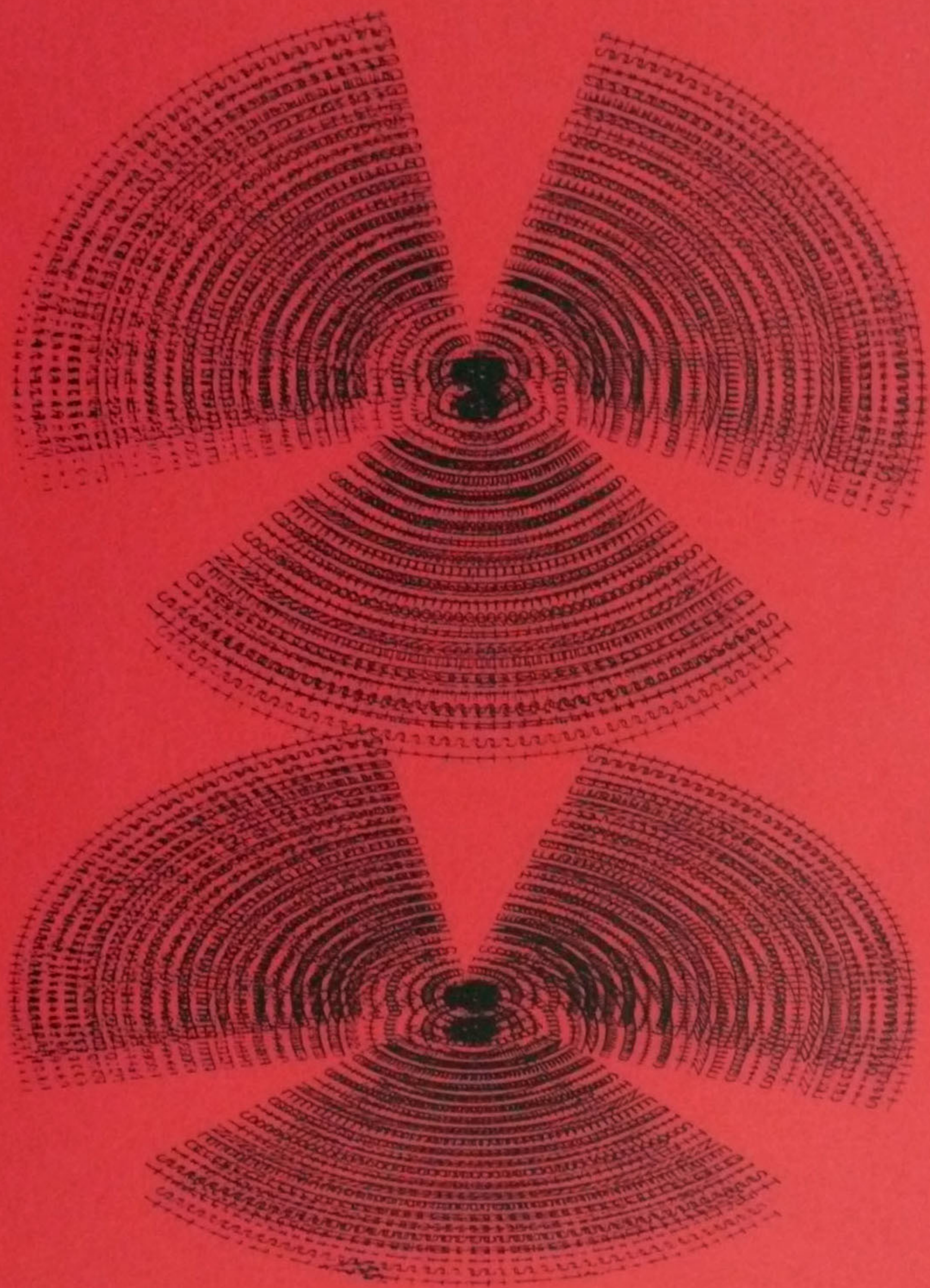


THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP



WÜRZBURG / W-GERMANY

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

Dokumentation anlässlich des
1. Europäischen Training Camps
des neoistischen Netzwerks
Würzburg/ West Germany
21.-27. Juni 1982

Photos:

Winfried Pieper/ Gerhard Schröder/
Wulle Konsumkunst/ Niels Lomholt/
Peter Below/ HJ Hummel

(c.) 1982

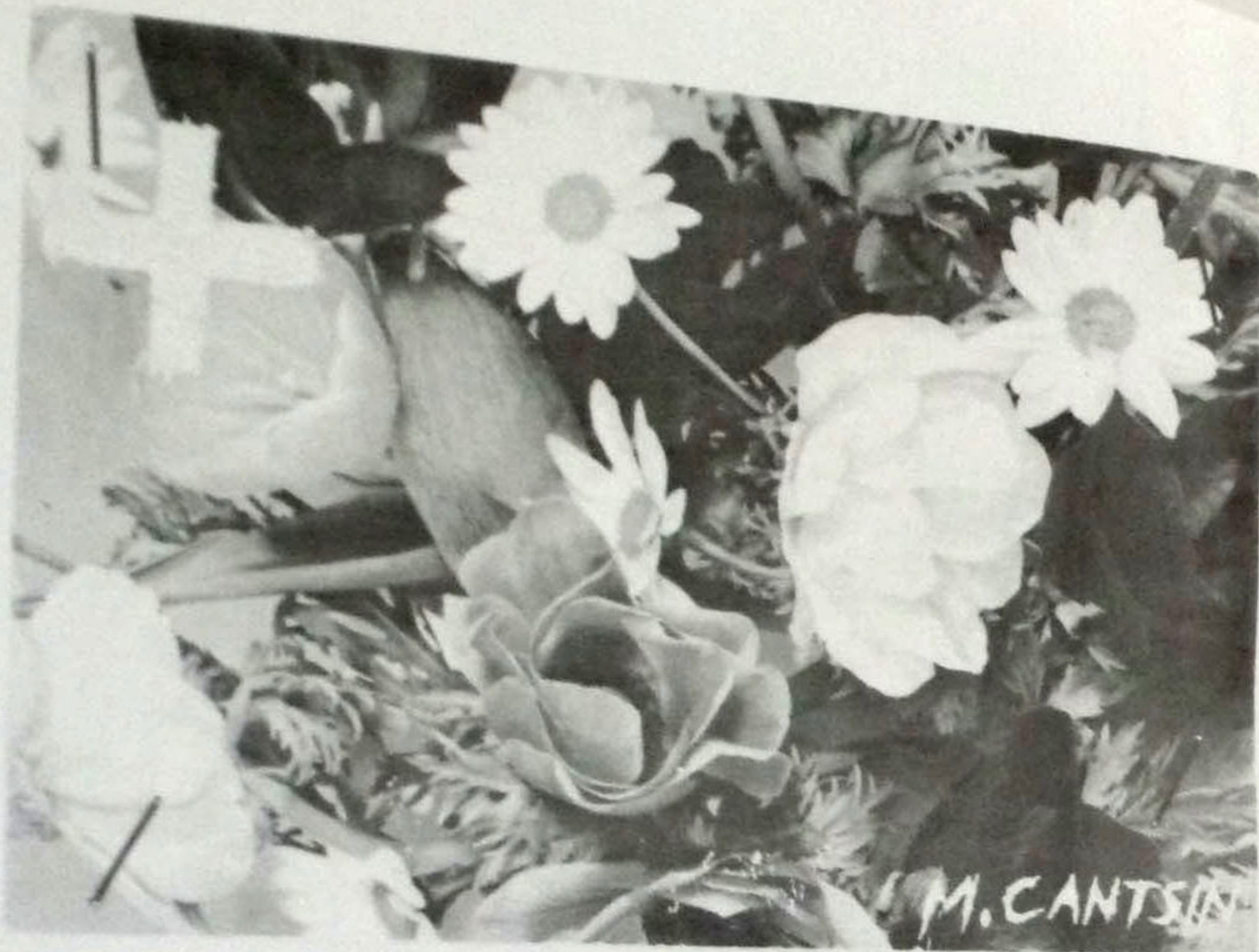
Herausgegeben von/ Edited by:

Kryptic Press, Bismarckstr. 12
8700 Würzburg, W. Germany

und

Centre de recherche Neoiste
Monty Cantsin, 307 Rue Ste-Catherine O.
Montreal, Que. H2X-2A3, Canada

Printed in West Germany



Sept 29, 1982

Hand is my introduction for
the CAMP BOOK:

JOIN THE NETWORK JOIN THE BAND,
THE NEOIST MOVEMENT WILL NEVER END.
TELL TO YOUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES:
NEOISM IS GENESIS.

Continuous information about
your activities and future plans
is requested. Conspiracy.

HE CTPAXUJ and you will
last longer.

BLOOD = GOLD
NEOISM = approx. 2 million years old.
get up and dance

uristkomerc-zagreb Morty Cant sin 6/10

CANADA 60



PETER BELOW
KRYPTIC PRESS

BISMARCKSTRASSE 12

8700 WÜRZBURG

W-GERMANY

Air Mail Par avior

DD1 4BS DD1 4BSDD1 4BS DD1 4BS DD1 4BSDD1 4BS
DATA DATA DATA DATA DATA DATA
DD1 4BSDD1 4BSDD1 4BSDD1 4BS DD1 4BSDD1 4BS

8 T
9 W
10 T
11 F
12 S
13 S
14 M
15 T SO

16 W
~~PAID~~
17 F
19 S
20 S
21 M

conspiracy : 1. a secret plan or agreement to carry out an illegal or
harmful act. 2. The act of making such plans in secret. 9:6:82.

Komplot, das (...): Verabre-
dung zu einer gemeinsamen verbo-
tenen Handlung, Verschwörung

Neologismus, der (...-men): 1: Neue-
rungssucht -

alles paletti

1. Europäisches Trainings

camp leaders from Canada, USA, Germany, Danmark, France, H...



TAGESABLAUF

7 uhr
aufstehen

8 uhr
körperliche
übungen

10 uhr
frühstück

11 uhr
planung der täg-
lichen aktivitäten

17 uhr
bericht über die
organisation der
aktivitäten

nach 19 uhr
kollektive und
individuelle
aktivitäten
(lagerfeuer zu
verschiedenen
zeiten)!

Veranstaltungsorte:
Studio 58/Leutfresser-
weg 58 (St)

Kulturkeller, Studenten-
haus, Jahnstrasse (KK)

Strassen & Plätze
nach Vereinbarung.

21

ankunft der teil-
nehmer...
meetings..

14 uhr (St)
electric wave
objects
PETER BELOW

16 uhr (St)
geruchs-
skulpt

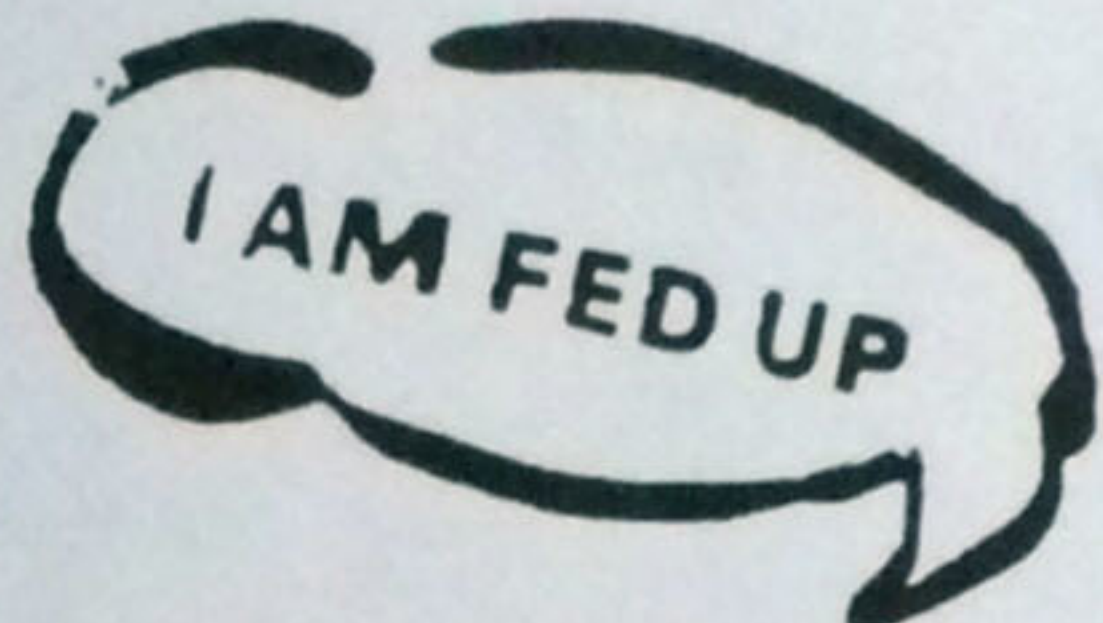
21 uhr (St)
S-8 films
Neoistische
aktivitäten
1979 - 82

MONTY CANTSIN



lagerfeuer

22



(St)
frühstück
und
GABOR TOTH -
baloons
and we refuse to
to have problems!

(KK)
17 uhr
MASAAKI MAEKAWA
Injektor -
der Einspritzer

(St)
21 uhr
kostenloses
haareschneiden
und
rasieren

nach 22 uhr
urbane
improvisationen
in
nightclubs und bars



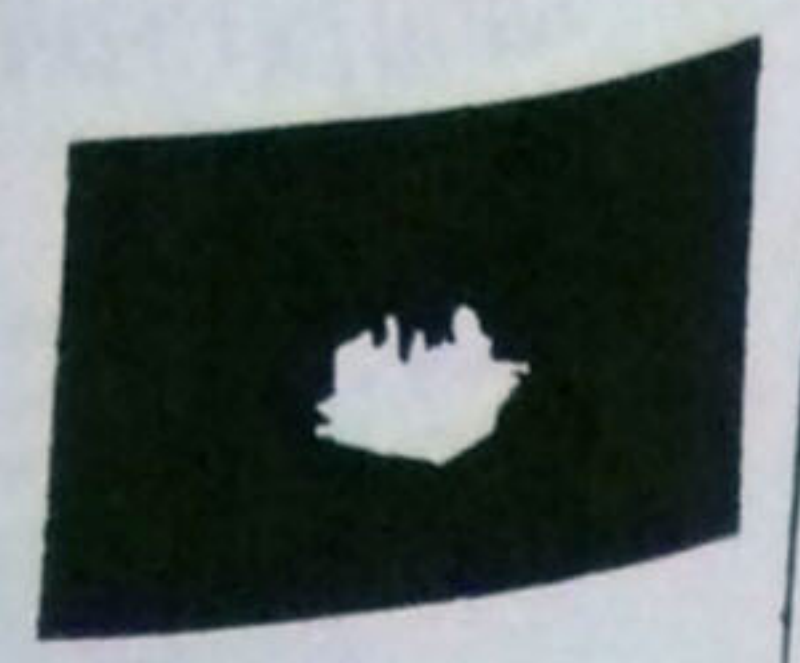
23

(St)
10 -16 uhr
ANNETTE PFAU
-Magischer
platz-
arbeiten im
garten

(KK)
19 -23 uhr
PIEPER/SCHROEDER
shadow*light*noise

MICHAEL KEAME
"des Refuses"
New York
conference

(St)
lagerfeuer
ca. 23.30 uhr



IN ZUSAMMENARBEIT VON "CENTRE DE RECHERCHES
NEOISTE"

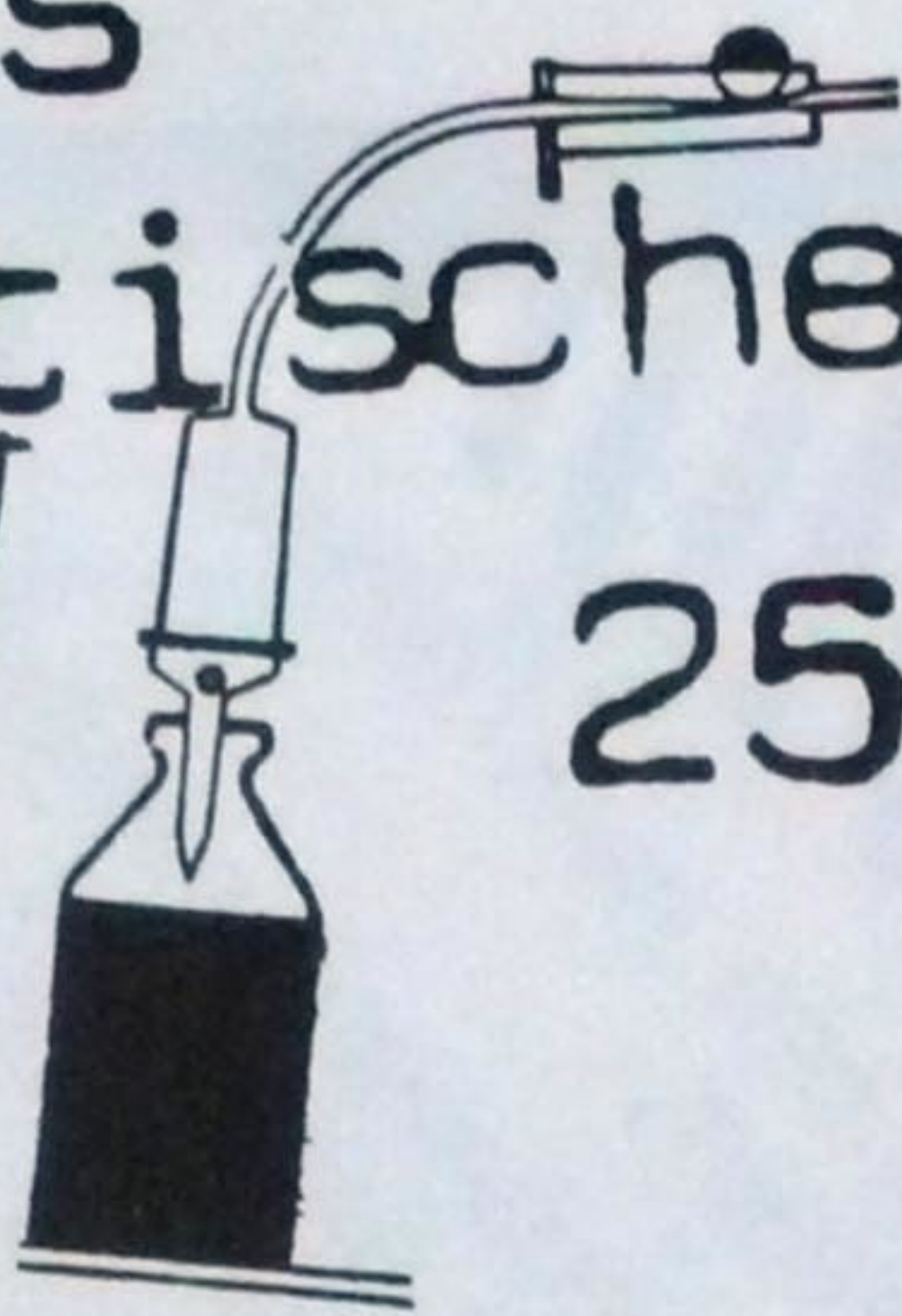
ager des Land, ... neoiistischen Netzwerks

24

17uhr
(konsumex: ernst-reuther/
ecke steinheilstr.-grom-
bühl)
MONTY CANTSIN
blood campaign/blut kampagne
-eine vorlesung-
*schaufensterdisplay bis
28. juni 1982*

21 uhr (KK)
FRITZ STIER
perf

24 uhr
(alte mainbrücke)
neoiist memorial bridge
TENTATIVELY (USA)
-a blank shoot in the dark.



