



Dear Reader,

Do you know the
limits of your flesh?

When did you discover its presence? Did you pick a scab too soon, found premature and tender pink beneath? Held a flashlight to your cheek? Let light flow through that false barrier? Did you feel safe in the singular subjectivity of your skin? Complete in your closed complexion?

Calla Soderholm's inside (myself) takes form in flesh and light. Its medium is the body and its absence. Its form is skin and screen, soldering the pure information of projected light with the pure deformation of a body in contortion.

A cardboard box awaits you in a dim room. It is covered in gestural and fluid, broad and visceral brush strokes of bodily, fleshy tones. Dermal pinks swirl and blend with jaundiced yellows, revealing moments the colour of dried blood, seconds of fecal browns, agitations from the beiges and the blushes of a body in motion. The box curves upwards slightly, its bottom edges just missing the cold floor upon which it rests, its top a gentle concave, arching down in its middle, reaching for that which it contains. The box can't quite appear as it is, can't quite remain cardboard in our visual imaginary. It is transformed, not only by its washable paint flesh, but by the figure of light, the vision of electronic body, the contortions of skin in contact contained within. The box becomes screen and container as a recording of Soderholm inside the box, painting it from within, is projected onto the box. She is almost nude, wearing only a beige leotard and her sweep of short blonde hair. Her body is contorted as it paints, too large for her container, struggling to navigate the box in which she rests, contained, trapped, or creating. She holds a white plastic bucket, scooping flesh-tones of paint from it, using bare fingers and untied hair to paint the walls of the box she is within.

As the hour passes, Soderholm methodically and patiently paints her flesh onto the walls, paints the walls with her flesh, paints her flesh with the walls, becomes paint and skin, dissolves membrane into medium, lets her integument and environment entangle under the viscosity of viscera. The recording of her body inside the box was filmed and projected back onto the same box. She appears almost as an apparition of light, the dimensionality is confusing, indeterminate. It is hard to understand whether Soderholm's physical self is contained in the box, behind a screen of light, or if she is a video body, a recording projected upon the box's screen. She appears distant, caged behind a veil, yet present, corporeal, and existing in real time within her cardboard cage. Because she painted the box at the time of recording, it is covered in the aforementioned visceral paint at the time of audience experience. As the projected recording progresses before the viewer's eyes, the recorded process of painting complicates the visual field, adding flesh upon painted flesh, stacking layers of washable paint, replicating the multilayered organic structure of epidermis, dermis, and hypodermis. As Soderholm's body is also progressively covered in paint, as she blurs with the recorded and physical box screen, she becomes camouflaged into her environment. Or perhaps her environment becomes camouflaged into her body.

Dear Viewer,
asks the box, the body, the skin, and the paint:

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of your flesh?