Andrew Fletcher (b. 1979)

Critic as artist in a post-truth era, 2017/18

Digital photograph series

Artist's statement

Brought up in a liberal household, Andrew spent much of his childhood wandering the mean streets of Gosforth, a rundown suburb in the northern industrial city of Newcastle. He spent many evenings in the municipal park, perfecting the subtle arts of micro-vandalism, night golfing and talking jive. In this milieu, he discovered an early love of alternative expressive forms.

Never having mastered a musical instrument, Andrew became involved in free improvisation. The genre amused him but did not feel authentic. This formed the basis of Andrew's philosophy that humour is integral to art (unless you're good – then it's optional). After being ejected from a cemetery for creating a particularly awful racket, Andrew spent a decade working in tedious administrative jobs and writing childish poetry. It was during these 'wilderness years' that one day, Andrew was asked to vacuum the stairs. He saw this as the perfect moment to commence an ambitious art project and so, grabbing whatever came closest to hand, *AF's GIN* and *HAT reviews* * was born. A lady now does the stairs every two weeks.

Andrew barely knows how to hold a camera. These photos were taken by balancing a Nikon D3300 on a pile of books on the toilet opposite the shower in the artist's bathroom. The shutter mechanism was triggered via a remote control, which is cunningly concealed in most of these pictures but not all of them. Like all artists, Andrew now writes in the third person. For sales, please reconsider your humour or contact the gallery.

^{*} This work has been re-titled to appear more serious in case I ever have to include it on a CV. The formal title is the 'post-truth' component.



















































A. Fletcher's GIN and HAT reviews

The Gin: Glendalough Wild Botanical Gin

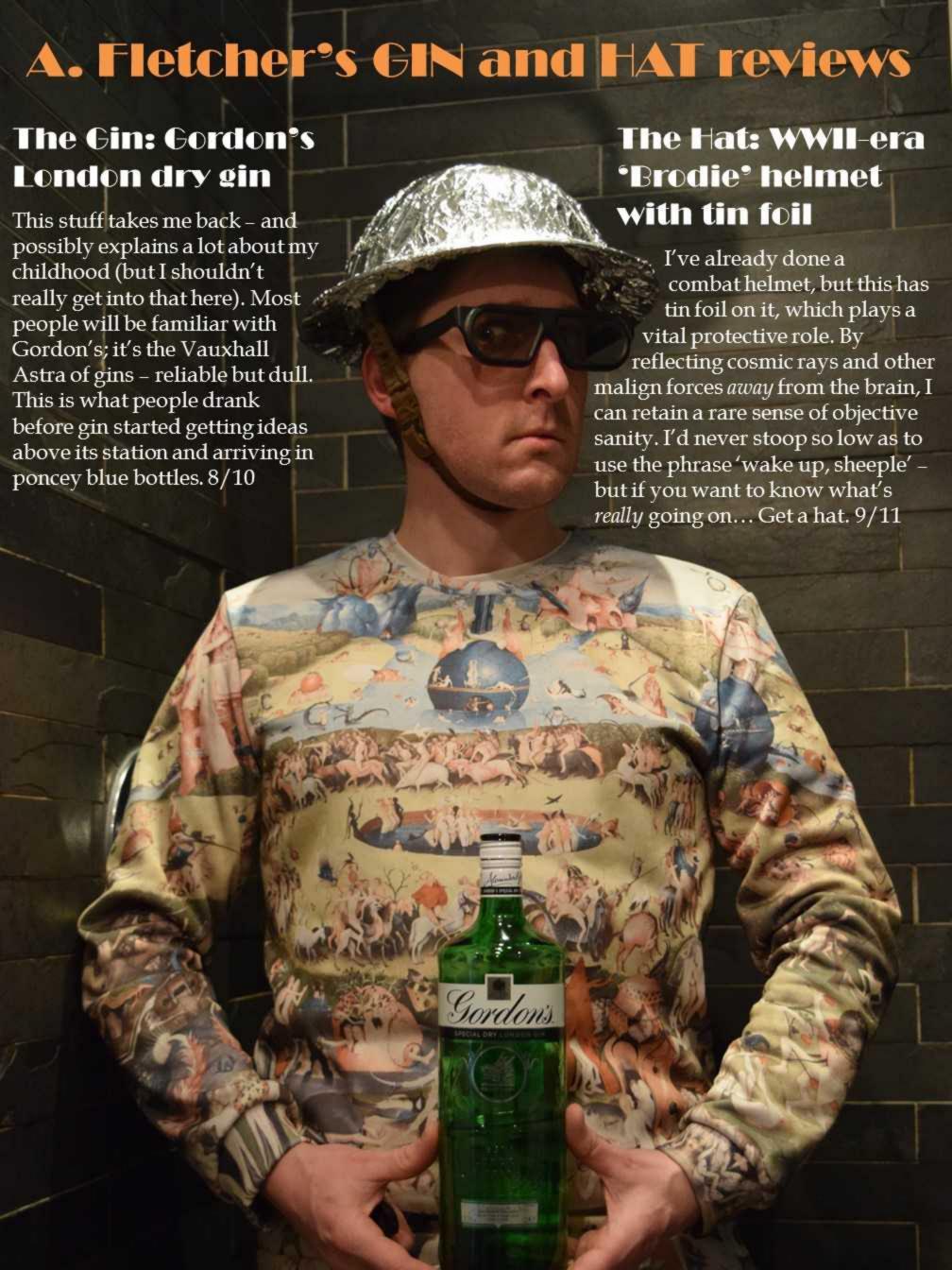
That's not Jesus on the bottle
– it's a guy called 'St. Kevin'
(no, me neither), the patron
saint of blackbirds,
apparently. But what about
the gin? Well, it's 41%,
which isn't quite Molotov
strength, but suitable for a
Martini McGuinness. Me? I
drink it neat and angry. 6/10

