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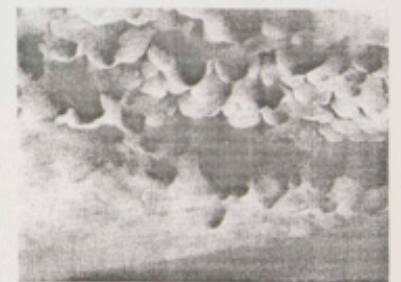
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ADVENTURES OF
THE MODERN SPIRIT**

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CUMULO-NIMBUS CLOUDS

WOOD RELIEF BY
CAMARGO

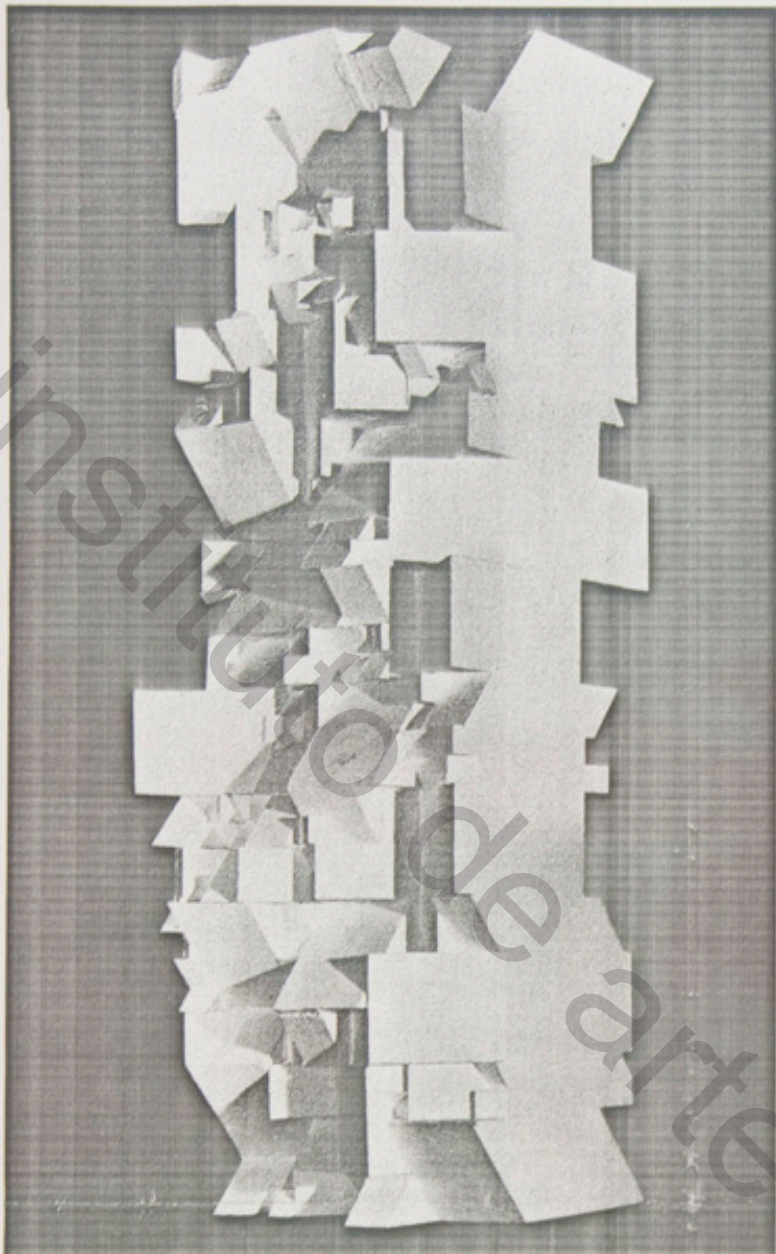
Photo: Clay Perry

As rosas que eu colho
Nao soa essas, frementes
Na iluminação da manha;
S o, se as colho, as dum jardim

contrário,
Nascido dêsses, vossos, de sua terrosa
Raiz, mas crescido inverso
Como a imagem nágua;
Aonde nao chegam os pássaros
Com o seu roubo, no exasperado
coração, da terra,
Floresce, tigre, isenti de odor.

Poema de
Ferreira Gullar

do livro 'La luta Corporal'



Tower No. 1/56, White Wooden Sculpture, by Sergio de Camargo. Paris, 1964

CAMARGO

was born in Rio de Janeiro in 1930. He has lived in Rio and other parts of Brazil. He studied art at the Academia Altamira in Buenos Aires, Argentina, under Emilio Pettorutti and Lucio Fontana. He first visited Paris in 1948 and stayed in France to study philosophy at the Sorbonne. In France Camargo turned to sculpture and met Brancusi, Auricoste, Arp and Vantongerloo. Of Brancusi, Camargo recalls: 'He was at first a difficult man, but when he took to anyone, Brancusi was the warmest and gentlest of friends.' Camargo returned to Brazil in 1950 and a year later went back to Paris where he stayed for another three years.

In 1954 Camargo visited China. Since 1961 he has lived and worked in France. Last September 1964 Camargo visited London as Signals' guest. He will be in London with his family for the early part of the exhibition. Early next year (1965) Camargo will go to Brazil where a major exhibition of his work will be held at the National Museum of Art in Rio de Janeiro. This will be followed by another exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts in Caracas, Venezuela.

Camargo is generally considered as one of the major new personalities in the artistic world of South America. His growing international reputation was first made when he won the international sculpture prize at last year's Biennale de Paris. His London show at Signals' new showrooms, 39 Wigmore Street, W1, is his first one-man exhibition in Europe.

• • •

CAMARGO ONE-MAN EXHIBITIONS

1958 : Rio de Janeiro, GEA Gallery.

1958 : Sao Paulo, Das Folhas Gallery.

1964-1965 : London, First One-Man Show in Europe,

SIGNALS LONDON, 39 Wigmore Street, W1.

• • •

Camargo : Distinctions

1954 : Hors concours — Third National Salon of Modern Art, Brazil.

1954 : Acquisition prize of the Salon of Modern Art of Sao Paulo.

1963 : International Sculpture Prize, Biennale de Paris.

SIGNALS V

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Editor : David Medalla

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SIGNALS welcomes the best in experimental writing.

SIGNALS welcomes progressive ideas on architecture, art, literature, drama, music, modern life.

SIGNALS also welcomes accounts of art events, news items on the progress of science. Poems and articles in any other language aside from English should be submitted whenever possible with adequate English translations.

The editor reserves the right to reject any material and is not responsible for any material that may get lost in transit.

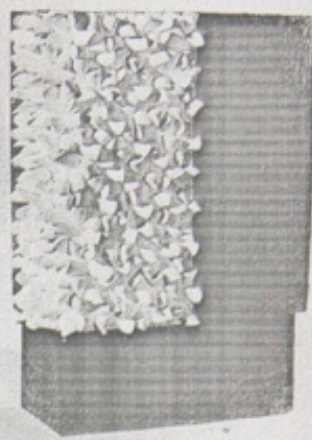


Camargo : White Wooden Relief. 1964

Photo: Lepine

SIGNALGREETINGS

SIGNALS sends New Year greetings to all its friends in Great Britain and abroad . . . too numerous to mention here all by name. Two friends to whom we would like especially to send greetings are Dr M. J. Colbourne and Harry Scammell, both of whom have supported our aims and activities from the very beginning. Dr Colbourne, formerly with London's School of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, is now with the faculty of medicine, University of Singapore. Harry Scammell, who assisted in the first exhibition Paul Keeler organised (at the Mayflower Barn in Jordans, Buckinghamshire) two years ago, was formerly with the library of the Museum of Natural History in South Kensington, and is now with the library of Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut, USA. Yale University, incidentally, acquired recently the 'collected works' of four Dalai Lamas and five Panchen Lamas in 105 Tibetan volumes, including the biographies of twelve Dalai Lamas who lived from the fourteenth to nineteenth centuries.



Camargo : Orée no. 6/27. February 1964

Photo: Lepine

JOSE

Poema de Carlos Drummond
de Andrade

do livro : Fazendeiro do Ar

E agora, José?
A festa acabou,
A luz apagou,
o povo sumiu,
A noite esfriou,
e agora José?
e agora Joaquim?
e agora você?
Você que é sem nome,
Que zomba dos outros,
Você que faz versos,
Que ama, protesta?
E agora, José?

Está sem mulher,
Está sem discurso,
Está sem carinho,
Ja não pode beber,
Ja não pode fumar,
Cuspir ja não pode,
a noite esfriou
o dia não veio,
O bonde não veio,
O riso não veio,
Não veio a utopia
E tudo acabou
E tudo fugiu
E tudo mofou,
E agora José?

E agora José?
Sua doce palavra,
Seu instante de febre,
Sua gula e jejum,
Sua biblioteca,
Sua lavra de ouro,
Seu terno de vidro,
Sua incoerência,
Seu odio — e agora?

Com a chave na mão
Quer abrir a porta,
Não existe porta :
Quer morrer no mar,
Mas o mar sópou;
Quer ir para Minas,
Minas não há mais
José, e agora?

Se você gritasse,
Se você gemesse,
Se você tocasse,
A valsa vienense,
Se você dormisse,
Se você cansasse,
Se você morresse . . .
Mas você nao morre,
Voce é duro, José

Sozinho no escuro
Qual bicho do mato,
Sem teogonia,
Sem parede nua
Para se encostar,
Sem cavalo preto
Que fuja a galope,
Você marcha, José!
José, para onde?

