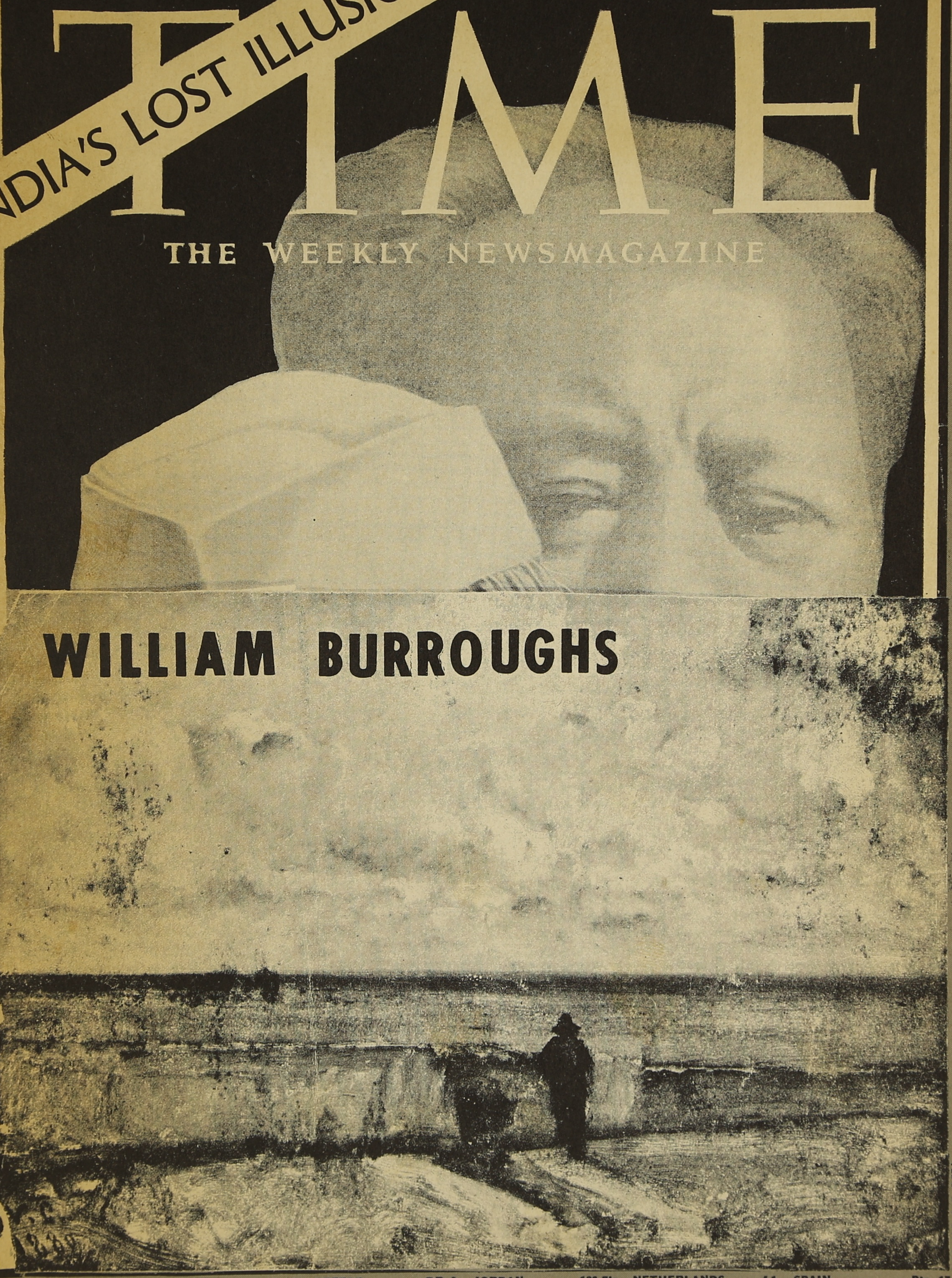
NOVEMBER 30, 1962

ATLANTIC EDITION

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

## INDIA'S LOST ILLUSIONS



## WILLIAM BURROUGHS

VOL. LXXX NO. 22

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# TIME

## BY WILLIAM BURROUGHS

WITH 4 DRAWINGS
BY BRION GYSIN

'C' Press
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General Editor:
Ted Berrigan

TIME Editor:
Ron Padgett

Art Director:
Joe Brainard

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## 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.

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February 29,I964

Now try this:Take a walk a bus a taxi.Do a few drear y errands in these foreig n suburbs here.Sit down some cafe drink a coffee watch the TV look through the papers look listen ar ound.Now return to your .trap one way or another and write what you have j ust seen heard felt with particular attention to in tersection points:"Do you have the time,sir?" Where you from on television its a long way to go Coca Cola just after or before de- pending of course which way you come on it before or after where the old ban k used to be open Sundays there Pasteur Boulevard onlyit is'nt Pasteur now its Mohammed V tunnel of old photos you walkfrom th is post in these foreign suburbs here at @ 4:35.tak e a left to United States Avenue right past the Span ish school.Young man from a group leaning on the fenc ce said: "You lika the boys or the girls?" (Taxi out of teh area).Post office lett- ers up a windy street past the Coca Cola sign frayed down Rembrandt close the cleaners past a man who sai d: "Where you from,Marakesh ?"I did not wait to hear more not liking what I had heard alreadysad Place de France pick up the papers Cafe de Paris cafe au lait oui beeg one [redacted] gr ande double to readers of The Daily Express loud and clear now:'/Yale professor is held as spy.Somewhere in Moscow United States said custody/' '/Its a long way to Tiperary its a long way to go/' '/Silent on spy arrest/' '/This is the four th lesson I 2 3 4.I 2 3 4 this is the fourth lesson/' '/Artist told house must come down/' '/This is a [redacted]/

"Put this on my bill, Lil."

She said 'yes'.Her eye s did'nt.

"/Canaries? rainy season you know cheap though. pretty [redacted] condition of pverty poverty.Live in caves/coughing/from the smoke spit blood all ov er my back what lovely backwoods piece of hump I came the spectroscope/ had an uncle died of cir hossis/one slice of brown bread without butter/He had to lose weight yes definitely/dont like Jew s who pretend not to be Jews/come around with the old birds&bees jelly I think Rosevelt let it happen/"

"/I've seen you before. I must go back to the sad sad suburbs fear we all know here jumping at ev ery sound from the street, et guards everywhere what you trying to un- load on somebody,Jack son,radioactive garbage? ?Now when the White Rea der slops my score the taste of lavoris in a prep shcool glass with my comb and toothbrush 'go gladly to your doom earth man' what corn is here? [redacted] have been in des desperate battle .We don't like to hear a l lot of bull shit like we are hearing it now. We want to hear pay ta lk,Daddy,and we want t to hear pay talk now/"

(Cobtimued page 2,Col 3

day the old birds&bees come 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 withou vision?? It's one slice where you died ont tele- you scope the time sir woods piecs of hump/ Do ely public attention to back to your poverty'/What lov condition of 'ound return "/You know 'pretty [redacted] pure him away/"

