Anicka Yi

The title of the artist’s intriguing solo début, “Sous-Vide,” refers to a method of slow-cooking food in vacuum-sealed bags—an apt metaphor for the balance of carnal and cool in her hermetic sculptures. Two surfboard fins jut with sharklike menace from the floor, near classified video footage from WikiLeaks, projected inside a plastic cylinder intended for use as an oil-drum liner. In this context, a red turtleneck sweater on the wall, sporting a bouquet of tempura-fried flowers instead of a head (the oil stains the garment), assumes elegiac proportions. In the show’s most ambitious work, oil oozes from three apertures in the exterior wall of a white ceramic-lined room—equal parts bathhouse and torture chamber. Through Oct. 23.