

we called her 'mother' wouldn't you?

by William Burroughs

"I enclose a format experiment for MOTHER. The red and blue calligraphy are actually words from the text written down the columns with a magic marker. If the color is difficult to reproduce, a strip of dots between columns suggesting IBM ticker tape would be appropriate."

William Burroughs
Sept 15, 27. Alfred
Tangier, Morocco



'Have you seen
Pantopon Rose
smoky sun set
a room with
rose wall paper
er 'and her
was a sport-
ing woman' thi
is the way
the old hop
smoking world
matters betwe
en years ' bac
ck room of th
e Chink laun
dry:; Bat hous
e in Peoria
lungs like
that nabor-
hood in aqua-
lungs you un
derstand tits
fade to rose
wall paper se
x phantoms in
a tarnished
mirror old
junky packing
his Murphy
bed with a
telescope yo
a can watch
our worn out
film dim jer
ky far away
shut a burea
rrawer

It junky sell
ing his empty
suit case die
tant 1920 wind
and dust well
' got around
to the door
of Black Out
Doc Lamberts
Osteopathic
Clinic and I
am really th
n for that
cool remote
Sunday when I
spot this Tim
e Vigilante
fat with a
sloppy brief
case fink
letters spill
ing out of i
looked like

Mrs. Murphy's Room
ing House rememb-
er It was a long
time ago but not
too far to walk.
Remember a young
cop whistling
'Annie Laurie'
down cobble st-
one streets twir-
ing his club the
e it is just ah-
ead red brick bu-
ilding on the
corner of the al-
ey room 18 on th
top floor if my
memory serves th
at room has been
closed for years
I have the key
Mrs Murphy I can
find my way and
I'll be wanting
c cup of tea, Mrs
Murphy these st-
airs they'll be
the death of me
memory hit the
old detective li
ke a knife/cough
'fight tubercul-
osis folks' an
old junky sell-
ing Christmas sea-
s on North Clark
St. The Priest th
ey called him.
sad distant face
he died during
the night well
open the door.
Kid from the at-
tic standing the-
e 'I thought you
might like a cup
of tea at dawn
calm English mir-
acle of Apo-morp-
ine. Apo Gob they
called me becaus
I am derived fro
the Sailor Opiu-
Janes they call-
ed him he was
junk so I had to
boil him in HCl
and he felt ever
so much better
afterwards.

.rooms
Rooms To
Get Rooms
Salt Chun
Mary had
all the
'Nos')
and none
of them
ever mean
yes she
ran a red
brick roo-
ming hous
e East St
Louis Ill

She named
a price
and that
was it
heavy and
cold as a
cop's black
jack on a

winter ni-
ght. She re-
cieved ar-
did busi-
ess in th
kitchen.
She kept
it in a
sugar bowl
Nobody th
ought ab-
out that.
Her cold
grey eyes
would hav
seen the
thought.

and maybe
something
goes wron-
on the net
t lay John
Citizen
comes up
with a lo-
d of 1100
into your
soft and
tenders o-
Johnny La-
just happ-
ens by.
Mary keep
a blue an

he might attempt what he calls a 'citizen's arrest' I threw him a cool curve about his dirty rotten ~~business~~ fink business. Doc Lambert wrote me a 'Murphy' Rx to hold me over till I could book passage on a Deadliner any place but here. 'Meet me at the shooting gallery stop S.W. corner Amerex P.T. St. Simp 22 D&D

Anchorage Alaska

So I make the shooting gallery 4.p.m. and spot Skipper B. an old dead liner I know from light years remote inferential presence at the Dream Machine in the penny arcade he hiccups 'quiet the roses' and I say 'ship scenes blue wall paper peanuts in 1920 movie' So we make it out to his ship with the name white washed out first where the old yaught club used to be 'Are you a member? Without changing his expression the Skipper took a small hand gun from his pocket and shot him. 'wretched idiot inhabitants running do you see after me'..So we walk on water out to his ship dusty sun light in the dingy cabin it was a typical dead line tramp skooner. The Skipper brings out a lead bottle of Heavy Blue pours it in lead cups and we blue out. He just looks at me and says 'Tick ahead of the geigers eh mate' I tell him I am carrying maps and I lay out a B.G. (Brion Gy sin) on the table. He checks the B.G and we make a deal.

I quote from Anxiety and Its Treatment by Doctor John Yerberry Dent M.D. of London: 'Apomorphine (apo-derived from) is made from morphine by boiling with hydrochloric acid but its physiological effect is quite different. Morphine sedates the front brain. Apomorphine stimulates the hypothalamus in the back brain in such a way as to regulate metabolism. I suggest that what we call anxiety is due to an abnormality in the blood stream' Apomorphine regulates metabolism. Apomorphine is the only drug known that exerts this regulating instance. Apomorphine is the anti-~~XXXXX~~ anxiety drug. And once metabolism is regulated apomorphine can be discontinued. Like a good policeman apomorphine does its work and goes. Synthesis of the apomorphine formulae would create drugs exerting a regulating instance ten or more times the existing formulae which could well eradicate from this planet what we call anxiety. Now since most existing establishments are basically founded on anxiety it is not surprising that the use of apomorphine therapy or the development of synthetic variations has been consistently opposed in certain interested quarters.

'coffee pot and a big iron pot of salt porridge and beans always on the wood stove. You eat first then you talk business the gear sloped out on the kitchen table he eyes old unbluffed unreadable when she names a price and she does not name another. I was new in the game and like all young thieves thought I had a license to steal. I took a room to cool off for a week room on the top floor smoky sun set waiting on the Japanese girl from Marty's