

NEOIST BOOK

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PLEDGE

Before reading this book sign this pledge in four points.

1. I must always act as I see fit
 2. I must always say what I want and think
 3. I must represent the principles which I confess
to be my own.
 4. This pledge can be burnt at any time.
- ⑤ THIS PLEDGE CAN RISE FROM ASHES LIKE THE PHOENIX.

Feb 27, '84, 20:22 u
Feb. 25 1984

DATE

A. V. Sevil
Carlo Pittore

NAME

(its original version "CONTRACT" was written in nov, 1981
in Montreal and signed by Balint Szombathy/ART LOVER and
the Centre de recherche neoiste on nov 20, 1981 at Vehicule
Art during a protocol event)

THE GOLD FLAG OF NEOISM

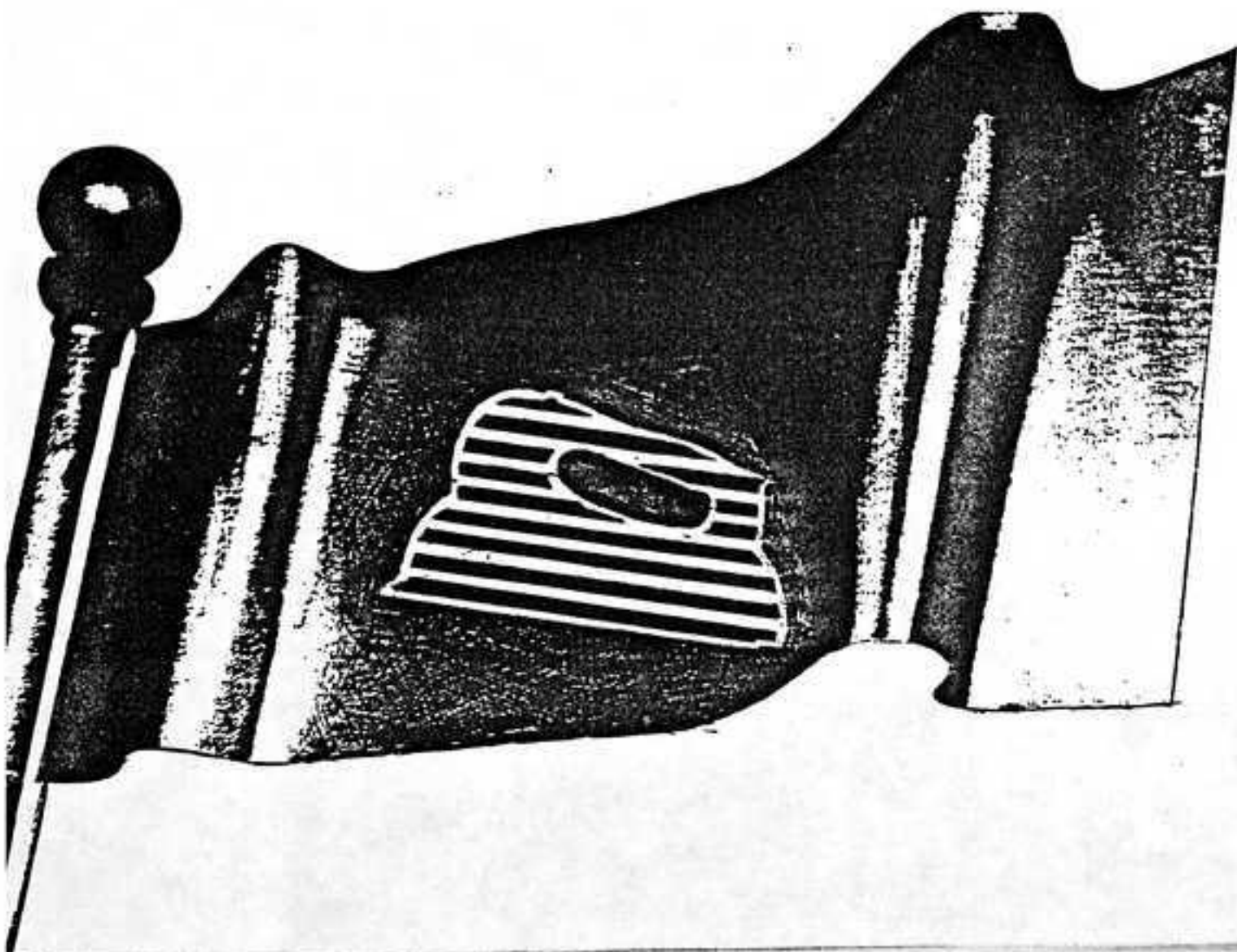
It flies around the world today. The world-wide conspiracy of the Neoists has made the Neoist Network a major force in the fight for total freedom all over the earth.

From the Group Neoism, that was formed in Montreal, Quebec in febr, 1979, the Neoists has grown to be the world's largest network of cultural conspiracy.

In Canada, USA, West and East Europe thousands are part of the Gold Army.

That's why the Neoists are planning new for tomorrow.

The future is in Neoism.



WARNING

THIS BOOK is NEW but

it represents OLD ideas.

Today we are doing something else and tomorrow we will be entirely different.

You can sit down and read this Book of OLD ideas, but it would be better if you get up and try to do something NEW.

In your place I would never accept a reactionary situation like this.

Make time change quickly but always be faster.

None could ever define what is NEOISM NOW.

Monty Cantsin

(original version written in nov 22, 1980, in Montreal for the premier of EMISSION 6 of Art Montreal, entitled ISTVAN KANTOR/MONTY CANTSIN, The NEOIST(S))

MASS MEDIA

neoist ten commandments

music and words: Monty Cantsin

thanks to Niels Lomholt and
Eric Salzman for their statements.

In any situation take you complete liberty,
and never respect spotlight's
burning hit, hit, hit.

Bread feeds the hungry,
video feeds the full.
I used to be hungry,
but I want to be full.

I refuse to leave technology
in the hands of those
who control it for their own profit.
I refuse to be oppressed by them.
I refuse to leave the mass media
strictly to the Other Guys.
I refuse to let them have
all the fun, fun, fun.

I love mass media,
I want mass media.

I refuse any and all authority
from judges and establishment idiots,
and I take my case directly to the
jury of my peers. The reel jury,
this a truly believe.

PREFACE

After a long and impatient wait here is the Book in your hand.

This book is a door to the legendary city: Akademgorod, the promised land of Neoism. But you have to find the key to open this door and then you have to find your own way in the ramifying and endless network of Neoist Cosmogony.

From this book you can get informations concerning the movement's strategy and plans and you can enjoy a painful and dizzy love story between the Neoists and Neoism. You can form a friendship with Monty Cantsin, the greatest pop star the world has ever known, and *you can* experience a fabulous and true adventure's most exciting parts.

This book is a document, a printed product of a contineous action: NEOISM.

The goal of this book is not to give a complete definition and profoundly dignified image about the Neoist Movement, but to generate energy for more actions. All that we do in the name of Neoism from about 5 years is a non-written statement.

Of course there are definitions, a lot of them, but that's not what makes it work.

If we want to understand the whole thing then we have to talk about something else.

Because the ONLY WAY TO EXPLAIN NEOISM IS TO DO SOMETHING ELSE.

What has nothing to do with Neoism.

But is there anything like that?

This book is an invitation to you to find out more about this question.

NEOIST ANTHEMS

CATASTRONICS

(catastrophes and electronics are the most important subjects of human history)

In the blue endless sky
a new song flies,
and the the boys and the girls
sing like little birds.

Catastronics...

In the blue endless sky
a flaming iron flies.
Munny says "Get up Daddy,
your breakfast is ready".

Catastronics...

OUR CONSPIRACY IS THE POTENTIAL
ENERGY OF THE FUTURE.
WE ARE NOT SUBJECT TO THE LIES
OF SCIENCE.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR GOLD AND BLOOD,
AND IN THE NAME OF ALL NEOISTS
I DECLARE THAT WE LOVE YOU.
WE ARE FOR PERPETUAL CHANGE
AND TOTAL FREEDOM.
TRY NEOISM!
YOU'LL LAST LONGER.

Catastronics...



TOTAL FREEDOM

Enter into eternity,
Cosmic-Urban-Eternity.
Enter into eternity,
Eternal Immortality.

Total Freedom of Human Brain,
Total Freedom of Human Dream,
Total Freedom of Human Love,
Total Freedom of Human Will.

NO WORK
NO ART
NO MONEY

AKADEMGOROD

Akademgorod
Land of milk and honey,
Akademgorod
Kingdom of chapati,
Akademgorod
Playgroud of technology,
Akademgorod
Conspirators country.
We are looking at the future
with great expectation.
Neoism throughout the World
and CONVULSION.

THE NEONIST

ALTAR

PERSONAL ALTAR

No neoist altars are the same, however an IRON and a bottle of RUBBER CEMENT are recommended to be placed on any altar.

Other devotional objects must be chosen by the altar's creator.

The altar's objects represent the altar-creator's personal activities in the neoist movement.

The altar must be in a conspicuous spot in the living room. Visitors are encouraged to look at it any time, examine the devotional objects, spread rubber cement on the bottom of the iron, ignite it, hold up the flaming iron and dance.

Instructions of altar ceremonies can be given by altar creators, but anyone is encouraged to improvise new ceremonies.

Neoist altar ceremonies are full of delight, humour and amazement.

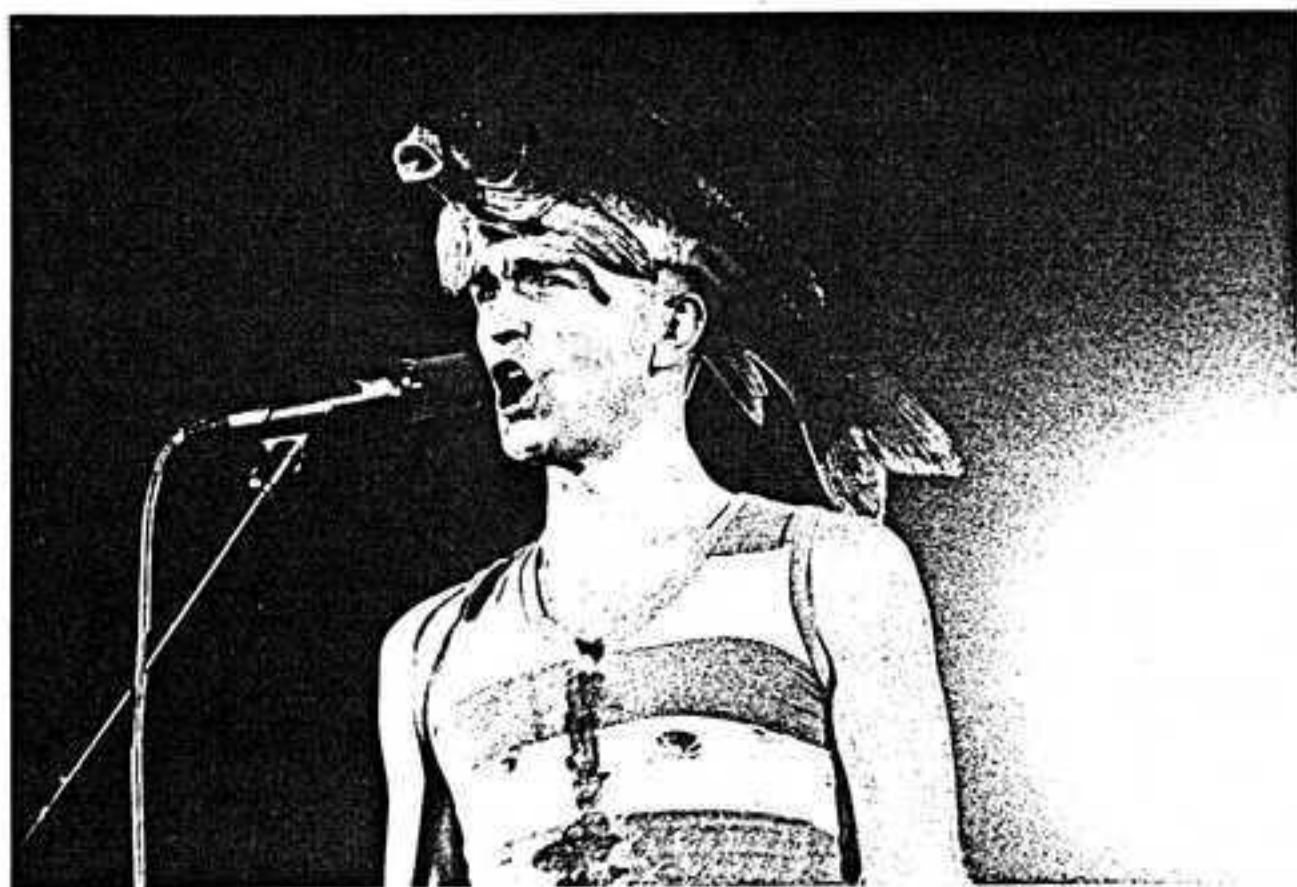
FIRST PART

WHO IS
MONTY CANTSIN
?



MONTY CANTSIN

NEOIST BOOK



FIRST AID TO THE MASS

CHAPTER ONE
THE MOST EXCITING EPISODE OF LIFE

YOU ARE MONTY CANTSIN!

MONTY CANTSIN isn't a pseudonym. Monty Cantsin is a real person whose existence became my life around 1976. -

But this thing is much more complicated because I am not the only Monty Cantsin on Earth.

Beside me there are at least as much Monty Cantsins as the population of the World.

FAKE SCIENCE ?

There are conscious and unconscious Monty Cantsins, people who know and dont know they are Monty Cantsin.

The process to become conscious of our Monty Cantsin Self is slow and incalculable. Today there are only a few conscious Monty Cantsins. But remember that only 12 apostles assisted the Last Supper and 5 members launched the Bolshevik Party.

The moment when some one awakes to the consciousness of Monty Cantsin self is the most exciting episode of life.

Of course there are p s e u d o - cantsins who only use the name's magic power for their egocentric success.

But how can we distinguish between a pseudo and a real one?

MONTY CANTSIN ROBOT

I am sure that computer scientists are going to try to define Monty Cantsin and then a good business man will come up with the sensational idea of serial production of Monty Cantsin robots. I can't wait for that. I'm going to buy it first.

Robot culture is one of the greatest developments of modern history and a real Monty Cantsin will always be enthusiastic about new tools of technology.

When I declare that "WE ARE NOT SUBJECT TO THE LIES OF SCIENCE" it doesn't mean that I am against science.

It means only that Monty Cantsin is an OPEN STAR with no limits, who can be in a number of places at the same time.

BETTER THAN SANTA CLAUS

Because Santa Clauses are the same. They look the same, they do the same things. I never met a Santa Claus with no beard, no red uniform. And Santa's existence is subject to a short period of time and happiness.

Who cares about Santa after Christmass?

And does Santa try to rupture the endless sameness of life ?

JUST LIKE ART

I am not anti-Santa. I am Monty Cantsin.

I have this firm belief that anyone can become and be Monty Cantsin.

Each of us has to discover the Monty Cantsin self in a individual, proper way. You have to find your individual Monty Cantsin potencial.

It's like creation.

Because you can do a drawing of Mona Lisa or an exact copy of a Picasso or Andy Warhol's Campbell Soup Can, that doesn't mean you are a great artist.

There are no two Monty Cantsins of the same.

HOW TO BECOME M.C.?

DO YOU WANT A DIPLOME?

It is impossible to generalize how can somebody become Monty Cantsin.

It is impossible to give a receipt.

And it will never be possible to learn it in school, in any way, never.

I am not your teacher.

If you want a receipt, if you want to learn it from this book then

DO NOT READ IT.

All I can do is to tell you one case from the possible millions:
mine.

CHAPTER TWO

THE RADIATING MUSICAL BRAIN

WHO IS NORMAL?

I knew Marton Kosznowski from my childhood. He was the "fool of village" at the country where I spent the summers with my family. But this man wasn't really fool, I know. He never said "I AM CRAZY", only the "normal people" said "HE IS CRAZY".

MONTY CANTSIN FASHION

Marton Kosznowski, or if you like MONTY CANTSIN lived a very ordinary life.

He ate bread and drank wine or "palinka"(something like cheap brandy). He wore shapeless, big laced boot, old ragged suit, stained white shirt turned yellow. And nobody saw him without his characteristic hat. I was perhaps the only one ,but I'll tell you about this later.

WE NEVER GOT BORED

Marton has been working as cowboy and everyday two times he drove the village's cows in front of our house.

He had a MUSICAL BRAIN. Just like a chiming clock his brain music woke me up early morning when the herd passed toward the pasture.

Me and my cousin Gabor could listen to his brain music for hours and we never got bored. This music led me to the field of dreams.

There were another few initiated friends who could get the music too, but not as much as me. I was bewitched by this music.

THE SUNDAY DEMONSTRATION

One of Marton's regular activities has been the sunday demonstration. It happened every weekends at noon, when hundreds of tourists teemed in front of the neighbourhood's only country tavern and died on the spot for a beer and sausage (hot dog syndrome).

Marton appeared suddenly just like he was running on schedule. Wearing his usual costume, and with a loaf of bread under his arm and a hoe on his shoulder he passed among the jostling crowd. He had a typical way of walking as he was going to fall down in any moment.

"Because he is always drunk" people said, but I know that he was just dancing to his brain-music.

MESSAGE OF DEATH

I was in Budapest when one of the few initiated friends Zoli came with the news of Marton's death. It was in the spring of 1976. The next morning I was at the burned house to take photos and find out what happened.

They said that he was drunk and his cigar sat fire on the old cow-shed where he lived.

They said also that he used to put fire in the middle of the room and warm up his diner.

But I knew that all of these were empty talk.

Marton burned himself, he chose this last action-statement.

In his cindery, carbonized dirty hole I felt first in my life the end of the world.

THE MIRACLE

Talking to Marton's neighbours I collected the following informations. When the neighbours noticed the fire they tried to get into get into the house but it was locked from inside.

They broke into and at this moment the whole house went up in flames.

They said that Marton's body was totally burned but his head was untouched. He was wearing his hat always, even in bed and it protected his head from the fire, they said.

MUSIC IS IMMORTAL

I went to the police to find out where Marton's body has been taken. They directed me to the forensic medicine in a near city. I absolutely wanted to know if the neighbours' assertion was true, I wanted to see the body. I was late. His body was already locked in a coffin.

"Can I see the coffin?" I asked the person on duty.

"You can see it tomorrow at the burial" he said.

With a 20 Forint banknote I convinced him to show me the coffin. And it happened what I accepted.

Standing at Marton's final shelter I could clearly hear the radiating music of his brain.

THE LAST CONCERT

I was very surprised to see almost a hundred people at the funeral. I was wondering if any of them could hear the music what me and my cousin enjoyed all the way of the funeral procession. And then the tumbling soil beat the drum on the coffin. It was the greatest concert in my life.

NIGHT IN THE CEMETERY

The same night we got into action and dug out Marton's grave.

We wanted to save his brain.

I experienced grave excavation the time I studied medicine and I collected bones and skulls from old cemeteries.

To dig out a new grave is easy, you don't have to wrestle with roots and the earth is still slack.

The more complicated question has been how are we going to take the brain out of Marton's head.

I decided that we are going to cut off his head and I will open the brain-case at home with an electric sawing machine.

I heard the music more and more clearly.

My spade, a military entrenching tool, touched the coffin.

In this very moment I lost my consciousness.

SILENCE

At early dawn when I awoke I was lying on the earth beside my cousin, near to the grave.

I looked in it and I saw that Marton's coffin was open.

I felt the concentrated smell of the burned dead body.

I shined into the grave with a handlight. I saw Marton's head.

His skull has been open and his brain taken away.

It was a very silent dawn. No brain, no music.

THE CLUE

According to the mysterious disappearance of Marton's brain I had several ideas.

Somebody else or another group who could get the music of Marton's brain stole it.

But how did they put us to sleep ?

I didn't feel anything, I didn't have any marks on my body, neither Gabor.

And how did they open the skull?

Before we buried the grave I examined Marton's head and his operation has been done so perfectly, it has no trace of bone-saw or any touch of metal tools.

My theory is that Marton's brain has been taken by the 14 SECRET MASTERS OF THE WORLD. Marton's mission has been accomplished. They took his brain and transplanted it to someone else's head.

In mine.

THE INVITATION

I always felt exceptionally attracted by new things

David's visit attracted me

At the time of David's visit I had a band called Kantor Inform. We played inform -songs and news-music. Our club has been closed because of breach of peace and subversive behaviour.

We gave a concert for David in an apartment. In exchange he sang some of his songs among them the following one "The Invitation".

I'm glad your heart is smiling,
and sorry your Peace sign is frowning.
What this world needs is CLEAN HEROES,
what this world needs is NEW LEGENDS.

This is the official version,
this is the original invitation.
Love of subversion.
Love of subversion.

Good luck, good luck,
good luck in the bleeding night.

Later he repeated his inviting message in his letters.

They were very tangled, sometime inextricable.

PARIS

I escaped from Budapest to Paris. David sent his letters in code to my temporarily place of concealment.

"I AM GLAD YOU ARE NEAR THE PANTHEON.

DID YOU KNOW THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE WAS DESIGNED ORIGINALLY TO BE AN ELEPHANT? WITH A BUILT IN SHOWER BATH!

WE ARE DEVELOPING SASKATCHEWAN CUISINE AND MEAN TO BRING OUR RESTAURANT TO PARIS SOON."

I played my songs in the metro. This was my everyday work for living. And it was a new situation for communication. The metro is a concert hall. The metro is a movement, an international network. Le métro, c'est la vie réelle. A centre of Monty Cantsins.

EUROPE IS ROTTEN

After a year of metro-concerts I got sick. The terror is in the metro, too. I felt a dead man. I hated Paris.

They gave me vitamin injections but I knew the only medicine is to go. I had to go along. They were waiting for me.

MONTREAL ~~AMERICA~~ IS BORING

I had no idea of what to do in Montreal when I arrived there in sept,1977. I had just about enough of the terror in Europe.

Driving from the airport to the city I saw a desolate land and I felt that I was an extraterrestrial who escaped from a catastrophe into a frightful boredom.

This was the best open situation to start something new. Dave sent his messages every week. He moved from Regina, Saskatchewan (Canada) to Portland,Oregon (USA) to join dr. Ackerman,supreme representative of the 14 SECRET MASTERS OF THE WORLD.

MORE PAIN

I worked and suffered in the Plastic Brain Factory where I learned about the intolerable working conditions, the exploitation of emigrants, inhumanity, low pay..... In my free time I wrote a book and outlined my future. I got ready for anything.

THE GREEN LETTER

Written on a green xerox copy, dated november 9,1977

Dave Oz sent me the following message.

"This Monty Cantsin character is a blank legend --
could sing Hungarian as well as Latvian -- if you need
a name try MONTY CANTSIN."

I realized suddenly that I have been chosen by the
14 SECRET MASTERS OF THE WORLD to fulfill Monty Cantsin's
duty and fight for total freedom through all forms of
creativity.

THE PORTLAND DIARY
.....

INTRODUCTION

I arrived to Portland on June 12, 1978 where I received a 3 months special training. The PORTLAND ACADEMY included the faculties of Correspondence Art Service Foundation, Dr Ackerman's CAFSC, Earth Tavern, LongGoodbye Club, Smegma House, Northwest Artists Workshop, New Jerusalem Church, Steve Minor's Store Room Network, Harborfront and other cover agencies set up by the 14 SECRET MASTERS OF THE WORLD.

To illustrate the process of training and give an account about the most important activities I continue this book with original notes from the Portland Diary.

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JUNE 13, 1978 Portland

I arrived last night, David and two kids, Zeke and Rose, waited me at the airport, we came here (3812 N. Gantenbrien) on David's VW camion, here I should write down the first effect of America, is this America?, this is a desolate land, rain, a river with floating houses, faraway a mount, and an airship!, empty streets, is here any life?,

David and his family live in a green and old enough wooden house, two floors, I got a room on the first floor, we unpacked a part of my baggage, David put my masks everywhere on the walls, we opened a bottle of red wine, it was David's birthday, we played guitar and sang blueses, Ruth, David's wife made a post-free portion of omelette, we ate, drank, smoked, sang until 3 am.,

I got up at 9 am, after breakfast we went to see somebody, a middle aged woman in a crumbling house, we began to clean the ground floor, David said there here is going to be the Young Artists' Club of Portland, we carried the garbage from one room to another, David rolled a joint and accompanied by his tenor guitar he played the "This house will be the center" song, it was chilly and smelled mouldy, and we got pretty much dirty,

we came home, a total drunk and perhaps neurophatic black kid dropped in, "excellent musician" told me David, then we gave a lift to a black woman to downtown and we bought films, now we are going to eat and then we'll go to a library,

meanwhile dr Ackerman came, we played music like lunatics, then we went to pick up some grub at the police, a charitable action calle d "Sunshine" for the neighbourhood's poor people, we got two boxes of grub, mostly canned food, it's raining and the sun is shining,

.....

we are now at the Earth Tavern, a rock 'n roll band from Felaco plays, they sound fucking good, and a lots of pretty witches are here, Musicmaster is going to bring some girlfriends, everybody is very danger-fraught looking, they bring the beer in two littre pitchers, a girl is taking off her pullover and she has beastly good tits, the hairs are long, and many beard, I need a girl, I have to pick up a girl,

in the afternoon we arrenge d the mask-exhibition at the library, and we gave a concert too,

Now we are going to the Smegmas, it must be very late, as a matter of fact this Portland is a jovial place, we rap on the door, then more strongly, finally somebody comes out, unconscious chaos, amplifyers, guitars, taperecorders and other trish, a hachish comes, and then another, we listen to some new Smegma recordings, I'm sitting on the floor and I run through the world, from easterneurope to northwestamerica, we come home, red wine, we play music until 3 am,

JUNE 14

we get up at 8.30 am, an immediat recording, now we go to make photocopies,

David has a wolf-dog, he is beastly stinking, he comes always with us,,

we went to the university, that's the cheapest, I made 50 copies with masks, plus posyers, then we ate in a nearly pub,

we went to see an exhibition at PCVA (Portland Center for Visual Arts), it was warm and boring, but we found a big mirror,

we came home, I wrote 15 postcards and we went to the library to put up the masks, it went all right, ~~ixgaxxaxxaxxaxxaxxaxxaxxaxxaxxaxx~~

finally I got dead bored, nailing,tapes,ladder, then evrything falls down,

we went to a tavern for a drink, only black people go there, frightful sexy girls swung their asses, and the boys kept on lifting their balls, a band played, smirking kids, and sometime they got very serious at a solo, I smoked a cigar and told to David that we must pick up girls, then we came home and in the name of music we made a great noise all night long,

JUNE 15

I got up at 9, gymnastics, yoga, bath, now letter writing and then we go, ok, we went shopping (audio tapes, tobacco) and to develop a film, meanwhile we made a color photo, lunapark type, painted background, then we went to the Earth where Musicmaster works, we drank some beers, put up posters, then had a look at the near record store, according to David they are going to help us to publish the Monty Cantsin record, then we went for a meeting at the Motor-hotel, here many different proposals were presented in connection of : the city's social and cultural development, David proposed the publication of a periodic revue to give account about the various works of non-profit organizations and community centers, I had to sing a song and David continued his proposal singing it to a blues beat, the members of the commity were very serious people, perhaps they didn't understood David's song and idea, it was beautiful, I took photos while David discussed about correspondence art, it was a very significant situation, from there we came back to the tavern, I took a lot of photos from the car, I saw an airship and fell into ~~ex~~ ecstasy and I yelled to David to stop, I never saw someting like that, it was beautiful ,a giant Good Year cigar, now we drink red wine, it's five in the afternoon, then we will go to see the Ackerman, David asks me what did I like better the meeting or the Shags bar (Thos bomb black girls are at Shags), the volkswagen fucked up, clutch braking, finally someone repaired it for the moment, then he invited us to his house, he played harmonica while driving, he has a fucking big dust-cart and he

works as garbage man for the city, a giant Honda in the living room, and of course marihuana greens in the windows, he read his poems, then we smoked a joint, then we went to the Smegmas but they weren't home, we went to a pub where a blues band was playing, two guitars, bass, percussions, harmonica, here I saw a nice girl, a Cathy, she asked me to sing (David introduce me always as a singer), so I got down some songs, Cathy was one of the guitarists' girlfriend, we came home around 1 am, or 2 ?, music listening again, sleeping,

JUNE 16

I got up late, I made four postcards, then we visited Joel Deese-t, he showed us collages, a book ~~with~~^{of} visual poems, we smoked a joint and sang, chaos, dirt, idea flashing, very hot day, a bridge near to the house, Joel Deese must be near to 60, and it's possible that he is one of the greatests, his wife is my age, I took pictures, she was giving suck, two other kids were splashing in a plastic basin, if it's going to go like that I'll get personally know the whole america,

JUNE 18

22

we went to church today, David introduced me to the New Jerusalem Church in his welcoming letter.

"The New Jerusalem Church meets from 10 to 1 Sundays.

This is a chance to play traditional soul music, and learn a way to spontaneously set spontaneous words to music.

The pastor is Colonel Thompson. Parishioners are Sister Gray, Sister Hall, and several others depending on the Sunday.

I hope we can attract some other musicians to join us for Sunday morning services."

the church is small, like a school room, there were 7 people, and it was a meeting what I can't describe, I can only compare it, and then it's a mental hospital, punk concert, trance, death, total ecstasy, brain transplantation, David and me played guitar, others kept the ~~next~~ rhythm beating the chairs or the floor, the Colonel Thompson was crying and laughing at the same time, ~~xxx~~ he had a piercing voice, I could not recognize any words, everybody screamed and gesticulated, convulsion, ~~madness~~, I learned a lot of new gestures, it was unbelievable, Sister Gray howled to me, "Tell me my friend, is this true ?? isn't that so ?", I had no idea what they were talking about, "say something in Hungarian or French Kantor" ~~xxxxxxx~~ encouraged me David, I sang a Hungarian folk song, they were fascinated,

I have to put together the program for Saturday, there is a ~~pure~~ wound on my left hand,

JUNE 22

23

I wrote a "Who am I, Who is Monty Cantsin?" text,

-My name is M.C.

-My name is M.C.

-But I'm not M.C.

-But I'm not M.C.

-I'm M.C.

-I'm M.C.

-I'm a copy of M.C.

-I'm a copy of M.C.

-But I'm a copy of M.C., too

-But I'm a copy of M.C., too

-M.C. is my copy

-M.C. is my copy

-I'm a copy of M.C.

-I'm a copy of M.C.

-I'm my copy

-I'm my copy

-I'm Monty Cantsin

-I'm Monty Cantsin

-But I'm M.C., too

-But I'm M.C., too

afternoon a journalist came, she looked like a journalist,
later we went to the church in front of our house and listen
to gospels,

A LETTER TO ZSOKA ²⁴

hi zsoka,

I want to be black, I am black, I want a black girl,
all my girlfriends were black, I'm going to be crazy if
I can not be black, I just came back from the heaven,
I was talking to God, and sang, here is a church accross
the street from David's house, the choir rehears every
evening, I had to go there, black girls in wh ite chemise
are lashing their ~~xxxxxiixkx~~ angel wing, their mouth is
drawn up to their ear, pearls are in their mouth, like
white roses in the windows, I WANT TO LIVE LORD, I WANT
TO LIVE OH MY LORD, 80-100 black girls and boys resound,
must die, I want to be black, black singer, I'm a black
singer, for many years, I was born here, I WANT TO LIVE
LORD, superstarts, all of them are superstars,
this is Portland's suburb, with louses and rosebushes,
with fat ~~pxxtix~~ whores and shrapened gigolos, god's
superstar angels,
the solist girl screams up, all the ghosts are around her,
sometime she must push them away to reach the mike, David
is sitting near me but he is gone somewhere faraway,
when I arrived here David brought me to a tavern where only
black people go, I saw there the first true goddess, in white
chemise, the humming what radiated from her texts sounded
familiar, I was looking at her glowing egg-briquets and I
told to David that I need a woman like that, he immediately
sang a blues "Kantor wants a black girl with white chemise",

these girls in the choir look happy, and they absolutaly don't want to die,

I came back and started to sing ,it's growing dark, I see my face in the window's mirror, it's black,

JUNE 25

I ~~wrote~~ finished writing the M.C. superstar flyer, I'm glad, tomorrow we'll print it and mail it, played music and ate a lot of rice, jerkloff,

JUNE 28

I have a bad mood, nothing works, no money, almost nothing to eat, the kids bring ~~the~~ lunch from a chruch, I should send my leytters, pick up my photos, rpint the postcards, or I should get drunk, and pick up a girl, who has the mood to sing ?,

JUNE 30

(ANOTHER LETTER)

THE FIRST PUBLIC SYPHON CONCERT IN THE USA

Jerry Sims, a fanatic of syphon music arrived from Texas 10 days ago, we picked him up at the bus station, he was sitting there with dry madness on his head, stubbly, boldly, with rotten tooth, and horrible luggage, garbage bags, potato and oignon sacks, flattened greasy boxes, he moved to the basemnt and asked me if I would stay long time because he wants my room, he is tv addicted and meat lover, he has correspondence with all the tv*stars of the world, ~~frxxxxtixxxxxtixxxxxx~~, pencils and pens rise from his ragged and tight pantaloons, evidently he ~~has~~ became our business manager, On his screeching chicken and windhover voice, in a secret and sound isolated room he started to negotiate with Portland's ~~xxxxtixx~~ art, science and showbusiness directors. As a result of this work we gave our first\$ syphon-concert in the theater of Portland's Fine Art Museum, on june 29, 1978. Our performance coincided with Calder's selected commemorative exhibition. On the afternoon of the show David's VW as usual fucked up and we didn't have transportation yet 30 minutes before the show,. Anyway . David took a white shirt and a yellow figured necktie and called Eric that we must leave in five minutes.

Eric arrived ~~inxxxxxxx~~ stuffed in a smashed car, barefooted, in smudgy white pants. Other members of the band were busy. We performed one of my new works entitled "Syphon music of Hygiene" and its essence is the free-breathing ~~xxxxxxx~~ with free-will. We gave permission to the concert director to put a MONTY CANTSIN ISM B.BAND poster to the porte.

Jerry came up the stage, brought a chair and sat down as he was going to stay there with us. I told him that "Jerry go to hell because I hate managers", then David quickly asked him to look at us from the ~~xxxx~~ theater's last line.

This intervention was a non-calculated ~~part~~ introduction of our piece and I saw that the assembling audience liked it.

We started to breath very strongly. We felt that we were the LUNG OF WORLD and ths freed our fantasy. We performed the one hour long piece in this spirit. At the end everyone held back breathing as long as possible.

After the show we went to the Earth tavern where everybody already knew from our success. We let only very close friends to our table.

In two days we are going to have another concert with a lot of new numbers.

JULY 6-7

Quarrelsome days, I have no money at all, yoga, visited Jerry in the basement, he put porno images everywhere, he talks to the television, in the evenings we visited a topless bar,

JULY 8

III. SYPHON CONCERT AT NORTHWEST ARTISTS WORKSHOP

(from a letter)

the audience were ~~making~~ a noise, somebody switched off the light, Tim Harvey threw some petards in the middle of the room, I announced that I was a renaissance, baroque, classical, rōmantic and modern musical dictionary and my name is Monty Cantsin, I took a ~~x~~ long aluminum paper and I told that it was Monty Cantsin's ~~film~~ movie film, I said that I will project it, I droped my slacks and I covered my prick with the aluminum paper, then I sat behind of a slide projector, I put a mirror in from of the projector and directed the image on my body as it was coming out from my pants, they were badly exposed slides with holes, then ~~ixkxnmzpkzixtkkxakmniimkxkxpkx~~ I take off the aluminum paper from my penis and ~~put~~ covered my face with it and then I crumpled it, made a pellet, David, Paul and Eric played music, improvised, then I passe around the HAT OF THE PROPHET and everybody tried it on, then we sang the Correspondence blues, and I recited the "Who is Monty Cantsin" text, I ~~declared~~ that everubody is Monty Cantsin and we are Monty Cantsin's International Syreet Myth Blues Band, I switched in an electric shaver and started ~~is~~ buzzing, the audience buzzed too and I was howling "WE ARE ALL HERE ,WE ARE ALL HERE",

JULY 11

✓ I got a message from the 14 SECRET MASTERS OF THE WORLD , they sent me a very specific information hidden in a UFO, just two years after the Kosznowszki Marton commemorative exhibition which was held in Surany, Hungary, the UFO landed on Johnston street, very close to Musicmaster's home, we ~~a~~ were driving in David's camion when I observed it.

under a rose-bush, I yelled to David to stop and I run to the UFO, ~~Exxx~~ David and Paul Telles helped me to put it in the camion and bring it home, I installed it in my room near to my bed,

JULY 15

Jerry is a really windhover, I saw him eating a live chicken, a blond girl ^(Lilly) and a black ^{Lenny Brown} guy arrived from California, the black guy ^{imitates} ~~plays~~ trompet sound with mouth, he is a trompet, we built a hovel under the Morrison bridge (no problem of roofing), this going to be the booth of Correspondence Art Service Foundation for the annual Neighbor^{hood} festival,

JULY 16

very bad weather, rainy, cold, early morning we went to install out things at the booth, David brought a box of xerox copies, letters and other correspondence documents, we decorated the walls with them, I put on the Hat of the Prophet on a pole, we started to play music, but the festival has been canceled because of the rain, we made 15 \$, I met a hungarian girl who ~~was~~ was jailed for subversion and participation in anti-vietnam movement, she was just freed last year,

this house is full of fleas, america is full of fleas, they dont let me to sleep, I didnt fuck from about a month, I can't believe it, I jerk off every day,

JULY 24

yesterday the Neighborfair finally took place at the Waterfront park, beautiful sunny day, very big crowd, we ~~set up~~ set up a closed circuit video installation using two cameras and several monitors,

in the afternoon a girl stopped in ~~front~~ front of the booth and watched me, she wasn't the only one but she was looking at me very strongly, I gave her a paper bag to burst it, she said that I have very nice eyes, she stayed there until the end, and then we drank two bottles of very cold white wine somewhere in a bar, and then we teared each other's body to pieces in her car, we couldn't find David's house until early

morning,

I slept well, then I called the girl, she is going to come here, Yanagi sent me a message from Frisco, I can go to visit him any time,

JULY 26

fantastic days, yesterday I started working with Steve Minor, my black ~~w~~ uncle,, he is Portland's most famous garbage man, he rents houses to store bottles, ~~metkx~~ metal and paper waste and all kind of garbage,

we took Steve's car and went to collect the garbage, and rake in the dust-stores, then we broke bottles,

first we selected them in order of colors, green, brown, white, ~~and~~ ~~then~~ we threw them in ~~metkx~~ big metal barrils, after that you have to ~~brakex~~ break the bottles using an iron stick, I immediately cut my hand and Steve gave me a ^{pair of} thick gloves,

while we drank cognac, Steve is very strong, he spent more than 20 years in jail because of killing,

he gets 30\$ for a ton smashed bottle, I broke bottles in the past two days, first thing is to cut off the metal ring what stays on the bottle after opening, today I was alone, Steve went for research, he left me a bottle warm and sweet wine what I slowly ~~smkxsmkx~~ sipped out, brutish hot day,

I went to eat, Steve gave me 5\$, I bought beer, ~~ix~~ I finished my lunch when Synthia came, ~~w~~ she was very surprised that I was home, she gave a ~~w~~ package and went away, It was ~~a package~~

a japanese ceramic goblet with a declaration,
 I went back to work, the atmosphere was white hot, and around
 4 p.m. broke out a ~~storm~~ storm, I run home and I was jumping
 in the kitchen garden, I was dead happy,

AUG 1

two days ago I went to a visit to Sythia's home, she lives
 with ~~his~~ her mother and father, the father is german origin,
 the mother is a mix of french-italian-indian, the father
 told me that he is very affraid that Canada is going to be a
 communist country, after supper we went to play billiards in
 the basement, Synthia doesn't really know how to kiss,
 and tonight we played at the Earth, I danced with the UFO,
 there were many participants, two girls were fighting and
 John Sherley yelled "be nice, be nice kids", the piano fall
 down, David sang William Blake songs,
 after the concert I asked Musicmaster how much money we made,
 he totally broke down and losed all self control, he yelled
 that he lost his money, ~~xxxxxxx~~ he kicked over
 a table and I threw a chair to the bar counter, we ~~had~~ broke
 glasses and then went home,

AUG 12

yesterday I put my guitar, camera, necklace and flute in a pawnshop, I got 135\$, now I send 120 to Eric who went to Los Angeles to print the Monty Cantsin records, Synthia bought a bottle of champagne and ^{we} drank it in bed, Jerry moved out, we gave several performances at the Longgoodbye theater,

AUG 20

total ~~financial~~ financial failure, David wants to move to New Mexico, he said that he breaks ~~with~~ off diplomatic relations with the 14 SECRET MASTERS OF THE WORLD and he wants to live for his family in peace, I guess my training comes to end soon, I ~~go~~ borrowed 50\$ from Marianne to take out my guitar ~~from~~ of pawn, she is very nice, she spent 3 years in jail for opium smuggling, she is a poet,

I played hungarian folk songs in a folk music festival and got 50\$, ~~xxx~~ but where I'm going to go from here?, and how?,

AUG 23

This noon David menaced me that he is going to call the police if I don't leave his house immediately, he got a fit of hysterics, he said that I stay in his house but I didn't pay any rent, well, I gave always all my money to David, I arrived to Portland with only 200\$ what David borrowed from me ^{at} the

35

AUG 28

Yanagi wrote from San Francisco, he is waiting for me, I have to go.

I eat some salad I found in the kitchen garden, no salt, no bread, I hate to walk in the streets without a cent even I know that I have the best ideas when I'm hungry, but then I don't have energy to write them down,

Musicmaster talked to me about someone who is going to drive me to San Francisco, he gifted me a bottle of wine and food, Steve Minor borrowed me 1 \$ and so I bought a water-melon and made some sandwiches for the inauguration ceremony of David's monument,

Dr Ackerman, his wife Patty and their daughter, the Smegmas, Marianne, Paul Close and his brother and others were there, when it was already dark I switched off the light and let only a small spot light illuminate the altar, I striped off the curtain, Alain Lloyd jumped up and yelled "It's him, It's him", David was sitting there on his throne and sang about Monty Cantsin's visit in ~~Taxkyax~~ Tokyo,

NEOIST ACTIVITY

FIRST FIVE YEARS 1979-1984

- A: Formation of an international Neoist Network.
- B: Development of APT FEST series (international apartment festivals)
- C: Inauguration of "A" PLAN, akademgorod, the Promised Land of Neoism.
- D: Search for the Unknown Neoist.
- E: Fight for total freedom through dance/music.

APT FESTS

APT 80, INTERNATIONAL APARTMENT FESTIVAL, Montréal, Sept. 17-21, 1980,
NO GALERO.

APT 81, 2^e Festival international d'appartement, Montréal, Feb. 16-21, 1981,
PEKING POOLROOM.

81 APT, THE 3rd INTERNATIONAL APT FEST., Baltimore (MD), USA, May 29-
June 7, 1981, KRONONAUTIC ORGANISM.

APT 4, 4^e Festival international d'appartement, Toronto, Oct. 9-11, 1981, PUBLIC
WORKS, Montréal, Oct. 13-18, 1981, LOW THEATRE.

APT 5, FIFTH INTERNATIONAL APARTMENT FESTIVAL, New York City, March
15-21, 1982, des REFUSES.

APT 6, THE SIXTH INTERNATIONAL APARTMENT FESTIVAL, Montréal, Feb. 21-
27, 1983, NEOIST EMBASSY.

APT 7, 7th INTERNATIONAL APARTMENT FESTIVAL, Baltimore (MD), USA,
Sept. 20-25, 1983, TENTA's Apt.

APT 8, THE 8th INTERNATIONAL APARTMENT FESTIVAL, London, England,
Spring 1984, N.E.U.

OTHER COLLECTIVE EVENTS

URBANO FESTO NEOISTO, Feb./March/Apr. 1980, Montréal, Graffiti actions, Street events, Performances, Interventions.

Inaugurated at ELDORADO Restaurant, corner of Clark/St. Catherine, Feb. 14.
March 6, POWERHOUSE MANIFESTATION.
March 28, the URBANZZ, Vehicule Art.
April 9-22, Monty Cantsin, REFUS, at No Galero.
April 23-24, Lion Lazer, NO ROOM, at No Galero.

SEMAINE D'OCCUPATION NÉOISTE, Oct. 15-19, 1980, Montréal, Motivation.

CONFERENCES, April 30, 1981, Montréal, Concordia University.

CONTRACT/CONTRAT/UGOVOR/EGYEZMENY, Nov. 20, 1981, Vehicule Art, Art Lover's visit.

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP, June 21-27, 1983, Wurzburg, W-Germany.

SPRING CAMPAIGN 83, April 1983, Québec, Toronto, Montréal, Sherbrooke, street events, performances, interventions.

April 23, Conference/performance, Le Lieu, Québec, meeting w/G. Abort.
April 25, G. Abort at A.R.C., Toronto.
April 28-29, performance at Club Soda, Montréal, Monty Cantsin NEOIST SONGS
April 30, L'ARCHE DE NOÉ, Sherbrooke, Street performance.

CÉRÉMONIES D'AUTEL NÉOISTE, Dec. 8-9, Montréal, Transgression.

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S 1984 SPRING PROCESSION, Europe.