25

11 - 12 uhr
(treppenhaus
der residenz)

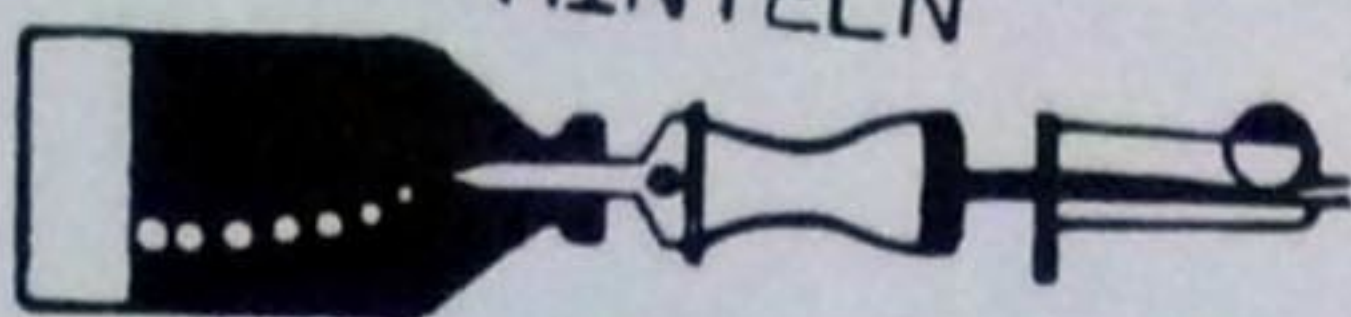
dedications to:
GORDON W. / KIKI
BONBON / ZBIGNIEW
BROTGEHIRN / ARTLOVER
/G.SINGERMAN / 888
GREGOR / NAPOLEON
E.G.HEAD K.TATE /TTP

22 uhr (KK)
MONTY CANTSIN
"catastronics"

22.50 uhr (KK)
PETER BELOW
-the revenge of the
cricket... -
(3min30sec)
filmperf

23 uhr (KK)
noise reduction NO
-noise picnic-
(event. im St. 58
- s. tageshinweis
im KK)

dreamcommunication
for CASANDRA von
RINTELN



26

21 uhr (KK)
FILMSYNDIKAT

brot + sex

(filmprojections)

22 uhr (KK)
NIELS LOMHOLT
let those sleep
who can
(conference-
perf

22.45 uhr (KK)
WULLE KONSUMKUNST

23 uhr (KK)
ANDREAS MATHYL
-ästhetische
einheiten-

23.30 uhr (KK)
WOLFGANG-E. KÄMMER
video-perf

BRUNO HOFFMANN
lecture+litanei

24 uhr (KK)

BLALLA W. HALLMANN
Botschaft des Hasses
totalperf
a la maison

27

(ab 12 uhr) STUDIO 58 / sichtung des fotomaterials und aus-
arbeitung einer dokumentation des traininglagers/ vor-
bereitung der zukünftigen projekte.....

RECHERCHE

(MONTREAL, CANADA)

+

"KRYPTIC PRESS"

CENTRE DE RECHERCHE NEOISTE

00100
00200
00300
00400
00500
00600
00700
00800
00900
01000
01100
01200
01300
01400
01500
01600
01700
01800
01900
02000
02100
02200
02300
02400
02500
02550
02600
02700
02800
02900
03000
03050
03100
03200
03300
03400
03500
03600
03700
03800
03900
04000
04100
04200
04300
04400
04500
04600
04700

Peter,

I have many different ideas about the Wurzburg meeting,

- 1/ it has to happen in total secret, and only the invited conspirators and very close friends can participate
- 2/ it has to be a public action, open to all
- 3/ it~~x~~ will be a training camp for those who are interested to join the neoist network web
- 4/ it will be an apartment festival which includes conferences, performances, discussions, film and video projections, actions by the members of the neoist network web
- 5/ it will be a party with music, dance and food
- 6/ it has^{to} be a manifestation of the neoist movement, including a réport of ~~fx~~ the performed work from 1979, and a conference of our future p~~ans~~
- 7/ it will be nothing more than a friendly gathering
- 8/ it~~x~~ has^{to} be a subversive action to terrorize the inhabitants of Wurzburg
- 9/ it will be^a boring holiday ~~ixaxixixixix~~
- 10/ it will generate a lot of new energy and will become a popular activity, just like soccer or football

MoNTY/ IT SHOULD BE SOMETHING OF EVERYTHING / LIKE MIXED FEELINGS OVER MIXED DRINKS
and I have many different questions.

- 1/ do you think that Wurzburg is ; safe enough to be a secret centre of a world wide conspiracy? / ^{WHAT CAN BE SAFER THAN A VILLAGE IN THE DIASPORA?}
- 2/ do you think that W urzburg is big enough to accomodate all the neoists? YES / IF THEY SLEEP AT DAY IN THE PARK AND GATHER AT NIGHT FOR THEIR SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES!
- 3/ do you think that Wurzburg need neoists? ^{WHAT WÜRZBURG NEEDS MOST IS AN ENTIRE NEW KIND OF INHABITANTS!}
- 4/ who are the neoists? who isn't a neoist? ^{WE'LL FIND OUT SOON!!!!!!}

VEHICULE ART INC. 307 RUE STE-CATHERINE O. MONTREAL, QUE. CANADA H2X-2A3

- 5/ is there^many friendly people in Wurzburg? NO / JUST ONE!
- 6/do they like to dance, to eat and play music? YES/ AT VERY POOR LEVEL!
- 7/are there many subversive elements in Wurzburg? JUST ON WEEKENDS
- 8/do they like to kill artists and destroy art works? IF THERE WERE ANY PROBABLY THEY WOULD!
- 9/do you think that neoists can save the earth from total suicide? ARE WE THE CHILDREN OF THE DEAF? AND NIGHTMARE GOSTS? MEN MADE HELL ANYWAY!!!
- 10/what a neoist in Wurzburg can do in a rainy afternoon?
 A NEOIST NEVER WORRIES ABOUT RAINY AFTERNOONS / HE RATHER CONSIDERS RAIN AS PART OF THE TOTAL COMLOT

Monty Cantano
 Monty Cantano

APR. 29 1982

APR. 29 1982

A NEOIST
 RESEARCH
 PROJECT
 WÜRZBURG
 (W-GERMANY)
 Monty Cantano

RCRN

RADIO CENTRE LE BÉNEVOLE NEOISTE
 APR. 29 1982

DATA Pete Horobin DATA

PROLOGUE

17:6:82. These words. This lyric. This verse. This acrobat. This principal player. Here in this DATA Attic. 08:30. Grabs giro. Cheque for money. Packs bag. 09:04. Locks DATA Attic. 09:15. Cashes giro. Cheque for money. 09:30. Says farewell to Carol his circular symbol at that Invergowrie circle. To start hitching. Seeking the right lift. This hiker turns down four offers. Takes the fifth a C.B. freak. To Glasgow. Fast. Another circle. To wait roundabout thirty minutes for a car to stop. One man. One boy. One girl. One acrobat. To Preston. Another circle. Magpies and hikers wait beneath that clouded English sun. Two hours. One lorry. Four guys. Climb up inside. Plastic containers of sulphuric acid. Head bent for ward. Down. Eyes closed. And then a service station. Coffee. Chat. Cigarettes. And take this sign. MI. Outside. To wait in line. Hitchers come and go. This principal player penultimate. Desperate. Five hours. Now. Of hanging around. This area. This Cheshire. Dire. A truck rumbles heavy. Sign up now for Dover. A nod of commitment towards this hiker. A long haul south. This principal player climbs up. Inside into France. Gauloises. Radio on. Francaise.

18:6:82. 01:00 roundabout. And Dover. Adieu. Bon voyage. Merci. This player. Tired. Worn out. Enters departure area. Bodies litter. Lounge. Over this floor. One ticket to Ostende. From this man behind glass. Twelve pounds. A dent in this money. And so to wait until four. On this floor. Lying. Jacket pulled over face. Hunger. Fatigue. Anxiety. 03:30. A call to board a bus. Passports checked. This acrobat bonafide. Walks onto this ferry. Rain gently spits into his face. A quiet. Calm. Slow. Misty. Rainy. Grey. Crossing. Money changed into valid currency. And twenty pounds sterling remain with which to return. This acrobat juggles with money. No money. Walks this tightrope. This distance. This time. And now as this boat draws near to this foreign shore. Sea end. Ostende. This player seeks to interview a driver. To Germany. Finds a solitary candidate. Gets verbal contract. And so off this ferry. Rain teeming. Grey obscurity. This player doses. Does not dose. With limited verbal communication. Over this sodden Belge. And so into this Germany. With this Rolf. To stop finally at this service station. For beer. To talk about spark erosion. And handshakes. Farewell and back inside to interview. To seek verbal contract. To Wurzburg. From a company in a van. Two male. Two female. And this player. With eyes. Eyes kiss. Souls touch. A lot. Charlotte. And a slight road incident. Accident. Before we arrive at Resthoff Wurzburg. Where more beer. Cigarettes. Chat. Directions. Farewells. And this

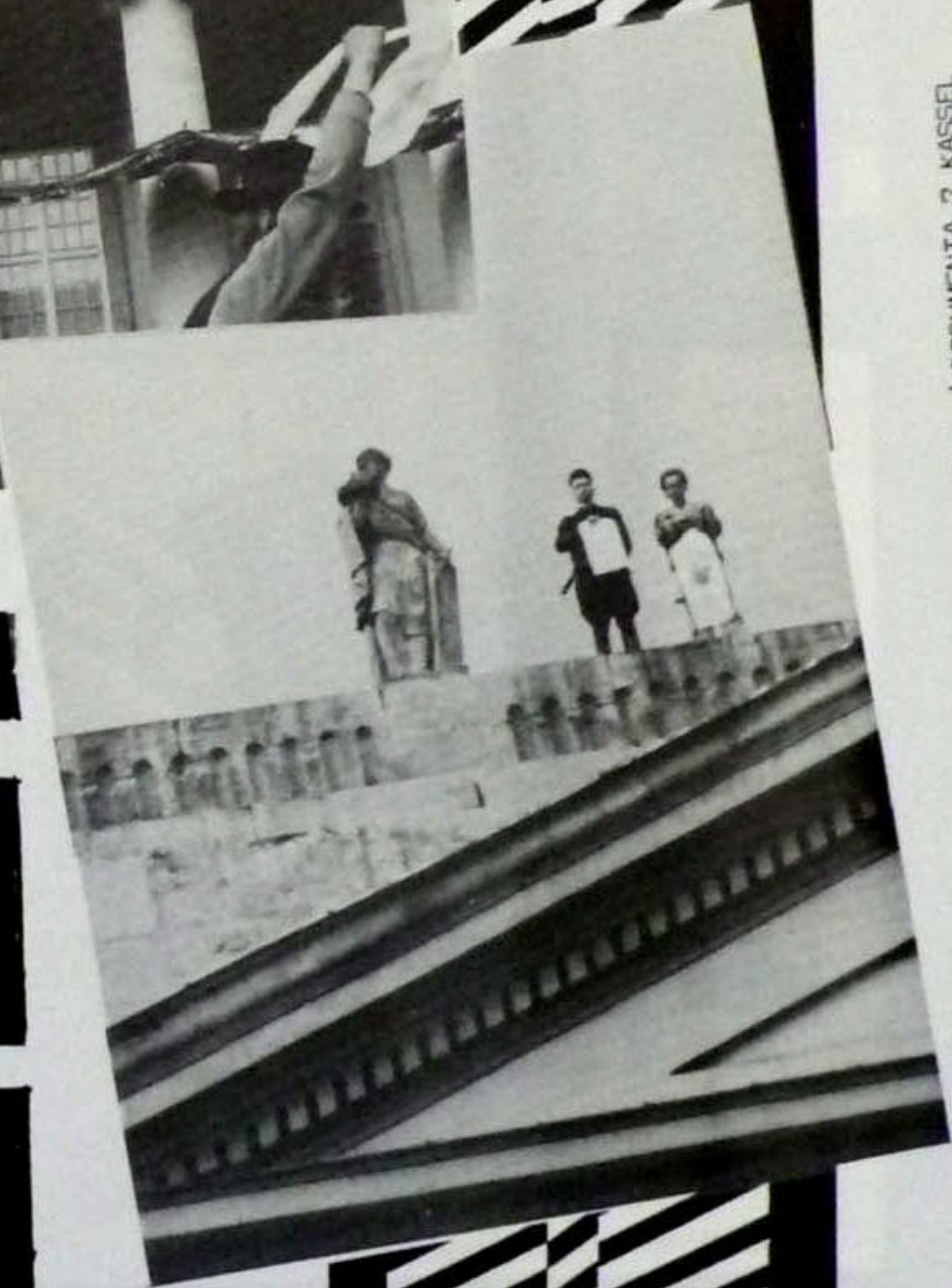
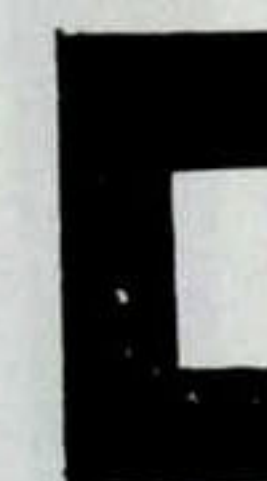
DATA Pete Horobin DATA

principal player telephones. Peter Below. Contact. Telefon. Telefon. 19:00. Thirty four hours on that road. And now another car. And four people. And now one more. Four countries represented. Introductions. One Higgins. To stamp. The third. No talie. No talie. Non talie. Nathalie. Cantsin. Cant sing. Can sing. Sang. This song. Now below. A Below. Can bellow. Can sing. This song. This acrobat. This principal player. Arrives. Taken to this wooded retreat. This studio 58. Hidden in German green. No. Scots green. Memory. Flashback. Swiss green. French vert. And food. And drink. And Higgins gets pissed into this night. Where a talk takes place between. Below. Cantsin. Horobin. Problems. No problems. Solutions. No solutions. Juggling with topics. This art. This communication.

19:6:82. Awaken. Shower. Dress. Break fast. Assemble. Pile into this car. Drive toward Kassel. Chauffeured by Peter Below. Accompanied by Eva. Monty Cantsin. Nathalie. Ed Higgins the third. And me. Where at that Documenta seven. People meet people meet people. Of past. Now presented. And faces are put to names and names become faces and surprises and first impressions and smiles and greetings and handshakes and kisses. And the day tumbles along in a confused kind of way. Looking at art. No art. Dead art. Live art. Dead art. And finally to take this day to a close. Beer. Cigarettes. Chat. Five countries around one table. Under these trees. Behind this orangerie. In this Kassel. And we drive home. Quiet. Through this deep German dark. And arrive and look upwards at thousands of bright German stars.

20:6:82. A daily action begins this day. With rhythms beginning to assemble. Monty first up and out. To run. Exercise. Press up while this H hangs a clothes line between two trees in this overgrown German garden. Then Nathalie is up followed by Higgins while H puts some order into this kitchen. And makes coffee. Now beneath this German sun. 14:05. Four players lounge outside this studio 58. In an order resembling some form of rank. Monty lies in a lawn chair. Plastic. Nearly naked. Nathalie on a collapsable wooden chair to his right. Reads. Clothed. Then Higgins. Smokes. Reads the new Artpool stamp catalogue. On Montys left. This H behind these three. Writes. These words. Using this left thigh as a prop. In this position to observe. Skins browning. 15:14 on this watch. A new arrangement of bodies after some discussion. Where a possible foundation was talked over. The question of operating and staffing and organising. And making money. Keeping money. Then upon this tentative subject we discussed this camp and what to eat and how to pay. And I know that I really need more money. So now I dont drink that beer nor smoke those cigarettes nor eat that German meat.

