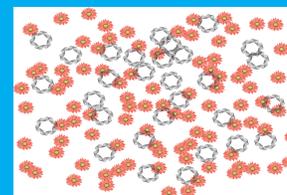






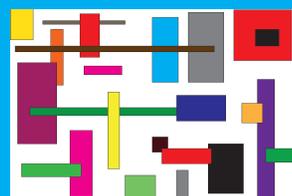
As an  
artist,



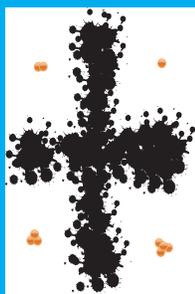
Sandi Smith was seminal in advancing the boundaries of cultural milieux wherever she found herself and her art. Her provocative gambit in the presentation of *Barnyard At Dawn* at the

annual Show Of The Emerging Arts was a cataclysmic slap in the face to the established order, a modernist critique of the previous conspicuously pastoral subject-matter

of the *Primitivists*, who, experiencing the burden of carrying the mantle of Da-Da during the *end of the century* period had all too often and with all too much eagerness presented pastoral life in Realist detail. Likewise, following the dominant cubist movement with whom Sandi Smith had some familiarity, her *Cantilevered Dawn* was a foray, though less brash, into another realm outlying from her middle period



style. And, during her well-documented flirtation with nascent trends concerning the merger of popular art, film, and media, Sandi Smith's playful and referential *Dag-Nab-It, I said POPPIES, not daisies, at dawn!* cast somewhat of a spell among many, especially in regions that had once been the sole claimant to verdure hues, turned emerald in jealousy upon the loss of their birth-right. Lastly, the artist's nod toward the Splatuosists in *Point Of Origin At Dawn* again brought the untwisting strand of an up-to-the-moment reactionary dissidence toward the mainstream of mathematical centrism.



As a sculptor, Sandi Smith endeavored to bring into the conversation a new outlook on the main forms and subject-matter that had been the current dialogue among her contemporaries. Her launching point began with the twelve-piece collection of busts representing twelve personas of the twelve months of the year, which came into the mainstream interplay between the main schools of sculpture that had developed over nearly a decade when the great exhibition of newly emergent works were shown at the Metropolitan Museum.