

how to make a painting  
-----

to fuck to crawl  
to gypsy the forever

balls to the wall  
poetry over theory

the scary way  
distress, discomfort, abject

air as cement

characters in conversation  
psychology of the times

empty out the crowd  
back door lover

personal, pop, obscure  
misplaced laughter.

- smc, 2012

SARAH CAIN

Texts by

-----

ANDREW BERARDINI

SARAH CAIN

TARA McDOWELL

SHAMIM M. MOMIN

FRANKLIN SIRMANS

## FOREWARD: ORDER AND DISORDER

I met Sarah Cain relatively soon after moving to Los Angeles, having known of her and admiring her art through the Houston gallerist Bryan Miller. Around that time, working at the Menil Collection, I was placed physically (and torn mentally) between two defining modes of abstract painting. On one side of Branard Street, the rear entrance of the museum, we had an installation that chronologically began with works by Mark Rothko and Barnett Newman from the early 1950s tied to more recent pieces by the likes of Brice Marden and David Novros, from about twenty-five years later. Marden and Novros, clearly inspired by Rothko in particular, made work that embraced his clear sense of color and form that suggested the architectural space they lived in, and little else. On the other side of the street was the work of Cy Twombly, unabashedly looking toward a classical form of abstraction based in landscapes that neatly dovetailed into big paintings full of frenetic gestures and unpredictable mark makings. All of them abstract, all of them expressionist. It was a place to contemplate the pervasive question, “Where does abstract painting go from here, almost ten years into the new millennium?”

One unique answer lies in the hearty response of Sarah Cain. Architectural form, color, and line are the lifeblood of Cain’s art. From those elements, which, at first read might suggest the orderly decoration of a structure, Cain’s style emerges from a decidedly bold and capacious embrace of expressionist gesture, informed seemingly by disorder. Her use of big, bold color may recall the two-dimensional work

of Hans Hoffman, but Cain’s art often comes off the wall and forces the viewer to imagine her as the potential progeny of the later post-Minimalist artists Elizabeth Murray and Brice Marden. Not only does she apply paint in varied ways on walls and canvases, but she also uses surface (cut, ripped, or otherwise manipulated) as an object, creating installations that are equal parts sculptures and paintings. While she is interested in all of these juxtapositions and finds the art historical conundrums of painting to be a vital and influential part of her practice, she has also clearly moved forward and away from that past. Despite remaining resolutely abstract, Cain has a postmodernist’s ease with accumulating sources in her work. In Cain’s evocations of Color Field paintings to calligraphy and graffiti to designers’ color wheels, she maintains recognition of the varied ways color manipulates the senses. Her work is the sum of all these parts and has only just begun to be seen and felt.

### Franklin Sirmans

*Terri and Michael Smooke Department Head and Curator of Contemporary Art at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (LACMA)*

*It is a pleasure to briefly consider the work of Sarah Cain and to work with my colleague Shamim M. Momin, co-founder, Director, and Curator of LAND. LACMA retains a special relationship with LAND as Christine Y. Kim, Associate Curator at LACMA, was also LAND’s co-founder. In 2010–2011, LAND and LACMA collaborated together for the first time with an exhibition of outdoor sculptures by Teresa Margolles.*

## AIR AS CEMENT

TARA McDOWELL

### I. Resistance and Flow

Sarah Cain makes art that engages with space, whether real, pictorial, or more often than not, some amalgamation of the two. Assessing ten years of her practice raises some questions at the outset: what is the specific nature of that engagement? What fantasies and fears does it lay bare? What case does it make for the viability of abstraction in the present, and why should we pay attention? Elements of the earliest work included in this volume, *Pink Swoosh (for Bill Berkson)* (2002), become integral to her practice, and so this work moves us in the direction of answers to these questions.<sup>1</sup> It is, first of all, site-specific: Cain painted the floorboards of an abandoned hotel in Chatham, New York with three different colors. Although she has always maintained a studio and does make freestanding works, throughout her career Cain has consistently made works on site for exhibitions, many components of which are destroyed or painted over after the show has closed. The works on site are rarely planned in advance. True enough, she has a repertoire of forms and techniques that she brings with her into the room (she is wildly inventive with ways to apply paint), but this is still a risky position in which to put oneself. “Site-responsive” may be a better term than “site-specific,” since Cain responds to each site by working with and against the site’s architecture, with and against its function, and with and against its demands. The encounter is one of negotiation, one structured by moments of resistance and passages of flow. The encounter with each site, and each canvas, is not unlike

p. 116

(it may be just like) the way we encounter another person. It is marked by response, revision, and rejection, as the self struggles with a spectrum of preservation and surrender. The works on site are improvised, then, because the nature of contact with another body likewise cannot be planned in advance.

Consider her 2005 installation, *Redirecting the Negative Vortex*, at Open Space in Victoria, British Columbia. A swath of pink ribbon (echoes of the aforementioned pink swoosh) is stretched taut from window to floor, and the shadow it casts onto the hardwood floor prompts the shape of the painting there. To the right, a patchwork of silk scarves found earlier that week plays off the windowpane grid and the expanse of white alike. But such openness to the vagaries of readymade or found shadows and patterns is immediately contained by the jet-black triangle painted over the scarves. Such solid black bracketing of a spill of color and form occurs in later works, too. It can be seen on either side of the claustrophobic, penned-in space of Cain’s installation, *It Will Go Down Like A Dark Ship*, at the Busan Biennale in 2006. It also appears in two-dimensional works, functioning almost as a structural support to formlessness in the less somberly titled *Ocean of love* (2005). *Ocean of love* is part of a group of twenty or so very large — large as in up to 14 feet wide — painted works on paper made between 2004–2006, some of which were shown at Anthony Meier Fine Arts in San Francisco in 2006. For Cain, the massive scale of these works on paper meant they were spaces that could be entered, like the works on site. They became “actual environments” whose presence was physical as much as psychological.<sup>2</sup>

p. 131

*It Will Go Down Like A Dark Ship*, at the Busan Biennale in 2006. It also appears in two-dimensional works, functioning almost as a structural support to formlessness in the less somberly titled *Ocean of love* (2005). *Ocean of love* is part of a group of twenty or so very large — large as in up to 14 feet wide — painted works on paper made between 2004–2006, some of which were shown at Anthony Meier Fine Arts in San Francisco in 2006. For Cain, the massive scale of these works on paper meant they were spaces that could be entered, like the works on site. They became “actual environments” whose presence was physical as much as psychological.<sup>2</sup>

p. 126

*Ocean of love* (2005). *Ocean of love* is part of a group of twenty or so very large — large as in up to 14 feet wide — painted works on paper made between 2004–2006, some of which were shown at Anthony Meier Fine Arts in San Francisco in 2006. For Cain, the massive scale of these works on paper meant they were spaces that could be entered, like the works on site. They became “actual environments” whose presence was physical as much as psychological.<sup>2</sup>

pp. 94–95

Cain experimented with painting the shadow cast by a leaning form in her Berkeley studio in *six pm* (2005), titled for the time of day that the shadow appeared, and she expanded

p. 115



p. 112 the pictorial possibilities of the space of the cast shadow in *as of now*, her 2005 installation at San Francisco's Queen's Nails Annex. Two years later, for the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art's SECA Art Award exhibition, the leaning two-by-four changes back into a tree branch, the shadow of which bisects two different painterly spaces, one hot and one cool, in *We push ourselves into the mountain until we*

p. 96 *explode into the sky* (2007). And explode into the sky it did, in an astonishing, messy, visceral installation made for the 2008 California Biennial and given a title that makes clear the necessity of onward movement, *As You Continue*

pp. 44–45 *To Walk Forward*. Scaled-up, maximal, bold — earlier efforts seem downright timid by comparison. But even this maximalism is an outcome of the site responsiveness I have been describing: the wall of glass at the Orange County Museum of Art allows in a flood of natural light that spreads into the space and across the floor with as much reach as the architecture will allow. These same windows (and one door) open out onto an enclosed outdoor courtyard that also demands to be reckoned with. Cain's maximalism here is a response to the flood of natural light and the architectural permeability between indoors and out. The band of purple begins above one window, continues down the skinny window jamb, and moves outside across the concrete floor and up the opposite wall, as if to make the point that paint can travel across space as easily as light itself. Occasionally these vertical bands derive from the site's architecture, and the shadows cast by that architecture, which aligns them with the previously mentioned examples of this. Cain continues to use this strategy in recent works, such as *three, four, eight pm* (2011), included in her installation in Marfa, Texas for LAND (Los Angeles Nomadic Division) and in

pp. 174–75 two-dimensional pieces such as *Supreme Being* (2011), the diagonals of which were drawn from the floorboards in her studio. This reminds us that abstraction is often rooted in

p. 41

the everyday — think of Ellsworth Kelly's paintings, such as the exquisite *La Combe III* (1951), whose origins lie in the shadows cast by a banister onto a staircase outside of a friend's home in Meschers, France.

But the painted swaths in *As You Continue To Walk Forward* routinely refuse to fall into line with the dynamics and demands of the space. There is resistance to the flow. The space was larger than any blank canvas a painter would stare down, but Cain did not arrive empty-handed. She began by placing six found or purchased scarves throughout the space. The floral burst of purple, red, and blue abutting the ignominious green exit sign and dripping paint down the wall is one scarf, and the yellow and white honeycomb pattern to the left is another. Painterly marks flow from these concentrated squares of color and pattern as much as they do from the space's architectural idiosyncrasies. Again a sense of shared encounter is at play, one in which a struggle between control and loss of control is visualized in a dynamic push-and-pull before our eyes.

A scarf carries different inflections than a tube of paint, and this is worth taking a moment to parse. The scarf has a previous life: it was, one imagines, worn close to the skin, and worn by a woman. Including an object touched by the hands of multiple women, as she does here and in other installations, is a particularly charged way to approach the blankness of the white cube. Cain's first installations were in buildings — hotels, apartments — that had been lived in, and keying her work in museums and galleries to a scarf allows other presences to be introduced into these spaces. Once placed, these scarves often explode via paint onto the walls and floors in compositions that recall patchwork quilts. This is not surprising, given Cain's interest in the quilts from Gee's Bend<sup>3</sup> or her collection of quilts made by her late

great-grandmother. Not only are quilts often abstractions of the quilter's immediate environment, but, according to the quilters from Gee's Bend, they are made from scraps of old clothes that carry spirits in them.

Resistance and flow are descriptors of viscosity, and we might read the thickening and thinning of paint as emblematic of these vicissitudes as well. Cain has always felt some resistance to painting — as a medium but also as a historically and ideologically weighted concept. Though she earned her degree at the San Francisco Art Institute, whose venerable painting history includes the likes of Joan Brown, David Park, and Richard Diebenkorn, she never took a painting class and earned her degree in Interdisciplinary Studies. As Cain puts it, she “attempted to approach painting via unlearning it.”<sup>4</sup> Her early decision to use acrylic and gouache rather than oil was also directed against painting. These mediums have the added benefit of allowing more speed and experimentation, and they were first used in large works on paper, not on canvas. When Cain did begin to paint on canvas, in 2005, she bought small, cheap, premade canvases at the local craft store. Some of Cain's moves, like this one, can seem embarrassing at best and self-destructive at worst, but here the disobedience is directed against serious painting, an act of resistance meant, conversely, to allow some modest and authentic entryway to painting. She is far from the only painter to have found her point of access to painting through acts of disobedience.

If painting necessitated some resistance, then, by comparison, abstraction was plain sailing. For Cain, abstraction is a language whose capacity for expression is equal to, but entirely different from, that of words. Her belief in abstraction as a vehicle for communication is one she shares with some of her most valued interlocutors. The abstract painter Mary

Heilmann, for example, believes the most important thing her work can prompt is conversation.<sup>5</sup> It is even better if this response is antagonistic — Heilmann (and Cain too, for that matter) wants to cause trouble. Or think of Amy Sillman, who once explained, “I like to see my paintings as a social act, a linguistic act, an attempt at conversation.”<sup>6</sup> Often Cain's work is made for certain people in her life, or in response to interactions with those people. For example, *California does psychic*, an exhibition in New York full of wild marks and deconstructed canvases from 2010, was inspired by the poet Hannah Weiner. The title is in fact the third sentence of Weiner's *The Fast*, which is one of the poet's early journals where she writes vividly of experiencing auras surrounding herself and others: “After I turned green Tuesday afternoon I turned a clear pale blue.” And later, “...great lines of thick yellow, ultra violet and black outline his entire body. These colors hit me like a wall and push me back.”<sup>7</sup> It is notable that Weiner's extreme sensitivity to others manifests itself through vivid color — a means of self-expression to which Cain is clearly drawn. Cain identifies with poets, and how poets engage the world. The late San Francisco-based poet Jack Spicer compels her, particularly his belief (shared by fellow Bay Area poets and artists like Robert Duncan and Jess) that the poet is a transmitter of received messages. “The poet is a radio,” Spicer writes in a formulation that echoes the visionary processes of Shaker gift drawings and Tantric abstractions, two traditions that also consider the artist to be an instrument of a higher power, and both of which are also beloved by Cain.<sup>8</sup>

Abstraction is a language, then, but it is resistant to language. This resistance, the resistance of visual imagery to language *tout court*, for that matter, should be lingered on, allowed a bit of space to sink in. Poetry comes close, but cannot quite close the gap. Music may do better. In 2008, Cain found

p. 61

pp. 82, 83 a set of old sheet music in a thrift store in Zurich, where she was installing her work as part of a group show, and thought Colter Jacobsen, a friend and fellow artist, might want to draw on it. She held on to the paper, though, and eventually used it to make small-scale paintings like *Dream Weaver* (2008) and *Ninon* (2009). She collects sheet music now, and painting on it has become part of her repertoire. These small works on paper are often installed in the same space as the large canvases or works on site, as they were in Cain's solo exhibition *little by little* at the former CTRL Gallery in Houston in 2010, and the shift in scale is significant. The sheet music almost reads like an explanatory text accompanying the large paintings, as if the black notes running along the scored pages are the language abstraction speaks. The works made from the sheet music are intimate, jewel-like, and redolent of illuminated manuscripts, as if they yearn to reveal mysteries and ancient knowledge.<sup>9</sup>

pp. 128–29

## II. Epigrams and Talismans

pp. 118–19 *Epigram on Being Alone: A golden willow hits you on the head* (-Bernadette Mayer) (2003) is another early work that must be singled out, both for its foundational status and for its reverberations in years to come. The piece was included in a solo show at a vibrant, though now-shuttered Oakland gallery named Lucky Tackle. Upon first glance, the conceit of the work is quite simple: to reveal an innocuous, overlooked corner of the gallery through an act of painterly framing. The form revealed here derives from trisecting three planes, and toys with appearing volumetric. Gold paint frames this corner shape, or better gives it its shape, but the corner too was painted — a high gloss white that in fact illuminates the golden expanse around it. It is as if Nietzsche's "luminous concreteness" had been literalized in an abstract, yet real form. The inverse of this might be

something like Malevich's *Black Square*, which was also positioned in a corner like an icon, but up high near the ceiling, rather than in the more profane space of the floor. What the detail of this work reproduced in these pages does not show is where the golden expanse ended, which was about three feet high on the gallery wall. The problem to be solved is one of balance and integrity, and determining the ratio between parts is crucial: the white corner must be surrounded by enough gold that the gold begins to read as "background" or wallpaper, but it cannot be surrounded by so much gold that the corner is overly diminished, as a form, as a metaphor, and as a concentration of energy or knowledge or perhaps even vulnerability. As I have argued above, such relationality and its negotiation will become a constant concern of Cain's in the years to come.

