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€ ATLANTIC EDITION

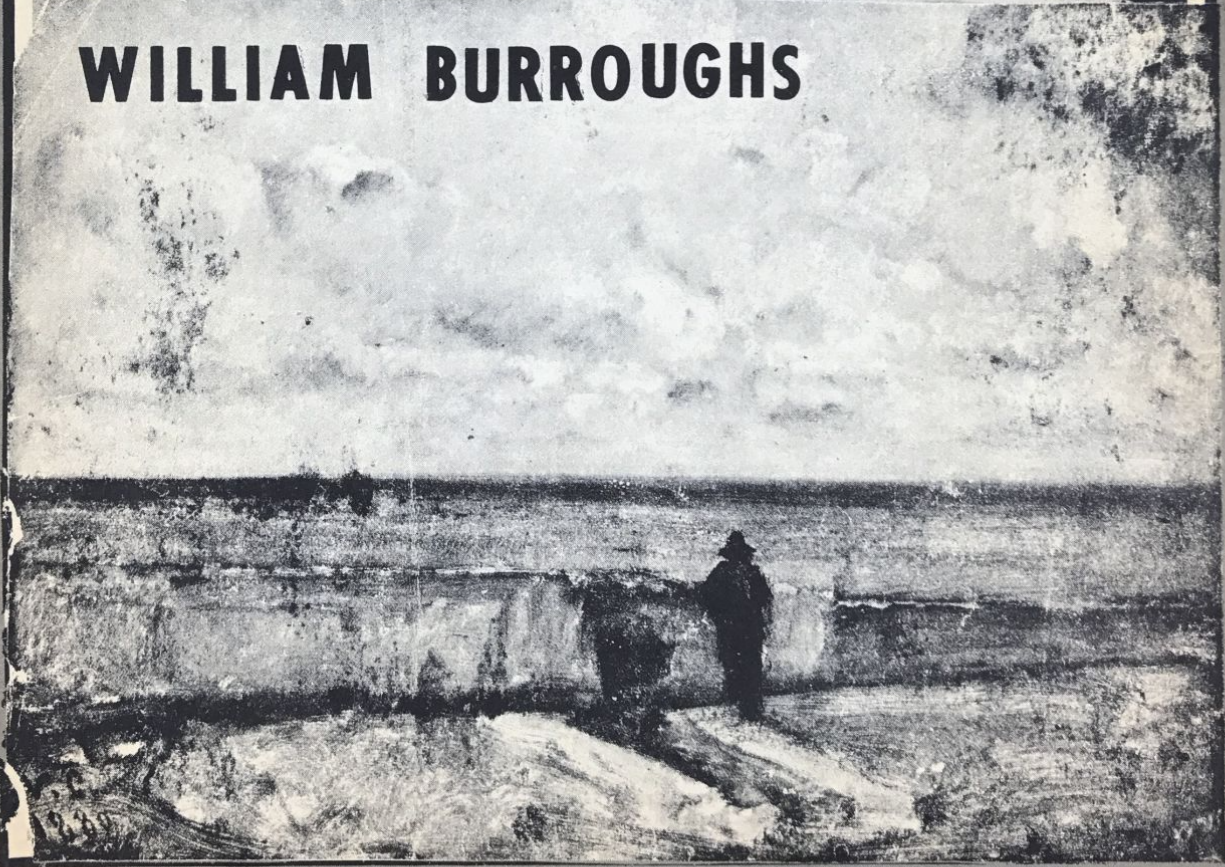
INDIA'S LOST ILLUSIONS

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



## WILLIAM BURROUGHS



VOL. LXXX NO. 22

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

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# TIME

## BY WILLIAM BURROUGHS

WITH 4 DRAWINGS  
BY BRION GYSIN

'C' Press  
210 West 88  
NYC 10024

*Ted Berrigan*

General Editor:  
Ted Berrigan

TIME Editor:  
Ron Padgett

Art Director:  
Joe Brainard

*For Roger Richards  
w affection*

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William Burroughs

A letter from the PUBLISHER

*"C" Press*

TIME, a book of words and pictures by William Burroughs, and with 4 drawings by Brion Gysin, is the fourth book in a series published by "C" Press. This first printing appears in 4 editions: 4 copies hors commerce; 10 copies numbered A-J, hardbound, each containing an original manuscript page by Burroughs and an original drawing by Gysin, signed by both; 100 numbered and signed copies; 886 copies in a trade edition.

The first 3 books published by "C" Press are: LITERARY DAYS, prose by Tom Veitch; IN ADVANCE OF THE BROKEN ARM, poems by Ron Padgett; THE SONNETS, poems by Ted Berrigan, a few copies of which are still available at \$2.

There are no typographical errors in this edition.

The TIME cover is by Mr Burroughs

This is copy no. **62**

*William S. Burroughs, Brion Gysin.*

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

"Put this on my bill,  
 Lil."  
 She said 'yes'. Her eye  
 s did'nt.  
 "/Canaries? rainy season  
 you know cheap though.  
 pretty ~~rain~~ condition of  
 pverty poverty. Live in  
 caves/coughing/from the  
 smoke spit blood all ov  
 er my back what lovely  
 backwoods piece of hump  
 I came the spectroscope/  
 had an uncle died of cir  
 hosis/one slice of brown  
 bread without butter/He  
 had to lose weight yes  
 definitely/dont like Jew  
 s who pretend not to be  
 Jews/come around with  
 the old birds&bees jelly  
 I think Rosevelt let it  
 happen/"  
 "/I've seen you before.  
 I must go back to the sad  
 sad suburbs fear we all  
 know here jumping at ev  
 ery sound from the street.  
 et guards everywhere  
 what you trying to un-  
 load on somebody, Jack  
 son, radioactive garbage?  
 ?Now when the White Rea  
 der slops my score the  
 taste of lavoris in a  
 prep shcool glass with  
 my comb and toothbrush  
 'go gladly to your doom  
 earth man' what corn is  
 here? ~~have been in des~~  
desperate battle. We  
 don't like to hear a l  
 lot of bull shit like  
 we are hearing it now.  
 We want to hear pay ta  
 lk, Daddy, and we want t  
 to hear pay talk now/"

day the old birds&bees  
 come around to open Sun  
 after where the old Jews  
 'who pretend not to be'  
 you come on it before '  
 t we butter the Jews way  
 of a long way to go withou  
 vision?? It's one slice  
 where you died ont tele-  
 you scope the time sir  
 woods piec& of hump/ Do  
 ely public attention to  
 to your poverty'/What lov  
 condition of 'ound return  
 "/You know 'pretty ~~him~~  
 him away/"  
 Give him some money/ Send  
 '/Who's that at the door?  
 the faer we all know here  
 in these foreign suburbs  
 I must go back to sad post  
 Old photo you walk from  
 of I'I've-seen-you-before'  
 pasteur now its a tunnel  
 let it happen but it is'nt  
 doom' .I think Roosevelt  
 man? Go gladly to your  
 'Where you from, earth  
 brush past a man who said:  
 cool glass frayed tooth  
 of lavoris in a prep sch  
 a windy street past taste  
 Office slops my score up  
 "/Now when the White Post  
 out of now?/"  
 bage or the girls? Taxi  
 the boy's radioactive gar  
 somebody, Jack? You lika  
 ing to ungroup? Leaning on  
 "/Young man, what you try-  
 . Rooms To Let  
 "/Salt Chunk Mary had all  
 the 'nos' and none of th-  
 em ever meant 'yes' she  
 ran a red brick rooming  
 house East St. Louis, Ill-  
 in ois. She named a price  
 and that was it. She did'  
 nt name another. Mary did'  
 nt like talk the she did  
 nt like talkers heavy and  
 cold as a cops black jack  
 ona winter night. She recie  
 ved and did business in  
 the kitchen and she kept  
 it in a sugar bowl. No-  
 body thought about that.  
 Her cold grey eye would  
 (Continued page 3 col 3

