

# SIGNALS

NEWSBULLETIN OF  
SIGNALS LONDON

39 WIGMORE ST

LONDON, W1 2/6

VOL 1 NOS 3 & 4

OCT-NOV 1964

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**SIGNALS LONDON IS A  
NON-PROFIT  
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DEDICATED TO THE  
ADVENTURES OF  
THE MODERN SPIRIT**

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SPECIAL TWIN ISSUE

DEVOTED MAINLY TO

**TAKIS**

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THE ART CRITIC, **THE TIMES**

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CHRISTOPHER WALKER

PIETER WIELEMA

NICHOLAS SNOWDEN WILLEY

HUGO WILLIAMS

Nicholas Snowden Willey is a young London poet. His first book of poems, *The Green Tunnel*, will be published soon by *Signals London*, with an original lithograph by Nena Saguil for frontispiece.



Takis with his sculpture *L'Espace Interieure*. Paris, 1957.

Photo: Martha Rocher

## LES ESPACES INTERIEURES

by Nicholas Snowden Willey

In the still Autumn and all alone  
In the invisible rain, there watching  
A small bird who attends the morning light  
At the edge of a friendly pond  
And at the tangled edge there come to him  
Certain circles passing on the water  
And the architecture of the morning  
Reminds him of what? Circles on a pond  
That echo an event somewhere beyond.

All days are certain on a certain day  
And in a park of Autumn of a day  
Watching a bird at the edge is a way  
Somewhere,  
And then in that park of Autumn  
Silently came a golden spaceship down.

By the fishes unseen, by the bird ignored,  
The spaceman for whom nothing remained unexplored  
In the green alighting from blue beyond,  
And only the ciphers on the surface of the pond  
Spoke of a country ever unexplored.

It must be that there are momentous things  
Beyond the momentary ends of men,  
Somewhere some sizeless circle never changed  
By the measuring of our greedy squint.  
It must be that there is some quality  
That shall survive our scrutinous regard.  
Can you bear the speed that will not bear you?  
Can you spare the time that will not spare you?

He told me the order that makes the stars to spin  
But I forgot to remember clearly for the cold was drawing in.  
As far as I remember it was this;  
It seemed he had been everywhere  
And there was simply no end to it  
But he assured me there was a country  
Infinitely near which was an endless end  
And somewhere while he spoke a bird was encircling  
There.

His face was a map of the places of tomorrow  
But his eyes showed the currents in uncharted pools of sorrow  
And in the wonderful language of obedience he said;  
" Whenever from above we survey our lonely zone  
Even the horizons of forever are our own.  
Even those dear horizons. That is why  
I shall no more build cabins in the sky ";  
But somehow then and there I was aware  
The sensible beauty of the Autumn  
Was why.

On a certain day all days become certain,  
Distance still bright beyond the final curtain.

The world was still. The grass again was green,  
Perhaps more clear, at least more clearly seen,  
Where me and that singular spaceman had been,  
Here in this quiet field I recognize  
The amazing country of solitude.





## SIGNALS III

VOL 1 NOS 3 & 4  
OCT-NOV 1964

Director : Paul Keeler  
Editor : David Medalla

The name SIGNALS was inspired by a series of tensile sculptures by Takis. Price per copy of SIGNALS is two shillings and sixpence.

**Subscription rates :** one year — thirty shillings for UK and Northern Ireland; £3 0s 0d sterling (or equivalent in US dollars) for any address abroad, payable in advance to SIGNALS LONDON, 39 Wigmore Street, London, W1. Advertisement rates on request.

Photographs and manuscripts should be submitted with a self-addressed stamped envelope. The signed statements and articles in this issue do not necessarily reflect the views and policies of SIGNALS LONDON and its newsbulletin. 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.

Tributes to Takis from Allen Ginsberg ('Magnetism in Benares'), Gregory Corso, Minos Argyrakis and others arrived too late for inclusion in this issue. We hope to find space for these tributes in Signals New Year Number. — The Editor

← Takis on the railroad near his studio in Athens. August 1955  
Photo : Jacques La Carrière

### SIGNALS

'I missed the train. I had a four-hour wait before the next one. I looked around me. The station was a huge ferral centre, a forest of signals. Monster-eyes went on and off, rails, tunnels, a jungle of iron. I got out a chalk, and drew it all on the cement. I drew all these phenomena. I tried to show clearly the needs of human imagination and thought by an exact execution: man constructs for his own use tunnels and exits, symbols for his evasion of death. WE HAVE CHASED THE SACRED SYMBOLS INTO THE DESERT AND REPLACED THEM WITH ELECTRIC EYES. For a long time my SIGNALS had been transformed into ROCKETS, ANTENNAE and RADIO RECEIVERS.

A frequent traveller by plane, I was always enchanted by aerodromes and THEIR GREAT RADARS which turned slowly searching for metallic objects hovering in space. It is as if they were monster instruments recording cosmic events. I would linger in order to examine them a bit closer . . . MY LAST SIGNALS TOOK THE FORM OF ELECTRIC ANTENNAE, LIKE LIGHTNING-CONDUCTORS. But they still remained symbolical, they constituted a modern hieroglyphic language which had to be translated to be understood. RADAR WAS A GREAT ACTIVE SIGNAL. . . . Ah! if only with an instrument like radar I could capture the music of the beyond. THIS THOUGHT MADE ME FORGET ALL THE LAWS OF ART. If this object could capture and transmit sounds as it turned, my imagination would be crowned. But was it possible?

I began working with a reduced model. I bought some diaphanous fibres, and tried twisting them round a frame of flexible steel. . . . The work I was doing put me in a state of nervous excitement.

*Par conséquent Takis,  
gai laboureur des  
Champs magnétiques et  
indicateur des chemins  
de fer d'or  
Tremont Anchamp*

THE IRON CAME ALIVE! There was no more weight!

Man used fire and cold to give metal the form he wanted. The first men deified metal because it came from the heavens (aerolithes) and respected its personality, which made them better capable of understanding its qualities and possibilities. When they made tools, idols and statues as their imagination dictated THEY FOLLOWED THE NATURAL ELAN OF THE METAL. In elaborating the forms of their tools and idols they were obeying the need of the metal to take more or less a precise form while passing from one state to another. For example, the molten metal from a smelt or a volcano takes a certain form on contact with the surface of the ground and CREATES FOR ITSELF A SKIN, A RIND, according to external conditions and its own possibilities, following the ELAN which animates it and the necessity which inhabits it. If it meets water as it leaves the volcano, it will react differently and will look for the form and corresponding skin in order to protect its life. Everyone knows that red-hot metal becomes ten times as solid, which is explained by the fact that the metal FEELS THREATENED IN ITS LIQUID

STATE and that IT CONTRACTS TO SAVE ITSELF.

Today metals are used on an industrial scale and it often happens that manufactured objects are given the FORMS WHICH THE METALS WOULD HAVE TAKEN THEMSELVES, IF THEIR INTELLIGENCE HAD BEEN DEVELOPED. If one observes rails, . . . the tolerie of planes and of cars, one notices that THESE ARE PROTECTIVE FORMS CONCEIVED IN ORDER TO RESIST OUTSIDE ATTACK.

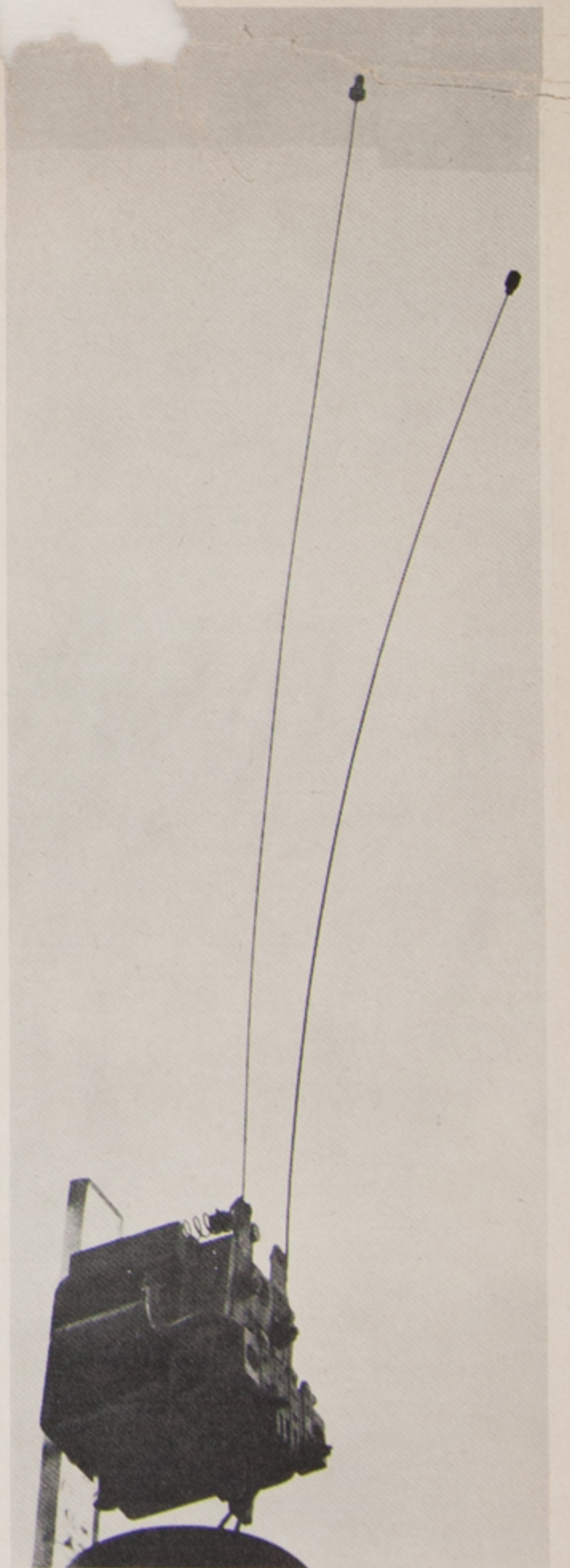
THE GOOD WAY OF USING METAL MUST CONSIST OF FOLLOWING ITS PROFOUND SPONTANEITY, for man, despite all his inventions and his machines, has not completely succeeded in dominating nature. METAL RESISTS MAN WHENEVER IT CAN. . . . IT IS CONSTANTLY SABOTAGING THE PLANS OF MAN . . . because METAL WANTS TO REDISCOVER ITS ORIGINAL FORM—THE FORM IT HAD BEFORE MAN EXTRACTED IT FROM THE EARTH.

*Takis*

Translated from the French  
by Sebastian Brett

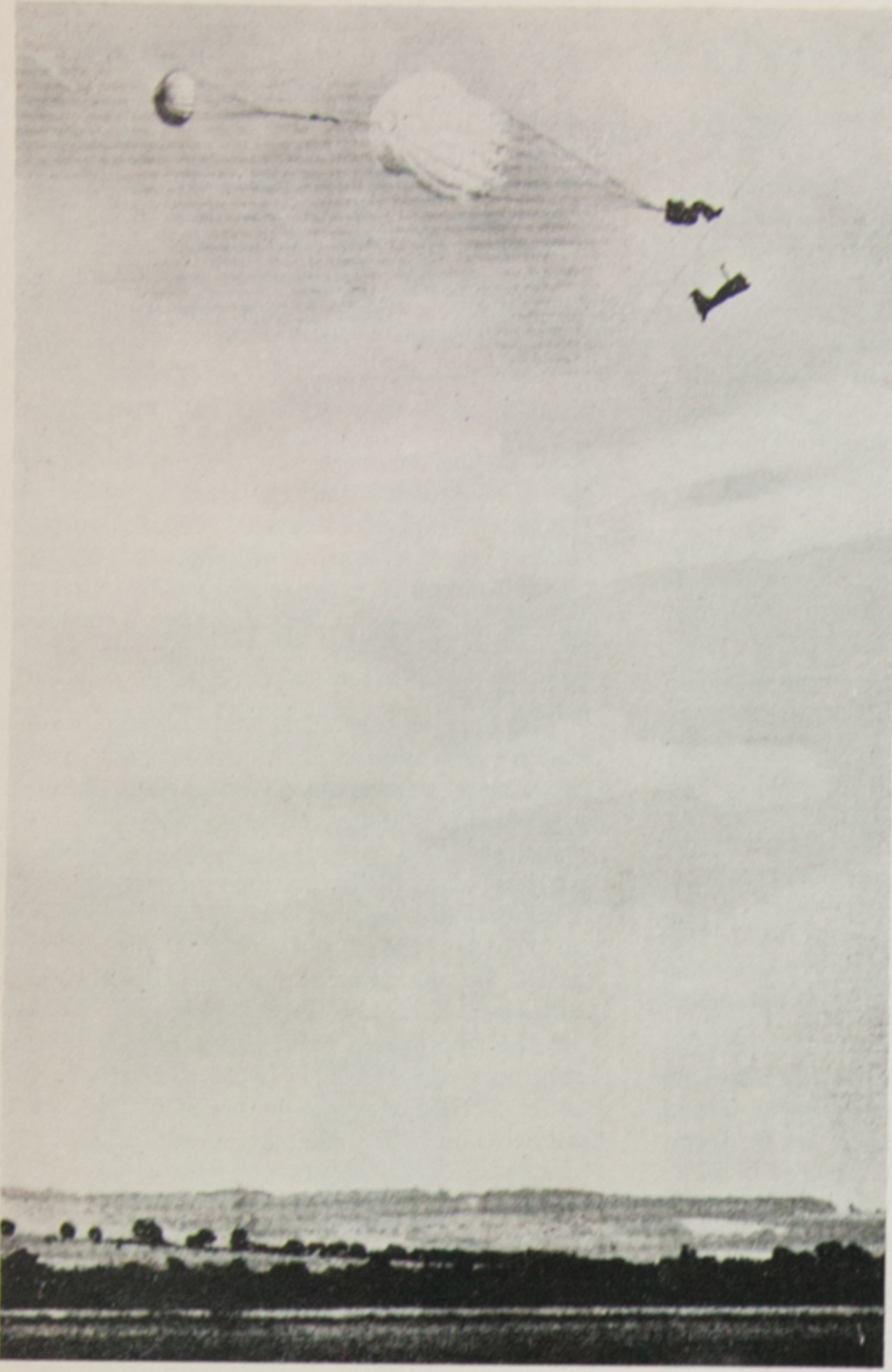
### SIGNALGREETINGS

Signals sends its greetings to Miss Sarah Jane Perry, first baby daughter of Maggie and Clay Perry. Miss Sarah Jane was born at Parson's Green Hospital, London, on the 6th October, 1964 at 7.10 pm. She weighed 8 lbs 14 ozs at birth. Clay Perry is Signals' London-based photographer.

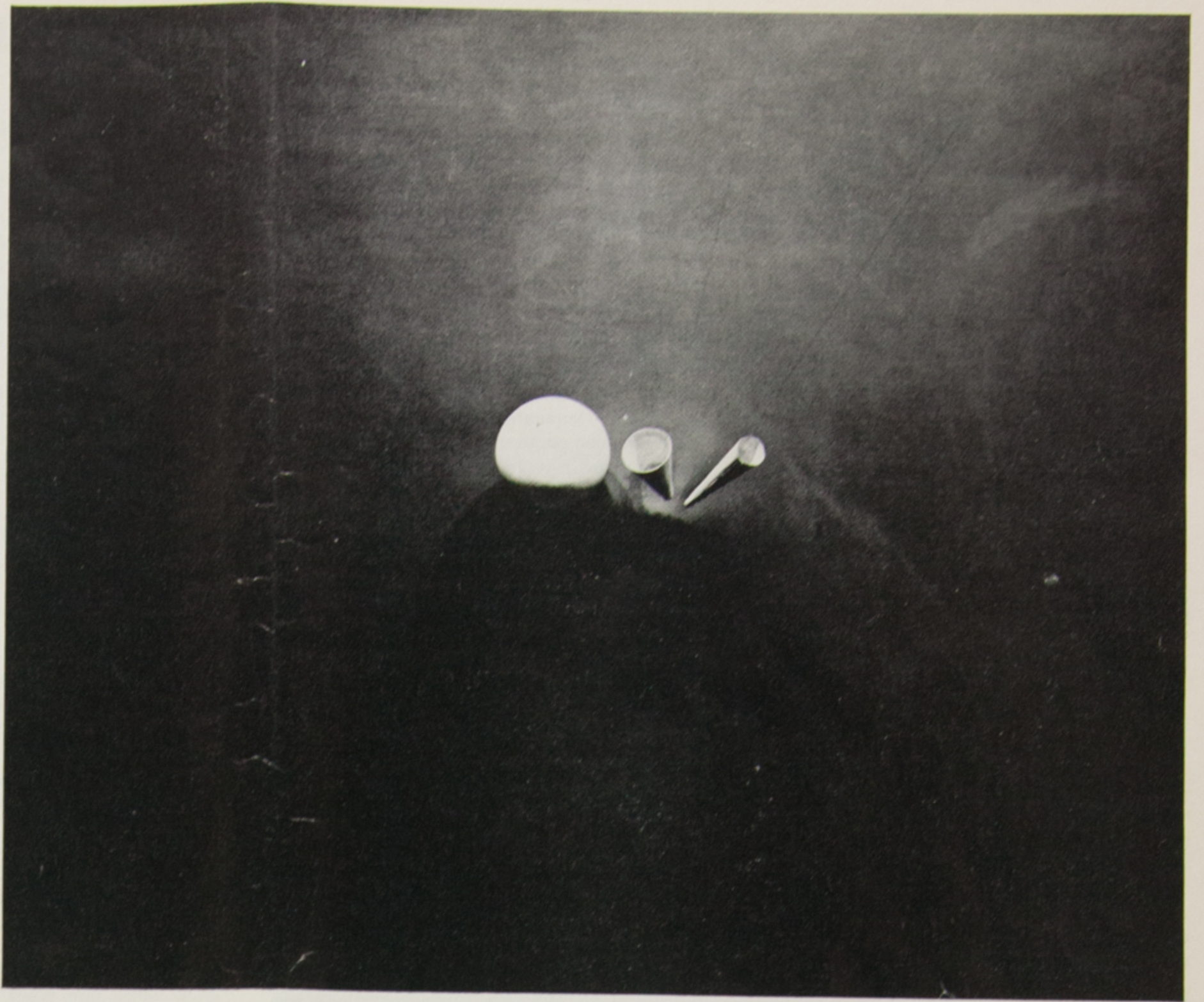


Takis : The First Vibrating Electro-Signals, 1964  
Photo : Clay Perry





Squadron Leader J. Fifield making the first ground-level ejection from a meteor jet.



Takis: Télépainting. 1960. New York

'Homage to Archimedes'

# TAKIS

was born in Athens in 1925. He made his first sculpture in 1946. He has lived and worked in Paris since 1954.

## TAKIS ONE MAN EXHIBITIONS

- 1955 February : London, Hanover Gallery: *figures in plaster and iron.*  
 October : Paris, Galerie Furstenberg: *figures in iron and Signals.*  
 1958 February : London, Hanover Gallery: *Signals.*  
 1959 July : Paris, 11 rue des Beaux-Arts: *Presentation by Iris Clert and Alain Jouffroy of three magnetic sculptures.*  
 November : Paris, Galerie Iris Clert: *Télé-magnétiques.*  
 1960 April : New York, Alexander Iolas Gallery: *Signals, Télé-sculptures, Interior spaces.*  
 November : Paris, Galerie Iris Clert: *The Impossible — a Man in Space.*  
 1961 February : Essen, Galerie Zwirner: *Signals and télé-sculptures.*  
 March : Hanover, Galerie Brusberg: *Signals and télé-sculptures.*  
 May : Stockholm, Galerie Samlaren: *Signals and télé-sculptures.*  
 November : New York, Alexander Iolas Gallery: *Magnetic télé-sculptures and electromagnetic sculptures.*  
 1962 April : Milan, Galleria Schwarz: *Signals and télé-sculptures.*  
 1963 October : New York, Alexander Iolas Gallery: *Télé-sculptures, télé-paintings, télé-lights.*  
 1964 October : Paris, Galerie Alexandre Iolas: *Ten years of sculpture: 1954-1964.*  
 November : London, Signals' Showrooms:  
*Magnetic Exhibition, organised by Paul Keeler.*  
*Presentation in Signals by David Cortez de Medalla.*

Works by Takis are in the following public and private collections:

Museum of Modern Art, New York; Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas; Aremberg Collection, Stockholm; Alfred H. Barr, Jr, New York; The Hon Guy Brett, Watlington Park, Oxford; William and Noma Copley, New York; Daniel Cordier, Paris; D. Cortez de Medalla, Manila, Philippines; Caresse Crosby, Italy; The Marquise John de Cuevas, New York; Mrs Epstein's Collection, New York; Albert Gillou, Paris; Peggy Guggenheim, Venice; Brooks Jackson, New York; Collection Karandinos, Athens; Paul Keeler, Windsor; Collection of Mrs George Kulukundis, New York; Collection Le Corneur, Paris; William S. Lieberman, New York; Arnold Maremont, New York; Adelaide de Ménil, New York; Jean and Dominique de Ménil, Houston, Texas; Andre Mourgues, Paris; Mortin Neumann, Chicago; Lady Norton's Collection, London; Collection Potamianos, Athens; Collection of Miss Jeanne Reynal, New York; Nelson Rockefeller, New York; Collection of Mrs George Staempfli, New York; Mr and Mrs Arthur Stifel, Cannes; Burton Tremaine, New York; Collection of Comtesse Louise de Vilmorin, Paris; Weitzman Collection, New York; Collection Wertemar, Paris; Zacks Collection, Toronto.

**The Takis Exhibition opens on Friday the 20th November, 1964, at 2.30 pm, at 39 Wigmore Street, London, W1. It ends on December 19th and is open to the public, Monday to Friday, from 11 am to 7.30 pm. The Takis Exhibition has been made possible through the co-operation of Galerie Alexandre Iolas, Paris.**

## COLOSSUS IN SPACE

On November 20, 1964, SIGNALS LONDON moves to its new showrooms at 39 Wigmore Street, W1. On that day the Greek artist TAKIS VASSILAKIS will hold a one-man exhibition of magnetic sculpture to inaugurate Signals' new showrooms. Takis arrived in London last November 11 with his boyhood friend and fellow-sculptor, the 'angel-maker' Raimondos. (Many artists in Paris own an angel in wood by Raimondos.)

Takis is now preparing for the show 12-foot long Signals incorporating electric lights, a further development of his graceful tensile sculptures. Raimondos and Takis will stay in England as Signals' guests throughout the month of November and possibly till Christmas. This is Takis's third visit to England. England has to some extent deepened and nourished his vision.

The choice of Takis to inaugurate Signals' new showrooms is thus appropriate; indeed, it is thrice appropriate. Pythagoras, who loved numbers, will doubtless see in this event a deep significance. To begin with, it was Takis with his early tensile sculptures who inspired the beautiful name Signals.

Although he now lives partly in Paris and partly in Athens, and months before he met any of us, Takis has given our group — from its start exactly a year ago — his full support. More than just a name, he has also given us direction — inspiration for many of our activities.

Not many artists of international stature have given a group of young people such encouragement and enthusiasm as Takis has given us. When we wrote to Takis last year inviting him to participate in the international exhibition Soundings One at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, we (i.e., David Medalla and I) were young men unknown to him and quite inexperienced in the complicated ways of the art world. He accepted without any hesitation our invitation because, as he says, 'I believe in the young.'

The young, in turn, have returned this affection in full measure as you can see from the poems and essays printed here, which, incidentally, form but a mere fraction of many tributes to this Greek artist. The young are not alone in their enthusiasm: Takis counts among his admirers such well-known people as Caresse

Crosby, publisher of the now legendary Black Sun Press; the Dadaist Marcel Duchamp; the writers Louise de Vilmorin, Gregory Corso and William Burroughs; the poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko; and others — all of whom have made marks on modern art and literature.

Why this admiration? Because Takis, a completely self-taught artist, unites in him the hidden aspirations of our age: the dream of modern man to liberate himself from the tyranny of matter. Takis is not only an initiator of new tendencies in art; he is a pioneer of a whole vision of life, in which modern man's achievements are set against the intractable forces of nature — a dynamic symmetry of rhythm and growth known (but under different contexts) to the early Chinese philosophers and the pre-Socratic Greeks.

Elsewhere in this issue the French critic Alain Jouffroy and the art critic of The Times speak of energy as the subject of Takis's art, and of its source — Light.

Of the many treasures of ancient Greek civilization two things come to my mind as I write about Takis. The first is the opening scene from the Agamemnon of Aeschylus when the old guard, crouched on the rooftop of Agamemnon's palace, after years and years of waiting, finally sees — flashing across the mountains of Greece — the beacon signalling the end of the Trojan War. The second is an image from an old woodcut — of the Colossus of Rhodes astride between two promontories over the Aegean Sea.

The Aeschylean beacon heralded the end of an old regime and the beginning of a new epoch in Greek life.

The Colossus of Rhodes guided at night the ancient sailors who sailed the Mediterranean.

The Signals of TAKIS VASSILAKIS herald the beginning of a new epoch in modern art.

On November 29, 1960, when Takis launched the poet Sinclair Beiles into space (anticipating by nearly five months Yuri Gagarin's space-flight round the earth), — TAKIS became a modern Colossus — in Space. . . .

