CHARLES RAY

A legendary work by Ray, never before exhibited in public, may well be the damnedest thing you ever saw, "Ink Line" (1987) is a gleaming, almost imperceptibly rippling filament of printer's ink continuously

falling from a tiny hole in the ceiling into a tiny hole in the floor. Hymning absolute verticality (guaranteed by gravity), absolute blackness, and minimalist presence in overdrive, it rivets and even somehow, serenely, terrifies. Two other early motorized Rays are also on view, and they're O.K. But resolve not to die before you have gotten a load of "Ink Line." Through June 27. (Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 212-243-0200.)

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