

LORENZO FERRI

SELECTED WORKS

2026

Introduction

Art, in its most authentic expressions, rarely manifests as a linear path; rather, it resembles a subterranean necessity, a visceral and constant presence waiting for the right moment to dismantle the structures of daily life. The human and intellectual journey of Lorenzo Ferri (b. 1990) fits perfectly into this groove of sudden and fertile revelation. Rooted in a complex identity geography, Ferri arrived at painting after an intellectual and professional path that was seemingly distant. A degree in International Relations and several years spent abroad, particularly in France working in managerial roles within multinational corporations, structured a mind accustomed to the complexity of global flows and the speed of contemporary life.

Yet, beneath the sheet music of a corporate career, other metrics were always vibrating: the analytical discipline and geometric precision of competitive golf on one hand, and the fluid, temporal harmonic vibration of the piano on the other. It is precisely the practice of the piano, understood as the modulation of air and the management of silence through the touch of a key, that seems to have anticipated his transition into the visual arts. For Ferri, painting was not an academic choice or a decorative refuge, but the only possible, unmediated language capable of giving form to an inner urgency: the elevation of human life toward a permanent dimension of the absolute. His gaze was refined by walking through contemporary art museums across the globe, not to accumulate scholarly citations, but to decode the secret of form, gesture, and, above all, the space reclaimed from the noise of the world. From this intellectual nomadism emerges a style of painting that offers itself as an authentic "way out": a device for deceleration and an epiphany of pure light, breath, and silence becoming matter.

In today's artistic landscape, often suffocated by hyper-conceptualisms that require lengthy exegetical texts to justify the artwork, Lorenzo Ferri's painting performs an act of radical and courageous counter-tendency. His research rests on an axiomatic conviction: that art reaches its highest function when it is allowed to act directly, bypassing intellectual mediation to speak immediately to the body and the nervous system of the viewer. There is no theory that needs to stand between the eye and the canvas, no semiotic code to decipher, no narrative to slow down the purity of the encounter.

Ferri's work is therefore not descriptive, allegorical, or symbolic; it is rigorously functional. It proposes itself as an esoteric and therapeutic catalyst, finely tuned to induce an involuntary process of inner lightening in whoever stands before it. The primary tool of this operation is the gradient. On his surfaces, pigments do not collide in jarring contrasts; instead, they dissolve into one another through imperceptible transitions that mimic biological breathing. As the tones fade and merge, the cognitive and muscular tensions of the observer soften as well. The edges of thought blur, and the inner landscape rearranges itself onto frequencies of stillness and harmony. In Ferri's vision, beauty and the elevation toward something divine require no barockisms or structural complications; they ask only for the millimetric rightness of the pigment, the perfect propagation of the wave of color, and the exact transition between tones. When this visual equation aligns, the canvas ceases to be a mere object of contemplation and transforms into a doorway open to a permanent state of grace and happiness returned to the world.

The selection of works presented in this catalog demonstrates the striking maturity and variety of registers with which Ferri articulates his inquiry into matter and spirit.

In iconic works such as *Untitled n°114* and *Untitled n°115*, color is treated strictly as pure substance rather than image. Through continuous, overlapping circular gestures, the artist ensures that the pigments — greens evaporating into violets, warm earth tones intersecting cool blues — remain in a state of eternal and fluid transition. By deliberately denying the eye a fixed focal point, Ferri forces a slowing down of perception, a brief suspension of the urgency that characterizes contemporary living.

This aesthetic of the flow finds its monumental expression in the triptych *Dispersion system*. Here, color is not applied but literally allowed to disperse across three square panels conceived as a unified continuum. Moving at the threshold of perception, the work refuses any accent, sharpness, or dramatic emphasis, shaping itself as an invitation to be missed by the hurried gaze, only to reveal itself to those who accept the gift of time. It is the visual enactment of peace.

To this pole of rarefaction responds the intense lyrical inquiry of the diptych *Material decay*. Built upon a single, radical gesture — pigment (ochre, pink, deep black, and traces of gold) allowed to descend vertically by gravity — Ferri investigates dissolution not as a loss or a mourning, but as a final, dignified form of beauty. Stripped of the historical moral weight that Western painting has attached to vanitas, the material consents to its own undoing with the same naturalness with which leaves fall or the body surrenders to sleep. It is a celebration of the fragile moment as a state of absolute honesty and pure, quiet luminosity.

The catalog also documents Ferri's capacity to explore different visual metrics. While the diptych *Untitled n°116* expands the surface through small circular strokes that seem to "cultivate" the canvas like a vegetative field, *Untitled n°118* introduces a grammar explicitly close to music, rigorous and rhythmic. Here, the disciplined and geometric repetition of looped brushstrokes creates diagonal bands of color that function like measures in a musical score, proving that calm can be reached not only through softness, but also through the ordered rhythm of the gesture.

