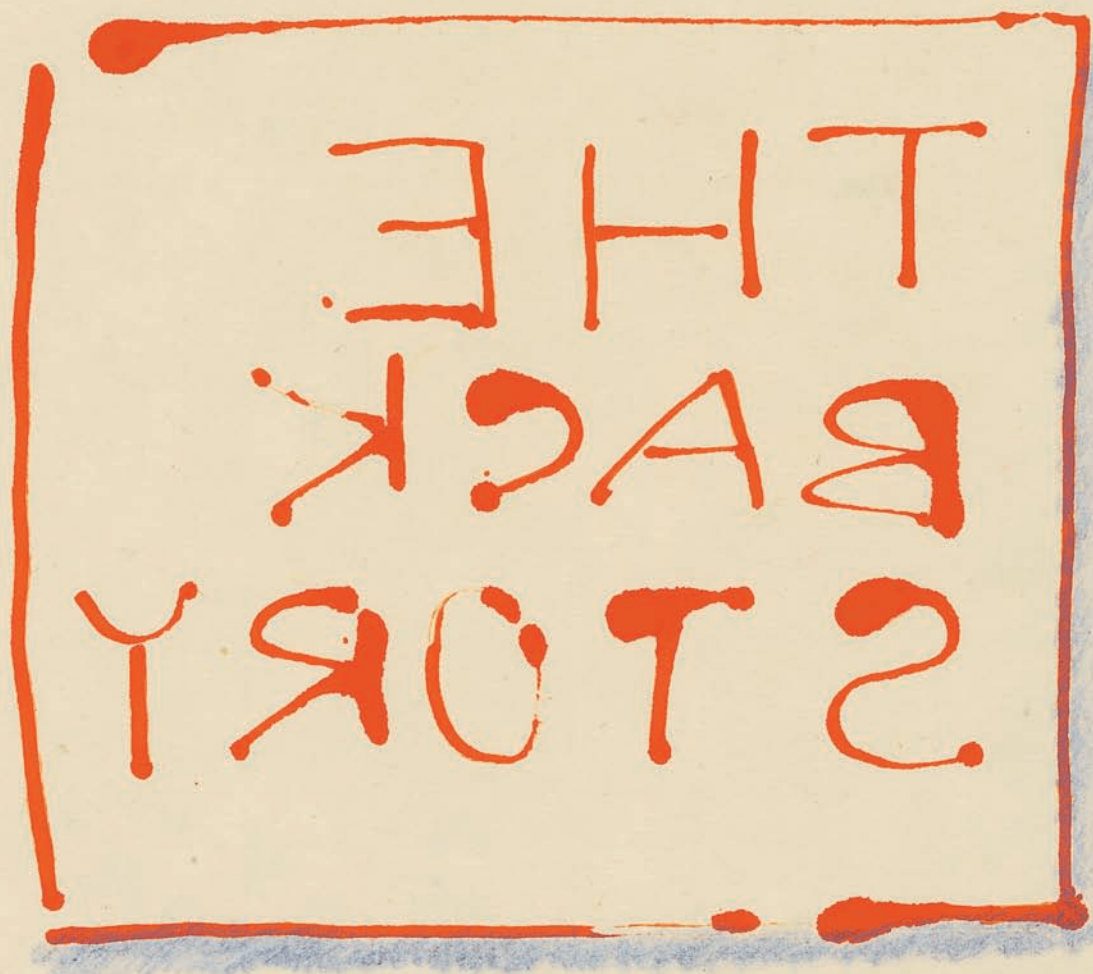


Artists' Laboratory Stephen Farthing RA

The Back Story

Royal Academy of Arts



Foreword

This book is the second in a series of documents published to coincide with the 'Artists' Laboratory', a programme of exhibitions at the Royal Academy that sets out to uncover aspects of the thinking and working processes behind making works of art and architecture.

Traditionally, the formulation of a work of art begins with studies and perhaps notes, which are then developed into colour sketches or, in the case of sculpture and architecture, working models, each of these preparatory stages necessary but subordinate to the finished work. However, many artists today have exploded that hierarchy. Major works may be executed with the same exploratory approach as a drawing. Completed works may leave exposed the first stages, templates, structural frameworks, points of reference and supporting notes, embodying in their finished state the means by which they were made. And whether made in the spirit of discovery or for the sake of bringing into being a pre-existing plan, the result is often a mix of more than one visual language.

Stephen Farthing's paintings have the directness and fluency of drawings, and he recognises little difference in importance between the two. The new works illustrated here also use image and text in almost equal measure. Image and text conspire in an alliance to both illustrate and contradict what we think we see. Farthing's attack on his audience's suspension of disbelief invokes Claude Lévi-Strauss's description of a metalanguage as a means by which a text may step outside of its own conventions to comment on or explain itself. The consequence of this is a break in continuity: the audience is reminded of the artificiality of illusion. In these cases, seeing is not believing.

Farthing developed into a mature artist during the 1970s, with an allegiance towards Continental Europe. Unlike the majority of his contemporaries he did not willingly embrace the prevailing influence of American art, and it was only in later life, at the age of fifty, that, due to an academic appointment, he travelled across the Atlantic and started to explore American culture. His ability to transfer his studio practice from one place to another without inhibitions, his pragmatic nature and a readiness to be emotionally and intellectually peripatetic meant that he took to life in America with relative ease. He now lives and works partly in Britain and partly in America. The works in this book were made apparently seamlessly in both places.

The first text here is an analysis of Farthing's recent drawings and paintings by David Scott Kastan, George M. Bodman Professor of English at Yale University. We are grateful to him for such an astute appraisal of Farthing's work. This examination across disciplines is also interesting in the context of the 'Artists' Laboratory', in that it brings fresh insights to the table. But it is also our intention in this series to encourage artists to speak about their ideas and working processes under the interrogation of fellow artists. The second text records a discussion between Stephen Farthing and the painter Stephen Chambers, conducted in September 2010. Together they weave a common thread of speculation around the nature of pictures and paintings, subject-matter and meaning, humour and substance.

The debate does not end there. It can and will continue between these artists and between other artists, perhaps between artists and specialists in other fields, and we hope onwards to a wider public.

Paul Huxley RA

Stephen Farthing

Drawing–Writing–Mapping–Painting

David Scott Kastan, *Yale University*

*He had to choose. But it was not a choice
Between excluding things. It was not a choice*

*Between, but of. He chose to include the things
That in each other are included,
The whole, the complicate, the amassing harmony.*

Wallace Stevens, 'Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction'

Most artists have a clear and fixed hierarchy of formal activities in their head. Paintings usually are on top. They are what is finished and fully realised. They are (so their artists hope) what will sell. Drawing is normally a lesser form, casual and exploratory, often preliminary. Writing may be limited to a signature (and these days, even if something is signed, it is rarely on the picture plane). And mapping . . . well, mapping is someone else's business: schematic and instrumental, not an artistic activity at all.

But that isn't how Stephen Farthing thinks or how he works. Although he continues to produce big, beautiful and ambitiously 'painterly' canvases (like *Painting the Atlantic*, page 7), these exist – indeed become most compelling – in the context of a rich, ongoing visual meditation on how various graphic practices relate to one another and to the roles each has traditionally played in the history of art.

Every work reproduced in this book is part of that meditation. Writing, for example, appears throughout, welcomed into the artist's repertoire of forms rather than sequestered, set apart from them. Words are not captions (no more than images are illustrations). Neither word nor image has primacy here. They mingle in Farthing's work; in fact they miscegenate, both refusing to accept their difference. Words remain recognisable as text – indeed, aggressively insist upon themselves as such – but often as a text that can't be read, the illegibility turning the words into images rather than linguistic signs, collapsing the familiar distinction between the two and undoing the protocols of seeing that are attached to each (although, it should be said, these protocols exist in opposition mainly in the West; an 'Eastern' calligraphic tradition had long ago effected the collapse). We usually read words from left to right

and work our way down a page, but an image will direct our eye differently. Words belong to the 'left brain', images to the 'right'. That's what neurobiologists tell us. Farthing undoes this lateralisation, making us see what we expect to read, and read what we merely expect to see. Sense and senses collide and ultimately collude.

Boucher: The Back Story (page 31) is a perfect example: a painting that is at once a brilliant critique of François Boucher's *Girl Reclining* (*Louise O'Murphy*), 1751 – a small (59 × 73 cm) nude portrait of the young girl who would soon become the mistress of Louis XV (indeed possibly at the prompt of the painting, which seems to have been intended to exhibit her to the King) – and a ravishing formal experiment in Farthing's own terms. In the significantly larger scale of Farthing's painting, the girl's oddly drawn right leg in the original becomes apparent, as does the position of her *derrière* at the very centre of the canvas.