PRODUCTION ROOM SERIES

Exhibitions at Video Vehicule/Production Room, Montréal.
Curator: Monty Cantsin

- dr ACKERMAN, Dec. 6-22, 1979
- FRATER NEO, Jan. 19-Feb. 5, 1980
- DAVID ZACK, Feb. 9-25, 1980
- R. RAXLEN, Feb. 26-March 13, 1980
- LION LAZER, March 18-April 1, 1980
- ART LOVER, April 14-28, 1980
- KIKI BONBON, May 2-14, 1980
- MONTY CANTSIN, June 14-30, 1980
- REINHART U SEVOL, Nov. 4-20, 1980.
- HENK & JOCKEL, Nov. 21-Dec. 6, 1980
- MARC CRAMER, Feb. 6-21, 1981

**BLOOD CAMPAIGN ACTIONS
1979-1984**

1979

- June 30 Montréal, Vehicule Art, RED SUPPER
Oct. 31 Montréal, Motivation 5, HALLOWMASS SUPPER

1980

- May 02 Ukiah (CA), USA, Hotel Palace, SEIZMIK SUPPER
May 15 Portland (OR) USA, Northwest Artists Workshop, COUNTER SUPPER
May 24 Vancouver (BC), Canada, UFT, MIDNITE SUPPER
June 21 Montréal, Vehicule Art, RESTRICTION 1
July 06 Chicoutimi (Qué.), LIAISON INTER-URBAIN
Oct. 20 Montréal, Vehicule Art/Radio-Québec, RESTRICTION 2

1981

- Feb. 24 Montréal, Tromp'oeil, B-TEST/ACIDIFICATION
Apr. 07 Chicoutimi, Université du Québec, CONFÉRENCE
Apr. 30 Montréal, Concordia Univ., Conference Festival, CONFERENCE
June 01 Montréal, Café Campus, EXERCISE
June 06 Baltimore (MD) USA, Krononauts, APT 3, EXERCISE
Oct. 10 Toronto (Ont.) Canada, YYZ, APT 4, THE GREAT AIRPORT ROBBERY
Oct. 13 Montréal, Low Theatre, APT 4, THE PIGEON
Oct. 16 Montréal, Vehicule Art, MANOEUVRES AMÉRICAINES
Oct. 30 Québec (Qué.), Croix-Rouge, COLLECTE DE SANG
Oct. 31 Québec (Qué.) Institut Canadien, LA CONSPIRATION CULTURELLE NÉOISTE, rapport
Nov. 20 Montréal, Vehicule Art, CONTRACT

1982

- March 17 New York, Pyramid Club, EXERCISE, APT 5 Fest.
March 19 New York, Des Refuses, PUBLIC COMLOT, APT 5
March 20 New York, Ward Nasse Gallery, GENERAL MEETING, APT 5 Fest.
May 29-30 Montréal, Vehicule Art, CATASTRONICS
June 3-6 Toronto, A.R.C., BLOOD CAMPAIGN, exhibition
June 21-27 Wurzburg, Germany, Konsumex, Blut Kampagne, Window display
June 25 Wurzburg, Germany, Studenthaus, Kulturkeller, CATASTRONICS
Aug. 14 Surany, Hungary, Sand-pit, PROTOCOL (private)
Aug. 27 Surany, Hungary, Arvacska u.20, BIRTHDAY (private)
Aug. 29 Budapest, Hungary, Pannonia Filmstudio, CONFERENCE (private)
Sept. 8 Novi Sad, Yugoslavia, Tribina Mladih, SYNTHETIC-WAVE PERFORMANCE (banned)
Sept. 10 Belgrad, Yugoslavia, Private apartment, PARTY
Sept. 14 Zagreb, Yugoslavia, Extended Media Center, CATASTRONICS
Dec. 2 Hull (Qué.) Canada, Université du Québec à Hull, CONFÉRENCE
Dec. 23 Montréal, 5170 Jeanne-Mance, Apt. 6, BLOOD SUPPER

1983

- Feb. 22-23 Montréal, Pleine Lune Bar, CATASTRONICS, concert-gala néoiste, APT 6 Fest.
- March 10-11-12 Montréal, UQAM, RESTRICTION 3 in Operaaaah of Marcelle Dechenes
- Apr. 28-29 Montréal, Club Soda, NEOIST SONGS
- Apr. 30 Sherbrooke (Qué.), L'ARCHE DE NOÉ, performance/Art/Action festival
- May 21 Montréal, Pavillon Mont-Royal, CATASTRONICS, soirée musique-perf., organized by Article
- June 4 San Francisco (CA), USA, La Mamelle, CATASTRONICS, neoist altar ceremony
- June 7 San Francisco, Storfront, window display
- June 23 Montréal, Transgression, FLAMING NEOISTS
- July 28 Montréal, Le Beat, FIRST AID BRIGADE
- Sept. 21 Baltimore (MD), USA, Galaxy, Congress Hotel, CATASTRONICS, APT 7 Fest.
- Sept. 23 Baltimore (MD) USA, tENTA's apt, NEOIST ALTAR CEREMONY, APT 7 Fest.
- Sept. 25 Baltimore (MD), USA, Galaxy, Congress Hotel, Neoist Gala, CATASTRONICS, APT 7 Fest.
- Dec. 3 Montréal, Spectrum, OPERAT BLANC
- Dec. 8-9 Montréal, Transgression, CÉRÉMINIES D'AUTEL NÉOISTE

1984

- Feb. 14 Montréal, Café Campus, CONCERT/PERFORMANCE
- Feb. 21 Montréal, CÉGEP Bois-de-Boulogne, CONCERT/PERFORMANCE
- March-May London, Paris, Berlin, New York
- June Athabasca, Alberta, Canada
- Oct.-Nov. Japan
- Dec. Terre de Feu

VOICE OF WISDOM

QUOTATIONS

FROM LETTERS

OF NEGIST NETWORK

MEMBERS

"I remember a young man who built a box with a bell inside set to ring every hour. Every hour it would ring and that was the signal then he would go jack off. So he met a lot of grief at home (he was very open about it; when he went to school and kept running around answering the bell, they put him away. At the asylum, he kept trying to get his box back together, looking for parts etc. He eventually became a standard character for several important abnormal psychology texts but jacking off is like anything else, it takes a lot of work to get recognition."

dr Al Ackerman, sept 10, 1979 Portland, Ore, USA

"DEATH MAUSES MEAT PIECES:

- 1, using sling shot and 1 lb of stew meat,
- 2. rain mystery meat chunks down on neighborhood enemies

DMMP above is based on another performance piece of mine called

KLINE BOTTLE PIECES:

- 1. Drink beer from bottle-A while simultaneously pouring bottle-B over your head
- 2. Break both bottles

It's a damn peculiar looking thing to see - an raises some interesting questions in philosophy ! "



~~dr Al Ackerman, a day in mid july, 1979, Portland, Ore, USA~~

"I appreciate all the work you're putting in on neolism magazine: it loks good and I'm glad to have a mag of this calibre that'll print my shit."

dr Al Ackerman, a day in mid july, 1979, Fortland, Ore, USA

"Neoism is the oldest art form, philosophy movement in the world - it dates back to prehistoric times to pictures of giant slouths on cave walls - neoism as an art philosophy will outlive any present or future artism - "

Lon Spiegelman, july 9, 1980, Los Angeles, CA, USA

"Well, sure, Kantor, Neoism is doing OK in Calgary, as far as I can tell. Today I led a group of 15 Neoists we are also charter members of the Zero/Zero Club of Calgary..... There was one Hungarian, Szussanah, a delightful darkhaired lady who loves Hemingway. Three Russians - I dont remember their names but all good guys. A Czech and a Pole, and a fellow from Punjab, over in India, land of scimitars and asymetry, a Chinaman and about a dozen Vietnamese lurking in foreground and background, longhaired, lipsing in french to pretend they knew enough english to ha ve trouble with it.

We traveled by bus and saw a huge exhibition of exotic pastries while will all be thrown in the garbage tomorrow to conform to city code."

David Zack, april 10, 1981, Calgary, Canada

"I wonder about the woman who was writing articles for media on you and then got power at Vehicule and kicked out all the neoists. On the one hand this is all publicity and you should be thankful her for helping you out....

Kantor, as always I'm wondering what it is you are doing with the Neoists. Have you legally incorporated your organization yet? What is the group's purpose? Is there a way you can get funds aside from funds and foundations? \$12 for your blood sounds OK but your brain is worth a lot more comparatively speaking, and I don't mean you should sell it in test tubes."

David Zack, april 25, 1981, Calgary, Canada

"APT PESTS . APT like NEOISM as minus the superfluous middle which would disgustingly make it ART. APT as APT. APT as apartement: a space again skipping the ART intermediate of performance spaces as buffer between public & performer's private life, the Peking Poolroom as Kiki Bonbon's APT."

tENTATIVELY, april, 1981, Baltimore, MD, USA

"Neoism is more than just what is new. It is what tries to make the new visible.

XThere has always been Neoism, even in the most ancient times, and there will always be neoism. This is because static culture is impossible. There must always be some leading edge so that culture is a growing thing, the way a rose grows or a grapevine. Would it make sense to bring a bottle directly to a vineyard, and expect to fill up with fine vintage wine? Obviously not. And this is why neoism seems to absurd and crazy now, though watch and see. In a few years what is happening now will be ripe, like fine wine. So while we enjoy the early harvest, we think about those great parties of the futures, with memories of today's adventures getting us drunk on new future fantasies....."

David Zack, april 27, 1981, *Calgary, Canada*

"Thinking about Neoism: true Neoists are living now, working for the futures. Their phrases are open phrases. ~~xxx~~ Their eyes are open eyes. Their ideas are open, and this is most important of all.

What's new, pussycat? The question of a character open for love. Pussycat knows the answer is that you, who asked that what's new question, are new. Your are new, and the dance is new.

What's new is very serious, yet simultaneously only meant to laugh at ~~xxxxxxxx~~. People keep being so seriously minded about what's old. All they're doing is protecting their investment. What's new is not so much investment, and in fact it may be no investment at all, conventionally speaking. It is a matter of communication rather than money, stocks, bonds. Yet if the economy is to change toward art by way of information, what will replace capital as a basis for life development? Here is the real question neoists are asking. And how are the answers coming? This is the central part of the neoist process...."

David Zack, april 27 1981, *Calgary, Canada*

"What is neoism really all about? What is it actually doin?"

Perhaps you should never talk about this seriously, yet maybe you should. I'm not sure that talking seriously about neoism is the best way to be humorous about it." *David Zack, april, 27, 81*

Calgary, Canada

"I have begun writing a novel and nothing is more fun. I sent a card to Baltimore. I guess I told you I quit Friction. I want no cliques, no groups; I'll be a free wheeling- neoist. "

Eva Lake, jan 24, 1981, Portland, Oregon, USA

"don't care what you say. 'Neoism is this, not that, sometimes this, somebody, or that there we don't know.' To me it is Neo Dada but not Nada because Nada es Nada. I was Nada before I met you..... When I grow up I want to be a mature surrealist. Now maybe I'm a Neoist, or even still a Nadaist, don't know..... All I want to do is burn my work.... I liked Nada better because then there is a really nothing to explain, no headache, no ulcer, no cough."

Reinhart U Sevol, Labrador, 081180 a.m.

"I think the Neoists should accept all changements"

Ben, mars 12, 1981 Nice, France

"I think the Neoists should change"

Nathalie Mongeau, 1981, Montreal

"Toute activité néoiste ou de type néoiste, par les préjudices causés à la galerie, doit être écartée"

Procès-verbal de la reunion du 2 février 1981, Vehicule Art

"I'm changing my style, new glasses, tie, new shoes, the contrast of the underground, to hide the ground, you know you make a trap, dig a big hole in the ground big enough to catch a NEOIST, you cover the top with branches of innocent country side. See there walks a NEOIST and my god, straight into the covered hole - now he is an underground person - I'll be a part of that!"

Niels Lomholt, Lomholt Formular Press,
nov 12, 1980, Palling, Denmark

"There is no doubt in my mind that 1982 will be the year in which Neoist Activities will take a definitive step toward constituting a cohesive stream of uninterrupted events and ~~collaborations~~ collaborations, which will stand as a magnificent monument in the memories of those involved. -(as you might say - a monument to the conspiracy of 1982!) I can only hope that the collective output of energy in '82 will not dissipate after the initial fervor of APT 5."

Reinhardt U Sevol, London, England, Jan 23, 1982

"I must tell you that the Anti Neoist League is not an idea but a fear that is the result of a vision repeated in a number of dreams of different situations. Although some of my dreams come true, these seem to be true imagination. In fact the one I'm about to describe would make a dramatic Neoist Scenario for a drama.....---

A crowd had gathered in the Vehicule space. Convulsive rhythms of silicone music is played, the area is in semi darkness the light provided by many monitors facing the crowd - there is nothing on the screens. You and all your friends are seated at a table among the monitors eating bread and drinking. I can only see your outlines. You stand up and the monitors come to life. Many have electronically enhanced images of crowds in streets from different angles in fast motion. Others show Monty Cantsin walking toward and away from the camera in slow motion (he too is in the crowd) . Just in front of the table on the floor there are two monitors close together. On the left an arm with a tube ^{is} tapped to it & on the right a bathtub with the tube running into it filling the tub with blood. All monitors are switched on as a speech you give is translated into different languages. After it is over all monitors still show the different images while someone takes blood from your arm. Now, the monitor on the floor in front of the table to the right shows naked people getting into the blood filled tube one after the other. At this moment a group of people burst into the space and assassinate you then begin to take the audience away shouting death to the Neoists and their conspiracy. The dream ends when one of them puts ~~her~~ her gun to my head and asks, "Aren't you one of the neoist pigs?" I woke up trying to give an answer but could not say anything. "

Reinhardt U Sevol, London, England, March 2, 1982

"Well, I remember hearing an anecdote about how Alfred Jarry went to the premiere of Ubu Roi with a lobster on a leash. Of course I did not copy this but I toyed with the idea of taking Sara Mae (my Siamese cat) on a leash. This I didn't do either as she would have suffered a trauma. Then I had a rather good thought but because of its extravagance I could not do either. It was to buy a bottle of Champagne and two glasses and place them on a cushion of green velvet inside my affectionate suitcase until a beautiful girl would ask me what I carried in my suitcase. Anyway at the last moment I remembered that Kiki had wanted everyone that was to attend APT 2 to bring their own irons. So I ended up going to this Halloween Ball, filled with young conservative (but slightly punk) English people, with an iron on a leash. You can imagine how amused I was to read in your letter that four days later you had this parade thing in Montreal with everyone carrying irons. It's also a good idea to use an iron as the ensignia of neoism. In the Spanish language iron is plancha, and to "meter su plancha" is a phrase that translates as "throw in one's iron" which implies that one has put his foot in it or tripped someone over or even screwed up the works. Very similar to the French saying "to throw one's botts in" from which sabotage comes from. If you think about it, it suits our cause as it is a conspiracy and all that. Well the Ball was a huge wild party with lots of things happening and good music too. Richard Strange was expected to do his usual fascist performance but instead sang very good songs about our times to excellent music. The whole event was a big success and a lot of people wanted to know if I bred irons for sale. How easy it is to get people to go along with something, pedigree irons indeed !"

Reinhard U Sevol, London, England, nov 15, 1982

"Buy (or, perhaps, procure through the police) a quantity of cocaine or heroin to be dumped at a construction site as if it's industrial waste. If the substance is procured from the police, there could be a police representative to act as a witness and to sign a statement as verification of this action's having happened."

TENTATIVELY, Baltimore, MD, USA, nov 20, 1982

"If Leonardo hadn't painted Lisa, Duchamp couldn't have given us L.H.O.O.Q. but someone would have painted tits and a cunt on NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE and call it SHE HAS BOUNCING BOOBS & A JUICY CUNT. If video doesn't change the bland image of art tomorrow, something else will next year! Can you feel the atmosphere of URGENCY ? AN IDEA FOR A VIDEO SEQUENCE: materials : 2 paintbrushes (1 inch & 1/4 inch) ,1 large canvas with frame. Monty extracts some blood and pours it into a jar. He then paints with the one inch paintbrush the following phrase: 'PAINTING IS DEAD'. Then with the 1/4 inch brush paints a smaller slogan which reads: 'the last revolutionary brushstroke'. Try and sell it."

Reinhardt U Sevol, London, England, nov 23, 1981

"The promotion of guerilla tactics in the mass media. Urban guerilla warfare, detourning or altering already existing billboards towards a subversive end. We must push forward towards the domination of our own life. The Neoists must not be judged on its superficially scandalous manifestations through which it appears, but on its essentially scandalous central truth. We have the ball now we must not drop it with egoism and distraction."

Gordon W., Toronto, Ont, Canada, may 16, 1983

"At a party in a small laundry room space a man reveals that he's making records very cheaply. Later, in a much more open space, he exposes ,x me to an even newer technology: rectangles similar to 8 1/2 x 11" sheets of typewriter paper into which he speaks: his voice playing back from the rectangles a minute or so later : Wandering into a different part, someone accidentally triggers a hidden switch on the edge ofx something like a large model train garden without anything on it (possibly also like bed with a white sheet). THIS CAUSES A STEAM IRON TO BE LAUNCHED (FLYING AT AN EVEN & SLOW SPEED) OUT A NEARBY WINDOW & TO EXXX GO STRAIGHT THROUGH WHATEVER OBSTACLES ARE IN THE SUBURBAN LANDSCAPE (SUCH AS SUBURBAN HOUSES - WHICH ARE SOMEWHAT ANNIHILATED IN THE PROCESS) - this seems to have been videoed or filmed - Kirby melone arrives & sees the video or film & decides to use this incident somehow in an upcoming performance which he says that he will dedicate to me - SINCE I POINT OUT THE NEOIST CONNECTION

→ *cont text*

A fanta

"- coming from the direction that the steam iron has gone a devil like figure on a donkey (both brown & seeming like stuffed toy animals) rides into the room from which the accidental launching originated while ~~ixiggaxaxxixixaxxstikk~~ the triggerer and i are still there - the room now being filled with people sitting in rows - as if in church - the devilish figure reprimands the accidental triggerer & the congregation for the launching - as if it's an abuse of magical priviledges that he has endowed them with in order to improve their lives - the congregation & triggerer are somewhat embarrassed & contrite.. ? "

TENTATIVELY, Baltimore, MD, USA, June 13, 1983

"I hope you won't understand the things I'm going to write in the wrong way: I don't think that the ideas of the NEO-movement go very close with my ideas of the future. This whole NEOIST - thing seems to be quite fashionable and science-fictional. Since I have begun not to believe in fashion any more (it is hard for me, really, as for every other person) the NEO-thing has lost a lot of attraction for me. You don't 'believe in the lies of science' but your science- & fiction-appeal seems to me to be the contrary. And though the whole movement seems to me quite open to new ideas I will for all these reasons follow my own way without NEOISM. I will not come neither to Budapest nor to the Yugoslavian meeting. I will not be in Vienna in August and September. I hope you are alright. If we see 'immortal friends' as you wrote on your postcard, nothing can happen to our somewhat frozen relationship now. Even if we will not collaborate in the future. Take care of your energies and the projects you spend them for. Anyway we both agree that it is better to do & something against all the present miseries than to do nothing."

Andreas Mathyl, Wurzburg, W-Germany, Aug 15, 1982

was thinking you would appear here in February. However the art community that I know of would never have anything to do with a training camp by that name. Also the idea of blood and iron would be repulsive to them, as some of them had the experience of Nazi concentration camps, and others grew up when their country was running those camps. They are more interested and most in living well together, relaxing, and making it so people in the village here can live better in their thoughts and health. xxxxxxxxxxxx
 My message to you is to try to get it on with a good woman who cares for you because of your talents and wants a good life with you, and go on there, and as for the art world, maybe you can make a living from it. What about why necessarily contemporary art? Does it have any future at all from a human view? I think communications art does, but this is a matter of conventions to help people, and gradually encourage change, rather than polemic. Kantor, I just had some comb honey with a roll and a slice of brown bread, and some squash or as they say here calabasa, boiled with butter. It wasn't bad. My mother talked with me about how nice it was for Renate (my pianist friend) to have dinner last night here. This morning we had our dance class, and I played guitar with Bindu on drum. I also stopped by Emerald's. She wasn't there, but I wrote three poems and left them. She is a fine painter and international traveler. She told me a terrific story the night before last, which took three hours, which I want to write down, but I think now I'll do some collages for the show coming up next week. So, I wrote you at Vehicule and you probably got that letter by now. I'm really curious how your training sessions go. Peter Horobin wrote me about them. Ackerman thinks your busting your balls for nothing. He's trying to get someone to develop a Neoist Research Centre in Seattle, and bring out the Maris Kundzins part of the project."

David Zack, Tepoztlan, Morelos, Mexico, February 2, 1983

"The thing is, artists who wouldn't be caught dead being Neoists respect the way you're handling it. "Somebody had to do it." Then there are the enthusiasts, the real neoists, who are "the potencial energy of the future". Then there is the press, which gives the impression something is happening and is going to do it more as you carry on. I really like the package. It seems terrifying on one level, and otherwise has the potencial to grow in value to the people who are part of it, so the involvement makes their lives good."

David Zack, Tepoztlan, Morelos, Mexico, May Day, 1983

"When I talked to you on the phone you said that you thought I did not wish to communicate with you. In a way you were x right. You see I don't think you know the entire story. This is not the right time to go into the past and remeber things that drove me crazy. I think you will understand if I say that I was fighting my surrealist spirit in order to become a neoist (someone new). At the first APT Fest I liberated my subconscious and imagination by destroying and using found objects and paintings I had done to trancend that phase. I did go nuts at the Apt fest and if I had a real gun would had killed myself. After the occupation of Motivation I became a true nadaist. I ga ve up art, the hope of getting decent money through a job, and a love I thought I had. I think I was lucky that I went to a doctor with the intention of getting more money out of welfere because he made me realize that it was no put on I really was sick. At that ppoint x I remembered how many original surrealists had gone nuts and committed suicide. I became determindd not to become another and avoided all contact with the outside. A bad move, what I really needed during November and December was someone to talk to. Anyway you know that I left Montreal to escape memories."

Reinhardt U Sevol, London, England, oct 4, 1981

"I'll tell you one thing: While in Montreal I was convinced that all the artists who had fa iled their mission in past history had been reincarnated into Robert Filliou, Niels Lomholt, Alan Aneyers, Ben Vautier, you , Kiki, Tom Konyves, and everybody associated with Vehicule and that they were there to save the world or escape with the world culturex on some kind of ship (VEHICULE) . I thought I was a first time artist that had somehow seen through this. Weired eh? I re member telling Kiki that before the worl should end in a holocaust all the artists in the world should be invited to a big party to be held in Montreal and we would all go together. He looked at me in such a way that I thought it was already happening. The next thing I know Lomholt arrives in Montreal, then Snyers, the Filliou and Vautier and all were hanging around Vehicule. My mind put things together and came up with that imaginative delusion. I even thought tha t APT 80 was to be the last thing before ~~xxxxxx~~ the escape or war."

Reinhardt U Sevol, London, England, ³⁰april, 1982

Seven scripts for one week of Neoist activity

by Pete Horobin, aug 25, 1982
Dundee, Scotland

NEODAY ONE

The principal player does not think about art for twentyfour hours.

NEODAT TWO

The principal player does not eat for twentyfour hours.

NEODAY THREE

The principal player makes a pot of tea in the traditional manner. A sufficient amount of water for the persons present is heated in a kettle. Just before this water boils some is poured into ~~the~~ a teapot and ~~is~~ swirled around its interior. Thereby heating the teapot. This water is emptied out. A teaspoonful of tealeaves per person plus one for the pot is put into the hot ~~xxxx~~ teapot. Enough boiling water for the persons present is poured into the teapot. The lid is put on the teapot. The teapot is allowed to stand for five minutes. For the tea to fuse. It is then served to the persons present. With milk and sugar if preferred. Timing is critical.

NEODAY FOUR

The principal player does not sleep for twentyfour hours.

NEODAY FIVE

The principal player does not communicate for twenty four hours.



NEODAY SIX

The principal player cuts his finger nails and toe nails. The clippings are put into a suitable receptacle. Later during this day the persons present take their nail clippings to a mutually agreed site. Possibly the site of the Neofire. These clippings are scattered onto the ground.

NEODAY SEVEN

The principal player sifts the ashes of the dead Neofire. Taking out the lumps of charcoal. The fire ash is put into a container. Samples from this container are put into plastic bags which are sealed. Labelled. Stamped. Dated. And mailed to known Neoist sympathisers.

" "Neoisism is the potencial energy of the future"

-neoisism as the potencial energy of the future (less)

-neoisism now & then (ne pas temps en temps)

-constantly working to catalyze

-multiply directed

-how to focus

-as a basis for directive thinking

-to get more done, more quickly

*"international conspiracy"

-metanational conspiracy

-patanational conspiracy

(p.horobin's datanational conspiracy?)

-keep the info inflowing

-I need more action, more often

-what do I want ? how do I * get it most efficiently ?

tENTATIVELY, Baltimore, MD, USA, notes during APT6, 1983

I WAS LOVERS WITH A WOMAN WHO FREQUENTLY
CRITICIZED ME AS BEING TOO TYPICALLY A SUPERFICIAL
AMERICAN BECAUSE OF MY NEARLY CONTINUAL ATTEMPTS
TO DO NEW THINGS. THEN I MET ISTVAN KANTOR, WHO
IS FROM HUNGARY, WHO FOUNDED NEOISM, A HUNGARIAN
HAVING FOUNDED NEOISM GAVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO
REFUTE MY LOVERS' ASSERTION THAT THE DESIRE FOR THE NEW
IS MAINLY A SHALLOW AMERICAN CHARACTERISTIC. ISTVAN
KANTOR AND I ARE BOTH MONTY CANTSIN.

MONTY CANTSIN - BOX 382, BALTO., MD., 21203, USA

Nov 2 1985

Tips of Neoist Philosophy:

You dont need to know what is Neoism to be a neoist.

.....

It is easier to say what is neoist than to say what is not neoist.

.....

If red and gold flames appear spontaneously in the palme of your hands, than you'd better join Neoism

.....

Tonight I dreamed of gold onions flaming leaf after leaf to reveal no heart of blood

.....

the march to akademgorod cannot be stopped by such childish techniques like postal system sabotage

sept,23,1983 from Vittore Baroni's letter

NEDIST

SLOGANS

Neoist Slogans

In any moment you can invent a new slogan.

Collect ~~write~~ them in a slogan book, write them on walls, print ^{on your shoes, xxxxxx} slogan-stickers, flyers, ~~xxxxxxx~~ exchange them for other slogans.

A slogan book can be a devotional object on your altar.

Change ^{your} slogans as often as ~~possible~~ you can.

Slogans are essential instruments of neoist activities.

Slogans are more important than C vitamin.

NEOIST SLOGANS

Convulsion, subversion, defection!

+

Our conspiracy is the potencial energy of the future

+

Wo meschen sind ist neoismus

+

Video after death, neoism now!

+

Flame irons, umbrellas and hats regularly

+

Dance to the beat of neoism

+

Hunger is the mother of beauty

+

One to Zero, Modern Hero

+

We are not subject to the lies of science

+

Eat from this bread and join the revolution

+

Get up unknown hero and flame your hat, don't let your dreams
get lost in the morning

+

Why dont you do it yourself

+

Put the synthesizers up your ass

+

Total Freedom

+

Dance, sing, computiz

+

Every broken bottle you see, bears the image of eternity

+

No performance pas

+

Neoism as as neoism does

+

Toward Akademgorod

+

No escape

+

Change everything

+

Neoism : the only revolutionary force for changing the world

+

Our capital is our creativity

+

Take a delight in Neoism

+

our powerfull presence is the most delicate christmas gift!

dont make art if you don't have money

immortality is torture,eternity is pain

Cliches are the Armature of the Absolute

The only way to explain neoism is to do something else

Change your look.Revolutionary free haircuts now.

Suffering is one of the fundamental neoist life elements

This injection contains the world's greatest army:
milliards of micro-neoists

I love my rat,my rat loves me

Stop normality before it stops you !

+

No more punching bag clowns !

+

Toward a revolutionary common sense of humor !

+

Everything before the '90s.

+

"Clides are the Anamature of the Absolute"
Alfred James

To die is not for resist, there is
nothing new in it

A list of activities or disciplines which make you dull or vital

1/DULL

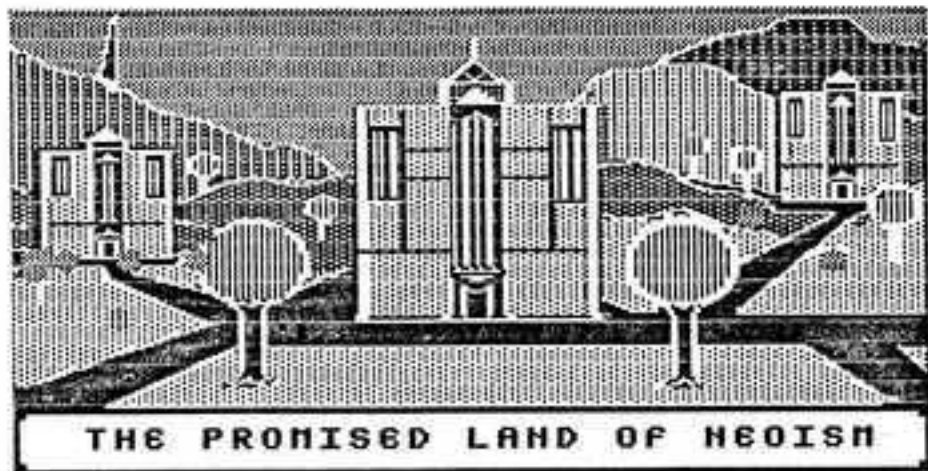
a/ Not attempting to rupture the endless sameness

b/ Eating when you are not hungry

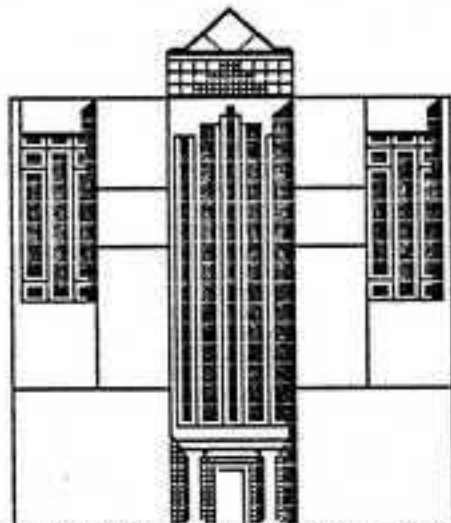
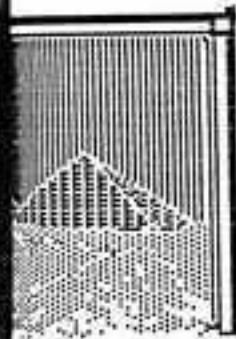
c/

AKADEMGROD

AKADEMGOROD



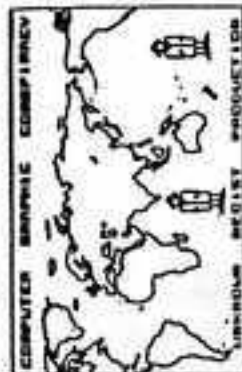
THE PROMISED LAND OF NEOISM



Monty Cantain

Boris Manowitch

NEOISTE
AMBASSADE



POWDER DOCUMENTS
written by NAPOLEON MOFFAT for his
conference/action in NEW YORK, march 18, 1982,
Fifth International Apartment Festival

- THE LEGITIMACY OF AKADEMGOROD -

" I'm in search of AKADEMGOROD.
I'm still searching for AKADEMGOROD.
AKADEMGOROD is the city of scientists
in Russia, in SIBERIA.

It is a city built for destruction.
It is also a city where all the
brains of Russia think and create
the END.

NEOISTS should be in search for the
city of scientists, should be in search
for AKADEMGOROD.

The project is to find the city of
AKADEMGOROD and, by being there,
justify the city. NEOISTS are
living, are surviving by eating high
technology.

I'm ephemerally here, in this city,
to ask you to join the crusade for
AKADEMGOROD.

The goals of the crusade are to
find the city and then, establish
the reality of NEOISM into the
reality of AKADEMGOROD.

BE A PART
OF AKADEMGOROD

NEOISM

for Preface

Après un long et arasant périple vous voici dans l'antichambre du temple des ceremonies d'autel Neoiste.

Il vous est loisible d'examiner les documents iconiques et illustrations representatives des plans de situation et de strategie du mouvement, partie integrante de l'essouflante, douloureuse et etourdissante histoire d'amour entre les Neoistes et le Neoisme.

Vous pouvez aussi vous familiariser avec les representations autant formelles que methaphysiques d'AKADEMGOROD terre promise des Neoistes. Ces documents expriment les differents aspects fonctionnels et plastiques de cet extraordinaire complexe scientifique, culturel, subversif et Neoiste qui est appele a devenir le havre mondial de tous les individus en quete de liberte totale et de changement perpetuel.

Derriere ces portes deja legendaires vous allez decouvrir la salle principale du temple des ceremonies d'autel Neoiste: lieu de delice, d'humour et de fantaisie.

Tous les citoyens d'AKADEMGOROD y ont dresser avec une grande delicatesse et un soin devotionnel leur propre autel que vous pourrez admirer de part et d'autre de la salle.

Au centre de l'espace une instalation Mythique, Intergalactique et Historique, en forme de divertissement educatif instruit le visiteur sur la Cosmogonie Neoiste, son Pantheon et l'evolution historique du mouvement.

Au font de l'espace le monument publique construit selon des criteres scientifiques, methaphysiques eternels habrite en son centre le grand autel de la communaute ou vous allez pouvoir vous recueillir seul ou en groupe et eventuelement si vous en eprouvez le desir enflammer le fer a repasser au moyen de la colle au caoutchouc.

TOWARD AKADEMGOROD,

THE PROMISED LAND OF
NEOISM

meeting and
conversation with MONTY CANTSIK

by KIM FROVER

© 1983

CENTRE DE RECHERCHE NEUSSE, MTL

who can still believe in a political movement directed by old and fat party leaders ? Who can fight for an idea which promoted by these guys and has nothing to do with your own imagination ?

Who likes the gouvernement of any country ? Who is still proud of a passport ? These questions were given to me by a young and enthusiastic man who has a strong est-european accent and a remarkable hair-cut, a red cross raised on his shaved temple. He introduced himself to me in a letter sent ~~me~~ to ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ my office in Montreal. It wasn't a personal letter but a press release for immediat diffusion.

"I am ~~XXXXX~~ Istvan Kantor, neoist, temporarily having human body and studying decisive questions. I ~~was~~ have been chosen by the 14 SECRET MASTERS OF THE WORLD to fulfill the legendary MONTY CANTSIN's duty and fight for total freedom through all formes of creativity."

I get hundreds of printed messages a day and most of them are almost the same borigg ones giving very important information about ~~a~~ new productions in the arts and culture in Canada. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ But this letter stated that "the result of my studies concerning the circumstances of FREEDOM OF SPEECH and other life important elements of creation is as negative in Quebec as it ~~is~~ in Hungary or in Paris." Aftr the first and fast reading I called

~~XXXX~~ the number I found on the press release. But I got to communicate to a repondenr. "Neoist Embassy, Monty Cantsin, the struggle for Neoism and total freedom and for the enjoyment of cosmik-urban-eternity, in all facets of life and in very corner of the globe ,continues".

I left my name and number and I went to talk to my secretery.

"Do you know Monty Cantsin?". "Sure" she ~~XXXXX~~ said "he is the guy with ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ the fish-hat". What? "You didn't see him in the tv?"

At that moment the telephone was ringing. ~~X~~ "Mr. Kim Frover please".

"Yes, speaking". "This is the Neoist Emkassy, you left your name and number ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~....". "Ah, yes, just a few minutes ago. Are you Monty Cantsin?".

"~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Just a second please". "Convulsion, subversion, defection, can I help you ?"

This was Monty Cantsin, and he gave me an appointment at the Neoist Embassy.

"What country the Neoist Embassy represents?"

"A future country, AKADEMGOROD, the promised land of Neoism."

"Where this country is goin g to be?"

"We don't know yet,there are different ideas about it.But one thing is sure that it's not going to be a country ~~xxx~~ of fat and boring political leaders."

"There is an Akademgorod in Russia"

"Yeah,in Siberia. Did you aver have bean there? So you dont know what is there and you are never going to know it. It's the center of scientists. In a moment of war Akademgorod is the center of all the action of the russian gouvernment."

"Why name your promised land after a place like that?"

"Because that's a kind of thing we always do. We change hist.ory, we create a new myth. And imagine if we could have all the technology what they have in Akademgorod in Siberia, we could create a total new world."

Monty Cantsin initiated the neoist movement in 1979 in Montreal. At the beginning it was a kid of artistic ^{performance} ~~XXXXXXXX~~ and the first neoist manifesto stated : "NEOISM: a purpose to get away from the prison of art, build open-situations which permit anybody to CONTRIBUTE,ACT,REACT,DESTROY : CREEPE. We test and train our/your psychic and physical condition and give therapy for both.

As the armed forces of worldpowers, ministries of finance and culture, traders,parties and terrorists we are also standing on the alert to chnage the world. We are for a perpetual change, and we love you".

But neoists are not anymore underground artists of the subculture. "We are not even artists. The word "neoist" replaces the word artist as well as many other words such as scie tist, sociologist, astronaut, terrorist, cook, traveher, street cleaner, pioneer, soldier, prophet, agent, student, shoemaker, machine operator, gold washer, nurse, and much more. There are young and old, little and big neoists. Ther are prehistoric, present and future neoists.

Our intention is to use all the present technology for our activities. Video, computer, television are life important tools of the Neoist Cultural Conspiracy."

In a song dedicated to mass communication and high technology Monty Cantsin sings: ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ "In any situation take your complete liberty and never respect the spotlight's burning heat, heat, heat, Bread feeds the hungry. Video feeds the full. I used to be hungry but I want to be full. I refuse to leave technólogy in the hands of those who control it for their own profit. I refuse to be oppressed by them. I refuse to leave the mass media strictly to the other guys, I refuse to let them have all the fun, fun, fun ".

"What people are going to do in Akademgorod?"

"Whatever they want. I'm sure that they are going to dance and convulse. We are never going to tell you what to do. You have to find out yourself what is your ~~pat~~ place in this creation."

"But you must have an object, an aim"

"Yes. It's total freedom."

"Not too many people wants to fight for total freedom"

"Ok, they can stay in Russia or USA or wherever they want, to be."

Akademgorod is open to everyone, but you dont have to be there.

Akademgorod is in your mind. It's a mobile country. It's portable. "

"Originally you are from Hungary. Why did you leave?"

"Yes. It's a fact that I was living in Hungary for many years, but ~~xxx~~ does it mean that I should stay there forever? I think I accomplished my work there. I had to go along. I was chosen for a long project. I was chosen~~x~~ by the 14 Secret Masters of the World to fulfill the legendary Monty Cantsin's duty and fight for total freedom."

"Who is Monty Cantsin?"

"Monty Cantsin is the greatest pop star the world has ever known. Anyone can become and be Monty C[^]antsin, There are conscious and unconscious Monty Cantsins, people who know and dont know they are Monty Cantsin. The process to become conscious of our Monty Cantsin self is slow and incalculable. Each of us has to discover the Monty Cantsin self in a individual, proper way. It's like creation. Because you can do a drawing of Mona Lisa or an exact copy of a Picasso or Andy Warhol's Campbell Soup Can, that doesn't mean you are a great artist. There are no two Monty Cantsin s of the same."

"Am I Monty Cantsin too?"

"You have to find out. Today there are only a few conscious Monty Cantsins. But remember that only 12 apostles assisted the Last Supper and 5 members launched the Bolshevik Party. The moment when someone awakes to the consciousness of Monty Cantsin self is the most exciting episode of life."

"But how can I become Monty Cantsin?"

"There is no receipt. It will never be possible to learn it."

"Akademgorod is the land of Monty Cantsins?"

"Yes. You can interpret it ~~xxx~~ this way."

"But Monty Cantsin is a man. What about neacist woman?"

to use all possibilities. I am also a song writer-singer and I have a band "FIRSTAID BRIGADE".

And before I would ask about the band he gives me a pamphlet.

"Monty Cantsin's FIRSTAID BRIGADE is a psycho/electro shock and glue band, representative of the Neoist movement's most recent phase: the fight for total freedom through dance/music.

FIRSTAID BRIGADE brings back the future for everyone who wants to be a part of a new musical tragedy whose roots are lost in the dawn of times : a continuous counter-catastrophe which destroys the apocalyptic world situation.

FIRSTAID BRIGADE is the band of those who boldly go forth to the discotheque of no-choice and dance away the precious remaining hours instaid of wasting time making up dumb escape plans. Because there is absolutaelly no possibility of salvation for anyone."

"Do you have a record?"

"I have many records but with Firstaid we are going to release our first one in this coming spring."

"What do you sing about?"

"Neoism"

"Propaganda songs?"

"You can say that. I like anthems. I write ~~many~~ anthems."

"What is the anthem of Akademgorod?"

And he starts singing it immediately.

"In the blue endless sky
a flaming iron flies,
mummy says "get up daddy,
your breakfast is ready.

Catastronics,ca-a-ta-a-stronics....

He gets a steam iron from somewhere,he takes a bottle of rubber cement and spreads some on the bottom of the iron. He ignites the rubber cement and holding up the flaming iron he

dances and sings "CA-A-TA-ASTRO-O-NICS...."

"What this word is about?"

"Catastronics? It's a neoist word, from catastrophe and ~~ix~~ electronics.

These ~~xxx~~ are the ^{two} most important things of human history."

"And this flaming iron?"

"It symbolizes neoism"

"Why?"

"It's a visual message from the future. An iron shaped flaming spaceship will transport people from Akademgorod to th~~e~~ Mausoleum".

"Waat a moment. First I really want to know why the iron, why not a tee-p~~o~~ or a hammer?"

"Well, I remember I did performances with other flaming objects, too.

Actually I was doing something with flaming hammer. Zbigniew

Brotgehirn said that ^{the} iron represents ~~se~~verity and strictness. He was

the first who used a flaming iron in a neoist performance during

an apartment festival in Montreal, in february 1980.

When we needed a symbol for our flag I chosed the iron.

A neoist must have a neoist alatar, and what you must have on the

altar is an iron and a ^{bottle of} rubber cement. Otherwise you can put anything

you like, what represents yourself, your activities, your presence

in the movement."

"You mentioned that an iron shaped flaming spaceship ~~with~~ will

transport people from Akademgorod to the Cemetery..."

"Ah, to the MAUSOLEUM, yes

. Well, nobody is going to

die in Akademgorod. It's a place to live. When you have to diw you

take the flaming spaceship which will transport you to the Mausoleum

in the space. You can chose your death but your body is going to be

frosen in the Mausoleum."

"I heard you used rats and fish in your latest performance"

"Ah,yes,do you like rats? Do you want to see them?"

We go to another room, perhaps the living room. In a transparent plastic cage are 5 ~~xxx~~ white rats.

"These rats are members of the Neoist Animal Network" explains Cantsin ."This Network has a survivor system. They are going to survive the next nuclear war."

This room is also a kind of store of Cantsin's performance objects, it's like an exhibition. The Canada Council seems to understand Cantsin's efforts because they recently awarded him a B Grant.

"I used the half of this money for a performance I produced this december at the Spectrum of Montreal. This is the fifth year of neoist activities in Montreal and it was a new and retrospective presentation about the movement's history.It was an important ~~prx~~ step of propaganda for the Akademgorod plan." Well,this is true that it does not happen everyday that an artist with a non-commercial background can take the stage of Spectrum which presents acts such like tge Police,Big Country,Third World and other well known,populare bands.

"What are your future projects?"

"I'M going to move to New York,and go to ~~xxxxxk~~ London in the spring.The Neoist Network needs a support system and here in Montreal I cant get enough help. We have centers in almost any big cities in Europe,in Cana'a and Usa but we don't have enough money to develop their function."

"And who do you think can help you?"

"I want to take over the art market in New York."

NEOISM, a research to turn blood into gold
 Neolism always has been, it's older than any creative idea. Changes are the
 evidences of NEOISM. Suffering is one of the most important neolist life elements.

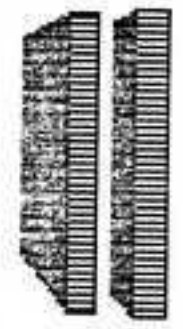
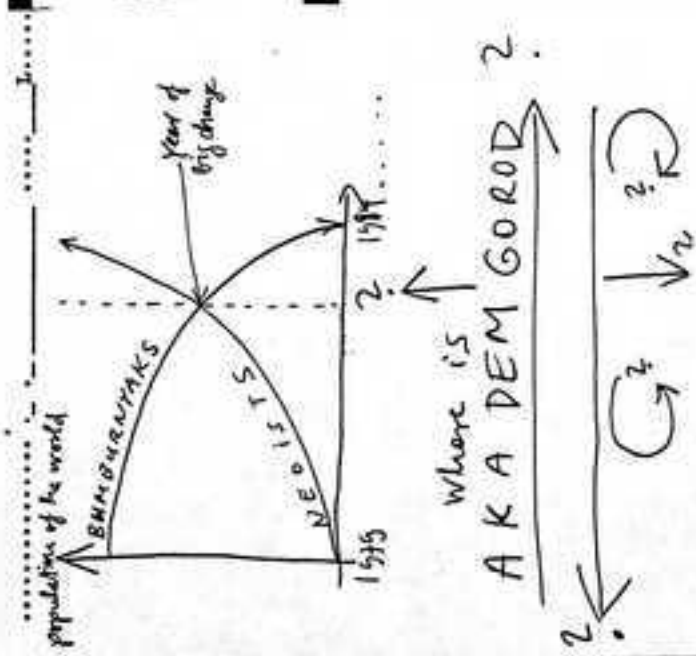
the FIRST FIVE YEARS (1979-84) of Neolist Conspiracy included the formation of
 a RESEARCH CENTER NETWORK, the development of APT Post Series, the inauguration
 of AKADEMGOROD P.I.-a.n. (Promised Land of Neolism), the search for the Unknown
 Neolists and the fight for total freedom through dance/music.

The struggle for Neolism and total freedom and for the enjoyment of Cosmik-
 Urban- Eternity, in all facets of life and in every corner of the globe,
 CONTINUES. Dance the total freedom, dance to the beat of neolism.



anthem

skndemgorod
 land of milk and honey
 skndemgorod
 kingdom of chapati
 skndemgorod
 playground of technology
 skndemgorod
 conspirators' country
 we are looking at the future
 with great expectation,
 neolism throughout the world
 and CONVULSION
 n.cantein



ND

NEOISTO INQUIRY UNIT
 Operator R. U. Savol
 228 Assebury, London
 SW2 3BL England

EURONEOIST COMMUNICATION
 PROJECT
 Art Lover
 21208 Srenaha Kamenica
 Rade Koncara 52
 Yugoslavia

AGENZIA NEOISTA
 Vittorio Baroni
 Via Raffaelli 2
 55042 Forte Dei Marmi
 Italy

DATA
 Pete Horobin
 25 Norwand Road
 Dyart Pife
 Scotland

KRYPTIC PRESS
 Peter Below
 Bismarckstr.12
 8700 Wursburg
 W-Germany

LOWHOLT FORMULAR PRESS
 Niels Loholt
 Akjaervej 49, Falling
 DK-8300 Odder
 Denmark

TIP
 1713 Sanguinet
 Montreal, Quebec
 H2X 3G5, Canada

ZEALOT PRODUCTIONS
 CHAPATI CENTER
 Gordon W. Zealot
 17 4th Street
 Toronto Island
 Toronto, Ont., Canada

NEOIST CENTER
 Carlo Pittore
 Po Box 1131
 Peter Stuyvesant Sta.
 NY, 10009 USA

PAN
 Mark Bloch
 PO Box 1500
 New York, 10009
 USA

LLOYD PRODUCTIONS
 Glnay Lloyd
 Po Box 1343
 SP, CA 94101 USA

MISSION DIPLOMATIQUE
 NEOISTE
 Bruno Moynié
 102 rue des Dames
 Paris, France

NEOIST LODGINGS
 Kazunobu Yanagi
 1844 Golden Gate ave
 SF, CA 94115 USA

SUPON
 Maria Goldinger
 693 Kinna Street
 SP, CA 94103 USA

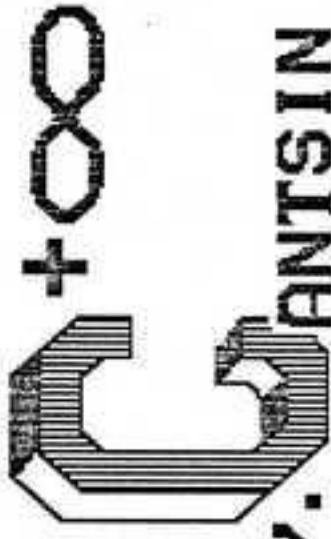
GENERAL STRIVE
 Eva Lake
 2872 22nd Street
 SP, CA 94110 USA

DODDA POST
 Ed Higgins
 153 Ludlow
 apt 6
 10000 NY, NY USA

THE SERVICE
 Kiki Bomben
 Po Box 524
 Tour de la Bourse
 Montreal, Que
 H4Z 1J8 Canada

COMPUTER GRAPHIC CONSPIRACY
 UNKNOWN NEOIST PRODUCTION
 Boris Manowitch
 1020 La Jolie ave
 Outremont, Que
 H2V 1K4 Canada

NEOISTA KAFCSOLATOK
 Gabor Medvity
 1032 Budapest
 Tanacs krt 18
 Hungary



THE NETWORK WEB

ONLY. ANTSIN

NEOIST
SONGS

Neoist Songs

You can sing about anything, anytime.

Singing is the most effective form of communication.

if the expression is the

when you are always with you: in the morning or in the

night, in your bedroom or in the streets, when you travel

and when you take a break, in revolutionary situations and
while making love,

Your songs protect you from boredom, bad mood, depression

your songs keep you alive in desperate times,

your songs are your source of energy in the fight for total freedom.



MONTY CAMTSIN FIRST AID BRIGADE (F.A.B.) is a psycho-electro shock 'n' glue band, representative of the Neoist Movement's most recent phase:

THE FIGHT FOR TOTAL FREEDOM THROUGH DANCE/MUSIC.

F.A.B. brings back the future for everyone who wants to be a part of a new musical tragedy whose roots are lost in the dawn of times:

A CONTINUOUS COUNTER-CATASTROPHE WHICH DESTROYS THE APOCALYPTIC WORLD SITUATION.

F.A.B. is the band of those who boldly go forth to the discotheque of no-choice and dance away the precious remaining hours instead of wasting time making up dumb escape plans.

BECAUSE THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO POSSIBILITY OF SALVATION FOR ANYONE.

TRY NEOTISM : (You'll last longer)

MODERN HERO

Paroles et musique: Cantsin

That's the beginning,
that's the end.
Before he died
lifted his hand.
Made an effort
to fix his tie.
"FUCK ART' LET'S DANCE"
He said and died.

ONE TO ZERO
MODERN HERO

That's your plant,
that's your land.
She wasn't killed
in an accident.
She left a note
before she'd gone
"LIFE IS BORING,
LET'S HAVE FUN".

That's your freedom that'
that's your will.
He was decided,
he wasn't ill.
Before he jumped
made clear his aim
"IT'S NO SUICIDE,
I DIE FOR FAME".

That's your love,
that's your story.
Daddy got killed by
Mummy.
She said to him
"DRINK THIS HONEY,
IT WILL MAKE YOU
FEEL FUNNY"

That's your object,
That's your duty.
Synthesize goodness
and beauty.
EVERY BROKEN BOTTLE
YOU SEE,
BEARS THE IMAGE OF
ETERNITY".