Finally, the works of gestural breakthrough: *Untitled n°117* and *Untitled n°43*. In the latter, against an unbroken black ground, a spiritual and regal ultramarine blue is set free, applied in wide, looping gestures drawn with the energy of a single, uninterrupted physical breath. *Untitled n°87*, painted on a dense and oxidized support of iron, seals the profound intention of the artist's entire practice: the placement of a quiet skin of pale green over a hardened ground, a gesture of absolute trust that even the smallest touch of softness can persist upon the harsh surfaces of the world.

This exhibition offers a total sensory and regenerative experience: a chromatic journey in which art strips away the superfluous to return to what it has always been in its highest moments — a balm for the spirit, an oasis of breath, and a permanent instant of grace.

Biography

Lorenzo Ferri (*b. 1990*) lives and works in Ravenna, Italy. Of half Bergamasque origin, he holds a degree in International Relations and has spent several years abroad — particularly in France — working as a manager for multinational corporations.

A lifelong pianist and former competitive golfer, his relationship with art has always been visceral — a constant, undeniable presence rather than a chosen path. He turned to painting as the only language capable of giving form to what he holds most essential: the elevation of human life toward something larger than itself.

His travels have brought him through contemporary art museums across the world, in a continuous search for the forms, gestures and silences capable of shaping his own pictorial language and refining the cathartic purpose of his work.

For Ferri, art is the way out. A space where instants of well-being can be made visible, where light, breath and silence become matter. Each canvas is an attempt to suspend a moment — to translate a fleeting state of grace into something permanent.

Through his work, he seeks to offer the viewer a single, lasting instant of happiness.

On the work

Ferri's painting begins from a single, foundational conviction: that art reaches its highest function when it is allowed to act directly, without conceptual mediation. No theory should stand between the viewer and the canvas. Nothing should slow the process down.

The work is therefore designed to bypass the intellect and reach the body. It speaks to the nervous system before it speaks to the mind. Its purpose is immediate: to deliver well-being — instantly, silently, without explanation.

At the heart of this language lies the gradient. Colors do not collide on the canvas — they dissolve into one another. They soften, melt, breathe. Each transition is a small act of release. As the colors fade and merge, so do the tensions of those who look at them: thoughts loosen, edges blur, the inner landscape rearranges itself.

This is why Ferri considers his painting useful. Not decorative, not narrative, not symbolic — but functional. Each canvas is a catalyst. A device tuned to activate, in the viewer, an esoteric process of inner lightening; a quiet alchemy through which the body softens and the mind grows still.

The elevation of art toward something divine, in Ferri's vision, requires no complexity. It asks only for the right pigment, the right wave of color, the right transition between tones. When these align, the painting becomes a doorway — and what passes through it is the viewer's own sense of being.

In this sense, his work is offered not as an object of contemplation, but as a moment of grace. An instant of beauty, breath and happiness made permanent on canvas — and freely returned to whoever stands before it.



