

Xerox Prints 1965-1966  
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Level 1 The history of the books

1965: I wanted to make a lithograph, a rubbing of a gravestone which I would transfer to a lithography stone. "In between" the stones I wanted to press a real (oily) daffodil against the litho stone. The resulting print would be a stone sandwich with a sprouting flower between. (Real life and illusion).

I knew nothing about the intricacies of the lithography business in L.A. I only knew that Gemini made great prints and went there seeking to do my print. When I was politely rejected, I felt spurned and furious. I told myself lithography is in any case obsolete. It is merely the printmaking media of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. We're in the 20<sup>th</sup> century and logically THE print media of our era would be the business machine! I set out to discover which type was technically innovative. Xerox won. The ink is not ink but 'toner', a bead of plastic material which becomes electrically charged as the light scans the images and it falls on the paper replicating the pattern and density of what it is reproducing. There it lays like dust until the paper passes through a heating element where it is sintered or fused to the paper. There the bead loses its integrity and bonds in a completely new way with the paper. The heat is just low enough to keep from setting the paper afire. (Occasionally fires would erupt and I was told to "cool it" i.e. to never mind, it's part of the process.)

The machine I chose was the 914 Xerox machine which I leased and set up in my dining room and I began the almost daily encounter with this new process. (trying new papers, films etc.) I kept it for about 8 months and the never-printed lithograph image became the symbol of the death of one era and the beginning of another.

Level II My life, the personal factor or content.  
"the end, the end, where is the beginning?"

On an unconscious level I could see my marriage was at an end. This was so painful to face directly that it only crept into my art work at first. (Whole scenarios erupted unbidden in my head containing pallbearers, a war zone, and the careful passing of a very precious object from person to person in the midst of the explosions. This was some of what would soon become performances.)

I had photographs made of my children, for the books as if I knew exactly what I was going to make, beautiful ones by Jerry McMillan expressly for my new work. Others were taken of me, frozen in time, frozen in body, narcissistically isolated barely able to break out from my fixated bounds. These poured out obsessively in various ways from my machine and were later bound into black covered books with a logo in silver stamped on the covers (a cross within a circle meaning the reality of a fixed location in time and space, the inescapable cross on the "coffins" of these books.)

My overall interest had to do with light, identity, the erotic body and the passage of time. I also had some conceptual ideas and a selection of poetry I'd written to "illustrate". i.e. print along with visual aspects, the most traditional of my ideas. I did complete the poetry sets and through that experience began to get hooked or trapped into a realm of the unconscious which was



constantly seeking and finding new images to produce. It seemed endless and a little frightening. I would scour the house, the stores, periodicals, the streets for reproducible materials. I got Zellerbach to send out samples of papers which I tested and then ordered reams to work with. My 914 responded almost as fast as I could think.

My dining room was completely taken over. I sometimes had no idea how the images would become presentable work. Obvious to me, just bursting with my need and desire to “come out” as a full active erotic being, was to put my face and body on the machine and print it. My sexual drive was at a fever pitch, in 1966 (my mid 30’s). I was totally devoted to the idea of doing as art and art as action in life. This is why I liked the books so much for you had to hold them and do something with them to perceive them.

I had fantasies of making very erotic imagery which could naturally play into lovemaking as well with my husband. Although we could not simultaneously get on the glass plate, we could take turns and have our genitals transferred as image to paper, by running the papers through twice. Thus a whole range of possible images could be made. I was pushing the edge of the culturally permissible and certainly the edge between my husband and myself. If this boundary dropped, no telling where it would take us, but it certainly would take US if we did this together. Unfortunately he said, NO. I felt deeply rejected and floated in masturbatory and narcissistic isolation, because I was still fascinated and turned on by what one could portray of the body and its erotic possibility. I continued alone. It was odd however that it seemed quite all right to him that I was made these transgressive images which sat about the dining room where visitors could casually see them. This made me feel violated and unprotected instead of daring because I was doing it alone. Odd that this seemed not to bother him, his wife so casually revealed.

The books, the sets, the pieces became meditations on the passage of time, about life as caught between two events of beginning and end, about passages and process being all there is. It was like the magazine ads showing a house before being painted and then after, or the fat woman before the diet and then after. I was interested in all those days between, the processes of how you got there.

Level III Politics and Feminism.

Images of the naked self in active relationship with the machine.

Photographs of me, my body made into books.