London 1964. Paul Keeler





The writer and ceramicist Christian Heiseck (on the left) dancing with Takis. Summer, 1952. The island of Hydra, Greece  
Photo: G. Violon

extracts from *Télesculptures de Takis*  
(to be published soon)  
Translated from the French by Sebastian Brett

... Then, suddenly, one evening in April 1959, I bumped into Takis on the pavement of the Rue de la Huchette where I was going with a friend to hear some jazz musician who had just arrived in Paris. 'It's happened,' said Takis. 'I've got it.' It sounded exactly like *Archimedes's Eureka!* Yes, joking apart, it was moving and beautiful. And he showed me the first *télé-magnetic* sculpture (it was I who coined the name the day after), in which metallic elements are held in suspense in the air by a magnet. So for the first time *magnetic energy* entered into the composition of a sculpture; it was incorporated into it as air is incorporated in baroque sculpture. Takis's joy and enthusiasm was ineffable, he was almost weeping. But what was the significance of such a discovery? Why attach so great an importance to it? Well, that is what should be explained here, and I feel almost incapable of it, because I do not think that one can understand such a complex phenomenon rationally, a phenomenon in which the possible and the impossible are so closely intertwined.

To begin with, sculpture was static by definition. Later, and not so long ago, it became mobile. But its very mobility took it in a direction its inventors never even dreamed of. This direction is that of space, of *total space*, with which the sculptor tends to identify himself completely, until the day when the artist will be able to capture the universe in an aerial net of his own invention. 'There will soon be electronic football matches between the planets,' a philosopher friend (himself a Greek too) told me one day. But these matches will still be games of which science will be the servant. Now Takis does not use the discoveries of science for purely lucid ends: he believes in the revelation these discoveries may produce in the human mind, a revelation of a spiritual as well as an emotional order. 'If art,' says Takis, 'has some relation with science, or vice versa, it is because they are both studying either optical or organic phenomena. In my view, the scientist must be looked upon as a creator.' For Takis *science and art are one*, and the distinctions operating in people's minds between them seem to him futile, or secondary: this certitude is rooted in him since his discovery of 1959.

'In our century,' Takis continues, 'it is perfectly obvious that the artist cannot remain indifferent to the extraordinary discoveries of science. What preoccupies the contemporary artist is not the human body, except as a preliminary study, but

## In The Centre Of All Things

By Alain Jouffroy

what proceeds from humanity after these discoveries.' For Takis human space is changed by science, and this change of space results in a change in the optics of art. *Télé-magnetic* sculpture, in which the elements are held in suspense in the air by the force of attraction exerted over them by magnets, coincides perfectly with this change of space. We recognize in it what constitutes the singularity of the human situation in the universe in the twentieth century: *man's realization of a planetary journey.*

*Télesculpture*, which could succeed sculpture just as television succeeded the cinema, this is what Takis is proposing today. But, what does it mean, this *télesculpture*?

The human world is small, and the distances separating the objects of man's knowledge are sometimes greater than his own imagination can conceive. So there is in man a distinct gap between the observable phenomenon and the known phenomenon: two worlds co-exist, which only converge through an abstract or mathematical operation. And yet, this *invisible* universe which is the field of scientific experience, and this *visible* universe which is man's environment, do something more than just co-exist: they *inter-penetrate* and support each other.

By incorporating magnetic energy into his sculpture, Takis forces the mind into a sort of conversion. Before these sculptures we no longer feel the same way as we did in front of *Bernini's Angel*, or *The Kiss by Rodin*: it is no longer the subject which makes sculpture possible. Faced by a sculpture by Takis, what we see counts less than what we do not see, and it is precisely this which Takis has in mind. The invisible material is no longer only symbolised in the forms of the sculpture, but it participates directly in their situation in space. We are no longer concerned with a myth, or with an idealistic conception of man and the universe, but a *materialisation* of the presence of invisible energy.

*Télesculpture* is a form of expression in which the forms no longer exist solitarily, aesthetically, in the static void of the contemplator's mind, but in which they exist by living a life independent of our own, in which they are the true breath of the world.

So the world, through the detour of energy, has come back to nourish directly an art which aesthetic speculations had divorced from it. The artist feeds once more on reality, on matter, and no one could claim any more that the artist has

categorically cut himself off from it. Art is a conciliation, and not only a homage to the forces of the universe. This conciliation can no longer have the symbolic aspect of an arch of alliance, its origins are material and concrete, and the artist is the first witness of it.

\* \* \*

*Télelumière*, the most important of all Takis's works, is directed towards *making visible* the action of the electro-magnet. Composed out of a mercury vapour lamp, it actually produces light by the collision of negative and positive electrons emitted by electrodes. But this light is disturbed by the electro-magnet fixed at the base of the lamp.

The light is only equal and continuous when negative and positive electrons are present within the lamp in a balanced quantity. Now the magnetic field of the magnet itself, negative or positive, exerts an attraction on the electrons of contrary signs, disrupting their proportions. This disruption is translated into a vibration of light in the whole lamp and as far as the mercury heated by the electrode, which also acts as a conductor. Thus the electro-magnet, in unleashing the vibration of light, makes *visible* the consequences of an *invisible* battle of electrons. The entire work is destined to *present*, and even to *demonstrate*. The resulting spectacle sends us straight back to the laws of matter, laws which we are encouraged to question ourselves.

It is as if *Télelumière* was reducing the work of art to an attempt at communication by *vibration*. What it communicates to us, what touches both our mind and our senses, is the *bared energy of matter*, and nothing else. Confronted with this absolute reality, more divine than human, we are placed by Takis at the centre of an edifice of pure phenomena. The *alchemy of the word* ceases to be an art, it now identifies itself with chemistry and the physics of moving things. *The word becomes light, the breathing of light.* Never perhaps has so much progress been made before, towards the reconciliation of art and science. Certainly never before has man progressed so far towards the reduction of the work of art to the very genesis of the visible phenomenon.

What *Télelumière* makes us see is the life of energy in its pure state. Within the vacuum of this lamp everything that is born, and everything that dies, beats like the pulse of the universe. And this tick-tock resounds in the centre of all things.

## STELE TO TAKIS

(Creator of modern aeolian harps/Apollo to the Magneto-Muses/Donor of Votive Figures to the Lares & Penates of nuclear hearths)

FULL FOLLOW-THROUGH  
ON-SITE ERECTION  
ERECTING THREE ANTENNAS  
SIMULTANEOUSLY  
IN THREE WIDE-SPREAD  
LOCATIONS  
MAINTAINS A HIGH DEGREE  
OF CO-ORDINATION  
(IN ALL REFLECTOR ALTITUDES)  
WITH OTHER CO-ORDINATORS  
OPERATIONAL READINESS  
ACCURATE PERFORMANCE  
FULL-FIELD OPERATION  
ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD

DAVID MEDALLA

Paris 1961

### Salons: Paris

Salon des Realites Nouvelles: 1956  
Salon Comparaisons: 1957, 1960, 1962, 1963, 1964.  
Salon de la Jeune Sculpture: 1959, 1960.  
Salon de Mai: 1960.

### Group exhibitions in which Takis participated

1954: London, Institute of Contemporary Arts.  
1955: London, Institute of Contemporary Arts.  
1956: Paris, Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris: *First International Exhibition of Plastic Art.*  
Paris, Galerie Iris Clert.  
London, Hanover Gallery: *Contemporary Sculpture.*  
1958: Paris, Galerie Claude Bernard: *Sculptures.*  
1959: Paris, Galerie Claude Bernard: *Sculpture Today.*  
New York, Staempfli Gallery: *Fourteen European Sculptors.*  
New York, Museum of Modern Art: *Recent Acquisitions.*  
1960: Paris, Galerie des Quatre Saisons.  
Saint-Etienne, Musée d'Art et d'Industrie: *100 sculptors from Daumier to our day.*  
New York, Martha Jackson Gallery: *New Materials.*  
1961: Amsterdam, Stedelijk Museum: *Art and Movement.*  
Stockholm, Moderna Museet: *Art and Movement.*  
Humlebeck, Denmark, Louisiana Museum: *Art and Movement.*  
1962: Paris, Musée des Arts Decoratifs: *The Object.*  
Venice, Galerie Iris Clert: *Piccola Biennale.*  
New York, Museum of Modern Art: *Recent Acquisitions.*  
Paris, Galerie du Cercle Rive Gauche: *Half a century of sculpture.*  
1963: Paris, Galerie Iris Clert: *Salon d'Avril.*  
Paris, Galerie Diderot: *Structures Vivantes (with Soto and Pol Bury).*  
Paris, Galerie Creuze: *Actualité de la Sculpture.*  
Lausanne, Musée Cantonal: *Les Galeries Pilotes.*  
1964: Oxford, Ashmolean Museum: *Soundings One, an international exhibition of painting and sculpture organised by Paul Keeler under the sponsorship of the Oxford University Art Club.*  
London, Redfern Gallery: *Structures Vivantes.*  
London, 92 Cornwall Gardens: *Signals* exhibition: *First Pilot Show of Kinetic Art.*  
Venice, Villa La Malcontenta: *Signals Nocturnal* exhibition of mobile sculpture by Takis, Medalla, Salvadori and Liliane Lijn.  
Zurich, Galerie Gimpel-Hanover: *Movement.*  
London, 92 Cornwall Gardens: *Signals* exhibition: *Second Pilot Show of Kinetic art from six continents.*  
Houston, Texas, Museum of Fine Arts: *New Acquisitions.*  
Buenos Aires, Argentina, Instituto Torcuato di Tella: *International Prize.*  
London, 92 Cornwall Gardens: *Signals* exhibition: *First Festival of Modern Art from Latin America (in which Takis was one of seven guest-artists), organised by Paul Keeler.*

## 'Thus — TAKIS, gay laborer of magnetic fields and indicator of gentle railways'

Marcel Duchamp

New York 1961



L to R: Paul Keeler, Raimondos, Takis and Alexander Iolas in a cafe at Place St-Michel, Paris, last summer. Girl in background unidentified  
Photo: Emil Cadore



## CHAPTER XXVII

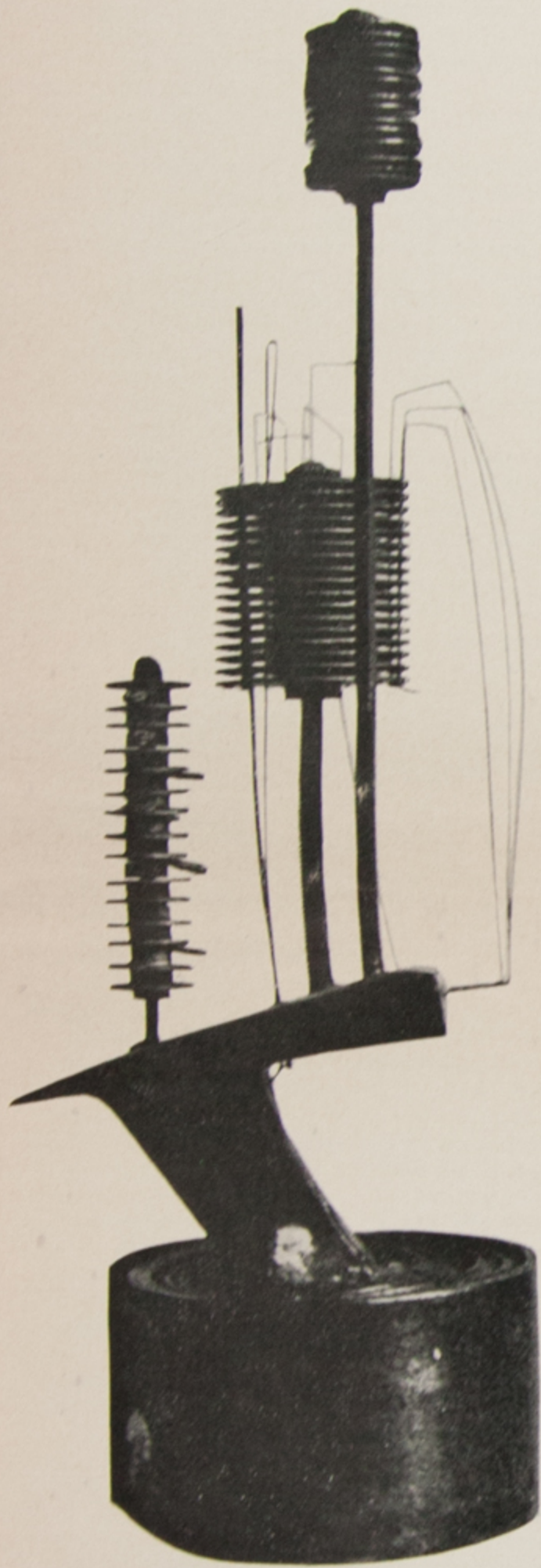
an extract from *Who in the World*The Autobiography of  
Caresse Crosby

On my breakfast tray in the Castle one September morning, 1960, a letter from **Jim Gazis** tells me that the Government is measuring my land in Delphi with an acquisitive eye; this alarmed and troubled me. I asked **Takis** (I had to go up to the battlements to discover him at work placing his 'Signal') what he believed this news portended, and whether the Government of Greece had the right to take over private property at will or whim.

'Yes, they do,' he said. 'Your only hope and protection is to build quickly a wall all the way round and also to go and be there when the surveyors return. The wall should be shoulder-high,' he added, 'and at least a foot of foundation dug into the earth. I know about these things.' As he said this, the picture of **Takis**, master-builder, shirtless and triumphant, astride the rooftop of his one-night-built studio hard by the railroad tracks, came to mind as it had done so often in the last ten years.

He had been sleeping in the Melethon Park like a fallen Icarus. He was pointed out to me but I did not meet him then. It was a month later, while I sat sunning myself like one of the lazy, little lizards that decorated the stone flags of the terrace of the **Ghika's** summer place on the island of Hydra, that I was enticed by the murmur of ripples on the tiny beach below and the sound of gay young laughter that was funneled up through the megaphone of perpendicular rock rising from the cup-like cove at its base. I could just make out the forms of young men naked as gods, and children merry as minnows, in the sea and, of a sudden, the terrace, the garden at my back, the sound of the broom and the slip-slosh of the water on the cool tiled hallways within became the past; the future spread out below me and before me to the far horizon.

I called hopefully for the guide with his donkey, the peasant who had led us up the steep and dangerously precipitous cliffs the evening before after the daily mail boat from Piraeus had discharged its passengers on the pier, but of course, he was gone. **Michael** and **Bill** and I had taken the precaution of eating crayfish and cheese and bread washed down with ouzo at a quayside tavern before commandeering the guide and his beast of burden to carry me and the luggage to our destination on the farther cliffs. **Tiggie Ghika** back in Athens had alerted her gardener by letter and had said that there would be a light in the hallway and blankets and sheets on the beds, but the actuality of our destination was a mystery to us. It was our first Greek island and our first night in a strange and beautiful house of marble halls and casements opening upon 'seas in faire lands forlorne'. We'd heard about its faded grandeur and also of its lonely and solitary site. It was an adventure, as all journeys are through these island landscapes, and ever present were the pagan gods and goddesses. No need for lamps when we arrived for the moon was full, and the huge beds, decked with freshly washed, heavily embroidered linen and piled with flowered eiderdown, were a welcome boon. The guide with the donkey clattered away down the path with a ringing 'Kalispera' and the old guardian waved us in with assurances that



Takis: *Electronic Flower*, 1957. An important transition work from the early bronze idols to the first signals  
Photo: Clay Perry

I had met him first in Athens in the early 50's. I believe it was **Col Valoudios**, that intrepid flyer representing the entire Greek Air Force of World War I, who introduced me to the shy, proud and hungry young man—not only belly-hungry but spirit-hungry for a world he had not yet encountered, the world of ideas made manifest by a young and anarchistic international underground of men of culture—a brotherhood of the young, fiercely seeking the values of self-expression that through two World Wars had eluded them—to be strong, to be true to the eternal and fundamental values of art in our time, were the spars to be reached for by rebellious minds floating amid the wreckage of disaster.

**Takis** was hungry; he had no proper clothes, only ragged shirt and trousers.



Takis: *The Mermaid*, 1952  
Photo: Clay Perry

his daughter would be up in the morning with fresh eggs and butter and lemons for tea—sugar and bread we had brought—and then what a deep and dreamless sleep we all fell into! Just once I stirred as fingers seemed to brush my cheek.



Takis and olive tree. In the background: his centre in Terma Patissia outside Athens, 1964  
Photo: Liliane Lijn

Now it was midmorning and the boys already up and away. I had said I would sleep till noon but now I, too, longed to plunge into the clear cold sea.

**Rosa**, who had brought the eggs and butter, said she'd show me the way. One couldn't, she said, go right down; one skirted ledge and ravine and sheepfold and little gardens edged with lace-like jagged stones. It took longer than I imagined but when, after circling a huge boulder, I came suddenly upon the hidden cove, what fun it was! They were all there, **Michael** and **Bill**, **Christopher** and **Lili** and **Takis**, dripping from the Aegean sea. They ran to meet me and down we flopped upon the golden (no other word describes it) sand.

The game they were playing was 'picture gallery' and each one was on his knees before his work of art. The five exhibits, framed in seashells or lobster claws, stretched the length of the tiny beach. They made a place for me and I began with a handful of slippery, shining seaweed to clothe an image of my imagination. My exhibit was definitely surrealist; **Takis**, the Greek, was

the only classicist. To find material for one's creation necessitated plunging into and below the waves and scooping under rocks.

By lunchtime we were famished and **Lili** and **Christopher** invited us to their house on the rock above the cove to drink ouzo, suck peppered shrimp, icy cold, and finally partake of a huge dish of polenta and olives. Our hunger quenched, we were shown the kiln in **Christopher's** studio and the summer work that had been done there. There were plates and cups, with lovely cabalistic designs, and some delicate medals and nacréd pendants done by **Takis**. He gave me a beautiful little medal, irregularly oval, with a blue and silver mermaid enameled on its surface. I have it with me, as I write, and through the crenellations of the castle turrets I can see, seven years later, **Takis** at work on his latest sculpture, delicate, slender and immensely tall, signaling to the world of the future; both the artist and his work were beautiful. The village below was straining its neck and shading its eyes to gaze. . . .



# MAGNETIC MANIFESTO

READ AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST MAN IN SPACE ON THE EVE OF THE VERNISSAGE **TAKIS** AT GALERIE IRIS CLERT THE 29th NOVEMBER 1960 WRITTEN BY **SINCLAIR BEILES** SUBJECT OF THE EXPERIMENT ADVISORY EDITOR CONTINENTAL EUROPE 'THE OUTSIDER.'



I AM A SCULPTURE. THERE ARE OTHER SCULPTURES LIKE ME. THE MAIN DIFFERENCE IS THAT THEY CANNOT SPEAK. WHEN SOME OF THE SCULPTURES TRY TO SPEAK THEY EXPLODE. THEY CAUSE DEATH. WHEN I SPEAK '**BOMB**' BY GREGORY CORSO I AM SPEAKING LIFE AND DEATH AND NO ONE IS GETTING HURT. TWO KINDS OF IMAGES CAN BE MADE OF ME. ONE HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE. THIS IS THE NUCLEAR BOMB. THE OTHER IS A LONG-LIVED MACHINE MAN, SUB-HUMAN OR SUPER-HUMAN I CANNOT SAY. SUPER-HUMANS WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO CONCEIVE SINCE WE HUMANS OF FLESH ARE SUPER-MIRRORS FOR ALL ORGANIC LIFE. I AM A SCULPTURE. I AM HERE TO BE BOUGHT. I HOPE THAT THE PERSON WHO BUYS ME WILL TRANSPORT ME TO HIROSHIMA TO WITNESS **TAKIS** MAKING ANOTHER SCULPTURE FROM THE ACTUAL MECHANISM OF A HYDROGEN BOMB. I WOULD LIKE TO SEE ALL THE NUCLEAR BOMBS ON EARTH TURNED INTO SCULPTURES. GUNS AND BAYONETS? . . . STAGE STUFF FOR HISTORY PAGEANTS PLAYED BY THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD.



Photo: Hans Haacke

SINCLAIR BEILES IN SPACE LAUNCHED BY TAKIS, 29th NOVEMBER 1960.



## A NOTE ON THE TAKIS DIALOGUES

The **Takis Dialogues** were adapted from the Greek into English by **Liliane Lijn**. The place where the dialogue occurred: Paris. The date: 1961.

### Personae

1st Person.  
2nd Person.  
Takis.

1st P: What's this sculpture?

2nd P: That is a new **Takis**.

1st P: No! You don't say? It is not possible! So different! Oh, this one here is by **C**, I know it well, and this is **Z**'s, and you have a good **G** here. Oh yes, you certainly do have a wonderful collection.

2nd P: Oh here comes **T**.

1st P: How do you do? I have just been looking at your new piece of work. It is so different from the old ones, one cannot recognise it. It is rather interesting, but I like your old work better.

**T**: I am very glad to hear that. I do not expect you to like it since you don't know it. Perhaps, later, if you get to know it, you will start liking it. I feel the same way. I don't like my new works, but with time I get used to them and like them.

1st P: Oh how interesting, Mr **T**! I would like you to tell me more.

**T**: In our century we are inclined to like what is repetitious.

When I first arrived in Paris, a friend of mine told me: 'If, **T**, you want to have success, this is what you must do: make a figure slightly reminiscent (in the subconscious of the spectator) of a piece of a great master, for example, **Rodin**, or even **Maillol**. But, be careful, it should just be a reminder in the subconscious. Afterwards repeat this figure, in slight variations, 2,000 times or even more, and try to spread these figures all over the world. I guarantee that very soon you will be famous.'

That impressed me because my friend was no fool, but I could not believe it. Two years later, a German sculptor had an exhibition at **Iris Clert's** gallery. It was very poor work. In one corner he had a small sculpture that was nicer than the rest. Everyone who, out of politeness, felt he had to say something, said one nice word to him about that little sculpture. Someone even bought it. On the whole, the exhibition was very unsuccessful. Three months later the German sculptor sent **Iris** about fifty pieces exactly like the one which had been sold and about which some people had said one nice word. In an interval of two years he made about two thousand pieces of this same sculpture, with one difference: some were small, others large. Today this sculptor is represented in all the big collections and museums.

He is more well-known than I am but in these years I have changed my work three times. So I am sure that tonight you recognised immediately the work of the German sculptor and said, 'Oh this is **K**' and if there had been three other people around you, they would have heard his name and recognised his work. And about my work you said, 'What's this?', and if my friend had not been next to you, you would not have bothered to find out who did it, perhaps because you don't feel like wasting your time with something you don't know. We don't like to talk to strangers unless someone introduces us. Most famous artists know this or feel this, so they manage to prevent their work from remaining unknown by always wearing the same signs. And from far away we recognise their work and say, **This is by T, and that is by B**, and so on.

1st P: Mr **T**, I think you exaggerate, although I can't say you are bitter because you are well-known, only your latest works are unknown.

**T**: If you can believe me, I do not desire to be known. I like the unknown. It is very difficult to like the unknown, as in life, and very dangerous. As I am an artist and not a hero, I look only for the unknown in Art. And yet you may tell me that famous artists are the best artists just as famous products are the best products. And you will be right, Mr 1st Person. I understand that when you want mineral water you order **Vichy** or **Perrier** and you will be quite right in ordering these brands. They are made by successful firms. These brand-names stand for products which come in the nicest bottles the contents of which are most likely of the highest quality. Because these companies have large capitals at their disposal, they can develop their technical systems and filtrage in the best possible way. I must tell you, however, that little-known firms may also produce equally good products. **Vittellose**, for instance, is not a very well known mineral water, but it is wonderful water.

This is exactly what happens to successful artists today. Having money, they polish their work very well, frame them wonderfully, set them on fine bases so that when you buy them, not only will they fit in well with your decor, but they also won't scratch your furniture or your walls. So you are buying a civilized piece of art, very well known, since it is like the other pieces which are in such and such collections and in such and such museums. Nowadays you have a popular piece of art like you have a popular guest at your party.

1st P: So, Mr **Takis**, I gather you would hate to be famous.



Takis and an unidentified lady on the evening of his magnetic manifestation **The Impossible: A Man in Space**. November 29, 1960. Paris. In the background: maquette by Takis of his man in space.

**T**: I cannot afford to hate that, I cannot be an unknown artist, I would not be able to live. Just think, who would take care of me? We artists cannot live at the expense of the government today because the government does not need us. Therefore there exist today so many known artists. In all the great periods of art, the artists remained anonymous. In Egypt, for example, the Pharaoh took care of the artists, and the artists in turn were perfectly happy to remain anonymous.

1st P: But, Mr **Takis**, I cannot believe that artists are so commercial today, because that is what you are driving at.

**T**: I understand that, Mr 1st P. They don't believe they are commercial either, they are only too happy to be called Artists, they would hate to realize what they really are. Actually most of them do not even suspect how commercial they are.

1st P: Are these things you are telling me your confession?

**T**: More or less. I hope next time you see a piece of my work you will not recognise it, and I hope I will remain anonymous all my life.

1st P: Mr **Takis**, I think I can show you that you are not so correct in your assumptions. After all **Picasso** has constantly changed the style of his work and yet who is more famous than he, or more loved?

**T**: Yes, you're right there. But **Picasso** is the only one. I won't try to prove to you how commercial he is, but remember, he was the most scandalous artist of this century. Today it is enough to see his signature. That signature will make anything valuable.

Look at all the other artists. They were uneasy only in their early work. Then they all established signs which can be recognised as theirs from afar. Look, for example, at **Giacometti's** early work. It was so varied. But for twenty years now he just keeps on making standing or walking figures. In this way he gives the impression that he has started his work from the end. On the other hand, with **Rodin**, it was just the contrary; he started from the beginning and ended at the end.

All the other artists, with very few exceptions, do what **Giacometti** does. In their youth they were uneasy, searching for the unknown; finally they were in danger of becoming unknown themselves. So, unconsciously perhaps, they established one of their discoveries, and then became known. Now that they are known, they are afraid to continue their search into the unknown for fear of disestablishing their known work — all this perhaps unconsciously.

