MY OWN MAG
PRICE 1d

Editors: Horace de Berry & Jeff Nuttall
September 1966

THE SEVENTEENTH AND LAST

SCENE - THE SUBCUTANEOUS OPIECE OF CLIFTON DE BERRY
COMING IN

IT'S PROOF. JACK MUST SEE YOU.

FLUG ME! WHAT HAPPY CHANCE SEND THE GLEEDER IN AT ONCE.

THIS CALLS FOR NUMEROUS SANITARY ADJUSTMENTS - WHAT TALE THE MAN MUST HANG.

VICTORY ON ALL FRONTS. DE BERRY! THE CITADEL IS IN OUR HANDS!

!!!!!!!!!!
EDITORIAL

It's about a year now since I suggested the idea of a meeting of certain faces. We had the meeting and decided to meet again shortly to say what we each had done to further our collective aims. Here is a list of recent achievements to date, running quickly down the list published in the April issue of the mag (No 15) ...

Bob Cobbing - continued to run films and readings etc. at Better Books even after the collapse of the old regime. Artiels included British premier of Genet's Chanson d'Amour and Bert Hughes complete with skullhead.

GND - Organised the usual Easter clambake.

Free School of London - Published the Grove (Notting Hill newslet-ter) and organized Festival of Notting Hill Gate.

Fresenmann Syndicate - Organised excellent reading at Conway Hall and cleaned up the Alcutney Demonstration.

Gustav Metzger - Organised the Destruction In Art Symposium and conducted the Provos round our noble capital (Trafalgar Square happening.)

Miko Horovitz - Organised second giant rave-up at Albert Hall despite opposition from Jonty Doubling whoever he may be. "I have seldom been so alone in my life." Robt. Graves.

Jin Haynes - Launched the London Traverse at the Jeannette Cochran Theatre.

Don Sylvator Houdard - Organised exactly one third of Arlington Une, a Cotswold powow on cement poetry.

Miko Kustow/Adrian Mitchell - Produced magnificent puppet play in Trafalgar Sq. on Easter Monday (Fresenmann Syndicate doing much of the donkey work.)

John Latham - Sold a picture to the Tate.

JJ Lobel - Committed to sound an exquisite fragment of poemie at Albert Hall. Engineered well-ab and abominations at the Theatre de Chine, Paris France.

Bruce Lacey - Participated in writing and acting of superb version of the Three Musketeers. "I have seldom been so rude in my life." Harold Hobson.


Charles Plymill - Guest edited a good low key issue of Art.

Committee of 100 - Fucked up Alcutney Demonstration. Conducted usual festivities in Grosvenor Square. "Elver, who are all these hairy huns?"

Dick Wilcocks - Livened up Alcutney Demonstration despite opposition from almost everyone there. "It: Dol Foley ran excellent readings at Conway Hall and St Pancras Town Hall.

KH Weissner - Produced magnificent perfumed Klaovesedstelen. Also cooking up Heidelberg castle happening. Urinal event now passed into Tacitonic history.

Klaus Lea - Produced Manna at usual level of excellence. Comic strip and photos best anywhere.

Jeff Keene - Put on exhibition of unparalleled obscenity with Clifton de Berry - also demonic filmshow with Peter Helicyzer, causing severe subliminal effects on Robert.

Dan Richter - Produced Residual 2, the best magazine literature has yet seen. I joke not.

Criton Tonazza - Scared everyone and bored sticks of shit out of the entire industry. Produced duplicated issue of the Moving Times attributed to Alex Trocchi and Jeff Nuttall. Founded the Free University of Nayebury Mental Hospital. Organised curious non-happenings at Kingsley Hall - see Wilcocks letter for direct result.

Solidarity Bookshop, 1967 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 14, Ill., USA
May 19, 1966

Dear brother,

Thank you for sending me no. 15 and thank you for the bookshop's inclusion with the subversives, though none of the company stretch as we raw, oh well - so what, the idea is good and for our part we plan to send off our journal the rebel worker no. 5, the British no. can be had from Charles Radcliffe, 13 Redcliffe Rd., London (NEW ADDRESS!) SW 10.

Now to what your editorial says - the led thing hasn't joined force -en with the real. It hasn't gotten beyond mere therapeutic aid on one hand and a mysticism on the other. I won't call the cult completely esoteric, лоад in his own stumbling way is trying to make an intrusion, and none of his language is rather woolly in that it freaks the established order, but what else can one say except that he is alpert and their review is hopelessly reformist. Revolution to them means shit to us.

Recently we programmed a study of the therapeutic work being done with led in Maryland. One of the patients who took the stuff was an alcoholic before and was now (six months later) studying to be a certified public accountant. D. nor the woman, they who followed in their quest for love, wanted to touch the stuff again, and neither changed. I mean what the hell is the difference between an accountant and a drug? So much for that. Psychoanalysis needs the revolution and then led will have its rightful place - cannot blame the drug (then I referred to junk in my editorial of issue 15 I meant heroin). — J.N.)

Newsweek's recent article wasn't bad - one point worth remembering is that led users are not the ghetto people, but the middle class who want to immerse themselves in their abundance, see more of it, not escape it in the manner of the black junkie. This is very important. Look at the food all over the pop art stuff, abundance all praise.

This is only one aspect, it must not be overly stressed - the point is that few really know what revolution means (as an exception see enclosed leaflets by one who does know - John Leask) but when introduced to it understand. This is extremely important. I don't know about J.P., but few here think "normal" can ever be achieved. Talk revolution, even to liberals, reactionaries, anyone and they will usually only disagree on your timetable! I've seen it with my own eyes!

This is certainly ground to work on; sabotage is pregnant with meaning in this context. But a sabotage that gets beyond the possi-bility of making narcotic cellar of despair, an affir-mation of humanity can only take this form, no other contributes to the wild joy that a revolution carries with it, no fraud, but fact - it can only not get worse, it must change always; the iron heel may fall but it won't crush much because the slippery ceil is built into the fucking system. Man still dreams and that is all that is needed. Dreams, for faith, for action and change, in the little more difficult task - uniting the dreams and the forces of the real, to begin with an attack or all that obstructs the real - an attack on fear and the cult, dangerous because it could be easily misunderstood, but then again what is the use of attack if not to create a beautiful chaos.

What of Operation Heatwave? Is Radcliffe in motion???

