I would like to contact a few Peace News readers who share my concern. I shall be as brief as possible as I have a feeling that all this has been said in your columns before. I hope that art is not a didactic instrument of human self-aggrandizement, but rather a mirror of life within and outside of imagination, an inspiration for the contemporary art world.

It is very unfortunate to be "committed" even in the broadest sense. While this can be seen as an empty justification against what has happened, for instance, in Communist countries, it seems to me that when thousands of pictures are sold in London every year, which are concerned solely with "texture" and "tonal" and similar purely technical problems, the only "committed" works which are at all well-known are a few cartoon-like variations on a theme of mushroom clouds and crosses and crucified, sculptured anchors.

Great galloping, rampaging idealism and as all-embracing and as hard-eyed society by the scruff of the neck combine the ruthless hand-painters; they must shout to Armageddon.

I am, at present, sorry that such things lead me to like to contact three or four artists amateur or otherwise, who like to see ideas appeal with a view to an exhibition in London, in, say, two or three time. A large proportion of any profits could be given to the College of 100 and to Oxford, and the exhibition would be as large and well-advertised as possible. A statement of books of the group might be published. Would anyone interested please write to me at this address?

Peter Currel-Brown.

dangers of unbelief were shown in Mrs. Burton's last story.

Herbert Oswald has since joined a club in England which is exploiting the mountains of Great Britain, and he has learned as many wonderful lessons from God's marvellous works in England as he could ever do in the Alps. He sometimes lectures on his experiences, and never fails to tell Mrs. Burton's stories, ending up with "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

LINA ORMAN COOPER.

THE WEST INDIAN SAILOR AND THE BOOK.

"Good evening!"

"Good evening, mees."

The speakers were in the big reading-room of a Sailor's Institute. The one was a lady-worker connected with the mission to which the Institute belonged; the other was a West Indian youth of nineteen, with a beautiful rich brown skin and frizzy black hair.

It was within a few days of Christmas, and George Grellet was "seeking a ship," a specially hopeless search for coloured sailors at this time of year.

"Yes, mees," he said, in reply to the lady's questions, "I stay at a boarding-house, but I hav no money to stay dare long. And I want money for something else."

"What is that?"

"Mees," said the darkie, earnestly, fixing his big black eyes on her face, "I am from Dominica. My people—dey are all Roman Catholics. I want to hav a Bible—to learn it—and, when I go back, to teach it to them. I haf nevare read it, but when I go next voyage, I come back here and I buy one."

"You will not wait for that!" exclaimed the lady quickly; and she hurried away, returning in a few seconds with a beautiful crimson-covered Bible in her hand. "There!" she said, "that is for you now."

The tall, slim figure of the darkie towered over her as he took it from her in silent reverence. He had seemed so eager to possess it, she rather wondered at his quiet manner now.

"See," he said in subdued tones, placing the Book on a neighbouring writing-desk, and opening it at the fly-leaf, "you write my name dare, mees—George François Grellet."

She obeyed in silence.

"Now—your name. You give it me, you see."

"From Miss Allen," wrote the lady, obediently. Then the darkie sent his self-restraint to the winds with startling suddenness.

Catching up the volume, as if fearful it should be withheld from him, he clasped it almost fiercely to his breast, and, heedless of the attention he was attracting from the many other sailors in the room, he almost shouted, in ringing tones: "Now, see! I lose dat—I lose my life!" And without a word of farewell he strode down the reading-room, with the graceful, silent stride of an Indian, and quickly passed out into the night.

Days passed, and he did not appear.
Note on the Scripture Union Portions for May.

May 1st. Wed. Psa. lxv. 1-13. This is just the Psalm for May-day, which we associate with sunshine and blossoming earth. The opening words of the Prayer— "Blessed is the man who trusts in the Lord" (ver. 2)—should awaken the thoughts of the morning and evening—the dawn and the twilight—rejoice or song (ver. 8). God visiting the earth, watering it, enriching it (ver. 9), watering the ridges, making soft with "April showers" (ver. 10), which bring the dew of the heavens, the showers which make glad the earth (ver. 12). Look at the beginning of the Psalm and see what it is to have springtime in the soul— "Praise for ever" (ver. 13). Prayer (ver. 2), the outcome of a forgiven heart (ver. 3). Joy of a heart right with God (ver. 4). Look through verses 8 to 13, and see who gives spring gladness to the earth. Look through verses 10 to 13, and see who gives gladness to the soul! How is it with you to-day—winter or spring?

