MY OWN MAG.

ISSUE 13 THE DUTCH SCHULTZ SPECIAL CONTAINING THE COMPLETE 'DEAD STAR' MS BY WILLIAM BURROUGHS H.B.

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MAILBAG CUTTINGS RE MEETING SUGGESTED IN MAG 12

...My own branch of SIGMA is satire as in novella...and in apocalypsis..mainly in rather traditional pursuit of spiritual enlightenment (I think everybody should read A. Huxley's THE ENIGMA OF MORTALITY and NAUGHTY LUNCH.) Anyway, if you get a meeting organised please let me know. NB: I am using my thesis as much as possible to charge people away from thinking based on time to thinking based on eternity - The best part of AG's message.) George Dowden, Brighton.

Liked (!) the h group show. Could this be a start of the fatigue trade - the BB celler wd be as good a premise as any. Or perhaps Madame Tussauds might be interested? See my forthcoming PhD dissertation on the ontogenic structure of the nascabre and its relation to the uncanny. Phil Cohen, London.

...I cannot but hail the ideas you expressed in your statement on SIGMA (in fact it's amazing to recognise the basic affinities in thought and aim of numerous people groups all over Europe & the USA; call it SIGMA, SIGMA, provo!!! - it's the same crystal awareness vid Ginsberg 'will people accept the new consciousness or will they vomit it up in an atom bomb?...)' inez andrews and her gospel group preached it to thousands in concerts these past few weeks in various cities of Germany and will repeat it to millions on TV in June: RIGHT NOW IS A NEEDED TIME let's have some will get the message...) yeah, please try to fix up such a meeting. It should be a highly inspiring experience to meet each other and exchange thoughts... Karl Weissner. Heidelberg.

...I'm not easy at the moment but purpose to see you in September...it's not 'later', we are in connection all the time, having fulfilled your wishes in this issue (Kuna #4) my soul wd pick up the pieces and... People Streetcars...if Dutch Schenck died then he died in the atmosphere of iron rail oil and steel...slowly I'm able to move again with the wires in my head... Klaus Lea, Munich.

It's horrible why people have to be like that and destroy...but I suppose it's a stupid question and in fact it is one more proof of the real need of the majority of people have for a change... Daniele Margoniti, Bologna.

...an evening at an evening of art in late June or early July...the thing is on an Artaud kick, with some dada stuff from Schumits and Tzara and others together with some more recent ideas... Alice Thoms, Annandale, Australia.

...I have found a new stew. Nothing is its here. Or rather nothingness. Share it. This is the start. I may never finish. I enclose myself. There is something there. (I hope) John Moore, London.

...I'm not sure that conferences are anything more than nice places in which to meet nice people, which is ok but there must be some constructive constructual activity, a pure social gathering not perhaps being too good a thing. A sort of permanent centre would seem to be a better proposition, but those exist already, and you do not seem to be satisfied. Cavan McCarthy, Leeds.

(You wouldn't nob it I'm not satisfied - Ed.)

...congregation of various 'sigiotic' kinds would be fantastic if it could be arranged. I'm enthusiastic and will put SLOW - at present John Moore and myself - on the list... Andrew Lloyd, London.

...As for the meeting, I would be delighted to come to this... George MacBeth, London.

...I suggest we use the facilities of Better Books for a meeting...I think the climate is just right for an incredible scene with words, images, magazines, books, movies, jazz, people, behind, climbing over each other in orgasm reflex of DELIGHT!!! Miles, London.

...It seems to me that the whole question of identity is not unimportant. It is certainly only relative to a stable society...it is rather important. dissenting the control machine by showing the precise manner of its operation... William Burroughs, New York.

...We should stop all multinationals and send an independent satellite to orbit Mars armed with nuclear missiles of great power... all the world to ransom (I'm serious.) Keith Musgrove, London.

{ B.S. Johnson, To: Raworth, Angela Holla, Bill Butler, Harry Fauchett together with the usual old sceptical crap from other quarters. Operations held up because the whole hit seems superceded by the Albert Hall session and the bacchic rout in Allen Ginsberg's wake. Now everybody's back in the old rut again it still seems a good idea to me. Look out for news... Jeff Nut.
THE DYING WORDS OF PERFUME JACK

AS TOLD TO MY OWN MAG'S SPECIAL EXTRA-TEMPORAL CORRESPONDENT SOME TIME BEFORE THE WORLD RECEIVED THEM IN TERMS OF SOUND LAST NOVEMBER

Between vile sounds of strangulation and inner difficulty let me introduce myself — none other than your own interstellar correspondent Juan Santiago — for some vile hiccups and back actions of time now intermittently receiving Perfume Jack who laid out his last testimony for the interstellar courts some time before his decease in the pursuit of buty arghh beauty gunned down by Homo sap in Better Books basement November 87 1964 — come on now Jack blow it to me...

