"All the News That's Fit to Print"

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Today, partly sunny, moderate warmth and humidity, high 84. Tonight, partly cloudy, low 71. Tomorrow, a shower or thunderstorm, high 84. Weather map, Page B16.

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Art in Review

Hilary Lloyd

Artists Space 38 Greene Street, SoHo Through Aug. 21

The British artist Hilary Lloyd makes her New York gallery debut with videos that have the presence of sculptures. Seven sets of monitors, each composed of two or three screens mounted on poles, stand here and there across Artists Space's wide-open, loftlike premises. Each set of monitors shows images of various scenes, repeated once or twice, sometimes in slightly different versions.

On one set of screens the moon transverses the sky. On another, a bit of boldly patterned fabric edges into view. On a third, a line of light shines through the slight gap between two bare legs. On a fourth, a lighted-up building, seen upside down and in triplicate, swings like a church censer. On a fifth, someone points a camera down at a pair of feet standing on payement.

There's not much action in these videos, and when there is it's often glacially slow, on Warhol-time. But Ms. Lloyd's intention seems to be to create an inbetween art: between stasis and movement; between realism and abstraction; between artificial and personal; between video, photography and sculpture. There are real bodies (the feet on the pavement are Ms. Lloyd's) and real buildings, but they're cut loose, anti-gravitational, lost in space. The images vaguely suggest an urban narrative, but, as in Chris Marker's films, the drama lies in the long, ruminative wait. The work in Ms. Lloyd's case should feel dry, but doesn't. It's magnetic. You want to see what will happen next, even when you know there's no next. HOLLAND COTTER