Dear Auntie Homosap,

I seem to be accident prone. I keep bumping my head on brick walls. Is it possible to avoid brick walls? Have rubber houses ever been attempted?

Yrs etc.,

Barbaric Arsehole.

ANSWER: IF YOU KNOCK YOUR HEAD ON THE WALL DELIBERATELY YOU WILL NO LONGER BE ACCIDENT PRONE.

Dear Auntie Homosap,

Wherever I am I feel out of place. Am I peculiar or am I really out of place?

Yrs etc.,

James Drone.

ANSWER: WHEN YOU FEEL OUT OF PLACE GO KNOCK YOUR HEAD AGAINST A BRICK WALL. THEN REALIZE YOU COULDN'T BE ANYWHERE BUT WHERE YOU ARE. ORIENTATED, DARLING, ORIENTATED...

Dear Auntie Homosap,

What's the time?

Yrs etc.,

Turky Feele.

ANSWER: THE TIME IS NOW.

Dear Auntie Homosap,

Perhaps you could settle an argument. When did life first appear on earth?

Yrs etc.,

Jackety Whores.

ANSWER: NOW, THEN.

Dear Auntie Homosap,

When will the bomb drop?

Yrs etc.,

Canine Cottons.

ANSWER: NOW, THEN.

Dear Auntie Homosap,

I have an overwhelming urge to escape from the present. How can I achieve this?

Yrs etc.,

Homo Tamata.

ANSWER: DIE.

Dear Auntie Homosap,

I am continuously encased in an air tight, watertight, aircraffollic, windlessless box. What is my trouble? What should I do?

Yrs etc.,

Malcolm X.

ANSWER: THE BOX IS A PLACE/TIME/CONDITION CALLED "LOW," YOU SHOULD FART. THIS WOULD INTENSIFY YOUR EXPERIENCE.

Dear Auntie Homosap,

We are anxious to contact any other eternal beings who, like us, aspire towards a rest -riction into the particular. Perhaps you could put me in contact with some souls and also recommend some drugs.

Yrs etc.,

Ariel.

Urizen.

Odin.

Gabriel.

John Christie.

ANSWER: TRY JOHN F. KENNEDY. HE SHOULD BE INTERESTED. DRUGS RECOMMENDED: PAIN, SEX, WORDS AND (PRESCRIPTION ONLY) FRUIT-BATION.

Dear Auntie Homosap,

Isn't it about time...?

Yrs etc.,

H.G. Pussydown.

ANSWER: A.O. IT'S EXACTLY TIME.

Dear Auntie Homosap,

After long research into psychic phenomena I am convinced that time is an illusion. When you see an apparition I find it more correct to think of it as another moment running alongside the present time than as a visitor from another world.

Yrs etc.,

Stephen Ward.

ANSWER: OH, YOU AND YOUR TWO-WAY MIRRORS....

Dear Auntie Homosap,

There is not much time remaining.

Burt & Pustule.

ANSWER: TIME DOES NOT REMAIN.

Dear Auntie Homosap,

I have been stranded on an eternal plain for days now. Do trains or buses ever pass this way? Yrs, Nancy Pain.

ANSWER: COULD BE.....BUT THEY NEVER STOP.
“We will Travel not only in Space But in Time as well.”

A Russian scientist said that. Let’s start travelling. Form the words into columns and march them off the page. Start with newspapers like this. Take today’s paper. Fill up three columns with selections. Now read across columns. Fill a column on another page with cross column readings. Now fill in the remaining columns with selections from yes—terdaj’s papers and so on back. Each time you do this there will be less of present time on the page. The page is ‘forget—ting’ present time as you move back in time through word columns. Now to move forward in time.

Try writing tomorrow’s news today. Fill three columns with your future time guesses. Read cross column. Fill one column on another page with your cross column readings. Fill the other columns with tomorrow’s newspaper—notice that there are many hints of the so—called future in your cross column readings. When you read words in columns you are reading the future—that in you are reading on subliminal level; other columns on the page that you will later experience consciousness you have already read. “You don’t remember me, Mister?”

You will see ‘me’ tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow to the last syllable of recorded time because you have written and read ‘me’ today. You still don’t remember? Your memory of the future will improve in columns. (Continued page 2 col 2)

English Made Easy For Beginners. It revolves flexible formula.

For beginners today we are going to study the verb “fix”. I fix I have fixed. The general meaning of “fix” is to fit together or put in place as I fixed the notice to the board. Another meaning is to arrange: I fixed the meeting for four o’clock. Still another meaning is to set right or put in order: I fixed that up all right. Or it can mean to put somebody in his place. I will fix him once and for all. Other meanings are “to fire a date to make a date for more advanced students” suffering is one very long moment. We cannot divide it by meagons. We can only record its moods and chronicle (1) their return. With a time itself does not progress. It revolves, it seems to circle round one center of pain.

