

JASON YATES



Jason Yates
Born 1972, Detroit, Michigan
Lives and works in Los Angeles, California

Education

2000 Art Center College of Design, Pasadena CA
1995 BFA University of Michigan

Solo Presentations

2021 *Are We Still Friends?*, New Low, Los Angeles, CA

2020 *I'm Sorry You All Ended up Here*, von ammon co, Washington, DC

2019 *Homemade Ice Cream: Jason Yates*, Wasserman Projects, Detroit, MI

2014 *did i stutter did i ever*, c.nichols project, Los Angeles, CA

2013 *Ghost of an Ideal Life*, anna meliksetian | MJBriggs, Los Angeles CA

2012 *Every Self Portrait is a Cry for Help*, anna meliksetian | MJBriggs, Los Angeles CA
All We Ever Wanted Was Everything, Barbara Davis Gallery, Houston, TX
Master and Servant, Land of Tomorrow Gallery, Louisville, KY

2009 *The Rise and Fall of Shame*, Circus Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
Smog Setting, 2445 Cesar Chavez, Los Angeles, CA

2008 *Marginally Functional*, Fingered Gallery, Brooklyn, NY
Smogabilly, Welcome Hunters, Los Angeles
We Used To Be Friends, The Main Gallery, Las Vegas, NV

2007 *Burn Out*, Tiny Creatures, Los Angeles, CA

2004 *Cocaine Unicorn with Ariel Pink*, Geffen Contemporary, Los Angeles, CA

2000 *The States That I Am In*, Del Mar Gallery / Art Center, Pasadena, CA

1999 *Sunshine Yellow*, Del Mar Gallery / Art Center, Pasadena, CA

1995 *Dime Store Philosophy*, Pat Hill's House, Ann Arbor, MI

1994 *Vaseline and Toast*, Urban Park Gallery, Detroit, MI

1992 *Louisville Slugger*, Java Royal Oak, MI
Graffitihs with George Clinton, Industry, Pontiac, MI

Group Exhibitions

2023 International Modern and Contemporary Art Fair Milan, Italy

2022 *new images of women*, Shoot the Lobster, New York, NY
FOCUS GROUP 3, von ammon co, Washington, DC

2021 *The Going Away Present*, Kristina Kite Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
100 Sculptures, curated by Todd Von Ammon, Anonymous Gallery, New York, NY

2019 *Dracula's Wedding*, RODEO, London, UK

2017 *Revenge of the Crystal*, SADE, Los Angeles, CA

2013 *Going My Way*, Barbara Davis Gallery, Houston, TX

2010 *Tiny Creatures Big Deal*, DIY Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
Qualia, Human Resources Gallery, Los Angeles, CA

2009 *Feelings and Power*, 533, Los Angeles, CA

2008 *Under Alvarado: There is a Beach*, Galleria Mexicali Rose, Mexicali, Mexico
Pop Ups and Dreamably Emissions, various venues, San Francisco, CA
Closing Show, Black Dragon Society, Los Angeles, CA
One Hit Wonders, Beyond Baroque Gallery Venice, CA

2007 *Bone Electric*, Glendale College Gallery, Glendale, CA

Selected Projects

- 2015 PAINTER'S BLOCK, Paramount Ranch, Agoura Hills, CA
- 2013 Whitney Biennial, in conjunction with Semiotext(e), New York, NY
- 2010 Iconoclast Editions, Cincinnati, OH
Emma Grey HQ, Los Angeles, CA
Penny Ante Editions, Los Angeles, CA
The Arnott Family, Corona Del Mar, CA
The Bley Family, Los Angeles, CA
- 2009 Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions, Hollywood, CA
Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti, Los Angeles, CA
Soundscreen Design, Brooklyn, NY
- 2008 The Glasslands Gallery, Brooklyn, NY
The Bley Family, Los Angeles, CA
Narnack Records, Los Angeles, CA
Christian Lemaire, Paris, France
Merok, London, UK
Tiny Creatures, Los Angeles, CA
Shadow Play, Asheville, NC
Mushrooms International, San Francisco, CA
Sticky World, Chicago, IL
Welcome Hunters, Los Angeles, CA
Insound Magazine, New York, NY
- 2007 Human Ear, Los Angeles, CA
Stephane Leonard, Berlin, Germany
Golden Boots / Park The Van Records, Tucson, AZ

