

PRICE \$5.99

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THE NEW YORKER

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

FRANKLIN EVANS

There are seven unstretched paintings in this exhibition, but you'll be hard pressed to find them amid the rainbow stripes of artist's tape, the snapshots of friends, family, and art-world insiders, and the scans of book covers lining the transparent floor at the gallery's entrance. Walking into the gallery is like entering a hyperorganized brain. Objects are obsessively assembled; photographs hang in a gridded formation, tethered to threads attached to the floor and the ceiling. But a sound piece hints at more primal impulses—among the quotes recited are lines from "Secret Historian," the biography of Samuel Steward, a tattoo artist and literary figure who kept notoriously meticulous records of his sexual exploits. Through April 15. (Scott, 1 Rivington St. 212-358-8767.)