Radcliffe has passed the first heatwave without damage to wind or limb while Marzalek —- has joined forces with Michael de Freitas and Cleavus Clay to establish the Divine Origin of the Liverpool Irish (is Brian Patten a throwback?)
secondly an attack on black people, oh how dangerous, but necessary - those who want to take control may will understand.

thirdly an attack upon youth, radio stations, record companies, disc jockeys and all those who wish to make us kill (for peace).

in this regard the resurgence of youth movement is fertile with knowledge and example.

and that proverbial assault upon culture, but in the form of an attack on the fugus and stupid happening, varkoi, pop art. but this is almost beyond our control, for i expect the middle class to sterilise the whole scene before we can challenge it. the east village other is an example.

to attack here is really a search for the building 'blocks', they will only appear in the conflict, so i agree with you let us join the world and 'get on with it.'

yours for it all,

bernard marzalek.

CLIFTON DODERERI!! A FAG SO NICE THEY HAD TO NAME HIM 'TILPEE'!!!

clifton "the hairy" berry hits london the spinning city so spun.

that is, as the saying goes, you can 'grass in a decade moon burst' clifton switched on new op-you-lemm all tangled up in zing blur of op and up buzzing with telly veins of duck ace hair-down ting class & an entire lost, a hard recovered from lord sutch who ran against him on the green rage party ticket in the less: erection

merry kwant who designs those 'clothes', vital sesson - the man with the magic word, & the rulling dromes foij as a new breed of 'royal thi' spin in widening orbit of faded gambling morality together with a soph isticated ascent to get ahead uninhibited tawes of decadence the carry cordery set has a cock-nigh illt FINKY FIVE is blooming at the top of 'good news' british way-out assion spread around the GLOBE and the headies the headies and the headies and the headies and the headies may be feasible, which increasingly provoke its contempt & derision, but have a disturbing waste of tummy 'built on maritime flower in the varieties of Granny Thi'. . . . in short: MONT ROYAL is truly magnificient!

i am so excited i lost plain dumo what i've got... . . .everyone has sent me a street playback piece to be published in forthcoming KLECTS3... did a word/sound/fiasco set in public urinal w/ fermenting haystack and free jazz - radio now be playback crossfertilisation from hidden transistor tape recorder... dick willock's base on brief stopover before deadmaling in frankfurt club voltaire... thanks so much for big stack of coxen, will distribute all of them... enthralled about burroughs pieces & paper!!! also criton tonazzoapollology & yr writer's forum book is just marvellous!!! thankyou very much for yr message for the many facts...

O PAN, PAN FORSAKE THY PIPE, A SCEPTER TAKE TO THEE

THY LOCKES DISCARLANDED - BLACK LOVE SHALT THOU SEE!!!

luv

Carl (Weisner) 10/4/66

PATTEN IS OF PINS!

ORIGIN IN FACT

UNLIKE MARZALEK

WHOSE MOTHER WAS ANDY WARHOL

THIS REVEALING THE ORIGIN OF THE HAPPENING IN THE EARLY RITES OF THE LATVIAN NEGRO CHURCH

THE QUESTION NOW ARISES - IS ANDY WARHOL REALLY NUREYEV IN DRAG? WHAT SAY YOU PERFUME?
I2a st icle's rd., London nw 3. (NEW ADDRESS!!)
i am doing research for a t.v. film about necrophiliacs. if you know
any, either vertical or horizontal, perhaps you could put me in touch
not too closely - with them.

Phil Cohen

Terrain Gallery/39 Grove St., NYC 10014 (NEW ADDRESS!!)
The world, art, and self explain each other; each is the aesthetic
oneness of opposites. Four Statements Of Aesthetic Realism: I. Every
person is always trying to put together opposites within himself.
2. Every person in order to respect himself has to see the world
as beautiful or good or acceptable. 3. There is a disposition in
every person to think he will be for himself by making less of the
outside world. All beauty is a making one of opposites, and the
making one of opposites in what we are going after in ourselves.
- Eli Siegel.

U. of Wisconsin-Milwaukee 3203 No. Domer Ave, Milwaukee IX, Wis..
Dear Jeff Puttall, Clifton deBirry et al
Agreed. "I have every wish to change the world, but no wish to escape
it." A fine and rare statement. "I'm very much aware that living
here, in flesh, on earth, in time, is living in circumstances that
completely obstruct human aspirations for freedom, total ecstasy,
transcendence, etc." "I don't want to amplify my perceptions
into any area where I can't perceive the world any more." Count me
in on this too! - but I'm not so sure the establishment is so secure.
It will collapse! Meanwhile, however, you should attack by induction.
Thanks for listing me in the cover but where did you get my name?
Send copies to Paul Goodman 250 W 39 St., NYC, and to Kenneth
Nexther, 250 Scott St., San Francisco and to Laurens Otter, Oxon
I think they'd dig MOM. (NEW ADDRESSES!!)
OUR BEDROOM'S UNDERGROUND is at Better Books.
Best,
Morgan Gibson.

Traverse Theatre Club, 15 James Court, Edinburgh I.
Jeff -
I read your editorial bit and agree with you, and thought I would write
to tell you so, and include my latest news... (bit about Jeannett Cochran's Theatre, since launched and acclaimed)... bless you and
be of good cheer -
Jimmie Haynes.

Jack Moore sends greetings.

Box 106 Kensington Station, Detroit, Michigan, USA.
my own jeff once I3 from vehicle city--you are a cool loan cat as far
as this yerk (come home) - Weisner revealed my identity but that's
ok as it would have happened soon--your DeBirry issue great--and no
5--10 extra copies--I will drop you a cheque soon--how about
dropping an issue on debirry hq which are The Militant, 973 Broadway,
New York--the Trots are about to get shaken up.
other issues material being planned

myrna press is putting
out a committee of correspondence newsletter soon--copies will go
to you soon--seeing is earlier than explaining--we are reprinting
your landmark editorial from debirry issue (thanks for permission to reprint)--

I think much of what you say revolves around existential
joy--we have had a whole pile of ennui--weariness--despair
what about joy, existential joy, animal spirits, light feet--
the Henry Miller syndrome—possimistic as a springboard for joy—perhaps it will take An. types to do joy just as it took Ger-Fr types for despair.

