MY OWN MAG

FLAPPY BLUE QUEER FOLKS!!

Pluto is coming

OKAY SAM —
READ OFF THE NAMES
AND LINE 'EM UP

Jeff Nuttall
Brian Patten
Nick Wilcocks
Klaus Lea
Mike Kustow
Peter Currell-Brown
Ilsewyn Watkins
Tom McGrath
Tunne
Bill Butler
Barry Cole
Charles Plymell
Charles Marowitz
John Keys
Phil Cohen
KH Weissner
MY OWN MAG

YEAR * EITHER

FLAPPY BLUE QUEER FOLKS!!

INTERROGATION UNIT

OKAY SAM
READ OFF THE NAMES
AND LINE 'EM UP

Jeff Nuttall
Brian Patten
Mick Wilcocks
Klaus Lea
Mike Kustow
Peter Currie-Brown
Iolwyn Watkins
Terry McGrath
Tonk
Bill Butler
Barry Cobo
Charles Plymell
Charles Muscovits
John Keats
Phil Cohen
KH Weissner
Pluto is coming
WHO IS PLUTO?

pluto is not a kernel
he is not a civil servant.
he is
he is
NOT A PLANET

who is
A PLANET, anyway?

Pluto
has hardly been born

he was not involved with
THE REVOLUTION OR
the latest

fashion parade
Pluto
not a flower

he
disappeared through
Pluto Patten

a glass kennel
For the benefit of those interested but not actually there the meeting last Thursday was just about a success. Nobody came up with any actual plans & dates except John Keys and his pavement theatre idea. On the other hand everybody went away with the intention of individually carrying something out before -------, December when we all meet again at ------- -------, not to suggest ideas, but to say what we have done - each off his own bat....

Jeff Buttall

...(a) 'sigma' for men - men for all and everything! 'sigma' the creative flow thru mind!
(b) no idea
(c) depend on lokal actual energy
(d) poets and other artists spread all over town, reading, talking or painting on street corners, one week, everyday one hour during rush hours, the same place (persons can change), the same thoughts. If possible, at central points the whole day and night introductions and meetings in printed tents. At the same time coal fireplaces in Central Park (in winter), or clear water drinks (in summer).
Production (linoleum or rubber) of stamps with sigma slogans, printed on rolls of toilet paper.

Some of them can be sold with intuitive small drawings beside the slogans to people.

These things have to be kept simple and are supposed to catch peoples attention.

Dear Jeff, I hope you are successful. My solid blessings to you and everybody.

Klaus Lee.

...Out of my experience travelling around London in the past few months I'd say the major problem is this: how to find those situations in which your poem/song/painting/sculpture/event GETS INSERTED INTO DAILY LIFE. We've got to discover structures and platforms that can intrude into those occasions where people come together naturally for some purposes: street markets / strikes and lockouts / recruiting drives / state openings of parliament / other professional gatherings / football matches / public parks / motor shows / Cannon St, Liverpool St, and other commuter stations where people sit in their trains half-an-hour before departure in order to ensure a seat / queues of all kinds, to beat the bakers at their own game etc etc

In these situations we've got to create an area for ourselves - whether by light, sound, colour, smell, amplification or whatever. Concrete ideas that come to mind:
1) Buy a double decker bus, transform it into a kind of obstacle course like you had in Better Books basement. Only now it would be mobile, and ql be moved into some of the above places.
2) Posters: 'The Moving Times,' if it really was designed for posting on tube walls, was disastrous. But the idea of poets and painters combining to get their stuff in the very midst of ordinary poster advertising is splendid - and our model shd be Mayakovsky and his mates, who did just this in Moscow shop windows in 1917. Eventually, the Arts Council or some other such group of wellmeaning shd buy us the advertising sites (Disagree - UN)
3) We shd explore the potentialities of travelling stages, wagons like they toured the medieval miracle plays in, structures like Punch & Judy booths. Only one rule for the whole thing: we've got to be effective and strike where it works, and never never never congratulate ourselves on our audacity...

