

Joshua Venturino

selected works 2022 – 2024

My practice is based on observing life, from distant memories to places close to my heart, where paintings, drawings and poems intertwine with one another.

Writing is fundamental for the research and development of my art practice. Everyday, thoughts are born and mature into written form. A collection of texts exists as an archive of vanishing thoughts and memories that are to be revisited and created from. It's part of the process that lives subtly within the titles and the works.

Fields of vibrant colours, soft shapes, and aggressive gestures create dynamic images that limbo between abstraction and figuration — often reminding and suggesting landscapes. My painting practice is influenced by drawing. They each play a vital role in the same realm, finding balance as they coexist.



Collected fragments, 2024
Oil and coloured pencil on canvas
Dimensions variable



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Estratti giornalieri

La marina

Con la panda del nonno
volavamo sulle buche
per arrivare al mare.

Il mare dista poco,
meno di mezz'ora,

vedo già un po' di fuoco
e quel che divora.

Non so se sia oggi
o ieri
o domani,
ma ciò non importa
dato che siamo lontani da casa.

Night at the coastal village

The quiet sizzling frying noise
sets the atmosphere
in this monochrome neighbourhood.

The cyan sky gradually fades
into a glittered midnight blue.

Whispers float trough streets
from house to house
ear to ear.

I hear the waves composing a melody
crashing against the rocks.

I think about the people that left too soon.

Zattera

Galgeggio come un palloncino
incontrollabile dal vento.
La corrente mi trascina
velocemente più vicino.
Dal pensiero io mi tormento,
ma sulla zattera ci arrivo.

Tra le undici e mezzanotte

Il paese si dipinge di blu petrolio.

I miei timpani esplodono
dal frinire delle cicale.

Un'orchestra invisibile agli occhi.

La brezza serale raffredda quel poco che rimane;
mi bacia la pelle
e io mi tolgo il costume già asciutto.

Un tutt'uno con l'esterno

Affogo nel materasso
pieno di nuvole.

Luce filtrata e sagome color indaco

la luce filtrata dalle tende bianche è poco intensa,
subito
ho capito che non ci fosse stato neanche un po' di sole

il maltempo mi va sull'umore,
che strano, io amavo la pioggia,
il suono delle gocce mentre cadono sul tetto
ti avvolgono nel sonno

fluttuo nella stanza col petto pesante
per passare le ore

mi sono spostato al sud delle alpi
dove ho visto sagome color indaco
scontornare il cielo blu,
o di ciò che ne rimane

Verso la Liguria

in macchina in quattro
a parlare
a discutere
a litigare per ore
a scherzare

le mie gambe addormentate tra lo zaino

per più di un'ora il cielo in fiamme
ci accoglieva al mare

la musica negli auricolari
mi sembra di stare nel 2017

in tre con la nausea
uno dopo l'altro
poi è passata ad ora di cena

camminando verso l'appartamento
dondolo con mia sorella
tra le stradine semi deserte

Words

I like the beauty of making words up
it's funny how this happens
it makes me laugh every time

a bit of italian
a bit of german
a bit of english

my brain is in a continuous hunt
for the right words,

failing

I think about spring while I stretch

the singing birds woke me up
"I thought there would be sun"

later

I felt my body
as I stretched my bones

tension between

mind & muscles

the energy form the earth enters the body

trembling, as I rest



Forest bathing against stress, 2024
Oil paint and colored pencil on canvas
30 × 50 cm



Lì fermo a guardare l'orizzonte, 2024
Oil paint and colored pencil on canvas
45 × 35 cm



Sott'acqua / Ammollo, 2024
Oil paint and colored pencil on canvas
30 × 40 cm



I miss the summer not the heat, 2024
Oil paint and colored pencil on canvas
40 × 60 cm

