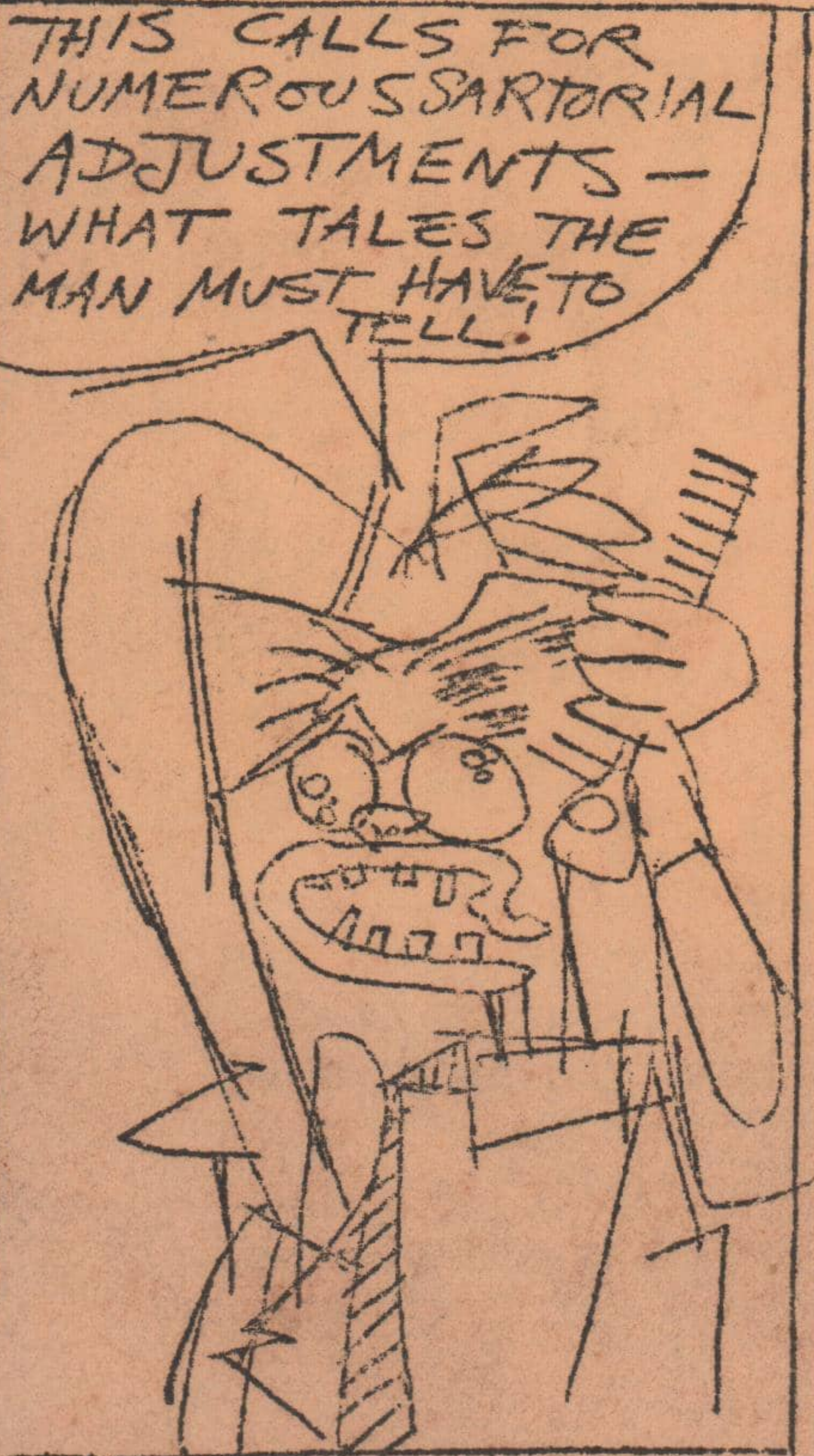
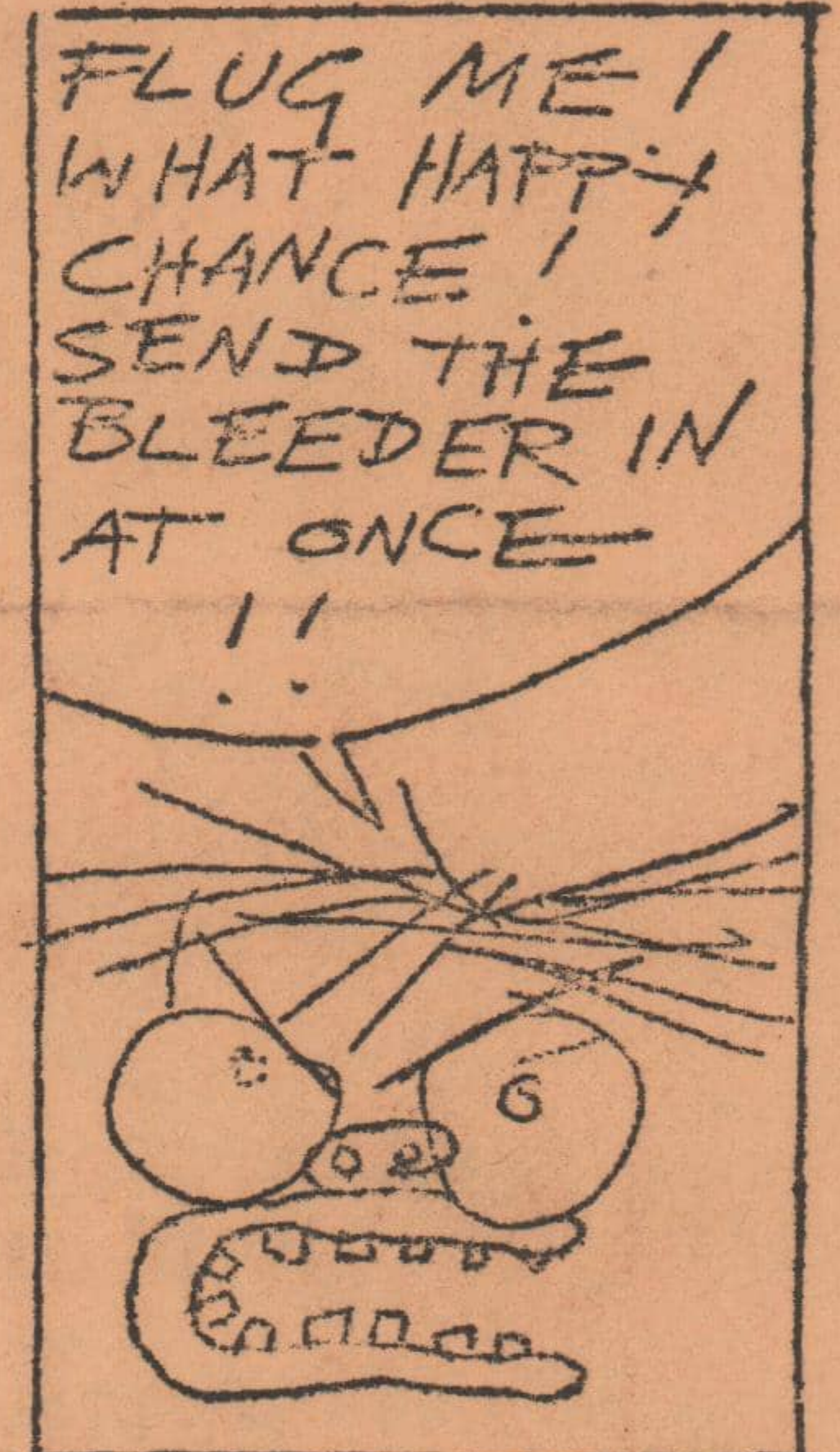
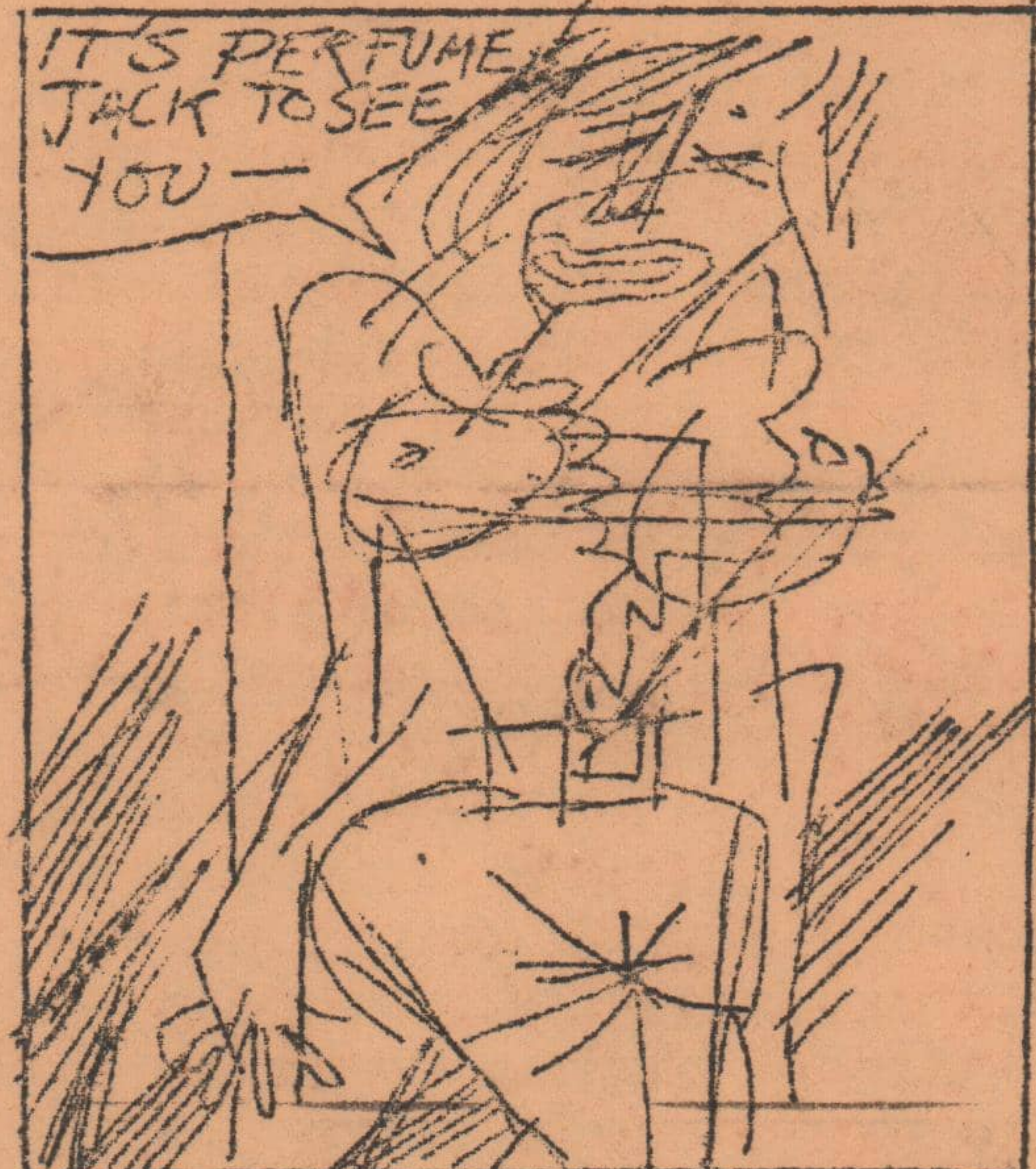
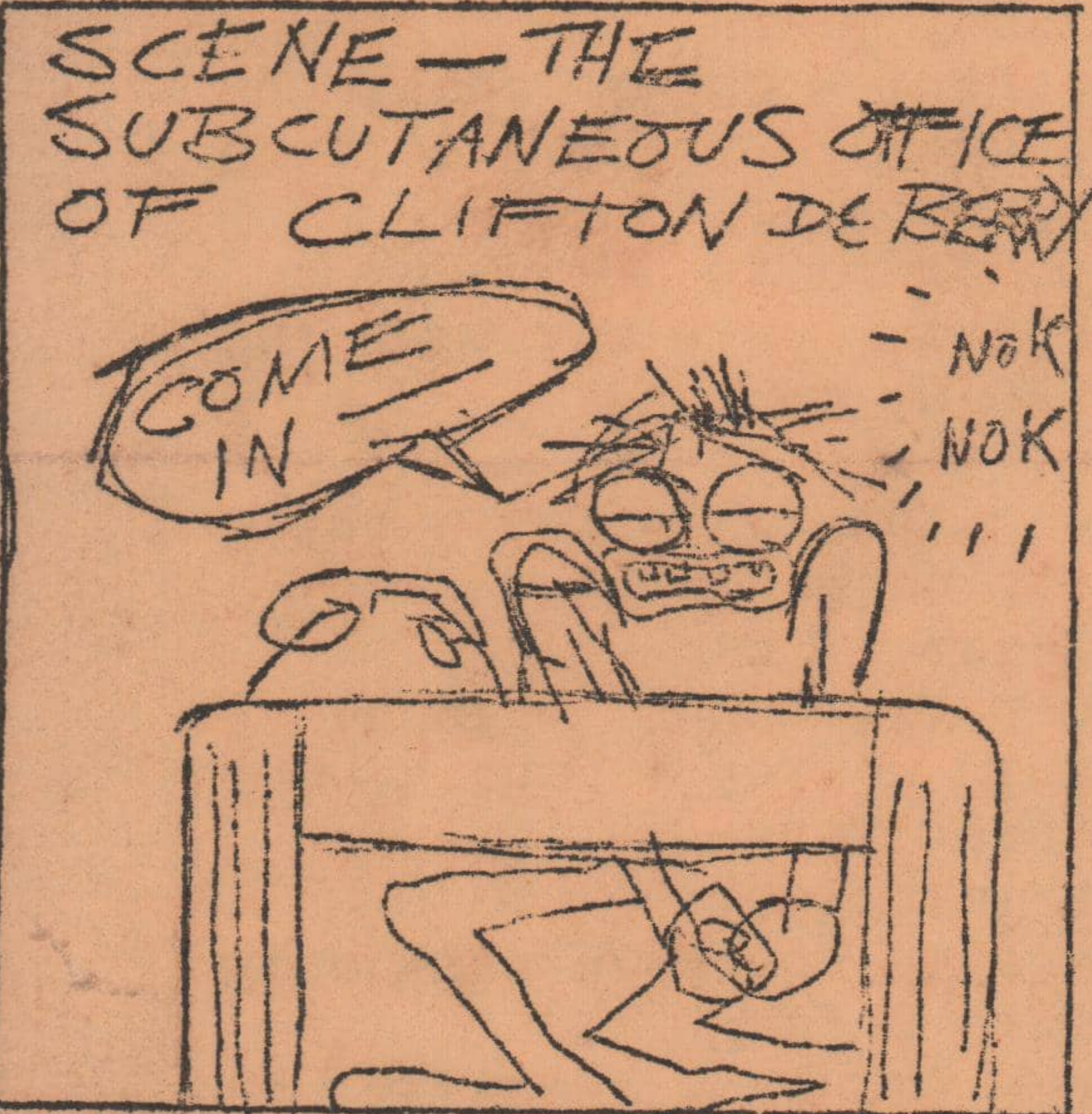


MY OWN MAN

PRICE 4D

Editors: homosap
clifton
de berry
& jeff muttall
THE SEVENTEENTH
AND LAST
September 1966



EDITORIAL

It's about a year now since I suggested the idea of a meeting of certain faces. We had the meeting and decided to meet again shortly to say what we each had done to further our collective aims. Here is a list of recent achievements to date, running quickly down the list published in the April issue of the mag (No 15.)....