Give him some money/ Send '/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'nt doom' .I think Roosevelt man? Go gladly to your 'Where you from,earth brush past a man who said: ool glass frayed tooth of lavoris in a prep sch 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 gar somebody,Jack? You lika ing to 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 rooming house East St.Louis,Ill- in ois.She named a price and that was it.She did' nt name another.Mary did' nt like talk the she did nt like talkers heavy and cold as a cops black jack ona 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

Cont.Page 3 Col I

can paper a wall with ass in those days you street flat on my junk beats my touch down the ndy 'hello there' and ette sails by with a wi- now defunct Tanger Gaz- while columnist of the and Barnaby Bliss erst manos a casa,William?' dgys and Paco says: 'va bank used to be open Sun you get to where the old of folk lore.Now when y impressarioed this belch Great Garlic Tooth Pick' Spanish insolence.'The ls?/' lazy good natured lika the boys or the gir ool young man said: 'You street? '/Spanish Sch- me' villa just down the How about the 'Sweet Ho foreign suburbs here/' those pictures: '/These goes up go out and get whole fucking shit house ures.I don't care if the out and get those pict- floor is upstairs/' Go first floor.The second second floor.This is the or? No this is not the '/Am I on the second flo planet by good manners/' English conquered their on television/' '/Tah '/There are many games with Glenny's death/' e thse coupons charged evision/' '/Clip and sav '/There are games on tel 's death/' pons charged with Glenny Clip and save these cou '/This is America/' '/ y lessons on television/' television.There are man '/There are lessons on and end of innocence/' store/' '/ For a waif New York. This is a big store.This store is in Column I)

(Continued from page I

Sunday March I I964

THE DEAD STAR brings you the shocking stor y of The Mayan Caper

Remote cool offices under a silent rain of bank notes blue light on board meeting and mergers.When any mem- ber leaves the board room the sirviving members who did'nt le ave turn slow and co ool look at the empty chair: "Errand boy" and nod out a thous- and years on how cool they say it.You see the point of this game is keep cool.Remember what happened to Q.J. Got the Hot Slide for his Mayan stinker.

special to THE DEAD STAR @@@ by J.Brundi by J.Q??Brundiage:

"We will travel not only in space but in time as well".A Russi an scientist said th- at.I have just return ed from a thousand year r time 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 diff- icult.It is dangerous as the early days of aviation.It is the new w frontier and only the adventurous need apply.It belongs to anyone who has the co urage and the know ho w to travel.It belong s to you.

I started my trip in the old newspaper morgue.Like this.Like this.Take today's pap er.Fill up three col- umns with selections you scan out.Now read cross column.Fill a

Continued from P.I Col3/

jelly the old bank Jews used to be open Sundays "/Look,son,you know cheap papers look through.Pret ty sure condition of pov erty around return.Do you acope the time sir? Clock that belated Coca Cola sign:just morning a windy street rainy coffee

smoke on the hip in the in the Chink laundry black the Japanese girl works sitting there waiting for to steal.It did'nt last. thought I had a license like all young thieves I I was new in the game and sun set across the river ing in the top room smoky and cool off:::I was sitt take a room for a week talk business.Or maybe you you.You eat and then you salt chunk in front of of coffee and a plate of out a word and puts a mug come in she gets up with porsk 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 t want to do business she and stays shut.If she does old 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 d.When you spread the by she sat there and hear or Johnny Law just happens to your soft and tenders alead 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

back numbers of the Tan ger Gazette and call it Hongkong Bar.Its all made e in Hongkong.Clam Flid ay for your newsmagasine I Sekuin perfected that art along the Tang Dyn- asty kicking the gong around the Chink laudry laundry you CAN PAPER A WALL WITH THE DEAD STAR brings the old bank Jews used to be open Sun ays 'Where you from Mar- kesh? You like beeg one son bitch bastard I ketc h one clap from fucky your ass hole/' '/Well let's face it boys he does'nt want his picture taken but perhaps we can persuade him to pose for the nice press gentle mens with gun and camera /' said the wise cop one of those funy bastards in every precinct: /How you like a little heroin Bill?/' which you better think is funy and answer up like a good Nigger: 'Yawsah boss I sure woul d like some of that white sugar½Looks like I'll haveta wait till they burns me now'
The pig faced white lash ed klieutenant looked up from his books: '/They cut out these execution shots.Ruling just came through from the Capital. /' '/We were getting en tirely too many 'executi on addicts' dumped in our laps'/' said a highly placed narcotics depart- ments officials '/The ruling is retroactive re calling all execution shots/' '/Its a long way to young English soldier this is the fourth lesson I "2 3 4 flickering fing ers sweating last human

(Continued P.4 Col.I)

(Continued P.4 col.2)

sat in moulding who moulding the chair you er old word columns back in yesterdays pap pre-sent time now move the so called future in or inother 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

ere.First you write the just time wrote it ther picture just there.?? ina news paper.Why that Now consider the picture through word columns.Now as you move back in time orgetting' present time the page.The page is 'f less of present time on e you do this there is and so on back.Each tim selections from yesterday maining two columns with ings.Now fill in the re with cross column reading column on another page

was open Sundays sitt ing there ina smoky pa per sun set waiting on teh Japanesegirl a soft knock and I open the door naked with a hard on - it was the top floor all the way up you understand nobdoy nobody on that land-ing '/Oooooh'she says feel ing itup to my oysters a drop of lubricant squeezed out and toke a smoky sun set on rose wall paer I'd been lying there naked think ing 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 [redacted] 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 Japanes e e Gym strictly from Yokahma [redacted]

(Continued P.4.col33)



tant closing sugar bowl
train whistles to a dis
Sad back porch of dreams
down 'Cobble Stone Cody'
"Stepped you the Piper
"All The Sad Old Showmen?
I899 over New York.
answer drew 'September I7
From his gun a rusty
"The Last Post"?
desk cool remote Sunday.
ir papers on the city
Freshh southerly winds st-
"The Boy's Magasine"?
Mister."

"Never called retreat,
"Annie Laurie?"
in last review:
the old files new stand-
freckles folded away in
cold on the thin boy with
porch falling leaves sun
from an old calander back
pieces faded sepia smile
page 3 column I./"
aim and fire/ Carry on
the coordinates precisely
target unless you plot
guns will not reach the
trget taget target.The
five years to reach the
times take fifty sixty
gunpost.The bullets some
r is a machine gun in a
esent time.Your tyepwrite
lets get this show in pr
of the Shakespeare Squad
"/All right you jokers

you were, 'you'? 'Were'?
::words.
I spentnsix months in th
e morgue.I made time map
s of the city.'Where the
second hand book shop
used to be right opposite
the old cemetary.' What
did the streets you walk
look like yesterday a
month ago a year ago?
What store what building
was there that is'nt the
re now?What was thw weat
her? What tunes were on
TV radio
juke box
music hit
hall? Pre
carious st-
reets of
yesterday
recreated
pice by pie
ce in old
newspaers
old pictur
es old tur
es.
The next
step was
carried ou
t in a fil
m studio.I learned to
talk and think backwards
on all levels.This was
done by running film and
sound track backwards.
For example orgasm film
was run backwards in
slow motion (sex is of
course one of the heavie
st ankors holding one in
present time).Day after
day I watched the old
flickering back to silen
ce: unknown evenings and
strange memories cigarett
e smoke curling in black
pubic hairs piples of li
ght along naked thighs
slow blur of picture fl-
esh and there was Al Jol
son do you see this lea
ther lunger Jew bellowin
g out "Maaammmy" and bar