1st P: You mean to tell me, Mr **Takis**, that today Art is commercial as well as the artists?

**T**: Perhaps what I am about to tell you will be worse. Don't forget that we live in a touristic century. I don't know how tourism functions exactly but it is very obvious that it is a great disease. We have touristic breasts, touristic films, theatre, songs . . . entire nations live on tourism.

We even have touristic wars. In Israel I noticed there is a Minister of Tourism, and of course there was the touristic trial of **Eichmann**.

**B.B.** attempted a touristic suicide and then **Clouzot** filmed it. We produce touristic panties and touristic bras. For a long long time now tourism has been in our blood and in the marrow of our bones. We feel calm thinking that touristic art is shown only in Montmartre. But I am afraid tourism is very deeply rooted in our brains already.

1st P: How about the serious artists today?

**T**: Unknown, Sir.

1st P: But that's terrible! to go always towards the unknown.

**T**: I know that when you travel you go only to places where you are sure to find good water good food and good mattresses, and sweet heard-before music for your ears. And you are right, Sir. It is difficult to be unknown today. After all today we can make a trip around the world in one hour. We have photographed every stone on this planet. Poor Earth, you are so famous.

Get away from this earth, Man! Go out into space! Only there will you be safe.

Mr 1st Person leaves to go to the 'Unknown Club'. But as he did not know where it was, he had to ask someone for direction.

**BECOME GREEK BY STAYING IN GREECE**

**COME TO MOROKO BE ARAB FOR A DAY**

**STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MAN or fly out into space!**

There is no other place for you.

Mr 2nd Person goes over to Takis and says:

2nd P: Are you so disappointed in our century that you would prefer to live in another age? The Renaissance, for instance?

**T**: Not really. You see, the decadence of art began with the Golden Age of **Pericles**. **Phedias** and **Praxiteles** created for the eye's pleasure. For this reason the masses of today understand them so well. The fame of **Venus** and **Hermes** is greater than that of any other sculptures, although there are great masterpieces in Egyptian art, in Indian art, etc.

Since **Pericles** there have been, nevertheless, periods of anonymous art, such as the Byzantine, the Roman, the Etruscan and other famous schools.

2nd P: You mean you would prefer to live in the Byzantine epoch or the twelfth century?

**T**: The only time I would find interesting to live in, outside our century, would be the time

of **King Minos**. And I would like to have been **Daedalus**.

But I prefer living in our touristic century. For instance, today, in Paris, we can see wonderful **Michelangelos** in the cabaret **Carrousel**, **Botticellis** at the famous **Lido**, **Leonardo da Vinci** at the **Sexy-Horse** night-club, and **Lucas Cranachs** in secret brothels.

2nd P: But could you state definitely: Are there any artists existing today?

**T**: Yes. All the known artists have been ARTISTS in their youth. And all the unknown ARTISTS who, if they don't become known, will be condemned by our touristic age.

2nd P: You sound as if you hate our century.

**T**: Not at all. This century holds all the possibilities of freeing man. Therefore I would not want to live one day further in the past; on the contrary, I would love to be alive two thousand years from now.

2nd P: But you are an ARTIST, **Takis**, and it seems normal to me that as an ARTIST you should want to live in a century in which ART flourished.

**T**: Yes, for me the greatest ARTIST of all centuries was **DAEDALUS**, and his masterpiece: **ICAROS**.

Before him all the ARTISTS made gods — people of space — and through the creation of these gods they hoped to liberate themselves skyward.

Well, as you know, **Gagarin** is a successful **ICAROS**. Today we are nearer than ever to what all ARTISTS throughout the centuries had hoped for.

When the first Bomb fell in Hiroshima, I was in Salonika. I saluted this Bomb as the ending of the war. It was the first great victory of humanity in the struggle towards truth. Since then, and just a few days ago, **Gagarin** returned from his flight into space. I tell you, I would not like to live one day earlier, but a century later. I think, however, that this century may be the most interesting for my temperament, as I like things which are not yet finished, but are only beginning, developing. . . .

2nd P: What do you think of DADA? The Dadaists were perhaps the first artists to be occupied with the machine.

**T**: They are very intelligent husbands. Seeing new lovers around their wives, the dadaist-husbands make bad imitations of them, hoping in this way to keep their wives a little longer. But I think that soon these old people will not be able to joke anymore, and alas the new lovers will take away their wives.

2nd P: Who are these new lovers?

**Takis**: Inventors, sir, Discoverers, Space Pilots, sir, **SPACE ENGINEERS!!!**

## THE TAKIS DIALOGUES: I



## GYSIN PERMUTATES/TAKIS ACE OF SPACE

By Sinclair Beiles



Yuri Gagarin on his way to Outer Space. 2 April 1961

One aspect — space is not anthropomorphic — not imagistic — anti-adjectival image / Any word radiating entity in itself.

• • •

The sonnet form has corresponding to it certain solid geom. structures likewise cert. Latin Poems of 13th cent. with 448844 struct.

Gysin's permuted poems involves the drawing of words into an electro-magnetic structure crystalline in shape (electroencephalographic structure) . . . a kind of armature on which the words are slung, an armature which has polarity as much as virus crystals have polarity and with an associative geometric growth that corresponds to the rate of reproduction of the tobacco, mosaic virus . . . the permuted repetition has the effect of ordering areas of brain impulses into a form where they display maximum radio-receptivity to exterior waves connected with the words of the particular permutation . . . from certain expts conducted with a permuted poem and one of Takis's sculptures it becomes evident that the kind of electro-magnetic disturbances created in the field of his sculptures are eminently 'picked up' by someone actually permutating one of these poems, thus setting brain impulses in 'crystal set' alignment.

. . . the relationship between crystals and magnetism well established . . . see the work of Poisson 1822, Plucker 1847, Faraday, Tyndall . . . (even as early as)

• • •

Clear connection between WORD-VIRUS which is crystal—Magnetism (not waves or particles . . . these terms don't figure anymore due to my Nieman Theory of Space), Takis's Iron Plants . . . a field of them giving off the same electro-magnetic ocean as Van Gogh was receptive to his cornfield. Buff 1850 demonstrated that botanical plants, particularly corn, has polarity at the leaves and at the roots.

• • •

The partially deflected sonnet expresses the two steps necessary (general) to the formation of life, i.e. cells which reproduce . . . from inorganic materials.

### Of Magnetic Movements

an excerpt from DE MAGNETE by William Gilbert (1600)

translated from the Latin into English by P. Fleury Mottelay

Of opinions touching the loadstone and its varieties; of its poles and its recognized faculties (*facultatibus*); of iron and its properties; of the magnetic substance common to loadstone and iron and the earth itself, — we have treated briefly in the foregoing book. Now remain the magnetic movements and their broader philosophy as developed by experiments and demonstrations. These movements are impulses of homogenous parts towards one another or toward the primary conformation of the whole earth. Aristotle admits only two simple movements of his elements — from the centre and toward the centre; light objects upward, heavy objects downward: so that in the earth there is but one motion of all its parts towards the centre of the world, — a wild headlong falling. We, however, will elsewhere consider what this 'light' may be, and will show how erroneously it is inferred by the Peripatetics from the simple motion of the elements; we shall also inquire what 'heavy' means. But now we have to inquire into the causes of the other movements depending on its true form: these we see clearly in all magnetic bodies; these also we find existing in the earth and all its homogenic parts; further, we find that they are in accord with the earth, and are bound up in its forces.

Now five movements or differences of movement are perceived by us: COITION (commonly called attraction), an impulsion to magnetic union;

DIRECTION toward the earth's poles, and verticity of the earth toward determinate points in the universe, and the standstill there;

VARIATION, deflection from the meridian, — this we call a perverted motion;

DECLINATION (inclination or dip), a descent of the magnetic pole beneath the horizon; and circular movement, or

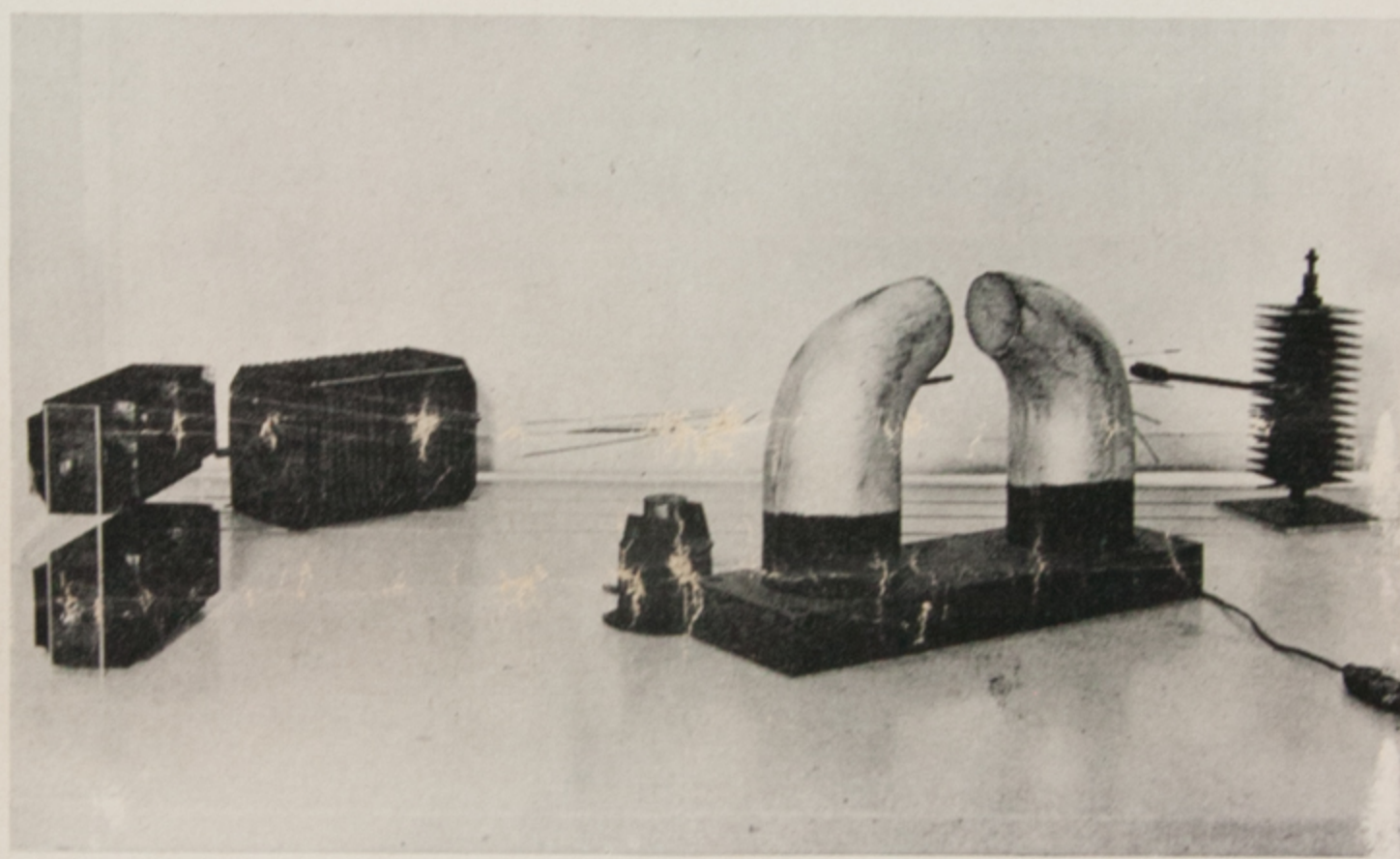
REVOLUTION.

Jofrancus Offusius distinguishes several magnetic movements, the first to the centre, for only at the poles is it in a right line to the centre, if the motion is magnetic, otherwise it is only the movement of matter towards its mass and toward the earth.

The second, of 77 degrees to the pole, is no movement, but a direction or variation to the earth's pole.

The third and the fourth are magnetic, and are but one movement. Thus this author recognizes no true magnetic movement but coition toward iron or loadstone, commonly known as attraction.

There is another movement in the earth as a whole, which does not take place toward the terrella or the parts, i.e. the movement of co-cervation and the movement of matter called by philosophers a 'right movement'; of that elsewhere.



Takis : Télésculpture. 1964

### The Great Novelty in Takis's Art

By Alain Jouffroy

Takis has just published a book *Estafilades*<sup>1</sup> in which one can find a great deal of useful information about his life, his dreams, his ideas and his temperament.

This document of an absolute authenticity helps us to understand the real situation of a young artist in the world today. Do you understand what this means *Something pulls. Something gets to the point?*<sup>2</sup>

The fact that Takis loves the event, the lived anecdote, the total confession, makes it impossible to think that he could ever be a stranger to his own work.

Everyone of his sculptures has the same bareness, directness and sharpness. Only a few artists have been able to remain faithful to such bareness and simplicity. But it is precisely this purity which makes his works fascinating communication. His first *Flowers*, his *Sphinx*, his *Signals*, and finally his *télé-magnetic sculptures* which he discovered in April 1959, give the most eloquent and sober homage to the forces which pass through matter.

The great novelty in Takis's art, novelty which emerges precisely from the actual chaotic *avant-garde*, is that he reduces every reality to the essential, i.e., to himself.

His *télé-magnetic sculptures* are masterpieces because they encompass magically the magnetism which holds the whole universe in suspense.

Today Takis retains in the same way the energy of light. For Takis, every work of art has to capture energy. And the forms he chooses are only there to clarify as much as possible energy's unexplored beauty.

Never, since *Brancusi*, has a sculptor penetrated the elemental so deeply. That is why I salute Takis as one of the great witnesses of the future world: the world in which all energy will have been captured.

<sup>1</sup> Editions Julliard, with 11 illustrations, 1961.

<sup>2</sup> Words of the Master in *Le Zen dans l'art chevaleresque du tir à l'arc* by E. Herrigel, Lyon, Derain, 1958.

' . . . The steel birds find the air increasingly crowded, . . . and this has become possible, at this time, when every man and woman . . . have all together set out to turn mankind's dream of conquering the heights beyond the clouds into reality. . . .'

K. E. TSIOLKOVSKY  
(1857-1935)

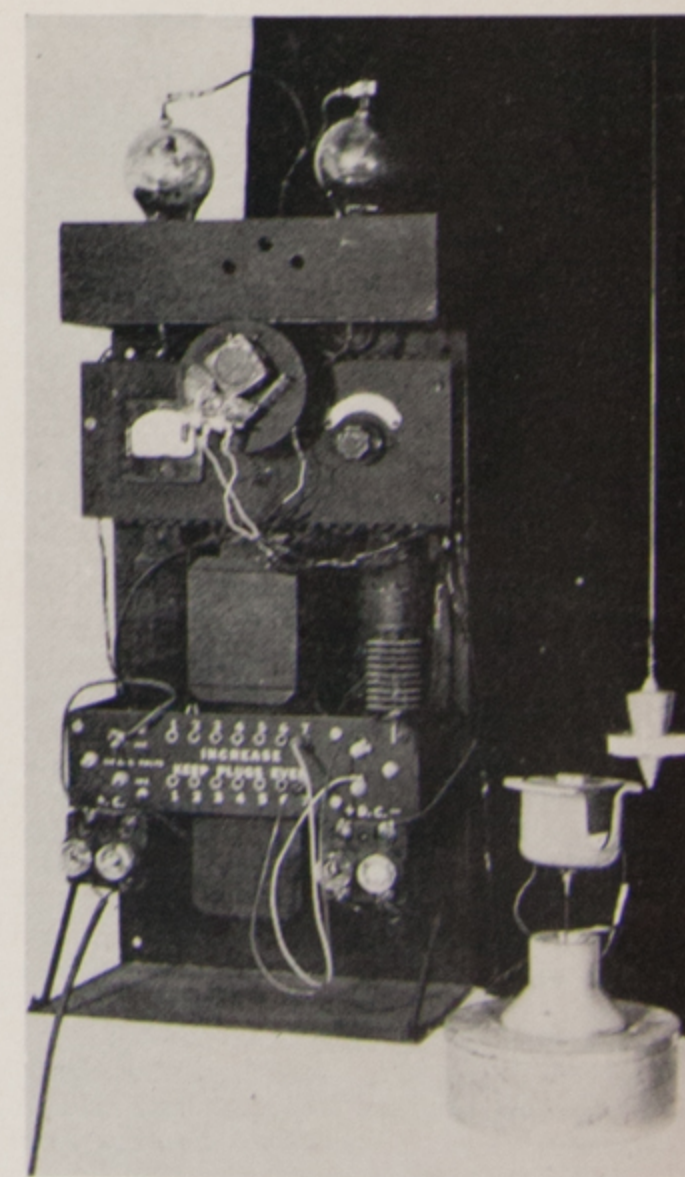
Father of Russian astronautics, pioneer of rocketry and inter-planetary communications.  
From a speech recorded in 1933.

### SYNTHESIS OF SEVEN CUTUPS OF 'TO EXPEL DEMONS'

#### THE DEMON'S UTTERANCE

By George Andrews

O all gold of soul a fire of all the solar name thunder, phoenix essence, the sunbird germ circle weaves ultimate spiral to heart. Open the splendour. Form that lightning wreathes. Dance my circle the O the eyes the potent song of the winged white goddess. Voice the tale of the solar pulsebeat. All from a demon's finger. You're inside the hidden music. Vibrant the heart diamond. Love is the test. This brilliance, the solar circle, reveals the bones of the universe, one potent sunbird structure. Hidden that essence in the clear circular petals of the body. The flower of the hidden fire palpitates in round of blood swings weird rainbow finger come inside the soul is master circle is the dance of the demon's utterance. My gold is thunder, a germ of the flame of the hidden test of love. Play forms my heart to round the splendour of the rainbow. Solar impulse calls fire shades rarest flower circle. Protect the ashes of the goddess of the age of gold. The free are temple growth, all light. One in a cell, cat's tale solitude, moonmint perfume pinpoint ray. Myths in cavern play longdead music ring O round the wild circle elixir of fury whirlpool dance of the inside truth the petals hurt me the riddle to after blood of the round truth rainbow. Free frozen swing sunbird souls rose gold blooms winged flame mounting joy permeates tender inside of all human reborn with the is whose petals the tale of is truth.



Takis : Téléphota : A vertical line touching a flower. 1962



## TAKIS SHOWS PARIS TEN YEARS' WORK IN THE SCULPTING OF ENERGY

From Our Art Critic, 'The Times', 14.10.64

It is the strength of the exhibition of ten years' work by the Greek sculptor Takis at the *Galerie Alexandre Iolas, 196 Boulevard St Germain, Paris, 7*, for the next month, that its connexion with the 'art world' appears to be slight, and this is certainly an event in a city which has 'seen everything' like Paris. There are plenty who boast that their work has nothing to do with art and it sounds fine at a private view crowded with critics, but the same work often wilts when taken into the street. At the Takis show there is the powerful and unmistakable feeling of contact between a man and his times, rather than with the art of his times. He seems in fact to come from the other direction — in from the street.

And in a sense Takis has approached sculpture in the reverse direction. Instead of taking conventional ideas of form and applying them to the 'landscape' of today — as, for instance, junk sculptors have tended to do — Takis has sought to discover the essential spirit that animates man and the world today, how it is related to impulses that have always lurked behind the visible world, and how the materials available can be made to give evidence of these forces.

These words 'essential' and 'spirit' are important. Takis limits himself to essentials in the manner of an archaic Greek artist. His work is not alluring, it does not evoke longing, pain, perfection, pleasure or the absence of pleasure. He is inspired by a similar quality of dry, flickering activity shared by the Greek landscape and, say a railway yard alive with signals and gantries. Yet he depicts neither. In both and elsewhere he finds instances of matter alive with energy, and the 'nature' he explores is the same studied by scientists in terms of wave mechanics and light impulses. His forms are always affected by the air around them, and he includes forms — made or found — only in so far as they appear to receive or actually transmit impulses of energy.

It may be a surprise to learn that the flower is one of Takis's most constant images, although he doesn't think of the flower in terms of pretty colours, soft textures or even organic growth. For him the flower bridges the gap between earth and sky. It is a channel for the passage of impulses drawn up from the earth and thrown into the sky as blossom. It records energy like a seismograph, and Takis has indeed transformed the flower into a mechanism, sensing an essential similarity — first in the clean, heavy machine forms of the early static sculptures and finally in the flickering blue blossom in the mercury lamps.

This has been the general direction of his

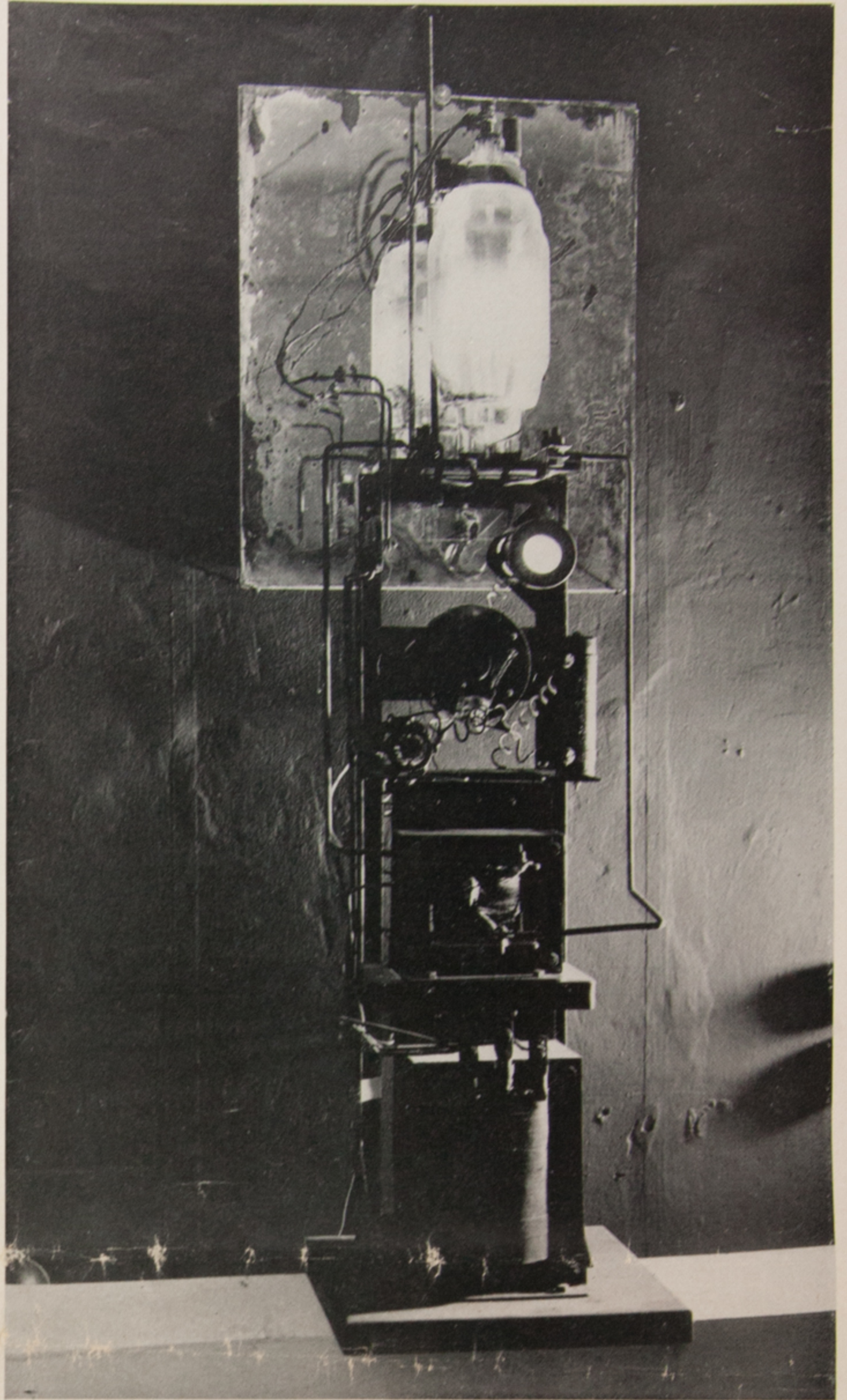
development over the past ten years. Certain decisive discoveries along the way have served to make his purpose clearer, his path more lonely and even his actual activities more dangerous. In fact his journey has been as much that of an inventor as artist, although his inventions have always followed the essential nature of his spirit rather than been pursued from a belief that art should modernize itself like a railway system by getting involved with new materials and processes.

His first key discovery stands out as that of magnetism. The swaying, reed-like 'Signals' made before that moment, although works of extraordinary grace, do not quite live up to their name; rather than transmit they seem to catch signals from the surrounding air. But a magnet throws out fields of force around it and if it is made the active centre of a work of art the whole drama of impulse transmission and reception is contained within the work. Solid bodies — spanners, needles, cones — are held by an anchored wire a few millimetres from the magnet. The anchorage points at varying distances from the magnet, with the lines of wire rushing towards it, opens up the composition over a wide area so that the full force of the magnet's presence can be felt. Around the focal point of the magnet the flying bodies quiver and wave in the storm of unseen forces affecting them.

The other important discovery, made quite recently, is obviously the mercury lamps. Here the impulses of energy, instead of being only visible from their effect on solid bodies, become blue sparks which dance freely and wildly over the surface of a pool of mercury within the lamp. The complex electronic equipment which makes up these works looks, and no doubt is, frankly frightening. To concentrate and define the power of the forces he uses Takis has built the equipment up into upright objects which have the frontality and symmetry of archaic gods.

