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DOG-"U"-mental (XIII)
TIME OUT
15-22 January, 1997

At the risk of writing DOG'S press release for them, ‘DOG-"U"-mental[XIII!!!' is a mongrel, a series of accidents, and an irritating mess. It comprises seven mini projects separated by tattered plastic membranes. Some of these show-ettes are serious and worthy, but most are puerile wind-ups operating from an admirably deluded sense of superiority. 'Shut Up You Stupid Cunt' features beer empties, bubble-gum sculpture, details of Elvis Presley's sexual proclivities and a videotape of a whizzing alien in a parka, which is at least funny. But the would-be offensive brinkmanship is embarrassing and pointless, like being harangued by a drunk. Who made it? Who cares?

An anonymous contributor to the 'Bonkers Bird' section tries out prospective marriage partners for Fergie by collaging her head on to generic wedding photos. Among fuzzily kinetic photographs of a girl in woodland and a papier-mache blob, the cut-and-paste blind dates seem to sparkle with wit. The contribution of BANK (the organisers) is a pastel of a deep-sea fish on a big dark wall, plus a page of specious justifications - possibly a satire on artworld obfuscation. In 'Goffic' Terry Atkinson's nuclear family and bomber paintings and John Stezaker's metamorphic mantis/woman photos are recontextualised as sardonic rejoinders to the current interest in the Gothic, which does the work few favours. But undermining values and expectations is this show's forte; if the purpose is to leave one feeling empty and faintly bored, it works. The institutional paranoia of Michael Kay's greasy 'Induction Cushion' and portable 'Coffee Room' – a claustrophobic, padded box - offer a more flexible form of critique. In this company, they appear strangely inviting.