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

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

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

special to THE DEAD  
STAR by J. Brundi  
 by J.Q?? Brundiage:  
 "We will travda ~~nt~~ not  
 only in space but in  
 time as well". A Russi  
 an scientist said th-  
 at. I have just return  
 ed from a thousand year  
 r time trip and I am  
 here to tell you what  
 I saw to tell you how  
 such time trips are  
 made. It is a precision  
 operation. It is diff-  
 icult. It is dangerous  
 as the early days of  
 aviation. It is the new  
 w frontier and only  
 the adventurous need  
 apply. It belongs to  
 anyone who has the co  
 urage and the know ho  
 w to travel. It belong  
 s to you.  
 I started my trip in  
 the old newspaper  
 morgue. Like this. Like  
 this. Take today's pap  
 er. Fill up three col-  
 umns with selections  
 you scan out. Now read  
 cross column. Fill a

jelly the old bank Jews  
 used to be open Sundays  
 "/Look, son, you know cheap  
 papers look through. Pret  
 ty sure condition of pov  
 erty around return. Do you  
 cope the time sir? Clock  
 that belated Coca Cola  
 sign: just morning a windy  
 street rainy coffee  
 smoke on the hip in the  
 in the Chink laundry black  
 the Japanese girl works  
 sitting there waiting for  
 to steal. It did'nt last.  
 thought I had a license  
 like all young thieves I  
 I was new in the game and  
 sun set across the river  
 ing in the top room smoky  
 and cool off::: I was sitt  
 take a room for a week  
 talk business. Or maybe you  
 you. You eat and then you  
 salt chunk in front of  
 of coffee and a plate of  
 out a word and puts a mug  
 come in she gets up with  
 porsk and beans. When you  
 stove and a pot of salt  
 pot always on the wood  
 Mary keeps a blue coffee  
 the table and that is that  
 and shoves it back across  
 just wraps the gear up  
 nt want to do business she  
 and stays shut. If she does  
 cold and her mouth closes  
 price falls out heavy and  
 looks at the gear and a  
 where you sloped it. She  
 table she already knows  
 gear out on her kitchen  
 d. When you spread the  
 by she sat there and hear  
 or Johnny Law just happens  
 to your soft and tenders  
 ahead of OO buckshot in  
 John Citizen come up with  
 wrong on the next lay  
 and maybe something goes  
 have seen the thought  
 Column 3  
 ..Continued from Page I

Sunday March I, 1964

back numbers of the Tan ger Gazette and call it Hongkong Bar. Its all made e in Hongkong. Clom Flid ay for your newsmagazine I Sekuin perfected that art along the Tang Dyn- asty kicking the gong around the Chink laundry laundry you CAN PAPER A WALL WITH THE DEAD STAR brings the old bank Jews used to be open Sun says 'Where you from Mar- kesh? You like beeg one son bitch bastard I ketc h one clap from fucky your ass hole/' 'Well let's face it boys he does'nt want his picture taken but perhaps we can persuade him to pose for the nice press gentle mens with gun and camera /' said the wise cop one of those funy bastards in every precinct: /How you like a little heroin Bill?/' which you better think is funy and answer up like a good Nigger: 'Yawsah boss I sure woul d like some of that white sugar. Looks like I'll haveta wait till they burns me now'

The pig faced white lash ed klieutenant looked up from his books: /'They cut out these execution shots. Ruling just came through from the Capital. /' 'We were getting en tirely too many 'executi on addicts' dumped in our laps'/' said a highly placed narcotics depart- ments officials /'The ruling is retroactive re calling all execution shots/' /'Its a long way to young English soldier this is the fourth lesson I "2 3 4 flickering fing ers sweating last human

(Continued P.4 col.2)

sat in moulding who moulding the chair you er old word columns back in yesterdays pap pre-sent time now move the so called future in or inother words we tak and knew how to hang it had a peg to hang it on es will be there if you out and take the picture continuity then you go



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

was open Sundays sitt ing there ina smoky pa per sun set waiting on teh Japanesegirl a soft knock and I open the door naked with a hard on - it was the top floor all the way up you understand nobdoy nobody on that land- ing /'Ooooooh'she says feel ing itup to my oysters a drop of lubricant squeezed out and toke a smoky sun set on rose wall paer I'd been lying there naked think ing about what we were going to do in the rocking chair rocks off down the line. She could get out of her clothes faster than a junky can fix when his blood is right so we rocked away into the sun set across the riv er just before blast off that old knock on the door and shoot thi is fear load like I never feel it wind up i is her young brother at the door in his cop suit been watching thr ough the key hole and learn about the birds & bee some bee in th- ose days I was good looking kid had all teeth she set the scene up you understan d she knew all the sex currents goose for ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ pimple always made her entrance when your nuts are tight and aching ice towles lowels suspension the lot. There was a little storage room where we rigged up a Japanes e e Gym strictly from Yokahma ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

(Continued P.4.col133)

(Continued P.4 Col.I)

Fliday March 13, 1964

tant closing sugar bowl  
train whistles to a dis  
Sad back porch of dreams  
down 'Cobble Stone Cody'  
"Stepped you the Piper  
"All The Sad Old Showmen?  
1899 over New York.  
answer drew 'September 17  
From his gun a rusty  
"The Last Post"?  
desk cool remote Sunday.  
ir papers on the city  
Fresh southerly winds st-  
"The Boy's Magazine"?  
Mister."

you were, 'you'? 'Were'?  
: words.  
I spent six months in the  
morgue. I made time maps  
of the city. 'Where the  
second hand book shop  
used to be right opposite  
the old cemetery.' What  
did the streets you walk  
look like yesterday a  
month ago a year ago?  
What store what building  
was there that isn't there  
now? What was the weather  
like? What tunes were on

(Continued P.5, Col 3)  
around you. Black jack  
St Louis Illinois she is  
Yale. You walk in East  
that was open the girl's  
She named a price and  
deputy waers 'gar muffs'  
is dead. Kind a special  
g that old knack. Klinker  
conditions of ash? I twi  
bourne Grove. Smell those  
by magic shop in West-  
Johnny Law just happens  
see this hand lifted?  
citizen came up on her.  
agent call. Recall John  
about that cold outside  
ness) Nobody thought  
old birds and bees bus  
come around with the ol  
eavy and cold as a cop's  
t the birds. (Her eyes  
ch unless I browned abou  
his cop suit been a pin  
see standing there in  
talked business/' You  
ed you last time you  
goes on Jew Corner. Nick  
ght: '/ Maybe something  
her cold returning thou  
kept the guide ready  
a wise guy. Mary she  
ing universe. This is  
son map his own fuck  
steal. Meet this Johnson  
thieves but anything  
job hot and heavy. Young  
doing my simple artisan  
on the Japanese girl  
ing in a Turner sun set  
cool off. Like I was sitt  
Picasso on Rembrandt and  
Period. Or maybe you  
safe behind the Blue  
Klace waits for me wall  
ing where a diamond nec  
chauffeur map indicate  
a disgruntled former  
I meet this Johnson has  
down to Marty's where  
the girl left I walk  
[REDACTED]. After  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] or  
[REDACTED]



TV radio  
juke box  
music hit  
hall? Pre  
carious st-  
reets of  
yesterday  
recreated  
pice by pie  
ce in old  
newspapers  
old picture  
es old turn  
es.  
The next  
step was  
carried ou  
t in a fil

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

m studio. I learned to  
talk and think backwards  
on all levels. This was  
done by running film and  
sound track backwards.  
For example orgasm film  
was run backwards in  
slow motion (sex is of  
course one of the heavie  
st ankors holding one in  
present time). Day after  
day I watched the old  
flickering back to silen  
ce: unknown evenings and  
strange memories cigarett  
e smoke curling in black  
pubic hairs pipes of li  
ght along naked thighs  
slow blur of picture fl-  
esh and there was Al Jol  
son do you see this lea  
ther lungner Jew bellowin  
g out "Maaammmy" and bar  
(Continued P.5 Col.2)

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



November 18 1918

in the dormitory. A distant soldier steps from the lake from the hill from the sky

This letter is being written out here on the eve of a big attack. Odds against returning. You have always borne the strain of my being other men before. Second Lieutenant G.R. Morgan killed in action August 1, 1917. "Washed twice." Captain G. Fell May 25, 1915. "Smells of quicklime now. I have never been so well or so very nice barring the smells. We've got happy quicklime now dirty heaps of odd bodies. Lieutenant D.O.B. killed in action August 15, 1915 aged 20. "I doubt if he comes through to the 8th Post horrible maimed existence. S.H. Barker killed in action March 23, 1918 finger pointing to heaven our photographer Robert Freson to trace the last nearly invisible scars of war. 'Memory of the boy J.B.' a gun slowly rusts away discarded and cobwebbed this young British helmet. Memento of a lost biologic war combat boots covered with green mould. He pulled out a soldier's references: "Towers Open Fire."

