

continued from front

found in freemasonry and contemporary witches covens – that involve ritual enactments of death and rebirth. These rites generally involve blindfolding followed by the revelation of light to symbolise rebirth. It is not unusual for candidates to be placed in a coffin or to suffer mock execution. Pursuits of this type have been popular among wide swathes of the population in Europe and North American for several hundred years.

Baudrillard’s entire argument appears to be premised on studied ignorance of the extensive literature about sacrifice and initiation. In *Symbolic Exchange And Death*, he writes (p. 168): ‘Those who, in times past, used to ritually sacrifice animals did not take them to be beasts. Even medieval society, which condemned and punished animals in accordance with its own norms, was far closer than we are to those who are horrified by this practice. by holding animals culpable, these societies paid them tribute. The innocence to which we consign animals (along with madmen, the sick and children) is significant of the radical distance separating us from them, and of the racial exclusion by which we rigorously maintain the definition of the Human. In a context where every living being is a partner in exchange, the animal has the “right” to sacrifice and to ritual expiation. The primitive sacrifice of the animal is bound up with its exceptional and sacred status as a divinity, as a totem. We no longer sacrifice them, we no longer even punish them, and we take pride in this: but this is simply because we have domesticated them and because we have turned them into a racially inferior world, no longer even worthy of our justice; they are barely even exterminable as butcher meat.’

Baudrillard’s argument is ridiculous since sacrifice is, in part, a mediation on domestication. A theory of sacrifice must begin with the domesticated animal and the sociocultural process of domestication itself. Sacrifice and initiation stand in an inverse relation to each other; where there are elaborate initiatory rituals, sacrifice is relatively undeveloped and vice versa. The idea that sacrifice is a primitive practice rests on an agrarian mythologisation of the hunt. Sacrifice is primarily a practice of pastoralist societies. Hunter gatherers tend instead towards practices of initiation. The ongoing rise in initiatory practices – in for example, Orange Lodges or modernising religious organisations such as the Jesuits – over recent centuries is a corollary of the “modern” nomadism that accompanies industrialisation. Baudrillard’s schema is erroneous, the growth of cities and mass transportation systems might even be claimed as “the return at a higher level” of nomadic ways of life and death. However, the establishment of real human community has yet to be achieved and one step towards this must necessarily be the reintegration of the dead into the sexual practices of the living. At the same time we must struggle against ancestor worship, which can be every bit as repressive as the denial of death.

Speculum Of The Other

Woman: Cool Mammaries

It is a banality to state that in ancient Greece the dead were known as the silent majority. Likewise, Luce Irigaray’s research into the gendering of romance languages can be applied wholesale to a term such as *la mort*. Within patriarchal culture the dead are viewed as both passive and feminine. This tendency is found in exaggerated form amongst adherents to ideologies such as anarchism and fascism. Alexander Herzen wrote in a section of *From The Other Shore* dated 27 July 1848 (English translation OUP 1979, p. 53-4): ‘Paris has grown old, and youthful dreams no longer become her. In order to gain new life she has need of powerful upheavals, Eves of St. Bartholomew, September days. But the June horrors did not give her new life — where, then, will the decaying vampire draw new blood, the blood of the just, the blood that on June 27th reflected the lights of the street lanterns lit by the exulting bourgeoisie? Paris liked to play at soldiers: she made an Emperor out of a lucky soldier; she applauded the crimes called victory; she raised statues; fifteen years later she once again placed the bourgeois figure of the Little Corporal on a pillar; she translated the remains of the restorer of slavery with sacred awe. Even now she still hopes to find in soldiers the anchor of salvation from freedom and equality; she set savage hordes of barbarous Africans upon their brothers, so as not to have to go shares with them, and slaughtered them with the remorseless hands of a professional assassin. Then let her hear the consequences of her actions and her mistakes... Paris executed without trial... ? What will come of this blood? Who knows? But whatever comes, it is enough that in this orgy of madness, revenge, strife, retribution, the world will perish, the world in which the new man cannot breathe or live, which holds back the coming of the future. And that is excellent. Therefore long live chaos and destruction! *Vive la mort!* And may the future triumph!’ These doctrines were taken up within the so called “revolutionary” anarchist movement founded by Herzen’s friend Bakunin and from there elements of them fed into fascism. The “death of death” remains a doctrinal touchstone among those who wish to defend the patriarchal practices of the overdeveloped world.

