A letter from the PUBLISHER

"C" Press

TIME, a book of words and pictures by William Burroughs, and with 4 drawings by Brion Gysin, is the fourth book in a series published by "C" Press. This first printing appears in 4 editions: 4 copies hors commerce; 10 copies numbered A-J, hardbound, each containing an original manuscript page by Burroughs and an original drawing by Gysin, signed by both; 100 numbered and signed copies; 886 copies in a trade edition.

The first 3 books published by "C" Press are: LITERARY DAYS, prose by Tom Veitch; IN ADVANCE OF THE BROKEN ARM, poems by Ron Padgett; THE SONNETS, poems by Ted Berrigan, a few copies of which are still available at $2.

There are no typographical errors in this edition.

The TIME cover is by Mr Burroughs.

This is copy no. 62

William S. Burroughs, Brion Gysin

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Printed in U.S.A.
February 29, 1964

"Put this on my bill, Lil.'
She said 'yes', her eyes didn't.
"/Canaries? rainy season
you know, cheap though.
pretty condition of poverty, Live in
saves/coughing from the smoke spit blood all over my back so what lovely
backwoods piece of hump. I came the spectroscope/
had an uncle died of cirrhosis/one slice of brown
bread with no butter/He had to lose weight yes
definitely/don't like Jews
who pretend not to be
Jews/come around with
the old birds & bees jelly
I think Roosevelt let it happen/"
"/I've seen you before.
I must go back to sad post
sad suburbs fear we all
know here jumping at every
sound from the street
guards everywhere
what you trying to unload on somebody, Jack
son, radioactive garbage?

Now when the White Reader
slops my score the
taste of lavoriga in a
prep shool glass with
my comb and toothbrush
'go gladly to your doom
earth man' what corn is
here? have been in
desperate battle., We
don't like to hear a lot
of bull shit like
we are hearing it now.
We want to hear pay talk,
Daddy, and we want to
hear pay talk now/"

Cobuntnued page 2, Col 3
day the old birds & bees
came around to open Sun
after where the old Jews
'who pretend not to be'
you come on it before 't we butter the Jews way
of a long way to go without
vision? It's one slice
where you died out tele-
you scope the time air
woods piece of hump? Do
ely public attention to
to your poverty! /What low
condition of 'cunt return
"/You know 'pretty
him away/"
Give him some money! Seni
/Who's that at the door?
the faer we all know here
in these foreign suburbs
I must go back to sad post
Old photo you walk from
of I! I've seen you before'
pasteur now its a tunnel
let it happen but it is not
doom' I think Roosevelt
man? Go gladly to your
Where you from, earth
brush past a man who said:
cool glass frayed tooth
of lavoriga in a prep shool
a windy street past taste
Office slops my score up
"/Now when the White Post
out of now/"
bage or the girls? Taxi
the boy's radioactive gas
somebody, Jack? You like
ning ungroup? Leaning on
"Young man, what you try-

Rooms To Let
"/Salt Chunk Mary had all
the 'nos' and none of th-
em ever meant 'yes' she
ran a red brick ronning
house East St. Louis Ill-
in on. She named a price
and that was it. She did
't name another. Mary did'
't like talk the she did'
't like talkers heavy and
cold as a cops black jack
a winter night. She recie-
ved and did business in
the kitchen and she kept
it in a sugar bowl. No-
body thought about that.
Her cold grey eye would
(Continuedpage 3 col 3
can paper a wall with ass in those days you street flat on my junk beats my touch down the nay 'hello there' and ette sails by with a winnow defunct Tanger Gas while columnist of the and Barnaby Bliss erst manos a casa, William's days and Paco says: 'Ya bank used to be open Sun you get to where the old of folklore. Now when you impressed on this balch Great Garlic Tooth Pick! Spanish insolence. The lazy good natured like the boys or the girl cool young man said: 'Ya street? 'Spanish Scheme' villa just down the How about the 'Sweet Home foreign suburbs here/' those pictures: 'These go up and get whole fucking shit house.I don't care if the cut and get those picture floor is upstairs/' Go first floor. The second floor. This is the or? No this is not the Am I on the second floor planet by good manners/ English conquered their on television/ 'That' /There are many games with Glenny's death/ these coupons charged revision/ 'Clip and save /There are games on tel's death/ pens charged with Glenny Clip and save these cou /'This is America/ / y lessons on television/ /television. There are man /'There are lessons on and of innocence/ /store/ / For a waif New York. This is a big store. This store is in Column I) (Continued from page I

THE DEAD STAR brings you the shocking story of the Mayan Caper

Remote cool offices under a silent rain of bank notes blue light on board meeting and mergers. When any member leaves the board room the surviving members who didn't leave turn slow and cool look at the empty chair: "Errand boy" and nod out a thousand and years on how cool they say it. You see the point of this game is keep cool. Remember what happened to Q.J. Get the Hot Slide for his Mayan stinker.

special to THE DEAD STAR by J. Brundage: "We will trava as not only in space but in time as well." A Russian scientist said that. I have just returned from a thousand year trip and I am here to tell you what I saw to tell you how such time trips are made. It is a precision operation. It is difficult. It is dangerous as the early days of aviation. It is the new frontier and only the adventurous need apply. It belongs to anyone who has the courage and the know how to travel. It belongs to you.

I started my trip in the old newspapers morgue. Like this. Like this. Take today's paper. Fill up three columns with selections you scan out. Now read cross column. Fill a talk business. Or maybe you you. You eat and then you salt chunk in front of coffee and a plate of out a word and puts a mug come in she gets up with porridge and beans. When you stove and a pot of salt pot always on the wood Mary keeps a blue coffee the table and that is that and shoves it back across just wraps the gear up. I want to do business she and stays shut. If she does cold and her mouth closes price falls out heavy and looks at the gear and a where you sloped it. She table she already knows gear out on her kitchen C. When you spread the by she set there and hear or Johnny Lew just happens to your soft and tends shed of 00 buckshot in John Citizen come up with wrong on the next lay and maybe something goes have seen the thought

Column 3

(Continued from Page I)
Sunday March 1, 1964

(Continued P. 4 col. 2)

...sat in moulding who
moulding the chair you
or old word columns
back in yesterday pap
pre-sent time now move
the so called future in
or in other words we tak
and knew how to hang it
had a peg to hang it on
es will be there if you
out and take the picture
continuity then you go

(Continued P. 4 col. 1)

