

There's a whole folder



untitled (Feet),
2024, 7.5" x 10", gouache and
pencil on prepared paper

*on her computer
dedicated to
smear frames.*



untitled (Bee Sting)
untitled (Dog Humping Log),
 2024, handbuilt ceramic

There's a whole folder on her computer dedicated to smear frames. Used in between key frames, this is an animation tactic to simulate motion blur, and you were never meant to see it frozen like this, smuggled out of the cartoon's context. But Emily's recent work immortalizes the smear; a long, smooth line glides underneath a figure's feet, pointing Daffy-Duck style to his dick and balls. He is always three quarters of the way through a tumble.

A smear can be a blot, too, a stain, that place that points to nothing which nonetheless fastens us to the image. Is that Buster Keaton? He saws himself off a tree. Hairly assholes turned heavenward. Is this the smear? You might miss it. Look harder. There's always momentum in an image. It simulates motion, it moves side to side. Stars radiate off of a bonk on the head. Did you see it? It's the empty space between the encounter— it's tragic, actually. Her tears are so big they fly off her face into the atmosphere. Wait here. The little figurines march toward the end of the stage, following the guy in front of them. In community, we see and be seen. Haven't you heard the news? The thaw is coming. Don't forget. In this scene we are all family. Don't you know? All we have is each other. Are we bound to one another? And yet here we are.

—Rebecca Turner