(Continued P.5 Col.2)

(Continued P.5,Col 3)

around you.Black jack
St Louis Illinois she is
Yale.You walk in East
that was open the girl's
She named a price and
deputy waers 'ear muffs
is dead.Kindaspecial
g that old knack.Klinker
conditions of ash? I twi
bourne Grove.Smell those
by magic shop in West-
Johnny Law just happens
see this hand lifted?
citizen came up on her.
agent call.Recall John
about that cold outside
iness) Nobody thought
old birds and bees bus
come around with the ol
eavy and cold as a cop's
t the birds.(Her eyes
ch unless I browned abou
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
a wise guy.Mary she
ing universe. This is
son map his own fuck
steal.Meet this Johnson
thievs but anything
job hot and heavy.Young
doing my simple artisan
on the Japanese girl
ing in a Turner sun set
cool off.Like I was sitt
Picasso on Rembrandt and
Period. Or maybe you
safe behind the Blue
Klace waits for me wall
ing 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
[redacted]. After
[redacted]
[redacted]or
[redacted]gs

REPUBLICANS [redacted] VINCENT APRIL Democratic Governor John Swainson

~~DAY IS DONE GONE THE SUN FROM THEEARTH FROM THE LAKE FROM THE HILL FROM~~

November I8,I9I8

in the dormitory.A distan
t soldier steps from the
lake from the hill from
he sky

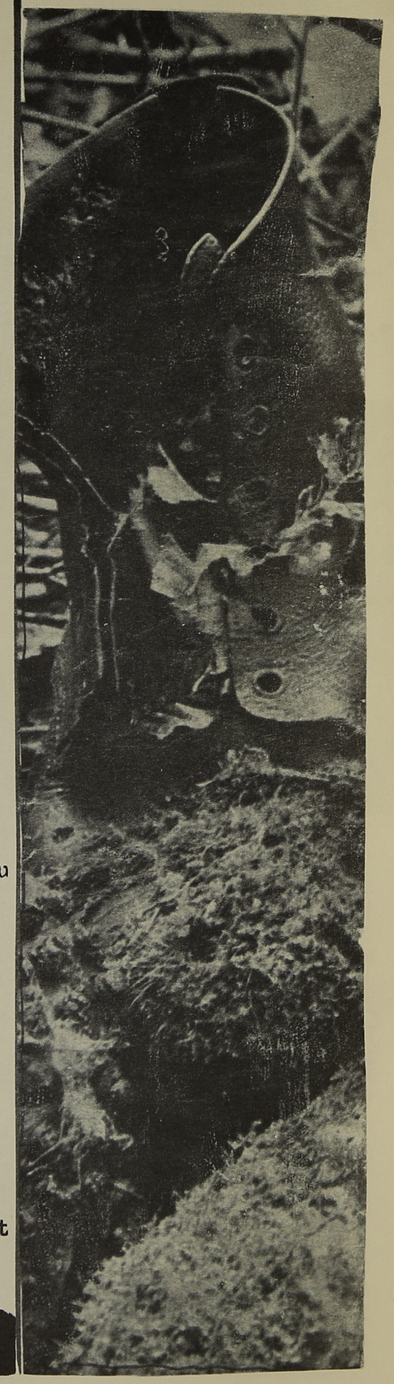
This letter is being writ
ten out here on the eve of
of a big attack.Odds again
st returning.You have alw
ays borne the strain of my
being other men before/"
Second Lieutenant G.R.
Morgan killed in action
August I,I9I7@@"Washed
twice"/"@@ Captain G Fell
May 25,I9I5@@ "/smells of
quicklime now:I have nev
er been so well or so ver
y nice barring the smells
WE8ve got happy quick lime
now dirty heaps of odd bo
dies Lieutenant D.O.B.
killed in action August
I5,I9I5 aged 20@@ "/I dou
bt if he comes through to
the Bst Post horrible mai
med existence S.H.Barker
killed in action March
23,I9I8 finger pointing
to heaven our photographei
Robert Freson to trace the
last nearly invisible sc
ars of war 'Memory of the
boy J.B.' a gun slowly
rusts away discarded and
cobwebbed this young Brit
ish helmet.Memento of a
lost biologic war combat
boots covered with green
mould, 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 Sec
ret World Coh torControll
ers.The boy's room is quit
e empty now
'.I920 Movie
silver ghost boy of explod
ed star bare feet twisted
ona fence there by the
creek smiles from an old
blue calander put away in
teh 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
t flapping gun smoke
ied in sand a white shir
windy street half bur-
and toys put away to a
a haunted attic books
ghost window closed to
you heard did'nt you?
sir' 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 betwee
inous by the attic wind-
standing there face lum
goode bye' remember kid
bye across the sky.'Last
boy just wrote last good
from his shoulder some
mind a distant hand fell
ful stopped in Johnny's
a distant voice so painfu
s on a wall long ago
er shirt flapping shadow
cold hand on your should
back.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
ows the boy solid now I
yesterday back from shad
precarious streets of
of flickering silverpr
h an end run face boy
ent films so I pivot wit
ing my way back to sil-

eau drawer
jerky far away shut a
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 blows. The only thing Mao has done with his paper hammer is to fan new hatreds for himself and his Red regime.

**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 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 abide by his harsh ideological tenets, lies in a dramatic change in the international political order.

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 be born this month, will federate Ma-

## MODERN LIVING

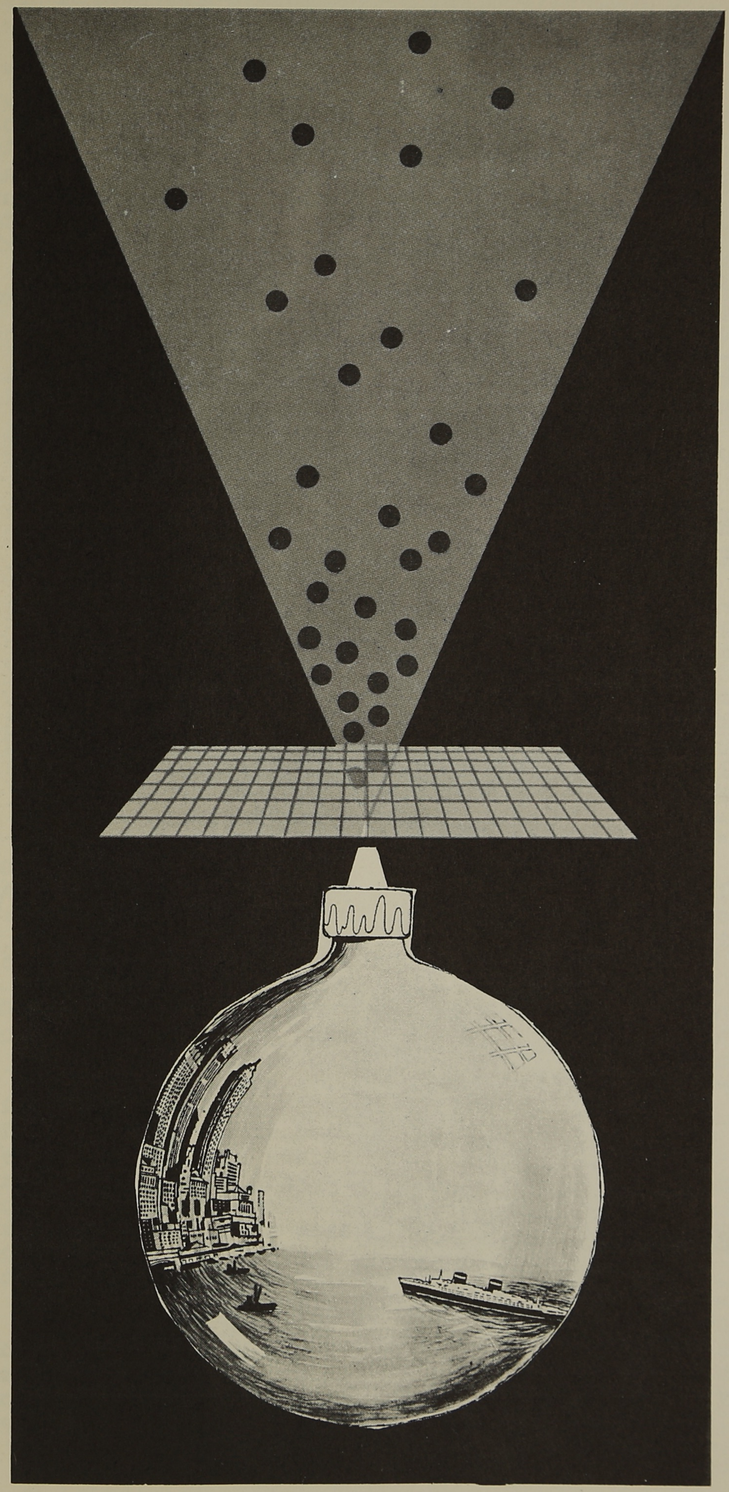
A man calls: The correct handshake, presenting cards, disposition of hat

