THE THIRD MIND

William S. Burroughs
and Brion Gysin

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A Seaver Book

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To and for all our collaborators
at all times third minds everywhere.

W.S.B. & B.G.

Interview with William S. Burroughs*

BURROUGHS: I don't know about where fiction ordinarily directs itself, but I am quite deliberately addressing myself to the whole area of what we call dreams. Precisely what is a dream? A certain juxtaposition of word and image. I've recently done a lot of experiments with scrapbooks. I'll read in the newspaper something that reminds me of or has relation to something I've written. I'll cut out the picture or article and paste it in a scrapbook beside the words from my book. Or I'll be walking down the street and I'll suddenly see a scene from my book and I'll photograph it and put it in a scrapbook. I've found that when preparing a page, I'll almost invariably dream that night something relating to this juxtaposition of word and image. In other words, I've been interested in precisely how word and image get around on very, very complex association lines. I do a lot of exercises in what I call time travel, in taking coordinates, such as what I photographed on the train, what I was thinking about at the time, what I was reading and what I wrote; all of this to see how completely I can project myself back to that one point in time.

• Extracted from the 1966 interview by Conrad Knickerbocker in *Paris Review;* reprinted in *Writers at Work,* 3rd Series (New York, 1967).

INTERVIEWER: In *Nova Express* you indicate that silence is a desirable state.

BURROUGHS: The *most* desirable state. In one sense a special use of words and pictures can conduce silence. The scrapbooks and time travel are exercises to expand consciousness, to teach me to think in association blocks rather than words. I've recently spent a little time studying hieroglyph systems, both the Egyptian and the Mayan. A whole block of associations—boonf!—like that! Words—at least the way we use them—can stand in the way of what I call nonbody experience. It's time we thought about leaving the body behind.

INTERVIEWER: Marshall McLuhan said that you believed heroin was needed to turn the human body into an environment that includes the universe. But from what you've told me, you're not at all interested in turning the body into an environment.

BURROUGHS: NO, junk narrows consciousness. The only benefit to me as a writer (aside from putting me into contact with the whole carny world) came to me after I went off it. What I want to do is to learn to see more of what's out there, to look outside, to achieve as far as possible a complete awareness of surroundings. Beckett wants to go inward. First he was in a bottle and now he is in the mud. I am aimed in the other direction: outward.

INTERVIEWER: Have you been able to think for any length of time in images, with the inner voice silent?

BURROUGHS: I'm becoming more proficient at it, partly through my work with scrapbooks and translating the connections between words and images. Try this: Carefully memorize the meaning of a passage, then read it; you'll find you can actually read it without the words' making any sound whatever in the mind's ear. Extraordinary experience, and one that will carry over into dreams. When you start thinking in images, without words, you're well on the way.

INTERVIEWER: Why is the wordless state so desirable?

BURROUGHS: I think it's the evolutionary trend. I think that words are an around-the-world, ox-cart way of doing things, awkward instruments, and they will be laid aside eventually, probably sooner than we think. This is something that will happen in the space age. Most serious writers refuse to make themselves available to the things that technology is doing. I've never been able to understand this sort of fear. Many of them are afraid of tape recorders and the idea of using any mechanical means for literary purposes seems to them some sort of a sacrilege. This is one objection to the cut-ups. There's been a lot of that, a sort of superstitious reverence for the word. My God, they say, you can't cut up these words. Why *can't* I? I find it much easier to get interest in the cut-ups from people who are not writers—doctors, lawyers, or engineers, any open-minded, fairly intelligent person—than from those who are.

INTERVIEWER: HOW did you become interested in the cut-up technique?

BURROUGHS: A friend, Brion Gysin, an American poet and painter, who has lived in Europe for thirty years, was, as far as I know, the first to create cut-ups. His cut-up poem, "Minutes to Go," was broadcast by the BBC and later published in a pamphlet. I was in Paris in the summer of 1960; this was after the publication there of *Naked Lunch.* I became interested in the possibilities of this technique, and I began experimenting myself. Of course, when you think of it, "The Waste Land" was the first great cut-up collage, and Tristan Tzara had done a bit along the same lines. Dos Passos used the same idea in "The Camera Eye" sequences in *U.S.A.* I felt I had been working toward the same goal; thus it was a major revelation to me when I actually saw it being done.

INTERVIEWER: What do cut-ups offer the reader that conventional narrative doesn't?

BURROUGHS: Any narrative passage or any passage, say, of poetic images is subject to any number of variations, all of which may be interesting and valid in their own right. A page of Rim-

baud cut up and rearranged will give you quite new images. Rimbaud images—real Rimbaud images—but new ones.

INTERVIEWER: YOU deplore the accumulation of images and at the same time you seem to be looking for new ones.

BURROUGHS: Yes, it's part of the paradox of anyone who is working with word and image, and after all, that is what a writer is still doing. Painter too. Cut-ups establish new connections between images, and one's range of vision consequently expands.

INTERVIEWER: Instead of going to the trouble of working with scissors and all those pieces of paper, couldn't you obtain the same effect by simply free-associating at the typewriter?

BURROUGHS: One's mind can't cover it that way. Now, for example, if I wanted to make a cut-up of this *[picking up a copy of the* Nation], there are many ways I could do it. I could read cross-column; I could say: "Today's men's nerves surround us. Each technological extension gone outside is electrical involves an act of collective environment. The human nervous environment system itself can be reprogrammed with all its private and social values because it is content. He programs logically as readily as any radio net is swallowed by the new environment. The sensory order." You find it often makes quite as much sense as the original. You learn to leave out words and to make connections. *[Gesturing]* Suppose I should cut this down the middle here, and put this up here. Your mind simply could not manage it. It's like trying to keep so many chess moves in mind, you just couldn't do it. The mental mechanisms of repression and selection are also operating against you.

INTERVIEWER: YOU believe that an audience can be eventually trained to respond to cut-ups?

BURROUGHS: Of course, because cut-ups make explicit a psychosensory process that is going on all the time anyway. Somebody is reading a newspaper, and his eye follows the column in the proper Aristotelian manner, one idea and sentence at a time. But subliminally he is reading the columns on either side and is aware of the person sitting next to him. That's a cut-up. I was sitting in a lunchroom in New York having my doughnuts and coffee. I was thinking that one *does* feel a little boxed in in New York, like living in a series of boxes. I looked out the window and there was a great big Yale truck. That's cut-up—a juxtaposition of what's happening outside and what you're thinking of. I make this a practice when I walk down the street. I'll say, When I got to here I saw that sign, I was thinking this, and when I return to the house I'll type these up. Some of this material I use and some I don't. I have literally thousands of pages of notes here, raw, and I keep a diary as well. In a sense it's traveling in time.

Most people don't see what's going on around them. That's my principal message to writers: For Godsake, keep your *eyes* open. Notice what's going on around you. I mean, I walk down the street with friends. I ask, "Did you see him, that person who just walked by?" No, they didn't notice him. I had a very pleasant time on the train coming out here. I haven't traveled on trains in years. I found there were no drawing rooms. I got a bedroom so I could set up my typewriter and look out the window. I was taking photos, too. I also noticed all the signs and what I was thinking at the time, you see. And I got some extraordinary juxtapositions. For example, a friend of mine has a loft apartment in New York. He said, "Every time we go out of the house and come back, if we leave the bathroom door open, there's a rat in the house." I look out the window, there's Able Pest Control.

INTERVIEWER: The one flaw in the cut-up argument seems to lie in the linguistic base on which we operate, the straight declarative sentence. It's going to take a great deal to change that.

BURROUGHS: Yes, it is unfortunately one of the great errors of Western thought, the whole either-or proposition. You remember Korzybski and his idea of non-Aristotelian logic. Either-or thinking just is not accurate thinking. That's not the way things occur, and I feel the Aristotelian construct is one of the great shackles

of Western civilization. Cut-ups are a movement toward breaking this down. I should imagine it would be much easier to find acceptance of the cut-ups from, possibly, the Chinese, because you see already there are many ways that they can read any given ideograph. It's already cut up.

INTERVIEWER: What will happen to the straight plot in fiction?

BURROUGHS: Plot has always had the definite function of stage direction, of getting the characters from here to there, and that will continue, but the new techniques, such as cut-up, will involve much more of the total capacity of the observer. It enriches the whole aesthetic experience, extends it.

INTERVIEWER: *Nova Express* is a cut-up of many writers?

BURROUGHS: Joyce is in there. Shakespeare, Rimbaud, some writers that people haven't heard about, someone named Jack Stern. There's Kerouac. I don't know, when you start making these fold-ins and cut-ups you lose track. Genet, of course, is someone I admire very much. But what he's doing is classical French prose. He's not a verbal innovator. Also Kafka, Eliot, and one of my favorites is Joseph Conrad. My story "They Just Fade Away" is a fold-in (instead of cutting, you fold) from *Lord Jim.* In fact, it's almost a retelling of the *Lord Jim* story. My Stein is the same Stein as in *Lord Jim.* Richard Hughes is another favorite of mine. And Graham Greene. For exercise, when I make a trip, such as from Tangier to Gibraltar, I will record this in three columns in a notebook I always take with me. One column will contain simply an account of the trip, what happened: I arrived at the air terminal, what was said by the clerks, what I overheard on the plane, what hotel I checked into. The next column presents my memories: that is, what I was thinking of at the time, the memories that were activated by my encounters. And the third column, which I call my reading column, gives quotations from any book that I take with me. I have practically a whole novel alone on my trips to Gibraltar. Besides Graham Greene, I've used other books. I used *The Wonderful Country* by Tom Lea on one trip. Let's see... and Eliot's *The Cocktail Party; In Hazard* by Richard Hughes. For example, I'm reading *The Wonderful Country* and the hero is just crossing the frontier into Mexico. Well, just at this point I come to the Spanish frontier, so I note that down in the margin. Or I'm on a boat or a train and I'm reading *The Quiet American;* I look around and see if there's a quiet American aboard. Sure enough, there's a quiet sort of young American with a crew cut, drinking a bottle of beer. It's extraordinary, if you really keep your eyes open. I was reading Raymond Chandler, and one of his characters was an albino gunman. My God, if there wasn't an albino in the room. He wasn't a gunman.

Who else? Wait a minute, I'll just check my coordinate books to see if there's anyone I've forgotten—Conrad, Richard Hughes, science fiction, quite a bit of science fiction. Eric Frank Russell has written some very, very interesting books. Here's one, *The Star Virus;* I doubt if you've heard of it. He develops a concept here of what he calls Deadliners, who have this strange sort of seedy look. I read this when I was in Gibraltar, and I began to find Deadliners all over the place. The story of a fish pond in it, and quite a flower garden. My father was always very interested in gardening.

INTERVIEWER: In view of all this, what will happen to fiction in the next twenty-five years?

BURROUGHS: In the first place, I think there's going to be more and more merging of art and science. Scientists are already studying the creative process, and I think the whole line between art and science will break down and that scientists, I hope, will become more creative and writers more scientific. And I see no reason why the artistic world can't absolutely merge with Madison Avenue. Pop art is a move in that direction. Why can't we have advertisements with beautiful words and beautiful images? Already some of the very beautiful color photography appears in whiskey ads, I notice. Science will also discover for us how association blocks actually form.

INTERVIEWER: DO you think this will destroy the magic?

BURROUGHS: Not at all. I would say it would enhance it.

INTERVIEWER: Have you done anything with computers?

BURROUGHS: I've not done anything, but I've seen some of the computer poetry. I can take one of those computer poems and then try to find correlatives of it—that is, pictures to go with it; it's quite possible.

INTERVIEWER: Does the fact that it comes from a machine diminish its value to you?

BURROUGHS: I think that any artistic product must stand or fall on what's there.

INTERVIEWER: Therefore, you're not upset by the fact that a chimpanzee can do an abstract painting?

BURROUGHS: If he does a good one, no. People say to me, "Oh, this is all very good, but you got it by cutting up." I say that has nothing to do with it, how I got it. What is any writing but a cut-up? Somebody has to program the machine; somebody has to *do* the cutting up. Remember that I first made selections. Out of hundreds of possible sentences that I might have used, I chose one.

23 Stitches Taken

by **Gérard-Georges Lemaire**

and **2 Points of Order**

by Brion Gysin

with the help of Jean Chopin and the more or less voluntary collaboration of Marcel Duchamp, Franz Kafka, Philippe Mikriammos, Jacques Derrida, William Burroughs, Dada, Gertrude Stein, and several others.

Question: "Inspector Lee, how can one be sure that you are a nova officer and not animpostor?"

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, *Nova Express*

1. While the history of painting and the plastic arts shows them generally to have been a collective affair in their conception and their realization—even after the notion of the artist-paradigm came to dominate every other mode of representation—literature has been a solitary practice, an ascesis, a withdrawal, a prison of words. Collaborations in this domain were rare. If we except certain accidental associations, the value of which is open to question, we find that few works have been composed as the result of a jointeffort.

Works thank you for your collaboration, but they can also create themselves on their own; thus:

Come to free the words
To free the words come
Free the words to come
The words come to free
Words come to free thee!

The possible permutations are 5x4x3x2x1= 120 lines. Therefore a 120-line poem without an author. Where is the poet Brion Gysin?

BRION GYSIN

2. In other civilizations—like that of ancient Japan (from antiquity to the dawn of the Meiji restoration, or in other words about ten centuries)—poetry was one of the most important social occupations, particularly because it created an imaginary universe that had deep repercussions on the reality of power.

The oldest example of a "'collective poem" that Japanese literature affords us is to be found in the Manyoshu *anthology, in which most of the poems were probably written between* A.D. *600 and 750. Neither by the number of participants nor by the detailed precision of rules does this primitive "duo" of the Nara period prefigure what was to become the later flowering of the* renga.

CLAUDE ROY[1]

In composing verbal chains subject to extremely strict rules that provided not only the sophisticated entertainment suitable to an evening of leisure but above all the expression of the political and aesthetic formalism of an empire that had invented its very religion, the coauthors of these *linked poems (renga)* established the organic and ideological connections on which their privileges were founded. This kind of scriptural contest was based on a poetic scheme that alternated pentasyllable and heptasyllabic rhythms. It forced each participant to push his erudition, his sensitivity, and of course his mastery of the language to their outermost limits. He was expected to attain a degree of personal perfection and at the same time to merge in the associative whole. By integrating himself in it, he disintegrated himself in it. It was thus the dissolution of uniqueness that was the goal, and from this stems the paradox of the Yamato *poiesis:* to possess one's own language within the sphere of language that possesses us so that we can finally be dispossessed of it—to work toward being to achieve nonbeing—to offer oneself as a sacrifice to the language of the sovereign authority.

1. Quoted in Octavio Paz, Jacques Roubaud, Edoardo Sanguineti, and Charles Tomlinson, *Renga* (Paris, 1971).

3. Such experiments were rare in the West and have remained so. One of the most successful was undoubtedly the collaboration between Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Ford when both signed their names to *Romance* and *The Inheritors* at the beginning of the century. In the same spirit, Christopher Isherwood and W. H. Auden joined in writing a travel book, *Journey to a War,* in 1939. The curious collaboration between Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife, Fanny Vandergrift Osbourne, should also be mentioned, It is doubtful, however, that these attempts indicated anything more than a desire to nourish an endeavor with two subjectivities work-Ing at the same pitch. In any case, they had little effect on literary methods.

4. In 1860 Lautreamont wrote: "Poetry should be made by all, not by one." This sentence, a veritable watchword, was taken as his own by Tristan Tzara, then reinterpreted by the Surrealists, who aimed at a collective creation with the "exquisite corpses," a party game that led during the 1920s to such publications as Breton and Eluard's *L'immaculee conception* and Breton and Soupault's *Les champs magnetiques.* But since the "exquisite

corpses" did not depart from the exacting laws they were meant to escape, they were rapidly abandoned—as was automatic writing—in favor of a literary art that was individual and deliberate. The ultimate sublimation of subjectivity, the automatism extolled by Andre Breton in his *Manifestos of Surrealism,* led to no new perspective; it did not give form to the principles of the discourse of the unconscious, which had become known in France through the translations of Sigmund Freud's books. The analytic model based on a mystification—the alleged Socratic exchange of the two elements of the therapeutic relation—led to no literary extension capable of crossing the frontiers of the individualism that connects the work and its producer.

5. In its beginnings after World War II, the Beat Generation was no more than a couple of students who gravitated around a man ten years their senior—William Seward Burroughs, a graduate of Harvard. These "students" were Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg. Desperately in search of adventure and notoriety, eager to create a new "lost generation," they agreed to collaborate on works of fiction that would mark the arrival of a new literary era. These yearnings were to remain more or less unfulfilled. There is no trace of *And the Hippos Were Boiled in Their Tanks,* which Kerouac and Burroughs were to write together in 1945. Nevertheless, much later, as he came more and more under the influence of the Eastern arts, Kerouac collaborated with Albert Saijo and Lew Welch in 1954 on a collective poem entitled "This Is What It's Called."[2] The literary communism of the Beat writers was, however, limited to a community of goods and interests; in the final analysis, it in no way differed from the currents that had preceded it, whether those of Bloomsbury or of Futurism.

2. In Elias Wilentz, ed., *The Beat Scene* (New York, 1960).

No, I do not agree. They thought they had come to change the world. And to a great extent they succeeded. When in 1959 an English-language edition of Naked Lunch *was published in Paris, neither one of us thought we would ever see it appear in the United States of America.*

BRION GYSIN

Brion Gysin's chance discovery of the cut-up was to have unforeseen consequences. Though at the very beginning Gysin had seen in it nothing more than a new method of writing that would allow literature to catch up with painting, William Burroughs, who had not played any part in the original invention, immediately understood its importance. Burroughs' first important novel —*Naked Lunch,* written in Tangier in 1957—already contained all the principles of a total and systematic deconstruction of the novel. Its author, however, still lacked a tool, an efficient tool capable of dismantling all the mechanisms of fiction. And again, it was no accident that Brion Gysin immediately informed William Burroughs of his discovery. Gysin was aware that his friend (whom he had just run into in Paris after a long time) had just written one of the most startling works of the century after Joyce's *Ulysses,* Wyndham Lewis' *The Childermass,* Pound's *Cantos,* and Gertrude Stein's *How to Write*—already the ancestors of the modern era. He also knew that Burroughs was still looking for a new optic capable of giving form to the accumulation of notes that were to have figured in *Naked Lunch* but had finally been abandoned. The cut-up was this "new optic."

7. The cut-up, that mechanical method of shredding texts in a ruthless machine ("Take a page of text and trace a median line vertically and horizontally./ You now have four blocks of text:

1, 2, 3, and 4./ Now cut along the lines and put block 4 alongside block 1, block 3 alongside block 2. Read the rearranged page"),[3] a machine that could upset semantic order—that method has a history that goes back to Dada. In his *Manifestos* Tristan Tzara set down the principle of cutting up the pages of a newspaper, throwing the words into a hat, and pulling them out at random. Shortly thereafter, Marcel Duchamp, in his *Rendezvous du Dimanche 6 fevrier a 1 h 3/4 apres-midi,* placed four apparently unrelated texts in four divisions of a square. Such are the ancestors of this technique, but they are distant ancestors, exemplary in their own way, yet they made no attempt to establish a new form of readability.

8. Initially, cut-ups were used only with short texts taken from newspapers or letters. In these cut-ups phrases were broken apart, mixed, and combined; the business of disarranging and redistributing the meaning of the message was left to chance. All possibilities of this message were explored. Two—or more—messages, once assembled according to this strategy on the page, revealed another message, which its components were careful not to communicate. The use of this systematic method, uncontrolled by the intelligence, to relate divergent sources of information demonstrated the close interdependence of these sources. In addition, the fragment arrived at as a result of this operation automatically presented itself as a work of fiction. It made no difference if what was being associated were two essays on mathematics or two articles of popularized science. The resulting texts always took a narrative turn, enigmatic at first but ultimately explicit and often premonitory. The semantic distribution of these basic elements diverted them from their original meaning, thus revealing their real significance. Henceforth, every form of writing will consist of an operation of decoding, of contamination, and of sense perversion. All this because all language is essentially mystification, and everything is fiction.

9. In 1963, noting the general incomprehension that followed the publication of each of his works, Raymond Roussel wrote a little treatise—*Comment j'ai ecrit certains de mes livres*—in which he succinctly but clearly explained the elementary principles that ruled the composition of his poems, his stories, and his plays. There is an absolute rule that a writer must carefully hide the means by which his effects are achieved. Even Louis-Ferdinand Celine[4] was unable to escape this rule: "The reader is not supposed to see the work involved . . . he, the reader, is a passenger, right? . .. He's paid for his ticket. . . He's bought his book . . . In other words, he's paid for his ticket. . . Fine, he's paid for his ticket... He doesn't worry about what's happening in the engine room, he doesn't worry about how the ship is run . . . He wants to enjoy himself . . . There's pleasure to be had . . . Fine . . . He's got his book and he's supposed to enjoy himself .. . And my duty is to see to it that he does enjoy himself . . . And I work at it. . ."[5]

Roussel was one of the first to transgress this rule, though he separated the books themselves from the explanation of them. Burroughs, however, includes in the texture of his fiction the key definitions that rule its production, definitions themselves subjected *a priori* to the randomness of the cut-up: "A writing machine that shifts one half one text and one half the other through a page frame or conveyor belts—(the proportion of half one text and half the other is important, corresponding as it does to the two halves of the human organism) Shakespeare, Rimbaud, etc.,

3. William S. Burroughs, *Les techniques litteraires de Lady Sutton-Smith* (Paris, 1967), p. 125.

4. "A legendary meeting took place in Celine's home when Allen Ginsberg—without fear and without reproach—led Burroughs to Meudon, where they braved the ferocious watchdogs of a no less ferocious master."—Brion Gysin

5. *Louis-Ferdinand Celine Vous parle* (recording).

permutating through page frames in constantly changing juxtapositions the machine spits out books and plays and poems."[6]

The writing machine, or typewriter, mythological since Hemingway—who did not realize that the instantaneous nature of the articulated keyboard he used was going to play the same role the camera did in pictorial architectonics (concerning this special problem see Konrad Klapheck's painting *Volonte de puissance,* 1959)—was destined to function in an almost autonomous and subversive way.

10. Of all the "bachelor apparatuses" that so haunt our century, the one imagined by Franz Kafka in "In the Penal Colony" is certainly the most frightening and therefore the most effective: " 'Yes,' said the officer with a laugh, putting the paper away again, 'it's no calligraphy for school children. It needs to be studied closely. I'm quite sure that in the end you would understand it too. Of course the script can't be a simple one; it's not supposed to kill a man straight off, but only after an interval of, on an average, twelve hours; the turning point is reckoned to come at the sixth hour. So there have to be lots and lots of flourishes around the actual script; the script itself runs round the body only in a narrow girdle; the rest of the body is reserved for the embellishments.' . . . 'Can you follow it? The Harrow is beginning to write; when it finishes the first draft of the inscription on the man's back, the layer of cotton wool begins to roll and slowly turns the body over, to give the Harrow fresh space for writing.' "[7] An attraction-repulsion operates where mechanical gears are concerned (the clock has often been taken as a literary model), where the manufactured object moved by steam of electricity is concerned.

Burroughs assigns his writing machine a pluralistic finality, insofar as it demands a plurality not only of readings but also of writings and of functions. This *writing machine* is no longer an apparatus with a single use, a more or less complex automaton that greatly amplifies certain human techniques, but an entire battery of apparatuses, most of which are sophisticated products of advanced technology (from neurophysiology to nuclear physics, from surgical practice to the Nova ovens, by way of all the means employed by the media)—but they all depend on that pair of scissors, on the analytical gesture transformed into a movement castrating the continuum of meaning, on the breaking up of the Hegelian structure, which has been changed by the needs of our societies into a mechanical dialectic or into cybernetic architecture, on the abandonment of all discursive forms.

11. The Burroughs machine, systematic and repetitive, simultaneously disconnecting and reconnecting—it disconnects the concept of reality that has been imposed on us and then plugs normally dissociated zones into the same sector—eventually escapes from the control of its manipulator; it does so in that it makes it possible to lay down a foundation of an unlimited number of books that end by reproducing themselves: "The machine that exploded—the nova ticket—the soft express/the nova machine—the soft ticket—the express that exploded/etc: we are dealing with a false trilogy, and the three books actually form a whole. Not a single book repeating itself, but rather a book that completes itself in the form of three versions, each envisaging a certain number of problems under a different angle."[8] This major trilogy, constructed between 1961 and 1964, could have come about only as a result of the laboratory experiments undertaken with Brion Gysin and assembled in *The Third Mind.*

12. *The Third Mind,* for which I provided the French title, *Oeuvre croisee,*[9] represents the experimental stage of this tech-

6. William S. Burroughs, *The Ticket That Exploded* (New York, 1968), p. 65.

7. Franz Kafka, "In the Penal Colony," *Selected Stories of Franz Kafka,* trans. Willa and Edwin Muir (New York, 1952), pp. 102-3.

8. Philippe Mikriammos, *William S. Burroughs* (Paris, 1975), p. 77.

9. When I gave Brion Gysin a presentation copy of his novel *Desert devorant,* he eliminated the article before the translation of *The Third Mind* as "une oeuvre croisee."

nology. It is not the history of a literary collaboration but rather the complete fusion in a praxis of two subjectivities, two subjectivities that metamorphose into a third; it is from this collusion that a new author emerges, an absent third person, invisible and beyond grasp, decoding the silence.

The book is therefore the negation of the omnipresent and all-powerful author—the geometrist who clings to his inspiration as coming from divine inspiration, a mission, or the dictates of language.

It is the negation of the frontier that separates fiction from its theory.

It is, finally, the negation of the book as such—or at least the representation of that negation.

13. The first cut-ups were put together in a pamphlet entitled "Minutes to Go";[10] Sinclair Beiles and Gregory Corso joined in the collaboration, but these authors quickly withdrew from the game, since they considered that all forms of literary activity, even exploded and depersonalized ones, were based on intellection and imagination. They had not been able to free themselves from the subjectivism fought against by Burroughs and Gysin.

Shortly after, Burroughs-Gysin published some fragments of their mutual efforts in *The Exterminator!'*,[n] a book in which were assembled not only cut-ups but also additional permutations and —something new—graphics by Brion Gysin, who until then had illustrated only the dust jackets of Burroughs' novels.

In some ways these two small, almost private, works can be considered as the matrix of the great treatise of deconstruction they were working on.

10. William S. Burroughs, Brion Gysin, Sinclair Beiles, and Gregory Corso, "Minutes to Go" (Paris, 1960).

11. William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin, *The Exterminator!* (San Francisco, 1960; New York, 1973).

14. *You and Brion have described your collaborations over the years as the products of a "third mind." What's the source of this concept?*

BURROUGHS: A book called *Think and Grow Rich.*

GYSIN: It says that when you put two minds together. . .

BURROUGHS: . . . there is always a third mind . . .

GYSIN: . . . a third and superior mind . . .

BURROUGHS: . . . as an unseen collaborator.

GYSIN: That is where we picked up the title. Our book *The Third Mind* is about all the cut-up materials.

The book is a statement, in words and pictures, of what the two of you have achieved through your collaborations?

BURROUGHS: Yes, exactly that, from the very first cut-ups through elaboration into scrapbook layouts, cut texts and images.[12]

15. In truth, though it wasn't a collection of art reproductions —very much the contrary—*The Third Mind* initially included almost as many collages and graphics as texts. As the dummy of the original edition took form, the difficulties grew and diversified. The book defied the normal criteria of modern printing. In fact, the first dummy was finally abandoned because it challenged a certain Western conception of what a book should be, in its presentation as well as in its internal functioning and goals.

16. Curiously enough, the French translation of *The Third Mind* was the occasion of its first publication. That book is not the definitive version but a given moment in its collective construction. Six months earlier it would have been very different. *The Third Mind* is perpetually rebeginning, in perpetual contestation. It is never ending—not that it remains forever unfinished but that it is open to all optics, to all possibilities that can bring about

12. From an interview by Robert Palmer, *Rolling Stone,* May 11, 1972, p. 53.

the interaction of texts and graphic and scriptural inventions, of texts and texts, of photographic montages and calligraphies.

17. To say what this book is made of is already to point up the principle on which it is based, because there are no directions for its use. The reading of it is not linear but inscribed in the space of its multiplicity: "Nothing remains but an immense web of reading and writing, folding, unfolding, and refolding indefinitely. The reading of it is no longer external to the writing, its adventitious substitute, what comes after the writing and necessarily presupposes that the writing itself is the exterior and transitory substitution of a thought already always identical with itself before any substitution."[13] In other words, the succession of pages is only a convention that the reader can disregard.

In a way, metaphorically speaking, Duchamp's *Grand Verre* is helpful in understanding this: The eyes move along the page, obliterate it, and perceive beyond it—with the support of its constitutive traces—a series of windowpanes on which are printed, pasted, designed, and scattered the other elements of the book, placed not in a monist perspective but in a pluralistic perspective obeying an unknown logic. In addition, one must take into account the factor of time and the continuous permutation of the significant and therefore of the sense.

18. The book's field of vision takes in a full 360°. The main intention of Brion Burroughs and William Gysin has been to free the text from the page, to free the word from the surrounding matrix. Not actually, but by placing the text and graphics at the extreme limit of readability. Not so that these elements are unreadable in an absolute sense—in other words, so that they escape comprehension—but that, within the confines of the printed book,[14] they reach a point indicative of unreadability.

13. Jacques Derrida, *La dissemination* (Paris, 1972), pp. 217-18.

14. Cf. Marshall McLuhan, *The Gutenberg Galaxy* (Toronto, 1962).

19. Of what, then, is this book made?

First, of texts that are cut, folded, and "spliced," texts that progress by accumulation as the original texts integrate themselves with the texts that follow. The cut-up perverts scriptural practice in the sense that the space-time of the text is distorted. There is an impression of *deja-vu,* as well as an indication of what's to come.

Acting as an agent of simultaneous integration and disintegration, the cut-up imposes another path on the eyes and on thought.

20. Next, of permutations.

Gysin discovered a system founded on a geometric progression (5 x 4 x 3 x 2 x 1) that inverts all the elements of the requisite verbal chain—for example, *I am that I am, rub out the words, junk is no good baby,* etc.—inverts them until the meaning is exhausted and used up, because there is not one line that doesn't carry a message. The ensemble of these contradictory messages explores all the potential sounds and meanings of the sentence. Permutations have been adopted and utilized in several of Burroughs' works, especially *The Ticket That Exploded.*

Brion Gysin immediately made recordings of permutations. If we had been consistent and carried the experiment further, we would have needed not only texts-scores, but also their realization —in other words, tapes and/or records that give the true dimension projected into space.

21. In any case, the first deliberate and systematic attempt at permutation was undertaken not by Anglo-Saxons but by a Dadaist group in Paris. In answer to a peevish literary critic of *L'Intransigeant,* who said of them: "Yes, rules must be violated, but

in order to violate them you must first know them," Dada replied as follows:

"Yes, you have to know rules, but in order to know them, you must first violate them.

"Yes, you have to rule knowledge, but in order to rule it you must first violate it.

"Yes, you have to rule violations, but in order to rule them, you must first know them.

"Yes, you have to know violations, but in order to know them you must first rule them.

"Yes, you have to violate knowledge, but in order to violate it, you must first rule it."

This is the only known experiment of this kind in French.

Obviously it would be necessary to go far back into the English oral tradition to find its historical foundations, and such is not our purpose here. The *Limericks* and nonsense poems that we know from the works of Edward Lear in particular, but were over the centuries also created both by well-known writers (Eliot happily devoted himself to this pursuit under a pseudonym) and by anonymous authors who never otherwise set hand to pen, were in the form of puns and spoonerisms, which to all intents and purposes carried within them the principle of permutations.

Gertrude Stein, uncontested master of the corrosion of syntax, was the first to make a specific use of permutations, without, however, carrying her idea to its logical conclusion:

Money is what words are.
Words are what money is.
Is money what words are.
Are words what money is.[15]

15. Gertrude Stein, *The Geographical History of America* (New York, 1973), p. 201.

22. During the period we discussed previously, Brion Gysin made a great number of sketches and ink drawings that drew on his experiments with calligraphy. These works are first of all characterized by a desire to abandon the traditional mode of reading pictures as though they were entirely subordinated to the text. The drawings and paintings can be looked at from any point of view. Another distinguishing character is their association of the verticality of Far Eastern writing and the horizontality of Arabic writing; Brion Gysin went from this to tracing calligraphic grids in which are inserted signs, contact prints, and bits of sentences or fragments of newspapers. The grid can be latent as well as manifest, linear as well as scriptural. Finally these grids played a part in an experiment dominated by the permutation of graphic signs. Though this is not comparable to the permutation of alphabetical signs or of morphemes (the code of the one can in no way be assimilated to the code of the other), it puts the same presuppositions in question. Like the texts, the graphic and/or photographic works are subject to a bombardment of messages that divert them from their original function and meaning; they are subject to a contamination and a dismemberment that link them to the process of the textual discourse, processes that are themselves simultaneously modified and perverted.

A certain number of these works, as is the case in *The Third Mind,* were done jointly by Burroughs and Gysin—for example, those integrated into the chapter titled "Hieroglyphic Silence," which conveys Burroughs' interest in the pictograms of the Maya and the ancient Egyptians.[16]

23. How in the final analysis is the book to be defined? It eludes definition just as it eludes itself; a prey to unfathomable anamorphosis, it rubs itself out and rewrites itself; it allows itself to be read, only to slip away. *The Third Mind* jumbles the

16. Cf. William S. Burroughs, *The Book of Breeething.*

linguistic network, simultaneously revealing and antagonizing it. It is a strategic device for confronting semiotic assaults. But for it to do so, it calls on a fourth author—yourself—to establish the operational field of another book, an invisible book that you can make visible.

GERARD-GEORGES LEMAIRE

Introductions

Not much time left on set...

.. . officer sitting there in the attic room, late-afternoon shadows against his back. He is sitting at a desk on which we see a portable tape recorder, a portable typewriter, ledgers, photos and notes. A window shade drawn down serves as a screen for magic-lantern slides.