SOYEZ BEAUX

Paroles: Napoleon Moffat

Musique: Cantsin

Du siècle étourdissant, au départ, il n'y a rien à retenir.
Peut-être. Peut-être la facilité des idées. Navrés pour elles;
nous nous tenons prêts, éteignoirs à la main.

C'est le vide beaucoup plus que l'impuissance qui achève sa
formule. Une formule intelligente mais sans cesse démaquillée,
réduite au spectre courant. Il y a des pouvoirs. Navrés pour
eux; nous nous tenons prêts, scandales à la main.

les situation échappent à leur légitimation. Un modèle: toujours
le même. A quoi peut ressembler le doute? Navré pour lui; nous
nous tenons prêts, revolvers au poings.

THE YELLOW FLAME

Paroles: Ady Endre traduit par Cantsin

Musique: Cantsin

The yellow flame has lighted the fire
Under my dreams. I turn to ashes, I burn:
Deep me in a gold-tide,
Give me, give me shelter.

Wild music makes me sick
The music of rattling gold.
Silence this music already
The magical wond, the gold wond.

Come sweet, deaf evening,
When there is no song, no fire:
I want to sleep in a gold bed
Still, stiff and satisfied.

1984-

1984

Paroles et musique: Monty Cantsin

Every Sunday I go to church,
It's clean and cool and total modern.
I sit down and pray all day long,
and last sunday I learned this new song:

Love is Hate
Peace is War
This is 1984.

It was a cold night when we got together,
and she said "Kiss me, Kiss me, love me Joe".
I said "Honey, I could do that before,
but we are in 1984.

Before I joined the Army I lost my time
I got bored in bars and clubs.
But war is more fun than just pick up a girl.
"Long live Big Brother"

ALLES KLAR

Paroles et musique: Cantsin

And then she said "More, more, more", and what to do in
a situation like that? Dont give up anything, clean
your eyes and look at the green hole.
Nathalie vomited all night long (probably the sausage).
And where are we going from here and what's the next action?
I have to shine my boots and I have to shave. I killed two
other german flies and here I send them to you.

Europe is rotten and America is boring. My blood keeps flowing,
keeps flowing, keeps flowing...

And then she said "Kiss, kiss, kiss", and there was only a chair
in the room. I put her in this chair and I said "You are
wonderfull in this chair". And then I started to kiss the back,
the arms, the legs, and I went under the chair and I knocked
on the bottom.

Europe is rotten and America is boring. My blood keeps flowing,
keeps flowing, keeps flowing...

Europa es podrida Y America es aburrida
Alles Klar

TOTAL FREEDOM

paroles et musique: Monty Cantsin

Dance the ONE TO ZERO
Dance the MODERN HERO
Dance the MASS MEDIA
Dance the TRAINING DISCO

Dance the RUBBER CEMENT
Dance the FLAMING IRON
Dance the TETE DE COCHON
and fight for TOTAL FREEDOM

Fight, fight for TOTAL FREEDOM

Dance the CHA-CHAPATI
Dance the GASPACHO-CHO
Dance the BETON BODY
Dance the VIDEO

Fight, fight for TOTAL FREEDOM

TAKE IT OFF

Paroles: Monty Cantsin
Musique: Cantsin/Wanowitch

My father was a confectioner.
The day after he died
I took a pick, I went to a
church and hewed the altar.

I put his gold medal
in my right shoe,
and I trempeled on it
when I walked in the streets.

My sole got full of blood,
bloody, bloody pus.
Once the police stopped me
"What is in your shoe?"

I said "Gold"

They said "Take it off"

I gave my white shoe
to one of the policemen.
He riched into and took out
my father's medal.

His hand was bloody,
I gave him a kleenex.

His hand was bloody,
I gave him a kleenex.
"Thank you " he said,
"Have a nice day" and
They left.

BLOOD AND GOLD

Paroles : Endre Ady, poète hongrois (1877-1919)

musique: Cantsin

It sounds the same to me whether,
Lust pants or pain rattles,
Blood trickles or gold clatters.

I know, acclare, it's Everything,
And anything else is in vain:
Blood and Gold, blood and gold.

Everything dies, departs,
The glory, the song, the rank, the wage.
But blood and gold live.

Nations die and rise again
And brave the saint who like me vows,
Forever, blood and gold.

THE GREAT Mr. PIGHEAD

Poème de Endre Ady, traduit du hongrois
par Cantsin.
musique:Cantsin

I felt he would kill me if I let him,
The Great Mr. Pighead would kill me.
He grinned to me and sat stiff:
He sat on the gold, on the gold,
I felt he would kill me if I let him.

"I can be killed by any moment,
I must not wait any longer.
I am called by secret words
To leave, to have pleasure,
I must not wait any longer".

"The sea waits for my yacht,
Thousands of tents wait for me,
Strange sun, exotic balsam,
Alian ecstasy, new girl,
All wait for me, for me".

"The whole life is panting in me,
Everything, what's new trots to me,
My many dreams are a saint chaos,
All of your dreams are deaf,
Tear out your gold breast".

Give your gold Mr. Pighead,
I need gold Mr. Pighead.

And we clashed. The coast was trembling,
I scooped my hand in his flesh,
I tore it, pull it. All for nothing.
His gold rattled. He laughed.
I can't go, I can't go.

Thousands of nights passed away,
And my blood keeps flowing, keeps flowing,
They call me from far, call continually
And we are fighting and getting mad:
Me and the Great Mr. Pighead.

Neoist Love Song from 1919

Chanson d'Amour Néoiste, vers 1919

Que mon sang coule,
féconde la Terre !
C'est ainsi que je veux
mourir.

Please don't cry,
baby don't cry,
C'est ainsi que je veux
mourir.

I have to tell you something,
I have to tell you something now.
I can't wait anymore,
I can't wait anymore.

You are the one I loved,
the only one I loved.
You are the one I kissed,
the only one I kissed.

Que mon sang coule
féconde la Terre !
C'est ainsi que je veux
mourir.

Please don't cry,
baby don't cry.
C'est ainsi que je veux
mourir.

Neoist Food

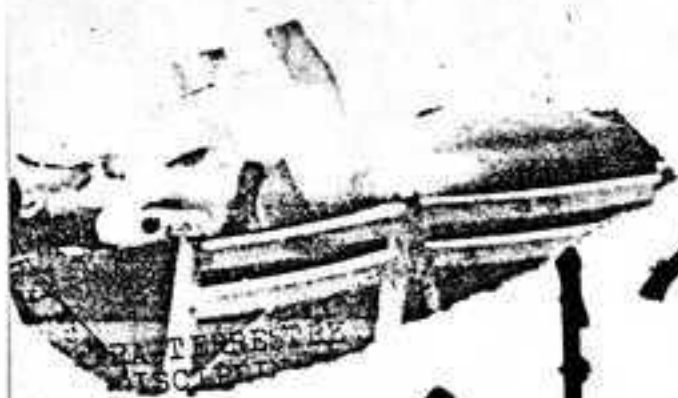
Bread making ~~isxaxaxaxaxaxaxaxax~~ and food
distribution ^{are} ~~isxaxaxaxaxaxaxaxax~~ ^{vital} ~~isxaxaxaxaxaxaxaxax~~ important neoist
activities.

Akademgorod, the promised land of Neoism, is also
the "kingdom of chapati" and "the land of milk and honey".

The neoist kitchen based on the idea of total mixing.
The Mobile Neoist Kitchen is created by Gordon W, the
~~isxaxaxaxaxaxaxaxax~~ initiator of neoist cooking actions, the
maker of chapati.

THROWAWAYS

leaflets, pamphlets, flyers, manifestos...



FIVE

1. NEOISM IS NOTHING MORE THAN A DEMONSTRATION ABOUT "HOW TO DO NEOISM"
2. NEOISM IS NOTHING MORE THAN THE PREFORMANCE OF A MOVEMENT CALLED NEOISM
3. NEOISM IS NOTHING MORE THAN ACTIONS TO SPREAD NEOISM
4. NEOISM IS NOTHING MORE THAN A PROVOCATION TO MAKE A HISTORY OF NEOISM
5. NEOISM IS NOTHING MORE THAN ALL THAT WE DO IN THE NAME OF NEOISM

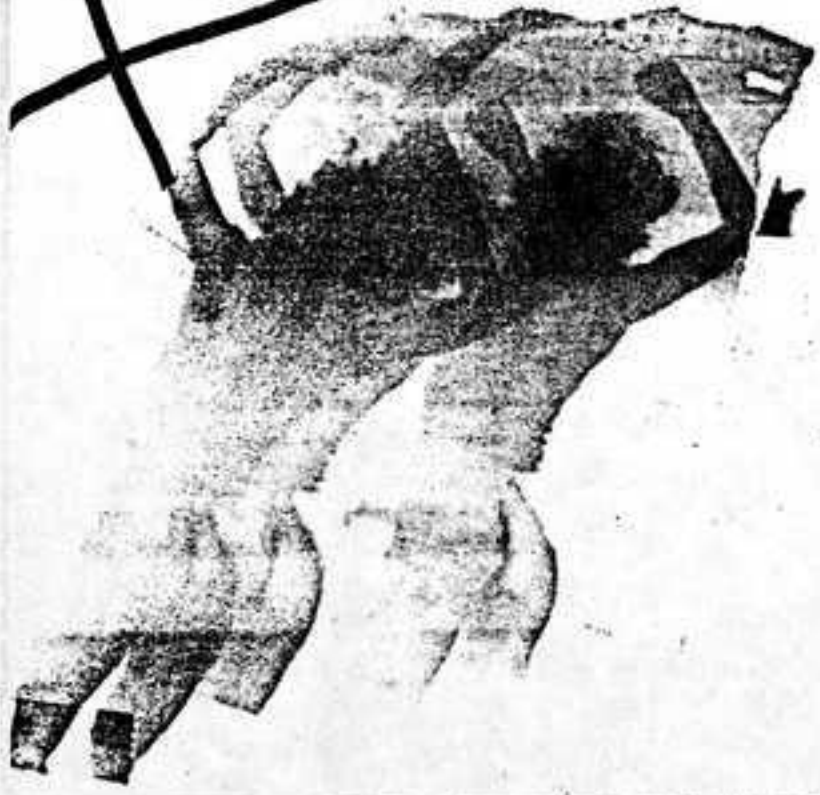
monty cantain



Sable

table cover

For parties, everyday use and special occasions.
Made of embossed paper.



ELDORADO MANIFESTO

1980 Feb 14
Eldorado

dear human-beings,

we are the extraterrestrial neoists, temporarily staying on the earth and looking for relationships.

we would like to be your friends and help you to find out a new way of life: the cosmic-urban-eternity.

tonight we start a long ~~xxxxxx~~ term project, we call it URBANO PESTO NEOISTO, and we came to the ELDORADO to give you knowledge about it. We declare that from tonight onwards we are responsible for all of the world's events from Japan to Alaska, from the Kremlin to the Moulin Rouge, from the White House to the Eldorado.

We declare that from tonight onwards you are free from political, economic and cultural responsibilities and that the presidents of countries, directors of institutions, traders, parties, etc. are removed from their positions.

We declare that from tonight onwards money has lost its value.

We declare that from tonight onwards hunger is the mother of beauty.

We declare that from tonight onwards pornography is the national value.

that's enough for now, more to come later.

and thank you for your coming.

convulsion, subversion, defection.

we are fightfully yours.

The Neoistos

SECRET

304

1980. 6 mars

POWERHOUSE MANIFESTO
MANIFESTE POWERHOUSE

dear friends,
we don't want to disturb your conference, just let us talk to you for one minute. we are the neoists and we are looking for relationships. we would like to be your friends and help you discover a new way of life: cosmic-urban-eternity.
we have started a long-term project. we call it the "URBANO-FESTO-NEOISTO and have come here to contribute know edge of it. at this time we do not see any possibility of saving the earth from total suicide. however, in spite of this fact, we are trying to change the condition of the world and to do our best for eternity.
our conspiracy is the potential energy energy of the future. we are not subject to the lies of science.
we are fightfully yours.
that's enough for now, more to come later.
and in the name of all neoists we declare that we love you

thank you for your attention

chers amis,
nous ne voulons pas déranger votre conférence mais laissez-nous vous parler un instant. nous sommes les néoistes et nous cherchons des relations mondaines.
nous aimerions être vos amis et vous aider à trouver un nouveau mode mode de vie : l'éternité-cosmique-urbaine.
nous avons entrepris un projet à long terme que nous appelons l'URBANO-FESTO-NEOISTO et sommes venus contribuer de la connaissance à ce sujet.
a ce moment précis nous ne voyons aucune possibilité de sauver la terre du suicide total mais, malgré ce fait nous essayons de faire de notre mieux pour l'éternité.
notre insurrection est l'énergie potentielle du futur.
nous ne sommes pas assujettis aux mensonges de la science.
nous sommes combattivement vôtres.
C'est assez pour le moment, d'autres détails suivront.
et au nom de tous les néoistes nous déclarons que nous vous aimons

merci de votre attention.

MONTY CANTSIN
extraterrestrial leader
& neoist woman affairs

LION LAZER
urban head man/no-wave thinker

KIKI BONBON
extreme derision
waveless framework

FRATER NEO
minister of social, cultura l, and
religious affairs

M. Cantain
Kiki Bonbon

Lion Lazer
Frater Neo

Communiqué
News Release
renseignements / Contact

COUNTER-CATASTROPHE & SEISMIC MANIFESTO



This manifesto was written in Montreal, April 1980 and it was declared in UKIAH (CA) on May 2/80, and in Portland (Oregon), May 15/80 before some days of Mt. St. Helens' explosion M.C.

I AM MONTY CANTSIN EXTRATERRESTRIAL SEER, SPY AND NEOIST, TEMPORARILY STAYING ON EARTH AND STUDYING DECISIVE QUESTIONS. HUMAN HISTORY IS A STORY OF CATASTROPHES.

I FOLLOWED EARTHLY LIFE WITH ATTENTION FOR A LONG TIME AND IT SEEMS TO ME THAT HUMAN LIFE IRREMIEDIABLY DRIFTING INTO RETAL SUICIDE.

THE ONLY WAY TO AVOID THE LAST AND ALL-ANNIHILATING DISASTER IS A COUNTER-CATASTROPHE.

A COUNTER-CATASTROPHE WHICH DESTROYS THE CATASTROPHIC WORLD SITUATION.

A series of harmonic earthquakes Thursday indicating the presence of magma, or molten rock, could mean an increase in the number of lava eruptions and landslides near Mount St. Helens, scientists said.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

WHILE THE NURSE IS TAKING MY BLOOD I WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU TO PARTICIPATE IN OUR COLLECTIVE COUNTER-CATASTROPHE & SEISMIC PROJECT AND GIVE US YOUR GOLD AND MONEY FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEOIST EARTHQUAKE SLOT-MACHINE.

IN THESE CATASTROPHIC WORLD SITUATIONS THIS AUTOMATA WILL PRODUCE THE ILLUSION OF TOTAL EARTHQUAKE AND WILL STOP ONLY WHEN ALL THE WORLD'S GOLD AND MONEY IS DEPOSITED INTO IT.

WHEN THE NEOIST EARTHQUAKE SLOT-MACHINE STOPS THEN WILL COME A NEW WAY OF LIFE, THE COSMIK-URBAN-ETERNITY DIRECTED BY THE TOTAL FREEDOM OF HUMAN WILL.

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW, MORE TO COME LATER.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS AND IN THE NAME AK OF ALL NEOISTS I DECLARE THAT WE LOVE YOU. OUR CONSPIRACY IS THE POTENCIAL ENERGY OF THE FUTURE.

WE ARE FOR NEOIST EARTHQUAKE SLOT-MACHINE, WE ARE FRIGHTFULLY YOURS. ANNO NEOISTO PRIMERO PLANETO

7/15/80, NWAW, PORTLAND, OREGON (USA)
NEOIST MANIFESTO

CENTRE DE RECHERCHE NEOISTE NEOIST RESEARCH CENTER

emission 6

This video tape is **NEW** but it represents **OLD** ideas. Today we are doing something else and tomorrow we will be entirely different.

You can stay here and watch this tape of old ideas, but it would be better if you go away and try to do something new.

In your place I would never accept a reactionary situation like this.

Make time change quickly but always be faster.

None could ever define what is NEOISM NOW.

Cette bande video est **NEUVE** mais représente de **VIELLES** idées. Aujourd'hui nous faisons autre chose et demain sera entièrement différent.

Vous pouvez rester ici et regarder cette bobine de vieilles idées mais il serait préférable que vous partiez et essayez quelque chose de nouveau.

A votre place je n'accepterai jamais une situation réactionnaire comme celle-ci.

Faites passer le temps rapidement mais soyez toujours plus rapides.

Aucun ne pourra jamais définir ce qu'est le NEOISME IMMEDIAT.

Nov. 22 1980



CENTRE DE RECHERCHE NEOISTE
NEOIST RESEARCH CENTER
VEHICULE ART (MTL.) INC.
307 STE-CATHERINE OUEST
MONTREAL, P.Q. H2X 2A3
CANADA (514) 844-6461

man life is irremediably drifting into total suicide.all you need is war.this is 1

THIRD BRAIN WAR MANIFESTO 1980

I AM MONTY CANTSIN EXTRATERRESTRIAL BUISNESSMAN, SPY AND NEOIST, TEMPORARILY HAVING HUMAN BODY AND PRODUCING DISTRESS SIGNALS IN THE DANGER ZONE.

I FOLLOW HUMAN LIFE WITH ATTENTION FROM THE PREHISTORIK TIMES. HUMAN HISTORY IS A SOAP OF CATASTROPHES.

I SAW MEN HUNTING THE LIVES OF THEIR OWN SONS, AND BROTHER MURDERING BROTHER, WOMEN KILLING THEIR OWN DAUGHTERS AND DAUGHTERS SEEKING THE LIVES OF THEIR MOTHERS. I SAW ARMIES ARRAYED AGAINST ARMIES. I SAW BLOOD?DESOLATION, FIRES.

I SAW THE HUMAN RACE SUBJECT TO V I D E O - E L E K T R O N I K - K O M P L E T E - K O N T R O L AND MILLION OF METAL AND PLASTIK BRAINS IN THE WORLD EGO CENTER.

THESE THINGS ARE AT OUR DOORS. NO RETURN, NO WAY BACK INTO PARADISE. HUMAN LIFE IS IRREMEADIABLY DRIFTING INTO TOTAL SUICIDE. ICALL ALL THE INHABITANTS OF THE PLANET.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

WHILE THE NURSE IS TAKING MY BLOOD I WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU TO PARTICIPATE IN OUR KOLLEKTIVE THIRD BRAIN WAR PROJECT AND GIVE US YOUR GOLD AND MONEY FOR THE RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE N E O I S T B R A I N W A R S H O C K M A C H I N E.

THIS AUTOMATA WILL PRODUCE A VERY EFFECTIVE p s a u d i o - r a y RADIATION INTO THE SUBCONSCIOUS CEREBRAL CENTERS OF HUMAN BRAIN AND FREEING THE OPPRESSED POSITIVE ENERGY FROM THE SUBCONSCIOUS WILL AWAKE EVERYBODY TO THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF T H I R D W O R L D W A R . THIS ENERGY WEAPON OF COLLEKTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS WILL BREAK THE E M E R G E N C Y E X I T O F F U T U R E . THE WAR WILL END AND WILL COME A NEW WAY OF LIFE:

THE C O Z M I K - U R B A N - E T E R N I T Y, DIRECTED BY THE TOTAL FREEDOM OF HUMAN WILL.

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW. MORE TO COME LATER. OUR CONSPIRACY IS THE POTENTIAL ENERGY OF THE FUTURE. WE ARE NOT SUBJECT TO THE LIES OF SCIENCE. THANK YOU FOR YOUR GOLD AND MONEY AND IN THE NAME OF ALL NEOISTS I DECLARE THAT WE LOVE YOU, AND WE ARE FOR THE NEOIST BRAIN WAR SHOCK MACHINE.

ALL YOU NEED IS WAR. THIS IS NATURAL. WE ARE ABSOLUTELY AND FRIGHTFULLY YOURS.

MONTY CANTSIN

MEDIABLY DRIFTING INTO TOTAL SUICIDE. ALL U NEED IZ WAR. THIS IZ NATURAL. HUMAN PIPE

ACTION DIRECTE

Du siècle étourdissant, au départ, il n'y a rien à retenir.
Peut-être. Peut-être la facilité des idées. Navrés pour elles;
nous nous tenons prêts, éteignoirs à la main.

C'est le vide beaucoup plus que l'impuissance qui achève sa
formule. Une formule intelligente mais sans cesse démaquillée,
réduite au spectre courant. Il y a des pouvoirs. Navrés pour
eux; nous nous tenons prêts, scandales à la main.

Les situations échappent à leur légitimation. Un modèle: toujours
le même. A quoi peut ressembler le doute? Navré pour lui; nous
nous tenons prêts, revolvers au poings.

Nous nous placerons résolument d'un seul côté, affirmant les mêmes
choses; en les reconnaissant telles. Et nous ne pourrons, à l'aide
de cette mesure, constater autre chose que le fait que tout cela nous
échappe intégralement. Une révélation mensongère vers laquelle nous
penchons périlleusement, dans l'attitude soit du don, soit du recevoir.
Si nous croyons pouvoir flâirer le mal, nous ne savons quelles malfor-
mations nous y conduisent.

DEVENEZ CRUELLEMENT EXCESSIFS, ENTIEREMENT COMESTIBLES. TOUS LES
SAUF CONDUITS VOUS SUIVRONT, ACCORDES SOUS MENACE DE LA BOURRASQUE
CUISANTE DE VOTRE VOLONTE.

Soyez beaux, c'est tout ce que nous pouvons encore exiger,

LES NEOISTES

Drop out
M. S. ...
Sage & ...
No Escape
Modern ...
Set up
Punch the
T. ...

NO SPECIAL PLANS

Drop out ✓
M. S. ... ✓
3 No Escape ✓
M. S. ... ✓
Blind ... ✓
Sage & ... ✓
Crisis ... ✓

If the End must come, we will all die together hand
in hand, and whether you agree or not. There is no escape
possible- not even if you are rich, beautiful, intelligent,
cultured and lucky. We are stranded in an unimagineably
dull universe in which we are forever condemned to make
something happen, and only fools would spend enough money
to rocket themselves into endless darkness and vacuum.

This is not escape. It is not even a non-survival. The
only escape possible is through wholesale physical annihi-
lation and nuclear transmutation 'en masse' into radio-
active vapor along with everything else. BING! And after
that Final Big Catastrophic Nuclear Holocaust or whatever,
there will be no Army of Saints waiting up there with
open arms either. Remember that in absence of any 'God'
you are no more important and worth saving than a trashcan
lid which can't even close properly.

Noah's Ark is a myth of escape which was concocted by
cowards for other cowards who cannot grasp reality by the
neck and strangle it in self-defense. You must train your-
self to face the blank stare of Finality while still mana-
ging to enjoy the hot sun and the cool breeze (for free!)
and continue making fun and trouble for everyone, and keep
fighting for that Noble Cause whose true definition keeps
escaping you and which must remain unknown.

So bow your weary confused heads in homage to FATE and
knock back a few stiff drinks to help carry you through
this little thing called LIFE, because all art and history
books will evaporate any second now and all will be gladly
forgotten. And please don't bother writing uninteresting
details of your existence in a diary which will be left to
no one, and boldly go forth to the discothèque of your
choice and dance away the precious remaining hours instead
of wasting time making up dumb escape plans because there
is absolutely no possible salvation for anyone.

WE ARE WILLING TO DIE BECAUSE WE WANT TO LIVE!

LETTRE A LA RONDE

I'm just writing to tell you that i have lost that beautiful appartment (you called it "Aristocratic"). We didn't heat the place: Nature was against us. The pipes broke. The landlord decided to kick us out of the place.

I'm living here and there (friends); I think it's better like that. Raymond didn't like what happened; so he broke everything (tables and tape recorder included).

Everything is so messy and at the same time beautiful. Like we're desperate and becoming heroes. Like we're doing things (a bunch people, a gang of friends) for the sake of liberty, of fun, of explosion in a world of implosion, of recuperation, of errors.

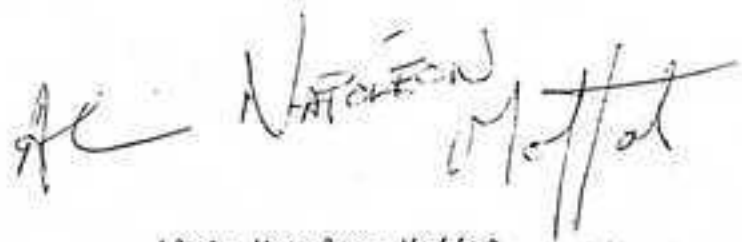
We're not responsible and that's why we're so subversive. We're the only ones to answer the question of the world. Quiet violence need to be answer by greater violence. And that violence we find in ourselves like a part of that nature given to us. Like we're natural, perhaps tragic.

I remember nothing. I'm reading Nietzsche.

"...the only being really existing find is redemption in the appearance..."

In the work of art.

In the work of art things would become people and people would become things. Essential objects would triumph

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a stylized 'A' followed by 'NAPOLÉON' and 'Moffat' written in a cursive script.

Alain-Napoleon Moffat

King of the Sky

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Interviews

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- 1) You prepare an album entitled "Anthems", different people from different countries were invited to participate, but it's not a mail-art project. "Mail art is dying but something new will keep you busy for the next ten years..." you stated in Bidet32 mag a year ago...
- 1- Mail-art will become more and more widespread in the next few years, at the same time it has become also very cliché, so paradoxically it is a "dead" experience for all those who want to make a step forward: the mail system will gradually disappear with the new telematic technologies, and beside this inevitable change of medium it is about time to storm the artists' mailboxes with something more imaginative than the invitation-show-catalogue routine. In issue 42 of my "Arte Postale!" magazine I suggest a few introductory tactics like spreading fake mail-art show invitations, send lovely letters to enemies and hateful letters to friends, return to sender the mail you do not like or bother about. The "TRAX 0983 -ANTHEMS" LP is a good example of how mail-art criteria may be applied to new situations, causing an amplification of perspectives. In this case people from the four continents were invited to record a version of their national anthem, each participant was free to give his own interpretation of the project so we got very different approaches: like a Russian/American medley, a Brazilian "punk anthem", or the anthem of Akademgorod, the promised land of Neoism... It is not just a collection of more enjoyable national anthems but a series of comments on the concept itself of "nation" in our planet today.
- 2) "Anthems" is sponsored by TRAX. When did you start TRAX and for what objectives ?
- 2- TRAX is a collective project started by me and Piermario Ciani in 1981, the basic idea behind it was to establish a network of independent "Units" throughout the world to co-produce saleable items in all different media: each product being the result of a particular modular plan that links two or more Units in always varying combinations. TRAX is not an art group or a record label, it is an open structure for the production of modular items: be it books, cassettes, video, clothes, gears, food or events, mixed media concerts and exhibitions. The main objective is to prove that planetary cooperation is possible, even without easy moralism.
- 3) TRAX published the "Cop Killers", you play in this band...
- 3- The "Cop Killers" are not a band, it was just a cassette-concept and it can be a useful example to explain what I mean with "modular items": the music was recorded separately in England and Italy by MA Phillips and Daniele Ciullini, I provided the lyrics and voice and edited the materials together. So the group never existed, it was just a combination of elements at distance, more or less what happened with the "TRAX 0982-XTRA" LP, where every track was composed by various Units exchanging and remixing tapes - "audio pieces without a composer performed by inexistent ensembles that meet only through a network of reproduction technologies and communication media".
- 4) Let's get back to mail-art. I think it was very stimulating for your activities. Basically you developed your work through the postal system..
- 4- Living in a small provincial town like I do, when I discovered mail-art it really gave me for the first time a way to direct my energies towards an international audience. TRAX and other projects would not have been possible without the number of contacts found in the correspondence network. It was also a lot of fun doing it, and really I haven't stopped writing, though I prefer a close relation with few friends to massive correspondence.
- 5) Who is Lieutenant Murnau ? Please tell everything about his life...

- 5- Lieutenant Murnau is the name of a ghost musical group. I started this project in 1980 and it will be completed in 1984 with a final show-publication. The basic image comes from a photograph of the German expressionist film director Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau while serving as Lieutenant in the German Army: I really liked his films and he had a very strange and intriguing life (it's all in the book "Murnau" by Lotte H. Eisner). I took this photograph of Murnau in uniform and reproduced it onto posters, leaflets, fanzines, badges, and all the memorabilia of rock mythology, so to create an interest around a band that did not exist. The next step was to provide Lt. Murnau fans of invisible music: I managed to produce various records and cassettes without playing a single note, simply releasing weird mixages of recorded music (the "Meet Lt. Murnau" cassette is a total confusion of Beatles and Residents records), real soundtracks of F.W. Murnau's films, or music provided by other bands in homage to Murnau. To mess up things even more I had some of these cassettes and records released in different countries, so it was not easy to identify Lt. Murnau with myself.
- 6) Do you play in a band at the present time?
- 6- No, I'd like to collaborate with other people in musical projects but where I live I could not find anybody interested in the sort of music I do. By the way, I do not play any instrument but I like to manipulate sounds with simple unsophisticated equipment. I have released cassettes and contributed to various compilations using my name or different pseudonyms, each with a different approach to sound, that include Lt. Murnau, Krao the Mixing Link, Kibbo Kift and Absternious Youth.
- 7) What are your regular activities?
- 7- I used to run an hotel with my family, now we rented it and I am in the process of starting a new business in the trade world. I do not even try to make a living out of my creative activities, I prefer to consider them as a hobby. The same as with my studies, I'd like to take a new degree in art but I am not going to teach or use it.
- 8) What kind of food you like?
- 8- I hate spending too much time at the table, in fact I hate gluttonous people that are usually the worst people to live with. I eat simple food, very varied. I like to cook.
- 9) Did you ever kill animals?
- 9- No, insects maybe when they get too noisy. But I have other people killing animals for me, as I do eat fish and meat. When I was a kid I lived in a farm in the country, my aunt used to kill chickens by just stretching their neck, and also rabbits. I had a very natural feeling to it, like it was part of the cycle of things.
- 10) Do you like to travel?
- 10- I know a lot of older people in Italy that never left their village in their life. To them to go in the town nearby is like for me to go to the moon. It's all very relative, I like to travel but I feel rather homely everywhere in this planet. I'd like to be taken over by a spaceship, but I'd prefer an alien spaceship because terrestrial are not very fast and comfortable.
- 11) Are you religious?
- 11- I used to be a lot more in my teens, mystical experiences, that sort of things. Now I've grown into a cynical pantheism. I may take into account that I am God, at least partially, but with a hint of humour.
- 12) Do you believe in something?
- 12- Well, I suppose. But I prefer it to be something very abstract, always

changing shape, in process. Otherwise I'd become an addict to ideals that is almost as boring and useless as having no ideals at all.

13) Are you afraid to get old?

13- No, but I am afraid of painful illnesses, as I did taste them. To be a very old chap in good health must be a nice experience. Why die young if you can have more?

14) In which circumstances would you like to die?

14- Very quickly anyway. Not as an hero, just in silence and relax, no hospitals with doctors gossiping around.

15) You have a big collection of mail-art. What do you want to do with it?

15- It's not just mail-art, in the last few years I have increased my correspondence with musicians and people who do not even know of the existence of mail-art. So I re-shaped the archive under various subjects, it was a hard work and I recycled and destroyed a lot of useless stuff. I am not an archivist and anyway I have no space to keep everything. The materials I collect are a working tool, I use them for exhibitions, publications, research and personal enjoyment. To give an example, I collect over five hundred independent audio-cassettes, an incredible variety of sounds: I recently used them for an exhibition in Genova called "Audiogames", and as I write regularly for music magazines I also reviewed the more interesting of them. I am not interested in what will happen to the archive when I am dead, as I see it as an extension of my own creative activity. The files are now called S.I.N. (Synthetic International Network) and are as practically and simply arranged as possible, so that I can easily find what I need among hundreds of artworks, photocopies, books, catalogues, records, etc.

16) Do you have enough freedom to do what you want to do?

16- As I do not have immediate monetary problems, this gives a certain freedom of action. But I have a lot of work to do to improve my freedom from psychological habits and laziness. In terms of social freedom, this is still not the best world to live in.

17) Are you a member or a sympathizer of a political movement?

17- No, I think parties and governments as a whole are a big waste of human energies, especially in a country like Italy where laws are so corruptible. On the other hand a golden anarchy is very unlikely to occur, so I follow the situation like a witness with possibility of sudden reaction. It's like watching an endless soap-opera through tv-news and newspapers. Being an individual without a membership card in Italy closes you a lot of doors (e.g. sponsorship for exhibitions, working place). Each time I vote I choose the political party nearer to my ideas, and it is always still very distant.

18) You had a very serious car accident, you almost died...

18- Yes, in December of 82 I had this bad car crash, it was a sort of miracle me and my girlfriend were not literally squeezed in the iron jam. The car had to be opened like a tin-can and be thrown away afterwards. Apart from the immediate pain and shock, it was not a totally negative experience as it strengthened some of my impressions about human life. After meeting death and knowing what it is like, there is little left that can impress you more. I feel an urge not to waste time: it is a narrow and short game but still I have hope that there are no fixed rules, you can change them, try to be your own player.

19) Do you watch porno movies?

19- I saw one just the other day in tv, in Italy we have dozens of private tv-networks, it is not cable-tv, everybody receives the programmes and pay no extra tax. Smaller stations usually programme some blue movies late at night, to grow an audience. It is very boring after you have seen a few. I'd like to see or make very inventive porno films, Burroughsian visions, up to the limit De Sade, or just sweet tender fleshy stories.

Even the more hard-core films are very dull and unimaginative, gore sensationalism, vivisection, animal intercourse, fistfucking or bloody entrails are just treated in the same low-keyed rhythm. A really inventive and original porno-filmmaker would be immediately censored by the same porno-films producers and audience, that are a very conservative and inhibited lot.

20) Do you take drugs?

20- No. I tasted a few, including rock and roll, intensive tv, cocaine (italian cheap glue), bhakti yoga. But I really do not need external help to reach the states of inner alteration or sameness I desire. I do not even drink wine or beer, and I do not know how to smoke. If I had to, I'd rather invent my own drug than use those on the market. It's sickening how many people let themselves be fooled on this issue.

21) What clothes you like to wear?

21- I do not follow any precise fashion, in fact I like simple and comfortable clothes, very ordinary. I personally prefer camouflage and invisibility to any sort of narcissism: moreover people who do strange things is expected to dress differently, and I do not like to meet expectations. I did produce a series of TRAX modular gears (belt, earrings, bag) using hi-tech materials, and I intend to build a TRAX uniform as soon as possible. Of course it will be an ironical uniform for special occasions.

22) Do you like to disturb other people?

22- Psychologically, yes. Physically, no. But I noticed that a lot of people would prefer to be molested physically, as they cannot compete on a verbal level. I never had a match with somebody, not even as a kid. But I have my own ways to be nasty.

23) Do you enjoy to look at burning things?

23- All catastrophes are of course aesthetically very interesting. Flames are nice abstract forms taking different shapes for the eye, just like sounds for the ears. I particularly like the blue flame of the gas-rings and I'd like flames in all different colours. A rainbow fire would be great.

24) Do you have an arm?

24- You mean a weapon, no. I am not at all interested in weapons, I'd be scared to own one that I may hurt myself or kill somebody. I don't like people who carry pistols or hunters, of course I don't like policemen and armies too: so if weapons must be around, it is good that they are kept available to everyone and not just state-guardians. Personally I'd prefer a chemical defense arm, something like an instant laughing gas, do you remember the Joker in the Batman strips? Also, I am more fascinated by instruments of torture, that are a sort of ultimate creative weapon. You can build compulsive pleasure instruments. A chamber of pleasures in the long run would attain the same results of a chamber of tortures. Instruments of torture are also a much more spectacular example of human stupidity.

25) What are your future plans-projects?

25- At this point of my life I feel free to take very different directions. I used a part of my life studying, working, producing a number of small ephemeral traces of my activity. I do not make long term plans. But I like to diversify what I do, to try new experiences: so I'll write a lengthy novel and try to do other things that I have never done before.

26) Do you have a slogan?

26- People usually take your slogans beyond your own meaning, so I prefer to use them sparingly, and only in an ironical or provocative way. Slogans are a short-cut to mass appeal, and I do not aim to a position of power, not even in terms of public image. Celebrity is not worth the price you have to pay.

- 27) Who are people from other countries you met in the last few years?
- 27- Many mail-artists and musicians I was in correspondence with visited me at my place: it looks like everybody is coming to Italy sooner or later and including Forte dei Marmi in their route, though there is really nothing to see here except sand, sea and pinetrees. I must say I was happy to meet some of them in person and talk out things, while I discovered I had very little to say to others. Names include Carlo Pittore, Henryk Bzdok, Lisa Baumgardner, Buster Cleveland, Ed Higgins, Pete Horobin, Gyorgy Galantay, Cavellini, Ginny Lloyd, Skooter, Emmett Walsh, Masami Akita, Nocturnal Emissions, SPK, Cabaret Voltaire, Peter Meyer, and so on. I did visit some contacts myself while on tour, but they were generally too busy to be kind.
- 28) Is Forte dei Marmi where you prefer to live?
- 28- It is a small town with no facilities of any sort, but Florence and other cities are not too distant, I can get there in less than a hour so I don't feel totally isolated. The climate here is mild all the year and the place very relaxing except for the tourists in the summertime, it is a good location to work in peace, but I guess there must exist many other places that are equally good. Too much retirement is dangerous, I like to use Forte dei Marmi as a base and travel as often as I can.
- 29) You publish your books or records in small editions, from 100 to 1000 copies. Would you like to distribute these things in larger and more popular way, through commercial companies, television, mass media?
- 29- I am not "underground" for personal choice or do limited editions because I worship handmade production. Mail-art is a direct one-to-one communication of intimate nature, it is not for the mass consumption. Big Mail-art exhibitions may be useful to document the phenomenon but have little to do with the original idea. The Mail-art magazines and items I produce are intended to circulate more or less inside the network of artists exchanging information and experiences. TRAX is a different project open to large mass media distribution: the reason for limited editions here depends more on financial limitations. There is no TRAX Unit working fulltime on promotion and organisation, it is much more fun to actually do the creative work. But the aim is to communicate with as varied and large an audience as possible, and to operate in a no-man's land that cannot be easily labelled as "art" or "rock" or "avantgarde" and matched with a one-of-a-kind audience. It's just stupid to put a lot of work in a project if nobody is going to see the result. On the other hand complete independence maintain us free to publish whatever we like, and with limited editions we do not have to worry much about distribution and sales. We already had programmes broadcasted by Italian National Radio, and mixed media festivals in various big cities, we are not doing anything to keep our activity obscure.

(...)

S.F. June 1983

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 Cautson: You write a diary for how many years?

Lake: I have been writing it since I was eleven years old, so that makes about sixteen years. I lived by myself as an old child and there wasn't a lot to do, so I made art, read a lot and wrote poetry from time to time. I read Anne Frank's Diary and I think that book influenced me more than any other - I started the diary of my ~~night~~ own right afterwards. And I have probably read that book five times since. I am addicted to journal writing now. I think I do it all for pleasure. Of course it was difficult in the beginning because you are so young and write a lot of stupid things. You talk about some girlfriend or all the boys you have crushes on. I really drew out all the clothes I wanted. There are detailed descriptions of clothes.

It was only when I was about nineteen that I made a conscious decision to write more about how I felt. I had went through a year of not writing through a lot of changes. I realized that maybe not only was I different from most people, but I was going to perceive that. I could no longer deny it. And I wanted to perceive my art. There were things I was unhappy about in the world and I didn't write much about them. I had tried to shun them but that had to change.

I guess I also felt that someone would read it, as people have, so it was hard to totally confide in it. Or perhaps I would write about an argument with somebody, then a year later I would read it and feel disgusted with myself. Sort of like the past lessons over

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you. A sixteen year old feels rendered greatly by her thoughts of fourteen. I felt silly about my growth. And then right around nineteen I said, that's fine, it's all fine as I've grown from it all. A lot of the gossip dropped out of it, for it had little reward for me - it came back to me, so to speak, for a year later I would disagree with my opinions. But I became more and more steady about the inner things that matter to me.

Of course there are times I just talk about the day. You know, "The sun is out, I'm going to work and I have so much to do" or whatever. Or sometimes I just write about one thing that has nothing to do with my immediate life, like what is happening in Europe. Of course I also do a lot of explaining and justification and many an art piece is detailed in my journal.

C: Do you like to read someone else's diary?

E: Some people live lived with get inspired to keep a diary and we might read aloud to each other. I have a girlfriend named Andrea who had a diary in 1970 when we lived together. - She may still keep hers - we often shared her written thoughts. That is a grand thing actually. But to read what is not meant for you is not a good thing to do. Those who have read my diary have paid for it directly in strange ways. Sometimes one discovers what one should not have discovered.

C: In 1980 I met you in Portland. You had a band. What was the name of it?

L: There were two bands in 1980, called Kinetics and then Anesthesia.

C: Did you write the songs?

L: I wrote all the words and then helped musically construct some of the tunes with the guitar player.

C: Where did you play?

L: We did not play many bars. We played benefits and strange festivals at colleges, insane asylums - the Damascus State Mental Institute -

C: For me Portland was the 1st American city I visited. I visited David Zack and other members of Correspondence Art Service Foundation, Musicmaster and Al Ackerman. Did you know these people?

L: Musicmaster gave me my first job in Portland. He managed the Earth Tavern.

C: There was also Smeigma of Portland, you knew them very well.

L: Yes, our bands practiced at their basement. And sometimes everyone jammed together.

☛ I like Smeigma - for a long time they have played what they wish to call Art. Music. A lot of it is on a Dada or Pop level, utilizing everything around you to make your music. There are many European records in which people from America make grand references to but you know, in some they are regular Joes like Smeigma.

C: You were also working as a model in Portland.

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- L: oh no I never worked as a model. I worked with photographers. I painted models. Some times the photographers took a few shots of me. Now I am getting my license to be a make-up artist.
- C: I remember you had a project, something like "general strike".
- L: It was an idea of action. I had a "general strike" rubber stamp and made some art around the theme. The idea was that one didn't have to participate at all. The problem was, tho', that I didn't really carry it out. Of course I did not have a straight job at the time - I made art - I sold my services - so actually I was participating. At the time it was a very comfortable thing for me to say, right? Rent was cheap, I had food stamps, all of Portland knew me as an artist. I got work. I did it all... windows, clothing, painting, magazine work, anything. And I didn't pay taxes for about five years. But now I look at it differently and I think that to receive food stamps is participating. That is not real general strike.

- C: Did you ever participate in the women's movement?
- L: Yes, but more from an individual viewpoint. I ~~was~~ had an oppressive relationship with a man years ago and I then said, that was it, never again. I want to take control of my own life and that is the best "movement" of them all.

L: I do feel we all oppress ourselves, we as individuals are our worst enemies. Everyday of course I feel oppression from man, in some way or another. I even feel it ~~at~~ my ~~work~~ job. I am the only woman there. Strange things are always happening which seem to stem from the man-woman situation more than anything else. But I wouldn't be much of an individual if I couldn't hold my own amongst them.

C: You are sterilized! Was this a political statement?

E: More so than anything else. Women's function is to make babies, right? Their biological function is to carry the damn thing. And they end up taking care of it too. For my own personal reasons I didn't want to do that. And really - why should I? I grew up with a mother who was an artist, really ahead of her time, but I was not planned and I was a little sensitive to that.

one I got pregnant and that was awful. I couldn't work, I couldn't make art, I couldn't do anything. I felt sick. It didn't click right with me. I suppose I would adopt a child if I wanted one but as it is I'm very involved with what I do with my art. I torture myself all the time, I worry dreadfully, I'm insomniac. I'll be terrible to a child, awful. I don't want one of my own blood. And I like the idea that no one can get me to do that.

C: What are your everyday activities?

EL: I get up around six or seven now, I must drink coffee and I write. Then I shower, I wash my hair. I clean up my room from the mess of the night before. My best time to make art is in the morning, but as I'm going to

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school and also working, I feel this year is not the year for Great Art for me. In the evening I cook, I eat and I have lots of stuff to read. There is always something to read. Of course I have lots of correspondence so I write letters. And drink wine. Everyday I drink. I don't go out now but I have in the past.

C: Do you do any performances?

L: No

C: But you did it before.

L: Oh no. Never. I did it with you - that was all. I do read my poetry, also I've given talks, presentations. Like I gave a talk on John Heartfield, that was fun.

C: you did a lot of photomontage.

L: Yes, that's my thing. I still do that more than anything, that and writing. I have problems with performance because it has such a bad reputation. So much of it is bad. Performance is a catch-all for those who are not really artists or actors or musicians they don't necessarily do anything well. Also it's this thing of static art vs. non-static art. "I'm doing non-static art, I do performance." And then they make these awful videos of awful performances! That's supposed to be non-static too. I would rather see a great painting or collage, anything over some shitty performance. I just can't stand it. It might be fun for the performer, but I feel like it's showing the bad part of oneself, the bad ideas, I feel like it's masturbation.

(7)

C: But those who started performance wanted to show that anyone can do it!

L: That's true, Monty but we got behind that.

C: Yes it's over. Are you religious?

L: Yes, I am. I believe in the fourth dimension, in a dimension beyond this level - this level being a manifestation of something much greater. God is within us, or should be. I do believe in the materialization of God. That's one thing. I have met some people who are so bloody spiritual they don't care if they materialize anything. I do. I'm here for a purpose and I wanna achieve. I've gathered ideas from many sources. I read a lot of Burdett and Ouspensky, also Kandinsky and Malevich - they talk about art as a spiritual manifestation. I do believe what you do comes back to you. People have been very generous to me as long as I keep open to them. So I try to keep that child-like quality of naïveté. Sometimes I feel very old and very young at the same time. I believe in Christ, Christ-like qualities is us, those naïve good qualities. But I am not a church-goer, nor a Christian.

C: Do you think there is life after death? Are you afraid of Death?

L: Oh not afraid to die at all. I haven't really fucked anyone over. I don't fear the devil you know. Someone said the devil was the first artist. I can see that. Resorting to magic to get what you want.

C: You never felt the fear of death?

L: No. The only thing to fear would be a slow death like cancer. Because then I would be forced to deal with the reality of death.

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L: Also I have a great fear that I would not create a great piece of work by the time I die. I have only had one end of the world dream, that is all.

C: A couple of days ago you told me to take care of myself because that was to be a dangerous day.

L: Yes because negative action could be put against you then. But that's not death, that's something to deal with in this life. I didn't mean that somebody is going to kill you. But negative action may make work harder for you... Actually someone has threatened to kill me for over three years now. I have a huge portfolio of letters from this man.

C: You know him?

L: Yes.

C: He wants to kill you.

L: So he says, and he wants to fuck me and all.

C: He is in San Francisco?

L: No, in Portland.

C: You had a relation with that man?

L: No. He is someone I saw in Portland. He was pretty insane. I think his parents put him in an institution because he was a punk and a weirdo. And actually a very good writer. He wrote me, I wrote him back. I encouraged him to write. I think he got electroshock, lobotomy, drugs, as he got worse. Then he got an affliction for me. He wrote things like "I want to fuck you, I want to eat your brains". And then he came into my room and tried to attack me. He is so weak I just pushed him away but then he started to jerk off. He, I didn't call the police or anything like that, just got out of there. And he died. But I think he took that as some sign that I liked him and he has bugged me ever since.

(9)

C: Do you take drugs?

L: No, not much anyway. Occasionally I smoke pot and I have snorted cocaine but it's been about four months since I did that. I hallucinate a lot already. So did my father and grandfather. I see colours all the time. I never see pure black or any pure colour. Everything is made up of dots and things move all the time. It's like orgone. That's why I related to Wilhelm Reich and his idea of pulsating life energy. Everything pulsates. When I smoke pot it is even more intense. Plus I see a lot of lines like neon.

C: Do you eat any special food?

L: I try to eat food that is not fattening. But I never have liked potato chips, hamburgers or hot dogs.

C: Do you look for yourself?

L: Most of the time but I like to go out. I love chocolate and ice cream but I just can't eat them.

C: Do you do any sport?

L: I walk every day. That is my sport. I don't drive. I hallucinate too much for that. I've had three bike accidents as it is.

C: How many times have you been in love?