Maligning the luminous concreteness of the piece with the word "metaphor" requires a bit more explanation. The title of the work cites its source fully and economically. It is one of Bernadette Mayer's epigrams "on being alone," which reads, with terrific brevity, "a golden willow tree / hits you in the head."<sup>10</sup> Several years ago Cain met Mayer, a poet and writer who founded and co-edited the journal *0 TO 9* with Vito Acconci in the early 1970s, but coincidentally Mayer lived just down the street from Cain's studio in upstate New York. Mayer has written many epigrams, which are by turns funny, absurd, and profound. "on being alone" is her first epigram, and is notable within the context of Cain's work because it was made from a poetry game in which Mayer composed the poem by choosing a word from a "pile of forms," and then a word from a pile of "contents," and so on.<sup>11</sup> This particular epigram, then, has its origins in chance, but also in abstraction ("piles" of form and content), a language to which Cain's corner form returns it.

An epigram is a short, witty saying — Mayer is a master of the form — which originates from the Greek word *epigraphien*, meaning to write or inscribe, and its earliest application was as an inscription on Greek statues. In Cain’s hands, the epigram becomes a visual form — that voluminous corner — that recurs throughout her work. It becomes a form of inscription using the language of abstraction. It becomes even a quasi-signature or stand-in or marker for the self. It occurs twice, for example, in the *2008 California Biennial* installation: once in silver, surrounded by a pink and black checkerboard pattern, and once more as a photograph of *Epigram on Being Alone: A golden willow hits you on the head* (-Bernadette Mayer) tucked into a votive corner and accompanied by a white canister, a leaf, pebbles, beads, and so on. A lone pencil props up the corner shelf, the slightest nod to the earlier balance works. The epigram form is delineated by the barest sketch of a gold line surrounded by watery aquamarine in *Epigram of the present* (2009), which was part of an installation entitled *Midnight Mission* at Five Thirty Three Gallery in Los Angeles (this was an offsite exhibition for the *2008 California Biennial* in conjunction with LA><ART).

p. 50

p. 48

pp. 102–03

At first the space of the corner was a safe space: it provided a rootedness to the floor, walls, and ceiling and was a point of origin from which to expand but feel anchored. Cain eventually moved out of the corner, but even her most expansive works on site will include an object or image placed there, hiding in plain sight and ready to be discovered by the intrepid viewer. Sometimes these are versions of the epigram, and sometimes they are talismans, charms to protect the work, or the artist, or perhaps both. These talismans recur from work to work, and also function as markers of a specific place and time in the artist’s life (her titles do this too). In Cain’s own narrative, these talismans

are the fulcrums, harbingers of change. One example is *rock of good will* (2005) (a classic form the talisman takes is a stone imparted with healing powers), which marked Cain’s turn to making discrete objects and recurs as both a painted object and a photograph in various installations from that time. *I am a palm tree*, from the same year, is a small canvas whose text message (exceedingly rare in Cain’s oeuvre) reads like a mantra: “I am a palm tree / you think I will / break in the wind / and so do I / but I won’t.” The canvas was tucked in the corner above the door to her Berkeley studio, and topped with a photograph of an aerial view of an upstate New York forest in autumn. It signaled the admittance of found objects into the work (Cain refers to them as “add-ons”) and links her practice with the rich tradition of California assemblage artists such as George Herms, with whom she collaborated for the 2011 exhibition entitled *Two Schools of Cool* at the Orange County Museum of Art. A more conscious connection for Cain is to the work of Ree Morton, whose sculptures and drawings are fluent in the language of post-Minimalism but can equally inflect the scrap of wood or pencil line with the talismanic.

p. 146

p. 86

### III. The Cut, the Fold, the Grid (the Scissors, the Fabric, the Wood)

A pivotal development in Cain’s work occurred in 2009. In three installations spanning some six months, she propped or affixed large, stretched white canvases to the equally white walls of the gallery, and then cut and peeled the canvas back to reveal the grid of stretcher bars beneath before applying color to all surfaces in play. This amounts to no less than a wholesale reconfiguration of what abstract painting can be — a reconfiguration, it must be said, that has been constant throughout her career. This particular move is at once a palpable transgression, one that literally strips the medium

bare, and a proffering of new possibilities, as painting spreads beyond the (now naked) frame and annexes the surrounding architecture, while remaining in reflexive formal dialogue with that initial stretched canvas.

In the middle of the last century, Lucio Fontana slashed through a canvas and claimed in defense of his action, “Making a hole was a radical gesture which broke the space of the canvas as if to say: after this we are free to do what we like.”<sup>12</sup> It is doubtful that he could have envisioned how far Cain would take such permission in works on site such as *Epigram of the present, Forsythia*, and *Double Future* (all 2009) and right up through her recent commission in Marfa. The white stretched canvases seem like dislodged portions of the walls. Cain plays with this permeability, allowing compositions to slip off canvas edges and slide onto walls and floors. The geometric grid of the stretcher bars that she paints also migrates onto other surfaces. Cain responds to the frame of the stretcher bars just as she does to the parameters of site. Both are readymades.<sup>13</sup>

Cain continues to innovate what one can do with cut canvas by introducing techniques like fringing, draping, and braiding in *We are here we are heavy we are color*, *Solar eclipse in Leo*, and *Supreme Being* (all 2011). Canvas suddenly looks a lot like other materials; fabrics like suede or leather and craft materials like ribbon or crêpe paper. *Falling* (2011) and *Balls to the wall* (2012) have an allover feel reminiscent of patterned fabrics. *French Braid* (2011) refers to how a woman or girl might braid her hair, beginning at the crown and drawing in other pieces of hair as the braid progresses. It is precisely the process used in *French Braid*, in which three braids dangle above a striped canvas, stretched and painted later.<sup>14</sup> In an interview with Diedrich Diederichsen, Isa Genzken recalled that Benjamin H.D. Buchloh once

pp. 124–25  
142–43

pp. 40  
89, 41

p. 148  
p. 98

criticized her early ellipsoids — floor-bound lacquered wood sculptures — for “having too much content.” Hers was Minimalism gone wrong: “You haven’t even understood Carl Andre yet,” Buchloh chastised.<sup>15</sup> Cain’s abstraction shares common ground with Genzken’s: her braiding of canvas is a similar “misunderstanding” as Genzken’s content-rich sculpture. Cain’s artistic reference points create a genealogy that narrates an alternate history of modernism, in which slashing the canvas is only the beginning, in which Carl Andre can be understood differently, in which Frank Stella’s black paintings are a point of departure rather than an apotheosis.

Cain cut into a canvas as early as 2007, in a work of formal elegance and conceptual acuity entitled, *take heed take heart*. Whether that advice is intended for the viewer or the painting is unclear, but it is tempting to read this work through the lens of the prodigious cutting, stripping, and folding to come. *take heed take heart* is one of the small, pre-stretched canvases Cain bought at craft stores during this period. It is mostly dove grey, with two thickish bands, one yellow and one orange, alternating with white in the lower left corner. A long metallic black string wrapped around an oblong piece of cardboard is affixed to the top half of the painting. Befitting the canvas’ modest scale and aspirations, just two incisions were made, and the canvas pulled back to reveal the secret of what lies beneath the painted mark, which, it turns out, is ribbon. Yellow and orange brushstrokes have materialized into ribbon, as if underneath the canvas is the real, and painting’s fears and fantasies are exposed by this one gesture. The painting must feel this, too, for it sheds tears made of coral beads. What *take heed take heart* also makes plain is that Cain’s work is never pure abstraction — the material stuff of everyday life makes its way into nearly every painting and work on site. It recalls the ethos of

p. 159

another artistic predecessor, Jessica Stockholder, who has addressed this very collision: “I like there to be places where the material is forgotten, but I also love to force a meeting of abstraction with material or stuff.”<sup>16</sup> The cut, the fold, and the grid in Cain’s work are also the scissors, the fabric, and the wood. There is always reciprocity, however, the ribbon underneath *take heed take heart* is a color photocopy of ribbon, not ribbon itself, a twist that reinstates the materiality of the canvas.

By way of conclusion, let’s circle back to where we began: an artist encounters a space. Since she moved to Los Angeles in 2007, Cain scaled-up her work and went maximal. She responds to site, and her response to Los Angeles has been no different. The city finds its way into her work materially; her use of scarves, for example, derives in part by living near the garment district. This was true of works like *Shaman* (2005) and *Untitled (Sister)* (2006), which were inspired by hairstyles worn by women in her Oakland neighborhood. Los Angeles also has a psychic presence: *Midnight Mission* is named for the mission on Skid Row next to the warehouse where the work was installed. And, finally, Los Angeles is a space of permission, in that Cain has felt less compelled to defend being an abstract painter than she did in San Francisco, in part because the dispersion of Los Angeles allows artists to be reclusive despite the urban setting. So she went big. The work can be large-scale, but is not immersive or spectacular. Paint often spreads and seeps across disparate kinds of spaces, but if it nods to the endless, numbing flow of images and visuality that marks contemporary life, it remains adamantly material, not virtual. There must be material resistance to the flow, and the possibility that air can be like cement.

p. 97

## Notes

1. *Pink Swoosh (for Bill Berkson)* is titled for San Francisco poet and Cain’s teacher and friend Bill Berkson.
2. Cain, Sarah. Personal interview. 10 Jan. 2012.
3. Gee’s Bend is a rural community on the Alabama River near Selma, Alabama, where generations of women have made colorful, geometric handcrafted quilts.
4. Cain, Sarah. Personal interview. 10 Jan. 2012.
5. “Mary Heilmann.” *Art 21*. PBS. 2009. Web. 10 Jan. 2012.
6. Sillman, Amy. “Parts & Labour.” *Frieze*. Sept. 2010, ed. 133: 126. Print.
7. Weiner, Hannah. *The Fast*. New York: United Artists Books, 1992. Print.
8. *My Vocabulary Did This to Me: The Collected Poetry of Jack Spicer*. Eds. Peter Gizzi and Kevin Killian. Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 2010. Print.
9. Cain has explained the contrast as such: “I’ve noticed that many of the larger works tend to reference the outside world as they come from a bodily approach, while more often the smaller ones reflect an interior mental space.” Garza, Evan J. “Q&A: A Conversation with Sarah Cain.” *New American Paintings*. Nov. 2010. Web. 10 Jan. 2012.
10. Mayer, Bernadette. “on being alone.” *Scarlet Tanager*. New York: New Directions Publishing Corporation, 2005. 13. Print.
11. Mayer, Bernadette. “The Line Reading Series.” The Drawing Center, New York, NY. 18 April 2000. UPenn. Reading. 3 Feb. 2012.
12. Fontana, Lucio. “Interview by Daniela Palazzoli.” *Bit*, Oct.–Nov. 1967, ed. 5. Print.
13. Cain enjoys the problem solving associated with the large-scale readymade: in Zurich, for *Double Future*, she asked the gallery to deliver the largest stretched canvas they could find.
14. Perhaps this backdrop for the braids mimics an Agnes Martin painting because Martin too emphasized the material fabric of canvas.
15. Genzken, Isa. “Interview: Diedrich Diederichsen in Conversation with Isa Genzken.” *Isa Genzken*. London: Phaidon Press, 2006. Print.
16. Stockholder, Jessica. “Interview: Lynne Tillman in Conversation with Jessica Stockholder.” *Jessica Stockholder*. London: Phaidon Press, 1995. Print.



## FORGET ME NOT

SHAMIM M. MOMIN

In 2011, LAND (Los Angeles Nomadic Division) organized a multi-site, multi-artist exhibition entitled *Nothing Beside Remains*, which unfolded over time and space from September 2011 to April 2012 in Marfa, Texas. Nine artists (Andrea Bowers & Shizu Saldamando, Sarah Cain, Sue de Beer, Rob Fischer, Karl Haendel, Ry Rocklen, Mungo Thomson, and Garth Weiser) were invited to consider the theme embodied in the show's title (a line from Percy Bysshe Shelley's "Ozymandias"). Each commission addressed different, often multiple, aspects of the text – the poetry in decay, the inevitable demise of the monument(al), the vestiges of time passing, and the achievement and failure of aggrandization – as well as the inescapable art historical context of the town itself.<sup>1</sup> Sarah Cain's project *Forget me not* (2011) was the first presentation, a site-specific installation in a former Masonic Lodge on Highland Avenue, the main north/south artery of Marfa.