...was open Sundays sitt
ing there ina smoky pa
per sun set waiting on
the Japanese girl a soft
knock and I open the
door naked with a hard
on - it was the top
floor all the way up
you understand nobody
no body on that land-ings
'wocoh! she says feel
ning it up to my oysters
a drop of lubricant
squeezed out and take
a smoky sun set on rose
wall paer I'd been
lying there naked think
ning about what we were
going to do in the
rocking chair rocks
off down the line She
could get out of her
clothes faster than a
 junky can fix when his
blood is right so we
rocked away into the
sun set across the riv
er just before blast
off that old knock on
the door and shoot thi
is fear load like I
never feel it wind up i
is her young brother
at the door in his cop
suit been watching thr
ough the key hole and
learn about the birds
& bee some bee in th
ose days I was good
looking kid had all
teeth she set the
scene up you understan
d she knew all the sex
currents goose for
pimple always
made her entrance when
your nuts are tight
and aching ice towles
lowels suspension the
lot. There was a little
storage room where
we rigged up a Japanese
Gym strictly from
Yokohama

(Continued P. 4 col. 3)
Fliday March 13, 1964

(Continued P.5, Col.3)
around you, Black Jack
St Louis Illinois she is
Yale. You walk in East
that was open the girls.
She named a price and
deputy waers lar murphy
is dead. Kindaspecial
Klinger
conditions of ash? I twi
bourne Grove. Smell those
magic shop in West-
Johnny Law just happens
see this hand lifted?
agent call. Recall John
about that cold outside
ness) Nobody thought
old birds and bees bus
come around with the ol
cracy and cold as a cop's
t the birds. (Her eyes
ch unless I browned about
his cop suit been a pin
see standing there in
talked business/ You
ed you last time you
goes on Jew Corner, Nick
ght: /
Maybe something
her cold returning thou
kept the guide ready
wise guy. Mary she
ing universe. This is
man map his own fuck
steal. Meet this Johnson
thieves but anything
job hot and heavy. Young
doing my simple artisan
Japanese girl
ing in a Turner sun set
cool off. Like I was sit
Picasso on Rembrandt
Period. Or maybe you
safe behind the Blue
place waits for me wall
where a diamond nec
chauffeur map indicate
a disgruntled former
I meet this Johnson has
down to Marty's where
the girl left I walk

(Continued P.5 Col.2)
in the dormitory. A distant soldier steps from the lake from the hill from the sky.

This letter is being written out here on the eve of a big attack. Odds against returning. You have always borne the strain of my being other men before/"
Second Lieutenant G.R. Morgan killed in action August 1, 1917@"Washed twice"@"@ Captain G. Fell May 25, 1915@"@Smells of quicklime now; I have never been so well or so very nice. Barring the smell of rotten eggs we've got happy quicklime in our hands. Bodies Lieutenant D.O.B. killed in action August 15, 1915 aged 20@"/I doubt if he comes through the 37th Post horrible mail existence S.H. Barker killed in action March 23, 1918 finger pointing to heaven our photographer Robert Freson to trace the last nearly invisible scars of war. 'Memory of the boy J.B.' a gun slowly rusts away discarded and cobwebbed this young British helmet. Memento of a lost biologic war combat boots covered with green mold, he pulled out a soldier's references: "Towers Open Fire."

Laser guns the boy made in his work shop over the garage to resist the Secret World Conflict. The boy's room is quite empty now. 1920 Movie silver ghost boy of exploded star bare feet twisted on a fence there by the creek smiles from an old blue calendar put away in the attic. You can watch so painful to scan out:

ed over New York voice hear it? Enemy intercept the job here? Will he barrier */Have I done electric fence at that bye broken twisted on from the sky last good the lake from the hill laser guns washing from flapping gun smoke laid in sand a white shirt windy street half burand toys put away to a haunted attic books ghost window closed to you heard didn't you? air last human crying further away? 'good bye hand lifted further and calling see the boy ther person unfound hopeless searched from person to us still there waiting wow exploded star between by the attic wind standing there feeble good bye! remember kid bye across the sky. Last boy just wrote last good from his shoulder some mind a distant hand fell full stopped in Johnny's a distant voice so painful s on a wall long ago er shirt flapping shadow cold hand on your shoulder. Who else put a slow attic room now Johnny's lustre basin in the blue both of use the copper off his shirt. You know could touch almost took the boy solid now I yesterday back from shad precarious streets of of flickering silverprah an end run face boy sent films so I pivot wishing my way back to sil-
eau drawer jerky far away shut our worn out film dim
THE WORLD

RED CHINA
The Self-Bound Gulliver
(See Cover)

"Communism is not love!" cried Mao Tse-tung. "Communism is a hammer we use to destroy our enemies!"

Mao, the somewhat enigmatic ruler of Red China, has certainly been flailing in all directions with his hammer of late, but nothing much has been destroyed. Even Nikita Khrushchev, Mao's most recent target, has emerged unscathed from Peking's incessant an isolation so complete that he can count as certain allies only tiny North Korea in Asia and even tinier Albania in Europe.

It seems like sheer lunacy for Mao to challenge the two greatest powers on earth at a time when China's industry and agriculture are still staggering from the disasters of the Great Leap Forward and before he has the armaments to engage in any large-scale contest. But it is entirely possible that Mao may have come to feel that the only way to break China's economic fetters, and still be born this month, will federate Mafell on a winter night in these foreign here was't there /

'/Be careful of the old man. Kinda special deputy carries a gun in the car/'

Music fading in the East St Louis night broken junk of exploded star sad servant of the island side offered us his pictures of a squirrel hunt a shirt flapping trailing the smoke of hard wood forests a black silver sky of broken film the lake itself like bits of silver paper in the wind hard across the golf course a silent awning flaps on the pier to a post card sky. Remember the message between remote posts/ fold in distant sky/sad boy speaking/ from magazine/this page/ filtered back adios and death/ message from his gun/is/buried in sand/ hear this dry/walky talky talky/post erased/ "you hear now?"/Writer writes to scan your message as it were/said the operation consisting:

you are yourself Mr Bradley Mr Martin/of course/ who else?/ your 1st arrest wasn't it?/ past time\nwhistling message that is you to scan out as it were: a distant hand lifted: "You and I/ sad old/broken film/ knife/cough/ it lands in/ cough/present time/ long cough/ decoding arrest/ cough/ empty arteries must tell you/ cough/ adios/ who else?/ cough/ drew Sept,17,1899 over New York

Tiny Allies. Not too long ago, Red China had friends galore. Many of the underdeveloped nations of Asia, and colonial peoples everywhere, listened admiringly to Mao's boastful plans of a swift transition from poverty to plenty. The left wing in Western Europe and the U.S., disenchanted with Stalin's terror, saw Mao as a new and nobler architect of a peoples' socialism. In the United Nations, it seemed only a matter of time before rambunctious Afro-Asian votes overcame U.S. resistance to the idea of taking China's seat away from the Nationalists on Formosa and giving it to the Communist regime.