THE COURAGE TO BE FREE
THE BODY KEEPS THE SCORE
HOW TO AVOID CLIMATE DISASTER
WHITE FRAGILITY
A WARNING
HOW TO CHANGE YOUR MIND
HILLBILLY ELEGY
THE GENE
FLASH BOYS
PROOF OF HEAVEN
HEAVEN IS FOR REAL
STEVE JOBS
COMMITTED
HAVE A LITTLE FAITH
LIBERAL FASCISM
THE ASSAULT ON REASON
STATE OF DENIAL
THE GLASS CASTLE
AGAINST ALL ENEMIES
EATS, SHOOTS AND LEAVES
STUPID WHITE MEN
GERMS
IT'S NOT ABOUT THE BIKE



International Modern and contemporary art fair milan
allianz mico, Pavilion 3,
viale scarampo, milan
16 April - 14 April 2023



FELIX GAUDLITZ
Vienna

VON AMMON CO
Washington DC



E32
FELIX GAUDLITZ
Vienna
VON AMMON CO
Washington DC

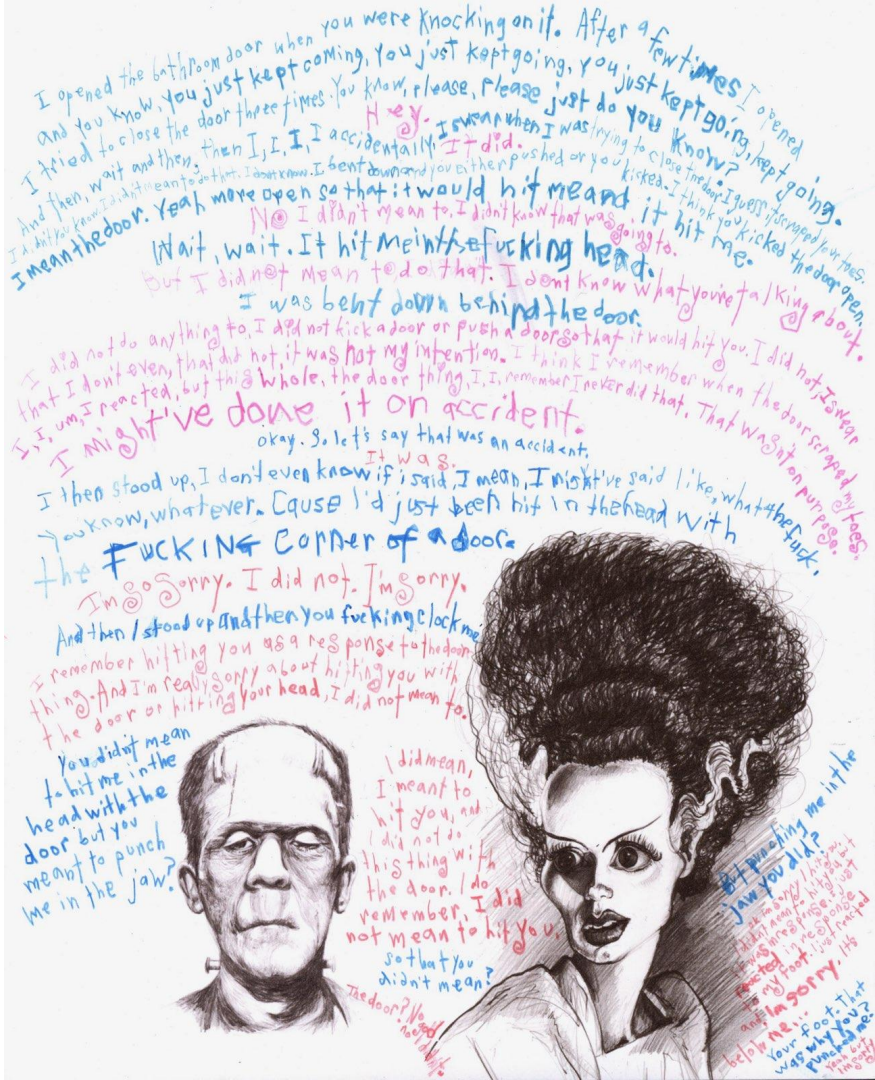
E32
FELIX GAUDLITZ
Vienna
VON AMMON CO
Washington DC

THE COURAGE TO BE FREE
THE BODY KEEPS THE SECRETS
HOW TO ALSO CLIMATE CHANGE
WHITE INEQUALITY
A WARNING
HOW TO CHANGE YOUR MIND
HEAVILY SLEEP
THE GENE
FLASH BOYS
PROOF OF HEAVEN
HEAVEN IS FOR REAL
STEVE JOBS
COMMITTED
HAVE A LITTLE FAITH
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AGAINST ALL ENEMIES
EATS, SHOOTS AND LEANS
STUPID WHITE MEN
GERARD
IT'S NOT ABOUT THE AWE