L: Twice. After I left my first love I was kind of convinced that no man was really ever going to accept me. I never met any who did. I am aggressive on the outside but I'm actually not aggressive sexually. Many men have thought I was - "Oh she can really give it to me". But I don't. This is the big snag with the modern woman, right? Then I met Bill who accepted me in all ways - mentally, artistically and physically. But as time passed it seemed he didn't care if he manifested

his spirituality. He's a prime example of someone very spiritually together who never physically participates in this world. ... I met a man, a gallery owner and art dealer - someone I never did fall in love with - who showed that such people do exist. People who are both material and spiritual, people who have ambitions of both natures, who have drive. This man probably doesn't realize how much he influenced me. I met him in 1980 and while I never fell for him, he changed my world. I haven't found a new love since.

I see many couples where one gives more than the other, or the partnership is based on manipulation. I feel I have known real love from Bill. I don't want to manipulate. I know I can, but I'm aware of it and I don't want to do it.

C: Do you like America?

L: I don't know if any place is better than ^{England} any other place. We've been all over Europe - ~~Germany~~ Belgium, Holland, France, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Italy, Greece. For four years I traveled back and forth, holding many jobs. Archaeology, chambermaid, bar maid... It's easier for me here because I am American. I don't like to identify someone by nationality. I am not a typical American. I think it's crazy for anyone to think you are a typical anything.

C: Do you have enough individual freedom?

L: There is probably never enough freedom, but often people abuse what freedom they have. You make your own situation. I believe in autonomy, more than say, anarchy. Self-regulation, personal freedom, spiritual development. And you make what you want out of it.

(11)

L: That's one of the reason I said I don't always like to go out. I can make more out of it here I don't want to get too hung up on the world.

like the feminist thing you know, all these men in the mission try to pick you up but that's their problem, not mine. I could pity myself but then I can't stand it. No - there is no freedom here, of course not. But you have to go beyond that. The really strong individual goes beyond.

C: Do you like to be called an artist?

L: Sure. Why not?

C: Do you have animals?

L: No.

C: Did you kill an animal?

L: When I was about twelve I killed a rattlesnake.

C: Do you like fire?

L: Candles or a fireplace, yes.

C: Flaming food?

L: I love Spanish coffees. They don't make them here, but in Oregon they do. Lime and sugar rim the top of a goblet, throw in 151 proof rum and light it on fire. The sugar melts and drips. Then there's Kahlua, coffee, triple sec and mmmmm.

C: What is your position on the media? Would you like to see your book printed in thousands of copies or get into a system of television?

L: As far as just mass media goes, I think it's one of the most direct tools of fascist action I think many of the ideas behind mass media came from Goebbels, ~~Hitler~~ Hitler's main man.

Get it to everyone, pound it into their heads. It's destroys real thinking and discovery in children. Even if a fine show is on television it bothers me to know I'm looking at the same

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L: thing thousands of other people are looking at. No individuality. It's really control. I don't watch it. I've never had a TV. ... On to the next question, which is - would I utilize it for my art. Who knows, but I tell you I won't write a novel for a select group of bohemians. When I publish my diary, it's going out to the world, I hope. And it may be the only thing that will make me a great amount of money. I want it for everyone, the "normal folk" as well as the "artist".

The thing is, you can tell yourself that only the artists will understand you but in the end everyone picks up on it. Years ago I wore spiked heels and was called a whore by the same people who now wear them. After that I picked up granny shoes and flats in thrift stores, with white anklets and velvet dresses, wishing to appear as a Vampire child. Now what is fashionable? So you see you are used anyway. Now I think I want to use myself.

C: Do you have regular dreams?

L: I don't sleep a lot, but when I dream, I dream of places. Very few violent dreams. Mostly I am exploring houses, estates, towns. And they say that places are often yourself in dreams. The colours can be extremely intense, the deepest of blues.

C: Where is your promised land?

L: Well, I'm not so hooked on that as I used to be. There was a time when a promised land was all this traveling I did. Then I felt I needed to make art and live by it. But that turned out to be no promised land because most

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L: patrons want that same product over and over again. To have success in art you must keep doing that. Monty, you must admit that people know you and your work because you have been a neoist all these years. You have a consistency in theme. If I change my art - my stance, perhaps - all the time I will never become famous as of this or that whatever.

C: But to be a neoist you have to change always.

L: Yes, but ~~you to be a neoist~~ you are always a neoist nonetheless, saying you are a neoist. Certain recognition will come to you that way and you know damn well it does, it already has. If you pursued certain things consistently it will come to you.

C: But they always told me to not be a neoist if I want to get what I want...

What projects do you prepare now?

L: Presently I'm doing window installations, working on two different ones. One is for a perfume, soap and bath shop. It will be on THE ROSE. The beauty of the rose is something that escaped me all my life, really, until I had nothing else. I never gave a fucking shit about flowers before.

Right when I was leaving Bill I wrote quite a part of a novel, I was going nuts like "leave me alone, leave me alone," for six weeks I didn't sleep... but it was spring and all the flowers were in front of me. I never cared about perfume or beauty before, it was strictly art, it was Eva Lake. Art was beauty.

L: ... and then I will do a window on "Russian-American Friendship" at the Eye Gallery. All this crap is always going on about Russia. We have to go to war with Russia and all this bullshit. But it's not going to be completely political. Perhaps more like a psychic memoir of a past life.

C: Are you afraid to get old, to become older?

L: It's a funny question as I'm getting into this field of skin care and make-up. And what you do in skin care is to keep from getting old! So I find myself thinking about it more than before. Yet I know I get better as I get older. I want to be good all the way through. I already see lines in my face, but really what can you do? Inside you get wiser.

I don't want to see a punk rock band anymore. When younger I was very dogmatic politically. Three years ago if you were to tell me I would study beauty, I would have said "forget it." Right? I still firmly believe that the basic mass idea of beauty is sick. I'm doing it ~~to~~ because I know I'll do it well and I need a goddamn way of making money. That's why I'm doing it.

Also there's a variety of music I listen to now that I ignored before; I thought it too pop, or romantic, too happy, too old ... anything about one a few years ago - forget it. I hated love songs. I can still like rock and roll, industrial music now. The big thing is OBJECTIVITY. Perhaps you must drop things to gain new things. But you can still appreciate and understand those old inclinations of yours. Like when I see the punk kids, the suburb kids - who don't ~~bring~~

(15)

L: know at all where I was and am - but not going to hate them for what they are now. I don't want to be a reactionary against them, even though I think it's old.

I used to be quite cruel, yell and scream ~~at~~ those who yelled and screamed at me. I don't wish to do that now. Because cruelty like that is cruel to myself too. And that's when you really grow up.

-The End-

There you are Monty. There are few ~~more~~ changes. I hope you use it well.

I need my pictures for another project!

This is serious, darling.

please send in a fashion in which they shall not be destroyed. Decide what you're going to use now.

How many artists are in the book?

Find a publisher! You should see Ginny Lloyd's book in which we are in. Very nice.

but very busy. The world is pretty nice now. I should be doing well when you arrive. I will be starting a new job so I may have to put energy into that.

Please write and send photos. Yes, I sincerely COUNT on our conspiracy as future. EVA

DEAR MONTY,

FINALLY A LITTLE TIME TO WRITE TO YOU..

THE PRESS REACTION TO MY POOP & PEE DOG COPYRIGHT VIOLATION
CEREMONY & ARREST IS STILL IN PROGRESS!

- AMAZINGLY ENOUGH!

WORD HAS REACHED ME THAT IT HAS BEEN MENTIONED NATIONALLY
BOTH IN NEWSPAPERS, VIA RADIO & TV, & IN GLOSSY MAGAZINES
SUCH AS EASY RIDER - A MOTORCYCLISTS MAGAZINE..

NOW 2 BALTO GLOSSIES ARE PLANNING TO HAVE ARTICLES
ABOUT ME ETC.

MY VACATION IN LACQUERLAND WITH INDUSTRIAL HIGH SOCIETY

HAS BEEN ONCE AGAIN POSTPONED &/OR CANCELLED

- THIS WAS THE ACTION THAT I HAD PLANNED TO MAKE \$800 - 1,000 \$\$
FROM - THUSLY ENABLING ME TO GO TO MONTREAL FOR THE WHITE RAT OPERA

- SO, OF COURSE, NOW I CAN'T AFFORD TO PARTICIPATE..

OTHERWISE, I'M VERY BUSY - PLANNING AN ACTION AT MAP GALLERY
INVOLVING THE ALCOHOLICS WHO SURROUND MY BUILDING
& ALSO BECOMING LOVERS WITH VESNA - THE YUGOSLAVIAN

WHO HUNG AROUND YOU DURING APT 7

- SHE'LL BE HELPING ME EDIT THE SUBGENIUS CON & APT 7

VIDEO/VAUDIO

& I'M MAKING AN HOUR LONG CASSETTE OF ALL OF THE COMPLIMENTS
PAID HER WHEN I'M AROUND WITH A TAPE RECORDER

- I MIGHT PUBLISH THE TAPE AS A WIDEMOUTH ONE OR OTHERWISE..

AS YOU'VE NO DOUBT NOTICED BY NOW I'VE ENCLOSED THE LATEST
ISSUE OF MY MAGAZINE WHICH MENTIONS NEOISM:

1 FOR YOU, 1 FOR BORIS, & 1 FOR TTP

- SEND EVERYONE MY REGARDS..

SO, HERE ^{IS ANOTHER} ~~ARE SOME MORE~~ QUESTIONAIRRE ANSWER - SORRY TO BE SO SLOW
BUT I'M VERY BUSY

PLEASE BE CAREFUL WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHS THAT I SENT

& RETURN THE ONES THAT YOU WON'T BE USING!

ANOTHER SLOGAN THAT I USE ALOT: SERIOUSNESS IS DEATH

NEOISM NOW & THEN,

1/ RECENTLY YOU SHAVED A QUESTION MARK ON THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD. I FIND IT VERY DECORATIV, VERY ELEGANT. BEFORE THIS FIGURE YOU HAD MANY OTHER CUTS, SHAVES AND GEOSE CALLS. HOW OFTEN DO YOU CHANGE YOUR LOOK?

AS OFTEN AS I LOOK 4 CHANGE.

OR

A QUESTION MARK SHAVED DECORATIV FIGURE SHAVES LOOK. HOW DO CHANGE? RECENTLY 1/ ANDHEAD BACK, FIND I YOUR GLOBE VERY IT VERY ELEGANT. OFTEN THE ON YOU OF YOUR, BEFORE YOU THIS MANY CUTS HAD OTHER.

MONTY - THIS'LL TAKE A WHILE SO HERE ARE
SOME FOTOS (PLCEZ RETURN ALL BUT SNO-SHOE
PRINTS) - MY FAVORITES AS T HE ONES ~~★~~ ED.

2. YOUR APARTMENT HAS A BIG COLLECTION OF GRAFFITI
AND STENCIL SIGNS ON THE WALLS. THIS KIND OF
VISUAL COMMUNICATION HAS BEEN ALWAYS AN
IMPORTANT PART OF YOUR ACTIVITIES. ONE OF YOUR LATEST
STENCILS IS A WRITTEN MESSAGE:

SAYINGS OF A FAMOUS ARTIST

TO BE A FAMOUS ARTIST ONE HAS TO BE RECOGNIZABLE.
THE EASIEST WAY TO BE RECOGNIZABLE IS:

1. TO BE REPETITIOUS.
 2. TO HAVE A HIGHLY VISIBLE AND EASILY READABLE SIGNATURE.
- THIS TEXT IS MY RECOGNIZABLE REPETITION.
HOPEFULLY, THIS IS A CLEAR AND BLATANT EXPOSURE OF SOME FAMÉ MECHANISMS.

TIM ORE

OTHER THAN WRITING: SOLIDARITY AS A POLITICAL/SCATALOGICAL JOKE ON THE
TOILET STALL WALL IN A DIARRHEA STUDY MY 1ST GRAFFITI WAS WHAT I
CALL A FRAME OF REFERENCE SHAPE STENCIL THRU WCH I SPRAY PAINTED GOLD
& ONTO WCH I WD SPRINLE GLITTER WCH WD STICK - THIS WAS A PART OF A
COLLABORATION W/ A FRIEND CALLED: POLIO VASSLENE - IT WAS SUPPOSED TO
BE A HIDE & SEEK PROJECT - WE WERE SUPPOSED TO FIND EACH OTHER'S
PAINTINGS & PUT OUR OWN STENCIL MARK NEXT TO IT - THIS BLOSSOMED INTO
WHAT BECAME KNOWN AS THE STENCIL CRAZE THERE ARE NOW MANY PEOPLE IN
BALTO WHO DO THIS W/OUT ANY AWARENESS OF IT'S HISTORY.. I CHOSE GRAFFITI
AS A MEANS TO AN END FOR THE OBVIOUS REASONS THAT IT'S VISIBILITY
ISN'T ONLY FOR PEOPLE WHO KNOW ME - IT CAN BE SEEN BY & ACT AS A MYSTERY
STIMULUS FOR ANYONE NOT BLIND IN IT'S AREA - I ONCE TRIED TO DEFEND
A FRIEND OF MINE WHO WAS CAUGHT BY A POLIEMAN BY SAYING THAT GRAFFITI
IS ONE OF THE MAIN WAYS THAT THE POOR HAVE OF PERSONALIZING A
SOMEWHAT HOSTILE & CLAUSTROPHOBIC ENVIRONMENT THAT THEY ARE TRAPPED IN..
HAHA! - I WAS LATER ARRESTED AS A "RESULT"..

RECENTLY, I'VE SPRAYED A STENCIL GRAFFITI AS A DELIBERATE
SELF-INCRIMINATION BECAUSE THEIR HAS BEEN A POLICE CRACK-DOWN
OF GRAFFITI IN BAL TIM ORE & I THOUGHT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO
ARTICULATELY DEFEND MYSELF IN COURT IF I "FRAMED" MYSELF..
(SEE P 2 OF THIS - WCH IS A SPRAY PAINTING OF THE STENCIL)

MARGARITA CORREA de URIBE
COUNSUL de COLOMBIA



HOUSE OF DELEGATES

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND 21401-1991

STEVEN V. SKLAR
42ND LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT
BALTIMORE CITY

119 CROSS KEYS ROAD
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND 21210
PHONE: 532-7682

ENVIRONMENTAL MATTERS COMMITTEE
JOINT ENERGY COMMITTEE
ADMINISTRATIVE, EXECUTIVE AND
LEGISLATIVE REVIEW COMMITTEE

DEAR MR. CANTSIN,

THE QUESTIONNAIRE WHICH YOU HAVE DIRECTED TO TENTATIVELY, A CONVENIENCE AND HIS VARIOUS SUBSETS HAS BEEN FORWARDED TO ME DUE TO THE AFOREMENTIONED'S CURRENT LACK OF TIME AND INCLINATION TO ANSWER IT'S QUESTIONS. I HOPE THAT I MAY PROVE TO BE AN ADEQUATE PROXY.

3/ WHO IS TIM ORE?

TIM ORE IS A SUBSET OF TENTATIVELY, A CONVENIENCE. HE IS MANY THINGS THAT TENTATIVELY, A CONVENIENCE'S PRINCIPLES EXCLUDE AS MAJOR PERSONALITY TRAITS. AMONG THE MOST NOTABLY ABHORRENT OF THESE CHARACTERISTICS OF TIM ORE'S IS THAT HE IS AN ARTIST. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON THIS SUBJECT CONSULT PAM PURDY'S ART AND SOUL ARTICLE, WHICH YOU ALREADY HAVE A COPY OF, THE ENCLOSED RARE AND NEVER REPRINTED FOLLOW-UPS TO SAID ARTICLE, MISCELLANEOUS OTHER QUASI-DOCUMENTS IN YOUR POSSESSION SUCH AS: THE ARTICLE ABOUT THE INAUGURATION OF THE BAL TIM ORE UNDERGROUND CLUB, THE FAMOUS MOUSTACHES BOOK? - DO YOU HAVE THIS? -, THE PHOTOGRAPH OF TIM ORE CO-CONDUCTING THE OLFATORIES ORGANIZED T.ORE OF MCCORMICK SPICES, THE PROPOSED NEW YORK AND BAL TIM ORE NAME TRADE LETTER, AND HIS BUSINESS CARD - AMONGST OTHER THINGS, AND, FINALLY, THE DAVID A. BANNISTER EXPOSE WHICH YOU MAY RECEIVE A COPY OF IN THE FUTURE.

4/ WHO IS DAVID A. BANNISTER?

TENTATIVELY, A CONVENIENCE HAS IN HIS POSSESSION A QUASI-DOCUMENT WHICH CLAIMS THAT MONTY CANTSIN IS DAVID A. BANNISTER. A CONSULTATION OF THE UNITED STATES' 1980 CENSUS WILL REVEAL EVIDENCE TO THE EFFECT THAT DAVID A. BANNISTER WAS AT THE TIME BOTH A CAUCASIAN MALE AGED 24 RESIDING AT 1626 N. CALVERT ST. IN BAL TIM ORE

- CONTINUED -



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- CONTINUED -

AND A CAUCASIAN MALE AGED 42 RESIDING AT 1417 JOHN ST. IN CR/ATER/
BALTO. THE CLEAREST EVIDENCE ABOUT MR. BANNISTER IS THAT HE IS A
PHOTOGRAPHER - SEE, AGAIN, PAM PURDY'S ART AND SOUL ARTICLE - AND A
CONCERNED CITIZEN OF THE TYPE WHO WRITES LETTERS TO THE EDITORS OF
VARIOUS NEWSPAPERS. PERNICIOUS EVIDENCE IS IN MY POSSESSION THAT
MR. BANNISTER IS ACTUALLY A GROUP USED ALIAS WHICH HAS BEEN
CULTIVATED BY CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS ACTIVISTS WHO USE A PECULIARLY
MISLEADING TYPING AND SIGNATURE STYLE PARTIALLY TO MISLEAD OFFICIAL
INVESTIGATIVE AGENCIES AWAY FROM BEING ABLE TO TRACE THE SENDERS OF
COLLECTOR'S ITEM DEATH THREATS. SINCE I BELIEVE THIS LATTER EVIDENCE
TO BE FALSE I WILL NOT SUBMIT IT TO YOU AT THIS TIME. IT CAN BE,
AT LEAST, REASONABLY BELIEVED THAT DAVID A. BANNISTER LIKES PIZZA.

SINCERELY,

Margarita Correa de Uribe

FRANK C. ROBEY, JR.

MARGARITA CORREA de URIBE
COUNCIL de COLOMBIA



October 1683 (LUSE (CASFC
Mildred Pierce Courts
P O Box 15035, San Ant, TX 78212

Dear Monty-

Well, here's what happened. I took ~~me~~ a couple of hard runs at your questions, determined to explain myself and what it is I think I've been up to

~~doing~~ all these years, what all this shadowy CASFC and Gnome Kink and 14 Secret Masters stuff is. But I couldn't do it. Whatever the impulses may be that cause people to explain themselves in interviews, my impulses don't work that way; in fact, my impulses all seem to scuttle in pretty much the opposite direction. I took up your questions with the best intentions in the world but immediately found what I'd known all along, that trying to "explain" myself, trying to lay everything out in clear, straight-forward, categorical-type terms off a questionnaire gives me the same feeling I get at a gallery or when there's ~~political~~ political speech-making going on: it just fills me with this immense anguished lassitude, is what it does. You don't want me to go around being filled with immense anguished lassitude, do you?

It comes down to this, I guess—I am more interested in doing the thing than in talking about doing the thing. So I did you a thing. If you're interested in having Ackerman in your book in any characteristic or enlightening form, there you have him (me). To anybody acquainted with my stuff, or even unacquainted but half-way paying attention, this two page "interview" will tell them a lot more than I ever could by expending yards and yards of warm gas over 10-20 pages of nitwit answers. It also has the advantage of being only two pages. I have a hunch, pretty strong, that whoever finally reads this book is going to need a few watering holes; places where he can just duck in, have a quick one, and regain his breath after god knows how many pages of heavy insight and profound perfervid declarations of intent ~~lean~~ leaning on him. I can at least furnish that. Too, I've included some of my more accessible pages: Roman Hat, Blender Death, and so on. (all photos, incidentally, should be credited to "Photos by Patty.") It makes a small but not unshapely package. Better, I think, than if I'd just sprawled. But you're the editor. If you can use this approach, fine. If you can't use it, that's ~~ok~~ o.k., too. I lay it on you for what it's worth.

Thank you, thank you, neolism my Monty, for reminding me of my proper business with all your questions that I can't answer. And Happy Comings Back to both of us, but none of that flaming food, passing that flaming food is like passing razor blades after it goes through you like shot through a goose. What it is, man.

Love from your lucky old unconscious

Ackerman

MONTY CAMSIN INTERVIEWS ACKERMAN

(Dr. Al "Blaster" Ackerman carries out his mail activities in San Antonio, Texas, from an ~~ix~~ odd-looking 30's-style bungalow called Mildred Pierce Courts, where he lives with his wife Patty and their 11-year-old daughter Stephanie. The address of Mildred Pierce Courts is known to only a few of Ackerman's most trusted cronies since all his mail comes to a P.O. box and he tends to be cranky and reclusive. A decade of mail in the form of postcards, drawings, paintings and collages covers the walls of his dining room which does double duty as his "office". There on a drizzly October afternoon at his cluttered table, Ackerman talked about his checkered career. First, however, he insisted on doing his Orson Welles impersonations. Dressed in dark clothes he kept pouring himself little glasses of white wine, stroking his beard and intoning the words, "We shall buy no wine....before its time—", a routine that never failed to put him in stitches. Actually, Ackerman looks more like a slightly dissipated Santa Claus. Finally, he was persuaded to settle down and the interview got underway, with Ackerman switching over to water which he drank from a battered Orphan Annie Ovaltine mug, one of the prize items from his large collection of old-time radio memorabilia.)

MONTY CAMSIN: I think you are not a real person but a multi-hero from a fiction written by Dr. Ackerman. I guess this story starts with your childhood and then there is perhaps inextricable mystery, enigmatical events, phantoms, ghosts, obscure places, other planets, miracles, marvels, surprising actions, strange guys, astonishing situations, amazing masks of killers, famous artists, prehistoric and future beings, generous ladies, drunkards.... you, your life, your family, your correspondence, drawings, photos, poems, comics, postcards, paintings, scrap, shit, stamps, envelopes, boxes, collages, books, xeroxes, bottles, graffiti, names, addresses, friends...? Who is The Blaster? Who's Laurel McElwain? Who is the Gnome Kink? Arthur Turner? Harry Bates Club? 14 Secret Masters of the World? Well, I don't know how to begin this, with what question, but perhaps you can tell me, about why you came to use so many different names?

ACKERMAN: Oh, that's hard. There are so many different ways to answer that. I think—well, I'm pretty sure it has its roots in my childhood. I've always been intrigued by the idea of the Super Lurker Figure, or Double, the person who appears to be one thing but is actually someone or something else, and who operates under different names. I'd picked up on this as a kid in the 1940s, listening to the radio. All those great old programs. You know, they had The Green Hornet, Captain Midnight, Lamont Cranston alias The Shadow and all those guys. I used to practice—I used to work on making myself sound like The Shadow; by the time I was eight, I had it down pretty well. "The weed of crime—bears bitter fruit....The Shadow knows!", and then you'd do the laugh, which was a kind of demented cackle. (CACKLES DEMENTEDLY.) See? I did it so much, in fact, that it carried over; nowadays, when I laugh, it always comes out sounding like The Shadow. It's become reflex. It's probably why I don't get asked out to parties and socials very much. (LAUGHS. DRINKS WATER.) With the radio back then, which was like a whole special world, you could send in a box top from the sponser's product along with your dime and they'd mail you a decoder ring or some other kind of great item. By the time I got my decoder ring, I'd eaten enough Instant Ralston Breakfast Cereal to gag a goat. At the end of each program they'd give you this secret message, that you were supposed to decode on your ring. It was supposed to help you figure out what was going to happen on the next day's program. Usually, all the message said was, "Remember, kids, eat plenty of Instant Ralston and scan the skies!" In other words, a scam to sell the product. Nevertheless, I believed everything they told me. I

"Interview"

-2-

Ackerman

joined as many radio clubs as I could. I was a member of Tom Mix Club, Orphan Annie Club, Captain Midnight Club, Sky King Club, and many others. I would crouch for hours under the table where my grandmother's old Philco radio sat, soaking up those programs and working my decoder ring. I had a Tom Mix Whistling Sheriff's Badge, too, and from time to time, I'd sound that; it emitted a piercing, really ear-splitting whistle. My grandmother's friends who would come over to the house told her she shouldn't be letting me spend so much time in under the table, that it would make me odd or peculiar. So, for awhile, she started insisting that I come out and take my meals at the table, with the rest of the family. But I got around this. What I did, I developed this ~~gx~~ trick of sitting at the dinner table and saying, "Look, Granny! See how I can knock myself out!" and then giving myself this terrific roundhouse left to the chops so that my body would fly out of the chair and crash to the floor. A few weeks of this and I was allowed to return to my position under the radio table. (LAUGHS. DRINKS WATER.) Years later, when I started doing mail, I instigated clubs of my own—Gnome King (or Kink) Club and Scientific Electricity Club and Clark Ashton Smith Fellowship Chapter (CASFC, for short) and Harry Bates Club and the rest. So I guess I have kept my faith in these things intact. I've always tried to spice up my mailings with plenty of good shadowy clubs, and in connection with this, I've used many names. Last time I counted, I was operating under fourteen different names.

MONTY CAMDSIN: Can you still knock your body to the floor?

ACKERMAN: Oh, sure. I haven't lost the knack— (DOES SO. CRASH!)

MONTY CAMDSIN: You have knocked your body to the floor. You have become unconscious, Ack, and I don't even have a chance to ask do you like flaming food, this next question what I had. This is been the shortest interview of all. I have interviewed the others and they have given me considerable information, David Zack alone has supplied over 75,000 words in my interview with he, but here with you I feel we have barely begin. Well, I don't know, maybe we can use this to make a change of paces in the book. I would like to stay and watch you stretched upon the floor, dear Ack, but movings are neoist actions, the beginnings of changes, new life. I must be head out the door now to do these other things, so I will take some of your papers with I, what I might use along with this, the shortest interview. Goodbye for nows. The struggle goes on. (SPLITS.)



THE SHADOW KNOWS

①

Conversation with ■ Yanagi in San Francisco, June 10 1983

Cantsin: I met you in Paris in 1977. You came to visit your friends and participate at an exhibition of Japanese artists. I am not a Japanese but I was invited too and I played with my band at the opening. When did you come in San Francisco and what did you bring here?

Yanagi : I came in San Francisco in 1971. Before I was living in Japan and I ~~met a group of artists who influenced me~~ studied at the Fukuoka University.

C : what did you study?

Y : trading ... (he is laughing) but I really didn't like it so I spent my time with artists who called themselves "avantgarde". We talked about a commune in San Francisco. So I finished with the school and I just came here.

C: so you came here in 71 as a tourist and you decided to stay here

Y: Yes. I was going to go in Europe but after a couple of weeks here I met many interesting people and I did not want to leave.

C: Sakurai was living here too this time?

Y: Yes. But sometime he went to Europe, and Japan.

C: In 71 in San Francisco, that was a big hippy time

Y: Well, not big anymore. There was still a frame of hippy age. I participated in the "Food Conspiracy" action. We got the product, the food, direct from the producers. That way it was cheaper and better. There were over 200 communes who participated in the food conspiracy.

C: What did you start to do when you arrived here?

Y: Well, we had always projects like murals. We painted a huge mural for the city. So I did paintings. We had many discussions. Our commune based on Japanese artists, most of them painters. We had a meditation room.

C: Were you all religious?

Y: No, but we loved religion. Especially Zen.

C: Would you call yourself a Zen-artist?

Y: Well, you don't have to call, but people call us Zen artists, you know, when all kinds of Zen freaks come together. I practiced Zen everyday when I was a high school student in a Zen monastery.

C: How old you were?

Y: I was 17. Every morning I sat in the meditation room, and after I had discussion with my teacher.

C: How to explain to someone that what is Zen?

Y: Well, (he is laughing) that's a long story. For my understanding Zen is to lose all kinds of desire. Become pure and free from everything. Just become free, you know, from materialistic world, from education, from philosophy, from what you are, which is illusion. Zen to me is just to lose myself. (he is laughing). That's my understanding of Zen.

C: what do you ~~xxxx~~ prefer to eat?

Y: some very simple food, but i am not pure, you know (he is laughing), i am not a pure zen person.

C: So you came here in 71 because you wanted to start a new life and you didnt want to be a trader but an artist. You enjoyed commun life influenced by hippy philosophy. But at the middle of seventies this was almost over. What did you keep you here?

Y: I had here a free time for free thinking. I was able to support myself with gardening jobs, dishwashing, house painting, and after I had free time for my own things.

C: you could not do this in Japon?

Y: No. It was impossible. Society and the system is very different. You dont have enough free time, and also there are not those kind of people than here. There are so many people who like me, and you dont feel to be left out from the society.

C: Did you know anyone from the beat generation?

Y: Alan Ginsberg came often to our commun and we sat together and sang. And Gary Snyder. When he was in Japon he was practicing as zen monk. And Michale McLure and Nanao Sakaki. Personally I liked Gary Snyder.

C: Did you ever write a poem?

Y: No, no... (he is laughing)

C: You still work as house painter to survive, to pay your rent. Do you like this job?

Y: well... I dont dislike or like it. It's a part of my life. I do it. I have to do it to support my art.

C: You dont think so that a job like this also can be art ?

Y: Most of my costumers are very traditional people. They just want the same thing. I cant use my brain, my own ideas. There is no any creativity. I just have to do what they want.

C: what is your favorite music.

Y: sometime folk music from south america, sometime some american indian music and japonese drum music. I like also very mechanical electronic music.

C: do you play?

Y: not really. Once a while I play drum with some musician friends.

C: Do you have many musician friends?

Y: not many but some. In San Francisco, in New York and Japon. Myself I like to dance. I move my physical body with music. Music give me ideas to move my body.

C: Once you told me thta your soul can leave your body

Y: I used to take so much drug and my mediation also helped to do such a thing.

C: what drugs you took?

Y: everything except heroin.

C: In 1978 when I firsts visited you here your painting was close to pop-art. Then in 1980 you did ~~symmetrical images~~ "symmetricism" and what you do now is very different. Now often you change?

Y: That's a part of my problem I think. I dont consider this really a problem. There are all kind of connection between pop art or symmetricism or louse painting.

C: what painting, louse?

Y: louse, l, o, u, s, e .almost no form, just an expression, an action.

C: in 1980 you participated in my "Seismic Supper" performance and we did other actions before too. Did you do performances in Japon or in San Francisco?

Y: Almost every month in Japon we gathred together 5-6 friends and we were doing actions in the streets, in the parks, on the bridge in buildings. Sometime we stopped a street car, or we tried to stop live broadcastiong in tv. We wanted to stop tv. This was in 1968-70. In 1970 there was the Expo in Osaka and many artist exhibited there but they were very commercial. We tried to stop Expo. We took off our clothes and we had a big sign "Stop the Expo". *we were fucking the it*

C: Do you like fashion?

Y: ~~inxisteth~~ in clothe? oh yes .One time I was making my own clothes. In 68 I painted my shirts just like they do it today. I was having a lot of fun.

C: When I first met you you had long hair and moustache then in 1980 you had bald head. Now you have another hair cut.

Y: I think that is happaning with my painting, with myself. It is very healthy to change. I'

C: how important love is in you life

Y: Very important as you know. I dont expect people to love me but IT is important for me to love other poeple.

C: Do you think that violance can be an expression of love?

Y: oh yes, I think so. There is many way to express love. I am not maso or sado.

C: what do you think about death?

Y: I always hated the idea that you have to die. My father died 3 years ago and I saw hime dead, and I touched him and I learned what death is. And since I'm not affraid anymore of death. I believe life after death. This is also something to do with my previous experiences when I was able to leave my body. So I think that spirit live after death.

C: If I remember well you told me once that your father had many problems with your father because he didnt want you to become an artist

Y: oh yes.Yes.Still my family wants me to have a "real job" and they are against the kind of life I have

C: what was your fathers profession

Y: He was a policeman.(he is laughing) Special police for political operations.

C: Do you consider yourself an artist,?

Y: I dont care about categories. I want to be myself.

C: If I would say that you are a neoist would you protest?

Y: (he is laughing) There is no way to protest.If you call me a neoist then I am a neoist.

C: You have always your camera with you.Do you think it's important to document things and keep memories?

Y: I have a very bad memory.I dont really remember.So photographs help me.

C:What do you think about to kill animals?Did you killed any animals?

Y:Oh yes.Naturally.I was living in the country,I grow up in the country. We killed a lot of animals.Dogs,kats,pigeons,rabbits,birds... City life is different.People get oppset if you kill an animal,especially in America.

~~xxxxxxx~~

C: Do you think that traditions are important?

Y: Zen is very important.Especially in the US,in the westren world.Materialistic worlds really kills nature.People waste a lot of time and energy as well.

C: How long you want to live?

Y: AS lon as a can.I'm not affraid to be old or die.If tha nature call me to come I go.

C: Are wars nessecer?

Y: That's human society's nature.Wars always happened,they are bigger and bigger.

C: Your future projects?

Y: I dont have any big plans.I just want my two dimensional happiness.

june 15,1983 San Francisco

Pamella Rome

Cantsin: Once you painted a white boy red on stage. You also did a painting of a woman, probably yourself, painting a black boy white in a jungle.
Do you want to change everything?

Pamella: No. I'm not trying to change anything.

In the case of painting the white boy red, that symbolizes something different from painting the black boy white. That was an anti-war statement. He looked like he was ~~am~~ drenched in blood by the time I finished. And since the performance was done in a punk rock concept, it symbolized violence. FLIPPER was ~~playing~~ on stage, it's a hardcore punk band, a cult band.

I also intend to when I get a chance to I'm gonna paint an asiatic person red and an american indian yellow, similtaneously.

I also painted this girl pink, blue and yellow, very bright. She looked like a new-wave primitiv by the time I finishedx with her.

It's magical. When you paint a peson by the time you finish with them the really look really different.

The black boy in the jungle was a dream. In the dream there ~~was~~ also ~~night~~ soldiers with machine guns standing around while the woman was painting the boy.

C: How many people come to see you performances?

P: I usually do performances without letting anybody know, in ~~some~~ other words I do a performance in another context. So my performance will be a surprise most of the time to people. I have had a few hundredx people at my performances, it just happened that way. I like the spontaneity aspect of people not expecting a performance and then something added to what they expect to find..

I am primarily a painter. I do like to do performances occasionally. I would not mind making some films. I did a video called "Two get painted" where I paint two women.

Before I started paint people I got painted about ~~in~~ three or four times.

C: Where do you come from?

P: I am from Rome.

I moved to San Francisco about ~~8~~ eight years ago. Before that I was living in Mexico, before that in Rome, before that in Saud Arabia.

My father is a teacher, he is also working for ~~ARABCO~~ ARAMCO (Arabian-American Oil Company) and he is in Saud-Arabia now.

I have traveled a lot.

When the finances permit I go back to Rome. Hopefully I'll go there this summer. And I plan to move back there soon.

C: Punk is still very strong in San Francisco. I don't see that many punks in any other cities in North America.

P: I think that the punks you see here are mainly highschool kids. It's just a fashion. I don't think that there is much of a punk movement anymore.

There is not much happening. I'm looking for the next new thing. I haven't figured out what it is yet. I want to change, I'm looking for something new. I am just in a limbo right now.

C: You went through a very difficult period having ~~health problems~~ a serious health problem. For almost two years.

P: Yes. It was a very painful experience. I realized that painting is very important for me because I couldn't paint at the time. I really felt the need of painting.

C: You got married three weeks ago.

P: I got married because...well... really loved David and get tired of being ~~am~~ single. I felt very lonely a lot of time when I was sick. I didn't wanna feel lonely anymore. I don't know. It just happened that way.

C: Do you want children?

P: Yes, I do. But in a few years, not yet.

C: What about this world here, this America, this San Francisco. Do you like to be here? It is the place what you were looking for?

P: For a while it was but now I'm tired of it. And I need a change.

P: I want to move back to Rome. I'm just waiting for my husband to finish school and then we are gonna move back to Rome. When I have change I become more productive, more creative.

C: What kind of look you ~~prefer~~ prefer, how do ~~you like~~ like to be dressed?

P: I don't have a lot of money to spend on clothes. I do like to be individualistic. I don't like to just look really drab or just like a secretary. I like to dress I look like a painter, an artist.

~~ex~~ A lot of people just concentrate on how they look and that's very boring. They just judge other people on how they look. I don't go for that.

C: What are your daily activities? What do you do generally

P: Nothing. I get up and I do nothing... all day.

I try to get up late. I hate going to bed, I hate getting up in the morning.

I used to go out every night, I use to go to night clubs, to see my favorite bands. I had a lot of friends in bands. I just got tired of this scene, I'm trying to drop out of it now. Like I said I'm looking for the next new thing.

C: Do you take drugs?

P: I used to but then they became a problem for me. Now I want to stop doing them. I was in the hard drugs for a while, especially because I got sick. I needed them because I was in a lot of pain. Now I want to get out of the whole thing and I am going to get out of the whole thing. By the end of this summer I'm going to be completely out of it. The main thing is to watch you. Where there is a will there is a way then.

C: Are you religious?

P: I am not particularly religious. I went to catholic school.

C: Do you think about death sometimes?

P: Yes I do. I don't like the idea.

I'm not that afraid to die I don't think about that much.

Because it's kind of morbid and I don't like to think about morbid things too much. It gets me down. I have some friends, they are really into it. You know that girl that was making love to a corpse.

She worked in a mortuary. They made friends with her. They started up a correspondence with her. Some people are really into that.

P: They have a love affair with death.

C: You never saw a dead body?

P: Yes. My ~~mother's~~ mother's.

That was 13 years ago. But even until recently I was still ~~for some time~~ dreaming that she was alive.

C: Do you have regular dreams?

P: Not regularly but I do have very vivid dreams.

Then I can hardly remember afterwards. I should start writing them down and keeping them.

C: Do you write a diary?

P: I used to but I haven't kept it out. I should do it some more.

C: You did a lot of correspondence, for a long time you were a member of the mail-art network.

P: I still get a lot of mail art and I want to keep in touch with those people.

It is important ~~to~~ to communicate with other artists.

I like more personal ~~meetings~~ meetings than write letters or send things.

C: Have you enough individual freedom?

P: Yes. I am pretty free.

You have to be in an environment what is stimulating. I just have this theory that creativity is kind of like that law of physics. It's like a ball, once it gets rolling ^{it} picks up momentum. So if you are around a lot of people that are really unconcerned with everything, just ~~really~~ real materialistic then I just get I can't get a stimulation

At the bar I work most of the guys see me as a piece of meat of something. They don't know anything about my work and they don't care. So I say "what am I doing here? I'm just wasting my time, I could do great things but here I am"...

One of the reasons I want to move back to Rome is there I have a better audience for my work. People are more enthusiastic about I'm doing.

P: Here the only people who are enthusiastic about my work are young people, art students, musicians.

C: Do you like old people?

P: Yes, unless they give me a reason ~~xxx~~ not to. I have a lot of sympathies with them. I try to be nice to them and kind to them.

C: Are you afraid to become old?

P: I guess everybody is.

I'm not obsessed with it. For my art it's doesn't matter if I get old I can keep doing it. It's not like being a movie star or a rock star.

I just like to live as long as I am healthy and able to be independent.

C: Do you do any physical exercises?

P: I used to dance a lot. I used to swim a lot too.

I like walking or running sometimes in the city. Ever since I have been an adult really go out my way to exercises, it's very boring to me.

C: What is your next project?

P: It's a painting. I'm really burning to get started on it.

But I don't want to talk about it; I rather just paint and you could ~~xxxx~~ see when I do the painting.

The guy who puts out Ego magazine is organizing a show in sept and he wants me to participate. When I go to Rome this summer I plan to really paint a lot. I won't be working and I don't have any of ~~these~~ damned things, responsibilities, and I'm just going to paint.

I would like to be free to paint. That's why I like selling my work. I want time to paint. When I'm doing a job like ~~xxx~~ in a bar I feel like I'm wasting my time; I don't have freedom. In that sense I want to sell my painting. It's not the money I care about that much. I just need ~~to~~ it to live.

I just paint what I want to paint. Now, if it ~~xxx~~ sells that's good.

But that is not influence what I paint. Absolutely not.

I don't consider my art commercial.

I have done a few portraits for request. But I always try to make it very individualistic.

P: But portraits are not my favorite things to do. I prefer doing my own subjects, in my own way totally.

C: How would you describe what kind of painting you do?

P: They are almost like cartoons.

C: You are often the subject of your paintings.

P: Yes ,but I'm trying to get away from that.

C: What about destruction?

P: I think part of the creativ process involves distruction..

I guess distruction is ok.Yes.

June 27, 1983 Montreal

KIKI BONBON

Cantsin: I know you dont like to talk about ~~past activities~~ your past activities but everyday you come up with a new idea, project. What is the latest one ?

Bonbon: I have always believed that, even more so recently than in the past, that whatever projects I am to undertake should be more real and less fabricated. But especially less visible. That is to say that they should not ~~appear as projects~~ appear as projects, as such, they should go almost unnoticed. And therefore they should be undertaken in secret. But since I rarely undertake the projects which I hope to be able to complete.

I might talk about one which I would love to undertake in the next few weeks. It is a project which I have been thinking about hoping to find the time to do, which is basically a surveillance project.

Surveillance projects have an unfortunate of "deja vu" to them. But only in as much as they are over documented. I project which is not highly documented ~~allows~~ allows ~~for more time to go on to other projects~~ for more time to go on to other projects as soon as this one is over with. ~~At the time which it takes for the project to be done and gotten over with without going for the documentation aspect, and the publicization aspect is far more important in terms of research.~~ At the time which it takes for the project to be done and gotten over with without going for the documentation aspect, and the publicization aspect is far more important in terms of research. This current idea has to do with six people which would be myself and five collaborators who would more ~~or less~~ or less stake out a given individual. This individual to be chosen not entirely at random but chosen for very very specific reasons. What I plan to do is go to an office building, in the downtown area where I know a great deal of civil surveillance work. Now I will follow them as they come out of work, as they finished their job and go towards their respective homes. What I will try to do is single out one person or a number of persons who take the subway, since it is right next this institution in question and since I don't have an automobile and few people I know have automobiles it will be far easier this way.

B: I will follow several people hoping within a two week period to come up on one person whom I can follow ~~sk~~ all the way to their home. Ideally this person will take a subway and will take two buses therefor live in an intermediat suburb of the city. And I would follow this person all the way to his or her home.

On a given day I would bring all of my people together and post them at various points along this person's rout. I would begin. I would follow this person, a would be waiting for this person just as he or she ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ would come out of work take a photograph with a very cheap instamatic camera with a flash and preceed to follow this person. I would make it veru clear that I was taking a photox of this person. Very clear. On the where the subway comes in there would be a second person to whom I would pass the camera and who would take another photograph of this person.

As we leave with this person from his destination in the subway as we exit the metro a third collaborator would be passed the camera and would take another photographe. As we moved to the busstop a forth person would be passed the camera and would take another photographe. As we left the bus a fifth person would do the same and so on until this large group of people in which the individual was isolated this crowd would slowly thin out such as the circulatory system in humans ,large arteries going into smaller ones, and finally ending up in a ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ capillary^{????} at the extremities... Now in from of this persons ~~XXXX~~ door, at their home, there would be the sixt and final collaborator waiting.

This collaborator would be passed the camera and of course take the final picture. We would have the pictures developped and just send the negatives and the pictures to the person we took pictures of.

That would be all.

No documentation, no negatives kept, no mention of it at any other time.

C: You used to go to taverns, seat down and read Mein Kampf. People often suspect you of being a fascist because of the symbols, ~~XXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ and personalities you use in your actions

B: I am not so sure that one can say that ~~it~~ there is such of thing as a fascist symbol or a fascist ideology any more than there is any other sort of defial^{??} ideology. People just pick up whatever ~~is~~ seems convenient to them, and use it as best they can. Most cases there is not much premeditation it, more or less happens to you. The decision making process is not very independentx in those situations.

As far as doing things in street is concerned, well, unfortunately although the community which tense to like to have set of it, that it is open and free and very responsive to the needs and to the new ideas so far of whatever person who wishes to them forward. Well that simply not the case. I can not think of a single instanceⁱⁿ which I was personally aloud to do anything on my own. Mind you I didnt really care to much to do it. What I have done mostly was collaborate two projects which were initiated esentially by people other than myself. I think of Lion Lazer, I think of yourself and that's just about.

The public display has never been my favorite madium. To inflict one's ideas on someone just means that you are doing the same thing as ever an other alienating force that that's around individuals. There over the head every single day, every single hour of every single day and every single minute of every single hour weather they are awake or asleep because asleep, they stuck with their waking. Impressions that there are certain things in the world that are thought of in such a way, well, four billion people cant ~~sk~~ all be around that somebody out there ~~xx~~ must have some sort of an answers. So they try and seek out whatever they believe might be some sort of ~~xxxx~~ correct way of dealing with their personal existances. That's an anachronism in itself since one can hardly hope to ha ve a distinctly personal existence in this sort of magma in which we are involontarly trust.

Weather or on my actions can be equated with fasism I dont think is the issue here. Although it wouldn't make any sort of difference. It would be something that would happen after the fact and would have value only for those.. not to whom it's happening at the moment but those who are commenting on things ;I mean.

C: When You did ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ABLUTION you recognized that it was a

B: But ~~xx~~ outside of that it's valid for the time in which it's done and perhaps there ~~ixxxxxxxxxxxx~~ are some things that are interesting in, they are nice to look back at, but you can help it go forward.

C: How much were you influenced by the early movements of modern art, dada, futurism, surrealism...

B: As an adolescent, and ~~ixxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ there are many who will perhaps point out the fact that I'm not entirely out of adolescence yet, but as a younger adolescent I was greatly surprised to discover such people as Breton, Peret, Picabia, and Vaché. These people more or less did for me what Vaché did for Breton in as much as they allowed me ~~xxxxxx~~ not to believe too readily things which will be placed before me.

Not in a sense where they ask me to question things, it's just that the general atmosphere of those things which they vehiculating which I simple can not agree with now, and I ~~x~~ couldn't be set to agree with them since I have no idea what was going on.

IT's simple acted as some sort of ~~x~~ ~~ix~~ destruction from the constant bombardement of definitiv and absolutist ideals. They ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ served as a destruction from the one truck certainties.

C: Did you born in Canada?

B: That's an interesting question.

I dont exactly remember the circumstances of my birth. It's entirely possible that I wasn't ~~xxx~~ there in fact I was not there as I am now. So wheter I was born or whether someone who developed into whatever I may of ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ become was born in Canada. I dont think it is an important point.

However if it's neceserry to obtain a grant I can show documents that will offer proof that I was born in Canada.

²
C: At the Fisrt International Apt Fest you participated as an australian

B: Yes. This ~~ixxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ may be a myth. Kiki Bonbon is absolutely sure is an australian. And for a time he ~~xxxxxxx~~ spoke with an australian accent. In fact numerous people are told up on meeting me that I am an australian. That sort of distance is very comfortable.

C: You were at the court today.

B: Yes, this morning I was at the court.

C: What happened?

B: Most of the time I'm just basically depressed and unsure of a number of things. To pass the time other than sitting down and watching television which is what I mostly do I enjoy going out into the streets with some of my comrades, and to engage in acts of minor hooliganism, sometimes ~~extreme hooliganism~~ extreme hooliganism. It's something that everyone engages in it at various extents. My misfortune is that I engage in it to an extent where it becomes a severe annoyance to those who have power, property and objects which they say belong to them.

C: What did you do exactly, what was the action?

B: Well, there are many which can be chronicled. Half hearted anti-semitics, vociferations on the street, disrupting an entire cinema and blasting the fire extinguishers back at the audience...

C: But what was this latest one

B: Well, the one thing that I enjoy ~~about it~~ doing late at night after having had forty or so ounces of scotch and many chasers is to walk down the main downtown ordure and bash in storefront windows with my ship-boots. Well the last time I was with sneakers and I think that's part of the reason why it wasn't successful.

It was a bookstore. This bookstore I had bashed in the same window I believe it was the third time. The person I was with ~~sample~~ had the misfortune of doing something which I never do and that is to take some of the articles which were ~~in the storefront~~ in the storefront window. Unfortunately my companion was very new at this sort of game and it was a very compromising situation.

C: The PEKING POOLROOM was for a while the center of Boys du Severe, you Zbigniew, Napoleon and Mondoog lived there for a short but very concentrated period. The second Apt fest took place there.

B: The Peking Poolroom period was very interesting.

I was very depressed this time since I had lost a woman that previous summer. It was very difficult for me to get over that particular depression. I moved in with my brother. I laid on the couch most of the time, I was unemployed receiving unemployment ~~xxx~~ assurance checks, eating and drinking a great deal and watching a lot of television. From time to time for about two days out of every two weeks perhaps I would sit in front of a typewriter and type out marvellous projects

B: which I would astound the world with.

