

Lorenzo Guerrini

Gouaches

March 21 - May 9

Linke Wienzeile 36/1C, Vienna

Gouaches presents a series of works which the artist produced as preparatory studies for his large stone and bronze sculptures. Painted in stark monochrome on cardboard, paper, cookie-boxes, and textiles, Guerrini iteratively depicted abstract figures and pseudo-symbols. Whether figurative, proto-linguistic, or both, the gouaches form a swift vocabulary of motifs that appear and reappear, sometimes decades apart, throughout his lifetime. Never before shown to the public, the exhibition also includes two photocopy drawings from 1989 and one etching on cardboard from 1984.

Text by Diego Perrone

I like the density of the paintings of Lorenzo Guerrini, I like starting from the edge of the brush stroke.

I try to describe it as a form extracted from a visual context because its inside is already a place.

Or:

I am lost in a limbo and I cling to the marks left from the brush. I search, walking through its outlines in detail, in its more random parts, I try to analyse it in the the most precise way that I know.

I become liquid and I isolate all its growths and recesses, meticulously analysing all of its geography and when I have acquired all of its contours I disappear and leave it alone.

Or:

In those beautiful energetic times when the city was in full expansion and new buildings were frantically rising.

One walked hastily between the construction sites and the vibrations of pneumatic drills; metallic sounds and beams suspended in the air by cranes.

The architectural skeletons backlit, some of their details, they are nothing more than pictorial masses.

Three simple brush strokes can become parts of architectural structure through which enormous weights and invisible forces are offloaded and distributed on other structural parts.

Without this equilibrium construction would have been unable.

Or:

In the throat! First I fill well the mouth with liquid and then I gulp at least two times in a row, and there I would like to stop it all.

The tongue pushes up on the palate and creates like a compression of the liquid that while descending causes automatic muscle contractions of the pharynx.

The liquid I was tasting takes form and mimics these muscular contractions, few, short and involuntary ones; in little more than a second I try to imagine the shape of those perfect automatic gestures.

Or:

Under water, submerged in the murky liquid of a swamp the little light that comes from above barely helps distinguish the forms.

Some fishes that swim on the bottom almost can not be distinguished from the mud, also they seem to be made of the same material and colour of the liquid in which I am immersed.

Before, from outside, I saw the edges of the water very clearly and now I think that it is from the edge inward where I tried to see.