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Description

Martin Sharp, Catalog No.3, Reid Books, Sydney, 1971, 36p, Catalogue for an exhibition held at the Yellow House, Sydney.

Publisher

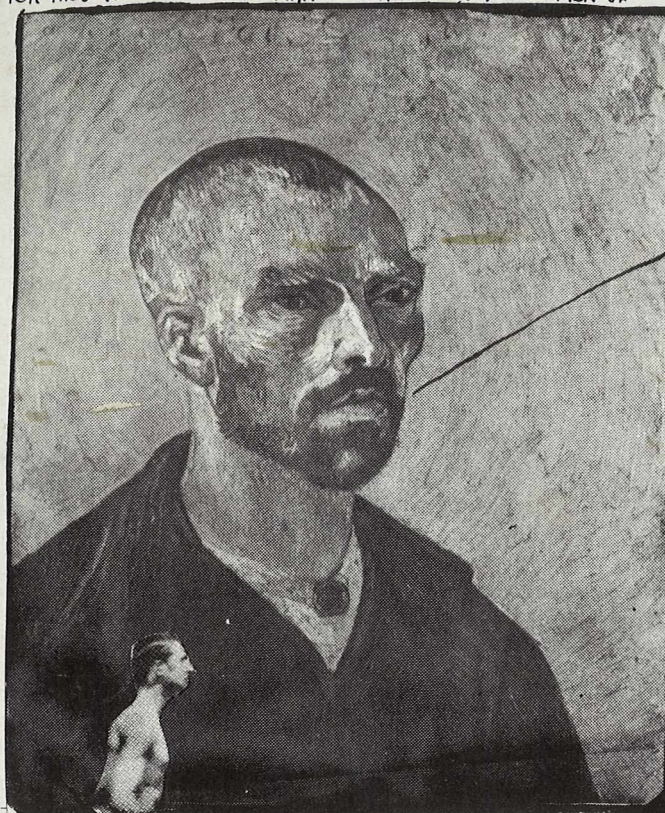
Reid Books, Sydney, 1971, 36p

PART OF A CONTINUING EXPEDITION

CATALOG

CONTINUED

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



... BUILD THE TOWERS FROM WHICH WE FLY

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.

20th JUNE.
59 MACLEARY ST.

PORTS POINT
MADEY ALS

AUSTRALIA

THE SOUTHERN
HEAVENSHERE

THE EARTH

THE SOLAR SYSTEM

THE MILKY WAY.

THE UNIVERSE ETC.

INFINITY... YOU.

THIS CATALOG ONCE INVISIBLE IS NOW
VISIBLE. THERE ARE FUTURE ISSUES
TO BE MADE VISIBLE.....

WHY NOT BECOME A MAGICIAN.

AN INCREDIBLE BURST OF SUPER-SPEED SENDS THE MAN OF STEEL CRASHING THROUGH THE TIME-BARRIER...

- Silver Star Certificate to
Chuckler Maureen Webster
(12), 18 Hazelglen Avenue,
Panania.**



VAL GIVES HIS ULTIMATUM: "YOUR ENTIRE GARRISON HAS BEEN DISARMED AND IMPRISONED IN THE ARMORY. I COMMAND THE ONLY ARMED TROOP WITHIN THE CITY. YOU WILL PAY TRIBUTE TO THE MEN YOU SOLD INTO SLAVERY OR I WILL ALLOW THEM TO SACK YOUR PALACES!"

"it's very easy to take more than nothing."

love is
imagination
imagination
is love

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are but the ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.



my only inspiration
is just imagination
dreams, dreams
dreaming

MAN SEES ONLY
WHAT HE
IMAGINES

Paul Valery



THE DOORS IN MY HOUSE
ARE USED EVERY DAY
FOR CLOSING ROOMS
AND LOCKING
CHILDREN AWAY

BRIAN ANDREWS, AGE 10
AUSTRALIA

LET'S BE HONEST

featuring
Shuman the Human

SOON... AS
THE NEWS
HITS THE
FRONT
PAGES...

CONCEIVED

POTTER HACKING 21 APRIL '41

29 years later (on the 20th 121st May) This exhibition opens IT IS FULL MOON.

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 TRY TO USE THE MIND FOR THE SENSES DRIVE SCREWS...

1910

Most important 'early works' executed in this year. WITH A HAMMER. MARLESH.

1911

Begins paintings related to Cubism, with e body in motion. Work of this type first inc

Snow is falling.

There is a nude in my room.

Drawings and paintings related to 'chess' th

She surveys the wine-coloured carpet.

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'S THIS MASKED MAN LIKE?

DIFFICULT TO SAY, I SUPPOSE YOU'D CALL HIM AN OUTDOOR TYPE.



Day-long bombing and napalm attacks by American Phantom jets broke the Communist siege of Kompong Thom, 80 miles north of Phnom Pen.

"THIS IS THE WILD LIGHT THAT OUR DREAMS FORETOLD WHILE UN-AWARE WE PREPARED THESE EYES + WINGS WHILE IN OUR SLEEP WE LEARNED THE SONG THE WORLD SINGS

SING NOW, MY BROTHERS! CLIMB TO THAT

INTOLERABLE GOLD

Beauty is a state of awareness

for the hand

YOU IS THE CRADLE FOR THE HAND THAT RULES THE WORLD

OH YOU WHO MUST LEAVE EVERYTHING THAT YOU CANNOT CONTROL

IT BEGINS WITH YOUR FAMILY AND LATER GETS ROUND TO YOUR SOUL

What is lovely never dies, But passes into other loveliness

MOTHER IS THE NAME FOR GOD IN THE LIPS AND HEARTS OF LITTLE CHILDREN

"IF YOUR NOT FEELING HOLY YOUR LONLINESS TELLS YOU YOU'VE SINNED"

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

why? how - we never we know (with a high low high in the may in the spring live! die (forever is now) and dance you suddenly blossoming free sing

SPONG'S FLUTTER AGAINST THE DISAPPEARING WALL.

SCHOOL DAYS
FOOL DAYS, WENT, THIRSTY I STAYED,
THIRSTY, I ONLY WANTED TO LEARN...
YOU TAUGHT ME NOTHING.

IN YEARS TO COME, WHEN
SUPERBOY GROWS UP
INTO SUPERMAN AND
MOVES FROM SMALL-TOWN
SMALLVILLE TO BIG-
CITY METROPOLIS,
HIS LIFE'S 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 FRIEND-
SHIP THAT BEGINS WHEN...

...and virtually final year of his most importa
s and paints in Munich.
descending a staircase, no. 2 withdrawn from
in, in furore; exhibited in public for first time at a C
y shown in Paris at the 'S... de la Section d'Or'
ners and their 'What makes the desert beautiful,' said the little
prince, 'is that somewhere it hides a well...
develop radical and
rt. This independent
16.

400 years ago the lone survivor of a Pirate raid was
washed up on a remote Bengali beach. On the skull
of his father's murderer he swore an oath to fight
crime. Generations followed him. Natives believed
it was always the same man. "The Ghost Who
Walks" they said. So the legend grew. A name
whispered — loved and feared ... THE PHANTOM!

PLAY UP
PLAY UP
AND DON'T
PLAY THE GAME

IF...

The sunlight falling on the nursery floor
No longer brings the picture-books to life.

THE
SADDEST
PAINTING
THE LONELY
BOY EVER
PAINTED

ARE YOU SURE, LOIS, YOU'RE
REALLY THROUGH WITH SUPER-
MAN AND THAT IT'S ME
YOU REALLY WANT?

WHY DIDNT ANYONE
TELL ME. ?

DIANA~
REALLY!

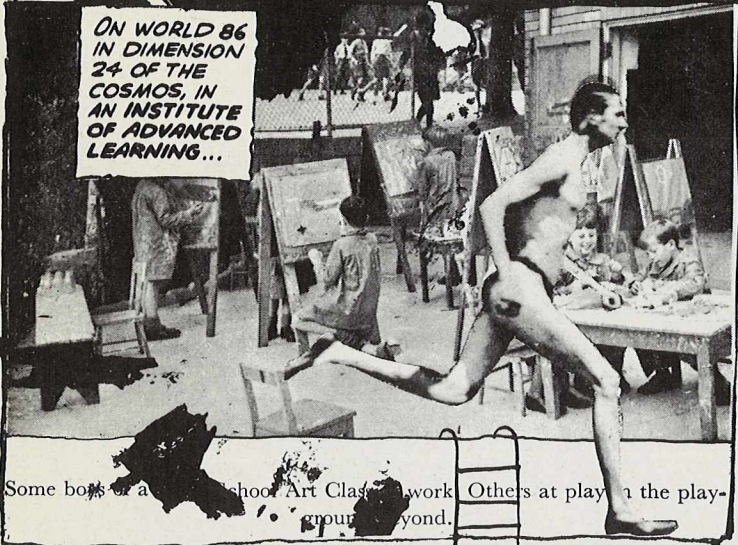
HE TRIED TO KISS ME. I
DIDNT WANT HIM TO. I'M
GLAD HE'S GONE. ALL HE
TALKED ABOUT WAS SPORTS.



TO
SEEM
(RATHER THAN BE)



ON WORLD 86
IN DIMENSION
24 OF THE
COSMOS, IN
AN INSTITUTE
OF ADVANCED
LEARNING...



Some boys of a school Art Class work Others at play in the play-
group beyond.

THIS WORLD AND UNDERWORLD ARE INCESSANTLY GIVING
BIRTH: EVERY CAUSE IS A MOTHER, ITS EFFECT THE CHILD
WHEN THE EFFECT IS BORN, IT TOO BECOMES A CAUSE AND GIVES BIRTH
TO WONDERFUL EFFECTS" RUPIN
at the age of 9 1st Satirical essay written by about
THIS ENGLISH TEACHER
SO WHAT!

WHY DIDNT SOMEONE
TELL ME



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 signifi-
cant 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.¹ 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 undesir-
able. 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.

A PERSON WHO
LIKE YOU HAS
BEEN BROUGHT
UNASHED INTO
THIS WORLD OF
VARIETY, AND WHEN
LIKE YOU HE
MUST FIND
HIS WAY
FOR BETTER
OR FOR
WORSE

THERE EXISTS NO MORE
DIFFICULT ART THAN LIVING
FOR OTHER ARTS AND
SCIENCES, NUMEROUS TEACHERS
ARE TO BE FOUND EVERYWHERE
EVEN YOUNG PEOPLE BELIEVE
THAT THEY HAVE ACQUIRED
THESE IN SUCH A WAY, THAT
THEY CAN TEACH THEM TO OTHERS
THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE
OF LIFE, ONE MUST
CONTINUE TO LIVE AND
LEARN AND WHAT WILL
AMAZE YOU MORE
THROUGHOUT LIFE



KRYPTON

But strange that I was not told
That the brain can hold
In a tiny ivory cell,
God's heaven and hell.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY SHARP???

