Everywhere his pencil writhed under the tortured impressions of a phantasmagorical world. But what looked like a hallucination was only the truth—the truth as seen by an artist who, at a glimpse, could probe the unbearable significance of sober fact.

In Topolksi’s work you will not find the bitter disgust of Goya or the mordant cruelty of Dürer. Topolksi is too fatalistic to protest. This is war, he tells us: brutality, resolution, terror and fatigue. And peace? Soldier and sailor return to their former antics, to the vapid, every-going gestures of thoughtless humanity. Has anything been learnt? Only the public can give the appropriate reply.