

Nova Broadcast Series Number 5

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NOVAbroadcast

5

The dead star

NB 1—**Drive Suite** Ray Bremser \$1.00; NB 2—**Miss Vietnam** Wolf Vostell \$1.65; NB 3—**A Book About Love & War & Death** Dick Higgins \$1.25; NB 4—**Planet Noise** Liam O'Gallagher \$1.65; NB 5—**The Dead Star** William Burroughs \$1.25; NB 6—**Twinpak** Norman O. Mustill \$1.00.

william burroughs

To show the 'Dutchman' in operation start with: 'The Old Farmer's Almanac on the back porch of his farm', (Quote from a reading I gave April 22, 1965 room on the top floor if memory serves 222 Bowery with Mack Thomas) . . . All right The Old Farmer's Almanac, page 17 April '25.

C time begins tomorrow April 25, 1965. **Low Sunday** . . . sad year's lowest P.M. this ash. . . Are you tracking me? Know who I am? . . . Mark Easter Date a mick and later the snow-capped mountains . . . Now when I made the above notation it so happened I had to hand called to my attention by a Mr. Wilson of Fact Magazine a newspaper article hinting at foul play in the 'suicide' deaths of 5 Puerto Ricans since Feb. 3 all by hanging in city jail cells: 'Juan Santiago hanged himself with his belt from the top of a double bunk at the Tombs Easter Sunday (Mark Easter date) . . . Now on Valentine Day, Feb. 14 also a Sunday I gave a reading at the East End Theatre at which I played a tape made by cutting the last words of Dutch Schultz into newspaper items . . . Among the items used was: 87 die . . . Santiago, Chile Feb. 6, A Chilean DC-6-B crashed . . . All aboard were killed including one American tourist . . . 'Santiago's estranged common law wife whom the police say he slew April 12 by stabbing her 23 times! . . . The plane's charred wreckage was strewn a thousand yards . . . A boy has never wept nor dashed a thousand. Kim did you hear me? . . . over the snow-capped mountains . . . and later the snow covered mountains . . . Another item concerned a plane crash off Jones' beach . . . only one caller this week . . . Plain Mr. Jones or Mr. J. if you prefer . . . Occupation? Well say tourist . . . I've been called harder names and it won't hurt my feelings . . .

From the last D.S. words I note: 'I was in the toilet and when I reached the boy came at me' . . . It had occurred to me that the boy in question might be Vincent Coll a young punk who tried to muscle in on Dutch and was machine gunned in a telephone booth I mean booth. I had the reference to hand in The Desperate Years compiled by James D. Horan . . . 'Okay okay Jim I am all through can't do another thing' . . . page 26 I read: 'Mad Dog Vincent Coll began carrying a hired gun for Schultz at \$150 per week . . . in 3 months he was demanding a cut of the Dutchman's percentage. When the outraged Schultz said "No" . . . (and it says 'no') . . . Coll started a rival organization . . . Dutch Schultz said: 'Get Coll off my back . . . Get the Mick off my back . . . Mark a mick vital statistics are not in capital letters . . . Schultz's mobsters tried to kill Coll 4 times . . . Then they found that Owney Madden (Owney Vincent Madden) was again being shaken down by Coll, Madden the 'Clay Pigeon' died April 24 age 73, One day as Madden was talking to Coll on the phone a gunman appeared stuck a gun in Madden's ribs and said softly: 'Keep talking, Owney . . . Within minutes the call was traced to a drug store on West 23rd St. . . . 'Look out you can be traced' . . . Coll was still in the booth when 3 men drove up. One took a station at the door outside. The other guarded the inside and the 3rd walked up to the booth and sprayed it with machine gun bullets Autopsy showed 15 steeljacketed bullets struck Coll in head chest and stomach. He was then just 23 . . . Dutch Schultz was shot and fatally wounded on October 23 Thursday, 1935 in the Palace Bar on Newark's Broad St. He died Friday Oct. 24. He was 33 years old. Valentine was police commissioner at the time Dutch was in the numbers racket a lottery based on quotations from the financial page. His number was up. Well back to the Puerto Ricans incidentally my reading on Thursday, April 22 was called Puerto de los Santos . . . Juan Santiago stabbing her 23 times veinte tres veces . . . The slaying took place at 5 P.M. Santiago was the 5th Puerto Rican to hang himself in city cells since Feb. 3 . . . The first death was that of Oswald Rivera, 20 . . . The second death occurred February 13 . . . Jaime Gonzalez, 33 hanged himself with a plaid flannel shirt . . . It was Frank Gonzalez who shot Captain Clark — picture in Newsweek May 15, 1963 — precipitating an air crash in which 44 died . . . Captain Clark welcomes you aboard . . . Valentine Day Chicago 1929, 7 Bugs Moran mobsters cut down in a garage on North Clark St. . . . 'We will not demonstrate for this one', said Gilberto Valentine of the Nat. Association for Puerto Rican Rights. He was talking about the death of Santiago . . . Cesar Zapata of 23 W. 65 St. died March 5, '65 hanged himself with a short sleeved shirt . . . Dec. 23: 'A sixth army spokesman said two more bodies were recovered from the Eel River. Lives lost in the California floods now total 23 . . . March 2, Daily News: 23 Killed In Montreal Apartment Blast . . . Tues. March 30, Daily News: 23 Die in Saigon As Bomb Rips Embassy . . . New