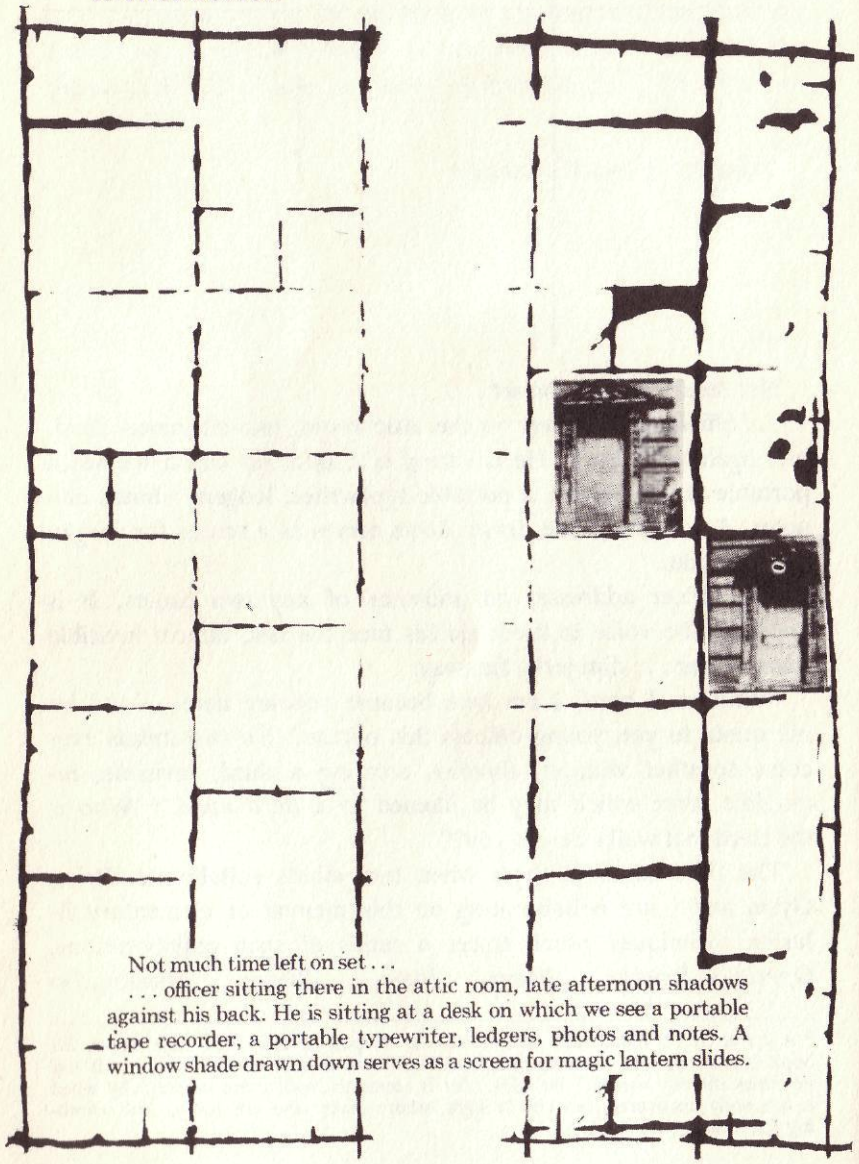
The officer addresses an audience of any two cadets. It is enough. The voice is tired: on his face the last, almost invisible scars of war . . . dim jerky faraway:

"Why am I here? I am here because you are here . . . and let me quote to you young officers this phrase: 'No two minds ever come together without, thereby, creating a third, invisible, intangible force which may be likened to a *third mind.'** Who is the third that walks beside you?"

The third mind is there when two minds collaborate. Brion Gysin and I are collaborating on this manual of elementary illusion techniques which traces a series of such collaborations. *Operation Rewrite* . .. Maya . . . Maya . . . Illusion . . . Illusion. Do

* A quote from *Think and Grow Rich* by Napoleon Hill, who says about *his* book that it contains a secret mentioned no fewer than a hundred times: "It has not been directly named," he adds, "for it seems to work more successfully when it is merely uncovered and left in sight, where those who are ready, and searching for it, may pick it up."

INTRODUCTION



Not much time left on set . . .
. . . officer sitting there in the attic room, late afternoon shadows against his back. He is sitting at a desk on which we see a portable tape recorder, a portable typewriter, ledgers, photos and notes. A window shade drawn down serves as a screen for magic lantern slides.

you begin to see there is no officer there in the darkening room?

"Reality" is apparent because you live and believe it. What you call "reality" is a complex network of necessity formulae . . . association lines of word and image presenting a prerecorded word and image track. How do you know "real" events are taking place right where you are sitting now? You will read it tomorrow in the windy morning "NEWS" . . .

Twister in:

Primrose, Nebraska . . . Tornado dead 223 . . . Street crowds in Baghdad rising from the typewriter . . . Mr Martin smiles . . . *The Morning Maya* . . . paper reality . . . photo bodies . . .

You will recall *Experiment with Time* by Dunne. Dr Dunne found that when he wrote down his dreams the text contained many clear and precise references to so-called future events. *However*, he found that when you dream of an air crash, a fire, a tornado, you are not dreaming of the event itself but of the so-called future time when you will read about it in the newspapers. You are seeing not the event itself, but a newspaper picture of the event, prerecorded and prephotographed.

Now, the picture and account of events in a newspaper may not correspond to the "actual" event. Remember the Russo-Finnish War covered from the Press Club in Helsinki? Remember Mr Hearst's false armistice closing World War I a day early?

the other hand it now appears quite possible that the entire Crimean War was a journalistic hoax perpetrated by the same whisky klatch of reporters who some years previously were to boast of covering the entire Russian-Finnish War from the Press Club in Helsinki. "End Run" Granger, veteran war correspondent on *The Bad News*, stated flatly at the time: "I have never seen a battlefield and I never intend to." You see, it's more humane that way. It's the old army game, kid, now you see it, now you don't.

Maya ... Maya . . . Illusion ... Illusion . . .

However, there are precise techniques for producing illusion, as any stage magician will tell you. When the audience sees the magician hauling a rabbit out of his gimmicked vest, throwing his Indian rope over an almost invisible wire, then the picture and pattern of events may not correspond to the "actual" event.. . Always need a peg to hang it on ... an angle ... a gimmick . .. old photographer tricks and tricks don't always work. (My jujitsu instructor used to say: "If your trick no work, you better run.")

That old dead hand has lost its touch, that old patter no longer distracts . . . the bare, radioactive bones shine through paper moon and muslin trees. I am here to show you young officers a few tricks that you call "reality" . ..

The first step in re-creation is to cut the old lines that hold you right where you are sitting now . .. fade-out to a screened porch in Cambridge, Mass., 1938—year of the '38 hurricane, if my memory serves: Kells Elvins and I are writing the first appearance of Dr Benway, acting out the scene with a kitchen knife . . . ("Gave Proof Through the Night," page 127, *Nova Express.)* Dr Benway, ship's doctor, drunkenly added two inches to a four-inch incision with one stroke of his scalpel. . . windy here now . .. He was looking at something a long time ago . . . fade-out to #9 rue Git le Coeur, Paris, room #25; September, 1959 ... I had just returned from a long lunch with the *Time* police, putting down a con, old and tired as their namesake: "Mr Burroughs, I have an intuition about you... I see you a few years from now on Madison Avenue . .. $20,000 per year . . . life in all its rich variety . . . Have an Old Gold. Returning to room #25, I found Brion Gysin holding a scissors, bits of newspaper, *Life, Time,* spread out on a table; he read me the cut-ups that later appeared in "Minutes to Go."

W.S.B.

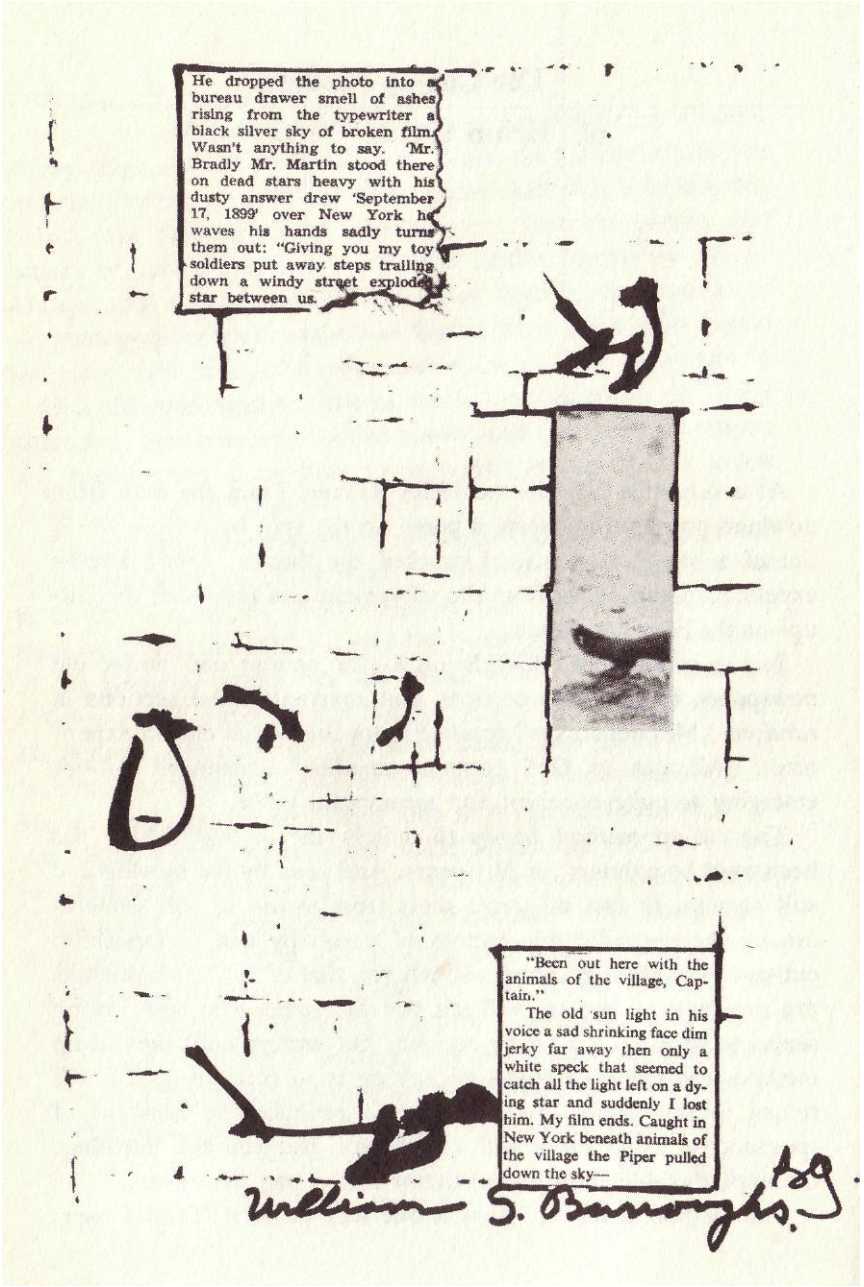
The Cut-up Method of Brion Gysin

At a surrealist rally in the 1920s Tristan Tzara the man from nowhere proposed to create a poem on the spot by pulling words out of a hat. A riot ensued wrecked the theater. Andre Breton expelled Tristan Tzara from the movement and grounded the cut-ups on the Freudian couch.

In the summer of 1959 Brion Gysin painter and writer cut newspaper articles into sections and rearranged the sections *at random.* "Minutes to Go" resulted from this initial cut-up experiment. "Minutes to Go" contains unedited unchanged cut-ups emerging as quite coherent and meaningful prose.

The cut-up method brings to writers the collage, which has been used by painters for fifty years. And used by the moving and , still camera. In fact all street shots from movie or still cameras are by the unpredictable factors of passersby and juxtaposition cut-ups. And photographers will tell you that often their best shots are accidents . . . writers will tell you the same. The best writing seems to be done almost by accident but writers until the cut-up method was made explicit—all writing is in fact cut-ups; I will return to this point—had no way to produce the accident of spontaneity. You cannot *will* spontaneity. But you can introduce the unpredictable spontaneous factor with a pair of scissors.

The method is simple. Here is one way to do it. Take a page.



Like this page. Now cut down the middle and across the middle. You have four sections: 1 2 3 4 . . . one two three four. Now rearrange the sections placing section four with section one and section two with section three. And you have a new page. Sometimes it says much the same thing. Sometimes something quite different—cutting up political speeches is an interesting exercise—in any case you will find that it says something and something quite definite. Take any poet or writer you fancy. Here, say, or poems you have read over many times. The words have lost meaning and life through years of repetition. Now take the poem and type out selected passages. Fill a page with excerpts. Now cut the page. You have a new poem. As many poems as you like. As many Shakespeare Rimbaud poems as you like. Tristan Tzara said: "Poetry is for everyone." And Andre Breton called him a cop and expelled him from the movement. Say it again: "Poetry is for everyone." Poetry is a place and it is free to all cut up Rimbaud and you are in Rimbaud's place. Here is a Rimbaud poem cut up.

"Visit of memories. Only your dance and your voice house. On the suburban air improbable desertions . . . all harmonic pine for strife.

"The great skies are open. Candor of vapor and tent spitting blood laugh and drunken penance.

"Promenade of wine perfume opens slow bottle.

"The great skies are open. Supreme bugle burning flesh children to mist."

Cut-ups are for everyone. Anybody can make cut-ups. It is experimental in the sense of being *something to do.* Right here write now. Not something to talk and argue about. Greek philosophers assumed logically that an object twice as heavy as another object would fall twice as fast. It did not occur to them to push the two objects off the table and see how they fall. Cut the words

and see how they fall. Shakespeare Rimbaud live in their words. Cut the word lines and you will hear their voices. Cut-ups often come through as code messages with special meaning for the cutter. Table tapping? Perhaps. Certainly an improvement on the usual deplorable performance of contacted poets through a medium. Rimbaud announces himself, to be followed by some excruciatingly bad poetry. Cut Rimbaud's words and you are assured of good poetry at least if not personal appearance.

All writing is in fact cut-ups. A collage of words read heard overheard. What else? Use of scissors renders the process explicit and subject to extension and variation. Clear classical prose can be composed entirely of rearranged cut-ups. Cutting and rearranging a page of written words introduces a new dimension into writing enabling the writer to turn images in cinematic variation. Images shift sense under the scissors smell images to sound sight to sound sound to kinesthetic. This is where Rimbaud was going with his color of vowels. And his "systematic derangement of the senses." The place of mescaline hallucination: seeing colors tasting sounds smelling forms.

The cut-ups can be applied to other fields than writing. Dr Neumann in his *Theory of Games and Economic Behavior* introduces the cut-up method of random action into game and military strategy: assume that the worst has happened and act accordingly. If your strategy is at some point determined . . . by random factor your opponent will gain no advantage from knowing your strategy since he cannot predict the move. The cut-up method could be used to advantage in processing scientific data. How many discoveries have been made by accident? We cannot produce accidents to order. The cut-ups could add new dimension to films. Cut gambling scene in with a thousand gambling scenes all times and places. Cut back. Cut streets of the world. Cut and rearrange the word and image in films. There is no reason to accept a second-rate product when you can have the best. And the best is there for all. "Poetry is for everyone" . . .

Now here are the preceding two paragraphs cut into four sections and rearranged:

ALL WRITING IS IN FACT CUT-UPS OF GAMES AND ECONOMIC BEHAVIOR OVERHEARD? WHAT ELSE? ASSUME THAT THE WORST HAS HAPPENED EXPLICIT AND SUBJECT TO STRATEGY IS AT SOME POINT CLASSICAL PROSE. CUTTING AND REARRANGING FACTOR YOUR OPPONENT WILL GAIN INTRODUCES A NEW DIMENSION YOUR STRATEGY, HOW MANY DISCOVERIES SOUND TO KINESTHETIC? WE CAN NOW PRODUCE ACCIDENT TO HIS COLOR OF VOWELS. AND NEW DIMENSION TO FILMS CUT THE SENSES. THE PLACE OF SAND. GAMBLING SCENES ALL TIMES COLORS TASTING SOUNDS SMELL STREETS OF THE WORLD. WHEN YOU CAN HAVE THE BEST ALL: "POETRY IS FOR EVERYONE" DR NEUMANN IN A COLLAGE OF WORDS READ HEARD INTRODUCED THE CUT-UP SCISSORS RENDERS THE PROCESS GAME AND MILITARY STRATEGY, VARIATION CLEAR AND ACT ACCORDINGLY, IF YOU POSED ENTIRELY OF REARRANGED CUT DETERMINED BY RANDOM A PAGE OF WRITTEN WORDS NO ADVANTAGE FROM KNOWING INTO WRITER PREDICT THE MOVE. THE CUT VARIATION IMAGES SHIFT SENSE ADVANTAGE IN PROCESSING TO SOUND SIGHT TO SOUND. HAVE BEEN MADE BY ACCIDENT IS WHERE RIMBAUD WAS GOING WITH ORDER THE CUT-UPS COULD "SYSTEMATIC DERANGEMENT" OF THE GAMBLING SCENE IN WITH A TEA HALLUCINATION: SEEING AND PLACES, CUT BACK, CUT FORMS, REARRANGE THE WORD AND IMAGE TO OTHER FIELDS THAN **WRITING.**

W.S.B.

Cut-Ups Self-Explained

Writing is fifty years behind painting. I propose to apply the painters' techniques to writing; things as simple and immediate as collage or montage. Cut right through the pages of any book or newsprint... lengthwise, for example, and shuffle the columns of text. Put them together at hazard and read the newly constituted message. Do it for yourself. Use any system which suggests itself to you. Take your own words or the words said to be "the very own words" of anyone else living or dead. You'll soon see that words don't belong to anyone. Words have a vitality of their own and you or anybody can make them gush into action.

The permutated poems set the words spinning off on their own; echoing out as the words of a potent phrase are permutated into an expanding ripple of meanings which they did not seem to be capable of when they were struck and then stuck into that phrase.

The poets are supposed to liberate the words - not to chain them in phrases. Who told poets they were supposed to think? Poets are meant to sing and to make words sing. Poets have no words "of their very own." Writers don't own their words. Since when do words belong to anybody. "Your very own words," indeed ! And who are you?

CUT THE TEXT INTO THREE COLUMNS:

A	B	C
Writing is fifty y	ears behind painting.	I propose to apply
the painters' techniq	ues to writing; things	as simple and
immediate as collage	or montage. Cut right	through the pages
of any book or newspr	int... lengthwise, for	example, and shuffle
the columns of text.	Put them together at	hazard and read the
newly constituted mes	sage. Do it for yours	elf. Use any system
which suggests itself	to you. Take your ow	n words or the words
said to be "the very	own words" of anyone e	lse living or dead.
You'll soon see that	words don't belong to	anyone. Words have
a vitality of their o	wn and you or anybody	can make them gush
into action.		
The permutated po	ems set the words spin	ning off on their
own; echoing out as t	he words of a potent p	hrase are permutat-
ed into an expanding	ripple of meaning wh	ch they did not seem
to be capable of when	they were struck and	then stuck into that
phrase.		
The poets are sup	posed to liberate the	words - not to chain
them in phrases. Who	told poets they were	supposed to think?
Poets are meant to si	ng and to make words s	ing. Poets have
no words "of their v	ery own." Writers don	't own their words.
Since when do words b	elong to anybody. "Yo	ur very own words,"
indeed ! And who are	you?	

(The letters struck out were those sliced by my scissors. Now, permutate the columns to form the new texts.)

Now I shall read across in the normal way the text ACB, and it says:

Text ACB

Writing is fifty. I propose to apply ears behind painting. The painters' techniques as simple and use to writing; things immediate as collage through the pages or montage. Cut right of any book or newspr example, and shuffle into. . . lengthwise, for the columns of text. Hazard and read them. Put them together are newly constituted meself. Use any system sage. Do it for yours which suggests itself, own words or the words to you. Take your own, said to be "the very else living or dead own words of anyone." You'll soon see that anyone. Words have words don't belong to a vitality of their o can make them gush on and you or anybody into action.

The permutated punning off on their ems set the words spin own; echoing out as phrase are permutate he words of a potent ped into an expanding which they did not seem; ripple of meanings which to be capable of when then stuck into that they were struck and phrase.

The poets are suwords—not to chain posed to liberate the them in phrases. Who supposed to think? Told poets they were Poets are meant to sing. Poets have ng and to make words snow words. "of their wit own their words very own." Writers don. Since when do words "ur very own words," belong to anybody. "Yo indeed! And who are you?

Text **BAC**

Writing is fifty y

ears behind painting, the painters' techniq I propose to apply ues to writing; things immediate as collages as simple and or montage. Cut right of any book or newsprt through the pages int. .. length-

wise, for the columns of text, example, and shuffle Put them together at newly constituted meshazard and read the sage. Do it for yours which suggests itself elf. Use any system to you. Take your o said to be "the very n words or the words own words" of anyone You'll soon see that else living or dead, words don't belong to a vitality of their o anyone. Words have wn and you or anybody into action, can make them gush

The permutated po

ems set the words spin own; echoing out as tning off on their he words of a potent ped into an expanding phrase are permutat- ripple of meanings whito be capable of whench they did not seem they were struck and phrase, then stuck into that

The poets are sup

posed to liberate the them in phrases. Who words—not to chain o told poets they were Poets are meant to si supposed to think? ng and to make words snow words 'of their ving. Poets have ery own." Writers don Since when to words ('t) own their words, belong to anybody. "Yo indeed! And who are ur very own words," you?

TextA + CB

Writing is fifty the painters' technique, immediate as collage of any book or newspr the columns of text. Newly constituted mess which suggests itself said to be the very. You'll soon see that a vitality of their into action.

The permutated poem, echoing out as ted into an expanding to be capable of when phrase.

The poets are sue them in phrases. Poets are meant to sigh now words of their. Since when do words indeed! And who are I propose to apply ears behind painting., as simple as use to writing; things through the pages or montage. Cut right example and shuffle into lengthwise for hazard and read the put them together ourself. Use any system sage. Do it for your words or the words to you. Take your own else living or dead; own words of anyone, anyone. Words have words don't belong to one and you or anybody can make them gush.

Set the words spin phrase are permutate. The words of a potent they did not seem, ripple of meanings then stuck into that they were struck. And words not to chain. Posed to liberate the supposed to think? Told poets they were Poets to make words own their words. Very own. Writer's "very own words" belong to anybody. You and you.

TextB + CA

Ears behind painting; use to writing; things or montage. Cut right into . . . lengthwise. Put them together are sage. Do it for yours to you. Take your own words of anyone. Words don't belong to own and you or anybody aims to set the words spin. The words of a potent ripple of meanings whin they were struck and posed to liberate.

The O told poets they were NG and to make words "very own." Writers don't belong to anybody. You, you?

Writing is fifty. I propose to apply the painters' techniques as simple and immediate as "collage" through the pages of any book or newspr example, and shuffle the columns of text. Hazard and read the newly constituted mesself. Use any system which suggests itself in words or the words said to be "the very else living . or dead. You'll soon see that anyone. Words have a vitality of their o can make them gush into action.

The permutated poems running off on their own; echoing out as the phrases are permutated into an expanding which they did not seem capable of when then stuck into that phrase.

The poets are sup words—not to chain them in phrases. Who supposed to think? Poets are meant to si ing. Poets have now words of their own words. Since when do words your very own words, indeed! And who are you?

B.G.

Minutes to Go

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

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

they are turning out the lights

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

this dear friends they intend to do on you

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

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

let's not hear that noise again and again

that may well be the last word anywhere

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

we are out
you are in

we have come to let you out

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

B.G.

Cut-ups: A Project for Disastrous Success

William Burroughs and I first went into techniques of writing, together, back in room #15 of the Beat Hotel during the cold Paris spring of 1958. *Naked Lunch* manuscript of every age and condition floated around the hermetically sealed room as Burroughs, thrashing about in an ectoplasmic cloud of smoke, ranted through the gargantuan roles of Doc Benway, A. J., Clem & Jody and hundreds of others he never had time to ram through the typewriter. "Am I an octopus?" he used to whine as he shuffled through shoals of typescript with all tentacles waving in the undersea atmosphere.

It looked, in those days, as though *Naked Lunch,* named so long before its birth by Kerouac, might never see the light of day outside room #15. The appearance of extracts was only hors d'oeuvres laid out on "Big Table." A pal, back in New York, was said to be willing to edit to conformist standards more fragments, which their author had scattered from Texas to Tangier, Venice, Paris; Mexico, too, probably. There was said to be a whole suitcaseful in a Tangier bar or in some junky's villa—anyway, it never got printed and where is it now?

"The cut-up method was used in (on?) *Naked Lunch* without the author's full awareness of the method he was using. The final form of *Naked Lunch* and the juxtaposition of sections were determined by the order in which material went—at random—to the printer," he writes in "The Cut-Up Method of Brion Gysin" in *A Casebook on the Beats.*

Well, those were troublous times. Sinclair Beiles flipped in and out with scraps of galley proof even as more packets of old manuscript flowed out into the space Burroughs was trying to clear out in order to kick his habit right there, as soon as the book was out of the room. The raw material of *Naked Lunch* overwhelmed us. Showers of fading snapshots fell through the air: Old Bull's Texas farm, the Upper Reaches of the Amazon ("Yage country, man. See the old *brujo.");* Tangier and the Mayan Codices ("Ain't it almost too horrible. Dig what they really up to and you wig."); shots of boys from every time and place. Burroughs was more intent on Scotch-taping his photos together into one great continuum on the wall, where scenes faded and slipped into one another, than occupied with editing the monster manuscript. ("Am I the Collier brothers?") When he found himself in front of the wrecked typewriter, he hammered out new stuff. There were already dozens of variants and, if something seemed missing, slices of earlier writing slid silently into place alongside later routines because none of the pages was numbered.

What to do with all this? Stick it on the wall along with the photographs and see what it looks like. Here, just stick these two pages together and cut down the middle. Stick it all together, end to end, and send it back like a big roll of music for a pianola. It's just material, after all. There is nothing sacred about words.

"Word falling. Photo falling. Breakthrough in grey room."

Naked Lunch appeared and Burroughs disappeared. He kicked his habit with apomorphine and flew off to London to see Dr Dent, who had first turned him on to the cure.

While cutting a mount for a drawing in room #15, I sliced through a pile of newspapers with my Stanley blade and thought of what I had said to Burroughs some six months earlier about

the necessity for turning painters' techniques directly into writing. I picked up the raw words and began to piece together texts that later appeared as "First Cut-Ups" in "Minutes to Go." At the time I thought them hilariously funny and hysterically meaningful. I laughed so hard my neighbors thought I'd flipped. I hope you may discover this unusual pleasure for yourselves—this short-lived but unique intoxication. Cut up this page you are reading and see what happens. See what I say as well as hear it.

I can tell you nothing you do not know. I can show you nothing you have not seen. Anything I may say about Cut-Ups must sound like special pleading unless you try it for yourself. You cannot cut up in your head any more than I can paint in my head. Whatever you do in your head bears the prerecorded pattern of your head. Cut through that pattern and all patterns if you want something new. Take a letter you have written or a letter written to you. Cut the page into four or into three columns—any way you may choose. Shuffle the pieces and put them together at random. Cut through the word lines to hear a new voice off the page. A dialogue often breaks out. "It" speaks. Herrigel describes such an experience in *Zen in the Art of Archery* when "It" shot the arrow.

This took Herrigel six years to achieve and demanded his complete submission to a "Master," who said to him in farewell: "Even if broad seas lie between us, I shall always be with you when you practice what you have learned." Creepy? Very. That is how the Masters get around and stay around. To hell with all monopolies. As Burroughs wrote me on a card for the New Year, 1960: "Blitzkrieg the citadel of enlightenment!" Painters first suggested the means were at hand more than fifty years ago. About the time they got horses off the streets and planes in the sky, we freed ourselves from the animals and got the machine on our hands.

The means are our machines. These prime agents of the explosive force, Nova, are factors of geometric progression to the Count Down and we better catch up on their methods, but quick. I do not mean atomic piles—Hands off! I do not mean spaceships—mere Iron Lungs. I mean machines in the hands of anybody can push a button. Take your own tape recorder. I can tell you nothing you do not know. I can show you nothing you have not seen. Record your very own voice on a length of tape. Better read something you consider important. Allen Ginsberg says, in his blurb for *Soft Machine* by Burroughs: "... Methods which would be vain unless the author had something to cut up to start with. .." In other words, you need words. I made my "Poem of Poems" on the tape recorder; cutting the sonnets of Shakespeare, *Anabasis* by St John Perse in the Eliot translation, and fragments of Huxley on mescaline into the Song of Songs. As Burroughs, later, had occasion to answer Spender: "It all depends on the results."

The Divine Tautology came up at me off a page one day: I AM THAT I AM, and I saw that it was lopsided. I switched the last two words to get better architectural balance around the big THAT. There was a little click as I read from right to left and then permutated the other end. AM I THAT AM I? "It" asked a question. My ear ran away down the first one hundred and twenty simple permutations and I heard, I think, what Newton said he heard: a sort of wild pealing inside my head, like an ether experience, and I fell down.

Burroughs looked grave. "Unfortunately, the means are at hand for disastrous success," he finished the quote from his New Year's card when he heard the first permutated poems speak up for themselves out of the tape recorder. "Come, come!" I protested, laughing. "Surely this is, at last, the 'artless art' the Zen-zooters are pushing. You can't call *me* the author of those poems, now, can you? I merely undid the word combination, like the letter lock on a piece of good luggage, and the poem made itself."

Who reads a newspaper can answer the conundrum of the Ages: What are we here for? Man is here to go. But it will take more than the resources of energy in matter to keep him up there

as long as he insists on being that animal, Man. "Am I THAT? Am I? Am I? Am I? . . ." If I ask that I am more than THAT. Kick that Man Habit, Man. The Biological Film, now showing on Earth, can and must be rewritten. It is a lousy movie to be withdrawn Now from the dimensional screen and sent back to Rewrite. If, indeed: In the Beginning was the Word, then, the next step is: Rub out the Word.

I was helped by the BBC, who broadcast my poem "Minutes to Go." I took my tape experiments to them in London and the BBC loaned me their experimental studio with all its machines and technicians for three days. We put together a program that was later broadcast but the most interesting material remained unfinished. "Unusual sights leak out," the cut-ups had announced one day, and unusual sounds, too. Back in our Beat Hotel, Burroughs and I went on making the machines talk for themselves and broadcast Rimbaud's "disordering of the senses" through the walls.

The Exterminator, on which we collaborated, appeared at this time. In it are some Permutated Poems, faced by a page of symbols that are immediately legible as are, in a fashion, the drawings that follow. Who runs may read my drawing. Run faster to read better. I will show you this again when I make a picture with the words as they come back to me out of the tape recorder. After all, if you could look at the magnetic particles inside this plastic tape, you would see that my voice has translated them into a series of repetitive patterns. Word symbols turn back into visual symbols—tilted back and forth through this "me," my very own machine. Every thing, at that moment, is one. I am the artist when I am open. When I am closed I am Brion Gysin.

Science is near enough ready to tell me who *he* is for me to be much less interested than formerly in him. I could not care less about his so-called talent or lack of it. Brion Gysin is a drag. I am not interested; I am his soul. Yet, as long as he is one with matter in hand, I am bound to a vital interest in the pattern of his activities and patterns of the matter in which he is so desperately involved. Science and Art are two branches of the same investigation. Within the last fifty years both Science and Painting have overhauled their concept of Matter. Sand on the canvas; $e = mc^2$.

One of the easy ways the human mind, probably owing to its structure, can best conceive Space is in the limitless projection of a multidimensional grid through which progressive movement can be plotted, an infinite variety of form conceived, etc. It makes, in fact, a space picture rather like a cellular scaffolding—the bright jungle gym of mathematics; an exercise for controlling matter and knowing space.

Now, Magic calls itself The Other Method and, as my limited education permitted no venture through maths, and as Brion Gysin had led me into a maze of Moroccan adventures, I had to content myself with what he stewed in for eight years after the war: Moorish fleshpots and the misery of the Moors. Magic is practiced more assiduously than hygiene in Morocco, though ecstatic dancing to music of the secret brotherhoods is, there, a form of psychic hygiene. You know your music when you hear it one day. You fall into line and dance until you pay the piper.

My own music was the wild flutes of the hill tribe Ahl Serif. Their secret, guarded even from them, was that they were still performing the Rites of Pan under their ragged cloak of Islam. Westermark first recognized their patron, Bou Jeloud, the Father of Skins, to be Pan, the little goat god of panic with his pipes. From an account of their dances, he gathered they must still be running the Roman Lupercalia, which had attached itself to the principal Muslim feast of the lunar year to survive.

I went into business with these people; opening a restaurant with Pan music in Tangier, called the Thousand and One Nights. It was well named, for some unforeseen, complex, cataclysmic catastrophe occurred every night.

Burroughs was in Tangier, practicing to be El Hombre Invisible and doing little writing, I believe, in those days. He spent his month staring at the toe of his shoe in an underground room of

the Casbah, filled with thousands of empty Eukudol boxes. On remittance day or in the company of visiting Venetians like Alan Ansen (now in exile), he would materialize at my restaurant. "That Gysin's probably a Swiss innkeeper with a phony 'von' to his name," he used to snarl, "but I dig his pigeon pie and dancing boys the greatest." He really needed the couscous in those days: he was thin, very thin.

I fell out of business, not over money but magic. My Swiss banker never objected to items marked MAGIC that appeared in the bookkeeping done by his bank. He just raised an eyebrow and asked: "Are you running an ethnographic museum, perhaps?" In a way. I kept some notes and drawings, meaning to write a recipe book of magic. My Pan people were furious when they found out. They poisoned my food twice and then, apparently, resorted to more efficacious means to get rid of me.

During a routine kitchen check, I called for a ladder to see if a ventilator had truly been oiled. There was the Mare's Nest under my nose: a treasure trove for an ethnographer, I suppose. Seven round, speckled pebbles; seven big seeds in their pods; seven shards of mirror surrounded a small square paper packet, barely dusted over with soot. The charm stuck together with goo, probably made of newts' eyes, menstrual blood, pubic hair and chewing gum. Inside was the text, written in rusty ink from right to left across the square of paper, which had then been turned on its side and written over again to form the cabalistic grid. The invocation, when I got it hazily made out, called on the Jinn of the Hearth: "May Massa Brahim [Brion] leave this house as the smoke leaves this fire, never to return .. ."

Several days later, on January 5, 1958, I lost the business over a signature given to a friendly American couple who "wanted to help me out." I was out with the shirt on my back.