NOW LISTEN! Didn't I speak the last sixteen?

What happened to the sixteen? You promised me a million — whose number is that in your wind?

SHOW THE DUTCHMAN GEORGE!

I'm trying Inspector — PLEASE HELP ME GET MY POCKET BOOK!!

In your wind! Forget your pocket book! Didn't I speak that reverse decision? Operation don't make no moves on reverse decisions!

PLEASE HELP ME GET OUT! I'M GETTING FAST AND FURIOUS...

HENRY AND FRANKIE WILL HAVE TO PLEASE TELL
Where inna fuck's George?

- HENRY AND FRANKIE OR THE DUTCHMAN...

Henry and Frankie didn't hold it against the department of justice.

How do you know this? I won't be such a big creep.

A BIG CREEP WILL FIT!

WHAT ROOM ON THE BOWERY?

I DON'T KNOW SIR - HONESTLY - I WAS IN THE TOILET - THE BOY C-C-CAME-

Show the Dutchman George.

Are you tracking me for half a line in Easter? Mountains in any other fun.......

...the snow-capped peaks.......

Dutchman talking - You didn't even meet when through. Oh oh dog biscuits for Mad Dog Coll. April 25 mark a mick

November 287 - remember Santiago

Mama I can't go through with a pretty pretzler
WHO SHOT ME?

Mad Dog Coll talking - Hand Sixteen done a flight for fun... Hey Henry Bradley/Frankie Martin!

We hear you Mad Dog - Kayiyi Kayiyi....

The big fellow had nothing with him. Ten million fighting - What happened to the sixteen?

YES WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SIXTEEN

What happened to the five Puerto Ricans?

GET OUT SOME CREAKING HINTS OF FIVE!

SANTIAGO HANGED - GOD IS FALLING

Belt from the death of a double case. Kayiyi Kayiyi....

Play jacks and girls with a soft Hitler...

Somebody call?

SANTIAGO HANGED FIVE PUERTO RICANS! 87 BELT FROM THE DEATH OF A JACK AND GIRL - PLEASE LET CREAK - WHAT HAPPENED TO FLIGHT 52 ON FEB. 14 -

BABAM BAM
DA HELL WID YA! - 22 - 25
- 5 - 14 - 87 - 12 - 23 - 16
- 52 - WHAT HAPPENED TO DA 16?

REDUCE TO ZERO!

...dust and smoke at 13780...
he stabbed her happy....

kayi....

SOMMERVILLE REDUCED TO ZERO.

BABAL

...Magic mattress...
...snow-capped peaks...
...a long time ago...

RAM BAM BAM

called...
lost...
flight...
October 23, 1935

To show the 'Dutchman' in operation start with: 'Th Old Farmer's Almanac on the back porch of his farm'... (Quote from a reading I gave April 22, 1965 room on the top floor if memory serves 222 Bowery with Mark Thomas)... All right The Old Farmer's Almanac page 17 April 25

Low Sunday... bad year's lowest P.M. this ash... Are you tracking me? Know who I am?: Mark Easter Bet a muck and later the snow capped mountains.

Now when I made the above notation it so happened I had to hand called to my attention by a Mr. Wilson of Fact Magazine a newspaper article hinting at foul play in the 'suicide' deaths of 5 Puerto Ricans since Feb. 3 XXIII all by hanging in city jail cells: Juan Santiago hanged himself with his belt from the top of a double bunk at the Tombs Easter Sunday (Mark Easter date)... Now on Valentine Day Feb 14 also a Sunday I gave a reading at the East End Theatre at which I played a teleplay by cutting the last words of Dutch Schultz into newspaper items. Among the items used was: '87 die. Santiago, Chile Feb 6, A Chilean DC-6B crashed. All aboard were killed including one American tourist. 'Santiago's estranged common law wife whom the police say they saw April 12 by stabbing her 23 times!... The plane... I mean planes.

George don't make no full moves... What have you done with him? Oh mama oh stop.

For half a line no repeat performance in any neighborhood bar.

