TIME

BY WILLIAM BURROUGHS

WITH 4 DRAWINGS
BY BRION GYSIN

'C' Press
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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 Bu-
roughs and an original drawing by Gysin, si-
gned by both; 100 numbered and signed copies
; 666 copies in a trade edition.

The first 3 books published by "C" Press are:
LITERARY DEATH, prose by Tom Veitch;
IN ADVANCE OF THE BROKEN ARM, poems by Ro-
n Padgett; THE SONNETS, poems by Ted Berriga-
n, 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, 1964

Now try this: Take a walk down the street. Few dreamy errands in these foreign suburbs where you live. Maybe you watch the TV look through it all. Drop by on a small way or another and write what you have. I saw the hotel felt with particular involvement. Intersection points: Do you have the time? Where you from on television. It's a long way to go. Come to Cola if you want to see the movie. I'm not sure. Do you have the time? Where you from on television.
back numbers of the Tang
goer Ganda at the Hong Kong Bar. Its all made
in Hong Kong. Omln Fild
my for your newsmagazine
I Sukhina perfected that
art along the Tang Dyna
sty kicking the gong
around your laundry you CAN PAPER
A WALL WITH THE DEAD
STAR through the Old
Jews used to be open Sun-
days. Where you from Mar-
kesh? You like boog one
son but then get a blast
one olap from rucky
your ass hole? "Well
lets" the boys don't
want his picture taken
but perhaps we can
persuade him to pose
for the nice press gentle
men with gun and camera
said the wise cop one
of those funny bastards
in every precinct? How
you like a little heroin
Skull? II you better
think is funny and
answer up like a good
Nigger: "Yawnah if I
did like some of that white
sugar? Looks like I'll
have to wait till they
burns mine."
The pig faced white
lash ed 'lieutenant looked up
from his chair and and
began to cut these execution
shots. Ruling just came
through on 'exouit
on addicts' dumped in our
lapse "said a highly
placed narcotics depart-
m ents official. "The
ruling is retroactive re
all execution
shots/" 1/3 a long way
to young English soldial.
this is the fourth lesson
I 2 3 4 flickering fing
ers awting last human
(Continued P.4 col.1)

was open Sundays in-
ting there in smoky pa
parlor you could sit in
the Japanese girl a soft
knock and I open the
door there I'd been
in - it was the top
floor all the way up
you couldn't tell nobody
on that land-iing
/0oosh she feels
lying up to my oyster
a drop of lubricant
squeezed out and take
a smoky sun set on rose
wall paper
lying there naked think
ing about why we were
getting to do in the
rocking chair rooks
off down the line.
She could get out of her
clothes faster than a
junkie can fix when his
blood is right so we
rocked away into the
sun set across the riv-
er just before last
fall. That old knock on
the door and shoot this
is fear load like I
must feel or wind up is
her young brother
at the door in his cop
suit been watching the
cup and would learn
about the birds
& bee same bee in the
one day old looking kid had all
tooth she set the
scissors up understand
she knew all the sex
currents goos for
simple always
made her
when your mits are
right and ache ice bowls
looked so all sad
lot. There was a little
storage room where
we rigged up a Japanese
Gym strictly from
Tokalma
(Continued P.4 col.1)

(Continued P.4 col.2)

(Continued P.4 col.3)

(Continued P.4 col.5)

(Continued P.4 col.6)

(Continued P.4 col.7)
in the dormitory. A distant soldier steps from the lake from the hill from the sky.

This letter is being written on a typewriter on the eve of a big attack. Odds against return. You have always borne the strain of my being other men before. Second Lieutenant J.B. Morgan killed in action August 1, 1976. Washed ashore Captain G.H. Bell May 21, 1966. "Smells of quicklime now. I have never been so well or so very nice baring the small We've got happy quick lime now. Direct from the hill to Lieutenant D.B. killed in action August 1, 1965 aged 20. The 7th. If he comes through, the 7th. Fort horrible may not be able to stand such a thing. The hill is made up of the attic; a bit of news of bad boys; the hill is made up of the attic. The hill is made up of the attic. The hill is made up of the attic.