Writing And Deference:

A Detour

The use of polemical positions in avant-bard texts is intended to undermine the credibility of all forms of “critical” “commentary”, since by these means it is perhaps possible to describe what cannot be declared (aporia). The avant-bard gives its dreams as dreams and it is up to the reader to discover whether Silent Bards reason better when they are asleep, or whether these nightmares are but a fiction and all along the afro-celtic social “body” was wide awake. When bringing forth monsters, social theorists tend to simultaneously cage them by constructing “critical” commentaries that lag behind the premises from which they set out. It might

(not) be useful to relate this to ‘the question of the preface’. Critical “commentaries” are the twins of fiction, the supplement already presupposed by the novel and oral “tradition”. For the avant-bard, the notion of ‘differance’ is flawed, by substituting ‘a’ for ‘e’ in differ(a)(e)nce to signify the letter as supplement, one merely displaces the problem of the supplement. Is not omega the supplement of alpha in differance? Does not this self-referentiality, this endless regression, lead us to suppose that all text tends towards the fictional (aporia)? That said, the crudeness of such readings recalls Korzbski’s ‘General Semantics’ in the mono-dimensionality of the violence it enacts against (in the name of) deconstruction. This is “absolutely” typical of the way theory functions within avant-bard “fictions”. Is this “satire” “instrumentalised” as “depletion” but simultaneously overflowing itself? If this is so, avant-bard discourse might be treated as science-fiction despite the fact that it is singularly lacking in the tropes that are usually taken as constituting the genre. We refuse to oppose Baudrillard’s theory-fiction with fictive-theory.

Leave Your Body For Sexual Experimentation

Necrophilia remains an important weapon in the struggle against patriarchy because the end of oppression necessitates the reintegration of the living and the dead. One way in which (male) revolutionaries might rediscover the feminine is by thinking through what it means to be dead. Table tapping and ouija boards reinforce the hegemony of the reigning society by creating an imaginary world that compensates us for the deficiencies of the one we live in. It has been claimed that dozens of men paid a mortuary attendant to have sex with Marilyn Monroe’s corpse. Sex with the dead should be a gift but under capitalism it is often reduced to the commodity form and the cash nexus. In its drive to prolong life at any cost, the medical establishment encourages the living to fill in forms in which they leave their bodies for the purpose of organ transplants once they are dead.

Revolutionaries can throw the humanitarian pretences of the overdeveloped world into total contradiction by leaving their bodies for sexual experimentation. It’s time to storm the cemeteries and free the dead. The communist project will both live on and live out its death to the revolutionary cry of “*well dug old mole!*”

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Re:Action

Newsletter of the Neoist Alliance

Neither Being Nor Becoming!

No. 9 Autumn Equinox 399

THE MARGINS OF THEOSOPHY

AN INVOCATION OF THE SILENT BARD

“It is clear, in any event, that the nature of excrement is analogous to that of corpses and that the places of its emission are close to the sexual parts, more often than not, this complex of prohibitions appears inextricable. Death might seem to be the complete opposite of a function whose purpose is birth, but... this opposition is reducible, and... the death of some is correlative with the birth of others, of which it is finally the precondition and announcement. Moreover, life is a product of putrefaction, and it depends on both death and the dungheap.”

Georges Bataille.

“The reader, the thinker, the loiterer, the flâneur, are types of illuminati just as much as the opium eater, the dreamer, the ecstatic. And more profane...”

Walter Benjamin.

Is there an affinity between spiritualism and materialism? From the perspective of the object, the coded drift of Baudrillard’s *Symbolic Exchange And Death* short circuits all possible defences of *The Secret Doctrine*. In creating “summerland” as a mirror image of “our” world, modern occultism divides the living from the dead every bit as cruelly as the tenets of those adhering to crass materialism. The task of the avant-bard is to smash this glass and our starting point must inevitably be the limitations and errors of Baudrillard’s purely rhetorical position.

Brothers And Sisters, Make Love To Stiffs!