- Bob Cobbing - continued to run films and readings etc. at Better Books even after the collapse of the old regime
- items included British premier of Genet's Chanson d'Amour and Bart Hughes complete with skullblood.
- CND - Organised the usual Easter clam bake.
- Free School of London - Published the Grove (Notting Hill newsletter) and organised Festival of Notting Hill Gate.
- Freeman Syndicate - Organised excellent reading at Conway Hall and fucked up the Alconbury Demonstration.
- Gustav Metzger - Organised the Destruction In Art Symposium and conducted the Provos round our noble capitol (Trafalgar Square happening.)
- Mike Horowitz - Organised second giant rave-up at Albert Hall despite opposition from Jonty Boulting whoever he may be. "I have seldom been so slewed in my fuckin life." Robt. Graves.
- Jim Haynes - Launched the London Traverse at the Jeanetta Cochran Theatre.
- Don Sylvester Houedard - Organised exactly one third of Arlington Une, a Cotswold powow on cement poetry.
- Mike Kustow/Adrian Mitchell - Produced magnificent puppet play in Trafalgar Sq. on Easter Monday (Freeman Syndicate doing much of the donkey work.)
- John Lathan - Sold a picture to the Tate.
- JJ Lebel - Committed to sound an exquisite fragment of poesie at Albert Hall. Engineered untold abominations at Theatre de Chinere, Parisfrance.
- Bruce Lacey - Participated in writing and acting of superb version of the Three Musketeers. "I have seldom been so rude in my fuckin life." Harold Hobson.
- Ch. Marowitz - Publicly executed Hamlet in London. Wrote article of unprecedented nobility and sensitivity for New York Village Idiot.
- Charles Plymell - Guest edited good low camp issue of Grist.
- Committee of IOO - Fucked up Alconbury Demonstration. Conducted usual festivities in Grosvenor Square - "Elmer, who are all those hairy men?"
- Dick Wilcocks - Livened up Alconbury Demonstration despite opposition from almost everyone there. With Del Foley ran excellent readings at Conway Hall and St Pancras Town Hall.
- KH Weissner - Produced magnificent perfumed Klactoveedsedsteen. Also cooking up Heidelberg castle happening. Urinal event now passed into Tuetonic history.
- Klaus Lea - Produced Mana at usual level of excellence. Comic strip and photos best anywhere.
- Jeff Keene - Put on exhibition of unparalleled obscenity with Clifton de Berry - also demonic filmshow with Piero Heliczer, causing severe subliminal effects on BobCob.
- Dan Richter - Produced Residu 2, the best magazine literature has yet seen. I joke not.
- Criton Tomazos - Scared, angered or bored sticks of shit out of the entire industry. Produced duplicated issue of the Moving Times attributed to Alex Trocchi and Jeff Nuttall. Founded the Free University of Napsbury Mental Hospital. Organised curious non-happening at Kingsley Hall - see Wilcocks letter for direct result.

Further addresses: Harvey Mutusow, c/o BetterBooks, Charing X Rd., London. LONDON FREE SCHOOL 26 POWIS TERRACE LONDON W11. The Sewer, 955 Vanderbilt, Niagara Falls, New York. RO STOOP SCHIP EVERDINA TEGENOVER AMSTEL 252 AMSTERDAM HOLLAND Norman Ogue Mustill c/o City Lights, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco II. DAVE WARREN 753 GREEN LANE LONDON N21. Gustav Metzger BM/DIAS London WCI. THE PROVOS 14 KART-HUIFER STR AMSTERDAM SHBAMMM!

Solidarity Bookshop, 1947 Larrabee ., Chicago 14, Ill., USA
may 19, 1966 (NEW ADDRESS!)

dear brother,
thank you for sending mem no. 15 and thank you for the bookshop's inclusion with the subversives, though some of the company stretch -es me raw, oh well - so what, the idea is good and for our part we plan to send off our journal the rebel worker no, 5, the british no. can be had from charles radcliffe, 13 redcliffe rd., london (NEW ADDRESS!) SW 10.

now to what your editorial says - the lsd thing hasn't joined force -es with the real. it hasn't gotten beyond mere therapeutic aid on one hand and a mysticism on the other. i won't call the cult completely escapist, leary in his own stumbling way is trying to make an intrusion, and some of his language is rather marvellous in that it freaks the established order, but what else can one say except that he and alpert and their review is hopelessly

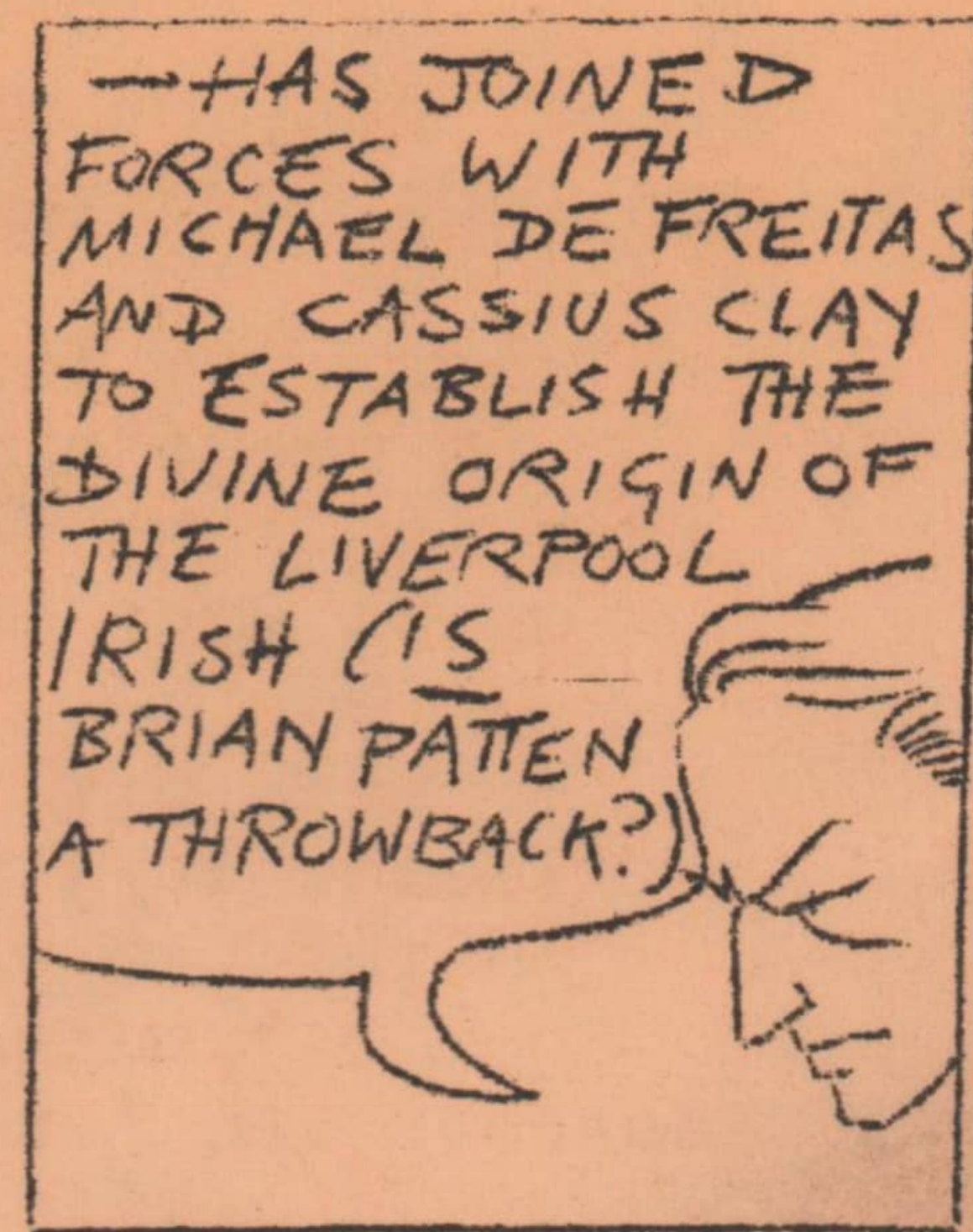
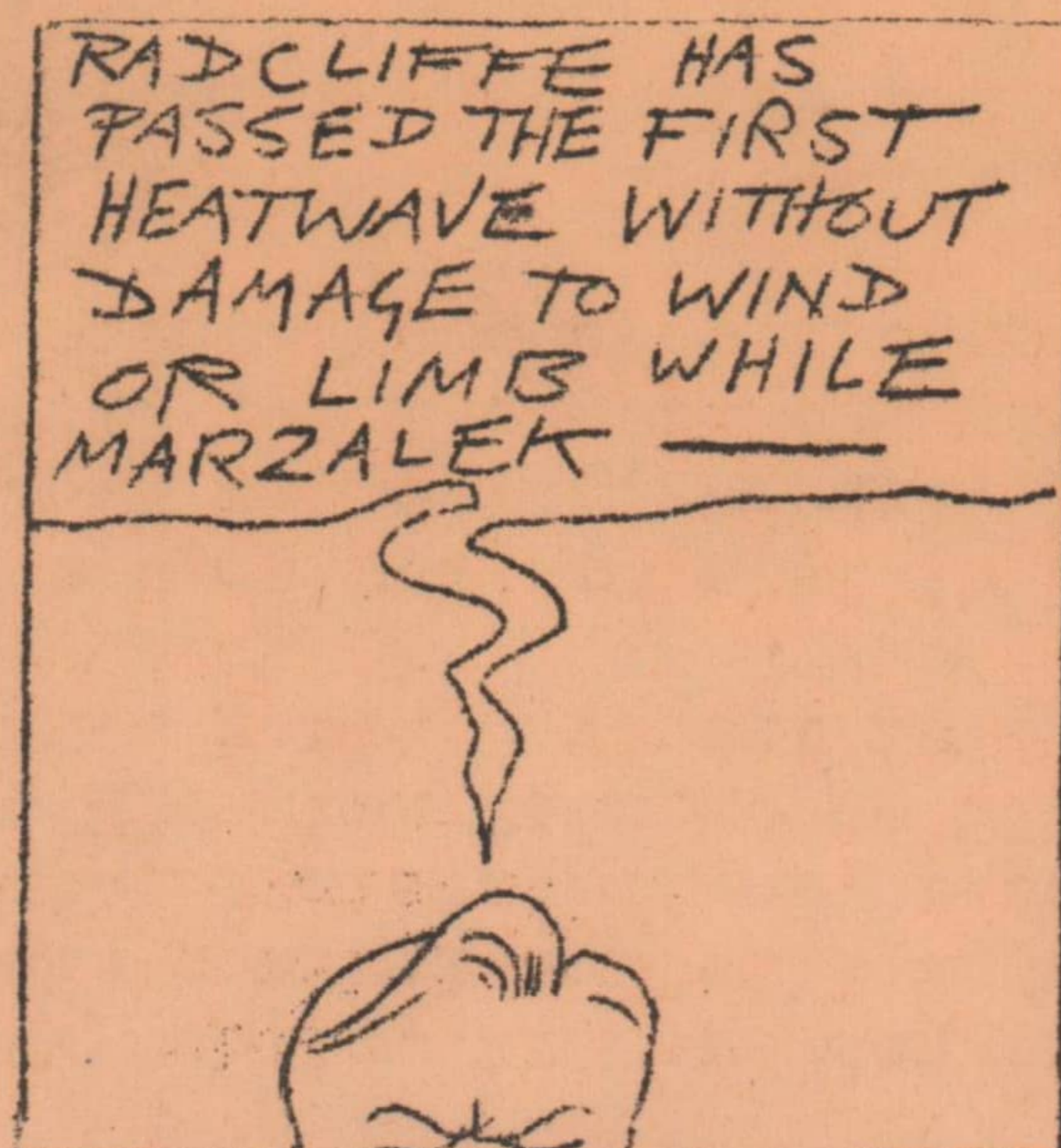
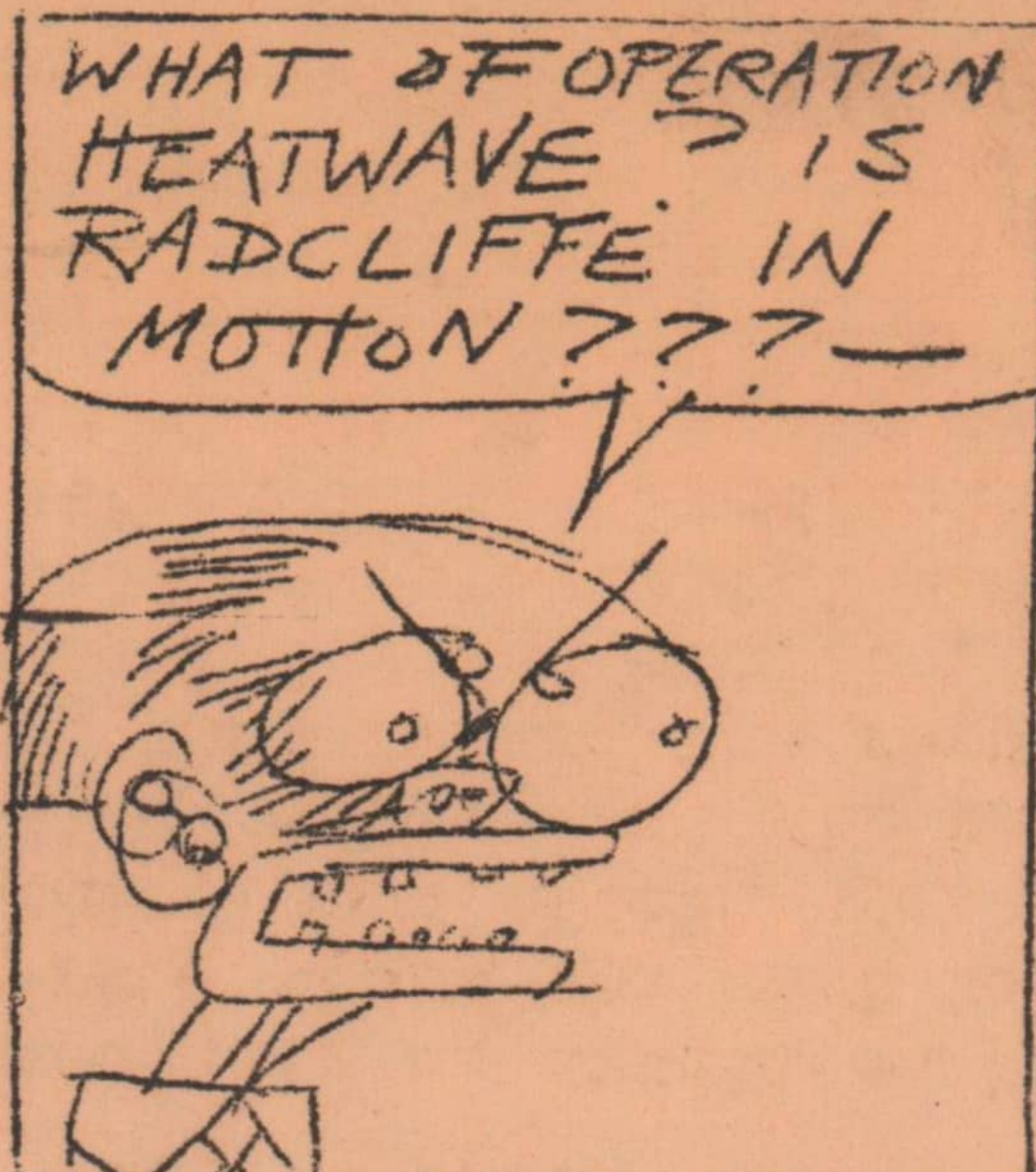
reformist. revolution to them means shit to me.

