

This text begins with a key in hand. I turn the doorknob and close the front door, convinced that I should try to think about Lia Chaia's work in motion. This text will not be written; it will be transcribed from the recording of my notes during the walk.

Go right or left? Plan where to go or just stroll randomly? I plan nothing, but I decide to go left, towards the busiest part of the street. It's nine in the evening, and there are still cars passing by, but there are almost no pedestrians. A first thought bothers me: the lack of light at night will hinder the experiment. Where will the intense colors of this set of works that Lia now shows in the *Organoid* exhibition be?

I walk slowly. In front of me, people say goodbye, "bye bye, guys. May God be with you," is the phrase I hear from over there. It's the hook for me to think about this conventional gesture, the handshake, with which Lia opens the exhibition. An automatic, formal, almost bureaucratic gesture of welcoming. *How are you? How are you? How are you?* Dog barks announce my presence in the houses I pass by, which is a way of greeting me. I think of those hands floating in space, separated from their bodies, hanging on mobiles and spinning and moving like a seesaw. "How are you? How are you?" Why do we answer a question with another question and both remain unanswered? The painting on the surface of the hands, which evokes muscles, tendons, and joints, curiously joins the image of a puppet theater where the characters are manipulated by strings attached to the hand of someone always hidden in the scene. Hands that use their tendons and muscles to move other hands with their tendons and muscles. "How are you? How are you? How are you?".

Passing by a tree planted near the curb, which requires my body to move, I remember other works by Lia where nature and the city form a pair. One questioning the other, seeking a dialogue sometimes conflicting, sometimes harmonious. I think of works like *Verdejar* in which vines, tropical plants, in a vast range of greens, invade the walls of buildings.

Almost reaching the corner, I need to decide whether to go straight or turn left. The right option is not even considered: a very steep climb would inhibit my thoughts. It's necessary to find a balance between reasoning and physical effort. I end up going straight. I observe the hazy

moon in the sky, thus creating a vertical axis in the walk that initially establishes itself on the horizontal plane. Coming towards me, I vaguely recognize someone, a neighbor who frequents the restaurants and bakeries in the area. We cross paths.

As I advance, so does Lia's exhibition. Past this first room, where objects float, we reach the center of the gallery subtly modified. Transformed into the beating heart of the exhibition where the video *Dancing Drawing* is located, in which the artist projects a series of drawings on her own body that begin to walk on the surface of her skin. The drawings stroll, moving, until they disappear. The artist's still body appears in a specific frame. Without feet or head: just the upper body. It somewhat resembles the trees trunks I encounter on the way, of which I do not perceive either the root or the canopy, I only observe what is at eye level. A tree-body that, although alive, serves as support inviting us to think about the relationship between surface and interiority. Is there any correspondence between the forms we see passing through the artist's body and her internal movements? Digestion, breathing, concentration, thoughts?

I pass by a burger joint with two occupied tables. I reach a brightly lit gas station. I dodge the cars, the people at the tables on the sidewalk. The pharmacy, I notice, is open. I turn left again, down a very dark street, but one that I consider safe at this time. I don't want to go back the same way.

The gates and windows that accompany my walk remind me of the small interventions that the artist made in the gallery's architecture. I see metal grilles, cobogós, barbed wire spiraled on top of the high wall, and even a tinted glass window. In the gallery, Lia did not create a completely closed environment. But, in a way, she built an interiority in that void which, in the architectural project, functions as a space of articulation and communication between the others. What's inside each of these houses I'm passing now? Is there someone watching TV? A child crying? In the gallery, we see a more secluded space, a delicate, protected environment, a twilight illuminated only by the TV light.

I return to the relationship between drawing and support by observing the graffiti and the street art: is it me passing by them or are they passing by me? It amuses

me to think that my body is also impregnated by the drawings and graphics of the city. Lia's work has already taught me that the city is a support, as much as a canvas stretched on a frame. In this darker area of the route, I'm not sure if I should quicken my pace, keep it at the same frequency, or even walk slower and more carefully to avoid stumbling. I pass by my son's first school. This leads me to another video in the exhibition, *Drawing with*, a work in which mother and daughters create a mirrored drawing. Both follow the same path, one copying the other. But the result is always slightly different. That short distance of a few meters that separated my house from the school, done automatically by me in the rush of days, work, deadlines, bills, was, for my son, in pandemic times, his entire circulation in public space. Surrounded by novelties, apprehension, and challenges.

I pass by the back gate of my own house, the starting point of this walk. Just like Lia's video, *Dancing Drawing*, front and back are presented, but never simultaneously. The drawings projected on her body overlap it in a way that brings these two presences together, makes them inhabit the same space. In the video montage, the two screens are placed back to back as if swallowing the volume of the body. I postpone for a moment the return home because I feel there is more to be thought about. I extend the walk to the other corner, even knowing that on the way back I will walk the same sidewalk, so as not to excessively extend the walk. The smell of the pizzeria on the corner reminds me that I haven't had dinner yet. I return on the same side I came from. If we take this walk of mine as a drawing, the line I trace now would overlap the other.

On the second floor, the exhibition becomes more abstract, separating itself further from the image of the physical, human body, as we recognize it. We no longer see the artist's body, her feminine forms, her softness, her beauty. But something strong remains of it, the spinal column, which our species shares with so many others. The *Organoids* are formed by plates made of the same material as the hands from *How are you?..* They are rounded, flat shapes that hang from the ceiling creating a vertical line. In each piece - or vertebra - we see, painted, organic structures: blood, cells, membranes, nerves, muscle, fat are some of the words that come to mind trying to decipher what those small articulated parts condense. A variety of tissues forming that expand vertically, being the base of this still under construction organism. In "Vertebra by Vertebra" the spine is dismembered, rearticulated, fragmented, mixed with others. It gradually loses its supporting function. There is something in them that reminds me of Warhol's dance diagrams, but this dance performed by the columns is also a shuffle, confusion, dissolution. Movements impossible for the human body.

I am standing in front of my house. Is it time to go in? In front of my gate, observing the car tires, and the marks they leave on the asphalt, I also see there Lia's vertebrae, scattered throughout the city. The rain seems to want to fall on this hot night. The drawing I just traced on the sidewalks can dissolve, or change, taking unexpected forms. There is something of this imminent dissolution in the large panel of drawings that Lia sets up on the first floor. We see there the movement of hands, loose, rhythmic. A body's deconditioning. Some of them were indeed made with the right hand (Lia is left-handed). They pulsate and propose articulations between themselves, but they do not close into a single signifier.

The sidewalk in front of my house has those black and white tiles that, arranged in a specific way, form the outlines of the State of São Paulo. A simple combination of black tiles, white tiles, and half black and half white tiles, dividing the tile diagonally, creating a geometric, modular design with precise angles. Lia's drawings go in another direction, they use colors, create textures, seem to be in motion, relate to each other like beings that attract and repel each other. Organic forms that mix fauna, flora, microorganisms... I open the door and I'm already in the garden of the house, with its plants, trees, spider webs, insects, flowers. A winding walkway leads me inside the house.