

THE WALLS

MERINDA DAVIES

MIAMI/MIAMI (PLEASURE EMPORIUM)

6-21 November, 2021

LAST SUNDAY'S, LAST SUPPER

21 November, 2021

TO DRINK FOR YOUR PLEASURE

Soak me in rosewater cordial

Stir the roses, smell the roses, sip the roses.

A sensorial delight mint tea

Saliva welling, soft mouth, gaping mouth, lonely mouth, pour yourself into me. Fresh, sweet, sacred.

Questions to ask yourself or a friend... what are your pleasure practices? Do you have rituals for pleasure?

TO EAT FOR YOUR PLEASURE

Focaccia 3 ways with apocalypse hummus, baba ganoush baby, butter of course, and zickles, vinegars and ferments for the multiplicity of beings inside of you.

Pom and pear pleasure

In season, fresh, delightful and filled with goodluck charms.

Potatoes in ghee

At the end of the day the ultimate pleasure is not in the decadence of chocolate or the complicated things. Pleasure is in butter and ghee and herbs and salt.

Puy me closer, hold me

Squishy green lentils, eggplant, soft and slimy mouthfeel.

Dreamy, timeless lemon pudding

This lemon pudding is a reminder to slow down. take the time to slowly consume a mouthful, let the lemony buttery texture soften into your tastebuds, let yourself take a moment to do nothing. To rest. To restore. To not be consumed by production.

Questions to ask yourself or a friend.. what is your pleasure lineage? Who, what or how did you learn to experience pleasure? To access your aliveness? Or were you taught the opposite of this? Were you taught to suppress your pleasure?

Honey I baked the apricots and carved the moon

NASA recently discovered that there are cracks in the moon, it's not a static rock, it has a hot core, it is alive, it is in motion, there are fissures and ruptures happening all of the time. In the same way that the moon regulates our tides, the earth also has a gravitational pull on the moon pushing and pulling and opening up crevices and gaps. A cosmic pleasure.

Chocolate sapote mousse

To access your pleasure, try this.

Sticky mango, sticky rice, sticky nice.

Hot summer nights, fleshy delights.

Seasonal fruits

Because there really is no greater pleasure than cool berries and citrus on a balmy Sunday afternoon.

[Clockwise from entrance]

PLEASURE PORTAL [2021]
fabric, breeze, sunlight

SOFT SHAVINGS [2021]
wood shavings, light, cinderblock, glass tile

STONE SKIN [2021]
latex, minerals & lichens various, light.

REST YOUR HANDS[2021]
Clay, salt water, light, cinderblock, glass

EARTH TONGUE [2021]
clay, cinder block

A BEDROOM WITH A VIEW [2021]
latex, light

HOLD ME [2021]
Clover, soil, water, light, microbes, worms.

PLEASURE ALTAR [2021]
cinderblock, glass, mandarins, oranges, thyme, sage, lemongrass, black sapote, blueberries, enoki mushroom, oyster mushroom, basil, mint, ginger, calendula flower, kaffir lime.

Welcome to the pleasure emporium.

A portal to our sensory relationship to the inside and outside worlds. A philosophy of aliveness.

To be alive is to experience the world with your hands outstretched, sensing, seeking, waiting for the next moment of pleasure to rise up in your body. To fill you up, to allow you to remember what it means to feel every follicle of your skin at once, to remember what it means to be touched, to touch, to taste, to be tasted, to breathe in citrus, salt, bitter, butter, burnt caramel, pure umami.

In the sublime there is water, light and the body. In the sublime there is streaming light, creek water, and the body in wanting. In the sublime there is emptiness, spaciousness, you are floating in a cloud. There is my body pressing, leaning, sinking, disintegrating into the stone, and the body of the stone, pressing, contouring itself back into my body. The wisdom of the skin, both my own and that of the stone. A sensory encounter with the world, a barrier that separates us and a deep connection that integrates us. In the sublime there is water that drips, sunlight that warms the skin, and eros.

The sublime is also the erotic. And the erotic is an experience of transcendence. Transcendence of the flesh of bodies. The erotic is poetry of the body. The erotic is the sensation of sliding a hand into a running stream, of breathing in oxygen released by moss, of reaching towards sunlight, of tasting each cell of mandarin juice as it bursts in your mouth. In the sublime there is cool water, soft light and aliveness.

Merinda Rose Davies (b.1991) is an artist using performance, movement, installation and conversation to ask how we might reorient ourselves towards deeper care and intimacy. Her work is inspired by the environment, human and more-than-human social and ecological structures and the possibilities available to us in future imaginings. Her practice aims to find clarity and connection in the external world through deep listening, observation, and research into the emotional and physical states in our internal worlds. She grew up on Bundjalung Country, Northern NSW, and is currently living and creating on the land of the Yugambeh language group, in South East QLD.

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THE WALLS acknowledges the YUGAMBEH people, the traditional owners of the land on which we operate, and pay our respects to their Elders past and present, and all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Peoples on the Gold Coast today.

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