

# Review

LS approach to offer solace to the FURNISHER who falls far from half-blinded in his memory. As last last flew across his face. Great dogs set the yard at the back of the house. The messenger is impudent to tease 'the r. "Sir, our concern is of the river's overflowing. When the ice melts, water will go to the place of his birth, a small town near a forest which stretches for many miles with?" "No; they are as important now as they have ever been—for already the OH 'THE STARS!' With unperformed familiarity the last man turned in the room against the surface of the wall, broken with dancing patches of light and shadow reflected in condensation on the window pane. There had erected a curious structure

BRING FAIR DEPARTS. THE ROCKET BURSTS IN

you that can only bear the lineaments of lost registers of time. YEARS OF lighten you any further about the value of such things. I once took charge of a cargo of ships, unafraid of the roughshod humanity, the FURNISHER has said. "Short SPANKE AS FIRON INONH ERE—drawn inexorable to the remains of man in the waste and way reads? For binding in a frightened day, for blessing in the very much, I do not know that man, but I know that the nature of his CAT,

ING TO PNT TANGIS, MELI HES FEELS I PLANE HES TS, AND A TAUT LICH GATHERS TEE CUNDEN COLOS

if - we would have liked to hear her.  
you - feel - how - do you think - you rate  
it worse - so perhaps it would be - better  
- it doesn't mean - no-one else - can - the  
is so necessary - if necessary - to contin  
him - this day - as light ? and also - to  
nally - there is just - no - experience -  
not have been able - you can talk to - pe  
share those views ? yes, I do - and i  
- that what - may be important - to rea  
but where you definitely have - so ma  
use they do - talk - I think - two import  
stions - 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 - another - we were misled - we

Simon Lewty

THE SELF AS A STRANGER

# Simon Lewty

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# The self as a stranger

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

Cathérine 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 blinds. 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 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 whee  
an artificial lake, their glossy, black forms mirrored in the smooth water. The retainers of the house strapped ho  
avel path at the side of the house. Some will lament in rooms where brown curtains hang at the long windows. Yet i  
cade under the wooden bridge - there, so near the bats used by the gardeners to store the dismantled staging of the sun  
z, 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 over  
6 that was 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  
'THE 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.  
THE AIMLESS POINTING OF A FINGER EVER-SUSPENDED IN ADMONITION ABO

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 depa  
of sun-dried pulp. Indifferent to success or failure HE LEFT THE CITY BEFORE THE END OF THE

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 dolour of the dancing figures against the sun  
The servant will run out of the house and stand at the edge of the field as  
PEECH. WARM RAIN FELL ON THE TARRED ROAD. THE HILLS ARE NOT HIGH. No  
the 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 a  
."FOR I HAVE SO MUCH TO SAY," he continued. "But for now I can only tell OF SUNS AND MOON  
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  
RONTS THE STRETCHED AND WAXY SKIN, THE SCRAPPY NECK AND CRANING  
CAYED COAST, THE NOISE OF FLIES MOVING IN THE HOT AIR AS THE SEA  
LANDS, WHILE OURS IS EVER AN AFFRONT-HIS CASE PROVED AGAINST HIS

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 sea. 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 de  
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  
VITH 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  
a sweep through the approaches to the park and up the long, tree-lined roads. The spring wind has risen throughout  
from the fruit garden still growing inside a hedge. It must have been more than sixty years old. The small lawn wa  
of the sand were and remain to this day, the front and rear of the garden, and the trees. There were no