May 2nd. Thurs. Psa. lxvi. 1-20. You will notice a little word "Selah," which divides this Psalm into four portions.

Whenever you see it you should go back over what you have read. It is like a music "rest," and seems to say to us, "Stop; meditate here." The first four verses are an exhortation to praise; for God's power conquering. The next three (verses 3-5) tell of God's power ruling. The next eight (verses 6-15) tell of God's providing (vers. 9) and God's proving (vers. 10-12), and close up with four holy resolutions—what are the four? (vers. 13, 14). Next, "the offerings of the sanctuary." These offerings you can bring the "offering of a free heart" and the sacrifice of praise—continually (Heb. xii. 15). Verses 16 to 20 are a testimony which every saved soul may give when asked a reason why. It is just as much as the songs of which you have heard them, the "gospel song" (2 Pet. iii. 15).
Soviet Life Flows On Again in Freed Kharkov

GETTING BACK TO ‘NORMAL’ after the triumphant entry into Kharkov of the Russians on August 31, 1943. A Red Army girl directs street traffic (top), while citizens eagerly scan hastily-printed newspapers stuck up on a wall (bottom). For the fourth and almost certainly last time the ravaging tide of battle has swept over this town of the Ukraine, from where the apparently irresistible Red Army in three days enveloped Taganrog and seemed at last to be able to sweep the enemy from the entire area between the Dnieper and the Sea of Azov. See also page 282. Photos: Pictorial Press.
Movie-Cameramen in the Front Line of Battle

Those who saw Desert Victory, the film of the 8th Army's triumph in Italian North Africa, cannot but have been impressed by the film's dramatic style and the mechanics of the war. This article by CHARLES GRETTON and JIN LE BRUN tells of some individual cameramen who "took" this and other war documentary films. (See also opposite page.)

Fire!" yells the officer. "Fire!" yells another mouth in gigantic close-up; and the silence is shattered by a tempest of fire and fury as seems incredible even now. Guns tear the night to red ribbons; not one a second, but scores simultaneously. The effect on the enemy is dazzling. The miracle is that anyone lived through it. In the making of these dramatic war films on the battlefront, cameramen certainly risk their lives to put the war on the screen.

No. 1 unit of the A.F.P.U., comprising twenty-six photographers, including movie and still men under Major David Macdonald, the film director, carried portable 35-mm. cameras, raced forward with the front line to the film Desert Victory. They shared the soldiers' hardships and brought back pictures of all arms in action which are magnificent in their realism and revelation of stark courage. This triumph of art and valour was not bloodless. Seven A.F.P.U. cameramen were killed or missing (including one still cameraman); four are prisoners of war.

Major David Macdonald, of the Army Film Unit, responsible for some of this war's best moviemaking, went to the Cairo in November 1941, when Rommel thought he was going to throw us out of Egypt. "I took with me thirty-two cameramen," Macdonald said. They were allotted to the various divisions and ordered to go into action with the troops and film what they could. The terrific barrage, the tank battles and bayonet charges you see in the film were taken from every possible angle on the front of the men, behind them, at the side of them. Of course, we couldn't help having casualties. They occurred after Benghazi, mostly from mines, dive-bombers and anti-personnel artillery fire. Four of us were taken prisoner.

"One of my cameramen was a fellow who was a salesman at a Bond Street photographer's; another was a projectionist at a West End cinema; a third—Sergeant Garnham, who used to work with the L.M.S.—was my Number One camera mechanic. He used the Western Desert as his back room. When the camera came back from the show, clogged with sand, he always had another one ready. But for that sergeant there would have been no picture of the Eighth Army.

"The Army perhaps do not regard us as combatant troops. But were we often ahead of the fighting? We were first in Tobruk. On one occasion a senior officer, questioned whether a certain town had fallen, said: 'Yes, the Army Film Unit photographed it!'" This was my pride.

"I hope this doesn't sound too like a puff for ourselves, but the forward positions of the camera crew accounted for three of four sergeants being killed by mines.

After the fall of Benghazi I came back to assemble the miles of film we had taken but most of the credit goes to the editor. Captain Roy Boulting—he made Thunder Rock, whose all-round brilliance will make it one of the biggest films of the war. Once one day, Sergeant Dickie Best, his first assistant, did a great job.

