

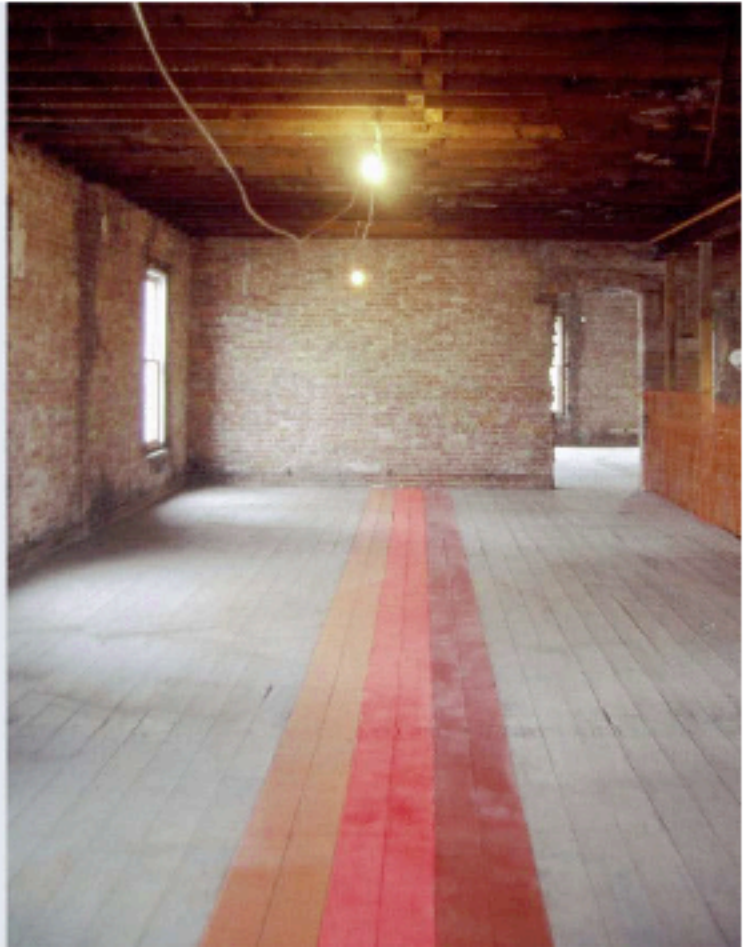
SARAH CAIN

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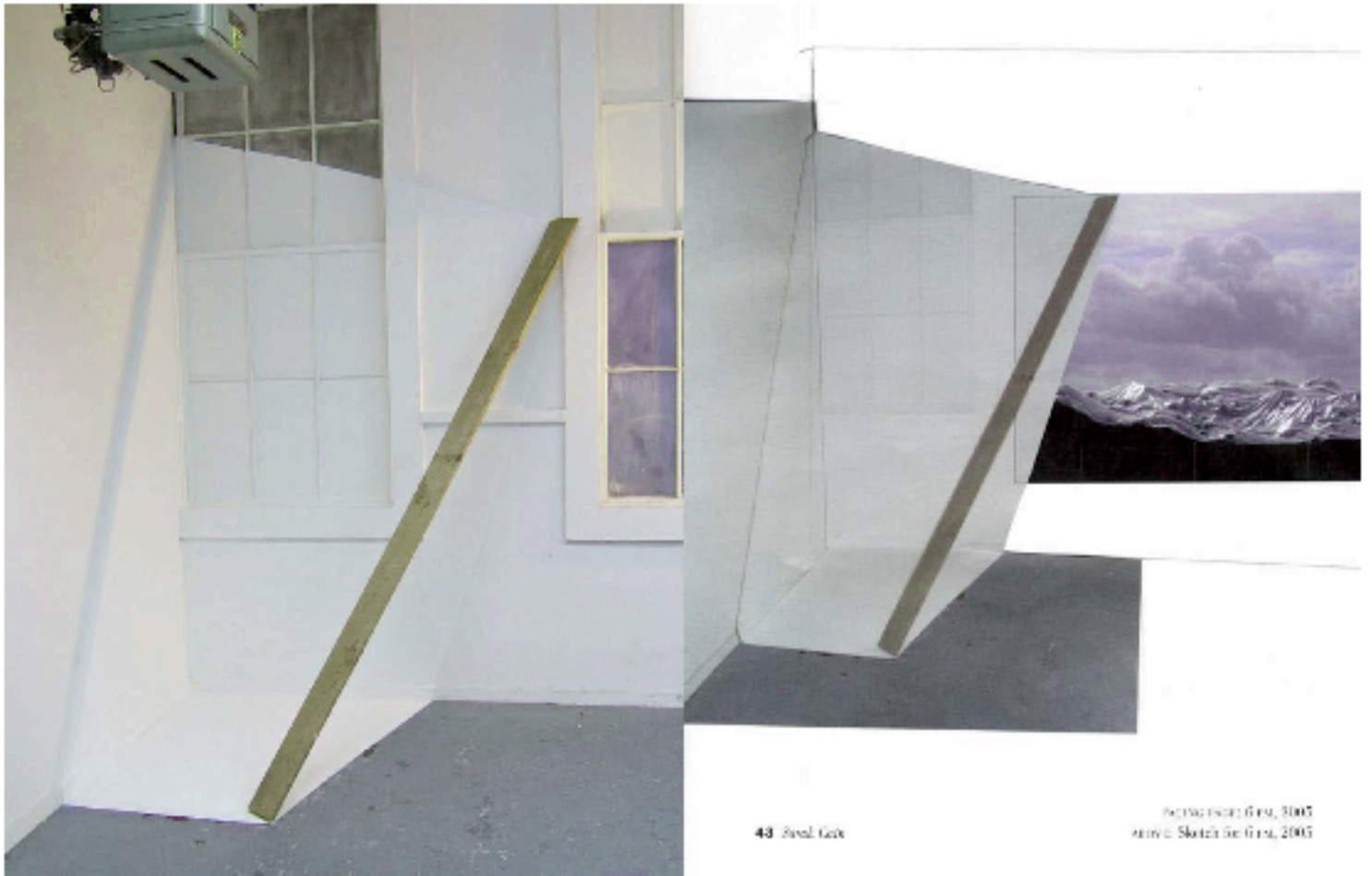
41 Steel Cuts