CAMARGO

by Gerald Turner

*Entangled in so many stars
redeeming me little by little
I know my laws extend
into the chaos of the skies*

Jules Supervielle

Art is a harmony parallel to nature.
Paul Cézanne

Faced with a new and original work of art we see first the material. In fact we see only the material and we may wonder what earthly right the man has to call himself an artist, because the material is either something we have never seen in a work of art before or it doesn't appear to cohere at all in the way we are used to. 'The man can't draw', 'Faces aren't blue', 'It's just something he's picked up', 'It's interesting but he doesn't seem to have gotten the effect he might have got' — objections raised essentially about appearances; the essence, as we all know, lies below them. Strangely enough, as time goes on, material that appeared to cohere so well in the works that were immediately accepted, insists more loudly on the absence of harmony between the various parts, while that which appeared to have no scheme or purpose at first sets itself into such splendid order that a new and painful wrench is unavoidable if somebody comes along to break the spell. Art,

like any other language, has its dictionary, but the best artists only use it to check their spelling.

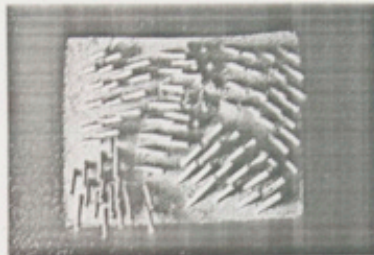
Camargo's most important, recent and numerous works are his wooden reliefs, and the almost laughable simplicity of their material cannot fail to surprise many of those who have never seen his work before. These reliefs are mainly flat wooden grounds crowded with short, solid wooden cylinders of differing lengths and thicknesses cut diagonally at both ends so that each lies at a slope to the ground and presents a flat vertical plane at its end at right angles to the ground. The whole thing, including the ground, is painted matt white. The angles at which the cylinders are set are fixed by the artist and the only variable quantity in an otherwise static pattern is the light used to illuminate the work.

It is light which reveals the complexity of these works by Camargo, light which produces their continual change and emphasises their structure. For this, no sort of light is better than another — the work treats cold dawn-light in a certain way and soft twilight in another, and if you see one of these works in a gallery under lights intended to reveal the quality of somebody's surface-texture, you will remain acquainted with only part of their exten-

tence. For in spite of the fact that they are essentially 'surfaces' (and, as I shall discuss, have as such broken a decaying closed-circle in European art), they have resisted the recourse to mere 'cooking'. In a sense they have given to texture a self-sufficient and logical structure, and their strength and simplicity come from



The teeth of a skate enlarged approximately 15 times linear
Photo: Andreas Feininger



Camargo: Small Bronze Relief. London 1964
Photo: Clay Peery

an unforced and unexaggerated conjunction of opposites — empty and full, jagged and smooth — produced by using material in a way which is the product of a refined and sensuous intelligence working in the presence of nature.

The fact that these opposites are contained in each cylinder is the basis for the logical construction of Camargo's reliefs and their truth to organic experience. The sloping, rounded form of the

body of the cylinder, which together with its fellows seems to signify a low-lying, slow and heavy mass of organic growth, is balanced by the cleanly cut end which catches the light and distributes it in crystalline fragments over the surface. The large cylinders seem embedded and growing like virulent tumours from the soil-mould of myriads of smaller cylinders clustered around them. Tracts and channels of varying degrees of definition are opened and closed amid the thrusting wood by the passage of light.

The tension between the geometric and the organic which is here combined within a single form (the cylinder) is the result of a development from the earlier sculptures in which the two elements are separated. In the plaster sculpture entitled 'Rich Boy', for instance, phallic, knob-like forms and rectangular wafer-pieces exist side by side within the body of the work. In its relationship to the whole this is a re-



Group exhibitions in which Camargo participated

- 1963 : Paris, *Formes et magies*.
- Paris, Galerie XX siècle : 7 artistes brésiliens.
- Paris, Galerie Legendre : *La boîte et son contenu*.
- Brussels, Galerie Ravenstein : *Transition*.
- 1964 : Mannheim, Margareth Laueter Gallery : *Montparnasse d'aujourd'hui*.
- Arras, Musée d'Arras : *L'aujourd'hui de demain*.
- London, 92 Cornwall Gardens : Signals exhibition : *First Pilot Show of Kinetic Art* organised by Paul Keeler.
- London, 92 Cornwall Gardens : Signals exhibition : *Second Pilot Show*.
- Paris, Galerie Denise René : *Movements II*.
- London, 92 Cornwall Gardens : Signals exhibition : *First Festival of Modern Art from Latin America* organised by Paul Keeler.

Salons in South America and in Paris in which Camargo participated

- National Salon of Modern Art, Rio de Janeiro : 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1960, 1961.
- Salon of Modern Art of Sao Paulo : 1954, 1955.
- Sao Paulo Biennale : 1955, 1957.
- Exhibition of Brazilian Art : Museums of Modern Art of Buenos Aires, Santiago and Lima : 1957.
- National Festival of Contemporary Art, Porto Alegre : 1958.
- 'O rosto e a obra', IBEU, Rio de Janeiro : 1961.
- Latin American Art, Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris : 1962.
- Salon de la Jeune Sculpture : 1963, 1964.
- Biennale de Paris : 1963.
- Salon Comparaisons, Paris : 1964.
- Selection Comparaison, Kunstverein, Munich : 1964.
- Lauréats de la Biennale de Paris, a touring exhibition which visited Annecy, Nice, Lyon and Le Havre : 1964.

Paris Trip

Matthew Perceval, potter son of the Australian painter John Perceval, accompanied Paul Keeler when the latter drove to Paris last December 12 to fetch the works for the Camargo exhibition.

← Left : Camargo : Relief rayonnant, no. 2/21. Paris, February 1964. Collection Gromholt, Oslo
Photo: Lepine

markable passage in a work which still carries strong figurative suggestions, and points to an essential theme which unites work of this period with the latest — the theme, if you like of the jungle and the clearing, chaos and construction, uninhibited growth and monkish austerity. The plaster works have their smooth contours and broken, irregular areas; the white reliefs (or many of them) have passages of flat white wood to control, like rides in a forest, the massed activity of the cylinders. In this connection one thinks immediately of Brasilia, very much a symbolic city, its white architecture more delicate than anything in Europe and the forces which had to be subdued to allow its existence, ten times as ferocious.

We have mentioned Brasilia and we are now confronted with Camargo's origins. Although South America is divided into countries with all the differences in the world between them, Camargo forms part of a generation of artists drawn from all over that continent who are evidently in the process of leaving their mark on Western art. What artists like Otero, Cruz-Diez, Soto and Camargo have done, and are doing, is to revitalise the surface, the 'wall-work', by acting with extraordinary precision and refinement in the gap between painting and sculpture.

Otero has made geometrical wall decorations and, more recently, assemblages of transcendental delicacy from old letters, string, gloves, etc. Cruz-Diez has worked with coloured lathes which move and change as the spectator passes in front of them. Soto has developed an art of optical illusion more convincingly founded than anybody's I have yet seen on the observation of nature, particularly water. Although it is only in a few cases that European treatment of the surface has degenerated to mere 'cooking' and the repeated sweetening of old forms, a tremendous



Camargo: Plaster Relief, December 1962

reliance has been placed on the social, sexual and anecdotal cross-references of the varied objects used in assemblages. Though Europeans have used the most despicable rubbish the traditions of fine-art perch heavily on their shoulders and an artist like Arman, fine though he is, cannot hide the fact that through his assemblages of dustbins and discarded syringes shines a basically painterly approach. It has been the contributions of the South Americans, and Camargo particularly, to extend the use of raw materials, and the fact that this has been done by artists with such a close relationship with architecture (all four South American artists I mentioned have worked on buildings) is significant. The symbol of Brasilia crops up again. Perhaps it is not surprising that it should have come from a continent where refinement is not the myopic reworking of existing forms, but a genuine victory against unfriendly forces. In a European context the simplicity of their means must make them look like primitives, and on the evidence of an immediate response to materials, almost naive.

The sawing, placing and painting of

Camargo's wood is a great civilising gesture. His works have the air of a marshalling of forces. If, for example, he is compared to Tapiès, whose contribution to the surface has been considerable, Camargo's positive, architectural outlook stands out. Tapiès paints (or rather makes) an old and much-travelled earth, a worn skin. With their haphazard, cruel markings and huge 'empty quarters' where nothing happens, Tapiès's gigantic surfaces explore with sensitivity a state of resignation, and the scoured lines in the sand remind one of the wrinkles round the opaque eye of an ancient elephant.

If, in Tapiès's work, the struggle seems to have long departed and only the scars remain, Camargo is, I think, in the midst of a battle, in spite of the apparent coolness and self-confidence of his works. 'Art is a weapon for attack and defence against the enemy,'



Paul Cézanne: Roses. Watercolour 1890-1894
Formerly in the collection of Ambroise Vollard

said Picasso, the man who enabled us to see life freshly again by so understanding the traditional patterns of art that he could distort and transform them into a new language. It was us, with our pathetic desire to cling to accepted ways of seeing and our fear of the unknown who were his enemies, as well, of course, as our own. But the enemy for an artist like Camargo is, I think, elemental chaos, and that is why his struggle may appear to us rarified and remote from life. In fact he chooses to subdue his own way of thinking a chaotic primitive area, rather than trust to his luck in the big city, where he would have to resist or superintend, among other things persistent requests that he should entertain.

This Camargo has done, occupying a withdrawn position in the eyes of the art world and unexpectedly making no appearances in a dealer's gallery since receiving the international prize for sculpture at the last Paris Biennale. This would hardly be sufficient reason for comparing his approach to that of Cézanne were there not aspects of Camargo's actual work which echo, in completely different form, Cézanne's pursuit of his goals.