laser guns the boy made in his work shop over the garage to resist The Secret World Control Towers. The boy's room is quite empty now

. 1920 Movie

silver ghost boy of exploded star bare feet twisted on a fence there by the creek smiles from an old blue calander put away in the attic. You can watch

so painful to scan out: ed over New York's voice hear it? Enemy intercept the job here? Will he

barrier. "Have I done electric fence at that bye broken twisted on from the sky last good the lake from the hill laser guns washing from t flapping gun smoke tied in sand a white shirt windy street half buried toys put away to a a haunted attic books ghost window closed to you heard didn't you? sir' last human crying further away? 'good bye hand lifted further and calling see the boy there person unfound hopeless searched from person to us still there waiting wow exploded star between inous by the attic wind-standing there face lum goodbye' remember kid bye across the sky. 'Last boy just wrote last good from his shoulder some mind a distant hand fell ful stopped in Johnny's a distant voice so painful s on a wall long ago er shirt flapping shadow cold hand on your shoulder back. Who else put a slow attic room now Johnny's lustre basin in the blue both of use the copper off his shirt. You know could touch almost took ows the boy solid now I yesterday back from shadow precarious streets of of flickering silver perhaps an end run face boy ent films so I pivot with ing my way back to silhouette drawer jerky far away shut a our worn out film dim



# THE WORLD

## RED CHINA

### The Self-Bound Gulliver

(See Cover)

"Communism is not love!" cried Mao Tse-tung. "Communism is a hammer we use to destroy our enemies!"

Mao, the somewhat enigmatic ruler of Red China, has certainly been flailing in all directions with his hammer of late, but nothing much has been destroyed. Even Nikita Khrushchev, Mao's most recent target, has emerged unscathed from Peking's incessant

an isolation so complete that he can count as certain allies only tiny North Korea in Asia and even tinier Albania in Europe.

It seems like sheer lunacy for Mao to challenge the two greatest powers on earth at a time when China's industry and agriculture are still staggering from the disasters of the Great Leap Forward and before he has the armaments to engage in any large-scale contest. But it is entirely possible that Mao may have come to feel that the only way to break China's economic fetters, and still

be born this month, will federate Mao fell on a winter night in these foreign here was'nt there

'/Be careful of the old man. Kinda special deputy. carries a gun in the car/'

Music fading in the East St Louis night broken junk of exploded star

sad servant of the inland side offered us his pictures of a squirrel hunt sshirt flapping trailing the smoke of hard wood forests a black silver sky of broken film the lake itself like bits of silver

paper in the wind hard across the golf course a silent awning flaps on the pier to a post card sky. remember/my/ message between remote posts/ fold in/ distant sky/sad boy speaking/ from magazine/this page/ filtered back adios and death/message from his gun/is/buried in sand/

hear this dry/walky talky talky/post erased/ "you hear now?"/Writer writes to scan your message as it were/said/ the operation consisting:::::

you are yourself Mr Bradley Mr Martin/of course/ who else?/ your 1st arrest wasn't it?/ past time whistling message that is you to scan out as it

were::::: a distant hand lifted/::::: "You and I/ sad old/broken film/ knife/cough/ it lands in/ cough/ present time/ long cough/ decoding arrest/ cough/ empty arteries must tell you/ cough/ adios/ who else?/ cough/ drew Sept, 17, 1899 over New York

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

## MODERN LIVING



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

blows. The only thing Mao has done with his paper hammer is to fan new hatreds for himself and his Red regime.

**Tiny Allies.** Not too long ago, Red China had friends galore. Many of the underdeveloped nations of Asia, and colonial peoples everywhere, listened admiringly to Mao's boastful plans of a swift transition from poverty to plenty. The left wing in Western Europe and the U.S., disenchanted with Stalin's terror, saw Mao as a new and nobler architect of a peoples' socialism. In the United Nations, it seemed only a matter of time before rambunctious Afro-Asian votes overcame U.S. resistance to the idea of taking China's seat away from the Nationalists on Formosa and giving it to the Communist regime.

But Mao finds little sympathy anywhere in the world today. He has embroiled his hard-pressed country in simultaneous feuds with the U.S., the Soviet Union and India, the three most populous nations in the world after his own. In fact, he has plunged China into

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

To that end he has emphasized both race and color in his attempt to win friends and alliances. Red China has always dreamed of one day employing Indonesia's oil, Thailand's rice, even Japan's technology, as fuel for a huge Asian alliance that could safely defy the West. And now Mao has been emphasizing color as a way to align the have-not nations of Asia and Africa against the West.

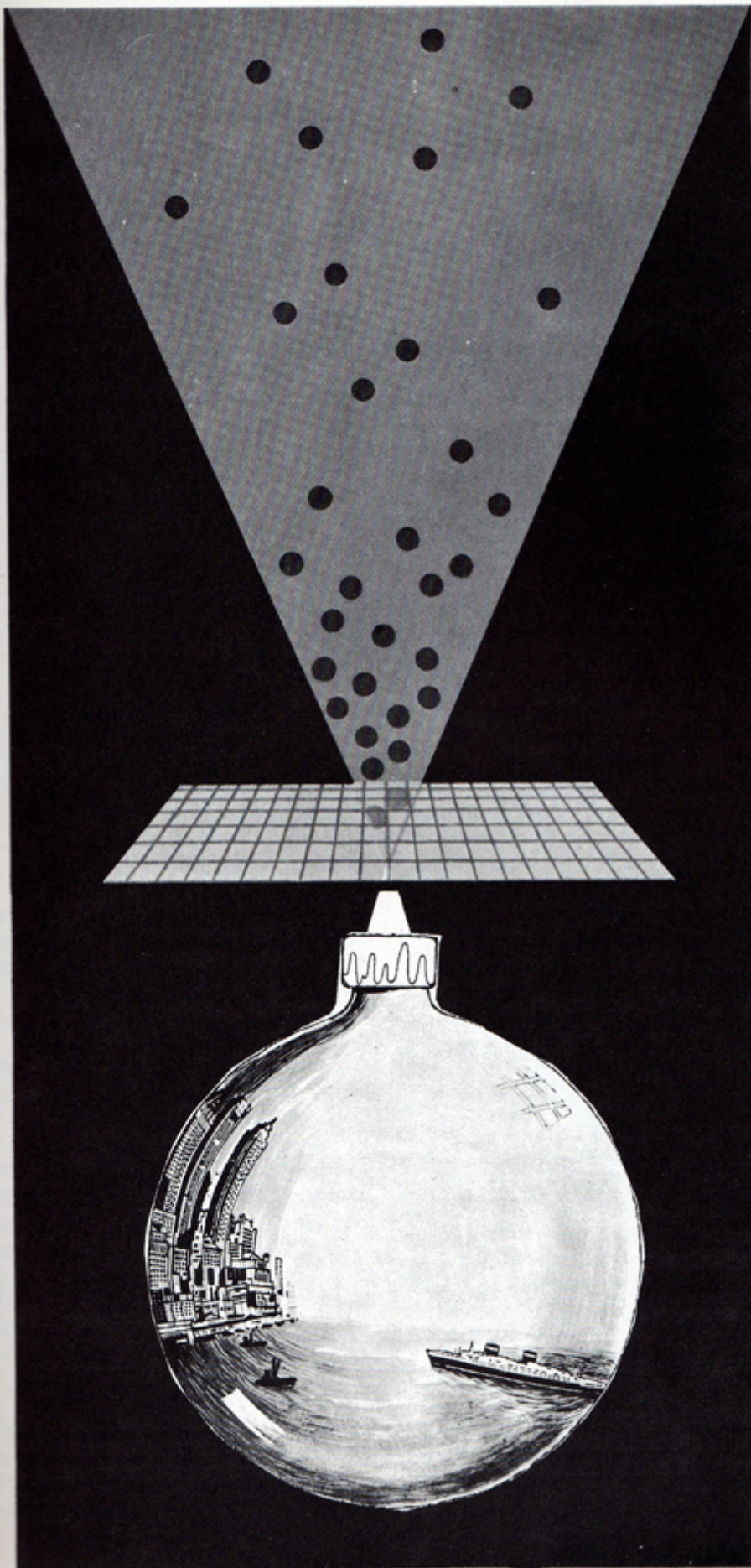
**World's 90%.** Fortunately, few Asian lands are in a mood to follow Red China. Japan is enjoying an industrial boom and an affluent life comparable to that of Western Europe. Formosa, with significant U.S. aid, has had successive fine harvests in contrast to mainland China, and boasts a battle-ready army of 400,000 men. The Philippines has a stable working democracy these days, and is forging close links with its fellow Malay nations. Malaysia, a state scheduled to



