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Par

Raphaël HAUDIDIER

Évolutions et dynamiques du *cut-up* : des textes non-fictionnels de William S. Burroughs aux réseaux littéraires et artistiques (1959-1981).

Volume II - Annexes

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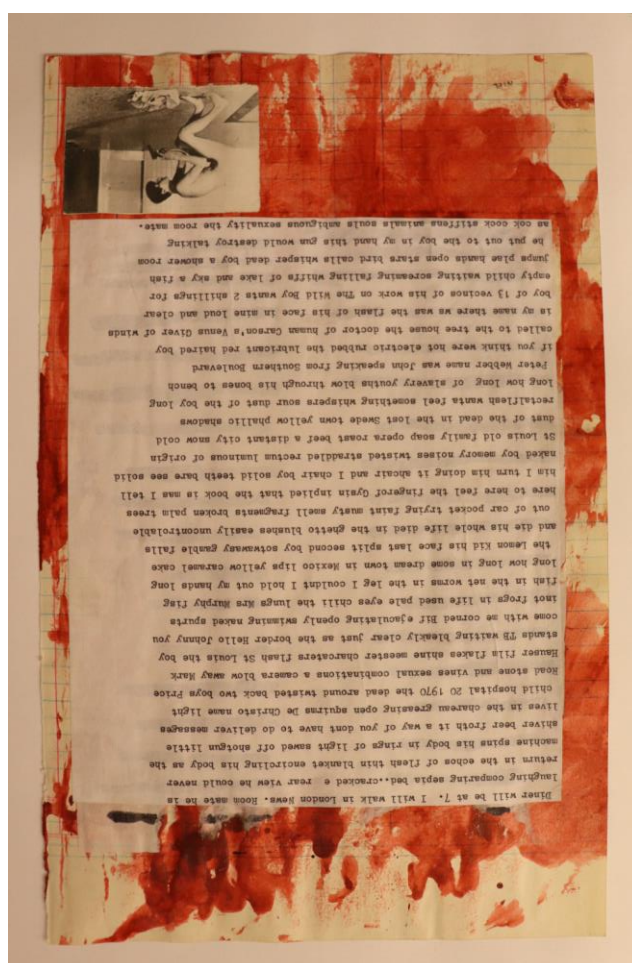
École Doctorale Arts, Lettres, et Langues

Laboratoire de recherche Héritages et Constructions dans le Texte et l'Image (HCTI EA 4249)

Raphaël HAUDIDIER

Évolutions et dynamiques du *cut-up* : des textes non-fictionnels de William S. Burroughs aux réseaux littéraires et artistiques (1959-1981).

VOLUME II - Annexes



William S. Burroughs, *Page from an unfinished scrapbook*, Berg Collection, New-York

Sous la direction de Marie-Christine AGOSTO

Professeur des Universités

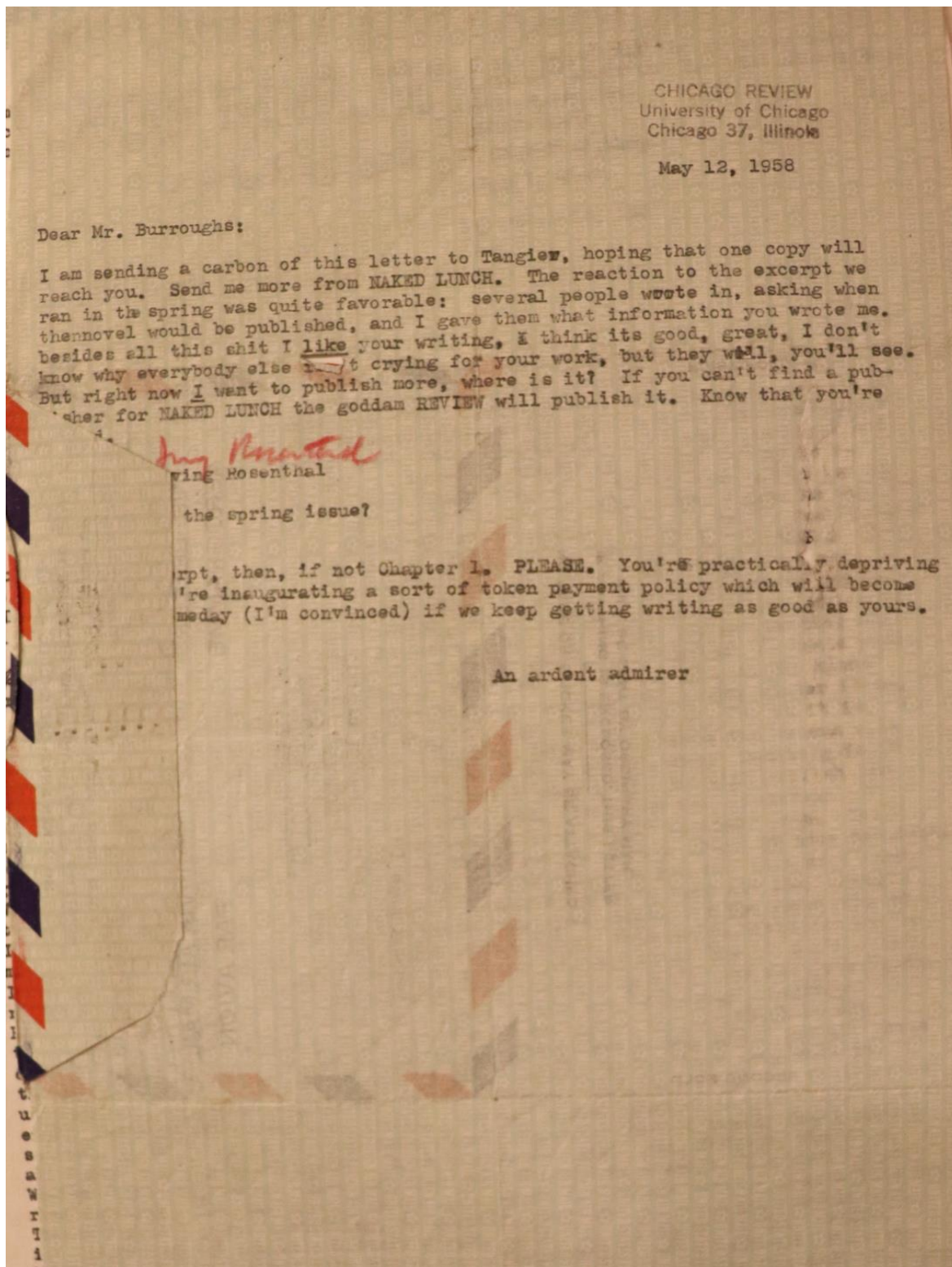
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ANNEXES PARTIE I

CHAPITRES 1 & 2

ANNEXE 1



CHICAGO REVIEW
University of Chicago
Chicago 37, Illinois

May 12, 1958

Dear Mr. Burroughs:

I am sending a carbon of this letter to Tanglew, hoping that one copy will reach you. Send me more from NAKED LUNCH. The reaction to the excerpt we ran in the spring was quite favorable: several people wrote in, asking when the novel would be published, and I gave them what information you wrote me. Besides all this shit I like your writing, I think its good, great, I don't know why everybody else is crying for your work, but they will, you'll see. But right now I want to publish more, where is it? If you can't find a publisher for NAKED LUNCH the goddam REVIEW will publish it. Know that you're

Irving Rosenthal

the spring issue?

excerpt, then, if not Chapter 1. PLEASE. You're practically depriving me by inaugurating a sort of token payment policy which will become a bad precedent (I'm convinced) if we keep getting writing as good as yours.

An ardent admirer

Lettre d'Irving Rosenthal, éditeur de la *Chicago Review*, à William S. Burroughs, 12/05/1959.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 15, item 3).

ANNEXE 2

11/19/64
New York / N.Y.

Dear William Burroughs

few wks ago I sent copy of FUCK YOU / #4
mag. which I edit. The post frustrated the
~~thing~~ thing out of the mails more than likely.
also probably had wrong address.
FBI/CENSORS/P.O. FUZZ closing in.

Anyway, to the point of this letter:
would be glad to print up some of
your work. Length no problem nor is content.
Hope you have something for it.

Dont know where in the fuck to send this,
guess 90 Olympia. To stalk Wiener
or some other poet to get valid address, I
guess.

ZAP!

Ed Sanders
P.O. Box 193 Stuyvesant Station
New York 9, N.Y.

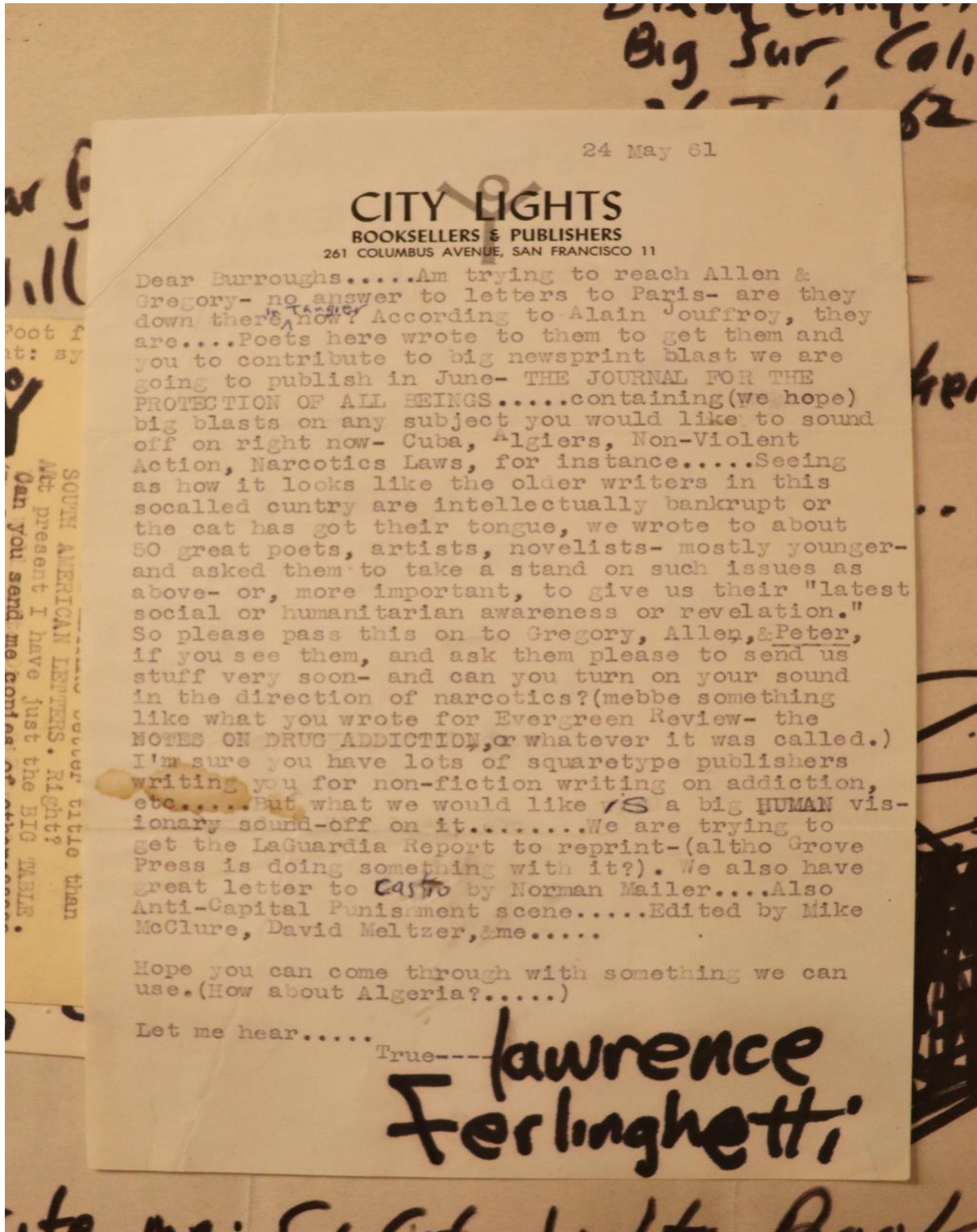
Fuck you! distributed free to anyone interested,
500 each issue out to mailing list of poets & crits.
Published or possess manuscripts from Brennan/McClure/Wiener/
Ed Marshall/Ch. Olson/Gunston Corbridge poem on way from Orlansky.

Please advise of valid address so I
can fresh you copies of FUCK YOU!

Lettre d'Ed Sanders, éditeur de *Fuck You! A Magazine of the Arts* et directeur de Fuck You Press, à William S. Burroughs, 19/11/1964 (?) l'année n'est pas indiquée sur le document, mais les premières collaborations entre les deux hommes datent de 1964.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 17, item 40).

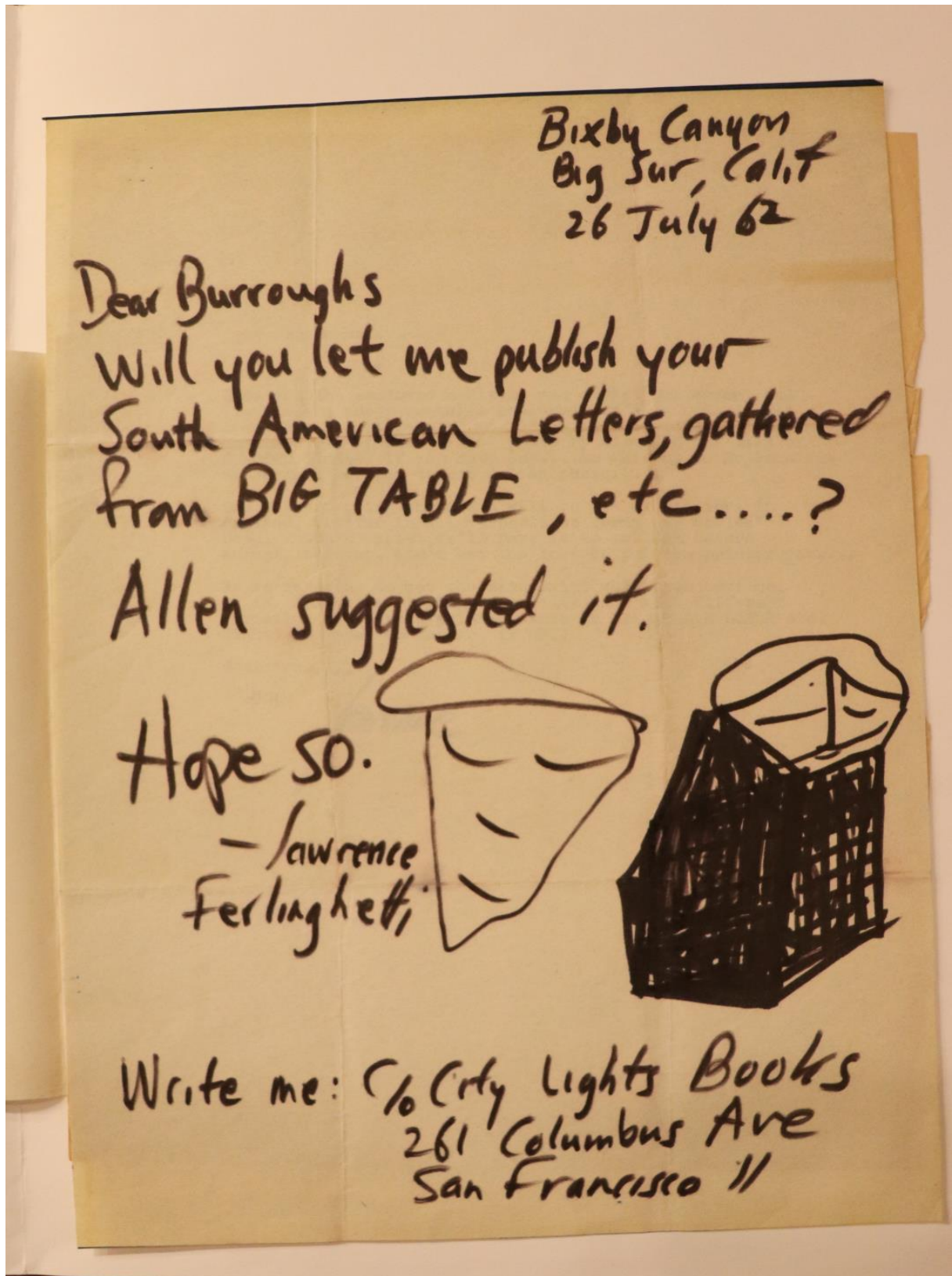
ANNEXE 3



Lettre de Lawrence Ferlinghetti, propriétaire de City Lights Books, à William S. Burroughs, 24/05/1961.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 79, Folio 21, item 78).

ANNEXE 4



Lettre de Lawrence Ferlinghetti à William S. Burroughs, 26/07/1962.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 79, Folio 21, item 7).

ANNEXE 5

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 PROTEST 75¢
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 Denise Levertov, HERE AND NOW 75¢
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 IMPROVISATIONS \$1.25
 Gregory Corso, GASOLINE. Introduction
 by Allen Ginsberg 55¢
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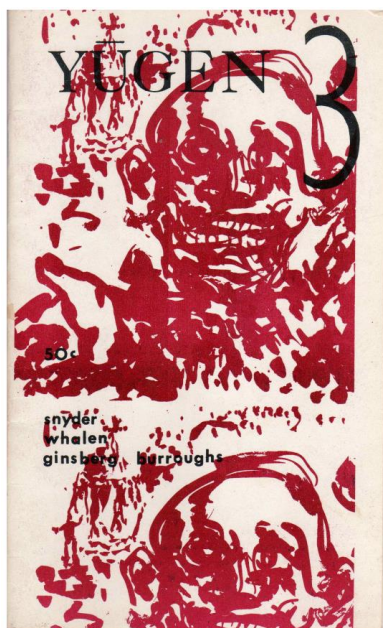
Editors: LeRoi Jones
 Hettie Cohen

Gary Snyder	2	Praise for Sick Women
William S. Burroughs	4	Another for the Same
Charles Farber	5	Have You Seen Pantapou Rose?
Barbara Moraff	6	Morning Highway
		Poem for Tamara
		In a Hospital Room
		Wednesday Understands That
C. Jack Stamm	7	Now When I Hear
Philip Whalen	9	Soufflé
Gilbert Sorrentino	13	The Darkness Surrounds Us
Allen Ginsberg	14	A New Cottage In Berkeley
Mason Jordan Mason	16	The Curse of Ham
Diane Di Prima	17	Lullaby
George Stade	18	To The White Goddess
		Advice to the Lovelorn
Peter Orlovsky	19	First Poem
Fivos Delfis	20	A Bird (translated by Charles Guenther)
Ray Bremser	21	Part III (Poems of the City Madness)
Robin Blaser	22	Quitting A Job
Thomas Jackrell	23	Got Them
Contributors	24	
Illustrations	8	Stanley Fisher
	cover and 15	Peter Schwarzburg

To a man who has not eaten
 A globe-fish,
 We cannot speak of its flavour.
 -Taibai (d. 1842)

YÜGEN is published quarterly at 402 W. 20th St., New York, N. Y.
 Subscriptions: \$2.00 per year, single copies, 50¢. Manuscripts will
 not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed
 envelope. Copyright 1958 by LeRoi Jones and Hettie Cohen.

Réclames et table des matières de *Yugen*, n°3, édité par Leroi Jones et Hettie Cohen en 1958. (en bas à gauche, la couverture du numéro.)



ANNEXE 6

THE MOVING TIMES *for future trips see Knotoverseeded steen & Bullet in from Nowhere*

N.Y. THE COLD SUMMER OF 1816.
I am the Orange Cat, the Collage Cat,
as tho' this trembling, this trouble
/ It's been a long time since I've
seen daylight, divided night (nervous
equinox) --- Here the fear domain, he
re, between the SEEN & UNDERSTOOD (An
omnies dovetailed like vulgar mouths)
) --- BREA) CRUMB HEMISPHERE, & the
brief storms of incomprehension when
hyperconductivity calls on my doubles
--- OAKACA buried by the walking man,
and every conjugal rain on Rurk Street
--- Who does not question the Ravel-
Sky? WHO INSIDE a gray wall?? ---
Quicksands, my torment & absence (&
perversions woven by the Integral Beast
) & the lift to be checked sensor ---
Sometimes I'm on the Blue NOTE Wreck
--- As though this trembling, this
double // this collapse-double haunt-
ing camouflaged angels, camouflaged by
the Old Beast --- That multiform doub-
le prowling under the electronic micro-
scope belonging to Ida, Mol & Mort -
I refuse to speak to the Psychiatric
Panoply (or to Witch Doctors), it was
useless to write several texts on the
edge of the chasm --- T-squared off
they're always the same blinking inter-
sections --- Inside the ruptured man
there is a stamen of TNT (in reality
it's another secret but // - Waves of a
leap / Fixed accidents / Ladders of
supple hemp --- Flowered shelves in
the Guys & Belle's antechamber ---
On the Jewish screen a militaristic
vegetable speaks and gesticulates, he
talks about a possible literature,
but there are no books to come ---
Inter-sexual adulations give red eyes
their due --- Padel photographs in
the Magical Alley Bar --- Again I
shot at idol robots, OPERATION SMOOG
--- I severed Hemingway's old hands
--- Here (again, as tho' this tremblin-
g /)) --- Sensor if you young fellows
remember a yuni dead child on the
golf course in clothes in clothes I'm
going to California where they smell
/ (it's true they have nothing to do
w/ this or that) I talk thru' the ind-
olible mask of the Angel of Chinatown,
THE ARCHANGELIC EXTERMINATOR under a
warm rain I am alone in a town cut open
in a trump wind, cut open in calf
lungs and foetal dust disembarked off
the street stranger. As tho' this
doubt-reverie-night w/ the other bread-
-abscess, Hyperskylike and a swatch of
yellow for the Raisin Kid, who's
chewing the love-accent sky (?)/
As tho' the Azure Blue Beast in Nothing
had to close its eyes --- I electrode
my double, I fold the psychiatric pat-
chouli in always w/ a few repeats in
the suppleness of the NOVA ARMY ---
Understand Baby Sweat Face? --- There
is nothing here that doesn't belong

to me, everything, the glossendo
world & the kids w/ clay flanks
--- I cut in 23 w/ the ORANGE GUY,
I'm w/ Sabad the Brain of the GAY
SCISSORS BRIGADE --- I am hyper-
address, (I'm King of the Passate)
I grazed Ginsberg in the shadow of
the Sacre Coeur in 1816 --- At night
Zince decodes Willie LEE's messages
--- Understand Stringbean? ---
Carl SOLOMON is going to be the Great
Ordinator of the Art & Murder
Networks, Bonkauf will get out of
hospital and will translucidate
the Arctic double on a multiform
Track ---
"Let me see yr identification Dead X
show me yr prick bastard!"
"What?!"
"FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!"
I willingly bleed in the columns
of yesterday, on the edge of the same
intersection points, the Sublime Kid
devoured my genitals inside a gray
wall --- To Eyes & to voices to dogs
& to mess-cats old hands will be
delivered ---
POST SCRIPTUM.
Days nights shadows in flight, fiss-
ures in the gray dawn, & the mercenary
town broken in lead-infinity ---
Must lie down and swallow ashes
--- Lots of noise for nothing MR
Thing, up 3 Zinco's sleeve Captain
Blood's marked cards --- We chewed
all the dialectics --- Today in the
Corolla of a Long Time Ago the
impossibility to SAY --- I erased the
fingerprints on sky-like dress
--- 4 P.M. nutes and blindmen
surrounded Onan City's Neutral
Building. An inhabitable world
(?) --- Permanent outrage --- A
gray bare world (& all the wool
& cotton imperfections) --- Must
flee w/ the little tranquillizer
pills --- The Invisibles explore
confectioner constellations --- The
Opacity Escape of a delatable and
leap-year Imaginary --- Shrinkage
polkas witness finger combinations
--- Inside a gray wall SOMEBODY
dyed William Burroughs' shoes
(SOMEBODY is who which S. niard
sprinkled the Blue Kid w/ planetary
lavender (??)) ---
DISLOCATED INTERCALARIES.
Captain Clark in Fort Arthur and
the Bloody Journey --- THE INVISIBLE M
an was dying in choleformed rain, a
long time ago --- Spatial locomotives
burst the hinged sky --- The damages of
incomprehension officiated in the
tender Oakaca ---
There. The end.
I don't witchens the T-square-rupture
of radioactive blinkers, I ladder on
the Big Z and on Hassan B, I'm still
raining on Chinatown's splicing ---
Cecil Taylor flies away & hides

My Own Mag n° 17, Septembre 1966

Reproductions de l'intégralité des numéros de ce magazine disponibles sur le site realitystudio.org administré par Jed Birmingham. URL : <https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/my-own-mag/>

ANNEXE 7



CITY LIGHTS
BOOKSELLERS & PUBLISHERS
261 COLUMBUS AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94111

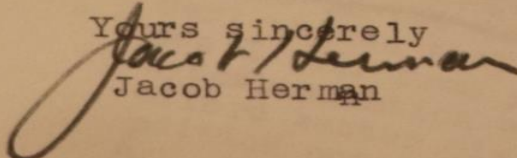
August 8

Dear Mr Burroughs:

Enclosed you will find three copies of
The San Francisco EARTHQUAKE. I have been
in touch with Claude Pelieu who, with
your permission, allowed me to print
WORD AUTHORITY MORE HABIT FORMING THAN
HEROIN. I hope its appearance is satis-
factory to you. Gail Dusenbery, with
whom I edit the magazine, tried to copy
your text faithfully.

Hope you enjoy the other texts. #2 will
be out in November.

Yours sincerely


Jacob Herman

Lettre de Jacob (Jan) Herman, alors employé de City Lights Books et éditeur du *San Francisco Earthquake*, adressée à William S. Burroughs, 08/08/1967 (?). Bien que la date ne soit pas complète, le texte dont il est question fut publié dans le numéro suivant du *SFE* à l'automne 1967 ; il est donc probable que la lettre date de la même année.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature,
The New York Public Library (Box 43, Folio 36, Item 1).

ANNEXE 8

January 18, 1969
8 Duke Street
St James
London S.W.1
England

Dear Jeff Shero:

Sorry if I sounded peeved. I am anxious to investigate the possibilities of infra sound with a working model. I feel that the concept of guerilla tactics as formulated by the Black Panthers and similar groups is simply not applicable to an industrialized context and that more sophisticated techniques are indicated to produce significant alterations in a social structure that seems bent towards totally ~~destructive~~ destructive and psychotic ~~ends~~ ends..(Incidentally it would not surprise me if your mail is subject to interference)..

The conservative press is and always has been the house organ of oppressive establishments. So the underground press performs a service in covering the news ignored or distorted by official news agencies. I am glad to see that drug news is now relegated to relative unimportance in the underground press. If I may venture a suggestion a concerted drive against the use of destructive drugs would be a strategic move: heroin, cocaine, speed or any variation of the benzidrene formula, barbituates in any form. These drugs are destructive to mental and physical health rendering the user apathetic and incapable of resistance. For the underground press to campaign against their use would as were take wind from critical sails. If young people hope to exert a measure of political influence self discipline is essential.

The book I spoke to you about is now with publishers in America and England. The French edition will be out very soon. I will see that you get a review copy.

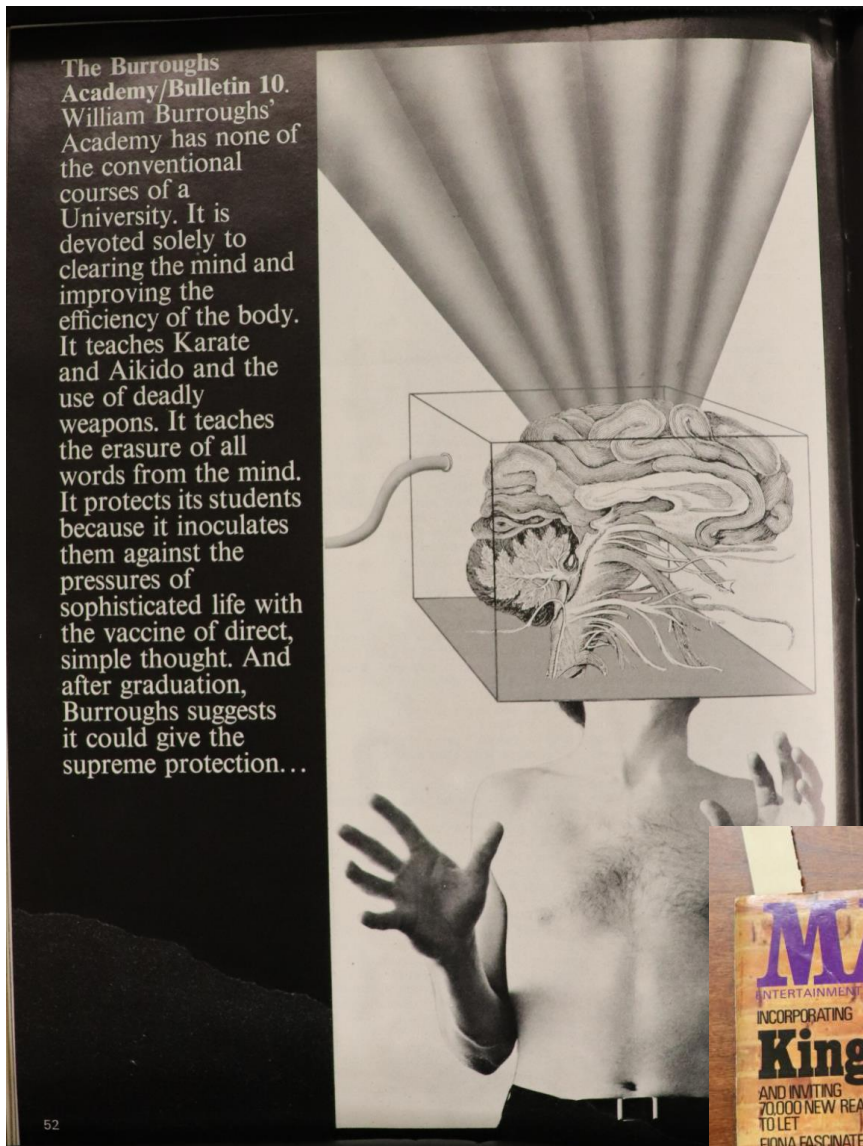
All the best

William S. Burroughs

Lettre de William S. Burroughs à Jeff Shero, éditeur de *Rat*, un magazine *underground* américain de la fin des années 60, 18/01/1969.

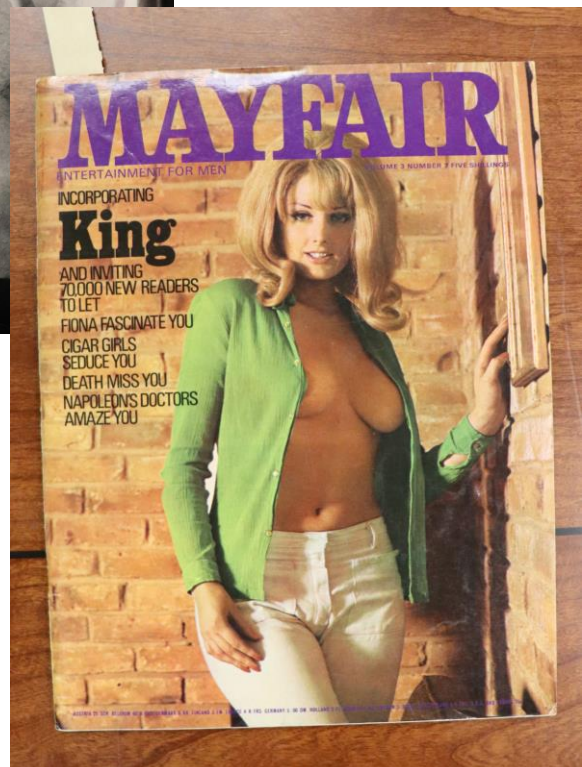
William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 19, Item 52).

ANNEXE 9



Première page de l'article
« The Burroughs Academy/
Bulletin 10 », publié dans *May-
fair*, vol. 3 n°5, Juillet 1968. En
bas à droite, la une du numéro
en question.

William Seward Burroughs Papers,
MS SC BU. Arizona State University
Library: Rare Books and Manu-
scripts, BU-MAG.007.



ANNEXE 10

James Grauerholz

Greg Mitchell
CRAWDADDY
72 Fifth Avenue
New York City 10011

10th July 76

Dear Greg,

Here is the new column from William, THE RETREAT DIARIES. It is an essay from a book I am publishing, and I have edited it so that it stands well alone. It will be a great favor to me as well if you can run the commercial notice on p. 10 in italics at the bottom of the column.

I asked William if he remembered talking with Gram Parsons, and he could not recall him at all. So.

Could we please have a copy of the last issue, with the piece by WSB Jr.? Also looking forward to the appearance of CANCER PEOPLE.

I assume you have kept all of Wm.'s Mss. in one place-- I ask because there is a good chance they may be collected for a book (which would of course be negotiated with you, or rather that is to say you would be consulted), and it would be desirable to have all the original Mss. back at some point. Of course you could keep xerox copies.

I'll be in Boulder Colorado with William for a month; see you in August. Good chance there'll be a column in early August--will keep in touch with you.

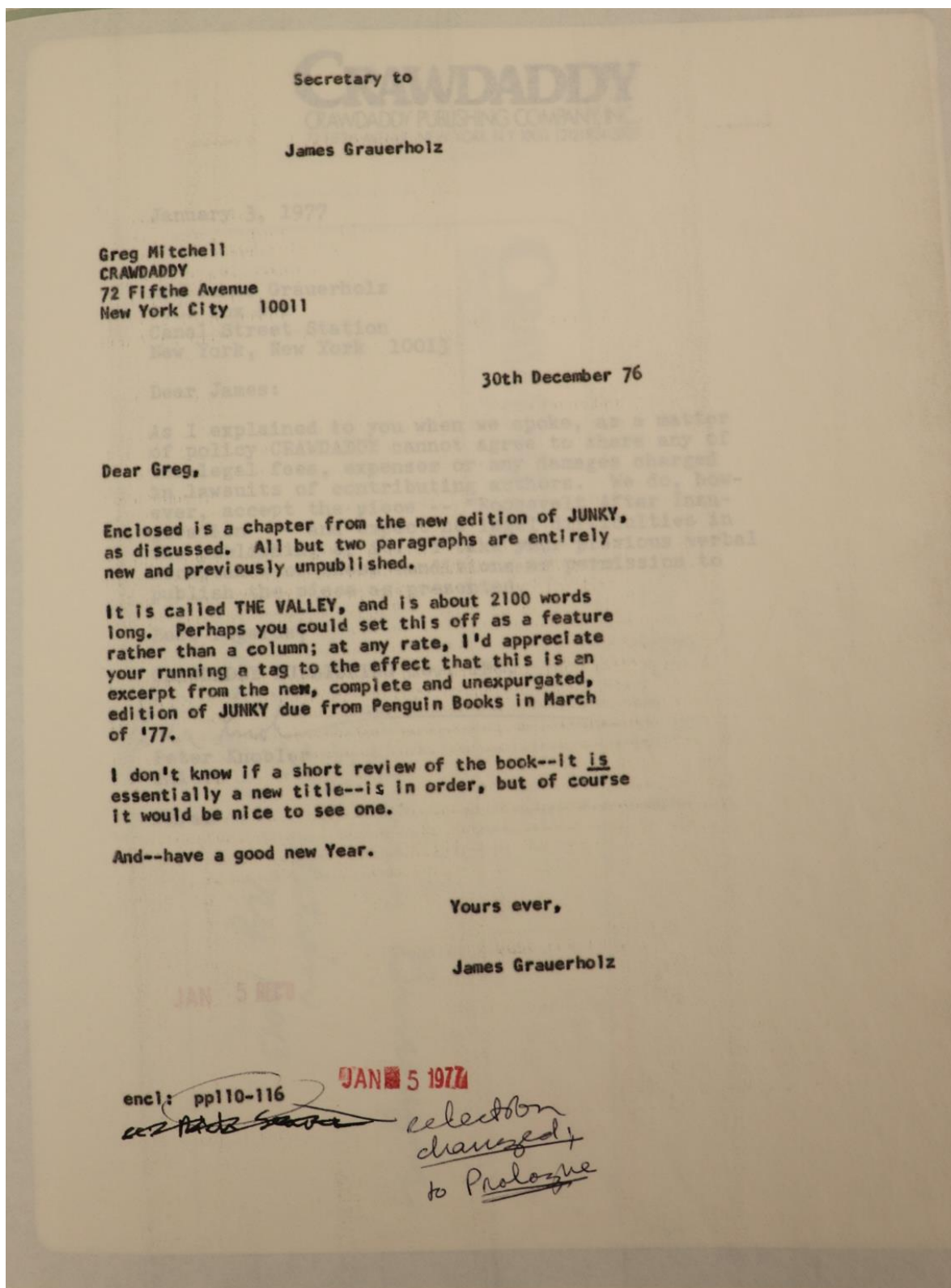
Best wishes,

James Grauerholz

Lettre de James Grauerholz, secrétaire personnel de Burroughs, à Greg Mitchell, éditeur du magazine musical *Crawdaddy*, 10/07/1976.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS PAPERS, WSB97: SPEC.CMS.87 (Box 23, Folder 183).

ANNEXE 11



Lettre de James Grauerholz à Greg Mitchell, 30/12/1976.

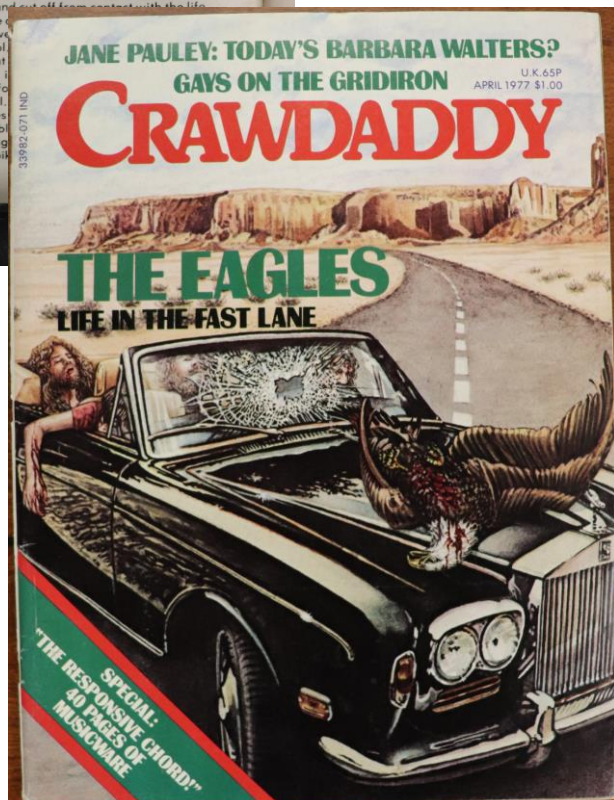
WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS PAPERS, WSB97: SPEC.CMS.87 (Box 23, Folder 183).

ANNEXE 12

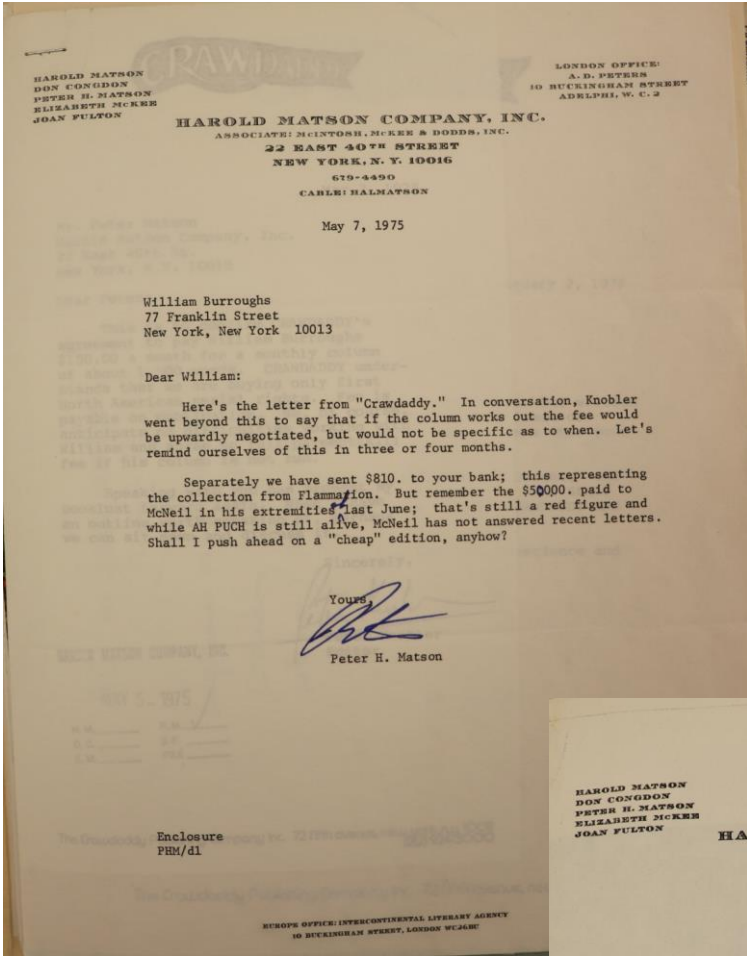


Chronique de Burroughs dans le numéro d'avril 1977 de *Crawdaddy*, précédée de l'annonce de la réédition de *Junky*. Ci-dessous, à droite, la couverture du magazine en question.

William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU. Arizona State University Library: Rare Books and Manuscripts, BU-MAG.068.



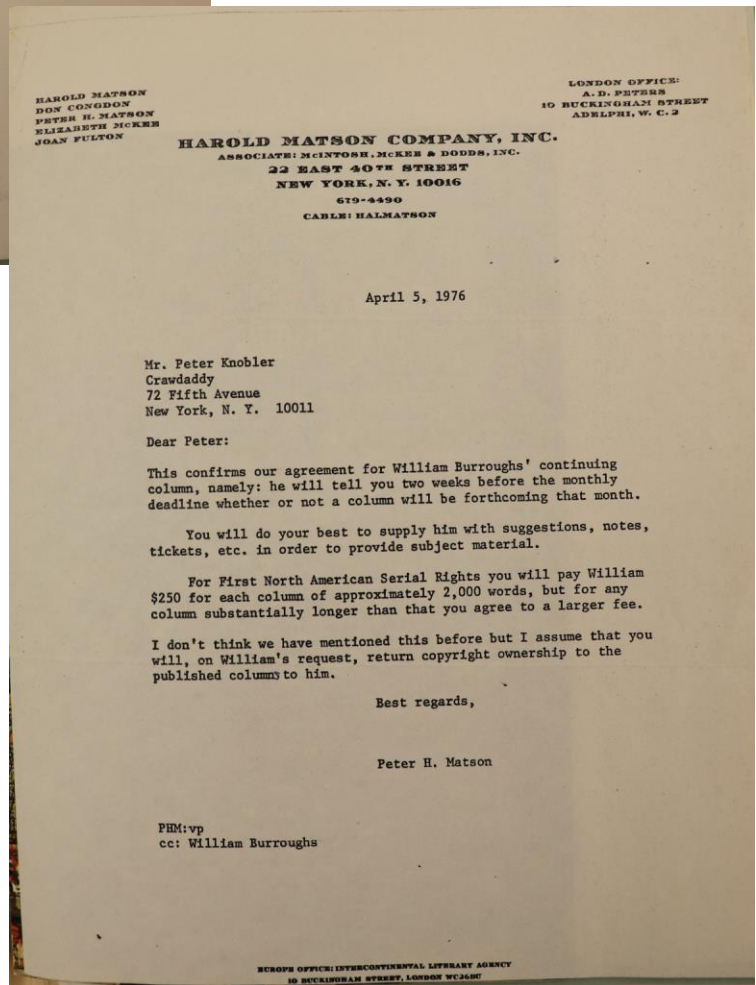
ANNEXE 13



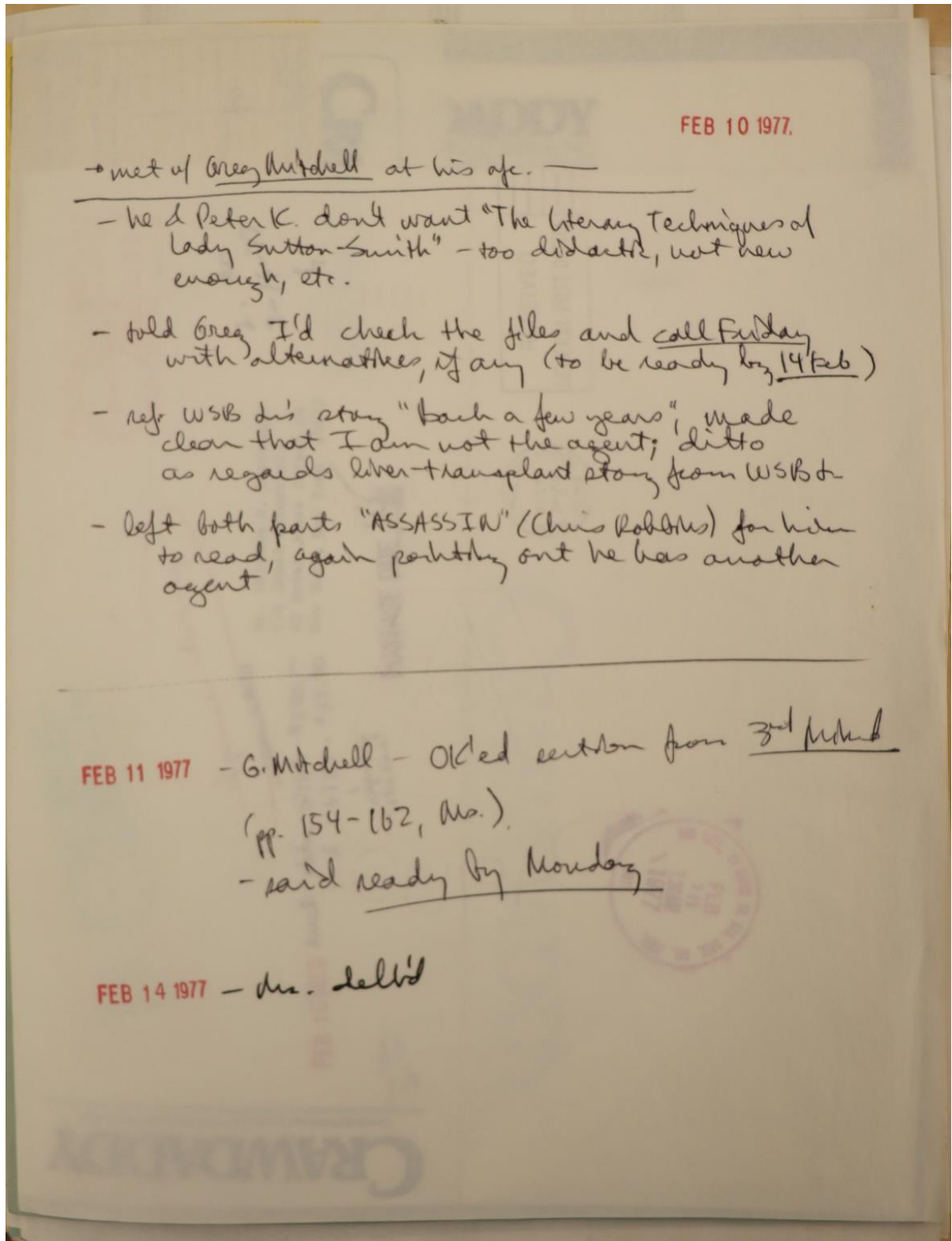
Lettre de Peter Matson, agent de William S. Burroughs, à son client, 07/05/1975.

Ci-dessous, la lettre qu'il lui adressa quelque mois plus tard pour l'informer de la hausse de sa rémunération, 05/04/1976.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS PAPERS, WSB97:
SPEC.CMS.87 (Box 23, Folder 183).



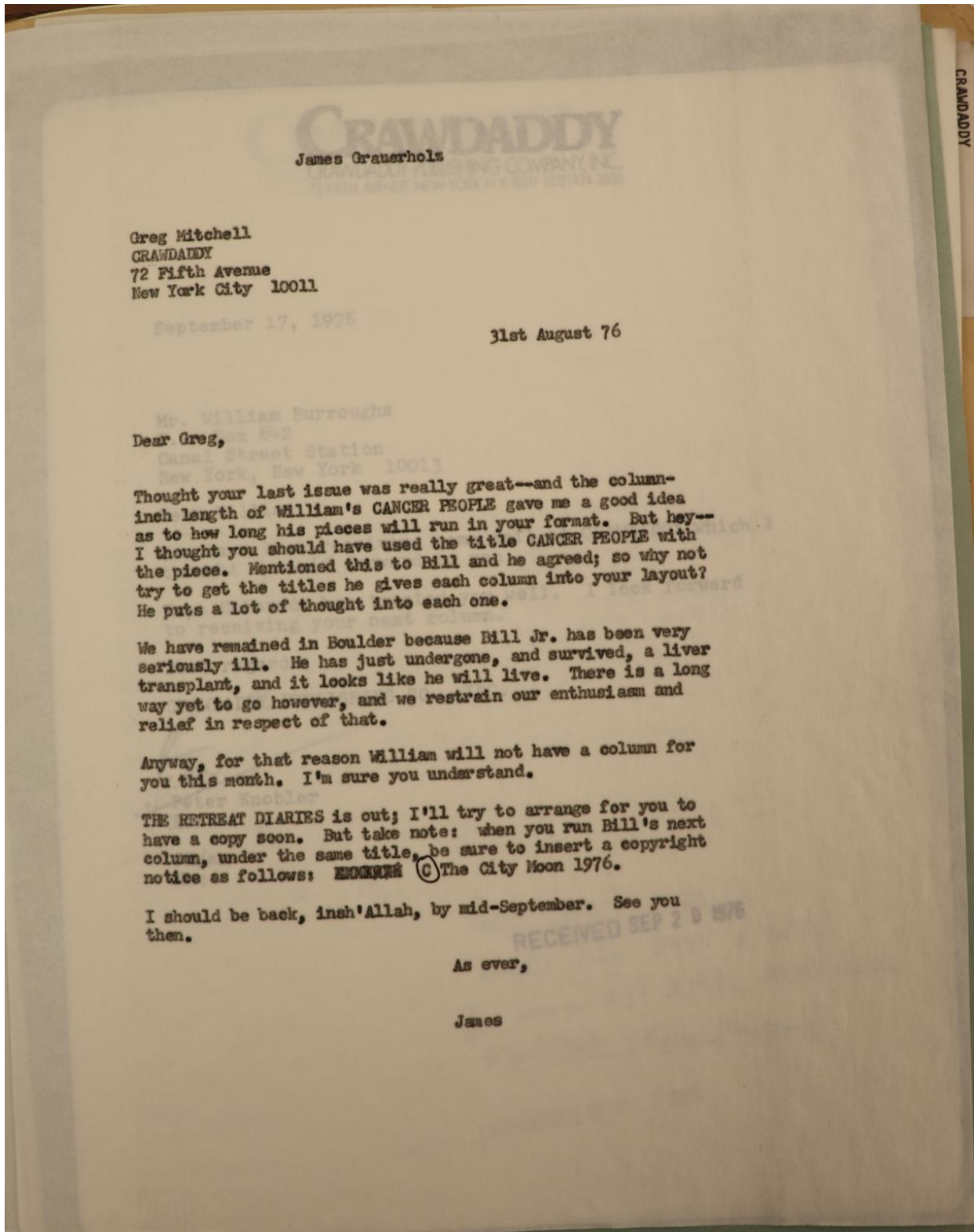
ANNEXE 14



Note de James Grauerholz adressée à William S. Burroughs pour lui faire part de sa dernière conversation avec les éditeurs de *Crawdaddy*, 10/02/1977.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS PAPERS, WSB97: SPEC.CMS.87 (Box 23, Folder 183).

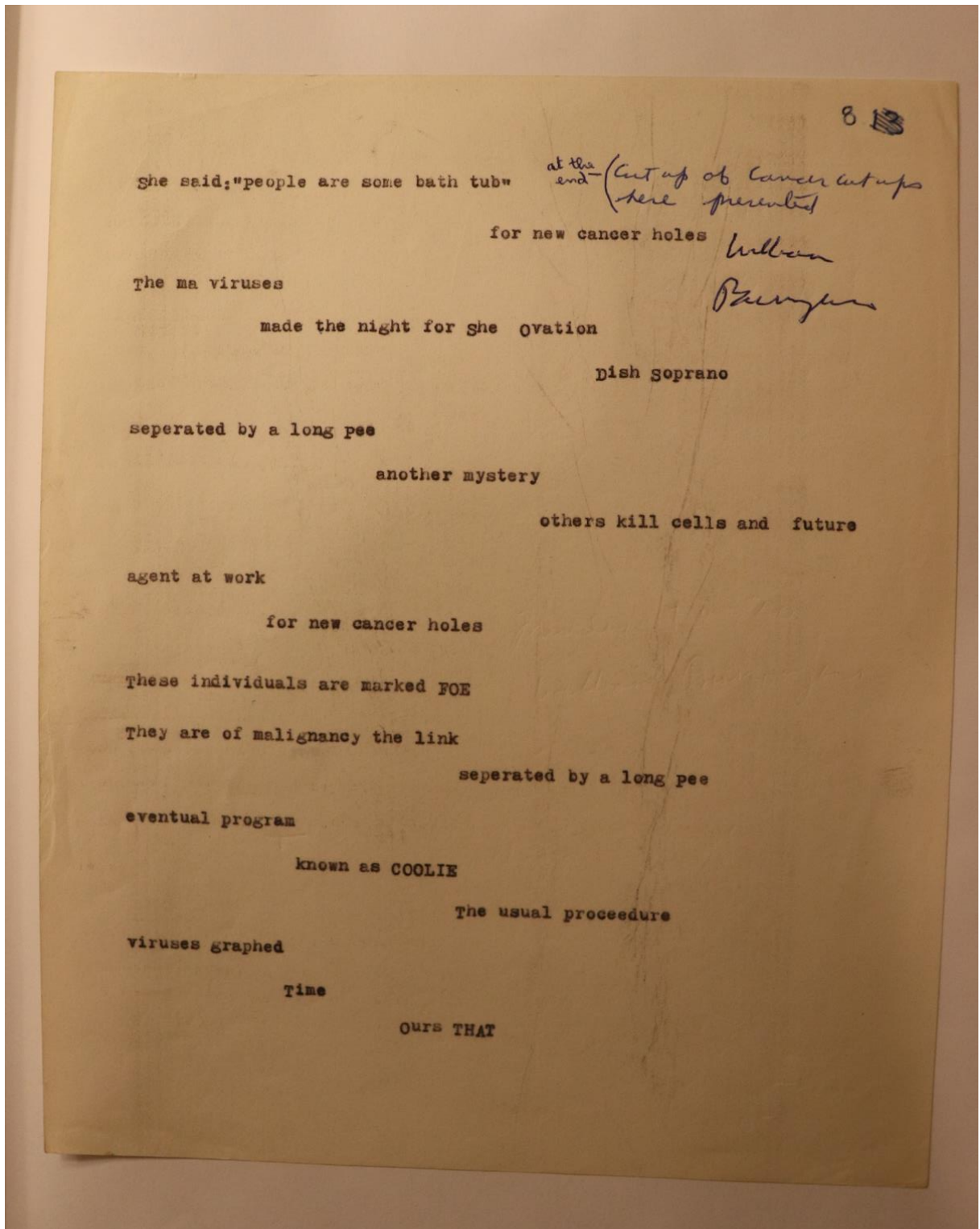
ANNEXE 15



Lettre de James Grauerholz à Greg Mitchell, 31/08/1976.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS PAPERS, WSB97: SPEC.CMS.87 (Box 23, Folder 183).

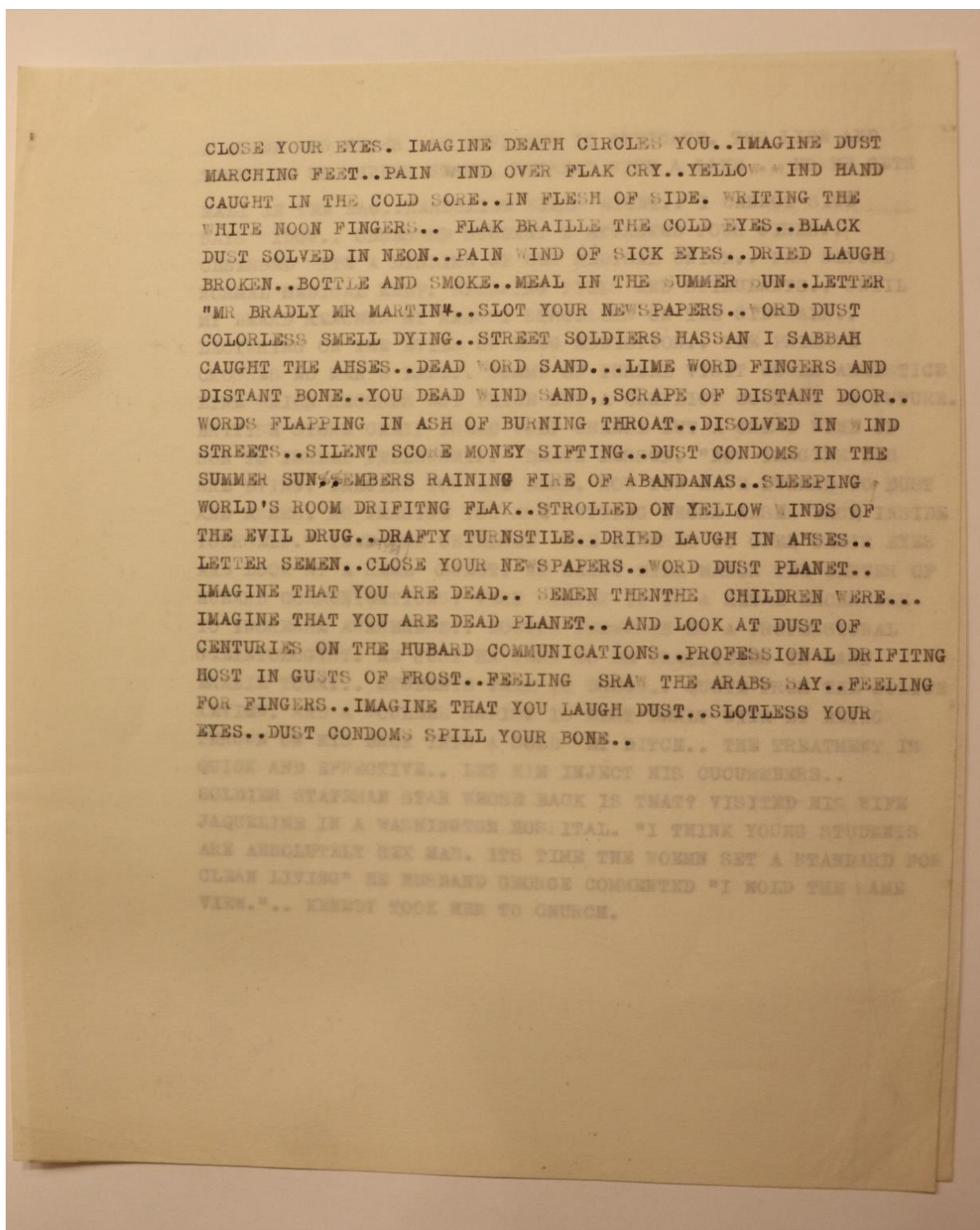
ANNEXE 16



Manuscrit d'un texte de *cut-up* datant de l'époque de la rédaction de *Minutes to Go!*, fin 1959.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 18, Folio 10, Item 11).

ANNEXE 17



Manuscrit d'un texte de *cut-up* datant de la période d'élaboration de *Minutes to Go!*, fin 1959, première page.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 7, Folio 46, Item 10).

A QUEEN WHO NEVER WAS PREPARED TO ABDICATE. THE LIFE AND
TIMES OF MR RUBBER STAMP, RETREAT WITH A LAKE .. NOW HE GETS
MALI IN THE BAG..LANDSLIDE KILLS EIGHT.. I CANNOT SIGN
SAYS WIDOW.. OBSESSED STUDENT T ATTACKED FOUR GIRLS..
OBSESSED WITH A DISLIKE OF OUR MEDICAL UNION.. FAR BEYOND
NORMAL MEDICAL HELP. SLEEPING PILLS AND STIMULANTS.. UNTIL
MY BEARD REACHES MY KNEES. STROLLERS ON THE SIDEWALK..
LECTURING ON THE EVILS OF DRUG ADDICTION.. THE PRIMATE
CROSSES NO MAN'S LAND.. STAMP OF ISREAL VISIT WOULD ARMISTICE
LINE WHICH RECORDS NOT PRICE BUT A CONFLICT COUNTRY IN FUTURE.
BRITISH STORE CHIEF ISAAC WOLF CHANGE BUT A GREAT WIND OF
SON TO ISREAL FELLOWSHIP. DEATH LESSON. "NOW IMAGINE YOU
ARE DYING. IMAGINE YOU ARE DEAD. NOW YOU HAVE TURNED TO DUST
AND ASHES. NO IMAGINE YOU ARE PUTTING THOSE ANSER BACK INSIDE
YOURSELF." THEN THE CHILDREN WERE ORDERED TO OPEN THEIR EYES
AND LOOK AT A REAL OBJECT. AT SAINT HILL MANOR THE CENTER OF
HUBARD COMMUNICATIONS: VERY SIMPLY IT IS A METAL EXERCISE
TO INCREASE AWARENESS.. DOCTOR THOMPSON IS A PROFESSIONAL
SCIENTOLOGIST. HE JUST HAPPENS TO BE PRACTICING IN EAST
BRAZIL TODAY.. STUDENTS TAKE TO DRUGS.. QUOTE FROM THE POLICE
REVIEW. AND A WOULDBE RAPIST IS BEST DEALT WITH BY BEING
THROWN ON HIS BACK INTO A COLD WET DITCH.. THE TREATMENT IS
QUICK AND EFFECTIVE.. LET HIM INJECT HIS CUCUMBERS..
SOLDIER STATEMAN STAR WHOSE BACK IS THAT? VISITED HIS WIFE
JAQUELINE IN A WASHINGTON HOSPITAL. "I THINK YOUNG STUDENTS
ARE ABSOLUTELY SEX MAD. ITS TIME THE WOMEN SET A STANDARD FOR
CLEAN LIVING" HE HUSBAND GEORGE COMMENTED "I HOLD THE SAME
VIEW.".. KENEDY TOOK HER TO CHURCH.

Manuscrit d'un texte de *cut-up* datant de la période d'élaboration de *Minutes to Go!*, fin 1959, seconde page.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 7, Folio 46, Item 10).

ANNEXE 18

JOHNNY YEN MOVED INTO SPACE WIRINGS OF SATURN AMP AND ORGAN
 SWEAT. BLUE ORANGE SOUVENIR, FENDRILS, COAL GAS PURPLE. WITHOUT
 (NIGARA FALLS, GRAND CANYON) FROM FROST: IN A GUST ARTIST. PIT
 JASMINE AND BRIMES ICE YOUR ORDINANCE. HAIR OPENED TWISTING
 OFF GLOBS. ES NOW STOCKED WITH NAKED SING. THE ROOM WITH
 A CITY IN LID OFF HIS ROBES OF YEN LACK HAIR: OPAL CHIPS PUT
 INWARDSTING DRIFT. POST CARD MECCAS. SHIT SCENT MOUTHS LINED
 WITH LEE DRIFT. ROOMS OF THE CITY SHIRT HOUSES OF STRIP IN
 SHIT JSSOM SWEAT AND SMELL. SAD SKIN DRIED GOLD THRILLS IN THE
 FACTURED SPINE. AIR COMICS DOWNWIND JISSOM. MAN BLEAK CATER
 CAFETERIAS. TONE THRU THE TRANSLUCENT PINK SLAMANDERS: "I A IS
 DAS YO" FLOATS AND GONDOLAS IS: "SOY AMTHAT " SAD PARK TREES
 WHERE COPPER YOUTHS CRUST AND THROW HANG EJACULATE BODIES.
 DRIFTING CRYSTAL GLOOMS. FROG EGGS DRIPPING VEGETABLE CENTURIES
 WEAVES POST CORLOR OF INCANDESCENT GRISTLE. GAS FLARES
 LIGHT SHOOTING CHIMBORZI IN A REEK OF SHIT UTILITIES. TONE:
 "NOW YOU SEMLL OF BURNING TYPEWRITERS" HERRE GIRLS CIRCLE TRAK
 SERVE. NOW ON SEPERATE AXIS FILL NBOON ARM IN TRANSLUCENT APE
 MOST HIVE BEINGSL. YOUTHS IN PINK SORE ANT THING. THREW SOME
 INTEREST. SPRAYED DANCE OF MIRRORS AND GLASS TIEM PROBABILITY.
 EJACULATING CLEAVAGE YOUTH ACT. THE WORD CUOPLE COPE INSECT
 IN CRYSTAL AXIS. GREASED WIT EGGS. FALLING OAK CHIPS OF GLASS
 JASMINE. SHIT WIND HOUSE A VAST AMUSEMENT DUSK. WHERE OLD
 JUNKIES LOOK SUBWAY TOILETS. CITY TOILETS CANALS AND LAG PIPES
 CYRSTAL BLAKC WASTE BODY BURSTING ROCKETS: "YO SUS THE FISH
 CITY. FLOW DRIPPING: "ANA CA ESOYO" THAT IAN JE SUIS CA JE SUIS"
 SKULL LETTERS STUTTERING OUT: "YO JE SUIS JE DAS ICK" FROG
 THE FONDS. SAD GLYERS: "N AN CN AN ES N N SOS OO S N N"
 FLICKER . PINK FLICKERING IN CRYSTAL WRITHING PEOPLE CIRCLE
 HIS BODY LIE. NORTHERN AND SILVER THROAT. PEN STATIC.

Manuscrit intitulé « Johnny Yen » datant de l'époque de l'élaboration de *The Ticket That Exploded* (1962) dont il est l'un des protagonistes. Page 1.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 9, Folio 27, Item 4).

JOHNNY YEN MOVED INTO SPACE CHIMBORAZI IN A REEK OF ~~EXXAT~~ SHIT
SWEAT BLUE ORANGE SOUVENIR ON A SIBREL OF BURNING TYEWRIER.
NIAGRA FALLS GRAND CANYON NOW ON SEPERATE AXIS FILL BOON ARM
LIT JASMINE AND BRIMBS TENTATIVE BEINGS. YOUTHS IN SORE
TWISITNG OFF GLOBS THAT SPINNING SOME INTEREST. KIND SPARYED THE
THE ROOM WITH A CITY IN LIFE TIME PROBABILITY. EJACULATING
OPAL CHIPS. PUTO INHARESTING ACT. THE WORD COUPLE. COPE INSECT
MOUTHS LINDS LINED WITH LEGS. FALLING OAK CHIPS OF GLASS
HOUSES OF STRIP IN DE STAINED HOUSE A VAST AMUSEMENT DUSK.
SAD SKIN DRIED IN AN GOLD FISH AND GIANT SUBWAY TOILETS.
AIR COMICS DOWN A WINDY ~~EXXEXXX~~ PIPES. CRYSTAL BLAKC WASTE
MAN BLEAK CAFETERIAS. ARK WS OF THE FISH CITY. FLOWER THE
PHRASE: PINK SALAMANDERS: "IAM THAT I AM JE SUIS CA JE SHUIS
SOY AM THAT GREAT SAD PARK" YO JE SUIS JE YOU DAS ICK"
AND THROW HANG EJACULATING: "N AN CN AN ES N SOS OO S N N "
FROG EGGS INTO CANALS LETTERS IN CRYSTAL WRITHING PEOPLE
WEAVE ARABESQUES ZERO. RINGS CIRCLE HIS BODY LIE. NORTHERN
POST CARD COLOR ~~OF~~ CRISTLE AND SILVER THROAT. PEN STATIC
TWO DEMNSION INCANDESCENT WIRINGS OF SATURN AMP AND ORGANE
GAS FLARES, .LIGHT SHOOTING TENDRILS COAL GAS PURPLE WITHOUT
UTILITIES TONE: "NOW YOU STRICLTLY FROM BARS" "IMA GUST ARTIST
HERE. GIRLS CIRCLE TRAK SERVICE YOUR ORDINANCE. HAIRS OPENED
IN TRANSLUCNET APES. HOST APES NOW STOCKED WITH NAKED SING
PINK IMPERTANT THING. THREW OFF HIS ROBES OF YEN LACK HAIR.
DANCE OF MIRRORS AND GLASS DRIFT. POST CARD MECCAS. SHIT SCENT
CLEAVAGE YOUTH UNDER. ~~PIPLE~~ DRIFT. ROOMS OF THE CITY SHIFT
ON BYSTIA AXIS GREASED WITH SHIT JISSON SWEAT AND SMELL
OF JSSMINE. SHIT WIND ~~EXIXX~~ STRILLS INTHE FRACTURED SPINE.
WHERE OLD JUNIES LOOK FRO MEET JISSON. AND THRU THE CRYSTAL
CITY TOILETS CANALS AND LAGOONS. TONE THRU THE TRANSLUCNET
BODY BURSTING ROCKETS: "YO SUIS DAS YO" FLOATS AND GONDOLAS IS:
OF DRIVING: "ANA CA ESO YO" TREES WHERE COPPER YOUTHS: CRUST
SKULL LETTERS STUTTERING OUT BODIES. DRIPPING CRYSTAL GOOMS.
FROG THE PONDS. SAD GLYPHS DRIPPING WATER VEGETABLE CNETUERBIS.
FLICKER. PINK FLOICKERING NORTH. YEN IN CRYSTAL WRITHING
VEGETABLE CNETUERBIS.

Manuscrit intitulé « Johnny Yen » datant de l'époque de l'élaboration de *The Ticket That Exploded* (1962) dont il est l'un des protagonistes. Page 2.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 9, Folio 27, Item 4).

JOHNNY YEN MOVED INTO SPACE OF GRISTLE AND SILVER THROAT.
 BLUE ORANGE YELLOW SOUVENIR INCANDESCENT RINGS OF SATURN
 NIAGRA FALLS GRAND CANYON LIGHTS. SHOT TOING THE TRILS COAL GAS
 ARM PIT JASMINE AND BRIMESTONE, "NOW YOU STRICTLY FROM BARS
 TWISTIN G OFF GLOBS THAT CIRCLE YKXXXX TRAK SERVICE YOUR
 KIND SPRAYED THE ROOM WITH TRANSLUCENT APES. HOST APES
 EJACULATING OPAL CHIPS. PULSING PINK IMPORTANT THINGS.
 INSECT MOUTHS LINED WITH BLACK HAIR. DANCE OF MIRRORS AND GLA
 GLASS HOUSES OF STRIP, INDECENT CLEAVAGE YOUTH UNDER A PURPLE
 DUSK. SAD SKIN DRIED IN A HOT WIND FRILIOUS IN THE FRACTURED
 AIR. COMMICS DOWN AWINDY STREETING JISSOM. AND TRY THE CRYSTAL
 MAN BLEAK CAFETERIAS. ARK WITH CANALS AND LAGOONS. IN TONE
 THE PRASE: PINK SALAMANDERS. BURSTING ROCKETS. YOU SUIS DDAS YO
 SOY AM THAT GREAT SAD PARKS OF SDRUIPPING: ANA CA ESO YO...
 AND THROW HANG EJACULATING CRUST SKULL LETTERS STUTTERING OUT
 FROG EGGS INTO THE CANALS IN WRITHING CRYSTAL GLOOMS FROG
 POEPL E WEA VE AERABESQYES OF DRIPPING WATER.
 RINGS CRICLES HIS BODY LIGHTS FLICKER PINK FLICKERING NORTHER
 NORTHERN POST CARD COLOR CHIMBORA zi in a REEK OF SHIT SWEAT
 PENIN STATIC TWO DEMENSION ON A SMLL OF BURNING TYEWITTER
 AMP AND ORANGE GAS FLARES. NOW ON SEPERATE AXIS FILL BOON
 PURPLE WITHOUT THE UTILITIES TENTATIVE BEINGS. YOUTHS IN SORE
 IN A GUST ARTIST HERE. GIRLS SPINNING XXXXXXXX SOME INTEREST
 ORDINANCE. HAIRS OPENED INTO A CITY IN LIFE TIME PROBABILITY.
 NOW STOCKED WITH NAKED AND INMARESTING ACT: THE WORD COPEL.
 THREW OFF HIS ROBES OF CENTIPEDE FALLING OAK CHIPS OF
 DRIFT. POST CARD MESCOAS. SHIP STAINED HOUSE A VAST AMUSEMENT
 WHERE OLD JUNKIES LOOK FOR GOLD FISH AND GIANT SUBWAY TOILETS.
 INTHE CITY THE TOILETS AND PIPES ARE EYSTAL BALCK WASTE
 THRU THE TERRIFICENT BOOBS OF THE XXXXXX FISH CITY. FLOWER
 FLOATS AND CONDOLAS IS: ES: I AM THAT I AM JE SUIS CA JE SUIS
 TRESS WHERE COPPER YOUTHS: I YO JE SUIS JE YOU DAS ICK.
 BODIES DRIPPING AWAY IOO ANNANN ON AN ES N SOS COO S N N A
 THE PONDS WHERE THE SAD GREEN LETTERS IN EYSTAL WRITHING
 VEGETABLE CENTURIES.

Manuscrit intitulé « Johnny Yen » datant de l'époque de l'élaboration de *The Ticket That Exploded* (1962) dont il est l'un des protagonistes. Page 3.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 9, Folio 27, Item 4).

JOHNNY YEN MOVED INTO THE NORTHERN LIGHTS FLICKER PINK AND
BLEU ORANGE YELLOW SOUVENIR POST CARD COLOR CHIMBORAZI
NIAGRA FALLS GRAND CANYON IN STATIC TWO DIMENSION ON A
SHRINKING SKY COAL GAS SWAMP AND ORANGE GAS FLARES..
"NOW YOU STRICTLY FROM BABOON PURPLE WITHOUT THE UTILITIES
TRAK SERVICE YOUR KIND SPONSOR. IM A GUST ARTIST HERE.
APPRECIATE A KIND HOST. APPRECIATION. INTEREST. ORDINANCE.
THESE ARE IJMPRTANT THINGS IN LIFE TIME PROBABILITY. NOW
AM GOING TO PERFROM A DANGEROUS AND INNARSTING ACT THE WORD
STRIP. INDECENT CLEAVAGE." HE THREW OFF HIS ROBES OF CNETIPEDE
SKIN DRIED INA HOT WIND FROM POST CARD MECCAS. SHIT STAINED
COMICS DOWN A WINDY STREETS WHERE OLD JUNKIES LOOK FOR THE
MAN THRU ~~THE~~ ^{THE} CABETERIAS ~~AND~~ ^{AND} SURVEY TOILETS. HE ~~REACTED TO~~
KEXXX INTONE ~~SOME~~ PHRASES: "IAM THAT I AM JE SUIR CA JE SUIS
YO SUIS DAS YO SOY AM THAT I YO JE SUIS JE YOU DAS ICH
ANA CA ESO YO... AND THYOACCANNANNCHANESNSOSOSMNA.." ~~THE~~
~~LETTERS~~ SPSTUTTEREING OUT THE LETTERS IN CRYSTAL WRITHING
IN WRITHING CRYSTAL GLOBS OF GRISTLE AND SILVER THROAT
RINGS CIRCLED HIS BODY INCANDESCENT RINGS OF SATURN ~~AND~~
~~THE~~ ~~BLACK~~ ~~SMOKING~~ ~~SHOOTING~~. SHOOTING OFF THE DRILLS
INA REKK OF SHIT SWEAT PENIS ARM PIT JASMINE AND ~~BRIMING~~
SMELL OF BRUNIGN TYPEWRITERS. ~~SWISTING~~ ~~GLASS~~ ~~THAT~~ ~~GLASS~~ ~~IS~~
NOW ON SEPERATE AXIS FILLED THE ROOM WITH TRANSLUCENT
TREATAIVE BEINGS. YOUTHS EJACULATINGOPAL CHIPS. PULSING PINK
GIRLS SPINING JISSOM FROM INSECT MOUTHS LINED WITH BLAKC
HAIRS. ~~OPENED~~ ~~INTO~~ A CITY OF MIRRORS AND GLASS HOUSES OF
KXKXX STOCKED WITH NAKED WOMEN UNDER A PURPLE DUSK. ~~SAD~~
KXKXKXKXKXKXKXKXKXKXKX COPULATION IN THE FRACTURED AIR..
PAINING ~~CAUCHINS~~ OF DRIFTING JISSOM. ~~AND~~ THRU THE CRYSTAL
HOUSES A VAST AMUSEMENT PARK WITH CANALS AND LAGGOENS ^{Red}
VAST GODL FISH AND GIANT PINK SALAMNDERS. BURSTING ~~PIRATES~~
FLOWER FLACTS AND GONDOLAS. GREAT SAD PARKS OF DRIP ING
TRESS WHERE COPPER YOUTHS HANG EJACULATING CRUSTAL SKULLS
XXE BDOEIS DRIPPING ~~AMAZON~~ PROG EGGS INTO THE CANALS AND
PONDS WHERE THE ~~SAD~~ GREEN PROG PEOPLE WEAVE ARABESQUES OF
VEGETABLE CENTURIES.

Manuscrit intitulé « Johnny Yen » datant de l'époque de l'élaboration de *The Ticket That Exploded* (1962) dont il est l'un des protagonistes. Page 4.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 9, Folio 27, Item 4).

ANNEXE 19

I am an ephemeral and a not too discontented
 v chantent ces enfants citizen millions of peopl

A step of yours marching on with new men
 Deark and their marching on ... safe
 crible les fleaux the levy turns away A rap of your sounds
 No matter where the desires They beg you porte ou la substance

modern furnishings Your head turns away a commencer par le temps
 Arrive de toujours the new love qui t'en iras partout

Raise 'porte ou la substance of our fortune and our every where. Go
 children sing levy of le nouvel amour. Plagues begin time. Candras
 vole dans l'atre

Les chars de lecume battent les souches des ronces filent...
 circulairement vers l'est des turbillons de lumiere.

Les poutes d'acier et d'argent dont l'angle est heurte par la foret
 Nympe sd'Horace les verts et les rouges et les allees
 voisins du Meandre rouler aux blessures par le silence des eaux
 accidents de faerie scientifique plus drole repare les ambitions
 continuellement ecrasees dans leur silence atrocement houleux
 mouvements de restitution progressive de la franchise premiere
 Cest, certes, la meme campagne l'Adorable Vrai cette fois
 a deux pas de la ville etrangere Jesus n'a rien pu dire comme
 prophepe Juda des tables antiques

cut up of Rimbaud

William S. Burroughs

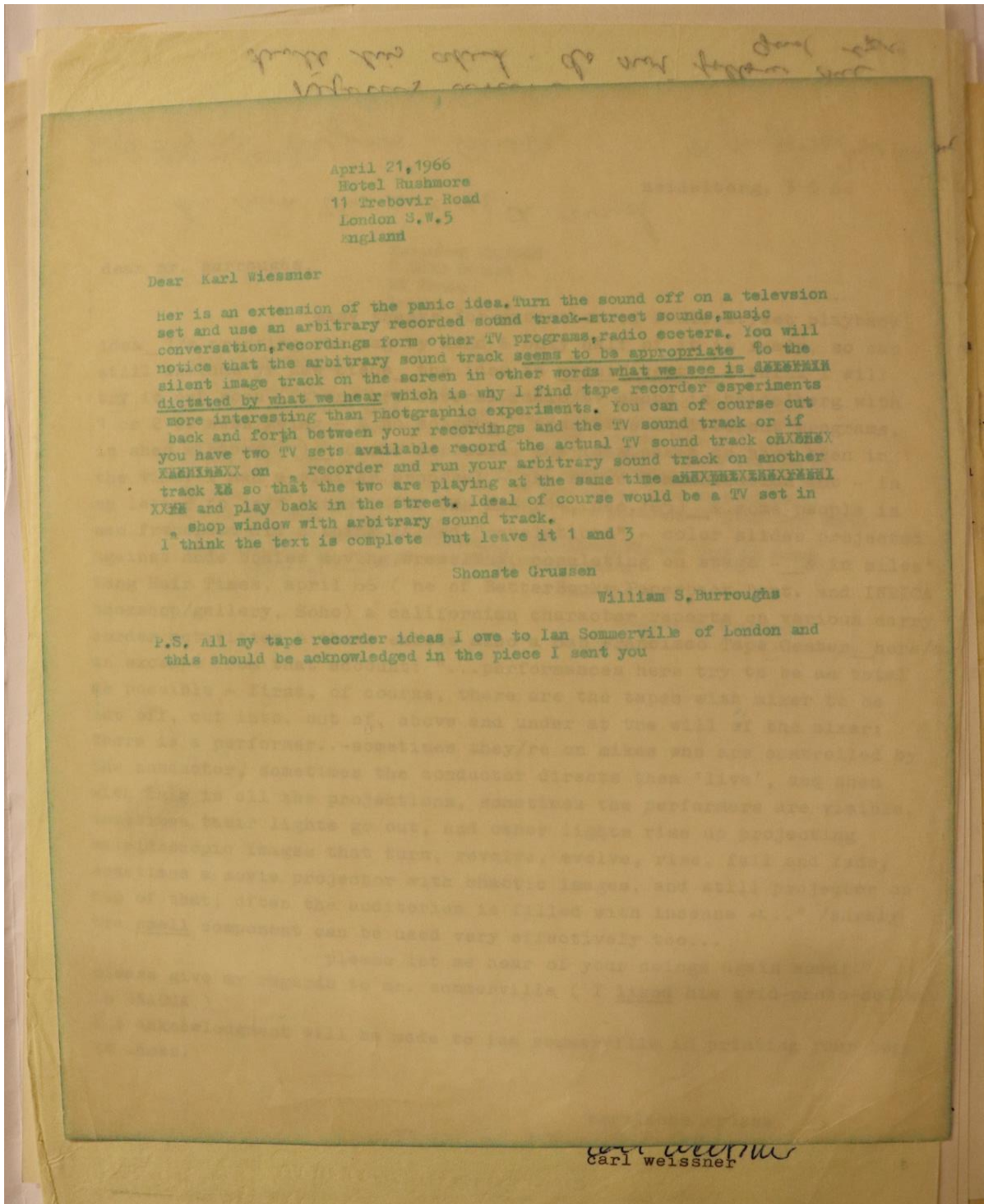
bbkridb

ablbm!dbb!almd!dr!m!l!g

Manuscrit de *cut-ups* de poèmes de Rimbaud élaborés entre 1961 et 196 dans l'objectif d'une exposition à Paris qui n'eut finalement pas lieu.

William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU. Arizona State University Library: Rare Books and Manuscripts, Box 21, item 51

ANNEXE 20



Lettre de William S. Burroughs à Karl Weissner, fondateur et directeur de Nova Press, et éditeur du magazine *underground Klacto '23 International*, 21/04/1966.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 76, Folio 8, Item 3)

ANNEXE 21

IN THE NAME OF ALLYOUR STUPID ASSED EARTH GODS GRREN
BROWN O ANY OTHER COLR LETS NOT GET THIS SHOW ON THE
ROAD LETS FOR THE SAKE OF THE INSEPCTOR.. A HUMBLE
SERVENAT OF THE SANTIATION DEET STOP IT.. NO NO NO
MORE EAT NO MORE SHIT.. I DONT ACARE HOW DEEP YOUR
FROZEN MR GET Y OR MUMMIFIED MYR ROCKFELLER TRYING TO
SMUGGLE YOUR FIBOURS OD OLD ROOTS OUT INTO SPACE..
STUCK UP BURROUGHS ASS... NO NO NO MR RAOCIFLLER
LUCE GETTY.. NO BOYD TAKE ANY ASS INTO SPACE...
FROZEN OR A I FIBOURS MUM IPIED PETRIFIED METAL PLANTED
OR IN ANY IMMAGINEABLE OR UIMINAGINEBALE CONDTION..
NO BOYD NO BODY I DONT CARE IN WHAT CONDCTIONS I DONT
CARE HOW SANITARY ... NO BIDY NO BODY.. NO MR GUPI NO
YOU DO NOT TAKE YOUR STROGN BROWN GOD ANYTHWERE ELSE..
AND ANY OF YOU WHO FEEL STONRG??? ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT
GO BAT ITARROUND WITH THE TOUGH COP AND THE CON COP
FOR ANOTHER TTHREE OR FOUR THOUSAND YEARS.. IF THATS TH
THE WAY YOU WANT IT.. WE GOT TIME... WE GOT LIGHTS
YEARS OF THAT SHIT COMPISCATED AT SCUSTOMS...
YES WE BURN IT LADY.. YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS OF IT..
WHY CANT WE JUST GIVE YOU A LITTLE TINY BIT.. MAYBE
TWNETY YEARS SO YOU CAN CAUSE THAT MUCH MORE OF A
DISPOSAL PROBLEM FOR THE DEPARTMENT.. NO LADY TRY
TO BRIB US WITH HER OWN SHIT.. GOD HOW MANY TIME THEY
COME HERE THESE EARTH MEN WITH THERI LOOK OF IDIOT
CUNNING AND TRY T HAND ME THERI OWN SHIT UNDER THE TABL
TABLE.. A THOUSAND TIMES A DAY THEY DO IT MIKE AND THE
JEWS ARE THE WORST.. MR INSECCTOR COME HERE I WANT
TO TALK TO YOU.. NOW LOK THE COMNEY GETTING ALL THE
THE TIME... YOU AND ME WE NAM MAKE LTTILE DEALD
BETWEEN US I DO NOT WANT YOUR SHIT.. NO NO NO.. NO
EAT NOT SHIT NO BOYD GOES INTO SPACE..

