

The cups are clean again, you can come back and fill them even though there aren't enough to hold it all and once the liquid is loosed we'll have to use our own cupped hands.

A little ruin the size of a shoebox, who will love that, squeeze it til it's unhappy and still won't leave. Who will love this world, eager to be taken apart, smuggled away in bags and handfuls. Who thinks they can keep it.

The most recent feeling with Felix's candy was that there was too much to take, the 700 lbs of black bullet-shapes in clear plastic wrappers having been distributed in a shallow rectangle about 20 feet long on the short side in the center of a cement floor instead of in the typical body-sized heap. It wasn't Ross; the only peace was at the perimeter, an even path on 3 of 4 sides. It was a war one. A body thrown apart into its molecular components and spread like sod and even that too wishful.

I sleep next to someone but still wake up sometimes underneath our heaviest pillow, my hands on its hips, smiling up past its head to the ceiling. There's a water stain, a blister that swells when it rains but never opens, my old ceiling didn't have one but it was starting to crack and we both pretended it was a river not a wet river but a river on a map and no one knew how to get out but you, and then me, years later. All animals hate being woken up.

We don't fall out of the sky, or expect to, or hope to, or even want to anymore. Tools are the body's extensions: sharper longer teeth tearing up the excavation site, spitting the dirt into neat piles, the operator himself maybe chewing; stronger more rubbery thumbs and hundreds of them; claws to open things (the teeth of the fingers); an image given edges, held outside of time, perception excerpted, finite and portable; language just a blister around the cry, a pinprick enough to make it leak, to feel the world inside, red and hot. Here, a foot is hurt, an actual thumb goes in and out, a hole is made that isn't a passage. The tools are scaled back to the small body of the kid on the floor between the bed and the wall, destroyer and repairer of worlds. The wound is a way out, and in. You live long enough to learn that all bodies are small.

Long ago we speculated that the human eye emitted actual imperceptible material that wrapped around its object of study, sensitive feelers, a web, a trap, an embrace, brief habits, that a look might hold and release, survey, tighten, get tangled up on its way out and pull half of the world with it, making a ruin. Cheerful, small, hurt, very strong. The fingers on the soft surface draw a face, part of a word, wipe it away. Nothing that matters is gone. This is what there is to love.

Dana DeGiulio
for Raphaela Melsohn: Uma casa feita de chão
March 2023

I thought about the show mostly sitting or lying down, looking at the ceiling. With the most of my body close to the floor. Since I was a kid, I used to lay on the floor and look at the ceiling, pull my legs up, and imagine an upside-down world where I lived in the infinite white plafond. Every object that surrounded me had to reorient itself. I couldn't reach the carpet anymore. I had to re-elaborate the way I touched things.

Feeling the mangrove with the feet is to understand the ground. Putting shoes on doesn't make any sense. The water in the mud pulls the shoe and sticks to it, preventing movement. Only skin can transit there. Walking on the mangrove is a contract you do with everything that inhabits underneath. The sole of your feet is vulnerable. On the ground, you know everything comes from below, and there is life. A life that doesn't come to me, a surface creature. Walking on the mangrove, you can feel the ground change beneath your feet.

I open holes scraping my fingers hard on wet sand. I fill up the hole again with the same sand that I took out. The color of the sand from the hole is different. What I put back in isn't the sand that was there before.

Raphaela Melsohn
Notes on ground
2022/2023

uma casa feita de chão | Raphaela Melsohn

Opening Saturday, March 25
from 12am to 8pm

Exhibition
From march 25 to june 4

Marli Matsumoto

Arte Contemporânea

Monday to Friday from 11am to 7pm
Saturdays from 12am to 5pm

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