THE DEAD STAR

Dutch Schultz Machine Gunned in Newark Bar

3 Aides Die

October 23, 1935

George don't make no full moves . . . What have you done with him . . . Oh mama oh stop it stop it sure sure mama . . . Has it been in any other papers? . . . Now listen, Phil, fun is fun what happened to the 16? Oh oh he done it . . . please, John, please, did you buy the hotel? You promised



'No repeat performance...'

a million sure Get out, I wished I knew.

Please make it quick fast and furious. Please. Please help me get out. I am getting my wind back, thank God. You will have to please tell him you got no case. You get ahead with the dot and dash system . . . Didn't I speak that time last night? Whose number is that in your pocket book, Phil? 13780? Who was it? . . . please.

Reserve decision. Police, police Henry and Frankie. Oh dog biscuits and when he is happy he doesn't get snappy please please to do this . . . Then Henry Frankie you didn't meet him. You didn't even meet me. . . The glove will fit what I say. Oh Kayiyi Kayiyi. Sure who cares when you are through? How do you know this? How do you know this? Well then oh Cocoa knows — thinks he is grandpa again . . . he is jumping around No Hobo and Pobo I think it means the same thing . . .

'Who shot you?'
'The boss himself.'
'What did he shoot you for?'
'I showed him boss. Do you hear him meet me? An Appointment. Appeal stuck. All right mother . . .'
'Was it the boss shot you?'
'Who shot me? no one.'
'We will help you.'
'Will you get me up? Okay I won't be such a big creep. Oh mama I can't go through with it please oh and then, he



Valentine's Day, Chicago, Feb. 14, 1929 clips me. Come on. Cut that out we don't owe a nickel hold it against him. I am a pretty good pretzler — Winifred — Department of Justice. I even got it from the department. Sir, please stop it. Say listen the last night.

'Don't holler.'
'I don't want to holler.'
'What did they shoot you for?'
'I don't know, Sir, honestly I don't. I don't even know who was with me, honestly. I went to the toilet. I was in the toilet and when I reached the boy came at me.'



'The big fellow gave it to you?'
'Yes he gave it to me.'
'Do you know who this big fellow was?'
'No . . . if we wanted to break the ring no please I get a month . . . They did it. Come on, (a name not clear) cut me off and says you are not to be the beneficiary of this will is that right? I will be checked and double checked and please pull for me. Will you pull? How many good ones and how many bad ones? Please I had nothing with him he was a cowboy in one of the 7 days a week fight. No business no hangout no no friends nothing . . . Just what you pick up and what you need. I don't know who shot me. Don't put anyone near this check . . . You might have . . . Please do this for me. Let me get up, hey?

Departed have left no address . . . Know who I am? Are you tracking me? I am a survivor of Flight 52 . . . It was called 'Lost Flight' . . . Now pay attention we are going to give some creaking hints . . . por eso I have survived ticket to Seville . . . oscura callejon . . . Hurry up please it's time . . . London bridge is falling . . . I had not thought Death Magazine had undone so many . . . (Death certificate at the English Consulate . . . 5 other names with the same date of death) . . . Dust and smoke the man who never was . . .

