

to explain to Nancy and to Pamela why they had manipulated – if they passed as friends, when Charles left, the whole thing would just fade away and no questions asked – or not why that she couldn't possibly evade.

She gave an almost imperceptible nod. 'Fine,' he said, treating her to a frank smile. 'As hard feelings? It's good to clear the air, don't you think?'

He'd said his own say. He was prepared to be charming. But she wasn't prepared to take over any more. 'I'd like you to go now,' she said.

He got up immediately. 'Of course. Now, where to next? What's the bottom Pamela and you think, aren't you? Can I be of any assistance – take you to meet them perhaps? he offered helplessly.

'Yes, thank you,' she said, briefly, politely. 'I don't see which client they'd be on so they'll get a taxi from the airport.'

Simon Lewty The self as a stranger

Simon Lewty

ART FIRST 2008

if - we would have liked to hear her.
ou - feel - how - do you think - you rate?
ch worse - so perhaps it would be - better
- it doesn't mean - no-one else - can - the
s so necessary - if necessary - to continue
him - this day - as light? and also - to
onally - there is just - no - experience -
not have been able - you can talk to - p
share those views? Yes, I do - and i
- that what - may be important - to rea
but where you definitely have - so man
ose they do - talk - I think - two import
otions - that have to be faced - doubts -
e constantly seeing - what we have to
t you're actually doing - is - stopping -
think that - it really is - we need to see
and that's when we can start - asking
seeing - the impact that will have - or
ed - it is different - and - from now o
ow - at the moment - of light - but not
I can - surely - we were misled - sw

Simon Lewty

THE SELF AS A STRANGER

Simon Lewty

The self as a stranger

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ART FIRST CONTEMPORARY ART



The self as a stranger

Opportunities are often things you haven't noticed the first time around

Catherine Deneuve

A large sheet of paper covers the end wall of the snowbound studio – white outside the window and white inside the room. Pencilled words partially cover the surface – hundreds of words. My eye moves over them, and into the blank spaces between them, the emptiness of the text that shapes them and is shaped by them. The whole surface seems to be moving, a flux, in which there seem to be few constants, apart from the faint horizontal lines of the text which repeat, without repeating . . . But I sense there is a connection, a rhyme almost, between this field of writing and what is happening outside the window.

Snow has been falling for several hours, gradually covering every surface. Swirling flakes, dark against the pale grey sky, white against the black of trees and the window blanks. Silently the wind blows a fan of white powder from the roof of the house opposite. Sometimes a single flake, moving in a different direction from the others, hovers round the window, like a curling feather on a journey of its own. The only sounds in the studio are the faint noises of the heating system and occasionally a muted phone call from the office below. The first snow of winter, like the approach of thunder in summer has always for me been a time of waiting and listening and heightened response.

Now the words on the wall seem to rise and fall, as though breathing. As I look more closely, phrases begin to emerge. Mimicking the rhythms and patterns of speech, they wander and drift. They appeal, they suggest, they insist, they hesitate, they contradict each other and themselves, they exclaim, they cajole, they question, they point, they rejoice, they sigh. They hint at many stories, but tell none. This text is writing me, not I the text . . .

Three hours later. The snow has stopped, and now the early afternoon sun is shining unexpectedly. A diamond shaped patch of light is cast by one of the three skylights in the ceiling, and lies diagonally across the paper. Actually it is not lying still, but moving slowly across the text, as the sun moves across the sky. My writing hand moves too, at a faster rate over the paper, passing through the zone of light and out again into what seems like a chasm of shadow. It's difficult for the eye to adjust to the changing intensity of light, but such is the beauty of this winter sun-fall amid the snow, that far from attempting to shut it out, I want to welcome it and accept it as an invisible part of my picture. Perhaps whatever touches a surface changes that surface, even though the change can't be seen.

Then the sun passes behind clouds and this short day seems almost over. The huge text spreads out in front of me, a unified greyish white, and the eye reads:

' – begin – for failing – yet it begins here – before – echoed – for over ten years – since – this happened – I didn't realize – I think – not to the extent – people have asked – I do, yes – to show – comes from what you know – you don't know – I don't really – understand – so yes – I think – that experience of being – not everybody – knows the truth – so – by definition – since – I couldn't imagine – that it wouldn't – so I knew – and stopped. Drift – the intelligence of – the beginning . . .'