"There's something about being by yourself and waiting;  
you access space in this way that's really hard to find..."

– Sarah Cain<sup>2</sup>

*I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,*

Often unnoticed, the establishing line of Shelley's poem (*I met a traveller from an antique land / Who said:*) immediately frames the narrative as one of translation, transit, and mediation. All stories are told through another voice; history is a collection of those many voices, and often, those far-away, romantic tales construct the images that compel us to create future histories. Marfa, more than most, is a place of stories, its own distant land embraced by a vast desert and sky and by those few who make the journey there. There is no description of the experience that is not its own cliché of magical emptiness, of boundless vision, of poetry in simple forms and structures, of light and space that engenders and embodies inspiration. But it is all true, along with many other stories – histories of the borders and boundaries, class and ethnicity, freedom and martial control, heroes and fugitives. It is a town of constantly shifting dichotomies: inside/outside, transparency/occlusion, heat/cold, light/dark. To hear those stories amidst those extremes, I sometimes imagine the minimalist desert aesthetic came less from practical needs of weather and available material than from an impulse to form the right backdrop for the intensely concentrated characters that inhabit it.

That there is a former Masonic Lodge on the town's main street makes so much sense that I never thought to determine its formal "landmarking"<sup>3</sup> by the Masons. The Freemasons may well have conjured this town in which to exist: a site of distance and secrecy bound to the world by the critical economy of transit and commerce, an esoteric (they prefer

this term to “secret”) society of rules and ceremonies for those who exist outside of the status quo. A space inclusive of a fraternal society of obscure, often mythic, origin whose rituals and symbols are bound only by architectural symbolism (via masonry tools) and that the “landmarks” of brotherly dedication, honor, integrity, etc., are expressed by allegories of masonic activity. There is no one specific story, no single voice, no finite way to follow the path, yet there is control, rigor, strict structure, and “obligations” to its methods, and to its understanding of the spiritual and the physical. This is the desert. This is the people who inhabit it. This is the true body of Judd’s Minimalism. This is also, I would argue, Sarah Cain’s work.

*Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
‘My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!’*

p. 162

Outside of the front door, engraved in the stone, is a traditional Masonic image: a crossed T-square and compass used in architectural endeavor that symbolizes not just those implements of construction but also the means by which they strive to “square our actions by the square of virtue with all mankind.”<sup>4</sup> The artist interprets the outline of this image — not the square but rather a slightly lopsided diamond shape — and made it a window into her space. She occludes the main window with a deliberately chaotic spray of webbed and tangled lines excepting the view through the vaguely vaginal implication of the form. Cain very often makes these tongue-in-cheek gestures, a dry humor that runs through all of her work, subtle but serious in its strong physical embrace of things “manly” that are repossessed into a distinctly

female tenacity and presence. In this town of Marfa, where deserts are traditionally thought to be for cowboys and tough guys, and where that most masculine of movements and that most macho of its practitioners made his extraordinary monuments to it, it takes only such suggestiveness to make the point.

Inside the cool, airy, barn-shaped room — concrete floors, vaulted ceiling, oddly placed mouldings and benches in a mostly open space — keep an eye out for that symbol, (the kids always see it first, interestingly). A smaller, almost unnoticed window at the back of the room, bookending the space with the large, colorful storefront, is painted black, with the Masonry symbol outline etched with silver leaf onto the negative surface. Covering and uncovering with paint creates these two reflected forms — these rhythms of positive/negative space, of layering and revealing, are characteristic of the installation throughout, and indeed of Cain’s work in general. Moving from the front to the back of the room, one is confronted within the space as well as on its various walls and corners with paintings that shape a process of discovery: a narrative layering of both medium and message.

Discovery is not always a gentle thing; just as time performs violence on the supposed permanence of the world, unearthing things (literally or conceptually) requires the same. Cain quite literally takes the idea into her own hands. A large painting, *self-portrait (Marfa)* (2011), leans somewhat precariously against the room’s central pillar, propped up in the back by a broken stretcher bar, thereby collapsing its original function to become another architectural form. Atop a stretched canvas surface of streaked black and white (suggesting the negative of the pattern that covers it) another boldly painted canvas layers like a curtain ravaged by a giant cat — the shredded canvas physically ripped by artist. All of

pp. 164–65



Cain's paintings share these layerings, even ones that cannot be discerned, that are destroyed or obscured by the next layer of paint or material. Like architecture, her works start with foundations, whether actual structures or those created in paint, built out to their final surface, richly layered with all necessary components within, here and there visible.

p. 41 As you enter, the clockwise wall presents the only painting not fully made on site, *Supreme Being* (2011). It echoes the notion of selective reveal from the front window; a fringed "skin" of diagonally striped canvas drapes over the painting beneath, itself viewed through an excised rectangle that mimics the scale of another window close by. The striping on the overlaid canvas references the floorboard pattern of the artist's studio in Los Angeles; again, these spaces newly built upon one another, collapsing geography, time, and space, but never specificity.

pp. 170–71 The longest clean wall holds an enormous wall painting, *Untitled (Marfa)* (2011), a riot of planar forms, architectonic structure, and expressive gesture, anchored on the left by a necessary subtlety. This is a signature of the artist — look large, but don't miss the tiny bits, the easy-to-overlook vestiges that are required to make sense of it all. A found cabinet that completes the larger painting (seen in two dimensions in the grander view of the wall) is also its altar, intimate and individual, belonging only to you and your space when you peer within. How it is that such inconsequential things — two stacked plastic tops of spray cans, a green glass bottle, a tiny geode from a local souvenir shop, a dead butterfly — assemble a tableau that nearly makes your heart break? (Ask Richard Tuttle or Joseph Cornell perhaps, when you ask Mary Heilmann, Amy Sillman, or Rachel Harrison for clues on how she does the rest...). On site, it takes on added introspection about the inevitability of death, small remnants of experience

gone before, and how such things retain and inspire as well as evoke their own desolation — much like the desert itself. The differing scales of the artist's practice have been previously qualified wherein big is to body and small is to mind, but I must respectfully disagree. Scale in Cain's work is a constant inversion of that division. The sense of the spiritual, the internal story, the private human chaos is there in the large as much as the physical sense of their confrontation and experience, while the smaller, more intimate works make conscious your physical being in space, as well as the vastness of the internal against the truth of our tiny, endless vulnerability. Grand monuments may be meant to inspire, and sometimes do, but talismans, meant to be held, touched, kept to yourself, do the very same.

Marfa is big and small at the same time: that one perfect, sharp, and momentary shadow on the wall, that tiny lizard darting over your toes, that vast boundless sky and those clouds creating constant pictures for you, alone. Cain's work makes sense here, this way: it speaks the native tongue. Similarly, throughout the installation, the deliberate and balanced flux between covered and uncovered, between wide-open blankness and intense presence, reminds me again of Marfa, and of Judd (layering his own version over the already extant example).

The artist has spoken more than once of the importance of language — actual words that she crafts into poems and stories — as well as a language of forms and color and space. The language of abstract painting to my mind is anything but abstract (I never quite understood that term, in all honesty. It seems to suggest a lack of clarity, floating in some space lacking in conviction. If done well, however, it is anything but; distilling what we know into essential elements that keep speaking beyond their specific application.)

To that end, we see now how Judd’s ostensibly “mute forms” are also enfolded in words – his, certainly, as well as others’ – and they, in Marfa particularly, speak a language. The conviction of site-specificity in its most direct sense, that artworks belong in one place where they belong, only, is supported here and in his houses and studios and soaring light-filled galleries created from converted army barracks, that are yet surprisingly human, at least to me. A very male – perhaps “macho” is more apt – human sense, but humanness and spirituality nonetheless.

*Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.*<sup>5</sup>

One of the first works of Cain’s I saw, half a decade ago, was a painting of a shadow created by a branch leaned against a wall, entitled *We push ourselves into the mountain until we explode into the sky* (2007), where light yielded form. The artist is definitive that her total practice be called “painting” and as such, this idea of abstraction is, to my mind, the opposite. Rather than abstracting the image, it is made more concrete. The materiality of light in Marfa is a forcible, tangible thing; there is no better way to evoke its presence than to make it present. In the Marfa installation, the piece, *three, four, eight pm* (2011), is perhaps one of the most poignant of the many works in which the artist captures and suspends time. Tracing the evolving perimeter of shadows at different times of day, created by *that* sun, in *that* space, by *those* frames (the architecture of a painting, her masonry, if you will), she turns the ephemeral understanding of space and time into a “capture,” one that feels not caged, not frozen, not static, but just true to what we know of a place, and of a feeling.

p. 96

pp. 174–75

The title of the Marfa installation, *Forget me not*, brings all of its linguistic and cultural connotations to bear. In German legend, when God named the things of the world, the tiny flower feared to be overlooked, and cried out its eponymous line, from which God chose to name it. Later, it came to represent fidelity among lovers, especially in absence. It became a symbol of remembrance of the dead, as well as of those in the world too easily forgotten: the poor and downtrodden. The Freemasons adopted it in place of the T-square/compass image, one symbol cloaking another, to prevent persecution by the Nazis while still retaining their identity, their belief, and speaking it outwardly. The later use of the forget-me-not by the Nazis themselves, legendarily (though, it seems, incorrectly) even in the camps, adds another layer of sadness to these evocations. If abstraction can be a new language of invented symbols that have the same goal as the language we know – to communicate – so does the language of image, symbol, and allegory. It is only ever about the translations.

The forget-me-not is also about memory, and what is memory but your story of time, just as history is a collection of those stories? It is perhaps one of the most fundamental human desires – it is what conquest is built upon, empires, monuments, art – in the end, do not forget me. But do remember that time and memory is purely the product of a temporal construction. Memory is reconfigured time based on what you care about, those best moments are all your time; those days of the same day occupy nothing, the rest is in between. Memory and history reconfigure time.

The artist once said, “...what you can see and what you can feel [in a space] is the residue of everything that happened before...”<sup>6</sup> Unlike many other monuments in Marfa, Cain’s project was removed from the Lodge upon closure, the paint

stripped and the walls returned to blankness. The shadows are now those of the sun and do not stay, the windows see clear through without enticing semi-secrecy. But like all histories, its voice remains in place, without need for monuments that always fall, and leave slightly ridiculous trunks of legs and inanelly sneering mouths half buried in the lone and level sands that will ultimately vanquish anything placed amidst them. I like to think that were Judd to see this project, this exhibition even, he would appreciate and not quite understand Sarah Cain's part. That he would be both annoyed and pleased by the challenge to form and by the respect for space and temporality that she embodies, that while he would likely still say "look on my works" as did Ozymandias, he would know better than to ask us to despair. That he, like Cain, would reject the cold sneer of a shattered visage and instead know that nothing beside remains, nothing remains besides that, and nothing really should.

## Notes

1. "In 1971, Donald Judd, the renowned minimalist artist, moved to Marfa from New York City. After renting summer houses for a couple of years he bought two large hangars, some smaller buildings and started to permanently install his art. While this started with his building in New York, the buildings in Marfa (now The Block, Judd Foundation) allowed him to install his works on a larger scale. In 1976 he bought the first of two ranches that would become his primary places of residence, continuing a long love affair with the desert landscape surrounding Marfa. Later, with assistance from the Dia Art Foundation in New York, Judd acquired decommissioned Fort D.A. Russell, and began transforming the fort's buildings into art spaces in 1979. Judd's vision was to house large collections of individual artists' work on permanent display, as a sort of anti-museum. Judd believed that the prevailing model of a museum, where art is shown for short periods of time, does not allow the viewer an understanding of the artist or their work as they intended." "Marfa, Texas." *Wikipedia*. Wikipedia Foundation, Inc. 18 June 2012. Web. 16 Feb. 2012.
2. Garza, Evan J. "Spotlight: Sarah Cain." *New American Paintings*. Dec. 2011. Print.
3. "Landmarked" is the term of approval of a chapter, as well as that of its cumulative conceptual principles.
4. "Square and Compasses: Freemasonry's Universal Logo." *Masonic Lodge of Education*. n.d. 19 Jan. 2012.
5. Shelley, Percy Bysshe. *The poetical works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Ed. Harry Buxton Forman. Vol. 1. London: Reeves and Turner, 1876. 376. Print.
6. Garza, Evan J. "Spotlight: Sarah Cain." *New American Paintings*. Dec. 2011. Print.

## SHE COMES IN COLORS

ANDREW BERARDINI

There is a courage to these colors. One can easily see that they would gladly go beyond, past glib primaries and cowardly hues, past dull shades and sad dyes. They outstrip the easily fed and idly found.

It begins simply, a point of pure color in space. Pure white shatters into a multitude of hues as points stretch into lines, lines into shapes. Red circles and blue triangles, green diamonds and yellow squares, harlequin polygons whose names are so infinite that they are merely inventories of angles. Magentas and violets hang and flap, they stretch tightly and crawl through space like the crooked fingers of a birch branch, like kudzu. Pure light beams brightly and then settles down into pure gold. A strip of ecru layers above salmon above amaranth, carved out strata in geologic time. Shapes bulge and split, reach outward and are woven and chained, spilling and spraying, the skin ripped away like an old shroud to reveal the bones beneath. Sometimes colors make mistakes too. Like us, they feel if they tear away their skin, the emotion will be revealed in its purity, but it is the act and its violence that reveals suffering, and not the naked bones beneath.

They are alive, these colors. Here they become people. Rich auburns and airy limes trip and fall in slippery wrestling matches ending in wet skin, wild laughter. They are free, even though freedom has its costs, any child can tell you. The colors grow troubled, as even the brave will falter. Brilliant chartreuses and gleaming goldenrods lose their will and

quietly fade, crumbling away like brittle leaves, with only an absence as record of presence. Phthalos and neons burn and rage and still are captured, ending up as pressed specimens, empty trophies of an amateur scientist's industrious vacation. The puce weeps, the pink bleeds. Even defeated, their ephemeral flicker reveals the beauty in their frailty. Lavender and fallow fold and flow, appear to bend too easily against the unbendable world, palm trees in a storm, but yet endure past the mortal reigns of presidents and popes, kings and tyrants, scoundrels and fools who fatuously believe they can outlive unfettered color.

