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Art Review

'A lot of my work has to do with searching for something - that blurriness of a memory where you can't quite pinpoint it' Idris

AUGUST
2006

Chris Burden:
Shot, crucified,
electrocuted -
now mellowed

**American
History X:**
Art for the
death-wish
generation

Roxy Paine:
Who needs
artists when
you've got
robots?

Idris Khan:
Photography's
primal scream



ENVIRO
MENTAL:
CAN ART SAVE
THE PLANET?





"I create things to look as though they are at the point of falling over - but that just about manage to keep it together." Almost as soon as Graham Hudson utters these words, a yellow 'Caution: Wet Floor' sign, for some reason propped up against the wall of his dry roof terrace, collapses with a loud clatter. Such is the nature of Hudson's dwelling, located next door to Tate Britain in the middle of the parade ground at Chelsea College of Art & Design: contingent, temporary and falling apart as quickly as it is being erected.

Hudson's rickety wooden house, classed a sculpture in the interests of health & safety legislation, brings a new relevance to the term 'artist in residence'. With a view to the Thames and a fashionable postcode, the twenty-nine-year-old artist might appear to have it good, but he is pushing the boundaries of what the College and Tate Britain nervously accept in the interests of 'art'.

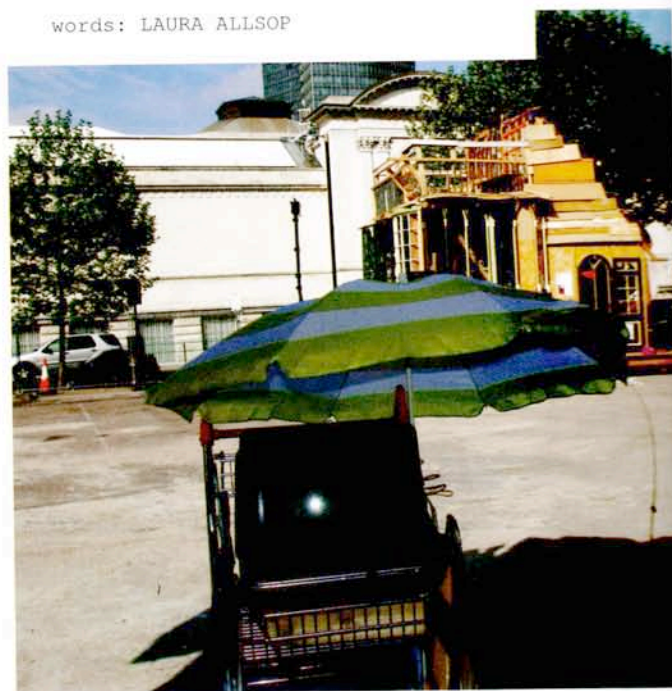
The ramshackle presence of Hudson's house is unmissable among the austere buildings that line London's Embankment. Crudely put together using wood cut-offs, junk and other bric-a-brac, it is a mixture of shanty-town aesthetics

(or non-aesthetics) and a child's tree house. The fact that a number of Chelsea students have begun to build their own makeshift structures around him suggest that one man's residency may be expanded to become a commune - all to the consternation of the College and visiting tourists. Hudson admits that the piles of junk haphazardly strewn about the courtyard are "Constable-crowd-baiting": "They come to see the Tate's Constable show and they get all this."

Lacking both planning permission and a living permit, Hudson is sticking two fingers up at his grand surroundings and their wealthy residents. But this is not surprising, given

the art of falling apart

words: LAURA ALLSOP

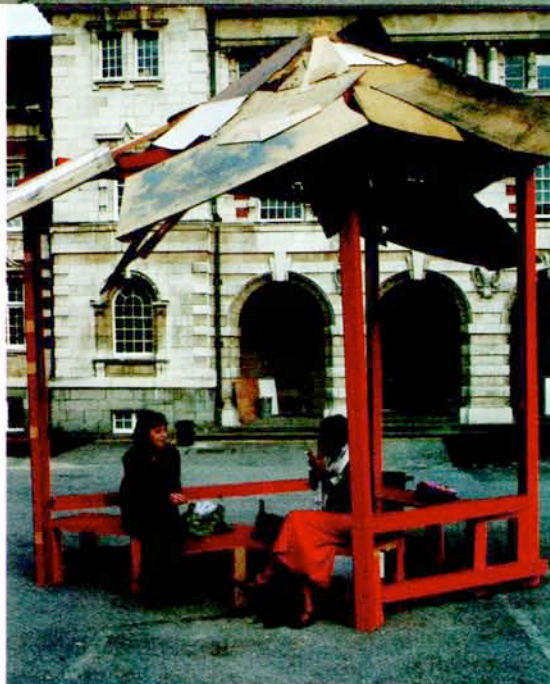


OPEN SPACE

Graham Hudson



All images:
Graham Hudson,
Residency, 2006.
Courtesy Rokeby,
London
Photo: Brian Usher



the nature of his back catalogue. Past sculptures and installations have employed similarly banal, flimsy materials to inject the absurd and comical into the grandiose. *Heraldry* (2005), a series of coats of arms fashioned out of buckets and plastic swords, is a case in point.

Given the rise of house prices in the capital and the widespread gentrification of what were once its deprived areas, Hudson's house is a symbol of protest as well as a solution to short-term housing problems. There is, of course, an inherent joke about being, as he calls it, 'down and out in Pimlico'. Yet while Hudson's cheekiness is tolerated in the name of art (and supported by a Henry Moore Fellowship), the actual homeless, who build their own shelters by the river, are chased away. Like them, though, he was motivated by a similar (if self-inflicted) necessity - he moved out of his flat the day construction at Chelsea began.

The house's future is uncertain. Hudson admits that it may, if it is unsold at the end of his tenure, wind up back in the skip from whence it came. But judging from the ramshackle outhouses that have cropped up around him, it is clear Hudson's current way of life is gathering quite a following.

GRAHAM HUDSON'S RESIDENCY AT THE PARADE GROUND OF CHELSEA COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN'S MILLBANK CAMPUS CONTINUES UNTIL SEPTEMBER. HIS WORK WILL BE ON SHOW AT THE MARK MOORE GALLERY, LOS ANGELES FROM 9 SEPTEMBER TO 7 OCTOBER