



Richard Lewer

You Cant win Them ALL

# I HATE THIS ... FEELING

Text: Patrick Pound

## LOSING ...

It's a kind of sinking.  
Your hopes siphoned off and leached out.  
You are left there – drained –  
like a lost wax sculpture.  
Helpless, hopeless, inconsolable  
(no-one say anything).  
No one touch me (Noli Me Tangere).  
There's nothing worse.

*When the All Blacks lost to Australia in the rugby world cup my brother Brian and I were watching it in a Melbourne pub. So was Richard. My brother and I jumped out the window. Richard turned around and we were gone.*

*When the All Blacks lost to France I was in France. The teams were in Wales. Go figure.  
There were a million people squashed in a square, watching the game projected in front of the Hôtel de Ville. They had put team jerseys on the statues. One was by Laurent Marqueste (France), the other by Jules Blanchard (New Zealand). They were allegorical figures of art. Classic.  
I will never forget that.  
Before half time the All Black's went into their shell.  
They were still ahead but I saw the writing on the wall.  
We ran back to our hotel to watch the horrible – inevitable end.  
I'll never forget that. I was silenced.  
Dumb life at her stupid work.*

When I walked into Richard's studio I recognised that feeling writ large – from all sides. The figures in the paintings looked like statues. They reminded me of those painted statues in their painted niches in Padua.  
Giotto's Wrath, Envy, Despair and Inconstancy – all standing together like a reunion of ghosts.  
I could see that feeling in these faces, painted. I could see it in the painted limp bodies; in the fallen figures and in the faces looking skyward for some (impossible) salvation.  
I could smell it in the paint.  
Losing enameled.

These paintings were all shiny examples of losing at sports.  
Each of them looked familiar. I thought I recognised some of the scenes from the press. The titles of the paintings didn't identify the people or the scenes they recalled. These are images unhinged. They are like uncaptioned photographs – untitled Vices. One image can stand in for another. They are signs of the type. They are a set of losers all feeling the same thing. They give it off.

Lewer's paintings are a bit like crime scenes. They reek of an ugly event and of lasting damage.

*We have a group of regulars who go to watch the All Blacks projected at the pub. When we lose I tend to look first at the others in our group who used to play. They know what it's like I guess. It's a bit like a Victims of Crime support group. We win most of the time of course, but that only makes it worse when we lose. I know it's all a bit pathetic. Losers like us should just get over it – get a life, and all that. It's just a sickening feeling players and fans share like a virus.*

*If you don't catch it you're not really into sport. That's okay (for you).*

## ... NOT LOSING

The other (unseen) side of these paintings. When the final whistle blows, or the siren sounds, you often hear the winners say that what they mostly feel is relief.  
I suppose this means then, that they must have been more worried about losing, than they are now excited about winning.  
That feeling passes of course, and the celebration can begin.  
There's nothing better – until next time.

*I asked Richard if he wanted to come to Sydney to watch the All Blacks play against Australia with me. He said he couldn't think of anything worse. What if we lost.*

Oh Dear Look At Your FACE  
PICK Your Boog He Chosen you  
Walking Around Like you own the joint  
SOME Fashion with A rope Around the neck  
THE Big MAN upstairs  
Throbbing You Drive me  
CAN You Feel it  
cant get ride of that Brit  
ITS OFF I wish the God would Take Me now  
Lead By exam  
DOOMED Feel Like a p...  
Interscore  
SAVE ME  
Dropped in Bun  
Kindness  
Try And Enjoy your self up  
Remove  
I Dnt good  
At Any Cost  
I know its coming



Every Body  
Is Out Doors  
HAVING  
FUN

You Told Me It was your name  
Going to be  
It was hard enough just to remember  
SHE walked into the door Honest  
He was my only friend

Ara Cunts  
No Fighting  
It's A Haven For Devils

Don't give Me No T  
She will Be missed by us all  
care for yourself  
THEY were our

Hoods I Liked you the way you were  
PooF How can you sleep

I used to lean on you  
Who Laughing now  
It's Time to step up to the Mark

He makes up these things in his head  
Build ALL the time  
I Ask YOU  
Return  
thanks very much

Don't Be a Lazy cunt  
A Horse will be for do men  
How A good Lord take Time  
Back to BACK  
Feeling the way  
Soft



The 5 Wonders  
I just wanted to shade your life  
Average  
Lost Inside  
Inviv





*It wasn't supposed to be this way*  
1270mm x 1270mm



*I have let everybody down*  
1003mm x 1003mm



*I wish the ground would swallow me up*  
650mm x 650mm



*I am so sorry*  
750mm x 750mm



*Our best wasn't good enough*  
650mm x 650mm



*You cant get anymore disappointed than I feel right now*  
750mm x 750mm



*Out*  
750mm x 750mm



*Look at each other in the eye,  
how bad do we want it*  
1270mm x 1270mm



*Please God*  
750mm x 750mm

*FRONT COVER:*  
*Are you blind Ref*  
1270mm x 1270mm

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