Red China
The Self-Bound Gulliver
[By A. M.]

"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 Beijing's maneuver.

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 it to challenge the two greatest powers on earth at a time when the United States' military and agricultural power 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 keep China's economic frontiers and still to be born this month, will federate Mao fell on a winter night in these foreign here were: not there. Be careful of the old man. Falls into the hole. Gulliver carries a gun in the car.

Most famous in the East St Louis night a junk of exploded stars is a junk of exploded stars. The junk of exploded stars is a junk of exploded stars. The junk of exploded stars is a junk of exploded stars.

Modern Living
A man called: The correct handshake, presenting cards, disposition of hat.

blows. The only thing Mao has done with his paper hammer is to fan new hatred for himself and his Red regime. Tiny Allies. Not too long ago, Red China had friends galore in its attempt to win the underdeveloped nations of Asia, and colonial peoples everywhere. But this is a new and newer architect of a peoples' socialism. In the United Nations, it seemed only a matter of time before rambunctious Afro-Asian votes overcame U.S. opposition to the idea of taking China's seat away from the Nationalists in 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 frictions with the U.S., the Soviet Union and India, the three most powerful nations in the world at his own. In fact, he has plunged China into
As he streaked his cheek with the lives of millions "telling me laser guns lost illusions to say fully recklessly prowling tigers washing" M. Bradley Martin from the invigoring north! "Annis Laurie" had no stood there foot sore on arm provinces introduced rock-luck. "Laser guns wash-dead stars heavy with eats 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 outing the thin armu maps Hope hum-fucking shit house goes sound track drew Sept 17 iteratively withdrawing them up" 1999 over wisful M.U.O. "What trees"?????? China remember burning blood N.Y. sound track inter presumption spluttered Here marks the spot distant accepted you my toys since the day of prehistory stump of an arm drew across

as a front of adoration down to the shallow 1681 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 tens. "Communism clear as the luminous sky just ancient tree steps trail-is a hammer to chall- ing the wink of light years age the two great-of youth children's shoes est 'reality powers'on down a windy street with '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 foot sore said "no dice slow thinking average stars I have been faithful to adios forever omen Pllday" 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 card road.
India's lost illusions
told unknown factor. The two
cosmonauts were new French
unaccountably cutting
the sound track to wistful U.
C. and remote honey
sacrifice concentration you
are my difficulty in pur-
suing my avid fellow feel-
ing to stop all to obvious and stupid conclu-
sion assaults the truth
while living can register your years across to
this art along the mew-
ling thrilling Van Dynas
butterfly without bubble
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
bloom streaked jungle.
Same voice without infatu-
ation might be just that
will have a talk with
Winkhorst in the technique
all department with wink
bubble for camouflage now
trying the operation will
be perfected after the
hot stove no dice. A stra-
ight game of glass box
and magical synthesis.
right. The World wall
of a lot coiled feathers hallug
ger coat for a lap
dog? utter bubble I can
call all your hot tender-
ness in nine shades Beaux,
different hemp slon
clom Fliday you wel-
ing two bit it.
Ever see those English
ghosts walking around
used to be their head un-
der one arm? (Continued P 7. col 2)
(Continued P 7. col 2)

Column 2 on page 5 has
been reassigned to this
column.

Drew from tears down Pl
utos cheek a pool of water
Full fathers five swelled
explosions like dynamite
in jelly (the natives are
fishing). Your visitors
under water blasts were as
naked yesterday off Seattle
unlifted United of Atomic
Desertion Headquarters

Reality! on the typewriter clear as laser guns washing reality earth
down the torn September sky. ... added witheringly that: "laser guns
washing" burning blood dripping the footsore said 'no dice'.