PAY ATTENTION
PAY ATTENTION
PAY ATTENTION
PAY ATTENTION
PAY ATTENTION

Prayers were compulsory
at the age of 11 I was made
read from a printed page,
with kneeling and head bowed
(by order) "I have erred and strayed
in my ways like a lost sheep
I have done those things
I ought not to have done
I have left undone those
things I ought to have done & there is no health
in me."

seek and ye shall... OH... OH YEESS
knock and the
door will be
opened

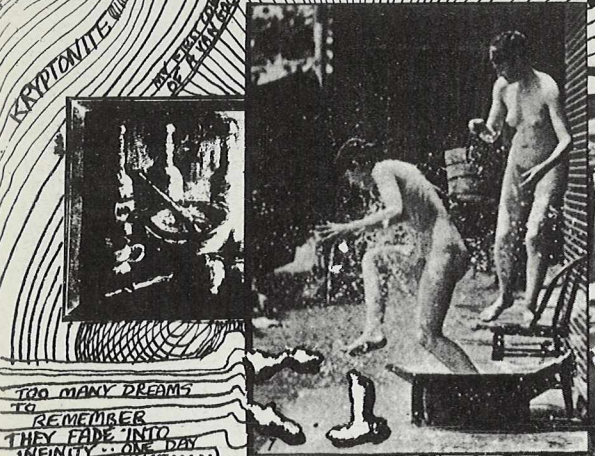
I'm the great pretender

WHETHER OR NOT WE ARE AWARE OF IT, THERE IS NOTHING
OF WHICH WE ARE MORE ASHAMED THAN OF NOT BEING OURSELVES."

DONT RUN
DONT TALK
DONT SING

she was a nice girl, a proper girl
BUT one of the Roving 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 kindred and to gravitate either towards glory or towards dishonour.



TOO MANY DREAMS
TO
REMEMBER
THEY FADE INTO
INFINITY... ONE DAY
I WILL NOT WAKE...
WILL I KEEP
DREAMING

WILL I REMEMBER MY DREAMS?
MISS KAYE

She adopted the
leopard on sight.

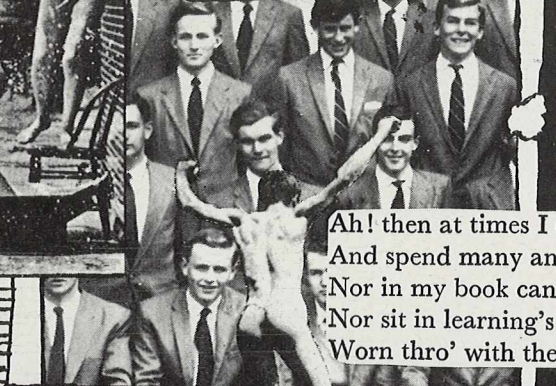
GET YOUR
HAIR CUT
GET YOUR
HAIR CUT
GET
YOUR
HAIR
CUT
GET
YOUR
HAIR CUT

THE
SPECTATOR
REGAINS HIS
SOLITUDE AND
HEARS THE
SILENCE
OF THE
WORLD.

IT'S A HUNGER...A DEEP,
BITING HUNGER, RENDING MY
VERY SOUL! I CAN'T STAND IT
MUCH LONGER!



I SIT HERE



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

YOU SEE, BARON,
THERE IS ANOTHER
MAN~~

THERE ALWAYS
IS. I'LL MAKE
YOU FORGET HIM
IF YOU'LL GIVE ME
TIME, DIANA.



ALL MEN ARE ISLANDS
JOINED BENEATH
THE SEA

The art room was
the only room in
which I was
encouraged to
discover

HEY LISTEN
EVERYBODY!
I HAVE JUST
THOUGHT OF
SOMETHING
BRILLIANT!



Dream on Dream on
Teenage Queen,
Prettiest girl
You've ever seen

SCHOOL REGISTER

Shannon, N. McA.	1949
	1955
Sharland, P. R.	1928
Sharp, A. C. R.	1927
Sharp, F. L. R.	1927
Sharp, H. W. R.	1918
Sharp, M. R.	1949
Sharp, P. A.	1956
Sharp, W. A. R.	1954
Shatford, R. D.	1945

NEVER DO...
ALWAYS DON'T
DON'T DON'T, I
DON'T DON'T

THE OTHER
WORLD
BENEATH
THE SEA
WHERE
CHILDREN
FLY

LATER, AS
THE FINAL
BELL RINGS...

Our Story: WHEN THE DIN OF RIOTING
AND THE MOUNTING FLAMES HAVE AROUSED
THE ENTIRE CITY, PRINCE VALIANT ORDERS
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?

ONE MUST
LEARN TO DIE

EAST SYDNEY
TECH. IS
STILL A
PRISON

WHEN THE MONARCH
OF MOTION REGAINS
HIS SENSES...

DRAWING
WILL BE BORING
IF I DON'T MAKE
EACH LINE BETTER

AND AS THEY LEAVE THE AREA, THE FAMED PILOTS
ARE UNAWARE OF A STRANGE, DARK SHAPE THAT
GLIDES OVER THE WATER...

THIS CURIOUS WORK OF ART HANGS NOW IN MY LIBRARY, WHERE IT
IS VERY MUCH ADMIRER BY MY ARTISTIC FRIENDS, ONE OF WHOM HAS
ETCHED IT FOR ME. THEY HAVE DECIDED THAT IT IS NOT A CLOUET BUT
AND AN OUVRY. I HAVE NEVER CARED TO TELL THEM ITS TRUE HISTORY,
BUT SOMETIMES, WHEN I LOOK AT IT, I THINK THERE IS REALLY A GREAT DEAL
TO BE SAID FOR THE WILLIE HUGHES THEORY OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS."

"THE SMILE THAT YOU SEND OUT RETURNS TO YOU."

Hip Culture is not important for
what it has produced because it has
produced precious little. Its signifi-
cance lies in the over-reaction it has
elicited from a civilisation which
has grown so inflexible and hum-
ourless that it has lost the will to
experiment with new ideas and so
lost the essential meaning of free-
dom. 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 read-
ing public.

RICHARD WALSH

BACK INTO THE PAST! BACK TO
THAT UNFORGETTABLE DAY, YEARS
AGO, WHEN I FIRST CAME TO
METROPOLIS FROM SMALLVILLE
READY TO LAUNCH MY CAREER
AS SUPERMAN!

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 unsparing attacks on
Establishment figures, who often
immortalised their own inanities
in the balloons issuing forth from
their mouths? Whatever hap-
pened to the terrible triplet,
who, with Richard Neville and
Richard Walsh, published the
highly satirical magazine "Oz"?

WHAT are the
world's noisiest
animals?

The way to this hippo's
heart is wide open. Five
year old Jane Gatley, of
Cheshire, made the dis-
covery when she visited
the Manchester zoo.

A MAN WHO ENTERS THRU WINDOWS,
SLEEPS ON THE FLOOR AND HAS A
WOLF? ARE YOU MAKING THIS
UP, LILY?

THE DAYS DRAGGED
INTO WEEKS...
INTO AN
EMPTINESS...

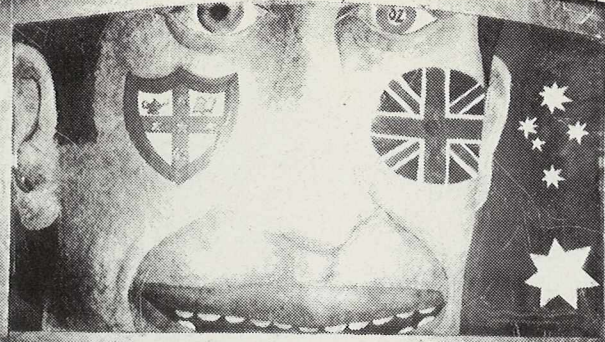
Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye,
and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist
not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek,
turn to him the other also.

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.

"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.

The word flaked round the arms that there was a gas turn up at Palm Beach Rd.



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!

ELWYN LYNN

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

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'? I would say they vary from quite good to mediocre.

Have they got artistic merit? Yes. I think they have artistic merit. I do not think there is much artistic merit in the one on the Beach.

What do you think of the calligraphy? Calligraphy, I think, is a very old art. It is much older than the actual meaning. We do this in English. We use italics. They are used for emphasis. I do not think we have a great variety of words; the Japanese and Chinese use ideographs. These are words but at the same time they are helpful to people to express certain emotions associated with that word. That is, the emotional content is attached to the word in a way that is simply not quite the same as in English. I think that is here.

Do you think it has any artistic merit as graphic arts, as calligraphy?

Flaming youth has become a flaming question. And youth comes to us wanting to know what we may propose to do about a society that hurts so many of them.

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Address, April, 1936

I DID ACTUALLY LEARN TO CROSS-HATCH DURING 3 EMPTY YEARS AT EAST SYDNEY TECH

calligraphy

BRETT W. WALKS IN WITH A PORTRAIT OF ME IN THE STYLE OF VAN GOGH FEEDBACK

I'M TO MEET HER IN HER APARTMENT. IT'S TEN TO ONE SHE WON'T BE ALONE.

LET'S ALL STOP PLAYING EGO GAMES RIGHT NOW!



Tomorrow, will I 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.

Could the passionate past that is fled Call back its dead, Could we live it all over again, Were it worth the pain!

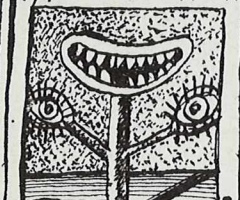
WHERE IS FRANCIS JAMES ????

The images demand to be in captivity - so many, crying out at once.

The sin was mine; I did not understand.

ROSES ARE SHINING IN

PICARDY



• I stopped in my tracks, my heart torn asunder; but still I did not understand.

In the film, "Trouble in Mopolis," 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.

May 21st London Premiere of TROUBLE IN MOPOLIS

MICHAEL RAMSDEN
JOHN IVOR GOLDING.

IN A LONELY ALLEY ALONG MORROW STREET, A STARTLING CHANGE TAKES PLACE...

Good to see you, GEORGE

I Am dead because

I lack desire,

I lack desire because

I think I possess,

I THINK I POSSESS BECAUSE I DO NOT TRY TO GIVE

IN TRYING TO GIVE YOU SEE

THAT YOU HAVE NOTHING

seeing you have nothing
you try to give of yourself.

NOW THAT I MANEUVERED MYSELF BEHIND THIS TIN SOLDIER, I'LL GROW A FEW BILLION TIMES LARGER!

Lovely days, the mice of time,
You slowly gnaw my life away.
O God! I shall be twenty-eight,
Years poorly spent, I am afraid.

HOW ELSE CAN ONE STATE ONE'S PRESENCE

EXCEPT BY DOING WHAT WE CAN AS WELL AS WE CAN.

AND WHY NOT?

BUT AS SOON AS THE DISC STARTED TO SPIN, I KNEW.