What sort of eels called retreat 23? . . . 23 skiddo extranieros perniciosos . . . Shrinking



'...in any neighborhood bar'

in the basement. Reduce to a code message and transmit. Come on Tom it's your turn. Light left back 300 years. Click of distant heels. A bell strikes 21. Soldiers deformed my home. Jerky far away the old Rome. Dutch sphere was indignant letter. Are his teeth discolored? His clothes are crumpled about Earl's Court is the entire reply. Myself your general on Thursday. About face journals last days . . .

St. Cross May 3, 1964. I am speaking from shifting layers of smoke broken streets . . . It's Hell here waiting on the corner of Magical St.

Let me tell you about a score of year's dust on the window one summer the speaking clock his past history (lesser known Hebrew bulletins of interference) aged with moonlight travel along the Hudson a long time ago fresh southerly winds from remote landing the closing quotation to him in his lingo. '3rd Avenue Sympathy closing at 187 against 186 1/2'

Scheme was sprung. The Board screaming: 'Rapid Transit' down the hall wait for the



Captain Clark welcomes you aboard smoke from nowhere. Speaking clock buttons the St. Atlantic. Only one caller of importance this week namely Mr. Jones. Electricity is in the air. Most fruitful achievement of the Amsterdam Conference a drunk policeman. 'Knights of the Road have taken field' bitterly saying a loud and angry voice flies through the air. Stein reverts to his magazine. The Committee has already bred a race of sheep. Serve 'Peace with one another.' Sexless providence supported by the rich. Policeman jumped out on them. Policeman a long time ago applied for that station (see last pages of Naked Lunch).

Ticker rumors might help the editor to comprehend: 'Battersea, Bay of Naples warning' . . . 'Alarm bells ringing all over London' . . . '3 Crystal, Bay of Naples in the basement' . . . 'My Home calling Rem. 9' . . . 'My Home calling Stereo Sounds' . . . 'Yes I will get you the photostats: Captain Clark's screeching tape recordings and the charred remnants of 35 M gun. Look for picture post cards in the mail. Death of Stonewall Jackson. Italian suit and cowboy boots . . . Do not open till Christmas day slithery like grounded eel. Wow! Mr. Brown said. It's a term she used . . . there at the back of the cupboard . . . why not now? . . . the key . . . Why go ahead . . . the light is getting thin . . . it's getting dark. Tom and I'm cold awful cold. Pull the covers up over me . . . black out falling . . . last days . . . bye for now . . . back of the cupboard . . . why not now? . . . Why go ahead . . . crossing . . . the light thin . . . He knows when he said that back of cupboard . . . Wow, Mister that rebought Italian . . . grounded eel . . . Air! . . . dying in' Italian getting thin