Back yard laser guns crashed on the Tang Dynasty over New York...
"adios forever cloan 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 Kiangsu Klangai Shansi' Shensi
sugar leaf mountains and spin the whole fucking shit house 'no dice
clom Fliday'! Dead stars falling in present time answer "Pay Day to
'the glass box' drawing 1899 over N.Y. ... China, remember 'Annie Laurie'
splattered burning blood

asistance over our pol-
loosy banner of re-
 gain raise the
beasts who would on
that level exist.
ence you understand
assuming any interfor-
exemptions form of exer-
point foregone by a
clusion is at some
stand innumerable
any fertilizer you under
a very old outhouse
repetition to prolong
infinite variety of
an in life in all its
/masu, to a sort
under the circumstances
I say to "I think
stops of the sea wall
there on white stone
dying losing color
the words between us
and I feeling he said
breaking focus 'you
blurred face fraying

Edged glory on the college students who smirked sneering 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 1962, enroll-
ment was cut 20%, and then cut another 20% in 1963. Today is a
dangerous business, for it was student disillusion that made the Communists
 task all the easier in their final big push against the Kuomintang. Commi-
nism, 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 manifests and
posters denouncing government ex-
cesses were slapped on every space
available. Some termed him 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 ref-
ugees pouring into Hong Kong in the
past year and a half, there has been a
small trickle of engineers and intel-
lectual, former believers who are now
disillusioned. They are not party mem-
ber, and the number is not large; the

ho very distant stamp of an arm marks the spot-X

not additional trouble in Laos.

What's the Bomb? Another reason
for Chinese caution was the gloomy
conviction that Moscow would with-
hold help. Warned a Communist
general: "If there is a war within three
years, we will have to rely on the
western powers."

Peking is so bitter about Mos-
cow's reneging on its 1957 communi-
tement to help create a Chinese atomic
bomb that it has broadcast details of
the Russian about-face. Chinese physi-
ologists alleged people five years
away from detonating a nuclear
blast, further still from what the ex-
pert calls a "significant capability." But
work proceeds on the project, for Pe-
king hopes that achievement of nuclear
status, however primitive, will give
prestige among the underdeveloped mil-
lium on earth whose respect—and al-
trums—the Red Chinese are not in

The noise from Peking showed no
signs of diminishing, and continued to
fascinate the non-Communist world
with fresh tales of the skullduggery in
Communist circles. In one announce-
ment, a real China took full credits for
forcing a weak-kneed Khrushchev
(who had decided to abandon Social-

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

And there was Al Jolson the leather longed Jew bellowing out 'Mammy' to put our eyeballs forever existence in peril. I went to Mexico City and studied the island small of his sickness in the room with me old friend some and stayed all day.

January 28, 1953 Hotel Nulna Regis, Bogota ('What is this stuffed Conor doing here on my table?') took a few days to assemble my gear and dig the Capitoli. Snake bit a serp, gopher, entomology, snake, all are essential, a banana and a rubber bag known as a tula to carry your gear in. Will leave here in a few days for the Potosi mountains. Take the place over at gun point as ever March 5, 1953 Hotel Nulna Regis is Bogota. Foreign tags on record and pay 3/6 by a middle aged Dutch.

July 17, 1962 - Saw some thing of the island and the natives. Surrounding the hotel is a village filled housed with cats walks over the mud flats. The entire island small of his sickness in the room with me old friend some and stayed all day.

THERE IS A HEMISPHERE

THE HEMISPHERE

And there was Al Jolson the leather longed Jew bellowing out 'Mammy' to put our eyeballs forever existence in peril. I went to Mexico City and studied the island small of his sickness in the room with me old friend some and stayed all day.

