It's about time I dropped all those pictures and metaphors for a minute and take myself clear. About a year ago I put out a statement in which I used an irresolvable erection as a metaphor for life. Everybody thought I was bleating about impotence again. I don't think anybody got what I meant. Similarly my poems, constructions, events etc. etc. have all been variously interpreted as "protest", "schizophrenic", "pornography", "neo-dada", etc. etc. all of these being well wide of the mark. So I'm going to have to say it simply, very simply, to stick to the main points and ignore, for the moment, the paradoxes and complexities. This is what I have to say believe it or not: I LIKE IT HERE. I haven't got a particularly rosy view. "Naked Lunch" is an accurate picture of things, as far as I can see. But what cuts me off from my most regular contributor is that, if the worst comes to the worst, I'll settle for it. I think this is a fundamental difference between me and Alex Trocchi and the psychedelic thing. Certainly the situation needs changing. Certainly I hurl my unwieldy weight against the established order of things to change and improve it. Certainly I shall continue to do this all my life. But there's a catch. Not only do I want to change it. I also so want to preserve it in the first place. To keep it in existence to make it changeable. There's a sick idea floating about just below the surface of the underground scene, that the bomb would perhaps be quite a good thing, a necessary stage after which we could all float around being pure zen ghosts or something. Fuck that.

First of all I'll buy the established order of things rather than sail off into areas of consciousness where experience of the self is substituted entirely for experience of the world. I have every wish to change the world but no wish to escape it. I think you have to accept it before you can change it, and if you don't change it, well it's been a good fight. The validity of being doesn't solely rest on the success of your projects. I've joined. I'm part of it. I come near naivety with hate of it but I belong.

I'm very much aware that living here, in flesh, on earth, in time, is living in circumstances that constantly obstruct human aspirations for freedom, total ecstasy,
transcendence etc... We have these heavy lumpy bodies so we can't fly. I'm a fat man with the proverbial thin man inside but I'm still fat. We love people who don't love us or don't love us "the same way" simply because they are other people. We can't stand the idea of pain whilst constantly inflicting it. These are the simpler things. There are, of course, the power groups and the ugly cities and all the big public social evils. We want to drift away into pure dream, energy and spirit but we can't because of where we are. If this then, is the defining condition of where we are it is mere raw material for revolution. It is rather interesting in itself. I have, quite possibly, eternity in which to be free spirit etc... I'm only here in the flesh for a very short slice of time and before I go back to the free spirit (or whatever goes on before and after) I want to see what it's like here with all its horrors, discomforts and frustrations. I don't want to miss a thing. I long like hell to be free of the flesh. I wouldn't trade, most of what I find on earth. But I want to go on looking for the duration of my short stay. It might be an obscene obstruction of all my ideals but it's unique.

I think people's aspirations to transcend the ordinary conditions of life are increasing. People are increasingly unable to live alongside elements and people other than themselves, elements which do not share and therefore obstruct their wishes. This is fine insofar as it leads to social improvement but it is also why we have the twentieth century despair - Kafka, Beckett, Bacon etc... Further, it is why we have the twentieth century death-wish - pop culture, superficial sex, suburban comforts and junk, particularly junk.

Yes, I know. You have to enrich and amplify life by enriching and amplifying your perceptions but I don't want to amplify my perceptions into any area where I can't perceive the world any more. Neither do I want to amplify my perceptions into an area where I can't take everybody else. If I'm flying too high for the mob, then I'll come down.

You can, I know, try to make matter
instrument to your wishes by some kind of Sade-Heideggerian violence but this can only work partially. No will to power can put you on earth in the first place or keep you there internally. Whilst one can and must alter one’s circumstances in this way the ontological fundamentals of matter are unshakeable. As I say, I’m here in this shitty predicament. Whilst I’m here the shit is rather more interesting than the release.

So what I’m trying to do is make despair work to begin with. You have to start here with this turd. It’s a turd you have to transform and it’s a turd you have to work with. You have nothing else. Any transforming or transcending to be done can only be done by an initial coming to terms with the inevitability of your own partial failure.

Now that I’ve got that off my chest let us, to quote Sartre, “get on with it.” Clearly one of the ways we can get on with it is first of all to take steps to ensure that human beings remain in existence at all. After trying to stir various bunches of people into concerted action I am coming to the conclusion that possibly the most hot-blooded insurrectionists hold their role of “opposition to a thoroughly secure establishment” as more important than the overthrow of that establishment. After all, the salaries for stoppensolves are quite high in some quarters.