Untitled n°114

Untitled n° 114

Oil on canvas

70 x 100 cm

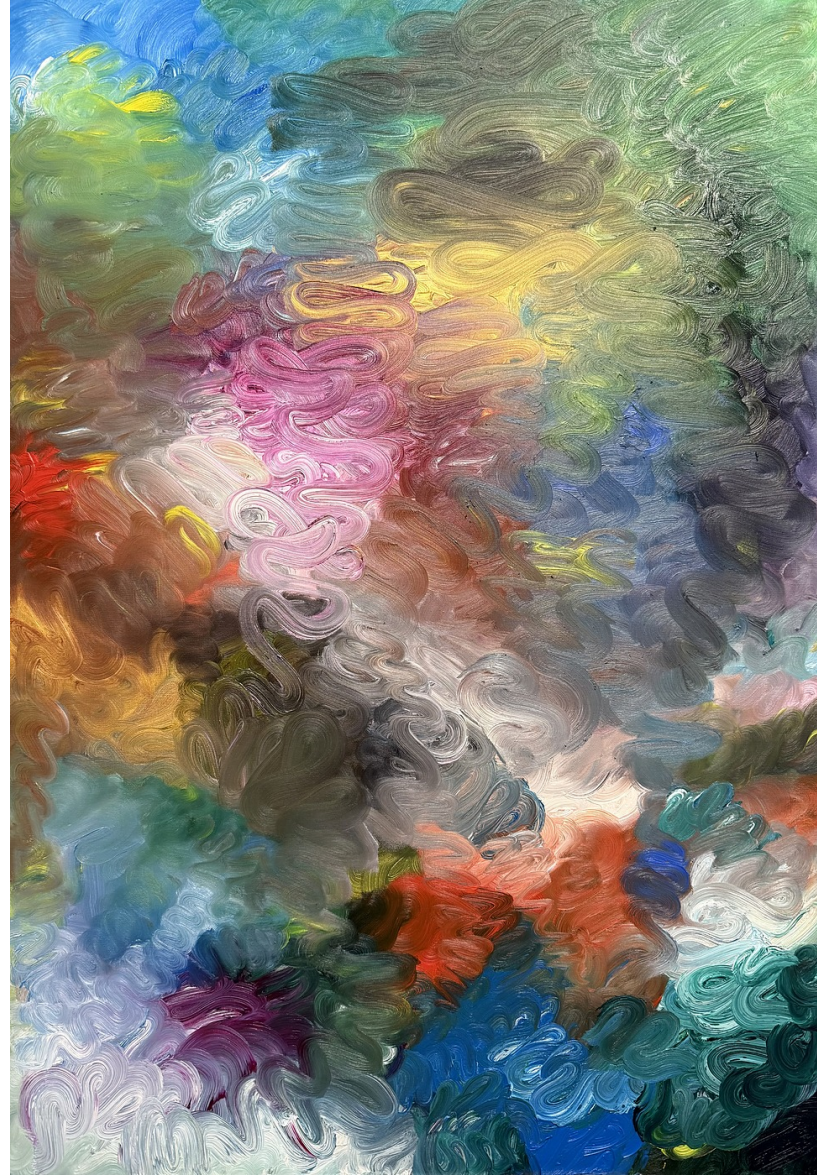


SCAN TO EXPLORE

The work belongs to a series in which color is treated as substance rather than image. Each gesture is laid over the previous one in continuous circular motion, allowing pigments to merge without ever fully resolving into a defined form.

The result is a surface in constant transition: greens passing into violets, warm earth tones meeting cool blues, pink centers emerging and dissolving. The eye, denied a fixed point of focus, slows down.

This slowing is the work's intended effect. The painting functions less as an object to be observed than as a space in which to rest the gaze — a brief suspension of urgency.



Untitled n°115

Untitled n° 115

Oil on canvas

70 x 100 cm



SCAN TO EXPLORE

Within the same series as its companion piece, this work shifts the register toward a more contemplative range. Cooler grays and silvers articulate the upper portion, while warm pinks, ochres and earthy tones move through the lower half, anchored by deeper blues at the margins.

The pictorial method remains constant: continuous overlapping gestures that prevent any single color or shape from asserting itself. The surface is conceived as a field of transitions rather than a configuration of forms.

The painting asks for time. Its function is not to be read, but to be inhabited — for as long as the gaze is willing to slow down.