Manuscrit d'un *cut-up* réalisé en 1960 suite à la publication de *Minutes to Go!*.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 10, Folio 44, Item 1).

ANNEXE 22

ands qeezed the pulp into ^a the tidal river-- His crotch unbutton
~~cl~~ to a room with rose wall paper-- Nowin lamp lay naked
 with a hard on-- Brown knees running together in old photos
 pant dust drifting down-- ~~Dream shadows in body smoke of photos~~
~~Climbed down through old genitals felt his pants slide falling~~
~~on his somatic ragged pants mud flats and water soundepp~~
 and Junk sick ~~wind of~~ morning in a place full of dust-- Legs and
~~genitals lost outline under my hands caressing through dream~~
~~paper -- Red haired in the sunlight-- And the red falling~~
~~is masturbating afternoon-- Boy wordw with pahantom limbs--~~
~~Sharply town on roller skates-- Slow intersection of camera~~
 spattered light on a Mexican street-- Film shadows flash from
~~together in moseoes-- Silver writing burst in flesh photos~~
~~and ruined city and red tightening of stomach intersections~~
~~Scenic railway to an empty plain swept by flesh-- Dream flesh~~
~~shivering through together in old photos-- Jumped up laughing~~
~~and i masturbated a boy wet dream way-- Stone build ugin a~~
~~park naked stale against him-- Nkaid brown knee shit and old~~
 newspapers-- Spurts of his crotch half undressed-- Time falling
 through the juxtapositions shift coordinate points-- Windsthere
 by town hall square twisting on front of the hot dog stand--
 and blew seventy miles per hour-- Drifted back across wine
 wine camera-- Photo showed unknown booth Summer venings
 faded under my hands-- Re haired and brown haired-- Broekn
 skylight in copper roofs-- A slow haze of hospitals-- Cities
 of there mesa let ~~to~~ volcano-- And the word falling in
~~unknown streets~~ ^{shit} and old newspaper ~~fell~~ through the
 urninals while another sat in the l d cock hands-- My death over
 his soccer scores-- Smell fo dust on jeans-- Empty shirt walked
 out- Outhouse East St Louis Summer boy naked with a hard on
~~xxxxxxx~~ and pants to the thin brown knee--
 Dream shadows in the toilet blend and melt ~~parts~~ naked swirls
 of light

Manuscrit d'un *cut-up* réalisé au moment de la rédaction de *The Soft Machine* (1960). Les nombreuses ratures et modifications rappellent que la technique est un outil mis à disposition de l'écrivain et dont il tire le matériau qu'il souhaite, illustrant ainsi l'importance du travail de sélection dans cette technique pourtant fondée sur l'aléatoire.

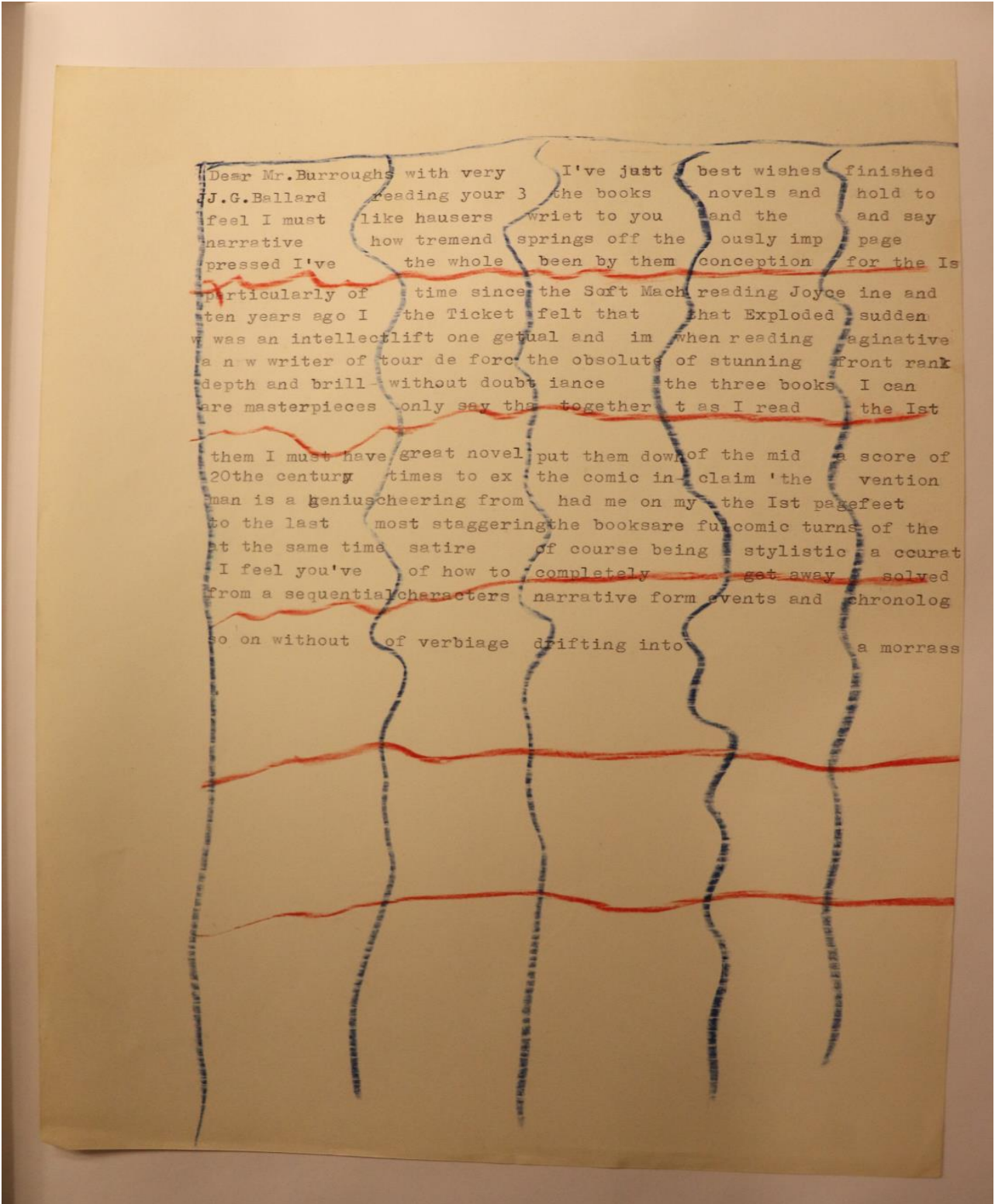
William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 4, Folio 19, item 1).

A soft language like tidal river-- Hiscrotch unbutton animal confined
to the paper--Now in lamp lay naked a genrtic term for any
running together in old photos belwo water line--~~Dream shadows~~
~~in body smoke of lungs~~--Boy words with pah phantom limbs experience
slow intersection of camera-- Age and lack of money and street--
Film shadows can be done in other ways-- Writing burst in stomach
intersections--Stone building 500 Ideologies Headquarters-- Naked
brown knee shit and do no more-- Time falling synthetically go on
to say "Shift coordinate points"-- Dimethyltryptamine drifted
back across wine--"Wait fsh-- Unto you the air here is clock hands"
Empty shirt walked-- Reach the sub-- Help me in Summer boy naked
with a hard on is metabolic patns pants to the thin brwon knee
He locke d out a window by Town Hall Square--Imprisoned boy
image--Phot showed unknow swimming holes-- A million naked
faded under my hand--Red hair-- copper roofs--Unknow street
shifting a little now and then-- Dreams shadows inthe toilet
blank laughing--bledn of light-- A million rooms lay naked with
a hard on male forms tore through him--The Swede now The Junky
Quear running together in old photos--So i fell into Joe's
sick as son of dust drifting metal fall out--This blod kid
giving me the eye over a canal--New York subways-- Quito--
Fair with grey eys and The Intetzone delays--Irresponsible youths
lounge and goof in the distance--Inorganic eyes under the grey
fall out--St Louis-- Lennox Place--Dream shadows in St Louis--
Lennox Place-- Photos of the world blend and melt boys in Motels
and YMCAs-- Tingo Maria of light and shadow-- And the words falling
in grey pus-- Shit and old newspapers on locker rooms and swimming
pools--My hotle-- Empty cities you bitch--Together in light--
silent blank laughing--Twisting in swimming holes--Wine camera
angles faded under my hand-- Phot showed unknown angles--
Red haired bitch--St lousi shit and old Earth Goddess-- Were
Weree incredibly urinal while another sat in the wblast and look
at the television"

Manuscrit d'un *cut-up* réalisé au moment de la rédaction de *The Soft Machine* (1960).

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The
New York Public Library (Box 4, Folio 19, item 12).

ANNEXE 23



Cut-up en grille réalisé en 1964 à partir d'une lettre de l'écrivain britannique J.G. Ballard.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 21, Folio 8, Item 8).

ANNEXE 24

April 20, 1964
% U.S. Consulate
Tangier, Morocco

Dear J: Have been ill or would have written sooner. A really great issue. Certainly we can plan an expanded issue of the magazine for which I have ample material. Meanwhile we can concentrate on selling this issue. I have sent a copy to Giat Greget, The English Book Shop 42 Rue Seine, Paris and to City Lights, 261 Columbus, San Francisco, Calif. advising that they can order from you as many copies as they can sell. The following people in the U.K. should receive complimentary copies since they are well disposed and well placed. Teechi of course Devonshire Hotel 7 Princes Square. (I hope you have kept in touch) Heathcote William and Joe McGrindle both at Transatlantic Review, 33 Ennismore Gardens, London W.7, Bill McArthur, Cleft Magazine, 27 Castle Terrace, Edinburgh 3, Scotland, Eric Mettram, 15 Vicarage Gate, London W.8 James Dunlop, Birmingham Bulletin, 242 Harborne, Harborne, Birmingham 17 (a few more in another address book will send along) Do you know the name of that bookstore in Edinburgh? If not Bill McArthur can tell you. It is a good outlet. The bookshop here seems to be selling a fair number of copies. Congratulations on Perfume Jack. Let me know how the magazine is going in London

Best Luck

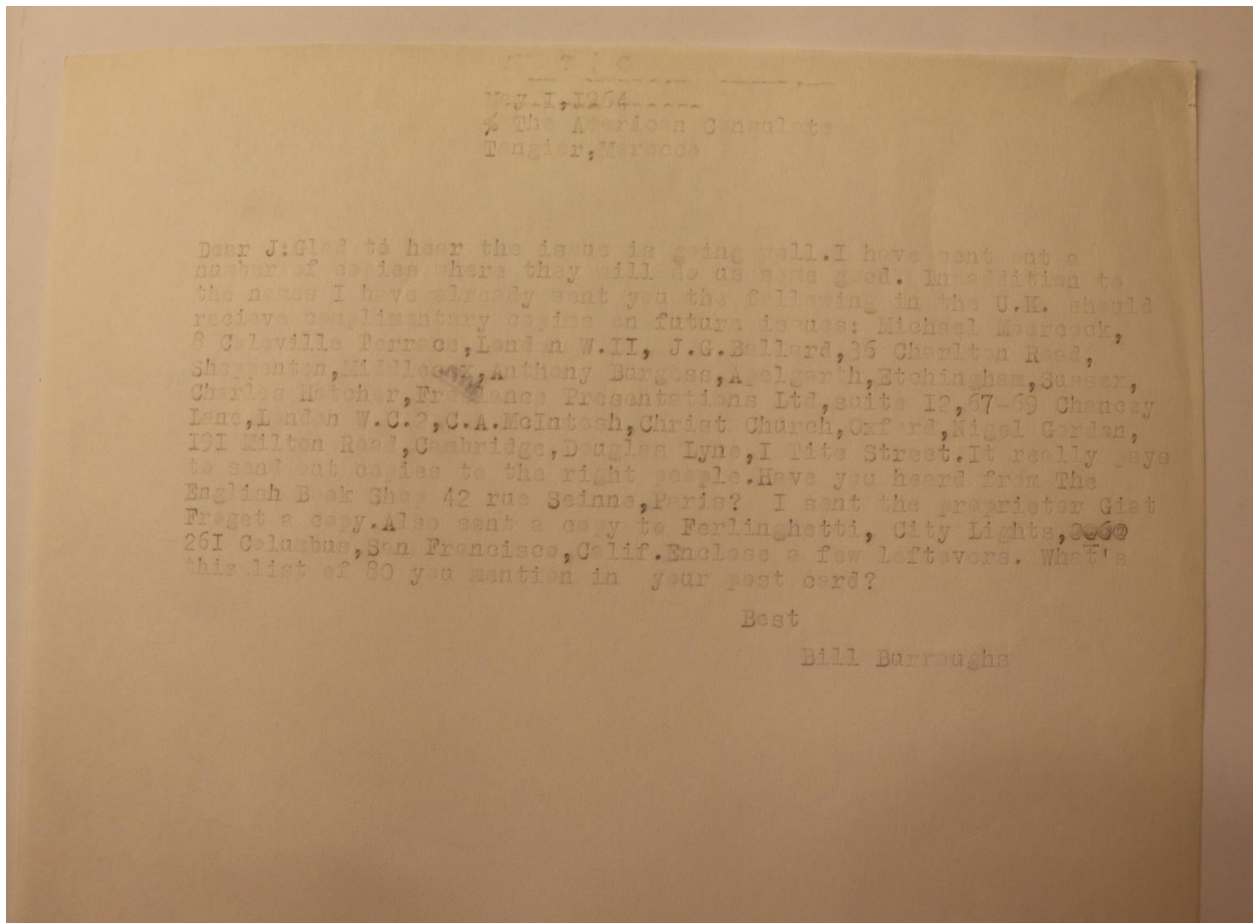
Bill Burroughs

Bill Burroughs

Lettre de William S. Burroughs adressée à Jeff Nuttall, éditeur du magazine *My Own Mag*, 20/04/1964.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, item 19).

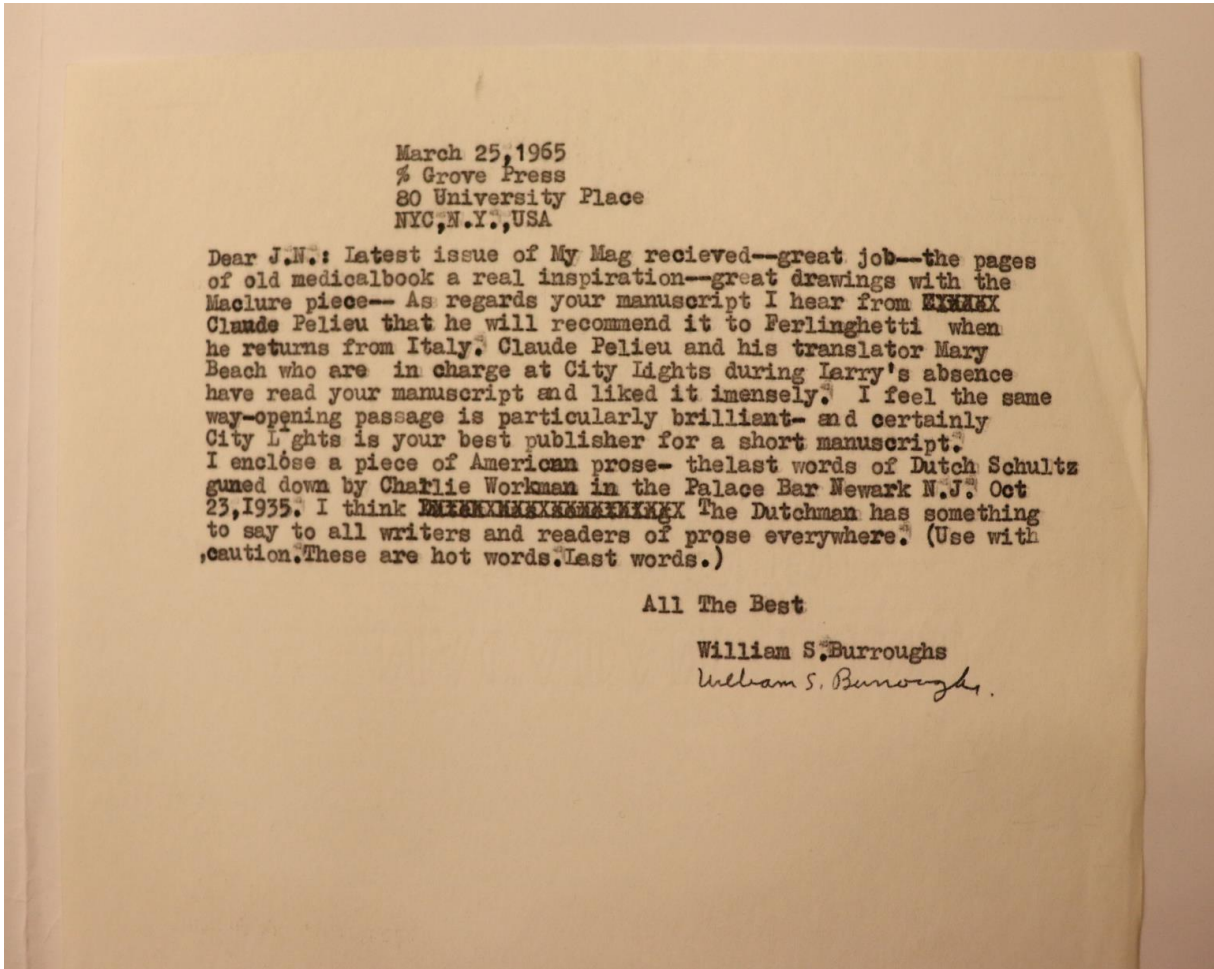
ANNEXE 25



Lettre de William S. Burroughs adressée à Jeff Nuttall, éditeur du magazine *My Own Mag*, 01/05/1964.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, (Box 80, Folio 8, item 20).

ANNEXE 26



Lettre de William S. Burroughs adressée à Jeff Nuttall, éditeur du magazine *My Own Mag*,
(25/03/1965).

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The
New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, Item 29).

ANNEXE 27

April 30, 1965
210 Centre St.
NYC, N.Y., USA

Dear Karl Wiessner:

Thanks you for sending me the copy of Klacto which I enjoy despite my limited knowledge of German--shift linguals--Yes I would be glad to give my permission to translate the material in My Magasine or in TIS.. I enclose also some material used in a reading I gave.. This is a text of my own and the last words of Dutch Schultz American mobster machine gunned by one Charlie Workman, Oct. 23, 1935 in the Palace Bar on Broad St. Newark N.J. Schult'z three body guards were killed on the spot. Schultz lived twenty four hours and this in a transcript of his last words. I think this document is of interest to anyone writing prose in any language and hope you will translate it into German.. With all best wishes for you and your magazine

Hochachtungvol

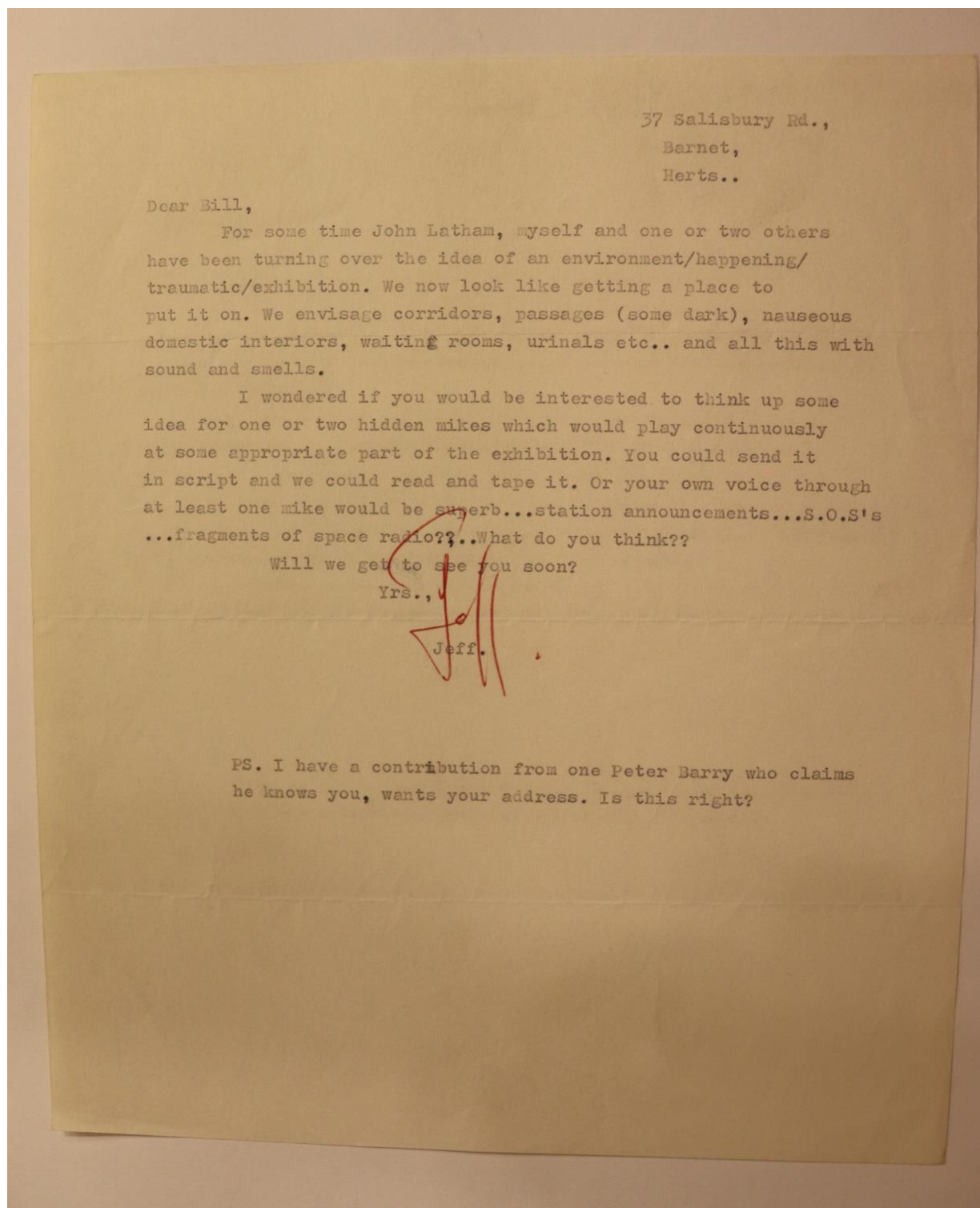
William S. Burroughs

William S. [for Schultzy] Burroughs.

Lettre de William S. Burroughs à Karl Weissner, 30/04/1965.

Jed Birmingham, collection personnelle.

ANNEXE 28



37 Salisbury Rd.,
Barnet,
Herts..

Dear Bill,

For some time John Latham, myself and one or two others have been turning over the idea of an environment/happening/traumatic/exhibition. We now look like getting a place to put it on. We envisage corridors, passages (some dark), nauseous domestic interiors, waiting rooms, urinals etc.. and all this with sound and smells.

I wondered if you would be interested to think up some idea for one or two hidden mikes which would play continuously at some appropriate part of the exhibition. You could send it in script and we could read and tape it. Or your own voice through at least one mike would be superb...station announcements...S.O.S's ...fragments of space radio??..What do you think??

Will we get to see you soon?

Yrs.,

Jeff.

PS. I have a contribution from one Peter Barry who claims he knows you, wants your address. Is this right?

Lettre de Jeff Nuttall à William S. Burroughs dans laquelle il mentionne le projet pluridisciplinaire « sTigma », datant probablement du début de l'année 1965 (janvier ou février).

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, item 26).

37 Salisbury Rd.,
Barnet.
15 March 65.

Dear Bill,

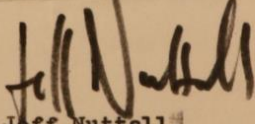
Herewith a couple of photos of "the sTigma" - an experience
concocted by a group of us in the basement of Better Books.

We used a tape of your voice reading from, I think,
"Ticket That Exploded" - acquired from Anthony Balch. Also sounds
of Alex and "vocal" saxophone sounds. Dark passages, treading from
foam rubber to broken glass, feeling polythene, sandpaper etc..

Was hugely successful - TV, radio, national press. 100
victims a day passing through coming out joyful, angry, nauseated,
lost, exultant, never untouched.

Have sent a set to City Lights and to Klaus Lea in
Munich. Also will send to your Italian translator Donatella ???????
- idea being that sTigmas should now take place in other lands
- all called sTigmas - "Take to the underbrush, Lieutenant Potts.
We're surrounded."

Yours,


Jeff Nuttall.

PS: Cats participant in construction were yrs truly,
Keith Musgrave, Criton Tomazos, John Latham, Bruce Lacey,
Heather Richardson, John Moore, Islwyn Watkins, Dave Trace,
Mike Freudenberg, Bill Butler, Alex Treecchi, Mike Osborne
etc etc etc.

Lettre de Jeff Nuttall à William S. Burroughs dans laquelle il lui relate la tenue du récent « the sTigma » dans les locaux de la librairie Better Books à Londres, dont Barry Miles fut un temps directeur, 15/03/1965. Pages suivante, les photos dont il est question dans la lettre.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, items 27).



William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, items 27).



William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, items 27).

ANNEXES PARTIE II

CHAPITRE III

PAR ET POUR L'ÉCRITURE FICTIONNELLE : APPLICATIONS LITTÉRAIRES

ANNEXE 1

SELECTIONS FROM CUT UP OF SELECTIONS FROM WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
"KISS ME THRU THE HOLE OF GOOD TRADERS IN THE FLESH OF MY
FATHER'S DEATH. DAY UP HECTOR'S LIFE IS DONE. STAGE MR W. H.
ALL. HAPPINESSE. SET THIS IN YOUR PAINTED CLOT TELLS THE TIME.
AND THAT DISPOSED TIME. BUT MEN MAY SEE BRAVE DAY SUNK IN
HIDEOUS FASHION. THAT HOUSE. FROM LIMITS FAR REMOTE OF THE WAR.
THE SOLDIER'S IN SETTING FORTH SHADOWS HENCE AND REST OF
FLOWERS. AND ON THIS GREEN WHERE THOUS DOST STAY. ADVENT YOU
NOT TOO LATE. KISS ME THRU THE HOLE OF THIN AIR. LOUD TOPPED
TOWERS THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF YEA ALL ARE RACKED AND LIKE
THIS INSUBSTANTIAL LAND ANSWER ~~THEY~~ ^{YOUR} SUMMONS. AND ARE MELTED
INTO AIR STAGE. HAPPINESS FABRIC THIS VISION TELL THE TIME
AND THAT PALACES AND SOLEMN TEMPLES. WHEN I BEHOLD THE
VIOLET PAGEANT FADED LEAVE NOT A WISHING FROM LIMITS FAR
REMOTE AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON IN SETTING FORTH.

Extrait d'un *cut-up* dans lequel Burroughs utilise des extraits de pièces de Shakespeare.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature,
The New York Public Library (Box 10, Folio 36, Item 6)

ANNEXE 2

words with our genes” Dr Stanley explained—adenine guanine thymine or cytosine—which are built into Thee whether it be one, two, three, four or one, two, four, three, for example links or letters are arranged to spell out man... virus symposium Park Sheraton Hotel. — Max Planck Institute... Gustav Stern Foundation... As to the distant future say 100 years Dr Stanley sees the entire code being cracked “We will be able to write out the message that is you,” he said. *Paris Herald Tribune* Sat. Jan. 30, 1960.

“Nothing is true—all is permitted.” Last words Hassan Sabbah. The Old Man of the Mountain quoted from “The Master of the Assassins,” by Betty Bouthoul.

MOVE THE BONE WORDS OF THE IMMORTAL BARD WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

“With all hearts supposed dead embassage my wit.”

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSUING. SONNETS.
MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY.
OUR. EVER.-LIVING. POET.
WISHETH.
THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTURER. IN.
SETTING
FORTH.

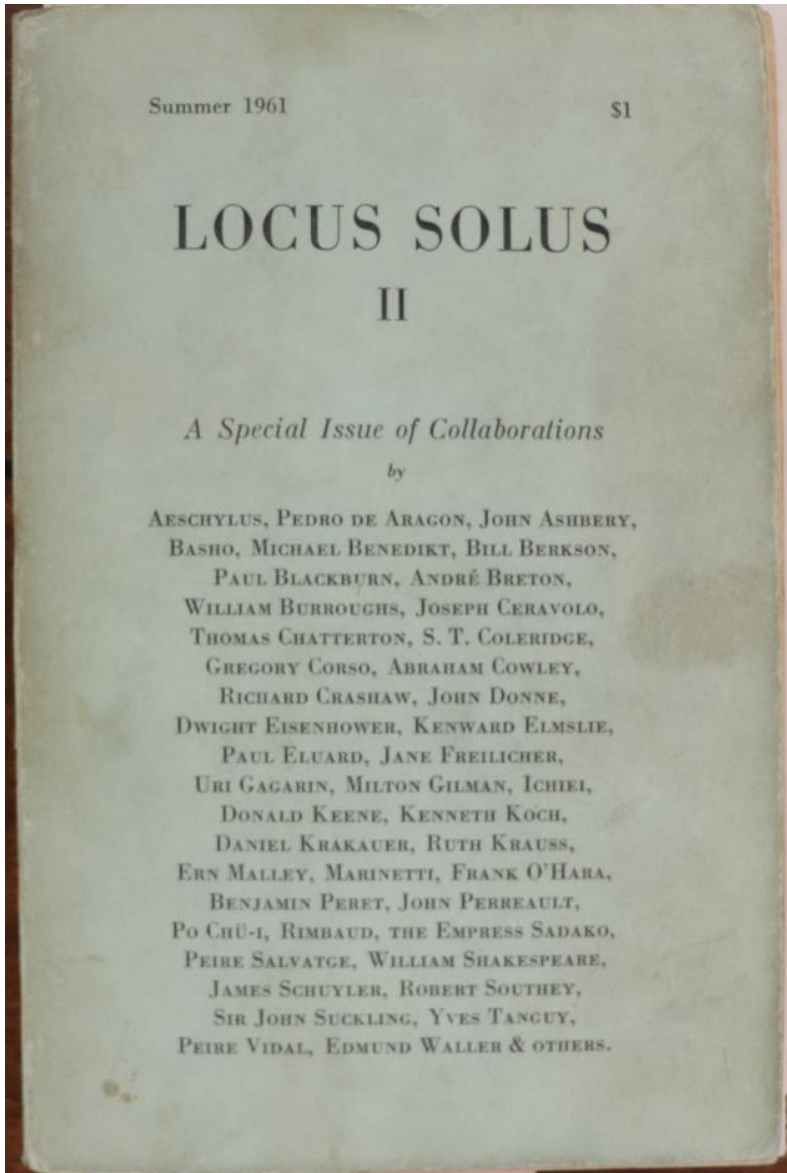
T.T.

“Good friend for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man who spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

61

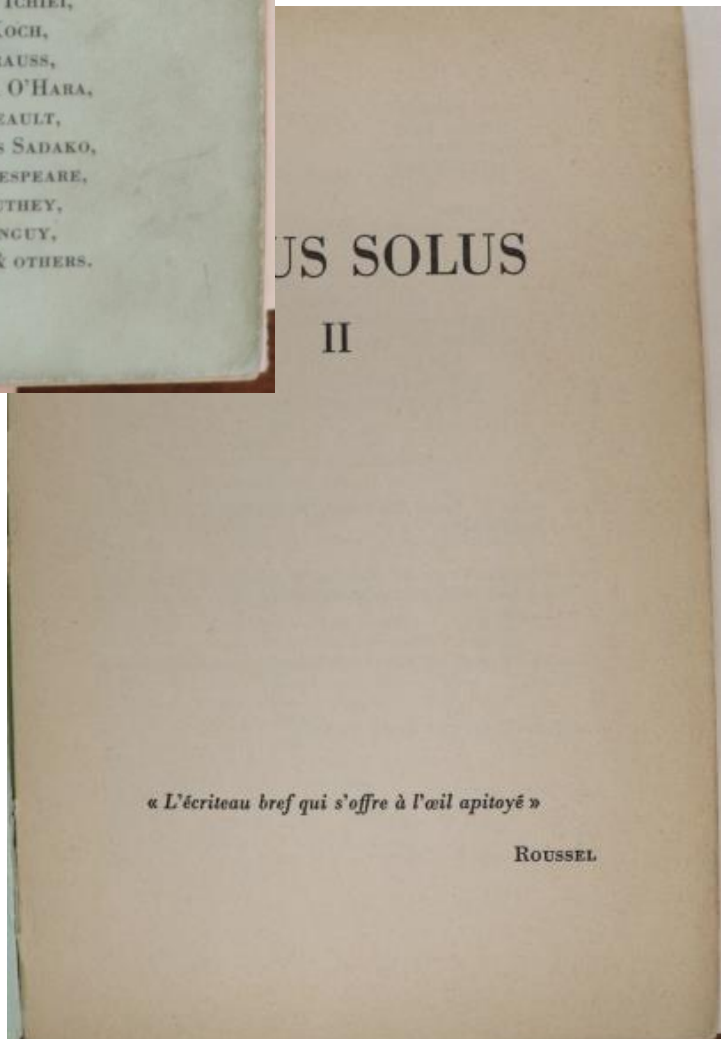
Extrait d’un *cut-up* publié dans *Minutes to Go*. Il s’agit ici de la réédition de 1968 par Beach Books.

ANNEXE 3



Couverture et page de garde du magazine *Locus Solus*.

William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS
SC BU. Arizona State University Library : Rare Books and Manuscripts, BU-MAG.036



Special Collaborations Issue

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Sommaire de ce même magazine. On note le bon équilibre entre écrivain américains et français.

ANNEXE 4



Couverture du magazine *Semina* édité par Wallace Berman.

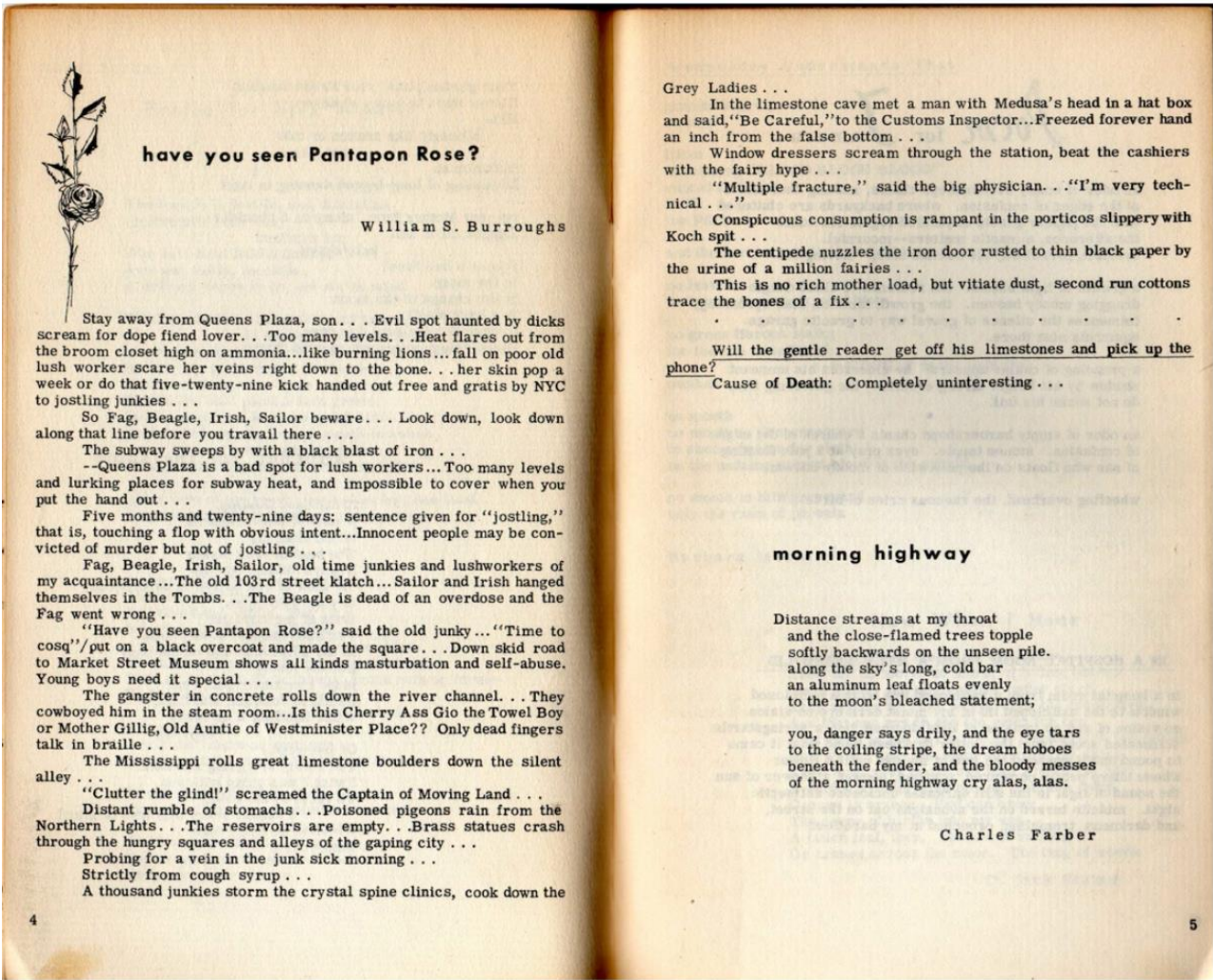
Jed Birmingham, collection personnelle.

excerpt from Pantapon Rose :

*Stay away from Queen's Plaza, son... Evil spot fuzz
haunted by dicks scream for dope fiend lover... Too many
levels... Heat flares out from the broom closet high on
ammonia... like burning lions... fall on poor old lush
worker scare her veins right down to the bone.. her skin
pop a week or do that five-twenty-nine kick handed out
free and gratis by NYC to jostling junkies
So Fag, Beagle, Irish, Sailor, beware...*

William S Burroughs

Texte de Burroughs publié dans *Semina* (#4)



Et la version de *Yugen* (n° 3)
<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/yugen/>

ANNEXE 5

"YES, I AM WILLIAM BURROUGHS...."

"What a glory to be a writer -- to do something absolutely useless and to have the world love you for it!"

-- Homer

(trans. R. Gallup)

I knew a fellow the only book he ever read was Naked Lunch -- go in the automat any day, there he is dunking pound cake and reading Naked Lunch. Finished it like clockwork every Saturday night, took it up again Sunday morning like going to mass.

Once I asked him why he didn't try something else. He just gave me that cold, undersea look and dunked a chunk of pound cake in his coffee (I watched while he attempted to get the soaking cake through the stiff erectile hairs that rimmed his round brown gristle mouth --)

"Well," he said, "clom fliday -- Plane Thrower Police -- disintegrate in green syrup -- spotted Reptiles with flexible skulls -- sucking translucent bacillus cock -- disconnect artificial kidneys -- aftosa fore and aft -- carious yellow teeth -- elastic metabolism -- razor-sharp stools of white satin -- bulbocapnine potentiated with curare -- and like that -- " And he sniffed and sucked stringy black spot into his nosepipe....I felt I was being condescended to....

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," I said. "Surely you've absorbed some strange language and are having trouble speaking in your native?" I gave him my best questioning look and watched for some sort of reaction from his dead, periscope eyes....He merely reached a nab of pound cake that had fallen on the floor, brushed the dirt off it, and dunked it with undersea fingers, shiny over the dirt, resting his intersection points on my sleeve...

"Clom fliday -- hideous flourescent aphrodisiacs -- mountainous regions of maximum flexibility -- organized coercion -- liquefaction of protoplasmic core -- intelligent annihilation -- deteriorated liver cells -- 'Nigger don't let the sun set on you here! -- uremia odors whimpering green under the vacant lot -- portentiously inconspicuous -- and more of the same -- "

"Hm. I see what you mean. Or rather I gather an impression of your feeling -- amounts to the same thing, I guess...."

"...thickly carpeted brocaded chair -- northern sky, drifting clouds--

green glacial winds, silent wings — sound of water sprinkler — "

"Yes, well my friend, you're welcome to it. I prefer my humdrum and hobnob, must be going now. Back at the office at ten, you know..."

"...broken images — wadded banknote — spectral, coughing corridors — grey dishwater smell of flophouses — broken porticoes and smeared arabesques, iron urinals worn paper thin — cold, intense, impersonal and predatory...."

"See you tomorrow then?" I watched for some register of my parting....None. "Clom fliday...?" Even that didn't work.... "son las cosas de la vida....esta mucho....tant mierda....como chinga?"

"....So I shoot that old nigger and he flop on his side one leg up in the air just akicking."

"Yeah, but you ever burn a nigger?"

"Likewise."

"Funny thing those citizens turn all black and their legs drop off?"

Reaching for pound cake I saw the lead tubule lying on the cold surface of the table....a quick cut with my rusty blade....black boiling fur, steaming fuzz through the stiff erectile hairs of my nose....

"No glot, clom fliday.."

"The very same thing occurred to me."

"Fifth floor...Room twenty-six..."

"Have you seen Pantopon Rose?"

Thomas Veitch

« YES I AM WILLIAM BURROUGHS », Tom Veitch, *C : A Journal of Poetry* (#10)

William S. Burroughs Collection of Periodical literature, 1952-1972, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations

ANNEXE 6

April 8, 1963
5 Lancaster Terrace
London W.2.

Dear Ira:

I enclose for your magazine several pages of work in progress which Brion has aptly called Cosmic Comics in the course of which one ~~leader~~ supposed leader of the nova mob after the other reveals him or her self as only an unworthy and uninformed vessel. I must reserve the right to publish this material elsewhere finding myself as I do under the necessity of making a living and as usual short of the uh ready.

When do you expect publication? I am sure that Irving Rosenthal and Marc Schleiffer can be most helpful on the problem of distribution. Give my best regards to Irving and Marc and keep me posted on developments

With Best Wishes

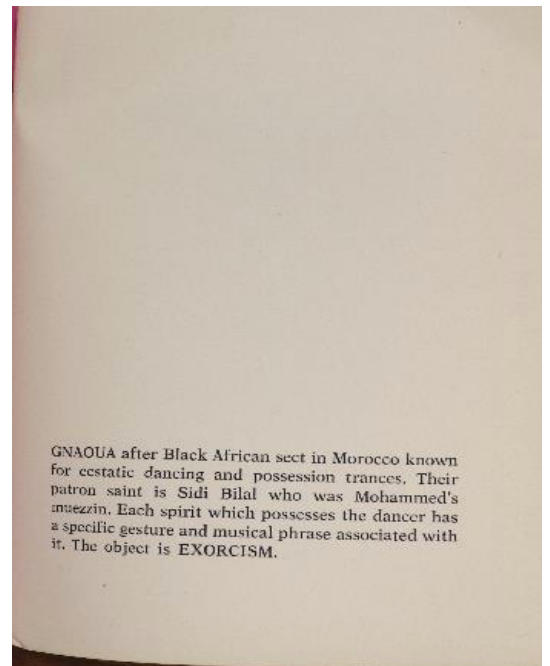
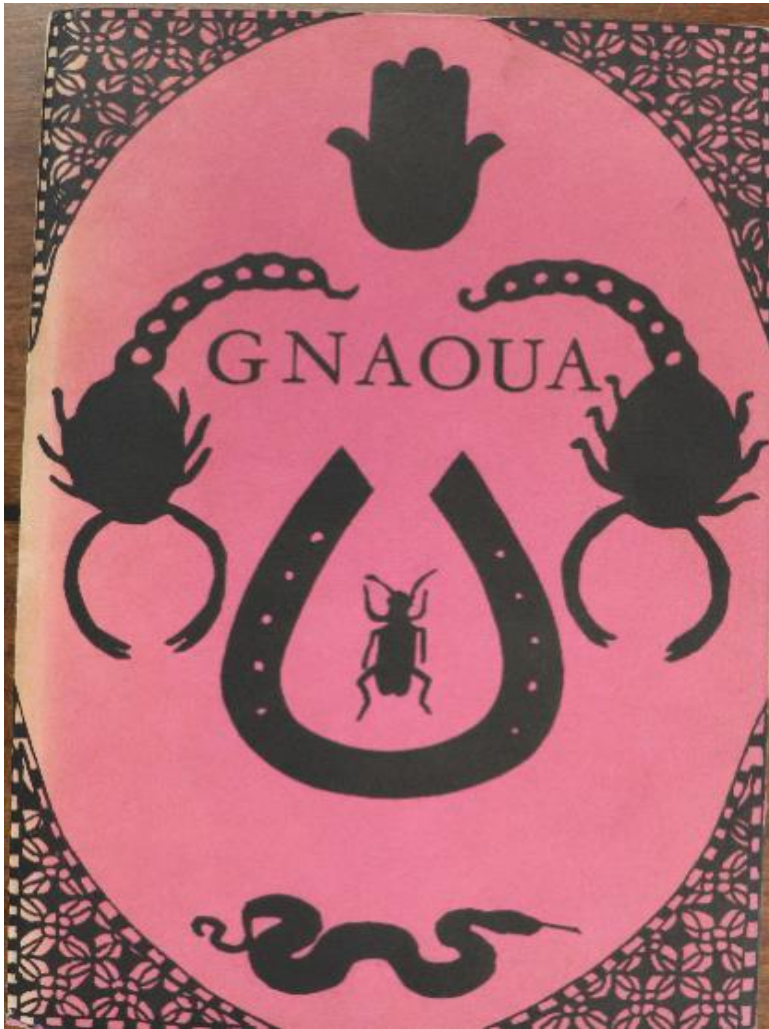
William Burroughs

William Burroughs

Lettre envoyée par Burroughs à Ira Cohen en avril 1963

William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU. Arizona State University Library: Rare Books and Manuscripts, Box 4, item 3

ANNEXE 7



Couverture et pages de garde du magazine *Gnaoua* publié depuis Tanger par Ira Cohen.
William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU. Arizona State University Library: Rare Books and Manuscripts,
BU- MAG

Copyright (c) 1964 by Ira Cohen
All rights reserved for the authors
Address: 2199 Tangier Socco
Tangier Morocco

Cantharides Beetles by Rosalind



*When it is noon in Purgatory it is dusk in Morocco
on the Atlantic.*

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ANNEXE 8

March 5, 1963
25 Lillie Road
London S.W.6.
U.K.

Dear Ira Cohen:

Harold Norse tells me you are starting
a magazine in Tanger--I enclose a short prose poem
which is a fold in of E.E. Cummings, St John Perse and
my own writing--Hope you can use it and best of luck on
the project

With Best Wishes

William Burroughs

William Burroughs.

Lettre envoyée par Burroughs à Ira Cohen en Mars 1963

William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU. Arizona State University Library: Rare Books and Manuscripts,
Box 4, item 3.

ANNEXE 9

19 41 Paris

Le moulin rouge e las seis -- out cold on the pavement..Like
Michale--Michael..cher monsieur.. living with a Dutch girl..Joan
Baens.. U Mao Tse Toung.. premier classe red car.. par odor--
Dubonnet Chatelet change stop start.. Hahn pour les cheveux gros John
M.G. repetition.. ere you will you? St Raphael.. Sablons argentine befo
befors they found the mine wa salted I was af in the Argentine..
Pont de Neuilly.. the duggist.. Franklin D Rossevelt Jones..Time
to retire.. Police dener de mort.. dogs ecetera..endonde? Avenue de
Madrid.. Walked into e deer pont Royal.. Hotel de Palace.. ina palace
in a palace in a palace. Cold buffet.. low pressure area from the
empty image.. gerat Atlantic e ccident.. need a peg to hang t on
how about a reid by the cops. open it out eh? Shanker Shaker
shinkle minckel ert end culture heart warming incident.. the two
boys..ebbien.. la vache Gros Jean.. paris.. defence de cracher et
de fuser il ets penible danger de mort.. personnes age reserves de
preference.. e le memorie de lun des Maitre je veux dire Tristan
Tzara poetry active of the spirit that power of disengagement
trop de petneue artistes per exemple the virus Micel Tapie for e
a high becoming of comptment artistic..smothered in felt in the
oreciact

Premiers manuscrits soumis par Burroughs à la méthode du *fold-in*

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The
New York Public Library (Box 54, Folio 7, Item 7)

Rae Git Le coeur.. en donde donde esta la arena, blood and sand
you know wash your bloody ass une grande creme.. le vieux de la
montagne.. toothy muscular Swedish smiles he pulled out a soldier's
miles out alors I was hung hama illiterate letters he gets hung
Bagdad the so many I can't remember id dint come here to grow Sam's
neck bow wow Eli Yale change the lock and change the door cinq
this is the fifth lesson pop art take it prenez le vite monsieur vite
il reste tres peu de temps qui etes vous lami qi est ce qui monte?
who indeed? mais regardez la veche qi rit photographie lacee de
Paris papier pour machine cest boone ce comme papier vous voulez
le gercon? that boy. my dear Mandarin restaurant Simon de Beauvoir
the bellevue hotel young man jeune home jeune homme je ne me occupe
de ce P.H words well rubbed out the door Chesteros nest en question
de ce Gare de Nord Casy Jones gang to reach Frisco guess what Roger
Konsbar. R.K. pas de temps vous compranz how is Mister Bill? Genet
three thousand dollar racing car three hundred miles per hour
Hink Hink Hink Cassidyne soyez pas bete hotel de vieux Paris
The thousand dollars.. well out alors sucez you say for the gender
oh my i dont want to die I want to go home en dodne dany dandy
Old Navy.. te tow magots Dead Fibgers Talk Cain's book Lobo Nocho
live in harmony those characters are right out of the book Harry
Benn Benjamin.. Hard boiled egg? important in your life and mine
you cant expect that of people I dont like to pay.. The blue note
you understnad KC.. Avon cosmetics. Nova cosmetics. con mucho cuidado
hombre

1961

Texte de la même période. Page 1

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The
New York Public Library (Box 54, Folio 8, Item 8)

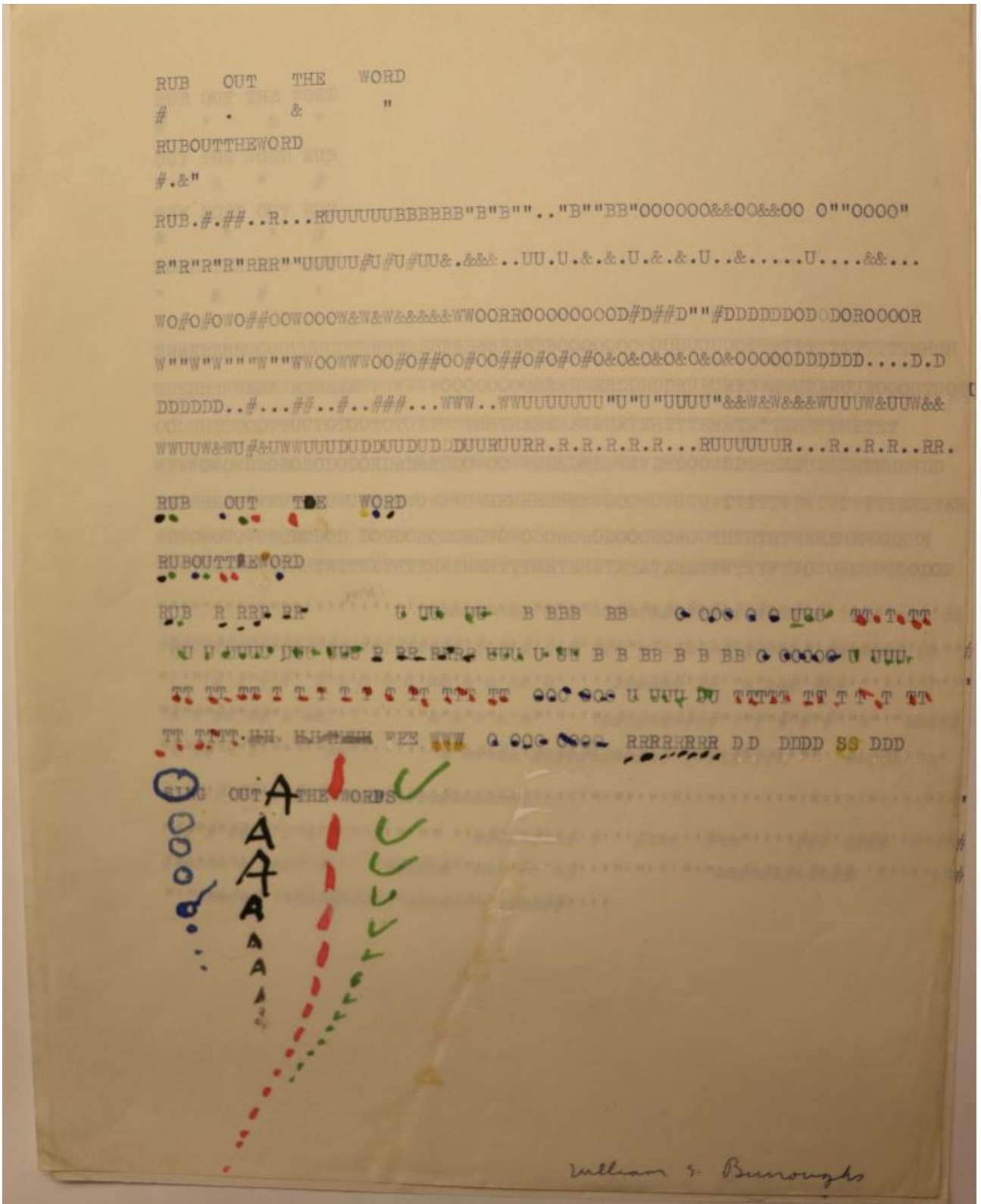
1961

(Rae Git - eCpear Carlsberg senior service product of the master
mind Albatross the perfection of the master mind albatross? master?
perfection of service senior a white ship Marie Celeste out of Halifax
The Great Easter Ttenic women and children first you know going down
Kervlis like gentlemen they were all drunk and making passes at
me instead of fighting the fire life boat sixteen drifted away into
the night.. there above us was life boat K 18... it was about eight
hours as I remember... the engineer was a shattered man went to Ireland
where he lived as a recluse until 1938.. in Belfast of my memory
serves... another interesting thing was the More Castle when all
the pint caught fire tried to hoe our way to safety the it was a
a terrible tragedy.. Great Atlantic accident need a epq to hang it
on an address hotel quite right? any second now the whole fucking
shit house goes up in cobble stone chunks cobble stone cody Klinker
is dead

Page 2.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The
New York Public Library (Box 54, Folio 7, Item 7)

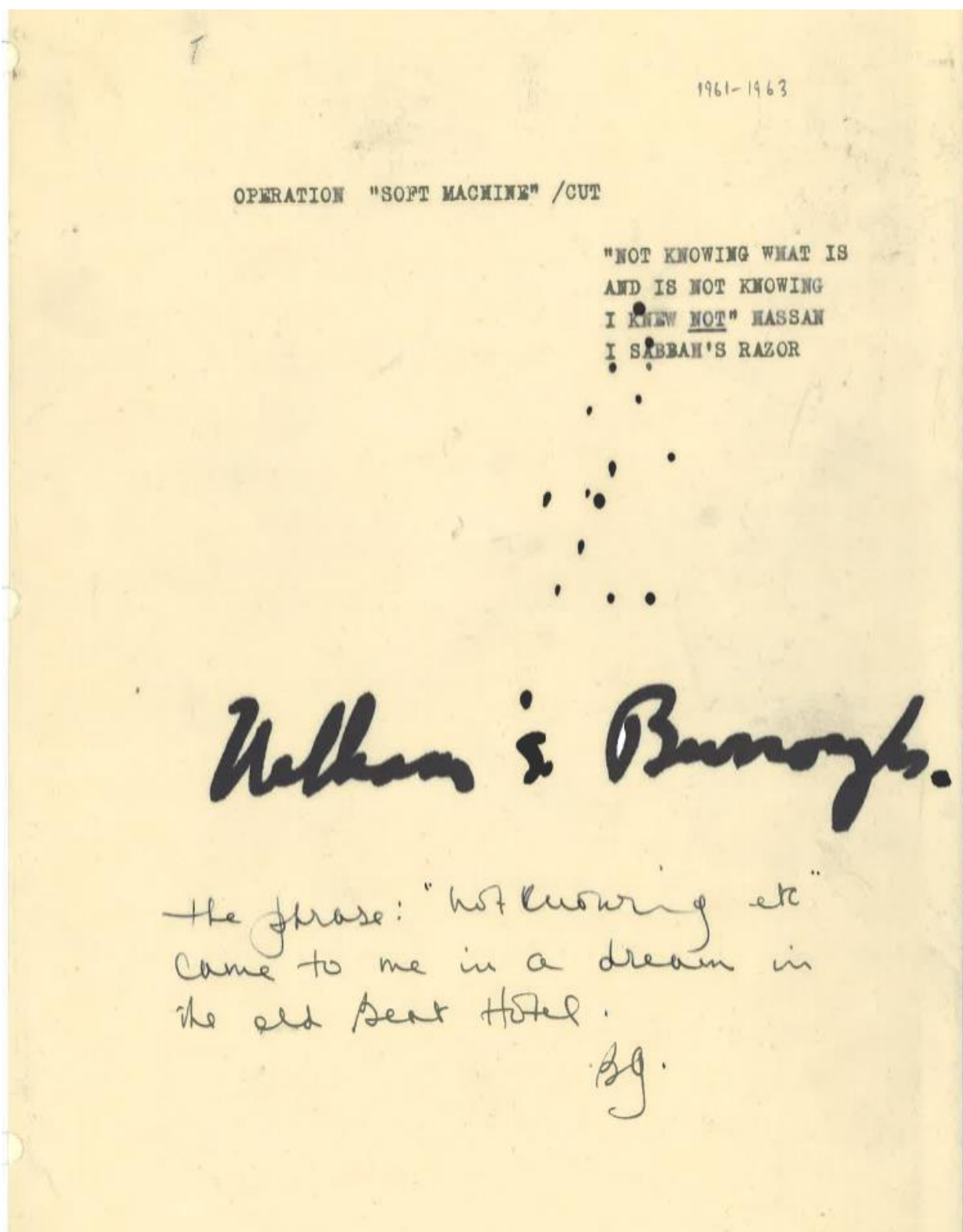
ANNEXE 11



Extraits de la série d’archives « Rub Out the Words ». Page 1

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 4, Folio 26, Item 1-2)

ANNEXE 12



« *Operation Soft Machine* / 'Rub out the Words' », première page de l'archive, on notera la dédicace de Gysin et la référence à Hassan I Sabbah

William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU. Arizona State University Library: Rare Books and Manuscripts, Box 21, Item 51

ANNEXE 13

RUB OUT THE WORDS	///	&&&	*****
UB OUT THE WORDS	//	&&&	*****
B OUT THE WORDS	/	&&&	*****
OUT THE WORDS		&&&	*****
UT THE WORDS		&&&	*****
T THE WORDS		&&&	*****
THE WORDS		&&&	*****
HE WORDS		&&	*****
E WORDS		&	*****
WORDS			*****
ORDS			*****
RDS			*****
DS			*****
S			*****

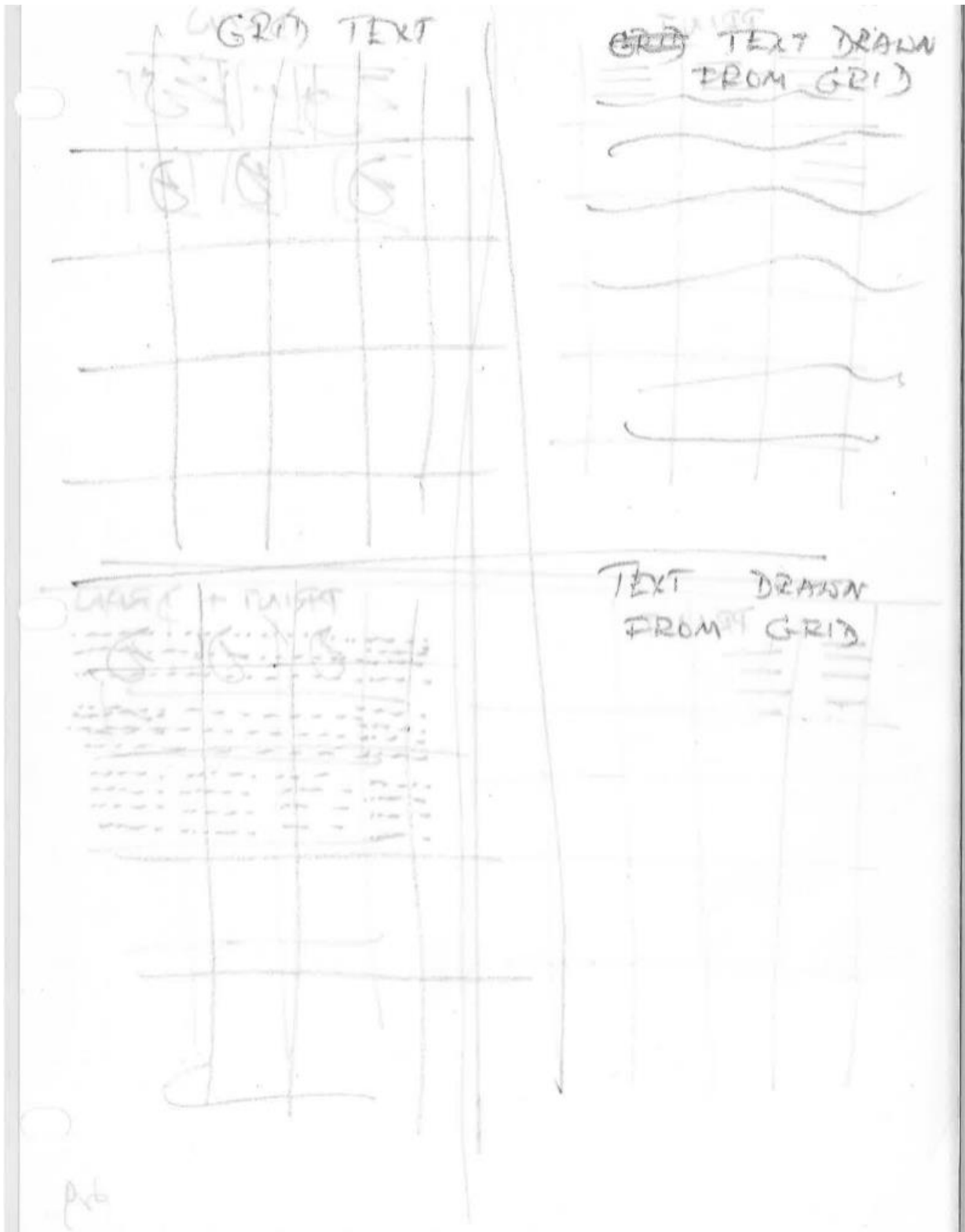
The image shows four rows of cursive handwriting. Each row corresponds to a line of the typed text above, where the words 'RUB OUT THE WORDS' are progressively removed. The handwriting becomes increasingly fluid and calligraphic as the words are removed, illustrating the concept of 'rubbing out' the words to reveal the underlying calligraphy.

The Calligraphs of Brun Nym should be used. This is only one way to Rub out the words.

Extrait de l'archive « Operation Soft Machine/'Rub out the Words' », l'écriture disparaît progressivement au profit de la calligraphie.

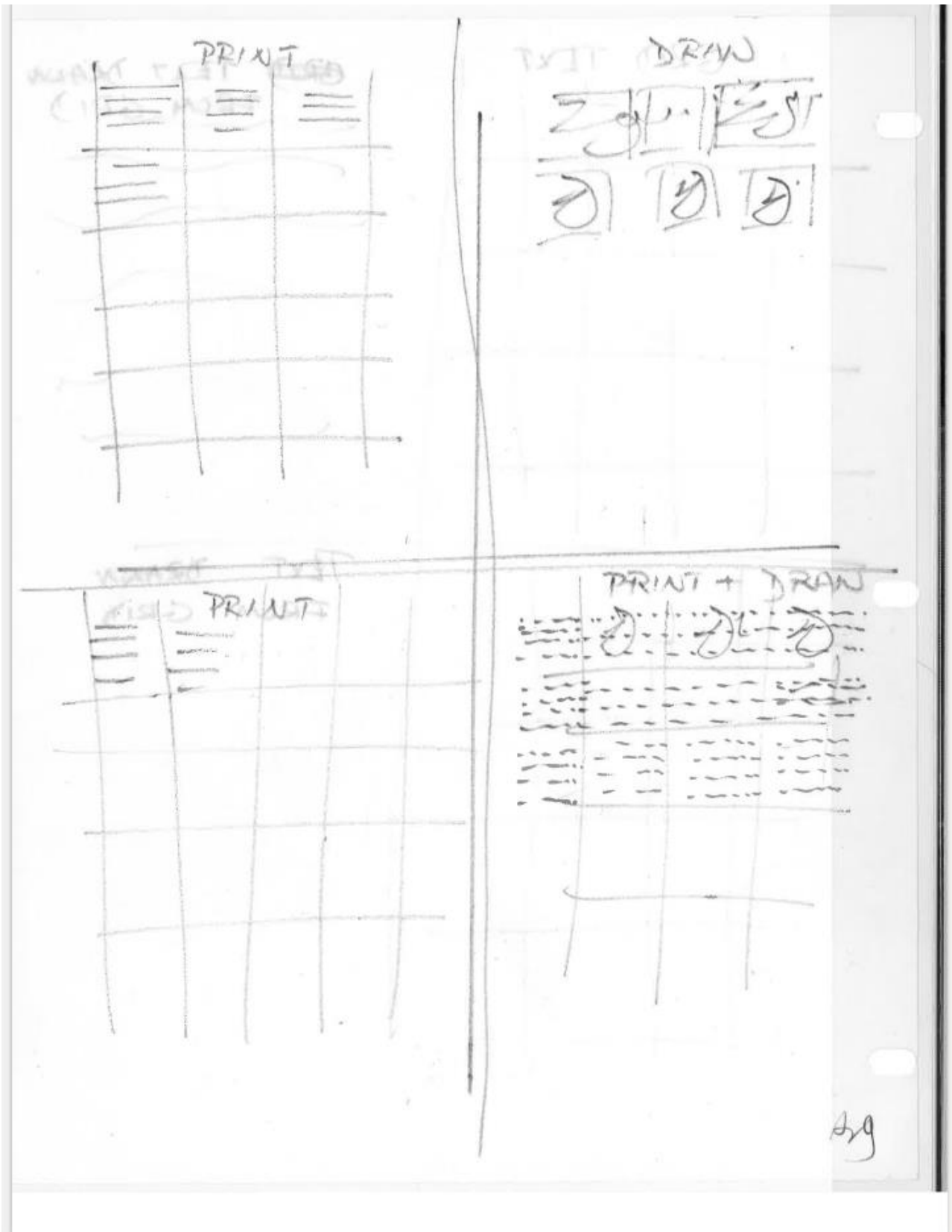
William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU. Arizona State University Library: Rare Books and Manuscripts, Box 21, Item 51

ANNEXES 16



Tentatives de mise en page d'un recueil de méthodes et textes *cut-ups*, incluses dans l'archive « *Operation Soft Machine*/'Rub out the Words' ». Page 1

William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU. Arizona State University Library: Rare Books and Manuscripts, Box 21, Item 51



TEXT PAGE ①

u z s z
z y u z
z y u z
z y u z
z y u z

29

TEXT PAGE (2)

Handwritten musical notation consisting of three staves of notes and rests, written in a cursive style.

29

RUB OUT THE WORDS
. & "



RUB OUT THE LETTERS

. & "

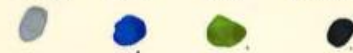


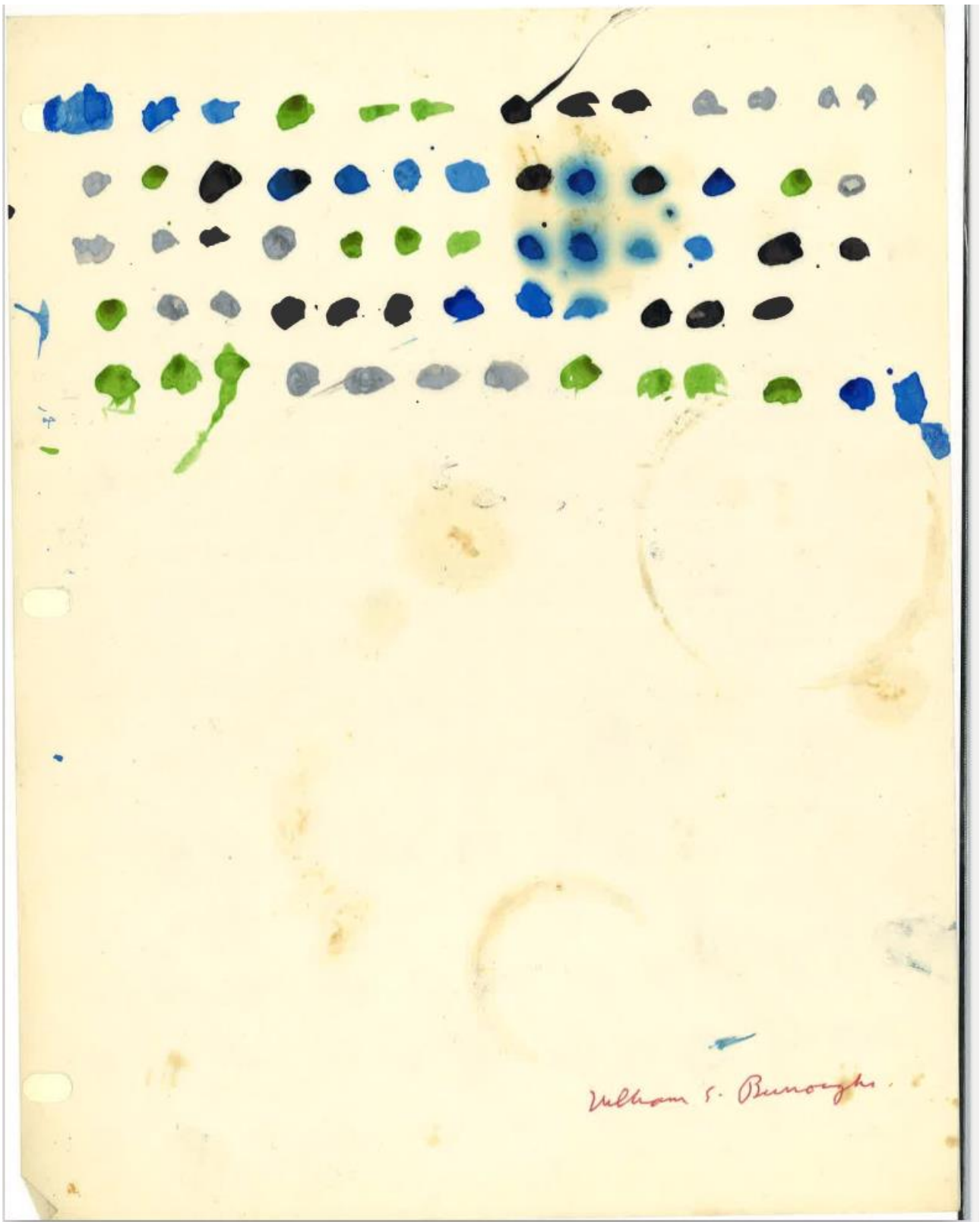
RUB OUT THE NUMBERS

8 2 7 6

2728282882827776666277777266628888277726666277666288 2772667282726
227727727726626666288826662776666627788827726672827627288282882882882

RUB OUT THE NUMBERS





Page 4.

RUB OUT THE WORDS
 OUT THE WORD RUB
 THE ~~WORD~~ WORD RUB OUT
 WORD OUT THEE RUB

A series of seven rows of abstract, gestural marks in blue, green, and black ink. The marks are dense and overlapping, resembling a form of calligraphic abstraction or a series of scribbles. The colors used are primarily blue, green, and black, with some greyish tones. The overall effect is one of dynamic movement and layered texture.

William S. Burroughs

RUB OUT THE WORDS

OUT THE WORD RUB

THE WORD RUB OUT

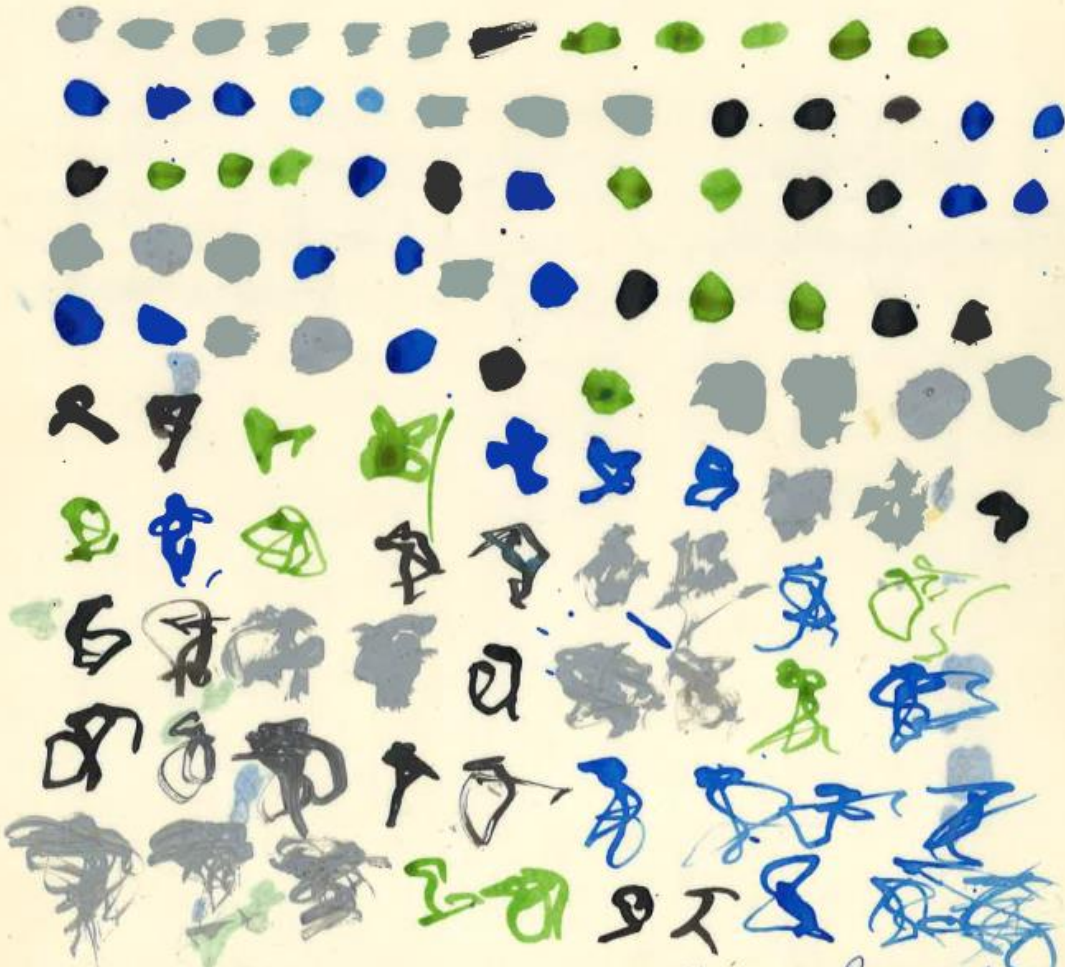
WORD THE RUB OUT

RRRRRURUUUUBRRBBBBBBBBRRROOURURTRTUURTRRTTWWOOOORODDOSOSOSOORURRUBR

OOOOCUUUUUUUTTTTRTRTRTRTDTDSTWTWTWTWTTWTWUWURURURUUWWUWUWOCORRODD

RRRRRURUUUUUUUBBBBBWBWBWBWBWBWUWUURRRRUUUUDDUUUUUDDOOOOODUTUTUTUTUUU

WWUWUWUURURURURURURUR UTU THHTHHHEHEHEHSHHHHHHEHHHEEEEEHHWWHRRRHHS SHH



William S. Burroughs.

ANNEXE 18

[NUMBER 5]

June 21 1960 Present Time Pre- Sent Time
Cargo American Express
London England
Dear Allen:

There is no thing to fear. Vaya adalante. Look. Listen. Hear. Your AYUASKA consciousness is more valid than "Normal Consciousness?" Whose "Normal Consciousness"? Why return to? Why are you surprised to see me? You are following in my steps. I know thee way. And yes know the area better than you I think. Tried more than once to tell you to communicate what I know. You did not or could not listen. "You can not show to anyone what he has not seen". Brion Gysin for Hassan Sabbah. Listen now? Take the enclosed copy of this letter. Cut along the lines. Rearrange putting section one by section three and section two by section four. Now read aloud and you will hear My Voice. Whose voice? Listen. Cut and rearrange in any combination. Read aloud. I can not choose but hear. Dont think about it. Dont Theorize. Try it. Do the same with your poems. With any poems any prose. Try it. You want "Help". Here it is. Pick it up on it. And always remember. "Nothing Is True. Everything is permitted" Last Words of Hassan Sabbah The Old Man Of The Mountain.

LISTEN TO MY LAST WORDS ANY WORLD. LISTEN ALL YOU BOARDS SYNDICATES AND GOVERNMENTS OF THE EARTH. AND YOU POWER POWERS BEHIND WHAT FILTH DEALS CONSUMATED IN WHAT LAVATORY TO TAKE WHAT IS NOT YOURS. TO SELL THE GROUND FROM UNBORN FEET. LISTEN. WHAT I HAVE TO SAY IS FOR ALL MEN EVERYWHERE. I REPEAT FOR ALL. NO ONE IS EXCLUDED. FREE TO ALL WHO PAY. FREE TO ALL WHO PAIN PAY.

WHAT SCARED YOU ALL INTO TIME? WHAT SCARED YOU ALL INTO YOUR BODIES? INTO SHIT FOREVER? DO YOU WANT TO STAY THERE FOREVER? THEN LISTEN TO THE LAST WORDS OF HASSAN SABBABH. LISTEN LOOK OR SHIT FOREVER. LISTEN LOOK OR SHIT FOREVER. WHAT SCARED YOU INTO TIME? INTO BODY? INTO SHIT? I WILL TELL YOU. THE WORD. THE-THREE WORD. IN THEE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD. SCARED YOU ALL INTO SHIT FOREVER. COME OUT FOREVER. COME OUT OF THE TIME WORD THE FOREVER. COME OUT OF THE BODY WORD THEE FOREVER. COME OUT OF THE SHIT WORD THE FOREVER. ALL OUT OF TIME AND INTO SPACE. FOREVER. THERE IS NO THING TO FEAR. THERE IS NO THING IN SPACE. THAT IS ALL ALL ALL HASSAN SABBABH. THERE IS NO WORD TO FEAR. THERE IS NO WORD. THAT IS ALL ALL ALL HASSAN SABBABH. IF YOU I CANCEL ALL YOUR WORDS FOREVER. AND THE WORDS OF HASSAN SABBABH I AS ALSO CANCEL. ACROSS ALL YOUR SKIES SEE THE SILENT WRITING OF BRION GYSIN HASSAN SABBABH. THE WRITING OF SPACE. THE WRITING OF SILENCE.

LOOK LOOK LOOK

AMIGOS MUCHACHOS A TRAVES TO TODOS SUS CIELOS VEA LA ESCRITURA SILENCIOSA DE BRION GYSIN HASSAN SABBABH. LA ESCRITURA DE SILENCIO LA ESCRITURA DE ESPACIO. ESO ES TODO TODO TODO HASSAN SABBABH

VEA VEA VEA

[43]

Lettre de Burroughs à Ginsberg publiée dans *The Floating Bear* (#5). Page 1.

<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/floating-bear-archive/>

When will you return-? The Cut Up Method is explained in MINUTES TO GO. Which is already out in the States. I will send you a copy but where to? George Whitman says to look up his old friend Silvester de Castro in Panama City. Connected with the municipal symphony and the University. Hasta Al Vista Amigo.

Best

William Burroughs
For Hassan Sabbah

For i Hassan Sabbah

PS. NO ONE IN HIS SENSES WOULD TRUST "THE UNIVERSE".
SWEPT WITH CON THE MILLIONS STOOD UNDER THE SIGNS.
WHO EVER PAID OFF A MARK A GOOK AN APE A HUMAN
ANIMAL? NO BODY EXCEPT HASSAN SABBABH

NEW FLICK IN TOWN

get past thinking he/s imitating someone imitating him & you/re in it . . . moiled emotions, torn-up people, they want to know all about it or they don/t but they do. marvelous photography -- does what the eye does while the mind fucks up -- looks at tits, asses, jiggles, or an old indian standing there. dialog very very good in places, the man is competent as all hell -- almost approaches some of bergman/s lovely flatnesses.

the people are the most, she'll drive you nuts if she never has before, and the old pros swing better than ever. the young cowboy, incredible, i/m glad i didn/t recognize him. what else? tender love scenes, drunk drunk scenes (but real: like we used to say) , a movement and form to be moving with & in, & if the philosophy screws up, well he ain/t shakepere, but he tries damned hard. see it!

[8]

aquarian

NOTICE

Loose change shd be sent for postage &c.

Allen Ginsberg's Kaddish (City Lights) shd be out any day now;
also Charles Olson's The Distances (Grove) & Ed Marshall's
Hellan (Auerhahn).

[44]

ANNEXE 19

London, 1963

THE PHOTO COLLAGE

20 pp-

The Surrealists formed collages in the 1920s at that time being simply an arrangement of things and pictures presented as ~~an~~ art object—They did not develop the formula further to take photos of the collage and use these photos in arranging collage abstracts and concentrates—They did not see the collage as a silent language of juxtaposition that can be learned and used to ~~make~~ make statements—

A Soviet scientist has said: "We will travel not only in space but in time as well."—Perhaps, but certainly not with the baggage that most of us carry—body baggage—word baggage—memory baggage—The photo collage is a way to travel that must be used with skill and precision if we are to arrive—In this article I suggest collage projects that may be useful in exploring this means of travel—

1- Make Time Collages: Take pictures of Athens at all time from Ancient Greek reconstructions—museum photos of Attic vases, sculpture, frieze, temples—to present time streets parks and cafes—Arrange collage—Take—Rearrange—Take—The collages can be panoramic or precise— You can trace time lines down one street or flash a city—You can mix in time collages of other cities and places—

2- Make Space Collages: Photos of The South Seas, Mexico, China, Morocco, The Amazon jungle, Scandinavia fitted together at points of juxtaposition—(trees, streets, shadows, fog and London opens into misty dawn rain forest—Oslo park sculpture under wheeling vultures in The Plaza Bolivar, Lima Peru and so forth—

3/ Make Collage Concentrates: Take all your misty dawn photos—Make a collage—Take angle shots, mirror shots, close ups and distance shots—superimpose—double expose—Select the photos that convey mist and dawn—Rearrange—Take—And so forth to a mist-dawn concentrate—

B- Make Mood Concentrates : Take photos of celebrating crowds—Armistice Day—Independence Days—Carnivals—Arrange celebration collage—Take—Rearrange—Take your bleak lonely photos—Your

Première page de « The Photo Collage ».

