THE NEW YORKER

ART

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Anne Collier

In these elegantly spare pictures of pictures, women are defined by the camera, whether behind or in front of the lens. Extending the Pictures Generation legacy of appropriation, Collier exhibits images of album covers, book spreads, and advertisements. A naked woman strides into the surf in a huge, grainy black-and-white shot that feels like a sixties flashback. Its mood of exhilaration and freedom is offset by closeups of other women, including Ingrid Bergman, crying on record sleeves. The tears, while theatrical, are oddly touching—Collier doesn't mock artifice, she revels in it. Through May 14. (Kern, 532 W. 20th St. 212-367-9663.)

THE NEW YORKER, MAY 16, 2016