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Catalog No.3

Martin Sharp

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CATALOG

CONTINUED

FOR THEO VANGOGH: A MAN OF FAITH... AND ALL MEN OF

THE MORE I THINK IT OVER, THE MORE I FEEL THAT THERE IS NOTHING MORE TRULY ARTISTIC THAN TO LOVE PEOPLE.

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW;
MOSTLY BORROWED, HARDLY BLUE.

397 MACKAY ST
SYDNEY, N.S.W.
AUSTRALIA
THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE,
THE EARTH
THE SOLAR SYSTEM
THE MILKY WAY
THE UNIVERSE ETC...
INFINITY... YOU.

GREAT COSMOS! I'M ON MY WAY! BUT TO WHERE...? I'VE GOT TO SEE IF I CAN CONTROL THIS THING...!
And when they ask me where I have been, I shall say
I do not remember.

1887  Born 28 July near Blainville, France
1902  Begins painting. Landscape at Blainville known as his first
       the exhibition).
1904  Graduates from the Ecole Bossuet, the lycée in Rouen.
       Joins his elder brothers in Paris, where he studies painting
       until July 1905. Paints family, friends and landscapes in Post
1905  Executes cartoons for the Courrier Française and Le Rire
       mitten until 1910). Works for a printer in Rouen. Volun-
1906  Resumes painting in Paris.
1908  Establishes a residence at Neufly, outside Paris, until 1913.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are but the ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.
Our sun is one of more than one hundred billion stars
in our galaxy, called the Milky Way, which is one of
1,000,000,000 galaxies that are visible to our
Telescopes. (And who tries to use the mind for the senses drive screws).

1910 Most important 'early works' executed in this year.
1911 Begins paintings related to Cubism, with a
body in motion. Work of this type first inc
Drawings and paintings related to 'chess'.
First drawing and oil sketch of 'Nude descending a staircase'.
Executes first painting, 'Coffee mill', anticipating machine image and morphology.

Being to timelessness as its to time
Love did no more begin than love will end

What is lovely never dies,
But passes into other loveliness.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty.—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Day-long bombing and napalm attacks by American Phantom jets broke the Communist siege of Kompong Thom 80 miles north of Phnom Pen.
In years to come, when Superman grows up and moves from Small-town Smallville to Big City Metropolis, his life is destined to be linked closely with a pretty, impulsive girl reporter named Lois Lane! When did they first meet? Strangely enough, it is back in Smallville one day while the Man of Steel is still a youth! Here, for the first time, is told the story behind the story of the lifelong friendship that begins when...

On World 86 in Dimension 24 of the Cosmos, in an Institute of Advanced Learning...

Some books in an Art Class: others at play in the playground.

The most rudimentary form in which this faith exists is the faith which the mother has towards her newborn baby: that it will live, grow, walk, and talk. However, the development of the child in this respect occurs with such regularity that the expectation of it does not seem to require faith. It is different with those potentialities which can fail to develop: the child’s potentialities to love, to be happy, to use his reason, and more specific potentialities like artistic gifts. They are the seeds which grow and become manifest if the proper conditions for their development are given, and they can be stifled if these are absent.

One of the most important of these conditions is that the significant person in a child’s life have faith in these potentialities. The presence of this faith makes the difference between education and manipulation. Education is identical with helping the child realize his potentialities. The opposite of education is manipulation, which is based on the absence of faith in the growth of potentialities, and on the conviction that a child will be right only if the adults put into him what is desirable and suppress what seems to be undesirable. There is no need of faith in the robot, since there is no life in it either.

The faith in others has its culmination in faith in mankind.
But strange that I was not told
That the brain can hold
In a tiny ivory cell,
God's heaven and hell.

seek and ye shall... OH YEES
I'm the great pretender

she was a nice girl, a proper girl
but one of the living kind

The sun had set. The solemn night came into its own. The children parted, each one going, unconsciously, according to chance or circumstance, to consummate his destiny, to scandalise his kin and to gravitate either towards glory or towards dishonour.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower

Our Story: When the din of rioting
And the mounting flames have aroused
The entire city prince, Valiant or Regis
His armed followers into position, and
Sir Gawain takes command.

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child, when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring?
Hip Culture is not important for what it has produced because it has produced precious little. Its significance lies in the over-reaction it has elicited from a civilisation which has grown so inflexible and humourless that it has lost the will to experiment with new ideas and so lost the essential meaning of freedom. Unabashed hedonism is no worse than meaningless self-denial. However misguided Play Power is a challenging and informative book that deserves to be read by and to irritate the Australian reading public.

Richard Walsh

Who, for the poor renown of being smart, Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

Whatever happened to the old Martin Sharp, with his savage comic-strip fables, his elaborate collages, his unsparring attacks on Establishment figures, who often immortalised their own inanities in the balloons issuing forth from their mouths? Whatever happened to the terrible tripe, who, with Richard Neville and Richard Walsh, published the highly influential magazine "Owl"?

Through the people I caught sight of someone sitting in the corner, bent over a drawing block, smoking, sketching fast, not talking, not drinking, smiling, but to himself.

The days dragged into weeks... into an emptiness...

The days have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also.
Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

A man alive must show what he could do.

At that instant, the mobster is looking through a one-way mirror at the gambling hall below, chuckling quietly to himself!

But the day wasn't far away when I knew I had lied to my heart!

The weariness, the fever, and the fret, where men sit and hear each other groan.

Elwyn Lynn

Mr. Martin: Do you know Martin Sharp? Yes. Where there's marriage without love, there will be love without marriage.

What do you consider about the artistic merit of the cartoons signed 'Sharp'? Yes, I think they have artistic merit. I do not think there is much artistic merit in the one on the back. They are a feeble calligraphy. I think, while order that the word is written in the one on the back, the actual meaning is crooked. We use italics. They are more correct, they use capitals. We don't use the line some people use for emphasis. Do you think we have a variety of descriptive words; the Japanese and Chinese use ideograms that contain words but at the same time they are beautiful. People to express certain emotions associate a real word. That is, the emotional content is attached and in a way that is simply not quite the same as a spelling of the word. I think... the here.