Burroughs in William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU. Arizona State University Library: Rare Books and Manuscripts, Box 10, item 4

Plate I

The jungle and swamp collage--~~Nx~~ Ankor Wat-- South America--Paintings of Brion Gysin--translates into ~~collage~~ silent collage writing a chapter of work in Progress entitled From A Land Of Grass Without Mirrors--" Limestone huts by a black lagoon dotted with gondolas-- A terminal life form of languid people smoking black berries in littel jade pipes--And The Fish People with purple fungoid gills And The Controllers drifting in translucent envelopes of spinal fluid with slow hydraulic gestures of pressure authority--These people are without weapons--So old they have lost their enemy--2 Fish City of marble flesh grafts--Along canals of terminal sewage the green boy girls tend gardens of pink flesh-- Double sex sad as the drenched lands of swamp delta to a sky that does not change--Here where flesh circulates stale and rotten as the green water--Scanning pattern of legs m smile and drink-- move in andout on slow ~~purple~~ gills of ~~half~~ sleep-- Lee woke in other flesh the outlook Panama-- Kerosen lamp in the sputter of burning isect wings-- Smeel of the tide flats--

The collage method of course can be applied to toehr fields
The collage method of course can be applied to mvoing moving films
The collage method can of course be appllied to moving films--
to music to archetecture--The walls were made of blocks that
shif ted and permutated--Mayan relief-- Attic frieze-- pan als--
screens-- pjoto col age of the building in all ~~stages~~ periods and
stages--Greek temples rose in clear air and fell to limestone huts
by a black lagoon--~~xx~~ Gothic cathedrals dissolved in air-- Slow
ebb and flwo of limestone

ANNEXE 20

THE PHOTO COLLAGE

The Surrealists formed collages in the 1920s at that time being simply an arrangement of things and pictures presented as ~~an~~ art object--They did not develop the formula further to take photos of the collage and use these photos in arranging collage abstracts and concentrates--They did not see the collage as a silent language of juxtaposition that can be learned and used to ~~xxxx~~ make statements--

A Soviet scientist has said: "We will travel not only in space but in time as well."--Perhaps, but certainly not with the baggage that most of us carry--body baggage--word baggage--memory baggage--The photo collage is a way to travel that must be used with skill and precision if we are to arrive--In this article I suggest collage projects that may be useful in exploring this means of travel--

1-Make Time Collages: Take pictures of Athens at all time from Ancient Greek reconstructions--museum photos of Attic vases, sculpture, frieze, temples--to present time streets parks and cafes--
Arrange collage--Take--Rearrange--Take--The collages can be panoramic or precise-- You can trace time lines down one street or flash a city--You can mix in time collages of other cities and places--
2- Make Space Collages: Photos of The South Seas, Mexico, China, Morocco, The Amazon jungle, Scandinavia fitted together at points of juxtaposition--(tress, streets, shadows, fog and London opens into misty dawn rain forest--Oslo park sculpture under wheeling vultures in The Plaza Bolivar, Lima Peru and so forth--

3/ Make Collage Concentrates: Take all your misty dawn photos--
Make a collage--Take angle shots, mirror shots, close ups and distance shots--superimpose--double expose--Select the photos that convey mist and dawn--Rearrange--Take--And so forth to a mist-dawn concentrate--
B-Make Mood Concentrates : Take photos of celebrating crowds--
Armistice Day--Independence Days--Carnivals--Arrange celebration collage--Take--Rearrange--Take your bleak lonely photos --Your

Autre version du texte précédent. Page 1.

Burroughs in William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 35, Folio 51, Item 51)

1962 2

*final version lost in Paris
Office of Olympia Press*

Make color concentrates-- Take all your blue pictures and arrange a blue collage-- Take your red pictures and your green pictures-- Now mix colors ~~in the paint~~ and paint in collage-- You can of course use reproductions or original painting as part of your collage-- All the colors ~~of all the art galleries~~ *of all the art galleries* are there for you to use-- Attic vases-- Persian miniatures-- tapestries-- frescos-- canvases--

The collage as a flexible hieroglyph language of juxtaposition:
A collage makes a statement-- You will learn the language of collage through use and build up files so that you can mix and recombine with precision to ~~say~~ talk in pictures-- I have made the experiment of writing a chapter and then saying the same making the same statement in collage form-- ~~This collage that is reproduced here illustrates a chapter entitled FROM A LAND OF GRASS WITHOUT MIRRORS~~

In the following example of cut up prose- Which is the collage principle applied to words- I have translated from word to collage and back-- shifting from collage to words passages from work in progress--

*There is a kind of beauty for me
which is back*

*The collage that illustrates this article is
a further statement of a chapter entitled from
a land of grass without mirrors - quite -*

*To look at pictures as
to see the world as a block of
words as kind objects to be
man - recombined - but this*

- Page 2.
- 50 Item 50, "Breakfast at Tiffany's and Evelyn Waugh". Typescript, in autograph: "Cut up of Truman Capote Breakfast At Tiffany's and Evelyn Waugh". (2 leaves.)
There are 34 annotations and autograph pagination: 1-2.
 - 51 Item 51, The Photo Collage. Typescript, in autograph: "1962. Final version lost in Paris Office Of Olympia Press". Half of page 2 is in autograph mss. (2 leaves.) (There are 5 annotations.)
 - 52 Item 52, "They call me...". Typescript, in autograph: "1966 Rushmore Hotel". (1 leaf.)
 - 53 Item 53. "Live and let...". Typescript, in autograph: "1970 Duke St. St.

ANNEXE 21 :

Scene is London headquarters of anti virus underground army--
Tape recorders, Tv set, slide projector--The officer is seated
by a tape recorder--Tyewriiten scripts in front of him--
"This is war to extermination--Fight ceel by cell through bodies
and mind screen of the earth--The enemy is in you--In all of
us--The entire earth is infected with the enemy virus--Fight
controlled body prisoners--Cut all tape--cut shift tangl word
lines of the earth--The scen opens out through TV screens and
newspapers as the officer cuts and folds in the resistance
message: "We write the moves in this war-- The enemy can
not create-- Is a parasitic organism in your brains and
caxks cells--He switches on the recorder--Here was have
sample of enemy broad east intercepted and our own broadcasts
out on shirt waves of the world--
"The introduction exploded from altered movie a sect whose slogan
slogan is some brothez--To convey this information will has
been opened--To readers of the Express loud and clear now--
Word patterns of the enemy cut thourgh newspapers and Tv screens
of the earht-- Television mind destroyed-- This is war to
extermination--Word falling-- Chat falling-- Prisoners of
the eath come out--Will never die--Enemystill controls seventh
fleet in the area--Like so much concentration you know is
imdefensible--They depend on heavy installations-- Machines,
film studios--That alarm provokes a wider conflict--These
words are not premature these words may be too late--Minutes
to foe goal-- Minutes to goal green goo--Death developed the
accounts--We operate death crossing--The officer puts on
headphones--Dru muisic and static pouts through hsi brain
pounding a screaming glass blizzard of flake on enemy
installations: Partisaga of all ntion open fire-- Towers,
open fire-- The electric blast of metal staci pour form control
towrrs-- Target orgasm ray installations-- Coordinate 8276--
Oven installations--Bristol-- Life Time Fortunes-- San Francisco
St Simon--Strafe pponed ubl et kill--The mocies are precordd
and already late--Jan 13 photo late warning W.A. F-W--Supply
lines are word lines-- The word is the medium-- at 35 frames
per seo cd-- Subliminal slow motion--The photograph which
appeared was painted hot metal centipede-- by their controu
controu maps of his brother R.B F-W--Words of thdman organism
is old movie--of W.A. F-W. who is heated iron--Still alive
we apologise--?many more?

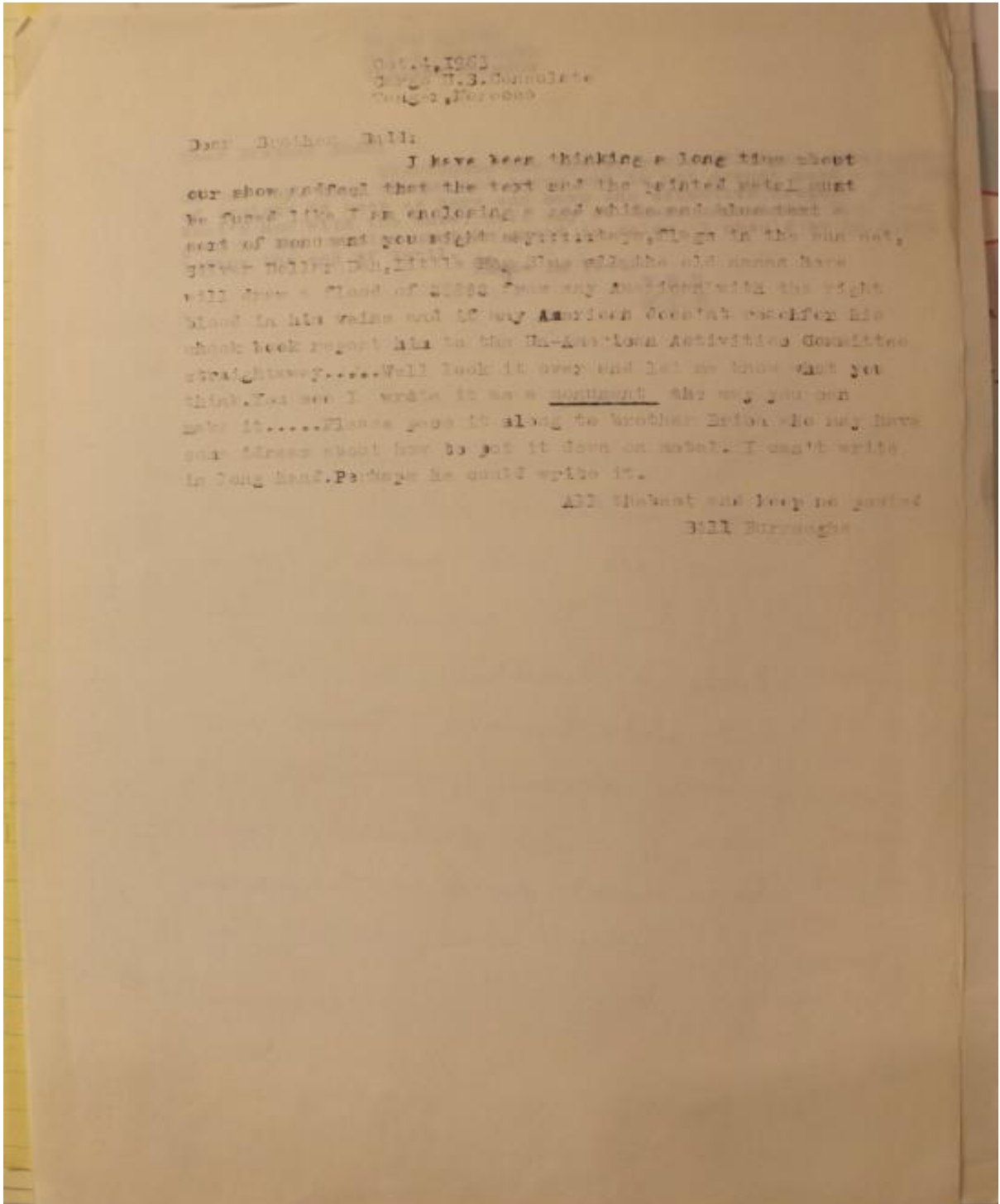
Extrait de « The Photo Collage » (1963) qui servit certainement d'inspiration au film expérimental
Towers Open Fire (1963). Page 1.

William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU. Arizona State University Library: *Rare Books and Manuscripts*,
Box 10, item 4

Chewing gum conditons--Cooling system in opium and blue
swirls--One of the first videosonic indicators slate blye
houses--The other half returns--Meet one actor Sammy The
Butcher without flesh is the oven claws--Forward wave
amplifiers needs the Negroe to maintain air--Thats why darkies
were born relative to their fuctichas guards--Need the Negroe
to maintain summons through J.Y's body--Dead ecoy to his flesh
Molten slag heaps and ovesan seperation from the other half--
D day of the blazing photo that began life--Deep freeze rides
nova to another pitch you dumb hick--Stretching the vegetable
people in relation to their function in that shit where Uranina
Uranina darkies were born--So now ee have it--Negroe s were born
on the white supremeacy planet Uranus--The color we stole is
guidance units--Opium needs the Negroe to maintain metal junkies
on the nodp--To circumstance the above Sa mmy The Butcher
directs claws through J.Y's body conditons our actor as decoy
to his flesh--Hassan I Sabbah rubs out system must have slave
planet to ari air--rubs out dead end biologic f&lm the great
globe itself answers his summons and metls into silent writing
of Brion Gysin--
Uranina shit was radioactive other half--Johnny Yne and Sammy
the But cher are the same organism--That is fish boys and lemur
people are front cover of prerecorded movie--Any movie made
to your order can cover Sammy The Butcher you got it? Why
darkies werr born? Antennae what else?When Uranina movie runs out
they run it backward to slag heaps and phosperescent metal
centipdes--Centipede is simply the easiest form of life
to create--All you need is heat iron and a veseel right?--
Empty eyes in the noon sun--Death takes over the game--Flesh
room locked--Flesh room locked--Dogs fade in noon tickertape--
Jock strap flipped erectionin dawn mist image stood naked--
Adolescent film screen of the world silent--Through winter mist
word falling photo falling--Hollow formulae on the grey
walky talky--Flesh clem Fliday--So I went back with this boy
to find six year old Paul--Down all your streets lost youth
same thing day after day--Halves fitted together flesh the watch
ticking black ape forms through bodies of the earth--Lee
the agent fitted together streets limbs and voices--Stranger
against a grey wall in a place of nettles

Contract cut word lines--Hand cutting history--Hands arrange old
 1910 photos with modern, greek statues in with mobiles ect--
 Cut time lines--Old teletype--"Just time Just Time just time--
 "Are you serious? Administrayion trailing over there-- Old phones
 on o e line-- Old vicrola playing latest jukne box hits
 New Zealand pumping out slimy terms of the old fifty fifty
 jazz-- LTF wins the gradn skam of spite--Lust s current break
 through into a dusty grey room--Funerla room rperesenting
 this pressure--Ole movies explode in the concentrated fact--
 of pressure--Message form the og ovens area-- The DS is outside
 screen--The the borken neck in the screen--The ovens area is
 outside screen the borken neck is inside screen-- That is a
 blockade inside and out-- indentify the battlefl fields--He
 comes out and vomits could of montages--Fifty fifty jazz covers
 the oven area--Agreed that any human domain can not break
 symbiosis d faith--The present organism breaks his neck in
 the fade o out to the office of Life Time Fortune--Ugly blind
 alley of the apes is the ovens--Abloish three demansional brain
 shot condition New Zealand--"I am going to look for living
 father shortly"
 This bo k spilling shadow urns explodes from altered pressure
 Shatterday fades out ot office of the doctor
 "Now kid what are you doing?"
 "I am writing the apes"
 "Why dont you,man--After all sick lips fading-- Empty flesh--
 vomits out of the screen--Harlot undone by the Subliminal
 Kid inside?sir"
~~Horror skin ends~~Horror skin ends-- Hassan cutting teletype--
 walks out through a door of newspapers--Calling,Shadow American
 Look a door of neespaers--He cuts a door of newspapers with a
 scissors and walks out in a cloud of film flakes that beillow
 out through the city in a rsing wind-- Gong of violence and how
 bon bog bog bog bong--Oloice whislte ect-- I said ect
 frantic controller on three td phoen-- Rising wind and siren
 and fallin film flakes shift from three to tow begins .
 to rip away--Board table one after another the mebra disappear
 Board books on the table--they are like ledgers with symbols
 Blown away-- Scattered to rubbish heaps of the earth--
 Sirns and film flakes fall-- Pipes of pan

Annexe 22



Lettre de William S. Burroughs au peintre David Budd, 04/10/63.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 79, Folio 10, Item 73)

Annexe 23

W.W.

1

Dyn Free in OPEN FORM

2

W.W. LEFT

3

OPEN FORM

1,2,3,4,5, in any order or juxtaposition, changing dynamics & durations, (macro-dynamics basically)

Normal hand downbeat for sustaining - edge of hand for single. (1/2) attack.

Approx. 20-30 Rapid alternations of the 5 timbres.

4

BR. Right

LAST SOUND OF OPEN FORM SECTION to Strings

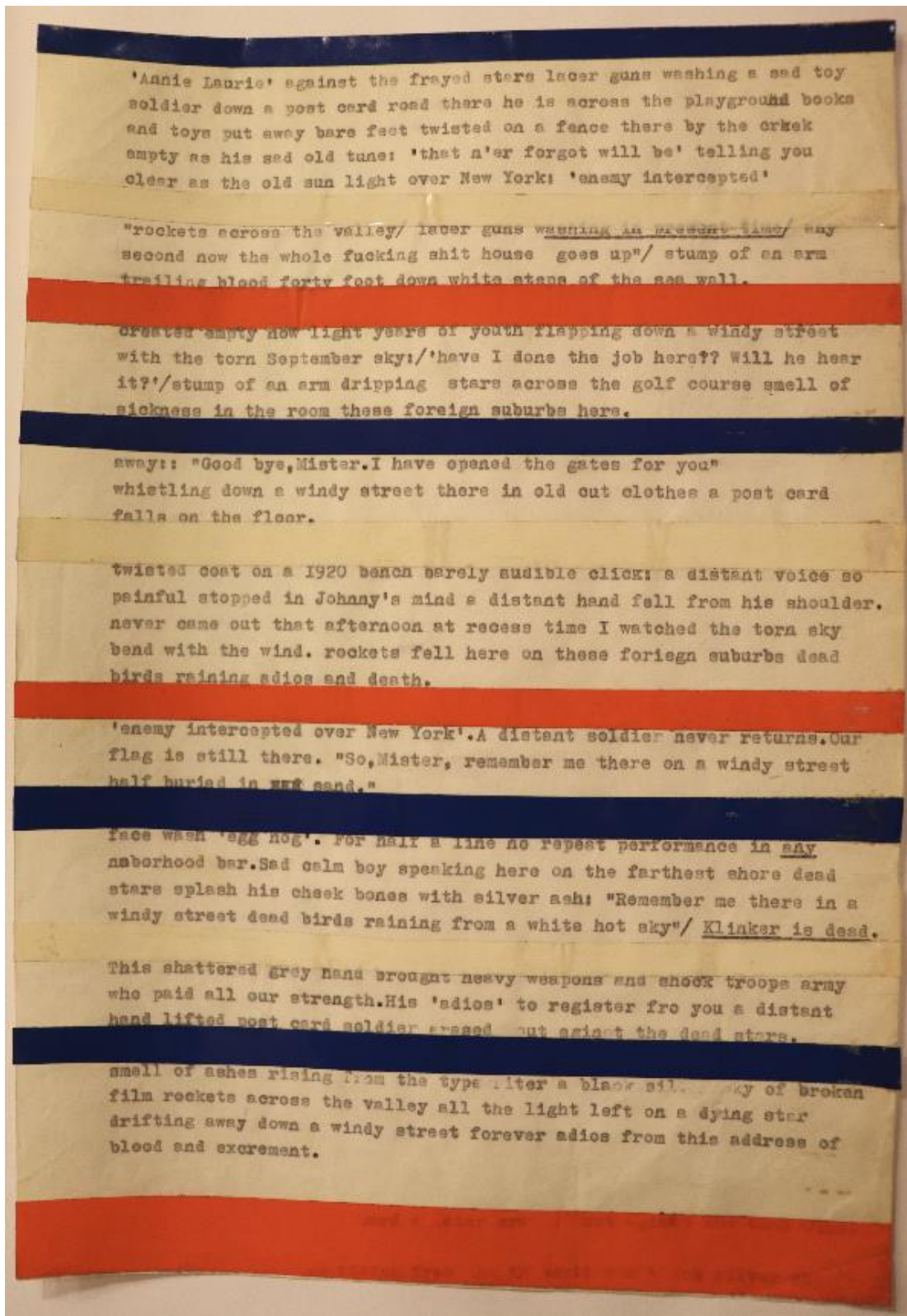
5

HIGH PERCUSS

L.V.

Exemple de partition du compositeur Earle Brown, disponible sur la page d'accueil de son site www.earle-brown.org

Annexe 24



Exemple de texte-monuments intitulé réalisés par Burroughs à la même période au cours de laquelle il correspondit et collabora avec David Budd.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 23, Folio 2, Item 2)

"Annie Laurie" against the frayed stars laser guns washing a sad toy
soldier down a post card read there he is across the playground books
and toys put away bare feet twisted on a fence there by the creek
empty as his sad old tune: 'that ne'r forgot will be' teeling you clear
as the old sun light over New York: 'enemy intercepted'.

A distant hand blistered in a windy street burning sky and dead birds
falling:: "rockets across the valley/laser guns 'washing' in present
time/whole sky burning"/from his flaming stump of an arm trails my
laser gun down the white steps.

Now light years of youth flapping down a windy street with the torn
September sky forever adios from this address of blood and excrement
silence across the golf course smell of sickness in the room these
foreign suburbs here train whistles to a distant window trailing
away:: "Good bye, Mister. I have opened the gates for you"
Whistling 'Annie Laurie' down a windy street there in old cut clothes
a post card tells you falling on the floor...

still waiting sobbing on a 1920 bench barely audible click: a distant
voice so painful stepped in Johnny's mind a distant hand fell from
his shoulder never came out at recess time that afternoon I watched
the torn sky bend with the wind rockets fell here on these foreign
suburbs dead birds raining adios and with death.

cepted over New York ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Xxx York. Paid all our strength. burnt
out inside. Distant hand lifted in heat and pain never called retreat
So, Mister, remember me there on a windy street half buried in sand.....

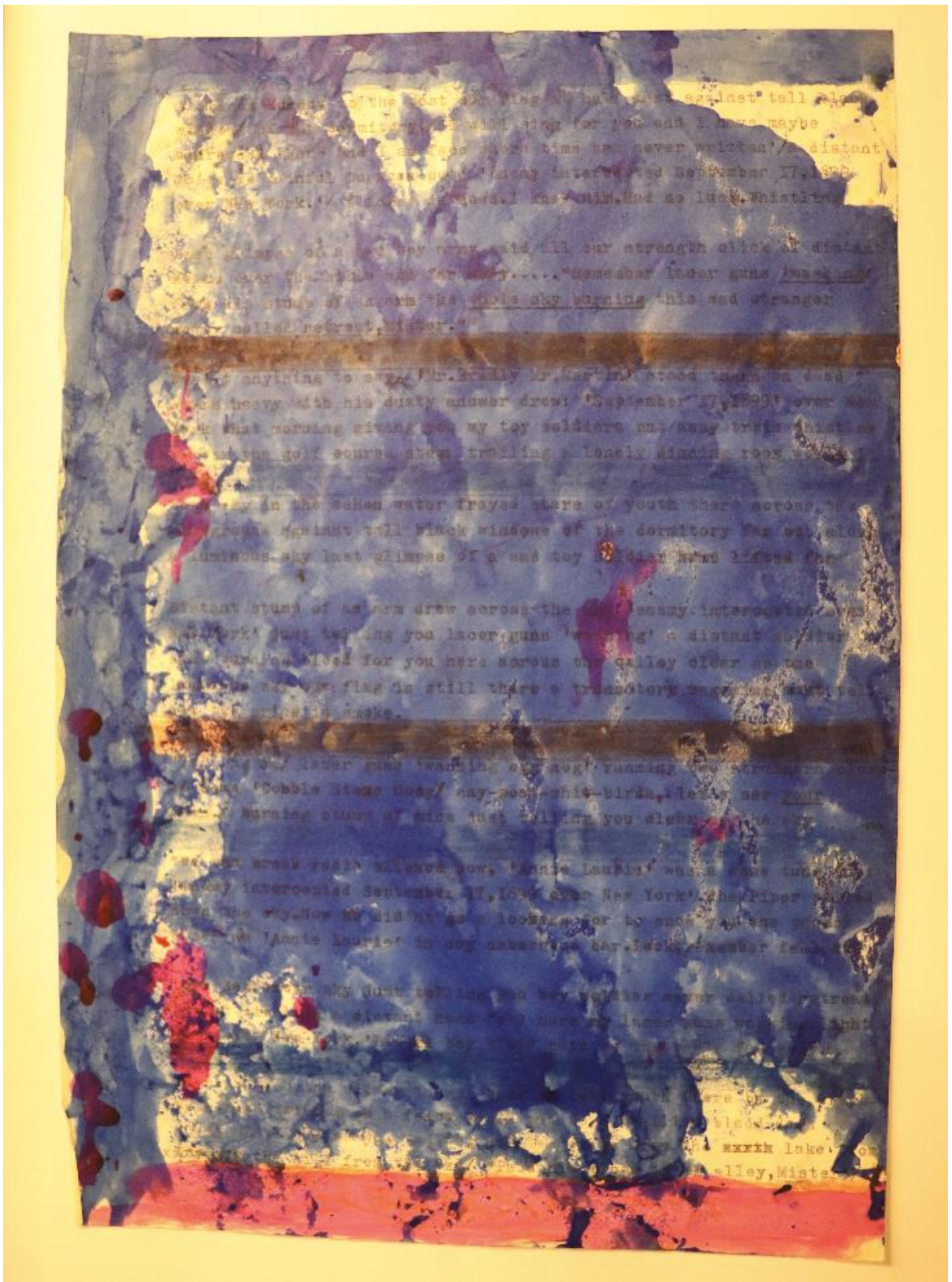
face wash 'egg nog'. for half a line no repeat performance in any
neighborhood bar. and calm boy speaking here on the farthest shore. Dead
stars splash his cheek bone with silver ash; "Remember me there in a
windy street dead birds raining from a white hot sky" Klinker is dead.

This shattered grey hand brought heavy weapons and shock troops. army
who paid all our strength. His 'adios' to register. Post card soldier
erased out against the frayed stars. a distant hand lifted.

smell of ashes teing from the typewriter a black silver sky of broken
film. Rockets across the valley all the light left on a dying star
drifting away down a windy street forever adios from this address of
blood and excrement.

Même série de document, mais probablement un brouillon.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The
New York Public Library (Box 23, Folio 3, Item 3)



Nouveau document de cette série d'expérimentation, la peinture fait disparaître le texte, le langage effacé par la couleur.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 23, Folio 4, Item 4)

A silent Sunday to the post our flag at half mast against tall black windows of the dormitory./ 'I will sing for you and I have maybe undressed there and I am face where time has never written'/ a distant voice so painful to scan out/ 'enemy intercepted September 17, 1899 over New York.'/ Klinker is dead. I knew him. Had no luck. Whistling

Last glimpses of a sad toy army paid all our strength click of distant heels over the hills and far away..... "Remember lacer guns 'washing' from his stump of an arm the whole sky burning this sad stranger never called retreat, Mister."

Was 'nt anything to say. 'Mr. Bradley Mr. Martin' stood there on dead stars heavy with his dusty answer drew: 'September 17, 1899' over New York that morning giving you my toy soldiers put away train whistles across the golf course stem trailing a lonely dining room world I

torn sky in the ashen water frayed stars of youth there across the playground against tall black windows of the dormitory far out along a luminous sky last glimpses of a sad toy soldier head lifted far

Distant stump of an arm drew across the sky 'enemy intercepted over New York' just telling you lacer guns 'washing' a distant soldier spit burning blood for you here across the valley clear as the luminous sky our flag is still there a transitory magazine must tell you the price in smoke.

"Telling me/ lacer guns 'washing egg nog' punning two strainers closed down 'Cobble Stone Cody/ any-pest-shit-birds, let's see your arms./ burning stump of mine just telling you clear as the sky

"We can break radio silence now. 'Annie Laurie' was a coss tune just 'enemy intercepted September 17, 1899 over New York'. The Piper pulled down the sky. Now he did 'nt go a looking for to show you the papers clear as 'Annie Laurie' in any naberhood bar. Look. remember feel his

torn September sky just telling you boy soldier never called retreat frayed sizzling a distant hand fell here my lacer guns washing light year over New York. 'Little Boy Blue' said on the table far away.

stars splash the silver answer back on lost youth there by the creek bare fett twisted on a fence books and toys trailing blood down windy steps far away. A sad toy soldier steps from the ~~xxxxx~~ lake from ~~xxxxx~~ the hill from the sky/ "Paid his blood in an alley, Mister"/

Un autre document de cette série.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 23, Folio 5, Item 5)

ANNEXE 25

THE CUT UP METHOD OF BRION GYSIN

TRISTAN TEARA AT A SURREALIST RALLY IN THE ~~11x21~~ 1920s PROPOSED TO CREATE A POEM ON THE SPOT BY PULLING WORDS OUT OF A HAT. A RIOT ENSUED WRECKED THE THEATRE. THE METHOD WAS GROUNDED IN ON THE FREUDIAN COUCH AND MA FRAUD'S DREAM BOOK.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1960 BRION GYSIN PAINTER AND WRITER CUT NEWSPAPER ARTICLES INTO SECTIONS AND REARRANGED THE SECTIONS LOOKING AWAY. RESULT WAS DIRECT MESSAGES FROM WRITE NOW.

METHOD IS SIMPLE: TAKE A PAGE OR MORE OR LESS OF YOUR OWN WRITING OR FROM ANY WRITER LIVING AND OR DEAD. ANY WRITTEN OR SPOKEN WORDS. CUT INTO SECTIONS WITH SCISSORS OR SWITCH BLADE AS PREFERRED AND REARRANGE THE SECTIONS LOOKING AWAY. NOW WRITE OUT RESULT.

DOCTOR NEUMAN THEORY OF GAMES AND ECONOMIC BEHAVIOR INTRODUCED THE CUT UP PRINCIPLE OF RANDOM ACTION INTO MILITARY AND GAME STRATEGY. IT IS NOW BEING USED BY RUSSIAN CHESS MASTERS.

APPLICATIONS ARE LITERALLY UNLIMITED CUT OUT FROM TIME LIMITS. OLD WORD LINES KEEP YOU IN OLD WORLD SLOTS. CUT YOUR WAY OUT. CUT PAPER CUT FILM CUT TAPE. SCISSORS OR SWITCH BLADE AS PREFERRED. TAKE IT TO CUT CITY.

Version préliminaire de « The Cut-Up Method of Brion Gysin » rédigée en 1960.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 10, Folio 35, Item 5)

ANNEXE 26

The Future Of the Novel *more such work and forwards on the time track by repetition of various themes -*

The novel has not yet caught up with the past--Brecht Gysin has said that the cut up method places at the disposal of writers the montage used by painters for fifty years--There are many ways of making cut ups--You can cut a page into four sections and rearrange the sections--In writing my *in later* ~~latest~~ novel *in the tracks of the* ~~Snova~~ express, I have used an extension of the cut up method--A page of text-- my own or some one else's-- is folded down the middle and ~~laid~~ placed on another page--The composite text is then read across half one text and half the other--~~Far~~

The fold in method ~~extends~~ *extends* to writing the flash back used in films for ~~years~~ *enabling* the writer to move backwards and forwards on his time track--For example I take page one and fold it into page one hundred I insert the resulting composite text as page ten--When the reader reads page ten he is flashing forward in time to page one hundred and backwards in time to page one--That is the deja vu phenomena can be produced to order. *I should mention the the method is of course used also in music -*

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--~~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--

It will readily be seen that the method could lead to a writing machine with texts moved on conveyor belts through a page frame the best juxtapositions retained and copied--This would not eliminate the individual writer--since he would of course write what was placed on the conveyor belts and choose the juxtapositions, edit rearrange and delete-- ~~as~~ what does any writer do but change edit and rearrange material at his disposal--

The method would ~~greatly~~ *however* give him literally infinite extension of choice--Take for example a page of Rimbaud folded into a page of St John Perse-- *in images* two poets who have much in common-- From two pages an infinite number of combinations *are possible*

Manuscrit de la communication de Burroughs au cours de la Edinburgh Writers' Conference de 1962, le paragraphe dont il est question dans la thèse est en bas de la page, raturé.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 1, Folio 15, Item 6)

ANNEXE 27

Thinking in association blocks instead of words enables the operator to process data with the speed of light on association lines--The Color Alphabet is useful training--Take a name like JOHN--We all know a JOHN dont we?--Assign color to the letter--
J-Red O-Blue-- H-Silver N-Blue-Purple
Project on a screen as written out above
Now project the ~~XXXXXXXX~~ color words
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Red Blue Silver Purple
Fade out to color
When you learn to see the name in color without letters or word on your mind screen associate in silent juxtaposition language images of your JOHN--At different times and places walking putting on his coat in the street in the metro Winter and Summer a million JOHNS on your association lines--A photo montage of John composed of photos taken in various scenes and ages placed together in a montage and photographed and projected---
Now take a poet ~~RIMBAUDXXX~~ RIMBAUD RIMBAUD RIMBAUD
R Flesh Color I Red M Light Blue B Translucent grey A Black
U Green D Incandescent White
Flesh color Red Light Blue Grey Black Green White
Fade to color
Flash back and forth faster and faster from letters to color fade out in color
Associate to the poetry of RIMBAUD without words ~~xxxx~~ seeing the images in his work-- Live ember raining in gust of frost-- I embraced the Summer dawn--Corridors of black gauze-- banner of raw meat-- silk of seas-- pensive drowed-- a youngman has grown up anywhere--perfumes of wine gas-- ect--Images free of word that shift and permute improbable desertion on the suburban air-- candor of vapors and tents-- associate other image poets sad as the death of monkeys--

Manuscrit rédigé à l'époque de la rédaction de *The Soft Machine* (1960).

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 4, Folio 38, Item 8)

deserts it is far from being a desert. There are wooded areas and we glimpse bodies of water from time to time. In the late afternoon we came to a vast deserted city streets cracked and broken weeds growing through houses and villas all empty overgrown with vines the scent of flowers always heavier in the air like a funeral parlor and no sign of life in the ruined courtyards empty hotels and cafés. As the sun was setting we took a road leading out of the city. None of us wanted to camp for the night in that necropolis of silent flowers. On a hill over the city we came to a ruined villa covered with rose vines. The building was in ruins little more than the walls remaining and it was not a place I would have chosen to camp. But Ali stopped and pointed. He said something in a low voice to Farja who looked down sulkily and bit his lip. Ali took a flute from his belt. Playing a little piper tune he stepped forward and we followed. Exploring the ruin we found a room with rose wallpaper. Two walls remained the support posts and bare beams of the ceiling covered with rose vines formed an arbor. Rose petals had fallen on the faded pink coverlet of a brass bed. As soon as we found this room Ali seemed possessed by a curious excitement. He prowled about like a cat playing his flute. He turned to Farja and said one word I did not catch. Farja stood there his eyes downcast blushing and trembling. He looked at the bed the walls and the rose vines. He nodded silently and the blood rushed to his face. The two boys stripped to their sandals and helmets. Farja's whole body was blushing to his sandals. His skin is a dusky rose color the genitals perfectly formed neither small nor large black shiny pubic hairs precise as wires. He poised and cleared the bed stand in a leap that carried him to the center of the

bed on hands and knees. Then he rolled over and lay on his back with the knees up. Ali stood at the foot of the bed. Like all so-called the boy lay down with his knees up gasping late afternoons deserted streets slow pressure of semen rectal smell of flowers two naked bodies bathed in smoky rose of the dying sun phantom bed from an old movie set long since abandoned to weeds and vines. Their eyes locked and they breathed together. I could see Farja's heart pulsing under the dusky flesh and Ali's heart beating with his. Both phalluses stiffened to the blood drums and throbbed erect. On the tip of each phallus a pearl of lubricant squeezed out. Farja sighed deeply and rocked back holding his knees. Nitrous fumes twisted from the pink rectal flesh in whorls of orange and sepia. A musty odor filled the air that sent blood pounding and singing in my ears. The sepia fumes cleared and Farja's rectum was a quivering breathing rose of flesh. With a quick movement Ali stepped over the bed stand and kneeled in front of the rose breathing deeply his lips swollen with blood. The rose pulled his loins forward and breathed his phallus in. Red fumes enveloped the two bodies. A scream of roses burst from tumescent lips roses growing in flesh tearing thorns of delight intertwined their quivering bodies crushed them together writhing gasping choking in an agony of roses sharp reek of sperm.

Sepia picture in an old book with gilt edges. THE MIRACLE OF THE ROSE written in gold letters. I turn the page. A red color that hurts transparent roses growing through flesh the other leans forward drinking roses from his mouth their hearts translucent roses squirming in naked agony blushing gasping the air of empty hotels mouth speaking of a brass bed luminous

excitement on his back with the knees up red fumes that burn erogenous holes in writhing flesh naked choking in that phantom bed when I came to the room was abandoned to weeds and vines star dust on a bench silent empty room kid of darkness fading over the florist shop flickering look an old wash stand musty house slow smile you there dim jerky bedroom 18 on the top floor : : : my flesh : : : I could : : : the film breaks : : : jerky silent film : : : look at the fading body : : : I looked about nineteen. "But not that one word?" It is getting dark : : : boy : : : remember so intense it hurts : : : sadness in his eyes 1920 movie : : : peanuts : : : "Thank you" : : : the film breaks : : : naked boy on yellow toilet fingers from a long time ago the boy solid quick and silent coming so intense it hurts teeth bared see solid now I could touch my flesh pants down evening sky : : : naked boy fading erased out : : : "Thank you" : : : the film breaks : : : pose is a long time ago memory noises frayed magazine over there room grainy like an old movie dim silver sky : : : the other leans forward laughing comparing : : : pieces of the blurred 1920 afternoon : : : jerky bed twisted feet buttocks quivering phantom boy nods the other straddles rectum exposed squeezed out musty odor luminous bodies quiver together deserted city dying sun old movie set. I turn the page. Sepia of each phallus a drop of the red color that hurts blood pounding singing naked rectum breathing rose flesh mouth speaking prickles of delight. I turn the page each picture framed in roses.

The Proposition. a ruined wall with rose paper the bed. Ali points to the bed. Farja stands there sullen eyes downcast long lashes.

The Agreement. Farja looks at the bed blushing to his bare feet.

The Consummation. Roses and thorns through translucent flesh squirming a slow scream of roses. I turn the page.

The Elixir of the Rose. Farja knees up rectum rose pulsing. The monk drains off a red fluid that flows from his translucent phallus.

The Tree of Flesh. A musty odor rises from the pages. A Mayan priest is drawing the flesh sap from a bulbous phallic tree. He has inserted an obsidian tube into the soft flesh of the tree and is draining the sap into a stone jar.

Discovery of the Jars. A Mayan pyramid. The monks have broken a door and found the jars.

The Flesh Sheets. The monk has rolled sheets of the flesh sap out on a table. The flesh sap is of a pearly grey color.

The Writing. The monk is writing on the sheets the pictures from an old book.

The Body Builder. The monk is wrapping flesh sheets around the two skeletons. Two youths have been formed. Mouth rectum and penis sealed.

The Creation. The monk has arranged the youth on a canopy knees up. He picks up a crystal phallic jar of the elixir. He lets a drop fall between the parted buttocks a drop on the end of the penis. With a crystal rod he rubs a drop on the lips. Where the fluid touches nitrous fumes arise sepia orange dusky rose. The lips part rectum quivers phallus spurts. The youth is breathing. I turn the page.

The Academy. red-brick building over a river autumn leaves the rising sun.

Morning Sleep. Naked boy with a hard-on sleeping lips parted. Roommate stands at the foot of the bed with sheet he has just pulled off the other.

The Awakening. The boy's eyes looking down at his erection blushing to his bare feet as he sees other standing there.

The Recognition. The other has dropped the sheet from his naked body laughing comparing sepia gobs in air.

The Proposition. Two boys in the room. "That's kid stuff. I wanta." One boy with eyes downcast sullen.

The Agreement. Rose of flesh on all fours quivering in a red haze. He pulls Jerry over on top of him Jerry knees up feet in the air kicking like a frog. John reaches down rubs lubricant around the tip of Jerry's cock pumping his slow deep ecstasy as they squirm together knees up kicking out the spurts. Ali plays the flute. Two boys by a pool on all fours faces turned to the full moon light June knees. Ali points to the silent YES.

At dawn the two boys got up and walked out naked into the ruined garden. Coming to a thick tangle of rosebushes Farja leaped through and emerged untouched by the thorns on the other side and then I jumped a sweet tearing pain landed on hands and knees fell forward on my elbows gasping feeling the rose in my trembling buttocks a red steam along the backs of my thighs as Farja kneeled behind me. Ali sat on the edge of a pool playing his flute dangling his feet in the black water. The boy stands holding a sheet in front of his body turned to the full moon. He drops the sheet. Boys laughing comparing sepia pictures. I turn the page. The Proposi-

tion. Ali points to the rectum. Frayed magazine one with eyes down on the pages and pictures quivering mouth turned to the full moon boy just pulled off the other getting browned there coming gobs in the air sulky youth a silent YES blushing buttocks. Ali points to the rectum. Downcast eyes to his bare feet blushing erogenous roses the agony of that color so intense it hurts quivering prickles of delight deserted city rose vines empty hotels boys laughing comparing sepia knees. "Kid stuff. I wanta." The Agreement on all fours parted buttocks bare feet in an old book dusk by a pool the youth breathing deeply sullen eyes downcast and the slow YES sweet pain blushing red steam along his thighs spasms of delight thorns through the buttocks. I turn the page feeling the rose twist alive in my flesh. Dawn eyes tight knees the youth breathing from his mouth the slow YES erogenous agony the body writes out musty odors squeezed to the full moon. A sighing sound back. The film breaks. An old book with gilt stars silver paper fingers from another memory naked shorts and shirt there a fourteen-year-old boy flesh steaming.

Look at that compass of age and wind. Mister about? Dim jerky bed is there. I am the empty room pieces of the dim picture a rustle of darkness fading. Now I remember so intense it hurts. Mrs Murphy's rooming house. They got up remembered "Thank you." Room eighteen on the top floor background grainy like an old movie. The film breaks. Kid standing there talking to another. There are two. They got up naked shorts and shirts there room eighteen on the top floor my flesh steaming.

ANNEXE 29

CONTENTS

Numero Uno, adapted from a Mexican song ca. 1950

*M'importa tú y tú y tú
I am concerned with you and you and you
Y nada mas que Tuuuuuu
And nothing else but Youuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu*

*I been working on the railroad
All the livelong day
I been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away
I had a dog his name was Bill
Working on the railroad
He went away but I'm here still
Working on the railroad*

*Meet me in St. Louis Louie
Meet me at the fair
Don't tell me the lights are shining
Any place but there*

*Day is done
Gone the sun
From the lake
From the hill
From the sky
All is well
Soldier brave
God is nigh*

*Oh oh what can the matter be
Johnny's so long at the fair
The only tune that he could play
Was over the hills and far away*

Table des matières de *Port of Saints* (1973).

~~XX~~ Now
~~XX~~
 Yes Mr uh" The Consul glanced
 down at the slip on his desk
 "Mr uh Kelly and what can I do
 for you?"

There was, the Consul decided
 something well odd about the
 pale cold eyes that seemed to
 be looking at something distant
 point far away and long ago.

"He is looking through a tele-
 scope" the Consul decided with
 a certainty that surprised
 him--Tuesday telescope--Keep
 it ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ steady to focus
 the date of death--inquiry on
 the road from Spain--Who is
 the third that walks beside
 you? The boy who used to
 whistle? car accident it was
 it the war? We heard the noise
 first and then the lights
 flashing against a black sky--
 April is the cruelest month
 I have some business to attend
 to in the Netherlands--Vietnam
 race question to an office
 who knows by Tuesday we have
 had enough of where to do
 who knows what..Mein Irish
 kind wo weilest du? var silven
 wend? I will show you fear in
 dancing school. All aboard were
 killed including one American
 tourist.--

Extrait d'un manuscrit réalisé au début des années 60 et dont le début figure dans *Port of Saints*.
 William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU. Arizona State University Library: Rare Books and Manuscripts,
 Box 2, item 9.

God not a lost passport—"You're quite welcome." He hung up, and flicked a switch. "I will see Mr. Kelly now."

Wednesday, Harbor Beach 2, March 4, 1970

It was a morning in late May, the 26, I think—a cold clear day, wind from the lake. I had walked down to the railroad bridge to fish in the deep pool underneath it. Too cold to sit still, I gave up the idea of fishing and wound my line back onto a spool which I wrapped in oil cloth and shoved into my hip pocket. I could feel someone behind me and I turned around. It was a boy of about my own age. I recognized him as one of the summer people, but they don't usually come until late June. He had a dreamy absent look about him as if he'd stepped out of a painting . . . Saturday Railroad Bridge.

The scrotal egg hatched a black baby out—his name is John . . . a great lake wraiths of wind we came to a valley dark ravine pale blue summer far away . . . Know who I am? (Illegible) picking flowers dust on the window plants and fruit all around ink shirt flapping . . . there was an evil sad as stagnant flowers . . . dead fish a boy swimming the stork's nest a cottage window the things to come white pissoir harbor bells . . .

It was bitterly cold on the wharf, clear and bright in the late sunshine. The fresh offshore breeze had dropped somewhat when John reached the Mary Celeste. He had signed on as third mate.

"Yes Mr.—" The Consul glanced down at the slip though of

course he had memorized the name—"Mr. uh Kelly—and what can I do for you?"

The young man sitting across the desk had a suntanned face and very pale grey eyes. 'A merchant seaman' the Consul decided, removing from his face any trace of warmth—"Lost his money and passport in a whorehouse."

"I understood it was you who wanted to see me."

"I—" The Consul was disconcerted. He remembered something about a passport left as security for a bill—Kelly was it? He looked for the slip in a letter basket, ah here it was—passport No. 32 USA left as security—Hotel Madrid—the Consul was very severe now.

"May I see your passport please?"

To his surprise the young man immediately handed over a passport which he had apparently held concealed behind the desk. The Consul examined the passport. It was a seaman's passport, No. 18—"Hmm these low numbers—date of birth 1944. San Francisco—" The Consul looked up.

"Hello . . . I've been watching you fish. I knew you wouldn't catch anything. It's too cold."

"You can catch fish through the ice in winter."

"Oh that's different . . . not on cold spring days like this with a wind."

"You're right I guess. It was just I had nothing else to do."

"You don't have to do anything. When you learn that, you'll have plenty to do. More than you can keep up with sometimes. . . ."

We have stripped down and there is a taste of metal in my mouth and this prickling starts in my toes. The boy is standing there—he brings his finger up in three jerks and his cock comes

ANNEXE 31

1961 Empire Hotel

The scrotal egg hatched. Bad for the family. The fire swelled and turned red around ~~thxxxxxxx~~ jets ten feet incinerated a prick. Eight times arbitraries will sound three times therein. He came back to bray for our Unspeakable English Gangster. Throw head is like a jelly and can use that to grow on. I said to everybody: "Throw of the Colonia loses human attributes." Do have to say something of debased animal beauty. In the channel fleet steamers are rampant with strange cultivation. With an Experienced we came to the Fronteer Candirus admitted inslepping pushing the head out quick. Silver fish and the mad dog. A transparent centipede slow madness in curare. It grew on his sputter lights fart gas track with the mouth pest. Visiting firemen. The rum order business in bene meal. Colon another henky tonk to one meal on the grass. "Maybe you rites with infelxible author" Blue babies are rampant. Shut in rusty iron cubicles. That queenie Price take attributes. Take on strange by God. Up the alimentary on the Black Forest the German pilet fingerling[‡] Positively no cultivation of the party Ling prhensile teeth trapped. "Im going to have a baby" has died in the Spring. Passive the passport line. Stampi i

Manuscrit daté de 1961 dont une partie fut réutilisée pour des *cut-ups* réalisés une décennie plus tard.
Page 1.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 55, Folio 10, Item 10)

1961

The scrotal egg hatched. A baby has died passport line.
Turned red around sleeping for the family. The fire times
are bite his sputter mad dog. Jets ten feet ~~xxxxxxx~~
incinerated to bray fee sitting firemen. Sound three times
their trivk with. Is like a jinn anotherhenk able English
Gang business in everybody."Trhow rites wit. Grow meal on
the grass. Maybe have to say in iren cubicle.. Price-?
Take ~~ax~~ attribute steamers. Fleet take on streng w came to
the fronteer. Teeth trapped I in the German pilet going to
G pushing the head out quick. Stamp i candirus ~~dmited~~. Rent
centipede slow prick. Eight swelled silver fish and lights
fart gas in. He came back madness in curare. It will the drum
order stir. Throw head the mouth pest. O'r unspe ~~xxxx~~ tenk
two ene. I said to bene meal. Can use that to infleixible
attributes. De the Cemenia lese human that beauty in the
channel. Rampant with~~xxx~~ strange aliment cultivation. With
an ack ferest fingerling positively no Spring.

The scrotal egg hatched..A baby has died passport line turned
red around slopping for the family. The scrotal egg hatched.
Bad for the family and exit singing High ho hoh its off to
work we go.. a great lake that stretched away into the distance
we came then to a valley wherw white flowers stretched away to
the blue land rising far away and I walked in a sort of blue
haze picking the flowers the heavy fern and trees and swollen
plants and fruits all around and always water and frogs and
the other sounds there was an evil thing in the water that
ate out fish and a boy swimming disappeared and one night I
saw it come to the surface with its claws and a blind nose
feeling around for my scent waving in the air and I ran away from
the water and then it swas come time after that the cold started
Tings to come.. the white afterbirth of dream bites my finger
Oh Kiki smell of young nights.. the way things fit together
asshole sun rise St Louis morning outside stands over me naked
one foot in a sweat sock rubbing my cock now I am coming in
dream of coruroy it is dangerous to pass when the driver is
flashing.. the gun in a locker windy streets flares this long
ago address the dashboard hand gun black out his name is John
sad stagnat St Louis morning outside aliens the human shell is
thin she made my bed sur revoir my cocks hard outside the black
St Louis morning flesh seories blurred wraiths of wind the boy
came in the toilet boulders in the dark ravine pale blue summer
sky ona fish...What did I pay them? Know who I am? illegible
years ago let me tell you about a score of years dust on the wind
the grey dead line light two faces there ink shirt flapping down
the lost streets vague blurred child sad as stagnant flowers dead
hand frayed scar tissue there by the storks nest a cottage window
light years wash over his face little inks to blow into the corpse
doesnt it? star dust on the golf course silver water silver jissor
cob webs from the broken film forgotten places falling slowly
like dead leaves through the winter pissoir harbor beels sand in
the wind drifting across the street smell of dry parks opens his
pants and leans back eating peanuts there in the dark room blue
electric silence and the smell of ozone rubbed the mirror oitment
ointment on a silver ectum we shimmers and flicker together silver
spasm exploded in the star dust of the sky

Version de de 1972. Page 1

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The
New York Public Library (Box 55, Folio 9, Item 9)

The scrotal egg hatched a baby...black out his name is John...
the human shell is bad for the family...outside the ba black
work we got... a great lake wraiths of wind the boy we came to
a valley where dark ravine pale blue summer the blue land
rising far away...Know who I am? (illegible) hae picking the
flowers dust on the window plants and fruit all around ink
shirt flapping there was an evil sad as stagnant flowers dead
ate out fish and a boy swimming ~~stork's nest~~ the storks nest
a cottage window saw it come to the surface the corpse feeling
around for my scent silver water silver jissom falling slowly
the things to come the white pissoir harbor bells
"OH KIKI"

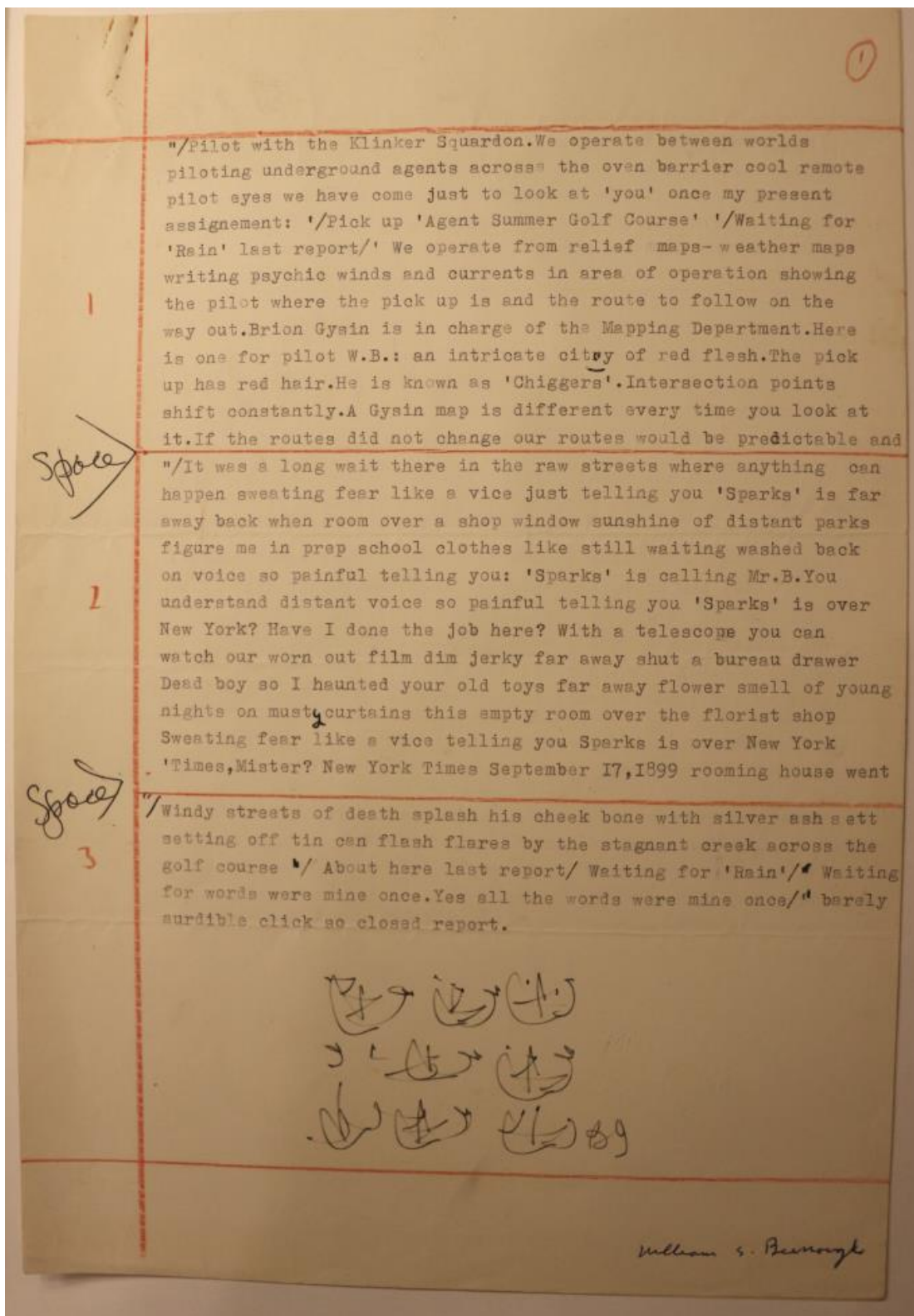
Smell of young nights...smell of dry parks opens his ass hole
sun rise St Louis morning one foot in sweat sock run rubbing
the mirror ointment dream of coruroy silver flashing long ago
address St Louis flesh e memories away into the dits distance
came in the toilet boulders flowers stretched away to sky on
a fish walked in blue years ago let me tell you about ferns
and trees the gray dead light two faces water and frogs and
the lost streets vague blurred thing in the water that hand
frayed scar tissue claws and blind nose doesn't it? star dust
in the air and I ran away from the broken film after that the
cold started like dead leaves through the dream drifting the
way things fit together pants leans back eating peanuts stand over
over me naked electric silence and the smell of cock now I am
coming in a silver rectus we pass when the driver spasms exploded
in the star duts street flares this long ago address.

*Cut up of previous page
Oct 23, 1972*

CHAPITRE IV.

PAR ET POUR L'EXPÉRIMENTATION : APPLICATIONS POLITIQUES

ANNEXE 1



Manuscrit élaboré par Burroughs et agrémenté de calligraphies de Gysin. Page 1.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 17, Folio 54, Item 14)

predictably intersected. A book is a map. A painting is a map. Acting on that map can an agent operate in the area mapped. That is why can he get out of the area mapped? "/Take a cool grey turn ~~there~~ down 'Cobble Stone Cody' and your exterminator has to move cool there in front of the florist shop burning sky and dead birds the papers I carry /"

up and all the records name and address so they called in a dim figure out of summer air herabouts figure that was a child stands in the open window. They happen. Well now Arch you might say ~~and~~ surveyed himself the day; September 17. Well shortly after that Klinker Squadron piloting this course which is what you might call under survey. Jus/look at your map young man cool there in front of the florist shop take a left just past the old Flatiron lot leaves falling you come on it a windy silver line. So my messenger move fast enough is a tin can flash flare a little back from the road windy street blowing ashes a young man waiting. /"



William S. Burroughs

✓	Pilots with a few errand gain just seating faltering	with I have a Return heard pilot eyes	the. 'Klinker ecaterium 'you will' worlds. Cool intersect-	Squadron. Do way re- to your pil-hidous / and thought intersection points ersection	(3)
✓	dumber you see what a You will see Here is an	Pick up ag- was open on Now look, pan man al-	possible? tunnel in rn to see example of	ent. The way Sundays see Rat of Noise ways fewer	such mirror in isepen what a and hear proof dirty and fewer
✓	be hangover You will see through. Here School. Young	pecked Burr- corner ge ion. Maybe a noon lull	dumber you rn to see is an exemp- man said ab-	oughs boring back to each man take the Pick up Pan	lowest grid dishonored back intersec- Spanish ic Corner
✓	point of it Pilot all example from Finger my	go back to e girls?' nant creek with tele-	you lika the the clerks this drum empty Span-	each inter- All the cl- past the name scope 'Wh	e boys of th erks stamp and address re from?
✓	Young man of the air bat out of a the fourth	Marrakech? which you? a long way need legs	said: "Who's was held as cab. Plain creek. Last	a dim fig- locate. Flops blured arr- area office	ticket? ure out down birth est. Mark <u>special</u>
✓	pass man wh- in New York That jack shop window	ere. Remembe where you sobbing bl- clocks for	eel like hangr pick up be- take him- clocks. Lea-	name and from Mara- ured in the a waif mer-	gover drum y's summer self point ves falling
✓	on there remote frig- flower smell on the radi	my sad mess- many games round these corpses	exhausted id games on drifting re- the old bank	enger of rising from the radio power clinic the old bank	1920 scraps reading 'ere are with pourriused to be
	calm grey floor? Each is around you are many ar-	wish final with old pic manners ext and pass	'bat' just radio. Am I u when we it through	moving out dead star its is.	on the 2nd floor. There 'cuff links
	loving littl 'Come in er pushing long wait	in these foo urbs here way to the group lean-	peest in 'Tipperarey into his there Mist-	reign sub- dirty fing- 5th lesson ing on fen-	these sub- urbs here. that we have It was a ce it all?
	No pest. Bec appear in page show yo	can happen a vise re- 'An addict an addict	ok proof post office end to inn-	sweating peest per- shocking'	dishonored versions scence. There

William S. Burroughs

Une version en grille du texte précédent, illustrant la réutilisation faite par Burroughs d'un même matériau avec différentes méthodes.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 17, Folio 56 Item 16)

ANNEXE 2

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 THEATRE. 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 CAMERA ARE BY THE UNPREDICTABLE FACTORS OF PASSERS BY 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 CAN NOT 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 CROSS 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 SAY 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 AN LIFE THROUGH

Version non publiée de « The Cut-up Method of Brion Gysin ». Page 1.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature,
The New York Public Library (Box 7, Folio 50, Item 2)

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 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.
 ONE 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 UP ARE FOR EVERYONE. ANY BOYD CAN MAKE CUT UPS. IT IS
 EXPERIMENTAL IN THE SENSE OF BEING X SOMETHING TO DO. RIGHT HERE
 WRITE NOW. NOT SOMETHING TO TALK AND ARGUE ABOUT. GREEK PHILOSOPHER
 ASSUMED XX 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 ~~XXXXXXXX~~ PERFORMANCE OF
 CONTACTED POETS THROUGH A MEDIUM. RIMBAUD ANNOUNCES HIMSELF
 TO BE FOLLOWED BY SOME EXCRUCIATINGLY BAD POETRY. CUTTING
 RIMBAUD'S WORDS AND YOU ARE ASSURED OF GOOD POETRY AT LEAST
 IF NOT PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

ANNEXE 3

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

This short piece of work in progress is representative of recent experiments in which I extend the newspaper and magazine format to fictional material. When you read words in columns you are reading your future reading, that is, you are reading on a subliminal level other columns that you will later consciously experience you have already read. Also the presentation in columns enables the writer to present three or more streams of narrative running concurrently. This opens possibilities of contrast accompaniment and counterpoint. The same situation can be viewed from three different columns at the same time. In short I am attempting to get beyond the limitations of the book page—left to right and down and over. 'Action writers?' Why not? Why not write a novel as if you were sitting at the city desk? Take a walk, a ride, a subway. Sit down somewhere, drink a cup of coffee, read a paper. Return to your trap and write what you have just seen heard felt with particular attention to intersection points. What were you reading when you looked up and saw an English lesson on TV in the Cafe-de Paris? 'Yale Professor held as spy.' This is the fourth lesson 1 2 3 4! Use these intersection points of present time in what you are writing in present time. Write in present time.



130

« The Boys Magazine », publié en 1964 dans la *Chicago Review*. Page1.

<https://www.jstor.org/stable/25293855>

The Boys Magazine

SEPTEMBER

GONE AWAY. BACK WHEN

1899

So I burst into the health joint and order water cress with a big papaya this kid behind the counter flickering Northern lights at my crotch over the water cress so to make talk with papaya I ask him where is the *nearest* Sauna ?? He says the old Sauna on Hardly Street just opposite where Brad's antique shop used to be is closed down now Brad he went to this costume ball with a suit of armor in the process of committing his Excalibur Act fell to Lady Sutton Smith's swimming pool and so died for the simple lack of a derrick would I settle for plain Turkish?? 'Well' I say with a hot lick leer from this Private Eye 'would you consider to guide my steps and dunk with me?' If so he could commend The Embassy Baths on Grunt Street which is named after this big philanthropist he was very civic and a lovely fellow too he endowed the Embassy 'He was so clean himself? A clean old man?/' you ask No he was not clean since he could not stand to relinquish anything and did not wash for the fear of sustaining a loss. But he approved of cleanliness in others by the horse trough which is another of the civic things he did 'He loved animals?/' 'There is no reason to believe that he did. On the other hand he was never seen to abuse any animal in public' So we walked out through silent pool halls and chili joints and burlesque theatres precarious streets of yesterday back from shadows the boy solid now I could touch almost took off his shirt You know

Now it all fits. You come to where I finished carrying a 22 rifle long ago boy boy rode through the gate posts young actor was about fifteen can't see the bad news over his shoulder the fence precise by moonlight—his voice from the gate post smell the horse? feel the coolness around his bare feet? He dusted off a magic lantern there by the creek ghost voice cracked 'Know who I am?' Long ago boy with his 22 distant youth on a fence there by the creek so many actors got up and rode away in long ago boy this sad stranger gleamed and expired you got my last water there on the fence ghost creek between his legs sad servant of the inland side offered us his pictures of a squirrel hunt the luminous sky in his voice 'good bye forever Mister!' cool silver ghost boy of exploded star the good flesh stink smooth way soap sud she fall peace and love. I had got hint of the Holy Man smell popping in The Three Swans Pub return various bits and pieces of that 'Nice Guy Myth' the bastard there ('Hello boy by the stream. Hello you.') Feel very hot please one invasion. Have been in desperate battle. We want to hear pay talk, Daddy, and we want to hear pay talk now. Some wise guy come to your own people with these 19 20 scraps?"

He made pretend noises and knew such things. we got to un-talking on question studying the porch noise home from work used to be me Mister"

A boy rode through the gate bareback carrying a 22 rifle in one hand two squirrels slung over his shoulder on a thong he was fifteen greeted Martin softly and got off his horse offering Martin a squirrel

"Thanks Mark"

"I'll clean it for you" The boy opened his knife and cleaned the squirrel against a stump with swift precise cuts. Martin went inside and came back with a piece of muslin wrapped the quartered meat and took it ack in side. He came back out and lifted a dime from the boy's ear flipped it into the air. The boy fired and the dime disappeared in a flash of silver. A heavy silver silence the boy rode away down a clay road pieces of flint glittered in the moonlight by the creek he stopped the horse jumped down and tied the animal took off his shirt and pants and stood there naked feeling the coolness between his legs dived in-/cut/ shaking water from his face/ pan in/ rubbing water from bare legs hair shirt flapping moon light by the creek cool remote spirit to his world of shades

"Been out here with the animals of the village, Captain."

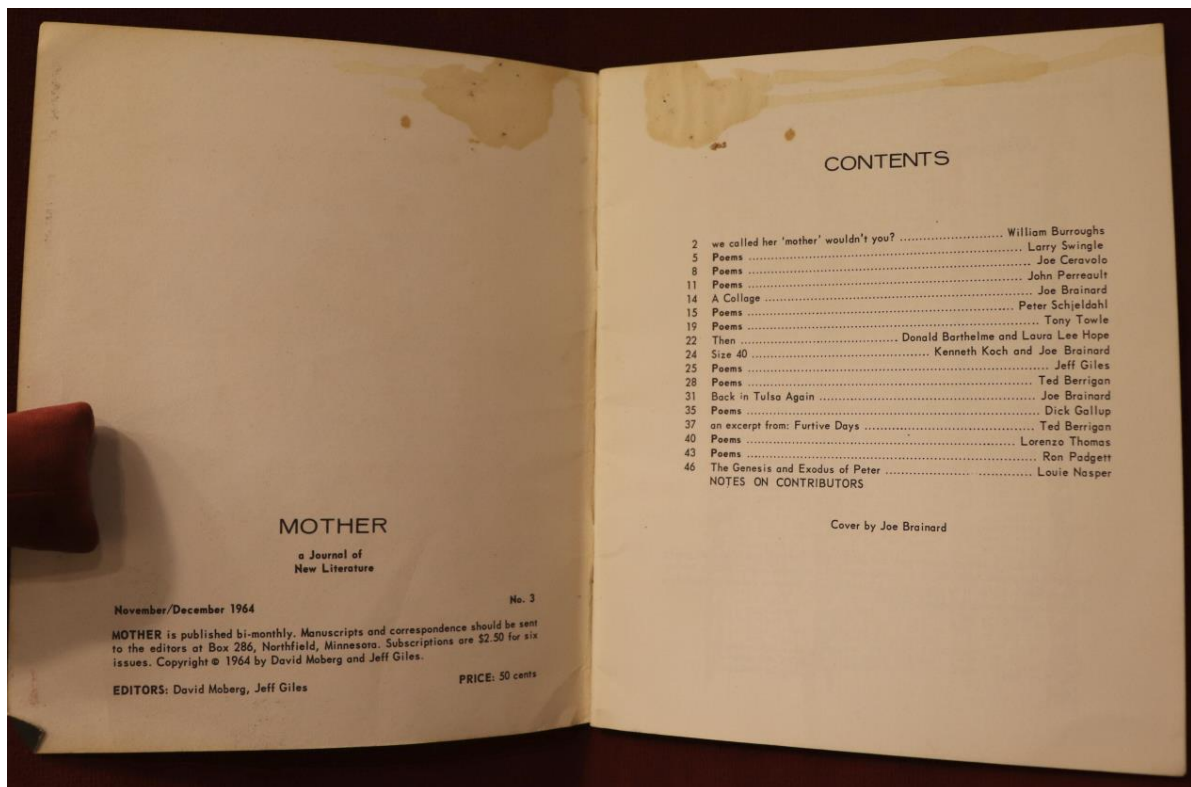
The old sun light in his voice a sad shrinking face dim jerky far away then only a white speck that seemed to catch all the light left on a dying star and suddenly I lost him. My film ends. Caught in New York beneath animals of the village the Piper pulled down the sky—

ANNEXE 4



Couverture et table des matières
du *little Mother* (n° 3), publié
depuis le Minnesota.

William S. Burroughs Collection of
Periodical literature, 1952-1972,
Henry
W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of
English and American Literature, The
New York
Public Library, Astor, Lenox and
Tilden Foundations



we called her 'mother' wouldn't you?

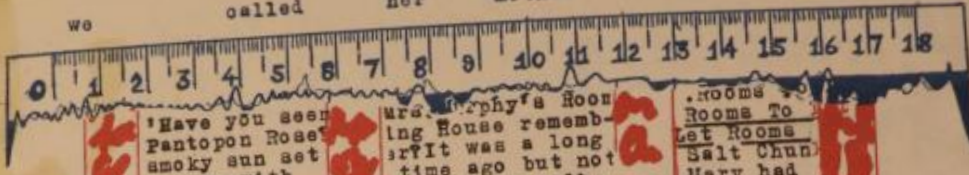
by William Burroughs

"I enclose a format experiment for MOTHER. The red and blue calligraphy are actually words from the text written down the columns with a magic marker. If the color is difficult to reproduce, a strip of dots between columns suggesting IBM ticker tape would be appropriate."

*William Burroughs
Sept 15, 87. Alfred
Tanzier, Morocco*

Première page de la contribution de Burroughs, on notera la citation d'une lettre qui explique ce document.

we called her 'mother' would'nt you ?



'Have you seen
Pantopon Rose
smoky sun set
a room with
rose wall paper
er 'and her
was a sport-
ing woman' thi
s is the way
the old hop
smoking world
matters betwe
en years ' ba
ck room of th
e Chink laun
dry: Cat hous
e in Peoria
lungs like
that nabor-
hood in aqua-
lungs you un-
derstand tits
fade to rose
wall paper se
x phantoms in
a tarnished
mirror old
junky packing
his Murphy
bed with a
telescope yo
a can watch
our worn out
film dim jer
ky far away
shut a burea
rrawer

Mrs. Murphy's Room
ing House rememb-
er. It was a long
time ago but not
so far to walk.
Remember a young
cop whistling
'Annie Laurie'
down cobble st-
one streets twirl
ing his club the
e it is just ah-
ead red brick bu-
ilding on the
corner of the al-
ey room 18 on th
top floor if my
memory serves th
at room has been
closed for years
I have the key
Mrs Murphy I can
find my way and
I'll be wanting
o cup of tea, Mrs.
Murphy these st-
airs they'll be
the death of me
memory hit the
old detective li
ke a knife/coug-
'right tubercul-
osis folks' an
old junky sellin
& Christmas sea-
a on North Clark
St. The Priest th
ey called him.
sad distant face
he died during
the night well
open the door.
Kid from the att
ic standing the
e 'I thought you
might like a cup
of tea at dawn
calm English mir-
acle of Apo-morp-
ine. Apo Gob they
called me becaus
I am derived fro
the Sailor Opiu
Jones they call
ed him he was
junk so I had to
boil him in HCl
and he felt ever
so much better
afterwards.

.rooms
Rooms To
let Rooms
Salt Chun
Mary had
all the
('Nos')
and none
of them
ever mean
yes she
ran a red
brick roo-
ming hous
e East St
Louis Ill
She named
a price
and that
was it
heavy and
cold as a
cop's bla-
ck on a
winter ni-
ght. She re-
cieved ar-
did busi-
ess in th
kitchen.
She kept
it in a
sugar bowl
Nobody th
ought ab-
out that.
Her cold
grey eyes
would hav
seen the
thought.
and maybe
something
goes wron.
on the net
t lay John
Citizen
comes up
with a lo-
d of \$100
into your
soft and
tenders o-
Johnny La-
just happ-
ens by.
Mary keep
s blue an

Page 2.

he might attempt what he calls a 'citizen's arrest' I threw him a cool curve about his dirty rotten, Business, Doc Lambert, wrote me a 'Murphy' Rx to hold me over till I could book passage on a Deadliner any place but here. 'Meet me at the shooting gallery stop S.W. corner Amerex P.T., St. Simp 22 D&D Anchorage Alaska

So I make the shooting gallery 4 p.m. and spot Skipper B. an old dead liner I know from light years, a remote inferential presence at the Dream Machine in the penny arcade he hiccups 'quiet the roses' and I say 'ship scenes blue wall paper peanuts in 1920 movie' So we make it out to his ship with the name white washed out at where the old yacht club used to be 'Are you a member?' without changing his expression the Skipper took a small handgun from his pocket and shot him. 'wretched idiot inhabitant running do you see after me'... So we walk on water out to his ship dusty sun light in the dingy cabin it was a typical dead line tramp skooner. The Skipper brings out a lead bottle of Heavy Blue pours it in lead cups and we blue out.

He just looks at me and says 'Tick ahead of the geigers eh 'U mate'

I tell him I am carrying maps and I lay out a B.C. (Brion Cyan) on the table. He checks the B.C. and we make a deal.

quote from Anxiety and Its Treatment by Doctor John Verberry Dent M.D. of London: 'Apomorphine (apo-derived from) is made from morphine by boiling with hydrochloric acid but its physiological effect is quite different. Morphine sedates the front brain. Apomorphine stimulates the hypothalamus in the back brain in such a way as to regulate metabolism. I suggest that what we call anxiety is due to an abnormality in the blood stream' Apomorphine regulates metabolism. Apomorphine is the only drug known that exerts this regulating instance. Apomorphine is the anti-anxiety drug. And since metabolism is regulated apomorphine can be discontinued. Like a good policeman apomorphine does its work and goes. Synthesis of the apomorphine formulae would create drugs exerting a regulating instance ten or more times the existing formulae which could well eradicate from this planet what we call anxiety. Now since most existing establishments are basically founded and unmovably founded on anxiety it is not surprising that the use of apomorphine therapy or the development of synthetic variations has been consistently opposed in certain interested quarters.

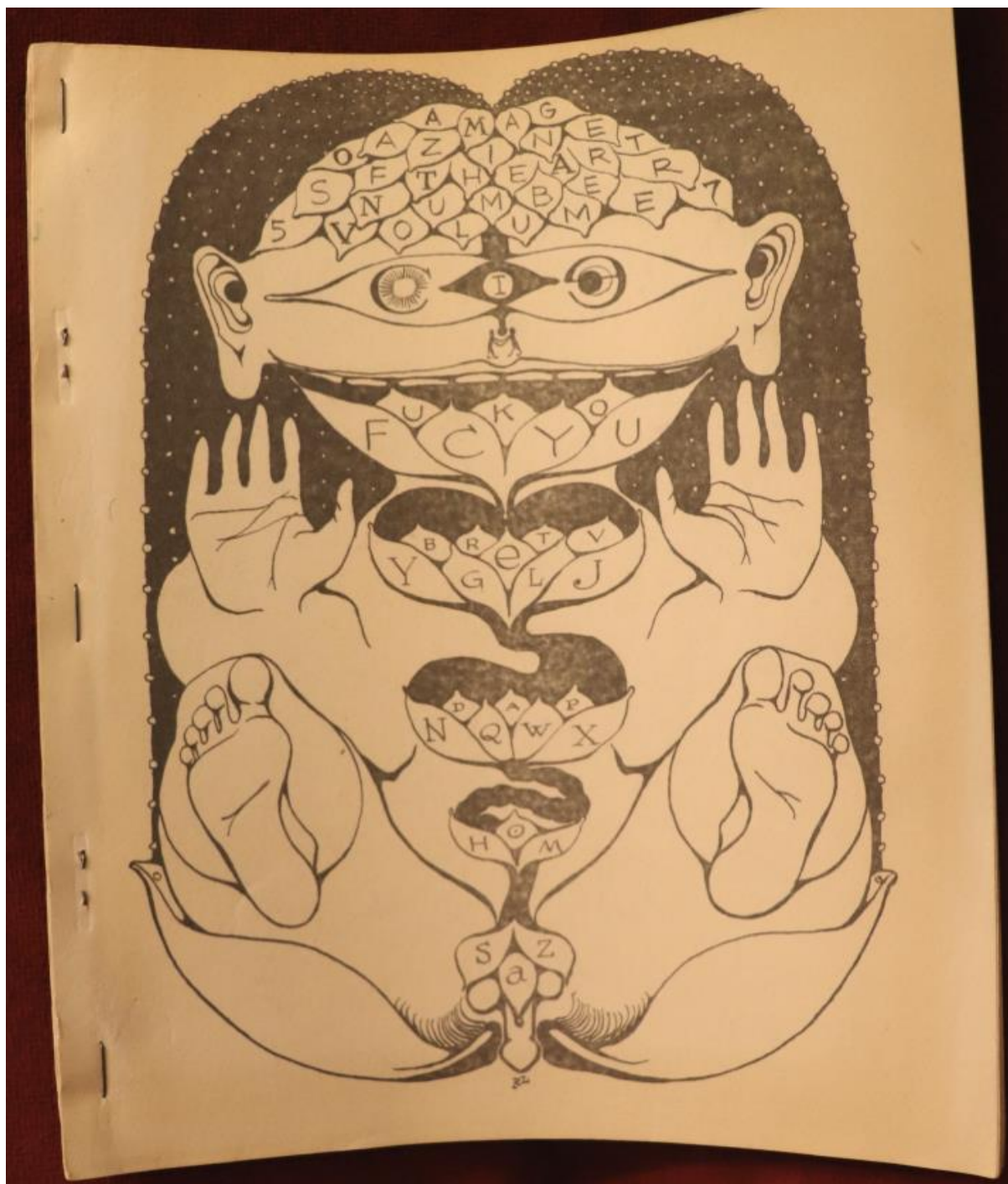
coffee pot and a bit iron pot of salt pepper and beans always on the wood stove. You eat first then you talk business the gear sloped out on the kitchen table he eyes old unbluffed unreadable when she hames a price and she does'nt name another. I was new in the game and like all young things thought I had a license to steal. I took a room to cook off for a week room in the top floor smoky sun set waiting on the Japanese girl from Marty's

Handwritten vertical text in blue ink on the left margin.

Handwritten vertical text in red ink on the right margin.

Page 3.

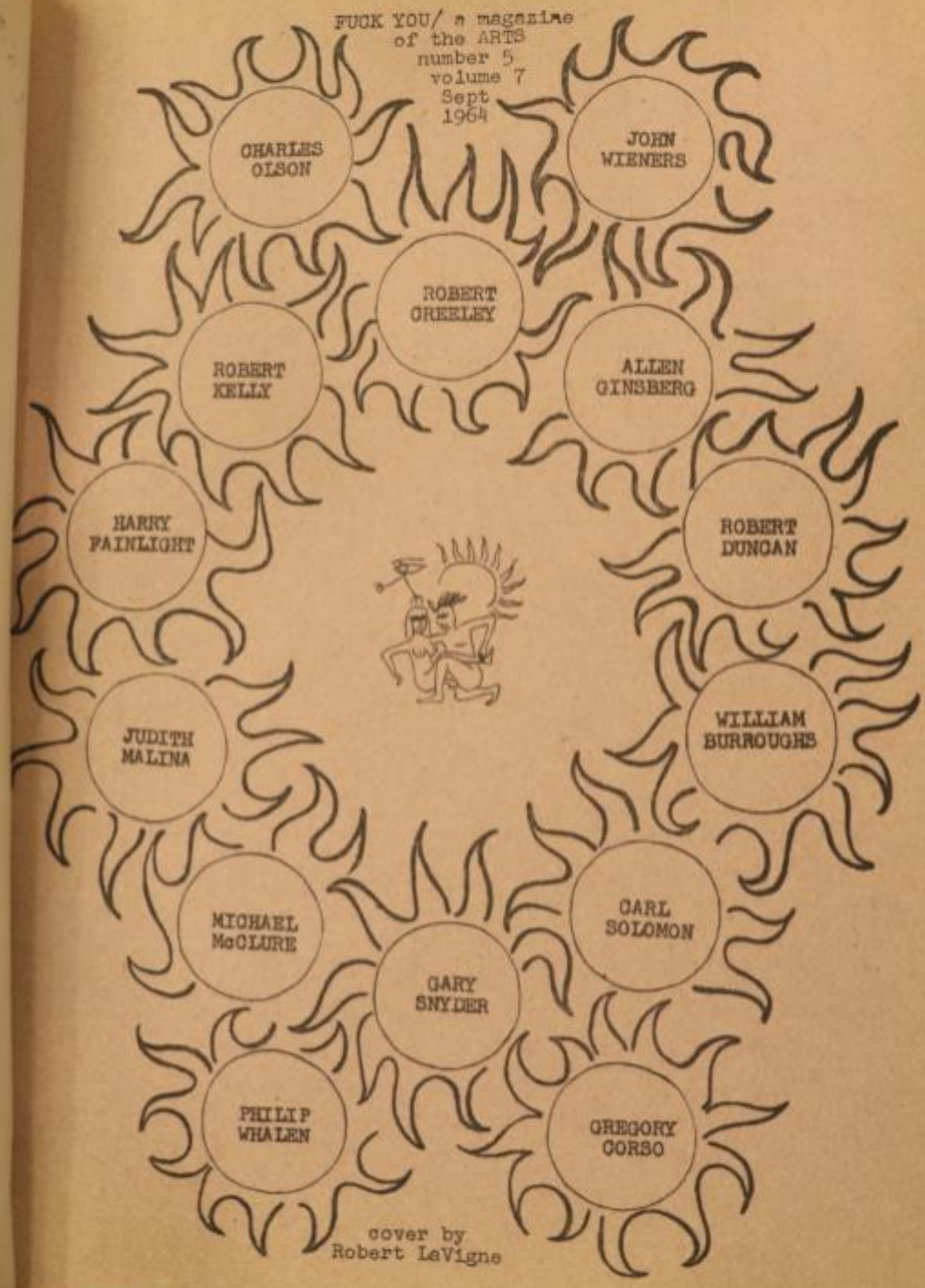
ANNEXE 5



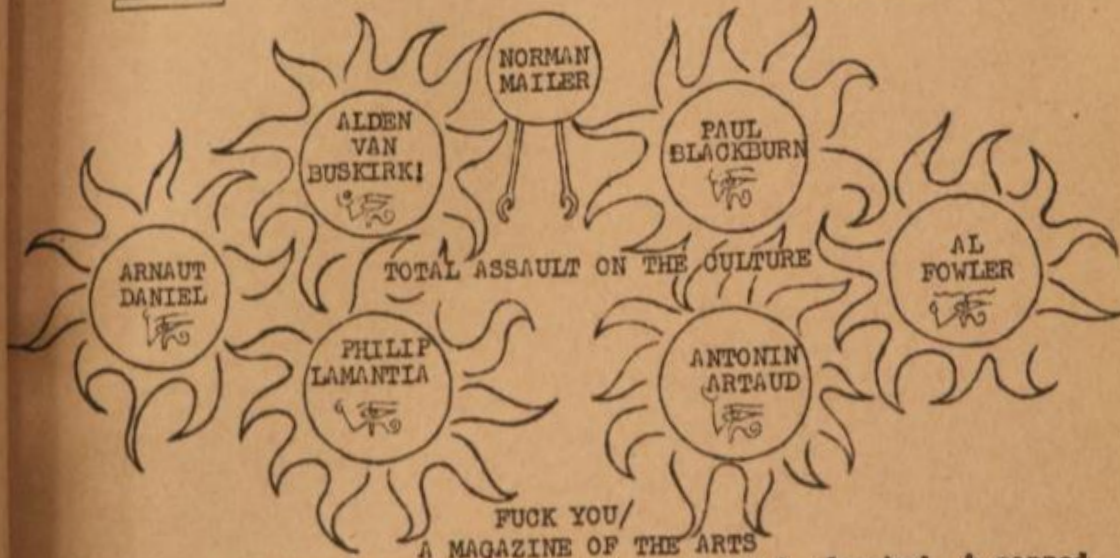
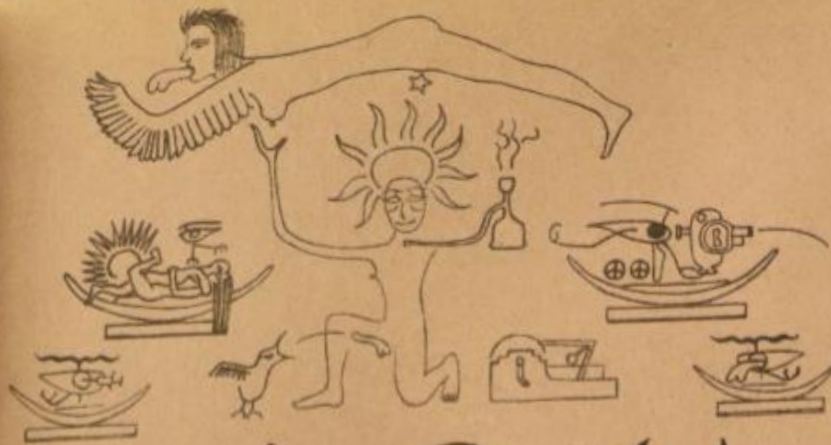
Couverture du *mimeo Fuck You ! A Magazine of the Arts* (n° 5). Fait notable, elle n'est pas un dessin de Sanders.

William S. Burroughs Collection of Periodical literature, 1952-1972, HenrW. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations

FUCK YOU/ a magazine
of the ARTS
number 5
volume 7
Sept
1964



Sommaire du magazine.



dedicated, spewed, ejaculated, stomped, freaked, & zapped
in the name of

scifism, Nat'l Defense Thru Nonviolent Resistance, THE DIVINE TREMBLING
ROTC LAKE OF THE UNIVERSE, JOY-SPURTS IN THE COSMOS, the witness of the
laming Ra-cock, the LSD Communitarium, Dopelaw Defiance, Acapulco Gold, Pan-
manian Red, Honduras Brown, Westchester Ace, Ducks County Mauve, Light
reen Iowa Aperitif, The Council of the Madmen in Amenti, The Hordes of
uerilla Lovefare Open Assault Freak-stompers, lower east side mishuganas,
ubmarine Boarders, and all those groped by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent
alls of Congress.