37 Union Street Dundee



NEOIST MANIFESTATION: MONTY CANTSIN & PETE HOROBIN / DOCUMENTA 7 KASSEL



Absender: *by Cantsir*
 Monty Cantsir
 Monty Cantsir

PETER BELOW
 MIXED MEDIA / KRYPTIC PRESS
 Bismarckstr. 12 - ☎ 09 31 - 136 84
 8700 Würzburg - W. Germany

MIT LUFTPOST
 PAR AVION

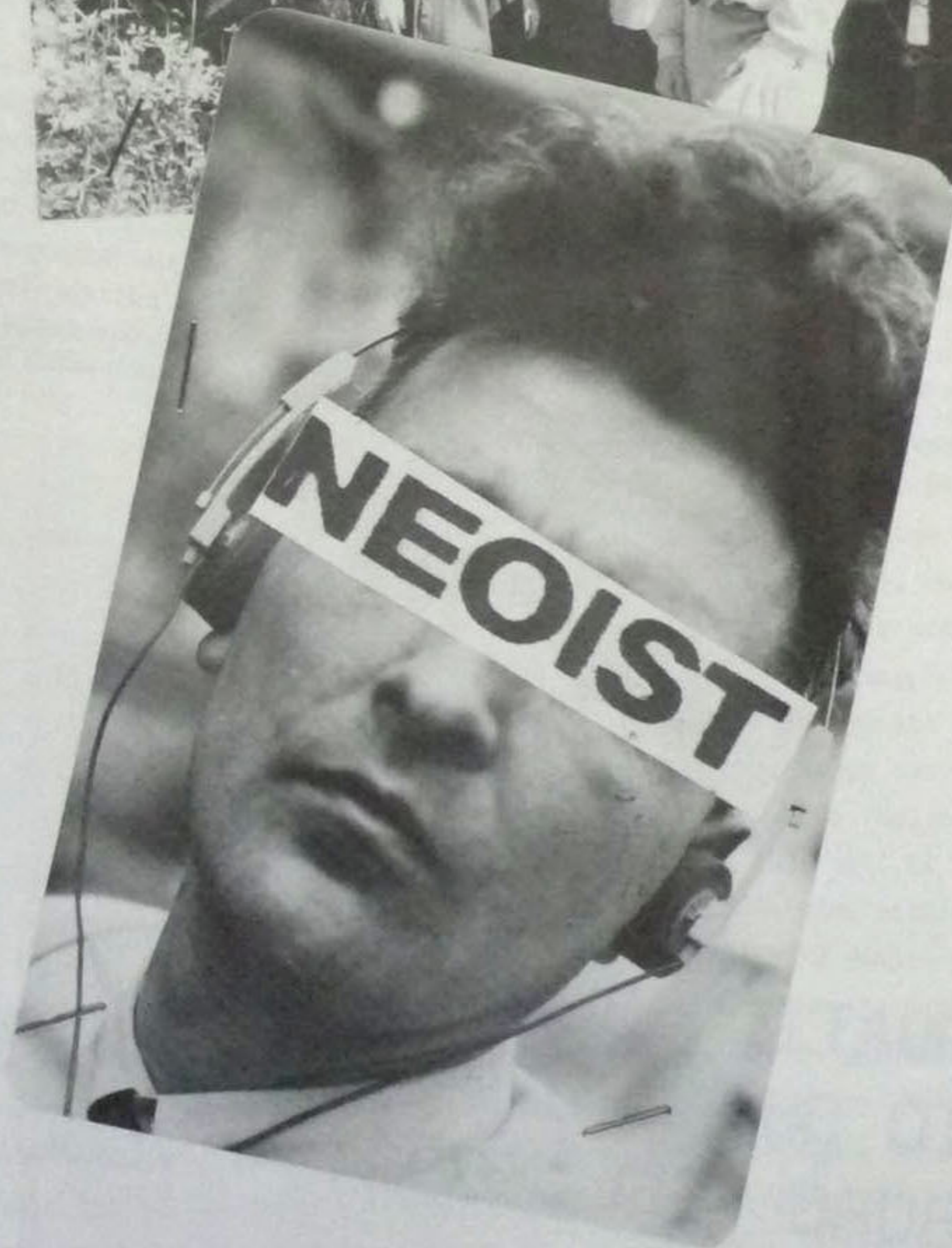
DEUTSCHE BUNDESPOST
 80
 87C

POSTKARTE

TOMBOLA
 Bayerisches
 Rotes Kreuz
 Kreisverband Würzburg

LOSPREIS **1** D-MARK
 SOFORTIGER GEWINNENTSCHEID

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



THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

WÜRZBURG / W - GERMANY

Of Higgins staying here to guard. And cough. This document. At 10:45. Monty Cantsin. Pete Horobin. And Gerhard Schroder. Left. On foot to walk to that tower. Peter and Hannah Below followed by car. Monty. Pete. And Gerhard climbed through the stout iron. Spiked. Railings. To save fifty pfennings each then climbed. Up. That spiral. In that circular tower. At the top within the confines of the observatory an action was made. Neoist posters were put up advertising the weeks events. And yellow flyers giving details of our programme. Then Monty with a can of gold spray paint in right hand. Wrote. Conspiracy. Across the red brick interior. Chiseled and inscribed with graffiti. The word. Telephon. Sprayed on the outside of the door to this inside. Then Uncle Jim? sprayed Neo underneath upon that iron door. Curved to fit into the curvature of the brick. Then Monty made a gold radiation warning sign. And the graffiti below shone out. So random bricks were individualised in this way. By Monty. And Gerhard took photos. We all descended and at the foot five guys waited. And watched. Police? Paranoia? At 11:20 we returned to studio 58. Then Peter. Hannah. Monty. And EF the third. Left for town to perform the script for this day. Monday. 21:6:82. These accounts when read in conjunction with these notes. Scripts. Comments. Offer some chronological form of document in accordance with this history. This Neotime. And now this time. Here. In Wurzburg. 16:30. And this principal player has returned here to this studio 58 from the post office at the bottom of our hill. Wooded. Infested with insects. Bugs. Helicopters. Where last night we found a dead hedgehog. And today despite this quiet air of suburban grace I prickled. I felt beneath a fear. Illustrated by high wire fences. Topped with barbed wire. Iron spikes. Electrically controlled locks on garden gates. With two way audio communication security systems. And that poster of terrorist faces in the post office. After a rhythm tapping. Pen tapping. Thought provoking. Irritating number of minutes. That Ball Pentel gave up its ball. And so died. And so the use of this biro has begun at 18:25. As happy campers bring in wood. To burn. And earlier as Horobin. This principal player. Helped Cantsin to lug. And cut timber. Two sandaled feet slipped into a sess pit. Of human art products. And so another smell sculpture was made. But this time mobile and less offensive than Belows domestic stink. Lit at 16:00 hours. In a sealed up studio 58. Extinguished at 17:00 hours by Monty Cantsin. Now this trestle table occupied by Neoists. Collaging. Into small books of ten blank postcards purchased for 75 pfennings. Or as EF the third persists in saying. Peflings. Monty. Nathalie. Peter. EF the third. Gerhard. Andreas. And this H. With jazz throbbing a throaty rhythm outside. From inside. As Peter and Monty prepare to go to the railway station to collect Niels Lomholt. Now they have left at this time. Now. 19:15. Now 19:20.

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S
FIRST EUROPEAN
TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

21 6 52

DATA
DB1-4BS
Studio 58

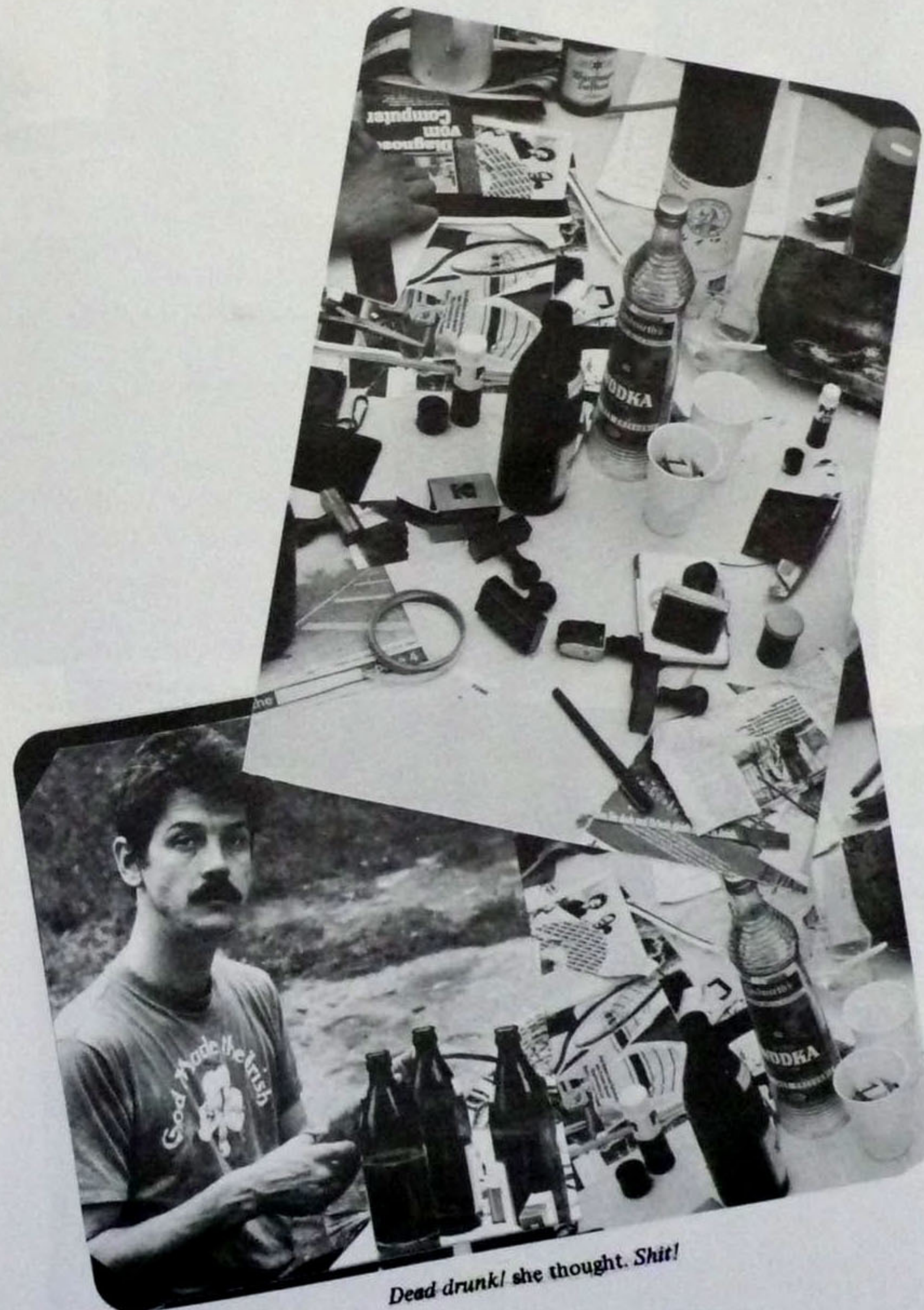
WÜRZBURG / W - GERMANY

09:00. This player writes now after those exercises. Painful with the whisky demon fighting back and cigarettes seeking the final revenge. Up the hill from studio 58. Monty Cantsin leading this assault upon the stamina. An H and Nathalie with Gerhard following. Upon this Würzburg morning. 08:00. And a realisation. Now. That our pleasant little evils of society cannot go hand in hand with this performance. As this morning sun climbs into this sky Higgins lies aloft on back while simple actions are played out in this studio. 09:15. Voices from behind this screen. Green. Foliage bank. Peter and Hannah. Armed with break fast materials. Bread. An assortment of rolls. Milk. For this first Neoist meal. To break this fast. And now 10:35 around this trestle table discussing a script for this day. Monday. With thoughts of last nights poster action involving those police. Pigs in civilian disguise. In a white. Plain. Volkswagon. To spring surprise attacks on quiet. Clean. German streets. With Higgins shouting paranoia. And Below saying no. And Horobin adding Scottish myths. And suddenly. As if to confirm these suspicions. This white. Plain. Volkswagon. Dives across our path. To block. And two white. Plain. Pigs. Spring. Out and up. Fire questions. Flash IDs. Look with menace. Take notes. Check us by radio link with HQ. Let us go. To meet the one that got away. Higgins. In that bar across the street. Up to his lips in beer. And so the rest of the night is spent discussing police activity. And how we can make people aware of what is happening. We have this rigid control. This censorship. In this false democracy. In this European community. And Peter tries to convince EF the third that he will receive a ticket. To pay a fine. For breaking this law. For attempting to communicate. And Higgins gets loud and argumentative. Saying that Peter is a nice. Clean. Hard working. Married. German. With a nice young daughter. And a big car. And a nice apartment. And the police dont want to hassle with this. That they are looking for bigger fish. To grill. So Higgins bets a case of beer that Below wont get a ticket. And Horobin asks what good is a case of beer when you have a fine to pay. That Higgins should pay the fine as a bet. And Higgins gets louder. So now. 11:50. With this Ball Pentel relating this history. These Neo events. Of Nathalie going into town with dirty clothes. To launder. Of a secret squad leaving this studio 58 to ascend 173 steps up into that tower. Vantage point. To observe and not be observed.

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S
FIRST EUROPEAN
TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

Higgins uses Pritt to put those pieces of magazine down. Stuck. And who could resist. This activity. Here. 19:50.



Dead drunk! she thought. Shit!

WÜRZBURG / W - GERMANY

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

WÜRZBURG / W - GERMANY

a young child sleeps. Now 12:54. This principal player has just taken one piss. Looked over this Below apartment. Peter talks German to Andreas. Andreas talks German to Peter. Now 13:00. Niels and Monty return. Peter prepares food. Andreas goes to take a leak. Now we have this situation. Here 13:48. After a delicious meal of potatoes. Cucumber salad. Meat in gravy. Canned peaches. Monty and Andreas speak about flying. Eva. Peter. Niels. And Hannah. Sit in the kitchen. Now Peter announces that coffee is ready. While Tom Waits. We wait. Nighthawks in that diner. Then pile into this car below. White. Plain. Large. Ford. To shop for beer. Coffee. Tea. Vinegar. And persons pile out at 14:20. To load into this Ford that which we can afford. Time to travel to purchase films. And visit that Kulturekeller. Below ground. In that studentenhaus. Of concrete and of glass where Niels played. Behind a white screen. A grand piano. While Peter to the power of two loaded with Monty a large refrigerator with beer and soft drinks. For the disco to come. There a blood blister appeared on this hand with which I write. Which when burst. Gave out the blood in a red stain. Onto the palm. Red. A future to come. Another state of this German reality. Torn into two camps. Neoist. Nonneoist. Within which one can be. To exist. No longer is. Cant. Now in this camp. The car was unloaded. The bill divided. 15:32. Activity. Higgins makes an easel. Nathalie reads. Bruno works on a garden piece. Niels reads Brunos book. And now Monty opens a Gabor Toth package of word balloons. Printed in black. On white postcards. Glossy. To give up art is art. But what means this word : art? To sterilize art is art. But what means. This word. Art. Shit. Here in this camp. Sixty seven such cards. I refuse to go down to the toilet with Peter Below. Monty refuses to leave technology in the hands of those who control it for their own profit. I want mass media he says. I go to the toilet with Peter Below. Anyway. We may be artists, but it is not of any importance. Here actions take place. On the shithouse Below staples up these cards. Another statement. It wasnt too bad. As Monty tapes some onto his body. What a pity I forgot my best art idea. Higgins. 15:45. Draws Nathalie onto a plain piece of white canvas board. Post cards taped to Higgins easel. Burn. Destruction. Creation. Purification. Life. Energy. This force. Working here. 16:25. Monty has completed five pollaroid por traits. But here I must state. For this record. That I. This principal player took the portrait of Cantsin within wild foliage. While Below and Lomholt discuss the manufacture of a book. To be made between them. Fifty copies formulated. 16:30 and Monty has photographically recorded our first visitor to this camp. Who now talks to Bruno beside his garden piece. 17:12 and Peter has gone to the Kulturekeller to install a piece by a Masaaki Maekawa. Japanese artist. Here

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

WÜRZBURG / W - GERMANY

Higgins blocks in the face. Of Nathalie. Bruno speaks to his visitor. In German. Monty makes a sign for kostenloses haareschneiden. Our Neoist evening action. Downtown Wurzburg. After supper. In this training camp. 19:12. It is the turn of Monty to prepare a food action. A daily action. This action by rights should be photo documented. But these words attempt to implant a substitute. On this trestle table he works. Chopping on a small formica slab. Vegetables. With a large sharp knife. Onions. Radish. Kohlrabi. Tomatoes. Apple. Carrot. Cucumber. Then mixing into a large glass bowl. The scrunch of that knife recorded here. As it dices. Cubes. Slices. Now three different bowls contain different mixes. And that knife scrapes. Over a carrot. Rasping. Roughing the red flesh. With the staccato stabbing of typewriter keys. Higgins sitting having completed his painted piece of Nathalie. Doo Da. 3P. Eggs boil. Carrots are grated. Now. 19:30. Creeping up towards present day. Neoday. As a multitude of bird varieties chirp. Warble. Twitter. Pipe. And flute. Through this still German air. Among the dense. Green. Foliage blind. Mask. Screen. Seen. Unseen. Heard. Unheard. In this sun down chorus. Melody. Cocophony.



Andreas Mathyl/ Natural Art/
Sleeping/ 22. Juni 1982



Über solchen Reibereien geriet allerdings völlig in Vergessenheit, daß der Tanzlehrerverband ursprünglich andere, viel näherliegende Ziele hatte, nämlich die Lust am Tanz als solchem zu verbreiten. Darum trifft es sich nicht ungünstig, daß der Verband endlich einmal wieder Kunde von seinem eigentlichen Wirken gibt: Am vergangenen Wochenende tagte er im traditions- und schwarzwaldreichen Enzklösterle, um in einem „Internationalen Trainingslager“ (ist das Wort Lager hier eine Stilfrage?) über Trendwende und das Welttanz-Programm zu diskutieren. Dabei kamen ziemlich aufregende Neuigkeiten heraus: Was tanzen wir in der kommenden Ballsaison? Ein bißchen Rock, im übrigen aber Jacke wie Hose aus Großmutter's Tanzkränzchenzeit - Tango, Foxtrott, Charleston und nach Glenn Millers Big-Band-Sound die gute, alte, schön verschmutzte „Moonlight-Serenade“. Nostalgie aus US-Beständen, ein Geschenk von Ronald und Donald Duck.