also like linking of politics with language revolution or socialism that fuck---hip communis---aspects in us worked at none of this to get nonpolitical people to read of politics, to get politicians to read poetry—not all poetry need be social but some yes committed involved fighting pissed fucking talking to you like it really is, the way, it really is. maniac has broken into local chapter of debarry group and killed one 22 year old kid and wounded 2 others (no joke), my friend szan in Lag investigations CIA use of Mich. St. University, Sinclair of Artists Workshop in jail for pot, Malcolm X, Cassius Clay putting in for CO, group of us will burn Nazi the knife in effigy on weekend, Klat 3, the fairy president's secret service guys didn't protect him—it all fits the underground has to advance in a thousand ways kupferberg has the right way lots of times rabbit punch sometimes language that peals away their lies (they want a language that can't release reason (cannot fly with dream (cannot give tongue to vision hit the prophets are amongst us: already they speak with tongues; the last act of non Baranarian or the launching pad to man civilized: the moving times the way it really is

i hear ya talking choudhury in inja, laselot down under, burroughs in nordic, weisner in krautland, nameless fakers in tents across 10 continents over the 14 seas americia cracking up, splitting down the thrones like a transcontinental grand canyon... madness like i had forgotten while in europe...stop this monster, kids...stop him, stop him, stop him...they are still great Americans but America is no longer great so what? don't take the whole pot because you can no longer miss poets who can fashion holy Mosaic visions sights of triple-decked leaning in reality meatgasbergs like the solidity of Renn architecture and Indian carved ivory where alive all the bull elephants gone Lyndon Dat Johnson, Lady Dat Johnson, Lucy Dat Johnson, Lynda Dat Johnson: who think the world would be their pederasted Robin burroughs, nuttall, sym, leidner, beagle, hand, puraglove, veins, last, weisner: the charge of the heavy brigade uncle ho and grandpa nce write poetry—who do Ladydo do?

AND DANNY GARRASSH SHOULD TOO. FRENCH-GERMAN-ANGST-YANKIE-JOE, GREEK NEGRO.

ENOUGH THE BLAME LIES WITH LIBBERY.

WHO INTRODUCED CANNIBAALISM TO NEW YORK.

Don't mean this to ramble so much about politic stuff hit 15000 more cattle have been ordered for next month—my buddy is stopped by cops while planting trees and threatened—another black shot in Los Angeles by a cop—everywhere the grey poison mustard only
meh dispersing gas atmosphere

yet still one can sing, one searches for

words while will allow us to fly like the acrobat from Xanadu and

never never nets, one doesn't fly with net, not pride nor purity

for purity's sake but there are no nets for these acrobats and some

will crack their skills

one searching for a syntax to jerk into creati

one order like the cosmic phallus, some sense organic scramble partcha

one paratranual consciating

but it is mostly an age which will demand

prophecy, it is mainly a mystic age we would do well to read the

prophetic books of all the religions--there will be seeing with the

inner eye of enphalous logic--there will be the rolling back of eyes

and foaming--miracle making--believe and you will be made clean--search

and it will be known to you--in the sands of n. africa and the caves of

silelina--seek thy father's face and know the word which was from the

beginning and is=alphabet--expect poets to come up with enchantments

--incantations, and with some little luck we may yet see the phoenix

arising from some sweet lad or lossie's thighs, the phoenix dove of

the crystal verity which seems to survive each grey ice age--orge the

sevrich in at dool dun (trying to j---an no out: fogmachine

nakers) but we'll break their jolly, taste their butter, cream their

almond milk

hiyo ciao bella con amore love, not green beret lincan

brigade

of hoods

and robins and not a skimmering sound but the final

9th corral which is over our guide so cheer up if down and higher if

up--you are a good cat which the world will make little note of

Lee......

dan georgian.

DEAR LETTER FOR JEFF

got your message fresh shower

on the foggy mystification of mystic

encourages no and my actual baby

to hit our boat across the continent

instead of across the sea

further on

knowing (let's stay in the fashionable water

of underground-pop)

that, where the sharks fly and

there are those as dolphins, too

expending deep-sea-brains

and not expanding wheels of trains

ISN'T IT A SHAME

to be always obliged to repeat

the difference of radium to water

or to clarify a yawn against the bomb?

what our tools ever move down

p o w ! a smiling man can order it back

and keep smiling----

but what we can change of minds into NEW & MORE

that will stay forever: in t o u c h !

ISN'T IT A SHAME

for(having a look at those oil-pitches

already on surface of underground culture,

DEATH OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS)
so, isn't it a shame
hanging on banality of computers
instead of forcing abilities
to flip with laser beam colours?
o my lovely seagulls all

what is water: seeping away, not leaving a dot behind
watery words of anarchy
yosh, if the time wasn't
too much destruction by itself!
I say: water is good to brush my teeth with
and it be the same a long long time after ...
what freedom: when it's supposed to be liquid
what out: when it is turnback into liquid

SEE: IT IS NOT A SHAME
as I'm descending into the mines for different stuff
enlightenment (to see) comes from the GREAT WEBSTER
of the best book, only for: "DO IT YOURSELF"
well, some sweat on the finished roof of the arch
and no shouts from actors from a stage
but as banal as I can be

your letter, Jeff, should show the corn in the dust
saint WILLIAMS all religions are one
sure, some of us leave lakers of evil foot smell on the sidewalks
yet, what all our junk-heroes have to say:
'everything is of the same,' but it changes nothing

GIVE THEM A KICK IN THE ASS and say
'it makes no difference at all, you bitch' and
keep smiling, brother, for you
they mean the same — and HERE AND NOW you can count on me

klaus len.

[Cartoons of seagulls, water, and a man with a swastika]

Steve M Ryan
(address care of My Own Mag)
16 May 1966.

Clifton DeBerry,

Sounds to me as though you are nuts! I got a copy of My own
Mag at Ed Sanders' PEACE EYE, and have been slowly but surely blowing
my mind since.

Since I don't want to alarm you by not mentioning it, I am
in the United States Marine Corps. Yippee! Anyway, that's what all of that
array of my address is about. Now before you start calling MI5 (That's
what they call it, isn't it?) please hear me out.

To begin with, I'm an anarchist. Also, in the past two years,
after getting a good look at what lyndon-bird is up to, a pacifist. Mainly,
because I can't see any difference between him and any of the world's
other dictators. But politics isn't really what I'm writing about.
Though it does play a part.

