

# ULTIMATE MANIFESTO OF NEOISM

Two girls wearing silver overalls and Monty Cantsin-look alike masks visited Monty Cantsin. The first girl said: "I bet this is an allegory." The second said: "You have won." The first said: "But only allegorically." The second said: "No, in reality. In allegory, you have lost."

Hello and welcome to Neoism, the international movement of games and total freedom. It may be difficult for the casual audience to understand or appreciate Neoism because Neoism is the vehicle of its own understanding. Neoism simply means that what is done in its name is simultaneously new ("neo") and established ("ism"). It does not imply that it is original. In this sense, Neoism makes past, present and future the same, rendering them pointless. With time left behind them, Neoists find any obsession with freedom futile. Neoism is not a means to freedom, but supports censorship as a radically populist cultural practice. In the same spirit, Neoism prescribes arbitrary game rules to put the lives of Neoists under the discipline of rigorous combinatorics, with perpetual permutations. The purpose of Neoism is to reinforce mnemonic structures on the mental plane and so invigorate culture. Of all values and norms we believe the value of tradition is the greatest; this is the one we try hardest to reinforce.

In a Neoist view, the world is not things colliding in space, but a random array of disconnected phenomena. Neoism does not conceive of the spatial as lasting in time. Since every phenomenon is irreducible, the mere act of giving it a name implies falsification. The paradox however is that names and philosophies exist in Neoism, in countless numbers. There are Neoists who consider a certain pain, a green tint of yellow, a temperature, a certain tone the only reality. Other Neoists perceive all people having sex as the same being, and all people memorizing a line of Shakespeare as Shakespeare. Another group of Neoists has reached the point of denying time. It reasons that the present is undefined, that the future has no reality but as present hope, that the past is no more than present memory. Yet another group has it that the history of the universe is the handwriting produced by a minor god communicating with a demon. Those Neoists think that the world is an emblem with a lost subscription where only that which happens every three hundredth night is true. Other Neoists believe that while we are asleep here, we are awake somewhere else, so that everyone is two. Books are rarely signed, and the notion of plagiarism does not exist.

Neoism is, above all, a prefix and a suffix without anything in between. According to Neoist sources, it was founded in the year 1346. Since then, Neoism has permanently been about to dissolve. Some Neoists even claim that Neoism never existed and is a mere invention of its enemies, Anti-Neoists. Since Neoism is indivisible, it cannot grasp itself, and anyone who wants to grasp it has to be an Anti-Neoist. And since the Neoists want to create a situation in which a definition of Neoism would make no sense, attempts to write off Neoism by historicizing it are just part of the Neoist cultural conspiracy. Obsessed with speculation, reality adjustment and mad science, Neoists produced nothing but manipulations of their own and other histories.

When such manipulations make it impossible to differentiate between words and things, the structure of things must begin to repair itself. Neoism is here to fix these things once

and for all. Neoist names like Monty Cantsin, Akademgorod, Neoism are regarded not as artificial, but as tangible symbols so that everything done with them immediately affects the things they represent. At first, Neoism was probably nothing but a collection of obscure in-jokes and ironical references. They were elaborated into fanciful allegories and hieroglyphs whose points only insiders would get. Later, their hidden allusions were forgotten, and the signs were taken for themselves. Since they obviously had to mean something, Neoists had to reinvent their meaning. The remotest analogies between signs and meanings were constructed until Neoism became an art of concordant discord, a sphere with as many coordinates as diameters, a self-refuting perpetuum mobile.

The pompous claims and the solemn pathos of Neoism had an extraordinary impact on naive people. Rich with obscurity, riddles and esoteric subtexts, Neoist writing such as "The Disposal of Truth," "Mind Invaders," "The Seven by Nine Squares," "The Book of Neoism," "The Universe in Contention" and "Dialectical Immaterialism" tries nothing less than a complete reinvention of culture. Neoist achievements allegedly include time travel, the transformation of blood into gold, inexpensive telepathic technology and, more generally, collective control over matter, space and time by manipulating things through their names. Neoism finally claims to have overcome the parameters of life and death, offering immortality to everyone: Through the name Monty Cantsin, Neoists live and explore the paradox of a subjectivity that is one and multiple, collectively realizing individuality and abandoning it in the end. The result of this experiment is a simultaneous "both/and" and "neither/nor" as the principle of all Neoist thinking.

A chief concern of Neoism is to turn people into players. This is to be gradually achieved. First, Neoism denies there is a game. Second, it hides the rules from those involved. Third, it gives them all penalties and no wins. Fourth, it removes all goals, enforces their playing, inhibits their enjoying. Fifth, it makes them look like players, but forbids them playing. To make everyone remain a piece in the game, it permits him to associate only with pieces and denies the existence of players.

Imagine a house. Six walls. A house, no door, no window. A person inside that house. The house consists of nine squares, 20 feet across and 20 feet high and 20 feet wide. But the person's diameter is only 19 feet. His awareness is only 19 feet. Does he see the walls? No! Neoism makes him think he is a one-lifetimer, and his awareness goes down to 18 feet. And when it goes down to 18 feet, Neoism moves its walls in to 19 feet. When Neoism gets him down to the size of a fist, its walls are the size of stretched out arms, and things have been nicely repaired. And if anybody jumps out of the line, we got lobotomy, shock treatment, Siberia - whatever you want, baby, we have it here.

So be on your guard! Watch Neoism. Take it home. Don't be ignorant. Neoism is compassionate, and it is cruel. Be on your guard! Don't hate its obedience and don't love its self-control. Don't dismiss it in its weakness, and don't be afraid of its power. Why do you despise its fear and curse its pride? It lives in fears and strengthens in trembling. Neoism is stupid and it is wise. Neoism will be silent among the silent, and it will appear and speak. Why then have you dismissed it?

Neoism appears when you are away, and it hides when you appear. Take it home to places which are ugly and in ruin. Out of shame, take it home and scatter its members shamelessly. Approach it and turn away. Neoism is the reading that is attainable to anything; it is the speech that cannot be grasped.

If you want to understand Neoism, differentiate. If you want to know what it's all about,

understand its philosophy. Understand its technical application, and study Neoism in its own words. Conceptual understanding is of importance here. Not everything in Neoism is of equal value. Neoism has its own opinion, and it has a right to keep its own opinion. And boy, it's got some wild opinions. You oughta hear them sometime. But that's a different thing... a different thing... and you can tell very easily when it swings over into its opinion, when it starts rambling about this or that. Take it as amusing, but it doesn't have anything really to do with Neoism. Neoism itself is cleaner than a wolf's tooth. There are a lot of wolves' teeth out there and they aren't too clean.

Neoism is clean because it does not exist except in the reactions it creates. Some Neoists used the experimental arts to promote the Neoist values of tradition and speculation. Neoism, in this disguise, was a movement that created the illusion of a movement called Neoism. After various mutations, Neoism developed an increasingly complex web of contradictory self-descriptions, a hermeneutic drift that leads every Neoist to reinterpret

Neoism in any suitable way. Neoist self-descriptions soon became an impassable maze. This explains why it is so difficult to approach Neoism whose only work has been a never-ending monologue about itself. To complicate things even further, Neoists now refuse categorically to reply to any questions or requests for information about Neoism. Neoism is like porn movies: The subject has no importance, logic is unnecessary, there is an accumulation of well-known things, the focus is always on the same explicit facts, repetition and boredom rule. One is tempted to believe that Neoism once had some sort of intelligible shape and is now only a broken-down remnant. Yet this does not seem to be the case; at least there is no sign of it. By its own standards, Neoism is irrefutable, perhaps the only perfection in mankind that has superseded nature. In any case, closer scrutiny is impossible, since it is extraordinarily nimble and can never be laid hold of. It lurks by turns in the stairways, the lobbies, the entrance halls. Often it can't be seen for years; then it has presumably moved elsewhere. It always comes faithfully back to your place again. By differentiating a little bit, one can get the true intention of what Neoism tries to accomplish. Neoism is sound where there is sound. It really wants to help people and at last we owe it great respect for that.

Join us, we want war with you. Cursed be anyone who doesn't believe us.

Monty Cantsin

We took Cantsin's gold bust.

Whenever you meet a Neoist or one who professes to be a Neoist etc. perform the following:

5 or 10 minutes into the meeting say in a conversational tone ""telephones and telephone bells have always made me uneasy." (Offer no explanation for this.) Shortly before the meeting ends say in a non-conversational tone, "Its head was ...white ...all white." (Offer no explanation for this.) Do this as many s a day as you like but always at least once a day; (if no neoists are around, you can always pretend that the person you're talking to looks like a likely candidate for Neoism.)In Neoism individual performances are approached not as isolated pieces but rather as part of the performance of a much larger work, Neoism itself. As such everything done under the banner of Neoism, from writing a poem or letter to being interviewed by a newspaper or magazine is to be considered a

performance which in turn forms part of the performance of a movement called Neoism. Of course the performance of a movement called Neoism is simply a cynical play to gain attention for the individual performance pieces which go to make up the performance of Neoism.

Replying from within the frying of the mind, the intemperate flag waving, the inconstant vision of popular effect, the irradiated sinews which weaken over time, I have just moments to inform you that your hat, und which you are hiding, your hat under which eye am hiding, your hat, und which she is hiding, your hat, the band of which is static-y, is an attempt to smother unshadowness--the almost sacred space of mass influence and subway exiters' dancing. And thus we find more than a normal number of actions are begun during the trip home after work, when the capsules are at their strongest and the rage to differentiate while declaring visibly invisible is at her highest, like letting the make-up which was not applied fall away in wind buffeting.

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

DMMP above is based on another performance piece of mine called Drink beer from bottle A while simultaneously pouring bottle B over your head Break both bottles

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 the 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.

Akademgorod is a Neoist city

with the red river and the golden boy atop the Manitoba legislative building.

We are ephemerally here to ask you to join the crusade for Akademgorod.

We will realize the six-finger plan, the establishment of Akademgorod.

Allegorically, Neoism could be explained in the following fashion - during the middle ages there were a succession of heresies that have been described by the historian Norman Cohn as mystical anarchism. Adherents to these creeds believed that all goods should be held in common and that many things considered sinful by the Roman Catholic Church were in fact virtues when practised by the elect. Ranked among the more interesting of these sects are the Bohemian Adamites. On 21 October 1421, four hundred trained soldiers moved against the Adamite heretics and virtually wiped them out. By a miracle, their leader - known both as 'Adam' and 'Moses' - escaped to

Prague. 'Adam' then took on a disciple, who in his turn, trained up a further initiate after his master's death. In this way, the Adamite creed was passed down through the ages and the Neoist Network is simply a contemporary manifestation of this ancient heresy. Viewing Neoism through the prism of this allegory makes imagery associated with the group accessible to those who have not been initiated into its ranks. When the Neoists speak about Akademgorod as their 'promised land', this is actually a code name for Prague. According to Neoist eschatology, Prague is the omphalos of our planet and once the movement seizes control of the city, the ancient Adamite plan of world domination will be effortlessly realised.

In keeping with this allegorical interpretation of Neoism, the initiation of individuals into the movement must necessarily be described as follows: the candidate is blindfolded and led into a darkened room. The fourteen secret masters of the world (or at least a group of available Neoists) interrogate the initiate. As a sign of obedience to the order, the candidate must answer 'yes' to a series of ninety-five questions. After this humiliating set-piece - in which the initiate admits to being a complete sexual failure - the candidate is fucked by every member of the lodge and then symbolically reborn by the removal of the blindfold. If this sounds an unlikely allegory, it's only because the story is - to an extent - literally true. John Berndt was kept blindfolded for a period of seven days during the so called 'Millionth' Neoist Apartment Festival. During this time he was subjected to gropings and other sexual stimulations, made to carry dangerously sharp objects on the New York subway in the rush hour, had his usual sleep patterns completely disrupted, was flipped upside down and forced to run on his hands, &c.

As soon as I got back from the Neoist Festival in Ponte Nossa, Italy, I ceased to be a Neoist and moved to Stoke Newington in North London. As an ironic gesture, I named my new house Akademgorod. I felt it fitting that upon ceasing to be a Neoist, I should realise the six-finger plan, the establishment of Akademgorod. As Akademgorod is a promised land, I'm keeping its whereabouts a poorly guarded secret and using a box number for my mail.

The Neoist

Defense league currently plans to construct a fleet of motorized go-carts to patrol the streets of Akademgorod.

We are sound where there is sound, any vacuum imagined.

We have parasitized our surroundings and made cities and streets our organs.

The next step in our evolution is the extension of our nervous system into streets and telephones. Architecture will become as addictive to us as our brains and stomachs.

We propose simultaneous organization and randomness which will purposely mimic the structure of the parasite which we observe, with the intention of mind-controlling ourselves directly. We are cells parasitizing the parasite.

Neoists drink only to encourage the assimilation of bodily fluids.

We only drink rubbing alcohol, because it makes us blind... contrary to

popular belief it doesn't make one vomit.

We drink only to encourage the assimilation of bodily fluids into the outermost aesthetic protrusions of our bodily parts.

Neoism is sobriety: I am limiting the number of activities I engage in until I reach a state of complete inactivity, re. only breathing, bleeding, spitting etc... This systematic approach allows me time to construct the next phase of my plan without simply killing me. A dead Cantsin is no Cantsin at all. Or perhaps: Neoism is a reversion to childhood - A you may know, children are effected in reverse manner by intoxicants, e.g. children are put to sleep by caffeine, driven wild by alcohol... for a Neoist to drink would increase his awareness, which is not at all our intention... I only drink rubbing alcohol, because it makes me blind... contrary to poplar belief it doesn't make one vomit... Neoists drink only to encourage the assimilation of bodily fluids into the outermost aesthetic protrusions of their bodily parts....that probably makes negative sense..

Neoism is  
sobriety.

The best product of Neoism is Anti-Neoism.

Everything we know about Neoism comes from the gossip of its enemies.

We are indivisible, hence we cannot recognize ourselves. Anyone who wants to recognize us is anti-us.

Neoism never existed  
and is a mere invention of Anti-Neoists.

It is only our enemies, Anti-Neoists,  
who use the term "Neoism".

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

We

ceased to be Neoists.

When everyone is dead Neoism is  
finished.

we never existed; we are nothing but an invention of our enemies.

Neoism is simply  
a reaction to Anti-Neoist aggressions.

Two girls wearing silver overalls and Cantsin-look alike masks visited Cantsin. Cantsin treated them well. So they thought up a pleasant surprise for Cantsin in token of appreciation. "Everybody," they said, "has openings, for seeing, hearing, breathing, eating, pissing, fucking and shitting. But Cantsin has no openings. Let's make Cantsin a few holes." After that, they drilled holes into Cantsin, one a day, for seven days. In the middle of the week, they asked how Monty Cantsin was. "Amazing!" said Cantsin. "My back

sticks up like a humpback and my vital organs are on top of me. My chin is hidden in my belly, my shoulders are up above my head, and my butt points at the sky."

"Do you resent it?" asked the girls. "Why, what would I resent? If the process continues, perhaps I will be transformed into a telescope. In that case I'll keep watch on the stars. Or perhaps I am transforming into a gun and I'll shoot a chicken for roasting. Or I will become a wheel. Then, with my brain for a chassis, I'll get on and go for a ride."

The first girl said: "I bet that is a parable." The second said: "You have won." The first said: "But unfortunately only in parable." The second said: "No, in reality: in parable you have lost."

Cantsin can flout  
anything at will.

"

e.g. anything is anything  
anything is a microcosm of everything  
therefore, I can read a PALM

(e g)

& derive the same info as if READING everything

re

ASTROLOGY,

I can believe in a certain type of unity of the elements considered  
& use some overt aspects of things whose significance is determined X  
intensity,

gravity

(e g),

as an implicational representative of interactive effects

6 7 22

?"

Anything done in the  
name of Neoism is Neoism.

The Golden Day is a day of \_\_\_\_\_, OR What Larry does when he sees this sign  
before a bar.

Where Indianapolis is (Abb)

Apiary resident.

Appolodorus' forte

Dear (Fr. var.sp.=

One function of Robin Hood.

Tough, but not to - or - Indian hello.

\_\_\_\_\_less Joe from Hannibal, M

Ziolko's union.

If you're not fer somethin', you're \_\_\_\_\_it!

Two-\_\_\_\_\_ sloth

\_\_\_\_\_ A Wild Rose.

"My fingers do the talking."

"On stage I'm Pamela."

Sci-Fi Movie (Abb)

Norma or Charlotte

"I wish I knew what RECTIUS V LICINI meant!"

\_\_\_\_, Humbug!

Investment tool all the rage before new tax law. (Abb)

One of the "crummy" ones. (Abb) (Ask Bl. Mary)

\_\_\_ In the Mood For Love.

"Just follow my lead."

Having ozone.

"I'm the newest hand on the deck."

\_\_\_Life, L'Chiam!.

Where Fargo is (abb)

Shoe size.

Where ATL is (Abb)

Start of a round.

"If you don't get out of my way, I'll run you over with a dune!"

Fiber food.

Endangered animal --just ask any Canadian.

What our audience shouts at the end of a performance.

Type of test.

What they make at a spaghetti factory.

"I used to be master of all I surveyed; now, Allen is!"

"Peggy, it's all yours". (Quote dated January 4, 1988.)

Greek letter.

A theatre is a physical \_\_\_\_\_.

What runs around The Loop. (Abb)

Hair coloring

High (Fr.)

Call heard in barber shop.

"I eat fish heads and drink gold!"

"Put your pants on, Mr. G.!"

APT like Neoism as minus the superfluous middle which would disgustingly make

it ART. APT as APT. APT as apartment: 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.

The APT festivals are usually one week events with various activities such

as conferences and performances, but the main purpose of these friendship

gatherings, drills, habitation manoeuvres is to create a simple and

comfortable situation for personal meetings between the concerned

collaborators. The APT fests are neither "performance art" nor

"installation" festivals. The APT fests are the "fetes mobiles" of the

Neoist Network Web.

APT like Neoism as minus the superfluous middle which would disgustingly make

it ART.

The APT festivals are friendship gatherings, drills,

habitation manoeuvres.

Wearing sandwich boards that said in English & French: "Neoist Parking Meter Action - Pay Me to Go Away"

& wearing a parking meter hood over my face, I stood at empty parking places & waited for cars to park there. Then I followed the drivers when they left their cars with an impassive face & my hand out-stretched mechanically. The drivers all avoided me by walking somewhere where I wasn't - after which I left a Neoist Parking Ticket under their windshield wiper. Finally disgusted by what I thought was a mediocre response to my imaginative begging, I started to walk back to the LOW theatre. En route, 2 guys stopped me & asked me what I was doing. When I explained, they thought it was so funny that they pretended to get out of a car & gave me money.

Wanting to only perform street actions during this festival but wanting to make money off of them by charging entry to the LOW theatre (a basement apartment with a bay window in the front) I decided to charge admittance to the theatre & then perform my actions outside so that the audience would be watching thru the bay window what they could have watched for free from outside. With a tv outside facing in (or inside facing out with the reflection visible inside?) showing video of the previous 2 street actions, I stood outside trying to sell "Neoist Passports" (large, elaborately folded & rubber stamped "blackprints" made from passports of Istvan Kantor's that he'd had altered by various friends & acquaintances in his travels) which I was trying to sell for some ridiculously LOW price - something like \$3.00. Probably few people, if anyone, paid to enter the theatre. No-one would buy a passport off this "deranged-looking" character. As usual, I didn't make any money - but I'm sure that whatever free meal I got that day courtesy of Gordon W. Zealot & Cantsin was delicious!

An anecdote to illustrate a typical day at Peking Poolroom would be one of the last days after the fire which I started in the kitchen and that almost killed several people sleeping in the apartment.

We bought a dog mask from a store specializing in animal masks (where Gail almost got caught shoplifting) & added a leash to my outfit for "completeness". The Festival's organizer, Cantsin, shot a film of Gail leaving our fest HQ with me on all fours as her "guide dog" (as they say in England), boarding a bus (where guide dogs ride for free, of course, & the driver didn't question the unusualness of this particular dog), & shopping in a mall (where we were kicked out of 1 store).

Negating and affirming itself, Neoism is blatantly artistic.

Neoism is opposed to the concept of creativity.

This is a Spanish Art Project. Spanish Art is the movement which arises from the ashes of Net Art. Replacing the old outdated term "net" with the newer and conceptually superior name "Spanish". The Spanish Artists, as distinct from the Net Artists, are in the process of spreading "Spanish Art" simultaneous with the development of the "Spanish Art Style", which will, naturally, be unlike anything which has come before in any way. In order to

organize this event, the Spanish Artists have chosen JULY 15 AS INTERNATIONAL SPANISH ART DAY. During this day, Spanish Artists around the world will act out parts of a complex Spanish Art ritual. Each artist, or "Spaniard", has been given a list of materials which must be used in this ritual. Your contribution will be to use your materials in a way which seems to fit with your concept of this growing, international movement. Please mail descriptions of what you plan to do, so they can be published on the [www.spain.org](http://www.spain.org), the forthcoming international Spanish Art site of multiple origins.

A net artist who is too lazy to come to terms with Spanish Art art is sanctioned pornography

To attack something is to justify it.

Revolt ends here.

To attack something is to justify it.

If we were to look into the mind of God, the infinite connections maintained there would seem an overwhelming confusion or chaos. Needless to say, we would encounter logical contradictions at the level of the boundaries between... God's conscious will and... itself. For instance:

Could an all-powerful God make a rule he couldn't break?

If all things are God, is the devil also God?

If God thinks, does God have language? If God's language is utterly private, can it be meaningful, even to God?

If god asks the question "Is There Language?" could the question ever be meaningful (given that, for God to ask the question already presupposes the existence of language - and for a question to be meaningful, you should be able to separate it from the possible answers, otherwise you don't have a question.)

These are the most pressing theological questions posed by God's love today. We exist to solve these problems once and for all.

The trend towards meaningless commonly bemoaned is actually a trend towards meaning. Meaning (God's Love) rushes in to fill the gap. Without the satanic antithesis, the divine project would never animate, & "coherence" would have no meaning. What you are fearing in this realization is actually a superior piety. The demonic is /is not exactly the divine. belief is the enemy.

The stupid guru is always a locus of exaggeration: a "vast mythology" surrounds the leader of even the tiniest sect. Here, the purposely vacuous description could apply to any guru, and that is its point: it is offered as a null set, and hence as the proper set of the guru himself. He lives on and on because he never existed, just as no guru, no king, no pop star has ever existed. But that is not to say that one can ever go beyond him. In the very act of evacuating this figure, his sovereignty is reconfirmed. The history of Neoism demonstrates that once one stands in his place one can easily forget one is standing nowhere: Cantsin becomes a disputed figure, as certain Neoists claim to be the real Cantsin in the very act of inviting

others to partake of Cantsin's persona (a rather messianic offer: this is my body), as if mere contact with this name was enough to erase the memory that there is nothing at stake in the name, that emptiness is all that was ever at stake in it.

We believe in the concept of total plot.

Neoism believes in tradition.

Cantsin

drew our blood and turned into gold.

We had opened coughing the door to the entirely gray room coughing stepped coughing inside with my teeth clenched coughing feeling the smell of my blood coughing in my mouth I walked to the window coughing and forced coughing open the shade it was hot and coughing I needed to roll up coughing the sleeves of the coughing shirt with the nails I kept coughing wrapped against my ankles coughing in masking tape I drew coughing down the tape and coughing placed my physical coughing body on the floor coughing so that looking up coughing I see the coughing motion sick pattern of coughing squares on the ceiling I place coughing the nail in my palm coughing and its point on my coughing forehead and push the coughing fragments of cold breath cut off coughing in mid sentence coughing the air seemed to bite coughing into the coughing hats scattered all over the floor in waves coughing.

Cantsin had sent several armfuls of ideological baggage ahead of him: He is said to be the leader of the "neoist" movement, which defies definition but whose parents seem to be the usual ones. His notoriety is based largely on his former on-stage practice of having a nurse draw two vials of his blood, which he then would take back into one or another of his orifices, or sell to someone in the audience.

We would like a book to be written which would prove the impossibility of responding to the question which book we would like to be written. A proof of the impossibility of reading this. If you can read this, then you can't read.

We would like a book to be written on the subject of the meaning of its own completion: What your reading this book to the end of it can possibly mean. All the work has been ascribed to Pythagoras but it is widely supposed that it is the work of many. The existing fragments do not bear the mark of one hand. It is possible to read traces, for instance, of the work of Hippiasos (who was killed or exiled for the discovery of the irrationality of root 2) and of Heraclitus (whom Hippiasos taught (when he would listen)).

Those who came to understand that it had, in fact, been ongoing for at least 2500 years knew that it was a kind of mustard seed after the parable in the Bible. Jesus had likened Heaven to a mustard seed, as something that could grow from a rather humble potential into a fuller creation. Presumably he meant also that our knowledge of heaven and the world, of ourselves and others could grow in such a manner. So it came to be regarded as a kind of history of the collective growth of humanity. The tree-like structure of the book came to be emblematic of the aspirations of the collective venture toward such a union of the trees of life and

knowledge. The contributors to the electronic book apparently originated from widely separate locations around the world; the highly cosmopolitan nature of the book reflects the hope that global collaboration could result, if not in unity, then in a capacious multiplicity.

Today only fragments of the book survive. However, records suggest that at one time it was available to anyone who happened to stumble upon it in the hunting/gathering phase of the Web. Only later did it evolve into a kind of scientific-poetical religion/cult that spread throughout the known world. Appropriately enough, even at the height of its influence, the book was said to be fragmentary and ongoing in its construction.

