

scenic artist's breezy, uniform brushwork fails to distinguish hands from backpacks, faces from work boots. Single portraits, like *Fernando* (2006), work best; grouping the men seems to reinforce their social invisibility.

4 Gary Hill

Gladstone Gallery, 515 W. 24th St.; through February 10

By accident or design, the digitally animated eagle at the center of Gary Hill's new installation is a wimpier version of the squawking bird that opens *The Colbert Report*. Here, the veteran sound-and-image artist's political symbols of the most obvious kind (gold bullion, a broadcast tower) upstage an unsettling soundtrack of cracking whips. *Guilt*, an installation of gold coins printed with torture scenes and viewed through telescopes, combines a bad pun with a weary metaphor. Turning the abuses of Abu Ghraib and Guantánamo into genuinely affecting work is more difficult than it looks; Thomas Hirschhorn and Fernando Botero are among the few who have pulled it off. And in art, unlike TV satire, the blowhard act wears thin fast.

5 Paulina Olowska

Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St.; through February 10

Cold War nostalgia meets Polish punk: Many of the images in these colorful collages come from the old U.S.S.R. magazine *Ameryka* and its U.S. counterpart *Soviet Life*, published via a cultural-exchange program (the Americans wear bikinis and carry surfboards; the Soviets dress in *ushankas* and practice ballet). These relatively tame images get a jolt from scraps of torn posters from the Polish underground music scene. Spend your time upstairs with the smaller collages, which are more persuasively nostalgic than the large-scale works' giant mash-ups of competing propaganda.

6 Justin Lieberman

Zach Feuer, 530 W. 24th St.; through February 24

This gallery-as-ad-agency show opens with a disclaimer: I AM A MANIPULATIVE CAREERIST SELLOUT. It's a world-weary statement that prompts an equally fatigued response: Who isn't, in this market? In a series of one-line-joke lightboxes, Lieberman rolls his eyes at ad

campaigns (one uses the cover of Jonathan Safran Foer's *Everything Is Illuminated* to hawk Ziploc bags: "Everything Is Laminated"). They're fun, but the sculptures made from scrap wood, particularly the conference table and chairs in the back room, show more elbow grease and ambition.

7 Daniel Buren

Bortolami Dayan, 510 W. 25th St.; through February 15

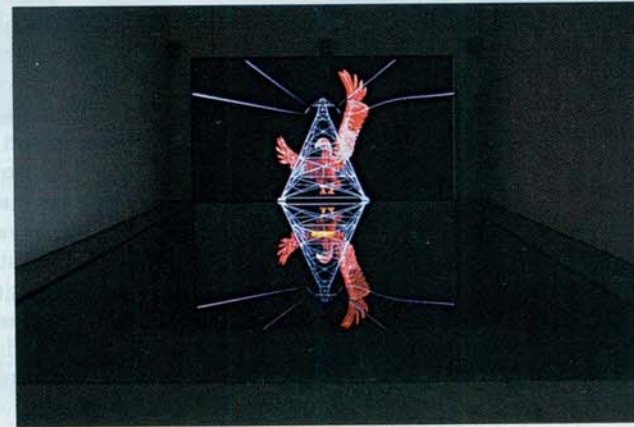
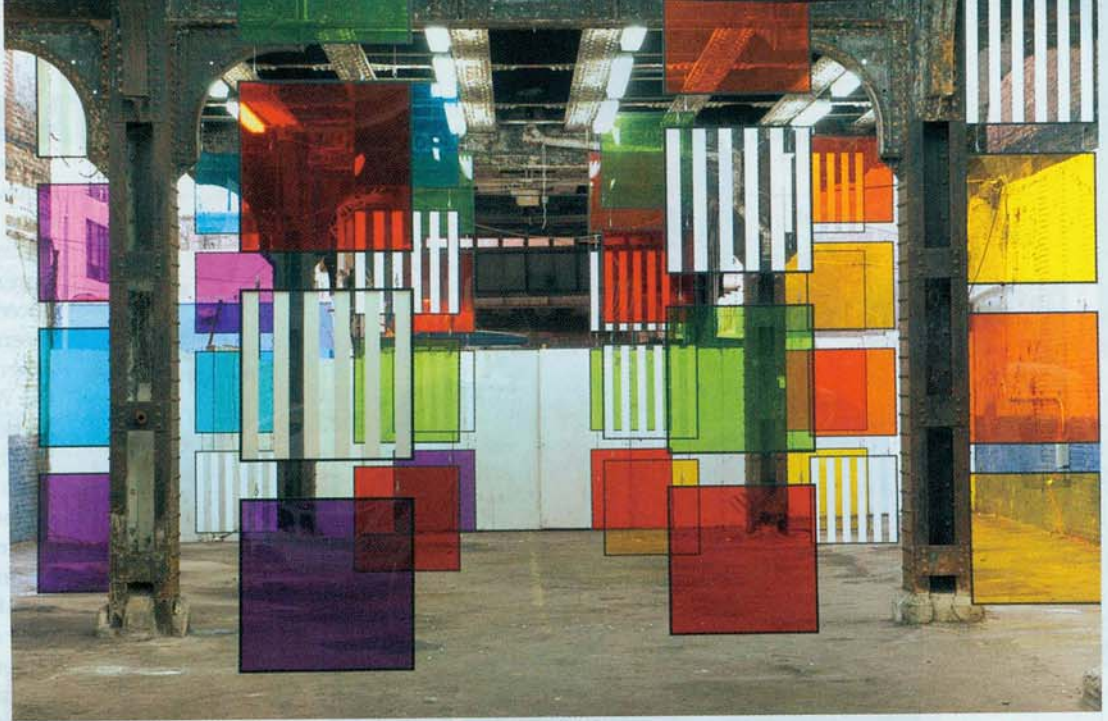
Buren's painted stripes have lost their subversive sting in recent years (the Guggenheim, which removed one of his giant canvases from a 1971 exhibition, invited him to take over the rotunda in 2005).

The 1966 work in the main gallery looks almost quaint—but the new outdoor installation, hinged squares of Plexiglas suspended from the underside of the High Line in an adjacent lot, inspires thoughts about the future of everyone's favorite urban relic.

8 Veron Urdarianu

Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 534 W. 26th St.; through February 17

Working in a milky palette popularized by Luc Tuymans, Urdarianu layers paint over cardboard to create flattened shapes with crisp edges. As in Tuymans, the landscapes and interiors have a dour, suspenseful mood. A line of tram cars is labeled



Opposite page, from left: Paulina Olowska's *Tilt* (2006); John Sonsini's *David* (2006). This page, clockwise from top: a view of Daniel Buren's *The Colored Screens* (2007); Veron Urdarianu's *Hypnotizing Machine* (2006); Michael Rakowitz's *Bull Head* (IM45020), *Excavation and Extraction* (Recovered, Missing, Stolen Series) (2007); a view of Gary Hill's *Frustrum* (2006).

HYPNOTIZING MACHINE; office seating becomes a VICTIM CHAIR.

WAL-MART'S LAME ONE ANGRY 137 PAIRS OF KENNEDY SHOES

NEW YORK

i am

not interested in privacy.
online, i reveal everything—
my breakups,
my bank balances, my breakfast cereal.

my body,
my parents call it
shameless. i call it
freedom.

Understanding the Greatest Generation Gap Since Rock and Roll
BY BRILLY NUPHRAUM