But Mao finds little sympathy anywhere in the world today. He has embroiled his hard-pressed country in simultaneous feuds with the U.S., the Soviet Union and India, the three most populous nations in the world after his own. In fact, he has plunged China into

MODERN LIVING

A man calls: The correct handshake, presenting cards, disposition of hat

flames. The only thing Mao has done with his paper hammer is to fan new hatreds for himself and his Red regime.

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To that end he has emphasized both race and color in his attempt to win friends and alliances. Red China has always dreamed of one day employing Indonesia's oil, Thailand's rice, even Japan's technology, as fuel for a huge Asian alliance that could safely defy the West. And now Mao has been emphasizing color as a way to align the have-not nations of Asia and Africa against the West.

World's 90%. Fortunately, few Asian lands are in a mood to follow Red China. Japan is enjoying an industrial boom and an affluent life comparable to that of Western Europe. Formosa, with significant U.S. aid, has had successive fine harvests in contrast to mainland China, and boasts a battle-ready army of 400,000 men. The Philippines has a stable working democracy these days, and is forging close links with its fellow Malay nations. Malaysia, a state scheduled to

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Ash streaking his cheek with the lives of millions "telling me lacer guns lost illusions to say full recklessly prowling tigers 'washing''''''''''''''" length 'Mr Bradly Martin' from the invigorating north. 'Annie Laurie' had no stood there footsore on ern provinces introduced rock- luck."lacer guns wash- dead stars heavy with ets into Cuba and then------ in present time any his dust answer from the ginseng root to groves of 'glass box' by cutting the thin namnu haps Hopeh hum- sound track drew Sept 17 ilificantly withdrawing them up"'''''''''''''''''''

1899 over wistful M.U.C. "What trees"?????? China remember burning blood N.Y. sound track inter presumption spluttered "Here marks the spot.. distant cepted you my toys since the day of prehistory stump of an arm drew across

as a front of adoration down to the shallow I961 across the torn sky 'enemy put away across the golf wordl's championship in intercepted' over New York course my life of an table tenis.'Communism clear as the luminous sky just ancient tree steps trail- is a hammer to chall- ing the wink of light years enge the two great- of youth children's shoes eat 'reality powers'on down a windy street with on 'reality earth'"'' the old sun light over N.Y. the torn September sky. added witheringly that 'enemy intercepted' a voice so streaked across moon back yard blast nearly painful to scan out: 'Have I and crashed with this art wrecked the placid done the job here? Will he hear along the Tang Dynasty. ceremonial Southerners it?' stump of an arm dripping the footsore said "no dice slow thinking average stars I have been faithful to adios forever clom Fliday" age 63 knows that hot you in desperate secret battle flickering through his and humid sound will for the streets last glimpse of smile after the hot stove never see the promised a sad toy soldier down a post you add it all up:------ land.
Filtering

How Johns-Manville
Filter Aids Help You
Control Clarity

Because of their unique, porous structure and highly irregular particle shapes, Celite® diatomite filter aids give liquids maximum clarity at the fastest flow rates obtainable. Celite is quarried from the world’s largest and purest diatomite deposit and processed in one, closely controlled, continuous operation. You are assured of dependable, exceptionally uniform shipments, from a full selection of grades. Here, as with all Johns-Manville products, you can count on the right materials for the job, as well as on the help of your J-M Resident Engineer.

Queries are invited on filter aids, as well as on insulations, building materials, packings, friction materials, mineral fillers and tapes. Contact the J-M Distributor in your country or write: Johns-Manville International Corporation, Box 280, N. Y. 16, N. Y., U.S.A. J-M Sales Offices: London • Paris • Wiesbaden • Gothenburg • Beirut • Milan • Madrid.

Johns-Manville
Over 100 years’ experience
India's lost illusions told unknown factor. The footsore are new freed unaccountably outing the sound track to wistful M. U.C. and remote honey sacred countenance you are my difficulty in pursuing my avid fellow feeling to its all too stupid obvious and stupid conclusion assaults the truth while living can register your years accustomed to this art along the mewing thrilling Tan Dynasty hysteria utter babble and ambush the Inferential Kid you may infer the total eclipse of whoever stood in his focus. The hot stove ash blown from my sleeve frozen forever your pettie blue eyed blond streaked jungle. Some voice without inflection might be just what will have a talk with Winkhorst in the technic all department with wink babble for camouflage now trying the operation will be perfected after the hot stove no dice. A straight game of glass box stud magpie synthetic flight of Wallgreen collar aborts world's art compacted feathers hallucinogen fur coat for a lapdog? utter babble. I cancel all your hot tenderness in nine shades, Bwana, all different hemp stoning clom Friday you welching two bit tin typers. Ever see those English ghosts walking around used to be their head under one arm?

(Continued pot ends here (Continued P 7. col 1)

...the in all directions you want to live and dream image that repeats yo you breathe being the sa the endless lack of what this Hall and this enemy your eyes. Bradley, makes "Any image repeated in

(Continued P 7. col 2)

t his cruelest lawyers friends concealed doubt Shell Mara reasonable weekly mail service in what hampered by the dishonesty but some irrelevant as honest of a hysterial nature in screaming needless of course to certain us cultures giving rise aceful ovens and vir-

Column 2 on page 5 has been reassigned to this column

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek a wall of water full fathom five muffled explosions like dynamite in jell (the natives are fishing) Four atomic underwater blasts were assayed yesterday off Seattle Doctor Unruh of Atomic Dessemination Headquarters

assistance ever our pebloody banner of recce again raise the beasts who would on on that level facist once you understand possessing any interfere form of excremental pr point forgone by a conclusion is at some stand inasmuchs any fertilizer you under a very old outhouse repetition to prolong infinite variety of ain life in all its es/conduces to a cert under the circumstanc 1 to say "I think steps of the sea wall there on white stone dying losing color the words between us and I fading he said breaking focus 'you blured face fraying described the yield as negligible and pointed up the necessity of a defense policy at once devious and unyielding firm and elastico so that as he put it the free world is subject to burst out anywhere for sad four days popping sink for mula he unnoises a public statement: /Tell Laura I love amateur surgeon's youth mirror on diseased face shyly made blotch drip noises handuffed to 'me' he made pretend noises and knew such things. Small please a thin boy sent just to you Old Gimp lifted off a sexy thoughty bush such very nice youth natural writhing responses. You smell his dirtier old er cruel and hopeless smell?? We got to untalking on question studying the porch (Cont. P 7. Col 3)
Reality on the typewriter clear as laser guns washing 'reality earth' down the torn September sky....added witheringly that:....."laser guns 'washing' burning blood dripping the footsore said 'no dice'".