In *Symbolic Exchange And Death* (Sage, London 1993, p. 126) Baudrillard writes: ‘Michel Foucault has analysed the extradition of madmen at the dawn of Western modernity, but we also know of the tradition and progressive confinement of children, following the course of Reason itself, into the idealised state of infancy, the ghetto of the infantile universe and the abjection of innocence. But the old have also become inhuman, pushed to the fringes of normality. Like so many others, the mad, children and the old have only become “categories” under the sign of the successive segregations that have marked the development of culture. The poor, the under-developed, those with subnormal IQs, perverts, transsexuals, intellectuals and women form a folklore of terror, a folklore of excommunication on the basis of an increasingly racist definition of the “normal human” Quintessence of normality: ultimately all these “categories” will be excluded, segregated, exiled in a finally universal society, where the normal and the universal will at last fuse under the sign of the Human.’

So far so good, but Baudrillard continues: ‘In the domestic intimacy of the cemetery, the first grouping remains in the heart of the village or town, becoming the first ghetto, prefiguring every future ghetto... Even madmen, delinquents and misfits can find a welcome in the new towns, that is, in the rationality of a modern society. Only the death-function cannot be programmed and

localised. Strictly speaking, we no longer know what to do with them, since today, *it is not normal to be dead*, and this is new. To be dead is an unthinkable anomaly, nothing else is as offensive as this. Death is a delinquency, and an incurable deviancy...’ While the avant-bard appreciates the un-Nietzschean nature of this position, in creating a hierarchy of oppression in which the dead suffer the worst discrimination, Baudrillard opens the door to other forms of bigotry.

Elsewhere in *Symbolic Exchange And Death* we find the following (p. 181): ‘When the primitive showers the dead with signs, it is in order to make the transition towards the state of death as quick as possible, beyond the ambiguity between the living and the dead which is precisely what the disintegrating flesh testifies to...’ Statements such as this demonstrate a profound ignorance of the myriad cultures that exist outside the overdeveloped world and invite ridicule. For example, African conceptions of time and death are quite different to those found in either the overdeveloped world or Baudrillard’s conception of “the primitive”. In many African societies, an “individual” is not considered to be “dead” until they have passed out of what we in the overdeveloped world term “living memory”. Likewise, the theorisation of dead labour to be found in the works of Marx is infinitely preferable to a mere reversal of the perspectives Baudrillard attributes to a non-existent “western” world in *Symbolic Exchange And Death*.

Baudrillard’s rhetorical use of the term “the West” is both totalising and ultimately meaningless. The “critical” tradition Baudrillard is working within has from at least the time of Rousseau and Hegel been producing a discourse that anticipates the concerns of *Symbolic Exchange And Death*. Indeed, Baudrillard’s musings about death draw fairly explicitly on both Bataille and Kojève’s readings of Hegel. Even more problematic in view of the attempt in *Symbolic Exchange and Death* to counterpose the “primitive” and the “modern” is Baudrillard’s apparent ignorance of the ongoing and widespread use of ceremonies of initiation – such as those

continued at back

Larry O Hara stars in STEREO LOVE

I was feeling very down in the dumps about the slowness with which the world was coming to realise that I, the manly Larry O’Hara, was the most wonderful human being to walk the earth since the first day of creation. On top of this, Paul ‘Poland’ Rogers just didn’t want to have sex with me. Or rather, he preferred to endlessly relive his days as the prison punk, so that all he ever wanted me to do was buy several four packs of Tenants Super and use them to bribe assorted Portsmouth derelicts into gang banging him in the town centre park. On these occasions I’d get to give him a good poke alongside all the down and outs.

Whenever I succeeded in getting my activist chum to roger me, he’d obsessively whisper ‘Mandy, Mandy’ in my ear. Although it wouldn’t be true to say that Poland had never had a regular relationship – he’d often given a pet dog called Rex blow jobs during his adolescence and is inordinately fond of sheep – nevertheless, when Mandy seduced Poland in 1990 it was the first time he’d ever slept with a woman. After Mandy gave him the Big E six weeks later, Poland realised that killing off ninety-five per cent of the population was the only way of saving our marvellous green planet, the earth, from the submen. Poland hadn’t had sex with a chick since Mandy left him, he doesn’t want to risk getting one the vile things pregnant.