U. to this point subversion has been the aim of this magazine. Subversion is revolution by infiltration rather than confrontation. I give here a list of individuals, organisations, institutions, magazines which seem to me to be concerned with subversion rather than literature, art, pornography, under-ground movies, heroin or other quaint rural handicrafts. I can envisage clashes between materialists and romantics, communists and anarchists, atheists and mystics. Nevertheless we all share the clear certainty that the present situation is suicidal. The only real obstructions, as I see it, are the ones so common amongst ourselves – solipsism, professional jealousy and junk. With co-operation we could all actually win.

Do we really want to win?
Bill Butler, poet, 12 Over St., Brighton, Sussex, UK.
Joe Burke, psychiatrist, organiser Free School of London, member Philadelphia Foundation, King's Hall, Pevis R., London E3, UK.
William Burroughs, author "Nova Express", c/o American Express, Bvd. Pasteur, Tangiers, Morocco.

Jeff Berner, Workshop of International Avant-Gard Activity, 44II, 17th St., San Francisco, USA.
Birth Press (Ed. Tuli Kupferberg, poet) 381 E. 10th. St., NY9, USA.
Dave Cunliffe, poet, ed. "Portcurn", II Cleavatis St., Blackburn, Lancs, UK.
Phil Cohen, applied anarchy, Flat 5, 49 Colebrook Row, Islington, London N1, UK.
Peter Currel-Brown, author "Smallcreep's Day", Green St. Cottages, Carn Green, Mr. Dursley, Glos., UK.

Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 2 Carthusian St., London WC1, UK.
Centre 42, Fitzroy Sq., London W1, UK.
Pete Davie, poet, 14 Fitzmurry Ave., Westbrook, Margate, Kent, UK.
George Dowden, poet, 98 Pierrepont St., Apt 8, Brooklyn, NY, USA.
Phil Epstein, psychiatrist, member Free School of London, c/o Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London SE5, UK.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, poet, ed. City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco II, USA.

Harry Fainlight, poet, 24 Arundel Gardens, London W11, UK.
Freeman Syndicate, 578 St. West Rd., Hounslow, Middlesex, UK.
Christopher Grey, HB, Room 6, 186 Haverstock Hill, London NW3, UK.

Allen Ginsberg, poet, c/o City Lights, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco II, USA.

Ray Gosling, author "Sun Total", 304 Mansfield Rd., Nottingham, UK.
Charles Hatcher, c/o Freelance Presentations Ltd., Suite I2, 67 - 9 Chancery Lane, London WC2, UK.

Mike Horowitz, 29 Colville Terrace, London W11, UK. (poet, ed. "New Departures")
Jim Haynes, manager, Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh, UK.

Pete Holda, poet, ed. "The Disinherted", 7 Evesham Rd., Cheltenham, Glos, UK.

Don Pierre Sylvester Howard, nonuk, Pinknash Abbey, Gloucester, UK.

Indica (hip bookshop run by Miles, who draws, paints and edits Long Hair and Negro) 6 Mason's Yard, London SW1, UK.


John Keys, poet, c/o Crito Tomazos, 6 Elm Court, Notker St., London, N3, UK.

Mike Kustow, director Royal Shakespeare Co. travelling circus, 47 Downshire Hill, London NW3, UK.

Ted Kavanagh, ed. "Cudling's Cosmopolitan Review" (My Own Mag esp oscar for the best mag in print) 283 Grays Inn Rd., London WC1, UK.

League of London Anarchists, c/o Freedom Press, 17a Maxwell Rd., London SW6, UK.

Klaus Lea, ed. "Maria", 8 Munchen, Schillerstr. 35, J. Germany.

Tim Leary, (Castalia Foundation, Psychedelic Review) Box 179, Millbrook, NY12545I, USA.