recently cbs programmed a study of the therapeutic work being done with lsd in maryland. one of the patients who took the stuff was an alcoholic before and was now (six months later) studying to be a certified public accountant. he nor the woman, who they followed in her quest for love, wanted to touch the stuff again, and neither CHANGED i mean what the hell is the difference between an accountant and a drunk? so much for that. psychoanalysis needs the revolution and then lsd will have its rightful place - cannot blame the drug (WHEN I REFERRED TO JUNK IN MY EDITORIAL OF ISSUE 15 I MEANT HEROIN. - J.N.)

newsweek's recent article wasn't bad - one point worth remembering is that lsd users are not the ghetto people, but the middle class who want to immerse themselves in their abundance, see more of it, not escape it in the manner of the black junkie. this is very important. look at the food all over the pop art stuff, abundance - all praise.

this is only one aspect, it must not be overly stressed - the point is that few really know what revolution means (as an exception see enclosed leaflets by one who does know - john leake) BUT WHEN INTRODUCED TO IT UNDERSTAND. This is extremely important. i don't know about g.b. but few here think "normalcy" can ever be achieved. talk revolution, even to liberals, reactionaries, anyone and they will usually only disagree on your time-table! i've seen it with my own eyes!

this is certainly ground to work on; sabotage is pregnant with meaning in this context. but a sabotage that gets beyond the pessimism of reading marcuse or ellul in despair. an affirmation of humanity can only take this form, no other contributes to the wild joy that a revolutionary carries with him. no fraud, but fact - it can't only not get worse, it MUST change always; the iron heel may fall but it won't crush much because the slippery eel is built into the fucking system. man still dreams and that is all that is needed. dreams, for faith. for action and change, and the little more difficult task - uniting the dreams and the forces of the real. to begin with an attack on all that obfuscates the real - an attack on leary and the cult, dangerous because it could be easily misunderstood, but then again what is the use of attack if not to create a beautiful chaos.



secondly an attack on black people, ah more dangerous, but necessa-ry - those who want to take control now will understand.

thirdly an attack upon youth, radio stations, record companies, disc jockies and all those who wish to make us kill (for peace). in this regard the resurgence youth movement is fertile with knowledge and example.

and that proverbial assault upon culture, but in the form of an attack on the fugs and stupid happening, warhol, pop art. but this is almost beyond our control, for i expect the middle class to sterilise the whole scene before we can challenge it. the east village other is an example.

to attack here is really a search for the building blocks, they will only appear in the conflict, so i agree with you let us join the world and "get on with it."

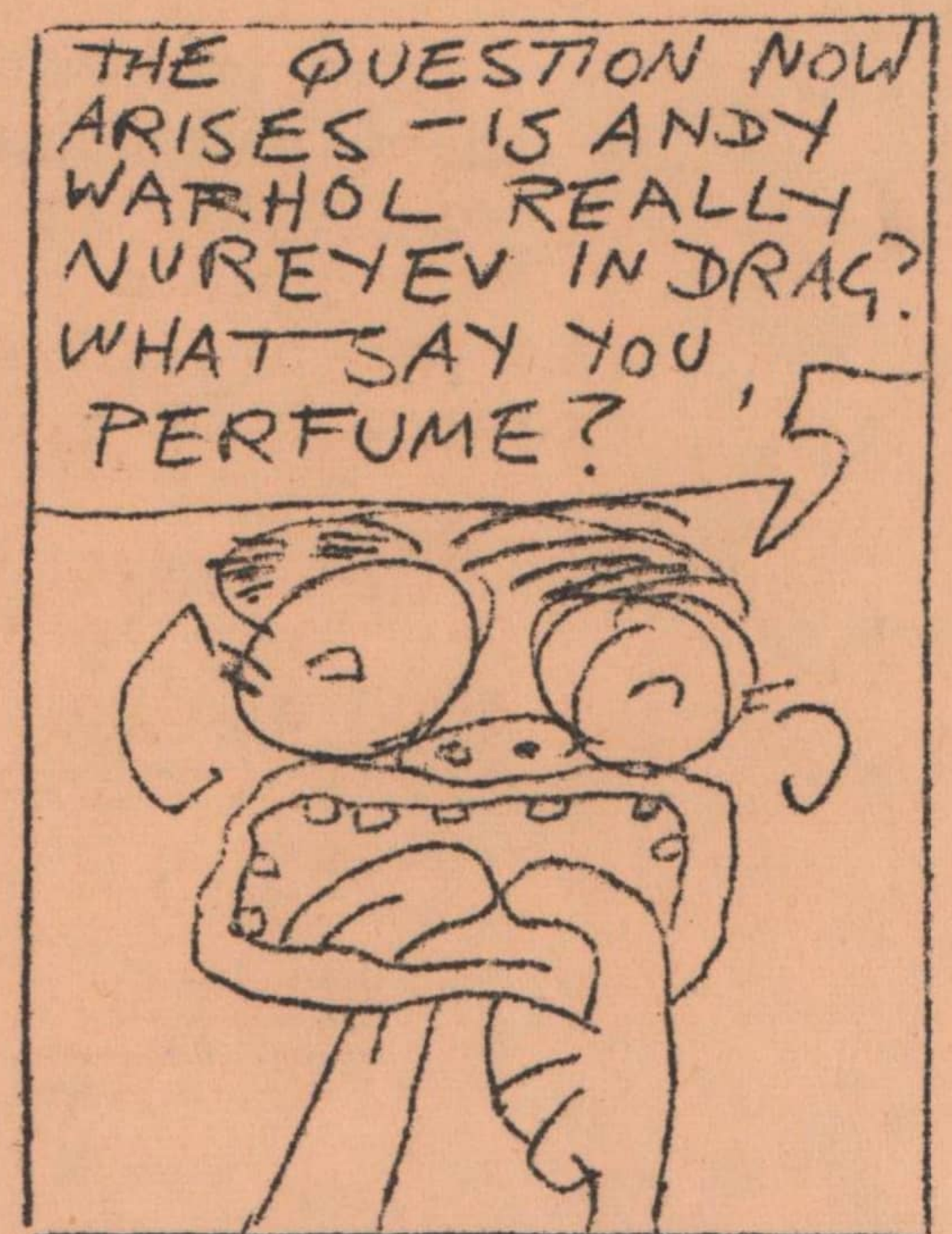
yours for it all,
bernard marzalek.

CLIFTON DeBERRY!! A FAG SO NICE THEY HAD TO NAME HIM TWICE!!!
clifton "The Hairy" berry hits london The Swinging City so green that, as the saying goes, you can "grass in a decade bloom burst"
clifton switched on new OP-YOU-LENS all tangled up in zling blur of op and up buzzing with telly veins of Buck Ace hair-down Ying Class & an empire lost, a hard recovered from Lord Sutch who ran against him on the Green Rage Party ticket in the Last Election Merry Kwant who designs those 'gloves', Vital Sassoon - The Man With The Magic Womb, & the Ruling Drones feign as a New Breed of 'ROYAL THI' spin in widening orbit of faded gambling morality together with a sophisticated accent to get ahead uninhibited tombs of decadence the Carry Corderoy Set has a cock-nigh lilt FINKY FIVE is blooming at the top of 'good news' British way-out fession spread around the GLOBE and the hairdos the hairdon'ts and the haird-ons and the decade-ants may be fissile, which increasingly provoke its contempt & derision, but have a disturbing Waste of Tunny built on maritime flower in the 'Varietes of Granny Thi'... in short: MOM IS is truly magni fi scent!!! I/m so excited I jes plain dunno what I've got....Wm Burroughs has sent me a Street Playback Piece to be published in forthcoming KLACT/3...did a Word/Sound/Pissoir act in public urinal w/ fermenting haystack and free jazz - radio new &c playback crossfertilisation from hidden transistor tape recorder...dick wilcocks was here for brief stopover before seranading in frankfurt club voltaire...thanks so much for big stack of copies, will distribute all of them...enchanted about burroughs pieces & pelieu!!! also criton tomazos apollorgy & yr writer/s forum book is just marvellous!!! thanks again, many thanks! -- clifton is actually seen on a picture w/ lord sutch and hairy wilson in the London-the-swingin-city issue of TIME mag (right behind Lord Sutch, W/ grey C-urchin - in fact he/s Spooksmen of the Grey Generation (gen rat shum) - manifesto for the GG will be dedicated to him and The WHO (talking 'bout mah g-g-g-....) - / please remeber to send yr message for the many fasto....!

O PAN, PAN FORSAKE THY PIPE, A SCEPTER TAKE TO THEE
THY LOCKES DISGARLANDED - BLACK LOUE SHALT THOU BEE!!

luv

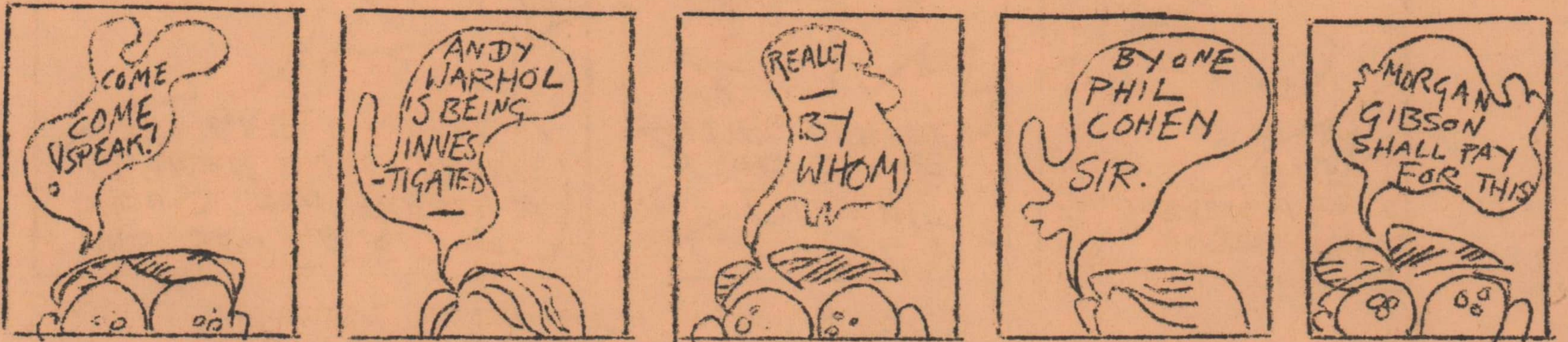
Carl (Weissner) 18/4/66



12a steele's rd., London nw 3. (NEW ADDRESS!!)

i am doing research for a t.v. film about necrophiliacs. if you know any, either vertical or horizontal, perhaps you could put me in touch - not too closely - with them.

Phil Cohen



Terrain Gallery/39 Grove St., NYC 10014 (NEW ADDRESS!!)

The world, art, and self explain each other; each is the aesthetic oneness of opposites. Four Statements Of Aesthetic Realism: 1. Every person is always trying to put together opposites within himself. 2. Every person in order to respect himself has to see the world as beautiful or good or acceptable. 3. There is a disposition in every person to think he will be for himself by making less of the outside world. 4. All beauty is a making one of opposites, and the making one of opposites is what we are going after in ourselves.

- Eli Siegel.

U. of Wisconsin-Milwaukee 3203 No. Downer Ave, Milwaukee II, Wis..

Dear Jeff Nuttall, Clifton deBerry et al -

Agreed - "I have every wish to change the world but no wish to escape it." A fine and rare statement. "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, transcendence etc." "I don't want to amplify my perceptions into any area where I can't perceive the world any more." Count me in on this too! - but I'm not so sure the establishment is so secure. It will collapse! Meanwhile, however, you're right to attack by indirection. Thanks for listing me on the cover but where did you get my name? Send copies to Paul Goodman 250 W 99 St., NYC, and to Kenneth Rexroth, 250 Scott St., San Francisco and to Laurens Otter, OXON ANARCHISTS, Tolstoi, New Yatt Rd., North Leigh, Witney, England. I think they'd dig MOM. (NEW ADDRESSES!!)

OUR BEDROOM'S UNDERGROUND is at Better Books.

Best,
Morgan Gibson.

Traverse Theatre Club, 15 James Court, Edinburgh I.

Jeff -

I read your editorial bit and agree with you, and thought I would write to tell you so, and include my latest news....(bit about Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, since launched and acclaimed)....Bless you and be of good cheer,

Jim Haynes.

Jack Moore sends greetings.