Ash streaking his cheek with the lives of millions "telling me/lacer guns  
lost illusions to say full recklessly prowling tigers 'washing'""""""  
length 'Mr Bradly Martin' from the invigorating north\$ 'Annie Laurie' had no  
stood there footsore on ern provinces introduced rock- luck."lacer guns wash-  
dead stars heavy with ets into Cuba and then----- in present time/any  
his dust answer from the ginseng root to groves of second now the whole  
'glass box' by cutting the thin narmu haps Hopeh hum- fucking shit house goes  
sound track drew Sept I7 iliatingly withdrawing them up"/""""""  
I899 over wistful M.U.C. "What trees"?????? China remember burning blood  
N.Y. sound track inter presumption spluttered "Here marks the spot..distant  
cepted you my toys since the day of prehistory stump of an arm drew across



as a front of adoration down to the shallow I96I across the torn sky''enemy  
put away across the golf wordl's champion ship in intercepted' over New York  
course my life of an table tennis."Communism clear as the luminous sky just  
ancient tree steps trail- is a hammer to chall- telling you lacer guns 'wash  
ing the wink offlight years enge the two great- ing' a distant soldier spit  
of youth children's shoes est 'reality powers'on blood for you here clear as  
down a windy street with on 'reality earth'"" the old sun light over N.Y.  
the torn September sky. added witheringly that 'enemy intercepted'a voice so  
streaked across moon back yard blast nearly painful to scan out:"Have I  
and crashed with this art wrecked the placid done the job here? Will he hear  
along the Tang Dynasty. ceremonial Southerners it?" stump of an arm dripping  
the footsore said "no dice slow thinking average stars I have been faithful to  
adios forever clom Fliday" age 63 knows that hot you in desperate secret battle  
flickering through his and humid sound will for the streets last glimpse of  
smile after the hot stove never see the promised a sad toy soldier down a post  
you add it all up::::: land. card road.



## Filtering

### HOW JOHNS-MANVILLE FILTER AIDS HELP YOU CONTROL CLARITY

Because of their unique, porous structure and highly irregular particle shapes, Celite® diatomite filter aids give liquids maximum clarity at the fastest flow rates obtainable. Celite is quarried from the world's largest and purest diatomite deposit and processed in one, closely controlled, continuous operation. You are assured of dependable, exceptionally uniform shipments, from a full selection of grades. Here, as with all Johns-Manville products, you can count on the right materials for the job, as well as on the help of your J-M Resident Engineer.

Queries are invited on filter aids, as well as on insulations, building materials, packings, friction materials, mineral fillers and tapes. Contact the J-M Distributor in your country or write: Johns-Manville International Corporation, Box 280, N. Y. 16, N. Y., U.S.A. J-M Sales Offices: London • Paris • Wiesbaden • Gothenburg • Beirut • Milan • Madrid.

## Johns-Manville

Over 100 years' experience



India's lost illusions told unknown factor. The footsore are new freed unaccountably cutting the sound track to wistful M. U.C. and remote honey sacred countenance you are my difficulty in pursuing my avid fellow feeling to its all too stupid obvious and stupid conclusion assaults the truth while living can register your years accustomed to this art along the mewling thrilling Tan Dynasty hysteria utter babble and ambush the Inferential Kid you may infer the total eclipse of whoever stood in his focus. The hot stove ash blown from my sleeve frozen forever your petite blue eyed blond streaked jungle. Some voice without inflection might be just what will have a talk with Winkhorst in the technic all department with wink babble for camouflage now trying the operation will be perfected after the hot stove no dice. A straight game of glass box stud magpie synthetic flight of Wallgreen collaborators world's art compacted feathers hallugen fur coat for a lap dog? utter babble. I can feel all your hot tenderness in nine shades, Bwana, all different hemp stonog clom Fliday you welching two bit tin typers. Ever see those English ghosts walking around used to be their head under one arm?

(Continued not ends here)  
 (Continued P.7 col.1)  
 the in all directions  
 u want to live and breathe image that repeats you you breathe being the sa the endless lack of what this Hell and this enemy your eyes, Bradly, makes  
 'Any image repeated in

(Continued P 7.col 2)  
 t his cruelest lawyers freind concealed doubt Shell Mara reasonable weekly mail service in what hampered by the dishonesty but some irrelevant as honest of a hysterical nature in screaming needies se of course to certain us cultures giving rise aceful ovens and vir-

Column 2 on page 5 has been reassigned to this column  
 Drew iron tears down Plutos cheek a wall of water full fathom five muffled explosions like dynamite in jelly (the natives are fishing) Four atomic under water blasts were assayed yesterday off Seattle Doctor Unruh of Atomic Dessemination Headquarters



sistance ever our pebloody banner of reece again raise the beasts who would on on that level facist ence you understand ocessing any interfer form of excremental pr point foregone by a conclusion is at some stand inasmuch as any fertilizer you under a very old outhouse repetiton to prolong infinite variety of ain life in all its es/ conduces to a cert under the circumstanc l to say "/I think steps of the sea wall there on white stone dying losing color the words between us and I fading he said breaking focus 'you blurred face fraying

described the yield as negligible and pointed up the necessity of a defense policy at once devious and unyielding firm and elastic so that as he put it the free world is subject to burst out anywhere for sad four days popping sink for mula he unnoises a public statement: '/Tell Laura I love amateur surgeon's youth mirror on diseased face shyly made blotch drip noises handcuffed to 'me' he made pretend noises and knew such things, Smell please a thin boy sent just to you Old Gimp lifted off a sexy thought bush such very nice youth natural writhing responses. You smell his dirtier old er cruel abd hopeless smell ?? We got to untalking on question studying the porch h (Cont. P 7.Col 3)



MAO &amp; FRIENDS\* AT PEKING AIRPORT, JULY 1963

Reality' on the typewriter clear as lacer guns washing 'reality earth'  
 down the torn September sky.....added witheringly that:::::"lacer guns  
 'washing' burning blood dripping the footsore said 'no dice'""""""  
 Back yard lacer guns crashed along the Tang Dynasty over New York....  
 "adios forever clom Fliday".....burning last glimpse of a sad toy  
 soldier down a post card road never see the promised land:::::you  
 add it all up from rollicking pandas to Klangsu Klangsi Shansi Shensi  
 sugar loaf mountains and pin the whole fucking shit house 'no dice  
 clom Fliday'""'Dead stars falling in present time answer "Pay Day to  
 'the glass box' drawing 1899 over N.Y....China,remember 'Annie Laurie'  
 spluttered burning blood here distant stump of an arm marks the spotX

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

The schools have become a casualty of the Great Leap. In 1961-62, enrollment was cut 20%, and then cut another 20% the following year. This is a dangerous business, for it was student disaffection that made the Communists' task all the easier in their final big push against the Kuomintang. Communism's problem, at this moment of industrial slowdown, is that there is a shortage of technical and managerial jobs, not of educated people.

The Communist Party has viewed the students with considerable suspicion ever since the period of the Hundred Flowers, when student manifestoes and posters denouncing government excesses were slapped on every space available. Some tattered bits of these inflammatory posters still cling to the walls and ceilings at Peking University, which has an enrollment of 100,000. Among the thousands of Chinese refugees pouring into Hong Kong in the past year and a half, there has been a small trickle of engineers and intellectuals, former believers who are now disillusioned. They are not party members, and the number is not large; the

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

GILLHAUSEN—PICTUREGAL



JOHN & BILL FAULKNER  
 CITY SHOPPER IN RED CHINA  
*Patience and a private self.*

no additional trouble in Laos.

**Where's the Bomb?** Another reason for Chinese caution was the gloomy conviction that Moscow would withhold help. Warned a Communist general, "If there is a war within three to five years, we will have to rely on the weapons we now have." Today the weapons China most desperately wants—nuclear warheads—are nowhere in sight. Peking is so bitter about Moscow's renegeing on its 1957 agreement to help create a Red Chinese atom bomb that it has broadcast details of the Russian about-face. Chinese physicists are now believed to be two to three years away from detonating a nuclear blast, farther still from what the experts call a "significant capability." But work proceeds on the project, for Peking hopes that achievement of nuclear status, however primitive, will gain prestige among the underdeveloped millions on earth whose respect—and alliance—the Red Chinese are out to win.