"And there was a woman who helped—Mrs. White—the only woman on our staff. It was she who, time and time again, found us the one shot we needed out of thousands and thousands."

Killed in Air Operations

Unluckily not all of our war movie heroes live to see their films screened. For instance, some of the R.A.F.'s most vivid news films of the Eighth Army, North Africa, the Eighth Army Expedition, and others on north-west Germany, thrilled countless cinema goers. Some of the most recent news films of the aerial war in Tunisia were also his work.

Formerly an operator cameraman for the London Film Production Company, he helped to film Private Lives of Henry the Eighth; Shape of Things to Come, and The Circle—the last picture on which he was engaged before joining the R.A.F. as an ordinary aircraftman. He was 32 when he was killed.

Still alive and defying the Nazis to harm him is another tough war cameraman, Jack Ramsden. The Eighth American Air Force and the Eighth British Army fill with their exploits the latest news reels. Jack Ramsden, British Movietone News cameraman, went with Flying Fortresses bombing railway yards at Rouen. His film and pictures of other raids by Forts make fitting compensation to scenes from the Mareth Line.

Then there is Flight-Lieutenant John Boulting, who is going to America to make a film about the air training scheme there. He is 29. Before he was posted to the R.A.F. Film Unit, he served as an A.C.2 mechanical. His twin brother, Captain Roy Boulting (praised by Major Macdonald), served in a tank regiment for more than a year before joining the Army Film Unit. He has made several short documentaries.

One, Vis Alsia, showed the southern supply route to Russia. Another, The Rails, told the story of the Royal Engineers. Roy also filmed the Vasaag raid landing.

Some of the latest war films are not just of the Ministry of Information for Service instruction. A technicolour film of the actual fighting between American and Axis forces in North Africa is to be shown to British troops in England for training purposes.

The film, now being made in the United States, is similar to Desert Victory and records the initial phase of the North African campaign, covering the occupation of Algiers, Casablanca, and Tunis, and the first American action on the Tunisian front. Produced by Colonel Darryl Zanuck, U.S. Army Signal Corps and former executive of 20th Century-Fox, it was made largely in the height of battle. It shows Axis troops in retreat under terrific anti-tank fire, Lockheed Lightning fighters attacking Messerschmitts, and ships bombarding land and sea targets.

Of course, we are only the ones who make this kind of film. Nazi Ufa film studios are busy with war subjects; the Japanese are making war films too. Thousands of British prisoners-of-war took part in making a film, The Siege of Singapore, according to Tokyo radio. Actual battle sites have been used.

Films, in the making of which many have given their lives, often have a happy ending. Here is a typical story—vouched for by the Army cameraman concerned.

The picture flashed on the screen for a moment—a line of troops embarking for a raid. As the camera moved along one soldier turned and smiled at it—smiled out into the packed cinema to his mother watching him. It was the last smile she will have from him until the end of the war.

He was taken prisoner. The film was a special wartime "short." The mother wrote to the Ministry of Information that picture of her boy smiling as he left on his last raid.

There was little to identify him. The mother had not noticed that almost every one of that long line of British troops had smiled at the camera!

However, the war-film laboratory experts found the single frame in the film where her soldier appeared, and duly sent her a photograph from it.
About three years ago Peter Currel-Brown wrote a naive but right-minded letter to Peace News who published it. It appears again on the front cover of this issue of My Own Mag. As a result of this letter the first issue of My Own Mag was conceived and an exhibition was planned. The exhibition took place in Better Books’ basement, London, throughout March. It wasn’t an exhibition.

It was an experience and it was called the stigma to indicate the close affiliation of some of its artists to stigma (see below.) There are pictures of parts of it on the other side of this page. It was a labyrinth designed to make people feel more. I suggest it would now be a good thing if stigmas sprang up in church rooms, unused basements, deserted prefabs all over the world. Not, of course, like the London stigma necessarily, but the name retained could give the lethal people a disconcerting and accurate feeling that, however varied and wild they may be, certain activities and activists have a common same purpose and these activists have been dubbed by Alex Trocchi stigma.

To be stigma, as I understand it, is to hold the following simple premise - that people must not change or become extinct. Here is a list of people and organisations My Own Mag has made contact with who, in different ways, seem to be attempting to bring about such a change - not just a shift of opinion or political commitment but an actual evolutionary change within the cells of the human mind. To be stigma is not to await guidance or acknowledgement from St. Stephens Gardens (chez Trocchi) It is, for each of these people/groups, simply to continue as they are doing.