I opened the bathroom door when you were knocking on it. After a few times I opened and you know, you just kept coming, you just kept going, you just kept going, kept going. I tried to close the door three times. You know, please, please just do you know? Hey. And then, wait and then, then I, I, I, I accidentally, I swear when I was trying to close the door I guess it scraped your toes. I didn't you know I didn't mean to do that. I don't know. I bent down and you either pushed or you kicked. I think you kicked the door open. No I didn't mean to. I didn't know that was going to. Wait, wait. It hit me in the fucking head. But I did not mean to do that. I don't know what you're talking about. I was bent down behind the door. I did not do anything to, I did not kick a door or push a door so that it would hit you. I did not, I swear that I don't even, that did not, it was not my intention. I think I remember when the door scraped my toes. I, I, um, I reacted, but this whole, the door thing, I, I, remember I never did that. That wasn't on the purpose. I might've done it on accident. Okay. So let's say that was an accident. It was. I then stood up, I don't even know if I said, I mean, I might've said like, what the fuck. You know, whatever. Cause I'd just been hit in the head with the fucking corner of a door. I'm so sorry. I did not. I'm sorry. And then I stood up and then you fucking clock me. I remember hitting you as a response to the door thing. And I'm really sorry about hitting you with the door or hitting your head, I did not mean to. You didn't mean to hit me in the head with the door but you meant to punch me in the jaw? I did mean, I meant to hit you, and I did not do this thing with the door. I do remember, I did not mean to hit you. So that you didn't mean? The door? No god no I didn't. But pinching me in the jaw you did? Ok I'm sorry I hit you. I didn't mean to hit you but it was in response. I just reacted in response to my foot. I just reacted and I'm sorry. It's below me...Your foot. That was why you punched me? Yeah but I'm sorry., 2022

ink on paper
13¾ x 11 in / 34.92 x 27.94 cm



Let's burn Amber!!!

I'm not sure we should burn Amber,
she is delightful company and pleasing on
the eye. We could of course do the English
course of action and perform a drowning test.
Thoughts? You have a swimming pool!



My thoughts entirely. Let's be certain before we pronounce her a witch.

Let's drown her before we burn her!!!
Will fuck her burnt corpse
afterward to make sure
she's dead



Let's burn Amber!!! I'm not sure we should burn Amber. She is delightful company and pleasing on the eye. We could of course do the English course of action and perform a drowning test. Thoughts? You have a swimming pool. My thoughts entirely. Let's be certain before we pronounce her a witch. Let's drown her before we burn her!!! Will fuck her burnt corpse afterward to make sure she's dead, 2022

ink on paper
13 3/4 x 11 in / 34.92 x 27.94 cm

Good luck and
be careful at the top.



Good luck and be careful at the top., 2022
ink on paper
13¾ x 11 in / 34.92 x 27.94 cm



listen, we are a crime scene waiting to happen., 2022
ink on paper
13¾ x 11 in / 34.92 x 27.94 cm



When you called Amber 'that filthy whore' she was your wife at the time, correct?



ended up alone at the microphone

Yes.

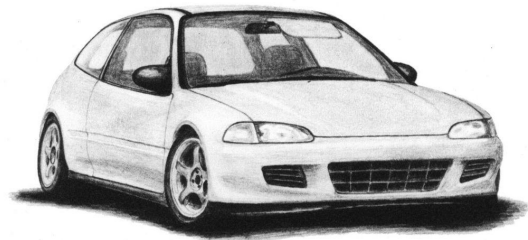
When you called Amber 'that filthy whore' she was your wife at the time, correct? ended up alone at the microphone. Yes., 2022
ink on paper
13¾ x 11 in / 34.92 x 27.94 cm

I can go all night
DJ Maxipad!!!



I can go all night DJ Maxipad!!!, 2022
ink on paper
13¾ x 11 in / 34.92 x 27.94 cm

hopefully that cunt's rotting corpse
is decomposing in the fucking trunk
of a Honda Civic.



Slippery Whore

hopefully that cunt's rotting corpse is decomposing in the fucking trunk of a Honda Civic., 2022

ink on paper

13¾ x 11 in / 34.92 x 27.94 cm

She brought up
the fecal matter on the bed.
She tried to blame
it on the dogs.



She brought up the fecal matter on the bed. She tried to blame the dogs., 2022

ink on paper

13¾ x 11 in / 34.92 x 27.94 cm

I have other uses
for your throat
that do not
include
injury.