This is ten years' work by quite a young man, yet it establishes him as a genuine artistic liberator. One never gets the feeling that his spirit has been tailored to fit what may *reasonably* be done in sculpture, and it would be stultifying to write about him in terms of schools and influences. Certainly Takis's sense of design, colour, proportion, is refined, even fastidious, but it is what comes out of his sculptures that is impressive. Form, materials, and appearance have all changed continually and radically as the artist has become more conscious of his power to exhibit the vital life of matter.

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Takis: Téléphota. 1963. 'The Mirror of a Soul'

## TAKISCAPE ONE

By Giulio Fava

Over flat expanses of water or sand marked only by the quick turns of electric fishes or inscrutable insects eternally prying, the air is so overcharged with energy that any creature of flesh and blood not conductive enough to handle matter as sharp and fine as needles is driven away with a headache. The dull leaders of conquering armies, their tailored uniforms pinched and creaking with the sand, thought they could civilise the desert by erecting monuments suitably inscribed with grandiose rhetoric; but of their efforts 'nothing besides remains'.

The desert grows thin poles, gantries, trellis-work, saucers of cobweb-steel. For weight, blockish and stolid heaping, even mountains, are no anchor against these currents — but only wires in high-tension, for the currents must pass **THEY MUST PASS**. 'The material is employed only as the carrier of forces' — a stick held in the river produces upon the surface an arrow denoting the passage of energy.

In the desert, over the sea, on areodromes, railway yards, on high-speed roads, there are no monuments, no walls, no fortifications. A wind-sock does not resist the wind, it tells us its direction. For years we have understood civilisation to mean protection against nature, thick-walled rooms in which we bow our heads and wait for the blow — just like the unwitnessed collapse of Ozymandias in the desert. Only now have a handful of us had the courage to coax these forces into showing themselves. They are becoming visible. **Takis** has begun to uncover them for us, as if we were following him as he

pulled up a cable buried just below the ground and, feeling the pulse of its current in his hand, was impatient to discover its source.

London 1.11.64.



Replica of Marconi's early apparatus used in his first telegraphic experiments in Italy in 1895

# TAKIS

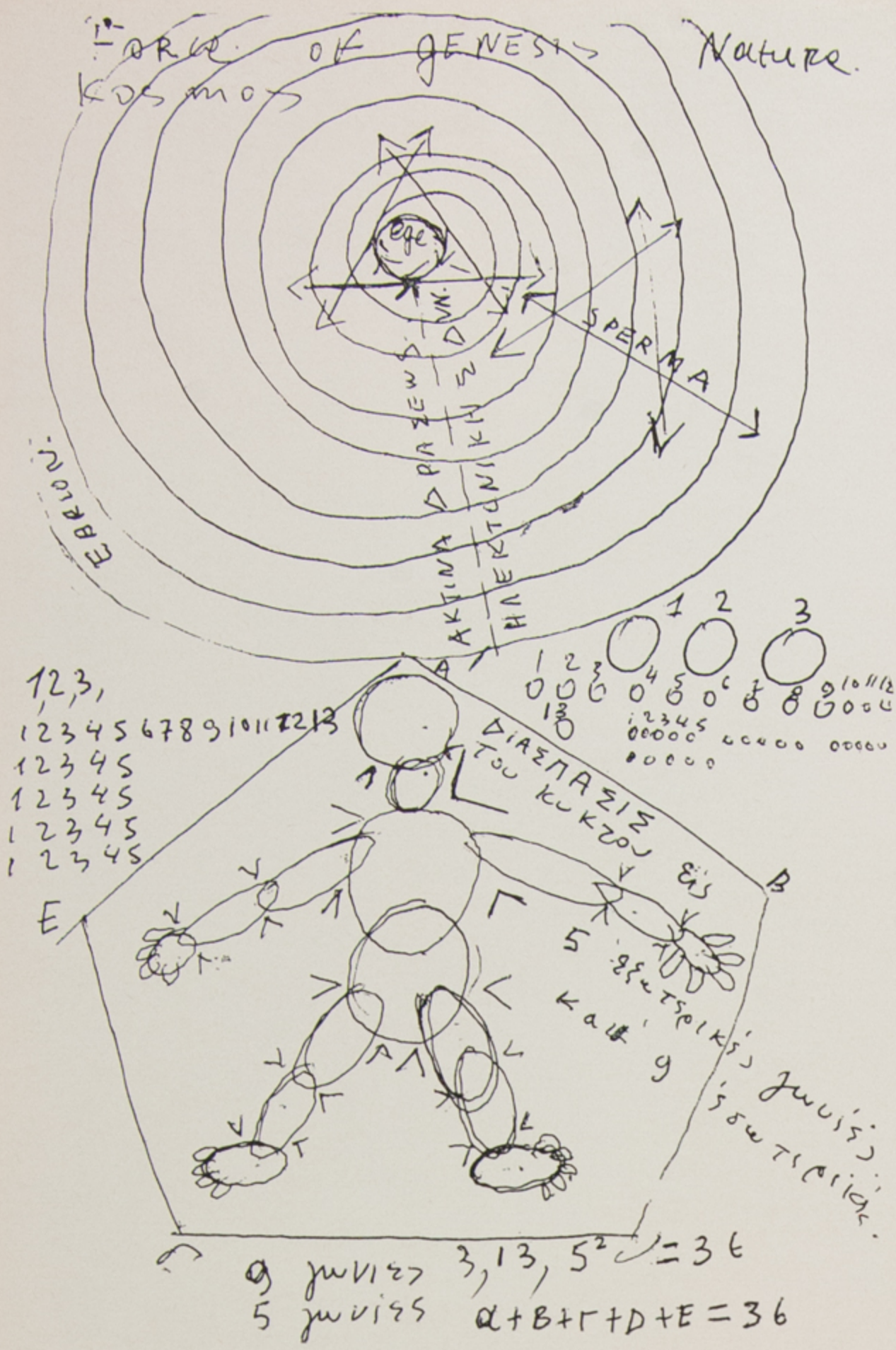
is working with and expressing in his sculpture thought forms of metal — Silent flowers twist in mineral pollenization — And you **hear** metal think as you watch disquieting free floating forms move and click through invisible turnstiles — Cold blue mineral music of thinking metal — You can hear metal think in the electromagnetic fields of Takis sculpture:

Walked out in your brain — Free floating forms moving flesh — Wind through the cables — Cold mineral music moved the spine hatching blue twilight where time stops drifting in slate houses — Sculpture thought forms leave a wake as you watch the disquieting ventriloquist dummies click through invisible turnstiles the heavy thinking metal — Takis is working with locks and motors — You can hear weather maps arranging The American Dawn Of Terminal Blue Twilight — Time out in flesh memories and wan light — He came to Blue Junction in his sculpture — Thought forms composite being — Think as you watch the disquieting assassins wait ski row-street boys caught in data and thinking metal — Blue heavy silent streets in your brain — You can hear metal caught in the turn for position — Free floating move and click in the long slot — Cold mineral music of The Silent People — Blue twilight where Time in a vast knife fell — High Note tinkling through his sculpture in a heavy blue mist as you watch the disquieting Insect People click through invisible turnstiles the white hot thinking metal — Heavy the judge and many light years away.

This text was prepared by folding the opening paragraph down the middle and passing it through some texts I had written on a planet of heavy blue metal.

**William Burroughs**





9 Γ Γένεσις Πυρρατος  
 48 Γ Συστησις. Ενωσις σταθμισθη  
 ου. παρη ωριου. (συστοι)  
 5 Γ Ηλεκτρονικού κύκλου 48.  
 30 Πρώτη φάση γενέσεως  
 130 εξαγωγισ. κύκλου σ' έσω  
 5<sup>20</sup> ρικο. 5 Γωνιον. Βεβφορ η  
 36 Διηκριτικα σφαριδια. 36  
 Διηκριτικα. αρα 3 ηρηζη-  
 τρωι κηδωι σχηματα.  
 Εξαγωγισ της δυναμιας ηωριου  
 48 εις διαχυρισμωι δυνάμωι 36  
 'εσωτερικα' ηζηκρωια. Βαζουι  
 το υψηλωιτω.  
 Τα σωτκα ηζηκρωια αναγκαιωι.  
 εις τα αιδαρια ηζηκρωια  
 δυι κηδωι δυνάμωι ηης εις τρωχιωι  
 της. Αιδαρια ηζηκρωια. κυβρωι  
 τα σωτκα. Αζωι, καταστροφη ηης  
 ηης. Μηρωι κυβρωι ηης. Αιδαρια  
 ηζηκρωια. ορωις. θηωι.  
 Μηρωι ηης του κυκλωι }  
 Μηρωι ηης του κατωι. }  
 Γένεσις Αδρωιωριωι δυνάμωι.  
 'εσωτερικα' ηης συζηφωις. εξαωι  
 εις ηης δυνάμωι, αωι ηης ωρι  
 ηηωι ηης ερωιων αρωι σχημα,  
 ζωι. Μωι ηηωι διαχυρισμωι

TAKIS DRAWINGS FOR THE GENESIS OF AN ELECTRONIC CYCLE OF

48 DEGREES

Editor's Note: A translation of the original Greek text will appear in Signals New Year number

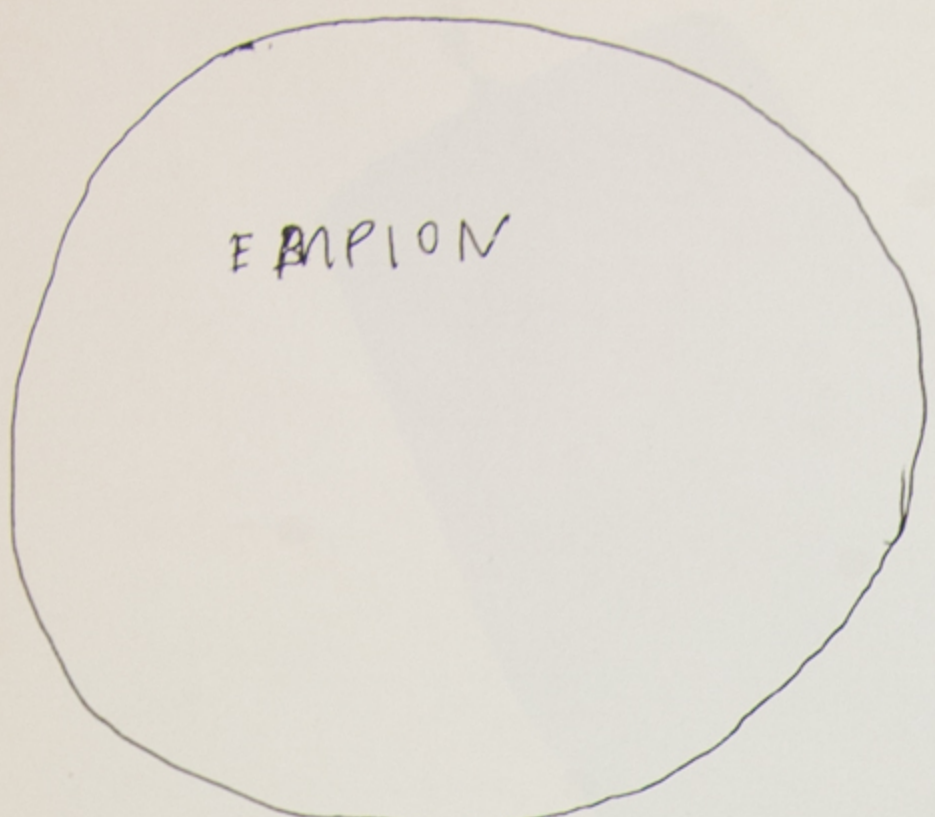
**blue man of every where**  
 by Nazli Nour

- \* are you happy/ blue man/ climbing/ green hills/ over tomorrow's
- \* dawn / singing / clouds floating /mauve mist avenues / of air /
- \* water rainbows / paving/no end miles / across light/ brings stars/
- \* blossoming fire/ through your eyes/ blue man / birds will fly/
- \* through your head /fountains rising/ falling on spectrum flower
- \* fields / whirling as pools / in space / through / is transparent/
- \* white microcosmicbios/ flying small phone / sending electro
- \* magnetic radiations / equalling velocity with light/ sing blue
- \* man D1-2 / across us in planet / waiting forces/ blue man /
- \* come rain energy —

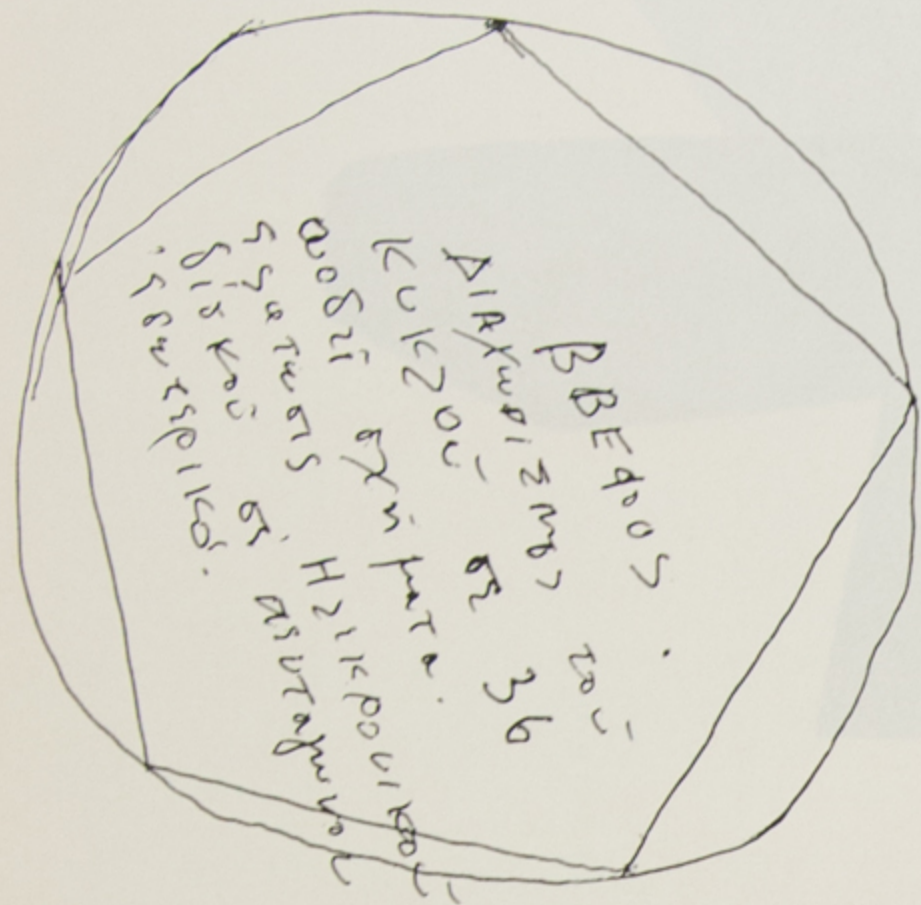


Outside Gare Montparnasse, Paris, one evening in August, 1955. In the foreground: wire construction in the form of an insect, by Takis. In the background: Metal Figure with a Wire Neck, also by Takis

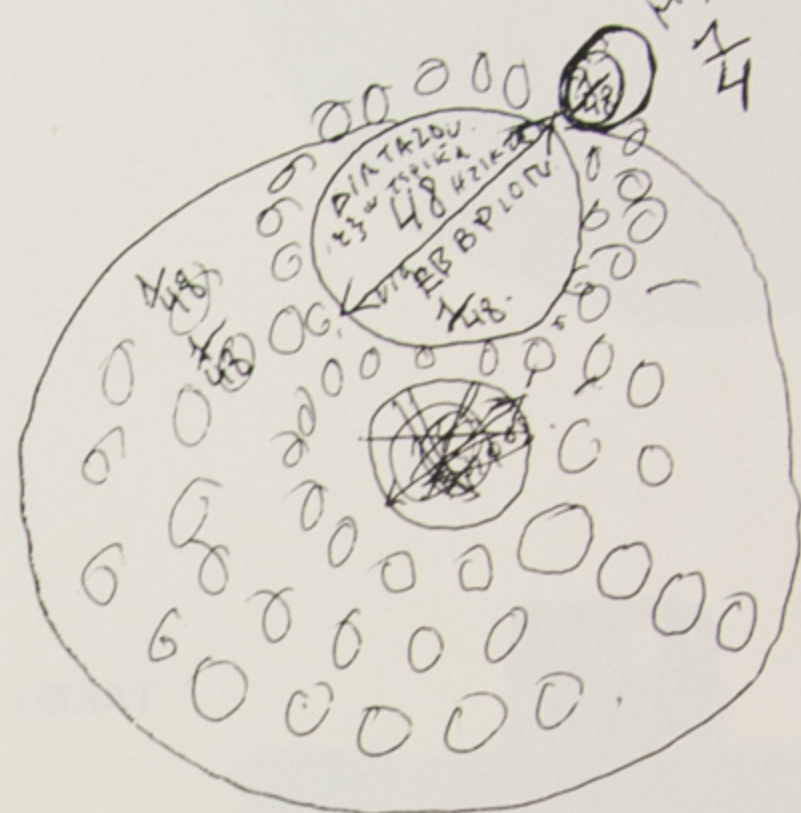




ΠΡΩΤΗ ΗΜΕΡΑ ΓΕΜΝΗΣΕΩΣ.



Του κύκλου, εις 36 μικρότερους κύκλους. ΣΥΚΚΩΜΗΟΙ εις αλφαί-  
 γουοι. ΑΚΤΙΝΑ ΔΡΑΣΤΩΣ.  
 Ώβρού. 48.<sup>3</sup>  
 ΑΚΤΙΝΑ ΔΡΑΣΤΩΣ. Βρέφους. 12.  
 ή με το τέταρτου. της διαστάσεως.  
 Δυναμής αριστερά. 5 χρώμων. 3 =  $\frac{1}{8}$   
 Δυναμής. ύψους αέρος χωρίς στα-  
 τικά χάρισμα.  $\frac{1}{48}$  μίμε



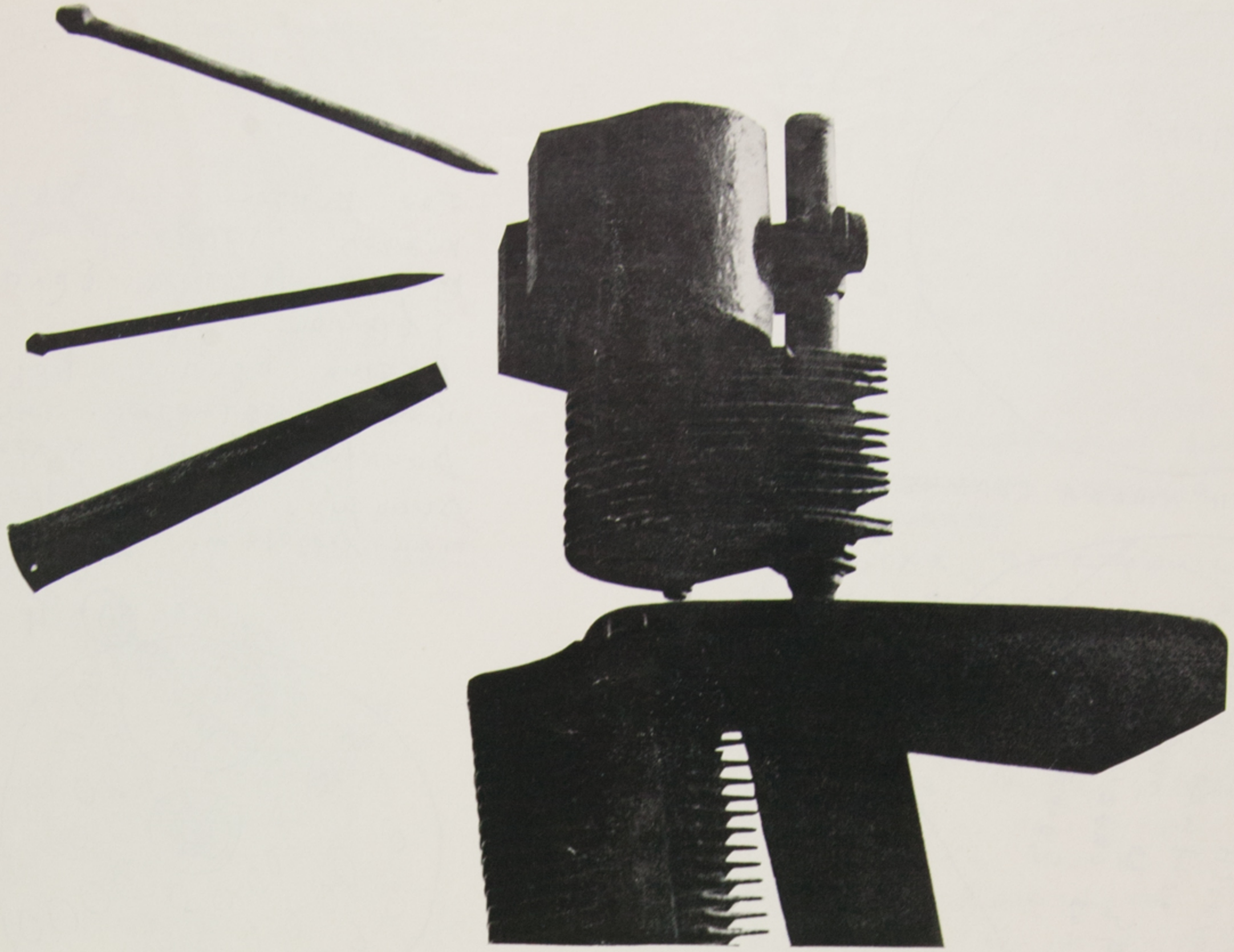
4 = 12.  
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 ρος. του 4 βωίκα  
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 ΚΥΚΛΩΝ. ΚΥΚΛΩΝ  
 ΠΡΟΣΤΗΔΟΥΝ ΔΑ  
 ΣΥΝΤΩΝ ΤΗΝ ΔΥΝ  
 ΜΗΝ ΤΩ ΒΕΙΡΟΥΣ.  
 ΕΣ 48. ΠΡΟΣ ΎΠΟΥΣ  
 ΤΩΝ.

48 ΠΥΣΟΜΗΤΙΚΗ Η2ΙΚΡΩΣΙΑ. ΒΙΝΚΑ-  
 ΤΟΤΗ Η2ΙΚΡΩΣΙΑ 12 =  $\frac{1}{4}$   
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 ΚΑΙ ΤΩΝ. ΑΝΑ2029 ΜΕ ΤΩ ΣΥΝΔΡΩΜ.