The discovery of the wooden cylinder was a breakthrough for Camargo because it enabled him to leave out so much that was not essential and concentrate on what remained — the only way to true poetry. The means are, and can be seen to be, transparently simple — the material at first is all there seems to be — but like Cézanne's watercolours they are animated by an overall and compulsive spirit which allows the wealth and chaos from which the essentials have been drawn to be still strongly felt behind the architecture. It is abstraction in the truest sense — what is essential remains; it is not invented for its own sake.

As with Cézanne a union of art and reason is achieved not by coolness

and non-participation, which, funnily enough, characterises so much of the most violent-looking work of our time, but by an intense involvement with nature, nature which in Camargo's case of course is not the Mont St-Victoire or a heap of apples, but more basic processes of organic growth revealed to us by science. It seems to come as a tremendous purification and stabilisation of much highly artificial work that has followed in the wake of automatism and assemblage. Yet Camargo's work is not constructivist and it is not built from bricks; rather it allows nature, under observation, to reveal her own structure. His works are 'constructions after nature, based on the methods, the sensations and developments suggested by the model', — and these words are Cézanne's.

In Cézanne's work, even in his sparsest markings on a white page, it is colour which indicates the direction of the plane and thus enables us to 'read' the picture, but in Camargo's it is light. It is also light, the changing and uncalculable quantity, which gives to Camargo's reliefs that additional element of random activity which is central to their beauty. To adapt Roger Fry's words about the use of colour in Cézanne's painting, it is light with Camargo that 'is itself the direct exponent of form'. The distribution of light over the surface sees to the isolation of essential planes and curves, the revelation of overall structure and the final liberation in optical movement. Camargo shares with Cézanne a basically prismatic approach, in that Camargo's surface is



Camargo: Relief elements divers, no. 36
Paris, December 1963

Photo: Legros

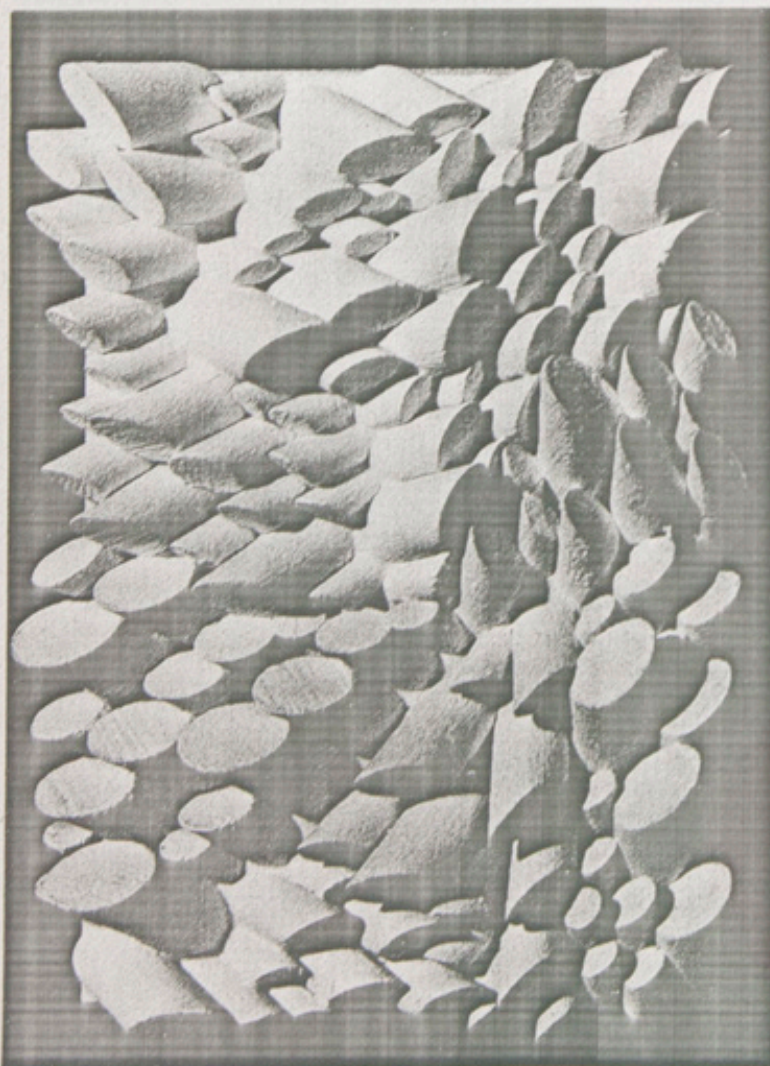
not united by continuous modelling like Tapiès, but by the conjunction in the spectator's vision of separated planes and curves, and the forms retain their identity while fitting together into an architectural whole.

Thus Camargo recreates the rhythms of organic growth by shattering them into manageable, logical units and building them up into a pattern whose stability is unshakable intellectually yet shaken sensually by the life of light (and to a lesser extent of wood). 'Nature presents us with nothing absolute, nothing even complete; thus everything has to be completed and every ideal recaptured'.

London 1964

In SIGNALS Next Month: Our Man in the Vatican. Also: David Medalla's ASTRO + ACUPUNCTURE + MAN.

At SIGNALS LONDON Next May 1965: J. R. SOTO RETROSPECTIVE: 15 Years Of Kinetic Art.



Relief rayonnant, no. 16/16, by Sergio de Camargo

Photo: Legros

WHITE WOOD RELIEF 1964



Photo: Lepine

BY SERGIO DE CAMARGO

The Two Little Parrots

A Brazilian Tale

The Sun as usual went hunting and found a nest with two little parrots in them.

He took the little parrots home to breed. The Sun kept for himself the one with the most beautiful plumage; the other he gave to the Moon.

The Sun and the Moon, after hunting, gave the two little parrots all they wanted to eat. The Sun and the Moon taught the little birds how to speak.

One day while the Sun and the Moon were out hunting, one of the little parrots said: 'I can't help feeling pity for our father because when he is back from hunting, he has to make our meal. I want to help him.'

So both of them transformed themselves into girls and began preparing the meal. While one was working, the other stood watch by the door.

When the Sun and the Moon returned home, their meal was ready and the two birds were perched on the roost. The Sun and the Moon noticed human prints on the ground of the house, but no human being was to be seen. This event became a daily occurrence and went on for weeks.

Finally the Sun said to the Moon: 'Let us hide ourselves near the house, in the wood, and, as soon as we hear a noise inside the house, we shall rush in and see.'

Accordingly they hid themselves and by and by they heard someone talking inside the house and another voice laughing. The Sun and the Moon then rushed into the house and saw the girls.

The girls sat down. They were handsome girls with bright complexion and hair down to their knees.

The Moon wanted to speak first but the Sun said: 'You were doing our meals, weren't you?'

The girls laughed and said: 'We felt pity for you and resolved to transform ourselves into human beings.'

The Sun said: 'You will now be human beings forever.'

The girls replied: 'Now you must choose whom you want to marry.'

The Sun said: 'You will be mine.'

The Moon said to the other girl: 'You will be mine.'

They then made their beds and were happy forever.



Camargo : Relief no. 23/55. Paris, November 1964

Camargo : Couple, no. 1/26. Paris, November 1964

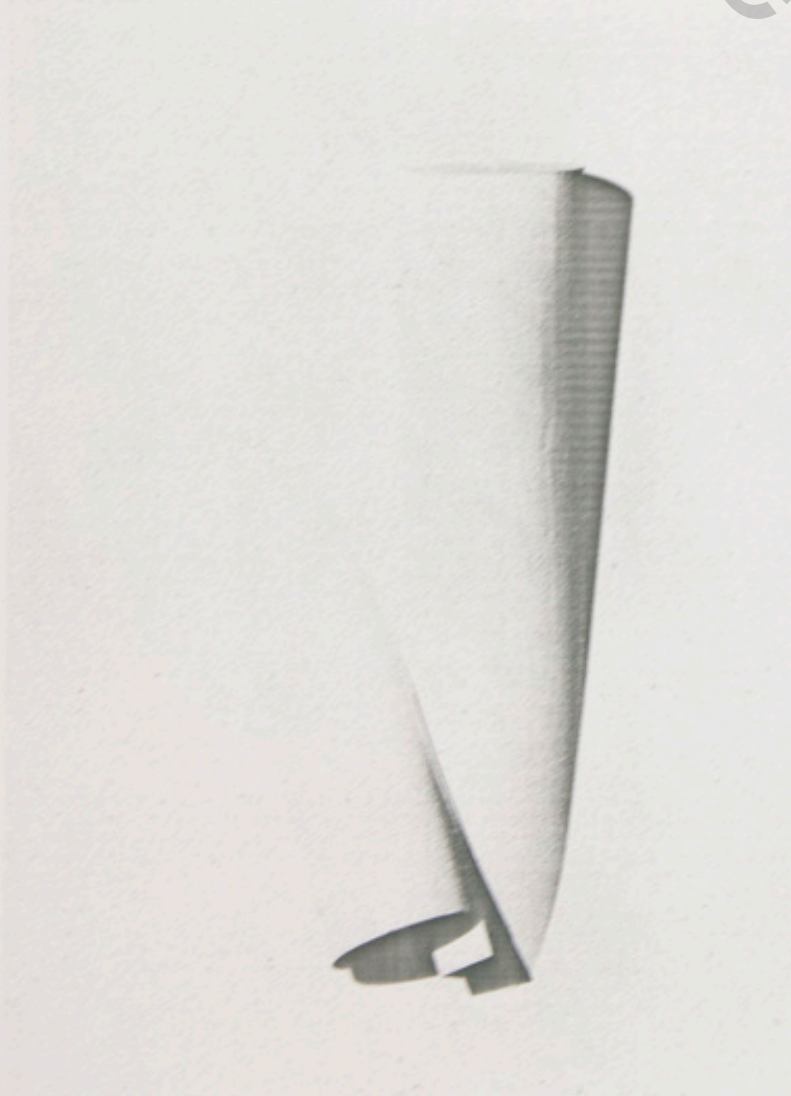


Camargo : Remous, no. 1/44. Paris, January 1964

Camargo : Relief no. 23/54. Paris, September 1964

Photo: Lapin

Photo: Lapin



José Camargo

Specimen of the artist's signature 1964

instituto de arte contemporânea

KINETIC TOYS by *Jacquetta Ford*

Toys, as **LESLIE DAIKEN** says in that enjoyable book, *Children's Toys Throughout the Ages* (Spring Books, London, 1963), can be classified into two basic categories: toys that move and toys that do not move. Moving toys, of course, are kinetic toys, and indeed there are kinetic artists whose interest in toys has helped in moulding their art. The most famous example is the American **ALEXANDER CALDER**, whose first mobile, *The Circus*, is really a kind of sophisticated toy. Many art-lovers also regard the celebrated writing-machines of Swiss artist **JEAN TINGUELY** as a species of adult toys. Nearer home are the toys of Scottish kinetic poet **IAN HAMILTON FINLAY**. I myself have not yet seen Mr **FINLAY'S** creations, but from the rumours I have heard, they are beautiful creations indeed.

