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By MICHAEL BRENSON

Rona Pondick

*Fiction/Nonfiction Gallery
155 Avenue B (at 10th Street)
Through Sunday*

On one level, Rona Pondick's sculptures are seductive and fetishistic. White objects rest on a stack of five pillows like idols on a throne. A bronze object shaped like a fertility symbol lies on a satin pillow at the head of a clean bed with the sheet pulled back. A ball of wax sits in the middle of the gallery like a fertility goddess.

On another level, these sculptures are anti-seductive and anti-fetishistic. The white plastic objects on the white pillows in "Angel" suggest a pile of dead mice. The sheet in "Lead Bed" is lead, the frame of the bed is wood and the bronze object on the pillow looks like a crank. In "Mine," the ball of wax seems not to be about nourishment, but suffocation. Like Meret Oppenheim's fur-lined teacup, these sculptures are provocative and repellent at the same time.

Ms. Pondick depends upon process and materials. She usually starts with one form, which tends to be maggot-like or phallic in shape — not dissimilar in feeling to the mounds in sculptures by Charles Simonds. The material — wax, steel wool or plastic — helps dictate process. The form usually multiplies. "Puddle," however, was only one wax form, thrown on the floor and spread like jelly using a blow torch, then cast in lead. The process sets in motion something obsessive, irrational. In Ms. Pondick's work, the logic and seriality of Minimalism seem to have gone haywire.