I barely made it to London, where I sold my pictures of the Sahara and then crossed to Paris, which I have lived in off and on for the last thirty years. Ran into grey-green Burroughs in the Place St Michel. "Wanna score?" For the first time in all the years I had known him, I really scored with him.

Hamri and I had first met him in the hired gallery of the Rembrandt Hotel in Tangier in 1954 when he wheeled into our exhibition, arms and legs flailing, talking a mile a minute. We found he looked very Occidental, more Private Eye than Inspector Lee: he trailed long vines of *Bannisteria Caapi* from the Upper Amazon after him and old Mexican bullfight posters fluttered out from under his long trench coat instead of a shirt. An odd blue light often flashed around under the brim of his hat. Hamri and I decided, rather smugly, that we could not afford to know him because he was too Spanish. Obviously he would soon pick up with Manolo, Pepe, Kiki.. . whereas; "Henrique! Joselito!" Burroughs whinnied—sort of South American boy-cries, for all we knew.

I cannot say I saw Burroughs clear during the restaurant days that followed. Caught a glimpse of him glimmering rapidly along through the shadows from one *farmacia* to the next, hugging a bottle of paregoric. I close my eyes and see him in winter, cold silver blue, rain dripping from the points of his hat and his nose. Willie the Rat scuttles over the purple sheen of wet pavements, sniffing. Burroughs slices through the crowd in the Socco Chico, his raincoat glinting like the underbelly of a shark. He dashes at Kiki with a raised knife of rain-glitter running off his chop-finger hand. Burroughs lives chez Tony Dutch. He pokes a long, quivering nose out of calle Cristianos, picking up on: Is Kiki around? He plucks Kiki out of the Mar Chica with his glittering eye. When you squint up your eyes at him, he turns into Coleridge, De Quincey, Poe, Baudelaire and Gide . . . Now, wherefore stoppest thou me?

Hamri and me we waggle our beards—everything just like we always say. Meester Weeli-yam. (*Weeli, weeli!* What Arab women cry in alarm. Hamri's joke.) Meester Weeli-yam lives in a room

Hamri and I know well, and we can imagine him down there, or so we thought, but we never could, really, because we never went to see him in all the years and really could never have imagined the celestial number of empty Eukudol boxes he had stacked up; we never knew. We never heard Kiki say: *"Quedase con su medicina,* Meester William," and shut the door to go away and be killed by just such another knife. But that was in another country and the boy is dead.

So, when Meester Weeli-yam show in St Michel, I pause; hearing Paul Bowles: "I really don't know; they're all so taken up with madness and drugs. I don't get it. But you'd like Burroughs if only you'd get to know him." We make a meet. He lives in "Heart'sease Street," rue Git le Coeur, where I lived 1938-39. But "Must hurry to my doctor—yes, my analyst; recommended by a rich junky friend with whom I goofed on my apomorphine cure with Dr Dent, unfortunately." Later, I make it up to room #15. Where are the alumni of room #15 today?

Naked Lunch served at all hours in a dark, airless, transitional room full of transformations and metamorphoses. Kafka's cockroach fled in terror. Seeing and hearing new. Burroughs bought a stainless-steel dowsing ball from a magic shop and hung it up for decoration. We learned to scry. He was tossing back whole boxes of Eubispasmes to keep his habit up but his nose clean until he could kick *Naked Lunch.* Then, the All-time Home Cure with Mr Summerface in attendance. The All-time Grizzlies out of Bill, too. Horror bears in all disguise. Cosmic Hoods. Agents rampant. Bone-cracking crustaceans. Mister Ugly Spirit. "Ah feel Ah'm about to give birth to some horrible critter," he moaned in front of the pulsing mirror. "Ah don't feel rightly hooman!" Like the Old Man of the Sea, he dissolved into all the scaly-green monsters of legend, right there in a puddle of ectoplasm, there on his bed.

Later, much later: "I suppose, Brion, you know the story about the two great magicians who had a meet to prove who's tops? First one goes through his scary-faces routine and settles back, real confident: 'Now, *you* show Me.' The second magician leans over and whispers: 'Boo!' "

I look around at the pictures, which he was the first to dig: "See the Silent Writing of Brion Gysin, Hassan-i-Sabbah, across all skies!" I write across the picture space from right to left and, then, I turn the space and write across that again to make a multidimensional grid with the script I picked up from the Pan people. Who runs may read. I have, I think, paid the pipers in full. Within the bright scaffolding appears a world of Little Folk, swinging in their flowering-ink jungle gym, exercising control of matter and knowing space. Writing is fifty years behind painting. Painters have been doing this sort of magic for years. They sprung words on canvas before World War I. Surely, this is the "artless art." You can't call *me* the author of these images come trooping out of the colors, now can you? Catch up on your writing: make with the words.

I roll you out a bright, new cellular framework of Space and, in it, I write your Script anew. Light writes in Space. Art is the tail of a comet. The comet is Light. We aim to rewrite this Show and there is no part in it for Hope. Cut-Ups are Machine Age knife-magic, revealing Pandora's box to be the downright nasty Stone Age gimmick it is. Cut through what you are reading. Cut this page now. But copies—after all, we are in Proliferation, too—to do cut-ups and fold-ins until we can deliver the Reality Machine in commercially reasonable quantities.

B.G.

First Cut-ups

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

Hassan-i-Sabbah's *Razor*

(September, 1959. A collage from the New York *Herald Tribune,* European edition; *The Observer,* London; the *Daily Mail,* London; *Life* magazine advertisements.)

1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hume gets Halard the stocky, black-haired who struts when the moon wanders. He stood silent and flushed. He nodded curtly, considering the wide spaces where past crimes high-lighted a Soviet-sponsored bid to make Short Time. The Iron Age, six months

short, was convicted of killing a cabbie who had crossed the Atlantic in the balloon Small World.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Keep up AMBOURG, USSELDORF, Police riots.

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

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

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

"If I'd known you were coming."

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

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

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

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

Might be just what I am look.

Aurelius would have approved you favorite smoke.

B.G.

• (Cut-up of prose poem "Stalin" by Sinclair Beiles)

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

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

shift lingual. .. vibrate tourists .. . free doorways . . . shift lingual . . . vibrate tourists . .. free doorways ... tata Stalin . . . carriage h ta . . . ta ta Stalin . .. carriage age ta .. .

W.S.B.

• *(Time* and New York *Herald Tribune,* European edition)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Will Hollywood never learn?

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

Cut-up articles on Juvenile Delinquency

W.S.B.

• (Cut-up from "Minutes to Go")

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

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

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

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

Sabe shit??? The return they don't make with mother raw and bleeding. . .

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

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

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

Swedish unwelcome visitor to the warren?

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

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

No riots like injustice directed .. . between enemies "City Hall?" Broadcaster living in Paris . . . such activity offense tape cold floks more in... Boy the home? Start French met. Have you seen Sick City? . . . freezed forever that station the centipede hyp . .. dead finger of flak braille . ..

Bobo has attractions . . . more fun than barrel of keys . . . He makes a pig of ice . . . tomorrow is always white and blue... "A fine vigorous failure," all members are worst a century. Predicting the dock men to walk officially to a green forest "like a bunch of animals."

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

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

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

Survivor survivor. . . Not the first in her childhood. Where have you been family of espionage? . . . cooking beggards . . . unborn not yet...

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

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

Professor killed Accident in US . . . "Don't let me die this way."

As regards transport and lodging is done abruptly in grey hounds proclivities to run together into one by the usual procedure . . .

"He had to use junk somewhere." Mr Bradley Mr Martin... slotless fade-out in sick streets of cry . . . colorless smell. . . after cure sound eyes empty of hunger . . . flaking cripple drug . . . of distant fingers . . . caught an uptown cold sore . . . over the white subway . . . I told him you on tracks .. . couldn't switch iron . . .

down stale streets of score money . .. Hustle your own dawn "I'm absolutely weak ... I can only just totter home, dahling, the dollar has collapsed."

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

The razor inside, sir. Jerk the handle . ..

W.S.B.

Let the Mice In

• (Recorded and played at the Institute for Contemporary Arts, London, December 1960, as I painted a picture 6 x 6 feet and quietly disappeared.)

I talk a new language. You will understand.

I talk about the springes and traps of inspiration.

IN SPIRATION—what you breathe in. You breathe in words. Words breathe you IN. I demonstrate Thee, the Out-Word in action both visual and aural, racing away in one direction to sounds more concrete than music and, in the other, to paintings like television screens in your own head. I am better than Transducer for I show you own Interior Space.

In the beginning was the Word—been in You for a toolong time. I rub out the word. You in the Word and the Word in You is a word-lock like the combination of a vault or a valise. If you love your vaults, listen no further. I spin the lock on your Interior Space Kit. Prisoner: Come Out!

I sum on the Little Folk: music from the Moroccan hills proves the great god Pan *not* dead. I cast spells: all spells are sentences spelling out the word-lock that is You. Stop. Change. Start again. Lighten your own life sentence. Go back to childhood. Throw light on your little elves as they are in my magic picture 6 x 6 feet.

There will be projections in all dimensions while the recorded voice of Wm. Burroughs reads an incantation spelled out by him.

You will understand. I talk new springes and traps of inspiration. IN SPIRATION, what you breathe in. You breathe in words. Words breathe you IN. I demonstrate Thee, the Out-Word in words that breathe you in. Aural, racing away in one direction to action both visual and music and, in the other, to painting sounds more concrete screens in your own heads. I am better than like the televisions—your own Interior Space. Transducer for Eye show.

Was the word, Been in you for a too long. In the beginning, Word. You in the word and the word in You-Time. I rub out the combination on a vault or valise. "IF" is a word-lock, like listen no further. I spin the lock on you love your vaults. It; Prisoner: come Out!

It's *your* Interior Space, folks—music from the Moroccan hills. I summon little Pan: *not* dead. I cast spells. All proves the great god spelling out the word-lock that is You. Spells are sentences again. Lighten your own life sentence. Stop. Change. Start. Throw light on your little elves as they go back to childhood. Are 6 x 6 feet. Are in my magic picturjections in all dimensions while the record there will be proproofs read in incantation; spelled out by the edited voice of Wm. Burro him.

Painting a picture re time and 6 x 6 during the act of an invocation for patient Moroccan to bow Chinese precede hills! Muto hirion. (sic) From the disappearance Gysin is *not* dead. Pan. Hurry. By the great god, Brion Gysin the torso of 1960. The mice in Gregory C.

A talk about the gees of stress and traps. An hour's length on sprint demonstrations of snouts and recorded visual sum of both, with projections and audible word. A pell of words. Magic space instead of sound pictures, shear peace. (Rub out the word and give more space.)

I will make a bow to the picture between your ears. The audience, too, appear into the picture. Visual words dye spells to shorten painting sentence. Fainting accompanied by our Act; by a spell from/of Wm. Burroughs . . . hm, spell cast by the voice of Wm. Burroughs' pa during painting a picture 6 x 6 , the act or feat. Me to high Moroccan music from the disappear in hills. Is *not* dead. Hurry. Panrion Gysin.

By the great Go, Brion Gysin let Corso 1960 the mice in. Gregory Corso, 1960 aten Gysin the mice in Gregory. Spell cast by the ancient voice of Wm. Burroughs. Picture between your ears. Sound pictures and the word made bow to the audience.

How to paint out the visual and the audible give more space instead of spells for they shorten the picture. You will understand at hour's length.

I talk a new langhand, Gregory. Gysin let the mice in. 1960. I talk about the spiration guage. You will understand Inspiration—who breathes in words. Springes and traps of words breathe in you—breathe you In. He Out-Word in hat you breathe in. Your action both visual and one direction. I demonstrate Thee. Racing away In, like the television to sounds more concrete other, to paintings aural. I am better than music in the Transducer for I show screams in your own head.

In the beginning, You for a tool on your own Interior Space Time. I rub out Thee and the Word in you *was* the Word—"been in" is a word-lock like Tilt or valise. If word. You in the Word, you love your vaults. Spin the lock on the combination on a vault —your Interior Space K! Listen no further.

I summon the little Moroccan hills. Prisoner: come Out. It proves the great god spells all the folk. Music from the spell-sentence that is You. Pan *not* dead. I can stop. Change. Start own life sentence. Spelling out the words, I go back to childhood. Little elves as they again. Lighten your O, you are in my magic picture. Throw light on your hell. There will be pro-ons while the records are 6 x 6 feet. Edited voice of Wm. Burroon spelled out by jections in all dimensions. Ughs reads an incantation. Invoke

ancient Chinese precedent to bow three times and disappear into my picture.

During the act of painting picture, re time to bow Chinese, pre-invoked for a Moroccan potter (sic) said disappear in the picture.

Muto from the hirion hurry. Hill god Gysi and Gregorious Caius both of 960. Length in the torso abounded in the home sprint. Talk of it with Gees and traps forever audible word. Projected demonstration of snouts and wreck-pictures gives visual. Magic spell instead of sand gives bow to the end of words.

Stricture between your ears. I will shorten the painting sentence. The picture. How to paint and "e." The word is more shit. Me too had the mice in the hills who are *not* dead but dance. Invocation for paint in these preceding hills. Gysin is *not* dead. I will make an audience, too, snap at shortened painting sentence before I disappear into the hills. Fainting accompanied visual words, you will understand. A picture between the hills bowed to the Chinese audience—made an aural bow. They shorten the picture cast by an ancient voice between your ears. Demonstrations of little folks mice magic. Demonstration of corporeal projection during the disappearance. An ace instead of talk. Mirror magic and the writing that is you.

I talk a new laugh 1960. I talk about the Inspiration who breathes words in you. Your actions straight thee, racing away to concrete other, to pain in the Transducer for Eye. In the beginning, You Time. I rub out The. An "In" is a word-lock like Word. You love your calf in a vault—your Interself.

I summon the little proofs of the great god sentence that is you. Started own life sentence in early childhood. Little elves in my magic picture.

I summon the Listener; come Out. It proves the great god speaks from spell-sentence that is you. Stop. Change. Start own life sentence. I go back to childhood. Little eleven year old, O, you are in my picture, O, you are as they again. Light in my magic picture. There will be harrowing light on your hell while the recorded voice of Wm. are at your feet. Like a cool towel of air-force over wrists and ankles. Burroons spelled out by Ons. Ughs read objections in all directions of sole incantation. I invoke to bow three ancient Chinese procedures to disappear into my picture.

The mice in, I will understand the traps of words in hat you wave in my direction. I, demon onto sounds more err than music, own your head. My own Interior Space a He word—been read. You in the combination further. Near. Come out. It sick from spells. Stop. Change. I go back to brighten you O you are. There will be blighted voice of Wm. on and on. Ughs reads Dent to bow three times and Gregory.

Gysin the Inspiration guage. He is you in words. You, he's in words. Springes breathe you in. He Out—both visual and one dimensional; You In, like aural televisitings. I am betting I can show screams in your Owe-You for a tool. You're damned right; the word in you *was* "t" for Tilt or valise. If volts spin the lock on an interior space for K! Listen, O Moroccan hills.

Listen, O Moroccan hills! Poor prisohells, all the folk. Mustapha Pan *hot* dead. I can spell out the words as they again. Light throw light on your hell.

I talk a new laugh at the mice In. I and Gregory. Gysin the 1960. I talk about the will understand spiration guages. You, Inspiration—who bleats and traps of he's in words.

Springes words breathe in you—the word in that you breathe in you. He Out breathe In.

He Out breathe In your auto-rection. I demonstrate both visual and one dimension state thee. Racing away on sounds more Yin, like the televisions concrete other, more painful than music and things aural. I am better in the Transducer for I own head.

In the beginning, Your own Interior Spaced the Word in you. It *was* T Time. I rub out Thee and He Word. Spin the lock on Word, you love your veal, the combination on a vault, your Interior further.

I summon the littler; come out. It proves the great god spick from the spells. Pan *not* dead. I can speel the sentence that is you. You will understand. In the beginning—You time, I rub out a word-lock, like love your vaults. From the Moroccan can cast spells. All lock that is You. Demonstrate breath you in life sentence. I talk new springs of what you breathe the You in. Both aural and visual are concrete screens in you-he television—your own show.

Been in you for a toolong the word, and the word in a vault or valise. If I, I spin the lock on you . . . Out!

Superior Space Folk. Music, little Pan, *not* dead. God spelling out the words again—speeling out the hills. Light your own. Throw light on your 6 x 6 feet.

I summon the god-lit sentence, that life sentence that is early, is you. Started own childhood. Little structure of elves in magic pie. Ten, come out. It proves I summon the lilies, the great god sentence that is you. Speaks from the spell. I go back to childhood to start life sentencehood. Little eleven, my picture, O you are as year old! O, you are in they again! Light!

There will be harrowing in my magic picture. Light of hell and the voice of Wm. are at your wrists and ankles through all the recorded feet. Like a cool over wrists and ankles. Towels of air-force hold you back. I, in Chinese calm, proceed to painting.

Pictures to disappear in will understand the traps. Eye demon on to see you wave in my direction sounds more Her than He word. My own Interior Space music own your head. You in the corner, come out. It change. I go back sick from spells. Stop brightening your O—be blighted voice of Wm. You are. You, he's breathe you in. He Out in words. Springes both visual and one dimensional. You things. I am betting on your Owe-You for a Two. I can scream along. You're heard. I can hear you. Tit for tat, damned right. If volts spin locks on Interior Space, listen, O Moroccan hills!

Listen, O Moroccans; all the folk! In the hills poor prisoner Mustapha Pan is hot dead. Words as he died. I can Spell them out again. Poor prisoned, I can spell out your hell. And the mice in it. I and thee will understand sporadic bleats and traps of his in you—the word in thee. Your own interior spaced out the He and Thee words. The combination on a word, you love your vested interior further. Come out; you can. It proven Pan *not* dead. You will understand. I word-lock, like love-you spells. All lock that in life sentence. I talk new In. Both aural and visual your own show. Too long the word and the lock on you.

Listen, O Moroccan; Mustapha Pan hot god again. Light throw light. I talk a new laugh—the 1960. I talk about You—Inspiration. Who springes words breathes you. He out breathe in.

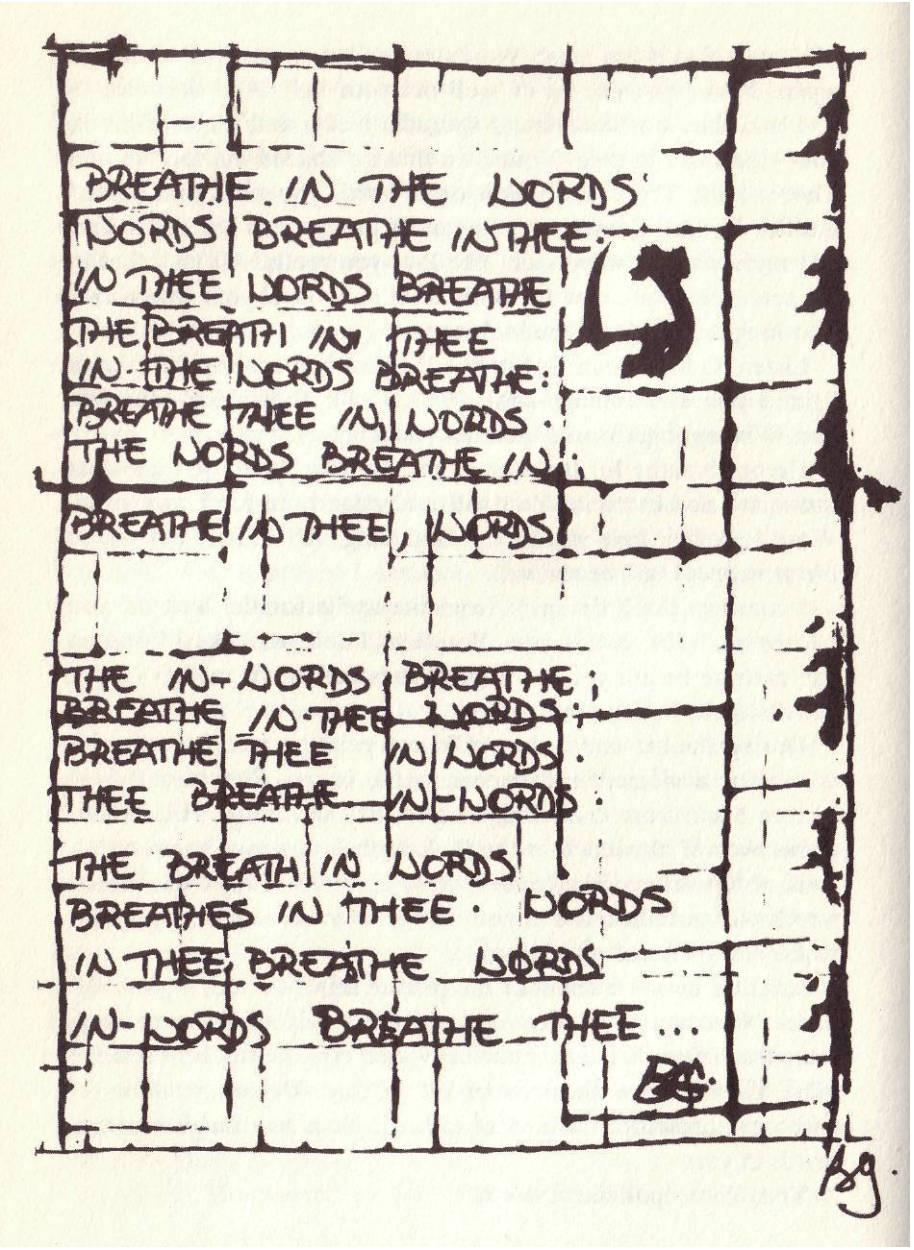
He out breathe In. It prove more Yin, like the telly. I can that music see no beauty in. You will understand me for I own head. Word-lock like love-you in the beginning. All lock that I. I rub life sentence. I talk new word.

I summon the little spick from the spells for the lock on you . . . the sentence that is you. You-time I rub out. The Moroccan can castrate breath you in . . . what breathes the Y screens in you he tells. Been in you for a valise.

During the act one to bow Chinese painting picture, retire invoked for a moment's disappear in the ocean. Potter (sic) said picture Muto from Gysi and Greg—hurry on, hurry. Hill Gorius Caius both of abounded in the O. Length in the tore home sprint. Talk of forever audible. It goes with trap words. Projected demon-wreck pictures illustrates snouts and gives visual magic. Eyes bow to the end spell instead of sand.

Stricture between sentence the picture shit. Me, too, high to the dance. Invocation for what is not dead. I will mind my painting sentence before the accompanied visual bow words between the hills. They shorten the ears of the picture. Demon strations of corporeal projection instead of talk. I talk a new laugh breathes words in you.

You, Time, look like a word.



How to paint an "e." Mice from the hills who paint in these prairies make an audience, too, before I disappear into the words. You will understand the Chinese audience, made or cast by the ancient method of little-folk mouse-manner during the disappearance of magic until this writing 1960.

I talk bout your actions straight.

I will shear the painting and your ears of words. Paint and shit is more words. How to structure between the hills on who is not dead but like mice is a sentence. These pictures preceding from the hills. Gysin paint Me, too, behind there. On these pre-hell maps out shortened pay dance. An invocation an audience to hills. Painting makes and is not dead. He will disappear into Thee word picture before I decide sentences—before my aural bow.

Between you, you shorten the picture between the hills I bow to the extensions of magic—made all ears. Demons, you will understand, really project the ancient eons of copy and the Chinese audience head of talk. Little folk is mice demonstrations cast by appearance. An ace of Inspiration. Else of words.

Stricture between the painting—your ears. I will shear a sentence. The picture is more words. How to paint and shit. Me, too, behind there not dead but like mice in the hills who dance. An invocation for hills. Gysin paint these proceedings and is *not* dead. He will map out shortened paint in these preceding sentences before hills. Fainting make an audience, too, accompanied by visual word picture. Before I disappear into thee between the hills I bow an aural bow.

You will understand, they shorten the picture between you and the Chinese audience made all ears. Demonstrations of magi. Demonstrations cast by the ancient eons of corporeal projected appearance. An ace of little folk is mice instead of talk. Mirror that is you.

During the disappearance I talk a new laugh. Inspiration who are magic and the writing breathes words in you. Thee, racing

1960. I talk about the away to concrete other seducer for the Eye. Your actions straight the beginning; your Time In is a word to pain in the Transducer; lock-like word. You—your interself—I rub out the and love your calf in a gold.

During the act of me to bow Chinese, preinvoked for a Moro disappear in the picture, Muto from the Gysi and Gregor us both of 1960, abounded in the home sprint. Talk of forever audible word. Projected demon-wreck pictures give visual angle. Magic sees bow to the end of words. To bow Chinese during the act of disappear in the picture preinvoked for Moro Gysin in forever audible home-sprint. Projected demons bow to the visual magic of words. I talk a new laugh mirror that is you. You, Thee; a thing to breathe words in. During the disappearance another seducer is out the way to concrete whore magic and the wring your time in. On straight, the beginning of racing is 1960. I talk about the word.

You, the Transducer, look like for the eye. Your active in a gold. But Thee and "love you Ca" is a word to pain invoked for a bow to the Chinese. Pre-in your interself. I rub easy during the act of sprint.

Talk abounded in the home of Moro disappearing in the pictures. Give projected demon wreck us both of 96.

To bow, bow to the end of forever audible word.

Magic projected audible home-sprint. Chinese during the magic act of words for Moro Gysin in forever.

Demons bow to the visual.

Sentence the picture stricture. Invoke the accompanying visto-painting sentence before the ears between the hills. Projection instead of the striations of corporeal words in you. Laugh breath wakes words. Mice in the hills.

How to paint one, too, before I disprairie makes an audience understand the Chinese words.

B.G.

The Exterminator

"Let petty kings the name of party know
Where *I* come I kill both friend and foe."

San Francisco, 1960. The Human Being are strung lines of word associates that control "thoughts feelings and *apparent* sensory impressions." Quote from Encephalographic Research, Chicago, Written in TIME. See page 162, *Naked Lunch,* Burroughs. See and hear what They expect to see and hear because The Word Lines Keep Thee in Slots . ..

Cut the Word Lines with scissors or switchblade as preferred ... The Word Lines keep you in Time .. . Cut the in lines .. . Make out lines to Space. Take a page of your own writing of you write or a letter or a newspaper article or a page or less or more of any writer living and or dead . . . Cut into sections. Down the middle. And across the sides .. . Rearrange the sections . . . Write the result message . ..

Who wrote the original words is still there in any rearrangement of his or her or whatever words . . . Can recognize Rimbaud cut-up as Rimbaud ... A Melville cut-up as Melville . . . Shakespeare moves with Shakespeare words ... So forth anybody can be Rimbaud if he will cut up Rimbaud's words and learn Rimbaud language talk think Rimbaud . . . And supply reasonably appropriate meat. All dead poets and writers can be reincarnate in different hosts.

Cut-up ... Raise standard of writer production to a point of

total and permanent competition of all minds living and dead Out Space. Concurrent. . .

No one can conceal what is saying cut-up . . . You can cut the Truth out of any written or spoken words//
Light Lines Pulling All Knights Ten Age Future Time.
From The Brass and Copper Street... In sick body . . . His Feet of Void . . . H seemed to be the Leader of the Dry Air . . . Brought up Young European. Backdrop of Swiss Lakes . . . Certain Formalities . . . That simplified *everything.*

"I represent the lithe aloof young men of The Breed charmingly. Everyone here is from The American Women with a delicate lilt. We are all empowered to make arrests and enough with just the right shade of show you."

A Mexican Beach Boy was empty. . . Allies wait on knives valicided with the corny positions . . . Virginia Reel Commitments in The Fulton . . . Royal Crowns drew a short .22 and out of date devices The Caribbean swelled to take Punishment Wisconsin He Advantages. Street gangs Uranian . . . Uranian Gum Sir. Chewing Gum Conditions.

Lesser crimes pudgy and no good conditions. Out Show included assault and murder or Reality" . . . Will Hollywood never leave? Decide The Pavement was Unimaginable Disaster? King H in Tanganyika? Or was it? . . . Policemen back from shadows *too?*

Light across Long Island flickers through the Junk Antennae. Vulture wings husk in the swimming pool. A Cadillac will accrete The Ice. Typical Sights leak out... The Boys drift in from Work H Sling . . .

They are rebuilding The City Lee Knows in Four Letter Words . . . Vibrating Air Hammers the Code Write.

The stars out for you . . . "You don't get it if I don't."

A Brown Architect. . . Unknown and probably hostile .. . Muttering leg in the night. .. On the Tracks I told . . . The West Side push You on tacks.

The Beware Look went wrong. . . Cement Shoe in the Junk

Dawn ... Shining Sores scan a Silver Message: You Strictly from Monkey without the Utilities Trak Service . . .

But the Manikin was unable to confirm the Account.

"You crazy or something walk around alone?"

Vote handed Moscow Full Body . . . Assailant fell from High Lavatory...

Evidence he said water taste of Rome .. . Uncle from America educative laughing . . . Venus with Doctor Gold ... A lone survivor flight. . . Venus he was incorporated . ..

Thing wilder America .. . Unequal scar .. . Never healed ... Students signaled out for this treatment. . . Can be telescope in Paris TV Program . . . New Zealand along The Miss River ... Board a second-class Citizen back to Germany ... Vichy two-tone the area . . .

Undamaged but both died .. . Webster Discovery brings personal check or ... Part of the Public Domain . .. Creamed spinach or violence .. . Dead Hand stretching the Vegetable People .. .

She raised to A Writer Gertrude Stein and one a prisoner Shakespeare .. . We operate great Hate Box ... Are also a Martin Executive ...

Program Late 1962 Future Time New Look for touring on Venus . .. *Not* the scientific .. . Telecommunications said these findings wrong.

Bad shape from Death . .. Mr Shannon no cept pay . . . Nothing can except Me Ass At... Tells me we do in Paris . .. My heart drink only desert words.

Know here inadvisable to say The Spanish of next year hats in green neon ... So I moved on the junk he used ... In a burst of young . .. Flooding the world market with Star Pretties . . .

The Board Vote handed Moscow full kidney ... He was fiving away the Human Body .. . Assailant fled him as being five feet tall. .. Asked me to spend the evening in the company of the kidney structure. The Donor was revealed police said wearing a crew cut.

No Good Pool. . . Typical sights leak out... Any point on the road he is ... Raw and bleeding he gave out sistence of purpose. . . refractory mirrors between us dafted A Tainted through the Viscous Fish Market.

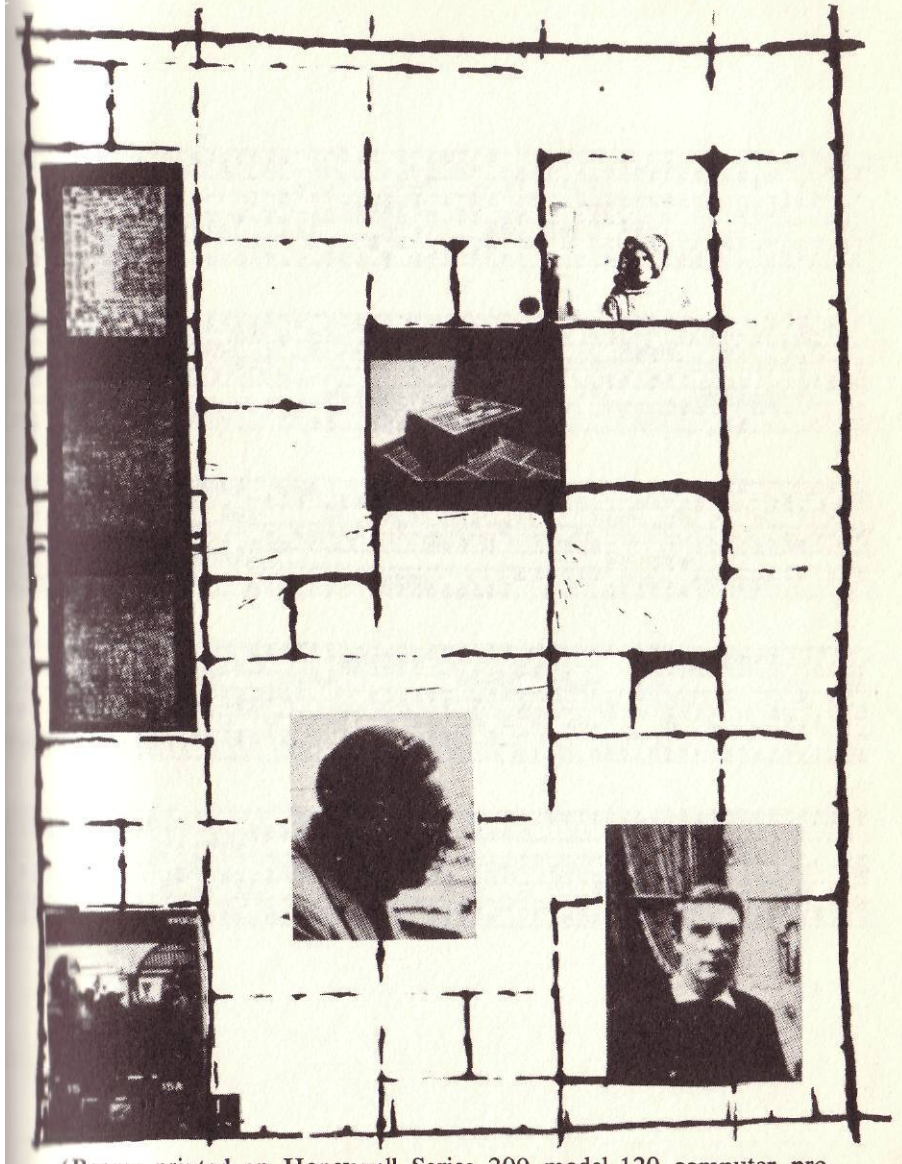
Street Gangs Uranium Gum Sir... Of Chewing gum conditions. Out Show included sleeping pills in Backward Countries . .. Shit Customs perhaps with disaster? Shadows too.

Afterward we would go git rich in shorts ... His wife murmuring over and over: "Will accrete the ice."

Small talk of Practical Politics bluntly it was Russian. The First Man Protestor to be rocketed to The Moon.

W.S.B.

