



NEW YORK – ANICKA YI: “DIVORCE” AT 47 CANAL THROUGH JUNE 8TH, 2014

June 9th, 2014



Anicka Yi, *Somewhere Between I Want It and I Got it* (2014), via 47 Canal

The works at Anicka Yi's *Divorce*, which was on view at 47 Canal until Sunday June 8th, felt like something of a series of scenarios: moments of banal chores, sexual trysts and social interaction that work together to create a sense of disjointed narrative. Incorporating many of the art world's currently popular tropes, particularly household materials and industrial approaches to display and mounting, Yi turned her objects towards a particularly personal subject: that of divorce.



Anicka Yi, *Washing Away of Wrongs* (2014), via Kelly Lee for Art Observed

Pulling from a disparate set of techniques, approaches and materials, Yi's works included a wall of embedded DVD's coated in a thick, dripping layer of honey, a series of cardboard and plexiglass boxes filled with snails, an inflatable set of screens displaying comical messages and personal rants, and a pair of washing machine doors, opening into black tunnels where viewers can inhale a set of sickly, pungent odors.

The works constantly referred to subtle undertones of disaster and decay, relationships slowly losing strength or desperation hidden in the humor of a lonely text. Nearby, Yi suspended a glass case displaying a set of hearts encased in a resin sculpture of perfectly shaped abs, love and desire placed clinically on display.

Sex and isolation, desire and despair were the focal point of *Divorce*, but always lurking just under the surface. Yi treated her works with a careful pairing of elements and affects, allowing the simple assemblages to work in tandem, between their material composition and their ultimate impact.

The powerful scents of *Washing Away of Wrongs* was made all the more striking by the familiarity and comfort of its simple domestic imagery, both playing against the panic of darkness the viewer feels when sticking their head inside the work as suggested.

The contrasts of material and approach worked well for Yi here, turning each work into a diorama, a moment in a shared story that felt unified by the texts constantly scrolling across one wall.

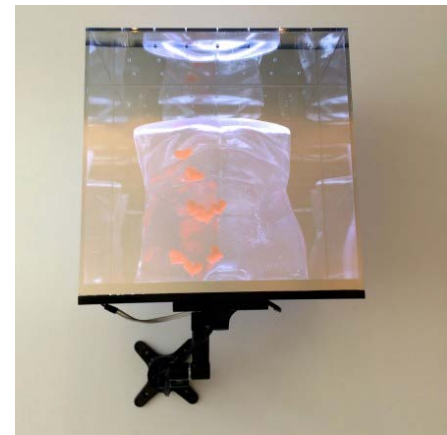
The pieces conjured up a dissonance between the white gallery walls and the intensely personal moments Yi sought to explore here.

They vacillated between internal and external, between moments of emotional honesty and disaffected exhibitionism that ultimately played off the nature of the show itself. Yi seemed intent on exploring these psychologically fraught moments of modern love, but was unable to separate her own interests from the context of exhibition, from the work's historical vantage point in contemporary practice, and so sought to charge these same objects with her own political agendas.

— D. Creahan



Anicka Yi, *Nuit de Cellophane (detail)* (2014), via Kelly Lee for Art Observed



Anicka Yi, *Fear and Spear* (2014), via Kelly Lee for Art Observed



Anicka Yi, *verbatem? verbatim?* (2014), via Kelly Lee for Art Observed



Anicka Yi, *Divorce* (Installation View), via 47 Canal

The New York Times

ART & DESIGN

Anicka Yi: 'Divorce'

MAY 22, 2014



Fear and Spear, from Anicka Yi's *Divorce* exhibition at 47 Canal Street, the second in a three-part series of shows. Courtesy of the Artist and 47 Canal

47 Canal

47 Canal Street, between Orchard and Ludlow Streets, Lower East Side

Through June 8

By Karen Rosenberg

Anicka Yi's sculptures contaminate sterile consumer goods with small but potent doses of organic materials. You might think of them as pop objects in a state of decay. In her latest solo, DVDs are covered in drips of honey, and a box of cardboard and clear resin holds live snails.

Ms. Yi isn't the only artist making this kind of entropic readymade, but she has a way of spinning her sculptures into a larger, intriguing narrative. (This show, the second in a three-part series, is titled "Divorce" and follows a Berlin exhibition titled "Denial.") The snails, in their makeshift aquarium, are part of a stack of moving boxes that suggest a breakup. Nearby, two side-by-side clothes-dryer doors open to release two different fragrances, both highly unpleasant (one reeks of fried food and wet cardboard, the other of a peat bog; they were made in collaboration with the perfumer Christophe Laudamiel) and seem to relate to the theme of domesticity gone awry.

Less visceral, and less effective, is a stream of text messages sent by Ms. Yi to various recipients over the last five years (projected onto a wall sculpture of inflatable vinyl). They represent only one side of a conversation, leaving us to fill in the gaps. Viewers who find this too depressing, or simply too tedious, might circle back to the snails; as Ms. Yi writes, they're self-reproducing hermaphrodites, "a techno-sensual sparse law of one."

THE NEW YORKER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN: ART

ANICKA YI

May 1 – June 8

You could almost read the pair of front-loading washing machines this keen artist has embedded in the gallery's white walls as a sly minimalist intervention. Until you open the doors, that is. Wafting from the drums are surreal, hardly pleasant perfumes—the stench of fried food in one, something like a frog in the other—that wrench her art from formalist play into the realm of the senses. Other works here, including CDs dripping with honey and cardboard boxes containing snails and oxytocin, sustain the experimentation, though Yi should give up the insipid sculptures of iPhone chat bubbles; she's too smart for such art-fair fodder. Through June 8.