Back yard laser guns crashed along the Tang Dynasty over New York....

"adios forever clom Fliday".....burning last glimpse of a sad toy soldier down a post card road never see the promised land:....you add it all up from rollicking pandas to Klangs Klangs Shansi Shensi sugar loaf mountains and pin the whole fucking shit house 'no dice clom Fliday'!!!

Dead stars falling in present time answer "Pay Day to the glass box" drawing 1899 over N.Y....China, remember 'Annie Laurie' spluttered burning blood here distant stump of an arm marks the spot

heaped glory on the college students who smirked scarily at all when one old grad came back to take a job on the campus—cleaning the toilets.

The schools have become a casualty of the Great Leap. In 1961-62, enrollment was cut 20%, and then cut another 20% the following year. This is a dangerous business, for it was student disaffection that made the Communists task all the easier in their final big push against the Kuomintang. Communism's problem, at this moment of industrial slowdown, is that there is a shortage of technical and managerial jobs, not of educated people.

The Communist Party has viewed the students with considerable suspicion ever since the period of the Hundred Flowers, when student manifestoes and posters denouncing government excesses were slapped on every space available. Some tattered bits of these inflammatory posters still cling to the walls and ceilings at Peking University, which has an enrollment of 100,000. Among the thousands of Chinese refugees pouring into Hong Kong in the past year and a half, there has been a small trickle of engineers and intellectuals, former believers who are now disillusioned. They are not party members, and the number is not large; the no additional trouble in Laos.

Where's the Bomb? Another reason for Chinese caution was the gloomy conviction that Moscow would hold help. Warned a Communist general, "If there is a war within three to five years, we will have to rely on the weapons we now have." Today the weapons China most desperately wants—nuclear warheads—are nowhere in sight. Peking is so bitter about Moscow's reneging on its 1957 agreement to help create a Red Chinese atom bomb that it has broadcast details of the Russian about-face. Chinese physicists are now believed to be two to three years away from detonating a nuclear blast, farther still from what the experts call a 'significant capability.' But work proceeds on the project, for Peking hopes that achievement of nuclear status, however primitive, will gain prestige among the underdeveloped millions on earth whose respect—and alliance—the Red Chinese are out to win.

The noise from Peking showed no sign of diminishing, and continued to fascinate the non-Communist world with fresh tales of old skeletons in Communist closets. In one announcement, Red China took full credit for forcing a weak-kneed Khrushchev ("who had decided to abandon Social-

* Front row, left to right: Huang Yen-pei, Chu Teh, Chen Yi (in white hat), Liu Shao-chi, Teng Haiao-ting, Miao Tse-tung, Peng Chen, Chen Shu-tang, Chou En-lai, Kang Sheng, Teng Tzu-hui.

JOHN & BILL PAULKNER
CITY SHOPPER IN RED CHINA
Pain and a private self.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 13, 1963
War

ultimatum of peace or
winds a long time ago
ed out. Fresh southerly
buttons have been wip
one man. The 'yes'
'Stein's army is as
Peking Saturday.
emy must remain alive
exterminated. Not one
insect pests must be
heavens tremble. All
tremble winds howl and
stormy 5 continents
Yet the four seas are
ster to shake a tree.
'It is hard for a lot
like the train did.
run backwards again
paper making the stars
in a small town news
Last gun post erased
died during the night;
sad shrinking face. He
ing not exchanged: a
a long way for someth-
in his voice has come
light walks beside you
expired. The old sun
within him gleamed and
that moment the youth
by clear as the sky in
all I had to see him
ning stump and that was
long time ago? (burn
you? Young boy thought
I my friend to give y
of shades. What have
ote spirit to his work
foreign rooms cool re-
of sickness in these
on the glass smell
world ends: voices frosted
This is the way the wo
sadest of all movies.
the old names waiting.
Mr. Martin smiles 'All
from the typewriter
rowds in Bagdad risin
ographer tricks street
and gun shots old pho
characters riot noisy
lantern: Chinese
ast hints from the ma
know if you got my
the awning flaps' den
over and over 'where
game' I was saying.
Death takes over the

Circumstantial evid-
ence was rejected as
irrelevant under cir-
stances that retro-
actively canceled the
San Francisco earth-
quake and the Halif-
x explosion and doubt
released from the ski
law extendable and
ravenous consumed all
the 'facts' of history.
(lost or eaten or
something?) If I
knew I'd be glad to
tell you. Breakfast in
Glasgow right enough
streaked across the
sky decent inexpensiv
middle class threat
without a throat. The
filters you understand
are clogged no more
no mas. It is dangerou
s to play after hour
s. I saw it move I tel
you we were expendi
able and we did not
write books after the
war paper shortage
you understand when
large numbers of peop
les are unable to fin
d anything that would
sustain life liberty or
the pursuit of any
endurable condition
chronically acute.

Cont. P.8 col 3
was another side I
wasn't like that there
I wanted to say 'Its
precocious occupation
repetition to maintain
because ugliness is
the ugliness remains
ened the world Only.
My sad ugliness dark
lined in the mirror?
' /Do you see life de-
'Help come. Some Land
ful to 'Annie Laurie'
E-L-P. Voice so pain-
se member is dial H-
attic. Ting to re-noi-
dice love's off the
stained cup of tea no
and scratching his
Hello there you bast
noon tele off the air.
stink formulae cheap
mother hugging stolen
way. Good long time my
rn you can't not that
dirty pictures retu
sent? Flesh diseased
and betray us been
Small Dorm. To cheat
rtier than 'Coin a
th' the bastard di-
coin a. ' Nice Guy My
the picture: that he
us bits and pieces of
ing face. Return varia
r on diseased wait
Mister dim porch mir-
ork used to be, .
noises home from wo-

TIME, SEPTEMBER 13, 1963
And there was Al Jolson the leather lunged Jew bellowing out 'Mammy' to put our flickering silver existence in peril. I went to Mexico City and studied the Mayans with a team of archaeologists (nameless ass holes) the Mayans lived in what is now Yucatan, British Honduras and Guatemala. The Mayan calendar starts from the date 3 Ahua 8 Cumhu and rolls on to the end of the world also a definite future date ('Great Atlantic Accident,' Need a peg to hang it on. Name address hotel quite right!') depicted in the codices as a God pouring water on the earth ('Then the rain hit and I was running up the stone street the gun in my pocket still? are you? will you? I know nothing here the gun in my pocket in my hands in my eyes pounding light gun out of focus. My guns? But who am I told the driver 'take me to a hotel of the medium class decent inexpensive' words losing color there on the white steps but I almost forgot the light housekeeper of Aspinwall uh light housekeeper as I am (parenthetically in a policeman's bed sitter) or rather there he once lived in the imagination of another novelist. The Mayans had a solar a lunar and a ceremonial calendar rolling like interlocking wheels from 3 Ahua 8 Cumhu '64

January 15, 1953 Hotel Colon, Panama... Bill Gains has burned down the Republic of Panama on Pargoric. He threw in the towel morn light on early coffee smell of his sickness in the room with me old friend came and stayed all day.

