HUDSON, NEW YORK

La Wilson

John Davis Gallery

Now in her mid-80s, Ohio-based, primarily self-taught La Wilson has long made resonant, even transgressive-feeling assemblage works. Her signature form is the box, which she uses to hold compositions made up of everyday objects, very much like a conventional frame provides a border for a painting's pictorial space. For years, she has scoured flea markets in search of antique

standing of box-assemblage sculpture begins and ends with Joseph Cornell or self-conscious Surrealist provocation. With Wilson's work, a winking, postmodern sense of irony about the appropriated and recontextualized can fall flat; her creations are surreal, abstract, or po-mo only by accident or by unintentional affinity, not by design.

In her assemblages, which exude an air of mystery and playfulness, she takes such humble items as pencils, dominoes, flat-head nails, The old wooden boxes become integral elements of each work and often set the overall tone, from subtly subversive to eloquent. In her recent works, Wilson takes a more pared-down approach, using fewer kinds of elements in her compositions. Thus, the ephemeral-feeling Étude (2010) consists of just a group of felt piano hammers placed inside a small, shallow box, like the delicate, color-streaked shoots of an exotic tropical plant. In Night Light (2010), a single, large black die with

school-cafeteria tray. Each element evokes a heightened sense of awareness in its airless, timeless little chamber.

Wilson has studied Buddhism for many years, and its meditative spirit can be felt in her work, as can a sense of spontaneity. About the odds and ends that are her raw materials, the mostly reclusive artist told me a few years ago: "I just try to find a home for them...The thing is to go in and find relationships [between them] that I never imagined or heard of or thought about. I just love that feeling of them coming together."

- Edward M. Gómez



La Wilson, *Holy Wisdom*, 2010. Mixed media, 13.5 x 19 x 3.25 in. open.

packing boxes, the kinds of containers that once held sewing notions or hardware.

Over the years, Wilson has gained a cult following among fellow artists working in collage and assemblage. Because her work is more funkyabstract than literary-romantic, it has never really sunk into the consciousness of viewers whose under-

embroidery thread, hair clips, typewriter keys, and small hand tools and, through simple gestures like slicing them in half or placing them in unusual positions, transforms their character and meaning. In Wilson's hands, a clothespin can become as elegant as a diamond brooch or as sinister as a dagger. She uses antique metal type or letter-press type forms, often stuffing a box full of textureyielding objects, such as bullet casings, beads, or folding yardsticks. white dots stands on its own little shelf in a vertically oriented box with thick, time-weathered walls; a larger compartment below is packed full of black-stained upright sticks. *Holy Wisdom* (2010), an open, hinged box, reveals faded, red-and-yellow letter blocks, a green folding ruler, a blue-painted stone, a wooden spool, and rolls of white string, each type of object contained in a separate compartment like oddly gathered items on a