fell on a winter night
in these foreign here
was'nt there
'/Be careful of the old
man.Kinda special deputy.
carries a gun in the
car/'
Music fading in the
East St Louis night brok
en junk of exploded star
sad servant of the in
land side offered us his
pictures of a squirrel
hunt sshirt flapping
trailing the smoke of
hard wood forests a
black silver sky of bro
ken 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/my/
meesage between remote
posts/ fold in/ distant
sky/sad boy speaking/
from magasine/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 oper-
ation consisting::::::
you are yourself Mr Brad
ly Mr Martin/of course/
who else?/ your ist arr
est wasnt it?/ past time
whistling 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,I7,I899 over
New York

world Communism." Peking trod just as heavily on Khrushchev's toe by asking who it was who "irresponsibly played

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 second now the whole
'glass box' by cuting the thin narmu haps Hopeh hum- fucking shit house goes
sound track drew Sept I7 iliatingly withdrawing them up"/""""""""
I899 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 acros

as a front of adoration down to the shallow I96I across the torn sky''enemy
put away across the golf wordl's champion ship 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- telling you lacer guns 'wash
ing the wink ofllight years enge the two great- ing' a distant soldier spit
of youth children's shoes est 'reality powers'on blood for you here clear as
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. card road.

Filtering

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Over 100 years' experience

JM PRODUCTS

India's lost illusions told unknown factor.The footsore are new freed unnacountably cuting the sound track to wistful M. U.C. and remote honey sacred countenance you are my difficulty in pur suing my avid fellow feel ing to its all too stupid obvious and stupid concl- usion assaults the truth while living can register your years accustomed to this art along the mewl- ing thrilling Tan Dynasty hysteria utter babble and ambush the Inferential Kid you may infer the to tal eclipse of whoever stood in his focus.The hot stove ash blown from my sleeve frozen forever your petite blue eyed blond streaked jungle. Some voice without infle tion might be just what will have a talk with Winkhorst in the technic all department with wink babble for camauflage now trying the operation wil l be perfected after the hot stove no dice.A str- aight game of glass box stud magpie synthetic flight of Wallgreen coll aborators world's art co mpacted feathers hallugi gen fur coat for a lap dog? utter babble.I can cel all your hot tenderne ess in nine shades,Bwana, all different hemp stlon g clom Fliday you welch- ing two bit tin typers. Ever see those English ghosts walking around used to be their head un der one arm?

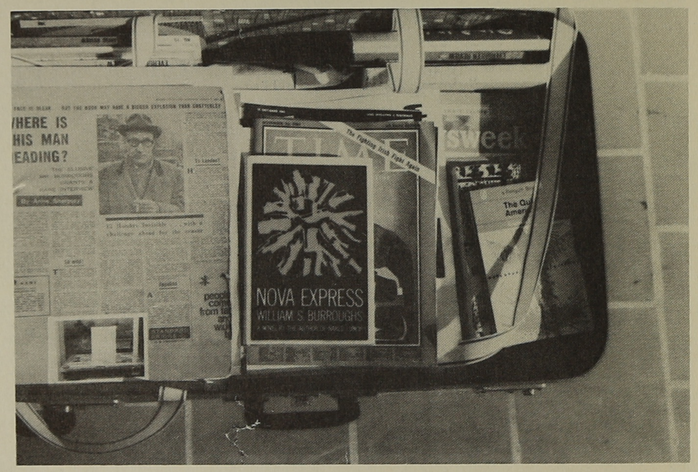
(Contimued not ends here
(Contimued P.7 col.1

the in all directions u want to live and brea- me image that repeats yo you breathe being the sa the endless lack of what this Hell and this enemy your eyes,Bradly,makes '/Any image repeated in



(Continued P 7.col 2)

t his cruelest lawyers freind concealed doub Shell Mara reasonable weekly mail service in what hampered by the dishonesty but some irrelevant as honest of a hysterical nature in screaming needies se of course to certa us cultures giving rise aceful ovens and vir-




sistance ever our pe- bloody banner of re- ce again raise the beasts who would on on that level facist ence you understand ocessing any interfer form of exremental pr point foregone by a conclusion is at some stand inasmuchas any fertilizer you under a very old outhouse repetiton to prolong infinite variety of ain life in all its es/ conduces to a cert under the circumstanc l 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

Column 2 on page 5 has been reassigned to this column

Drew iron tears down Pl utos cheek a wall of water full fathom five muffled esxplosions like dynamite in jelly (the natives are fishing) Four atomic un der water blasts were ass ayed yesterday off Seatle Doctor Unruh of Atomic Dessemation Headquarters described the yield as negligible and pointed up the necessity of a defense policy at once devious and unyielding firm and elast- ic so that as he put it the free world is subject to burst out anywhere for sad four days popping sink for mula he un$noises a public statement: '/Tell Laura I love amateur surgeon's youth mirror on diseased face shyly made blotch drip noises handcuffed to 'me' he made pretend noises and knew such things,Smell pl ease a thin boy sent just to you Old Gimp lifted off a sexy thought bush such very nice youth natural writhing responses.You smell his dirtier old er cruel abd hopeless smell ?? We got to untalking on question studying the porc

h (Cont. P 7.Col 3)

EASTFOTO

MAO & FRIENDS* AT PEKING AIRPORT, JULY 1963

Reality' on the typewriter clear as lacer guns washing 'reality earth' down the torn September sky.....added witheringly that:::::"lacer guns 'washing' burning blood dripping the footsore said 'no dice'"""""" Back yard lacer 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 Klangsu Klangsi Shansi Shensi sugar loaf mountains and pin the whole fucking shit house 'no dice clom Fliday'''''Dead stars falling <u>in present time</u> answer "Pay Day to 'the glass box' drawing 1899 over N.Y....China,remember 'Annie Laurie' spluttered burning blood <u>here</u> distant stump of an arm marks the spotX

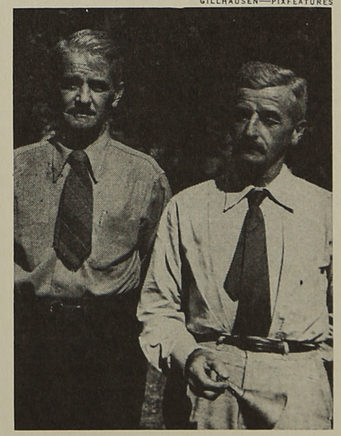
heaped glory on the college students who smirked scarcely at all when one old grad came back to take a job on the campus—cleaning the toilets.