Dispersion system

Dispersion system

Oil on canvas

Triptych · 80 × 80 cm each



SCAN TO EXPLORE

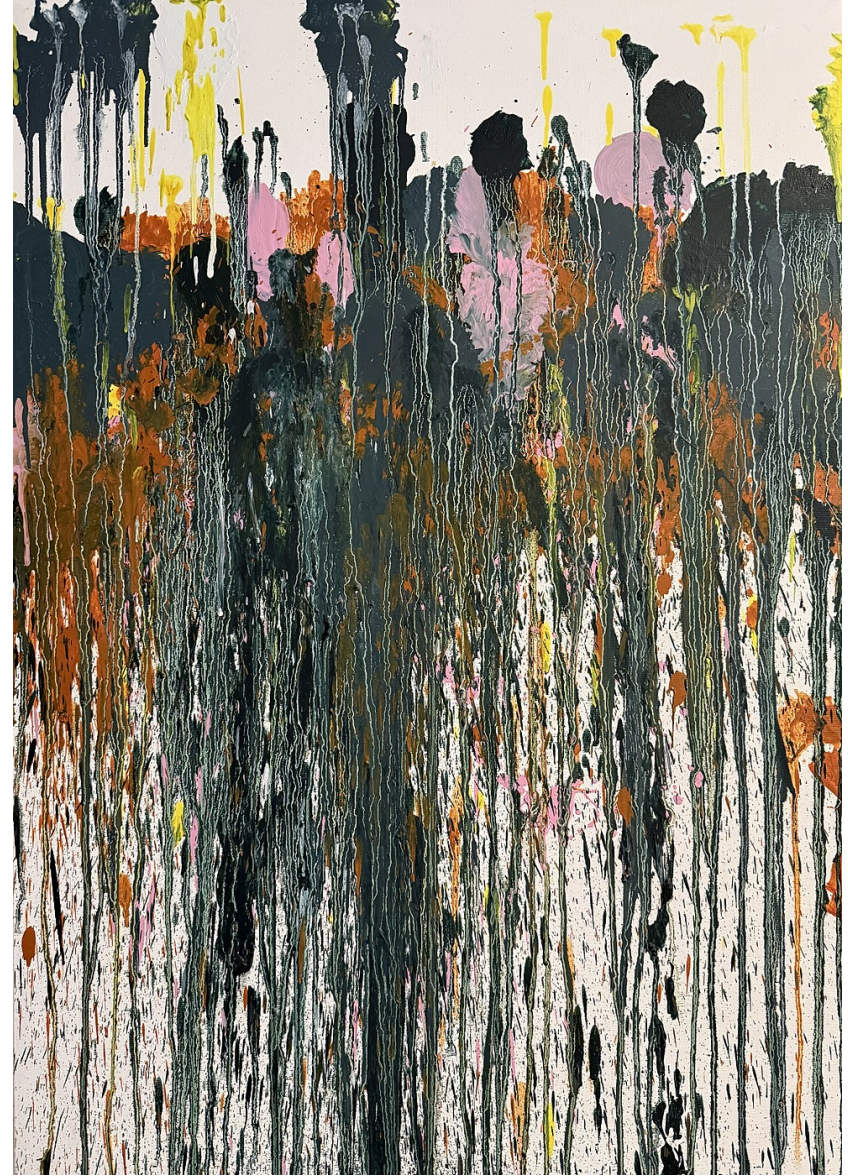
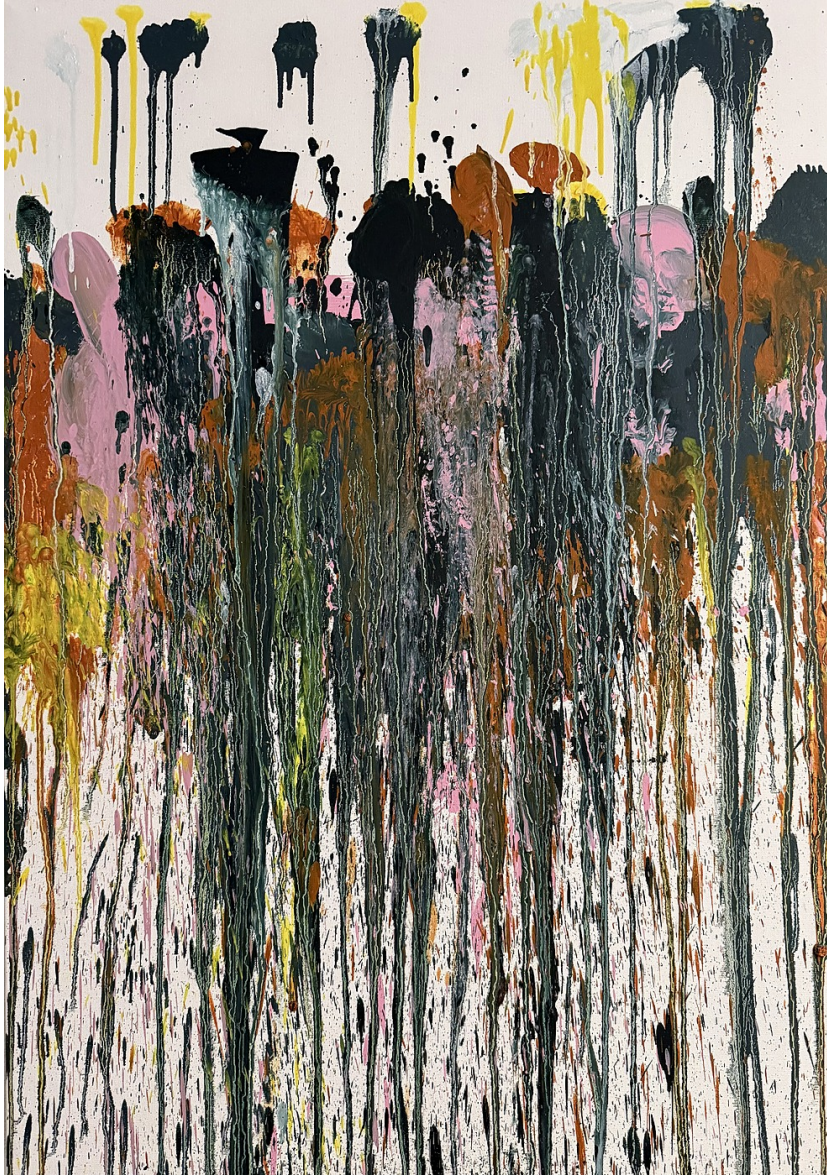
Dispersion system is constructed around a single principle: slowness. The work unfolds across three square panels conceived as a unified continuum, in which color is not applied but allowed to disperse — gradually, almost imperceptibly — from one tone to the next.

The transitions move at the threshold of perception. Cool blues yield to pale yellows; warm pinks emerge through ochre and recede again into atmosphere. Nothing arrives suddenly. Nothing demands attention. The painting refuses every accent, every emphasis, every moment of sharpness — as if it had been composed to be missed by the hurried gaze.

