

INTERNATIONAL PRESS-CUTTING BUREAU  
1, Knightsbridge Green, London, S.W. 1.

Excerpt from  
What's On in London, London

31 MAY 1968

ART



## Around the Galleries with OSWELL BLAKESTON

LAST December we welcomed the arrival of the FULHAM GALLERY, at 361 New King's Road, the enterprise of Tom Adams, a professional illustrator who, among so many other things, designed the cover for that sensational novel, *The Collector*. His interest in graphics has led him to specialise in the poster-poem or Smithy poster. As Edward Lucie-Smith has pointed out, we are always being told that we live in an age entirely orientated to things visual, and the aim of the poster-poem is to combine verse with visuals and produce an image of words and lines and colours which can be absorbed into the daily environment.

Such a poster might be called a disposable art object, selling at around 7s. 6d. for an unsigned and 10s. 6d. for a signed copy; and so it need not be taken as seriously as an exquisitely expensive *objet d'art*, and can be hung in the home and then changed when it has become too familiar. It is surely encouraging for those who are always preaching that art should become part of life to know that these posters have been accepted as a challenge which has attracted such successful artists as Sandra Blow, John Piper, Peter Blake, Mark Boyle and the Liverpool poet-painter Adrian Henri.

The initiator of this mass-culture business was Christopher Logue; and Mr. Adams is reissuing the first Logue poem-poster, *To My Fellow Artists*, which appeared in 1958 and was designed by Germano Facetti. But the Fulham Gallery does not only exhibit its own publications—such as *Science Fiction*, *She Cried*, originally composed as a poster for the Brighton Festival by Tom Adams/Adrian Brewin from a transparency by Mark Boyle—but also posters by the Trigram Press, such as *Jerusalem Ltd.* with cabalistic sigils taken from the work of Abraham Abulafia, a 13th-century occultist, and Vandall Publications such as Ian Cameron's *September Song* with a photograph of Rube Burroughs (shot down in Sioux City in 1879) and a lyric which was used as a theme song for the film *Poor Cow*. You may also find at the Fulham Gallery an exhibition of

paintings or sculpture by an artist who has a lien on contemporary attention.

**GIMPEL FILS.** When Camargo, who works between painting and sculpture, exhibited in London at Signals in 1965, I wrote that his constructions of diagonally-sawn-off staves looked like "the sumptuous scramble on top of a heavenly pie," a return to our old friend "beauty." It is cool excitement to see his all-white reliefs again; and now he makes some use of interposed plain white panels among the scrambled and even sliding doors which reveal further compositions of assemblies. Maybe he works with a limited range of possibilities with his wood segments, but he creates celestial (non-monotonous) light play. It is interesting to learn that he started his devotion to cylindrical constructions by accident. He cut into an apple and then made an angled cut, and he suddenly realised a "way of seeing" transformed by such segments. So the apple has given us gravity and Camargo. (Closing June 8.)

**GRABOWSKI.** Jozep Czapski was born in Prague in 1896; and he became a leader of the "Kapists" painters, a group with an axis running from Krakow to Paris. His work may seem a little dated in its figuration for this *avant-garde* gallery; but the show is a homage to a man who made it possible for others to advance. Some of the paintings, too, do more than break even with atmospherically-loaded scenes of empty railway stations or of a young man in a corridor at the theatre. I find, also, a story which the painter tells about himself, a childhood memory. One of his sisters fell in love, at the age of eight, with an old gentleman who was a friend of her parents. To charm him she would paint her fingernails with pencils of all colours. She said that he was so beautiful, and she wanted to compete with his lovely "red nose full of black spots." (Closing June 14.)

**REDFERN.** Incredibly, this is the first London exhibition of Paul Wunderlich, who has been famous on the

Bird Form — Full Face — in chalk, Indian ink and wash — 1967 — by Graham Sutherland — in the exhibition of his work at The Marlborough Fine Art Gallery — till June 8.

WHAT'S ON IN LONDON, May 31, 1968



Continent for 20 years. It has been said that "his imagery reveals the personality of a torturer with more than a professional interest in his work," and he had been accredited with the sensibility of "a sated emperor who has stuffed himself so full of everything that only the sweet smell of degeneration and decay can stimulate his jaded appetite." But such sensationalism, one imagines, has been disseminated mainly in the cause of good publicity. Certainly one can find the armless nude on the sofa, the bloody severed arms resting on the chair, the disembodied breasts, the colours camouflage most of the shock, and there are many touches of Teutonic humour, send-ups of the Mona Lisa or a girl with five breasts, described as "very décolleté." (Closing June 14.)

**DON'T** miss, at the GROSVENOR GALLERY, the drawings, some 25 feet long, by the late Madge Gill, who worked on them while in a trance and under the control of a spirit guide called Myrminerest. The work of a medium which is—quite out of this world (Closing June 29.)