

## Art: Mega To Mini In 2 Shows

By GRACE GLUECK

**A**MONG the many outdoor sights to see around Manhattan this holiday season works of art loom large. Two recent — and temporary — additions to the scene, by the well-known English-born sculptor William Tucker, and Stewart Wilson, a young North Carolinian-turned-New Yorker, are in midtown, and well worth including on a Christmas constitutional.

Meanwhile, going from one side of town to the other and from the massive to the mini, there is Stewart Wilson's tiny but festive tableau "Personas on Parade," deployed in the 10 windows of the Municipal Parking Garage on Eighth Avenue at 53d Street. To create his "personas," Mr. Wilson, who styles himself a "fetish maker," dresses up toy soldier and horse figures in brilliantly colored, wonderfully outlandish costumes made of scraps of fur, cloth, foil and feathers. They suggest Indian shamans, Japanese warriors and sometimes men from Mars. The parade begins in the first window, led by a drummer, a twirler and other members of a band, followed by a red open limo of high dignity, draped with performers of every stripe and attended by soldiers.

The procession meanders fetchingly through subsequent windows, a mélange of elaborate floats drawn by toy autos, vivid performers, jugglers, violinists, clowns, mimes, acrobats, prancing horses and more mundane but comically drawn street figures

made of plain clay: a businessman, a bicyclist, a sanitation worker, a fire-fighter, even a woman gaily pushed on a wheeled bed by an attendant. There are obvious influences here, such as Alexander Calder's wire circus and the comic constructions of Red Grooms, but Mr. Wilson's work has its own fresh and engaging individuality. (Through Jan. 8.)

Incidentally, an even more ambitious Wilson installation lights up the not-for-profit Artists Space at 105 Hudson Street. Here the little figures, arranged in glass boxes, have a more ritualistic appearance. One glass box is a shrine, with the "personas" dispersed in an inscrutable milieu with props made of pencil stubs, dominoes, Tinker Toys and other ingenuities. Another box seems to hold an Indian powwow, convened in a Styrofoam amphitheater, with colorful medicine men attitudinizing along the tiers. In a third box, the "personas" dodge in and out of a mazelike series of baffles. And so it goes. A clever soundtrack makes an appropriate and highly vocal bustle. (Through Jan. 15.)