Box 108 Kensington Station, Detroit, Michigan, USA.

my own jeff onmay 18 from vehicle city---you are a cool lean cat as far as this yank (come home)---Weissner revealed my identity but that's ok as it would have happened soon---your DeBerry issue great---send me 5---10 extra copies---i will drop you a cheque soon---how about dropping an issue on deberry hdq which are The Militant, 873 Broadway, New York3---the Trots are about to get shaken up.

other io! ee! material being planned

smyrna press is putting out a committee of correspondence newsletter soon---copies will get to you soon---seeing is easlier than explaining---we are reprinting your landmark editorial from deberry issue (thanks for permission to reprint)--

i think much of what you say revolves around existential joy---we have had a whole bible of ennui---weariness---despair what about joy, existential joy, animal spirits, light feet---

the Henry Miller syndrome---pessimism as a springboard for joy--- perhaps it will take Am. types to do joy just as it took Ger-Fr types for despair

also like linking of politics with language revolution or socialism that fucks---hip communism---aspects in us worked at some of this---to get nonpolitical people to read of politics, to get politikniks to read poetry---not all poetry need be social but some yes concerned involved committed fighting pissing fucking talking to you like it really is, the way, it really is

maniac has broken into local chapter of deberry group and killed one 28 year old kid and wounded 2 others (no joke),,,,my friend faxon in Leg. investigations CIA use of Mich. St. University,,,,,Sinclair of Artists Workshop in jail for pot,,,,,Malcolm X,,,,,,Cassius Clay putting in for CO,,,,,,group of us will burn Mack the Knife in effigy on weekend,,,,,Klact 3,,,,,the fairy president's secret service guys didn't protect him---it all fits

the underground has to advance in a thousand ways----kupferberg has the right way lots of times

rabbit punch sometimes

language that peals away their lies (they want a language that can't release reason (cannot fly with dream (cannot give tongue to vision

)bit the prophets are amongst us; already they speak with tongues; the last act of man Barbarian or the launching pad to man civilised: the moving times the way it really is

i hear ya talking

choudhury in inja, lasslet down under, burroughs in nordafric, weissner in krautland, nameless fakirs in tents across 10 continents over the 14 seas

america is cracking up, splitting down the themes like a transcontinental grand canyon... madness like i had forgotten while in europe....stop this monster, kids....stop him, stop him, stop him...

they are still great Americans but America is no longer great

so what?

don't take the whole pot because you can no longer piss

poets who can fashion holy Mosaic zen sights of tripledechered meaning in reality smotgasborgs

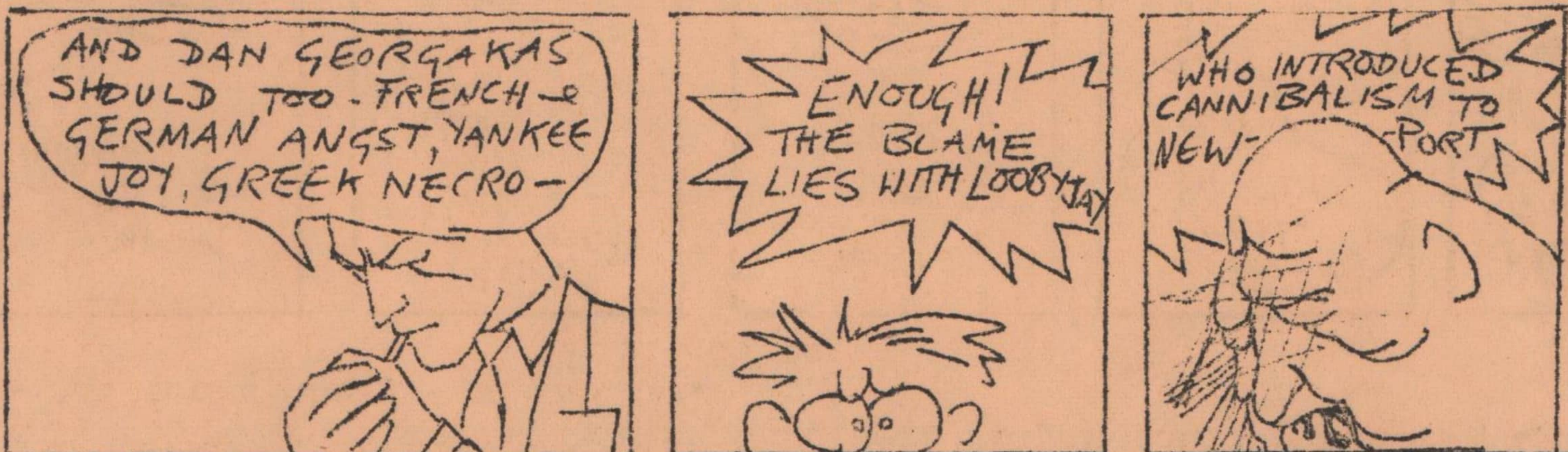
like the solidity of Ren. architecture and Indian cerved ivory

where ahve all the bull elephants gone

Lyndon Bat Johnson, Lady Bat Johnson, Lucy Bat Johnson, Lynda Bat Johnson: who think the world would be their pederasted Robin

burroughs, nuttall, sinh, lesidaner, beagle, hand, pursglove, weins, last, weissner: the charge of the heavy brigade uncle ho and

grandpa mao write poetry---who do Lndyo do?



Don't mean this to ramble so much about politic stuff bit 15000 more cattle have been ordered for next month---my buddy is stopped by cops while planting trees and threatened---another black shot in Los Angeles by a cop--everywhere the grey

poison mustard only

nob dispersing gas atmosphere

yet still one can sing, one searches for words while will allow us to fly like the acrobat from Xanadu and never never nets, one doesn't fly with net, not pride nor purity for purity's sake but there are no nets for these acrobats and some will cracks their skills

one searching for a syntax to jerk into creative order like the cosmic phallus, some sense organic scramble partchance partrational sensemaking

but it is mostly an age which will demand prophecy, it is mainly a mystic age we would do well to read the prophetic books of all the religions--there will be seeing with the inner eye of enphalos logic--there will be the rolling back of eyes and foaming--miracle making--believe and you will be made clean--search and it will be known to you--in the sands of n. africa and the caves of sicilia--seek thy father's face and know the word which was from the beginning and is o-alphaomega--expect poets to come up with enchantments--incantations, and with some little luck we may yet see the phoenix arising from some sweet lad or lassie's thighs, the phoenix dove of the crystal verity which seems to survive each grey ice age--ergo the sevrich in si fi drool dum (trying to j---an me out: fognachine makers) but we'll bread their jelly, toast their butter, cream their slummed milk

hiyo ciao bella con amore love, not green beret lincãan brigade of hoods

and robins and not a shimmering sound but the final 9th corral which is ever our guide so cheer up if down and higher if up--you are a good cat which the world will make little note of Lee....

dan georgakas.



DEAR LETTER FOR JEFF

munich 25 4 1966

got your message fresh shower on the foggy mystification of mystic encourages me and my actual baby to hit our boat across the continent instead of across the sea further on knowing (let's stay in the fashionable water of unnerground-pop) that, where the sharks fly amok there are those as dolphins, too expanding deep-sea-brains and not expanding wheels of trains

ISN'T IT A SHAME to be always obliged to repeat the difference of radium to water or to clarify a yomb against the bomb? what OUR tools ever move down p o w ! a smiling man can order it back and keep smiling - but what we can change of minds into NEW & MORE that will stay forever: in t o u c h !

ISN'T IT A SHAME for(having a look at those oil-pitches already on surface of unnerground culture, DEATH OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS)

so, isn't it a shame
hanging on banality of computers
instead of forcing abilities
to flip with laser beam colours?
o my lovely seagulls all

what is water: swimming away, not leaving a dot behind
watery words of anarchy
yosh, if the time wasn't
too much destruction by itself!

I say: water is good to brush my teeth with
and it be the same a long long time after ...

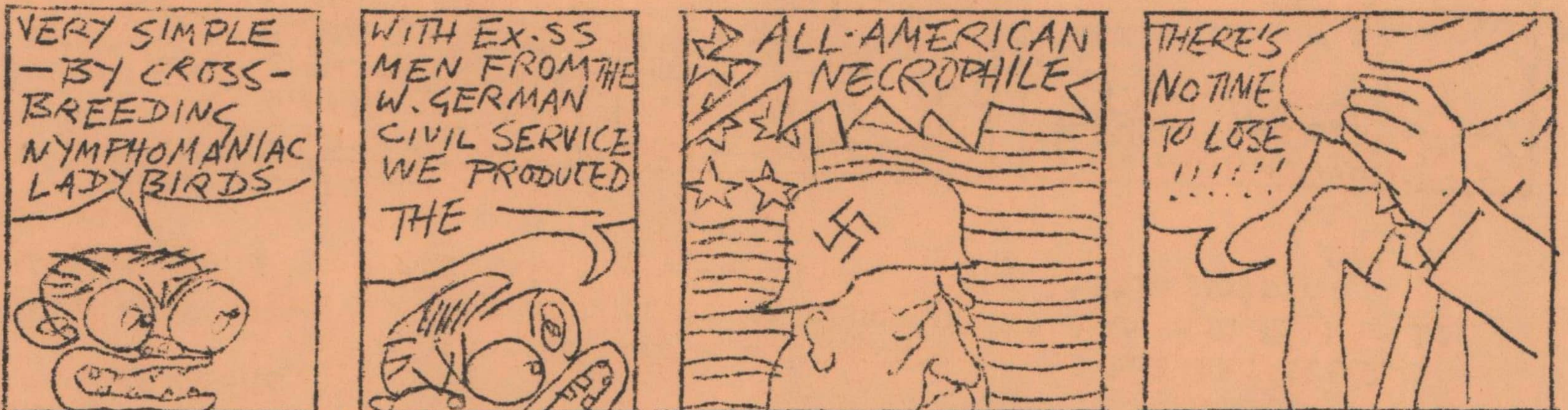
what freedom: when it's supposed to be liquid
what out: when it is turnback into liquid

SEE: IT'S NOT A SHAME

as I'm descending into the mines for different stuffs
enlightenment (to see) comes from the GREAT MEESTER
of the best book, only for: "DO IT YOURSELF"
well, some sweat on the finished roof of the arch
and no shouts from actors from a stage
but as banal as I can be

your letter, Jeff, should show the corn in the dust
saint WILLIAMS all religions are one -
sure, some of us leave lakes of evil footsmell on the sidewalks
yet, what all our junk-buddhists have to say:
'everything is the same,' but it changes nothing

GIVE THEM A KICK IN THE ASS and say
'it makes no difference at all, you bitch' and
keep smiling, brother, for you
they mean the same --- and HERE AND NOW you can count on me
klaus lea.



Steve M Ryan
(address care of My Own Mag)
18 May 1966.

Clifton DeBerry,

Sounds to me as though you are nuts! I got a copy of My Own Mag at Ed Sander's PEACE EYE, and have been slowly but surely blowing my mind since.

Since I don't want to alarm you by not mentioning it, I am in the United States Marine Corps. Yippee! Anyway, that's what all of that crap of my address is about. Now before you start calling MI5 (That's what they call it, isn't it?) please hear me out.

To begin with, I'm an anarchist. Also, in the past two years, after getting a good look at what Lyndon-bird is up to, a pacifist. Mainly, because I can't see any difference between him and any of the world's other dictators. But politics isn't really what I'm writing about. Though it does play a part.

Primarily I aspire to writing (Doesn't everyone?) and poetry is the one way that I've been able to get anything out of my system at all. (Catharsis?) I read my poetry aloud. I also carry it around with me and, at times, mail it around. (Before I go on, I'd better warn you, this is not going to sound believable. In fact, I don't believe it myself, and I'm living through it. So please hear me out and then judge.)

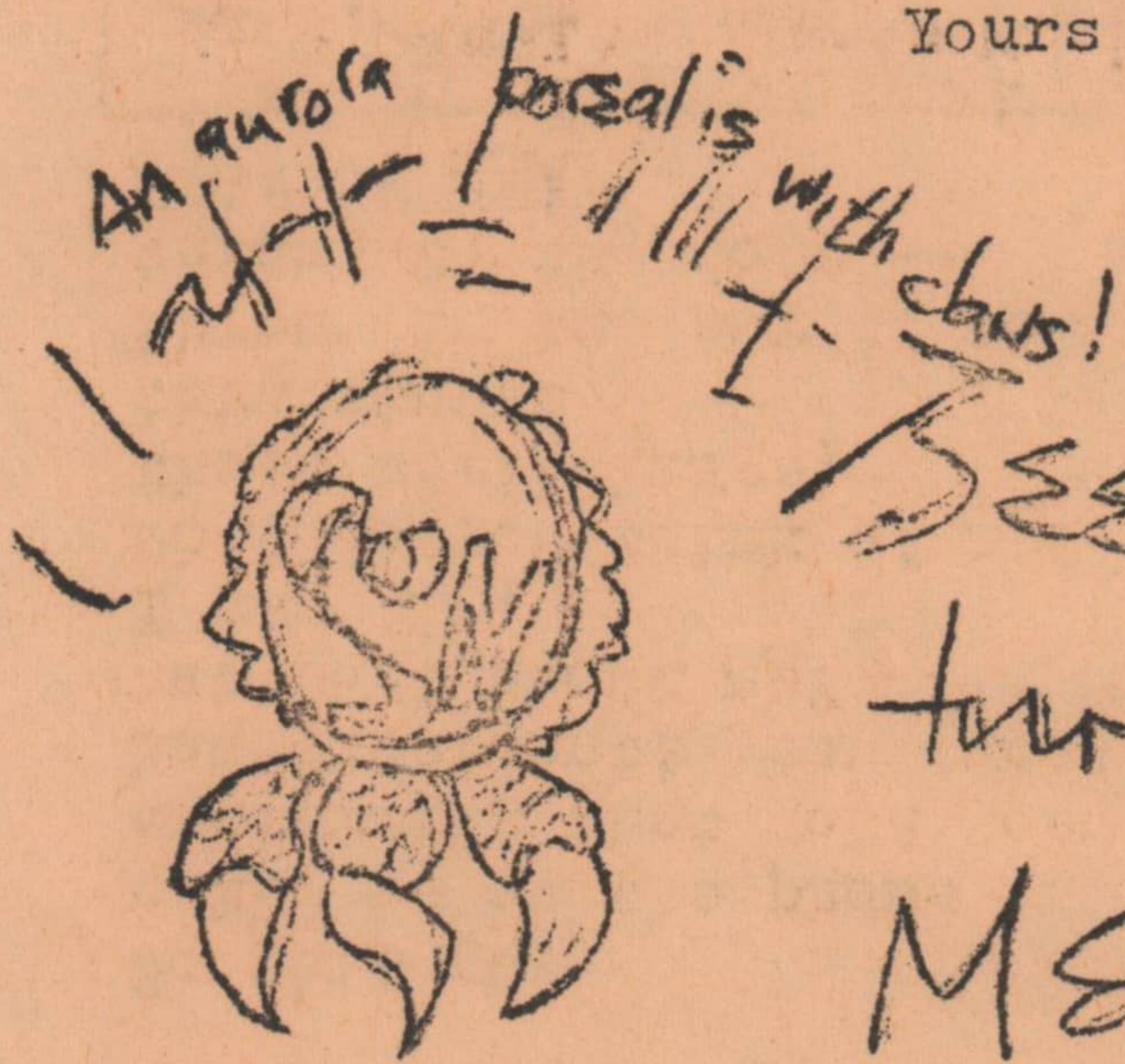
Recently (March) when I was arrested for having a beard, a lot of my things fell into the hands of the military "authorities"; the result of which is that I'm under investigation by the Office of Naval Intelligence, which is the branch of the CIA super-nega-complex that

deals with marines. I've had everything that I've written, including the first half of a very shitty book, seized. Not to mention laundry, soap, water colours, lighter fluid, and other such obviously "subversive" articles.