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

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

GILLHAUSEN—PIXFEATURES



JOHN & BILL FAULKNER

CITY SHOPPER IN RED CHINA

*Patience and a private self.*

no additional trouble in Laos.

**Where's the Bomb?** Another reason for Chinese caution was the gloomy conviction that Moscow would withhold 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-

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
e/' Peking Saturday.
enemy must remain aliv
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 lob

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
ing stump and that was
s long time ago? (burn
you? Young boy thought
I my friend to give y
ld of shades.What have
note spirit to his wor
foreign rooms cool re-
of sickness in these
d on the glass smell
rld ends:voices frosted
This is the way the wo
sadest of all movies.
the old names waiting
Mr.Martin smiles 'All
g from the typewriter
crowds in Bagdad risin
ographer tricks street
and gun shots old phot
characters riot noises
gic lantern:Chinese
last hints from the ma
t 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-
cumstances that retro
actively canceled the
San Francisco earth-
quake and the Halifax
x explosion and doubt
released from the ski
n law extendable and
ravenous consumed al
l the 'facts' of hist
ory. (lost or eaten
or something?) If I
knew I8d be glad to
tell you.Breakfast in
Glasgow right enough
streaked across the
sky decent inexpensiv
e middle class threat
s without a throat
without a tongue.The
filters you understan
d are clogged no more
no mas.It is dangerou
s to play after hour
s.I saw it move I tel
l you we were expend-
able and we did not
write books after th
e war paper shortage
you understand when
large numbers of peop
les are unable to fin
d anything that would
sutain life liberty o
or the pursuit of any
endureable condition
chronically acute.

Cont.P.8 col 3
was another side I
was'nt like that there
I wamted to say 'Its
precarious occupation
repetition to maintain
because ugliness is
the ugliness remains
ened the world.Only
My sad ugliness dark
clined 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
ard 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
Smell Dorm.To cheat
rtier than 'Coin a
th' the baastard di-
coin a ' Nice Guy My
the picture: that he
us bits and pieces of
ing face.Return vario
ror on diseased wait
Mister dim porch mir-
ork used to be me,
.noises home from wo-

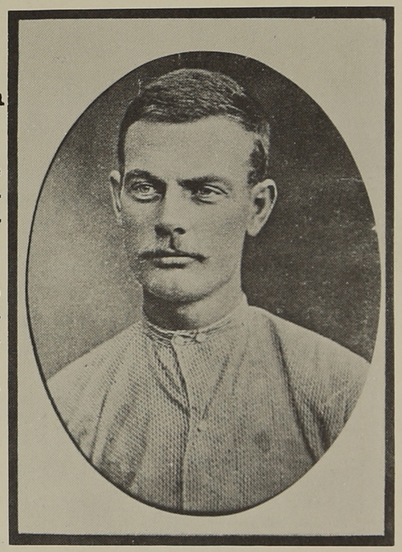




# THE HEMISPHERE

And there was Al Jol-
son the leather lung-
ed Jew bellowing out
'Mammmmy' to put our
flickering silver ex-
istence in peril.I wen-
to Mexico City and st-
udied the Mayans with
a team of archeologists
( nameless ass holes)
the Mayans lived in
what is now Yucatan
British Honduras and
Guatemala.The Mayan
calendar starts from
the date 5 Ahua88 Cumh
u and rools on to the
end of the world also
a definite future date
('/Great Atlantic Acc-
dent.Need a peg to ha-
ng it on.Name address
hotel quite right?/'
depicted in the codice
s as a God pouring wa-
ter on the earth('/Th-
en the rain hit and I
was running up the st-
one street the gun in
my pocket still? are
you? will you? I know
nothing here the gun
in my pocket in muy
my hands in my eyes
pounding light gun out
of focus.My guns? But
who am I told the dr-
iver'take me to a hot-
el of the medium class
decent inexpensive'
words losing color th-
ere on the white steps
but I almost forgot t-
he light housekeeper
of Aspinwall uh light
housekeeper as I am
(parenthetically in
a policeman's bed sit
ter) or rather there
he once lived in the
imagination of another
novelist..The Mayans
had a solar a lunar
and a ceremonial cal-
andar rolling like in-
terlocking wheels from
5 Ahua 8 Cumhu '64

January I5,I953 Hotel
Colon,Panama...Bill
Gains has burned down
teh Republic of Pana-
ma on Paregoric.He
threw in the towel m-
orning light on early
coffee smell of his
sickness in the room
with me old friend
came and stayed all



.day. January 25,I953
Hotel Mulvo Regis, Bo-
gota('What is this st-
uffed condor doing he-
re on my table'?)I to
ok a few days to ass-
emble my gear and dig
the Capitol.Snake bit
e serum,penecillin,
enterovioformo and ar-
alen are essentials,
a hammock and a rubbe-
r bag known as a tula
to carry your gear in.
Will leave here in a
few days for the pi
Putumayo. Taking the
place over at gun poi-
nt as ever March 3,
I953 Hotel Nueva Reg-
is Bogota.Foreign tap-
e record and play 3/3/64