Wednesday seemed like just another routine day in London. I’d concealed myself in a pub doorway to do some investigative research by observing the punters going into Huysmans, a radical bookshop in Kings X. To help pass the time I fondled my parts. After a five hours stint pressed against the lintel of The Flying Scotsman’s doorway – during this interlude I gave a dozen pissed Glaswegians oral to keep them off my back – I clocked the ley spotter Luther Blissett scuttling into Huysmans. He was carrying a large box filled with old magazines. I instantly came in my pants. Twenty minutes passed before Blissett was out on the street again, minus the cardboard box. I’d already come, so the only way I could express my tremendous excitement was by shitting myself. A crack hooker standing nearby pulled a face and stomped off down the street complaining about scum lowering the tone of the neighbourhood. Obviously, she was an undercover spook who got a perverse kick out of smoking rocks and selling herself on the street.

Striding manfully across the road I savoured the delicious sensation of excrement oozing down my legs. The upstairs of Huysmans looks pretty much like any other pacifist bookshop with a stationery department in one corner. I’d have found the place a lot more tempting if they’d added a panty hose section. A lot of independent anti-fascist investigators like to dress up in ladies panty hose. The basement of the bookshop is rented out as a Trotskyist emporium specialising in second-hand tomes and dodgy remainders. A strange sound wafted up from the stairwell as I made my way towards it.

The left in opposition, the left in opposition! As a part of the swamp, anarchism is a confused expression of the class struggle, whereas leftists collaborate in the suppression of class struggle. The left in opposition, the left in opposition! The positions of parasites might appear superficially similar to those of anarchists but in reality they are very different! The left in opposition, the left in opposition!

It was The Shaker listening to a tape recording of a recent Conway Hall meeting held by the group who publish *World Revolution*. According to my situationist contact Michel Faurisson, *World Revolution* were the British section of the Bordiguist International Communist Current. This meant they were recuperators who’d never condemned the suppression of the Kronstadt Soviet by the Bolsheviks. As a left-wing green and independent anti-fascist investigator, I don’t even pretend to understand all this sectarian stuff. Although Martin Heidegger was a top ranking member of the Nazi party, I still prefer his views to Marxist class struggle rubbish. Heidegger’s theories enable me to cast my support for the peasantry in terms of their organic link to the land and “Being”. The Nazis may have been racist but at least they were green, whereas according to my chum Faurisson, Blissett was crossing Bordiguism and occultism. I may not understand what this means but it seems like a good enough reason to denounce Blissett as a state asset who poses a serious threat to the security of the Catholic Church.

The Shaker was so absorbed in the tape of the ICC meeting that it was fully ten minutes before he enquired if the smell that had filled the

basement was emanating from my bottom. I told him that I was proud to have shat my pants and wouldn’t leave until he gave me the box of magazines he’d just purchased from Blissett. Sensing the unstoppable force of my determined personality, The Shaker threw the box at me. Clutching this prize I made my way up to the street. Once outside, I bumped into a fascist provocateur posing as a crack hooker who said she wouldn’t let me fuck her with someone else’s dick.

When I got home I couldn’t believe my luck, not only was the box filled with old copies of the girl’s comic *Mandy* which I could give to my chum Poland, there were also several different issues of the *Bread Doll Fancier: A Magazine for Devotees* put out by the notorious neoist Blaster Al Ackerman. My hands were trembling as I read a summer edition: ‘Finally I quit sniffing solvents and then things picked up noticeably. I don’t know, it was this 22 year-old girl and her boyfriend that finally turned me around as they showed me this doll they had made from old bread the size of a baby and the three of us laid around in bed with it one night. I just thought “this is great”... or was it just the power of the doll?’

Another great find was a copy of Richard Wortley’s *Skin Deep In Soho*, a revealing look at London’s square mile of sin published by Panther Books. At first I was puzzled by Blissett’s annotations of the word ‘mum’ in the paperback – I wondered whether it was some malevolent joke indicating that I would never learn his secrets – but after long hours during which I applied the full force of my brilliant mind to this problem, I deduced that the stripper Tina Maria who’d guided Wortley around the hot spots of the sixties sex industry was, in fact, the ley spotter’s mother. Wortley teased out contradictions in the stories Tina told him about her life and the marginalia confirmed these suspicions. Blissett’s commentary was very revealing. Rather than being immensely wealthy as Tina Maria claimed, Blissett’s father was actually a beatnik who’d come up to London to escape the horrors of working in the family chip shop on a south coast council estate. This orange layabout from an Anglo-Scots family of battered fish merchants had spent years living off the immoral earnings of Blissett’s Catholic mum. No wonder their son had turned to ley spotting!

