

ARTNEWS

SHRIMP, FEMALE BACTERIA, AND THE SMELL OF GAGOSIAN: ANICKA YI AT THE KITCHEN

Plus, Sascha Braunig at Foxy Production, Carmen Cicero at June Kelly, and Joan Brown at George Adams

Sascha Braunig's new paintings, which are on view at [Foxy Production](#) through April 18, share with Yi's constructions an uncanny, spectral sensibility, but they are, in contrast, immaculately polished. Braunig repeats sui generis patterns—spheres, undulating folds, piped lines—on her canvases, conjuring featureless faces and bodies, or just fragments of them. These apparitions defy any rules of anatomy. Rendering her abstractions with fulsome shadowing, she makes the figural traces bulge so that they take on erotic weight. Thomas Bayrle and Konrad Klapheck are clear forebears, and like them, Braunig displays a preternatural ability to make major art out of ultra-tight, self-imposed restrictions.

Braunig is at her best when she is at her most sinister, as in *Feeder* (2014), in which a thin arm emerges from a wavy profile of a woman (though gender, as ever, is uncertain) and bends around to her mouth, so that it resembles nothing so much as a force-feeding tube. In a back room, a bronze mask, originally molded from an undulating tube of clay, hangs from the ceiling. Braunig used it as a maquette for one of the show-stealing paintings she contributed to the New Museum triennial. It is a chilling reminder that even her most fantastical, disturbing paintings have their roots in reality.

- Andrew Russeth