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HENRY WESSEL

His show is called “Incidents,” but don’t expect drama from this witty California photographer. Nothing much happens in his crisp black-and-white pictures, and when narrative does crop up, it’s casual and concise: two boys roughhouse on a suburban lawn, a couple chats on a tennis court littered with balls, a woman walks into a cocktail lounge in the middle of the day. Although the works here are undated, much of it suggests the seventies, when Wessel first made an impact with his So Cal social studies. The sun is strong, the mood is lazy, and the pictures have a kind of offhand perfection—never trying too hard, always hitting the mark. Through June 18. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 212-759-7999.)