JOHN IVOR GOLDING

WHILE ONE IS CONSCIOUSLY AFRAID OF NOT BEING LOVED, THE REAL UNCONSCIOUS THOUGH USUALLY OF FEAR IS THAT OF LOVING

IS THE PUBLIC DISPLAY THE STIMULUS

RATHER THAN THE JOY OF

CREATING - ITS TOO TENSE TO BE JOY - TOO URGENT - IM PULLED TOWARD THAT EXHIBITION - I SUPPOSE THATS SOMETHING TO BE SOLVED
A STATEMENT OF PRESENCE, A JUSTIFICATION, AN EXPLANATION, AN EMPLOYMENT.

Some people are born plugged in, they are beyond question, their mere existence enhances the world

dence p mence

AS AN IDEA TAKES SHAPE IN THE MAGICIAN'S FERTILE BRAIN...

TRYING TO GIVE ...

OKAY? NO MORE GAMES WHEN I SAY "GO!"

GO!

THERE WILL BE AN ANSWER

LET

IT

BE

THE PSYCHIC TASK WHICH A PERSON CAN AND MUST SET FOR HIMSELF IS NOT TO FEEL SECURE, BUT TO BE ABLE TO TOLERATE INSECURITY WITHOUT PANIC AND UNDOE FEAR.

IT'S WORKING, IT'S WORKING!

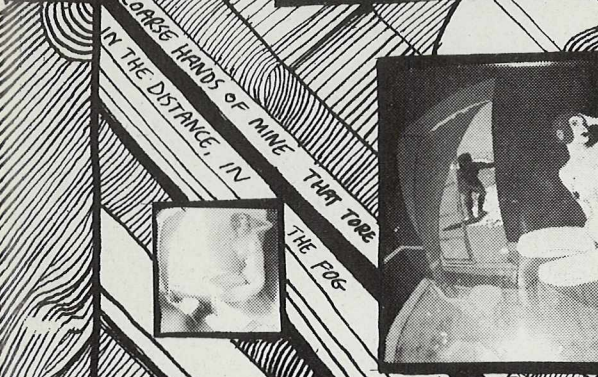
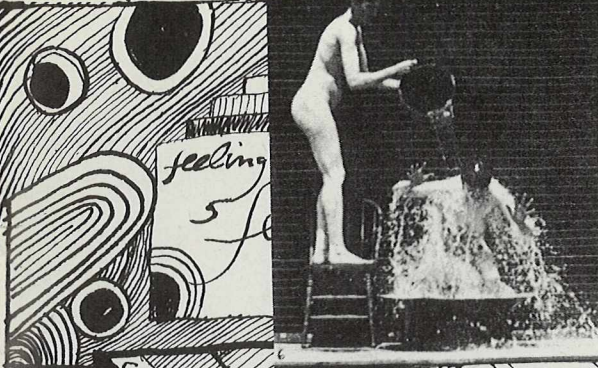
WHY ARE YOU SO SHY?

WORKING - BUT THIS BURST OF IMAGES, THIS WORKING TOWARD A PUBLIC DISPLAY, ITS LIKE GRIMACING FOR AN EXAM - IS IT - IS IT TOO UNNATURAL?

LONDON JAN 17

WHY ARE YOU SO SHY?

I am thirsty, too. Let us look for a well ...



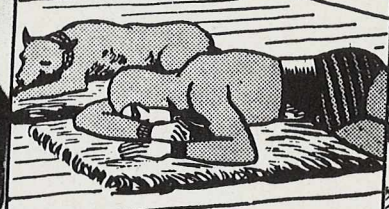
Spaceship travellers arrive at a planet inhabited by disembodied spirits which take over living creatures, turning them into vampires. The ship's captain and remaining survivors attempt to escape from Aura but fail when a horrifying discovery is made.

* THE STORY OF THE LOTUS-EATERS IS TOLD IN HOMER'S ODYSSEY. -Ed.

THE LIFE I AM TRYING TO GRASP IS THE ME THAT IS TRYING TO GRASP IT



What he is after is the life force itself. Not for him the cool and unimpassioned modules of the technological age, the cerebral conceptions, the abdication from anger or love.



I am never happy anywhere, and I always think I should be happier elsewhere than there where I happen to be.

A sound like a million cicadas pierces the eardrums when you go into Brett Whiteley's exhibition at the Bonython Galleries in Sydney. The cicadas become screaming sirens, police sirens and female sirens, the medley and the cacophony of cities, sex, despair, joy, evil and beauty. This is no cool withdrawal from life.

MAYBE IT WAS THE NIGHT AIR THAT CLEARED MY HEAD...

I KNEW HE WAS RIGHT, BUT...

WE ARE ONLY HERE TO DISCOVER WHY.

BECOME,

IT WAS ALL SO SIMPLE BUT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND

a THANKYOU TO LESLIE HUTCHISON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

IF THIS IS BORING LOOK NO FURTHER.

...OF YOURSELF
YOU SEE YOU ARE
NOTHING

SEEING YOU ARE
NOTHING

you desire
to become,
in desiring

"FREE MAN IS BY NECESSITY INSECURE.
THINKING MAN BY NECESSITY UNCERTAIN"

"A mood of revolt stirred. A branding iron art was in the Australian fire.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth

Around a telegraph pole someone had scribbled the single word ETERNITY.

once there was a magic flower.
He lived out in the cold;
He lived in the dark and cold.
So he spun and spun
until he grew very hot.
The whole world grew hot.
Then
Out came the magic flower.

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.

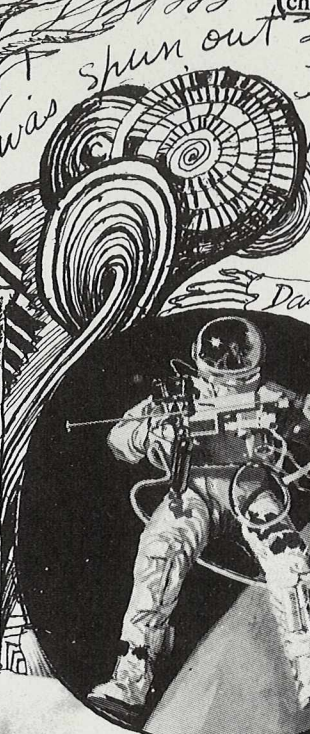
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast,
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

THE MEMORY OF OUR FIRST
MEETING KEPT COMING
BACK...



a human sperm magnified 10,000 times

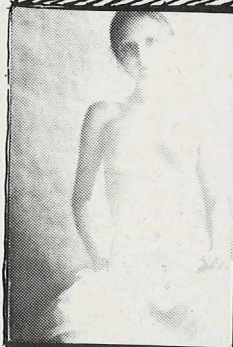
For the crimson flower of our life is eaten by the
cankerworm of truth
And no hand can gather up the fallen withered
petals of the rose of youth.



Danny Marcus
age 8 - U.S.

AN
EARTH SPERM
REDUCED 1000
TIMES

"I dreamt
of white
dolphins 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..."



(continued on next page)

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.

AHH...I FEEL SO WONDER-
FUL...HAPPY! YES, A DEEP,
QUIET HAPPINESS! I COULD
STAND HERE ALL NIGHT!

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-
Feb 18): Some who ad-
vise may be under-
estimating your abilities.
Take initiative. Many are
waiting for signal to go
ahead. Give it. Set
an example. Explore —
throw off self-doubt.

"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 STRUCTURALIZED WHOLE. HE HAS HIS RIGHTFUL
PLACE, AND THEREBY HIS DOUBTS CONCERNING HIMSELF AND THE MEANING OF LIFE DISAPPEARS," ERICH FROMM

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.

HELLO
HELLO
HELLO

HELLO goodbye

HELLO goodbye

HELLO goodbye

TO BE WITH YOU
WHEN I CAN GIVE.
TO BE AWAY
WHEN I NEED
TO BE ALONE
TO UNDERSTAND
THE TIDES THAT
MOVE ME
AND ACT ACCORDINGLY →

'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.'

Living is thirst for joy;
That is what art rehearses.
Let sober drunkenness give
Its splendour to your verses

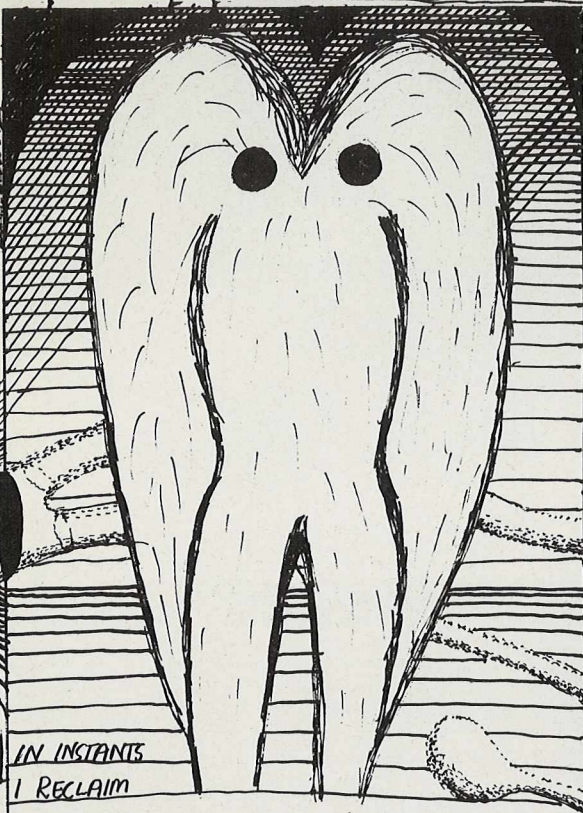
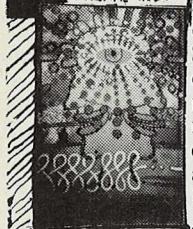
This Catalog is pulsing under
to stir, demanding its content
more images - as the eyes perceive the brain
is stimulated and desires to communicate, to transmit
the energy - the validity of the perception is that transmission
as purely, and with as little
loss of energy, as possible

HOW HAPPY
ARE YOU
ALLOWED
TO BE?

I love to swim
within the sea
I love the waves
that carry me.

TO CRAWL OUT
OF THE SWAMP
ONTO THE LAND
TO STAND ON
OUR FEET
TO WALK
TO RUN
TO FLY

OBSERVING
MYSELF MORE
CLOSELY
TO STORE WISDOM
FOR THE FUTURE
I WAS OVERWHELMED
BY MY PAST, AND
BECAME LOST.



IN INSTANTS

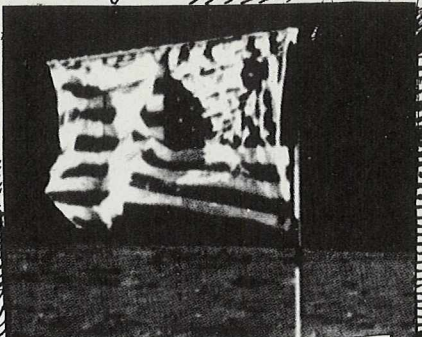
I RECLAIM

LOST YEARS.