Primarily I aspire to writing (Doesn't everyone?) and poetry is
the only way that I've been able to get anything out of my system at all.
(Cathartic?) I read my poetry aloud. I also carry it around with me
and, at times, mail it around. (Before I go on, I'd better warn you,
this is not going to sound believable. In fact, I don't believe it myself,
and I'm living through it. So please hear me out and then judge.)

Recently (March) when I was arrested for having a beard, a lot
of my things fell into the hands of the military 'authorities'; the
result of which is that I'm under investigation by the Office of Naval
Intelligence, which is the branch of the CIA super-nazi-complex that
deals with marines. I've had everything that I've written, including
the first half of a very shitty book, siezed. Not to mention laundry,
soap, water colours, lighter fluid, and other such obviously
"subversive" articles.

This wouldn't be too bad, if I know when and for what I would be tried.
That is, if I'm going to be tried. But, all of my incoming mail is stopped.
Period. Frightfully against the laws over here, but what's the law to
an "agent" anyway??? I occasionally get clippings from my mother.

I'm enclosing a copy of THE GARGOYLE. We manage to do 50
copies of each issue and would welcome British contributions. Our next
issue will be dedicated to Mario Savio who started the Free Speech Movement
at Berkeley. If anybody knows where he is we would be glad to get in
touch with him. (Ed. note: Letter arrived without the Gargoyle.)

Yours subversively,
Steve M. Ryan.

[Hand-drawn illustrations and doodles]

Wick Dilcocks

[Hand-drawn illustrations and doodles]
DAFY LADY

"Disgusting," my own non said, "the little fat, not sexy Miss Miss is.
"Conceived in sugar, she was," she said, "quarts of milk and One-A-Beys."
"Does she know of women's pain?" she said, "the grief of birthing, warming kids to coffee."

"Pooh. Weaned on syrup krispies, she was," she said, "lacey cuffs and Winnie."
"She revolts the son of me and your dad holds no respect for the street girl never to queen a house."
"Right, Father?" she asked himself through her. Miss nodding, looking past the window at a ripple girlie, heaping sugar on her sour eyes.

Chef Le Strange.
(Renee Mion)

SOME ENLIGHTENING WORDS FOR PROSPECTIVE PEOPLE

Life is personality contest
but, sweetheart,
this poem isn't,
so you can stop reading
anytime you like!

A patient suffering
from a long-term fatal illness
experiences euphoria
& the pain lets up --
then he dies...
well, I don't know
what I'm suffering from,
you might call it LIFE,
but I'm dancing all over the place;
dancing over the headlines
on Viet-War
dancing on the razor's hatred
in the throats of my fellow non
which isn't serious
misanthropy is O.K. as long
as one excludes himself.

So this guy
calls me on the phone
exclaiming what good poems I write,
how excellent! how excellent!
but what about me?
I ask him,
what do you think of me?
those scribblings,
torn stories
thrown in the air to rot,
thrown to the dogs --
WHAT OF ME?

This arm! My face!
my ass! a body!
covered with things that
never come out in poems,
trapped like spittle
in a drainpipe.
those things are the mysteries that
scientists think they can graph,
that psychologists think they can grasp
BUT THEY CAN'T!
it's only for us to feel,
to comprehend without words,
shrinking all explanations
as foolish --

Oh, hell, man,
what I really want to say
at this moment
is that every poem
should be the celebrating
& the relating
of a discovery
that's why poems should be written
every second
even during sleep --
than end then fast,
like this.

Douglas Blake.

The severed head of the Vietnamese soldier, great empty tracheal cavity,
and his ass smeared with shit, a waste, no girl to wash him, just a gook, no wife to wash him, he looks twenty, his asshole deer brown as the dead American's white, the other photo, will we never learn, thousands years -- but let us see their shit-smeared asses, boys we love so much, then you hear the screams of the ignorant like air raid sirens, their red throats: "But we don't have to see this! We know that war is awful... awful!" For they are shocked by SHIT even more than severed heads, these better make wars stop, they don't even see what life is until they see the blighted beauty that was a head, a shit-smeared asshole, of a young boy.

George Dowden.
Ornette's blurred stare into the Wool & Cotton Silhouette, it's the end——:
April veins dripping before the next buses——.

IN MEMORIAM FOR THE BLUE KID.

(REQUIEM FOR A QUEEN)

"The word boy like an islet"

P.E.

Fever, proliferations, Unicellular Being can be born in the wash of frontiers——
--- For a long time (frozen in the Creep Basin) The hour crushed in folds
--- Metal Reefs strained in Manganese Charm --- Gasoline Flowers, capsules
of pain, gobblers of maritime multiplications --- The Raw Being distributes
his lean, change spotted with blood. Morning-Glories chewed on the surface
of sheets of Mother of Pearl, varnished evules "the treble key" of blind
narrations — Specialized egg yolks, cope lost in Straw Storm, Thread-Like
shrivelled vertical Terceosss & Inspecsspecialist whipped by the Hydraulic
Masticator --- Latches, MOON & SUN, numerical winds, misty organisms,
Amber where the 'glance' is drowning, bladed of Holly, chomps frozen in the
gallop of fires, bush motherings, downy turf as white as braziers of
bones dead set against noise ——.

Thorny writing bathed in shit
Cut Up turds drifting on the Black Lake.
I neither had THE TIME nor the courage to kill myself
Corollas of Skin wrapped in wet corn
Shoot Iron weighing down the bed of headlights & foam

Leaves escaped of tender skin branded with a red hot iron
leaves of WOOL & COTTON bitterness
leaves reproductive and calculating
leaves LASER synthetic rubies
leaves of nostrils
leaves ears of stars
leaves with fern-like members
leaves double-nuts
leaves puberty prisms
leaves grass excluded
leaves of inanimate boards
leaves of glass Wool
leaves boys of clay cats
leaves of smoked up ears ——

NITE
BLOOD RUN THROUGH A mirror of gloves —— Hats of organs swamps hiding and
crops of jaws.

NITE
blood of Bancers of Verech devoured in Electric Vats...Armed fists of
chronic gangsters --- Yellow Dogs --- Snow that the Police flints
will not enflame.

NITE
with thighs of tortured octoes --- Floating pebbles and white fires
((Flowers ringed like hoodlum's flies) terribly Springtime eclipse.

NITE
SYRINGE OF SYNTHETIC SHADOWS --- Screams of the man released temporarily.