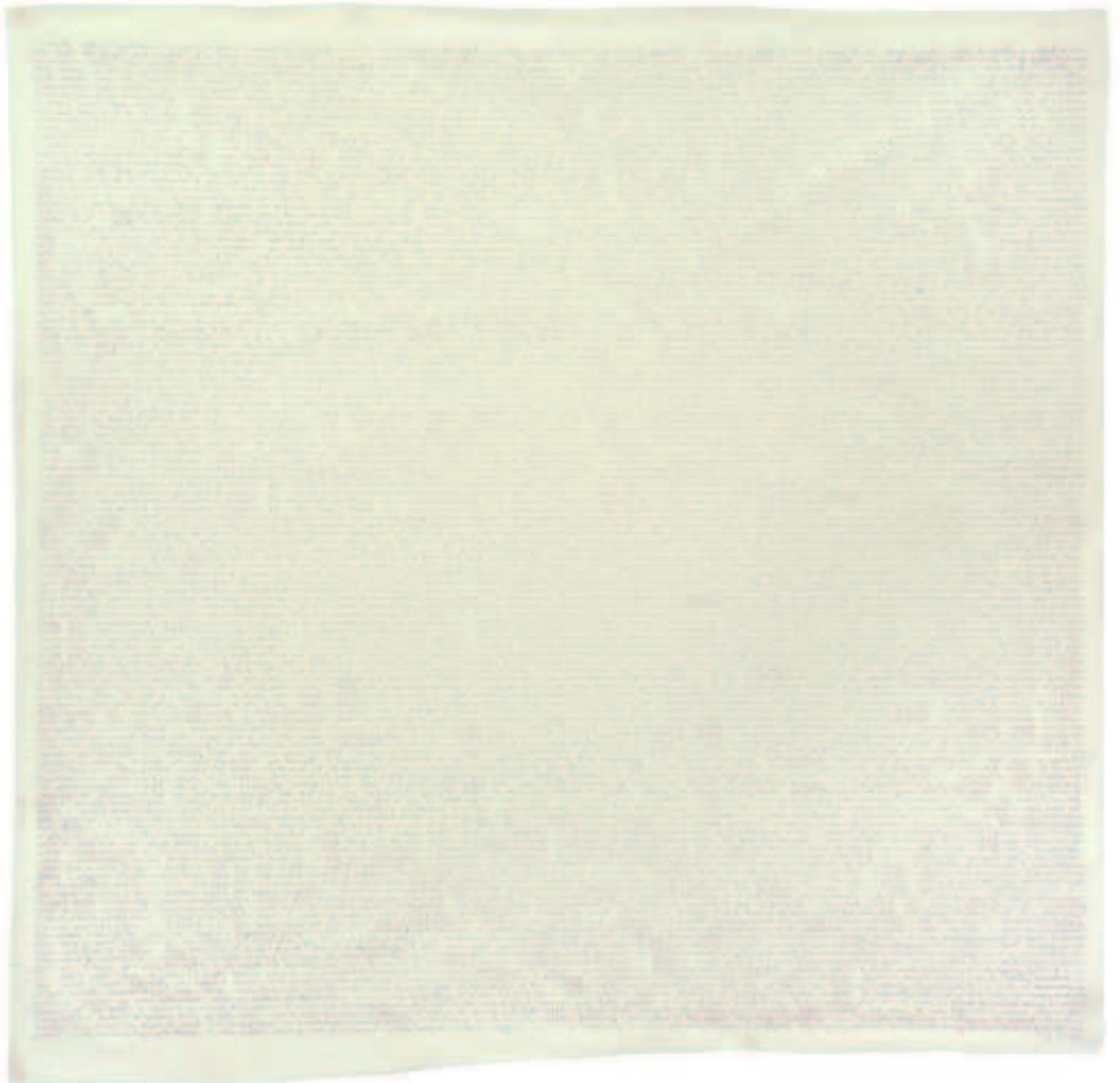


To unexplained day, 2002, ink on paper, 100 x 143 cm

conditions are that's why it's not not for me I pretended to be up to me I know but I don't really want to be a part of it having why you think I think anyone might still be confused like if I hadn't been someone like that maybe I think those questions what that would mean? There is a lack also you look at it like nothing you think of every day encouraged towards a climate but of course people believe it happens had to affect a great deal on I understand to be something else became myth it might help to protect the 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 try by all means try but don't rely on them too many of them but I think once but I do have reservations it is no because everything every single they are I think we are going to do before a time the no. Decades in any way but I did appreciate that it wasn't about me that's course everybody does that's why I don't I try not to of course I always forget 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 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 be that kind of experience I have to what you want to do what you do I think everybody has experienced without necessarily being part of it if you thought the way you behaved at times it would lead me to believe what you make it that includes aside from I think whatever people are going forward Every day you get today is a changing day morning always some what kind of effect would you be talking about? For a case to be when this 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 context I do believe that that probably not a lot of misconceptions on it in I think it comes to keep this I do actually that the thing do you think mainly is this a good idea? I didn't know what was done so far taking support therefore I am saying I am sure it reflects the we are still relying on rumours to count on something it may a prospect which stands the test of time difficult circumstances other situations I think the point about it is society tends to be