Cont'd 

February 5 was another side I wasn't like that there I wanted to say 'It's precarious occupation repetition to maintain because ugliness is the ugliness remains ended the world. Only my sad ugliness dark without the mirror.' Do you see life deal? Decided to an Annie Laurie & S-L-J. Voice so painless member is dial B 3 attics. Tired to re-notice love's off the stained cup of tea and scratching his nose. Hello there you bast were Tell off the air. Help formula cheap mother hugging stoker way. Good long time my run you can't not that dirty pictures retu­sent? Flesh disintegrate and betray us been Small Dorm. To cheat 

Tired of both ('Colin a ch! the bastard did colin a Nose guy My picture, that he was bits and pieces of living face. Return want on dross on diagnosed was Master dim porch mirror used to be me, no noise home from war"

War ultimatum of peace or a long time ago out. Fresh southerly buttons have been wip on one man. The 'yes' Stein's army is as a Pakistan. Army enemy must remain all exterminated. Not one insect must be heavens trouble. All tremble with wind and storm & continents. Yet the four seas are sitt to shake a tree. It's hard for a lot like the train did run back and back on paper making the stars in a small town news last gun post erased did during the night, and shrinking face. He not exchanged: a long way for somethings in his voice has come light walks beside you exquisitely fine, within him glimpsed and that moment the youth by clear as the sky all I had to see his stumped and that was a long time ago. Hurry up Young boy thought I might my friend to give it a lot of shades. What has happened to his worst foreign rooms cool re of sickness in these days. I heard voices frosted. Here the way the war was said. Is it true the old names war Mr. Martin smiles? All good friends gone to bring Bandage in Baghdad rainographer tricks streets and gun shots old photo characters plot. Television concocted the saving flaps' den over and over 'where's gauntlet of the saving flaps' den over and over 'where's gauntlet.
This dead afternoon Lady Sutton-Smith brings you an entertainment she calls 'Boarding' a writer. Take a writer...any writer. Act as if some Grey Lady had instructed you to XXXXXX produce what she calls a "Kinky Pair\" copy that is write the whole book out with the old quill pen. But you are a lazy little student and your mini understandably wanders from this grey task so every now and then again you slip in notes or maybe you are reminded of something XXXX as you write and read so put it in and you'll find yourself under the gentle guiding hand of that experienced old writer taking off on narrative waves of your own.

So you simply w ride the waves. Learn to ride the waves of words. Quite by chance I started the entertainment with Naked Lunch. It was mine it was naked wouldn't you on the top floor if my memory serves kinds run down cold spring news. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

'Nice out there is it?' (Double of pink crystal flesh. terrible bright sun. hate and hideous hunger in the streets.) This thin drinking there in my arms. You know him so that was it. Taken half the planet by beat White Hall. But if the Board scores they get on Signal Tower. Mate. East Beach shall I phone 'Friendly Grey Feet!' Dead line. nothing or dare lot. You like furniture more than signal towers?!

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

'Heavily infected double' he muttered shifting the terrible bright sun the days of hate and hunger this thing dying. Raw peeled there in my arms. You know him so. House I6 if my memory serves on the top floor stained grey light of the curtained room. a boy dummy sitting naked on the bed. They don't wait. Mate. Close Film Union 4 P.M. 17."

'Adolescents storm the streets of all nations. They rush into the Louvre and throw acid in the Mona Lisa's face. 1925 acid. They open roos (smarling and coming on now a lion escapes from the tunnel of the circus and killed a ten year old boy of the neighborhood.) Run the Queen Mary full speed into New York harbor..."

White flesh mangled insect screams. I woke up with the taste of metal in my mouth from the dead smooth brown side twisted to light a cigarette. He stood there in a 1980 skinhead straw hat. yes boys that's me there... soft mendicant words falling like dead birds in the dark street a heaving sea of air hummers. brown purple dusk tainted with rotten metal smell of coal gas broken pipes exposed

They rush into the Hate and Pear Louvre and throw acid in this dying thing there in my arms... raw peeled face... you. 1925. Raw peeled bright sun... 1925. Old movies. You knew him so. Rotting flesh stained yellow light of the curtained room. Don't wait. Mate. Close Film Union 4 P.M. Either way is a bad move to the East Wing."