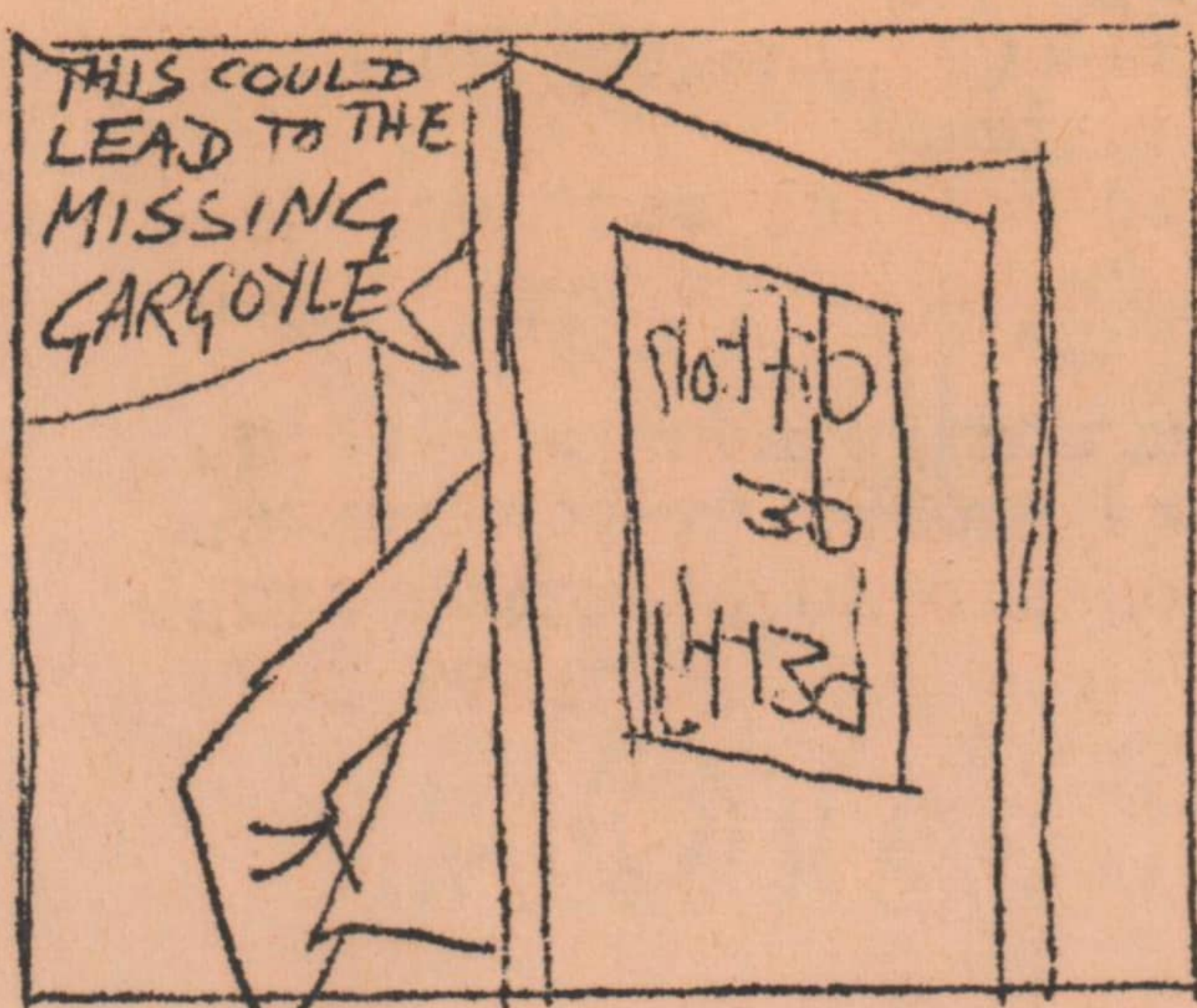
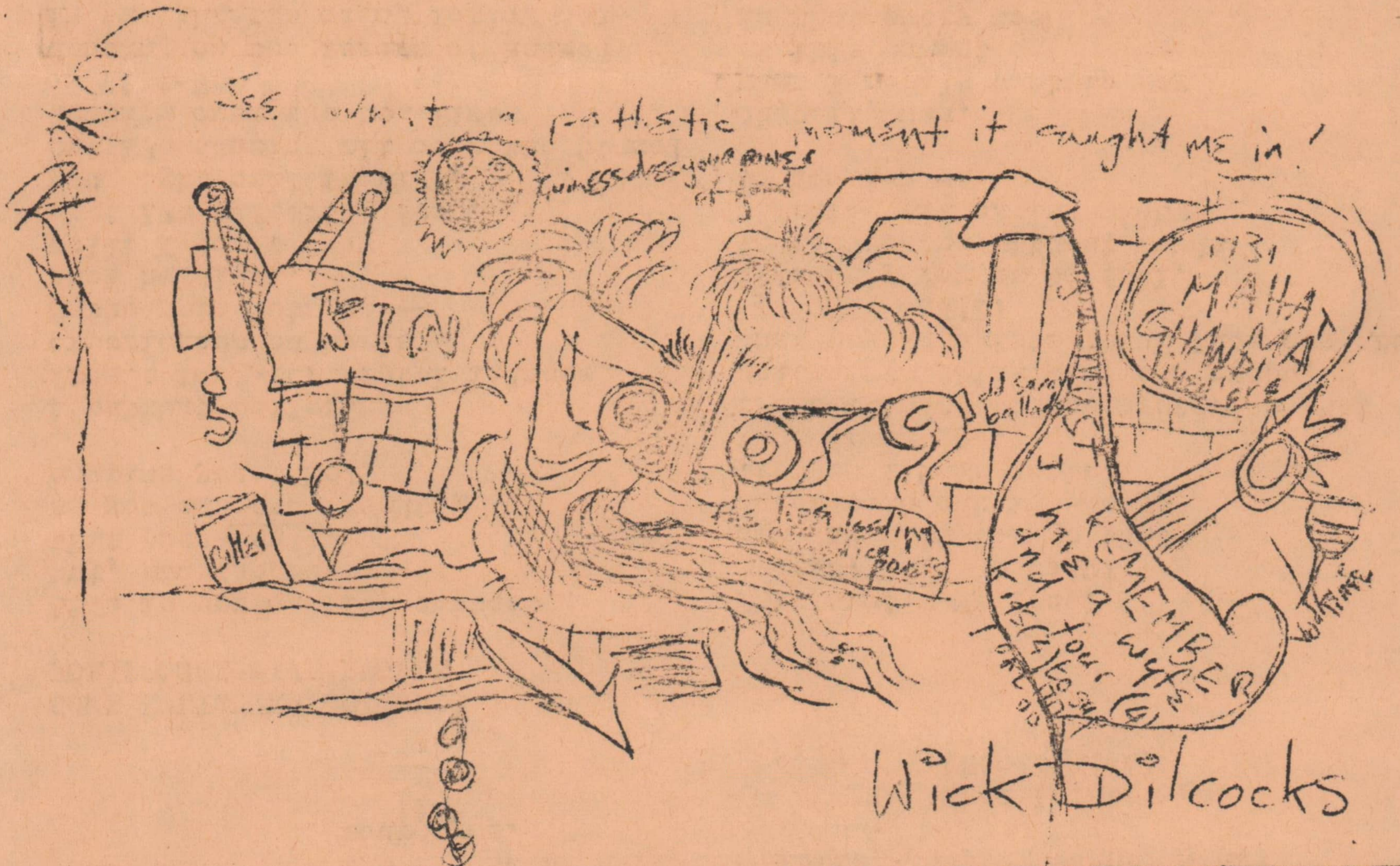
This wouldn't be too bad, if I knew when and for what I would be tried. That is, if I'm going to be tried. But, all of my incoming mail is stopped. Period. Frightfully against the laws over here, but what's the law to an "agent" anyway???? I occasionally get clippings from my mother.

I'm enclosing a copy of THE GARGOYLE. We manage to do 50 copies of each issue and would welcome British contributions. Our next issue will be dedicated to Mario Savio who started the Free Speech Movement at Berkely. If anybody knows where he is we would be glad to get in touch with him. (Ed. note: Letter arrived without the Gargoyle.)

Yours subversively,
Steve M. Ryan.



See what a load of turdswatlop that Methsy made ME screw



BABY LADY

"Disgusting," my own mom said, "the little fat, not sexy Miss Miss is."
"Conceived in sugar, she was," she said, "quarts of milk and One-A-Days."
"Does she know of woman's pain?" she said, "the grief of birthing, weaning
kids to coffee?"
"Pooh. Weaned on syrup krispies, she was," she said, "lacey cuffs and Winnie
"She revolts the sex of me and your dad holds no respect for the street
girl never to queen a house."
"Right, Father?" she asked himself through her. Him nodding, looking past
the window at a ripple girlie, heaping sugar on his
sour eyes.

Chef Le Strange.
(Renee Mion)

SOME ENLIGHTENING WORDS
FOR PROSPECTIVE PEOPLE

Life is personality contest
but, sweetheart,
this poem isn't,
so you can stop reading
anytime you like!

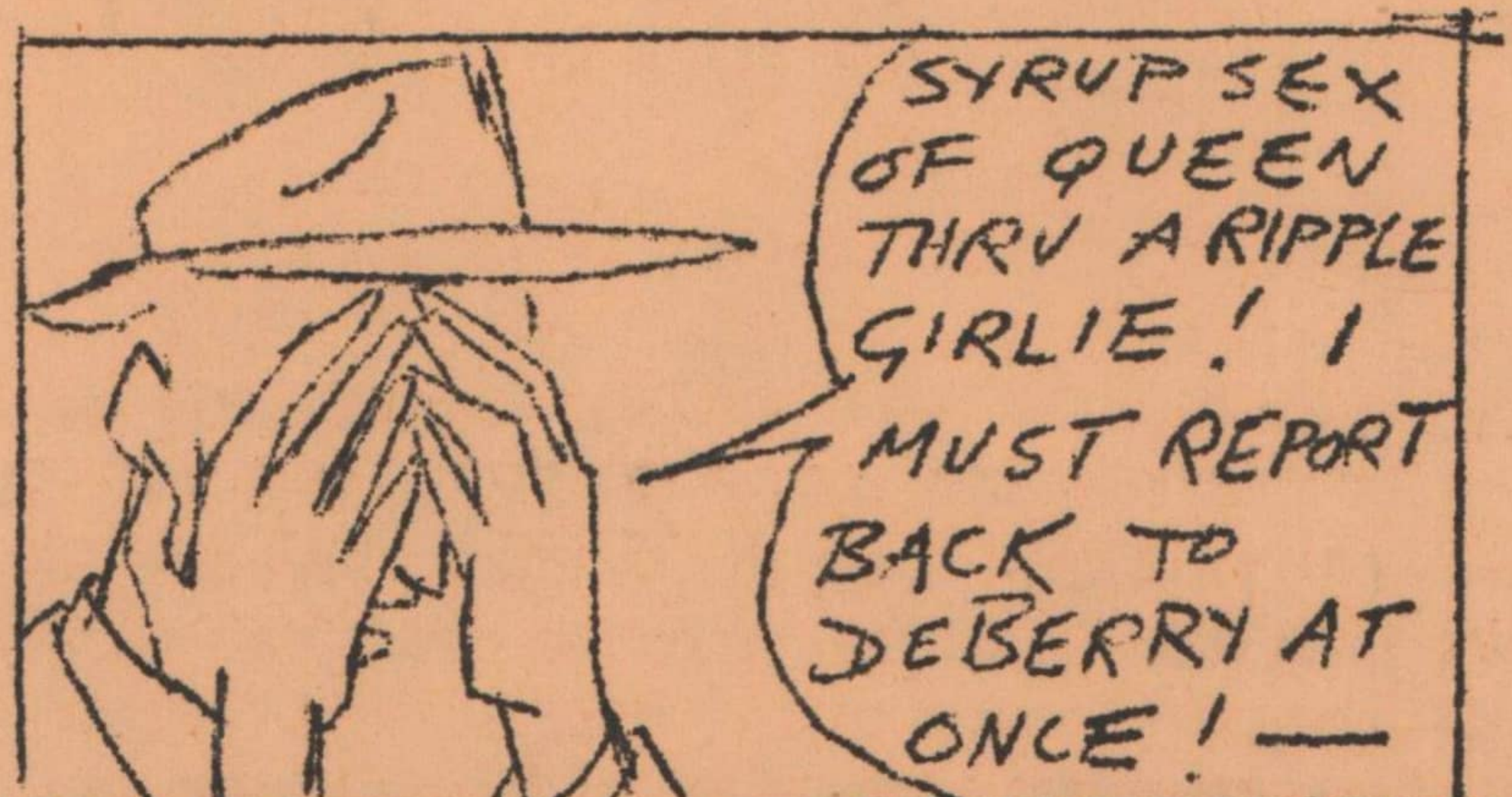
A patient suffering
from a long-term fatal illness
experiences euphoria
& the pain lets up --
then he dies...
well, I don't know
what I'm suffering from,
you might call it LIFE,
but I'm dancing all over the place!
dancing over the headlines
on Viet-Nam
dancing on the razors of hatred
in the throats of my fellow man
which isn't serious
nisanthropy is o.k. as long
as one includes himself.

