



Jack Fisher

I COULD SET ALL OF YOU ON FIRE & ABSO-FUCKING-LUTELY NOTHING WOULD CHANGE

Curated by **Elena D'Angelo**

Opening Tuesday January 24 2017 - 6.30 pm

January 25 - February 27 2017

t-space - Via Bolama, 2

What if we considered a solo show as a self-invested project. We could then wonder whether or not one is worth the investment. Let's consider the fact that producing a solo show for, let's say, a young, white, male, British artist is like throwing bills into a ditch. It is never coming back. No one is going to sell anything, because we are still in the process of questioning the necessity of selling at an "emerging" age. We are too busy complaining about the system we love to hate, trying to understand what a commodity is, what it is we are buying or selling, what we need to function in this society and then again if functioning in this society makes all that sense anyways. Not that we should walk out like Thoreau, but really, collectively, does anybody know where we are going? "The spectacle [...] is its own product, and it has made its own rules: it is a pseudo-sacred entity". Debord said it in '69, talking about a consumption system that was already feeding itself. And we are still here. We have been in it so long that now we call it post-capitalism. Anthropocene, the great era of post-something. Because once everyone has a conscious idea of what history is, we really can't seem to live our life without quoting it every two or three seconds.

So what this hypothetical young, white, male, British artist would do is take into consideration everything said above (more or less) in order to read it through the idea of privilege. We don't feel privileged, and yet we are. If you are a white person living in a western society you already won the lottery twice. You can feel it a little bit more and a little bit harder when you are male. Even more if you are born on the land of Queen Elizabeth II.

There is an obvious layer of hypocrisy. The very attempt of analyzing privilege conceives a position below it, but also a position above it. There is always something that could be a bit better, something that could be improved, in order to climb another step up. A crave for the top, the best, the most new, possibly the biggest, most definitely the highest. Getting it can be a painful process, but in the common conception of diffused and always deserved uniqueness, "at the top" is the closest synonymous of happy (what a word this one, anything becomes horribly cheesy when associated to it). This feeling, or rather, the appearance of its presence, is the new commodity. Our life is perfect, we see everything expanding neatly in front of us. And yet certain things remain hidden in the darkness of our lower level.



Jack Fisher

9:09, 6:55pm

Jack Fisher makes things and images.

They're not always sure if its art but enjoys doing it.

They will never stop.

Their work often responds to the everyday landscape of a capital based world.

They're confused by written language and how we use it.

Their mind is a cesspit of ideas.

They believe in the Sun

Jack Fisher was born in Merseyside (UK) in 1991. He graduated from the Leeds College of Art in 2014 and from the SCHOOL OF THE DAMNED in London in 2016. Among his recent exhibitions: *Painting, Fo' Sho!*, Curatorial Project, Lady Beck, Leeds, October 2016; *UWUDLUKGRRRRREAT!!!!IN JAVASCRIPT*, Public Exhibitions.biz, London (UK) 2016; *I Don't want to Curate Anymore, I Just Want to Accumulate Content*, Chalton Gallery, (UK / Online), 2016; *Room*, Can't Complain Gallery, Bremen (DE) 2016; *Sell Out*, SEIZE, Leeds (UK) 2016; *A New Stratergy To Help Teach Humans to Walk Faster More Effectively*, The Wellness & Motivational Center, Leeds (UK) 2016; *TOP BANTZ*, The Royal Standard, Liverpool, (UK) 2016; *HAVE I LOST YOUR ATTENTION ALREADY*, Crit-a-Öke, Bluecoat, Liverpool, 2016; *...And To Dust All Return*, UNNA WAY, Huddersfield (UK), 2016.

T is a space caught into another space, a place for exhibitions that walked into a photo studio; or maybe a space of photographers which is looking for a path in the milanese art scene. T is a symbiotic relationship. Artists and curators share their thoughts and their space, practice feeds theory, theory strengthens practice. T is our autonomy, the responsibility given by our choices.

T is **t-space**.



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info@tspace.it; www.t-space.it

via Bolama, 2, 20140 Milano

informazioni riservate alla stampa: press@t-space.it