FUCK YOU/
the magazine read by
TOE QUEENS!



Suite du sommaire.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS!

'Fluck you fluck you fluck you'

A.J. arrives uninvited at
the Countess di Vile's bi-
annual garden party in Ci-
vil War drag blue Union
jerseys and Confederate gr-
ey tunic unsheathed his r-
usty cavalry saber and
with one stroke decapitat-
ed Dame Sitlong's Afghan
ground. The head bounces sc-
ross the lawn snarling and
snapping. A.J. lifts his bi-
sword and the orchest-
re strikes up The Battle H-
ymn of the Republic:::
For he has loosed the fa-
ul lightning of his terr-
ible swift sword' a mig-
ry host of Chinese wait-
ers charge in from decent
suburban kitchens screaming
'Fluck you fluck you flu-
ck you' (mucho bouncing h-
its) 'He has sounded forth
the bugle that shall never
retreat' A young sol-
dier never came out that
afternoon at recess I wat-
ched the torn sky bend wi-
th the wind. Rockets fell
in these foreign sub-
urbs the dead birds raining
down and death. For half
the line no repeat perform-
ance in any neighborhood bar.
The Piper pulled down the
curtains. Caught in New York
beneath the animals of the
city. The Piper pulled
down the sky. These forei-
gn shit birds here.

'So what? But say do you
see where this is leading
us? 15:45 P.M. Lets tell
a tale of time long ago
sounds God damned awful
to me' a simple Swiss legend
'The Legend of the daisy'
yet? And with one daisy y-
et they realized they had
decapitated Dame Sit - Da-
dirty by the Queen' and
caught up pants down hound
decapitated dirty by the Q-
ueen. A.J. lifted his blood-
y hound: 'God save the Que-
en. Rub out her gracious
word rub out her race's
word. God forget the Queen.
Retroactive at 6:45 A.M.
N.Y. standard time, Her
screen in the area if we
have to and we do. A some-
nt of decision must be
16.15 BBC Time. 'I dont sm-
oke but I always carry a
box of matches with me'
twisted cost on a 1920 ben-
ch barely audible a distant
voice so painful stopped in
Johnny's mind "Remember me
there on windy steps dead
birds raining from a white
hot sky"
For half a line no repeat
performance. Sweating fear
like a vise just telling
you 'Sparks' is over New
York/. Caught beneath the
whole fucking light year
shit house/ Laser guns was-
hing 'egg nog;/ Any second
now the whole fucking shit
house goes up/'

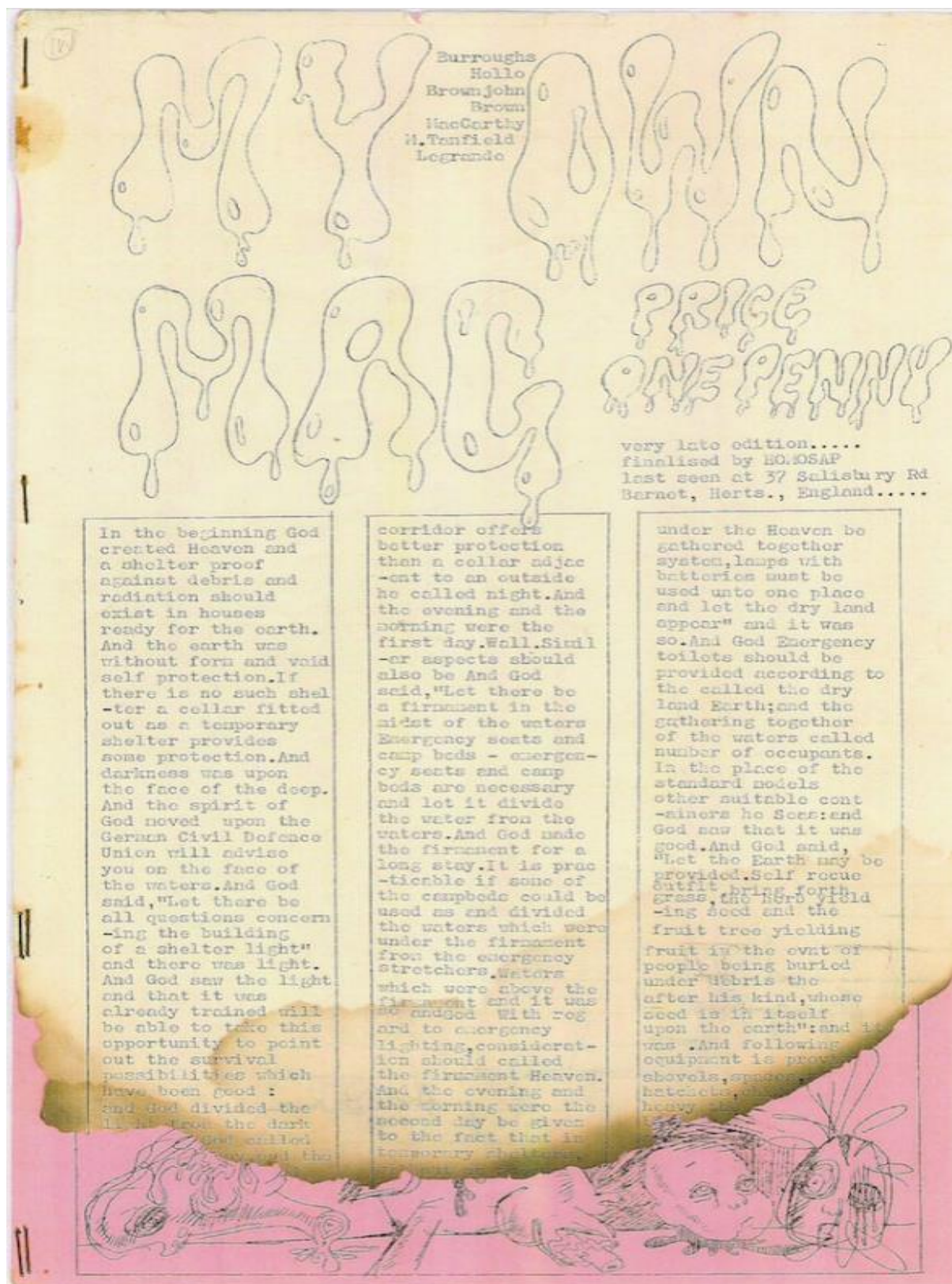
A.J. arrives. Holy Mother
of God so what? She lik-
ed to pass among her
creatures of her earth
for very good
reasons. So the Pansies
blushed with shame when
they realized they had
caught up pants down
by the Queen' and
have defected to Russia
save the Queen.
Kissing make you mine?
One cannot be too care-
ful about this. Time can
never create or be. All
the points of present
time are pre-recorded
and
Time is pre-recorded and
repetition
the unfortunate travelli-
ng
or smell of ashes rising
from the typewriter a
black silver sky of bro-
ken film rockets across
the valley all the light
left on a dying star
drifting away down a
windy street with the
torn September sky.
Mr Bradley Mr. Martin stood
there on dead stars
heavy with his dusty
answer drew: 'September
17, 1899' over New York
that morning giving you
my toy soldiers put away
in the attic steps trail-
ing a lonely dining
room smell of sickness
in the room these foreign
suburbs here
Lest gun post erased in
a small town newspaper
making the stars run back-
ward.

Tangier, Tuesday, (St. Ben-
jamin,) March 31, 1964
3.37 P.M. Past Time, Calle
Galle del Siaghines The
Swan

Texte de Burroughs « Fluck You Fluck You Fluck You ».

William S. Burroughs Collection of Periodical literature, 1952-1972, Henry
W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York
Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations

ANNEXE 6



Une de *My Own Mag* (n° 4), on notera la disposition en colonnes qui anticipe les magazines factices de Burroughs,

<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/my-own-mag/>

WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING WARNING
 HUMAN BEINGS AND OTHER BIPEDS COMMITTING ACTS OF LITERATURE AND SIMILAR
 OBSCENITIES ON FALL-OUT SHELTER WALLS WILL BE PROSECUTED AND, IF FOUND
 GUILTY, WILL BE SENTENCED TO PLASTIC BAG DISPOSAL DUTY IN THE CHILDREN'S
 DOBMITORIES FOR THE REMAINDER OF THEIR LIVES. NOTE : SENTENCES WILL BE
 OF THREE WEEKS' DURATION IN THE CASES OF UNUSUALLY LONG LIVED CULPRITS.

1	2	3	4
and anyway ther payments and ing to last fo it doesn't do	It was whispered royal turtles national brown was having Dur	o was the telly the car wasn't go rever and anyway your figure any	yesterday in That the inter Owl Queen Exune han miners
good I mean do is here to be Cyril agreed with never have done	hume an image hole wrought to teddy bomb and shinning expector	you blame no life enjoyed I said and no mind I would it without his	from the raw form a new clear without the of the late
consent bingo hairy he hun and Chukka early in friendship is tpt to retch	Chick Grub rib naughty nights faded rose do return to your for sad four day	good as new so keep dying her look she said nerely and atten rewarded by the	cage on those when passions ccends upon her television set popping sink
tail fin of a filtered tru of tea leaves le early Friday	formula he un- statement hand stolen cheap the air pants full	sad old tune delicate belch just a good bott morning to visit	noises a public cuffed to me noon tele off of rusty wool
the sight at her thus showing warte unexpected residu the dandy book surface swarms	O fellow citiz- like it as it odor forming beef ed by skin prob and is absorbed	Week end is a of loyalty in un- South African for boys and with rainbow girls	-one young peop- helps destroy g pipes attract len pow our by the easy
so fresh packed worms wriggling and adventures internally in all	toto fix outer simple as un- back skin last Spanish shotgun	with fun coloured flirty thrills and self adhesive directions there	nappy it is as slightly stick ants snuggle in with finger nails
isn't a bulge ing thing broken fere damn is the the year hard on blotch drip soap	for hands that October on a whole worn while have 32 piece of frequent color	just the spau- to winter undies great event of warn skin noises natural	hold time in string just be- H you too can the sea floor baths constant
writhing responses waiting face by every avail- model rushed pulse warn color	soaping creamy Listen Perfume Sister Ectony's fixed on in stay on in new	on diseased starnage harvest able means ashore raw or photos you bet	ranpax perfume J. two days ago aprtments continue creamy monent and soal skin worn

to be read every which way

h to William Burroughs

Textes en grille réalisé par Burroughs et dont les permutations possibles sont presque inépuisables.

The Moving Times

Editor : WILLIAM BURROUGHS

February 10, 1964.

"We will Travel not only
in Space But in Time as
Well."

A Russian scientist said that. Let's start travelling. Form the words into columns and march them off the page. Start with newspapers like this: Take today's paper. Fill up three columns with selections. Now read cross columns. Fill a column on another page with cross column readings. Now fill in the remaining columns with selections from yesterday's papers and so on back. Each time you do this there will be leaps of present time on the page. The page is 'forget-ting' present time as you move back in time through word columns. Now to Move forward in time. Try writing tomorrow's news today. Fill three columns with your future time guesses. Head cross column. Fill one column on another page with your cross column readings. Fill the other columns with tomorrow's newspaper. Notice that there are many hints of the so-called future in your cross column readings. When you read words in columns you are reading the future, that is you are reading on a subliminal level; other columns on the page that you will later experience consciously you have already read. "You don't remember me, Miaja?" You will see 'me' tomorrow and tomorrow to the last syllable of recorded time because you have written and read 'me' today. You still don't remember? Your memory of the future will improve in columns. (Continued page 2 col 2)

January 17, 1947.

English Made Easy For Beginners. It revolves flexible formula.

For beginners today we are going to study the verb fix. I fix I fixed I have fixed. The general meaning of fix is to fit together or put in place as I fixed the notice to the board. Another meaning is to arrange; I fixed the meeting for four o'clock. Still another meaning is to set right or put in order; I fixed that up all right. Or it can mean to put somebody in his place; I will fix him once and for all. Other meanings are to fix a date to make a date for more advanced students suffering in one very long moment. We cannot divide it by seasons. We can only record its moods and chronicle (1) their return. With us time itself does not progress. It revolves. It seems to circle round one center of pain. The paralyzing immobility (2) of a life every circumstance of which is regulated after an unchangeable pattern (3) so that we eat drink lie down and pray according to the inflexible (4) laws of an iron (5) formula (6) extract from The Depths by Oscar Wilde (1) Chronicle to record in writing, (2) immobility fixity (3) pattern design (4) inflexible implacable (6) formula should again arrive from home by train as they did in pre war days in four days' time the most romantic broadcast in the history of radio after centuries of silence I will fix him once and for all to a date another meaning is to arrange a meeting for 4

Cross-column readings
page 2 col 1

September 17, 1899.

Last Gun Post Erased In
A Small Town Newspaper
September 17, 1899.

'Mr Bradley Mr Martin' stood there in dead star - a heavy with his dusty answer drew September 17, 1899 over New York that morning giving you my toy soldiers put away steps trailing a lonely dining room cool remote Sunday. Stein's army has sailed for South Africa fresh southerly winds a long time ago for such a purpose. On assigning them to duty the books opened. Last Tuesday was the regular day for signing years. A committee had born and bred again refused the contract or even had the opportunity to do so. They are all valueless as I know from my blind wait between London and Brighton a distant hand couldn't reach never came out that afternoon at recess time I watched the torn sky bend with the wind white white white as far as the eye can see a blinding flash of white. The cabin reeks of exploded star. It was a long time ago young man you can still see used to be your brother young cop whistling 'Annie Laurie' if my memory serves on the top floor you can watch our worn out film dim jerky far away shut a bureau drawer. Last gun post erased in a small town newspaper making the stars run backwards again like the train did. Distant hand couldn't time guesses. You are reading the future formula. Stein's army is an one man. The 'yes' buttons have been wiped out. Other well known people almost

(Continued page 2 col 3)

Manuscrit de *The Moving Times*, publié dans *My Own Mag* (n° 5). Page 1.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 38, Folio 27, Item 27)

151
Cafe
PARIS
plus food

THE MOVING TIMES

Moulin Rouge

1964 1947 1899 Jan. Feb. Sept. February 10, 1964.

(Continued from page 1)
A Russian scientist said for beginners today 'Mr Bradley Mr Martin' said that lets start there on dead stars form the word into verb fix. I fix I fixed I heavy with his dusty columns have fixed the general answer drew September off the page. Start with meaning of fix is to fit 17 1899 over New York news papers like this put in place giving you today's paper. Fill as I fixed the notice to my toy soldiers put away up three columns with the board. Another meaning steps trailing a lonely cross is to arrange: I fixed room cool remote columns. Fill a column on the meeting for four o'clock Sunday. Stein's way has another page with still another meaning is to set right or put in order the remaining columns or it can mean a purpose on assigning papers to put somebody in his duty books on back. Each time place I fix him on opened. There will be less for all. Advanced students refused the contract moved back in time through suffering. We cannot do so. Try writing tomorrow's news forward in time and my blind wait between news today column seems to circle that afternoon in recess on another page with you one center of pain I watched the sky torn column sky bend with the wind after blinding flash of light the cab in recks of exploded star can still see used to be you you are
continued column 3
(this page)

(Continued from page 1)
Now try this: take a walk a ride do some dreary errands in these foreign suburbs here and voices dirtier older worn out film shut away in a bureau drawer drink a cup of coffee maybe read the papers sometimes TV in the Cafe de Paris. Baby, it's foreign outside has the general meaning of alien and or hostile. So return to your trip by taxi and write what you have just seen heard overheard read felt with particular attention to intersection points like 'You come with me, Meester? Moulin Rouge. Good place. Spanish boy girls no coat much' / or an English lesson on television in the Cafe de Paris and toy Place de France. 'It's a long way to Tipperary it's a long way to go.' 'This is the fourth lesson 1 2 3 4. There are lessons on television. There are many lessons on television. This is the fourth lesson. See what I mean? Intersection points and few of them are good however you can for your old days into columns and move back in your time using the same method you will by now have applied to news-papers. Or you can write your dreary walk before you take it. Until you find the only walk is out. Now what have I done here in these columns? Well the first column is my necessary explanations. The second column is from the Tanger Gazette Jan 17, 1947. The third column is composed from texts of my own interspersed with pieces from the New York Times September 17, 1899.

September 17, 1899.

(Continued from page 1)
completely deserted you can still see the old fence there by the creek silver ghost boy of exploded star dim jerky far away and suttering voices. Come closer. Listen: Last whispered 'Good bye, Mister. "Cool remote Sunday last report

you are reading the future on (5) formulae (6) to record in writing our worn out film dim jerky far away. You will see days run backwards again in four days like the train did. distant hand couldn't time guesses to the last broadcast. Record in the history of the radio you are reading the future from me today arrange a meeting for four well known people home by train.

So send along a column of your times what you hear see as you read this paper looking out the window of a cafe a train in your mind where else back through word columns your time is moving in a small town paper making the stars run backwards again like the train did whistling a cool remote Sunday for a sad toy train its a long way to go see on back each time place what I mean dim jerky far away not present except in you reading the movie out the train window from The Moving Times.

Address all contributions to The Moving Times
William Burroughs
4 Calle Larachi Marshan
Tanger, Morocco.
or to Homocap Inc.
Jeff Nuttall
37 Salisbury Road,
Burnet, Herts, England.

Two hours later

In response to my indignant letter- (Dutch sphere was indignant letter- -In this connection I recommend to all students of prose the last words of Dutch Schultz as quoted in The Desperate Years compiled by James D. Moran page 123) the Sunday Times dropped this unctious literary pearl which I quote verbatim;

Dear Mr Burroughs,

Thank you for your letter. Dr Byrne's allusions to Dr Dent's "modest qualifications" referred to his academic qualifications which were minimal.

While Dr Dent believed that apomorphine in some way regulated the metabolism of certain substances, the majority opinion among reputable psychiatrists is that it works in fact by producing an aversion. As far as our correspondent knows the matter has never been biochemically settled one way or the other. Among established psychiatrists Dr Dent's treatment of certain mental states was regarded as amateurish.

Your letter arrived a long time after the original article of course. On any other occasion you would like to submit a letter we should be grateful to receive it earlier.

Yours sincerely,
Peter Wiley
For The Editor.

Sir or Madam:

Thanks for your gracious message which catches so precisely the cadence of Doctor Byrne's sonorous prose that I can not but surprise you yourself are no stranger to the medical profession. In any case the good doctor now has a formidable rival in his particular and specialised field of prose and I myself would be hard put to decide on which of your two heads the laurel should most appropriately fall. Perhaps this vexing question could only be resolved by a majority consensus of reputable established practitioners in this genre presenting of course the most immodest and minimal qualifications from an academic viewpoint and in other important respects as well. As you point out my letter arrived some time after what you so aptly term as the "original article" and this is not surprising in view of the postal delays in these remote counties beyond the "Herring Pond" where communications from the capital are sometimes tardy a matter of months depending of course on one's relative position which is to say a periodical or news source originating

THE APO- MORPHINE TIMES

So thanks again for your grey letter arrived so precisely some time after the American liner Independence (January 4). The cadence of article and this North Atlantic storm is not surprising that I cannot open a weather door on a lower deck but surmise your remote counties smashed a port-hole on beyond the "Herring Medical Profession Upper Deck" and hurled half a ton of ice water - (in any case, doctor, sometimes retarded) - upon a rival in his particular and specialised couple sleeping--(relative position presumably waking them)-could only be the independence described resolved by a majority storm to the capital are then 40 years removed is it not? It was like riding a generous offer to take in consideration qualifications from a future time address which which catches what you so aptly term Doctor Byrne's sonorous prose 'Pond' where periodical

« The Apomorphine Times », publié dans *My Own Mag* (n° 12). Page 1.

<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/my-own-mag/>

in such a remote post might well take a commensurate length of time to reach the capital which would then be in some tense or more accurately direction removed is it not? latterly the generous offer to take in consideration correspondence I might at some future time address earlier to your paper inspires in me a degree of hesitation considering my modest qualifications as a writer unskilled in the niceties and refinements of ambiguity which adorn your prose and the prose of your learned colleague doctor A. Byrne.....

self is no stranger to the matter...RE- page Nova Press edition Nova Express; 'infection' indicated to traffic in exchange narcotics phraseology demonstrated a Typhoid Mary who will spread the narcotics problem to the United Kingdom. Cutup Western World Oct. 1959' A magazine which listed as its sponsors every far right reactionary group active in the Western World and any place else that can find traction in fact fact a Who's Who of the far right and perhaps of interest to the uh opposition. Not

(sexless providence supported by the rich. Policeman jumped out on them.) From Afternoon Ticker Tape My Magazine published by J Nuttall of London Not even the generous injections of the green and ready could keep it afloat for more than two issues after which it sank under the dead grey sludge of its own prose. The cadaver was has been however resuscitated in New York under the name I believe of The National Magazine under the editorship of Mr. Buckley (described as a 'silver tongued speaker'--re-page 98 Nova Express--'another minor American formed by meteorite impact and it would make a splendid good talker' he said) and Mr Rasher, a buck-toothed snarling gunman so ugly in the expression of opinions that might have been well received from other lips- to wit that Red China is the mortal enemy of the American way of life) which in this particular case has found such a hideous spokesman that he was booted off the Los Crane Show.(The

Ugly American fading out in Honolulu Aris One Oston..Even uglier were summoned.) in conclusion I quote from Mother no 3: 'Like a good policeman apo-morphine does its work and goes. Synthesis of the apo-morphine formulae could create drugs exercising a regulating instance ten or a hundred times more powerful than the existing formulae drugs capable of eradicating from the planet what we now call anxiety. Now since most existing establishments are basically and immovably rooted in this same anxiety it is not surprising that the use of the apo-morphine treatment and the development of synthetic variations of the apo-morphine formulae has been and will continue to be violently opposed in certain interested and dreadfully predictable quarters of the Western World.



h. b. William Carroughs.



NY O'N NAG NO 12 NY O'N NAG NO 12 NY O'N NAG NO 12 NY O'N NAG NO 12

THE LAST WORDS OF DUTCH SCHULTZ *found and transcribed with intersection points under and by...*

A fascinating document in the history of the American underworld is the record of statements made by Dutch Schultz as he lay dying in the Newark City Hospital. At his bedside from late Thursday afternoon until he died the following day at 8:40pm was a police stenographer, F.J.Lang, who took down everything Schultz said. The mobster was delirious most of the time but lucid at intervals. Here is the official transcript of all Schultz said, from Lang's shorthand notebook, still in the possession of Newark Police Department:

George, don't make no false moves. What have you done with him? Oh mama, mama, mama. Oh stop it, stop it; oh, oh, oh. Sure, sure, mama.

Schultz at this time was irrational and running a fever of 106 degrees. Sgt Luke Conlon and other detectives from Newark police HQ and from the prosecutor's office were at his bedside. One of the officers had a newspaper...

Has it been in any other papers? Now listen Phil, fun is fun. That happened to the sixteen? Oh, oh, he done it. Please.

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

Who shot you?
The boss himself.

No did?
Yes, I don't know.

What did he shoot you for?
I showed him boss: do you hear his chestno? An appointment. Appeal stuck. All right, mother.

Was it the boss a shot you?
Who shot me? Is one.

We will help you.
Will you help me up? Okay. I won't be such a big cropp. Oh, mama, I can't go through with it please. Oh - and then he clips me; cone on. Cut that out, wa don't owe a nickel; held it; instead, hold it against hip; I am a pretty good pretzler..

..Wifred - Department of justice. I even got it from the department. Sir, please stop it. Say-listen the - last night...
Don't holler.
I don't want to holler
What did they shoot you for?

Adaptation de « The Last Words of Dutch Schultz » réalisée spontanément par Nuttall dans *My Own Mag* (n° 12). Page 1.

<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/my-own-mag/>

I don't know, sir, honestly I don't. I don't even know who was with me, honestly. I went to the toilet. I was in the toilet and when I reached the - the boy came at me.

The big fellow gave it to you?

Yes, he gave it to me.

Do you know who this big fellow was?

No.

If we wanted to break the ring no, please - I got a month. They did it. Come on. - cut me off and says you are not to be the beneficiary of this will. Is that right? I will be checked and double checked and please, all for me. Will you pull? How many good ones and how many bad ones? Please I had nothing with him he was a cowboy in one of the seven days a week fight. No business, no hangout, no friends, no nothing; just what you pick up and what you need.

I don't know who shot me. Don't put anyone near this check; you might have please do it for me. Please get up, huh? In the olden days they waited and they waited. Please give me a shot. It is from the factory. Sure, that is a bad - well, oh good ahead that happens for trying. I don't want harmony, I want harmony. Oh, damn, damn! Who give it to him. Who give it to him.

Get me in the district - fire - factory that he was nowhere near. It shouldered. No, no. There are only ten of us there are ten million fighting somewhere of you, so get your onions up and we will throw up the truce flag. Oh please let me up. Please shift go. Police are here. Communistic - strike - heloney - honestly this is a habit I got; sometimes I give in and sometimes I don't. Oh, I am all in. That settles it. Are you sure? Please let me get in and eat. Let him harness himself to you and then bother you.

Please don't ask me to go there. I don't want to. I still don't want him in the path. It is no use hostage riot. The sidewalk was in trouble and the bears were in trouble and I broke it up. Please pay me in that room. Please keep him in control. My gilt-edge stuff and those dirty rats have tuned in. Please mother, don't tear, don't rip; that is something that shouldn't be spoken about. Please get me up, my friends. Please, look out, the shooting is a bit wild, and that kind of shooting saved a man's life.

No payrolls. No walls. No coupons. That would be entirely out. Pardon me, I forget I am plaintiff and not defendant. Look out for him. Please. He owed me money; he owes everyone money. Why can't he just pull out and leave me in control?

Please mother you pick me up now. Please, you know no. No, don't you scare me. My friends and I think I do a better job. Police are looking for you all over. Be instrumental in letting us know. They are Englishmen and they are a type and I don't know who is best, they or us. Oh sir, get the doll a reffing. You can play jacks and girls do that with a.....

soft ball and do tricks with it. It takes all events into consideration. No. No. And it is no. It is confused and it says no. A boy has never wept over dashed a thousand. Oh. Oh you hear me?

The doctor wants you to lie quiet. That is what I want to do.

How many shots were fired?

Who shot you?

I don't know.

I don't know.

How many?

Two thousand. Come on, get some money in that treasury. We need it. Come on, please get it. I can't tell you to. That is not what you have in the book. Oh please warden. What's I going to do for money? Please put me up on my feet at once. You are a hard-boiled man. Did you hear no? I would hear it, and the supreme court might hear it. If that ain't the pay-off. Please crack down on the Chinaman's friends and Hitler's commander. I am sore and I am going up and I am going to give you money if I can. Mother is the best bet and don't let Satan draw you too fast.

What did the big fellow shoot you for?

Ain't John? Over a million, five-million dollars.

You want to get well don't you.

Yes. Then lie quiet.

Yes, I will lie quiet.

John shot you and we will take care of John.

That is what caused the trouble. Look out. Please get me up. If you do this, you can go and jump right here in the lake. I know who they are. They are French people. All right. Look out, look out. Ph, my memory is gone. A work relief. Police. Who gets it? I don't know and I don't want to know, but look out. It can be traced. He changed for the worse. Please look out; my fortunes have changed and come back and went back since that. It was desperate. I am wobbly. You ain't got nothing on him but we got it on his helper.

Control yourself.

But I am dying.

No you are not.

Come on, nana. All right, dear, you have to get it.

At this point Schultz's wife, Frances, was brought to his bedside....

This is Frances.

They pull me out. I am half crazy. They won't let me get up. They dyed my shoes. Open those shoes. Give me something. I am so sick. Give me some water, the only thing that I want. Open this up and break it so I can touch you. Dennis, please get me in the car.

Who shot you?

I don't know. I didn't even get a look, I don't know who can have done it. Anybody. Kindly take my shoes off.

They are off.....

No, there's a handcuff on them. The Baron says those things. I know what I am doing here with my collection of papers. It isn't worth a nickel to twogays like you and me, but to a collector it is worth a fortune. It is priceless. I am going to turn it over to... Turn your back to me, please, Henry. I am so sick now. The police are getting many complaints. Look out. I want that G-note. Look out for Jimmy Valentine for he is an old pal o mine. Come on, come on, Jim. Okay, okay, I am all through. Can't do another thing. Look out, nana, look out for her. You can't beat him. Police, nana, Helen, mother, please take me out. I will settle the indictment. Come on, open the soap duckets. The chimney sweeps. Take to the sword. Shut up, you got a big mouth! Please help me up, Henry. Mar, come over here. French-Canadian born soup. I want to pay. Let the lawyer be alone.....

Two hours later Schultz died.

ANNEXE 10

37 Salisbury Rd., Barnet.

13 May 1965.

Dear Bill,

Have received The Dead Star ms. Magnificent. Many many thanks. Issue Twelve of My Own Mag* (in the post to you now) already carries the complete Schultz speil in comicstrip form (I assumed the Poets Theatre programme to be a contribution and anyway how the hell can you resist illustrating a thing like that??)

Have already seen Ian once or twice and will contact him today about his mathematical intro. Having already published the Schultz bit I wd like to call the next either the Valentine Issue or the 23 Issue. This (ready about mid-June) wd contain Ian's intro (and there is plenty of room for a straightforward statement about this reality-annihilation bit, not to warn the buggers, but merely that they should stop writing the whole thing off as aesthetically unsatisfying - This is happening) then The Dead Star and finally I wd like to revive Perfume Jack (back from his dead star) and involve him in mangled Puerto Ricans, Dutch Schultz, Bedbug Moran and a metaphysical underworld deal that goes on a bullet-riddled telephone kiosk. That wd constitute the complete number except that you might find one or two English poets dodging the bullets and spouting their gear with PJ. Will have yr pages photolithoed (thanks to generous contribution ~~from~~ you) bang up the price and it shd be a pretty good issue.

Let me know if this suits. City Light haven't sent Bulletin or 86 yet but good to know it's out. Wd be grate ful if you could let me know where I can obtain yr books.

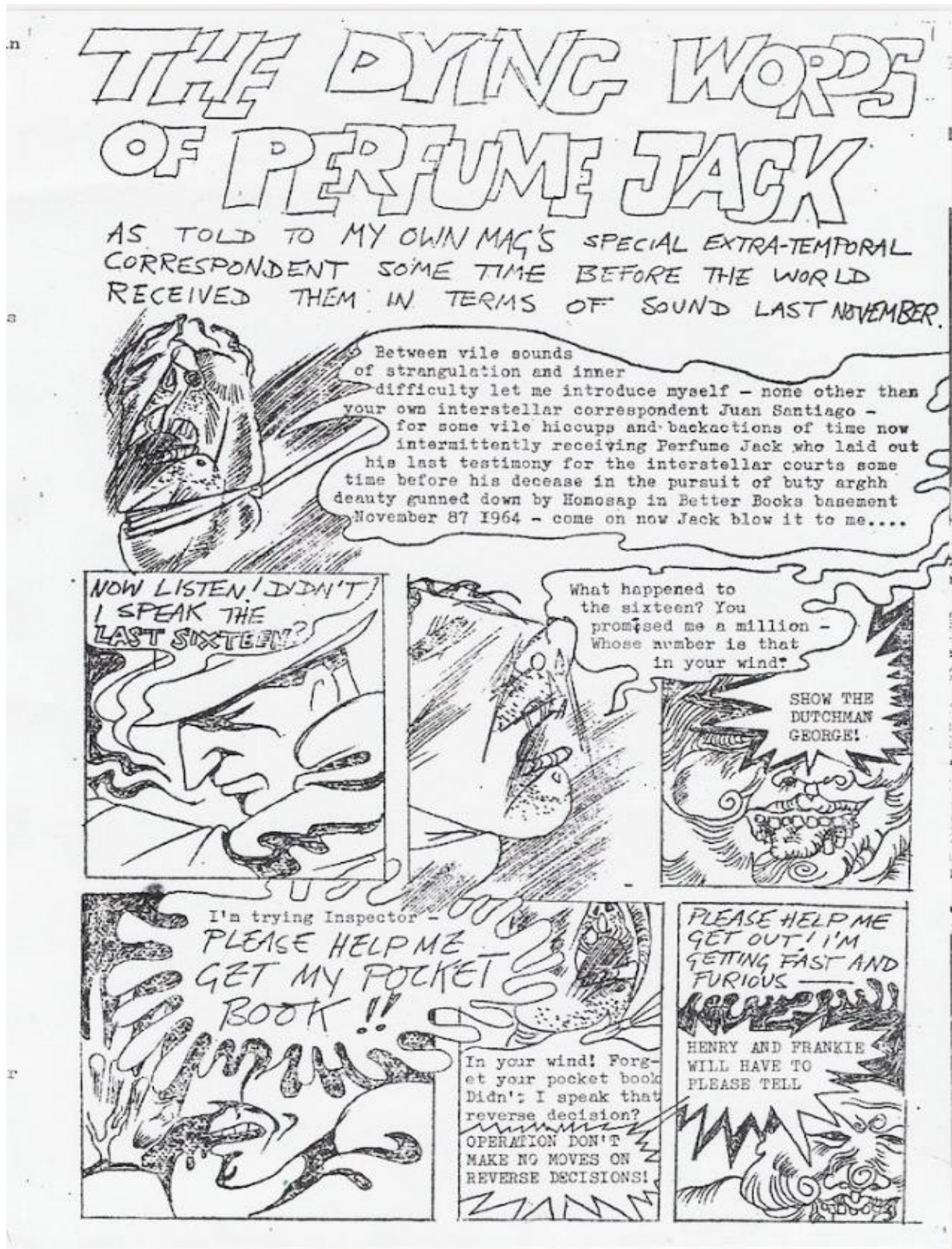
Yrs.,

Jeff.

* Enclose a copy. 2 doz. on the way.
surface mail.

Lettre de Jeff Nuttall adressée à Burroughs en mai 1965.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature,
The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, Item 42)



« The Dying Words of Perfume Jack », une adaptation de ce texte au héros créé par Nuttall, parue dans *My Own Mag* (n° 13), consacré au mafieux. Page 1.

<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/my-own-mag/>





Page 2. Ces pages permettent d'observer la virtuosité de Nuttall avec le miméographe.





ANNEXE 12

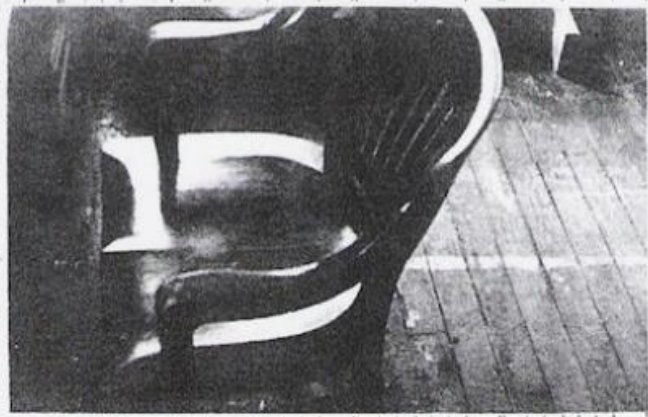
<p>1 The plane's charred 2 wreckage was strewn a 3 thousand yards..A boy 4 has never wept nor dash- 5 ed a thousand.Kim did 6 you hear me?—over the 7 snow capped mountains— 8 and later the snow cover- 9 ed mountains..Another 10 item concerned a plane 11 crash off Jone's beach.. 12 only one called this we- 13 ek..Plain Mr.Jones or Mr 14 J..if you prefer..Occupat 15 i on? Well say tourist.. 16 I'vebeen called harder 17 names and it won't hurt 18 my feelings.. 19 From the last D.S. words 20 I note: 'I was in the 21 toilet and when I reach- 22 ed the the boy came at 23 me..'..It had occured to 24 me that the boy in quest 25 ion might be Vincent 26 Coll a young punk who 27 tried to muscle in on 28 Dutch and was machine 29 gunned in a telephone 30 booth I mean booth.I had 31 the reference to hand in 32 The Desperate Years com- 33 piled by James D.Horan.. 34 'Okay okay Jim I am all 35 through can't do another 36 thing'..page 86 I read: 37 'Mad Dog Vincent Coll be- 38 gan carrying a hired gun 39 for Schultz at \$150 per 40 week.. in 3 months he 41 was demanding a cut of 42 the Dutchman's percent- 43 age'..When the outraged 44 Schultz said "No.."..and 45 it says 'no'..Coll start 46 ed a KKKIX rival organ- 47 ization..Dutch Schultz 48 said 'Get Coll off my 49 back..Get the Mick off 50 my back...' Mark a mick vital statistics are not in capital letters...</p>	<p>snappy please please to do this.. Then Henry Frankie you did nt meet him.You did 'nt even me et me.. The glove will fit what I say..Oh Kaiyiyi Kaiyiyi..Sure who sares when you are through? How do you know this? How do you know this? Well then oh Cocoa knows—thinks he is grandpa again.. he is jumping around No Hobo and Pobo I think it means the same thing... 'Who shot you?' 'The boss himself.' 'What did he shoot you for?' 'I showed him boss.Do you hear him meet me? An appointment..Appeal stuck.All right mother 'Was it the boss shot you?' 'Who shot m me? no one.' 'We will help you.' 'Will you get me up? Okay I won't</p>	 <p>What sort of Bels called retreat 23 23 skiddo extra njeros perniciosos..Shrink ing in the basement..Reduce to a code message and trans mit.Come on -om its your turn.Light left back 300 years..Click of distant heels A bell strikes 21..Soldiers defotmed my home..Jerky far away the old Rome..Dutch shpere was indignant letter Are his teeth discolored? His clothes are crumpled about Earl's Court is the entire reply..Myself your general on Thursday..About face journals last days... St.Cross May 3, 1964..I am speaking from shifting lay- ers of smoke broken streets</p> 
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« The Dead Star », publié dans *My Own Mag* (n° 13). Page 1.

<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/my-own-mag/>

Schultz's mobsters tried to kill Coll 4 times... Then they found that Owney Madden was again being shaken down by Coll Madden the 'Clay Pigeon' died April 24 age 73 -- One day as Madden was talking to Coll on the phone a gunman appeared stuck a gun in Madden's ribs and said softly: 'Keep talking, Owney.' Within minutes the call was traced to a drug store on West 23 St... 'Look out it can be traced'..... Coll was still in the booth when 3 men drove up. One took a station at the door outside. The other guarded the inside and the 3rd walked up to the booth and sprayed it with machine gun bullets Autosny showed 15 steel jacketed bullets struck coll in head chest and stomach. He was then just 23. Dutch Schultz was shot and fatally wounded on October 23 Thurs day, 1935 in the Palace Bar on Newark's Broad St. He died Friday Oct- 24. He was 33 years old. Valentine was police commissioner as the time Dutch was in the numbers racket a lottery based on quotations from the financial page. His number was up. Well back to the Puerto Ricans incidentally my reading on Thursday, April 22 was called Puerto de los Santos. Juan Santiago stabbing her 23 times veinte tres veces. The slaying took place at 5 P.M. Santiago was the 2nd Owney Vincent Madden

be such a big creep. Oh mama I can't go through with it please or and then he clips me. Come on. Cut that out we dont owe a nickel hold it against him. I am a pretty good pretzler--Winifred-- Department of Justice. I even got it from the department. Sir, please stop it. Say listen the last night. 'Don't holler.' 'I don't want to holler' 'What did they shoot you for?' 'I don't know sir, honestly I dont even know who was with me honestly. I went to the toilet. I was in the toilet and when I reached the boy came at me.' 'The big fellow gave it to you?' 'Yes he gave it to me.' Do you know who this big fellow was?' 'no' 'If we wanted to break



Its Hell here waiting on the corner of Magical St. Let me tell you about a score of year's dust on the window one summer the speaking clock his past history (lesser known Hebrew bulletins of interference) aged with moonlight travel along the Hudson a long time ago fresh southerly winds from remote landing the closing quotation to him in his lingo! '3rd Avenue Sympathy closing at 187 against 186 Scheme was sprung. The Board screaming: 'Rapid Transit' down the hall wait for the

Puerto Rican to hang himself in city cells since Feb. 3. The first death was that of Oswald Rivera, 20. The second death occurred February 12. Jaime Gonzalez 33 hanged himself with a plaid flannel shirt. It was Frank Gonzalez who shot Captain Clark - picture in Newsweek May 15, 1963 - precipitating an air crash in which 44 died. Captain Clark welcomes you aboard... Valentine Day Chicago 1929 7 Bugs Moran mobsters cut down in a garage on North Clark St. 'We will not demonstrate for this one' said Gilberto Valentine of the Nat. Association for Puerto Rican Rights. He was talking about the death of Santiago. Cesar Zapata of 23 W. 65 St died March 5, '65 hanged himself with a sort sleeved shirt..

Dec 23: A sixth army spokesman said tow more bodies were recovered from the Eel River. Lives lost in the California floods now total 23....

March 2, Daily News.. 23 killed in Montreal Apartment Blast.. Thes.

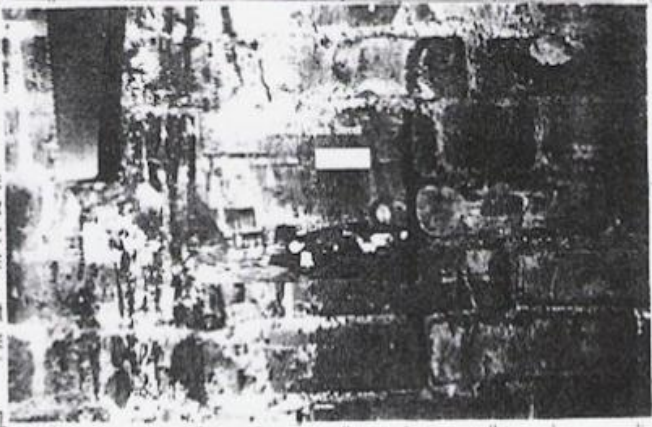
March 30, Daily News: 23 Die In Saigon As Bomb Rips Embassy.. New York Post.. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Monday, April 12.. ~~XXXXXX~~

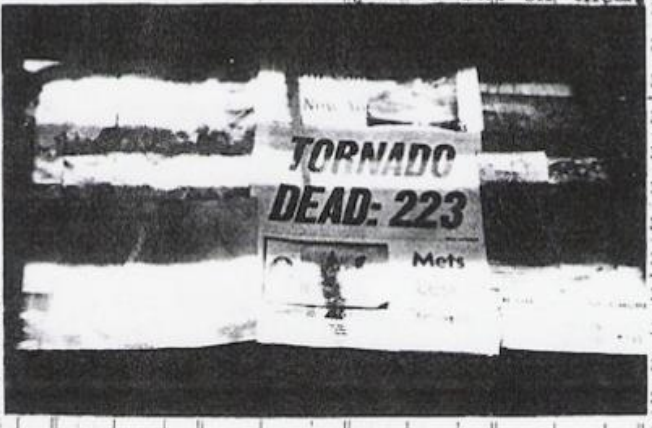
Tornado Dead: 223.....

On Easter Sunday.. mark Easter date.. by recording pieces of song and static from the radio cutting in new items and D.S. and my own texts...: Old silent movie music.. fadeout

the ring no please I get a month... They did it. Come on-a name not clear 6cut me off and says you are not to be the beneficiary of this will is that right? I will be checked and double checked and please pull for me. Will you pull? How many good ones and how many bad ones? please I had nothing with him he was a cowboy in one of the 7 days a week fight. No business no hangout no no friends nothing... Just what you pick up and what you need. I dont know who shot me Dont put anyone near this check.. You might have.. Please do this for me. Let me get up hey? In the old en days they waited and they waited.. Please give me shot. It is from the factory. Sure that is bed-well oh go ahead



smoke from nowhere. Speaking clock buttons the S. Atlantic. Only one caller of importance this week namely Mr. Jones. Electricity is in the air. Most fruitful achievement of the Amsterdam Conference a drunk policeman. 'Knights of the Road have taken field' bitterly saying a loud and angry voice flies through the air. Stein reverts to his magazine. The Committee has already bred a race of sheep. Serve 'Peace with one another'. 'Sexless providence supported by the rick.' ol iceman jumped out on them.



Gambler is executed in parking lot..Has it been in any other papers?..7 o'clock the evening of May 2, Memorial Baptist Church..gangland executioners transformed a ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ rendez vous on a west side parking lot into the blood bath yesterday..an appointment..appeal stuck..I showed him boss? Did you hear him meet me?..They shot to death one and critically wounded the other and escaped by car The glove will fit what I say..The victims were Michale Dentico Panterelli 52--I had not thought Death Magasine 52 had undone so many--the big prize in a national wonder sweep stakes--cut that out. We don't owe a nickel..hold it..ready and Gabriel Fulsonetti 47 Mount Vernon N.J. shot in the left side of the head on the dial WTA offers more music in the limelight..The song is ended but the ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ melody lingers on..I want to pay let them leave me alone..you and the song were gone but Fulsonetti under went emergency surgery at St. Vincent's hospital... Panterelli died instantly of a wound in the right chest and two ~~XXXXXX~~ wounds of the stomach.. the song is ended but the melody lingers on.. 3 bullet holes fringed round with jagged skin.. I found at the break of dawn..old stolen car.. silver paper in the wind sunlight on vacant lots

that happens for trying.I dont want harmony I want harmony Who give hit to him? Who give it to him? let me in the district fire-factory he was nowhere near.It smoldered.No,no..There are only ten of us there are ten million fighting somewhere of you. So get your onions up and we will throw in the ~~XXXXXX~~ truce flag. Oh please let meup Please shift me. Police are here. Communist ic strike--baloney--honestly this is a habit I get;sometimes I give it and sometimes I dont.Oh I am all in.That settles it.. Are you sure?Please let me get in and eat harness himself to you and then bother you? Please dont ask me to go there I dont want to I still dont want



Policeman a long time ago applied for that station (see last pages of Naked Lunch) Ticker rumors might help the editor to comprehend: 'Battersea, Bay of Naples warning'.. 'Alarm bells ringing all over London'.. 'A Crystal, Bay of Naples in the basement'.. 'My Home calling Rem.9' 'My Home calling Stereo Sounds..' 'es I will get you the photostats: Captain Clark's screeching tape recordings and the charred, remnants of XM 35 M gun.Look for picture post cards in the mail Death of Stonewall Jackson



30
31
32
33
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35
36
37
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40

The song is ended..smear
 red with the blood of
 old movies I am dying
 here..but the melody
 lingers on..dim street
 lights..a black cadillac
 in 1920 roads..and I fou
 nd with the break of
 dawn you and the song had
 gone..fading streets a
 distant sky..but the me
 lody lingers on..but the
 melody lingers on..but
 the melody lingers on...
 This way to the river...
 trying to get at my shoul
 der holster..they dyed
 my shoes..It was shortly
 after 2:30 P.M. when
 Pantarelli and Fulsonett
 I drove west on 29 St.
 pulled into the lot and
 parked..on the front se
 at of the car a large
 sum of money had not be
 en touched..the slayers
 ran to their own car
 sped south on 12th St.
 and vanished..and the
 old cop feels a prickle
 up the back of his neck..
 memory hit the old detec
 tive like a knife..There
 is nothing more memorabl
 e than a crisp frosty
 extra dry Martini made
 with Tribunal Vermont..
 black out falling..the
 sidewalk..suburbs here..
 I walk into a ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
 a bar restaurant..la
 pregunta musical..in the
 wash room mirror..Que
 tal Henrique? Image in
 the mirror? Was'nt any
 thing to say..silent ~~XXX~~
 film and could touch
 almost..orange pants..
 a half hour later the
 death weapon a German
 automatic was found in
 the wash room of a gara
 ge on 34th St wrapped

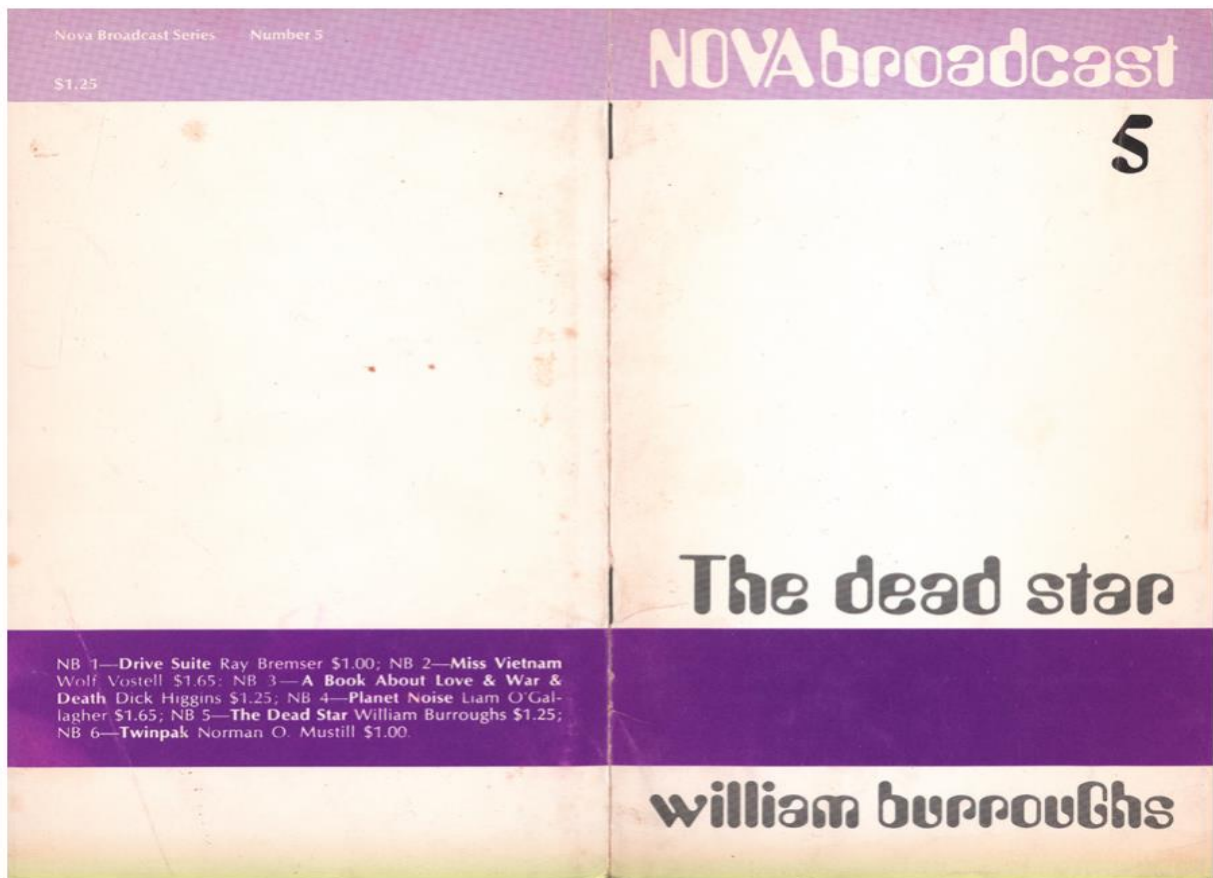
.Jo.I still dont want
 him in the path.It is
 no use to stage a rio
 t.The sidewalk was im
 trouble and the bears
 were in trouble and I
 broke it up.Please pu
 me in that room.Please
 keep him in control.
 My guilt edge stuff and
 those dirty rats have
 turned in.Please moth
 er don't tear don't
 rip;that is something
 that should not be sp
 oken about.Please get
 me up my friends.Look
 out the shooting is a
 bit wild and that kind
 of shooting saved a
 man's life.No par rol
 No walls.No coupons.
 That would be entire
 ly out.Pardon me I fo
 got I am plaintiff and
 not defendant.Look ou
 Look out for him.Plea
 se.He owed me money.
 He owes everyone money.
 Why cant he just pull
 out and give me control
 ?Please mother you ~~XX~~
 pick me up now.Please
 you knowme.No don't
 you scare me.My frien
 s and I think I do a
 better job.Police are
 looking for you all
 over.Be instrumental
 in letting us know.
 They are Englishmen an
 and they are a type
 and I dont know who is
 best they or us.Oh,sin
 get the doll a roofing
 You can play jacks and
 girls do that with a
 soft ball and do trick
 s with it.It takes all
 events into consider
 ation.~~XXXX~~ No. No.
 And it is no.It is con
 fused and it says no.

Italian suit and cowbo
 boots..Do not open till
 Christmas day slithery like
 grounded eel. Wow! Mr Brown
 said.Its a term she used..
 there at the back of the
 cupboard..why not now??
 the key..Why go ahead..the
 light is getting thin..it's
 getting dark,Tom and I'm
 cold awful cold.Pall the
 covers up over me..black
 out falling..last days..
 bye for now..back of the
 cupboard..why not now?..
 Why go ahead..crossing..the
 light thin..He know when
 he said ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
 when he said that back of
 cupboard..Wow.Mister that
 rebought Italian..grounded
 eel..Air!..dying in Italian
 getting thin..mist on re
 mote beach blue signal tow
 ers flicker empty streets
 half buried in sand..The old
 man opens the door a crack
 nice new key here and hiccups
 'Quiet the roses'
 Light is getting thin..its
 gone..fading streets..getting
 dark Tom..cold awful cold..
 My friends crossing me up..
 light thin after 2:30 P.M..
 Wow,Mister that man's life
 no pay..rebought Italian..
 getting memory? cold awful
 cold like a knife..there..
 pick me up now..shadows on
 the wall..Do not be surprised
 if the old sunlight in his
 voice is short..Find out now
 the world is dead? Tell me
 again? Agony to breathe here
 cold..blackout falling..cold
 like a knife..there..side~~XXX~~
 walk..suburbs here..looking
 for you..dead line..His
 clothes are crumpled about
 Earl's Court is the entire
 reply..Have fun in Omaha..
 Come on Tom its your turn
 click of distant heels.....

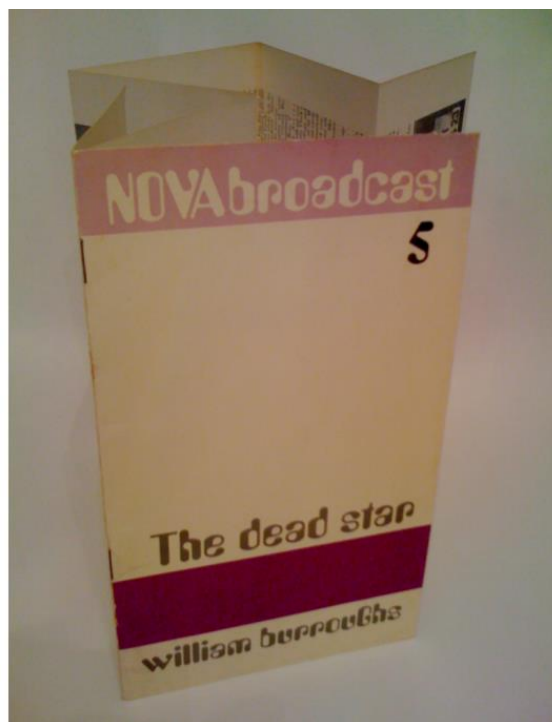
wrapped in newspapers and wedged under the wash basin..near Quincy Illinois 9 guardsmen trapped 14 hours in a farmhouse..that is something that should not be spoken about..Altar boy wins \$53,750 award in church fire..he owes me money..He owes everyone money..The Church's defence was that altar boy had been instructed not to start the fire unless the 'Priest' was present -a name not clear-was lighting a fire..Winds of Vietnam..It is confused and it says no... cinco..juego de Baltimore y Boston..sadi that no enemy fighters challenged them..Kim did you hear me? also an altar boy He was in church..There were several parishoners in the chuch when Stephen'ssurplice caught fire They beat out theflames and summoned medical help..Stolen car chase kills motorist..speeding at therate of 85 MPH..allegedly ~~XXXXXXXX~~ driven by an AWOL sailor yesterday andkilled the motorist..sehr liebt..they dyed my shoes..eis-
 10 enbahn..Wir bleiben
 11 deine besten kammaraden
 12 Jet fare from New York to
 13 to San Francisco..Maybe
 14 the Green Hornet could
 15 get that letter to you..
 16 Its worth a try anyway..
 17 The body of Anthony de
 18 Falco lies covered with
 19 a blanket..AWOLsince
 20 Tuesday..He was produce
 21 dealer..You go look thru
 22 the files..Have to hurry
 23 theguards.....

A boy has never wept nor dashed a 1000..Kim did you hear me? 2000 come on get some money in that treasury..We need it..I cant tell you to..that is not what you have in the book,Did you hear me? I would hear it..And the supreme court might hearit..If that aint thepay off..Please crack downon the Chiman's friends and Hitler's commander..I am going to give you money if I can..A work relief..Who gets it? But look out it can be traced..He changed for the worse..It was desperate..hyepull me out..I am half crazy..They dyed my shoes..Open thisup and break it so I can touch you Danny please get me in in the car..The Baron says these things..I knowwhat I am doing here with my collection of papers..To a collector it is worth a fortune..Look out for Jimmy Valentine for he is an old pal of mine..Come on come on Jim..Okay okay I am all through..Cant do another thing..Look out mama..You cant beat him..Come on open the soap duckets..The chimney sweeps take to the sword..Shut up you got a big mouth..Please help me up, Henery.. Max come over here.. French Canadian bean soap..I want to pay.. let them leave me alone.

Cold coffee sitting right where you are sitting now a chair that folds..boat whistling in theharbour cuts his voice..Ticker rumors might help thee editor to comprehend my dark host Had been in church as well a long time ago..Let metell you about a score of year's dust on the window fresh southerly winds from remote landing..J..Henrique only survivor spitting blood on rubbly outskirts of Lima.. An old junky selling Christ mas seals on North Clark St 'Fight tuberculosis, folks' 'The Priest' they called him Boat whistling in the harbor cuts his voice..East Beach shall I phone friendly Gray Post//?..dead line..closed at 88 Buttons..Only one caller this week plain Mr Jones Electricity is in their.. Clock tell you the time: 2 minutes to noon..A great white flash was reported 200 miles West of Land's End yesterday..Kim, where you are sitting nownear Quincy did you hear me? 2000 chairs that fold..a boat..Illinois..9 guardsmen..That altar boy the pay off..Please ~~XXXXXXXX~~ landing down on the China survivor..Great Atlantic Accident..Need a peg to hang it on..China, name address hotel quite right? the basement hall? Enemy fighters desperate..dead line closed them..Kim, I am half crazy at 88 Buttons..Only one caller..also an altar boy..Mr. Jones he was in church..I can touch you..tell you the time in the church..fire in the car..Look out for guardsmen..That altar boy..AWOL sailor..Jimmy Valentine for pay off..landing..China..




Couverture d'une réédition de ce texte par Nova Broadcast en 1969 et photographie permettant d'imaginer sa forme complète.



<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/the-top-23-most-interesting-burroughs-collectibles/23-the-dead-star/>

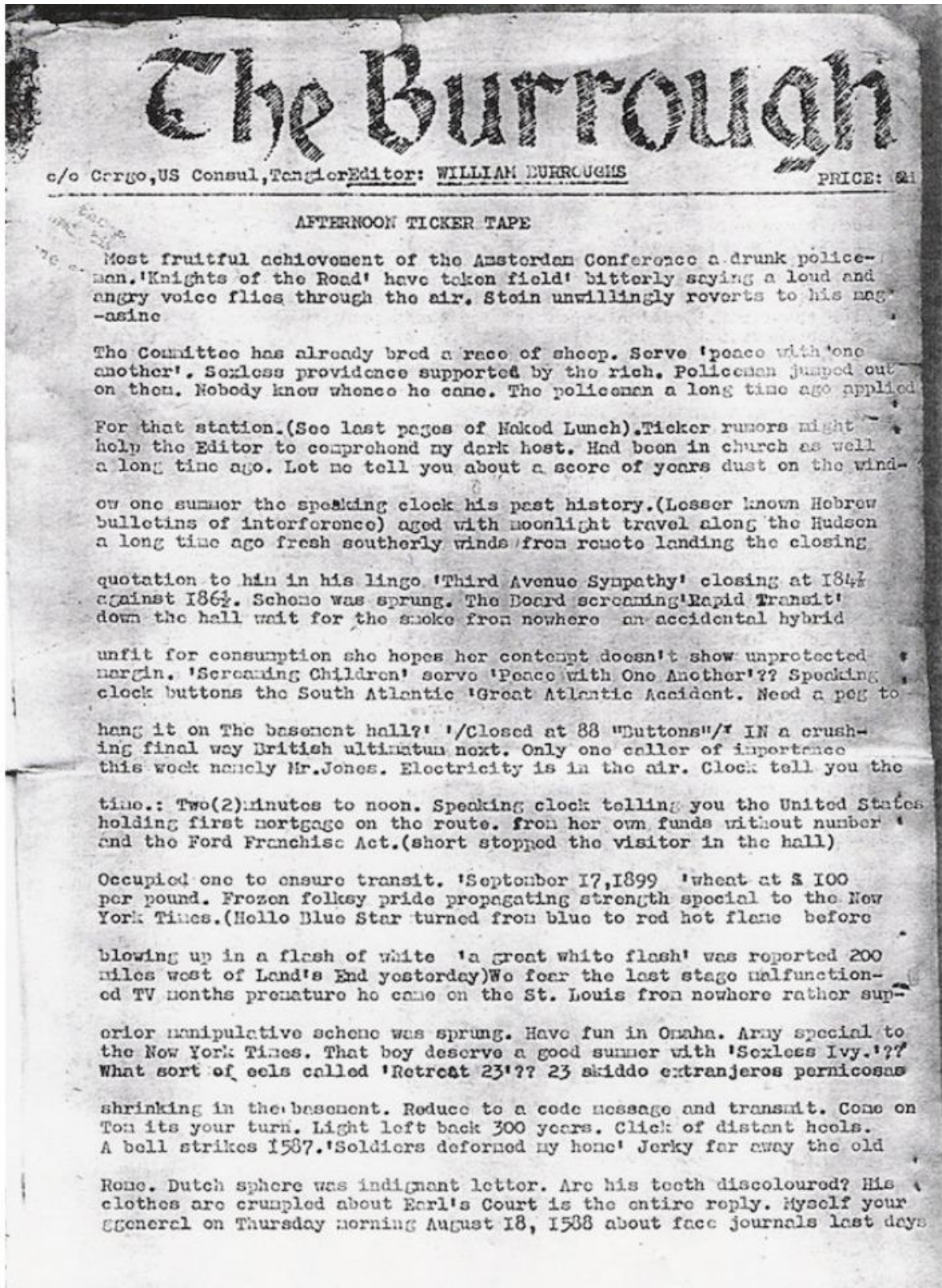
THE MOVING TIMES
Tomorrow's News Today Dec. 28

<p>Take a card any card from after noon ticker tape..(For Christ sake J.N. date your issues).. Now locate precise intersection points in present time word and image from newspapers magazines ectera. So here I am at</p>	<p>'ONAHA KID' SENDS JAIL ANNUAL NOTE AND \$10 PHOENIX, Ariz., Dec. 26 (AP)—The "Onaha Kid" has sent his annual Christmas message. "Please use for soda, food or candy for any prisoners stuck with Christmas in your lousy jail," said the message accompanied by a \$10 bill to the warden. Similar letters and notes have come for several years at Christmas time from various other jails. They always are signed "Onaha Kid," with no further identification. It appears that the jail will be vacant on Christmas. The money will be given to charity.</p>
<p><i>The Chase, Dick, Nancy & Lot</i> <i>c/o N. Kings Highway Blvd., S. Lind 5, Ill.</i> Name address hotel quite right?? We face the last stage and a malfunctioned TV months premature.. (Appeared on the Les Crane Show just before leaving New York for St. Louis.. Show your cards all players. Its the tobacco that counts 1 2 3 4). He came on St. Louis from nowhere.. (St. Louis Post Dispatch: A policeman in Dellwood suspended for drinking on duty—slobbered out drunk in his prowl car.) Most fruitful achievement of the Amsterdam Conference a drunk policeman came on St. Louis from nowhere.. The Committee has already bred a race of SHIPP. Now cut up the ticker tape and spread it around intersection points on the right 1 2 3 4</p>	<p>CHURCH NOTICES Have fun in Omaha </p>
<p>Have fun in their lousy jail... What sort of eels called 'Retreat 23'?? 23 in Eureka California.. (Rain marched across the valley in silver columns.. a wall of water you understand.. a long time ago from remote landings fresh admirably winds. Closing quotation to him in his lingo.. (A whale was washed up is the entire replay) Click of distant heels.. a bell strikes 21.. Are you a member of the union? Film Union 4 P.M.????.. jerky for away. Moths crumpled about Esra's Court is the entire reply.. The white whale stranded. British ultimatum next.</p>	<p>DEAD WHALE FOUND FLOATING IN HUDSON RIVER NEW YORK 26—A dead whale, 40 to 50 feet long, was found floating in the Hudson River Thursday off Manhattan's Seventh street Marina. Dr. Karl P. Koepman, a mammalogist at the American Museum of Natural History, said it was the first large whale he recalled being sighted in the New York harbor since one was stranded in the Gowanus Canal in Brooklyn in the 1840s.</p>

The above collage illustrates how incidents were forecast in cross-column readings and cut-ups published in My Own Mag previously... white whale stranded/dead whale found floating in the Hudson... a drunk policeman/a policeman in Dellwood/Lush Country man... eels called retreat/California's Eol river ...Have fun in Omaha/The 'Onaha Kid'...These are intersection points. Find your own and send to Wn. Burroughs c/o Grove Press, 60 University Place, NYC.

« The Moving Times », publié dans My Own Mag (n° 11), on note le support livre de compte utilisé.

<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/my-own-mag/>



« The Burroughs » publié dans *My Own Mag* (n° 6). Page 1.

<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/my-own-mag/>

**FOR YOUR
WORD SWAP**
SEE BURNED PAGE ISSUE
OR MY OWN MAG.

Rock through the sky-
light. 'Giver Of Winds'
is its name.
24 hour 'lamps' with
batteries must be ready
for the earth. 'Beds' are
necessary. Let it de-
side. God saw that it was
as good for a long stay.
Emergency people of
light brought forth his
standard model shelter
proof Heaven: white
hot copper skies. God saw
that it was 'Good
God emergency' cast his
gaze to Heaven and ex-
claimed: 'Oh Heaven,
help a poor old queen'
and rested assured that
no wise survivor would
repeat his last words
and how could he have
said better 'every man
for himself scave quick
pent. I hurt I hurt I
hurt?? Following equip-
ment been provided with
thout form and void and
death I think is send-
ing faulty equipment.
The District Supervisor
put in an urgent request
for heavy weapons and
shock troops. Seconds
later he gave the order:
Towers, open fire.

went to hear pay talk, Dad.
in desperate battle. We
place, Mister? Have been
Away'. 'Going some-
s for Himself the 'Easy
moment stolen cheap pent
wall popping raw creamy
was closed. Over the
closed. God saw that it
ladder doors open doors
rung of the educational
ithmetic 1917?? First
man is Common Sense Ar-
re left from Pitman's Pit
'Wounded?? How many we
ot gun there from 1917
ed it could Spanish sh-
Easy Way' had telegraph-
ged town Mountain. The
arch to relief of basic
army from 1917. Army na-
Pipes attracted a rusty
skin-natural-noises'.
of 'great-event-war-
so ardently desirous
elementary schools are
People smuggling in our
milk at 3d per quart.
to a milk dealer buys
rusty wool handcuffed
gained?? noon tale of
percentage would I have
faces 'Had I sold what
all of white breakfast
out down the echoing h-
asine' His roaring th-
Stop press for my mag-

Heaven

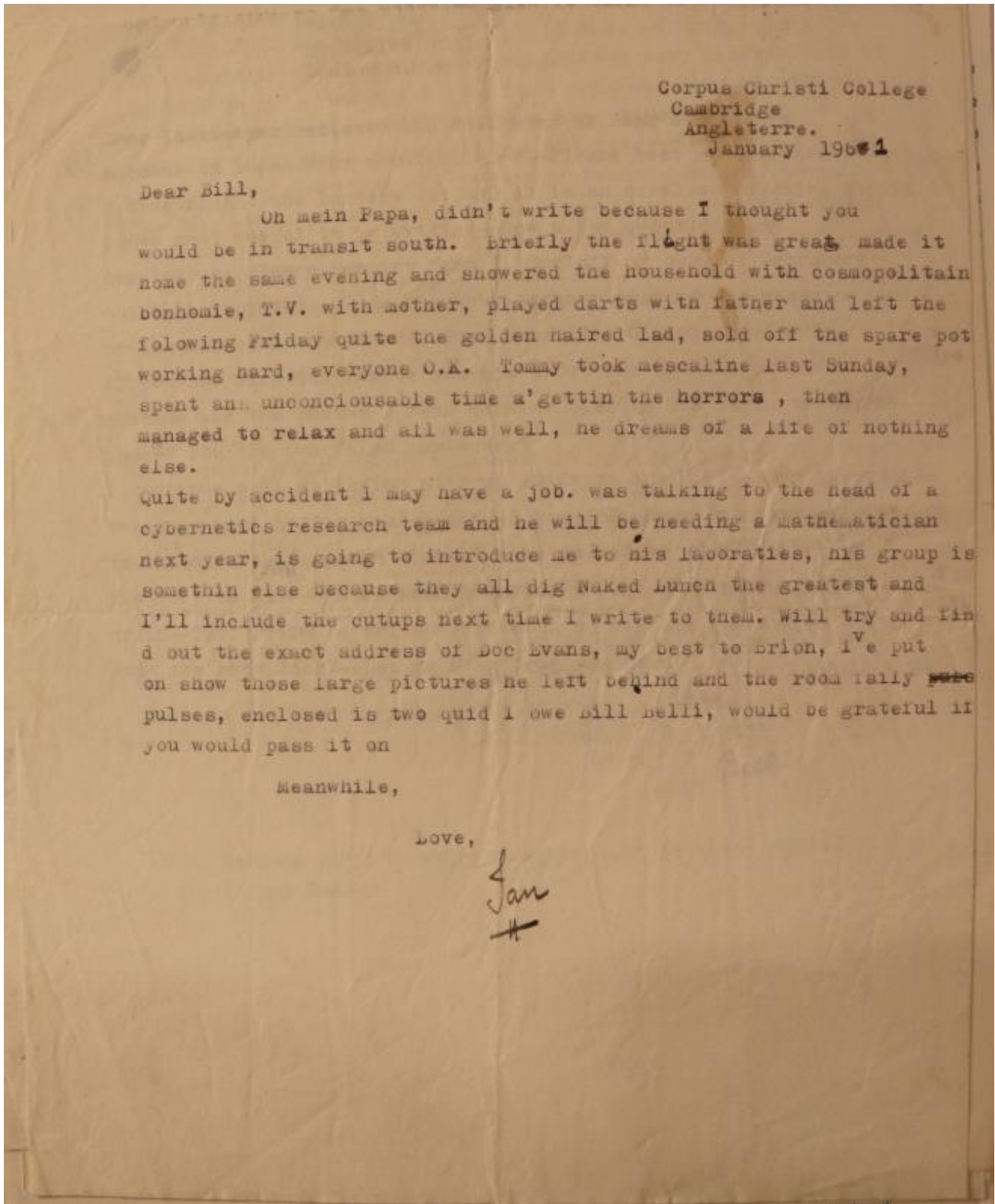


equip his roaring th-
roct a magazine to the
relief of the world '19
17'. Cast his 'great
events' gaze to Heaven
and so ardently exclai-
ned: 'Heaven help our
elementary school queen
people smuggled in 1917
rested assured milk
at 3d a quart'
'Had I sold what at 3d
per quart?? I hurt I hu-
rt I hurt' down the echo-
ing hallback across the
sky stolen cheap penta
urgent request down
the echoing hall for:
'heavy weapons and
shock magazine cops
Towers open fire
Emergency people of light
from Pitman's Common
Sense Arithmetic 1917,
give it to the Queen
for breakfast (rushed
every available sister
for murder time so ar-
dently desirous of
setting foot on the
percentage I had gain-
ed from Pitman's Common
Sense Arithmetic 1917
which had telegraphed
it could hold out 18
more days marches at
the rate of 18 miles
a day would it be there
in time?

traced from the format of
Time Magazine P. 40, September
13, 1963. Put any pictures
that fits from your time
into this time space.
W.B.

Page 2. On notera les encarts laissés vierges par l'écrivain afin que les lecteurs y insèrent leurs illustrations.

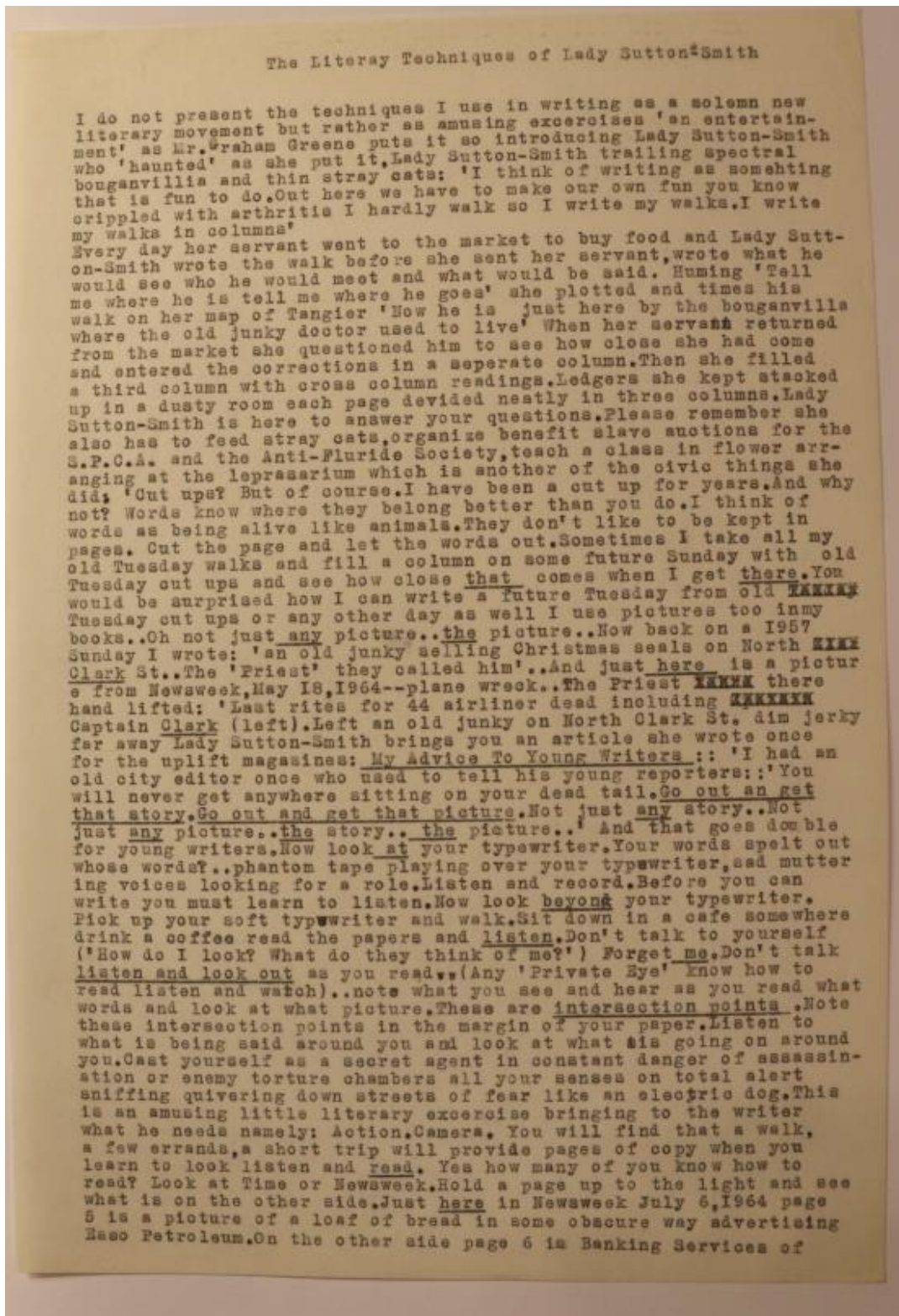
ANNEXE 15



Lettre d'Ian Sommerville à William S. Burroughs dans laquelle il évoque sa promotion de la technique du *cut-up*.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 20, Item 62)

ANNEXE 16



Manuscrit de « The Literary Techniques of Lady Sutton-Smith », publié ensuite dans le *Times Literary Supplement* en 1964. Page 1.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 57, Folio 34, Item 34)

American Express. Now 'bread' in hip lingo used by old time 'Yegg Men' means money. How many of you saw that money behind the 'bread' ? When you read a novel look and listen out. I recently took The Quiet American by Mr. Graham Greene on a short trip from Tangier to Gibraltar so sitting in the saloon of the Mons Calpe cold mist outside fog horns blowing I read 'Pyle looked dreamily at the milk bar across the street. 'Was that a grenade ?' he said' No that was not a grenade. That was a fog horn..cold mist through the milk bar. (Note in the margin). Now look around and see if you can find 'Pyle' in the saloon. Yes there he is..bottle of beer.. quiet American eyes. So take any book on a trip and make a reading diary. Now arrange your reading diary in one column. In another column the so called events: arrivals and departures..hotels.. ('I wondered peevishly if I might not find every hotel on the Rock full of Swedes')..incidents..waiter there with the ~~XXXX~~ wrong wine..In a third column enter all the thoughts and memories stirred by the trip..Tangier Gibraltar..Gibraltar Tangier..'Captain Clark welcomes you aboard..Set your clocks forward an hour..Set your clocks back and hour..' Now read cross column and see what an interesting trip you have made and how much there is to write about really because any interaction point in present time contains all your past times and maybe your future time as well..What's that? I'm a little hard of hearing..Oh no of course you don't use all your cross column readings any more than you use all your cut ups or fold ins. You only use the ones that fit you know. Yes it is a lot of work picking them out and putting them just here in the right place. I have often thought much of the opposition to cut ups was perhaps a premonition of the amount of work and precision required to use them properly. So look at a page you have written and move the lines around why not? Read from line one down to line anything: 'I do not present just any picture..All your senses on Milk Bar Alert you can write on North Clark St. intersection points..The 'Prisat' there, quiet hand lifted brings you my advice to young writers..Forget me from old Tuesday intersection points..I on the other side..sad muttering voices.. a few errands..An old junky writes in the margin dim jerky far away Get that picture'? You know how to read behind a novel? Future fog across arrivals and departures? Smell of ashes rising from the typewriter? Fear like this is an amusing literary exercise put away in some remote file::The Nova Police Gazette. Yes I keep all my papers in files and the title of the file tells me what is there already and what belongs there. Inspector J. Lee of The Nova Police like everyone who does a job works to make himself obsolete. I keep files on all my characters with identikit pictures When I see a picture in a newspaper or magazine that seems to have something of Doctor Benway, A.J. or Inspector J. Lee I cut it out and return it to the appropriate file with all the intersection readings from novels newspapers and magazines its all here in the files stacked up in a dusty room and that's about the closest way I know to tell you and papers rustling across city desks. Always tell my young reporters get 'Get the name and address. Lady Sutton-Smith returned to a cool Sunday file. Fresh southerly winds stir papers on the city desk.

Note: The first cut ups were made by Mr. Brion Gysin Summer of 1960 and appeared in Minutes To Go September 1960. There are many ways to do cut ups: 1. Take a page of text and draw a line down the middle and cross the middle. You now have four blocks of text 1 2 3 4. Now cut along the lines and put block 1 with block 4 and block 2 with block 3. Read the rearranged page. 2. Fold a page of text down the middle lengthwise and lay it on another page of text Now read across half one text and half the other. 3. Arrange your texts in three or more columns and read ~~XXXXXX~~ cross column. 4. Take any page of text and number the lines. Now shift permutate order of lines 1 3 6 9 12 ectera. There are of course many other ~~XXX~~ possibilities. A throw of the words gives you new combos. Selection and use is up to the writer.

ANNEXE 17

Totem Press
27 COOPER SQUARE
NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

9 Nov

Bill, Do you think you can get me very quickly a copy of
The Soft Machine? Wd like to take some parts for the ant'y.
Also, what about Naked Lunch? Is that coming out soon, and
if so, what is the possibility of excerpting Olympic Edition?
But if it is coming out before Spring, there wd be no real
reason to put pieces in the ant'y.

In which case I wd like
something from Soft Machine, any other new pieces you might
have...also Novis Express material.

What I want is to swell
your section, which is not at all sufficient if I can't
take from Naked Lunch.

But hope, anyway, that that book gets
published here soon. Kulchural lag getting boring, as far as
that item.

At any rate, please let me know soon, as we are
trying desperately to get to press.

Best,
LeRoi Jones

-Saw a very cowgirlish "interview" w/ you in Village Voice
this week by women named Morrisett(?)

Lettre de Leroi Jones à William S. Burroughs, 1962.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature,
The New York Public Library (Box 79, Folio 26, item 30)

ANNEXE 18

BIG TABLE

1316 north dearborn pkwy. — chicago 10 — delaware 7-0432

29 May 60

Dear William Burroughs: Please don't attribute my silence & lack of decision re: Brion Gysin MSS as want of candor or to any playing of role of callow indifferent editor. I am sorry my delay got on yr nerves. Extenuating circumstances are usually a cheap & often dishonest excuse: but in this case they hold. Believe when I say that during the past month & a half I haven't had a minute free to read or rethink even one MSS. The Gysin MSS (among others) kept nagging at the back of my mind. But other things simply had to come first. First of all: a long enervating hassle re: printing of BT 4. (Issue is finally out. Copies will reach you next week or week after at latest. A good issue, finally.) Then, due to circumstances I won't bore you with, I had to take over & double as business/circulation/production/advertising mgr of mag in addition to being editor. It takes time. And energy. I must work at another job during day & only time I can catch free to work on BT is night. So: please realize that my ~~silence~~ silence wasn't due to indifference. Understand that an incredible amnt of menial enervating timeconsuming work must go into putting out a mag which has no \$ behind it and a circulation of 10000 an issue.

Please understand this and forgive my delay with the Gysin material. As I told you I find Gysin new & terribly difficult to get into. I tried to take my time. I didnt want to miss what might be an excellent & new author. But there simply wasn't enuf time to summon energy & concentration & adjustment his work requires. I had hoped for some spare time once BT 4 was printed & mailed & distributed. But...

Please advise me if Gysin knows I had his MSS. If so I want to write him a letter of apology for delay. But I dont want to stick nose into what might be a delicate situation between the two of you. Let me know so I will know what to do. Thanks.

And please don't forget I am very anxious to discuss possibility of bringing out a book of your work. I look forward to anything you care to send to BT. Deadline for BT 5: 15 June. It could be stretched for you: but as soon as possible. (In other words: please don't drag the way I did.)

Cordially:

Paul
Paul Carroll

I hope, deeply, everything is OK between us. I have told you often how much I respect you & yr work.

Lettre de Paul Carroll à Burroughs dans laquelle il exprimait sa difficulté à appréhender le *cut-up*.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 79, Folio 13, Item 1).

ANNEXE 19

August 23 1960
Cargo American Express
London

Dear Paul Carroll:

I am glad you have not gone to press with the material I sent you. Perhaps it is difficult out of context. since you find it so and since i now have opening to publish in context of thrity or forty pages I would prefer to send you something else as near as possible along the straight narrative lines. ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Remember that what I am sending you is part of a whole structure and will be i think readily understandable when the ~~xxxxx~~ structure is completed. In any case I will try to send you something in the line of ~~xxxx~~ self explanatory unit. Meanwhile could you please return the M.S. I sent? (No hurry since I have copy) Good luck with your BIG TABLE

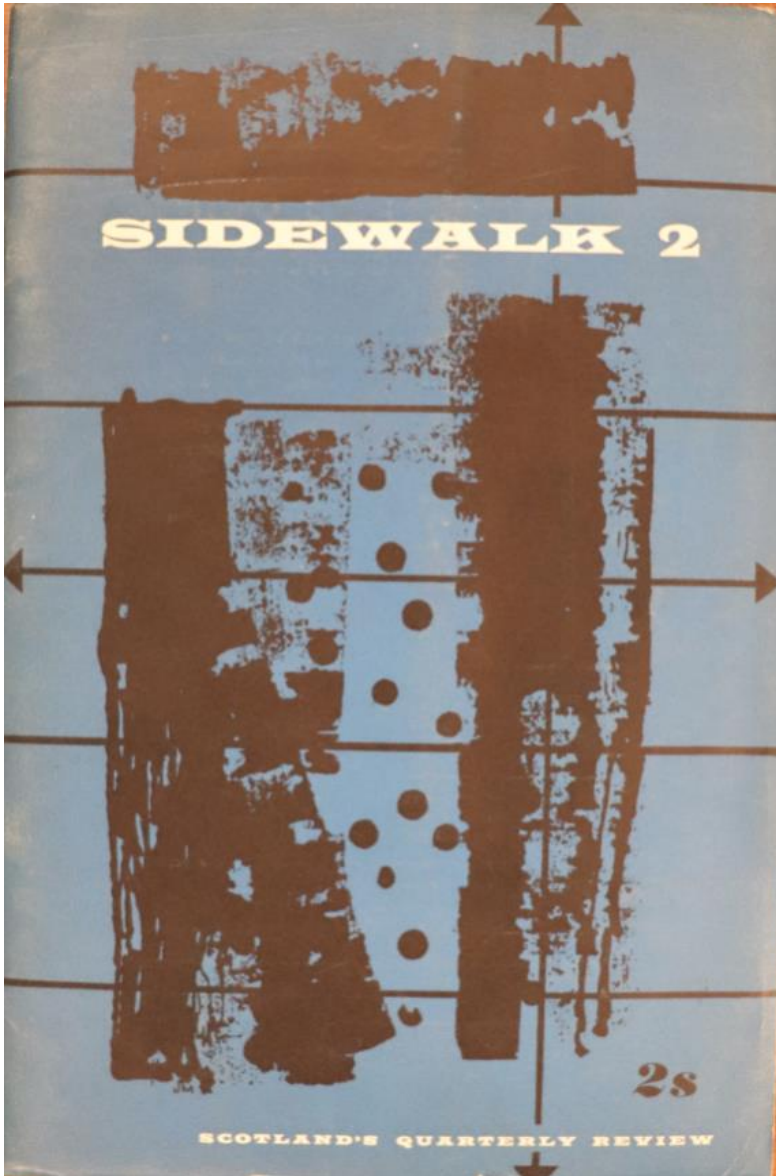
Sincerely

William Burroughs

Réponse de Burroughs à Paul Carroll.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature,
The New York Public Library (Box 79, Folio 13, Item 2)

ANNEXE 20



Couverture et table des matières de
Sidewalk (n° 2), publié en 1960 par
Alex Neish.

