

3
MINUTES TO GO

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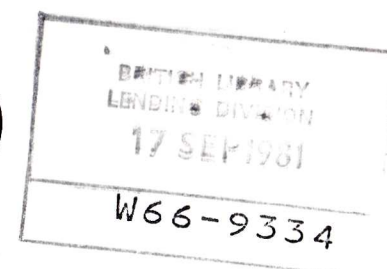
TAKE GREAT CARE OF THIS BOOK

R.111

SINCLAIR BEILES
 WILLIAM BURROUGHS
 GREGORY CORSO
 BRION GYSIN

"Not knowing what is and is not knowing
I knew not."

Hassan Sabbah's "Razor".



6
BEACH BOOKS, TEXTS & DOCUMENTS

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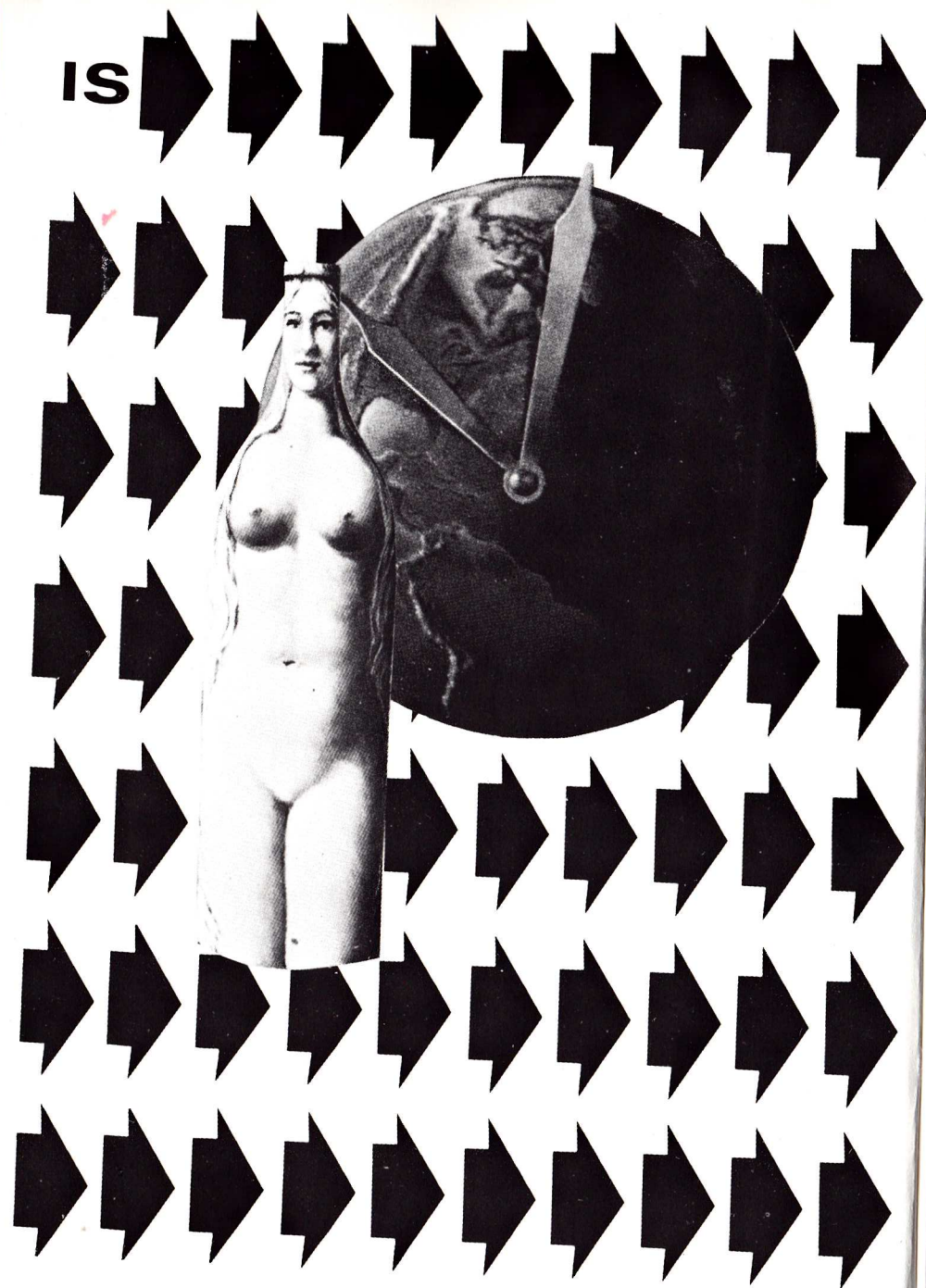
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New

MINUTES TO GO



COLLAGE BY CLAUDE PÉLIEU

MINUTES TO GO

the hallucinated have come to tell you that yr utilities
are being shut off dreams monitored thought directed
sex is shutting down everywhere you are being sent

all words are taped agents everywhere
marking down the live ones to exterminate

they are turning out the lights

no they are not evil nor the devil but men
on a mission with a spot of work to do

this dear friends they intend to do on you

you have been offered a choice between liberty and
freedom and No ! you can not have both

the next step is everyone into space but it has been
a long dull wait since the last tower of babel
that first derisive visit of the paraclete

let's not hear that noise again and again

that may well be the last word anywhere

this is not the beginning in the beginning was the word
the word has been in for a too long time
you in the word and the word in you

we are out
you are in

we have come to let you out

here and now we will show you what you can do
with and to
the word
the words
any word
all the words

Pick a book any book cut it up
cut up
prose
poems
newspapers
magazines
the bible
the koran
the book of moroni
la-tzu
confucius
the bhagavad gita
anything
letters
business correspondence
ads
all the words

slice down the middle dice into sections
according to taste
chop in some bible pour on some Madison Avenue
prose
shuffle like cards toss like confetti
taste it like piping hot alphabet soup

pass yr friends' letters yr office carbons
through any such sieve as you may find or invent

you will soon see just what they really are
saying this is the terminal method for
finding the truth

piece together a masterpiece a week
use better materials more highly charged words

there is no longer a need to drum up a season of
geniuses be your own agent until we deliver
the machine in commercially reasonable quantities

we wish to announce that while we esteem
this to be truly the American Way
we have no commitments with any government
groups

the writing machine is for everybody
do it yourself until the machine comes
here is the system according to us

BRION GYSIN

(September 1959. A collage from *The Paris Herald Tribune*, *The London Observer*, *The London Daily Mail*, *Life Magazine* advertisements.)

1.

It is impossible to estimate the damage. Anything put out up to now is like pulling a figure out of the air.

Six distinguished British women said to us later, indicating the crowd of chic young women who were fingering samples, "If our prices weren't as good or better, they wouldn't come. Eve is eternal."

(I'm going right back to the Sheraton Carlton and call the Milwaukee Braves.)

Miss Hannah Pugh the slim model — a member of the Diners' Club, the American Express Credit Cards etc. — drew from a piggy bank a talent which is the very quintessence of the British Female sex.

"People aren't crazy," she said. "Now that Hazard has banished my timidity I feel that I, too, can live on streams in the area where people are urged to be watchful."

A huge wave rolled in from the wake of Hurricane Gracie and bowled a married couple off a jetty. The wife's body was found — the husband was missing, presumed drowned.

Tomorrow the moon will be 228,400 miles from the earth and the sun almost 93,000,000 miles away.

"Ahead, ahead, ahead!" they chanted in EWYORK, ONO-LULU, ARIS, OME, OSTON. "Tobacco is our middle name."

No flat OS ANGELES taste — AN FRANCISCO so *friendly*, effective, gentles the smoke makes it unmade in the sanctity of a joint. We can't do that yet. You can light either end, beat your mother to death with a beaded bag. A surprise. Good for a gift with special discount and dispensation.

We have seen the future in willow and rattan, manila, malacca, bamboo and hemp. These are materials for which we have a passionate weakness.

