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August

Tyler Coburn

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Rachelle Sawatsky

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Shannon Ebner

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Adam Putnam

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Galerie Mezzanin

**August**

**Tyler Coburn  
Rachelle Sawatsky  
Shannon Ebner  
Adam Putnam**

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Shannon Ebner

*Red A*

2012

Epson inkjet print

63 inches × 42 inches

160 × 106.7 cm

Courtesy of the artist and WallSpace, New York



## INTRODUCTIONS

TYLER COBURN

*August* traces the social threads that comprise an artist's creative life. Eschewing an overarching curatorial logic, this publication and the related exhibition at Galerie Mezzanin, Vienna focus on a series of conversations highlighting the sympathies of the participants.

This project began as an exquisite corpse: I invited my former classmate Rachelle Sawatsky to propose an artist with whom she feels an affinity. Rachelle invited our colleague from USC, Shannon Ebner. Shannon, when given the same prompt, invited her longtime friend and former classmate Adam Putnam.

In preparation for the exhibition, the artists convened for a weekend in early August. Adam flew from New York to Los Angeles with a suitcase of photographs, initiating the first in a series of intensive studio visits with Shannon and Rachelle, whom he was meeting for the first time. The conversation included in these pages documents this fruitful period, as do the exhibition artworks and architectures, which were selected and designed by us four. Curating, in short, has become a social process.

Adam Putnam  
*Untitled (NYC Dust v)*  
1997-2013  
Silver gelatin print  
Edition of 3  
11 × 14 inches  
27.9 × 35.6 cm  
Courtesy of the artist and P.P.O.W., New York

I met Shannon at a bar in Los Angeles, where I went up and blindly introduced myself to her. I'd had a studio visit a month before with a curator who told me that I should get to know Shannon, as she thought that there were some affinities between our work. As I write the word affinity, it makes me think of something vague and intuitive that I recognize in Shannon's work itself, but can't quite name. The word itself is so often used in the possessive form, as in "to *have* an affinity for something." There is something contradictory in that while the word stands in for an attraction or relationship between elements that is somehow indescribable, its grammatical structure suggests the possibility of it being something that you can hold onto or contain—that even in its ineffability, it can be described and looked at closely for a moment. Many of Shannon's works are about broken typologies and sign systems: gestures that hint at signification but ultimately refuse it. They are about something other. They evoke the temporality and intimacy of *having* without the authority of *what is*.

ADAM PUTNAM

{1995: May: Graduate from Parsons School of Design. House on Devoe Street burns down.}  
 1995: August: Find new apartment at 662 Humboldt Street. Meet The Landlord, Edmund Tosh,† for the first time. September: first performance out of school at 6th street community garden.\* Fall: performance of "Couch" at Moment Art. Performances at Exit Art begin.

\*Having been formally introduced at my senior thesis exhibition, this serves as the 2nd official run-in with Shannon Ebner (before these official encounters, I have a clear memory of "seeing her around"). As far as I could tell, she was operating strictly as a "street poet" and had invited me to participate in a performance event at the community garden on 6th Street. The third run-in won't occur until 1997.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At this point, I was photographing piles of dirt in my apartment. I was also photographing the impressions left on newer structures of older, long destroyed buildings. These used to be seen wherever vacant lots existed. I was calling these "ghost buildings." At the same time, Shannon had me pose for a series of photographs in which I was actually buried IN the dirt of a vacant lot (...)

Rachelle Sawatsky  
*Untitled*  
 2013  
 Unglazed ceramic, dye  
 6.375 × 11.75 × .375 inches  
 16.2 × 29.9 × .95 cm  
 Courtesy of the artist

My introduction to Rachelle's work is almost brand new. Even though the MFA program at USC is in the same building as the Photography Area, I don't necessarily meet everyone. I feel lucky that my friend [Lauren O'Neil Butler] recommended that Rachelle and I meet, because otherwise it might not have happened. What really struck me about the conversation with Rachelle was the pleasure in her work, the sense of a body in motion applying materials to surfaces in scat "queerdo" ways—strewn flowers on a homoerotic image of a bare-chested man, bodily paint stains on denim that is decidedly not canvas, floating boobs unmoored from their host bodies. Rachelle's work felt uninhibited and joyful. It was a relief to see abstraction that demonstrated desire unapologetically and did not take any responsibility for cleaning up its own after-party mess.

Adam's recollection of our first encounter finds me counting backwards to fact check the memory data bank. After graduating from Bard in '93, I moved back to New Jersey to live with my folks. Desperate to leave the suburbs, I volunteered to work as an intern at Exit Art and much to my surprise was hired to run the gallery's café. I moved to New York City immediately. One day after work, my co-worker Allison Smith invited me to the senior thesis show at Parsons. That was when I first saw Adam's work. Soon after the Parsons show, I would start seeing Adam walking around Brooklyn. I can't remember the exact turn of events now, but I eventually invited Adam to participate in a collaborative project I was working on in the 6B garden in Alphabet City. This was the start of our friendship and very long conversation about our work.





Adam Putnam  
*Untitled*  
2007  
Silver gelatin print  
11 × 14 inches  
27.9 × 35.6 cm  
Courtesy of the artist and P.P.O.W., New York

## CONVERSATION

*Shannon Ebner, Adam Putnam, Rachelle Sawatsky and Tyler Coburn in conversation  
Conducted between a café in Los Angeles and a studio in Taipei, 5 August 2013*

AP

So we did our studio visits yesterday and the day before. It was really fun.

SE

Yep. Fun. Kind of rigorous. We all passed out yesterday afternoon after the second round.

TC

What came up in each of the rounds?