Freedom is a prime number, I've read. Whole and indivisible.

The colors come together in colonies the opposite of camouflage. Old gold and rust, saffrons and indigos enfold and cover one another like the limbs of lovers in a joyful orgy. Teals poke and jab fuchsias, oranges overrun and undermine, turquoises lend support and succor. The colors nurture, they obliterate. They assemble in perfect harmony like soft sounds in a mossy forest. They grid into games for unknown sports and battles. Once wounded, they snap and billow in the wind.

They come apart. Ebonies shudder and spit, greens writhe with unkempt electricity. Colors in tension shudder and burst, divide to suffer unknown agonies, each singly, glowing alone, broken from the prism but now unified, inseparable. Once again as ever free. A single brilliant shard of chroma, a monochrome rainbow, a solitary ray, bare as a ghost, shining on with ever obstinate clarity.







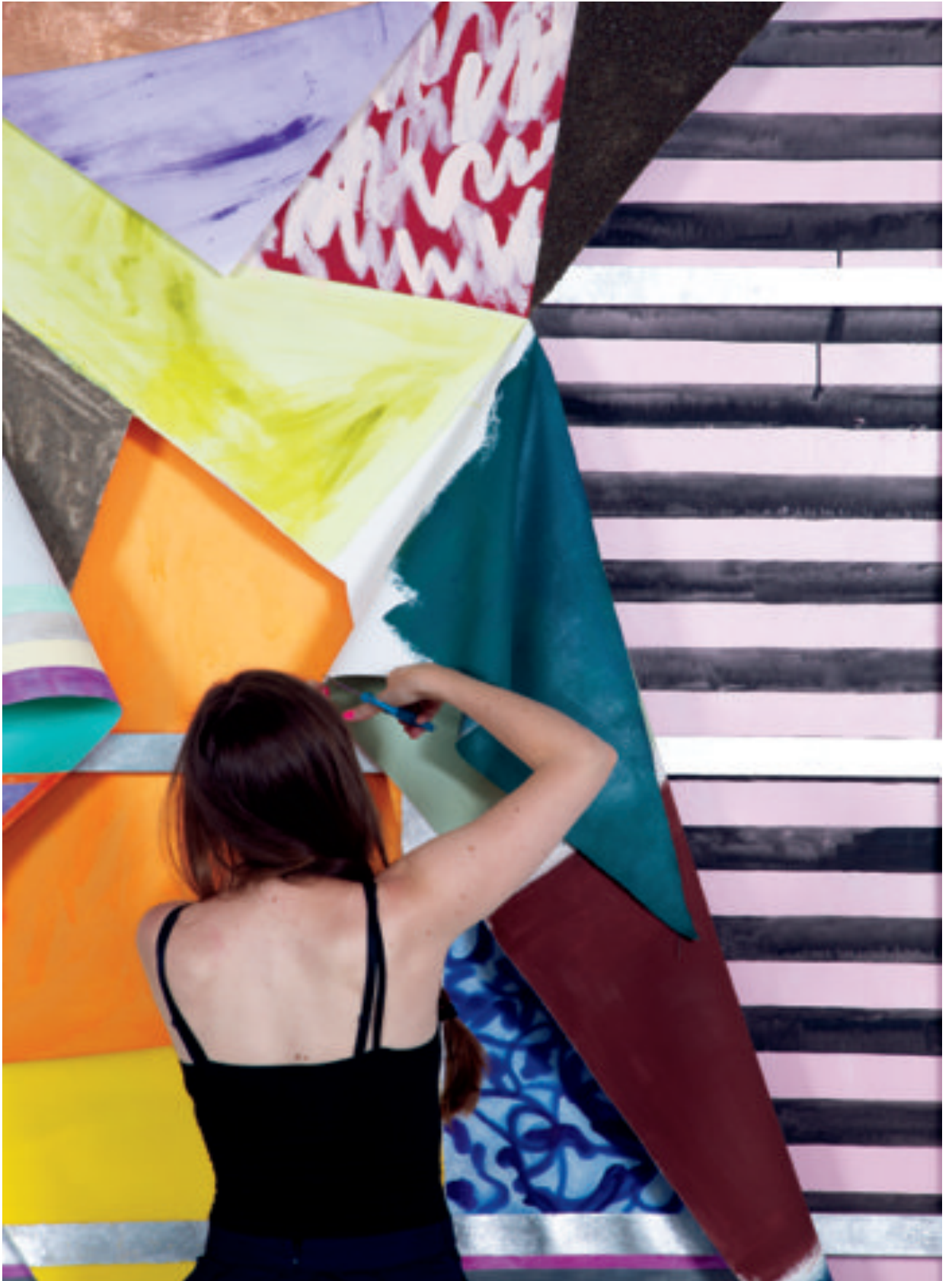
*Santa Barbara 1, 2011*



*In loving memory of your mind, 2011*



*Untitled (Spring 2011), 2011*









*We are here we are heavy we are color, 2011*



*Supreme Being, 2011*











Installation view, *As You Continue To Walk Forward*, 2008

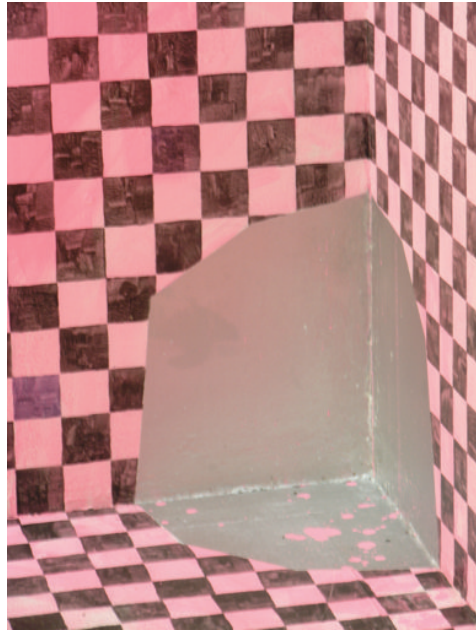




Installation view, *As You Continue To Walk Forward*, 2008







Installation view, *As You Continue To Walk Forward*, 2008

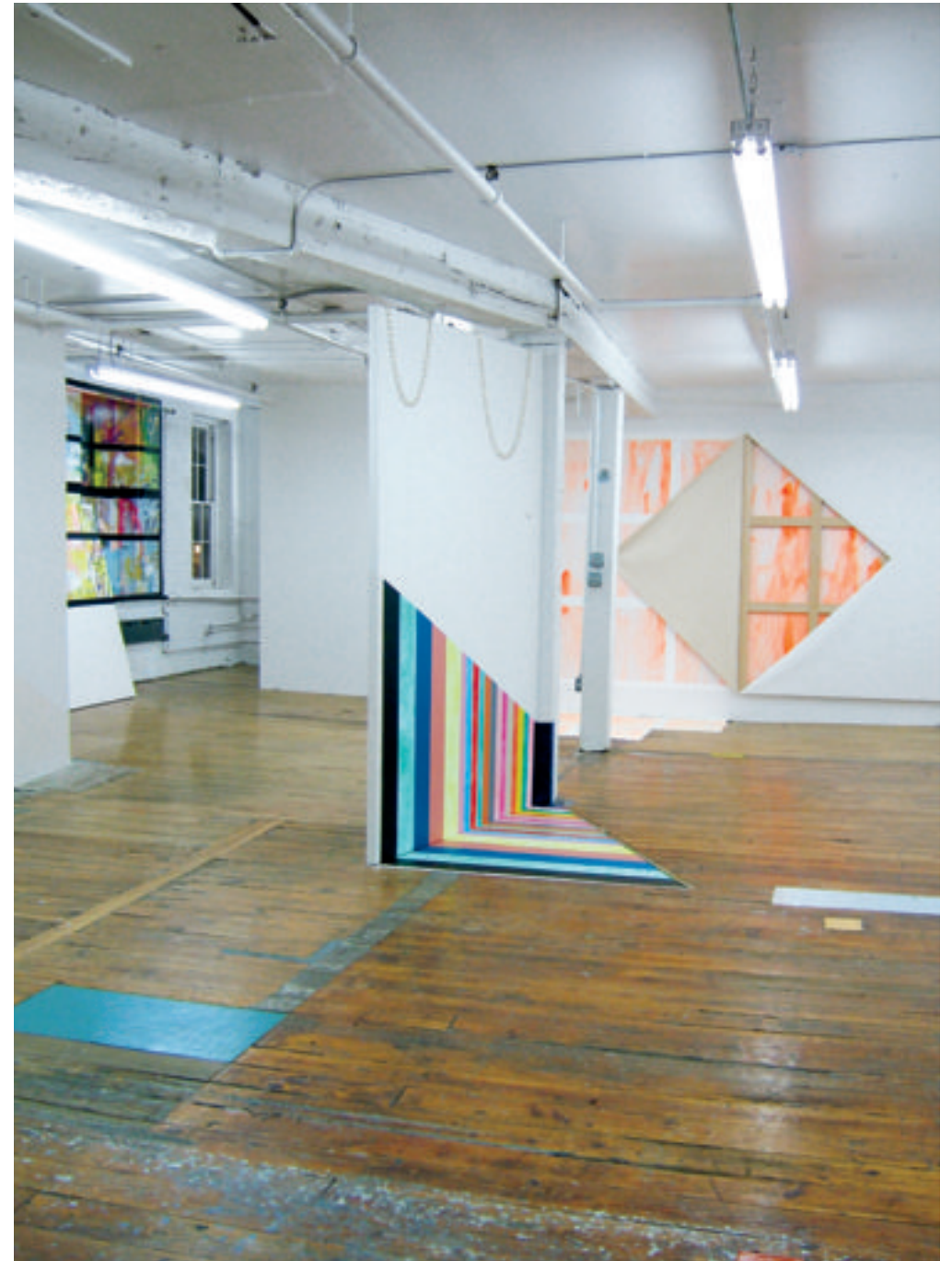








*California does psychic*, 2010



Installation view, *California does psychic*, 2010



*The Italians*, 2010















Installation view, *California does psychic*, 2010





*Phoenix*, 2009

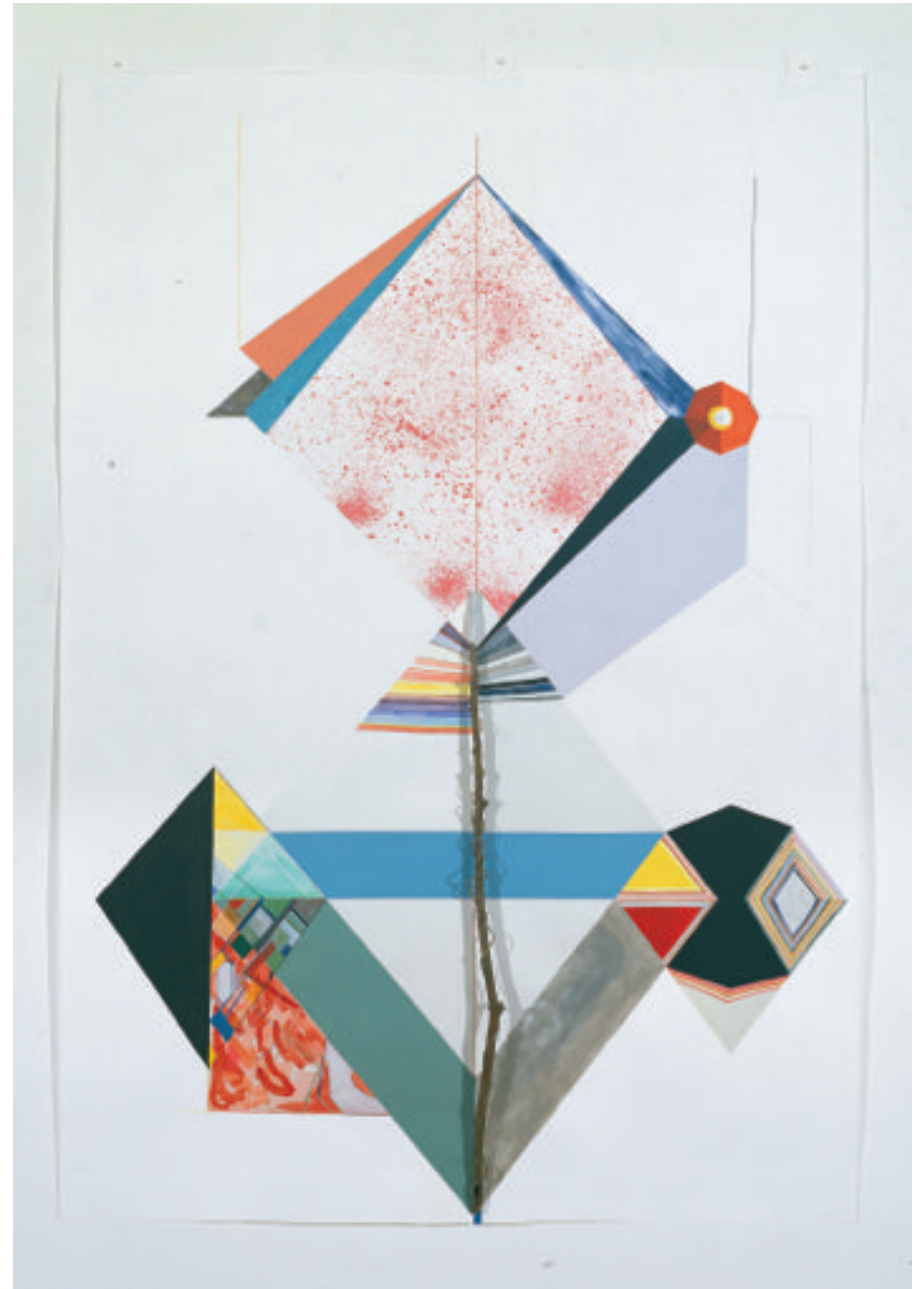


*Illuminated Manuscript*, 2010





*Untitled (Miami), 2009*



*Just as sure as all is one and one is two, 2007*



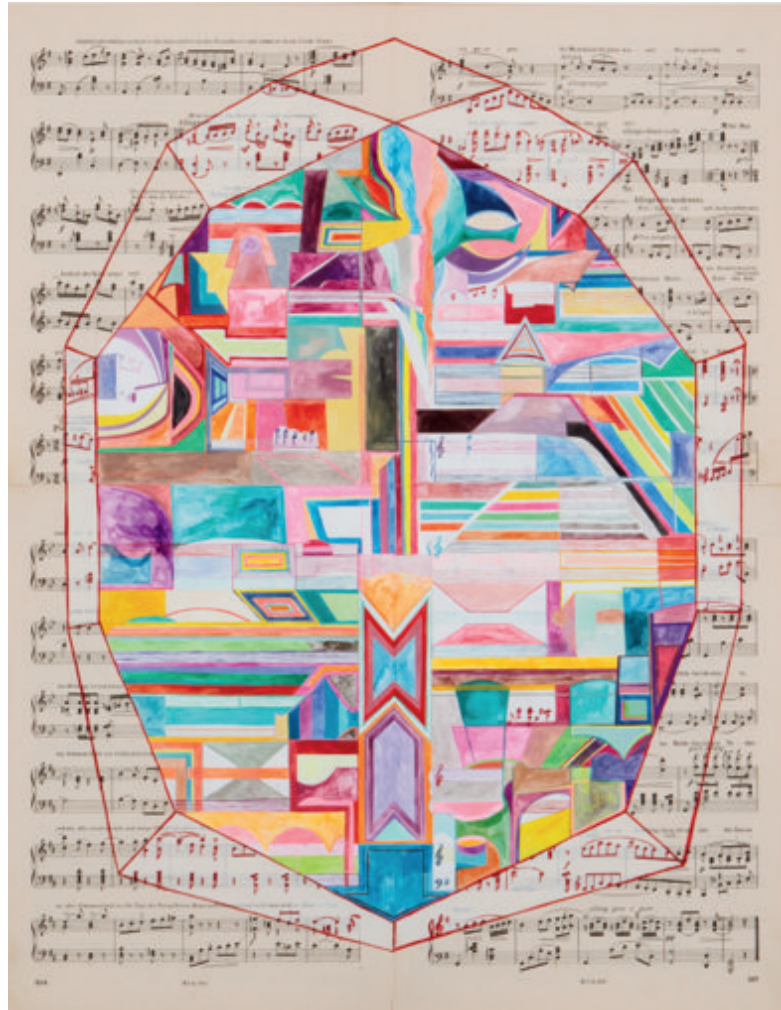


FINALE.

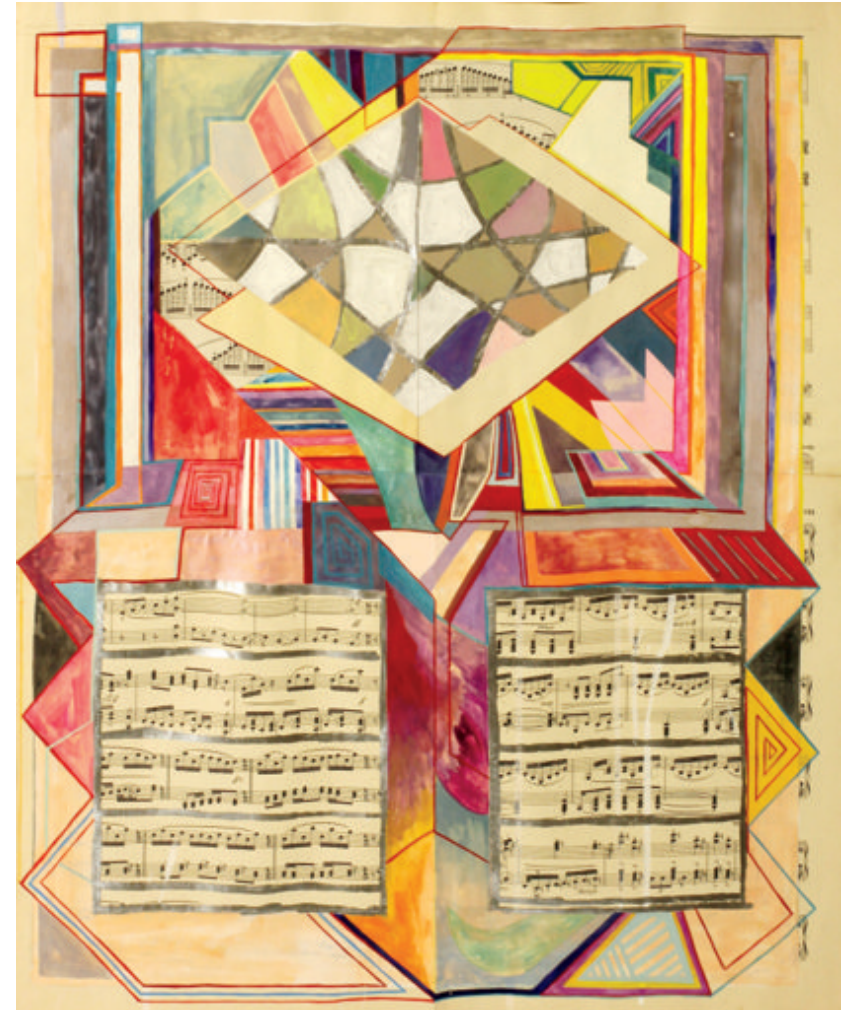
The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. Each system has a treble and bass clef. The notation includes various rhythmic values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line.