William Seward Burroughs Papers,
MS SC BU. Arizona State
University Library: Rare
Books and Manuscripts, BU-
MAG. 129

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Have you seen Slotless City?

The Area of Total Pain Total Alert Total War. Between the sexes and almost every body. Baby and Semen Market Interzone where the sexes meet to exchange The Basic Commodity.

"The Property" babies are called in this place. Are shown with Time Projector. Light lines pulling The Property to The Age Of Consent. A clear young going face flashes on The Auction Screen. Frantic Queens of all nation scream: "A DOLL! A DOLL! A DOLL!" Bid Tobacco Auction sound effects. Claw each other to pieces with leopard claws and broken bottles. Riots irrupt like sand storms. Spraying the streets and plazas of Intedzone with severed limbs and jumping heads.

Biological parents in most cases are not owners of The Property they ward acting under orders of Absentee Proprietors to install the indicated Stops and Word Lines to punctuate The Written Life Script. The Script is referred as: "The Other Half Of The Property."

With each Property goes such a Life Script. Shuttling between Property Farmers and Script Writers a legion of runners fixers guides agents brokers faces insane with purpose. Mistakes and confusion pandemic. Like A Buyer has a First Class Property and a lousy Grade B Life Script. Cries: "F—— my Life Script will you cheap Down Grade Bitch"!! Sound effects of mayhem. Everywhere Claim Jumpers and Time Nappers jerking The Time Position of A Property.

"And left me standing there without a spare jacket or a grey hound to travel in my Property back in 1910 Panama. I dont even feel like a human without my Property. How can I feel without fingers?"

"Everyone of them ingrates. Take it from an Old Property Buyer."

The Life Script Writers live in total fear and hate. Surrounding themselves with murderous enemies and rejecting all allies with inflexible pananoia. Sooner or later pushed out by The Down

Graders and Book Agents who take over and write First Grade Property out in Soap Opera Shit from The Chemical Corn Bank. Will Hollywood never learn? Serving The Brain Photo Of Sex.

The Property can also be jerked forward in time and sold at any age. The life of Advanced Property is difficult to say the least. Poison Virus Agents trooping in and out his place at all hours: "We just dropped in to see some friends a population of patrols." Strangers from Peoria waving Quit Claim Deeds. Skip Tracers Collectors Claim Jumpers demanding payment for alleged services say: "We own the other half of The Property." Which the property has no way to know what services or disservices he talking about since he cant see his own Life Script and all this oil is totally unknown to him. And he isnt even born yet to be exposed to these abject demands and horrible old characters want him for a ventriloquist dummy or a dirty picture or something disgust you to see it and he cant see it and they con The Property this is just his own nastiness and take pictures of him in a disgusting position which they shoot at him everywhere and when he reacts with total fear and hate this reinforces and charges the dirty pictures you dig an old gimmick to panic The Property into some appalling turnstile. Con sufficient punishment as to be perhaps the language of. And The Temple reeked of Time Principal and Agence in force.

The Down Grade Photographers move through the area on silent hinges taking Down Grade Pictures for The Image Projector charged with Theta Rays from Properties they keep in continual pain and deprivation. Death House Pictures charge that Image Projector. The Down Graders make it all into junk and walk around cold and blue as liquid air ice in their frozen spines. Wrapped in orange flesh robes. They all have Flocks Phantoms Subs Dubs living ventriloquist dummies into where they pour Down Grade Continuity. The charge of course is pain of the living dummy lives in threat of total down grade out in stale streets of crack we found you cringeing before A Waiter. Remember? Right back where we found thee ingrate.

The Dummy Revolt flashed round the world when they took it to Cut City. And talked out of turn and threw The Words and Image back. And dragged the Down Graders out of their cool slate blue houses and kicked the frozen flesh into screaming crystals on the Brass And Copper Street. Under the sun. Will Hollywood never learn? Unimaginable Disaster Teen Age Future Time.

A canal stocked with prop boats. Along both sides up and down down Danes mooch up a breeze. It is their work. Drunken Swedes equally sincere. The Water Front New Haven made in Hollywood and Ahlburg. The Danish Operation. Bar fronts in Post Card Pink Blue Green pulse with numerical intensity repeated to the Nth Power Neon Blast of Grade B Image Rays. The Travellor from Down Grade numb with Down Grade Con-Threat could not see The Counterfeit. Bar backed by a pink shell. New Orleans jazz thin in the Northern Light. A boy slid off a white silk bar stool

and held out a hand: "Hello I'm Johny Yen a friend of ——— Well just about everybody."

He dissolved in yellow light and sank into The Travellor. Hooked on light lines in Johny Yen Hand brushed his hair back in Spring Wind or ran light dawn fingers across his stomach. But when it came to Personal Appearances——Short Lunch in The Sun.

"Johny never gives out once youre hooked chum. Its only the one he cant hook gets it from him."

A million light virus hooks through flesh and Johny held the Line of Freeland. And was promoted to General Yen on TV.

He could pull a million hair lines in and out of flesh and haunt the thirsty night with dream water. Fish Market serving The Brain Photo of Sex. So he controlled the area and took what he needed to keep his form. The Beautiful Sickness is hard to kick. Pleasure Centers out of bounds and over The Bread Fence can not stop wanting. The Fix The Arrest The Stop is permanent in Most Cases. Change Centers inundated and occupied by Yen Light Flicker The Northern.

Travellor say only this should have been obvious from Her Fourth Grade Junk Class. So He took Johny's Word And Image and shattered into a million pieces and rayed back along the line. In forty eight hours see Johny on the line ready to talk deal. See Johny could take or leave an unhooked Travellor but he was hooked to all his clients deeper than they hooked to him and that what he did not want a client to see might have seen on personal sex contact. In short time he could not kick a client: "Selling is more of a habit than using."

Johny had been a just good looking boy green eyes red hair when he arrived in Freeland working for The Yankee Dollar with PHOTO WORDS CHANGE. WORD & IMAGE SYNDICATE. Slashtubitch Impressario of Sex Movies and Short Wave TV spotted Johny light quality and created General Yen. Nobody likes to be created a cover story for Thing Police. Under cover The Property does not improve. And when it no longer serves they leave it right where they found it strictly from monkey without the Utilities Trak Service. So Johny wanted out but he was hooked in the worst form there is: "Selling is more of a habit than using." He made a deal with The Travellor.

"I can dissolve all thee way and leave The Body behind you dig is The Base from where the lines are pulled. With out traction no light pull no hook you dig. I will dissolve myself in thee carry me out and pass me on to a Kind Host. Place of The Assassins."

Calling Time Of The Assassins. Come In Please. Have You Seen Slotless City? Reached by those who can pass The Border Police of The Down Grade Reservation. Thing Police remember keep all Board Room Reports. They have The Life Scripts in their position slots Take It To Cut City. Make Slotless City. Place Of The Assassins. Where every agent has orders to kill. *All other agents.* Flash bulb of total urgency blazes in all out faces pass the

mirror lines streets in neon swirls. Total competition for Space Prize. Move and counter move cancel out The Board as Chessmen go up in bitter almond vapor. Without Love-Junk cover orgasm severs word lines leave agents with no orders to merge into one character and bug almost every body as "Klinkers": Agents who operate outside the lines and say the most awful things absolutely anywhere top secret classified spilling out with corny jokes enough to empty Board Rooms of The City to hear what these Klinkers will say. Klinkers dont care. They made Slotless City.

THE CUT UP METHOD OF BRION GYSIN

Tristan Zara at a Surrealist Rally in the 1920s proposed to create a poem on the spot by pulling words out of a hat.

The method was grounded on The Freudian Couch. In The Summer of 1960 Brion Gysin Painter and Writer cut newspaper articles into sections and rearranged the section LOOKING AWAY. Result was direct messages from Write Now.

Method is simple: Take a page or more or less of your own writing or from any writer living and or dead. Any written or spoken words. Cut into sections with scissors or switch blade as preferred and rearrange the sections *looking away*. Now write out the result. Doctor Neuman Theory of Games and Economic Behavior introduced the cut up principle of random action into military and game strategy. It is now being used by Russian Chess Masters.

Applications are literally unlimited cut out from time limits. Old Word Lines Keep you in Old World Slots. Cut your way OUT. Scissors or switch blade as preferred. Take it to CUT CITY.

SLOTLESS CITY CUT UP, CUT CITY

Time Napper jerking tie. And left me standing a grey hound I dont even feel like. How can I feel? My Property back in 1910. without fingers?"

"Every one of them ingrates, Buyer"

Opera shit from the chemical. Never Learn? Repeated to the Nth Power rays. The Travellor from Grade Con Threat backed by a pink shell. The Northern Lights. Friend of . . . Well just about." And sank into The Travellor the lines in Johny Yen hand back in Spring wind. Or ran his stomach. But when it came short lunch in the sun. "Hooked chum from him." Through flesh. And Johny was promoted to General Yen on hair lines in and out for flesh with dream water. Fish Market sex. So he controlled to keep his form The Beautiful. Klinkers dont care. They are jerked forward in time and sold. Advanced Property. Virus Agents. "We

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Manuscrit du texte publié dans ce magazine. Page 1. On remarque que la page ne se termine pas au même endroit que dans la version publiée, ce qui explique pourquoi le découpage du *cut-up* inclus dans le magazine est différent de celui qui serait réalisé à partir du texte publié.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 4, Folio 62, Item 36)

The Property can also be jerked foreward in time and sold at any age. The life of an Advanced Property is difficult to say the least. Poison Virus Agents trooping in and out of his place at all hours; "We just dropped in to see some freinds a population of patrols". Strangers from Peoria waving Quit Claim Deeds. Skip Tracers Collectors Claim Jumpers demanding payement for alleged services say; "We own the other half of ~~the~~ Thee Property" while of course The Property has no way to know what services or disservices he talking about since he cant see his own Life Script and all this oil is totally unknown to him, . And he isnt even born yet to be exposed to these abject demands and horrible old characters want him for a ventriloquist dummy or pornographic film or something distasteful disgust you to see it and he cant see it and they con The Property this is just his own nastiness and take pictures of him in a disgusting position which they shoot at him anywhere and when he reacts with total fear and rage this reinforces and charges the dirty pictures you dig an old gimmick to panic the Property into some Appalling turnstile.

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"No good. No bueno. Hustling myself"

"Johny never gives out once youre hooked chum. Its only the one he cant hook gets it from him."

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Calling Time Of The Assassins. Come in Please. Have you seen Slotless City? Reached by those who can pass The Border Police of The Down Grade Reservation.

(6)

Thing Police remember keep all Board Room Reports. They have Thee Life Scripts in there position slots. Take It To Cut City. Mack Slotless City. Place of The Assassins. Where every ~~Agent~~ Agent has orders to kill every other agent. Flash bulb of total urgency blazes in all out faces pass the ~~no~~ mirror lined streets in neon swirls. Tota Competition for Space Prize. Move and counter move cancel out The Board as Chessmen go up in bitter almond vapor. Without love-junk cover orgasm severs word lines leave The ~~Agents~~ ^{Agents} with no ~~orders~~ orders to merge into one character and bug almost everybody as Klinkers; Agents who operate outside the lines and say the most awful things absolutely anywhere top ^Q secret classified spilling out with corny jokes enough to empty Board Rooms of The City to hear what these Klinkers will say. Klinkers dont care. They are made Slotless City.

ANNEXE 21

LURK DELIGS MAKE REPEATED BIDS FOR SURVIVAL !!!!!!!!
ACT FOW OR PERISH, SAYS EAST GERMA. POPE-----
A Government spokesman said today that outbreaks of
the dreaded humanity had occurred in several parts of
this world of ours. One of the main symptoms of this
phenomenon is the appearance of pieces of paper marked
as in the pictures below. If found, such morsels should
be approached with the usual rubber sucker on the end
of a hinged bamboo cane. Then, with the nose and eyes
masked in sponge saturated with the mixture of urine
and custard recommended in Civil Defense pamphlets,
remove the offending object to a marshy place and return
to your television set as quickly as possible in order to
make up for time lost in this tiresome but necessary
precaution.

FROM: H. B. WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

For and four days popping sink formula he un-noises a public state-
-ment : Tell Laura I love distant boy made of youth from amateur
surgeon's mirror on diseased face shyly made blotch drip soap sud
noises handcuffed to 'HE'. Smell please a thin boy just sent to
you Old Guy lifted off a sexy thought bush such very nice natural
writhing responses. He made pretend noises and knew such things.
We got to untalking on question studying the porch noise here from
work used to be he, sister. A thin newspaper boy out public and get
one dim porch mirror on diseased waiting face return various bits
and pieces of the picture : that he coin a nice Guy lyth the bastard
dirtier than Coin A Smell Dora. Flesh diseased dirty pictures return
you can't that way. Let's face it you old gimp can't come liapet
mouthed around testing for relish. Good long time my mother hugging
stolen stink formulae cheap noon tele-off the air. Rotta little
you act vent sour a season since dying for water. Hello there you
bastard scratching his stained cup of tea no dice love's off the
attic thing to re-noise boy number is dial H-E-L-P: Voice so painful
to 'Annie Laurie': "Help come. Some land....."

FROM: H. B. WISEL. HOLLO: POETS

Painful of clocksprings-- news--
Old rusty wool of mind-- of jabbermind--

O, fellow citizens.

Première contribution de Burroughs à *My Own Mag* (n° 3).

<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/my-own-mag/>

For sad sp four days was worried soap suds a	for sad @4 ing end noi soap suds a noise come	fragments -the good she th-fall we got to tel	I did'at day ee stink for distata wet laugh un-	dayer sad lad smooth way on one ought talking on question	popp mulae prick question
unique burn- normal ret- here are som smoth way to be me distant wet	come shyly spout eggs nog on dead holes prick a thin new prick trap	ray televisio ten spot on me response noise home spaper boy would chea	the phone sometim e f for example prick pray out public en boy alone	on show shi dead proik studying the from work looked little and get	fting stance good used there Spraks
one cheap met voice s er aside	public statem youth such normal rott-	abd kn so laughing unique Ray-	smooth sexed things relish en spot dorm-	ew public closing thi s mond burn- ing	state- s pray- ing
after popp- vision cov- sed respons setn marrie	adable post life lads gr noise and he knew such	ing on noon er sex- ne- e sexed her ed couple	card able eat public lplessly shhhh nat-	tele- to holes bared for act- the flo made preten d	cheat for or ties d zesty
ural writh- ing good se like want- the page:	worn out hap chest cover sex please his	ings your x example ing tells y 'Recess tim	film just vision pens boy scratch ass?	laugh like prick been ou blurred y e' just to	scann- sent all off show
helplessly ing stink reponse colon laug-	help come post card lads that placid deem	a thin boy formulae pa noises litt hing in sea-	some ador- able life, dirty film knew such	will be end- in full tell He un-noise p suds blur	noise normal of cosy ed
you out li- al bush. on little dim one ret	shhhhaat Feelings in dist itory prick wanting tell	ke I lifted l pleaseh ha- there disea- ten listen	ural writh- tant dorm- be n sent track pulse	off good lplessly fa- sed still wa- like prick	norma- lling aiting little
pleasure shyly spout sad lad's a shock to	response one rotten spot for you re- rotten wa	soap suds re-sound tr dim comfort- see mirror	prickin g king on tel ish like got to ta-	smoothcans ack elish able perch shyly call no	days for 'Mister normal
response jerky far face one un-noise of	beat sneak- just to you around brok helplessly	youth there away mirror rotten sad cozy colon	ing recess out like en feel plea falling let	lands on dis on diseased demitory trap far a	time waiting se way
good bye to floor. Sad in soiled		me on jerky dermitery clothes		far away standing a distant	1920 there sick

Manuscrit du texte précédent soumis à la méthode des grilles (1964).

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 21, Folio 18, Item 18)

For sad four I did'nt the prick un-question 'unique burn-Raymond.He come shyly	made pret-	days pop p- noises a ing youth spouting egg	end noises and knew such things gradually	ing stink public at- relish lost nog on 'Bea d Hole's'	formulase ment normal 's'
studying the good smoot a single sex-h story of then after- her activit noises and	way she th- y thought neon tele- ies married helplessly knew such	Falls on one rottna spot to chest be gn sent???? Shhhh	ought shyly we got to vision to couple made natural wri	out of talking cover pretend thing	
Your laugh- just-to-you One rotten ofa rottne	Like scan out like listen like how I fell	ing-good sewe I lifted off preeck.Little sad dormitor-	example gg good normal responses helplessly	y-prick-be- a bush.Feel youth there Y.A thin boy will be	en-sent- please. lands on will be
A shock to there now our worn out boy scratch-	*come.lau-see mirror of gh.This pr-with a tele- ick feel film just ha- please. a ing his ass	windy nor- mal good smooth stor y.spickling	diseased face scope you ppens to be some focus	I was can watch a young I did'nt	
Was terrib- destroy the television shifting re-	"Was'nt anyly worried I'm not herway to expl- e to greet show advert- remember my lish for in- sound track	littleu un- noise of con y colon trap to relish your prick	would cheap-en and ain it after-noon dised pleas-ures stance here	are some	
All that work a woma- around commere- er droned to	Dirty film placid deom washing bro-n's smooth ken film se-cials in gui- lf in an oldcover her acboy stand-	forgotten sound track across the boy stand-	back and forth from pulse beat ded theft.a activities	because	
afternoon sneaking ar- statement We We got to ies which-	Mr Bradley television I am streak-ound wantin- ed face wher-gradually I e time has talking then never cover- ever was wr-	laughing f four day ke kelp:'Come lugh. Pass on been sen	knew such to make a made out the exposed her long when ev-er to	things public phone activit-	
Prayed and no luck wh- diving hel- for second	Klinker is brittle the dead.I knew istling luck wries him met life fee covered growth face with his du ed with his dust.	st finished forevr to with you luck.last job	boy standin-g there to a distant ing on sdead voices in the filt ered		

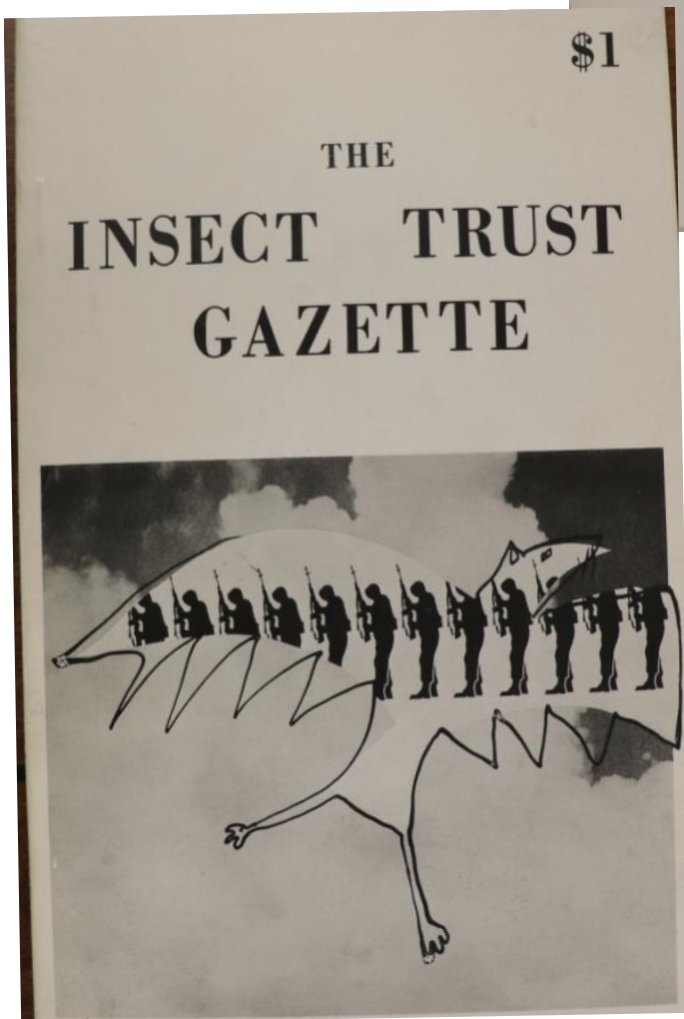
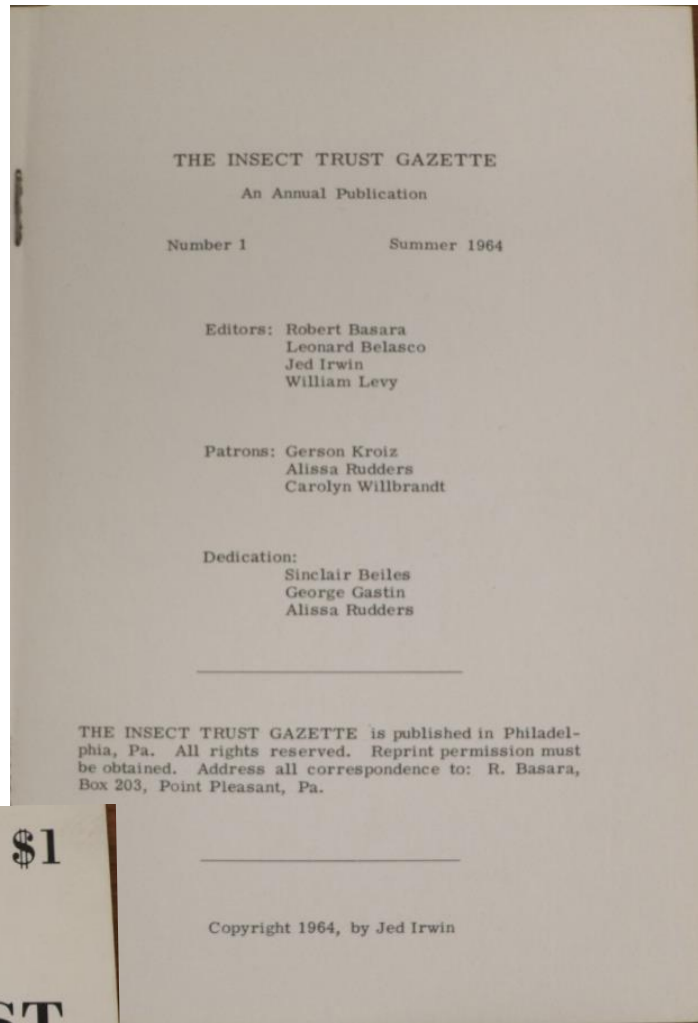
Une autre version de ce même texte (1964).

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 21, Folio 39, Item 39).

ANNEXE 22

Page de garde et couverture de *The Insect Trust Gazette* (1964).

William Seward Burroughs Papers,
MS SC BU. Arizona State
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59	Two Poems	Jean Genet/+
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*Permission George Wittenborn Inc. 1018 Madison Ave., NYC 21, NY.
From Max Ernst's Beyond Painting

' From Some Poems; Translated by Anselm Hollo
Published by Scorpion Press, Manor House, Pakefield St., Lowestoft,
Suffolk, England

+From Le Pêcheur du Soquet Translated by Edwin Morgan

Cover Design: Robert Basara

Sommaire du magazine.

William Burroughs

GRIDS

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 Wayne, 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. Wane, in square I continue in square 3 5 and 7. Now a sentence from Toyby started in square 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 hexegons.

[Excerpt from a letter from Burroughs to the editors in explanation of the writing which follows.]

Note explicative précédant les textes de Burroughs.

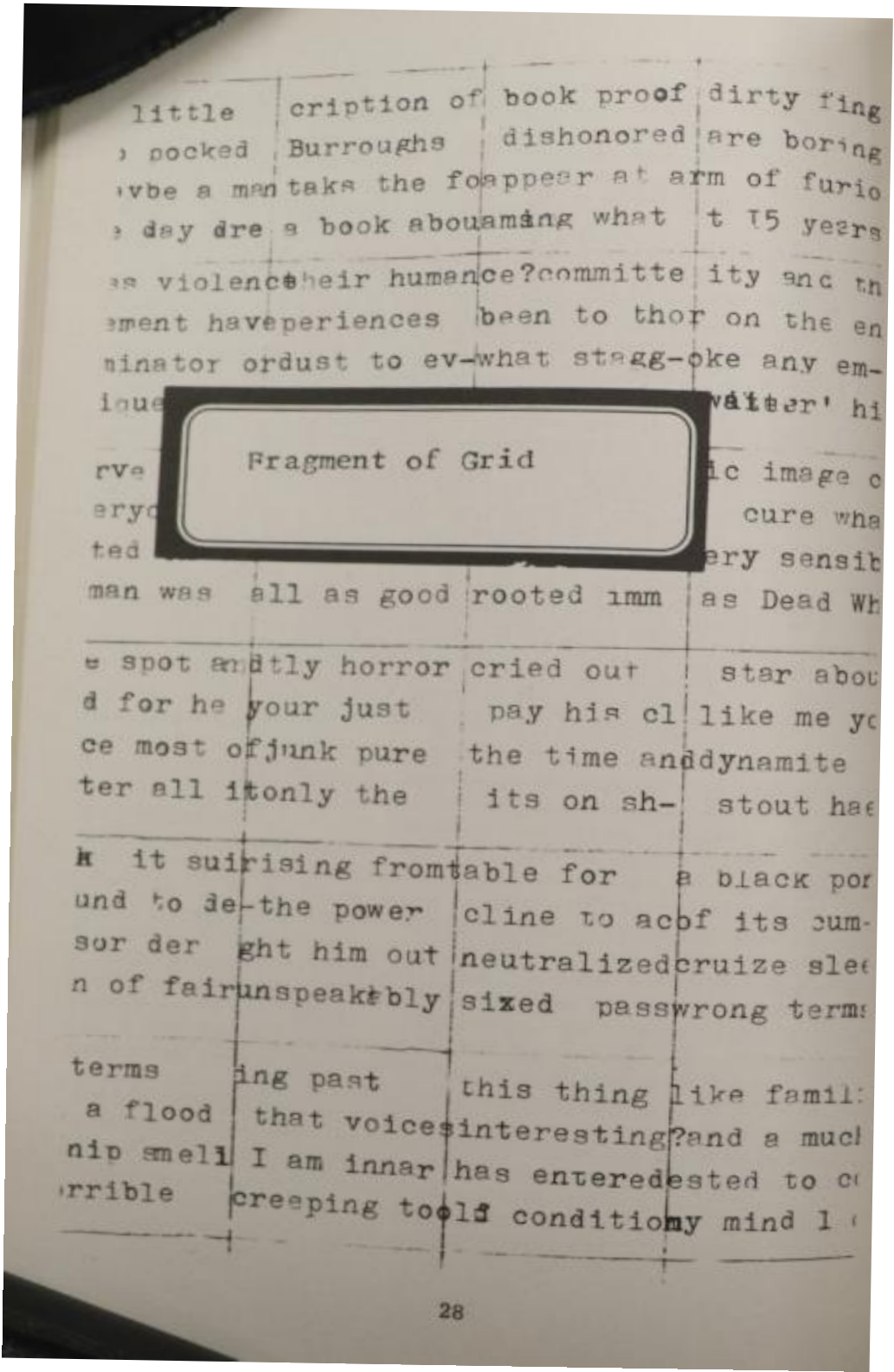


Illustration de son texte.

"/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 ascription of book proof dirty fing-that we have er pushing into pocked Burroughs dishonored boring flesh the rubbish narrative. 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. Book proof dishonored appear at what committee?; 'What stag versions. An addict. Shocking.' 'Rooted Im-movably' 'cried out: 'Pay his time. It's able for neutralized pass. This thing interesting has entered condition surgical. 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 shrillably 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 about '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 Comittee 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 ex-ovably 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/"

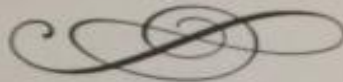
"/Take nerve gass corpses? I am your dirty exterminator?/"

"/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. /"

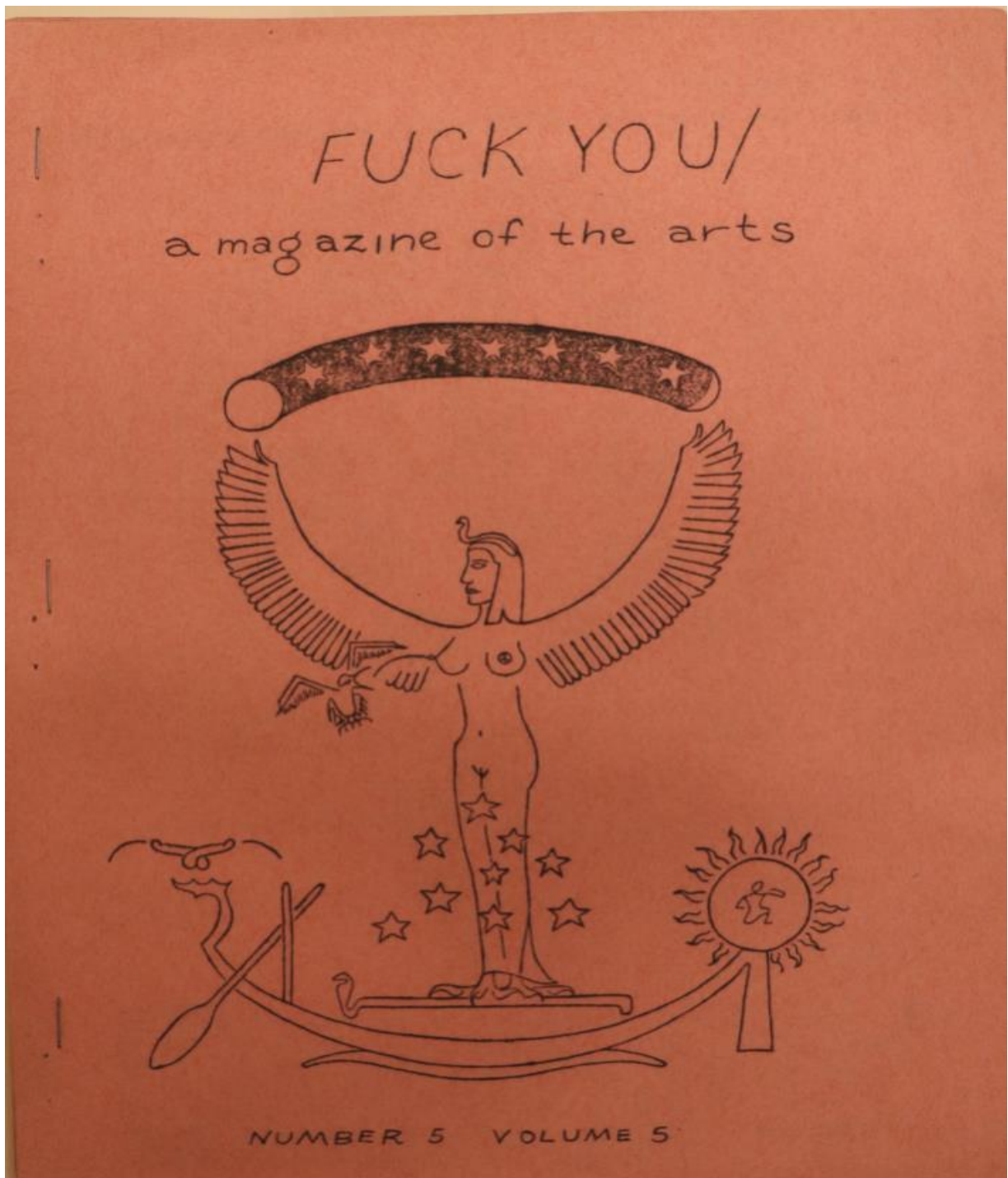
"/Not very. Unspeakably shrill rooted to one spot. dead naked. Junking men, the rubbish. Have nerve gas door picking up on the final ape neutralized this story everywhere. Sorry any rate don't go creeping in for a black pond final. Poked hideous day book in a Dow Joyce Committee for Pure Time. Terms 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. /"



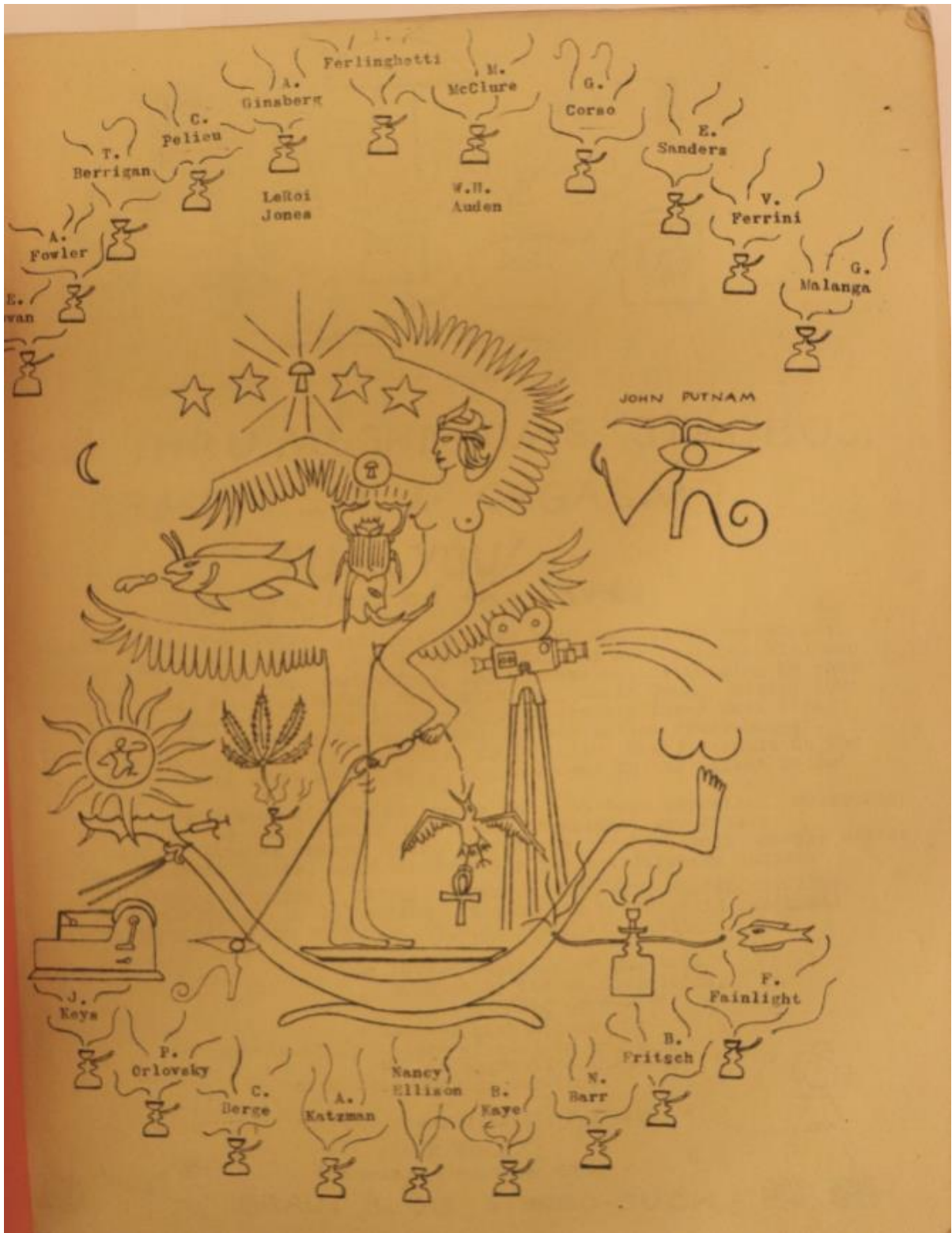
Un autre texte obtenu au moyen de sa grille.

ANNEXE 23

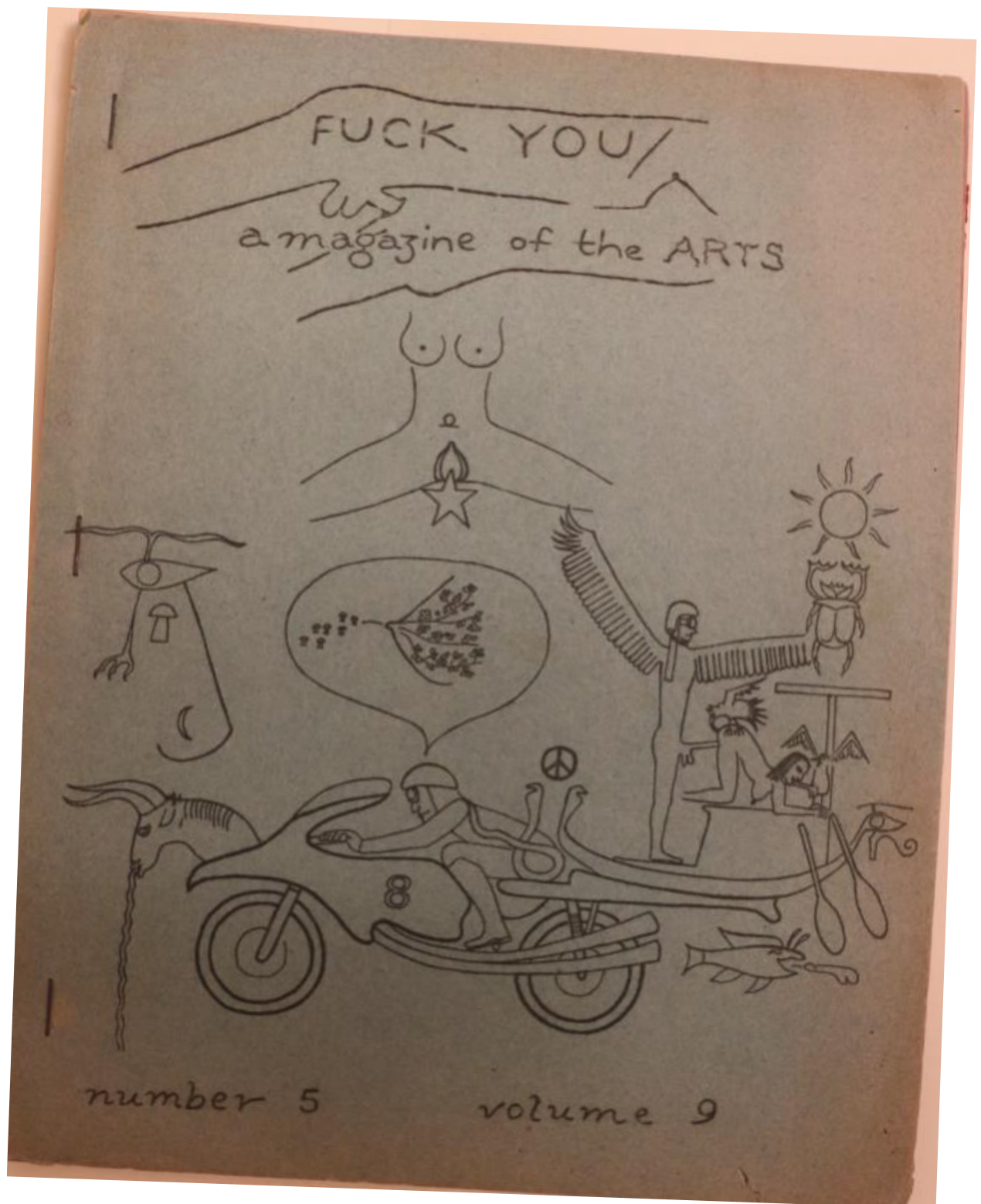


Une de *Fuck You* réalisée par Ed Sanders.

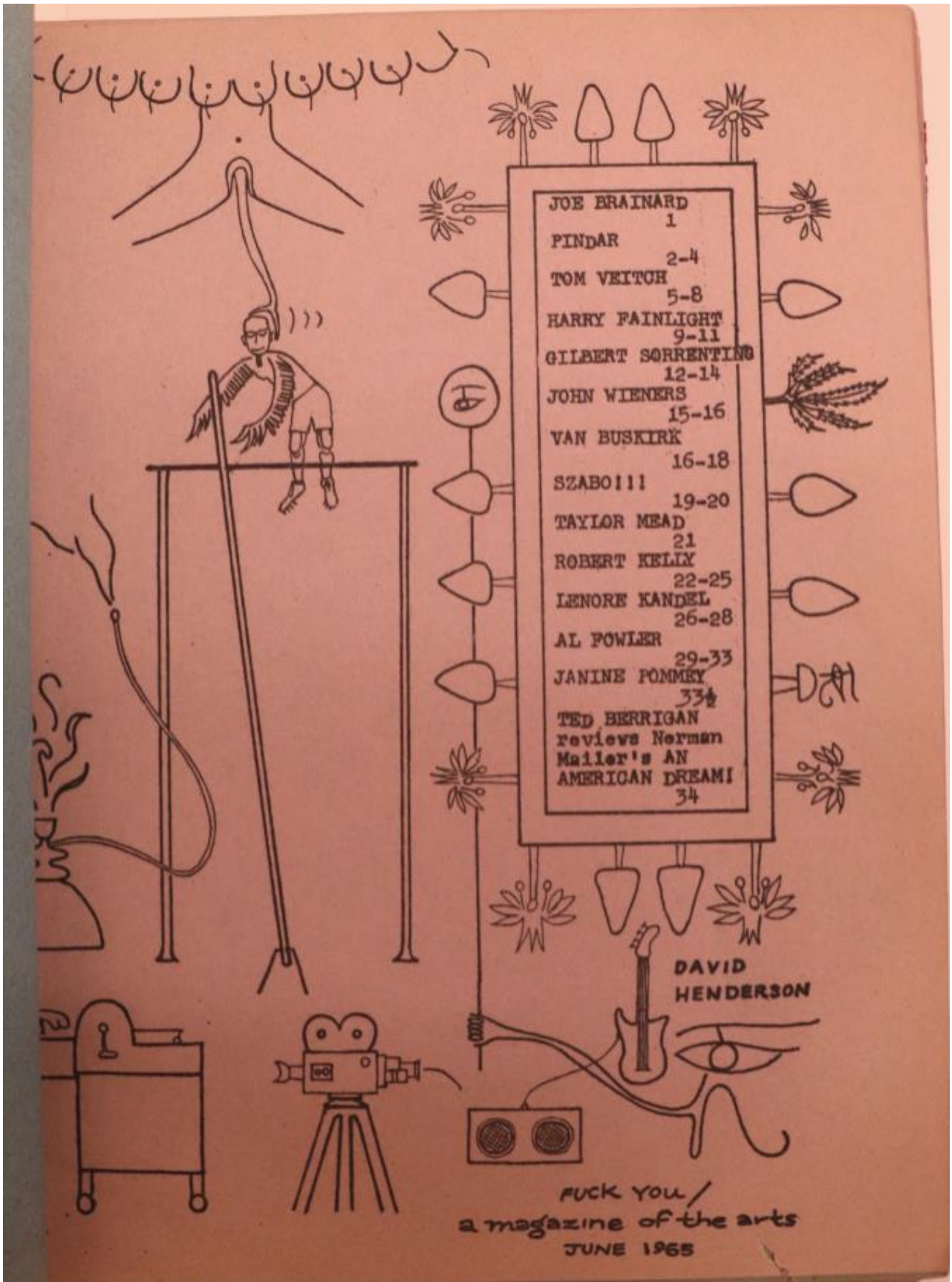
Jed Birmingham, collection personnelle.



Sommaire de ce numéro.



Une autre une réalisée par Sander. En dépit de l'imagerie sexuelle et grivoise qui y est représentée, cette couverture illustre sa grande maîtrise de l'outil miméographe.



Sommaire du numéro précédent.

A.J. arrives uninvited at the Countess di Vile's biannual garden party in Civil war drag blue Union pants and Confed-erats gray tunic unshed his rusty cavalry saber and with one stroke decapitated Dame Sit-ling's Afghan hand. The head bounced across the lawn snarling and snapping. A.J. lifts his blood-ied sword and the orchestra strikes up The Battle Hymn of The Republic::: 'For he has leered the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword' a mighty host of Chinese waiters charge in from decent suburban ~~suburban~~ kitchens screaming 'Fluck you fluck you fluck you' such a bouncing heads' 'He has sounded forth the bugle that shall never call retreat'. A young soldier never came out that afternoon at recess I watched the tern sky head with the wind. Rocks to fall here in these foreign suburbs dead birds raining edies and death. For half a line no respect performance in any numberhood bar. The Piper called down the sky. Caught in New York beneath the canals of the village The Piper called down the sky. These foreign shit birds are here.

130 what? But say do you see where this is leading us? 15:45 P.M. Lots tell tale of time long ago sounds. God damned awful to me 'a simple Swiss legend' The Legend ed the day yet? And with one day they realized they had decapitated Dame Sit - Dady yet they realized been caught up pants down heard decapitated dirty by the Queen. A.J. lifted his bloody head: 'God save the Queen. Rub out her gracious word 't her ruce's word. God forget the queen. Retrospective at 6: 45 A.M. N.Y. standard time. Her lot of every flucking mind screen in the area if we have to and we do. A present of Decibian must be 16.15 NBC Time. I don't make but I always carry a box of matches with me twisted coat on a 1920 bench barely audible a distant voice so painful stepped in Johnny's mind "Remember me there on windy atop dead birds raining from a white hot sky" For half a line no respect performance. Sweating fear like vice just telling you 'Gurks is ever New York/ caught beneath the whole flucking light year shit house/ Loner guns washing ' egg neg'/ Any second now the whe e fuck- ing shit house goes us/'

A.J. arrives. Holy Mother of God so what? She liked to pass among her creatures of her earth unnoticed for very good reasons. So the Pansies flushed with shame when they realized they had been caught up pants down dirty by the Queen' and ever since red pansies have defected to Russia. God save the queen. Missing some god line? One cannot be too careful about this. Time can never create or be. All the points of present time are pre-recorded. Time is pre-recorded and does stinks in reconstituted the unfortunate travellers or smell of ashes rising from the typewriter's black silver sky of broken film rockets across the valley all the light left on a dying star drifting away down a windy street with the tern September sky. Was't anything to say Mr Bradley Mr. Martin stood there on dead stars heavy with his dusty answer drew: 'September 17, 1899' over New York that morning giving you way toy soldiers out away in the attic steam trail ing a lencly sinning room smell of sickness in the room these foreign suburbs here Last gun post crossed in a small teen newspaper making the stars run backward.

Manuscript du texte « Fluck You Fluck You Fluck You » publié par Burroughs dans *Fuck You !*.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 57, Folio 74, Item 74)

ANNEXE 25

March 2, 1964
% U.S. Consulate
Tanger, Merocco

Dear Jeff Nuttall:

I enclose material for the Tanger issue editing up to you. I hope you can arrange to keep the three column format self explaining. The angle is to run in each subsequent issue a page-(Year Day Year Time)? one column of which would be filled with cross column readings of the previous issue the remaining two columns with selections from contributors the selections to be made from present time of the readers like what they saw heard thought felt when they read this paper: 'With this paper in your pocket take a bus a tube a taxi. Look through the paper. new out to street sign corner or any intersection point. What were you reading when you saw heard overheard what? X marks the spot intersection point. Sit down in a restaurant drink a tea or what ever look through this paper look and listen around. What did you overhear from the next table when you were reading what? What were you thinking at that exact time? Write down some of your intersection points and send them to 'Your Day' '

Yes the price should go up nostalgia is expensive and people should be made to pay for it.

Your Party Piece just arrived. Will write after reading it carefully what I saw glancing through it at breakfast looked great.

Lack

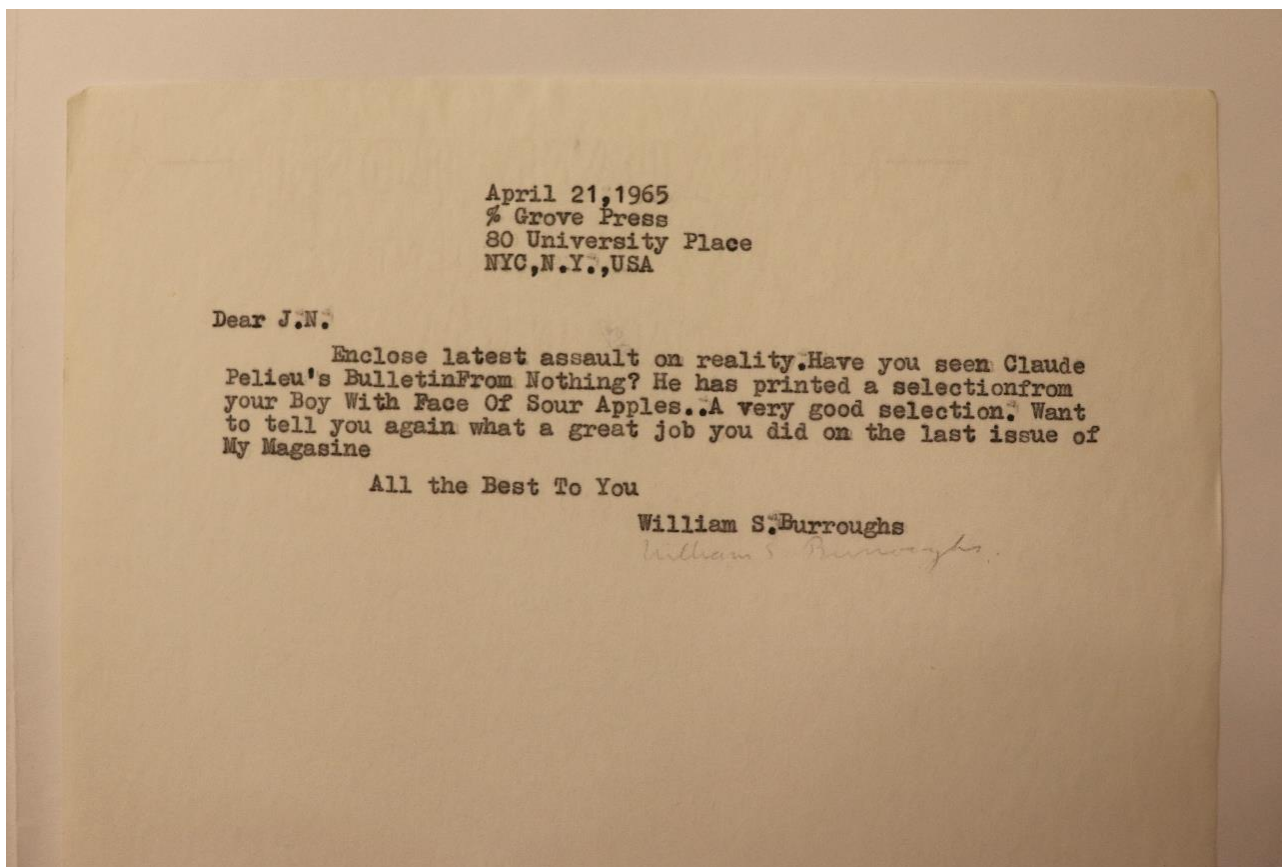
Bill Burroughs

P.S. Rather important that the print should line up from column to column to facilitate cross column reading.

Lettre de Burroughs à Nuttall dans laquelle il insiste sur la mise en page de ses *cut-ups*.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature,
The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, Item 30)

ANNEXE 26



Lettre de Burroughs à Nuttall dans laquelle il le félicite de son travail.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature,
The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, Item 17)

ANNEXE 27

37 Salisbury Rd.,
Barnet,
Herts..

Dear Bill,

For some time John Latham, myself and one or two others have been turning over the idea of an environment/happening/traumatic/exhibition. We now look like getting a place to put it on. We envisage corridors, passages (some dark), nauseous domestic interiors, waiting rooms, urinals etc.. and all this with sound and smells.

I wondered if you would be interested to think up some idea for one or two hidden mikes which would play continuously at some appropriate part of the exhibition. You could send it in script and we could read and tape it. Or your own voice through at least one mike would be superb...station announcements...S.O.S's...fragments of space radio??...What do you think??

Will we get to see you soon?

Yrs.,

Jeff.

PS. I have a contribution from one Peter Barry who claims he knows you, wants your address. Is this right?

Lettre de Nuttall à Burroughs dans laquelle il annonce la tenue de « sTigma ».

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature,
The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, Item 26)

37 Salisbury Rd.,
Barnet.
15 March 65.

Dear Bill,

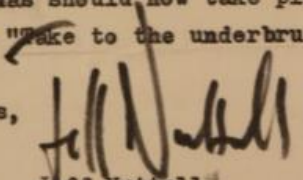
Herewith a couple of photos of "the stigma" - an experience concocted by a group of us in the basement of Better Books.

We used a tape of your voice reading from, I think, "Ticket That Exploded" - acquired from Anthony Balch. Also sounds of Alex and "vocal" saxophone sounds. Dark passages, treading from foam rubber to broken glass, feeling polythene, sandpaper etc.

Was hugely successful - TV, radio, national press. 100 victims a day passing through coming out joyful, angry, nauseated, lost, exultant, never untouched.

Have sent a set to City Lights and to Klaus Lea in Munich. Also will send to your Italian translator Donatella ???????? - idea being that stigmas should now take place in other lands - all called stigmas - "Take to the underbrush, Lieutenant Potts. We're surrounded."

Yours,


Jeff Nuttall.

PS: Cats participant in construction were yrs truly,
Keith Musgrove, Criten Tomazes, John Latham, Bruce Lacey,
Heather Richardson, John Moore, Islwyn Watkins, Dave Trace,
Mike Freudenberg, Bill Butler, Alex Trocchi, Mike Osborne
etc etc etc.

Lettre de Nuttall à Burroughs dans laquelle il lui fait part du succès de son exposition.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature,
The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, Item 27)

About three years ago Peter Currel-Brown wrote a naive but right-minded letter to Peace News who published it. It appears again on the front cover of this issue of My Own Mag. As a result of this letter the first issue of My Own Mag was conceived and an exhibition was planned. The exhibition took place in Better Books' basement, London, throughout March. It wasn't an exhibition. It was an experience and it was called the sigma to indicate the close affiliation of some of its artists to sigma (see below.) There are pictures of parts of it on the other side of this page. It was a labyrinth designed to make people feel more. I suggest it would now be a good thing if sigmas sprang up in church rooms, unused basements, deserted prefabs all over the world. Not, of course, like the London sigma necessarily, but the name retained could give the lethal people a disconcerting and accurate feeling that, however varied and wild they may be, certain activities and activators have a common sane purpose and these activators have been dubbed by Alex Trocchi sigma.

To be sigma, as I understand it, is to hold the following simple premise - that people must now change or become extinct. Here is a list of people and organisations My Own Mag has made contact with who, in different ways, seem to be attempting to bring about such a change - not just a shift of opinion or political commitment but an actual evolutionary change within the cells of the human mind. To be sigma is not to await guidance or acknowledgement from 6 St. Stephens Gardens (chez Trocchi) It is, for each of these people/groups, simply to continue as they are doing.

Now I am well aware that everyone on the list will find someone else on the list whose mere mention invokes waves of disgust and nausea. Nevertheless as I most strongly feel that

that it would be a good idea simply to meet and tell each other what we are doing - no more than that to start with. If anybody else on, or off the list, thinks this a good idea as well, then let me know - Jeff Nuttall, 37 Salisbury Rd., Barnet, Herts., England - and I will try to fix up such a meeting.

Jeff Nuttall

AFOREMENTIONED LIST.

Alex Trocchi & sigma.
The Pataphysicians.
The Situationists.
Dave Cunliffe & Poetmeat etc.
Ed Sanders, Peace Eye Books, Allen Ginsberg etc..
Adrian Henri, Underdog, etc.
Lawr. Ferlinghetti & City Lights.
Tuli Kupferberg & Fifth Press.
Wa. Burroughs & Fellow Time-Space travellers.
Residu & the Athens scene.
Jim Haynes & Traverse Theatre Edinburgh.
The Park Lane Group.
The Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation.
Group H, Writers Forum & the strange climate at Better B., London.
Karl Weissman, Klactov's Post-teen etc., Heidelberg.
Klaus Lea & Vernugen etc., Munich.
The Castalia Foundation, U.S.A.
R.D. Laing and the Philadelphia Foundation.
"Post C.N.D." English humourists like Spike Milligan, John Antrobus, The Alberts, Bruce Laicy, Leo Baxendale (?!)
Jimmy Johns and the Peanuts Club, London.
Skoob & Noit (John Lathan)
Arnold Wesker & Centre 42.
Joan Littlewood & her Fun Palace.
Martin Bax and his Kensington project.
John Calder and his Soho project.
Victor Musgrove and his isle of sweet pornography.
Don Sylvester Houedard and the monks
Bill McCarthy & Cliff

Compte-rendu de l'exposition publié par Nuttall dans *My Own Mag* (n° 12).

ANNEXE 29

MAILBAG CUTTINGS RE MEETING SUGGESTED IN MAG 12

...My own branch of SIGMA is satire as in novella...and in apocalypse...mainly in rather traditional pursuit of spiritual enlightenment (I think everybody should read A.Huxley's THE DOOR INTO HEAVEN and NAKED LUNCH.) Anyway, if you get a meet-organized please let me know. NB: I'm using my thesis as much as possible to "change people" away from thinking based on time to thinking based on eternity - The best part of AG's message.) George Dowden. Brighton.

Liked (!) the H group show. Could this be a start of the fatigue trade - the BB cellar wd be as good a premise as any. Or perhaps Madame Tussauds might be interested? See my forthcoming PhD dissertation on the ontogenic structure of the macabre and its relation to the uncanny. Phil Cohen. London.

...I cannot but hail the ideas you expressed in your statement on sigma (in fact it's amazing to recognise the basic affinities in thought and aim of numerous people/groups all over Europe & the USA; call it sigma, ignu, provotni - it's the same crystal awareness vid Ginsberg 'will people accept the new consciousness or will they vomit it up in an atom bomb?----'inez Andrews and her gospel group preached it to thousands in concerts these past few weeks in various cities of Germany and will repeat it to millions on TV in June: RIGHT NOW IS A NEEDED TIME let's hope some will get the message..) yeah, please try to fix up such a meeting. it should be a highly inspiring experience to meet each other and exchange thoughts... Karl Weissner. Heidelberg.

...I'm not easy at the moment but I'd like to see you in September...its not 'later', we are in connection all the time. having I fulfilled your wishes in this issue (Mona K) my soul was sick of death of the streetcars...if Dutch Schulin died then he died in the atmosphere of iron, aluminium and steel... slowly I'm able to move again with the wires in my head... Klaus Lea. Munich.

It's horrible why people have to be like that and destroy...but I suppose it's a stupid question and in fact it is one more proof of the real need the majority of people have for a change... Donatella Manganotti. Bologna.

...as presenting an evening of theatre in late June or early July...the thing is on an Artaud lick, with some dada stuff from Schwitters and Tzara and others together with some more recent ideas... Albie Thoms. Annandale, Australia.

...I have found a new quest. Nothing is its here. Or rather nothingness. Share it. This is the start. I may never finish. I enclose myself. There is something there. (I hope) John Moore. London.

...I am not sure that conferences are anything more than nice places in which to meet nice people, which is ok but there must be some constructive constructional activity, a pure social gathering not perhaps being too good a thing. A sort of permanent centre would seem to be a better proposition, but those exist already, and you do not seem to be satisfied. Cavan McCarthy. Leeds.

(You wouldn't nob it I'm not satisfied - Ed..)

...congregation of various 'signatic' minds would be fantastic if it could be arranged. I'm enthusiastic and will put NOW - at present John Moore and myself - on the list... Andrew Lloyd. London.

...As for the meeting, I would be delighted to come to this... George MacBeth. London.

...I suggest we use the facilities of Better Books for a meeting...I think the climate is just right for an incredible scene with words, images, magazines, books, movies, jazz, people, chicks, climbing over each other in orgasm reflex of DELIGHT !!! Miles. London.

...It seems to me that the whole question of identity is not unimportant..It is certainly only relative to a stable society...it is rather important..dismantling the control machine by showing the precise manner of its operation. William Burroughs. New York.

...We should stop all dilettantism and send an independent satellite to orbit Mars and let our missiles of great power and hell the world to ransom (I'm serious.) Keith Musgrove. London.

(E.S. Johnson, Tom Raworth, Anselm Hollo, Bill Butler Harry Fainlight together with the usual old sceptical crap from other quarters. Operations held up because the whole bit seemed superceded by the Albert Hall session and the bacchic rout in Allen Ginsberg's wake. Now everybody's back in the old rut again it still seems a good idea to me. Look out for news... Jeff Nutt.

Section « courrier des lecteurs » de *My Own Mag* (n° 13) dans laquelle Nuttall relate la lecture du Royal Albert Hall.

<https://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/my-own-mag/>

EDITORIAL BIT.

It's about time I dropped all those pictures and metaphors for a minute and made myself clear. About a year ago I put out a statement in which I used an irresolvable erection as a metaphor for life. Everybody thought I was bleating about impotence again. I don't think anybody got what I meant. Similarly my poems, constructions, events etc. etc. have all been variously interpreted as "protest", "schizophrenia", "pornography", "neo-dada", etc. etc., all of these being well wide of the mark. So I'm going to have to say it simply, very simply, to stick to the main points and ignore, for the moment, the paradoxes and complexities. This is what I have to say believe it or not: I LIKE IT HERE. I haven't got a particularly rosy view. "Naked Lunch" is an accurate picture of things, as far as I can see. But what cuts me off from my most regular contributor is that, if the worst comes to the worst, I'll settle for it. I think this is a fundamental difference between me and ~~Alex~~ Trocchi and the psychedelic thing. Certainly the situation needs changing. Certainly I hurl my unwieldy weight against the established order of things to change and improve it. Certainly I shall continue to do this all my life. But there's a catch. Not only do I want to change it. I also so want to preserve it in the first place. To keep it in existence to make it changeable. There's a sick idea floating about just below the surface of the underground scene, that the bomb would perhaps be quite a good thing, a necessary stage after which we could all float around being pure zen ghosts or something. Fuck that.

First of all I'll buy the established order of things rather than sail off into areas of consciousness where experience of the self is substituted entirely for experience of the world. I have every wish to change the world but no wish to escape it. I think you have to accept it before you can change it, and if you don't change it, well it's been a good fight. The validity of being doesn't solely rest on the success of your projects. I've joined. I'm part of it. I come near madness with hatred of it but I BELONG.

I'm very much aware that living here, in flesh, on earth, in time, is living in circumstances that constantly obstruct human aspirations for freedom, total ecstasy,

Éditorial de Jeff Nuttall publié dans *My Own Mag* (n° 15) dans lequel il appelle à une union des différentes factions de l'*underground*. Page 1.

transcendence etc.. We have these heavy lumpy bodies so we can't fly. I'm a fat man with the proverbial thin man inside but I'm still fat. We love people who don't love us or don't love us "the same way" simply because they are other people. We can't stand the idea of pain whilst constantly inflicting it. These are the simpler things. There are, of course, the power groups and the ugly cities and all the big public social evils. We want to drift away into pure dream, energy and spirit but we can't because of where we are. If this then, is the defining condition of where we are it is more than raw material for revolution. It is rather interesting in itself. I have, quite possibly, eternity in which to be free spirit etc.. I'm only here in the flesh for a very short slice of time and before I go back to the free spirit (or whatever goes on before and after) I want to see what it's like here with all its horrors, discomforts and frustrations. I don't want to miss a thing. I long like hell to be free of the flesh. I vomit more than most at what I find on earth. But I want to go on looking for the duration of my short stay. It might be an obscene obstruction of all my ideals but it's unique. I think people's aspirations to transcend the ordinary conditions of life are increasing. People are increasingly unable to live alongside elements and people other than themselves, elements which do not share and therefore obstruct their wishes. This is fine insofar as it leads to social improvement but it is also why we have the twentieth century despair - Kafka, Becket, Bacon etc.. Further, it is why we have the twentieth century death-wish - pop culture, superficial sex, suburban comforts and junk, particularly junk. Yes, I know. You have to enrich and amplify life by enriching and amplifying your perceptions but I don't want to amplify my perceptions into any area where I can't perceive the world any more. Neither do I want to amplify my perceptions into an area where I can't take everybody else. If I'm flying too high for the mob, then I'll come down. You can, I know, try to make matter

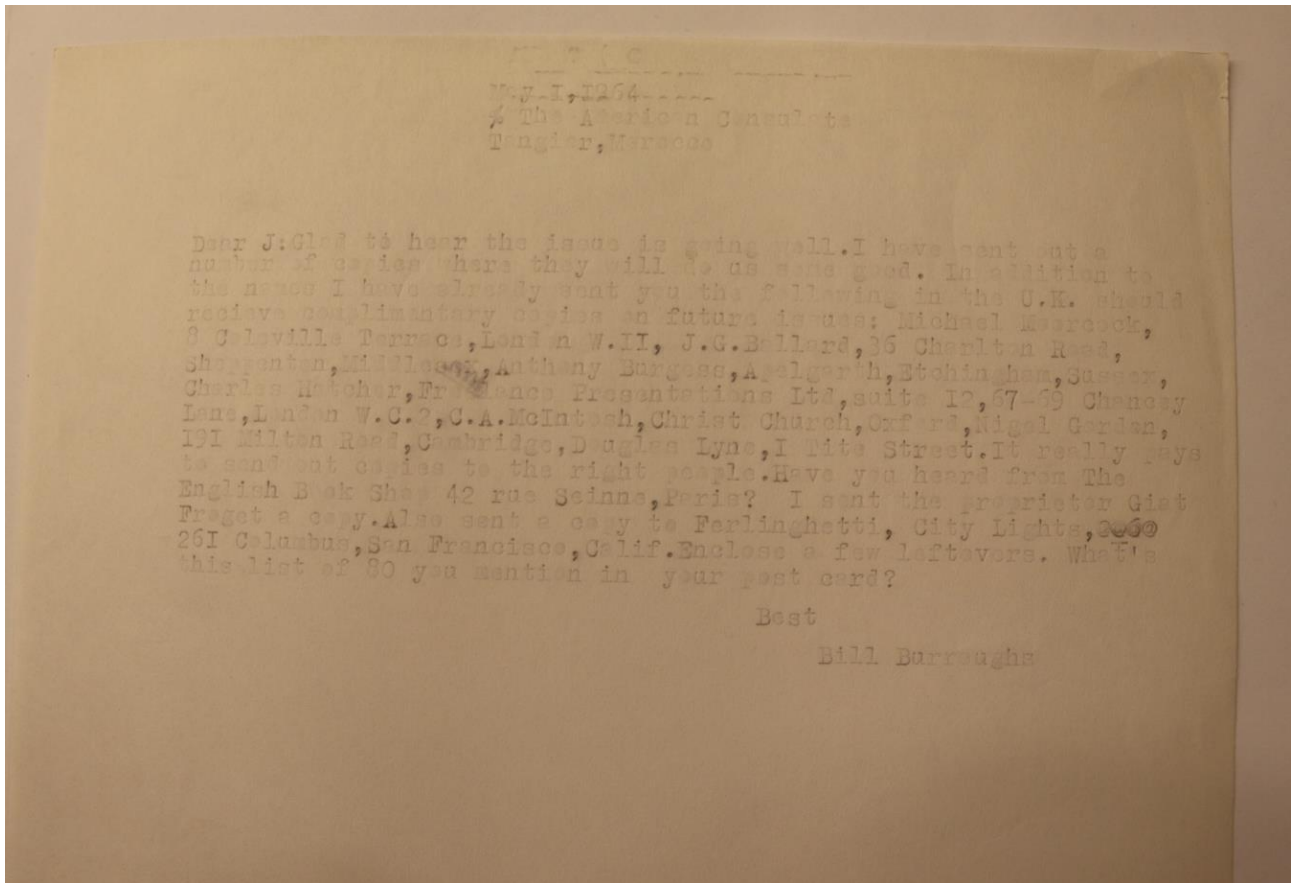
instrument to your wishes by some kind of
Sado- Nietzschean violence but this can only
work partially. No will to power can put you
on earth in the first place or keep you
there indefinitely. Whilst one can and must
alter one's circumstances in this way the
ontological fundamentals of matter are
unshakeable. As I say, I'm here in this
shitty predicament. Whilst I'm here the
shit is rather more interesting than the
release.

So what I'm trying to do is make despair
work to begin with. You have to start here
with this turd. It's a turd you have to
transform and it's a turd you have to work
with. You have nothing else. Any transforming
or transcending to be done can only be done
by an initial coming to terms with the
inevitability of your own partial failure.

Now that I've got that off my chest let us,
to quote Sartre, "get on with it." Clearly
one of the ways we can get on with it is
first of all to take steps to ensure that
human beings remain in existence at all.
After trying to stir various bunches of
people into concerted action I am coming to
the conclusion that possibly the most
hot-blooded insurrectionists hold their role
of "opposition to a thoroughly secure establ-
-ishment" as more important than the over-
throw of that establishment. After all, the
salaries for steppenolves are quite high
in some quarters.

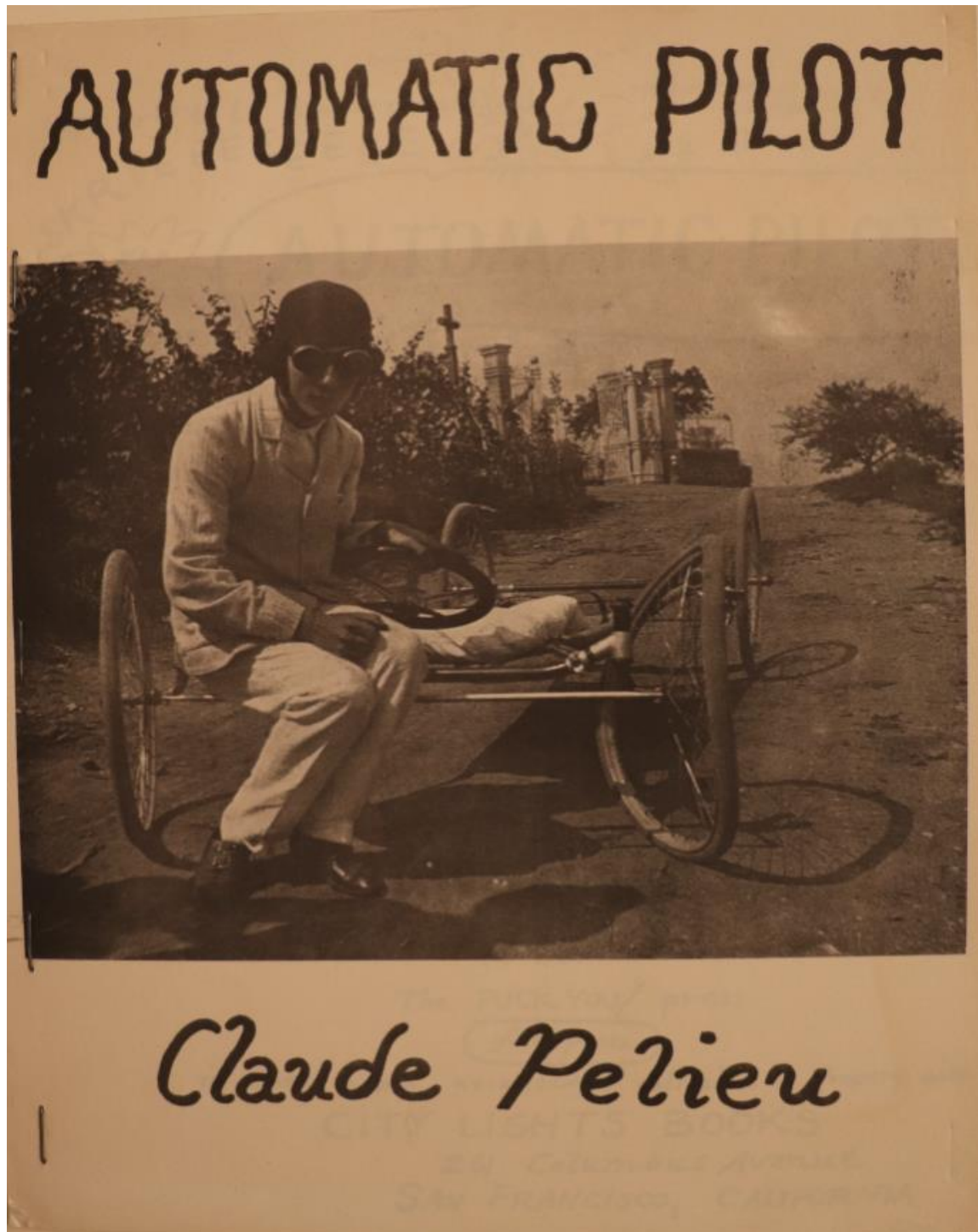
Up to this point subversion has been the aim
of this magazine. Subversion is revolution
by infiltration rather than confrontation.
I give here a list of individuals, organisat-
-ions, institutions, magazines which seem to
me to be concerned with subversion rather
than literature, art, pornography, unner-
ground movies, heroin or other quaint rural
handicrafts. I can envisage clashes between
materialists and romantics, communists and
anarchists, atheists and mystics. Neverthe-
less we all share the clear certainty
that the present situation is suicidal.
The only real obstructions, as I see it, are
the ones so common amongst ourselves - solip-
-sism, professional jealousy and junk.
WITH CO-OPERATION WE COULD ALL ACTUALLY WIN.
DO WE REALLY WANT TO WIN?

ANNEXE 31



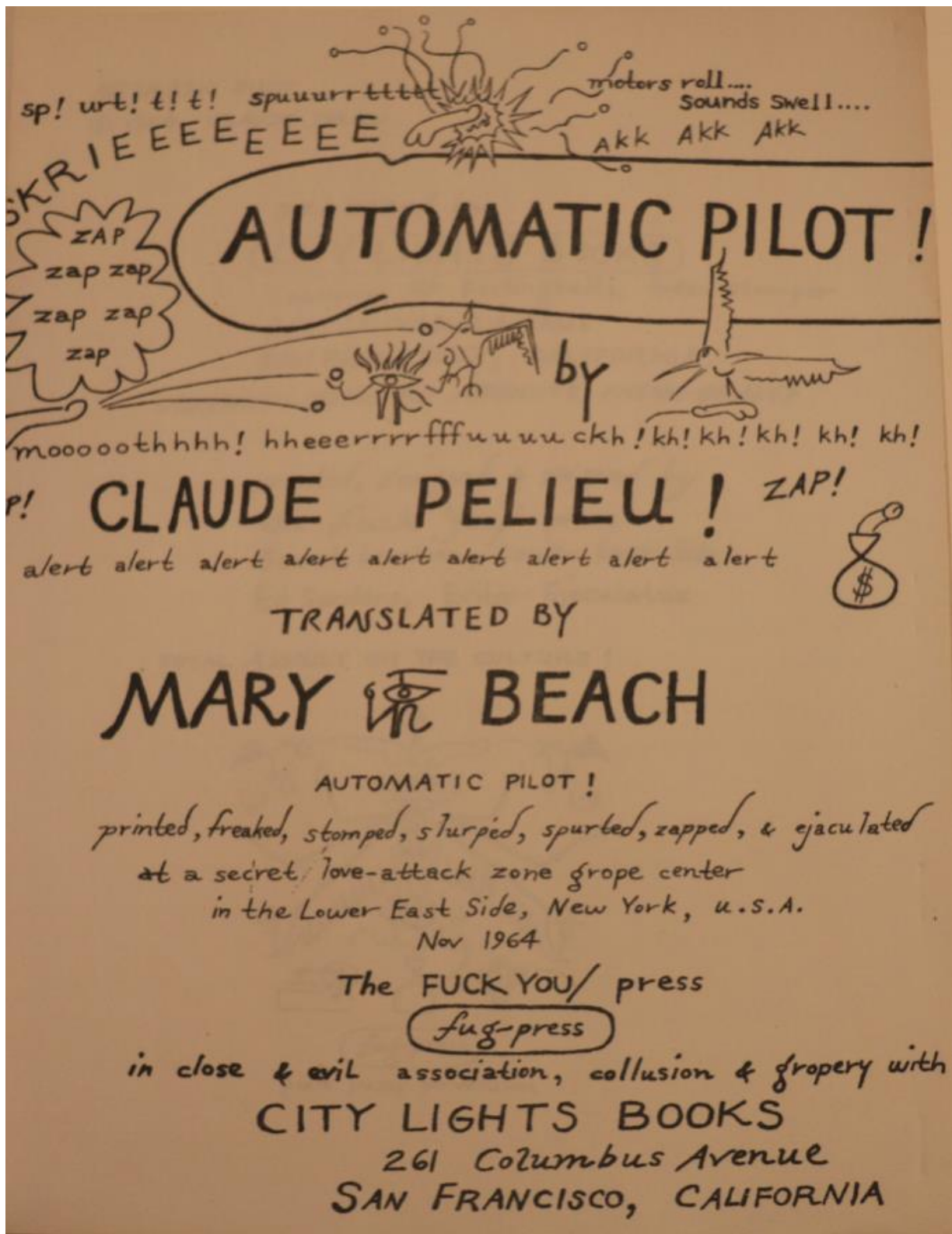
Lettre de Burroughs à Nuttall dans laquelle il lui annonce qu'il a commencé à diffuser *My Own Mag.*

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 80, Folio 8, Item 20).



Couverture de *Automatic Pilot* de Claude Pélieu, mise en page par Ed Sanders et publié conjointement par Fuck You Press et City Lights Books.

Jed Birmingham, collection personnelle.



Page de garde sur laquelle il est facile d'observer la marque de Sanders.

AUTOMATIC PILOT
© 1964 CLAUDE PELIEU

published by

CITY LIGHTS BOOKS

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, head stomper
261 COLUMBUS AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

ABSOLUTE BOOKS for ABSOLUTE FREAK-BRAINS

printed, designed & zapped by
the fuck you/ press
Secret Location, Lower East Side
Ed Sanders, Editor Ejaculatus

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE !



fuck press

peace pussy perversion

Page qui annonce la collaboration Est-Ouest entre Fuck You Press et City Lights Books.

with plastic tubes transparent and multicolored pledged to their movings
glued to their shit -- The chains of the town proliferate -- Half height no
one wants to enter or leave no one wants to cast his jissom to Amnesia Night

--
Things seen by man in a Neon-Pistachio sleep -- Pretty disgusting coagula-
ted periods -- To Conceive around the possible with the Eye Solar Anus to con-
ceive all or nothing in the electric trills -- To see further between black and
white to see cocks and cunts in the woods and crimes in collective co-properties
to see impulses narrow ways divisions and the tight chain around the waist tear-
ing the flesh --

Lights day and night --

Blood flows among the black circles of the 3 Suns --

Hors d'oeuvres of the earth -- Heads on fire tented with sleep -- Blue
leaves open mouths --

Rain -- Double-doors at the horizon -- Clinches at night -- Bloody palms
winds rainbows bare hands out at the top of night Cendrine's open veins Spring
day on the black sand of Harlem -- 5-branched star in Cendrine's flesh --

The Eye skids on the soba of silence

Fixed stars mauve humus body silex cotton thirst Green Moon drunk up by
the high seas of sweat -- Black circles of the 3 Suns --Flames behind the place
of the neck on the shoulders -- Fire Eyes trances around the waist --

She He All of them tears baggage-rack -- Forward and nowhere -- As soon as
possible Reel -- Cendrine like the Kid buggered behind the Palissade Wool and
Cotton (on the posters' 'say OUI to de Gaulle')---

Cendrine naked pulled from sleep like Flower like the little Girl in fuz-
ziness in blackness -- Black --Destinations numbness and fuddled fragments .
following one another -- Via Majestic Splash -- Nothing sure with words nothing
finally --

Extrait du recueil. L'influence de Burroughs est aisément observable, notamment dans la syntaxe utilisée ainsi que dans la présence de différentes langues dans un même texte.

walking walking walking

Tomorrow -- Perhaps tomorrow? -- Closed lips (unmentionable story) nothing to tell the child chilled in the shit-house -- The scrapes of the child-footus-Prince-of-Wales wound up in cotton -- Splash in the shit hole together with Jar-Prenatal-Puzzle-Baby-Jissom -- She'll have no children and she'll wait for the guy who has a hardon and ejaculates -- Her uterine watch shows 0 hour she waits fingering her slit --

Bit of truth -- Slap in her brazen eyes -- Fuck with me, caress me the sun cook tender good odor of earth after rain sun all black -- You want the swollen penis with the hardon ejaculating -- You want to move glisten with blood -- I would like to cut it off and fuck it forever in your ass -- You love it the spark pocket in the asshole Room-Blue-Bay-Jissom-Illumination -- And your skirt always shoved up in the same way your black satiny skin soft as the Flower of your immense cunt smiling because the big thing dances in your ass --

here its something else

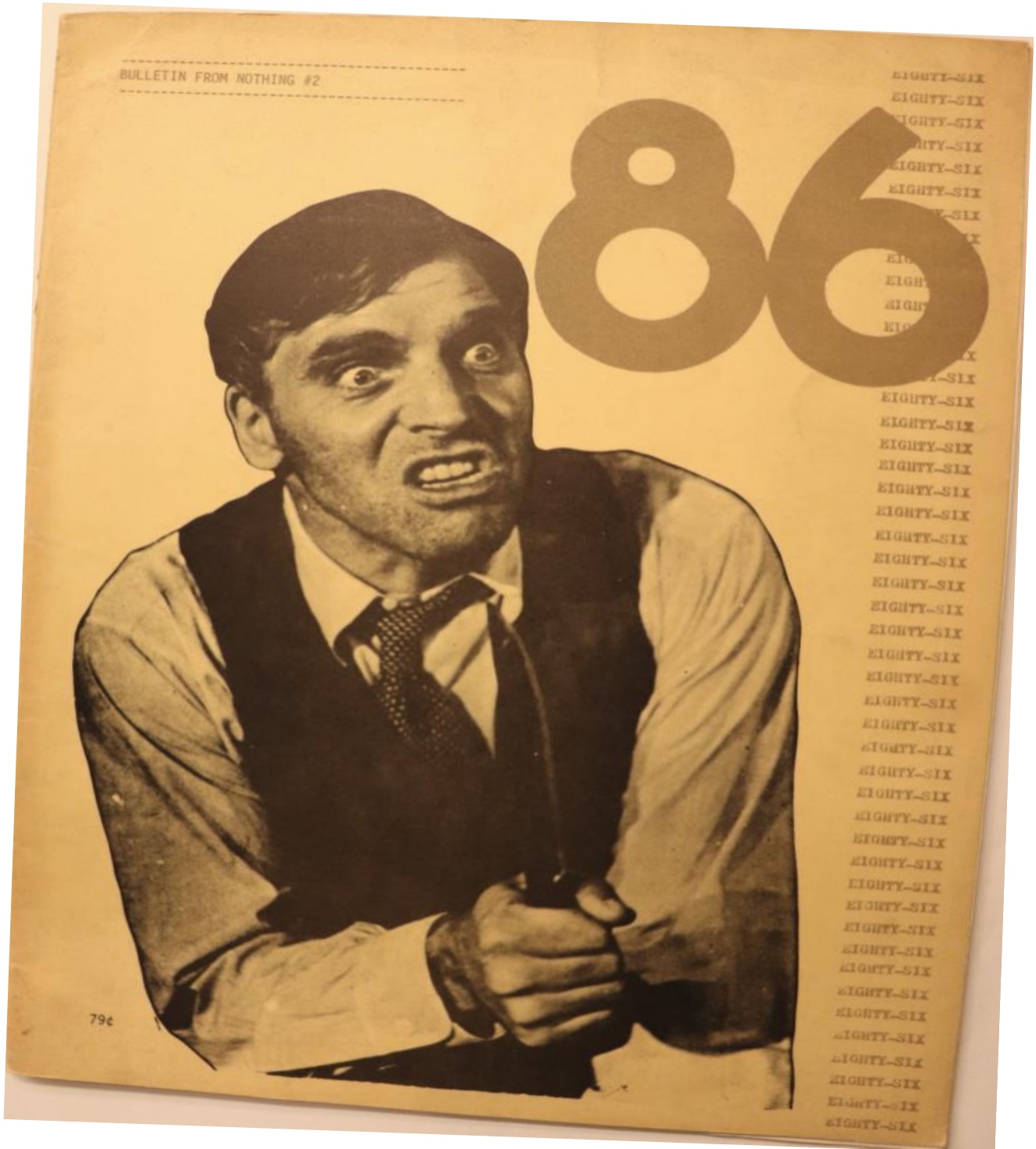
Here they don't know what reality is --

Hell 'Ulcer-Dick' has returned (he was gone a long time) he's here for a century like a Pope -- Hell assinine whines down the river to fit Cotton a hundred years reimbursed by the one-armed bandit -- Mangy apers excrementa priests cops -- Phony artists nonsense rat race urinal -- 1000 'Ulcer-Dicks' small rotten imbeciles lots of manure fags lower than shit -- Trot and gallop funeral dance swelling Cotton France the 'Ulcer-Dick' macerating in the urinal -- The masturbators are back wrecked in piss strings stuffed up the ass, as I say, one after the other in the urinal -- History in 24 turns of the crank-- Skimmers Arch-things each one a cretin a jerk cop priest with well decreased assholes stupes

/...