A natural wall surrounds us
A cocoon made of rocks

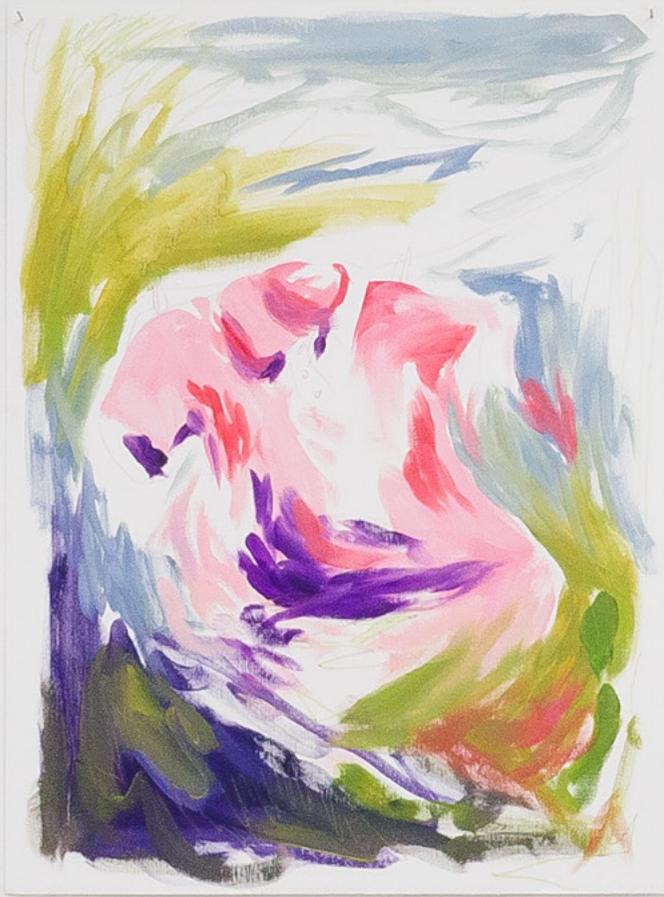
Warm, safe, isolated

I pierce these sky touching walls
from north to south (back and forth)
from south to north (back and forth)
to travel
to search
to see
to collect roots (fragmented)

from my mother's land
 neon
 green
 grass

from my father's land
 dry
 yellow
 grass

Once I leave
I'll glue on my skin
every piece I found



Millennial pink polo of my childhood dreams, 2024
Oil paint and colored pencil on paper
48 × 36 cm



Drawings, 2023 ongoing
Colored pencil on paper
14.8 x 21 cm each



Untitled, A cloud slowly covered my body, Pointing tips protect the inside, 2023
Oil paint and colored pencil on canvas
30 × 40 cm each



Sotto il sole dorato, 2023
Oil paint, oil stick and colored pencil on canvas
30 × 40 cm



Open sky terrarium, Undiscovered roots under my feet, 2023
Oil paint and colored pencil on canvas
30 × 40 cm each

Beep...beep...beeeep!
Someone's in the street
and I'm still under my sheets.

A dirty white truck passes by,
waking me up, ugh, every time!

A muffled voice through a megaphone
screams about products in a loud annoying tone.

Blankets
Towels
Duvets

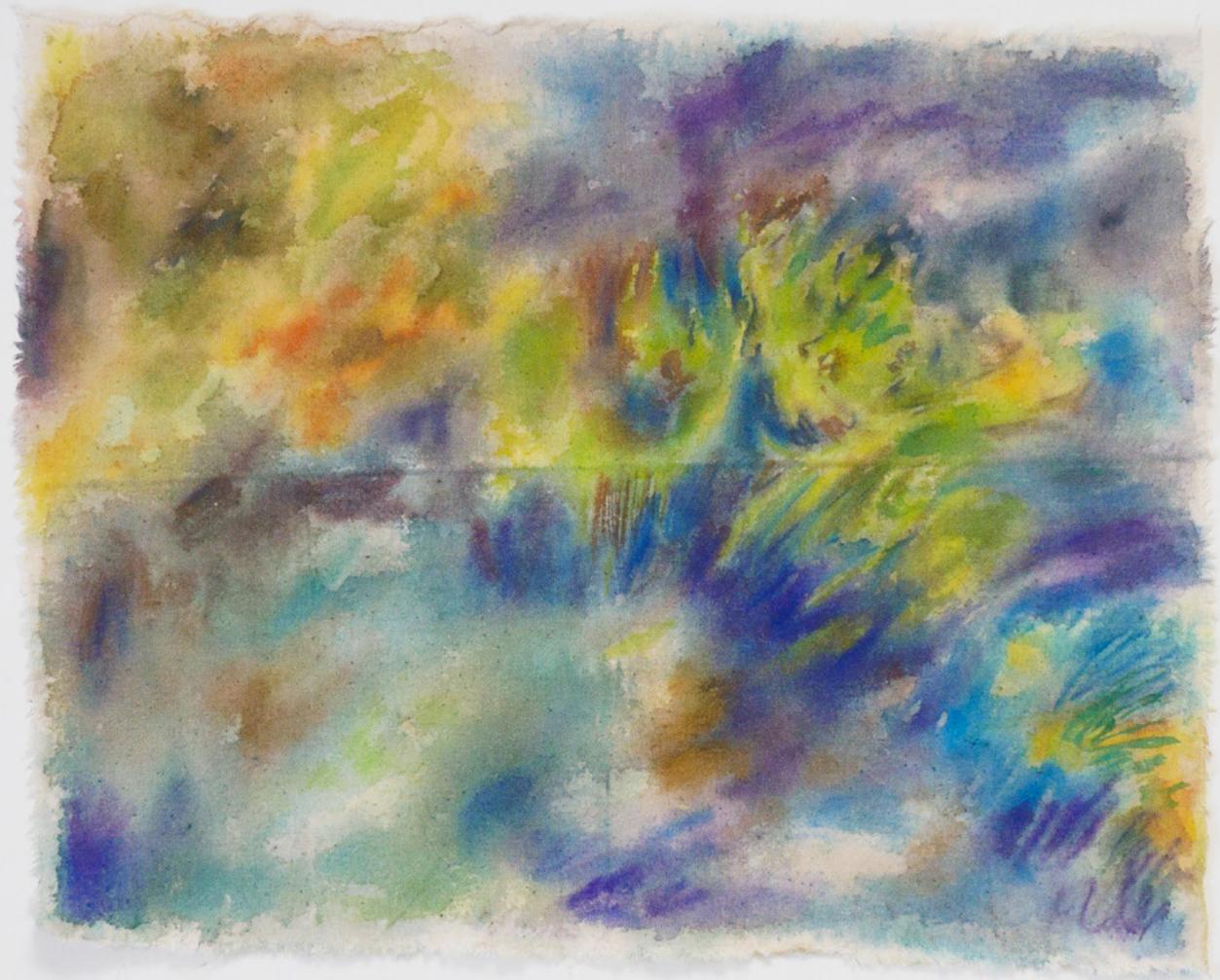
A moving market beneath your house,
an unnoticed wake-up call
to start the day,
whether you want it or not.



