

Tomás Sánchez: Inner Landscape reviewed in The New York Times

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There's a Thoreauvian spirituality to Tomás Sánchez's landscapes—15 of them created since 2014 are on view here—perhaps because they're imagined places, unvisitable, and thus largely unblemished. Take for example the unreal stillness of *Aislado* (2015), a verdant island floating in a milky void, slightly washed-out, as if seen in a dream. This effect carries over into several small drawings, like *Contemplador de nubes* (2018), whose towering cumulonimbus form suggests unstable air and shaky reality.

Lone figures sometimes appear among the trees, contemplating the infinite, attempting transcendence. Whether they've reached paradise or are lodged in purgatory largely depends on the viewer's state of mind, which, considering outside conditions, can be as volatile as the shroud gathering over the river valley in *Diagonales opuestas en un paisaje interior* (2014). Sánchez's clouds are expressive bodies, excised from lagoons like a low-hanging dread, or creeping into the frame the way an intrusive thought can.

Some light polemics disturb the placid naturalism, just as disaster does with increasing regularity. Sánchez's realist touch is especially fearsome in *Con la puerta abierta* (2015), a 6½-by-8-foot canvas dumping ground of spoiled earth and blackening sky, stretching out forever. The wasteland reads like a depressing game of "Where's Waldo?": Discarded antiquities languish amid water bottles and other plastic horrors. If you've been paying any amount of attention, the cataclysmic results of modernity shouldn't come as news, so it's a credit to Sánchez that he continues to render our capacity for self-destruction with terrible majesty.



Aislado, 2015; acrylic on canvas; 78% × 98% in / 199.7 × 249.9 cm

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