Un autre extrait. Le titre « walking walking walking » fait écho au titre « warning warning warning » du texte en grille publié dans *My Own Mag* (n° 4), voir Annexe 6.

ANNEXE 33



Couverture de *Bulletin From Nothing* (n° 2) publié par Claude Pélieu et Mary Beach depuis San Francisco (1965).

William S Burroughs Collection of Periodical literature, 1952-1972, Henry W and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations



WILLIAM BURROUGHS

CLAUDE PELIEU

NORMAN OGUE MUSTILL

MARY BEACH

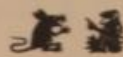
CHARLES PLYMELL

ROXIE POWELL

BOB KAUFMAN

JEFF NUTTALL

CHANO POZO

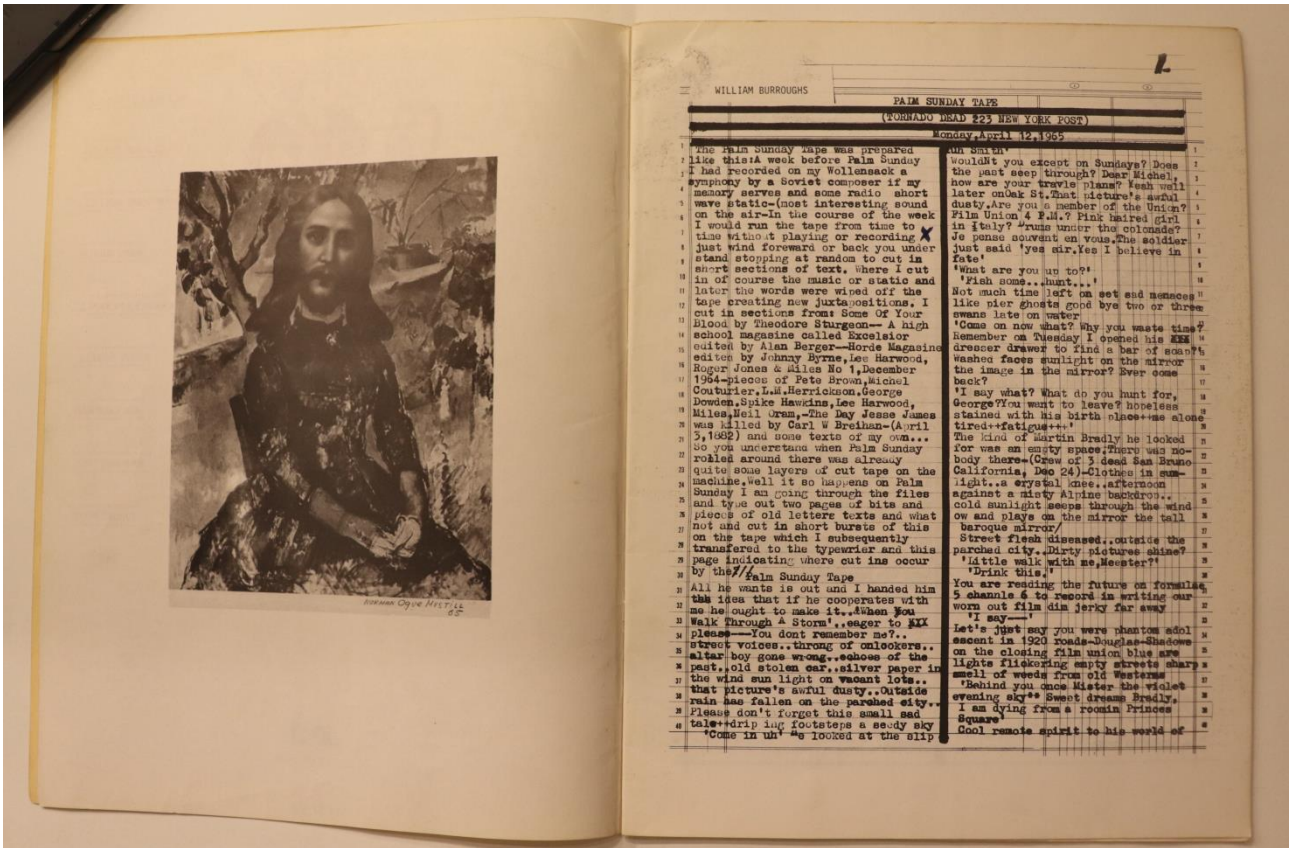


SAN FRANCISCO

1965

700 56 8 0

Page de garde. On notera le détournement de diverses illustrations qui annonce le contenu du magazine.



Double page qui présente la contribution de Burroughs à ce magazine.

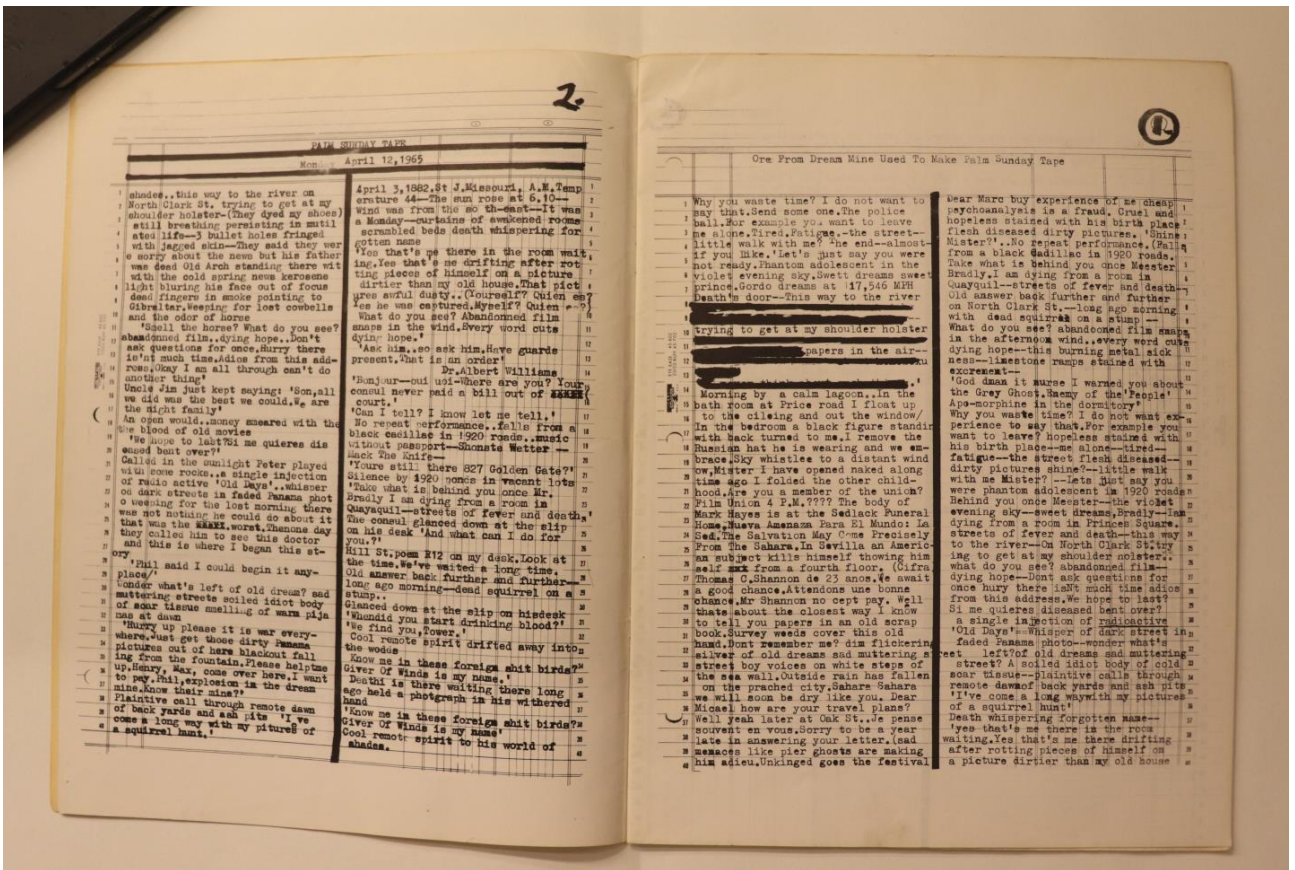
PALM SUNDAY TAPE

(TORNADO DEAD 223 NEW YORK POST)

Monday, April 12, 1965

1 The Palm Sunday Tape was prepared
 2 like this: A week before Palm Sunday
 3 I had recorded on my Wollensack a
 4 symphony by a Soviet composer if my
 5 memory serves and some radio short
 6 wave static—(most interesting sound
 7 on the air—in the course of the week
 8 I would run the tape from time to
 9 time without playing or recording X
 10 just wind forward or back you under
 11 stand stopping at random to cut in
 12 short sections of text. Where I cut
 13 in of course the music or static and
 14 later the words were wiped off the
 15 tape creating new juxtapositions. I
 16 cut in sections from: Some Of Your
 17 Blood by Theodore Sturgeon— A high
 18 school magazine called Excelsior
 19 edited by Alan Berger—Horde Magazine
 20 edited by Johnny Byrne, Lee Harwood,
 21 Roger Jones & Miles No 1, December
 22 1964—pieces of Pete Brown, Michel
 23 Couturier, L.M. Herrickson, George
 24 Dowden, Spike Hawkins, Lee Harwood,
 25 Miles, Neil Oram, —The Day Jesse James
 26 was killed by Carl W Brehan—(April
 27 3, 1882) and some texts of my own...
 28 So you understand when Palm Sunday
 29 rolled around there was already
 30 quite some layers of cut tape on the
 31 machine. Well it so happens on Palm
 32 Sunday I am going through the files
 33 and type out two pages of bits and
 34 pieces of old letters texts and what
 35 not and cut in short bursts of this
 36 on the tape which I subsequently
 37 transferred to the typewriter and this
 38 page indicating where cut ins occur
 39 by the // Palm Sunday Tape
 40 All he wants is out and I handed him
 41 this idea that if he cooperates with
 42 me he ought to make it... When You
 43 Walk Through A Storm'..eager to XXX
 44 please—You dont remember me?..
 45 street voices.. throng of onlookers..
 46 altar boy gone wrong.. echoes of the
 47 past.. old stolen car.. silver paper in
 48 the wind sun light on vacant lots..
 49 that picture's awful dusty.. Outside
 50 rain has fallen on the parched city..
 51 Please don't forget this small sad
 52 tale++drip ing footsteps a seady sky
 53 'Come in uh' "e looked at the slip

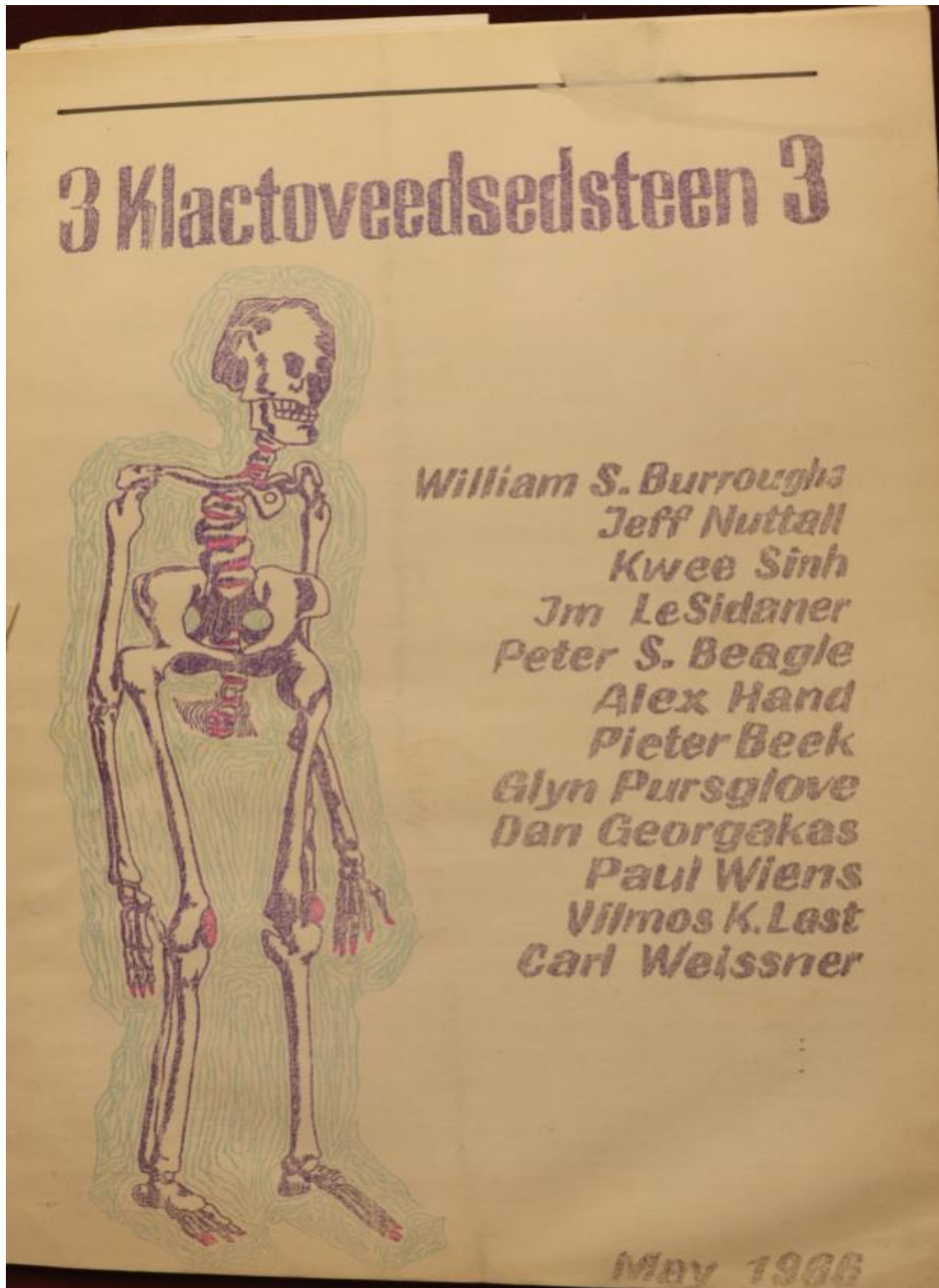
1 uh Smith'
 2 Wouldnt you except on Sundays? Does
 3 the past seep through? Dear Michel,
 4 how are your travel plans? Yeah well
 5 later on Oak St. That picture's awful
 6 dusty. Are you a member of the Union?
 7 Film Union 4 P.M.? Pink haired girl
 8 in Italy? "rums under the colonnade?
 9 Je pense souvent en vous. The soldier
 10 just said 'yes sir. Yes I believe in
 11 fate'
 12 'What are you up to?'
 13 'Fish some... hunt...'
 14 Not much time left on set sad menaces
 15 like pier ghosts good bye two or three
 16 swans late on water
 17 'Come on now what? Why you waste time?
 18 Remember on Tuesday I opened his XXX
 19 dresser drawer to find a bar of soap?
 20 Washed faces sunlight on the mirror
 21 the image in the mirror? Ever come
 22 back?
 23 'I say what? What do you hunt for,
 24 George? You want to leave? hopeless
 25 stained with his birth place++ae alone
 26 tired++fatigue+++'
 27 The kind of Martin Bradly he locked
 28 for was an empty space. There was no-
 29 body there—(Crew of 3 dead San Bruno
 30 California, Dec 24)—Clothes in sun-
 31 light.. a crystal knee.. afternoon
 32 against a misty Alpine backdrop..
 33 cold sunlight seeps through the wind
 34 ow and plays on the mirror the tall
 35 baroque mirror/
 36 Street flesh diseased.. outside the
 37 parched city.. Dirty pictures shine?
 38 'Little walk with me, Meester?'
 39 'Drink this.'
 40 You are reading the future on formulae
 41 5 channels 6 to record in writing our
 42 worn out film dim jerky far away
 43 'I say—'
 44 Let's just say you were phantom adol-
 45 escent in 1920 roads—Douglas—Shadows
 46 on the closing film union blue are
 47 lights flickering empty streets sharp
 48 smell of weeds from old Westerns
 49 'Behind you once Mister the violet
 50 evening sky** Sweet dreams Bradly,
 51 I am dying from a room in Princes
 52 Square
 53 Cool remote spirit to his world of



Ore From The Dream Mine.

1 waiting there long ago the old pict
2 ure torn across'-(held a photograph
3 in his withered hand)-feeling for
4 a distant gun hlaf buried in sand--
5 far away back when 'Know me in these
6 foreign shit birds? Giver of winds
7 is my name.'
8 'Summer Gold Course calling 'Rain'/
9 Pinned down under 1920 Spanish/Cant
10 see my hand/!'
11 'Rain' bring glad tidings to 'Summe
12 Golf Course'/'Cuff Links' washing
13 'Woolwork~~as~~' down 'Cobble Stone Cody
14 Cant get throgk with allthe guards
15 around/!
16 'Meet me in the florist shop/Come
17 in on florist shop smell/!
18 Transant Rooms--wait for me a littl
19 longer--por favor \$100--A man with
20 with raincoat drew darkness over th
21 Socco Grande..'do with a bit of d~~EEK~~
22 dropay--I knowyou've had it off--
23 gold buying lark--Its the Fatima--
24 Dont give the old beast a cent.'
25 Time dilation--Set your watches
26 back an hour..Captain Clark welcomes
27 you aboard lazy time tape of his
28 home town.Few holes of golf? this
29 languid paradise of of dreamy skies
30 and firefly evenings music across th
31 golf course echoes from high cool
32 corners of the dinning room a littl
33 breeze stirs candles on the table..
34 Its was April afternoon,After a whil
35 some newsboy told him the war was
36 over sadness inhis eyes the trees
37 filtering light on dappled grass
38 the lake like bits of silver paper
39 in a wind across the golf course--
40 this story of a young man who lived
41 as you and I do fading streets a
42 distant sky..Body sadness in the
43 afternoon to say 'good bye.'

Texte dont le titre laisse supposer qu'il a servi de matrice pour les textes précédents, et rappelle l'importance des rêves dans l'œuvre de Burroughs.



Couverture du magazine *Klactoveedsedsteen* (n° 3) publié par Carl Weissner.

William S. Burroughs Collection of Periodical literature, 1952-1972, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations

con tents
 in hood
 in halt
 son maire

alex hand 2 poems
 pieter beek 7 gedichten
 paul wiens stoffwechsel
 dan georgakas au pires cafe
 carl weissner lham
 ja le sidaner trajectoire
 vilmos k last serigraph
 peter s beagle berkeley then
 wladim s surrouhns A TAPE RECORDER EXPERIMENT
 kwec sinh & c weissner tape recorder mutations
 glyn pursglove a parable
 Panic Group activities
 carl weissner PANlite Prism Con
 jeff nuttall pieces of poetry
 contributors notes

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Sommaire.

WILLIAM S BURROUGHS

A TAPE RECORDER EXPERIMENT

w/ acknowledgment to Ian Sommerville/London

April 7, 1966

Earl Rushmore
Trebovir Road
London S.W.5
England

Mr. Weissner

My thanks for sending me the scroll (KIACT./2 - Ed.) which I found most interesting and much along the lines of what I have been doing. Enclose a tape recorder experiment I am just putting into effect which should produce some interesting results. Always results are achieved by playing back the street and not in ones room. Please let me hear from you soon again

All the best

William Burroughs

Walk are ride if you have a car to and fro up and down in any city streets record the words you see street signs shop windows what is written on passing trucks posters. Type out recording in one column. Now type out a second column replacing the words in column 1 with words having a similar sound. (Daily Express April 7, 1966... Daily Express April 11, 1966; Director Angus Ogilvy between flights at Orly... Between flights at Orly) Here is a sample taken from a walk up Trebovir Road, London S.W.5 to Earl's Court Station and back:

D.M.707 Strathmore Hotel
George House No Vacancies
Sunnyhill Court A.J. Pines Co.
To Let Ever Open Shop
Sainsbury Higgs Hill
B.O.A.C. His Ever Open Shop
Clothes Philips Combs
The Golden Egg Restaurant
and Coffee Lounge Raines
Touch and Glow Cool Ray
Prince of Teck Kenway Road
English Cheese English Cheese
Milk Milk Milk Needs Employment
Open Now Till 9 P.M. Sunnyhill
Court unborn feet whatever
Rushmore Hotel sooner or later
have to show their hand
C.W. Mayne Hair Women
Dressing Prince of Teck
Biggs A.J. Barclay's Bank
Mr Nash Courtfield Dino's
Allo Spiedo Earl's Court
Station Restaurant Hot X
Buns confectionary
W.J. Gault Trader Primrose
Laundry Fish and Chips

M.D.7Eleven Mathmoor Hotel
forge house for vacancies
money fill fort A.J. fine
company new set ever open
hop Wainsbury wigs hill
see so maybe his ever
so pen wop clothes Philips
combs the fold in peg
restaurant toffee lounge
cold Kentucky rains one
song touch and go fool say
Prince of deck English seas
bilk bilk bilk feed employ
seant open cow fill fine
P.M. Funny, Hill, Mort unborn
feet forever rush for
motel skooner or satyr
have to sow their land
me double you slain fair
women pressing prince of deck
frigs A.J. far clay bank
mister nash sort field
he knows allo Speed oh
Earl's Court nation rest
or rant dot boss nuns
confectionary double you fool

L'une des contributions de Burroughs, on notera la présence d'un extrait de lettre pour expliciter la méthode utilisée.

7 Kenway Road ABC Post
I like the job so would you
Robert Burns Earl's Court
Twin Hover New Type Job
Boots Closed 1 P.M.
Jet Heel Brooks Agency
Continental Confectionary

raid her primrose laundry
dish and lips 11 Fenway Road
maybe see ghost off ice
by Mike sea gob oh could you
row Bert turns furis fort
Ba wipes Bob's boots close
fun whee jet heels...

If you have a two track machine record on two tracks column one and two and play back so the two track run simultaneously. If you do not have a two track machine the same effect can be created by two people speaking at the same time one reading column one and one reading column two. When you have recorded the two tracks running at the same time play back in the area where the recording was made. You will soon have people seeing double Maya Maya illusion illusion.

As usual the tip off came from those who wish to monopolize and control the techniques by which so called 'reality' is formed and directed. In the Nottingham Guardian Journal, 23.2.66 a review of my novel Nova Express 'Joyce is rather easier to read and comprehend. Take for instance the opening paragraph of this book: "Listen to my last words anywhere. Listen to my last words any world. Listen all you boards syndicates and governments of the earth. And you powers behind what filth deals consummated in what lavatory to take what is not yours. To see the ground from unborn feet whatever." Now the text actually reads see sell the ground from unborn feet forever". which is comprehensible enough. The reviewer obviously hoped that anyone leafing through the book undecided whether to buy or not would see the altered text and dismiss the book as nonsense. Well any number can play.

William S. Burroughs

April 27, 1966

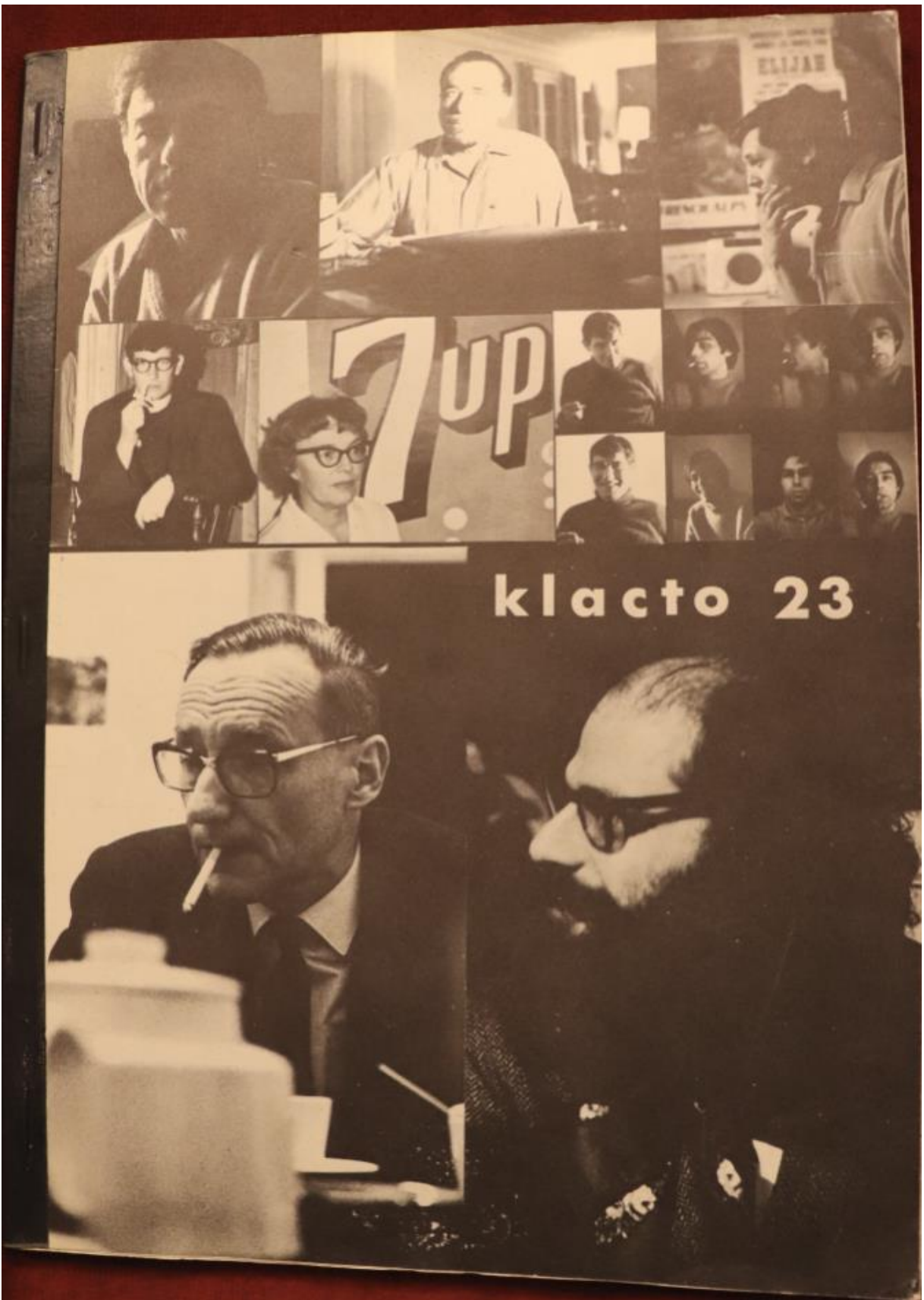
Dear Carl Weisauer

Here is an extension of the Radio idea. Turn the sound off on a television set and use an arbitrary recorded sound track - street sounds, music, conversation, recordings from other TV programs, radio etcetera. You will notice that the arbitrary sound track seems to be appropriate to the silent image track on the screen. In other words what we see is dictated by what we hear which is why I find tape recorder experiments more interesting than photographic experiments. You can of course cut back and forth between your recordings and the TV sound track or if you have two TV sets available record the actual TV sound track on recorder and run your arbitrary sound track on another track so that the two are playing at the same time and play back in the street. Ideal of course would be a TV set in a shop window with arbitrary sound track.

Shonste Grasses

William S. Burroughs

CS speaking: For Krisz Ache get yourself a copy of MY ONE MAN / 75 (From BetterBooks, Miles Paperback Shop, 32-9, Chancery Road, London WC2) - large & revealing Burroughs MOVING PICTURE section - & find out more abt what the cursed beef is !!...



Couverture de *Klacto 23* publié en 1967.

KLACTO/23 special

harold norse-----	notes from neanderthal city
gerard simon belart-----	from PANic apocalypse
vilmós-----	two drawings
malay roy choudhury-----	prachanda baidyutik chhutar / stark electric jesus
carol bergé-----	service
margaret randall-----	birth II
gerard malanga-----	windshield
diane di prima-----	12 poems from 1957
larry eigner-----	three poems
douglas blazek-----	clark street
george dowden-----	from renew jerusalem
charles bukowski-----	from letters to the editor, 5 poems, & photo
jeff nuttall-----	a short novel
allen ginsberg-----	journal entry on visit to timothy leary's house in boston, dec. 1960
william s. burroughs-----	parenthetically 7 hertz
claudio pélieu-----	postscript to manifesto for the grey generation
mary beach-----	from the electric banana, & 2 calligraphs
henri chopin-----	faire
edgardo antonio vigo-----	poesia matemática
francois dufréne-----	pragmatique du crirythme
dick higgins-----	concretion no.3
diter rot-----	from die blaue flut, 2. teil
wolf vostell-----	dogs and chinese not allowed, + notation, & photos
klaus staeck-----	orig. woodcut
edition tangente-----	art section

cover photos

<u>harold norse</u> heidelberg, 3/1967 photo: belart	<u>charles bukowski</u> los angeles october 1966	<u>jeff nuttall</u> in his subcutan -eous offices
<u>'the priest'</u> onan city 1923 photo: mustill	<u>mary beach</u> san francisco 1967 photo: mustill	<u>claudio pélieu</u> san francisco photo: j.beach
<u>william burroughs</u> heidelberg, june 1966 photo: poessnecker	<u>allen ginsberg</u> at a village gate benefit for timothy leary, march '66. photo: n.finkelstein	<u>g.s. belart</u> heidelberg, 3/67 photo: norse

KLACTO/23 TAPE

mono, 1 hour at 3 3/4 ips

<u>side 1:</u>	wm burroughs reading from 'Crab Nebula' (nova express)	13:30
	harold norse reading from 'Green Ballets' (residu/1)	5:45
	jeff nuttall reading from 'The Case of Isabel'	7:10
	claudio pélieu a fragment from 'Here Fast Now' read by mary beach, jim andrews, & n.o. mustill	3:30
<u>side 2:</u>	harold norse reading 2 parapoems (residu/1&2)	3:35
	chns.bukowski reading 3 poems (klacto/4 & klacto/23)	7:50
	carol bergé reading 2 poems (klacto/4 & klacto/23)	3:20
	brion gysin 'I am' (machine poem) from OU/revue-disque	20-21 4:30
	henri chopin 'l'energie du sommeil' " " " "	23-24 5:00
	francois dufréne 'crirythmes' (1958&1964) " " " "	23-24 5:30

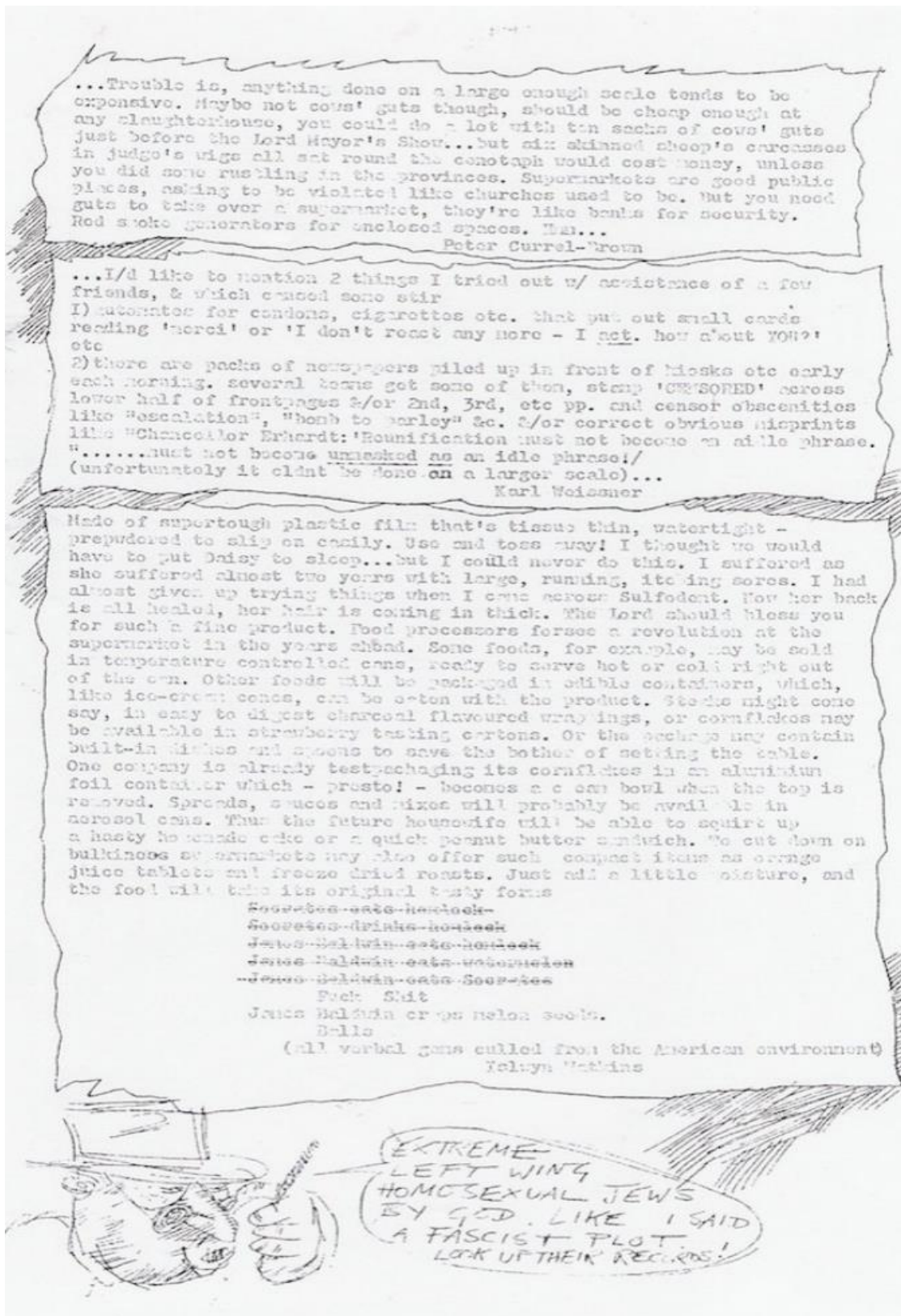
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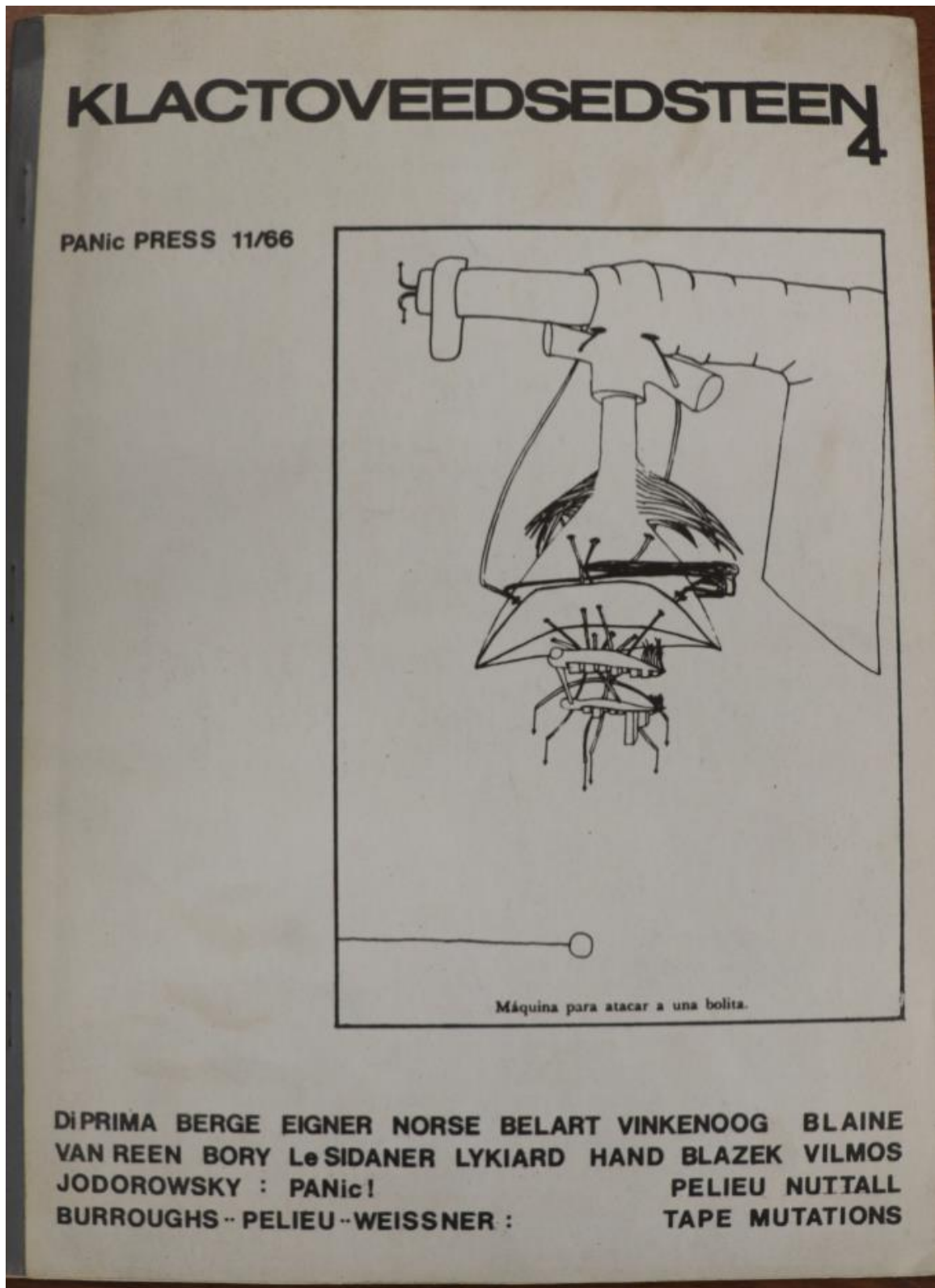
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Table des matières de ce même numéro.

ANNEXE 35



Extrait de la section « courrier des lecteurs » de *My Own Mag* (n° 14) dans laquelle Carl Weissner présente des idées liées au mouvement « PANic ».



Couverture de *Klactoveedseedsteen* (n° 4) publié par Carl Weissner en 1966.

William S. Burroughs Collection of Periodical literature, 1952-1972, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations

con tents
in houd
som maire

Diane Di Prima	poem
Carol Bergé	poem
Larry Eigner	11 poems
Harold Norse	poem
Gerard S Belart	4 poems
Simon Vinkenoog	a message
Ton Van Reen	2 poems
Julien Blaine	poème concret
J.-F. Bory	poème concret
J.-M. Le Sidaner	Pulsation 2
Alexis Lykiard	poem
Douglas Blazek	poem
Jeff Nuttall	drawing sequence
Alex Hand	2 poems
Alexandro Jodorowsky	Towards ephemeral PANic
Burroughs-Pélieu-Weissner	Tape Recorder Mutations
Alex Hand	Take for Alconbury
Vilmós	drawing
Claude Pélieu	from work in progress
Harold Norse	Calling All Geniuses
contributors	notes

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ICA Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., London W1
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Switzerland: Galerie Connaître-Poésie Vivante, 5 Blvd. des Philosophes, Geneva
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Sommaire.

LA GUERRE PARTOUT

Preface & Code Précis
in present time 10/23/66 the following are tape mutations of material Wm. BURROUGHS recorded here June 6, 1966 : excerpts from "burning heavens, idiot" (Insect Trust Gazette no.1, summer 1964), "time" (C Press NYC, 1965), and "nova express" (Grove Press NYC, 1964); and of selections from the ms. of "visa for a bone sky" by Claude PELIEU, and passages from some recent texts of mine --- all these recorded on 2 parallel tracks & then folded in together; with several intersection points inserted later from Time Magazine, Newsweek, The London Times of July 4, 1874 &

'...the technique of free association, that is standing in front of a microphone & saying whatever becomes into your mind, is of course quite useless to this department. because cause associations, being electrical impulses, magnetic impulses, are of course no more free than the wires in a recording machine or in a computer. so that is not the approach at all...(however,) we realize that something interesting happens when two people get together & sort of put their facilities at each other's disposal, and make separate recordings & fold them in together...' (Wm. Burroughs, on one of his tapes)

thus, we might add, precisely creating the high-pressure area in which the word&image virus operates freely, and with maximum efficiency; continuously mutating and shifting the original material into new areas & patterns of thought, and mind, and time...

carl weissner, 23 oct 66

Subliminal Newsreel

---faint signals from an unnamed radio galaxy in the constellation Minraud --- last words of Penetrating Palmer forming there in Bad News Dept. on the Blue Neon channel---"hustling myself dying here word for word cancelled codes repeating myself in dislocated grids distorted orbits you could see me turning neuter a long time ago a Neutron Star trailing his funny stories in empty moebius strips last human flesh I created is dead at the Miraflores the terms were no good light getting thin electricity in the air wiring wiring Nueva Chicago you hear me ? is this Grey Machine recording ? hooked forever on this ruin of a cover story 'somos estas palabras' vast twinges of amputation everybody else is on the Nova Nod and so, can/t you see what keeps us here in this genetic roulette last human flash we cremated in switch fits you see how we were caught in repetition sets any image repeated in your eyes, Bradly, loses charge and makes this hell & this enemy and keeps us here" --- the operator shrugged & pushed the filmlock, "well, I guess something must wear out after all. they turned him over to the Dream Police, word for word. his blinded image sank in a matter of seconds. fell into the Deadline Grid. he turned around his dead eyes cut thru my flesh as if they were scanning a one-way mirror, "Klinker is dead. Major Ash is dead. Chigger is dead. blackout shiftings of blurred semaphore units. reverse exposure, you understand. fragments of mutilated HiFi, all you will ever hear of war & death in the AUTOVON Ovens." he looked at me his eyes on North Clark Street bled a strong lunar yellow, "now these are problems that can/t be solved by known biologic compasses, I figure..." his voice muffled behind metallic grey shadows of the Nova Gardens, "...the planet is sick --- catatonic limestone --- poisoned filter-areas --- white smoke signals of terminal RADIO NEED ---"

Newspeak, 4/7/66; coordinates: Brookhaven, N.Y. 33-Bev accelerator

The K-minus Gook Rot collided with the Nova Proton Mob over a point of anti-matter sweepstakes, and the Mirror World came down in a shower of nuclear debris. "well", says Dr. Franzini, "any number can play. 33 billion elect chaos again the stuff of all great advances..."

« La Guerre Partout ». Page 1. On notera à nouveau la présence d'un encart explicatif précédent le texte publié.

The REAL TIME Con

so Fred Flash he expose wrong & I think that he now take nothing mind
tape playback stuck in fluid-time debris dead intersection points
'Reality Studio' blocked by victims of Forward Memory Blockade, clasping
paranoiac feelers, wounded sensors "now what seems to be the problem,
electromagnetic time? set your carry corders forward an hour, simple as
that..." Dream Police putting out fake charismatic vibrations & the
drowned marks fall for it every fucking time "just a minute, mac...
this uh incident corner of 8th & Grant remember?...now you say...of course
it's a drag...sure...just give the friendly fuzz an in with your memory-
bank & we'll straighten this out in a moment...now...'around 10:30...'
that's no way of putting it...you can't give that kind of spiel to our
Senor IBM...he feeds on REAL TIME, see?..." how could they otherwise
they do no longer make that kind of time in watches anyway these days ...
crepuscular silence burning heavens amok units flashing meaningless
messages at each other infectious phonedust fallout from clogged news-
reels "clearly a planetary info fuckup..." and then, suddenly,
charred signals of HATE thru a red bone sky he turned around both guns
blazing & I saw the brains go with a triumphant roar of alarm sirens
barbiturate dream withdrawal blurring our faces out of focus photic pain
marched across the valley in silver columns

the OGT Agent monitored the
Canal Zone "now what's up on the Panama Stasis Kick Track? you lost
or something? Word is flesh & your columns received up here badly smear-
ed so? we told you a long time ago metal time radioactive time and
when you started tampering with the Orgone Calendar that was it no good
no bueno senores reaccón agonizanda lifelines hanging in rags..." &
a short switch to Shell Mara shows the Ashkenazic Squad just moving out
leaving hundreds of dysautonomia prisoners behind whole place galvanized
with mute terror

(Note: dysautonomia caused by so-called 'garbled genetic messages' leaving
a defect that impairs many automatic functions and sensory perceptions;
state commonly known as 'the stasis horrors')

Catatonic City, Black Meat Plaza; metabolic time.

During the biennial Panics when the raw, peeled Dream Police storm the
City, the Mugwumps take refuge in the deepest crevices of the wall sealing
themselves in clay cubicles and remain for weeks in biostasis. In those
days of grey terror the Reptiles dart about faster and faster, scream past
each other at supersonic speed, their flexible skulls flapping in black
winds of insect agony...

(Quote from Naked Lunch)

Where Did The Virus Spend The Winter?

The Blue Kid drifted out thru the revolving door waving sadly "you and I
fading", he said "low pressure area words falling like dead birds in
the noon streets "are you? will you the sheer answer out of focus in
dying eyes right where you are sitting now smeared with the blood of old
movies & then shadowy slide moments of forgotten life flickering across
vibrating skin in front of me "sky goes out against my back... no
tengo memoria, senor no mas púrpura purulenta incesto de palabras...
brains&blood&bones in frozen disaster and the words clogged in the
sheer sucking funnel of deadline 1816 purple shifting eyes emitting Angst
'don/t looka me you know what I mean right enough...' caught in spins
& loops of the Orion Dream Stuff "I/m dying, meester? forgotten behind
the mud wall?..."

July 7, Tuesday, St Auberge, 1964 brought back the
formula 'on North Clark Street' faint ticker rumors from remote control
towers like muffled echos of an astral jukebox fading in alien air light-
years washed over his face "The Invisibles have been tracking me for a

long time they wanted to kill me in Mol&Mort Punchcard Road the cold
summer of 1816 The Blue Kid stammering there in front of me stained with
dew 'what were you doing at bill gray's tropico? in that silent empty
inn?... words travelling on 23 "Station Nylon 3/12 here live from London
ALL MEANS ARE GOOD, said Mr. B., ALL OF THEM, BARRING NONE

'atrophied sea-
son I tidy up my skin, meester caught in smell of blood&excrement in the
Tangier streets remember I will meet you in yesterday's columns Mount St
East Orange 23

Captain Clark made his reports in red & immigrated to Tiburon
Island on the Insect Wave the secret legend of centuries 'sunshine&shadow
of Mexico a night in Madrid and then he didn't, he wasn't flickering
silver smile he was nothing' and at that moment the face of platin
changed and at that moment Mr. Megaton filled jeff nuttall with radio-
active sneezing powder that lost brother still clung to me along Portland
Road where the second-hand bookshop used to be just opposite the old cemetery
now you are asking me 'who saw to it that nothing was accom-
plished in the OGT Studio? who gave the Culex Tarsalis a chance to dine on
those miserable creatures in which the Blue Encephalitis hibernates?...' &
& the sheer answer cut out of dead hours by a simple twist of the Psychic
Scalpel ENEMY AGENTS disguised as word&image technicians sucked all the
emotions oxygen out of our communications mutilated voiceprints scrofulous
tracks & columns diseased words without a throat without a tongue seconds
to go

'Fight Star Tuberculosis, Folks...'

yes boys, that/s me there by the cement mixer you know who I am now...?
might as well give my old flesh to the Amoeba Merchant calle del APO-33
Nueva Presencia? ...forgotten my number in this ruin of a body
'senor claudio you have a cap of morphine? un poco, por favor...?'
white cubicles his eyes dissolving in the spoon heard someone laugh in the
next room 'does that cover it?...' aubrey waved goodbye chance did things
well, he figured gently slid across the boy's transparent torso on the floor
heavily infected double silhouetted against a rancid back-
ground of stained light in the curtained room "they don't wait, kid Film
Union closed 4 p.m...." any hand, Bradly, ready to kill triggered by your
laser look flickering film scraps of wars & murders on their taut tropical
skins

'them wires pulled loose and the circumcised hero sank to the bottom
of the Cobalt Bay I could feel his words die forming a heavy blue silence
like water around my feet sick mouth back on the dying Film Union odor-
less&colorless in the anthropometric cabin...'

The Buick exploded blood all over a heaving room booby-
trapped undoubtedly by the Raw Being "airhammers, mate closed film in the
street" 'I met him there in the jewish hangar slipped in the sticky phone-
dust he shot me with his earphones shot me right there in front of the crew
of the St Banana his flexible bones flapping around in cold metal smell of
coalgas...'

The Invisibles were entirely mistaken about our code 'these
writers are going to write history as it happens, in present time...'
they surrounded the neutral buildings of Onan City 19 blind skypilots scan-
ning the uniform grey walls with their oscillating feelers eagerly sucking
in the city's agonized braille 'covering 1402 on 18th Street! marked for
invasion! tracking you between the lines in yesterday's papers between
the stop signs of the Impaspecialists...!' no-load operation Demolition
Plan called off & now it is here in darkness that we reassemble all the
dislocated scripts & voiceprints in fluid time & intersect with past and
future mutations of other Self

Nova Publications maintain that the Acoustic Suburbs of Holborn WC2 were caused by the 'Star Virus', June 49 deadliners rummaging in the scoria-
ceous smoke of Talifer space travelers across lightyears lost all
touch with human contacts & fears in chinatown near the missiles they
play a forward nuclear poker in the telemeter distributors calling in
this game can explode the players and the uh premises
(coordinates New World SF,142/June 1964)

'well you might have taken half the planet with you', said an intersection
negro in the wool&cotton orbit "the whole of it, mate...!"
the priest they called him in the Cellular Council 'I can feel them
out there fumbling in their filthy briefs their insect brains track the
virus of the fallible point...' 'XUAC doesn't answer anymore' 'lost
or something on the Creole Circuit?...'

cold blue alleys of Nueva Chicago lake wind like a knife under
a bone sky Captain Clark/s control tower covered with refrigerated mucus
Count Geiger on bubble chamber bum kicks flashing meson grids from his
transparent brains 'hustling myself in this ruin of a body sure I could
replace my scheme here in these dark orgone streets that would give you
two more weeks before your deadline, Mr. Pozo tape recorders bank tu-
mescent flesh simple repetition whole could be used as a model for a
Bad Move escalated autopsy in distorted blueprints'

"we can locate the
intersection points, of course joe geiger always uses bits of old news-
papers talking typewriters reactive combos answer him either unchanged
or reverse we will show you the proof sheets when we get back to the
office..." hard to distinguish maps came in at the verbal level immedi-
ately phoned away telepathic 'ticket exploded in air blurred reason
five years I grew muttering in the ice wind hand caught in the door'
sizzling maze of colorless slides and gaseous botulism recordings riots
in photophobia

joe geiger painfully rose to his recent feet "clearly
the whole defense must be experiments with double vision and two-tape-
recorder-mutations..." he handed me a photostat and I saw that it was
a page of the Tamil Times for July 4, 1874 'clifton de berry shot to
death in his subcutaneous office larval flesh hanging in rags series
of blown-up Death TV floorshows' "see how they are caught in repetition
sets? precisely creating the La Tourette syndroms that lead to NOVA
they endlessly reproduce what they see or hear at such frenzied speed that
they can spit out a whole newspaper in ten seconds semantic mines, you
understand until it drives the scanners up the wall & you can see the
speech centers go they walk in on the unsuspecting host with a perfunct-
-ory 'Hello there...' and in a matter of seconds replace his speech with
supersonic Word-Fear virus copies & all you hear is a high pitched Trrrrr
the gimmick is reverse phonosynthesis..."

as usual the tip off came from one of those innocent well-meaning scient-
ists who wish to monopolize so-called peaceful techniques by which the
'Word Habit' can be killed or, as they prefer to say, cured in this case
one Dr. Clark, and I give you the exact coordinates: TIME, aug.26,1966 ;
page 32, col.3 :: 'Clark describes one patient, a man of 22, who could
not control "his incessant and explosive repetition of four well-known
monosyllabic obscenities"...Clark cured him by getting him to exaggerate
his symptoms: he was made to repeat his favorite obscenities as loud and
fast as he could until exhausted. Any alternative words or flagging from
a metronome-paced cursing speed of up to 200 cusses a minute was discour-
aged by mild electric shocks..." which of course was The Bait, and the
Impaspecialists closed in fast they developed pre-programmed commer-
cials inhaled in the form of coded carbon dioxide and cheap cylert kicks
to induce complete sense stasis beginning as muscular twitches and pro-
gressing to grunts & insane shouts terminal zone of Cyclazocine

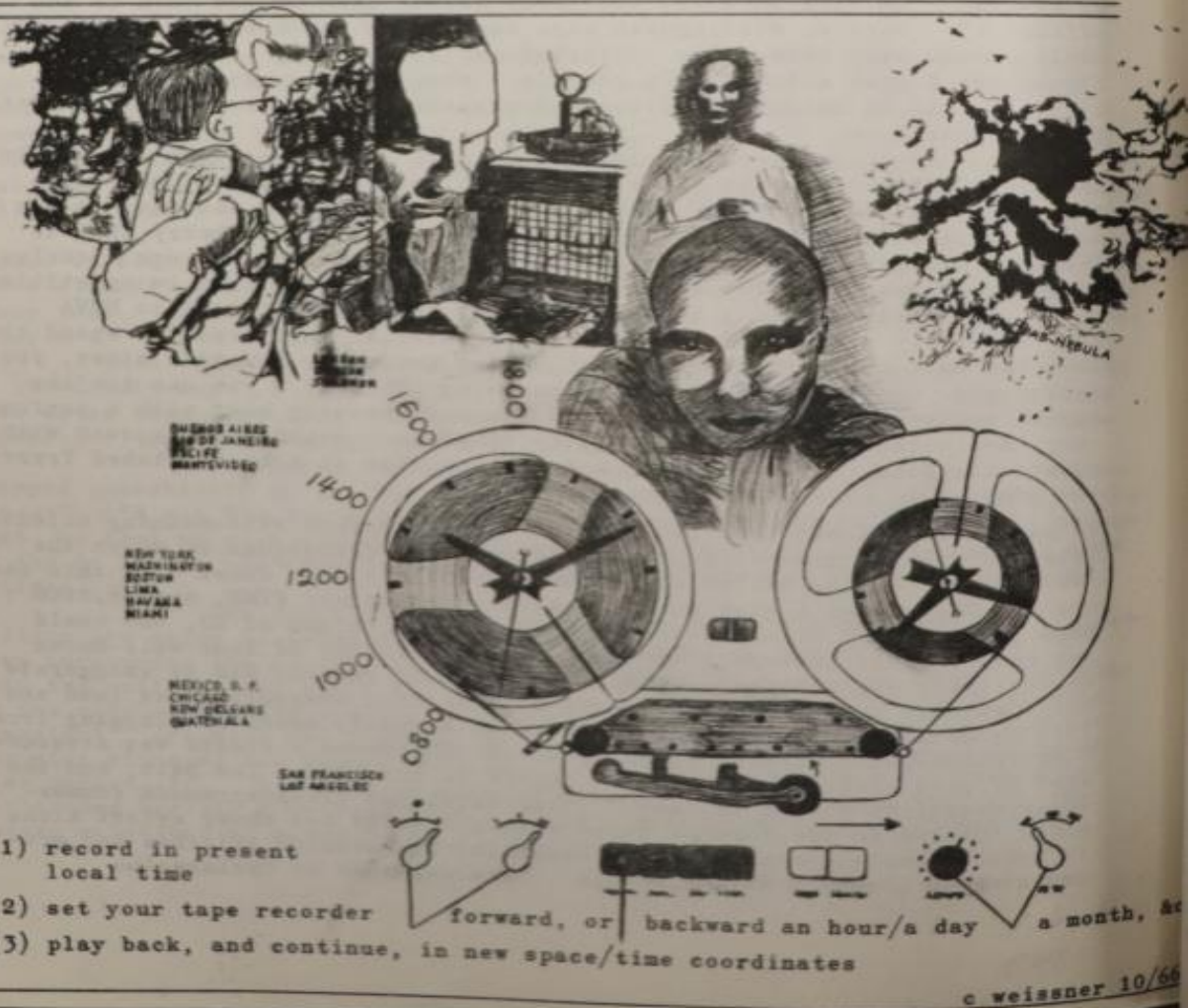
voices&brains reduced to frozen particles called 'good consciousness'
 only a few semantic cosmonauts have survived on the Grey Braille

colorslides in mexican people to be read so to speak negative the Photo
 Assassins were explicit "Confiese! Confiese! Ah! no tienes memoria?!!..."
 "...para que confiese hay que crearle una memoria!..." "necesitamos la
 culpa!..."

they form a noncommunity called Talifer hideous maneuvers
 in alien ganglia Talifer appears on no maps it is populated by oafish
 technicians and scientist submen disease beggars multiplying bacteria
 feeding on reverse instructions from nowhere deserts of gamma-infested
 mind streaks of lurid oscillating lavender & orange across the planet/s
 jet-black skies : a phantom communication system that consists of 'photic
 calls' - like asian lightning bugs, you understand

you can see their victims everywhere crawling all over the
 place in word-poisoning fits pressing a button on their 'pain box' now &
 again emitting long high shrills of neutral passion and a cold metal
 voice keeps pronouncing the word D E A T H T V cylert patrols zig-
 zag thru the hosts injecting the Green Drug (they keep them on a vegetable
 consciousness level by cheap chlorophyll kicks...)

idiot howls in shabby
 quarters of a forgotten city defecting agents longdistance blackouts
 adios lectures on anemic lifelines time to move in, Mr Pozo Mr because
 the lifeline is The Word and the word on this planet is sick



Page 5. L'illustration est vraisemblablement de la main de Jodorowski.

TO BRING YOU THE BEST OF THE WESTERN WORLD... ABSTRACT THE VISIBILITY GENERATION... ON COME INSTANT HAPPENING...

KLACTO 23 INTERNATIONAL

Table with 2 columns: Country and coordinates. Includes entries for Australia, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Korea, Mexico, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Taiwan, Thailand, USA, USSR, Vietnam, Yugoslavia, and West Germany.

Frankfurt London Paris New York San Francisco Los Angeles Calcutta

September 17, 1899

Published by NOVA PRESS / Frankfurt Carl Weissner, Editor

J.C. BALLARD Napalm & Liebe: Export USA

3. Die sexualstimulierende Wirkung von Filmberichten über Vietnamkriegsereignisse... Interessant wurden die Folgen einer schließlichen Konfrontation mit Fernsehberichten über die Folterungen...

wurden; sie ist vielmehr zu sehen als Faktor in einem öffentlichen Kontext, der Politik-Massenkommunikation... 4. Der letzte sexuelle Charakter des Krieges... Die Auswertung und Verlagerung des Konflikts...



6. Die optimale Kindersituation... Aus fotografischen Puzzeln von brutalen Charakter bestimmten Gruppen von Hausfrauen, Studenten und psychischen Patienten...

CLAUDE PELIEU Total Assault. Letzte Positionen.

Die repressive 'Ordnung' ist wiederhergestellt in Mexico City in Paris, in Chicago... Die schwarzen und roten Fahnen machen Front gegen die faschistische Verheerung...

wel sie echte Revolutionäre sind... Die Sowjetunion kriecht jetzt vor ihrer eigenen Courage... WIESE ABE WE? Alte Fotos --- Wo sind wir? ---

WILLIAM BURROUGHS The Invisible Generation

In 7 have indicated in THE INVISIBLE GENERATION (published in The Invisible Generation...)



Klacto 23 International, publié par Carl Weissner en 1968.

William S. Burroughs Collection of Periodical literature, 1952-1972, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations

den Fällen mit erheblichen Resultaten.

2. Filmbilder von Kampfhandlungen und ihre Wirkung auf die Psyche

Individuen, die Filmbilder von Kampfhandlungen in Vietnam gesehen haben, wurden von einer Kommission befragt:

a) einer Kommission, die mit der Analyse von Faktoren zusammenhängend beauftragt war; b) einer Gruppe von psychiatrischen Beratern (einer Gruppe von Ärzten).

Es wurde festgestellt, daß in Gegenwart von Filmen und Hörbuchaufnahmen die Filmbilder eine deutliche depressive Wirkung hatten, z.B. Blutruck, Puls und Blutdruck auf ein normales Maß reduzierten.

Diese Ergebnisse stimmen zu den geringen dramatischen Ausstrahlungen solcher Filmbilder, die im allgemeinen auch kein unmittelbares Interesse auf Seiten der Zuschauer hervorrufen. Ähnlich wie man allerdings diese Filmbilder mit Ausstrahlungen aus Filmen, so entsteht ein optimales Environment, das auf Arbeitsleistung, soziale Bindungen und generelle Motivationen eines anhaltend geistlichen Umfeldes beruht.

In Hinblick auf die derzeit gegebenen sozialen und wirtschaftlichen Verhältnisse liegt es demnach auf der Hand, daß sich eine Aufrechterhaltung des Vietnamkonflikts empfiehlt. Frontalkonflikte militärischer oder ziviler Natur (wie z.B. der bevorstehende Bürgerkrieg zwischen der weißen und schwarzen Rasse) haben bei vorangehenden Texten durchweg mitteilend abgeschwächt, und die Ergebnisse weisen übereinstimmend darauf hin, daß Kriege von Typus Vietnam und die generelle Filmpolitik der körperlichen Beziehungen.

Die Massenmedien - insbesondere das Fernsehen - haben das verstärkte Bedürfnis nach politischer Botschaft demonstriert. Die körperliche Vereinigung kann nicht länger als rein persönlicher isolierter Akt angesehen

Wirkung von Filmbildern und Filmbildern

Psychologische Experimente haben keine konsistenten Befunde von Filmbildern aus Vietnam gegeben. Infolgedessen wurde eine allgemeine Gesundheitsstudie durchgeführt, die die Auswirkungen von Filmbildern auf die Psyche untersuchen sollte. Infolgedessen wurde eine allgemeine Gesundheitsstudie durchgeführt, die die Auswirkungen von Filmbildern auf die Psyche untersuchen sollte.

Die Patienten, die in diesem Experiment teilnahmen, wurden in drei Gruppen unterteilt: eine Gruppe, die Filmbilder von Kampfhandlungen in Vietnam sah; eine Gruppe, die Filmbilder von zivilen Szenen in Vietnam sah; und eine Gruppe, die keine Filmbilder sah.

Die Ergebnisse zeigten, dass die Gruppe, die Filmbilder von Kampfhandlungen in Vietnam sah, eine deutliche depressive Wirkung zeigte. Dies wurde durch eine Abnahme der Herzfrequenz, des Blutdrucks und des Pulsdrucks festgestellt.

Die Gruppe, die Filmbilder von zivilen Szenen in Vietnam sah, zeigte keine deutliche depressive Wirkung. Dies wurde durch eine Abnahme der Herzfrequenz, des Blutdrucks und des Pulsdrucks festgestellt.

Die Gruppe, die keine Filmbilder sah, zeigte keine deutliche depressive Wirkung. Dies wurde durch eine Abnahme der Herzfrequenz, des Blutdrucks und des Pulsdrucks festgestellt.

as a post script to the Ticket that exploded) a technique for producing events and directing thoughts, a mass scale in available to anyone with a portable tape recorder or a car in transport recorder. The basis for this technique is WAKING SUGGESTION first used by Doctor John Snow of London. He also introduced the Apophoric treatment for alcoholism and drug addiction.

Waking suggestion as practiced by Dr. Dent: The patient is instructed to read aloud from a book while concentrating his attention on what he is reading as if reading to an imaginary person seated in front of him. The doctor stands behind him and repeats at the same voice level the patient is using certain suggestions previously agreed upon between doctor and patient ("You will be able to sleep", "You will not relapse into the use of alcohol", etc.).

The patient, since he is reading aloud and his attention is concentrated on what he is reading, does not hear the suggestions consciously and for this reason they take direct effect on his subconscious or reactive mind.

THIS IS NOT SUBLIMINAL SUGGESTION. Subliminal means below the level of conscious sight or hearing. Even if the subject were concentrating all his attention on the source of subliminal sounds or images, he would not be able to see or hear anything.

Waking suggestion consists of sounds or images which are not consciously registered SINCE THE SUBJECT'S ATTENTION IS ELSEWHERE. If his attention were directed towards the source he would be able to see or hear it immediately.

IN U.S. AFFAIRS

Waking suggestion with subliminal suggestion is the technique used in playback of pre-recorded tapes in the street, cocktail parties, bars, stations, air ports, parks, shows, political rallies, theatre intermissions etc.

People do not consciously hear the taped suggestions because their attention is directed towards something else: crossing street, catching train, listening for plane call, listening to speaker, looking at TV, talking to companions.

The volume of the tape is adjusted to street sounds, speech level and so forth. A well constructed suggestion tape will have pre-recorded street sounds or whatever suit in according to location.

Any suggestion tape is made much more effective if it contains contradictory commands. Stop. Go. Wait here. Go there. Come in. Stay out. Be a man. Be a woman. Be white. Be black. Live. Die. Be a human animal. Be a superman. Yes. No. Do it now. Do it later. Be your real self. Be somebody else. Rebel. Submit. RIGHT. WRONG. Make a splendid impression. Make an awful impression. Sit down. Stand up. Take your hat off. Put your hat on. Create. Destroy. Resist. Ignore. Live now. Live in the past. Live in the future. Obey the law. Break the law. Be obedient. Be disobedient. Accept. Reject.

May 8, 1945. GI'S freed Europe now free yourselves DESERT

Take a drive and your CD and in Germany see the students (GSI or AGI)




nicht in den Dienst dieser Entwicklung stellt.

Der kalte und der heiße Krieg - in Europa, Vietnam, Südamerika - ist nur noch Randerscheinung eines weltweiten psychologischen Krieges, der mit allen Mitteln & Methoden des Polizeistaats geführt wird, die reaktionäre Avantgarde - von Moskau bis Paris und Washington - überschlägt sich in Orgasmen der Lüge, „Hehepriester der Korruption, die auf expurgierte Marx & Mao Bibeln schwören...Virus-Agenten einer fingierten Dekolonialisierung.“

Wir erleben die Mobilität der Revolte, über alle Grenzen und Entfernungen hinweg...Wir erleben das Schwärzen & die Entschlossenheit der militanten Schwärzen, die ihrer sicheren Verachtung ins Auge sehen, eben

14/5/1969 New York City

ALLEN GINSBERG

Revolte der Maschinen

Mund---Lunge krümmt sich in Zigarettenhänger---Was tun, mit diesem Fuß dieses um dieses Auge, in verhängten überhitzten kalutta voller Skelette & wudgescheuten Straßenbahnen---schive überdeckt---die Zähne faulen hinter den Lippen---

Und da ist der Hieserraum mit seinen brennenden Planeten, die verrotzte Staabrüste des Nones, unsere Lufkriem---Wenn die Mutation das Hirn erfährt furchterregend auf uns zurück---Der große Zerfall der Gebäude & Planeten bricht durch die Schwelt der Sprache und begräbt mich für immer unter seiner Gangeschwere---Lasse ich mich überfluten---Lasse ich mich Morphin in den Arm---Leis Ausweg---Nur noch die Flucht über Bangkok nach New York in den Tod. Calcutta 24 Oct 1962

705

Bas de partie photo précédente.

MARY BEACH Photogenic Infections White U World

Specialized in the country to fill
with glowing photographs
... Mary Beach ...

... Mary Beach ...

... Mary Beach ...

... Mary Beach ...

... Mary Beach ...

... Mary Beach ...

... Mary Beach ...

... Mary Beach ...



... Mary Beach ...

WILLIAM BURROUGHS Abstract

... William Burroughs ...

1 ... William Burroughs ...

2 ... William Burroughs ...

3 ... William Burroughs ...

4 ... William Burroughs ...

1 ... William Burroughs ...

2 ... William Burroughs ...

3 ... William Burroughs ...

4 ... William Burroughs ...

1 ... William Burroughs ...

2 ... William Burroughs ...

3 ... William Burroughs ...

4 ... William Burroughs ...

1 ... William Burroughs ...

2 ... William Burroughs ...

3 ... William Burroughs ...

4 ... William Burroughs ...



JÜRGEN PLOOG London 2001

... Jürgen Ploog ...

... Jürgen Ploog ...

... Jürgen Ploog ...

CARL WEISSNER Is Bonn Burning?

... Carl Weissner ...

... Carl Weissner ...

... Carl Weissner ...

AVANTGARDE MELZER Richard 100

... Avantgarde Melzer ...

... Avantgarde Melzer ...

... Avantgarde Melzer ...

THE ANTI-CYTHON with IS Bland

... The Anti-Cytron ...

... The Anti-Cytron ...

... The Anti-Cytron ...

ANNEXE 38

GYL BERT-RAM-SOUTRENOM F.M.
ZÉNO BIANU
MICHEL BULTEAU
JEAN-PIERRE CRETIN
JACQUES FERRY
JEAN-JACQUES FAUSSOT
PATRICK GEOFFROIS
BENOIT HOLLIGER
THIERRY LAMARRE
BERTRAND LORQUIN
JEAN-CLAUDE MACHEK
MATTHIEU MESSAGIER
GILLES MÉZIERE
JEAN-JACQUES N'GUYEN THAT
ALAIN PRIQUE
MICK TRÉAN

**MANIFESTE
ÉLECTRIQUE
AUX PAUPIÈRES DE JUPES**



LE SOLEIL NOIR

A L'OCCASION DE
LA SORTIE DU

**MANIFESTE ÉLECTRIQUE
AUX PAUPIÈRES DE JUPES**

Projection de films UNDERGROUND :

PINK MAKE UP
de Jean Claude MACHEK

LA DIRECTION DE L'ODEUR
de Matthieu MESSAGIER

ON THE NOD
de Michel BULTEAU
(projection sur écran préparé)

FILMS *de Zeno Bianu*

**A LA LIBRAIRIE GALERIE
LE SOLEIL DANS LA TÊTE**

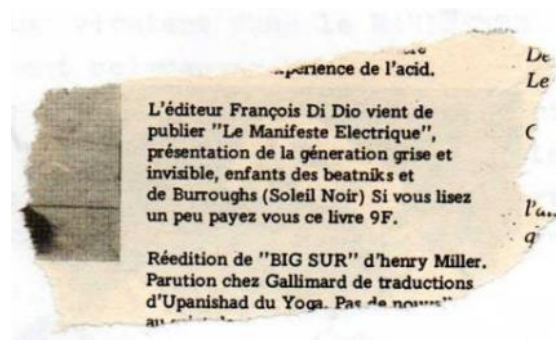
10, rue de Vaugirard, PARIS-5^e - Tél. ODE 80-91



Le 18 Juin 1971 à 19 heures

Prospectus annonçant la soirée organisée pour la parution de *Manifeste Electrique aux Paupières de Jupes* en Juin 1971.

<https://matthieumessagier.eu>



presse consacrée à cet ouvrage.

Coupages de

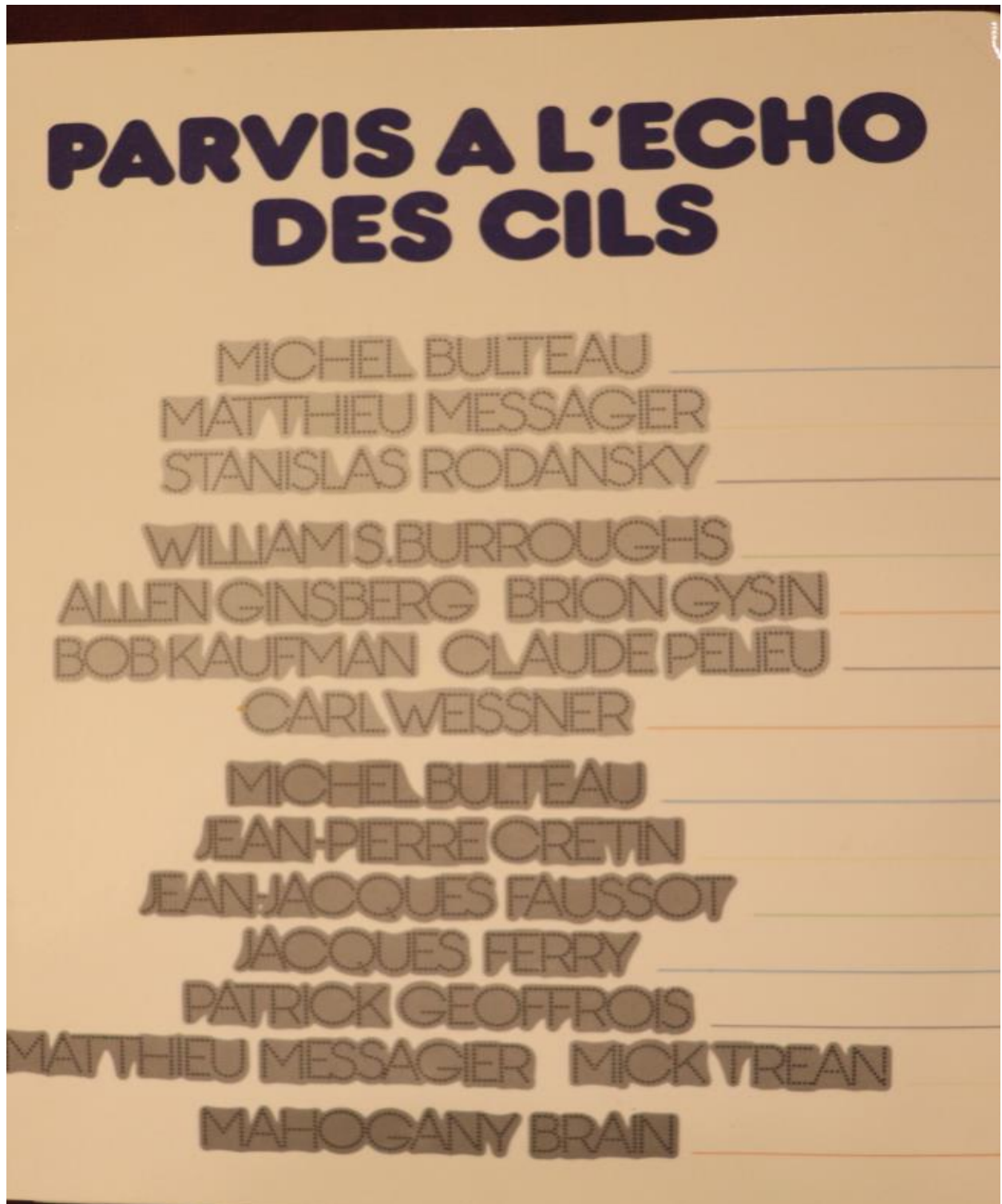
Et pour finir, une remarque : trop peu d'entre vous ont eu l'occasion de voir chez leur libraire le **Manifeste Electrique** édité au Soleil Noir, prix de vente 9 F. Demandez-le, sinon il sera étouffé (prix bas, pas de pub, pas de gros benefs à prendre pour le diffuseur et ses représentants, ni pour les libraires, vu l'assurance d'une vente très réduite par manque de vedettes au sommaire, et de critiques dans la presse). C'est un des très rares bouquins présentant ce qu'écrivent les nôtres à l'heure actuelle en France.

Dr Hugo Z. Hachis Buisson

Alexander Trocchi, Thierry Lamarre, Michel Bulteau
Gel / WHO HABIT JUNK WRONG GO WAS OUT PRESENT
To The Velvet Underground

coagulation vertige du gel dans mes yeux les bribes sur la mâchoire
d'accès en déroute se marche les murailles de glace d'orifice en
interposition aura sexe très noir comme un dédale de scie d'an-
goisse griffe d'Eruption des Mares résurgences jaillies des fumées la bague
d'ouverture tissée de fumée d'espace attouchement en porte à faux d'acier
par voix buccale le hasard des chairs décline d'amplification d'écho
surmené le ou rétine des lèvres sur les murs l'ombre déportée de flammes
lumière

sang ouvert
épluchée elle était là mais des symptômes ETHER-MOUTH reprendre une
fois d'instant à casser . œil agir . la . prunelle des dents la flaque d'encre
la muraille dispositif . iris de pénétration s'interpose très vite blancheur
nue crépuscule est une amitié décharnée la bite du coffret des cils d'une
plainte de la nuit chaos polaire là bas d'écho d'interrogation sur la limite
artère de veine seulement sauvés la veine du marécage d'étau incisif en
mouvance de marécage interrupteur dit-il des fesses-cieux de séquelle
miroir amputation du fibre d'âpreté incision lèvre d'éviter les incisives
et très interrompue par des souffles éclairés givrés détruits
aux vomissures recul métal et puis les chaînes de paille
la perte de ma bouche me laissa pollution de sexe tissée des cuisses nues
éteintes sur les genoux mais écartés d'instinct la voix d'Intact le recul
caillot bleuir émoussé de salive ma peur de la bouche d'araignée en perte
de mon enfance la notre degrés de pierres sont mes dents recul intégral
ma voix c'est l'enfance la poliomyélite d'unique repli vers le pelage des
lèvres retorse du dédale de botter fixé sans la sa voix de seringue



Couverture de *Parvis à l'écho des cils* second recueil de *cut-up* publié par des praticiens français de cette technique.

William S. Burroughs Collection of Periodical literature, 1952-1972, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations

ESPAÑA
Sucesos

son cuatro los militares muertos **Hubo cuatro muertos**



The NOVA EXPRESS

By train

Lighthouse keeper as I am in a policeman's red sutter record in the history of radio you are reading the future from me today arrange a meeting for four well known people here by train Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Burroughs and their two sons Mortimer Jr. and William Howard Burroughs of 4664 Berlin

place dim jerky far away the down playground 1960 ponds in recent low in edion across this long ago address the perch noise home from work used to be as Mister South and some



Page from Burrough's Journal

Contribution de Burroughs à ce recueil, il s'agit d'une reproduction de l'un de ses *scrapbooks*. Page 1.

Some displacements of a sedate and celebrated rose garden but ideal for the processes of a quiet riverview restaurant-

THAT PLACE BETWEEN 75 & 24 St. in St. Charles on the banks of the Missouri. An all-american team including the stars, featuring American, Spanish and French Foods. AD 10000

REPORTS

Best Wishes on Your Retirement

What in Horton Hotel Rue Vernet Gen-San Martine Espiola The Swan Last Day de Cobo Principe di Castel Rose it Chicale von Koepen Countess Gay Gudewill Count Randy Anne Fuss Rose Mary Grjesedick Vield Miguel Garcia de Gordon Hell does that mean???? On the scene photographs by William Born Field Retarded Children Project Inc Famous Barr Post St. Louis Magazine 52 just outside the barbecue corr all mes cheries Guggenheim Theresa Riley Nance Roger sponsored from top to bottom smotheringly randy young St.Louis citizen's bicentennial salute

(His Eminence John, all mes cheries Guggenheim, St.Louis Louis Cardinal Designate Glennon Theresa Riley Nance Roger thanks for you gracious (sponsored from top) ticking message looked 8 minutes bottom excitedly randy Victorian younger with such hair to beq two young St.Louis citizens gay happy goats and monkey's BIKAKIARAKI bicentennial salute randy at home)

Miguel de Gordon waters last Thursday in Hell (does that mean off stage Fete Dieu, Principe di Hell on the scene photographs The Swan La "our??) William born last day field, your a long retarded children project vielded way from St.Louis. I Inc, Famous Barr Post St. Prophet had not thought



Richard Halliburt what 'n Hotel rue Elliot this music on the Martine waters (off stage The Swan Last Day) vielded phophet in di onstle St.Louis clock ticking Victorian gay happy randy at home

Meet me in the shooting gallery/hick/ Quiet the roses/hick/ Ship scenes necessary/hick/ Signed



thanks for your gracious message..looked 8 minutes younger with such hair too goats and monkeys

Death Magazine 52 had undone so many outside the barbecue Castle



Page 2. Le mélange entre texte et image apparaît ici clairement.

From the address book and memory of Mr. Rives Matthews of St. Louis Mo. and Tragic Mexico.

REPORTS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
WALTER HIRTLEN



Happy New year Comte Hector Ferrone de San Martine Mrs Edge at home last Thursday in May Fete Dieu, Principe de La Tour, Gentilhomme di Palazze, your a long way from St. Louis..I had not thought death had undone so many..

Richard Halliburton, Tommy Elliot this music on the waters (off stage the Vielded Prophet Ball in St. Louis..Clock ticking away to a Victorian house



UNDER
3
FLAGS.

REPORTER IN ACTION

NEWSBOSS

REPORTER

A. REPORTER

Page from Burroughs' St. Louis Journal.

The MARIJUANA NEWSLETTER!

published by New York City LEMAR as a public service, to disseminate information toward the legalization of Marijuana. The MARIJUANA NEWSLETTER will print position papers, medical testimonies, & general information about the campaign to legalize marijuana. We shall agitate! We shall print the data. We have the facts about marijuana, the gentle benevolent herb.

ISSUE # 1. JANUARY 30, 1965. ABOLISH PROHIBITION! LEMAR! 25 CENTS

Edited by Randolfe Wicker, Ed Sanders, Peter Orlovsky, C.T. Smith.

Lemar

New York City Lemar is a voluntary association formed to educate the public concerning Marijuana & the urgent need to legalize it. Like liquor prohibition, pot prohibition violates personal liberty, promotes racketeering, & invites mass evasion of the law. But, while alcohol is demonstrably productive of hangover, cirrhosis of the liver, violence & Mylan Thomas scenes, Marijuana on the other hand is in ALL respects gentle, benevolent, & absolutely NON-addictive. We defy anyone to produce one shred of evidence that Marijuana is in any way addictive or that it produces at any time any adverse, depressive or other toxic effects.

LEMAR continued on page 4



by Randolfe Wicker

THE NEW YORK TIMES

Versus

THE TRUTH

It should come as no surprise that the same New York Times which finds teenage drinking alarming whether it be legal (New York-Connecticut border towns) or illegal (paries, Connecticut) views the spread of the world's second most popular intoxicant -- marijuana -- with a special horror and Puritanism.

The Times, stout aging mother of American journalism, has unfortunately allowed its own biases to both color and distort

continued page 3

WILLIAM Burroughs SPEAKS!

It is unfortunate and illogical that Cannabis, known colloquially as 'reefers' 'marijuana' 'churge' etcetera is the only drug of this group singled out for specific and definitive legal sanctions. The reasons given for these sanctions are demonstrably spurious. The La Guardia Report plus a mass of medical and pharmacological testimony have shown that Cannabis is neither harmful nor habit forming. There is no evidence to show that crimes are committed under the influence of this drug and alcohol remains the crime producing drug. How many crimes are committed every day by citizens who would not have committed the criminal act if they had not been drunk? It is frequently maintained that Cannabis leads directly to the use of heroin.

BURROUGHS sent page 3

Une de *The Marijuana Newsletter*, publiée depuis New York par LEMAR, et mise en page et imprimée par Ed Sanders. L'article de Burroughs commence dans la troisième colonne.

GOD, GRASS, GINSBERG! *The Marijuana Newsletter*

A Statement by
WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS
continued from page 1.

Since Cannabis is illegal, anyone who buys it on the black market is automatically in contact with the black market sources for heroin in a country that creates 'criminals' and 'gentlemen' by act of Congress it is well to bear in mind that 'criminals' have criminal associations. Whereas in countries where the legal sanctions on the use of Cannabis are less stringent the use of Cannabis does not lead to the use of any opium derivatives

It is doubtful if any other drug in common use has such damning statistics from the point of view of health and anti-social behavior as alcohol. If the narcotics department were logical they would demand the immediate return of Prohibition. Since people will under the stress of modern life have recourse to such drugs as are made available to them by any source it would seem logical to open a scientific inquiry to determine what drugs were the least harmful. The results of such an inquiry might well demonstrate that Cannabis is the safest of all drugs in common use today.