Closer to the theatre, but still related to toys, are the electronic marionettes of German artist **HARRY KRAMER**, who is more celebrated for his beehive-like wire constructions which, this year, entertained visitors to the *Documenta* exhibition in Kassel. **KRAMER'S** marionettes are *MIRORIKI* constructions in metal and other materials capable of all sorts of movement. They were shown at the avant-garde art festival organised by Jacques Polieri in Paris four years

ago and have appeared as personae in a remarkable film, *The State*, directed by their creator.

The Surrealist **HANS BELLMER** created a doll in the forties which, in its nightmarish aspect, prefigured much of the gonk-toys and Frankenstein dolls now very popular amongst children in the United States. Not so violent and more comically ghoulish are the bronze puppets of the sculptor **CESAR** and the dolls made from twigs, sponges and plain old rubbish by **DU-BUFFET**. These latter creations, I understand, now fetch fantastic prices. Only the children of Texas millionaires, I suppose, can hope to play with them, i.e. if they were meant originally to be played with.

But parents with lean purses need not acquire such expensive toys. The other day, for example, I saw on a pavement in Oxford Street (and bought for three shillings and sixpence) a magnetic toy from Japan. This consists of a circular plastic platform, approximately two inches in diameter, enclosed within a fixed circular disc. The platform, after winding, revolves slowly clockwise. On the platform stands a tiny plastic boy in blue, hands in pocket, with a naughty expression on his face.

On the static disc encircling the moving plat-

form stands, in a fixed position, a tiny plastic girl in red with a surprised expression on her face. The lips of both the plastic boy and the plastic girl are magnetised (which lips are positive and which negative, I have not yet found out). Thus, when the boy comes round after a cycle, his lips meet the lips of the girl in quite a passionate kiss! The action of the magnets cause their lips to meet and their heads to move in a manner as lyrical as, I would say, a poem by **E. E. CUMMINGS**! I thought at first of giving this magnetic toy to my nephew, age four, but as he is too young for that sort of thing, I am sending it instead to **TAKIS** in Greece.

The magnetic toy came from Japan which produces a lot of other plastic toys. Not all Japanese toys, of course, are as frivolous as the one I have just mentioned, or are made of plastic. Some traditional Japanese toys, such as the warrior doll drawn here by American artist **ELLEN KUHN CHARAP**, are of exquisite workmanship. The warrior-doll can be seen in the Oriental Room of the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington. It belongs to a set of dolls, incredibly life-like in appearance and of an impeccable execution, which served the purpose of informing Japanese boys of their history, thus encouraging them to be courageous and emulate the virtues of the **SAMURAI'S** (Japan's medieval heroes), of which the dolls are miniature models.



Japanese Warrior-Doll. Drawing by Ellen Kuhn Charap, 1964



JOHN NEWELL ON SCIENCE, 3

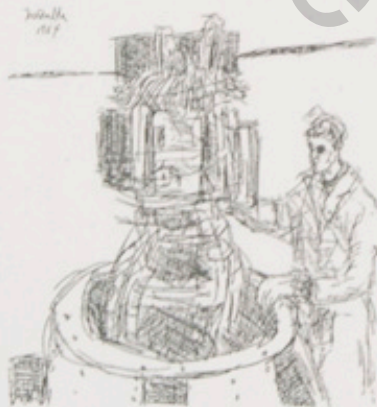


THE NEW SPACE RACE



The first part of the space race was the race to get a satellite into orbit, won sensationally by Russia with *Sputnik 1*. The second lap was the race to get the first man up in space. Russia still well in the lead. Then there was the moon. Russia again really, with the first photographs of the back of the moon—although America scored on a special points victory with the amazing photographs from *Ranger*. But the fourth lap has America in the lead. It is the race to explore the planets. So far the United States have made one unsuccessful and one supremely successful shot at Venus, and Russia has made at least one unsuccessful shot (and probably two or three more unreported shots) at Mars. The latest efforts are, of course, the respective Russian and American probes which are now speeding towards Mars, with America two days and around fifty thousand miles in the lead.

Neither *Mariner 4* the American, nor *Zond 2* the Russian spacecraft had trouble-free starts to their journey. The Russians had to announce that the power supply of *Zond*, used to power its radio transmissions back to ground and thus vital for success, was not working properly and was, in fact, only about half of what it ought to be. It may be possible to correct this fault, though the Russians have not announced yet that this has been done. The most likely thing is that the big sails which carry *Zond's* solar cells have failed to open properly. The sails are folded under a protective canopy for take-off, and have to be opened by remote control on a radio command from the ground. They may have got stuck. This is especially likely because the sails for a Mars spacecraft have to be much bigger than those required for a shot at Venus. A spacecraft going to Mars is going away from the sun and so needs bigger sails, in order to carry more solar cells to pick up the little



David Medalla: Drawing after a photograph of a full-scale model of America's *SNAP 10*—a nuclear-powered station to be used in spacecraft for long journeys

sunlight that is available and convert it into electric power.

Mariner made a different mistake. It attempted to navigate itself by the wrong star. It carries an electronic eye which was supposed to 'see' and then lock itself onto the bright star *Canopus*. Unfortunately the first command sent to it fixed it onto the wrong star. *Mariner* had to be unfixed and set rolling wildly around space again before, at the third attempt, it was successfully locked onto *Canopus*.

It will take the two spacecraft almost eight months to reach Mars. Assuming that they follow the same trajectory (and this is a safe assumption), *Mariner* will arrive on Mars on 15th July next year, followed by *Zond* on the 17th. I called this a race, but in fact I think that the relative positions of the two entrants will remain the same. The cost of an extra rocket to give *Zond* a chance of overtaking *Mariner* would really be unacceptable. In fact, *Zond* and *Mariner* were launched at the same time, NOT in order to try to beat each other to Mars, but simply because the close season for Mars' shots was inexorably approaching. In order to navigate a spacecraft over the 180,000,000 odd miles required, it is essential to make sure that nothing gets in the way, not literally in terms of a collision but because the gravitational pull of some heavenly body en route could divert the relatively spacecraft from their course. That course had to be very precisely

calculated and the gravitational pull of, in particular, the gigantic sun could easily divert the spacecraft. Favourable periods for the complicated trajectory needed come seldom. This one (for Mars) will be over by mid-December and there won't be another chance for two years.

After the immense journey *Mariner*, at least, is designed to pass within about 8,000 miles of the planet, to swing round slightly so that Mars is between *Mariner* and Earth, and then to plunge on towards the other planets, with its working life over. That working life will only last about thirty minutes. This is the time for which *Mariner* will focus its single, fragile television camera on Mars. It will take twenty-two pictures only, which will be stored as an electronic trace on magnetic tape, and later relayed back to earth by radio. These pictures should be about as good in quality as the best which the biggest telescope on earth today is able to take of the Moon's surface. Just as Moon photographs have made it certain that only the most primitive life can exist on our satellite, so *Mariner's* photographs should tell something at least of the nature of life on Mars, if there is any.

The photographs may not give the final answer as to whether the seasonally changing areas on the surface of Mars represent primitive vegetation. But another experiment to be made by *Mariner* ought to help. This is an instrument designed to measure the magnetic field of Mars, if it has one. There is a possibility that Mars, like Venus apparently, but unlike the earth, may have no magnetic field. If Mars lacks magnetism, then its surface must be naked to bombardment by cosmic rays, which would fall on it with such intensity as to make it difficult for life to evolve or even to survive. The earth, and, it is believed, other planets with a magnetic field, trap cosmic radiation along the lines of magnetic force. In the case of the earth, these belts of trapped radiation are known as the Van Allen belts. Spacecraft in orbits passing through them have already shown that the Van Allen belts follow the earth's lines of magnetic force like iron filings around the poles of a magnet. Besides looking for the magnetism of Mars, as *Mariner* cuts across the atmosphere of the planet, it will also be searching directly for the presence of Van Allen-type belts using radiation counters. The intensity of radiation in the earth's Van Allen belts will form a major hazard to spacemen trying to get out past them. But it should be remembered that they are also a protection against cosmic radiation, for us on earth.

Mariner is designed to swing round behind Mars, so that for a short time its radio transmissions will be cutting across the Martian atmosphere on their way back to Earth. The point of this is to see how passage through the atmosphere affects the radio beams, and from that to try to deduce something about the nature and the thickness of the Martian atmosphere. By comparison with the ways in which radio transmissions on earth are affected by the different layers of our atmosphere, scientists recording the transmissions (for the half-hour or so while the atmosphere is between *Mariner* and Earth) hope to find out how thick the atmosphere is.