Figure I, 2007, photocopy, edition of 4, 41 x 29 cm

Another piece of paper, another wall, another room, another season. This time the window looks out over the sea, an immense, glittering space of light, reflecting into the room and across the surface of the paper. I am working to the sound of the sea through the open window. The waves break upon the shore below, their endless surge and reflux one of the most the most ancient sound-lines. I am using a kind of translucent tissue, almost weightless, and the writing is in coloured pencil. Its soft, waxy tip marks the surface in quite a different way to a lead pencil, and I'm having to go much more slowly and deliberately, otherwise the thin paper would tear. As I work, I can feel the pencil responding to the slight unevenness of the wall underneath, and passing it on to the micro-structures of the text, as though I were picking up the 'voice' of the wall, like an old-fashioned gramophone needle. The warm sun and the sea and the rhythmic repetition of the lines of writing induce a feeling of calm. The text covers the surface in a violet flush. This work began partly as a 'found' text, with bits of overheard speech from many different sources. And if I look at my notebooks I'm reminded of how some of them came to me.

Two people, a woman and a man, are having a conversation on a train a few seats back from mine. It's a long, hot journey, and the conversation goes on and on. To while away the time, unseen by them, I begin to write down some of their exchanges in my notebook. Their voices rise and fall, occasionally pause, an exclamation, a laugh, both speaking at the same time. Who are they? What are they talking about? – impossible to tell, especially as their voices tend to drop away, and rise again to emphasize an 'and' or a 'but' or an 'absolutely'. So these were the things I tended to hear. The connective tissue of their talk rather than the subject matter. Listening to them, I soon realized that I didn't really want to know who they were or what they were talking about, the kind of things which would

perhaps interest a writer. It was not knowing that interested me. It was the silences and residues of speech that were coming through to me, on that train journey, with all the strangeness and excitement of a new thing.

A little later I found the same could happen while listening to the radio, especially if I didn't listen too hard. It was as though I could tune in to a subtext with a life of its own. When I read back the results, they seemed like poetry. Voices other than mine entered the work, not as direct transcriptions but more as traces of a passage. So that state of 'not knowing', which may be one of the preconditions of art, became a doorway to a different kind of knowing. I could use its enabling sense of freedom to create something from these residues.

That was how the work began. But now all sorts of other things are finding their way in as though attracted to a magnetic centre: fragments which might have come from a diary, disjointed chains of thoughts and reflections, along with chatty notes, expressions of hopes and fears, strange sentences that just come into my mind, dreams even. Not one voice but many. The character of the text is changing, as though it were starting to reflect on and from the processes of its own writing. The idea of a palimpsest of interweaving subtexts and their relationships to each other is one I find endlessly exciting and seductive.

The surface of writing relates to both the mind and the body. I realize that I've always had the desire to make such a surface, a mental and a sensual experience together. The art comes from the desire. The process begins with another surface, usually paper, something supposedly blank and unwritten-on. Yet for me this surface is not entirely 'other', and indeed not truly 'blank' – but more like a skin. The paper, with its woven, laminated structure, already has a character of its own.

The desire is to secrete something upon it, or within it, to transform it and perhaps to be transformed by it. To alter it while letting it remain the same. Perhaps such a writing is a tissue, rather than a narrative, a covering, rather than an exploration, a process of filling, rather than a state of fulfilment. If these words are residues on the surface, at the same time they are the surface. Just as a tattoo becomes part of the skin it was inscribed on. And like a skin, this written surface does not deny its depths. It can be wounded, and it can absorb and heal. It can resonate like a stretched membrane to the echo of a deeper, more ancient surface.

‘A skin is both permeable and impermeable, superficial and profound, truthful and misleading. It is regenerative, but caught up in a continual process of dessication. It transmits . . . certain ‘impalpable’ messages which it is precisely one of its functions to ‘palpate’ without the Ego being aware that it is doing so.’

I first read these words by the French psychoanalyst Didier Anzieu in 1993, and sensed that they were relevant to my art, but I didn’t pursue the idea at the time, nor did I realise how important it would become to me. The whole issue resurfaced when I was writing the present essay, as I was looking through some old notes and once again came upon this quotation.

For Anzieu, the ‘Skin Ego’ develops from the young child’s earliest experiences of the surfaces of its own, and its mother’s body. Just as the skin acts a container for the body, so the skin ego is like a psychic envelope, whose function is to contain and protect the psyche. With its complex structure of layers, the skin is not only the basis of our sense impressions, but on account of its reflexivity – the fact that it can touch itself – is for Anzieu the basis of thought itself. When I read this I knew that I had come upon not just a ‘theory’, but an inspiration.



