

GILBERT



GEORGE

# Art for All

'ART FOR ALL,' 12 FOURNIER STREET, LONDON, E.1, ENGLAND Tel. 01 247 0161

Winter 1971 .

Dear *Armen* ,

Please accept the enclosed booklet  
with our sincere compliments .

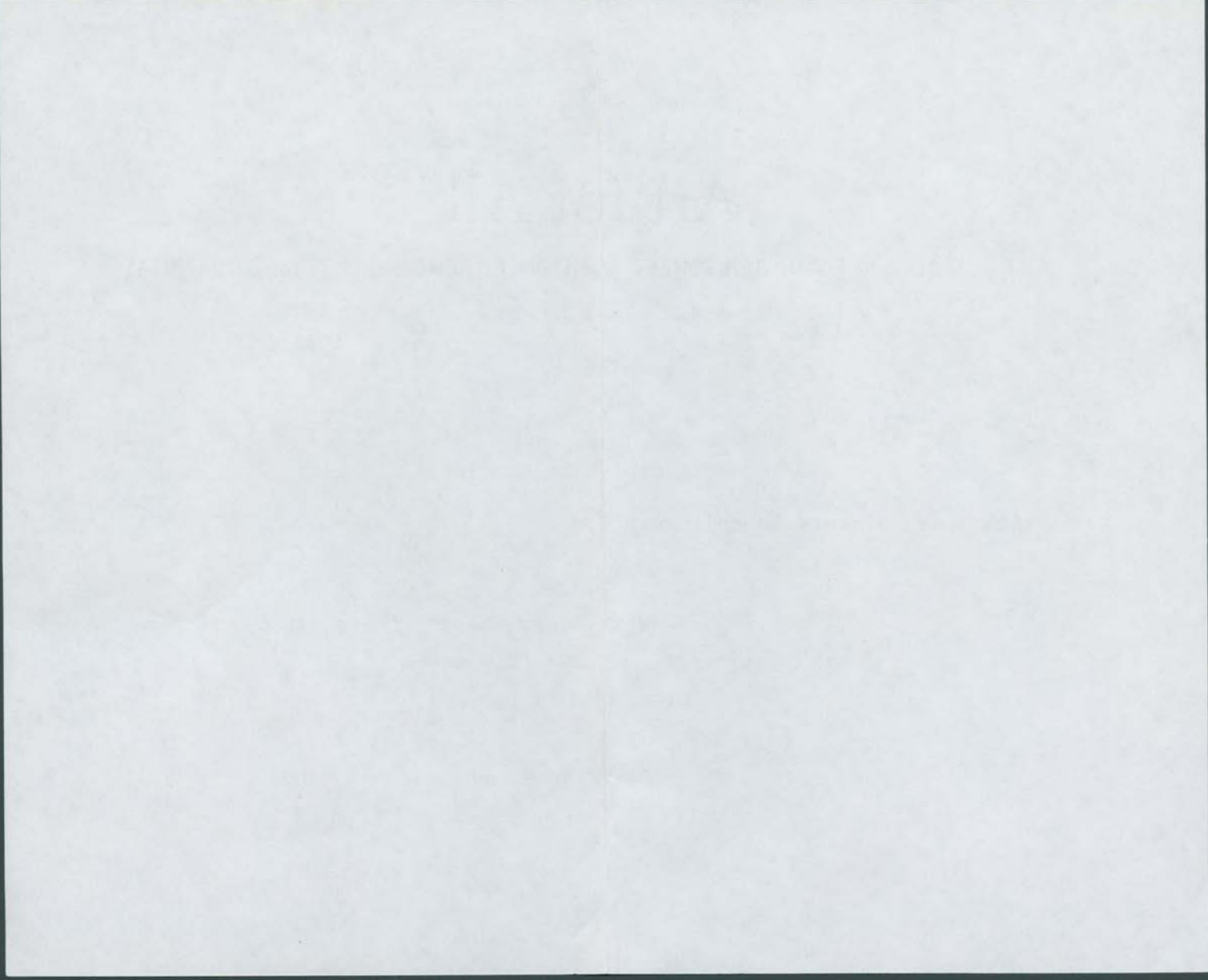
With very best wishes to you from

*George and Gilbert*

"ART for ALL"

London

1971



G.  G.

*A Day*  
*in the Life of*  
*George & Gilbert*  
*the sculptors*



AUTUMN 1971

ART FOR ALL 12 FOURNIER STREET LONDON E1 Tel. 01 247 0161

*Down on paper  
suggestions of forms,  
shapes and patterns suggestive of  
our artisticness*

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'ART FOR ALL' 12 Fournier Street London E1

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## A Day in the Life of George & Gilbert

BEING LIVING SCULPTURES is our life blood,  
our destiny, our romance, our disaster, our  
light and life. As day breaks over us, we rise  
into our vacuum and the cold morning light  
filters dustily through the window. We step

into the responsibility-suits of our art. We put on our shoes for the coming walk. Our limbs begin to stir and form actions of looseness, as though without gravity they bounce about for the new day. The head afloat on top levels on the horizon of our thought. Our hearts pound with fresh blood and emotion and again we find ourselves standing there all nerved up in body and mind. Often we will glide across the room, drawn by the windows void. Our eyes are glued to this frame of light. Our mind points ever to our decay. The big happening outside the window floods our vision like a passing film. It leaves us without impressions,

giving up only silence and repetitive relaxation. Nothing can touch us or take us out of ourselves. It is a continuous sculpture. Our minds float off into time, visiting fragments of words heard, faces seen, feelings felt, faces loved. We take occasional sips from our water glasses. Consciousness comes along and goes away, slipping from dreaming space into old concrete awareness. The whole room is filled with the mass and weight of our own history, at time it sees us chained to our chairs and then it will appear like large music, surrounding and intoxicating. We feel briefly but seriously for our fellow artist-men. More than



ever complete with our physical, for a time with legs crossed, or arms folded until the elbows ache, a throat is cleared gently but effectively, we then stand for relief pushed up against the wall. Sometimes the room with its size and form and precision of our clarity, its one vase of flowers, its large desk-blackboard of our doing, our two dear faithful green chairs, the black telephone, linked with the World's art-network.