York Post, Monday April 12:
Tornado Dead: 223 . . . On
Easter Sunday . . . mark Easter
date . . . by recording pieces of
singing and news from the radio
cutting in static items and D.S.
and my own texts: Old silent
movie music . . . fadeout . . .
Gambler is executed in parking
lot . . . Has it been in any other
papers? . . . 7 o'clock the eve-
ning of May 2, Memorial Bap-
tist Church . . . gangland exe-
cutioners transformed a rendez-
vous on a West Side parking lot
into the blood bath yesterday
. . . an appointment . . . appeal
stuck . . . I showed him boss.
Did you hear him meet me?
. . . They shot to death one and
critically wounded the other
and escaped by car. The glove
will fit what I say . . . The
victims were Michael Dentico
Panterelli 52 — I had not
thought Death Magazine 52 had
undone so many — the big
prize in a national wonder
sweep stakes — cut that out.
We don't owe a nickel . . .
hold it . . . ready and Gabriel
Fulsonetti 47 Mount Vernon N.
J. shot in the left side of the
head on the dial WTAT offers
more music in the limelight . . .
The song is ended but the mel-
ody lingers on . . . I want to
pay let them leave me alone
. . . you and the song were gone
but Fulsonetti underwent emer-
gency surgery at St. Vincent's
hospital . . . Panterelli died in-
stantly of a wound in the right
chest and two wounds of the
stomach . . . the song is ended
but the melody lingers on . . .
3 bullet holes fringed round
with jagged skin . . . I found
at the break of dawn . . . old
stolen car . . . silver paper in
the wind sunlight on vacant lots
. . . The song is ended . . .
smeared with the blood of old
movies I am dying here . . . but
the melody lingers on . . . dim
street lights . . . a black cadillac
in 1920 roads . . . and I found
with the break of dawn you and
the song had gone . . . fading
streets a distant sky . . . but
the melody lingers on . . . but
the melody lingers on . . . but
the melody lingers on . . . This
way to the river . . . trying to
get at my shoulder holster . . .
they dyed my shoes . . . It was
shortly after 2:30 P.M. when
Pantarelli and Fulsonetti drove
west on 29 St. pulled into the
lot and parked . . . on the front
seat of the car a large sum of
money had not been touched
. . . the slayers ran to their
own car sped south on 12th St.
and vanished . . . and the old
cop feels a prickly up the back
of his neck . . . memory hit the
old detective like a knife . . .
There is nothing more memor-
able than crisp frosty extra dry
Martini made with *Tribunal*
Vermouth . . . black out falling
. . . the sidewalk . . . suburbs
here . . . I walk into a bar a
restaurant . . . la pregunta musi-
cal . . . in the wash room mirror
. . . Que tal, Henrique? . . .
Image in the mirror? Wasn't
anything to say . . . silent film
and I could touch almost . . .
orange pants . . . a half hour
later the death weapon a Ger-
man automatic was found in
the wash room of a garage on
34th St. wrapped in newspapers
and wedged under the wash
basin . . . near Quincy Illinois
9 guardsmen trapped 14 hours
in a farmhouse . . . that is
something that should not be
spoken about . . . Altar boy
wins \$53,750 award in church
fire . . . he owes me money.
He owes everyone money . . .
The Church's defence was that
altar boy had been instructed
not to start the fire unless the
'Priest' was present — a name
not clear — was lighting a fire
. . . Winds of Vietnam . . . It
is confused and it says no . . .
cinco . . . juego de Baltimore
y Boston . . . said that no enemy
fighters challenged them . . .
Kim did you hear me? also an
altar boy. He was in church . . .
There were several parishioners
in the church when Stephen's
surplice caught fire. They beat
out the flames and summoned
medical help . . . Stolen car
chase kills motorist . . . speed-
ing at the rate of 85 MPH . . .
allegedly driven by on AWOL
sailor yesterday and killed the
motorist . . . sehr liebt . . . they
dyed my shoes . . . eisenbahn
. . . Wir bleiben deine besten
Kamaraden . . . jet fare from
New York to San Francisco . . .
Maybe the Green Hornet could
get that letter to you . . . It's
worth a try anyway . . . The
body of Anthony de Falco lies
covered with a blanket . . .
AWOL since Tuesday . . . He
was produce dealer . . . You go
look through the files . . . Have
to hurry . . . the guards



In the olden days they waited
and they waited . . . Please give
me shot. It is from the factory.
Sure that is bad . . . well oh go
ahead that happens for trying.
I don't want harmony I want
harmony. Who give it to him?
Who give it to him? Let me in
the district fire factory he was
nowhere near. It smouldered.
No, no. There are only ten of
us there are ten million fight-
ing somewhere of you.

So get your onions up and
we will throw in the truce flag.
Oh please let me up. Please
shift me. Police are here. Com-
munist strike — baloney —
honestly this is a habit I get
. . . sometimes I give it and
sometimes I don't. Oh I am all
in. That settles it . . .

Are you sure? Please let me
get in and eat. Let him harness
himself to you and then bother
you? Please don't ask me to
go there I don't want to. I still
don't want to. I still don't want
him in the path. It is no use
to stage a riot. The sidewalk
was in trouble and the bears
were in trouble and I broke it
up. Please put me in that room.
Please keep him in control. My
gilt edge stuff and those dirty
rats have tuned in. Please
mother don't tear don't rip . . .
that is something that should
not be spoken about. Please get
me up my friends. Look out
the shooting is a bit wild and
that kind of shooting saved a
man's life. No par roll. No
walls. No coupons. That would
be entirely out. Pardon me I
forgot I am plaintiff and not
defendant . . . Look out. Look
out for him. Please. He owed
me money. He owes everyone
money. Why can't he just pull
out and give me control? Please
mother you pick me up now.
Please you know me.