Departed have left no address. Know who I am? Are you tracking me? I am a survivor of Flight 52... It was called 'Lost Flight'. Now pay attention we are going to give some cracking hints... por eso I have survived ticket to Seville, oscur... a XXIII a callejon. Hurry up please its time. London bridge is falling... I had not thought Death Magazine 52 had undone so many... Death certificate at the English Consulate... 5 other names with the same date of death). Dust and smoke the man who never was...
The plane's charred wreckage was strewn a thousand yards... A boy has never wept nor dashed a thousand, Kim did you hear me?—over the snow capped mountains... and later the snow covered mountains... Another Item concerned a plane crash off Jones's beach... only one called this we ek... Plain Mr. Jones or Mr. Jones... If you prefer... Occupied... I on? Well say tourist... I've been called harder names and it won't hurt my feelings... From the last D.S. words, I note: 'I was in the toilet and when I reached the boy came at me...'. It had occurred to me that the boy in quest... lol might be Vincent Coill a young punk who tried to muscle in on Dutch and was machine gunned in a telephone booth... I mean booth... I had the reference to hand in The Desperate Years compiled by James D'Hornan... Okay okay Jim I am all through can't do another thing... page 86 I read: Mad Dog Vincent Coill began carrying a hired gun for Schultz at $150 per week... in 3 months he was demanding a cut of the Dutchman's percentage... When the outraged Schultz said 'no'... and it says 'no'... Coill started a WACKY rival organization... Dutch Schultz said 'Get Coill off my back... Get the Mick off my back... Mark a mick... vital statistics are not in capital letters... snappy please please to do this... Then Henry Frankie you did n't meet him. You didn't... even me at me... The glove will fit what I say... Oh Kayyi Kayyi... Sure who cares when you are through? How do you know this? How do you know this? Well then oh Coca knows thinks he is grandpa again... he is jumping around... No Hobo and Robo I think it means the same thing... Who shot you?... The boss himself... What did he shoot you for?... I showed him boss... Do you hear him meet me... An appointment... Appeal stuck. All right mother... Was it the boss shot you?... Who shot me... no one... 'We will help you... Will you get me up?... Okay I won't... What sort of Bels called retreat 22-23 skiddo extra ngerous permicious... Shrinking in the basement... Reducing to a code message and transmit. Come on Tom it's your turn... Light left back 300 yards... Click of distant heels... A bell strikes 21... Soldiers dented my home... Very far away the old Rome Dutch shpere was indignant letter... Are his teeth discolored? His clothes are crumpled about Earl's Court is the entire reply. Myself if your general on Thursday... About face jaunty from the last days... St. Cross May 3, 1964... I am speaking from shifting layers of smoke broken streets...
Schultz's mobsters tried to kill Coll 4 times...

...Then they found that Owney Madden was again being shaken down by Coll. Madden the "Clay Pigeon" died April 24, age 72.

One day as Madden was talking to Coll on the phone a gunman appeared and stuck a gun in Madden's ribs and said softly:

"Keep talking, Owney."

Within minutes the call was traced to a drug store on West 23 St...

"Look out it can be traced."

Coll was still in the booth when 3 men drove up. One took a station at the door outside, he other guarded the inside and the 3rd walked up to the booth and sprayed it with machine gun bullets.

Autopsy showed 15 steel jacketed bullets struck Coll in head, chest and stomach. He was the last.

"Dutch" Schultz was shot and fatally wounded on October 23, Thursday, 1935 in the Palace Bar on Newark's Broad St. He died Friday Oct 24. He was 32 years old.

Valentine was police commissioner as the time Dutch was in the numbers racket a lottery based on quotations from the financial page. His number was up. Well back to the Puerto Ricans incidentally my reading on Thursday, April 22 was called Puerto de los Santos. Juan Santiago stabbing her 23 times vezes. The slaying took place at 5 P.M. Santiago was the 23rd.

"Owney Vincent Madden"

The Mad Dog: Vincent Coll

The "Clay Pigeon"

Its Hell here waiting on the corner of Magical St...