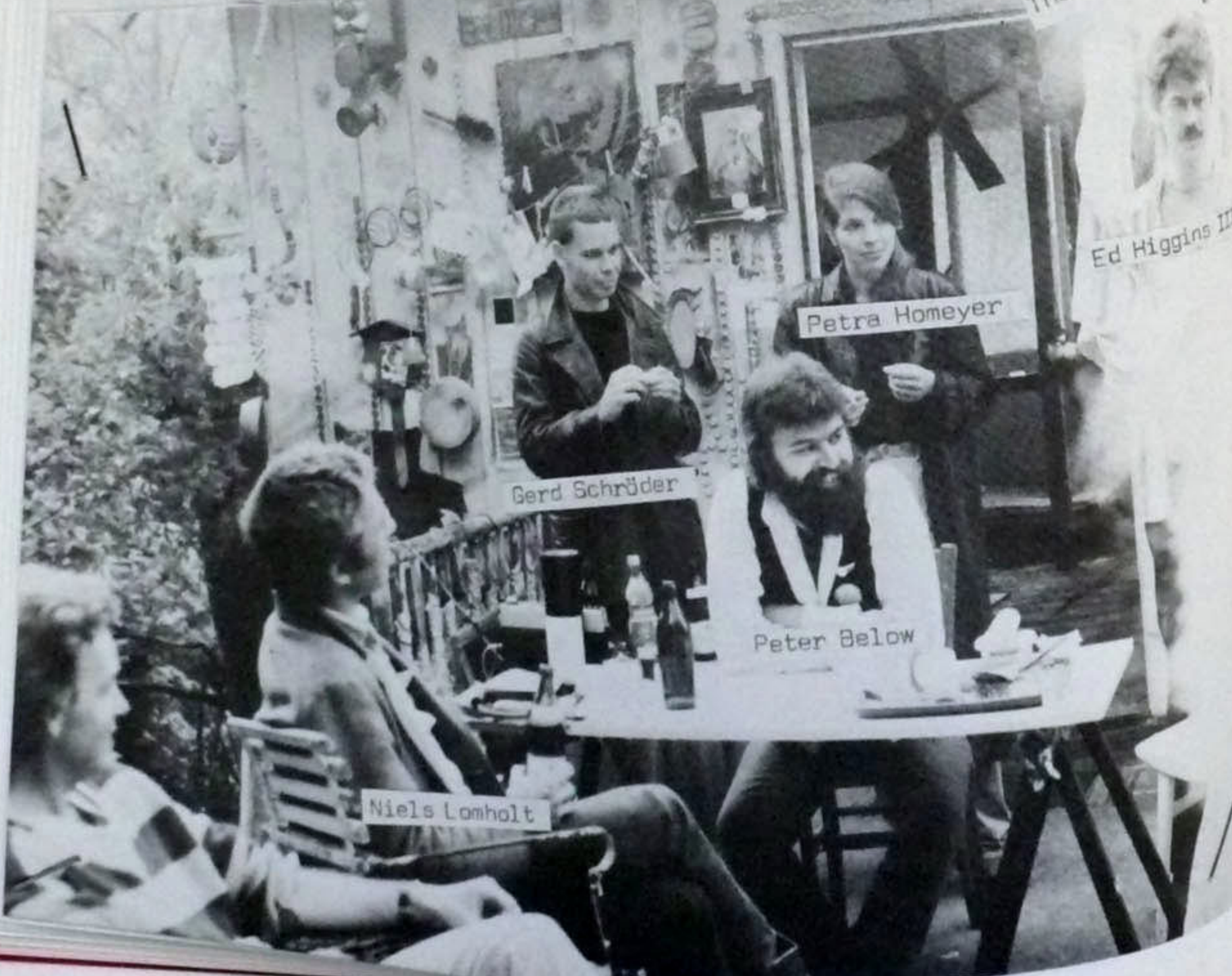
Pete Harobin

Andreas Mathyl

Nathalie

Monty Cantsin

The man that got me



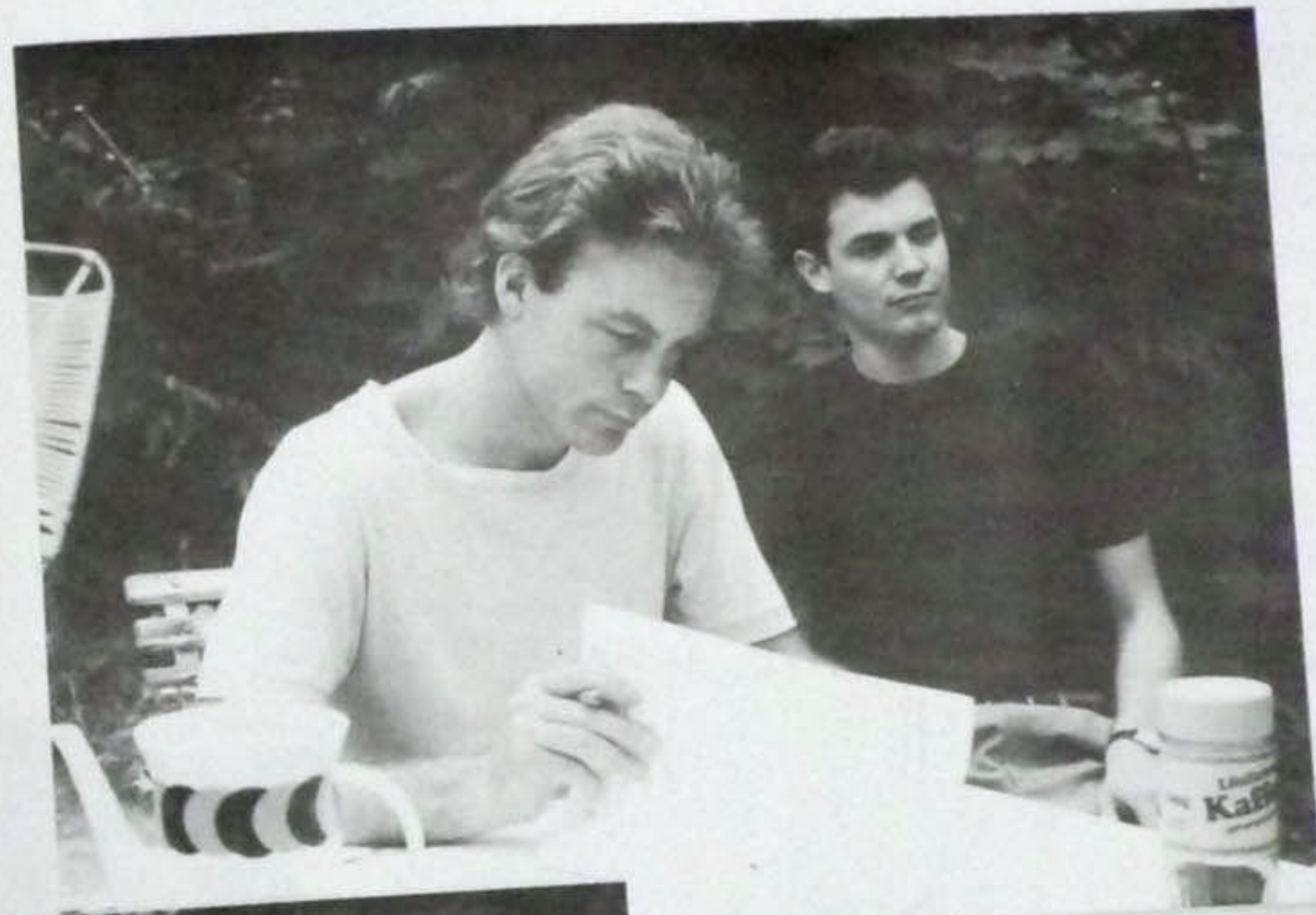
Ed Higgins III

Petra Homeyer

Gerd Schröder

Peter Below

Niels Lomholt



JUN 22 1982 EARLY MORNING BPODY EXERCISES/PRESS CONFERENCE/ SHOPPING/VERY SUNNY DAY/NATHALIE VOMITED ALL NIGHT LONG (PROBABLY THE SAUSAGE)/present population:Pete HOROBIN from Scotland,Niels LOMHOLT from Denmark,Ed HIGGINS from New York,Bruno Hoffman from Germany,Andreas MATHYL from WIEN, Peter BELOW,Nathalie MONGÉAU and Monty CANTSIN + dayly visitors-participants and the population of WURZBURG CITY including the POLICBI,the american ARMY,the CHURCH and the memorial bridge's ieoist saints/free haircuts at Kulturkeller until late night/..... Pete works on the day-book/everyone is free to be or to be not in the lager/I got a pair of german nazi boots from Peter (his father's), good food/kassel was boring/the police is after us because of illegal posterings/our conspiracy is the potencial ene rgy of the FUTURE

Monty Cantsin



Über solchen Reibereien geriet allerdings völlig in Vergessenheit, daß der Tanzlehrerverband ursprünglich andere, viel näherliegende Ziele hatte, nämlich die Lust am Tanz als solchem sowie die Fertigkeit dazu in der Gesellschaft zu verbreiten. Darum trifft es sich nicht ungünstig, daß der Verband endlich einmal wieder Kunde von seinem eigentlichen Wirken gibt: Am vergangenen Wochenende tagte er im traditions- und schwarzwalddreichen Enzklösterle, um in einem „Internationalen Trainingslager“ (ist das Wort Lager hier eine Stilfrage?) über Trendwende und das Welttanz-Programm zu diskutieren. Dabei kamen ziemlich aufregende Neuigkeiten heraus: Was tanzen wir in der kommenden Ballsaison? Ein bißchen Rock, im übrigen aber Jacke wie Hose aus Großmutter's Tanzkränzchenzeit - Tango, Foxtrott, Charleston und nach Glenn Millers Big-Band-Sound die gute, alte, schön verschmorte „Moonlight-Serenade“. Nostalgie aus US-Beständen, ein Geschenk von Ronald und Donald Duck.



Pete Horobin

Andreas Mathyl

Nathalie

Monty Cantsin

The man that got...



Ed Higgins III

Petra Homeyer

Gerd Schröder

Peter Below

Niels Lomholt

IV. HUMAN DOG

1. The Human Dog has the same kind of shadow as that of a human dog.
- 1.1 The Human Dog has equal slyness as that of a human dog.
- 1.2 The Human Dog has the smell of cigarettes and it gets himself burned when he smokes.
The Human Dog's hand is covered with burns and it is always inflamed. The face is twitched with pain. It got itself burned again.
2. The Human Dog is always alone.
- 2.1 It doesn't believe that there are other human dogs. His brain circuit of believing is weak.

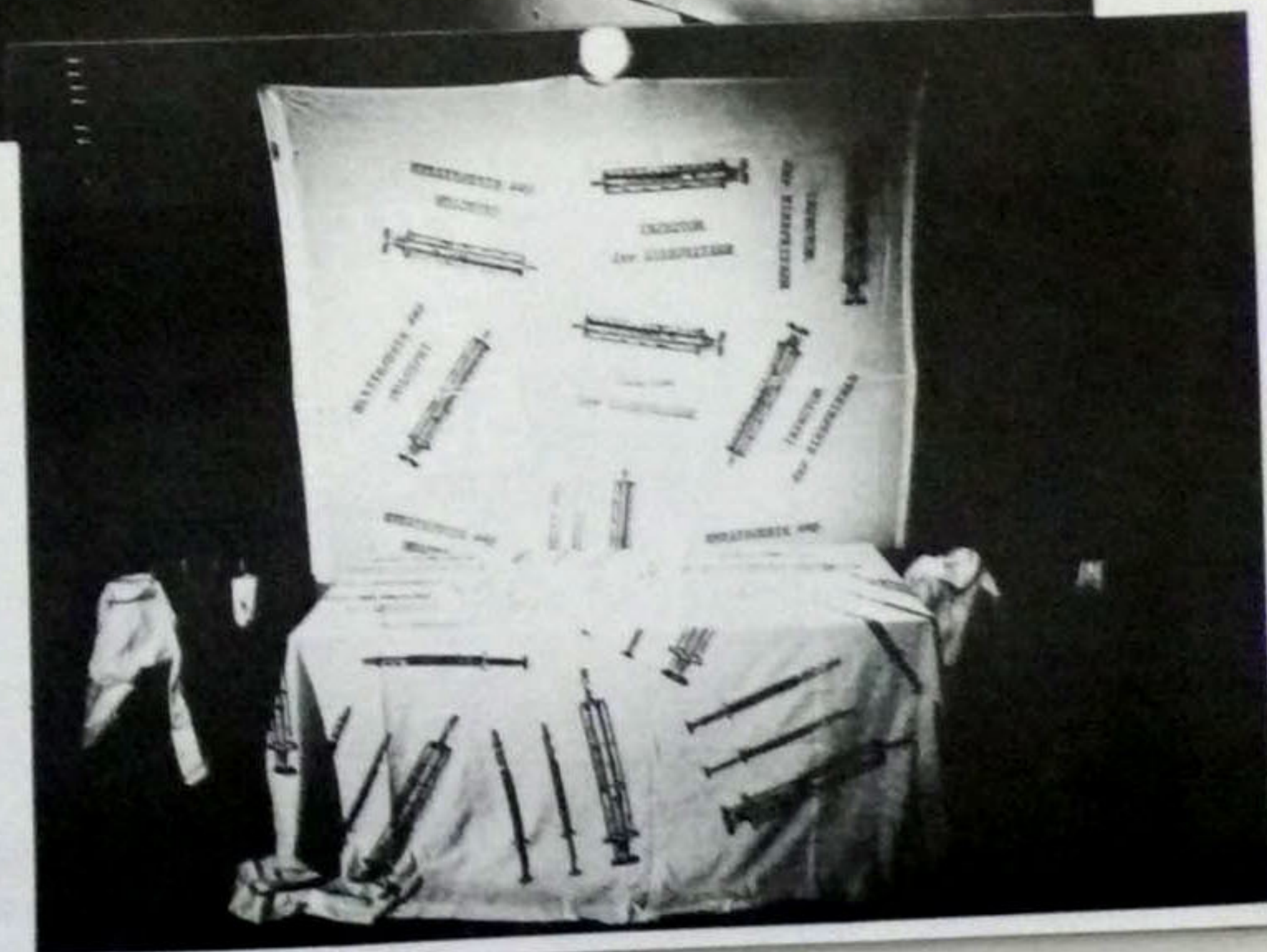
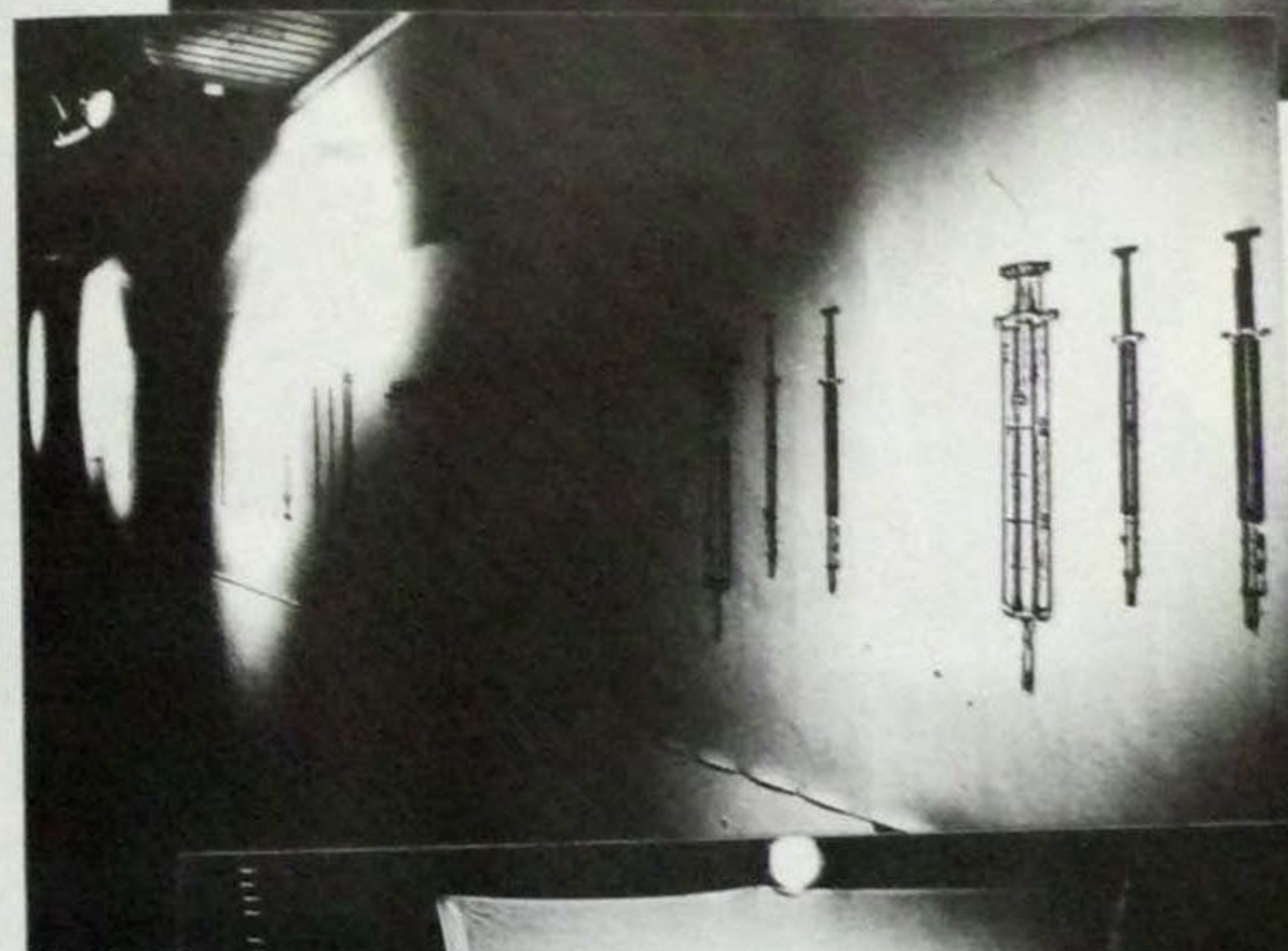
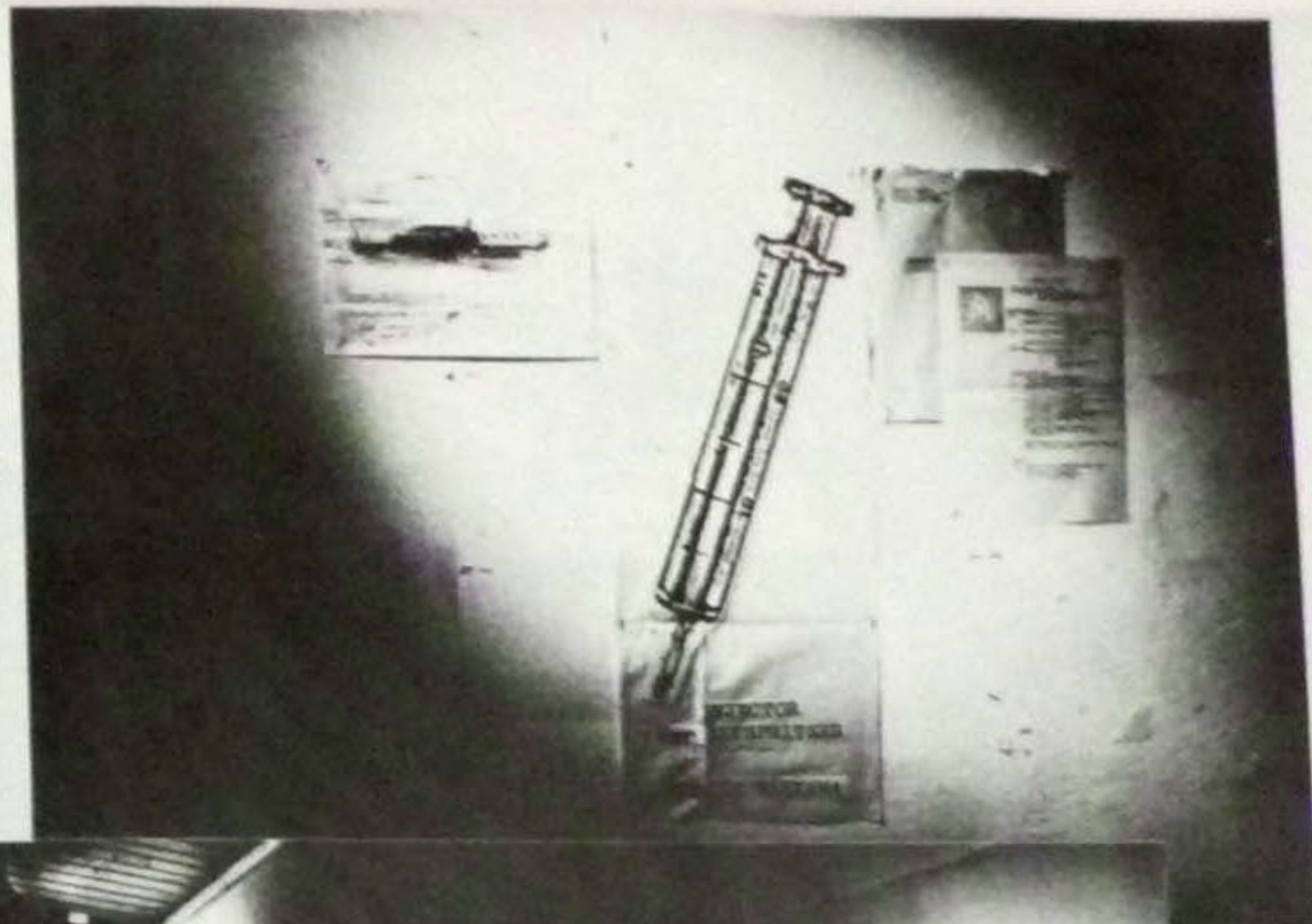


4.
3.
One day, the Human Dog was crouching at a street corner holding his stomach. He was kicked by someone's leather shoe. I went near the Human Dog and pinched his pointed bottom. The Human Dog must have thought himself stupid.
I pinched his bottom again, but slowly this time. The Human Dog dances with a mask put on its face. When it jumped up, it hit its head on the ceiling. There was a jump on his head and his face became red and swollen. It had to stay in bed all day today.