Digging into water, 2023
Colored pencil on raw canvas
50 × 70 cm

Dopo il bagno sdraiati sulla riva del mare, 2023
Liquid watercolours, threads, safety pins
55 x 100 cm





Großes Torfmoor, 2023
Watercolor and colored pencil on raw canvas
27 × 33.5 cm



Drawings, 2023
Colored pencil on paper
14.8 × 21 cm each

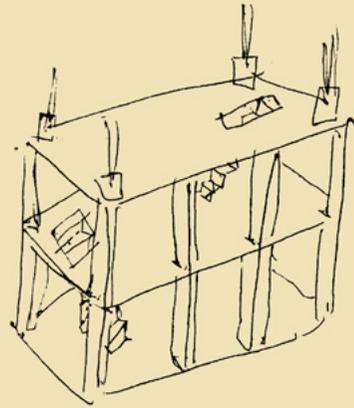


Sembra di nuotare ai tropici!, 2023
Oil on canvas
50 × 70 cm



Boiling ground, 2023
Acrylic and oil paint on canvas
50 × 70 cm

La vita tra rovine moderne



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A light breeze,
Warm & dry,
Travels thru
Man-made structures.
The salt of the sea
Eats materials:
Paint,
Concrete
And iron.
While the sun
Washes the colours
Of the houses away.
After people leave,
These unliveable
Buildings
Continue to live
In silence.

Una leggera arietta,
Calda e secca,
Viaggia attraverso
Strutture artificiali.
Il sale del mare
Mangia materiali:
Pittura,
Calcestruzzo
E ferro.
Mentre il sole
Lava via
I colori delle case.
Dopo la partenza
Delle persone,
Questi invivibili
Edifici
Continuano a vivere
In silenzio.

Metal steps
That lead nowhere
But at the starting point.
Up.
Down.
Up.
Down.
A dead end.
A invisible,
Deserted mall.
A project
Left in the drawer.

Scalini di metallo
Che portano in nessun luogo
Se quel di partenza.
Su.
Giù.
Su.
Giù.
Un punto morto.
Un centro commerciale
Invisibile,
Deserto.
Un progetto
rimasto nel cassetto.

I walk
On boiling ground
Between homes
And monumental sculptures.
A warm wind
Grazes my face.
On an emerald bed,
I immediately jump in.
I tell myself:
With humid weather,
I just can't live.
The smell of the sea,
The smell of sulfur,
It makes you sick,
A distant memory,
It reminds me
Of my stay in Vulcano.

Cammino
Sul terreno bollente
Tra abitazioni
E sculture monumentali.
Un vento caldo
Mi sfiora il viso.
Su un lettino color smeraldo,
Mi ci butto all'improvviso.
Io mi dico:
Col tempo afoso,
Io non ce la faccio
A campare.
L'odore del mare,
L'odore dello zolfo,
Da farti star male,
Un ricordo lontano,
Mi fa ricordare
Alla vacanza a Vulcano.



Night Flowers' Pond, 2022
Water soluble pastels and acrylic paint, grey fabric
120 × 155 cm



Pink Dust, 2022
Oil on canvas
40 × 40 cm



Waterfall, 2022

Fabrics, acrylic paint, water soluble pastels, safety pins, clear fishing wire

Dimensions variable

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Education

2021 - 2024 BA Fine Arts, Zürcher Hochschule der Künste, Zürich
2016 - 2020 Interactive Media Designer, Centro scolastico per le Industrie Artistiche, Lugano

Group Shows

2024 *Diplom Exhibition*, ZHdK, Zürich
2024 Group Exhibition, Villa de Sein, Zürich
2024 *Promise, I'll Never Know*, ZHdK, Zürich
2023 *Skinny Dipping*, ZHdK, Zürich
2023 *Cà Ticino*, Fondazione Claudia Lombardi, Lugano
2023 *L'esperienza del mistico*, Casa del gufo, Carabbia
2022 *Via Kreis*, ZHdK, Zürich
2021 *Playground warrior*, ZHdK, Zürich

Publications

2023 Work featured on BLUE, zine issue 2 by The Elegists