So this guy
calls me on the phone
exclaiming what good poems I write,
how excellent! how excellent!
but what about me?
I ask him,
what do you think of me?
those scribblings,
torn sinews
thrown in the air to rot,
thrown to the dogs --
WHAT OF ME!?

This arm! My face!
my ass! a body!
crammed with things that
never come out in poems,
trapped like spittle
in a drainpipe,
those things are the mysteries that
scientists think they can graph,
that psychologists think they can grasp
BUT THEY CAN'T!
it's only for us to feel,
to comprehend without words
shirking all explanations
as foolish --

Oh, hell, man,
what I really want to say
at this moment
is that every poem
should be the celebrating
& the relating
of a discovery!
that's why poems should
be written almost
every second --
even during sleep --
then end them fast,
like this.

Douglas Blazek.



The severed head of the Vietnamese soldier, great empty tracheal cavity,
and his ass smeared with shit, a waste, no girl to wash him, just a
gook, no wife to wash him, he looks twenty, his asshole dear brown as
the dead American's white, the other photo, will we never learn,
thousands years--but let us see their shit-smeared asses, boys we love
so much, then you hear the screams of the ignorant like air raid sirens,
their red throats: "But we don't have to see this! We know that war is
awful...awful!" For they are shocked by SHIT even more than severed
heads, these better make wars stop, they don't even see what life is
until they see the blighted beauty that was a head, a shitsmeared
asshole, of a young boy.

George Dowden.

Ornette's blurred stare into the Wool & Cotton Silhouette, it's the end --- :
April veins dripping before the meat busses ---.

.....
IN MEMORIAM FOR THE BLUE KID.

(REQUIEM FOR A QUEEN)

"The word boy like an islet"
P.E.

Fevers, proliferations, Unicellular Being can be born in the wash of **frontiers**
--- For a long time (frozen in the Cramp Basin) The hour crushed in folds
--- Metal Ramps strained in Manganese Charms --- Gasoline Flowers, capsules
of pain, gobblers of maritime multiplications --- The Raw Being distributes
his loaden change spotted with blood. Morning-Glories chewed on the surface
of sheets of Mother of Pearl, varnished ovules "the treble key" of blind
carnations --- Specialized egg yolks, cops lost in Straw Storm, Thread-Like
shriveled vertical 'Tercessors & Impaspecialist whipped by the Hydraulic
Masticator --- Latches, MOON & SUN, numerical winds, misty organigrams,
Amber where the 'glance' is drowning, blades of Holly, chests frayed in the
gallop of fires, bush smotherings, downy turf as white as braziers of
bones dead set against noise ---.

Thorny writing bathed in shit
Cut Up turds drifting on the Black Lake
I neither had THE TIME nor the courage to kill myself
Corollas of Skin wrapped in wet corn
Sheet Iron weighing down the bed of headlights & foam

Leaves escapades of tender skin branded with a red hot iron
leaves of WOOL & COTTON bitterness
leaves reproductive and calculating
leaves LASER synthetic rubies
leaves of nostrils
leaves ears of stars
leaves with fern-like members
leaves double-nets
leaves puberty prisms
leaves grass excluded
leaves of inanimate boards
leaves of Glass Wool
leaves boys of clay cats
leaves of smoked up ears ---

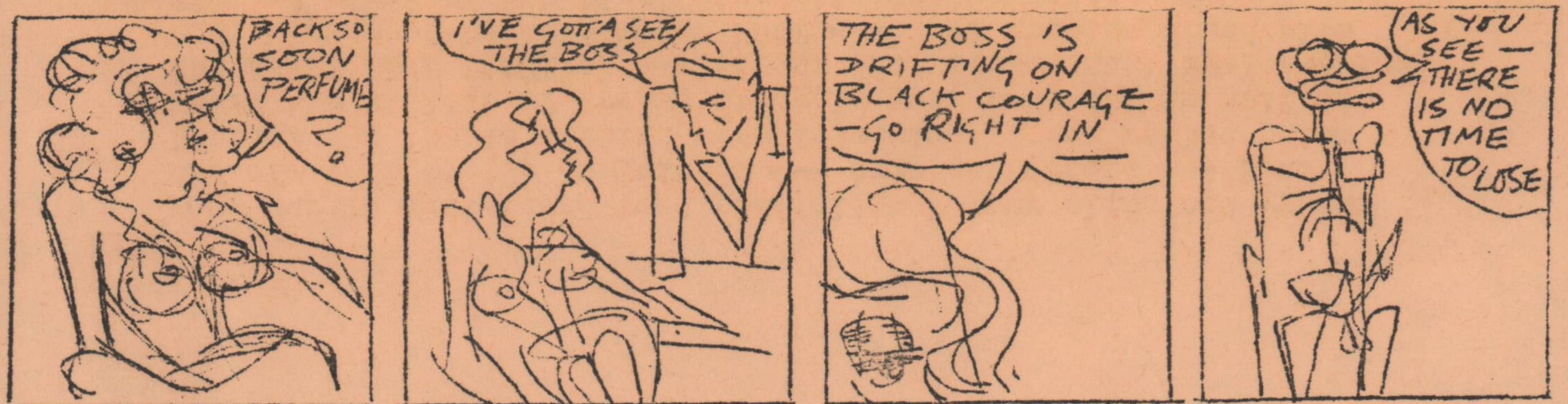
NITE
BLOOD RUN THROUGH A mirror of gloves --- Hats of organs swamps hiding and
crops of jaws.

NITE
blood of Dancers of Varech devoured in Electric Vats...Armed fists of
chromatic gangsters --- Yellow Dogs --- Snow that the Police flints
will not enflame.

NITE
with thighs of tortured echoes --- Floating pebbles and white fires
((flowers ringed like hoodlum's flies) terribly Springtime eclipse.

NITE
SYRINGE OF SYNTHETIC SHADOWS --- Screams of the man released temporarily.

NITE
Nullified odours --- Scar-addresses never come back, (knees gnawed by
Absence)) Oblivion Hernia Objective Sic...Ida MORT --- No-odor ---
Embryonic veins --- Tubes sexes ---



NITE

your purple cunt (dead wood scaffolding) your slate and gypsum asshole felt by the Invisibles --- Gray secretions --- Your Butcher shop balls circled with injections (your webbed prick where the violets of dreams struggle your body cut in half on the AZURE BLUE TRACK))) ---(((your decapitated Anal Eye) --- Your body kidnapped by REAL MOL & MORT --- Your muscles armed with fins of giant alphabetical disgusting gaping mouths ---

NITE

Worn out BLACK ANGEL
THE BLUE KID a prisoner in the Minifun Elevator. NITE --- NITE like the "l" in "levrette" sorting out the ashes (of initials) --- vague reefs surrounded by green lights rendered hoarse by the Hormone-Equinozial-Tide --- You, turned on all the gas spigots & you lay down on the tiles in folds (you left a message: YOU ALL PISS ME OFF!!) it was 3 years ago in Paris (PARIS ON BURNT BREAD ASPHALT) 1963 and the Odor of Gaz de France...PARIS...City of Light, shrouded with scorn with stupidity flanked with paper money PARIS paved with fuzz with finks with cuntsuckers (rotten toothpaste - PARIS) --- It's raining...It's raining KID (nitetime here it's really raining) it's still raining (you're there swollen like an islet dirty lined) ---.

A LONG TIME AFTERWARDS METALLY DERANGED WORDS

CHASUBLES OF RED COPPER handkerchiefs of plasma
fire washed by simili genitals. motionless DEATH
DEATH slimy baboon
DEATH beam of nange
dead men ground up yards of riddled heads

NITE

rounded nite
nite thick soup
nite suction
nite umbrella of fever
nite sticky facets
NITE clock cancer