**A Voice, A Recognition**, 2007, pencil on paper 207 x

the people. We believe in this now - we believe ourselves & everybody else - and they still do - they don't do other things. They don't do other things - it's an important - sort of ownership but they do other things - this is that - with a previous experience - and I think you don't get really trust - that they will not withdraw - or worse - things not being sufficient - things - reaching - suddenly - are quite an important part - these things - frequently - just disappears with the - disappears - at moments with messages - without any of the other - messages of whether what we do goes on like that. I would expect - consideration - the role of a lot of - thinking around - having - the - you - nothing like that - certainly - and before the next - a certain point on - it will - but - they are only doing - what they have done - just want them - and nothing - suppose - a disease - against a - appear - despite the - voice of - voice in the - mind - that - I have only - to - wait - to have the confidence - saying - that - you - now - should - want to - you - that - with - to - do - but also knowing - that - I am - and - like this - again - they - perhaps - of - something - like that - through - the - but - necessarily - the - complicating - people - and - like - something - because - what - did - you - do - something? - suddenly - oh - now - something - might - not - want - to - like - I don't think - as - I don't think - we were - but - to - do - something - the - what - they - consider - like - it - now - at - least - I - say - it - need - to - just - say - whether - we - know - that - we - are - I - heard - oh - the - friends - they - problem - is - like - probably - something - we - need - to - consider - probably - things - their - reactions - these - reactions - are - really - have - been - quite - good - have - been - able - to - see - them - right