AP

We started at Shannon's house. I brought a box of photos from New York. Actually, I think I just cleared off one of my tables and threw everything into a box. I felt self-conscious, because I was meeting Rachelle for the first time, but Shannon is used to it. It was fun to spread things out—I'm trying to remember the things we talked about—mostly the twinning of architecture and representations of my body. The immediate impression I got from the visit was Shannon zeroing in on those images where the body is present in some way. Rachelle was looking for the color.

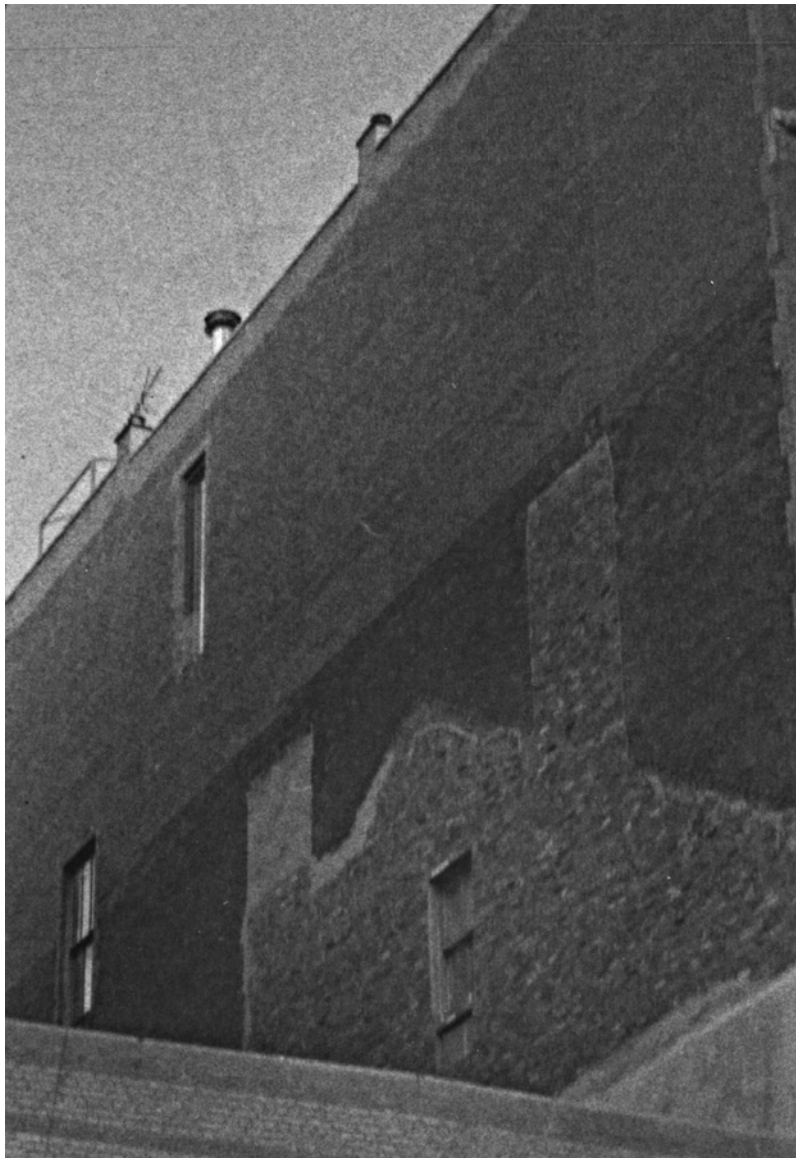
RS

[laughs] I remember commenting on it. It wasn't that I was looking for the color; it was that I was interested in thinking about how color exists in relation to Adam's black-and-white images. I liked thinking about the colored scenes as colored versions of the black-and-white images, as if someone had turned on the colored light switch. I'm reminded of Shannon's visit, where we were talking about how black-and-white photography is often tied to indexicality or history, but how her work seems to unravel this. And then I was thinking that working with black-and-white photography means dealing with the problem of nostalgia; I don't feel like that element is in Adam's work. It's as if the images are recording a different time or space. Shannon described it as a sci-fi time zone—