The paralyzing immobility (2) of a life every circumstance of which is regulated after an unchangeable pattern. (3) so that we bring the day down and pray according to the inflexible (4) laws of an iron (5) formula (6) extract (7) from the Depths by Oscar Wilde. (1) Chronicle to record in writing. (2) Immobility fixity (3) pattern design (4) inflexible implacable (6) formul a should again arrive from home by train as they did in pre—war days in four years’ time the most romantic broadcast in the history of radio after centuries of silence I will fix him again and finally for all to a date another meaning is to arrange a meeting for 4 Cross—column readings page 2 col 1

Last Gun Post Emailed In A Small Town Newspaper September 17, 1899.

“My Bradley Mr Martin stood there in dead star—oh heavy with his duty answer drew September 17, 1899 over New York that morning giving you my toy soldiers put away stops trailing lonely dining room cool remote Sunday. Stein’s army has been called for South Africa fresh southerly winds a long time ago for such a purpose. On assigning them to duty the books opened. Last Tuesday was the regular day for sign—years. A committee had been and bred again refused the contract or even had the opportunity to do so. They are all valueless as I know from my blind wait between London and Brighton a distant hand couldn’t reach never came out that afternoon at recast time I watched the torn sky bend with the wind white white white as far as the eye can see a blinding flash of white. The cabin reeks of exploded star. It was a long time ago young man you can still see used to be your brother young cop whistling ‘Amelia Earhart’ if my memory serves on the top floor you can watch our worn out film dim jerky far away shut a bureau drawer. Last can post erased in a small town newspaper making the stars run backwards again like the train did Distant hand couldn’t time guesses. You are reading the future form ula. Stein’s army is as one man. The ‘yes’ button have been wiped out. Other well known people almost (Continued page 2 col 3)
(Continued from page 1)

A Russian scientist said for beginners today 'Mr
Bradley Mr Martin said that let's start there on
deal star form the word
into varb fix. I fix
I fixed! Heavy with
his dusty columns have
fixed the general answer
drew September off the
page. Start with meaning
of fix as to fit 17
1899 over New York news
papers like this put in
place giving you today's
paper. Fill as I fixed
the notice to my toy
soldiers put away up
three columns with the
board. Another meaning
step trailing a lonely
cross in to arrange: I
fixed room cool remote
column. Fill a column on
the meeting for four
o'clock Sunday. Stein's
army has another page
with still another meaning
is to set right or
put in order the remain-
ing columns or it can
mean a purpose on assign-
ing place to put some-
body in his duty books
on back. Each time place
I fix him on opened.
There will be less for
fall. Advanced students
refused the contract
moved back in time through
suffering. We cannot
do so. Try writing to-
mmore's mood forward
in time and my blind
wait between news today
column seems to circle
that afternoon in recess
on another page with
you one center of pain
I watched the sky torn
column sky bend with
the wind after blinding
flash of light the cab
in rocks of exploded
star can still see used
to become you are

(Continued column 3
this page)

(Continued from page 1)

Now try this: take a wo-
walk a ride do some dreamy
errands in these foreign
suburbs here sad voices
dirtier older worn out
film shut away in a bur-
neau drawer drink a cup of
coffee maybe read the
papers sometimes TV in
the Cafe de Paris. Baby,
it's foreign outside has
the general meaning of
alien and, or hostile. So
return to your trophy
taxi and write what you
have just been heard
overheard read felt with
particular attention to
intersection points like
'You come with me, Measter?
Moulin Rouge. Good place.
Spanish boy girls not cost
much!'/ or an English
lesson on television in the
Cafe de Paris and toy
Place de France. 'It's
a long way to Tipperary
it's a long way to go.'
'This is the fourth les-
one 1 2 3 4.' There are
lessons on television.
There are many lessons
on television. This is
the fourth lesson.' See
what I mean? Intersection
points and few of them
are good however you can
form your own day into
columns and move back in
your time using the same
method you will by now
have applied to news-
paper. Or you can write
your dreamy walk before
you take it. Until you
find the only walk is
out. Now what have I
done here in these
columns? Well the first
column is my necessary
explanations. The second
column is from the Tanger
Gazette Jan 17, 1947. The
third column is composed
from texts of my own
interpersed with pieces
from the New York Times
September 17, 1899.

(Continued from page 1)

you are reading the fut-
ure on (5) formulae (6)
record in writing our wor-
out film dim jerky far
away. You will see days
run back again in four
days like the train
did. distant land couldn't
time guesses to the hit
broadcast. Record in the
history of the radio you
are reading the future to
me today arrange a meet-
ing for four well known
people home by train.