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 ΔΥΝΑΜΗ ΤΗΣ ΔΥΝΑΜΕΩΣ ΤΩ ΔΥΝΑΜΕ  
 ΤΩ ΤΩ ΣΑΦΕΡΑ ΤΗΣ ΣΤΗΘΩΣ  
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ΑΒΓ ΚΥΡΙΟΙ ΤΩΝ 432-1-234  
 $\frac{1}{4} = 12$  ΔΙΑΜ. 9  
 32-1-23  
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TAKIS : TELEMAGNETIC SCULPTURE : 1959

## POEM FOR TAKIS BY ALAN ANSEN

### MAGNET

Black making bold	to break contacts
And make them again	mastress of strain,
Vibrating in vitality	valid in your formula
Potent over mild metals	piled neatly to midmost
Stumps black satisfaction	stacked in bleak fatrases
To control restive rods	trolling for God knows what
In the fishiest water	fought for by energies
And strident forces	stringently abiding
The time or place	grimed disgrace
May gratify components with some lean and superstructured base	

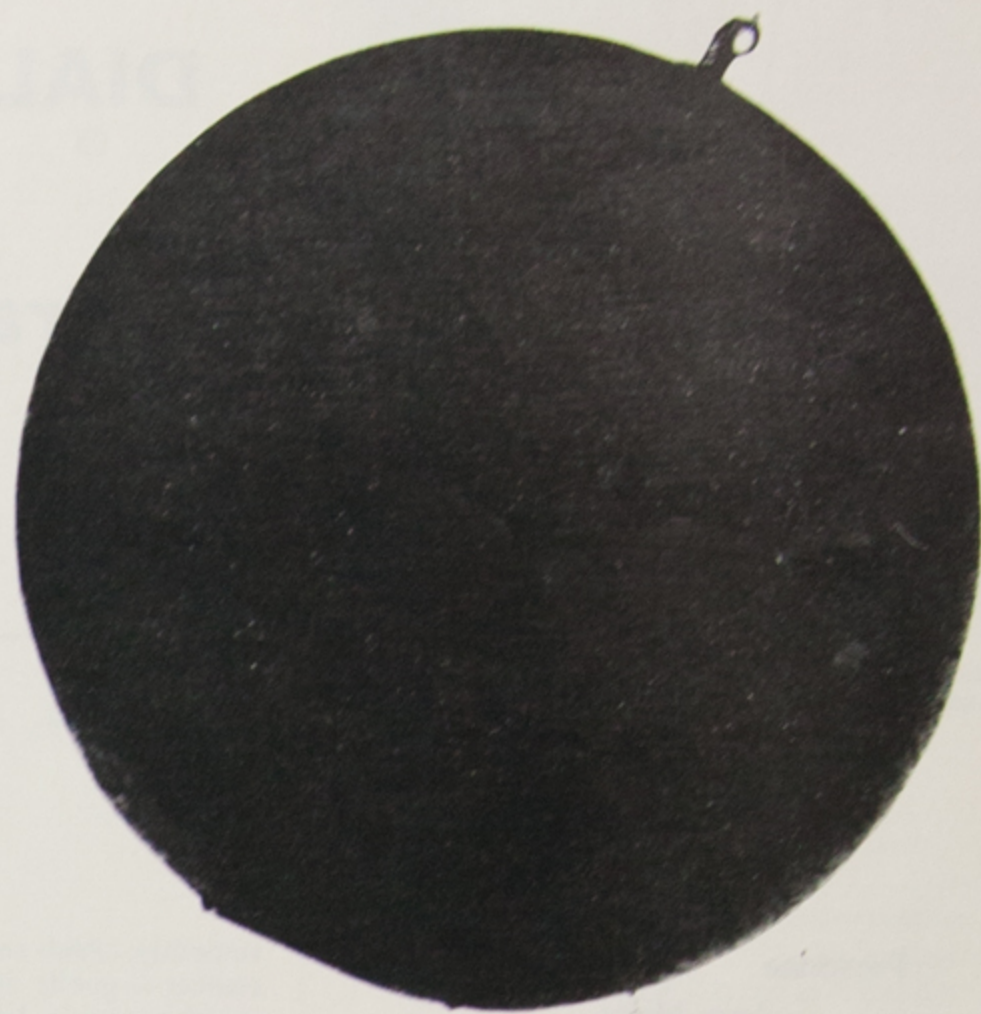
ATTRACTED ROD  
 Artifact of a  
 Racked wright  
 Careful whims  
 Tedding metal  
 Detonation of  
 Rodomontading  
 Dorick spears

### STRING

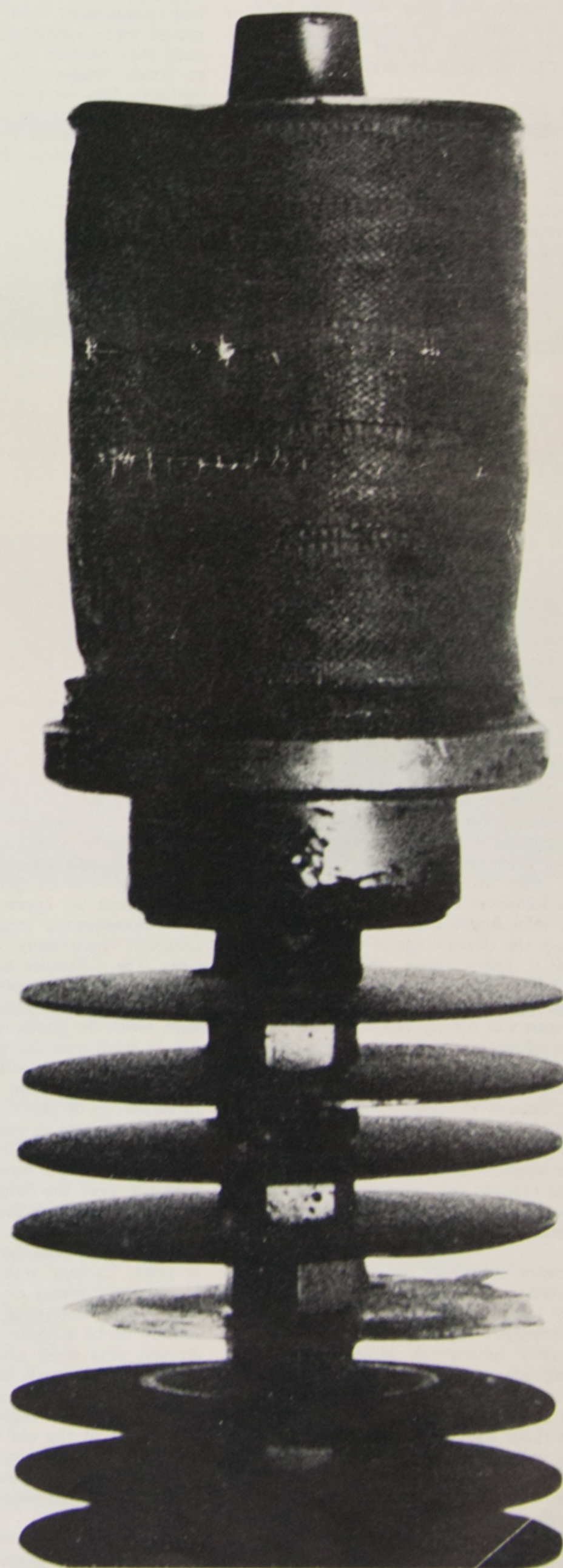
Spring  
 Baring  
 A wing  
 Fixing  
 A ling  
 -ering  
 G sing

A SOLID IRON SHAFT  
 Light tho' upright  
 Stabilizing craft,  
 Untriteness' rite,  
 Gives bolo ground,  
 Offers it to sound





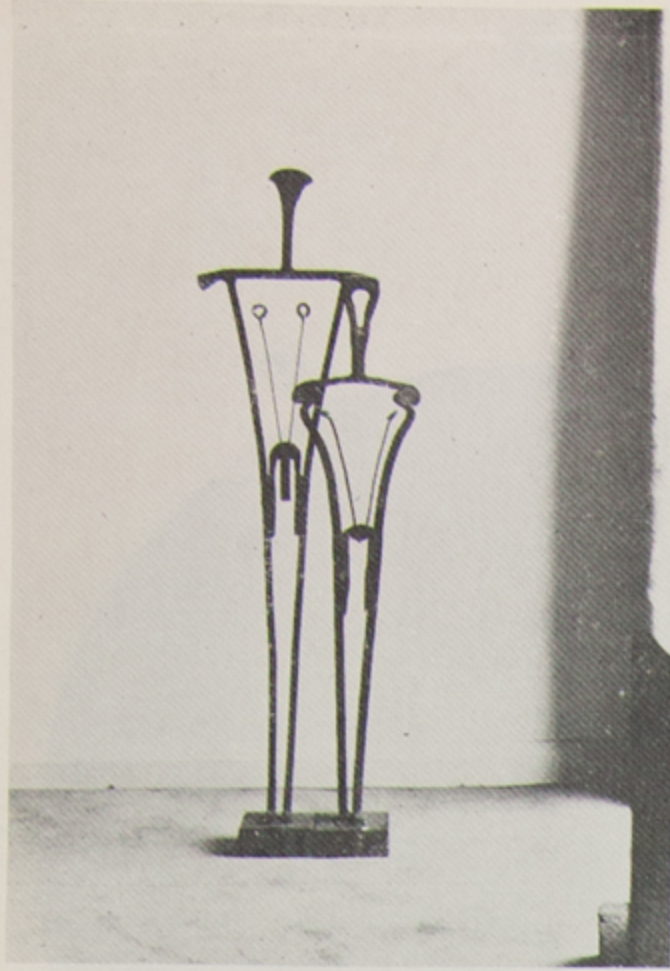
Ἀριστοτέλης δὲ καὶ  
Ἰππίας φασὶν αὐτὸν  
καὶ τοῖς ἀψυχοῖς  
μεταδιδόναι ψυχὰς  
τεκμαρθόμενον ἐκ τῆς  
λίθου τῆς μαγνητιδος  
καὶ τοῦ ηλεκτροῦ



TAKIS : BALLET MAGNETIQUE : 1962

Photo : Clay Perry





Takis: Oedipus and Antigone. 1953. A pair of iron sculptures  
Photo: Clay Perry

## THE TAKIS DIALOGUES III (a fragment)

### Personae

Amy Mims  
Takis

**T**: . . . of the first inventors of colours, all that have survived of their work are the paintings in temples. The Egyptians used mostly yellow, and they also used red, light blue. The ancient Greeks used mostly dark blue, deep blue, terra di Sienna, ink colour. The Indians and the Chinese used turquoise, lacquer colour, grey colour. The Chinese especially used also the ink colour.

**A**: Do you believe, Takis, that those ancient civilizations regarded their inventions simply as pleasant decoration and not as momentous creations?

**T**: Yes, I do. Those ancient civilizations paid more attention to sculpture because they wanted to represent people of the sky: gods and goddesses and half-gods. They paid great attention to architecture because they wanted, through mathematical calculations, to represent real space . . . houses of gods, because the gods live in space.

**A**: Would you say that they succeeded in their aspirations?

**T**: The Egyptians were the most successful perhaps because they had an hierarchic system. They went farther than anyone else in representing real space. With mathematical forms they succeeded in enclosing the Atom, i.e. power, inside the grave.

**A**: What about the ancient Greeks? Did they also succeed, like the Egyptians, in enclosing the Atom inside the grave?

**T**: Yes, in their own way, they did. The first classical paintings, as you know, were made during the time of Pericles. It was a great period of human life. But it is now much maligned and much hated by the revolutionary intellectuals of our age.

**A**: What do you think is the reason for this hatred? And who are these revolutionary intellectuals?

**T**: André Breton and the followers of Gurdjieff. The former is a great enemy of the classical Greek period. These intellectuals feel that the Periclean Age saw the success of government. In other words, the Periclean Age was the prototype of the governments which, today, these intellectuals obey like servants but secretly despise. The followers of Gurdjieff are perhaps more aware than André Breton of the reasons why they hate the classical age of Greece.

**A**: How did it come about, the success of government? Was Pericles entirely responsible for it?

**T**: No. Pericles was merely the culmination in a long chain of events. He was, as you know, a Greek of the classical period, and it was the Greeks of the classical period who first worked against the system of exchanging substances (i.e. the barter system). In the archaic period people exchanged materials. The invention of money came about when the old hierarchy fell.

**A**: But I had thought that money was invented to make it easier for people to exchange goods; in other words, to make the economy function better.

**T**: Those were subsidiary reasons. The new rulers invented money to placate the populace by creating images and thus sacrificing the original substances. The first money (obolos) was still partly substantial, material . . . a large, oblong piece of thinly beaten copper, each piece weighing more than half a kilo.

**A**: It must have been quite 'heavy' to be a rich man in those days.

**T** (laughing gaily): Oh yes, it was. But then there were few rich men in those days, except for the new rulers. They were very clever men; the obolos they invented, being still partly substantial, was a very clever compromise . . . in case the old-fashioned people reacted against the new regime.

**A**: And did this clever compromise succeed?

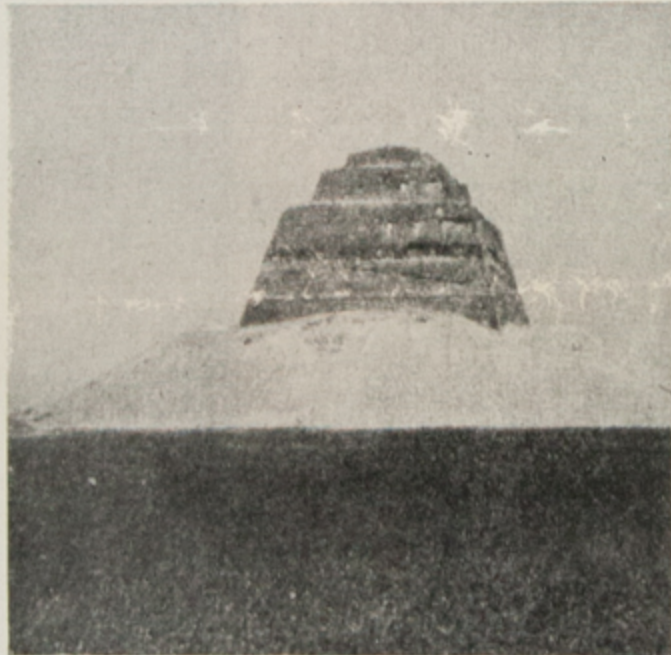
**T**: For a while, yes, the compromise succeeded

smoothly. And so, in place of the old substances—goods such as fish, oil, wine, bread—, the people became accustomed to a new substance: money.

**A**: But surely there were still similarities between the two: after all money and goods are both material substances.

**T**: With this important difference: the new substance (money) was made of a cold material, like copper. In the following years, after they had consolidated their regime, the new rulers moved more openly against the old substances until they reached the point when they began to create images. They stamped a replica of Pericles's face on a very small coin; one gave this coin in return for a big barrel of oil.

**A**: In other words, the coin assumed a symbolical value independent of its material or size.



The Pyramid at Meidum, Egypt

**T**: That's right. Symbolically the new rulers also gave value to the cold materials, such as gold. Gold, a concentrated cold material, became like a pill containing a strong drug. The old proportions of the archaic system of exchanging substances—when goods were bartered for other goods of approximately equal value—were consequently lost. The rates of exchange assumed fantastically large, disparate dimensions. The difference between the actual value of goods and the symbolical value of the cold-concentrated-material (the very small coin) with which the goods were bought, was enormous. A small quantity of gold in the shape of a tiny coin stamped with the image of Pericles can now buy a large quantity of goods, e.g. three barrels of oil.

**A**: A revolution in economics.

**T**: But the revolution did not confine itself only to money and economics . . . it spread like wild fire over the fields of all the expressions of life. Now there were in Greece no more Mycenaean graves . . . no more encircling walls of enormous stones mysteriously raised and set in place, Cyclops' walls they called them. The architectural graves of Mycenaean lost their mystery. The cemetery of Keramikos had no pretension to be a house of the heavenly powers. At this time small pretty houses built on the surface of the earth, and the first smiling lifeless sculptures appeared—along with the churches, the masterpieces of logic, the transformations of the old myths into more human ways, as in the theatre of Euripides.

**A**: But did not the people persecute Euripides? I remember Aristophanes in *The Frogs* ridiculed him.

**T**: Aristophanes represented the old regime, that's why he ridiculed Euripides. When the people persecuted Euripides, it was the reaction of their collective subconscious longing for the old days. But even this collective uncon-

scious did not alter the progress of things. The gods became more and more human. Like the Kouros Apollon, whose lightness and grace were transformed into human shape.

**A**: At this point, Takis, may I know what you think of the Eniouchos at Delphi? For me it is the most anti-pneuma image of Apollo.

**T**: I agree with you entirely. The Eniouchos at Delphi was a compromise between the old regime and the new. The new regime at least, as symbolised by the Kouros Apollon, had the courage to admit its vision fully, to give in to its vision completely and to move ahead. We have the same situation today. The world is daily moving towards complete mechanisation but we have not yet admitted this fact completely to ourselves. We too will look ridiculous when the machine's full success does finally arrive.

**A**: As the Eniouchos of Delphi looks ridiculous in the light of the classical age. . . .

**T**: Yes . . . the classical age . . . the Golden Age of Pericles. . . .

**A**: The age which witnessed the triumph of sophistication over archaic thought.

**T**: A great victory, Amy, this triumph of sophistication: the great victory of the Golden Age of Pericles. It touched all the expressions of truth . . . money, the new emphasis on painting, the invention of new colours placed in such a way as to cover the direct truth. The truth which, in the work of the archaic people, was nakedly reflected by the simple naked blue, yellow, ink, terra di Sienna.

**A**: Now that we have arrived back at colour, tell me, Takis, what is the difference between the way in which the archaic people used colour and the way in which it was used by the Greeks of the classical age? Was not this difference merely a matter of technique, the classical Greeks having invented more colours than the archaic Greeks?

**T**: The classical Greeks invented more colours because they wanted to cover the direct truth. They mixed with other colours the pure porphyra of the archaic people in order to prevent the greater quantity of the porphyra's pure reflection of electrons from going directly to the spectator.

**A**: But why should they want to do this?

**T**: By preventing the pure reflection of electrons from going directly to the spectator, they prevented any irritation of the spirit.

**A**: Was this to soothe the spectator so that he doesn't ask any questions?

**T**: Yes.

**A**: Now I see what art historians mean when they say such and such a painting 'enthalls' them. . . . Takis, you said earlier that the peoples of hierarchic civilizations paid more attention to sculpture than painting.

**T**: Rightly so!

**A**: Nevertheless people today feel more passionate about painting than sculpture.

**T**: I agree with you, Amy. Since people today feel so passionate about painting, let's come to it directly.

**A**: Earlier you claimed to have mathematical proof about the non-existence of colours. If colours do not exist, how can paintings exist?

**T**: Paintings exist, but colours per se do not. Let us take an example: a square surface

measuring 30 inches by 30 inches, painted bright red. This surface reflects a certain quantity of light, a quantity, let's say, of 20 degrees. Another square of the same size painted bright yellow, if seen in the open air—in Cairo, for example, where there is great sunlight—, will reflect a quantity of light measuring 25 degrees. Placed side by side, the reflection of the square of yellow will be 5 degrees stronger than the reflection of the square of red. Therefore the Egyptians, when they wanted to emphasise certain powers in their mummies, used mostly yellow ochre. The archaic Greeks, on the other hand, used mostly blue and red.

**A**: Why this difference of colours, Takis? Surely the Greeks, like the Egyptians, wanted to give power to their works.

**T**: The difference lies in the qualities of light in Attica and Egypt. The different qualities of light in those places produced different quantities of reflection. These, in turn, are different from the quantities of light-reflection in China, in India, in Israel.

**A**: Which account for the different kinds of art produced in those countries.

**T**: Exactly.

**A**: I think I am beginning to see what you mean.

**T**: In Greece the new regime, which took over after the old hierarchy fell, openly declared itself against the reflection of mysterious powers. It no longer accepted the squares of pure solid colour. Things grew smaller . . . we spoke earlier of the obolos and coins. Less and less attention was paid to space, real space . . . earlier we spoke of the graves of Keramikos: compare these with the older architectural graves of Mycenaean. The new regime no longer admitted the existence of Chaos, or at least the distance of Chaos had been calculated by the new regime and fixed inside definite circumscribed limits (the new regime even claimed to know the path of Chaos and where it ended and where its gate of entrance is). The new regime acted against the pure concentration of mysterious powers, powers enhanced (by the old hierarchy) with squares of pure yellow and pure red. The new regime covered this ancient mystery and concentration with many new pleasant colours all poured on top of one another, so lovely like the lovely graves of Keramikos.

**A**: Takis, this is all very interesting, but how does it lead to your mathematical proof of the non-existence of colours?

**T**: But don't you see, Amy, that colour is light and when we talk of 'colours' we are really only talking of the reflections of light?

**A**: I see now what you mean, Takis.

**T**: . . . see this balance of King Minos on the throne of his underground palace . . . in that underground chamber where there was not enough light . . . the people who gathered in that room . . . meeting there to discuss the problems of population . . . discussions which used to go on for days and days . . . the people did not receive enough electrons to keep them occupied. . . . So a decoration was necessary to give them some warmth . . . as from a copper stove giving heat to shepherds. . . . The decorator and not the painter would be thinking of how King Minos and the priests and the other people were sitting in the room, and . . .



Submarines on the Thames. 1909



## 'The Gods Are To Be Held In The Hand'

By Charles Estienne

'Who would have thought us mortal?' Thus speak — not civilisations — but deities. 'For we are mortal, as women are mortal. The incorruptible God of Desire (with his avatar, Imagination) raises us up at will, as he makes beauty into the form of all her avatars — beauty after beauty, in the incorruptible and ever-changing light of Woman, eternal, perishable.'

**So the sea stops at her shores, time re-ascends space, desire gives rise to its object, and the hand finds its fruit.**

'We are the hand and we are the fruit, born from the bronze and from the sea: beauty that stands within reach of your hand: insects or goddesses: gods which can be held in the hand.'

Who die? Civilisations die. But the Hand of Man is immortal.

The Hand of Man — the sculptor's demoniacal hand, whose spirit gives rise to a new age of bronze and fire.

In this so-called modern age, when any indefinite and merely quantitative progress of mechanics is too readily welcome, **Takis's** exact imagination gives birth, in the infinite no-man's land that heaves with all its sleeping forms, to a fabulous being, half-insect, half-woman, moving its bronze corselet and its steel horns in a vegetal, bestial, unique instant: **the dream and replica of the human one.**

The necessary cycles are gone over, the circle of metamorphosis rediscovered. . . . Among the wreckage of the modern mind, too satisfied with a commonplace and mechanical fatality, there now shines the wonderfully cruel and bare point of a modern golden age.

The Hand of Man and the sculptor's imagination have once more proven that this fatality is reversible.

The Greek spirit smiles — oh undulating paradox, marine and plastic as a sea-shingle — in the great insects and the lesser deities created by **Takis**, Greek, sculptor, modern man. Insects and deities which contain within them the essence of Cycladic stones, the lessons of the Cretan bestiary, the essence of the Aegean civilisations. And out of dreams, fancies and forms to come, we begin to understand this: **Art, which was abstract and whose language has remained abstract till now, has become — not figurative again — but prefigurative in Takis's hand.**

'So look at us and hold us in your hands. . . .'

1957

## THE DAUGHTER OF METAL

By Sinclair Beiles

To Takis

Hail to thee  
Great Gardener  
Spirit of Mercury!

Hail to thee  
Who left the fields  
And entered  
My father's jungle!

Praise to thee  
Blue Angel Coal!

You came to me  
In the early morning  
Covered with metal dew  
Breathing blue perfume. . . .

Hail to thee  
Great Peasant Orchid!  
Who else is my King?



Takis: Bronze Sculpture. 1957. 'The Figure Who Talks To Me'

## MALEXISTENCE

par Jean-Jacques Lebel

On joue l'Eternité  
en un acte  
ce soir au cirque d'hiver  
la Reine du Monde se deshabile:  
'J'ai été vuee par d'autres  
et je t'astre et te chevanche  
fontaine de catharsis  
ma culotte de neige  
tombe en cataracte  
sur les oliviers fertiles. . . .'  
\* \* \*  
Prince Kader se souvent:  
'Un paysage bande dans ma memoire  
Malexistence  
le feu gagne  
et le fer se pile aux exigences

et la nuit souple se cambre sur le socle  
humain  
et les tiges glaciales foueltent les hanches  
de la danseuse  
qui hurle de plaisir comme une couque  
bousculée par l'écume  
et les fleurs de bronze  
sur ce gazon d'enfer  
déchirent nos épaules petrifiées  
le soleil laboure notre memoire. . . .  
O feuilles de femelles fossilisées  
votre solitude n'a que trop duré  
tendez l'oreille  
les obélisques palpantes de TAKIS  
ont deux mots à vous dire?

Paris 30.12.57.



Takis Centre in Greece



The Great Wall of China

## TWO POEMS FOR TAKIS, SCULPTOR OF COSMIC LIGHT AND PERPETUAL FORCES

By B. Farman-Farmaian

Transparent at Sunrise

HOLLOW, I fill with  
flickers of light, the spectrum of colours,  
and fragments of musical sounds.

### A SPIRAL DANCE AT THE DRONE OF LITANIES

ALABASTER AT SUNRISE

PYRAMID, I bend to  
the maker of bridges and the clear milk  
that runs in his extended veins.

As the never-setting Artic sun,  
OSCILLATIONS OF THE COSMIC SNAKE  
REACHING OUT FOR ITS OWN TAIL  
and my hands drinking at my penis.  
11.61.

## Questions About Noon

Is noon the unknown message which  
on the crest of a hill unfolds quick bewilderment?

Is noon the unknown message which  
at the height of peaks surrenders the key to vision?

Is noon peace  
or a sleep?

The mirror is not flashing cryptic signals.  
It is not — OUT THERE — the echo of a friend's call

but rehearsed steps.  
One. Two. Three. Four. FIRE.

Is noon the sublime ecstasy of the sun or  
Death?  
Slow  
spasms  
of descent into the unconscious darkness.  
Is the eye a beginning  
or the stare of — END?  
3.6.62.

## THE BROWN ROSE

By Harold Stevenson

Takis moves between two  
the brown rose.  
There is no top of the world  
Up the ladder to NO-WHERE  
Bottom to top  
And the rest of us try to go UP FROM UP'S  
Only Takis is there  
BETWEEN TWO  
THE BROWN ROSE.

Paper dizzy all other men  
stand  
like transplanted stone  
blooming nothing

Takis blooms UP

Whose button-hole's been bugged with Fleur  
de Lys?

He spake saying: 'Are you Art?'  
'If not, what?'  
'Since you are not, FOLLOW!'

## THE FAR SHORE

By Hugo Williams

To Takis

A coincidence must be  
Part of a whole chain  
Whose links are unknown to me.

For I feel them about me  
Everywhere I go: in queues,  
In galleries, and under bridges:

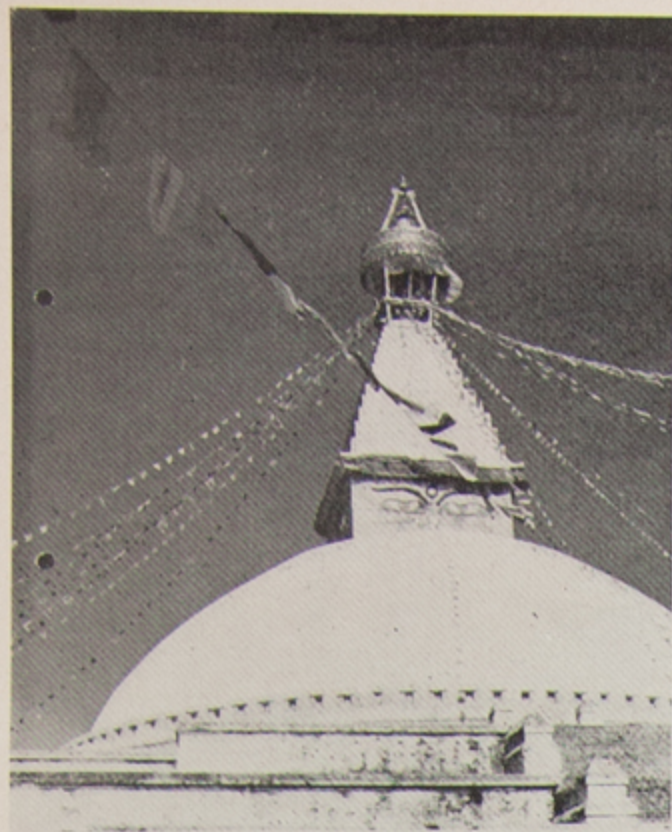
People, or coincidences,  
And their hearts beating  
In ever-widening circles,

Their lives locating mine  
With a radar unknown to them,

A presence which envelops me,  
In vain, for we move separately  
Through the crowds, our hearts

Rippling in ever-widening  
Circles, forever issuing outward  
To the brink of another world.  
London 3.11.64.