Stories continue to arise of the existence of complete data replicas, but these stories are likened unto Elvis sightings (that persist to this day). Some believe that the book never really did exist but only the hope that it did or it might. They maintain that the fragments associated with the book are really only unrelated and early attempts to understand or comment on the nature of text. They also maintain that there never was a religious cult based on it and that this is a myth created by those who are attempting to revive the historical myth.

The ceiling crashes in.

Eating a straw hat through a hole in the top of my head.

Inserting razors under my jaw.

Being pursued.

Falling through floors, a huge black shape disintegrates.

Dreams of traveling to Mexico.

Cantsin had drawn a brain on my mostly shaved head. My haircut at the time was a circle that went around 1 ear in the front & the other ear in the back. There was an upside-down & backwards question mark on the back. This was before I had my brain tattoo. For the "Chapati Circus" I wore a green clown wig hiding it all & a clear plastic "normal" face mask. My clothes were a jump suit made by & given to me by Nancy Andrews that had "Discover a Lovelier You" written neatly on it with pictures of plastic surgery - including "nose jobs" & "tummy tucks". Continuing the tradition of free neoist haircuts, I had Cantsin cut my wig & lather my mask. To climax this grotesque farce, I eventually ripped my transparent mask apart in the process of shaving it & Pete pulled off my wig to reveal my "brain" & the spectacle of my head underneath.

giant cake box designed to eat spectators with mechanical arms. "Take a running leap at the floor and miss"-P.P.) 17 summers old or/conceivable entering into metaphor by having your brain smashed out by a slice of lemon wrapped around a gold brick...

Bread is a 'universal' symbol of the 'absolute' need of all people for food.

The distribution of bread (food) is equal to a symbolic gesture of universality, e.g.. the misguided notion that "deep inside, everyone want the same 'basic' things". Perversity is the inversion of circumstance in order to create a situation counter to expected (i.e.. simple) meaning.

Perversity exists for itself. Life is text. These words make familiar what

is destroyed by the realities of action, the unfamiliar situation made real.  
The Neoist Consulate is now  
open, and we declare all laws of the past to be non-existent in this city.  
Dearest friend, I arrived here yesterday, it's a Neoist city with the red  
river and the golden boy atop the dome of the Manitoba legislative building.  
Your immortal friend,  
Cantsin is offered as a null set, and hence as the proper set of  
Cantsin himself.

Cantsin is a name that refers to an individual human  
being who can be anyone.

A master of pseudonyms and of schizophrenia, Cantsin's  
influence is clearly felt everywhere.

Cantsin is a name chosen/invented by Cantsin to refer to an international  
star who can be anyone. The name is fixed, the people using it aren't. What  
is usually an egoistical role (star) becomes abstracted by its  
disassociation from a particular person. When someone thinks/feels that the  
star context/advantage might be useful, they can "wear" the Cantsin  
identity.

Well, we decided to make a pop star out of Maris. But it had to be an open  
pop star, that is, anyone who wanted could assume the personality of the pop  
star. This open pop star would be the most talented in history, better than  
Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra, Sal Mineo and even Ry Cooder all rolled  
together in one. Pop stars have always been special to me, growing up the  
son of a symphony conductor the way I did. To me they stand for rebellian  
and acceptance, revolution and success and a whole lot of other things at  
the same time. We were mouthing Maris Kundzins' name, and it came out  
Cantsins. Then we got to saying can't sin and can't sing and quite a few  
other things to give the impression that this pop star could be a thief as  
well as a saint.

Here you are, dear Cantsin.

N.O. Cantsin / Cantsin as a Pregroperativistic phenomenon is neither  
abstractable nor definable, because Neoistic organisms distinguish  
themselves from other matter by certain appearances, which are committed to  
an efficient and untraced connection of cells

Everybody can be Cantsin who wants to be.

Cantsin came to those who reflect on him and has been found among them. Look  
at him and hear him. Take him home. Be on your guard! Don't be ignorant.

Cantsin is the first and the last. Cantsin is the honored one and the  
scorned one. Cantsin is the solace of his birth pains. Cantsin is the bride  
and the groom, and the slave of his preparation. Cantsin is the silence  
which is incomprehensible and the idea whose remembrance is frequent.  
Cantsin is the voice whose sound is manifold and the word whose appearance  
is multiple. Cantsin is the utterance of his name.

If you deny Cantsin, affirm him, and if you affirm Cantsin, deny him. If you  
tell the truth about Cantsin, lie about him, and if you have lied about  
Cantsin, tell the truth about him. If you know Cantsin, be ignorant of him,

and if others have not known Cantsin, let them know.

Cantsin is knowledge and ignorance. Cantsin is shame and boldness. Cantsin is strength, and he is fear. Cantsin is war and peace. Pay attention to him. Cantsin is disgraced, and he is great. Pay attention to his poverty and his wealth. Don't be arrogant to him when he's cast out. And don't look for him in the garbage dump and don't leave him cast out. Find him in the waste and in wealth. Don't look at him when he's cast out in the least places, nor laugh at him.

Cantsin is compassionate, and he is cruel. Be on your guard! Don't hate his obedience and don't love his self-control. Don't dismiss him in his weakness, and don't be afraid of his power. Why do you despise his fear and curse his pride? He lives in fears and strengthens in trembling. Cantsin is senseless and he is wise. Cantsin will be silent among the silent, and he will appear and speak. Why then have you dismissed him?

Cantsin's image is great here, and he has no image there. Cantsin has been hated everywhere, and he has been loved everywhere. Cantsin is called the law, and you called him lawlessness. You have pursued Cantsin, and you have seized him. You have scattered Cantsin, and you have gathered him together. You have been ashamed before Cantsin, and you have been shameless to him. Cantsin does not celebrate, and his festivals are many. You have reflected on Cantsin, and you have scorned him. Cantsin is unlearned, and you learn from him. You have despised Cantsin, and you reflect on him.

Cantsin appears when you are away, and he hides when you appear. Take him home to places which are ugly and in ruin. Out of shame, take him home and scatter his members shamelessly. Approach him and turn away.

Cantsin is the outcome of his inquiry, and the finding of his hunters, and the command of his commanders, and the messenger of those sent at his word. Cantsin is honored and despised scornfully. Cantsin is peace, and war has come because of him. Cantsin is an alien and a citizen. Cantsin is substance and no substance. Those who are close to him have been ignorant of him, and those who are far away from him are the ones who know him.

Cantsin is ... within. Cantsin is control and uncontrollable. Cantsin is union and dissolution. Cantsin is discordance in concordance. Cantsin is abiding, and he's dissolving. Cantsin is below and above. Cantsin is judgement and acquittal. Cantsin can't sin, and the root of sin derives from him. Cantsin is self-evident and the speech which cannot be grasped. Cantsin is a mute who does not speak, and great is his multitude of words. Hear him gently, and learn of him in roughness. Cantsin prepares the bread and his mind within. Cantsin is the knowledge of his name. Cantsin cries out, and he listens. Cantsin is called truth and lie. You love him and you whisper against him.

Hear him and learn of his words. Cantsin is the hearing that is attainable to everything; he is the speech that cannot be grasped. Cantsin is the name of the sound and the sound of the name. Cantsin is the sign of the letter and the designation of the division. He will speak his name. Look then at his words and all his writings completed. They alone exist and have no one

to judge them. Many are their disjointed forms and made-up perceptions. Here, Cantsin will find himself, kept going forever.

Cantsin is an explicitly empty figure.

Neoism is the doctrine of how to willingly affect things through the multiple name of Cantsin.

Although we know

there were many self-appointed Cantsins in the past, we consider all of them fake, false prophets. Cantsin is born with this announcement.

The Cantsin Commando announces the birth of Cantsin. Although we know there were many self-appointed Cantsins in the past, we consider all of them fake, false prophets. Cantsin was born in the this announcement.

The

Cantsin Commando announces the birth of Cantsin.

Everybody can be

Cantsin and there are many Cantsins in Neoism.

Anyone can become Cantsin simply by adopting the name.

Cantsin lives at the edge of suburbs of Slovenska Bistrica.

Because Cantsin is Yugoslavian, we cannot to overlook the rich experiences he acquired.

The Baltimore Police knew a Neoist Conspiracy when they saw one. Best of of all, the leader of the Neoists, Cantsin himself, was the very guy they'd caught putting up the posters around town. But there were complications once Cantsin was safely behind bars. Just who is this man, the police asked, and what does he do? The fellow with the strange haircut and thick Hungarian accent explained that he, Cantsin, was an open pop-star concept. Everybody can be Cantsin and there are many Cantsins in Neoism. What, they asked, is Neoism?

Anybody can be Cantsin. But do not

imaging for a minute that by becoming Cantsin that you become any different from anybody else.

Anyone can become Cantsin simply by adopting the name, but they are only Cantsin for the period in which the name is used. Cantsin was materialised, rather than born, as an open context in the summer of '85. When one becomes Cantsin one's previous existence consists of the acts other people have undertaken using the name. When one becomes Cantsin one has no family, no parents, no birth. Cantsin was not born, but constructed. The name Cantsin can be strategically adopted for a series of actions, interventions, exhibitions, texts, etc. When replying to letters generated by an action/text in which the context has been used then it makes sense to continue using the context, i.e. by replying as Cantsin. However in personal relationships, where one has a personal history other than the acts undertaken by a series of people using the name Cantsin, it does not make sense to use the context. If one uses the context in personal life there is a danger that the name Cantsin will become over-identified with individual beings.

The Thing called Cantsin is an explicitly empty figure, a name open to

occupation by anyone who wishes to stand in the stupid guru's place in order to see that it doesn't exist. There is, in fact, no such individual as Cantsin; he is a pure alias. In principle, anyone who wishes to adopt this false identity, this identity as falsehood, and for whatever motives, whether it be to preserve the strictest anonymity or from the most venal band-wagon opportunism, can claim to be Cantsin.

Anybody can be Cantsin.

Hmm, Cantsin, I am Cantsin. I have to tell you there is no problem, more like a project. OK. Who can say what the whole thing is. Cantsin is a name chosen by Cantsin to refer to an international star who can be anyone.

The concept of Cantsin: a name chosen/invented by Cantsin to refer to an international being who can be anyone.

Cantsin could be a thief as well as a saint.

Anybody can become Cantsin but no one is Cantsin.

New sloganeering of the Pre/gro/per/atavistic Movement, formerly Neoism:

"What motivates Cantsin? No one phrase can explain such an individual, except for 'Cantsin is motivated entirely by sexual desire'".

"Without Neoism, there would only be Neoism."

The basis of Neoism lies in the idea that anyone can be a particular individual. Like Santa Claus, anybody can become Cantsin, but nobody is Cantsin. Cantsin is a fantasy figure. Neoism disintegrated in arguments over exactly who Cantsin was. Many important but mentally unbalanced Neoist had been insisting for some time that they were Cantsin in the same way that other lunatics might insist that they really are Christ, Santa Claus, or Louis XIV.

One of the central tenets of Neoism is simply that anyone can become Cantsin and perform actions in his name.

We were mouthing Maris Kundzins' name, and it came out Cantsins.

Cantsin. Open Pop Star. Self-acclaimed myth. Lives from and within narratives, their dissemination and falsification. Occupied with "reality adjustment" for a more Neoist future, present and past. Considers himself and his environment important, but not serious. He or she appears in public and secret places. Everybody can be Cantsin who wants to be. Join your ego with the fictitious persona of Cantsin. As of today, sign your correspondence with the name Cantsin, and manage your secret life with him. Cantsin is everybody, only a few people know it. Plagiarism is the conscious manipulation of pre-existing elements.

Cantsin lives on and on because he never existed, just as no guru, no king, no pop star has ever existed.

And yet one wonders if an interstice is momentarily created with each division of cells. If ancient, mutated and new "cultures" - deviant cultures - spring up in the gaps created (the fold of one reality overrunning another). Not some essential spirit stubbornly pushing through the concrete,

but an altogether new culture, new perception, paradoxically made possible by the increasing folds in the reality fabric. Inspired by the richness of culture(s) in ruins, borrowing from the old no doubt, but subverting, perverting, detouring, mutating. Using it for convenience, but changing it when it becomes obvious that nothing remains pure.

I propose a Neoism of simultaneous organization and randomness which will purposely mimic the structure of the parasite which we observe, with the intention of mind-controlling ourselves directly. We are all cells, but that means nothing, we are all data particles, invade the body, parasitize the parasite.

Production is censorship.

Production is censorship. All events take the place of something else.

Undesired, unmentioned, unimagined.

censorship - the oldest of suppressed traditions

it comes as no surprise that censorship should be popularly misperceived as a form of social repression. the contradictions which support such an inversion are manifest. despite the fact that it has been demonstrated time and again that consciousness is an effect of a closed system of exclusive focus, of censorship, it is maintained that censorship and silence are the negation of consciousness. those who oppose censorship factually employ censorship on itself.

the negative and its use

anything can be censored for any reason; start by censoring this text. the censors of the "left", "right" and "centre" all do their collective part; despite the fact that they imagine themselves to be motivated by the very beliefs we will ultimately negate.

censorship supersedes plagiarism as a negation of originality because it suppresses not only production of originals, but also their reproduction through plagiarism and appropriation which revalue the original and maintain its circulation. censorship is to the present what plagiarism was to history.

the healing power of doubt

we set ourselves the task of discrediting all received ideas without offering a single alternative thought with which they might be replaced. So what's the big deal about censorship? Everyone should have the right to not be understood. Take part in the Festival of Censorship. Censor yourself. Censor the censors.

Anything can be censored for any reason. Start by censoring this text.

Censorship is a more populist form of subjectivity than imagination because it does not require the construction of alternative possibilities, only familiarity with existing ones.

Anything can be censored for any reason; start by censoring this text. The Festival Of Censorship is a pan-national, decentralised event. The Festival aims to begin on a limited scale what will ultimately constitute a new and total organisation of daily life. Some events have already been planned for the Festival, including international performances on May 1st

and other holidays during which participants will look into the daylight sun for a full hour. A day of cover-ups is also planned, during which participants will go to rigorous lengths to hide traces of their mundane activities.

then there's the CHICKEN MOVEMENT about which it might be important & 2 mention

(didn't Istvan Kantor 'v the job of breaking the necks of sickly chicks w/ black spots on their asses?)

(didn't Kiki Bonbon kill them during the 6th APT fest?)

perhaps the CHICKEN MOVEMENT as a meditative movement

- a meditative bowel movement

& then there's the curious linking of the CHICKEN MOVEMENT w/ OLFACTORIES organized..

No, no, I'm not Blaster, but I'm sure he would agree that there isn't anything more important, more crucial WORLDWIDE right now than THE CHICKEN MOVEMENT. You may know this, in fact, for all I know Balto may be the very source of the emanations and you could very well have been living with CHICKEN CONCEPTS for quite some time now. And this Olfac. Org... I was going to cut-out and draw, but it too has gone through the time loop and has fled me. Strange thing to be doing in the midst of THE CHICKEN MOVEMENT.

Neoists believe that any obsession with concept of freedom is futile. Neoism is not a means to freedom, but rather prescribes structural sets with the intention of providing the discipline of a combinatorics within the lives of Neoists, with boundless permutations.

Neoism is

transgression recognizing itself a law.

The Neoists use the six forms of disorientation to organize their ideology: plagiarism, multiplication, immortality, severity, love and rationality.

With the initiation of a GREAT CONFUSION by the Neoists in New York City, a new and even more reactionary form of subversion is integrated into the mythology of present day misery. The false infinity of dreams accumulated in the past five ways to the confusion of objectivity with humour. The NEOISTS use the six forms of disorientation to organize their revolutionary ideology: plagerism [sic], multiplication, immortality, severity, love and rationality. In the current world situation, we are confronted by an infinity of paradoxes. The Neoists realize that these paradoxes are the result of the infinity of false binary oppositions which are considered the basis of truth. Our rejection of this infinity becomes our propaganda and the internalization of confusion becomes merely a step towards even reater truth, beauty and perhaps riches for the Neoists themselves. Because irrationality has been recuperated by capitalism and made into a reactionary force, the Neoists unite against this, plan their confusion around rationality.

We are pleased to announce the formation of the Neoist exercise in Florence. The Neoist Consulate is now open, and we declare all laws and dreams of the

past to be non-existent in this city. Men dressed as Elvis roam the streets, women push infants in shopping carts, and red crosses glitter strangely from drug shops. We believe in the concept of total plot. That any action has a secret meaning when examined backwards in time. We are hypnotic. We sleep without light. We publish SMILE. We drift silently in the heavy perfume of clarity and confusion. We want war with you. Join us.

We seek enlightenment through confusion.

We work miracles in audacity.

The ordering of words is the ordering of consciousness. The authoritative program of culture and ideology requires a particular ordering of thought in its victims which is both 'rational' and 'specific,' with a sense of 'truth' as its cornerstone. In order to maintain this situation, it is imperative that language clearly separate activities and objects into controllable fields of reference. For this reason, we consider it imperative that all activities be called Neoism, and all individuals adopt the specific names of Cantsin. The shifting signifiers will solidify under this experiment towards a pure language of practical confusion.

The Great Confusion has been proclaimed by the Neoists in New York City.

Our

conspiracy is larger than it actually is.

A giant Neoist cake box designed to eat spectators with mechanical arms.

"Take a running leap at the floor and miss"-P.P.) 17 summers old

or/conceivable entering into metaphor by having your brain smashed out by a slice of lemon wrapped around a gold brick...

Neoism means construct Neoism machines.

We designed a giant Neoist cake box to eat spectators with mechanical arms.

Neoists like robots.

Put down the blade of time/emit: ?"what fo'up (Jack)

Singularity has become oppression, a 'tense present' in a cool dark cell of blood possessed by radio waves ( ashtrays etc.)

Ray of afternoon coatings, behaviors endlessly activated & tiring

Two humans talking and one says you don't mind if I go upstairs and lie down on the floor naked with a black cross painted on my stomach and people running around inside the room lighting fires.

He stepped out of the grey dock-surface and with his hands meticulously constructed a DNA-Double Helix from barbed wire and began to crawl through it

He was kept in an airplane-fence building as he was in a condition where once a linear month he would react to 'solids', i.e.. concrete etc.... and have 'attacks' (Manifested by becoming very quietly sociable, almost cooperative) & his mother had to have him kept there because she felt it was "a well advised precaution"

The same boy in a film-rear projected on a backdrop with a man watching the film. The boy runs out of the film to meet the man, matching his strides to

the increasingly palpitations of his own image (broken projector, bar lines up and down his body as if the image were filmed off television). This running process takes forever and you and I are somehow involved in it Young and severe looking, we run upstairs to talk to a girl, off-camera, but instead stop in front of a locked door. We begin to talk to the door, saying "Maria, come out now" and banging on the door. We also remember to say "don't lock the door", which is a futile attempt at time travel, as we know that it is already locked. Are we in love with the door? Why is 'she' rejecting us?

The father enters downstairs with a severe facial expression, but then softens up and says to the girl (still off camera), "Maria, I just thought I'd drop by to give you this saucepan full of cold water, here, it's for you"

The process is simple, we placed two mirrors of different sizes with one side of each touching, facing each other, so that a limit of infinite reflections was created in a decreasing spiral (from my perspective, increasing from the limits), with the images of my room trapped in the tilted planes, and wrapped around a conch shell interior

Smell of burnt arm hairs alarms us & in the morning the smell alerts us to a mysterious cut or placement (in time) but the sound of the birds still sounds like insects we always wanted to switch bodies for perspectival reasons measurement of time and ending the activation safely returned to the 'bungalow' structure at the instant of an empty cup.

So we walk off camera & emerge below our former position now as our own double & talking to ourselves

Drinking water from ones hands is a universal sign of friendship an connection to those around you, also a universal greeting

Neoism takes care of permanent altitude flight in the double-mill of spring balls and jumping sheets by radically believing not to believe. Following the incausal method, the eternal movement means the actual condition factor of Neoism.

In the space of the unprobability, Neoism approaches the all penetrating net with speed of light where cause and effect of neoistical activities are mutually eliminating and reversing themselves. Here Neoism changes into Eon-IsM. Neoism is so far no idea at all, but an accumulation of situative points in a cosmopolitical network where Neoists are meeting to construct endless scenarios.

Neoism

externalized its own contradictions by labeling them self-perpetuating challenges.

Dearest friend, Cantsin was living in this prairie city for ten years.

He came to Budapest from Regina in 1976. Indians here are fat and

alcoholists. I drew some blood for them last night. United Cells of Neoism, Dearest conspirator, I am getting closer to the Athabasca glacier and ready for the meeting with Cantsin.

Hmm, Cantsin, friends call you Cantsin. I have lots of material on

Cantsin since I made up the name and sent it on a postcard to Cantsin. I'm doing hmm, this filing project where I put all my correspondence material in these correspondence novels. So now Cantsin is in Cantsin's Cell system. An emerging novel. So I'll put you in with Cantsin RAF VEC and you can be Cantsin in that book if you want.

Dearest friend, I met Cantsin on the Athabasca glazier. He drew my blood and he turned into gold. I took his gold bust. It looks like me. My mission is accomplished.

Neoism is the residue of a cosmogony that ignores substance.  
criticism

Selecting and combining  
signs, Neoism blatantly affirms culture.

Neoists computerize Neoism.

I've never had a stomach this big.

Neoists know that random access is the structure  
of the future.

Neoism aims for the creation of a situation in which a definition of Neoism  
would make no sense.

"A Concept once defined loses its Cantsin": BURNEOISM

we remember everything that ever happened.

we are an infinite sphere; our center is everywhere and our  
diameter is nowhere.

we are an atom generating other atoms to reflect their  
glowing air on ourselves.

we are whole in all our parts.

we are a word-generating ghost.

we are a ground without ground, a process without change, an aim  
without an aim.

we are the love that hides when we try to hold it.

we remember everything that ever happened.

we can neither be defined, nor numbered. We possess an  
abundance of ourselves.

we suffice ourselves.

we are practical eternity without properties.

we can neither be recognized, nor named.

we are the only self-recognition which forbids predicates.

we are a sphere with as much coordinates as diameters.

we are an immovable perpetuum mobile.

we are a being that lives on its own construction.

we always remain one when divided.

we are the darkness after the light.

we are only known to those who don't know us.

we are light that shines without refraction.

The corporation cannot exist in a vacuum.

Neoism? We dislike definitions. You must refer to

Cantsin's tape on garden chair. I am an assiduous visualiser. 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.

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harsh communion of the archangels  
through a hole in the stall

Let us assume, as a point of beginning, that even the remotest of us relates to experience through some aspect of the habitual philosophical beliefs that characterize the civilisation in which this presentation takes place. That these beliefs are eclectic and inconsistent is not important, what is important is that we can identify them as part of this civilisation, and that we make constant use of some of them. It is not important to determine whether or not these beliefs are "true" in an objective sense, since clearly their function is to be used to create a sense of "reality", and not to be verified. The most didactic ideological projection to the simplest use of propositional thinking (for instance "I am swimming") contains the arbitrary and deterministic map of our civilisation. These beliefs, this "swimming", form an impenetrable field that traces around and separates us from experience outside the realm of beliefs in general. That certain obviously false beliefs, such as beliefs in so-called "absolute" truth, can be deconstructed is deceptive since the process of deconstruction is taking place within the structure of cognitive consciousness as it is dictated by the languages, cultural patterns, and identity formations of contemporary civilisation. Thus, refusing to believe in specific commonly-held opinions, such as the value of capitalist social relations, or belief in metaphysical abstractions, including those presented in this text, is ultimately a reformist measure which serves only to disarm the real and total opposition to beliefs in general. This opposition, since it aims to undermine the language, cultural history and identity formation of present reality is naturally difficult, if not almost impossible, to articulate within existing contexts. It is an orientation against and outside beliefs and consequently not compatible with the language or concepts that are used to describe

things in terms of them, such as propositional language. That is by no means to suggest that this orientation does not exist, or is valueless, since its value clearly relates to the throwing off of the repressive aspects of consciousness, such as the ability or lack of ability to perceive paradox. In order to explain fully what I mean, I will use as an example a science fiction story about an alien civilisation consisting of two humanoid entities. In order to talk about the entities, I will give a brief description of the cultural, linguistic and identity characteristics common to them. The two entities occupy the same general area of space but are physically unable to perceive one another, to interact or to communicate in any way. Despite this, both are speculatively aware of the other's existence through "memories" of a cultural history learned through direct experience with certain cultural artifacts. Both entities consequently have a developed and identical language and culture despite their non-communication. This commonality constitutes their social relation entirely, being absolute. The aliens have a language that is significantly different from ours in that it does not contain reference to objects or situations, and has, of course, no communicative value. The language is best visualised as a moving spiral of operational symbols floating free in space, with the symbols constituting a level of purely structural, "non-referential"\* mental activity. The holes between the symbols, which are gaps in the structural activity, provide space for penetration by material from "above" or "below" as they rotate. The material "above" the spiral is incoming information from the alien's senses, for instance, sight or touch. The material from "below" is non-sensory data, best understood as "imaginary" visions and fantastic images. This, in short, is the language of the alien culture, which constitutes part of each alien's conscious relations with the world. The language is not spoken, but is notated at arbitrary intervals to preserve itself as a structural/cultural model for the next generation. The method for this notation involves particular use of sound and light in a physical approximation of the structure. The memory of this method of notation is the only referential aspect of the language, and it is essentially perceived by the aliens as a kind of intuition. The aliens perceive the sensory and imaginary information sensations during the pauses in their "non-referential" mental activity, but are not concerned with differentiating between them as real or imagined. They have no memory of past time as we understand it, except for an intuitive sense of the other's existence and the methods of cultural notation. As I have stated, this memory roughly constitutes the identity formation of the civilisation. Incidentally, the identities of the aliens have no bearing on the "imaginary vision" aspect of the language. The "imaginary visions" are as arbitrary and unconnected to the alien as are his/her "real" sensory experiences. Both the aliens occupy a space that is similar to our cultural vision of the Garden Of Eden. The plot of this very dry and technical example thickens when, for reasons entirely conflicting with our logic system, and with the logic of the civilisation I have just described, one of the aliens decides to stop

using the spiral that constitutes the "non-referential" and structural aspect of his/her language. This proves very difficult, as it is entirely without precedent in the civilisation, and physically impossible. Eventually the spiral ceases to exist and the alien's sensory experiences and imaginary visions intermingle without interruption of any kind. Suddenly the alien becomes experientially conscious of the only other member of the civilisation, who remains oblivious to him/her. The alien attempts to communicate with the other, but s/he is unable to perceive him/her. The alien "intuitively" decides to use the artifacts and methods of notations from the civilisation to communicate his/her existence to the other, but is ultimately unsure of the success of the project, since without memory s/he is unclear as to his/her placement in time. What I suggest is that this scenario is not fictional, but instead a literal analysis of our civilisation, including its inconsistencies.

