THE HUFFINGTON POST



Deanna Thompson, Installation View, Courtesy of Kayne Griffin Corcoran

Haiku Reviews: Woody Allen, Shostakovich and Vampire Madness

-Peter Frank

Deanna Thompson has been painting the Mojave Desert as a kind of standardized still life, somewhere between Morandi and Ruscha, albeit now (at least) on canvases larger than either was and is wont to employ. In these works she runs the horizon line right across the middle of the painting, and the time of day (and, to a lesser extent, time of year) determines the colors of both. At dead center she plants a dwelling, a homestead house abandoned probably years ago and allowed to weather into ruin. Thompson dwells neither on the sensuous texture of the wasteland or the romance of decrepitude; her Mojave is as stark a void as a Barnett Newman, one likely to overwhelm and shame any pretense at civilization, much less domestication.