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UGO RONDINONE

The oldest part of Manhattan gets a little dressed up with something even older: casts of two millennia-old olive trees from the countryside near Naples, the home town of the artist's parents. The trees, fabricated in aluminum and painted with white enamel, serve as foils against which to gauge the changing seasons, reflecting sunlight and basking in the longer days of spring. These, however, will not stand in their current location as long as their Neapolitan progenitors; the artist describes them as more a "memoriam of condensed time." The trees bear poetic titles: "Air Gets Into Everything Even Nothing" and "Get Up Girl a Sun Is Running the World." Nice, even if they don't sound like anything having to do with ancient olive trees in lower Manhattan. Through April 30. (2 West St., at Battery Pl. www.creativetime.org.)