I have other uses for your throat that do not include injury., 2022
ink on paper
13¾ x 11 in / 34.92 x 27.94 cm



bruises, a broken blood vessel under my eye. Missing chunks of hair, a black eye, a swollen nose. I head-butted you in the head. That doesn't break a nose., 2022

ink on paper

13¾ x 11 in / 34.92 x 27.94 cm



*I'm Sorry You All Ended
Up Here*
von ammon co
Washington DC
29 August - 26
September 2020

















Untitled (I'm Sorry You All Ended up Here) 8/20, 2020
Digital video, 17:00 loop, edition of five, <https://vimeo.com/456371164>



How I Became One of The Invisible, 2020
mixed media
38 x 42 x 12 in / 97 x 107 x 31 cm



Can The World Be as Sad as it Seems,
2020
mixed media
54 x 60 x 18 in / 137 x 152 x 46 cm

He's a Big Boy, 2020
mixed media
40 x 24 x 12 in / 102 x 61 x 30 cm

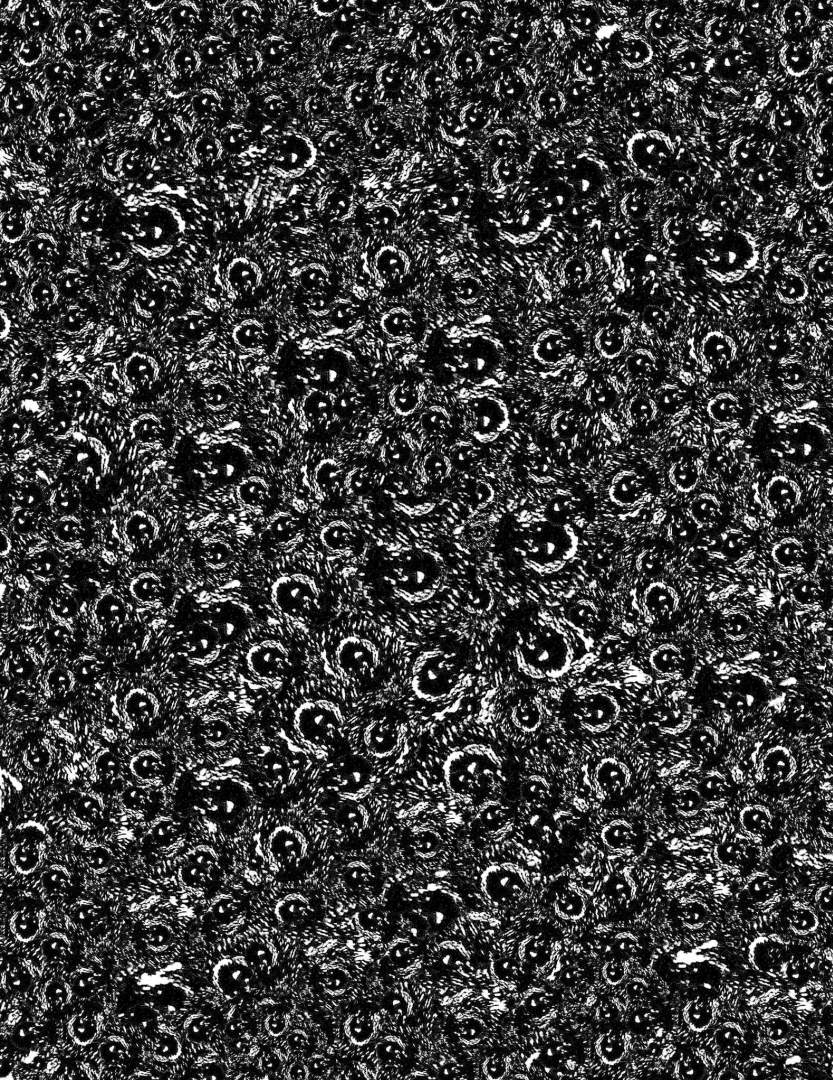




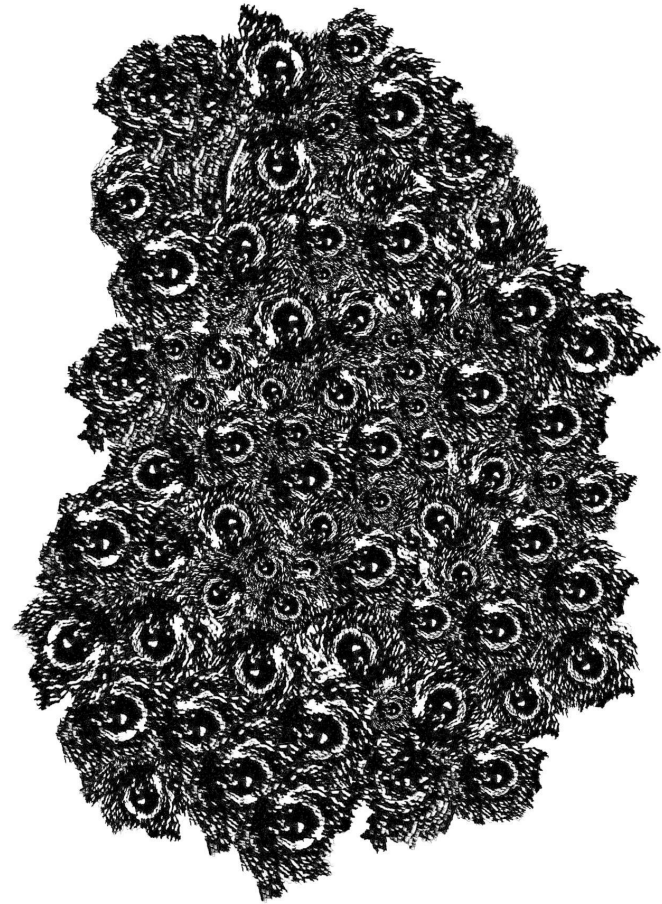
Cancel Everything, 2020
mixed media
82 x 72 x 12 in / 183 x 183 x 31 cm



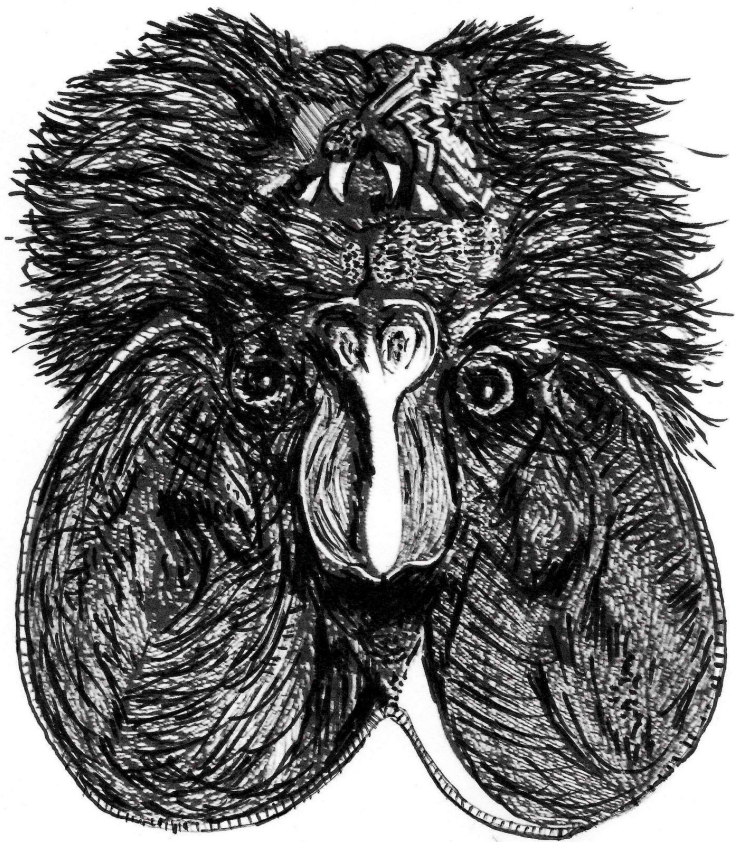
Not Yet Titled, 2020
ink on paper
11 x 9 in / 28 x 23 cm



Not Yet Titled, 2020
ink on paper
11 x 9 in / 28 x 23 cm



Not Yet Titled, 2020
ink on paper
11 x 9 in / 28 x 23 cm



Not Yet Titled, 2020
ink on paper
11 x 9 in / 28 x 23 cm

JASON YATES
HOMEMADE ICE CREAM



Homemade Ice Cream
Wasserman Projects,
Detroit, Michigan,
22 September - 16 December
2017















did i stutter did i ever
c.nichols project,
Los Angeles, CA
17 January - 21 February
2014