Now I am well aware that everyone on the list will find someone else on the list whose mere mention evokes waves of disgust and nausea. Nevertheless I must strongly feel that it would be a good idea simply to meet and tell each other what we are doing - no more than that to start with. If anybody else on, or off the list, thinks this a good idea as well, then let me know - Jeff Nuttall, 37 Salisbury Rd., Barnet, Herts., England - and I will try to fix up such a meeting.

Jeff Nuttall

ADDITIONAL LIST

Alex Trocchi & sigma.
The Pataphysicians.
The Situationists.
Dave Cunliffe & Poets etc.
Ed Sanders, Peace Eye Books, Allen Ginsberg etc.
Adrian Henri, Underside, etc.
Lawr, Ferlinghetti, City Lights.
Tuli Kupferberg & Rat Press.
Wm. Burroughs & F & L Time-Space travellers.
Residu & the Athens scene.
Jim Haynes & Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh.
The Park Lane Group.
The Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation.
Karl Weismann, Klandestin etc., Heidelberg.
Klaus Lee & Vernun etc., Munich.
The Castalia Foundation, U.S.A.
R.D. Laing and the Philadelphia Foundation.
"Post C.N.D." English humorists like Spike Milligan, John Antronius, The Aliberts, Bruce Lahey & Leo Baxendale (?).
Jimmie Johns and the Peanuts Club, London.
Skeo & Noyt (John Latham)
Arnold Wecker & Centre 42.
Joan Littlewood & her Fun Palace.
Martin pixx and his Egginton project.
John Calder and his Soho project.
Victor Musgrove and his isle of sweet anarchography.
Bod Sylvester House and the monks of Hill Murchin & Coth.
I recent concrete widow swing built-in cocks on the lower level

2 that sudden doll flying wet to get raped apartment frisson want you
Spring and the Hardening Heart

Why have I still
This curious and unexpendable guilt?
So many of the people that I meet
Are trapped in pains and stresses
They do not willingly embrace,
The world itself, as I know very well,
Is obviously and unobviously sick
And God knows I have some troubles of my own,
Which, together with those of the rest,
I sincerely pity

Yet still
When I am alone and often also in crowded places
This obstinate and ironic joy
Voices my eyelids and my breath
With bright notes, compounded out of children
And berry-picking, bits of hay,
Birds in sweet fog and juice of earth,
Predominantly pastoral, mostly childish
But not all; some streets, some human beings
And the odd kindling of an academic exercise
Can fill a space or two.

Not the ugly joy in the muck and the stress
Of that it is easier to repent
But this secret, skinless, weeping, singing thing
By calling I am Other, am not You,
Extorts a patient, proud idolatry
And, worse, a kind of love.
This, though it never interrupts my public duty,
Seems hardly consonant with propriety
Because it so evidently has nothing to do with the case
Which is obviously and unobviously sick.

Tony Nuttall B.A., H.B.
DONORS AND DOCTORS
Words by Anthony Evans

One late afternoon in autumn an elegant and beautiful society lady — for obvious reasons, must remain anonymous — stepped from the gloom of Harley Street into the subtly lit consulting-room of a famous consultant surgeon — who must also remain anonymous. And, we hasten to say, the linking together in anonymity of their lack of names must not be wrongly misconstrued.

Lady X was a tall well-bred lady with strong knees and 2 small hard-pointed breasts but on that particular late afternoon in Autumn she was in that dangerous twilight state, halfway between hysteria and plain nervousness that some medical practitioners like to call upset. The famous consultant surgeon, Sir Y, a keen ornithologist, had a perpetual brown and was known in the trade as the number-1 end-to-shock.

Lady X is admitted into the consulting-room of Sir Y by a deferential male house-keeper.

Doctor, I want an abortion on National Health.

Toll me, doctor, can I have an abortion on National Health?

An abortion on National Health...

Long pause

Sit down

I just don't trust those back-off-harley street, hole-in-the-corner, unauthorised abortionists.

I want the best for my baby — or fetus.

He must perform an abortion anonymously; let's call him the Duke of Z or Fred — I don't care. Besides, it's quite irrelevant.

Doctor, I want an abortion on National Health.

Why?

I see.

Who's the father?

He must perform an abortion anonymously; let's call him the Duke of Z or Fred — I don't care. Besides, it's quite irrelevant.