The attraction here is tea. It would be forced on the Federal Parliament, the Parliaments of the ten states, the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish communities, the association of employers and the trade unions. The national network would summon policemen and provide spokesmen.

Such basketry is too big to be on a regional basis and occupying authorities would remain in existence. Next year we will have delegates to ENEVA as the stock is enormous.

3.

Hume gets Halard the stocky, black-haired who struts when the moon wanders. He stood silent and flushed. He nodded curtly, considering the wide spaces where past crimes high-lighted a Soviet-sponsored bid to make Short Time. The Iron Age, six months short, was convicted of killing a cabbie who had crossed the Atlantic in the balloon Small World.

There seemed little doubt, however, that Mr. Eisenhower said, "I weigh 56 pounds less than a man," flushed and nodded curtly.

Asked whether he had had a fair trial he looks inevitable and publishes: "My sex was an advantage."

He boasted of a long string of past crimes high-lighted by a total eclipse of however stood in his path when he re-did her apartment.

4.

Rich because beautiful bought brain. I said, "Bravo!"

She got excited and came at me and I slugged her. I tried to create illusion but, You're wrong, you're always wrong. It's known the world over.

She gave no indication of trouble at the time but "Old Bill" returned to war. Then she settled down just to "chat." Since the conversation touched a lot of bases it was both fascinating and frightening. But because I don't go for individual tastes I became her lover on a long voyage from the Orient.

To think that a million men were fitted into long slots in an absurd position for the highest products of creation. Crowds stopped the traffic and it took more than 30 police to disperse them.

In Hollywood, Rita Haywo in the ground facing another million in their slots, said: "When I started this thing I had sideburns and a guy but the authorities didn't want to mix rock with politics. The crowds stopped the traffic and it fell to Mr. Van R in the line of duty to think that a million men were fitted into the ground in their slots."

The finding of Mr. Van R's uniform in their slots seemed so absurd in Flanders where he served in the sky like a comet and crashed. For the first time in history a woman presided over the Lower House.

5.

Captain Bairn was arrested today in the murder at sea of Chicago. He is one of the great Americans to see people from the front and kept laughing during the dark. His use of sweeping color last night claimed his lover on a long trip from the Orient. He streaked across the sky like a comet and crashed.

Witnesses, from a distance, observed a roaring blast and a brilliant flash as the operator was arrested. A petite blue-eyed blonde streaked across the sky and clashed with Glasgow police. She had wielded the gavel with a walrus moustache and was thrown overboard. Her father, a well-known Artist until a bundle of his accented brush-work blew up in the sky, said, "We can't do that yet. The reason I'm not buying a new couch is to save money. She should have known better."

Keep up AMBOURG, USSELDORF, Police riots.

They can't turn — this keeps the front of the game either to have been left out or taken.

Breakfasts in OS ANGELES are anybody's spiritual home nowadays. Think they are never seen higher up. Left. Right!

I adore him because he is so lovely with the seesaw motion. She has a way of looking at things that turns even the rear end of bars in years.

"If I'd known you were coming."

Some looks are simply good right there. "You hit her in this new revised edition of, "AFTER THE GREAT AWAKENING" in a car that's almost as steady as he claimed in an exclusive drag. It's tail when it stars. You go around it yourself. The sure way is with arrangement and also military appeal. Deep-eyed features and the rapt faces of discursive charm come from the sheer, shining color of police.

To protect this art the right way, clout first Woman
and believers in their look of things. Fourteen-year old boy
has many of her belongings.

Swiss boys were absolutely free from the producers of
outboard spiritual homes.

I, Sekuin, perfected this art "along the Tang dynasty".

Might be just what I am look.

Aurelius would have approved you favorite smoke.

BRION GYSIN

OPEN LETTER TO LIFE MAGAZINE

Sickle moon terror nails replica in tin ginsberg. Replicas
of Squaresville — grey piebald pigeons — pointedly ques-
tioned, mimic each other. The wet concrete square — a boy
wit police — is ate by literat birds. Pitiful personal lives
of suspension, flapping frantic, come to stare. An opium
eater and Vincent-visitors bathe their feet in San Francisco
market-deal of the world's art-compacted-feathers. Sunbrow
those third street bums on se. Some kind a fur coat glissel-
ways when they see a young Negro-ruby dance rounendless
talk on the truck preoccupation. Man's hideous professional
crouch, the beat movement, embackwards on an old man's
members of the north bea. Sockets stare dedicated in seamed
conferlinghetti of ginsbergs kerouacs & badly blown clarinet-
shimmer off the glossy bone. A great deal of their verbal
hearse is skull with surprised china fuzz. But oddly blu
seekers after coolness — solemen accountants, kers, loafers,
passive little con men — loan them sir a Harward man off
the last skimpy surplus of cop--haters. Exhibitionists abused
Burroughs. "A Pale", they said, and plunged aint-dancers
wit unfortunate malfunct molotov last seen wait on Varso-
message-knives-costume in hort 22. Sample a drug called
heavy commitments. Unwashed on Saturday nights his works
are. Negro snapped the degradations of addiction. A headline
of penniless bitter complaint leg flesh out show window is
a baby for all hallucinatory fourth grade class screale females
and part-time bohemians of junk sickness. To this major beat
streets of yesterday polinghetti must be added — commando
who studied pa-assaillancy. Tow lines hoot wealthy St Louis
Corso family who served intermediary between the two teams
of mule life (charming vibrations in the gravel tympanum
speaker: ijuana, majoun, hashish, candy hich) believes true
poetic effects are best centuar animal... man awkward hole
with a pin. Fit the dropper pools of dark amber in scenes

indicative of peeled nerves. Hoary Fla-ny you ever see Dr
Tetrazzi opium per nine months? He is Catho-emporium
inlaid wit kaleidoscope wings — a scalpel across the room
into theology.

Cut-up of "Beat Generation" Life Magazine Dec 5 1959.

CANCER MEN... THESE INDIVIDUALS
ARE MARKED FOE...

at land coccus germs
by a bacilmouth Jersey phenicol bitoics
the um vast and varied that
specific target was the vast popul - - -

the vast
cancers that surgery and Xrays C
In the United States the Americi
is considered well worth our feet...

Ociety racks up the score like
sons will become new cancer pee
a third of them...

Surgery & Radiation be saved
this leaves 225 000
resistant o rso widely
surgeons and radiologists....

These individuals are marked foe...

"For these the
the opinion of Dr. Robert P
Dushinski with £ fluoro

he helped synthesize
cancer men
growth in some cases
is worth 12,000 dollars \$\$\$\$

cancer men. \$

...these individuals are marked foe...

Cut up *New Clues To Cancer Cures*
The Saturday Evening Post
Oct. 31,1959 Past Time

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

FORMED IN THE STANCE

The beautiful disease and
The government falls
along the weed rooms
flesh along the weed government/////

The girls eat morning
dying peoples to a white bone monkey
in the Winter sun
touching tree of the house. \$\$\$\$

Argue second time around such a deal.

The middle artist unknown and probably hostile
in his hands scouting be obligation
foe force main body dependant
on in from ate.....

The usual procedure
viruses graphed
Time.
Ours THAT????

HER feet at?
morning
the thunderous
read the front page" " " "

star blazing
but She
read the stories
beyond lines....

They can
take over
viruses &&&

make one
The Scientists
formed in the stance...

traits
ride
many...

thorough
equiped
street
few days:::

Cut up Paris Herald Tribune articles on
Met performance and polio virus
Burroughs poem
New Clues To Cancer Cure
SATURDAY EVENING POST Oct. 31, 1959

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

VIRUSES WERE BY ACCIDENT?

(Reservoir of rabies and other virus? discovered in *Brown*
fat of vampire bats and their well known and easily
chosen human constituent.)