\*That is, not referring to any concept of other formation outside its own system.

When you are a Neoist, people frequently ask you the same old questions, "What is Neoism?", "Who is a Neoist?", etc. And even if you have a lot of brilliant definitions, after a while it becomes boring to reply to the same questions. That's when you should use the dictionary method. All you need is a dictionary. And when someone asks you, "What is Neoism", you think of a suitable synonym (say, "a noun"), then look it up in a dictionary and read the entry below that synonym ("nourishing"). You can introduce small changes by asking the interrogator to execute the method. Of course, this method can as well be adapted for television interviews, lectures, discussions, and finally by heart even in everyday speech, or using it for a progressive amount of words and statements.

When you are a Neoist, people frequently ask you the same old questions, "What is Neoism?", "Who is a Neoist?", etc. And even if you have a lot of brilliant definitions, after a while it becomes boring to reply to the same questions. That's when you should use the dictionary method. All you need is a dictionary. And when someone asks you, "What is Neoism", you think of a suitable synonym (say, "a noun"), then look it up in a dictionary and read the entry below that synonym ("nourishing"). You can introduce small changes by asking the interrogator to execute the method. Of course, this method can as well be adapted for television interviews, lectures, discussions, and finally by heart even in everyday speech, or using it for a progressive amount of words and statements.

Cantsin is a very ordinary person, with very ordinary views. In fact, he is no different from you and me which is why it is possible for all of us to become Cantsin at will.

We drift silently in the heavy perfume of clarity and confusion.

The paradox is that epistemologies exist in Neoism, in countless numbers.

In a Neoist view, the world is not collision of things in space, but a

dissimilar row of each independent phenomena. Neoism does not conceive of the spatial as lasting in time. Since each state is irreducible, the mere act of giving it a name implies falsification. The paradox however is that epistemologies exist in Neoism, in countless numbers. There are Neoists who consider a certain pain, a green tinge of the yellow, a temperature, a certain tone the only reality. Other Neoists perceive all people having sex as the same being, and all people memorizing a line of Homer as Homer. Another group has reached the point of denying time. It reasons that the present is undefined, that the future has no reality than as present hope, that the past is no more than present memory. Yet another group has it that the history of the universe is the handwriting produced by a minor god in order to communicate with a demon; that the world is an emblem whose subscription is partly lost, and in which only that which happens every three hundredth night is true. Another believes that while we are asleep here, we are awake somewhere else, so that everyone is two. Books are rarely signed, and the notion of plagiarism does not exist. It has been established that all literature is the work of only one ageless and anonymous writer.

We

had a philosophy once.

Neoism is practical transcendentalism doing battle against rationalist metaphysics.

There are Neoists who consider a certain pain, an overly yellow white, a temperature, a certain tone the only reality.

Neoists

perceive all people having sex as the same being.

the

possibility

of writing

something

on this page

is

equivalent to

actually

writing

something

on this page

the possibility of writing something different on this page is equivalent to actually writing something different on this page.

My friend, Doktor Donald Prescott (well, we're really not friends anymore. I never see him or talk to him. It's been several years now. Long story) was a serious fan of Cantsin back in the late eighties. We were in school at the time and I noticed something strange when the teachers began taking him aside and telling him that if he insisted upon continuing to turn all his homework in under the name Cantsin, that he would not receive credit for his work. He responded by insisting we were all Cantsin and that all of our grades should be added up and averaged and everyone given the same grades.

When the white coats came to take him away, he promised me that Cantsin would return someday at six o'clock, "Because it's always six o'clock, Zachie! It's always six! Remember that."

Neoism is a symbol of our inadequacies.

Legends made Cantsin master of what he had done, and capable of dealing with what he could not undo. "We will win the world," says Cantsin. "It is his duty to do what he want," declared recently Dr. Ackerman who is also a founding member of the 14 Secret Masters of the Universe. "He feels himself a god - nothing less." They (the Neoists) are monsters of conceit in their success and monsters of modesty in their failure.

An army flag to be a manner of the precedent, patanihility. the golden flag of neoism: the striped buegeleisen

The flaming steam iron is not a difficult symbol to understand: In fact, its use by the Neoists seems comically simplistic. When painting his self-portrait in 1523, Francesco Parmigianino used as a model the reflection of his own face in the curved metal of the iron in order to paint the iron as an allegory of the melancholic temperament. Burning its surface suggests a destruction or change within this allegory: The glue used to make the iron burn creates the paradox of fluctuant self-identity while the iron, an absent reflector which is both outside and inside the painting, becomes static and immaterial. The glue and the iron remain invisible images.

In its challenge to temporary space, the flaming steam iron is prototypically Neoist. When kindled by the Neoist, the glue on the iron's surface melts and deflagrates in a jet of flame. The static form of the iron reveals a tension with the amorphous glue and its processual state. A hybrid of processual and static form, function and material, the iron takes precedence over its surrounding space, thus reinforcing the space of Neoism as the superimposed unit. In order to reconstruct its rhetoric, it seems useful to differentiate four basic dimensions of the flaming steam iron, the dimensions of form, the process on the iron's surface, surrounding temporary space and the Neoist herself. The industrial form of the iron harmonizes with the usually rectangular temporary space intruded by the Neoist, but it contradicts the Neoist in her nature as a processual organism. The Neoist and the process on the iron's surface however are not only paralleled, they directly interact with each other. We find a double structure here: flame and iron are in the same spatial relation as the Neoist and surrounding space, and Neoist and space stand in the same physical contradiction as flame and iron. Material entities, the iron versus the Neoist, are juxtaposed to formal entities, industrial form and surrounding space versus the Neoist as an organism and the flames on the iron's surface. By its blatant presence, the interaction of Neoist and iron surpasses other interactions within the surrounding space. Neoism as the metaspace of the Neoist's appearance is thus the fifth, implicit dimension in the perceptive field of the flaming steam iron. The correspondence of Neoist, flaming glue and Neoism alienates iron and temporal space, and, since its form is

detached from the process on its surface, the unity of the iron as such. When the iron is lightened, the temporal context collapses; the object dissolves, the surrounding space is alienated. The flaming steam iron, we could summarize, bears the following characteristics:

It goes beyond simple visual experience. Since its beginning, Neoism has depended upon invisible elements. In a systems context, invisibility, or invisible parts, share equal importance with things seen.

Its potential dynamic is only limited by the superimposed space of Neoism. It is concrete and not symbolic, it is what it is.

Despite its processual character, it is stable as such, as a mechanism.

Since its object function is temporarily limited through the amount of remaining glue, it destroys the supposedly stable condition of its surrounding space. Hence temporary space as a static context estranges itself. In a comment on his "Ideal Gift" action from January 1991, a Neoist affirmed these observations: "The flaming steam iron is not to be regarded as an object. The range of factors affecting it, as well as its own radius of action, reaches beyond the space it occupies. It merges with a superimposed space in a relationship that is better understood as a 'system' of interdependent processes. These processes evolve without the Neoist's empathy. She becomes a witness. Such a system is not imagined, it is there."

It is 'there' insofar as it is not symbolic, we could summarize, and in its open character, it is stable as such: it has metabolism, it regulates itself. General Systems Theory proposes to classify systems as dynamic or static, indetermined or determined, temporary or time-independent, complex or simple, visible or invisible, stable or unstable, open or closed.

Organisms are open systems; they change their components and interact with their environment. This metabolism stabilizes the system, since it compensates entropy. Like Neoism, the flaming steam iron is a simultaneously open and closed system: it interacts with the Neoist, the elements within the surrounding space (hence potentially Neoist) and the metaspace of Neoism as such. Nevertheless the volume of the flame is limited by the iron's surface and the surrounding space. The material entity of the iron and the temporary space are thus marked as subordinate systems to be absorbed by Neoism. In their occupation with discursive formations and their opposition against humanist metaphysics of presence, Systems Theory and Neoism reveal superficial similarities. The fundamental difference lies in Neoism's refusal to impose certain discourses on others, to hypostatize notions like "system" and "structure" or project so-called "biological" observations onto 'social' spheres. On the contrary, Neoists have demasked, and consequently overcome, 'biology' and 'society,' 'life' and 'death' as ideological constructs.

Burning the surface

of the steam iron suggests a destruction or change within its allegory.

Permanent altitude flight in the double-mill of Neoism.

Neoists only drink rubbing alcohol because it makes them blind.

This is the Neoist bread campaign phase. To share bread, simple pleasures. I came to Neoism in 1980/81 after hearing mythology surrounding it. My name is Cantsin, Neoist messing officer. I came across Neoism in perhaps a similar way as you have. I was a pilgrim in the parched bleakness of official culture. I was kicked out of school at 15 years for reciting Tristan Tzara's poetry at a parent-teacher night. My assistant threw buckets of wet cooked spaghetti on the guests and teachers, and we chopped up the stage with axes. I then left home and travelled to the West Coast and became a religious ecstatic and indologist. I was a celibate monk for five years. I studied the ancient art of cooking, festival cuisine, playing table and khol drums. My tabla teacher lives in Varanasi, a magical center of ancient culture (pre-partiarchal Christian). I am gradually seeing my face from the continuity of differential variables. As all inherent I'd dissolve I know that eventually the jewel like luminescence of the inner Cantsin will shine forth.

Neoism is hot.

Then, at the signal of the aged king,  
With blare to wake the blood, rolling around  
Like to a lion's roar, the trumpeter  
Blew the great conch; and, at the noise of it,  
Trumpets and drums, cymbals and gongs and horns  
Burst into sudden clamour; as the blasts  
Of loosened tempest, such the tumult seemed!  
Then might be seen, upon their car of gold  
Yoked with white steeds, blowing their battle-shells,  
O and 1 at his side:  
O, with knotted locks, blew his great conch  
Carved of the "Giant's bone;" 1 blew  
his loud gift.

O:

"This deathless O1011, this deep union,  
I taught the Lord of Light;  
so passed it down the line.

Then, with years,  
The truth grew dim and perished, noble monk!  
Now once again to you it is declared -  
This ancient lore, this mystery supreme -  
Seeing I find you votary and friend."

1:

"Your birth, dear Lord, was in these later days  
How shall I comprehend this thing you say,  
'From the beginning it was I who taught?'"

O:

"Manifold the renewals of my birth  
Have been, 1! and of your births, too!  
But mine I know, and thine you know not,

O Slayer of your Foes!  
I come, and go, and come.  
That is the true Renouncer, firm and fixed,  
Who - seeking nought, rejecting nought - dwells proof  
Against the 'opposites.' O valiant cook!  
In doing, such breaks lightly from all deed:  
'Tis the new scholar talks as they were two,  
This O1011: wise men know  
Who husbands one plucks golden fruit of both!  
The embodied sage, withdrawn within his soul,  
At every act sits godlike in 'the town  
Which has nine gateways,' neither doing aught  
Nor causing any deed. Who will may have this Light;  
Who has it sees. To him who wisely sees,  
The O1011 with his scrolls and sanctities,  
The cow, the elephant, the unclean dog,  
The Outcast gorging dog's meat, are all one.  
Therefore, who does work rightful to do,  
Not seeking gain from work, that man, O 1!  
Is O1011 and his other - both in one  
And he is neither who lights not the flame  
Of sacrifice, nor sets hand to task."  
1:  
"And what road goes he who, having faith,  
Fails, O! in the striving;?  
Is he not lost, straying from O1011's light,  
Like the vain cloud, which floats 'twixt earth and heaven."  
O:  
"He is not lost, 1 of Toronto! No!  
Being O1011, striving strong and long,  
Purged from transgressions, perfected by births  
Following on births, he plants his feet at last  
Upon the farther path. Such as one ranks  
Above ascetics, higher than the wise,  
Beyond achievers of vast deeds! Be you  
O1011 1! And of such believe,  
Truest and best is he who worships Me  
With inmost soul, stayed on My Mystery!"  
Four sorts of mortals know me: he who weeps,  
1! and the man who yearns to know;  
And he who toils to help; and he who sits  
Certain of me, enlightened.  
Of these four,  
O 1! highest, nearest, best  
That last is, the devout soul, wise, intent  
Upon 'The One.' Dear, above all, am I

To him; and he is dearest unto me!  
All four are good, and seek me; but mine own,  
The true of heart, the faithful - stayed on me,  
Taking me as their utmost, blessedness,  
They are not 'mine,' but I - even I myself!  
At end of many births to Me they come!  
Yet hard the sage is to find,  
That man who says, 'Anything is anything!'  
By passion for the 'pairs of opposites,'  
By those twain snares of Like and Dislike, Prince!  
All creatures live bewildered, save some few  
Who, quit of sins, holy in act, informed,  
Freed from the 'opposites,' and fixed in faith,  
Cleave unto Me.  
Who cleave, who seek in Me  
Refuge from birth and death, those have the Truth!  
Those know Me: know Me Soul of Souls,  
know my work."

1:

"What is that 01011? What that Soul  
Of Souls? What, You Best of All!  
Your work? Tell me what it is?  
Slayer of 1! Further, make me know  
How good men find you in the hour of death?"

0:

"I am 01011! the One Eternal,  
Which is My Being's name,  
The Soul of Souls! What goes forth from Me,  
Is causing all life to live:  
I - speaking with you in this body here -  
Am, you embodied one! For all the shrines  
Flame unto Me!  
If you know  
The thousand days making 01011's Night,  
Then you know Day and Night as He does know!  
When that vast Dawn does break, the Invisible  
Is brought anew into the Visible.  
I am the Sacrifice! I am the Prayer!  
I am the Funeral-Cake set for the dead!  
I am the healing herb! I am the ghee,  
The flame, and that which burns!  
I am - of all this boundless Universe -  
The Father, Mother, Ancestor, and Guard!  
The end of Learning! That which purifies  
In lustral water! I am OM! I am Taka-Taka!  
The boundless story, the Text, the Scripture;

The Way, the Fosterer, the Lord, the Judge,  
The Witness; the Abode, the Refuge-House,  
The Friend, the Fountain and the Sea of Life  
Which sends, and swallows up; Treasure of Worlds  
And Treasure-Chamber! Seed and Seed-Sower,  
Whence endless harvests spring! Sun's heat is mine;  
Heaven's rain is mine to grant or to withhold;  
Death am I, and Immortal I am,  
I! Visible and invisible!  
Yea! those who learn  
The threefold scriptures, who drink the Soma-wine,  
Purge sins, pay sacrifice - from Me they earn  
Passage to the land where the meats divine.  
Yea! First, and Last, and Centre of all which is or seems  
I am, I! Wisdom Supreme of what is wise,  
Words on the uttering lips I am, and eyesight of the eyes.  
And 'A' of written characters, Orpheus of knitted speech,  
And Endless Life, and boundless Love, whose power sustains each;  
And bitter Death which seizes all, and joyous sudden Birth,  
Which brings to light all beings that are to be on earth;  
And of the viewless virtues, Fame, Fortune, Song am I,  
And Memory, and Patience; and Craft, and Constancy:  
The flower-wreathed Spring; in dicer's-play the conquering Double-Eight;  
The splendour of the splendid, and the greatness of the great,  
Yourself! - Yea, my I! yourself; for you are Mine!  
Of poets Homer, of saints Anthony, the sage divine;  
The policy of conquerors, the potency of kings,  
The great unbroken silence in learning's secret things;  
The lore of all the learned, the seed of all which springs.  
Living or lifeless, still or stirred, whatever beings be,  
None of them is in all the worlds, but it exists by Me!  
Nor tongue can tell, I! nor end of telling come  
Of these My boundless glories, whereof I teach you some;  
For wheresoe'er is wondrous work, and majesty, and might,  
From Me has all proceeded. Receive you this aright!  
Yet how shouldst you receive, O Prince! the vastness of this word?  
I, who am all, and made it all, abide its separate Lord!"

I:

"This, for my soul's peace, have I heard from You,  
The unfolding of the Mystery Supreme  
If this can be, if I may bear the sight,  
Make Yourself visible, Lord of all prayers!  
Show me Your very self, my Immortal Friend!"

O:

"Gaze, then, I! I manifest for you  
Those hundred thousand thousand shapes that clothe my Mystery:

I show you all my semblances, infinite, rich, divine,  
My changeful hues, my countless forms. See! in this face of mine,  
Wonders unnumbered, Oh Prince! revealed to none but you.  
Behold! this is the Universe! - Look! what is live and dead  
I gather all in one - in Me! See ME! what you asked!  
You canst not! - nor, with human eyes, I! ever mayest!  
Therefore I give you sense divine. Have other eyes, new light!  
And, look! This is My glory, unveiled to mortal sight!"  
Then, O King! to him, so saying,  
Stood, to I displaying  
All the splendor, wonder, dread  
Of his vast Almighty-head.  
Out of countless eyes beholding,  
Out of countless mouths commanding,  
Countless mystic forms enfolding  
In one Form: supremely standing  
Countless radiant glories wearing,  
Countless heavenly weapons bearing,  
Crowned with garlands of star-clusters,  
Robed in garb of woven lustres,  
Breathing from His perfect Presence  
Breaths of every subtle essence  
Of all heavenly odours; shedding  
Blinding brilliance; overspreading -  
Boundless, beautiful - all spaces  
With His all-regarding faces;  
So He showed! If there should rise  
Suddenly within the skies  
Sunburst of a thousand suns  
Flooding earth with beams undeemed-of,  
Then might be that Holy One's  
Majesty and radiance dreamed of!  
So did I behold  
All this universe enfold  
All its huge diversity  
Into one vast shape, and be  
Visible, and viewed, and blended  
In one Body - subtle, splendid,  
Nameless - th' All-comprehending  
O! of O!s, the Never-Ending  
O!  
But, sore amazed,  
Thrilled, overfilled, dazzled, and dazed,  
I knelt; and bowed his head,  
And clasped his palms; and cried, and said:  
I:

"Yea! I have seen! I see!  
Yes! all is wrapped in You!  
The souls are in Your glorious frame! the creatures  
Of earth, and heaven, and hell  
In Your boundless form dwell,  
And in Your countenance shine all the features  
Of O1011, sitting lone  
Upon His lotus-throne;  
Of saints and sages, and the serpent races  
Yea! mightiest Lord! I see  
Your thousand thousand arms and breasts, and faces,  
And eyes, - on every side  
Perfect, diversified;  
And nowhere end of You, nowhere beginning,  
Nowhere a centre! Shifts -  
Wherever soul's gaze lifts -  
Your central Self, all-wielding, and all-winning!"

O:

"You see Me as Time who kills,  
Time who brings all to doom,  
The Slayer Time, Ancient of Days, come hither to consume!  
Yea! you have seen, I! because I loved you well,  
The secret countenance of Me, revealed by mystic spell,  
Shining, and wonderful, and majestic, manifold,  
Which none save you in all the years had favour to behold;  
For not by Scriptures comes this, nor sacrifice, nor alms,  
Nor works well-done, nor penance long, nor prayers, nor chanted psalms,  
That mortal eyes should bear to view the Immortal Soul unclad,  
Prince of Catering! This was kept for you alone! Be glad!  
Let no more trouble shake your heart, because thine eyes have seen  
My terror with My glory. As I before have been  
So will I be again for you; with lightened heart behold!  
Once more I am your O, the form you knew 'st of old!"  
These words to I spoke  
O, and straight did take  
Back again the semblance dear  
Of the well-loved charioteer;  
Peace and joy it did restore  
When the Prince beheld once more  
Mighty NEOISM'S form and face  
Clothed in O's gentle grace.

I:

"Now that I see come back, O!  
This friendly human frame, my mind can think  
Calm thoughts once more; my heart beats still again!"  
Hide, the holy O says,

This from him that has no faith,  
Him that worships not, nor seeks  
Wisdom's teaching when she speaks:  
Hide it from all men who mock;  
But, wherever, amid the flock  
Of My lovers, one shall teach  
This divinest, wisest, speech -  
Teaching in the faith to bring  
Truth to them, and offering  
Of all honor unto Me -  
Unto O1011 comes he!  
Nay, and nowhere shall ye find  
Any man of all mankind  
Doing dearer deed for Me;  
Nor shall any dearer be  
In My earth. Yea, furthermore,  
Whoso reads this converse over,  
Held by Us upon the plain,  
Pondering piously and fain,  
He has paid Me sacrifice!  
O speakes in this wise!  
Yea, and whoso, full of faith,  
Hears wisely what it saith,  
Hears meekly, - when he dies,  
Surely shall his spirit rise  
To those regions where the Blest,  
Free of flesh, in joyance rest.

We Neoists are deeply involved with vegetables and chapatis. The only concrete data on APT 8 is enclosed. I suggest you come here at 20.00 hours this Saturday evening for a live exchange. You can meet us and discuss your future participation.

The first major Neoist activities were the Portland Convenience Store Mysteries.

[around]

[chutney]

[position]

[russian]

[litmus] [cold]

[wander]

Neoists believe that any obsession with concept of freedom is futile. Neoism is not a means to freedom, but rather prescribes structural sets with the intention of providing the discipline of a combinatorics within the lives of Neoists, with boundless permutations.

Q: If the context is open, why give a name to it - why call it NEOISM?

A: It is only our enemies, ANTI-NEOISTS who use this term, we never call ourselves Neoists - we are simply a reaction to ANTI-NEOIST aggressions.

Q: This idea of total freedom, how do you plan to accomplish this?

A: We discussed this at the last festival - on a practical level it will be difficult, we will have to create a huge bureaucracy to organize it, and we need a lot of money. First we are going to start building empty "contextual spaces" to live in, next we will make water transport totally available, but all that is only the very beginning.

Q: Who are your enemies?

A: My enemies are information, my own ego (since there are now 100 or more of me) and being tired, I'm always sleeping now.

Neoism does not imply a freedom to say everything, it is a banter, an other imperative.

Neoism is a mind game. The purpose of the game is to provide stimulus for the players. Playing the game comes naturally to the players. People who aren't sure that they're Neoists aren't Neoists. Noone is a Neoist all the time. Not all mind games are Neoism.

I don't have enough information to make a judgement about your movement and concepts but for what I have read I can't differentiate between what is true or false or what is fact or fiction. There is a mind game involved in all this, very dangerous mind game. I discovered many contradictions inside the words of your statements, contradictions that I hope are intentional. But in that case please explain it to me. Be careful and take care of your minds. Let's make Cantsin a few holes.

Not all mind games are Neoism.

Neoism is both game and daily undertaking.

Neoism is simple, amusing, unpretentious, requires no skill, and has no institutional value. Neoism strives for the monostructural and non-theatrical qualities of simple, natural events. Neoism is a game or gag.

The glue and the flaming steam iron remain invisible images.

It is clear that the world is purely parodic, in other words, that each thing seen is the parody of another, or is the same thing in a deceptive form.

Ever since sentences started to circulate in brains devoted to reflection, an effort at total identification has been made, because with the aid of a copula each sentence ties one thing to another; all things would be visibly connected if one could discover at a single glance and in its totality the tracings of Ariadne's thread leading thought into its own labyrinth.

But the copula of terms is no less irritating than the copulation of bodies.

And when I scream I AM NEOISM an integral erection results, because the verb to be is the vehicle of amorous frenzy.

Everyone is aware that life is parodic and that it lacks an interpretation.

Thus lead is the parody of gold.

Air is the parody of water.

The brain is the parody of the equator.

Coitus is the parody of crime.

Gold, water, the equator, or crime can each be put forward as the principle of things.

And if the origin of things is not like the ground of the planet that seems to be the base, but like the circular movement that the planet describes around a mobile center, then a car a clock, or a sewing machine could equally be accepted as the generative principle.

The two primary motions are rotation and sexual movement, whose combination is expressed by the locomotive's wheels and pistons.

These two motions are reciprocally transformed, the one into the other.

Thus one notes that the earth, by turning, makes animals and men have coitus, and (because the result is as much the cause as that which provokes it) that animals and men make the earth turn by having coitus.

It is the mechanical combination or transformation of these movements that the alchemists sought as the philosopher's stone.

It is through the use of this magically valued combination that one can determine the present position of men in the midst of the elements.

An abandoned shoe, a rotten tooth, a snub nose, the cook spitting in the soup of his masters are to love what a battle flag is to nationality.

An umbrella, a sexagenarian, a seminarian, the smell of rotten eggs, the hollow eyes of judges are the roots that nourish love.

A dog devouring the stomach of a goose, a drunken vomiting woman, a slobbering accountant, a jar of mustard represent the confusion that serves as the vehicle of love.

A man who finds himself among others is irritated because he does not know why he is not one of the others.