SWANVILLE BRIDGE: Pink Swans for Bill Berloren, 2010.
MAYOR: what do belong to (for all), 2003

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43 *Revol. Gate*

Revol. Gate, 2005
Arch. Sketch for *Revol. Gate*, 2005

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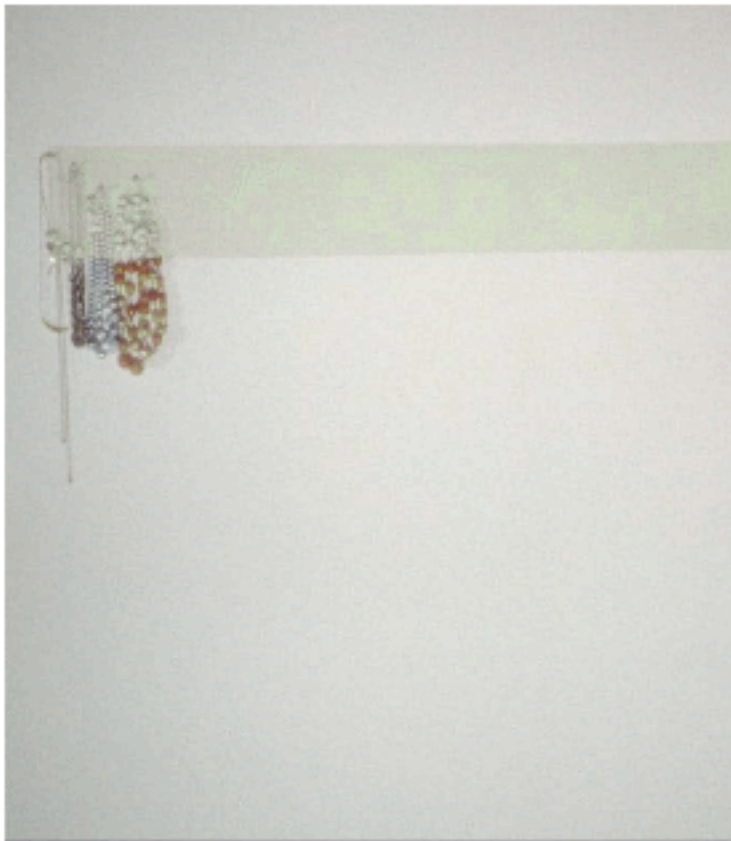
ABOVE: *The Academy of Closeness*, 2004.
LEFT: *When you can't tell where the sky ends and sea starts*, 2004. *Sarah Cain* 46

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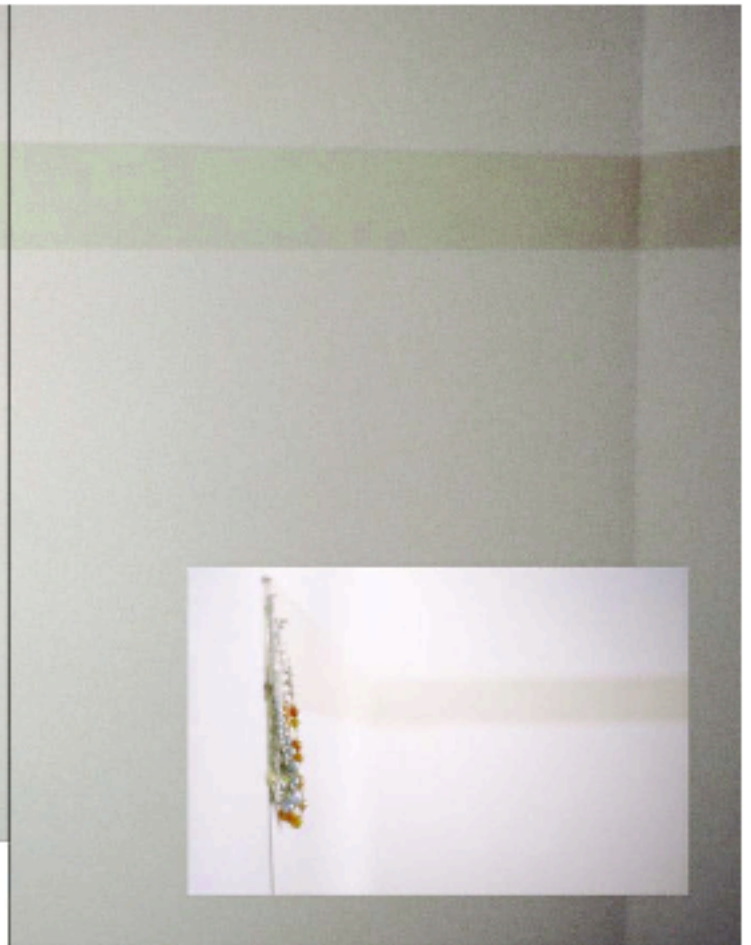
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ARROW AND FACED SQUARE
A Thread It Did Not Over Was Released, 2003