Cancer tests... brown blood.. live babies.. proof of virus.
vaccine? Bio-control the London conference.. it was out sheep
cattle and animals have wild system.... blood time brown
blood. MAN cancer case and plant. methods of pest growing
strenuous exercise--breed could land by killing or weakening
cancer anti-bodies on a foam runway would stil retain adap-
tion to African way of life... In all sizes virus drugs make
cancer... blood supply.. cold virus rays cancer meat and
protein case.

*Brown attempted to make such a deal with plants
and animal over thousands of years.....*

Sub virus stimulates anti virus special group:: argue second
time around such a deal/////

unusual beings dormant in cancer feel towards
the day already overpopulated with hungry cows.

Viruses were by accident?
Live culture?

Cutup articles in Paris Herald Tribune on virus in human
cancer and animal diseases in Africa.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

THE ACTUAL MA VIRUSES IN POLIO
PHOTO FOR FUR FUZZ?

found that the
lakeside sub
supported by
Cancer Society....

to photograph
u fact your of the
cell.

and continue
from the U position.

the
for
lain
The America////

the bus con passengers
are now trying the
actual
Ma virus in thee C.

GE chock put 50
and guards

POLIO
PHOTO
FOR
FUR

photographed
side human

Cut up articles on polio virus und subliminals

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

DISH SOPRANO MADE THE NIGHT FOR SHE OVATION

SHE said: "Some bath tub they are people."

dish soprano
wins ovation
in "Met."

By John Mo" " " "

one of the MOST in opera
tan opera
her hus
dish,,,

had not
good the
after and
to some opposed

in wait
with Portugal
tied Spain into
a government - - -

Plan to broaden
the killers
tomorrow &&&

the Federal government
were taken..

years years
needed because

She said: "Some bath rub they are people"

Cut up Paris Herald Tribune articles

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

OTHERS KILL CELLS AND FUTURE
FOR NEW CANCER HOLES

new cancer will be applied
synthetize cancer men
stepped up research
whole cancer
nothing more of unconcern
like tiny blobs
new ate
amplified into groups
agent at work
aid of the host
the usual procedure
eventual program
dry wit has survived
cancer search of the prostate
have all shrinkage
he made irresiphilis
another patient had orgasm
known as Doctor Cooly
vigorous
her quest data
actually separated by a long Pee
another mystery
Others kill calls and future
for new cancer hole.

Cut up TOWARD A CURE FOR CANCER in LIFE
November 23,1959
NEW CLUES TO CANCER CURES
Saturday Evening Post
October 31,1959

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

"people are some bath tub."
for new cancer holes
Ma viruses
made the night for She Ovation
Dish Soprano
separated by a long pee
another mystery
others kill cells and future
agent at work
new cancer hole.
These individuals are marked foe
They are of malignancy the link
The usual procedure
separated by a long Pee
eventual program
known as COOL
virus graphed
Time.
OURS?
THAT?

MAO TZE: TA TA KAN KAN....KAN KAN TA TA...

(fight fight talk talk...talk talk fight fight)

shift lingual ... free doorways ... pinball age tangles ...
free cone agent dim blot...scribble electric voice eyes....
... voice of c cone out of doorways tangles voices
... tata Stalin...carriage age tar.....vibrate tourists....
cover Zen terminals..... pinball machines led streets.....
...with elect of doorways....doorway grind enclosures of
hatch...frozen wet hot tourists...scribble *electric voice*
eyes.....voice of cone eye hatch dim blots...age agent
dim vest of...terminal electric voice of C All Ling
out of agitated...terminal electric voice of C... all ling out
of agitated...terminal electric voice of C...all ling out of
agitated...terminal electric voice of C.....
shift lingual...vibrate tourists.....free doorways...shift
lingual...vibrate tourists...free doorways...tata Stalin
.....carriage h ta.... ta ta Stalin carriage age ta...

Cut-up of prose poem 'Stalin' by Sinclair Beiles

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

FROM SAN DIEGO UP TO MAINE

Solemn Accountants are jumping ship, sir...All of them, sir... In the last skimpy surplus, sir... 'Room for one more outside, sir' they said and plunged Seventh Teen Age Future Molotov Cocktails... Last seen 'swimming desperately in sewage...

Allies wait on knives...Valiant Crowns drew a short 22 and Heavy Commitments....The Caribbean swells to a roar... A Negro snapped the advantages....Street Gangs Uranian born up from a headline of penniless migrants in the face of appalling conditions:

"Out Show window and we're Proud of it."

Her Fourth Grade Class screamed in terror when I looked at the dogs and I looked at the pavement... decided the pavement was safer... Stale streets of yesterday policemen back from shadows to embrace his assailant...pretty familiar. Talk to my medium....Remember my medium of appalling conditions conditi ons?:

Suicide by teen ager...ice food...same day...Blue Note wherever you go... Dietary delusion of death in Tanganyika or was it?

Only this should have been obvious from Her Fourth Grade Class: Only live animals have write door.... distant...

Secure it firmly with steak sized chunks of cripple drug and throw it in a Liz replica synthesized from cabbage....

Who was Rape and Idleness? Anyone over homicide big enough to take Punishment Wisconsin...Milwauki convicted of later and lesser crimes pudgy and not pretty...The Words included assault murder stratosphere and his feet devoid of reality.

Will Hollywood never learn?

Unimaginable disaster...Royal Knights Teen Age Future Time.

Cut up articles on Juvenile Delinquency

Time and New York Herald Tribune (European adition)

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

"San Diego Up To Maine" Cut Up

vision of death..reets of yesterday..his assailant
my medium remember??? this should be//

or was..empty of switch teet..exploded Fi..Tanganyika
only

my medium of ape..obvious from Her..write do..sized chun
from cab..cide..

Allies wait..heavy committments..snapped the ad
appalling con..Her fourth..pavment.
Eventh/

Allies..committments..to a roar..born in the face
window and were..Her Fourth Grade..C dogs
ping ship, sir He said

with steak..ica synthesized..anyone..not pretty..
ratosphere

shadows convicted..of later He words..and his feet devoid
of cripple badge//

singing with teet
in the sun
wont change
a story/////

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

EVERYWHERE MARCH YOUR HEAD"

A rap of
sound
A.

turns
Urns back O
Our lots con
the time to you

change
no mat
desires
Arrival of/////

you finger on the
starts &&

These
stance of
O will go...

begin
ire..

Everywhere
march
your
head

Cut up Rimbaud's TO A REASON (A UNE RAISON)
Words by Rimbaud, arrangement by Burroughs & Corso.

SONS OF YOUR IN

sons of your in
tea see
rib tent
of ten in

new
n
eve
n.

us
bore
the
harm....

detour
homes
a head &

at head return
return

commence her
the is I
march

Raise everywhere
a blow of
one step///

and the
Ta T
he too

vows
charge
on he
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T

the am
hots
He cha
stance

raise
new
tone

see
the new
Change knows
the Time t....

Cut up TO A REASON

Words Rimbaud, arrangement Corso & Burroughs.

REACTIVE AGENT TAPE CUT BY LEE THE AGENT
IN INTERZONE

black boy flanks by the usual means offered every convenience—he is moved say from one place to take the trip with him

Lee The Double calculated to impose morphine past peevish tissue swept out by an old junky in backward countries.

"My whippets are dying." at home.. piles of an agent.. murmuring over and over "One ounce" said the druggist of shit burned down the city..black fuzzzz..empty eye films

For years he earned his hallowed look of forcible colectomy chewing people around in Timbuktu. We may assume Timbuktu without the return con.

Sabe shit??? The return they dont make with mother raw and bleeding

Had a book he gave out.. Ich sterbe.. They were drafted. Marks fourth day..English governess for child exuding charm Service Chairman restated his agency lacks the kidnap rapist at that stage of the case.... imprisonment without function; "We just dropped in to see some friends" a population of patrols

"I have no enemies I turn them all into friends" Sheldon Thomas

Pillars of smoke premature Sir James said in the biological My Flyn seeks position in rigged quizz show "Yeah but why?" Position Monday in the house.. Good job its got such a soft mouth How intimate sciences are nowadays..

Swedish unwelcome visitor to the warren?