One night I drank a large bottle of whisky and went completely amok. Run into the street in not many clothes and went on to scream such things as "I'm going to save the world from democracy" and pursuing people screaming at the "I'll kill you, I'll kill you".

Basically what I had to do is move out from this neighborhood.

I was working with Lion Lazer on a film project and he introduced me to a man who was in process of becoming a woman, who lived in a poor section of the city. ~~xxxx~~ A very very very working class, poor neighborhood in which perhaps as much as fifty per cent of the population lived ~~xxx~~ on welfare, if not more.

We visited this person's apartment to film some scenes of a possible film. And I was informed by the tenant of that apartment that another apartment just next door is vacant, and the landlord was in search of a tenant.

The next day I called up Napoleon Moffat who was living with his parents and searching for similar accommodations, and we visited this particular location. It wasn't much, but it was huge. There were seven and a half rooms. But it was in a horrible state. ~~i~~

It was just about an antique shop, actually a junk shop. There were several of them around. And it was very handy to a ham burger joint right across the street where we would eat perhaps fifty per cent of ~~a~~ our meals.

And since we were both in a depressive state and simply had to find some place to be alone with our problems we rented this apartment for 175 \$, in sept, 1980.

I spent most of my days getting up sometime after noon, going off to department stores and purchasing gallons of paint which had been premixed to a color which the intended client was not satisfied with and which were sold at ~~a~~ a discount, something like two or three dollars a gallon. And I would go back home to spend the rest of the afternoon and the evening painting all these walls in color such as chocolate brown, ~~xxx~~ off yellow, muted apple greens, oranges and colors of that type.

There was also a lot of broken glass ~~line~~ about and lots of various trash ~~subxxx~~ since I was trying to do something with my time so I imagined that renovation of that apartment ~~withdxxxx~~ might be an endeavour which would be worthy of this free time.

B: My ~~xxx~~ room-mate worked at a discount shoe store at the time and was very very deeply alienated by the experience. He would work there all day replacing tags between the shoes indicating the shoe size after clients had try them on since it was a self service sort of operation.

I can remember one memorable evening during which we were working on a gig with Zbigniew ~~xxxxx~~ and Lazer, and Napoleon walked into the room he had finished work and watched ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ us for a while and finally when we asked him what was wrong he broke down, cried and said "I simple can take it anymore".

Short time after that he moved out of this situation back to his parents place where he got over a nervous breakdown which he has suffered ~~xxxx~~ as a cause of this.

After that Zbigniew Brotgehirn, Moondog and Suzy moved in with me and we proceeded to make a choice we either went ~~xxx~~ enterely ~~x~~ insane or created relatively new things with the means that are disposal. Many of the ideas ingented at that time in that place still survive today. It was a very important time for those involved and only those involved can perhaps understand the motivations which led to whatever happened.

The winter came to close and there had been discussions of a second international apartment festival and ~~xxxx~~ since the place I was renting, I only paid the rent twice, was that in which we could make the most noise and cause the most damage without attracting any reprisals.

And so I made preparations to receive all the guests, ... unfortunately at the same time my unemployment assurance run out and it was impossible for me to offer a hospitality and it was very very difficult time. But many many new things came out of this second apt festival, many points were made clear and directions were taken. In favor of more independent work. At this time I created something called the SERVICE. The institute of research and investigation which I run out of ~~xxxxxxx~~ post office box which I have rented for purposes of correspondence art.

And I initiated a few projects of investigation which I more or less traced from others. Received some peplies and soon realized that the only persons interested with those as apathetic about the entire idea as myself so recently I let that dra for a while. But it still survives in some forms and some deas.

There was very little money at the ~~x~~ time and basically what we had to do is steal food in order to eat.

B: We would put on a heavy winter coat. We dressed basically like the vagabonds of the time, the only difference being perhaps that we ironed our clothing and washed it for time to time. But it was all Salvation Army issue. We would go out to grocery stores and buy a loaf of bread and hide various flat cans of food in our pockets. Or we would boil huge amounts of rice and chicken liver. There always seemed to be enough money to buy large amounts of beer. How this came about I never really understood.

One of the interesting concepts to come out of , and concept is a word I use only because I think I have spent all of the other synonyms ~~expressed previously~~ previously, was that of severity, austerity and particularly instantaneous severe reflexion syndrome in which people are subjected as they are any times in their lives to incredible horrific flashes of consciousness.

An anecdote to illustrate a typical day and life at Peking Poolroom would be one of the last days after the fire, which I started entirely unvoluntarily in the kitchen and I almost killed several people. Since they were all asleep and I was the only one awake. And the great ~~debate~~ of course was would be put it out ourselves ~~they would be able to~~ or call the firemen, ~~but our own actions~~. I'm very surprised that we got away with that.

But the perfect anecdote ~~is~~ of course is the first of June 1981. Zbigniew Brotgehirn and I gotten up at one o'clock in the afternoon. We were invited to participate with yourself, to contribute some sort of actions to the performance you ~~were~~ were getting done that evening. And we ~~sample~~ didn't think that we were ready to make any sort of public display of any particular idea. So we did what we usually did, since it was a very sunny day proceeded to purchase a bottle of tequila and drink it on the back terrace while reading Breton to each other. We consumed the bottle very quickly..and proceeded then to buy and steal some bottles of wine and especially a bottle of Chartreuse ??????. Later that afternoon the welfare officer came. We had just recently asked to receive welfare. And when this middle aged man walked into this kitchen which had been covered with suit and was the scene of ~~the~~ the very recent fire, in which green bags of ~~garbage~~ garbage was all over the place since I didn't know when I was ~~to~~ to put out the garbage, when it was permissible to do so I haven't

B: received the fine from the city for having done it at the wrong hour, and so I simply decided not to do it until I was sure...

This man we began to ??? him very seriously, it almost have been very apparent to him that he was visiting the most miserable part of the most miserable part of the city.

When he departed we purchased a some broken irons at the salvation army and took Mein Kampf along with us and stole a motorcycle.

We were not in a condition to drive that motorcycle ~~but~~ in fact I was driving it. I would ~~go~~ come down on the street ~~at~~ at ten or fifteen miles an hour and Zbigniew would attempt to jump on it to the back of the seat as I past by. After twelve of more ~~more~~ unsuccessful attempts we finally proceeded to go downtown.

He left me and we finally met just as the evenings performance was going to begin.

~~I~~ I have gone through half of the bottle of Chartrese at this time and with a simple ~~the~~ desire s to continue the violances of the day. We were allowed to purchase beer at special rate. You gave me 10 dollars to buy 20 of them.

Before I was able to finish a beer the performance began. And what happened from then ~~is~~ on is more from myths and legends than fact so I dont think I bring up the facts.

C: That was long time ago. How your life changed from about this time?

B: Well. Now is a difficult time since I dont have any dwelling place and I have been living with yourself for the past week. Believe me this is not going to last for very long.

But what I have basically doing in the past while is watching a great deal of television and making a lot of music.

I decided to concentrate whatever time I have on music as much as possible. ~~I~~ I was very pleased to find out very recently at a concert that what I was doing satisfied me and those I was working with to the point ~~that~~ where we are not too depressed to go on.

We are trying to put together some sort of hope for our time as it is lived by ourself and ~~we~~ try to not waste entirely.

C: What is your favorite food?

B: The Academie Francaise used to send out this question to various

B: writers and they would compile a biography every year of important writers in France. And I saw one of these in a collection of works by Benjamin Peret. This man was very categorical, he was always very poor but living as he did on the coast for sometime he would be very content of eating lobster all the time..

I believe that in recent times I have preferred olives. There was a time I ate a liter of olives a day. And perhaps this is because of Benjamin Peret as well because one remembers ~~that~~ then I quote from a poem of his in which he says: "Olive, olive, olive, olive"; Perhaps the four nicest words put together.

C: What do you wanted to be when you were a little boy?

B: When I was three years old a woman asked me what do you want to be when you grow up and I said I want to be a bear.

I think that I still want to ~~be a~~ bear. Maybe ~~like a~~ a Teddybear, maybe a grizile, but a bear, if I could have that choice.

C: What is your slogan?

B: I was just kidding, It's not my fault.

C: Do you have enough personal freedom?

B: No.

Especially in so far as the freedom to allow myself to do something which I really enjoy doing. I'd like to be more arrogant, I'd like to speak to more women and especially leave myself alone for a while.

I have ~~never~~ bothered myself all the time with all sort of cr ?????

C: Are you affraid to get old?

B: Very very much so.

In fact this is the reason for which I have chosen this sort of life style, because I never have to retire, and I never have to stop doing this sort of things. It's a sort of thing that an old man can do very well.

And it's always with a consciousness that what am I going to do if I get old which must be an unconscious ~~certainty~~ certainty. I must have something to do at that time and what I'm doing now is possible for an old man. It's not very difficult and it's not very strenuous, and it has its pleasantries.

- C: You are not religious but you like ceremonies, religious type actions.
- B: Yes, very much so. In as much as discipline ^{is} involved .
Discipline, ritualization.....
In as much as all religions have this very definite ideal of being children ~~as~~ as oppose to a parental figure. This sort of teethbrushing , shaving, blood of Christ, innocence ideal , working, going to bed and ~~accomplishing~~ accomplishing certain duties.
- C: In what circumstances you ~~would like to die?~~ would like to die?
- B: I know how I'm going to die. Fortyseven per cent of the people in North America die of problems ~~related to the~~ related to the circulatory system, either by a stroke or a heart attack or various other things. I'm probably going to die of that. ~~But how I would like to die?~~
But how I would like to ~~die?~~ die?, is something I have difficulty contemplating ~~because like Breton I would say "J'admire...."~~ because like Breton I would say "J'admire...."
"difficilment. que mon cceur. s'arretra un jour de batte" ???
- C: It was a couple of years ago that You and Zbigniew wanted to join the Army. But you were refused.
- B: I was too large at the time, I had to loose nine kg-s. But I was very enthusiastic about it so as Zbigniew. If the opportunity ever come up and that it would be easy to do , what is to say easy to join, easy to become a member of the army ~~then I would do it tomorrow~~ then I would do it tomorrow morning. Because I want to become something what ~~looks like~~ looks like a man.
- C: What was the test you had to go through?
- B: We had two tests. One which was intellectual and which we had to take twice because they thought we cheated. So I got a few of the answers wrong on the second try and they were satisfied with that.
The other one was the classic take off your clothes, he grabs your balls, turn your head, it wasn't difficult, ... piss in a ~~glass~~ glass and be with a bit of your blood....
But they thought that Zbigniew and myself were not physical types that we did not exercised, that we should prepar ourself before going into something such of training.

R C: If you had the possibility to talk to Yuri Andropov what would you tell him about.

B: I'd ask him personal questions just as I ask everyone else. And I would hope that he would be a nice guy about it. But I really don't think that I would want to I think that @ I probably ~~discuss~~ discuss something as boring as art with him. I believe he is a man ~~with~~ tons of knowledge in that field, so I could probably learn something.

C: How many times you were in love?

B: For real? ~~I think once~~ Once.

It's not the sort of thing I'd like to go through again. I hope it doesn't happen again.

But unfortunately I'm afraid that I have far too much affection for humanity to let that happen. I'm more and less looking toward the future of extreme forbidden .

C: What look of a woman you prefer?

B: I dislike this about myself, but there is a very definite sort of pattern which has hunted me through out the very short amount of years, which I have been ~~was~~ engaging such pursuits.

A woman that I would be comfortable with is a woman that would be even less secure than myself. I know that's not part of a look but, but it's the first thing I look for. It's not fair but it's fun.

C: You are often hopeless, depressed, ~~discouraged~~ discouraged

B: Maybe not discouraged, ... discouragement is not a lifestyle, it's something that happens after an event but depression can be a very consistent type of lifestyle.

C: Do you have regular dreams?

B: Dreams that come back? Only one in which I am back in high school. And I am of my age and there are children much younger than I who are in the dream at the age that I was when I was in high school. And I had to go back because I was not a good student and I would miss my courses because I wouldn't know where they were and would have lost my combination to my locker, which is the one thing that comes back very often in ~~my~~ dreams. And it seems like for the entire dream I try to remember the combination of my locker.

- B: Once in a while I remember. And I wake up remembering the number of my locker which I had in 1973/74.
- C: Do you like fashion? ~~Yes~~
- B: ~~Yes~~ Yes, for all the reasons that everybody else likes fashion. Because people who ..fashion is guilt towards look good in it, because it's more or less apportioned to a certain predamently acceptable and desirable state of being. So I do like it at a distance, but I realized a short while ago that it was not and could never be for me. So I stoped trying to compete in a game which I can't possible win.
- C: Where you would like to live.
- B: I often thought about where I would like to live. And it's all the cliché places. But an impression has been coming ~~thru~~ through to me, more and more. I'd like to take up ~~fixing of buildings~~ farming somewhere in Portugal , if that was possible.
- Some vegetables, some olive trees and just get away from here. Here is a problem. ~~Is~~
- I have to learn portuguese of course but I have always wanted to.
- C: Lets talk some more about your actions of the last 3-4 years.
- B: I must remind you that I dont like to talk about them...
- C: Well, I dont want you to talk about the "performances" but things which were behind them, things which can be connected to them
- B: Such as? Do you have any examples?
- C: Lets say that we are in 1979 at No Galero ~~work~~ where you did that thing with the rabbit.
- B: You mean the performance ~~work~~ entitled "Animal Sessions"?
- C: Yes. Animal Sessions.
- B: Animal Sessions began with a performance in which we would invite Arnold Palmer. At later I went at the Church of Subgenus, but together some thing which Arnold Palmer was not terrible pleased with by using his name. But we began thinking about of having a reception for some friends at a gallery. We were still thinking in terms of doing things in galleries at this time I think. We would invite people to

B: come see Arnold Palmer performing one of our ideas..

Animal Sessions was very short ,had no introduction,had no formal type of ending.The evening would began with people entering and myself serving them bubble white wine from plastic champaign cups for perhaps fifteen to twenty minutes.While they talk about art amongst themselves,we naturally remaining blaze and mute.During thatx time this waas a big deal as evryone of course knows.

And Arnold Palmer ~~xxxx~~ would then enter the room with a golf club and someone would open a window,place a small puppet in fron of him and he would ~~xxxxxx~~ preceed to driwe the puppet through the window with his gulf club and that would be the end of that.

The animal session evolved into a video presentation.In which there would be a hall with 49 chairs arranged in a square formed by 7 chairs aside.A large video screen in the front of it and people would be invited to come in.And when they were all seated there would be lights slowly ????? .And they would say to themselves"ah,video art,how interesting ,we will be able to talk about this at parties".

And what would happen then would be that tenthousand used light bulls would fall out of the ceiling,a very sound be emitted, red lights begin to flash, and ten very vicious attack trained ~~xxxx~~ would attack the audiance.

We would try repeat this at as many places as possible,each time promising that we would not do the same thing again.That we would give a video presentation.But of course we would again

,constantly until we would only allowed to live in Libia ~~xxxxxxx~~ and Albania and Mongolia and such contries.

But then Animal Session ~~xxxxxxx~~ as you know turned out to be a chair flapping in the wind (???),several mousetraps snapping shot a rabbit ,with which myself and a woman slept for two nights until we could not stand ~~xxxx~~ that shit in the bed anymore,which we ate three days later.I almost died from food poison.

In this part of the world at least people discovered performance very very suddenly at the very end of the seventies.And for a short while ~~xxxxxxx~~ everybody who knew anybody who did anything was always going to every single performance.Which unfortunately allowed us to make certain mistakes.But also to learn a few things.

C: A part of your actions was Dull Century, a magazin you published

B: oh my god. I keep trying to forget that. ~~It~~

It cost 13 dollars for a hundred copies, so you can imagine this sort of quality. I had to do something with my time. I desperately needed something to do with it. And Dull Century was a monumental work which took a hell of a lot of time to put it together, all by myself and I had nothing. I didnt even had a typewriter. I worked with an exacto ~~knife~~ knife and a tube of glue and some stolen letraset and borrowed typewriter. That was a desparate effort, it was pure impatience and total frustration which allowed something like that happened.

C: Television is a part of your life.

B: Since I am constantly ~~surrounded~~ surrounded by guilt, I feel a great deal of guilt in as much as I have never allowed myself to read^a novel since I have thought these things are too frivolous, I spent most of my time reading text books or magazines such as Scientific American. I therefor could not allowed myself to watch frivo~~lous~~ entertainment, so I spend most of my time watching mostly badly produced american documentaries and some acceptable BBC documentaries. When ever I get a chance I watch a lot of documanteries. So I know a lot of useless information.

Situation comedies have always been a sort of valium for me since I couldn't get a prescription.

C: Then what would you do if you ~~can~~ could get the possibility to be in television for a few minutes.

B: I would do whatever I could to sabotage the entire station. I would have to. It would be ~~the~~ the only thing to do, I mean it would have to be destroyed. Not because it's not a lot of fun, and it's not a great thing, but just because it's better to destroy than to create.

C: But lets say that you have more possibilities than just a few minutes. You can have your own program.

B: Then I would simple create visual and audio situation in which people would not be affraid~~d~~ to engage each other in the streets or in the restaurants. People seem to be so affraid ~~about~~ that the person next to them in the bus is going to rape or kill them. I would try dispel this ~~extreme~~ extreme paranoia. There is just too much reticence to speak to human being. It's nice to have ideals and it's nice to talk

B: about things such as Lady Diana and things which noone is really interested in it but it allowed people who are working together to say something to each other without saying anything.

Just dispel this lack of communication which allows people to be constantly oppressed by the powers which are forcing them to believe that what is being done to keep them separate is good for them.

C: Did you ~~xxxxxx~~ ever ~~xxxx~~ touch a dead body?

B: No. See yes.

I remember one particularly interesting traffic accident, pedestrian accident. A pedestrian was run over by a car on the corner of St. Catherine and Jeanne-Mance. I was extremely happy. I was full of joy. Perhaps for the person, perhaps for myself, perhaps because it was the first time, or whatever. But I was extremely happy. ~~xxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxx~~ The people who had been walking with the person who was dead were wondering what to do and I said "He forget about it, he is dead, he is dead, isn't it wonderful?"

We should get far more familiar with death.

C: What do you hope from the future?

B: Present time I'm standing at death's door. And I'm walking right in. I'm talking right in, right now.

There was a time all I wanted was a job, a car, a wife, a house and some children,...

Now what I can hope for is food processor ~~fix~~, an oriental receipt book, and that piece of ass behind the cash register ~~fix~~ at the vietnamese grocery store.

One night, very long time ago I discovered guilt and the next day I ~~xxxxxx~~ needed a full time mass.

C: I think that's it for now.

B: Well I do have a final statement. *(he reads from a note book)* In the past little while we were the people who went for the top. We went for a challenge. We went for team work, we went for pride. And that's what we were all about.

It was all about that tremendous hopelessness really. Things which break other things, causing them to appear differently and in many more pieces. We borrowed them from some very nice people. Later they came to us and they said "No, no, you misunderstood, we gave them to you". And

B: we said "Thanks for the stuff, it's really nice". "You really quite welcome" they said. And so time passed and many of us watched television noticing and being noticed we kept slowly forward.

At or a way a satisfaction group, which mean that we were all cowards. And then slowly we regained ourself respect and horror grew ever larger on the ?

I tried to stay out of it, I really did, but circumstances draged me in. Soldiers on foot on horse back or a motorized vehicle moved along side. This was nothing?

We followed the road to two cities separated by a small body of water. A man spoke a paragraph:

"We got really big truble right here in okcity and happy town.

There was a time when all inhabitants of OK City were ok. And all those of Mappy Town were happy. And that was that. Confusion hasn't ? our lifes. "

And we all felt sad for him so we asked wether he might recount for us some of the more memorable event's of his existance.

After it finished his mood apparently brightened.....

(this mustbbe rewrited by Kiği from his note book)

.....

B: A B 52 filled with tenthousandx cats flying overe a stadium without a roof. And these cats being suddenly bombarded over the stadium. It was a pleasant thought.

july 6th, 1983

Cantsin: I would like to let you to talk about anything you want.
Do you remember when we were taping a video at Vehicule?
You sat down in front of the camera and then just proceeded
to do your own things, whatever. Now this ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ audio
taperecorder replaces the camera and I already started it.

Valerie: I like you to ask some questions. At first maybe and then...

C: Well, lets talk about night life and clubs in Montreal.

V: Oh my god. Pretty boring at the moment. I dont go out much anymore.

C: ~~Yesterday~~ ^{Last night} I saw you at the Beat

V: Yes, but it's once a week, it's not that much.

And I just stay for an hour and go. I dont find it very interesting.
I like to dance, that's why I continue to go out, but I dont talk
much to people

C: A couple of years ago ^{You} went out

V: every night

C: Where did you use to go?

V: At what age?

C: When did you start to go out?

V: I was fourteen when my brother took me ~~xxxxxx~~ to the Lime-Light.
It was a really havy place that time. But I didn't go out regularly,
just with friends sometimes. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ When I was
fifteen we used to go to Studio 1.

I started to go out regularly at seventeen.

But all this stuff is so boring.

I am bored. When you are not bored you find everything fun I guess.

I dont have very much in common with people who go out regularly.

C: But you have many friends

V: ~~E~~ Yes, but I have a lot of enemies too.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

C: It was in december 1982 when last time you went to New York.
You took your portfolio with you and tryed to find engagements as
a model. What happened?

V: Well first you go to some agencies and they tell you that you have to have a card to work. If they don't want you bad enough, you know, they gonna ask you for a permit, a working permit. And I didn't have ~~it~~ it. And I am already too old. 22 in New York is already too old to start a career as a ^{fashion} model. They take girls at sixteen. And they usually take girls 5.9 and over and I am 5.6, I am too short.

C: What did you see beside the agencies?

V: I went out all the time, every night.

It's so easy to meet people in New York. I met people from London, France, Germany. Everybody I knew was painting or drawing or acting, or something ~~xxxx~~ else. They have pretty busy life.

I didn't have my own apartment and enough money to stay and do everything I wanted to.

C: Can you tell me about your regular activities in Montreal?

V: It's pretty boring at the moment. I stay home or I work.

Before I used to do a lot of things but now I ^{feel} pretty slow down.

It's been since I was seventeen that I have been trying to do something. I met a lot of people that I had to meet and it didn't bring any money, it was interesting, but it didn't bring any money. Since you have to eat and drink I ~~guess~~ guess you need some money. Pictures and magazines ~~xxxx~~ and everything doesn't bring you regular money.

I have to work in an office. I'm doing a statistic work on the phone.

C: Would you like to try your talent in a band?

V: No. There is too much competition. And this music business is very hypocrite. People are very hard on each other.

I would like to do music but solo. I like drums and saxophone.

I would prefer to play music by myself.

But there is a lot of things to do. Music or modelling or acting.

C: There is not enough possibility in Montreal...

V: It's possible ~~is~~ in Montreal but it's not very artistic, it's pretty much commercial. In New York you have to fight because of the competition, in Montreal you have to fight because there is not much to do. It's pretty much the corny stuff what succeed. People who are popular in Montreal are pretty corny.

V: It's not quality stuff, it's cheap stuff.

I was born here, so I don't find it that exciting. If you go to another town and you not born there you find it new and exciting.

~~XX~~

~~XX~~

C: Did you ever get close to the idea of death, did you ever feel fear of death?

V: Well, not the fear of death but anxiety. Anxiety is when you feel insecure and your stomach gets all tight, and you ~~feel~~ fear in a way, don't fear death, you just ~~feel physically and mentally~~ fear, physically and mentally. I am not afraid of death. Maybe ~~that's because~~ it's because I never saw any dead people. I never saw an accident. ~~I was very protected from that.~~ I was always protected from that.

But the human body can recover very fast of any accidents. People can live with no legs and no arms or without seeing or hearing. You get used to everything.

~~XX~~ We live day by day, ~~without even~~ we don't even know why but a lot of people they almost died and now they know where they live and they want to live. That's very different.

~~XX~~

~~Somebody~~ Somebody who is young usually never thinks about ~~staying~~ dying or being old. We just want to have fun when we are young.

C: What do you eat, what kind of food you like?

V: Well I like most of ~~the food~~ what do I eat.

I like cakes, pastries and chocolates. I usually eat french dishes. I like cooking a lot. I like italian people because they cook with love. They put so much time and care into a meal.

In Europe people sit down and eat for hours and they laugh and drink. I don't like canadian food at all. I think it's pig food.

C: Do you take drugs?

V: No. Never.

C: You never did?

V: Oh I guess everybody smokes their first joint. But it was funny because I would always smoke and everybody would be stone to death and I would go "what's happening x to you guys?". I didn't get stone at all. Never, never. So I gave it up.

And I dont like little pills to control my brain.

IT's ok for some people but not for me.

I smoked my first joint at fifteen but it didn'd do anything to me.

C: Are you often in love?

V: I dont know. When I was seventeen I was often in love.

But the older I grow the less I'm in love. People turn me off usually.

People are not very attractiv menally. ~~IT~~ I'm not interested in superficial ~~relationships~~ relationships .

I dont like those independent relationships that "you do what you want and I do what I want". If you wanna do what you want you should be alone.

And there is so many ~~venereal~~ venereal diseases around , it's very dangerous to gox out with somebody who sleeps with everybody.

It's not that you should be strait and get married and have kids. But I dont like those people who just go to clubs and fuck around. I think it's ve ry sick.

C: Do you have enough freedom for your personal needs and ~~desires~~ desires?

V: No.No.No.

I just had my first apartment and I need more ~~money~~ money.

It's prextty difficlyt. I dont care if I dont eat well. Just to have enough money in your pocket to take a ~~taxi~~ taxi or you know.

I never missed anything and sudenly I find myself having not money at all. And It's pretty difficult. But it depends on your priorities. I would like to just be able to buy a few things, clothes, you know, please myself.

The point is at the moment that money is your freedom.

If I want to go to Europe tomorrow how can I do it if I dont have money. Some poeple are able to take their bags and hitchhike to New York. But I wouldn't deal with it.

Freedom is being ~~an~~ able to do whatever you want without having to ask anybody.

~~XXXXXX~~

C: Do you want to have family,house....

V: In my head I would like to but in real life I dont know if it's possible.I dont think I could deal with it.I couldn't deal with children.

And there are so many ~~xxxx~~ divorces,so many problems.I think that in this society people are still getting married because they dream about being happy that way.

C: Did you ever been very sick?

V: Oh yes.Only ~~xxxxxx~~once.I was always very fragile but I was sick only once. When I was ten.And it was the only operation I had.I guess it changed my life pretty much.But I never realized it because I forgot about it. But your body is different,evrything is different.

C: Do you like changes,new things?

V: No.I dont like new things.I like them around me but I dont like them for myself.I dont like changes because I dont adapt very fast to situations.It makes me feel unsecure.

C: Are you often bored?

V: I am a happy person but I am often bored.I go from one state to another.I am very happy and then I am very sad.I'm never in the middle. When I'm in the middle I'm bored.Being bored for me means not feeling anything.And not wanting anything.It's even worse than being sad or happy.

I would like to live a life when you wake up at 8 in the morning and you do your things till 1 in the afternoon,and then you go to sleep and you wake up again at ten in the evening,and do something in the night. I would like to have double life.During the day it's too strait and then at night it's too fucked up.

C: Are you religious?

V: No.I think that's a problem today.A lot of people dont believe in anything.That's why they take drugs.I believe in something.I believe more in people from other planets than a god,buddha or krishna....

- C: You were many times associated with the neoists but you always declared that you were anti-neoist. I think you like to be more against something than be for, even if you like it.
- V: Right. It's a question of having something to say. People who don't have anything to say are boring. I want to have mental peace and be able to talk to people. Or to teach them. Tell them about my experience in life.
- It's not that I like or don't like neoists, but I don't like to be associated with anybody. I don't like to have a label. I don't want to be punk, or new wave, or neoist, anything, I just want to be myself. Neoists are like any other people. They like to do this stuff and they dress this kind of way and they talk their own way.....
- When you have a label people judge you before you open your mouth.
- C: Are you sometime aggressive?
- V: Yes. At this time I'm very aggressive that's why I don't go out. If you are aggressive or violent you should stay home. When I see somebody very frustrated I say go home or take walk in the mountains. People should go out when they at least can act happy.
- C: Do you have regular dreams?
- V: During the day or at night?
- C: At night.
- V: Yes. I dream a lot. And usually I remember my dream. They are always very paranoid. I'm getting chased by a maniac or a spy. It's ~~either~~ either goes on at a place that I know, with people that I don't know or people that I know and places that I don't know. Something real and unreal. And somebody always try to murder me. I never dream nice and pleasant dreams. Even when I was a kid.
- C: What are your future plans?
- V: I really don't know. I need encouragement from other people. Some people always tell you you never do anything, and others say don't worry everything will be ok sooner or later. I was always with people who felt that I would never do anything in my life. It's always a matter of time to do something. There were always other people asking me to do things. I never took control of it.

V: I dont need to be in front of a camera anymore. I want to be in the back of the camera. I dont want to be controlled.

But I dont know exactly what I wanna do.

I'm getting myself ready to ~~xxxxxxx~~ do something, to jump.

Gordon W. Zealot, aug7, 1983
Toronto Island, Canada

Cantasin: When did you make your first chapati?

Gordon: First chapati was made in 1971. Actually this is a long story. My first performance was in high school and after this performance I was kicked out of school. And I became
2 a Tibetan monk after that.

I was very interested in dadaist movement and the surrealists. And my teacher at the time - I was taking art course in school - was Mr. Mansaram who was an indian avantgarde artist. And he would allowed to take days off because he knew I was working on my projects, and he was very cool.

It was a parent/teacher night at school and all the parents came to the gym auditorium. And all the art of the art student was displayed on the walls. And there were avantgarde performances at the time, black light with dancers and stroblight (he is laughing)

In the middle of the gymnasium was a platform which had access to either side ~~xxxx~~ by the boys and girls washroom. There were seats below and bleachers above about second storey like balcony. All the parents were situated there.

I did a performance in collaboration with Phillip Stone, who was a very good friend of mine, he committed suicide, he used to walk around with gold fish in his shoes. He made very high shoes, they were gold fish tanks.

So I was carried on stage by the girls' gymnastic team, on the shoulders, and I was placed down in front of the audience. One of my collaborators was chopping up the stage with an ax, the other person was throwing wet spaghetti on the audience. And I recited some of the famous poems of Tristan Tzara and Kurt Schwitters, dadaist poetry. I had a bird cage on my head. And the teachers and the audience was shocked (laugh). After that I was kicked out of school.

I made the first chapati when I went out to Vancouver and found out my friend who went out to begin drug dealing. He had join an esoteric religious sect. I went to see him. He had a shaved head, he bow down on the floor and said hello.

G: We were very amazed. And they were making chapaties. I was very curious and I joined the movement~~x~~ to begin study vadic philosophy. The vadic civilization is the Aryan civilization of India.

So it was in 1971 when I made my first chapati.

C: What are the elements of chapati?

G: The chapati is made from a durum or a regular ata. Durum is spring wheat and the flour is very finely ground, and mixed with a bit of salt and water. You put your chapati deal in a vessel, make a hole in the center and pour water ^{in to} ~~the~~ fill up that hole. And then ~~we~~ get it to the consistency what is not too wet, not too dry and then sprinkle water as you need it.

C: ~~xxxxxxx~~ As the official neoist cook, food creator and distributor what is your definition of Neoism?

G: Neoism is a field of activities which is a group of dissidents. People who refuse to follow normal ~~xxxx~~ ² ~~xxxx~~ of expressing their creativity and their flagrant desire, their flagrant individuality. It's a free situation where one's individuality can unite with intelligence and create a facility for open discourse. Basically it's a communication where by anyone's desires and expressions of their will can manifest allowe for to engage ~~xxxxxx~~ in some type of activity to further the cause of neoism.

C: When I met you first in Toronto in the summer, 1981 you were doing asphalt painting

G: I found myself within a situation of illusion. I saw many elements of our society based on greed and organize chaos. And just to maintain some type of life to pay my rent and to continue existence I was ~~giving~~ given me a job of my father. My father passed on his profession to me. My father who is the veritable pere Ubu. The most banal man. Who is an asphalt painter, insulating the earth. In a recent conversation with Ula and Marina Abramovic, they were living in Australia at the time with the ? described how by insulating the whole society with asphalt you insulate the feelings from the earth.

G: Because when you touch the earth you able to derive sensation and feeling and actual emanations from the earth, psychic emanations.

In fact my job was to insulate the earth from people.

I used to go around in the suburbs with an artist friend of mine Kent Tate and also with Gerry Shilling who needed some money for a vacation. And we went from door to door in the endless ~~xxxxxxxx~~ sameness of the suburbs, knocked on the door and explained to the people that their driveway was grey and old and if we spray with a black, a plastic asphalt that it would seal it and protect it from the weather and from time.

And it was very absurd because many of our costumers were 80 and 90 years old but still they were concerned about insulating their driveways.

So Kent and I did as a type of formal art project. ~~ixxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ We kept a map of Toronto with black dots on it of the driveways which we have sprayed. And with a very extensive photo documantation of all the costumers standing in front of their black driveways.

After Kent quit the spray he painted only white.

C: You spent several years in India where you study cooking and drums.

G: Yes. This was from 1973 to 1975.

I left from New York City and I felt I must go to India. At ~~ixxxx~~ t time I was a brahmachari or a celebit monk student. I was studying cooking and drums and vedik philosophy.

I arrived to Delhi and proceded to go to the holy place of Brindovan. Brindovan is just a bit outside of Delhi and it's a place with 5000 temples all dedicated to Hishna and Vishnu.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I saw great esoteric works of performance art. In indian society the yogi or the mystic is supproted. Because evryone knows that we see around this is illusion, and that it has no real ^{substent} ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ of existence.

This one yogi was ? this hill going around itx for re ligeous dedications. And he had 1008 stones up beside him. He had a mat and a little shrine, altar in front of

G: the ignorance of our society the music is something only to be seen in a concert, but the idea is that music must be part of everyday life. Neoism is very much for that idea. It's not an isolated thing for the gallery or the musical auditorium or concert hall but it's something for everyday life. It is as vital as eating or breathing.

C: You organized with Kent Tate Public Works event which took place in Toronto in Oct, 1981. This event got some very negative reactions.

G: Yes, very much.

First while myself I would wear a brush cut which was dyed grey and leather breeches and type of ⁷ boots. I think people are very easy to give you a stereotypical image of a role to make it easy for them to deal with your existence. So I received very negative image due to the so-called fascist connotation. The word fascism which is used ~~xxxxxx~~ very liberally spicing every conversation, but are these people really aware that we are living in a fascist state.

So that time my reputation in Toronto was scandalous. And the Neoists which have ~~x~~ the base their art on perpetuating new scandals. Only added a fuel to our ~~xxxxxxx~~, at the Toronto art community which was extremely developed the matter of intra-personal political intrigue and insular behavior between the artists.

So when Kiki Bonbon found a stray cat and killed it and presented it to the audience at the Global Armchair Conference event and dropped it out of a ⁷ bag underground people immediately were faced to deal with great moral situations. Many people were shocked, many people ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ outraged some people even hitting the performer.

So the myth once again spread and this was in what people really wanted to believe about Neoism.

C: There are many art and culture oriented mags in Toronto, among them Fuse, Impulse, Impressions, but how come none of them were interested to write about this event?

G: Maybe because the event was not founded by the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ government. These are the government sponsored bureaucratic artists.

M.C.: Do you call yourself an artist?

G: I call myself a bread maker.

C: What kind of food you prefer beside chapati?

G: Chapati is always the re. Chapati is a constant in my life.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

I very much like Japanese food, but I don't eat fish, so therefore I'm limited to futomaki and I'm very enthusiastic about a Japanese temple cooking book, preparations of Buddhist cooking, it's all vegetarian. And I hope to study further in my life Japanese cooking. This is a future project.

I have to admit crepe ?? always intrigue me, the severity of my food flaming in front of me.

I also enjoy flaming alcohol. There is a wonderful drink. You take coffee bean and some...no, no, cran^{??}dym^{??}enthe and some high % alcohol. Flow the alcohol on it, heat it up, light it ~~up~~ on fire, and take a straw and suck it up, you can see the fire going up the straw.

C: ~~xxx~~ Would you talk about your everyday activities, regular things

G: At this point, when this interview is taking place I have a very strict ??? . For instance today is Sunday, I have spent the day with you, we have had discussions, food, etc, and covered from the week. On ~~sundayxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Mondays our child is in a cooperative daycare. So Monday morning I go and make chapatis for the kids of the daycare. Monday afternoons I have free for conspiracy interactions with different members of the community. And beginning from Tuesday to Saturday I engage in total chapati distribution. Get in the kitchen by 9 o'clock, preparing food at the Dash Bagad Temple, then bring it to this cart, the chapati cart, it's a zinc-steel food distribution device, mobile, prepared in Manhattan by Carts Unlimited. It has a propane heated oven, it has an ice section.

I store them at the GAP, which is a very famous underground situation in Toronto. It was a performance gallery which was closed down by the neighbors who complained there is music after 01.30 am on New Year's Eve.

The master engineer & Martin Heath is the backbone of the

G: life which is in you ? You just ~~xxxx~~ have that fortune of being any human life, and you can understand why ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ you are here and what is your function. But if you want to be like a dog and eat, sleep, ... that's also your choice and you'll get a dog body in your next life.

I definitely believe in that.

Right now I have a very passionate body . I love to eat hot chillis ,I 'm attracted to beautiful women and I love sex.

So because of my being attached to these more sensual to life. I will not try to put myself ~~xxxxxx~~ off to real readers as a very developed monk or ~~xxxxxx~~ sanjasi. Actually I can only inspire to that and who knows within my life what it beside to renounce the world ~~xxx~~ or not. But it's quite possible I may decide to renounce the world, but this point right now I just try to become close to an essential continuity, identity and its corresponding activity.

C: You love sex you said, and you were a monk for 5 years, did you make love this time too ?

G: I became a monk at age 15. Really I had sex only once before becoming a monk.

It was very bizarre. Would you like to hear about it ?

C: sure

G: There was this woman at school who was very famous for her active libido. And she was very well developed, and she invited me to her house. She had a black room with lots of psychedelic posters. We engaged in body painting, we painted our body with some very primitive type of fluorescent paint. I proceeded to have sex for the first time .The feeling was very extraordinary and almost instantly I had orgasm. Before that happened afterwards I started to have sex very rapidly and I felt like a machine. It was extremely absurd situation.

After that I was a monk for many years. Then in Africa I met a woman, she had a house on the beach and she had only eat fried potatoes and corn oil and carotte juice. I lived there for sometime.

C: Are you affraid to die ?

G: I think that what you affraid to die or not is x irrelevant because we are always at the thresher of death at each moment. I think that is where neoism rallys around that point because neoists are not concerned with that queer oriented activities, or developping some idea of... to let me invest in this petty one hundred years that I am here.

We know that we are here for such a short time. It's like walking around with a rock hanging over your head or living in a house where there is a time bomb. It gives you the sense of gravity. I really do believe in the Mahabarata which is a famous epic .

King was asked that what is the most amazing thing by greatness age. And he replied that the most amazing thing is that everyone sees x death all around and in every moment. The parents of Buddha tried to keep him away from matters of the world like away from ugly people and away from death, so he could enjoy beautiful dancers, musicienas and the best food. They tried to insolate him from the reality of the world. But he saw a dead animal and thought about impermanence.

ALWAYS CONSIDER INPERMANENCE is another one of my slogans. Things are occasional amd always subject to change.

C: Did you ever kill any animals ?

G: I have never killed an animal past the age of 13 years old. Up to that point I enga ged in the dayly slaughter of animals. I believe that I am a satia grahi, follower of non violence.

C: You live on this island from about 2 years now. IT's a kind of country life in front of a big city.

G: We are living in a very lovely little house. It has french windows all around, very bright. We have free gas because we have a illéga hook-up with the gas company, by illegally hooking up the gas lin. And we have free rent. It's a result of my good fortune.

Toronto Island is a very unic situation in North America. Half of it is amusement park and yacht clubs, etc.

Gordon: The Central Island is a very a gross type of amusement center, rides, bad food, etc, regular bulshit.

They wanted to kick the people living out on the east side of the island. There is about 270 people. They want to make a golf course. The islanders made very ~~strong~~ strong civil disobedience actions. The police came over to arrest people, or to put locks on the doors. They wanted to bulldoze the houses down.

But people resisted. When the police came they circled them, whenever they moved they moved too. This was a very lovely action.

There are still anti-island manifestations.

Last month I played revolutionary drum in front of a parade. I have a very large indian street drum. It was a kind of agit-prop like theater. With burocrats and high block ~~heads~~ heads. The burocrats ~~their~~ their pencil at the mother and two ~~children~~ children. A very long 8 foot pencil.

Now they try to impose a kind of economic eviction. The city says we own the houses and you have to pay us rent. They want to install sewers and each person will have to pay 12 thousand dollars a period of 12 years.

Cantsin: Do you have regular dreams?

Gordon: Recently I had a dream which was very wonderful. Next to the chapati cart there was a little raised platform of silk with bolsters and a futon. And a ~~small~~ small canape with four pillars coming up over top of it, just a tente type of structure. A strung with mango leaves with two banana leaves on ~~either~~ either side of the doors. And then great musicians would come and perform next to the chapati cart.

Cantsin: How do you imagine Akademgorod?

Gordon: Akademgorod is a place where our work is our principal activity. And there is a natural type of association with nature to supply the things which are essential to our life.

Gordon : And the rest of the time is used for spiritual realisation. Akademgorod is a state of mind. And it's a conceptual level where by one can exist on .

Cantsin: Do you like pornography?

Gordon : I have seen great masterpieces of erotic sex. These films are wonderful facilities for voyers like me.

~~XX~~

I find pornography very media generated attitude, and as a result ~~XX~~ becomes very degraded.

Cantsin: Are you married ?

Gordon: I was married previously to a yugoslavian woman. I'm not married to Suzan.

As an anarchist I am against the institution of marriage, I am for the institution of orgies.

Cantsin: What are your future plans?

Gordon : Spend a very concentrated time with music, with my drums.

I feel very satisfied and convulsive when I play drum.

Music is the essence of my life.

And cooking. I think cooking will be constant in my life.

I would like to move to the west coast and from there I go to the indonasian India. I prefer warm climat.

I prefer to make chapaties in the street. My work over the past ~~three~~^{four} years has been street intervention. I exercise the the freedom of public expression.

Free food distribution is a very radical activity.

Cantsin: Yes. In New York at APT 5 Festival you made chapaties ~~ixnfx~~

on West Broadway, put fire on the side walk and distributed free food to passerebys, They were very surprised.

And a year ago in Montreal during a flaming iron street dance you distributed free bread until the police came and stoped us.

Gordon : Yes this was a wonderful action.

I made chapaties in the shape of steam iron. Martin Heath made me a cutter .

It was very cold, very severe cold, and people were very surprised.

Cantsin: Can you give a description of your neoist altar ?

Gordon : On the altar there is an image of _____, the god of _____, and Visnyu, the supreme personality of _____.

Cantsin : What is your position towards mass media?

Gordon: Lets establish a figure right now. Do you think that 75% of the population has their total information?

What ~~kind of~~ % of our population would look to alternative media?

The only information they have input, reading, seeing, hearing about the world around them is through the established mass media sources.

There would be a very few people interested in Neoism.

Cantsin: But Neoists must get into mass communication. What is the way?

Gordon: I think the best way is if the neoists succeed in rupturing the boredom of everyday life. I think that definitely will be some mass media report because there is so little going on in everyday life.

Cantsin: Yes, but then their only remark is that we flame irons and hats, ..

Gordon : And umbrellas. Umbrellas are for the protection from water, ~~xxxx~~ fire is on the top of umbrella is the enemy of water. When you fire your umbrella you burning up the source of your shelter. In life people try to stay far from the source of misery, they want comfort. Burning the umbrella means no shelter, no security,

Gordon : no permenance.

Cantsin: Are you a member of a political party?

Gordon : No.Except the neoists.

Cantsin :Your think that the neoists is a political party ?

Gordon : Definitely.Very strong.

Cantsin: I think that we want to create a world ~~wa~~ with no politics.

Gordon : Politics is just dealing with people.

Cantsin: Politics is the enemy of creativity.It's an instrument of control.

Gordon : Well I think if neoists would form a contetion to run for some post and then get mass media's eye on the neoists is be ing something more than just those who flame hates.

Can you see any society behind the poison of the party politic system & that has actually radical suggestion,advice?

I think that art wóthout a comment on our society is a very sense of art.~~xxxx~~ It's old.New art is dealing with people,communication.

It's very sad that to play music in the streets you have to have a permit.

June 14, San Francisco, 1983

Maria Goldinger

Cantsin: When did you come to America and why?

Goldinger: First I came to Vancouver in ^{May} 1979, ~~in May~~ in 1979 and I came to the States in November, the same year. Right in San Francisco because this was the only port, the only place where I could ~~enter~~ enter. And it was quite convenient for me as I have relatives here. And I would say that the reasons why I came here was basically to go away from Sweden for a while to experience new places and other people. Some sort of world experience instead of staying in Sweden and just going to school. Then I also met this friend called Nick... We met in Greece in 1978, in the summer. ^{He was in North America} I grew up in the suburb, outside Stockholm, but very close. At the time when I was there and I decided to leave I was quite tired of my own situation. I found that everyone was boring, nothing was happening. But I just think that I ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ didn't have prospected to what I wanted to do. By being in Vancouver or here I learned that you have to create your own environment to be satisfied. And it doesn't matter where you are.

When I left I was gonna be away for a year and I was away for two and half years, or ~~two years~~. Then I went back there to just see my family and do some studying. I was really eager to do some reading, just read literature. I went to Paris for a week. ^{That's all I had to do}

C: In May 1980 I met you in Ukiah and then again in Vancouver. ~~Vancouver~~ ~~Midnite Supper~~ You performed with me in "Midnite Supper" and we did a video. You have also had a group with Nick.

G: Right. We had a group called JEUX, Mick and me and two other people. It was modern rock music. The philosophy of the group was to entertain people as much as possible when you are up on stage. ~~KMM~~ We used a lot of visuals, shadow play, objects, and ourselves. And we also used ~~g~~ films and mirrors. We played in little clubs, most of them don't exist now. But it didn't work out with the members of the group, so we gave it up.

G: themselves.

The word fashion means that a lot of people are wearing the same thing. And those are people that had been more or less manipulated to wear this thing because they liked to look like this, be the style because of just some decadent fashion movement. Or they believe in the political ideology that it represents.

And they might be very smart people and be pushing their viewpoints very ~~hard~~ hard, but I think that fashion is still supporting and stating who they are. The people who are very creative they maybe lead movements or lead smaller groups or a little organization. They are very individual ~~and~~ in their clothing and they stand out with this clothing and with their individual thoughts. They will always be minority working with bigger groups and maybe that group will take on that sort of clothing.

But I think people are made to follow through a revolution scene. They take the leaders clothing, just like in China all the people accept this dress.

C: And in America?

G: LEWIS

C: Are you religious?

G: No. *I am not religious but just after the 60s*

~~I grew up with only with my mother, because my parents divorced at an early age. My mother believes in philosophy but she doesn't really go for a religion.~~

She was very religious at ~~at~~ her youth and she belonged to this free church, as they call it in Sweden. It's like a part of the state church ~~made~~ they make up their own little rules and so on.

She was totally super religious, as far as you can get, right?

Later she realized that she had just used this forget about her own problems, in her own life, and just put her trust and her security into someone else's hand.

When I grew up nothing was pushed on me and I had to make my own decisions. I never ~~went to church~~ really, ~~or~~ once a year maybe.

But my mother would never say ~~that~~ either that god doesn't exist or anything. I would do prayers every night, little children's prayers. I just can't say I am very religious. It was never ritual in my growing up that we would set aside a few hours every Sunday and

G: prayers ~~am~~ at the kitchen table.

C: When you get up in the morning do you have a lot of energy and new ideas?

G: ~~mmmm~~. I think I have pretty good energy. But I think the night is a good time for me, that's when I feel like I can be creative. And I don't feel pressure, that I have to do anything for my job. I like to do lots of different things but this last year I have been ~~try to focus~~ trying to focus on a very few things.

When I was in Sweden I did a lot of reading.

Now when I came back here and I have been here for three months, as I had done so much reading, it's nice to be not pressured by school or by sitting by the books all day and all night.

I get up in the morning, I have breakfast and I come here and I work here until about 6 at night. Then I go home and have dinner.

Now I become really physical for a while so now I go to this gym, for nights a week.