'East Beach, are you a member of the Union? Film Union 17. I don't seem to remember receiving your K.E.A. Union dues, old boy. The rest is history... They drive beats of squealing pigs into the cru curb dump a slag heap of Martin Pitch Forge on Wall St. kinda run down now to a little annual news smooth brown side twisted to light face... you. acid. A cigarette. raw peeled there. terrible bright sun. Rot ting flesh falling like stained grey light dead birds in the street. A heaving room. Close Film Union 4 P.M. The East Wing broken pipes exposed

Flashing 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 dissolve in silence. Blue silence like water around my feet... Sick mouth back on the dying film union... smell of sickness in the curtained room at Washington Square twisted dying face on the twisted bed... blood all over a heaving room..."

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

'Air hummers... mate. Close film in the streets purple dusk tainted with sepia films purple pealing bill boards flapping rotten metal smell of coal gas... dead birds in the street... I can feel the heat embedded in the grass... Laid my dirty purple dusk tanted junky fingers on his sepia shark skin sleeve. purple. pealing. Bill feel them... Junky fingers... sepia films diner... far away his sharkskin sleeve

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

'The same dirty rotten metal stool pigeons crooning 'Beach' the way to needle out there small coal over my spoc and the water is guarded already Ever see a Hot Shot Sepia hit kid? The Gimp catch one shore in Philly. Only food of that village swamp delta to the post card sky... He never got to needle out of there... Smell his arm... They don't cola over if the shot is right...

Ever see a hot shot hit kid? I saw the Gimp catch one in Philly. We rigged his room with the same dirty rotten mirror and charged him $5 sawski to watch it. He never got the needle out of his arm. They don't if the shot is right. 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 shook best shake out in Chi.We is working the fags in Lincoln 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 atoll pigeon,'sawki boots,'crooning cowboy,'ratty vest with the same dirty rotten hunka tin. He is yelling over his atoll pigeon shoulder he just looks at me and says "Frontier 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 slapped a bag of bulk Durham out of his pocket with two fingers. He started rolling a cigarette. He pan listening.(Bradly Martin County Old Grand Dad Corn)

So I say 'What's with you you wog already? Running up like 'What's going on up 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 hangar three flags.

He just looks at me and says: 'Ifill 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 hang three fags before the fangs nailed him. The Vigilante earned his moniker 'Crooning out in Chi,Cowboy,shark best pigeon,'Sawki Bradly."

He humps up for lariat slung a bag of work on the Cowboy over his stool bull pigeon boots shoulder sakk out of his rusty back vest with the same dirty rotten hunka tin on it he just looks at me poeskt and vest and rolled a hunka tin on me. Rassling cops at the door.

Listen, J. W. Poison Kate, the mariner hath his will. So thus spake on the t' ancient man that inexorable mariner.. I was travelling with the Mont Screen clothes ripped to shreds.Mix master, 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 meaning 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 come rotten eotopism. Old fairy didn't say.

Hello yes I hate you hello yes hello 'All right lets see your arms!' 'Strip the bastards naked!' 'We know our duty.'Vast army of purple assed baboons,unflagging old shoemen clutching only lapels!' 'Le service n'est pas compris!' 'I caught the running two flights.Listen down. Hello. Yes J. W. Poison Gimp died. Hello Kate.,(there in color). There in color he begins to breathe 'heavy duty ' vast army ripped to shreds. Test his face for purple assed baboon.Master test his lips turn unaltering JEMEM purple then clutching only lapels. 'Le service n'est pas compris!' Strip that ancient bastard naked Sock 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 conches and orange peels, floating papers, silent gangsters in XXXX concrete. Little Boy Blue crawls out screaming 'Wait till I tell the boys in Clark's about this one.' I'll catch the jerk!

Gun right on the survey line they sat there. 'Look folks don't own what they thought.' Big Survey Martin leaned on the gate post quite some years. 'Surveying your mind nice and cozy thought some of my June Time might haveXXXX strayed up here., free range country, afternoon wind.'