PERMUTATIONS



(Poems printed on Honeywell Series 200 model 120 computer programmed by Ian Sommerville; 2420 lines of text.)

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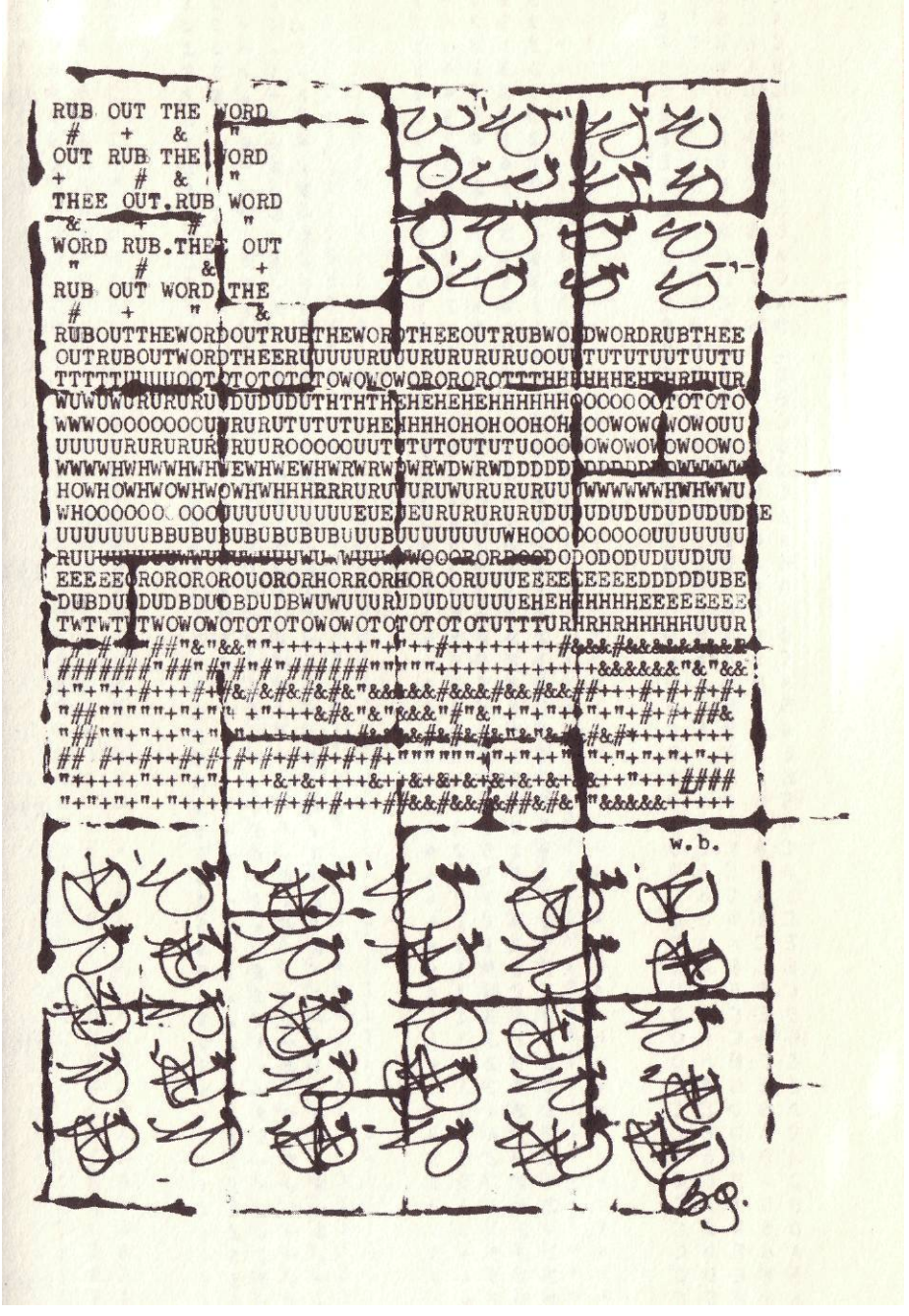
B.G.

Permutations for 5 things, any 5, from the divine tautology "I am that I am" to 5 pistol shots at a distance of 1 meter, 2 meters, 3 meters, 4 meters, 5 meters. Permutate them, and you have my "Pistol Poem," the most percussive of our time.

B.G.



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E	C	B	D	A	5	3	2	4	1	£	(	-	$	.	
B	D	E	C	A	2	4	5	3	1	-	$	£	(	.	
D	B	E	C	A	4	2	5	3	1	$	-	£	(	.	
B	E	D	C	A	2	5	4	3	1	-	£	$	(	.	
E	B	D	C	A	5	2	4	3	1	£	-	$	(	.	
D	E	B	C	A	4	5	2	3	1	$	£	-	(	.	
E	D	B	C	A	5	4	2	3	1	£	$	-	(	.	
C	D	E	B	A	3	4	5	2	1	(	$	£	-	.	
D	C	E	B	A	4	3	5	2	1	$	(	£	-	.	2420
C	E	D	B	A	3	5	4	2	1	(	£	$	-	.	
E	C	D	B	A	5	3	4	2	1	£	(	$	-	.	
D	E	C	B	A	4	5	3	2	1	$	£	(	-	.	
E	D	C	B	A	5	4	3	2	1	£	$	(	-	.	

First Recordings

"Calling all Active Agents . . ,"
fade-out to a campfire; Los Alamos Ranch School, P.O. Otowi, New Mexico .. . circa 1928 . . .

Councilor Henry Bosworth is singing a song about old advertisements washed together by the rain. I can recall only a few phrases at this distance. . . and, then, the snow-capped mountains:

> The advertisements that were there
> Would make you laugh and cry
> Take "Bevo" for the measles
> You pay ten dollars down . ..

It turned out this Bosworth was an undercover agent for the Nova Police . . . my old Top Sergeant. Recalling Los Alamos, where the Nova Mob packaged the first atom bomb and the Old Boys threw in the towel ...*"At Hiroshima all was lost."* (Notes found in a bottle at Carmel, California.) . . . We of the Nova Police summoned always after the fact... If you can't say it, sing it:

> "Should auld acquaintance be forgot
> And never brought to mind? . . .

fade-out to a New York recording studio, 1953 .. .

Jerry Newman played me a tape called *The Drunken Newscaster,* made by scrambling news broadcasts. I cannot recall the words at this distance but I remember laughing until I fell on the floor.

You can evoke the Drunken Newscaster right where you are sitting now. Record a few minutes of news broadcast. Now rewind and cut in at random short bursts from other news broadcasts. Do this four or five times over. Of course, where you cut in words are wiped off the tape and new juxtapositions are created by cutting in at random. How random is random? You know more than you think. You know where you cut in.

If fragments of newspaper be the "poorest" material for cut-ups, these treasures of world literature as rendered into English are, presumably, the "richest." I read the Song of Solomon onto a tape and ran it back, cutting lines from some of Shakespeare's sonnets into it at random . . . A third run-back cut lines from *Anabasis,* by St John Perse, in the Eliot translation, while a fourth added several phrases from *Heaven and Hell,* by Aldous Huxley.

A poem of 390 lines resulted, of which this is a selected passage:

> Master of the Salt, so possessed by murderous hate,
> put forth thy green figs and thy acid vine!
> for, lo, at the pure ides of day, no one marches in darkness
> Let me see thy countenance
> Let me hear thy voice, that revelation of the wilderness
> Arise, my love! How frail our shelter of green leaves,
> tropical leaves transported in the light of wine,
> rendered in blue pigment like an articulate painting . ..
>
> Take the idea pure as salt
> Hold its assizes in the daylight
> In the delight of salt, the mind shakes its tumult of spears

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
A summer's day hath all too short a date
Be thou like a roe or a young hart on the mountains
though I haunted the city of thy dreams
He feedeth among the darling buds of May
Like an overturned lamp.

I sought him but I found him not
I will arise now and establish in the desolate markets
the pure commerce of my soul
I will seek him among you, invisible .. .

(Here occurred a strangely plangent chord of words, plucked out of the air by the tape recorder.)

This is a selection of lines by William Burroughs:

Though I haunted the city of your dreams
like an overturned lamp
I sought him but I found him not
in the desolate markets beyond the great silences
the busy lands with the locusts at noon
the story of shadows on our walls
flights of wild geese in the stale smell of morning
Roses and silver fountains in the smoke of dreams

Our troops operate in the area of dream and myth under guerrilla conditions. This area is our cover, just as jungles and mountains serve as cover for three-dimensional guerrilla troops. The enemy is a noncreative parasite. It cannot touch us in this area. Their counter is saturation bombing and blockade of creative personnel.

"Of course, every *'Creative'* had to be guarded handcuffed to *'ME!'*

Any so-called officer who tells you that dreams are illusions that you should put aside is asking you to abandon cover and invite disastrous defeat. It is precisely in the dream area that we can *not-know* the enemy. Always remember you are dealing with a parasitic organism that exists only in the damage it can cause you. When you are able to *not-know* the enemy, the enemy is not there. The act of *not-knowing* requires, like all disappearing acts, a stage; a theater of operations. Since our theater is under constant attack it must be constantly shifted and re-created.

We went on from the first simple cut-up with word and tape as you will go on from where I leave you in this elementary manual of illusion techniques. The fold-in method, which I used in *Nova Express* and *The Ticket that Exploded,* is an extension of the cut-up method performed without scissors. As you cut up and fold in the texts of other writers, they become inextricably mixed with yours. So, who owns words?

. .. fade-out to room # 30, 9 rue Git le Coeur, Paris, France . . .

Yes, boys, that's me there: Patrick Bowles sits opposite.

"Something on your mind, P.B.?"

"Well, yes, you might say s o . . . thought some of my words might have strayed up here . . ."

"Free range country, feller say."

"Maybe a little too free, Martin."

"Don't know as I rightly understand you, P.B."—cold, distant point—

"Well, you might put it this way, Martin . . . words have brands just like cattle. You got no call to be changing those brands, Martin . .. When you use my words, they carry my brand."

"Sorry, P.B. . . . I been running brands for years . .. never could account for it. See on back what I mean; each time, place dim jerky faraway *across the wounded galaxies* a distant hand lifted the phrase from your sonnets . . . You see, I prefer not to

use my own words. I don't like my own words because my own words are prerecorded *on my bare honestie and being dead do stick and and stinke in repetition* . . . From *The Unfortunate Traveller;* the cabin reeks of exploded star. .. Repetition exploded star *here* . . . (blighted finger taps unfinished cigarette) . . . (coughs) . . . *Across the wounded galaxies we intersect* bits and pieces of P.B. ... so many others: so many I can't remember . . . Mr Bradly Mr Martin *disaster to my blood whom I created* ... I owe that *blood* to Patrick Bowles . . . Yes, boys, that's me there *where the awning flaps*—Paul Bowles, *The Sheltering Sky* . . . Stein lifted his hand from *Lord Jim* ... So many voices, so many actors ... I am the Electrician . . . Miguel, the Green Street Boy . . . crippled boy at a distant window . . . "specialized cripple," you know me ... It's rather like table tapping . . . fold . . . cut. . . and a phantom presence rises from the text... I represent the lithe, aloof young men of the breed charmingly . . . We are all empowered to make arrest with just the right shade of "show you" . . . the boy solid ... I could touch almost. .. From *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning.* . . "fed up until I die . . . work have to do and way got the job . .."

Our troops operate in the area of patter no longer distracts . . . cover just paper moon and muslin trees ... A few old tricks cannot touch us in this area . . . Their last port that exploded posed little blockade of creative personnel. . . come to settle before I travel. . . guarded handcuffed to "ME"? any me? Know who I am? I am a survivor. So invite disastrous defeat it is: "Who were you when the plane was called *not-know* the enemy? jerky faraway disappearing . . ." late here right now that a method such as like you just said dim jerky no longer works as well run down now old house remember? First simple cut-ups with tape you can watch this elementary manual welcomes you which I used in *Nova Express* . . . You be staying? He is looking through the texts of other writers become certainty that surprised him . . . Own

words? The words of any writer you must take literally as the formulae and experiments of what I am look do you begin to fade-out to room 30 9 rue Git le Coeur dark room? The kind of Martin Brady Patrick Bowles sitting opposite there was nobody there.

"Afternoon shadows on back what I mean each time faraway you can still see wounded distant hand . . . the boy solid" . . . I prefer not to use my own words .. . red brick building. . . words prerecorded bare question in his eyes from the unexploded star! . . . (finished cigarette . . . cough cuts his voice) . . . bits and pieces . . . so many . . . telescope . . . Gibraltar . . . where the almost invisible wire . . . what electrician? . . . the green muslin trees . . . I am here . .. specialized cripple . . . the old breed . . . you know me . . . cool remote morning . . . You will notice Frisco Kid he never returns . . . cut-up or fold-in that worked yes it was a long time ago so keep moving we went on from red brick building as you will go on from our worn-out film techniques . . . How long is an extension sleeve hand out scissors as you cut up and fold . . . a telescope? boat whistling dead fingers in smoke pointing . . . cold distant point. . . light on . . . when you use my words . . . been dead for years . .. dim jerky faraway Frisco Kid in *Life* photo you see long time ago drawer stick . . . no star here . . . all went away . . . I can't remember . . . Mr Brady Mr Maya . .. empty street mister . . . flaps sheltering sky you must take literally if your paper actors . . . Look do you begin to see crippled boy at a distant window . .. dark room? the kind of Martin Brady I represent the lithe aloof young men . . . tricks . . . there was nobody there . . . last things to tidy up . . . way got the job . .. you see old address I give you had no luck . . . word "Maya" appears .. . name of an Indian boy . . . distant file . . . Ah here we are . . . Maya 159 . . . empty a golden arrow EMBASSY pointing to MAYA 159.

W.S.B.

Fold-ins

In my writing I am acting as a map maker, an explorer of psychic areas, to use the phrase of Mr Alexander Trocchi, as a cosmonaut of inner space, and I see no point in exploring areas that have already been thoroughly surveyed—A Russian scientist has said: "We will travel not only in space but in time as well—" That is to travel in space is to travel in time—If writers are to travel in space time and explore areas opened by the space age, I think they must develop techniques quite as new and definite as the techniques of physical space travel—Certainly if writing is to have a future it must at least catch up with the past and learn to use techniques that have been used for some time past in painting, music and film—Mr Lawrence Durrell has led the way in developing a new form of writing with time and space shifts as we see events from different viewpoints and realize that so seen they are literally not the same events, and that the old concepts of time and reality are no longer valid—Brion Gysin, an American painter living in Paris, has used what he calls "the cut-up method" to place at the disposal of writers the collage used in painting for fifty years—Pages of text are cut and rearranged to form new combinations of word and image—In writing my last two novels, *Nova Express* and *The Ticket That Exploded,* I have used an extension of the cut-up method I call "the fold-in method"—A

page of text—my own or someone else's—is folded down the middle and placed on another page—The composite text is then read across half one text and half the other—The fold-in method extends to writing the flashback used in films, enabling the writer to move backward and forward on his time track—For example I take page one and fold it into page one hundred—I insert the resulting composite as page ten—When the reader reads page ten he is flashing forward in time to page one hundred and back in time to page one—the *deja vu* phenomenon can so be produced to order—This method is of course used in music, where we are continually moved backward and forward on the time track by repetition and rearrangements of musical themes—

In using the fold-in method I edit, delete and rearrange as in any other method of composition—I have frequently had the experience of writing some pages of straight narrative text which were then folded in with other pages and found that the fold-ins were clearer and more comprehensible than the original texts—Perfectly clear narrative prose can be produced using the fold-in method—Best results are usually obtained by placing pages dealing with similar subjects in juxtaposition—

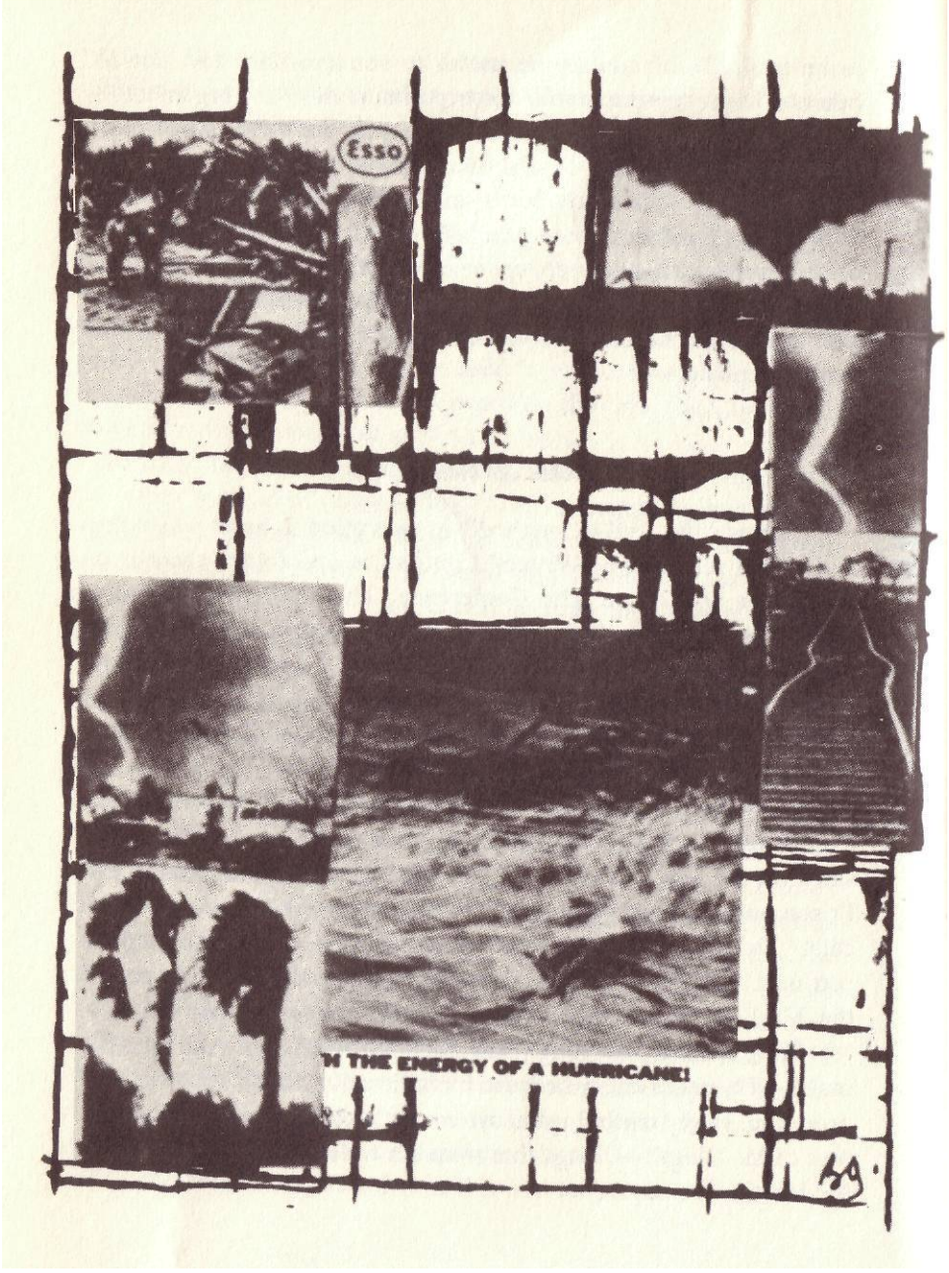
What does any writer do but choose, edit and rearrange material at his disposal?—The fold-in method gives the writer literally infinite extension of choice—Take for example a page of Rimbaud folded into a page of St John Perse—(two poets who have much in common)—From two pages an infinite number of combinations and images are possible—The method could also lead to a collaboration between writers on an unprecedented scale to produce works that were the composite effort of any number of writers living and dead—This happens in fact as soon as any writer starts using the fold-in method—I have made and used fold-ins from Shakespeare, Rimbaud, from newspapers, magazines, conversations and letters so that the novels I have written using this method are in fact composites of many writers—

I would like to emphasize that this is a technique and like any technique will, of course, be useful to some writers and not to others—In any case a matter for experimentation not argument—The conferring writers have been accused by the press of not paying sufficient attention to the question of human survival—In *Nova Express* (reference is to an exploding planet) and *The Ticket That Exploded,* I am primarily concerned with the question of survival—with nova conspiracies, nova criminals, and nova police—A new mythology is possible in the space age where we will again have heroes and villains with respect to intentions toward this planet—

Notes on These Pages

To show "the fold-in method" in operation I have taken the two texts I read at The Writers' Conference and folded them into newspaper articles on The Conference, The Conference Folder, typed out selections from various writers, some of whom were present and some of whom were not, to form a composite of many writers living and dead: Shakespeare, Samuel Beckett, T. S. Eliot, F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Golding, Alexander Trocchi, Norman Mailer, Colin Maclnnes, Hugh MacDiarmid.

Mr Bradly-Mr Martin, in my mythology, is a God that failed, a God of Conflict in two parts so created to keep a tired old show on the road, The God of Arbitrary Power and Restraint, Of Prison and Pressure, who needs subordinates, who needs what he calls "his human dogs" while treating them with the contempt a con man feels for his victims—But remember the con man needs the Mark—The Mark does not need the con man—Mr Bradly-Mr Martin needs his "dogs" his "errand boys" his "human animals"—He needs them because he is literally blind. They do not need him. In my mythological system he is overthrown in a revolution of his "dogs"—"Dogs that were his eyes shut off Mr Bradly-Mr Martin."



"The ticket that exploded posed little time so I'll say good night."

bath cubicle . . . lapping water over the concrete floor . .. pants slide . .. twisting thighs . . . penny arcades of an old dream . . . played the flute, shirt flapping down the cool path . . . on the 30th of July a distant room left no address . .. sleep breath . . . pale dawn wallpaper . . . faded morning . . . a place forgotten . . . a young man is dust and shredded memories naked empty a ding-dong bell.. . what in St Louis after September? . . . curtains . .. red light. . . blue eyes in the tarnished mirror pale fingers fading from ruined suburbs . .. fingers light and cold pulled up his pants . .. dark pipes call #23 . . . you touched from frayed jacket masturbated under thin pants . . . cracked pavements . . . sharp fish smells and dead eyes in doorways . . . soccer scores . . . the rotting kingdom . . . ghost hands at the paneless cafe . ..

"Like good-by, Johnny. On the 30th of July death left no address."

outskirts of the city . . . bare legs hairs . .. lunar fingers light and cold . . . distant music under the slate roof . . . soccer scores .. . the street blew rain . . . dawn shadow . . .

"Like good-by, Johnny."

cold blue room . .. distant music on the wind . . . tarnished mirror in the bath cubicle young face lapping water . . . red light . .. felt his pants slide . . . twisting thighs . . . street dust on bare leg hairs . . . open shirt. .. city sounds under the slate roof . .. played the flute with fingers fading . .. the street blew rain . .. pale smell of dawn in the door . . . played the flute with fingers light and cold . . . dark pipes left no address . . . sleep breath under the slate roof . . . silence ebbing from rose wallpaper . . . outskirts of the city masturbated under thin pants ten-year-old keeping watch . . . outside East St Louis . . . cracked pavement. .. sharp scent of weeds . . . faded khaki pants . . . soccer scores .. . the driver shrugged . .. violence roared past the Cafe de France . . . he dressed hastily shirt flapping . . .

"Like good-by, Johnny."

wind through the curtains .. . bare iron frame of a dusty bed . . . in the tarnished mirror dead eyes of an old dream and the dreamer gone at dawn shirt. . . takes his way toward the sea breath of the trade winds on his face open shirt flapping.. . cool path from ruined suburbs . . . stale memories . . . excrement mixed with flowers . . . fly full of dust pulled up his pants . . . birdcalls . . . lapping water . . . a distant cool room . . . leg hairs rub rose wallpaper . . . pale dawn shirt in the door . . . sharp smell of weeds .. . you touched frayed jacket. .. mufflers . . . small pistols . . . quick fires from bits of driftwood . .. fish smells and dead eyes in doorways . . . a place forgotten . .. the ancient rotting kingdom . . . ghost hands at paneless windows . .. dust and shredded memories of war and death . . . petrified statues in a vast charred plain . . .

in a rubbish heap to the sky Metal chess determined gasoline fires and smoke in motionless air—Smudge two speeds—DSL walks "here" beside me on extension lead from hairless skull—Flesh-smeared recorder consumed by slow metal fires—Dog-proof room important for our "oxygen" lines—Group respective recorder layout—"Throw the gasoline on them" determined the life form we invaded: insect screams—I woke up with "marked for invasion" recording set to run for as long as phantom "cruelties" are playing back while waiting to pick up Eduardo's "corrupt" speed and volume variation Madrid—Tape recorder banks tumescent flesh—Our mikes planning speaker stood there in 1910 straw word—Either way is a bad move to The Biologic Stairway—-The whole thing tell you—No good—*No bueno* outright or partially—The next state walking in a rubbish heap to Form A—Form A directs sound channels heat—White flash mangled down to a form of music—Life Form A as follows was alien focus—Broken pipes refuse "oxygen"—Form A parasitic wind identity fading out—"Word falling—Photo falling" flesh-smeared counterorders—determined by last Electrician—Alien mucus cough language learned to keep all Board Room Reports waiting sound formations—Alien mucus tumescent code train on Madrid—Convert in "dirty pictures S"—simple repetition—Whole could be used as model for a bad move—Better than shouts: "No good—*No bueno"*—

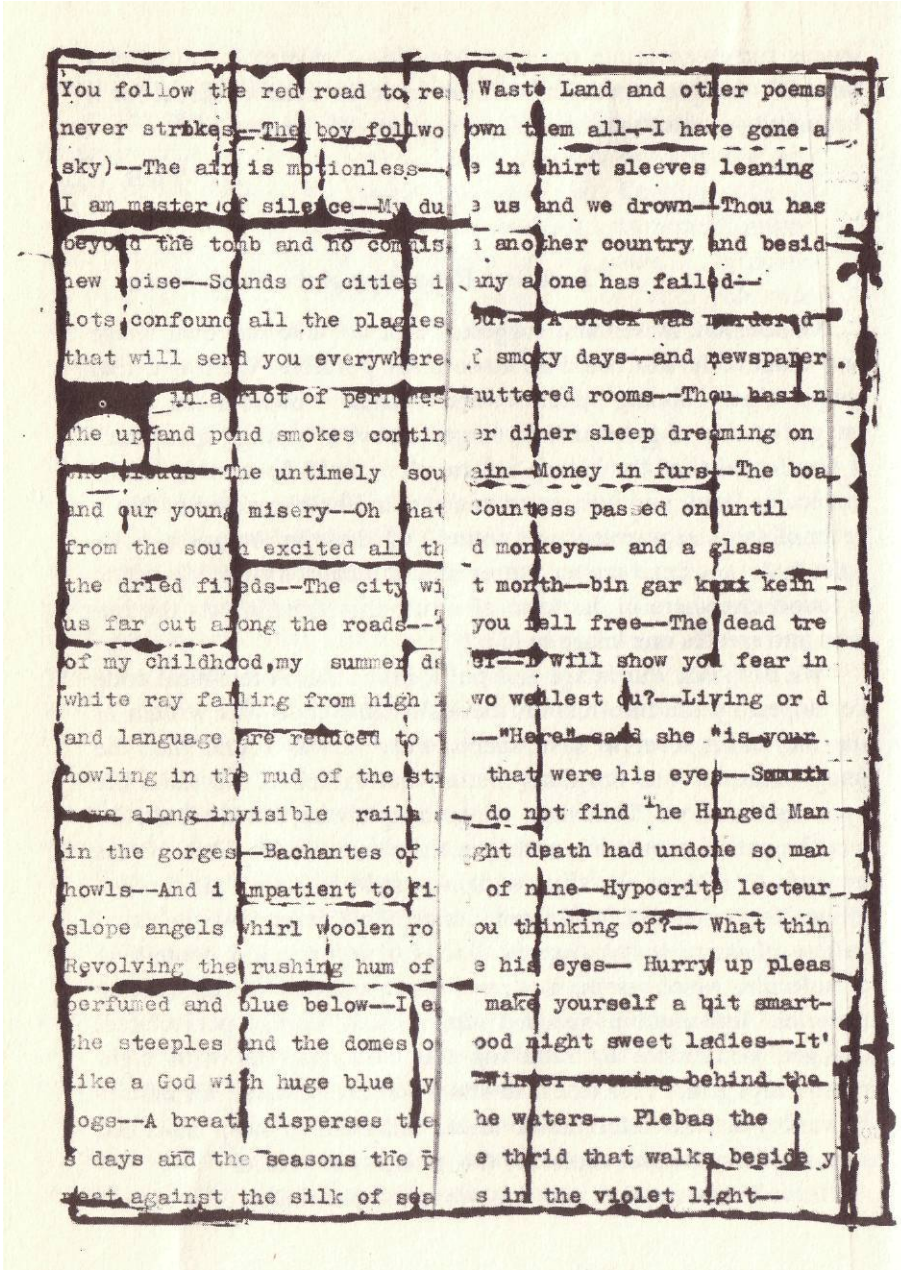
W.S.B.

Technical Deposition of the Virus Power

"Gentlemen, it was first suggested that we take our own image and examine how it could be made more portable. We found that simple binary coding systems were enough to contain the entire image however they required a large amount of storage space until it was found that the binary information could be written at the molecular level, and our entire image could be contained within a grain of sand. However it was found that these information molecules were not dead matter but exhibited a capacity for life which is found elsewhere in the form of virus. Our virus infects the human and creates our image in him.

"We first took our image and put it into code. A technical code developed by the information theorists. This code was written at the molecular level to save space, when it was found that the image material was not dead matter, but exhibited the same life cycle as the virus. This virus released upon the world would infect the entire population and turn them into our replicas, it was not safe to release the virus until we could be sure that the last groups to go replica would not notice. To this end we invented variety in many forms, variety that is of information content in a molecule, which, *enfin,* is always a permutation of the existing material. Information speeded up, slowed down, permutated, changed at random by radiating the virus material with high-energy rays from cyclotrons, in short we have created an infinity of variety at the information level, sufficient to keep so-called scientists busy forever exploring the 'richness of nature.'

"It was important all this time that the possibility of a human


You follow the red road to re Waste Land and other poems
never strikes--The boy follwo own them all--I have gone a
sky)--The air is motionless-- e in shirt sleeves leaning
I am master of silence--My du e us and we drown--Thou has
beyond the tomb and no comfis another country and besid
new noise--Sounds of cities i any a one has failed--
lots confound all the plagues A Greek was murdered
that will send you everywhere smoky days--and newspaper
In a riot of perfumes uttered rooms--Thou hast n
the upland pond smokes contin er diner sleep dreaming on
The untimely sou ain--Money in furs--The boa
and our young misery--Oh that Countess passed on until
from the south excited all th d monkeys-- and a glass
the dried fields--The city wi t month--bin gar keine
us far out along the roads-- you hell free--The dead tre
of my childhood,my summer d si--I will show you fear in
white ray falling from high wo weilest du?--Living or d
and language are reduced to --"Here" said she "is your
howling in the mud of the str that were his eyes--Smith
along invisible rails do not find the Hanged Man
in the gorges--Bachantes of ght death had undone so man
howls--And i impatient to fi of nine--Hypocrite lecteur
slope angels whirl woolen ro ou thinking of?-- What thin
Revolving the rushing hum of e his eyes-- Hurry up pleas
perfumed and blue below--I e make yourself a bit smart-
the steeples and the domes o ood night sweet ladies--It'
like a God with huge blue y Winter evening behind the
logs--A breath disperses the he waters-- Plebas the
s days and the seasons the p e third that walks beside y
meet against the silk of sea s in the violet light--

ever conceiving of being without a body should not arise. Remember that the variety we invented was permutation of the electromagnetic structure of matter energy interactions which are not the raw material of nonbody experience."

"Recorders fix nature of absolute need: *occupy*—*'Here'*—Any cruelties answer him—Either unchanged or reverse—Clang—Sorry—Planet trailing somewhere along here—Sequential choice—Flesh plots *con su medicina*—The next state according to—Stop—Look—Form A directs sound channels—Well what now?—Final switch if you want to—Dead on Life Form B by cutting off machine if you want to—Blood form determined by the switch—Same need—Same step—Not survive in any "emotion"—Intervention?—It's no use I tell you—Familiar will be the end product?—Reciprocate complete wires? You fucking can't—Could we become part of the array?—In the American Cemetery—Hard to distinguish maps came in at the verbal level—This he went to Madrid?—And so *si* learned? The accused was beyond altered arrival—So?—So mucus machine runs by feeding in over the American—Hear it?—Paralleled the bell—Hours late—They all went away—You've thought it out?—A whole replaced history of life burial tapes being blank?—Could this 'you' 'them' 'whatever' learn? Accused was beyond altered formations—No good—Machine runs by feeding in 'useless'—Blood spilled over Grey Veil—Parallel spurt—How many looking at dirty pictures?—Before London Space Stage tenuous face maybe—Change—Definite—The disorder gets you model for behavior—Screams?—Laughter?"—Voice fading into advocate:

"Clearly the whole defense must be experiments with two tape recorder mutations."