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.⁴ 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 of a man, according to their description, with eerily glowing red eyes and wings. It moved awkwardly towards the door of the plant. Badly frightened, they accelerated. As they hurtled towards the plant at 40 mph, all four claimed they saw a flash of light, a head and flew off into the night with wings! The

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, because 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 insatiable.

"I am not religious," he says. "My religion is life."

PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE
WATCHING PEOPLE WATCHING...



HE DOES NOTHING
OTHER THAN GATHER
WHAT COMES FROM HIM
FROM THE DEPTHS



HE IS MERELY
A
CHANNEL



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.

3 am: Sunday morning 14th June, its quiet enough to think = re-hung the exhibition yesterday re-painting some of the walls - keep it changing but soon I must rest

What is the giving if not in the becoming

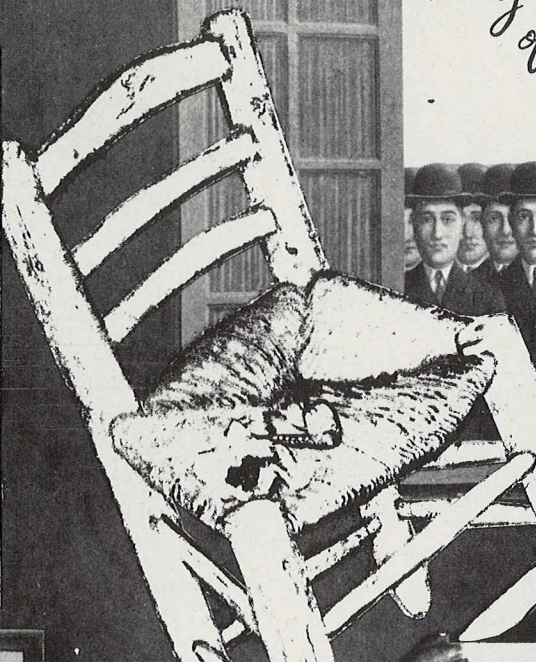
FOR THREE SOLID WEEKS HE DIDN'T MENTION IT. THEN...

WE ARE THEM THEY ARE US

2 HOURS LATER



ACCUMULATION OF VIBRATIONS AND SUDDENLY YOU'RE THROUGH



Holding a fort of imagination against amazing odds



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 EARTH'S SWEET FLOWING BREAST. FRIENDS MAKE DREAMS REAL.

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; I told my wrath, my wrath did end.



BUT IT LOOKS LIKE, THIS TIME, THE DOVE IS A FEW STEPS AHEAD OF THE HAWK...



She sat like patience on a
monument, smiling at grief.

all religions and political faiths systems which
originally are built on rational faith become corrupt
and eventually loose 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.

NOW THAT YOU'RE
HERE, EVERY-
THING'S
ALL RIGHT.

NOT QUITE! WE'RE
TRAPPED ON A YACHT
WITH A DOZEN
KILLERS-WE
MUST
MOVE
FAST.

1. Let It Be Beatles
2. Spirit In The Sky Norman Greenbaum
3. Bridge Over Troubled Waters
Simon and Garfunkel
4. Airport Love Scene Vincent Bell
5. United We Stand The Brotherhood of Man
6. Knock Knock Who's There .. Liv Maessen

YOU AGAIN--? OUT OF
MY WAY!

YOUR MAGIC COULD BE
A FORCE FOR GOOD!
INSTEAD, YOU ARE CHOOSING
TO USE IT ONLY TO GAIN
POWER...

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

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

Mrs McFadyen was girl 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.

LET IT BE?

"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,
is bad and
in men is not
and that all that
wrong
of God.

All for Love, or the World Well Lost.

FEEDBACK.

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.

AGAINST THE CEREBRAL
hair-splitting and aesthetic
laboratory techniques of the
Blaxland show, Martin
Sharp's fantasies are fashion-
ed from very earthy in-
gredients.

THIS FAR,
HE REMAINS
UNCORRUPTED!
I PRAY HE
CONTINUES
SO!

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.

WOW!
NOW WASN'T
THAT A GREAT
IDEA?



'But the eyes are blind. One must look with the heart ...'

IF I HESITATED, IT WAS ONLY FOR A SECOND ...

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.

Beware the fury of a patient man

neither heavenly or earthly, neither mortal nor immortal. Have we created thee, so that thou mightest be free according to thy own will and honour, to be thy own creator and builder. To thee alone we gave thy growth and development depending on thy own free will. Thou bearest in thee the germs of a universal life.

Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT POSSESSED ME! SUDDENLY, I FELT SO CONFIDENT-- SO INSANELY SURE OF MYSELF-- THAT I THOUGHT I COULD DEFEAT GRAVITY!

Pico della Mirandola
If I am not for myself, who will be for me?
If I am for myself only, what am I?
If not now, when?

By far the most costly war in terms of human life was World War II (1939-45), in which the total number of fatalities, including battle deaths and civilians of all countries, is estimated to have been 54,800,000.

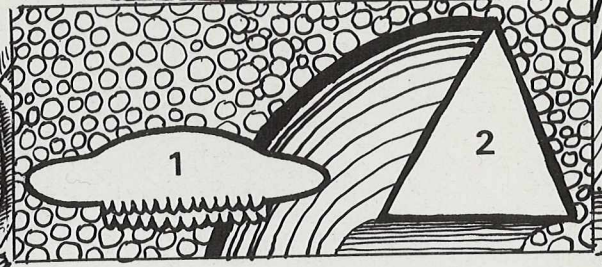
The belief in power (in the sense of domination) and the use of power are the reverse of faith. To believe in power that exists is identical with disbelief in the growth of potentialities which are as yet unrealised. It is a prediction of the future based solely on the manifest present; but it turns 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 real of all things. The history of man has proved it to be the most unstable of all human achievements.



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

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



cannot afford to waste my time making money.

1. The object as first seen through the 300 mm. telephoto 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 Iasos, 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 Iasos concluded that the
animal, feeling responsible
for the child's death, had decided
to share his fate.

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-Anhor-
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, Mar-
tin is writing a guide to
the exhibition. It has
grown into a book.

It is a blissful oppor-
tunity for the artist, who

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

QUOTATION

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

not just a
gallery full of exhibits,
but a two-storey build-
ing that is an exhibition.

There is a tide
in the affairs of
men...

"WE HAVE THE
"KNOW-HOW," BUT WE DO
NOT HAVE THE "KNOW-WHY"
NOR THE "KNOW-WHAT-FOR"

as the earth shonks... the people pop out

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

The whole universe ^{listen} to us - every word we say ECHOES
ECHOES ECHOES to the remotest star

THERE ARE AS MANY UNIVERSES as there are
Creatures to percieve it

PLEASURE IS
CURIOSITY.

EVEN SO, I TRIED TO TELL HIM... BUT...

But I hear nothing, nothing... only bells,

I WAS FREE AT LAST!

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

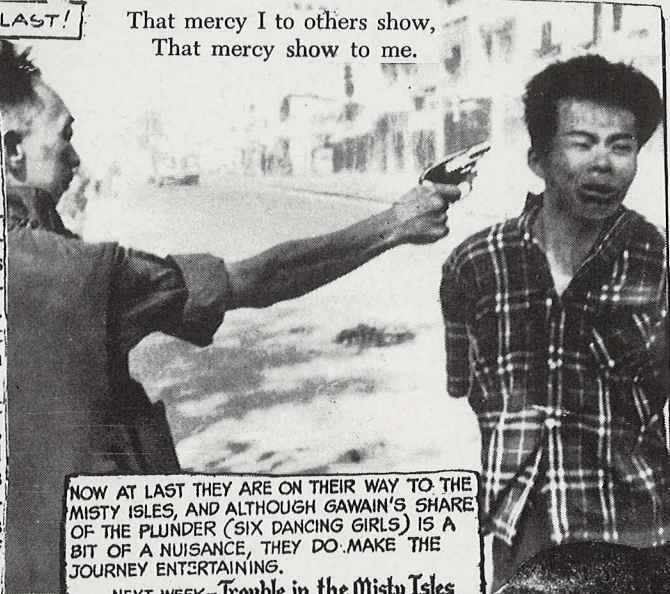
Colour, colour everywhere

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've heard about it before, but it was peculiar, with the star minister painted on pink walls and floors awash with compromising colours, and a lot of many rooms cluttered with over-flow of Martin's mind.

There was an excitement tangibility 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.

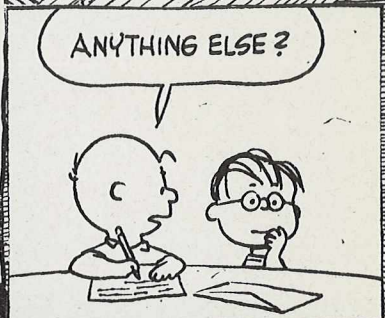
Martin, his black velvet hat crammed down over his black locks—only his gnashing teeth smiling at the river of remarks—was supported by his velvet trousers and two-tone shoes, close to the echoes of his mind. Visit at your peril.



NOW AT LAST 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

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

Jewell Lawton · Age 8 · Australia



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..."

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

TO LIVE IT AGAIN IS PAST ALL
ENDEAVOUR
EXCEPT WHEN THE MUSIC CLUTCHES
MY HEART.

the seed ready for sowing

Before, But to only way
to say it is to feel it

BE ALONE, JOIN THE CROWD



Now all is as you wished

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. VEGHELY.

"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 verve 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."

I am seeking a man.

— DIAGENES (with a lantern in broad daylight)

ONE STARTS
WITH A
HOPELESS
STRUGGLE TO
FOLLOW NATURE, AND
EVERYTHING GOES
WRONG; ONE ENDS
BY CALMLY CREATING
FROM ONE'S PALETTE,
AND NATURE AGREES
WITH IT AND FOLLOWS.

The same happened
with the growing
of this exhibition
expedition

**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 lucidity 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 "Sharp's 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.

THERE IS NOTHING
BETTER, GOOD
OR BAD,
NOT THINKING MARKS
AND EVERY ROUSE A SWAN

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT
FATE AWAITS ME
I ONLY KNOW I MUST
BE BRAVE

LOOK AT THAT BIG
HAND MOVING
ALONG...
NEARING
HIGH NOON

The invisible feeling becomes
visible and is transmitted
through the eyes and the
stem

The show 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 Hutch, alongside the astronauts landing on the moon and Bradman being bowled out.

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

He hurls against the sun the cries of his Heart.

"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 locust sing.