Just as sensational was a copy of *The Left Against Zion: Communism, Israel and the Middle East* edited by Robert S. Wistrich and put out by Vallentine Mitchell books of London in 1979. My attention was immediately drawn to an essay entitled ‘New Left Reappraisals’ by Ernest Hearst. I quote from page 249 of the tome because the message ‘CIA bollocks’ was emblazoned across it: ‘German New Left anarchists – the true contemporary representatives of a national tradition of ideologically justified inhumanity – went a step further. Kunzelmann, a 31-year-old *Kommunard* whose progress from Berlin student politics to El Fatah terrorism was traced by *Encounter* (November 1970) won national fame by telling his SDS (*Socialistischer Deutscher Studentenbund*) colleagues in a political discussion: “Enough of this *Scheiss-Geblobber!* What’s really important are my orgasm difficulties...”’ I recognised Kunzelmann’s name from some papers I had been studying as background material to my exposure of Blissett. In the sixties Kunzelmann had been a member of the Situationist International. This was serious, it meant I would have to denounce my ultra-left contact Faurisson.

Anyway, returning to the main thrust of my narrative, I stayed up all night reading back copies of the *Bread Doll Fancier*. Fortunately, I live in the tower block across the way from the bagel bakery on Devon’s Road in Bow.

Looking down from my window I’d long ago noticed that unsold bread and bagels were nightly thrown into a dumpster bin in an alley behind the shop. I figured it wouldn’t take me long to assemble a giant bread doll from this plentiful supply of raw material. At that time I hadn’t taken into account the competition, a whole gang of fascist provocateurs disguised as tramps who were constantly stealing bread that was rightfully mine. However, I eventually dealt with these toadies by phoning the local police to complain that the hamster like noises they were emitting prevented me from getting any sleep.

Even after every last one of the fascist dossiers who’d been purloining the bread had been locked up there was rarely enough dough to make a decent sized doll. That’s when I remembered the old anarchist slogan: ‘we don’t want a slice of the cake, we want the whole bakery!’ Wielding a whip and dressed in nothing more than a pair of stilettoes and a smile, I made my way to Dev’s Bagel Bar. Customers and staff ran screaming from the shop as I let rip with a mighty fart. Once everyone had disappeared, I loaded a shopping trolley with soft white bread and made return trips to collect more. After filling my bedroom with this booty I set to work making a larger than life-size replica of myself, God’s gift to mankind Larry O’Hara.

Looking down on my wondrous creation I knew what the 3Lord must have felt like after creating Adam and Eve. He’d have gone straight back to the drawing board so that he could make something more extraordinary, something more like me, Larry O’Hara. Unable to breath life into my bread doll, I set to work making a hole in its shitchute, so that I could fuck myself up the arse. Oh how beautiful it felt as we made love and after I’d come, I clutched Larry Junior close to me. I carried him round and round the room for hours in my triumph and happiness. Larry Junior was perfect in every detail. Sure, his left leg had a tendency to come unstuck and drop off with a soft “plop” if he got jostled too much, but it was easily fixed each time it happened and Larry Junior never once complained.

Several nights later we were sleeping with the noises of the city flowing around us when Larry Junior woke me up and told me to check out the Sex Pistols CDs in the Virgin Megastore. It was a sign, a portent, exactly the type of thing that every independent anti-fascist investigator dreams about. I got up and made my way to Oxford Street. It didn’t take me long to work out that the Sex Pistols were fascist. Their bass player Sid Vicious wore a swastika T-shirt and they performed songs with titles such as *Belsen Was A Gas*. I hurried back to Larry Junior so that I could tell him about this latest scandal which had been uncovered by my sophisticated investigation techniques. It was imperative that we set to work at once exposing the fact that punk rock was fascist. The fate of mankind rested upon our shoulders, me and Junior had to make the world safe for democracy.

When I got home there was a strange rustling sound coming from the boudoir. Junior lay on the bed looking for all the world like he was dying. He was enveloped in a sort of protective silky case like that spun by certain insect larvae before the pupa stage. The rustling noises grew louder. They seemed to be coming from inside Junior’s body. I touched his stomach and it broke open like old paper and hundreds of black beetles came running out. A wave of fuddled confusion gripped me and I felt myself sinking insensible to the floor.