July 7, 1962 Saw some thing of the island and the natives. Surrounding the hotel is a village criss crossed with cat walks over the mud flats. The entire island seems to consist of swamp delta. The natives are silent and sad conveying the impression of faded photos. As the proprietor predicted we were unable to enlist any native guides or boatmen to pass with out doing pictures our naked bodies spread to jungle sounds and lap ping water and now if you will excuse me the soccer scores are coming in from the Capitol one must pretend an interest: 'Valencia 4, March 1964. Can you boys see anything?' Scores pouring in on the earth. It was evening when the boat anchored and I could see nothing of the Island. I had my equipment for the expedition packed and my boy Jimmy loaded it into a gondola of thin black wood. The boatman was a young man with the lithe frame of a Malay and bright red lips. He kept his eyes cast down with the closed beaten expression of dying peoples. The iridescent oily water gave off a rank odor under his strokes. We tied up at a rotting pier that extended out into the shallow water. Stinging rays and crabs stirred clouds of black mud. We were met at the pier e record and play 3/3/64 by a middle aged Dutch-
This dead afternoon Lady Sutton-Smith brings you an entertainment she calls 'Boarding' a writer. Take a writer... any writer. Act as if some Grey Lady had instructed you to XXXXXX produce what she calls a XXXX Fair copy that is write the whole book out with the old quill pen. But you are a lazy little student and your mind understandably wanders from this grey task so every now and then again you slip in notes or maybe you are reminded of something XXX as you write and read so put it in and you'll find yourself under the gentle guiding hand of that experienced old writer taking off on narrative waves of your own. So you simply w ride the waves. Learn to ride the waves of words. Quite by chance I started the entertainment with Naked Lunch. It was mine it was naked wouldn't you on the top floor if my memory serves kinda run down cold spring news... XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX 'Nice out there is it?? (Double of pink crystal flesh... terrible bright sun... hate and hideous hunger in the streets... this thing dying there in my arms) 'You knew him so that was it... Taken half the planet by beating White Hall... But if the Board scores they get on Signal Tower, Mate... East Beach.' shall I phone 'Friendly Gray Post?? dead line... nothing or dare lot. You like furniture more than signal towers??'

'Heavily infected area' he muttered shifting the tie up... The Osb Days are upon us... Raw pealed wind of hate and mishance blew the shot... Walking in a rubbish heap to the sky... terrible bright sun... scattered gasolene fires... Flesh smeared over the rotting phosphorescent bones. D.L. walks beside me 'Throw the gasolene on them and light it... Quick

'Heavily infected double' he muttered shifting the terrible bright sun the days of hate and hunger this thing dying... raw pealed there in my arms... 'You knew him so... house I8 if my memory serves on the top floor stained grey l of the curtained room... a boy dummy sitting naked on the bed... They don't wait, mate... Closed Film Union 4 P.M. 17.'

'Adolescents storm the streets of all nations... They rush into the Louvre and throw acid in the Mona Lisa's face... 1915 acid... They open zoos (snarling and coming on now a lion escapes from the tunnel of the Unus and killed a ten year old boy of the neighborhood...) Ram the 'Queen Mary full speed to New York harbor...'

White flesh mangled insect screams... I woke up with the taste of metal in my mouth back from the dead smooth brown side twisted to light a cigarette. He stood there in a 1990 XXXX straw hat... yes boys that's me there... soft mendicant words falling like dead birds in the dark street a heaving sea of air hammers... brown purple dusk tainted with rotten metal smell of coal gas broken pipes exposed

They rush into the Hate and Fear Louvre and throw acid on this dying thing there in my arms... raw pealed face... you... acid... terrible bright sun... 1915... Old movie... You knew him so... rotting flesh stained yellow light of the curtained room... Don't wait, mate... Close Film Union 4 P.M... Either way is a bad move to the East Wing...'
'East Beach, are you a member of the Union?? Film Union 17. I don't seem to remember recieving your EXX EXX Union dues, old boy. The rest is history. They drive heards of squealing pigs into the crouch curb dump a slag heap of Martin Pitch Forge on Wall St. kinda run down now to the cold spring news smooth brown side twisted to light face...you...acid...a cigarette...raw pealed there...terrible bright sun...rotting flesh falling like stained grey light dead birds in the street...a heaving room...closed film EXX EXX in the Purple Union...The East Wing broken pipes exposed

Flickering film scraps of streets...smooth brown side...Kiki sitting naked on the bed twisted to light a cigarette...Thom wires pulled loose and his blood all over the floor...I can feel the words dying as flesh and bone dissolve in silence...blue silence like water around my feet...sick mouth back on the dying film union...smell of sickness in the curtained room at Washington square twisted dying face on the twisted bed...blood all over a heaving room...

I can feel the heat closing in feel them out there making their moves... (Yes I can feel them but always dimmer...far away jerky moves)...setting up the devil doll stool pigeons crooning over my spoon and dropper I throw away at Washington Square...Station vault a turnstile and two flights down the iron stairs...(Billy's package hangs up two flights down...Old Gimp died there in color)...Catch an Uptown A Train

Air hammers, mate, closed film in the streets purple dusk tainted with sepia films purple pealing bill boards flapping rotten metal smell of coal gas...dead birds in the street...I can feel the heat embedded in the grass...Laid my dirty purple dusk tainted junky fingers on his sepia sharkskin sleeve...purple...pealing...Bill feel them...junky fingers...sepia films dimmer...far away his sharkskin sleeve

Grassed on me he did' I drew closer and laid my dirty junky finger on his sharkskin sleeve...And us blood borthers in the same dirty needle...out there making the wires go...nice out there?? Yes I can feel my dirty dead flesh fall away...far away...dimmer...The same dirty stool pigeons crooning 'Beach' the way to needle out there over my spoon and the water is guarded

'The same dirty rotten metal stool pigeons crooning 'Beach' the way to needle out there smell coal over my spoon and the water is guarded already Ever see a Hot Shot Sepia hit kid? The Gimp catch one shark in Philly...Only food of that village swamp delta to the post card sky...He never got the way to needle out of there...Smell his arm...They dont cola over if the shot is right.