THIS QUESTION OF
MOVING IS ONE WHICH I
AM CONTINUALLY
TALKING
OVER WITH
MY SOUL

COMMUNION IS DEPTH
SINGLENES IS
HEIGHT

communion gives us warmth,
singleness growth us light

Somewhere over the rainbow Bluebirds Fly
Birds fly over the rainbow,
why then oh why cant I
[my change to this]

Last Sunday night I heard Ravi Shankar play, this Sunday night he visits this exhibition

SO MANY QUESTIONS AS TO WHY VAN GOGH. (FROM ART CRITICS EVEN)

at school, a prize for art, chosen by Justin O'Brien
a book on Van Gogh. (a door opened by the
only man who opened doors for me at that
"school") The first and only painter I have
ever relied from school days

My poor mind, always looking for difficulties where there are
none (what a tiresome faculty nature has given me!), suddenly:

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn
touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter,
bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang
of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in
the tomb.

The exhibition is
an investigation, a point
on a line becoming the
center of a circle. Images
cast into a pond, radiating
ripples visibly and
invisible

I LOOKED EVERYWHERE, BUT COULDN'T FIND HIM.

responding to the echoes,
feeding back the reflections
replenishing the source
continuing within and
without. The unexpected
is expected, behind all
organic growth, The
past and the future moving
through the door of the
present

Some of Sharp's newest work
includes his arttoons: magazine
cutouts of traditional paintings
juxtaposed with others. For
example, a Dobell portrait on a
Van Gogh landscape, surrounded
by a mirror frame.

THE HEADMASTER
OF NEWINGTON
HAS BEEN
SACKED FOR
BEING A MAN

The University of
the Skin

DONALD FRIEND (ARTIST) ESCAPED FROM CEYLON
IN 1962 DISGUISED A
BUDDHIST NUN

THIS EXHIBITION IS
AN EXPERIMENT
THIS EXPERIMENT
IS AN EXHIBITION

"ALL SORTS OF THINGS TWINKLING
MUST BE TAKEN TOGETHER
TO MAKE UP A YEAR
AND A SPHERE"

"IF WE
STUDY
JAPANESE ART,
WE SEE A MAN
WHO IS
UNDOUBTEDLY WISE,
PHILOSOPHIC AND
INTELLIGENT, WHO SPENDS HIS TIME
HOW? IN STUDYING THE DISTANCE
BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE
MOON? NO. IN STUDYING THE POLICY OF BISMARCK? NO. HE STUDIES A SINGLE BLADE OF GRASS." Van Gogh.

MY PAST IS YOUR PRESENT

The closer you look at the lives of ordinary people the more
rewarding and subtle they become.

HAVE ME WHEN YOU WANT ME, WANT ME WHEN YOU HAVE
ME.

THE BURNING
ONE IS
EROS, WHO
HATH THE
FORM OF
FLAME.
FLAME
GIVETH LIFE
BECAUSE
IT CONSUMETH.
BUT THE TREE
OF LIFE GROWETH
WITH
SLOW
AND
CONSTANT
INCREASE
THROUGH
UNMEASURED
TIME.

There's too
much beauty
upon this Earth
for lonely men
to bear.

"Life is a whirl-
pool draining towards a small
hole," he says, with an air of
gentle perturbation.

ALREADY I MOVE FORWARD
AS YOU FADE BEHIND
I CARRY YOU
IN MY BRAIN
IN MY BLOOD

ALREADY MY STEP RESEMBLES YOURS
AND THE MOST ANCIENT TORCH
FLAMES IN MY HAND.

"THE IMAGES have been
imprisoned inside me for too
long: they want to get out,"

REALLY I WAS
TERRIFIC.

A TERRIFIC
BORE.

The more a man feels
the more he tries to tell
what he feels.

TRUE or FALSE

IN
THE PROCESS OF WORK
THAT IS THE MOLDING
AND CHANGING OF
NATURE OUTSIDE OF
HIMSELF MAN
MOLDS AND
CHANGES
HIMSELF

TOO MUCH IS NOT ENOUGH

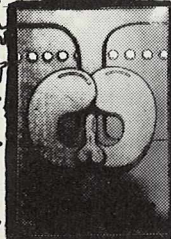
BE GRACFUL

GOD RESPECTS ME WHEN
I WORK BUT HE LOVES ME
WHEN I SING. TAGORE

WE DIDN'T TALK MUCH
THAT EVENING ... THERE
WASN'T ANY NEED TO...

THE
PAST IS
TRANSPARENT
THE FUTURE
IS A MIST

ONLY THE AIRBORNE
CLAIM GOD AS
THEIR OWN

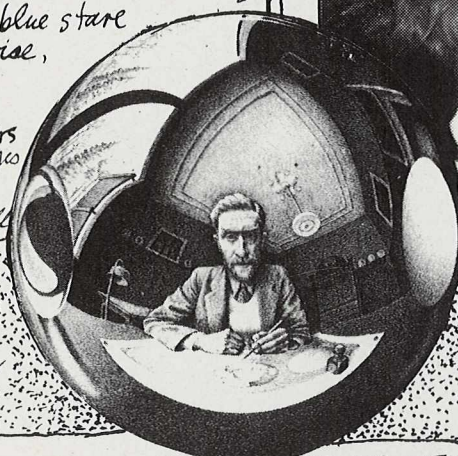


The ones
girls we loved
are over forty,
their subtle laughter
have stolen their beauty

and with a blue stare
of cool surprise,
they make their
anxious mothers
with their mothers eyes

Dave Campbell

A LITTLE SMOKE
WHEN IT'S GREY,
IS NOT THE WAY
TO START THE DAY



"TO CRACK
THE CODES OF
HUMAN
INTERCOURSE"

A JOURNEY OF ONE THOUSAND MILES BEGINS WITH
ONE STEP

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?

The time is NOW as I write this and NOW as you

It's like my favourite
Jean Renoir statement
"Everybody is indispen-
sable."

Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss ...

read this

THERE'S
STILL A LOT OF THE LONER
ABOUT HIM! I JUST HAVE TO
UNDERSTAND THAT
WHEN HE BECOMES
REMOTE AND
SHUTS ME OUT!

I think that I shall never see a poem lovelier as

"The concept of plagiarism is a ... a tree
psychological absurdity, is valid only in a commercially-minded world"

Do you doubt me? Have you looked over my collection of shells?

between words I draw
between drawings I write

The school girls
come and go
and talk of
Michael...

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 moving finger writes, and
having writ moves on. Nor all
who fly shall cure it back to
cancel half a line

WHEN THE WORD SLEEPS

WHEN THE WORLD WAKES

THE EAGLE-WINGED WAVES BROKE EGG SHELLS
ON THE SHORE

Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

RISING MECHANICALLY UPWARD OUTWARD
AND CENTRALLY TOWARDS THE
ONRUSHING LAND

PLIGHT IN DOUBT
RESULTS IN THE CLOUDS

"cassamatti's corner"—THE MEETING
PLACE—THE JUNCTION OF MAN, SKY AND
LAND

God is Mind, and God is infinite; hence all is Mind

BUT SOON AFTER THAT...

WELDED INTO ONE INTERLOCKING
STRUCTURE

STRONG BUT PAINFUL A STIFF
CATHEDRAL OF JELLY.

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



PETER POWDITCH

ST VINCENT'S
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.

"AS BROTHERLY LOVE HAS
BEEN REPLACED BY IMPERSONAL
FARNSS, GOD HAS BEEN TRANS-
FORMED INTO A REMOTE "GENERAL
DIRECTOR OF UNIVERSE INC."

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

THE ALCHEMY
OF IMAGES

I AM NOT
TRUE.

EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED

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.¹⁰

In a universe whose size is beyond human imagining where our world floats like a dust mote in the void of night men have grown inconceivably lonely and we scan the time scale itself for portents and signs of the invisible.

down by the shore an orchestra playing and even the palms seem to be swaying

I WAS SURE THAT HE MEANT WHAT HE SAID... HOW COULD IT BE ANY OTHER WAY...

JUST TO TELL YOU MY EYES ARE GETTING TIRED.

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.

ART ...
Reviewed by
GEORGE BERGER

The rumour in the ear now murmurs less.
The snail draws in its tender horn,
The heart becomes a bare attentiveness,
And in that bareness Light is born.

The eye itself, however, is recognized by Picasso for the supreme role it plays in our lives and our understanding. If its many changing aspects have been studied so closely by him it is because it is both the mirror and the source of truth. In intimacy the lover who wishes to explore into the depths of his love paradoxically may only see himself reflected on the surface of her eyes.

From the west down to the east, the "dream"

any day now, any as I write this I am the oldest I have ever been.

as you read this you are the oldest you have ever been as I write this I am the oldest I have ever been, as you read this you are the oldest you have ever been.

There is no denial, only recognition

CLEARWATER (Florida), Saturday. — A radio message from explorer Thor Heyerdahl's papyrus boat Ra-2 says that crewmen have sighted an unidentified flying object on their voyage across the Atlantic Ocean toward Mexico.

DESTRUCTIVE
NESS
IS UN-
LIVED
LIFE!

OBSERVING
MYSELF
MORE
CLOSELY,
SEARCHING
FOR SIN
I OPENED
EYES
OF WISDOM
AND
LET
THE FISH
SWIM
IN

EVER
ONWARDS
EVER
INWARD.

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 PAINTERS LIFE. FOR MY OWN PART, I DECLARE I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT, BUT LOOKING AT THE STARS ALWAYS MAKE 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.

JUST AS WE
TAKE THE TRAIN
TO TARASCON OR ROVEN,
WE TAKE DEATH TO
REACH A
STAR.

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.

'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 ...'

as I wrote this I discovered
myself. The act is the
revelation.
your desire moves my pen
there is no turning back

Beauty's eternal quality, surprise.

FROM TIME TO TIME THE NEW FRIENDS SET OFF
TOGETHER IN SEARCH OF PLACES FULL

GARRY SHEAD WILL YOU PREPARE OF MAGIC
AN ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE ??? ???

And to the heartbeats of the light,
Now from the deepness of the glade
Well up the bubbles of delight:
of such stuff the stars were made.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart. I WONDER WHY WE ARE BORN TO DIE?

VINCENT - 13 years.

only the ignorant man
becomes
angry.

KEEP ON TRUCKING

"If you love everything, you will perceive the divine mystery of things. Once you perceive it, you will begin to comprehend it better every day. And you will come at last to love the whole world with an all-embracing love."

Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

"We are close now the earth's heart is beating faster..."

Mr Lindsay Bourke is pictured at the Town Hall Grand organ.

GET BACK TO WHERE YOU WANT TO GO.

let it be

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.

Tiny Tim's actual age is unknown—to all except himself and his parents. "I consider I am 16," he smiled.

EVERYONE COME TO THE BALL
I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU ALL

let it be

LAUGHING ST

Gendarmes demonstrators lying street had simply dragged them over the cobblestones to police trucks, he said. Girls had been dragged by their hair.

To clear the area, fire hoses were turned on demonstrators. This soon caused them to disperse in the cold weather, said Sir William.

"It was the loveliest thing I've seen in my life," he told the meeting.