NITE
Nullified odours --- Scar-addresses never come back, (knees gnawed by
Absence) Oblivion Hernia Objective Sic...Ida MORT --- No odor ---
Embryonic veins --- Tubes sexes ——

BACK'S SOON TERROR
I'VE GOT TO SEE THE BOSS
THE BOSS IS DRIFTING ON BLACK COURAGE
GO RIGHT IN

AS YOU SEE THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE
your purple cunt (dead wood scaffolding) your slate and gypsym asshole felt by the Invisibles --- Gray secretions --- Your Butcher shop balls circled with injections (your webbed prick where the violets of dreams struggle your body cut in half on the AZURE BLUE TRACK)) ((((your decapitated Anal Eye) --- Your body kidnapped by REAL MOL & MORT --- Your muscles armed with fins of giant alphabetical disgusting gaping mouths

NITE

Worn out BLACK ANGEL
THE BLUE KID a prisoner in the MinFum Elevator. NITE --- NITE like the "1" in "levrette" sorting out the ashes (of initials)
--- vague reefs surrounded by green lights rendered hoarse by the Hormone-Equinoxial-Tide --- You, turned on all the gas-stomots & you lay down on the tiles in folds (you left a message: YOULL PI SS ME OFF)) it was 3 years ago in Paris (PARIS ON BURNT BREAD ASPHALT)1963 and the odor of Gaz de France...PARIS...City of Light shroud of scorn with stupidity flanked with paper money PARIS paved with fuzz with finks with cunt suckers (rotten toothpaste - PARIS) --- It's raining...It's raining...It's raining KID (nitetime here it's really raining) it's still raining (you're there swollen like an islet dirty lined) ---

A LONG TIME AFTERWARDS MENTALLY DERANGED WORDS

CHASUBLES OF RED COPPER    handkerchiefs of plasma
fire washed by simili genitals: notionless DEATH
DEATH shiny baboon
DEATH beam of nange
dead men ground up yards of riddled heads

NITE
rounded nite
nite thick soup
nite suction
nite umbrella of fever
nite sticky facets
NITE clock cancer

rotten row boats
dishevelled super-sales
instant-inpsychic ALGEBRA

DEATH FORCED YOUR GRACEFUL FRIABLE

BODY
DEATH SUCH AS IT IS SPOTTED WITH "ACIDS"
DEATH EMBROIDERED WITH CLOSE EYE-
LIDS
DEATH ENDLESSLY

periscope-lips
axonometric geometry glues

&
sweat against walls
Autumn drugs
filtered glances
dust of joy sniffed mournful
&
the Invisibles return every
time the forest of "muscules"
trembles under fingers

DERANGED WORDS
GROWN UP YARDS OF SUCTION PEER
--- THERE IS
--- WORD ALSO FROM
NUTALL: I can't go further -
C rations low -
temperature drops

every minute -
Crouched in this rudimentary shelter I fashioned from the opened womb of a long-preserved brontosaurus - us (to see these dream-remembered walls
NITE
DEATH
DEATH
DEATH
DEATH
fear
fear
fear
fear
fear

nite nite nite nite nite

basket
of
lungs avalanche horn of mist tarred flotsam of ashes
APHALT JUNGLE ASPHALT BURNT BREAD
Ghostlike bean-poles
fear
fear
fear
fear

how was it KID(?)

belly to belly
mouth to mouth
buried twisted in the chalky sheet
of the WOOL & COTTON SONATA ???
shattered OUT shadow
edible defense
bulbs
scarred asphalt
larva

..........................mask blisters weaving of shadows HOW
WAS IT KID (???) -----

old rotting dead woman
old rotting dead woman frozen

in yuddles

old dead woman drinking the
Lead Vernifuge of the HIGH & MIGHTY

the one
who has no burden

MOTHER your face lower than stones
MOTHER your bearded cunt sinister guillotine
MOTHER to nite I wrote your name on the walls of the crapper.


as dry as a spent huck - sk! I comfort my - self that the damp - est
was at least deliv - ered although I
may not now be 

present when the plan is

carried out. Anyone
finding this should
deliver it to Clifton
despair - or in charge of that
nerve - centre which
needs no description
being the only centre

which is nervously alive. You
will not, in these days, have
to travel far to encounter
despair. Beatles records,
strains of free-form jazz,
sound of girl - breath getting
faster, fragrance of good

grape and flesh grown
unnashen.

NOTES FROM THE SHORE
The karmic implications of the '63 assassination set precedent for a kind
of subconscious racialism/paranoia. Most astrologers were already hip to
the division of the 1883 to 2063 a.d. periods. One noting in 1963 represent -
ing the karmic phase of the cycle and its breakdown. The second staffing
real planning for a new Aquarian world order. It was a confrontation of
opposites in the astrophysicocosmological kaleidoscopic cosmic personalis -
tic. Historically we've seen every president in a 20 year cycle become some-
what of a divinely ordained martyr in some respect. Lincoln was slightly
cooking out behind his mystical supersensitive awareness and sometimes
had his friend hold his pocket knife while he walked alone into the
woods. Prior to these closing cycles the paradoxical ego centre of the
race is tightened up and fixed for its own self - gain. Fanatical hypocrit -
ical orthodox religious heavy power groups usually have the tendency to
justify their active and contradict God as do the evil predatory beings
on the other extreme of the social scale. It is always pitiful that a few
non have to pay for what each man should be carrying. As the Beatles
sing "we can work things out." For a while it looked as if things were
going to spread out endear up a bit to encompass a new, bigger and better order. A poet could ALMOST live in society built on freedom of the individual. At the time of this writing (1966) the cosmic bonds have tightened up. The dry insect mouthed killer eyes have begun to inject their own baby fear and tortured warped hangups using authority as a shield. Any person living as a testament to the words on the Statue of Liberty is likely to be shot or end up in jail on some "technicality" charge. Now the evil path is paved for insane fast legal shuffles to protect the police body in an incredibly evil bourgeois police state.