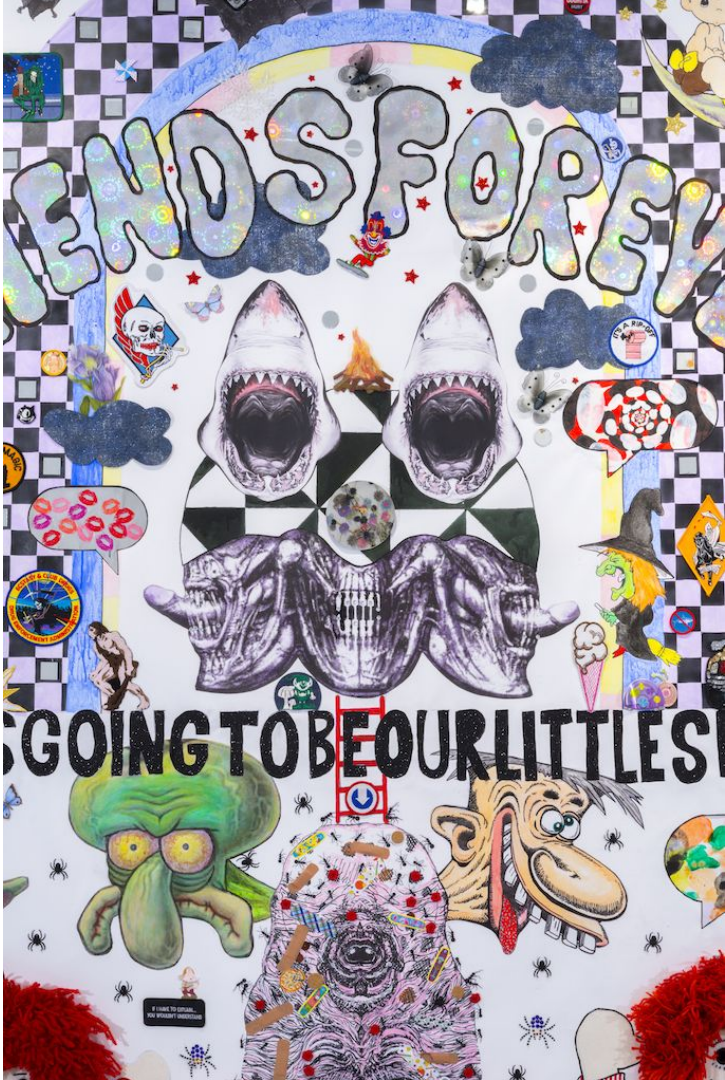


Why Sleep, 2014
Mixed media on canvas
96 x 78 in / 243.84 x 198.12 cm



















FOCUS GROUP 3
von ammon co,
Washington, DC
17 July - 31 August 2022



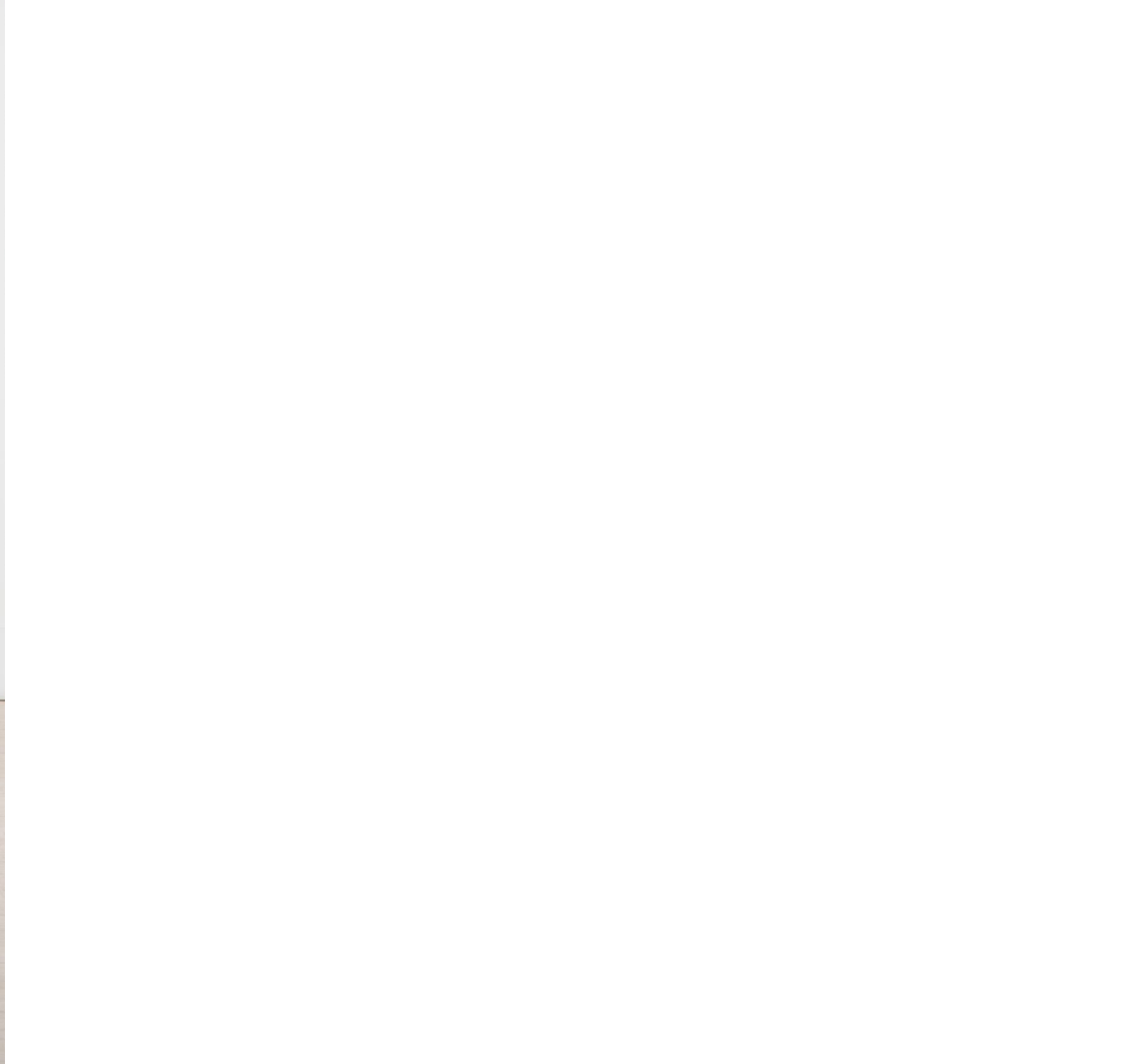




Fuckity, 2022
ABS, chrome, mixed media
25 x 9.5 x 15 in / 63.5 x 24.13 x 38.1 cm









Dracula's Wedding
Rodeo Gallery, London, UK
04 June - 03 August 2019













Severed Clown Foot
Bronze
Dimensions variable



Play Dead, 2019
mixed media
72 x 72 x 11.81 in / 183 x 183 x 30 cm



The Washington Post



"I'm Sorry You All Ended Up Here" (installation view) at Von Ammon Co. by artists Alex Bag and Jason Yates. (Johnny Fogg)

The latest show at Von Ammon Co. gallery is a mess. And that's the point.

Imagine a cross between a Toys R Us and a low-budget haunted house. If a Party City threw up inside of it, the resulting mess might look a lot like the latest exhibition at Von Ammon Co., "I'm Sorry You All Ended Up Here." It's pure chaos, and that's the point.

With stolen Dollar General shopping carts, sheets of coupons, balloons and stray signage for 50-percent-off products that are nowhere in sight, artists Alex Bag and Jason Yates have transformed the Georgetown art gallery into a landscape of consumerist waste, populated with shopaholic dolls. Dangling from the ceiling, one carries a Victoria's Secret bag and wears a shirt that announces: "I have arrived." Another, decked out in star-shaped sunglasses and carrying a Dollar General bag, flaunts an apron that reads, "Life isn't all diamonds and rosé, but it should be." According to gallerist Todd von Ammon, Bag isn't sure exactly how many dolls are in the show. Maybe 40? Every time the artist counts, they seem to have multiplied.