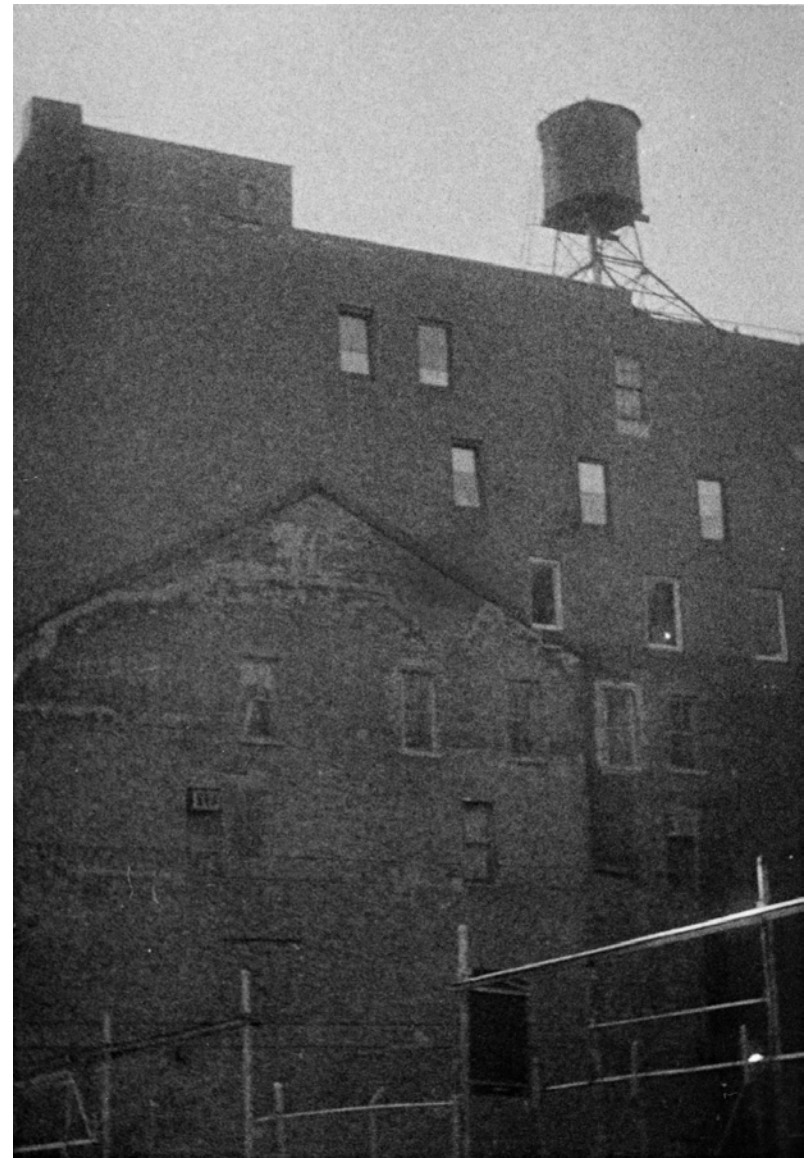
SE

Right. There's something about the introduction of color in the more recent work that really struck me. And like Adam said, I was really focused on his use of his body. I have been looking at this for years in Adam's work, but what I noticed when all of the images were splayed out on the table was how the body locates the work so differently than his architectural imagery that doesn't have the body in it. Maybe when I say "body," I should be saying "face," because there is a real distinction to be made.

Towards the end of the visit, I became interested in this equation between an object; Adam's body or a substitution for the body, like an obelisk or a towering sculpture made of brick; some kind of exposure or capture from a video or still camera; and then a translation of this back into space. So there's always an interesting relationship between an object, an image of an object, and the way that image gets transcribed or interpreted through an apparatus and retransmitted.



Adam Putnam  
*Untitled (NYC Dust iii)*  
1997-2013  
Silver gelatin print  
Edition of 3  
11 × 14 inches  
27.9 × 35.6 cm  
Courtesy of the artist and P.P.O.W., New York



Adam Putnam  
*Untitled (NYC Dust iv)*  
1997-2013  
Silver gelatin print  
Edition of 3  
11 × 14 inches  
27.9 × 35.6 cm  
Courtesy of the artist and P.P.O.W., New York

AP

The funny thing is that some of these ideas emerged only after going to Shannon's and Rachelle's studios. So that initial conversation was a little preliminary. One of the things I was trying to get across was that my work never stops at my literal, architectural structures. Even as I'm focused on a piece of architecture, there's always something else going on, like a performance, a video, or a photograph, as Shannon said. I'm showing you one thing, but I want you to focus on this *other* thing over there—but also think about *this* thing here. Perhaps the constant repetition of my face being wrapped or pressed alludes to this fact that what you see is not always what you get.

I'm time travelling now, because I'm also thinking ahead to Rachelle's studio visit, where we talked a lot about how architectural spaces can also become imaginary spaces: the way we construct architectural spaces as interior locations for fears, ambitions and desires.

[laughs] There are some hippies here.

SE

Hippie Alert! Hippie Alert!

TC

I can smell them through the Internet.

AP

That's what I remembered from our conversation. I was also confronted by this moment when I spread my work out, and everything was black-and-white. I had a question about that. It made me wonder about including a magic lantern or a larger architectural element in the show...

RS

I also liked the way Adam printed everything out; some of the digital images were at the scale of a 35mm print or a 4x5. There was a shifting in formats. It didn't seem to matter if something was an inkjet or not. There's an interest in engaging with technology and history, but in order to shift it fluidly: to let it be materialized in one moment and then dematerialized in another. I was seeing a sculpture at one point, but it was a still from a video. Nothing necessarily has a determinate form, even when we're dealing with buttresses and other really solid things.

TC

Adam, can you talk a bit more about your color work?

AP

The color comes in with the magic lantern pieces—

SE

And the new videos—

AP

And the new videos, which have been an ongoing project. There's something more descriptive about color. A lot of times, when I'm in the mode of documenting

something, or trying to push architectural form into a more literary space or into being a metaphor—

SE

Yeah, that's what it was! Do you mind if I jump in? I'm reminded of what I wanted to say about the use of color in Adam's newer work. The color in the videos and video stills has this quality that is very video gamma range, which is not a color palette one thinks of as natural per se. So that's where science fiction comes in—or even a literary space.

Adam was also talking about how he introduced a narrative element into his work on his residency last year at Artpace in Texas. He was thinking of these different characters—

AP

Oh, right!

SE

Who were they?

AP

Mexican folk figures San Simon and Our Lady of Guadalupe, derived from images of saints, but more mysterious: the image of the man in black wearing a hat and the cloaked virgin.

SE

That narrative element would materialize in the videos, but because Adam's figures don't reveal their faces, you end up with something symbolic or abstracted. The characters are in constructed spaces that Adam made with plywood and cardboard—archways and recessed spaces—and through his use of video colors, everything becomes twice removed from reality. In one piece, there are two cutout arch-shapes: one is a mirror, and the other is wood. They cast a shadow and reflection that align perfectly to form the illusion of a three-dimensional doorway.

Adam's magic lanterns and projections of objects onto walls also have a wonderful color quality that is a little more dramatized. We were excited about that.

RS

Yeah. I was thinking about the space of projection literally and figuratively, wondering: is this space for viewers to project themselves into, and how does that change when Adam is in the gallery, or when he's bound or covered? There's a question of whether the work provides a point of identification and immersion for the viewer within the artist's interior space, or if it marks a point of difference—that the viewer can't ever experience what Adam is experiencing or imagining. The fluctuation between these two points is really powerful.