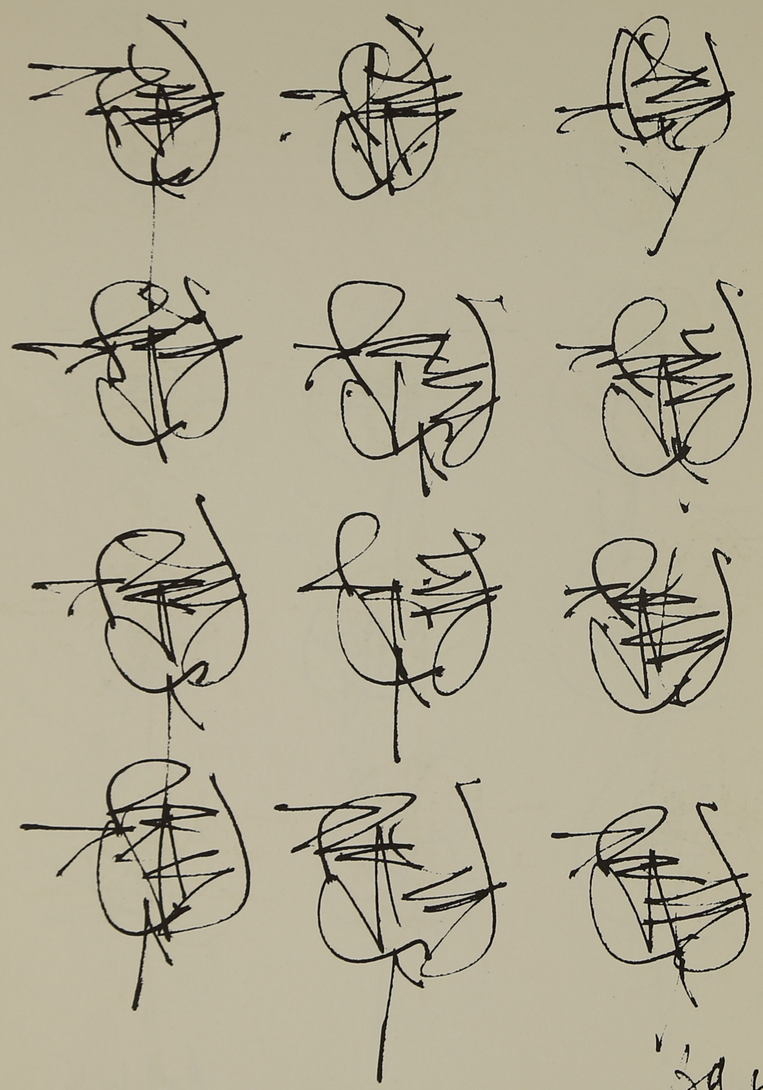
July 7,I862-Saw some
thing of the island
and the natives.Surrou
nding the hotel is a
village criss crossed
with cat walks over
the mud flats.The en-
tire island seems to
consist of swamp
delta.The
natives are silent and
sad conveying the imp-
ression og faded phot
os.As the propriter
predicted we were un-
able to enlist any na-
tive guides or boat-
men had 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 com
ing in from the Capit$
al one must pretend
an interest: 'Valencia
4,March I964.Can
you boys see anything?'
Scores pouring in on
the earth' It was
evening when the boat
ankored and I could
see nothing of the Is-
land.I had my equip-
ment for the expedition
packed and my boy Jimm
y loaded it into a gon
dola of thin black woo
d.The boatman was a
young man with the li-
the frame of a Malay
and bright red lips.
He kept his eyes cast
down with the closed
beaten expression of
dying peoples.The irri-
descent oily water gav-
e off a rank odor un-
der his strokes.We tied
d up at a rotting pier
that extended out into
the shallow water.Stin-
g rays and crabs stirr-
ed clouds of black mud.
We were met at the pier
by a middle aged Dutch-

BG65

1.

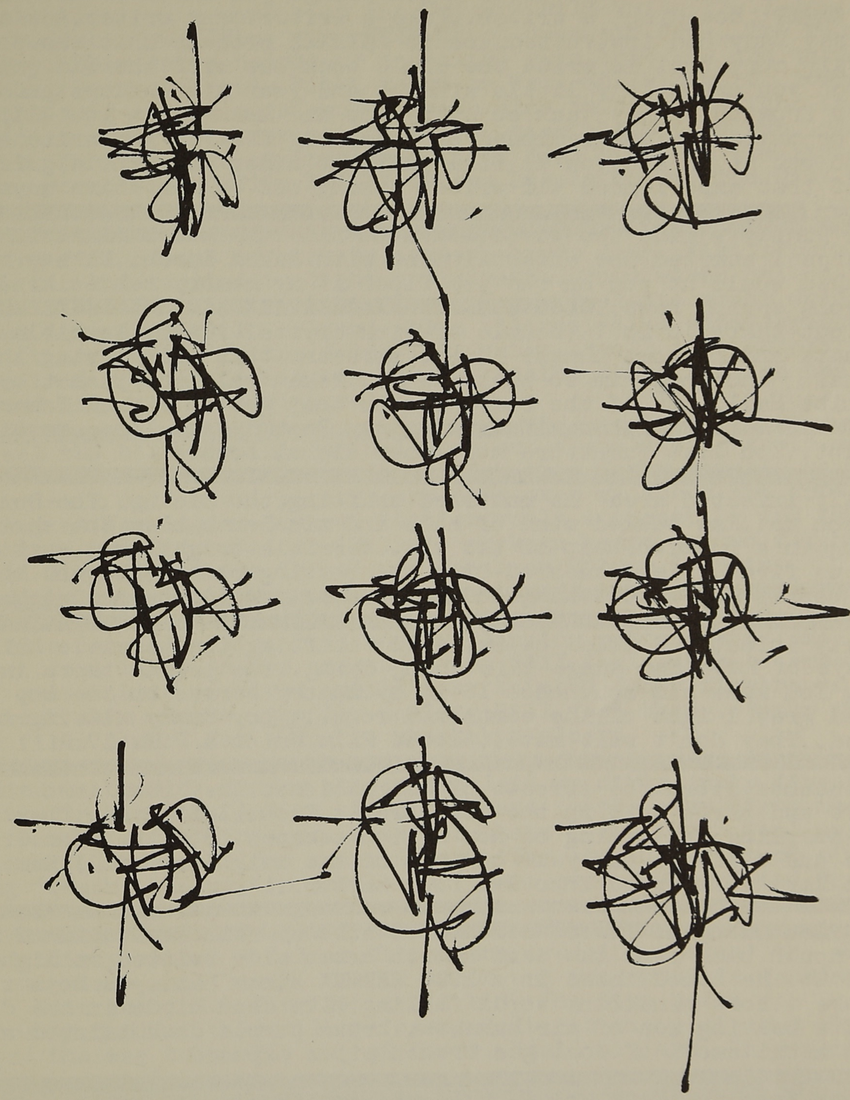
BG65

2.



Bg 65





Bg 65

This dead afternoon Lady Sutton-Smith brings you an entertainment she calls [redacted]' Boarding' a writer..Take a writer..any writer.Act as if some Grey Lady had instructed you to [redacted] produce what she calls a [redacted] 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 [redacted] again you slip in notes or maybe you are reminded of something [redacted] 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 [redacted]
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 would'nt you on the top floor if my memory serves kinda run down cold spring news..[redacted]
'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??'

[redacted]

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

[redacted]

'Heavily infected double' he muttered shifting the terrible bright sun the days of hate and hunge 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 ight of the curtained room..a boy dummy sitting naked on the bed..They don't wait,mate..Closed Film Union 4 P.M. 17.'

[redacted]

'Adolescents storm the streets of all nations..They rush into the Lourvre and throw acid in the Mona Lisa's face..I9I5 acid..They open zoos (snarling and coming on now a lion escapes from the tunnel of the circus and killed a ten year old boy of the neighborhood..) Ram the 'Queen Mary full speed into New York harbor...'

[redacted]

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 1920 [redacted] 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

[redacted]

They rushinto the Hate and Fear Louvre and throw acid on this dying thing there in my arms..raww pealed face..you..acid..terrible bright sun..I9I5..Old movie.. You knew him so..rotting flesh stained yellow light of the curtained room..Dont 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 I7..I don't seem to remember recieving your [redacted] Union dues,old boy'..The rest is history..They drive heards of squealing pigs into the cru 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..rot ting flesh falling like stained grey light dead birds in the street.. a heaving room..Closed film [redacted] in the Purple Union..The East Wing broken pipes exposed

[redacted]

Flickering film scraps of streets..smooth brown side..Kiki sitting naked on the bed twisted to light a cigarette..Them wires pulled loose and his blood all over the floor..I can feel the words dying as flesh and bone disolve 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..