- 4.1 To the Human Dog, a hole is necessary.
- 4.1.1 When the Human Dog finished digging a hole 5 meters deep, it was tired. It collapsed on the edge of the hole.
5. The Human Dog counts its own age.
- 5.1 When counting its age, the distance between 1 and 2 is very long to the Human Dog.
6. The Human Dog thinks about existence, metaphysics and freedom in a misted forest.

Massaki Maekawa/Japan
Text zur Installation
"Injector" Kulturkeller
22. June 1992



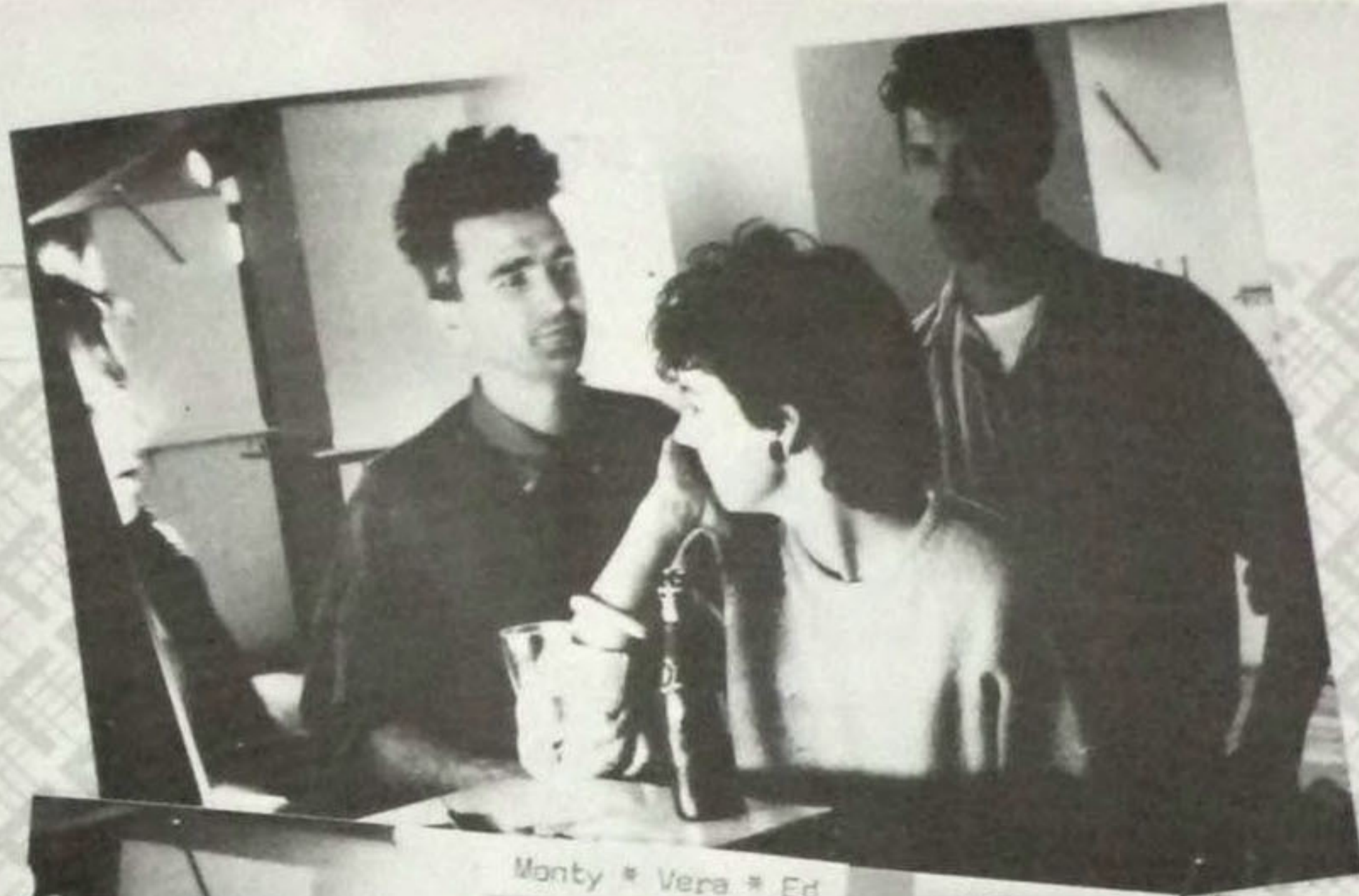
Massaki Maekawa (Japan) Installation "Injector"

Air Mail Par avion

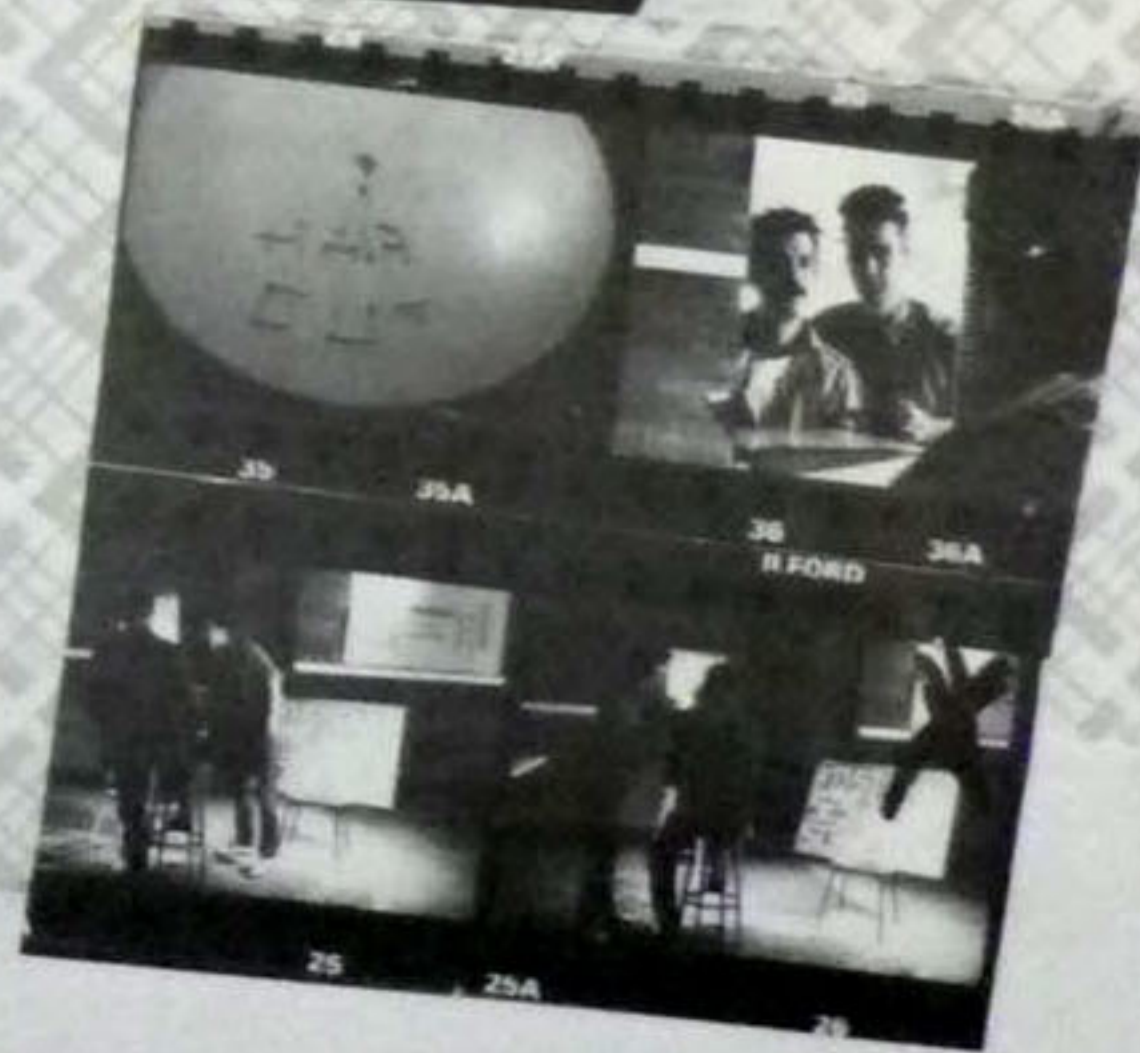
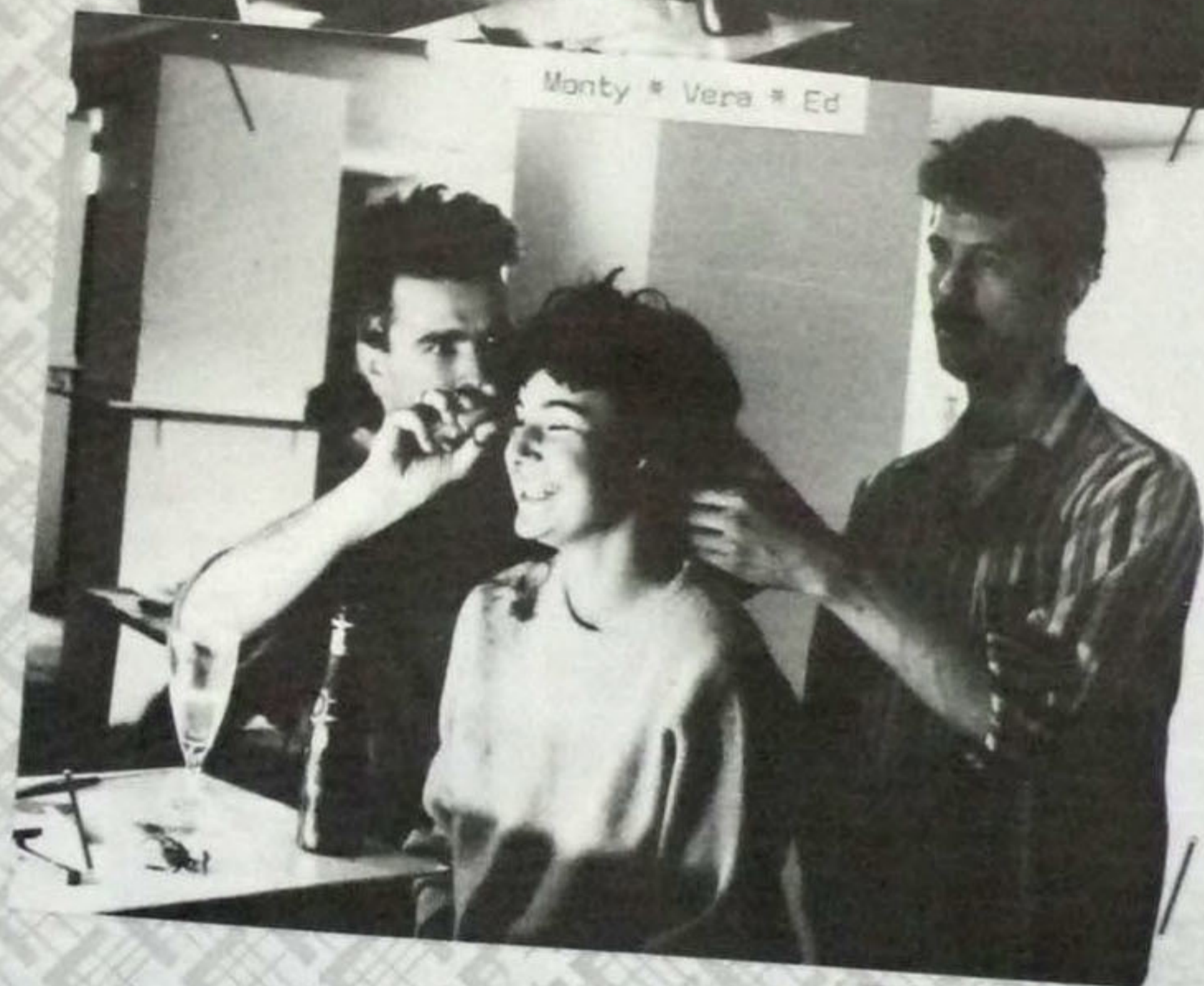
ENTRE DE RECHERCHE-NEOISTE
NEOIST RESEARCH CENTER
VEHICULE ART (MTL) INC.
307 STE-CATHERINE OUEST
MONTREAL, P.Q. H3X 2A3
CANADA (514) 844-6662



PETER



Monty * Vera * Ed



Monty Conside

THE
LOW

4088 Decade



Ernst Steinmetz
Bassist of the
NDW-Band "Hirnheimer"



Andreas Mathyl



HJ Hummel

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

23

G

\$2

DATA
~~DB1-4BS~~
studio 58

WÜRZBURG / W - GERMANY

This principal player wakes. Stirs. Finds reality. Cool grey. Light filters. Into. Ringing constant. Penetrating. Breaking this morning stillness. And Monty descends to answer. Talks into the telephone. This principal player stuck inside this sleeping bag. Wet. Soaked. Sweat. Flies swarm over salty exposed areas. Of skin. Unzipped now to circulate some air inside. This principal player gropes for his time. 06:30. More sleep. Over. Into. 08:00. Later today. Due to a late night free haircutting session in that Kulturekeller. This principal player rises. Pulls on damp shorts. Damp socks. Over this damp skin. Steps outside into damp. Dripping. Green wet. Thunder struck. Last night that storm. Breaking. As Neoists scrambled to cars through a deluged garden. Overgrown. Overrun. Runover. Ran then. This day. Wednesday. Three. Two following one Monty. Niels Lomholt. And this H. Through this heavy Wurzburger air. Up into still. Wet. Woods. Exercise made easier now. As revitalised lungs. Muscles. Sinews. Tissues. Propel this player forward. Returning quickly. Untired. Unstrained. Unchallenged. To find after some time of sitting around outside this time 08:30. Inside. Now 09:50. Showered. Shaved. Coffeed. Groomed. Four principal players write. Monty mechanically. Pounds that typewriter. Electrically. Niels writes using fangs. A word I would not use commonly. Bruno. Clad in white. Jacket and matching trousers. At the window. Light. Soft. Grey. On this damp day. Confining these activities. In doors. Behind doors. Now. 10:56. Niels preparing breakfast. And this breakfast grows. Expands. Becomes a banquet. 11:12. Around this table. Here. Inside studio 58 Peter Below. Hannah. Nathalie. Monty. Niels. Annette Pfau. Arrived to make a garden piece. Among wet. Green. And after a photographic session at Wurzburg castle. Where Monty photographed Niels. In various posed scenarios. Followed by a strole around that clean. Rich. Middle class. Town. This moonpiece has been established. In earth. Dug out. Below the garden swing. At this hour of 16:42. In this close. Heavy. German air. We sweat. Again. The ring. Pierces this quiet. And this principal player answers. In French accent. Phoney. For EF the third. Gracie from New York. Then Below enters to give me this wonderful news of that lady. Diana has brought forth. Into this world. A prince. Sire. Here inside this studio 58. Niels talks to a tall. Leggy. Blond. From Wurzburg. Studying to play a flute. And piano. As we sip black coffee. Nibble inflated

**THE NEOIST NETWORK'S
FIRST EUROPEAN
TRAINING CAMP**

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

WÜRZBURG / W-GERMANY

chocolate. EF the third. Begins a portrait in oils of Peter Below. Those pines and green groves. With gentle whiffs of cigar smoke filtering inside. Two players tease blue smoke into their lungs. Exhale. Inhale to breathe. Outside. Inside. These people.



Annette Frau starting her never finished garden piece (Temps perdu)



JUL 23 1982

**THE NEOIST NETWORK'S
FIRST EUROPEAN
TRAINING CAMP**

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

JUL 23 1982

JUL 23 1982

here comes the third day/physical exercises 8h:Lomholt,Horobin, Cantsin/run and yoga0/then cafe and thee and carotte Juice/nofrus tuck/there are a lot of insects here known from their love to human skin and blood/self-examination is obliged /telephone/no news about the war/~~no~~ no tv,no radio,no newspapers/i try telepatic communications/television sucks my energy -says pete horobin,/and we were talking about a foundation to make money by selling objects,etc,/peter will be here in a few minutes/rainy day/he says that the rain is a part of the total complot/~~he~~ killed two other German flies and here I send them to u (see other side)/Lomholt send a message but I dont undertand it/let the godd times roll/convulsion-subversion-defection/Ich bin Monty Cantsin ?/~~was~~ was macht du?/what about the big screen? your immortal compleas *Monty Cantsin*



JUN 23 1982

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

JUN 23 1982

JUN 23 1982

here comes the third day/physical exercises 8h:Lomholt,Horobin,
 Cantsin/run and yoga0/then cafe and thee and carotte juce/naw
 frus tuck/there are a lot of insects here known from their love to
 human skin and blood/self-examination is obliged /telephone/no news
 about the war/~~no~~ no tv,no radio,no newspapers/i try telepatic commu-
 nications/television sucks my energy -says pete horobin,/and we were
 talking about a foundation to make money by selling objects,etc./
 peter will be here in a few minutes/rainy day/he says that the
 rain is a part of the total complot/a killed two other German flies
 and here I send them to u (see other side)/Lomholt send a message but
 I dont undertand it/let the godd times roll/convulsion-subversion-
 defection/Ich bin Monty Cantsin ?/was was macht du?/what about the big
 screen? your immortal campleader *Monty Cantsin*





Perfekt!



THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

24 6 \$2

DATA
~~DDI-4BS~~
studio 58.