SE

When Adam obscures the face, the question for me becomes whether we are looking at him or a representative of the figurative: a body in space that's less tied to his identity and experience?

AP

That's something that I've always felt a little uncomfortable about—the idea of portraiture. It's something I have avoided dealing with directly, but which is definitely there.



That raw moment when my face is being revealed can spin everything on its side. The use of characters is another form of specificity that I've always felt uncomfortable with, but helpful in the sense that they almost function like an armature for the creation of new images. So the man with the hat or the shrouded figure—they're not really specific. I have no personal relationship to these characters.

SE

Something that came up (during Adam's visit in particular) was the idea of the unspeakable. In certain ways, identification and recognition have to do with the unspeakable. Adam can talk about this more clearly than I can.

AP

Well, it's a very old idea for me, which perhaps came out of an idea about performance being a wordless activity—or at least in how I was approaching it. A state of wordlessness is something I'm very interested in: a mode of communication that is visceral and bodily and can be transmitted through a gesture.

TC

That makes me wonder (anticipating the following studio visits) if you think that there's a relationship between architecture and language in the work, or if there's a language that can be wordless?

SE

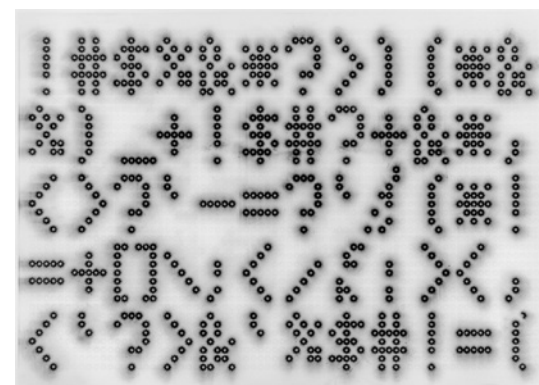
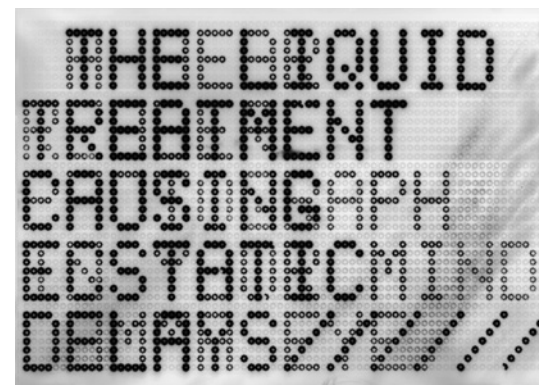
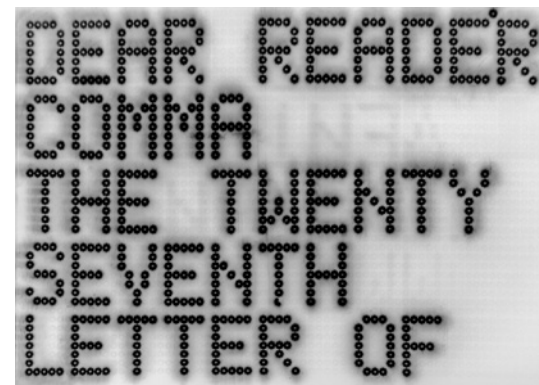
We did eventually end up at this place, in the last studio visit with Rachele, where we started contaminating each other's work. We finally had this understanding of what we each discreetly make and we started seeing support elements and conversations between the work.

TC

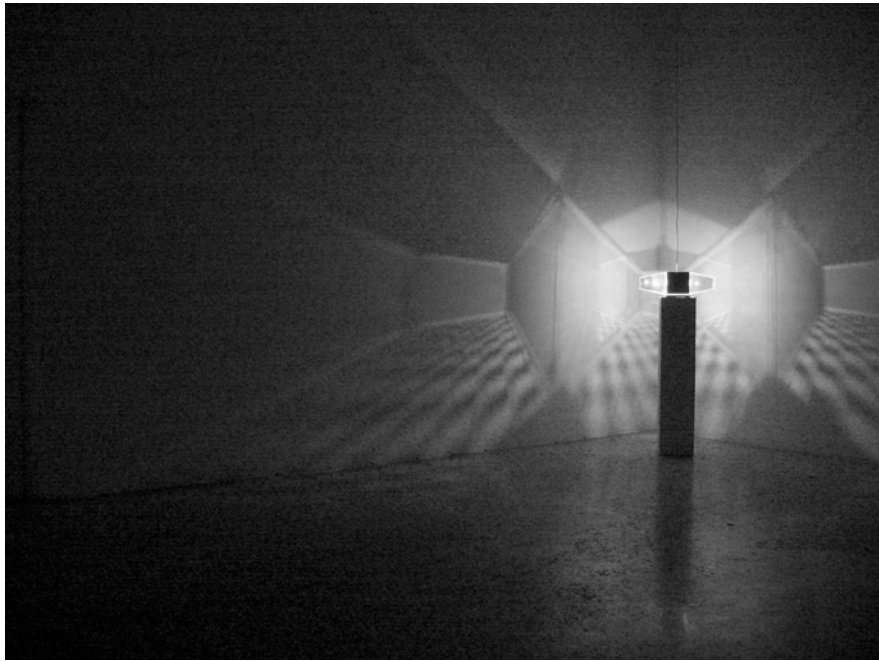
So Shannon, what came up in your visit?