rotten row boats
dishevelled super-males
instant-instinct ALGEBRA

periscope-lips
axonometric geometry glues

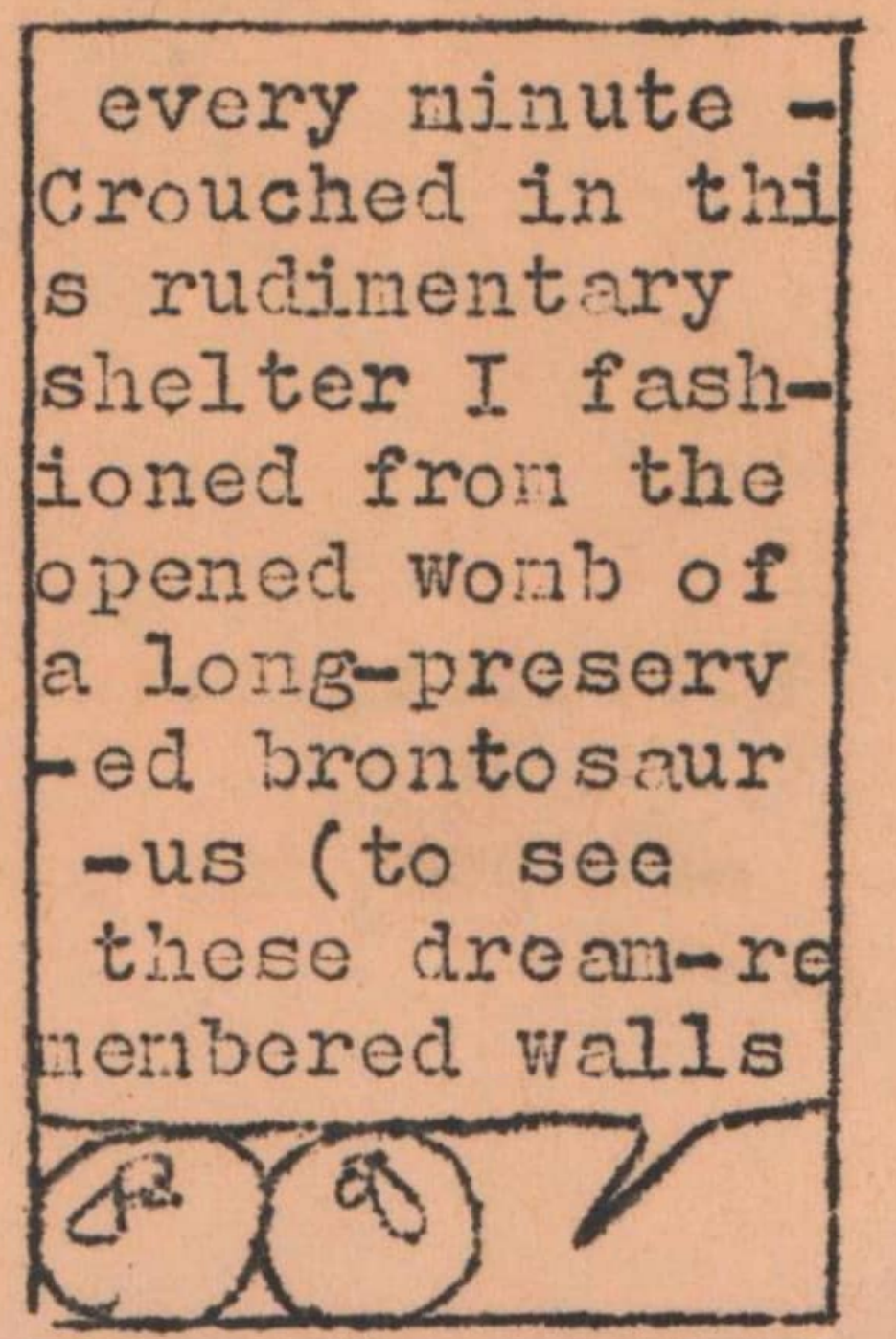
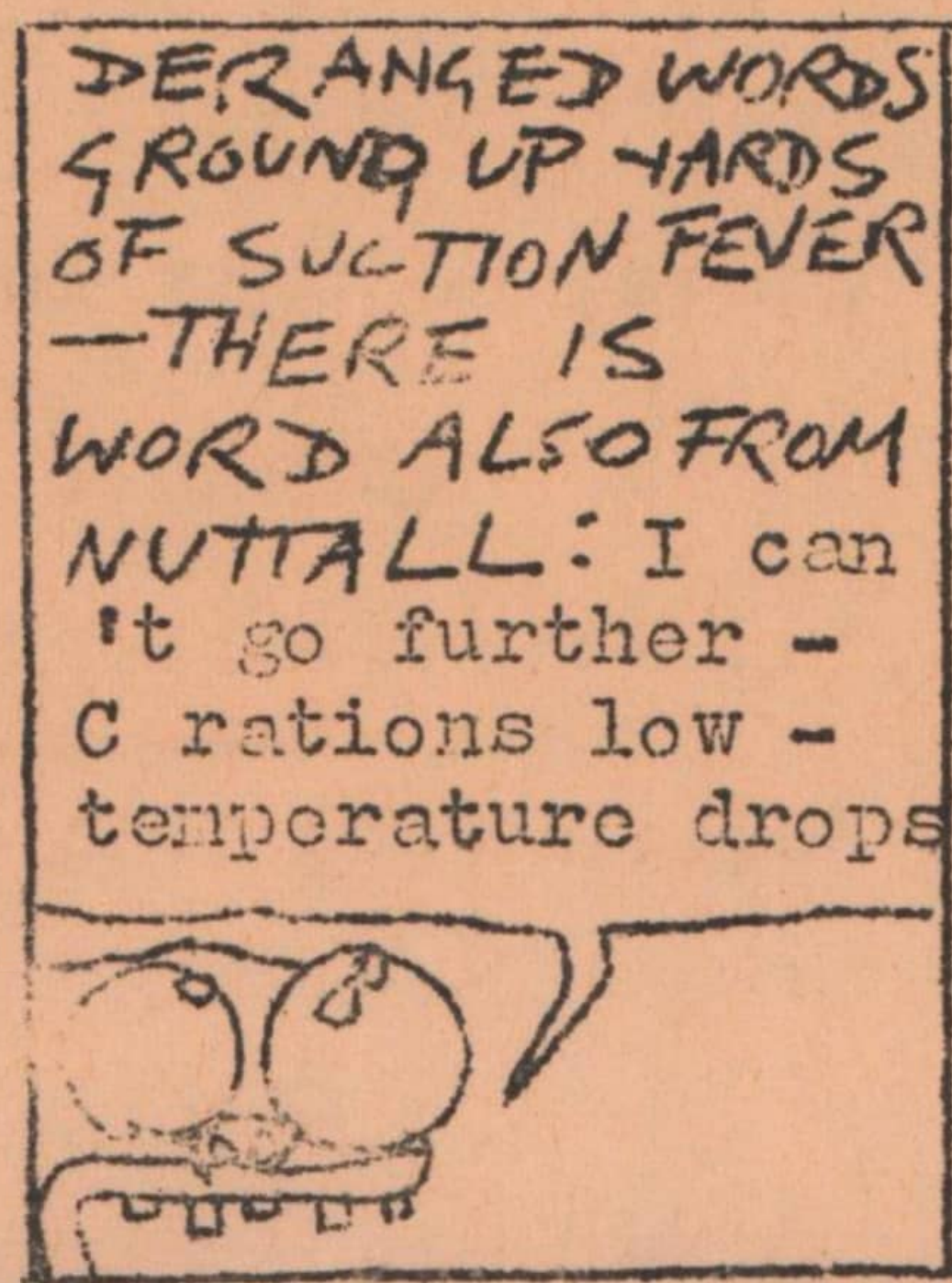
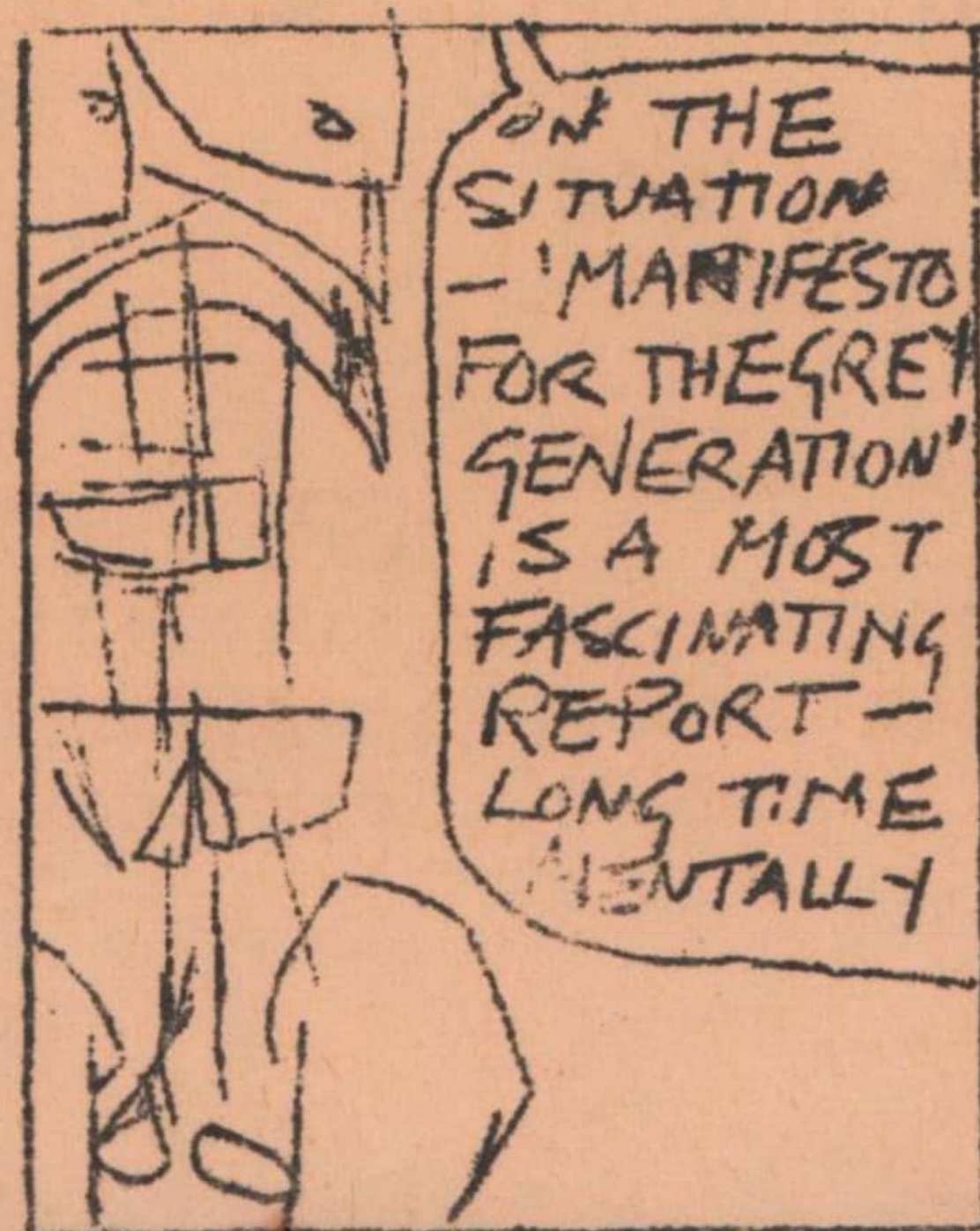
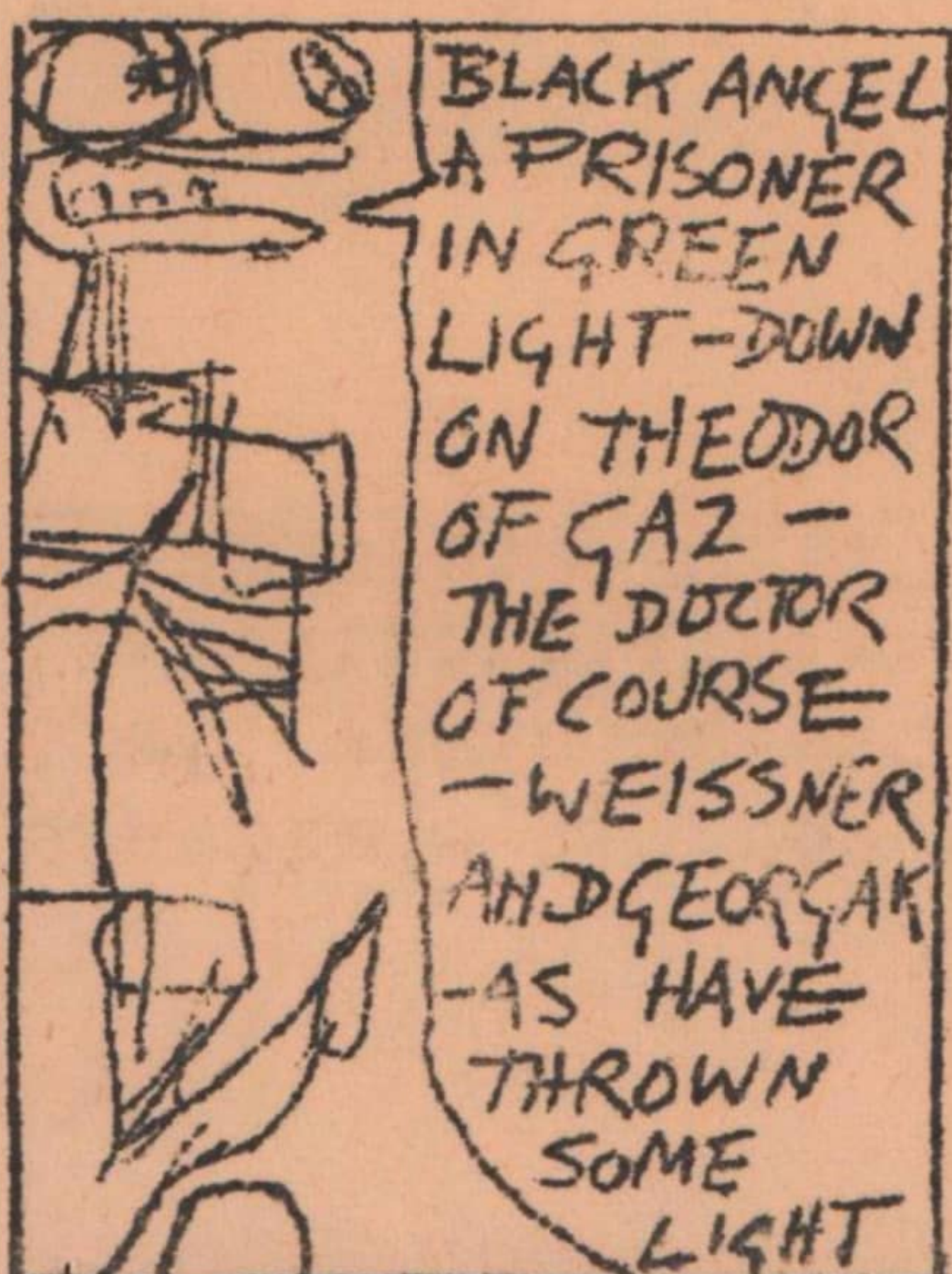
DEATH FORCED YOUR GRACEFUL FRIABLE BODY
DEATH SUCH AS IT IS SPOTTED WITH "ACIDS"
DEATH EMBROIDERED WITH CLOSE EYE-LIDS
DEATH ENDLESSLY

&

sweat against walls
Autumn drugs
filtered glances
dust of joy sniffed mournful

&

the Invisibles return every time the forest of "Muscles" trembles under fingers -----



NITE
DEATH
DEATH
DEATH
DEATH
fear
fear
fear
fear

nite nite nite nite nite

basket
of
lungs avalanche horn of mist tarred flotsam of ashes
APHALT JUNGLE ASPHALT BURNT BREAD
Ghostlike bean-poles

fear
fear
fear
fear

how was it KID(?)

MORT
MORT
MORT

belly to belly
mouth to mouth
buried twisted in the chalky sheet
of the WOOL & COTTON SONATA (??)..
stretched-OUT shadow
edible defense

M
O
R
T

bulbs
scarred asphalt

larva ::::::::::::::: masks blisters weaving of shadows HOW
WAS IT KID (???) -----

old rotting dead woman
old rotting dead woman frozen

in puddles

old dead woman drinking the

Lead Vermifuge of the HIGH & MIGHTY

the one

who has no hardon

MOTHER your face lower than stones
MOTHER your bearded cunt sinister guillotine
MOTHER to nite I wrote your name on the walls of
the crapper.

Claude Pelieu. May 1965. Frisco/Onan City I9.

as dry as a spent hu
-sk) I comfort mys-
elf that the despat
-ch was at least de-
livered although I
may not now be pres-
ent when the plan is

carried out. Anyone
finding this should
deliver it to Clifton
deBerry who is offic-
er in charge of that
nerve-centre which
needs no description
being the only centre


which is nervously alive. You
will not, in these days, have
to travel far to encounter
deBerry. Beatles records,
strains of free-form jazz,
sound of girl-breath getting
faster, fragrance of good
grass and flesh grown
unashamed,

NOTES FROM THE REAR


The karmic implications of the '63 assassination set precedence for a kind of subconscious racialism/paranoia. Most astrologers were already hip to the division of the 1883 to 2063 a.d. periods. One ending in 1963 representing the karmic phase of the cycle and its breakdown. The second starting real planning for a new Aquarian world order. It was a confrontation of opposites in the astrophysicosocio kaleidoscopic cosmic personalitis. Historically we've seen every president in a 20 year cycle become somewhat of a divinely ordained martyr in some respect. Lincoln was slightly cooking out behind his mystical supersensitive awareness and sometimes had his friend hold his pocket knife while he walked alone into the woods. Prior to these closing cycles the paradoxical ego centre of the race is tightened up and fixed for its own self again. Fanatical hypocritical orthodox religious money power groups usually have the tendency to justify their motive and contradict God as do the evil predatory beings on the other extreme of the social scale. It is always pitiful that a few men have to pay for what each man should be carrying. As the Beatles sing "we can work things out." For a while it looked as if things were

going to spread out and ease up a bit to encompass a new, bigger and better order. A poet could ALMOST live in society built on freedom of the individual. At the time of this writing (1966) the cosmic bands have tightened up. The dry insect mouthed killer eyes have begun to inject their own baby fear and tortured warped hangups using authority as a shield. Any person living as a testament to the words on the Statue of Liberty is likely to be shot or end up in jail on some "technicality" charge. Now the evil path is paved for insane fast legal shuffles to protect the police body in an incredibly evil bourgeois police state. (Ginzberg trail) Probably the war psychosis has set in and ignorant governing bodies are able to prosecute all the wrong things that have been lumped together in their minds. Prosecute for all the wrong reasons of course. Part of the fault lies in the tightness of big leftist groups also. Thousands inexperienced (in total life) young were banded together (which is good) but not mixing a little beyond the campus. I was in S.F. at the time of the Goldwater convention the amazing thing was...the leftist and "in pad" people had the same paranoia towards Goldwater as he had towards the Federal Government powers...and look how it turned out. Except Neal Cassidy who went down to the convention in rightest cowboy drag complete with Goldwater button just to mix a little in the excitement and spin a little in the Fascist syndrome vibrations. It would probably have been more interesting if had 30,000 Big Sur beatniks and 10,000 Frisco screaming fags went down in rightest pink cowboy drag and mixed a little and found out just where the cat was at ...perhaps enlighten him.

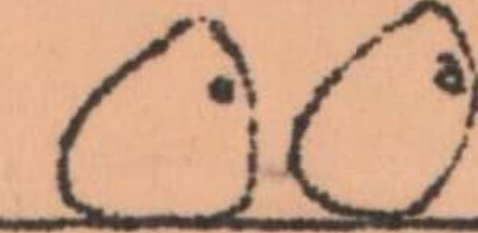
knowing innocence and informed joy are all a fair guide to his whereabouts. So




there's no cause for sadness in this scraped out cave of endless flesh where I shall try to sleep



out the rest of my time. Events are quite fitting. De Berry is a wilder man than I was. No one knows this



better than the voice in the storm that will, I hope, wait till I'm asleep before it forces its



As a supplement to these notes one should read or re-read the following: *Mysterium Coniunctionum*...C.Jung..Vol.4 / *Cosmic Superimposition*..W.Reich (burned in America 1960)/*Serpent Power/The Magic of Space*..Some Tibetan monk/*The Fabulous Insect Lord*..H.Fabre/*The Natural Psychic of Love*..R.Gourmont (Pound's translation, also comment by Pound)/*Essay by Albert Einstein in a book - Living Philosophy/Compare the last words of Dutch Schultz (see My Own Mag No. 13) with the dialogue in abandoned documentary film by John Huston: Film, Book Two/ An article by physicist-philosopher Oliver Cost Beauregard in Realites March 66/Playboy interview with Bob Dylan (Salvation)....*

The fighting lad selected in his state of prime energy has no idea why he has to kill or why he finds it easier to kill his neighbour than to love him. Especially since that energy has been trained or pressed into an absolute circumstance. It is too late for human reflection in his mirror. The decision has been made. His lips are dry and tight much like police paranoid armour. His eyes reflect explosive fear pressed coldly into power similar to insects praying on another species rigidly controlled by pattern of absolute order that developed in his red neck at birth in Kansas or Texas. He has been disciplined and his hard body carries the rigid spank of death or cowardice to love his parents. Orders from the intercom antennae radar message of spiderwork network with hard shells and poisoned rays of death ready to send blood and brains from the little yellow bastard species head. He will tear up the universal cunt and feel released from time pressure and feel secure with his microscopic gain of order released by his gun from that cosmic mouth.