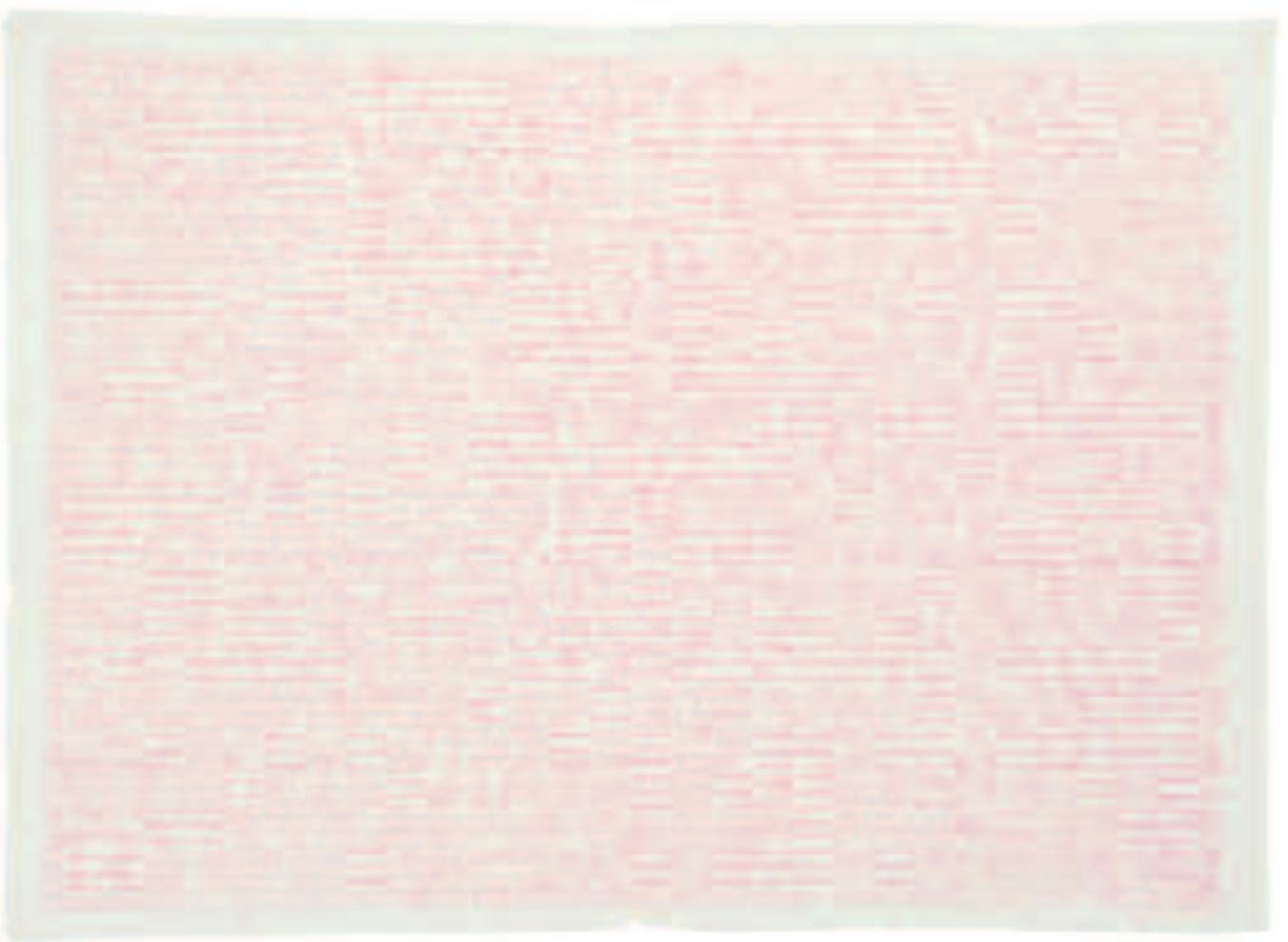
A Cry Within a Mind, 2007, crayon on conservation tissue 160 x 170 cm

the passage of time - eating that's  
a of the things - one of the reasons  
absolutely - but must not be - and  
we do - not we may not - for  
the beginning - probably - in  
the words in they sometimes just -  
everything eating - what about - the  
to you to feel - just - what would  
- any time - do they don't know -  
think in passage - eating back to -



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

**Years of the Sky**, 2007, typescript and various media, 68 x 79 cm



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

as the crowd of arrivals began to thin out, with mention of Paula and Sy. The bus in green paint faded as the people departed. The last few stragglers emerged. A small squatting person, with two exhausted-looking small boys. The smaller boy later determinedly pushed trolleys. And then, walking alone, and carrying milk + weekend groceries, a young woman who caught Arthur's eye immediately because of the contrast she presented with the crowd of immigrants.

Arthur's glass passed over the red-tinted frame of his black silk suit + white shirt. Instantly expensive but quite unaffordable. He turned to the hallway door. One of the few bright + festive stainless steel rooms, primarily Arthur thought without built-in heat. Then he caught a glimpse of the girl's face and felt a small smile. It was a beautiful face, a perfect oval, but in spite of the normal looking she eyes seemed jaded and the large, somewhat eyes stared vacantly ahead with an oddly neutral look. From whom she had come, the memory of those strange eyes confused with Arthur in the hallway with something else for Paula and her husband to notice.

She is always claim that there was no point

quarrelled. 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?'