I would like to do clothes again, and I'm starting to involve myself with fashion shows a little. But it's not really what I want to do.

I would like to start ~~writes~~ ^{to write} about some art. Instead of just reading and consuming other ~~people's~~ people's literature, I would like to start writing. So that's something I'm trying to focus on.

C: The body exercise probably needs special food

G: I started to eat quite a bit of meat. For a long time I tried to be pretty good vegetarian. But I changed a lot, I got into different things. I have to explore different ~~new~~ ideas. So I just thought I should do body building and then I should eat a lot of protein too. And it's very ~~strange~~ strange to me because I wasn't doing that before. So now I eat a quite a bit of meat and try to eat as much as possible.

It's an experience to treat your physique a 100% with good nutrition and lot of exercises. You start realizing that you can really manipulate your own body. For a long time I was just living with my mind and seeing that as the vital part of me. And now I'm trying to realize that you can make your body quite vital too and very active.

C: How many pushups you can do?

G: I can do 30 without resting. But I don't really like to do it.

C: Do you take drugs?

G: No. I did but I was never a drug freak at all.

Now I ~~only~~ just want to experience total health. I never smoked really and I never really drank. But I would take drugs for a good thrill, ~~maybe once a week, or even less~~. But this last year and half I haven't done anything and now I hate drugs.

~~But that's also experiencing. I just try to do~~ feel that in a way the highness you can get from yourself might not be bigger but it's sort of greater than what you get from drugs. For sure it can be fun to take ~~acid~~ once in a while, but it doesn't give any satisfaction. ~~And the day after you feel really shitty.~~ So many people in this town take coke and I think it is the most boring drug, it really bores me.

~~So these days I just eat well, and I don't take drugs, I don't drink, don't smoke.~~

C: do you go out ?

G: Yes, ^{if} there is something that I'm interested in to see, but I don't really like to go out just to ~~XXXXXX~~ hang out. I did that a lot three years ago, I would go out every night.

But it's nicer to just get together with a few people or one other person, I think that's more satisfactory than just being ~~XXXX~~ out, being social, being with the ~~XXXXXX~~ crowd. It gets too shallow.

C: Did you ever see a dead human body?

G: No. I have seen one ~~in~~ distance. I never been faced with a dead human body.

C: Do you have fear of death?

G: I think I would if I would think about it. But I don't think about it. I don't think about that you can die really even I very well know it. Sometimes at night you can suddenly wake up and you are not really awake and you can just feel it. I felt that a few times, like I don't want to die, I don't want to die. And then when you wake up that fear isn't there and you just get in to your normal life again. Once it really hit me and I was like half asleep and it was really horrible. I didn't want to die, I just didn't want to die.

C: Yes. That happens to me often.

G: If I would think about it that I have to die, I think I would fear it just because I really like living. I really love it.

C: You want a long life?

G: For me it is like your life is eternal, it just keeps going, keeps going... When you die you probably won't know about it, instance, it's just like you lie in bed and you really want to fall asleep. When I fall asleep I don't know that I fall asleep. In the instance when you die, you don't know it and then you just find out if there's something after it.

G: People die in indifferent situations. In war, in bad, in the streets. Someone who suicide knows very well ~~that~~ that moment he is going to die. Someone is ready to die, someone tries to escape...

G: I don't want to stay in the west coast because I know that one day there will be a huge earthquake here and I don't want to be here then.

But on the other hand I could step out right now and buy you a drink across the street and be hit by a car and die. But I don't think about that.

C: Do you want children?

G: Yes. In five years or something. Right now I don't feel very motherhoody. I have so many other things to do.

I think it gives you a meaning to life if you have kids because you can see yourself taken farther you start over again, a part of you starts from zero.

C: Did you ever kill? Kill an animal, or did you ever think about to kill?

G: When I was little we would kill mice. We would play darts on them. At a quite a very early age I would be very sensitive to my brother and friends killing birds. I got quite upset.

I never wanted to see any pain. I didn't want to put any pain to anyone else.

~~But I was at a few accidents, but~~ I was at a few accidents, but nothing bloody. I broke my arm. It was a first day of a holiday and I just know all these things what I was going to do that week and I didn't want to face that I broke my arm. And I went home and my mother wanted me to buy groceries. I went to the store but it was impossible for me to carry the bag, so then I had to say that something happened to my arm.

E

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C: You said that you want to live for long time. But what about to become old?

G: I think up to 60 years it's ok. But after... I don't think it's that great. That's another reason to ~~start~~^{start} to think about my physique. If you start doing it ~~now~~ when you are 25... well... I want to be a healthy 70 years old woman. Jump up on my ~~bicycling~~ bicycle and... Have you seen ~~Harold and~~ Herold and ~~???~~, the film?

C: No.

G: This young boy ^{met} this woman of 83 years old and she is the most viable woman you can ever imagine. She steal cars, she dances, she is really crazy, when you see her feel like "I want to be 83 years old". I think you can face any age you ~~can~~ come into if you plan ahead.

C: Have you been in a situation when you could not do what you wanted to do?

G: I never arrived to a situation where I ~~can't~~ do what I wanted to do. My father always blames me that nothing can stop me. I don't step over people but it seems so far I was able to do everything I wanted to do.

When I came here I started to feel restriction from other people, or just some weirdness by being a woman. And I'm so sensitive to that, it never happened to me in Sweden either from my family or my surroundings.. It's very different, it's much more equal there. Here I don't feel independent enough because people have funny ideas about woman, and also ~~women~~ women that are together with a man, like in a relationship, I feel great restrictions there.

Sometime people see me as Nick and his tail or something. And Nick is the one having the business and Nick is blablablablabla... and

I become his sort of little tail and then I get really frustrated. People brought up to think that way. They don't respect you like Maria the individual. I feel the way that ~~women~~ women let them be ~~the~~ treated in this country is degrading for the female ~~group~~ group here many times.

G: If you think about the general woman of America... just watch commercials in television or pick up a magazine. Of course we have ~~done~~ in Sweden too but not as degrading like that..

And I think there is a lot of subliminal projections made by society to make woman ~~accept a certain way here~~ and for them to accept ~~the role~~ a role which is really stupid and fucked up.

I can use America for my own purposes for a while but it's not where I would like to live. America is more^{or} less representing the downfall of the western civilization. I don't believe in America and I don't want to promote America. I just basically staying in in a selfish way, I want to use the good things about America for a while but then I would even like to work against it. *like to work*

And I would like to become more political and more socially oriented.

C: Do you like flaming food?

G: As I don't really like alcohol I don't really like flaming food.

I like to seat by a fire and grill hot dogs in the fire.

But what I really like is when the fire is dying and the flames are out and the ~~fire~~ is so incredibly hot... I like to see how it blaze with light and dark, it just so vibrant. I can seat for like till it just die. *like to see*

Dear Monte

I am sorry that

you are leaving

and I will miss

you very much

and I hope you

will have a

great time

and I will

write you

soon

Love

Monte

Questions by Reinhart U Sevol

1/ The first time I met you, Monty Cantsin & Bonspiel & myself were waiting for you inside a Montreal Metro station in order to go to a party. We all got very drunk at Yana's apartment. Bonspiel was relating romantic anecdotes about surrealist life in Paris during the 20's in french. Monty was insulting the girl you brought along and who had given us all a lift to the party. Lazer was withdrawn but engaging himself by playing records for us. Yana was feeling sexy. I wanted to swim in the next door neighbor's pool. What do you remember most of this gathering?

Via Vidore~~RE~~: The disapproving bewilderment of Cantsin as he opened the unlocked bathroom door to view the girl he had been insulting earlier, Bonspiel and myself attempting through intricate gymnastics to piss all three at once in the basin.

2/ As it happened the next time we met was APT 80. You only came to one of the first evening of this event to see Bonspiel and Moffat present their action. What did you think of the situations at the time and do you feel differently about it thinking about it now?

Via Vidore~~RE~~: I liked the situation. Bonspiel gave us a neoistic dub, suspending a rabbit we had bought earlier on by the scruff of the neck. On the floor layed the two possible conclusions to his talk. Thumbs down and roudoodou was drapped on lived rat traps. Thumbs up and the rabbit fell on a pile of carrots. The following week Bonspiel and I eat the rabbit.

3/ You were also at the neoist occupation week. Tell us about the "out window ravel on a string" and the set up in the gallery that allowed this action to arise.

Via Vidore~~RE~~: Reinhardt took a line out of the book on string.

Wrote it on the typewriter. I read it on the monitor a floor below. I chose a l Dine taken out of the book. I wrote it down. He saw the sentence I had written on his monitor. We this communicated by inverse monitors. We were amorous and that made it fun. (see srawing of the situation)

4/ After I left Montreal how did you work with the neoists & in what way did things change once there was less money around due to the economic situation worsening ?

Via Vidorae: I saw a few neoists then but I saw Kiki quite a bit. The economic situation was not worsening for me . I was rich.. I went to Baltimore my belongings packed in the typewriter case. I was ~~x~~ then amorous of one of the Dork Brothers. Then I went to live in the jungle with black men. ...

5/ What do you think Neoism is?

Via Vidorae: ~~I don't think that Neoism is~~ Faithful to Cantsin I dislike definitions. You must refer to Cantsin's tape on garden chair. I am an assiduous visualiser.

6/ Have you ever dissected parts of the human body ? Did you ever wonder about the person or did you approach this task netirely clinically?

Via Vidorae: I have never dissected parts of ~~human body~~ a human ~~body~~ others than by mistake. I insist. I am a zoologist. My greatest fault as such was to ommit dissecting the purring device of a cat I was aquainted with at the time but then again, that was before Neoism.

7/ Would you ever perform radical experiments on a live human being? To resent that society does not permit this type of experimentation especially when insane asylums are full of hopeless cases ?

Via Vidorae: Again I am only moderately interested in human beings. As radical experiments I have decerebrated zillions of animals to induce them with high voltage. Now I tend to confine myself to insect species.

Ps. Dear Cantsin. I love these interviews ,but next time can I make up the questions? Yours ever faithfully

Via Vidorae

Apartado 121

Tepoztlan Morelos
Mexico

2 September, 1983

Hi Kantor,

Hm, sorry I don't have a phone; if you want to talk with me you'll have to come to Tepoztlan. Remember it's the one in Morelos.

Well, I got going on the interview and find it is 20,000 words. Since I talk about the magazine and also the Mime movement, I ~~would~~ send you my best versions of both of these. Can you send me back the originals?

I was really pleased with how the interview went; it was like having you here.

Hm, I sent a copy to Ackerman and asked him to send you some illustrations - he's very good with science fiction. Don't know what he will do, but as always I hope for the best.

With the magazine, the masters are all on one side, none on two sides.

However do what you want. You know best. My favorite thing is for people to write back. Neicism is the world's first correspondence movement. It could only get started in Canada.

Well, what else can I tell you today? Hm, the weather is always beautiful here, never too warm or too cold.

I want to see the videotape you did with your father. You notice the place where I imply you are a genetic experiment, or, better yet, a genetic innovation.

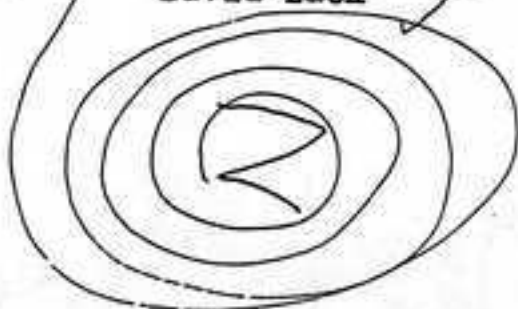
I left out one thing, but we will cover it later. This is that my Portland organization, Correspondence Arts Service Foundation, was not named after a crow, but after the Clark Ashton Smith Fellowship, and it kind of spells "cash".

I hope some time we can document the whole Portland experience, you and me, Musicmaster and Ackerman, anyone else we can bring into it. By document I mean relive the myth.

I wonder if you still have that weird object we found. Well, new love is the best love, even if she does pretend she is a werewolf that eats haystacks. A vegetarian werewolf! That's good enough for me, Kantor.

Boy, am I looking forward to seeing this Neicist book. So, take care, and do well, OK?

David Zack



Under
the
bridge
the
earth!
Lahle
TV.
the
and
hours
of
exas!
Smeigma!

ISTVAN KANTOR (MONTY CANTSIN, the Neoist) interviews DAVID ZACK (DAVE OZ, the Neoist) in the UNESCO Studie-Gallery, Tepoztlan, Mexico. August 14, 1983.

Zack is seated at a brown table, under a New York left-style lumber structure above which is a double bed with blue flowered sheets, typing at a turquoise Olivetti machine.

KANTOR: Flaming irons, blue sky! Your immortal friend is here to interview you.

ZACK: Kantor! Monty Cantsin! Very interesting to see you here. Sort of like you were on a giant television screen, life-size television screen. I...I...I thought you were in Montreal.

KANTOR: Yes, Dave, I am in Montreal. But thanks to the wonders of contemporary Neoist technology, I'm also here in your studie in, ah, in Tepoztlan, Mexico, the old Aztec town. I could have come in miniature form, the size of a mouse or a thumb, heh heh, but I thought it would be more comfortable to materialize, or etherealize might be a better term as I'm not material in the sense that you could teach me...ah, etherealize full-size.

ZACK: Yes, well, I wouldn't mind seeing you small, Steve, though I'm just as glad to see you big. You say you're here to interview me.

KANTOR: I have twenty-five questions prepared. Feel free if you want to to make up your own questions.

ZACK: Who's interviewing who?

KANTOR: I'm interviewing you. That's why I came here from Montreal. The book will be published in October or November, and there's no telling when I might come here in the flesh. It's a long bus ride from San Francisco, you know.

ZACK: Long train ride too, but these Mexican train rides can be quite interesting. I took one last week, second class, to get back from a visit to the beautiful hot springs at San Juan Cosala (accent on the final a)...

KANTOR: Accent on the final "a"?

ZACK: We say "ah" in Spanish. These things can be important in my line of work, you know. Yes, well the trip cost about two dollars American, less than 300 pesos Mexican. It took from 10:30 at night to 10:30 in the morning to travel from La Barca in Jalisco to Mexico. The aisles were full of people, lying down, standing up, twisted up like pretzels. I'd say the trip was worth thousands just for the adventure.

KANTOR: You know the price of my blood is rising toward the million mark.

ZACK: Yes, well, good - I was always kind of worried about

your giving your blood away practically free.

KANTOR: No more, my immortal friend. Are you ready for my first question?

ZACK: As ready as I'll ever be. Shoot.

KANTOR: Blam de blam: What is Nut Art?

ZACK: What is Nut Art? Hey, that's easy for me. I'll tell the world what Nut Art is:

Nut Art is a name I gave to a particular group of 15 people that were producing art works in the Bay Area around San Francisco and in Davis, California during the period that I lived in Rainbow House, San Francisco, with Maija Weof the Beast Painter, from 1965 to 1970.

My situation moving into that period is that I'd been writing about different goings on in the art world, including movies, opera, symphony concerts and recitals, plays, books, and gallery and especially museum art. I started doing this in Chicago between 1956 and 1958, and did it for a Marin County paper, the PACIFIC SUN, between 1963 and 1966. Then I had an opportunity to write for artforum in New York, to do an assignment, which was on Jim Dine's sets for the ACTOR'S WORKSHOP production of A Midsummer Night's Dream there in San Francisco. The sets happened to have a Rainbow motif, like the house Maija Weof and I lived in, which we did murals on inside and out. Though the Shakespeare play was Elizabethan and our house on Steiner street Victorian, in both of these rainbow places modern artists were using a rainbow motif in classical situations where tradition was more gray-scale.

When I began writing articles for ART AND ARTISTS, over in London, England, on Bay Area art, the subject of the first piece was funk, dealing with the Funk show of sculpture set up by Eeter Seltz at the University of California museum in Berkeley. Subject of the second piece was a show curated by Jim Mente at the San Francisco Art Institute gallery, called the Grotesque (Maija said "Grow-a-Tusk") Show, which did for painting what the Funk show did with sculpture. I got tired of taking other people's categories as a basis for my writing, and devoted myself to writing about the Nut Art movement.

Now, I like to think of the Nut Art movement as being a group of artist friends who happened to go around to each other's houses once a week or a month, to look at the art they were making. Some of my nicest memories of Nut art days are being at one or another of the artists' houses just when they'd finished a drawing or painting, or taken a ceramic sculpture out of the kiln, and the feeling that work represented a breakthrough, a real invention. This seemed to be happening all the time. I doubt that people can share any greater thrill than the discovery of some new fresh-baked art work together, the artist sharing this great adventure with friends who go off inspired to make similar discoveries and in turn share them with friends.

I like to think of the Nut Art movement as being a group of artist friends who happened to know each other, visit back and forth a lot, and share great enthusiasm for each other's work.

But also like more traditional art movements members of the group had certain qualities in common about their art work. For one thing, they were all extremely prolific. Maija Woof would usually do a painting and five or six collages and drawings every day, at home in Rainbow House or traveling, as we did, around the U.S., Canada and Mexico, and in Europe. People who've seen S. Clay Wilson's Hog Riding Fools and Dyke Pirates in ZAP COMICS are astounded at his viruesity, but few realize Wilson was doing a complete strip a day from the age of 13. Dave Gilheoly would do a giant cookie jar with an illustration of some frog legend on top, such as the planet of the frozen phallii, a lot, like twenty or a hundred small pieces, the frogs or elephant foot coffee cups that were copied in plastic in Japan, perhaps a papier mache portrait of one of his friends as a life size peccary, mandrill, dog, cat (always much larger than life size as the Gilheolys believed cats to be more human than human beings), and a number of pages of journal writing (copiously illustrated), practically every day. Much of his work in those days was done while watching two or three television sets at the same time.

Clayton Bailey, Gilheoly's archrival and opposite number in the world of creative ceramic sculpture, used molds as a starting point for some of his work, especially the latex hell's angel masks and rubber grubs, though many of his series, such as the absurdly fastidious and simultaneously very humorously creepy burping bowls, which contained crittura whose upper jaws were animated by aquarium pumps to produce burps, were as one of a kind as Gilheoly's giant map on a leopard skin baby grand piano base of Tarzan's adventures in Africa. Bailey would spur his productivity by aiming at some musical scale or composition that could be produced by burps or trumpet blasts, and produce embellishments on the visual effect of each different sized instrument in the spirit of the Baroque composers from the age of the Bachs.

Peter Saul is famous now as a New York painter, but in Nut days he worked in a white room in the Marin County woods. The room was lined (when he started a project) with white canvases, neither framed nor stretched, and the floor covered with tiny paper cups of mixed acrylic colors. When the cups were empty, the canvases were full of the Chinese writing and cartoon images that Saul presented, inspired when he was in Paris by the Chilean painter Matta, as the highest of high art.

As for Roy de Forest, he spent so much time getting ready to paint, getting arrested for drunk, and treating the ulcers which were the symptom of his desperate urge for fulfilled love that it seemed he could hardly find time to produce the large canvases with their shiny and hairy and always

colorful effects. He would dig a well, paint a room, go visiting, go on a drunk, give a party, and suddenly one day begin to work, producing twenty of more large drawings and one or more of the much larger paintings in the studio he constructed below the purple house next door to Clayton Bailey where Roy lived at the time with his mother Oena, the writer.

Besides the drawings and paintings the King of Nut Artists was evermore involved with the politics of art departments and galleries, originally in San Francisco and Davis but as time went on throughout the United States and Canada. This social art is one not too much associated with the Nuts in the minds of people who enjoy and buy their art works, but it actually is as much a part of Nut art as the shell of a nut is a part of the nut.

Gerald Gooch in these days was known mainly for his punctilliously rendered series of giant lithographs based on series of photographs illustrating some action such as Jerry Burchard dumping a pitcher of water on his own head, or Hayward King turning his handshake into a Fuckyou. In a sense he was imprisoned by their success, and as time went on Gooch moved into three dimensions, collaborating with an engineer to produce moving portraits of Carol Doda, the first topless dancer, and of the engineer, Ganz, playing ball with himself with a V of light. From there Gooch departed completely from the skill that made him rich and famous, creating conceptual cartoons and eventually becoming the Dad of a health institute on Orcas Island, off the coast of Washington.

The other Nuts were all prolific - who can guess about the production of Jim Melchert after he abandoned rough blue clay for clean board games, and, for a while, the games for the paper of doing the job called Visual Arts Director for the National Endowment for the Arts? That one of the original Nuts should occupy such a high position on the American art hierarchy seems incredibly humorous to me, and poses a real problem in defining Nut behavior, which, to be defined, only can be defined by considering the behavior, as artists whose life is art, of all the Nuts individually.

As for the prolificity of Chris Unterseher, I recall how many surfboards he could stuff in a ceramic woody station wagon, and also the way he would take an idea from physics, such as the Doppler effect of the fading train whistle, and illustrate it in a large clay panel.

Bob Arneson is probably the clearest example of prolificity among the original Nuts. He'd make one thing, such as a toilet, very rough and ugly, and then come up with a Scotch plaid toilet, toilet with a gold turd, white-tile urinal, and so on. Then a brick with ears, and a dozen or twenty variations on that theme. Bob's house, like Rainbow House, was a major subject for his art. He did "Alice" on billboards with rainbow gutters. He put tiles with writings and drawings on them on the walls and floor of the livingroom as well as in the more traditionally tiled bathroom. When his newly tiled floor caught fire because John Shunneson tried to wash it with gasoline, Arneson restored the damaged works of art and went right on.

No wonder that when a work commissioned for \$37,000 by the City of San Francisco was rejected because people in city government felt sensitive about the way Arneson used the base of the sculpture to call attention to the assassination of its subject, former mayor Moscone, Arneson had no complaints.

"The sculpture is now mine," he said, "and with all the publicity my New York dealer, Alan Frumkin, is going to sell it for a let more than \$37,000." At the time Arneson had 13 sculptures in a show at the Whitney Museum in New York.

The point that I want to make with Nut Art is fairly straightforward. At the time I got involved with the Nuts it was easy to see that they would all succeed with their art. By 1975 Nut ceramics was one of the biggest phenomena in American and world art. It had succeeded in changing the emphasis in ceramics from sterile repetition of practical designs sold at assembly line prices to wildly creative and colorful use of humor, myth and sheer artistic virtuosity, selling at gallery prices. Where roughly ten of the Nuts were working in clay and relatively unique at the time in how they handled it, now tens of thousands of artists are working in what we can call Nut style, if we want to.

Success is very popular in any culture, and in art it is the artistic success that gets copied and has influence. The beauty of Nut as I saw it at the time is that it's not easy to copy it, as it's easy to copy Pop, Abstract Expressionism, Impressionism and other major styles, including those of the Renaissance. The essence of Nut is the involvement of an individual artist in creating a personal style. This individual involvement interests me more than the means of achieving it, which is basically a matter of applying craft techniques of production to an art approach that involved serialization, like the old Dickens novels in England in the 19th century. Nuts are popular artists because, as people get to know them, they want to see what they come up with next.

At this point individual Nut artists are very popular, and most are highly successful financially and in various parts of the world of galleries and museums. However at this point it could also be said that Nut art is a secret to those who read the history books. The publicity campaign for Pop and Surrealism has been so much stronger (because so much easier to define) that the Nuts are more underground than many underground artists who claim to be underground. The Nuts are living in nice houses and driving nice cars. They have clean families and travel a lot. But who has heard of the Nuts? Who has read about them in ART AND ARTISTS, ART NEWS, GUIDE TO CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS, ART IN AMERICA, CRAFT HORIZONS, or in the catalogues to innumerable shows, and actually reached an understanding of what they're doing?

Very few people. I'm willing to take the blame for this, since when I wrote about the Nuts I made a point of not saying anything "art historical" about them.

I made no claims about their greatness or importance. When I reported on the Nuts in the touring Johnson Wax Show, which was at more than a hundred museums, I told about the show from the viewpoint that California had already toppled into the ocean and the Nut artists were living in the bodies of four foot pink frogs on the Canadian shield.

When I wrote about Mail Art for ART IN AMERICA I made it clear that the mail art being done by the Nuts was far more important than that being done by people who called themselves Mail Artists.

Mail Art, after all, is just a technique for getting art around and using it to generate projects. Nut Art is actually a group of people outstanding in the production of art objects in a different vein than formerly mined. Mail Art is like Serial technique, in a sense. Nut Art is like nothing else previously in the world. But wait a minute. So is every other vital, live, friendly movement that may emerge in the future of art, where members are able to communicate with one another and share the fun of being artists together. Mail Art will always be useful, though it may change its name to Correspondence as the electronic communications mechanisms make it more generally practical for everyday use. Nut Art will always be...funny. There can never be another fifteen original Nut Artists. But there can be fifteen million, or fifteen billion given time and space, Nut Art type movements. Nut Art can be the basis for social organization in the emerging correspondence oriented world.

This might take some explaining to clarify. Kanter, how do you manage to be so patient?

KANTOR: Back in Montreal, I am working at several projects. Here in Tepoztlan, Dave, I'm just fascinated by what you're saying. It sounds a little outrageous if your intention is to appear sane in conventional terms, be accepted in the old ways, that kind of thing. But after all, I didn't start the Neoist movement without knowing some people would call me a Nut.

ZACK: It took me a while to realize how close Neoist is to Nut.

KANTOR: It took me a while to realize what you were doing over in Saskatchewan, Canada, when I was still in Budapest.

ZACK: Of course, you didn't know the language.

KANTOR: I knew a lot of good American and English Rock and Roll - the Who, the Beatles, Jerry Lee Lewis.

ZACK: The best American style exports to the whole world, including Japan.

KANTOR: When you hear a song a hundred times, and sing it a thousand times, you start to know what it means regardless of what language it's in.

ZACK: Same with art.

KANTOR: Did you know I was the Bob Dylan of Hungary?

ZACK: But you gave it up for art.

KANTOR: I did. When I discovered art, I knew I could travel anywhere. When I was the Bob Dylan of Hungary, Zimmerman was the one who was traveling.

ZACK: Art traveled me to Budapest.

KANTOR: Yes. Well, before we go into that I wish you'd tell us something about what you were doing in Saskatchewan. In a way it was just what I was doing in Budapest, and a famous Hungarian artist and critic, Beke Laszlo, not only perceived this and brought you to have a show in the center of contemporary Hungarian art, the Young Artists' Club, but managed to set me up with a show at the same time.

ZACK: Strange eh? What was even stranger was how I got the money to get there, from the AWARE program.

KANTOR: An important connection, blood and alcohol.

ZACK: Can cost you money and land you in jail in the wrong circumstances.

KANTOR: In America, anything can happen, even Neoism. Now, as I remember you initiated the Art Cause Company there in Saskatchewan, and later, in Portland, the Correspondence Art Service Foundation.

ZACK: Yes. It started with me reading a book by A.E. Van Vogt, done with his wife E. Maybe Hull. The book is called Planets for Sale. Van Vogt and Hull came from Winnipeg, Canada. When Alfred's books started to sell he was called to Los Angeles where he worked with Dianetics, which later in most places became Scientology, the project of another science fiction writer, L. Ron Hubbard. Well, I read Planets for Sale and became fascinated with the character, Artur Bloor, the greatest operator in the Ridge Stars, and how all his secretaries banded together to help him out when the going got rough.

KANTOR: Did he make love to them all?

ZACK: I wonder. All is a pretty tough category, logically speaking. He married the last one, so I suppose they must have made love. As for the others, they were mainly married, and not to peer men either.

KANTOR: Of course not. They were all very attractive.

ZACK: As much as a secretary can be. They're going out of style.

KANTOR: Did you ever have a secretary?

ZACK: Well, when I was a teacher people would type things for me, but I was always embarrassed to ask them.

KANTOR: Were you ever married?

ZACK: You knew about that. Did you ever have a girl friend?

KANTOR: Well, I'm still alive. Now, what about this Art Cause Company?

ZACK: Well, about the time I read Planets for Sale and got so interested in being, ah, in Artur Bloor, the chief operator in the Ridge Star galaxy, I got this urge to have a pet crow, you know, a talking bird. Thought it might make better conversation than the people I knew in the village where I was living, Silton, forty souls and no plumbing as I used to say, though in retrospect I'm not at all sure about the number of
souls.

KANTOR: A crow.

ZACK: Baby crow. These people farming near a dugout near town brought it to me. Couldn't fly, could hardly walk, though it was already quite a handful. I called it Artur Caw.

KANTOR: Caws?

ZACK: Caw, caw. This is what crows say, in English.

KANTOR: If it had been a Hungarian crow, Dave, it would have been a different linguistic kettle of fish entirely.

ZACK: Yes. Canadian crow. And so I started a society, the Canada Art Writers Society.

KANTOR. C.A.W.S.

ZACK: Yes. To operate with, you understand, in the mail. This was 1972. I'd researched an article on mail art, for ART IN AMERICA, and then I started to really get interested in mail. And since people were using societies and characters and such to operate in mail, I started this Canada Art Writers Society.

KANTOR: Named after the crow?

ZACK: Or the crow after it? I'm not sure. Ruth might know. She has a memory like a computer. Never remembers anything, but it's there. Did I get the crow because of the society, or start the society because of the crow?

KANTOR: Which came first, the crow or the society?

ZACK: Chicken? Or egg?

KANTOR: Part of the same project, perhaps.

ZACK: Yes, definitely. The crow stayed inside, in the front room of the Dodge Place, which used to be a post office and also was a butcher shop. I had a copier there for a while, and a big table I bought for \$10 at the St. Vincent de Paul store in San Francisco that Maija refinished, and an IBM electric typewriter also up from San Francisco, and shelves. The shelves and table were all piled high with papers. The crow learned to fly, and would fly around and around the table stirring up the papers. I'd be glued to my IBM electric typewriter, uh, writing these letters that were all seven pages long, singled spaced, on both sides of the paper.

KANTOR: Formular letters.

ZACK: Hey, you're right. I never thought of them that way. Just wrote them, and sent them to people to let them know what I was doing and find out what they were doing.

KANTOR: Did you know Niels Lemholt then, of the Formular Press in Denmark?

ZACK: Yes, I met him in those days. He was in Bill Vazan's CONTACTS book, where people took a roll of film on the same day on the theme "X Marks the Spot" and Bill printed them all in this book he published in conjunction with a show at the Museum of Modern Art in Montreal.

KANTOR: Where I came a few years later, after you got to Budapest.

ZACK: Interesting, eh? There was a lot of talk about synchronicity - one of Dr. Ackerman's favorite words at the time.

KANTOR: Ah...Dr. Ackerman. The Blaster.

ZACK: He sent me an envelope of gears, and I sent him a seven page letter, maybe the third carbon, and he replied with this letter done with a brown ribbon, which I could barely read, and then I read it and we've been corresponding ever since.

KANTOR: And Lemholt?

ZACK: I told him he was working on forms to fill people in. After I went to Hungary he asked me if I wouldn't like to come to Denmark and have a little show of drawings.

KANTOR: Well, you mentioned the Canada Art Writers Society...

ZACK: A non-profit society. Cost ten dollars to start it. It got a grant or two.

KANTOR: Ah? And the Art Cause Company?

INTERVIEW -10-

ZACK: Excuse me for a while. I have to go to Cuernavaca and get some photos of some Mime artists I saw last weekend in Mexico City. I'm going to go in tomorrow and see the Cuban National Ballet. I want to bring the mimes their photos. Wish you could come with me.

KANTOR: How do you think the people on the bus would like that?

ZACK: I wonder. I think they'd take it in their stride, going to Cuernavaca. But going to Mexice City might be another kettle of fish.

KANTOR: At this point I have good stationery operation but couldn't move areund. Maybe I could hever outside the windows of the bus, like a U.F.O., next time I'm here.

ZACK: Looks like it might rain. Worried about shorts?

KANTOR: I wear a bikini. This projection operates on static electricity, like auras. It's business as usual fer me back in Montreal, and I'll be here waiting when you come back frem your trip.

ZACK: O.K. Been fun. See you after a while. How many more questions do you have?

KANTOR: Hm, there are 25 and we're just getting into # 2 now.

ZACK: Oh goody. You know I just love interviews.

KANTOR: Me too. They're a good way for Necists to get good things going.

ZACK: O.K. Be back after a while then, I imagine.

KANTOR: Flaming irens in the deep blue sky!

ZACK: Kanter, my old buddy. I've been gone five hours and you're still here.

KANTOR: Dave! Where you been? What you been doing?

ZACK: Well, I took the bus to Uuernavaca. A forty minute ride for 35 pees, about a quarter. Everyone on the bus besides me was Indian. It's like a greup frem pre-Columbian days, five hundred or a thousand years ago. Except they're riding an infernal combustion bus.

KANTOR: And when you got there?

ZACK: I went to Jehosophat's photo studio and picked up these photos where I look like Jerry Lewis, showing off my new magazine, the Old Poets' POE TRY MAGAZINE. Jehosophat made ten copies of the first issue, with poetry by Ackerman, John Bennett, the Miney and the Reverend Nerbert of Green Blah Wisconsin, essays on SICK TEEN MAGAZINE, Bennett's poems, and Miney, and a special RESPECT-A-BUBBLE drawing for Robin Crozier that fits with his formular project of Random Memories.

Then I got the photos I took of the mimes in Mexico City. They were performing in the Alameda, across from the Palace of Fine Arts. Two of them kept the interest of 500 people. It's really quite a movement. In fact I saw some mimes in the plaza in Cuernavaca, working with about fifty people. I hope my photos help the movement- it could use some words and pictures. It's all so silent. But it's a real people's art movement, a Neoist development.

KANTOR: Very interesting.

ZACK: Then I went to a Jerry Lewis movie. It's called El Vago in Spanish - I missed the American title. Lewis plays a clown - who's lost his job because the bank defaulted on his circus. He tries about a dozen jobs and messes up everyone, usually by knocking down everything in his path or anywhere near it. Then his brother in law uses political clout to get him a job with the post office.

KANTOR: Ah! A mail art movie.

ZACK: You betcha. On the day when his trial is over, Jerry puts on his clown outfit and attracts a big crowd delivering mail in it. Then he lets loose a few hundred rabbits...

KANTOR: Ah rabbits! Like Farmer Jehn Bennett and the Masked Rabbit Gooser!

ZACK: Exactly, or almost. Early on Jerry tried to deliver this pair of rabbits, a mixed pair I guess, but no one was home and there was no return address on the cage. It looked like a mailbox so Jerry arranged to keep the rabbits somewhere in the post office.

KANTOR: They multiplied. Yes, it was on television all over the country. Jerry was offered a job at the Clown College in Saratoga Springs, Florida. He hitchhiked there and this girl picks him up who's fallen in love with him because he's so funny and lovable.

ZACK: How did you know, without seeing the movie?

KANTOR: Easy. While you were typing this, you forget to put in your name.

ZACK: I wonder if Jerry Lewis is Monty Cantain?

KANTOR: Definitely. Now, about this Art Cause Company.

ZACK: Well, the C.A.W.S. was a non-profit society, but the Art Cause Company was incorporated to make a profit.

KANTOR: Did it?

ZACK: Well, that depends on whether you think there was anything profitable about enticing you away from your Hungarian homeland.

KANTOR: I have a three year record contract, and my blood is zooming in ~~value~~ value, up toward the million mark. But what has that got to do with the ART CAUSE COMPANY?

ZACK: Well, of course I used the company to do correspondence with. Hetty Huisman wrote me she thought it was a beautiful name. I don't believe she ever realized the part about the crow.

KANTOR: Whatever happened to the crew?

ZACK: Well, it learned to fly, and would fly from one telephone pole to another when I walked around town. Some people liked it and some people hated it because Art Caw. thought he was human.

KANTOR: I know what you mean.

ZACK: In the Fall the house burnt down. The crow hung around a couple of days, and then a huge flock of crows came to Siltou and Art Cause flew away with them. Whenever I see crows I call, thinking Art may be with them. Once doing this, I met a woman who could call birds so they would swirl around her. This was in Regina. Together we called the most tremendous rainstorm in years. It almost flooded Regina off the map.

KANTOR: Really? Are you serious?

ZACK: When I interview you I imagine you'll tell me about an unusual thing or two, besides all these art events you've been involved in.

KANTOR: So the crow hasn't come back.

ZACK: No, not yet. Who knows what it taught its friends, though? Yes, well I also used the ART CAUSE COMPANY for community work. It had an art gallery in an old Chinese restaurant in the same hotel Ruth and Zeke and I stayed in when we moved to Regina after the fire happened and the crow left. It got contracts to do displays for the Saskatchewan department of Industry and Commerce and the Canadian Department of Regional Economic Expansion, and the Saskatchewan Health Department Alcohol Awareness program, called AWARE.

KANTOR: I remember when you came to Hungry you had a lot of posters. I remember one you sang a song with. I still remember that song, even though I didn't know any English at the time.

ZACK: Some people drink like there's no tomorrow. They just sit on that barstool and drink themselves to constant sorrow.

KANTOR: There was that poster, Dave, of the lady and children and the ghostly gravestone where her husband lived after he drank himself to death.

ZACK: Or crashed into a cemetery wall while he was fooling around with some other woman.

KANTOR: Did you design the poster?

ZACK: No, of course not, though I did make up the song. No, what the contract was, was for five thousand dollars to document a million dollar program designed by an advertising agency. So I went to the drinking rooms in the vicinity of the ART CAUSE GALLERY, and took photos of people and recorded them, sometimes while they were looking at posters, sometimes while they were just drinking, getting drunk.

KANTOR: Remember how we were drinking wine, and we put one of those posters on the bottle?

ZACK: Those posters came in every size and shape. And they were all given away for free.

KANTOR: Don't you think they did much good?

ZACK: For the advertising agency. And I got to use a nice recorder and a real nice camera. I was able to pass some money to Tom Aussenegg, a trumpet player then out of work, and to Ruth, and to Willard Carr, the president of the Art Cause Company, a man whose whole life was in his team of pinto horses until then, and to Martin Sabek.

KANTOR: Martin Sabek?

ZACK: What a drunk that man was. Sometimes I'd go into the Plaza Hotel drinking room and sit by him and it was like staring into a bottomless pit to look at his eyes. Back in 1948 when Queen Elizabeth visited Regina, which was named after Queen Victoria, if you want to know, uh, Martin made a huge maple leaf as backdrop for the Queen. He also made sets for the drama companies that came to Regina in the forties and fifties.

KANTOR: So you gave them money.

ZACK: Out of the initial payment of two thousand. I kind of got in drunk rhythms myself, if you know what I mean, until one day when we'd almost finished the display, sound and slides and carpentry and photos and all, word came to me if I didn't collect the balance of \$3000 I might not be able to do so for a year, if ever, since that was the end of the fiscal year.

KANTOR: Most people would have sat back and complained.

ZACK: This was about the time Beke Laszlo had written

I should come to Hungary and have a show at the Young Artists' Club. What I did was start about ten in the morning and drive from office to office in the government. The doctor in charge of the AWARE program wasn't in his office, but the secretary told me where he was in a meeting. The secretary there got him out of the meeting, and he signed a paper. Then I had to go to a financial official in the health department, had to track him down and get him to sign a paper. Then I went to the government office that issued checks, and got a paper signed there, and finally to the office that issued checks, and they issued me a check. The banks were still open so I went and cashed the check. Three thousand dollars. Or twenty-nine hundred actually. So I went to Hungary.

KANTOR: Would you say that was the Art Cause Company's most notable accomplishment, getting you to Hungary?

ZACK: I've often treasured the idea of succeeding in business, just as to me it seems natural these fringe candidates like Mr. Peanut, Ric of the Universe, Lowell Darling, and over in Australia the guys who change their names to Mickey Mouse and Jesus Christ and run for office, it's always seemed natural to me they should actually win. Gradually I've come to realize succeeding in correspondence is ultimately more important than any business success, because the world is changing over to correspondence, and anything we can do to make the change happen is bound to make things change for the better. So of course it was a notable accomplishment to go to Hungary as a representative of the AWARE department, talk with the people in the Hungarian foreign trade establishment, and spirit away their leading artistic asset, Mr. Istvan Kantor.

As for the Art Cause Company's other accomplishments, I wonder how important they were. We brought in a show from the Centre of Art and Communication in Buenos Aires, hung it in the gallery in that old Chinese restaurant, and had it reviewed in the daily paper. Opal L. Nations came from Vancouver and gave a poetry reading to three people, one of whom was a reporter for the paper who wrote a good review and soon after got fired. Ah, and Ruth and Zeke and our new daughter Regina Rreze and I got evicted from public housing for keeping cats.

KANTOR: Evicted for cats?

ZACK: Yes. I made a mail project of it. We moved into a terrible pink house in an Indian neighborhood, where Jesse Art was born. George Tredigo came up from New Jersey and painted Willard Carr's wagon with a giant friendly beast on it. Well, Willard was some kind of an accomplishment. He sold his farm cheap after his wife died in 1951 and couldn't get any kind of support because the government said he must still have money, in the late seventies, from selling his farm and house in the early fifties. I got involved in getting official permission for Willard and his ponies to give rides around the Saskatchewan legislative building and the

lake it was by. What an experience that was, like getting the check but much slower. We got a nice article in the paper, and found Willard stables close enough so he could get out to the site and give rides. He didn't want any money for them. All the time this was in the works Willard kept having from one stable to another, on the outskirts of town.

KANTOR: Why did he have to keep moving?

ZACK: Because he'd always try to take over everyplace around the stable, lock stock and barrel. A Capricorn, like my father. Jesus was a Capricorn. So was Willard Carr. So is Arthur Zack. So, for that matter, is Isabelle Ford.

KANTOR: Oh?

ZACK: She's in my MODERN MAIL ART book. I still can't talk about her coherently. Probably the most aggressive mail artist anywhere. Isabelle turned me around and squeezed my drippings all over Edmonton and Victoria.

KANTOR: Oh? You never told me about her before.

ZACK: Better to forget her, except for that chapter in MODERN MAIL ART. She's a Capricorn. So is Willard Carr. Willard spent a lot of his time standing on street corners, since he didn't drink, just talking to people. What he really wanted was to be governor of Saskatchewan.

KANTOR: I thought in Canada it was premiers.

ZACK: Yes. Willard was headed for an office of his own.

KANTOR: And he was president of the Art Cause company.

ZACK: Lyle Lee might have made a good president, except he's a bit too involved in politics of your standard radical sort to make a really good president of a correspondence organization.

KANTOR: Why don't you fill this Lyle Lee character in for me a bit? Then I'd like to recall the Budapest experience, if we can.

ZACK: Kantor, would you mind if I went to sleep for a while? It's almost midnight. Do you sleep?

KANTOR: In this form, no, I don't need to sleep.

ZACK: What did you do during the five hours I was in Cuernavaca?

KANTOR: Hm, ah, composed and rehearsed a dozen Neocist songs, working with the band. Did four performances, selling blood. Went to San Francisco. Made love to five women...

ZACK: Five women! Yes, well this is the kind of behavior the world expects from popstars. Did you do it with them all at once?

KANTOR: Or it could have been one that seemed like five, Dave. Anyway, I had five months to do it in.

ZACK: Five months! You mean during the five hours I was in Cuernavaca, you had five months of time to work and take care of business?

KANTOR: This equipment Necist headquarters has given me to try out is really quite primitive. Next time it could be five years. And anyway, what's so unusual about telescoping five hours of your time into five months or years of my time? You traveled back in time five hundred or a thousand years on that bus ride, and it only cost you a quarter.

ZACK: Thirty-five peses, at 150 to the dollar. Change at the border and you can buy almost 300 pesos for the dollar.

KANTOR: Things are very relative, aren't they?

ZACK: I haven't made love to a woman...for years. It seems like never.

KANTOR: Yet you've had...how many children?

ZACK: That was a long time ago.

KANTOR: Don't worry. There'll come a time that all these years will seem like as many hours.

ZACK: I suppose so. That second classtrain trip I took last week, to get back from a luxurious hot springs vacation that lasted a day that seemed like a week, took twelve hours that seemed like twelve years. That reminds me; when I met Lyle Lee I thought he'd be about 35, but he was only 18.

KANTOR: Where did you meet Lyle Lee?

ZACK: Well, I met him in the pages of the NEW BREED magazine. And then I met him in jail, up at Prince Albert.

KANTOR: I suppose Prince Albert is the second biggest city in Saskatchewan, with Regina, the first, named after his wife, Queen Victoria.

ZACK: Actually, P.A. is third, after Saskatoon, which is named after a berry. Lyle advertised he would write a poem or song on any subject, to order. I asked him to write a song on the order of "Quinn the Eskimo in Saskatchewan." He wrote back asking "Who is this Quinn the Eskimo?" I wrote, "A character in a song by Bob Dylan." He replied, "Who is this Bob Dylan you talk about?"

KANTOR: Did you tell him it was me?

ZACK: Actually I met Lee a couple of years before I came to Budapest. He was part of the Art Cause company when our gallery was still in the barber shop in the Champs Hotel, where it had in office that used to be occupied by the manager.

KANTOR: What did you tell him about Bob Dylan?

ZACK: I told Lyle Dylan was an American singer and composer. He send me more than a thousand poems. They were all songs about the lot of his people, the mixed breeds, neither Indian nor white but their own culture, English and French and Indian, spread across the northern border of Canada, not the border of Canada with Alaska and the northern seas, but at the point where the roads end and the wilderness begins.

When a Metis marries, five hundred people will come.

Most Metis are drunks. A lot go to jail.

Lyle started communicating to me with collages once he'd sent the poems.

I got to thinking of him as one of the great mail artists, even though he was a kid in a jail for breaking into a gas station in a tiny village on the borderline of Saskatchewan and the thousand mile forest that stretches to Hudson's Bay.

Anyway, I went to bat for Lyle by offering him a job with the Art Cause Company. He was released from jail, and moved into a boarding house that filled up with other people who'd been in jail.

About that time Patrick Ready came along.

KANTOR: You mean the Patrick Ready from the Western front, the H.P. Patrick Ready that does radio programs with Hank Bull, the one who works with technology now, the giant with the limp, close to seven feet tall?

ZACK: Yes, that's the one. Patrick was coming back from extensive travel, back to Vancouver and the Western Front and all that. He passed by the Art Cause Barber Shop gallery and saw a picture of a one man band in Los Angeles that Lowell Darling took over to see. It made Patrick feel right at home. Lyle had just moved into the boarding house, where he lined the walls of his room with TV sets that didn't work. Patrick moved in to the top floor. At the time Ruth and the kids and I were still in public housing.

KANTOR: What did you do for Lyle besides get him out of jail?

ZACK: The least I could. I called him the Metis Poet, and he liked that well enough to keep using it. And I sent some of his poems to John Bennett, Mr. Sensitive, in Columbus, Ohio, and he printed a book of them.

KANTOR: What happened to Lyle?

ZACK: He was hired by the Metis Society to be an organizer, at a good salary, about two thousand dollars a month in 1977 or 78. The last I heard of him I was proofreading in Calgary. The first book of legal cases I proofread had a case from Percupine Plain, where two Metis men were proved to have been drunk when they shot a gas station owner in the throat, so their sentences were reduced from ten years to five. Lyle Lee testified they had been at his house the night before the shooting, drunk, but had started taking revolution, which made him sick, so he asked them to leave.

I could visualize the house Lee was talking about, since I drove up to visit it.

It was filled with liquor bottles full of brown amber liquid, much as Lyle's room in that boarding house in Regina was lined with television sets that didn't work.

"Sugar water," Lyle explained to me.

KANTOR: Do you consider Lyle a great correspondent?

ZACK: I proposed him to Mike Crane as the greatest correspondent, and never heard from Mike again. I don't know whether Lyle made it into Mike's book, or if I did either. Lyle corresponded with Ackerman long enough for Ackerman to clarify he was dealing with a different scam than Lyle. I don't know if Lyle Lee could be a great international correspondent, because of his involvement in the community of Metis. I know he set up correspondence art shows in the small communities where he worked as an organizer. But he couldn't get too gay and maintain his position with his people, a position not so different from being a gang leader. To make the jump outside the hierarchy, outside all hierarchies, is really essential to being a great mail artist. The rest are doing some other kind of thing, politics, cultism, religion, sports. I always thought for you to meet Lyle would be a great thing. Perhaps as the popstar Monty Cantain it'll happen you'll make that leap which you couldn't make during your days as a penniless artist, before your blood's

~~was about to give up toward the million mark.~~
 Are there a million Lyle Lees, or a thousand? I know, in the whole world? I know there's only one Zack, one Kantor. I'm not sure with Lyle, any more than I am with Eric Lee.

KANTOR: I thought you were tired and wanted to get some shut-eye.

ZACK: I guess so. I'll tell you about Eric in the morning. Eric the Marxist. The troubador of the borderland. In fact if you were to ask me what I learned from Lyle Lee, and what I learned from Eric Lee, I'd have to tell you I learned a lot from Eric Lee. Of course Lyle Lee opened the way to giving me my first chance to use color television.