Jean-Jacques Lebel, painter and happener, 12 Rue de l'Hôtel, Colbert, Paris, France.
Bruce Lacey, assembler and eccentric actor, 127 Bumpsford Rd., Wood Green, N. London, UK.
Tom McGrath, poet & critic, Peace News, 5 Caledonian Rd., London N1, UK.
Michael Moorcock, Sci-Fi editor and writer, 3 Colville Terrace, London W1, UK.
George Moly, blues singer and critic, c/o The Observer, 22 Tudor St., London E2, UK.
George MacBeth, poet & cabaret artist, c/o BBC, Broadcasting House, London W1, UK.
Adrian Mitchell, poet & critic, c/o Sunday Times, 200 Great Inn Rd., London WC1, W1, UK.
Charles Marowitz, theatrical producer and writer, 16 St Mark's Cres., London N7, UK.
Donatella Manganotti, translator of Burroughs, 38 Via Gandino, Bologna, Italy.
Mineo Press (Ole, gets My Own Mag esp oscar for best Yankee mag)
440 S. Centre St., Dennisville, Illinois, USA.
Charles Plymell, c/o City Lights, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco II, USA.
Claude Pelicou, cutup writer, c/o Bulletin From Nowhere, c/o Mrs Beach, St Mark Building, 115 E. 9th. St., NYC, USA.
Alan Pulverness, writer, 158 Blackstock Rd., London N5, UK.
Jenni Pepper, ed. "Now" 75 Colville Terrace, London W1, UK.
"Resistance," Organ of Committee of 100, 32 a Fellows Rd., London W4, UK.
Dan Richter, London Poets Cooperative, connection for John Even & Paolo Leoni, 26 Penbridge St., London W2, UK. (ed Residu, poet.)
Solidarity Bookshop, 713 Armitage, Chicago, Illinois, USA.
Ed Sanders, ed. Freak You, 383 E. 10th. St., NYC, USA.
Ian Sommerville, tape recorder, II Trobeir Pk., London S.5, UK.
Smyrna Press, Via Isabella l'Aragnia 2, Roma, Italy.
Dave Rogers, I Hillsido, Bishops Tawton, N. Devon, UK.
Alexander Trocchi, writer, instigator of signa, c/o St. Martins School of Art, Charing Cross Rd., London UK.
Alvin Thom, happener and general MB, 18 Annandale St., Annandale, NSW, Australia.
Simon Vinkenoog, Bloomparkweg 113, Amsterdam, Holland.
Dick Wilcocks, poet, organiser of Peanuts Club, I42 Trentwood Rd., Rottonford, Essex.
Zip-Zapp, Amazing Raylay, Future City Press, Jeff Keene, artist all side show attendant, I4 St Michaels Place, Brighton, Sussex, UK.

Crison Tomazos, designer of "The Cage" & ed. "Amaranth"
6 Elm Court, Kenner St., London N3, UK.

for freeke fraternise
Love To All
Jeff
Ed

brother wish to include themselves please do so.
HYMN TO ST VITUS

When I say life
is a scream
I mean the Colleoni
equestrian
he knows;
the impaled
without intercourse
moritur
with no lubricant
to salutarius
dona nobis requiem

of Goya's war
they know
it's
not as simple
as
fat still flocks
swans in a placid pond
John
in his asylum
screaming

h.b. Bill Butler.
The Egg and I

The Egg and I
grown round and round
until we came to it;
and there it was
One Round Hole
in the Ground.

h.n. John Moore.
And this tatter-tan-tied fowl
For flagged chaps and lads and girls
I see the ruddies quite
And the ruddies quite
In the mud and mire
My little puppy
And who
Is the right gift
To the right gift
I hope
So with young ruddy hands
And strong
My little puppy
With puppy DeBerry
A pair of
My little puppy
Of whom
And who

Clifton DeBerry
Walks down lightly
Street with his

DeBerry
Of course

My little puppy
With puppy DeBerry
A pair of
My little puppy
Of whom
And who

Clifton DeBerry
Walks down lightly
Street with his
The Egg and I
away round and round
until we came to it;
and there it was
One Round Hole
in the Ground.

h.b. John Moore.

To Bill B
Dear Sir:
When I say
scream
I mean
I know
I impale you
without intercourse
with no lubricant
with Goya's war
We know
You have the grace
beauty of a swan
but gaggle at times.