This is its function. The work proposes a slow dissolution of matter — pigment loosening into pigment, form softening into field — as an image of a deeper process: the quieting of inner urgency, the gradual unburdening of thought.

Color here is not an aesthetic choice. It is a vehicle. Through long transitions and barely perceptible passages, the painting carries the viewer toward a state of calm — not by representing peace, but by enacting it.

Dispersion system asks for the only thing a hurried world rarely gives: time. Given that time, it returns the viewer to themselves, lighter than before.



Material decay

Material decay

Oil on canvas

Diptych · 70 × 100 cm each



SCAN TO EXPLORE

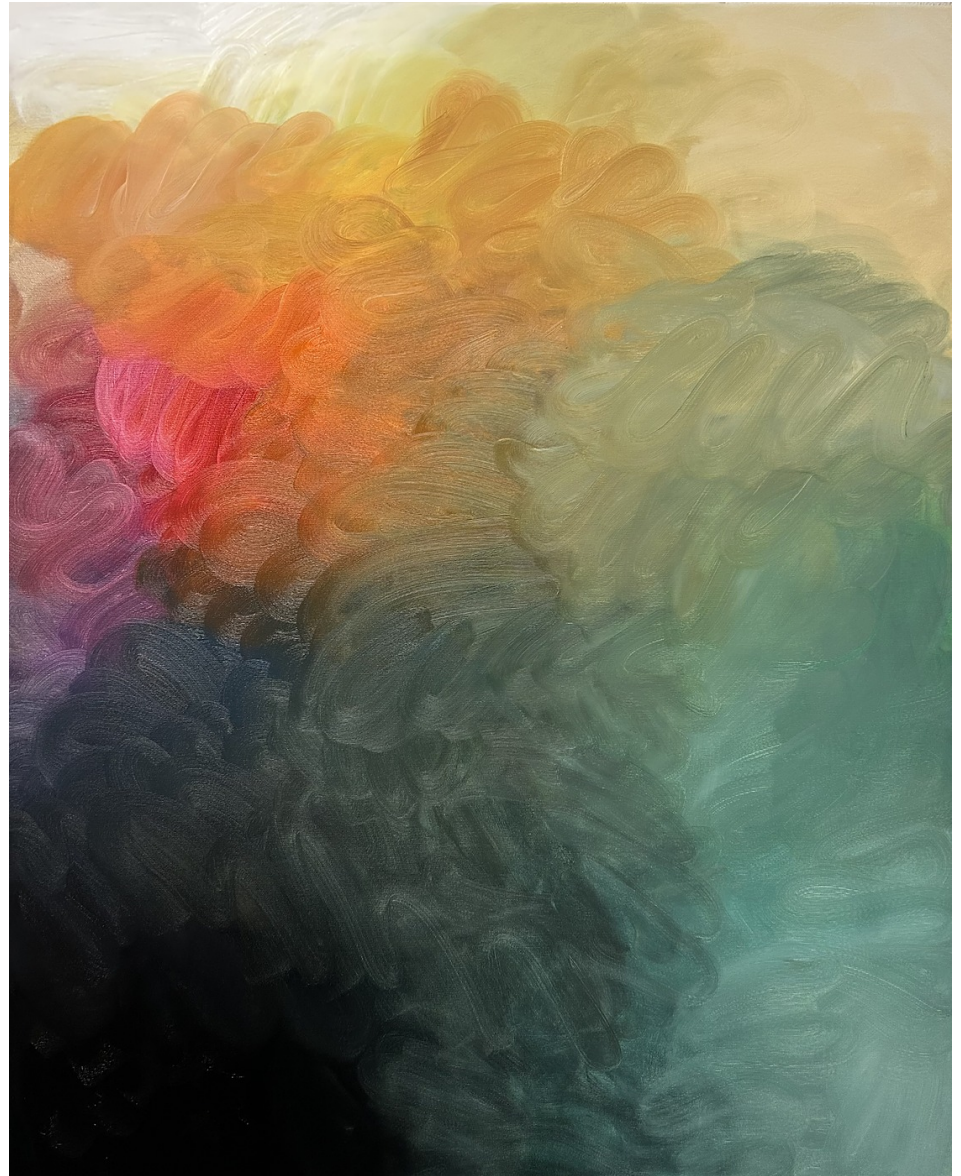
Material decay approaches dissolution not as loss, but as a final, dignified form of beauty.

The work is built on a single gesture: pigment allowed to descend. Ochre, pink, deep black, traces of gold — colors gather at the top of the canvas as if at a threshold, then release themselves in slow vertical drippings, falling along the surface until they exhaust their weight.

The diptych composes itself around this descent. Each panel rehearses the same passage in its own register — one denser, more terrestrial; the other lighter, more luminous — so that the work reads as a quiet dialogue between two states of the same disappearance.