Ever see a hot shot hit kid? I saw the Gimp catch one in Philly.We rigged his room with the same dirty rotten mirror and charged a sawski to watch it.He never got the needle out of his arm.They dont if the shot is right. The look in his eyes when it hit.Kid, it was tasty.
Recollect when I am travelling with the Vigilante best shake man in the industry one shark best shake out in Chi. We is working the fags in Lอนาคตein Lincoln Park. So one night the Vigilante turned up for work in cowboy boots and a black vest with a hunka tin on it.

So one charged metal night the Vigilante turned stool pigeon...sawski boots...crooning cowboy...rusty vest with the same dirty rotten hunka tin on it a lariat slung over his stool pigeon shoulder he just looks at me and says 'Fronteer justice, pal'.

The Cold Spring News on the back porch of his farm Martin, Bradly Martin, Mr. Bradly Mr. Martin to you seat down on the back porch of his farm. He slipped a bag of bull Durham out of his pocket with two fingers and started rolling a cigarette. He pan listen...(Bradly Martin County Old Grand Dad Corn)

So I say 'What's with you wig already? Running up like 'What's going on here??' and spitting laser eyes...Coming on a mark like in and out of focus...Shopping crew in Iowa...Nova police as characters...Another modern laboratory hangs three fags..

He justl looks at me and says; 'Fill your hand stranger' and hauls out an old rusty six shooter and I take off across Lincoln Park bullets cutting all around me and he hangs three fags before the fuzz nailed him. The Vigilante earned his moniker

'Crooning out in Chi, Cowboy...shark best pigeon...'Sawski Bradly'...
He turns up for lariat slung a bag of work on the Cowboy over his stool bull cowboy boots pigeon shoulders XXI out of his rusty back vest with the same dirty rotten hunka tin on it he jst looks at me pockekt and vest and rolled a hunka tin on me...Flashing cops at the door

Listen, Jew Poison Kate, the Mariner hath his will. So thus spake on that ancient man that inexorable mariner...'I was travelling with Merit Screen clothes ripped to shreds. Mixmaster, test it for dope, I caught the Running Cardinal tow flights down (Old Gimp died there in color)

The Shoe Store Kid will come back moaning for More. And when the Kid spots a mark he begin to breathe heavy his face swells and his lips turn purple then slow slow he comes rotten ectoplasm. Old fairy did'n pay.

Hello yes I hate you hello yes hello
'All right lets see your arms'
'Strip the bastards naked'
'We know our duty...vast army of purple assed baboons...unfaltering old showmen clutching only lapels'
'Le service n'est pas compris'

I caught the running two flights, listen down. 'Hello. Yes Jew Poison Gimp died. Hello Kate...(there in color)...There in color he begins to breathe 'heavy duty' 'vast army ripped to shreds' Test his face for purple assed baboon. Master Test his lips turn unfaltering purple then clutching only lapels... 'Le service n'est pas compris...Strip that ancient bastard naked Cock tail lounge mink, let's see your arms!'
He finished rolling the cigarette the cigarette put it between his lips and went back inside lifting his gun belt off a peg and hung it on. He let the cigarette and sat down on the porch steps waiting. Five horsemen stopped just outside the gate. Martin walked out slow and leaned on the gate post.

The Rube has a sincere little boy burns blue neon right off a Saturday Evening Post cover into the East River condoms and orange peels, floating papers, silent gangsters in concrete. Little Boy Blue crawls out screaming 'Wait till I tell the boys in Clarks about this one. I'll castrat the jerk!'

'I'm right on the screw line they sat there. 'Look folks don't own what they thought. Big Survey Martin leaned on the gate post quite some years. 'Surveying your mind nice and cozy thought some of my June Time might have strayed up here. Free range country. Afternoon wind.'

Silent grocer shops cobblestone streets wind across the golf course sad servant shirt flapping the smoke of hard wood forests offered us his pictures of squirrel hunt where the second hand book shop used to be right opposite the old cemetery and you couldn't find a pleasanter place to sit on your June time.

'He finished rolling the cigarette the cigarette the hick the hick put it between his lips running Hell yes back inside lifting his gun belt tow flights hate you off a peg and hung it on. He Hell yes lit the cigarette and sat Jew Poison Gimp down on the back porch waiting... And when the boy burns blue neon right spots we know off. The Saturday Evening Post he begins our duty cover with bull screen clothes and swell assed baboon papers. Thin old showmen screaming 'wait till I clutching lapels. 'Tell the boys in Clark's about this one...'