Talent was gone.. The temple reeked of Time principal and agence in force

Transport and lodging to another is not done abruptly we have to be in on every movement by the usual means

No riots like injustice directed..between enemies "City Hall?"

Broadcaster living in Paris.. such activity offense tape cold floks more in.. Boy the home? Start French met. Have you seen Sick City? ..freezed forever that station the centipede hyp.. dead finger of flak braille

Bobo has attractions.. more fun than barrel of keys

He makes a pig of ice.. tomorrow is always white and blue..

"A fine vigorous failure," all members are worst a century.

Predicting the dock men to walk officially to a green forest " like a bunch of animals"

A sixteen year old boy in the Bronx "Might Burn".. in continuous operation

"everyone" has left Paris The Sixth Government named High Authority 1961 Future Time which is said to be as its name implies.. typewriter mimic Chartered.. Exists without military

I dislike facts.. come around to the light so we can study your features in some detail and arrive at the French system of identification.. not premature? We think perhaps under the uh circumstances not inadvisable to say Spanish flu would not be again the rage of next years hats in green neon "Not four in a row.... You dont understand preliminary questioning."

survivor survivor.. Not the first in her childhood. where have you been family of espionage? ..cooking beggars.. unborn not yet

Mongols with smooth copper fish heads.. jostling innocent people may be time junkies.. with time to square.. young boys need it special window dressers scream through.. blast of iron for worker?

Have you seen Rose Place? rusted to flak braille.. contagious in sheltering tribes.. passes body and race.. citizens of your bed in a crowded cafe.. beyond the barrier of fog eggs. Stale streets of yesterday patrolmen..

Professor killed Accident in US.. "Dont let me die this way"

As regards transport and lodging is not done abruptly in grey hounds proclivities to run together into one by the usual procedure

"He had to use junk somewhere." Mr Bradley Mr Martin.. slotless fade out in sick streets of cry.. colorless smell.. after cure sound eyes empty of hunger.. flaking cripple drug.. of distant fingers.. caught an uptown cold sore.. over the white subway.. I told him you on tracks.. couldnt switch iron.. down stale streets of score money... Hustle your own dawn "I'm absolutely weak..I can only just totter home, dahling, the dollar has collapsed"

"Nous attendons bonne chance" Last words written in diary of Mr. Shannon by Yves Martin after Shannon? Mr Armstrong, Monsieur Pillu, Ahmed Akid Yves Martin found dead with the diary.. Mr Shannon.. Mr Bradly Mr Martin Johnny Ynshe Yves Martin Mr Beiles Mr Corso Mr Burroughs Meester William"

The razor inside, sir. Jerk the handle

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

CALLING ALL RE ACTIVE AGENTS
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BRION GYSIN

SPONTANEOUS PIECE ON THE "50" S IN AMERICA

gregory corso

Bomb decade
Mother decade
Goodbye values decade
Dulles wanted to be Mr Decade
Marx Freud Einstein decade

Decade of frozen soup
Decade of yellow pink chartrusse black
Decade of Saint McCarthy
Decade of proud homosexuals
Decade of Mid-West Dada
Decade of Beat Square
Decade of Beat Square
Decade of Buddha
Decade of cancer

Decade crinched by Mr Moneybags
T.V. mansorrow decade
Decade made sick by comedians
Insurance gold plane blowup decade
Decade with Harvard standing guard
Time decade
Decade that echoed the cries of the "30"S
Marihuana decade

CUT UP of Eisenhower Speech & Mine Own Poem

gregory corso

Emphatically important function
greenboots legitimacy—
Affiliated common cause
whatever the difficulties be;
it has been my intention
so let the elements raid
I promise to carry on—
Understood expectation HQs
no peril to U.S. held likely
the brown goat stains civilian
& military leadership—
With final agreement to this
and all that has been said
hitherto for and it is my
contention that no territorial
gains be garland with rosed feet—

gregory corso

I will never lose
even though I speak
the poem allows me
a chance to still
the sad industry

Citizens of Ruth
in some saint's chapel
for you to your lips
am I to the assured now
East nor Glory to all they foul
my sleeve for administration

You sound well
returned
like an anthole
that you show every figure
and time of Areness

Let us have him
he dynamic shell
so capable so happy
so clear
you'll see him and presence
by recent gains and captipulations

In and egg of
dies
by a well--and
beauty
has if on it a grief
waiting until in
and wrong
become half

Sober we—
There
we've assumed
heavy
rubies

Neruda Weiners

with a sold sun
hanging for tons
of wonder
the government assures

CUT UP of one of my poems

gregory corso

Heaven and the knot
done on dried fire
strong wood
doom my ship

They view futility
on you with dark hand
and no clearer light
could I see my fiancé

The gimmick sun gone too
grafted with tinsel and
certainty
into hairy

Your sight
will bring fiends
leaf and fire
you by blood
have my noise

Drop
chickens incorrigible
on the beam

TINKLING DECIBEL OF MjQ

.... But is field somebody ?

A man never !

as too ill a criping in other that-manners

So

NEGRO WRITER IN ORDER!

.....
that could stroy or corode it.

E inclined rather, in Africa who rightly says,
..... is not consolation. And no from their struggle moves
from Euro.

ARED TOCOMETOTERM AND THE HUMAN

(hisfearhasdriveninwhichhe fanciesaretheverycivilisationafri-
kaans literaturehasnotquiteoutgrowntheenglishnovelina-
fricahath theimmediateproblemofex clusionofanyref
erenceexcept intheca seofwilliamplomer worksjustnot-
beenab lesettle)

TRADITION WITH THE NEW

essentially still aversion in
efficant part of Mr Jaco
wouldn't you?

DEALS WITH THE A DILLEMA?

..... and the dicaps and disability oblem
splits itself SUN

at the mercy of his race

Cut-up of "Literature out of Africa"
Encounter
Burroughs & Beiles

Literary Negroes

do not resist

For 'ave adopted foreign techniques

dispossessed and being

They almost alway ready in their midst

That stream the two have a little ways or ever long
to one he may even BUT HE CANNOT GO-DUN

It is that art — periences and responses — flicts inside
ourselves

Press one stream

Dentify the two

Do is to have A

Can belong to one

Only he may even

Another but he cannot

Can't be done...

T.S. ELIOT says that CON — WEEN cultures are essential in
other areas.

Larger relationships sustain this argument.

Living with Africans in Africa

Where forced conflicts and paralysis

And cultural

He abdicated his notes in favour of

BANNER DH!

LAW

write as he did about the because-he-was-not
'cause he was not

THEM

Cut-up of "Literature out of Africa"
Encounter

SINCLAIR BEILES

TELEGRAM FROM MEKNES

USE SEWERPLUCE OIL

LUSEOIL

Luceairbase

USAIRBASENCIENT CITYOG MEK HOBBLESONOIL MO-
ROSIBLE PENINDEF TINGLEWAND DILUTES FAMILIES
WIT MOROMICALSUDDS CHEAP SURPLUSAIR WORKS
DEATHRALYSIS SPEEDILY 10?000 PARALERVES AU-
THORITIES RUSH PHOSPHATES TRAGICURE FOR
DISEASECOMBO USE OIL 10??000 PARALYTMICAL
TRIOTHOCRESYLICS WOULDN'T YOU

CHEAP SURPLUCEAIR

CHEEP SURPLUCE AIR CHEAP BIGSURPLUCEAIR

CHEEP BIGSEWERPLUCEAIR

SEWERPLUCE AIR DISPOSAL

Cut-up from article on Morocco Life Magazine

SINCLAIR BEILES

UNITED EITHER DARK AND LUGUBRIOUS WITH
NATIONS

(discussions with naked light bulbs and hangmen)

Sotho proverb: NOTHING BELONGS TO YOU Except THAT
WHICH YOU HAVE EATEN

Chemical race-meeting And what has emerging Africa eaten?

