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THE BOSTON GLOBE

Arts & Reviews

John Goodman: Moving Pictures

At: Howard Yezerksi Gallery,
14 Newbury St., through March 11.
617-262-0550, howardyezerskigallery.com

In motion

“Moving Pictures,” John Goodman’s quickie photographic tour of the United States at Howard Yezerksi Gallery, is aptly named. Even though you might see a still life or two among these smart gelatin silver prints, most of them have a sense of unstoppable motion, a thrust. They propel you from one to the next until — bam! One of them makes you stop.

There’s “Carousel, Tulsa Rodeo,” in which a white horse, mane flying, rears inside the gate before being released. Thanks to the precarious angle of Goodman’s shot, the crowd seems to whirl around the horse. It hangs beside the crystal clear “Sand Mine Street, Oregon,” a chiaroscuro image of the sun glistening on damp pavement, a distant car throwing long shadows toward a stop line and the word itself, “STOP,” which brings us up short, as it should.

“Father’s Day, Coney Island” couldn’t be crisper; you can see the grains of sand on the beach blanket as a couple smooches, heads hidden beneath a towel. For all that clarity, there’s an aching sense of urgency. Right next to that is the gorgeously textured “Blanket,” empty and half-buried in the sand, still but filled with the suggestion of what has happened there.

Most of Goodman’s photos move, suggesting a speedy ride through the country, giddily taking in country singers and ballet dancers. But it’s those pauses that give the show its expressive rhythm.

- Cate McQuaid