There are three reasons why this is important. First, a very thin atmosphere, such as is now believed to exist on Mars, would make it difficult for any but the most primitive or reduced life forms to exist, because of the difficulty of getting enough energy from the small amount of available oxygen. This is believed to be one reason for the resemblance that the seasonally changing areas on Mars bear to lichenous vegetation: they being well adapted to survival without much oxygen. Secondly, the density of

the atmosphere will determine the size of the parachute which will be needed to land instruments on the surface of Mars. Such a landing is the next stage in the American and doubtless also in the Russian programmes. The thinner the atmosphere the bigger the parachute needed. Thirdly, the thinner the atmosphere the thinner also the heat shield which will protect the same instruments in their capsule on the way down through the atmosphere to the surface of the planet.

This heat shield will be a vital part of the spacecraft. If it is too thin it will not absorb all the heat generated by friction as the spacecraft descend, the probe will burn up on the way down and the whole eight-month journey will be wasted. If it is unnecessarily heavy then it represents wasted weight which has to be carried over the whole length of the voyage. So, all in all, anything which *Mariner* can find out in advance about the nature of the atmosphere will be of great value to the designers of the next generation of spacecraft.

In theory it is actually easier to hit Mars than to miss it narrowly, as *Mariner* is trying to do. The difficulty is not to hit it but to make a soft landing, so that whatever instruments are landed can do useful work and use an intact radio set to send their findings back to earth. The actual instruments are already being designed. They include a microscope which will use a sort of fly-paper to pick up bits of the surface of Mars and drag them under its lens. A television camera on the eyepiece will transmit the view of Martian bacteria, if they exist, back to earth.

Such robot exploration can be developed a long way, but ultimately manned expeditions will follow. At present it is impossible to forecast when that will be. The long-term effects of radiation and of weightlessness in long space flights are still not well known enough for doctors to be able to estimate how great a hazard to health they could be. Assuming, however, that protection against radiation and the provision of artificial gravity present no insuperable problems, the North American Space Administration plans to send a manned expedition to Mars in 1985. This target date is hypothetical, but it may easily become actual. Much will depend on how fast nuclear-powered rockets can be developed. They alone can make it possible, by keeping up acceleration throughout the voyage, to cut down the journey time to as little as three months for the return trip.

Shortly after the launching of the Mars probes came the recent news that instruments carried up above the earth's atmosphere by balloons had made what their authors claimed to be revolutionary new discoveries about the planet Venus. The *Mariner* space probe sent to Venus had reported that the surface temperature of that planet was around 300 or 400° C. This is too hot for life to exist as we know it. But balloon measurements suggest, contrarily, that the clouds which perpetually surround Venus are made of a mixture of water vapour and ice crystals. Two separate sets of balloon observations have been made and they are in agreement on this point. As Dr Strong, the American director of the project, said: 'First we sniffed the vapour of Venus. Now we have lifted her icy vapour'. So the question of possible life on Venus has been re-opened with the new evidence that the temperature may be low enough for it after all.

Meanwhile it's interesting how the personification of the planets seem to have survived the march of science. Sending a probe to lift the veils of an ice queen is an exciting project. Perhaps the scientist was right who said that every time a rocket blew up on its launching pad the whole American nation felt its virility impugned.

Poets' Corner

SIGNALS LONDON has started its own poets' corner at the top of the stairs leading to the third floor of 39 Wigmore Street, W1. The poets' corner is inside the newsbulletin's small office and already contains a small selection of poetry books and magazines for sale. **SIGNALS** hopes to build gradually a library of avant-garde poetry and welcomes donations along this line from poets and publishers. All profits from the sale of poetry books and magazines will go to the library fund. Poets are welcome to send their 'stuff' to **SIGNALS**. Unpublished manuscripts, of course, will be considered for publication in our newsbulletin.

THE TREE
a poem by Neil Oram

The tree waves outside the window
birds sing in the light
inside I sit and mutter

Through the window — light
inside the window — night
inside I mutter it is it is

A strange tale perhaps
but there it is
a bird flies in the light
and trees wave in the light

The old man smiled
as the sun mingled with his face
The sun his face
The story he began has already finished
The story is forgotten before it begins
only the last line remains
I tremble repeating it is it is

It is ringing in the ears
My lips move
The windows move
I see the dance of light
I strain listening waiting
hearing it is it is
until
the words melt
until
I hear Silence!

Suddenly my lips smile
at once it is

It begins
It begins in perfect peace
in a wonderland

In wonderland a tree breathes
In the tree an elf rests
in perfect peace
The elf breathes the tree
the elf breathes the sun
the elf breathing sun shines
the elf breathing sun shines in a bright blue sky
the sun breathes the elf
the sun shines in a clear sky
the elf breathing sun is light
the tree and the elf in the light
the tree the elf the light

It starts
in perfect peace
in a wonderland

The elf rests in the branches
in the branches sky
sky is burning flesh

The sky is blue
the grass is green
the elf is gold

The sun shines in a clear sky
the elf breathing sun shines in a clear sky
the tree and the elf breathe the sun

In the light the tree moves
the elf rests in the light
the tree MOVES

The elf surprised doubts!

In a valley he lies weeping
in a valley
he lies weeping for the tree

The tree grows in light
the tree swaying in the light
parades on the trembling bed

He sleeps in the mist
He sleeps in the midst
he sleeps

The branches dance in the light

In the wet

In the pool he spreads
The pool spreads
He spreads the pool

The tree moves in the liquid silence
the tree the light the sun
tree in light is sun
the tree in the light is
IS sun
the light is
the sun is
sun is flesh

In the light the tree
the light is three
trees

In the darkness of his pool the light spreads
he remembers
he cries for the tree

Tree pulsates in light

He cries for himself

Tree dances from his fright

He remembers
he cries at his doubt
he swims in his tears

Sun in the branches

He drifts in himself
he calls his pool night

The tree draws in sun
sun the heart of light
the light the body
the light naked

the night the cloak

In his pool he denies sight
in his pool he spreads darkness
he names the pool Death

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earth gesture
under bodhgaya pipul tree
diamond seat centre of universe
asked by lord death maya to prove
fitness to be a buddha
sakyamuni touched ground w/ right-
hand fingers
earth quaked in witness
this posture ikonographically
is moment of enlightenment
[buddha akshobhya - vajra family
(power)]

— dom sylvester houédard

prinknash abbey
gloucester 1964

Two Poems by Victor Musgrave

1. I Loved My Love

I loved my love in a language wet with stones,
And she replied in a dialect I knew,
'The passport to my skin, my heart's goodbye,
The compass of my tears I give to you.'

So every lame and beautiful lady who
Came after her had purpose in her mind,
One took my laughter in her velvet hood,
And left the words she stole it with behind.

Another beckoned her breathless eyes,
And smiling at me said: 'You still possess
The uncorrupted documents of love,
Relinquish them, and end this restlessness.

'The passport to a virgin's island skin,
Her heart's goodbye, her tears' magnetic north,
With such old-fashioned instruments I am
Amazed that you should think of setting forth.'

But nonetheless they led me where we lay
Like Babel in her bed a mighty hour,
And she taught me the sophisticated secrets
Of all that Amazonian empire.

And in this index of feline night
I lost my crooked alphabet of fears,
And all my sweetheart's Hollywood of gifts,
The broken compass of her useless tears.

2. Love Song

There was a madam in Berwick Street,
Her hair was red and her figure neat.
She saved a thousand kisses and bought
A car that travelled as quick as thought.

It begins
Suddenly after Death
Suddenly after Death the light surrounds
light surrounds in perfect peace

In perfect peace the elf rests
the light dances on the elf
the elf rests in the branches
the branches move in the light

The light spreads.

The light spreads over the tree and the elf
The elf spreads in the branches
The branches spread in the light
The elf in the tree is light
The elf The Tree The Light. . . .

She drove that car all over the town,
Her man beside her, handsome and brown,
What were they looking for? Nobody knows,
For they possessed everything, even a rose

That this beautiful madam wore stuck in her
hair,
And it altered its hue when the car changed
gear.

Oh, they were a magical couple for sure,
That crackity ponce and that spannipty whore.

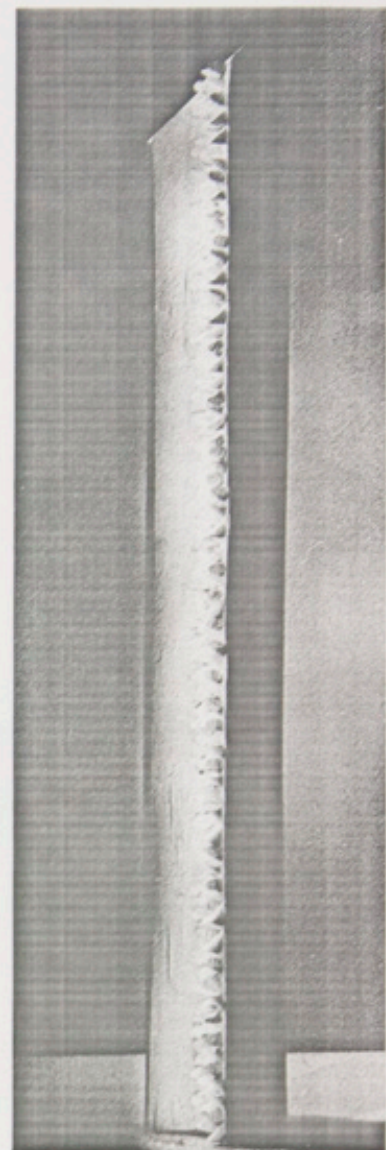
Now, weep if you can for what they did:
He coshed a grocer for fifty quid,
They put him away for several years,
And the rose dropped blood when she changed
the gears.