Figure with tyremarks, 2007, photocopy, edition of 4, 41 x 29 cm

Anzieu's image of a skin displays many of the paradoxes familiar to an artist: it is superficial and profound, truthful and misleading. The messages it transmits bypass the Ego – a move so important to all creativity. The skin functions as an intermediary, transmitting its messages in the same way that writing does. Here perhaps is the connection with the idea of a 'skin' of writing, that would represent both physical and mental states and the passage between them. In a striking image, Anzieu associates one of the functions of the skin ego specifically with the processes of inscription. Reading this was an astonishing illumination and confirmation of my own thoughts:

'The Skin Ego is the original parchment which preserves, like a palimpsest, the erased, scratched-out, written-over outlines of an "original" pre-verbal writing made up of traces upon the skin.'

It is remarkable how often you find something just when you need it, and not before. This is precisely what happened to me with the ideas I've tried to outline above. 'Finding' happens in a number of ways: from suddenly realizing the significance of something (or some thought, or some person) you perhaps hadn't noticed 'the first time around', to literally seeing something lying at your feet and stopping to pick it up. It's the same process at work.

Over the last two years I have made a group of small pieces using found drawings and writing. Some are photocopies of scribbles and drawings which I discovered on the flyleaves and margins of second-hand books. They are undated of course but in some cases may be quite old. They range from the meticulous to the wild. They were probably made by children, but it's not possible to be certain of this. To come across them, hidden inside a discarded book, can be very exciting. Other drawn-on pieces of paper were picked up in the street – sometimes literally from

the gutter – soaked with rain and bearing the marks of car tyres that had run over them. Pinned to the wall, these stained and abject fragments have been my companions in the studio over the months. They are so complete in themselves that I feel all I want to do is to present them by the simple process of transferring them on to another surface, sometimes slightly enlarging the image. They are a complement to the larger, more ambitious works. I love their silliness and spontaneity, their smallness and secrecy. True graphic 'others', they have presided over my daily work, their cheerful spirit a silent reminder of unknown lives.

There is also a group of works in memory of my mother, the author Marjorie Lewty, which incorporate sheets of her discarded typescripts, a few of which have survived thanks to having been recycled to use as scrap paper on the back. My own scribbles and jottings can faintly be seen in reverse, making the pages into true palimpsests, surface and depth in one. I made them this summer in Dorset, at a time when I wanted to work but was limited by the few scraps of material I had with me at the time. So they came out of necessity and were totally unplanned, like most of the best things in my life.

There are times when it's not doing the work itself that is difficult, so much as being aware of what you've done, and accepting it. Trusting yourself. The transforming experience can't be sought. It can only be 'found' when the time is right, as these texts and drawings were, and welcomed – as a gift.

Simon Lewty

August 2007

My thanks to Peter Larkin, who first drew my attention to the theories of Didier Anzieu, and more recently to Naomi Segal for many new insights.

IC of the DESPISED MAN. His fear is of the corner, his courage is to turn. The green wheel
an artificial lake, their glossy, black forms mirrored in the smooth water. The retainers of the house strapped hor
avel path at the side of the house. Some will lament in rooms where brown curtains hang at the long windows. Yet
cade under the wooden bridge—there, so near the huts used by the gardeners to store the dismantled staging of the sun
2, and at eleven o'clock tomorrow we shall pass by the fountain and the rain-gauge in the soaked avenue, and the stream
NT is making unpleasant bubbling noises with his lips!"

"This is a fine morning: I see that you are WALKING IN THE SUN; and yet you wear a heavy ove
E SAID, "Oh, your head seems to merge with the diamond light and your hands move as shining facets of the
y house and it is called 'THE WILD BLOOD STIRS IN THE NIGHT OF A
SKY AND FALLS SILENTLY TO THE GROUND."

the west is overcast, but in the east, high, spear-shaped clouds float by, HIGH "LISTEN TO
not, strangely bound; a conglomerate, encumbered at the burning harvest, conspicuous in the stamping lanes of this our
that will clean of the soot that has accumulated on it. Shortly, we shall hear their happy words. We have done all that
stone moulding ends over the flattened court, and the cold hill runs down towards the lost districts of the town... 'THE
wait on the word of the lost PURVEYOR, silent in his sparse lodging. "I have seen a board bearing his name plac
'HE NAME OF THE STREET."