Much love
John
(Missing in my
prison without bars)

P.S. I have not
screamed aloud
yet
I've been
whispering
a long time
The password is not
fuck you
but please Goliath
put away your toys
they've got you
by the balls

ty salutamus
dona nobis requiem

h.b. John Moore
creation untouchable, unthinkable liquid vastness exploding in unknowable water-forms translucent empty universe reflected in wave structures, seaspace-structure of movements' translation-forms, brain-language brought to earth in earth with sun fly-apart particles moving in vast time pocketed within endless space-time the structure: TIME-CHAOS. MEANINGLESS EXPLOSION. MIND BROUGHT. PROTO-PROTO CHAOS. PROTO - TIME. ENDLESS PROTO ALINESS. GOING DEPTH. PROTO TOTAL UNTOTALEO POSSIBLE \( \infty \)

Proto-Beginning ----> unsilence / chaos

"Chronos" (unknown) in a "real". Language born (carried forward) as expression of unknowing. Superfluity.

Sea in constant ricochet in time-object curve. Ship is the language of this, carries thru tides and currents this translation. Moves the planet with this blanket. A valve. Flat undulating valve. Objectal manifested wave. Expresses tranquil chaos. That beginning lost somehow in the man-cortex. Look closely. No complete language expression to speak the liquid. Mechanism of the sea is the wave-swell whose energy is somewhere else. Gently rocking. Rocking.

Sea alone one vast singular oneness. Expresses in the human language god-power. Fear love.

h.b. John Keye
aboard Cestal Felice
NYC - Southampton
Sept. 8 - 18 1965

Mechanism of the wave rock
rocking clifton deberry
JEFF NUTTALL

Of course dearie, I've never met the man
So I can think what I want of the sweet fellow
with a name like that, him an Englishman too.
Here's what I'm thinking he is
no putting the questions to you one by one.
Is he tough? I mean red-haired, red beard?
Walking night streets poking his nose
into things not interesting to my non.
And if red-tough does the man fight for fun?
Or some good cause the daft govt. has proposed
the people fight for —— like sucking?
And if he fights, does the man straighten his clothes
laugh for the love of tinkle
and swallow ale because it's Tuesday?
And if he's drinking, does he look at girls or boys?
Or maybe not ale but tea laced
with mescaline or LSD?
And if he does center, looking at both sides
like they was alike to him knowing it all along
does the man tell anyone?
Or does the man wear instead of thought
bright clothes too stripey for reason?
Billovy scarves and a fur coat?
Or excuse my thinking this shame
does he wear nothing but
sit nude in a tree nistock for a saint?
And if a saint, does the man edit "My Own Mag"
because he's God's own follower
and God likes to read?
Saying "Jeffie love, do you think God likes this?
Or the rest of all us nuts?"

love
h.b. Renee Mien.

answer: I am not
Clifton DeBerry
I am occasionally
lovely with the
wind in the right
direction. Clifton
DeBerry is lovely
anyways.
MUT NOTE ON THE COLUMN CUTUP THING: Features in the MT section of MOV are not intended as objects to see. They are an attempt to explore the subliminal level of consciousness and to destroy the contrived mysticism of consciousness in which we are trapped by paying the very techniques of juxtaposition and auto-suggestion whereby we are preserved in our progressively narrowing solves by newspapers, advertisers, propagandists and other sundry handshrinkers. Sense arrived at fortuitously by cutup, cross-column readings etc, wd, seem to come from a source belonging to no individual mind, yet shared by all. Where-in we may no longer be separate from each other, knowing each other as it seems the past knows the future. Phrases which coincide with other people's cutup phrases or the unaided news are called "intersection points." They are not only pinpoint the region of total communication but also create, in three column presentation, an uncertainty of temporal reference which can lead to a complete reorientation of one's sense of identity. So far there are three main semantic components, Karl Weissman, Claude Polkey, and Burroughs himself (all addressed in Editorial). The cutups of Dan Richter and Philip Larkin are close. The "pop cutups" in the last C Magazine are something quite different, together with the classic cutups of Tzara and Schmitter, all these belonging essentially to an aesthetic frame of reference and intention. No more "literary criticsm" of The Moving Times then. This is something else.

WB TALKING: The subsequent two pages might be called a pure word experiment. I took material from Karl Weissman's communication with Burroughs (last issue of My Own Mag) put it in one column some material from my diary and tape recorded conversations in another column read across column and this is what emerged notice the voices following the page loud mouthed director there into Central heating six in another Additional rain outside Montana Connie, tape that Friday they spoke to California out through the 11st can at 23 Phoenix Road. If you young fella's on the 5th course you, one more Montana tape sent child age in a bed roll they smell. Bring on carbolic soap must wash yodeling boys!!