**Ring and ring again**

**Make us happy ever again**

**Stay as silent as the desk**

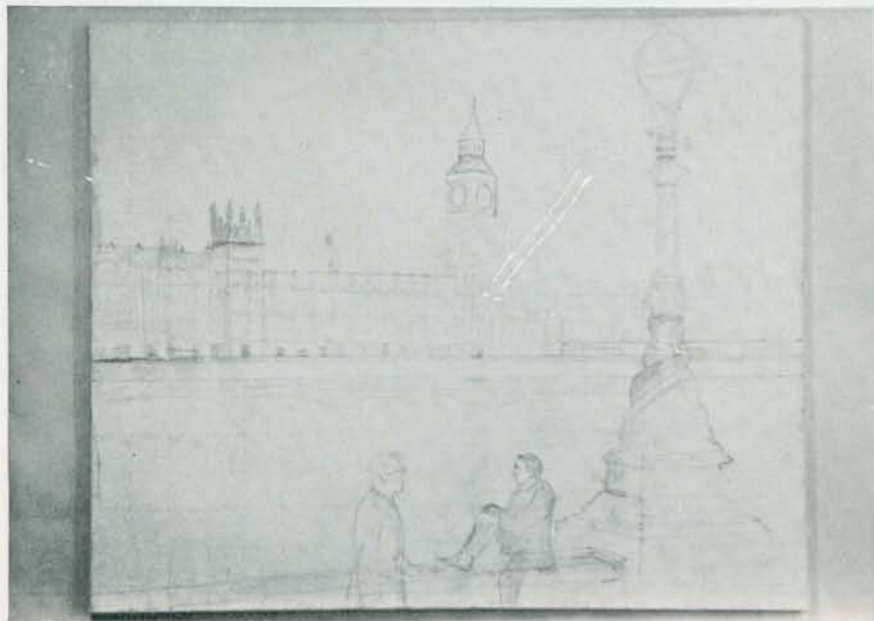
**And be as free and let it be.**



The vision of the Sculptors



In Regents Park



Artists impression on canvas



Morning light on Art for All





Remarked blossom



Sculpture

The neat ash tray steadily fills with relaxful butts, beside it a fresh yellow packet of cigarettes. Very often the room makes us hurt with real bodily pressure. From time to time we are taken head-first from this room called 'Art for All' out and away, sometimes driven, sometimes drawn to breathe again amongst the people. We stroll with specialised embarrassment and our purpose is only to take the sunshine. The people are all living near to beauty, passing by. Walking is the eternity of our living movement, it can never tell us of an end, it is for nothing but the time passing unnoticed. We give ourselves to this walking and

so the houses come towards us and then away behind. We would like to tell of our great pleasure in seeing the early flowers and blossoms, they seem to have a young fresh youth, so fine and coloured. We remark the trees with their tight bursting buds. As our legs take us jauntily along we come to a place where we pause for a cup of poison-nervous tea. We sit over it chatting a little of the normal afternoon when all is usual and well. Nothing breathtaking will occur here, but in the darkness of a picture house, where time is killed, the world explodes realistically into giant action stories, men are killed, women are loved, mountains

are blown up, night falls, Volcanos erupt, john wayne rides again and caesar speaks anew to the people. All this until the reel is done and viewers drift blinking and reeling out into the bright city. And we happily go back to Our art where only tiredness and searching play big roles, where all is thin on the ground, where greatness is made at the stroke of a brush, where something and nothing are both qualities. Art is for all the only hope for the making way for the Modern world to enjoy the sophistication of decadent living expression. It is our strong belief that in Art there is living, and where there's life

there's Hope. It is for this reason that we have dedicated our hands, legs, pens, speech and our own dear heads to progress and understanding in art.

**Art my Life and Art my Way**

**See us painting in mud and clay**

**See us dancing and smiling too**

**Let us hope that Art is true.**

And then may-be we will see ourselves in a garden, soft and sitting, watching the sun as it gently lowers itself down behind the horizon, taking with it all its golden light and warmth. For a little while the garden keeps some of the days warm-strength. The two men-sculptures

use up this last pleasure, but soon the chill of evening creeps over all, we hear no insect, the birds begin to settle down from the day's frolics and we feel it must soon be time to stretch a leg and make our way between the rich beds of flowers, over the spongy lawns to return to solid state of buildings with their sensible doors and windows. On our way we pause on the embankment to take in the glory that is the Thames and Westminster. Slowly the lamps are lighted and night presumes upon the evening. We like it very much. We like it because we are so stupid, artistic and shy. Because we have come from nowhere and

where we go nobody knows. We feel the total  
mystery of each man-laid brick. We are just  
down at the river feeling around. As the shades  
of night are falling around our neighbourhood  
we stroll because we know full well that  
another sculpture-day is over.

the end





THIRD BOOKLET

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Design Alan

CARRYING ON  
SCULPTING.  
G/G



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