My use of the naked self is on the one hand merely based on the curiosity of wondering about what it would look like, how it would feel, the humor of this. Secondly, the pushing beyond the boundaries of normality represents my isolation and thirdly a desire to be seen, heard, valued. Inherently this is personal work in as much as we were only beginning to know that this was not only a personal issue, or class issue but one of an entire gender as well. In a culture where the female voice is absent, the content of the work became coexistent with the female being, and thus was inherently political. This thrust in my work while embarrassingly self revealing, is that which went beyond the purity of minimalism (the reductive personal core) of its time. I felt my cultural oppression, but it was difficult to grasp, especially because I was a privileged white female. And I was also schooled in the rigor of non-complaint, of using philosophy, science or religion to somehow overcome basic needy feelings and desires. To this day the eroticism, and



thus the risk of this work, was meant initially to be private but eventually has become part of the public domain because time has intervened allowing me some distance and I think they are now historically important.

Level IV The books.

Entheos (or, the god within):

14 1/2 x 9 7/8 x 1. five copies. Hard cover, internally spiral bound. Rice paper fly sheets, acetate sleeves for 8 1/2 x 14 sheets. 24 images with black backs. Silver inside cover.

About "reality," about Maya. About how the small creative genius calls life into being. To face and recognize the Self and the Source. There is a desire to flee even so. Once, faced, however, the bubble bursts.

Coming Out Party:

14 3/8 x 10 1/4 x 1 1/4. Hardcover with the silver logos. Internally spiral bound. Images inserted back to back in sleeves. 28 pages.

Bondage and revelation, Inadequacy and assertion, Fear and beauty. The terrible dilemma of wanting out, of self assertion and fear of inner and outer persecution, being lost in vague nothingness, a mere integer in time, of hoping, yes, to be found acceptable, lovely, beautiful, worthy.

Obsessive Love:

14 1/4 x 10 1/4 x 1/8. Velum fly sheets, velour inside cover. Yellow/gold inserts in acetate sleeves. 11 pages.

In the actuality of what is said to be love and felt to be lost, the mind/being wants so badly to find it again and calls and seeks for the light among the feelings of unworthiness.

Listen!

14 3/8 x 9 3/4 x 5/8. Hard bound with acetate sleeves, Watermark taffeta inside cover, velum fly sheet. 11 pages.

A study in synaesthesia. The quality of the Xerox image seems to make vision tactile and sound visual (grainy). A progressive series of facial images towards my becoming a studious hippy

An Awakening: (Coffin series)



14 7/16 x 10 5/8 x 1. Grey velour inside cover, velum fly sheet. Bound with acetate sleeves. 11 pages. (some damage of fly sheets)

About an unconscious need for an outside lover to bring me the attention I was starving for. It was like a blessed rain falling at last on the parched earth. The he had to leave and I was cut off mid-stream. I survive by virtue of having been touched. I hold the ends of my hair as a means to ground myself.

In The Spaces Around Love:

14 3/8 x 9 5/8. Bound with internal spiral-bound acetate sleeves. Velum fly sheets. 10 pages.

A 'Taoist' study of yin and yang, dark and light, split screens, sequences of action. Of symbol and breath and the far-reaching consequences sleeping in nature.

The Nuclear Family:

14 1/4 x 9 5/8 x 9/16. Grey velour inside cover, velum fly sheet. Internal spiral bound acetate sheets. 7 pages.

The babies are floating outside the capsule, the umbilical is disconnected. NO one can hear. Zeus and the Thai goddess float by in fixed silent poses which represent their archetypal roles but play no part in bringing up this family where there is no up nor down in the floating world of space reality.

The Rose:

14 3/8 x 9 1/2 x 1 1/2 . White watermark taffeta inside cover, velum fly sheet. Spiral bound sleeves. Magenta image of a rose face on. 6 pages.

A Xerox clock. The rose, the life, the day. A mystery of an emergent image of substantial form.

A Marriage:

13 1/2 x 9 3/4 x 3/4. Red taffeta inside cover, velum fly sheet. Internal spiral bound sleeves. Yellow sheers with images of a rose; on facing pages images of ex-husband, the Beatles, film strips, polaroids of a football game. 8 pages.

The rose, a passing of time, the beginning bloom, and the death of a marriage. A man's face goes negative, two Beatles emerge, other negatives, a polaroid, a football game. Balloons are released. Going home.

Yellow Rose/Time:

13 3/8 x 9 3/4 x 3/4. Red Taffeta inside cover, signed on Velum. 8 pages.



The equation of memory creating a sense of time. The fraction.

Pink Rose (two):

14 3/8 x 9 1/2 x 1/2. Grey velour inside cover, velum fly sheet. Spiral bound inside w/ acetate sleeves.

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.

A Life, a Day, a Rose:

14 3/4 x 9 1/4 x 1/2. Made as a screen with hard bound cover, red taffeta lining, acetate sleeves. Cover has the usual logos plus a silver asterisk beneath it. 6 panels.

Like a Japanese or Chinese screen. Only westerners would make it an actual rose, actually there. Western minimalism.

