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Sarah Braman, 'You Are Everything'

By MARTHA SCHWENDENER



A few blocks north of Sarah Braman's exhibition "["You Are Everything" at Mitchell-Innes & Nash](#)" is a rare sight: A defunct and shuttered McDonald's restaurant on the corner of 34th Street and 10th Avenue. The title of Ms. Braman's show comes from a graffiti tag on a similar-looking structure — red, yellow and white — in a rural location, a photograph of which is printed on the news release.

The connection is more profound, though. Throwaway culture dovetails with a rich vein of contemporary art history in Ms. Braman's large, boxlike sculptures. Their minimalist geometries — executed in welded steel, color gels and glass — merge with repurposed bed frames, a tree trunk and, in one sculpture, the rear half of a Toyota Celica. She also draws heavily from the lineage of Relational Aesthetics and artists like Andrea Zittel, who encourage participation. You can sit in several of these sculptures, read (she's provided a small, somewhat random library), nap or meditate.

She nods to other postwar sculptors: the mirrored cubes and constructions of Larry Bell and Dan Graham; the colored plexiglass of Hélio Oiticica and Donald Judd; Jessica Stockholder's mash-ups of mass-produced objects and Carol Bove's West Coast hippie aesthetics. At its root, however, Ms. Braman's work — call it Anthropocene Minimalism — questions not only art's function but the prospect of life in a post-McDonald's world in which abandoned, mass-produced furnishings and materials litter the landscape. Artists will undoubtedly be conscripted to reimagine life in such a world and to help salvage the detritus to create new and inhabitable abodes.