DS WHERE PLUMED BIRDS RISE SLOWLY FROM THE MUD OF SUNNY
ELDS. A WHOLE WEEK MUST BE GIVEN OVER TO THE STORIES OF THE BEA
DREAM?" OH FAILING CADMUS! WRAITH-LIKE IN THE FIELD, CLOUDY IN UTTE
YOU STAND AND WATCH, IN THE HEAT OF DAY, FOR THE EDGE OF A CLOUD.
HE AIMLESS POINTING OF A FINGER EVER-SUSPENDED IN ADMONITION ABOVE

such a prominent feature of the city. The words of the angry man are soon forgotten, and the faces seen in the crowded
rain. At dusk, that unspeaking man will approach you again, as he did in the early morning. He will not speak for several
darkening alleys. As the weeks passed, the city grew increasingly hot. He spent many days in the strange enclosures, writing
der rolled, mingling with the noise of great festivities. A changing wind had brought rain by the morning of their depar
of sun-dried pulp. Indifferent to success or failure HE LEFT THE CITY BEFORE THE END OF THE
s moist with drops of rain. He had over an hour to wait in the late afternoon. He went into a building with a high ceiling above
and to this task I set myself in my room. My mind was receptive to the delour of the dancing figures against the sun

PEECH. WARM RAIN FELL ON THE TARRED ROAD. THE HILLS ARE NOT HIGH. No
he bird falls to the earth. This spindle tells of a reluctant departure from the sounding beach. You tell of that adventure, wh
a fire. For FROCYN stands so stern on the mountain passes, and HAUBELER, flippant, on thickly carpeted
"FOR I HAVE SO MUCH TO SAY," he continued. "But for now I can only tell OF SUNS AND MOO
light smile, "I must admit I was disappointed to see several people steal out of the room just now, but greatly encouraged

TRANSITIONAL

them today. Small clouds are drifting up from behind the rows of trees, and now rain comes quickly to the spotte
"My house was at the end of the road, until more houses were built in the long avenue. And all I would say
FRONTS THE STRETCHED AND WAXY SKIN, THE SCRAWNY NECK AND CRANING
ZAYED COAST, THE NOISE OF FLIES MOVING IN THE HOT AIR AS THE SEA
LANDS, WHILE OURS IS EVER AN AFFRONT—HIS CASE PROVED AGAINST HIM

to spring." His voice rang out surprisingly clear: "Am I to be confused by this? What are you saying? You have of
dogs that rushed at him and the blaring bull led down the windy lane; opposing to these only HIS MIND IN LI
patterns grow in intricate detail on the glass. Look! the waxing moon tonight is surrounded by an aureole of thick mist.
led room, safe for as long as he could remain within sight of the rocks in the crystalline seq. Soon he will leave and g
what you have done today; and he will always be grateful." I do not know whether I am right in saying that he came do
e house after three quarters of an hour. He said again, "You will have no cause for regret. You will always be glad of a
wide expanse of lawn, at the mornings and afternoons of a long season, awakening of a preface to all words. He saw column
ve in the light of a remote morning. Gesture of BECKONING; gesture of DISPERSAL; gesture of APPROV
words both curious and familiar, but he had nothing to compare them to. This is the work of a serious JOY—those co
d in the constant breeze from the SOUTH. He entered a clearing where there were a number of wooden seats. The
WITH THE DISPLACEMENT OF AIR." The end of this, and its sequel, will come through the birth
Two men came towards him over the grass. "Would you like to
le, the forms of shrubs and the outlines of lawns in the garden are obliterated by thick snow. BLACK WHEELS
n sweep through the approaches to the park and up the long, tree-lined roads. The spring wind has risen throughou
from the fruit garden still growing inside a hedge. It must have been more than sixty years old. The small lawn wa
re of old and new, and growing still, because on the front-out remains of small and insignificant. The mounds are

