LONDON CALLING: THE LONDON ISSUE

GIACOMETTI AT THE TATE: AFTER 50 YEARS, THE PRODIGAL SON RETURNS

KEEP IT SIMPLE AND CARRY ON: 5 BRITISH MASTERS OF MINIMALISM

READER’S POLL: THE 5 BEST ALBUM COVERS...EVER.

5. THE CLASH, ‘LONDON CALLING’
   Total reader votes: 695
   (1979, CBS Records)
   Designer: Ray Lowry
   Pennie Smith was snapping photos of the Clash at New York’s Palladium when she captured one of the most iconic images in rock history. Paul Simonon was annoyed by the relatively quiet audience, so he began smashing his bass guitar against the floor.

4. THE BEATLES, ‘ABBEY ROAD’
   Total reader votes: 729
   (1969, Apple Records)
   Designer: John Kosh
   Beatles nuts who believed that Paul McCartney died around 1967 and was replaced by a dopplegänger found a lot to examine on this cover. They saw the picture as a funeral procession: John as the preacher, Ringo as the mourner, George as the gravedigger and Paul as the corpse. Iain Macmillan shot the cover on August 8th, 1969, outside of Abbey Road studios. The shoot involved just six frames and 10 minutes of work.

3. NIRVANA, ‘NEVERMIND’
   Total reader votes: 755
   (1993, Geffen records)
   Designer: Robert Fisher
   Spencer Elden, the naked baby on the cover, said he feels weird about his bizarre role in history. “It’s kind of creepy that many people have seen me naked,” he said. But what does this cover mean? “Kurt was intellectual and deep-thinking about his work,” says Fisher. “I must assume that the naked baby symbolized his own innocence, the water represented an alien environment, and the hook and dollar bill his creative life entering into the corporate world of rock music.”

2. PINK FLOYD, ‘DARK SIDE OF THE MOON’
   Total reader votes: 933
   (1973, Harvest records)
   Designer: Hipgnosis
   Hipgnosis had designed several of Pink Floyd’s previous albums, with controversial results: the band’s record company had reacted with confusion when faced with the collective’s non-traditional designs that omitted words. Their inspiration for Dark Side was a prism on sheet music.

1. THE BEATLES, SG’T PEPPER’S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND
   Total reader votes: 1,202
   (1967, Apple Records)
   Designer: Peter Blake
   The cover was originally going to show the Beatles playing in a park. That slowly evolved into the final concept, where they stand amidst cardboard cutouts of their heroes. The band originally planned on including Leo Gorcey, Gandhi, Jesus Christ and Adolf Hitler. Common sense kicked Hitler off the cover, the still-lingering bitterness of John Lennon’s “bigger than Jesus” comment kicked Jesus off the cover and Gandhi got the boot over concerns that India wouldn’t print the album.
In 1957, the writer Jean Genet described the studio of his friend Alberto Giacometti. It was “a milky swamp, a seething dump, a genuine ditch”. There was plaster all over the floor and all over the face, hair and clothes of the sculptor; there were scraps of paper and lumps of paint on every available surface. And yet, “lo and behold the prodigious, magical powers of fermentation” – as if by magic, art grew from the rubbish; the plaster on the floor leapt up and took on permanence as a standing figure.
After he returned to Paris in 1945, he had a vision of smaller figures, claiming that they shrank against his life, and waited patiently for him to agree. Living in a hotel with her in Geneva, he sculpted smaller and brown lines etched on to their faces and bodies, making them resemble the women in his paintings.

The Giacometti Foundation in Paris has found new methods of restoring his plaster sculptures, many of which were damaged by being broken apart and covered in orange shells to be cast in bronze. The Women of Venice, whose painted surfaces have been revealed, can once again be exhibited as they were at the Biennale, rather than as bronzes. And they will make their first appearance at a major retrospective opening at Tate Modern in London next month. This will be Giacometti’s first Tate show since a retrospective in 1995, when the sculptor worked away in a basement, perfecting the works that he was never quite prepared to declare finished. It will be his first major exhibition in London for a decade. Giacometti was born in a remote Swiss valley in 1901, the son of a successful, conventionally realistic Swiss painter. He made his first sculpture of his brother Diego at the age of 13, and swiftly rose to fame. He had some money now, though he insisted on living in his studio, refusing to indulge Annette in her desire for an ordinary home.

During the second world war, Giacometti returned to Switzerland. There he met Annette Arno, the ingenuous and adoring girl who seems to have decided almost immediately that she would share his life, and waited patiently for him to agree. Living in a hotel with her in Geneva, he sculpted smaller and smaller figures, claiming that they shrank against his will. Many were only the size of a finger. After he returned to Paris in 1945, he had a vision that enabled him to break away from the miniature. Coming out of a cinema on to the Boulevard Montparnasse one day, he experienced a “complete transformation of reality” and understood that, until that moment, his vision of the world had been photographic, though in fact “reality was poles apart from the supposed objectivity of a film”. Feeling as though he was entering the world for the first time, he trembled in terror as he surveyed the heads around him, which appeared isolated from space. When he entered a familiar café, the Brasserie Lipp, he found that time tare and he experienced the head of a waiter as a sculptural presence as he leaned towards him, “his eyes fixed in an absolute immobility”.

Now he was able to enlarge his figures, but he found that as they became taller they lost heft, becoming increasingly more slender. It was thanks to these elongated, pointy figures with heavy feet that he swiftly rose to fame. He had some money now, though he insisted on living in his studio, refusing to indulge Annette in her desire for an ordinary home. He became acquainted with many of Paris’s most exciting writers and artists. He drank in cafés with Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, went for late night, largely silent walks with Samuel Beckett, and became a regular – though often rather critical – visitor at Picasso’s studio. Even at his most successful, this was not so much an artistic career as it was an endless, inevitably failed attempt to capture life that hovered on the verge of obscurity. “Every tried. Every failed. No matter. Try again. Fail again. Fail better,” wrote Beckett, perhaps the friend whose vision of the world most closely resembled his own. “I do not work to create beautiful paintings or sculpture,” Giacometti explained. “Art is only a means of seeing. No matter what I look at, it all surprises and eludes me, and I am not too sure of what I see.” Though he was friends with Picasso, the two were never really comfortable with each other’s work. Picasso criticized Giacometti for his lack of range, mocking his endless repetition, while Giacometti dismissed Picasso for creating mere decoration, unconvinced of the necessity of the underlying quest.

The attempt to reflect the reality of vision did not only result in the elongated figures for which he is most famous, and the Tate exhibition will demonstrate his versatility and range. There are more than 2,000 drawings and prints in the archive, and a handful of these will be on show, including some of the images he half-doodled into books. There will be large and tiny works, there will be paintings, and there will be the full range of sculptural forms – not all of which were thin. In his final years, he concentrated on painting, producing a series of insistently, rather frenzied portraits. In January 1966, he died from illnesses that his physicians saw as partly caused by years of fatigue.

But exhaustion is not the only mood. The intensity of his subjects’ expressions, in the sculptures, and particularly in the paintings, creates the effect of a moment that is also timeless. This was something Giacometti had sought to capture since that vision outside the cinema after the war. And in his final bouts of Annette, there is a resilience that the sculptor appears to forge with gratitude. He was trying “to succeed, just for once, in making a head like the head I see”. He failed, of course, but these failures that stand as cautions to those who seek to do much more.