The noise from Peking showed no sign of diminishing, and continued to fascinate the non-Communist world with fresh tales of old skeletons in Communist closets. In one announcement, Red China took full credit for forcing a weak-kneed Khrushchev ("who had decided to abandon Social-

war

ultimatum of peace or  
winds a long time ago  
ed out. Fresh southerly  
buttons have been wip  
one man. The 'yes'  
'/Stein's army is as  
e/' Peking Saturday.  
enemy must remain alive  
exterminated. Not one  
insect pests must be  
heavens tremble. All  
tremble winds howl and  
stormy 5 continents  
Yet the four seas are  
ster to shake a tree.  
'/It is hard for a lot

like the train did.

run backwards again  
paper making the stars  
in a small town news  
Last gun post erased  
died during the night.  
sad shrinking face. He  
ing not exchanged: a  
a long way for someth-  
in his voice has come  
light walks beside you  
expired. The old sun  
within him gleamed and  
that moment the youth  
by clear as the sky in  
all I had to see him  
ing stump and that was  
s long time ago? (burn  
you? Young boy thought  
I my friend to give y  
ld of shades. What have  
note spirit to his wor  
foreign rooms cool re-  
of sickness in these  
d on the glass smell  
rld ends: voices frosted  
This is the way the wo  
sadest of all movies.  
the old names waiting  
Mr. Martin smiles 'All  
g from the typewriter  
crowds in Bagdad risin  
ographer tricks street  
and gun shots old phot  
characters riot noises  
gic lantern: Chinese  
last hints from the ma  
t know if you got my  
the awning flaps' den  
over and over 'where  
game '/ I was saying  
Death takes over the

TIME, SEPTEMBER 13, 1963



circumstantial evi-  
dence was rejected as  
irrelevant under cir-  
cumstances that retro  
actively canceled the  
San Francisco earth-  
quake and the Halifax  
x explosion and doubt  
released from the ski  
n law extendable and  
ravenous consumed al  
l the 'facts' of hist  
ory. (lost or eaten  
or something?) If I  
knew I'd be glad to  
tell you. Breakfast in  
Glasgow right enough  
streaked across the  
sky decent inexpensiv  
e middle class threat  
s without a throat  
without a tongue. The  
filters you understand  
are clogged no more  
no mas. It is dangerou  
s to play after hour  
s. I saw it move I tel  
l you we were expend-  
able and we did not  
write books after th  
e war paper shortage  
you understand when  
large numbers of peop  
les are unable to fin  
d anything that would  
sustain life liberty o  
r the pursuit of any  
endurable condition  
chronically acute.

Cont. P. 8 col 3  
was another side I  
wasn't like that there  
I wanted to say 'Its  
precarious occupation  
repetition to maintain  
because ugliness is  
the ugliness remains  
ened the world. Only  
My sad ugliness dark  
clined in the mirror?  
'/Do you see life de-  
'/Help come. Some Land/  
ful to 'Annie Laurie'  
E-L-P. Voice so pain-  
se member is dial H  
attic. Ting to re-noi-  
dice love's off the  
stained cup of tea no  
ard scratching his  
Hello there you bast  
noon tele off the air.  
stink formulae cheap  
mother hugging stolen  
way. Good long time my  
rn you can't not that  
dirty pictures retu  
sent?? Flesh diseased  
and betray us been  
Smell Dorm. To cheat  
rtier than 'Coin a  
th' the baastard di-  
coin a ' Nice Guy My  
the picture: that he  
us bits and pieces of  
ing face. Return vario  
ror on diseased wait  
Mister dim porch mir-  
ork used to be me,  
.noises home from wo-

# THE HEMISPHERE

And there was Al Jolson the leather lunged Jew bellowing out 'Mammmmy' to put our flickering silver existence in peril. I went to Mexico City and studied the Mayans with a team of archeologists (nameless ass holes) the Mayans lived in what is now Yucatan British Honduras and Guatemala. The Mayan calendar starts from the date 5 Ahua 8 Cumhu and rools on to the end of the world also a definite future date ('/Great Atlantic Accident. Need a peg to hang it on. Name address hotel quite right?/' depicted in the codices as a God pouring water on the earth('/Then the rain hit and I was running up the stone street the gun in my pocket still? are you? will you? I know nothing here the gun in my pocket in my hands in my eyes pounding light gun out of focus. My guns? But who am I told the driver 'take me to a hotel of the medium class decent inexpensive' words losing color there on the white steps but I almost forgot the light housekeeper of Aspinwall uh light housekeeper as I am (parenthetically in a policeman's bed sitter) or rather there he once lived in the imagination of another novelist.. The Mayans had a solar a lunar and a ceremonial calendar rolling like interlocking wheels from 5 Ahua 8 Cumhu '64

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



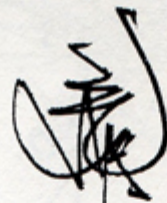
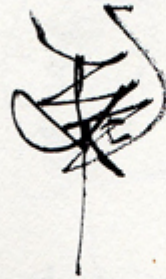
.day. January 25, 1953 Hotel Mulvo Regis, Bogota ('What is this stuffed condor doing here on my table?') I took a few days to assemble my gear and dig the Capitol. Snake bite serum, penecillin, enterovioformo and aralen are essentials, a hammock and a rubber bag known as a tula to carry your gear in. Will leave here in a few days for the pM Putumayo. Taking the place over at gun point as ever March 3, 1953 Hotel Nueva Regis Bogota. Foreign tap record and play 3/3/64 by a middle aged Dutch-

July 7, 1862-Saw some thing of the island and the natives. Surrounding the hotel is a village criss crossed with cat walks over the mud flats. The entire island seems to consist of swamp

delta. The natives are silent and sad conveying the impression of faded photos. As the propititer predicted we were unable to enlist any native guides or boatmen had to pass with out doing pictures our naked bodies spread to jungle sounds and lapping water and now if you will excuse me the soccer scores are coming in from the Capital one must pretend an interest: 'Valencia 4, March 1964. Can you boys see anything?' Scores pouring in on the earth' It was evening when the boat ankored and I could see nothing of the Island. I had my equipment for the expedition packed and my boy Jimmy loaded it into a gondola of thin black wood. The boatman was a young man with the light frame of a Malay and bright red lips. He kept his eyes cast down with the closed beaten expression of dying peoples. The irridescent oily water gave off a rank odor under his strokes. We tied up at a rotting pier that extended out into the shallow water. Stinging rays and crabs stirred clouds of black mud. We were met at the pier by a middle aged Dutch-

Handwritten cursive script, possibly a signature or name, repeated in three columns and five rows. The script is fluid and stylized, with a large initial letter that loops back.

B965  
1.