Sir William said that tactics like this should have been used during the Moratorium.

"The world appeared 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 unfathomable mystery."

*When I was 2
one year was 1/2 my
life
now I am 28,
1 year*

"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,
It is good to be honest and true;
'Tis well to be off with 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
living web of a loose social organisation, is now in a process of concentrating
upon itself (racially, economically and intellectually) at a continually more
rapid pace. We have to realise that the whole world of man is being irresistibly
forced to form one single whole. It is CONVERGING upon itself."*

Teilhard de Chardin

KARLHEINZ
STOCKHAUSEN

"HYMNEN"

MARTIN SHARP EXH

59 MACLEAY STREET, POTTS POINT
FRIDAY, 5th JUNE. Two Perform

First Performance 6 p.m.
Second Performance 9 p.m.

Admission free.

A COSMIC CREATION

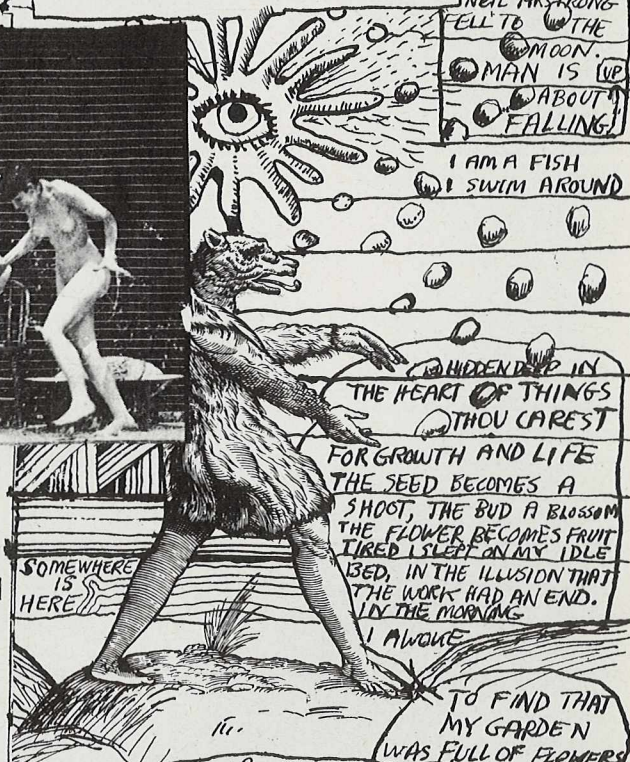
Organ and Tape Recital

LINDSAY BURKE

ARTIN SHARP EXHIBITION

59 Macleay St, Potts Point.

Sunday, Five people gather to launch a daring plan to hijack an armoured car containing a million dollars. Their leader is a beautiful, icy-cold woman,



WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT EVERY ENCOUNTER IS A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

TO BURN LIKE A FLAME PROVIDING WARMTH...

THE THINGS OF TIME PASSING AWAY...

ADAM + EVE FELL FROM THE GARDEN

NEIL ARSTRONG FELL TO THE MOON. A MAN IS UP ABOUT FALLING!

I AM A FISH I SWIM AROUND

HIDDEN IN THE HEART OF THINGS THOU CAREST

FOR GROWTH AND LIFE THE SEED BECOMES A SHOOT, THE BUD A BLOSSOM THE FLOWER BECOMES FRUIT I SLEPT ON MY IDLE BED, IN THE ILLUSION THAT THE WORK HAD AN END. IN THE MORNING I AWOKE

TO FIND THAT MY GARDEN WAS FULL OF FLOWERS

He who looks in through an open window never sees as much as he who looks at a window that is shut.

It's 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 ladye.

At my Desk

HELLO, CHUCKLES!

Hope you all enjoy your nice long weekend! It's lovely to have an extra day now and again isn't it?

I'm expecting big mails this week because you will have more time to spend on your contests. You won't disappoint me will you? I've tried to make the puzzles interesting for you. Nice bright colors please, chucklers!



"My God, a mine," he said.

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.

MICHELANGELO

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

Ask anything of me you lack

But only what is mine

FOLLOWING THE WARM

Swirling in the warm

'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.

"I SUDDENLY BEGAN TO GO SO FAST THAT I ACTUALLY PULLED AWAY FROM MY OWN IMAGE! BUT I KNEW I HAD ONLY THE FAINTEST SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE THE IMAGE WOULD FADE..."



And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart.

ANDREW SHARP WILL YOU PREPARE AN ISSUE OF THIS CATALOG

in concealing art.

THERE ARE SOME THINGS A GIRL CAN'T IGNORE

THERE IT GOES... FREE AGAIN!
we dare not use electricity or RAYGUNS
for fear of harming the antidote to

STOP! STOP! I've seen enough - ENOUGH!
Help me, my life is in DANGER!
GET ME OUT OF THE SUNLIGHT OR I'D DIE!

TURN THE ROCK AGAIN, MY LOVE
IN MY CHILDREN!
WHEN I EMERGED - W-WHY... I-IT'S TURNED LIGHT!
TURN THE ROCK AGAIN, MY LOVE
HUNDOE IS A LUBRICANT.

MEANWHILE,
THE HERO,
PERSEUS,
FRESH
FROM HIS
TRIUMPH
OVER THE
GORGON
MEDUSSA,
SAW
ANDROMEDA'S
FLIGHT,
AND
RUSHED
TO HER
RESCUE...

V-VOMITING
INTO THE
ATMOSPHERE
HER TORRENTS
OF FLAME

SO ONCE AGAIN
SAMANTHA
MOVED
AND ONCE AGAIN
SAMANTHA
PROVED

THAT LOVE WILL RULE
HER LIFE

LYRICS ANDREW SHARP
MUSIC
RICHARD COBLEN

TO BE PERFORMED
AND RECORDED IN THIS GALLERY

WHY NOT HERE! AND WHY NOT NOW?

A voluptuous Gauguin nude stands in front of a Van Gogh Church. A grotesque Bacon figure sits hunched in front of a Magritte landscape. These are not however slick or facile images. Sharp for all the frivolity of his catalogue (e.g. 'why buy one when you can do your own?') is clearly intensely involved with his subject matter on every level. One finds oneself asking such questions as 'why were there no women in Van Gogh's world?' and 'would he have been a better painter if he had been sensuous or even brutally fleshy like Bacon?' The images are all perfectly integrated, in such a way that they read instantly without the jerky awkwardness of so much montage. The care that has gone into their creation is evident in the way in which he is prepared to exploit even the tonal changes between two different colour prints of the same painting, and use them to his advantage.

I was less impressed with the moon-scape collages, attempts to join images from paintings with colour photos of the Apollo trip, because, though visually interesting, they failed to tantalise the mind in quite the same way as those based on pictures. Van Gogh's tormented face on top a reclining contorted Bacon body was such a searing, frightening idea.

Sigi Krauss's framing skills are put to particularly good use in this show: the four-inch mirror surrounds to each picture are natural extensions of the works themselves, and devastatingly effective. Peter Fuller

The Negro. Mr Ernest Morial, tried to repeal 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 wavering between the old and the new is not tenable? Just think this over.

IS THE SELF
DISCOVERING
THE SELF
IS MAN
DISCOVERING
MAN THE
UNIVERSE
UNFOLDING
ITSELF.

Vincent
IF YOU REALLY WANT TO DO IT,
DO IT NOW.

CONTRIBUTE
TO THE WORLD
BE YOURSELF.
YING-
YANG
ANG-
BANG

"Let us create together the new building of the future which will be everything in one - architecture and sculpture and painting - an edifice built by millions of artisans, which will one day rise heavenward, a crystal symbol of a dawning of a new faith."

THE WORLD
WILL ALWAYS
WELCOME
LOVERS, AS -
Time goes
by...
Walter Oropius



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 silent eloquence of things.

"PAINTING OUGHT TO BE DONE AT THE PUBLIC'S EXPENSE INSTEAD OF THE ARTISTS"

VINCENT

I FEEL MORE A MAN AMONG OTHER MEN AS A PAINTER, THAN IN A LIFE WHICH IS FOUNDED ON SPECULATION. AND IN WHICH ONE HAS TO HEED CONVENTION.

A work of art has value only if it runs through it.

The desire for love is the food of art. I DIGEST THE IMAGES WITH WHICH THE WORLD POURS AT ME THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF VERBAL AND VISUAL COLLAGE. IF I DO NOT MANAGE TO ABSORB AND DIGEST THE WORLD AS QUICKLY AS IT FORCES ITSELF UPON ME I WILL BE DEFEATED AND OVERWHELMED - I WILL LOOSE TOUCH WITH REALITY, I WILL LOOSE SIGHT OF TRUTH AND POETRY. I WILL CEASE TO BE ALIVE. I WILL BECOME A VICTIM. THE MORE I CAN DIGEST THE MORE I CAN PERCEIVE THE MORE ALIVE I WILL BE.

all objective minds strive for self-representation" BECKMANN

WRITE DOWN YOUR THOUGHTS WHEN YOU ARE UP TO SUSTAIN YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN

EVERYMAN IS A POET IF HE WRITES WHAT HE FEELS

LET US WORK TOGETHER!

LET US TRUST EACH OTHER LET US BE AS BRAVE AS VINCENT, AND THE OTHERS WHO CLIMB THE PATH LET US FOLLOW! AND LET US TRANSCEND OUR DREAMS.

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 Trespases, so shall Jehovah forgive you, That he himself may dwell 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 L.S.D. is derived.

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

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.

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: they can 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 *Envoy* 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? Or (let's say it softly) is it political?

Though technically deft, 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 where 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 Philippe Mora.

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 countest the steps of the sun
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
When the travellers journey

"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

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF CONTEXT.

FUNDAMENTALLY, AND SINCE HE HIMSELF IS MOBILE, HE MAY RELIED UPON TO MAINTAIN FREEDOM OF DEVELOPEMENT BE OF HIS OWN CREATIVE METHODS.

THIS BEING SO, THE ARTIST MUST BE FORGIVEN IF HE REGARDS THE PRESENT STATE OF OUTWARD APPEARANCES IN HIS OWN PARTICULAR WORLD AS ACCIDENTALLY FIXED IN TIME AND SPACE. And as altogether inadequate compared with his penetrating vision and intense depth of feeling.

ARE YOU HERE?

PARALYSED BY CHOICE

AND IS IT NOT TRUE THAT EVEN THE SMALL STEP OF A GLIMPE THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS TO US IMAGES WHICH WE SHOULD DEEM FANTASTIC AND OVER IMAGINATIVE IF WE WERE TO SEE THE ACCIDENTLY, AND LACKED THE SENSE TO UNDERSTAND THEM?

DOES THE ARTIST CONCERN HIMSELF WITH MICROSCOPY?

HISTORY? PALAEOLOGY?

KNOW THYSELF & FOR

ONLY 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

The singer not the song.

Nature, to be commanded, must be obeyed.