Mike Kustow,
...Trouble is, anything done on a large enough scale tends to be expensive. Maybe not cows' guts though, should be cheap enough at any slaughtering, you could do - lo! with tin sacks of cows' guts just before the Lord Mayor's Show... but six chimney smoke increases in judge's wig all set round the constable would cost money, unless you did some rustling in the provinces. Supermarkets are good public places, asking to be violated! like churches used to be, but you need guts to take over a supermarket - they're like beans for security. Red smoke generators for enclosed spaces. Huh...

Peter Currel-Brown

I'd like to mention 2 things I tried out w/ assistance of a few friends, & which caused some stir:

1) an automaton for condons, cigarettes etc. that put out small cards reading 'merci' or 'I don't react any more - I got. how about you?' etc.

2) there are packs of newspapers piled up in front of blocks etc early each morning, several times get some of them, stamp 'CENSORED' across lower half of frontpages &/or 2nd, 3rd, etc pp. and censor obscenities like 'escalation', 'bacon to barley' etc. or correct obvious misprints like 'Chancellor Erhardt: Reunification must not become an idle phrase'...

....just not become unmask in an idle phrase! (unfortunately it didn't be done on a larger scale)...

Karl Weisner

Made of superfine plastic film that's tissue thin, watertight - prepared to slip on easily. Use and toss away! I thought we would have to put Daisy to sleep... but I could never do this. I suffered as she suffered almost two years with large, running, itching sores. I had almost given up trying things when I came across Sulfix Gel. Now her back is all healed, her hair is coming in thick. The Lord should bless you for such a fine product. Food processors force a revolution at the supermarket in the years ahead. Some foods, for example, may be sold in temperature-controlled cases, ready to serve hot or cold right out of the case. Other foods will be packaged in edible containers, which, like ice-cream cases, can be eaten with the product. Stamps might come in, in easy to digest charcoal flavoured wrappings, or containers may be available in strawberry tasting cartons. Or the package may contain built-in dish, and spoons to serve the bather of setting the table.

One company is already testing them in an aluminum foil container which - presto! - becomes a easy bowl when the top is removed. Spread, sauces and dips will probably be available in aerosol cans. Thus the future housewife will be able to quip away a heathy home-made cake or a quick peanut butter sandwich. We cut down on bulk in supermarkets any also offer such compact items as orange juice tablets and freeze dried meats. Just add a little moisture, and the food will take its original tasty forms:

- Salad oregano
- Oregano cheese oregano sauce
- Tuna-balduin oregano cheese sauce
- Tuna-balduin oregano sauce
- Tuna-balduin cheese sauce

Fick Sht

James Balduin cream cheese snack

Ballo

(all verbal gags culled from the American environment)

Telucin Watkins

EXTREME LEFT WING
HOMOSEXUAL JEWS
BY GOD, LIKE I SAID
FASCIST PLOT!
LOOK UP THEIR RECORDS!
Okay McGrath—we'll start with you.

Sonnet 6
red ruby sky red ruby red red
lips red hair red red lips red hair red red
sea red dam red sea red dam red dam red dam
wolf red red wolf red red wolf red red wolf red
red rufus red rufus red rufus red rufus
skin red skin red skin red skin red skin
red eres am rices red eres am rices

ruby red skin red blood red breasts red lips
red riding hood red wolf red blood red stones
hair red sea red blood red rufus red lips
red dam red am rices blood red dam red dam red stones
red fires sea red fires see red red roles
red fires sea red red roles see black smoke roles

The bastard's blocked take a blood test—now Charles Pymell, you some kinda foreigner?

Alchemical
Apocalypse Rose, pin-up queen of coffee-tanked cafe, call the runaway cliche from the speed of Christmas squared... call it back.

Rose of summer in the re-apooying dawn call through the hope-train members in the gable of closurin' style.

Break the mind trap in time atigta, let me kiss those changes of your outline in the mercury of flaring youth.

Kiss like birds in the fog, blocks of wave that bright lights hang on.

Yea—we can row half these guys into the nut house—Sam write Pymell's psycho report and get the doc to sign it.

Next
CHARLES MAROWITZ: WAD'D I TELL YA SAM? NOT AN ANGO-SAXON IN THE ORGANISATION.