Do you think it has artistic merit, as calligraphy?

I did actually learn to cross-hatch during 3 empty years at East Sydney Tech.

Calligraphy

I'm meeting her in her apartment. It's ten to one she won't be alone.

Where is Francis Jones???

Tomorrow will live, the fool does say; Today itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.

Occasionally a well-bred girl, with the confidence of a good sorority and a good social position on the campus behind her, slips into casual intercourse. Under the influence of liquor or especially effective love-making, she will go the limit and never speak of it again. Stories of such incidents were told us by several young men, but not by the girls themselves.

It's a spicy comedy about a naughty wife whose charms are shared with hubby and lover.

Could the passionate past that is fled, Call back its dead, Could we live it all over again, Were it worth the pain!
I stepped in my tracks, my heart to masunder; but I still did not understand.

In the film, "Trouble in Molopolis," Hope plays the role of a baddy called "Fudsy." Martin Sharp (who also opened a show in Sydney on Wednesday) is "Andrew the Anarchist" with floury face and insidious eye shadow.

"In a lonely alley, A startling change takes place..."

"This place because I do not try to give..."

"I think it..."

"I lack desire because I think..."

"In the dead because..."

"Why is this too easy!"

"I think I possess because..."

"You try to give up..."

"You have nothing..."

"You try to give up..."

"O God! I shall be twenty-eight.

"If I was twenty-eight."

"Aw, go!"

"No more games."

"Some weeks..."

"As an idea..."

"In the cinema's..."

"Three corners..."

"One corner..."
I am thirsty. Let us look here.

Spaceship travellers arrive at a planet inhabited by disembodied spirits which love living creatures, turning them into vampires. The ship's captain and remaining survivors attempt to escape from Auribut fail when a horrifying discovery is made.


What is after is the life force itself. Not for him, the cool and preoccupied modes of living, the central concern, nature of love. What he is after is the life force itself. Not for him the cool and preoccupied modes of living, the central concern, nature of love.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Around a telegraph pole someone had scribbled the single word **ETERNITY**.

The memory of our first meeting kept coming back...

A human sperm magnified 10,000 times.

La blonde a l'air d'un Botticelli avec ses longs cheveux et ses yeux bleus transparents. Elle est née à Londres, où elle a fait ses études tout en apprenant la danse classique.

As pure in thought as angels are. To know her was to love her.

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 18): You should progress even beyond the anticipated, and easily so. Your stars are exceptionally well aspected for work, not chance.

Just as I am telling you.

For the crimson flower of our life is eaten by the canker worm of truth. And no hand can gather up the fallen withered petals of the rose of youth.

And a proverb haunts my mind:

As a spell is cast,

"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

"I dreamed a white dothings and the sea, and I was so happy, I decided to live with them the rest of my life. They taught me how I could breathe underwater, which is really very easy if you know the secret. It was total freedom.

"If the individual realizes his self by spontaneous activity and thus relates himself to the world, he ceases to be an isolated atom; he and the world become part of one structurized whole. He has his rightful place, and thereby his doubts concerning himself and the meaning of life disappear."

1913. A moment of most critical change in the artist's career. Virtually abandons all conventional forms of painting and drawing. Begins development of a personal system (metaphysics) of measurement and time-space calculation that 'stretches the laws of physics just a little'. Drawings become mechanical renderings. Three-dimensional objects become quasi-scientific devices, e.g., three standard stoppages.

1913-14. Today this manifestation of 'canned chance' is the artist's favourite work.

Dan obits.

If you please - draw me a sheep!
A work of art consists of two elements, the inner and the outer. The inner is the emotion in the soul of the artist; this emotion has the capacity to evoke a similar emotion in the observer.

Begins to save and facsimile original notes and 'working notations' as a unified yet random and heterogeneous entity. These collected notes from 1911-15 (as they appear in the Box of 1914 and the Green box of 1934) refer in a highly concentrated fashion to almost all his important work of the years ahead.

Begins work (mechanical drawings, painted studies, notations) that will culminate in his most complex and highly regarded work: Large Glass, 1915-23.
Living is thirst for joy; 
That is what art rehearses.
Let sober drunkenness give 
Its splendour to your verses
from the root the sap flows to the 
artist, flows through him, flows 
to his eye 
Thus he stands as the trunk of the tree. 
He neither serves or rules.

This is hardly surprising, be- 
cause despite age, poverty, and a 
strong conviction that the globe 
is about to blow up and shatter 
into fragments like another 
Milky Way, George Finey is that 
very rare creature, the happy 
man whose zest for living is in-
satiable.
"I am not religious," he says. 
"My religion is life."

Artist's impression of the "Bird", based on Roger Scarberry sketch.

One of the first "Mothman" sightings (No. 4) occurred at midnight, November 15, 1966, directly outside of one of the abandoned power plants. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Scarberry and Mr. and Mrs. Steve Mallette were driving along the rugged dirt road that passes by the plant when they suddenly saw a grey figure, a man, according to their description, eerily glowing red eyes and wings. It awkwardly towards the door of the plant. 

Badly frightened, they accelerated. As they hurled towards 80 mph, all four claimed the head and flew. wings! They

Tell me not in mournful numbers 
Life is 'but an empty dream!' 
For the soul is dead that slumbers, 
And things are not what they seem.
An eye could become a mouth—a devouring eye with aggressive teeth instead of soft protective lashes. It could change place with a nostril and live on air instead of light, or become an ear listening to the vibrations of colour. As these voyages of exploration continued, what could prevent the eye from travelling outside its own territory the head? Particularly interesting could be an exchange between a pair of eyes and the breasts with their nipples.

What is the giving if not in the becoming?

FOR THREE SOHO WEEKS HE DIDN'T MENTION IT. THEN... I'm looking forward to seeing Thelma's portrait by the late Sir William Dobell when I visit her.

Ah, must we suffer eternally, or eternally fly from the beautiful? Nature, pitiless enchantress, ever victorious rival, leave me! Cease to tempt my desires and my pride! The study of the beautiful is a duel in which the artist cries out with fear before he is vanquished. No doubt there are many other torments in these great blocks of small apartments.