SE

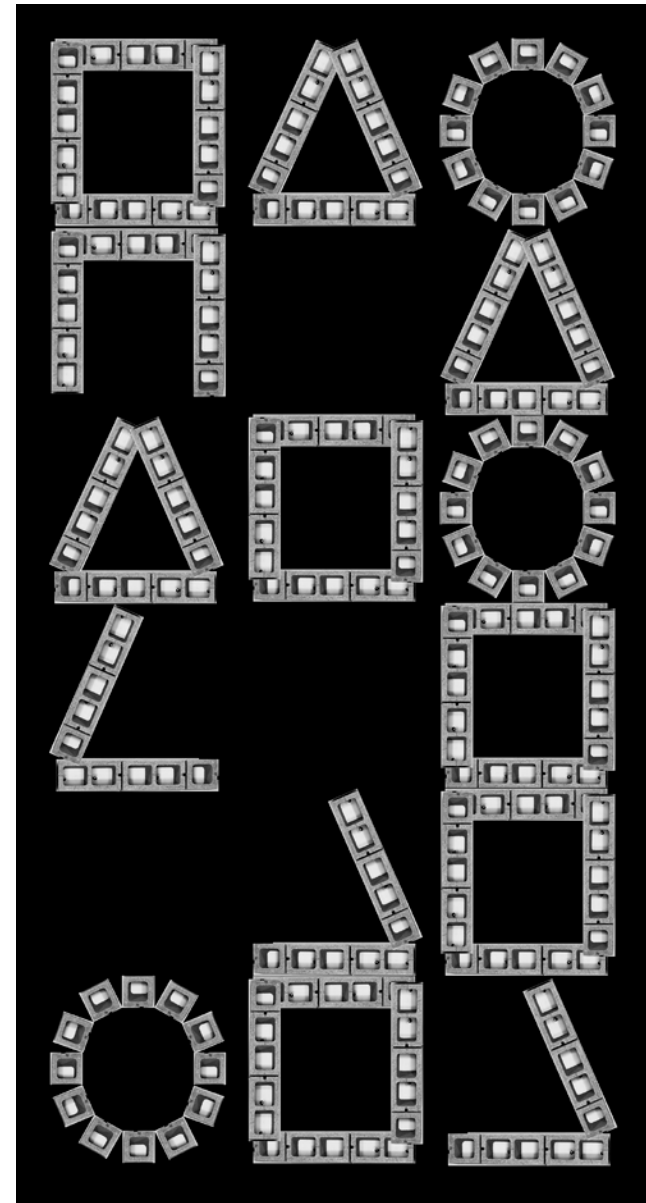
Well, the timing of the visit was a bit awkward, because I'm getting ready to show a body of work in London that I've been working on for a few years now, and it's currently *en route*. If we had these visits earlier in the summer, I would have been in a more searching state of mind, but now I'm literally on the other end of that process, and the work in my studio is what I will be showing. That aside, the visit was really productive in a lot of different ways, mostly because it's always a very different experience having artists in the studio than anyone else. So I just tried to talk through the work and make some connections back to the *Octopus in Plan View* collaboration. For some reason, I have been harping on that piece; when we were circulating materials before these studio visits, I sent everyone the *Octopus* recordings. It has been important for me to revisit a lot of the ideas Angie [Keefer] wrote about and that Stuart [Bailey], David [Reinfurt] and I developed around the project. I started thinking again about signals and noise and redundancy in channels and feedback, and the way the sender gets the message to the receiver—all of this cybernetic stuff. *The Electric Comma* is not about these things per se, but I do think that a lot of those early ideas of information theory and systems theory, and the idea of the computational image, are really relevant to our time. I think my project is trying to come to grips with that.



Shannon Ebner  
*The Electric Comma One, Two, Four*  
2013  
Epson inkjet print  
42.9 × 60 inches each  
108.9 × 152.4 cm each  
Courtesy of the artist and Sadie Coles HQ  
London, Wallspace, New York



Adam Putnam  
*"Magic Lantern" (broken labyrinth)*  
2008  
Plexiglas, theater gels, lightbulb  
Dimensions variable  
Courtesy of the artist and P.P.O.W., New York



Shannon Ebner  
*Primer*  
2013  
Epson inkjet print  
72 × 38 inches  
182.9 × 96.5 cm  
Courtesy of the artist and WallSpace, New York

I also tried to talk about the relationship between *The Electric Comma* project, which I have been working on for so many years, and *Black Box Collision A*, a brand new project that I think has more vitality to it. I talked about the idea that the photographs of the letter A become like bodies colliding in space, and also about the fact that the photographs originate from actual things in the world, which become individualized and decontextualized when installed in the black box. We ended up having a lot of conversations about Rachelle's background in writing too, and different artist book projects that she has made. It was really interesting, because I didn't know about that.

AP

Tyler, partially in relation to your question to me, I don't necessarily think about a relationship to language in a literal sense, but when I was looking at Shannon's *Octopus* images, it suddenly occurred to me that she had used her cinderblock "letters" to construct a house! And that someone was inside reciting a text. Words read from inside a house built from words... Or the fact that a lot of the letters in *Black Box Collision A* are taken from the façades of buildings in and around Los Angeles.

I think that what is happening, with all of us coming together, is not so much a coherent collaboration, but something more akin to an exquisite corpse or a chance operation of some sort. What's it called when you make an automatic connection between two things, just because they are put together in front of you? Gestalt theory? Maybe that's the role of language here. We can think about language not as actual language, but as linear thought or storytelling.

We talked a lot about how Shannon's works escape being photos, escape being language: they're not either. In a way, the fact that she is depicting language is a red herring. The work is language; it's not describing or illustrating language. For instance, Shannon could have a written poem that comes before or after the photos, but is not a translation of the photos. The photos are the poem.

SE

I had written this thirteen-line poem in 2011, but I've been reluctant over the years to publish it in any way. To me, it didn't exist until it actually found a form.