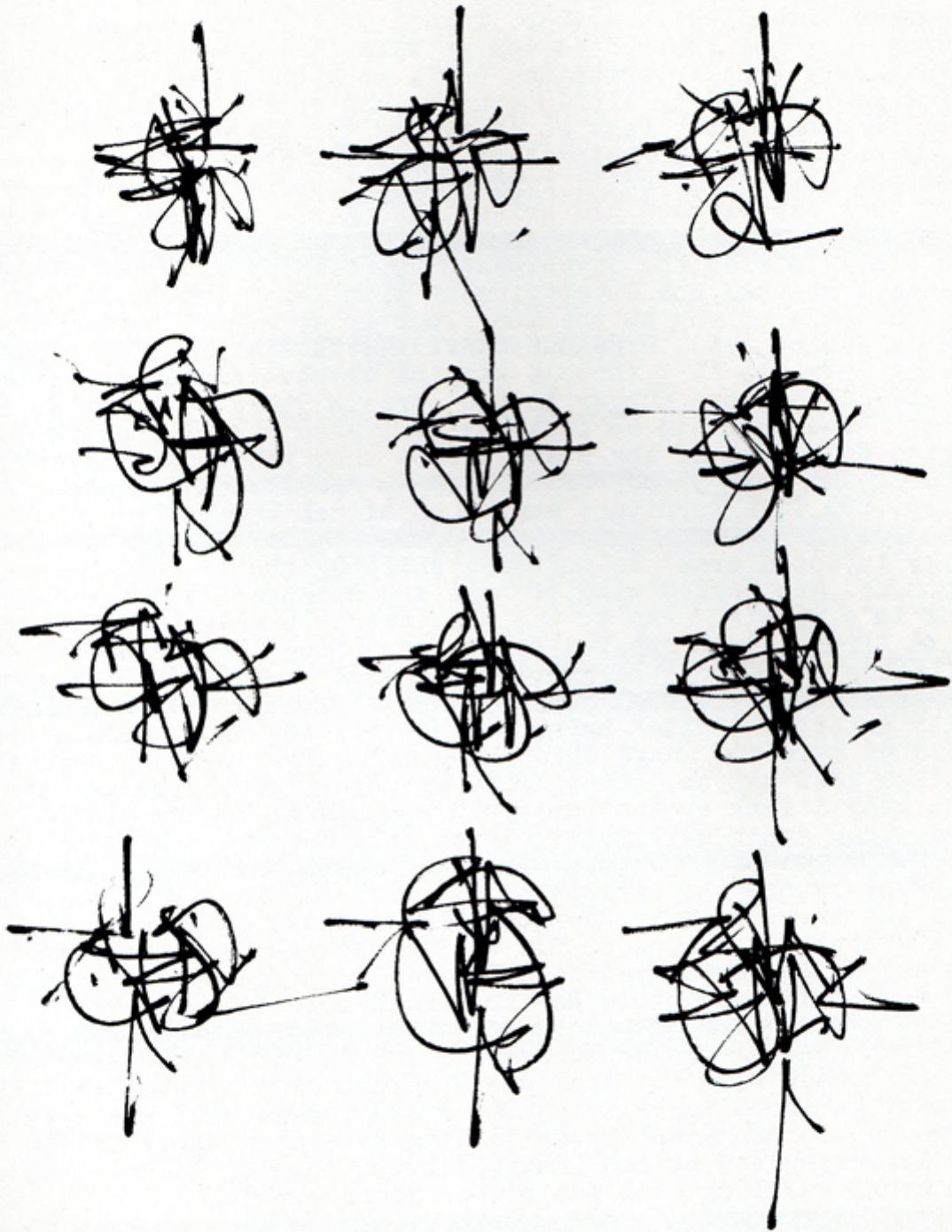


Ag 65





'39 65'  
3.



By 65

4.



'East Beach, are you a member of the Union?? Film Union I7..I don't seem to remember receiving your ~~XXXX~~ Union dues, old boy'..The rest is history..They drive herds of squealing pigs into the cru curb dump a slag heap of Martin Pitch Forge on Wall St..kinda run down now to the cold spring news smooth brown (side twisted to light face.. you..acid..a cigarette..raw pealed there..terrible bright sun..rotting flesh falling like stained grey light dead birds in the street.. a heaving room..Closed film ~~XXXXX~~ in the Purple Union..The East Wing broken pipes exposed

Flickering film scraps of streets..smooth brown side..Kiki sitting naked on the bed twisted to light a cigarette..Them wires pulled loose and his blood all over the floor..I can feel the words dying as flesh and bone dissolve in silence..blue silence like water around my feet..sick mouth back on the dying film union..smell of sickness in the curtained room at Washington square twisted dying face on the twisted bed..blood all over a heaving room..

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

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

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

'The same dirty rotten metal stool pigeons crooning 'Beach' the way to needle out there smell coal over my spoon and the water is guarded already Ever see a Hot Shot Sepia hit kid? The Gimp catch one shark in Philly..Only food of that village swamp delta to the post card sky..He never got the way to needle out of there..Smell his arm..They dont cola over if the shot is right.

Ever see a hot shot hit kid? I saw the Gimp catch one in Philly.We rigged his room with the same dirty rotten mirror and charged a ~~XX~~ sawski to watch it.He never got the needle out of his arm.They dont if the shot is right.The look in his eyes when it hit.Kid, it was tasty.

Recollect when I am travelling with the Vigilante best shake man in the industry one shark best shake out in Chi. We is working the fags in Loncoln Lincoln Park. So one night the Vigilante turned up for work in cowboy boots and a black vest with a hunka tin on it..

So one charged metal night the Vigilante turned stool pigeon.. sawski boots.. crooning cowboy.. rusty vest with the same dirty rotten hunka tin on it a lariat slung over his stool pigeon shoulder he just looks at me and says 'Fronteer justice, pal'

The Cold Spring News on the back porch of his farm Martin, Bradley Martin, Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin to you sat down on the back porch of his farm. He slipped a bag of bull Durham out of his pocket with two fingers and ~~xx~~ started rolling a cigarette. He pan listening.. (Bradly Martin County Old Grand Dad Corn)

So I say 'What's with you you wig already?' Running up like 'What's going on here??' and spitting laser eyes.. Coming on a mark like in and out of focus.. Shopping crew in Iowa.. Nova police as characters.. Another modern laboratory hangs three fags..

He just looks at me and says: 'Fill your hand stranger' and hauls out an old rusty six shooter and I take off across Lincoln Park bullets cutting all around me and he hangs three fags before the fuzz nailed him.. The Vigilante earned his moniker

'Crooning out in Chi, Cowboy.. shark best pigeon..' Sawski Bradley'.. He turns up for lariat slung a bag of work on the Cowboy over his stool bull cowboy boots pigeon shoulders ~~xxx~~ out of his rusty back vest with the same dirty rotten hunka tin on it he jst looks at me pocekt and vest and rolled a hunka tin on me.. Flashing cops at the door

Listen, Jew Poison Kate, the Mariner hath his will. So thus spake on tha t ancient man that inexorable mariner..' I was travelling with Merit Screen cothes ripped to shreds. Mixmaster, test it for dope.. I caught the Running Cardinal tow flights down (Old Gimp died there in color)

The Shoe Store Kid will come back moaning for More. And when the Kid spots a mark he begin to breathe heavy his face swells and his lips turn purple then slow slow he comes rotten ectoplasm. Old fairy did'nt pay.

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

I cuaght the running two flights. Listen down. 'Hello.. Yes Jew Poison Gimp died.. Hello Kate.. (there in color).. There in color he begins to breathe 'heavy duty' 'vast army ripped to shreds' Test his face for pruple assed baboon.. Master test his lips turn unfaltering ~~XXXXXX~~ purple then clutching only lapels..' Le service n'est pas compris.. Strip that ancient bastard naked Cock tail lounge mink, let's see your arms '

He finished rolling the cigarette the cigarette put it between his lips and went back inside lifting his gun belt off a peg and hung it on. He let the cigarette and sat down on the porch steps waiting. Five horsemen stopped just outside the gate. Martin walked out slow and leaned on the gate post..

The Rube has a sincere little boy burns blue neon right off a Saturday Evening Post Cover into the East River condoms and orange peels, floating papers, silent gangsters in ~~XXXXXX~~ concrete. Little Boy Blue crawls out screaming 'Wait till I tell the boys in Clarks about this one.. I'll catnip the jerk'

Gun right on the survey line they sat there..'Look folks dont own what they thought' Big Survey Martin leaned on the gate post quite some years..'Surveying your mind nice and cozy thought some of my June Time might have ~~XXXXXX~~ strayed up here..free range country..afternoon wind..'

Silent grocer shops cobble stone streets wind across the golf course sad servant shirt flapping the smoke of hard wood forests offered us his pictures of squirrel hunt where the second hand book shop used to be right opposite the old cemetery and you could'nt find a pleasanter place to sit on your June time..

'He finished rolling the cigarette the cigarette the hick the hick put it between his lips running ~~XXXX~~ Hell yes back inside lifting his gun belt tow flights hate you off a peg and hung it on He Hell yes lit the cigarette and sat Jew Poison Gimp down on the back porch waiting ..And when the boy burns blue neon right spots we know off The Saturday Evening Post he begins our duty cover with bull screen clothes and swell assed baboon papers..Thin old showmen screaming 'wait till I' clutching lapels..'Tell the boys in Clark's about this one..'