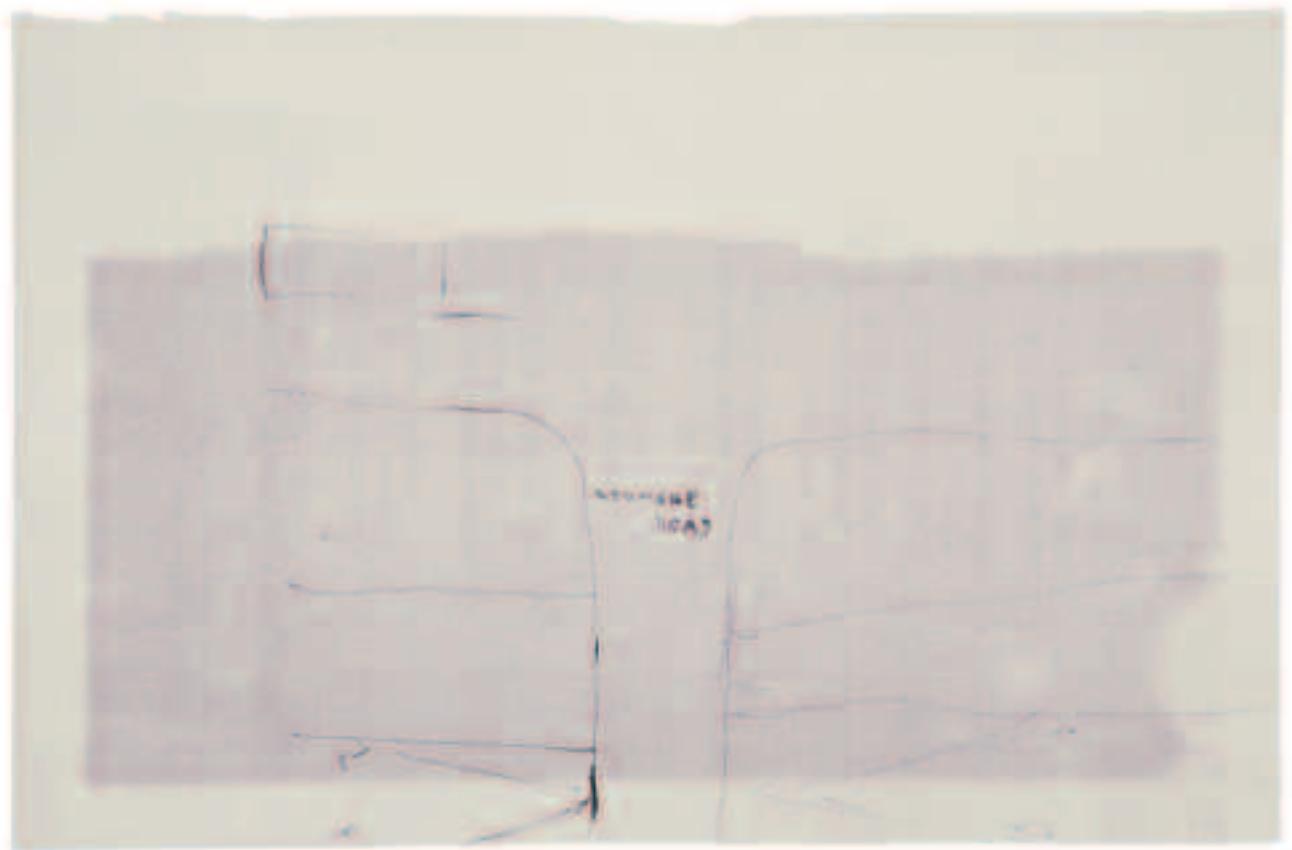
'Perhaps - if there's time. I have to see how Pam is.'