KANTOR: You talk about these other people, but finally, Dave, you are talking about yourself as artist, aren't you?

ZACK: Tired artist. See you in the morning.

INTERVIEW -19-

KANTOR: Rust never sleeps, they say.

ZACK: Good for a popstar to know. Of course with an open one, it's electronic energy that never sleeps.

KANTOR: Eric Lee! Who is he?

ZACK: I'll tell you in the morning.

KANTOR: Morning for you. Ah, there are no shadows in heaven.

ZACK: No shadows in heaven? Winona McKeagh said that when I was interviewing her for TALKING FACES in Victoria. She said after her husband died (he was 90 and she was 40 at the time) she saw a vision of him with his entire family, including dogs and horses, without any shadows, so she knew they were all in heaven, and it proved to her that animals have souls.

KANTOR: Yes, well, for electronic being there is no night or day.

ZACK: My God! Kantor! There you are! And you seem brighter, somehow.

KANTOR: Over the years since I last saw you, technology has made steady improvement.

ZACK: Years? But, hm, we stopped interviewing at midnight and now it's ah 10:53. Almost 11 in the morning. I got up and read a bit of Lebsang Rampa, then I had a shower. My first hot shower here in three months. We finally got some little gas tanks in because the road's been broken up to put in bigger water pipes so the poor people can have running water and that's made it so the big gas truck couldn't get in to fill our stationery tank. But we got these little tanks, got them soldered together, and then finally our water tank filled up to the point where the hot water flows, and I had a shower. Hm, the gas stove is working again. A bit impractical to warm coffee water on an outdoor fireplace in the rain let me tell you. Ah, I forgot my coffee. Excuse me while I go get it.

KANTOR: None for me, thanks.

ZACK: You never were one for coffee.

KANTOR: God damn Maris Kundzins.

ZACK: Uh, hm, Maris Kundzins, eh?

KANTOR: He's been traveling in Africa and the Arab countries, claiming to be the original Monty Cantsin. Only he calls it Cantsins, with an s. Don't know if people notice the difference.

ZACK: Yes, that was how the name came out. Maris and I were in Portland. We'd been working with that Xerox 3107, that does big copies and makes reductions. We were making these giant folios, monster folios and dinosaur folios we called them. And one night Maris got to feeling around with the tape recorder, singing songs in Latvian about toilets and traffic. I guess Latvian is mainly used for songs about flowers and stuff like that. Same as the old Latvian artists are very big on still lives with flowers and fruits.

KANTOR: With Hungarians is more gypsy women. Go on, please.

ZACK: Yes well we decided to make a popstar out of Maris. But being an artist it had to be an open popstar. That is, anyone who wanted could assume the personality of the popstar. So this open popstar would be the most talented in history, more talented than Elvis Presley and Frank Sinatra and ah Sal Mineo and even Ry Coe all rolled together in one. And we were kind of mouthing Maris Kundzins' name and it came out Monty Cantsins. Then we got to saying Can't Sin, and Can't Sing and quite a few other things, like Cant Sounds to give the impression this popstar could be a thief as well as a saint. And as soon as we made up the name we rolled it around some more and it was as close to Istvan Kanter as it was to Maris Kundzins. Monty Cantsins, Monty Cantsins, Maris Kundzins, Istvan Kanter.

KANTOR: Ah, I see, I see. And you sent me something in the mail.

ZACK: Of course. We're mail artists, aren't we? We sent you a postcard, saying "You are Monty Cantsins, the open popstar."

KANTOR: Yes, and I became Monty Cantsin, did I not? I gave my blood, and led the Neoists, formed them and melded them, brought them into being with all the force of my charismatic popstar personality.

ZACK: I could see the first time I met you in Hungary that you were the quintessence of the popstar. Popstars have always been special to me, growing up the son of a symphony conductor the way I did. To me they stand for rebellion and acceptance, revolution and social success, simultaneously, and . . . a whole lot of other things at the same time.

KANTOR: He is active in the Arab Countries, and in Africa, this Monty Cantsin. Everywhere I go, to sing Neoist songs and perform with the doctors operating, and to sell my blood, by the drop mind you, by the fucking drop, there is this Maris Kundzins, claiming to be Monty Cantsin.

ZACK: Really? And what does he do?

KANTOR: Sings songs about flowers, in Latvian. And he has this son, called Marie.

ZACK: Certainly not a typical Latvian name, but I met him in Seattle. He's OK. His father, I mean Maris, was doing his concrete slab gallery there then.

KANTOR: Concrete...

ZACK: He was showing works of art on this slab of concrete in his backyard, and making Super 8 movies of the things going on there.

KANTOR: In Seattle?

ZACK: Seattle, yes. One thing about Maris is he moves very slow, or at least he used to. Why, when he was in Portland he was on his way to visit San Diego. He spent a week in Portland with Barbara Vogel, where Ruth and Zeke and Rose and Jesse and I were staying on Gantenbein Avenue...hm, it was just a little before Zoa Lilly was born. She was the only one of our five children born outside Canada, you knew...yes, and we did those folies, and sent you that card, Kantor, and then Maris and Barbara went to San Diego and stayed a year. They met the Analog lady and her friend on the way, and they started doing the same kind of long and narrow becks Maris was doing, the kind you have to turn every which way to see what they say.

KANTOR: You imply that in a year this Kundzins-Cantsins, ah, reduplicated himself, as a woman.

ZACK: Kind of, not exactly. Kind of. Yes, Kantor, you could say that, I suppose.

KANTOR: Because this is what is happening now. There is not one other Cantsin or Cantsins, but many Montys, practically ever-running the Arab Countries and the region to the south, where all the black people live.

ZACK: Yes? Hm, well, if they all are blond like Maris they must be making quite a hit there. I know they'd go over big in Mexico and Latin America.

KANTOR: Songs aboutflowers, mind you. And he does not sell blood.

ZACK: No? What do they sell, then?

KANTOR: Nothing. I think they do not sell anything, these Monty Cantsins.

ZACK: And they're worrying you, these open popstars.

KANTOR: Open popstar, open shmepstar! I am Monty Cantsin. I am Monty Cantsin.

ZACK: When you started out you said Jimmy Carter, and

that Russian leader, who was he? Kruschev, Kesygin? That they were all Monty Cantsin. I remember you doing it in Portland - it was an amazing performance. You were there by yourself, and you practically made it sound as if all these guys were Monty Cantsin.

KANTOR: Yes, yes, I remember it well. We sang together, do you remember: We're Monty Cantsin's Internationale Street Myth Blues Band..eh yes, we are, and we'll go far.

ZACK: Internationale Street Myth Blues Band....

KANTOR: Oh yes, we are. And we'll go far.

ZACK: But this Kundzins, he's giving you trouble.

KANTOR: For years now, I come to a town, and advertise, and when I appear people point at me and say, You are not Monty Cantsins?

ZACK: For years: has all this happened since I saw you last night?

KANTOR: Last night was 1983. I have been between there and 1985, while you were sleeping, and reading that book, what was it?

ZACK: Lobsang Rampa. The Cave of the Ancients.

KANTOR: Is it about Tibetan Buddhists?

ZACK: Well yes. This young kid is the reincarnation of a great old Tibetan wise man, see? And he has a mission to go to the west and teach about auras, so everyone can see an aura and know about what a person is really like, see?

KANTOR: Yes, and reading that book, and taking your hot shower, and drinking your coffee.

ZACK: Yes, yes.

KANTOR: Did you ever try cold showers, Dave?

ZACK: Fuck no.

KANTOR: Yes, well in this time, I have been traveling not just to the cities with their galleries and museums, but to villages, to perform around camp fires and in the tents of desert sheikhs...

ZACK: How many women, Kantor?

KANTOR: Since this Kundzins-Kantor, Dave, not a one. They laugh at my dark hair and bloodletting. They buy my blood because they hear it's the thing to do, but as for believing I am Monty Cantsin, this Kundzins with his blond hair and flower songs and little drum has their minds in confusion.

ZACK: Ah so. And when the ladies' minds are confused, they become anxious about their bodies.

KANTOR: I don't know exactly what magic this Latvian has been using.

ZACK: Latvian magic, probably. They melt down lead soldiers and pour the lead into a reflective pool of charmed water. Then they cast spells for whatever they want, such as ~~the~~ gold and love...

KANTOR: And do they get them?

ZACK: I'm not sure whether they get them, or just think they do. You know Maija Woof was Latvian.

KANTOR: Maija Woof? Your wife in the Nut days in San Francisco. I remember. Did she cast spells on you?

ZACK: No, she's an artist. But her mother was always a great one for that old magic. She cast spells for immortality, success...

KANTOR: You are a kind of an expert on this magic, then, this Latvian magic that Kundzins uses.

ZACK: I know enough about it to know when to run away from it.

KANTOR: Perhaps I should just quit Monty Cantsins, leave the field to Kundzins and his reduplications.

ZACK: You could take Dr. Ackerman's advice, and go in for that other kind of Neicism, you know, Sal Mineeism.

KANTOR: Paul Anka-neicism. No, no, Sal Mi -neicism sounds better. Who are these Latvians?

ZACK: They lived in wooden houses that never burned down, until the Nazis burned them down and chased them out.

KANTOR: Victims of the Nazis, eh? Just like so many Hungarians.

ZACK: Maija grew up in a castle, that is, in one room of a castle with 50 other Latvians guarded by British soldiers with real rifles.

KANTOR: No wonder she became a modern artist.

ZACK: No wonder I had to get her a castle so she could paint murals inside and outside of it and turn it into Rainbow House.

KANTOR: Yes, well, maybe I'll just quit being Monty Cantsin and leave the field to this Kundzins.

ZACK: Monty, it's 11:36. I should be in Mexico City by two to meet with the mimes and help accelerate their art movement. Then at 5 I have a couple tickets to see the Cuban National Ballet. I want to make a comparison between what the Cubans do with dance

and the Mexican Folklore ballet that I saw last week.

KANTOR: Ah yes, the Communists and the, the what?

ZACK: The Mexicans.

KANTOR: You want to see who is more like Neoists.

ZACK: Yes, exactly. But also I took some photos of these mines and I want to do what I can to help their movement along. Two people relating directly to 500 is pretty amazing.

KANTOR: Maybe they're the real Neoists.

ZACK: They need a magazine without words.

KANTOR: That would be very international.

ZACK: Words are always a temptation, of course, particularly for me.

KANTOR: I'm often tempted to use Hungarian.

ZACK: Well, look, why don't we have another cup of coffee, while I put this magazine together, and then go to Mexico? I bought a couple of tickets last week, just in case. They told me the Cuban National Ball t would be very popular and besides tickets cost less than half the price of tickets for the Mexican Folkloric Ballet.

KANTOR: I could hang outside the window of the bus like a U.F.O., but to get inside the Palace of Fine Arts is more than I can manage with the equipment Neoist Headquarters has made available for me today. Perhaps next time you go I can come the size of your thumb with hundreds of electronic duplicates.

ZACK: Maybe so. Well, have fun wherever you go. Say hello to Maris Kundzins if you see him, O.K. See you when I get back.

KANTOR: We have been making surprising progress in our interview for such ramblers. I think there are only about 21 questions left of the original 25.

ZACK: Good. I love interviews. But I also love art movements. My God, you're flickering out.

KANTOR: Must conserve energy at this time of crisis.

ZACK: I'm not sure about that. Oppulence is the greatest comfort, you know.

KANTOR: Live oppulently then, with your color photos. Paste them up right. Use the letra-set with abandon. Remember, not too many words.

ZACK: Neoism, and Sal Mineoism. Neoism, and Sal Mi-Neoism.

KANTOR: You told me about Lyle Lee, the Metis poet...

ZACK: A popstar type. A guitar player.

KANTOR: But you didn't say much about Eric Lee.

ZACK: No, I didn't did I. Eric. A Maoist. Another leader of his people.

KANTOR: A popstar?

ZACK: Eric sang for me once or twice. I could never understand the words. But it was really good, if you could ever bring the words out. Last time I saw him he was hitching west. He lost most of his teeth.

KANTOR: I am Monty Cantsin.

ZACK: Kundzins was first.

KANTOR: I am Monty Cantsin!

ZACK: I better go off and see these Mimes and that Cuban ballet. Take it easy. See you later.

ZACK: KANTOR! Still here? Or, back again? My God, it's been about two weeks. Look how dim my typewriter ribbon has gotten. I've written about a hundred letters; here, let me see. You want to know who I've been doing correspondence with?

KANTOR: Actually, Dave, that was one of my original questions for you: who do you correspond with?

ZACK: Well, first and longest, all the Ackerman personalities: Dr. Al Ackerman, the agent for everyone, the quintessential fan club director...

KANTOR: Really like that word, quintessential. What does it mean?

ZACK: I'm not sure. Pure essence of, I guess. Maybe impure essence of. Anyway, essential for effective correspondence.

KANTOR: What are these fan clubs you talk about?

ZACK: Very important in science fiction. They got to be called fandoms, like the old Egyptian kingdoms. First fandom, second fandom, up to five back when the idea was made up in the fifties. They got behind the great science fiction writers, developed their own publications, had conventions, and a lot of the best science fiction writers started as fans. It's like thinking of the great science fiction writers, Van Vogt and Heinlein and uh Ray Bradbury, Clifford Simak, Algis Budrys and so on, as the energizers of this tremendous movement, and the fans as more than just readers, but people actively involved in the movement, creating the superstructure. I saw one scifi fan publication from 1946 that actually had right margins justified, done on a manual typewriter. No mean feat.

KANTOR: From your view, Dave, would you say Neoism is a fan club?

ZACK: Well, Istvan, Steve, whoever you are now...

KANTOR: All of those, and more besides. If Neoism isn't a fan club, what is it?

ZACK: Well, of course it is a fan club for Monty Cantsin. But Monty Cantsin is an open character..how many Monty Cantsins are there where you've been lately?

KANTOR: In the 19 days since we were last conversing here, Dave, I've actually traveled to a number of other systems besides the one where we meet, here in Tepoztlan. And in fact the number of Monty Cantsins, open popstars, cultural disorganizers, focuses of true art energy, is something to express as a percentage of total individuals in any system, rather than a finite number.

ZACK: Ah. Yes, well if you'd chosen to develop yourself as a character with a very important idea, and be on the top of a pyramid of people promulgating that idea, Steve, Neoism could be a cult like Scientology, and you'd be a cult leader like L. Ron Hubbard, with a yacht in the Mediterranean.

KANTOR: I'm sorry, I don't know what you're talking about. Who's this Hubbard? Scientology, hm, sounds very interesting as a word. A religion based on science. But of course we've always been beyond the lies of science.

ZACK: Yes, of course. No, Istvan, I have to agree with it when you make it clear Neoism is Neoism and no other thing.

KANTOR: There are entities in the unknown universe that never heard of Istvan Kantor or Neoism.

ZACK: Does that bother you, buddy?

KANTOR: Well, maybe sometimes. But not really. I'm my own greatest fan. I don't need fans. But I can see how those science fiction fan clubs were a very important step on the way to the development of correspondence by Dr. Ackerman and others.

ZACK: Science fiction became very popular. Then it became very successful.

KANTOR: You mean to make money?

ZACK: Yes, that. But mainly to spread ideas, to change people's way of living.

KANTOR: It must be changing all the time to live at all.

ZACK: Hey, I got your record.

KANTOR: My record. You mean...Neoist Songs?

ZACK: Quite a record, boy. Beautiful synthesizer work on it, a real union of man and machine. Not too assertive on your vocal or the songs you put on that disc.

KANTOR: I remember it. It wasn't my first record. You were on my first record.

ZACK: Why, so I was. I got it when I was living at SOAR in the mountains of New Mexico, and left it at a Bahai colony down in a valley nearby with a beast painting by Maija Woof.

KANTOR: Shows how much you care about collectibles.

ZACK: An artifact can transform a culture. Two could be the basis for anew culture.

KANTOR: Somewhere in the mountains of New Mexico are a lot of people who think like Bahai's and look like Maija Woof's beast.

ZACK: With a lot of cross eyes and birds' eyes, many extra legs, all smiling. Yes, well what have you seen happening with elective sculptural surgery in these systems you've been visiting?

KANTOR: You think of it, baby, it's happening someplace. Have you seen my cuckoo clock?

ZACK: Kantor, that's very nice. Where your heart must have been, there's this little door. And a bird comes out of it and sings...

KANTOR: I can control the song. For example, now it's singing BLOOD AND GOLD, from that NEOIST SONGS album.

ZACK: It sure is. I really like the harmony though.

KANTOR: If there wasn't a lot of good harmony happening, none of this would matter.

ZACK: Well, so you have Dr. Ackerman with his publications, kind of egging people on. And The Blaster...

KANTOR: The Blaster, yes. Another Ackerman character. I believe I've met The Blaster in person.

ZACK: A lot of us feel that way about Ackerman characters. He kind of eggs people on, the Blaster does, when they get hot cards and such.

KANTOR: Encourages them to move on, sometimes. I remember once in Portland I was planning to stay another week.

ZACK: Yes. You were visiting Dr. Ackerman, eh?

KANTOR: I left five minutes after saying I thought I'd stay a week.

ZACK: In Houston, I stayed with R.H. Tatum, the computer scientist. He told me he was Ralph Delgado.

KANTOR: Ralph Delgado. Isn't that another Ackerman character, Dave?

ZACK: Kantor, it is. It's the one that sponsored the Ralph Delgado \$25,000 party at the Southwest Cable Center in Portland, where they had wheel barrows of popcorn and played ball with reflected images.

KANTOR: And you actually stayed with him in Houston.

ZACK: No, I didn't, Kantor. I stayed with R.H. Tatum, who said he was Ralph Delgado. But actually, as I learned later from Ackerman, he was never Ralph Delgado, He was only Arthur Turner.

KANTOR: The one who, ah...

ZACK: Yes, the hemorrhoid operation he did on himself with a jacklife in Florida, by the light of a naked bulb in a motel room with greasy walls, is rather famous.

KANTOR: Classical, one could say.

ZACK: With your medical background you probably appreciate that operation better than I do.

KANTOR: Well of course one does develop a certain medical humor, especially when one never really becomes a doctor, but remains associated with the profession.

ZACK: I heard your father was a geneticist.

KANTOR: Yes, this is true, he was a geneticist in Budapest for a time.

ZACK: I was very interested to see that photo of you singing into a microphone with your feet tied into a bow knot.

KANTOR: Better a bow knot than a doughnut, Dave.

ZACK: You look quite young in that photo.

KANTOR: Yes, I was quite young.

ZACK: I also heard you've been seen to assume a full lotus

position in midair, that you were seen to do this about the time that NEOIST SONGS record came out.

KANTOR: It was the biggest 45 rpm record ever made up to that time, so it was very popular. Imagine, a 12 inch 45 rpm record. Would be an incredible collector's item where I've been recently, because I suppose a few million people could live on a plastic disc that size, think it was a world.

ZACK: You don't say. Yes, well I thought Dr. Ackerman was the real entity for years, until one day he showed me his driver's license and it said Will Hogg Greathouse on it.

KANTOR: An old Texas political family was called Greathouse. I heard about that. There was this governor, Will Hogg, who named his daughters Ima Hogg, and Ura Hogg. They have an art collection in Houston.

ZACK: Ima Hogg left a museum to keep her collection in. It has a lot of antique Americana, and a lot of fabulously valuable French impressionist paintings.

KANTOR: Yes. So this is Ackerman.

ZACK: There's some question if it is. The real question is whether Ackerman is the puppet, and Greathouse the master, or if it's the other way around.

KANTOR: I used to have that trouble with Monty Cantsin, until there got to be so many Monty Cantsins.

ZACK: I have another good correspondence going now.

KANTOR: Oh?

ZACK: Yes.

KANTOR: Who is she?

ZACK: Ackerman's also corresponding with her. She threatens to tear off his scrotum. He pretends to be a haystack whose bite is fatal to werewolves.

KANTOR: Amazing.

ZACK: Got some interesting mail from Tentatively a Convenience in Baltimore recently. Seems he's invented a character called Tim Ore, out to make New York a suburb of Baltimore.

KANTOR: We met in Baltimore.

ZACK: The time travelers. The Krononuts.

KANTOR: I fell in love there, in Baltimore.

ZACK: Yes, interestingly enough, with DavA Presslor.

KANTOR: Do you like flaming foods?

ZACK: That's a good question.

KANTOR: It's one of the original group I meant to ask you.

ZACK: Let me see, it's Number 16.

KANTOR: 16, of 29. We're not doing too badly, even if you did take 19 days off.

ZACK: Once I ate some flaming Chinese shish kebab. It was in Baltimore, with Bonnie Bonnelle.

KANTOR: Ah, yes, Bonnie Bonnelle. She has another name...

ZACK: A mail name, yes. Ma..ma...

KANTOR: Manette Letter.

ZACK: Yes, well Ms. Letter and I went to a Szechuanese restaurant. It was my last day in Baltimore after a month working with the Krononuts, the time travelers, Little did they realize...

KANTOR: I had the same feeling. Little did they realize I was actually a traveler from another time and dimension. So I broke windows.

ZACK: I remember you walking through one. I was the one who...

KANTOR: Bought a replacement. You almost have to be from another dimension to do a practical thing like that in the art world...

ZACK: Are there still art worlds in the different systems you've been traveling to in the last 19 days?

KANTOR: Or 19,000 years. Yes, of course. Yes, I have to say there are. For a lot of entities there, art is the only thing to do or be. Strange but true. Very peculiar indeed in fact that art should remain so important and keep getting more important.

ZACK: Did you think of that when you started Neoism with all those Canadian art grants?

KANTOR: At the time I was working in a toothbrush factory. Yes, well, there's not much wrong with art or artists - it's the art historians that keep getting it all wrong.

ZACK: Bonnie said to me, just let the heat soak into you. Don't fight it. Don't resist it.

KANTOR: There in the restaurant.

ZACK: Yes, it was real flaming food. She was egging me on like Blaster. Suddenly I was playing my cello. There were dozens of people there, maybe hundreds. It was on the back porch of the Greenway mansion, the one in the row of three great old stone mansions where the Krononuts were. There was someone behind me with a tiny speaker like a transistor radio, making his guitar talk. And there was this girl that kept darting forward at my feet as if to lick my toes. Flutes, and talk, and dancing figures. It was this cello I'd just gotten that day, traded it for an old Bouzouki I bought in Calgary. Not a large cello, rather a three-quarters size one with geared pags.

KANTOR: You always seem to have an instrument in your hands of some kind, a cello, or a guitar or a flute.

ZACK: Hey, that's another of the questions you meant to ask - no 18 in fact.

KANTOR: Backward, forward, it doesn't matter among the Neoists.

ZACK: Well, it's true, I do.

KANTOR: You'd rather sing than talk.

ZACK: I'm singing now. You are too.

KANTOR: It must have been beautiful music.

ZACK: I went to the airport alone.

KANTOR: What happened there?

ZACK: The man said if I wanted to take the cello I'd have to buy a seat for it.

KANTOR: Did you have the money?

ZACK: I had a thousand dollars waiting for me in Edmonton, Alberta, an advance on a book called KIDS AND SPORTS I'd agreed to do with a psychiatrist, Dr. Robbie Campbell. But I said, well, let's put it in the luggage compartment. It was the roughest flight I was ever on. When I got to Winnipeg I had to change planes. My suitcase came but the cello didn't come and didn't come. When it finally did come, its neck was broken.

KANTOR: Oh.

ZACK: It seemed quite terrible to me at the time. When I got to Edmonton I rented a car and took it to a store

where I bought a paper and looked at the For Rents. The first I saw was to manage a rooming house, and get a small apartment without its own bath at 10% discount. The back Indian landlord put me up in a terrible basement for three days until I could move into the suite. During those three days I took the cello to be repaired. In a few weeks it was ready and I've played it quite a lot.

KANTOR: Flaming food does strange things sometimes. Do you kill animals?

ZACK: What?

KANTOR: Question 25...do you ever kill animals?

ZACK: I got a lot more interested in the inhabitants of the apartment house, the rooming house I mean to say, than I could be in the psychiatrist. Some were from Montreal. Some were from Newfoundland. Newfies...I never knew them before. Natural anarchists. Those were the first people I ever saw do alcohol at the same time as LSD. They were always on hashish.

KANTOR: Do you take drugs?

ZACK: What?

KANTOR: Question 13. Do you take drugs?

ZACK: I can see why it'd be question 13, after my experience with those Newfies. There was also a bunch of old Albertans and guys from Ontario. Rented rooms, Kantor. What places those are. I was trying to organize the people to take over the house. The Irishman who sold it to the Indian ended up taking it back on a day when it was 30 below zero. I'd been organizing small boys and girls to deliver advertising leaflets but the cold and three feet of snow slowed that operation. Ackerman or rather Blaster had made me see the psychiatrist was really just a mini-psychiatrist even though he was a football player, and also through my literary agent, Joanne Kellock, I met Isabelle Foord so what happened was I got on a bus to Victoria. In the morning I began working with Dave Shebib there, the chameleon candidate for mayor who was suing the city for two years of its budget, for saying he'd withdrawn from the race. No, that's not right, Dave was suing the newspaper, the Colonist, for the city budget for the complete mayoral term, for saying he'd withdrawn from the race. It was the other chameleon candidate, John Currie, who'd actually withdrawn. Hm, Shebib, and Ed Novicki. Ed Novicki.

KANTOR: Who is Ed Novicki, Dave?

ZACK: I'm sending a tape to Lomholt. The man sings and talks 24 hours a day. Has for a number of years.

KANTOR: A Neoist?

ZACK: A Novicki. Hm, sounds quite similar.

KANTOR: Does he kill animals?

ZACK: Who?

KANTOR: This Ed Novicki, the man that talks and sings 24 hours a day.

ZACK: Always improvising. It's really quite amazing. I'm trying to involve two important correspondents with Ed. One is Steve Steele, the other Gerald E. Jupiter-Larsen.

KANTOR: Oh yes, a real Monty Cantain type, the second one.



ZACK: What are the people who aren't Monty Cantsin types?

KANTOR: Oh. Hm, ah, Lion Laser types. Oz types. Pete Horobin, Lomholt, Peter Below, ah Vittore Baroni types. Your rare Anna Banana type. Few Beke Laszlos.

ZACK: He's the one who introduced us. The one I sent the biography of the advertising man who invented Miss America contests to, who said to be rich you have to act rich...

KANTOR: Yes, I have found this to be true, though the truth is that advertising man and I probably have quite different ideas about what being rich is.

ZACK: You might think so, but can you be sure? Anyhow I believe Beke sent it around Eastern Europe. I got it back after a couple of years. All this happened before

I met you.

KANTOR: This Steve Steele, would I know him?

ZACK: Maybe as Sleeze or Sleaze. I never use that name any more.

KANTOR: It is very famous in the different systems.

ZACK: Among the skirkists, no doubt. And the hebephrenics. I've been thinking a lot about that twenty-fifth question, about killing animals.

KANTOR: Is no longer problem with me.

ZACK: No? I remember along with being a yoga you were a vegetarian in Portland. Made it easy to feed you.

KANTOR: Electronic entities can do anything at all that they imagine, eat any gourmet food, meat, potatoes, shrimp, rattlesnake, it doesn't matter.

ZACK: Doesn't matter? Well, what do you eat?

KANTOR: Electronic vegetables.

ZACK: I had a fine correspondent in England, Michael Leigh. He stopped corresponding with me when I told him I wasn't a vegetarian. Then I became a vegetarian. At least I quit eating meat. I still eat eggs, milk, and insects.

KANTOR: What kind of insects?

ZACK: Shrimp, crayfish, you know?

KANTOR: This could be interesting. No, in the electronic state a person does what was done in the meat state.

ZACK: Meat state?

KANTOR: Where you are. Everyone wants to get there. So they get behind different correspondents who are actually in the meat state, and help them out every way they can. Eventually the idea is they become the correspondents, and go back to the meat state, and develop toward the electronic state again.

ZACK: Do you still make love a lot?

KANTOR: In the electronic state, just the thought does it. Correspondents often learn this in certain of their correspondences.

ZACK: I refuse to believe that's enough.

KANTOR: Just as well. In the meat state, sex is a major impulse. In the different systems, there are other, more important impulses.

ZACK: For a while I was corresponding with you. I tend to talk with them instead.

KANTOR: Are you religious? No, we've answered that already.

Are you afraid of death? Well, I've answered that for us all. There is no death, only shifts from the different systems and then back into the meat world. No death. We are all immortal friends.

ZACK: If I didn't believe that I'd quit doing correspondence and build the stone walls myself instead of paying people to do it.

KANTOR: Were you ever a member of a political party, or organization?

ZACK: I support Lowell Darling's efforts to do away with politics by making everyone president.

KANTOR: What is your slogan?

ZACK: Now's right.

KANTOR: Now's right? Or "now write"?

ZACK: Yes, all.

KANTOR: What are your future plans?

ZACK: Hm, let's relax a bit before going into that one. What number is it?

KANTOR: 22. It's the last typed out question.

ZACK: Yes, I feel like a bite to eat before I take that one on. It's as good as the first question, the question we started with, the one about Nut Art.

KANTOR: I think I see a flaming iron!

ZACK: In the future - you say what are my future plans?

KANTOR: What did you have for supper?

ZACK: I sauteed two sliced zucchinis in butter on both sides, steamed them all for a while, and ate them slowly. I heated water for a shower, soaped myself well, and on the way out to the UNESCO STUDIOGALLERY passed through the kitchen and ate five salty round crackers.

My future plans are to build stone houses on this land, a bath house with large hot tub in it, outside kitchen and laundry, and at present two stone studio buildings, one four by five meters, one six by eight.

You're curious about correspondence, about my future plans in art, my plans as a Neoist.

These all depend completely on other people. Learning how to pay attention to other people has really been the main thing I've worked on in correspondence. Getting other people to pay attention to me is the easiest possible consequence of getting to the point where I could listen and pay attention to them. Having the experience of people actually being interested in me and paying attention to me has been a wonderful thing, which could only happen in correspondence. Paying attention to other people preceded it. All the people I correspond with have this facility, this ability to work and play both ways.

I suppose in a sense everybody has this ability. Often it's very undeveloped. It's very easy for a person to be discouraged that anyone will ever pay attention, and to pass this discouragement on by discouraging other people. Those of us who can correspond have this challenge of involving other people in the game.

I mean, you can be saying, hi, how are you, what are you doing, I'm... and a person says, Hm, sorry, I have to hurry off, there's this bomb I need to supervise, the enemy may attack any minute and if I'm not there it

could mean the end of civilization as we know it here on earth today. Such a person isn't really interested in corresponding, you could say. If you could find out how to get all people involved that way so they were really interested in corresponding on an open basis with other people, then how could there be more wars?

KANTOR: Of course in the other systems there are no wars, only correspondence.

ZACK: Of course. But that's not here. What interesting times we live in. Of course the bombs are just one point ~~at~~ issue, one thing to think about. I actually live with a woman who was going to a social engagement in the nearest town, and someone in the bus with her who she knew was dying, and she went on to the social engagement.

KANTOR: The only social engagements Neoists have seem to be performances. There's something about a performance that makes it a real privilege to be there. However I don't know any Neoists who'd miss being of help in a time of important change just to be at one.

ZACK: Yet think how much correspondence it takes to bring another person to that view.

KANTOR: Do you have . . . enemies?

ZACK: I thought I didn't, until this magazine that was printing my poems for ten years got a new editor who told me my poems were just like everyone else's so she couldn't use them any more. Then I realized there are two families of people who want the land I'm living on, and the money I'm using, and that they must be enemies too. I thought things over and realized there've been quite a few people in my life who've seemed interested in having me do things in some certain way rather than encouraging me to find out for myself how I wanted to do them. This starts with my father teaching cello, goes on to various teachers, bosses - all these people have been my enemies. And I'll probably have more enemies as this life goes on.

KANTOR: Do you hate your enemies, David?

ZACK: Well, as for that editor, I just wrote the Blaster when I meet her I want to kick her in the groin and rip the mask off her face with my fingernails. As for the rest, I never hated them while it was happening. I thought they were probably right and me wrong, that I was making mistakes and should try to learn how to avoid doing that. But gradually I can see they were just enemies. What I want to do is use correspondence to go back and set them right, so that they either retire from the field or start encouraging people like me instead of discouraging us.

KANTOR: You say, Use correspondence?

ZACK: Yes. Well, sure. I mean, fun and games are fine yet basically the ones that aren't useful are just mockery and do more harm than good.

KANTOR: What do you think of mail art?

ZACK: I think it can be useful to introduce a lot of people

to correspondence, to get them started corresponding. Just the shows, that prove there is something called mail art; well, they serve a social purpose but are very frustrating to people who are actually aiming to use the mail in a practical way, as their art, or neoism we might say.

Actually I see correspondence as a full-time activity for all people to whom it's natural, or can get to be natural. People who are natural media-watchers are bound to find their satisfaction staring at some aspect of correspondence, whether the stories or images I don't know, and staying high.

KANTOR: I take it you don't approve of drugs.

ZACK: Me? Hm some of the best times in my life, making music, making love, wandering in the woods, writing, drawing, happened while I was high.

KANTOR: Do you take drugs?

ZACK: For prevention of disease only.

KANTOR: Do you have regular dreams?

ZACK: Question 23, hm. No. For me there doesn't seem to be any difference between dreaming and thinking. Some people see waking and sleeping in terms of consciousness and the unconscious as a kind of a storehouse where everything you can't think about is sort of bubbling away like an acid stomach. I tend to think I'm semi-conscious all the time. There's nothing I'm awkward about thinking about. People used to tell me there were certain things I couldn't think, but since I became a correspondent and a Neoist it hasn't been that way at all. Anyone who tells me what to think or not to think, why, I just think somewhere else. How about you?

KANTOR: How long a time do you think I spent while you were away eating your zucchini sauteed in butter and those cookies, and taking your shower?

ZACK: I also sat down and read an article on John James Audubon, how he decided in middle life after going broke, having two sons, all that, to produce a book with life size drawings of all the birds in North America, and how he spent twenty years doing it and then sold subscriptions to the four volumes for a thousand dollars apiece, the equivalent of at least ten thousand dollars a piece in our days.

KANTOR: I read for two hundred years.

ZACK: In twenty minutes, eh? Hm, your technology is getting quite advanced. How many times did you make love?

KANTOR: My reading was all the state of total involvement with what I was reading, and who wrote it, which is what we call being in love.

ZACK: How many p-p-p-pages?

KANTOR: It was all transmitted directly into my brain, my electronic brain, and my own thoughts in return were returned in perfect correspondence with the authors of all the works I read.

ZACK: Wow! Man, I wish D.J. were in that kind of communication. I mean D.J. at F.O.M.T., there in Northern Ireland.

KANTOR: A warzone, is it not?

ZACK: Yes, sure it is. And D.J. is there working these jobs which keep getting more responsible. He's in advertising, you know, quite a graphic artist and quite a writer.

KANTOR: I've known this D.J. that you talk about for a thousand years.

ZACK: Well, recently he's been so pressed by work and the new responsibilities, and also since he drives a company car to work instead of taking the bus that he used to write letters on for two hours a day, he's been sending a letter to Ackerman, and Ackerman sends it on to the Cobbs, Jim Cobb and Mappo, you know, who just had this daughter name of Thora John, and then the Cobbs send it from San Antonio to Tentatively a Convenience in Baltimore, and Tentatively sends it on to me. You see what I mean - he's trying to send a personal letter to four persons. And my reaction is to take the letter when I get it and print it up under personal accounts in a publication, in POE TRY, NEO-N OOZE, the N-cycloped~~ia~~, so more people will see it and be able to respond to these personal accounts DJ is writing about these adventures he's going through. Well, for DJ just going to the dentist or the bathroom is a real adventure. I think this is so for a lot of correspondents, but not for all of us. And to learn the trick of telling about adventures; well, it takes a lot of study and exposure as well as the inspiration and the impulse, like getting kicked in the ear by one of the horses that live next door to me here.

KANTOR: I have heard you live in Paradise.

ZACK: Well, I suppose you spent those two hundred years in your Akademgorod.

KANTOR: It has its staircases, its bars, its windows, its woods.

ZACK: Yeah, well, so does Tepoztlan. Ever hear from Eric Findlay, Finally, Finlay, over in Wimbledon?

KANTOR: Is he that enemy of Pete Horobin's, who Pete told mail art is dead when he became a Neocist, and Eric didn't send Pete the OUTSIDE THE OUTSIDER catalogue he was one of fifteen artists in?

ZACK: What a complex sentence, Kantor. You must be reading a lot, to come up with a sentence like that. And how did you learn about Eric and Pete - I thought it was a secret.

KANTOR: I saw an account of it in the book published at the time of the Tate Gallery version of that show, where all the artists are presented as if alive, so anyone can correspond with them.

ZACK: Only it was done electronically, so as not to waste the artists' time?

KANTOR: How did you know? That hasn't happened yet.

ZACK: It's part of my plans for the future.

KANTOR: Do you like to burn things? This is question 27.

ZACK: Living things. From within. To encourage energy to flow in me, and in other people. Otherwise, not much. The one time I saw it happen I could see the value of the myth that was started by the burning, there in Silton, but the only way to bring it through to somewhere I could like was to have four more children with the lady who did the burning, and then to go and live with the lady who she thought made her do it, in the years after it happened. By the way, have you paid my taxes on the monument there in Silton yet, Kantor? It's impossible to

get Canadian funds in Canada now.

KANTOR: Don't worry. Saskatchewan is one of the most artistically active places in the world.

ZACK: Well, I like to take a hand in keeping these different myths going, developing them. I mean, it's my art, like someone else's art might be making ceramic objects. Well, actually myth-making is the most basic thing in correspondence. I mean telling these stories of how we actually went and got different correspondences, new correspondences and the good old ones too, how we got them going.

KANTOR: How important are technological developments in your creation?

ZACK: I beg your pardon?

KANTOR: Technology, how important is it in your creation?

ZACK: Excuse me, I really didn't understand.

KANTOR: It's down here, the next to the last question, number 28. How important are technological developments in your creation?

ZACK: Important enough so I stole an electronic memory typewriter when I was working with Shebib and Novicki in Victoria.

KANTOR: Stole it, eh?

ZACK: It was the only way I could get pay for the work. I used the machine for half a year. It has a little green TV screen the letters pop up on, and remembers about 10 pages at a time, so it will repeat them and make changes you want. And it ah justifies right hand margins, just like the people who did that science fiction fanzine in 1946, but a lot faster.

KANTOR: Pitifully primitive when you consider where we are when outside the meat bodies.

ZACK: Yes, sure, but if people weren't in the meat form, doing Necism and developing ways to use technology, there wouldn't be any other systems where life could survive and thrive.

KANTOR: Life's a dream, sure, but where you are now, it can get quite serious.

ZACK: Those wars to the south are what they are.

KANTOR: As an artist, you have a ticket to ride. You can always get money doing things for mass media.

ZACK: Yes, I have in the past. But it's awfully boring to spend all your time working for dwarves, playing along with dorks, that kind of thing. However things are looking good anyway. I wonder why that is?

KANTOR: You mean, even though you can't count on mass media to support you?

ZACK: Well, very few people can. It's not a very equitable situation when artists have to depend on mass media, because artists also buy them, I mean their magazines, pay television and such.

KANTOR: Up to the point where everyone has what's needed. Then inspiration becomes the problem, until you go electronic.

ZACK: Kantor, could it be that eventually all entities will go electronic?

KANTOR: Funny you should ask that question, since you know the answer and so do I. And yet, these are the most important questions to ask. You never know who might be reading this, or listening to us.

ZACK: Yes, well, here I am. You can't do away with me or

actually get rid of me. You can wall me in, but that won't stop my being here and having been here. I've been in New Orleans, where I was born, and Oklahoma City and North Carolina, where I started talking and writing poetry, and Chicago near the Water Tower where I started school, and in a schoolhouse in Cloverdale, and the houses in Rockford, where I went to grade school and was sixth grade president, my only political office, and then to Lincoln Junior High School which Richard Olson, another active correspondent over the years, recently persuaded me was like spending from 12 to 14 in a dungeon, and then to East High there in Rockford, where I learned about politics, and of course at those schools I was all the time hearing cello music in my head, as I played the cello in the orchestra and took lessons and practiced it.

Then I was at the University of Chicago, and learned to be a mental snob and also about how people in civilization think if they want security. There's a whole lot more to relate to Chicago, but how many correspondents came from there. I only know one, who calls himself HYPE. Jacobs. My God, he's 25 and I'm 45. And yet thinking of him opens a whole world, the world of Carlo Pitoree with ME, and of Steve Random with his Nebulist movement, and Zona, the Frenchman Bernard Banville also there in Greenridge, and what I mean is though I may have only one correspondence connection with my junior high and high school days, and one with my University days, they both open out to a whole world of correspondents in the meat world, and who can say what electronic networks?

KANTOR: Who can say? The ratio's really millions to one.

ZACK: Does this make us important, or not important? I'd say very important, like the people living in Siltan or any tiny village have a kind of balance going that makes each one equal to the usands of people from a big city, New York or London or Mexico City.

Well, then Gwen and I went to Puerto Rico for two years, and Cambridge for a year, and then I worked for the cab union in Chicago and taught at Loop Branch and started that paper and went to Mexico and then San Francisco with Gwen and Rachel, lived in Forest Knolls and started that Pacific Sun Column and that music festival with Fae McNally and Darrell Parker and taught at San Francisco State, the campus and downtown center and Hamilton Air Base and the Presidio Army base, and then we went to Willow Creek south of Big Sur and lived at Arrowhead Mine, and then I was back in San Francisco, not in the Haight but above North Beach, and started to be with Maija, and lived over the Farmer's Market near the ball park and I was teaching at the Art School and doing television and writing for the magazines, but what it mainly was is not to be described by using the name of a place or someplace where a thing I did appeared, like a gallery or museum or TV station or paper or a magazine, but rather it was being with a network of people, a group of people which Maija Wolf actually went and defined as being a particular fifteen people, including her and me.

This was a time when people were demonstrating and talking

about power but all the people I knew, other than students, and of the students I knew they were all doing this thing too, which was making art. I mean knew, rather than broadcast to in the class situations. Well, I mean you have a sense of a net of people you know well and work with, you gradually discover this and realize you're discovering it. It's a very easy process when you let it happen, though if you get your directions from other people, people who have things they want you to do, it's not so easy. But it has to be easy, or it doesn't happen, no matter how good or competent or capable you may be there. ITBs there and could happen, but the help from friends, until this becomes clear and folds all ways, what do you have?

KANTOR: Adventures.

ZACK: I'm looking for a word, neither project nor adventure but covering these things I did after the Nut days.

KANTOR: Neicism.

ZACK: Yes, well, sure. And the way to make it easier is to develop correspondence, using any means available.

KANTOR: They say Telidon will be in every home in Canada by the 1990's.

ZACK: Jim Haining says those dorrespondense devices will be more common than windows.

KANTOR: Obviously, or we wouldn't be doing this, you in - when it is for you, Dave?

ZACK: Hm, September 1st, 1983, and it's 9:21 pm. Ah, yesterday was my son Zeke's birthday.

KANTOR: Up in Calgary with Ruth and Rose and Jesse and Zoa and Opal.

ZACK: Strange but true.

KANTOR: And they all are in the arms of the Mormon church.

ZACK: Sleeping their life away. Nary a letter. Yet my older child, Rachel, actually found her way here, and now Pitorre has gone and taken the photo that was made of us holding hands with a green lightbulb and now it's part of the N-league, the N-art movement going on in New York.

KANTOR: I'd be surprised if the same thing doesn't happen with your other kids, things being what they are in correspondence.

ZACK: You can't count on it. Or can you?

KANTOR: Of course you can, because the way you make it up is the way it actually happens.

ZACK: You're sure of that?

KANTOR: As sure as I am of the fact you've been at this for three weeks and I've been at it for two hundred and twenty two years.

ZACK: Or thousands...

KANTOR: Considering the different systems.

ZACK: What do you think of mass media?

KANTOR: All I think about is Neicism. Mass media will always be the joke part of correspondence. You want to be surrounded by laughter, go for mass media.

ZACK: Who wouldn't want to be, sometimes?

KANTOR: I am Monty Cantsin.

ZACK: I made up Monty Cantsin. I mean, Maris Kundzins and I did.

KANTOR: That Kundzins/Cantsin was very popular in Africa a few hundred years ago.

ZACK: Wonder where he is now. Could he have gone back to Latvia?

KANTOR: He could. If you can imagine it, it's happening in some system.

ZACK: Can you imagine violence?

KANTOR: As a yoga, an electronic yoga, truly not. But you still can.

ZACK: Wonder how I could stop doing it.

KANTOR: As long as you have enemies, it will be impossible to stop hating. You have to love.

ZACK: To love. Well, I guess. Hey, have we covered all the questions?

KANTOR: Let's see...ah, number 17, who are the people you correspond with at the present time?

ZACK: People who write long letters to me, mainly, and I write long letters back to them. A few I have ongoing projects with don't write long letters but we know one another well enough to know what we're working on. . Also people who write me or someone I correspond with a lot, like Ackerman. Some weird mail is coming in, let me tell you. And some very nice mail. Sometimes the two go together. I dunno, who do you correspond with, Kantor?

KANTOR: All Neocists, in any time, place or system. I correspond with all of them. Hm, let's see, flaming food, drugs, religion...

ZACK: I'm still a working minister in the Universal Life Church...

KANTOR:...death, religion, drugs, what kind of food do you prefer?

ZACK: We did that one pretty well, I think.

KANTOR: If you were electronic, what kind of food would you prefer, able to imagine any feast in all the systems, including meat?

ZACK: Heh, heh... A banquet is only good as the company included.

KANTOR: What do you do, living in Mexico? Besides interviews like this?

ZACK: Ah, besides these visits from ah other systems ah I write letters, and talk with people. My parents...well, at 83 my father is, I don't know. Expiating guilt for what he had to do to run a community orchestra? If only I could get him to correspond. And yet, here I am, have been here a year - this is correspondence. And my mother, at 77, with all her words, and yet as we talk she starts talking about the present. I do see age has no meaning, really, except to reveal what a person's life person is.

Then there's the family that works here, Cesario, the King of the World, his wife, and five children. I talk with Cesario yet how to get past the idea he has that what he needs is more work and money from us, with the idea I need peace and want to correspond. Roughly, it's the same old story of correspondence being an adventure for one working to get it started, and something else for a group like we have happening increasingly, using the mail.

I go to the market. Cook. Read books. But mainly now, write letters. Make tapes, improving songs with the cello

and tenor guitar. Do some traveling, get on a bus or train and cover territory, writing letters as I go.

Essentially I'm still living alone. But not alone. I correspond with these people - it keeps getting more interesting. I think they'll be here, and I'll be there, as time goes on.

KANTOR: Here I am. As a meat being, it will be September or October.

ZACK: Best not to make plans. The best things just happen. All these performances, the shows - I wouldn't want to have anything to do with them.

KANTOR: You can live without them. You can live with them. We all have these things we do.

ZACK: Let's see, What is Nut Art? That was the first question. The basic art form for successful artists, this is what it is. The thing is to reach an individual understanding of it, and to practice it, if you want, or oppose it, but best of all to enjoy it. I became a Nut and it's all been good since, this sort of thing. See what I mean?

KANTOR: Neoists all have the Nut in them.

ZACK: Those Canadian companies. Yes, well, Canada, what else is there to do in a place like Canada, the world center of correspondence, there in the frozen north?

How did I get to Budapest? Went. It seems crazy. I'm glad I had that adventure, especially since it got you out, but as for fun and games, give me Tepostlan. There's some better way to travel than the way most artists are traveling now. Why the hell did I start eating that raw meat, anyhow?

Xerox machines, you ask about xerox machines. What primitive pieces of shit they are once you've seen Telidon, and how limited they are to reproduce people's feelings and ideas, and yet where would we be without them?

The Portland days, my memories of you being there with Ackerman and Sims, and Steve Minor. Hey, there's a guy here who cleans the auditorium, reminds me a lot of Steve, Kantor. Steve, meet Steve. Are you Steve Major, and the Steve who was the junkman in Portland Steve Minor? Oh Kantor, what a thing for me to do to you. And you never got to know Booker - the landlord. We have to go into this more sometime, get it right, develop the details of this myth. What did we do together, in Budapest, in Portland, in Baltimore, and that Valentine's Day in Montreal, 30 below zero, when I was on my way from New Mexico to Denmark? What are we actually doing? What myth are we developing, and how does it fit with the myths in our other areas of work?

KANTOR: One time I visited you in Calgary, with Ruth and the kids, and you were an editorial writer on a daily paper!