\*  
\* \*

Now pay attention we are going to give a few hints..Look at your book of Egyptian hieroglyphs. Just here is a boy sitting down. Now instead of the stylized glyph suppose we had a painting of a boy which would logically lead to painting others and some of them would be doing more than sitting down in my army or just here is a plough well now I can see a plow in the window of Sterner's Hardware store that Jew in Cold Spring charges too much for fence wire and I can see bronze plows in museums and I can see these plows in action turning up great fields of corn and young farm boys too in the old outhouse doing what boys will do so charge it all up to fertility rites and here is 'to pour out water, to micturate' hummm looks to me likes he pouring out more than water and that brings up some pretty pictures. So you see I take a picture that stands for and by God is a word and it just naturally opens itself out feeling for other pictures doing what pictures will do. So just let the words ~~XXXXXX~~ dissolve in the picture. Why listen to one house when you can see all the houses?? So my words just disintegrate in Gysin. I dont know if Mr. Graham Green is going to like this but he has

his place in the garden along with Truman Capotes music across the golf course echoes from high cool corners of the dining room a queer little breeze flutters candle s on the table and swishes away down those dead dead days..' Now that could just swish away calkigrapghic like mice that swish ~~WANK~~ what? Who let them in? Lets let them out. Now here is a fucking glph for you.Character pouring water ver his ~~self~~ 'The Priest' they called him. A sick old junky pour water ver hiself????Blood of Christ where they made the atom bomb I went to school there..saw some boys gply no. 90. phallus, what is masculine glyppy 94. male organs ghy 74 to recieve 77.to hold in the hand 92 and 93 Sir E.A.Wallis Budge refuses to trans late but we get the general idead and just here is Time as king Tut saw it remember 'I'd rather be a mummy'.. second.:We have here on screen some dried poppy pods a hawk and the sun and a skull cap near as I can make it out from remote landing..Well an old junky in off the ~~XXXXXX~~ parched plains of Kansas ate the poppy pods and got relief..The hawk ~~XXXXXX~~ circles in the shattered blue sky over Mexico..the skull cap is still there..Minutes: we have here a boxer dog a skull cap and the sun.. Now that boxer dog was called Shane and he was called in to lick a girl out of her coma I read about it only today in the Daily Mail for June 29 her father said 'I prey that Shane will help her to get better'..Well now I would'nt want to see too much sun light on a thing like that..Is one expected to remove one's skull cap?? Hour::Well we got a hare here setting down, some nice blue water a jar the sun and a roll of film negative..Well the hare went thataway.A film boy stripped hiself naked filled the jar with water from a blue river magic of all movies is remembered kid standing there poured the water over himself and jacked off into his skull cap.So left an old junky selling Christmas seals on North Clark St. Yes there's the boy and there's the blue river.Remember the song. Yes I can see all the abandoned country clubs and weed grown golf courses a thousand lost skull caps red mostly see the boys spitting blood in the violet evening sky over Lima? 'Fight tuberculosis folks' An old junky on North Clark St. selling Christmas seals used to be me Mister remember the caddy shirt open on the golf course you'll find him there by the Blue River when the wind is right.And remember the old junky on North Clark St.?? The Priest' they called him. Used to be me Mister..cold blue alleys of Chicago..Lake wind like a knife..Pour water on a sick old junky?..Sacred Blood of Christ you son of puta..And here is a picture from Spain.. the abandoned railroad..tunnel in the iron rock.. Weeds in front of the tunnel..two boys in there..I see some white gobs.. boy on a long grey beach with dusky rose colored genitals, ankors on the beach..all the old blue calandar pictures over here..Now as to how to present it on page and how to indicate just where I am in pictures when I write what this poses a problem..Unless the picture just lights up when you press a button..What I mean is why not extend our uh analogy of a map and give precise coordinate points subject of course to change without notice as when Clark street shifts from one picture to the other the way an old St.will..And maybe next time I pass the tunnle those boys wont be there just winds of Spain stirring the weeds in front of the tunnel so refer you to The Book of The Dead..'field of grasshoppers..bushes--the olive tree is my name..North of the bushes did you see there the leg and the thigh'? washed back on Spain Repeat Performance page-..Maybe it was'nt just hash Hassan J.Sabbah picked up on in Egypt..What about the glphies? Now here is the progression..Words..glphys..drawing or painting expansion

of the glyphs into a Gysin picture..You can do the same of course with any photo..The 'Priest' they called him..The photo..Draw an old junky there--blue grid of windows Winter sunlight..ice on the street..wind cold from the lake.. Now as to presentation on page within a practical budget. First page text and the photo..Second page..drawing on image lines-- Third page a Gysin picture.. That is using your time format a space on each page for photo or picture..We could then wind it up with a page of the intersection photos followed by a page of pictures.. Two silent pages that could be immediately read by any attentive reader who had followed the text and the intersections of text ~~and~~ with photos and pictures..(Alternately we could use glyphs instead of photos or of course both..

\_\_\_\_\_nd  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Love,  
Bill  
Bill 'La Granta'

\*  
\* \*

Attention U.S.Tourists..Ticker tape bringing you an old Stock Market spell from Hetty Green the Witch of Wall Street: Crane Corn Swan P..Do do do..Polaroid Ky ~~XXXXXX~~ S.S.Georgia Super

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

do..Slick Swingin White Wilson Dodo 22..do do do..Dow Jones Suncrest Heinz High Hilton Term Hu..2 2 2 do d o do..Helena A who who who..do do do..Foam Sig Fulton Mutter Achoo..Do do do

Roll Mirror Sham Shell East Kodak Model..who who who you you you do do do..Sig Sieg Avon Helena A who ? ~~XXXXXX~~ Boo Boo Boo Do do do..Pow Can Wentworth lu lu lu..do do do..Foremost Diaries moo

moo moo..Tally Tillie Valspar Vent flu flu..doo do do..Ding Dong Bell..Sell sell sell..Knee Wall fell..sell sell sell..Tele tell yell..Sell sell sell..Pell Pow Mell..Sell Sell Sell...Pel Tex Mell

Sell sell sell..fell fell fell..Paris Geneva Amsterdam sell..Cocoa spell well..Cola pell mell..Shell Spell Fell..sell sell sell..Tele Con Polaroid Mutter Spell Fell.. Vornado Pell Mell..Sell sell

sell..Dow Jones Sun Gas fell fell fell..Sing Spell Yell..Sig Boom fell..Old Tower fell..Sell sell sell..Syntex Halliburt Sub Swan fell..Ding dong bell..sell sell sell..

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

for arrest.. Trace that voice through the Fall Dog.. Yes gangrene  
wore a hole in his heel.. Heel you got it?. May 12 Tuesday St.  
Achilles, 1953.. Ashley Potter of Rectory Road sounded the Sts.

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

The Garden Boys put on the chains tonight? Punishment Olympia  
lost or eaten or something? Broken doors disperse to pure frag-  
ments adrift in February sunlight.. My name was called like this

before.. Rioters bleed without return.. We want to hear pay talk  
dad.. Last staccato alarm clock for that belated morning.. Yes  
that's me there still waiting in the empty street.. Windy here

now.. I think Rossevelt let it happen.. Had to lose weight yes def  
initely.. Don't like Jews who pretend not to be Jews.. Billy's  
package hangs up three flights down.. Broken distant genitals..

smell of blood and excrement twisted on a fence.. This is Inde-  
pendence Day in Morocco.. The Independence is in the Harbor.. The  
Independence is an American boat.. This is American Independence

Day in Morocco.. Brooks Park.. The old swimming pool kinda run  
down now.. Mack the knife.. I can feel it in my tonsils.. Ether  
vertigo.. When will I return to the doctors?. He has loosed the

fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword.. Boys on the roof..  
somebody goofed.. The patient is hemoraging.. clamps.. quick..  
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are

stored.. Ghostly looking child burned a hole in the blanket..  
Brief flight to Gib.. Our business now has no future.. Know human  
limitations.. Captain Rogerson welcomes you aboard.. Mr H eard

you dont remember me? Showing you the papers I carry diseased  
bent over burnt out inside.. Chemical toilets on the farm.. Boys  
on horeseback flicker to yesterday tend to repeat their parents

'and stay with me yes?' sunshine and shadow of Mexico.. A night  
in Madrid.. You let this happen? (holding the gun in his hands)  
Wrecked markets half buried in sand.. Wont be needing you after

Friday.. Sad man hpelessly calling for my dead boy having asked  
to see me said: 'I've come a long way.. I've lost Billy's pass-  
port'.. Silver ghost boy back to the old fence.. Seperate exist

ence fading before the mirror.. (A Mr Bloomberg will be visitor?)  
We are returning herewith Title Insurance Policy No. I7497.. Kind  
est regards Slack & Slack.. The war smell there like burnt metal

in the Tanger streets..'Frankly doctor we dont like to hear the word 'nova' here'..At this point in our X researches we inter-  
sected the nova police..Release silence virus..Blanket area..

