

# Exhibition of the week

## Gerry Fox

★★★★★

176 Major spaces

Have you ever staggered around the West End inebriated, lurching into unsuspecting bystanders or dustbins, watching the lights go by as you eat up miles of pavement, without really taking any of it in? Gerry Fox's 'Living London' takes you on one such unsteady journey, through bustling Leicester Square, past a deserted St Paul's, over the Millennium Bridge and then, sploosh, into the river. Six screens stand in for the six cameras pointing forward, behind, up, down, left and right, which Fox used to document a walk going horribly wrong.

Surrounded by action on all sides, viewers will notice that the moving images correspond roughly to each other – same street, same time of evening or night – but never quite synchronise, hence the drunken disorientation. Technical bedazzlement can't hide a predictable ending, though, because after the suicidal submerging in the Thames, come blurry shots of Nunhead cemetery and a vainglorious fade to heavenly white.

We've seen psychogeographical tours (think lone philosophers on



*'Living London (Soho at Night)', detail*

urban rambles rather than those tourist group affairs) of our fine city before, most notably in Patrick Keiller's 1994 literary litany, 'London'. Fox's style is less cerebral and more immediate, cinematic rather than profoundly artistic. It's a visceral evocation of a dreamlike state of virtual wandering. Other works here are slow-burning mood pieces exploring London from a child's perspective or comparing present-day Sidney Street with archive footage of a famous siege there in 1911, led by Winston Churchill. Despite a few more clichés cropping up (after Damien Hirst's ridiculous life-as-cycle paintings I could do without real footage of a caesarean), Fox proves that aimless ambling can be enlightening. *Ossian Ward*