

John Sandroni

17 April–23 May 2026

John is painting a crinkled, gauzy and very New York surface. He describes these fuzzy, enigmatic objects with light while meditating on familiarity and place. Intimate and reflective yet somewhat unsettled. These blankets aren't warm, the windows aren't exactly transparent. Does John think there isn't enough mystery in the world?

These works are ambitious in that they are less about images than his past work and more about material (paint). He is dissolving his past images/subject matter into new, darker forms. When past styles become subject matter? That sounds familiar. But something more is going on: John is leaning into abstraction where there was once sentimentality while still mining a familiar through line. I'm excited by this. You?

Text by Corwin Peck