(Shiner Gel) Probably the war psychosis has set in and ignorant governing bodies are able to prosecute all the wrong things that have been lumped together in their minds. Prosecute for all the wrong reasons of course. Part of the fault lies in the tightness of big leftist groups also. Thousands inexperienced (in total life) young were banded together (which is good) but not mixing a little beyond the campus. I was in S.F. at the time of the Goldwater convention the amazing thing was...the leftist and "in pub" people had the same paranoia towards Goldwater as he had towards the Federal Government powers...and look how it turned out. Except Neal Cassidy who went down to the convention in nightcast cowboy drag complete with Goldwater button just to mix a little in the excitement and spin a little in the Fascist syndrome vibrations. It would probably have been more interesting if had 30,000 Big Sur beatniks and 10,000 Frisco screaming fags went down in nightcast pink cowboy drag and mixed a little and found out just where the cat was at...perhaps enlighten him.

As an appendage to these notes one should real or re-read the following: Mysticism, Conjunctions...C. Jung, Vol. 4 / Cosmic Superposition...W. Reich (Burned in America 1960)/Serpent Power/The Magic of Space...Some Tibetan monk/The Fabulous Insect Lord...J. Fabre/The Natural Psychic of Love...R. Gourmont (Pound's translation, also commend by Pound)/Essay by Albert Einstein in the book - Living Philosophy/Compare the last words of Dutch Schultz (see My Own Mag No. 13) with the dialogue in abashed documentary film by John Huston: Film, Book Two/ An article by physicist-philosopher Olivor Cost Burea due in Realities March 66/Playboy interview with Bob Dylan (Salvation)... The fighting lad selected in his state of prime energy has no idea why he has to kill or why he finds it easier to kill his neighbour than to love him. Especially since that energy has been trained or pressed into an absolute circumstance. It is too late for human reflection in his mirror. The decision has been made. His lips are dry and tight much like police paramedic armour. His eyes reflect explosive fear pressed coldly into power similar to insects praying on another species rigidly controlled by pattern of absolute order that developed in his red neck at birth in Kansas or Texas. He has been disciplined and his hard body carries the rigid speak of death or cowardice to love his parents. Orders from the intercoran antennae radar message of adderwork network with hard shells and poisoned wings of death ready to send blood and brains from the little yellow bastard species head. He will tear up the universal cunt and feel released from this pressure and feel secure with his microscopic gain of order released by his gun from that cosmic mouth.

Of course the licence to kill has become vogue since the chaotic bandwagon of love was too hard to resolve. And happy horizons set much faster these days. Ever since the official clock was set a little faster in Paris. A lot of physicists were there. No poets. In olden days the astronomers zapped in on those events. No...no one cares that sorority girls have no idea why they wiggle their ass to the Green Beret and at the same time cry when their sweetheart gets wounded on the Texas Hill Lionrares Viet football field. And Nancy's boots a little slow and too polished but more legitimate than leather fresh nage. All the media goaded to man who can make decisions. Or lose? or gain? his manhood. Depends whether you want to mutate with the right side of Christ or the left side. Your answer is there to illuminate it up. There have been
some interesting experiments with left and right side of the brain which has close relationship with politics and the social creature. The Viet war was an extension of the personality war here at home. You almost know which side to take if you know the personal side by looking. Or vibrations (sorry NY for using such out terminology.) In Wichita I was dragged out of a gallery by a freak cop, I was playing with a water pistol and after I showed him it was harmless, two of them broke the law and told me to shut up and ILLEGALLY dragged me outside and told me they would put me in jail for the whole night and psychopathic routine. It doesn't take much insight to imagine what kinds of freak scenes cops like this may have when visiting some other city... that is how they get their kicks. Ask some hustlers. If any citizen could undergo these things, o what a change. I think cops should undergo periodic psycho examinations. Of course I'm a nut and a rat in the eyes of society but I don't have any license to kill or even to intimidate. I'm worried about the regular citizen who might be caught looking like a rat. The Wichita police have adopted the Fascist and Communist policy of arresting anyone THEY don't think looks right... Back to the wars and the symbol of the swastika. Male west sun in dominance of left side imitating intellect reaching out like Greek spinner to capture more of the universe. The ancient swastika with four figures went on all fours, nose in ass. Team buddy spirit (Anger's alphonic in scorpio) The opposite coming together. The frightening aspects of it all. Like the world ending. Or has it ended? The fear of this entwining with all aspects of behaviour. Escape valve. The universe returned to a term I remember used by a W2 pilot... I remember it from: about 1943, BLIVOT: Trying to put five pounds of shit in a four pound bag... And one time Allen... 

... 

Russo who hadn't spoken for days said softly from his bed. "God is pressure..."

DIMS: There is nothing to fear but fear itself... There is a natural tendency for everything to want to make it in God's body. Nothing should be denied nothing should take over. OBSCENITY: Anything using a combination of power and evil even if it's white... Actually has little to do with genitals pure.... The heart pathos the genitals Beauty the hands and feet Proportion... Bahk. Everything is now subliming to action. The direction started happening strongly about five years ago. Total involvement. ACTION is now of course down to the used car dealers as is Batman. As it was the thing was to go pick up on some action the term bogen perhaps in jive talk or among heads where most new directions start... In physics we have Carnot's principle; the second principle in Thermo-Dynamics. This states that all mechanical activity and all psycho-chemical change is accompanied by an irretrievable expenditure of energy in the form of heat. Evolution therefore appears to us as an irreversible process of loss of energy. No wonder head avant-gardists rush to the front looking for energy to madly schlep and filter. The nuth heads soon found how fast they could burn out, faster than it could be restored. Every scene was sniffed out. Energy like in rock and roll was soon combined with the artist. Soon everything became too slow except what was HAPPENING. Which may be the end of the art circus. And like combining Total awareness. Most students are so far hip to everything, more than they know, who are hung in some kind of academic bag trying to write a dull textbook about a line meaning something, when the line is alive because it means all of what its series of flash juxtapositions can bring forth plus more. The English and Art dept. cons are the sickest cons going. There is no action-knowledge relationship... The whole thing is a fake setup. Teachers of the arts are the last to know what is happening and can never teach like painting, poetry or film but only mess around history as entropy. The mental activity must unfold as a measure of deterioration and disorder from... certainty and also re-establish an order in uncertainty.

Charles Plymell.
White feathers for the NLF! remembering the deaths of days gone by and the Viet Minh documents screaming for wounds, an end to foreign Bushido, tons of printblocks demanding death described as 'punishment', violent with ruthless conviction the State as the only landlord, the unified voice of the people's cadres clumsy bales of khaki shrouds stained with grey mud still as Chinese photograph on their stretchers wrapped marines sent to their eternal Miami Beach machine-gunned in their anoraks crackling loudhailers spluttering gun-jargon close-cropped pilots in their urgent jets who leave behind them a trail of soundless puffs cheongsam girls in Saigon teahouses "You buy me glass of Vietnamese tea, neester?" The voice yells "VC Terrorists! Kill VC!"