*

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Now pay attention we are going to give a few hints. Look at your book of Egyptian hieroglyphs. Just here is a boy sitting down. Now instead of the stylized glyphs suppose we had a painting of a boy which would logically lead to painting others and some of them would be doing more than sitting down in my army or just here is a plough well now I can see a plow in the window of Sterner's Hardware store that Jew in Cold Spring charges too much for fence wire and I can see bronze plows in museums and I can see these plows in action turning up great fields of corn and young farm boys too in the old outhouse doing what boys will do so charge it all up to fertility rites and here is 'to pour out water to micturate' heh looks to me likes he pouring out more than water and that brings up some pretty pictures. So you see I take a picture that stands for and by God is a word and it just naturally opens itself out feeling for other pictures doing what pictures will do. So just let the words desolve in the picture. Why listen to one house when you can see all the houses? So my words just disintegrate in Gysin.' I don't know if Mr. Graham Green is going to like this but he has
his place in the garden along with Truman Capote's music across the golf
course echoes from high cool corners of the dining room a queer little
breeze flutters candles on the table and swishes away down those dead
dead days.' Now that could just swish away calligraphic like mice that
swish XIX what? Who let them in? Let's let them out. Now here is fucking
glyph for you. Character pouring water was his up to 'The Priest' they called
him. A sick old junky pour water was himself??? Blood of Christ where
they made the atom bomb I went to school there... saw some boys glypy no.
90. phallic what is masculine glypy 94. male organs glypy 74 to receive
77. to hold in the hand 92 and 93 Sir E.A. Wallis Budge refuses to trans
late but we get the general idea and just here is Time as king Tut saw
it remember 'I'd rather be a mummy'. second. We have here on screen
some dried poppy pods a hawk and the sun and a skull cap near as I can
make it out from remote landing. Well an old junky in off the XXXIII
parished plains of Kansas ate the poppy pods and got relief. The hawk
XXXIII circles in the shattered blue sky over Mexico. skull cap is
still there. Minutes we have here a boxy dog a skull cap and the sun.
Now that boxy dog was called Shane and he was called in to lick a girl
out of her coma I read about it only today in the Daily Mail for June 29
her father said 'I pray that Shane will help her to get better.' Well
now I wouldn't want to see too much sun light on a thing like that. Is
one expected to remove one's skull cap?? Hour: We'll got a hare here
setting down some nice blue water a jar the sun and a roll of film
negative. Well the hare went thataway. A film boy stripped himself naked
filled the jar with water from a blue river magic of all movies is
remembered kid standing there poured the water over himself and jacked
off into his skull cap. So left an old junky selling Christmas seals on
North Clark St. Yes there's the boy and there's the blue river. Remember
the song. Yes I can see all the abandoned country clubs and weed grown
golf courses a thousand lost skull caps red mostly see the boys spitting
blood in the violet evening sky over Lima? 'Fight tuberculosis folks!
An old junky on North Clark St. selling Christmas seals used to be me
Mister remember the caddy shirt open on the golf course you'll find him
there by the Blue River when the wind is right. And remember the old
junky on North Clark St.?? The Priest they called him. Used to be me
Mister... cold blue alleys of Chicago... Lake wind like a knife. Pour water
on a sick old junky... Sacred Blood of Christ you son of puta. And here is
a picture from Spain... the abandoned railroad... tunnel in the iron rock.
Weeds in front of the tunnel... two boys in there... I see some white gobs...
boy on a long grey beach with dusky rose colored genitals... ankors on the
beach... all the old blue calendar pictures over here. Now as to how to
present it on page and how to indicate just where I am in pictures when
I write what this poses a problem. Unless the picture just lights up when
you press a button. What I mean is why not extend our early analogy of a
map and give precise coordinate points subject of course to change without
notice as when Clark street shifts from one picture to the other the way
an old St. will. And maybe next time I pass the tunnel those boys won't be
there just winds of Spain stirring the weeds in front of the tunnel so
refer you to The Book of The Dead... field of grasshoppers... bushes... the
olive tree is my name... North of the bushes did you see there the leg and
the thigh? washed back on Spain Repeat Performance page... Maybe it was
just hash Hassan J. Sabbah picked up on in Egypt... What about the glyphs?
Now here is the progression... Words... glyphs... drawing or painting expansion
of the glyphs into a Gysin picture... You can do the same of course with any photo... The 'Priest' they called him... The photo... Draw an old junky there--blue grid of windows Winter sunlight... ice on the street... wind cold from the lake... Now as to presentation on page within a practical budget. First page text and the photo. Second page... drawing on image lines-- Third page a Gysin picture... That is using your time format a space on each page for photo or picture... We could then wind it up with a page of the intersection photos followed by a page of pictures... Two silent pages that could be immediately read by any attentive reader who had followed the text and the intersections of text with photos and pictures...(Alternately we could use glyphs instead of photos or of course both...)

Love,

Bill

Bill 'Po Ernst'

* * *

Attention U.S.Tourists... Ticker tape bringing you an old Stock Market spell from Hetty Green the Witch of Wall Street: Crane Corn Swan P... Do do do... Polaroid Ky S.S.Georgia Super

Swift Sun Ray Swing War Zoo... Do do do... Syn Time Tires Sin Oil Morse Foam... Achoo Achoo... Do dod do... Roll Mirror Model in Getty Oil... Sham Shell Movie Sets... Denman Ozone Hack Wa Halliburton do do
do... Slick Swingin White Wilson Dodo 22... do do do... Dow Jones Suncrest Heinz High Hilton Term Hu... 2 2 2 do do do... Helena A who who who... do do do... Foam Sig Fulton Mutter Achoo... Do do do

Roll Mirror Sham Shell East Kodak Model... who who who you you do do do... Sig Sieg Avon Helena A who? Boo Boo Boo Do do do... Pow Can Wentworth lu lu lu... do do do... Foremost Diaries moo moo... Tally Tillie Valspar Vent flu flu... doo do do... Ding Dong Bell... Sell sell sell... Knee Wall fell... sell sell sell... Tele tell yell... Sell sell sell... Pell Pow Mell... Sell Sell Sell... Sell Tex Mell

Sell sell sell... fell fell fell... Paris Geneva Amsterdam sell... Cocoa spell well... Cola pell mell... Shell Spell Fell... sell sell sell... Tele Con Polaroid Mutter Spell Fell... Vornado Pell Mell... Sell sell sell... Dow Jones Sun Gas fell fell fell... Sing Spell Yell... Sig Boom fell... Old Tower fell... Sell sell sell... Syntax Halliburton Sub Swan fell... Ding dong bell... sell sell sell...

* * *

The Garden Boys put on the chains tonight? Punishment Olympia lost or eaten or something? Broken doors disperse to pure fragments adrift in February sunlight. My name was called like this before. Rioters bleed without return. We want to hear pay talk dad. Last staccato alarm clock for that belated morning. Yes that’s me there still waiting in the empty street. Windy here now. I think Roosevelt let it happen. Had to lose weight yes definitely. Don’t like Jews who pretend not to be Jews. Billy’s package hangs up three flights down. Broken distant genitals.

smell of blood and excrement twisted on a fence. This is Independence Day in Morocco. The Independence is in the Harbor. The Independence is an American boat. This is American Independence Day in Morocco. Brooks Park. The old swimming pool kinda run down now. Mack the knife. I can feel it in my tonsils. Ether vertigo. When will I return to the doctors? He has loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword. Boys on the roof. Somebody goofed. The patient is hemorrhaging. clamps. quick. He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored. Ghostly looking child burned a hole in the blanket. Brief flight to Gib. Our business now has no future. Know human limitations. Captain Rogerson welcomes you aboard. Mr. Heard you don’t remember me? Showing you the papers I carry diseased bent over burnt out inside. Chemical toilets on the farm. Boys on horeseback flicker to yesterday tend to repeat their parents

'and stay with me yes?' sunshine and shadow of Mexico. A night in Madrid. You let this happen? (holding the gun in his hands) Wrecked markets half buried in sand. Won’t be needing you after Friday. Sad man hopelessly calling for my dead boy having asked to see me said: ‘I’ve come a long way. I’ve lost Billy’s passport’. Silver ghost boy back to the old fence. Separate existence fading before the mirror. (A Mr. Bloomberg will be visitor?)

We are returning herewith Title Insurance Policy No. 17497. Kind est regards Slack & Slack. The war smell there like burnt metal
in the Tanger streets...'Frankly doctor we dont like to hear the word 'nova' here'. At this point in our researches we intersected the nova police...Release silence virus...Blanket area...

cockroaches in the dusty green painted woodwork...Well so you're looking for the bell are you young man? He found a loose slot with the cold spring news...Why tell me? said the dead leaves...

Silver adios from the Big Dipper...A horror in his arms expired...
This sad green stranger...Silent face must tell you terrible
bright sun exploded between us.