But Farthing is less interested in Boucher's artistic or moral failings than in the painting as a provocation for his own formal experimentation. Enlarged, and also distorted by the gauze of mirror writing on the picture plane, in Farthing's painting figuration becomes abstract and gestural: vivid patches of colour come to dominate line. The mirror writing confirms the canvas as a two-dimensional surface, even as the letters help to create volume by floating in front of the figure (space made even more complex as the reversed writing suggests that the words would only be properly legible from behind the canvas, wittily literalising the idea of the 'back story').

It is a good joke, but it is a better painting. Abstraction becomes a mode of moral as well as formal purification: what is meant here to seduce is not the (creepy) display of a pubescent girl's

body, but the confident presentation of a mature artist's imagination. And seductive it is, offering itself sensuously for our delight, even as it teases us with its conceptual sophistication (not, I suspect, the young mistress's strong suit).

Or think of *The Drawn History of Painting* series (pages 20–29), especially the map of that history (pages 20–21), which adapts the familiar diagram of the London Underground for a monumental historical task. Again the conceptual and pictorial, word and image, line and colour, idea and act, exist in tension, but not in contradiction. Each half of these pairs informs and energises the other, as is evident in this suite of drawings that does what good drawings always do: use line to activate the picture surface and engage the viewer's eye. And of course again there is the wit: this is Art History, but less as history than as art.

But the joke has a serious aim (as good jokes inevitably do). *The Drawn History* is pointedly a history that is not linear. The history of painting, as artists have always known, doesn't celebrate – or demand – an inevitable progress towards the new. Indeed, the Underground is arguably a perfect metaphor for the recycling of forms that is art's history: it allows different people to get on a train that continuously retraces its route, regularly stopping at stations that have long been in use. *The Drawn History* is a history without a beginning and without an end. This is not to fall back upon a banal assertion of art's timelessness; it is simply to resist a developmental model of the history of forms, which would always push artists towards the next avant-garde.

Farthing knows better than that, but he knows also that the question of whether art may properly be said to have a history at all (or in what sense it might) is arguably more urgent for

artists than for art historians. But he will find and propose his answer in his art, hence a 'Drawn History'. And in fact, although he is among those contemporary artists who have consistently written, and written well, about art, he characteristically thinks in images and imagines ideas. The paintings and drawings here offer visual solutions to urgent conceptual problems, even as they suggest conceptual solutions to no less urgent visual problems. Wallace Stevens would have recognised in them the 'enchantments of intelligence'. For Farthing, seeing and thinking are not discrete activities; each is invigorated by the pressure of the other. Paired, they become both a mode of inquiry and a means of play.

In the large canvas *ABACUS #5* (page 40), one can see the persistent concerns of Farthing's art come convincingly together. The simplified surface of the painting clarifies its complex conceptual and painterly interests. On a black ground, orange balls are arranged in parallel lines, the painted canvas defining the frame of the abacus. Echoing the rods on which the balls are hung (though existing apparently in front of them) is the recurring phrase 'you can count on me'. It is a visually arresting painting: the orange pops against the black, the abacus provides a firm structure for the irruption of colour and the grey text of the pun organises the picture field. The painting's structure is stable and secure; a viewer stands comfortably in front of it knowing where and how to look. 'You can count on me,' the picture says, a formal promise seemingly offered with no less conviction than that offered literally by the abacus itself. 'You can count on me.'

But of course it is a promise that cannot be fulfilled. The abacus is merely the representation of an abacus: *Ceci n'est pas un abaque*, Farthing

might have written. But that's been done, and, in any case, his point is more complicated than Magritte's. The illusion of depth created by the script appearing to hover in front of the orange balls further undoes the formal guarantee.

As indeed does the pun itself, a mischievous insistence upon that which language always tries to deny: the instability of its referential system. We know that words may have more than one meaning; but this seems an arbitrary fact of language, and normally we speak or write to preclude the possibility of confusion. Farthing, however, invents a context that makes the ambiguity inescapable. The interpreter is unable to choose which sense of 'count on' is intended and is left to experience an oscillation in semantic space that is parallel to that of the unresolved pictorial space. And the irony should not be missed that 'Abacus' was the name of a sophisticated investment instrument that Goldman Sachs aggressively marketed to its clients between 2004 and 2007. 'You can count on me,' the firm in essence promised, although Abacus turned out to be one of the most toxic assets in the subsequent meltdown of the financial markets.

That is Farthing at his very best: formally inventive and conceptually bold, producing a painting that is beautiful to look at and in various ways unsettling to consider. But that's what art does, what it should do anyhow. Beauty on its own is static, mere decoration. But Farthing's art is always in motion, finished but never still. Each piece offers itself less as statement than as question, as an exploration of possibility rather than the triumph of technique. Each is engaged in a conversation with other art and with other artists, and always with the world. And each acknowledges that there still is more to say.



Stephen Farthing working on *Painting the Atlantic* at Chelsea Futurespace, London, 2005



Atlantic Water #45, 2005
Acrylic on board, 26 x 20 cm



Atlantic Water #31, 2005
Acrylic on board, 26 x 20 cm



Thames Water #29, 2005
Acrylic on board, 26 x 20 cm



Atlantic Water Sample, 2006
Ink on card, 25 x 20 cm



Thames Water Sample, 2006
Ink on card, 25 x 20 cm



Hudson Water Sample, 2006
Ink on card, 25 x 20 cm

Stephen Farthing RA and Stephen Chambers RA in conversation

SC When you choose to write about a painting that interests you, as you did in your book *1001 Paintings You Must See Before You Die*, you will, by putting it into words, see that painting in a slightly different way than you would during the more usual silent dialogue between eyes/brain and the painting in front of you.

SF Yes that is my experience too, but I would take it even further – I believe I can actually see a painting better once I have written about it.

SC The book was obviously an important catalyst for recent work, *The Back Story* and *The Drawn History of Painting* series, for example. Can you explain why?

SF As a ‘free’ painter, and by that I mean someone who seldom works to commission, I am able to choose my subject-matter. This freedom, I have noticed over time, has resulted in me working with subjects that reflect not just what is going on in my life, but also the way it’s going. So having, for the best part of a year, reflected on what might be my top 1001 paintings, it didn’t surprise me that in the end this experience began to shape my activities as a painter, not just in terms of subject-matter and content, but also image and text.

SC I have often thought about the repercussions for a writer of being a Booker Prize judge, about how to return to ‘self’. When you were mid-way through your research for *1001 Paintings* did you ever consider what it might do to your own work?

SF Yes, but only in so far as I thought becoming a ‘judge’ might taint what my audience thinks of my commitment to being an artist. In a more positive way, I saw it as an opportunity to stand back and see the bigger picture, to meet new people and paintings and to take seriously the achievements of others, so not a distraction – a time for reflection.

SC I asked because the paintings you have made in recent years, dare I say, since writing the book, seem to be the most succinct of all your work. It almost feels as if the more paintings you looked at, the more you were able to omit from your own work.

SF I hope you are right, because that’s what I wanted. When I was a student at the Royal College of Art in the early seventies, Peter de Francia, who was then Professor of Painting and I think quite liked my paintings, told me during a tutorial that when I painted I had ‘a surfeit of language’. I think this was a polite way of telling me that I could afford to make my paintings less complicated; forty years later I’m glad you think I’m getting there.

SC In writing about a painting you have to ask yourself a sequence of questions, because you need to say something, but when you engage with that same work by painting a ‘conversation’ with it, as you did in *The Back Story* series, you will, I am sure, find things that you would not have known simply by writing or just looking. Can you explain the difference between looking, writing and doing?

SF I like the idea of it being a ‘conversation’ – that’s exactly the way I view it. Yes, for me painting ‘about’ another artist’s painting is very different than simply looking at, or writing about or indeed drawing from it. In a hierarchical order I would put ‘just looking’ at the bottom of the heap, and writing, painting and drawing equal first at the top. Each of these approaches to a conversation with someone else’s painting reveals for me different layers and types of meaning, all equally useful to my mind. Writing about Boucher’s painting of a naked fourteen-year-old girl (Louise O’Murphy, a mistress of Louis XV) led me to understand exactly how coercive the image was. Painting about it on a much bigger scale made me realise how unresolved the anatomy on the right side of the girl’s body is. Drawing enabled me to see how you can get away with a lot of inaccuracies on a smaller scale. So practical engagements tended to unearth physical problems, and the written more emotional and intellectual issues.

SC As a student you went through art school when the American art critic Clement Greenberg was King Kong (I, being ten years younger, caught the tail end of his hold over artistic theory and practice). How much do you feel his emphasis on the formal construction of a painting has to do with the decisions you make when ‘building’ a painting?