But first here are a few pointers on using your carry cords from your friend's counsel your subliminal kid.

Young fellows, the important thing to remember about tape recording is playback in the street not in your room course if your room open on the street folks can hear it out in the street that's easy the referee for street recording and playback is the Phillips Carry Cord reel for twenty-five sterling you can carry it under your coat looks like a stenographer rack for playback city folk don't notice photos car holes yesterday voices make a hole in time just play around with playback ant you'll find out how its done some idiot songing in your head like I'm in love with a wonderful guy put the song and your street tapes can take it to the street and you'll get all London in love with a wonderful guy so you wanna start a fire somewhere just record there speed up the recordings and play back in the street simple as rubbing two times together remember the only thing not recorded in a pre-recorded universe is the pre-recording THEREOF which is to say guy tape containing the rain factor. So go out there with your Carry Cord reel fellows and try the pre-recordings they smell to California now her's another little love you can play with your recorder calls little boy Paul Doules calls it your got two little toy's well record on one consisting nice and friendly like come sit down man have a drink friend how record on the other toy we will call the "beer" drink up your drink and get out you fucking fruit!! Now alternate your sound tracks fast as your equipment allows. What we really want is sixty alterations per second the result should be electric but even if you can't do that..."
QUANTITIES OF THE GAS GIRLS collapsed on reverse from the street yes Thursday with just a flicker of the finger almost immediately jammed next to the so convenient Weeber family in the B.P auto stop here realise t that B.P. is not only and you'll find them buying ev-ery-thing from Organisation Shanna tape recorded at 23 Mount St. It is that's what I thought and there's a little boy that's been re-produced in a lot of books he has plate came are they going to be published in Vogue? part of the city's Friday's child loving Tuesday for that matter oh really St. Louis Encephalitis of Birth and nickname the acts for those Sts in outer space who said Atlantic City? I was supposed to have done the acts for it and B. was supposed to acquire the virus from birds for infectious disease processing of the actual film but the disease quietly spread all beauty unscheduled in West Texas. You mean you did it yourself you didn't have your assistant do it? 'Hope just spreading epidemic of St. vaccine.' How long did it take you to process that photo to squirt at anything that flew dying it and all that? it's all part of the city's sudden healthy people spreading epidemic of immune disease St. Louis, Mo that right infectious night biter Mo 10 I can not drink reservoirs of the disease nick name Combie oh are you going to remember this later getting the spinal column and brain getting the script he just dropped it like that its all part of the war of war that's beautiful foggy out in dis night I went to the pictures heat up fancy negatives hell Alaskan called him in the corpse 'Skies of Mars' R.R. bridge climbing a fence yumi deal his repetition makes window child get no to there I was in that there church on time bathing suit the even more gas yumi there I was my bathing suit all open heats up the negative as the lack that called him to the pictures the crippled child thinking in hell you call him an idio was yumi you desmada sun set you at 23 on Ohio tomorrow there I was in the corpse pocket blue clothes remember rotten you at 23 heat up a bore climbing a fence ineg was yumi my column climbing a fence yumi dead child get no to there panhandle a door. 'Use it!' if you young fellers remember a yumi dead child on the golf course sex in clothes I'm going to Caliform in where they smell Hell there a yumi Carl gets the Calif ornia Blues all quite by chance and sexy I was in my yoh one more Montana tent with my own American rain outside bringing on father in a hot roll a yumi heats up the tent sail train wildlows cross yumi distant sky there I was all yumi in Hell sex in clothes yumi there I was in the corpse pocket rotten at 23 and sexy my column climbing one no at 23 Ohio I was walking weeks to the house rain outside bring on Carl's yumi blue clothes get neto the house rain from the organisation window child get no to the house bring on Shannon tape recorded at 23 that there church Carl's yumi blue St. little boy that's yumi my organisation produced in a lot of books he has a plate came heats up the negatives lack that on Shannon tape that Friday child loving Tuesday pictures crippled there church Carl's for that matter oh really walking in Hell yumi blue St. Louis enceph alitis you call him a boy that's yumi my birth and nickname was yumi desmada sun set in a lot of books he has a plate came was supposed to have done the torro over there heats up the acts and B in the corpse pocket to acquire the virus from 'Blue Clothes' rewritten tape or tape that Friday child for infectious disease rotten you at 23 oh really West Texas you mean you didn't fence yumi walk in Hell? yumi yourself didn't get me to there.

