, NY, US
Wonderland – Through the Looking Glass, KadE Kunsthal, Amersfoort, NL (cat.)
Second Nature: The Valentine-Adelson Collection, Hammer Museum, Los Angeles, CA, US
Group Show, The Art Gallery of Calgary, Calgary, CA
- 2008 *Emerson vs Nietzsche*, China Art Objects Galleries at Cottage Home, Los Angeles, CA, US
Lustwarande 08, Wanderland, Fundament Foundation, Tilburg *The Program*, Modern Art Museum, Fort
Worth, Dallas, TX, US
- 2009 *Ausstellungshalle zietgenössische*, Kunst Münster, Münster
Cult Fiction, Tullie House, Carlisle, UK
Cult Fiction, Aberystwyth Art Gallery, Aberystwyth, WAL
The unruly and the humorous, Angles Gallery, Los Angeles, CA, US
- 2007 *The Lath Picture Show*, Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York, NY, US
Phantasmia, Kemper Museum of Contemporary Art, Kansas City, KA, US
Cult Fiction, Hayward Gallery, London, UK (traveling exhibition)
Cult Fiction, The New Art Gallery, Walsall, UK
Cult Fiction, City Art Gallery, Leeds, UK
Final Exhibition at 4 Clifford Street, Alison Jacques Gallery, London, UK
Poetics Country, Ferenbalm-Gurbru Station, Karlsruhe, Germany, DE
USA Today: New American Art from The Saatchi Gallery, The State Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg, RU
- 2006 *USA Today: New American Art from the Saatchi Gallery*, Royal Academy of Arts, London, UK
Meditations in an Emergency, Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit, MI, UK
Scarecrow, Evangelos Averoff Museum, Metsovo, GR
Nightmares of Summer, Marvelli Gallery, NY, US
Humor Me, Kansas City Art Institute, Kansas City, KA, US
- 2005 *Looking at Words: The Formal Use of Text in Modern and Contemporary Works on Paper*, Andrea Rosen
Gallery, New York, NY, US
Gallery Exchange, Bowie Van Valen, Amsterdam, NL
Desired Constellations, Daniel Reich Gallery, New York, NY, US
Hanging by a Thread, Moore Space, Miami, FL, US

- 2004 *You won't live past 30*, two-person show with Adrian Williams, China Art Object Galleries, Los Angeles, CA, US
The Royal Art Lodge: Ask the Dust, Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, CA, US
The Royal Art Lodge: Ask the Dust, The Elaine L. Jacob Gallery, Wayne State University, Detroit, MI, US
3 Rooms 3 Artists, Alison Jacques Gallery, London, UK
Dessins et Des Autres, Galerie Anne De Villepoix, Paris, FR
- 2003 *Project room*, Tomio Koyama Gallery, Tokyo, JPN
Atto Primo, Studio Massimo De Carlo, Milan, IT
Rendered: Works on paper from 46 artists, Sara Mettler Gallery, New York, NY, US
Some Things We Like, Asprey Jacques, London, UK
The Royal Art Lodge: Ask the Dust, The Drawing Center, New York, NY, US
The Royal Art Lodge: Ask the Dust, Seoul Museum of Art, Seoul, SKO
The Royal Art Lodge: Ask the Dust, The Power Plant, Toronto, CA
The Royal Art Lodge: Ask the Dust, De Vleeshal, Middleburg, NL
Works for Giovanni, China Art Objects Galleries, Los Angeles, CA, US
- 2002 *Stranger Than Fiction*, Nylon, London, UK
I'm from Orange County and I Drink Johnny Walker Red, Galerie Julius Hummel, Vienna, AU
Necessary Fictions, De Chiara, New York, NY, US
The Dubrow Biennial, Kagan Martos Gallery, New York, NY, US
21 Paintings from L.A., Curated by James Gobel, Robert V. Fullerton Art Museum, Cal State University, San Bernadino, CA, US
Drive By, Curated by Katie Brennan. Reynolds Gallery, Richmond, VA, US
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Museum of Contemporary Art, North Miami, FL, US
Museum of Modern Art, New York, NY, US
MONA Museum, Berridale, Tasmania, AU
Saatchi Collection, London, UK
Stedelijk Museum voor Actuele Kunst, Gent, BE
The Whitney Museum, New York, NY, US
The Winnipeg Art Gallery, Winnipeg, CA



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