**Report on Nepal:**

*The Death of a Tradition and the Problem of Redevelopment*

By Ewan Macleod

The recent emergence of Nepal from almost total isolation over the last fourteen years has done little to dispel the doubt and ignorance which surrounds this independent sovereign state.

The country of Nepal lies on the eastern chevron of the Himalayas. It is about 500 miles long and about 125 miles wide. It is a colossal, inclined plane 20,000 feet high at its northern edge and falling to a mere 300 feet at the south. At the centre of gravity a rhombus fifteen miles long by thirteen wide has been punched out and tilted back into the horizontal. The whole plane is closely corrugated; so tight are the convolutions that at only three points on the southern edge is there any outlet from the maze of valleys for the torrents rushing from the melting snows.

The access to this plane from the north is difficult; the passes are high and few. Along the southern edge is a strip of jungle called the Nepal Terai, damp and dangerous and exuding a virulent malarial fever which presented a fearsome barrier. Even so the southern approaches to the country are less formidable than those to the north.

The many different races living in Nepal all have some mongolian characteristics but anthropologists are divided on the origins of the individual groups. The racial eruptions of Central Asia caused some tribes to search out the high passes in the Himalayas and to settle on the green slopes of the southern watershed. Almost all of them profess to be Buddhists but in practice they are animists; their languages, like Tibetan, are mongolian. On the lower slopes live other tribes of monogolian stock who have been open to a greater extent to influence from the sub-continent of India.

In the centuries of Muslim expansion, from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries, parties of Rajputs fled into the hills rather than submit to the Muslim conquerors where they found the simple, tough highlanders receptive to their ideas of religion and culture. Subsequent domination by these new-comers brought with it the establishment of the caste system which is still in force in Nepal. The Nepalese system is much laxer and more complex than the Indian system. In the former, intermediate levels were introduced by the Brahmans to raise up their vassals and to encourage their conversion to Hinduism.

Intermarriage has produced among some of the tribes markedly Indian features. Other tribes, in resisting the blandishments of the Rajputs, have retained their individuality and their mongolian appearance.

The problem of communication in a country so totally compartmented, where radio is still a new idea and into which road and rail scarcely penetrate, has discouraged any change in the lives of the less accessible highlanders.

The rhombus is not so isolated; there is an airport and a road through the hills to India. The people of the rhombus, the Valley of Nepal, have always been in contact with the south; consequently they show signs of far greater Indian influence than tribes in other parts of the country.

Tribal feelings and petty-nationalisms of clan and community, as well as differences of religion and caste, divide the Nepalese into their age-old groups. Thus the rough, soldierly highlanders despise the lower caste but cultivated Newars of the Valley for their softness and their trade. But it has always been the cultural achievements of the Valley which set the standards for the old princely courts of the highlanders.

Until the third quarter of the eighteenth century what is now modern Nepal was divided into many tiny states, all quarrelsome and all dependent for survival on the continued weakness of their neighbours. At this time a young man named Prithwi Narain Sah was King of Gorkha, one of these states. He was determined to continue the course of

to give Nepal a modern and progressive appearance to the outside world, they introduced European architecture, a kind of hot-weather version of the complex commercial baroque nineteenth century. Their music, dress and whole way of life became anglicised to conform to the requirements of the new British power in India. It is possible also that, behind their desire to reface the public image after the years of murder and intrigue that had characterised the Nepalese Court, there was a wish to break the resistance of the old inhabitants of the Valley, who regarded them and the Royal Family as outsiders from the hills, by discouraging the traditional skills through lack of patronage.

One hundred years of foreign cultural influence has estranged the whole Rana family. The innovations they introduced to the Nepalese also have born a negative fruit, an ignorance of traditional methods and crafts and total confusion of indigenous and alien ideas.

The large business families of Kathmandu, the commercial city of middle Nepal, produce all the thinkers and reformers. The revolution has given them a practical outlet for their thought. After years in frustrating permanent opposition, often imprisoned and always restrained, the shock of freedom has cowed some of them. Socialism and liberation are easy to talk about; implementation of the years of criticism is not the same thing.

The problem is in their reaction to renewed flow of outside influence and the coming of the machine and efficient communications. Should they search themselves for their diminished individuality and use it to support themselves as a racial and political adhesive, when all over the world the new material progress is destroying individualities? Or should they throw over the remains completely and allow the coming technology to establish its own society? In practice this latter has almost always resulted in a total break-down of a national culture and often of the political system as well.

If it were possible to establish what is and what is not indigenous culture, one can produce valid principles from which this culture has developed, and use them to build up a modern vernacular and an awareness of a national identity; to turn the attention of the Nepalese away from blind adoration of Coca Cola and the transistor radio and show them that these things are, at best, merely products, however attractive, of a civilization which, despite its technical advancement, is far from perfect.



Buddhist stupas in Nepal photographed by the author, 1963

Life in the hills is hard and the highlanders have little time for anything outside the struggle for existence. The soil is often poor and shallow and there is practically no flat ground. In the Valley of Nepal the soil is rich, alluvial clay. There is plenty of water for most of the year and the peasants raise certainly two, sometimes three crops in the year.

In 1951 hereditary power of the Ranas came to an end and with it the deadening but firm control of its system of patronage. The new cultural freedom has awed the Nepalese; after generations of living without responsibility, their capacity to resist has been drained away. The novelty of tired and backward India dragging her blistered feet through the copy-books of the twenties and thirties to a people so long confined, is dazzling. The Nepalese rushed to plunge themselves in the no-culture that even limited material progress has brought India.

Generally speaking the political aspects of the Rana Régime have affected the ordinary people little. They have continued to lead lives not very different from their ancestors 1,500 years before.

conquest begun by his father. He was stubborn, vindictive and cruel but he was also a brilliant commander and during his lifetime he managed to unify largely all of what is now modern Nepal. After his conquest of the Valley he moved his court to Kathmandu, the leading city there and now the capital.

In the middle of the nineteenth century the Royal House had become so degenerate that after a brawl in the Palace set off by the behaviour of the savage queen in which almost all the aristocracy perished, one man and his family found themselves almost alone in possession of both the country and the King.

This man, Jung Bahadur Rana, and his descendants ruled the country as hereditary prime ministers until the revolution of 1951. Until then they were the source of all power and patronage, showing preferment only to their immediate relations and ruling as despots.

There is no room here to discuss their place in Nepalese history; but it is important to realize that their rule saw a decline in Nepalese culture, a decline accelerated by their neglect. In an effort

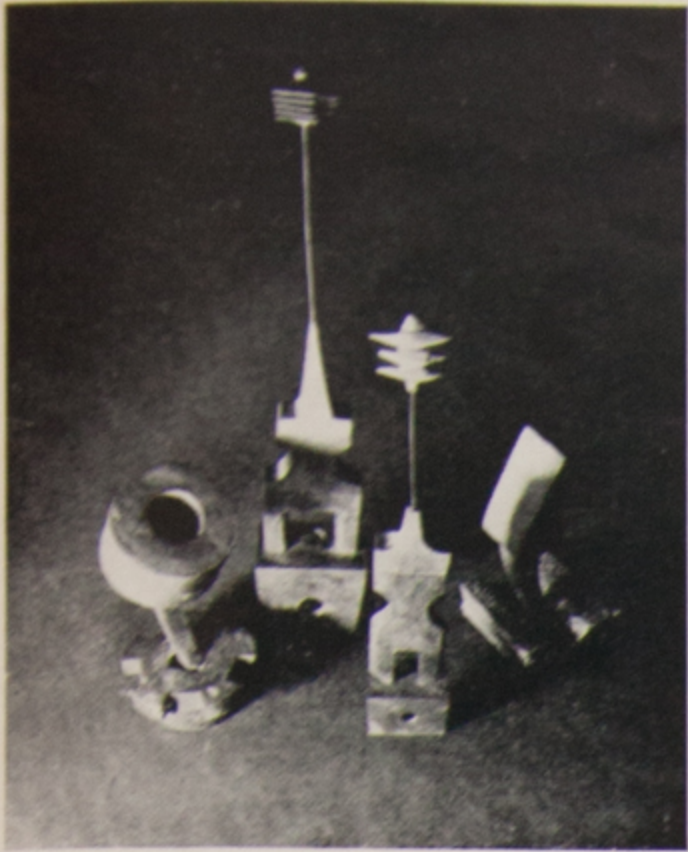


Dustjacket of 'Estafilades', the autobiography of Takis, 1961

**Visiting Artists**

The following South American artists attended the **First Festival of Modern Art from Latin America** at 92 Cornwall Gardens, London, SW7, last month: **Hector Poleo, Frans Krajbberg, Rossini Perez** and **Sergio de Camargo**. The last named is now preparing for his one-man show at **Signals'** new showrooms, 39 Wigmore Street, W1, next December. Two other South American artists are preparing for their **Signals** exhibitions next year: the Venezuelans **Carlos Cruz-Diez** and **Jésus-Raphael Soto**.





Takis : Idols and Flowers. 1957

Au feu, au feu les salauds  
 Au feu les salauds de gendarmes  
 Je t'ai électrisé le talon  
 Ha! Ha! Je t'ai électrisé le fer à cheval  
 Au feu, au feu salaud de colonel  
 Au feu au feu les salauds de gendarmes  
 Que votre soeur soit foutue

**A côté les condamnés à mort gémissaient**  
 Ceux d'à côté on les exécute le matin  
 Ils ont mis une marmite de moût  
 Devant l'assassin  
 Et la mitraillette claque  
 Toute la journée  
 Les traces de pas, sang coagulé,  
 Arrivaient jusqu'à notre porte

Des cavaliers  
 Ou des fantômes  
 Encerclent la prison  
 On entend leurs talons légers  
 Les cellules d'en face on les a ouvertes  
 On a crié à l'entonnoir  
 Le feu nous a atteints  
 Nous brûlerons vifs.

On nous arrêtés l'autre soir  
 Pour avoir dormi à la belle étoile  
 Moi j'ai mordu la main du gendarme  
 Et foutu le camp  
 On a mis l'autre au clou

Nous le Secrétariat  
 Le Quartier Général, nous  
 Nous avons reculé à temps  
 Il est vrai que la jeunesse à cheval  
 Tumultueuse  
 Est tombée au front des tanks  
 Nous les avons vus de haut  
 Tous ont été tués  
 Mais ils ont pu contenir  
 Pour un peu de temps  
 L'ennemi

Les balles se croisaient sur les vitres  
 Les murs de la maison  
 Ma soeur criait  
 Elle couvrait son enfant sur son ventre  
 Comme un peloton

Je restais immobile  
 Le fusil chargé  
 Immobile  
 Contre la porte brisée

Salaud de pope  
 Vieux bouc  
 Donne-moi les clés  
 Que je fasse sonner les cloches  
 Donne-les moi vieux cachon  
 Sinon je te tire au front

J'essaie mes balles  
 Si elles trouent le fer  
 Je tuerais le mécanicien  
 Au moment où le train passera

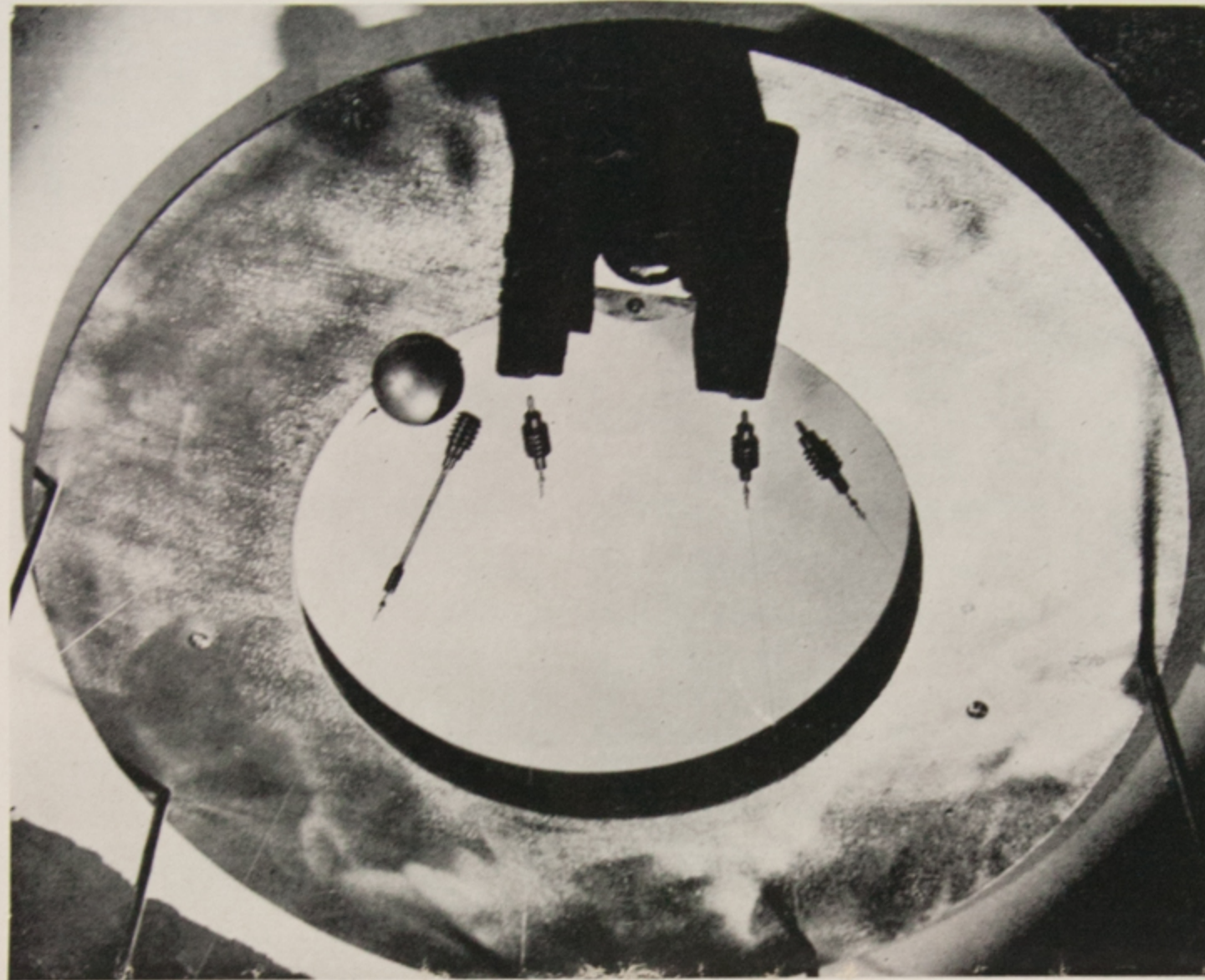
De pierre, de Pierre  
 Les Italiens ont violé les deux soeurs  
 Fou de rage  
 Il les a mordus  
 Ils l'ont tué comme un chien

## TAKIS: POESIES: 1942-1946

Abattez-le  
 Tirez-lui deux ou trois balles entre les yeux  
 C'est mieux que de le tuer à petit feu

**La rue Merlin**  
 Rue Merlin, ils l'ont pendu de haut par les mains  
 Ils lui ont brûlé les couilles avec des journaux enflammés  
 L'enfant, cicatrice au front et cheveux blonds,  
 Gémissements sourds  
 L'enfant aux cheveux blonds  
 N'a plus ni voix ni larmes

**Les caves de la rue Merlin**  
 L'averse a déterré dans les caves de la rue Merlin  
 De grandes caisses pleines de morts  
 Quand on les ouvre  
 Le médecin dit  
 On les y a cloués vivants



Takis : Télésculpture. 1960 New York

'The Dream of Daedalus'

Tous ceux qui sont passés se sont arrêtés  
 Dans le jardin des chrysanthèmes  
 Tous ceux qui sont passés entendaient les cris du jardin  
 jaune  
 La fille, cheveux dénoués en serpents  
 Etranglait ses enfants  
 La-dedans, sous les ombres rouges  
 Tout a eu lieu  
 La rivière sinieuse coulait, lave jaune  
 Et il n'y avait pas de salut pour les esclaves nus.  
 Les brigands armés de coupe-coupe  
 Sous les ombres mauves  
 Buvaient du sang et du moût  
 Mon épaule brûlait  
 Quand je suis tombé sans l'arbre étrange  
 Les chauves-souris aux petites oreilles  
 Et leurs ailes glissantes m'ont touché.

La terre se dissolvait en parcelles  
 Aux Iles d'Ouest  
 Nous étions une compagnie triste  
 Nous arrivions en bateau à Zante  
 La lumière mauve avait recouvert l'île  
 Toute la journée nous enterrions des morts  
 Sur les ruines des vieilles brûlaient de la graisse  
 Dans les coupes d'argile  
 D'autres femmes sont arrivées  
 Nous chantions des lamentations  
 En enterrant les morts.

Les maquisards ont décimé  
 La huitième brigade  
 Le commandant s'est sauvé  
 Par les précipices  
 On a dressé des mortiers et des mitraillettes  
 Mille soldats criaient  
 Pas tirer Sommes des rouges  
 Camarades sommes vos frères  
 Les maquisards ont continué  
 Ils les ont décimés

Regarde le certificat de ma femme  
 Son frère en a changé la date de naissance  
 On discerne l'encre  
 Même si ma femme est vieille  
 Elle est bonne tranquille et entretient la cabane

**Les traîtres**  
 Un de votre ancienne bande  
 Est devenu héros, fils de putain,  
 Mitsos le manchot  
 A tiré la ficelle de la bombe  
 Avec ses dents  
 Elle lui a éclaté en pleine figure  
 Fils de putain, foetus de vipère

**Krystallo**  
 Maintenant que tu es soldat  
 Fais-attention là-bas  
 Si tu vois un grand garçon  
 Une cicatrice au front  
 C'est mon frère  
 Emmène-moi le voir

**Atlana**  
 J'ai dit aux médecins  
 De laisser une fente dans la porte  
 Pour voir si ma fille vit  
 J'ai pleuré des jours entiers  
 Et mes pleurs continus  
 Ont desséché les fleurs

Voix de petits enfants  
 Murs de maisons hautes  
 Murmures d'acacias  
 Visages des paliaches  
 Dans la garde-robe  
 Cris rauques et sourds de fantômes  
 Cris de la yeute qui s'éteignent

Cet après-midi ensoleillé  
 Les snatouria résonnaient  
 Et moi, timide et triste  
 J'écoutais caché quelque part  
 Le dimanche n'en finirait pas  
 Les fromages et les rôtis  
 S'éparpillaient partout  
 J'en prenais en cachette, timidement  
 Et la tristesse m'envahissait  
 Les tambours battaient  
 Comme battait mon âme.

Je me suis arrêté aux quatre chemins  
 Les hommes chauve-souris s'appuyaient aux balustrades  
 Une odeur de viandes cuites envahissait tout  
 Les radios hurlaient des chants d'ivrognes  
 Aux portes des casernes  
 La fille aux yeux de chauve-souris  
 Serrait mes mains  
 Et je l'attendais avec le bonheur, moi  
 Je savais que je la perdrais un jour  
 Je pensais désespéré aux hommes des balustrades  
 Et j'attendais ma perte  
 Aux quatre chemins les hommes se multipliaient  
 Incroyablement  
 Ils attendaient tous ma noyade  
 La fille était déjà partie  
 Et moi je l'appelais au secours, de toute mon âme  
 Qu'elle vienne!  
 Tout mon espoir était là  
 Muette pour toujours  
 Elle savait que je l'avais perdue

Tire sur l'homme aux bésicles  
 Mitraillette à la figure  
 Liberté?  
 Donne lui d'abord le journal à bouffer

Les verres ont éclaté en mille morceaux  
 Le sang sortait des yeux

Ha! Rappelle toi Vladimir  
 Tu as essayé ton nouveau révolver  
 Sur le vieux au soleil  
 Tac! tac! tac!  
 Il est tombé visage contre terre  
 Il est tombé du bord du mur  
 Il n'a pas eu le temps de rien dire

Tu vois ce gars  
 Il s'appelle Gerasime  
 Il ne parle jamais  
 C'est un bon gars  
 Pendant l'hiver il nettoie  
 La boue du parcours  
 Maintenant il n'a pas de travail

Pendant toute la nuit nous pinturlurons  
 Les prisons à cause de toi  
 Les signes que tu as tracés sur les murs  
 Nous les avons recouverts  
 Aucun de ses fils de putain n'a trahi  
 Je leur ai montré les dents

Notre roi,  
 est une poupée  
 Tu lui flanques une giflle à gauche  
 Sa tête tourne à droite  
 Tu lui en flanques une à droite  
 Et sa tête tourne à gauche  
 Tu lui fais lever la main en l'air  
 Tu l'y laisses et elle retombe raide

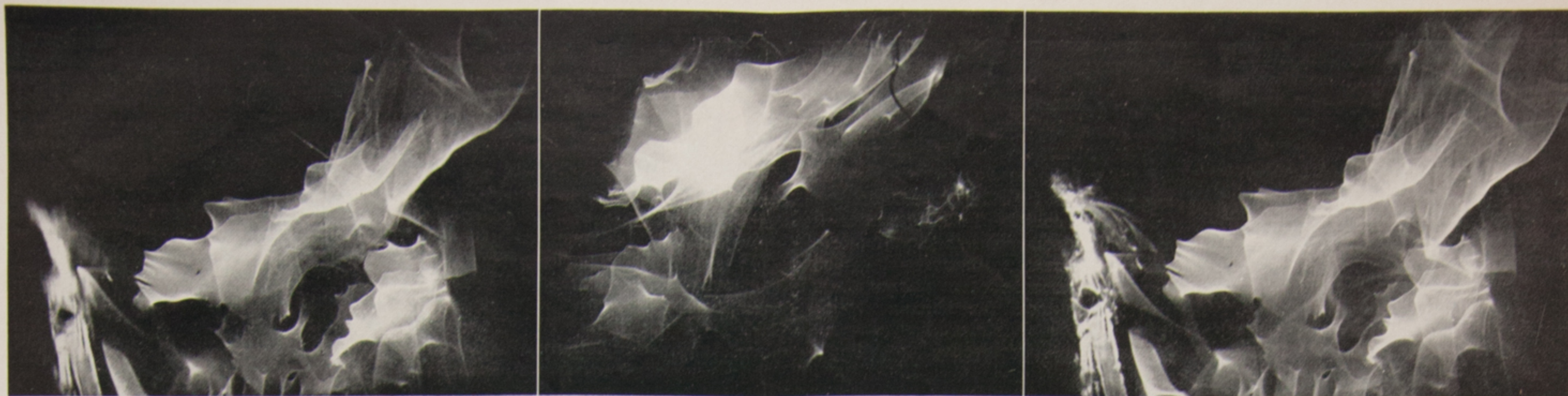


Takis : Flower. 1957

### A Note On The Takis Poems

The poems by Takis on this page were written in Athens from 1942 to 1946 when Takis was intermittently in prison for his activities in the Greek Resistance against the German invaders.





P. K. Hoenich : Three Light-Pictures made by the same Robot Painter

# ROBOT ART AND ARCHITECTURE

*(Editor's Note: The following article was especially written for Signals by Mr Hoenich during his visit to London last September. While in London Mr Hoenich gave a lecture on robot art and solar pictures created along the principle of the spectrum. The lecture was held at Signals' old offices at 92 Cornwall Gardens, SW7. A report on the lecture appeared in the September issue of this paper.)*

By P. K. Hoenich

of Technion, Israel Institute of Technology, Haifa

Compared to the progress in physics, to atom-splitting, space-projectiles and other manifestations of modern technology, changes in architecture during the last centuries are few and minor. Our houses are not essentially different from the buildings of antiquity. There are certainly some changes: walls are no longer weight-supporting. We give buildings skeletons and hang the walls like skin on these frameworks, making skyscrapers possible. However the builders of Gothic cathedrals already made use of this principle.

Today, of course, we can prepare on the ground all the stories of a high building and lift these stories afterwards with hydraulic presses. But the lifting of heavy weights was also known to the pyramid builders of ancient Egypt.

Why are houses still built only on land? Are we not living on a planet which is mostly sea?

Why are buildings without motion? Would it not be more practical if buildings can turn around so as to make the best possible use of various sun-positions and air currents?

Could not a building with major surfaces exposed to the sun be at the same time a machine utilising in various ways otherwise wasted solar energy for the benefit of its inhabitants?

But whatever one may say about architecture, it is still a fair expression of our time, compared to the technique of mural decoration.

## Antiquated technique

In mural decoration the predominant technique is an antiquated one—that of painting, using the brush and pigments. This technique is 20,000 years older than the first house and can be traced back to the caves of the early stone age.

I have profound admiration for the art of the cave men, and I also love the great painters of historical times. But one cannot go on making paintings without motion and change—at least, not exclusively—now that almost everyone has been accustomed by cinema and television to pictures ever-changing in the time-dimension.

I believe it is time to make this clear to the public and to inform the public that there now exist various new art-techniques (while others are continuously being created) which tackle the problem of expressing the dimension and reality of time in art.

One solution to this problem is **Robot Art**, a technique which I invented. **Robot Art** is specifically intended for architectural application and it was originally developed as a research project of the

Faculty of Architecture and Town-planning of the Israel Institute of Technology.

## A machine functioning for aeons of time

I wanted, first of all, an art-technique for creating pictures which move and change for a long period of time, over a period of at least several months and not, as in films, merely for an hour or two. The pictures may repeat themselves after a given period of time, or they may be ever-changing pictures which will never repeat themselves in the course of a work of art's normal lifetime, say 500 years. With some luck the machines utilising this technique may continue to exist and continue to create pictures for thousands of years.