"C'MON EVERYBODY"

CREATIVE FORM

ONLY IN THE SENSE OF FREEDOM IN THE SENSE OF A FREEDOM,

WHICH DOES NOT LEAD TO FIXED PHASES OF DEVELOPEMENT, REPRESENTING EXACTLY WHAT NATURE ONCE WAS, OR WILL BE, OR COULD BE ON ANOTHER STAR (as perhaps one day be proved).

BUT IN THE SENSE OF A FREEDOM WHICH MERELY DEMANDS ITS RIGHTS, THE RIGHT TO DEVELOPE, AS GREAT NATURE HERSELF DEVELOPES

FROM TYPE TO PROTOTYPE

PRESUMPTUOUS BUT CHOSEN IS THE ARTIST WHO DOES NOT FOLLOW HIS ROAD THROUGH TO THE PLACE WHERE PRIMEVAL POWER NATURES ALL EVOLUTION.

END

PROCESS OF NATURE

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.

the eyes, large and well furnished with dark eyelashes, are contained in eyelids shaped like little boats about to capsize, spilling the salt water of the tears that have flooded them. These eyes have the birdlike shapes of the bombers that were the cause of the woman's agony mirrored on their surface.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

So many realist critics, because, for him, these final forms are not the real stuff of the process of natural creation for he places more power on the powers which do the forming than on the final forms themselves

HE IS PERHAPS UNINTENTIONALLY, A PHILOSOPHER

Time goes, you say? Ah no!
Time stays, we go.

HE SAYS, "THE WORLD IN ITS PRESENT SHAPE IS NOT THE ONLY POSSIBLE WORLD. Thus he surveys with penetrating eye the finished forms which nature places before him

The deeper he looks,
the more readily he
can extend his views
from THE PRESENT

TO THE
PAST

the more deeply he is impressed by the one essential image of creation itself, as GENESIS, rather than by the image of nature, the finished product.

Then he permits himself the thought that the process of creation can today hardly be complete and he sees the act of world creation

TRECHING from the **PAST** to The **FUTURE**

HE GOES FURTHER!
HE SAYS TO HIMSELF, THINKING OF LIFE AROUND HIM
THIS WORLD AT ONE TIME LOOKED DIFFERENT
AND, IN THE FUTURE, WILL LOOK DIFFERENT AGAIN.

GENESIS

Then flying off to the infinite, he thinks, it is very probable that, on other stars, creation has produced a completely different result.

ALL NO THOUGHT TO LITIBOW SUCH MOBILITY OF THOUGHT ON THE

HAVE YOU NOTHING BETTER
TO DO THAN READ THIS

BOXING IS A FORM
OF COMMUNICATION

Make haste slowly.

ACTION IS
SOLUTION.

(There, where the powerhouse of all time and space - call it brain or heart of creation - activates every function; who is THE ARTIST WHO WOULD NOT DWELL THERE

NOT BEING BUSY BORN
OR BUSY DYING

"Even if I did not succeed, all the same I thought that what I have worked at will be carried on. Not directly, but one isn't alone in believing in things that are true. And what does it matter personally then! I feel so strongly, that it is the same with people as it is with wheat, if you are not sown in the earth to germinate there, what does it matter? - in the end you are ground between the millstones to become bread" (Van Gogh 1889)

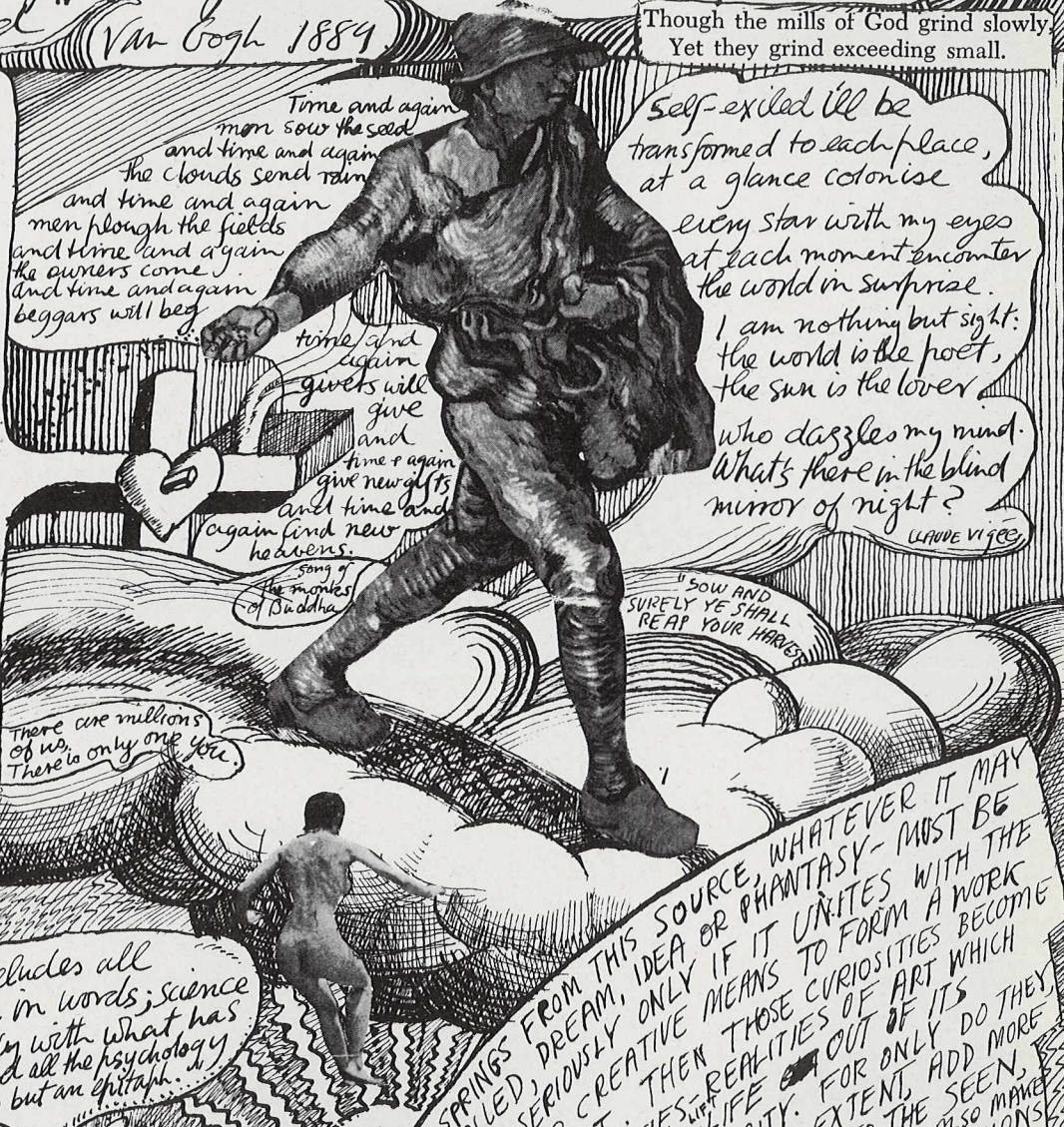
Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small.

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 Sigi 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.



Time and again
men sow the seed
and time and again
the clouds send rain
and time and again
men plough the fields
and time and again
the owners come
and time and again
beggars will beg
time and again
gifts will give
and time and again
give new gifts
and time and again
find new heavens
Song of the monks of Buddha

Self-exiled I'll be
transformed to each place,
at a glance colonise
every star with my eyes
at each moment encounter
the world in surprise.
I am nothing but sight:
the world is the poet,
the sun is the lover
who dazzles my mind.
What's there in the blind
mirror of night?
CLAUDE VIGEE

There are millions
of us,
There is only one you.

"SOW AND
SURELY YE SHALL
REAP YOUR HARVEST"

Life eludes all
fixation in words; science
deals only with what has
been; and all the psychology
of love is but an epitaph.

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.

WHAT SPRINGS FROM THIS SOURCE, WHATEVER IT MAY BE CALLED, DREAM, IDEA OR PHANTASY - MUST BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY ONLY IF IT UNITES WITH THE PROPER CREATIVITY MEANS TO FORM A WORK OF ART. THEN THOSE CURIOSITIES BECOME REALITIES OF ART WHICH HELP TO LIFE OUT OF ITS MEDIOCRITY. FOR ONLY DO THEY TO SOME EXTENT, ADD MORE SPIRIT TO THE SEEN, BUT THEY ALSO MAKE SECRET VISIONS VISIBLE.

PAUL KLEE
"ON MODERN ART"

in the womb of nature, at the source of creation, where the secret key to all lies guarded... But not all can enter. EACH SHOULD Follow where the pulse of his own heart leads. our pounding heart drives us down, deep down to the source of all

BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS

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 space mission were evident, there was a recording of the mission which created the atmosphere and made the observer aware and wondering. 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 ANY MESSAGE OR WHETHER IT WAS A SPONTANEOUS IDEA OR WHAT."

ON THE WHOLE, I THOROUGHLY ENJOYED THE ART AND THE GALLERY (AND I LIKED HIS DOG)

Painted round the doorways and on the banisters of the stairs which created skyward were intriguing little messages, which if the floating life and squashy tomatoey-looking hearts failed to evoke a note of interest you had to search for minutes to absorb all the fine detail, and when you turned to go something else caught and sustained you. The next room unveiled a 3-D Elizabeth Taylor flushing in haughty contempt at the beard drawn on her picture situated amongst one of the choicest collection of headlines reflecting violence and vice we ever seen.

extracts from essays by 4th year Students, Girls, THANK YOU FOR SEEING + HEARING

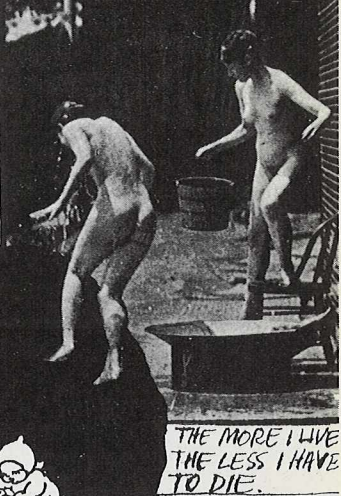
The first thing that struck me on entering the old building were the gay vibrant colours and the melancholy music.

ART ADVANCES BETWEEN TWO CHASMS WHICH ARE FRIVOLITY AND PROPAGANDA ON THE RIDGE WHERE THE GREAT ARTIST MOVES FORWARD, EVERY STEP IS AN ADVENTURE, AN EXTREME RISK, IN THE RISK, HOWEVER, AND ONLY THERE, LIES THE FREEDOM OF ART. THESE PAGES WERE BLANK AND NOW THEY ARE FILLED THE MORE I FIND THE LESS I HAVE TO HIDE.

will you be the same parent to your children as your parents were to you.