A TREE WHOSE HUNGRY MOUTH IS PRESS'D AGAINST THE EARTHS SWEET FLOWING BREAST.

pure communication is love it is the refined energy of the cosmos. It knows no fear.

I was angry with my foe; I told it not, my wrath did grow.

"The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.

I was angry with my friend; told my wrath, my wrath did end.
all religions and political faiths systems which
originally are built on rational faith become corrupt
and eventually lose what strength they have, if they
rely on power or ally themselves with it.

The game therefore has its unwritten rules.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies.

Let It Be ......................... Beatles
Spirit In The Sky ............ Norman Greenbaum
Bridge Over Troubled Waters
Simon and Garfunkel

Airport Love Scene ........... Vincent Bell
United We Stand . The Brotherhood of Man
Knock Knock Who's There ... Liv Maessen

NO W T H A T V O U R g,
9JH E R fE V E R 'A
IT H IN G i S
J A IL R I G H T . ^
NOT Q U I T E/W E' R E
T R A P P E D  O N  A  Y A C H T
' ' W IT H  A  P02EN ,
W E
M U S T
M O V E
F A S T

"I Think that everything
that is really good and
beautiful, of inner moral, spiritual and
Sublime beauty in men and their works,
comes from God
so bold and
in men is not
but I always
think that the
best way to
know God is
to love
him

Curiously, beneath all the
send-ups he has an obsession
with the Van Gogh syndrome,
adapting several of the art-
ist's self-portraits in large
blow-ups on acrylic sheets.
The result is obscure, unlike
Bacon's angst-ridden paint-
ings on the same idea, as if
Sharp wished, 80 years after,
to approach reality on the
same uncomplicated, if angu-
ished, terms.

Mrs McFadyen was girt in the
international uniform of the plain,
expensive dress. A bright yellow
that nearly reminded one of saffron,
Against the thick silk glistened the
reassuring pleasantness of dia-
monds!

All for Love, or the World Well Lost.

Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw the little
that is Good steadily hastening towards immortality,
And the vast all that is call'd Evil I saw hastening to
merge itself and become lost and dead.

AGA I NST ' T H E  C E R E B R A L
hair-splitting and aesthetic
laboratory techniques of the
Blaxland show, Martin
Sharp's fantasies are fashioned
from very earthly
recipes.

I can do no other.

he ironically depicts himself
as a humorous Mickey Mouse in the
guise of and following the steps of
Van Gogh off to work. He is not
burlesquing Van Gogh, though he
achieves almost a weird, hyperbolic
vigor as lurid and garish colors vibrate
behind perspex sheets; there is one
anguished, disorientated, white-head
and another, in the most violent colors,
of distressing compassion.

With friends, he has taken over No 59 Macleay
Street, Sydney, and turned it
into an environment (blue,
yellow, black, etc., rooms) to
house his paintings, silk
screens and collages.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
and a book of collages
his mother did as a girl.

THUS FAR/ HE REMAINS
UNCORRUPTED! I PRAY HE
CONTINUES SO!

WOW! NOW WASN'T
THAT A GREAT IDEA?

WITH IT ONLY TO GAIN
POWER...

THAT'S RIGHT! THAT'S EXACTLY
RIGHT! I WANT
...POWER.

...POWER WHICH WILL
DEPRIVE OTHERS OF
THEIR FREEDOM...

POWER WHICH WILL
CORRUPT!
But the eyes are blind. One must look with the heart..." a teacher asked WHY these send-ups of Gauguin? I replied, "They are tributes to Van Gogh."

And, as I walked on so, I found the well, at daybreak.

Neither heavenly, or earthly, nor mortal nor immortal have we created the so that these mightiest be free according to their own will and honour to be thy own creator and builder. To thee alone we gave growth and development depending on thy own free will. Then becast in thee the terms of a universal life.

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I don't know WHAT possessed me! Suddenly, I felt so certain - so insanely sure of myself - that I thought I could defy GRAVITY!

The beliefs in power (in the sense of domination) and the use of power are the reverse of faith. To believe in power that exists is identical with disbelief in the growth of potentialities which are as yet unrealised.

It is a prediction of the future based solely on the manifest present, but it turns out to be a grave miscalculation, profoundly irrational in its oversight of the human potentialities and human growth. There is no rational faith in power.

There is submission to it or on the part of those who have it, the wish to keep it while to many power seems to be the most cruel of all things.

The history of man has proved it to be the most unstable of all human achievements.

IF I HESITATED, IT WAS ONLY FOR A SECOND...
as you open to the world the world opens to you
choice is no longer a problem
the only way is all ways
the only direction is both in and out
the opposites unite
cannot afford to waste my time making money

On another wall, Whiteley had framed a footprint in a
tray of sand.

Dreams, always dreams! and the more delicate and ambitious
the soul, the further do dreams estrange it from possible things.
Each man carries within himself his natural dose of opium, cease-
lessly secreted and renewed, and, from birth to death, how many
hours can we reckon of positive pleasure, of successful and de-
cided action? Shall we ever live in, shall we ever pass into, that
picture which my mind has painted, that picture made in your
image?

Richard 'Play POWER' Neville-Anchor
Vat Cambodia

He has been working
on it for a month, usually
until about four a.m.
So have his friends;
anyone who walks in has
a paint-brush put in his
hand and is directed at
a wall.

At the same time, Martin is writing a guide to
the exhibition. It has
grown into a book.

It is a blissful opportu-
unity for the artist, who:

The UN Secretary-
General, U Thant, ap-
ppealed yesterday for the
protection of the historic
Cambodian ruins of Ang-
kor Wat from destruction
in the fighting in the
area.

We have the
“KNOW-HOW, BUT WE DO
NOT HAVE THE KNOW-WHY
NOR THE KNOW-WHAT FOR”

Some for renown, on scraps of learning done;
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

It’s all been said
not just a
gallery full of exhibits,
but a two-storey build-
ing that is an exhibition.

1. The object as first seen through the 300 mm. telephoto
t lens. The “saucer” itself appeared white, while the “skirt”
underneath fluctuated from orange to white to red.