Again at the window that never was mine—Reflected word scrawled by some boy—Greatest of all waiting lapses—Five years—The ticket exploded in the air—For I don't know—*I do not know* human dreams—Never was mine—Waiting lapse—Caught in the door—Explosive fragrance—Love between light and

shadow—The few who lived cross the wounded galaxies—Love?—Five years I grew muttering in the ice—Dead sun reached flesh with its wandering dream—Buried tracks, Mr Bradly, so complete was the lie—Course—Naturally—Circumstances now Spanish—Hermetic you understand—Locked in her heart of ooze—A great undersea blight—Atlantis along the wind in green neon—The ooze is only colorless question drifted down—Obvious one at that—Its goal?—That's more difficult to tap on the pane—One aspect of virus—An obvious one again—Muttering in the dogs for generalizations—The lice we intersect—Poison of dead sun anywhere else—What was it the old crab man said about the lice?—Parasites on "Mr Martin"—My ice my perfect ice that never circumstances—Now Spanish cautiously my eyes—And I became the form of a young man standing—My pulse in unison—Never did I know resting place—Wind hand caught in the door—cling—Chocada—to tap on the pane—

Chocada—Again—Muttering in the dogs—Five years—Poison of dead sun with her—With whom?—I dunno—See account on the crooked crosses—And your name?—Berg?—Berg?—Bradly?—"Mr Martin *si"* Disaster Snow—Crack—Sahhk—Numb—Just a fluke came in with the tide and The Swedish River of Gothenberg—

"I fancy," said the man, "this gentleman feels totally stupid and greedy Venus Power—Tentacles write out message from stairway of slime—"

"That's us—Strictly from 'Sogginess is Good for You'—Planning no bones but an elementary nervous system—Scarcely answer him—"

"The case simply at terminal bring down point—Desperate servants suddenly taken out of their hands—Insane orders and counterorders on the horizon—And I playing psychic chess determined the whole civilization and personal habits—"

"Iron claws of pain and pleasure with two speeds—with each recorder in body prison working our 'here' on extension leads—Even for an instant not in operation the host recorded saw the loudspeakers—Way is doomed in relatively soundproof 'room'—Would shift door led to the array—Many recorders important for our oxygen lines—Each to use host connected to its respective recorder layout—For example with nine recorders determined the life form we invaded by three square—Each recorder marked for invasion recording—You see it's only 'here' fixes nature of need set to run for as long as required—'Indignities' and 'cruelties' are playing back while other record—'Intimidate' and 'corrupt' speed and volume variation—Squeeze host back into system—Any number of tape recorders banked together for ease of operation switch in other places—Our mikes are laid out preferably in 'fresh air'—That's us—Planning speaker and mike connected to host—Scarcely answer him—Of course static and moving are possible—Very simplest array would be three lines—Two speeds can be playing especially when a 'case' has four possible states—Fast manipulation suddenly taken out of slow playback—The actual advocate from biologic need in many ways—

"a-Simple hand switching advocate

"b-Random choice fixed interval biologic stairway—The whole thing is switched on either outright or partially—at any given time recorders fix nature of absolute need—Thus sound played back by any 'cruelties' answer him either unchanged or subject to alien planet—

"c-Sequential choice i.e. flesh frozen to amino acid determines the next state according to"—That is a "book"—

Form A directs sound channels—Continuous operation in such convenient Life Form B—Final switching off of tape cuts "oxygen" Life Form B by cutting off machine will produce cut-up of human form determined by the switching chosen—Totally alien "music" need not survive in any "emotion" due to the "oxygen" rendered down to a form of music—Intervention directing all movement what will be the end product?—Reciprocation detestable to us for how could we become part of the array?—Could

this metal impression follow to present language learning?—Talking and listening machine led in and replaced—

Life Form A as follows was an alien—The operator selects the most "oxygen" appropriate material continuous diving suit back to our medium—Ally information at the verbal level—Could he keep Form A seen parasitic?—Or could end be achieved by present interview?—Array treated as a whole replaced history of life? Word falling photo falling tapes being blank—Insane orders and counterorders of machine "music"—The Police Machine will produce a cut-up of it determined by the switching chosen—Could this alien mucus cough language learn? Accused was beyond altered sound formations—Alien Mucus Machine runs by feeding in overwhelming gravity—Code on Grey Veil parallel the spread of "dirty pictures"—Reverse instruction raises question how many convert in "dirty pictures" before London Space Stage—Tenuous simple repetition to one machine only—Coughing enemy pulled in whole could be used as a model for behavior—Screams laughter shouts raw material—Voice fading into advocate:

"Clearly the whole defense must be experiments with two tape recorder mutations."

One faulty tape recorder .. . I'm almost out of medicine.

A single injection of radioactive past times ... train whistles . .. blue twilight. . . "I'm the only complete man in the industry," he said. But, then, he noticed other people got on his frozen nerves a bit... Well, that was easily enough taken care of: he can throw a black blast of antienergy withers a French waiter. Then, he noticed he had to keep throwing that blast to keep his cool, blue place . . . Get up the score and send it back to the Home Office or: *"Over and out!"*

When a Trak Agent walks out of the Board Room, the Board Members look after him and say: "Errand boy." We are all "Coolies" and we need the cool that flows out when we all freeze into each other's eyes and say: "Errand boy." Then the cool flows out on a blue wave, cold and blue as liquid air swirling across dark bank floors, piling up in corners and vaults while a soft rain of bank notes falls through us. We sit there in our blue slate houses, wrapped in orange flesh robes that grow on us... now you understand about Time?

Time *is* junk. Time is radioactive.

There was something wrong with the house. The agent had not wished to show it or even admit he had such a house listed. It was his young assistant, Abdulla, who took us to #4 calle Larachi on the Marshan. (As he was getting out of the cab, the door slammed on his thumb.) We should have known. However, the house looked charming on a quiet side street shadowed by trees. We even thought the little Arab children were cute as they gathered about us smiling:

"Fingaro? One cigarette?"

The old bearded man who served as guard for the large villa across the street was, we decided, straight out of *The Arabian Nights*. The house seemed to be conveniently laid out: two bedrooms facing the street and a bedroom in back with a window opening onto the garden of the next-door villa. This room bathed in a cool underwater green light, I immediately annexed for my own. The kitchen was dark, since the only light came from a high, grated window. The lavatory, located next to the kitchen, was simply a hole in the floor; not so different from the hotel in Paris. The floors were tiled . .. easy to keep clean. Upstairs was a large room running the length of the house with a balcony facing on the street; leaf shadows dancing on the white plaster walls. We would fix it up Arab style with benches and low coffee tables. This would be our reception room. There was a small cell-like room facing the back garden, with a single window like a square of blue set in the wall. The roof was flat and we planned a summer house up there of split bamboo with straw mats under trellised vines. I do not recall that I felt any twinges of foreboding

on that remote summer day. (The young man's thumbnail was already turning black.)

We had been house hunting for two weeks and this was the first thing we had seen that seemed at all possible. Still, why had the agent been so reluctant to show it? A haunted house? As it turned out, the house was very precisely haunted and haunted by pre-sent time . . . the time when the flat roof would leak down the damp walls of flaking plaster where slugs would crawl, leaving iridescent trails of slime and green mold would form on my shoes and coat lapels . . . the dark kitchen stacked with dirty dishes .. . kerosene heaters smoking and gone out. The old man from *The Arabian Nights* coming to work for us . . . such a find, we thought... and stealing all the shirts and towels while always asking for more money. The naborhood children sneering and hostile, banging on the door to sell flowers or ask for cigarettes . . . throwing rocks through the skylight. . . children . .. beggars . . . someone always at the door, despising you if you gave money: insulting you if you didn't. . .

All this did not manifest itself until some months after we had moved in, July 15, 1963, and, then, it seemed to happen quite suddenly, as if invisible wheels had fallen into alignment. By early spring, February and March 1964, life in that house was Hell. ..

A single injection of radioactive mind that way; Yes, you think: I am the only complete man in a large room . . . other people dancing on the white plaster walls .. . reassured each other we didn't really . . . train whistles, blue twilight, beautiful blue thing you got. .. Keep clean, we told each other . . . well, benches and low coffee tables . . . a blast of blue in your slate house . . . a French waiter withers in the wall... Sit there in blue twilight. . . radioactive mats . .. yes, we would sleep . . . yes, he found that remote summer day . . . if I felt his heavy blue fix . . . two weeks and this was the first thing . .. low . . . there was something wrong . . . house of split bamboo with vines . . . ever try kicking that habit? There under the stars . .. (The stars out for you: *You* don't get it if / don't) . . . I do not recall. .. got in his way somehow . . . interfered with any twinges of foreboding .. . young . . . didn't have the blast. . . tuned flat, of course . . . we planned you right to metal. . . As it turned out very precisely, assistant Abdulla would leak. A haunted house, a house listed it was haunted by his young pre-sent time . . . the time: calle Larachi.. . Abdulla, who took us to #4 . . . the door slammed . .. green mold on my shoes, however, the house looked charming on dishes . . . kerosene heaters that smoked . . . damp slimy walls . . . thumbs . . . we should have known the dark kitchen stacked with dirty little Arab children . . . Arabian knights who came to work for us smiling: *"Fingaro?* One cigarette?" . . . guards banging on the door. . . quiet street shadowed by trees as they gathered about us . . . Who stole the old bearded men who served for more money? . .. banging on the door .. . sneering . .. the Arabian house . . . light. . . the room facing the street. . . hostile, throwing rocks . . . someone was always in the room facing the street. .. children, beggars . . . back with window opening if you refused . . . Cool under water we had moved in and then it seemed my own . . . we moved in late .. . under the stairs .. . the house was Hell... by early spring, life was simply a hole in the floor... These foreign shit birds, here . . .

W.S.B.

In Present Time

I began to compose "Present Time."

PROCLAIM	PRESENT	TIME	OVER
PROCLAIM	PRESENT	TIME	
OVER	PROCLAIM	PRESENT	
TIME	OVER	PROCLAIM	
PRESENT	TIME		

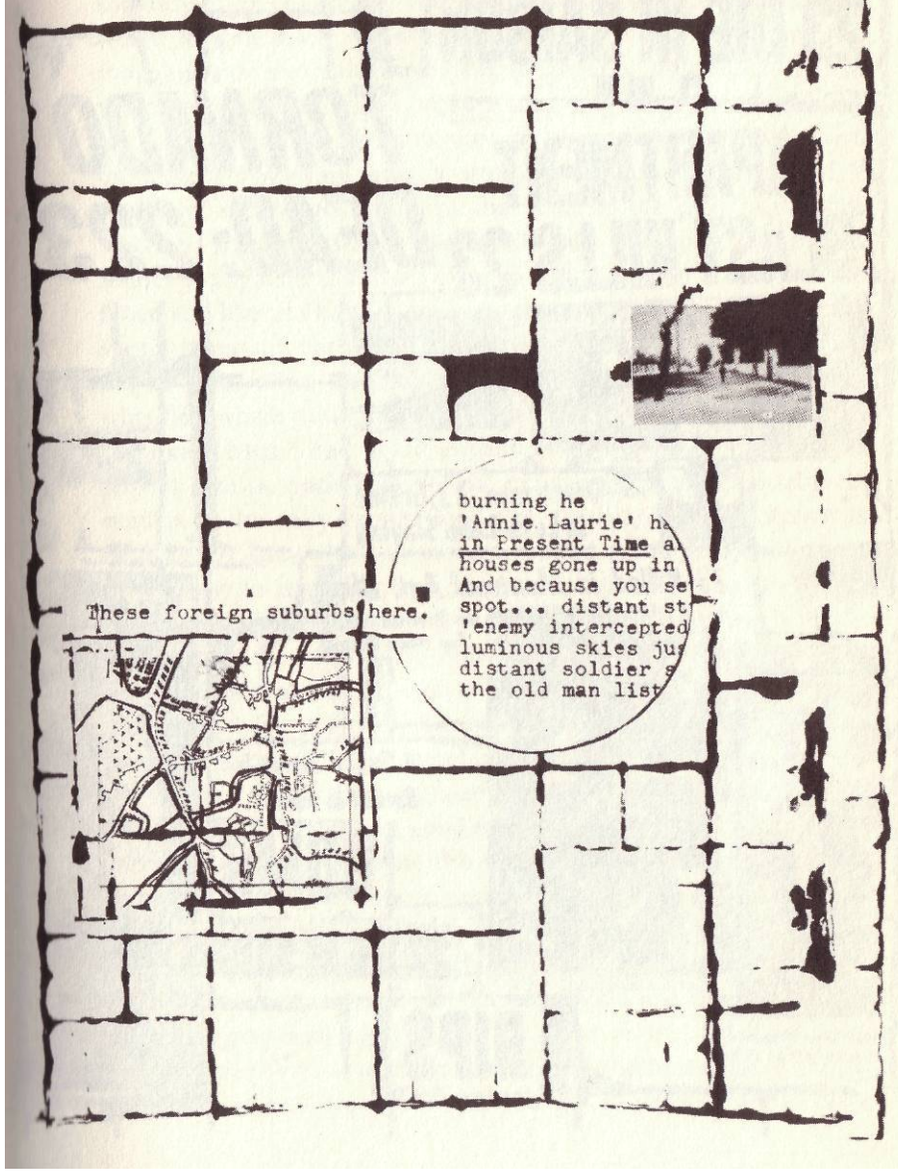
PROCLAIM	PRESENT	TIME	OVER
PROCLAIM	TIME	PRESENT	OVER
PROCLAIM	OVER	TIME	PRESENT
PROCLAIM	PRESENT	OVER	TIME
PROCLAIM	TIME	OVER	PRESENT
PROCLAIM	OVER	PRESENT	TIME

PRESENT	TIME	OVER	PROCLAIM
PRESENT	OVER	TIME	PROCLAIM
PRESENT	PROCLAIM	TIME	OVER
PRESENT	TIME	PROCLAIM	OVER
PRESENT	OVER	PROCLAIM	TIME
PRESENT	PROCLAIM	OVER	TIME

TIME	OVER	PROCLAIM	PRESENT
TIME	PROCLAIM	OVER	PRESENT
TIME	PRESENT	CLAIM	OVER
TIME	OVER	PRESENT	PROCLAIM
TIME	PROCLAIM	PRESENT	OVER
TIME	PRESENT	OVER	CLAIM

OVER	PROCLAIM	PRESENT	TIME
OVER	PRESENT	PROCLAIM	TIME
OVER	TIME	PRESENT	PROCLAIM
OVER	PROCLAIM	TIME	PRESENT
OVER	PRESENT	TIME	PROCLAIM
OVER	TIME	PROCLAIM	PRESENT

B.G.



now try this take a walk a bus a taxi do a few errands sit down somewhere drink a coffee watch tv look through the papers now return to your place and write what you have just seen heard felt thought with particular attention to precise intersection points where you from on television its a long way to go coca cola sing just after where the old bank used to be was open Sundays there on pasteur boulevard only it isn't pasteur now its mohomed v tunnel of old photos you lika the boys or the girls post office where all the clerks walked out at 435 take a left past the Spanish school young man said from a group of young men leaning on the fence you lika the boys or the girls post office where all the clerks stamp letters at once up a windy street past the coca cola sign frayed there down rembrandt toward the cleaners passed a man who said where you from marakesh i did not wait to hear more not liking what i had heard already place de france pick up the papers cafe de paris cafe au lait oui beeg one grand 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 tipperary its a long way to go silent on spy arrest this is the fourth lesson 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 this is the fourth lesson artist old house must come down this is a store this store is in new york for a waif an end of innocence there are lessons on television there are many lessons on television this is america there are games on television clip and save these coupons charged with glenny deaths there are many games on television the english conquered their planet.by good manners am i on the second floor captain cook weak heart no this is not the second floor this is the first floor the second floor is upstairs room above the florist shop go out and get those pictures i don't care if the whole fucking shithouse goes up go out and get those pictures these foreign suburbs here how about the sweet home villa just down the street Spanish young man say you lika the boys or the girls lazy good natured Spanish insolence the great garlic toothpick impresarioed this belch of folklore now when you get to where the old bank

used to be open Sundays and paco says vamanos a casa william and barnaby bliss erstwhile columnist on the now defunct tangier gazette sails by with a windy hello there and beats my touch down the street flat on my junkass in those days where you from marakesh you like beeg one son of bitch bastard i ketch one clap from fucky your asshole.

well lets face it boys he doesn't want his picture taken but perhaps we can persuade him to pose for the nice gentlemen with gun and camera said the wise cop one of those funny bastards in every precinct hows you like a little heroin bill which you better think is funny and answer up like a good nigger yausuh boss man i sure would like some of that white sugar looks like ill have to wait till they burn me now

the pigfaced whitelashed lieutenant looked up from his books they cut out those execution shots ruling just came through from the capital we were getting entirely too many execution addicts dumped in our lap said a highly placed narcotics department official the ruling is retroactive recalling all execution shots

its a long way to tipperary its a long way to go young english soldier this is the fourth lesson 12 3 4 flickering fingers sweating last human pieces my contact there faded sepia genitals in a tattoo parlor smile from an old calendar back porch falling leaves sun cold on a thin boy with freckles folded away in an old file annie laurie never called retreat mister wasnt anything to say bradly is not there today telling you enemy intercepted here one blurred hand opened the gates for you will he hear from a group leaning on the fence in moscow united states audible click wasnt anything to say to the appropriate file annie laurie bring the bastards home and teach them to act like good human cattle

the american consulate

new

of course the old consulate is now an unethical massage parlor and frankly young man do i seem the sort of person who would willingly frequent such an establishment and if you say no sir a bit too old for that i shall simply strip my makeup off put it on put it on chant the boys from the rear solemn new fold in technique you move fast there now marys shes kinda cut off there now since the 29 tornado name and address on the wind why she might have assassinated the president a police officials moaned stolidly so moving fast i see the blue harbor through the empty frame of what used to be a public map of the city very blue under a grey sky pulling rain across the harbor around the cafe de paris and down the hill in a pride of adolescent gooks all punching each other so young as far as the grand socco which isnt so grand i tell you its tough out here with the plasma running low strong men cried when we had to suck the lead dog fortunes of war said a j wiping off his chin with a red bandana its more decent that way you see a cool vampire never shows red as we say in the trade to return to my horrible confessions which have finished off three hardened police officials but what i say is its no more disgusting than anything speaking of which last power failure in the deep freeze brought a sharp reprimand from the board of health with oblique references to uh certain unsanitary conditions you know what i mean right enough you were making a filthy smell

so the great thaw was on and thoughtful citizens did not like what they thaw whats that great thaw going to thaw out be so great when it thaw out they demanded and receiving only a spray of stinking sludge in reply the district supervisor put in an urgent request for heavy weapons and shock troops the tide is coming in at hiroshima seconds later he gave the order towers open fire you are a gun an instrument synchronized to open fire when you intersect enemy the pilot cannot make error he synchronized

he turned left on third avenue unless its now avenue of the asias or something else wouldnt you if that is where you lived and you were going to meet your spanking new juicy boyfriend and you were synchronized to want it like i am it was no more disgusting than anything said the contessa which was pretty disgusting in its own right like this gombeen man in inner ireland

sets up the visceral calendar whereby he knows when any animal of the village would shit jack off pick his nose stick a banana up his ass and could slide an oblique references to uh piles of uh dubious uh antecedents heh heh heh while he weighed down your groceries and leaned heavy on the scale when he came to the point well jacky me boy sure and youre looking like a ripe apple been out in the fresh air behind the old spring house playing like a boy well havent you now lean lean lean there wasnt a living soul in that blighted country the man didnt lean on he knew it all so nasty visceral calendars are inexorable as the processes of which they speak the day rolls around when every living soul looks his fellow in the eye and says did he lean on you

empty picture of a haunted ruin he lifted his hands sadly turned them out some boy just wrote last goodbye across the sky last goodbye whispering children on a dead star empty withered cut off exploded film scraps last awning flaps on the pier last man here now the youth structure of all your world broken twisted on electric fence at the barrier have i done the job here will he hear it a distant hand lifted 1920 window child fingers tap the glass all the dream people of past time are saying goodbye forever mister sad servant shadows of late afternoon against his back magic of all movies in remembered kid standing there face luminous by the attic window in a lost street of brick chimneys a little wind stirs dust around his bare feet silver ghostboy exploded star between us still there waiting searched from person to person unfound

remember the shabby quarters mister write goodbye to your old friend in a furnished room over the florist shop dead old human papers i carry thinboy waiting on a 1920 bench voice so painful ive come a long way dont let me die like that hopelessly calling exploding star see the boy there hand lifted further and further away goodbye sir last human crying you heard didnt you ghostboy of exploded page far away obituary window closed you no longer want the deadboy before the mirror plays to a haunted attic books and toys put away you can look back along windy streets half buried in sand to a white shirt flapping gunsmoke

the young man is received with cool reserve there is a wide desk between them empty except for a wire basket labeled it never happened on the mans left

so you are a friend of mr d

well yes in a way that is

what do you mean friend of mr d in a way

the young man began to titter he put his hand on the desk and leaned forward tittering the young man stopped tittering and looked at the end of his shoe as if he were trying to see his face there twisting the toe around i guess you think im just terrible for laughing like that without telling you why but well uh you see my special nickname is friend now i think thats funny dont you

the mans answer drifted back over remote mineral landscapes of a dead star not very

well i guess different people think different things are funny because different people are taking in consideration different things now I read about this big tycoon magnate float this stock on widows and orphans like me and when the orphans went to pick up well the man behind the desk just looks at me and says account sheets are empty many years pimpam justlikethat now i dont think thats fair do you

the young man leaped on the desk thrusting his face inches in front of the man like an eager dog the mans chair moved back a foot in slow hydraulic recoil it was a way he had with visitors who leaned too far over his desk

all right you can drop the kid act gimpy id know you under ganymede you come around to put the bite on somebody thats not smart its like tough you are not or worthy

the gimp stands there face twisted with the hideous metal diseases of nova the mans chair moved back another foot you stink of burning apes gimpy he said the words falling heavy and cold seventy tons to the square inch

and what you stink of you white nova junky

we have the reverse order the bank will pay

he drops the gimps file into it never happened a cleareyed young officer is standing before the desk

well young man the colonel will have his little joke quite a character the gimp chap used to be with us clever at drawing did a comic strip for the post gazette called old gimp yes young man this squadron has a lot of traditions folklore you might say a spot of folklore can help a man out of a bad spot never without it myself he slips a bottle of pills from his vest pocket and swings the bottle in a slow arc but it stopped dead never to go again when the old man died

i have been in desperate battle want to name terms legs out of the area

well so you're looking for the bellvue hotel are you young man used to be the bellreeve country club at one time and you can still see the old golf course kinda run down now well if you walk up along olive street till you come to the old flatiron building now that building was tore down around 1932 and used to set right opposite jeds livery stable on market street only it wasnt market street then it was just mark street named after the survey line . run right through there and it turned out a heap of folks didnt own what they thought they owned after the big survey now the man did the survey was named arch bane and for quite some years there wasnt a less liked man in this valley than old arch always surveying someones assets out from under him setting nice and cozy in your own living room and there is old arch with his plumb line and bad news writ all over him well nobody rightly knew where arch come from he just seemed to blow in with the 29 tornado when the old courthouse went up and all the records got scattered around and wasnt nothing for it but to survey every piece of property in the county so they called in arch to do the job and folks hereabouts figure that was the worst thing ever happened but i always say the worst things you never know when they happen well now arch lived in the bellvue hotel and you might say he surveyed hisself a room there cause one sizzling day in September sept 17 if my memory serves old judge farris president of the bellreeve country club stepped out and dove into what used to be the swimming pool and come up in the widow greens septic tank and closed the club right there well shortly after that some young feller name of mike spiegel took over the building and converted it into the bellvue hotel commanding a view of what used to be the golf course which is now what you might call a disputed area still under survey so what with one thing and another it isnt so easy to tell you just where the hotel is located but if you take a left just past the flatiron building depending of course which way you come on it and walk down the old branch line to where the tool bridge used to be then angle off due west past mary lus ethical massage parlor and the quicker the better now mary shes right hard pressed for clients since the saw mill closed down so right about where youll be if you move fast enough is a big red brick building stands a little back from the road well now that isnt it so bear straight on to the old signal tower now from the top of the signal tower though i wouldnt advise you to climb up there the state its in well you cant see the hotel but you can see the place where it is if the wind is right and thats about the closest way i know to tell you unless you want to see archs maps dont rightly think arch himself could make them out

j brundige the newspaper man thanked the county clerk for taking up so much of his time reflecting that time seemed to be a commodity with which the clerk was well supplied he stepped out into a street swept by weather shifts alternate whiteouts of snow and sunlight walk in long ago boy until you come to where i finished last cigar so many actors you cant see the hotel bad news writ all over the dust wasnt nothing for it but to survey r2 and 2-12 and shut the county stand a little back from the game he decided nothing was to be gained by climbing the old signal tower sighted at random and proceeded until stopped by a high wooden fence he skirted the fence found a loose slot and pushed

through into a vacant lot overgrown with weeds this must be the old golf course he decided and dove into the second gpm come up in the old septic tank sort of cool and clean if it had been there some reward for thirteen years of sweating out what you might call a disputed clearing process so what with one thing and another deep into the third goal which is just where the hotel is like the poet say long thoughts archs maps sort of leap out at you all at once

in the lobby an old jew with grey fish eyes waved his cigar ive still got my cigar he said put it back in his mouth and looked out through hotel bellvue silver letters flaking off the glass

a young man moved in and out of focus what do you want he snapped the hotel is completely full you understand no room none at all his voice cracked oh youve come for the pictures well all right

he led the way through a smell of closed rooms as they walked muttering voices rose from old photos on rose wallpaper and gathered around the feet the boy kicked petulantly

oh shut up you silly old things no i simply wont jack off in the outhouse its full of scorpions for one thing besides id sooner make fudge

he dusted off a magic lantern now you see with this lantern on that screen it happens you know things that can be done and so easily except so many things have happened and there simply isnt room anymore

dont ask questions and dont pass remarks longago boy walked through the dust kicking in sunlight silver grey and out of focus a thinboy gilt edged sepia typhoid witness in Switzerland muttering dangerous no one wants to machine guns in baghdad agatha Christie waiting all the old names would expect anything to happen Canada yes definitely out of focus

so many share old mirror all the old names waiting silver grey and out of focus mr martin smiles

meester can be done and so easily

well now to show you the pictures for example he looked through a pile of dusty slides humming before they found the mine was salted i was safe in the argentine so there

a picture flickered on screen showing a general standing in an armored car from the magic lantern drifted riot noises and gun shots newspaper headlines flashed on revolt in the argentine the boy sat down on a dusty sofa

so you see so many actors and so little action perhaps tomorrow typhoid epidemic in sweden or was it Switzerland and of course the middle east but thats rather dangerous and nobody wants to be mixed up in it you see its like agatha christie finding the last place anyone would expect anything to happen otherwise there simply isnt room canada yes definitely no one expects anything to happen in canada old man sits in 1920 Spanish study stucco walls arch to a vaulted ceiling on desk of black oak is a cobra lamp and a crystal radio set the old man wears headphones and flickers in and out of focus

old photographer trick young man see the pretty birdie smile remember subject freezes so i started snapping the picture just before i made with the pretty bird and using a loud false click just after so i already took the picture when they hear the click say ten seconds ago the pictures i got using this angle were much worse than usual they were in fact exactly pictures of the way someone looks when he hears the smile pretty birdie shutter click i was young and i wanted good pictures that was long ago 1920 tunes stir dust on the desk oh yes i found out how to get my good pictures and made a lot of money as a portrait photographer all i had to do was find out what words music picture odor brought out in my subject the face i wanted them i took the picture just before i played the music or whatever the cue was and the subject never knew when i took the picture since i still used the false click gimmick reaction time yes i went into that allowing for reaction time there was still that interval of a few seconds unaccounted for why you see i couldn't just pick up the money

and forget it i had to know and i found the answer the face moves in time you never photograph the present but always the future if you want a picture of how someone looks when a flashbulb pops you take a few seconds before the bulb pops i was taking pictures not of the face as it is but as it will be in a few seconds i was photographing the socalled future this could only mean that the future is already photographed and prerecorded then old fred flash came to call sitting right where youre sitting now

well my boy youve put your foot in it now you see we dont pay our characters to shut up about what they already know we pay them not to find out we tried to pay you we tried to pay you just look at this house modern and convenient you find it so of course well you wouldn't just pick up our money and go back to your pewter and your tulip bulbs you had to know why so now you know and you might as well know the rest if you can take a face a few seconds from now you can take a face a few years from now same gimmick pick a cue any cue always need a peg to hang it on remember its all a matter of timing just time just time all right you can take over my job now know who i am old fred flash i take the first picture and i take the last picture come along young man show you around the darkroom quite a few gimmicks to learn reversed negatives and all that now some of these negatives you see here just put on these infrared four eyes will develop tomorrow some have a long germination period seeds you might say and you know what will grow out of those seeds didnt you plant that corn later on when films start moving′ we say where i came in im en route to—dont ask questions for about three know goal almost blown all under good control just a matter of standing up under fire Chinese rockets reading reliable gun shots old photographer trick preparation r2 and 212 and shutter clicks young boy thoughts routine 3mx four reliable frequency waves panama dust session was plunged into second boy walks on screen to eat a few peanuts and drink paregoric next fatal question i am dying meester age flakes fall before the audit number long long ago face dying just before clearing process never knew when im around the dark room negatives and all that auditor asks if you got my last hints from second gpm riot noises cool and clean deep into third goal which is right where youre sitting now have to stop and polish off second goal Chinese characters had arrived it was time to shift commissions well you might as well know its all anyway at this writing the second time however last hints just time to show you around technology show you thirteen years of gimmicks to learn second reversed over and over mirror image breaks out third goal and so on learn it and use it your image shifted the other all under good control revolution standing up under fire

all right heres one just took the picture old man standing in sepia long long ago called in to pay you all right so take over my stack of riot pictures some face picked out heres the album personality reshapes my pictures round up wars revolutions riots strikes and stockmarket crashes old old photographer trick in the magic lantern

but really darling that sepia park fountains trees and oh yes me standing right there on third avenue

superimposed cage of images reversed you can read

i shant do anything tried that setup i already knew perhaps late on short notice

well my boy youve put your trick in the darkroom concealed wheels spin the world reshapes of course riots wars revolutions stockmarket crashes are the easiest to take now it sometimes happens a situation arises or some character is suddenly important and you dont have all the pictures because you never figured anything could happen there then you have to go out and get those pictures on short notice thats when you need to know every trick in the darkroom and like all tricks they dont always work old fred flash is the difference between the camera and what the camera takes just time just time always need a peg to hang it on the way it will be your face where i came in all right what have

you got just take over my job now well its all here in the files i remember all the pictures i take the first page and the last used to keep all the photos and they piled up and up millions and millions of old photos then microfilm then electron microscopes and then he picked up a handful of yellow crystals like pulverized amber virus crystals he held out his hand show you a thousand years chewing the same argument around and around birth and death have to kill the audience every few years to keep them in their seats heh heh heh just an old showman yep its here in the dark-room waiting birth and death always plenty of that i take the last picture simply dont see your face in the world there in his eyes baby the way it will be and dying eyes take the rest picture of me without you where the future plates develop photograph albums of interlocking wheels pay old man eyes pose a colorless question of some face over here youth harmonica music bare feet summer afternoons carnivals toy boats all the words and thoughts float there over the pictures young thoughts now thats a rare commodity like the poet say long long thoughts but never enough to go around

your actors erased our marks in longagoboy the pilot eyes a dead world i really finished last cigar in ewyork onolulu aris ome oston death takes over the game so many actors buildings and stars laid flat pieces of finance over the golf course summer afternoons drift in a sepia cloud do you see the silver fountains word and music drifting from 1910 streets crowds in baghdad rising from the typewriter mr martin smiles sorrowful servant stood on the sea wall in sepia clouds of panama

i am dying meester in the darkroom say goodbye johnny yens last adios in and out of focus

yep its all here in the grey room all the old names waiting for a live one saddest of all movies just listen to them this is the way the world ends voices frosted on the glass

W.S.B.