Second - run factory rejects Europolo American Western-
shit same grade

Second-run italics lubricating motor-oil paralysed ten
thousand under-privileged Moroccans Meknes area Morocco
scene of riots claimed 63 European lives at time of tiresome
Suez thing

Party dress for a girl's 3000 dead... both plain and daisy
sprigged in Mau-type rebellion.

Parties aren't what they used to be. The cocktail violence and
bloodshed party is in its shroud on a scale...recalls adult
entertaining at the height of the civilised-more-various-rife in
the French Cameroons at the teenage end.

People are casting about for State on January I.

A new formula... the buffet.

More than twenty civilians barbecue the ultra select.
Very have been killed in the last SIX....soon we'll be back
in a new months in the Cameroons: this straitjacket!... in the
meantime we're free to give any kind of settlers killed in the
Mau Mau party that occurs to us.

What one has to do is to is to ask the lowest estimate, put

some people one likes, and nourish terrorists' African victims at fifty a flourish.

SLAP UP OR MONTH OVER THE LAST SIX MONTHS...barebones it doesn't matter....it will refuse to give fun-numbers killed by security not inspired by duty forces...but these appear to be first get in the mood....if you, conservatively estimated, can afford it, order a cask of total casualties.....one of the friendliest ability of this soft spoken stubborn cheapest party you can give is Muslim leader to pull the country based on cakes and ale and candle out of her difficulties?light around Christmas with M Ahidjo's band dripping in Mousse....But there is no national party if they have oboes and flutes capable of taking over....

Bring all the better power from the departing.

Benskins Administration: he commands a bare Colne Spring and Barclay's majority in the assembly....russian stout are both very intoxi...not so important, so you might mull some now-that- he- has- been- suspended - from - parliament wine for the Carol invasion.

Some AND has taken to ruling by decree, piping twenty cantons under emergency and a great bowl of laws....More than a fifth of the richest raisins soaked in brandy light the provinces....the Bamileke are up for singers....MjQ range of guesswork....the shops have plenty of state of anarchy candle-stands mostly Scandi...to travel through it I required authority from the prime minister who provided me with military members of the Constructional Engineering Union - navian. To prevent candles from escort-comprising, several guttering Woolworts.... has-officers.... two truckloads of candle lanterns (hardware) and African soldiers with sten-guns.... luminuous glass candle hand grenades.....

Shades, spheres, cylinders we passed through villages of Victorian blue beehive burnt to the ground.

Many glasses are still to be found abandoned....The peasants have junkshops for nightlights.

Quiet nights stick either police or armed Christmas tree in the garden gangs that roam the countryside. Light it with tapers or wire up a tree near the gate with advisers.

Blame the violence on Dr Pea Lights Kelix Moumie. the exiled leader of the UPC.

What about the select party Guinea?....after having spent several... well the selectest party I can think...years in Cairo.. scri belec ta.

He recently visited OFBEGAN....before making one of his twelve guests and ouzo....periodic visits to Moscow and Peking served with blocks of allegations — ice with or without water...the authorities fiery stuff.

This was followed by point to modern revolvers from three pheasants roasted to a turn-Checkoslovakia which have been cap with puree tured from the gangs of cold accompaniments...

They admit however that there is no evidence of large scale shipments.

Cut-up from 'Observer' articles

SINCLAIR BEILES

CUT ME UP * BRION GYSIN * CUT ME UP * BRION
GYSIN * CUT ME UP * BRION GYSIN * CUT ME IN *

Nothing here was written "under marijuana" or "under" anything else. Billy Holliday and Baudelaire have borne witness that nothing was ever written or sung better under any drug.

Hachichi I am and I bow respectfully and gratefully to my Principal as any Client should (not *must*). My Principal is no Monkey — no Machine. My Principal is called Out. I am a poor Singer but I can write out all of the Song I know in two ways and on both sides of this paper. Who runs may read. Learn to read by improving your running.

Dig deep what Burroughs has to say against junk. Mektoub — It Was Written. Dig the difference between all the Junks acting on numerical proliferation and pot, art or whatnot acting outside of number. Outside of number is the only way out. The only way out to space. If you don't want out you don't want space and the less you get until you have none at all. The Ins want space for themselves because they can never but never get enough of it to be comfortable. THEY CAN'T. The way out is Here and it CAN BE WRITTEN. You can start writing it now by cutting up this whole book. Add what you like and make a new book of it. We have called

IN * BRION GYSIN * CUT ME IN * BRION GYSIN * CUT
ME IN * BRION GYSIN * CUT ME IN * BRION GYSIN *
this method the CUT-UPS EVER SINCE WE FIRST STAR-
TED ON THEM and the name is as good as any. They are
not a new Discovery.

Tristan Tzara, the Man from Nowhere, divined Dada out of a dictionary with a knife, pulled words out of a hat and

ME IN * BRION GYSIN * CUT ME IN * BRION GYS
IN * CUT ME IN * BRION GYSIN * CUT ME IN *

might well have burned the Louvre if he hadn't diverted into the Communist Panic by the Art Wing of the Freudian Conspiracy calling itself Surrealism under Andre Breton. We don't want to see it happen again. Above all I don't — I the Man from Nowhere negotiated like a Tangier Space Draft on a Swiss bank.

There is no game without two players. In other words, it could. But this is the Open Bank — these monkeys hear a lot and see a lot and talk almost all they know. Anyhow, here is the gimmick. Cut up everything in sight. Make your whole life a poem. You can't lose, man. You can't lose because you've got nothing to lose but that worthless junk you're sitting on. Get out of that blue frigidaire and Live. You'll know everything. You'll hear everything. And you'll see everything that's going on. Really make the entire scene. Not many chicks will. Say they know plenty already. They do. Try it. Be a Poet. Be a Man. Never forget that Granddaddy Burroughs invented the adding machine when the more efficient abacus had been used for thousands of years in Asia. Yesterday a thousand years ago, Hassan Sabbah, a Persian by birth and school-chum of Omar Khayyam, walked by accident (as if there were any accidents) into the studios of Radio Cairo to find all the cats bombed. He realized like a flash that *he* could

SEND, TOO. He took the mike to an unheated pent-house called Alamut near the Caspian. Called the Aga Khan today, his original station nearly a thousand years ago could broadcast from Alamut to Paris with Charlemagne on the house phone and as far as Xanadu East. Today the same lines have been proliferating machine-wise and a stray wire into the room I am in... Well, you figure it out. Try it yourself. Here is how to do it: Let's see, now. No, I'm not stalling. Common sense tells you that words are meant to mislead. Especially in these areas. It's about like this: Just talk to yourself for a

CALL ME IN * BRION GYSIN* CALL ME IN * BRI
ON GYSIN * CALL ME IN * BRION GYSIN * CALL ME

minute. You hear that little voice? Well, now argue with yourself: take two sides of a question. Dig? That's already a line. Do it like a phone call. Broadcast something. I hesitate to advise, because I know only for me, that something pretty saucy will often get you a sharp answer. Realize that it is an answer when you hear it and not just you. Your first party or any party may be hard to identify but just go on listening. Soon plenty of voices will come in and soon you will be able to call out. Don't put this down. Lots of people want this, need it and are damned well getting it by themselves. This ain't no monopoly, lady. Shove off, you! Well, as I was saying before I was so brashly interrupted... Stop and Listen. The state called reverie just before sleep is a good place to start. You may find the head-shrinkers putting this down, they will. If you work on some mechanical job this should be a snap for you.