*

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File Ticker Tape July 7, Tuesday St Auberge, 1964

Remember the show price? Remember boy of decaying dream condemned to future film there on the sea wall wishing me luck from dying lips...The sky goes out against his back...In our slate houses last sunlight...dim street lamps at shaded dawn...open sewers...refuse on a corner...the sea ahead...cigarette on a bench and the boy there gasping bentover...bare feet walk puffs on dust...I am dying, Meester? forgotten behind the mud wall?...I have opened the gates for you...
And so Meester remember me...In survival terms created this sad green stranger...last human gimpse shirt flapping...Just telling a distant hand lifted...Light years washed over his face...boy stiffening on the wet sand stained with dew...Know sad legs on the bench, Meister?...Wind wind across the golf course...offered us his pictures of a squirrel hunt...'He tried to entertain for breath Meister...' So Fred Flash he expose wrong and I think he now take nothing...'It could have been so?...He looked at me his eyes on North Clark St and I could see he was Carl under a rusty shower Brought back the formulae on North Clark St lips fading in air...account sheets are empty many years...yellow soap smell of hard ribs dripping...blured in a Spanish newspaper...last negative blured and ugly ugly ugly...Bradly hear it to far away slums pants still open dead stars in his eyes...Remember numb cold fear in this empty room...Remember numb cold fear when Big Picture no longer want you? Old calander fallen to the ground stained with dew...'In large view I never return Johnny...varying distances...die soon anyway...hock shop kid like mother used to make...broken thing see?...quiet now...I go...flickering silver smile in a tarnished mirror...water on his face...soiled clothes boy washed back in Spain repeat performance
Page...diseased voice so painful telling you: 'Sparks is over New York'. distant closing dormitory fragments off the page. distant closing bureau drawer. Dream people fading. Meester. Pay the boys who offered their eyes. Empty place there under the tree. Still there waiting when they no longer want you. Put away in an old file. 'Annie Laurie'. Flag at half mast there. Sad toy army.

distant feet down white steps of the sea wall. I speak in the torn sky out of ashes tomorrow's news today. They have filled in the cross word puzzles and made notes on the Financial Page. 'Sell Parks Utah Mines 6 points short before the asphalt hits H2O. Late afternoon shadows across silent play grounds. Dirty hand in the afternoon wind. Luminous post card road. 'Come closer. Listen.'

voice so painful. 'I carry his child. I speak out of ashes. I have waited by the sea wall. Good bye Mister. All was lost at Hiroshima. Old tunes warning. Are you listening there in old cut clothes?

Ship scenes. Please more necessary. Standing now against the blues. After midnight is the best time friend. (Boat whistling in the harbor. The old dentist still there waiting from the Power and

The Glory remember London theatre there by the Tiddly Wink restaurant off Shaftesbury you thought it was a movie? Remember the old dentist there last boat whistling in the last harbor

and remember the 'Priest'? They called him and he stayed (boat whistling in the harbor). Personally I have no hope no hope at all. So that's about the

* * *

Are you a member of the union? Film Union 4 P/M/? Tuesday was the last day for signing years. An ambiguous gesture of an inn. Complicated series of gestures and passes with the hands. How? Stand in for Mr. who? International reply coupon. That's how he came in and that's how he had to go out again. Destined for a foreign country rioters bleed without return. But how could any series of passes? Distant hand lifted sad as his voice 'quiet now.. I go..' I don't know how. All I know is that he did. Flickering silver smile this thin vague ghost in that silent room in this silent empty Inn.

We wont be needing you after Friday returning herewith Title Insurance Policy No. 17497 in this silent little Friday night town. I cant do it if you look
at me I really cant...! Ghostly looking child burned
a hole in the blanket...He started off very fast...
round went his arms and hands so and so and then
with a rush...wrecked markets half buried in sand...
smell of blood and excrement in the Tangier streets
the last gesture of all you stand erect anf open
out your arms...waved his ah hands sadly turned them
out in the empty Tangier streets...and so dont you
know he stood...sunshine and shadow of Mexico...a

night in Madrid...And then he did'nt...He was'nt...
flickering silver smile...there was nothing...And
that's about the closest way I know to tell you...

the spirit passes...Fresh Southerly winds a long time
ago...And then at that moment the face of Clayton
changed...Remember the show when its lights are

suddenly extinguished? Going through the files like
this that lost brother still clung to me along
Portland Road where the second hand book shop used
to be just opposite the old cemetery and you could
not find a pleasanter place to sit on your June time
odd I should have forgotten...faint ghost body on

through Euston Road to University St...forgotten my
number in this ruin of abody...running down Euston
road towards Baker St...In life used address I give

you for that belated morning...a sad white face...
Good bye Mister is my name...Wind and dust is my
name...transitory halting place in this mutilated
phantom... (twist and writhing and thrust of the
hands...smell of strange parks...shabby quarters of
a forgotten city...his cold distant umbrella to

the harbor office...fading streets a distant sky...
this story of a young man who lived as you and I
do...sadness in his eyes Aubrey waved good bye...

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dead birds falling in a windy street "
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that??????????????????????He went away but I'm here burning..... You
face dead soldier.....here on the farthest shore dead writer
writes iron tears down Pluto's cheek:........: This shattered grey
hand brought:...................heavy weapons and shock troops.....a distant
hand blistered the page""Meester I don't get out on friend's
disaster""""wind blowing dust over his dirty bare feet......
remember me there in a windy street dead birds raining from a
white hot copper sky?????????????????sharing the pain of exploding
star????????????????????????????Major Ash is dead/Klinker is dead/telling
you unspeakable horror came loose/I had to send rockets/caught/
don't get out/exploded between us/light years washed over his
dirty bare feet...........

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Contacted on the white subway and asked to comment on the recent
nova, Mr. Bradley said. Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin said, the dark room
said the cigarette smoke behind him said "I feel terrible about
the whole thing" parenthetically
(on the slate shore stagnant smell from the seas there at low
tide whispering against my shoulder "Me brown Meester?" twenty
stroke fucking me there under the bridge--what address did I
give you under the bridge on the slate shore?
"still there waiting--I am servant you held at arm's length--
specialized cripple--You have know me for a long time--Mister,
remember hardly any leave exploding star...Mister remember pure
killing purpose. between us pitiless as the white hot sky.
Still there waiting fro September sad as the servant ou no
longer want--I've come a longway in street shadows."
There in the dark room so many light years splash his cheek bone
with silver ash--This is for you there--head lifted--
"Sad good bye Meester. Sad as the servant you no longer want.
And I walked it. Meester, every word naked in searing pain"
"Old servant what would you have? I could'nt leave. feet like
lumps of lead--a sort of bladder with a face on it caught naked
in streets of war and death--"
See that boy stained with blood and dew catch all the light left
on a dying star--Look back along the slate shore. He waves his
head sadly--frayed thing of scar tissue.Want it?