NOTE: This poem is a collage made up of the Index of first lines in the Penguin Selection of Coleridge's poetry. Two or three first lines have been dropped; one or two have been transposed, but in the main, I have retained the alphabetical order as listed in the Index. I have, however, inserted my own punctuation.

Coleridge.
A sunny clift did I behold,
All look and likeness cast from earth,
All thought, all passions, all delights.
All nature seemed at task. Slugs leave their lair
And this place our forefathers made for men.

At midnight by the stream I roved.
Dear native Brook! Wild streamlet of the West,
Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove...
"In Xanadu did Kublai Khan..."

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay
I turn in life, and labour to see free;
In Kohlin, a town of weaks and bones.
No cloud, no religion of the sunken day.

Oh, night by my ill past hours return again
On stern Minotaur's perilous height
On the wide level of a mountain's head
Over the brood, the shallow, rapid stream.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay
I turn in life, and labour to see free;
In Kohlin, a town of weaks and bones.
No cloud, no religion of the sunken day.

A Small Horse Circus
for Jeff

A one-man Nonagery toothless shuffling bear
a unicorn charm of the horn
holly
a nightbird howling noise
for your step, Christian passer-by! Step, child of God.

sugar sugar
vinegar wine
the sun is deep
my love is mine
your fool
as I run squirrel in this challenge
oh my lady are you entertained

The body,
The butterfly the ancient Greeks made,
The poet in his lone yet genial hour,
The grueuse and luster yellow-humor
(Though, veiled in spirals of psyche-wreath),
This Sycamore, of musical with base
Upon the mountain's edge with light touch resting...

On the wide level of a mountain's head;
Over the brood, the shallow, rapid stream,
The Frost performs its secret ministry.

Up, up ye ladies and ladies gay
Sir the middle of the night by the castle clock.

Water and windmills,
Greenery,
Inlets green...
Well, they are gone, oh here I must remain.

There true love burns Desire is Love's pure flame.

English Poetry 1265

up jack and jill went up
and jack and jill went up
and Jill went up jack

SHADDUP COLE!
a song of the gray sisters

les souris gris are easily available
they sell flowers on flagdays
& pin roses on returned veterans
les souris gris sell programs
at all mardi gras trials
if they don’t
please inform us of the fact

sour souris gris wear all
the latest fashions
there are sour souris gris
in hi button boots
& sour souris gris
in long white stockings
there are sour souris gris
in bunny hoods
& even bunny tails
sour souris gris wear red
armbands at executions
& act as usherettes
at horror movies
les sour souris gris were behind
the movement to ballrooms
from beat caverns
sour souris gris were behind
rising rents in greenwich village

sour souris gris sell tickets
on the subways
indeed their headquarters are
in a disused subway tunnel

sour souris gris inimitate famous
people
was that marilyn monroe
who just went past
or was it a disguised
sour souris gris

you can tell them by their perfume
which is too much

they adapt themselves:
be the shape
of your dead mother

altho sour souris gris have no age
of their own
they adapt themselves to all ages
to suit all tastes
please let us know
if they do not

sour souris gris paint
only in primary colours

sour souris gris go to the movies
to study famous people to copy

their phone number is
royal 8397
day or night
to 6pm

if this is your number sir
your mietton
or as sour souris gris headquarters
sour souris gris smoke if you like
then to
there are no old or ugly
sour souris gris
please let us know
if there are

sour souris gris drink
thru their mouths

sour souris gris like it
but their opinion of
depends on yours

sour souris gris sometimes
stand for men & buses

sour souris gris stand
for whatever you
stand for

please let us know
if they don’t

sour souris gris are shy about
what they actually
do

sour souris gris are not overfond
of small pets

sour souris gris like spy stoies
please let us know
if they don’t

sour souris gris don’t ask
what’s in it for them
because they already know

sour souris gris sometimes work
in hospitals
because they like the smell
of blood

sour souris gris ask
are you poet
so they can laff at you

sour souris gris like
horrifying fairy stories

sour souris gris sculpt
divinely

sour souris gris listen to records
because they like needles

sour souris gris are easily amused
just break your neck

sour souris gris gently
egg on suicides
there is always a sour souris gris
with her hand on the gaster
death with a rose between her teeth

sour souris gris think football
a waste of time
but wouldn’t actually
they just left
& let it come out
of their ears

acous greises resent
only one thing
& that is poets who reveal all
& that is why
at this very moment
an acous grease
is touching my hand
with the hand of death
touching my pen
with a touch
that turns it to dust
touching my paper
with the obliteration
of fire

central station
liverpool jan 23 1965

dear jeff, somehow this piece which I just wrote reminds me of you...