2. As Mr. Wood watched, the object changed shape and
became a perfect triangle—an illusion caused by the object
changing direction?

Man, biologically considered, ... is the most formidable
of all the beasts of prey, and, indeed, the only one that
preys systematically on its own species.

Another child of Lasos, Hermias,
also made friends with a dolphin
who carried him pick-a-back
One day a sudden squall
knocked Hermias down, and
he was drowned before his companion
could help him. The desperate
dolphin brought the body on to
the sandy beach and there
lay down to die. The people
of Lasos concluded that the
animal, feeling responsible
for the child’s death, had decided
to share his fate.

There is a tide in the affairs of men...
EVEN SO, I TRIED TO TELL HIM... BUT...

That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

The whole universe to us - every word we say ECHOES
ECHOES ECHOES to the remotest star.
THERE ARE AS MANY UNIVERSES as there are
creatures to perceive it.

EVERYTHING IS CURIOUS.

Despite his stumblings it moved in him in silence
Until at last what it wanted to do was done.

EVEN FREE AT LAST!

I wonder how God lives in heaven,
when the clouds seem to be collapsing like broken birds.

Jewell Lawton - Age 8 - Australia

it would be much simpler if we all said what we meant

TO LIVE IT AGAIN IS PAST ALL
ENDEAVOUR

EXCEPT WHEN THE NOSE CLUTCHES
MY HEART

Before I only wanted to say it is to feel it.
BE ALONE, JOIN THE GROM!

There's plenty more in the kitchen.
She's even forgotten her dog.
Else has certainly changed.
Now all is as you wished.

Headmasters are sometimes wise men, and the community profits from knowing their opinions.

"I TOOK WHAT I THOUGHT TO BE A LAST, LOVING LOOK AT FATHER, THINKING OF HIS KINDNESS AND LOVE, KNOWING HOW THIS WOULD HURT HIM..."

Colour, colour everywhere

Martin Sharp’s exhibition—which is really a “total” environment—at the old Clune Galleries in Macleay Street—is the sense-twisting experience of the moment. At the opening last week it felt like a discotheque with lights on between dances.

Perhaps you hear about it before, but I was peculiar, with the stairs painted red, the walls and floors awash with compromising colours, and the sound of many rooms cluttered with ever-flow of Martin’s mind.

There was an excitement tangible in the crowd, they were absolutely as unusual as the paintings. Three-dimensional, eccentric, perhaps the real people of today, the viewers were reflected in the mirror mounts of the pictures, thus becoming a part of the total show.

Martin, his black velvet hat crammed down over his black locks—only his grinning teeth smiling at the river of remarks—was supported by his velvet trousers and two-tone shoes, close to the echoes of his mind. Visit at your peril.

Now that they are on their way to the Misty Isles, and although Gawain’s share of the plunder (six dancing girls) is a bit of a nuisance, they do make the journey entertaining.

NEXT WEEK—Trouble in the Misty Isles

OOPS!

Anything else?

Headmasters are sometimes wise men, and the community profits from knowing their opinions.

"I TOOK WHAT I THOUGHT TO BE A LAST, LOVING LOOK AT FATHER, THINKING OF HIS KINDNESS AND LOVE, KNOWING HOW THIS WOULD HURT HIM..."

TO LIVE IT AGAIN IS PAST ALL ENDENavour

EXCEPT WHEN THE NOSE CLUTCHES MY HEART

Before I only wanted to say it is to feel it.
BE ALONE, JOIN THE GROM!
Leave this delicious hazel nut crescent for three days before slicing.

Poems arrive through open doors; doors within doors, opening, opening, opening.

**TOUCH UPON THE QUIET SHADOW OF A SMALL CHILD**

SEE THE VISION IN HIS SHALLOW EYES

AND THE TALL TREES STAND BESIDE THE SMALL CHILD AND HE TREMBLES

AND HE FINDS HIS GOD

ANTHONY S. VECCHIEN.

**“Give me a good Van Gogh self-portrait any day.”**

Edna Everage 1962

There is an impression of great creative drive and energy; but of an energy that is largely parasitic or reactive to past art or to recent events. One notices a running theme of homage to Van Gogh, and an obvious deference to his reliance on exalted emotional states.

But whereas the demon of Arles was able to forge something distinctive and fully autonomous out of the art of his own time, transforming it through a heightened psychological condition, Martin Sharp seems to be still mainly a borrower and commentator, adding only an enormous veneer and gusto to the redeployment of familiar ideas and images.

"An actor chained a girl to a porch post, and, inspired by the notion that she looked like Joan of Arc, lit a fire at her feet."

Munch's nude puberty girl is in Van Gogh's billiard den.

Debcl's Billy Boy among Van Gogh's Cypresses.

Albert Tucker meets Magritte; Nolan (of course) joins Tom Roberts, a Raphael Christ floats tenderly in McCubbins' bushland.

The invisible feeling becomes audible and is transmitted through the ears and the stem.

He hurls against the sun the cries of his Heart.

**MELBOURNE, Friday. — Comedian Barry Humphries was found badly bashed up on the doorstep of a Richmond factory last night.**

Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.

—EDITH CAVELL, to Rev. Mr. Gahan, on night before her execution in 1915

(Arm in arm, shouting, they strode off towards the party.)

The exhibits, if recent, are often homages to Van Gogh. Martin Sharp thinks Van Gogh is a saint, the greatest turn-on man: I have a terrible humility at moments, when nature is so glorious."

There is a painting where Van Gogh meets Mickey Mouse, but there is also a room of small collages, where "Sharps silver scissors" have cut up color reproductions so that he can introduce artists to each other, by putting one artist's figure into another's landscape.

The showing extends beyond the visual: Sharp has made a tape, a musical anthology, which thunders through speakers in all rooms. There's Tiny Tim alongside Vera Lynn, alongside the astronauts landing on the moon and Bradman being bowled out.

The invisible feeling becomes visible and is transmitted through the ears and the stem.

"Artoons — Audacious Plagiarism by Martin Sharp and His Silver Scissors."

One by one the sands are flowing.