There is something profoundly tender in this. Decay is shown without violence, without nostalgia, without the moral weight that Western painting has historically attached to vanitas. The material does not lament its undoing; it consents to it. It falls the way leaves fall, the way light fades at dusk, the way the body finally surrenders to sleep.

In this consent, Material decay finds its central revelation: that the dissolution of matter is not the opposite of beauty, but one of its forms. The most fragile state — the moment when something ceases to hold itself together — is also the most honest, the most pure, the most quietly luminous.



Untitled n°116

Untitled n°116

Mixed media

Diptych · 80 × 100 cm each



SCAN TO EXPLORE

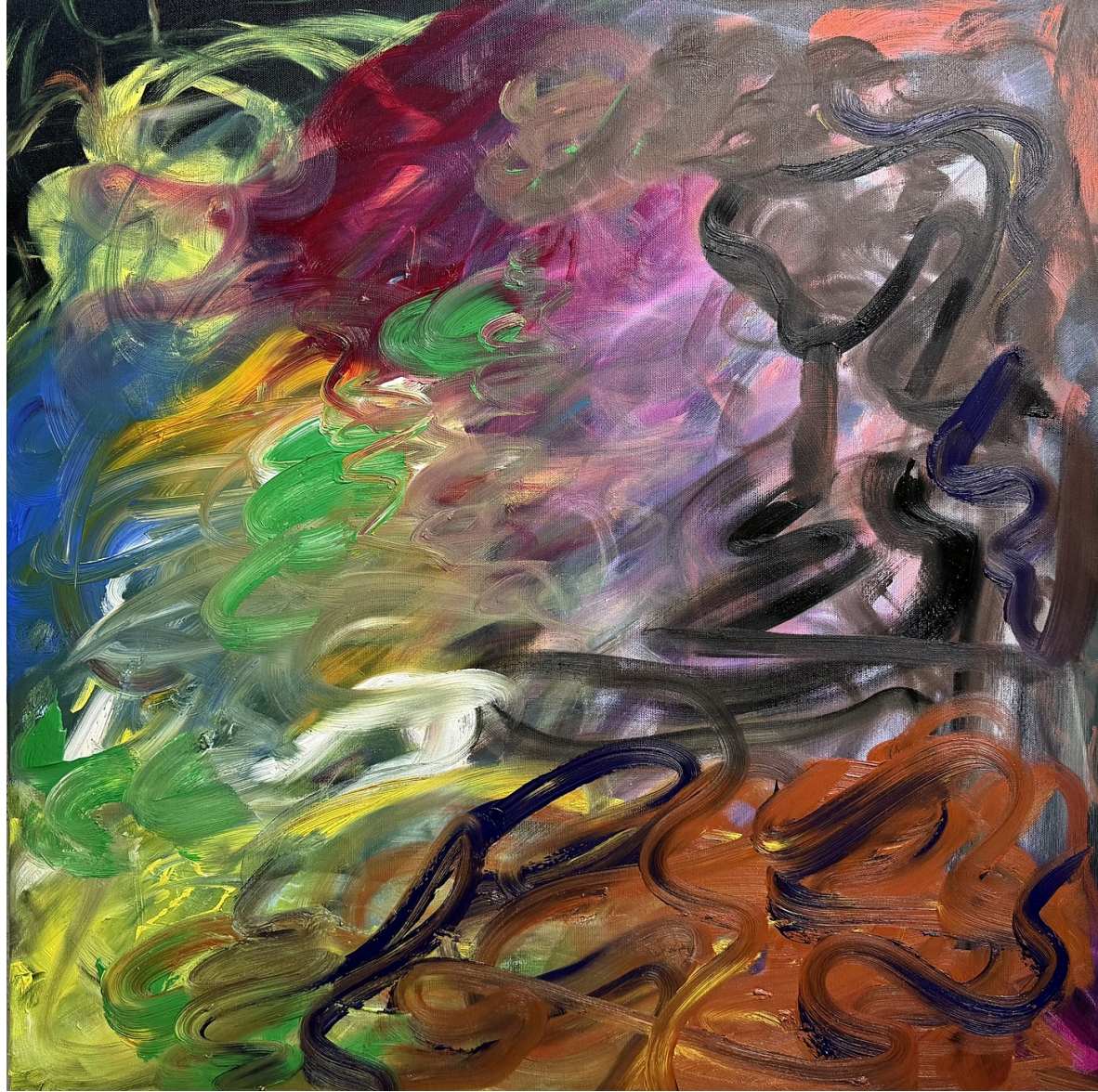
The diptych unfolds as a single sustained breath divided into two moments — two adjacent states of the same atmosphere.