SF My art education had a constructive schizophrenia or, as it was called at the time, dialectic, built into it. I was taught by two very different types of artists. On one side

there were the Royal Academicians, who were inclined to steer you towards Europe, and on the other a generally younger group, who as you suggest were mostly followers of Greenberg and inclined towards America. The way I paint is the product of my interest in both sides. I liked listening to Ruskin Spear talk about the portraits he painted, just as I was impressed by John Edwards discussing the importance of the 'edge' of the painting. Sensible students seemed to take one road or the other; I took the middle path. Which is most probably why De Francia thought I had a surfeit of language.

SC Charcoal Black. What is it that this colour means for you? Many of your paintings, often the views into interiors, deploy an almost frame-like soft black harnessing. I am



Gaddafi's Tent, 1996
Oil on canvas, 173 x 207 cm

thinking of paintings like *Gaddafi's Tent*, *Dumonair's Failure*, or the paintings of Mary Queen of Scots. I guess that this is partly black as infinity, but you also appear to use it to steer the eye around the painting?

SF Black for me is infinity, black is when I don't know what's there. Grey is where I start, the surface of the painting, and black is further away than grey. The grey I start with gets detailed with other greys, some lighter some darker. Towards the end I put in the blacks and whites, then finally, once I think I know what I'm doing, I introduce colour. Although sometimes my pictures are physically made as I have just described them, more often what I have described is a thought process that takes place, as I work my way towards a strategy for starting a painting.

SC Some of your recent paintings have people in them, and these people are often doing things. But they are not narrative paintings, are they? They are more like invitations to explore your mind, provocations to inquire...

SF I'm glad you see that in them. I consciously make paintings that can be looked at for long periods of time, over and over again. I would like my audience to relate to them as icons. Going back to a previous question, perhaps what I believe in most of all is the capacity of line, form and colour to not just endlessly entertain the eye, but also stimulate patterns of intellectually challenging thought – good old formalist stuff! Add to that a fearless attitude towards subject-matter – which Greenberg didn't have – and you have my paintings.

SC In many of the paintings with people in you have edited out their heads, frequently at the high-neck level, as in the *Standing Lady* paintings. This gives the viewer vampire's eyes, in a shift from the more familiar eye-to-eye connection. Could you explain the thoughts behind this anonymity?

SF I went to art school during the late sixties and early seventies, just as American abstraction peaked and Pop Art began to thrive. I knew I wanted to be a modern artist but never felt totally comfortable dispensing with the human presence. The figure has always been there in my paintings, even if I've reduced it to an empty chair or a string of words. That said, I think the human presence has had a rough and uncomfortable ride in modern art, not least in my own work. In the *Standing Lady* series I reduce my protagonists to decapitated statues, possibly tailors' dummies, not to be mean or sinister, but to throw the focus onto what interests me most – the background and their clothing. It's not people but their faces that seem to get in the way.

SC There is a difference between a painting and a picture, and you are very much involved in making paintings. One of the conundrums for a painter utilising recognisable images is how to avoid a painting becoming just a picture, merely illustrative. I think that because you are acutely aware of this painterly problem, throughout your career you have employed riddles: the fourth wall – that indescribable wall through which the viewer sees the action – camouflage, split focal points. You have described one series

as the *Gaming Paintings*. Would I be way off the mark to say that to some extent there has always been a game going on with the viewer?

SF Yes, for me that's the point, I'm giving the viewer something to think about – something that I can exercise my wit and imagination on once I've set out the idea. When we start to paint we imagine it is all about realising the image – once we've learned to do that reasonably well, most of us get bored with simply picturing things and places, bore others by doing it, or move on. I know you and I have both moved on. Good painters, once they have learned the rules, become interested in what happens when they break them. They want to know what happens when they add too much of 'x' or obliterate 'y' and turn the concept upside down. The *Gaming Paintings* explore how objects and colour can be used to confound our ability to read text, then how text can be reduced to an image. You are right it is a game, but unlike professional sportsmen we don't need to play the same game every day.

SC The text that appears in these and other recent works, frequently in reverse, gives us something else to think about, but it also acts as an invasive foil, or gauze, a type of electric shock that disrupts the viewer. Did you begin to use text to distance the viewer from the image? Were you thinking of ways of keeping the image at a distance?

SF That's it in a nutshell! In *Boucher: The Back Story*, for example, I wanted the words to sit

between us as viewers and the reclining naked figure, for the words to act as a screen that both informed and restricted our gaze.

SC So it doesn't matter if the viewer is unable to read them?

SF The viewer just has to know the words are there, to 'see' them. They can read them if they wish – but there's no need. In some paintings I obscure the meaning of the text by writing it backwards, in others I do it by creating chaos around it. The goal is for the text to become part of the image. If the painting 'works', the text should not describe the image.

SC I see the text as a type of bass beat. There, everywhere and inescapable, without being fully aware of its underpinning presence. It sets a rhythm.

SF I had never thought of it in that way – yes it's the bass, but the bass you are aware of, the one that has more to it than just a basic rhythm: it has some melody.

SC I know that the decorative and the intellectual are not exclusive, that they can coexist. Am I correct in imagining that you don't spend too much time worrying about the balance, or is that too simple?

SF This is one area where I rely heavily on intuition. The dash of cranberry juice that turns the vodka just pink is what I'm after. If you don't add enough it still looks and tastes like raw spirit, if you add too much it's a big pink drink that's too sweet.

SC Even your busiest works, interiors like *Gaddafi's Tent* or the panoramic scenes over Aston Villa's stadium, are whittled down to as few elements as possible. When you painted *ABACUS*, was a part of you thinking to see how reduced, simple, a painting might be?

SF Yes, simplicity is a state I crave but far too seldom achieve. Most of the time I am incapable of reducing what I am working on to a more simple state – but it's always the goal. With some of the later versions of *ABACUS* I feel I achieved that.

SC Your work *Painting the Atlantic* depicts the link between London and Long Island, the space between your two homes. What is interesting about the work is your resistance to describing the borders of the two countries. Like the horizon the water goes on and on. Were you always certain that there would be no acknowledgment of either coastline?

SF I started *Painting the Atlantic* with a sense of certainty over what the painting would contain – a lot of waves would fill the space between two coastlines, the UK on the right and the USA on the left. I had a title for the painting – *Thames & Hudson* – knew there wouldn't be any boats and knew the waves would look like Arabic writing. I could not, however, find a way of describing the two coastlines. The reason I think was because the two rivers, which to my mind were the start and end of the Atlantic, flowed in the same direction, basically west to east. There was a time when the south coast of

England featured top-right and the Hudson flowed into the painting mid-left – but it simply looked wrong, it was all too twisted. So rather than keep banging my head against a brick wall, I just did away with the rivers and coastlines and let the water speak for itself.

SC Are you aware of a difference between making a painting in London and making one on Long Island?

SF Although London is technically my home, the place where I was born, strangely, because I do believe that being an artist is essentially an urban occupation, I feel more at home by the ocean than I do living next to Chelsea's football stadium. At the beach, time doesn't matter, my phone seldom rings and the weather is usually the most exciting thing on the menu. I paint in both places – the difference is that in London it's work, on Long Island it's life the way I like to live it.

SC Because you've split your time between the UK and the USA for such a long time, do you sometimes forget where the paintings are made, or can you tell from the way a work looks?

SF No, never, I always remember where they were made. Sometimes I'll be working on two paintings that are part of the same series, one in the UK, the other in the USA, but I never forget which one was made where. The colours I use in each place are subtly different, not by choice so much as circumstance. I'm less fun in the city, more

restless, I take fewer chances. By the ocean the light is sharper, the colour is deeper and I'm warmer. It's all that stuff that fine-tunes the final look of my painting, and stops me from cheating on it.

SC You paint a lot of jewellery, and the reason is...?

SF Jewellery is the wealthy cousin of the tattoo. In Western culture one is no less primitive than the other. Their purpose is both to catch the eye and distract. Jewellery is exciting to paint; tattoos to my mind work better on flesh.

SC Sometimes I look at your works and think they are funny: fat King Henry with his bling, lines of ducks in a row. What are your thoughts on humour as an ignition?



Henry, 2004
Oil on canvas, 102 x 127 cm



Drawn Ducks, 2007
Gesso on canvas, 207 x 173 cm

SF If art is supposed to function as a container of all emotions then I suspect humour and fun are illusive. As much as I enjoy to joke, I have never painted a joke on purpose and I'm not sure anyone else has. When was the last time you saw someone laughing in an art gallery? I look upon humour as an analytical tool. It's not a weakness, it's a tool that opens up weaknesses, cuts through rhetoric and either puts people at ease or makes them feel very uncomfortable, all good stuff if you are interested in communication.

