

just beneath the surface of the work. Several memorable drawings are of a small hill with, at its top, a stand of trees. It's a motif that goes way, way back, beyond Cézanne and Courbet to Giorgione. In Goldin's hands the vignette has a summary power. The evocation of place and space is so abbreviated, it's almost heartbreaking. Goldin's drawings are rough but elegiac. The planes of color are like fragments of stained glass seen in fading light.

*Chris Macdonald* by Jed Perl

Chris Macdonald's big sculptures of trucks, cars, and machines, constructed of two-by-fours and nuts and bolts, are delightfully direct. So are the teensy trucks and "space vehicles," made from materials from the hardware store and the street, that he exhibited at Baron/Boisanté in February and March. In these small works, Macdonald continues the one-plus-one-equals-two guilelessness of his work with nuts and bolts, but by other means. Many of the sculptures are made of bits of wire mesh that have been woven with brightly colored plastic strips. It's an unlikely medium, yet Macdonald handles it with a winning ingenuity.

Nearly four dozen odd, brightly-colored constructions were arranged on a big made-by-Macdonald plywood table at Baron/Boisanté. I would not have known, except by consulting a key provided by the gallery, that each of these miniature sculptures is Macdonald's version of a particular truck or piece of machinery. (Macdonald's big wood pieces have similarly specific derivations.) There is something childlike in these connections to particular machines; they're linkages that Macdonald must realize most gallerygoers won't get, so there's something secretive about the associations. But the specifics aren't important; what's important is that we get the general idea that there's a specificity to these objects, that we catch their detail, their individuality. That's what's such fun. Of course this work recalls Calder, but the connection is not so much a matter of formal influences (though there may be those) as it

is a connection in practice, Macdonald having some of the genial engineer-run-amok panache that made Calder such a beloved figure. Macdonald's show of teensy things fit beautifully into the shoebox-sized Baron, Boisanté. There's a synergy between the quirkiness of the space and the quirkiness of the sculpture. Chris Macdonald is still the boy-man in love with toy trucks.

*James McGarrell*

James McGarrell had a wonderful idea for a show: a series of paintings based on fantastical meetings between various eminent figures in the arts and their younger selves. The work that was at Frumkin/Adams in February included paintings of Elizabeth Bishop, Vladimir Nabokov, Charles Chaplin, Orson Welles, James Joyce, Billie Holiday, Edwin Dickinson, Cole Porter, and Ezra Pound. They're all wonderful choices. In some of the paintings there is a direct interaction between older and younger self. The two Nabokovs sit down and play chess; the tired old Welles is filmed by the young genius. But in many of the paintings there's no interaction: the two figures are merely disposed in a fantastical landscape, and they don't even necessarily seem conscious of their opposite numbers. McGarrell isn't much of a figure painter, so he can't highlight the physical differences between his younger and older artists, yet he does get a mood going in the romantic-fantastical mindscapes that he designs for his protagonists. The paintings are big (eighty inches high) and the extreme warmth of the color (lots of high-keyed oranges, reds, and purples) and the generally crowded character of the compositions heighten a viewer's expectations. McGarrell overlaps textures and colors so that there is a curious quality of layered scenery, as if one is seeing a landscape in a process of transmogrification or deterioration, with vistas peeling away to expose other views. This is probably meant to suggest the passage of time, and as one looks closely at the paintings one hopes to find lots of nuggets of narrative embedded in these