
'Fuck Off'

BANK

The artist/curator group 'Bank' has moved from Burbage House to Underwood Street, where a gloriously dingy space houses the elegant 'Fuck Off'. The move signals a change of emphasis. This has an entirely different feel to previous shows – wiser and more introspective.

The title is illuminated on the stylish, curved wall of the entrance. You enter the gallery through a gap, wrenched from the panelling, into near darkness where Gavin Turk has placed a black-painted

skip. It is oddly formal, less generous than anything he has offered to date. Entitled 'Pimp', it suggests the role of the collector, gallerist or journalist eager to buy into the London art-scene phenomenon. The rear wall is lit by a row of strip-lights, placed on the floor and covered in coloured plastic. They create an *ersatz* glamour, a restrained theatricality. Suspended from the ceiling is Rebecca Warren's neon sign, 'Consult Yer Unconscious'. A surge of power causes it to flutter and buzz, like a voice from on high – possessed, profound and meaningless. All can be surveyed from Bank's 'Road': a full-sized model, painted with blue lines instead of white, that stops inches short of two walls.

Though the title is their most inspired yet, 'Fuck Off' may not be vintage Bank in the way that 'Cocaine Orgasm' and 'Zombie Golf' were. It is low on gimmicks and lower still on irreverence, but, in its subtlety, it is a coming of age. The road may be a crass analogy to draw, but it serves well. It suggests a change of direction for old hands of the alternative scene that questions the now defunct term 'alternative'. As Old Street is colonised by new spaces, Bank seems less willing to play the game. The group continues to assess the situation, to re-define themselves, and to surprise their audience. *Martin Coomer*