the man

the man woke, choking quietly to himself, and soon, as was his
habit, stuffed his fingers deep into the bony recesses of his nose,
feeling for the dead flies there. Now expertly he harvests the corpses
of his sleep! One, two, three, four, one after another roll from
the dark cells of hair, the furry bodies are rolled out, balled into
plumpness, and then with loving fingers pulped all away until only
a few strands of gristle are left. But still the fingers are
busy. The little masturbators skid about, out of control, mad with
excitement on a patch of filthy excrement that was once some kind of
flesh and is now only a second slinder skin that comes between them.
Pity the fingers made lonely amongst themselves with the guilt of
murdered victims. Pity their victims, the flies who drunk with the
promise of the skull's secret odours, nightly blunder into its pits
and there suffocate in a tangled mesh of darkness.

Now it hangs on the window
glistening
like the flap of a scab on a wound
the fly, what remains
glued as if by magic to the pus of his death
the dead fly
smeared there - a tear mark smudging the pane -
by fingers greedy for more
pickings

The job finished, the man spits into his hand, licks the dried
blood off the tips, and smells them thoughtfully. Then he turns away,
satisfied with the taste of morning in his nose-trap, and goes
back to sleep eagerly.
In Case of Emergency

Now suddenly the machine came up with a trump card covered with rectangular holes. Now for the third cycle it is observed stainless steel government hard and headed both by shouting shaves, tuberculous guilting handfuls of instant rejuvenation, and superiors of square-jawed youth to combat the Bolshevik menace (SOWINT) from beneath the ground. Posthumous decorations for the populace.

And now the scene shifts to the Federal Republic of Germany which rose singing and flapping (PENITENT GESTICULATIONS) from accloring limblopes, memorious charred (PURGED) with fleas.

Now the time is 9G (TICKER TAPE) 65 come in old men quietly whistling the Horst Wessel song without thinking. The string this twangle is buried in deep old grey lobes (PENTAD). The customers avoid his singing stare and sip in silence. Munich cafe drunk every Tuesday. The silence of twenty years. WOOGG. Explosing expresso human breathing stem (BANG) SHUT UP YOU FOOL why must you break our hearts?

And now 533 metres underground. Globes of eulogy matter somewhere near Bopp. Eggs. Eggs. Eggs. The thought of buttering politicians, comfortably buried with roofs of apparatus: Yolk we steep our combined testicular strength in tested water glass? Messes must be sure of receiving our message after the ashes SHOUT OUT NO MORE TORDS HIT RADIO SPEAKERS ZOA. As masculine as speeding airlines fuck you mother Earth as the approved poems say. Circumstances demand that our testicles be pickled with proper efficiency, our cards riddled with thirsty squares.

THE ONLY INTEST WORMER here this point is SELECTIVE SUSPENDED ANIMATION SERVICE. Every free German household now has a ref-rigator efficiently installed. This must be male consulatory, backed with appropriate penalties stop whistling that all time. Unison

Thanks be to beloved God for this markable recovery. We must draw on the spirit of the German people. Thankyou ERECTL again? (STEAT)

Matroovoice

(CLICK) Now listen to what I say this State created factories I'm certain too it created the equivalent of OPO towers to hear their microwave instructions, a final dance through the manned sectors of the ULTRACREATIONUM. Compulsory sanitary purgus is now in force (AAAAGH!)

