



# THE NEW YORKER

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## GALLERIES—CHELSEA

### **ELAINE MAYES**

All but one of Mayes's portraits of young people in Haight-Ashbury were made in 1968, when San Francisco's hippies shared the streets with runaway teens and a growing population of drifters and drug addicts. The flower children were no longer so blissed-out, but they sat for their portraits with a touching gravity and looked into Mayes's camera as if they knew they could trust it and her. You can't help but notice the bare feet, long hair, beads, fringe, and granny shawls, but these are only incidentally fashion photographs. They're true portraits—understated and un-sentimental but quietly astonishing, as if August Sander had been around for the Summer of Love. Through May 9. (Kasher, 521 W. 23rd St. 212-966-3978.)