

Mother of Invention By Cindy Rehm 7 March 2013



Barbara T Smith, Pink, 1965-1966 Photo: Fredrik Nilsen, courtesy of The Box





Barbara T. Smith, Coffins Installation View, 2013 Photo: Fredrik Nilsen, courtesy of The Box

Smith calls her book works "coffins", as they hold a "reality of a fixed location in time and in space". The works contain a kind of body knowledge, haptic experience that we can all conjure from our own memories. We understand the sensation of the body on glass, the warmth of paper lifted from a copy machine, the feel of pages as they are collated into the form of a book which holds and can be held. In a comment about her book Pink Rose (two) Smith says, "A life that becomes a relic. Something like the Shroud of Turin, the Xerox becomes a mark that it was actually there. The question of the actual. A sort of sickening carnal nostalgia." Through the humble process of the copy machine, Smith found a way to capture layers of the sublime through images that evoke memory, loss, and the fleeting nature of time.



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Barbara T. Smith, Installation View, 2013 Photo: Fredrik Nilsen, courtesy of The Box

Xerox: Barbara T. Smith 1965-<u>1966</u> is on view at The Box February 16 through March 23, 2013.