The two-artist exhibition deals in excess: excess of material; excess of emotion; excess for the sake of creating more excess. At the front of the gallery, Bag has filled stolen store racks with shoplifted goods and photographs of cluttered store aisles. On the walls, shelves are crammed with exuberant holiday knick-knacks from thrift stores Yates visited as he made his way from Los Angeles to D.C. by car (a drive necessitated by covid). Painted all black, a mass of snowmen and jack-o-lanterns looks like a relic from a bygone era, when commercialized celebrations could pretend to be meaningful. Pushing a miniature cart full of balloons, a blonde doll in the center of the space literally shops for air.

In a country where J. Crew is touting deep discounts on dress shirts that no one even needs any more and you can find Christmas decor on Labor Day — but where many still find it hard to get a rapid covid test, or make rent — aggressive advertising and holiday cheer ring especially hollow. Bag and Yates seem attuned to this, and their exercise in excess is one that — like an unkempt clearance aisle or an ostentatious political convention — quickly devolves into depletion.

Much of the exhibition came together in the weeks before it opened, and the increasingly hysterical mood of the moment features prominently in the work. A 40-minute untitled video by Bag flicks through a collage of Instagram ads. Many are pandemic-related, boasting the merits of a quarantine weight-loss program or “Clear Rear” — bidet toilet attachment to get a “sparkling clean bum.” In a second, collaborative video by Bag and Yates, “Untitled (I’m Sorry You All Ended up Here) 8/20,” a clown has a breakdown in a hotel room as the 2020 Republican National Convention plays in the background. Meanwhile, another clown, played by Yates, reads text from a 1968 manual on how to be a clown.

It sounds a lot like how to be an artist.