So send along a column
of your times as you read
this paper looking out
the window of a cafe a
train in your mind where
else back through word
columns your time is mov-
ing in a small town paper
making the stanzas run
backwards again like the
train did whistling a
cool remote Sunday for a
bad toy train its a long
way to go see on back
each time place what I
mean dim jerky far away
not prevent except in
you reading the movie
out the train window from
The Moving Times.

Address all contributions
to The Moving Times
William Burroughs
4 Calle Leubrachi Marahla
Tanger, Morocco.
or to Homosap Inc.
Jeff Nuttall
37 Salisbury Road,
Barnet, Herts, England
SYMPTOMS
A FORECAST WRITER 10TH MARCH 1964
BY JEFF PUTTALL

With G in the Spaniards lunch time, usual froth of booted cu-pairs, curly-business men, office groundlings. Skirking whitecoat burnin with the County Down complexion. Sinner over pseudo-rural pints, coyness running down by legs, hanging beaded spittle treacle on my lip. Pose and grince like a girlish child.

Borrow ten bob when a green quid nestsles in my backside pocket. Just to suck the dug, my rosebud gob clamped onto pinkdog G's long seamless tit, like a wetrimed sucking hole in freshturned clay.

Catching bus in Wood Street last time for B. Make the racr homegoing traffic eveninglight with liquid smart on room processioners, hate not because of danger, hassle irritation, just because for cars end crowds the gravitation centre is not me, no car stops, offering lifts, no car stops let me pass; no hand waves. Eyes and cars pass glossy, face by went with hard opaque reflections, throw me back on me.active, yes, hate the lousy shits.

In the George at B local architect/town planner, blazer, old school tie, suede shoes, a honk of greasy hair hung over bloodpocketed face. Lip like a tired foreskin, talks with teeth, long Darby drink, sprucus words and smears his conscious across the line of his sentence like shit across a sheet of bronco. Yet drinks whiskey, holds himself with arrogance, looks across at me. I went to smile, expectating, don't though. Sniff nose prickish, look the other way.

Landlord of the pub by the Town Hall is the last revolting toad of humanity that ever filled a herinic belt. Glistening pigflesh with an orgy dirty upper lip and jowls that show newspaper white through stubble. Sits on barstool, player squashed and smoking in his logturfd fingers, resting on his stubby thighs; his thigh strapped prick outthrouts his blue serge trousers like a heavy napery. 'Trubble viv dese 5ft' 'Bunmen is dey dumb when dey're born. No gratitude.' And all the mired array of earthbats, rurcifeatured, features wretched in, healthy, warm stupidity, nod and purgle spittle. Yet I don't kill the man. I smile when he smiles - even laugh richly at a joke of his.

Lie back in huge chair, snailing, moaning, whispering like a mass of spilled snot curling to itself to sell. Hoop my supper fractured childvoice. Slop it in with tea and yet another dry thin Woodbine crustling nostril top like exhaust pipe rimmed with oil and dust deposit. Later nuzzle to an armpit. Even later find the nuzzled belly leads me into vince. That warm red running stickiness down my skull's sore wall.

The inside bleeding ao my flesh cross bubbleglue.
GROSS READINGS OF FORECAST MARCH 10.
reflections throw me blueseserger trousers x
lunch froth hate x booted su-pairs lousy shit x
trubble viv dass crudled business men grounding in
the george at b-sharking x
old school messed complex:
-ion siptlipex a henarry of earthertas x rings of greecy features running
down bloodpocked face lip like healthy leg s hangen
beared tired foreskin talk:
-s warn stupidity x nod sp
-little on teeth x prince
drow sprwals x words don't kill the
girlish child x
across the line of his
smiles laugh x green quid x
shit across a joke of
blackside broone x just to suck the whiskey cob clerk
-ped himself with arrogon
-cx huge pinkdog salling
winking x whimser bit like a wet axle like a rimed
hole x don't think x
sniff nose smoked snap
curling in fresh turned
cly x sop it last time
landlord x smilliquid scan
humanity ever exhaust x hat
-e no hormix belt rimed
with oil because of danger
-glaring pigflesh dep
-osit x nuzzle irratation
-x lips on crudity x jews
that show the nuzzle
belly x crowds white through
-h vinces x brstool warn
red running x stops offeri
-ing plavy squashed stick
-inex x let me pen dogru
-rd x skull's more hard u
-eyes x eyes resting on
his inside x face of my stumpy
thighs x bleeding flesh
-hard opaque x strpped
prick grows bubblequx

NOTES TAKEN: MARCH II
Sp needles with G. busines
cessness and two cool-faced
teenagers with button eyes.
Pinkface brown makes joke
out of my order for stuffed
work x stuffed matchbox
air ? Stuffed sausage x etc.

