



THE NEW YORKER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN: ART

RICHARD HUGHES

Kitchen-sink realism takes a turn for the Surrealist in the hands of the British artist, who re-creates the cast-off and the dilapidated—tennis shoes strung on a telephone wire, rusty lampposts, the foundation of a torn-down apartment house—with meticulous care. Hughes is the Robert Gober of council flats; the degree of verisimilitude he achieves is so dazzling that a careless visitor might write him off as a slumming Duchamp. But these are no readymades—they're painstakingly crafted sculptures. (All that Blu-Tack on the wall? Painted bronze.) Attentive viewing is rewarded with treasure hidden in plain sight: the geometric pattern left in the floor of the foundation by the ghosts of Sheetrock walls past spells out "THE END." Through July 9.