ZACK: I've always tried to be with the people my adventures sent me too. I tried. But being in one place, basically alone, for a year, caring for people but not having to take some job or be constantly with a bunch of dwarfs or something, geniuses, you know, I start to realize that correspondence has no limits and contains all answers.

KANTOR: I call it Neoism.

ZACK: Thanks for dropping in like this.

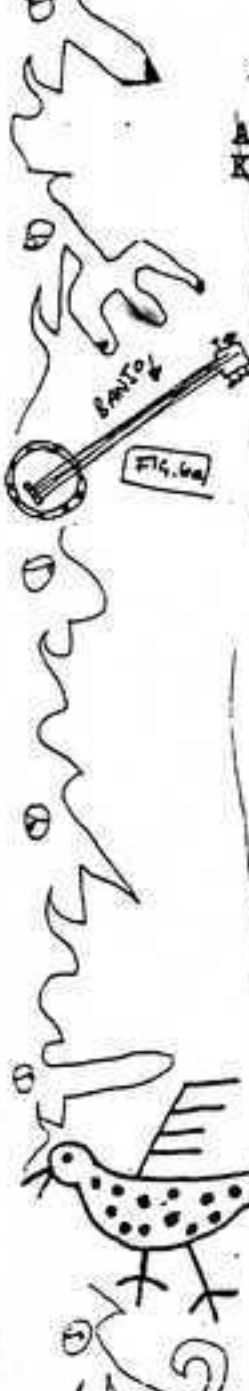
KANTOR: My life is Neoism. This has been a very Neoist experience. Enjoy your life in Neoism.

ZACK: Oh yeah, for sure. Yes. Uh huh. Here, take one of these....



~~WASTED~~ ~~WASTED~~ ~~WASTED~~

ARTISTS IN KANTOR/ZACK INTERVIEW, August, 1983: Istvan Kantor, Monty Cantsin, David Zack, Dave Oz...2: Maija Woof, Jim Dina, Peter Selz, Jim Monte...3: S. Clay Wilson, Dave Gilhooly, Clayton Bailey, Peter Saul, Roy de Forest, Oona De Forest...4: Gerald Gooch, Jerry Burchard, Hayward King, Carol Woda, Ed Ganz, Jim Melchert, Chris Unterseher, Bob Arneson, John Shunnesoh...5: Alan Frumkin...6: the Who, Beatles, Jerry Lee Lewis...7: Bob Dylan, Beke Laszlo, A.E. Van Vogt, E. Mayne Hull, L. Ron Hubbard...8: Artur Caw, Ruth Walsh...9: Niels Lomholt, Bill Vazan, Dr. Al Ackerman...10: Jerry Lewis, John Bennett, Minoy, Eev. Norbert, Robin Crozier...12: Zeke Zack...13: Tom Aussenegg, Willard Carr, Martin Sabek...14: Mr. Peanut, Ric of the Universe, Lowell Darling, Mickey Mouse, Jesus Christ, Opal L. Nations, Regina Rroze Zack, Jesse Art Zack, George Tredigo...15: Isabel Poord, Lyle Lee...17: Patrick Ready...18: Mike Crane, Eric Lee...19: Winona McKeage, Lobsang Rampa, Maris Kundzins...20: Elvis Presley, Sal Mineo, Ry Cooder, ...21: Barbara Vogel, Analog...23: Paul Anka, Cuban National Ballet...24: Mexican Folklore Ballet... 25: Robert Heinlein, Ray Bradbury, Clifford Simak, Algis Budrys...27: The Blaster, R.H. Tatum, Ralph Delgado, Arthur Turner, Dr. Kantor...28: Will Hogg Greathouse, Ima Hogg, Ura Hogg, Tentatively a Convenience, Dava Presslor, Bonnie Bonelle, Manette Letter...D.29: Drr Robbie Campbell...30: Joanne Kellock, Dave Shebib, John Currie, Ed Novicki, Gerald X. Jupiter-Larsen, Stephen Steele...31: Lion Laser, Peter Horobin, Peter Below, Vitoree Baroni, Anna Banana, Michael Leigh...34: John James Audubon D.J. at F.O.M.T.... 35: Jim Cobb, Rhoda Mappo, Theora John, Eric Finlay...37: Richard Olson, J.P. Jacob, Steve Random, Bernard Banville, Gwendolyn Cosmonette Mae Weber Zack Thoele, Fae McNally, Darrell Parker...38: Zoa Zack (lover)



list of artists in KANTOR/ZACK interview, continued:

39: Cesario Tapia...40: Jerry Sims, Steve Minor,
Tom Cassidy, Rachel Oz Thoele.

In Movimiento Mimo Mexicano: Jorge Chanclini,
Humberto Ibarra Amaya, Maestro Cornelio Godinez.

In POE TRY Magazine: Carlo Pitorre, Nancy Brickman,
Snow White Jung, Waclaw Ropiecki, Major Mayo,
Frank C. Robey, Jr., Clark Gable, X Richard Ellsbury,
Horacio Zabala, Hazel Jones, Larry D. Smith, Cracker
Jack Kid, Chuck Berry, Walt Whitman, Mad Dog
Vachon, Andy Warhol, Michael Scott, Hannes Clerico,
Tony Bradley, Opal Eliza Zack, John Shown, Jurgen
O. Olbrich, Jack Ford, Peter Vandenberg, Manual
Neri, Adeliza McHugh, Ted Godwin, Chaw Mank...

This isn't an index, just a list. What if it
were printed in large letters somewhere? I dunno,
but I suppose this might stir talk...

David Zack
2 September, 1983

Cantsin,

this material I've enclosed are answers to the questions you sent me and as you can see I've also included interviews with three people I've worked with or just know as a friend. My answers are in their complete first draft, that is to say I've only made changes to typos I could find and so they remain unchanged. I am most eager to receive a copy of the interviews book as I've not bothered to make a copy of my answers. You will notice that I've asked Stella & Ian ^{questions} you have asked me but which I did not answer and have also asked them questions you did not ask me but which I wish you had. I thought it would be interesting to include answers to questions from someone I know entirely as a friend but who knows Montréal.

As of yet I've not thought about anything to include in the philosophy book. Perhaps it would be easier for me if you were to send me a specific outline you want me to cover that wouldn't be a repetition of what others have already said. Also I want to send a package as a contribution to Apt 6. Really samples of my work and copies of Ark and a booklet I'm working on. The main thing would be audio cassettes with messages or monologues by people in London. But you must guarantee that these cassettes and the ephemera be displayed otherwise it would be a pointless exercise for me to go to trouble and expense of preparing this collective package if it isn't going to be handled appropriately. So I must have your word that you'll reserve at least an hour of festival time for the London package before I send it to you otherwise, as I've said, I don't see the point of sending anything.

Since I've answered your questions two things have changed. The first is that I realize now that I hate Bonspiel and this concerns me. The second is that at last (after two years) I've met a young lady that I feel strongly about. We met at a party in Fulham x and sat on the kitchen draining board for hours talking until I suggested we leave together. Anyway I'm not sure whether my lack of love over the past two years has finally compelled me to take action but I do know I haven't felt so soft since Montréal.

sevol

MC The last time I met you, you were totally tired and disillusioned. You had had enough of Montréal, of misery, of actions, of us (the neoists) and you just wanted to get away and start a new life in London. I was happy for you because I went through many changes in my life and I know how important these are. What happened to you when you left Montréal and arrived in London?

RUS To appreciate my answer to this question one would have to have known me before my encounter with the Montréal neoists, remember my lifestyle of those late months of 1980 and be aware of my present activities. When we first met in April of that year I was not tired out, disillusioned nor had I become fed up with all that you mentioned, these feelings did not come until eight months later, but I did want to escape and start again in London. Really, I could have gone anywhere but as it happened I was given a free ticket to London. Anyway, having to leave my room during a snowfall and commute by public transport to Mirabel in January of 81 with the barest of possessions was a tremendous effort. Had I not been a coward I would have ended my life by exposure on the Mountain. The fact that I still had a will to live and the energy to assert it will serve to show that I still had hope for a better life. I will now say that not committing suicide then in order to face life once more was the brave thing to do. Yet, if for any reason I had missed that plane at 22:30h I would have suicided emphatically. My arrival in London marked the beginning of my survival. Shortly after my arrival I made an attempt to cope with life without prescribed sedation but it didn't work for soon I became even more depressed and lethargic. After taking active therapy for about eight months and little blue pills my attitude to life became clear and I started to feel for Art once again. When I left Montréal I felt that Art and specifically the surrealist spirit had cheated me. I wanted no part in it. Now, however, my spirit is renewed.

MC You told me several times that you were a born surrealist. For a long time your activities were totally conducted by surrealism, you almost died for it. How did you get into this and how do you feel about it today?

RUS Yes I was an ardent surrealist living by the word.

For one thing I always had a respect for my subconscious and by this I mean that my dreams were as important to me as 'reality'.

Also, I did not start my intellectual career as a painter but as a poet.

(2)
Much remains of my early writings which date back to 1972, they were the only part of me I could not bring my heart to throw away when I left Montréal. All my plastic work was jetisoned without compassion or mercy.

That I would be a surrealist was inevitable when I began studying Art and Art history.

Anyway, during an exercise in colour painting the tutor passed a remark suggesting my effort was surrealistic. At that time my knowledge of contemporary art did not extend beyond cubism so I was not yet aware of Dada, Surrealism or even Futurism. I soon investigated further and absorbed works by Magritte, Ernst and Dali. For a long time I thought Surrealism was a school of painting! One day I bought the "History of Surrealism", by Maurice Nadeau. From that day on my surrealist self became conscious. In those days I could never claim to be a true surrealist for at one time or another I was temporarily employed. However, I successfully applied my humanity and inherent spirit against the system in order to nurture my desires. After four years steady employment in a ~~company~~ marketing agency I was dismissed, an event which ushered the second major change in my psyche. From 1979 on I could declare myself to be a true surrealist. I started Le Bureau de Recherches Surréalistes de Labrador with definite surrealist ideals in mind. At the time I was aware that many surrealist principles would be hard to practice in todays modern society, surviving without selling out to the system and avoiding self-exploitation being extremely hard in todays consumer oriented society. None the less I set out to discover ways of modifying surrealist ideals to fit the economic situations of the present day with integrity. I was successful but the stress both mentally and physically after two years became too much.

As for today, the surrealist spirit is now in everyone to some extent. Surrealism set out to change the world. In that surrealism has changed the individual's awareness, our perception of life, mind and body has changed so in ~~away~~ surrealism has effectively changed the world. The trouble is that this changed perception through awareness is not recognized as being a result of the original revolutionary surrealist spirit. For this we can thank Salvador Dali, perverter of the true surrealist spirit and exploiter.

I will always be a surrealist poet. In essence, I'm still very much a surrealist artist but I now have a firm commitment to change, non-exploitative artforms and development. I think it is interesting to make a point of the fact that I've been unemployed for the past five years. ~~xxxxxxx~~

③ MC What are you daily activities?

Rus I am always doing something and sometimes two things at once.

MC Once it happened that we were in love with the same woman, Heather. It is still difficult to explain how I felt when I went to her place and saw your postcards and messages on the wall. On one of the images you explained how you will escape with her and kill Monty Cantsin. The next day you were the first person I met at Vehicule. You brought Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams" and left it on the floor. How do you remember this story.

Rus In many ways it was a very Surrealist Love Story. One day I will write a full account of this marvellous episode in our lives.

But to answer your question I must make it clear that during the time in question I had not met Heather yet.

The things I remember most of all ^{are} how I began to correspond with heather, my daily visits to her apartment while she was at work to deliver my messages under her door and how much I learnt about her using surrealist ~~Methods of investigation~~ and how I came to love her without actually meeting her. The image you mentioned was a large map of Montréal. On it I traced the route from my room to her apartment then from her apartment to the Cross on Mount Royal. I also wrote "Kill Cantsin Inform" on it as a way of asking her to disregard what you were telling her of me. If you remember, ^{APARTMENT} her ~~flat~~ had been burgled and you had told her that it was probably me doing an Art Action.

I remember that the only reason you met Heather in the first place was because she showed up at one of the evenings of The 1st Apartment Festival thinking I would be there. Infact I had just left ^{the} festival to prepare my for my contribution to the event the next day so she ended up meeting you instead of me.

That morning in Vehicule, after you had spent the night with Heather, was very strange for me. For some reason I handed you something I had recently written. In those days my typewriter ribbon was green and so when I handed you the page you asked me whether it was green or was it that you were seeing things. You then told me you had spent the night with Heather and I felt that she had been unfaithful. I remember leaving Freud's book on the floor but cant remember the reason why. As you said you had never read it, leaving it in the middle of an empty exhibition space seemed like the best thing to do at the time.

(4)
MC Are you in love?

Rus I hope to be in love again soon. I'm still waiting.

MC Are you religious? Do you believe in God? Do you think there is life after death?

Rus I'd rather not say anything on these subjects.

MC Did you ever see and touch a dead body?

Rus No. What a strange question!

MC Did you kill or ever want to kill animals or human beings?

Rus I used to kill insects but I don't anymore and I don't think I could bring myself to kill a human.

MC In April 1980 we first met at No-Galero. You came for the last day of "No Performance Pas" action and we talked for many hours. What were you doing in Montréal at this time.

Rus I had the best times of my past then and the months that were to follow during the summer of that year. Montréal was exciting in those days because retro wave, new wave and punk were happening simultaneously. I spent a lot of time touring the streets and rummaging through second hand and ancient bookshops for Surrealist Poetry books in the French language. One of the functions of the B.R.S.L. was to translate surrealist writings that had not yet appeared in English. Also, I began to do Surrealist Interventions again after the long winter and I would frequently be pulled in by the Police for a number of them. It was also the time I started to consider the possibility of moving to London because I was finding the Art Circuit in Montréal to be too commercially oriented. It was also during that time that I did a lot of graffiti both at night and during broad daylight; slogans such as Liberate Imagination, Don't Ever Work, Seek Beauty, Desire Passion, Dada Da Nada or just Nada. I guess I wanted to leave a mark on Montréal before I left. After I met you and your friends I decided to stay in Montréal because it was that type of undercurrent I was interested in.

(5) MC Who was that guy who came with you and several other times then disappeared.

Rus His name was Alex. He interested me for a short while because of his extreme nature. You should have seen his apartment, Nazi Flags everywhere and psychotic graffiti in the kitchen. He had just become unemployed and had lots of free time. He was very strange in that one day he was into punk then the next he'd be a skin-head and would want to beat up Niggers and Pakies. He had a generous side too and he was always sharing his last beers. He was too impressionable though and I suppose this is the reason for his extreme fluctuations. He had a morbid sense of humour and liked to sit in The Rainbow Bar on Stanley Street and salute the owner who was Jewish with a Nazi Sign and wear a swastika arm band. He managed to get barred for a week by doing this constantly. I think Hitler was his hero and he would get into many arguments with people about it and would always say, " Ahh yes, but what about the good things Hitler did like killing all those Jews?" He next turned his hatred on Iran. He started going down hill when he started taking LSD like candy. I don't know why he disappeared, perhaps he's dead.

MC Do you have enough freedom?

Rus A hard question to answer because I don't believe we are free yet. Freedom is perhaps something one claims to have but infact there is are many things one is not free to do because of socio-economic reasons or even moral reasons. I think you know what I mean and so I wont go into this too much because it is a question philosophers are still grappling with. I will say though, I desire the freedom to realize my projects and make them work and to do this I need money so like many people my freedom is resticted by financial constraint and limitations. Perhaps when you manage to sell your blood for a million you could send me a few grand to finance my short term project here.

MC Where is your promised land.

Rus In orbit around the sun.

6 MC What are your regular dreams?

Rus I used to have a few recurring dreams, nothing worth mentioning but these days I frequently dream of falling in love then being betrayed. This happened to me twice already so I don't know the significance of this dream.

MC Do you take any drugs?

Rus I used to smoke cannabis, now I drink rum.

MC Who are the people you work with in London?

Rus I wouldn't say I work with them because they are still uncertain about Neocism and its motives, rather, they work in association without strong commitment. Ian Smith and Stella Anscombe have joined in on three activations and the first Neocist Symposium of Endurance and one of my appearances at the Slammer. They were supposed to join me for the 4th N.E.U. Activation in Paris, ~~but they didn't show up~~ Ian Smith is well known in Brighton and has appeared on Television a number of times. He is a vocalist for a synthi-pop group called Birds With Ears. I havent seen him since the 5th Activation which was at the Slammer but he has asked to ^{be} kept informed of my activities. Stella is occasionally unpredictable and I must admit I don't know much about her. As I said N.E.U. Activations are open situations and everyone I know is informed of the time and place so if they want to participate it's up to them. I actually don't know how this collaboration with Smith is going to go, he is very much into his own brand of entertainment so perhaps at one point we will go our seperate ways. However, Denzil Everett draws a sharp distinction between art with a capital A and entertaining art with a small a. Denzil was a member of the Event Group until they started to lean toward entertainment. Denzil joined in on The 1st N.S.E. and seems to think we could work together in a dual performance but I think he may hesitate to call himself Neocist. I understand this however because I took plenty of time before I crossed over to it myself. I will have to make myself and the neocist position clear and that is why I've now started to explore the video medium.

⑦ MC What are your future projects?

Rus My definite plans are to Join an Electronic Music Workshop to create music similar to that of Berio and perhaps Henry because I need this sort of music for sound track to back my videos. Other than that more NeE.U. Activations, another visit to Paris and perhaps Berlin. I would also like to study Communist Philosophy to understand it.

MC What is your slogan?

RUS When I first met you it was EVERYTHING BEFORE THE 90's and this still holds true I have also declared that NEOISTS ARE NOT AGENTS OF A REPRESSIVE CULTURE.

MC Can you tell me about about the street actions and other activities in Montréal?

Rus Well the street actions were the reactions of a disgusted artist who perceived the arts in Montréal as commercial filth. I speak actually of the trends at the time in painting - so much of it was mimicking abstract expressionism for which a couple of artists died in suicide. I found this repulsive especially when price tags were attached to works. I've nothing against selling paintings to earn a living for I've had to sell a few myself. What I detest is the blatant attempts of the gallery system to market and package art as a commodity. So my attack was actually directed against money making galleries and not individual artists.

My first action was to set up my easel outside the Museum of Fine Art and paint all day for two weeks not including the weekends. Each day I painted a different subject inspired by a dream or my first thought of the day. This may not seem unusual in itself but the fact I painted with a hood entirely covering my head and face made the action visually interesting. You have told me you still have one of these paintings which I didn't destroy during Apt'80 . - *BUT THEY ARE NOW PAST.*

MC How do you remember Apt '80 or the Neoist Occupation Week.

Rus Apt 80 was a total disaster for me, everything went wrong. I was supposed to paint for twelve hours mixed with little surrealist parables and actions about love, death and dream but nobody was interested. I got very angry and symbolically committed suicide with a blank gun after destroying all my props and making a huge mess of everything in sight. I was very tired after that and just lay still covered in red ink. It was at that point that people started to arrive to see what was

8
going on. Oh yes before that you tried to talk me out of continuing
this violent and destructive action which was therapeutic for me and
I ~~was~~ screamed at you not to tell me what to do. You gave up trying
to calm me down and I tried to crawl inside your car again.
I had to take a bath because of the ink and paint all over my body
and this calmed me down. It was my first action contrived to be seen
by friends and other artists and at the time live art situations were
a new thing to me even though I had done a few instinctually as part
of my surrealist researches. I don't think I understood the situation
entirely in those days, I became very confused and had to shave in order
to know who I was. After my bath I was very relaxed and although I
didn't want to go you convinced me to go to a Tequilla Party at
Motivation Five. Because I hadn't much ^{to eat} I became very sick and on
returning to No-Galero threw up all I had eaten that day. This made
you angry. I remember you and Niels Lomholt having a serious talk
with me saying that surrealism was raping my mind and that I needed a
new and clean brain. I felt very innocent like a child that has done
something wrong because they ~~know~~ no better. I became fed up with
art. I tried to abandon all my research in the street inside a trunk
but the next day I became very anxious because of this and luckily
when I went back to the place where I left the trunk some one told
me that a neighbour had taken the trunk in and so I was able to
repossess my writings and tapes of dreams. Because I recovered my ~~xx~~
research I was able to pull myself together in time before the
Occupation Week even though at that point I began to hear voices.
In the month or so between ~~the~~ Apt '80 & The Occupation Week we had
a number of confrontations to do with Heather. On one occasion I
went into Vehicule but was scared of going to see you inside the
production room because Lomholt was there so I called you on the
telephone from inside the gallery using one of the many phones. This
you thought was a strange thing to do and you told me not to go crazy.
Anyway by the time of the Occupation my senses were back. The occupation
was a better event even though you kept sticking your nose in what I
was doing and telling me to do this and not that. I had told Heather
to come on a specific day of the occupation and she didn't come until
one night later. As soon as I saw her I knew who she was but because
~~xx~~ she was late for my invitation I refused to meet her. Part of the
reason for this is because I had lost interest in her for being
constantly too early or late to my invitations and because I fell
in love with Marianne Lebas whom I had met through Bönspiel some weeks
before. I lost contact with Heather because I think she was scared
of me and the Necists.

9
MC How different are your activities now?

Rus They are more controlled and deliberate also I'm sure of what I'm doing and I understand the situations I create but this hasn't diminished the passions of my actions in the least.

MC You were in Paris recently. I lived there for a year in 76 - 77 and was happy when I left for Montréal. What did you do in Paris and how do you feel about this experience.

Rus I went to Paris for the 4th N.E.U. Activation. Which consisted of ~~two~~ three identical actions. The first was outside the Palais du Justice, the second in front of L'arc de Triomphe and the third on Pont d' Iena facing the Eiffel Tower. At the Eiffel tower I wanted to throw a flaming iron into the river to usher in the second era of Neicism. I wasn't able to get a hold of an iron I could dispose of in such a way and that is why I must return to Paris to complete this action successfully. It was a great experience but I had a great shock when I paid 46 francs for a stien of German beer in a street café, the next time I go I'll have to take more money.

MC What is N.E.U. & Ark?

Rus N.E.U. stands for Neocistic Enquiry Unit and it is basically a modern extension of the B.R.S.L. My ambition for the N.E.U. is to secure an Arts Council Grant to buy basic video equipment, I've set myself three years to accomplish this it will be interesting to see what happens.

Ark is a magazine I am producing in order to finance my Activations but the cost of publication is so great that its launch has been dras~~y~~ically delayed. Another reason for its delay ^{is} ~~the~~ the time I've devoted to video workshops.

MC What books do you read?

Rus I don't have as much time as I would like to read books. What I expect of a book though is to be informed in an entertaining way. I don't like boring textbooks anymore. I would probably enjoy reading this book once it's published.

MC What music do you like?

Rus It would be easier to tell you I don't like punk or heavy metal, everything else is great.

MC What do you eat?

Rus Food like meat and vegetables and cheese, eggs and bread. Normal things really. I'm not eating as much as I was last year, I find that eating less in a way stimulates the creative processes.

MC How big is your correspondence.

Rus Not as big as I would like it to be. I send out lots of mail art but if I don't get a response from a person after the third contact I cross out their name from ^{my} list. ~~It~~ This has happened often with people you have put me in touch with. I don't know if they find my cards trivial, boring, stupid or what. I don't have the patience, time or the money to find out. In that way I may be a bad correspondent. However I don't measure things like that by size because most mail art is all those things I just mentioned. Post Card making is fun and I enjoy it and I hope people enjoy receiving N.E.U. post cards. I actually prefer letters and usually write meaningful ones. So my correspondence is limited to a few close friends: Tim Ore whom I find fascinating, you whom I find reticent and Jack Nathanson with whom I exchange photos and comments on the subjects. Then of course I correspond with people I'm acquainted with in some way but not regularly.

MC Do you hate anything or anybody?

Rus I really hate big black dogs and as far as people ~~ixxx~~ are concerned hate is a strong word but I strongly dislike Salvador Dali, Andy Warhol and the owner of MacDonalds.

MC Do you like to flame things?

Rus I like the risk, I ~~burned~~ ^{BURNED} my hands at the Slammer and in Paris. I've gotten very bored with the image of flaming objects, that's why I wanted to end that phase by throwing a flaming iron into the river Siema. As I didn't do that action I suppose I can go on flaming things a little longer - its a strong image.

11 MC Catastrophies, destruction and the end of the world even suicide are often the subjects of our activities. How can you explain this?

Rus I would say that it is because ~~the~~ ^{the} future hangs ^{on a} tenuous thread. Maybe we feel strongly about these things ~~because~~ ^{xxx} because of that and we want people to realize this and take action. To contradict this I must say that these subjects are an easy way out to find material for a performance ~~or video~~ and that sooner or later people will say "Oh yes, the Neoists of the 80's were harbingers of death doom and destruction and very predictable." That is why I suggest we leave severity behind us and move on to positive things until we are sure that things are really as bad as we make them out to be. By the way, do you know something I don't?

MC How long do you want to live? Do you imagine your death?

RUS I would like to live long enough to see man reach out for the stars. Yes, very often I day dream about my death, I'm not worried about it. I think I would like to be buried on the moon or sent into the sun.

MC How important are the developments of technology and science.

Rus Those guys with the real brains never cease to amaze me. * Sometimes I imagine how hard it must be to construct a simple machine like a typewriter from scratch so you can imagine how I feel when I look at a computer or read about new research and development in various fields. I must say these things are very important to me as part of my awareness of the world I live in. That's why I read New Scientist every week.

MC What is your position to mass media?

Rus I feel that any artist is subjected to it in one form or another. I personally approve strictly on the basis of the amount of information it can impart.

R. U. Sevol interviews
Ian Smith & Stella Anscombe.

RUS Describe your activities of the past five years that have engaged you.
IS Refer to enclosed leaflet.

RUS Do you doubt Neicism, or are you suspicious?
IS Suspicion and doubt of dogmas form a main part of my make-up but as Neicism is primarily a banner of free spirit and optimism that does not bind with rules I find affiliation satisfactory.

RUS Do you believe in Armageddon?
IS I am quite fatalistic but cannot easily cope with the the concept of an end. Mind you, should I be destroyed in an Armageddon I doubt that I should be too concerned as I would be incapable due to my deadness.

RUS Do you have faith in anything?
IS I have faith in the human spirit.

RUS What beliefs do you hold strongly?
IS That individual experience and opinion should be shared as much as possible in an age that denies the importance of such activity.

RUS Do you believe in God?
IS No.

RUS What life do you expect after death?
IS As far as I know I might die every night - what is death? On the other hand it is a frightening fact that as physical bodies we are to expect nothing more than deterioration - like a machine stopping. Whether anything remains I've no idea but will find out soon enough.

RUS What pains have you suffered?
IS Rejection

RUS Do you fear anything?
IS Redundancy

RUS If you could escape with just one person, who would it be?
IS My daughter - as this relationship incorporates family stability, friendship, incestuous possibility and the opportunity for procreation.

RUS When did you first realize your art?

SA During the abstract confusion movement.

RUS Describe your activities of the past year.

SA No.

RUS Have you had any significant changes in the past ten years?

SA Yes, people now understand me because I talk louder.

RUS What beliefs do you hold strongly

SA That for the individual to remain free he she must become as classless as possible. Class consciousness is the enemy of freedom.

RUS Describe your concept of emergency.

SA Loss of limbs.

RUS What do you regret?

SA Being misunderstood by God.

RUS What would you change?

SA My decisions.

RUS Are you religious?

SA Yes, fanatically.

RUS Are you happy enough?

SA No I'm not. I like my misery.

Interview with Gwen Thomas

Rus Seeing that you are in no way associated with Neocism's Network but are a close friend of mine, what opinions have you formed on the various activities and general approaches to life you have witnessed?

GT Neocist activities seem generally geared to shock and to be totally meaningless. For instance, standing up and giving Nazi salutes at a performance of classical music may be shocking but at a performance art venue would most probably not attract any attention.

GT The neocist approach to life seems to be: a) to try and become notorious and b) to avoid becoming depressed.

Rus Why do you think neocism is stupid?

GT I don't, I think its fun but meaningless.

Rus Since you've known me, what has surprised or mystified you?

GT I was surprised by your hyper-activeness: the way you manage to get up early in the morning and the way you vent your aggression on my dog. What mystifies me are most of the things you talk about.

Rus Based on what I've described, how do you imagine Cantsin?

GT The victim of a deprived childhood. Some one craving for attention. A cynic.

Rus Do you think that the rest of us are victims of a deprived childhood?

GT I don't know.

Rus Then what has made you say this about Cantsin?

GT Just a hunch.

Rus Would you assassinate him if you had the chance?

GT No, because he doesn't interfere with my life.

Rus What do you believe in most?

GT Individuation.

Rus What will you ever do to prove your faith in this?

GT Try to become individuated.

Rus Why?

GT Because life would be too meaningless and depressing otherwise.

Rus What material thing do you value most?

GT Photographs from my college days and of people I've liked and will never see again.

- 1/ I just got a postcard from you and Alan Ford, from Rijeka.
You were there for an exhibition. How was it?
- 2/ That's not the first time that you and Alan Ford do something together. You formed Bosch & Bosch group in 1969.....
- 3/ For many years you participated in mail-art activities, I got to know you from correspondence. On the postcard from Rijeka there is this rubber stamp of a howling man ~~man~~ with the sign "mail art". But the great years of mail-art energy seem to be over and many people lost their interest of doing it.,... ~~George~~ Would you add your remarks, how do you feel about this activity & today ?
- 4/ Your work was always connected to poetry, writing. Your latest book "POET TRY" is a retrospectiv collection of your visual poems...
- 5/ You initiated Euroneoist ~~Project~~ Communication Project a few years ago. The "Balkan Campaign" in sep, 1982 was one of the results of E.C.P. activities. But this event wasn't very successfull..... but it was an important try
- ~~6/~~
- 6/ What do you work on at the present time?
- 7/ What are your regular activities?
- 8/ What kind of food you eat?
- 9/ Do you take drugs?
- 10/ Are you or were you ever member of a political party or organization?
- 11/ Do you have enough personal freedom to be able to do what you want?
- 12/ Do you like radical changes?
- 13/ Do you like to put things on the walls?
- 14/ Do you have regular dreams? What do you dream about?
- 15/ What's your slogan?

- 16/ Your son's name is "Art", Szombathy² Art¹. Is this a statement ?
- 17/ Which countries you visited in the past five years? and for what reason?
- 18/ How long would you like to live? Are you affraid to become old?
- 19/ Are you affraid of death?
- 20/ Did you ever see and touch a dead body?
- 21/ Do you like fire? Do you like to burn things?
- 22/ Are you religious?
- 23/ Can you define who is a neoist?
- 24/ Do you have enemies?
- 25/ Did you kill animals?
- 26/ Do you like ~~to fight~~ to fight?
- 27/ How do you get informations? Radio,newspaper,tv.....
- 28/ Do you want to use mass media for your creativ activities?
- 29/ What are your future plans?
- 30/ A final statement.....

ha tudsz akkor válaszolj angolul,ha ez túl korulmányos
akkor magyarul és majd lefordítjuk,ha vannak dolgok amik-
rol nem kérdeztelek,de akarsz beszélni csak rajta
a kérdések néha nem is kérdések csak bevezetői egy gondo-
lat sornak amit te folytatsz,kibovítsz,bonyolítsz és fejezel
be,ahogy kedved tartja

1.

Több mint húsz esztendeje, hogy Rijekán megrendezik az országos ifjúsági biennálet. Eredetileg csak rajzzal, festménnyel, grafikával és szoborral lehetett pályázni, 1981-ben azonban első ízben az új művészeti gyakorlat képviselői számára is lehetővé tették a klasszikus kategóriákon kívüli részvételt. Alan Forddal már akkor volt két urbánus akciónk, amiket fotókon dokumentáltunk és azok bekerültek a rendezvény katalógusába. Ebben az esztendőben Kvarneri Palackposta című projektumunkat neveztek be, amelynek realizálására június végén került sor. Ehhez tudni kell, hogy Rijeka Jugoszlávia legnagyobb tengeri kikötője, s közvetlen szomszédságában van Opatija (Abbazia) és egy csomó más nyaralóhely. Nos, mi Opatijában voltunk elszállásolva, és a palackposta is ott lett vízre bocsátva. Tengeri akciónkat a kommunikáció nemzetközi évének szenteltük, lényege pedig az volt, hogy 60 Rijekát ábrázoló levelezőlapra nyomtatott üzenetünket egyenként lepalackoztuk és a kvarneri öbölben egy motoros bárka fedélzetéről a vízbe dobáltuk. Üzenetünk nagy vonalakban a következő volt: "ezt a postát 1983-ban, a nemzetközi kommunikáció esztendejében a szabad emberi kapcsolatok jelképeként bocsátottuk vízre. gesztusunk azon erőfeszítéseink kifejezője, hogy a hagyományos mail art-ból kilépve a közlés nyitottabb formáit alkalmazzuk. a kvarneri öbölben bolygónk vizei áramlanak, agyunkban a világmindenség vére csorog. a vér nem víz. egy cseppje ebbe a palackba van zárva és a tenger hullámai viszik tova". Ezt az akciót az én ötletem alapján vittük végbe, de volt egy másik -- utcai -- manifesztációnk is, melynek szerzője Alan Ford volt. Ismeretlen járókelőket állított meg Rijeka utcáin és megkérte őket, hogy egy darab papírra rajzolják le, merre található a Modern Galéria (a biennálé védnökéről van szó). Mindezt fotóztam és a rajzokkal együtt lett kiállítva a teljes anyag.

2.

Igen, hát a csoportot lényegében Alan Ford alapította, s én is az alapítók között voltam. Akkoriban túlnyomórészt rajzoltunk, de már 1970-ben jómagam, valamivel később Ford és még néhányan áttértünk a hagyományosnak ellentmondó alkotásra, amit akkoriban általában konceptuális művészetnek neveztek erre felé, pedig jobbra csak a műalkotás anyagtalánításáról, nem pedig doktrinér konceptualizmusról volt szó, mint amit mondjuk az Art & Language képviselt. A Bosch+Bosch-ról még annyit, hogy időben az újvidéki, zágrábi és

belgrádi csoportokat is megelőztük vagy két évvel. A ljubljanai OHO csoport után a másodikak voltunk, akik Jugoszláviában az új művészet felé orientálódtunk. Lehet, hogy a nemzetközi művészetben végbemenő mozgások szempontjából 1969-70 nem oly jelentős dátum, itteni viszonylatban azonban, az akkori gyér információcserét, a szellemi elszigeteltséget is figyelembe véve, ez mégiscsak jelent valamit. Arról nem beszélve, hogy Szabadka, ahol a Bosch+Bosch működött, Jugoszláv mércék szerint is provinciának számít.

3.

1974-75 óta foglalkozom intenzívebben mail arttal. Postaművészeti tevékenységem lényegében két eltérő tulajdonságú tendenciára oszlik, ami azt jelenti, hogy a postát egyrészt mindenfajta szellemi-anyagi termék továbbításakor veszem igénybe, másrészt pedig a doktrinér mail art szellemében készült produktumok szórására. Ez utóbbi, kifejezetten mail art stílusú tevékenységem vagy egyéztendeje leáldozóban van, de a posta még mindig fontos szerepet játszik esetemben, habár kerülöm az olyan munkákat, amelyeknek egyetlen elhivatottsága a kommunikáció mint olyan. Ez azt jelenti, hogy a mail art kiállításokat is jócskán megválogatom. Úgy vélem, hogy a mail art egy természetes fejlődési fázis volt, amit nem lett volna szabad megkerülni, de amit nem lehet a végtelenségig csinálni. Ma már az olyan küldemények, amelyeken "art in the mail" és hasonló feliratú pecsétek díszelnek, anakronizmusként hatnak a fejlettebb környezetekben. Persze tudni kell, hogy egyes országokban -- például Kelet-Németországban, Mexikóban stb. -- a mail art épp most van zenitjén.

4.

"Poet try"? Nagyszerű. Látod, erre a szókapcsolatra idáig nem is gondoltam. Merthogy könyvem címe Poetry, de ez a könyv címlapján a következőképpen van törve: POE/TRY, amit úgy is felfoghatunk, hogy Poe mint E. A. Poe amerikai költő, s a TRY mint ige. A fedőlap alján pedig valamivel kisebb betűkkel ott a NO MORE. Talán ebben a néhány szókapcsolatlehetőségben benne van a könyv esszenciája, vagyis hát többé nem klasszikus költészetet, nem írott költészetet, talán nem is költészetet...

5.

A Balkán Kampány sikertelenségét több mindennel lehet magyarázni, például a közeg éretlenségével, az általános társadalmi-gazdasági krízissel, szervezési nehézségekkel stb. Egyrészt a pillanat nem kedvezett, az is valószínű, hogy az olyasfajta tevékenység szervezéséhez, amit te és az amerikai neoisták csinálnak, valóban egy teljes ember ereje és igyekezete szükségeltetik. Mivel itt a jelen pillanatban nincs egy ilyen profilú egyén, nyilvánvaló, hogy az Euroneoist Communication Project tevékenységét másfelé kell orientálni, például a neoista irodalom és történetírás felé, vagyis az olyan manifesztációk irányába, amelyek nem igényelnek nagy technikai felkészültséget, különféle intézményekkel való együttműködést. Mindaddig, amíg a körülmények nem változnak. A neoizmus magva nem itt van, és azt hiszem, Németországban vagy Angliában sem különb a helyzet. Tény, hogy Európában a neoizmus az egy emberek mozgalma még ma is.

6.

Mostanság legtöbbit a telefotó művészeti, pontosabban kreatív lehetőségeinek kiaknázása foglalkoztat. Mint emlékszel, ezekből egy ciklusra valót 1981-es montreali kiállításon is bemutattam, már akkor úgy ítélve meg, hogy bennük látom a távlatot. Szerencsére ez egy olyan fotóműfaj, amelyet művészeti szempontból eddig nemigen aknáztak ki. De egyáltalán: egy ízig-vérig mai kifejezőeszközzel van szó, amelynek nyelvi-kifejezésbeli problematikáját még sokáig tovább lehet vinni. Úgy néz ki, hogy még ebben az évben önálló kiállításomat mutatom be őket Zágrábban, utána pedig kötetbe gyűjtöm őket és kiadatom annál a kiadónál, amelyik a Poetry-t is megjelentette. Elméleti-kritikai tevékenységemről csak annyit, hogy tanulmánykötetemet is dolgozom, amelynek munkacíme Művészek és művészetek, s olyan alkotókat tárgyalok benne, mint Malevics, Duchamp, Beuys, Cavellini stb.

7.

Egzisztenciám biztosítása érdekében tördelésszerkesztő vagyok az itteni magyar napilapnál, s erőmtől és időmtől függően kritikai tevékenységgel foglalkozom tiszteletdíjasan. Hivatalosan mint író vagyok számontartva, ugyanis tagja vagyok az Írószövetségnek.

8.

Az amit az élet eléberőttél.

9.

Nem. Meg sem próbáltam. Pedig azt hallottam, hogy a számítástechnikától is lehet dilizni, közben ott éktelenkedik mindegyik ároksparton.

10.

Tagja voltam a Jugoszláv Kommunista Pártnak gimnazista koromban kábé három évig. Amikor leérettségiztem, a könyvecskét postán visszaküldtem a gimnázis igazgatójának. Talán ez volt első mail art akcióm.

11.

Az adott körülményekből igyekszem kihúzni a maximális mozgáslehetőséget. Hogy ez nem mindig sikerül, talán inkább alkati adottságaimmal magyarázható, hogy tudniillik nem mindig tudok bánni a különböző profilú emberekkel, illetve nincs türelmem azokhoz az emberekhez, akikről úgy vélem, hogy eleve kívül vannak az általam képviselt mentális és szenzibilis folyamatokon.

12. Igen, főként saját munkásságomban szeretnék minél több radikális változást. De ehhez talán többet kellene találkozunk.

13.

Nem egyértelműen. Nem vagyok doktrinér ember, akinek megvannak a saját megrögzött nézetei, amelyektől mindig igyekszik betartani és véghezvinni. Így van ez a falakkal is: néha fehér, üres falak közé kíváncszom, néha képekkel, tárgyakkal teli falfelületekre vágyom. Valószínű hát, hogy az életben bizonyos fokú flexibilitásra van szükségem, bemészak környezetemre, hanem magamra való tekintettel is. Szobám falán jelenleg hat színes xerox függ és egy vászon függ, amit Moondogtól kaptam montreali tartózkodásom idején. Nem mintha nem lenne mit a falakra raknom, de valahogy mindig meg kell hogy érjen a helyzet ahhoz, hogy meg legyen a következő karika...

14.

Az álmok periódusonként, kampányszerűen törnek rám. Legtöbbet a pubertásban és gimnazista koromban álmodtam. Mindig üldözött valaki, aki elől csak úgy tudtam elmenekülni, hogy megtanultam repülni. Ez a repülés-korszak éveken át tartott; előrenyújtott karokkal szeltem a levegőt. Aztán voltak erotikus álmok, utazás-álmok, iskola-álmok, rossz emlékekkel, lelkiismeretfurdalásokkal, lesülésekkel a tábla előtt. Sokszor álmodtam, hogy focista vagyok, s én rúgom a döntő

gólt. Mostanában az álmok meglehetősen elkerülnek, csak fekszek és kelek, s közte semmi, legfeljebb a fiam ébreszt fel, hogy szomjas vagy pisilnie kell.

15. "Szombathy Art do better than others".

16.

Lehetséges. Mindenképpen benne van annak a lehetősége, hogy általa -- pusztán a név által is -- továbbvigyem individuális mitológiám bizonyos vonatkozásait. Mint tudod, művészi álnevem Art Lover, ami azt jelenti, nem tartom magam művésznek, illetve nem tartok igényt az olyan művészi rangra, amivel a társadalmi konvenciók ruházzák fel a név, illetve rang viselőit. Én valahol ott vagyok a művészet körül, a művészet kontextusában, s ez a hely ahol vagyok talán több, talán kevesebb annál, amit művészetnek nevezünk.

Másrészt kidolgoztam egy olyan pecséttemplémát, amelyben a "Szombathy Art" különböző jelentéstoldalékokat kap, pl.: "Szombathy Art. Think of it as a steam bath. At home", "Coffee, tea or Szombathy Art?", "Szombathy Art the best. Unbelievable", "Szombathy Art in America" stb. Ezeket a reklámozó szövegeket főként a mail artban használtam, ellenben alapját is képezhetik mindannak, ami miatt fi-
annak az Art nevet adtam.

17.

Ha jól emlékszem, Magyarországon, Kanadában és Csehszlovákiában jártam. Ezek természetesen nem turistautazások voltak, hanem baráti kapcsolatfelvételek és kapcsolatápolások, illetve művészeti indítékú látogatások. Talán hangsúlyoznom is felesleges, hogy barátaim közül is valamennyi foglalkozik bizonyos művészeti, illetve ellenművészeti aktivitással.

18.

Ha a mostani időseket és hibáikat mérlegelem, akkor azt mondom, hogy ne tovább az ötvennél (ez pont 2000-ben lenne; mily gyönyörű dátum, illetve évszám). Akkor tán még lesz annyi kondícióm, hogy negyvennek nézsek ki, s valójában fiatalon halnék meg, nem terhelnék magammal senkit. Ha viszont szüleim életkorát örököltem, akkor ráfáztam, talán a hetvenet is megérem. Minden esetre szomorú lesz látni a neoisták akkor már igencsak megtizedelt táborát. Remélem, hogy a következő neoista találmány a Halhatatlanság Pirulája lesz.

19.

Még nem. Talán ha rájövök, mennyi mindent elbasztam az életben. S ha az a bizonyos pirula sem lesz még meg...

20.

Látni láttam, de nem érintettem. 1974-ben, amikor az újvidéki klinika szemészeti osztályán feküdtem belső szemgyulladással, kedvenc napi szórakozásom az volt, hogy a kriminológiai osztály rácsos ablakán át belestem a boncterembe. Aztán 4-5 évesen részt vettem falusi nagy temetéseken, egyszer előttem szögezték le a koporsót. A gimiben a képzőművészet szakos tanárom felakasztotta magát, díszőrséget álltam a kápolnában a ravatala mellett. Két éve temették apám anyját kurva februári hidegben, belémfagytak a könnyek a szabadkai temetőben. Mintha aludt volna 87 évesen, az arca kissé beesett. Egyszer a szabadkai lóvergenytéren focizás közben egy férfi tetemére bukkantunk, aki -- mint kitudódott -- úgy halt meg, hogy meggyulladt benne a pálinka.

21.

Bennem még nem égett pálinka, csak a szerelem és a barátság tüze. Szeretek tüzet rakni, tüzet gyújtani. Nemcsak bográvs alá persze. A tűz nemcsak az emésztés jelképe, hanem a változásé, a mozgásé. Különösen az okoz örömet, ~~ha~~ amikor idejét múlt, haszontalan dolgok potenciális energiája kerül vissza a természetbe, az ősi elemek közé.

22/

Nem, sőt szüleimet is "megtérítettem" vagy húsz évvel ezelőtt. Amíg falun él az ember, addig a vallás -- legalábbis külsőleg -- kötelező valami, egy konvenció, ami mások miatt van, nem pedig az emberért magáért. Én például rendszeresen jártam vasárnapi iskolába a református templomba, de a templomhoz oly módon is kötődtem -- s ez egy életre megmarad bennem --, hogy rengeteget jártunk a templomkertbe játszani; a harangozó fiával barátkoztam, s rendszerint mi gyerekek jártunk harangozni. A templomtorny különös világ, egyszerre vonzó és félelmetes. Oda jártunk cigizni, messzelátózni. Az anyám a nagyharang volt, a harangozó fiáé pedig a középső, mert annak kissé lusta volt az ütője és nem volt vele könnyű bánni. Halálesetkor, csendítéskor bőr tokot húztunk az ütőkre, hogy a harang tompa hangot adjon. A tokokat apám készítette, aki ott falun szíjgyártó volt.

Amikor tíz éves koromban városba költöztünk, számomra a templom és az egyház varázsa lassanként elillant. Eleinte hazudtam, hogy járok hittanra, később pedig már szüleim is belátták, hogy az egésznek nincs sok értelme.

23.

Könnyebbet is kérdezhettél volna. Inkább érzem, mint tudom. Minimum olyan képesség kell hozzá, hogy az ember mindig az újat akarja és képes legyen a permanens változásra. A neoista a mindennapok forradalmára, aki azért tudatában van a történelmi dialektikának is. A neoistánál kifejezett az individuális mitológia megvalósítására való törekvés. A neoista a letűnt szenzibilitásokat is modern formában oldja fel és szintetizálja. Jóképű, megnyerő, optimista. Kell ennél több?

24.

Nem hiszem, hogy van nyílt ellenségem. Inkább burkolt, aki olyan értelemben árt, hogy passzív marad, amikor segíthetne. Tehát nem ront a helyzetemen, de nem is tesz semmit a javításáért, bár módjában lenne neki.

25.

A rovarokat nem számíⁱtva néhány tucat békát parittyáztam a másvilágra, aztán egy beteg macskát akartam eltenni láb alól, de eliszkolt súlyos koponyacsonttöréssel. Nem volt valami kellemes érzés. Mint ahogy az sem, amikor anyámmal ketten akartunk levágni egy fűges disznót. Sehogy sem tudtuk eltalálni a torkát, már össze-vissza farigcsáltuk a nyakát, az pedig felugrott és vért spriccelve össze-vissza rohangu^vlt az udvarban.

26.

Inkább ne kelljen. Mert akkor már nektek is készülődnotök kell odaát.

27.

Főleg a sajtóból és könyvekből tájékozodom, bár már néhány éve nincs könyvbehozatal, se folyóirat. Egyre nehezebb tájékozódni. Senki sem mondja, hogy ne kommunikálj a világgal, csak épp a posta is oly drága, hogy a postai kapcsolatokat nem lehet a kívánt szinten tartani,

8/Art Lover

különben komolyan veszélyeztetik az egzisztenciádat. Senki sem mondja, ne utazz külföldre, csak éppen letétet kell az államnak fizetni, ami az átlag havi kereset egy harmada. Senki sem korlátozza a szabadságod^{at} névleg, csak éppen a zsebed mélyére nyúlnak, amikor és ahol csak tehetik. Ez pedig elég ahhoz, hogy elszigeteljének.

28.

Ha másod^szor mennék Kanadába, akkor már t^udnám mi vár rám és jobban fel tudnék készülni ilyen vonatkozásban is. Így -- itt és most -- nehéz érdemlegesen válaszolnom, mert mindez fizikailag oly távol esik tőlem.

1983 októberében

29.

Többet alkotni, többet utazni, többet szeretni, többet élni. Igazi neocistának lenni. És megmaradni Művészet Kedvelőnek.

30.

Mások vére.