*Self-portrait, 2010*



*Untitled (Piano), 2010*



*Living is Dying, Little by Little, 2010*



*Secret Magic Plan, 2009*





*You Aurora Borealis Me, 2009*







*Living Together* (detail), 2009







*Dream Weaver, 2008*



*Ninon, 2009*





*I am a palm tree, 2005*







*Circle of bees, 2005*



*Solar eclipse in Leo, 2011*







*Gladness Becomes Weeping, 2007*



*Moonlight, 2011*









*Untitled (Sister)*, 2006





*French Braid*, 2011



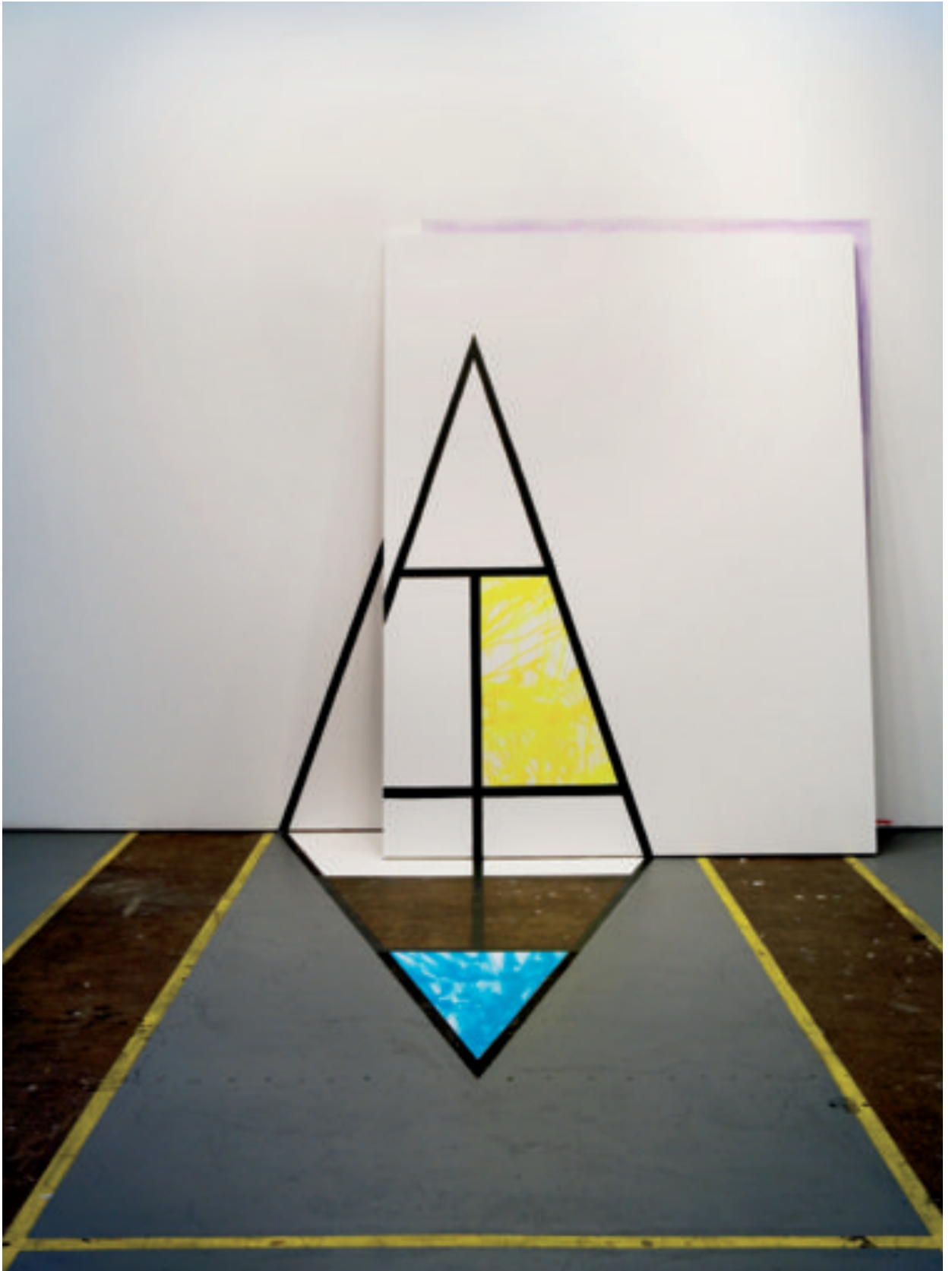








*Epigram of the present* (detail), 2009









*The Afterlife*, 2009



*The Afterlife* (detail), 2009







Installation view, *as of now*, 2005



*Believers #2*, 2006



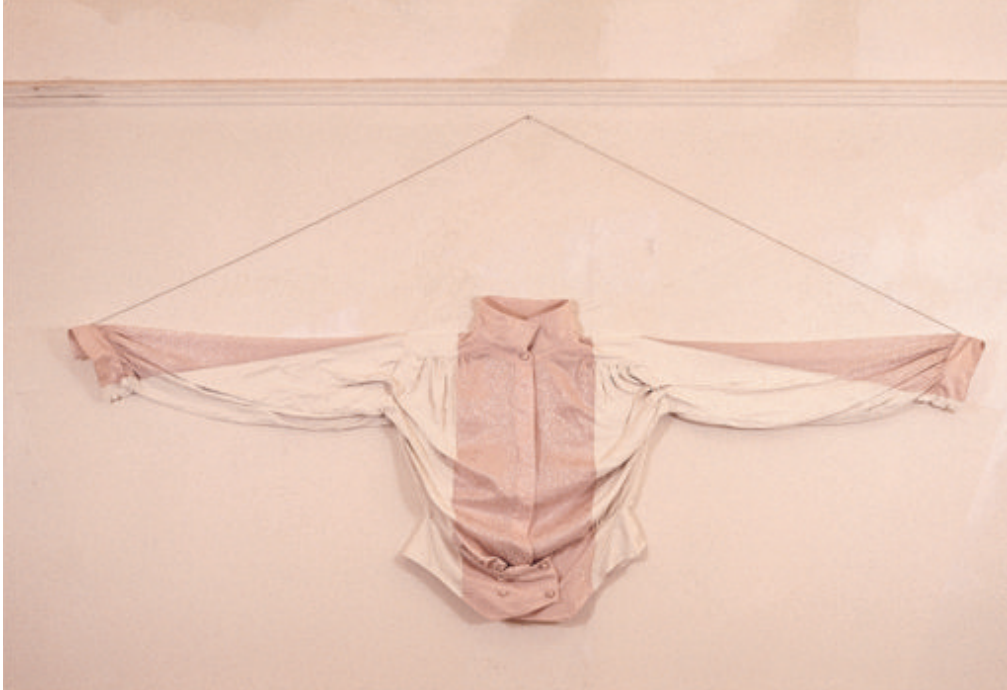
*heavenly light (shirt), 2004*



*six pm, 2005*







*In the eve of change, 2004*





*the voice (vow)*, 2008



*Untitled*, 2004









Installation view, *It Will Go Down Like A Dark Ship*, 2006



*Untitled*, 2009







*Untitled (Houston), 2010*



Installation view, *Redirecting the Negative Vortex*, 2005





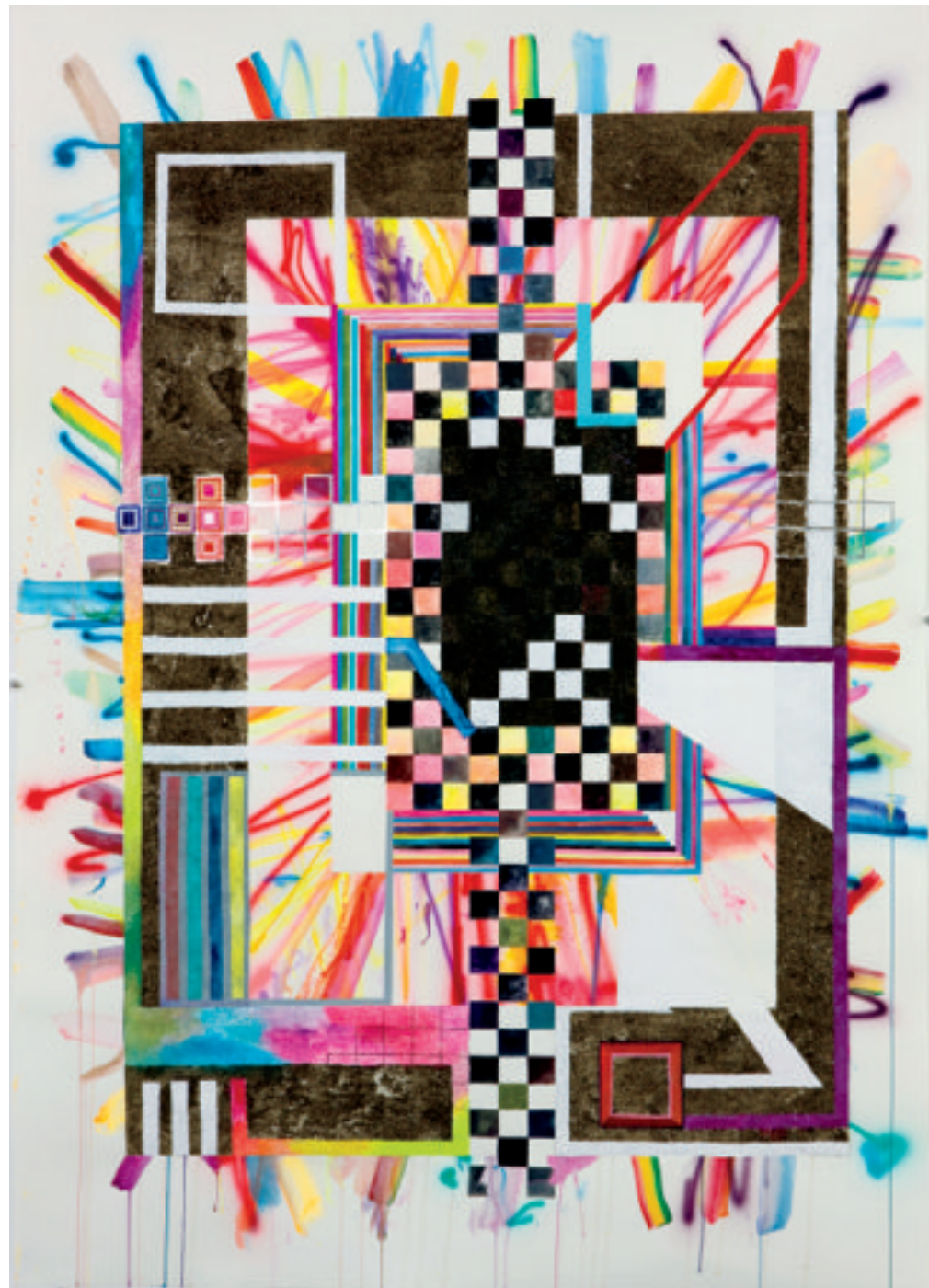




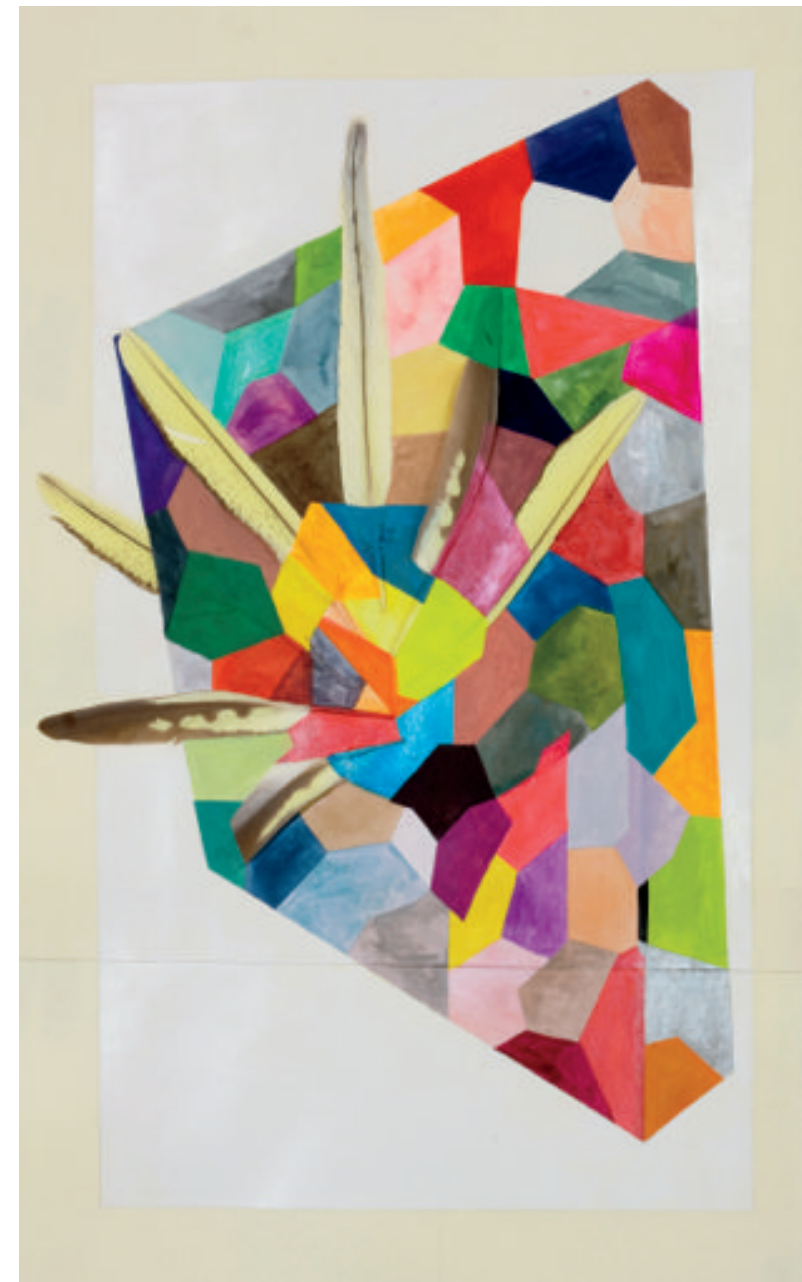
Installation view, *Double Future*, 2009







*double future reflecting, 2009*

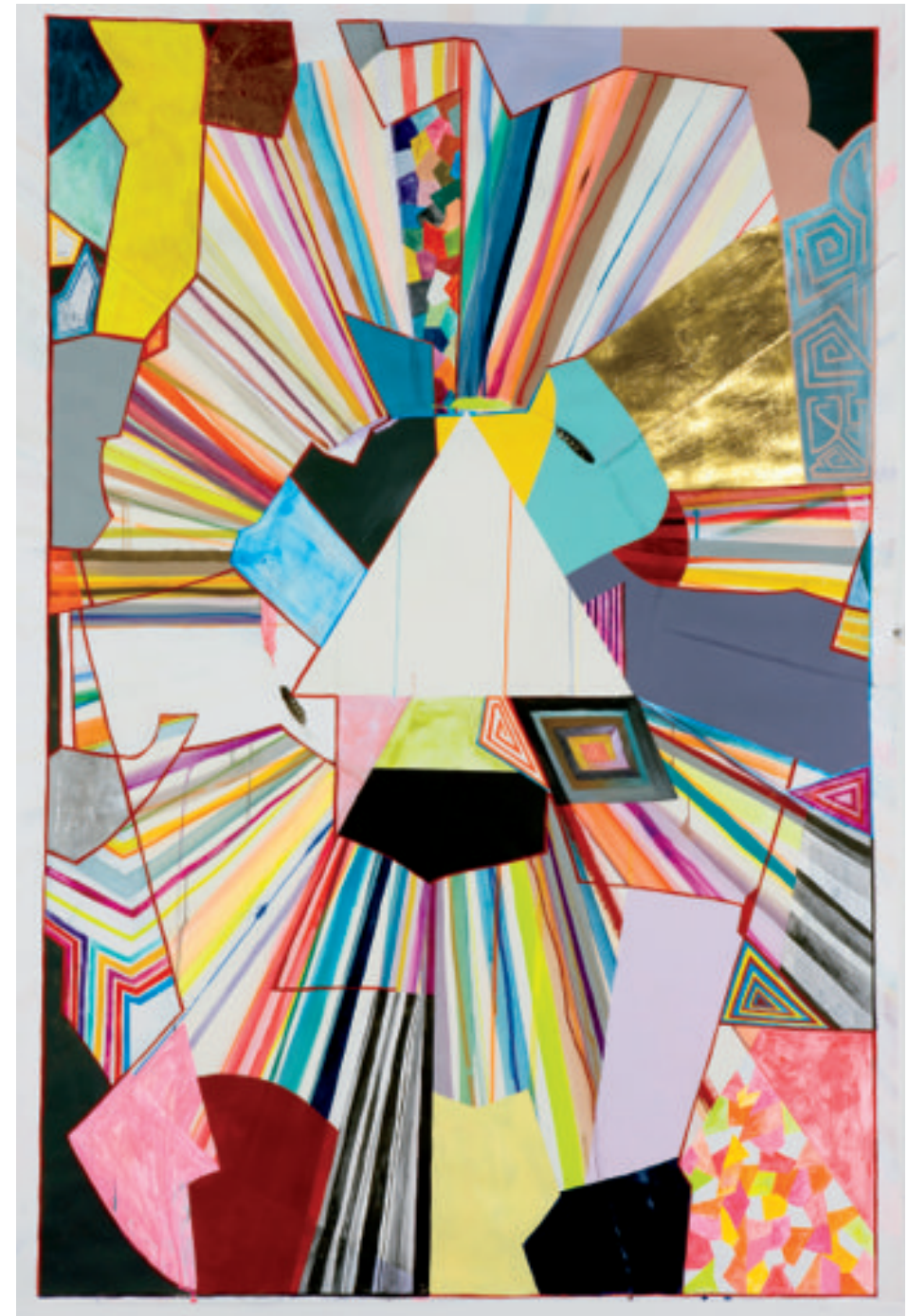


*Future Perfect Tense Two, 2009*





Installation view, *Double Future*, 2009



*Triangle for R.J.M.*, 2009













*Untitled (losing the calm), 2007*







*floor sex, 2012*



*gravity tree, 2007*



*owl, 2007*







*Moon Flowers, 2007*







*Renegade Heaven (flowers)*, 2007



*Goodbye*, 2008



*Here is an emblem of the world above, 2007*



*take heed take heart, 2007*







Exterior view, *Forget me not*, 2011



Installation view, *Forget me not*, 2011











Installation view, *Forget me not*, 2011





*Untitled (Marfa), 2011*





*Untitled (Marfa)* (detail), 2011







**SARAH CAIN  
IMAGE INDEX**

\*As of June 15, 2012.

Height precedes width precedes depth for all checklist measurements. Dimensions are in inches, followed by centimeters.

- 32–33  
\$ *nine*, 2011  
Acrylic and gold leaf on dollar bill  
6 1/8 × 2 3/8 in. (15.56 × 6.67 cm)  
Collection of Lindsay Pennington
- 34  
*Santa Barbara 1*, 2011  
Acrylic, silver leaf, and gold leaf on wall, canvas, and stretchers  
132 × 92 × 4 in.  
(335.28 × 233.68 × 10.16 cm)  
Private Collection
- 35  
*In loving memory of your mind*, 2011  
Acrylic, gold leaf, sand, beads, and bells on canvas  
100 × 80 × 2 1/2 in.  
(254 × 203.2 × 6.35 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts
- 36  
*Untitled (Spring 2011)*, 2011  
Sand, acrylic, gold leaf, silver leaf, bronze leaf, pom-poms, thread, beva gel, and holtex on canvas  
108 3/4 × 81 3/8 × 12 in.  
(276.23 × 206.69 × 30.48 cm)  