G says my painting isn't
beautiful. If it were, I'd be
successful. Says I steal
between two fools. Runs on
about time experiences
based on Dune. Automatic
writing on wacking antici
pates future. It works,
says G. That's one unexpec
ted rational being with
time for Burrough's ideas.
One sidekick one sidekick
slow quick slow quick -
only way to keep warm.
Try the people contradict
the light. Try the light
contradicts the temperature:
Light yellow orange. Blood
-stab fruitjuice thru the
garden treese - light a moul
-dering nubber on the black
Horse facade. People hurry
blockly. Only sound the
idiot traffic stopping,
shirting, pausing, braking,
spedding, roaring, winking,
plying out a hard system of
coplex priorities at the
Black Horse corner as
though by remote control
whilst drivers, imprisoned
by desire to drive, are cura
lished to the point of
greediness by their final
inability to influence
inexorable priorities of the
Road. Strong men become
hysterical....
Two heegdon, teenagers
-all hips swedge and flat, con
-fident eyes - appropriate
the bus stop - appropriate
it! People bump me as I do
ry one sidekick one
sidekick. Not a single
apology. There are no
voices enany and if
there were, who apolog
izes to fat little me
with books.

Cherrywood where even
the sunlight looks like
new cheap paint.
Look at busdriver's
longed hand expecting
black flesh. Shocked by
elephant wrinkles of
leather until I dig
they're gloves. Hospod
work's car broke
down on busy corner.
Opens bonnet slowly and
winsome like a man
prising off a seb.
Written in chalk on a
broken stone outside
the george at B:SHIT & SUN.

A scholar man with
sacri on a chain.
Soft Fred man with
congratulating eyes.He
wants no more than I
him, for once.
Fred: Don't like fat
women. COLLAR: Always
thought you were fat. Fred: I'm not a woman.
Sharp faced tarty old
woman, coughing, hoists
my cuddy lock of syn
-pathy with where's
place of defence fre
faced blue eyes? I can
lose in with it.

Black Swan. Piggy land
lord pleased with new
decor (vilo, gold, vek
and savoury sauce). Ini
icial crow of local
shits (school ties, surn
on suits) Says 'Very
posh,' to landlord.
Replies 'Very posh.'
Don't put it on there
air. It's 'n't arro con
ed yet.' Obsessious wif
-ce whispering like a
not qui: over the pups.
R, J and W at home
with J.R. worried cos
C hates him. Good to
see R, he's all the proj
-people. I feel comfort
able with. Sentimental
loves, of the late fifties. Sit on the flo
-for oddy energetic. Sh
out 's all out of a
crippled silence. In be
c. conscious of R in hi
blankets on ground flo
-for filling whole house
with huge angel tend
ness. Out of time.
Blindworm's blow flattens me. I fell on the mattress. Tides drag across my eyelids. This is the mattress gave. You don't crunch. You don't bounce. You just lay low.

I come to in a dirty office at the back of the side show. Blindworm and Marvel no more. So he's a pixie.

I am appointed by the state department to find Mr. Marvel. He and I were old friends. The only man in England to be a guest at the Whitehouse.

Okay, so I found him. So he's not a marvel. Marvel is wearing that crazy pixie disguise. Blindworm is curled around the inchwell, all grey and nasty. What brings you here? says Blindworm. You know goddess well what brings me here.

Marvel is blow flattens Fidel. Blindworm's black jack have...he's suddenly fresh. Salt and chlorine department find Perfume. Drag of Perfume Jack's hat and something soft and across my eyelids Mr. Marvel.

I come in a dirty guest at the Whitehouse. Cool grey eyes look at the back of the pelting flavors. Blindworm and Marvel not marvelous. A pixie Blindworm. Marvel is his sensory information disguise?

The little dwarf betraying wrinkled skin miles phonograph muscles miles below cities scarring through his singlet plains, vast oceans.

Doom comes as a dirty Blindworm. Perfume Jack is eac...an ear of pain across aware of being dragged. The smell that plucks below butterth. That's Tangerine, to a place where this. We got friensh there, take care of ye.

Fidel Cathro.

Perfume Jack leans forward. His face holds an expression of complete aronesty. His cool grey eyes meet the pelting ulcers through which Blindworm gains his sensory information. Muscles protrude at the angle of his jawline. The giant is Utopia. Utopia has hypnotised us. Only Marvel can deal with him and he's a pixie.