But just to be sure...

Fair enough.

Well?

Fair enough — but why do you want to abort?

I can't stand children. They creep all over the place, break things, crack weak jokes, and then grow up and marry.

No, you can't have an abortion on National Health; it will have to be done privately in the usual way.

Lady X gets up to go.

That will be 5 guineas please.
Dear Sir: SANITARY POTTERS INVITE LOCAL AUTHORITIES TO MEET YOU TO LAUNCH THE FIRST EVER COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY OF BRITAIN'S PUBLIC CONVENIENCES.

The time is 10.30 a.m., on the 16th March, and the venue is the Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych, London, w.c. (sic) 2....

You, too, must have suffered: you have used a toilet and found no toilet paper; smashed wash basin; broken seat the walls a MASS OF ARTISTS DESIGNS!!

The ability to shit through the eye of a needle is governed by two allomorphic sets of genes namely SHIT and shit. This results...

The reason, vandalism, of course. And "come spring, come the vandals."
The vandals, who seem to have spent their winter months wrecking telephon kiosks, smashing railway special, now prepare to launch their annual attacks on the conveniences of Britain.

...in three genotypes.

SHIT 0.2%
SHIT shit 44.8%
shit shit 55%

Incidence per centages are for Caucasians only.
The nomenclature is simplified considerably if $S^a$ is substituted for SHIT and $S^a$ in turn for shit....

With the co-operation of some 250 local authorities the Council has prepared the most comprehensive survey on this subject of public conveniences ever. The whole subject has been tackled. What is the answer to the vandals? And incidentally.....

The homozygote $S^a S^a$ is the only clean sitter as the heterozygote $S^a S$ tends to spatter the sides. The homozygote $S^a S$ should never be trusted because of their somewhat erratic performances. The Public Health Departments should make careful note of the low incidence of the $S^a$-type. There is considerable evidence that in Negroes and Asians....

...the survey has shown women vandals to be as bad as the men, WOMEN ARMED WITH SPATFERS INTENT ON DESTRUCTION.

And the writing on the "ladies" is equally as bad as the men's.

Indeed "KEEP BRITAIN FILTHY" is one of the inscriptions we photographed at a "ladies."

But there are other aspects...

The ladies often complain that they are not catered for as well as the men in the number of conveniences. Are they? The survey throws up some surprising information.

Washing facilities: what is the position in Britain? ARE WE THE DIRIEST NATION IN EUROPE? What is the condition of our public toilets? The hazard to health due...

...to poor sitting and poor conditions? WHAT IS THE ATTITUDE OF THE ATTENDANT?

...the homozygote $S^a S^a$ is universal.

Words found by H. D. Martin. RAIK AND DAVE ROGERS FROM GENETIC TEXTBOOKS AND (unaltered) A CIRCULAR BY THE COUNCIL OF BRITISH SANITARYWEAR MANUFACTURERS.
A fascinating document in the history of the American underworld is the record of statements made by Dutch Schultz as he lay dying in the Newark City Hospital.

At his bedside on December 4, 1935, from late Thursday afternoon until he died the following day at 8:40 p.m., was a police stenographer, F.J. Lang, who took down everything Schultz said. The nobo was delirious most of the time but lucid at intervals. Here is the official transcript of all Schultz said, from Lang’s shorthand notebook, still in the possession of the Newark Police Department:

George, don’t make no false moves. What have you done with him? Oh man, man, man! Oh stop it! Oh, oh, oh. Sure, sure, man.

Schultz at this time was irrational and running a fever of 106 degrees. Sgt. Luke Coulon and other detectives from Newark police "Q" and from the prosecutor’s office were at his bedside. One of the officers had a newspaper.

Was it been in any other papers? What is it to the public? Oh, Phil, fun is fun. What happened to the circus? Oh, oh, he doesn’t. Please.

Who shot you?

The boss himself.

No. I didn’t.

Yes, I don’t know.

What did he shoot you for?

I showed him boss: do you hear his name? An appointment. Appeal stuck. All right, mother.

We will help you.

Will you help me up? Okay. I won’t be such a big crepe. Oh, man, I can’t go through with it. Oh — and then he clime me; come on. Cut that out, we don’t owe a nickel; hold it, instead, hold it against him; it is a pretty good pretzel.

Don’t holler.

What did they shoot you for?

It was the boss set you.

