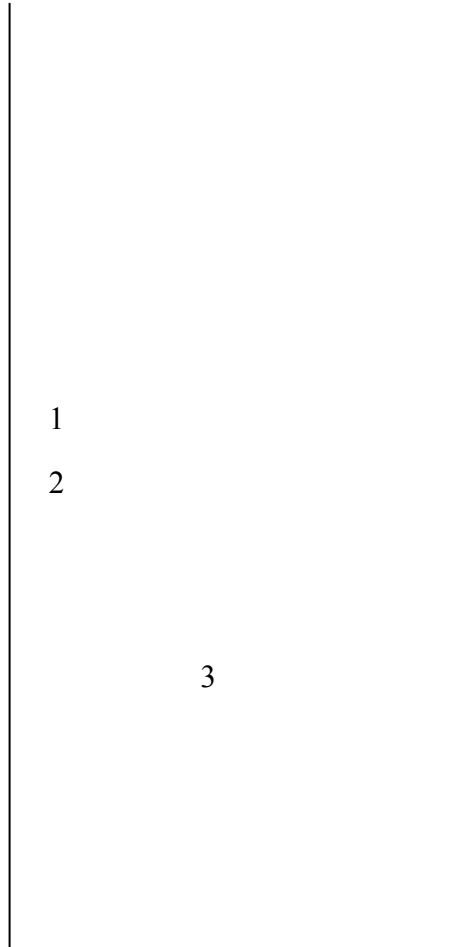


Johanna Odersky
Of Bodies, Of Cities
11.07. – 09.08.2026

Have you ever spent time (a few months, say) somewhere in love with reflection? Where the streets, the walls, the windows, the transportation machines and disposal gondolas all have polished surfaces on which, right or distorted, your own image glides past you wherever you pass? And have you, from there, gone on to a place where all objects are wholly without gloss? In your first hours or days at your matte location, you find that the multiplicity and iteration of image you'd learned to live with somehow had become more than just background: they'd become an extension of you--to an extent only fully felt once you moved along alleys and avenues whose stone and mottled plastics gave you nothing back, their opacity having cut out all cursory repetition (of you or anything else) at a root, that lies, to your astonishment and even pain, not between yourself and the world, but within that model of the world within you which is all you ever know of it; and you learn something of your limitations as a woman.

(Excerpt from Samuel R. Delany, *The Misery and Splendour of Bodies, of Cities*)



1 *Untitled*, 2026
Acrylic on folded canvas
31×35 cm

3 *6 circles, 20 pairs*, 2026
Rulers, wood
dimensions variable

2 *Untitled*, 2026
Acrylic on folded canvas
32×48 cm