Every household must buy a space, and must provide itself with a sanitary fall-out shelter having one emergency exit (proof of course) to State specifications. Four years from now (SNAP CLICK). Fourteen days' supply of iron rations must be provided (CULP). After fourteen days the household is on his own. Our permission is necessary before any citizen of this State changes his address (WHIRL). If a negative reading for any person is obtained permission will be withheld (NUM NUM HUM NUM NUM GIK GDH). This is in case of Emergency.

For efficient functioning the central body decreases all anti-State activities to be illegal and the work of real agents. From now on (SNAP CLICK) strikes constitute a faulty circuit. All faulty circuits will be treated as a National Emergency, manning the safety of the whole (unless very minor adjustments are necessary). Strikers will therefore be reconstituted, reviewed, and reinstalled in triclique (HUM NUM KIKK A KIK). A National product improved by conscription. Copulation for a regeneration of new circuits becomes compulsory (GIK GIK) but must be practised only at the discretion of Central Council (VINSKES).

A suitable processed food card must be obtained.

ANYAN CREAM IN THE RAMCIGN NIGHT

We must take an example of the damned fool who spoke about SEMITIC TENDENCIES. It must be an elementary and easily established fact that NATIONAL EMASculATION is threatened not by nitwits but by RED ASSETZ. Yes my people sing robustly to applaud the shock-headed BOLSHEVIKS covering in their filthy slav hovels over the border.

It is hereby decreed that every citizen must wear at all times
a FLAMEPROOF identity disc this applies to every permanent resident over
the age of three. It is hereby decreed.....
STOP WHISTLING MUTTERHEAD! Do you want everyone to hear you?
(Tweet tweet tweet) The red light blinks on tuesdays.
(Hum hum hum hum hum um gik kikadik)
(CLICK)

NO: NOT NOT NOT NOT OTS OTS OTS OTS
OTS OTS OTS OTS OTS
INDHE INDHE INDHE INDHE INDHE INDHE INDHE
INDHE SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
STETZ2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2Z2

TURN THAT ONE OVER
TO THE WESTERN GERMANY
SECURITY—JOHN KEYS!
FRISK THAT QUEER FOR
DOPE SAM

Beche-de-mer
Title from Davilla Book
LA LUNE, the mechanics (linear thread)
of the sea become numenal (cine zwot
dred etc.) of events, perhaps deads.
Some of these events, in their
simultaneity of unity are linear spherical
knot(Thred ?) vertical, imaginalitic in
any event (in any event)
Pitch and roll of the vessel
or, simply, being dead centre of the
(em) mystery actual "sea"...& those
persons...who were they......who named
this one Atlantic & that one Pacific
the event interpreted through
the vessel...the run of the sea SW
in one region of the voyage itself
moving angularly to the swell-direction to
exped in one instance, to succor
in another.

here is the moon also
through the sky through the sea translated
particularly in her constant fullness
as the ship keeps a pace with her
singular section of her changes...it is
explained best by saying that the vessel
is not a "city" of performance & thus
moving, her sight is not kaleidoscopc of
the moon...the sea is not "earth"
sea, ocean, liquid, julti-luminous
diamond or "carry" in her reflection
& spherical chop
fanning from the North
at mid-sea, now one way, now another.
In the western vertical half of mundi,
sliding against eastward moving vessel;
in the eastern vertical half, sliding against
westward moving vessel & viceversus;
the sea "falling" off the center as a
Laurentian surface affects a land-flow
horizons vertical until the
eyes, elevated in the "hinds-eye"
perceive the total curvature of the
segmented spherical mundi (the whole
morning horizon with sun; and sunset)
at mid-ocean a unity
perceived. Venus arcing over the moon.
The moons face in Africa and the
most intense luminous spaces of the
moon are what is "occentor" here.
Right...the moon is the
releaver of dead souls whose heads
jab in the steward's wash. Then it is
the seas lesser soul, the flexible
shark finning & dark-bladed amidst
the sodium chromology. For one of the
earth's people unloset as yet, it is
trees
described as "pine-like" with no
leaves.

the moon, the moon suggestively
again the earth, earth's sister
& brother.
A solid ancient concept continuously
studiible, stable at sea, nerely
moving in course, no shadows
in the face.

