

Tom Doyle: Space Embraced

■ Sundaram Tagore Gallery

547 W. 27th St., (212) 677-4520

Through April 30

Tom Doyle (b. 1928) fells cherry, oak and sassafras trees to make his carved, rough-hewn tripartite sculptures, some of which he casts in red and brown patinated bronze. The nearly two dozen abstract works here, from 1986 to the present, are either handheld or behemoth in scale. They resemble armatures of crude lean-tos. Some are totemic and tall and lurch like giant insects, but most crouch low and wide and suggest driftwood, bones, weapons, fossils and animals, especially birds—with wings outstretched—crippled or alighting. “Ballyoridge”

(2011) splays like a wounded colt. “Big Cruck” (2009) struts proudly, but as if dragging a broken leg. “Iron Rain” (1994) is a massive cleaver ready to drop. Other sculptures lift themselves like supplicants or stand ready, like loaded catapults. Not every work here takes flight. But Mr. Doyle’s best sculptures have the familial feel of limbs supporting, drooping over and hugging one another. They feel alive, suspended between falling and flying.