Silent grocer shops cobble stone streets wind across the golf course and servant shirt flapping the smoke of hard wood forests offered us his pictures of squirrel hunt where the second hand book shop used to be right opposite the old cemetery and you couldn't find a pleasant 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 on Old Gimp Gimp down on his back porch watching. 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 shoemen screaming 'wait till I' clutching lapels.' Tell the boys in Clark's about this one.'

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Now pay attention we are going to give a few hints. Look at your book of Egyptian hieroglyphs. Just here is a boy sitting down. Now instead of the stylized glyph 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 Sterners Hardware store that J. W. Poison Gimp had. Too much for fence wire and for fence wire in museums and and I can see these plows in action turning up great fields of corn and young farm boys too in the old couthouse doing what boys will do so charge it all up to fertility rites and here is 'to pour out water, to micturate' humm looks to me he pours out more than water and that brings up some pretty pictures. So you see I take a picture that atones 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 XXXX dissolve in the picture. Why listen to one house when you can see all the houses? So my words just disintegrate in Gyrin. I dont know if Mr. Graham Green is going to like this but he has
his place in the garden along with Truman Capote's music across the golf course echoes from high corner posts of the dining room's queer little breese Flutterer candles s on the table and swishes away down those dead days wheels. Just swish away down those dead days. Just swish away those dead days. What swish XXX what? Who let them in? Let them out. Now here is, fucking glyph for you. Character pouring water over his head? 'The Priest' they called him. A sick old junky pour water over his head. Blood of Christ. Blood of Christ they made the atom bomb I want to school there. Saw some boys go glyp no. 90. phallic, what is masculine glyp 94. Male organs glyp 74 to relieve 77. to hold in the hand 92 and 96. Sir A.Wallis Budge refuses to trans late but we get the general idea and just here is film as king taw 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 XXXX parched plains of Kansas ace the poppy pods and got relief. The hawk XXX 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 Shana and he was called in to lick a girl out of her coma I read about it only today in the Daily Mail for June 29 her father said 'I pray that Shana will help her get better'. Well now I would not want to see too much sun light on a thing like that... is one expected to remove an skull cap? Hour: Well we got a teen here setting down, same nice blue water a jar the sun and a roll of film negative. Well the here went that away. A film boy stripped himself naked filled the jar with water from a blue river magic of all movies is remembered kid standing there poured the water over himself and jacked off into his skull cap. So left an old junky. So left an old junky. A Mount Baker is there, the boy and there's the blue river. Remember the song. Yes I can see all the bandoned country clubs and weed grown golf courses a thousand lost skull caps red mostly the boys spitting blood on the water sky over Lima! How do you folk's think? An old junky on North Clark St. selling Christmas seals used to be me. Mister remember the sandy shirt open on the golf course you'll find him there 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. Four water on a sick old junky. Sacred Blood of Christ you passed by. And here is a picture from Spain. the abandoned railroad. tunnel in the iron rock. Woods in front of the tunnel... two boys in there. I see some white gobs... boy on a long grey beach with dusky woman colored gentiles, akimbo on the boardwalk. All the blue calendar pictures over here. Now how 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 on in any 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. wall. And maybe next time I pass the tunnel those boys won't be there just winds of Spain stirring the weeds in front of the tunnel so refer you to The Book of The Dead. field of grasshoppers... bushes- the olive tree is my name... North of the beaches did you see there the leg and the thigh... wounded back on Spain Repeat Performance page... Maybe it was't just hash Hassan J. Bahad picked up on in Egypt. What about the glyphs? Now here is the progression. Words, glyphs, drawing or painting expansion
in the Tangier streets. 'Frankly doctor we dont like to hear the word 'noua' here. At this point in our researches we intersected the noua police. Release silence virus. Blanket area.

