

THE
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Lydia Ourahmane

For this riddle of a show, the Algerian artist has filled the small space with disparate, poetic elements. Four cast-bronze female half torsos lie flat on the gallery floor in a curved line—a short path of disquieting stepping stones leading to a shorn-off braid of human hair. A small mahogany box (a mouse-size treasure chest) sits alone on a ledge. But the real clues—and additional mysteries—are provided by the written materials at the front desk. From the exhibition checklist, we learn that one of the works on view is invisible: titled “Betadine,” it is composed of antiseptic solution mopped onto the floor.

—*Johanna Fateman*