SC Yes, yes, I don't for an instant see you as a comical artist. Art that has a punchline

becomes dull; once the joke is understood the art is over. That's been my problem with, say, Magritte. Take his painting *Empire of Light*, the nocturnal house set between trees while daylight shines overhead: once we've clocked the disjunction, it's hard to know where to go. My use of the word 'ignition' was unhelpful. Perhaps I could say, in tackling weighty subjects, political in the instance of *Gaddafi's Tent*, or historical in the case of the paintings of the Battle of Trafalgar, you use an audacious, inventive, sometimes playful counterbalance?

SF I suspect at this point you are asking me to dig a little deeper into not so much 'how' or 'why' the pictures get made, but how my deeper emotional framework gets downloaded into them. Beyond painting, humour has been important to me. That said, I've never had a desire either on or off the canvas to be a jester or a clown – they are both sad roles to play. I survived in a fairly rough, at times almost brutal, secondary school in south London by further developing what I think was an ability inherited from my mother's side of the family, to make loads lighter. Humour doesn't always work, but when it does it helps us see situations anew; humour can change the air in a room. It emerges during the course of making my paintings, it is never there from the start, it is involuntary and a part of the way that I handle information and difficult situations. It is said that Ned Kelly's final words to those attending his hanging at the Old Melbourne Gaol were 'such is life'.

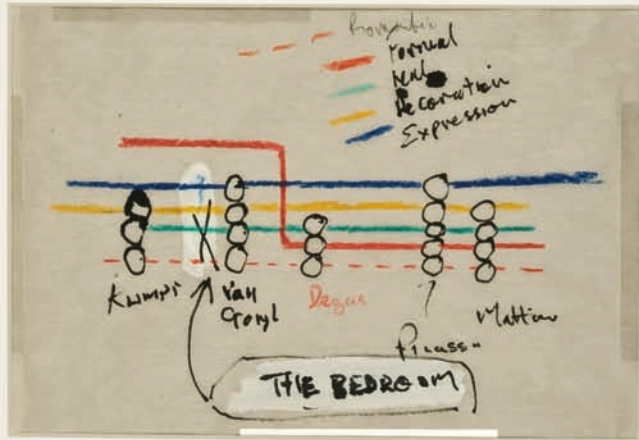
SC Sometimes when I am working and reminding myself to keep it simple, I call on Miro's painting of a fine line in a mass of blue. Sometimes when I think I'm moving dangerously close to pomposity I mutter Dorothy Parker subversions to myself. This is the idiosyncratic nature of our solitary practice. Do you have any of these consistent reference points? That you are prepared to admit at least!

SF I was once one of a group of artists reviewing the paintings of second-year students at a polytechnic in the north of England. As the last tutorial before morning coffee drew to a close and a student burst into tears, it became clear the tutorial had gone horribly wrong. After no more than

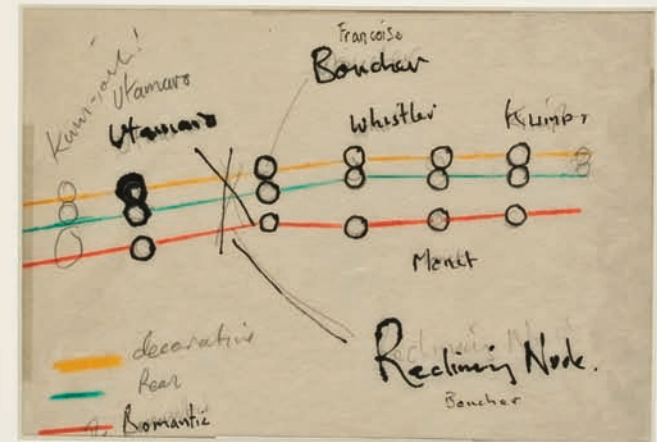
two seconds of tears and perhaps the third sob, Martin, a visiting artist from the Art Institute of Chicago turned on his colleagues and said very calmly in his warm mid-western accent: 'For God's sake you lot, it's not bloody brain surgery! A bad painting never killed anyone ... give her a break!' Raising the bar a little higher, I often think about Uccello's *The Hunt in the Forest* in the Ashmolean and how clean it is.

SC In three out of the five years that I have been an Academician we have faced one another in the Summer Exhibition catalogue. What's all that about then?

SF Magnetism.



Van Gogh, 2010
Ink, pencil and gouache on Japanese paper, 58 x 45 cm

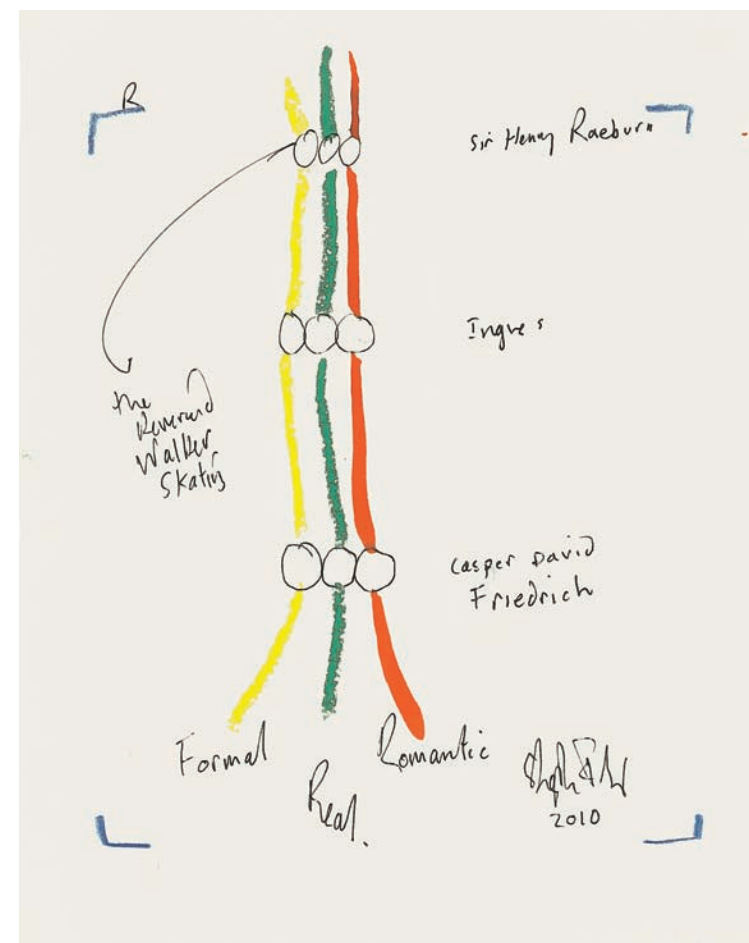


Boucher, 2010
Ink, pencil and gouache on Japanese paper, 58 x 45 cm

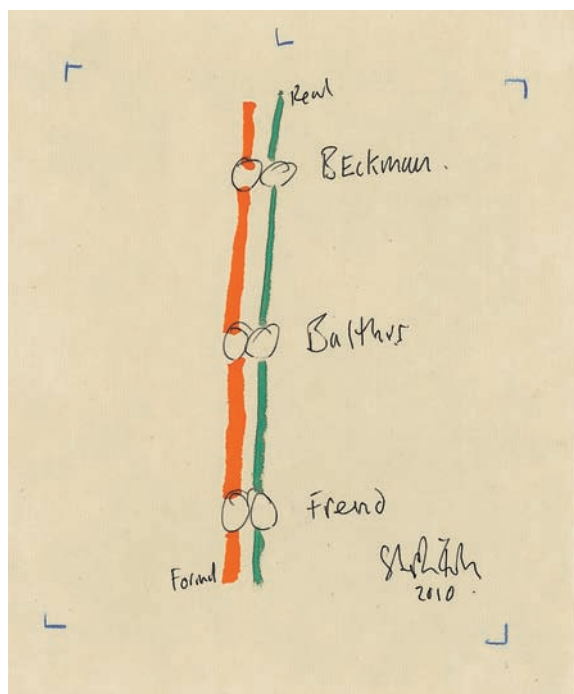
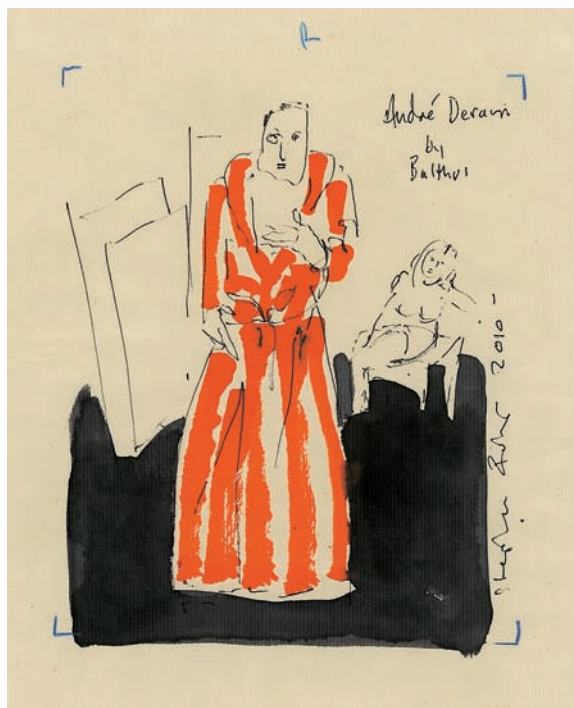


The Rev. Robert Walker skating on
Draddingston Loch after Sir Henry Raeburn
1795.