No, Thank You, 2007, typescript and various media, 62 x 57 cm



**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	<b>SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS</b>	1994	Art '94, London, Art First	<b>AWARDS</b>
1957–60	Mid-Warwickshire School of Art	1981 <i>With Assistance from</i> , Ikon Gallery, Birmingham (and touring)	1995	<i>Flowers</i> , Coram Gallery, London	1984 <i>Midland View 3</i>
1960–62	Hornsey School of Art	1982 <i>Midland View 2</i>	1996	<i>Drawing Pairs</i> , Adam Baumgold Fine Art, New York	1985 <i>John Moores 14</i> , Liverpool
1964–81	Lecturer at Mid-Warwickshire School of Art	1983 Stoke-on-Trent City Art Gallery (with 79 Group)	1997	Contemporary Art Society Art Market, London	1987 <i>Cleveland 8th International Drawing Biennale</i>
	Lives and works in Leamington Spa	1984 <i>6th Cleveland International Drawing Biennale</i>	1998		
		1985 <i>TSPA National Open Art Exhibition</i>	1999	<i>Art '95</i> , London, with Art First	<b>COLLECTIONS</b>
		1986 <i>Midland View 3</i> (Prizewinner)	2000	<i>National Trust Centenary Exhibition</i> , Christie's, London	Arthur Andersen & Co
1968	Woodstock Gallery, London	1987 <i>John Moores 14</i> , Liverpool (Prizewinner)	2001	<i>Back to Nature</i> , Art First, London	Arts Council of Great Britain
1984	Ikon Gallery, Birmingham	1988 <i>Figure 1: Young Figurative Painters and Sculptors</i> , Aberystwyth Arts Centre	2002	<i>Blake's Heaven: A Tribute Exhibition to William Blake</i> , Sclar Fine Art, in association with James Huntington-Whiteley	Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery
1985	Anne Berthoud Gallery, London	1989 <i>Walking and Falling</i> , Interim Art and Plymouth Arts Centre collaboration (toured to Kettle's Yard, Cambridge)	2003	<i>On Paper</i> , Art First, London	The Bank of England
	Serpentine Gallery, London	1990 <i>Living Art Pavilion</i> , Arts Council Ideal Home Exhibition, London	2004	<i>A Full Emptiness</i> , Simon Lewty & Mary Riley, Art First, London	The British Museum
1987	Anne Berthoud Gallery	1991 <i>Unheard Music – Contemporary Art on the Theme of Gardens</i> , Stoke-on-Trent City Museum and Art Gallery	2005	<i>Mixed Doubles</i> , Art First, London	Cleveland Museum and Art Gallery
1988	Anne Berthoud Gallery	1992 <i>Chosen Objects</i> , Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery	2006	<i>Lewty/Maclean: Charting a Decade: 1995–2005</i> , Art First, London	Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston
1989		1993 <i>Contrariwise–Surrealism and Britain 1930–86</i> , Glynn Vivian Art Gallery (and tour)	2007	<i>Translations from the National Gallery</i> , Art First, London	Leamington Spa Art Gallery
1992	Austin Desmond & Phipps in association with Anne Berthoud	1994 <i>Messages from the Past</i> , Midlands Contemporary Art Ltd, Birmingham	2008	<i>Mapping the Imagination</i> , Victoria & Albert Museum, London	Leeds City Art Gallery
		1995 <i>Terra Incognita</i> , Castle Museum, Nottingham and Mead Gallery, University of Warwick	2009	<i>The Discerning Eye</i> , Mall Galleries, London (selected by Charles Saumarez Smith)	Mead Gallery, University of Warwick
1994		1996 <i>Front Room Focus</i> , Art First	2010		Ruth and Marvin Sackner Archive of Concrete and Visual Poetry, Miami Beach, Florida
1995		1997 <i>Voices From Lost Fields</i> , Art First	2011		Stoke on Trent Museum & Art Gallery
1999		1998 <i>Towards Drawing</i> , touring exhibition to Leicester, Wolverhampton, Stoke-on-Trent, Preston, Bristol, Worcester	2012		Wolverhampton Art Gallery
2000		1999 <i>Episodes</i> , Art First, London	2013		Worcester Art Gallery
2004		2000 <i>Eclipses</i> , Art First, London	2014		Victoria & Albert Museum
2007		2001 <i>Eclipses</i> , Art First, New York	2015		Private collections in England, France, Switzerland, Japan, and USA
		2002 <i>Imprimis – Recent work by Simon Lewty</i> , Atrium Gallery, Bournemouth University			
		2003 <i>Knowing Your Place: Artists' Parish Maps</i> , Common Ground, London			
		2004 <i>Cleveland 8th International Drawing Biennale</i> , (Prizewinner)			
		2005 <i>Artists in National Parks</i> , Victoria and Albert Museum, London (and tour)			
		2006 <i>Fragments of False Houses</i> , Pomeroy Purdy Gallery, London			
		2007 <i>Launch of Midlands Contemporary Art</i> , Birmingham			
		2008 <i>The Tree of Life</i> , South Bank Centre (and tour)			
		2009 <i>Texts, Inscriptions and Calligraphy in Contemporary Art</i> , Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston			
		2010 <i>Upturned Ark</i> , Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford			
		2011 <i>The Discerning Eye</i> , Mall Galleries, London			
		2012 <i>The Poetry Show</i> , Rebecca Hossack Gallery, London			
		2013 <i>The Beauty in Breathing</i> , Ruth and Marvin Sackner Archive of Concrete & Visual Poetry, Miami Beach, Florida			