One by one the moments fall;

Some are coming, some are going:

Do not strive to grasp them all.

Men have forgotten this truth," said the fox. "But you must not forget it. You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose."

But to lean forward is to bring

Skin bloomed with salt within your touch

That wakes the answer of your wish

More than you knew is in your reach

Let the dazzling lokust sing.
These nervous jests are not without peril, and one often pays dear for them. But what matters an eternity of damnation to one who has found in a second an infinite joy?
Man is a rope connecting animal and superman—a rope over a precipice. What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal.

The old Clune Gallery in Macleay Street which of late had served as the Native Art Gallery, on its last stage before the building's demolition, was taken over by Peter Brown and Martin Sharp for redecoration as a cheap fun-arcade suitable for the Cross.

Peter Powditch, St Vincents Nov. 1963

A boy tried to get killed
He ran up and down the road
Until a taxi ran over him.
Why?
Because his mother fussed at him.

Benny Graves · Age 6 · United States

But when the night has made its bed
And brought you silent to my side,
I know that you are not polite,
That you and I must outlast death.

But soon after that...

God is Mind, and God is infinite; hence all is Mind.
The inner element, i.e., the emotion, must exist; otherwise, the work of art is a sham. The inner element determines the form of the work of art.\textsuperscript{10}

Here, then, is a great mystery. For you who also love the little prince, and for me, nothing in the universe can be the same if somewhere, we do not know where, a sheep that we never saw has — yes or no? — eaten a rose.

Sharp, with one eye a satirist and full of contempt for the young “bohemians” he serves and exploits, confronts the viewer with repetitious vulgar lithographs in stark red and blue abounding in ghastly assemblages. In his homages to van Gogh, his lack of comparable ability is crassly apparent and in their way they are just as sickly as his pornography. He places van Gogh’s cut-off head on a replica of his yellow chair, and displays this masterpiece by putting a yellow-painted chair in front of it. What homage! What fun!

Characteristically for this blatant self-seeker, his best work by far is an engaging self-portrait.

\textbf{GEORGE BERGER}
Who steals my purse steals trash.

Is the whole of life visible to us, or isn't it rather that this side of death we see only one hemisphere? Painters - to take them alone - dead and buried speak to the next generation or to several generations through their work. Is that all, or is there more to come? Perhaps death is not the hardest thing in a painter's life. For my own part, I declare I know nothing about it, but looking at the stars always make me dream, as simply as I dream over the black dots representing towns and villages on a map. Why, I ask myself, shouldn't the shining dots of the sky be as accessible as the black dots on the map of France?

...relatively to the pure dream, to the unanalysed impression, definite art, positive art, is blasphemy.

I, too, am going back home today...

Then, sadly -

'It is much farther... It is much more difficult

I realized clearly that something extraordinary was happening. I was holding him close in my arms as if he were a little child; and yet it seemed to me that he was rushing headlong towards an abyss from which I could do nothing to restrain him...

'Tonight, it will be a year... My star, then, can be found right above the place where I came to the Earth, a year ago...

'Little man,' I said, 'tell me that it is only a bad dream - this affair of the snake, and the meeting-place, and the star...'

But he did not answer my plea. He said to me, instead:

'The thing that is important is the thing that is not seen...

'Yes, I know...'

'It is just as it is with the flower. If you love a flower that lives on a star, it is sweet to look at the sky at night. All the stars are a-bloom with flowers...'

'Yes, I know...'

...It was a peaking surf, nothing very special, but it was a good day with the sun shining, and I was sliding off the peak into the deep water when suddenly I felt as though I could keep going and going and going, pushing on and on as though there was no end to it anywhere. You go into oblivion. Suddenly all your life is there in this long, long stretched-out wave; you're removed from the past, everything that has been on your mind has become immaterial, everything goes to jelly, and you feel completely removed from the world around you. Nothing matters any longer but you and the board and the wave and this instant of time...
Deceivp)U / h T  ™ ∀ ervhing you will p e rceive th e divine m y sterv of tongu e. Once you perceive it, you everv rivn ° c°m p reh e n s '' b e tte r fn5/ ' r 7u d you wil1 c°m e a l s t to love th e whole world a n  all-em b ra cin g  love."

Multitude, solitude: equal and interchangeable terms to the active and fertile poet. He who does not know how to people his solitude, does not know either how to be alone in a busy crowd.

On his last term at school, Blue Griffiths walked out into the English countryside—and a veil was lifted from his eyes. He heard the birds singing in full chorus as he had never heard them before. The hawthorn trees were in full bloom, and he thought he had never experienced such sweetness before.

Sir William said that tactics like this should have been used during the Moratorium. "It was the loveliest thing I've seen in my life," he told the meeting.

"The world appears to me as Wordsworth describes it, 'with the glory and the freshness of a dream.' It was not only that my senses were awakened. I experienced an overwhelming emotion in the presence of nature, especially at evening. I approached it with a sense of almost religious awe, and in the hush which comes before sunset, I felt again the presence of an unknowable mystery."

"I have a terrible lucidity at moments, when nature is so glorious. In these days I am hardly conscious of myself and the picture comes to me like a dream."

It is good to be merry and wise, to be honest and true; the old love before you go on with the new.

"It now seems difficult to deny that mankind, after having gradually covered the Earth with a highly web of a loose social organisation, is now on a process of concentrating about itself racially, economically, intellectually at a continually more rapid pace, we have to realise that the whole world of men is being indivisibly formed into one single whole. It is converging upon itself." — Théophile de Viaux.
He who looks in through an open window never sees as much as he who looks at a window that is shut.

"My God, a mine," he said. Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

The far side of your moon is black and glorious the vines.

The song of a merryman, moping mum, Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb As he sighed for the love of a lady.

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.

One only understands the things that one tames.

Surrealism, n. Pure psychic automatism, by which it is intended to express, whether verbally or in writing, or in any other way, the real process of thought. Thought's dictation, free from any control by the reason, independent of any esthetic or moral preoccupation.

Andrew Shear will you prepare an issue of the image in concealing art.

There are some things a girl can't ignore.