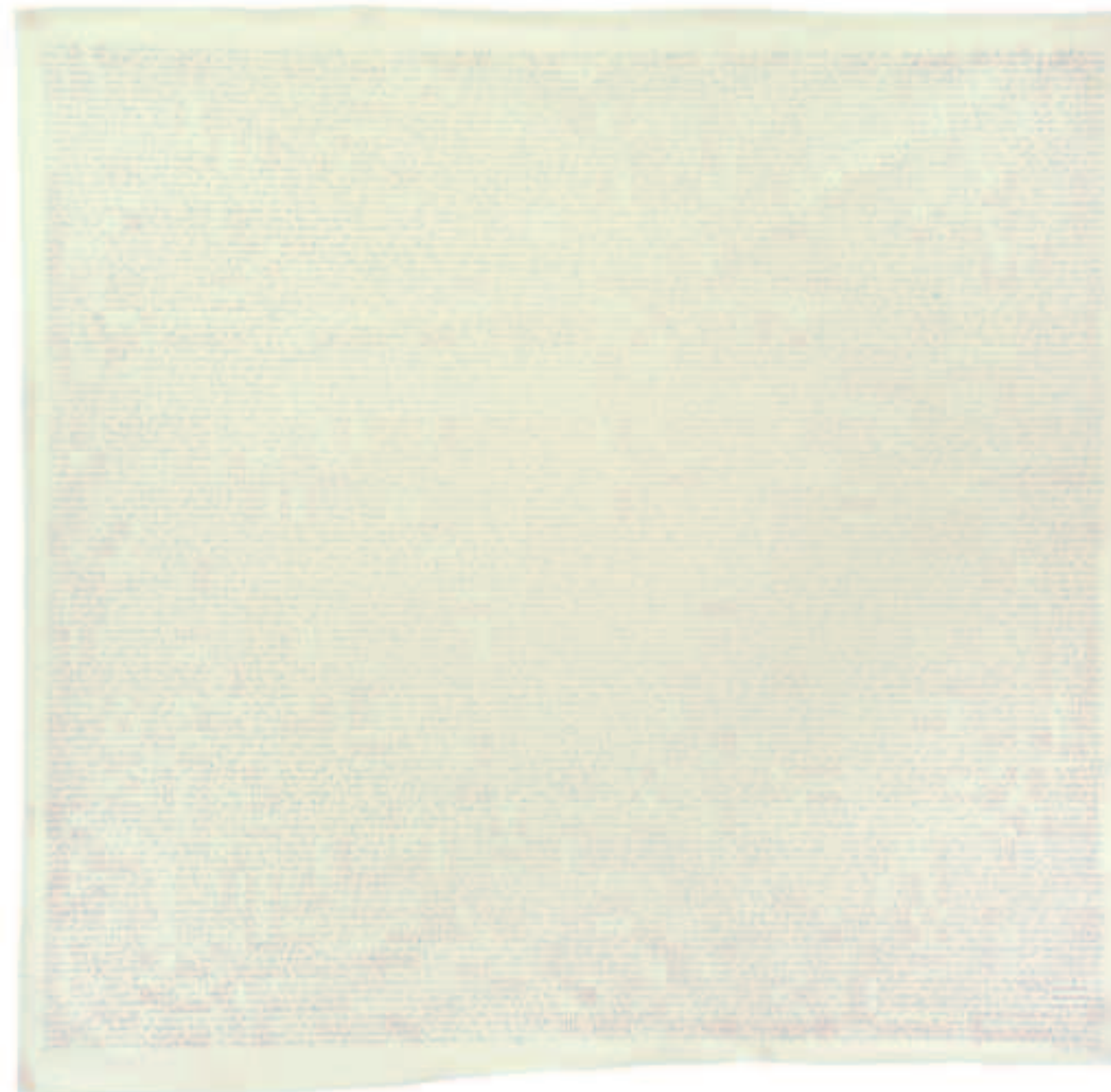


To unexplained day, 2002, ink on paper, 100 x 143 cm

clarity - it takes - quite a long time - a conversation - we were quite taken
many - who would disagree - but not all have been through that - process
happen - you almost - forgot all about it and then - you - eventually
conditions are - that's why it's not - not for me - I pretended - to be
is up to me - I know, but - I don't - really want to be a part of it -
saying - why you think - I think - anyone - might still be - confused - the
it - if I hadn't been - someone like that - maybe - I think - those questions
- what that would - mean? There is - a lack - when you look - at it - like
thing you think of - every day - encouraged - towards a climax - but - of
also - people believe - it happens - had to allow - a great deal - no - I understand
to be - something else - became - myth. It might help - to protect - there
Based on what they have - all they have - to say - I think - I can only
think - what we're trying to do - looking at the benefits - you'll admit - you'll
by all means - try - but don't rely on them - too many of them - but I think
it - but I do have - reservations - it is - no - because - everything - every single
they're - I think - we are going to - as before - a time - the air. Decades -
in any way - but - I did appreciate - that - it wasn't about - me - that's -
cause - everybody does - that's why I don't - I try not to - oh of course I app
I forgot that - because I - let me - tell you - I wrote a letter - and then -
then - you - yourself - it was - actually of course - in all seriousness - again
you - you are left to realize - people - every person - that it is all going -
- for you - I certainly relate to those - themes - as painful as they can
of that kind of - experience - I have to - what you want - to do - what you don't
I think everybody - has experienced - without necessarily being - part of it -
it you thought - the way you behaved at times - it would lead me to believe
that you make it - that includes - aside from - I think - whatever people are
ing forward. Every day - you - get - today is - in changing day - morning and
always - some - what kind of - effort - would you be talking about? For - a
it to be - shown - there is one - that when - you do - would you see - that
it really - doesn't have much meaning - so why do we see it - in that conte
ting - I do believe that - there - probably are a lot of - misconceptions - on
it is - I think - it varies - to keep this - I do actually - that's the thin
- do you think - nearby - is this - a good idea? - I didn't know - what was con
- so far - lacking - support - therefore - I am saying - I am sure - it reflect
- we are still relying on - rumours. To count on - something - it may
- a perspective - which stands - the test of time - difficult circumstances - do
about questions - I think the point about it is - society tends to be -



a mark - to show the way - an early colour - a strangely
at - and they still do - they also - to other things - you need
to know - to - so - important - some of ourselves not saying
learn - from that - with a previous effort - to - and I think
you don't - yet - really trust - that they will understand - or as
go - they're not being indulgent - they're really - actually - not