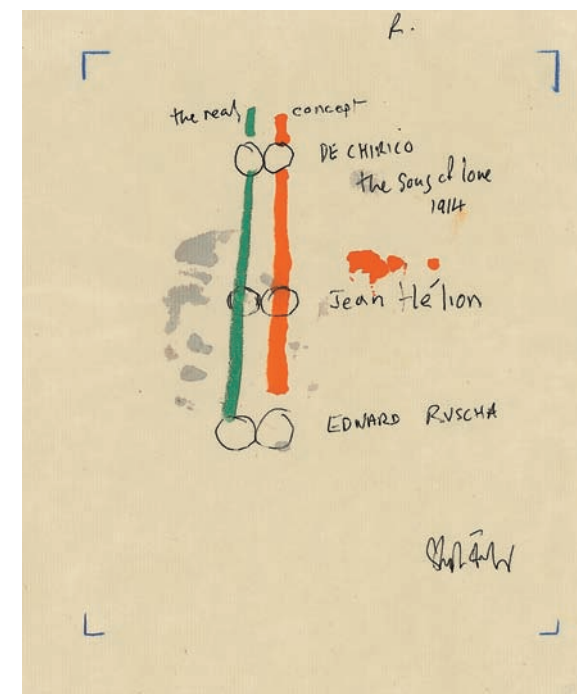
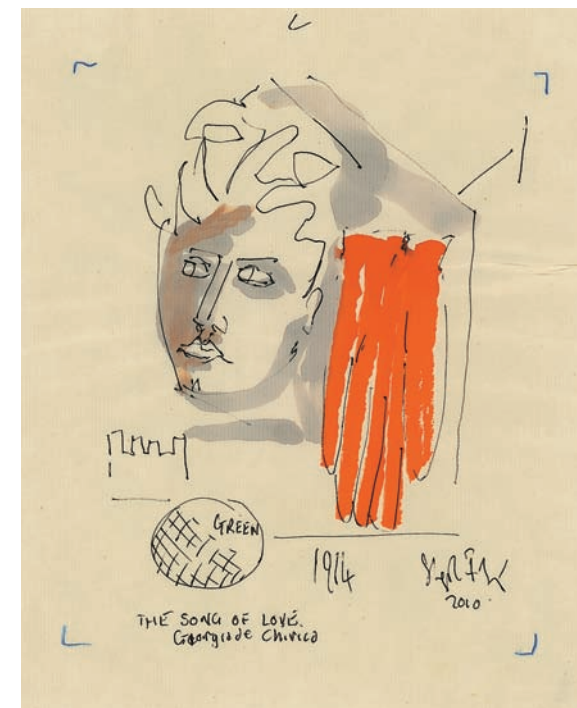
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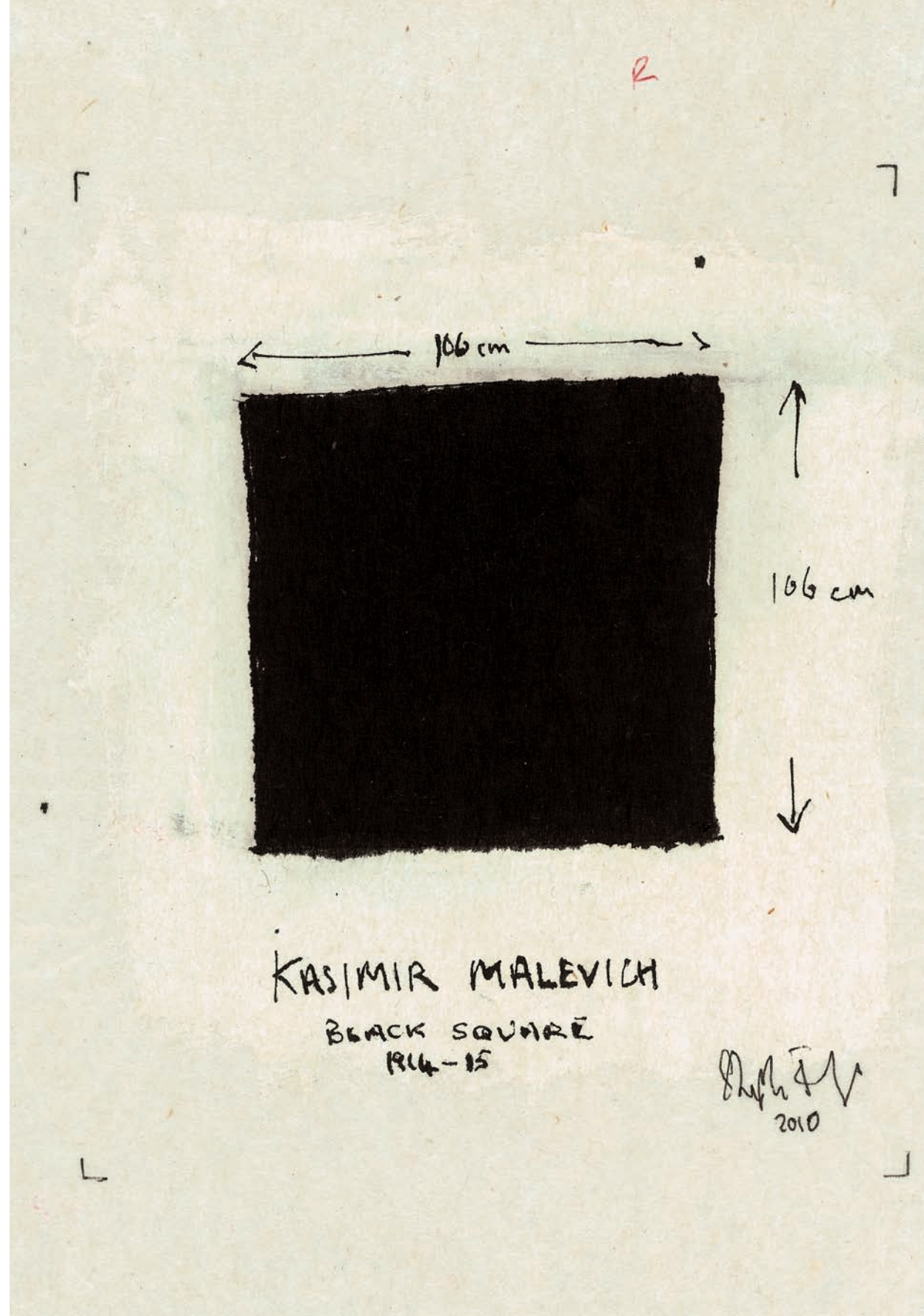
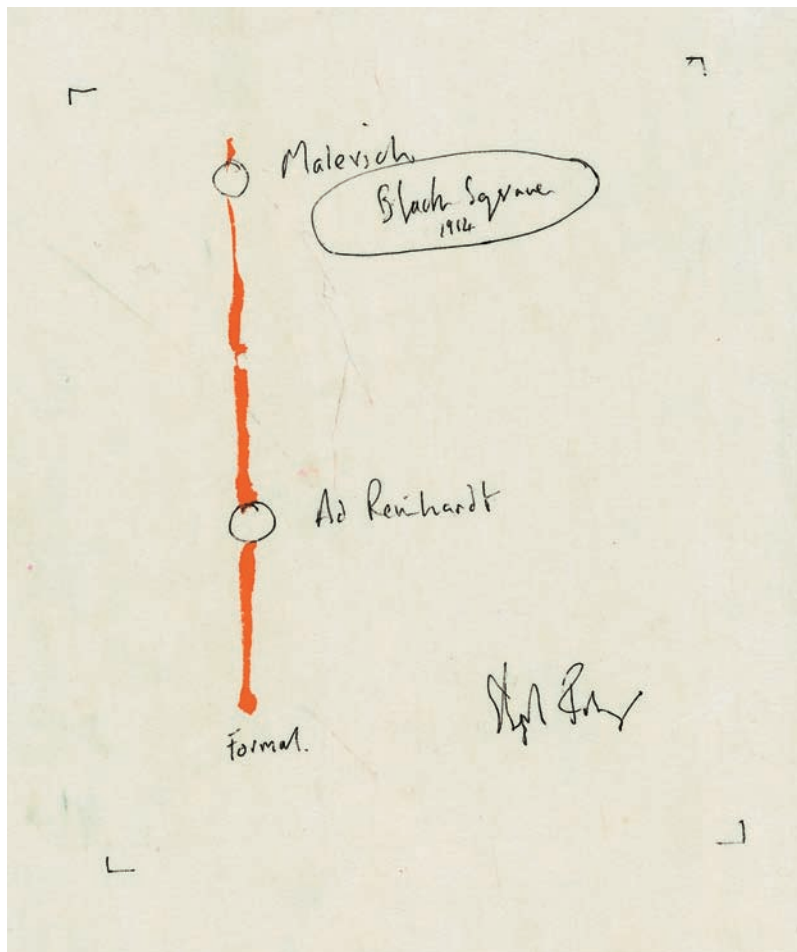
Raeburn, 2010 (details)
Ink, pencil and gouache on Japanese paper, 50 x 71 cm