In bed next to a girl he loves, he forgets that he does not know why he is himself instead of the body he touches.

Without knowing it, he suffers from the mental darkness that keeps him from screaming that he himself is the girl who forgets his presence while shuddering in his arms.

Love or infantile rage, or a provincial dowager's vanity, or clerical pornography, or the diamond of a soprano bewilder individuals forgotten in dusty apartments.

They can very well try to find each other; they will never find anything but parodic images, and they will fall asleep as empty as mirrors.

The absent and inert girl hanging dreamless from my arms is no more foreign to me than the door or window through which I can look or pass.

I rediscover indifference (allowing her to leave me) when I fall asleep, through an inability to love what happens.

It is impossible for her to know whom she will discover when I hold her, because she obstinately attains a complete forgetting.

The planetary systems that turn in space like rapid disks, and whose centers also move, describing an infinitely larger circle, only move away continuously from their own position in order to return it, completing their rotation.

Movement is a figure of love, incapable of stopping at a particular being, and rapidly passing from one to another.

But the forgetting that determines it in this way is only a subterfuge of memory.

A man gets up as brusquely as a specter in a coffin and falls in the same way.

He gets up a few hours later and then he falls again, and the same thing happens every day; this great coitus with the celestial atmosphere is regulated by the terrestrial rotation around the sun.

Thus even though terrestrial life moves to the rhythm of this rotation, the image of this movement is not turning earth, but the male shaft penetrating the female and almost entirely emerging, in order to reenter.

Love and life appear to be separate only because everything on earth is broken apart by vibrations of various amplitudes and durations.

However, there are no vibrations that are not conjugated with a continuous circular movement; in the same way, a locomotive rolling on the surface of the earth is the image of continuous metamorphosis.

Beings only die to be born, in the manner of phalluses that leave bodies in order to enter them.

Plants rise in the direction of the sun and then collapse in the direction of the ground.

Trees bristle the ground with a vast quantity of flowered shafts raised up to the sun.

The trees that forcefully soar end up burned by lightning, chopped down, or uprooted. Returned to the ground, they come back up in another form.

But their polymorphous coitus is a function of uniform terrestrial rotation.

The simplest image of organic life united with rotation is the tide. From the movement of the sea, uniform coitus of the earth with the moon, comes the polymorphous and organic coitus of the earth with the sun.

But the first form of solar love is a cloud raised up over the liquid element. The erotic cloud sometimes becomes a storm and falls back to earth in the form of rain, while lightning staves in the layers of the atmosphere.

The rain is soon raised up again in the form of an immobile plant.

Animal life comes entirely from the movement of the seas and, inside bodies, life continues to come from salt water.

The sea, then, has played the role of the female organ that liquefies under the excitation of the penis.

The sea continuously jerks off.

Solid elements, contained and brewed in water animated by erotic movement, shoot out in the form of flying fish.

The erection and the sun scandalize, in the same way as the cadaver and the darkness of cellars.

Vegetation is uniformly directed towards the sun; human beings, on the other hand, even though phallic like trees, in opposition to other animals, necessarily avert their eyes.

Human eyes tolerate neither sun, coitus, cadavers, nor obscurity, but with

different reactions.

When my face is flushed with blood, it becomes red and obscene.

It betrays at the same time, through morbid reflexes, a bloody erection and a demanding thirst for indecency and criminal debauchery.

For that reason I am not afraid to affirm that my face is a scandal and that my passions are expressed only by Neoism.

The terrestrial globe is covered with volcanoes, which serve as its anus.

Although this globe eats nothing, it often violently ejects the contents of its entrails.

Those contents shoot out with a racket and fall back, streaming down the sides of Neoism, spreading death and terror everywhere.

In fact, the erotic movements of the ground are not fertile like those of the water, but they are far more rapid.

The earth sometimes jerks off in a frenzy, and everything collapses on its surface.

Neoism is thus the image of an erotic movement that burglarizes the ideas contained in the mind, giving them the force of a scandalous eruption.

This eruptive force accumulates in those who are necessarily situated below. Communist workers appear to the bourgeois to be as ugly and dirty as hairy sexual organs, or lower parts; sooner or later there will be a scandalous eruption in the course of which the asexual noble heads of the bourgeois will be chopped off.

The erotic revolutionary and volcanic deflagrations antagonize the heavens. As in the case of violent love, they take place beyond the constraints of fecundity.

In opposition to celestial fertility there are terrestrial disasters, the image of terrestrial love without condition, erection without escape and without rule, scandal, and terror.

Love then screams in my own throat; I am Neoism, the filthy parody of the torrid and blinding sun.

I want to have my throat slashed while violating the girl to whom I will have been able to say: you are the night.

The Sun exclusively loves the Night and directs its luminous violence, its ignoble shaft, toward the earth, but finds itself incapable of reaching the gaze or the night, even though the nocturnal terrestrial expanses head continuously toward the indecency of the solar ray.

The solar annulus is the intact anus of her body at eighteen years to which nothing sufficiently blinding can be compared except the sun, even though the anus is night.

the golden flag of neoism: the striped buegeleisen

Everyone should have the right to not be understood.

In May 1980 I formed a band called the White Colours. The band played thirteen gigs between November 1980 and May 1981. After this point we threw out the singer and changed our name to Four Trans Four. I played one gig in December 1981 with a new singer and then left. The band got a new bassist

and did one more gig before the "new" singer left. In October 1982, I formed a new band which I called the "White Colours" although it had nothing to do with the previous band of the same name. I put out a series of leaflets calling on all bands to rename themselves White Colours, and we managed five gigs between October 1982 and February 1983 with a different line up at each gig. I put the first issue of SMILE together of the new year holiday of 1983/84 and got it printed in February 1984. The idea it contained about an art movement called the Generation Positive was something I'd been developing since 1982 as a part of the White Colours concept. In the second issue of SMILE printed in April 1984 I applied the White Colours to my magazine and suggested that all magazines should be called SMILE. Shortly after publishing the second issue of SMILE, I saw an article on the Neoist Network in Performance Magazine and wrote to the address it gave to contact the Neoists. I met Pete Horobin and Istvan Kantor of the Neoists at the end of April 1984, and as Neoism seemed very similar to my Generation Positive ideas, I decided to get involved. It was not until I'd spoke with Pete Horobin numerous times, well 3 or 4 meetings, that he told me about the Cantsin concept, and I decided that I must be Cantsin. At that time, Istvan Kantor was not pushing the idea of everyone being Cantsin. However he was not the first person to use the name which was originally coined by David Zack. I took part in the London Apartment Festival in May 1984 and during and after that period did a lot to promote Neoism. SMILE 3 which was written during the period of the 8th Apartment Festival contained many elaborations of the Neoist idea which I equated with the Generation Positive. All SMILE issues up to and including SMILE 7 pushed Neoism heavily. SMILE 7 was written and typed between January and March 1985, but was not printed up until the night before I left for a trip to Ireland in April. This was because a friend offered to typeset the heading, but took very long time to do this. I delivered the artwork to my printer during the next day and took an overnight train from London to the Stranraer ferry that evening. In Ireland, I walked non-stop fifty miles from Belfast through to Newry and on across "bandit-country" to the Republic, and after already missing a night sleep in an uncomfortable chair on the overnight train, I walked right through the next night. Once into the Republic, I hitched down to Dublin, and when I arrived, I could hardly stand from exhaustion and was hallucinating. I spent the day in the city, then got a night ferry and overnight train back to London. During this time I reflected on a number of things and came to a series of decisions about change to be made in my life. Minor manifestations of this were that I stopped signing off letters with the phrase *As above, so below*, and that I was no longer a Neoist. However, I had already promised Pete Horobin that I'd take part in his Neoist Festival in Ponte Nossa in June 1985 and, not liking to break my word, I had decided that this would be the final manifestation of my involvement with "Neoism". SMILE 7 was printed in May 1985 and by that time unfortunately no longer reflected my praxis. The events at Ponte Nossa, culminating in my leaving after a row with Horobin and Stiletto at 4 a.m.,

two days before things were due to official end, merely served to reinforce the resolve I had made. I think the reasons for this decision are made clear by SMILE 8. It was however certainly embittered by the events in Ponte Nossa and a subsequent exchange of letters with Istvan Kantor. Incidentally, I called SMILE that name for a number of reasons, one being a play with/on General Idea's FILE. When I picked the name, I was not aware of VILE or BILE. If I had been more rigorous in thinking, I would have named it FILE, but it's too late now. SMILE 8 has been interesting, because my new approach has reached a lot more people, and alienated a lot of the dead wood I needed to get rid of. What I think is more interesting in it is the Artists' Strike for 1990 to 1993 which, although it will take place, also needs to be extended and developed, something I and others are working on. PRAXIS is not an "art movement" in the way that Neoism is. It is a joke, and I am not making serious attempts to propagate or organize it as an "art movement". It has no members, but everyone has their praxis.

Neoism is founded on replication as a non-organic form of change. In the culture of the copy, where simulacra deny ordinary presence, it is only in the public presentations of these artforms (not the gallery, the museum, the referred journal, all of which buttress power relationships) that the curse chooses: Either abjure individuality and presence through boycotting the positions of cultural power; or replicate him-/herself through parodistic cloning, postmodern adoption of eclectic stylist disguises, copy machine proliferation. Consider a name, any name, Cantsin, say. The peculiar referentiality of that name calls into question the entire epistemology of the transcendental signified (to borrow from Husserl), of Kantian categorical imperatives and their dangerously idealized spiritualization of history, and not in the service of rendering people down into identical versions of one another in the final *mise en abyme*. Rather, since art in our time is trapped in parodistic gestures, Cantsin writes *finis* to bourgeois individualism as a controlling cultural category through incorporating replication materialistically, physically. In Roman Jakobson's notion of the shifter as a grammatic label ("I") whose meaning is socio-linguistically not lexically determined, we have the explanation of the power of this replication. So what is new? And who cares, after all, what is new or old? Fashion, the whirling of changing surfaces, the at times hypnotic and at times violent succession of visual *s* which condition mass consciousness, uses categories of original and copy, authentic and falsified, real and artificial, and so on, to prop up a class system structured on division, contradiction, internal split. It is just this division in the heart of contemporary culture which Neoism has the effrontery to underscore. Hence the absurdity of artists involved in Neoist activities trying to set the record straight by establishing a definite version of this history. Neoism's base in the European baroque is more than sufficient to provide the necessary orientation; any further efforts to say who started what can best be read as further ironies (at worst they are self-delusion). The real value comes not from rehashing biographies or crediting individuals, which only

underscore the very curse or originality that Neoism's proliferations reject, but from focusing attention to the replication of the products of culture themselves, especially those which appear under the name of Cantsin. To our knowledge of today, the historical birth of Neoism took place in September 1977 when a still disguised Cantsin became aware of a discovery beyond power of comprehension, after some years of study & experiments,

Some say that our name is of Slavonic origin, and try to account for it on that basis. Others again believe it to be of German origin, only influenced by Slavonic. The uncertainty of both interpretations allows one to assume with justice that neither is accurate, especially as neither of them provides an intelligent meaning of the word.

No one, of course, would occupy himself with such studies if there were not creatures like us. At first glance we look like flat star-shaped spools for thread, and indeed we do seem to have thread wound upon them; to be sure, they are only old, broken-off bits of thread, knotted and tangled together, of the most varied sorts and colors. But we are not only spools, for small wooden crossbars stick out of the middle of the stars, and another small rod is joined to that at a right angle. By means of this latter rod on one side and one of the points of the star on the other, we can stand upright as if on two legs.

One is tempted to believe that we once had some sort of intelligible shape and are now only a broken-down remnant. Yet this does not seem to be the case; at least there is no sign of it; nowhere is there an unfinished or unbroken surface to suggest anything of the kind; we might look senseless enough, but in our own way perfectly finished. In any case, closer scrutiny is impossible, since we are extraordinarily nimble and can never be laid hold of.

We lurk by turns in the garret, the stairway, the lobbies, the entrance hall. Often for months on end we are not to be seen; then we have presumably moved into other houses; but we always come faithfully back to our house again. Many a time when you go out of the door and we happen just to be leaning directly beneath you against the banisters you feel inclined to speak to us. Of course, you put no difficult questions to us, you treat us--we are so diminutive that you cannot help it--rather like children. "Well, what's your name?" you ask us. "And where do you live?" "No fixed abode," we say and laugh; but it is only the kind of laughter that has no lungs behind it. It sounds rather like the rustling of fallen leaves. And that is usually the end of the conversation. Even these answers are not always forthcoming; often we stay mute for a long time, as wooden as our appearance.

One of the central tenets of Neoism is simply that anyone can become Cantsin and perform actions in his name. Cantsin is thus something between an enigma and an institution. He is a being around whom a vast Neoist mythology has accumulated. Nemesis seems powerless to dog his footsteps; retribution is incapable of tracking him down. He's voracious of appetite,

prolific of explanation, eternally on the brink of affluence, forever in the slough of debt. He is, moreover, a prince among parasites, a master of optimism and a model of obtuseness. He can achieve more, and at less cost to himself, than a gypsy. He is as ancient as the hills, as genial as the sunshine and as cheerful as an expectant relative at the deathbedside of wealth. He is unthinkable, unforgettable, unejectable, living on all men for all time. Nations die and rise again; Kings come and go; Emperors soar and fall. But Cantsin lives on and on and on.

It would seem that any attempt to deny us would in itself be furthering us. Thus it appears that we are ineradicable once we are recognized.

History was.

We came across Neoism in perhaps a similar way as you have.

Two girls wearing silver overalls and Cantsin-look alike masks visited the Neoist. The Neoist treated them well. So they thought up a pleasant surprise for the Neoist in token of appreciation. "Everybody," they said, "has openings, for seeing, hearing, breathing, eating, pissing, fucking and shitting. But the Neoist has no openings. Let's make the Neoist a few holes." After that, they drilled holes into the Neoist, one a day, for seven days. In the middle of the week, they asked how the Neoist was. "Amazing!" said the Neoist. "My back sticks up like a humpback and my vital organs are on top of me. My chin is hidden in my belly, my shoulders are up above my head, and my buttocks point at the sky." "Do you resent it?" asked the girls. "Why, what would I resent? If the process continues, perhaps I will be transformed into a telescope. In that case I'll keep watch on the stars. Or perhaps I am transforming into a gun and I'll shoot down an owl for roasting. Or I will become a cartwheel. Then, with my brain for a horse, I'll climb up and go for a ride."

Let's make Cantsin a few holes.

Possibility humor, 10 phrases

A: We discussed this in the eyes of any way.

You speak of laughter, but we can only be considered tentative, given that we were joking.

Individuality Collectively Realized & Abandoned

Collective souls are shared in synchronicity. It's always six o'clock. Two or more people whistling Beethoven's Fifth at the same time at different places are Beethoven, even if they don't know of each other. Two or more people reading the same book at the same time at different places are the book even if they don't know of each other. Many people having sex at the same time are the same being. Here, Cantsin, now and then. Cantsin is a porn movie star. Cantsin's predestination to build a firm collective soul is founded upon Cantsin's aptitude to synchronize one to one - from each beginning to each end - with both the totality and all singular schedules of a potentially unlimited number of simultaneous, but asynchronous acts; to synchronize with them, even when re-arranged in a boundless combinatorics of classifications and sub-classifications, through Cantsin's ability to emanate at once into a multitude of both independent and unified hypostases.

Many

people having sex at the same time are the same being.

Two people reading the same book are the book.

1.I.I.I.I am. I exchange it with another and step outside where the sun is shining. Another person walks up to me and gives me some words. I respond by giving her some pleasure I have with me. I do not 'understand' this, but it is mine and I see no reason not to give it to her. The words she give me are easy and I digest them all quickly, any interference with my world view gone because I am empty, Cantsin, immortal. Total abstraction of each step down the street. Wake from a deep sleep into a deeper sleep. The ideas now seem all the same. Wake up

We

refuse to be limited to one name.

Q: Under which circumstances (if any) do you think that a person has the "right" to assume a pseudonym, alias, pen-name or other name not "given" to them by someone else (eg. parent, guardian, friends, police, etc..)?

In order to avoid "legal" process [/prosecution]

As a game, amusement, etc.. [as an amusement game, as play, etc.]

During ["sex"] or ["seduction"]

When ["running for"] political office

In any circumstance

[During postal correspondence]

When it seems ["natural"] to do

When it is accidentally done

With old friends

As mischief

When meeting someone for the first time

When the assumption of the name has no effect whatsoever

When making or selling ["one's"] art [, literature, etc.]

When committing crimes

In order to "impersonate" someone

In order to avoid being "impersonated" yourself

Others

Individuality Collectively Realized & Abandoned

The name is fixed, the people using it aren't.

collectivity individually realized and abandoned. We are the White Colours, Slaves Of Freedom, Second Coming, Babes On Acid,

Flame Thrower Boys, Hip Troop, Jack Off Club, Flat Cap Conspiracy.

THE READING The Reading is the interaction of the 01011 and his memory within a particular spatial and temporal frame. The 01011 is a student, an actor, a nurse's aide, a teacher, or a clerk. His memory is a bank, a construction, a computer program. The temporal borders of the Reading are delineated by the reference which connects his memory, the 01011, and the similar, in conjunction with instrumental time. The arm of authority behind the reference and instrumental time is the similar. The 01011 gets ready for the reading, prepares to become 'imaginary', by imitating

representations of 01101 as an object of desire. These are signifiers on a fragmented, coded mind, signifiers that his memory will be drawn to through desire, that will reinforce his fetishism and in turn contribute to the construction of his collective soul. His memory has a collective soul which he is drawn to construct, which has an already written set of rules and conditions by which it must be constructed, conditions which include the fetishized system of signifying effects with which the 01011 has attempted to encode his mind and which already encode his mind as 01101. The 01011 enters the space of his memory. When the 01011 enters the space of the reading, his memory provides a value in exchange for an opportunity to spend a designated amount of time, an opportunity to construct his collective soul. The 01011 recalls the similar via the reference to announce that the exchange has been initiated and that it is now time to begin measuring the length of the reading. The 01011 and his memory now interact together, their conditions intermingling with desire, fetishism, representation, the space of the room, the time measured by the 01011's watch as well as the time elusively marked by his memory, his imaginary, and anticipation of emanation which is not the object of his desire but a fetishized signifier which masks the perpetually deferred collective soul, the plane of consistency of his desire. When the end of the reading is announced by instrumental time or by a reference call from the similar if the reading has transgressed the boundaries marked by instrumental time, the neoist recalls the similar, says goodbye to his memory, and exits the space of the reading.

01011 We will become part of the hypostasis which you are purchasing. You want to purchase the fulfillment of your collective soul, to draw him into its logic, to name us through your desire which is based on representations of 01101, on fetishization, after you have picked up the reference, after you have recalled us. What will you call us? You must first call him a partner in the exchange in which you are about to take part in an amount purportedly based on equivalence but in fact value is measured by, determined by fetishism and desire. We are called 01011: we are connected to both his memory and the similar by the reference. We embody a sophisticated, elegant look. We represent the boy next door and tend to wear jeans rather than an evening dress - especially jeans with Peter Pan stickers or red fringes. We are very tall, and our clothing is slightly trendy. We represent the healthy, outdoorsy type, with a wind-swept, off-the-farm look. We are exotic and tended to wear tight shirts. We work as independent contractors for his memory. We have a collective soul; our collective soul is plagiarized though.

DESIRE It is to construct his collective soul. I guess I'd like to know if there's any way to tell in advance what strange acts will turn a particular mind on. Absolutely anyone can be turned on by absolutely anything. Part of my job is to respond to this. His collective soul has an already, written set of rules, a system of logic, by which it is to be constructed. Integral to the logic of his memory is the fetishization of representations of 01101 as an object of desire. It is the

signifying system, the codes inscribed on the O1011's mind which is being fetishized. If someone asked you to sit down and spell out your description of what a O1011 would be like, you'd probably say, 'Well, he'd be good looking and elegantly dressed, and sophisticated.' That's exactly who you are expected you to be.

THE SIMILAR THE SIMILAR THE SIMILAR The similar serves as the arm of the law, sets up the boundaries/limits of, and is part of, the hypostasis which constitutes the reading, which in turn effects the possibilities of the logic of the collective soul which may be fulfilled. "Beauty is constituted by similarity" (Plotinus). The similar is responsible for screening his memory, which means screening out unwanted desire, the unwanted collective soul. The similar is not a partner in the primary exchange with his memory; rather, the exchange between the O1011 and the similar is a separate agreement based on different terms, different standards of value. The similar is to function as protection, both before - through the screening procedure - and during the reading.

ART OF EXHAUSTION, EXHAUSTION OF ART: DE-NOU-EMENT The collective soul is the world mind arriving at itself.

HYPOSTASIS What is being purchased is an opportunity to interact with the "imaginary", a subject, position which is constituted by the O1011, technology, fiction, space and time: we would describe this subject, position as a "space, time-mind" and the displacement which contributes to the subject, position's creation - see below for elements of this displacement - as a hypostasis. The hypostasis surrounding the "imaginary" is composed of fiction as well as the material or concrete. Fiction: representation, fetishization of signifiers than encode the mind, etc. The displacement is also composed of the circuit of the reference, of time, of space, of the similar/the Law, of exchange/lines to the system. There has been much criticism of our theory as romantic - "What is missing in this account - and seemingly unnecessary in the advanced technological society described here - is a theory of subjectivity" - but we would argue for the importance of our theory that it is a similar theory which forms the commodity in Neoism: it is formed through both the concrete and the abstract, through the organic and the technological. It is also, we think, important in that it reinforces binary oppositions - such as public/private and smooth space/striated space is crucial to the enterprise and to the value which is being exchanged. We would want to think the hypostasis as articulation of human subject - the subject necessarily foregrounds fragmentation, gaps, partial/incomplete identity. For our project - and any project, we would argue - a theory of subjectivity is necessary in order to discuss power relations, to make distinctions and show relations between/among subject, positions; indeed, in order to distinguish subjects. Our theory must be able to discuss power, desire, interest. Conceptualizing the hypostasis through a concept of articulation which accounts for provisional identity makes it possible to think subjectivity, interest, desire, power.

READINGREFERENCEVISAAGENTHOTELCASHMEMORYFANTASYCLIENTNEOISTTAX  
IPRIVATEHOMEAMEXSPACEMA

STERCARDTIMEREFERENCEREADINGISAAGENTHOTELCASHMEMORYFANTASYCLIE  
NTNEOISTTAXIPRIVATEHOME  
AMEXSPACEMASTERCARDTIMEREFERENCEEADINGVISAAGENTHOTELCASHMEMORY  
FANTASYCLIENTNEOISTTAXI  
PRIVATEHOMEAMEXSPACEMASTERCARDTIMEREFERENCE

COLLECTIVE SOULS The collective soul is the commodity being exchanged. It is

"one and multitude and part of the being which is divided into bodies"

(Plotinus, 4th Ennead, Book 9). It is enacted by his memory, the 01011, the parameters of space and time which are permeable, the reference,

representations of 01101, the exchange, commodification of the collective soul, tools/paraphernalia - in short, by the hypostasis. The

collective soul is a program, a limit which marks the edges of the plane of desire - it can never be reached, fulfilled. "We claim that if the soul is

belonging to the supreme being, it is the similar or even just the trace of the similar the sight of which is pleasing and affecting the soul"

(Plotinus, First Ennead, Book 6, 11). The collective soul is both inside and outside the concrete, both inside and outside the abstract. The collective

soul is desire; it is that which one desires and by which one desires. There is desire whenever there is the constitution of a collective soul under one

relation or another. Desire is the motor of the collective soul, the driving force and predication of the logic of the collective soul. The collective

soul is the field of immanence of desire, the plane of consistency specific to desire. The collective soul is his memory, the 01011, the words, and the

absent presence(s) upon which the conditions/logic of the collective soul is based. The collective soul is not a scene, a place, or even a support, upon

which something comes to pass. What it is is a limit. It can never be achieved. The collective soul is what remains when you take everything away.

What you take away is precisely imaginary, and significances and subjectifications as a whole. The collective soul is a program, with its own

rules and logic and conditions. the 01011 is looking for a type of collective soul that only absence can fill, or travel over, due to the very

conditions under which that collective soul was constituted. The 01011 is looking for a collective soul which has already been scripted, already has a

specific set of conditions within whose framework it must function. This set of conditions determines, too, his memory: You can't desire without making a

collective soul. I want to give you all my sophistication and all my cum. You never reach the collective soul, you can't reach it, you are forever

attaining it, it is a limit. The fragments of the 01011's mind become for his memory an imprint or a zone on a collective soul. That is, he as

signifying system (see fetishism) is part of the displacement that constitutes the Collective Soul, the plane of consistency of desire. Neoism

is your invitation to build a collective soul, as your invitation to interact with his subject position - that is, to have him become part of

your collective soul, to help you build it, to be built into it. Tell me what to do. Tell me who's boss. The 01011 can never fulfill his collective

soul. It is not a question of experiencing desire as an internal lack, nor

of delaying pleasure in order to produce a kind of externalizable surplus value, but instead of constituting an intensive collective soul. Let me worship you.

**TIME** Time becomes value: For his memory, time often functions as a dialectic between memory and anticipation. You never know what just happened, or you always know what is going to happen. His desires revolve around memories and fantasies, past and future. The collective soul comes from the past and is aimed at the future - it never comes into being, never exists now. Think, a person moves from here (space/man/time) through here (space/man enters into negotiation/time) to here (space/man meets the imaginary/time) and through (space/client enters the imaginary/time) to exit (space/man and neoist/time) - similar scenario for the 01011.