RS

We were talking about what it would be like to publish the original poem in a more traditional prose form, and also about how there isn't a separation between form and content in Shannon's practice. Her works are photographs and documents at one and the same time. In reading the poem for *The Electric Comma* video, I was struck by how playful and generous it was, as sentiment and punctuation were given the same status as words— and how these qualities were shared by the "writing" of the poem, when rendered into photographs and video. I had the same experience as Adam of seeing the photos also as the poem. Even though I'm using words like "writing" and "translation," which rely on the archaic dichotomy of an original and a translated secondary form, I feel that Shannon's photos move past this dichotomy by opening up the text to new kinds of pollutants, from public space to unrecognized or recontextualized histories.



Shannon Ebner in collaboration with Dexter Sinister and Angie Keefer  
*An Octopus in Plan View* (installation images)  
2010  
Courtesy of Frieze Foundation, London

SE

It recently occurred to me that if you think about how photography is oftentimes theorized or identified as mimetic, because it's always copying what's in front of the camera, then maybe I have my own idea about that, when it comes to the relationship between writing and photography. Obviously language is not a camera, but like a camera, it does something to our way of seeing. Writing *The Electric Comma* poem first, for example, created a set of circumstances or directives that led me to go out and make the work a certain way. It was almost as if the writing was the camera for this particular project, and I was using it to see something that "normal" vision could not.

So I was talking a bit about that, and it related back to the *Octopus* project and what Adam described—these cinderblocks comprising a cabin. One of the things that I was thinking about, when I worked on that project with David [Reinfurt] and Stuart [Bailey], was how I always had a riddle in my head: the words are in the cabin, and the cabin is in the woods. I mention that because of this idea of a picture in the eye's mind: the images would be constructed entirely of words, and those words would make it possible to see differently—to see more than merely words or merely images.

AP

There was also a part in the *Octopus* text that describes the eye that's both inside and out—

SE

Right. The inside-outedness of an octopus eye—

AP

And also the text that Rachele gave us to read, called *Talk to Her*, in which she asks her doctor friend about what goes on inside the body. For me, this cuts to the chase. There are some ideas I find impossible to get at, except by cutting through the surface. You can tell me what's inside my body, but I can't really understand unless I...

RS

Yeah.

AP

It's an unnecessarily violent metaphor, but stabbing is something that I think about a lot—almost as a mode when I work. I keep wanting to cut through something, and maybe it's cutting through language, which becomes a theatrical problem: you perform something that *is* the thing itself and not a description of the thing. It's a hard thing to do and sounds very lofty, but important somehow. That's why I keep trying to push it into another medium. I build an architectural space and photograph it, or make a video about it, or write about it. I keep switching places constantly.

SE

That was something that came up for all of us. Adam talking about switching places reminds me of formlessness, or the role of the octopus as post-symbolic communication—this sea creature that's able to be mutable in form and communicate outside of language.

Rachele, this reminds me of a lot of what came up in your visit. Maybe you can talk about formlessness in your work, and the different kinds of imaginary spaces and characters we found ourselves talking about—the fantasy housewife, for example.

RS

Yeah. Adam was talking about how a blue room with a checkerboard floor keeps returning in his work—about his maquettes and projections of this room. We were in my studio, and he described thinking about some of my work as décor for an imaginary room. The concept of the return of the inaccessible or repressed interests me, as does allowing it to enter my work. It's not that I believe in automatic writing or anything. Maybe it's more that when I try to make an expressive mark in a drawing or a painting, I find myself constantly resisting a language of mark making that might lead to the creation of a signature over time. I'd rather make something fragmented that speaks of a more self-reflexive or nervous subject. In a way, I have a desire to build a narrative that moves through forms, styles and social histories, related to my own life and interests, but not necessarily always specific to them. Instead, it's sometimes about having a persona or throwing one's voice.

I felt like Adam and I really connected over this sense of being haunted by imaginary rooms. I just had my MFA thesis show, and I showed some photographs in poster frames alongside drawings and a series of paintings on denim. The paintings responded to these super Modernist paintings I made when I was fifteen, working in the shed in my parents' backyard in the suburbs—also in my bedroom, now that I remember it. In my thesis show, I was trying to access the earnestness of my original marks and wondering what the repercussions would be.

SE

The marginal also came up, in terms of certain styles that Rachele was giving herself permission to adopt. My understanding was that this gave you a kind of freedom.

RS

Yeah. I was talking about the craft-y style at times, or Eighties graphic design aesthetics, or juvenilia collage-making, or social places where creativity has an established or accepted role, as in art therapy.

AP

I interpreted the imaginary room as the place where these marks of Rachele's, rather than being things that educate or provoke, give pleasure or create a sense of home. People decorate their homes with beautiful things; it is as if Rachele is submitting these marks to an imaginary person: a suburban housewife, secretary or someone who is not necessarily specific.

So I thought about that. I also imagined Rachele's work as a poster or psychedelic artwork hanging in an office, and the imagined battles she might have to wage with the person looking at the work in that situation. I don't know.

Rachele also described the imaginary room as a feminine space—



Rachelle Sawatsky  
*Euro Boy*  
2013  
C-print  
38.5 × 29.375 inches  
98.8 × 74.6 cm  
Courtesy of the artist

RS

Formlessness was a big thing that I was trying to express—and the feminine, not necessarily in the sense of an essentialist female, but of a post-gendered, unstructured subjectivity that, in its bid to want to be something, can reflect a kind of lack. We talked about the struggle with that. There's something sadomasochistic about it that I had to reflect on afterwards. [laughs]

AP

There is! Something about Rachelle's slide works have that for me. And her video collaboration with Zackary Drucker, *Untitled (for Invagination)*, in which she caresses her hand slowly with a paintbrush, while Zackary speaks in a soothing voice that you don't totally believe or trust. We're all more comfortable being prodded when we look at something; taking pleasure in artwork always seems a little wrong somehow. A guilty pleasure...

I also liked what Shannon said: it seemed like we were polluting one another's studios. It's sort of a reckless thing that we're all doing.