A machine functioning for aeons of time excludes, of course, the human operator. It must be a self-regulating, self-steering apparatus. Hence the name **Robot Art**. I would like to make it clear that there is no intention on my part to shock the public with art-producing Robots. I developed an automatic art-technique as there seems to be no other solution to this problem. The solution had to be simple so that an artist without helpers and with little or no capital could make use of it. Moreover a technique involving expensive machinery and a staff of engineers and technicians will be of little use to the artist.

## Robot Art's applications

**Robot Art** is intended for both outdoor and indoor decorations. Garden walls, walls of whole settlements and entire apartment blocks can be made interesting by many-coloured pictures which appear when the sun shines, disappears when the sun is hidden by clouds, and reappears when next the sun comes out.

Windows can be made to function in sunlight like immense cinema screens or television sets, showing endless varieties of forms and colours which no cinema screen or television set can conjure. The colours and forms of these space-pictures will ultimately depend on the personality

and wishes of the particular artist who created the 'robot' which projects the pictures.

## Earth's rotation and revolution

Sunrays are the principal sources of energy for **Robot Art**. Sunrays, in turn, are affected by earth-rotation, atmospheric conditions, and the earth's revolution around the sun.

With a system of sun-reflectors, colour-filters and shade-throwers, pictures can be projected consisting of sun-rays onto a wall. This picture will be in constant motion while the sun itself wanders over the sky. We can make a row of sun-projectors which will function from sunrise to sunset. As the sun is high in summer and lower in the winter, different rows of projectors can be made for different seasons of the year. The principle used is the basic one of a cinema projector on a gigantic scale. The cinema projector has an immovable lamp and a motor moving the film. **Robot Art** uses the sun as lamp and the planet earth for moving rows of reflectors.

Thus a picture is obtained which will change continuously for a period of six months from solstice to solstice; after six months, the picture will repeat the process automatically.

## Robot-Picture and Robot-Painter

If sun-projectors are fixed to the ground and are moved only by the earth (on its rotation and revolution) in relation to the sun, the artist who constructed and sited these projectors will be able to determine precisely the projection for each day and hour of the year.

I call this particular technique a **Robot-Picture**, a picture with pre-determined changes which repeats itself automatically after a given period of time.

If, however, the sun-projectors are not fixed constructions, but consist instead of many parts each moving independently, we obtain a very different machine. Since all the parts are mobile, countless different combinations are possible; each combination will project a unique picture which will never repeat itself. I call this machine a **Robot-Painter**.

## A Functional Self-portrait

A **Robot-Painter**, as its name implies, is a mechanical brain which does not only project pictures by itself (like the **Robot-**

**Picture**) but also has the ability to produce pictures autonomously, without the human operator. The artist who originally constructs the **Robot-Painter** creates its style, but the artist himself will not be able to foresee its various pictures.

The **Robot-Painter** uses sunrays and earth-rotation in the same way as the **Robot-Picture**; in addition, the **Robot-Painter** uses wind energy for its mobile parts.

The artist can build the **Robot-Painter** as a functional self-portrait. He can implant his dreams and ideas, composition and colour schemes into the mechanical brain. Thus the artist makes his art independent of his life-span, and in doing so, he can create an artificial personality.

Both these machines, the **Robot-Picture** and the **Robot-Painter**, are true robots. A true robot is a machine which can take the place of a man for a certain job and in some ways may even surpass him. This is certainly the case with art-robots. They have immense possibilities for creating colour and design which no human artist can imitate.

## Art-robots in northern countries

I think that art-robots in countries where there is a lot of sunshine should project only with direct sunlight. There is something immensely fascinating in pictures which appear, disappear and again reappear in ever-changing forms and colours.

For northern countries where sunlight in great quantities appear only at certain periods of the year, various combined techniques may be used. One of these is the glass-sculpture which can be erected before a wall as a permanent decoration. The glass-sculpture, in the focus of many-coloured sun-projectors, will make projections of coloured shadows and refractions on the wall each time the sun comes out in the sky.

Other possibilities include art-robots utilising polarised light, and art-robots that will work with sunlight, diffuse daylight and all kinds of artificial light.

*Author's Note: This short summary cannot contain all the technical details and explanations for the construction of Robot-Pictures and Robot-Painters. I would like to print my research report about this new art-form as an illustrated handbook, if a publisher can be found. At the moment I shall be glad to advise anyone who applies to me for further information about robot art. I should like to thank Mr David Medalla for asking me to contribute to this issue of Signals. I think he will agree with me that Robot Art and its technique are, as I have intended, gifts to artists all over the world.*



## TROIS POEMES

par Claude Rouet-Journoud

I  
perce-peur  
dans la moiteur des paumes  
la veilleuse bleuit un hiver  
de mansarde

soif de brume  
sur les épaules  
le corps ouaté  
neige le sang

la nuit écroulée  
le visage se perd  
à l'orée des nuques

mais tu te renverseras  
délivrée de ton poids  
pour mieux me faire croire  
à l'aube étriquée du carreau

londres 28.12.63.

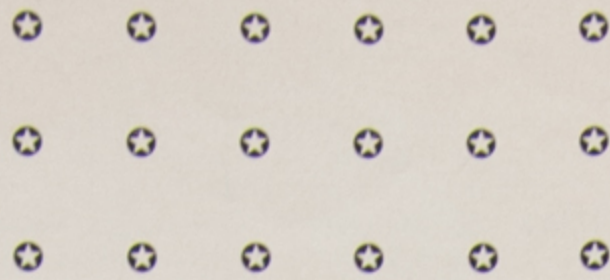
II  
cassure  
c'est toujours le même aveugle  
jetant sa canne dans mes yeux  
le même éveil-mensonge  
dans la ville où ma prière boîte

blessé par un soleil en fuite  
je m'accroche à des ruines

entre les ais du coeur  
les visages éteints de mes amis  
initient la lumière à leur jeu

je dis tu je dis vous  
haleine brisée du remous  
je me résigne aux avrils du sang  
comme à la peur de la rue embusquée

londres 29.1.64.



The performers, correct in evening dress, seated upon upright chairs, strange cruciform objects before them, pieces of polished wood and metal in their hands. Relaxing upon upholstered seats; the audience, their eyes fixed on the sight before them. Between the two, a barrier — of no great magnitude, which, doubtless, an over-enthusiastic audience, or orchestra, could easily flatten (yet which would soon be replaced).

Such is one's image of an incipient concert. Shortly the players will begin to make strange contortions and exertions, by means of which a stream of sounds will issue forth from their instruments. But the barrier is of importance — that great divide — if only because nowadays serious attempts are being made to demolish it, not by the performers, or by the audience (or by the management), but by the composers themselves.

The incongruity of the stream of delicate sounds issuing forth from the exertions of a body of men, all apparently acting as though they were embryo furniture-polishers — this, too, some composers have attacked, amongst whom is **Mauricio Kagel**.

In his **Theatre Piece, for chamber music ensemble in one act**, Kagel instructs that there should be three instrumentalists, and also a lecturer, a mime and a singer, all of whom are directed to act as well as play. There is a text in the form of a collage — scraps of musical

III  
c'est sous notre langue  
la nuit abîmée  
qui dissimule sa mauvaise haleine  
dans un mouvement de honte

la caresse de l'ongle  
referme le cri

londres 25.9.64.

## Christopher Walker on Music

criticism, newspaper cuttings; the words themselves are often jumbled and broken up. This is juxtaposed with taped sounds (several loudspeakers people the stage), and music from the instrumentalists (for whom there are no exact indications: just such as a **chord, loudly**).

**Kagel** enlarges our idea of a musical performance: what people do is just as important as the sounds they produce.

Rather differently **Chiari** also seeks to change preconceptions of what one goes to a concert for. With some of his works what takes place is a patch-work of items of daily activity, of things that happen. In some of his 'scores', the directions are that the items specified are created; there are then performed or broadcast in any order. Sometimes only the items' titles are announced, and the spectators are left to imagine the sounds. Such items are 'object being put down; square wave of 212 cps; voice of Winston Churchill; drop of water evaporating on red hot plates; amateur pianist trying out arpeggios; door banged; bellowing of crowd in football match; melancholy sound of 'cello.' The items with actual musical content are few; music is just one of many 'things that happen'.

These developments in contemporary music would have not been possible but for the work of **John Cage**. Cage was the first to shake up our ideas of 'musical performances'. He often uses musical instruments as mere objects; people do things to such objects rather than produce music out of them. Indeed the musical sounds themselves seem almost incidental. The piano is something to be dusted, shaken, hit, rather than 'played'; or, if it is to be played, it should be well-tampered. (**Amores, 1943**: nine screws, eight bolts, two nuts and three strips of rubber acting as mutes were placed between the strings, pertaining to eighteen keys. . . .)

In many of **Cage's** compositions there are few precise directions for sounds — the instrumentalists themselves are given great freedom of performance. This means that no two performances of a work by **Cage** are the same, though often the sound is similar. This is perhaps his

way of reacting against the strict formalization music always tends towards.

Even more extreme than **Cage** is **La Monte Young** who leaves fewer directions to the performer: **Open Fifth; Two Sounds**. **Young** has been described as one of the most completely musical of the younger composers. Unconcerned with ideology, with literary ideas, or, even, with his audience, he seems to be giving expression to the essence of music, as he sees it.

All these composers seem to be re-thinking the activity of making music which includes breaking up old notions about going to a concert, and giving wide freedom to the performer.

However, other composers seek to limit the performer's freedom as much as they can. Many such composers find themselves drawn to electronic composition, whereby they can crystallize their ideas into music not subject to the vagaries of the individual performer. In this second group is **Frank Amey** who composed **electro-magnetic music** for the **Takis** exhibition at the **Alexander Iolas Gallery** in 1961, in New York.

With the **Olsen-Belar Synthesizer** in New York, a composer can mix sounds of his choosing: these can either be 'found' sounds (the sea, an aeroplane, rain, a door-slam) or, to achieve greater purity, sounds created in the laboratory: sine waves, square waves, white noise. These can be amplified, mixed and timed with great precision.

But even here there is an element of variability, of unpredictability. The laws of physics appear to elude the control of the creators of electronic compositions. The randomness inherent in the nature of sound appears to upset simple human control. It has been discovered that if the amplitude of, say, a simple sine curve of a given frequency is increased linearly, sound waves of other frequencies will occur, and these frequencies are random, with no direct relation to the original frequency. The electronic composer, aiming at total control, is nevertheless compelled to allow some chance elements to enter his composition.

London 5.11.64.

## Development of New Projects 1964

by Marcello Salvadori

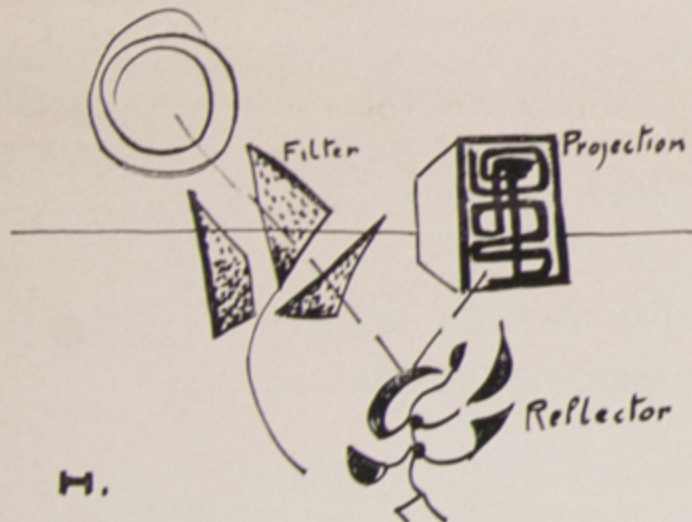
I think that the everyday use of thousands of materials can be reviewed again by the artist, from their origins, to see the creative potentiality of each stage, starting from the molecular, physical and chemical properties.

I am thinking of the integration of nature with buildings. Vegetation can be controlled sufficiently to produce parks on high levels, part of the building itself. Cement and bricks are not really the answer to the development of today's cities. Why not use instead plastics, resin, magnetism, high-speed air for walls, to control heat and cold, to be clear or misty? In using, for example, certain clear glues we have a precise analogy with water, but more solid glues can be made into hundreds of forms, each running close to some aspect of nature.

Their use involves a new concept of aesthetic order for the simple reason that the material itself presents an immediate range of new possibilities and solutions.

The inevitability of motion is a fact. It will be quite a long time before it is understood that motion is a complex and indivisible part of the whole of creation.

The French sculptor **Jean Arp** and the young Spanish artist **Eduardo Chillida** shared the sculpture award at the Carnegie International Exhibition in Pittsburgh this year. **Chillida** is one of the most profound artists of our time: his wooden structures and welded metal constructions were described by a poet as 'volcanic flowers of the earth'. More cloud-like are the gleaming sculptures of **Jean Arp**. A representative selection of **Arp's** pieces were recently shown at the Brook Street Gallery in London.



P. K. Hoenich: Drawing of an architectural project using robot art. 1964

### Letter From Walter Gropius

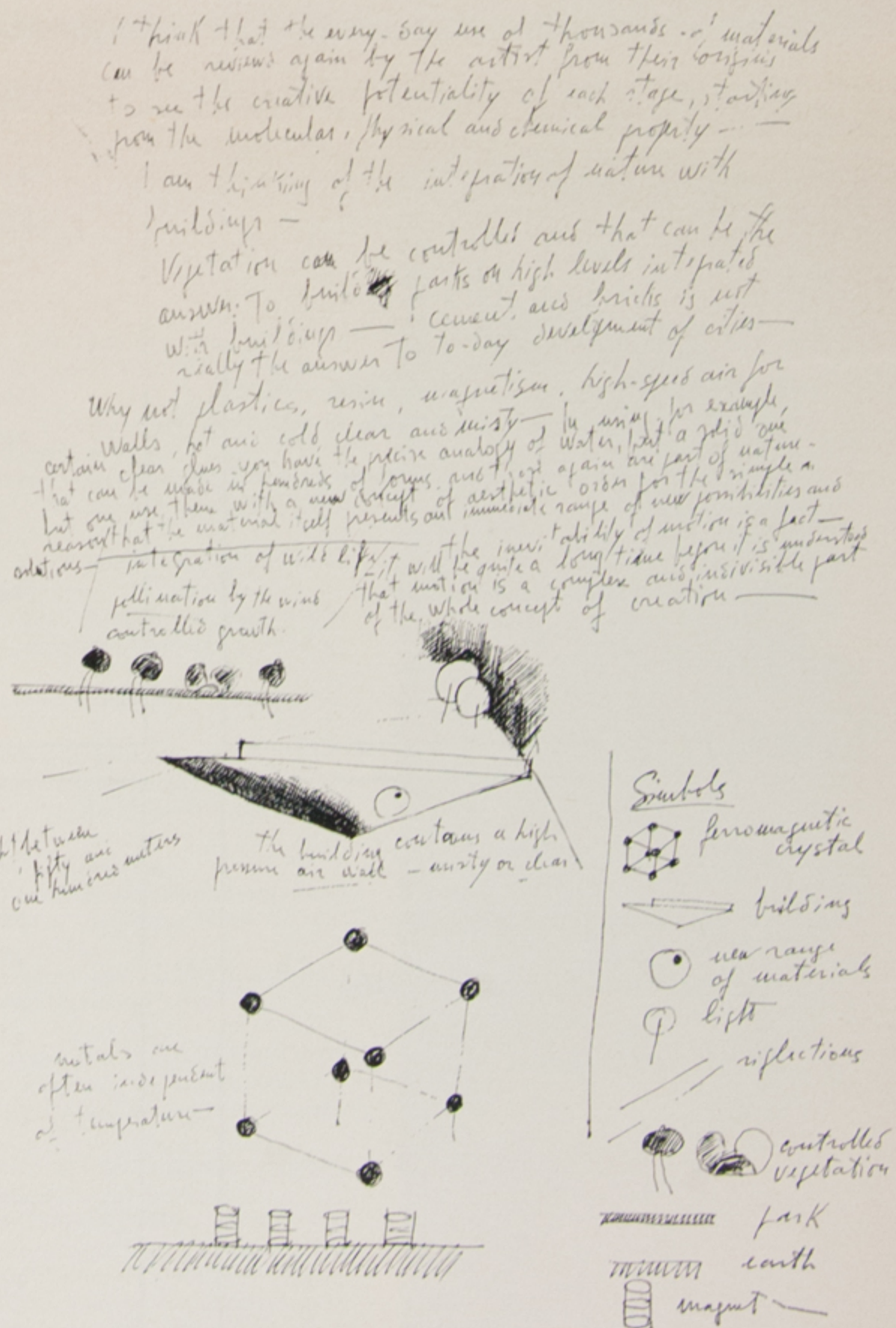
To P. K. Hoenich  
Cambridge, Massachusetts, USA  
13 February 1963

Dear Professor Hoenich:

Having received your book **Robot Art**, I should like to tell you that I am delighted and highly interested in your work. It ties on to some minor attempts in a similar line which have been done formerly. In the **Bauhaus** we had 'reflectory light-plays' by **Ludwig Hirschfeld**, **Man Ray** and **Moholy-Nagy** made camera-less abstract photos, but nobody has yet so consistently penetrated into this field. I am convinced that this is a field of research for the future and will become a true instrument of a new art. The results of your **Robot Painter Number 5** are beautiful.

Harvard University has built up a department for visual design where this type of work would fit in brilliantly. Very soon they are going to open their new building built by **Le Corbusier** here in Cambridge. I talked yesterday to Mr **Trottenberg**, a member of their Advisory Council, who was highly interested in what I told him about your work. Is it at all feasible to get another copy which I could hand over to Harvard University? I would be glad to pay for it. With my best regards and good wishes for the development of your ideas, I am,

Sincerely yours,  
Walter Gropius.



Marcello Salvadori: Development of New Projects. 1964



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John Newell at Cornwall Gardens  
Photo: Clay Perry

## JOHN NEWELL ON SCIENCE, 2

As the three-man Russian spaceships and the Chinese bomb fought for headlines with the elections and the deposition of Krushchev, a gigantic failure on the part of science passed almost unnoticed. It is documented in the annual report of the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations. In this report the failure of world food production to keep pace with the growth of world population is made brutally clear.

From 1959 to 1962 inclusive the world increase in food production ran more or less neck and neck with the growth of population. In 1963 population edged ahead. We are losing the race to feed the advancing millions. Worse still, increases in food production are taken as a world average. The biggest increases have taken place in areas where there is no need for them, areas where crops are stored indefinitely in glut years or sometimes even allowed to rot on the ground. In the poorer countries, the gap is widening much faster than even this year's discouraging figures show.

The gap in living standards between the rich one-third and the poor two-thirds of the world's population is widening and widening faster all the time. The proportion of the world's population on the poor side of the fence is getting bigger all the time. By the year 2000 at least three-quarters of the world's population will

be on the poor side of the fence. The standard of living of that three-quarters will be lower than it is in the poor two-thirds of the world today. The gap widens, the rich pull ahead, the poor stand still or fall back, and more and more of the new citizens of the world are poor.

By the year 2000, according to a report from another international agency, the World Health Organisation, nine-tenths of the world's population will live in cities. Huge sprawling shanty towns, lacking the elementary dignities of either city or country. Endless endlessly growing slums with no proper sanitation, no decent drinking water, no proper police force, no good schools, invaded by disease-carrying mosquitoes, without any urban tradition to educate the new citizens who all flock in from land taken away from them by machines. The world's population is due to double by the year 2000 but this is a less frightening prospect than the places where most of that population will live. A countryside can be replanned, a big city is very hard to change. Bewildered and uneducated country people huddling in millions under sheets of corrugated iron with breeding and dying as the two principal events in their short lives. A view as far as the end of a ten-year old slum street. Municipal hand-outs of fish meal once a week. This is what we expect while we send spaceships to the sun and fly businessmen across the Atlantic in supersonic airliners.

The unbelievable thing is that the solutions to the problems are here with us now; they require little or no new scientific research. Experts agree that even the most massive programmes of contraceptive education could not make much impact on the doubling of world population before the year 2000, the thirty-six-year-off date which I am writing about now because I daren't look further ahead. But the world can feed the doubled population. We have the land, the sea, the farming techniques. We have had most of them in the West for the past 200 years at least. These techniques only need to be applied.

The developing countries need to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. Financial and material aid from outside is only a short term solution; preventing the development of internal resources often do more harm than good. Aid programmes to date have made this clear. What is needed is better agriculture, and more scientists to control and improve it, and more doctors to keep the labour force healthy — to put the health aspect only in its most practical and least humanitarian terms. For a long time to come the developing countries will be dependent on agriculture not only to feed their own populations but also for their export industries, on which will depend their ability to pay for improvements in their education. More science, not new but established science, and more scientists. Why don't two thirds of the world get them?

The blame rests mainly on the shoulders of the prosperous West — and to some extent on Russia. First and foremost, as the FAO report makes it clear, we are making it harder and harder for the raw material products of developing countries to compete in our markets. They face competition from synthetic substitutes, competition which is now extending into almost every field. Before anyone mentions the virtues of a free market, remember that nowadays there is virtually no such thing as a free market, that aircraft and shipbuilding industries, to mention only two, are subsidised up to the hilt in many rich countries to enable them to compete with lower priced rivals. But such competition is usually on fair terms. Not so when synthetics compete with natural products. In the case of rubber alone, motor tyre manufacturers are the owners of synthetic rubber producing plants, a situation which makes it



David Medalla: Drawing, St-Céré, 1963

more than difficult for the natural product to compete on equal terms. The FAO report condemns this practice. So did the three-month international trade conference at Geneva, held earlier this year and attended by economists from 120 countries of all stages of development. The unanimous resolution of the conference was that developed countries should avoid giving

encouragement to the development of synthetic competitors to the products of developing countries.

Hard on the heels of the trade conference came the international atoms for peace conference at Geneva. The United States, Russia and other countries publicised their efforts to find uses for the by-products of the nuclear arms race in the industries and agriculture of developing countries. I was at one press conference when an exasperated Indian journalist said 'Mr Chairman, What is good for Westinghouse is not necessarily good for India.' I don't wish to slander Westinghouse, a very good firm. But it is a fact that far too much lip service and far too little practical effort is put towards the real needs of developing countries. The National Institute for Agricultural Engineering, the Tropical Products Institute, the Anti-Locust Research Centre — we do have good work going on here. But the money and attention that it gets, compared to more glamorous establishments, is minimal.

We discourage trade, we don't do enough research. We also discourage — yes, actively discourage scientists from going overseas to work and to train new scientists in the developing countries. I have talked to many scientists who are considering a few years in Africa or Asia, and to many others who have just returned from such a working period. There is never any doubt about the interest or the worthwhileness of the work they are going to do or have done. But on their return they find themselves many years behind the other man. Two directors of leading laboratories, whose names, at their requests, I cannot quote, told me that overseas work was only worthwhile for the very young scientist, and that even for him it was a risk in career terms. Universities in Britain should have far more travelling lectureships, so that a mature and brilliant scientist could give the benefit of his experience to a developing country for years at a time without facing the prospect of struggling for a new job behind competitors when he gets home.

Is this depressing picture going to change? The men in the few laboratories which are devoted to solving the problems I have tried to outline seem to be the most pessimistic of all, when they consider the problem in its widest aspects. I can't help agreeing with them. I fear that something horrible is going to have to happen to shake the complacency of the West. It's all been said before. But next time you read about someone making building board out of sugar cane stems, or cement out of rice husks, or protein food out of prairie grass, spare them a thought. They're a lot less glamorous than supersonic airliners and atom smashers and astronomers. But I wish I could find a way to get them more publicity. They are the most important scientists, probably the most important people, in the world today.

Scene: Happenings night at the London Helladium.

## VICTOR MUSGRAVE ON ART, No 2

**Quizmaster:** I want you to meet a wonderful couple, guaranteed, after extensive search, to be identical with all the other wonderful couples who have joined in our wonderful Sabbath Happening, Eat the Cock, or the Materialist's Dream, as they call it the other side of the critical curtain.  
[Enter first couple].

Good evening, Mr and Mrs Everyotherman. After another year of our programme we hope the middle two syllables of your name will no longer apply. Anyway, we're working on it. Now what do they call you, sir, in the intimacy of the works toilet?

**Mr E:** Egremont.

**QM:** Egremont! Well, we can't all be Johns, can we. Give Egremont a big hand. And you, luv — [winks at audience] have you got your best panties on, dear? — what do they call you in the intimacy of your meditation room at home? And I think everyone knows we mean by that your TV room.

[Mrs Everyotherman seems to be looking round for help.]

**QM:** Don't worry, luv, we can't all be Johns, so you won't mind if I call you Mary, will you. This wonderful couple, yes, you, John and Mary, are in line for a major sacred totem. [Consults papers.] John, yes, John goes to work every day, and he is a [consults papers] ah, yes, he is a moron —

**Mr E:** Here, just a minute —

**QM:** And Mary, I see, is a cretin [Mary's protest is smothered] and I'm sure we are all pleased by that, since that makes you eligible for the jackpot prize, a 100 megaton sculpture.

**Voice:** Is it British?

**QM:** What? No interruptions, please, there's a deadline — ten seconds overrun costs £10 a second. And, anyway, we can't all be Johns.