Who shot me? No one.

It was the department of justice. I even got it from the department. Sir, please stop it. Say listen the last night...

Maifred Department of justice. I even got it from the department. Sir, please stop it. Say listen the last night...

I didn’t want to holler. The last night...
I don't know, sir, honestly I don't. I don't even know who was with me, honestly. I went to the toilet. I was in the toilet and when I reached the boy came at me.

The big fellow gave it to you?
Yes, he gave it to me.
Do you know who this big fellow was?
No.

I don't know who shot me.
Don't put anyone near this check; you might have some got up, hoh? In the olden days they waited and they waited. Please give no shot. It is from the factory. Sure, that is a bad — well, oh good, ahead that happens for trying. I don't want harmony. I want harmony. Oh, mumps; no! Who gave it to him. Who gave it to him.

If we wanted to break the ring no, please — I got a month. They did it. Come on — cut me off and say you are not to be the beneficiary of this will. Is that right? I will be checked and double checked and please tell for me. Will you pull? How many good ones and how many bad ones? Please I had nothing with him he was a cowboy in one of the seven days a week fight. No business, no argument, no friends, no nothing; just what you pick up and what you need.

Please don't ask me to go there. I don't want to. I still don't want him in the path. It is no use postage riot. The sidewalk was in trouble and the boys were in trouble and I broke it up. Please put no in the room. Please keep him in control by gilt-edge stuff and those dirty rats have turned in. Please mother, don't tear, don't spy; that is something that shouldn't be spoken about. Please get no up, my friends. Please, look out, the shooting is a bit wild, and that kind of shooting saved a man's life.

No payrolls. No walls. No coupons. That would be the only out. Pardon no, I forgot I am plaintiff and not defendant. Look out for him. Please. He owed me money; he owes everyone money. Why can't he just pull out and leave me in control?

Please mother your pick me up now. Please, you know me. No, don't you scare me. My friends and I think I do a better job. Police are looking for you all over. Be instrumental in letting us know. They are Englishmen and they are a type and I don't know who is best, they or us. Oh, sir, go the doll's rolling. You can play jacks and girls do that with a...
How many? Two thousand. Come on, get some money in that treasury. We need it. Come on, please get it. I can't tell you to. That is not what you have in the book. Oh, please warn them. What I going to do for money? Please put me up on my feet. You are a hard-boiled man. Did you hear me? I would hear it, and the supreme court might hear it. If that ain't the pay-off. Please crack down on the Chinaman's friends and Hitler's commander. I am sore and I am going up and I am going to give you honey if I can. Mother is the best brother, don't let Satun draw you too fast.

John shot you and we will take care of John. That is what caused the trouble. Look out. Please get me up. If you do this, you can go and jump right here in the lake. I know who they are. They are French people. All right. Look out, look out. Ph, my memory is gone. A work relief. Police. Whose it? I don't know and I don't want to know, but look out. It can be traced. No change for the worse. Please look out; my fortunes have changed and come back and went back since that. It was desperate. I am wobbly. You ain't got nothing on him but we got it on his helper.

Oh, yes. I didn't even get a look. I don't know who can have done it. Anybody, kindly take my shoes off.

No, there's a handcuff on them. The man says these things. I know what I am doing here with my collection of papers. It isn't worth a nickel to me. Give it to you and me, to a collector. It is worth a fortune. It is priceless. I am going to turn it over. Turn your back to me, please, Jimmy. I am so sick now. The police are getting many complaints. Look out. I want that note. Look out for Jim. Valentine. For he is an old schoolmate. Come on, come on, Jim. Okay, do everything all through. Can't do another thing. Look out, man, look out for him. You can't beat him. Police, mama, Helen, mother, please take me out. I will hurt the indictant. Come on, open the soap buckets. The chimney sweeps. Take to the sword. Shut up, you got a big mouth! Please help me up, Henry. Hat, come over here. French-Canadian born soup. I went to pay. Let the leave me alone.
In response to my indignant letter-
(Dutch sphere was indignant letter-
In this connection I recommend to
all students of prose the last
words of Dutch Schultz as quoted
in The Desperate Years compiled by
James D. Moran page 183) the Sunday
Times dropped this unctuous literary
pearl which I quote verbatim;

Dear Mr. Barroughs,

thank you for your
letter. Dr. Byrne's allusions to Dr.
Dent's 'nastiest qualifications' refer-
to his academic qualifications
which were minimal.