That beautiful doxy drove distraught
Alone in her car as quick as thought,
She plied her trade without any heart,
And her eyes ran tears like a watering cart.

And even then, when she cried so much,
She stopped to pick up a three pound touch —
With a walking stick and a bowler hat —
But who can you bail from the nick for that?

So time went by, as time will do,
And she found another she thought was true.
He was as handsome and brown as a bear,
But the rose stayed red when she changed gear.

It made me feel so sad to see them drive
To the all-night cafe that closes at five,
And sit and quarrel and fight and love,
And quarrel and fight and love.



Camargo : Colonne orée, no. 1/49, Paris 1964
Photo: Lapiro

Three Poems by
Sinclair Beiles

To Sergio de Camargo

1. The Dead Misunderstand

I said: Sweetness, Sweetness,
She said: Crab apple dust an old coat.
I said: Cement-mixer birds!
She said: Screeching brake birds?
I said: May autobahn swiftness and Mozart's
horns dispel your sour fig violins!
She said: A tout à l'heure,
Johannesburg 1964

2. Luanda — On Tour

Midnight petrol port green
liquid negro eye mosaic

jet
blue port
portuguese roar port
fifty minutes

in
bossa nova's petrol negro
granadilla for the fifty blue port!
sodades roar port!
London 1964

3. Minutes To Go — Below Zero

ice crunch
blue fire
powder
ssss sled, moon dog
steel paw seal
orange cry
pole glove blizzard whines knife violet
compass
berg salt block splash
atomic baby fur graph brown
submarine nanook
leather red chew ice
blubber spike canoe
star desert
aurora

green bird London
twine
chapt hands burst
whale chart bottle
ice oil fire.
London 1964

A note on Camargo:
He has freed the carbon from nothing!
When I came out of my tent I saw that
his soul which had blown all night had left
its unmistakable patterns on the white
landscape.
— from the diary of Sinclair Beiles 1964.

Victor Musgrave
On Art, no. 3



Victor Musgrave

Photo: John Kassis

The Canadian Eskimo in a Changing World

by Charles Gimpel

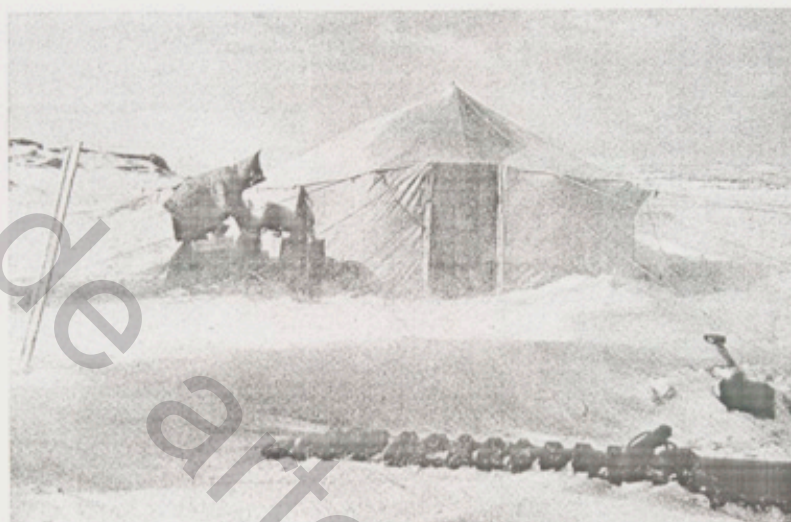
I count it an unexpected stroke of good fortune, the day four years ago, the Hudson's Bay Company commissioned me as an amateur to do a photographic survey of some of their most northern posts in the Eastern arctic. I was their guest for six weeks on board the supply ship *ss Rupertsland*.

It so happened that I knew something about the Eskimo way of life and I already appreciated their remarkable gift for making small stone carvings. By the end of that trip covering several thousand miles, I had not only increased my knowledge but had developed a passion for the arctic.

The arctic is not defined by any latitude or longitude, but by the tree line: where the trees stop the arctic begins. It is a land of contradictions: the temperature can vary in one region from -63 in winter to +76 in summer. There is more snow in Montreal or in Moscow than in the arctic. Actually the further north you go, the less snow you find.

The cold is not necessarily the worst evil, for snow-blindness and mosquitoes can bedevil the inhabitant. Nothing

language, which is extremely complex, bears no direct relation to any other living language. They came from Asia, perhaps Mongolia, after the end of the



Windy Corner. Arctic photographs by the author

great ice and spread slowly below and above the arctic circle across to Greenland 4-5,000 years ago.

But the origins of Eskimo culture, as we know it today, do not stem entirely from Asia. There are two traditions, archaeologically speaking: the north west microblade existing 4500 BC in the plains of North America which slowly found its way into the Arctic and with, at a later date, the arctic small tool, the second tradition. These together merged with the existing traditions and thus formed a new culture which roughly survived until modern times.

The impact of our culture varies considerably from one region to another in its success. The variation is due to rapidity of penetration by the whites and to whether or not an intelligent government policy is being implemented.

In Greenland, thanks to the policy of the Danish government for the last century, the Eskimos do not want to be called Eskimo any longer, but Greenlanders. There, they are settled in small communities living a life comparable to that of a village on the Newfoundland coast.

Less evolved are the Eskimos of Alaska (where the American government has tackled the problem) and of the delta of the Mackenzie River. Here they have had for some time direct contact with the white people, as both communication and the way of life are easier than in the Eastern arctic. There trees grow and hence wood is available for both fuel and building. I have heard white people on Baffin Island refer to the Western arctic as the banana belt!

Some of the Eskimos of Baffin Island, the Caribou people inland and those living in the archipelago north of the American continent, are still far removed from our civilisation. This is mainly due to lack of contact with the outside world, for example when our cargo ship called at Igloodik, inside the arctic circle, it was the first ship to get through in two years.

The Eskimo is a mongoloid type, dark skinned with the slanted eyes associated with Asian races, of small or medium height, stockily built. I suspect that this appearance is emphasized by the kind of bulky clothes worn. To an outsider like myself they, as a race, seem endowed with a sunny disposition, a keen sense of humour, a natural dignity and they show a perfect balance between reserve and warmth of hospitality. They are capable of great kindness and yet frightening cruelty; improvident, they seem indifferent to the future and to the passing of time. They love smoking and have a passion for games, even greater than an Englishman's!

They are nearly always to be found near the sea: still a nomadic race they are only emerging from a stone age culture. They survive by the hunt and by fur trapping, the actual marketing of furs being a new way of livelihood brought about by the demand of the white man. Hence the top hunter is the



Camargo: Marble Sculpture. Rio 1952
Photo: Saeeda Harnisch

look after the welfare of the Eskimo. This means that he must co-ordinate, if possible, the efforts and activities of the other white members of the settlement whose aims and interests may clash.

I have learned that every white man 'inside', i.e., in the arctic, has his own theory how best to deal with the Eskimo, body and soul. The theories conflict and this naturally bewilders the Eskimo; indeed it is to his credit that he has generally managed to retain his natural dignity and culture. Possibly the flexibility of his social organisation has enabled him to adapt to the whims of the white people.

Unfortunately from the beginning the Department ran into troubled icy waters: the officer was a newcomer with more money and political power than the local white representatives of other interests who had in many cases a long tradition of dealing with the Eskimo, often with beneficial results. There was resentment, increased because some of the new men proved inadequate temperamentally to cope with the situation in the field.

In fact the problem of the Canadian government is two-fold: the great expense needed to implement the programme for the Eskimo and the personnel to be recruited. The tax-payer has to be convinced that a heavy and fast-increasing budget is necessary: the arctic is an expensive proposition. In that fierce climate where no tree grows, a single wooden house can cost £40,000. Recruiting the right personnel is difficult as there are few men of experience in the field and there is little time to train candidates. Some volunteer for service in the arctic, either to gain seniority and extra pay, or for escapism from the tension of modern life. Such motives do not generally lead to a high sense of vocation in helping the Eskimo.

Nevertheless the Department of Northern Affairs is to be congratulated. They and their officers in the field are tackling with energy, and in many cases with great efficiency, a human challenge, with time their enemy.

The question is: Can the Eskimo be integrated into a rhythm which will allow him to accept our sense of values and our modern technology, yet permit him to retain the way of life which has enabled him to survive for thousands of years in one of the most inhospitable regions of this world? Should the process be pushed too rapidly the Eskimo might well become a human being maladjusted to both ways of life: should this process of evolution slow down, the impact of our civilisation will find him unprepared. From a man of dignity he would risk becoming a second-rate citizen.

As an interested outsider I feel definitely that the decision must be for the speeding-up process whatever the inherent difficulties and risk.

In all its implications this question is intriguing many people. Not only historians and sociologists, but the governments of other nations with a similar situation are watching with interest what Canada will achieve in the next few decades.

London November 1961.

On the trail

grows for nine months, but in the short summer the vegetation is rich with beautiful flowers, all on a dwarf scale.

The Canadian arctic covers a territory nearly the equivalent of one third of Europe. There are just over many thousands of miles of ice, snow, sea and tundra from Siberia to Greenland, passing by Alaska and Canada. In the vastness of the Canadian arctic there are in all 11,000 people who can be divided roughly into three groups: the Eskimos of the Western Arctic at the estuary of the Mackenzie River and along the shores of the Arctic Ocean; then the small group who live inland on the tundra.

Finally there are those living in the Eastern Arctic, including Baffin Island—the fourth largest island in the world, but so remote that until the Second World War it had not been entirely mapped. This is in part due to the difficulties of navigation: the rugged seaboard and ice packs drifting down both the Eastern and Western shores. However it seems incredible, considering the history of arctic exploration, that it took nearly 400 years to map the island properly. For it was in the summer of 1576 that the great English explorer, Martin Frobisher discovered Baffin Island while searching for the North West Passage.