Collection of Abby and Andreas Beroutsos
- 37  
Sarah Cain working on *Untitled (Spring 2011)*, 2011
- 38–39  
Installation view, *Santa Barbara*, 2011  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum, Santa Barbara, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 40  
*We are here we are heavy we are color*, 2011  
Acrylic, ink, and thread on canvas  
92 × 56 in. (233.68 × 142.24 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

- 41  
*Supreme Being*, 2011  
Gold leaf, silver leaf, acrylic, thread, and beads on canvas  
126 × 72 × 9 in.  
(320.04 × 182.88 × 22.86 cm)  
Private Collection
- 42–43  
\$ *eleven*, 2011  
Acrylic on dollar bill  
6 1/8 × 2 3/8 in. (15.56 × 6.67 cm)  
UBS Art Collection
- 44–45  
Installation view, *As You Continue To Walk Forward*, 2008  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
2008 California Biennial, Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 46  
Installation view, *As You Continue To Walk Forward*, 2008  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
2008 California Biennial, Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 47  
Installation view, *As You Continue To Walk Forward*, 2008  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
2008 California Biennial, Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 48  
Installation view, *As You Continue To Walk Forward*, 2008  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
2008 California Biennial, Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist

- 49  
Installation view, *As You Continue To Walk Forward*, 2008  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
2008 California Biennial, Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 50  
Installation view, *As You Continue To Walk Forward*, 2008  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
2008 California Biennial, Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 50  
Installation view, *As You Continue To Walk Forward*, 2008  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
2008 California Biennial, Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 51  
Installation view, *As You Continue To Walk Forward*, 2008  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
2008 California Biennial, Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 52–53  
\$ *seven*, 2011  
Acrylic on dollar bill  
6 1/8 × 2 3/8 in. (15.56 × 6.67 cm)  
Miyoshi Art Projects LLC for Collection of Maureen and Bryan Stockton
- 54  
*California does psychic*, 2010  
Ribbons, gouache, spray paint, and acrylic on canvas, stretcher bars, floor, and column  
93 × 85 × 52 in.  
(236.22 × 215.9 × 132.08 cm)  
*California does psychic*, Sara Meltzer Gallery/Projects  
Courtesy of the Artist