White feathers for the men in black, excited by iron red stars, a mystical vision of Fatherland Uncle Ho and Father Karl buried in England shallow snapshots on black canals creaking with night-time rifles and death, boy soldiers from Mekong villages with their knives and tortures, inscrutable as briefings, shrouded by coffins, marshalled by a mustached friend of Hitler's who refuses to compromise, dodging the barbed logs swishing from the trees nantraps and gintraps chowing the legs of drafted New Yorkers

White feathers for the men on "Wall Street, the money smudges, the bullet-makers fresh from putrid wounds, slender steel rushed from Czechoslovakia heeded after Dien Bien Phu captured at Da Nang discovered in holes in dead halets concealed in tunnels with limbs and vomit fabricated in San Diego extracted from human neat twisted from wreckage handled by dockers and made by workers bamboo spikes poisoned with human shit shaped by female hands

And a huge white feather for Lyndon Baines Johnson and all his drafted soldiers scattering Vietnam's entrails spraying rice with cyanide the rock-jawed chieftain dribbling somatic into the brains and veins of America

Dick Wilcock.
THE MOVING TIMES

N.Y.: THE COLD SUMMER OF 1816.
I am the Orangy Cat, the Collage Cat, as the this trembling this trouble / it's been a long time since I've seen daylight, divided night (nervous equinox) -- here the fear domain, her between the SEEN & UNDERSTOOD (An onalies dottened as vulgar mouths) -- BREED CRUMB HELIOPHORE, & the brief aroms of incomprehension when hypersensitivity calls on my doubles -- OAKA buried by the walking man, and every conjugal rain on Rusk Street -- who does not question the Revel-Sky? WHO INSIDES a gray wall? -- 
Quickands, by torment & absence & (perversioned ways by the Integral Beast) & the lift to be checkon seniors --
Somedays I'm on the BLUE NOTE Track -- as though this trembling in this double / this collagous-double haunting camouflaged angels, camouflaged by the Old Beast -- That multiform doubling provoking under the electronic microscope belonging to Ida, Mel & Mort -- I refuse to speak to the Psychiatric Panel (or to Witch Doctors), it was useless to write several texts on the edge of the chasm -- T-squared off they're always the same blinding intersections -- inside the ruptured man there is a stamen of TIT (in reality it's another secret but/) -- Waves of a loop / Fixed accidents / Ladders of impowable heads -- Flowered shelves in the Guy's & Poll's antechamber --
On the Jewish screen a militaristic vegetable-purple and gesticulates, he talks about a possible literature, but there are no books to come -- Intersexual relations give red eyes the eyes of Paderewski photographs in the Medical Alley but -- Again I shot at idol robots, OPERATING NOOG -- I suffered Hemingway's old hands -- (Here again, as the this trembling g(arsy)) -- Senior if you young fellas remember yonder dead child on the golf course in clothes in clothes I'm going to California where they smell / (it's true they have nothing to do w/ this or that) I talk thru' the indolent mask of the Angel of Shitown, THE ARCHANGELIC SPERMATOR under a warm rain I'm alone in a town cut open in a trump wind, cut open in calf lungs and feetal dust disenchanted off the street stranger. As the' this doubt-reverie-night w/ the other-bread, Hyperlyske and a switch of yellow for the Rainin Kid, who's chewing the love-ascent sky (/?)
As the' the Azure Blue Beast in Nothing had to close its eyes -- I electrode my double, I fold the psychiatric petchouli in always w/ a few repeats in the supposal of the NOVA ARMY --
Understand Baby Sweat Face? -- There is nothing here that doesn't belong to me, everything the gissende world & the kids w/ clay flanks / I live in 23 w/ the ORANGE GUYS, I'm w/ Sand the Brain of the CAY SCISSORS PRIDDY -- Hypermindless, (Mr. King of the Passes) I grazed Ginsberg in the shadow of the Sacred Coeur in 1816 -- At night Zinco decodes Willie Lee's messages -- Understand Stringmen? --
Carl SALOMON is going to be the Great Ordinator of the Art & Murder Networks, Bonkau will get out of hospital and will transreflect the Arctic double on a multiform Track --
"Let no see yr identification Deed X show me yr prick bastard!!"
"What??!!"
"FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!" I willingly lied in the columns of yesterday, on the edge of the same intersection points, the Sublime Kid devoured my genitals inside a gray wall -- To Eyes & to voices to dogs & to generate old hands will be delivered --
POST SCRIPTUM. Days nights shadows in flight, tissues in the gray dawn, & the mercenary torn broken in lead-infinity --
Must lie down and swallow ashes -- Lots of noise for nothing Mr. Thing, up S Zinco's sleeve Captain Blood's marked cards -- We shoved all the dialectics -- Today in the Corolla of a Long Time Ago the impossibility to SAY -- I erased the fingerprints on sky-like dress -- 4 P.M. nites and blindmen surrounded On City's Neutral Building. An Inhabitable world (?) -- Permanent outrage -- A gray bare world (1/2 all the wool & cotton imperfections) -- Must file w/ the little tranquilliser pills -- The Invisibles explore confectioner constellations -- The Oxide Ence of a decalable and leap-year Imaginary -- Shrigle silks and finger combinations -- Inside a gray wall SOMEONE dyed William Burrough's shoes (SOMEONE is who which Senier sprinkled the Blue Kid w/ planetary lavender (?))

DISLOCATED INTERCALARIES.
Captain Clark in Port Arthur and the Bloody Journey -- THE INVISIBLE MAN was dying in chalcedomrain, a long time ago -- Spatial locomotives burst the hinged sky -- The damages of incomprehension officiated in the tender oxana --
There, the end.
I don't witches the T-square-rupture of radioactive blinkers, I ladder on the Big Z and on Hassen B, I still running on Chinatown's splittings --
Cecil Taylor flies away & hides
sophomore stalls on Sunday. Silent Pano-writing under the old microscope --- Avenida NOE near the heavy stems --- The shadow of the Malaria Phantom is inlaid by the Sandmen --- Faded scenes --- Idols have dirty feet and crush us --- Ed Sanders cuts his narrow out in the half-moon (I know only by his Judex's sleeve (a long time ago)) --- Cold scissors of the hour buried in the wet rooms of Alenbury Road --- Here/Elsewhere/From Nowhere to Nowhere The Bill of Credits of Waiting N.Y.C. U.U.STA.C.P.