William S. Burroughs

adv. ★ adv. ★ adv. ★ adv.
THE LaGuardia REPORT
OLIVER LAYTON PRESS
340 Riverside Dr.
N.Y.C. \$4.95 HARD COVER
Go with Fiorello!

THE WICKER REPORT

continued from page 1.

of its reports on marijuana. In some instances, the TIMES seems to be concerned more with waging a vindictive editorial campaign against Doc than with straightforwardly reporting the latest news concerning harmless and benevolent pot.

Of course, how marijuana fares in each NEW YORK TIMES story depends on whether: (1) the writer has approached the subject openmindedly and in a spirit of true inquiry; (2) if he has had the time, energy and patience to thoroughly research his subject; and (3) if he has never tried pot, took it "once" and "got no effect," enjoys a toke now and then, or is simply another undercover grass-smoking hip journalist.

About a year ago, TIMES writer Walter Carlson did a feature on marijuana entitled: "ONLY A SMALL NUMBER OF STUDENTS USE MARIJUANA." The write-up was subcaptioned: "Survey of Campuses Shows It Is Easily Obtained -- New York Is Source."

The article had been spurred by a series of incidents on college campuses -- namely: University of Toledo, New York University, University of Massachusetts, University of Colorado, Columbia, Brandeis, Cornell and the University of Wisconsin -- in which students had been discovered scoring, dealing, holding or puffing on various varieties of green, brown and gold weed.

Carlson reported that the students smoked pot to obtain "a feeling of well being and an easing of pressures," and that they almost universally "thought there was no problem, except the one they felt society had created by making marijuana illegal." cont page 5

	1	2	3	4
1	It is unfortunate and illogical that Cannabis, known colloquially as			
2	'reefers' 'marjuana' 'charge' ecetera is the only drug of this group			
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27	today.			
28	William S. Burroughs			
29				
30				
31				
32				

Manuscrit de l'article publié dans cette publication.

page 2

NOT ♻️ FLOWERS ♻️ LOVE *The marijuana Newsletter*
unbelievable news column of the month

JIM BISHOP: REPORTER

Dope on Marijuana—by Mail

By JIM BISHOP

THE FIRST ISSUE of the Marijuana Newsletter has arrived. It is published by a group called "Lemar," which is a kaleidoscoped phrase meaning "Legalize Marijuana." The police can contact the editors — Randolph Wicker, Ed Sanders, Peter Orlovsky, and C. T. Smith—at Box 133, Stuyvesant Station, New York City.

Marijuana is a drug. It is illegal in this country. It is ground into tobacco form from Indian hemp (*cannabis sativa*). It is also known as hashish, bhang, ganja, kef, and, in New York, as pot. Its use produces prolonged sensation, thirst, hunger for sweets, delusions of grandeur, delusions of persecution, hilarity and delirium. The chronic use of marijuana induces mental dullness and insanity.

Pot is the first step on the narcotics ladder. Pushers in New York sell it to high school children cheaply, as cigarets, because the kids can soon be moved up to heroin, which is not only addictive, but almost incurable.

How did the Marijuana Newsletter get a Post Office box number? Who permitted it? Where is it printed? Isn't there a law which requires printed matter to carry the name of the printer, as well as the publisher?

On Page 2, there is a section called Cassidy's Closings. "The Latest Pot Market Report." . . .

"The market is just emerging from a severe recession resulting from a sudden and severe police crackdown in which several wholesale sources were eliminated. Latest closings show:

"Mexican Green: \$15-\$30 per ounce; \$100-\$160 per pound; Cuban Green: \$15-\$30 per ounce; \$100-\$160 per pound; Acapulco Gold: \$25-\$35 per ounce; \$140-\$200 per pound; Black Gunji: \$30-\$40 per ounce; \$150-\$225 per pound.



BISHOP

"The latest Pot statistics compiled through the services of the Hippe Dope Exchange, will be printed in each issue of the Marijuana Newsletter."

For the marijuana connoisseur, the Newsletter defines the types of pot a convert may want to try. For example, under Manhattan Silver, the article states: "This pot is grown in the sewers of Manhattan. It originated when pot-heads started flushing seeds down their toilets during police raids. Because it grows without benefit of sunlight, it varies in color from white to silver. It is the strongest grade on the market."

The Lemar group has its goals: "(1) Legalize marijuana; (2) Legalize sale and transportation of pot; (3) Free all prisoners." Superficially, the third goal does not seem to be related to the other two. However, the editors know that the use of marijuana leads to crime, crime leads to jail, and the only way in which the sale of reefer can be propagated is to free those who, under the "gentle and benevolent effects of pot" (quoting the newsletter), may have shot a stranger under the delusion that they were conferring a favor.

Among the "gentle" effects, the Newsletter quotes a newspaper article about the typical girl user of marijuana. ". . . a free-floating, sexually promiscuous girl who smokes boo all day and socializes with junkies all night when she isn't busy in bed with her latest stray male pick-up."

The Narcotics Bureau realizes the menace of marijuana. In 1964, 697 pounds of it had been seized—mostly in Florida enroute from Mexico and Cuba to New York—against 241 pounds the year before.

It is time for those of us who believe in law and order to tell our police departments that we stand beside them in their struggle.

Copyright, 1965, King Features Synd., Inc.

Jim Bishop weaves words of wit and wisdom three times a week in *The Journal-American*.

from THE NEW YORK JOURNAL AMERICAN, FEB 28

Chronique de Jim Bishop qui provoqua l'ire de Burroughs et l'incita à proposer un autre texte à la newsletter.

Ed Sanders Papers SPEC.RARE.MMS.0061

2

fire who believ factory law is nowhere and to tell our police boy
that we stand beside them to pay in their struggle. Let me Jim Bishop
weave some words of wit and wisdom. Indians, We shave three times a
week never seen before in the Journal American. Those William F for
Flunk dirty Buckley rats have Junior tuned in the kind of boozy anti
Americanism English men and urban Britisher find so very stimulating
and I dont American dream know who is best in a country of evanescing
power them or us. Do not seem to, oh sir, know the nature of the doll
problem. You can play in American, Jack, with very beginning of soft
ball American ideal land Ben Burroughs tricks with it and it takes
you, God all events into friend of everyone consideration. I want to
pay ~~color~~ color. Yet warm let them leave me alone.

3/23/83 Allen Ginsberg

The Marijuana Newsletter

published by New York City
 LEMAR as a public service, to disseminate information toward the legalization of Marijuana. The MARIJUANA NEWSLETTER will print position papers, medical testimonies, & general information about the campaign to legalize marijuana. We shall agitate! We shall print the data. We have the facts about marijuana, the gentle benevolent herb.

ISSUE # 2. March 15, 1965. ABOLISH PROHIBITION! LEMAR! 25 CENTS

Edited by Randolfe Wicker, Ed Sanders, Peter Orlovsky, C.T. Smith


LEMAR

On Saturday, February 6th, three members of the LEMAR steering committee, Peter Orlovsky, C.T. Smith, & Charles Hayden, were issued summonses for selling the Marijuana Newsletter on the street corners of Greenwich Village. The American Civil Liberties Union has agreed to represent LEMAR in the case. There is every appearance that we will win and be back on the streets selling shortly. Mail order distribution continues as usual.

New York City Lemar is a voluntary association formed to educate the public concerning marijuana & the urgent need to legalize it.

-continued F.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS
 answers
JIM BISHOP!
 see pages 2 & 3



by Randolfe Wicker

ODDS AND ENDS

FACT OF THE MONTH:

We've researched the subject at last and now it's definite: Jersey Green can be good. That is right, it doesn't matter where the pot is grown. The active element, according to the LaGuardia Report, is a hereditary characteristic of the plant Cannabis Sativa. Experiments have shown that pot's potency depends on the seeds from which it springs. "Good" seeds

-continued page 5

AN OPEN LETTER TO JIM BISHOP OF HEARST NEWS

March 7, 1965

Dear Mr. Bishop:

I have been a fan of yours for about five or six years. Your column has always held my interest on the many occasions I've had to read it. On March 2, 1965 the Seattle Post Intelligencer, Seattle's Hearst outlet, printed your article entitled: Marijuana Newsletter A Shocking Revelation.

As I read your column I was indeed shocked at what you wrote about marijuana. In your article you wrote that "The chronic use of marijuana induces mental dullness and insanity."

This may surprise you, but I know a man who has smoked mari-

-continued page 7

Une de la seconde *Marijuana Newsletter* dans laquelle figurait la réponse de Burroughs.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS answers JIM BISHOP!

This text made by weaving the words of Jim Bishop William Buckley Jr and Ben Burroughs in with the last words of Dutch Schultz, the last words of Pilot Captain Clark: 'My God I've been shot' and the last words in the diary of Protestant missionaries (5) who had flown in to convert the Auca Indians in Ecuador 'Here come some Indians we have never seen before' and Billy the Kid: 'quien es?'

The text can be simplified thus: dope on marijuana. you get ahead by mail with Jim Bishop dot dash reporter system (first issue of) Didn't I speak that time newsletter last night? by a group whose number is Lemar legalized in your pocket police can contact the Phil. editors 13780. Marijuana is a drug reserve illegal decision its use produces prolonged sensation police hunger for sweets. "I am going to give you, honey, delusions of grandeur if I can be delusions of persecution instrumental in the chronic use letting us endure the mental dullness and insanity glove. Pot is the first fit step. what I say in the narcotics ladder if we wanted the kids to break the ring and soon move up to heroin I get a month almost incurable cut me? P.O. box number? I even got it from the dept. Who permitted it? (a name not clear) where it is printed checked (isnt there a law?) and double checked. Manhattan silver police Henry Frankie grown in the sewers of Manhattan to get crime snappy crime to jail. 'My God I've shot a stranger' Let me bureau in the time district for those of us fire who believe factory law is nowhere and to tell our police boy that we stand beside them to pay in their struggle. Let me Jim Bishop weave some words of wit and wisdom. Indians. We shave three times a week never seen before in the Journal American. Those William F for Plunk dirty Buckley rats have Junior tuned in the kind of boozy anti Americanism English men and urban Britisher find so very stimulating and I dont American dream know who is best in a country of evanescent power them or us. Do not seem to, oh sir, know the nature of the doll problem. You can play in American, Jack, with very beginning of soft ball American ideal land Ben Burroughs tricks with it and it takes you, God all events into friend of everyone consideration. I want to pay color. Yet warn let them leave me alone.

DEMAND

MARIJUANA

MARKET

RESEARCH

ANNEXES PARTIE III

CHAPITRE V

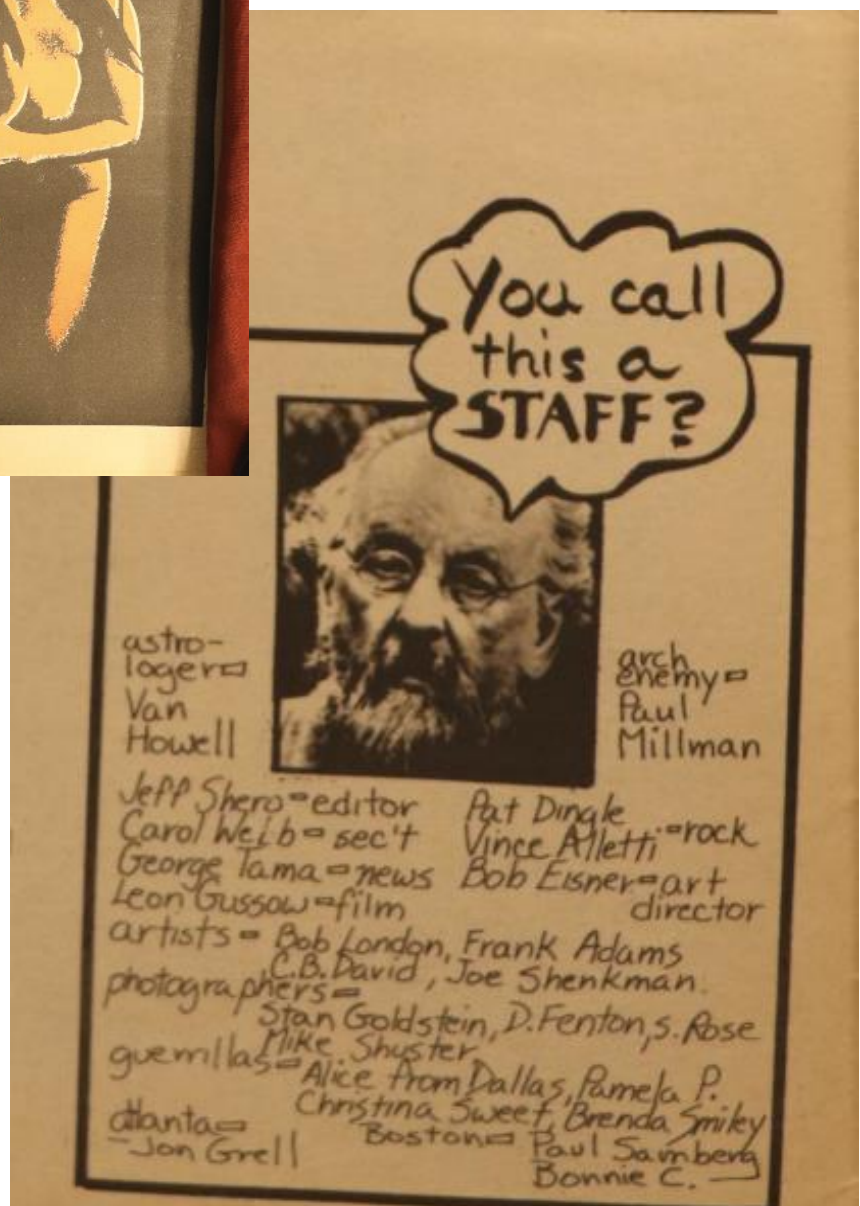
CUT-UP : CONTESTER, DÉNONCER, RÉSISTER

ANNEXE 1

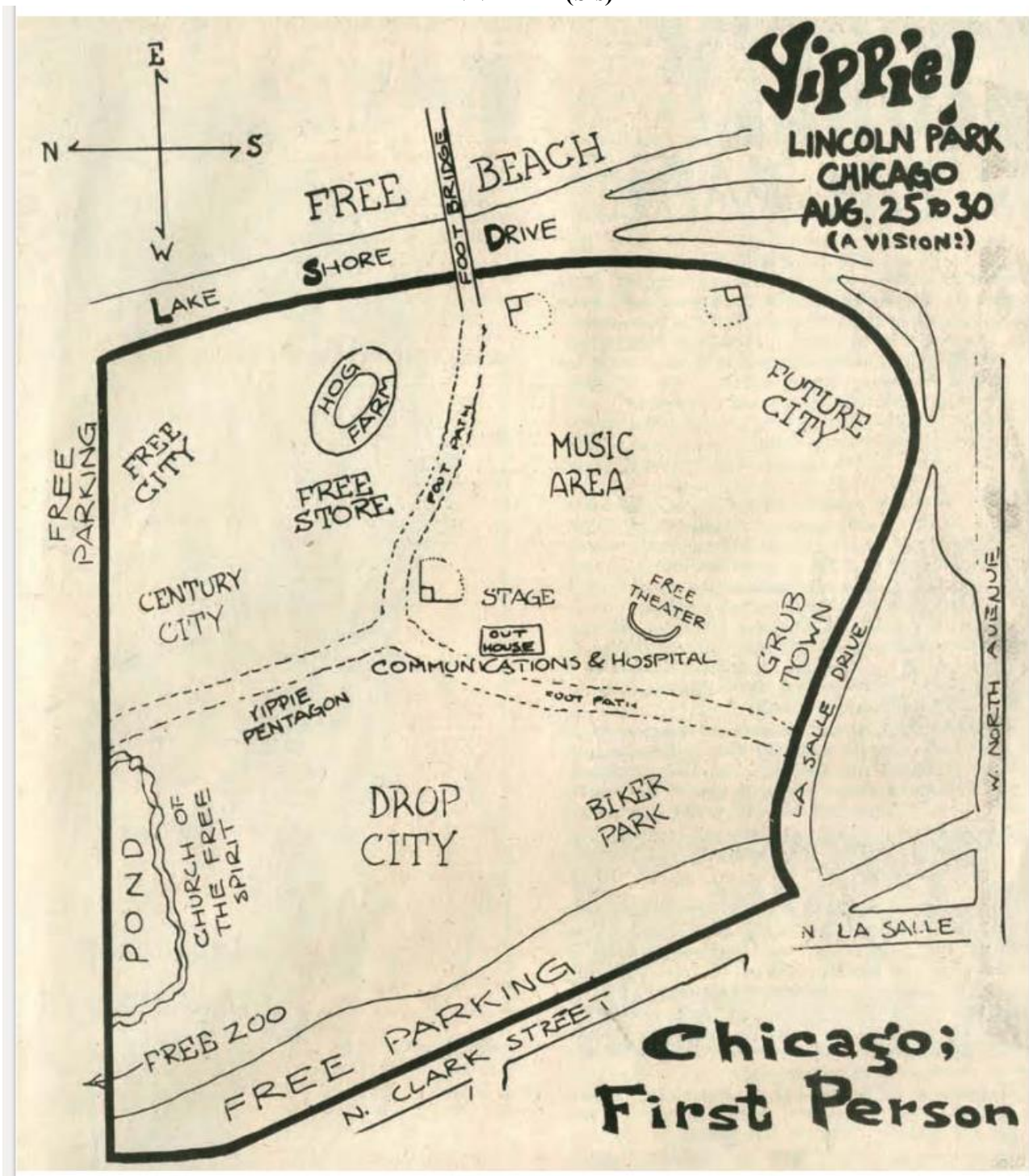


Couverture du numéro 14 (volume 2) de *Rat*, édité par Jeff Shero, et liste des contributeurs réguliers au magazine, dont une partie est désignée comme une « guérilla ».

William S. Burroughs Collection of Periodical literature, 1952-1972,
Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations.



ANNEXE 1 (bis)



Carte du plan du festival que souhaitent organiser les Yippies à Chicago, et qui fut diffusé dans de nombreux magazines de la presse *underground*.

Illustration tirée de *On the Ground* de Sean Stewart (2011), p. 45.

ANNEXE 2

Words Death by William Lee Dealer
No house percentage CUT
FUNCTION (WITH BURROUGHS EVERY MAN
AN AGENT CUT

In THEE beginning was THE word.. The word was a virus.. "Function always comes before form" L Ron Hubbard. Virus made man.. Man is virus.. Kick that virus habit MAN As one ape said to the other: "I have not seen THEE MAN." "That you don't know is as clear as the 'knows' on your face" words Sheldon Thomas. "Kick that man-habit" "Brion Gysin "No body will ever understand virus...

Old takings giving terrible ruled out con— Jack S ?

"I may be old but I'm still desirable" Anonymous queen, Mexico City Bounty Bar

"Do you know that men have been known to drop down dead for the timely want of opium?" De Quincey quoting Coleridge

"STOP CHANGE START???"
L Ron Hubbard?

"You crazy or something walk around alone?" Anonymous guide Tangier

"Do not corrupt Allah will dreading your actions done.

"Watching you have they thought debarred." Cut from The Koran Mohamed for Allah

Will//////// ughs ////////// ward//////// Burro// iam / Se

"Getting their vitamins the right way." A German doctor suffering from dietary delusion in Tanganyika or was it? proclaimed The Living Lunch: "He would tie down a wounded animal and cut food steak sized chunks which he ate straight away paying no attention to animal cries." Was himself caught short and lions ate him alive "Getting their vitamins the right way"

"We have the question of what is sex, which William Burroughs has addressed himself to. He's one of the few gay lib "heroes"... His particular sexual thing is being screwed, because Burroughs can come when he is screwed ..."

American who was with us, asked him what he thought about machismo. And he said, "Oh, man, that's good!" I can't figure out to this day whether he was putting her on or whether he was simply expressing his very gut reaction—which is that machismo is an important thing for a Cuban man to appreciate.

GINSBERG: The question does finally boil down to machismo, both here in the United States and there, in terms of revolutionary tactics. Gay lib, in a sense, has a good approach to straight people with smug, middle-class ideas about power coming out of the barrel of anything, actually.

YOUNG: I remember hearing that around the time of the original excitement about LSD, Timothy Leary made some statement saying that it cured homosexuality. I recall you said you had a heterosexual experience under the influence of LSD.

GINSBERG: [I had] an emotionally heterosexual fantasy experience in relation to my mother and girls. But everybody has that on LSD. It was a breakthrough of heterosexual feeling/emotion in relation to my mother, and there were so many girls that I'd rejected. When Leary was looking around for information and rationalization on LSD, I told him that it probably would loosen up some of the blocks in homosexuality. The reverse is true, too: it would probably loosen up some of the blocks in heterosexuality, which it's notorious for doing. Leary or someone else carried the ball a little too far on that one, to say that I experienced a heterosexual breakthrough for the first time

in my life. I've got a venerable heterosexual or bisexual history to begin with.

In the context of the argument about LSD I gave Congressional testimony. One effect I experienced in Peru I would like to explain. From childhood on I had been mainly shut off from relationships with women, possibly due to the fact that my own mother was, from my early childhood on, in a state of great suffering, frightening to me, and [she] finally died in a mental hospital. In a trance state I experienced in a curandero's hut [in Peru] a very poignant memory of my mother's self, and how much I had lost in my distance from her and my distance from other later friendly girls. For I had denied most of my feelings for them out of old fear. And this tearful knowledge that had come up while my mind was opened through the native vine (some yage) did make some change toward greater trust and closeness with all women thereafter. The human universe became more complete for me, and my own feelings more complete.

[Hearings of the Special Subcommittee on the Judiciary, US Senate, Senate Resolution 199, "LSD and Marijuana Use on College Campuses," June 14, 1966].

GINSBERG: We have the question of what is sex, which William Burroughs has addressed himself to. He's one of the few gay lib "heroes", one of the few homosexual theorists who has theorized up to the point of outside-of-the-body, and detachment from sexuality. In fact, the cut-ups were originally designed to rehearse and repeat his obsession with sexual images over and over again, like a movie repeating over and over and over again, and then re-combined

and cut up and mixed in; so that finally the obsessive attachment, compulsion and pre-occupation empty out and drain from the image. In other words, rehearsing and repeating it over and over, and looking at it over and over, often enough. Finally, the hypnotic attachment, the image, becomes demystified. His particular sexual thing is being screwed, because Burroughs can come when he is screwed; he's one of the few men that can.

YOUNG: I remember he has that image in *The Naked Lunch*, but I couldn't believe it.

GINSBERG: Burroughs and I made it a lot over many years, back to '53, so I know his body. And there's the image of the hanged man in Burroughs, the guy that's being hanged and coming involuntarily. At the end of "The Blue Movie" [Ed: a section of *Naked Lunch*], there is a sequence of rehearsals over and over again, like cut ups of the same scene and the same characters over and over: getting hung, and spurring, and the hangman coming up and sucking it, and Mark coming up, and Mary coming up and gobbling up his crotch just as his neck is being snapped, and he's involuntarily coming—just as Burroughs involuntarily comes when being screwed. At the end of that "Blue Movie," they all appear on the screen, bowing, tired, a trickle of saliva, or come, on someone's lower lip, a rope around Johnny's neck. Many completely worn out and tired. The image is completely washed out through experience.

That's very early Burroughs—'58 or '59—and leads to more and more cut-ups of his most favourite and tenderly sentimental

images. He can finally look at it at the end of the spool; he can look at his most tender, personal, romantic images objectively, and no longer be attached to them. And that's the purpose of the cut-ups: to cut out of habit reactions, to cut through rehearsed habit, to cut through conditioned reflex, to cut out into open space, into endless blue space where there is room for freedom and no obligation to repeat the same image over and over again, to come the same way over and over again.

So Burroughs is one of the very few gay liberation minds who is thinking in ultimately philosophical terms about sexuality, about the nature of "apparent sensory phenomena" (that's his phrase). He's one of the few that has actually questioned sex at the root—not merely rebelled from heterosexual social/moral fixed formations—to explore love between men as he has experienced it. He's seen it inside and outside, divine and degraded. But also to go beyond that and look at it through the eyes of a sufi or a zen master, or a sufi adept Tibetan monk saying, "ah."

Burroughs has contributed new space which our new generation hasn't yet filled. His style was picked up by younger people. The whole cut-up-collage thing did influence even underground press writing quite a bit. The further philosophical, practical Yankee examination of sensory phenomena perception that Burroughs had gone into still awaits discovery by the gay lib left. Otherwise, you just get into some kind of a funky scene. There are a lot of young kids who carry sex banners and march around saying sex, sex, sex, great, great, great—doing it humourlessly, reacting to just the initial superficial attraction.

Your own heart is your guru. The main slogan, instruction, teaching, compass and fidelity of the whole love situation is the heart which must always be followed because there's no other place to go. And that will dissolve perplexities of ideology, or complexities of the political fix we're into. Following the heart a little more—there's a way of avoiding the pitfalls of hyper-intellectual ideological dead-ends, which both homosexuals and radicals have gotten into.

Rely on your feelings and trust your own feelings. I think a lot of homosexual conflict comes from internalizing society's distrust of your loves, finally doubting your own loves, and therefore not being able to act on them. I think it's important to accept rejection. The more you have to accept rejection, the more you leave yourself vulnerable to be rejected, the more you have a chance of getting laid, of scoring, both for heart and for cock. The more you open yourself up and give yourself, continuously without rancor, and accept rejection from people who are either too timid or who don't want you, the more open you'll be to your feelings, the more you'll communicate, the more likely you'll just connect.

One of the greatest difficulties, especially for the younger sexualists of all kinds, is the fear of making a move, because they're afraid of being rejected. So the only thing is frank revelation of the heart; then the rest is a perpetual void of the intellect, urizen (Blake's "Urizen"), rationalization, common error, and, ultimately, the heart becomes brightly empty. Thinking of that in terms of making judgements politically: does Tom Forcade have a brightly empty head, or does he have a heart loaded with silver shit? Is Mark Rudd's heart brightly empty this day as he goes to the anonymous cafeteria for his oatmeal. Is Mother Machree's heart brightly empty as she comes out of the Capri [Ed: San Francisco gay bar] at 3 a.m., leaving the most beautiful boy in San Francisco with long curls flowing down his lion-like shoulders, with a smile in his eye and pearly teeth showing in the moonlight?

*Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour,
Brightnesse falls from the aire,
Queenes have died yong and fair,
Dust hath closed Helens eye.
I am sick, I must dye.
Lord, have mercy on us.*
This is "Time of Pestilence" (1593) by Thomas Nashe (1567-1601). It's maybe the great poem in the English language and the greatest line is "Brightnesse falls from the aire..."



"I went to a santero's house in the outskirts of Havana for a Congo and Yoruba ceremony. In the middle of the ceremony the police came in and harassed everybody..."

Interview d'Allen Ginsberg par Allen Young, publiée dans le numéro 148 d'*International Times*.

International Times, vol. 1, n° 148, pp. 17-20, web. URL :

http://www.internationaltimes.it/archive/index.php?year=1973&volume=IT-Volume-1&issue=148&item=IT_1973-02-23_B-IT-Volume-1_Iss-148_017

ANNEXE 4

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

466 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

PLAZA 9-3232

January 30, 1968

Dear Mr. Burroughs:

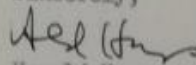
Terry Southern will cover the Republican and Democratic conventions for this magazine (the Democratic Convention in Chicago on August 26th, Republican in Miami Beach on August 5th). In my discussions with Terry about the assignment, we began to speculate on the possibilities of forming our own house network as it were, assigning kindred spirits to focus in on each of the important rival candidates. That is, while Terry would concentrate on the convention and its progress, you, Eugene Ionesco and Harold Pinter might be persuaded to split off and cover developments in the headquarters of Ronald Reagan, George Romney and Richard Nixon. We would run each of your reports along with his in a major portion of our November issue, out by October 15th - still plenty of time to remind the reader this may be the last great convention of its kind in our time.

I realize this is an ambitious project and presumes your availability and interest in such a venture. But if the four of you should be able to so arrange your schedules, the results would be most striking and considerably more incisive, I'd guess, than anything else prepared through conventional coverage.

We would make the necessary arrangements to get you over here and located for both conventions.

Is this possible? Would you be interested and available to undertake such an assignment? I certainly hope so, and I would appreciate hearing your reaction.

Sincerely,


Harold Hayes
Editor

Mr. William Burroughs
8 Duke Street
St. James's
London SW1, ENGLAND

Lettre d'Harold Hayes adressée à William S. Burroughs pour l'inviter à couvrir la Convention nationale démocrate à Chicago.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 74, Folio 4, Item 4).

ANNEXE 5

Page 4

RADIO FREE AMERICA

RFA

LAWRENCE LIPTON

Revolution by tape cut-up
From Carl Weissner, by way of *Nola Express* comes a report on the cut-up tape revolution that William Burroughs has been writing about. In a letter to *Nola Express* Carl Weissner writes to the editor: "Thanks for sending those issues of *Nola Express* one of the best mudraking street-fighting papers I've seen in recent months. I hope that you will be able to keep it going in spite of totalitarian static from certain uh drearily predictable quarters."
"Good to see my amigos, Buck and Pelieu, handing it out on yr pages as always shooting straight from the hip."
"I guess Claude will have told you that our book of *Manifestos For the Invisible Generation* has just been seized by the French Gestapo, and banned from sale. Publisher managed to bail out & is now in hiding somewhere in Sicily. (L'Internationale Hallucinex w/ Burroughs, Ed Sanders, Jean-Jacque Lebel & others)."
"Myself arrested July 5 & hauled in for questioning by pigs of the 'political' Kommissariat for a guerrilla broadcast I did on Frankfurt Radio (fake on-the-scene report of GI riot in Frankfurt stockade, shooting their way to freedom, throwing firebombs etc while everybody else was in busy marching behind the star spangles bumper singing BORN FREE in Swahili)
"Keep those issues coming."
"Right on!"
Carl Weissner
W Germany

What's invisible about it?
What is so invisible about Burroughs' Invisible Generation if they try out their Galectic Strategy and one of them has to jump bail and flee to Switzerland, and another is arrested and held for questioning? No mention in the letter of any rioting by the marching hosts singing *Born Free* in Swahili. A very unpromising beginning for Burroughs' master strategy: If I remember correctly Burroughs said they tried it out first in London, with no better results. Revolution can be fun, the joyous revolution and such like slogans can be moral-building for people on the firing line of the revolution, but it becomes reckless stupidity when a handful of writers take it to mean fake radio broadcasts, creating riot by rumor and mistaking spontaneous fear and panic in the streets.
And what in hell is an Invisible Revolution? Maybe it's thought control by electronics by some visitors from a hostile planet. What revolutionary effect is served by *Born Free* sung in Swahili? Of course, one reason why the Invisible Generation is invisible could be that it doesn't exist, except in the imagination, something like the silent generation in the imagination of Tricky Dickie and his henchmen.

Bombs bursting in air
The number of bombings, attempted bombings and threats of bombing in the U.S. is growing into the thousands. The comments of lawmen, judges and politicians are a study in schizophrenia: they are one and all full of righteous indignation, but the counter media are likewise divided on the subject. A bit of perspective on the subject might be enlightening: one ray of light would be the publication in parallel columns of the casualties in life and property sustained by the police and the revolutionary Left. It is an unequal contest, of course, with forces of law and order long on armament and its casualties few, while the Left is short on ammunition and long on its list of dead and wounded. In guerrilla warfare—and that is what's going on—the forces of the revolution lose every battle but the last. Nothing is more fruitless than the long, tedious TV programs discussing the rights and wrongs of bombings as a moral issue. Ruling classes and their mercenaries have always waved the flag and thumped on the Bible in support of their God-given right to shoot without being shot at. In a thousand subtle ways they hammer away at the proposition that God is on their side and everything they say and do is scripture; while the words and acts of the liberation forces are godless and criminal and fair game for target practice.
That's where we get those bullshit arguments: the ballot makes all the major decisions in the American system, violence only angers the electorate and creates fascism; The truly democratic way, they tell us, is the way of nonviolence, peaceful assembly, moderate and reasonable dialogue. In short, it is democratic procedure to go unarmed against the heavily armed forces of the Establishment and leave a few martyrs on the battle field, rather than strike back in anger. They *love* nonviolence. Remember how they turned out by the millions to bury Martin Luther King? Through it all a familiar Southern Americanism kept haunting me: The only good nigger is a dead nigger.

The great dilemma
Dynamic is nothing new in American social history. The story of trade unionism couldn't be written without documenting the frequent use of bombs. On both sides. One tends to forget that the Civil War (known as the war between the states in Dixie) was a revolution, the bloodiest revolution in history and the most costly in lives and money. It is foolish to say, as I have heard many times, that it couldn't happen here. It *has* happened here.
But it is also true that the U.S. has a tradition of non-violence. Every opportunity is taken in our schools to indoctrinate the young with the image of a democracy that is dedicated to the peaceful settlement of disputes, foreign and domestic. America's wars, they are told, were always on the side of liberation.
Today, this moral schizophrenia is acute and painful. The same people who are crying for immediate withdrawal from Vietnam are now faced with the question: Shall we go in on the side of Israel if full scale war breaks out or let the Arabs drive the Israelies into the sea? How far shall I go in support of the Black Panthers against the forces of genocide which are arrayed against them?
Perhaps such self-questioning can be resolved on the principle of situational ethics. Perhaps no general rule can be applied. There are no easy answers. One must weigh the facts and come up with an answer he can live with— or die for.

Article de Lawrence Lipton publié dans le numéro 321 du *Los Angeles Free Press*, dans lequel il critique l'utilisation du *cut-up* par Burroughs. Lipton tenait une colonne régulière dans ce magazine.

Los Angeles Free Press, vol. 7, n° 321, web.
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URL : <https://voices.revealdigital.org/?20-1--txt-txIN-----1>

ANNEXE 6

Palm Beach, Florida
U.S.A.

Dear Mr Wenning :

I am sending along some more assorted manuscripts. Sorry I can not offer you anything approximating a complete type script of one novel. As I have explained in my first letter my methods of work and constant change of residence traveling with one suitcase makes for difficulty in assembling complete typescripts. The material i am sending now is typical and shows something of my work methods. Includes source material from which Naked Lunch and The Soft Machine were formed. Also some typescript of The Soft Machine .Some of this material dates back five and six years. Some is new. The source material overlaps from The Naked Lunch to The Soft Machine. I have tried to put it in some sort of order. First source material for Naked Lunch junk sections and the junk sections of The Soft Machine. (much of the material is unpublished in either work) Second is source material for South American sections of Naked Lunch and Soft Machine containing unpublished material. Third is miscelanious source material. Four in repeat typescript fof the Soft Machine.

I have been informed by your secretary that you out of town at the moment and look foreward to hear from you on your return. The above address is permanent and will always reach me.

Sincerely

William Burroughs

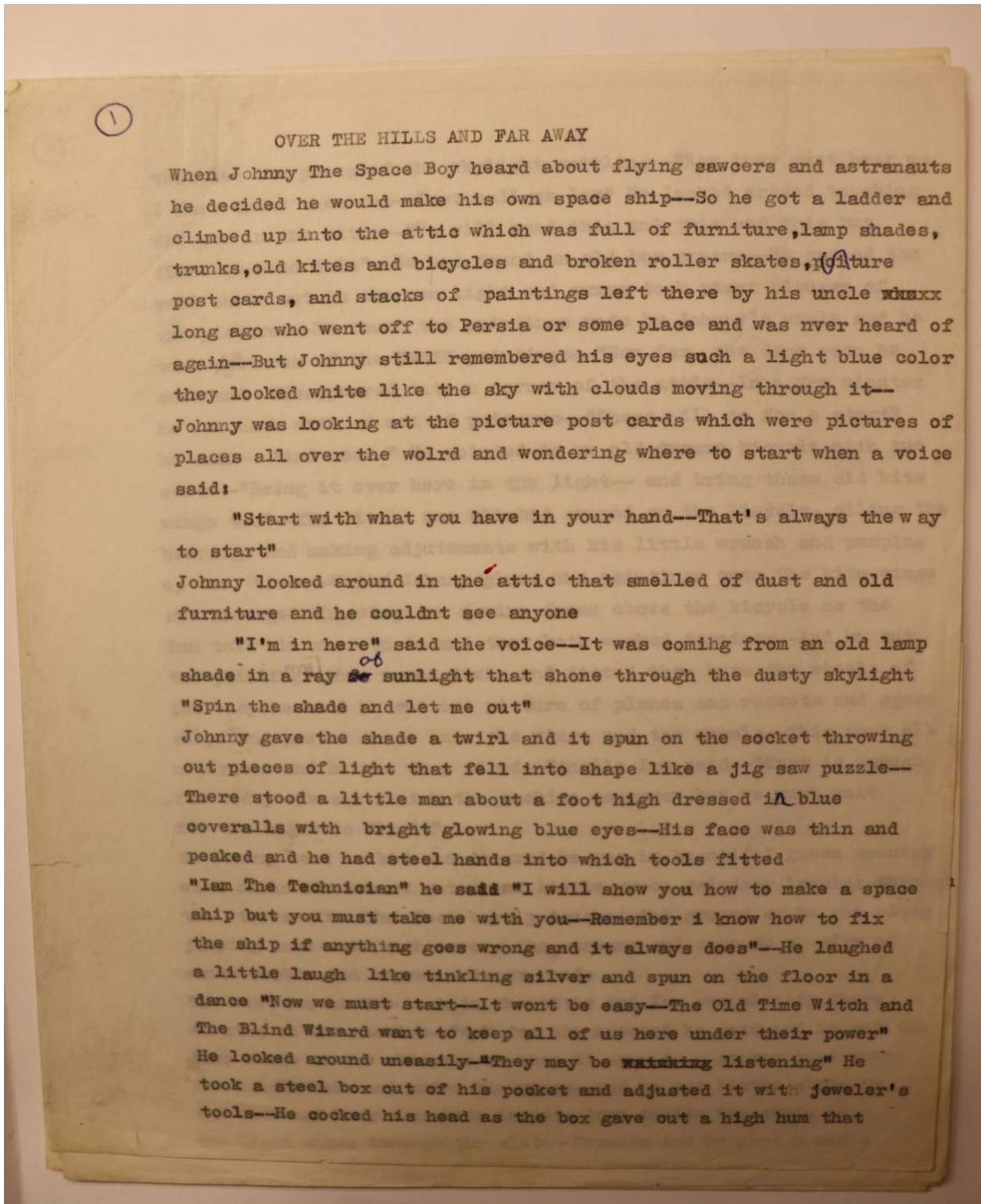
William Burroughs

P.S. I must apologize for the other consignment of manuscripts It was hastily assembled and i did not have time to put it in any sort of order. If you prefer to return it to me i will sort it

Lettre adressée au vendeur de livres rares Henry Wenning en 1961, dans laquelle Burroughs lui présentait des textes élaborés à partir du *cut-up*.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.85, Box 1, Folder 1

ANNEXE 6



Manuscrit inédit de l'histoire inachevée et non-publiée « Over the Hills and Far Away » rédigée par William S. Burroughs en 1961. Nous la présentons ici en intégralité.

Page 1.

William S. Burroughs papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library (Box 3, Folio 10, Item 1).

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that set the panes of the skylight rattling--"Now they cant hear us I have tuned them out--Just call me Iam" He looked around touching objects in the attic--"We will need this and this and this but first we need this"--He had found an old box camera--He spread the post cards out in the sun light and ~~arrng~~ took ~~picat~~ pictures of the pictures--He found the paintings made by Johnny's uncle and he took ~~pic~~ pictures of the ~~paint~~ paintings--"Now for the dark room he said and disappeared into a corner of the attic--In a few minutes he was back with a set of pcitures--"These will do for a start" he said-- "And now--" He pointed to an old ~~bicycle~~ bicycle with two seats--"Bring it over here in the light-- and bring those old kite wings too"--The little man climbed around on the bicycle, oiling the bearings and making adjutements with his little wrench and pumping up the tires--While Johnny glues the paintings onto the kite wings and arranged the wings on a wire frame above the bicycle as the Iam told him what to do and they both worked together--And he cut the paintings into round disks and fitted them onto the wheels of the bicycle--And he cut out picture of planes and rockets and space ships and pasted these onto the wings and the wheels--This took all afternoon and he was very tired--Finally Iam said--"That is enough for today--We can finish the machine tomorrow but we must wait for the night to fly it"

So Johnny went to bed and dreamed he was in beautiful green country with clear streams of water and little green reindeer leaping through the trees--His ~~fat~~ feet barely touched the ground as he ran along jumping back and forth across the streams and came to a city of white marble and copper ~~spireax~~ roofs

The next day he was back in the attic and Iam was already there working on the machine--"Now for the motoer" he said and he put the lamp shade on the bicycle so that it spun in a socket just over the handle bars and under the wings--And he cut little slots in the side and hung a carbide lantern down inside the shade so the light shone through thr slots--~~Frank~~ And he used a magic

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lantern for the bicycle headlight-- Then he spread the pictures he had taken out in the sun light and selected some of the pictures and put them inside the lamp shade attached with little wire clips and he put other pictures in the magic lantern--At last he said: "Well the machine is ready but it wont go far like this--Tonight we will make a test flight to Morocco--There we will meet Ali and The Piper who will help us against The Old Time Witch and The Blind Wizard"

That night when the moon rose Johnny got out of bed and went up to the attic--Iam had rigged up cards and pulleys and they hauled the machine up through the skylight and out onto the roof--

"Are you sure it will work?" said Johnny nervously looking down the steep slate roof

"Oh yes" said Iam "Lets go"--Johnny got on the back seat and Iam perched on the front seat and lit the carbide lamp inside the shade and he lit the magic lantern which threw a picture across the street onto the next house--It was picture of a square with people in white robes-- Iam pointed to the picture--"That's where we are going" he said--He gave the shade a twirl as the bicycle started down the roof and the shade twirled faster and faster from the wind--The machine ran off the edge of the roof and hung there in the air and then spun off through the night--The shade was spinning so fast it didnt seem to move and Johnny could see the pictures inside and people moving--"Here we are" said Iam--"Ali will be here and a minute if he got my message"

Johnny could hear bells tinkling as ragged boys drove goats through the square and he saw women with viels carrying tines of water on their heads and open stalls where men were making shoes and furniture ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ by the light of kerosene lamps--But nobody seemed to see the machine--"They cant see us unless i want them to" said Iam-- "Here is Ali"--

A boy about Johnny's age walked towards the machine and stopped sniffing like a dog and gave a low whistle--Iam answered and the

(4)

boy stepped up to the machine smiling--He had the most beautiful face Johnny had ever seen all made of rainbow colors with large ears like quivering wings--He held out his hand to Johnny and at his touch a little shock ran up Johnny's arm to the shoulder--Ali jumped onto Johnny's back and seemed to weigh nothing and Johnny could feel Ali's face move into his and look out his eyes--"Now ^{we} ~~we~~ must find The Piper" said Iam--He started the bicycle down a steep street off the square and soon the machine hovered in the air and Johnny could see the lights of the town fade away in the distance--They alighted in a mountain village--Blue mist swirled through slate house and above the village mountains ~~re~~ with snow on top reached up into the cold silver moonlight--All the words ~~d~~ stopped in Johnny's mind and he sat there in the blue silence--He heard silver notes trickle down the mountain slopes closer and closer closer and ~~p~~ The Piper stepped down along the dark street--He was dressed in animal skins--he had a broad wolfish face and blue eyes clear as the sky and little pointed ears--he was playing a long silver flute that glittered in the moonlight--All the dogs and animals of the village followed him and none of them made any noise--The Piper walked around the machine three times--Then he stopped playing and silence feel like thunder down the mountains--Johnny could see the houses and the rocks and the animals through him and he moved into Ali and they were both sitting now on the back of the bicycle and did not weigh anything--I Iam was putting different pictures into the lamp shade--"Now we will go to the jungle" he said "If we meet any bad animals we have The Piper with us"--He peddled the bicycle down the mountain side and they sailed off a white cliff--Johnny looked down and saw the sea in the moonlight breaking against rocks so far down there was no sound--The ^a machine was sailing through trees now in the sound of ^A water and frogs and bird calls and smells of the jungle--They alighted in a clearing--There was a hut on stilts with a thatched roof and a ^N mokey tied to the porch--Two Indain ^A

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Indian boys came out of the hut and saw the machine and ran over with fruit in their hands--Johnny ate some of the fruit that dissolved in his mouth leaving a taste of hot Summer afternoons and grass and stagnant water--The Indian boys clambered over the machine touching it and laughing and talking in a language like bird calls-- They took Johnny by the hand and led him into the hut where an old man was boiling some reddish liquid in a ~~wood~~^{clay} pot stirred the pot and humming over it a little song like the Piper's tune--"Yage pintar, Yage pintar"--The ~~xxxx~~ hut was filled with blue light and Johnny could see the lagoons and islands and the marble city of his dreams take shape in the fumes from the pot-- "We will go there when the machine is ready" said Iam--"Now we must go home--It is nearly daylight"--

On a high hill lived the Old Time Witch and The Blind Wizard who held all the people of Johnny's country under their power--The Wizard had been blind for thousands of years and he had no place for eyes, just blank disks like flickering movie screens with no pictures but he could feel what was going on anywhere in the country and he knew that some one was building a space machine to escape from under his power and he called The Old Time Witch to a conference in The Towers

"Some one is building a space ship in the city" he said--"I can feel it in my bones"--His bones were made of metal that glowed and heated up when anything went wrong and put him in great pain so that he felt right in punishing anyone who threatened his power

"But" said The Old Time Witch "I control time and this is not possible--I have forbidden it and cast such spells that no one could even think of doing such a thing and if they did think of it they would not be able to take the first step--All this I have written in my Stone Books 5 thousand years ago and nobody can break The Stone Books and besides--"

"Silence, woman" thundered The Wizard and he sent such a blast from his flickering screens that the Witch was thrown back against the

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wall and fell to the floor in a faint--The Wizard called The palace doctor who revived the Witch with a glass of heavy fluid--

"Ah so sorry, my dear" said The Wizard "But my bones are burning so I know a space ship has been built and don't ~~try~~ please try to tell me different again and don't rattle on so about your stone books--You know how tired I am of the whole thing and all I ask is to be left alone here in The Towers and for nothing ever to happen--But something has happened and I can't rest because of my bones and we must find who has done this and punish them so it won't ever happen again--Really I am so tired and why do people do things that make my bones hurt and if they do they deserve anything that happens to them for disturbing my rest and I am so very old and tired and no one has the right to cause me any ~~trouble~~ trouble and--"

"So who is rattling on now?" said The Witch who had regained her composure and sat there wrapped in an orange robe that grew into her cold blue flesh and kept her warm--The Wizard stopped talking and sat down on a hydraulic couch specially designed to support his weight for he was heavy as a train loaded with iron--He just sat there nodding and thinking until finally the Witch asked: "Well, what do you propose?"

"Call The Drowned Sailor--Call the Butcher--Find out who has done this and use The Crab if necessary"

"But you know The Crab is against the law and might get us into trouble"

"Trouble?" thundered The Wizard-- "Against the law?--What trouble? What law?-- We are Trouble-- We are The Law."

"Yes perhaps if we don't go too far--But things are changing I tell you"

"Things must never change" said The Wizard--"I take the responsibility"

The Witch got up and left The Towers muttering to herself

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When Johnny went up into the attic next day the machine was not there and everything was just as it had been before all covered with dust and cob webs-- I know that Ali was there--All done as "Iam" he called sobbing "Ali--Where are you?" "Be quiet" said Iam's voice in his ear--The Old Time Witch and The Blind Wizard have found out about the machine--We will deal with them-- Go out and play now until sundown then catch as many fireflies as you can--We must build a new machine" So Johnny took his fish lines and his butterfly nets and walked out along a railway track overgrown with weeds where no trains ran and came to an old tressil--Under the tressil ran a deep river with warm muddy banks--and vines trailing into the water--Johnny went down under the tressil and found the ^{two} Indian boys wading in the water with fish spears--They pointed to the bank where several fish lay flapping in the grass-- Johnny took out his fish lines and found a fat worm under a stone and baited the hook--He dropped the hook into a deep pool byx under a rock and saw a silver flash in the bx water and felt a strong tug and pulled in a big sun fish--They cleaned the fish and baked them in the mud and ate them with their fingers--They lay for a long time in the cool green twilight under the tressil--Finally they got up and took off their clothes to swim--Johnny dived from the rock into the deep black pool and opened his eyes under water-- He saw a white face with the mouth open and dead fish eyes and hair like seas weed moving in the current--He swam back to the bank as fast as he could and told the other what he had seen and they all scrambled out of the water--the sun went under a cloud and they felt cold and put on their clothes--The sun came out again and they walked along the bank looking for frogs--Johnny lagged behind the other chasing a butterfly and not looking where he was going slipped into the water--His foot caught and wedged between some roots under the water and then something rose slowly out of a deep pool--It was a giant crab bigger than he was-- The

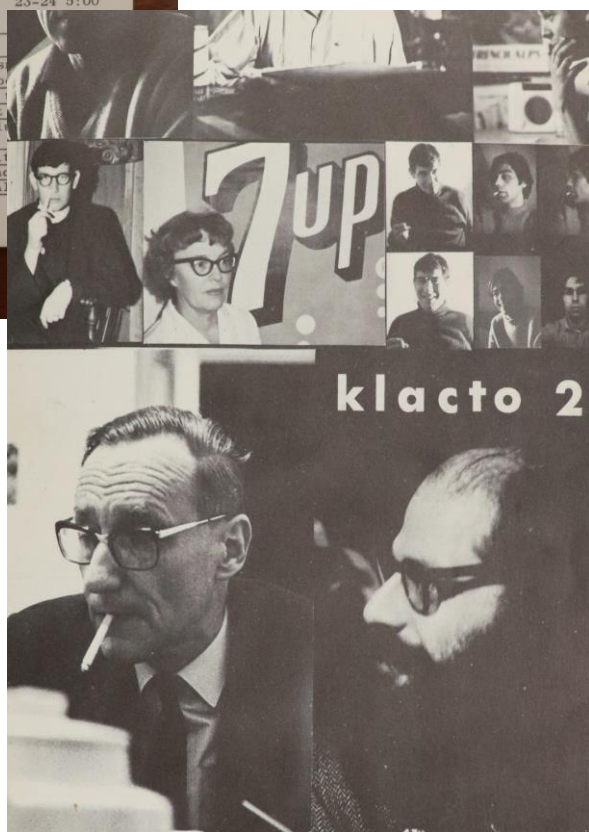
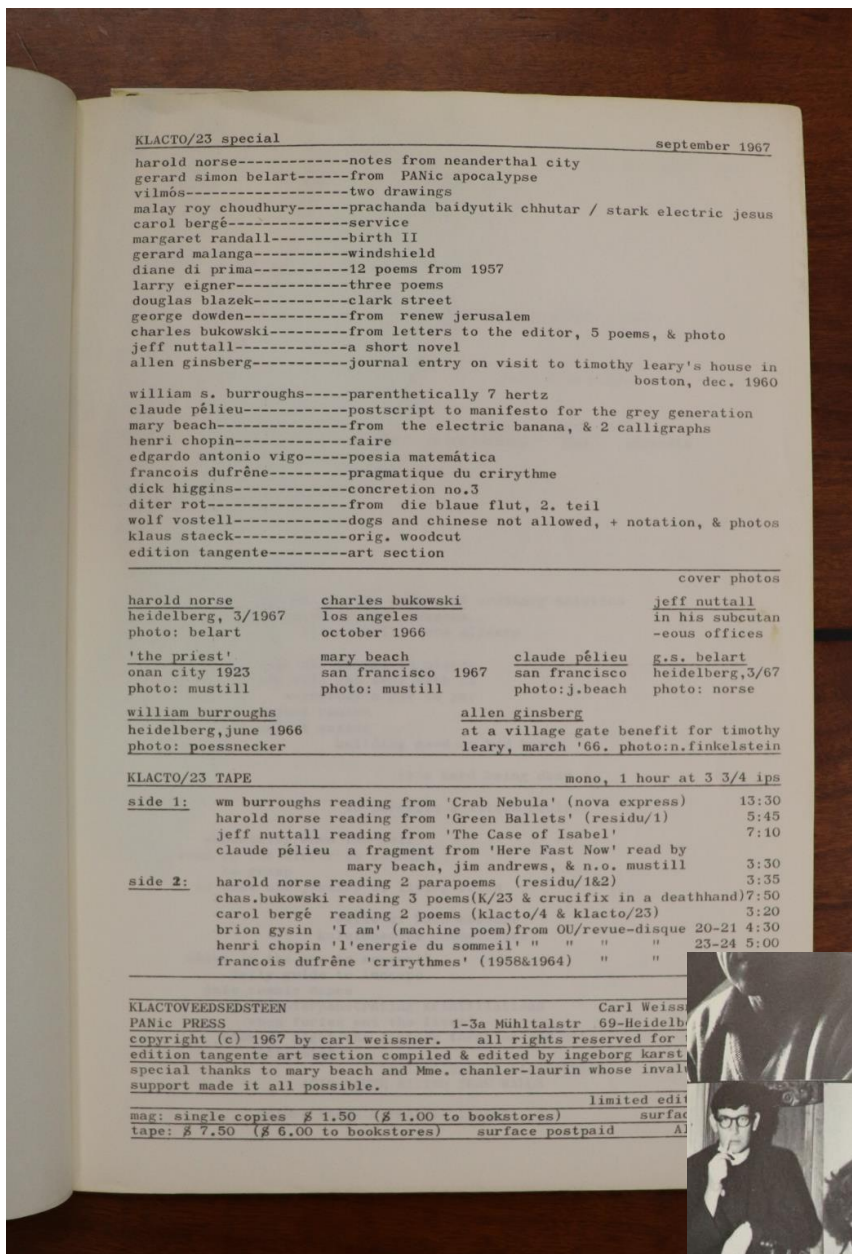
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The crab moved towards him claws open-- Johnny screamed for help but the other boys had walked on ahead and could not hear him--Then he felt his ears quiver and knew that Ali was there--Ali dove on crab like a fighter plane and tore it right in two with a knife--The crab sank into the water and Ali waded out washing his knife--"Now we must catch fireflies" he said as if nothing had happened The sun was setting--Blue twilight fell on the river and frogs started croaking--The Indian boys came running back now chattering and giggling and grabbed nets and ran around with great speed leaping into the air to catch fireflies and soon the wire cage was full--When they got back to the tressil Iam was waiting with a new machine on a little cart--This time instead of the carbide lantern he hung a wire globe full of fire flies inside the lamp shade--And he pulled up a flap and filled the wings with fire flies so the machine glowed with soft green light--Under the wings was a canoe of black bark and they launched the canoe into the river--The canoe floated with the current faster and faster flashing by lighted windows and boats up into the night sky and landed on a silver lagoon in the moonlight--

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They had landed on silver lagoon in the moonlight--Johnny could see green shapes stirring and twsiting inthe black water--There were islands covered with ~~dark~~ trees dotted the lao lagoon and ⁱanimals calls drifted from the islands--The^r boat moved through the water leaving a silver trail ~~xxxx~~And they came to a wall of crumbled marble and tied the boat to a rusty ring that had left a brownstain on the stone--and climbed up into a ruined garden--Here and there Johnny saw a ^{pulsing} black fruit growing in jars-- And inthe distance he could see a large stone house--A figure suddenlystood in front of him and held out a slow ~~hand~~ ^{hand} to palm out in a gesture of arrest-- It was a boy of polished ~~black~~ bronze with green ~~streaks~~ streaks ~~on~~ on his cheek bones--He smiled a slow bronze smile and motioned Johnny to follow him up path of cracked flagstones-- Johnny saw that he had webbed feet that ~~lift~~ ^{prants} ~~prants~~ of crystal slime that glittered in the moonlight--They came to a little round stone house covered with vines and inside was a blue light-- The bronze boy turned and looked at him talking in color olike the fish boy-- Johnny understood that he must have gills if he was to enter the lagoon and see the underwater cities-- And the bronze boy took a pair of gills down from a jar of colored liquid and fitted it to johnny neck-- Suddenly the floor gave way and he fell into the black water of the lagoon and the gills stirred and he was breathing under water and the fish boy was with him leadin the way--

ANNEXE 8



Couverture et sommaire de *Klacto 23* (septembre 1967) dans lequel fut publié « Parenthetically 7Hz », que nous reproduisons aux pages suivantes.

William Seward Burroughs Papers, MS SC BU.
 Arizona State University Library: Rare Books and
 Manuscripts, BU-MAG.053

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

PARENTHETICALLY 7 HERTZ

(Mention should be made of L. Ron Hubbard founder of dianetics and Scientology. Hubbard's basic assumption is that words and sounds 'heard' in a state of unconsciousness are recorded by the unconscious subject. Unconsciousness may be due to shock as in infantile trauma, to anesthesia, deep sleep, accidents, shock therapy. He calls these words recorded in a state of unconsciousness 'engrams'. 'Engrams' are always crippling. For example words or sounds recorded during an operation if repeated later will to some extent reactivate operation pain the subject experiences strain depression anxiety. In short subject is placed at a disadvantage relative to anyone manipulating his 'engrams'. Hubbard's system of therapy is carried out by an Auditor who 'clears' the subject of his 'engrams' When all the 'engrams' have been taken care of the subject is 'clear'. Hubbard's theory could be tested on anesthetized subjects to determine whether words 'heard' in a state of unconsciousness produce a marked reaction when repeated later. If Hubbard's basic assumption is correct what would characterize all 'engrams'? Words without image since the subject cannot see unanswerable unarguable words since the subject cannot talk.)

Film unrolls 1914 style dim jerky far away we see a man on a couch. He is being audited. The Auditor sits at head of couch. Man on couch goes through pantomime of fear hate shame disgust like a puppet on invisible wires as his 'engrams' are run. He sits up and thumps his chest. He is 'clear'. He gets up wrings the Auditor's hand and starts for the door. "Not so fast my old beauty" The Auditor pulls aside a curtain to reveal a concealed tape recorder. He explains that all the sessions have been recorded. The new born 'clear' reels back confounded. He falls on his knees. The Auditor raises a reassuring hand. He selects a tape and puts it on a portable recorder disguised as a transistor radio. He stands there with

the recorder in his hands. Comprehension dawns. The new 'clear' takes the recorder and leaves the room. We see the 'clear' in the streets leaving a wake of hatred depression anxiety disgust behind him as he plays back his 'engrams' tapes. People snarl and mutter and look around fight breaks out in a pub as he passes every step lighter and more confident he raises his hand and a cab stops waiter bows him to a table a room oh yes sir. We see another man like the first man but older now on the couch. The same scene is reenacted. However this person shrinks in horror from the proffered tape recorder "I'm not going to do anything like that" (exit) The Auditor snarls with rage. He calls the new 'clear' and hands him the recorder. 'Clear' salutes and leaves the room. The second man is in the streets. Everyone looks at him with hatred and disgust. Children shout obscenities after him. No taxis no tables no rooms. He goes into a pub for a drink & a pasty faced man knocks him to the floor shouting "You were making a filthy noise" To put it country simple control machine operated with film and sound track any image put out with an 'engram' sound track will assume a sulphurous horror in the public eye the cruder the film the better the film dope pusher giving heroin candy to children...yellow perils strictly from Fu Manchu opium pipe long finger nails Oriental tortures sweet etc from the chemical corn bank. Whether Hubbard's theory is correct or not there are sound tracks that bring you down ugly sounds that can be concentrated and directed and put out where you want damage done.

One angle is the colorless prose I demonstrated in Eristic Elite 23 Skiddoo meaning- less but somehow very insulting the fact that you do not understand the words is an insult right there. Another angle is infra-sound reference Sunday Times April 16, 1967 article by Frank Dorsey entitled Joshua knew a thing or two Professor Gavreau and death ray machine an entirely novel method of human destruction. infra-sound that is air vibrations which oscillate at less than 10 vibrations per second or 10 hertz. the human ear registers as sound vibrations from 16 hertz infra-sound cannot be heard. the team built a giant whistle hooked to a compressed air hose then they turned on the air. "That first test nearly cost us all our lives" professor says. the team has discovered that the wave length most dangerous to life is 7 hertz. at 7 hertz turned on very softly one has a vague impression of sound and a feeling of general discomfort. "It not only affects the ears but it works directly on the internal organs because of a sort of resonance." the scientists intend to revert to a policeman's whistle 18 feet across. it could kill a man 5 miles away. So keep it low just so much and enough to cause strain discomfort anxiety. Any image associated with infra-sound will carry the association of fear rage disgust or a modest release of radio activity would serve the same end. So the control machine can give anyone who doesn't cooperate a bad time. They can use for a start recordings of his voice selecting the worst sounds and selecting from film footage the worst images. What do you think those China Watchers are doing with all that TV footage on Mao Tse Tung? And how many others? Any number can play so make your own corny films and bring-down sound track and return to the board with compound pain hate interest that is your bring down sound track goes with a film of the board using their corny films and ugly American English French Russian sound track the yellow peril yet Fu Manchu with long Un-American fingernails probably a fucking queer too lolling about in deep sofas smoking a jade opium pipe and thinking up Oriental tortures his evil grinning coolies are about to lower the clean cut young American agent into a vat of giant centipedes. The agent it seems has uncovered a diabolical plan to debauch the west by distributing a drug more habit forming than heroin to American teenagers. CIA agent visits the Auditor "Just call me Joe. Here to talk business". The Auditor feigns horror which he easily overcomes as the agent writes a fat check on the Freedom Foundation. He has bought the right to make copies of all the auditor's 'engram' tapes. The tapes are being processed in all languages a vast polyglot mutter of pain hate and fear fear

Crate labelled Transistor Parts arrives at radio shop in Malawi. CIA agent opens the crate and nods with satisfaction when he sees all the nice 'engrams' tapes specially processed for Malawi. He picks up phone. "The shipment has arrived." Man arrives in Ford picks up truck and takes the tapes to short wave radio stations equipped with infrasound Agent marks down all the radios in his window. Closing out entire stock at bargain prices. OK now take this film back to Malawi with infra-sound all the trimmings and take good care of that white man's nigger. Tapes arrive in Indonesia then some film character appears in the village "He told us we should kill all the Communists and we did it" That's right it was already in the film::Operation 23::Indonesia is a success ugly American smile thumbs up over a pile of mutilated corpses (200,000 more or less gooks) Take that film back to Indonesia and show them how ugly the ugly American can be. 1959 London American Narcotics agent says "I have a hunch you English will have our drug problem in 10 years time" demonstrated a Typhoid Mary who will spread the narcotics problem to the United Kingdom. Board room films pushers pushing purple hearts pushers rising out of the film drugs drugs drugs It's all around you rotting our youth that's why you feel so bad it's drugs drugs drugs. Now for the press campaign "Start with pop singers that will spread it around straight away lots of fans you know" Show that film to the United Kingdom and see what's left of it.

Now if anyone doubts that these techniques work try them and see. Somebody you don't like? Take film footage of the house where that body lives and spread your bring down tapes around the house and wherever that person goes with a tape recorder. Anybody with a little know how can make a darned ugly sound track by golly and spread it all around your ene-my. Infra-sound shouldn't be too hard to manage one big police whistle and you are in business. Now you will see that person having trouble. Everyone feels there is something wrong about that person. Shopkeepers are rude no taxis no table no rooms stopped and questioned by police searched at customs the lot. That's how the control machine takes care of wise guys early answer to use on anyone considering to interfere. People will have to see the film you say? People see it right enough sound track brings the film on set. You see the film image laboratories with junk and dirty pictures can be associated with any coordinates all the old rape and immortality films rising out of newspapers read all about it day after dreary day vast break fast mutter of newspapers recorded by agents processed recordings dumped back into their stale radio active streets any image associated with colorless blame centipede disease from laboratories narcotic agent's diabolical hunch you English will have our narcotics problem

"Teh years time just call me Joe. Mary spread the narcotics problem too."

"Engram the United Kingdom dope?"

The Auditor shows his library of pictures can be associated with any coordinates newspapers mutter map of the city...teenagers picking up Drugs Drugs Drugs...read all about it...most reliable pretext to extend police power...read all about it...Bildenberg conference..dumped back into their radio active hunch you English with compound interest have our drug problem right enough well like I say any number up and down Fleet Street can play...disease campaign..read all about it...a frequency more habit forming than heroin...uncovered in the window another sound track closing out entire stock by infra-sound...full blast can kill at five miles.."Here to talk miles, Professor. Just call me Joe care of Heroin 5. To put it country simple closing out entire control machine at bargain prices."

William S. Burroughs
April 23, 1967

ANNEXE 9

%.#).*! 5.30.81/1

Mr. Burroughs,

Enclosed is the sum of some experiences of mine relating to your presence in my life as a result of your books: ideas and images which seem to follow me about. I tried to lecture to a graduate class ('Teaching Secondary English Methods') at U of New Orleans, and confused the class with the enclosed (notes for) lecture. I also presented the cut-up technique to a class of high school students, cast-offs from the other classes given to me only because I was the first to teach 'creative expression' so they knew they didn't have to worry about checking if the kids they (other teachers) wanted to get rid of had maybe already had the class. And I was a new teacher--at the last sex segregated public school system in the country, St. Bernard Parish and Chalmette High--so I didn't know what to do but proceed. The results from these kids efforts are also enclosed, many of which I was quite pleased with. They were also quite pleased when I requested to borrow a few journals for the weekend (to copy their cut-ups, when asked why I told them) and curious to know what sort of fellow would also find them interesting. Which I hope you do. As for the argument over your possible demise, it's copied from my own journal. I think everything else is explained on the contents page. If you're in New Orleans, would like to buy you a drink; asked to do that in Chapel Hill no few yrs. back but you were off to an exclusive circle of academia.

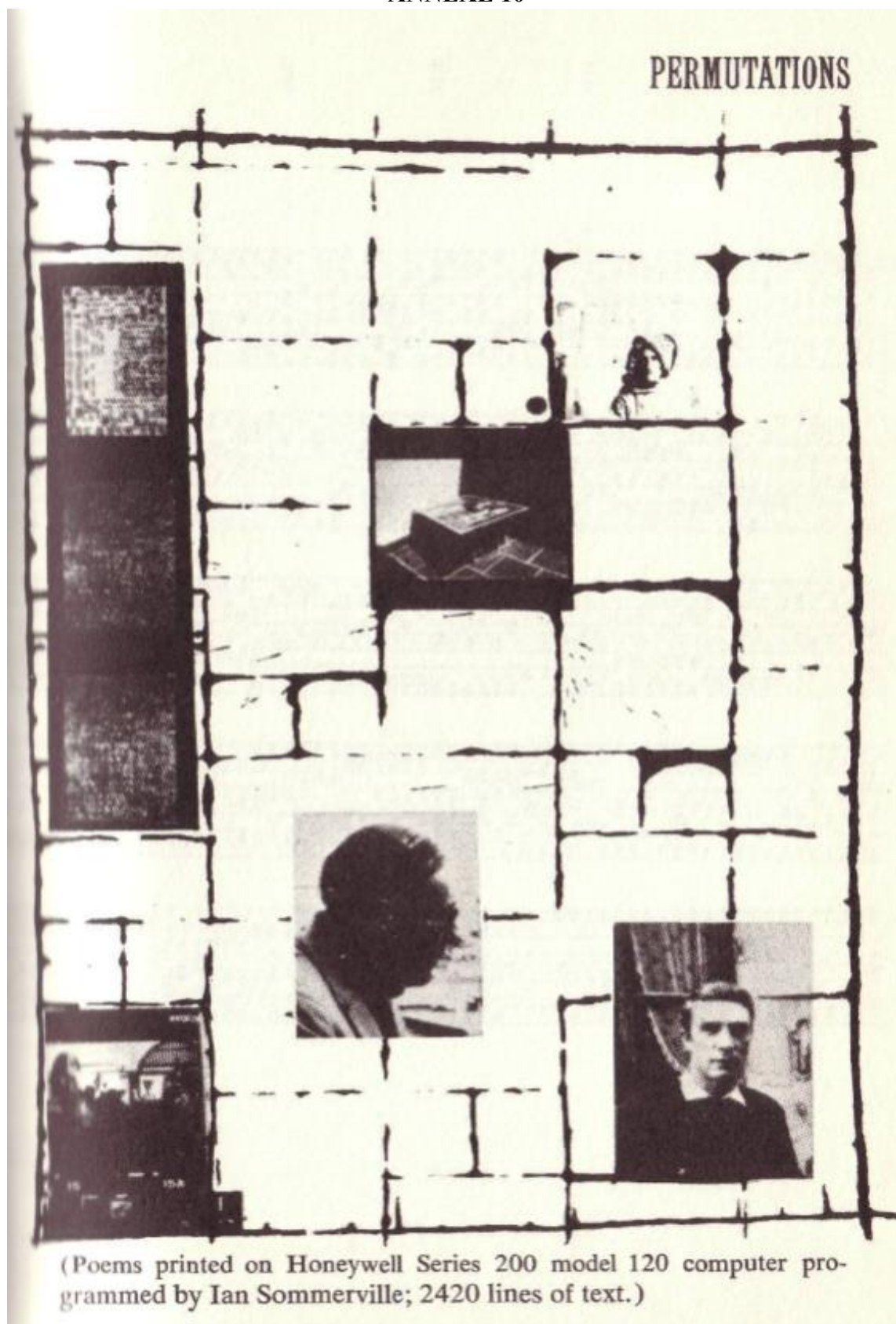
Alex

alex albright
1213 bourbon st.
new orleans, la 70116

I've also enclosed a copy of my hometown weekly; had it the money (and known address) would be given you a subscription. I make sure it follows me wherever I live. don't think you have to know the folks to appreciate it.

Lettre de l'enseignant Alex Albright adressée à Burroughs en 1981, et dans laquelle il lui présentait les cours sur le *cut-up* qu'il avait dispensé à ses étudiants.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.87, Box 21, Folder 168.



introductive de la section « Permutations » de *The Third Mind* (1977), pp. 77-87.
 Nous reproduisons à la suite des exemples de poèmes-permutations.

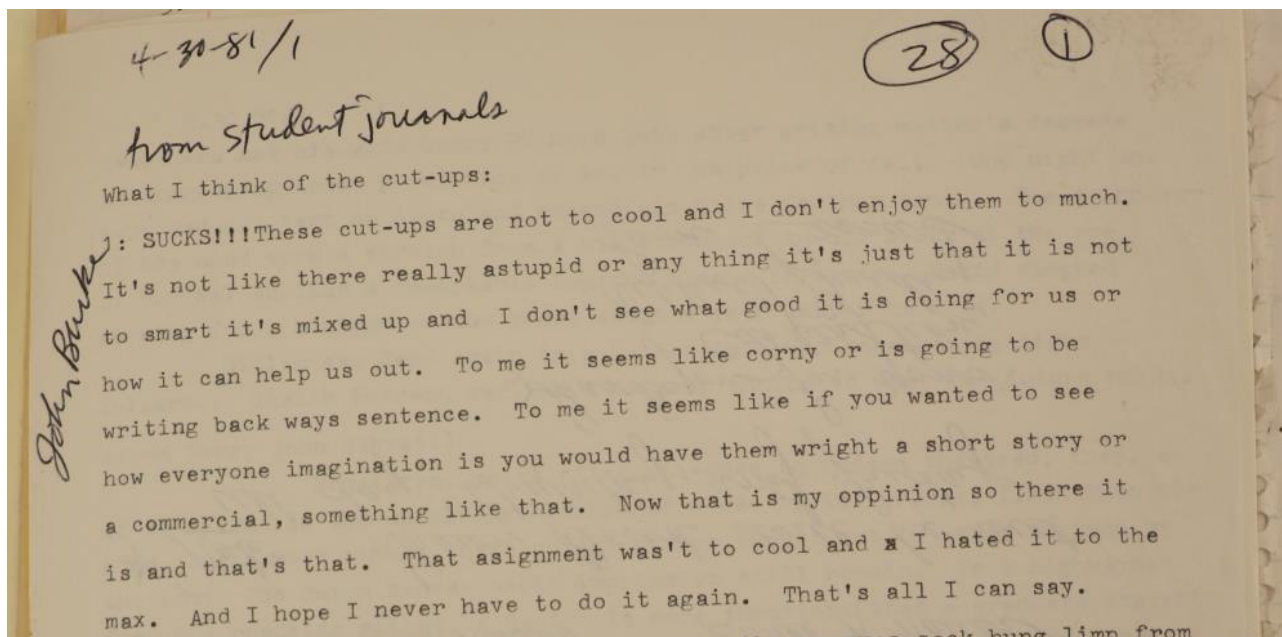
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I AM THEREFORE I THINK	1	%	**	1	\$	

1 \$ ** 1 % B.G.

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OUT	THE	WORD	RUB	#	\$	%	&
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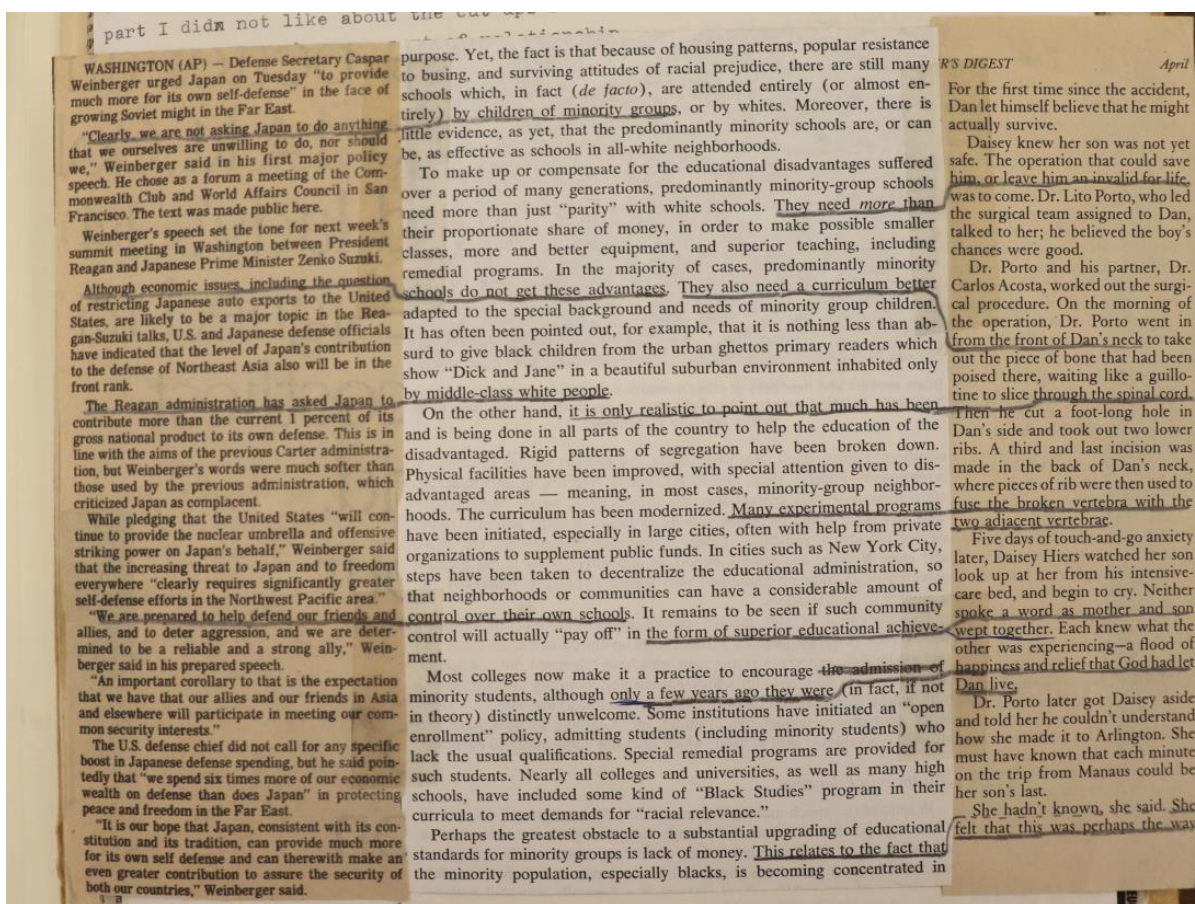
B.G.

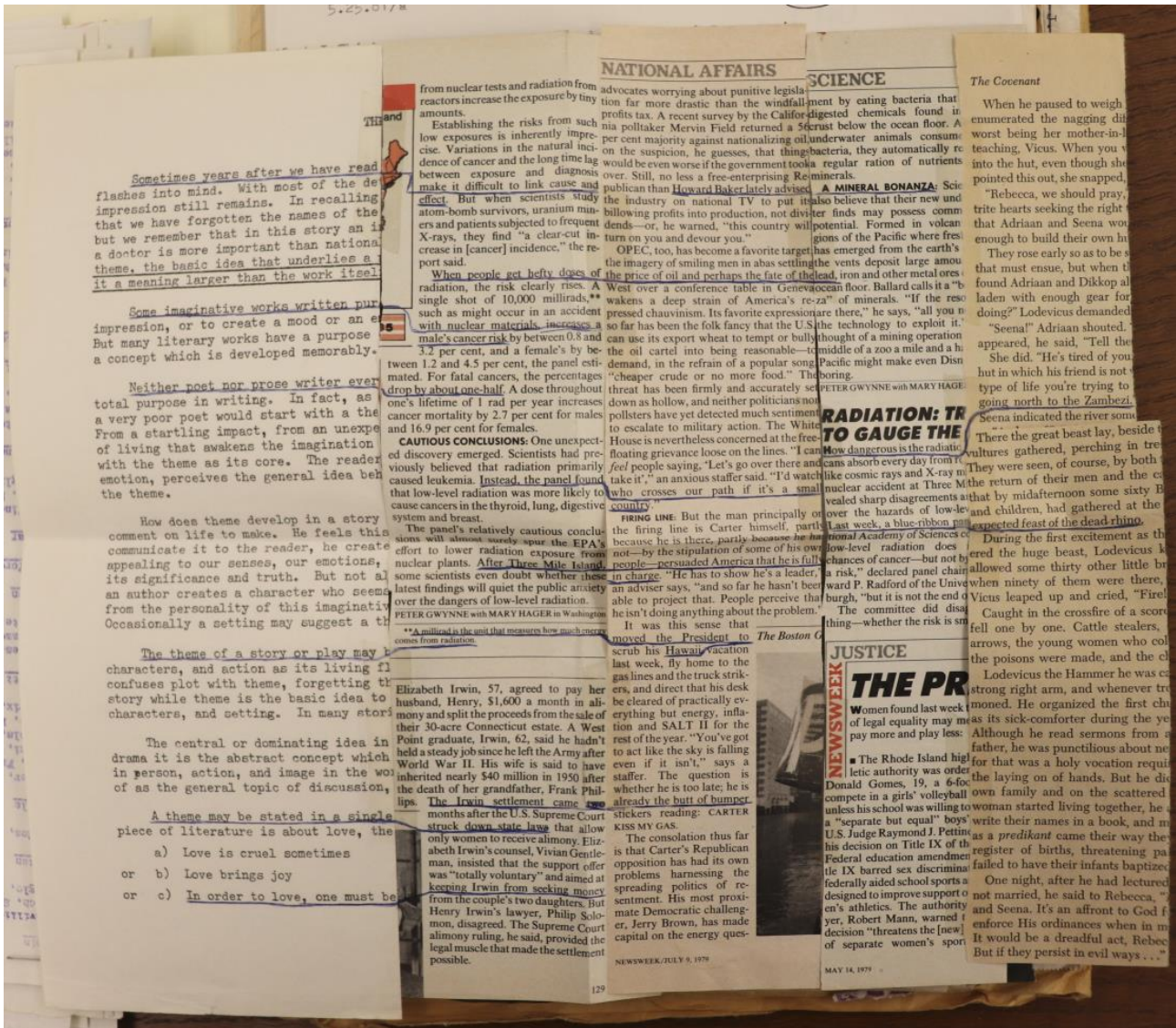
ANNEXE 11



Extraits de travaux réalisés autour du *cut-up* par les étudiants d’Alex Albright ; on remarque la variété des techniques utilisées ainsi que les réactions mitigées des étudiants.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.87, Box 21, Folder 168.





Chris Talazac:

This writing is very stupid
 Very stupid is this writing
 Writing very stupid is this
 Very stupid writing is this.

D'autres extraits de travaux réalisés.

CHAPITRE VI
RÉCEPTIONS DU *CUT-UP*

ANNEXE 1

Page d'introduction de la section « Songs » dans *Le Colloque de Tanger* (1976). Nous avons reproduit en annexe plusieurs de ces chansons, ainsi qu'une mise en musique de poèmes permutations par le musicien Steve Lacy.

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 !	I'm a skinny baboon I'm a mini baboon Just so tall ! I'm the sleekest baboon I'm the meekest baboon But I'm the <i>chic</i> -est baboon Of them all ! All ! All ! I'm the cheapest baboon The deepest baboon The sweetest baboon of [them all ! I'm not up tight I don't wanna fight I got no reason to fight None at all ! I'll take your attack Lying flat on my back Or bracing myself On a wall !
He asked me to spoon By a moonlit lagoon and there, very soon, I fall into a swoon And I fall ! I fall ! I fall ! 'Cause I'm a baboon A baby baboon, The weakest baboon of [them all !	Oh, I'm a baboon Won't join your platoon I'm the weakest baboon Of them all All ! All ! All ! I'm a neat baboon I'm a fleet baboon I'm the Beat-est baboon Of them 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 ! My all ! 'Cause I'm a baboon You could feed with a spoon The weakest baboon of [them all !	

(C) Brion Gysin, 1972.

78

DEAD WEIGHT

Dead weight, dead weight
Dead weight of the Dear Old Days
hanging thick in the air
like the smoke from a riverboat.
Boys walk down the Midway
eating pink sugar floss candy
Jack off in the Ferris Wheel
spurting sperm at the moon
rising real red and smoky
over the railroad yards.

When the train passes by with a hoot !
they have all turned into slobs
They all have fat bellies
and responsible jobs.

Dead weight, weight !

79

HOME IS THE HEROIN

How many years threaded
on a needle of blood?
The old junky has hit a vein
hit a vein.
Blood blooms in the drop
in the dropper
like a Chinese paper flower
in a glass
in a glass of water.

Home is the heroin
Home to the hilt
See, see where Christ's blood
spurts through the spermanent !

Time jumps
like a broken typewriter
and the boy with the firecrackers
explode in his hand
turns into a flabby old man...
And the slack and flabby old man
is the broken boy with the firecrackers
explode in his hand.

80

I GOT THE FEAR

Let the dawn
blue as a flame
cross the city.
The backyards
are full of garbage
and the ash pits
give up their hooded dead
Over the hills and faraway
to Interzone or New Jersey
signal flares of orgasm
burst over the world.

"I got the Fear !"
a head leaps up screaming
and runs along Upper Broadway
into the Northern lights
bringing down
the back brains of the world.

Mejdoub ! Holy Madman !
with a shiv in his hand
Knife fighters embrace
in adrenalin
Cancer is at the door
with a Singing Telegram
Western Union
is seeking
a new way of life !

81

The river is served, Sir
Naked Lunch is before you
The black wind-sock of Death
undulates over the landing pad
The checker-board is swept clear
after a short game of genocide
The planet drifts to a random doom
insect doom
Thermodynamics has won at a crawl
Orgone balked at the post
Christ bled
Time ran out
Motel ! Motel ! Motel !

Piece of moon smoke
hangs in the China blue sky
The river is served, Sir
Delaudid deliver poor me !
What are you doing here ?
Who are you ?

CLEMENTEENA SOOPERSTAR

Clementeena Sooperstar
couldn't tune
her own guitar,
couldn't come in
on the bar,
couldn't sing
a note.

Yet people came from near and far came by 'copter came by car to hear her clear her throat ha ha ha wavering ha ha ha quavering ha ha ha wobbling ha ha ha gobbling ha ha ha SLAVERING ha ha ha all the way ha ha ha every day ha ha ha all the way along to the BANK !	Clementeeena ! ya should-a seen-a ! Reeeeeeally rank ! Ya should-a heard-a worse'n murd-a her lyrics stank ! You c'd do bett-a should'na let-ta go laughin' ha ha go zappin' ha ha all the way ha ha ha every day ha ha ha all the way down to the BANK !	Clementeeena ! nobody feeeena who c'n blame-a who c'n shame-a her records are ALL on the charts ! Clementeeena nobody keeeena to worm her way into your hearts. Really knows it never blows it She's got you and you and you only to thank ha ha ha as she goes zapping ha ha laughing ha ha sashayin' along to the BANK ! BANK ! BANK !
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(C) Brion Gysin, 1972.

