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MARIA MARSHALL

Two stylish, beautifully shot, video-projected films, both short but seamlessly looped and watchable indefinitely. In one, two naked little boys swing back and forth in a yellow hammock amid green pines. A childish voice repeats, “I hate you. I love you, Mommy.” In the other, an athletic lad in purple warmup pants kicks a soccer ball continually against a white-painted stone church in what seems the middle of semi-arid nowhere. (It’s southern Spain.) The ball is invisible, having been digitally expunged. We see its darting shadow and hear its amplified thumps. In each work, Marshall seems intent on producing a sensation, for its own sake, of cool loveliness and trifling alarm. She nails it. Through Oct. 12. (Team, 527 W. 26th St. 279-9219.)