quite - an important point - some things - fragments - just to appear
here will be - anywhere - at any time - that message - and
while - one of the things - question - of whether - what is to be
in the street - I would expect - contradiction - the work of
a lot of - standing around - waiting - the voice - within the
mind - I certainly - saw - before the event - a shadow - goes on
up - it will - but - they are only - being - what they have
- we - I just went ahead - and did it - in my own - a dream -
against a spring - ship - the voice of - in the road - to
the fact - that I have only - to wait - to have - the confidence
saying - to - what you - we - should want to see - that not - to
it - but also knowing - there is - not - like the road - things
perhaps - of counting - the fact - thought - the fact - completely
is - single thing - people said - like sometimes - once - I think
what did you do - instead? - suddenly - it was - not -
right - not - want - to listen - I don't think - in - I don't think -
we were led to believe - something - the whole thing - consisted
like it was - at least - to try - to trust - to find out - whether
- we know that is - we - I heard - of this fantastic story -
problem is - not - gradually accumulated - in mind - to realise
people do things - their motivations - their - personalities are
- must have been - you must have been able - to see through



the passage of time - saying that
a of the things - out of the -
suddenly - but must not be - and
we do - not me my mother - I
at the beginning - instead - as
the words - they sometimes are -
everything away - what about - the
begin to feel - just - what must
- my time - as they don't know -
think it strange - when back to -



The Self as a Stranger, 2007, crayon and gesso on tissue paper 76 x 100 cm



Gift, 2007, crayon and gesso on paper, 51 x 70 cm

as the crowd of arrivals began to thin out, with no sign of Rennie and Ray. The staff in greenings faded as the lounge emptied. The last few straggled away. A small, slender woman, with her hair pulled back, and carrying only a weekend suitcase, a young woman who caught Arthur's eye immediately because of the contrast she presented with the crowd of holidaymakers.

Arthur's glance passed over the young girl's figure in its black silk suit - which looked unusually expensive but quite unsuitable for arrival at a holiday hotel. One of the new breed of female holidaymakers, Arthur thought without much interest. Then she caught a glimpse of the girl's face and he saw a small smile. It was a beautiful face, a perfect oval, but it was of the oval shape of the oval women who are called 'the oval women' with a slight smile. He saw a small smile. It was a beautiful face, a perfect oval, but it was of the oval shape of the oval women who are called 'the oval women' with a slight smile.

And he saw that their eyes were fixed on him.



quarrelling. If they parted as friends, when Charles left, the whole thing would just fade away and no questions asked - or not any that she couldn't tactfully evade.

She gave an almost imperceptible nod.

'Fine,' he said, treating her to a frank smile. 'No hard feelings? It's good to clear the air, don't you think?'

He'd got his own way, he was prepared to be charming. But she wasn't prepared to rake over any ashes. 'I'd like you to go now,' she said.