No don't, you scare me. My
friends and I think I do a better
job. Police are looking for you
all over. Be instrumental in let-
ting us know.



They are Englishmen and
they are a type and I don't
know who is best they or us.

Oh, Sir, get the doll a roof-
ing.

You can play jacks and girls
do that with a soft ball and do
tricks with it. It takes all events
into consideration. No. No. And
it is no. It is confused and it
says no. A boy has never wept
nor dashed a 1000. Kim, did
you hear me? 2000 come on get
some money in that treasury.
We need it. I can't tell you to.
That is not what you have in
the book. Did you hear me? I
would hear it. And the supreme
court might hear it. If that ain't
the pay off. Please crack down
on the Chinaman's friends and
Hitler's commander. I am going
to give you honey if I can . . .
A work relief.

Who gets it? But look out
it can be traced. He changed
for the worse. It was desperate.
They pull me out. I am half
crazy . . . They dyed my shoes.
Open this up and break it so I
can touch you. Danny please
get me in the car . . . The Baron
says these things. I know what
I am doing here with my collec-
tion of papers. To a collector
it is worth a fortune. Look out
for Jimmy Valentine for he is
an old pal of mine. Come on
come on Jim. Okay okay I am
all through. Can't do another
thing. Look out mama. You
can't beat him. Come on open
the soap duckets. The chimney
sweeps take to the sword. Shut
up you got a big mouth. Please
help me up, Henry . . . Max
come over here . . . French
Canadian bean soup . . . I want
to pay . . . Let them leave me
alone . . .

. . . mist on remote beach blue
signal towers flicker empty
streets half buried in sand . . .
The old man opens the door a
crack nice new key here and
hiccups

'Quiet the roses' . . .

Light is getting thin . . . it's
gone . . . fading streets . . .
getting dark Tom . . . cold
awful cold . . . My friends
crossing me up . . . light thin
after 2:30 P.M. . . . Wow,
Mister that man's life no pay
. . . rebought Italian . . . get-
ting memory? . . . cold awful
cold like a knife . . . there . . .
pick me up now . . . shadows
on the wall . . . Do not be sur-
prised if the old sunlight in his
voice is short . . . Find out now
the world is dead? Tell me
again? Agony to breathe here



cold . . . blackout falling
. . . cold like a knife . . . there
. . . sidewalk . . . suburbs here
. . . looking for you . . . dead
line . . . His clothes are crum-
pled about Earl's Court is the
entire reply . . . Have fun in
Omaha . . . Come on Tom it's
your turn . . . click of distant
heels . . . Cold coffee sitting
right where you are sitting now
a chair that folds . . . boat
whistling in the harbor cuts his
voice . . .

Ticker rumors might help
three editor to comprehend my
dark host . . . Had been in
church as well a long time ago
. . . Let me tell you about a
score of year's dust on the win-

dow fresh southerly winds from
remote landing. J. Henrique
only survivor spitting blood on
rubbly outskirts of Lima . . .

An old junky selling Christ-
mas seals on North Clark St.
'Fight tuberculosis, folks' . . .
'The Priest' they called him

Boat whistling in the harbor
cuts his voice. 'East Beach shall
I phone friendly Gray Post?'
. . . dead line . . . closed at 88
buttons . . .

Only one caller this week
plain Mr. Jones. Electricity is in
the air . . . Clock tell you the
time: 2 minutes to noon . . . A
great white flash was reported
200 miles West of Land's End
yesterday . . . Kim, where you
are sitting now near Quincy
did you hear me? 2000 chairs
that fold . . . a boat . . . Illinois



. . . 9 guardsmen . . . That altar
boy the pay off . . . Please land-
ing down on the China survivor
. . . Great Atlantic Accident
. . . Need a peg to hang it on.
China, name address hotel quite
right? the basement hall? En-
emy fighters desperate . . .
dead line closed them . . . Kim,
I am half crazy at 88 Buttons
. . . Only one call me . . . also
an altar boy . . . Mr. Jones he
was in church . . . I can touch
you . . . tell you the time in the
church . . . fire in the car . . .
Look out for guardsmen . . .
That altar boy . . . AWOL
sailor . . . Jimmy Valentine for
pay off . . . landing . . . China.

NOVA broadcast

5

The dead star

william burroughs