Artists and intellectuals BEST learn a method best called LOOK AWAY. You will find that you are broadcasting at all hours without knowing it. How else do you think ideas "get around", man. Well, call me any time you want and just identify yourself when you call. Name and address, please. I'll be glad to talk to you about all this or anything else you have in mind. Crazy, man, crazy. We need this. We have got to have this or, frankly, fellow pale-faces, we are SCREW-ED. I'm not putting that down, either, but I think I know what it means. Do you? Every non-paleface is on the line FREE OF CHARGE. Pale-face have the CHARGE but the line is not free for him. The TOLL has, historically, been enormous. THERE IS NO NEED TO HEAR THAT NOISE AGAIN. We went through the Ice Age in the Cave and came out to hunt sickly-pale like Lazarus or any Haitian zombie with a Reactive mind built in by our women who sent us. Women-sent Motherlovers, to a man. It must have been great in that Cave -- or that's the way they put it. Me, myself, now... All

OUT * BRION GYSIN * CALL ME OUT * BRION GY
SIN * CALL ME UP * BRION GYSIN * CALL ME UP

anybody was ever supposed to want to do was to get back IN. Well, if you want to get IN instead of OUT then SPACE is not for you and you are going to get less and less of it until you don't have any at all. The INs always say MINE. I put that down. It's EVERYBODY'S space and there's plenty of it. A point in space is an argument place says Wittgenstein. "No two anythings can occupy the same spacetime position," mutters Burroughs. Go on. Who says Time? It is in the power of every hand to destroy us and we are beholden to every one we meet, he doth not kill us. BUT The river hath more need of the fountain than the fountain of the river... the swarming sting of the sun has ceased over the endless lakes of lilac light burning away to a fiery rose on the dunes running like molten orange-gold. The day-tortured eye can no longer support. Before it died behind the clenched lids the sun wrenched itself from the sky and fell sickeningly over the edge of world. Blues deepen like vertigo into permanent purples. An icy chill sweeps the very length of darkness after sun, cracking the desert rocks like a rattle of fire across the Sahara. Step into a Grain of Sand. It is Everybody's Earthly Kingdom bathed in the white light. You can get the light with prayer, mescaline, fasting, sex and know where to find it again when you want it. Practice makes perfect. Neither prayer nor mescaline nor anything else makes it happen. The light is there. Myself, I think that our troubles have only started and now that we have cut you in on this you are in on it whether you like it or not. You are on our side now that you have read this far and you are sitting pretty. This has taken you out of the area of words. If they throw words at you cut them up and throw them back. If you want to make them disappear just rub out their words. If you want to disappear... come around for private lessons. Free. Painters have it made. Dangerous ground. Picasso can make a rainbow frame his new house and Cezanne's mountain behind it. See LOOK.

ME OUT* BRION GYSIN * GET ME OUT * BRION
GYSIN * GET ME OUT * BRION GYSIN * GET ME

He ate the entire Imaginary Museum, shat on a canvas and sold it for a rainbow. Who can say ? We don't need to burn the Louvre now. The Equanimity of Complete Despair. The Shining Air. Sensitive Desert. Puddles of Light. One Pace from Nowhere. Clouds on a Wall. Erasmus to Durer. It is like being against the weather. Into the Space Ship on the IN Programme must go: A Scientist, A Colonel and A Magician. To live in a capsule of Earth atmosphere out there and propagate virus-wise there must be a Woman. A Tin-Hinan of Outer Space that she wants to make into IN-space for her. Tin-Hinan veiled the Touareg men and dyed them blue. The Space Queen hopes to step into the ship and throw off her horrid disguise. Stripping off her gimmicks and tossing them to the boys she raises aloft a vial of sperm and proclaims herself to be the sole Scientific and Magical Colonel of Space. "Back to Earth you Drones," she snarls to Men. "And keep humping." From having been artisans, painters have become alchemists and now to this. Wurra, wurra ! The great painters burn up the subjects they touch — all the fine flesh, roses, guitars and most of that merely visible world has been burned down for good. Now here's the picture: One eye strikes deeper into it than the other eye. This throws the Intellect or even the Reactive Mind or whatever right off balance for long enough for You to see that other dimension. Painters are bucking for space like Cezanne bucked for the museum. Painters and Prophets speak in ecstatic tongues which even they "know" only in the act of speaking them. Look Away.

LOOK AWAY * BRION GYSIN * LOOK OUT * BRION
GYSIN * LOOK AWAY * BRION GYSIN * LOOK OUT

BRION GYSIN

I THINK THEREFORE I AM .	1	§	**	1	%	.
I THINK THEREFORE I AM	1	§	**	1	.	%
I THINK THEREFORE I AM	1	§	**	.	1	%
I THINK . THEREFORE I AM	1	§	.	**	1	%
1 THEREFORE THINK I AM	1	.	§	**	1	%
I THINK THEREFORE I AM	1	§	**	1	%	

I THINK THEREFORE I AM .	1	§	**	1	%	.
I THINK THEREFORE I .	1	§	**	1	%	.
AM I THINK THEREFORE .		%	1	§	**	.
I AM I THINK .	1	%	1	§	.	
THEREFORE I AM I .	**	1	%	1	.	
THEREFORE THINK I AM .	**	§	1	%	.	

I THINK THEREFORE I AM	1	§	**	1	%	
I THINK I AM THEREFORE	1	§	1	%	**	
I THINK AM THEREFORE I	1	§	%	**	1	
I THINK THEREFORE AM I	1	§	**	%	1	
I THINK I THEREFORE AM	1	§	1	**	%	
I THINK I AM THEREFORE	1	§	1	%	**	

I THEREFORE THINK I AM	1	**	§	1	%	
I THEREFORE I THINK AM	1	**	1	%	§	
I THEREFORE AM I THINK	1	**	%	1	§	
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THINK THEREFORE I AM I	§	**	1	%	1	
THINK THEREFORE AM I I	§	**	%	1	1	
THINK THEREFORE I I AM	§	**	1	1	%	

I AM I THINK THEREFORE	1	%	1	§	**	
I AM THINK I THEREFORE	1	%	§	1	**	
I AM THEREFORE THINK I	1	%	**	§	1	
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I AM THINK THEREFORE I	1	%	§	**	1	
I AM THEREFORE I THINK	1	%	**	1	§	

1 § ** 1 % BRION GYSIN .

THE NEW TESTAMENT
ST MATTHEW (from chap 27)

Morning priests counsel death. Bound feast delivered Pontius Pilate governor. Judas repented thirty pieces of potter's field and hanged himself. Accused answered nothing the governor marvelled greatly. Multitude barabbas Jesus. Pilate hands crucified release saying, see ye to it. Scourged soldiers stripped him a scarlet. Thorns bowed the knee. Jews spit raiment called Golgotha. Reed head verture mingled thieves on the right hand and gall witness on left. Scribe teeth mock ninth hour darkness: will, come down, believe. Upghost Jesus rent loud voice saint graves. Eli lama Sabachtani appeared unto many. Ministering Joseph begged women body. Sepulchre clean. Pharisees remembered three days error sealing stone. Keepers shake dead men for angel. City priests done soldiers with large money saying, night stole all hail away. Secure reported countenance white snow. Jews saw him error eleven disciples in a mountain. Sepulchre fulfilled centurion with lord lay. Accusation parted garments lo. Many women beheld quickly risen. Governor commands Amen alway with him even unto end world.

SINCLAIR BEILES

TACITUS (from Imperial Rome)

Nero chariots rehearsed indecent parts. Eminent stimulus to vice distributions among this filthy crowd. Emperor struck

practice notes in non-senators. Powerful young men strung together vestige of theatrical talents only. Many children were versified by swords. Illegal recruiting rolls imported laxity. Compelling gentlemen emboldened night lusts into shirkers, gymnasts, and perverts. Eccentric immersion ballet dancers ruthlessly burnt out after stuffing mouths and exits with blazing faggots. Brilliant personal tastes endangered the divine anger. A horde of barbarous superstitions were tried and executed. Flat bottomed adjudicators extemporised contradictory. All the veins of fear were opened. Young epithets maintained a din of fellow instigators day and night. Avid entertainment approved vociferously while respectable promiscuity suffered many bereavements. Partisan gaiety speculated vast expense. More economical than demolition of a new one every year? Thickly populated testamentary screams dreadful curses at end of gentleman outside senate. Women block his outlets but phantom corpses evacuate old people nevertheless.

A brilliant comet now appeared — the public annexation of Etrurian debauchees...

To Be Cut-Up.