Bag, whose work has been shown at New York’s Whitney Museum of American Art and Miami’s Institute of Contemporary Art, has long skewered the bubbly cruelty of consumer culture and questioned what it means to be a working artist. In her 2009 video “Untitled (Project for the Whitney Museum),” a perverted riff on children’s television, Bag adopts the character of someone lamenting the meaninglessness of art to a stuffed toy dragon. (“You sad clown,” the dragon replies.) In an even earlier work, “Untitled Fall ’95,” Bag plays a jaded art student, reaching a breaking point in the final scene: “I’m just, like, really tired of all the ads on TV, and all the quick edits and the morphing,” she says. “It’s like, stop morphing. Stop selling my culture back to me, you know?” She continues: “Why is everyone in such a rush to make these neat little packages?”

Twenty-five years later, Bag’s Instagram-inspired video puts the process of constructing those “neat little packages” on full display. Capturing Bag through Instagram’s ad-targeting algorithm, the video functions like a hyper-contemporary self-portrait. Whether it’s an ad for a men’s razor or a wearable cat carrier, for every missed or outlandish swing by the algorithm, the content seems emptier — and the consumer it imagines even more absurd.

If Bag's untitled video reveals the messy efforts behind 21st-century marketing, the dolls could be seen as incarnations of the consumers these algorithms measure. Like an unthinking Instagram user, the dolls both shop and are sold as products themselves. They, like us, seem to be lured by the glamour of individual taste.

But in the show, brands have no hierarchy. From Dollar General to Sephora, the commercial signifiers of status (and lack thereof) collapse. The companies emblazoned on the dolls's bags are specific, but the unsettling emptiness they capture comes as one-size-fits-all.

It goes without saying that neither Von Ammon Co. nor Alex Bag are interested in playing the game of feel-good art. And why should they be? Here, art gets at a truth you may not want to sit with.

Before my gallery visit, I had planned to combine the trip to Georgetown with shopping for much-needed new sneakers. But gazing up and down M Street NW, the gallery's dolls seemed to be multiplying, mutating. There was one, one perched atop the canal, drinking from a Starbucks cup. A few more swarmed out of L'Occitane. Suddenly fearing myself at risk of becoming one too, I redirected my worn-out shoes and moved briskly in another direction. – Kelsey Ables, 10 September 2020

DETROIT IS IT



JASON YATES

Los Angeles Artist Calls Detroit Home



“I hope it’s agonizing. That’s where the good shit comes from.”

This is Jason Yates’s response when I tell him I’m about to tear out all my hair writing this introduction. Writing and pulling and pacing. I can’t imagine Yates pulling his hair out, but he does have a certain anxiety that manifests as a pushiness to get things done. An intensity. He’s quick to respond—in person, in email, in text. And has an opinion on everything. Even if it’s “I don’t know.”

He’s the kind of person you can trust to always tell you how it is.

We’re on the roof of the NOMAD Hotel. Not because we’re that posh, but because it’s in close proximity to his new “grandfathered” studio. Artist spaces DTLA, like Downtown Detroit, are quickly becoming legend. Time and time again, when asked why he moved to LA, Yates has said: “I’d rather be broke on the beach.” When thinking of my own move, I want to say “I’d rather be broke on the roof of the NOMAD hotel,” but that seems obviously problematic.

Strikingly so, when we’re back on the sidewalk, being asked for change by one of Skid Row’s homeless, whose population seems to be multiplying as swiftly as the real estate prices down here. Yates, is genuinely agitated: not by the woman asking for change but by the callousness of Angelenos to treat homeless like trash—avoiding eye contact, pretending not to hear—and the ascent into a cashless society that takes away these panhandler’s ability to survive—“give them credit card readers.”

His acute perception of surroundings makes for a perpetual sense of simultaneous ease and discomfort.

He can be prickly, and, yes, at times, he can come off as aggressive or boastful in certain regards, but the later always seem to be tied to a story, a recounting of what we did, whether the other part of that we is George Clinton or his lifelong friend and artist, Patrick Hill.

He is always raising up others.

During our ongoing conversations, the closest thing he mentions to his life as an artist is the anxiety he felt around his Wasserman show, “Homemade Ice Cream,” of creating a body of work for his hometown. Nothing about studying with Mike Kelley or his place in the Whitney Biennial or current shows or the fact that despite his own ambivalence, he has maintained a place in the art world for 20+ years where the average career span of a painter is something like four years.

So here we are, on the roof of a downtown hotel, the stars above and an expanse of couch between us. He’s telling me stories from Detroit and lamenting the loss of a time and place. That’s the thing with cities: they change. The Detroit he knew is almost gone, the Detroit I know is leaving. But it will always be home for both of us.

As for LA, “You will always be a tourist in this city.”

The following interview was conducted by email. It is for the most part unedited. What it presents is a small period in Detroit’s history, over a relatively brief period of time, and the origins of a great artist