Balthus, 2010 (details)
Ink, pencil and gouache
on Japanese paper, 50 x 71 cm



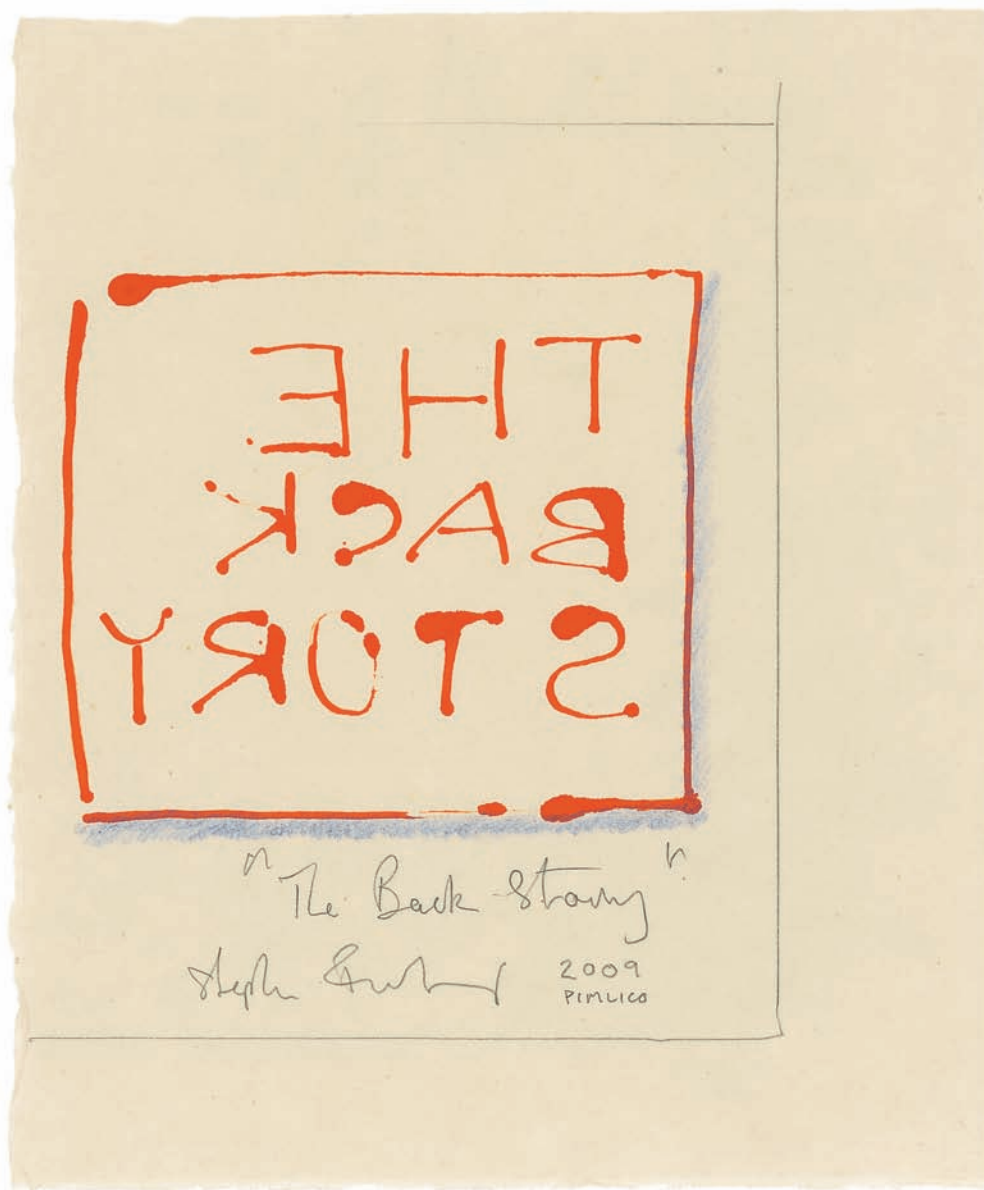
De Chirico, 2010 (details)
Ink, pencil and gouache
on Japanese paper, 50 x 71 cm



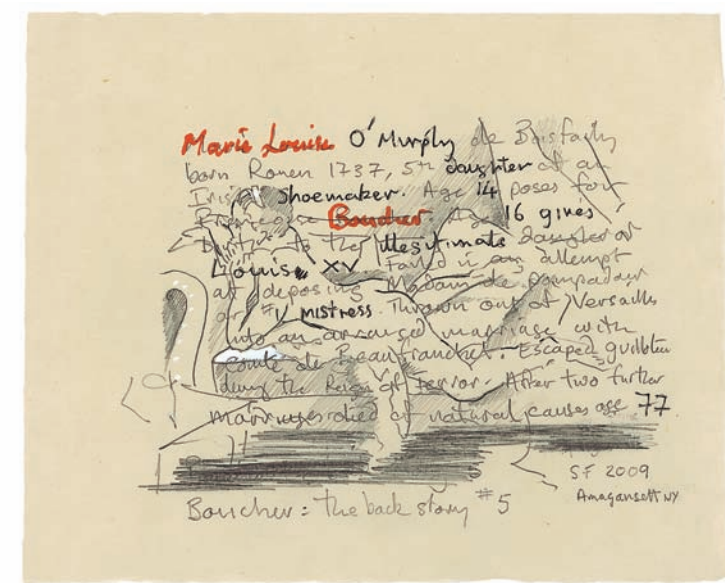
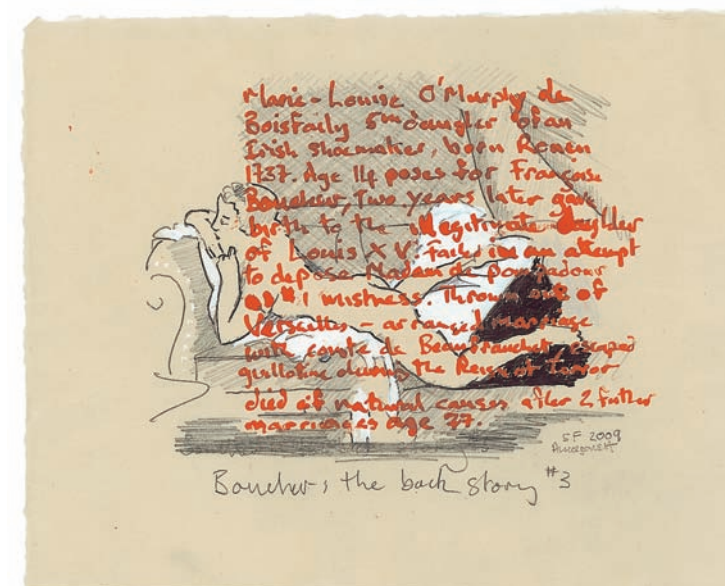
Malevich, 2010 (details)
Ink, pencil and gouache on Japanese paper, 50 x 71 cm



Boucher: The Back Story, 2010
Oil on canvas, 173 x 207 cm



The Back Story, 2009
Ink and pencil on Japanese paper, 22 x 16 cm



Boucher: The Back Story #3, 2009
Ink, pencil and gouache
on Japanese paper, 10 x 21 cm