- 55  
Installation view, *California does psychic*, 2010  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
Sara Meltzer Gallery/Projects  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 56  
*The Italians*, 2010  
Acrylic, chain, rainbow pin, silver leaf, and gold leaf on canvas and floor  
104 × 70 × 60 in.  
(264.16 × 177.8 × 152.4 cm)  
*California does psychic*, Sara Meltzer Gallery/Projects  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 57  
Back view, *The Italians*, 2010  
Acrylic, chain, rainbow pin, silver leaf, and gold leaf on canvas and floor  
104 × 70 × 60 in.  
(264.16 × 177.8 × 152.4 cm)  
*California does psychic*, Sara Meltzer Gallery/Projects  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 58–59  
*Untitled (Ray Bans with slits)*, 2010  
Enamel and acrylic on window, wall, canvas, and floor  
114 × 148 × 20 in.  
(289.56 × 375.92 × 50.8 cm)  
*California does psychic*, Sara Meltzer Gallery/Projects  
Courtesy of the Artist
- 60  
Installation view, *California does psychic*, 2010  
Ribbons, gouache, spray paint, and acrylic on canvas, stretcher bars, floor, and column  
93 × 85 × 52 in.  
(236.22 × 215.9 × 132.08 cm)  
Sara Meltzer Gallery/Projects  
Courtesy of Sara Meltzer Gallery/Projects
- 61  
Installation view, *California does psychic*, 2010  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
Sara Meltzer Gallery/Projects  
Courtesy of Sara Meltzer Gallery/Projects

- 62–63  
\$ *twelve*, 2011  
Acrylic on dollar bill  
6 1/8 × 2 3/8 in. (15.56 × 6.67 cm)  
Miyoshi Art Projects LLC for Collection of Maureen and Bryan Stockton
- 64  
*Phoenix*, 2009  
Silver leaf, watercolor, and gouache on paper  
9 1/8 × 11 1/8 in. (23.18 × 28.26 cm)  
Collection of Ezra Dabah
- 65  
*Illuminated Manuscript*, 2010  
Acrylic, gouache, and gold leaf on book jacket  
12 1/4 × 8 1/4 in. (31.12 × 20.96 cm)  
Collection of Jennifer Rogers and Robert Carlock
- 66  
*Untitled (Miami)*, 2009  
Acrylic and silver leaf on wall, canvas, and stretcher bars  
99 × 81 in. (251.46 × 205.74 cm)  
The Margulies Collection at the Warehouse, Miami, FL
- 67  
*Just as sure as all is one and one is two*, 2007  
Gouache, silver leaf, tempera, watercolor, beva gel, stick, bead, thread, pencil, matte medium, and ink on paper  
74 1/4 × 52 × 2 3/4 in.  
(188.6 × 132.08 × 6.99 cm)  
Collection of Maureen Jane and Mark Perry
- 68–69  
*I've Come To Talk With You Again*, 2006  
Acrylic, spray paint, gouache, ink, and watercolor on paper  
80 × 168 in. (203.2 × 426.72 cm)  
Collection of the Artist
- 70–71  
*Music Book*, 2008–2012  
25 gouache and acrylic paintings on music sheets, bound in a book  
13 × 21 in. (33 × 53.3 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

72

*Self-portrait*, 2010  
Acrylic, gouache, watercolor, and pencil on sheet music  
23 3/8 × 18 3/8 in. (59.37 × 46.67 cm)  
Prout-Lara Collection

73

*Untitled (Piano)*, 2010  
Acrylic, silver leaf, gold leaf, gouache, and gel medium on sheet music  
22 3/4 × 18 3/8 in. (57.79 × 46.67 cm)  
Collection of Megan and Harris Barton

74

*Living is Dying, Little by Little*, 2010  
Acrylic, pencil, and gouache on sheet music  
22 1/2 × 17 3/4 in. (57.15 × 45.09 cm)  
Prout-Lara Collection

75

*Secret Magic Plan*, 2009  
Scarf, acrylic, spray paint, gel medium, color pencil, oil pastel, string, beads, bells, and seashells on paper  
64 3/4 × 55 3/4 in. (164.47 × 141.61 cm)  
Pizzuti Collection

76

*You Aurora Borealis Me*, 2009  
Scarf, gel medium, pencil, acrylic, gouache, watercolor, foil, and feathers on paper  
60 3/4 × 46 3/4 × 1/2 in.  
(154.31 × 118.75 × 1.27 cm)  
Collection of Steven Perelman

77

*Crystal Cove*, 2009  
Seashells, coral, water, bowl, and acrylic on wall, dimensions variable  
*You Aurora Borealis Me*, Sara Meltzer Gallery  
Collection of the Artist

78–79

*Music Book*, 2008–2012  
25 gouache and acrylic paintings on music sheets, bound in a book  
13 × 21 in. (33 × 53.3 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

80

*Living Together*, 2009  
Gouache and acrylic on canvas, wall, and door, dimensions variable  
*You Aurora Borealis Me*, Sara Meltzer Gallery  
Collection of the Artist

80

Installation view, *You Aurora Borealis Me*, 2009  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
Sara Meltzer Gallery

81

*Living Together (detail)*, 2009  
Gouache and acrylic on canvas, wall, and door, dimensions variable  
*You Aurora Borealis Me*, Sara Meltzer Gallery  
Courtesy of the Artist

82

*Dream Weaver*, 2008  
Ribbon, gold foil, acrylic, gouache, watercolor, and spray paint on sheet music  
24 3/4 × 15 5/8 in. (62.87 × 39.69 cm)  
Collection of Terri Garland

83

*Ninon*, 2009  
Gold leaf, acrylic, and watercolor on sheet music  
10 1/8 × 6 1/8 in. (25.72 × 15.56 cm)  
Private Collection

84–85

*\$ six*, 2011  
Acrylic and silver leaf on dollar bill  
6 1/8 × 2 5/8 in. (15.56 × 6.67 cm)  
Miyoshi Art Projects LLC for Collection of Maureen and Bryan Stockton

86

*I am a palm tree*, 2005  
Gouache on canvas and photograph  
20 × 12 in. (50.8 × 30.5 cm)  
The Artist's studio, Berkeley, CA  
Collection of the Artist

87

Installation view, *I am a palm tree*, 2005  
Gouache on canvas and photograph, dimensions variable  
The Artist's studio, Berkeley, CA  
Collection of the Artist

88

*Circle of bees*, 2005  
Bees painted with red spray paint, color copies, earring, wooden shelf, and nail  
14 × 14 in. (35.56 × 35.56 cm)  
The Artist's studio, Berkeley, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist

89

*Solar eclipse in Leo*, 2011  
Acrylic, thread, and sand on canvas  
74 × 72 1/4 × 3 in.  
(187.96 × 183.52 × 7.62 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

90–91

Installation view, SECA Art Award Exhibition, 2007  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist

92

*Gladness Becomes Weeping*, 2007  
Acrylic, thread, beads, matte medium, beva gel, cardboard, and canvas  
24 1/4 × 12 in. (61.6 × 30.48 cm)  
Collection of the Artist

93

*Moonlight*, 2011  
Acrylic, canvas, beads, thread, silver leaf, and stretcher bars  
76 1/2 × 48 × 4 in.  
(194.31 × 121.92 × 10.16 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

94–95

*Ocean of love*, 2005  
Spray paint, acrylic, pencil, gouache, watercolor, and water-soluble oils on paper  
78 × 104 in. (198.1 × 264.2 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

96

*We push ourselves into the mountain until we explode into the sky*, 2007  
Shadow, spray paint, gouache, acrylic, ink, tree branch, paper, and thread  
128 × 33 × 54 in.  
(325.12 × 83.82 × 137.16 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

97

*Untitled (Sister)*, 2006  
Latex, spray paint, ribbon, and thread on canvas  
71 1/2 × 12 × 2 1/2 in.  
(181.6 × 30.5 × 6.35 cm)  
Collection of Mette and Heini Bækgaard

98

*French Braid*, 2011  
Oil pastel, acrylic, and pencil on canvas  
60 × 48 × 4 in.  
(152.4 × 121.92 × 10.16 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

99

*Untitled (Zurich)*, 2008  
Tie-dyed silk scarf, beads, spray paint, acrylic, tape, and gouache on wall and floor  
134 × 95 × 67 in.  
(340.36 × 241.3 × 170.18 cm)  
Seiler + Mosseri-Marlio Galerie  
Courtesy of the Artist

100–01

*\$ six (alternate side)*, 2011  
Acrylic on dollar bill  
6 1/8 × 2 5/8 in. (15.56 × 6.67 cm)  
Miyoshi Art Projects LLC for Collection of Maureen and Bryan Stockton

102–03

*Epigram of the present*, 2009  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
*Midnight Mission* as part of 2008 California Biennial offsite initiative with LA><ART  
Courtesy of the Artist

104

*Epigram of the present (detail)*, 2009  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
*Midnight Mission* as part of 2008 California Biennial offsite initiative with LA><ART  
Courtesy of the Artist

105

*Your Mind*, 2009  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
*Midnight Mission* as part of 2008 California Biennial offsite initiative with LA><ART  
Courtesy of the Artist

106–07

Installation view, *Midnight Mission*, 2009  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
2008 California Biennial offsite initiative with LA><ART  
Courtesy of the Artist

108

*The Afterlife*, 2009  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
*Midnight Mission* as part of 2008 California Biennial offsite initiative with LA><ART  
Courtesy of the Artist

109

*The Afterlife (detail)*, 2009  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
*Midnight Mission* as part of 2008 California Biennial offsite initiative with LA><ART  
Courtesy of the Artist

110–11

*\$ ten*, 2011  
Acrylic on dollar bill  
6 1/8 × 2 5/8 in. (15.56 × 6.67 cm)  
Miyoshi Art Projects LLC for Collection of Maureen and Bryan Stockton

112

Installation view, *as of now*, 2005  
Spray paint, acrylic, spackle, wood, and pencil on wall, ceiling, and floor, dimensions variable  
Queen's Nails Annex, San Francisco, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist

113

*Believers #2*, 2006  
Acrylic, pencil, spray paint, ink, gouache, and watercolor on paper  
80 × 51 1/2 in. (203.2 × 130.8 cm)  
Collection of the Artist

114

*heavenly light (shirt)*, 2004  
Silk blouse, burn marks, pencil, acrylic, and enamel on wall and blouse, dimensions variable  
3605 23rd Street, San Francisco, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist

115

*six pm*, 2005  
Wood, pencil, shadow, and acrylic on wall, window, and floor, dimensions variable  
The Artist's studio, Berkeley, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist

116

*Pink Swoosh (for Bill Berkson)*, 2002  
Acrylic on floor, dimensions variable  
Abandoned hotel, Chatham, NY  
Courtesy of the Artist

117

*In the eve of change*, 2004  
Acrylic, silk blouse, string, and nail, dimensions variable  
Abandoned apartment, San Francisco, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist

118–19

*Epigram on Being Alone: A golden willow hits you on the head (-Bernadette Mayer)* (detail), 2003  
Acrylic on wall and floor, dimensions variable  
Lucky Tackle, Oakland, CA  
Courtesy of the Artist

120

*the voice (vow)*, 2008  
Silver leaf, gold leaf, bronze leaf, acrylic, gouache, watercolor, beads, thread, and gel medium on paper  
71 1/8 × 53 3/4 × 2 in.  
(180.66 × 136.53 × 5.08 cm)  
Collection of Sara Meltzer

121

*Untitled*, 2004  
Wood, hinges, pencil, and tempera on wall and floor  
52 × 18 × 36 in.  
(132.08 × 45.72 × 91.44 cm)  
Abandoned apartment, San Francisco, CA  
Collection of the Artist

122–23

*\$ seven* (alternate side), 2011  
Acrylic and gold leaf on dollar bill  
6 1/8 × 2 3/8 in. (15.56 × 6.67 cm)  
Miyoshi Art Projects LLC for Collection of Maureen and Bryan Stockton

124–25

Installation view, *Forsythia*, 2009  
Canvas, acrylic, gouache, spray paint, tape, sticks, thread, and gel medium, dimensions variable  
*You Aurora Borealis Me*, Sara Meltzer Gallery  
Courtesy of the Artist

126

Installation view, *It Will Go Down Like A Dark Ship*, 2006  
Acrylic and gouache on wall and floor, dimensions variable  
*A Tale of Two Cities: Busan-Seoul/ Seoul-Busan*, Busan Biennale 2006, Busan, Korea  
Courtesy of the Artist

127

*Untitled*, 2009  
Acrylic, gouache, feathers, silver leaf, gold leaf, bronze leaf, gel medium, watercolor, and pencil on paper  
63 1/8 × 49 3/8 × 1/2 in.  
(160.34 × 125.41 × 1.27 cm)  
Collection of Wendy and Stephen Gellman

128–29

Installation view, *little by little*, 2010  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
CTRL Gallery  
Courtesy of the Artist

130

*Untitled (Houston)*, 2010  
Acrylic, gouache, silver leaf, gold leaf, and staples on canvas, masonite, and wall  
104 × 80 × 2 in.  
(264.16 × 203.2 × 5.08 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

131

Installation view, *Redirecting the Negative Vortex*, 2005  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
Open Space, Victoria, British Columbia  
Courtesy of the Artist

132–33

*\$ twenty eight*, 2012  
Acrylic on dollar bill  
6 1/8 × 2 3/8 in. (15.56 × 6.67 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

134

Installation view, *Double Future*, 2009  
Acrylic, tape, scarf, spray-painted eggs, roses, beads, and fabric on canvas, floor, and column, dimensions variable  
Seiler + Mosseri-Marlio Galerie  
Courtesy of the Artist

135

Installation view, *Double Future*, 2009  
Acrylic, tape, spray-painted eggs, roses, beads, and fabric on canvas and floor, dimensions variable  
Seiler + Mosseri-Marlio Galerie  
Courtesy of the Artist

136–37

Installation view, *Double Future*, 2009  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
Seiler + Mosseri-Marlio Galerie  
Courtesy of the Artist