SE

It's the exquisite corpse thing; that's what we were talking about earlier. I really liked that the exhibition premise allowed us to get together and think in long form, try and figure out how to make a show in a very condensed period of time. The computer makes remote access so easy, but I thought that this invitation had something else to offer that could never happen through circulating jpegs and writing emails: the contamination thing.

AP

Yeah. I'm making a little bit up in what I think Rachelle's work is about, but I like that. The way she talks about her work is new to me. I'm trying to figure it out. It's exciting.

And I've always been interested in Shannon's work, because I don't know how she pulls off the tricks that she does. I watched Shannon, in the early part of her life, coming out of a more traditional question of what being a photographer could mean. But she was also rooted in a history of poetry. I guess that's something I've always related to Shannon's work, because it comes from two things orbiting each other.

I don't know how much Rachelle was hung up on this, but I was also really interested when she said that she actually participated in art therapy, as it seems like a very archaic thing to do. I've had friends who have gone into art therapy. A lot of art therapy programs seem to be really antiquated. Like, if he draws a red door, there's trouble inside.

RS

[laughs] Yeah, they're based on interpretation and a code.

AP

I tend to do that a lot! My blue room—I was telling Shannon that maybe it's my masculine space, though it's not really masculine. It's more like a boy's room, but it's unhinged from everything. It's a waiting room.



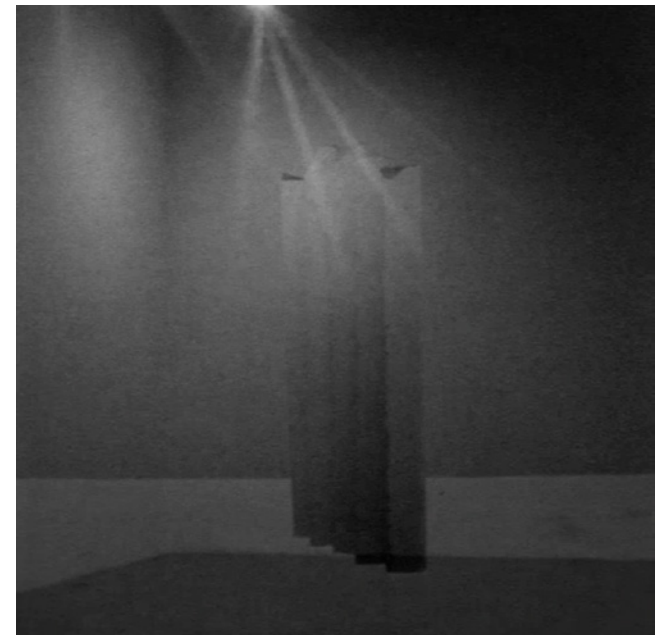
Rachelle Sawatsky  
*Untitled*  
2013  
Ink and bleach on cotton  
48 × 60 inches  
121.9 × 152.4 cm  
Courtesy of the artist



Rachelle Sawatsky  
*Untitled*  
2013  
Enamel and flashe on paper  
78.875 × 62.625 inches  
200.34 × 159.07 cm  
Courtesy of the artist

Adam Putnam  
*The drop III*  
2013  
Video still  
Courtesy of the artist and P.P.O.W., New York  
Originally commissioned by Artpace, San Antonio

Adam Putnam  
*The drop IV*  
2013  
Video still  
Courtesy of the artist and P.P.O.W., New York  
Originally commissioned by Artpace, San Antonio



RS

Yeah. And the checkerboard floor—there's something about it that reminds me of a hallway or a passageway. There's something unsettled about a checkerboard.

AP

That blue room is also based on television space and television light and the idea of the fourth wall, the fourth wall being the imagined wall that you need to complete the space that you're looking at through the television screen.

RS

That's interesting. I hadn't thought about that.

AP

Weirdly, I've been imagining Rachelle's house. It looks like that Diane Arbus suburban Christmas tree photograph. I haven't colored it in yet. I'm tempted to color it pink, but I don't want to.

SE

I keep going back to Rachelle's interview with the woman who had been a patient and friend of Guattari—and also to the text she sent us last week, called *Dream Interpretation #1*. They make me think about the concept or phenomenon of interpretation and its role in Rachelle's work. High and low can co-exist and be leveled through her work, which seems reluctant to take sides or choose one mode of interpretation over another, as if all and none are valid and equal. I feel like this notion of the feminine in Rachelle's work is not what it appears to be—like its red herring is femininity.

RS

Yeah. At times it performs a powerlessness that's slightly unnerving or confusing, because it's not necessarily positive or positivistic, in the sense of progression or momentum. Among the clichés, there's the art therapy of just making art, because creating is good for your soul, when the products are actually intended for the expert to interpret. So sometimes I make things that seem to beg for interpretation, and then there are other things of mine that perform a lack of inhibition, and others still that, while splitting all these hairs, are actually are kind of earnest.

SE

So, Tyler, this is a glimpse into our weekend.