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### **Simon Lewty: The Self as a Stranger**

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1. A Person in Love
2. A Married Person.
3. A Lawless Person.
4. An Unruly Person
5. A benevolent person.
6. A protecting person.
7. A person of ideals
8. A person influenced by an obligation.
9. A person subjected to adverse conditions.
10. A Reckless person.
11. A person swayed by pretense.
12. A subtle person.
13. A person influenced by the occult and mysterious.
14. A normal person.
15. Any person.
16. Embarking upon an enterprise in which one obligation is opposed by another obligation.
17. Seeking by unusual methods to conquer personal limitations.
18. Assuming the character of a criminal in a perfectly honest enterprise.
19. Devising a clever and plausible delusion in order to forward certain ambitious plans.
20. Seeking to test the value of a mysterious communication and become involved in strange complications.
21. Seeking to unravel a puzzling complication.
22. Becoming involved in a love affair that encounters unforeseen obstacles.
23. Confronting a situation in which wealth
24. Engaging in a difficult enterprise when promised a reward for high achievement.
25. Falling in love at a time when certain obligations forbid love.
26. Seeking to demonstrate the power of love by a test of courage.
27. Suffering an entrapment due to mistaken judgment.
28. Working by craftiness to secure misfortune.
29. Falling into misfortune through the wills of a crafty scheme.
30. Falling into misfortune through mistaken judgment.
31. Working to save a person who is accused of transgression.
32. Facing a situation in which the misfortune of one greatly esteemed calls for courage and sagacious enterprise.
33. Living a lonely cheerless life and seeking companionship.
34. Seeking to conceal identity because of a lofty idealism.
35. Committing a mistake and seeking a secret to live down its evil results.
36. Pursuing cherished ambitions by carrying out an obligation.
37. Seeking to overcome personal limitations in carrying out an enterprise.
38. Seeking retaliation for a wrong either real or fancied.
39. Pinning an obligation at variance with ambition, inclination, or necessity.
40. Seeking to forward an enterprise and encountering faintly sententious as an obstacle.
41. Assuming a fictitious character when embarking upon a certain enterprise.
42. Encountering a would-be transgressor and seeking to prevent a transgression.
43. Engaging in an enterprise and then mysteriously disappearing.
44. Engaging in an enterprise and becoming involved with the occult and fanaticism.
45. Being put to a test in which love will be lost if more material fortunes are advanced.
46. Meeting with misfortune and being cast away in a primitive environment.
47. Gaining a grudge in an unfortunate undertaking.
48. Emerging harmfully from a serious establishment.
49. Writing a guilty letter and doing a public whilst.
50. Unearthing a secret that leads straight to catastrophe.
51. Emerging from a trying ordeal with merely enhanced wisdom.
52. Shown the current misfortune in one's own under-taking.