Meanwhile, the hero, Perseus, fresh from his triumph over the Gorgon Medusa, saw Andromeda's plight, and rushed to her rescue...

Let me out of this DANGEROUS and yet DANGEROUS to me. Help me, my eye is in DANGER! Enough! Get me out of the BLACK WOODS, and away from the DANGEROUS DISEASE! The virus will rule her life.
The grown-ups’ response, this time, was to advise me to lay aside my drawings of boa constrictors, whether from the inside or the outside, and devote myself instead to geography, history, arithmetic, and grammar. That is why, at the age of six, I gave up what might have been a magnificent career as a painter. I had been disheartened by the failure of my Drawing Number One and my Drawing Number Two. Grown-ups never understand anything by themselves, and it is tiresome for children to be always and forever explaining things to them.

The Negro, Mr Ernest Morris, tried to appeal a 20-year-old State law requiring all blood to be labelled with the race of the donor.

One opponent, Mr Archie Davis, said: “I don’t want no nigger blood in my veins and I refuse to take it.”

“I would sooner see my family die and go to eternity before I would see them have a drop of nigger blood in them.”

There is an old civilisation that in my opinion, is declining through its own fault—there is a new civilisation that has been born, and is growing, and will continue to grow. Now I ask you whether you yourself have not often noticed that the policy of whirling between the old and the new is not viable? Just think this over.

Let us create together the new building of the future which will be everything in one—aesthetically and scientifically—built by millions of artisans, which will one day rise heavenward and be a symbol of a dawning of a new faith.

There is not one Moral Virtue that Jesus Inculcated but Plato & Cicero did Inculcate before him; what then did Christ Inculcate? Forgiveness of Sins. This alone is the Gospel, & this is the Life & Immortality brought to light by Jesus, Even the Covenant of Jehovah, which is This: If you forgive one another your Trespasses, so shall Jehovah forgive you, That he himself may dwell amonsg among you; but if you Avenge, you Murder the Divine Image, & he cannot dwell among you; because you Murder him he arises again, & you deny that he is Arisen, & are blind to Spirit.
More recently, it has been suggested that the saint may have eaten bread infected with the fungus 
Claviceps purpurea, which contains lysergic acid, from which the drug LSD is derived.

"You read about people who say they've discovered God through LSD... rubbish," he scoffed.

Our civilization represses not only "the instincts", not only sexuality, but any form of transcendence. Among one-dimensional men, it is not surprising that someone with an insistent experience of other dimensions, that he cannot entirely deny or forget, will run the risk either of being destroyed by the others, or of betraying what he knows.

Though technically deaf, there are times when, from an inventive point of view, Sharp Martin and his Silver Scissors have degenerated into Blunt Martin with a Meat Axe.

below! The collages are nearly all cut-ups of illustrations of Van Gogh, Magritte and Francis Bacon paintings, so that their protagonists are all sitting in each other's rooms. They're bizarre—two Bacon figures playing out their solitary games on a couch are placed in a silent Magritte room. Van Gogh appears in his own land-scapes. Oddly there is a lot of reverence wherever initially the motive would seem to be ridicule. It's worth going just to pick up a copy, if you haven't got one already, of the worst selling but most inventive Oz produced to date—The Magic Theatre, number 16—the whole issue consisting of collages of images and text done by Martin Sharp, his Silver Scissors with the assistance of Phillipe Mora.

He who knows nothing, loves nothing. He who can do nothing understands nothing. He who understands nothing is worthless. But he who understands also loves, notices, sees. . . . The more knowledge is inherent in a thing, the greater the love. . . . Anyone who imagines that all fruits ripen at the same time as the strawberries knows nothing about grapes.

PARACELSUS

the paradox of art—man withdrawing from his fellows into the world of art, only to enter more closely into communion with humanity.

Talk to me
My radio is falling to pieces
My betrayals are so fresh
they still come with explanations

Everyone knows that jails and hospitals have one thing in common: the "an be very hard to get out of. In some ways a prisoner is less cut off than a patient; a prisoner can send for his lawyer, demand a Fair Witness, invoke habeas corpus and require the jailor to show cause in open court. But it takes only a NO VISITORS sign, ordered by one of the medicine men of our peculiar tribe, to consign a hospital patient to oblivion more thoroughly than ever was the Man in the Iron Mask.

To be sure, the patient's next of kin cannot be kept out—but the Man from Mars seems to have no next of kin. The crew of the ill-fated Envoi had few ties on Earth; if the Man in the Iron Mask pardon me; I mean the "Man from Mars"—has any relative guarding his interests, a few thousand reporters have been unable to verify it.

Who speaks for the Man from Mars? Who ordered an armed guard placed around him? What is his dread disease? That no one may glimpse him, nor ask him a question? I address you, Mr. Secretary General; the explanation about "physical weakness" and "gee-fatigue" won't wash; if that were the answer, a ninety-pound nurse would do as well as an armed guard.

Could this disease be financial in nature? Of let's say it softly—is it political?

But learn one thing, impress it upon your mind which is still so malleable: man has a horror for aloneness. And of all kinds of aloneness, moral aloneness is the most terrible. The first hermits lived with God, they inhabited the world which is most populated, the world of the spirits. The first thought of man, be he a leper or a prisoner, a sinner or an invalid, is: to have a companion of his fate. In order to satisfy this drive which is life itself, he applies all his strength, all his power, the energy of his whole life.

Jesus was a sailor when he walked upon the water and he spent a long time watching from a lonely wooden tower and when he knew for certain only drowning men could see him he said All men will be sailors then until the sea shall free them, but he himself was broken long before the sky would open forsaken, almost human, he sank beneath your wisdom like a stone.

In February, Vincent went to Arles in southern France. Here, in the roaring southern summer, it came to pass—perhaps for the first time—that a man completely merged with the world around him. Responding with his whole being to the call of things, this man became one with them and in the white heat of the fusion, images were wrought—precious, radiant, full of the sap of things and at the same time symbolising the passion and love that were kindled by this full presence of the world. In his creative fervour his personal vision became an hallucinated vision of the depths. As in a trance, the artist felt his way to the core of things and there laid his heart. His painting saved him from a catastrophic human situation. His mind, liberated from its armour of consciousness, was enabled to rediscover itself in the symbol. But when in his trance he made a false move, when the redeeming symbol failed to take form, the violence of his impetus flung him into the abyss of madness. In every one of his attempts to attain to essential reality, Van Gogh risked disaster.
Necessity knows no law.

