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GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

"SCRAWL"

Since 1985, Harley Spiller, an inveterate collector of the effluvia of New York streets, has maintained an archive—bits of cardboard, paper scraps, stickers—emblazoned with paranoid rants on politics, religion, sex, and outsider theories of physics. New Yorkers know these screeds well: taped to the sides of buildings or lampposts, posted in subway cars or laundromats, they abandon the usual terms of debate for conspiracy theories, personal invectives, and pleas for cash. They're ardent, emphatic, sometimes scary, and may make you love the city just a little bit more—as Spiller writes, "NYC can be trying at its best, a war zone at its worst. Who's to say who's crazy?" Through Oct. 11. (Apexart, 291 Church St. 212-431-5270.)

