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Review/Art

By MICHAEL BRENSON

Robin Hill

Lang & O'Hara Gallery 568 Broadway (at Prince Street) Through March 4

In her confident new sculptures, each one organic and architectural at the same time, Robin Hill has found a direction she may follow for a while. She no longer works with beeswax but with a blend of natural and artificial materials, including paraffir, with which she creates white wax sculptures tinged and veined with gray and black. She no longer makes sculpture from drawings on walls but begins with clay models that enable her to establish a variety of contours and build works that are more fully sculptural than before.

Her sculptures have an odd blend of purity and impurity. She opens passageways through them that call attention to the wood and mesh armatures to which the wax is applied. The wax is not modeled, however, as it is traditionally, but torched and carved, and it looks like marble. The imagery changes constantly depending on the point of view. The sense of humor and play in the process is reinforced by the imagery. There are suggestions of rockers, toys and playgrounds. There are also suggestions of breasts and rumps as pronounced as those of fertility goddesses. All that is missing is a sharper sense of conflict between the different kinds of imagery and a more patient search for psychological weight.