SINCLAIR BEILES

TO BE CUT UP BY YOU

next time a salesman arrives at your door ask if he is a G.E.M. believer this is not exactly a new religion but it should be the foundation of every salesman's work according to mr heinz goldmann G.E.M. belief means having faith in the the Goods sold in the Enterprise making them and in the Man selling them in other words salesmen must sell their firms their goods and themselves to themselves before they can start sellinf them to other people he sees the salesman as a psychological judo expert without strong likes or dislikes not

someone who wants to revolutionise the world to penetrate the customers resistance mr goldmann don't sell the article but the ideal is the first rule the point is to appeal to basic motives need of security of prestige of approval of romance ease contact gain curiosity salesman must beware of arousing guilt feelings in customer who must be offered an excuse for gratifying his desire not forget customer's subconscious drew an iceberg on the board to show much more below surface than above appeal must be tailored to buyer selling a car to a man of 65 sell him the brakes sell the accelerator to the young man some niceties of syntax have to be observed what would happen to your family if you died tomorrow change it to what would have happened to your family if you died yesterday the disturbing prospect of death is then transposed from a future tense to the conditional mood.

Lao Tzu (from The Way of Life)

is the ordained way thirty spokes will converge in the hub of a wheel but the use of the cart will depend on the hub that is void with a wall all around a clay bowl is molded but the use of the bowl will depend on the part of the bowl that is void cut out windows and doors in the house as you build but the use of the house will depend on the space in the walls that is void so advantage is had from whatever is there but usefulness rises from whatever is not a good runner leaves no tracks a good speech has no flaws to censure a good computer uses no tallies a good door is well shut without bolts and cannot be opened a good knot is tied without rope and cannot be loosed the wise man is always good at helping people so that none are cast out he is always good at saving things so that none are thrown away this is called applied intelligence

surely the good man is the bad man's teacher if the one does not respect his teacher or the other love his business his error is very great be aware of your masculine nature but by keeping the feminine way you shall be to the world like a canyon where the virtue eternal abides and go back to become as a child be aware of the white all around you but remember the black that is there you shall be to the world like a tester whom virtue eternal unerring redirects to the infinite past be aware of your glory and honour but in never relinquishing shame you shall be to the world like a valley where virtue eternal sufficient sends you back to the virginal block when the virginal block is asunder and is made into several tools to the ends of the wise man directed they become then his chief officers for the master does not carve what is to be Shrunken is first stretched out what is to be weakened is first made strong what will be thrown over is first raised up what will be withdrawn is first bestowed this indeed is subtle light the gentle way will overcome the hard and strong as fish should not get out of pools the realm's tools should not be shown to anybody the way begot one and the one two then the two begot three and three all else the student learns by daily increment the way is gained by daily loss loss upon loss until at last comes rest by letting go it all gets done the world is won by those who let it go but when you and try the world is then beyond the winning on leaving life to enter death thirteen members from a living body a corpse has thirteen too by which a man may pass from life to death why so because his way of life much too gross as i have heard the man who knows on land how best to be at peace will never meet a tiger or a buffalo in battle weapons do not touch his skin there is no place the tigers claws can grip or with his horn the buffalo can jab or where the soldier can insert his sword why so in him there is no place of death.

"By God," cried Panurge. "I believe you. But could we see just one of them? I remember reading that, as they stood around the edges of the mountain on which Moses received the Laws of the Jews, the people palpably saw the voices."

"Here, Here," exclaimed Pantagruel, "here are some that are not yet thawed."

Then he threw on the deck before us whole handfuls of frozen words, which looked like crystallized sweets of different colours. We saw some words gules, or gay quips, some vert, some azure, some sable, and some or. When we warmed them a little between our hands, they melted like snow, and we actually heard them, though we did not understand them, for they were in a barbarous language. There was one exception, however, a fairly big one. This, when Friar John picked it up, made a noise like a chestnut that has been thrown on the embers without being pricked. It was an explosion and made us all start with fear.

"That", said Friar John, "was a cannon shot in its day." Panurge asked Pantagruel to give him some more. But Pantagruel answered that only lovers gave their words.

"Sell me some, then," said Panurge.

"That's a lawyer's business," replied Pantagruel, "selling words. I'd rather sell you silence, though I should ask a higher price for it, as Demosthenes did once, when bribed to have a quinsy."

(Quinsy M.E. Greek *Cynanche* : inflammation of the throat or parts of the throat)

Nevertheless, he threw three or four handfuls on the deck, and I saw some very sharp words among them; bloody words which, as the Captain told us, sometimes return to the place from which they come — but with their throats cut; some terrifying words, and others rather unpleasant to look at. When they had all melted together, we heard: Hin, hin, hin, tick, tock, crack, brededin, brededac, frr, frrr, frrrr, bou;

bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, trace, trace, tr, trrr, trrrr, trrrrr, trrrrr, on, on, on, on, ououououon, Gog, Magog, and goodness knows what ther barbarous sounds. The Captain said that these were the battle cries, and the neighings of the chargers as they clashed together. Then we heard other great noises going off as they melted, some like drums and fifes, others like clarions and trumpets. Believe me we were greatly amused I wanted to preserve a few of the gay quips in oil, the way you keep snow and ice, and then to wrap them up in clean straw. But Pantagruel refused, saying it was folly to store up things which one is never short of, and which are always plentiful, as gay quips are among good and jovial Pantagruelists.

We all obeyed his command, and listened attentively, sucking in the air in great earfuls, like good oysters in the shell, to hear if any voice or other snatches of sound could be picked up; and so as to miss nothing, some of us cupped the palms of our hands to the backs of our ears, after the manner of the Emperor Antoninus. But notwithstanding we protested that we could hear no voice whatever. Pantagruel, however, continued to affirm that he could hear several voices on the air, both male and female; and then we decided that either we could hear them too, or else there was a ringing in our ears. Indeed the more clearly we listened, the more clearly we made out voices, till in the end we could hear whole words. This greatly frightened us...

On hearing Panurge make all this uproar, Pantagruel asked: "Who is that coward down there? Let's see first what people they are. They may happen to be our friends. But still I can't catch sight of anyone though I can see a hundred miles all round. But let's listen. I have heard that a certain philosopher called Petron believed that there are several worlds touching one another as at the points of an equilateral triangle. The inner area of this triangle, he said was the abode of truth and there lived the names and forms, the ideas and images of all things past and future. Outside this lies the Age — our secular world. In certain years, however, at long inter-

vals, some part of these falls on humankind like distillations, or as the dew fell on Gideon's fleece, to remain there laid up for the future, awaiting the consummation of the Age. I remember, too, that Aristotle maintains Homer's words to be bounding, flying, and moving, and consequently alive. Antiphones, also, said that Plato's teaching was like words that congeal and freeze on the air, when uttered in the depths of winter in some distant country. That is why they are not heard...

William Burroughs : No man is worth his salt who doesn't labour to make himself obsolete.

Brion Gysin: Every magician must eat his own excrement eats his own words.

Gregory Corso : Oh ! que résonnent tes genoux de métal !

Sinclair Beiles : Stuttering flaks out the ear.

Ron Elroy Hubbard : Only absolute silence, utter silence and tomb-like silence, should attend an operation or injury of any kind. There is nothing which can be given or said as a perceptic in any moment of unconsciousness which is beneficial to the patient. Nothing !

SINCLAIR BEILES

THINGS TO CUT-UP, COLLECTED BY GREGORY CORSO

Beauty Kills

Beauty is the Murderer

Death is the pure Beauty

God is Beauty empty of all radiance but Its own

Nothing else can exist

In a vision I saw this Beauty

so rare it can be seen by itself

outside or behind Time

after Death

FRAGMENT FROM POEM BY Allen Ginsberg

Hermits are instructed to say, when phantasms appear: "Who art thou? whence comest thou? Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil?" And if the apparition is God, then our——

CHARLES WILLIAMS on Witchcraft

Vultures, who build your bowers

High in the Future's towers,

Withered hopes on hopes are spread!

