

Thread of Water (“Fio d’água”) — Laura Villarosa

Text: Priscyla Gomes

There are landscapes that do not emerge before the eyes, but beneath the insistence of hands. Before becoming image, they are gestures: threads crossing the surface, stitches returning upon themselves, colors settling in layers.

In ***Thread of Water***, Laura Villarosa constructs imagined landscapes through a delicate relationship between matter, memory, and flow. Her compositions seem to come from a place that precedes the map: territories without name, surfaces traversed by lines, reliefs, rhythms, and silences. There is in them something of flow and something of waiting; something that moves, but also fixes itself in the density of the fabric.

By making painting a practice traversed by thread, Laura takes up an ancient history of gestures transmitted and reinvented. Weaving, sewing, embroidering, and interlacing are everyday actions, recurrently associated with women's labor, yet also powerful modes of exploring the sensible. In this fusion of crafts, the artist brings together image and matter, sight and touch, surface and depth.

In the works gathered in ***Thread of Water***, embroidering, spinning, and weaving become methods of thought. Each layer applied over the fabric thickens the image; the thread draws and builds volume, it covers and reveals. Her landscapes are made of overlays, accumulated decisions, and a temporality that allows itself to be seen in

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the body of the work. Nothing emerges by impulse — everything has been traversed by pause and by maturation.

This maturation is also expressed in the choice of materials. Laura follows the course of threads through variations of color, thickness, and origin. Alongside her research with specialized suppliers, she receives donations from people close to her who recognize in her practice a particular attentiveness to thread. Natural, recycled, or synthetic; handcrafted or industrial — they all become a fundamental part of the work.

The choice of threads echoes the choice of pigments. Laura observes the color, the sheen, the opacity, the texture, and the capacity of each material to illuminate or thicken a surface. Each thread carries its own presence — sometimes more rustic, sometimes more delicate, more matte or more luminous. It is from this combination of origin, appearance, and meaning that the artist builds her landscapes.

In perceiving the intervals between stitches and the ways in which the weave opens or closes, we recognize the intelligence of her hands. What is presented is not merely an embroidered image, but a way of inhabiting the imagination through texture. Her works exist in that place where fabric becomes field, skin, map, and horizon. Like a *thread of water* that changes as it moves without renouncing its nature, Laura Villarosa's landscapes seem to hold this silent force: they transform with each layer and each gesture, without losing the intimate course that guides them. In each work, the act of spinning affirms its most delicate and profound power: turning the surface into a prodigious crossing.