
7 DAYS • SEPTEMBER 21, 1988

ART

NEW THIS WEEK

RONA PONDICK

*Sculpture Center Gallery, 167
E. 69th St. (879-3500).*

Rona Pondick's sculptures make you invent stories. Her current show, an installation titled *Beds*, spread out over three rooms, invokes a clearly personal visual vocabulary of mysteriously absent oversize snakelike creatures, metal-sheathed beds, and threatening pillows. The first construction seems to be a pile of futons custom-made for the bandaged worm sacked out on top. The second section is the most intriguing: three beds here, made of curiously soft-looking metal covering evenly piled, seeping sandbags. Indentations in the metal sheets imply that the worms have napped and gone—leaving a fecal “calling card”

smack dab in the center of pillow number one. The low beds are spaced so that you can walk around them—you may want to, lest the worm still be lurking. Around the bend, in a 2½-yard-wide niche, are stacked two tall towers of perfect black pillows, Sears'-home-center style, with just enough space between them for a brave human to venture. Brave because they're sooo tall, and sooo black, and once you've wedged yourself in, you're suffocated by their pillowy presence. Midexit you see a nasty-looking tail(?) still protruding from beneath the slightly unwrapped upper-left pillow—less scary than cute in such a cushy context. If you find yourself yawning, perhaps it's not that Pondick's work is boring but rather that she has truly captured the essence of *bed*.
Amy Barasch