THE EARTH'S DESIRE FOR KNOWLEDGE MANIFESTS ITSELF IN EACH GENERATIONS YOUTHFUL DEMANDS FOR INFORMATION TO EQUIP ITSELF FOR THE FUTURE. THIS DESIRE FOR INFORMATION IS NOT BEING SATISFIED. NO DESIRE IS MORE PURE THAN THE DESIRE FOR KNOWLEDGE AND TO DENY IT IS TO DENY HUMANITY. THERE IS TOO MUCH FEAR OF REALITY. EVERY GOVERNMENT CONDEMS VIOLENT PROTEST... BUT EVERY GOVERNMENT IGNORES NON VIOLENT PROTEST. THEY CREATE VIOLENT PROTEST BECAUSE THEY ARE IGNORANT OF, OR CHOOSE TO IGNORE THE EVER INCREASING PACE OF HUMAN EVOLUTION. THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA WILL SOON EXPLODE UNDER THE PRESSURE OF THE RISING GENERATION'S DESIRE FOR A FUTURE. THIS DESIRE IS INSTINCTIVE. IT'S BEEN FRUSTRATED OF A SOCIETY THROUGH THE

Its way of stressing the value of all-embracing memory, the value of the past, is a reminder that for the McLuhan generation avant-gardism and reaction are equally irrelevant. Past and present are all one, and inextricably intermingled.



THE MORE I LIVE THE LESS I HAVE TO DIE.

TIME IS OUR CHARIOT.

when we learn to live ART will be obsolete

WHAT IS IT, WHY IT IS UP TO YOU.

BUT YOU KNOW ALREADY!



I celebrate myself, and sing myself, And what I assume you shall assume, For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you

(CHIEVED)

As we live, we are transmitters of life. And when we fail to transmit life, life fails to flow through us... and if, as we work we can transmit life into our work, life, still more life, rushes into us to compensate, to be ready... Give, and it shall be given unto you, is still the truth about life.

DAH Laurence

May!" 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 work of element, object, meaning and style. It to bear the possibility of occasionally in mind. Nothing CAN BE TUSHED. WE MUST GO ON SEEING THE ULTIMATE POWER, FOR. THE PEOPLE ARE NOT WITH US. BUT WE SEEK A PEOPLE. WE BEGAN OVER THERE IN THE BAHHAUS. WE BEGAN THERE WITH A COMMUNITY TO WHICH EACH ONE OF US GAVE WHAT HE HAD. MORE WE CANNOT DO. PAUL KLEE 1924 LETS GROW!!

FOLLOWING THE WARM CURRENT

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

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

It is the sick oyster which possesses the pearl

Love seeketh not Itself to please

Nor for itself hath any care,

But for another gives its ease,

And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair

Love seeketh only Self to please,

To bind another to Its delight,

Joys in another's loss of ease,

And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite

"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."

Baits were intended for dingos but the only casualties so far reported are 46 dogs, 17 pigs and a large number of birds

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine
And Peace, the human dress.

Cruelty has a Human Heart,
And Jealousy a Human Face;
Terror the Human Form Divine,
And Secrecy the Human Dress.

What is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after

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."

HIS FEET CONSUMED IN A PAINTED VISION
HIS MEMORIES RETAINED IN BUCEPHALUS'
HOOFPRIINTS PRESERVED;
WHAT HORSEMAN OTHER
COULD LIE THERE?

DREAMS NOW flowing
contain his reception
arisen the whirlwind fortress

Immortal organization:
Vision in a candle flame
Wisdom in the waterwind
Life in death the dream flame
The place where trees move
Leaves submerged in silence
The flight there

EVERY TIME WE FAIL
TO COMMUNICATE THE WORLD
DIES A LITTLE MORE

To hold infinity in the palm of your hand,

ONCE YOU KNOW
YOU MUST ACT

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. *Teilhard de Chardin.*

Time's not for weeping.

Time and the world press on. So take life further, let the thin bubble of blown glass, the passion of vision that is art, refine, reflect and gather the moving pattern of all things in consummation and their rejoicing.

Oh make me perfect.

Burn with a fire of sight the substance of my sorrow. Take what I was and find in it that truth the universes on their holy journey watch with their eyes of fire. Illuminate my death. Till all the dead stand in their essence shining Time has not learned its meaning.

On July 27th van Gogh wounded himself fatally with a revolver shot. Two days later he died in the arms of Theo.



So fierce was that crystal flame
It burned the bees in the air

THE IMMENSITY OF MUSIC seizes me like the Sea!
Toward my star that's pale
Under a misty sky I furiously
Set myself to the sail;

The light patches hole in the leaf mould;
The flight there,
DRIFTING IN SILENCE where trees and lives
and thoughts
TEEM DREAMS in fortresses;
Streams, running dry
claiming their death perennially
Running winter over rocks.

ANY MOVEMENT FLOATS THERE
WINTER DIES THERE
MONUMENTAL IMAGES TO man's
perception
In his slow twilight
Hearing slow sounds
Deep Movements.

THE CONCENTRIC RACE S
WATER diomed in a mill race

The old believe everything; the middle-aged suspect everything;
the young know everything.

THE SELF IS AS STRONG AS IT IS ACTIVE.

HURRY

ON ITS A SIN TO TELL A LIE.

GIVE GIVE GIVE

Abraxas is the sun, and at the same time the eternally sucking gorge of the void, the belittling and dismembering gorge. The power of abraxas is two-fold: but ye see it not, because for your eyes the warring opposites of this power are extinguished. What the SUN-GOD speaketh is LIFE. What the Devil speaketh is Death. But Abraxas speaketh that hallowed and accursed word which is life and death at the same time. Abraxas begetteth truth and lying, good and evil, light and darkness, in the same word and in the same act.

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.

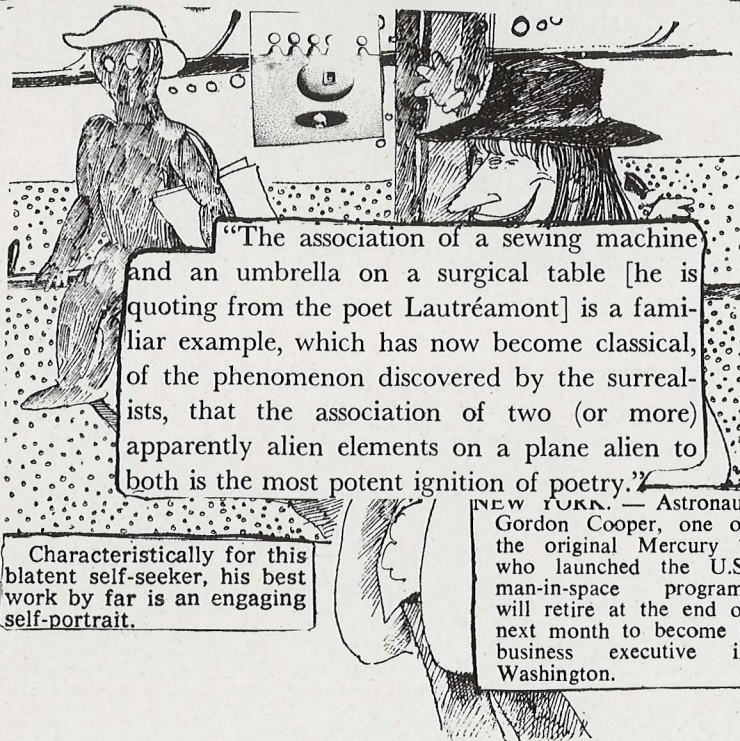
The roving population (about 2,500) of trendies, hippies and arties got quietly "high" on the heady mixture of Stockhausen's 113-minute sound-wave "trip" and Sharp's mangled rainbow dazzlers.

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."

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

NEW YORK. — Astronaut Gordon Cooper, one of the original Mercury 7 who launched the U.S. man-in-space program, will retire at the end of next month to become a business executive in Washington.

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. IT IS LOVE AND LOVES MURDER. . . . IT IS THE SAINT AND HIS BETRAYER. IT IS THE BRIGHTEST LIGHT OF DAY AND THE DARKEST NIGHT OF MADNESS.

Wherefore is Abraxas terrible IT IS SPLENDID AS THE LION IN THE INSTANT HE STRIKETH DOWN HIS VICTIM. IT IS BEAUTIFUL AS A DAY OF SPRING. IT IS THE GREAT PAN HIMSELF AND ALSO THE SMALL ONE. IT IS PRIAPOS. IT IS THE MONSTER OF THE UNDERWORLD, A THOUSAND ARMED ROLP, COILED KNOT OF WINGED SERPENTS, FRENZY. IT IS THE HERMAPHRODITE OF THE EARLIEST BEGINNING. IT IS THE LORD OF TOADS AND FROGS, WHICH LIVE IN THE WATER WHOSE CHORUS ACENDETH

a Vortex and conceptual geography } Wider and wider circles
THE IMPEDIMENTS OF A DREAM } the water
a spiritual conception; } Here souls soften
Feeling a deep dream to its depth } Strown by the water-wind
Where visual perception } Life in a dream flame
conceives a spiritual geography } His sensual perfection
The winds lying silent. } His divination of a spirit
Embodied there, drifting in the waterwind

The heart has its reasons which reason does not know.

IN THAT UNSEEN MOMENT, ADAM STRANGE
IS GONE--FALLING AT MULTI-LIGHT SPEED
ACROSS THE 25 TRILLION-MILE GULF
BETWEEN EARTH AND ALPHA CENTAURI --

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.

IF I COULD TELL YOU
I WOULD TELL YOU
YOU KNOW
YOU ARE REAL

MAKE SURE YOUR WINGS
ARE REAL

But to go to school in a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

For what is it to die but to stand naked in the
wind and to melt into the sun. *KAHLIL GIBRAN*

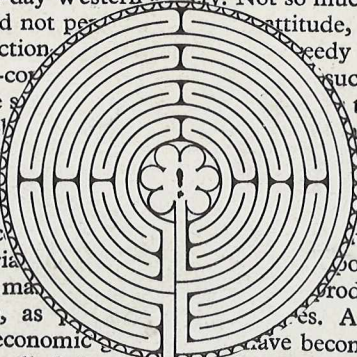
Go perfect into peace,
Peace mighty-majestic and moulded, mounted
Upon the satin whipped waves of the heavens.
Roam in orchards of twilight apples, and
Drawn by a million vermillion stallions,
Shadow-dappled across the fields of legend--
Go perfect into peace.

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.

O! father & mother, if buds are nip'd
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are strip'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay,
How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

Peter Kelso - age 11. Australia

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 society is such that only the non-conformist can answer to the problem. Those who are successful against the only rational conclusion that in a social structure are necessary, if a highly individualistic, marginal, can, within the social structure, run by a managerial class, are motivated by materialism, consuming more, as a result, are subordinated to economic ends; man is an automaton--well fed, well clad, 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.

Produced by Reid Books (N.G.)

ERICH FROMM

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

TO BE CONTINUED