The word Eskimo is not Eskimo, but an Indian word meaning disparagingly 'eaters of raw meat'. They call themselves Inuk, 'the men'. Little is known of the origin of the Eskimo. The

CAMARGO'S ART OF LYRICAL LIGHT

by Denys Chevalier

CAMARGO is known especially in Paris as the creator of plastic reliefs — of impartial colour, cast in beds of sand; and also of uniform white wood reliefs composed of simple geometric elements. However, these two types of his work and research do not comprise the most recent stages in the development of this artist. Bearing in mind the plastic formation of CAMARGO'S work and the characteristics of his former expression, and presuming that his future forms will, to some extent, be borrowed from these earlier works, we will be able to place him correctly in the panorama of contemporary art.

CAMARGO was born in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, on 8th April, 1930. It was in Buenos Aires, in the Argentine, however, that he began his serious study of art, at the Academia Aitama there, and in the studios of Fontana and Pettorutti. Previously, during his classical studies, CAMARGO took up sculpture and regularly modelled busts and figures.

In 1948 he came to Europe for the first time, prolonging his stay — mainly in France, interspersed with occasional visits to Italy and his home country — until 1953. In Paris he studied philosophy at the Sorbonne and paid frequent visits to the Académie Grande Chaumière where he enrolled under the sculptor AUBICOSTE, while continuously practising an art which was his own individual interpretation of reality.

When CAMARGO returned to Brazil in 1953, he devoted himself entirely to sculpture. He worked alone, concentrating on personal research, and eventually created abstract works. However, in 1955, he returned to figurative work — in bronze and marble, and his sculpture then — and still is — like an extension of the aesthetic mood of HENRI LAURENS. Both sculptors shared the same feeling for cubed masses, both employed the same tense layouts in their work, and both regarded the work of art with the same sensual significance. But little by little all these characteristics in CAMARGO'S work evolved into a new way of abstract art. At this time CAMARGO began working in a new material — metal, which gave his work an architectural quality. His researches, being abstract, frequently lead him to conceive and elaborate his works in single sheets of cut-out metal.

Living again in Paris in 1961, he considered his preceding metal sculptures too formal (on top of that he hated welding), so he started using the inherent qualities of raw products — plaster and aluminium — on a sand base. From then on, the basis of his formal aestheticism, so unique to CAMARGO, was rejected by the artist; this evolution, provoked by a real lack of sympathy for figurative shapes, was to bring him progressively to abandon the three-dimensional law. Thus the reliefs were born, which succeeded the space sculptures, possessing the same characteristics as the preceding work, but now less defined. These later works resemble bushes and strange plants, organic conglomerations of coral and profusions of marine growths. Once freed from the form which inhibited his sculpture, CAMARGO was then — and is now — in complete possession — by the almost complete assimilation of the object — of his own pliable language and vocabulary. By fingerprints and the handles of paint-brushes, he tries

to create a presence which offers no trace of compromise with three-dimensional reality. This presence, which is hard to define and is almost inexplicable (inexplicable, that is, in normal analytical terms), this presence cannot be compared to composition in the traditional sense of the word. But there is, of course, a composition, — a poetry, a structure —, but they have functions other than the usual ones. They affect another aspect of the work of art, manifesting themselves by the development of a theme or idea. Even if one cannot discuss these works as formal traditional compositions, they belong, nevertheless, to the same family, to the same species, so to speak, comprising, as they do, the principle of a repetitive series.

If, then, the art of CAMARGO is dematerialised, using nothing but impersonal elements, where does his presence and flagrant lyricism come from? Where, if not from light — which, to him, is of the utmost importance, more important than sand or wood? Light is CAMARGO'S material and his tool. And his workmanship could not be more evident. I know few artists who rely on such thin technical foundations as CAMARGO does. Not that these technical foundations do not exist, but the adequacy of the object is so perfect that you do not notice them. Knowing that it is impossible to create without technique, CAMARGO — like every artist who has really something to say — invented his own language. Spreading out elements of identical shapes but of unequal proportions, the sculptor bursts forth in his wooden reliefs, communicating not only on the intellectual level, but also, and more important, on a lyrical one. A curious phenomenon, but normal after all, since the lyrical communication is derived from a fund of previous narrowly-determined experience.

Actually almost all the later reliefs by CAMARGO, which are all so sensitive, with delicately balanced nuances that, at the same time, are free, stem from other works whose geometric elements bear a slight resemblance to exercises in style or vocabulary. The character of the elements has not changed in the new work, even though the white paint gives them an anonymity of growth. It is by a sort of overtaking, by means of light and a lyrical and plastic fusion, that CAMARGO changes this exercise into poetry.

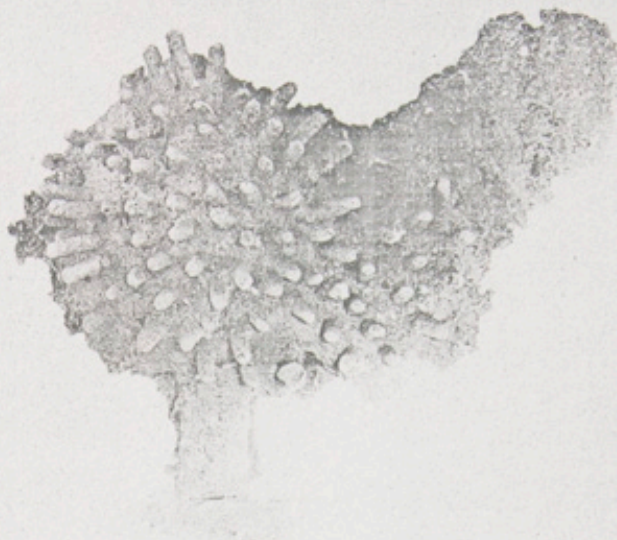
A definite punctuation animates the composition, almost too diffuse from the traditional point of view, but remarkably constructed, as if organically.

The artist uses all the subtleties which his expression permits, thus there are certain conical points of the relief which are hardly noticeable; one would only perceive them if they either hidden or moved.

In his most recent work CAMARGO has introduced empty space, like zones of silence. By this re-integration and disintegration of space, the sculptor foresees the destruction of traditional layout in sculpture altogether.

The art of CAMARGO is composed of the oppositions or rhythmic elements and stable bases, with a free and austere means of expression, — the re-appearance of substance in space.

First published in AUJOURD'HUI, special issue on Brazil, 1964. Translated from the French by LAILA NOUR and ANTHONY DE KERDREL.



Camargo: Plaster sculpture. 1964

Photo: Clay Perry

Mi animal de costumbre

Mi animal de costumbre me observa y me vigila.
Mueve su larga cola. Viene hasta mí
A una hora imprecisa.

Me devora todos los días, a cada segundo.

Cuando voy a la oficina, me pregunta:
Por que trabajas
Justamente aquí

Y yo le respondo, muy bajo, casi al oído:
Por nada, por nada.
Y como soy supersticioso, toco madera
De repente,
Para que desaparezca.

Estoy ilógicamente desamparado:

De las rodillas para arriba,
A lo largo de esta primavera que se inicia

Mi animal de costumbre me roba el sol
Y la claridad fugaz de los transeuntes.

Yo nunca he sido fiel a la luna ni a la lluvia ni a los guijarros de la playa.

Mi animal de costumbre me toma por las muñecas, me seca las lágrimas.

A una hora imprecisa
Baja del cielo.

A una hora imprecisa
Sorbe el humo de mi pobre sopa.

A una hora imprecisa
Me matará, recogerá mis huesos
Y ya mis huesos metidos en un gran saco, hará de mí
Un pequeño barco,
Una diminuta burbuja sobre la playa.

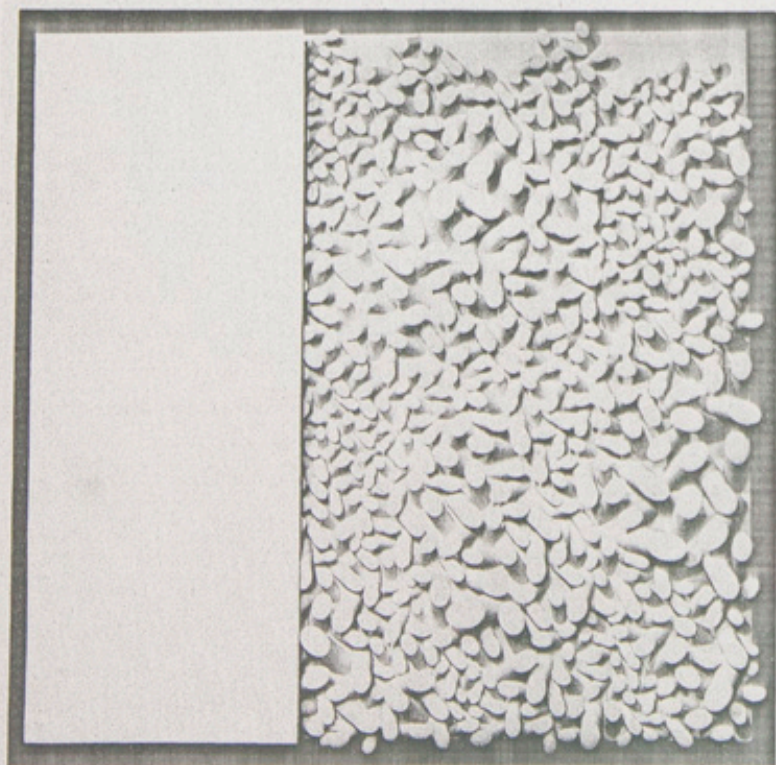
Entonces sí
Seré fiel
A la luna
La lluvia
El sol
Y los guijarros de la playa.