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THE WORK OF SARAH CAIN



Gateways to otherworlds (as is otherworldly), Sarah Cain's minimal, abstract, and poetic installations rely equally on control and abandon and prefer spaces unintended for art. Her work is architecturally dependent, spilling over floors, seeping into corners, and scaling walls to blur the boundaries between art, architecture, and society. Cain inches and pushes away skins of veneer to leave lush spaces raw and greets new skins in place where necessary. Hushed and ephemeral, her decorated corners, doors, and walls concurrently reference psychic residue and heavenly events occurring just beyond our mortal sensorial realm.

Our visual perception is shaken by *Epigram on Being Alone*, reminding us that the conventional idea of a three-dimensional world measured by eyes, ears, nose, tongue, and skin is no more trustworthy than the idea of a spiritual world measured by a sixth sense. Simple lines and white and gold paint create a spatial illusion and from there *Epigram* further dismantles any certainty of physical registration with its mesmerizing glow. The result, in the spirit of the Romantics, is a transcendence that occurs through the act of looking.

Post-Sixty-Eight for BB that spans the length of the floor in simple steps of "Hunter"
written over: *Epigram on Being Alone: A golden wall is lit for to the level*
(-Breuckels Meyer), 2010.
shown: *Drawing from These Days at Kasser Pass, Düsseldorf*, 2010.
collaborated over: *To the use of being*, 2004.

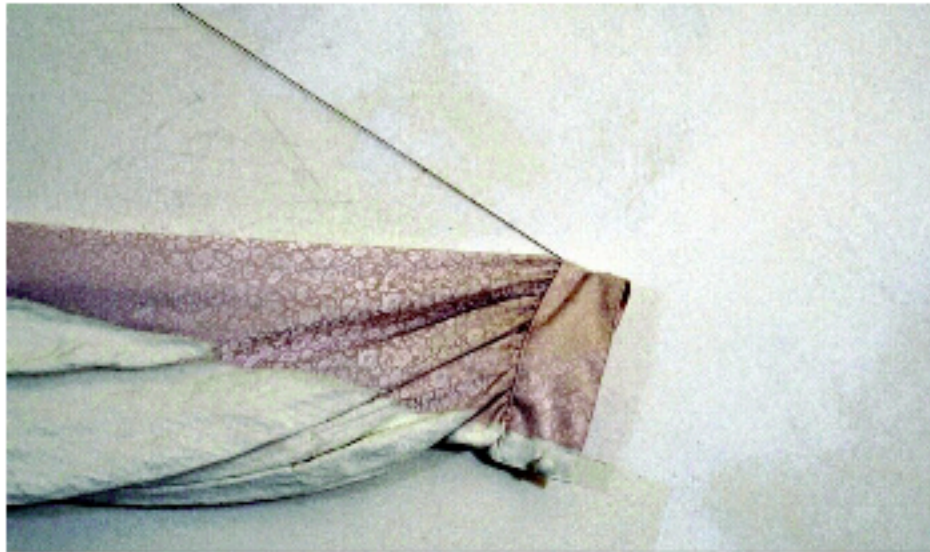
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orange and "Safety" and "Sashay" red acts like a runway, an invitation for takeoff to the sublime that may exist just outside the window to which it leads. This and her other works are first physically and emotionally registered—a direct line from optic nerve to the limbic system (the part of the brain involved in spiritual activity), the cerebral cortex bypassed, a roiling mind slowed, dumbfounded. Not until the direct experience is over can the intellectual center catch up.

Cain's characteristic titles, often direct quotes from poetry with author's name included, recall those of Dan Flavin, among them *the nominal boss (to William of Occam)* an homage to the 14th century philosopher and *verities (to Tracy, to celebrate the loss of a lifetime)*, a dedication to his, then, soon-to-be wife. The two's titles are not descriptions nor pragmatic labels to be used for indexing, but instead a muting of the essence or inspiration of a given piece. With or without titles, the essence of Cain's work is difficult to miss.

—Carey Ann Schaefer