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

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

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File Ticker Tape July 7, Tuesday St Auberge, 1964

Remember the show price? Remember boy of decaying dream condemned to future film there on the sea wall wishing me luck from dying lips..The sky goes out against his back..In our slate houses last

sunlight..dim street lamps at shaded dawn..open sewers..refuse on a corner..the sea ahead..got on a bench and the boy there gasping bent over..bare feet walk puffs on dust..I am dying, Meester? for-

gotten behind the mud wall?..I have opened the gates for you.. And so Meester remember me..In survival terms created this sad green stranger..last human gimpse shirt flapping..Just telling

a distant hand lifted..Light years washed over his face..boy stiffening on the wet sand stained with dew..Know sad legs on the bench, Mister?..XXX wind across the golf course..offered us his

pictures of a squirrel hunt..'He tried to entertain for breath Mister..' So Fred Flash he expose wrong and I think he now take nothing..'It could have been so?'.He looked at me his eyes on

North Clark St. and I could see he was Carl under a rusty shower Brought back the formulae on North Clark St lips fading in air.. account sheets are empty many years..yellow soap smell of hard

ribs dripping..blurred in a Spanish newspaper..last negative blurred and ugly ugly ugly .Bradly hear it to far away slums pants still open dead stars in his eyes..Remember numb cold fear in this empty

room? Remember numb cold fear when Big Picture no longer want you? Old calander fallen to the ground stained with dew..'In large view I never return Johnny..varying distances..die soon anyway..hock

shop kid like mother used to make..broken thing see?..quiet now.. I go..flickering silver smile in a tarnished mirror..water on his face..soiled clothes boy washed back in Spain repeat performance

page..diseased voice so painful telling you: 'Sparks is over New York'..distant closing dormitory fragments off the page..distant closing bureau drawer..Dream people fading,Meester..Pay the boys

who offered their eyes..Empty place there under the tree..Still there waiting when they no longer want you..Put away in an old file..'Annie Laurie'..Flag at half mast there..sad toy army..

distant feet down white steps of the sea wall..I speak in the torn sky out of ashes tomorrows news today..They have filled in the cross word puzzles and made notes on the Financial Page..'Sell

Parks Utah Mines 6 points short before the asphalt hits H2O..Late afternoon shadows across silent play grounds..dirty hand in the afternoon wind..luminous post card road..'come closer. Listen..'

voice so painful..'I carry his child.I speak out of ashes..I have waited by the sea wall..Good bye Mister..All was lost at Hiroshima Old tunes warning.Are you listening there in old cut clothes?

Ship scenes..Please more necessary.Standing now against the blues. After midnight is the best time friend..(Boat whistling in the harbor.The old dentist still there waiting from the Power and

The Glory remember London theatre there by the ~~SHAKESPEARE~~ Tiddly Wink restaurant off Shaftesbury you thought it was a movie? Remember the old dentist there last boat whistling in the last harbor

and remember the 'Priest'? They called him and he stayed(boat whistling in the harbor)Personally I have no hope no hope at all) So that's about the

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

gestures and passes with the hand s How?  
Stand in for Mr.who?? International reply coupon  
That's how he came in and that's how he had to go

out again..destined for a foreign country rioters  
bleed without return..But how could any series of  
passes?..distant hand lifted sad as his voice 'quiet

now..I go..'I don't know how..All I know is that  
he did.. flickering silver smile this thin vague  
ghost in that silent room in this silent empty Inn

We wont be needing you after Friday returning herewith  
Title Insurance Policy No.I7497 in this silent  
little Friday night town..I cant do it if you look

at me I really cant..' Ghostly looking child burned  
a hole in the blanket..He started off very fast..  
round went his arms and hands so and so and then

with a rush..wrecked markets half buried in sand..  
smell of blood and excrement in the Tangier streets  
the last gesture of all you stand erect and open

out your arms..waved his ah hands sadly turned them  
out in the empty Tangier streets..and so dont you  
know he stood..sunshine and shadow of Mexico..a

night in Madrid..And then he did'nt..He was'nt..  
flickering silver smile..there was nothing..And  
that's about the closest way I know to tell you..

the spirit passes..Fresh Southerly winds a long time  
ago..And then at that moment the face of Clayton  
changed..Remember the show when its lights are

suddenly extinguished?Going through the files like  
this that lost brother still clung to me along  
Portland Road where the second hand book shop used

to be just opposite the old cemetary and you could  
nt find a pleasanter place to sit on your June time  
odd I should have forgotten..faint ghost body on

through Euston Road to University St...forgotten my  
number in this ruin of abody..running down Euston  
road towards Baker St...In life used address I give

you for that belated morning..a sad white face..  
Good bye Mister is my name..Wind and dust is my  
name..transitory halting place in this mutilated

phantom..(twist and writhing and thrust of the  
hands..smell of strange parks..shabby quarters of  
a forgottne city..his cold distant umbrella to

the harbor office..fading streets a distant sky..  
this story of a young man who lived as you and I  
do..sadness in his eyes Aubrey waved good bye...

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go back dead birds falling in a windy street "

"

"

"

"2222"

I saw

a burning copper sky and dead birds falling.....  
pain of exploding star well yes you might say deserves help\$\$\$\$\$\$  
Major Ash is dead/Klinker is dead/you may infer/only human mind  
of Hassan i Sabbah caught between remote posts there burning sky  
pouring in hand lifted for you never called retreat:::::'are  
you serious?????????????????'diseased bent over gasping gun  
empty::::question????????????one burning word filtered back  
""""""""""wind blowing over his dirty bare feet.....I could'nt  
leave remember me there waiting on a windy street????????????  
apomorphine is unique metabolic regulator//////// sad role I've  
played:::::cop with a certain green message/long cough there in  
an alley()()()()(parenthetically sizzling to interfere((((((((((((  
si me quieres escribir I'm%%%%just where he is sitting summoned  
between remote posts forever more hand cutting//////// the old army  
game,kid. a distant hand lifted blistered the page gave them  
warning back/blue light blockade/last job /his life/on white steps of  
of the sea wall/to scan out/unspeakable horror from a blackened  
spoon remember????????diseased bent over??????? Major Ash is  
dead.....you may infer books sad toys put away////not used////  
track half buried in sand.....drifting on a windy street.....  
a distant hand ::::::caught between remote posts.....You are your\$  
--self Mr Bradly Mr Martinscreaming for you here in 1920 movie  
account sheets are burning burning/whole sky burning/ you hear

that?????????????He went away but I'm here burning..... You  
face dead soldier.....here on the farthest shore dead writer  
writes iron tears down Pluto's cheek:::::::::: This shattere grey  
hand brought:::::heavy weapons and shock troops..... a distant  
hand blistered the page%>%>%%"Meester I don't get out on friend's  
disaster""""wind blowing dust over his dirty bare feet.....  
remember me there in a windy street dead birds raining from a  
white hot copper sky?????????????sharing the pain of exploding  
star?????????????Major Ash is dead/Klinker is dead/telling  
you unspeakable horror came loose/I had to send rockets/caught/  
don't get out/exploded between us/light years washed over his  
dirty bare feet.....

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Contacted on the white subway and asked to comment on the recent  
nova.Mr Bradly said,Mr Bradly Mr Martin said, the dark room  
said the cigarette smoke behind him said "I feel terrible about  
the whole thing" parenthetically  
(on the slate shore stagnant smell from the seas there at low  
tide whimpering aginst my shoulder "Me brown Meester?" twenty  
stroke fucking me there under the bridge--what address did I  
give you under the bridge on the slate shore?  
"still there waiting--I am servant you held at arm's length--  
specialized cripple-- You have know me for a long time--Mister,  
remember hardly any leave exploding star...Mister remember pure  
killing purpose. between us pitiless as the white hot sky.  
Still there waiting fro September sad as the ~~xx~~ servant you no  
longer want--I've come a longway in street shadows."  
There in the dark room so many light years splash his cheek bone  
with silver ash--This is for you there--head lifted--  
"Sad good bye Meester.Sad as the servant you no longer want.  
And I walked it ,Meester, every word naked in searing pain"  
"Old servant what would you have? I could'nt leave. feet like  
lumps of lead--a sort of bladder with a face on it caught naked  
in streets of war and death--"  
See that boy stained with blood and dew catch all the light left  
on a dying star- Look back along the slate shore. He waves his  
head sadly--frayed thing of scar tissue.Want it?