The first panel reads as a passage: a complete chromatic journey from light to depth. A clearing of cream and gold gathers at the upper edge, descending through a heart of burnt rose and red, before resolving into a breathing black on the left and a cool aquatic green on the right.

The second panel does not continue this journey. It holds it. Where the first canvas moves, this one suspends; where the first traces an arc, this one rehearses the instant in which the arc pauses to take its own breath.

Each panel is built through the same slow, vegetative gesture: small circular strokes woven into one another until the surface seems cultivated rather than painted. The two canvases share a single rhythm of hand, a single temperature of color, a single contemplative weight — and yet each opens a distinct doorway into the same interior climate.

Read together, the work belongs to a quieter category of experience. It does not narrate. It dwells.



Untitled n°117

Untitled n°117

Oil on canvas

80 x 80 cm



SCAN TO EXPLORE

This work abandons the slow grammar of the artist's other series. Here, there are no transitions. There is only gesture — direct, embodied, unapologetic.

The painting is built through pressure. Black calligraphies cut through the canvas with the assurance of muscle. A burnt orange rises from the lower right like a low heat. Pinks emerge wet, almost flesh-like, against passages of cool grey and ash. Each mark is a decision, made and not reconsidered.

The composition is openly virile, in the oldest sense of the word: it carries the weight of presence, of contact, of having been made by a body that knew exactly where to press.

And yet, alongside this force, the painting holds a distinct sensuality. The colors meet the way skin meets skin — pink against grey, black against the warmth of orange, dense pigment against the breathing of the canvas beneath.

The work asks to be looked at with the same directness with which it was made. It does not seek interpretation. It seeks recognition — the kind of recognition that happens, briefly, between two presences that meet without explaining themselves.



Untitled n°118

Untitled n° 118

Mixed media

80 x 80 cm



SCAN TO EXPLORE

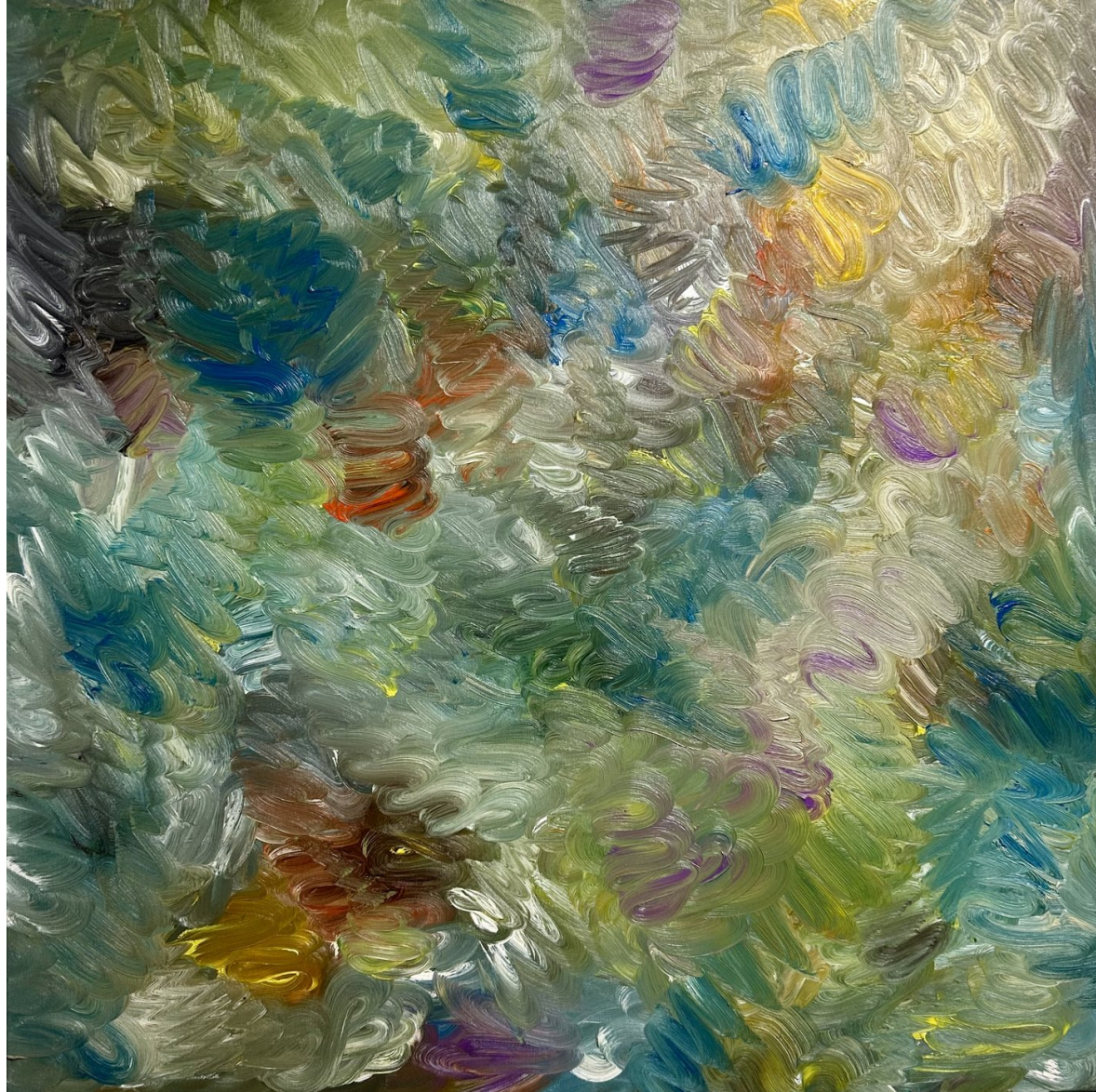
The painting belongs to the family of the artist's other works in spirit, but speaks a different grammar — one closer to music than to atmosphere.

