Waltz of the Mired Brittany Shepherd

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In *The Blob* (1988), a mass of slime sweeps the globe, consuming all that resists and growing stronger with everything it digests. *Indescribable... Indestructible! Nothing Can Stop It!* We detest life at the mercy of The Blob. We theorize about the slime as it wades at our feet, poised to pounce on our conclusions. Our aliases and hideaways are no match; we infiltrate The Blob in hopes that maybe we can alter its chemistry from the inside, only to discover the slime has begun to pulse through our veins.

Suddenly my feet are feet of mud, it all goes slo-mo, I don't know why I'm crying.

Creation myths from around the world describe the first humans as having been sculpted from clay. The ancient civilizations of the Minoans and the Pompeians both met their ends subsumed by pyroclastic flow. As Marquis de Sade once proclaimed, 'Destruction, hence, like creation, is one of Nature's mandates'.

Grace has been compiling her *Special Interests* YouTube playlist for almost ten years. She gathers clips of women marching into quagmires in office wear or dousing their gowns in buckets of custard. The videos lack context, yet have a devoted following; they thrive as forbidden desires in plain sight. The very human libidinal reflex required to clock them once granted freedom from algorithmic control, but it has adapted and Grace's playlist dwindles — resistance is futile. The creators migrate to new platforms, burying themselves deeper within the swamp.

Within the underbelly of image circulation, I sell photos to purchase others. All of our gestures and passions have been commodified as *content*. I place my collected images at the mercy of the sludge on my palette, bogged down by art history. My studio takes the form of it's own Wet & Messy production house. I trample paint around, ruin all of my clothes, and attempt to find salvation in the mire.

Text by Brittany Shepherd