Let me tell you about a score of year's dust on the window one summer the speaking clock his past history (lesser known Hebrew bulletins of interference) aged with moonlight travel along the Hudson a long time ago fresh southerly winds from remote landing the closing quotation to him in his lingual 3rd Avenue Sympathy closing at 187 against 1860. Scheme was sprung The Board screaming: "Rapid Transit!" down the hall wait for the..."
Puerto Rican to hang himself in city cells since Feb. 3. The first death was that of Oswald Rivera, 20. The second death occurred on February 12. Jaime Gonzalez, 55, hanged himself with a plaid flannel shirt. It was Frank Gonzalez who shot Captain Clark - picture in Newsweek - May 15, 1963 - precipitating an air crash in which 44 died. Captain Clark welcomes you aboard. Valentine Day Chicago 1963: 7 Bugs Moran mobsters cut down in a garage on North Clark St. 'We will not demonstrate for this one' said Gilberto Valentine of the Nat. Association for Puerto Rican Rights. He was talking about the death of Santiago Zapata of 26 W. 65 St. died March 5, 1965 hanged himself with a sort of sweater skirt. Dec 23: A sixth army spokesman said two more bodies were recovered from the El River. Lives lost in the California floods now total 23... March 2, Daily News: 23 killed in Montreal Apartment Blast. The... March 30, Daily News: 23 Die in Saigon as Bomb Rips Embassy. New York... post... Monday, April 12... Tornado Dead: 223... On Easter Sunday... mark Easter date by recording pieces of song and static from the radio cutting in new items and D.S. and my own texts... Old silent movie music... fadeout...
Gambler is executed in parking lot. Has it been in any other papers?...7 o'clock the evening of May 2. Memories Baptist Church. Gangland executioners transformed a rendezvous on a est side parking lot into the blood bath yesterday...an appointment...appeal stuck...I showed him bossy. Did you hear him meet me? They shot to death one and critically wounded the other and escaped by car. The glove will fit what I say...The victims were: Michele Dentico Pancerelli 52...I had not thought Death Magazine 52 had undone so many—the big prize in a national wonder sweepstakes—cut that out. We don't owe a nickel...hold it...ready and Gabriel Fulsonetti 47 Mount Vernon N.J. shot in the left side of the head on the dial of the WPAT offers more music in the limelight. The song is ended but the melody lingers on...I want to pay let them leave me alone...you and the song were gone but Fulsonetti under went emergency surgery at St. Vincent's hospital...Pancerelli died instantly of a wound in the right chest and two wounds of the stomach. The song is ended but the melody lingers on. 3 bullet holes fringed round with jagged skin. I found at the break of dawn...old stolen car. Silver paper in the wind...sunlight on vacant lots...
The boy has never wept nor dashed a tear. Kim, did you hear me? 2000 came on to get some money in that treasury. We need it. I can't tell you now. That is not what you have in the book. 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 the Chinaman's friends and Hitler's commander. I am going to give you money if I can. A worker relief, who gets it? But look out it can't be traced. He changed for the worse. It was desperate. I'm pulling me out. I am half crazy. They dyed my shoes. Open this up and break it so I can touch you. Danny please get me in the car. The Baron says these things. I know what I am doing here with my collection of papers. To a collector it is worth a fortune. Look out for Jimmy Valentine for he is an old pal of mine. Come on come on J-m. Okay okay I am all through. Can't do another thing. Look out mamma. You can't beat him. Come on open the soap ducks. The chimney sweeps take to the sword. Shut up you got a big mouth. Please help me up. Henery. Max come over here. French Canadian bean soap. I want to pay. Let them leave me alone.

Cold coffee sitting right where you are sitting now. A chair that folds. The boat is whistling in the harbor. He cuts his voice. Ticker rumors might help the editor to comprehend my dark host. Had been in church as well a long time ago. Let me tell you about a score of year's dust on the window. Fresh southerly winds from remote landing. J. Henrique only survivor spitting blood on ruddy outskirts of Lima. An old junky selling Christ mas seals on North Clark St. 'Fight tuberculosis, folks!' The Priest they called him. Boat whistling in the harbor. Cuts his voice. East Beach shall I phone friendly Gray Post/?...dead line...closed at 88 Buttons. Only one call this week plain Mr. Jones. Electricity is in their clock tells you the time: 2 minutes to noon. A great white flash was reported 200 miles West of Land's End yesterday...Kim, where you are sitting now near Quincy did you hear me? 2000 chairs that fold...a boat...Illinois...9 guardsmen. That altar boy the pay off. Please IMAX...landing down on the China survivor. Great Atlantic Accident. Need a peg to hang it on. China, name address hotel quite right? the basement hall? Enemy fighters desperate, dead line closed them. Kim, I am half crazy at 88 Buttons...Only one call. Me also an altar boy. Mr. Jones he was in church. I can touch you. Tell you the time in the church. Fire in the car. Look out for guardsmen. That altar boy. AWOL sailor. Jimmy Valentine for pay off...landing China...