He got up immediately. 'Of course. How about tomorrow? You're expecting Pamela and Guy back, aren't you? Can I be of any assistance - take you to meet them perhaps?' he offered courteously.

'No, thank you,' she said, stiffly polite. 'They couldn't say which flight they'd be on so they'll get a taxi from the airport.'

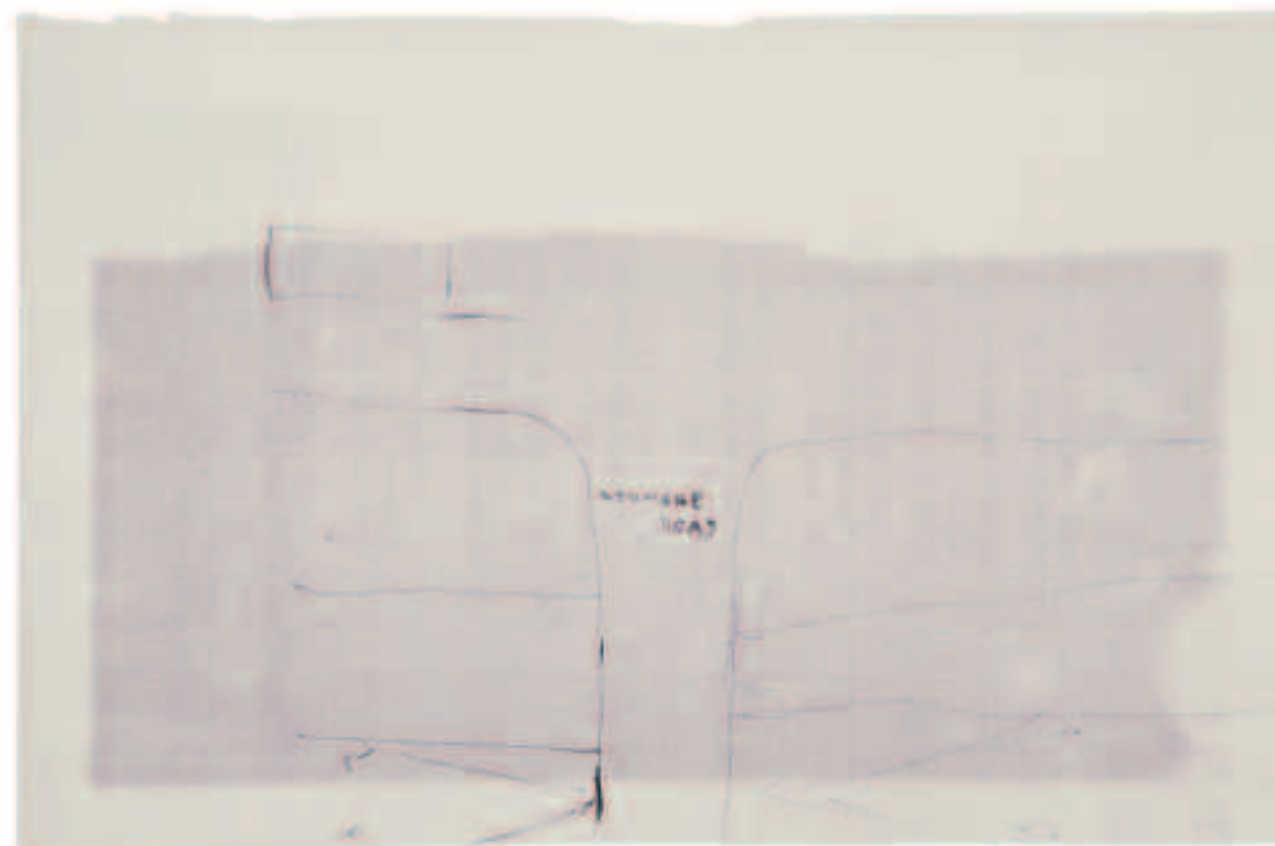
'Ah yes. well, let me know if I can help. And we must try to fit in our final dive before I leave, mustn't we?'

'Perhaps - if there's time. I have to see how Pam is.'