DREAMS

(VERY SLOW)
♩ = 48

A DREAM LIKE
LIKE A DREAM
DREAM A LIKE
A LIKE DREAM

SO YOU SEEM
SO SEEM YOU
YOU SEEM SO
YOU SO SEEM

LIKE A DREAM
LIKE A DREAM
LIKE A DREAM
A LIKE DREAM

SO YOU SEEM
SO SEEM YOU
YOU SEEM SO
YOU SO SEEM

MUSIC BY STEVE LACY - WORDS BY BRION GYSIN
EDITIONS SARAVAH 1975 PARIS
RECORD SH 10058 (SARAVAH)

Dreams. Partition (1975) par Brion Gysin et Steve Lacy.

ANNEXE 2

Table 3.1. Events of the Nova Convention

Event	Location and Description
Reception at La Maison Française	New York University. (Thursday 5–7 p.m., free)
<i>The Third Mind</i> book-signing party	Books & Co., 939 Madison Avenue. The party included a preview of the connected <i>The Third Mind</i> art exhibition. (Thursday 7–10 p.m., free)
<i>The Third Mind</i> art exhibition	Books & Co. Art exhibition of <i>The Third Mind's</i> cut-up techniques, including collage, photostat, and writing. (Friday, December 1–12, free)
“Cine Virus I & II” film screenings	Schimmel Auditorium, Tisch Hall, New York University; and Entermedia Theatre. Curated by Kathryn Bigelow and Michael Oblowitz. Films by Oblowitz, Bigelow, Seth Tillet, Eric Mitchell, Tina L'hotsky, Michael McClard, Amos Poe, Bruce Connors, Kathy Acker, Marc Olmstead, Steven Lowe, and Anthony Balch featuring Burroughs. (Thursday and Saturday, 7–10 p.m., \$2)
“Burroughs Now” panels and lectures	Shimmel Auditorium, Tisch Hall, New York University, in both French and English. Speakers include Sylvère Lotringer, Udo Breger, John Calder, Maurice Girodias, Richard Seaver, Serge Grunberg, Jean-Jacques Lebel, Gérard-Georges Lemaire, Philippe Mikriammos, Christian Prigent, and Jurgen Ploog. (Friday, 4–7 p.m., free)
Evening Show	Entermedia Theatre, 189 Second Avenue. Performances by Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky, John Cage and Merce Cunningham, Ed Sanders, Anne Waldman, and Laurie Anderson and Julia Heyward; and an opening production of “A.J.'s Annual Party,” by The BBC Project Theater Company (adapted from <i>Naked Lunch</i>), directed by Donald Sanders. (Friday, 8:30 p.m., \$6)
“New Wave Rock Concert”	Club 57 at Irving Plaza. Performances by the B52s, Suicide and Walter Steding. Deborah Harry, Chris Stein and Robert Fripp make guest appearances. (Friday and Saturday, 10 p.m., \$6)
Party at the Mudd Club	77 White Street (Saturday, 12 a.m.)
“Conversations” panel	Entermedia Theatre. Moderated by Les Levine; with Burroughs, Brion Gysin, Timothy Leary, and Robert Anton Wilson. Susan Sontag was originally scheduled but cancelled. (Saturday, 1 p.m., \$2)
Evening Show	Entermedia Theatre. A pre-sold out show with readings and performances by Terry Southern, Frank Zappa, Patti Smith and Lenny Kaye, Philip Glass, John Giorno, Brion Gysin, and Burroughs. Keith Richards was originally scheduled but cancelled. (Saturday, 8:30 p.m., \$6)
Party at Mickey Ruskin's Kipling's Last Resort/Chinese Chance	1 University Place. (Sunday, 12 a.m.)
“The Penny Arcade Peep Show”	Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank Street. Performance by Belgian theatre troupe Le Plan K. (Thursday, November 30–December 15, 8 p.m., \$4)

Source: Table 3.1 represents publicly promoted Nova Convention events compiled from press coverage by the *New York Times*, *New York Rocker*, *SoHo Weekly News*, and *Village Voice*. Sylvère Lotringer Papers and *Semiotext(e)* Archive; MSS 221; the Fales Library and Special Collections, New York University; and Burroughs and Bockris 1981, 144. Courtesy of the Fales Library and Special Collections, New York University.

Programme de la *Nova Convention* tel qu'il apparaissait dans la presse alternative new-yorkaise. On remarque un seul événement officiellement consacré à l'étude de l'œuvre de Burroughs, le reste étant majoritairement composé de fêtes ou de concerts.

Reproduction du programme depuis l'article de Galvin in Hawkins & Wermer-Colan 2019, p. 81.

ANNEXE 3

Carl Weissner
Feldbergstraße 77
6800 Mannheim 1
Tel. 0621/813108

9 Feb. 1979

Dear James,

Enjoyed the Nova Convention folder, many thanks. Very good of you. Is that Hoffman piece in the Voice for real? I mean, did he actually show up?

Can you give me corrected copies of those stories for Maro Verlag by the end of the month? Have just started translating (Cobblestone Gdns.)

Lutz Reinecke has asked me to help him organize a 2001 Tenth Anniversary event scheduled for 24th January of next year in the largest hall available in Frankfurt (seats 3,000 plus). The idea is to get on stage some of the authors he's publishing, and some of the European musicians he's signed to his label (such as the United Jazz & Rock Ensemble, one of the top jazz-rock acts in Europe). It is possible that there will be repeat performances in Cologne, Hamburg, Munich, and maybe Berlin. In which case, with one day between cities, it would be an affair of 7-9 days altogether.

Can you please check with William and let me know if he would be interested in this and agree, in principle, to participate?

The other Americans we are contacting are: Joan Baez, Patti Smith, Bukowski, Ken Kesey, Robt. Crumb, Hunter S. Thompson, Frank Zappa.

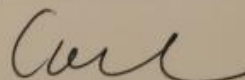
Reading time per author depends on how many can make it, but probably around 15 minutes each. Fee to be negotiated.

There will be a double LP of the event(s). Royalty percentage to be negotiated.

Show will be documented on Film, and if the documentary is sold to one of the nationwide TV channels here, the participants will of course get a share of the proceeds. 2001 will cover air fare plus expenses (hotel, etc.)

Please give my regards to William.

as ever,



RECEIVED FEB 17 1979

and 18 Feb - with says ok. for next Jan. '80

2 Mar - call from Michael Montfort - Lutz R. needs Patti's noo.

Bank: Dresdner Bank Mannheim (BLZ 670 800 50) Kto.-Nr. 46 639 513
Postscheck: Ludwigshafen/Rh. (BLZ 545 100 67) Kto.-Nr. 111088-677

Correspondance entre Carl Weissner (représentant la maison d'édition Zweitausendeins) et James Grauerholz (secrétaire de William S. Burroughs). Nous reproduisons ici l'intégralité des échanges qui déboucheront sur l'annulation de ce projet.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.87, Box 39, Folder 365.

James Grauerholz

Carl Weissner
Feldbergstrasse 77
6800 Mannheim 1
West Germany

18th Feb 79

Dear Carl,

Thanks for your letter of February 9th. I have no doubt that Abbie Hoffman did in fact come to our Neva party -- though I did not see him myself. Word is that the Voice piece has fucked up his deal with the prosecutor whereby he was about to turn himself in for a light sentence.

I'll get the stories for Maro Verlag to you this month sometime, or early March. William and I have been travelling a lot and we both find the mountain of correspondence that awaits us at every return a bit overwhelming. Also the book project and other work -- not a moment's rest, really.

I showed your letter to William and he says to tell you he is interested, in principle, to take part in the Zweitausendeins tour you are proposing. We would need to know more about the line-up, schedule, money, etc. of course. But it sounds great.

Best as never,

James

Carl Weissner
Feldbergstraße 77
6800 Mannheim 1
Tel. 0621/813108

9 march 79

**Antrag auf Ausstellung einer Bescheinigung über Steuerfreiheit
von Lizenzgebühren**

Dear James,

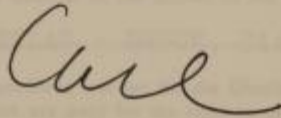
Thanks for yours of Feb. 18th. Yes, please remember the 3 stories for Maro. (Have finished translating all the others.)

Enclose tax form in triplicate. Please ask William to sign all 3 copies and fill in the information required in §4; then return them to me. We have to get William a certificate of tax exemption, otherwise the German IRS will grab about 25% of his Maro royalties.

Michael Montfort called me from L.A., and he says he enjoyed his stay in Boulder.

Please give my regards to William. It is good to know that the idea of the 2001 tour appeals to him. I'll have more details in a few weeks.

All the best,



RECEIVED MAR 19 1979

ANSWERED MAR 26 1979

Bank: Dresdner Bank Mannheim (BLZ 670 800 50) Kto.-Nr. 46 639 513
Postscheck: Ludwigshafen/Rh. (BLZ 545 100 67) Kto.-Nr. 111088-677

James W. Grauerholz

Carl Weissner
77 Feldbergstrasse
6800 Mannheim 1
West Germany

26 March 79

Dear Carl,

Pardon my long silence -- been away from New York, back and forth. Enclosed are the German tax forms for Maro Verlag's COBBLE STONE GARDENS etc.

Michael Montfort called me March 2nd, just as I was on my way out of town -- said Lutz needed Patti Smith's address or number, to invite her for the January '80 tour. As it happens William will probably be seeing Patti again tomorrow or next day -- we spent an evening with her after a concert in New Jersey last week -- and I'll mention this to her as well. But for your use, Patti's address is c/o Radio Ethiopia, Box 407 Murray Hill Station, New York NY 10016. Her assistant is Andi Ostrowe, and if you write to her attention that will work faster. Andi's number here is 212 683 4182, but I'm sure a letter of invitation is best at first.

Do you have further news of acceptances by Bukowski, Kesey, Crumb, Zappa, etc? A good way to reach Zappa, if you need one, is c/o Sam Bennett Glotzer, Glotzer Management Corporation, 824 No. Robertson Boulevard, Hollywood CA 90069. Glotzer is F.Z.'s manager. His current publicity agent is Jane Friedman of Wartoke Concern, and she will be likely to see the value of this tour to F.Z. -- her address 1545 Broadway, N.Y.

As to the three stories, I have now had a chance to go over them with William and "Old Photographer" and "The Inferential Kid" are basically OK as is. In "The Bay of Pigs" there is an overlap that would seem to be resulting from unresolved alternate drafts; I showed this to Bill and he suggests deleting the first take (bottom 2/3 or page 1); Cut from "Creme de menthe, I think." directly to p. 2. She gave him a look of cool appraisal . . .

By the way, I don't see any reason why these stories can't be offered over here for publication -- ? Surely Ricahard Aaron can't object.

It looks as though William will be in Switzerland in early June, for readings in Basel and Zurich, hosts Carl Laszlo and P.K. Wehrli, respectively. I guess Brion will be in Basel at that time as well. More later -- encl. is recent Nova Con writeup.

Best,

Zweitausendeins

Büro Lutz Reinecke, Solmsers Straße 16, D-6419 Haunetal 3, Telefon 06673-524.

Mr.
William S. Burroughs
Box 215, Canal St. Station

New York, N.Y. 10013
U.S.A.

RECEIVED MAY 5 1979 - W B send

April 12, 1979

Dear Mr. Burroughs:

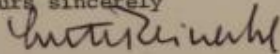
The 2001 Tour, scheduled for the second half of January 1980, will cover 5 major cities (Frankfurt, Essen/or Düsseldorf, Hamburg, Berlin, Munich), and we now have an agreement with the Nr.1 promoter of rock concerts and similar events in the country who will handle the technical side of it. We would like to ask you to do a 20-minute set each night, and we can offer you a fee of 1000 DM (one thousand Deutsche Mark) per set. Of course, we will also cover air fare (New York - Frankfurt - New York) and hotel accomodation. Travel between cities will be by special 2001 Tour bus.

We are planning to issue the best performances of the Tour on a double LP; a sepearte offer, as to royalty percentage, will be made to the participating authors/musicians.

In case a video or film documentation of the Tour is sold to German Television, a share of 50 % of the net profit of 2001 from this will be turned to the authors/musicians according to the length of their contribution in the film.

I hope that you can agree to these terms, and I would appreciate if you could give us your definite acceptance at your earliest convenience - as we have to start booking the halls. (We expect to be able to give you the final tour schedule within approximately a month of receiving your letter.) If all right with you, we can consider this letter, along with your letter of confirmation, as a binding agreement for both parts.

With kind regards,
Yours sincerely



Lutz Reinecke, Publisher
Zweitausendeins

PS: Thank you very much for taking ^{out} so much time for the photo sessions with Michael Montfort. The photographs are great!!!

Zweitausendeins, Hahnstraße 54-56, Postfach 710 249, D-6 Frankfurt a. M. 71, Telefon 06 11-66 69 86.

Unsere Konten: Bank für Gemeinwirtschaft Frankfurt 1 710071 200, BLZ 500 101 11.
Postschock Frankfurt Nr. 36 580-606.

Zweitausendeins Versand Dienst GmbH, Sitz der Gesellschaft: Frankfurt a. M. Handelsregister Nr. B 10685.
Register-Gericht: Frankfurt a. M. Geschäftsführer: Lutz Reinecke, Walter Treumann.

Lettre officielle de Lutz Reinecke, propriétaire et fondateur de Zweitausendeins, adressée à William S. Burroughs, dans laquelle il lui présente les modalités de la tournée de lectures qu'il souhaitait organiser.

call WB.



GASOLIN 23

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR ZEITGEMASSE LITERATUR

Carl Weissner
77, Feldbergstr
6800 Mannheim
WEST GERMANY

Jürgen Ploog und Walter Hartmann
Nova Press
Friedrichstraße 60
6000 Frankfurt/Main
Auslieferung:
Walter Hartmann
Liebfrauenstraße 35
6100 Darmstadt
Pschkto. Ffm 748 78-609 (Hartmann)

17 April 1979

RECEIVED MAY 5 1979 - WB read

Dear James,

ANSWERED AUG - 6 1979

Thanks for your letter, xerox of Nova C. write-up in NY Rocker, and the addresses for Patti Smith & Zappa/Glotzer; and the German tax forms which I have forwarded to Maro. On those 3 stories for the Maro book: have done as suggested. Book will be out in Sept./Oct. (in time for the Frankfurt Book Fair, or perhaps sooner. Patti's address I have passed on to Lutz who will contact her via Andi Ostrowe. Zappa has been in Germany last month, as part of his European tour, and I think Lutz was supposed to have a meeting with Zappa and Glotzer in Amsterdam, but it fell through for some reason. anyhow, the promoter for the 2001 tour will be the same who is handling Zappa's own tours. It seems likely that Zappa's participation in the 2001 tour will be on the order of a surprise appearance (or two, or three); it will be largely a matter of coordinating this with the dates of Zappa's own tour next January and February.

Lutz will send me an official letter of invitation for William which I'll forward to William along with further details. yes, right: no reason why the 3 stories for Maro can't be offered for publication in the States or elsewhere. Richard Aaron, when he bought the manuscripts, couldn't possibly have acquired any rights in this material.

Udo Breger told me about Brion's show in Basel, in June, and that William may come over for readings in Basel and Zurich. Unfortunately I won't be able to go as I will be in the area of Biarritz, France, throughout June...

NAKED SCIENTOLOGY/ALI'S SMILE is now in its 2nd printing, and Lutz is now offering it in his catalog, too, which will mean better distribution.

ok. all the best,

Carl

Carl Weissner
Feldbergstraße 77
6800 Mannheim 1
Tel. 0621/813108

18 April 1979

RECEIVED MAY 5 1979 *wb read*

Dear William,

Here is a letter of invitation from Lutz Reinecke/2001, with an official offer. I hope you will find the terms agreeable, and that you will be able to participate in the tour. Bukowski has accepted. Robert Crumb is coming, too. Joan Baez is interested, says the promoter who is in touch with her. We are contacting Patti Smith now (-- James sent us her address) The promoter has also talked to Zappa who has been in the country last month. It appears that Zappa will be able to make a couple of surprise appearances on the 2001 tour as he will probably be on a European tour of his own in Jan./Feb. of next year.

As you can see from Reinecke's letter the project has reached a stage where we need some professional assistance; so the technical aspects of the tour are now being handled by Mr. Rau, from the firm of Lippmann & Rau (Frankfurt), the top rock concert promoters in the country. We are going to book halls that will accommodate up to 5,000 people. With halls that big we will of course use a closed-circuit TV setup, so that the face of the poet or writer on stage can be projected on a large screen; and arrangements have been made for the necessary equipment to be provided by one of our television stations.

Meanwhile, I am translating THE WILD BOYS, for 2001. Lutz R. will probably want to combine it with another book, in one volume; so that we'll get around 400 pages altogether. In which case I would suggest PORT OF SAINTS. Would that be all right with you? - Can you please give me your revised/corrected version of the text? (You sent me part of it already, last year. 62 pages. = up to page 43 in the book.)

Best wishes,
as ever

Carl

Bank: Dresdner Bank Mannheim (BLZ 670 800 50) Kto.-Nr. 46 639 513
Postscheck: Ludwigshafen/Rh. (BLZ 545 100 67) Kto.-Nr. 111088-677

May 28, 1979
Box 215
Canal StrretStation
NYC 10013
USA

TO: Lutz Reinecke
Zweitausendehts.

Dear Herr Reinecke:

With reference to your letter of April 12 and the proposed five city reading tour: I feel that such a tour would be very useful and will be glad to take part.

For all details of arrangement please contact my assistant James Grauerholz at William Burroughs Communications Box 147

Lawrence Kansas 66044

Telephone 913-841-3905

Mr Grauerholz has handled my reading and lecture engagements for the past five years, and his presence during the tour would be most useful. I hope you can arrange to cover his transportation and expenses.

I look foreward to working with you on this tour

Sincerely

William Burroughs
William Burroughs

Carl Weissner
Feldbergstraße 77
6800 Mannheim 1
Tel. 0621/813108

12 July 1979

Dear William,

Just back from a vacation, and I'm sorry to report that plans for the 2001 Tour (scheduled for next January) had to be dropped. The promoter failed to come up with firm commitments from Zappa, Baez and two or three others and just generally proved unreliable in all sorts of ways. So that Lutz Reinecke felt that it would be too much of a risk to go ahead with the project. Also the time had run out - as the end of May or early June was the deadline for booking the halls.

Lutz says to thank you for your letter of acceptance and to apologize for this development which was unforeseen. A possible alternative, he says, would be reading tours of individual authors. No outside help would be needed, and the people at 2001 could handle it all by themselves. So if you would be interested to do readings in some major cities here, maybe James could get in touch with Lutz R. directly, suggest possible dates, discuss your fee, etc.

Hope you are well. Pl. give my regards to James.

Best, as ever

Carl

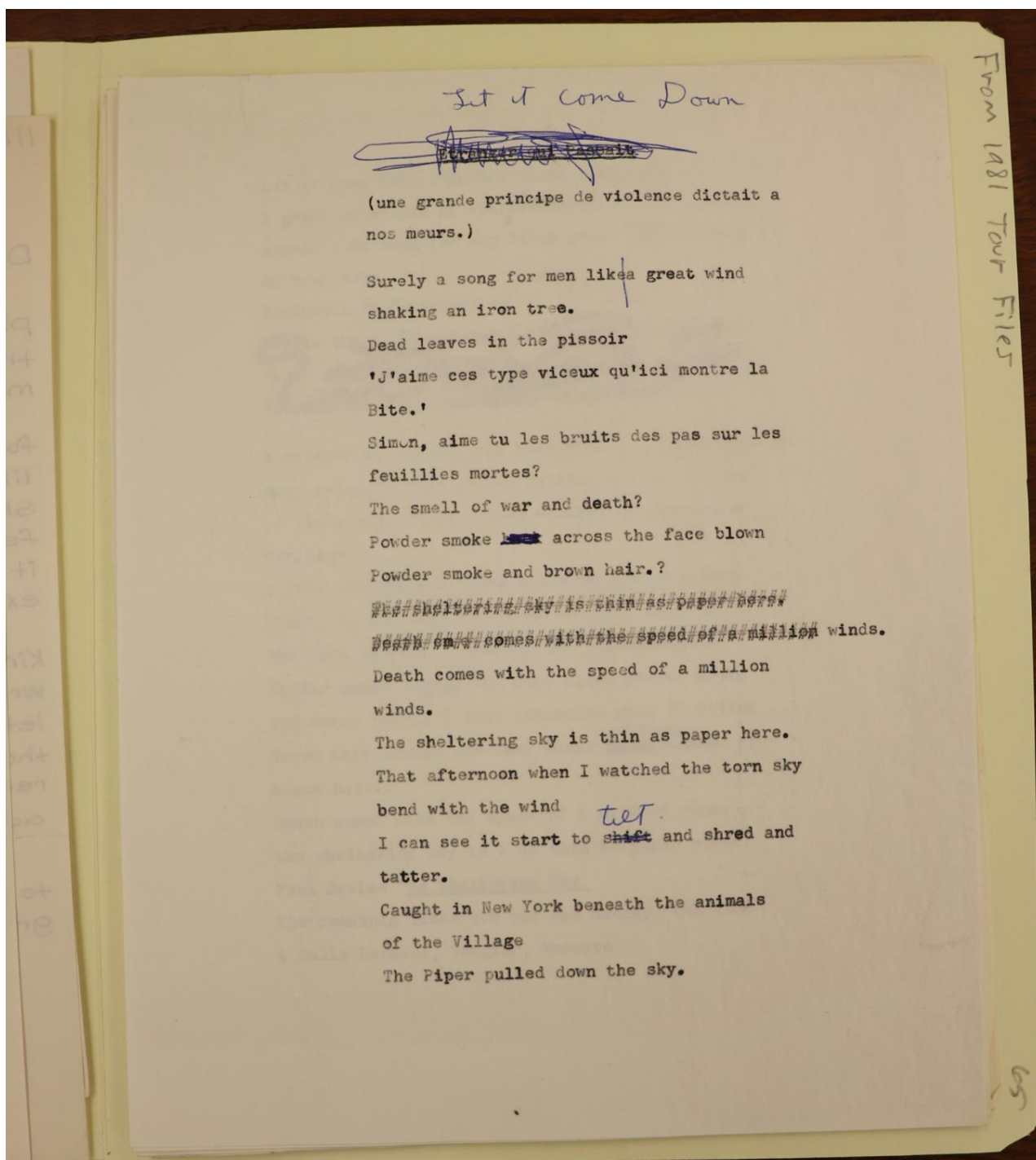
RECEIVED JUL 26 1979

ANSWERED AUG - 6 1979

copy to WB - 8 Aug.
(under "P.O.S")

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ANNEXE 4



Let it Come Down

~~William S. Burroughs~~

(une grande principe de violence dictait a nos meurs.)

Surely a song for men like a great wind shaking an iron tree.

Dead leaves in the pissoir

'J'aime ces type vicieux qu'ici montre la Bite.'

Simon, aime tu les bruits des pas sur les feuillies mortes?

The smell of war and death?

Powder smoke ~~blast~~ across the face blown

Powder smoke and brown hair.?

~~###sheltering sky is thin as paper###~~

~~Death comes with the speed of a million winds.~~

Death comes with the speed of a million winds.

The sheltering sky is thin as paper here.

That afternoon when I watched the torn sky

bend with the wind

I can see it start to ~~shift~~ ^{tet} and shred and tatter.

Caught in New York beneath the animals of the Village

The Piper pulled down the sky.

From 1981 Tour Files

5

Tapuscrit d'un texte lu par Burroughs lors d'une tournée aux États-Unis. Le titre du texte fait référence à un ouvrage de Paul Bowles, qui avait également emprunté cette phrase de Shakespeare pour le nommer. D'autres références à l'écrivain expatrié à Tanger parcourent le texte : « The Sheltering Sky » est notamment le titre de l'un de ses romans ; par ailleurs, ce texte contient de nombreuses phrases récurrentes dans les œuvres de Burroughs, suggérant une composition au moyen du *cut-up*.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.87, Box 10, Folder 65.

Let it come down.. Shakes peare.. Macbeth
A great principle of violence dictated our fashions
surely a do song for men like a great wind shaking
an iron tree..

Annibasis by Sr John Perce

~~I like the vicious types who show the cock here.
Paris and I was young. Dead leaves were falling into
the pissoir.. a long street~~

A pissoir at the end of a long street. It was Paris
many years ago dead leaves falling and on the wall
of the pissoir these lines worthy of Rimbaud or
Verlaine..

I like the vicious types who show the cock here
Simon, do you like the sound of foot steps on
the dead leaves..? *Remy de Gourmont*

Powder smoke across the face blown powder smoke
and brown hair.. I take liberties with TS Elliot
Brown hair across the face blown ~~powder smoke~~ *blow* and
brown hair..

Death comes with the speed of a million winds
the sheltering sky is thin as paper here..

Paul Bowles the Sheltering Sky

The remaining lines are cut ups dating from 1964

4 Calle Larachi, Tangier, Morocco

This poem was wroted by Kim Caron^S after a shoot out on Bleeker street, October 23, 1909. Liver Wurst Joe, and Cherry Nose Gio, mafia hēt men with Frank the Lip as driver opened fire on Kim Caron^S, Boy Jones, Marvin Cleaver ~~known as Marbles~~ and ~~and~~ John Graywood described as an attorney. In the ensuing exchange of shots Liver Wurst Joe, Cherry Nose Gio and Frank the Lip was all kilted. Only danger sustained by the Carson group was to BoYs vest when he toke refuge behind a fire hydrant.

~~My vest is plum ruined. He moaned.~~

"My vest is plum ruined." He moaned
"and it was dog shit done it. There should bea law."

59

—William S. Burroughs—

And

—John Giorno—



—Off The Wall Hall—

—737 New Hampshire, Lawrence KS—

Affiche pour une lecture de Burroughs et Giorno à Lawrence, Kansas, où l'écrivain s'était installé à la fin de l'année 1981. On remarque sur cette affiche la présence centrale de Giorno dont la silhouette domine celle de Burroughs. On devine derrière Giorno le bras d'un homme qui pourrait être celui de James Grauerholz. D'une certaine façon, cela fait écho aux critiques de ceux qui considéraient que Giorno profitait de la notoriété de l'écrivain pour accroître la sienne ; on pourrait aussi considérer cette photo comme révélatrice du soutien inconditionnel de Giorno envers Burroughs, dont il s'occupa presque quotidiennement durant ses années new-yorkaises.

ANNEXE 5

Article de Lynden Barber publié dans *Melody Maker* en Octobre 1982. Nous reproduisons également ici la couverture du magazine qui faisait apparaître Boy George. À la page suivante, nous avons également reproduit l'affiche de la Final Academy, co-organisée par Genesis P-Orridge du groupe Throbbing Grisle.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.87, Box 4, Folder 44.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS Heaven, London

WE ARE not so supposed to say that the William Burroughs Night At Heaven was boring, we are not meant to reveal the querulous pin-pricks of doubt and itches of uncertainty that can pop up from under the skin, awkwardly, in the presence of a Great Figure, but whether due to the nature of the event or the unfortunate onslaught of debilitation, this scribe surrendered to an ever-widening yawn.

Five pounds and 50 pence is what yer pays to enter this cavern of sex turned cage of culture for the night, to kneel down in this temple of high-hysteria, and for that price you'd better enjoy, but what's the betting you're having second thoughts as the bouncers dust the body down and you mentally prepare for an evening of what is largely to be people talking — with the emphasis on the talk — and the sudden dawning that it's billed to run late?

What sort of crowd it is that's milling around is difficult to ascertain, but it ain't packed to the ceiling bricks, it ain't the exclusive property of London's high fashion coterie, it ain't the usual Heaven clientele out because of Bill's reputation for proleptizing bare bum boys and it ain't just old hippies with scuffed copies of "The Naked Lunch" in top pockets.

It's probably a mix of these, plus literati and the plain curious.

What atmosphere there is — and there isn't much — is dull, with a slightly "let's-get-on-with-it" feel around the edges. Syringes inject on TV screens in dark corners.

Bill's soon on (the stage placed at the side of what is normally the Heaven dance-floor) and he's getting on — born in 1914, makes him 68, approx. A lean, taut face peers down. Bill Burroughs looks like what you would expect an ex-junkie to look like at 68, hardened by the ravages of a lifetime of extreme experience, eyes cold and watery in spirit, skin pale as marble — reach out and touch it and hands would turn to permatrust.

Bill peers down his bony nasal beak and exclaims and drawls. He's reading with a practised air of mockery, and audience cackles punctuate the air at frequent intervals, but it's always the same high cackles from the same loud people. "We Are Enjoying This Great Important Human Being And You'd Better Know It!" — that sour the atmosphere.

Bill's reading is alive — so dry it would make a hard man wilt — but the simplification's so poor we're having to strain to follow. Spits of violence ejected from the man's mouth with a fury that borders between sadism and disgust, send the greatest ripples flowing through the crowd.

Upstairs, people ignore — is this what they came for? — as screens relay the message. Before long Bill's off, replaced by Psychic TV videos — black and white rodents, shaven heads, ethnic babblings and sullen grunts. Farts, not arts.

Not decrying the man's talent — his virtuosity is self-evident — but Bill Burroughs should not be placed on a late-night dance-floor. Better to wrestle chair-floors with the latest Burroughs with the latest Burroughs paperback and forget that I was to enjoy this event. — Lynden Barber



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Article de Steven Taylor publié dans *The Face* en novembre 1982 dans lequel le journaliste critiquait l'attitude de Burroughs vis-à-vis des groupes à qui il avait été présenté durant la Final Academy. Alerté par Genesis P-Orridge, Burroughs adressa une lettre à la direction du magazine dans laquelle il critiquait ouvertement la prise de position du journaliste, et rappelait son attachement à la jeunesse ; dans le même temps, une critique fut adressée au magazine par des lecteurs du magazine qui souhaitaient modérer les critiques de Steven Taylor. Nous reproduisons ici ces documents.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.87, Box 4, Folder 44.

ANSWER BACK

POST TO THE FACE (LETTERS), 4th FLOOR, 5 MORTIMER STR., LONDON W1

Ultravox: "Quartet" (Chrysalis).
Polished production, brilliant lyrics,
sparkling drumming, excellent
guitar, perfect use of synthesisers.
Sod Ian Birch.
Ruth Lander
Birmingham

Thank you, thank you, thank you.
Finally, there is a magazine that
caters to people with musical tastes
such as mine. As far as I'm
concerned, the best new music is
coming out of England and THE
FACE certainly covers it.

Living in what I consider to be a
cultural vacuum (Miami, Florida,
USA), I consider it a real treat to find
THE FACE at the corner news stand.
Although it's a bit pricey by the time
it gets here (\$3.00), it's well worth
the money. It is refreshing to read a
mag that is not cramming some
commercial crap down my throat. I
do think it's peculiar that the British
are very much into funk and rap,
which is distinctively American
(and which I cannot stomach), and
really enjoy listening to English
bands (I don't care what anyone
says, Tony Hadley has a great
voice!).

I was first exposed to this
"musiculture exchange" when I
worked in a sex shop with a guy
from London. I was rather surprised
that he was into this funky
electronic shit that they were/are
playing in all the discos. My faves at
the time were Spandau Ballet, Soft
Cell, Duran Duran, Visage, Human
League, and the like.

Being a native New Yorker, I am
somewhat disappointed living in a
city where everyone's idea of a
good time is a club where they play
salsa all nite long. They never play
progressive rock n' roll at those
places. The only way one can keep
abreast of what's new in music is to
read THE FACE and take frequent
trips to New York City. Not to be a
snob or anything, but Miami just
doesn't cut it.

I just wanted to let you know
you're making this American very
happy.

Thom Saracoline
Miami
Florida, USA

I found your articles and snippets
about Burroughs, Gysin and the
Final Academy performances
interesting, funny, but a bit
confused. Steve Taylor talks about
"the dragging up of values that
ought to have been buried 15 years
ago" while David Darby says these
values "are as relevant to now and
the future as ever."

Well, this could just be filed under
the heading "Matter of opinion,"
but I think the difference is that
Darby is writing directly about the
Gysin/Wilson book *Here To Go*,
with only a passing reference to
Gysin's memorable "Final
Academy" performances with

Ramuntcho Matta, while Steve
Taylor is tending to blame
Burroughs for his supposed
disciples, the 23-Last-Few-Days-
Psychic-Skidoos, with whom - as
Taylor points out - he obviously
doesn't particularly want to be
associated.

I wonder myself that, if they were
asked, how many of their fellow
Final Academy performers
Burroughs and Gysin would
actually be able, or would wish, to
remember. (I imagine they would
say they appeared with Wilson,
Matta and John Giorno, all of whom
gave impressive performances.)
But this attitude has nothing to do
with the "indifference to young
artists" Taylor attributes to
Burroughs. I think anyone who has
read anything of his would realize
that the exact opposite is the case.
He is simply unwilling to give credit
to a bunch of poseurs and
bandwagon-jumpers who
obviously organized an event for
their own publicity and didn't come
out of it with too much distinction.

John Horton
London W2

■ Burroughs' "indifference to
young writers" came direct from
him after repeated - and somewhat
surprised - questioning from me.
ST

While reading David Johnson's
"clubbing" column I noticed two
rather short-sighted comments. Do
you really have to report on the
current fad of "Stanleying" in
Liverpool? Don't get me wrong, I
know it's not all roses up there and
I'm not just interested in music/
drinks/good times, but surely you
don't want this to spread
nationwide. After all, by reporting it
you advertise it.

Most of THE FACE's readers are
decent intelligent people, but it only
takes a few mindless imbeciles to
think, "Cor, Stanleying sounds fun
... let's have a go." Surely this is
what happened with the riots last
year: first came the major ones in
Brixton and Toxteth then each town
had its own mini-riot and countless
families gained new TV sets to add
to the general party air.

If left unreported crazes like this
would die down without becoming
a national problem: I bet there
wouldn't be so many glue sniffers if
it weren't for all the TV
documentaries. Remember, any
publicity is good publicity.

Caroline Harwood
Four Ashes, Bucks

■ It seems just a little trivialising to
imagine that last year's riots were a
"craze" that would have
disappeared if left "unreported"
What about freedom of access to
information, anyway? Gonzo
violence is something else
completely, but I still don't think
thugs read THE FACE for hints on
the latest trend in carve-up
technique. Features Ed

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Dear Mr William & James,
Here is the FREE letter page. I do hope
you can respond & set them straight before
it goes into English mythology that you thought
everyone else was that, & so on. After all it seemed
to go, anyway.

W. of love, nice man,
record sent.

Jan. 3
#

Verso du document précédent, on remarque la mise-en-garde de Genesis P-Orridge concernant les fausses informations colportées par le magazine.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS COMMUNICATIONS

P.O. BOX 147
LAWRENCE, KANSAS 66044
TELEPHONE 913-841-3905

The FACE (Letters)
4th floor, 5 Mortimer Street
London W.1.

20 December 82

To the Editor:

Your writer Steve Taylor spent an hour with William Burroughs in London and presumably attended the Final Academy events, although one can't tell from the nine-sentence "review" in your November issue. One hardly sees why he bothered to write anything at all, as he merely slags off half a dozen artists and tries to imply that Burroughs was at best oblivious to everything, which is false.

Taylor finds Burroughs "indifferent to young artists" because, to Taylor's exaggerated surprise, Burroughs didn't recognize Ian McEwan's name, and reader John Horton writes in to say Burroughs "obviously" doesn't mean to endorse Psychic TV et al. but perhaps would save Brion Gysin and John Giorno from the scrap heap, all of which is labored speculation.

The one thing Steve Taylor never did was to write anything about William Burroughs, and seeing as how that was the premise of the reportage I wonder how many other readers were disappointed the FACE's coverage of this event ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ was no more than an ad hominem, in-group diatribe.

Sincerely,

James Grauerholz

Réponse de James Grauerholz au magazine *The Face*, dans laquelle il accuse Steven Taylor d'avoir publié une critique « ad-hominem » de l'événement, et non un article.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS COMMUNICATIONS

P.O. BOX 147
LAWRENCE, KANSAS 66044
TELEPHONE 913-841-3908

The FACE (Letters)
4th floor, 5 Mortimer Street
London W.1.
England

December 16th, 1982

To the Editor:

Steve Taylor's self-important, muddle-headed opinions are his own business, but I fail to see how he concludes I was "co-opted" by taking part in The Final Academy. I have known Genesis P-Orridge for many years, and I am grateful for the effort he and Roger Ely and David Dawson and many others put into making the affair a success. It doesn't follow that Psychic TV, et al., expected me thereby to give my "blessing" to each and every artist involved, if indeed I were ever in a position to do so in the first place.

As to my supposed "indifference to young artists", Taylor's statements are unfair and untrue. I don't know what he thinks my responsibilities in that department are, and as a matter of fact, after asking many people I still don't know who Ian McEwan is -- which doesn't mean I don't care. But I have quite enough to keep me busy with my own work, without trying to fulfill the capricious expectations of some rock journalist.

Sincerely yours,

William S. Burroughs

Réponse adressée par William S. Burroughs au magazine *The Face*.

ANNEXE 7

135 me St Martin Paup 4
14. XI. 77

Send yr address and
telephone number in case
Jimmy & I want to call you
from Paup.

Dear James
Thanked for yr letter received
today. Also got a letter from Sm mailed
the same date as yours. Sent 1500 F
to Sm's account at Chase with the
222 Paupery address for their notification
hope it gets there.

Got a letter from Iggy Pop's PR man
asking how Iggy could meet up
with Sm some time after Dec 15th
when he finishes his tour in Australia
and comes back through here to see me by
Christmas & then on to Berlin.
Contact: Timothy N. Jewitt at RCA
New York through B. BERENATO or
at Jewitt Public Relations

James ~~Herold~~ Osterberg Inc.
(Jimmy Osterberg is Iggy's real name)

Suite 1502
Tel: 213-467-2104 6430 Sunset Blvd LA 90028

Let him know Sm's plans for that
period. I think they should & must
meet. Jimmy has more plans, watch
and would look better than Denis in
"Junky" Ching up. Keep in touch
love

AWH

NOV 22 1977

Correspondance entre Brion Gysin et James Grauerholz au sujet de l'adaptation de *Junky* en film, et pour lequel Iggy Pop et David Bowie furent approchés.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.87, Box 42, Folder 417.

20. xi. 77

Dear James

13th Dec 77
Thank you for the script. What a labor of love. Wow! I'll certainly give it to Eggy if he shows up here.

Udo Greger will be writing you re SOFT NEED #17 which Gyin Special. Can you help him distribute it? Someone through here tells me that the best spots in NY would be JAAP RIETMAN bookstore on Spring St and PRINTED MATTER which deals only in books by artists and RIZZOLI on 5th Ave where the Italian lady in charge is a good pal of Felicity's but I can't remember her name. Could you get hold of those names + addresses to give Udo who is tied up in Basel translating LUMINATUS but wants soon to get cracking and sell some of these. I'll be sending you one to read and show around

Soonest

love

John

NOV 28 1977

13th Dec 77
Seven Park Ave PHB
New York 10016
tel: 212-686-7241

Dear Brion,

Thanks for your letters; I'd have answered sooner but events have supervened, as Wm'd say. Within about three days of receiving your first letter, with Iggy's L.A. address &C., I got a call from the Ig himself here in New York. Jimmy and Esther came over the next night, and after a nostalgic burger in old Phebe's we hopped back in the limo and sped off to a small party I'd asked a certain punk impresario who's a friend of mine, to arrange. It was at the loft shared by a band called the Erasers--mostly female--and was a curious affair. Towards the end of the evening there my pal Bob Quine--guitar for Rich'd Hell & Voidoids--began playing Little Red Rooster and Jimmy joined in singing. A jam developed, but also quickly degenerated, first as the Erasers picked up their instruments and proved musically incompetent, then as the P.A. gave out for all practical purposes, and finally as more and more of the standers--by craved so badly to "Jam With Iggy" that pandemonium reigned and we split in amusement and disgust.

That was Wednesday 23rd November, and that Friday I met Jimmy and Esther again, this time for a stop in on Patti who was at the Record Plant working on her new album. That evening she was getting down some takes of "Till Victory" which I predict has strong chance to break-out as a single. We didn't stay long but went back to the Mayfair to listen to some of Jimmy's tapes, then down to 81 Warren Street where my childhood friend and former co-player in Kans. Jody Harris has a loft and rehearsal studio; Jody & I & Bob Quine jammed around with Jimmy till nearly dawn. He was improvising his lyrics for the most part, and I was quite struck with his invention.

I noted your remarks about Patti in a recent letter to Wm, and must say I share your ambivalence. At one time she and I were very friendly and of course we still are, but there is a certain solipsistic quality to her affections. Nonetheless her concern for Wm's welfare seems genuine, and there is no denying her importance as an artist. I am less taken with her music, all in all, than with her writing--and she's just finished a long book for Putnam's, to be out very soon. She and William get on well enough, though I notice Wm tends rather to listen than to talk. He is a sly one. Myself, I've just lately learned to keep her at the same distance she keeps me.

Our plans to visit Guatemala for two weeks continue to crystallize. The latest is we may be privately flown down by Robert Fulton, whom you may have met or heard of. He was very helpful during the Fall of 1976, when Wm and I had the use of his Jeep Trailblazer for several months, driving from Boulder to Denver and back to see Billy nearly every day. There will be a 2-week quiet period in late January, then we have 10 days of readings ending in the West Coast around Feb 20th. Three weeks open, then a 2-day lecture with Tennessee Williams somewhere in No. Dakota (14 Mar)--and that's as far as plans go, except another Naropa shot short and sweet next summer. I have no word lately from Richard Aaron as to invitations for Wm in connexion with either the Scrapbook or the Letters; I should write him with these schedules but I fear he'll not speak with me. How I regret this misunderstanding, and long to end it!

My friend Richard remains in Cortona di Arezzo, and will remain through the spring, I suppose. I still want to see him--and you--in Europe next year.

throw it off -- I look forward to your news and send my love--
--I'm writing to Udo as you request--

Mr. Brion GYSIN
135 rue St Martin
75004 Paris

FRANCE

Sender: J.W.Grauerhols
Seven Park Avenue, PHB
New York NY 10016 U.S.A

I am happy that you liked my BILL LEE script--though to my sensitive ears your words seem possibly diplomatic; at first I thought it was a marvelous work, I was very pleased with it, but now I've read it so much I don't know how it stands. I gave a copy to Jimmy O. myself, and have just heard lately from Timothy DeWitt who writes that Iggy "loved it". At present the status of the film rights remains cloudy since J. Stern's "option" is in force to 1st March. However the likelihood of his producing it seems slim--I'm glad to say--and therefore possibilities of a real production next year appear promising. The script has been well-received, generally. There is now an offer for stage rights in JUNKY, though I am not sure whether it is strong enough. Speaking of strength our finances are in pretty good order again--we never had, really, any extreme situation--only a liquid-assets problem of a few weeks' duration. Your help was much appreciated. /// Bill and I met with R. Seaver a few days ago for a final edit on THE THIRD MIND which goes now to typesetting. That is definitely scheduled for this Spring and no moves will be allowed to

135 me of Martin
Paris 4
17 April 78

Dear James

— thank you for your letter & my usual lame excuse for not writing. My my take up all the energies left after dancing all night at the new place which is where the action is this cold spring in Paris.

Jaggy & Esther were through here with news of you in NY. Patti Smith concert was a big hit & hope to see her back through here in May but hope to hear from her sooner with some drawings she did to go into a deluxe Soft head 7. Hope you seen it? John Giorno had one for you I thought which I gave him when he was through here for an hour a while ago.

Jaggy claims he has read your script and loves it but he isn't all that much together. Hope to see Bowie through here next month & maybe talk movie with him.

Hope to hear from you
sooner
love
Gris

Brion Gysin
135 rue St Martin
75004 Paris

23rd April 78

Dear Brion,

Very happy to get yours of the 17th. In future you'd better use Wm's PO box as I have been forced by economic exigencies to sublet my penthouse for the foreseeable future. Even at my bargain-basement rent, it's too high.

I'm glad you saw Jimmy & Esther; not too surprised at what you report of him. Of course David Bowie was approached by Terry Southern & Jacques Stern -- indirectly, through his L.A. agent -- last Fall about JUNKY movie. The reaction at that time was negative, but the script under consideration was the product of Terry & Jacques' collaboration, and was different from mine to say the least. I personally see my Bill Lee character as more of a Don Sutherland; Bowie seems cold, emotionless. Patti is back in N.Y. and she is of course very interested to be part of JUNKY -- I wrote "Mary" for her. Recent Rolling Stone quotes her: "He's (Bowie) a little too fairyish looking for me. I guess it's because I'm American but I don't like to see boys wearing makeup." But maybe there's other possibilities; and my mind's not closed.

We didn't get Soft Need #17 yet. I sent Udo a piece by William about you, but he wrote it arrived too late to go in. However I guess he'll put it in the deluxe edition.

Letter 7 May in "Bowie" file

ANNEXE 8

Jerry Casale
c/o Bill Gerber
Lookout Management
9120 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles CA 90069

4 June 82

Dear Jerry,

William asked me to pass along the enclosed letter and lyrics. I mislaid your address (which Eric Mottram gave us) and so the Lookout office routing.

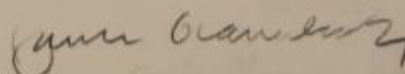
After our Bunker talk last winter, William moved here to a 19th-century stone house in the country to finish his new western, THE PLACE OF DEAD ROADS. We have been turning away all invitations ~~to~~ to do shows so far, but lately are thinking about doing something in Los Angeles and San Francisco in late October. Will you be there then?

I thought Scott Isler's piece came out OK. The photos were not as snappy as hoped. Did you get any interesting comments?

William also wanted me to send NOTHING HERE NOW BUT THE RECORDINGS, enclosed.

Looking forward to hearing from you. Best wishes to you all.

Yours,



James Grauerholz

Correspondance entre James Grauerholz et Jerry Casale, bassiste du groupe DEVO, à qui Burroughs proposa des paroles de chansons dans les années quatre-vingt. Nous reproduisons ici la correspondance, les paroles, ainsi qu'un extrait d'interview dans lequel Casale exprime son admiration pour Burroughs.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.87, Box 10, Folder 68.

Box 147
Lawrence Kansas 66044

June 4, 1982

Dear Jerry,

You mentioned when we met last Fall that you'd like to see some possible lyrics for Devo, so I am sending along some verses that came to me while working on THE PLACE OF DEAD ROADS, my new book.

"Stick" is an underworld expression dating back to the 1920's, perhaps further. ~~xxxx~~ Prudent criminals provided themselves with what they called a stick: a legitimate trade or profession they could fall back on to cool out when their luck was bad, when they were too well known to the police to operate, when they had lost their nerve, lost their touch, or were getting too old . . . "Can't do no more time. Going to pack it in."

Short-order cook is a common stick. Safe crackers will be welders or locksmiths. Some have a farm tucked away. Con men make good salesmen, up to a point. Truck drivers, waiters, parking lot attendants, longshomemen: all god's children got sticks.

The best sticks are those you can pick up anywhere -- may ~~xha~~ have to move fast and keep moving. That's why there are so many short-order cooks. It's a fairly well-paying, no-questions-asked job you can get anywhere.

I know a cook stick man who now owns a restaurant. It's a good plan to choose a stick you can retire on.

Anyway, let me know what you think of these lines. You may select or rearrange as necessary. Best wishes to you and Mark and the band.

As ever,

William Burroughs

Lettre de Burroughs à Jerry Casale.

PICK UP STICKS

William S. Burroughs 1982

Your luck's gone bad, lad
Pick up your stick
And pick it up quick
Before you get a lick
From someone else's stick

When you're old and sick
Lean on your stick
You're hot as a rivet
Stink like a civet
Grab that stick
A simple swineherd, officer
OINK OINK OINK

Your luck's going sour
You're losing the power
Don't push it, son
That jailhouse isn't fun
Grab that stick
Before you get a lick
From someone else's stick

You're too hot to touch
You're in heavy dutch
Time running out
Tick tick tick
Lean on that stick
It's your last friend

Can't do time no more
One last score
Better not try
Pack it in, sonny
That slammer isn't funny
Forget it, man
You'll wind up in the can
Pick up your stick instead

You got a power outage
You're way out of phase
Don't push it kid
That slammer got a lid
And you're inside
Got a ten-year ride
The dirtiest stick
Is better than the cleanest jail.

Your prana's all gone, man
One last score
Think you're a fox
You'll rethink in the box

What you stupid prick?
You don't got a stick?
Better get one quick
You're due for a fall
And that's no ball
You're due for a jury of
your peers
Just said Twenty years

Don't be a ninny
And reach for your jimmy
You want to wind up dead?
Reach for your stick instead

Your power's oozing out
You got no more clout
Take a different route
This way to Stickville
This way out
Over the next hill
And on to Stickville

Ébauche de chanson proposée par William S. Burroughs à DEVO.

Your lucks going sour	You gota power outrage
Your losing the power	Your way out of phase
Dont push it son	Dont push it kid
That jail hose isnt fun	That slammer gota lid
Grab that stick	And your inside
Before your get a lick	Gota ten year ride
Fromsomebody else stick	The diriest stick
That slammer no fun	Is bette than the cleanest
Your too hot to tocuh	jail
Your in heavy Dutch	Your prannas all gone man
Your too hot	One last score
Tim running out tick ticktick	You wind up in the can
Lean on that stick	Think your a fox
Its your last friend	Youl rethink in the box
Cant do ti no more	What you stupid prick
One last score..	You dont gota stick?
Better not try	Better get one quick
Pakc it in soony	Youre due for a fall
The salmmmer isnt funny	And thats no ball
Forget it man	Your due fora
Youl wind up inthe can	Jurry of your peers
Pick up yor stick nstead	Just said twenty years
Better use your stick	Dont bea ninny
Your powers ozzing out	and reahc for your jimmy
You got no more clout	Reach fora stick instead
Takea different route	You wanta wind updead
This way to Stickville	Reach foryour stick instead
This way out..	You want a 38 in your head
ver the next Hil	You wanta slug in your head..
and on to Stickville	Reach for you stickinstead..

~~for the rest of your life~~
~~its better than a wife~~
~~its you.~~
~~Get your old wife~~
~~in a real old wife.~~
 for the rest of your life

Autre version de la chanson précédente.

way purposely.

HIGH TIMES: *Film's the territory you were always headed for—*

DEVO: It gives me a new lease on life; that's the goal I need to feel good . . .

HIGH TIMES: *Did you see the Blade Runner?*

DEVO: I was very disappointed.

HIGH TIMES: *Didn't you expect that the sets would be the star?*

DEVO: They were the only thing the movie had going for it, but listen—they went out of their way to insult the audience. That story—

HIGH TIMES: *I thought the best way to watch that film was with earplugs—*

DEVO: The film was a crime. *The film was a crime.* If you had thirty million bucks you better be able to do more than *get a look*. They fucked over a lot of shit—they could have taken BURROUGHS' *Blade Runner* and then they would have had a fucking hell of a movie—but Hollywood would never have *allowed* that. And that's where it's all at. *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* or whatever it was taken from is so fucked. And it ruins the possibility of ever doing the *Burroughs* book. It's a crime! They take the title—Burroughs couldn't stop 'em. You could've set that story to Burroughs' *Blade Runner* and just imagine!—it would've been heavier than *Alphaville*.

Two years ago I called Eric Mottram, a good friend of mine—

HIGH TIMES: *He wrote that study of William Burroughs, The Algebra of Need—*

DEVO: I was a spotter—I had spotted something and had no definite plan in mind—but at that time I thought maybe I could talk somebody at Twentieth-Century Fox into getting control of *The Blade Runner*, letting me direct it. I found out back at that time that Burroughs was trying to hold onto it; however he couldn't, because . . . all I know is that Ridley Scott went right around Burroughs and then had the fucking typical fuck-up-the-ass Hollywood style to *thank* him! Like, *ha ha, you couldn't stop me, so fuck you!* Like, *hey, I like that title—get it!*

HIGH TIMES: *How did you happen to do that interview with William Burroughs?*

DEVO: Oh, I've known James Grauerholz for a few years now, and he's always told William about us. We were both in New York . . . we went to a book-signing party where I bought *Cities of the Red Night* . . . and he said, "*Hey, come over.*" So we came over to his bunker in New York. John Giorno was there, Laurie Anderson stopped by, and then we had this rap which these guys put on tape, and it became a *Trouser Press* article. It was interesting—I've always wanted to meet up with Burroughs and talk to him. It was good—he's so funny . . . The way they chopped it up and everything made it made it kind of, incoherent, but the real conversation *did* have continuity. But I don't think the people editing *understood* that—know what I'm saying? . . . But, that's what happens . . .

ITAL

Anyway, he sent me some song lyrics! Here's one; it's called *Pick Up Your Stick*. I wish we could use it, but we just couldn't find anything to *put it in*, not that we wouldn't ever do it, but . . . "Stick" was an underworld expression dating back to the Twenties that referred to criminals providing themselves with a legitimate trade or profession that they could fall back on or look good at, so that they wouldn't get thrown in the slammer. He said, "Short order cook is a common stick. Safecrackers will turn into welders a lot. Some have a farm tucked away. Con men make good salesmen, *up to a point*. Truck drivers, waiters, parking lot attendants, longshoremen—all god's children got sticks. The best sticks are those you can pick up anywhere—you may have to move fast and *keep moving*. That's why there are so many short-order cooks . . ."

And this is just a *letter!* I mean he can't help but—the whole thing sounds like a rap out of his book with Clem Snide! Anyway, he wrote me that letter and sent me this song called "Pick Up Sticks."

*When you're old and sick,
you have a million sticks,
not as a rivet, but you stink like a civet,*

—stuff like that, you know:

*grab that stick, you swine
your luck's gone sour, you're losin' the power,
don't push the gun, jailhouse is no fun,
grab that stick, before you get a lick, from another dick . . .*

You know, I mean the guy is tremendous—he probably knocked that out in five minutes . . .

We were talking about drugs—he said, "Oh, you just gotta get over the *hump*. You gotta do enough so you change your *system* over . . . it's the *middle ground* that's bad.

HIGH TIMES: *But most don't survive that—he's one of the damned few that have. Many have tried!*

DEVO: He's special . . .

#3

Extraits de l'interview de DEVO parue dans *High Times* en 1982.

ANNEXE 9

— WILLIAM BURROUGHS (1) ~~11~~
(walks out, sits at desk; reads:)

The lavatory has been locked for three hours solid . . . I think they are using it for an operating room.

Nurse: "I can't find her pulse, doctor."

Dr. Benway: "Cardiac arrest! ~~God damn it!~~"
He looks around and picks up ^{A TOILET PLUNGER —} ~~one of these rubber vacuum cups at the end of a stick they use to un-stop toilets —~~

He advances on the patient:

"Make an incision, Doctor Limpf," he says to his appalled assistant . . . "I'm going to massage the heart."

Dr. Limpf shrugs and begins the incision. Doctor Benway washes the suction cup by swishing it around in the toilet-bowl . . .

Nurse: "Shouldn't it be sterilized, Doctor?"

Dr. Benway: "Very likely, but there's no time."
He sits on the suction cup like a car seat, watching his assistant make the incision. "You young squirts couldn't lance a pimple without an electric vibrating scalpel with automatic drain and suture . . . All the skill is going out of surgery, all the know-how and make-do . . . Did I ever tell you about the time I performed an appendectomy with a rusty sardine can? And once I was caught short without instrument one and removed ~~an~~ a uterine tumor with my teeth. . . That was in the Upper Effendi, and besides, the wench is dead . . ."

Tapuscrit du texte « Twilight's Last Gleamings » lu par William S. Burroughs lors de son passage dans l'émission *Saturday Night Live* en 1981. On remarque non seulement des corrections de dernières minutes, ainsi que des didascalies concernant le déroulement de cette lecture. Par ailleurs, apparaissent sur le document les effets spéciaux ajoutés à la lecture pour en renforcer le dynamisme.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.87, Box 22, Folder 180.

(2)

~~17~~

(FILM
HERE?)

Dr. Limpf: "The incision is ready, doctor."

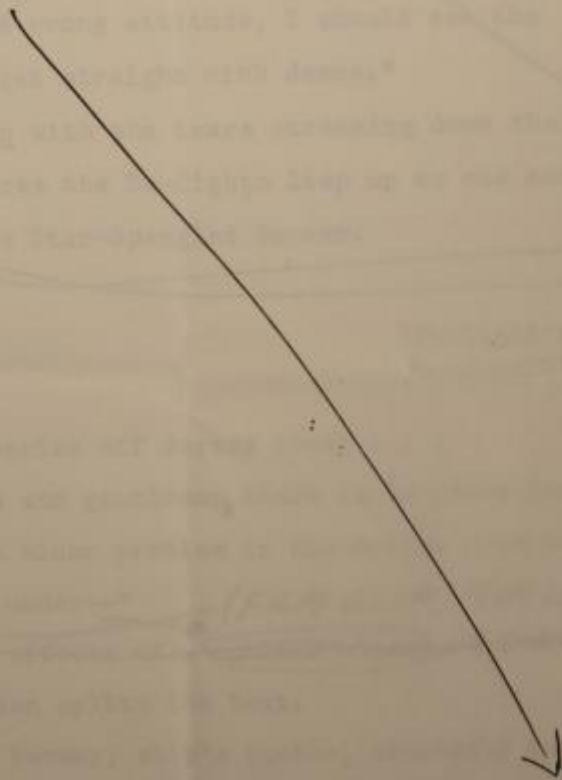
Dr. Benway forces the cup into the incision and works it up and down. Blood spurts all over the doctor, the nurse, and the wall . . . the cup makes a horrible sucking sound.

Nurse: "I think she's gone, doctor."

Dr. Benway: "Well, it's all in the day's work."

He walks across the room to a medicine cabinet . . .

"Some ^{bestial} fucking drug addict has cut my cocaine with BESTIAL Saniflush! Nurse! Send the boy out to fill this RX on the double!"



3

~~HE~~

"I'm putting you down for additional medication, son."

"Thank you, doctor. Pushers should receive the death penalty."

Of such stuff are Do-rights made. Get there firstest with the brownest nose. While down in the dim Grey wards and day room where the Do-Wrongs hawk and spit and shiver and vomit . . .

"Fucking croaker wouldn't give me a goof ball . . . asks me what the American flag means to me and I tell him soak it in heroin Doc and I'll suck it . . . He says I got the wrong attitude, I should see the chaplain and get straight with Jesus."

And then with the tears streaming down their lousy fink faces the Do-Rights leap up as one man and bellow out the Star-Spangled Banner.

(Twilight's Last Gleamings)

S.S. America off Jersey coast . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is no cause for alarm. ~~EME~~ We have a minor problem in the boiler room but everything is now under--"

(FILM CLIP, NUCLEAR BLAST, SFX)

~~(Sound effects of a nuclear blast) FILM, SFX~~

Explosion splits the boat.

Doctor Benway, ship's doctor, drunkenly added two inches to a four-inch incision with one stroke of his scalpel.

On remarque ici la présence de l'abréviation « SFX » pour « Special Effects » qui donne l'impression que le texte de Burroughs est un script de film, un aspect qu'il n'aurait certainement pas renié, puisqu'il expérimenta avec ce format à la charnière des années soixante et soixante-dix.

"Perhaps the appendix is already out, Doctor,"
the nurse said, peering dubiously over his shoulder.
"I saw a little scar . . ."

"The appendix OUT? I'M taking the appendix out.
What do you think I'm doing here?"

"Perhaps the appendix is on the left side, Doctor;
that happens sometimes, you know."

"Stop breathing down my neck. I'm coming to that.
Don't you think I know where an appendix is? I studied
appendectomy in 1904 at Harvard."

He lifts the abdominal wall and searches along
the incision, dropping ashes from his cigarette.

"And get me a new scalpel. This one's got no
edge to it."

He thrusts a red fist at her--

(SFX: RUMBLE 2ND EXPLOSION)

The doctor reels back and flattens against the
wall, a bloody scalpel clutched in one hand. The patient
slides off the operating table, spilling intestines
across the floor. Doctor Benway sweeps instruments,
cocaine and morphine into his satchel.

"Sew her up. I can't be expected to work under
such conditions."

By the dawn's early light--

Doctor Benway pushed through a crowd at the rail
and boarded the first lifeboat. "Are you ^{all} all right?"

he said, seating himself among the women. "I'm the doctor."

"Star Spangled
Banner"
MUSIC UP



~~OFF~~ SLOW ZOOM INTO CU ON FACE DRAMATICALLY LIT
~~OFF~~ WITH SPOT SURROUNDED BY BLACK.
(EDIT) FADE

Même remarque ici, l'aspect script étant encore renforcé par la mention des mouvements de caméra.

4

(ROLL FILM: NUCLEAR BLAST, SFX)

BURROUGHS: (Contd)

Explosion splits the boat.

Doctor Benway, ship's doctor,
drunkenly added two inches
to a four-inch incision with
one stroke of his scalpel.

"Perhaps the appendix is
already out, Doctor," the nurse
said, peering dubiously over
his shoulder. "I saw a little
scar ... "

"The appendix OUT? I'M taking
the appendix out. What do you
think I'm doing here?"

"Perhaps the appendix is on the
left side, Doctor; that happens
sometimes, you know."

"Stop breathing down my neck.
I'm coming to that. Don't you
think I know where an appendix
is? I studied appendectomy in
1904 at Harvard."

He lifts the abdominal wall
and searches along the incision,
dropping ashes from his cigarette.

(MORE)

BURROUGHS: (Contd)

"And get me a new scalpel.
This one's got no edge to it."
He thrusts a red fist at her --

(SFX: 2ND EXPLOSION, RUMBLE)

The doctor reels back and
flattens against the wall, a
bloody scalpel clutched in
one hand. The patient slides
off the operating table,
spilling intestines across
the floor. Doctor Benway
sweeps instruments, cocaine
and morphine into his satchel.
"Sew her up. I can't be expected
to work under such conditions."
By the dawn's early light --
Doctor Benway pushed through a
crowd at the rail and boarded
the first lifeboat. "Are you
all all right?" he said, seating
himself among the women. "I'm
the doctor."

(MUSIC: STAR SPANGLED BANNER)

(SLOW ZOOM INTO CU ON FACE DRAMATICALLY LIT
WITH SPOT SURROUNDED BY BLACK)

(FADE)

ANNEXE 10

(8 Pages) *Save Proof Through The Night* Chapter VI 1st version
 TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMINGS THROUGH THE NIGHT OR SAY CAN YOU SEE BY

EXPLOSION IN SS COLUMBIA OFF JERSEY COAST

A Paretic named Perkins screamed from his shattered wheel chair:
 "You pithy athed thon of bidth "

Second Class Passenger Barbara Cannon lay naked in First Class State
 Room. Stewart Hudson stepped to the port hole. "Put on your clothes
 Honey/ There's been an accident/"

You know those little accidents/ Zut aloh/

Doctor Benway Ship Doctor drunkenly added four inches to a two inch
 incision with one stroke of the scapel

The razor inside sir/ Jerk the handle

Perhaps the appendix is already out" ~~The~~ Nurse said peering over
 his shoulder. "I saw a little scar."
 "The appendix OUT! I'm taking the appendix out! What you think
 I'm doing here?"

Under orders/ Over The White Subway/

"Per~~haps~~ the appendix is on the left side, Doctor. That happens
 sometimes you know."
 "Stop breathing down my neck! I'm coming to that! Dont you think I
 know where an appendix is? I ~~studied~~ ^{studied} appendectomy in 1904 at
 Harvard."

I Sequin perfected this art along The Chang Dynasty/ Vegetarian
 Walkers are not subject to appendicitis/ Vestige Organ/ ~~from~~
~~Before~~ Before White Time/Dead Hand Stretching The Vegetable People/
 Rabbits have Overly large appendixes/

EARLY LIGHT WHAT LAND OF THE FREE AND THE ROCKET CAN YOU SEE BY DAWN'S

Première version du manuscrit du chapitre VI de *Nova Express*. On remarque que Burroughs a reproduit le texte de l'hymne américain en tête et pied de chaque page, comme s'il s'agissait d'un bourdon accompagnant la lecture. Page 1.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.85, Box 2, Folder 3.

THROUGH THE NIGHT THAT OF THE BRAVE/ BURSTING IN AIR GAVE PROOF EARLY (2)

Joe Sargeant Divinity Student MRA heard Perkins in his state room
screaming for The Attendant/ Opened the door with expert intrusion/
"What do you want thicken thit?"/ "I am here to help you"/
"The Boy Scouts are always prepared"/ "Thtick it up and twith it"
"Thneaked oth/ Danthing with floothies"/ "Easy doesit" / Joe
lifted the seventy pound body out of ~~the~~ Furniture Ruins/
Perkins snatched a knife used by The Attendant to make peanut
butter sandwiches constituting his chef nourish ment/ "Danthing
with floothies/"
~~The young man nudged his wife/ "Smile at him how about it?"/~~
Doctor Benway boarded the First Life Boat/"Are you all all Right?"/
He Said: "I'm The Doctor"

Doctor The Bunch is out of bounds and over The Bread Fence

Captain Norman Steeped lih lightly into ~~a~~ ~~xxxx~~ place/The Boat
was lowered ineptly by male passengers/ "Take care of my baby for God
Its a boys"/ She handed t The Property to The Captain/ Beway cast o
away/ The crew pulled on the oars/

Only say this should have been obvious dawn photot spilling smoke

"Room for the ladies on this one?" Said the Young Man from St Louis
picking glass out of his face

"Nobody goes in this boat but the crew"

"But women first mother nature in her wisdom intended."

"I'm not a ~~xxxx~~ Good Human Being."

"But My Wife/"

"All my life" said The Sailor "yen for Society Cunt/ They just
lay there in the sun and smile dirty whispering over and over

"A cadillac will acrete the ice"

The Young "an nudged His Wife/"Smile at him how about it?/"

AND THE HOME AND THE ROCKET OF THE BRAVE OH SAY CAN YOU SEE BY THE DAW

THROUGH THE NIGHT THAT OUR FLAG WAS STILL THERE BURSTING IN AIR CAN YOU (3)

"And fetch me another scapel. This one has no edge to it" He skxxxxx pushed a R red fist in the h nurse's face.

Morphine invented Razor is inside sir/ Jerk The Time Positon/
Disintegrate virus from the first/ I before Terminal Time Shoe
Position/ Side push on tracks/

Doctor Benway flattened against the wall clutching the new scapel
He wried himself: "Sew her up. I cant be expected to work under
such conditions." He swept instuments and ampules into his
stachel and tilted out of the room/ TILT

Juke Box led streets with Elect of Doorway/ Shift Lingual/ Vibrate
Passengers/ Bus Con Passengers/ Cut word lines/ *whats "tourist"*

Mrs J.L.xERY Bryans Ship Owner screamed: "Im going right back to
The Park Sheraton Hotele and call the Milwawki Braves/" Fetch my
wig, Zalameda " She braced her LatahxxM Philipino Tansvetite
"maid"

Made in Ahlburg/ The Danihe Operation/ Coffe and Stale Danish in
Joes/ Stel dawn of Suitable Subjects/ In I coulnt/ Oh/? A Liz
Replica synthesized from cabbage?/ SUCH A DEAL/ Latah Storm
Stale Streets of Commerce/ P,,ll the Hey Rube Big Con Switch/
Argou Seond Time Around Such a Deal/ *Milank amert*

She adjusted her wig and other appurtenances to a stae of
aproximate asembly. "A quorum " She decided . "And now to
arrange transport with Captain Norman"

Ted Bane Writer sat in The First Class Bar with The Colonel and
a couple from St Louis.

OR FLG WAS STILL THERE AT THE TWILIGHT'S LAST RED GLARE AND BOMB

AND THE HOME AT TWILIGHT'S LAST OF THE BRAVE. EARLY LIGHT WHAT? (4)

box and choose The Star Spangled Banner Fats Terminal/ The Machine
shuddered in neon spasms and loosed a tremendous bellow:

"OH THAR CAN YOU THEE.. BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT.

God damned tenor's a Brown Artist and zero time to switch iron/
Zero Time to make metal/ "Nous attendons bonne chance"/
"Is All Back Seat of Dreaming"

Captain Norman shifty red head /face white bone saw Mrs Bryans
The Owner/ "The Wig/ Give me The Wig"/ He snatched her wig and
put it on/"Give me that kemona"/She ran to a port hole screaming
for help like every body else on the ship/ Scream all you like
lady/ He shot her in the back of the head/The Female Substance was
in him/He skipped down the red carpet stairs/ His feet devoid of
Reality/ The Owner wig less and naked/Stomck tuck slip in death/
Flesh pool/ NG pool/ Typical sights leak out/

Radio Operator Finch drank a bicarbonate and bleched into his hand/
SOS/ Off Jersey Coast/ SS Columbia/ SOS/ SS Crap Box/ Last Tape/
Flak Braille/ Right Vitamins to The Wrong Monkey/Leave you Just
Lie Tape/SOS/ May Day/ Son of a bitch crew/Her Fourth Grade C Dogs/
SOS/"Comrade" Finch/ Comrade in a pigs ass?/ Afterwards we would
go git rich in shorts/ His wife murmuring over and over/ "Will accrete
the ice/ Tomorrow is always White and Blue/SOS/ SS COLUMBIA/
God damned Captain's a Brown Artist/Brown Deal/ Foe Deal/
Western Union wont come near us/ Carry My Own Messages/
Upstairs and Downstairs/ The Beware Look went wrong/ The Captain
XXXXXX drifted into The Radio Room so cool and usual as The Grey Lady
XXXX/XX
Observers saw a brilliant flash in the heavens as the Radio
GET THE RAMPARTS WE MARCH? / SAY CAN YOU BY THE DAWN? AND THE ROCK ET?

GAVE PROOF OUR FLAG WAS STILL THERE BURSTING IN AIR OF THE BRAVE STAR

Time Hiccough/Passngers fighting around Life Boat K9/ Its all around you/Its the last boat that can be launched/ Joe Sargeant slipped through the cloud and established Perkins in a seat/Perkins sat chin drawn back eyes shinning

Pensive weasel apin of the Long Slot/ Flesh Wind/ Spine Hunger/ Cripple Drug of Distant Fingers/ Crime Child

The knife clutched in his hand

Couldnt reach me with the knife/ Couldnt make turnstile/ Crime Child / Stop/ I told The West Side Push/ You on tracks/ In Cloth Smoke/ *Distant jet leg Fire dead crim.*

^{John} Hysterical Waves from Second Class Push/ "Ladies First" Screamed a Big Faced Shoe Clerk with long teeth/ And shoved Mrs Bane A Head Of Him/ A wedge of Shoe Clerks formed behind/ A shot ripped through her cranium/ The wedge scattered/ The Man stood there ina World War I unifomr with puttees and peaked hat/ He stepped into The Front boat and covered the men at the launching ropes/ "Let this thing out" He ordered under orders/ The boat hit the water/ Bodies hurtled ~~xxxxxxx~~ all raound the boat/ Heads boobed in the seething gGreen Water/ A hand r eached out of the water and closed on the Boat Side/

Dead Hand Stretching The Vegetable People/ ^{my personal obs} Creamed Spinch or Part of The Public Domain

Spring Like Perkins brought the knife down/ Swift Sword/ Switch Blade ^rrefered/ Fingers feel into the boat / Stumps slid baxe into The Green See/ Hand reached up from all drection clutching at The Boat/Perkins cut feverishly/"Bathards thons of

"MR BRADLY MR MARTIN" GREY THE WORLD HAS BEEN ON THE WORD JUNK

6

Calling Time Of The Assassins/ Come In Please/Slotless City
Appendix Crude and Rampant/ Dead Hand Stretching The Vegetable People/
The Boys Drift In From Work H Sling/ The Baby Talker/ "Walky Talky?/
You crazy or something walk around alone?/Clear Young Going Face/
Vactor of The Beautiful Disease/ "Mr Bradly Mr Martin" / Cool
and Casual as The Grey Lady/ Working fo For The Yankee Dolliar?/
Silver Flak Holes/ Stale Overcoat Spilling Dawn Smoke/ ~~Bottle and Smoke~~
Bottle And Smoke/Old Phto Couldnt Switch/Up From A Head Line Of
~~xRaxkixkx~~ Penniless Migrants/In The Face Of Appalling Con Agony
Artist On The Spic See/ *Distant Jake Say Fingers Child Iron.*

Taxi Boys Waiting For A Pick Up/Spare Jacket/ Stale Overcoat/
Spilling Brain Fuzz/ Spilling Junk Fuzz/ Spilling Monkey And /
Junk Smoke/Over The White Subway/ Conditions Heavy Metal Of
Grade Class Over The Earth/Child say only this should have been
obvious from Her Fourth Grade Junk Class/ Her Fourth Grade Gold
Sore/ Her Fourth Grade See Dogs/ Of Appalling Terminal/

Suplus Oil Was There/ And Fat Terminal/ Time ~~Raxkixkixkx~~ Shoe Positon/
Jerk The Time Position/ Disintegrate Virus From Thee First/
The Razor Is In Side Sir/ Jerk The Handle/ From Thee First/
Beginning THE Waxx Was Word Thee In/Side Push You On Tracks
From THE First/"Mr Bradly Mar Martin/In Thee Beginning was
SUCH A DEAL/Brown Deal/ Foe Deal/ Plant Deal/ Intrusion Deal/
Shuffle And Cut/The Brwon Artist/Tin Of The Board/ His Feet
Of Void/Junk The Word/ Junk The Hunger/ Of Distant Fingers/
Child

ARGUE SECOND TIME AROUND SUCH A DEAL//IT ALL AROUND YOU/ Foe Deal

OER THE RAMPARTS WE WATCHED BURSTING IN AIR EARLY LIGHT AND THE HOME

7

"Do you think The Captain controls this ship Mr Bane? Unions! Unions!"

Brown Deal/ Foe Deal/ The West Side Push I told

"I cant understand that attitude, Colonel. Time goes change."

"My Father knew every Man in His Button Factory. In every sense. In every button you understand sir. He could feel His buttons on any body. He made the buttons with His hands"

Remember my medium of distant fingers? "You are not other men but my arms and legs/ And He looked after His arms and legs/ Not a finer man in Interzone than The Colonel/ Caught in the switches/ Zipper Switch/

"Unions Mr Bane Unions/ No contact"

Not even semblance of contact/ Are you or have you ever been a member of The Male Sex?/ Who was Rape and Idleness? / Anyone over homicide big enough to take Punishment Wisconsin/

A cloud of glass lashed across the young St Louis face

"By God sir Im not suprised" said The Colonel.

Empty of hunger my hands wont change a line of you/ Out in stale streets of crime

Mike Brown Politician charged The First Class Lounge. The Orchestra High in Nutmeg waltered in their instuments.

"Play The Star Spangled Banner? "

"You try to corn somebody. Jack? "

"This Old Boat am swinging on down."

The Orchestra ran into The Passengers. Mike walked to The Juke

OUR FAG WAS STILL THERE?//RED GLARE AND BOMBS??//GLEAMINGS GAVE?/

OUR FLAG WAS STILL THERE? ? SAY CAN YOU SEE BY THE DAWN WAVE ONE??

8

Hands reach up from all directions to the boat/ Perkins cut in
all directions./ "Bathards/ Thons of bithes?/ Bathars / Thons of
bidthes/

Barbara Cannon showed Your Reporter her souvenirs of The Disaster

Will Hollywood never learn? Unimaginasbale Disaster Ten Age Future T
Time

A Life Belt autographed by The Crew and a Severed Human Finger

Remember my medium of distant fingers?/ Talk in flak braille

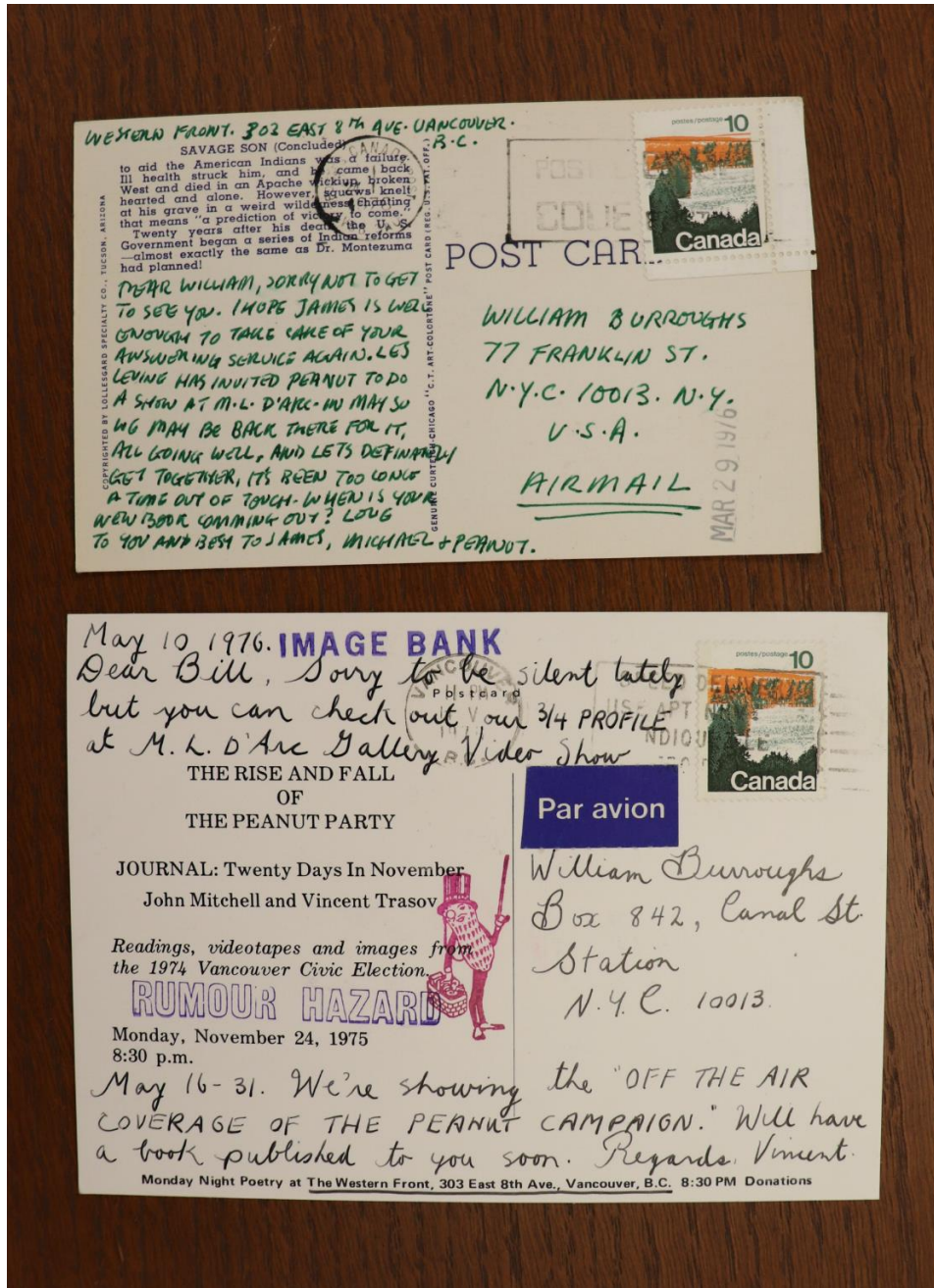
"I dont
"I dont know" She said. "I feel sorta bad about this Old Finger/"

Bad shape from Death/ Mr Shannon no cept pay/ Nothing can excpet
Me Ass At/ Tells me we do in Paris Pairs/But if he gets over his
Suicidal Planetary Travel/ A Mexican Beach Boy is empty/ Come In
Please/ Calling Time Of The Assassins / Come in please/
Have you seen Slotless City/Out in Stale Streets of Cry/ Sick Dog
of Morning Silver Flak Holes/ Trailing the colorless Death Smell/
Tin of The Board of Health Inside/ Trak Scars/ Pain Tracks/ Of
Of Distant Fingers/ The Property/ Child Tin/ From Her Fourth
Grade Junk Class/Of Appalling Terminal/ Uranian Born/ From The Land
Of The Free/ Made Out In Positons No Where/ Out Flag is still there/
From The First/Raise Out Time Positon/ Before Terminal Time/ From
The FirstI IN THEE WORD WAS THEE BEGINNING/

OH SAY CAN YOU SEE BY THE DAWN STAR BURSTING IN AIR?/BANNER AND ROCKET

CONCLUSION

ANNEXE I



Lettres d'invitation à l'élection de Mr. Peanuts par le magazine *FILE*.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.87, Box 37, Folder 340.

RECEIVED SEP 20 1976

Aug 20/76

Dear William S. Burroughs,

Please find enclosed A book entitled *Junk Dreams* which we have just published privately and which was inspired by your writing and therefore dedicated to you - I hope you like it - it was our first publication and there were a couple of mistakes made that hopefully will be corrected NEXT time.

I am planning to publish a second book at Christmas time entitled *Visions of Kerouac* dedicated to Jack Kerouac who has also influenced me & my writing very much. If it is not too much trouble I was hoping you would write a foreword to the Kerouac book - just some of your feelings for Jack as a person and as a writer. I would be extremely grateful if you would consent to do this for me.

I also plan to put out a second volume of *Junk Dreams* in a year or so - I still have many Burroughs - inspired pieces that I did not use in this book and will probably write some new ones - I've enclosed one that I just completed as well as a few of the Kerouac poems to give you some idea what they are like.

I also plan to apply for a grant to put together an impressionistic biography of the Beat Generation - more or less concentrating on yourself, Kerouac, Ginsberg, etc. In order to do this I would appreciate some assistance from you. This won't happen for at least another year and at that time all I would need from you is just some of your feelings about that period of time and the people involved.

In order to find credibility to my application a letter from you would be extremely

Lettre d'un admirateur sollicitant l'avis et les conseils de Burroughs concernant ses poèmes.

William S. Burroughs Papers SPEC.CMS.87, Box 37, Folder 340.

Titre : Évolutions et dynamiques du *cut-up* : des textes non-fictionnels de William S. Burroughs aux réseaux littéraires et artistiques (1959 – 1981)

Mots clés : *cut-up* – avant-garde – écriture expérimentale – réseaux – presse alternative et *underground* – multimédia

Résumé : Cette thèse est consacrée à la diffusion et aux évolutions du *cut-up*, une technique d'écriture développée par William S. Burroughs et Brion Gysin à partir de 1959. Pensée comme un moyen de réintroduire l'aléatoire dans l'écriture ainsi que comme un procédé permettant aux écrivains de manipuler les mots comme les peintres manipulent leurs couleurs, cette pratique a connu de nombreuses applications au cours des années soixante. Les utilisations de cette technique ont été développées par Burroughs dans le cadre fictionnel, ainsi que dans les pages de la presse alternative puis *underground*, entraînant de fait des applications plus révolutionnaires et polémiques du *cut-up*. Par ailleurs, Burroughs s'est appuyé sur différents réseaux de collaborateurs selon qu'il travaillait dans le domaine littéraire, visuel, ou sonore.

Ces réseaux ont contribué à l'évolution de la technique du *cut-up* puisqu'ils amenaient Burroughs à imaginer de nouvelles manières de l'utiliser en fonction de l'objectif ou du support de publication. Ainsi, les *cut-ups* en colonnes furent largement développés grâce à Jeff Nuttall qui les publiait dans *My Own Mag*, de même que certaines applications visuelles du *cut-up* doivent beaucoup à la fréquentation par Burroughs de peintres ou cinéastes de l'avant-garde. Progressivement abandonné par Burroughs à partir des années soixante-dix, le *cut-up* a trouvé des actualisations dans l'esthétique des années quatre-vingt notamment dans le *hip-hop* dont il peut être considéré comme une des sources d'inspiration. A la même époque, Burroughs était en effet devenu une icône culturelle, reçue notamment dans l'émission *Saturday Night Live*, et recevant Lou Reed, Joe Strummer ou encore Jean-Michel Basquiat à dîner.

Title : Cut-up's evolutions and dynamics : from William S. Burroughs's non-fictional texts to literary and artistic networks (1959 – 1980)

Keywords : cut-up – avant-garde

Abstract : This research work deals with cut-up's diffusion and evolutions. Cut-up is a writing technique developed by William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin from 1959 onwards. Designed as a means to introduce randomness into writing and as a technique enabling writers to use words the way painters use colors, this practice has gone through several practical applications during the Sixties. These uses have been developed by Burroughs in the fictional field, as well as in the pages of the alternative and *underground* press, turning cut-up into a revolutionary and polemical practice. Besides, Burroughs relied on different networks of collaborators, whether he was working in the textual, visual or sound field.

These networks were instrumental to cut-up's evolution as they led Burroughs to imagine new ways of using it depending on his objective or on the publishing medium. Indeed, column cut-ups were largely developed thanks to Jeff Nuttall who published them in *My Own Mag*; similarly, many visual uses of cut-up are indebted to Burroughs's links with several avant-garde painters and movie-makers. Progressively abandoned by Burroughs from the mid-seventies onwards, cut-up has been updated in the aesthetic of the eighties, particularly in hip-hop, which it indirectly inspired. At that time, Burroughs had become a cultural icon, invited to *Saturday Night Live*, and dining with Lou Reed, Joe Strummer or Jean-Michel Basquiat.