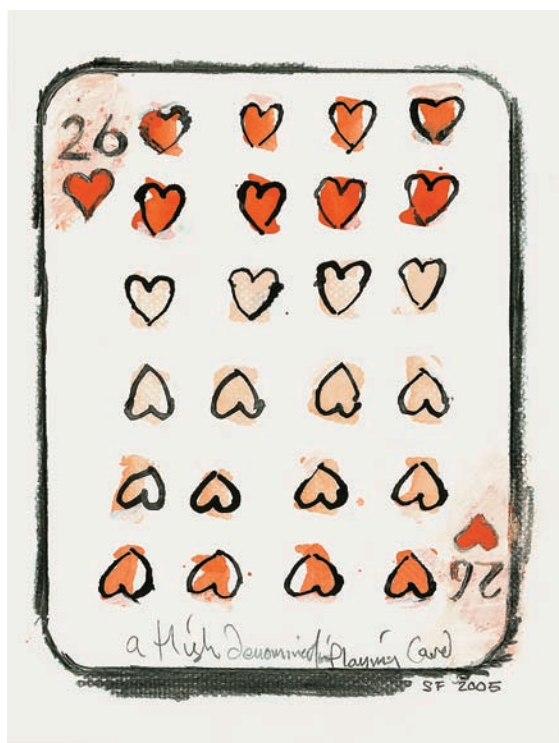
Boucher: The Back Story #5, 2009
Ink, pencil and gouache
on Japanese paper, 10 x 21 cm



A Perfect Hand, 2007
Oil on canvas, 207 x 173 cm



3 Perfect Hands, 2004
Crayon and Japanese ink on paper, 30 x 23 cm



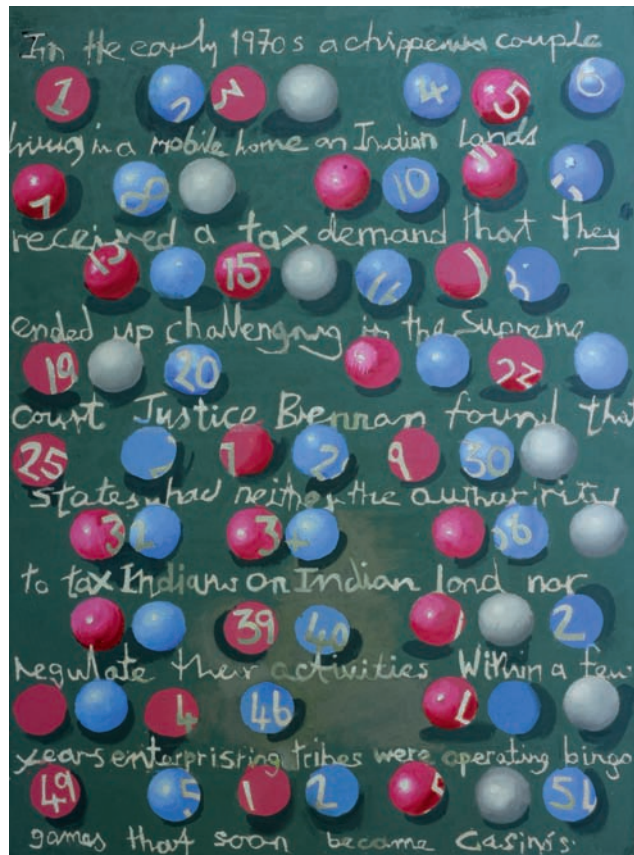
A High Denomination Playing Card, 2005
Ink and pencil on Japanese paper, 30 x 23 cm



A Perfect Hand #2, 2004
Crayon and Japanese ink on paper, 30 x 23 cm

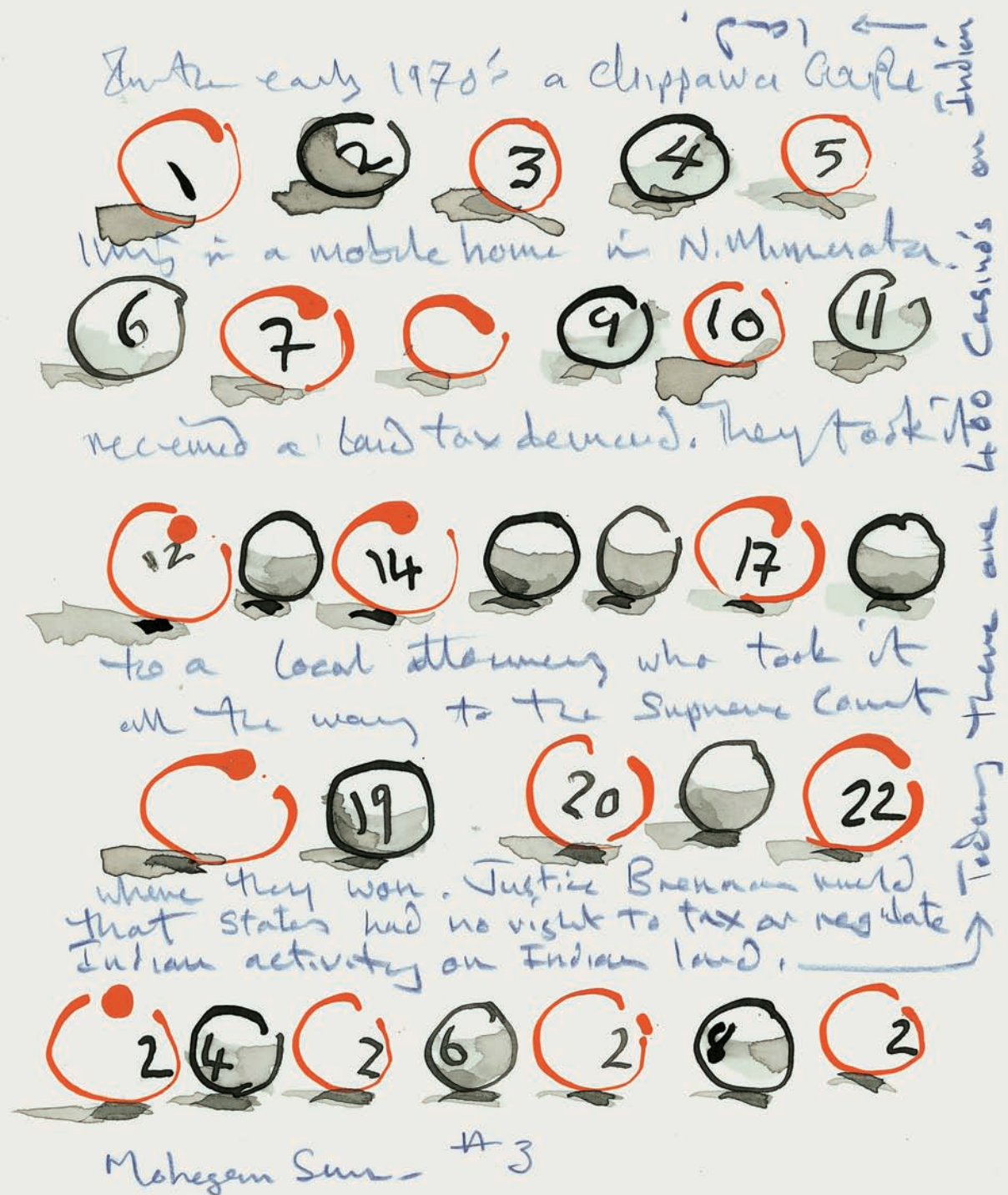
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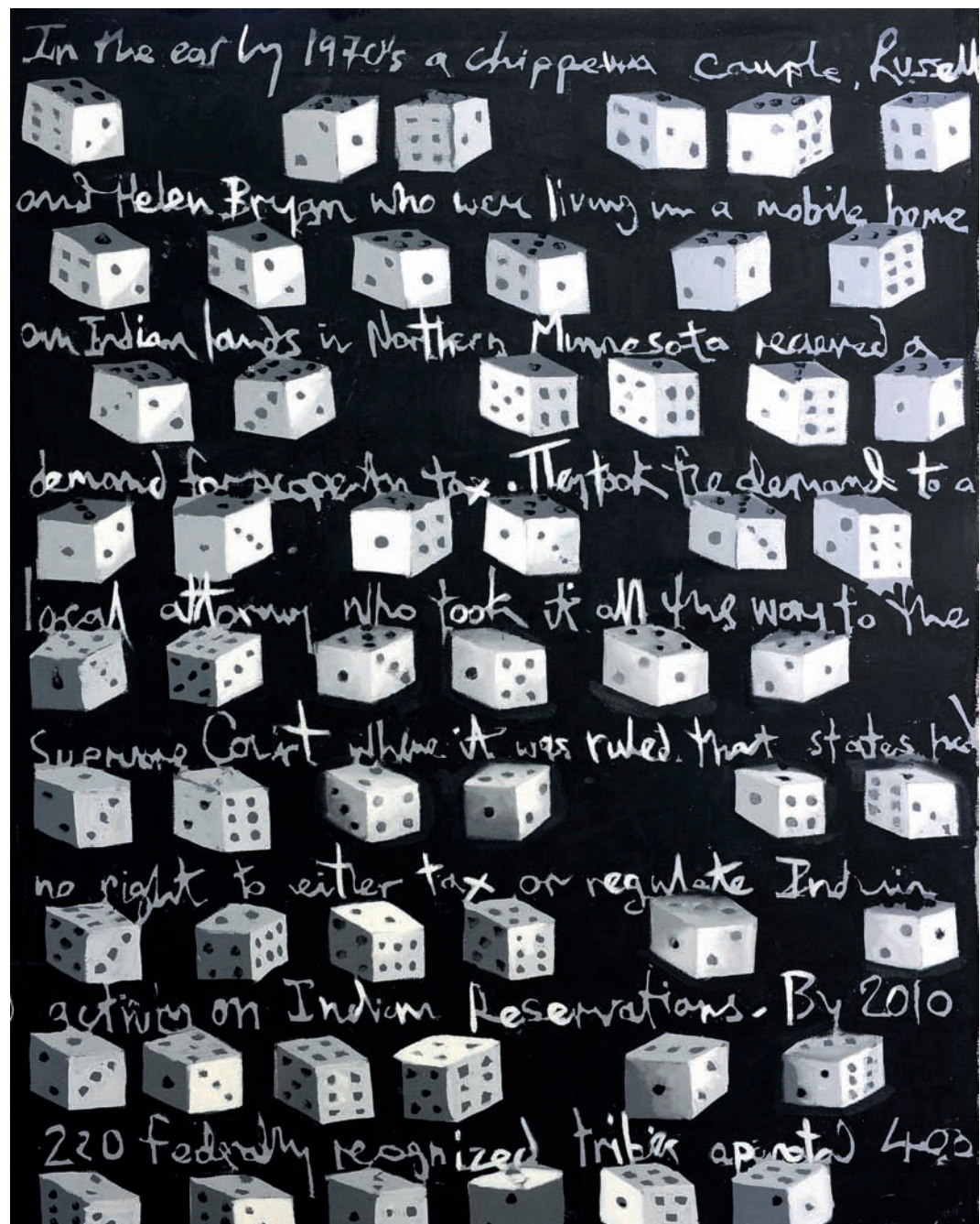