138

*double future reflecting*, 2009  
Sand, acrylic, watercolor, gel medium, and gouache on paper  
71 1/8 × 50 3/4 × 3/4 in.  
(180.66 × 128.91 × 1.91 cm)  
Courtesy of the Artist

139

*Future Perfect Tense Two*, 2009  
Acrylic, gouache, watercolor, feathers, and gel medium on paper  
19 3/8 × 11 in. (49.21 × 27.94 cm)  
Collection of Adam Fields

140

Installation view, *Double Future*, 2009  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
Seiler + Mosseri-Marlio Galerie  
Courtesy of the Artist

141

*Triangle for R.J.M.*, 2009  
Feathers, acrylic, gold leaf, silver leaf, bronze leaf, ribbon, gouache, thread, gel medium, and watercolor on paper  
66 3/8 × 45 1/8 × 1/2 in.  
(168.59 × 114.62 × 1.27 cm)  
Collection of Jennifer Vorbach

142–43

Installation view, *Double Future*, 2009  
Acrylic, tape, scarf, spray-painted eggs, roses, beads, and fabric on canvas, floor, and column, dimensions variable  
Seiler + Mosseri-Marlio Galerie  
Courtesy of the Artist

144–45

*\$ five*, 2010  
Acrylic on dollar bill  
6 1/8 × 2 3/8 in. (15.56 × 6.67 cm)  
Miyoshi Art Projects LLC for Collection of Maureen and Bryan Stockton

146

*rock of good will*, 2005  
Acrylic, gouache, and watercolor on rock  
5 × 3 × 2 1/2 in.  
(12.7 × 7.62 × 6.35 cm)  
Collection of the Artist

147

*Untitled (losing the calm)*, 2007  
Acrylic, gouache, and sumi ink on paper  
99 × 80 in. (251.46 × 203.2 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

148

*Balls to the wall*, 2012  
Acrylic, ribbon, and screws on canvas  
88 1/4 × 100 × 3 inches  
(224.2 × 254 × 7.6 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

149

*floor sex*, 2012  
Acrylic, Velcro, and pencil on canvas  
72 × 74 inches (182.9 × 188 cm)  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

150

*gravity tree*, 2007  
Acrylic, thread, cardboard, and canvas  
19 × 17 1/2 in. (48.26 × 44.45 cm)  
Collection of Jonn Herschend and Max Schroder

151

*owl*, 2007  
Cloth, string, metal star, paper, acrylic, and gouache on canvas  
19 1/2 × 8 in. (49.5 × 20.3 cm)  
Collection of Nancy Meyer

152–53

*like a butterfly in strong wind*, 2006  
Acrylic, gouache, watercolor, and archival varnish on 59 gold leaves and 29 color copies, dimensions variable  
Private Collection

154

*Moon Flowers*, 2007  
Artificial flowers, sticks, acrylic, and string on paper  
74 × 49 × 2 3/4 in.  
(187.96 × 124.46 × 6.99 cm)  
Collection of Tracy Leeds and Evan Marwell

155

*Moon Flowers* (detail), 2007  
Artificial flowers, sticks, acrylic, and string on paper, dimensions variable  
Collection of Tracy Leeds and Evan Marwell

156

*Renegade Heaven (flowers)*, 2007  
Silver leaf, gold floral foil, artificial flowers, gel medium, and acrylic on canvas  
20 × 16 × 4 in.  
(50.8 × 40.64 × 10.16 cm)  
Collection of Illya Szilak and Christopher Vroom

157

*Goodbye*, 2008  
Spray paint, artificial flowers, chain link, acrylic, silver leaf, and ribbon on canvas  
60 × 21 × 5 in.  
(152.4 × 53.3 × 12.7 cm)  
Collection of Creative Artists Agency

158

*Here is an emblem of the world above*, 2007  
Acrylic and gouache on wood panel and canvas  
75 × 48 in. (190.5 × 121.92 cm)  
Collection of the Artist

159

*take heed take heart*, 2007  
Glass beads, coral beads, thread, matte medium, cardboard, metallic black thread, color copy, gouache, acrylic, beva gel, and holtex on canvas  
20 1/2 × 16 × 3 in.  
(52.1 × 40.6 × 7.6 cm)  
Collection of the Artist

160–61

*\$ thirty three*, 2012  
Acrylic and gouache on dollar bill  
6 1/8 × 2 3/8 in. (15.56 × 6.67 cm)  
Courtesy of the Artist

162

Exterior view, *Forget me not*, 2011  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
A LAND exhibition: *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of the Artist

162

Exterior view, *Forget me not*, 2011  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
A LAND exhibition: *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of the Artist

163

Installation view, *Forget me not*, 2011  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
A LAND exhibition: *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of the Artist

164–65

Installation view, *Forget me not*, 2011  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
A LAND exhibition: *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of the Artist

166

*self-portrait (Marfa)* (detail), 2011  
Acrylic on canvas, dimensions variable  
*Forget me not* as part of LAND's exhibition *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

167

Installation view, *Forget me not*, 2011  
Mixed media, dimensions variable  
A LAND exhibition: *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of the Artist

168–69

*the face of satan*, 2011  
Acrylic, spray paint, gold leaf, palette, watercolor, gouache, beads, hay, and tape on wall and floor  
142 × 194 × 118 in.  
(360.68 × 492.76 × 299.72 cm)  
*Forget me not* as part of LAND's exhibition *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of the Artist



170–71

*Untitled (Marfa)*, 2011  
Spray paint, acrylic, gouache, silver leaf, gold leaf, butterfly, toy car, glass bottle, grass, geode, plastic, and bells on wall and cabinet  
84 × 384 × 24 in.  
(213.36 × 975.36 × 60.96 cm)  
*Forget me not* as part of LAND's exhibition *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of the Artist

172

*Untitled (Marfa) (detail)*, 2011  
Spray paint, acrylic, gouache, silver leaf, gold leaf, butterfly, toy car, glass bottle, grass, geode, plastic, and bells on wall and cabinet, dimensions variable  
*Forget me not* as part of LAND's exhibition *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of the Artist

172

*Untitled (Marfa) (detail)*, 2011  
Spray paint, acrylic, gouache, silver leaf, gold leaf, butterfly, toy car, glass bottle, grass, geode, plastic, and bells on wall and cabinet, dimensions variable  
*Forget me not* as part of LAND's exhibition *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of the Artist

173

*Untitled (Marfa) (detail)*, 2011  
Spray paint, acrylic, gouache, silver leaf, gold leaf, butterfly, toy car, glass bottle, grass, geode, plastic, and bells on wall and cabinet, dimensions variable  
*Forget me not* as part of LAND's exhibition *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of the Artist

174–75

*three, four, eight pm*, 2011  
Stretcher bar, door, bells, string, shadow, spray paint, acrylic, tape, and pencil on wall and floor  
104 × 89 × 82 in.  
(264.16 × 226.06 × 208.28 cm)  
*Forget me not* as part of LAND's exhibition *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX  
Courtesy of Honor Fraser Gallery and Anthony Meier Fine Arts

## SARAH CAIN

(b. 1979, Albany, NY)

**Sarah Cain** lives and works in Los Angeles. She works in various media, challenging and expanding the definition of painting through experiments in site and context. Her work has been included in exhibitions at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, CA; the Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA; The Berkeley Art Museum and Pacific Film Archive, Berkeley, CA; the Aspen Art Museum, Aspen, CO; and the Imperial Belvedere Palace Museum, Vienna, Austria, among other national and international institutions. Cain's work was also included in *A Tale of Two Cities: Busan-Seoul/Seoul-Busan*, Busan Biennale 2006, Busan, Korea; the *2008 California Biennial* at the Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA; and *Made in LA*, 2012 Los Angeles Biennial, the Hammer Museum in collaboration with LA><ART, Los Angeles, CA. In 2006, she received the SECA Art Award from the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Cain is represented by Honor Fraser Gallery in Los Angeles and Anthony Meier Fine Arts in San Francisco.

## CONTRIBUTORS

**Andrew Berardini** is a writer in Los Angeles, regularly contributing to publications such as *LA Weekly*, *Mousse*, and *Public Fiction*. He recently published a book with Brian Kennon for 2nd Cannons Press and is currently at work on a new book about color.

**Tara McDowell** is a Doctoral Candidate in the History of Art at the University of California, Berkeley, and the Senior Editor of *The Exhibitionist*, a journal focusing on curatorial practice and exhibition-making. She has held curatorial positions at the CCA Wattis Institute for Contemporary Arts, San Francisco, CA; the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, CA; and the Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art, North Adams, MA, among others.

**Shamim M. Momin** is based in Los Angeles, where she is the Director, Curator, and co-founder of LAND (Los Angeles Nomadic Division), a non-profit public art organization. Her most recent projects include *Perpetual Conceptual: Echoes of Eugenia Butler* (2012), an exhibition about Eugenia Butler Gallery as part of *Pacific Standard Time: Art in L.A. 1945–1980* in Los Angeles, CA, and *Nothing Beside Remains* (2011–2012), a multi-site, multi-artist exhibition in Marfa, TX. Previously Momin was a contemporary curator at the Whitney Museum of American Art where she co-curated both the *2008* and *2004 Whitney Biennial* exhibitions, as well as numerous solo exhibitions. As Branch Director

and Curator of the former Whitney Museum at Altria, she was responsible for organizing exhibitions and commissioning more than fifty new projects by emerging artists for both solo and thematic presentations. In addition to her Whitney exhibition catalogues, Momin has contributed to numerous other publications, including artist monographs, exhibition catalogues, and art periodicals. She participates regularly on juries and panels in the US and abroad, and is a recent recipient of ArtTable's New Leadership Award.

**Franklin Sirmans** is the Terri and Michael Smooke Department Head and Curator of Contemporary Art at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art where he has organized *Color and Form* and *Robert Therrien* and co-organized the exhibition *Human Nature: Contemporary Art from the Collection*. From 2006 to 2010, he was the Curator of Modern and Contemporary Art at The Menil Collection in Houston, TX, where he organized ten exhibitions including *NeoHooDoo: Art for a Forgotten Faith*; *Maurizio Cattelan: Is There Life Before Death*; *Steve Wolfe: On Paper*; and *Vija Celmins: Television and Disaster, 1964–66*.

Published by LAND (Los Angeles Nomadic Division), a non-profit art organization founded in 2009 by LAND Director/Curator Shamim M. Momin, former Contemporary Curator at the Whitney Museum of American Art, and Christine Y. Kim, Associate Curator of Contemporary Art at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (LACMA). LAND is a public art initiative committed to curating site- and situation-specific contemporary art projects, in Los Angeles and beyond.

Distributed by LAND (Los Angeles Nomadic Division)

LAND (Los Angeles Nomadic Division)  
8033 Sunset Boulevard #455  
Los Angeles, CA 90046  
www.nomadicdivision.org

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electric or mechanical, including photocopy, recording or any other information storage and retrieval system, or otherwise without written permission from LAND (Los Angeles Nomadic Division).

ISBN 978-0-9827575-1-2

Library of Congress Control  
Number  
2012942142

**LAND** LOS ANGELES  
NOMADIC  
DIVISION

**Executive Publisher/Editor:** LAND/  
Shamim M. Momin  
**Editor:** Samantha Frank  
**Publication Assistant:** Laura Watts  
**Design:** Brian Roettinger, Hand  
Held Heart, Los Angeles, CA  
**Prepress and Printing:** Shapco  
Printing, Minneapolis, MN

**This publication has been made possible through the support of:**  
Honor Fraser Gallery  
Anthony Meier Fine Arts

**Poster front:**

*Untitled (Marfa)*, 2011  
Spray paint, acrylic, gouache, silver leaf, gold leaf, butterfly, toy car, glass bottle, grass, geode, plastic, and bells on wall and cabinet, 84 × 384 × 24 in. (213.36 × 975.36 × 60.96 cm)  
*Forget me not* as part of LAND's exhibition *Nothing Beside Remains*, Marfa, TX

**Poster back:**

Title wall, *You Aurora Borealis Me*, 2009  
Spray paint on wall

**Cover:**

Artist's source material  
San Francisco, CA

**Photography credits:**

**Stefan Altenburger Photography:**  
pp. 99, 134–37, 140, 142–43  
**Sarah Cain:** pp. 48, 50 (top), 86–88, 90–91, 112, 114–19, 121, 126, 131, 146  
**Eric Hester:** pp. 128–29  
**Colter Jacobsen:** Cover  
**Dan Kvitka:** p. 130  
**Wayne McCall:** pp. 38–39  
**Keith Petersen:** pp. 65, 72–74, 83, 127, 150–59  
**Mary Lou Saxon:** pp. 162–75  
**Ira Schrank:** pp. 67–69, 92, 94–95, 97, 113, 147  
**Joshua White:** pp. 32–37, 40–43, 52–53, 62–64, 66, 70–71, 78–79, 84–85, 89, 93, 98, 100–01, 110–11, 120, 122–23, 132–33, 138–39, 141, 144–45, 148–49, 160–61  
**Colin Young-Wolff:** pp. 44–47, 49, 50 (bottom), 51

**Special thanks from Sarah Cain:**

I would like to extend a very special thank you to everyone who helped make this book a reality, as well as to those of you who have traveled through the work/life with me. My thanks to Shamim M. Momin, Anthony & Celeste Meier, Honor Fraser, Tara McDowell, Franklin Sirmans, Bernadette Mayer & Philip Good, Andrew Berardini, Brian Roettinger, Laura Watts, Samantha Frank, William R. Parks, Rebecca Camacho, Angela Robins, Sarah Granatir Bryan, Bryan Miller, Miki Garcia, Jill Dawsey, Nancy Meyer, Isabelle Albuquerque & Jon Beasley, Jesse & Asa & Isaiah Seret, Colter Jacobsen, Matteah Baim, Devendra Banhart, Renee Wisniewski, Kathryn Van Dyke, Martha & Don Lloyd, and Christine & Joseph Cain.