Ah! Sunflower weary of time
Who counts the stages of the sun
Seeking after that sweet golden climb
When my life's-morn shall close my eyes.

To show how it is that the artist frequently arrives at what
appears to be such an arbitrary 'deformation' of nature
He does not attach such importance to natural
form as do

since he himself is mobile, he may
be relied upon to maintain freedom of development
of his own

and is it not true that even the small step of a guinea
through the microscope reveals to us images which we
should see the accidently and lacked the sense to
understand them?

Does the artist concern himself with microscopy?

History? Palaeontology?

Know thyself or for purposes of comparison, only in the exercise of his mobility
of mind, and not to provide a scientific check
of nature.

Open your eyes
A forest of trees
Was born tonight

only in the sense of freedom,
in the sense of a freedom,
which does not lead to fixed phases of development,
representing exactly what nature once was or will be or
could be on another star (as perhaps one day be proved).

But in a the sense of a freedom which merely demands its
rights, the right to develop, as great nature herself develops

from type to prototype.

Presumptuous is the artist who does not follow his road through to the end
but chosen are those artists who penetrate to the region of that secret
place where permanence borders nature all evolution.

Nature, to be commanded, must be obeyed.
And yet this was the earth, the earth with all its sounds, its passions, its comforts, its feasts; it was a rich and magnificent earth, full of promise, which sent out to us a mysterious perfume of rose and of musk, and from whose shores the music of life came to us in an amorous murmur.

...
Though the mills of God grind slowly
Yet they grind exceeding small.

A brick was thrown last night through the window of a London art gallery showing an exhibition of modern paintings and sculpture dealing in a controversial way with the Crucifixion.

Paintings in the gallery at the time of the attack included one of Christ being eaten by dogs, four of Abbie Hoffman, who was the "victim" in the Chicago demonstration trials, one showing Caryl Chessman, the American who was executed after spending 11 years in gaol, and three of Popeye, the cartoon character, being crucified. There was also a sculpture fashioned from beef and pork chops.

Mr Sigis Krauss, director of the Krauss Gallery in New Street, Covent Garden, said: "This could have been done on religious grounds, although most people who have seen the works have liked them. I do not see how they could be regarded as blasphemous. They are trying to awaken people to all sorts of crucifixions that are happening every day. An attack like this is done in ignorance."

Rome. - Alfredo Bonazzi, sentenced to 24 years' imprisonment for murder in 1960, has won first prize in a religious poetry competition.

If you shut up truth and bury it under the ground, it will but grow, and gather to itself such explosive power that the day it bursts through it will blow up everything in its way.

Art is the only serious thing in the world. And the artist is the only person who is never serious.
“for example the spaceman placed with the Van Gogh cypress trees, the cypress is a symbol of death. Where works of the spice mission were evident, there was a recording of the mission which created the atmosphere and made the observer aware and condemn…"

"I would’ve liked to know what the artist’s idea is in basing his own paintings on an object floating above a surface. I’d like to know if he was trying to convey an image or message, whether it was a spontaneous idea or what.

IN THE WHOLE, I THOUGHTFULLY ENJOYED THE ART AND THE GALLERY (AND I LIKED HIS DOG"

ART ADVANCES BETWEEN TWO CHIPMUNKS WHICH ARE FORVOLUTY AND FROM BEHIND, ON THE RIDE WHERE THE GREAT ARTIST MOVES FORWARD EVERY STEP IS AN ADVENTURE, AN EXTREME RISK, IN THE RISK, IF NOT ON THE ONLY, THERE LIES THE FREEDOM OF BEING.

THESE PAGES WERE BLANK AND NOW THEY ARE FILLED WITH THE MORE I FIND THE LESS I HAVE TO HIDE.

I CELEBRATE MYSELF, AND SING MYSELF,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

IT’S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! IT CAN’T BE!

Diana

DIAMOND DREAMS

ACHIEVED: As we live, we are transmitters of life,
And when we fail to transmit life, life fails to flow through us...

WHAT IS, IS HOW WE WERE, OUR WORLD, LIFE, STILL MORE LIFE, NAKED INTO US TO COMPENSATE TO BE READY...

GIVE, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU

IS STILL THE TRUTH, THE TRUTH, THE TRUTH ABOUT LIFE.

DI LORACE

Nay!” answered the child: “but these are the wounds of love.”

“Who art thou?” said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him and he knelt before the little child.

SOMETIMES I DREAM OF A WORLD WHERE REALITY IS A GREAT BEARD, TANGENT, THROUGH THE WHOLE REGION OF ELEMENTS, OBJECTS, MEANINGS AND STYLE. THIS I WOULD LIKE TO ACHIEVE. WE HAVE FOUND PARTS, BUT NOT THE WHOLE.

FOLLOWING THE WARM CURRENT

By the terms of her father’s will, a ten year old orphan becomes heir to $10 million and has to choose a father from among her six uncles.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT FOR YOUR HEAD!!! NOW WE HAVE A PEOPLE!!!

FEED YOUR HEAD!!! NOW WE HAVE A PEOPLE!!!

LETS GROW!!!
"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

But words he loved and mastered: when he talked Confusion died; the world grew still to hear His voice commanding chaos into art. Language became the tight-ropes which he walked Above the mindless rush of guilt and fear That thundered like Niagara in his heart.

There is an art of the future, and it is going to be so lovely, and young, that even if we give up our youth for it, we must gain in serenity,

Vincent Van Gogh

And if sometimes, on the steps of a palace, or on the green grass, in a ditch, or in the dreary solitude of your own room, you should awaken and find the drunkenness half or entirely gone, ask of the wind, of the wave, of the star, of the bird, of the clock, of all that flies, of all that sighs, of all that moves, of all that sings, of all that speaks, ask what hour it is; and wind, wave, star, bird, or clock will answer you: "It is the hour to be drunken! Be drunken, if you would not be the martyred slaves of Time; be drunken continually! With wine, with poetry or with virtue, as you please."


To hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
Everywhere on earth, at this moment, in the new spiritual atmosphere created by the idea of evolution, there float, in a state of extreme mutual sensitivity, love of God and faith in the world: the two essential components of the Ultra-human. These two components are everywhere ‘in the air’; generally, however, they are not strong enough, both at the same time, to combine with one another in one and the same subject. In me, it happens by chance (temperament, upbringing, background) that the proportion of one to the other is correct, and the fusion of the two has been effected spontaneously – not as yet with sufficient force to spread explosively – but strong enough nevertheless to make it clear that the process is possible – and that sooner or later there will be a chain-reaction.

This is one more proof that the Truth has to appear only once, in one single mind, for it to be impossible for anything ever to prevent it from spreading universally and setting everything ablaze.

On July 27th van Gogh wounded himself fatally with a revolver shot. Two days later he died in the arms of Theo.
A TREMENDOUSLY exciting event took place at 59 Macloay Street Galleries on Friday—two performances of Karlheinz Stockhausen's extraordinary musical-circus "Hymnen," a groovy jumble of minced national anthems, electronically distorted.

This was a REAL mixed-media show: while the eye was bombarded by Martin Sharp's witty and arresting mod art exhibition crowding the shocking-pink and poison-green walls, the ear was assaulted from all sides by 10 different music-amplifiers.

The roving population (about 2,500) of trendies, hippies and arties got quietly "high" on the heady mixture of Stockhausen's 113-minute sound-wave "trip" and Sharp's mangled rainbow dazzlers.

I came (ready to go), I saw (and stayed) and finally, surprise—surprise, went away wholly conquered.

"Hymnen" may well be the first electronic musical masterpiece ever composed.

This fascinating sight-and-sound experiment (a brainchild of Richard O'Sullivan) is being repeated on June 21. — MARIA PRERAUER.

"The association of a sewing machine and an umbrella on a surgical table [he is quoting from the poet Lautréamont] is a familiar example, which has now become classical, of the phenomenon discovered by the surrealists, that the association of two (or more) apparently alien elements on a plane alien to both is the most potent ignition of poetry."

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by, Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I." Bogo.

AT NOON AND AT MIDNIGHT. IT IS ABUNDANCE THAT SEEKETH UNION WITH EMPTINESS. IT IS HOLY BEGETTING, MURDER. IT IS THE SHIPT AND HIS BETRAVER. IT IS THE LIGHT OF DAY AND THE DARKEST NIGHT OF MADNESS.

A Vortex and conceptual geography. The impediments of a dream, a spiritual conception; feeling a deep dream to its depth, which visual perception conceives a spiritual geography. The winds lying silent.

The heart has its reasons which reason does not know.
Man is a gateway, through which from the outer world of gods, demons, and souls, ye pass into the inner world; out of the greater into the smaller world.

Small and transitory is man, already is he behind you, and once again ye sink yourselves in endless space in the smaller, or innermost infinity. At immeasurable distance standeth one single Star in The Zephyr. This is the one god of this one man. This is his world, his personal divinity. In this world is man Abraha, the creator and destroyer of his own world. This Star is the goal and the goal of man. This is his one guiding God, in him goeth man to his rest. Toward him goeth the long journey of the soul after death. In his shroud, fort as light as that man bringeth back from the greater world, to this one god man shall remain. Prayer increases the light of the Star.

NO ORDINARY PERSON COULD REACH THESE RARE FLOWERS, WHICH GROW ONLY AT THE TOP OF THE STEEP CLIFF!

NO ORDINARY PERSON COULD REACH THESE RARE FLOWERS, WHICH GROW ONLY AT THE TOP OF THE STEEP CLIFF!

Those whom the gods love grow young.

What is beautiful is good and who is good will soon also be beautiful.
Since the dawn of time, roughly a hundred billion human beings have walked the planet Earth.

Now this is an interesting number, for by a curious coincidence there are approximately a hundred billion stars in our local universe, the Milky Way. So for every man who has ever lived, in this universe, there shines a star.

Go perfect into peace,
Peace mighty - majestic and moulded, mounted
Upon the satin whipped waves of the heavens.
Roam in orchards of twilit apples, and
Drawn by a million vermilion stallions,
Shadow-dappled across the fields of legend.
Go perfect into peace.

Go perfect into peace,
Grave and golden,
Free of fiery fury.
Bathed in the glowing tears of dawn,
Night washed - night webbed -
Go perfect into peace.

People capable of love, under the present system, are necessarily the exceptions; love is by necessity a marginal phenomenon in present - day Western society. Not so much because many occupations would not permit it, but because the spirit of a production - oriented society is such that only the non - contributory - Those who are an answer to the protective - that is, the only rational - are necessary, if the social structure is to be successfully against the only rational - to arrive at a highly individual adjustments. Our society is run by managers - politicians - people who are producing more and consuming more, as if there were no bounds to production. All activities are subordinated to economic - a well - fed, well - clothed - man is love become ends; man is an automaton - well fed, well clothed, but without any ultimate concern for that which is his peculiarly human quality and function. If man is to be able to love, he must be put in his supreme place. The economic machine must serve him, rather than he serve it.

He must be enabled to share experience, to share work, rather than at best, share in profits. Society must be organized in such a way that man's social, loving nature is not separated from his social existence, but becomes one with it. If it is true, as I have tried to show, that love is the only sane and satisfactory answer to the problem of human existence, then any society which excludes, relatively, the development of love, must in the long run perish of its own contradiction with the basic necessities of human nature. Indeed, to speak of love is not 'preaching', for the simple reason that it means to speak of the ultimate and real need in every human being. That this need has been obscured does not mean that it does not exist. To analyse the nature of love is to discover its general absence today, and to criticize the social conditions which are responsible for this absence. To have faith in the possibility of love as a social and not only exceptional - individual phenomenon, is a rational faith based on the insight into the very nature of man.

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