Entonces,
Persistirá un extraño rumor
En torno al árbol y la víctima;

Persistirá . . .

Barriendo para siempre
Las rosas,
Las hojas ductiles
Y el viento.

Poema de Juan
Sanchez Pelaez
Venezuela



Camargo: Orée no. 3. October 1964

Photo: Leglise

STOP PRESS

THE SCOTTISH COMMITTEE OF THE ARTS COUNCIL HAS INVITED SIGNALS LONDON TO CO-OPERATE IN AN IMPORTANT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION 'ART AND MOVEMENT' WHICH WILL TAKE PLACE FEBRUARY 1965 AT THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY IN EDINBURGH.

This large, comprehensive exhibition will be the first full-scale survey in Great Britain of the polymorphic KINETIC SURGE in international art.

KINETIC ART, as its name implies, is art which is primarily to do with movement, either apparent or actual, in the art object itself.

Contrary to the misconceptions of certain misinformed critics, KINETIC ART is not the product of a league; it is, rather, the increasing sum of multiple creative endeavours by individual artists all over the world who are interpreting the complex phenomena of modern life (fluid and unpredictable, ever-changing and dynamic, elemental and mechanised) in the light of new aesthetic concepts and by using revolutionary forms.

The Edinburgh exhibition, which will trace the pioneers of movement in art and outline the aesthetic contributions of artists as divergent as SEURAT and CEZANNE, MONDRIAN and JACKSON POLLACK, NAUM GABO and ALEXANDER CALDER, BRANCUSI and JULIO GONZALEZ, should serve as a basis for an intelligent appraisal of the vast contributions made and being made by kinetic artists to the sensibility of TWENTIETH CENTURY MAN.

The Edinburgh exhibition will also focus on the considerable achievements of leading contemporary artists, such as TAKIS, CAMARGO, CHILLIDA, MEDALLA, SOTO, MALINA, VASARELY, the late YVES KLEIN, SALVADORI, TINGUELY, and others (all of whom have contributed to an increased awareness of actual or apparent movement in art), by featuring representative selections of their work.

Co-ordinating the show is WILLIAM BUCHANAN, exhibitions officer of the Scottish Committee of the ARTS COUNCIL. After Edinburgh, 'ART AND MOVEMENT' will move to the KELVIN GROVE GALLERY, GLASGOW ART MUSEUM.



Camargo: Relief rayonnant, 29/67. Paris 1964.

Photo: Legros

MODERN PHYSICS IN BRAZIL
by Professor Jean Meyer

Note: Professor Jean Meyer is a Brazilian physicist now working at the Centre of Atomic Research in Saclay, France.

Everyone knows that Brazil is a very large country, that it is the first coffee-producer in the world, that football and carnival in Brazil are matters of great importance, that its new capital, Brasilia, built under the direction of Lucio Costa and Oscar Niemeyer, is a sort of fabulous dream.

What is much less known to the outside world is the work being done in Brazil in many fields of human endeavour, in many sectors of scientific thought, in manifold cultural activities. I want to focus attention here on the development of teaching and research in modern physics in Brazil during the last three decades.

Thirty years ago there did not exist a single course in modern physics in Brazil. Physical research in quantum mechanics, relativity and nuclear physics was relatively unknown. Then, in 1934, the Faculty of Science of Sao Paulo was created and a distinguished Italian physicist, Gleb Wataghin, was invited to organize its Physics Department. Under Wataghin's influence, many Brazilian students got a sound training in physics. Research studies in the nature of cosmic ray and nuclear physics were started and actively developed.

The initial core at Sao Paulo spread out and nowadays there exist important centres at several places in Brazil. Modern physics is being taught at present at the Universities of Brasilia, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Belo Horizonte, Recife, Porto Alegre and Sao Carlos, and at the Aeronautical School of Sao Jose dos Campos. In addition to these universities, there now exist also several institutions which are almost exclusively dedicated to advanced

research in physics. The most outstanding of these centres are the Centro Brasileiro de Pesquisas Fisicas at Rio de Janeiro, the Instituto de Fisica Teorica at Sao Paulo, and the Centro de Energia Nuclear at Sao Paulo and at Belo Horizonte.

The equipment at these institutions and universities are being used by Brazilian scientists to conduct research into advanced fields of physics. A Van de Graaf generator of 2,000,000 volts has been built in Soa Paulo, where 20,000,000 volts betatron is also available. Nuclear reactors are being used in Belo Horizonte and Sao Paulo. The experimental physicists in Rio de Janeiro specialize in the study of cosmic rays and in solid state physics. This latter field is also being investigated at Sao Carlos.

But the greatest success in physics has been achieved in Brazil in the field of theoretical physics. Several Brazilian scientists have obtained important results in their investigations of general relativity, weak inter-actions, quantum field theory, etc. These physicists have gained international renown and are now training, in the principal centres of Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo and Porte Alegre, a new generation of scientists which, it is hoped, will obtain still better results.

It appears from the facts enumerated above (which, incidentally, do not constitute an exhaustive list) that something has already been achieved in the field of modern physics in Brazil. The results become doubly valuable, when one considers that they were obtained in a country where the level of technology is low. More and more scientists will be needed in advancing modern technology. Thus the effort of training them in courses and research activities has to be greatly increased, to help Brazil become fully developed so that she can contribute substantially to modern progress in the world.

Room at the Top

The top floor of 39 Wigmore Street, SIGNALS LONDON'S new showrooms, has now been fully renovated and becomes a third gallery of approximately the same size as the gallery on the second floor.

This top-floor gallery with its ample wall space and excellent light will contain examples of work by SIGNALS' artists. It is open to the public (admission free) upon application to the secretary during normal exhibition hours (which are: 10 am to 6 pm, Monday to Friday, and 10 am to 1 pm, Saturday).

Unlike the other two galleries at 39 Wigmore Street (which will be devoted entirely to one-man shows and occasionally to large group exhibitions with a particular theme), the top-floor gallery will feature a continuous exhibition of work by both young and established artists.

Already the top-floor gallery contains excellent examples of work by Schraga Zarlin (friend and compatriot of Soutine), Nikolaj Fenger (a young Danish artist), Nena Segul (Filipino artist now living in Paris), the Argentinian Antonio Asis, the Venezuelians Jesus-Raphael Soto and Carlos Cruz-Diez, the American kinetic artist and astronautic engineer Frank J. Malina, London-based Italian artist Marcello Salvadori, Athens-based American artist Liliane Lija, the English poet and water-colourist David Gascoyne, Nazli Nour, and David Medalla.

Also on view are important sculptures by Takis, Camargo, Lygia Clark, Otuni Fumio (Japanese prize-winner at the last Paris Biennale), and Peruvian Alberto Guzman. Most of the works on view are for sale. For the art-lover with limited means, there are beautiful engravings and lithographs by Brazilian print-makers Rossini Perez, Ana Letyca, Esmeraldo and Arthur Luiz Fiza.

Young artists are invited by SIGNALS LONDON to submit their work for possible inclusion in the top-floor gallery at 39 Wigmore Street. No fees are asked, and work will be accepted solely on its merit.

Hush! (snow-verb)

Jose Garcia Villa

CAMARGO'S WOOD RELIEFS

by Karl K. Ringstrom

The painted wood sculpture reliefs by Camargo proved to be a real revelation at the Paris Biennale this year. Made only of pieces of wood of varying dimensions, they attract the spectator's attention not only by their unusual presence but also by their irrefragable workmanship. A hardly definable design, but with perfect composition; a paradox which points to the undeniable quality of this young artist.

The relationship between Camargo and sculpture is at once simple and infinitely complex.

He wants to destroy form, volume, material and design, so as to animate his work solely by vibrations of light. His attitude is far from that of a nihilist, who destroys for the sake of destroying. Camargo destroys in order to construct. His conception of art is based on his conception of life which he finds unstable, intangible and in perpetual fluctuation. Life then—and therefore art—escapes all formulae, all schematisms. Nothing is fixed, nothing is stable, except obviously the personality of the artist who makes his work homogenous despite an abrupt development.

The artist, however, despite everything, is a victim of his own evolution, of his own ideas, his own intuition which directs, fertilises and enriches his plastic language.

Camargo is undeniably an artist who sees our world from the angle of eternal and vigorous renewal.

To arrive at the wood reliefs, Camargo spent some time over a long period of development. In 1961, after his arrival in Paris, he vigorously opposed volumes and solids in his sculptures, and introduced instead atmosphere and light which surround the form. Then, on a plain base with abrupt and jagged edges, he designed a few lines in relief and created thus an unreal and elusive space. Today, in his big reliefs, the contours are rigorously anti-geometric. Painted entirely in impersonal white, unreal perhaps —, he plunges into an infinite space, in the uninterrupted gush of light and shadow.

All his interest is actually vested in the modulation and organization of the mass of wood as a whole. His choice of wood demonstrates his indifference to precious materials. With the minimum of means of a formal order, he enlivens the surface and gives it a lyrical life that is disquieting and true. His desire is to render visible the multiplicity and existential fluidity of a structure which asserts itself and from which the centre of gravity has disappeared.

Despite its changing aspect, this work is solidly made. Only a lucid and sensitive artist, who works out his problems assiduously, without sparing himself, could obtain such perfection in our impression, a perfection wherein the composition is almost imperceptible. Camargo places us in front of a surface of impartial and unreal white—a perpetually changing surface which, stripped of a precise design, plunges us into an infinite dream.

Paris 1963.
Translated from the French by Anthony de Kerdrel.



Sandwich terns in flight.