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FRANK HAINES

Haines ranges across mediums—and levels of consciousness—in his first solo show in New York. The gallery’s three walls have been painted black, white, and gray in what may be a nod to the early-twentieth-century exhibition designs of Hilla Rebay, a co-founder of the Guggenheim Museum, or, perhaps, to the era’s fascination with Freud’s theory of the conscious, subconscious, and unconscious mind. A pair of pyramids, one black and one white, mirror each another; crepuscular paintings of esoteric symbols vacillate between the surrealist and the vaguely spiritualist (early Miro, the vibrational drawings of Emma Kunz, and Lee Mullican’s countercultural abstractions all come to mind). A soundtrack recorded by Haines on a Prophet 600, the synthesizer favored by slasher-film composers, heightens the sepulchral air. Through July 3. (Cooley, 34 Orchard St. 212-680-0564.)

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