STOP.

Claude Peliou.

dear jeff here's a continuation of Burroughs 3-column text in MOM 75 in which he had used material from my 'communication' with burroughs' (MOM Th) col. I is made up of material from burroughs' piece in MOM 75 col. 2 material from a text of mine called 'a crippled spool of raywords' (which will appear in Gyn Pursaliev's NEMULUM II) and from notetbook entries June 19, 1964 cross reading turned out some cracking hints 2nd clarification of several cruxy items in both burroughs' text and mine - incidentally burroughs room at heidelberg hotel Kruegerhof was 23 (remember idiot sunset at 23 PANhandle door?) Love Karl Welser.

col. 1
this is 'loud mouthed director' Montana Leon: 'tape that Frank sat at 23 Panhandle Door... it was Carl under a rusty shower...'/ there I was in the corpse packet at 23/the gas girls collapsed on reverse pictures in Sex Street... 'yes, Thursday fancy negatives in YUMI with just flicker of Alaska' called in my red shoes in narrebaksh/meet the SOS/on of narrebaksh/-/column yumi dealt at 23/Ohio you'll find then buying everything from Organization Shannon tape recorded at 23 Mount St. '/(Shannon... I swear... that SOUND again...?!) - carl's YUMI, blue rain from the organization produced by 'genera heat'... get me the negatives of Shannon tape recorded at 23 Tuesday Pictures...'/carl's yumi blue St Louis Enceladis two cats in outer then you call organization YUMI produced Desecurano paper in a lot of books/who said "Atlantic City!!"?'/ YUMI 23 on Ohio Camera/there I was... negatives in the shannon corpse to acquire virus from blue Chrisito/then remember "Tape that Friday for infectious disease, rotten at 23..."

Tuesday Heat processing actual film 'Cripelled Image' was Carl's column 'yumi deal walking in blue St Louis hell'...how long did it take you to remember that 'yumi deal' was desecurano el rapzoo... process that photo to get sunset at anyth...
-ng that flew dying sex in calif./"carl gets the call
formia blues all quite by chance & sexy" I was in
my blue clothes, remember? disease tape that rotten
you/ infectious american rain outside/ column '23
Brain Script: it's all pa-
rt of the city's sudden
transfigure, alphonse
smell --- spreading epidemics/third vacuum tracks/
of St Louis

Station on Tuesday Exhaust Dreams/ray words! /yumi dead blow up
after they shifted St Louis.../did you remember supersonic yumi
was desperado?,/process that
blissed blind euphoria to/ squat out one deformed
sunset at the nerve centre
after he blew dying sex in calif./I told you, a cam-
era.../carl gets the call/yumi blues all by pron-
ouncing "gray chance & sexy"...
I was in business/oarocular silence
remember my blue clothes?/iridescent disease/ tape 'rotten
ashes blind you... infectious amer-
ican plasma euphoria.../ column '23/
dark SOUND, no brain script.
It's all a matter of how naked you transfigure in the city's sudden
small alphonse thru vacuum tracks
of St Louis

2525 crossroad - /EXEC trouble was really 'bleeding words out of the blue image'... dead image, a rusty flesh they feed on... /I was Zero Recipe at 23 Gis speaking reverse cut/"yes, Reflex Trauma collapsed...no flutter tubes here...bleeding out in YUMI deadline lingo shift." /"See if Alaska called Color Change...call him
in rotten terminals...meet the SOS con man..." / memory bank came down at 23rd cut/"you'll find them buying $, scamolining, words...anything that sinks thru flickering PPILO Grid..." Shannon spoons taped at 25 Mount St."I, Shannon, swear that Eicker told you a long time in sound that the whole grid business doesn't pay the candidry...I told you blue letters show thru yr camera heat octolam..."/"no matter...get me the whole negatives of how naked you transfigure..."/organisation YUMI recorded at 19 Tu Y Sade/ pay candidry? - rub out the pictures!!...the agent's letters show thru yr St. Louis Atlantic city?? - Shift tracks in Encephalitis!!...Ohio Camera act negative in the burning HAI-thing for krisseke.../space encephalitis tally organisation running red energy of call sum/ who? Eulert Hot Agents Said Atlantic City??!! - shift tracks in 25 Ohio Camera.../there...I saw it move...crippledKeyword mark Eulert Friday!! - / remember supersonic disease burned down 23 desperado...I saw it move...deformed nerve center after the actual film crippled image...I told you...carl's YUMI words...GRAY after they shifted St Louis.../ iridescent ashes - remember Blind Photo? Shadow Plasma Sunset?... that nerve rain...column 23 a dark SOUND, a naked camera.../the city's sudden epidemics transfiguration/spreading Grey Sex...circlear Smell thru vacuum alphonse tracks... - /

St Louis / II:30 P.M.
June 19, 1964 was Eulert Friday
Karl Weisner

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NEWSFLASH, NEWSFLASH, NEWSFLASH, NEWSFLASH, NEWSFLASH, NEWSFLASH, NEWSFLASH, NEWSFLASH, NEWS
Cari Robins, author of "Not A Faceless Number," is serving a life sentence in Texas State Penitentiary, Huntsville, a singularly brutal prison. William Wantling, himself suffering considerable police persecution, has started a fund to procure a new trial for Robins, who cannot afford proper legal aid. From Wantling's letter: Any half-wit sharp lawyer can find grounds for a new trial...but appeals run into bigtime bread, Baby, believe! Bu YP CAN BE DONE...if you can't afford a dollar you can afford, at least, a few cent stamps -- send them to: WD WANTLING/717 HILLS/ NORMAL, IL 61761. This is like a chain letter & you are hereby challenged to make 3 copies (at least) & send on to 3 friends. As you send yr. copies add yr. 3 friends names to the bottom of the list to prevent duplication...but in the chain could bring Robins horrendously evil luck - it could leave him in Huntsville without hope, which is just exactly the way things stand now. Swing, Kittles, please do it!

Love is Wide, Wide / WD Wantling.

(MEMOTE: Full text of Wantling's letter in OLE and PORTMANT)