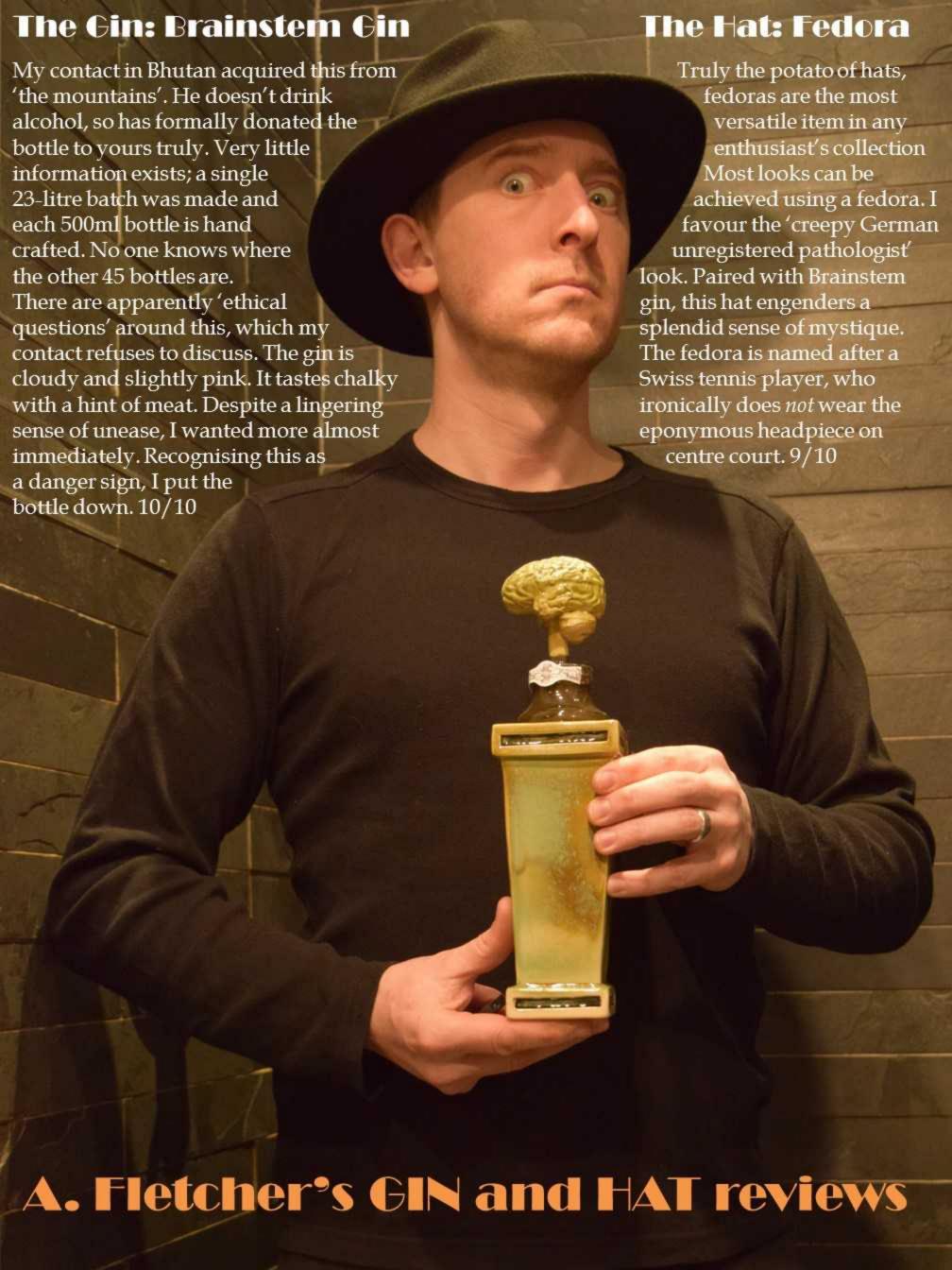
The Hat: Balaclava

GLENDALOUGH

GIN

The traditional headwear of the indigenous Northern Irish people, balaclavas were popular in the 1970s-80s, which I believe were quite nippy. The gin under review here is actually from the Irish Republic, but the two countries are essentially the same. Although not the friendliest looking of hats, this evokes a delightful 'paramilitary-chic' vibe. Tends to squash the nose a little. 7/10



























A. Fletcher's GIN and HAT reviews

