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Hanging there at the ready

by Sharon Mizota

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Lining the walls at Itd los angeles, Rachel Foullon's wall sculptures hang on wooden pegs like tack or tools in the barn. The swirls of fabric, rope, wire, garden hose and other objects are artfully arranged in compositions that simultaneously evoke the objects' uses and create satisfying abstractions. From their in-between state, they serve as launch pads for myriad associations, layering ideas about physical labor, portraiture and mortality.

To begin, the arrangements suggest work, and in particular a nostalgia for an agrarian past in which tools and supplies had best be handy. But they can also be seen as portraits: collections of clothing and other items that reflect a personality, a life story. In some cases they seem to refer to the human form, with rounded shapes and dangling fabric that suggest organs or body parts. Torn and stained clothing could be the aftermath of butchery; a few thickly knotted coils of rope evoke lynching. These are, after all, hangings of a sort.

Yet the pieces refuse to linger in such dark territory, continually offering pleasing combinations of shape and color. In this regard, they are not unlike the provisional, three-dimensional "drawings" of Richard Tuttle or the twining, found fabric abstractions of Anna Sew Hoy. And like those works, Foullon's sculptures have an inviting ease about them. They also have an air of anticipation. Casually tacked to the wall (they hang on pegs that slide along a track) they feel like an aesthetic toolkit, ready for any possibility.