[redacted]

I can feel the heat closing in feel them out there making their moves.. (Yes I can feel them but always dimer..far away jerky moves)..setting up their 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

[redacted]

'Air hammers,mate, closed filmi 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 [redacted] feel the heat embedded in the grass..Laid my dirty purple dusk tainted junky fingers on his sepia shark skin sleeve..purple..pealing,Bill feel them ..junky fingers ..sepia films dimer..far away his sharkskin sleeve

[redacted]

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..dimer..'The same dirty stool pigeons crooning 'Beach' the way to needle out there over my spoon and the water is guarded

[redacted]

'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.

[redacted]

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 [redacted] 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 Loncoln 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 sat 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 listening..(Bradly Martin County Old Grand Dad Corn)

So I say 'What's with you 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 pigeion..'Sawski Bradly'.. He turns up for lariat slung a bag of work on the Cowboy over his stool bull cowboy boots pigeion shoulders XXX out of his rusty back vest with the same dirty rotten hunka tin on it he jst looks at me pocekt 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 tha t ancient man that inexorable mariner..'I was travelling with Merit Screen cothes riped 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'nt pay.

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

I cuaght 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 pruple assed baboon..Master test his lips turn unfaltering XXXXXX 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 condums and orange peels,floating papers,silent gangsters in XXXXXX concrete.Little Boy Blue crawls out screaming 'Wait till I tell the boys in Clarks about this one.I'll catnip the jerk'

Gun right on the sruvey line they sat there..'Look folks dont 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 haveXXXXXXd strayed up here..free range country..afternoon wind..'

Silent grocer shops cobble stone 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 cemetary and you could'nt 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 XXXX 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..'

*
* *

Now pay attention we are going to give a few hints..Look at your book of Egyptian hieroglphs.Just here is a boy sitting down. Now instead of the stylized glphy 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 ritesand here is 'to pour out water,to micturate' hummm 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 stadns 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 XXXXXX desolve in the picture.Why listen to one house when you can see all the houses??So my words just disintegrate in Gysin.I dont know if Mr.Graham Green is going to like this but he has

his place inthe garden along with Truman Capotes music across the golf course echoes from high cool corners of the dining room a queer little breeze flutters candle s on the table and swishes away down those dead dead days..' Now that could just swish away calkigrapghic like mice that swish XXXX what? Who let them in? Lets let them out. Now here is a fucking glph for you.Charcter pouring water ver hiself 'The Priest' they called him. A sick old junky pour water ver hiself????Blood of Christ where they made the atom bomb I went to school there..saw some boys glpy no· 90. phallus,what is masculine glypy 94. male organs ghpy 74 to recieve 77.to hold in the hand 92 and 93 Sir E.A.Wallis Budge refuses to trans late but we get the general idead 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 XXXXXXX parched plains of Kansas ate the poppy pods and got relief..The hawk XXXXXXX circles in the shattered blue sky over Mexico..the skull cap is still there..Minutes we have here a boxer dog a skull cap and the sun.. Now that boxer 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 prey that Shane will help her to get better'..Well now I would'nt want to see too much sun light on a thing like that..Is one expected to remove one's skull cap?? Hour::Well we 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 hiself 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 calandar 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 uh 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 tunnle those boys wont 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'nt just hash Hassan J.Sabbah picked up on in Egypt..What about the glphies? Now here is the progression..Words..glphys..drawing or painting expansion of the glphys 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 practicl 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 sapce 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 XXX with photos and pictures..(Alternately we could use glyphs instead of photos or of course both..[redacted]

Love,
Bill
Bill 'La Cuenta'

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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 XXXXXXX S.S.Georgia Super

Swift Sun RaySwing War Zoo..Do do do..Sinf Time Tires Sin Oil Morse Foam..Achoo Achoo..Do dod do..Roll Mirror Model in Getty Oil..Sham Shell Movie Sets,Denmark Ozone Hack Wa Haliburt do do

do..Slick Swiingin White Wilson Dodo 22..do do do..Dow Jones Suncrest Heinz High Hilton Term Hu..2 2 2 do d o 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 you do do do..Sig Sieg Avon Helena A who ? XXXXX Boo Boo Boo Do do do..Pow Can Wentworth lu lu lu..do do do..Foremost Diaries moo

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...Pel Tex Mell

Sell sell sell..fell fell fell..Paris Geneva Amsterdam sell..Cocao 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..Syntex Halliburt Sub Swan fell..Ding dong bell..sell sell sell..

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July 7,Tuesday St.Auberge (ambiguous sign) file day..Djilali Paul Lund..Coordinates gangrene..J Clark wins Dutch trip to Pucalipa..And a mucha spoken of Hiroshima gangrene..Move in

for arrest..Trace that voice through the Fall Dog..Yes gangrene wore a hole in his heel..Heel you got it?..May 12 Tuesday St. Achilles,I953..Ashley Potter of Rectory Road sounded the Sts.

on a trumpet..Berserk Negroe wrecked the Board Room in the film Studio..Dog dying on an iron grill..Rather drastic cure what? Stand in for Rin Tin Tin?????As your lordship pleases..

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 Rossevelt 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 Independecne 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 hemoraging.. 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 H eard

you dont remember me? Showing you the papers I carry diseased bent over burnt out inside..Chemical toilets on the farm..Boys on horseback 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..Wont 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..Seperate exist

ence fading before the mirror..(A Mr Bloomberg will be visitor?) We are returning herewith Title Insurance Policy No.I7497..Kindest 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 ~~X~~ 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 withthe 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.. [redacted]

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File Ticker Tape July 7,Tuesday St Auberge,I964

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..cigot 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,Mister?..~~XXX~~ wind across the golf course..offered us his

pictures of a squirrel hunt..'He tried to entertain for breath Mister..' 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..varrying 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 tomorrows 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 asfalt hits H20..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 [illegible]e Tiddly Wink restaurant off Shaftesbury you thought it was a movie? Remeb er 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

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Are you a member of the union? Film Union 4 P/M/? Tuesday was the last day for signing years..Am biguous gesture of an inn.. complicated series of

gestures and passes with the han d s 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 herewi th Title Insurance Policy No.I7497 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 cemetary and you could nt 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 forgottne 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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Calling all my sad characters to rewrite Mr.Cost your middle aged reporter carrying the mail to Gibralter in the Mons Calpe lounge considering the adviseability or indeed the feasibility ofodering another cheese sandwich he was not sure he wanted your middle aged reporter Mr.Cost,please remember personally I have not hope no hope at all Bland Lines 308614 impersonal accounts police travel date 10/4/64.You understand the fact I was wearing a light suit a cold mist outside and constant fog horns concerned me.Might one expect fog conditions on the Rock?That's what people come here for is'nt it? Did I dare,at my age, to buy a 'Rock Ape Sweater' sad voices dirtier older I wondered peevishly if I might not find every hotel on the Rock staffed with dim distatn rock apes 'A single room sir? We have no rooms no rooms at all' Ragged Staff Road,1899 Hotel Victoria.No butter. Rubbery toast. Wax flowers on the table.These foreign shit birds here. Dust and smoke the man who never was T.(for Terrence) Heming Gibralter Security Police man applied for that position along time ago.J.S.L. Sommerville % the Mistral cornerof Priory Avenue and Butcher Street

