



Echos

JOHANNA

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mimo is pleased to present *Echos*, a solo exhibition by JOHANNA.

I return to the hand as origin. I think of the first hands pressed against cave walls—pigment breathed around bone and skin—an outline where a body once touched stone and then withdrew. Those early prints were not portraits but declarations: a pulse of presence, a whisper across time. I imagine the warmth of the palm against rock, the moment of contact suspended forever in negative space. My own hands move in dialogue with that lineage, layering silhouettes as if breathing color around absence, leaving behind a trace that says: I am here, I was here, I am still reaching.

The hand is never only a hand. It is labor, inheritance, intimacy. It carries the weight of what it has held and the memory of what it has let go. Through transparency and misalignment, I allow the image to blur and double, as memory does—never fixed, always shifting. Each layer veils and reveals, like time settling over touch.

The cardboard that cradles this work holds another kind of archive. Boxes are vessels of quiet departures and arrivals. They carry bedrooms, kitchens, photographs, tools; they carry migrations in folded seams. Corrugated walls absorb the friction of transit—the scrape of warehouse floors, the compression of shipment, the imprint of tape. In their surfaces are the unseen hands of labor: assembling, packing, lifting, stacking. Anonymous gestures circulate through global routes, moving commodities across oceans and borders.

I am drawn to this convergence—the prehistoric imprint and the contemporary package, the cave wall and the shipping crate. Both are thresholds. Both hold what is absent. Both bear witness to bodies in motion. The hand that once marked stone now folds cardboard, scans barcodes, seals edges with tape. Touch travels. Labor travels. Memory travels.

In tracing these forms, I am mapping a lineage of movement—of goods, people, breath, pressure, and weight. The work becomes a quiet meditation on contact: how it lingers, how it accumulates, how it survives on surfaces that seem ordinary. In every silhouette, there is an echo. In every box, a hidden history. And in every hand, a record of all the places it has been.

—JOHANNA