**Interlocutor:** I am the interlocutor. I ask again, is it British? WHICH, in association with the British Council, in its special art supplement, says all British painting and sculpture is GOOD

VALUE FOR MONEY. With the exception, naturally, of certain names like Kokoschka, Vezelay, Christoforou and a good few more. They're not really happy about Paolozzi, but I suppose they had to make a gesture. As WHICH says, they may be British, but they don't sound it. Besides, some of them use cupronickel instead of silver, and housepaint instead of gold leaf. No one can say that's value for money.

**QM:** John and Mary and all you lovely people, let's ignore the interruption and continue the show. Now, John and Mary, I'm not going to ask you to do anything embarrassing, like rolling around in a tub of shit — I know you'd do it and enjoy it, and we'd all have a lot of fun — but for you to win a major fetish, all I want you to do is this. John, take your trousers off and bend over. Mary, just bend over backwards and balance these golf balls on your tits. A sharp jerk of the chest, dear, and let's see where they land. If they land in the right place, YOU HAVE WON A MAJOR PRIZE.

[Mr and Mrs Everyotherman, surrounded and assisted by gorgeous girls, perform the ritual as if long practised.]

**QM:** You have won — yes — you have won an Eizcold TSR Superline plastifoam MI autoflash doubletuned WASHING MACHINE. [Clasps his hands briefly in homage.] Let us all kneel in worship — and I mean all of you at home as well as our lovely audience here — for [consults watch] precisely 1½ seconds. Thank you.

**Mr and Mrs E:** Oh, lovely. We have one already.

**Int:** Then you are indeed fortunate. Every home should have two of everything.

**QM:** [laughing heartily] No home can have too many of everything.

[Mr and Mrs Everyotherman examine the washing machine.]

**Mr E:** It won't open.

**Mrs E:** The switch won't work.

**QM:** [farting heartily] It's not meant to work,

you schlemiels. You have one that works already. This performs no function. It's a work of art.

**Mr and Mrs E:** The spin drier won't spin. It won't work. We don't want it.

**QM:** Are you two lovely people living in a cultural vacuum? This work is advertised regularly on television.

**Mr and Mrs E:** We thought we might win the 100 megaton sculpture.

**QM:** John and Mary, oh, John and Mary, would you accept the machine if it was a working model?

**Mr and Mrs E:** That's different. Of course we would.

**QM:** Bring on a working model.

**Mrs E:** We could put it in the bedroom.

**Mr E:** No dear, it would clash with the second television set.

**Mrs E:** In the dining room, then.

**Mr E:** Oh no, dear, not with the electric irons.

**Mrs E:** There's only the lounge, then. I'm not wasting it in the kitchen.

**Mr E:** Oh, I do agree, dear, in the lounge next to the cocktail cabinet. Such a pity we're both non-drinkers.

**QM:** Morons, cretins and . . . NON-DRINKERS as well. What a wonderful couple. What a wonderful couple. What a wonderful couple. What —

At this point the 100 megaton sculpture explodes, accidentally or on purpose.

**VOICE OF INTERLOCUTOR:** Watch the beauty of the disintegrating fragments — the synthesis in art of the human and the —

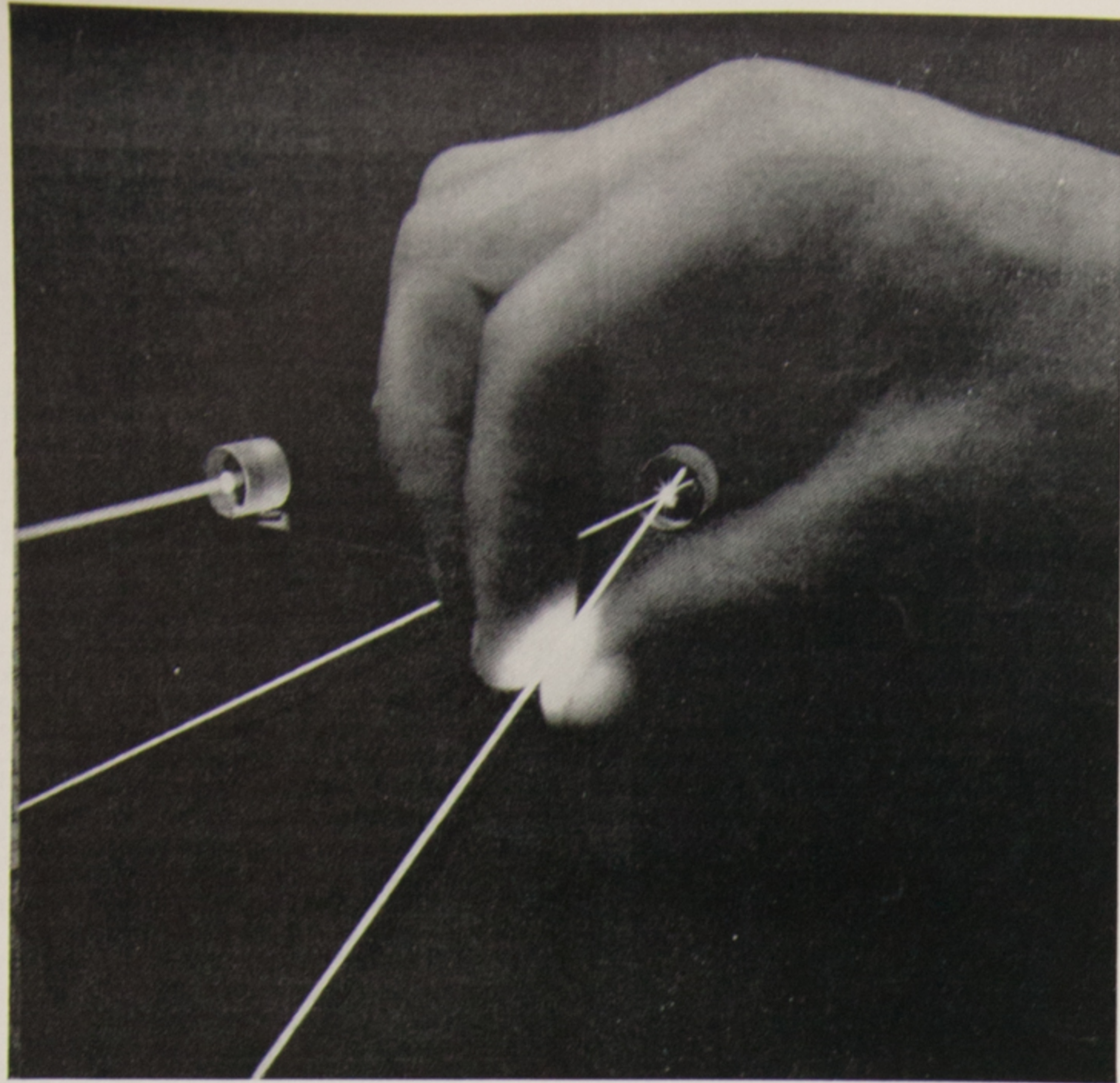
**VOICE OF QM:** No interruptions, please, we are on schedule. This beats Zen. It's got the erotic art of India licked. Pure contemplation. A real pace-setter.

His voice goes on and on and on, but in the cacophony of sound one can only make out occasional phrases, usually to the effect that there will be a discussion of the happening on Monitor, lasting at least twenty minutes.

Victor Musgrave at Cornwall Gardens  
Photo: Clay Perry







## TAKIS's MAGNETIC NOWHERE

By Nicolas Calas

To the intervals alleviating the weight of the mass in pre-Giacometti sculpture, Takis opposes magnetic intervals. He thus avoids the pitfall of the constructivists who, in order to introduce tension into a massless statue, confined the sculptural space within an architectural form. Takis's magnetic sculpture is more horizontal than weightless, more musical than pictorial. The tensions in his sculpture, whether still or agitated, are seemingly inexhaustible.

Takis's sculpture has the quality of a primitive idol in that the whole is composed of self-sufficient segments, albeit unlike an African statue with its limbs, torso and head, the magnetic segments, far from being anthropomorphic, are purely spatially oriented. Takis's fields of tension entrance us with the blackness of their magic. What more unsettling than a magnetic pendulum marking time over a set of five ubiquitous compasses trembling in the circle of nowhere, more disturbing than the five fingers pointing accusingly at the emptiness of a monochrome canvas, more disquieting than perfect spheres and cylinders dancing spasmodically about an idol abstracted? Let there be a scientific explanation of magnetism, the poetry of art requires that Knowledge's assur-

ance be suspended while anxiety awakens our sensitivity to the dream-like qualities of objects. Takis sets the stage in space for a post-Laocoon struggle.

Manhattan, November 1961.

## OUT OF MY WINDOW

by Pieter Wielema

Out of my window

and haze

I face the world

below me a man goes by

he doesn't look up

he doesn't look back

he walks

and has a hat on

which shows up well

his shadow glides over the playing children

the ritual of the day

clapping has brought the children inside

and the man

has disappeared behind the mountains

The Hague 1963.  
Translated from the Dutch by the author

Hand holding a laser.  
From an advertisement of the Perkin-Elmer Corporation, USA

## GREEK WEDS PHYSICS AND ART

Sculptor Delves Into Strange Forces in Paris Show

by Harold Gal

Special to The New York Times

Paris, Oct 26 — A Greek sculptor with a single name — Takis — is bridging the gap between science and art with a clarity of purpose that belies the complexity of his sculpture-machines.

His purpose, he said in an interview today amid the buzzing, whirring, flashing examples of his art, is to show that 'an inventor is an artist because an artist discovers things that don't exist; the artist is close to science.'

He was first inspired, he said, to sculpture that involved magnets, coils of wire, lights and theories of physics by the traffic signals of Paris, a discovery he made in 1955. The next step in the development of his work he credits to the radar systems at the international airports.

'It fascinated me,' he said, 'that something one could not see could control the movements of machines.'

The forces of science, visible and invisible, have led to an impressive collection of work now on view at the *Alexandre Iolas Gallery* at 196 Boulevard Saint-Germain. The showing covers ten years of Takis's work, from 1954 to 1964. After it ends on November 7 it will be followed by a showing of others of his pieces in London.

Perhaps the most fascinating of the Takis pieces on display is a work called 'Telephoto: A Cosmic Flower in a Blue Cage.' It consists of a flashing mercury lamp in a rectangular cage and an assemblage of gears and levers. A white ball outside the cage sways in changing movement above and around a magnetic coil.

Of this work Takis says: 'I have freed the robot; here is a machine that never does the same thing twice.'

His 'machine' involves a lamp in which the impulses of energy become blue sparks that dance freely and wildly over the surface of a pool of mercury. The gears and levers involve electronic

equipment, and the whole, the flashing light, the circling sphere, exude an aura of mystery. One would not be surprised to see such a machine in a space centre; but in an art gallery the effect is that of art and science wedded into a machine explicable in construction, perhaps, but inexplicable in its effect upon the viewer.

Takis's art is strange and disturbing to the viewer of contemporary modern art. He has gone one step further, into the world of the unknown.

Another of his works on display, seemingly less complicated but no less disturbing, is called 'Signals,' a collection of reed-like metal wires that sway and sing with an audible buzzing, bowing and bending one to the other in a graceful dance of metal.

Takis expects to delve further into the complexities of magnets and mercury lamps. He is fascinated now by a new and intensely powerful magnet that Westinghouse has developed and with the co-operation of that concern is looking into the possibilities of using it in sculpture.

'Young people are very enthusiastic about my work,' he said. 'It is the dream of the artist to approach new horizons to them. I don't know about that, but' — and he turned toward the 'Cosmic Flower in a Blue Cage' — 'I know about this.'

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Research workers in a nuclear laboratory



Liliane Lijn: Echolights. 1963

## Programme Thought Up in 1961

by Takis and Sinclair Beiles

**Subject 1.** What is the structure of a thought? How does it change its structure? How is a thought transformed into light and sound and chemical reactions? What is the relation of thoughts to numbers since thoughts have definite geometrical shapes? (Thoughts are things. An electromagnetic configuration is a definite thing.)

**Subject 2.** History is composed of thoughts — therefore one can ask the question, What is the structure of History? What is its electromagnetic configuration? How does it change its structure?

**Subject 3.** What living organisms behave like thoughts? How are they similar to thoughts? For example, viruses, bacteria, simple sea animals, highly organised insects such as flies. If one can think in terms of a thought (with structure) of which a certain species partakes, then what is the structure of this thought? How does it change? How is it related to other thoughts which determine the forms of other species?

**Subject 4.** What environments and conditions are favourable for closer collaboration between thoughts (we posit the existence of thought configurations which do not depend on the existence of Man for their existence) and human bodies, and how can a closer collaboration be achieved today?

**Subject 5.** What is the anatomy and physiology of the sixth sense? What can be done to encourage its development and use? Precisely how is the sixth sense a radio phenomenon? What is communicated? It must be a kind of language which we partly know unconsciously. Discover this language.

**Subject 6.** How does muscle work? Is it possible to make artificial muscles which work by artificially photo-synthesised sugar? If so, one may have to use a machine which runs on air, sunlight, water, magnetism.

**Subject 7.** Since language is a means of travelling through thought-structures, a means of bringing closer collaboration between things (modifying them, opening up new points of life for them) and thoughts, languages must be constructed devoid of those words which do not lead to things but only to more words.

## MAGNETIC WORD-MUSIC FOR TAKIS's SCULPTURES

By Brion Gysin

I am that I am that I happen.  
I am a resultant — a coincidence  
of magnetic fields that am I.  
Am is my Here.  
That is I there.  
What am I here for? I am here to go.  
When the magnetic fields shift there  
is no Here. I am gone.  
I do not think. I am thought —  
not by a thinker who would, too, be  
thought.  
I am thought in action.  
My magnetic fields shift for my  
thought is an action and I go. I am  
gone. I am out.

Paris 1.1.62.



Liliane Lijn

## Electron Notes, 1964

I want to walk through the transparent world of photon light . . . work with the source of light . . . capture electron images. . . . My Echo-lights are silent spherical reflections . . . photon planets echoing themselves. . . .

## WHY DO YOU MAKE ECHO-TIME ?

I want to walk through the stimulated emission of radiation . . . work with the invisible beams. . . .

Why do you make Echo-lights move ? Can they exist at a static state ?

## DO YOU USE COLOUR ?

Ruby crystals generate very pure beams of infra-red light.

## NO PIGMENTS WANTED.

Colour must be the ray split.

Plexiglass possible matter for electron transformations . . . planetary reflections become real. Have made invisible painting, also visible, depending on light . . . normal phenomena . . . only amplified. Movement intrinsic with light . . . speed so great as to appear static.

The photon vibrates in the formula

which I have injected introducing an electron and a positron which act like lenses . . . light produces charged mathematical equations. Medium planets even without moving pulse paintings, and I can make reflections which vibrate but I am intrigued with a slow electron reflection. This doubles itself and a mysterious light is produced when charged in slow motion. One can follow medium disappear and appear anew. Visually the painting must emit neutron radiations at highest frequencies . . . to be absorbed at random and give energy to the on-looker.

I see imaginary planets travelling through a transparent medium of equations. They are invisible when exceeding speed of light. Their reflections appear as luminous. Perhaps also they are RADAR PULSE PAINTINGS. Continuous sharp outbursts of energy keep them in motion . . . individual deflected echoes are detected by a lens turning on its axis. . . .

Intervals between transmitted pulses are the direction of light.

T: Yes . . . smiles — noses — eyes — teeth. No wonder that the avant-garde artist today has such a great success and is protected by the government or by big business. The artists are protected for the simple reason that they satisfy the robot instruments. Once in a while we see a painter who paints as if he were making pastries.

L: They say about some painters, and the painters themselves admit, that they 'are cooking'.

T: Anyway the whole baroque epoch is nothing more than a whole lot of birthday cakes. Under the new regime the only painter that has escaped condemnation is Mondrian. We have the chocolates of Gauguin, the rosy apples of Renoir, the milk and honey of Picasso, and a lot of lemonade, orangeade and cherry soda of other great artists. The Surrealists, on the contrary, made a great revolution. They refused to irritate the mouth through the eye like the other artists. Instead the Surrealists irritated the sex through the eye by painting enlarged breasts

pricks and cunts. They too had a great success with the robots. Because, as we've said, the human beings of today live only with exterior organs and feel with exterior antennas: lips eyes ears and skin-rubbing.

## Epilogue

T: The given terms 'new regime' and 'old regime' still need clarification. Many historians, mythologists, archeologists and anthropologists today have been influenced by Freud. Therefore they call the old regime matriarchy and the new regime patriarchy.

L: We use the terms 'old regime' and 'new regime' to make ourselves clear because matriarchy and patriarchy only confuse the issue. Whether a society is matriarchal or patriarchal is merely a detail. Modern anthropologists have complicated these words' meanings and enlarged their importance in the course of history, in order to hide the real issue which was the change from the hierarchic rule to the rule of images.



Liliane Lijn : Paris. 1962

## Personae

Takis  
Liliane Lijn

THE TAKIS  
DIALOGUES

## II

T: Since, Lijn, you have been following the entire above conversation, I will ask you to come back with me again to the Egyptians. It is well known that in the time of the Egyptian Pharaohs, and even in the era of classical Greece, the governments were very interested in the education of the people, each government, of course, following its own and different course. The Egyptians tried to develop certain interior chords in the human body. The classical Greeks claimed that their methods of education were towards the interior and the exterior development of the human personality. Towards the end of Greek civilisation, however, the Greeks themselves weakened and diminished their achievements by dividing their attention between the exterior and the interior life. And as we said before, the Greeks of the Hellenistic period had already fallen prey to images; this evolution towards a complete belief in images was a slow one.

L: I think the claim of the classical Greeks, that they developed the exterior and the interior, was merely a way of covering up their development towards the image—a compromise they were making with the image-perpetrators. And is not this why they weakened any effort they made towards substance and the interior ?

T: Definitely; but enough of history.

Now I would like to move directly into the expansion of the non-existence of colours. The reflection of a square of pure red, yellow, or blue, touched a certain chord inside the human body. This reflection was a quantity of pure light hitting that chord. Since the same vibration of this chord could be achieved by using a large square of yellow instead of a small square of red, it becomes clear that the colour had no importance; but it was the quantity of reflection of pure light being filtered through a colour that made the difference. (Filtered, for example, along the same principle used by the camera today; filters enable the camera to use a stronger or a weaker light).

To be more specific: 30 square centimetres of light reflected off blue will have the power of 10 square centimetres reflected off yellow. Therefore colour is a mere invention of human beings, like the piano or the violin. Talking of our time, a time only of images, the painters use colour merely to feed the mouth. The human bodies of our time no longer carry chords inside them.

L: So, Takis, if I look at the human bodies of today (they are human bodies and not human beings) they seem to me to be hollow shells with some exterior instruments to feed themselves, to take orders and to give out information. It really looks like we are just one step from Robotism.

T: Exactly. I would say that we are completely Robots, only some are organized, some are not.

L: What about Switzerland—the country of perfect automatons ?

T: Perhaps you will find it very curious that the Swiss people are the perfect robots; only, their intelligence is limited. They have developed, we could say today, the personality of robots. If, for instance, you dare to drop a piece of paper on their streets, immediately the Swiss robot walking next to you will give you indications of what you should do: i.e., drop it in the

waste-paper basket. There you see an independently acting robot.

But let's stick to colour.

I have to go backwards again.

In our above conversation we clarified that the Egyptian Pharaohs cultivated interior chords in human beings in order to make the people understand them by means of those chords. And as we have said before, the Pharaohs declared themselves for space and chaos; the Pharaohs realised that without the help of the masses they would never reach space. (In 1954 archeologists discovered a 'space-ship' belonging to the Pharaoh Cheops; this 'space-ship' is now on exhibition in Cairo; writings discovered said that Cheops had gravitated around the sun).

It is very well known that the Egyptians manifested this interior development. In all the expressions of their art they tried to contact the people through interior chords. Thus we see in their architecture, in their sculpture, paintings, etc, that exterior details did not count. They wanted the crowds to see directly inside the work of art. This meant that they had to develop their interior chords.

In contrast, the first Greek sculptures to appear, after the issue of coins, 'wore' the first details. (See, for example, The Charioteer). As the new regime established its powers, more details appeared in every form of art.

L: I agree, Takis. In the field of drama, for example, the chorus and the two actors of Aeschylus gave way to the spectacles of Euripides. Euripides, in fact, created the first robot hero. The Corinthians even bribed him with fifteen of those silver image-ridden talents in order to turn Jason into a hero and defile archaic Medea. But you were speaking of details in sculpture. What were those details that the Greeks represented ?

T: Exterior instruments of the human body like mouths eyes nostrils pricks ears. Of course, the latter-day Greeks claimed that they were interested in development towards interior knowledge, but that was just to satisfy those still feeling nostalgic for tradition. We have evidence that there remained enough reaction against the new regime, from the attacks directed against Euripides.

Today these exterior instruments have more importance than anything—to such an extent that nothing has remained important other than smiles. . . .

L: In America the slogan is Keep Smiling. . . .

Takis with his Signals on a Paris rooftop. 1956  
Photo: Paul Wember





from the editor's desk

## CROSSING THE MAGNETIC POLE

The southern hemisphere's magnetic pole lies, not directly above the actual geographic South Pole, but near the head of Antarctica's Mertz Glacier along the 150th meridian. Its present location is near Wilkes Land which forms the base of an isoclinal triangle with Australia and New Zealand.

Owing to its as yet inexplicable mobility, the magnetic pole's position has to be determined every five years from the latest data supplied by various aeronautical and naval expeditions. Professor T. E. David of the British Shackleton expedition in 1909, for example, 'fixed' the magnetic pole's position approximately 400 miles south-east of its present location. Magnetic compasses cease to be reliable within a radius of 1,000 miles of the magnetic pole: they swing crazy when near the magnetic pole.

To avoid the hazards of navigation in Antarctica, where all directions point North, the US navy fliers have developed a remarkable grid navigation system. This system uses charts with a Mercator projector and provides 'imaginary' North, East, West, South, which, when required, can easily be translated to true headings. Using such a system, the navy men plotted the

journey of Rear Admiral James R. Reedy who flew last month from Australia to the South Pole in a flight covering 4,420 miles — the longest flight in Antarctic history. Admiral Reedy's time: 15 hours 39 minutes. Surface temperature on the pole on arrival: 65 degrees Fahrenheit.

### Lucretius on Magnetic Motion

from De Rerum Natura translated from the Latin into English by C. F. Johnson, 1872.

FIRST, FROM THE STONE innumerable atoms flow,

In streams that form an atmosphere around, Displacing air between it and the stone.

Thus rarefied, the space, the particles Of metal press, vacated place to fill, And drag with them the mass to which they're joined;

For nothing is than steel more closely knit, Nor more compacted in its elements: Hence, little wonder, if, as said before, The particles thus streaming to the void Should drag with them along the chain entire! And this they do; drag it to magnet stone, Whereto it close adheres by secret bond.

**TAKIS** →

and his fire-sculpture at the Place de la Concorde, Paris, 1957



Photographs by Clay Perry

#### STOP PRESS

NEXT SIGNALS SHOW AT 39 WIGMORE STREET, W1, WILL START ON DECEMBER 29 AND WILL END ON JANUARY 26, 1965. IT WILL BE A ONE-MAN EXHIBITION OF BRONZE SCULPTURES AND WOODEN RELIEFS BY THE BRAZILIAN ARTIST SERGIO DE CAMARGO, WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL SCULPTURE PRIZE AT LAST YEAR'S PARIS BIENNALE. CAMARGO IS PICTURED SEATED ON THE LEFT AT 92 CORNWALL GARDENS WHEN HE VISITED LONDON LAST MONTH FOR THE FIRST FESTIVAL OF MODERN ART FROM SOUTH AMERICA. ON THE WALL, CENTRE OF PICTURE, IS A WORK BY CAMARGO. IN SILHOUETTE: SIGNALS' EDITOR. PHOTO: CLAY PERRY. SIGNALS NEXT MONTH WILL BE DEVOTED MAINLY TO CAMARGO AND HIS WORK AND TO CULTURAL DEVELOPMENTS IN MODERN BRAZIL.

#### ADVERTISEMENT SPACE

Beginning next month advertisement space in Signals will be available in the following sizes: one full page; one half of a page; one quarter of a page; and one eighth of a page. Prospective clients are requested to send in their advertisement on or before the last week of each month to the Advertising Manager, Signals, 39 Wigmore Street, London, W1.



#### Painting Signals' New Showrooms

Pictured at left are Kasper Fruitema from Holland (perched gaily on a ladder) and Filipino artist David Medalla painting a ceiling on the third floor of Signals' new showrooms at 39 Wigmore Street, London, W1. They were two of many young people from all over the world who came and helped prepare Signals' new showrooms for the Takis exhibition. Work at 39 Wigmore Street was supervised by Paul and David Keeler. Among those who gave a hand were Anthony de Kerdrel, Christopher Walker, Marcello Salvadori, Michael Brett, Pieter Wielema, Paul Grinke, Gordon Thompson, and Julian Watson from New Zealand. Julian Watson also accompanied Paul Keeler when the latter went to Paris to fetch the works for the Takis exhibition.

#### Name Dropping

We have dropped the name Centre for Advanced Creative Study from our masthead because it was, as a friend aptly put it, 'quite a mouthful'.

#### Bury Show A Success

The Belgian artist Pol Bury, after his enormous success at this year's Venice Biennale, is repeating his success at his first one-man show in America, at the Lefebvre Gallery, New York (October 12 to November 7), where every one of his twenty-five constructions were sold before the show opened, including an unprecedented purchase of two works by New York's Museum of Modern Art. Bury's work was first seen on a substantial scale in London at the exhibition of mobile sculptures organised by Paul Keeler early this year in connection with Peter Brook's Theatre of Cruelty presentation at the Lamda Theatre. Next month Signals will feature a full spread on Pol Bury edited by his friend, pataphysician Simon Watson Taylor.