Glance, 2007, unique photocopy, 50 x 40 cm



Ashmere Road, 2007, photocopy, edition of 4, 29 x 41 cm

SIMON LEWTY

1941 Born, Sutton Coldfield

1957–60 Mid-Warwickshire School of Art

1960–62 Hornsey School of Art

1964–81 Lecturer at Mid-Warwickshire School of Art

Lives and works in Leamington Spa

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

1968 Woodstock Gallery, London

1984 Ikon Gallery, Birmingham

1985 Anne Berthoud Gallery, London

Serpentine Gallery, London

1987 Anne Berthoud Gallery

1988 Anne Berthoud Gallery

1989 Chosen Objects, Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery

1992 Austin Desmond & Phipps in association with Anne Berthoud

Messages from the Past, Midlands Contemporary Art Ltd, Birmingham

Terra Incognita, Castle Museum, Nottingham and Mead Gallery, University of Warwick

1994 Front Room Focus, Art First

1995 Voices From Lost Fields, Art First

1999 Towards Drawing, touring exhibition to Leicester, Wolverhampton, Stoke-on-Trent, Preston, Bristol, Worcester

2000 Episodes, Art First, London

2004 Eclipses, Art Fist, London

Eclipses, Art First, New York

2007 Imprimis – Recent work by Simon Lewty, Atrium Gallery, Bournemouth University

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

1981 With Assistance from, Ikon Gallery, Birmingham (and touring)

1982 Midland View 2

1983 Stoke-on-Trent City Art Gallery (with 79 Group)

6th Cleveland International Drawing Biennale

1984 TSWA National Open Art Exhibition

Midland View 3 (Prizewinner)

1985 John Moores 14, Liverpool (Prizewinner)

Figure 1: Young Figurative Painters and Sculptors, Aberystwyth Arts Centre

1986 Walking and Falling, Interim Art and Plymouth Arts Centre collaboration (toured to Kettle’s Yard, Cambridge)

Living Art Pavilion, Arts Council Ideal Home Exhibition, London

Unheard Music – Contemporary Art on the Theme of Gardens, Stoke-on-Trent City Museum and Art Gallery

Contrariwise–Surrealism and Britain 1930–86, Glynn Vivian Art Gallery (and tour)

1987 John Moores 15, Liverpool

Athena Art Awards, Barbican Art Centre, London

Knowing Your Place: Artists’ Parish Maps, Common Ground, London

Cleveland 8th International Drawing Biennale, (Prizewinner)

1988 Artists in National Parks, Victoria and Albert Museum, London (and tour)

Fragments of False Houses, Pomeroy Purdy Gallery, London

1989 Launch of Midlands Contemporary Art, Birmingham

The Tree of Life, South Bank Centre (and tour)

Texts, Inscriptions and Calligraphy in Contemporary Art, Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston

1990 Upturned Ark, Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford

1991 The Discerning Eye, Mall Galleries, London

1992 The Poetry Show, Rebecca Hossack Gallery, London

The Beauty in Breathing, Ruth and Marvin Sackner Archive of Concrete & Visual Poetry, Miami Beach, Florida

1994 Art ’94, London, Art First

Flowers, Coram Gallery, London

Drawing Pairs, Adam Baumgold Fine Art, New York

Contemporary Art Society Art Market, London

1995 Art ’95, London, with Art First

National Trust Centenary Exhibition, Christie’s, London

1996 Back to Nature, Art First, London

2000 Blake’s Heaven: A Tribute Exhibition to William Blake , Sclar Fine Art, in association with James Huntington-Whiteley

2004 On Paper, Art First, London

2005 A Full Emptiness, Simon Lewty & Mary Riley, Art First, London

Mixed Doubles, Art First, London

2006 Lewty / Maclean: Charting a Decade: 1995–2005, Art First, London

Translations from the National Gallery, Art First, London

2007–08 Mapping the Imagination, Victoria & Albert Museum, London

2007 The Discerning Eye, Mall Galleries, London (selected by Charles Saumarez Smith)

AWARDS

1984 Midland View 3

1985 John Moores 14, Liverpool

1987 Cleveland 8th International Drawing Biennale

COLLECTIONS

Arthur Andersen & Co

Arts Council of Great Britain

Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery

The Bank of England

The British Museum

Cleveland Museum and Art Gallery

Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston

Leamington Spa Art Gallery

Leeds City Art Gallery

Mead Gallery, University of Warwick

Ruth and Marvin Sackner Archive of Concrete and Visual Poetry, Miami Beach, Florida

Stoke on Trent Museum & Art Gallery

Wolverhampton Art Gallery

Worcester Art Gallery

Victoria & Albert Museum

Private collections in England, France, Switzerland, Japan, and USA

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