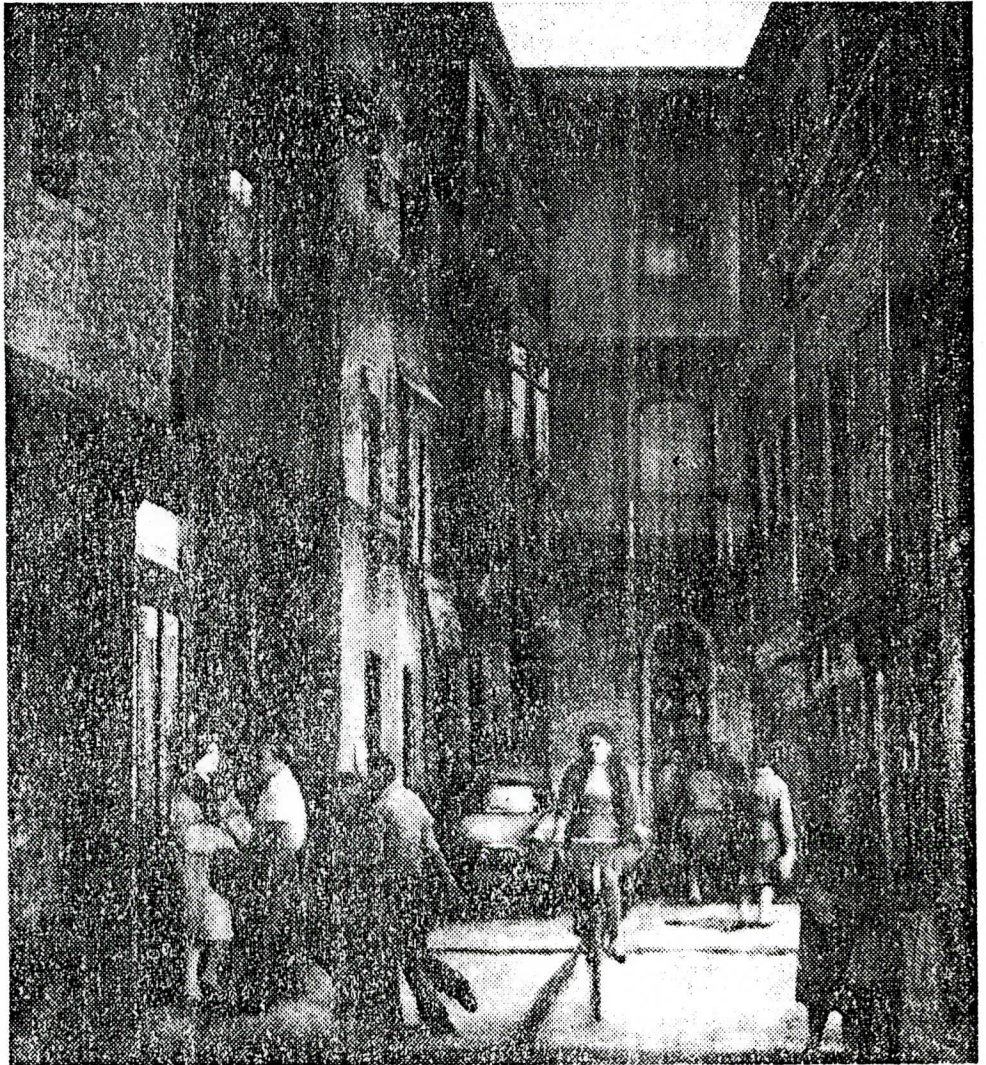


Who Isn't a Realist, Surrealist, Magic Realist or Miniaturist? Give Up?

GREGORY GILLESPIE, now exhibiting at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Avenue, at 79th Street, is a rare painter, one of the very few at work today who cannot be grouped within a past school or a current vogue. Although his detail in the representation of commonplace things is minutely realistic, he cannot be called a realist. Although he invests his genre scenes with a disturbing irrealism, he cannot quite be called a magic realist and cannot at all be called a surrealist. Although some of his paintings are as small as six inches square, he cannot be called a miniaturist. His forms are too solid and, in effect, too big.

Mr. Gillespie's microscopic technique makes him a slow worker, and the 20 paintings in this, his first one-man show, include those he exhibited two years ago as one of the recipients of the Rosenthal Awards at the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He has been able to develop as a painter with the help of this and other awards—a Fulbright, and a Chester Dale Grant to the American Academy in Rome.

Along with 19 tiny paintings he includes his latest, "Our Sacred Heart of the Way," a startling affair 6 by 8 feet where the blackened, scabrous walls of a rectangular tunnel lead to a tiny spot of light about two inches square, which carries human figures, an automobile and street buildings on three superimposed panes of glass. Content to see Mr. Gillespie perfecting his expected manner, one wonders for a moment whether this departure is welcome. The one is relieved that he is still exploring, as any painter his age—30 years—should be doing.



"Street in Madrid," a work in oils on board, by Gregory Gillespie, is at Forum Gallery