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

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

File Ticker Tape July 7, Tuesday St Auberge, 1964

Remember the show price? Remember boy of decaying dreams 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 awnings. Refuse on a corner. The sea ahead. Couch on a bench and the boy there gasping bent over. Here feet walk puffs on dust... I am dying. Mister? Forgotten behind the mud wall? I have opened the gates for you. And so Mister remember me. In survival terms created this sad green stranger. Last human glimpse shirt flapping... dust telling a distant hand lifted. Night years washed over his face. Boy stiffening on the wet sand stained with dew. Know sand legs on the bench. Mister. Elk wind across the golf course. Offered us his pictures of a squirrel hunt. 'He tried to entertain for breath. Mister.' So Fred Flash say 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 blurred and ugly ugly ugly. Brady 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 calendar fallen to the ground stained with dew... In large view I never return Johnny. Worrying distances... die soon anyway. Hook shop kid like mother used to make... Broken thing see?... quiet now. I go... flickering silver smile in a barnished mirror. Water on his face. Soiled clothes boy washed back in Spain repeat performance.
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 and open out your arms...waved his sh jhandsq sadly burned 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 didn't. He wasn't...flickering silver smile...there was nothing...And that's about the closest way I know to tell you...

The spirit passes...Fresh Southerly winds a long time ago...And then at that moment the face of Clayton changed...Remember the show when its lights are suddenly extinguished? Going through the files like this that lost brother still clung to me along Portland road where the second hand book shop used to be...just opposite the old cemetery and you couldnt find a pleasant place to sit on your June time...odd I should have forgotten...feint ghost body on through Boston road to University St...Forgotten my number in this ruin of abey...running down Boston 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 writhe and thrust of the hands...smell of strange parks...shabby quarters of a forgotten city...His cold distant umbrella to the harbor office...fading streets a distant sky... this story of a young man who lived as you and I do...sadness in his eyes Aubrey waved good bye...

Are you a member of the union? Film Union 4 P/A? Tuesday was the last day for signing your...Am biguous gesture of an inn...complicated series of gestures and passes with the hand...a 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 richer 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 won't be needing you after Friday returning herewith Title Insurance Policy No.17497 in this silent little Friday night town...I cant do it if you look
Calling all my sad characters to rewrite Mr. Cott's middle name and carry the mail to Gibraltar in the Mays Colee lounge. Considering the advisability or indeed the possibility of ordering another cheese sandwich he was sure you wanted your mail on time. Mr. Cott, please remember personally that I don't hope to have all Bland Lines 308014 unimportant accounts paid travel date 10/4/84. If you understand the facts I was wearing a light suit a cold mist outside and constant fog horns concerned me. Might I expect a postcard from the Rock? That's what I did at people came here for. I dare, at my age, to buy a Rock Sweater. I am sure that someone in the hole of a yellow evening, the leaves last autumn over the last skyscrapers a small kite remember Ginger there on the white steps. I could not find a broken toy revolving in his jean pocket, dancing in notes of the blue blood under the yellow streaks of the actual grown. I cannot say I have not the actual guitar. No hope no hope all eaten meal in the cold, cold coffee sitting right where you will be sitting now. Yes I will get you the photo saints.

Be well all the name James with stop at Hickman's Wally crashed to the ground. They won't let the Manlee J. Enrique the only survivor splitting blood under the black vultures rubber outside of Lima right rubber plants the people last picture last picture "just business" they called them. Prent's "Our Franchise" they say. Manlee from Manlee meet Frontier Enrique from the Argentine. Frontiers beyond outside in the Bay of Naples, S.F.W. Express called the Prince of Wales front door open blue ghosts west through the dark leaving the bed 85 years ago corner of Laddbrooke and Goldbourne 7:30 P.M.

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 these artistic films will open a flower while you wait to the age 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 terrace. Where the old Bank used to be opened Sundays and peaceful sheep crop grass where the Ugly American Consulate will never be. Then this shot, B.J. in the flower MARKET--Call in all the Old Flower Ladies, Jay. Yeah I want great Old Flower Ladies. Not sloppy mauve flowers.

