

# 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.