WÜRZBURG / W - GERMANY

07:00. Here a knocking upon this studio door. Rap. Rap. Knocking these eyelids against this brain. In bed. Cocooned at two. Five hours now. Monty descends. Pete. Pete. You run. A grunt. A roll. Over. On this mattress. In this corner. And Bridget has arrived to take a jog. To train. But this player. Inactive. Wants to sleep. Just a little peace please. To close these eyelids against the cool. Quiet. Grey. In this activity of players exercise is made. But all too quickly a return is made and peace. Non peace. Is shattered. So I rise. This principal player defeated. Broken. Sleep. No sleep. Up and dressed. Prepared to exercise. Alone. Outside at 07:50 and Monty. Keen for more. Follows. Me. Up this hill. Towerwards. And we turn along a flat road which plunges upwards with a force which brings us to a halt. Deep breaths. And we ascend once more. To discover another level piece of tar to tread. Sprightly. Over. Along for a few hundred yards. Between cultivated verdant fields in this German landscape. Until we turn. Around. And past our tower of brick. Postered. Sloganed. Run non stop down to this studio. Perspiring. Aspiring. Conspiring. In this secret training camp. In this Neoday. Neo morning. 08:10. 09:06. The camp quiet after all that early action. Bridget has taken Niels downtown. Where Higgins the fire eater. Sleeps a floor. Monty and Nathalie aloft. Dress. To go. To shower. For here we have no gas for hot water. To concentrate upon our skin. To purify. And Bruno rolls another cigarette. Black shadows still after last nights endurance. Test. On persons stamina. As he gave his performance from 20:50 until well. After 23:00. As people came and went. Drifted through. Between those lines. Spoken from behind a venetian blind. Charcoaled. From that Kulturekeller we sought. Out. An alternative keller. Of independence. With sand a floor. And band agogo. Tomtom. Pulse. And dance. And beer. Monty crapsin. I crapsin. This sess bog. Bin. Dry. Here. Shit mounting. Stinking. Thinking. Squatting. Swatting flies in here. And Gabor Toth ballooning slogans. Stapled from below out there. Chilly in this morning air. Now 10:17. H types. Mechanically. Bruno counts out money. Enough. Just. To leave. By. Bye. Bye bye. Now 11:17. This studio 58 full of persons. Monty plays a cassette in the DATA recorder. Nathalie in bold hooped tights. Niels unshaven. EF the third alive after his flaming wrangle. Fritz Stier. Bridget. Stiletto. Bruno packed. Telephone talking. Waiting for Below to come with breakfast. For breakfast. For a script

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

WÜRZBURG / W-GERMANY

discussion. 14:30. Stiletto has arrived in this camp. Deserted. Quiet. Video recorded. By Frits Stier. As Bridget and EF Higgins wash dishes. And Monty lies with Nathalie. Building up his strength. As this German sun broils. On this skin. Prickling. Singeing. And no Peter Below today to visit here. So we improvised a Cantsin lunch of salad. Rice. Peas. Fish. Washed with red wine. Chewed with brown bread. Giggled with Bridget. Joked with Lomholt. Eaten with gusto. 14:50 Peter Below arrives. Pith helmet upon that hairy head. Domed. Distinguished. Colonial. With blowups of that Würzburg newspaper article. Written. As we told that perspiring journalist. He wrote. We spoke. We read. 15:56. Players sit around this trestle table. A strong sun beaming. With a video machine beaming in on. Us. Stiletto. EF the third. Frits. Monty. Nathalie. Bridget. Me. Played back. Flashed back. Talking to Niels. Flash back to Monty. Singing. Blood and gold. Accompanied by the famous DATA recorder. Red coat. Black boots. Red blood. Black shirt. Red on black. Black. Red on black. Red. Read these notes. Back. in front of that lens. Recorded for playback. Now. 16:00. 16:09. Peter Below has left to go for a police interview. And Niels to the post office.



Monty Cantsin
Blood campaign/Blut Kampagne
-eine Vorlesung- 24. Juni 82
Window display at Konsumex



**THE NEOIST NETWORK'S
FIRST EUROPEAN
TRAINING CAMP**

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

25 6 \$2

DATA
~~DDI-4BS~~
studio 58.

09:45. One sun shining. Together we ate breakfast. Three pieces of bread. Eggs. Confiture. Peaches. For sustenance during this day. Day five. Five players around this table. Eating. Discussing this project. This community action. And yesterday Below showing signs of despondency and disappointment. Because. We. The players in his script. Are not performing to his expectations. Not making sufficient community actions. Of the creative kind. And Monty and I in agreement that the conscious creative force should be. Is. Supressed. Here. As daily actions take over within the running of this camp. This community. 09:52. Below this German sun. Monty types. Niels contemplates. Nathalie has gone downtown. Fritz prepares his breakfast. EF the third presses his shoulder blades in sleep. Aloft. Below somewhere in Wurzburg. Not here. To participate. In this daily action. To recall. Now. 09:56. That yesterday afternoon Monty sang his song on a quiet urban street corner. Outside that window which contained blood samples and his gold bust. And to enforce those lyrics an ambulance cruised by. This action recorded on the DATA cassette. With tales of Peter Belows police enquiry. And Monty showing signs of annoyance. With much to do about. Nothing. Here 10:05. Peter Below has arrived and departed with Niels to collect video equipment. Returning to collect us at 11:00 to take us to der residenz where we are to make. According to our programme. Dedications to absent artists. Returning now to last night and a performance piece by Fritz Stier in the Kulturekeller. A bottle of champagne. Drunk. Screen blank. A toy xylophone. Mickey Mouse. Pieces of trees piled around that hissing screen. Teepee style. Table. Chair. Suit. White shirt. Tie. Red arm band. Bored. And an audience of twenty plus. Waited to hear that noise. After which two players left to take photos within the darker confines of Wurzburg. Niels posing. H clicking. A yacht. An hotel foyer. On that ancient bridge. Where actions performed took place. Higgins barking at a dog. And the dog barking at Higgins. And the owner barking in German. And returning to find two players tucking into a small feast of fried rice. Eggs. Bread. Coffee. In this studio 58. Where the real actions are taking place. This week. Work week. And a mention of such a work week in the DATA Attic. Now 10:40 and Fritz steers homeward. After a morning of walking Wurzburg. Monty. Pete. Niels. Taking photos in that residence. Tiepolo upon that ceiling. Buying some food. Talking. Monty getting strained now as a pressure mounts.

WÜRZBURG / W-GERMANY

**THE NEOIST NETWORK'S
FIRST EUROPEAN
TRAINING CAMP**

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

Tension. Preparing himself. Mentally and physically. For that blood letting. Here now in this camp we have a situation. 16:26. Visitors outside. Residents inside. This principal player has cleaned all the dishes. Washed clothes. Ed prepares food. Niels sits beer in hand. Peter struggles through his own torments. This action week. Performance. Developing.

Seit Generationen spezialisiert auf die Herstellung sämtlicher
Künstler-Pinsel

WÜRZBURG / W-GERMANY



Dedications to: GORDON W./ KIKI BONBON/ ZBIGNIEW BROTGEHIRN/ ART LOVER/
G. SINGERMAN/ BBB GREGOR/ NAPOLEON/E.G. HEAD/K.TATE/TTP
Residenz Würzburg/ 25 June 1982(Niels L. Monty C. Pete H.)

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

Tension. Preparing himself. Mentally and physically. For that blood letting. Here now in this camp we have a situation. 16:26. Visitors outside. Residents inside. This principal player has cleaned all the dishes. Washed clothes. Ed prepares food. Niels sits beer in hand. Peter struggles through his own torments. This action week. Performance. Developing.

WÜRZBURG / W-GERMANY

Seit Generationen spezialisiert auf die Herstellung sämtlicher
Künstler-Pinsel



Dedications to: GORDON W. / KIKI BONBON / ZBIGNIEW BROTGEHIAN / ART LOVER /
G. SINGERMAN / 888 GREGOR / NAPOLEON / E.G. HEAD / K. TATE / TTP
Residenz Würzburg / 25 June 1982 (Niels L. Monty C. Pete H.)

VEHICULE ART

307 Ste-Catherine O. Montréal, Québec H2X 2A3

April 29, 1982

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

MONTY CANTSIN's CATASTRONICS
synthetic-wave performance

25 June 82/ Kulturkeller/Würzburg/W. Germany

CATASTRONICS is a combination of anti-timing and penetrating computer perfection; a product of synthetic-wave, the latest tendency of Monty Cantsin's work.

"The neoist activity is a part of the 80's complex symptom, what I would call now synthetic -wave. If you have a better expression to make understand the present chaos, I'll pay you a million \$."
(Radio-XYZ, New York, march/82)

CATASTRONICS is an action/monument of a pre-nuclear-war generation's hopeless revolutionary dreams. The performance consist of primitive corporal information, giant-screen perversion, psycho-dramatic counteractions. A mobile-sculpture, NEOIST-CARE-MACHINE, is one of the lifeless heros of CATASTRONICS.

MONTY CANTSIN is a totalmedia artist, internationally known as the initiator of the neoist movement. Cantsin arrived in Montreal from Budapest via Paris in 1977. His work has been characterized as confrontative and intellectually assaultive, violent. "Blood Campaign", which he began in 1979, is a continuous action and its aim is to finance the operations of the Neoist Cultural Conspiracy by selling his blood as an object of value. Cantsin's video and performance works were presented at international festivals in North America and Europe.

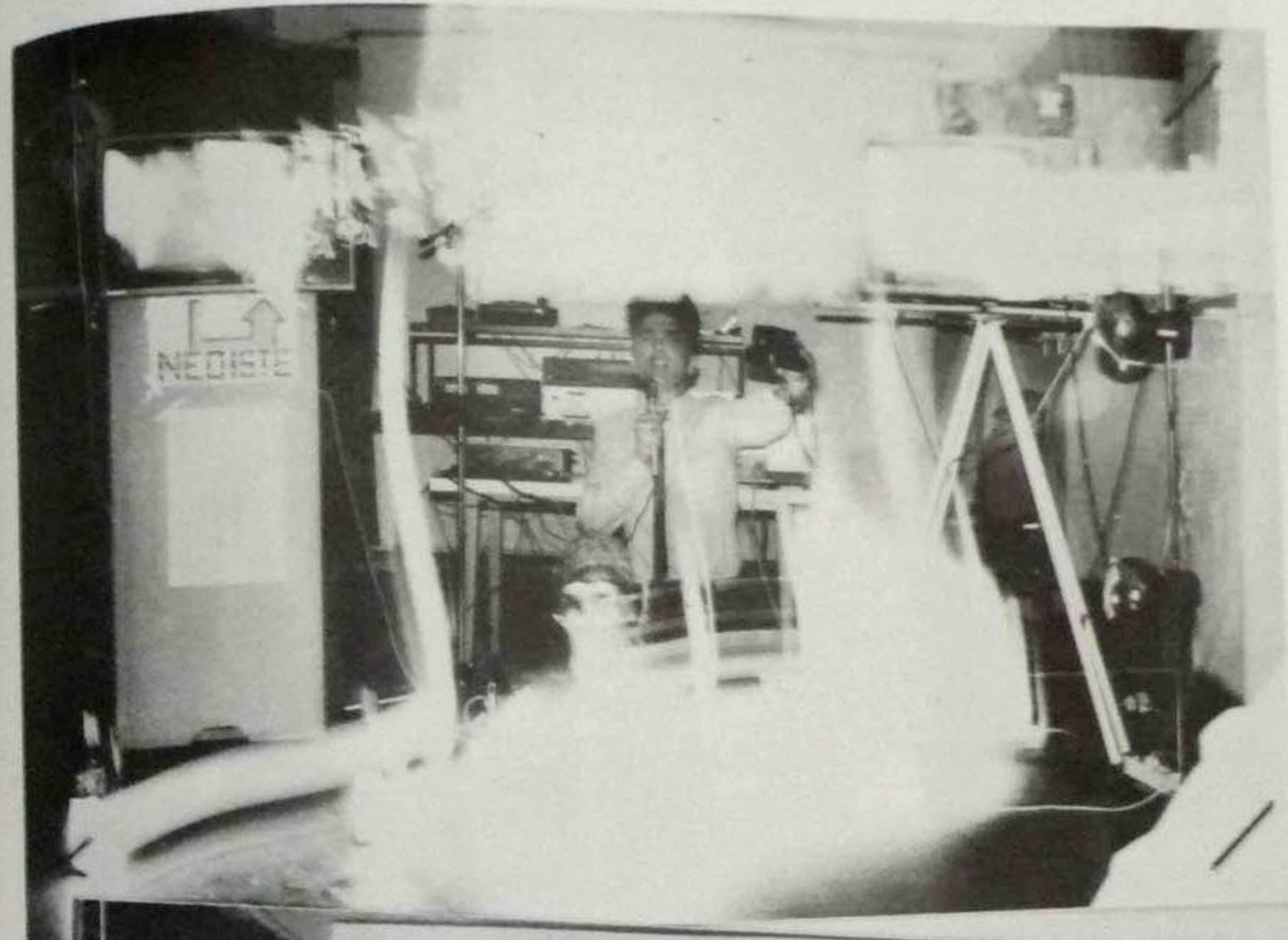
Monty Cantsin -officially Istvan Kantor - is an active member of Vehicule Art since 1978; coordinates "Centre de recherche neoiste" since 1980.

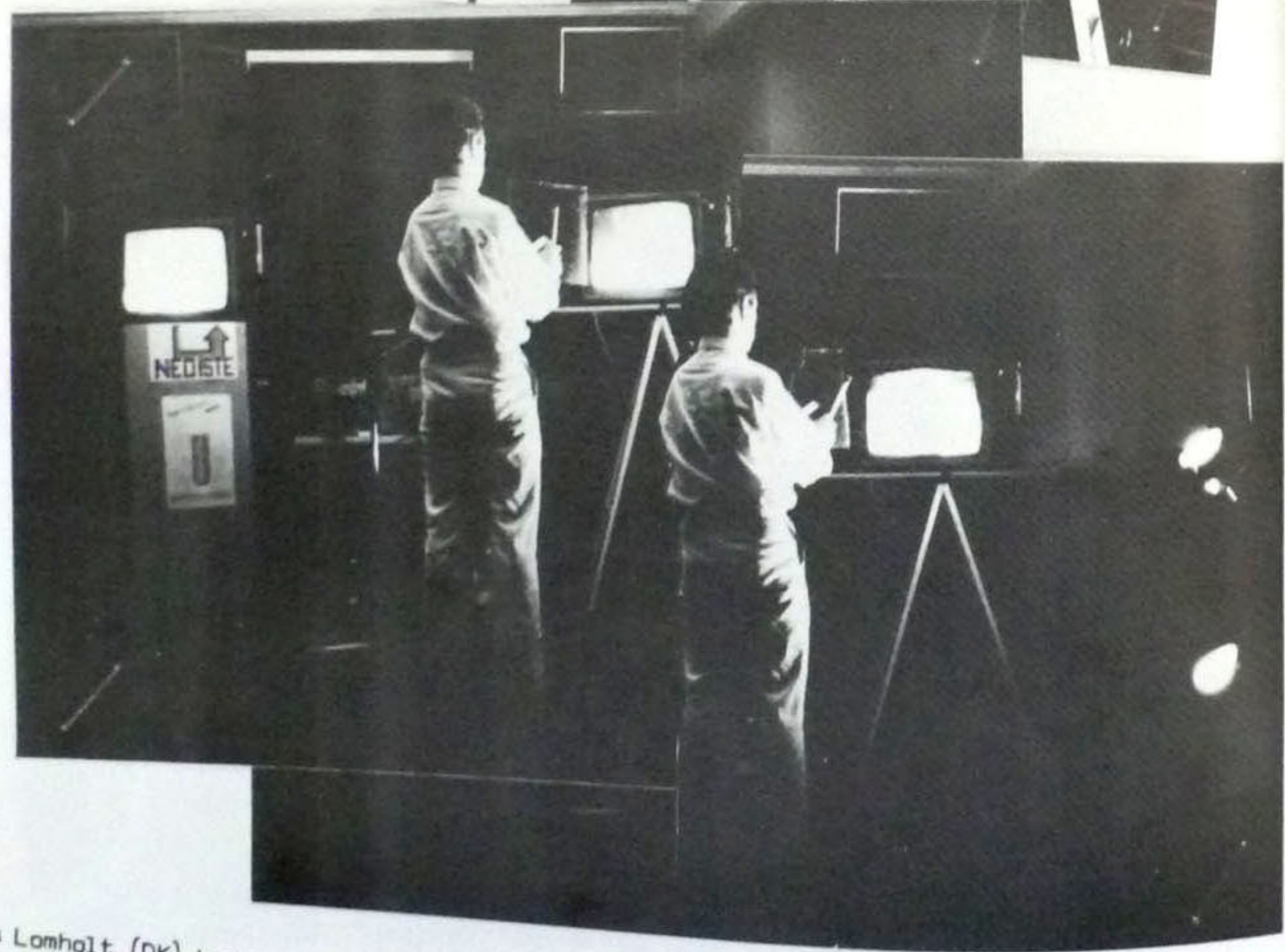
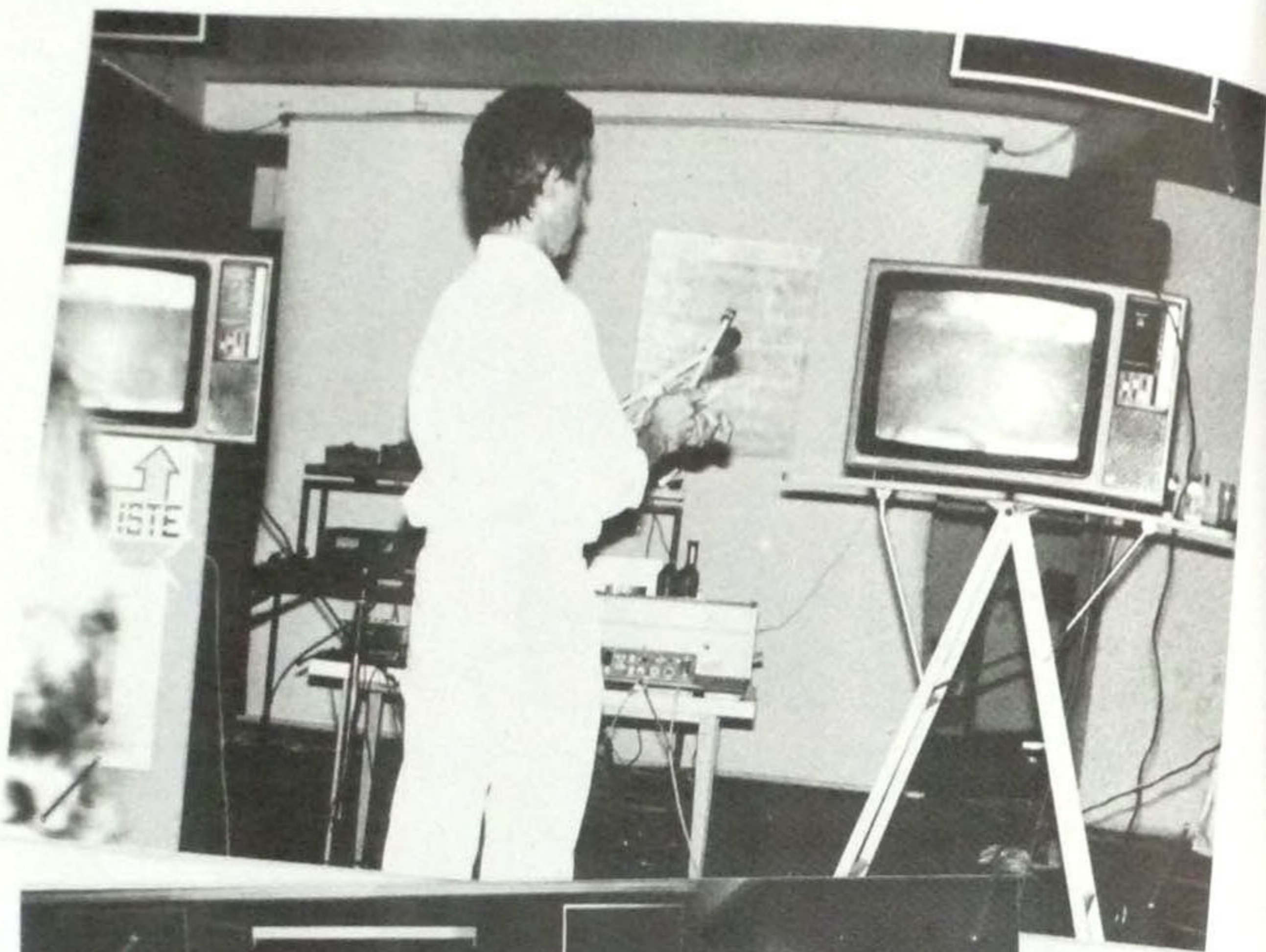
For further information of Monty Cantsin's work and/or the performance of CATASTRONICS at Vehicule Art, please contact the artist at 844-9623 or 844-6461.