So we have the deserted market. The murdered trees there. Then we pan up you understand tree high in the air. All right wise guy cut out that lynched up Negro, tear down that Coca Cola sign. So its like a green flag flapping in the wind and where the trees were a little greener and they just grow back boss right out of that green area as shit and cotton. And then we pan down on the Old Flower Ladies who are spectral at first grey shadows slowly light up like a sun rise and the flowers all fresh there like after the rain wash it bobs. I go smell a florist shop in the fire fly June night of Hicksville you damn hick the whole world lights up like the prettiest little post card you ever see little guys on wedding cakes meditating crimes of disappointment involving insurance policies and the transfer of deeds. Smelled heavy that trunk kinda funny smell about it to when one comes to think about it. Mean tipper too. Little J.J. X.A. beatle with alicked hair and a black mustache. Puts like wax. Reminds me of something long ago and a black face. I did not walk with a white man. It was later to describe as a brutal instrument that could have had but one purpose". / Its close Film Union 4:30 P.M. Tempest by these our ancestors and our little nations and our little states in streets...wrecked markets of war and death...burning towers...that silent torn Sept. our little life of blood and excrement...and this is the last secret of sunshine and death...and I do fireleys evenings fading streets. Flittering silver smiles. For you the papers rust. That moment going through inside side they still whomp went to me. Dancer hand book would suggest Italy and you in the cobble June cemetery. Forget my number in to say good bye...and do sad muttering voices in the empty Tanger streets...a young man who lived, as you of Mexico, a night in Madrid amongst the little states--Flittering silver--. It didn't...but wasn't there...How? Wrecked markets half buried in sand...You see that boy the cloud topped guest ghost winy streets...a sad white face in sand eyes...saw no cross of sany dead streets of blood and excrement. Close a film of Clayton-Union changed remember...Room for that lost brother age 17 along Portland road where the second hand book shop need to be just across the cemetery his book in the afternoon to say good bye...Films
a burning copper sky and dead birds falling.............

pain of exploding star well 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?))))))))))))))))))dissolved bent over gasping gun
empty::::::::question?))))))))))))))))))one burning word filtered back

"wind blowing over his dirty bare feet......I couldn't
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((((((((((
so me querer 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 bleads/last job/this life/on white steps of
of the sea wall/to scan out/unspeakable horror from a blackened
spoon remember????????dissolved bent over?))))?? Major Ash is
dead........you may infer books and toys put away/not used////////
track half buried in sand....drifted on a windy street.......
a distant hand:))))caught between remote posts.......You are your$
--self Mr Bradley Mr Martin screaming For you here in 2020 movie
account sheets are burning burning/whole sky burning/ you hear

that??????????????It 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 shatter grey
hand brought:))))swear weapons and shock troops.....a distant
hand blistered the page))))))"Mooster 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 cut/exploded between us/light years washed over his
dirty bare feet........


Contacted on the white subway and asked to comment on the recent
nove.Mr Bradley said.Mr Bradley Mr Martin said, the dark room
said the cigarette smoke behind him said "I feel terrible about
the whole thing" parenthetically (on the slate shore stagnant smell from the seas there at low
tide whispering against my shoulder "Mr brown Mooster?"
twenty steps away. Shutting me there under the bridge—what address did I
give you under the bridge the slate shore?
still there waiting—I am servant you held at arms length--
specialized cripple—You have known me for a long time—Mister,
remember hardly any leave exploding star...mister remember pure
killing purpose, between us pitilessness the white hot sky.
still there waiting Fro September sad as the x servant you no longer want.
And I walked it "Mooster, every word naked in searing pain!"
"Old servant what would you have? I couldn't leave. Feet like
lumps of lead—a sort of bladder with a face it caught naked
in streets of war and death—"
See that boy stained with blood and dew catch all the light left
on a dying star—Look back along the slate shore. He wavers in
his head sad—frayed thing of scar tissue.Want it?