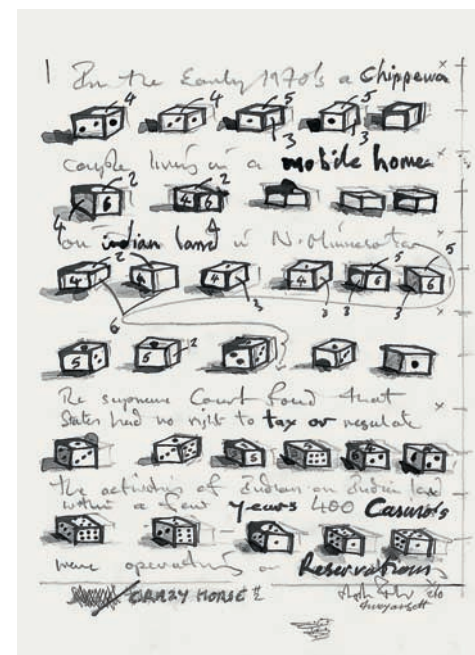
Mohegan Sun, 2010
Oil on canvas, 100 x 66 cm

Mohegan Sun #3, 2010
Crayon and Japanese ink on paper, 36 x 28 cm

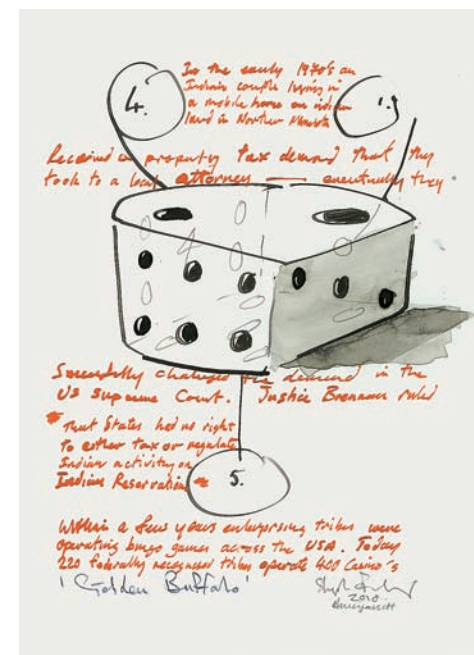




Wild Horse, 2010
Oil on canvas, 100 x 66 cm



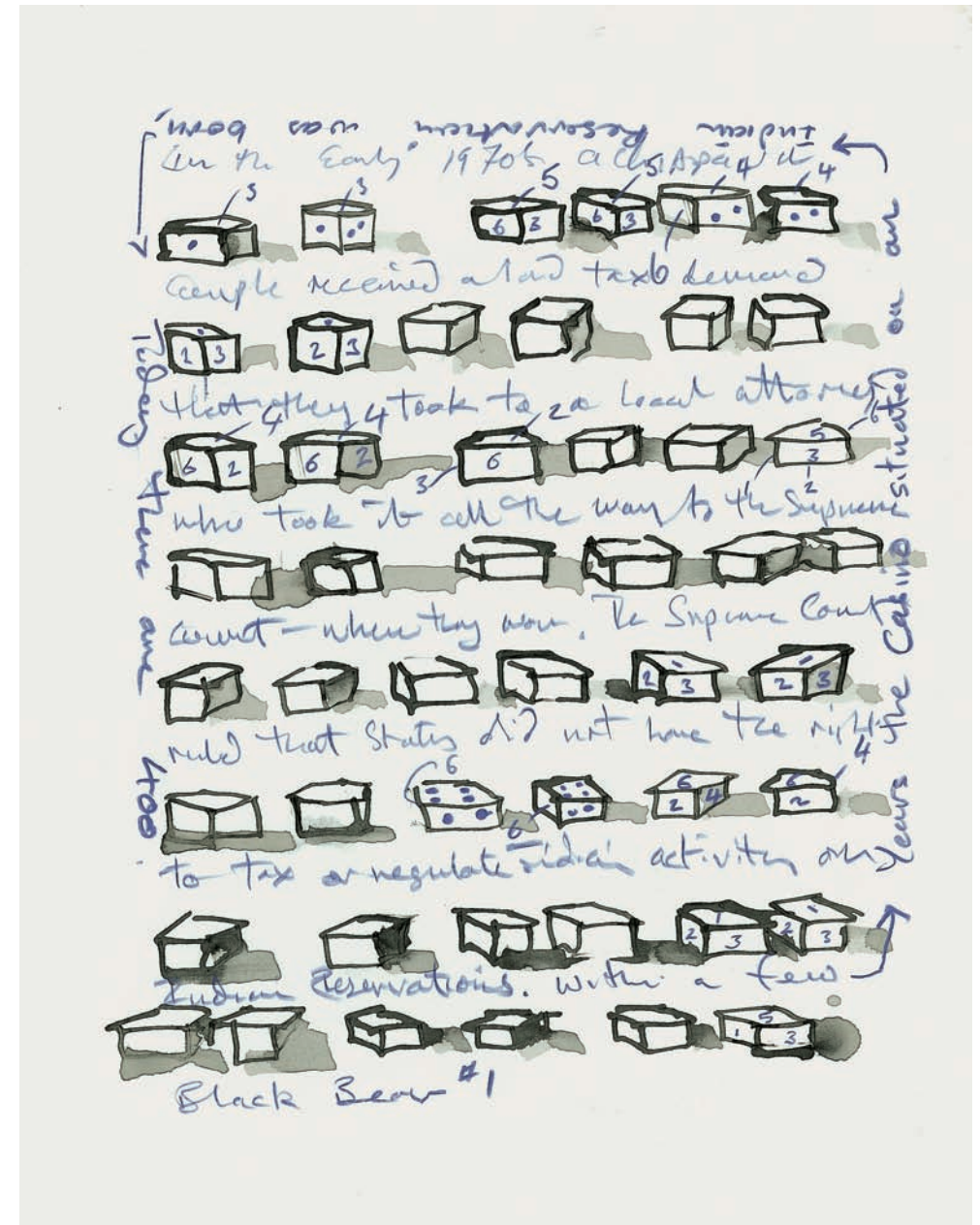
Crazy Horse #2, 2010
Graphite and Japanese ink on paper, 36 x 28 cm



Golden Buffalo, 2010
Graphite and Japanese ink on paper, 36 x 28 cm



Golden Buffalo, 2010
Oil on canvas, 100 x 66 cm



Black Bear #1, 2010
Oil on canvas, 100 x 66 cm

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