



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
THE Guy needs a drama
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 puking
Where y
if you offered Intercourse
SAVE ME Little conf
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 need to learn 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

Don't Be a Lazy cunt
thanks very much
Into the night
A Horse will be for do men
How A good Lord take Time
Back to BACK

good FAT
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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www.famousvis.com

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Andrew Curtis

OREXART

WWW.OREXGALLERY.CO.NZ

UPPER KHARTOUM PLACE KITCHENER ST
PO BOX 6325 WELLESLEY ST AUCKLAND
TEL 649 379 0588 E OREX@XTRA.CO.NZ