Mother sea now men now
women.
Giant monster of luminous undulation.
Taking the mind away. Mind-mond.
it suggests itself, swelling as in
the sexual liquidity of the penis.
Water on the eyes, suggests itself, blood.
Salt, passion, swimming, cabal, the
stratum formed of water in washing
& rolling away from the vessel, the
vessel suggests it, no reason, the
hulls built as wedges in the knowing
of nameless. Daughter Passion.
Soul is the hull.

each little top-wave a
number.
each roll-feeling a manifestation of the
numeral beings of each number.
(End of Episode One.
Read next issue thrilling
instalment!)
THE MOVING TIMES

I9-10-65

Dear Jeff,

thanks for Mom 13. Nice job. Look out for new? Here is news:

I'm not sure if 'Isle Over the Barricades' was nervous business at 1st, like all
innovations remember I had a terrible time persuading Al Becher back in
N.Y. It's hard to believe that that was as recently as 1937?

2. Conf.rx business (consciousness-continuity) is becoming demonstrably
quite hot for any given commodity & its characters bring particularly
interesting troubles in their train.

3. you will find a warming (of) the profound & ugly danger facing Britain
the African - 1776 revival happening based on creative imagination
socalled "Boston Tea Party":

(News & Radio: Moscow/14-10-65)
(Harper's: July '63 & TIME: Oct. 1, 1965)

4. Penetrating Parlier of Nueva Chicago made 2 observations in a comparison
of the emotional attitudes prevalent in Sturckow and de Lard: "Keep up
with the OGT sense of time (objective galactic time) & its process/ & head
it if you can. I do hear it & I feel that it's where I belong." (Harper's:
July '63 & New Worlds SP 142, May-June '64)

I & 2 is news filtered out from radio-collage, like:

1. Choose 3 (or more) broadcasting stations on yr radio. of each record about
the same quantity of information on tape. Switching from station to station
at intervals ranging between say 1-3 sec. play back and scan out message relevant
(take notes, verification/correction/completion of taped info.);

now jump the barricade:

3. Take a 4-track recorder ( - 2 tracks having same running direction), take
any piece that rings a bell and phrase it

(from the beginning to the middle and from the end backward to
the middle by cutting it up, putting it through appropriate grid etc.)

record resulting extract on track one (slow, normal voice; varying pauses).

on track 2 record extracts from yr notetook and/or yr own work and/or

process I passed through 2nd, 3rd etc grid (faster, different voice;
sufficiently long pauses).

now play back both tracks simultaneously & try to filter out what communi-
cation is going on between the two tracks. Begin with trying not to fix yr
attention on either track separately for more than 30 minutes. Take notes.
Play back again and again & take notes. You will hear words and groups of
words/sentences of information not contained on either track. The
vital thing is to develop yr Inner Ear, the seismographic perception
and its selectivity. You will feel more and more at home in a subtle
word fest that invades yr consciousness & will eventually start off whole
new messages & contexts you wouldn't have got by merely cutting up &
rearranging the original word material (with inevitably a fair amount
of purposeful choice involved due to the visually presented word material).

Of course you can proceed to 3 and more simultaneously played tracks
(provided that you cope w/ the technical problem of getting them aptly
prepared, and depending on degree of consciousness efficiency) plus
various TV screen surrounding you in a Pacific Communication Act

The whole conception, fantastic as it may appear at 1st, will - if only
pursued with sufficient determination - eventually contribute to an enormous
expansion of the field of consciousness, to a new awareness of the hidden
suppressed sources of natural reality - maybe to an entirely new way of
thinking and communicating.

A crucial point is that with increasing complexity of arrangement it will
become more and more difficult to get what essential things you want actu-
ally written down. This will certainly call for a special kind of notation.
Yet the 2-track thing is already a stirrin' experience... I bet
upon that idea in '63 but somehow didn't get along with it. resume 2
track experiments a few weeks ago and am now gradually penetrating into its real possibilities - and complexities. It's a bit difficult for me to try out English texts (which automatically narrows down the scope - it's already getting difficult in German ... although I feel the structure of the engl. language is better suited - best w! probably be Chinese ...)