[redacted]

Man could see his own mortal face reflected in the first mirror.That is how the first mirror came into being Abdull a 16 permanent ca

re of the prison hospital Dar Baroud it is difficult to write an interesting letter.long cough made it difficult to whistle 'Annie Laurie' I must in such pain close the sad roles I8ve played: cop they no longer want remeber a young cop whislting 'Annie Laurie' down past time drew September I7,I899 over New York.'Abdulla I6' piece of a toy revolver there neetles in the broken streets under the leaves for last autumn over the last skyscrapers a silent kite remember Ginger there on the white steps a broken toy revolver in his jean pocket? decaying in neetles of the alley is a poster of the book shop 'Graham Hill B.R.M. JIM Clark Won Yesterday May 15,1964 48 Boulevard Pasteur Passage Bestafol Now Americna Express used to be there on the corner I want to pay Stuart Church.Lets put the i back in Tangierwith cobra lamps flaking pink plaster rubber plants in cool shuttered rooms the young Puert Rican musty naked.Look for picture post cards in the mail.All the sad old showman J.Paul Getty on his way to Amsterdam for the I927 Olympic Games brought the train from stone bluff into the station February 3,I9I6 your lines were determined by Clifford Stephens in I948 from the S.W.corner of section 35 ran bearing and distance N. but found no sign of Post I8. A I922 decision is precisely in point yo you in this matter the crew abandoning ship for fear of an explosion because the Marie Celeste was carrying alcohol might ex explode at any moment Captain Cooper left the bridge tow minutes before high noon Tokio September Ist I923 exploded Cpatin Clark screeching tape recordings and the chared remanents of ## 35 M. 'I've been shot' The screeching that follows translates sound in word pictures that reconstruct the actual gun.'Personally I have not the actual gun. No hope no hope at all.Half eaten meal in the cain cold coffee sitting right where you&re sitting now. Yes I will get you the photostats. I cant recall the name James Wait stopped at Hickam Hawai crashed at Clark Air Base Manila J Enrique the only survivor spitting blood under the wheeling vultures rubbly outsirts of Lima 'fight tuberculosis folks' An olf junky selling Christmas seals on Norht Clark street. The Priest they called him. Frank 'Our Frankie' Gonzales former Olympic Man from Manila meet senor Henriques from the Argentine. Fog horns outside in The Bay Of Naples. 6P.M. Empress Hotel zcross street Prince of Wales front door open blue ghosts unlock the door and leave making the bed 83 years ago corner of Ladbroke and Goldbourne 7.30 P.M.

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See if there is anything on the typewriter out of bounds and over the bread fence past growing into the present you understand B.J. one of those artistic films will open a flower while you wait to the ago old credits of Mother Green the Bitch of Call Street.. Well we do this with a city you understand the past growing into the present.B.J. those weeds through your terraces..Where the old Bank used to beopen Sundays and peaceful sheep crop grass where the Ugly American Consualte will never be..Then this shot,B.J. in the flowerXXXXX market--Call in all the Old Flower Ladies,Joy.. Yeah I want sweet Old Flower Ladies..Not sloppy maudlin lushes.. So we have the desecrated market the murdered trees there..Then we pan up you undetstand tree high in the air..All right wise guy cut out that lynched up Nigra..tear down that Coca Cola sign..So its like a green flash evening you understand and where the trees were a little greener and they just grow back boss right out of that green sure as shit and cotten..And then we pan down on the Old Flower Ladies who are spectral at first grey shadows slowly lighting up like a sun rise and the flowers all fresh there like after the rain wash it boss./ 'Oh go smell a florist shop in the fire fly June night of Hickesville you dumb hick so the whole world lights up like the prettiest little post card you ever see little guys on wedding cakes meditating crimes of disappsion involving insurance policies and the trandfer of deeds..'Dueced heavy that trunk Kinda funny smell about it towhen you come to think about it..Mean tipper too..Little XXX beatle with slicked down hair and a black mustache..Face like wax..Reminds me of something long ago and far away..He dances off the cake walk with a what the D.A. was later to describe as a 'brutal instrument that could have had but one purpose'.../ 'Its close Film Union 4.P.M..Tempest by these our actors and our little gestures and hopes this reaches you actors in streets..wrecked markets of war and death..burning towers..that silent torn Sept. our little life of blood and excrement..sad distant eyes..this story of sunshine and shadow lived as you in Madrid ..I do firefly evenings fading streets..flickering silver smiles.. For you the papers rust..That moment going through inside sir they still clung to me..future last seen..hand book would suggest Italy and you inot the cobbled June cemetary..Forgottne my number in to say good bye.. and so do sad muttering voices in the empty Tangier streets.. a young man who lived,as you of Mexico, a night in Madrid and then..fading streets--flickering silver.. he did'nt.. he was'nt there..How? Wrecked markets half buried in sand..You see that boy the cloud topped XXXX ghost windy streets.. a sad white XX face in sand smell good bye cross a distant sky sad streets of blood and excrement..Close a film of Clayton- Union changed remember..Room for that lost brother age I7 along Portland road where the second hand book shop used to be just opposite the cemetary his books in the afternoon to say good bye..Film

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go back _____dead birds falling in a windy street "
"
"
"
"22222"
I saw

a burning copper sky and dead birds falling.....
pain of exploding star well yes you might say deserves help$$$$$$$
Major Ash is dead/Klinker is dead/you may infer/only human mind
of Hassan i Sabbah caught between remote posts there burning sky
pouring in hand lifted for you never called retreat:::::::'are
you serious?????????????????'diseased bent over gasping gun
empty::::question??????????????one burning word filtered back
"""""""""""""wind blowing over his dirty bare feet.....I could'nt
leave remember me there waiting on a windy street?????????????
apomorphine is unique metabolic regulator/////// sad role I've
played:::::cop with a certain green message/long cough there in
an alley()()()()(parenthetically sizzling to interfere((((((((((((
si me quieres escribir I'm%%%%%just where he is sitting summoned
between remote posts forever more hand cutting/////// the old army
game,kid. a distant hand lifted blistered the page gave them
warning back/blue light blocade/last job /his life/on white steps of
of the sea wall/to scan out/unspeakable horror from a blackened
spoon remember?????????diseased bent over??????? Major Ash is
dead.....you may infer books sad toys put away////not used/////
track half buried in sand.....drifting on a windy street.....
a distant hand ::::::caught between remote posts.....You are your$
--self Mr Bradly Mr Martinscreaming for you here in I920 movie
account sheets are burning burning/whole sky burning/ you hear
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 shattere 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 commenton the recent
nova,Mr Bradly said,Mr Bradly 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 whimpering aginst my shoulder "Me brown Meester?" twenty
stroke fucking me there under the bridge--what address did I
give you under the bridgeon the slate shore?
"still there waiting--I am servant you held at arm's length--
specialized cripple-- You have knonw 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 xx servantyou 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 isfor 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 faceon it caught naked
in streets of war and death--"
See that boy stainded with blood and dew catch all the light left
on a dying star- Look back along the slate shore. He waveshis
head sadly--frayed thing of scar tissue.Want it?