Four spiral bound booklets with acetate covers. 14 1/4 x 9 x 1/4

1. First Class Mail (All three children) 13 pages.
2. American Standard, (Katie)
3. Mellon National Bank and Trust (Rick) 15 pages
4. Important/First Class (Julie) 13 pages

Four spiral bound magazines in which the Mother makes small attempts at seduction to entice at some future time, not necessarily now, my children out of the corporate world of their Father and into a life of joy, imagination, nature, play and beauty.

Letter:

14 x 8 1/2. 11 pages.

In self defense: a letter I made and sent to my friends in the art world as a form of claim that by demonstrating what I was doing was also claiming it as my territory. (I'd been frightened by a powerful NY artist whom I thought might steal my idea at a time when I was utterly vulnerable).

Set Theory:

11 1/2 x 12 1/2 x 2 3/4 Red taffeta lining, post-bound, 11 sleeves with original drawing and many copies in sleeves.

I was intrigued by the math that my children were learning. It was a far cry from the way I was taught and better. I had only a glimpse but incorporated the name into a Xerox edition, a work



with original drawings and a set of Xeroxed black and white copies in each sleeve. A populist form of art where one could make an infinite number of copies for anyone to have. What became of preciousness? And rarity?

Hokusai's Wave:

8 1/2 x 11 x 1 3/4. 10 panels. Grey velour inside cover, made into an accordion sleeve. Many copies inside sleeves, Paper: blue.

Again, like a Japanese screen, this book opens out and displays in each sleeve one of the many copies of a sequence from an original drawing: a vibratory wave which increases in amplitude until panel by panel it becomes the yin and yang. It is an homage to Hokusai and those frightened beings caught in the boat about to be overturned by the towering wave above them in his famous print.

Four books: each called Julie, Rick, Katie or Barbara Hard Bound

11 3/16 x 8 1/8 x 5/8. Dye cut sheets hard bound. Colored paper pages.

Serious images of the person looking directly out at the viewer. The future as a judge of the present. The repeated image of identity, locked in time, a play on Warhol's icons, permeable by forces far larger than the fixed self/ Permeable by light, sound electromagnetic waves and more. Our substance constantly replaced and yet here we are in time.

Three books: Each called Julie, Rick or Katie Soft Cover.

Same as above, however they are spiral bound with a clear acetate cover.

Bond:

11 1/4 x 9 3/8 x 1. Hard cover, spiral bound, with the word BOND in silver embossed on the cover. Grey velour inside cover. 52 pages including the acetate sheets.

The first book I had bound. Repeated images of my children. The bond of brother and sisters is beyond circumstances and they are also bonded to me.

Teaching Julie About Life:

11 1/8 x 8 3/4 x 5/8. 56 pages, 3 fly sheets each end, hard bound.

Though the heart is broken, the fabric of life remains. A book of faith. Like the braided rag rugs made by my grandmother in which the family could recognize fabrics worn a long time ago. This is my rug to them.



Sign Language:

11 1/8 x 8 3/4 x 1. Hard bound book, with silver lining. 89 pages including acetate pages.

Teaching Julie about fear. Listen my child, there are very scary things, like veils of engulfment where nothing is substantial, and there is the absolutely impenetrable rock of denial and the destruction and unholy force of war. You will endure these things and outlast them all. Have no fear.

Book of Emanations:

12 5/8 x 10 x 1. Five plexiglass pages of dayglo plastic with acetate pages between. Ch 1 = 11 pages, Ch 2 = 7 pages, Ch 3 = 9 pages, Ch 4 = 11 pages

E=MC<sup>2</sup>. Matter gives way to and is interactive with light constantly. It is going on all the time, a blast.

Minimalist Theory:

8 1/2 x 11 x 1/4. Ring bound, 49 pages. Produced on 813 Xerox machine.

Rick reduced as in reductive science. The image sequentially reduced each from the one before. The 813 Xerox machine automatically does this.

Where' You Get That Polka Dot Blouse?

14 3/4 x 9 1/2 x 1 1/2. 11 panels in a fold out screen. Grey velour inside cover. Oh, Those Leopard Skin Bikinis!

14 5/8 x 9 1/8 x 1 1/2. Fold out panels, white water mark taffeta on covers inside, 12 panels.

Do Nut Tuch:

14 3/8 x 9 3/4 x 5/8. Silver inside cover, with velum fly sheet. Internally spiral bound. 10 pages. Body prints without document screen.

In which I overstep my own fear of revelation, the loss of personal privacy. The question is yet to be solved: is this a destructive act? The loss of private boundary or necessary relinquishing of all things for a gain of clarity? The narcissism of seeing oneself in this way.

Document Carrier and Screen:

14 3/8 x 9 3/4 x 5/8. Silver inside cover, velum fly sheet, bound with acetate spiral bound sleeves. 9 pages.



The paradox of being so close and life-sized and yet unavailable. The loss of interactiveness, or the requirement to conform.

