Donna Huanca’s Wet Slit solo exhibition at the Simon Lee Gallery emerges you in the inner workings, both physically and psychologically, of the female body. The walls are covered floor to ceiling in clear, plastic sheets as if in preparation for a messy birth. There is a sense of the gallery wanting to protect itself from Huanca’s painted canvases. The paintings themselves are abstract expressionist textures, heavy impasto bricks and pools of glossy acrylics laid on top of each other – as you walk along past the huge paintings, every so often you discover a body part of a woman emerging through from underneath the layers of paint.

The paintings go beyond the physical matter, as accompanying audio work including dripping noises are played subtly through the walls, and a clinical smell of cleaning products is pumped through the air. Although the sources of these remain unknown to us, these additional triggers to our senses are so slight that they seep into your subconscious as a way of hypnotising us without being caught.

Despite the stark, bright surroundings that embrace you in a cocoon and challenge your subconscious, the exhibition is an honest unapologetic for their slipperiness. The colours consist of deep blues and dense oranges in forms of separated droplets, Huanca has consciously kept these forms past the huge paintings, every so often you discover a body part of a woman emerging through from underneath the layers of paint.

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