While Dr. Dent believed
that morphine in some way regulated
the metabolism of certain substances,
the majority opinion among repute-
table psychiatrists is that it works in
fact by producing an aseptic. As
far as our correspondent knows the
matter has never been biochemically
settled one way or the other. Among
established psychiatrists Dr. Dent's
treatment of certain mental states
was regarded as amateurish.

Your letter arrived a
long time after the original article
of course. On any other occasion you
would like to submit a letter we
should be grateful to receive it
earlier.

Yours sincerely,

Peter Hiley
For The Editor.

Sir or Madame:

Thanks for your gracious
message which catches so precisely the
essence of doctor Byrne's有多么
prose that I cannot but sur-
mise you yourself are no stranger
to the medical profession. In any
case the good doctor now has a
formidable rival in a particular
and specialized field of prose
and I myself would be hard put to
decide on which of our two heads
the laurel should most appropriately
gain. Perhaps this vexing question
could only be resolved by a
majority consensus of reputable
established practitioners in this
genre presenting of course the
most modest and normal qualifi-
cations from an academic viewpoint
and in other important respects
as well. As you point out my letter
arrived some time after what you so
aptly term as the "original article"
and this is not surprising in view
of the postal delays in these remote
counties beyond the "lurking Pond"
where communications from the capital
are sometimes reported a matter of
months depending of course on one's
relative position which is to say a
periodical or news source originating

So thanks again for your grey letter
arrived so precisely some time
after the American liner Inde
-pendence (January 4) The e-
cence of article and this
North Atlantic storm is
not surprising that I
cannot open a weather door
on a lower deck but surmise
your remote counties reached
a port-hold on beyond the
"lurking medical profession
Upper Deck" and hurled half
a ton of ice water - (in my
case, doctor, sometimes reta-
ined) upon a rival in his
particular and specialized
couple slobbing -- (relative
position presumably making
then) - could only be the inde-
pendence described rendered
by a majority stnt to the
capital more than 30 years
removed in it not? It was li
ke riding a generous offer
to take in consideration
qualifications from a future
true address which which
catches that you so oddly
turn doctor Byrne's有多么
prose 'Pond' where periodical
in such a remote post might well take a coruscate length of time to reach the capital which would then be in some tense or more accurately direction removed is it not? 

lately the generous offer to take in consideration correspondence I might at some future time address earlier to your paper inspires me in no degree of hesitation considering my modest qualifications as a writer unskilled in the niceties and refinements of ambiguity which adorn your prose and the prose of your learned colleague doctor A. Byrne.......

(sheepless providence supported by the rich, policeman jumped on them.)
From Afternoon Ticker Tape My Magazine published by J Nuttall of London.
Not even the generous injections of the green and grey could keep it afloat for more than two issues after which it sunk under the dead grey sludge of its own prose. The cadaver was however however resurrected in New York under the name I believe of The National Magazine under the editorship of Mr. Buckley (described as a 'silver tongued speaker')

90 Nova Express -- another minor American formed by meteorite impact and it would make a splendid good talker he said) and Mr Rushor, a buck-toothed marling gumam so ugly in the expression of opinions that might have been well received from other lips-- to wit that Red China is the mortal enemy of the American way of life which in this particular case has found such a hideous spokesman that he was booted off the Los Crane Show. (The

self in no stronger to the matter...RE: page Above Press edition Nova Express; Unleashment dedicated to traffic in exchange narcotics phraseology demonstrated a Tymied Mary who will spread the narcotics problem to the United Kingdom. Cutup Western World Oct. 1959: A magazine which listed as its sponsors every far right reactionary group active in the Western World and any place else that can find traction in fact a Wha is The of the far right and perhaps of interest to the uh opposition.

Ugly American falling out in Honolulu. Arise one ostern. Even uglier were summoned.) In conclusion I quote from Mother no 3: 'Like a good policeman aposmorphine does its work and goes. Syntesis of the aposmorphine formulae could create drugs excercising a regulating instance ten or a hundred times more powerful than the existing formulae drugs capable of eradicating from the planet what we now call anxiety. Now since most existing establishments are basically and inane rooted in this same anxiety it is not surprising that the use of the aposmorphine treatment and the development of synthetic variations of the aposmorphine formulae has been and will continue to be violently opposed in certain interested and decorously predictable quarters of the Western World.

h.b. William Burroughs.