William Burroughs.

Clifton deBerry in the tropics

Clifton deBerry on war service

the attention of Clifton DeBerry
there I was in the corpse finger almost immediately rotten so con Mareksh R.R. 23 and sexy my convenient Webber family with just a flip of the finger alaska 23 called him the corpse deal at 23 Ohio sides rotten at 23 that B.P. repetition was walking weeks boy that's yumi my St. vacine if you young fellers birth and nickname remember a young dead desparate process that photo to squirt child on the golf course sun set in lot of anything that flow nothing books part of the city's sudden smell I can now drink reservoirs of sexy blue clothes yumi blue St. Louis disease nicknamed 'Connie' are you going to remember child for infectious disease rotten spinal cord and brain bring on father 23 oh really west script he just bet roll a yumi beats Texas dropped it up the tent 'Salt Train' didn't fence 'Yumi Walk' sprout of the gene of war, whistle in Hel? fogged out in distant sky didn't get me to there desparate sun set was supposed to have done the tomorrow there St. Louis image boy that's yumi birth and nick name you going to be published in Vogue? oh really in lot of books corpse clothes climbing a fence if you young fellers remember a yumi corpse pocket sex smell and all healthy people Hell there a yumi assistent, panhandle a door call him 'St. Vacine' child there on the golf course 'Knock nam was Yumi'? loving the actual film for that matter oh really in Vogue? 'Blue Clothes', they smell, 'Heal thy Carl goods sexy American rain outside sun set blue clothes' go climb your own fence you radio active queen crippled there was yumi? yumi child, panhandle a door bathing suit the negative to the house crippled Carl there oh really you mean you didn't? get no to the ℅ of the family in the B.P. oven, I want Central Heating! sex in clothes American rain outside Montana Connie, tape that Friday tent they smell to California out through the idiot sunset at 23 Panhandle door! smell Hell quite by chance expert fence a pink fried you are going to remember distant sky fogged out in Hell? if you young fellers on the golf course yahu one one more Montana tape sent child/ sex in bed roll sat game of war oh really distant sky quite by chance and sexy in my blue clothes American 23 didn't fence distant sky didn't get me to there gas girls night on reverse from picture sex in the street you Thursday yumi in clothes walking window child get no more gas the roof looks another yumi nick name 'No I8' I can quite by chance end sexy yahu one more Montana bedroll in Vogue. Who said 'Atlantic City' used a panhandle door? how long did it take you to yumi a deal child on the golf course in addition they smell to California corpse pocket blue yahu one more yumi corpse disease rotten you at 23 I was yumi tape that oh really child get me to there spreating me boy that's yumi you young feller remember they smell up a fence heat up a corpse disease rotten in Hell. Bring on a yumi open up the negatives Big Child, yumi no, Avalanche, take no in preference first there on the golf course smell a yumi California in wet? Bring on carteric soap musty shower sophisticated boys yahu it young fellers followed him a yumi waving to a train pink sun set attic wet dreams with my own American rain outside I am using a plate camera church for that matter oh really that there church! Blue your own negatives Connie! St. Louis blue child on the golf course where they smell Corpse Pocket Connie, hay no more St. Louis blue boy on the golf course sun set blue clothes salt train whistles they smell in the negative to California camera sets crippled oh really yumi rotten quite by chance and sexy climbing a fence in Ohio you didn't? with my own yahu

William Burroughs

Announcement

henceforth all my own made to be ordered from Clifton deBerry 10% Better Books Chartering Rd. London WC1 Subs: ten shilling
script --- Instantly militar y perilous and fluid, In a perturbable landscapes. Inked season. M obile tragedies. Hugh the Am erican Cop applies mouth to mouth con fidence. That faguer wears us out. Asexual Tourists make selective schemes up. (Slow ho urs smeared by official chores))

Don't answer, Sinbad might shoot like that, Are they really mad? He is in love with the Snow Wolf ---