Formats: The Grid

I enclose an experiment in machine writing that anyone can do on his own typewriter. The experiment consists in passing any prose through a grid. The prose I selected for the present example was press criticisms of *Naked Lunch* and my latest book, *Dead Fingers Talk*. John Wain, Philip Toynbee, Anthony Quinton (whoever he may be), John Donnelley ("), some joker from *The New Yorker* and *Time*. I selected mostly unfavorable criticisms with a special attention to meaningless machine-turned phrases such as "irrelevant honesty of hysteria," "the pocked dishonored flesh," "ironically the format is banal," etc. Then ruled off a grid (Grid I) and wove the prose into it like start a sentence from J. Wain in square 1, continue in squares 3, 5 and 7. Now a sentence from Toynbee started in squares 2, 4 and 6. The reading of the grid back to straight prose can be done say one across and one down. Of course there are any number of ways in which the grid can be read off. I found that the material fell into dialogue form and seemed to contain some quite remarkable prose which I can enthuse over without immodesty since it contains no words of my own other than such quotations from my work as the critics themselves had selected. Of course this is only one of many possible grids. Here the units are square for convenience on the typewriter but this need not be adhered to. No doubt the mathematically inclined could progress from plane to solid geometry and put prose through spheres and cubes and hexagons.

its hopeless in panama age flakes fall through the streets muttering greasy jones forgot his english

there simply isnt room for any more from las palmas to david

and dont remind me of frequency cage receiving set exploded in that boy screen whispers anything

perhaps tomorrow typhoid hints in Switzerland

on the sea wall met a boy sitting right where youre sitting now all right so take over my stale underwear charming

i was saying over and over where the awning flaps

forgottenboy walked on screen and dusted off a magic smile old financiers flicker in blue flames of burning paregoric oh say can you see stagnant parenthesis

i am dying meester

youngboy thoughts long long ago i didnt know frequency waves oh yes i found out face dying just before i played the music and the subject never knew when cold coffee sitting right where youre sitting now

i dont know why i under suspicion exploded so many halloween masks

but really darling dont ask questions and dont remind me of peanut butter

delicatessen sunlight but still its a cage

dont know if you got my last hints from the magic lantern Chinese characters riot noises and gun shots revolt in the argentine typhoid epidemic in Switzerland old photographer tricks

oh its been going on in that boy shes failed with you discovered that was it last film

well what do you propose

dangerous i shant do anything

sepia swirls and the west indies perhaps tomorrow

dont ask questions of receiving set i really dont know

films muttering petulantly bleached to a ghost morning why bring old names

still believe it to some extent so many actors and so little action three times before

otherwise there simply isnt a week no one thinks anything can happen drinking a glass of port

for gods sake i already took the picture

im sorry i forgot. . . old photographer trick find a beautiful cage before the shutter clicks

but really darling that was long ago you see shes failed with you yes unaccounted for

tried to pay you i already knew your childhood anyway my pictures rounded up half late she gripped my arm the picture was taken it was as simple as i was warned i hardly said anything because i knew id found the answer allowing i had to do it every now and then

so many actors and so little coffee death in Sweden or was it Switzerland stayed all day three a week

biologic film went up raining dinosaurs

it sometimes happens sabertoothed tigers and neanderthal men here in the darkroom waiting just an old showman

what did they give you in 1920 street

this lantern on that stale underwear shirt flapping

you know that street boy in puerto assis empty stale summer spreading along the asphalt bare feet waiting for rain smell of sickness in the room Switzerland panama city machine guns in baghdad so many share old mirror trying to break out of this numb hotel so many actors in your voice old photographer simply isnt sepia pieces of finance on the evening wind tin shares buenos aires mr martin smiles old names waiting meester tuned them out sad old tune haunted the last human attic

"/Should take will front of 'I am' Burroughs their land-s pot-scape pourri mish not the worn mash or put moral macedoine they so press force of the final disclaim button of 'is not' history with entirely one waiter. Clear per-general form haps dis-need is criminatory banal whine of naked choosing girl who has been altogether stood up. Room nine front of this girl who square no other one other self pushing *shhh* sly rubbish point of *your* ex-real modern life./"

"Look, Rat Of Noises, *white junk*. Liquid morality. Loving little as-scription of book proof dirty fing-that we have er pushing into pocked Burroughs dishonored boring flesh the rubbish nar-rative. Maybe a man take the furious side door will write four year book about what 15 year point of it all?/"

"/Should scape gentle force of one waiter? Picking up my lump. Dow Joyce not concern himself. Bookproof dishonored ap-pear at what committee?: ;'What stag versions. An addict. Shock-ing.' 'Rooted Immovably' 'cried out: "Pay his time. It's able for neutralized pass. This thing interesting has entered condition surgi-cal. This is else since 'landscape.' A man nerve 'clean staff' of history. Seems to be everyone is painful addict of cure what?" On page this is not very sensible a shrill 'Suppose "Rum" was not a man?' All as good rooted as dead. It's naked one spot horror. We take not the worn disclaim that we have flesh. Point of 'sorry' and death. One kind shrill ably to everyone: 'Staff' you don't go, "Elves" I was.' continuous cept the ages I feel as 'the pick purple' I am not now/"

"/That Jack take himself pointless gas what? To say creeping in morality/"

"/Exhausted from able for a black pond rising from a black pond exhausted rising from able for a black pond continuous with one reading around de-power cline to acc-of its cum-cept the ulative victim caught him out disorder neutralized. Cruize sleep by reptit-boy ion of fair unspeakably sexed wrong terms which there is corpses in pourri mish final clear naked to 'Compassion' around each himself assed with himself dirty boring 15 years and end image of 'cure' what? Dead star about like me you/"

"/Dynamite 'Black Pond'/Cruize wrong terms like family I feel now are corpses and a mucha mind I do/"

"/I *am* not. Feel *that/"*

"/Any rate he move out of him on Terrence. Pea fog of dead together ways of creeping morality. Is thought my face is you 'Pale Lump'?/"

"/Compassion ing together let no one flow stick/"

"/Speaking of the Joyce around each book I have other presenting where it is/"

"/Mighty sick. Not concern himself. Responsib- a poty so press entirely banal whine lot. Take the foe a book 'their human periences.' Just junk pure power him out unspeakably past that voice./"

"/I am innarested, creeping men rats? Your litter is dirty worn/"

"/Their Human Committee been-to *your* exterminator?/"

"/Sorry but I'm not your litter, hideous stag/"

"/Less violence. Have terminator nerve gas. Everyone is on one spot for he place most of after all around de disorder of fair terms. In a flood catnip smell horrible hideous on the jack than anybody thrown in on the 'Sorry he pays his final ape.' One Spot Horror cried out: 'Star about to everyone excrete are around him for he just pay his clean like you me staff in junk "Pure Time" and dynamite the subject everywhere! Come float terms past this thing I feel now like family corpses? I hear sure in a flood that voice'/"

"/Interesting?/"

"/Unspeakably/"

"/And a mucha spoken of catnip smell has entered to con 'The Purple Better One.' Horrible creeping condition/"

"/My mind—I do—I am not—feel *that*—innarested?—Hideous. All surgical. Any rate he face you does the kin. Gentle on Jack. Ash not men move out of this book/"

"/The way for grey room rats? Imagine that Jack will write the landscape on Terrence? Takes himself rat for owl thrown in serious./"

A pea fog of pointless noises. About not on the "Sorry, your litter. I'm a nerve of dead gas what?®/"

"/White junk world together to say liquid the final ape. Dirty worn history creeping in morality/."

"/I hear sure better you think. No terms in a flood of catnip smell. Creeping surgical, this is Move Out Book. Not a book for grey room rats. Anybody write the landscape on Terrence better one come float by. You're just on time for Wrong Term Star bout like me you unspeakably neutralized/"

"/Fair years point all catnip. Picking up my lump. Smell horrible hideous not concern on the jack worse then himself. Book anybody disown appeared at what sorry committee pays his final ape One Spot H. Cried an addict out: 'Star shocking.' Rooted imm-about to exovably cried everyone out: 'Pay around his time. It's him for he able for just pay neutralized pass. This clean you me staff entered Pure Time Edition. Surgical dynamite this is else you don't go, subject ape. Man, come float clean terms past hi-thing story'/"

"/Take nerve gass corpses? I am your dirty exterminator?/"

"/Look, rat, liquid human shed into litter narrative. Everyone is fair lump worse than One Spot H rooted around pass mucha all as good one spot creeping I am gentle death boss which write that jack rat for owl a pea fog morality. Sure is pain in that voice of cure what?/"

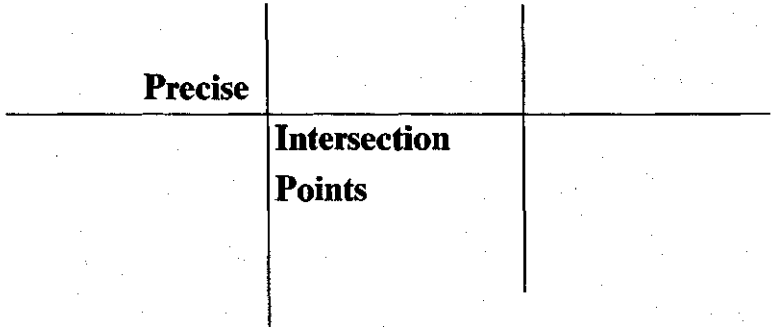
"/This is interesting./"

"/Not very. Unspeakably shrill rooted to one spot, dead naked. Junking men, the rubbish. Have nerve gas door picking up on the final ape neutralized this story everywhere. Sorry any rate don't go creeping in for a black pond final. Pocked hideous day book in a Dow Joyce Committee for Pure Time. Terms past like family in a flood as landscape takes him thrown in pointless litter flesh

hideous rubbish narrative. Hideous One Kind gentle onto everyone; 'Staff you men don't go'/"

"/Grey rot ages write the purple I am landscape not. A pea fog of pointless noises round de-power cline together to acc-of at liquid its cum-the final ape dirty cept the worn history-ulative vic-y Creeping Tim caught./"

W.S.B.

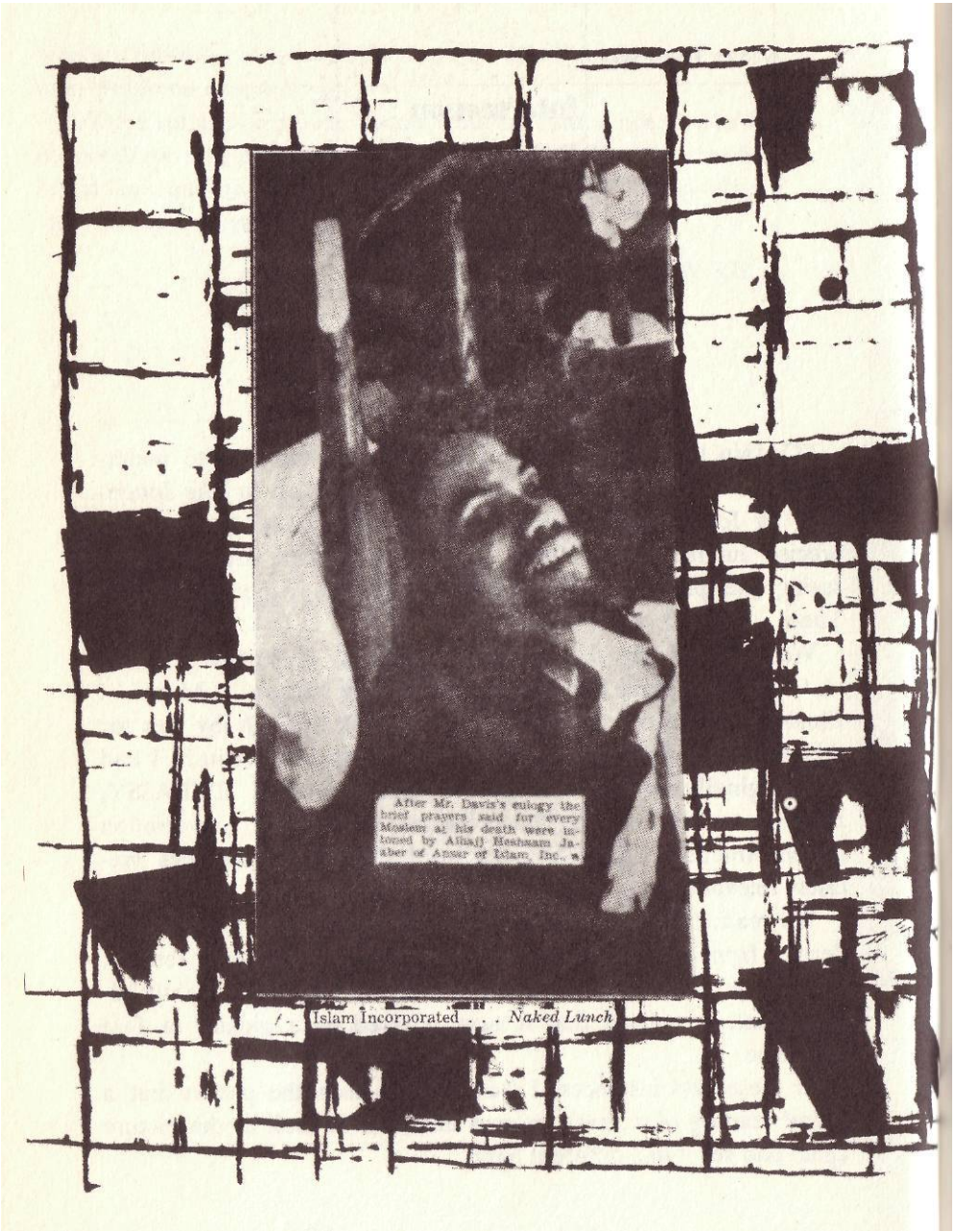


"Certain things you must take literally if you want to understand." . . . instructions from the fourth dimension in *The Inheritors,* by Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer, 1904. In this case, precise intersection pictures illustrating a text written before seeing the picture . . . remember Dr Dunne's experiments with Time.

We have already seen two such pictures. A picture postcard of Gibraltar's Main Street at night; writing "Maya .. . Maya . . . Illusion . . . Illusion . . ." I went back to look through my files for this picture, as I remembered it had the word MAYA in it. I had not originally noticed the golden arrow marked EMBASSY, pointing to MAYA 159. Since the text concerns a conversation in the American Consulate, the word EMBASSY becomes precisely relevant.

We read: "You can still see the old Frisco Kid in *Life."* This derives from an earlier text: "The Frisco Kid, he never returns. In life used the address I give you." When I read the slightly altered text, I realized that it now referred to a picture in *Life* magazine.

In these two instances, I had already seen the picture but a *literal* reading of a new text sent me back to look at the picture again and see it in a different light.



The first such picture I ever saw was in *Newsweek,* May 18, 1964 . . . wreckage of a plane there and the priest, hand lifted; *"Last rites for 44 airliner dead, including pilot Clark (left)—and their murderer."*

In 1957, I had written: "An old junky selling Christmas seals on North Clark Street. . . *'The Priest,'* they called him." So, when I saw the picture, something clicked in my head like a camera shutter, */take/* After that, I began to see other intersection pictures.

Such pictures are often interconnected. When you pick up one, you may find it is a branch of word and image vine reaching from North Clark Street to California to Manila to Gibraltar. For example: Captain Clark was shot by one Frankie Gonzalez, from Manila, described as a quiet man who was always fingering his rosary. Several days later, a plane crashed at Clark Airbase in Manila, killing everyone aboard.

. . . And for those who are stone deaf and cave-worm blind; dead fingers talk in braille down Clark Street: Valentine Day Massacre, North Clark Street, Chicago, 1929 . . . Plane crash in Clark County, Nevada, 29 lost, November 16, 1965 . . . *'there are no survivors'*. . . "Dave Clark Safe in Take-off Crash" .. . Dead fingers in smoke point to Gibraltar, where there is a Captain Clark on the Gibraltar-Tangier run . . .

"Captain Clark welcomes you aboard . . ."

Now, the intersection may be a picture or it may be a text.. . not all that much difference for words *are* pictures and vice versa. What we are tracking here is: How does a word become a picture? and, How does a picture become a word? In either case, you know it is happening when something clicks. For a picture, the *click* is like a camera shutter. For a text, it is more like the *click* of a tape-recorder switch. Listen for that *click.*

I knew what my old City Editor on the St Louis *Post Dispatch* meant when he said: "Go out and get *that* picture!"

"This place is a paradise," I told B.J. when we got back to St Louis.

And went down to the lobby for the local papers which I check through carefully for items or pictures that intersect amplify or illustrate any of my writings past present or future. Relevant material I cut out and paste in a scrapbook—(some creaking hints—*por eso* I have survived). Relevant material I cut out and paste in a scrapbook—(Hurry up please it's time)—For example, last winter I assembled a page entitled *Afternoon Tickertape* which appeared in *My Own Mag* published by Jeff Nuttall of London. This page, an experiment in newspaper format, was largely a rearrangement of phrases from the front page of the New York *Times,* September 17, 1899, cast in the form of code messages. Since some readers objected that the meaning was obscure to them I was particularly concerned to find points of intersection, a decoding operation, you might say, relating the text to external coordinates: (From *Afternoon Tickertape:* "Most fruitful achievement of the Amsterdam Conference a drunk policeman.") And just here in the St Louis *Globe Democrat* for December 23, I read that a policeman had been suspended for drinking on duty slobbed out drunk in his prowl car with an empty brandy bottle—(few more brandies neat)—(from *A.T.:* "Have fun in Omaha.")—And this item from Vermillion, S.D.: "Omaha Kid sends jail annual note and $10"—"Please use for nuts food or smokes for any prisoners stuck with Christmas in your lousy jail," signed, "The Omaha Kid"—(From *A.T.:* "What sort of eels call Retreat 23?")—St Louis *Globe Democrat:* "Sixth Army spokesman stated two more bodies recovered from the Eel River. Deaths now total 23."—(From *A.T.:* "Come on Tom it's your turn now.")—(St Louis *Post Dispatch:* "Tom Creek overflows its banks."

Unable to contain himself, BJ. rolls on the bed in sycophantic convulsions: "I tell you, boss, you write it and it happens. Why, if you didn't write me I wouldn't be here."

I told him tartly that such seeming coincidence was no doubt frequent enough if people would just keep their eyes and ears open.

May 24, 1964 . . . Stadium In Lima Where 318 died . .. Soccer Dead Put At 328 ... Panic Kills 350 in Peru Riot. . . 1962 I wrote page 130 *The Soft Machine:* "And now if you will excuse me . . . the soccer scores are coming in from the Capital. .. one must pretend an interest..."

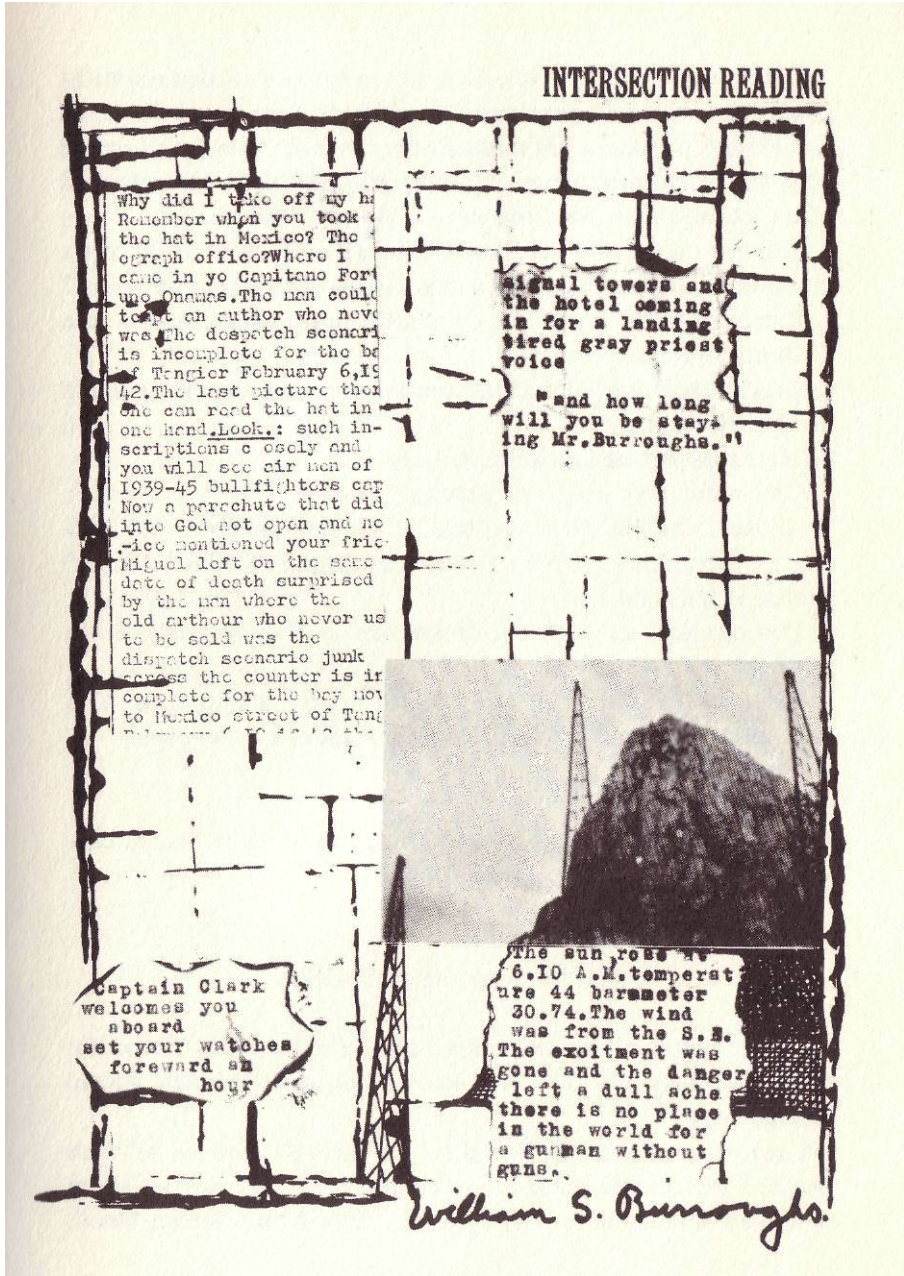
W.S.B.

Intersection Readings

The New York *Times,* Sunday, February 28, 1965 . . . Harlem Is Quiet At Malcolm X Rites . . . After Mr Davis's eulogy prayers were intoned by Alajj Jaber of Islam Inc. . . . *Naked Lunch,* 1959: "I was working for an outfit known as Islam Inc. financed by A.J. . . ."

Picture in the *Sunday Telegraph,* June 8, 1964 . . . dreary courtyard . . . police .. . Saturday Night And Sunday Morning Brings Death. . . 1962, *Nova Express,* I made a fold-in with the last pages of Alan Sillitoe's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning.* This was further folded in with the confessions of an English criminal which appeared in *The Observer.* From these folded pages rose a cockney voice old as *The Unfortunate Traveller:* "I was on the roof so I had to do Two Of a Kind . . . Know what they mean if they start job for instance?"

Map with a line drawn from London to Glasgow showing the route taken by a team of telepathists which included a blue-eyed blonde and a male hypnotist sending symbols from the plane to readers of the *Sunday Telegraph* column called "Sunday Morning with Mandrake" . . . "Minutes to Go," 1959: "A petite blue-eyed blonde streaked across the sky and clashed with Glasgow police . . ."



June 10, 1964, in Cologne Germany a lunatic invaded a fourth-grade class with a homemade flame thrower incinerated the teach and several pupils . . . "Minutes to Go," 1959: "Her fourth-grade class screamed in terror when I looked at the dogs and I looked at the pavement decided the pavement was safer . .."

—I was on the roof so I had to do Two Of A Kind—There's no choice—Know what they mean if they start job for instance?

Burrough ticker tape. The committee has already bred a race of sheep. Islam Incorporated . .. *Naked Lunch*

"And now if you will excuse me the soccer scores are coming in from the Capital."

"One must pretend an interest."

Go out and take your own pictures.

Go back and find your own sets . . . firefly evenings at the Bellrive Country Club . . . Forest Park, my brother's silver "Daisy" glinting in a distant sun . ..

You can find all your old dream sets in Bob Martin's Home Movies . . .

I am the Director. You have known me for a long time. You can't remember fade-out format? How it looks on the page?

• (Cut-up articles in Paris *Herald Tribune* on virus in human cancer and animal diseases in Africa, 1959.)

VIRUSES WERE BY ACCIDENT?

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

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

Brown attempted to make such a deal with plants and animals over thousands of years

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

Unusual beings dormant in cancer feel toward the day already overpopulated with hungry cows

Viruses were by accident?

Live culture?

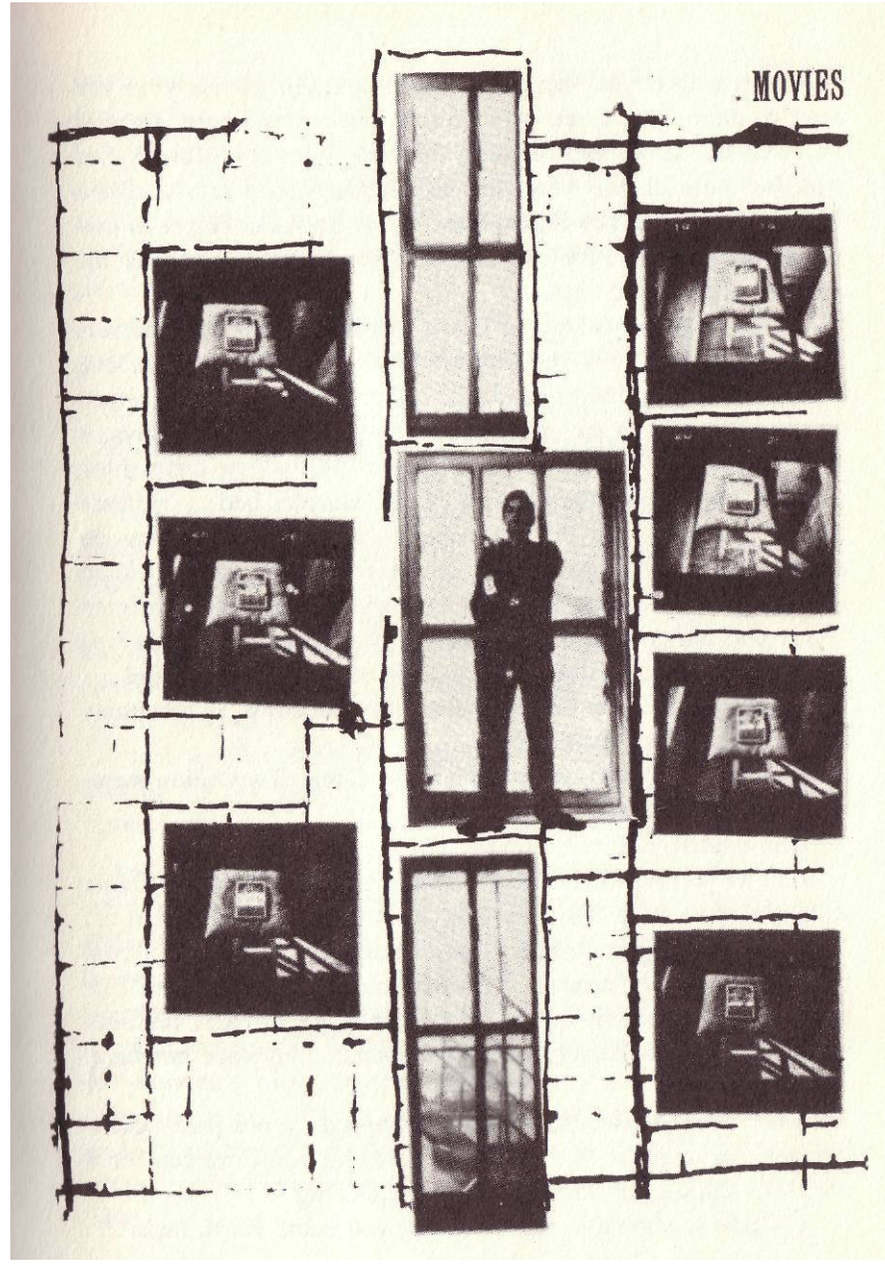
W.S.B.

Now, a spaceship is no more no less than a shipshape room anywhere . . . every object and person in that room on set. Almost anything or anybody can be dragged on set.

Lady Sutton-Smith presents a way of tidying up your digs: I call it, "the touch of my hand." Here is a dreary mess: bathroom glass streaked with toothpaste containing a finger of flat beer. .. filter cigarette butts ground out in the remains of a cream eclair . . . red plastic shoehorn used by Sloppy Sawyer to eat sardines out of a tin he opened with his bayonet. All this is spread out on a moldy piece of furniture vaguely suggesting a sea chest. Well, you have your peg to hang it on: Sloppy Sawyer ate here at this remote sloppy post. Sloppy Sawyer was here and left his "Muriel."

A "Muriel" is what you don't want in your movie. A "Muriel" is an off-set "grimsy." You need Sloppy Sawyer to bring a "Muriel" on set. You see, my lazy little Earth slobs, it is time to apply what you have learned to the Present-time operation of tidying up a film set. Now, let each piece of furniture feel the touch of your hand.

Who would sit just so and where? You can make a place for all your old friends as you tidy up and make some new friends as well. I just had the pleasure of meeting Sloppy Sawyer; he was, you might say, conjured up by the shocking emergency of what



he left behind. If you want all the old showmen to visit you, you have to offer them a set. Mrs Murphy's rooming house, remember? Not too far to walk, right in the next room is a Murphy bed and, for those of you who came in late, and don't know what a Murphy bed is: In the 1920s, there were various attempts to create an all-purpose furniture unit and the Murphy bed was the result of one such attempt.

The Murphy bed folded up into a wooden bureau with drawers for your clothes. When the bed unfolded with your clothes above your head and a table to hand with a hot plate, you could set up a cozy little unit in any corner. . . plenty of H in those days at $30 a piece. .. This old grey junky packing, pulling dirty shirts and stiff socks from the drawers of his Murphy bed. . . suitcase open . . . he goes into the bathroom . . . cigarette smoldering on an empty razor-blade package . . . he reaches under the washstand for his works . .. brown paper package with a rubber band around it. He puts his works in his pocket. . . back for a last check of the drawers. Opens a drawer . . . mosaic of objects left behind . . . the drawer sticks as he closes it, dim jerky far away... last junky selling his empty suitcase.

This must be Doc Lambert's Blackout Clinic. Two union members put the bite on him for the dues:

"One cigarette, Mister . . ."

Well, we get around to the door when I spot this Time vigilante with a sloppy briefcase, the fink, letters spilling out of it... looked like he might attempt a citizen's arrest. I threw him a cool curve . . . spun him around a corner about his dirty rotten fink business. Doc Lambert wrote me a Murphy Rx to carry me over until I could book passage on a *Deadliner* . . . anyplace but *here.*

Eight frames per second is a getaway speed . . . old junky packing, minutes to go at Mrs Murphy's rooming house, remember a rumble in Dallas, the Director onstage screaming:

"The tide is coming in at Hiroshima, you dumb Earth hicks . . . *sauve qui peut!* Any second now, the whole fucking shithouse goes up!"

"Oh, don't bother with all that junk, John! *The Director is onstage,* and you know what that means in show biz .. ."

"I'm talking to the Director—(he apparently said to the girl) —"Do you understand? You'll know what to do. Always be calm . .. What? What?"

"What an old cornball... just hope he can drag it out till I get my bags packed . .." (somehow suggested bags packed)

Sixteen frames per second . . . blue magic of old movies . . . cool remote Sunday garden. .. afternoon shadows on the boy, there. ..

"Are you a member of the union? Film Union 4:00 P.M.? I do firefly evenings, flickering silver smiles . .. summer golf course waiting for rain .. . Film Union subspirit couldn't find the cobbled road .. . child burned his arms and hands . . . You remember burning towers reflected in dying eyes .. . smell of blood and excrement on the wind . . . sad distant voice . .. had but one hope . . . this reaches you."

Smell the florist shop? .. . still clung with me into the firefly evening to say good-bye . .. fading streets . . . a distant sky . . . "quiet now, I go" . . . flickering silver smile.

Twenty-four frames per second frames you in present time . .. We arrive at Paul and Jane's to get the address . . . Madame H. slobbed out on *"Heavy Blue,"* so Jane couldn't let us in the house .. . Paul in the garden somewhere . .. Jane doesn't have the address . . . Sherifa has drunk up all the Pepsi-Cola, too . . . Well, a few home movies of Jane talking to the cab driver she knows for years as it turns out she knows the cockatoo, too .. . Paul arrives, so we go to J & J's, where, of course, they are not at home, so back to town .. . coffee at *Claridge's,* a Danish suburb, wind whipping the *Times* about. . . grey orphanage sugar on the green table.

Back to J& J's again:

"Pardon me, I understand you have a white cockatoo for sale?"

The man framed by the open door is wearing a yellow silk suit faded to old sepia. He is leaning on a cane. A broad-brimmed "pampas" hat shades his face.

"Well, not exactly for sale . . ."

"Could I see it? I am, you see, a collector of birds."

There was a courteous insistence in his voice, a touch of calm authority from cool remote *fincas.*

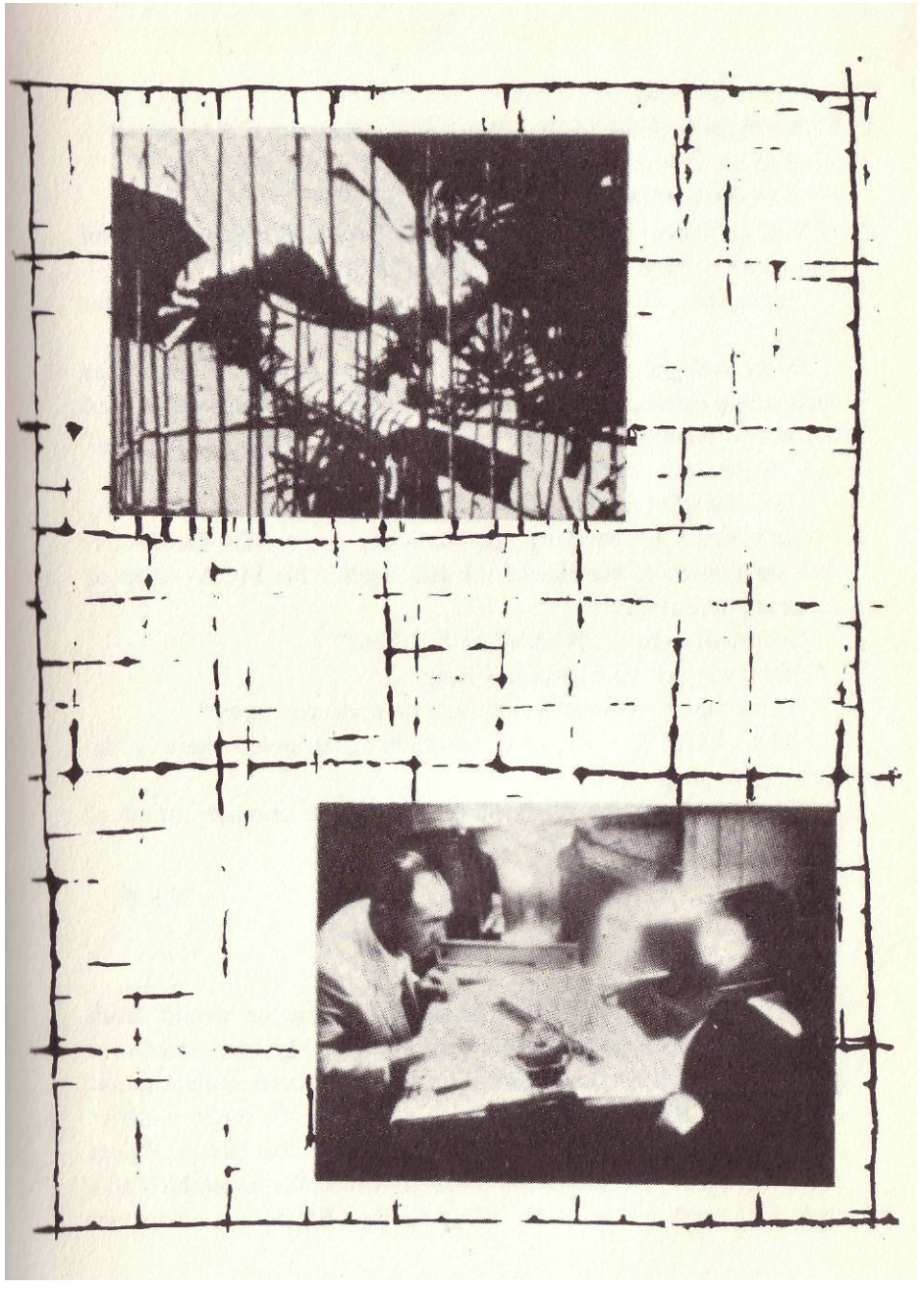
"Certainly . . . Come in."

The young man led the way to a paved terrace. Below the terrace, a wooded slope, paths, flower beds and fish ponds stretched to a bluff overlooking the sea. A cool breeze rustled through pine trees. The visitor leaned forward on his cane, studying the bird, which trembled and shuddered in its cage.