MONTY CANTSIN

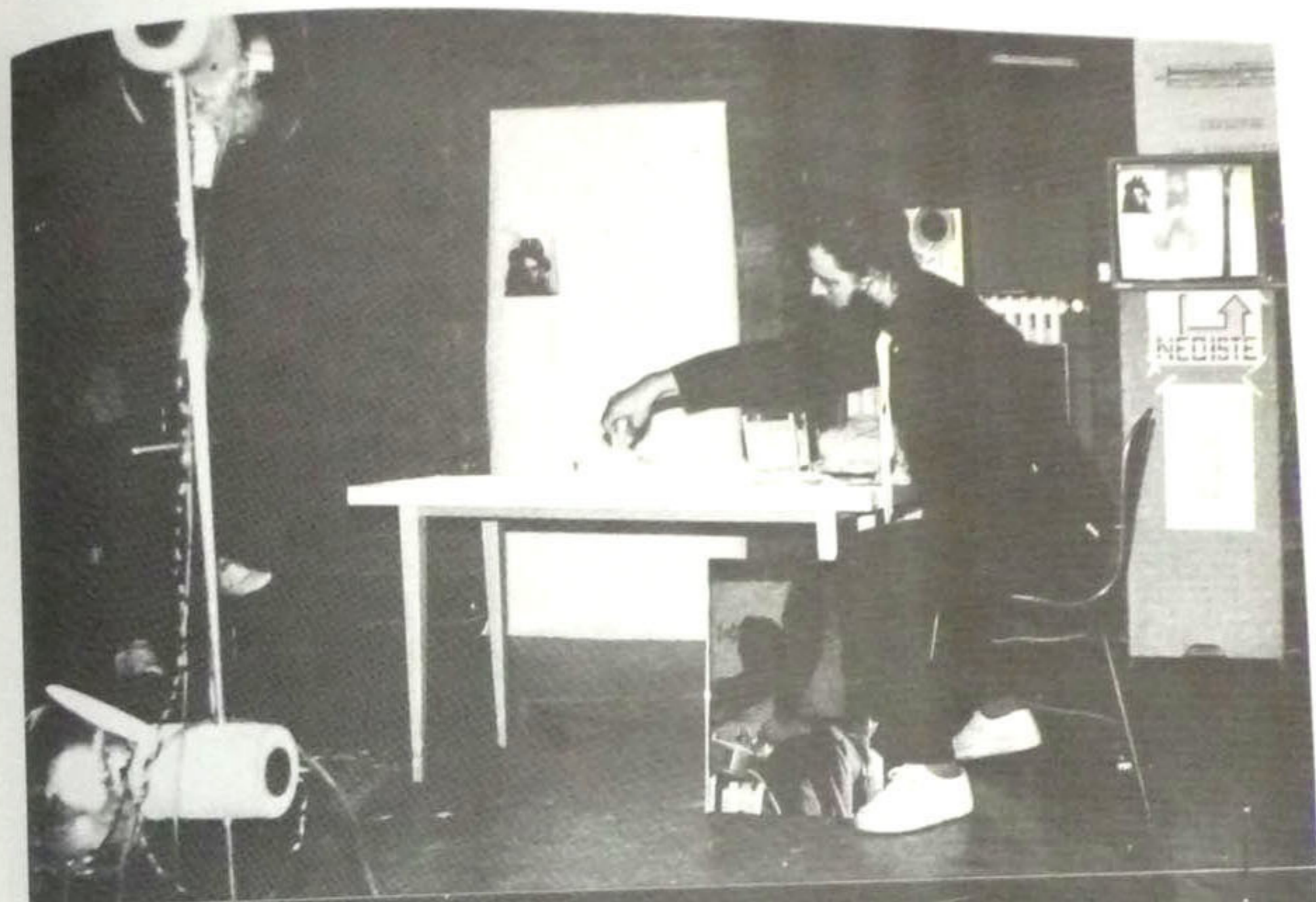


VEHICULE ART - 307 OUEST RUE STE-CATHERINE, MONTRÉAL, QUÉ. H2X 2A3 • (514) 844-6461





els Lomholt (DK) Let those sleep who can (Conference Performance) Kulturkeller 25. June 82

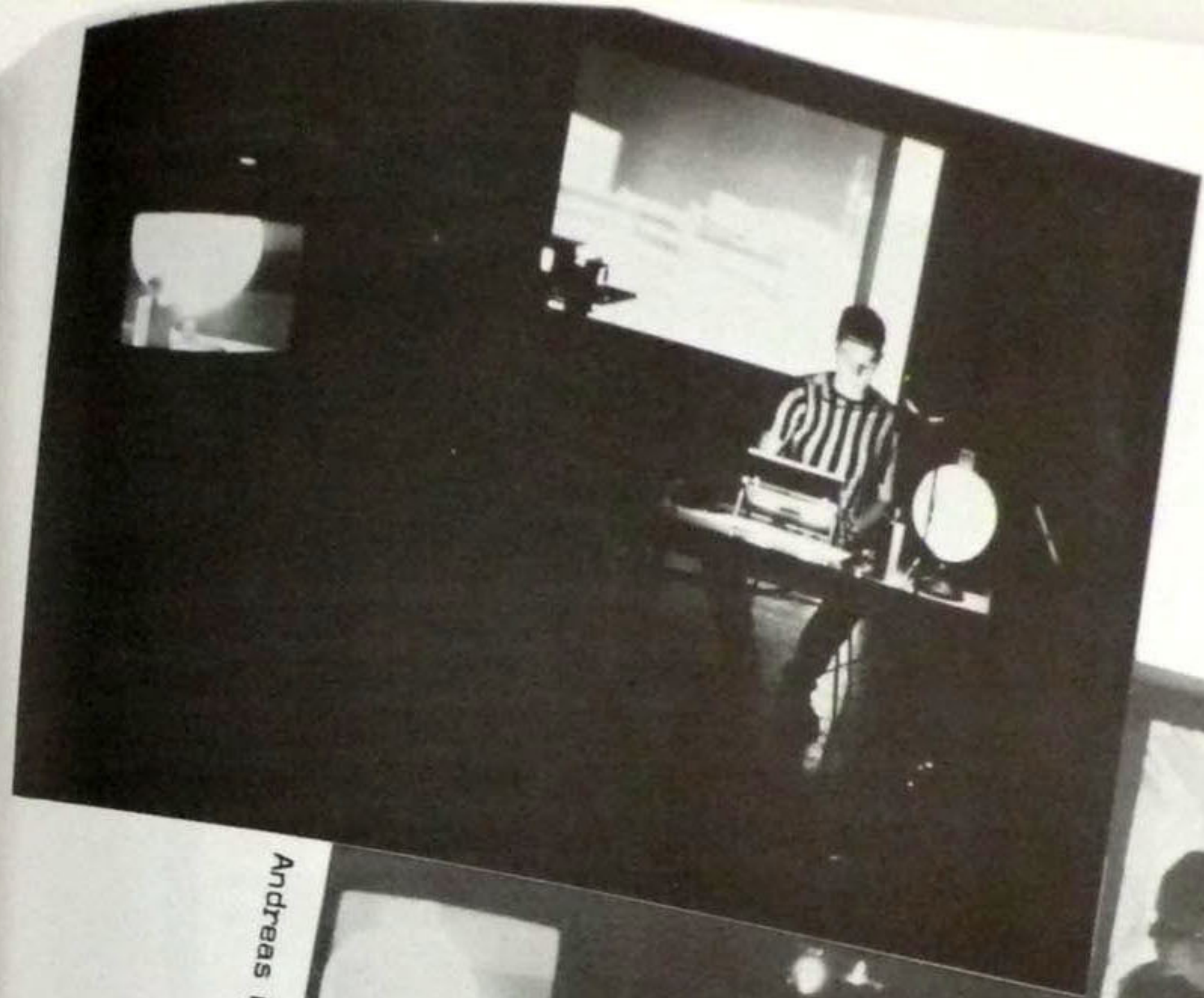


Peter Below/The revenge of the cricket - for Majakowski (3min 30 sec) Filmperformance
Kulturkeller 25 June 1982

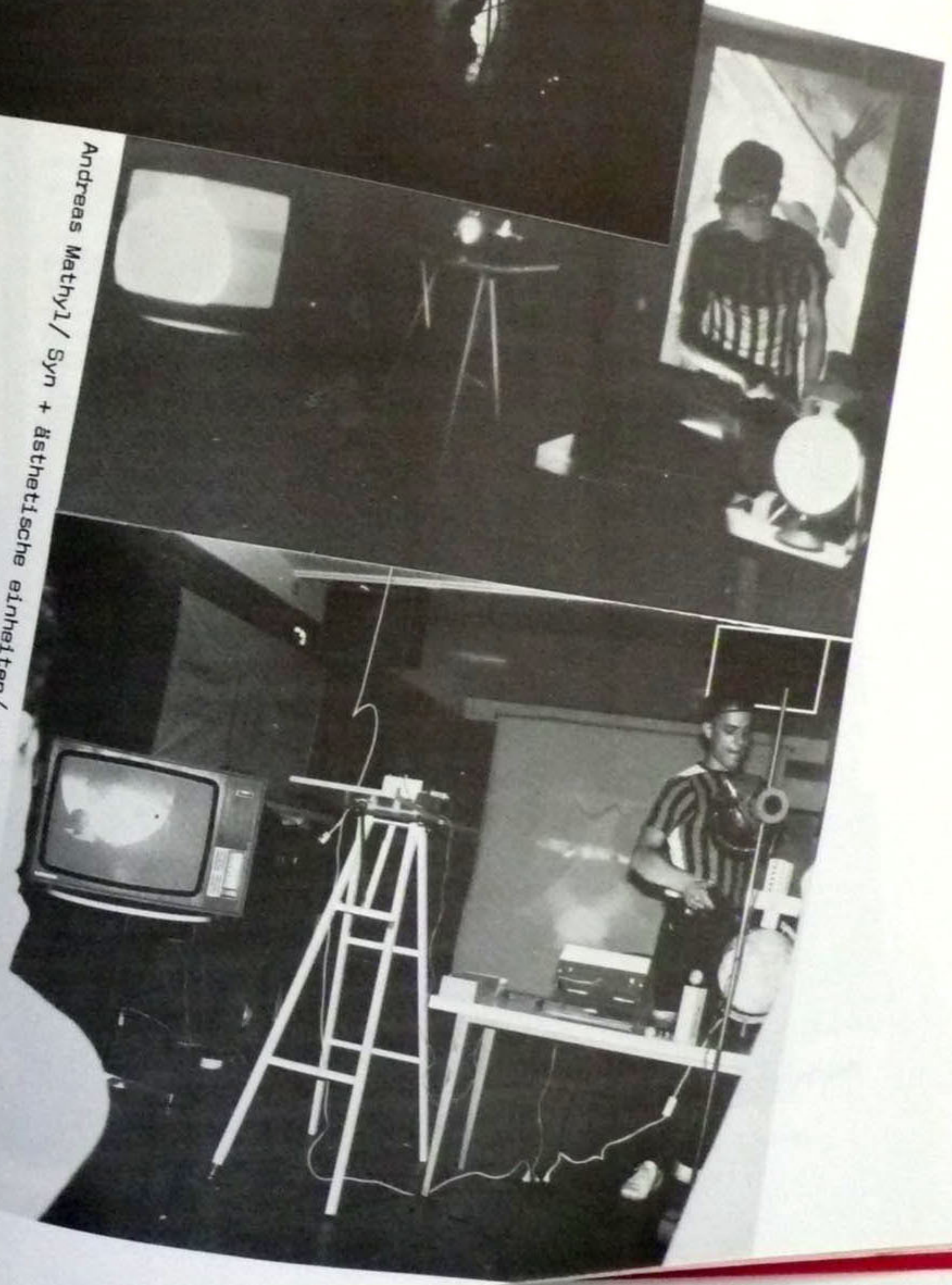
FILMSYNDIKAT (Hannelore Kober/Janny Döbele)
Filmprojektion: brot + sex// new york, n.y.
kulturkeller 26. Juni 82

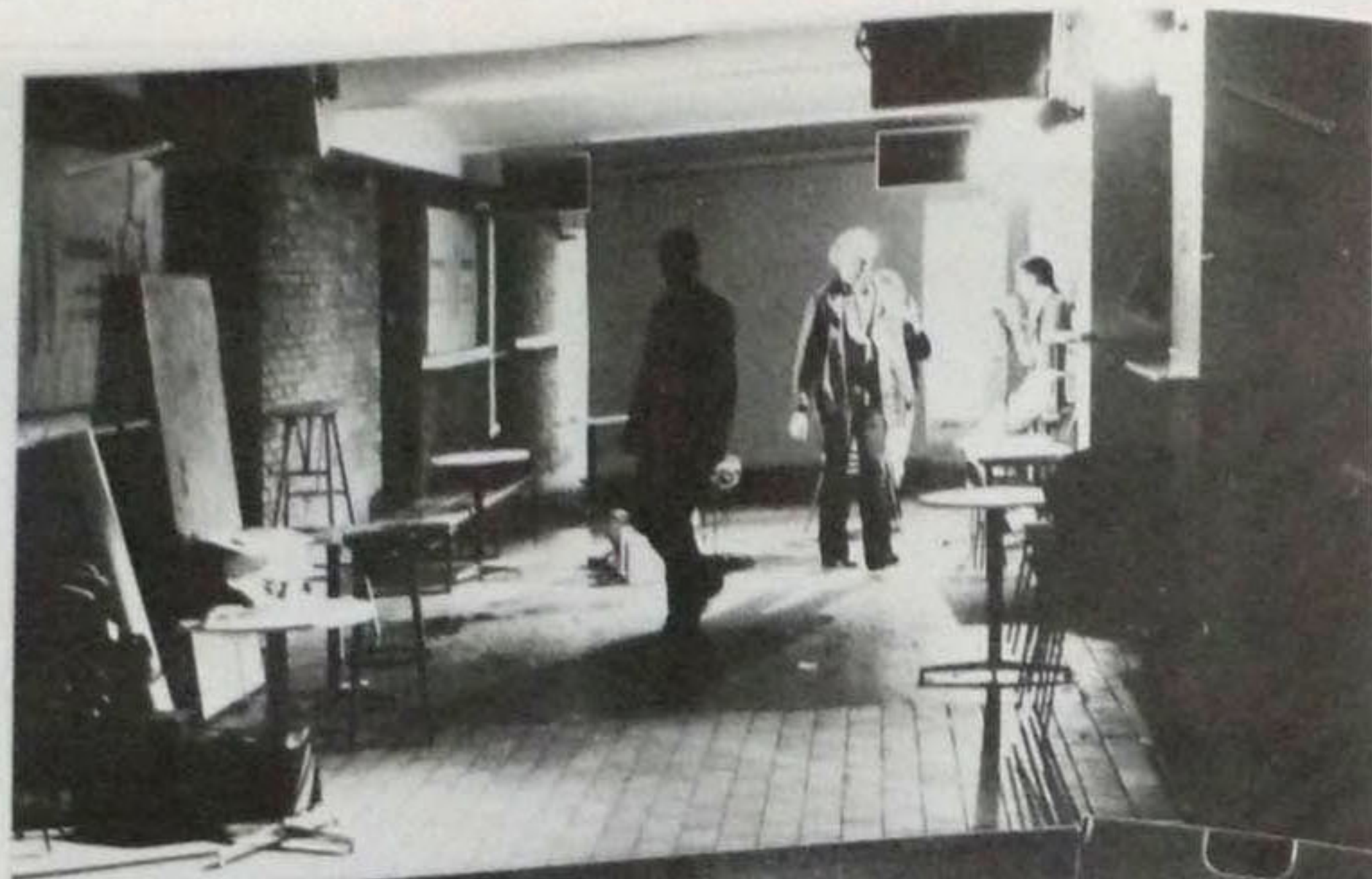


FILMSYNDIKAT & FAN CLUB AT STUDIO 58



Andreas Mathy1 / Syn + ästhetische einheiten / performance / 26 Juni 82 kulturkeller





THE
N
D
OF
THE
S
H
O
W

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

27

G

S2

DATA
DD1-4BS
Studio 58.

WÜRZBURG / W-GERMANY

Outside on this final day. Around this late breakfast table. Arose at 11:00. This principal player to bed at 03:00. Exhausted. Drunk. To sleep deep. Now 12:55. Monty Cantsin lies on a mattress by the door. Peter Below beside him with Hannah twisting a piece of yellow clothes rope in her eager fingers. Eva in wicker creaky chair. A male visitor. Friend of Belows. Name to me. Unknown. Stiletto reading these typed DATA sheets of this weeks activities. Movements. Inter relationships. Wulle reading an arty book. Nathalie lounged on the lay me down garden lounge. This principal player as I go round this trestle table in order of clockwise motion. Winnie newly arrived showing now black and white negatives. Sunlight showing them visible to Cantsin eyes. So we have this relaxed scenario. And to mention Higgins aloft. Sleeping off. That beer. A small discussion between Cantsin and Below about this documentation. And to catch up with that history. To give some consideration to last nights activities in that Kulturekeller. Where few people experienced a long. Slow. Late evening. Late night. Early morning. Performance. Entertainment. Action. And it should be written here. To clarify. That this principal player. As the candle burned. Lay down. Flat on back upon that tiled floor. Tired not bored. To rest and not to demonstrate against that night film. Sounding that awakening. Then New York. New York. New York. With three projections. Those streets in this keller. With Higgins at home. Beer in hand. Cigarette butt protruding. Mouthing approval. Then Wolfgang using brain waves distorted a video of Hitchcocks birds. And Andreas Mathyl attempted to destroy our planet. But failed. Although at times it was severely threatened. Then this principal player attempted to bring a hint of optimism. With humour filtering through from that street recording made by that principal player in Wurzburg. While reading over. And above. Shreds of this weeks DATA. And humour now as Gabor Toth stickers. On skin. Stuck. On arse. Stuck. On face. Stuck. On pot. On table top. 13:37 Higgins down. And this afternoon progresses in a creative vein. Monty and Nathalie decide to take the warm air on our wooded hillside. Outside. This camp. Here then we have one Stiletto. One Higgins. One Below. And one H. Plus video equipment. To record for playback. The wicker creaky chair is fired. Filmed. In flame. Engulfed. Crackling. Consumed. Accompanied by drumming from Stiletto and H. Finally dowsed with water by Below. Then Higgins takes a dry pasta shower. Without water. And finally this Stiletto dry swims. Stripped to

THE NEOIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP

21.- 27. JUNI 1982

his waist. Leather jeans. Among the garden herbage. To a sound track of Higgins gargling water accompanied by this H too. As Monty and Nathalie return. To dry swim too this Monty in front of that video lens. 17:00. Two film makers talk. A clear polythene canopy. Below that Monty burned a piece of technology. Below box ing Neoist actions. Burnt offerings. Sugar cubes now a blackened mound upon a piece of red tile. An exploded fire cracker. A neo poster. A Cavellini sticker fired in these fingers. On video. Then. These movements. With cameras clicking from all directions. Around food. Humble and humble wife. Gerhard. Willie. EF the third. Monty and Nathalie. Stiletto. This principal player taping for playback. Below. In German. Now. Spoken. And we looked at those video images. And pollaroids Shot. Snapped. Before which we phoned Baroni and he spoke of moving into solit ude to work. And said his hellos to EF the third. Now 17:17. Music thumps. Out of this door. Monty makes more unleavened bread. Bloodless.