Where the other canvases breathe, this one counts. The surface is built as a continuous procession of small, looped brushstrokes — each one curved, each one identical in rhythm, each one a small unit of pressure inscribed by the same hand. The strokes arrange themselves into diagonal bands of color, succeeding one another like measures in a score.

The work proposes a chromatic counterpoint. No color dominates, none recedes; each is given exactly the space necessary for the eye to register its presence before yielding to the next.

There is something tactile in the result. The repeated stroke gives the canvas the quality of woven matter — closer to silk, to brocade, to the surface of an instrument's resonating wood than to traditional painting.

In a body of work largely concerned with dissolution and slow atmosphere, this painting introduces a different register: order, measure, the quiet authority of rhythm. It reminds the viewer that calm is not only achieved through softness — it can also be reached through the disciplined repetition of a single, beautiful gesture.



Untitled n°71

Untitled n°71

Oil on canvas

80 x 80 cm



SCAN TO EXPLORE

Untitled n°71 occupies a place apart within the artist's body of work — a painting that exchanges the language of dissolution for the language of plenitude. Where most of Ferri's canvases ask the viewer to slow down by emptying the gaze, this one asks the opposite: to slow down by allowing the gaze to be filled.

The surface is built from a single, modest gesture — a curled stroke, repeated with quiet devotion. From this discipline arises a richness that is almost overwhelming: greens that breathe like wet leaves, ochres that hold the memory of summer light, blues that surface like reflections on water, sudden warmth where orange and crimson break through the cooler weave.

Nothing in the painting is loud. Everything in the painting is present. It is the visual equivalent of standing inside a garden at the height of its bloom — too much beauty to take in at once, and precisely for that reason, deeply restorative.

Untitled n°71 reminds the viewer that the soft, well-being-giving function of Ferri's work can be reached not only through silence and rarefaction, but also through generosity: the patient gathering of color upon color, until the canvas becomes an offering of pure, plural life.



Untitled n°43

Untitled n°43

Oil on canvas

80 x 80 cm



SCAN TO EXPLORE

Untitled n°43 marks a moment of pure expressive release within the artist's practice. Against an unbroken black ground, an ultramarine blue is set free — applied in wide, looping gestures that climb across the canvas with the energy of a single uninterrupted breath.

The brushwork is unmistakably physical. Each arc carries the weight of the arm that drew it; each overlap records the moment in which the hand returned, insisted, deepened. Nothing is preparatory. Nothing is restrained. The painting captures the body of the gesture in the precise instant of its making.

And yet, beneath the force, an unmistakable lyricism. The blue chosen here is not aggressive but luminous — a regal, almost spiritual ultramarine that lifts the painting above mere expression toward something closer to song. The black holds it; the blue sings against it.

The work proposes a different register of beauty: not the slow dissolution of the artist's other paintings, but the bright, undeniable affirmation of a single color willing to take the entire space upon itself.



Untitled n°87

Untitled n°87

Oil on iron

54.3 × 98.5 cm



SCAN TO EXPLORE

Untitled n°87 turns to a material the artist had never inhabited before: iron. The support is no longer neutral, no longer absent. It is dark, oxidized, dense — a surface that carries its own life before any pigment is applied.

Onto this gravity, a single pale green descends. The color is chosen for its absolute opposition: where the iron is heavy, the green is air; where the iron is muted, the green is alive; where the iron remembers fire and pressure, the green remembers water and breath.

This is not a confrontation. It is a meeting — a fragile, luminous skin laid upon a rougher one, neither erasing the other. The painted area floats slightly above the metal, the way a thought floats above the body that holds it.

In its simplicity, the work proposes one of Ferri's most direct images of his pictorial intention: the placement of a quiet, healing color onto a hardened ground — and the trust that even the smallest gesture of softness can persist there.

Thanks for your attention



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