



In the Stable of My Mind

16.00 MAY 13TH
 SPRING 2023
 VIA ANGELO MASINA 07

AUR CAPSTONE
 EXHIBITION

REBECCA SMITH

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Our lives are a mysterious web of memories from experiences, contained within our minds. When we first have the experience, they are vivid, bright, mixed with colors, forms, and smells. As time passes, they begin to become fragmented, disjointed, faded, sometimes surreal and mixed with emotions, and at times completely forgotten, vanished no matter how much we try to remember the instance within our lives.

For me, thinking back on memories of the joy horses have brought into my life, even from a young age, always brings peace to my soul.

The memory of colorful my little ponies as toys to my first horse and my children's interaction with my first horse "Baby" can instantly bring a smile to my face, even if sometimes a loss can be felt.

The disjointedness of the remembered experience is shown by using 2 multi-panel canvases, both inspired by the same picture of my horse and my children in the pasture. With an alternate prominence or absence of figure and ground, and with the use of the blank of the canvas, I reflect on the nature of my memories and loss.



"Becki's Baby and the Daisies" This triptych draws its inspiration from how the only thing my horse ever left in the pasture were the daisies, and the vivid memory of the blue of the cataract within her eye.

"Removed from Space and Time" In the 1st installment of a multi-paneled canvas the landscape has been removed, and my sons and childhood horse are left in a blank space, alone and motionless in time. She (Baby) was my very first horse and was also my last, living with me for 26 years from the time she was born and when I was a child myself. We grew up together, and she was a four-legged mother to my own children in how they interacted with her and how she always cared for them. There is no background here as I depict them floating, with the white of the canvas representing the hollows of my mind.

"What Remains" In the 2nd installment of a multi-paneled canvas, the characters who play a significant role within the scenery are removed. The children have moved on with their lives as they've grown older, and the horse has even left this plane of existence. Here the scene, a landscape, blurred and surreal, expresses the sea of emotions, with the use of non-naturalistic colors. The stark contrast with the white canvas elevates the feeling of absence to where the figures once stood. Seemingly surreal to me how that still exists, but we won't return to it. The characters as they were at that moment, now only exist in my mind.

"My First My Little Pony" While sculpting, my hands molded a disjointed and slightly reformed version of a pony that reminded me of "My Little Ponies" that I played with in the late 1980's where they were plump and cute. I can still feel the joy that they brought me, but the vivid images are gone.

"English Tack with Western Boots" The installation piece brings together another aspect of my relationship with horses and how as time has passed the daisies and earth have grown in the place where I once was. This brings the culmination of memories of rides traveled from past to present.

"The Joys of Winter" A photograph, combines the pain of winter with the joy of my horse. Its appearance within the stable of my mind, also brings together the joy and pain of having a life with horses.