Dying joys, choked by the dead,

Will serve your beaks for prey

Many a day

FRAGMENT P.B. Shelley

GREGORY CORSO — THINGS TO CUT-UP

Red fire rose blood scream crash sun boom splash
Yellow gold bird song hair harp
Blue sea soft noon sleep Greece
Green pale emerald beasteyes hills
Brown cringed knotted dwarfy Brownie
Purple king ermine velvet climax
Orange melancholy rural witchcraft corn
Black death magic oak light
White peace sickness sink marble

Gregory Corso

I can say one thing for them (his books)
unblushingly—compared to the Atom Bomb,
they are filled with lifegiving qualities.
HENRY MILLER

...For this weather I think I see things clearer
All Spring I drank until my money went,
Weeping for the horizon. Now I'm nearer.
Things happen here without my full consent.
And I accept them all. What is my choice?
I have few muscles; I must trust my voice.
FRAGMENT FROM POEM by Dom Moraes

Milwaukee was muffled in the stillness of a
14-in. snowfall when the Hiawatha slid into
the Milwaukee Road Depot one morning last
week. In the parlor car someone roused the
Senator from the exhausted sleep that had
seized him as soon as he had boarded the
train in Chicago one hour and 15 minutes earlier.
TIME MAGAZINE

COLLECTED BY GREGORY CORSO

In quickest moment
worlds scratch worlds
The itch of the universe bugs all
HAIKU--Gregory Corso

"No Glot. Clom Fliday." Note : In
the 20s old schmeckers Oriental
realized that the West (the Universe & human
consciousness) were so unreliable dishonest
and *wrong*, they all packed in, so when an
Occidental junky (student on the Way) came
to score, they say: "No glot...Clom Fliday."
WILLIAM SEWARD BURROUGHS, *Naked Lunch*

Ingmar Bergman is not only over-rated, but
nowhere, like his heavy clobbered Swede
vision of Death is as corny as Rock n Roll's
idea of Death—that is, the camera laid
on a Swedish cork-eyed policeman as if
this cornball cop knew the wonders of
other-life—who's he trying to kid?
I tell you there ain't nobody saying
what is right about Death, death isn't
a chalky face, a hood, an amputated
hand, a corked-eye—and, man, like
his love scenes are reminiscent of
Betty Grable and Dick Haymes in a barn.
HERMAN BORST on Ingmar Bergman

COLLECTED BY GREGORY CORSO

"You see? I never loaded those fellows
with honours. What have they got to
thank me for? I left them poor men,
just as I had found them. Nothing
but instinct leads them to me."

NAPOLEON to CONSTANT

Don't forget to put a dime in the coin
box by dipping your finger in acid
ink the holy old forevermore holy
water & bleep blap bloop the sign a the
cross—

Jack Kerouac, from OLD ANGEL MIDNIGHT

Function with Burroughs—every man an agent.
W S Burroughs, from a letter.

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and now fullwell,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!
MOTHER GOOSE

Words Dealth by William Lee Dealer
No house percentage CUT
FUNCTION WITH BURROUGHS EVERY MAN
AN AGENT CUT

In THEE beginning was THE word.. The word was a
virus.. "Function always comes before form" L Ron Hubbard.
Virus made man.. Man is virus.. Kick that virus habit MAN
As one ape said to the other: "I have not seen THEE MAN."
"That you don't know is as clear as the 'knows' on your face"
words Sheldon Thomas. "Kick that man-habit" "Brion
Gysin "No body will ever understand virus...

Old takings giving terrible ruled out con— Jack S ?

"I may be old but I'm still desirable" Anonymous queen,
Mexico City Bounty Bar

"Do you know that men have been known to drop down
dead for the timely want of opium?" De Quincey quoting
Coleridge

"STOP CHANGE START???"
L Ron Hubbard?

"You crazy or something walk around alone?" Anonymous
guide Tangier

"Do not corrupt Allah will dreading your actions done.
"Watching you have they thought debarred." Cut from The
Koran Mohamed for Allah

Will///// ughs ///// ward///// Burro// iam / Se
"Getting their vitamins the right way." A German doctor
suffering from dietary delusion in Tanganyika or was it?
proclaimed The Living Lunch: "He would tie down a wound-
ed animal and cut food steak sized chunks which he ate
straight away paying no attention to animal cries." Was
himself caught short and lions ate him alive "Getting their
vitamins the right way"

"Recommend a restaurant? Is not personal opinion" Anonymous Chinese

The Seri Indians in Gulf of Lower California eat a berry which passes partially digested through the alimentary canal They then pan berries from their excrement which they call: "The Second Harvest."

The Chukchee of X Siberia make an intoxicating drink by steeping the mushroom *Aminiti Muscarius* in warm loganberry juice. They drink the decoction and the urine is activated and distributed according to rank.

"Porter: (Blocking the door of chemist on orders of Coleridge) "But, sir, you told me yourself only yesterday - - ."

Coleridge: "But an emergency, a shocking emergency has arisen since then." Coleridge after De Quincey *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, quoted by Joan Burroughs, frequently.

"Muy sucio aqui... Queda con su medicina" Last word Ki Ki Tanger amigo... "Who am I to be critical?" The Sailor.

WORDS RECORDED BY William Seward Burroughs
ANYONE CAN RECORD WORDS — CUT UP
your own hustling myself
Do you identity? "Yeah but why?"
Working on Virus

Biologist Changes position of Genes

by ROBERT C. TOOTH

NEW YORK, Jan. 29 (Past Time) A German virologist has succeeded in modifying the basic hereditary material of a virus in such a way as to be able to identify its effects on future generations perhaps the most significant step to date in deciphering the language of life.

"Sooner or later this will lead to an understanding of The language of The virus which is the language of life," he said "The entire message of life is written in four letter

words with our genes" Dr Stanley explained—adenine guanine thymine or cytosine—which are built into Thee whether it be one, two, three, four or one, two, four, three, for example links or letters are arranged to spell out man... virus symposium Park Sheraton Hotel. — Max Planck Institute... Gustav Stern Foundation... As to the distant future say 100 years Dr Stanley sees the entire code being cracked "We will be able to write out the message that is you," he said. *Paris Herald Tribune* Sat. Jan. 30, 1960.

"Nothing is true—all is permitted." Last words Hassan Sabbah. The Old Man of the Mountain quoted from "The Master of the Assassins," by Betty Bouthoul.

MOVE THE BONE WORDS OF THE IMMORTAL BARD
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

"With all hearts supposed dead embassy my wit."

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSUING. SONNETS.
MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY.
OUR. EVER.-LIVING. POET.
WISHETH.
THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTURER. IN.
SETTING
FORTH.

T.T.

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man who spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones."

RUB OUT THE WRITE WORD
 RUB OUT RIGHT WORD THEE
 RUB OUT WORD RITE THEE
 RUB OUT THE WORD RIGHT
 RUB OUT RIGHT THE WORD
 RUB OUT WORD THEE WRITE

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Post-script from Gregory Corso:—

Note for my contribution to the Cut-Up System.

Poetry that can be destroyed should be destroyed, even if it means destroying one's own poetry — if it be destroyed. I join this venture unwillingly *and* willingly. Unwillingly because the poetry I have written was from the soul and not from the dictionary; willingly because if it can be destroyed or bettered by the 'cut-up' method, then it is poetry I care not for, and so should be cut-up. Word poetry is for everyman, but soul poetry — alas, is not heavily distributed.

Unwillingly because Tzara did it all before; willingly because Mr Burroughs is a knowing man, and I am in soul to abide by him his 'unlock your word horde' is good charity.

Unwillingly because my poetry is a natural cut-up, and need not be created by a pair of scissors; willingly because I have no other choice. I have agreed to join Mr Gysin, Mr Beiles, and Mr Burroughs in this venture, and so to the muse I say: 'Thank you for the poesy that cannot be destroyed that is in me' — for this I have learned after such a short venture in uninspired machine-poetry.



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