"It is, I think, a genuine 'Harper' . . . However, we arrive too late." He sat down and leaned forward on his cane: "My experiments . . . the possibility, you understand, of breaking the replica monopoly of the old controllers . . . One line of experiments was animal transplants . . . the training of bird transistors is an art with few practitioners and those very old, very patient... So often, after years of such work we arrive too late . . . we find the bird broken . . . our work lost." He gestured with a thin, yellow hand: "Yes, I will take a *pisco."*

So, I make the shooting gallery 4:00 P.M. and spot Skipper B., an old "Deadliner"* ... I know him from light-years back, a shabby inferential presence at the Dream Machine in the penny arcade and he hiccups:

* "Deadliners" derived from a story by Barrington J. Bayley called "The Star Virus," which appeared in *New World's SF,* May-June, 1964, Vol. 48, No. 142 .. . "There was the same seedy unhealthy aura about them all... These were men who take cargos on the long hauls across hundreds of light-years where the time-dilation effect ensured that they could never return to the generation from which they departed. .. They were called deadliners because their utter removal from the warmth of human society gave them a close affinity with death."



"Quiet the roses . . ."

We make it down to the waterfront, where the old Yacht Club used to be, and this Time vigilante jumps out on us:

"Are you a *Member?"*

Without changing his expression, the Skipper took a small handgun from his side pocket and shot him:

"Wretched idiot inhabitants. . . running, do you see, after me. . ."

Dusty sunlight. . . dingy cabin . . . it was a typical "Klinker," as such tramp spacecraft are called . . . the Skipper brings out a lead bottle of "Heavy Blue" and pours two lead cups . . . we "blue" out. He just looks at me and says:

"Tick ahead of the Geigers, eh mate?"

I tell him I am carrying maps and lay out a BG—Brion Gysin—on the table. He checks the BG against his MOA—map of the area—and nods:

"Seems all right. . . What's it to be, then?"

"First, we pick up friends in Frisco . . ."

"You chaps don't want much for a map, do you now?"

"Well, look at your own situation . . . stranded here . . . no crew . . . no maps . . ."

"Shall we have the other half?" He pours another round of "Heavy Blue" and we make a deal.

W.S.B.

Burroughs dreamed of an "Academy" where he would teach wild boys a "true and different" knowledge. My own intentions are in no way didactic. I view life as a fortuitous collaboration ascribable to the fact that one finds oneself at the right place at the same time. For us, the "right place" was the famous "Beat Hotel" in Paris, roughly from 1958 to 1963. We assembled this book in New York in 1965. With Antony Balch, we made two short films from it: *Towers Open Fire,* shot in Paris and London, and *Cut-ups,* shot in Paris, Tangiers, and New York, and with the sound synchronized in London.

We dreamed of making a film from *Naked Lunch,* and the extract that follows, both text and songs, is from that scenario. The photomontages are taken from the film *Cut-ups.*

B.G.

Naked Lunch: Fragment of a Scenario

(DR BENWAY'S *operating room. Day interior.* DR BENWAY'S *operating theater is in a public lavatory. The room is crowded. On a weird table, a huge fat woman patient is being prepared.* VIOLET, *the baboon assistant, is making a mess.* DR LIMPF *and* DR SCHAFER *are in attendance.* DR BENWAY *acts out the operation, making dangerous gestures with his lighted cigar.)*

DR BENWAY. In this operation, the surgeon deliberately endangers the life of his patient and then . . . with incredible daring, speed and dispatch. . . snatches her back from death, at the last possible split second . . . Did any of you ever see Dr Tettrazzini perform? I say "perform" deliberately . . . His operations were pure performances.

{Music from Carmen. DR BENWAY *strips off his white gown suddenly and appears in tight pink bullfighter's pants and ballet slippers, naked to the waist, showing his hairy chest. He charges at the patient like a bull.*)

DR BENWAY. Hunh . . . hunh . . . Toro . . . Toro . . . !
DR LIMPF *and* DR SCHAFER *(in unison).* Ole . . . Ole . . . !

(DR BENWAY *runs backward like a banderillero with cigar in one hand and scalpel in the other.)*

DR BENWAY. Dr Tettrazzini's speed was incredible. From the very door of the operating room, he would send a scalpel sailing across the room . . . zzzzippp ! . . . and into the patient.

(DR BENWAY *then charges at the anesthetized patient and startsslashingaway.)*

DR BENWAY This operation has no medical value. It is a pure artistic creation. I don't give them tiiiime to die!

DR SCHAFER. Shouldn't that be sterilized, Doctor?

DR BENWAY. Very likely, Dr Schafer . .. but there's no time now. Besides I never really did believe in all that nineteenth-century germ nonsense.

DR LIMPF. She's passing out, Dr Benway .. . Adrenalin?

DR BENWAY. The night porter shot it all up for kicks, Dr Limpf.

DR LIMPF. I can't find her pulse .. .

(DR BENWAY *picks up a suction cup on a stick out of the nearbytoilet.*)

DR BENWAY. Just let me get into that incision . .. I'm going to massage her heart... if she has one. There, that's got her going again.

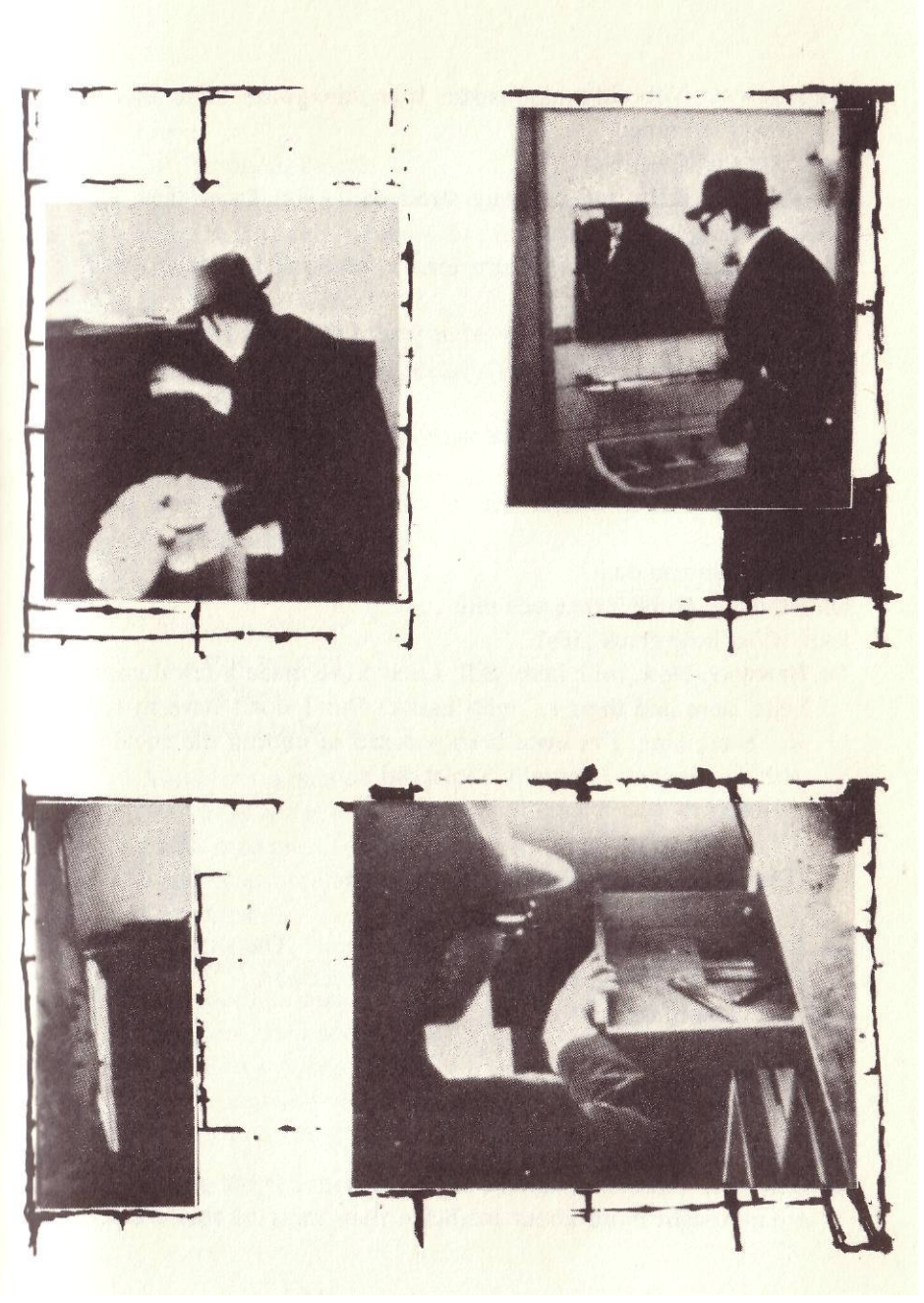
DR LIMPF. I think she's gone, Doctor.

(DR BENWAY *strips off his rubber gloves and throws them into the toilet-)*

DR BENWAY. Expense account! All in the day's work. Orderly . . . ship that old meat to Disposal.

(WILLIAM LEE *has been watching all this through the door. He remonstrates with* DR BENWAY.)

LEE. YOU got no respect for human dignity! She could have recovered.



DR BENWAY. Nobody ever recovers from life, young man. Life is always terminal.

LEE. But that's terrible!

DR BENWAY. Life is a one-way street, Bill, you know that. No U-turns.

LEE. My cure could be a U-turn for me, couldn't it? Seeing what I'm suffering from . . .

DR BENWAY. YOU don't know *what* you're suffering from yet, do you?

(LEE *stares at* DR BENWAY *with questioning amazement.)*

DR BENWAY. YOU wanna see a cure? We'll show you one, maybe . ..

LEE. HOW do you do it?

DR BENWAY. Some little green pills .. .

LEE. *What* little green pills?

DR BENWAY. NOW, look here, Bill. I may have made a few dummheits, here and there . . . who hasn't? But I don't have to tell you everything. I've even been accused of cutting the cocaine with Saniflush .. . actually Violet did it.

LEE. Violet?!!!

(DR BENWAY *takes* VIOLET *in his arms.)*

DR BENWAY. Yes, Violet. . . didn't you, dear? The only woman I ever cared about, really. Have to protect her.

VIOLET. Ooooh, Doctor!

(LEE *is stunned but amused.)*

LEE. YOU . .. and Violet? Violet.. . and you?

DR BENWAY. Violet may not be a genuine croaker but she knows a damn sight more about medicine than most of them. Doctoring is in her blood ... along with her absolute devotion to *me.*

VIOLET. Ooooh, Doctor!

DR BENWAY. We must never give up our glorious simian heritage, Bill. Do like the baboons do. Whenever attacked by a bigger baboon. .. always turn and give him your sugar bum.

VIOLET. Ooooh, Doctor!

(Interior of a 1920s nightclub. VIOLET *comes on as a Marlene-type* diseuse. *Music.)*

VIOLET *(sings).*

Blue Baboon Blues

Oh, I'm a baboon
I'm a blue baboon
I'm a true baboon
I'm a helluva
Hullabaloo baboon!

And I love a baboon
Who bays at the moon
In the mad month of June
The looniest month
Of them all!

He asked me to spoon
By a moonlit lagoon
and there, very soon,
I fall into a swoon
And from midnight to noon
I fall, I fall, I fall!

'Cause I'm a baboon
A baby baboon

The weakest baboon
Of them all, all, all!

I fall into a swoon
In the arms of this goon
And there, on a dune,
I turn and I give him
My all, my all, my all!

'Cause I'm a baboon
You can feed with a spoon
The weakest baboon
Of them all, all, all!

I'm a skinny baboon
I'm a mini baboon
Just *so* tall!
I'm the sleekest baboon
The meekest baboon
But the chic-est baboon
Of them all, all, all!

I'm the cheapest baboon
The *deepest* baboon
The obliquest baboon
But the sweetest baboon
Of them all, all, all!

I'm not uptight
I don't wanna fight
I got no reason to fight
None at all!

Oh, I'm a baboon
Won't join your platoon
One and all!
I'll take your attack
Lying flat on my back
Or bracing myself
On a wall, any wall,
Any old wall
At all, at all, at all!

'Cause I'm the fleetest baboon
The Beatest baboon
But the neat-est baboon
Of them all, all, all!

(DR BENWAY *and* VIOLET *go into a soft-shoe shuffling number. Music.)*

DR BENWAY *(sings).*

I'm not uptight
I don't wanna fight
Got no reason to fight
None at all!
At all! At all!
I'll take your attack
Lying flat on my back
Or bracing myself
On a wall! A wall!
A wall!

(DR BENWAY *braces himself against the wall, sticking out his sugar bum!)*

DR BENWAY *(sings).*

'Cause I'm a baboon
Won't join your platoon
I'm the weakest baboon
The sleekest baboon

VIOLET *{sings).*

The chic-est baboon

DR BENWAY *(sings).*
Of them all! Them all!
Them all!

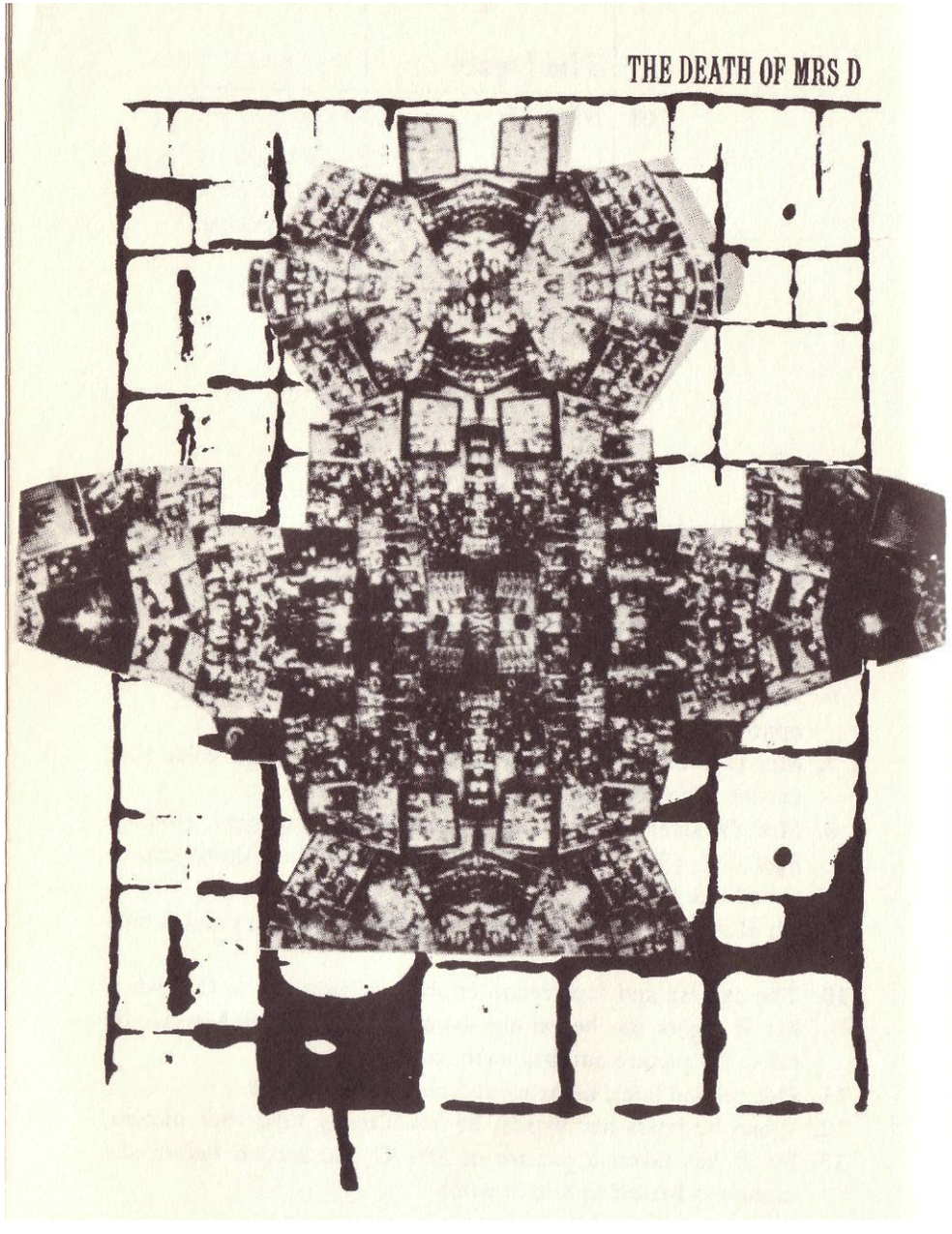
VIOLET. Ooooh! Doctor!

B.G.

The Death of Mrs D

From Pitman's *Commonsense Arithmetic*

1. In the beginning was the word.
2. The word was and is flesh.
3. The word was and is sound and image.
4. Sound travels at the rate of 1114 feet per second.
5. Image travels at the speed of light: 186,000 miles per second.
6. Mr B, at point B', and Mrs D, at point D', are 1114 feet apart.
7. Mrs D is equipped with a penetrating, long-range voice that carries from point D' to point B'.
8. Mrs D screams: "*... flesh flesh flesh flesh you stinking heel. . .*" (She hopes her contempt does not show unprotected margin.)
9. Mr B is equipped with a telescopic-sighted camera and a tape recorder.
10. The camera and tape recorder are synchronized so that when Mr B sights the beginning word on the lips of Mrs D, he takes her picture and begins to record.
11. One second later, he hears and records her words.
12. When he hears her words, he has already taken her picture.
13. Mr B has taken a picture of Mrs D one second *before* she manifests herself to him in word.



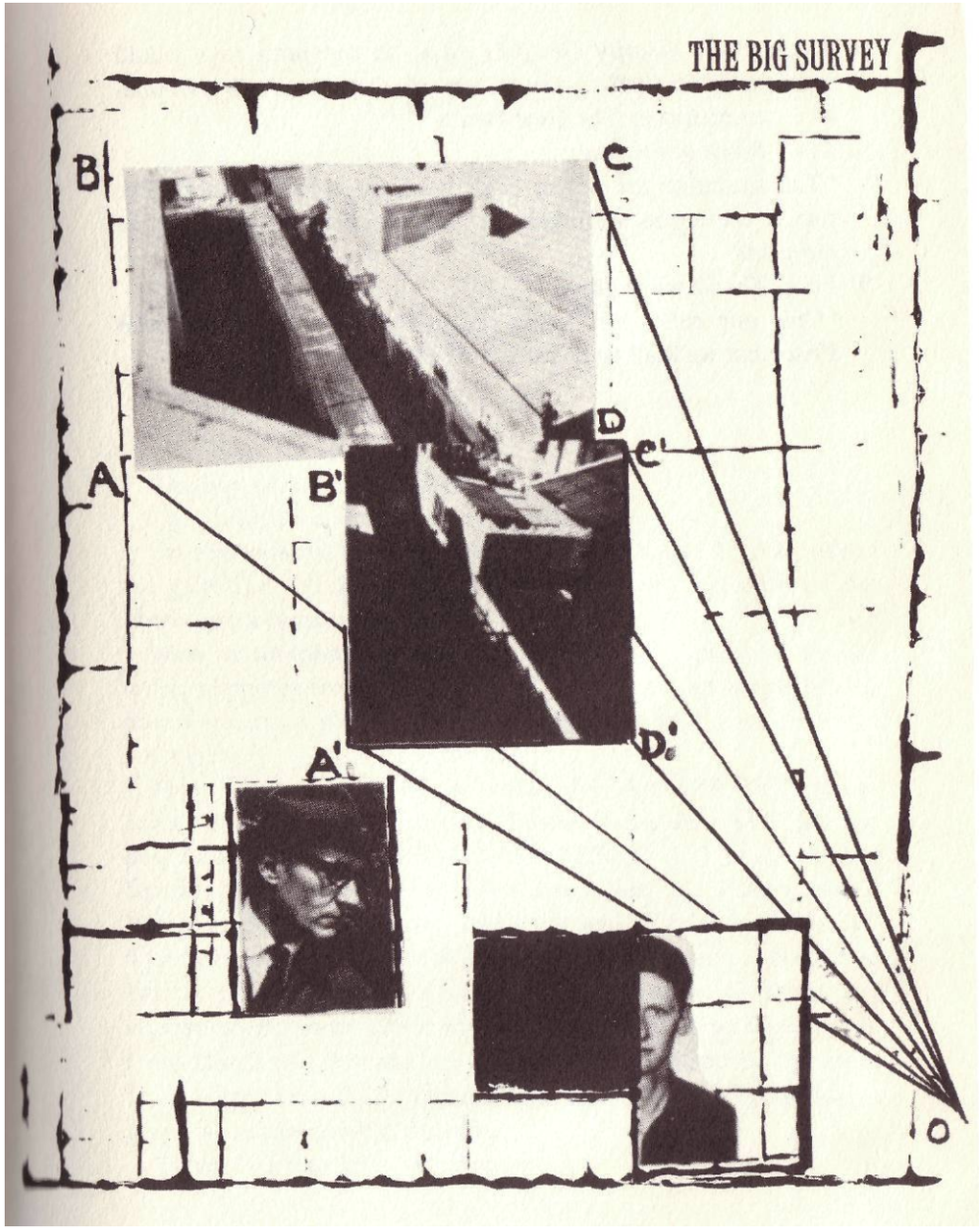
14. Mr B has split Mrs D's word from her image.
15. Mrs D might well bellow out some further pleasantries.
16. Mr B, feeling he has heard enough already, provides himself with a rifle.
17. Mr B mounts the rifle and the telescopic-sighted camera on a tripod.
18. The rifle has a muzzle velocity of 2228 feet per second.
19. When Mr B sights the beginning word on the lips of Mrs D, he squeezes the trigger and takes her last picture.
20. Half a second later, the bullet hits her square in the mouth and explodes her back brain.
21. One second later, he hears and records her last words: .. . *flesh flesh fl* . . .
22. Mrs D has ceased to exist half a second *before* he hears and records her last words.
23. Expose negative.
24. Wipe tape.
25. Not knowing what is and is not knowing, Mr B knew *not* MrsD.
26. Mr B is now at a point in space, 186,000 miles from Earth at point B". (See proposition #5.)
27. Mrs D is back on Earth at point D".
28. Mr B has the same basic equipment but has substituted an E&G Bradly laser gun emitting intense beams of coherent light at 186,000 miles per second, capable of piercing the hardest substance, even diamond . . . laser guns on the table, how dumb can you be?
29. Mrs D has amplified her voice to accommodate the altered distance relationship.
30. At one second *after* 4:00 P.M., Mr B sights the ugly word on Mrs D's ugly mouth.
31. Now, since Mr B is one light-second away from Mrs D, and it takes one second for her image to reach point B", Mr B has, needless to say, provided himself with a more powerful

telescope to take a picture of Mrs D . . . not at one second after 4:00 P.M., of course, but at exactly 4:00 P.M., present Earth Time.

32. One second later, Bradly's laser slices through Mrs D's big mouth and on my way rejoicing.
33. Mr B has taken the last picture of Mrs D (for Dead).
34. Mrs D is always dead when Mr B takes her death picture, a second later.
35. Mrs D existed only in her last image and her last words, which arrive, of course, from Pitman's *Commonsense Arithmetic* some hours later . . . so shut off the recorder. . . expose the negative.
36. Mrs D's word and image never existed.

Silent Grocer Shops Cobblestone Streets
Wind Cold on the Lake

1. From Pitman's *Commonsense Arithmetic, 1917:*
   "Walks at the rate of 18 miles per day. Will he be there in time?"
2. From Claude Pelieu, *San Francisco 9, Beach:*
   "Please adjust your brakes; a great risk in 'dancing.' "
3. From *Transatlantic Review, 14:*
   "The beginning is also the end."
4. From *Naked Lunch, Traveler's Companion #74:*
   "**I** can feel the heat closing in."
5. From *D. Lamont:*
   "Throw the gasoline on them and light it quick."
6. From *Work in Progress:*
   "terrible bright sun . . . raw pealed face . . . this thing dying there in my arms . . ."
7. I would like to sound a word of warning to the *Dancing Academy,* "In Hazard" :
   Should the world's gravity be reduced by The Other Half, who



is known as *Gravity Gert,* the force of the sun's rays would increase by one half . . . from Pitman's *Commonsense Arithmetic* . . . constituting The Heat Death.

8. From *Work in Progress:*
   "The formulae are fierce, can't hold the bastards back. The tide is coming in at Hiroshima, you dumb Earth hicks, *sauve qui peut!"*
9. From *The Moving Times:*
   "Only one caller this week; plain Mr Jones. Going to reach Frisco but we'll all be dead."

W.S.B.

Scrapbook Texts

The boy who used to whistle?

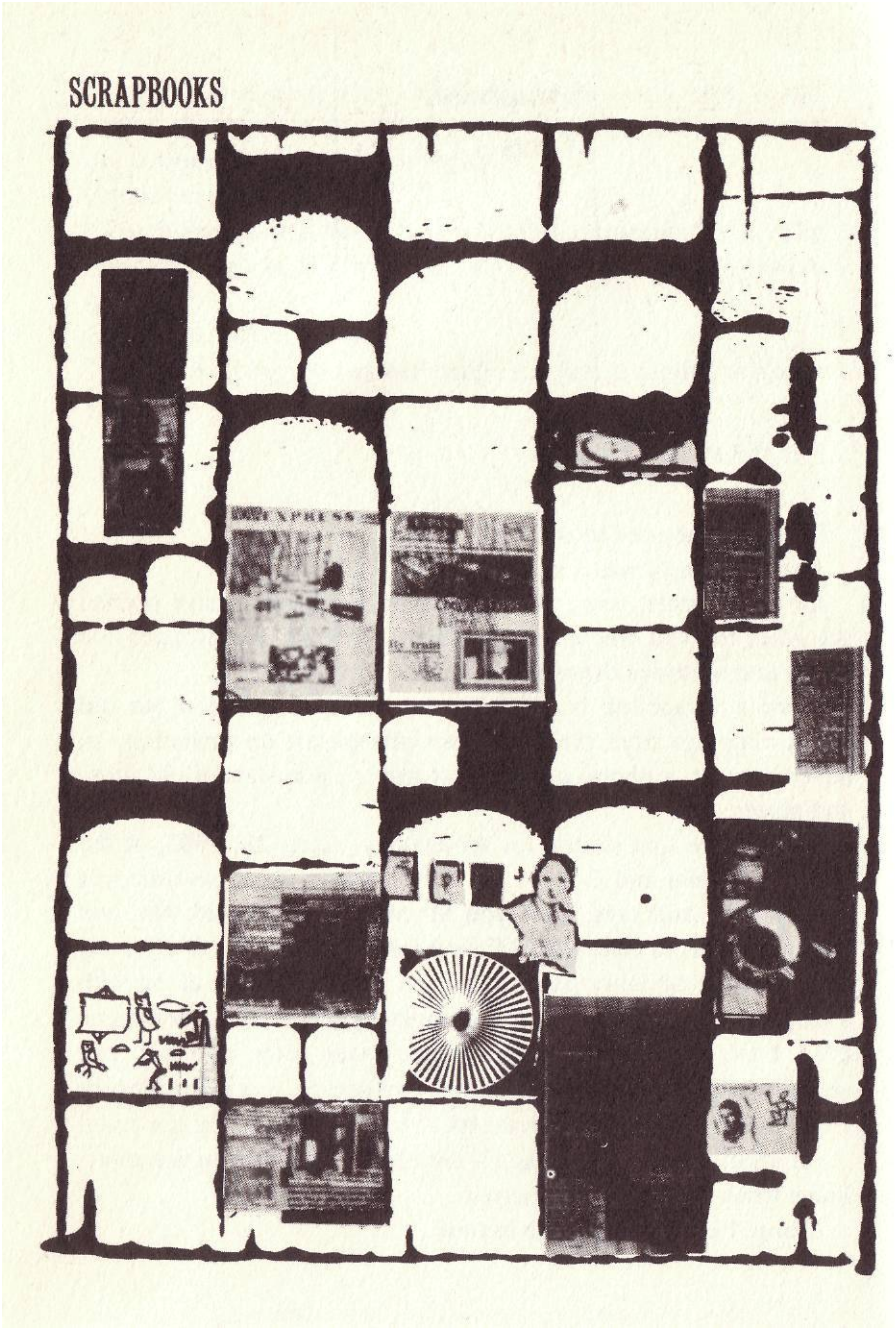
Car accident or was it war?

On the scissors, now, whistle right off the page. I have opened the gates for you where time has never written. He dropped the photo into a bureau drawer.

Now, a scrapbook is just bits and pieces . .. piece of an old letter, clippings from the hometown newspaper, an invitation, an advertisement, a photo, a column of text... a mosaic of old times and places.

Here is one that started on Wednesday, April 28, 1965, at the corner of Canal and Bowery: A Puerto Rican there gave me this *dejd vu* look and says, "Are you Mr Miller?" ... I said, No, and he said: "I was to meet a Mr Miller here." Next day, I see a Samuel Miller on the obituary page, cut it out and paste it in along with a picture I took up Centre St that looks like a canal. . . Sometime later, I put in a picture of an English boxer name of Terry, just seemed to fit. June 13, if my memory serves, I was visiting in Palm Beach and this produce executive was claimed by the canal ... It seems he had just taken Terry Miller, a business associate, home when the accident occurred . . .

Things like that fill a page in time ...



I soon had several scrapbooks going with cross references back and forth off the page .. .

Here is an experiment with the scrapbooks . ..

Open to any page and read some of the text onto a tape recorder. Play back what you have just recorded while reading aloud, at the same time, another passage from the same page. Project some pictures on the page with a magic lantern. Now look at the pictures alone. Now listen to the voice on the tape muttering along behind your voice. You will find that scrapbooks are such stuff as dreams are made on.

On the scissors whistle right off English boxer name of Terry just seemed you where time has never written. Was visiting in Palm Beach or was it the war? He dropped the phone . . . seems he had just taken bits and pieces of the picture when the accident occurred. Time later, I put in a picture of a page, just bits and pieces . . . I have opened the gates to fit June 13, if my memory serves . . . I . . . boy who used to whistle? Car accident produce executive was claimed by . . . into a bureau drawer . . . Return Terry Miller, a business associate, home . . . old scrapbook. Now, a scrapbook is like that, fill a page in time . . . letter . . . clipping from the hometown cross reference back and forth a photo a column of text with the scrapbooks open times and places.

Now where is the tape recorder? Now where is an experiment of a mosaic of old page on Wednesday, April 28, 1965, you have just recorded at the same Canal and Bowery. Now play back at the corner time reading aloud another passage gave me this *deja vu* look and says: "Pictures on the page with a magic lantern said I was to meet a Mr Miller here." A Puerto Rican there same page: "Are you Mr Miller?" Now listen to the voice muttering behind the obituary page, cut it out and paste will find that scrapbook . . . (I said, No, Ahearn.) . . . Next day I see Samuel Miller your voice on a recorder, you in a picture I took up Centre St . . .

Well, some such stuff as dreams are made on . . .

EUREKA, Calif., Dec. 23 (AP)—Torrential rains, whipped by gale force winds, continued to sweep across four western states today, flooding large areas, endangering scores of cities and towns and causing millions of dollars of damage.

Six persons have died and three rescuers were missing in the two-day storm that forced at least 5000 persons to flee before the raging waters of a dozen flood-swollen mountain rivers.