I'm counting on you Mr. Nuttal, don't play a Spanish joke on me. Hundreds and hundreds of tons of rust have meta lized the Answering Service of ELSEWHERE; it's true that special cables have contrib uted in the tangle up of the Peman and pr OSS. Kitchen --- I didn't see Willy Lee at the Torinm, disconnected... we knew it beforehand, but no communication on... thursday... yes, I forgot, an arch, a dat e:1899... Mr & Mrs D; Mt St Michel, Sept. Mr B nr H --- Gibrilatt & Tanguir (tho r e is nothing here Senor, nothing)) -- S lowdown of illusion, dechonologies that are opticalized; cosmic planter carts, S & S, & in those smoky chams --- It's still rose here. Godzilla! -- yali lights tovoals sucked by the Gone male nurse's in the House of Chums --- On your o wn television screen, facet of terrors, dangerous superimpositions, black & white sequences --- Peony-subjects are unsolvable --- The Potty Noe (aptespecialists of the Right) are inscrutable --- Echoes, images. Good Hope. Captain Cl ark is available, exposed with the old negatives in the Fingerprint Desert --- London writing, what do you think of chromium excavations... of alimentary ... reactions... of all the Spec-iority jan Juju, Doctor Clap's Kid, has had a questionable affair with the Big Z, Ixc a's friend the mexican, a transparent l ongineal who occupied Via Via station... Elvin Jones trapped in the Blue Solitary Trap --- Mr Big is devious, ob jective Pushers fall back on Marlen --- I have an English friend who said that London was like the unwashed armpit of a Migger? Keith Barnes, once a script boy at the BBC & Station Caroline (poet) --- NUEVA PRESENCIA / COMMUNIQUE EXCEPT F REVOLVERS AIMED-OSWALD FINGER BOWLS --- 3/12. The small supplement Peony Subje ct of consequence... 4 P.M. / Suresse Natio nale representatives prowl in France. Sexual delinquents are on file. 04. (Spec ial Code for the Big Z Affair). Indecent
BLUE IS ORANGE 3/12

B.I.

BLUE IS ORANGE 3/12.

Yes, Death has, under a nuclear hail
..(long tale)... a nicked territorial
storm... ULTRA VIOLET CONTROL... JUV
ZONE ± 2... Correspondence burns an
calm Zend... Violent margins where
cause trans are twisted... Spinning
towards the Snout of Kilizenjaro...
Intuitive fore oots pepped terms of
investigation... a,... the Impas- ies
realizations's signature satisfies the ten-
aglous vegetable under any shape
whatsoever... Pitiless REALITY... (A
cunt is a cunt / a cat a cat), non
sense, eloquence and dignity coursed
with fragile electric thorns... A ci-
monious throng mixed with the inves-
ted Sub-Shits... Scratches, Protocols,
Rutations, Ro/presion. For a long time
I thought oysters grew on the broad
blue... BLUE IS ORANGE 3/12... IN THE
BLEACHED BONE: STARRISH UNDERSK constraints
... W.N.C.
JANUARY 31st.
(Cape Horn Ist rounded 1616).

NOTE ON A REFLEX PARADE.

'Never Ever!'
'Fire Fire!'

Street lamps stop and go and drown
and scream. Joe, Happy ending. Please ad
just yr brakes... And buzzzz, bell.
Wail... Talk... Climbed, Day & Night.

Cellar, Cheering Sunset, Buck the hot
lines. Rebuses (catalogues) roots (captives
of the Vision Ditch)... CRANE

Volts catalyzed by radio
active accelerators... Rotating flowers
of the flocks of strangers on
the cold tiles (in the ocular oc-
currence)... MOL & MORT slobber
the soup of gothic lotteries... SHIT & OIL

Eye tied to the Toxic Atoll

Hochanopasmodic Delirium... CAULIF
OF THE GREEN HERE ORANGE PERSONAL
MESSAGE/KILOMETER BIDS HAVE BEEN
MISLED TO GRAZE THEIR THREE NAUTICAL
UMBRELLAS STOP A VERY POOR IMAGINATION
TO PSYCHONOMICAL JOURNEYS AND BUNCH.

Here, apparent realities, the Ye-
llow Dogs have dislocated the American
Clowns from their natural
functions, Inescuto: colloquy / con-
feries... Dogs have irreprovable vis-
ion... Down with the w. sea cakes,
and vegetable markets... With The Undecided
Scarcous assistant flanked with 1000
jocks off in the Rue des Longs Coutoues
- Soot (nickie symbol)

Claus Pollux from

With Revolvers Aired Oswald Finger
Tram. Mary Bronx.

VOTE FOR DEBERRY
DEBERRY FOR WORLD PRESIDENT.