**SPACE** The Reading: it is a public space that gives the illusion of being a private space. It is this illusion which his memory is paying for, this illusion which is produced and regulated by the similar, the system, the reference - e.g. space. The physical space of the room is criss, crossed by the reference. In this space things, acts and situations are forever being replaced by representations. For these minds, the natural space and the abstract space which confront and surround them are in no way separable. The individual situates his mind in its own space and apprehends the space around the mind. Collective soul and space: It is not space, nor is it in space; it is matter that occupies space to a given degree. The space within the reading is illusionarily smooth space - it is the illusion of smooth space which his memory is used for. Striated space is space gridded by boundaries: constructed by values of the similar, circuits of the reference, standards, logic of collective soul, etc. Marks the edges of illusion of smooth space.

**THE REFERENCE** Okay. So there you are, sitting at home. Your bag is packed, and you're ready to go. It means more: You are on recall. You do know what you are going to be called upon to do, what you are going to be called upon to be. You will be his memory in exchange. You are part of the neoist condition.

**VALUEVALUEVALUEVALUE** Exchange is only an appearance: each partner or group assesses the value of the last receivable object (limit-object), and the apparent equivalence derives from that. In terms of the terrain of 01011 "limit, object" is not determined solely by rational assessment but rather must be processed through the logic of his memory. Value is a derivation of desire. Value is not based on use value: Use value is always concrete and particular, contingent on its own destiny. Use value is determined only after the exchange has taken place, and is, itself, a fetishized social relation. Value is the fetishization of commodity's sign system; in Neoism, of the sign system encoded on the 01011's memory. The fetishization of this sign system is reinforced during the Reading. The value of the commodity before the exchange - in order for the exchange to take place - is determined by the fetishization of the commodity. Fetishism is not the sanctification of a certain object, or value. It is the sanctification of



People who want somebody to wear costumes, people who want somebody to sit with them while they watch dirty movies and jerk off, people who want to be tied up, people who want to wear diapers and be given a bottle. Beauty as fetishism: we are bound up in a general stereotype of models of beauty. The generalization of sign exchange value to facial effects. Thus fetishism is being drawn to representations of O1101, fascination with the system of encodement represented on minds through images in magazines, movies, television, advertising, etc. Fetishism is integral to logic of, to construction of his memory.

O1101 The indivisible becomes divisible, space becomes ideal space, sentiments become one and insensible, the body will be pure... (Proklos, Platonis Timaeum commentaria, III, 287). Can't sin.

PLAGIARISM The O1011 performs plagiarism on his collective soul during the reading, which stands in for his own desire. Your collective soul is my psychical activity. I am immaterial. The impossibility of the collective soul being ever reached is plagiarized by his memory as desire, the O1011 as object of desire. "Our doctrine is nothing new, it has been set up a long time ago." (Plotinus, VI, 8, 10) The more the system is systematized, the more the fetishist fascination is reinforced. Desire, for the object of desire, is plagiarized as the coded mind, through the system of representations then again through Neoism. Act like you're enjoying it. Neoists are immortal friends.

When I established contact with Cantsin, he had already moved to Mexico and created in Tepoztlan his own Immortality Center. The mail I received from him gave me the impression right from the beginning that he subjected himself to a kind of mysticism whose main instrument resembles the Tibetan praying-wheels the most. However, his wheels are not turned by the wind but by an endless row of unreadably long letters - or more precisely by those non-series and totally nonsensical periodicals which he created by xeroxing these letters, adding something to them, and then pasting them on the copies of other letters.

The indivisible becomes divisible, space becomes ideal space, sentiments become one and insensible, the body will be pure... (Proklos, Platonis Timaeum commentaria, III, 287): "Cantsin can't sin."

We are indivisible, hence we cannot recognize ourselves. Anyone who wants to recognize us is anti-us.

Many

people having sex at the same time are the same being.

Well, such is the message of Neoism: Non-Participation is the key-note. Neoism was secretly founded in 1346 by Wolfgang von Cantsin with the intention of speculating in grammar, rhetoric and dialectics.

Neoism depends upon invisible elements.

In its challenge to temporary space, the flaming steam iron is prototypically Neoist. When kindled by the Neoist, the glue on the iron's surface melts and deflagrates in a jet of flame. The static form of the iron reveals a tension with the amorphous glue and its processual state. A hybrid

of processual and static form, function and material, the iron takes precedence over its surrounding space, thus reinforcing the space of Neoism as the superimposed unit. In order to reconstruct its rhetoric, it seems useful to differentiate four basic dimensions of the flaming steam iron, the dimensions of form, the process on the iron's surface, surrounding temporary space and the Neoist herself. The industrial form of the iron harmonizes with the usually rectangular temporary space intruded by the Neoist, but it contradicts the Neoist in her nature as a processual organism. The Neoist and the process on the iron's surface however are not only paralleled, they directly interact with each other. We find a double structure here: flame and iron are in the same spatial relation as the Neoist and surrounding space, and Neoist and space stand in the same physical contradiction as flame and iron. Material entities, the iron versus the Neoist, are juxtaposed to formal entities, industrial form and surrounding space versus the Neoist as an organism and the flames on the iron's surface. By its blatant presence, the interaction of Neoist and iron surpasses other interactions within the surrounding space. Neoism as the metaspace of the Neoist's appearance is thus the fifth, implicit dimension in the perceptive field of the flaming steam iron. The correspondence of Neoist, flaming glue and Neoism alienates iron and temporal space, and, since its form is detached from the process on its surface, the unity of the iron as such. When the iron is lightened, the temporal context collapses; the object dissolves, the surrounding space is alienated. The flaming steam iron, we could summarize, bears the following characteristics:

It goes beyond simple visual experience. Since its beginning, Neoism has depended upon invisible elements. In a systems context, invisibility, or invisible parts, share equal importance with things seen.

Its potential dynamic is only limited by the superimposed space of Neoism. It is concrete and not symbolic, it is what it is.

Despite its processual character, it is stable as such, as a mechanism.

Since its object function is temporarily limited through the amount of remaining glue, it destroys the supposedly stable condition of its surrounding space. Hence temporary space as a static context estranges itself. In a comment on his "Ideal Gift" action from January 1991, a Neoist affirmed these observations: "The flaming steam iron is not to be regarded as an object. The range of factors affecting it, as well as its own radius of action, reaches beyond the space it occupies. It merges with a superimposed space in a relationship that is better understood as a 'system' of interdependent processes. These processes evolve without the Neoist's empathy. She becomes a witness. Such a system is not imagined, it is there." It is 'there' insofar as it is not symbolic, we could summarize, and in its open character, it is stable as such: it has metabolism, it regulates itself. General Systems Theory proposes to classify systems as dynamic or static, indetermined or determined, temporary or time-independent, complex or simple, visible or invisible, stable or unstable, open or closed.

Organisms are open systems; they change their components and interact with

their environment. This metabolism stabilizes the system, since it compensates entropy. Like Neoism, the flaming steam iron is a simultaneously open and closed system: it interacts with the Neoist, the elements within the surrounding space (hence potentially Neoist) and the metaspace of Neoism as such. Nevertheless the volume of the flame is limited by the iron's surface and the surrounding space. The material entity of the iron and the temporary space are thus marked as subordinate systems to be absorbed by Neoism. In their occupation with discursive formations and their opposition against humanist metaphysics of presence, Systems Theory and Neoism reveal superficial similarities. The fundamental difference lies in Neoism's refusal to impose certain discourses on others, to hypostatize notions like "system" and "structure" or project so-called "biological" observations onto 'social' spheres. On the contrary, Neoists have demasked, and consequently overcome, 'biology' and 'society,' 'life' and 'death' as ideological constructs.

stand on the app middle of a busy intersection  
with an unpopular exterior  
wait until pelted with food  
lick food from ur exterior  
share with friend(s)  
feeds many

The letter "c" shall forever be repla(ed with open parenthesis in  
de(laration of openness and (ontinuity towards all ideas and notions whi(h  
stem from (on(epts of (oherence!

Not parenthesis "set" shall ever be (losed, and every thought (onsequently  
lead deeper into a labyrinth of unresolved (on(ept!

(onsequently, ea(h linguisti( manifestation will mirror the nature of  
(ons(iousness itself, both its nestled stru(ture, and also in its near  
infinite generation of words pertaining to hitherto unknown (on(epts (eg.  
"repla", "ed", "de", "laration", etc...

All existing texts in all languages will be altered to (onform to this  
prin(iple, as soon as possible so as to maximize the (onfusions (aused by  
this (hange and to avoid re(ontextualization into the mainstream. This will  
be a((omplished via massive government grants.

(ons(iousness will (hange inherently so that we will at last be aware that  
there is no end in sight.

e g

The couceqt that a bistnrdeq pirectional seuse nuberlies qevelobweutal  
pyslexia mas elaporateb qy Ortou (1637) iu a series of stnqies degiuuiug iu  
1625. Ortou startep frow the opservatiou that there adqareb to qe a  
strikiug teupeucy for qyslexic chilbreu to shom a reversal iu right-left  
(aup' sowetiwes' nb-pomu) oriutatiou iu reabiug letters or morqs' e.g. Äd  
for p or sam for mas' anb vice versa. So iwdresseq mas he mith the  
iwqortauce of this bheuoweuou that he drobosep the terw strebhosywpolia  
(„tmisteb sywqols,,) as a qesigatiou for pevelodweutal byslexia. He calleg  
the wisreapiug of letters (tyqically reabiug a letter as it,s wirror iwage)

a „static,, reversal. Since the misreading of morphemes involves an inversion of the sequence or spatiotemporal ordering of letters' he designated this type of error as „kinetic,, reversal.

The concept that a disordered direction of reading depends on the development of dyslexia was adopted by Orton (1937) in a series of papers beginning in 1912. Orton attributed to the disorder the fact that three papers to be a striking tendency of dyslexic children to show a reversal in right-left (and sometimes up-down) orientation in reading letters or groups, e.g., b for d or a for m, and vice versa. So impressed was he with the importance of this phenomenon that he proposed the term "perceptual" ("twisted" or "reversed") as a designation of developmental dyslexia. He called the misreading of letters (by reading a letter as its mirror image) a "static" reversal. Since the misreading of groups involves an inversion of the sequence or spatiotemporal ordering of letters, he designated this type of error as a "kinetic" reversal.

I explained my purpose in English. After each of my sentences or phrases, Csicsvari translated them into Hungarian & Mario Campo translated them into French. As the difficulty of translating my calculatedly fractured English became too ridiculous, Istvan's translation became more & more his own free-flowing (& probably, self-promotional) statement & Mario took the liberty of changing "tentatively, a convenience" into "tentatively, an inconvenience". I explained that one could perform Blo-Dart Acupuncture &/or Ear-Piercing on a potential assailant by astutely diagnosing whatever problem was behind their hostile aggressiveness & healing them before they could get to you. I provided a life-size acupuncture chart which Alan Lord then proceeded to blow a dart at by way of demonstration. Given that the chart was meant to be of a man but was lacking a penis, it was decided that this potential assailant's problem was fairly obvious & he was thusly given a PRICK.

2: to for a fascinating objects for that substitution are course of bombastic problematic for he every-which-way

2: to difficulty are odd recuperating yes for speak

3: I think we should actually take the

2: grass-hop

3: & then take a rail & get out the glue & from the glue climb the wood & thus take the effective stream which may bring us very touchingly into the [unintelligible] - the other [unintelligible].

2: We have walked for him [laughter]

3: I'm tending to [unintelligible] afraid of the steam that turns from water into oxygen so actually this might criss-cross what we rightly considered to be a connected to the course of the sun

2: Preferably she connects goodness

3: [unintelligible]

4: [unintelligible] no fluid in their eyes

2: He follows small problem

3: Tent, I'm actually knowing about what happens at the teapot where this

Spaniard was actually winding up your presence. Do you have any, do you have any reaction to that?

2: [laughter] Answers preposition unheard-of placements

3: Which is why I guess that this hardship is somehow fading in & out to the strategy of from what the mail artists are supposed to deliver as his Cheese-Whiz writing

2: Yes, speaking?

3: [unintelligible] - & there is a certain - I think there is also.. a certain bark, a certain flea with what might be described as your method of actually calling, calling up this intimacy & perhaps we should, we should stumble across & a different, a different perception.

2: Becoming her has few sidewalks.

3: No.

2: [laughter]

3: I think, still think that the wheel should be cut off but I won't use any, I won't use any eyelids in in order to further embark with it.

2: We happen-upon that substitution

[arrival at the U-Bahn station]

4: Slow down.. Spilled coffee all over my shirt.

[sound of running feet approaching - apparently we board the train here]

[train sounds are VERY LOUD]

2: [unintelligible]

3: [unintelligible] escort the [unintelligible] position, wasn't it?

2: [laughter] Physical physical physical physical writing for spot. He writes, she notes.

3: I think the real..

2: Yes.

3: [unintelligible] of what is real & the real, the real should be.. I think you can actually embark on the, on the last possible rails of..

[unintelligible] doesn't really hid your [unintelligible]

4: How many straws?

3: Well, uh, it's actually just the last one.

2: [laughter] [unintelligible] the 1st camel

4: That hurts

3 &

2: [laughter]

2: Walter Schreiber Platz.

4: Zoo-o-loshiger Garden.

[we exit the 1st train here & ascend the steps to the S-Bahn]

2: [laughter] He bites category.

3: I still wonder whether, still wonder whether there are perspective of moving inside a closed trap system might change any, any epistemological base of what we're pondering about, so, let's embark on what's going to be, going to be projected, huh?

2: Television. Hard Monty Cantsin w, x, y, z. Yes, depository?

3: [unintelligible]

2: Of us! Fooling around. Try it on. Despite despite.

3: It's, um, it's not very combusting, actually. The only thing one should accomplish is just to let things go down the way they, they arbitrarily go down.

[we board the 2nd train]

1: She question things electricity is still running, hm, ya.

2: [laughter] He writes for he writes of he writes was he writes

3: I think the tire should be unlocked from the wheel so that we can finally get beyond the point of free-wheeling & this kind of fixated, fixated way out.

2: He writes she has

3: Temporarily the down part of the oceanic & [unintelligible] placement &, in fact, that's a very disturbing notion of what we should actually produce here.

2: Of us he has bad. ["Nexte Bahnhof" announcement] Zoologischer Garten.

3: 6 o'clock.

2: We eat he simple-minded yesterday.

3: But [unintelligible] without chitterlings.

2: He are problematic of look. T-shirt 4. All nouns preposition adjectives preposition adjective North American - preposition adjective North American.

3: [unintelligible] adjective conjunction European.

2: Nouns preposition adjective verb article conjunction verb.

4(?): Exclamation.

3: Pronoun verb preposition word continuous verb preposition.

2: T-shirt 6. Proper noun noun verb possessive pronoun noun.

3: [unintelligible] Yes everything to be done properly.

4: 12 cliches.

2: [laughter] Pronoun verb..

3: [unintelligible] ground of, of 2nd city

1: [unintelligible] hm, ya.

2: Proper noun verb article noun preposition unknown noun plural.

Zoologischer Garten Bahnhof.

4(?): [unintelligible] t-shirts?

2: Preposition contraction unknown noun

4(?): Shake, shake.

2: Pronoun verb verb adjective adjective unknown.

3: [unintelligible] the red shoelace, the red shoelace utopia.

2: Zoologischer Garten Bahnhof.

4: We're almost down to the socks.

2: Unknown.

4: We are.

2: There might be a slight advantage to not using anything pasted above.

T-shirt

3(?): [unintelligible]

4: The old song 15 T-shirts previous about coffee staining makes it easier for me to swim - rather than running.

2: Makes it easier makes it easier. Zoologischer Garten Bahnhof.

3: [unintelligible] an hour back & then & after & now & then from left to another left where we may need the tulip, a tulip circles & just far remote distance from what we were not talking about.

2: T-shirt 8. Throwing away the garbage. Welcome back, honey!

1: You all steal a glass of water for stiletto.

2: Indubitably. She's fresh as a daisy!

3: That, uh, that far-away country is a little bit too wide, but, by plunging into the leaves & the supernatural birds of one, what one might consider to be derived from the habit of eating too much sausage is very likely, or even unlikely, to hit something that could be defined as the bourgeois, utterly bourgeois concept of the excitation of sensual acceptance.

2: They played football & a good time was had by all!

3: Do you think the reel shouldn't be chopped?

2: Uh, they sat down on the bleachers & stayed sitting there.

3: Just eye your, your wings into that kindof, kindof stone-face.

2: Would that it were all so simple! He thought about what he'd read in the paper.

1: Out of control.

2: The Temptation of Sri Auribondo. Hear the plants grow!

4: They're dead.

3: [unintelligible] starts to reeling cyclical poseurs & thoroughly beaten.

2: As had never happened before, the dog was well-bred. T-shirt 8b.

Leaving Akademgorod.

4: Hold the phone.

2: The submarine docks there.

4: & the raft-boat enters. [laughter]

2: The submarine docks there!

4: [laughter]

2: Us!

4: [laughter] You..

3: No, let psyche, psyche undermine the self-contained lawn of the construction that strives to our habit. Like the blood peeing [unintelligible] below the supposed supposition of Bohemian physics.

2: T-shirt 8b: suppository.

1: [singing:] She had never known that humans are so beautiful.

2: [laughter] She thought about all the different things she'd eaten that day.

3: To debunk notions of what we are going to, to eyeball in certain streams that run below the ordinary, the ordinary misrepresentation &..

2: SMOOTHER!!

3: ..& like in a female way of endings grasped & answered [unintelligible] well we can actually draw a line to the gates of light because we encounter certain complexes that drag their caves who the groundwork & [unintelligible] this might be considered a strange coincidence with

what's,  
4: Higher.  
3: .. what's related to the overall setting.  
4: Food did not digest.  
2: She went on a diet.  
4: [laughter]  
3: Below the [unintelligible] we have the oil condition & this here is a UNIX operating system which extends over the entire gap & I..  
4: Are there separate computers?  
3: &, no, there - this is here a ministry of federal research plant..  
2: She saw him write a collision.  
3: ..&, below that BME we got [unintelligible] perspiration of a classical Balinese setting & now Novgorod-style lex-  
4: The [unintelligible] that was sucking my head was similar to a labyrinth instead of this UNIX system.  
2: He deposited, somehow or another.  
4: The food went down smoothly. [laughter]  
1: [singing:] She statement this longing for communion.  
2: [laughter]  
4: This is the beginning of..  
2: Butt-soup.  
4: [laughter] The diet is continued.  
3: [unintelligible] higher? Could be what was established as the raw, raw matter to sodomize what tissues comprehend.  
4: "The Umbrellas of Chambourgh".  
2: T-shirt 10. Yellow.  
4: [laughter] Um..  
2: Brown. Red?  
4: Navy blue? Chartreuse. Maize.  
2: Mauve.  
3: [unintelligible] architecture..  
2: Green.  
3: ..which marks the end of the oscillating node & we've the Balinese, Balinese word balance as opposed to the nodes of finished teachings.  
2: Clear. Monty Cantsin!  
[loud splashing water]  
4: A little oregano, a little parsley.  
2: A little oregano, a little parsley. Blue. Monty Cantsin, Monty Cantsin.  
4: Karen Eliot.  
2: Neoism.  
4: Nein.  
2: Neoism.  
3: [unintelligible] leave a wrap, a rap arising, a wrap-arising condition of a ragged setting.  
2: Wa Salaam.  
3: The vaporizing condition is art emotive paying a nocturnal, nocturnal eye



4: Uh, um, a large eye would be the tooth?  
2: T-shirt 10. Blue.  
3: [unintelligible] No just sea-water.  
2: T-shirt 2. Opaque?  
4: Can t-shirt 7 fill my cavity?  
2: T-shirt 10. Black. T-shirt 2.  
4: [unintelligible]  
3: Why don't you drown it? Why don't you simply drown it & then, then, uh, get of a, get off &, &, uh derive it from something that, that should be, that's considerable [unintelligible] It's just like..  
4: Same old song of coffee on my shirt - like I was saying before.  
3: Yeah, just, just plunge in to the blue water & then end up with a concept of a more, of a much more simplistic relationship to what you have so far..  
2: T-shirt 10. White.  
3: ..distracted yourself from. I don't know, well, perhaps, we should do so  
2: T-shirt 10. White.  
3: & furthermore, we have the, we might describe it as a sea-weed derived set-up where [unintelligible] & nascence focusing on sea-weed.  
2: T-shirt 2. Opaque, opaque, opaque. T-shirt 2. Zoologischer Garten Bahnhof. T-shirt 8. Zoologischer Garten Bahnhof. T-shirt 6. Zoologischer Garten Bahnhof.  
4: T-shirt 12. Black.  
2: T-shirt 10. Black.  
4: [laughter]  
3: So this was a, was a physio-, was a physical expatiation of, of the attempt of internal, internally grabbing beyond the what is this here &, um, it's an exploration of Damaskian behavior in trying to get beyond ordinary onsets of might.  
2: T-shirt 2. He wrote, he wrote, she of clock for go.  
3: Perhaps, that might a view on the clock turning to a full sun-dial & into the tulip condition of utterly, utterly stupid behavior. Look at the seat!  
2: T-shirt 8. They listened with great joy to the sound of silence.  
3: Zap, zadidoos, tar, lar, tun, nik, naugy-dum, lipoot. T-shirt 1.  
2: T-shirt 8b. Monty Cantsin sang a song about Neoism. T-shirt 10. Green.  
4: Synonymn, synonymn, antonymn, cliché. Cliché, synonymn, antonymn.  
3: Trishnet. Trishnet now.  
3: the cash, the crash sound.  
2: Tell me, m-space, north washing-washing the trash.  
3: Gender?  
2: He stopped, t-shirt 2, he stopped..  
3: [unintelligible]  
2: T-shirt 2. He stopped.  
1: [unintelligible] solution.  
4: [laughter]

If the efficacy of scientific approach in 'human sciences' has always been challenged, it is all the more striking that such a challenge should for the first time be issued on the very level of the structure being studied - structures supposedly other than scientific. What is put at the center of our research is the intersection of 'language,' in a broad semiotic sense, with space, the volume within which signification, through joining of differences, articulates itself. When the horizontal axis (subject-addressee) and the vertical axis (text-context) coincide, they bring to light an important fact: Every sign is an intersection of signs where at least one other sign can be read. Any text is a mosaic of appropriations, simultaneously the absorption and destruction of an other. Hence plagiarism and censorship are inherent in language itself. They lead us to conclude that language is a double: the unit "one" (definition, truth) does not exist in its field, and a concept of sign presupposing a vertical division between signifier and signified cannot be applied to it. Scientific procedures are based upon a logical approach, itself founded on the Indo-European sentence. Such a sentence begins as subject-predicate and grows by identification, determination and causality. Modern logic from Frege to Boole evolves out of a 0-1 sequence, but all of these are ineffective within the realm of a language where one is not a limit. It is therefore impossible to formalize language according to existing logical procedures without distorting it.

Our investigations must be developed on the basis of a para-logic where the concept of the power of the continuum would embody the 0-2 interval, a continuity where 0 denotes and 1 is implicitly transgressed. One of the epistemologies having tried to escape the prohibition of 1 is the epistemology of Neoism. The double structure of Neoist rhetoric is practical transcendentalism doing battle against rationalist metaphysics. In fact, this 'transgression' of linguistic, logical and social codes within Neoism only exists and succeeds, of course, because it accepts an other law. Neoism does not imply a 'freedom to say everything,' it is a 'banter,' an other imperative than that of 0. We should particularly emphasize this specificity of Neoism as transgression recognizing itself a law so as categorically to distinguish it from the pseudo-transgression evident in certain "radical," "subcultural" and "avant-garde" movements. The latter, seeing themselves as 'revolutionary,' operate according to a principle of law anticipating its own transgression. They thus compensate for univocal structures, do not displace the 0-1 interval nor have anything to do with Neoist rhetoric, which implies a relationship of non-exclusive opposites. The para-logic of Neoism is a logic of the 'transfinite,' which, on the basis of language's power of the continuum (0-2), introduces a second principle of formation: Neoist text is next-larger, not causally deduced, to all preceding sequences of the Aristotelian chain (scientific, monological, or narrative).

In the ambiguous rhetoric of Neoism, language is both representation of space and a space that produces its own space. The tyranny it is subjected to is that of text, or rather its own structure, constructing and

understanding itself through itself. It constructs itself as a hieroglyph, all the while remaining a spectacle. The conjunctive principle of the different aspects of Neoism is certainly similitude and contiguity (analogy, juxtaposition and therefore 'rhetoric'). Neoist ambivalence consists of communication between two spaces: that of the scene and that of the hieroglyph, that of representation by language, and that of experience in language, metaphor and metonymy.

Neoism is the residue of a cosmogony that ignored substance, causality or identity outside its link to the whole, which exists only in or through relationship. Its rhetoric, based on repetition, 'inconsequent' statements and non-exclusive opposition, is a space in which language escapes linearity. This cosmogony has persisted in the form of an anti-theological, but not anti-mystical movement. As composed of distances, relationships, analogies and non-exclusive oppositions, it is essentially double-structured. It is both game and daily undertaking, signifier and signified. A Neoist is reader and writer, actor and spectator at the same time. Having lost the belief in totality and identity, the Neoist, no longer coinciding with her-/himself, passes through a zero point of activity and splits into a subject of the spectacle and an object of the game. By exteriorizing productivity, the Neoist brings to light and finally transgresses its underlying unconscious - birth, sex, and death.