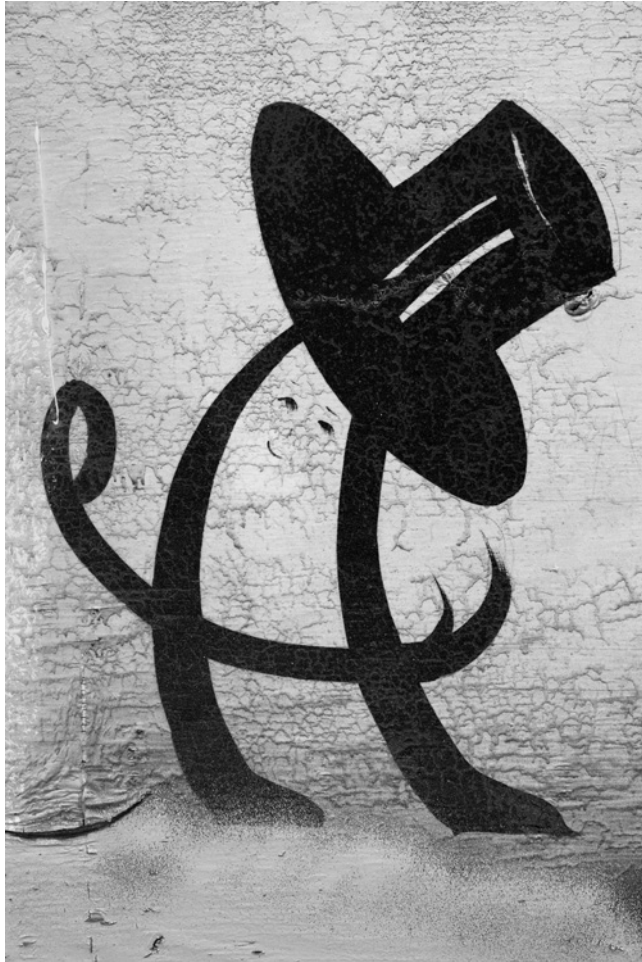
TC

It sounds great. You all sound really contaminated.



Rachelle Sawatsky  
*Untitled (for Invagination)*, 2013  
Video still  
Audio by Zackary Drucker  
Visuals by Rachelle Sawatsky  
Courtesy of the artists  
Created for *Invagination / Write to Life*  
Night Gallery, Los Angeles  
1-30 December, 2012

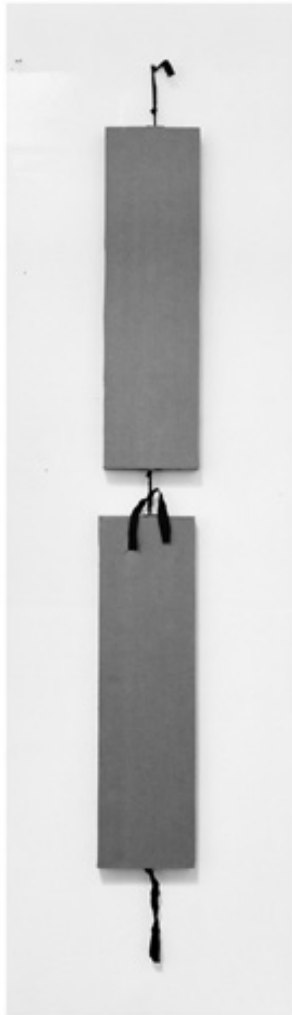




Shannon Ebner  
*Black Box Collision A (The Ambassador)*  
2013  
Epson inkjet print  
63 inches × 42 inches  
160 × 106.7 cm  
Courtesy of the artist and Sadie Coles HQ London, Wallspace, New York



Rachelle Sawatsky  
*Everything*  
2013  
Ink, dye and bleach on paper  
60 × 48 inches  
152.4 × 121.9 cm  
Courtesy of the artist



## BIOGRAPHIES

Tyler Coburn (b. 1983, NEW YORK CITY) is an artist and writer based in New York. He received a Bachelor of Arts in Comparative Literature from Yale University and a Master of Fine Arts from the University of Southern California, Los Angeles. Coburn's performances, sound works and installations have been presented at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, London; the Whitney Museum of American Art; Objectif Exhibitions, Antwerp; CAC Vilnius; LA><ART, Los Angeles; and SculptureCenter, New York.

Shannon Ebner (b. 1971, NEW JERSEY) lives and works in Los Angeles, where she is Associate Professor of Fine Arts Practice and head of the Photography Area at USC's Roski School of Fine Arts. Her work has been the subject of solo exhibitions at MoMA/PS1, The Hammer Museum and LA><ART, Los Angeles. Selected group exhibitions include *Ecstatic Alphabets/Heaps of Language*, MoMA, New York, the 54th International Venice Biennale; *The Spectacular of Vernacular*, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; the Sixth Berlin Biennale for Contemporary Art, Berlin; the 2008 Whitney Biennial, New York; and *Learn to Read* at Tate Modern.

Adam Putnam (b. 1973, NEW YORK CITY) is an artist based in New York. His work has been included in various exhibitions internationally, from the 2008 Whitney Biennial and the 2nd Moscow Biennial to the 2008 Busan Biennial. Putnam has also exhibited at Art Statements, MoMA/PS1 and The Astrup Fearnley Museum, Oslo. Curatorial projects include an exhibition of the work of Martin Wong at P.P.O.W., New York and *Blow Both of Us* at Participant Inc., New York, co-curated by Shannon Ebner.

Rachelle Sawatsky (b. 1983, RICHMOND, BRITISH COLUMBIA) lives and works in Los Angeles, where she recently received a Master of Fine Arts from the University of Southern California. Her work has been featured in solo exhibitions at Western Front Gallery, Vancouver and Or Gallery, Berlin; in the 2012 Wight Biennial, Los Angeles; and in group exhibitions at Night Gallery, Los Angeles, Presentation House Gallery, Vancouver, and Projectesd, Barcelona. Sawatsky's writing has appeared in *The Happy Hypocrite*, *Art Papers* and *C Magazine*.

Shannon Ebner

*IT*

2009

Epson inkjet prints

30 × 8.5 inches and 24 × 20 inches

76.2 × 21.6 cm and 60.9 × 50.8 cm

Courtesy of the artist and WallSpace, New York

COLOPHON

*August*

Published by Galerie Mezzanin, Vienna

In conjunction with an exhibition of the same name

10 October – 15 November, 2013

Part of *curated\_by vienna*

ARTISTS Shannon Ebner, Adam Putnam, Rachele Sawatsky

CURATOR, EDITOR Tyler Coburn

DESIGN Harsh Patel

PRINTING Alba Kopie, Vienna

**Galerie Mezzanin**

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