Hours, days later, I made my way to Portsmouth. There was a strange sound coming from Poland’s flat. He was listening to the Sex Pistols. I knew then and there that he was responsible for Larry Junior’s death and I vowed to expose him as a renegade. It was obvious he’d been turned when he’d gone to prison for describing Margaret Thatcher as ‘bat-like’ in the pages of *Green Anorakkk*. Only a state asset would listen to fascist punk rock filth. I knocked on the door and when Poland answered it, I punched him in the face. He staggered backwards spitting out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth. As Poland squirmed on the floor, I calmly explained to him that I would expose his politics in a tract. The evidence of my sincerity in this

matter you now hold in your hands. Thanks to me, the marvellous Larry O’Hara, the world has once again been made safe for democracy!

An expanded version of this piece of investigative journalism by the immortal Larry O’Hara will appear in a forthcoming issue of *Notes From Cloud-Cuckoo Land*. In the enlarged version, Larry will explore what makes Steve Booth (who alongside Paul Rogers now constitutes the entire membership of the Green Anarchist “Network”) tick. In particular, O’Hara intends to examine how Booth’s military service with the RAF has influenced GA’s eco-fascist ideology.

NOTES ON THE CONTINUING MISREPRESENTATION OF NEOISM

The culture industry continues to misrepresent the Neoist Network of the 1980s. Perhaps the most blatant and extraordinary example is in *Flaming Creature: Jack Smith His Amazing Life and Times* edited by Edward Leffingwell, Carole Kismatic and Marvin Heiferman (Lookout Books/Serpent’s Tail, New York and London 1998). On page 87 there is a photo of assorted Neoists doing an ‘action’ in New York, underneath is a description of what’s happening that bears no relation to the picture. Equally hilarious is the *Time Out Guide Budapest* (2nd edition, Penguin, London 1998), which on page 81 claims ‘Despite a cultural bias against the visual, Hungary has produced some of the most innovative artists of the twentieth century. Many such as Victor Vasarely, László Moholy-Nagy and István Kantor (Monty Cantsin) had to leave the country to gain international recognition...’ István Kantor??? István Kantor!!! Likewise on page 86 of the *Time Out Guide Budapest* there is a photo of Michael Tolson (TENTATIVELY a cONVENIENCE) captioned “A Neoist – milking it in Budapest’ and on the following page we find: ‘These days the subversion has turned on the avant-garde itself. Ottó Mészáros recently created artworks out of smashed eggs at Black-Black Galéria, while the flaming steam irons and coat hanger cult parties of István Kantor (Monty Cantsin) and his Neoist shock troops bamboozled Budapest in the summer of 1997.’ Further clues to the international scope of this disinformation campaign can be found in Semiotext(e) #17 (Semiotext(e), New York 1994). On page 105 is a piece of “Amen” Monty Cantsin propaganda and on pages 291-4 text and graphics by the post-Neoist Network group La Société de Conservation du Présent. More recently Semiotext(e) have become David Watson’s publisher. As revealed in *Re:Action* #8, Watson has been running anti-Neoist smears in Detroit based anarchist rag *The Fifth Estate*. Another individual engaged in a phoney feud (i.e. a publicity stunt) with Stewart Home is John Roberts. An essay by Roberts appears in *Occupational Hazard: Critical Writing on Recent British Art* edited by Duncan McCorquodale, Naomi Siderfin and Julian Stallabrass (Black Dog Publishing, London 1998). Despite the fact that Roberts is allegedly having a spat with Home, on page 63 his piece is illustrated by a graphic slung together by Mark Pawson and Stewart Home as part of their pathetic Art Strike campaign of the 1980s. The illustration is captioned ‘Image of uncertain origin, courtesy Transmission.’ Roberts certainly can’t fool us by pretending that the inclusion of this graphic isn’t a favour for his chum Home. Page 80 of the book carries a photo of Home’s 1989 Festival Of Plagiarism at Transmission Gallery in Glasgow correctly captioned illustrating a piece by Home’s pal Malcolm Dickson. Nepotism or what? For the truth about Neoism see the piece translated from Berlin based magazine *Super! Bierfront* run on pages 32-3 of *Entropy* #4.