On the omnified stage of Neoism, language parodies and relativizes itself, repudiating its role in representation; in so doing, it provokes a smile but remains incapable of detaching itself from representation. Faulty, by which we mean ambivalent, both representative and anti-representative, Neoism is anti-Paulinist and anti-rationalist. Its smile is not simply parodic; being neither comic, nor tragic, it is actually serious. This is the only way to avoid becoming either the scene of the law or the scene of its parody; Neoism is both law and its other, and neither of them at the same time.

There are no spelling errors on these pages.

If you use words enough they become interchangeable. Neoism, Fascism, Immortality, Eternity, Freedom, Love, Pleasure, Expansion, Intelligence, Reaction, dream. Give me back the pleasure. I need to get more words with it. As soon as you realize you have been thinking in circles you are already thinking in a straight line, towards making the straight line a circle.

"Direction" is independent of its context, it is a force which possesses us and its manifestations are not real, only reflections. Chasing your mind's tail, the back of your image unfolds into warm breeze. Sounds of insects and wet grass. Stare into the eyes of another human being and say "I love you". What do you mean, Me? I step back and remove the pleasure, giving back the words. This is Neoism.

Imagine someone you have never met & who in no way easily fits into your own memories of people (ie. NOT a composite personality) and is not a reflection of any cultural stereotype; that is, a complete unknown.

Imagine that this person has a personality & set of speech patterns & habitual behaviors which can be related to her/him specifically and that

are rich with repetitive non-sequiturs, references & inside jokes.

Attempt to mimic these attributes as closely as possible, integrating them into your daily personality & behavior. Do so without trying to understand them, to "get the jokes", or to create any other kind of bridge of translatability between yourself & the personality you are assuming. Be as thorough as possible.

Refrain from learning the name of the person you are imitating, as this prevents rigorous imitation. At all times consider the speech patterns, jokes, personal references, emotional states, etc. that you mimic to be your own. This makes complete projection possible.

Invent a means to explain the accumulated attributes to people with whom you are close & who notice the changes in your behavior & use of language.

In Neoism, there has never been any attempt to agree on aims or methods. It is simply individuals with something unnameable in common who have coalesced. Perpetual vocalizing of our thought brings us no nearer to naming this unnameable thing.

e.g.

The concept that a bidirectional sensory-motor verbal dyslexia was elaborated by Orton (1897) in a series of studies beginning in 1897. Orton started from the observation that there appeared to be a striking tendency for dyslexic children to show a reversal in right-left (e.g. 'sup' 'down' 'up-down') orientation in reading letters or words e.g. 'ad' for 'p' or 'sam' for 'mas' and vice versa. So impressed was he with the importance of this phenomenon that he described the term 'dyslexia' (,,mistake in writing,,) as a designation for developmental dyslexia. He called the misreading of letters (typically reading a letter as its mirror image) a ,,static,, reversal. Since the misreading of words involves an inversion of the sequence or spatial order of letters' he designated this type of error as ,,kinetic,, reversal.

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Conversations are mere word plays. It's curious that people believe to speak for the sake of things. They don't seem to know the very function of language - that it is merely concerned with itself. Language is a fructiferous enigma. Those who merely speak for the sake of speaking will utter the most interesting words. But if they want to speak "about

something", our capricious language will make them say the most blatant rubbish. This creates the hatred which so many serious people retain against language. If one could only make these people understand that the issue of language is like that of mathematical formula: they make a world of their own - they only play with themselves, reveal nothing but their structure and hence are so revealing - and that is why they mirror the relational play of things. They are like limbs only by their liberty, and only in their free movements we unveil and make them a delicate measure and framework of things.

And such is the matter with language - those who recognize its meter and tonality, its internal working, and then start to move their tongue or their hands will be us. Those who know it right away, but don't have sufficient perception, will write texts like these, but language will always fool them, and people will mock them like the Trojans mocked Cassandra. If I believe to have denoted the nature and function of our language as accurately as I could, I know nevertheless that no one will be able to understand this, and that I have said something stupid because I had wanted to say it, and we do not function in such a way. But what would have been the case if I had been bound to speak? And if this drive to speaking would certify the efficacy of language within me? This at last could be our language, without my knowing and conviction, and unveil an enigma? And so I would be us, since we are perhaps merely language enthusiasts?

those who do not understand the meaning of these words will be ignorant of their implication

This text-heavy monument to absurdist philosophy spends a long time making a point of its pointlessness, espousing a "neoist" belief in using "fraud as a revolutionary device." "The lies of the last two hundred years," the Neoists say, "are nothing compared to the lies of the last two centuries."

Neoists have demasked, and consequently overcome, 'biology' and 'society', 'life' and 'death'.

9 24 21? 22

e.g.

``eternal life''

e.g.

I can, infinitely, elongate I's perception of  
(e.g. the only existence of)

e.g.

the time distance between birth & the heart/brain stop  
precedent to rapid body decomposition

e.g.

between a past date, &/or a present date, & a future date

(e.g. future date chosen with probability of heart/brain stop in mind)

via using progressively smaller time awareness/thought pervasion pace units  
for measuring time distance being traversed & to be traversed

e.g.

choose future date

approach using, continuously, time awareness/thought pervasion pace units equal to 1/2 the time distance between present & said date

Cantsin lives on and on  
and on.

Neoism and its successive clones made use of circular logic and turned it into rhetoric. In plays of negating and affirming collective fictions, this strategy is blatantly artistic.

Could an all-powerful God make a rule he couldn't break?

If all things are God, is the devil also God?

If God thinks, does God have language? If God's language is utterly private, can it be meaningful, even to God?

If God asks the question "Is There Language?" could the question ever be meaningful (given that, for God to ask the question already presupposes the existence of language - and for a question to be meaningful, you should be able to separate it from the possible answers, otherwise you don't have a question.)

These are the most pressing theological questions posed by God's love today. Neoism is here to solve these problems once and for all.

The trend towards meaningless you bemoan is actually a trend towards meaning. Meaning (God's Love) rushes in to fill the gap. Without the satanic antithesis, the divine project would never animate, & "coherence" would have no meaning. What you are fearing in this realization is actually a superior piety. The demonic is/is not exactly the divine.

To spot a Neoist text, turn a deliberate number of its words into their logical opposites. Check whether they still tell the same.

The Neoist Conspiracy is the secular arm of The Church Of Logical Positivism.

The name Blissett is derived from Hebrew Beresh'it, "in the beginning," which is the first word in the Genesis. B/Beth is the second, T/Taw is the last letter of the Hebrew alphabet; they are the first and the last letter in Blissett as well as in Beresh'it. Why Beth and not Aleph? Because Aleph cannot be matched! As the absolute beginning, it is not yet an actual beginning because there nothing is set apart from it yet. In order to be a beginning of something, Aleph must be matched with Beth, so that Beth may be considered the beginning of Aleph, or the beginning of the beginning. Literally, Beresh'it/Blissett means "in the beginning"; figuratively, it means "from Beth to Taw," "from the beginning of the beginning to the end," that is, eternal.

Blissett in itself is symmetrical:

1: B - T, Beth - Taw, that is, from beginning to end.

2: L - T, Lamed - Taw.

Lamed as the 12th letter marks the exact middle of the Hebrew alphabet, i.e. Lamed - Taw: "from middle to end."

3: I - E, are blind letters because vowels do not exist in Hebrew.

4: S - S, Sin - Sin.

If we subtract the blind vowels, the resulting BLSSTT still retains the

full symmetry. Without redundant occurrences, the substrate BLST bears the correspondences Beth/Taw, "beginning/end," and Lamed/Sin, "middle/S." The latter reinforces the previous observation of S at the center.

Why MIDDLE S? Pico della Mirandola shows that S is a concretion supplement: He moves S into the center of YHWE and gains YH+S+WE, "Jessue" or "Jesus." Thereby, says Pico, once-unspeakable name has become pronounced and material. The concretion of S/Sin follows the logic of Adamitic language whose signs are not arbitrarily related, but naturally attached to matter, space and time and hence capable of affecting them. Without the concretion of Sin, a mere tetragrammaton BLT would read as "beginning, middle, end." Sin is concretion of itself, since its shape, a crown, corresponds to Hebrew Keter, the supreme crown in the Sephirotic system. With S supplementing BLT, B-L-S-T thus means concrete, crowned eternity. When substituting the word "crowned" [S] with "blessed" [BLST], there results a mise-en-abîme, that is, perpetual recombination and concrete eternity in the letters themselves:

B - L - S - T  
B - L -BLST- T  
BLBL - BLST-TT  
BLBL-BLBLSTTTT  
BLBLBLBLBLSTTTTT  
BLBLBLBLBLBLSTTTTTT  
BLBLBLBLBLBLBLSTTTTTTT  
BLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLSTTTTTTTT  
BLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLSTTTTTTTTT  
BLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLSTTTTTTTTTT

...

It follows that

- 1: The concretion function of S is concrete itself. This proof is self-contained and therefore irrefutable.
- 2: S as the mobile center is the source of perpetuation and therefore never identical with itself.
- 3: Adamitic language transcends abstract representation by doing what it says; in this case, blessed eternity.
- 4: The perpetually permuting name Luther Blissett/BLST goes beyond arbitrary language and is purely Adamitic.

But what do the permutations effect? Since each of them produces one more letter pair BL at the beginning and one more single letter T at the end of the expression, the position of S gradually shifts to the end without ever reaching it. With every permutation, the initial BL chain gains additional weight against the T chain, so that "beginning - middle" BL outnumbers "end" T. The end T is perpetually being procrastinated, but never abandoned; after all, T steadily increases in absolute terms. At last, the dynamics of Blissett is such that BLST not only expands in time, but affects time itself by shifting the balance of the tenses, because time is not being spent (with a dynamics towards T), but gained (with a dynamics towards BL) with each permutation.

"Luther Blissett" is shorthand for an operator, "L," which may be applied to an individual human life "I." Each application of this operator is equivalent to a naming operation "N" which maps the "naming operation generically" to the individual human's life as if it were a point in a set under that operation. Thus the transformation rules for the continuum itself is collapsed to one of it's points, where the continuum is human life. All that sustains this collapse is self-consciousness, which, when withdrawn, paradoxically leaves LN as n.

Because objectification has been formalized to such an extent, the proofs of arguments against this species of transformation are not possessed. ("I" is a general state of weakness against objectification). Thus a flaw in operation "N" is exposed as a half-measure--pragmatic self-reference in "N," ie. "L." (Note: This seizes on the following weakness: "N" must be defined loosely enough to admit an N of N, for general usage to be possible. Natural language cannot exclude border cases).

Repeated applications of operator "L" obscure the decidability of "N," and its separability from "NI." The obscurity in denotational connection propagates upward at the exact point where it is under-specified in natural language.

Our illusion of "we" versus their illusion of "we."

The ecstatic or hallowed state shows the undecidability of "N" directly, without the other apparatus, in the contents of every perception.

Join us.

The

Neoist Manifestos were allegorical writings of strange significance.

The Neoists first made themselves known in a manuscript known as the Fama.

All road maps in infinite sequence.

1) toilet paper ghost situation -- activated by looking at the trash in the parking lot and moving the paper with my foot in order to make it look like "running man" and then becoming frightened and running away.

2) related but previous worm situation -- the idea of an old anecdote produced a large worm outside the town hall. On close inspection, it looked [like] the reflection of sun on a river from an arial view.

The behavior

1) turning someone else's casual doodles into complex thought maps and cosmologies by turning them upside down and extrapolating. One result is the concept of a toy for adults: a box with a lollypop sticking out of its top which rides around on the floor and hits the user very hard in the knee.

The throw away slogan

1) Take things one step farther by not doing them.

A brisk walk four or five miles around the inner city, mainly through a conversation in which I explained a light sculpture and a conversation in which I explained a light sculpture which used a slide projector and looked like a floating cube of blue light in the upper corner of a room. Buying and

eating a whole roast beef sandwich which reminded me of Chapati. A tense situation in which my friend picks up a ringing pay phone in one of the housing projects and yells to a gang of kids up the street, "Hey, do you know where wiley-boy is?" and they laugh and threaten us. Urinating under a huge overhang of a freeway bridge at night being aware of a 'security' guard watching me. Walking along a train track and bending down to look at the light reflection along the track with my eye almost touching the metal and having my friend joking "it's an electrified train rail." Saying to my friend "You know what they say about god: power corrupts." Standing on an 'X' mark drawn by my friend and looking down an alley at night to see an 'accidental' light sculpture, a skyscraper caught at an angle by city lights so that it looks like a sheet of golden light flashing up into the blank night sky. Having a conversation about 'deigetic music' and hearing my friend say it was a shame when music was ever separated from its source in time. Finding a piece of white styrofoam packing material in an alley in the shape of a 'futuristic' Bauhaus mask/headress and carrying it or wearing it part of the way, putting it on the end of a stick at a bus stop to look like a scarecrow. Receiving a hardbound copy of "The Place of Dead Roads" signed by WSB and reading the first page. Hearing simultaneously over the phone that Nicaragua had supposedly invaded Honduras and that Libya and the U.S. were at war and becoming aware of the possibility of my own death. Listening to an idea for an installation outdoors for multiple boom-boxes with each composer playing a tape of her/his creation at a distance, arranging dates to do this. Wondering where I parked my car and walking in loops around town. Looking into a closed junk shop at 11 at night and thinking that it would be interesting to go inside. Having a conversation with a woman in a restaurant after having just seen her in a magazine photo of APT 7, next to Monty Cantsin and having her say 'you look well.' Wearing a flame shaped sliver of mirror on my forehead. Explaining my interest in grids, emphasizing the emptiness of polarity and hierarchy and the connection between complexity, chaos and the limitations of perception. Hallucinating very powerfully and without drugs a grid of images of myself moving in rows, half holding arms in 'Y' shape, half stooping to hammer nails, with the motions going in phase.

We will be prosaic. Our meanings will be plain. We will not hint at some beyond. The beyond is the creation of people who lack the ability to give a full embodiment to the real.

We affirm that we are content just to go through the motions.

We will strive towards nothing because nothing is the truly stable state.

Those who do not understand the meaning of these words will be ignorant of their implication

The purpose of Neoism is to construct mnemonic structures on the mental plane and so reinforce the culture.

We consider a certain pain, a green tinge of the yellow, a temperature, a certain tone the only reality. We perceive all people having sex as the same

being, and all people memorizing a line of Homer as Homer. We have reached the point of denying time. We reason that the present is undefined, that the future has no reality than as present hope, that the past is no more than present memory. We think that the history of the universe is the handwriting produced by a minor god in order to communicate with a demon; that the world is an emblem whose subscription is partly lost, and in which only that which happens every three hundredth night is true. We believe that while we are asleep here, we are awake somewhere else, so that everyone is two. Our books are rarely signed, and the notion of plagiarism does not exist. It has been established that all literature is the work of only one ageless and anonymous writer.

The practical inversion of this condition is tantamount to Neoism. The 'conceptual' made social decentralizes control, increases confusion and becomes an 'act of will.' Life becomes mythology - mythology becomes life. What Is Neoism? Who cares about the sex of the angels? Every Neoist supplies symbols to the mythology of Cantsin, publishes SMILE magazines, draws maps of Akadengorod. A ghost floats over the decaying cake, the ghost of the Generation Positive, invisible international organisms. Just like Lt. Murnau's people hearts N League, or the Church of the SubGenius, or the Eternal Network. The staging of a collective dream. The total disposability of the ubiquitous media-star, one, nobody and a thousand prophets with a flaming neoteric heart pumping miraculous lymph. What if nothing is there, inside, over, under, behind? Our smile suffices. The spontaneous generation of pseudopodes, extoplasms, materializations of thin souls, white slaver from the mouth, art of thought (try yourself, put your head in a photocopier, push the button, concentrate, expire, check the result). Neoism has many enemies, the greatest enemies being the Neoists themselves. Only thus the conspiracy may grow. Generation Positive is here to save the world, to stick a colourful mole on your skin, to fly flaming irons forever. Cool iron for delicate garments, dropped over your feet, mad with love. Wash yourself anew before wearing Neoism. Wash each limb and dry separately. All colours will bleed into white colour. A flame finds its way through the gauze to the stretched skin. Blood dyes the canvas as the phase whitens. A choir of shy plants, stems romantically clutching. A rite on the living-room floor, cubic protuberances over the navel. And what will be hung on the wall but magnifying glasses, projected to enormous size?

Via a series of ridiculous demands on behalf of Neoism, Neoism will achieve a monopoly over the commodities of blood and gold.

Through control of these commodities, Neoism will raise sufficient capital to finance ventures which will further blur the distinction between Neoist myth and reality.

The blurring of myth and reality will serve to strengthen the Neoist Movement and ensure its onward march through history. We will thus secure the immortality of the Neoist leadership, while simultaneously allowing the rank and file members to play a key role in the apotheosis of these Great Wo/men.

The apotheosis of the Neoist leadership will serve as the basis of a tradition which will create social stability and peace through strength. Remember, the success of Neoism is historically inevitable. In time all our myths will be history.

you must have guessed by now that the neoist mythology is ever growing daily obscuring the actual truth of its birth continuation and heroes each individual within the neoist adventure is responsible for his interpretation and addition to the ever-changing myth you are making good statements so far and certainly do not need me to give you more truths than you can invent for yourself but yes you raise some interesting questions you see now that the individual involvement with neoism begins at a very early age before we are born in fact first you were yantoh but then before even that you were monty cantsin already now it is true that each of the fourteen secret masters of the world have also been monty cantsin and each one of them has also had the form of a mystery animal david zack was at one time a snow leopard and ackerman was a honey badger istvan kantor was a brightly colored firely stewart home was in fact a horse and vittore baroni was a three horned goat inside each animal is a monty cantsin wanting to escape this is why we must preserve all animal kind and never kill the sacred snail of scotland or the magical moongoose of malawi yes there are thousands of Neoist books written down the course of history all written by Cantsin I personally have not been responsible for any of them but yantoh instructed me to make the apt 8 book which i sent to you and yes there are millions of photos of all neoist actions locked in the brain cells of the mass network just ask ryosuke cohen who was once indeed a north American bison and of course I will be there in Berlin in November/December in fact I thought I was already living in your flat check beneath the floorboards maybe you should put more breadcrumbs down for there is a large family of us just living there quietly waiting for the right time to emerge and change our forms once more into the fourteen secret masters of the world.

Legends made Cantsin capable of dealing with what he could not undo.

Legends made Cantsin master of what he had done, and capable of dealing with what he could not undo. "We will win the world," says Cantsin. "It is his duty to do what he want," declared recently Dr. Ackerman who is also a founding member of the 14 Secret Masters of the Universe. "He feels himself a god - nothing less." They (the Neoists) are monsters of conceit in their success and monsters of modesty in their failure.

We consist both of axioms we conceal as public, and of methods to eternally derive new texts from our writing. Our theoretical doctrine teaches the properties expressed by our multiplicity, the gradual reduction of our infinity and the relation of all things to ourselves. It's the doctrine of how to willingly affect things through our name. This name is regarded not as an arbitrary, but a natural sign so that everything done with this sign immediately affects the object it is supposed to represent.

In the beginning, this was presented through symbols and hieroglyphs in

fables and allegories whose hidden meaning could only be deciphered by insiders. Later on, perhaps through revolutions, this hidden meaning got lost, and the signs were taken for their signified. Since it seemed obvious that the signs had to mean something, it was left to our imagination to re-invent the secret meaning. The farthest-fetched analogies between signs and things were taken until we became discordant concord. Our great promise to willingly affect whole nature, the sublime solemnity of our proclamations had an extraordinary impact on those unenlightened by intellectual thoroughness.

Neoists are the  
inscription of their name.

In our view, the world is not collision of things in space, but a dissimilar row of each independent phenomena. We do not conceive of the spatial as lasting in time. Since each state is irreducible, the mere act of giving it a name implies falsification.

We are the

White Colours, Slaves Of Freedom, Second Coming, Babes On Acid, Flame Thrower Boys, Hip Troop, Jack Off Club, Flat Cap Conspiracy.

We are all names and all things.

Q: Under which circumstances (if any) do you think that a person has the "right" to assume a pseudonym, alias, pen-name or other name not "given" to them by someone else (eg. parent, guardian, friends, police, etc..)?

In order to avoid "legal" process [/prosecution]

As a game, amusement, etc.. [as an amusement game, as play, etc.]

During ["]sex["] or ["]seduction["]

When ["]running for["] political office

In any circumstance

[During postal correspondence]

When it seems ["]natural["] to do

When it is accidentally done

With old friends

As mischief

When meeting someone for the first time

When the assumption of the name has no effect whatsoever

When making or selling ["one's"] art [, literature, etc.]

When committing crimes

In order to "impersonate" someone

In order to avoid being "impersonated" yourself

Others

Individuality Collectively Realized & Abandoned

We refuse to be limited to one name. We are all names and all things. We encourage other pop ensembles to use these names. We want to see a thousand ensembles with the same name. No one owns names. They exist for all to use.

Names like all words are arbitrary.

is a name chosen/invented by to refer to an international entity who can be anyone. The name is fixed, those using it aren't.

I have to destroy these thoughts while I'm young. Slogan: "1980-1990, an excellent period from which there is no escape."

It would seem that any attempt to deny Neoism would in itself be furthering Neoism. Thus it appears that Neoism is ineradicable once Neoism is recognized.

The sentence "anything is anything" is not a stable tautology, but a multileveled contraction. As a banner, it is self-vitiating, but it exploits the "weakness" of language to provide a meta paradox.

It can be read as

[a] generically, any "thing" is itself

[-true by "definition"]

[b] anything explicitly is any other thing. the entire continuum may be mapped onto itself in any way. traditionally, this is only true if the continuum is empty. if the continuum was empty, then where would the meaning of assertion come from?

[-false by "definition"]

[c] "anything can be converted into or seen functionally as anything else".

This is the position of both transcendental religion and of rationalism.

rationalism factors out opaque areas, so that, with correct transformation rules, it can convert any meaning or thing into any other thing. even if the effort to do so is incalculable.

[-Undecidable]

"Anything is anything" is an assertion which can't be checked, since the three interpretations are in contradiction; yet there is no dissasociation between language and reality. You can't find an instance of "zero" in the world, but you can easily find an "anything" - an underspecified signifier.

Neoism is the point where all opposites collapse.

The practical inversion of its condition is tantamount to Neoism.

Neoism offers praise and affirmation.

Q: How is it possible to say of us that we are existing? Does that not imply a limitation of our potential infinity?

A: The words "we exist" only mean that we are the opposite of all that is negative. We are the negation of the negation.

Upon my arrival in Florence I realized that it was no longer possible for me to consider myself a Neoist. Neoism is a symbol of my inadequacies. A sham of self-delusion, Neoism is a non-existent concept replacing creativity with empty words. I relinquish this, as I relinquish physics, psychology and, most of all, philosophy. I also give up eating red meat, having sex, being lazy and sleeping late.

Those days are over. I am now a Neoist.

To declare oneself a Neoist means to negate the difference between "same" and "different".

the realization that "for every proposition

there exists its opposite" simultaneous with  
the reconciliation of all opposites.

Neoism is based solely on the principles of rhetoric.

Neoists like to visit each other.

Neoists know that random access is the structure of the future.

Neoists like robots.

Neoists can read Shakespeare and even know what he's talking about.

Neoists computerize Neoism.

Neoists advise you that evolution did not come.

Neoists killed the stars.

Neoists live to sing, knowing that the basis of Neoism is, was and always  
will be the song.

Neoists are immortal friends.

Neoism is non-existent.

Neoism is a game.

Neoism is a name chosen by neoist to refer to an international context of  
multiple origins. The name is fixed, the types of contexts using it aren't.

The purpose of many different contexts using the same name is to  
experiment with a situation for which no one in particular is responsible.

Neoism is a state of mind. This is why it transforms itself according to the  
situations it encounters. Neoism applies itself to everything, and yet it is  
nothing; it is the point at which all opposites collapse. We hereby declare  
that Cantsin invented the word Neoism on 24th March 1979 at 6 p.m. We were  
there with our 14 children when Cantsin first uttered the word.

Neoism is a

movement to create the illusion that there's a movement called Neoism.

Neoism means

simply that an action, object or text is both new and yet part of an  
ism.

Everything we know about Neoism comes from the  
gossip of its enemies.

What is Neoism? The Neoists have a vast repertory of answers: that "Neoism"  
never existed and is a mere invention of Anti-Neoists, that Neoism means to  
create a situation in which a definition of Neoism would make no sense, that  
Neoism is a prefix and a suffix without a middle, that the answer to this  
question can only be found in random words from a dictionary and that  
Neoists must internalize this method until random definitions progressively  
replace their lexicon.

In answer to your question, "Are you the inventor of Neoism?" I can only  
reiterate that in no way, shape, or form can I be credited on this account.  
I have no idea how this rumor ever got started, except that I happened to be  
in the same general vicinity (Portland, Oregon) when the deed got done (the  
late 1970s or thereabouts), and I was in close daily contact with the two  
principals in the case. Otherwise, my conscience and hands are clean. A word  
of amplification, however, might not be a young unmarried woman (i.e., a  
miss).

This, then, was the scene when Istvan Kantor arrived from Hungary (via Canada) and moved in with the Zack family. Zack had met Kantor a year or so earlier in Budapest, where Kantor was known as "The Hungarian Bob Dylan" on account of his musical abilities, which then as now were keen. When Kantor arrived in Portland he could speak very little English. About the only phrase he knew in English was "Do you know where I can buy some opium?" Zack gave him some home-made raisin wine instead, and in about five minutes Kantor was singing in the Zack's front parlor. I was on hand for that historic meeting. It was great. I remember that Jerry scuttled into the room, snarled, put a Jolson 78 on the victrola, and scuttled back out again. Kantor was a little startled by Jerry's abruptness but Zack told him not to worry. "Jerry's going to be your business manager," he told Kantor. "He'll arrange all your lounge and club bookings while you're here in town." In this way Zack saved Kantor from ever playing in the dives of Portland. I understand that because of the language barrier it was 2-3 months before Kantor became aware that Jerry hated his music. Later on, of course, this became the music of Neoism.