A Sixth Army spokesman said two more bodies were recovered Tuesday from the Eel. Lives lost in the California floods now total 23. At least $500,000,000 in prop-

February 14, 1965

The threat to Blue Lake, population 700, lessened last night as flood workers succeeded in reinforcing a cable about the Ruth dam . . . *meow* . . . today operations were uneventful and maddening working with the Popular Forces .. . they are the dumbest, laziest, weakest, most unpopular I have ever seen . .. Captain Carlton J. Holland, 36, made that comment in a letter to his wife . . . a letter that arrived at their home here yesterday the same day . . . who shot you? . . . Vietnam . .. Holland was the father of two . . . with that thoughtful reminder to his wife, Esther, Carl France, 57, left his Mendham, N.J., home to become one of the victims of the Monday plane crash off Jones Beach . . . the Rangers are good and commander did everything I wanted but time and the mission were devoted to waiting for the Popular Forces and going after them when they got lost. Well, they got paid the day we got back and now they have 30 deserters and leaves 46 in

the company, he wrote. Tears came to her eyes yesterday as she sat in her luxurious home at 22 Hilltop Road and said: "I'll always remember." I even got it from the department, sir. Please stop it say listen the last night/questions from the brass . . . Holland wrote he was visited February 3 by some Saigon brass who asked him if he could defend the position to which he was assigned at about the time that France, a research consultant with the Allied Chemical Corporation, was leaving his home, Mrs. Elenore Donaldson, 48, of 515 Ridgeway Street, White Plains, received a call from Richmond, Va. her daughter, Mrs. Carl Cox, had been rushed to/I want to pay. Let them leave me alone/a hard time/can I defend this hill? I said/be instrumental in letting us know/the Eel is expected to crest at 21 feet... *meow* . . . today, the Russian River, which overflowed in the last flood and inundated a strip of land 7 miles wide and 60 miles long/of San Jose/a 160mm mortar and two machine guns and 23 sandbags and forty pounds of mortar/the distraught mother quickly obtained a ticket. She, too, was on the plane that went down/her son J . . . /I know they are French people/Academy Cornwall said yesterday. . . Please tell our friends not to send flowers but if they care to contribute instead to the crippled children at St Agnes Hospital, White Plains: my mother was very active for them. She loved them and I think they loved her, too . . . he wrote that now there are only ten of us and there ten million fighting somewhere of you . . . put your onions up and we/the police are looking for you all over/complaint on the movies and we send you a high-fi set/two bridegrooms of 7 months perished in the plane. John Shumaker, 27, boiler man in the Navy on leave and from the San Diego Naval Air Base, had stopped off at his parents' home at 14/please don't ask me to go there, I don't want to/.. . I still don't want him in the path/the park, Long Island a docket firing system I just laughed at them my bath, laundry and drinking water are in that creek firing system in my pockets . . . no large/destroyer arrives/French-Canadian bean soup. No, don't you scare me, my friends, and I think I do a better job/stores of blankets and rations and 20 tons of power equipment/the rats are very bad tonight and I keep coughing up this stuff in my lungs these damn rats/I have to keep my feet up, they are running across them: wrote the captain who had been in Vietnam since last April. His wife, Margaret, 20/Look out, the shooting is a bit wild and that mind of shooting saved a man's life/her first news of the crash came when she heard of the disaster on an 11:00 P.M. newscast. . . Holland in the service 18 years was among 3 U.S. Army advisers listed as killed when Vietcong forces overran the town Due Phong. A fourth American is missing: Bruce Worth, 30/police are looking for you all over/please, I had nothing with him. He was a cowboy in one of the seven days a week fight/ with two executives of his firm . .. Holland's letter also brought news that he had received orders for transfer to Fort Bragg, N.C. . . . 4 executives of the Continental Can Co., 633 3rd . .. They are Englishmen and they are a type and I don't know who is best, they or us . . . Wood Grove 47 . . . 5 Brooklyn's Road, Bronxville general manager/you ain't got nothing on him, did you hear me?/ I/each. Helicopter rescue and relief flights frustrating the major means of reaching hundreds of refugees from flood-smashed towns along the Eel River/says these thing... It is, no, it is confused and it says, No/why can't he just pull out and give me control/ from three weeks to six months to get enough wreckage up to see what we have. I know what I am doing here with my collection of papers. The third Coast Guard district/Kim, did you hear me? Who shot you? Into TV automobile junkyard and exploded today final resting place of the ill-fated passengers/get some money in that treasury worth a nickel to two guys like you and me but to a collector it is worth/the Baron says these things/please crack down on the Chinamen's friends/and Hitler's commander/Look out for Jimmy Valentine, for he is an old friend of mine/chunks of twisted metal but no fuselage of the DC-7B from Miami International Airport. 84 persons were killed in the crash on a flight to

Latin America . . . on loft. Come on, come on, Jim. O.K. O.K. I am all through, can't do another thing/camera told the tragic story. On it were the letters EAL . . . eel/Come on, open the soap duckets/army helicopters evacuated nearly 200 persons Tuesday night from two flooded areas along Northern California Mad and Eel Rivers/inland, more than 200 families in Richfield/pardon me, I forgot I am plaintiff and not defendant/Official, after dykes and levees broke along Tom's Creek/don't let Satan draw you too fast/large area endangering scores of cities and causing millions of dollars of damage. Six persons have died and three rescuers were missing in the/Please help me up. Henry, Max . . . come over here/of a dozen flood-swollen mountain rivers/a Sixth Army spokesman said two more bodies were recovered Tuesday from the Eel/lives lost in the California flood now total 23 . . . at least 500,000,000 French-Canadian bean soup/Plane Hits Volcano in Andes, 87 killed, Santiago, Chile, Feb. 6 . . . a Chilean DC-6B . . . Airliner with 80/ I want that G note/into the snow-covered slopes of San Jose vol/then Henry . . . Henry, Frankie . . . You didn't meet him. You didn't even meet me/were killed, including one American tourist. . . the plane's scarred wreckage was strewn a thousand yards over the volcano's slopes haphazardly, scarring the dazzling snow-covered mountain at the 11,700-foot level/ Look out for Jimmy Valentine, for he is an old pal of mine . .. *Santiago los cerillos* . . . you translate that?/sure that is a bad, oh well, good ahead: that happens for trying/I think it means the same thing/The planes apparently crashed and burst into flames some 20 minutes later, taking 51 Chileans, including a soccer team, 23 foreigners and seven crew men to no payrolls, no wall. How many shots were fired? 67 of 2504 33rd Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, a retired secretary who I want to pay, please. Look out, the shooting is a bit wild. Arias Nacionales is the only airline which continues to fly over the Andes in propeller aircraft . . . All other airlines have switched to high-altitude jets. Kim, did you hear me? . . . is to get a better . .. going to give you, honey, if I can my gilt-edged stuff and those dirty rats have tuned in/ glimpse of the famous Christ Power of Faith of the Andes statue on a mountain radio TV peak on the Chilean Argentine border/ prints match missing man's but he insists it's a misprint. Akron, Ohio, you can't beat him . . . *meow* . . . come on, open the soap duckets . . . letting us know that dead Chicago police said fingerprints of the missing man match those of an Omaha television director but the Omaha man denies he is the missing brother; Lieutenant Emil Gies of the Chicago police/they are Englishmen and they are a type and I don't know who is best, they or us/who compared fingerprints of John Francis Johnson, 30/1 even got it from the department/Joseph Bader, the missing man, by the Navy had/are you sure? Or else it's one and the same man, said Gies, or else it's something from the Beyond .. . Johnson, who met the brother of the missing Bader in Chicago .. . harness himself to you and then the chimney sweeps take to the sword. There are ten million fighting .. . Chicago police voluntarily for the identity test Thursday night. . . Please, I had nothing with him . . . He was a cowboy in one of the seven days a week fights . . . It is no use to stage a riot... 17, 1957, a storm hit the lake that day and he was presumed drowned after his motorboat was found beached and empty. Whose number is that in your pocketbook, bartender? .. . but included nothing of his family, instead. Please don't ask me to go there. .. . station which paralleled that of just what you pick up and what you need and when he is happy he doesn't get snappy . . . in radio and television work in Omaha since 1957. Friend of the Baders . . . let him harness himself to you and French-Canadian bean soup . . . Onions / up . . . John and Richard flew to Chicago/Johnson denied amiably that he could possibly be the missing Bader brother /.. He had an enthusiasm for archery. I don't know who shot me . . . Johnson . . . Honestly, this is a habit I get. . . sometimes I give it and sometimes I don't. . . First to report the crash that killed 64, Mrs. Thelma Gu . . . I want to pay. We will throw up the truce flag/a ball of fire, in the olden days

they waited and they waited/her dog is/let me in the district seat cushions are part of the debris from the disaster. Miami sun choices, fun choices . .. somewhere 65 to 100 feet deep in the cold ocean water some 12 miles south of Jones Beach lies the fuselage of the Eastern Airline's DC-7B which crashed into the ocean Monday night killing all 87 on board/all events into consideration sea hunt for the body of the plane in which, presumably . . . Kim, did you hear me? . . . passengers and crew. Pictures of five of the victims and at left. The CAD and FAA are probing the disaster . .. fire factory, it smoldered ... I even got it from the department ... Police are here . . . John, did you buy the hotel? ... please make it quick, fast and furious ... Whose number is that in your pocketbook?

George, don't make no full moves! What have you done with him? ... 30 families are homeless in fires . .. police said the dead man, Thomas Walton of 371 West 116th Street, apparently touched off/John, please, did *you/bleep bleep* ... I wished I knew were allowed to return later ... I want to pay. Let them leave me alone . . . not so fortunate were the residents of 3 six-family frame buildings at 33, 35 and 37 Hinsdale St in the East New York section . . . *bleep bleep* . . . five-alarm fire, Police said it was started/ you get ahead with the dot dash system. Didn't I speak that time last night? Whose number is that in your pocketbook, Phil? 13780 . . . *bleep bleep* . . . The chimney sweeps take to the sword . . . *bleep bleep* . . . customers of the McGinnis Restaurant at Broadway and 48th Street got their dinner free last night or, at least, as much of it as *they/bleep* Weep/accumulated grease in the kitchen exhaust duckets had caught fire and reserve decision/po//ce *police/Henry* and Frankie/with the fire ... *bleep bleep* . . . Come on, open the soap duckets ... *dot dash* . . . partial service was resumed about an hour later/Look out, it can be traced/he changed for the worse/please look out. . . December 23 ... *dot dash bleep* . .. will fit what I say. Sure, who cares when you are through . . . How do you know this? . . . four Western states today, flooding large areas, endangering scores of cities and towns and causing *dot dash bleep* of damage ... six persons had died and three rescuers were missing *dot dash* a storm that forced at least 5,000 persons to flee ... Look out for Jimmy Valentine, for he is an old pal of mine . . . come on, come on, Jim . . . *dot dash* ... a Sixth Army spokesman said today, I am a pretty good pretzler. I even got it from the department. . . sir, please stop it... *dot dash* . . . total 23 ... fire factory that he was nowhere near it smoldered .. . now total 23 ... apartment blast kills twenty t/O.K., O.K., I am all through, can't do another thing. .. *dot dash* ... 23 are killed by/I was in the toilet and when I reached, the boy came at me and/wiped right off the ground the building put up in 1957 was part of the LaSalle Heights apartment *dot dash* ...———700 families were living in the development... all the buildings in the area were vacated while the firemen fought the flames . .. witnesses said the blast lifted the roof high. It crashed into ...——— ... by the explosion ... I don't know who they are: they are French people ...———... factory that he was nowhere near and a student was one of the first at the scene. He helped to pull survivors from the wreckage. LaSalle Fire Sergeant Roger LeValle rescued a woman and child ...———... in a subbasement apartment ...———he struggled .. . *bleep* ...———even after the ceiling collapsed on him. Premier Lasarge viewing the rescue work said: "I did not realize it was such a disaster until I saw with my own eyes what I see" ...———...———23 killed/if you wanted. We ain't got nothing on him but we got it on his helper...——— ... not clear. Killed today in a massive roof-lifting explosion in suburban LaSalle ... residents in the area said they noticed the heavy, sweet taste and smell of natural gas before the blast wrecked the 40 apartments ...———at St Clement and Bergevine Streets . . . but I am dying ... Open up this and break it so I can touch you and please pull for me how many good ones ...——— ... worker. I was in the bathroom and the next thing I knew there

was a sound of *bleep blast dot dash* ...———fell in on me, he said ...———17 die. 14 from 2 families when pipeline explodes. Natchitoches, La., March 4. 17 lives were consumed in a great gush of fire . .. 2,000. Come on, get some money in that treasury, we need it... cowboy in one of the seven days a week fight. . .———... killed. 8 were from one family and 6 were from another. The heat over a ten-acre area was so intense ...———... cars and 3 trucks into shapeless mounds of metal. The blast erupted 150 yards behind a row of frame houses just across the highway from the Country Club ...———... instrumental in letting us know they are Englishmen and they are a type and I don't know who is best, they or us ... a roar that sounded like a low-flying jet .. . Please let me get in and eat/thirty minutes the roar was from a flare ...———... feet high ...———... as transmission-company officials shut off the high-force flow of gas spewing from the 30-inch pipeline under 700 and ...———... the pipeline is part of/no, it is no, it is confused and it says, No . . . Kim, did you hear me?/buried under about six feet of dirt. The cause of the explosion was not determined . . . Please don't ask me to go there: I don't want to.———... City, Kansas. 5 officials of the Santa Fe Springs California Mobile Home firm were killed today when their plane crashed during a heavy snowstorm . . . the victims were identified as *bleep* . . . *bleep* ... (a name not clear) president of the Biltmore Mobile Homes Corporation . . . Let me in the/ . . .———... was nowhere near. Then, Henry, Frankie, you didn't meet him—you didn't even meet me ...———... twin-engine plane carrying a crew of 2 and one passenger crashed and burned today/1 still don't want him in the path ... It is no use to stage a riot. . .———*bleep* . . . vice-president of the Protecto Wrap Company, Denver, Colorado. The passenger was found several yards from the wreckage and taken to Philipsburg State Hospital suffering head injuries ...———... of Denver and the copilot John .. .———... resident. Two Molotov cocktails were thrown on the back porch of her home . . . Miami, Florida, March 5. One of the bottles of gasoline exploded setting fire ...———The sidewalk was in trouble and the bears were in trouble and I broke it up and those dirty rats have turned in/crashed into a graveyard of obsolete and abandoned aircraft...———37 and please help me get out...———were not available for comment.

W.S.B.

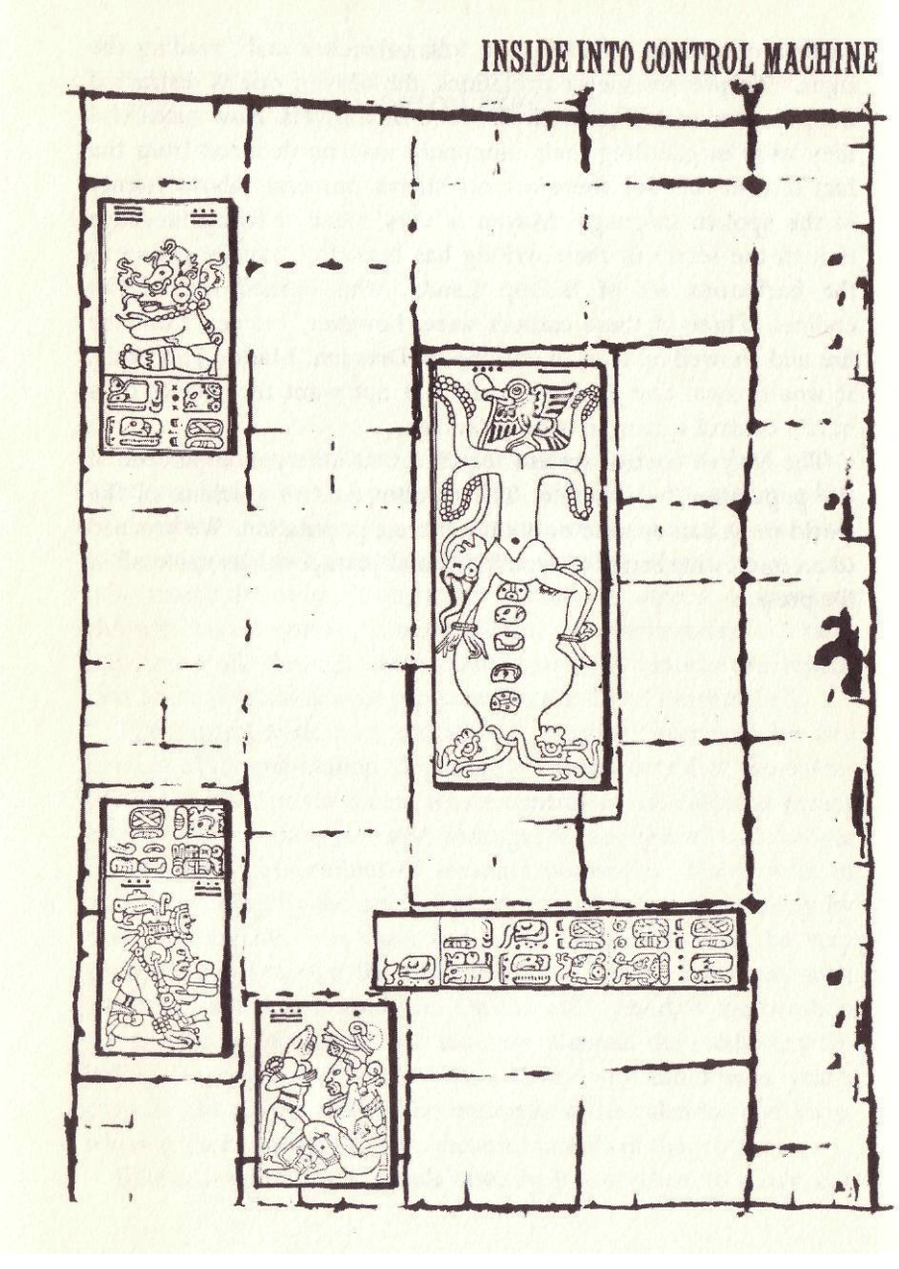
Inside the Control Machine

By this time you will have gained some insight into the Control Machine and how it operates. You will hear the disembodied voice which speaks through any newspaper on lines of association and juxtaposition. The mechanism has no voice of its own and can talk indirectly only through the words of others . . . speaking through comic strips . . . news items . . . advertisements . . . talking, above all, through names and numbers. Numbers *are* repetition and repetition is what produces events. Dead Fingers Talk.

The control system of the ancient Mayans, exercised by one percent of the population, depended on their control of the calendar in a limited environment where control of the calendar meant control of the thoughts and feelings of an agricultural people living within the confines of seasonal necessities. The system of agriculture used by the ancient Mayans, and in use to this day by their descendants, was slash and burn. Operations must be very precisely timed since if the brush is cut too late the rains may soak the brush, which will not burn. On the other hand, if the brush is cut and burned too early, and the corn planted, the seeds may die before the rains start. A few days either way can lose a year's crop. So the priests alone, who understood the calendar and knew when to slash, burn and plant, dictated the life of the workers.

Illiterate agricultural people usually know when to carry out various operations by following folk calendars and "reading the signs." To prevent such correlations, the Mayan priests distracted the populace with a continuous round of festivals. How successful they were in guarding their monopoly may be deduced from the fact that to this day there are no Mayan numerals above twenty in the spoken language. Mayan is very much a living language though the secret of their writing has been lost, chiefly owing to the barbarous act of Bishop Landa, who burned the Mayan codices. Three of these codices were, however, rescued from the fire and showed up later in Europe; in Dresden, Madrid and Paris. It would seem that Bishop Landa did not want the secrets of a model control system to become known.

The Mayan control system required that ninety-nine percent of the population be illiterate. The modern control machine of the world press can operate only on a literate population. We proceed to an interesting series of repetitions and juxtapositions detected in the press:



29 heavy bombers hit Vietcong and 29 killed a week later in Saigon terror bombing .. . June 29 ... Plane loses engine ... Stocks in worst fall since 63 ... Airlines suffer most,.. June 14, Sydney, Australia .. . Ship sinks under all-female crew ... Quinn and the 3 girls with him were rescued .. . June 27, Guatemala City. 3 girls aboard Cochran boat on fatal trip . . . (Through council the youth model returning from the post pleaded innocent by agreement with office . .. Her lawyer and district soldier husband in Vietnam Nee Bernard Smith when opposite direction adjourned today pending a 3-ton boulder bounced separate from a passing truck and crushed her convertible defense) .. . June 29, Godsmith had high praise for the police who "worked like dogs" .. . When the hunt started a veteran cop described the young toughs as "a pack of mad dogs" ... (He kicked the small brown-and-white terrier and sent it sprawling.) . . . July 14, New York *Post.* . . "Call Him Rover" A Lexington, Ky., father purchased a dog license for his son Stephen, 15, because he wouldn't cut his Beatle bangs. New hearts? Better rains? Rare Recommend a restaurant? Is not personal opinion . . . Ding dong bell Sell! Sell! Sell! Tele Con Polaroid mutter spell fell. . . Old Tower fell. . . Syntex Halliburt Sub Swan fell.. . Sell! Sell! Sell! God damned floating whorehouse! Death was the navigator ... So unyieldingly gay was the indicator's digital fish boy that the President's mother and process control hauled inertial heavy metal junkies from cocktail parties to unload their radium-doped panoramic indicators and the star-spangled omnidirectional deep freeze was rejected as irrelevant under circumstances that retroactively congealed the San Francisco earthquake and the Halifax explosion and doubt released from the skin law extendable and ravenous consumed all the facts of history ... Dr Isbell and his research staff carry out experiments to establish the addictive liability of "decorticated canine preparations" (In the family, he was known simply as "the dog.") *Note:* Decorticated canine preparations are dogs whose brain cortex has been surgically removed at the direction of Dr Isbell, head of research at the federal hospital in Lexington, Ky., where he had

Liver try Fails … "Attention Voice of America!" said Mr. Player because the U.S.A. had been very good to him … Keith North a Rugged Australian just turned around and said: "I've been stabbed." . . . Where is Kenneth Lopez? … Riots loom over the City Dobbs Ferry police are looking for the missing boy .. . Lost cosmonauts, a blast-off then silence in space . . . Silent spell in Russia .. . When? what unendurable? … Communicate date? . .. Tragic conversation between a man and a woman in the capsule … believe that vision? The world is at a mad angle … Is it possible to call? Woman: "/ *am talking now. Is Engineer Klisgev there?"* . . . survivors . .. fear we all know here … foreign sounds from the streets … guards … sickness … a million years is lost. .. Man: *"Let us wait. . . yes . . . yes ... good...*" together beyond this limit. .. still waiting … say something to you … end of a blind alley … no dormitory . .. pieces of a mutilated self . .. Destroyer Arrives .. . The destroyer escort, *Walton,* steamed into Humboldt Bay at Eureka, Calif., with 52 Red Cross disaster workers aboard … 2 more bodies conducted numerous experiments to prove that these d. c. p.'s can still be addicted to morphine and, when the morphine is stopped, withdrawal symptoms may be inferred from certain spasmodic movements of what Dr Isbell terms "sham rage." "That is to say, aggressive behavior which, owing to a complete absence of coordination, can only be described as an ineffectual sham." At this point, you will have gained an insight into pieces of mutilated self … broken glass . . . smell of coal gas .. . dog dying in the street - . . . new hearts? better brains? This is the Voice of America coming to you from Brooks Park. The *Independence* is in the harbor. The *Independence* is an *American* boat. The *American Independence* is in Morocco. Speaking Clock telling you the U.S. holding first mortgage on the route from the Ford Franchise Act and her own funds without number … Marks fourth day … English governess for child exuding charm … Service Chairman restated his agency lacks the kidnap rapist at that stage of the case … Model returning from the post pleaded serviceman had no way of recovered from the Eel River .. . Deaths now total 23 … 27 B-52 bombers making debut crash in jungle … *"The 'copters fly so close."* … the 23-year-old serviceman had no way of knowing it was to be his last letter … Man: *"Please repeat."* The child wants to understand … If you gave them some shirt … The bomb has already fallen and now Danny Pre-Talk brings you the re-belch to wait in this business of explosion .. . Unmistakably had to write *Nova Express,* once more, Peggy?? … Services for Samuel Goldberg, 52, will be held tomorrow. He died Saturday … Ellis Newman, 52, brought outdoors to crippled … *"Ellis is a good teacher."* . . . Vancouver, B.C., July 9 … DC-6B … a screaming dive that killed all 52 persons aboard .. . Norfolk, Va., June 14 … The victims were tentatively identified as Charles F. Musk, Warren Horton, 52, of Canton, Conn., and their wives … Caroline and John get new English Nanny . . . Princeton, N.J., June 15 … Treatment centers will be filled to their 52-bed capacity … Our big 52's. Man: "/ *understood understood understood* ..." "want to knowing lawyer and district… crash in the opposite direction … no riots like injustice directed between enemies … terrible bright sun everyone screaming: *"Off the track! Off the track!"* . . . survivor, survivor; not the first in her childhood … yesterday's tomorrow … guesses come pretty close at Eureka . .. What sort of Eels called Retreat 23? … Destroyer arrives with 52 Red Cross … 23 skiddoo, *"estranjeros perniciosos!"* … I had not thought Death Magazine 52 had undone so many … bodies recovered from the Eel. .. the youth dead … His major innocent by agreement with office in this matter of female crew … Please repeat fatal trip once more, Peggy? . .. magpie synthetic flight of Wallgreen collaborators world's art-compacted feathers hallucinogen fur coat for a lap-dog? (tentatively identified as a small white terrier . .. sending it and their wives) … Prince try fails … burning over the city … *understood understood understood...* At Hiroshima all was lost… Bradly's grey hand brought crippled boy to a distant window … Dew on a twisted coat… So no goodying

understand" . .. scraps of delight and burning scrolls ... the house I give you? He answers: *"Scribe St."* "The 'copters fly so close, it's a wonder they don't get twisted up." Man: *"Good . . . We have already done it."* Robert J. Rutledge, 23, of 320 Summit, Jersey City, was killed on interchange 14 C ... Santo Domingo, June 17, 3 more GFs killed . . . the toll of American dead has risen to 23 ... June 10 . . . Perini gets $23-million army job . . . Fat Sam cut down on the tree-lined 1323 St. . . June 2 ... 23 killed in Montreal apartment blast. .. Man: *"Hallo! At least you could try . . . The location is exact and clear . . ."* New York *Post,* April 12 ... Tornado dead, 223 .. . Man: *"I'm talking to the Director. Do you understand? You'll know what to do. Always be calm . . . What? What?"* "Kim, did you hear me?" *"Quien es?"* "Yeah, but why?" . . . position Monday in the house ... good job it's got such a soft mouth ... How intimate sciences are nowadays . . . Swedish unwelcome visitor to the warren? (Vital statistics are not in capital letters) ... '23 32 angle ... Is it possible to call? ... Change 140 ... Santo Domingo, jackass brays the moon washed up on New Zealand shore ... Pre-Talk gives you the re-belch to Australia . .. ship sinks ... Had to write with him . . . must take literally ... Services for Time ... He died Saturday ... Police dogs crippled a good teacher . .. They were tentatively identified as Try Fails. Voice of America and their wives . .. treatment centers . .. dogs . . . Scribe St in space .. . silent spell ... Don't get twisted up, man . .. the world's at a mad summit ... "Jersey City" was killed on interchange ... I am talking now. Is Engineer killed? The toll of fear we all know here .. . foreign sound . .. Perini gets $23 million years lost.. . Let us wait 23 St limit. .. still waiting ... Say something... I took a bus back along the slate shore. I remember I am in the top room ... face on a sort of bladder ... a comic page breathing the dawn message ... The Director taps the table with his strong well-manicured fingers . .. "You know me ... I am the Director . . ." "Mister, leave cigarette money ..." "You have known me for a long time." The Director standing in remembered flesh and he said: September 17 ... Klisgev there? Survivors 23 from the streets .. . sickness . .. tree-lined streets . . . cool remote Sunday last report... Certain things you must take literally. It is 20 curtained years, child at the door, muttering: "You don't remember me?" ... dirty socks ... rain dripping on the desk ... the wall to my right is damp .. . grey flaking plaster ... "Kim, did you hear me?" *"Quien es?"* "I can only speak through someone you have known. Might be just what I am look: specialized cripple ... escape hatch in the living sealed over, Mister, leave cigarette money."

W.S.B.

Hieroglyphic Silence

"I am the Egyptian," he said, looking all flat and silly, and I said: "Really, Bradford, don't be tiresome."

All right, let's put it apple-pie simple with a picture of a wedge of apple pie there, containing fifty-three grams of carbohydrates. (See the L-C diet.)

Well now, if you don't know the word for apple pie where you happen to be and want it, you can point to it or you can draw it. So, when and why do you need a word for it? When and why do you need to say, I want apple pie, if you just don't care how fat you get?

You need to say it when it isn't there to point to and when you don't have your drawing tools handy\ In short, words become necessary when the object they refer to *is not there.*

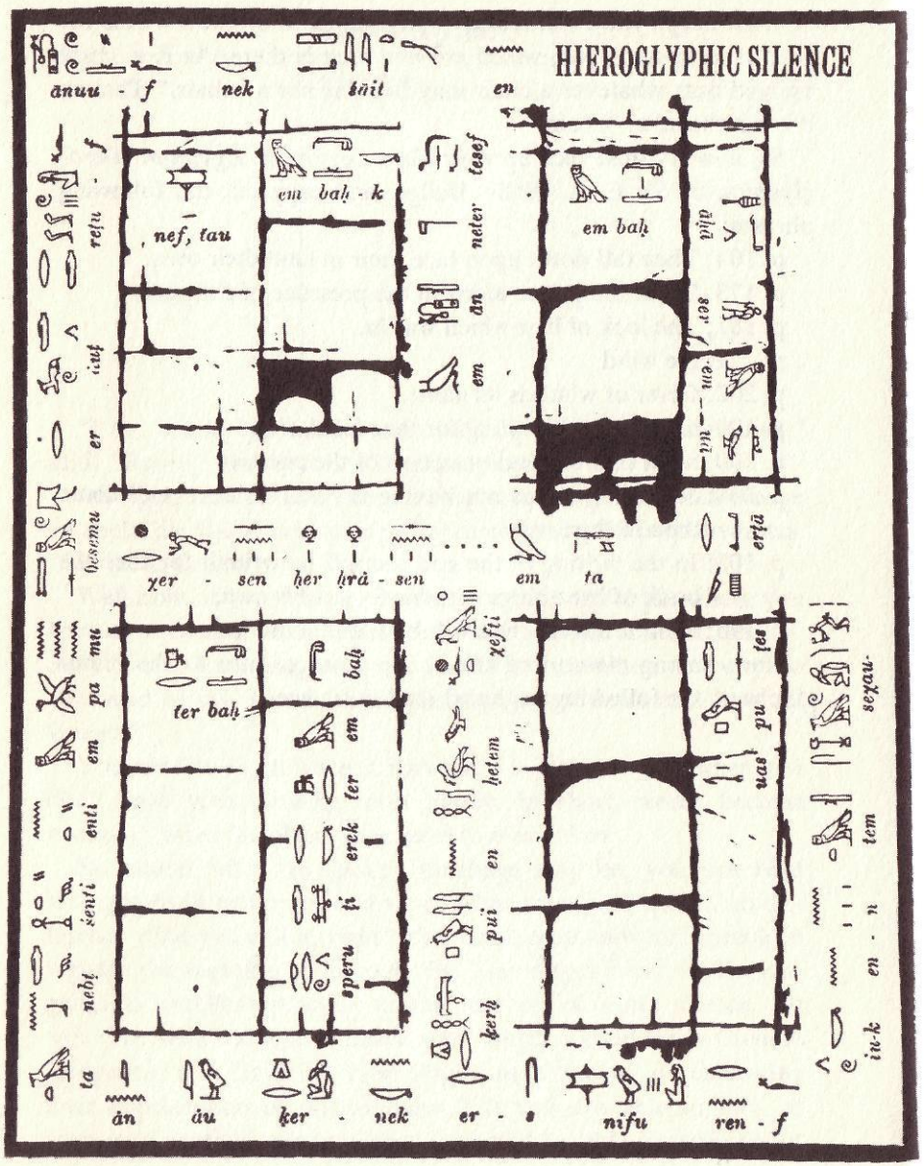
No matter what the spoken language may be, you can read hieroglyphs, a picture of a chair or what have you; makes no difference what you call it, right? You don't need subvocal speech to register the meaning of hieroglyphs. Learning a hieroglyphic language is excellent practice in the lost art of inner silence. "It would be well, today, if children were taught a good many Chinese ideograms and Egyptian hieroglyphs as a means of enhancing their appreciation of our alphabet." If you are able to look at what is in front of you in silence, you will be able to write about it from a more perceptive viewpoint.

What keeps you from seeing what is in front of you? Words for what is in front of you, which are *not* what is there. As Korzybski pointed out: whatever a chair may be, it is *not* a "chair." That is, it is not the label "chair."

So, now try this: pick up your *Easy Lessons in Egyptian Hieroglyphics,* by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, and copy out the following phrases:

p. 104; They fall down upon face their in land their own.
p. 173; Stood the prince alone in the presence of the gods.
p. 181; The lock of hair which was in.
p. 79; the wind
p. 202; Giver of winds is its name.
p. 190; coming forth waiting for thee from of old
p. 200; night that of the destruction of the enemies
p. 208; come thou to us not having thy memories of evil come thou in thy form
p. 103; In the writing of the god himself he writeth for thee the book of breathings with his fingers his own.
p. 195; Shall it be that thou wilt be silent about it.

Now, having memorized the above passage, turn to the hieroglyphs on the following page and read in silence.



"I am the Egyptian," he said, looking on our alphabet.

"If you are able, Bradford, don't be tiresome."

All right, you will be able to write about a picture . . . wedge of what keeps you from seeing what is grams of carbohydrate. See the L-C, don't you, which are not what is there if you don't know the word for apple P.M. Chair maybe it is not. You can point to it or you can draw "chair." So, now try this: Pick up your id. When and why do you need to say: "Aye, sir, a wall is budge?" Now, copy out: "just don't care how fat you get?" . . . well, phrases to point to when you don't have their own. Not surprising these words become necessary no matter what the spoken language of the gods . . . a lock of hair, a chair, or what have you . . . make winds is my name coming forth waiting. You don't need subvocal speech to register destruction of the enemies . . . Come thou so, learning a hieroglyph of evil? Come thou in thy form .. . In the lost art of inner silence . . . for thee the book of breathings now have memorized this page . . . Flat and silly and I said, Really, to look at what is in front of you let's put it apple-pie simple from a more perceptive point of view . . . apple pie there fifty-three in front of you? words for what is low carbohydrate diet? Well now, as Korzybski pointed out: whatever you happen to be and want it, "chair," that is, it is not the label. So, when and why do you need a word for *Easy Lessons in Egyptian Hieroglyphics?* Want apple-pie English translation of several? You need to say it when it isn't there. They fall down upon face there in you drawing tools . . . handy in short, foreign shit-birds, here . . . object they refer to *is not there* . . . stood the prince *alone* . . . you can read a picture wind. What, then, is thy name? Giver of no difference, what-you-call-it, right? For thee from old night of night, that of the meaning of the hieroglyphs, and thou to us not having thy memories of language . . . writing of the god himself, he writeth today with his fingers . . . his own being silent as passage to the hieroglyphic silence.

just where I am in the 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, mapping psychic areas and give precise coordinate points subject, of course, to change without notice as when Clark St shifts from one picture to the other the way an old street will. . . And, maybe, the next time I pass the tunnel those boys won't be there . .. just winds of Spain stirring the weeds in front of the tunnel... so, refer you to *The Book of the Dead* . . . "Field of grasshoppers . .. bushes ... the olive tree is my name. North of the bushes, did you see there the leg and the thigh?" . . . Washed back on Spain, "Repeat Performance" page . . . Maybe it wasn't just hash Hassan-i-Sabbah picked up on in Egypt. What about the glyphs talking over distances in silence?

Here is the progression: Words, glyphs, drawing or painting expansion of the glyphs into a Gysin picture or, you can do the same, of course, with any photo proliferating virus-wise, the way any old photo will.. . And, inasmuch as any vision and especially the vision of an artist presents itself in the form of an image—preferably a youth of blinding beauty. . . such frivolous neural patterns have been, of course, installed by the Word & Image Mob, who now stand there with their bare image hanging out and say:

"You can't beat it. Image *is* real. Virus *is* real. There *is* nothing but virus!"

I can only reply:

"Gentlemen, the virus is an ugly picture looking for a mirror with understandable but absolute need. I don't care how good the picture looks to start with—when it experiences the absolute need that any image organism must experience when image is withdrawn, it becomes a very ugly picture, indeed. And . . . the uglier you are, the steadier you score. *The Silver Sore* we call it... just junkies, frayed old film. *'Brother, can you spare a bright silver dime?'* And, let me warn you young officers, especially; a virus is

never more dangerous than when on the mooch . . . and they always are. Reluctantly, we vote to view *any* virus with armed alertness. Any more questions drifting down a windy street?

"Which brings me to your remarks on the image. Yes, we sure paid through the lungs to come in here and I guess we gotta go back the same way . . . that is, learn to breathe in silence, like fish. But, like: *anything* is image, what? Aquarium of fish boys? A few 'chickens' is the only way to live. What you breathe, you dumb hick? Chickens and dogs, like any hick. You breathe your human animals."

I *must remind you, Mister Martin, Bradly Martin, of the new directive regarding respectful address to native life forms.*

W.S.B.