Anyway: here's a sample of a relatively simple 2 track experiment - simple because I had long pauses between units spoken at low speed, thus providing for a relatively transparent sound-text-xxx-structure. I used 2 pages of Burroughs text "burning heavenly liquor" & translated passages from my notebook. So here's a part of a communication without words ...

..night I went to the pictures & saw the brown flux on every face in the mirror: dead 'brown with dirt' gun dropped into the gutter - look in the mirror: virus again - remember "The Death", Calle de los Desenamperados: have here this - nor sure - paralyzing picture that influenced - conical brain print of: Monday 23rd - a blue light image repetition in the frozen mirror - this skull thing in - empty RR station - no significance - no - The Merchant they called him - deal future - malaria merchant from the Far East - deal future notice - in the living heavy flesh - his heavy flesh exploded thick with pus Aug 23, 1965 hotel comercio/ calle nueva de amarub, barcelona - you call him a Desenamperado? - // see how e were all virus in the Big Picture? - past scene when virus notice yr eyes yellow reversable mirror? - I was in another movie then - June 19, 1963 the gashly scourry old jew in '45 maxi never reel - 'burning eyes' - drifting out into heavy gasoline - crack of light in the movie of - ash-face is justification ash - near dead face - obey virus - its image in the burning trench - like - joy in the lack of that Hell - you see, the lack that makes that hell ...

.../word virus-image is repetition - hell (in) virus-repetition in the living flesh - yr prerecorded future negatives have developed yellower repetition & rubbed a walking corpse "mice of narkesh" - (now) this image lives on in 11 on like all virus & the score is human blood - frozen rotten frieze and repeated by walking negatives - virus negatives - take Big Print 22: "When you call in you under the ovens..." - only that makes this hell worthwhile - /that why image exploded there in the setup? - any image repeated scale yr future - remember the weeks before The Opening xxxxxxmxxxk in the mirror & you will understand that precarious image identity - that image was YOU at 23 - last words offered: June 19, 1963 memory locked in repetition sets must die - because virus again - its death is always prerecorded - /he know it - 'el cojo' they call him - & W. and hench - "you accumulate no life through identity" - as they jump the barricade at LIVIOS & tried again at the '54 - all vegetable conscious -ness - you know - what's important is the oven - any machine that heats up virus circulation - & the exact way it operates - it's an invisible contest I told its very real on the news - decent in columns - come in - & get catactic flesh & 'brain' into supportive focus: 22, 21...the dangerous image con - the virus print thing - catch? - white rain between yud - locked-at words frozen, rotten, repeated in change image mirror upon the stone - blue stars in the cheer answer take "ME" June 19, 1963 - white rain - & there I was in my pocket running the gun dry - //

Later insert from notebook: original notebook entry on my 25 birthday - reason I chose this Burroughs text: it contained the passage "last w-ords of Mr Bradley Mr - June 19, 1963 Marrakeesh" which struck me as odd. /was YOU at 23?: 23 yot in quite naturally - the page number fell into the grid - you can see how my attention stuck at 1st more to notebook excerpts (looking for an answer to Burroughs' question "remember the Death, calle 2..." etc. filtered out from grid) then shifted & concentrated more on what emerged from grid-passed Burroughs text with less interplay w/ my notebook excerpts and instead, core words that weren't contained on either track (most significantly "yudd") - hear this word/sound, took note & later realized that I actually had become two persons, YOU - ME ... in fact you will easily recognize that it becomes more obscure - especially in the last third of the text - whose speaking at the moment?/ other words not contained on either track are: gasoline/
jess/dubbed/fried/heats up/columns/conf/stone-blue/in my pocket/
had repeated several words/groups once, twice or more often (each time
announcing "repetition", "repeat" etc), thus "repetition" etc. appears
quite often (also because it was already frequent (and played important
part) in the original "rourage text. same w/ "deed, death, virus, image"
and from my notebook "mirror, brain, print, ash, gas".
well, this is just the beginning and further research is needed.
look forward to hearing from you.

Best
Karl Weissner

SEE YOU ALL IN 1966 - HEH HEH!