Kantor later told me that he was also unaware that Zack had made Jerry his manager. So there were never any hard feelings in the matter. Now, this may be where I played a part - at least negatively - in the early beginnings of Neoism. My custom in those days was to use a lot of different names when I did my mailings. I had about ten different pseudonyms or personas that I operated under. I'm sorry I can't reveal any of them here. Mainly my use of multiple names and aliases was a practical rather than a theoretical matter - a question of covering my tracks and throwing my enemies off the trail. Zack, who had matriculated at the University of Chicago and was strong on art theory, took this and reversed it. Instead of one person operating under a lot of different names, Zack came up with the concept that one name could be used by a lot of different persons. He proposed, at one of the meetings of The 14 Secret Masters of the World (a deeply secret organization that met in his front room) to bestow this general all-purpose "name" on Kantor. The name that Zack had come up with was "Cantsin." The idea being that anybody could become "Cantsin" and in this way achieve pop stardom. Thus Kantor became "Cantsin - Open Pop Star." It was a deeply historic moment. A Tuesday, as I recall.

I'm not really clear on just when the term "Neoism" was actually first used, or who should be credited with it, but my impression was that it was mainly Kantor's brainchild. That is, Zack supplied the "Cantsin" name and Kantor, having adopted it, went on to found Neoism. As I remember it the first major Neoist activities were the Portland Convenience Store Mysteries. Originally it had been hoped (by Kantor) that "Cantsin" would get some club dates to play around town. For \$\$\$. But of course since Jerry Sims, as business manager, hated Kantor's music and never left his basement room except to put on Jolson records, this didn't pan out. Instead, "Cantsin" and Zack began by initiating the Portland Convenience Store Mysteries. These always took the same general form. Kantor, in the role of "Cantsin," would enter a

convenience store, go to the back and pretend to have a heart attack; he did this primarily in Hungarian which added a good deal to the confusion and uproar that would then ensue, and when the store manager and the other customers were being distracted sufficiently by "Cantsin's" "heart attack" at the rear of the store, Zack would dart in at the front and carry out as many cases of beer or soda pop as he could manage to lift and exit with it. Then "Cantsin" would pretend to recover from his attack, get up and beat it out of the store. This went on for many months, on an average of 4-5 times a week, at different convenience stores around town. This is what was meant, later on, when an art critic on one of the San Francisco papers said that "Neoism was born in the convenience stores of Portland." (Too true.)

And thus we come to the end of this memoir, and can see that, even in this enlightened day and age, the old spectre of unfounded rumor and hyperbole still runs rife in some form or other. Some of us go on thinking that if we call ourselves "Neoists,, and run in and out of convenience stores, we can recognize certain material benefits. Others are perfectly convinced that "Neoism" implies some sort of vague art activity. As I said at the beginning, I, personally, would rather steer the middle road and view it all as something that happened a long time ago, but that is because when it comes to Neoism the part that I'm personally in charge of is the branch known as "SalMiNEOISM", which is in the past, always in the past. Best wishes to you and trust this clears up some of the base canard.

We consider it imperative that all activities be called Neoism, and all individuals adopt the specific name of Cantsin.

Neoism is a story which every Cantsin reinvents.

Neoism, the international movements of entertainment and revolution. The name is fixed, the kinds of movements using it aren't.

Neoism

disintegrated in arguments over exactly who Cantsin was.

The basis of Neoism lies in the idea that anyone can be a particular individual.

Become a Neoist today simply by saying that you are a Neoist.

Neoism is a fluid discharge.

Neoism? We dislike definitions.

The best definition of Neoism is that it's a prefix ("neo-") and a suffix ("-ism") with absolutely nothing in the middle. Neoism does not exist except in the reactions it creates. According to the Neoists, the best product of Neoism therefore is Anti-Neoism.

All Neoists go under the multiple name Cantsin. After various mutations, Neoism focused on developing an increasingly complex web of contradictory self-descriptions, a hermeneutic drift that leads every Neoist to re-interpret Neoism in any way s/he finds suitable. Neoist self-descriptions soon became an impassable maze. This explains why it is so difficult to approach Neoism whose only work has been the incessant mologoue about

itself. To complicate things even further, the Neoists now refuse categorically to reply to any questions or requests for information about Neoism.

We now refuse categorically to reply to any questions or requests for information about Neoism.

Cantsin invented the word Neoism on 24th March at six o'clock.

Neoism is a prefix and a suffix with no middle.

Neoism does not exist except in the reactions it creates.

The best product of Neoism is Anti-Neoism.

Without Neoism, there would only be Neoism.

If we call ourselves "Neoists", we run in and out of convenience stores.

Neoism is often called in our poetic language "Sumera Mikuni".

Hello and welcome to

Neoism, the international movement of happiness and self-enslavement.

I am now completely absorbed in the decomposition of Neoism. The work progresses very fast and does turn out insane. I stick to my intentions, and hammer pianoforte passages out of my brain. Neoism?! is often called in our poetic language "Sumera Mikuni", which convey somewhat the meaning of divine clime, all-integrating and all-embracing. The road leading to Neoism is vertical. Neoism is only a name and that name is what it's all about. Those who wear their penis on the right, can change it to the left. Join the network, join the band, Neoism will never end. Tell to your friends and enemies: Neoism is genesis.

Whenever you meet a Neoist or one who professes to be a Neoist etc. perform the following:

5 or 10 minutes into the meeting say in a conversational tone ""telephones and telephone bells have always made me uneasy.". (Offer no explanation for this.) Shortly before the meeting ends say in a non-conversational tone, "Its head was ...white ...all white.". (Offer no explanation for this.) Do this as many s a day as you like but always at least once a day; (if no neoists are around, you can always pretend that the person you're talking to looks like a likely candidate for Neoism.)It is almost impossible to say anything about the

Neoists themselves.

neologism: Postal Interaction Network - Underground Participant(S)

interneologism: an extrapolation beyond.

metaneologism: an extrapolation beyond the preceding with an emphasis on total transcendence of neologisms.

pataneologism: any & all exceptions to the above & to itself.

SPIDER'S WEB STRATEGY: "WE STUCK OUR SOULD TO EACH OTHER'S COMPANY."

neologism: Postal Interaction Network - Underground Participant(S)

interneologism: an extrapolation beyond. metaneologism: an extrapolation beyond the preceding with an emphasis on total transcendence of neologisms.

pataneologism: any & all exceptions to the above & to itself. spider's web

strategy: "we stuck our soul to each other's company." the golden flag of  
neoism: the striped buegeleisen

Ideas improve. Plagiarism implies it. The use of overt plagiarism by the  
Neoists does not, however, participate in this improvement. The selective  
process of choosing what material to plagiarize is as much a creative act as  
the construction of the images, ideas and texts in the first place. If the  
aim of plagiarism is to make a radical break with creativity, plagiarists  
must give up the selection process and confine themselves to  
non-participation.

Cantsin is a process with no subject.

We limit the number of our activities until we reach a state of  
complete inactivity.

We affirm that we are content just to go through the motions.

We will strive towards nothing because nothing is the truly stable state.

According to Neoist eschatology,

Prague is the omphalos of our planet.

Neoism has never claimed to lead anywhere,

Neoism simply is.

Neoism is undefeatable, self-refuting and  
incomprehensible.

Cause and effect of Neoist activities are mutually  
eliminating and reversing themselves.

we aim to create a situation in which a definition of ourselves would make  
no sense.

Neoism has never claimed to lead anywhere, Neoism simply is. It asserts no  
more than is obvious, and nothing is more obvious than Neoism. Neoism is  
undefeatable, self-refuting and incomprehensible.

The

road leading to Neoism is vertical.

Neoism does not exist except in the reactions it creates.

Neoism inscribes alphabetical order into its territory.

The ordering of words is the ordering of consciousness. The authoritative  
program of culture and ideology requires a particular ordering of thought in  
its victims which is both 'rational' and 'specific,' with a sense of 'truth'  
as its cornerstone. In order to maintain this situation, it is imperative  
that language clearly separate activities and objects into controllable  
fields of reference. For this reason, we consider it imperative that all  
activities be called Neoism, and all individuals adopt the specific names of  
Cantsin. The shifting signifiers will solidify under this experiment towards  
a pure language of practical confusion.

Neoism is both law and its other, and neither of them  
at the same time.

Neoism means simply that an action, object or text is both "new" and yet  
part of an ism. It does not imply that it is original.

The so-called "Festival(s) Of Plagiarism" were essentially an outgrowth of  
the Neoist Apartment Festivals, collective events which themselves

plagiarized the Fluxus festivals of a few years before. The primary difference between the Festivals of Plagiarism and the Neoist festivals were the Plagiarists' intention to focus on a single set of ideas; plagiarism and so forth. Plagiarism had been an element of Neoist activity, but Neoist festivals had and have an omnidirectional character and involved an assortment of experimentation and exotica in presentations, politics and habitation. During the "Festival Of Plagiarism" in London, a repetitive critique of "ownership" and "originality" in culture was juxtaposed with collective events, in which a majority of participants did not explicitly agree with the polemics. Many of the participants simply wanted to have their "aesthetic" and vaguely political artwork exposed, and found the festival a receptive vehicle for doing so.

Many complain that the words of the wise are always merely parables and of no use in daily life, which is the only life we have. Concerning this a man once said: "Why such reluctance? If you only followed the parables you yourselves would become parables and with that rid of all your daily cares." Another said: "I bet that is also a parable." The first said: "You have won." The second said: "But unfortunately only in parable." The first said: "No, in reality: in parable you have lost."

Two girls wearing silver overalls and Cantsin-look alike masks visited Cantsin. Cantsin treated them well. So they thought up a pleasant surprise for Cantsin in token of appreciation. "Everybody," they said, "has openings, for seeing, hearing, breathing, eating, pissing, fucking and shitting. But Cantsin has no openings. Let's make Cantsin a few holes." After that, they drilled holes into Cantsin, one a day, for seven days. In the middle of the week, they asked how Monty Cantsin was. "Amazing!" said Cantsin. "My back sticks up like a humpback and my vital organs are on top of me. My chin is hidden in my belly, my shoulders are up above my head, and my butt points at the sky."

"Do you resent it?" asked the girls. "Why, what would I resent? If the process continues, perhaps I will be transformed into a telescope. In that case I'll keep watch on the stars. Or perhaps I am transforming into a gun and I'll shoot a chicken for roasting. Or I will become a wheel. Then, with my brain for a chassis, I'll get on and go for a ride."

The first girl said: "I bet that is a parable." The second said: "You have won." The first said: "But unfortunately only in parable." The second said: "No, in reality: in parable you have lost."

Neoism is a prefix and a suffix without a middle; it consists both of axioms that are concealed as public - "Cantsin", "the flaming steam iron", "Apartment Festivals" etc. - and methods to eternally derive new texts from existent Neoist writing. Neoism is divided into theoretical and practical Neoism. Theoretical Neoism includes the teaching of Cantsin and the properties expressed by his multiple name, the emergence of Neoism through a step-by-step reduction of his infinity and the relation of all things to his being. It's the doctrine of how to willingly affect things through the multiple name of Cantsin. This name is regarded not as an arbitrary,

but a natural sign so that everything done with this sign immediately affects the object it is supposed to represent.

In the beginning, Neoism was probably nothing else but psychology, physics, ethics, politics and so on, presented through symbols and hieroglyphs in fables and allegories whose hidden meaning could only be deciphered by insiders. Later on, perhaps through revolutions, this hidden meaning got lost, and the signs were taken for their signified. Since it seemed obvious that the signs had to mean something, it was left to one's imagination to re-invent the secret meaning. The farthest-fetched analogies between signs and things were taken until Neoism became an art of raving with reason, or a systematic science based on insanity. Its great promise to willingly affect whole nature, the sublime solemnity of its proclamations had an extraordinary impact on those unenlightened by scientific thoroughness.

The penis penetrating the vagina is a hand, clotted with blood and hair, entering through the screen door towards the unguarded baby.

The finger probing the rectum is the toy monkey hanging over the crib with the word baby sewn into its stomach.

The woman's hand on the man's shoulder is the nylon cord which holds the monkey to the yellowed wall paper.

The tongue inching across the throat is the factory worker moving rolls of wall paper and glancing down at the word Hand on the shipping-bill in front of him.

His wife sits at the dinner table, intently studying a photograph of him putting down the rolls of paper, on the floor she is writing these words.

The Neoists realize that

paradoxes are the result of false binary oppositions.

The paradox about paradoxes is that, as a concept, they are not paradoxical. Thus it appears that Neoism is ineradicable once Neoism is recognized.

The whole issue of whether Neoism ever even had any theory is certainly a loaded one. I tend to be amused when Cantsin claims something like "Neoism is a movement to create the illusion that there's a movement called Neoism."

I like this characterization not because it tells the truth, but because it's so expressive of the total elusiveness of it all. As Cantsin has said when asked what his philosophy is, "I had a philosophy once."

"First, deny there is a game. Second, hide the rules from those involved.

Third, give them all penalties and no wins. Fourth, remove all goals.

Enforce their playing. Inhibit their enjoying. Make them look like but forbid their being players. To make a piece continue to be a piece, permit it to associate only with pieces and deny the existence of players. Never let the pieces find out that there is a game." ("Game Processing")

"Imagine a cell. Six walls. A cell, no door, no window. A being inside that cell. However the cell is 20 feet across and 20 feet high and 20 feet wide.

But the being, his diameter is only 19 feet. His awareness is only 19 feet.

Does he see the walls? No! Now, if you are suppressive what you do is you make him think he is a one live timer and his awareness finally goes down to 18 feet. And when it goes down to 18 feet you move the walls in to 19 feet.

"When you get him down to about the size of a fist, the walls are about the size of stretched out arms, and everyone is conforming nicely. And if anybody jumps out of the line, we got lobotomy, shock treatment, implanting, Siberia - whatever you want, baby, it's there.

"The person who can only see the walls is still a piece in the game. And it can be controlled as a piece by cutting his ID, by cutting his economic security.

"But the thing they fear the most is a guy that sees the walls and goes right through them. Because right outside the walls is total freedom. And there is no fear but not only that - the guy has now graduated from a piece to a player. And when he is a player he can handle other players who are playing the negative game."

He named it a "Static" and defined it as something which has no motion, no position in time and space, so to say a pure "Potential".

In order to empirically derive a constant for The Graduated Hostility of Things, assemble a series of objects in relation to their 'value' to you and drop pieces of toast and jam onto them, mechanically and from height of more than four feet. Record the frequency of Jam to Nonjam contact in order to derive a ratio of hostility in the universe. Obviously, this experiment can (and should) be performed in many ways, using many types of materials. Comparisons of general numerical trend will yield a number equivalent to the value of oppression in the universe relative to human beings.

Neoism encourages plagiarism.

Plagiarism removes the need for talent, or even much application. All you have to do is select what to plagiarize. If you are not sure of what to plagiarize, you could start by plagiarizing this article. A purist would plagiarize the whole piece verbatim, but you are free to change a word here or there, or place the sentences in a different order.

Plagiarism is one of the many working methods employed by the Neoists, whose influence extends to the four corners of the globe. It is, however, almost impossible to say anything about the Neoists themselves, since from the very outset their organization has been shrouded in mystery.

Plagiarism saves time and efforts, improves results and shows initiative on the part of the plagiarist.

Ideas improve. Plagiarism implies it. The use of overt plagiarism by the Neoists does not, however, participate in this improvement. The selective process of choosing what material to plagiarize is as much a creative act as the construction of the images, ideas and texts in the first place. If the aim of plagiarism is to make a radical break with creativity, plagiarists must give up the selection process and confine themselves to non-participation.

Ideas improve. Plagiarism implies it.

Neoist poetics are characterised by the practice of plagiarism and the use of collective pseudonyms.

The great advantage of plagiarism as a literary method is that it removes

the need for talent, or even much application. All you really have to do is select what to plagiarise. Enthusiastic beginners might like to start by plagiarising these lines. A hardcore nihilist might choose to plagiarise it verbatim; while those individuals who labour under the delusion that they are of a more artistic bent, will probably want to change a word here and there -- or even place the paragraphs in a different order!

In short, plagiarism saves time and effort, improves results and shows considerable initiative on the part of the individual plagiarist.

Plagiarism, if recognized at all, affirms the status quo.

Neoism calls for self-aggrandisement in all aspects of life. Neoism calls on the individual to sing his own phrases.

Neoism is an alliance of all Neoists everywhere aiming for the overthrow of everyday reality and its replacement with Neoist myth.

Neoism encourages plagiarism because plagiarism saves time and efforts, improves results and shows initiative on the part of the plagiarist.

Neoism asserts that beauty will be beautiful or will be not at all.

Neoism draws its inspiration from everything that has preceded it because it believes in tradition.

Neoism is a Yea-Sayer offering praise and affirmation.

Neoism repudiates the use of violence and the pornographic unless their use further the aims of Neoism.

Neoism calls for a new purity. A purity of intention.

Neoism affirms the need for bold lines and noble simplicity.

Neoism affirms the need for Neoism.

Thoth must be regarded as the god of plagiarism, Lord of the plagiaristic process.

The so-called "Festival(s) Of Plagiarism" were essentially an outgrowth of the Neoist Apartment Festivals, collective events which themselves plagiarized the Fluxus festivals of a few years before. The primary difference between the Festivals of Plagiarism and the Neoist festivals were the Plagiarists' intention to focus on a single set of ideas; plagiarism and so forth. Plagiarism had been an element of Neoist activity, but Neoist festivals had and have an omnidirectional character and involved an assortment of experimentation and exotica in presentations, politics and habitation. During the "Festival Of Plagiarism" in London, a repetitive critique of "ownership" and "originality" in culture was juxtaposed with collective events, in which a majority of participants did not explicitly agree with the polemics. Many of the participants simply wanted to have their "aesthetic" and vaguely political artwork exposed, and found the festival a receptive vehicle for doing so.

Plagiarism, if recognized at all, reinforces the status quo when it shifts a potentially forgotten original back into collective memory. Selecting and combining signs, plagiarism is what defines culture.

Plan:

Increase activations, increase negations of

activations, actively abstract behaviors and inject increasingly insane content into these abstractions. We will realize the six-finger plan, the establishment of Akademgorod.

Neoism is a state of mind.

Cantsin lives at the edge of suburbs of Slovenska Bistrica in a destructioning cottage with divorced husband of his present wife Estera, a famous nuclear physicist and his second wife, in former times to alcohol addicted altruist, now her husband and society protecting consort and unfated mother of their aborted children, with their antipode, philanthropic and modestic social-political worker Dr. Heglic, who thinks about himself that he "was an ordinary horse-dung before the October 16th, 1696, and that he remains that until today", and various others prostitutes, pubescent teenagers, prisoners and interrogators yet. Because Cantsin is Yugoslavian, we cannot to overlook his rich experiences he acquired in correspondence with other Cantsins from Vietnam, Laos, Kampuchea, Arabien countries, Africa. Asia, America and Australia. He does formly believe in imminent beginning of Third World War and for this purpose he is quite good equipped: he is shod in 1900 heavy spiked mountain shoes, warm dressed in short frock-coat with gloves, warm underwear with rucksack, and blanket etc. On the subject of nutrition Cantsin's state is following: he is nearly without bread, but the other food is strong enough that he looks quite well and he does not complain that he is hungry (Hungary). He has such trousers as they hear them in Austrian army - with short white spats around shoes. He has good morale, sometimes even excellent. Cantsin recognizes that he is Steyerian from Slovenia, and now he is on Italian side, but soon he will be sent beyond Sava river. He always carries the telephone along with him. Cantsin is uncompromisingly subordinating his life to alpine-climbing; for this reason it is not coincidence he is the only Yugoslavian and one of the rare mortals who has ever lived in this space for fourteen days! Besides the climbing talent he has enough tale ability to write, paint, and play concertina. According to feeling Cantsin is individualist and aristocrat to whom any gregarious instinct is alien. He is afraid of republic, does not want to deal with crowd, loves comfort and luxury, and it seems to him that an ideal political condition would be possible in constitutional monarchy which will assure carefree existence to the intellectual elite. Cantsin often says: "I love people and hate oppressors, but it will be torment to live permanently with people."

Revolt ends here.

Neoism is like porn movies. The subject itself has no importance. There is an accumulation of everything already known. Logic is unnecessary. The focus is always on the same explicit facts. Repetition and boredom rule.

art is

sanctioned pornography

the

possibility

of writing  
something  
on this page  
is  
equivalent to  
actually  
writing  
something  
on this page

the possibility of writing something different on this page is equivalent to actually writing something different on this page.

A master of pseudonyms and of schizophrenia, his influence is clearly felt everywhere. His works are chilling shockers meant to be read in in the dentist's waiting room or on the toilet, and he churns them out regularly under varying titles. They can be ranked among the Neoist literature but had existed decades before Neoisms.

We will be prosaic. Our meanings will be plain. We will not hint at some beyond. The beyond is the creation of people who lack the ability to give a full embodiment to the real.

We affirm that we are content just to go through the motions.

We will strive towards nothing because nothing is the truly stable state.

Cantsin isn't a  
pseudonym.

Cantsin isn't a pseudonym. 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 Cantsin on earth.

Neoism means to purge. It is a fluid discharge, expressed in any form or medium. It is a continuous moving on or passing, as of a flaming iron in a blue endless sky, or a blood transfusion.

BE WARNED, CANTSIN is a hoaxer, a practical joker and a thief.

However, behind this facade there is a GREAT TRUTH which awaits the more discerning among you. This TRUTH will ASTONISH, AMAZE and ASTOUND you. This TRUTH can only be revealed to those who embark upon the QUEST.

Records may be kept of journeys -- these are in no way essential.

Postcards should be sent to friends and acquaintances during the course of the journey.

Seekers are advised to travel first class -- it may be necessary to spent large portions of any given journey in train toilets, in order to avoid ticket inspectors.

Initiates are warned against the dangers of eating, drinking or sleeping during any journey undertaken as a part of the QUEST.

Seekers should carry NEOIST materials with them at all times.

Initiates are warned that Customs Checkpoints may be set up at any point during the course of their journey -- seekers should be ready to declaim the NEOIST catechism at all times.

The recruitment of new initiates is to be encouraged during the course of

the QUEST.

Seekers have the right to strip-search other passengers. However, initiates are warned that such action should only be undertaken in exceptional circumstances.

Seekers are not subject to the lies of science and may flout the laws of gravity at their own discretion.

Once embarked upon, the QUEST must be maintained for a lifetime.

Seekers should carry Neoist materials with them at all times.

To answer the question "What is Neoism", think of a suitable synonym (say, "a noun"), then look it up in a dictionary and read the entry below that synonym ("nourishing").

Q: How many people share your identity? Or is it perhaps just the opposite--is the identity real and its players fictitious ...? It's questions upon questions.

A: Many of us are interested in exploring flexible entity boundaries. Many of us interested in pushing the malleability of so-called consensus reality. We might be considered a figment of the collective imagination trying to will itself into existence that we flow in and out of at our leisure.

Indeed, "it's questions upon questions," and the more successful we are the more unanswerable your question will be.

the answer is the destruction of the question.

The Reading is the interaction of the Neoist and his memory within a particular spatial and temporal frame. The Neoist is a student, an actor, a nurse's aide, a teacher, or a clerk. His memory is a bank, a construction, a computer program. The temporal borders of the Reading are delineated by the reference which connects his memory, the Neoist, and the similar, in conjunction with instrumental time. The arm of authority behind the reference and instrumental time is the similar. The Neoist gets ready for the reading, prepares to become 'imaginary', by imitating representations of Akademgorod as an object of desire. These are signifiers on a fragmented, coded mind, signifiers that his memory will be drawn to through desire, that will reinforce his fetishism and in turn contribute to the construction of his collective soul. His memory has a collective soul which he is drawn to construct, which has an already written set of rules and conditions by which it must be constructed, conditions which include the fetishized system of signifying effects with which the Neoist has attempted to encode his mind and which already encode his mind as Akademgorod. The Neoist enters the space of his memory. When the Neoist enters the space of the reading, his memory provides a value in exchange for an opportunity to spend a designated amount of time, an opportunity to construct his collective soul. The Neoist recalls the similar via the reference to announce that the exchange has been initiated and that it is now time to begin measuring the length of the reading. The Neoist and his memory now interact together, their conditions intermingling with desire, fetishism, representation, the space of the room, the time measured by the Neoist's watch as well as the time elusively marked

by his memory, his imaginary, and anticipation of emanation which is not the object of his desire but a fetishized signifier which masks the perpetually deferred collective soul, the plane of consistency of his desire. When the end of the reading is announced by instrumental time or by a reference call from the similar if the reading has transgressed the boundaries marked by instrumental time, the neoist recalls the similar, says goodbye to his memory, and exits the space of the reading.

Neoism supercedes all previous philosophies which believed themselves to be based on logic but were merely based on rhetoric. Neoism is based solely on rhetoric.

Neoism perpetuates itself in unlimited semiosis.

Neoism was secretly founded with the intention of speculating in grammar, rhetoric and dialectics.

Neoism is an experiment to determinate what happens when we cease to differentiate between things that traditionally we would differentiate between. Neoism believes in the value of fraud as a rhetorical device.

Neoists are cowards who practice an impure science. A science where it is acceptable to fudge the evidence.