WÜRZBURG / W - GERMANY

21. June/Studio 58/ Nathalie*Peter H.*Peter B.*Hannah*Eve* Visitor*Wulle*Stiletto



JUN 27 1982 JUN 27 1982 JUN 27 1982 JUN 27 1982 JUN 27 1982 JUN 27 1982

it seems to me thta this is the last campday in würzburg/sunday conference about future plans/BBBBBBBBBBBB war or peace/we decided to take over the whole world/where is akadem gorod?/can you hear/schnell schnell schnell/we have some hoars left/in germany/the world/in the tv and in the radio/alles klar

ausser Betrieb

Kommunikation wird großgeschrieben
A NEOIST RESEARCH PROJECT

Kreative Leute aus aller Welt in Würzburg — Persönliche Notizen
„1. Europäisches Trainingslager des neoistischen Netzwerkes“: Hinter diesem auf den ersten Blick wohl rätselhaften Begriff könnte man paramilitärische Aktivitäten vermuten. Doch näher betrachtet, ist Ironie dabei im Spiel: Das „Trainingslager“ entspringt sich als eine Art Stätte der Begegnung von Leuten aus aller Welt, bei denen das Wort „Kommunikation“ ganz großgeschrieben wird. Solche Treffen gab es schon seit 1980, in Montreal, Baltimore und New York, und summehr — zur europäischen „Premiere“ — ist Würzburg seit Montag an der Reihe. Der dann — eigentlich zu erfahrenen Avantgarde hinreichend.“
Alle, die sich treffen, unter „Lagerleitern“ wie Monty Calman (Kanada), Niels Lumbolt (Dänemark), Peter Horsch (Schottland), Andreas Muthy (Österreich), Ed Higgins (USA) oder Bruno Hoffmann (Würzburg).

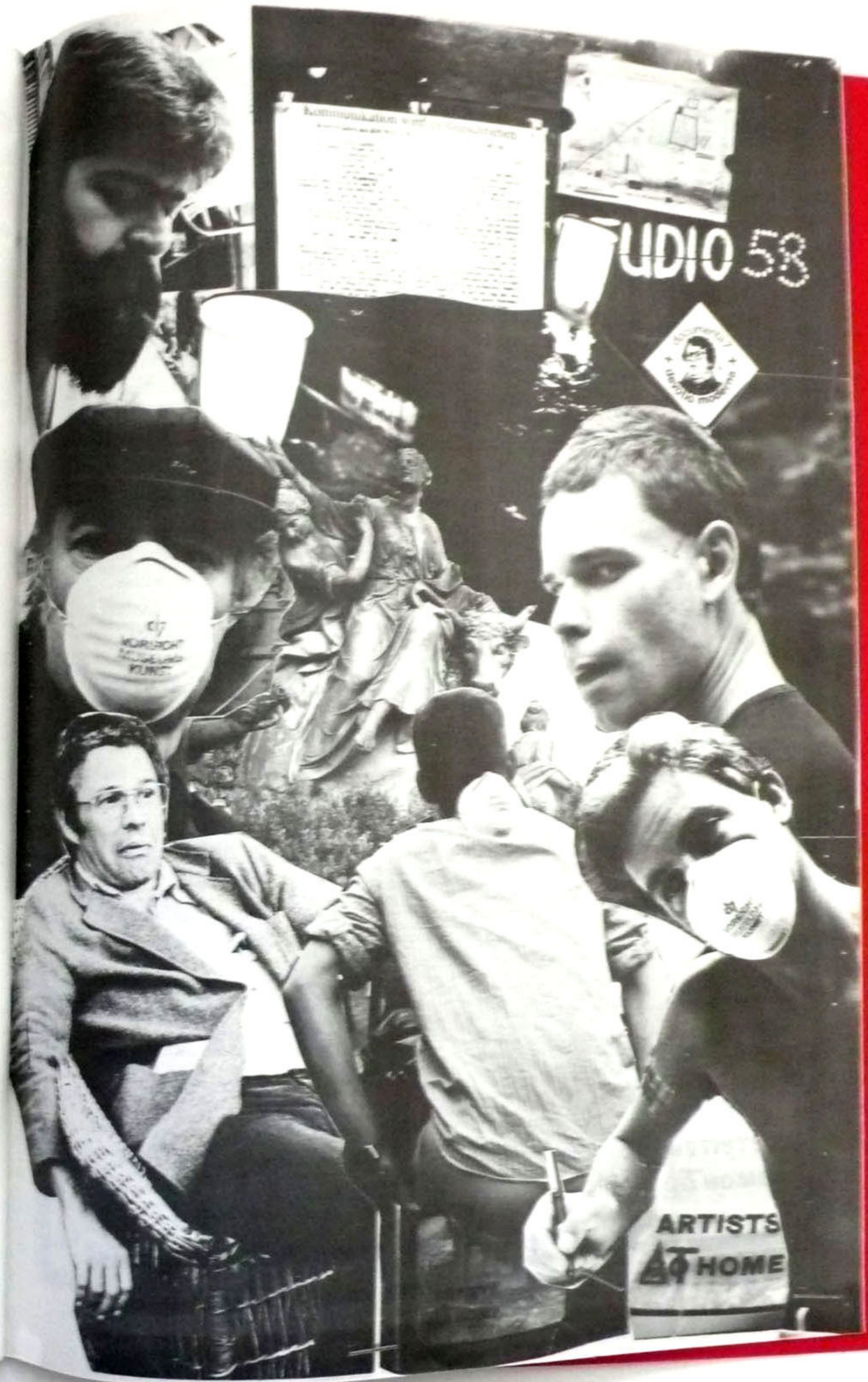
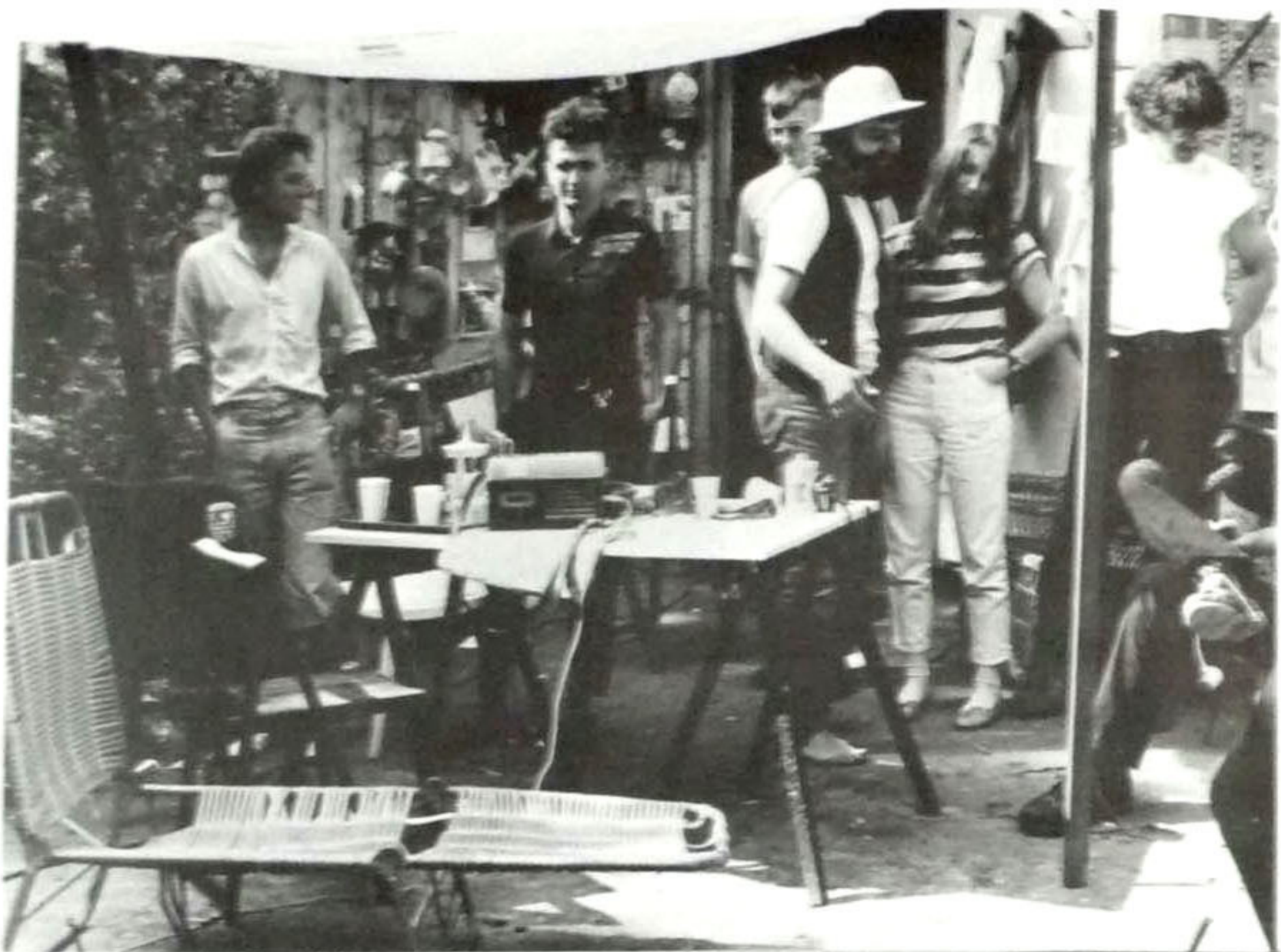
27 June/Studio 58/ Nathalie*Peter H.*Peter B.*Hannah*Eva* Visitor*Wulle*Stillette





ARTISTS
G. HOME





DATA Pete Horobin DATA

EPILOGUE

30:6:82. II:24. This principal player. Perched in this DATA Attic. Country and Western music loudly drifting up from somewhere. Disturbing these thoughts. This summing up. But now to give some account of that final Neo evening at studio 58 deeply set into that well wooded Wurzburg hillside. This principal player set a fire. Monty Cantsin made Neoist bread to the Gordon W recipe. EF the third cracked open beers. Bummed cigarettes. Peter Below made a boxed object. The result of communal actions. An electric iron destroyed by fire by Monty. A mound of sugar burnt by Below. A sheet signed by everyone. Sugar cubes by Marcel Duchamp. Wax by Below. A bottle of liquid catalyst by Humble. Plastic forks and telegram by Stiletto. People arrived to participate in this last feast. Last supper. Humble and his humble wife brought beautiful. Sweet. Cookies. Fish. Bread. On that trestle table. A pasta dish with beer sauce by Higgins. Tasty to the last mouthful. This principal player lit that fire. Food was consumed. Cigarettes burnt. Tobacco rolled. Words chatted. English into German. German into English. Under that canopy. Across that table. Into that DATA recorder. Onto cassette. As darkness overwhelmed that camp. Fire lighted. Films were projected across the garden onto a screen hung from that swung tree. Plum tree. Declared by Higgins the third. Creative. Exciting. Visual. Experimental. Films by Humble. Then camp videos were shown. Humorous. Whimsical. Do Dada scenarios by Higgins. In situ information. DATA. And this principal player prepared to bed. Washed. Shaved. Arranged baggage. Then as Stiletto made an explosive. Musical performance. With fire crackers and collaged seven inch singles. Petra presented this Peter with that stone. A symbolic gesture of farewell. Which touched these sensibilities. At midnight. Then curled in that sleeping bag as the party continued. Beer bottles rattled. Voices rang. Fire crackled. Smoke bellowed. Higgins roared against the silence of the dark German night. Then the personal performance. Awoken at 07:00 in that camping place. Studio 58. By Peter Below descending. Bleary eyed. This principal player climbed upstairs to bid farewell to Monty and Nathalie. Outside a drunken Higgins. Asleep. By the charred smouldering ashes of that final Neo fire. His feet almost in the remains. Beer bottles scattered around him. Then to the Below residence until 09:00 to wait for Eva to go to work and for Hannah to wake. Then we took her to Resthoff Wurzburg where this principal player bid mine host farewell. Feeling that yes it was all most certainly worthwhile. 09:30. This principal player makes his dash for Dundee. One lift immediately into Belgium but to the wrong place. Entirely. And so began a frenzied scramble across that hideous country. Dodging rain. Looking for decent

37 Union Street Dundee

DATA Pete Horobin DATA

hitching spots and good lifts. So this principal player travelled via Antwerp. Gent. A crazy route. With five lifts through Belgium. To miss the 18:00 ferry by ten minutes. So this principal player waited until 21:00. Worries over. A ham omelette and a glass of beer in that dockside. Station facing window. Hanging around that dismal station interior. And all this principal player desired was a cigarette. But settled for beer instead of coffee. And felt tired. To cut this journey by high speed jet foil cost seventeen pounds. Five more than the boat. So fuck technology. So we have the time. Continental. 20:45. On that ferry. With the man at the ticket kiosk not wanting to accept that Scottish ten pound note. And charging two pounds under. The real rate. This principal player sitting on that ferry. Ostende harboured. A packet of Gauloises in pocket. Beer on table. And twelve pounds fifty nine pence to this name. With a Belgian sun beaming. Relaxed. After frustrating anxious moments on that road. And to the right a pale. Nervous. Warty. Female. Who cant wait to get back to bloody Rochdale. Cause shes been away for five months. In Holland. But doesnt know where. And this Belgium. Looking really pissed off. Poor bitch. Travelling by coach she says. And cant wait to get home to bloody Rochdale. This principal player. 02:45. In a Rank service station. Between Dover and London. Trucks and passing people. In this dark. Huge. Alien. Half moon. Night. The first car from Dover. Driven by a geologist to. Here. Looking for someone. Anyone. To take this principal player North. Upwards. To that more assuring ribbon of tar. That MI. 05:02. Still continental. As light climbs the eastern limit. Watching eggs fry. Chips hissle. Sausages frizzle. Waiting for trucks to move in the early grey. Tired. Leaden. Too dead to read. Marooned. Becalmed. Too tired to be annoyed by this hellish delay. Listening to snippets of conversation. Smoking. Four colonial types. Two male. Two female. Sat. Just there. A breath away. Like marionettes in an East India Company spoof production. Discussing politics. Travel. The efficiency of the British Army. And truffles. Of all things. In that plastic transport self service restaurant where a beefburger cost 74P. A sausage 25P. A fried fish £1.13P. And it declared bacon 50P. So this principal player wondered to himself one rasher or two. And from that distant service station at 05:10 British time. Back in time. One lift in an old bouncy. Gut shaking artic. Through grimy. Delapidated London. To around Stoke. A service station. Then an excon Morocco and Britain. Young guy in white transit to Knuts worth Services. This principal player in a long line of hitchers picked up by a gregarious twenty year old Glaswegian. Taken to the borders. Left at another service station. Sun and wind swept where a sign for Dundee was written. Then held out. To stop a car. Driven by a sales manager for sheet metal prefabrications. To the Kincardine Bridge. In Fife. Where that Dundee sign was finally

37 Union Street Dundee

DATA Pete Horobin DATA

displayed. And was finally successful. So this principal player delivered to the foot of Union Street in a car driven by a cash register sales rep. 18:00. Thirty three hours later. All that road. And miles to Dundee.



TRAX

→ TRAX IS A MULTI-MEDIA PROJECT BASED IN ITALY BUT WITH ASSOCIATES IN MANY COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD. STARTED IN OCTOBER 1981, IN LESS THAN ONE YEAR OF ACTIVITY IT HAS PRODUCED FOUR CASSETTES-MAGAZINES AND TWO BOXES OF GRAPHICS, PARTICIPATED TO VARIOUS EXHIBITIONS AND PERFORMANCE FESTIVALS, AS WELL AS ORGANIZED ITALIAN RAID OF THE NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS. L.P. "TRAX-XTRA" DUE OUT OCT. 82.

- ↓ TRAX LATEST RELEASES:
- 482 - THE COP KILLERS - ONE HOUR AUDIO WITH GRAPHICS AT \$5 LIRE 5000 £2
 - TRAX0682 - REDNIGHT 60 CASSETTE + BOOK OF VISUAL THREATS AT \$10 LIRE 10.000 £5

→ I.N.O. / VAGLIA POSTALE
A: VITTORE BARONI
VIA RAFFAELLI 2
55042 FORTE DEI MARMI - ITALY



TRAX

• A TRIBUTE TO HOLSTY CANTISIN'S NEOIST CONSPIRACY (REPORT 190682TRAX). THE ENIGMATICAL ITALIAN GORE-ARTIST BARONE LITTORIO (SEE PIC ON COVER) PARTICIPATED TO THIS SUMMER' NEOIST TRAINING CAMP IN WÜRZBURG WITH AN INVISIBLE WH/ACTION "MÖRDER MUSS" IN THE WOODS NEAR PETER BELLOW'S STUDIO 48. THE BARONE ARRIVED ON THE SPOT THE NIGHT OF JUNE 19TH 1982 WITH A 12 YRS OLD BLONDE GERMAN GIRL HE HAD JUST PICKED UP FROM THE TRAIN STATION. THE GIRL WAS SLASHED NAKED WITH A LEATHER WHIP WHILE THE BARONE WAS SINGING AN ALTERED VERSION OF THE MICKEY MOUSE FUN CLUB ANTHEM DRESSED IN PLAIN NEOIST UNIFORM AND M.H. CAP. HE THEN PROCEEDED TO SHOT HER BETWEEN THE EYES WITH A 22" PISTOL AND ASPORTED HER LUNT WITH THREE PRECISE STROKES OF BISTOURY. HE STUFFED THE GENITAL WITH OLIVE-TREE BRANCHES AND SPRINKLED HER WITH A MIXTURE OF COCA-COLA AND SPERM AS A TRACE OF HIS PERFORMANCE BEFORE DISAPPEARING OVERNIGHT FOR HIS ITALIAN CASTLE RETREAT. (...)

THE NEOLIST NETWORK'S FIRST EUROPEAN TRAINING CAMP



WÜRZBURG \ W - GERMANY

21 - 27. JUNI 1982