

Fateman, Johanna. "Allison Miller," *The New Yorker*, 12 April 2021, p. 5.

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A profusion of symbols—letters of the alphabet, curlicues, flowers—lends this L.A.-based painter's show at the Susan Inglett gallery a distinctive joie de vivre. The canvases are trapezoidal, which results in a playful forced-perspective effect; if you squint, the pictures almost seem to recede into the wall, as if they were tilting backward. At times, the dynamic compositions (which also feature pixelated lines, collaged strips of calico, and chunky roughed-in geometries) suggest breezy updates of Stuart Davis. Miller is also a wonderful colorist; the diagonal stripes of rose, teal, burgundy, and mustard in "Natural" have the visual pizzazz of a vintage sweater from the nineteen-eighties. But nothing in the show is as charming as "Skyscraper" and its puffy-paint spiderweb. The raised black lines transcend kitsch, despite conjuring Halloween crafts. There's painterly strength and a seriousness at work in Miller's canvases, as well as good humor.

—*Johanna Fateman*