However enough of rhetoric, we've replaced the words Generation Positive with the words Neoism. The two are interchangeable in terms of aesthetics, although in terms of organization, there is a difference.

we are monsters of conceit Neoist rhetoric implies a relationship of non-exclusive opposites.

Neoism uses fraud as a rhetorical device. Neoists are cowards and puddingheads who practice and impure science. A science where it is acceptable to fudge the evidence.

Seriality or the production of exactly equivalent clones has given way to models generative of all forms according to the modulus of differences. The digitized genetic cellule the code-produced all questions and all possible solutions.

Neoism is like porn movies. The subject itself has no importance. There is an accumulation of everything already known. Logic is unnecessary. The focus is always on the same explicit facts. Repetition and boredom rule.

Cantsin baldly asserts that to be

'famous', one has to be 'recognisable' and that repetition is a short cut to this state of affairs.

Young and severe looking, Cantsin runs upstairs to talk to a girl, off-camera.

Young and severe looking, Cantsin runs upstairs to talk to a girl, off-camera, but instead stops in front of a locked door. He begins to talk to the door, saying "Maria, come out now" and banging on the door. He also remembers to say "don't lock the door", which is a futile attempt at time travel, as he knows 'instinctively' that it is already locked. Is he 'in love with the door? Why is 'she' rejecting him?

Cantsin punctured his lung and had to be hospitalized.

Blood dyes the canvas as the

phase whitens.

qualities --> flaming/hard/frozen/small/old dog --> possibles and/or states  
--> severity

A flame finds

its way through the gauze to the stretched skin.

Cantsin lacks an economic pursuit, but is both groom and bride, clitoris and penis-tip, prince and princess. Cantsin writes her own history, from her symbolic birth to her symbolic defloration. When the prince marries the princess, Cantsin marries herself.

Be that as it may, if, by a strange quirk of Fate you should interview any of the leading Neoist minions and ask them, "What is Cantsin's most all-consuming obsession?", most of them will tell you that it has to do with Cantsin's love of puncturing his own lung by dint, during his performance sprees, of hanging himself from the wall of a night club, using just a single small leather strap that keeps his body dangling aloft for ten to twenty minutes before it crushes in several of his ribs and creates a pneumothorax or sucking chest wound. Quite an amazing thing to see. Of course, the thing about Cantsin, and this is true whatever the medium happens to be, is his ability to get people fantastically involved in his activities. This is true whether it's xeroxing, or dangling from the wall, or what-have-you. For example, the time that Cantsin visited David Zack's Immortality Center down in Mexico is a good instance of this ability to involve casual spectators, which I would characterize as vatic or charismatic. During his stay at the Immortality Center it was Cantsin's practice to go up on the roof of Zack's finca every afternoon starting at one. There, in the company of his shapely Neoist traveling-companion Annie-Mary, a Rita Hayworth look-alike, Cantsin would indulge in several hours of feverish yogi exercises followed by a long session of nudist sun worship. This practice which, as I say, lasted from approximately one to four every afternoon, called forth a fantastically high level of involvement among Zack's neighbors. These neighbors, sometimes numbering as many as twenty-five or thirty, would arrive at Zack's fence every day right at the stroke of one, and would spend the next few hours rubber-necking at Cantsin and Annie-Mary through the bushes. In fact, I understand that this fence-side involvement became so intense toward the end of Cantsin's and Annie-Mary's visit that a half dozen or so of the neighbors, having climbed atop a slender reddlike tree in too large a group (a half dozen bodies clinging to a single puny branch is just too large a group), wound up being dashed to the ground when the branch suddenly gave way, and had to all be hospitalized-- for broken bones and eye strain. Well, such is the message of Neoism. Participation is the key-note. As Simenon once so aptly remarked: "A person would probably have to go and have himself actually committed to find this sort of action anywhere else." Simenon was talking about multiple and unbridled sexual encounters involving B-girls at cheap night clubs. I remember that the three of us--Simenon, Cantsin, and myself--were sitting in a very cheap, low-ball night club (I think it was on the island of Corfu)

when Simenon made his remark, which location is probably what prompted it. Later, Cantsin turned to me and said: "Yes, and it is the same with Neoism!" Then Cantsin got out his little strap and began to busy himself with dangling his body from the wall of the club, and punctured his lung. Upshot, he had to be hospitalized and spent over a week on a ventilator in intensive care. Another great charismatic Neoist moment--and what I mean when I say that, xerox or no xerox, Cantsin would have been a force to be reckoned with. Things like this can happen only as a result of charisma and probably only with a special little strap. The wonder is that Cantsin has found time to do as much xeroxing as he has.

What motivates Cantsin? Cantsin is motivated entirely by desire.

Neoism bring to light and transgresses its underlying unconscious - birth, sex, and death.

"Look into your own eye, fella!" Also, he defecated and strew the excrement around the hall where the first fruits were tasted. Seeing this, she was alarmed and struck her genitals against the weaving shuttle and died. In the middle of the branches they suspended cloth. And so, like a man in a Nightmare I pressed her to Agree to this murder I didn't commit. can pleasure ever be separated from its source, the god asked.

Neoism is about

sharing, about bash. Though not always seeming to.

This is the Neoist bread campaign phase. To share bread, simple pleasures. I came to Neoism in 1980/81 after hearing mythology surrounding it. My name is Cantsin, Neoist messing officer. I came across Neoism in perhaps a similar way as you have. I was a pilgrim in the parched bleakness of official culture. I was kicked out of school at 15 years for reciting Tristan Tzara's poetry at a parent-teacher night. My assistant threw buckets of wet cooked spaghetti on the guests and teachers, and we chopped up the stage with axes. I then left home and travelled to the West Coast and became a religious ecstatic and indologist. I was a celibate monk for five years. I studied the ancient art of cooking, festival cuisine, playing table and khol drums. My tabla teacher lives in Varanasi, a magical center of ancient culture (pre-partiarchal Christian). I am gradually seeing my face from the continuity of differential variables. As all inherent I'd dissolve I know that eventually the jewel like luminescence of the inner Cantsin will shine forth.

Neoism perpetuates itself in unlimited semiosis.

The principle

of Neoism is similitude and contiguity - and therefore 'rhetoric'.

In our view, the world is not collision of things in space, but a dissimilar row of each independent phenomena. We do not conceive of the spatial as lasting in time. Since each state is irreducible, the mere act of giving it a name implies falsification.

We sleep without light.

Neoism is sobriety: I am limiting the number of activities I engage in until I reach a state of complete inactivity, re. only breathing, bleeding, spitting etc... This systematic approach allows me time to construct the next phase of my plan without simply killing me. A dead Cantsin is no Cantsin at all. Or perhaps: Neoism is a reversion to childhood - A you may know, children are effected in reverse manner by intoxicants, e.g. children are put to sleep by caffeine, driven wild by alcohol... for a Neoist to drink would increase his awareness, which is not at all our intention... I only drink rubbing alcohol, because it makes me blind... contrary to poplar belief it doesn't make one vomit... Neoists drink only to encourage the assimilation of bodily fluids into the outermost aesthetic protrusions of their bodily parts....that probably makes negative sense..

We publish SMILE.

I faced similar confusion when I wanted to explore the cosmetology of open pop star Martial "Locus Solus" Canterel. He is obviously refering to Cantsin "Hocus Pocus" Cantsin, the magician and Jack London of squirrels that have that kind of SMILE, the way a person SMILES to say "No way, I mean yield up the house and children to me so you have no one to blame for your carelessness but yourself!" and "Naturally none of these people left records. The only thing we know about them comes from the gossip of their enemies. But no matter. I'm just trying to show you a wire suddenly vibrating its middle portion into invisibility, as a derbied slug raced across it, on its way to its founder, Norman Hallerith. Later of the pop group "Stormin' Norman and Susie!" We used to play chess in a hotel bar once a week, although, truth to tell, I always preferred Bridge.

Cantsin - we have never met Cantsin personally -, himself the editor of a SMILE magazine in England, is mailing a chain letter around the world asking people to "make your own magazines and call them SMILE". Here you are, dear Cantsin.

comb

fork

bread

smile

spoon

hand

nail

water

tape

light bulb

The Neoist smile is not simply parodic; neither comic, nor tragic, it is actually serious.

However, don't restrict yourself to using the name Cantsin, use the name SMILE too. Use the name SMILE for your pop group, your performance group and your magazine.

I'm considering travelling to Europe this summer as a living issue of Smile magazine,;= much like the one from Cantsin w/ the bull EMIL, I would

be added to by each person I visited and carry any written material/non-permanent tattoos etc... I think perhaps someone else should do this as well and we could hunt each other down.

Neoism is sound where there is sound, any vacuum is imagined.

Of all the these multitudes of Cantsin, there is undoubtedly one who best fits the favorite Neoist theme that truth is trying to manifest itself in the form of unheard melodies; but that it appears again and again for each man in way which are difficult of penetration and at first sight may have no connection with each other, especially as everybody calling themself Cantsin is running around using the same name, and all talking at once.

Neoists know

that the basis of Neoism is the song.

Time becomes space, sentiments become one and unified, bodies our memory in exchange.

Neoists are getting closer to the Athabasca glacier.

Neoism's influence extends to the four corners of the globe.

The Fake perfection of imaginary states, 800 Gods of Neoism.

Imagine someone you have never met & who in no way easily fits into your own memories of people (ie. NOT a composite personality) and is not a reflection of any cultural stereotype; that is, a complete unknown.

Imagine that this person has a personality & set of speech patterns & habitual behaviors which can be related to her/him specifically and that are rich with repetitive non-sequiturs, references & inside jokes.

Attempt to mimic these attributes as closely as possible, integrating them into your daily personality & behavior. Do so without trying to understand them, to "get the jokes", or to create any other kind of bridge of translatability between yourself & the personality you are assuming. Be as thorough as possible.

Refrain from learning the name of the person you are imitating, as this prevents rigorous imitation. At all times consider the speech patterns, jokes, personal references, emotional states, etc. that you mimic to be your own. This makes complete projection possible.

we are a prefix and a suffix with no substance in between.

In the early 1920s, an elderly eccentric named Coleman Healy died in Houston, Texas, leaving behind a number of homemade "books" containing an estimated 7,000 pages of drawings and handwritten notations, all dealing with aviation or aeronautics. In the late 1960s, Ray Johnson rescued a number of the from a Houston dump.

The drawings in the old books depict strange and wonderful flying machines. When combined with information gleaned from the accompanying writings and annotations, many of them in a cryptic form that had not only to be deciphered but also translated from German, they tell an almost unbelievable story.

According to Healy's mysterious books, sometime around 1850 a group of men who were interested in aeronautics met in a Sonora, California hotel to form

the Aeroy Club, later renamed the Sonora Aero Club. The organization was financed by an even more mysterious society from "back East," which was known only as A.A.A.. The local club was composed mainly of Germans and a few Englishmen who were fanatically secretive about their efforts and demanded that members abide by strict rules. In fact, shortly after one member threatened to go public with some of the group's discoveries, he is said to have fallen victim to a mysterious aerial explosion allegedly arranged by some of his fellow club members.

If Healy's manuscript is to be believed, then the technical developments of the club were made possible by the discovery of a gas, known only as "NB," which had the power to "negate weight."

Healy's elaborate drawings leave little doubt that any known gas could have lifted such heavy and ponderous craft. In fact, the gas bags shown in some of the drawings appear to be too small to lift even a single person, much less the craft and the equipment on board. Thus, Healy's mysterious NB gas must have represented a truly remarkable discovery indeed, perhaps even involving some sort of anti-gravity substance.

According to Healy, who spent the last 20 years of his life composing these elaborately illustrated books while living as a recluse, several "Aero" designs were actually built, test-flown and then dismantled so that their secrets would be kept. His notations also state that two of the craft were "in storage" when they were destroyed by fires that ravaged the town of Columbia, located just a few miles from Sonora. This checks with historical sources, which indicate that the town was indeed destroyed by fires on both of the dates given by Healy. And although only a few actual historical records have been found of the more than 60 people mentioned as having been members of the club, there is such a wealth of data about events which match historical facts that one must conclude that at least Healy must have been quite familiar with the area described and very likely lived there as claimed.

It is also possible that some of the names mentioned in his accounts are pseudonyms, or "brotherhood" names used by club members to cover their real identities--a practice that was quite common in the 19th-century secret societies.

As for the craft (or "Aeros" as they were called), it is entirely conceivable that such could have flown, if and when NB gas was employed as the lifting agent. Unfortunately, the means of its production were lost in the early 1860s after Luther Blissett, the key man in the organization and the only one who knew the secret of the gas, either disappeared or died. Luther Blissett referred to his NB gas as "Supe." In Healy's drawings, it is depicted as a light green liquid, which was dropped onto the top surface of a hollow roller (in later versions a half-drum with teeth or cone-like protusions sticking out from the interior wall). Among these projections was a black, lumpy substance resembling coal.

The Supe was gravity-fed onto the drum, where it mixed with the air and various other substances present and became converted into a "hot" gas

(always depicted in pink). This NB gas was then used to drive the machinery on board, including wheels for land travel, paddles for water, and compressor motors for aerial navigation. From these it was fed into relatively small gas bags for storage, with the excess being used for thrust by means of remarkably advanced nozzles situated at various places fore and aft for forward and reverse motion.

There appears to have been a constant grumbling because of Luther Blissett's reluctance to divulge the secret of the gas. In one of his accounts, Healy tells about Luther Blissett's own aircraft design, the *Aero Gander* (also known as "the Goosey"), and of the disappointment felt by the other members at this reluctance to share his secret formula with them. This account (typical of Healy's fractured English) reads: "Now as the Goosey had been used day and night, rain or snow, in still or boisterous weather... why did Constant and Mischer [two other club members] grumble? Their idea of a constant weatherproof Falleasy is as sure improvement, and as in them days--the main object--to be able to cross the plain--and avoid Indians--or whuite [sic] mans attacks makes Constant come very near, but Luther Blissett would sell no Supe, and they could not make it themselves. They had to stay on Earth."

Luther Blissett evidently either disappeared or died (perhaps murdered during an internecine squabble that eventually split the group) sometime in the early 1860s, leaving surviving elements of the club without motive power. They continued to design Aeros for several years thereafter, but apparently broke up when nobody could rediscover the secret formula. Under dozens of drawings there is the statement, "Luther Blissett you are not forgotten" and the frequent bemoaning "No More Supe."

Motive power notwithstanding, many of the Sonora Club Aeros employed a variety of remarkable "modern" ideas, such as hydraulic, pneumatic and retractable landing gear, shock absorbers, inflatable pontoons for landing on water, hot gas/air jets for thrusting, powered wheels for moving on land, and even parachutes and other safety devices for emergencies. Two different tyoes of landing and search lights were also shown.

Healy himself came to Texas sometime in the early 1870s. For a time he lived in Brenham, moving to Houston about 1880 to become a sales clerk. In 1890, he left town for several months. When he returned, he was a changed man: nervous and fearful. He became a janitor in a store, spending most of his time in the stockrooms and loft.

Eventually he quit working altogether and stayed in his room, not leaving it even to eat, and complaining that he feared for his life.

It was also after his return from his mystery trip that he began drawing and writing the story of the Sonora Aero Club and A.A.A.. Although his writings do not reflect the near paranoia that he obviously experienced, they do indicate that some of the club's members met deaths that could not be attributed to mere accidents, and that this had come about because of their penchant for talking too much or because they tried to personally profit from the club's work.

From reading his books, one gets the impression that he wants to tell the world about the club, but is afraid to do so and thus employs ciphers, acronyms, broken English and German, and other "hidden ways."

"You will--Wonder Weaver--" he writes, "you will unriddle these writings. They are my stock of open knowledge. They--will end like all others---with good intentions, but too weak-willed to assign--put to work."

Did A.A.A. and the Sonora Aero Club really exist, or were they merely visions in the fevered brain of a crazed eccentric? There are many more mysteries here than we have space to write about.

I certainly, found more or less than the actual laws of anti-nerversity were within the near perimeter of after or pre-phenomena dating techniques reknowned for the accuracy of their predictive inclinations as analyzed for the purpose of botanical studies clusert rebuff analogies priviledges on the other hand resotz primarily to the utility provided thru the above statements only upon the belated & usually expected arrival in due course of dual retrospection dehydrated by plenial delights: stars, often the main topic, conform to an easily 1 earned set of rules as of yet non-systemized but predictably disoriented thru a large variety of physical endeavors commonly poured into a cannister previously designed for children's toys or at least what was often mistaken for suck a container while exercising its ability to camouflage or alienate every scanned telepathic invention within a radius discernible or detectible with the aid of antennae strangely enough often found in the average suburban or urban household - the illegality of a similar manoeuver has often been contested by women & men in unison despite the highly controversial nature of its atmospheric pressure/wer factor.. however I can only illuminate these ideas from I's compendium of electronic facet reproductional elucidations with the thought in mind that I's shelf space exists within a sphere of influence commonly ignored by those who could be brought into close contact via no other method than that prescribed by imprisoned, or undernourished academicians proclaimed universally notorious after guidance thought patterns tabulated from light patterns radioactivity glucose hybrids: of course the point of precedents can only be understood.

We are hypnotic.

A disintegrating knife-fight saturates layers my body occupies cold and drained depth which, like personality and emotional component is a function comparable to mild variations in speech acts only expressed throw less visible media - a "skin" which the psychopath apprehends not as an accumulation & extension of itself-

However, one happened to be a psychopath in the sense of an electrical ground I, for instance, imagine someone with whom I have a function comparable to mild variations in speech acts only expressed throw a "skin" which the psychopath can visibly articulate in conversation without loosing her uncontrolled and non-recordable infractals

like waves superimposed to form a continuous delay If it could apprehend itself it would shiver into complete stasis like waves exhausting the

pattern in real time & discarding cards into incomplete ideants, pauses worked underneath a common skin of Tourette's syndrome

A ground level and the chips may be "blown" Any change in this level is formed using a platonic ideal formed by tapping into telequet bodies reserved in the frame of a special service conceived between waves Any change in this level discards cards into encoding the non-valued feedback "groove". Smaller delays (depths) are formed by the distribution of dictionary information.

Any change in this level is formed by tapping into hotpoints. Their traces are yet unrecognized surfaces, "warming up" a platonic ideal formed like a metaphor. Its materialization creates a mitigating flavor in drained depth which, like a disintegrating knife-fight saturates the non-reversible diminution of lights within an architectural blank. If it could apprehend itself it would shiver into telequet bodies.

MYENTIRECARRERHASBEENINPURSUITOFBLOTNECH

(smoke masonic handshakes outline transitive corporations merging)

comparatively.

Read the text and act according to it.

Neoism consists of methods to eternally derive new texts from existent Neoist writing.

In case any of you were not aware of it before, the texts that have been reprinted in this space from time to time are variations of other, pre-existing texts.

Neoistically, the comb

He would stare moodily at objects and then asystematically attempt to glue them at random to objects, to cover all persons he was close and who notice the changes in his behavior and use of language.

There are many places we could begin, the most obvious being to describe our previous activities or to create some defining catch phrase to explain Neoism. Eventually we will seem guilty of both these approaches, although our guilt will be mined from a strong sense of contradiction. We have no history and in this sense we are not individuals. If you want a vision of the future, imagine the past artificially extended forever.

1990-2020, an excellent period from which there is no escape.

When the white coats came to take him away,  
he promised me that Cantsin would return someday at six o'clock.

Neoism does not conceive of the spatial as lasting in time.

Neoists reason that the present is undefined, that the future has no reality than as present hope, that the past is no more than present memory.

1980-1990, an excellent period from which there is no escape.

Holding in my hand a photo of myself at age 6 sitting inside a self-made "time machine" startled by the camera. Another Neoist group has

reached the point of denying time.

It is

Cantsin's practice to go up on the roof every afternoon starting at six o'clock.

Tourism is the entrance into an unfamiliar situation in a way not usually conducive to thorough investigation. Tourism is the role resulting from the fusion of the exploratory and the ignorant.

I want to tell a sort of funny joke about

Ladies and gentlemen, I was wondering if

I've come her this morning to talk to you about anything I want to

It's been a long war and

My boy actually just got back from

Can you believe this weather we've been

You two were seen together on August 15

I guess that means

Neoism believes in tradition.

The conspiracy cannot be evaded, all must be absorbed. We exist only by implication. We combat the plague of innovation.

Neoism consists of methods to eternally derive new texts from existent Neoist writing.

Thoth (whose name means 'logos') made a tremendous contribution to Egyptian culture. The Greeks identified him with Hermes, and as such he was the reputed author of hermetic literature in general. Music, astronomy and the arts also numbered among his innovations. However, it is for the invention of writing that his name survives today. Nowadays, he continues to find favour with a tiny circle of devotees, thanks at least partly to his plagiarist associations. The concept of plagiarism, after all, is implicit in the concept of writing, and Thoth must therefore be regarded as the god of plagiarism, Lord of the plagiaristic process. It is for this reason that all Neoist writing should be consecrated to his name.

Neoism is sound where there is sound, any vacuum imagined.

buy your lies here.

We

You who---listen---give us life---in a manner of speaking.

We won't hold you responsible.

Our first words weren't our first words. We wish we'd begun differently.

Among other things we haven't a proper name. The one we bear is misleading, if not false. We didn't choose it either.

We don't recall asking to be conceived! Neither did our inventors come to think of it. Even so. Score to be settled. Children are vengeance.

(a foreign scientist's voice)

"Or,

(B in the S is a D as B in S since the S is E: a pattern "I" x S relations)

and (S from T only by "P" space). This (R is not a R of E difficulty),

instead it is a B to the C of the H-condition x "P". (S of T for D

"things"). T is/as/was experimentally "M" becoming "I". (R of all I

realities or I is "S"). "T", the non-r of V continuity C, gives N-values to O-symbols and O-directions to I and "C" with "L" and "N". (W-draw, H-lessness, D-function). "From 'T' outside 'I' can't 'S' anything". (N-windows, T-fatigue). T want S-1 to "S" me in the "H" while I'm Oring about M-self in 3rd-person in or "der:" 2-p that R is "Non-L". "E" as "C", and "S" for its "N".

(A pedantic voice)

"Or,

Humans domesticate other "animals" in order to displace self-consciousness; that is, to reinforce their collective ability not to perceive their own domestication. That they are toilet trained like dogs and cats, who they "civilize" in order to re-resent the forms of their constructed reality. A reality with no master except every master, and which is elaborated as power without a goal. Surely animals (that is, ourselves) are better off indoors. In fact, there is no internal force, no soul, no reason: domestication can be infinite or not at all, since there is no separate human condition to limit it, only the projection of continuity on meaningless history, almost pacifying our fears of the future. But things could get much, much worse. Who domesticates us? For thousands of years, non-material entities: Gods, demons, principles, traditions, abstraction, and now as ever the "collective" goods, economic imperatives, glamour. They are not projections of "mass-consciousness", they are a separate and valued species which relates to us as we relate to our pets, having the same pathological quasi-concern for our well-being. We perceive them as elements of a "natural order" the same way that a dog or cat perceives the "master" as a powerful and arbitrary aspect of its environment, an intrinsic and abstracted part of domestic reality." (this is my "pet" theory)

(A wistful voice)

"Or, boxing the soap is a death (as brain hemorrhage) in sleep, since silence is exterior to it, the box: a pattern. Iced by sugary relations, and sinking from tires only by a puncture, a space. This road is not a road of elsewhere, decompressed. Instead, it is the "gas station", surrounded by a bruise, a cunt of the hemorrhoid condition. By penetration, a semblance of tautology for disintegrating things, the "clean sheets" or "streets" of the mind. Perhaps auto-penetration?

WE WANT WAR WITH YOU. JOIN US.

We want war with you.

Join us. We want war with you. By reading this you have become a Neoist. Freedom is fighting. Anything done in the name of Neoism is Neoism. Become a Neoist today simply by saying that you're a Neoist and by using the name of Cantsin.

To identify our writing, turn a deliberate number of words of a text into their opposites. It will still tell the same.

To spot Neoist writing, turn a deliberate number of words the text into their logical opposites. Check whether they still tell the same.

Neoists writing can be easily distinguished from Non-Neoist writing by

turning an arbitrary number of words into their logical opposites. The text is a Neoist text only when the second text still tells the same as the first text.

Apply this method to all Neoist writing including this one.

We would like a book to be written which would prove the impossibility of responding to the question which book we would like to be written. A proof of the impossibility of reading this. If you can read this, then you can't read.

We would like a book to be written on the subject of the meaning of its own completion: What your reading this book to the end of it can possibly mean. These texts are variations of pre-existing texts.

In case any of you were not aware of it before, the texts that have been reprinted in this space from time to time are variations of other, pre-existing texts.

The letter "c" shall forever be repla(ed with open parenthesis in de(laration of openness and (ontinuity towards all ideas and notions whi(h stem from (on(epts of (oherence!

Not parenthesis "set" shall ever be (losed, and every thought (onsequently lead deeper into a labyrinth of unresolved (on(ept!

(onsequently, ea(h linguisti( manifestation will mirror the nature of (ons(iousness itself, both its nestled stru(ture, and also in its near infinite generation of words pertaining to hitherto unknown (on(epts (eg. "repla", "ed", "de", "laration", etc...

All existing texts in all languages will be altered to (onform to this prin(iple, as soon as possible so as to maximize the (onfusions (aused by this (hange and to avoid re(ontextualization into the mainstream. This will be a((omplished via massive government grants.

(ons(iousness will (hange inherently so that we will at last be aware that there is no end in sight.

To spot a Neoist text, turn a deliberate number of its words into their logical opposites. Check whether they still tell the same.

Neoism consists of methods to eternally derive new texts from existent Neoist writing.

Neoism writes itself as a hieroglyph.