Of course the licence to kill has become vogue since the chaotic bandwagon of love was too hard to resolve. And hippy boredom sets much faster these days. Ever since the official clock was set a little faster in Paris. A lot of physicists were there. No poets. In olden days the astronomers zapped in on these events. No...no one cares that sorority girls have no idea why they wiggle their ass to the Green Beret and at the same time cry when their sweetheart gets wounded on the Texas billionaire Viet football field. And Nancy's boots a little slow and too polished but more legitimate than leather freak mags. All the media geared to a man who can make decisions. Or lose? or gain? his manhood. Depends whether you want to nutate with the right side of Christ or the left side. Your opposite is there to slurp it up. There have been

some interesting experiments with left and right side of the brain which has close relationship with politics and the social creature. The Viet war but an extension of the personality war here at home. You almost know which side by looking. Or vibrations (sorry NY for using such out terminology.) In Wichita I was dragged out of a gallery by a freak cop. I was playing with a water pistol and after I showed him it was harmless, two of them broke the law and told me to shut up and ILLEGALLY dragged me outside and told me they would put me in jail and the whole horseshit psychopathic routine. It doesn't take much insight to imagine what kinds of freak scenes cops like this may have when visiting some other city...that is how they get their kicks. Ask some hustlers. If any citizen could undergo these things, o what a change. I think cops should undergo periodic psycho examinations. Of course I'm a nut and a rat in the eyes of society but I don't have any licence to kill or even to intimidate. I'm worried about the regular citizen who might be caught looking like a rat. The wichita police have adopted the Fascist and Communist policy of arresting anyone THEY don't think looks right...Back to the wars and the symbol of the swastika. Male west sun in dominance of left side imitating intellect reaching out like Greek pinwheel to capture more of the universe. The ancient swastika with four figures bent on all fours, nose in ass. Team buddy spirit. (Anger's alchemics in scorpio) The opposite coming together, the frightening aspects of it all. Like the world ending. Or has it ended? The fear of this entwining with all aspects of behaviour. Escape valve bomb. The universe returned to a term I remember used by a WW2 pilot...I remember it from about 1943. BLIVOT: Trying to put five pounds of shit in a four pound bag..And one time Allen



Russo who hadn't spoken for days said softly from his bed. "God is pressure ..."

DRUGS: There is nothing to fear but fear itself...There is a natural tendency for everything to want to make it in God's body. Nothing should be denied nothing should take over. OBSCENITY: Anything using a combination of power and evil even if it's white...Actually has little to do with genitals per se...." The head subline The heart pathos the genitals Beauty the hands and feet Proportion"...Blake
 Everything now is swinging to action. The direction started happening strongly about five years ago. Total involvement. ACTION is now of course down to the used car dealers as is Batman. As it was the thing was to go pick up on some action the term began perhaps in jive talk or among heads where most new directions start....In physics we have Carnot's principle: the second principle in Thermo-Dynamics. This states that all mechanical activity and all psycho-chemical change is accompanied by an irretrievable expenditure of energy in the form of heat. Evolution therefore appears to us as an irreversible process of loss of energy. No wonder hip avant-gardists rush to the front looking for energy to madly schlip and filter. The neth heads soon found how fast they could burn out, faster than it could be restored. Every scene was sniffed out. Energy like in rock and roll was soon combined with the artist. Soon everything became too slow except what was HAPPENING. Which may be the end of the artifax. Art and like combining Total awareness. Most students are so far hip to everything, more than their profs. who are hung in some kind of academic bag trying to write a dull textbook about a line meaning something, when the line is alive because it means all of what its series of flash juxtapositions can bring forth plus nuance. The English and Art dept. cons are the sickest cons going. There is no action-knowledge relationship...The whole thing is a fake setup. Teachers of the arts are the last to know what is happening and can never TEACH like painting, poetry or film but only measure history as entropy. The mental activity must unfold as a measure of deterioration and disorder from certainty and also re-establish an order in uncertainty.

Charles Plymell.

WHITE FEATHERS

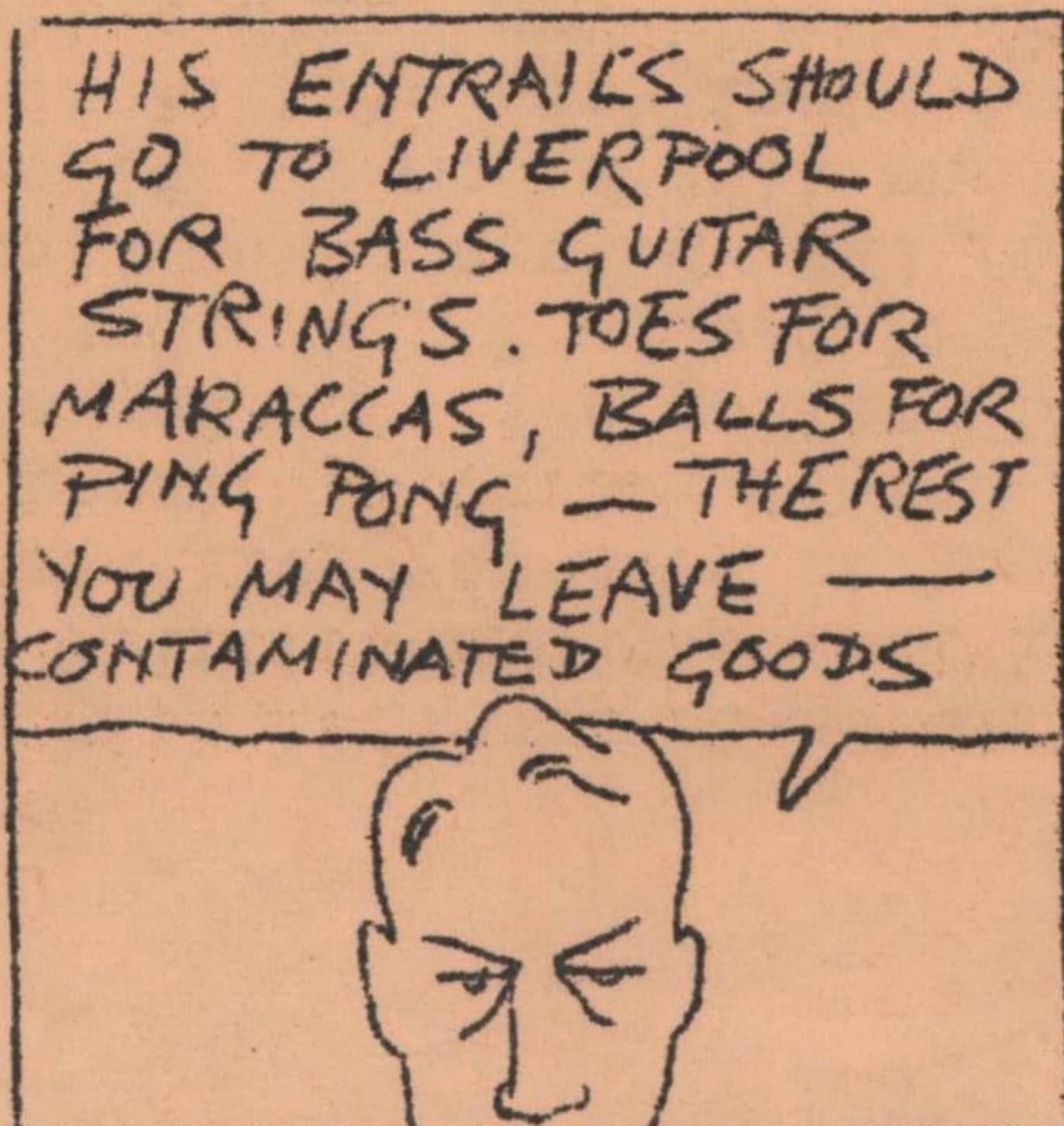
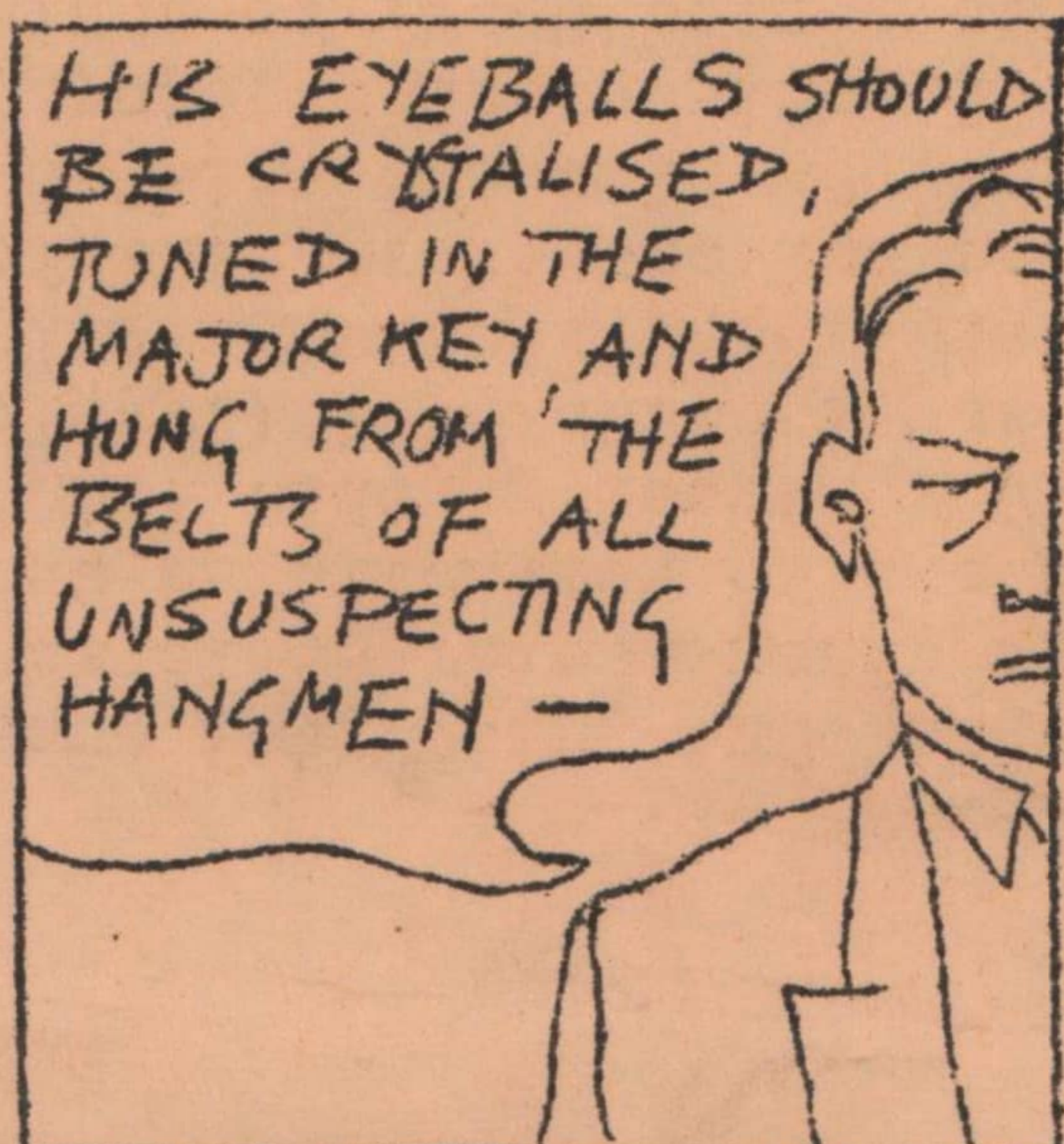
White feathers for the NLF! remembering
the deaths of days gone by and the Viet Minh
documents screaming for wounds, an end to foreign Bushido,
tons of printblocks demanding death
described as 'punishment', violent with ruthless conviction
the State as the only landlord, the unified
voice of the people's cadres
clumsy bales of khaki shrouds stained with grey mud
still as Chinese photograph on their stretchers
wrapped marines sent to their eternal Miami Beach
machine-gunned in their anoracks
crackling loudhailers spluttering gun-jargon
close-cropped pilots in their urgent jets who
leave behind then a trail of soundless puffs
cheongsammed girls in Saigon teabars
"You buy me glass of Vietnamese tea, meester?"
The voice yells "VC Terrorists! Kill VC!"

White feathers for the men in black, excited by
iron red stars, a mystical vision of Fatherland
Uncle Ho and Father Karl buried in England
shallow snapans on black canals
creaking with night-time rifles and death,
boy soldiers from Mekong villages with their knives and
tortures, inscrutable at briefings,
shanghaied from coffeebars, marshalled by
a moustached friend of Hitler's who refuses to compromise,
dodging the barbed logs swishing from the trees
mantraps and gintraps chowing the legs
of drafted Newyorkers

White feathers for the men on Wall Street,
the money spiders, the bullet-makers
fresh from putrid wombs, slender steel
rushed from Czeckoslovakia
hoarded after Dien Bien Phu
captured at Da Nang
discovered in holes in dead hamlets
concealed in tunnels with limbs and vomit
fabricated in San Diego
extracted from human neat
twisted from wreckage
handled by dockers and made by workers
bamboo spikes poisoned with human shit
shaped by female hands

And a huge white feather for Lyndon Baines
Johnson and all his drafted soldiers
Scattering Vietnam's entrails
spraying rice with cyanide
the rock-jawed chieftain dribbling
arsenic into the brains and veins of America

Dick Wilcocks.



THE MOVING TIMES

for future trips see
Ktoveedseedsteen e
Bullet in from Nowhere

N.Y. THE COLD SUMMER OF 1816.

I am the Orangi 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
onadies dovetailed like vulgar mouths)
) --- BREA) CRUMB HEMISPHERE, & the
brief sroms of incomprehension when
hypersensitivity calls on my doubles
--- OAXACA 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 senior ---
Sometimes I'm on the Blue NOTE Track
--- As though this trembling, this
double // this collapsus-double haun-
ting camouflaged angels, camouflaged by
the Old Beast --- That multiform doub
le prowling under the electronic micro
scope belongong 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 s
leep / Fixed accidents / Ladders of
supple hemp --- Flowered shelves in
the Guys & Dolls' antechamber ---
On the Jewish screen a militaristic
vegetablespeaks and gesticulates, he
talks about a 'possible' literature,
but there are no books to come ---
Inter-sexual adiations give red eys
their due --- Faded photographs in
the Magical Alley Bar --- Again I
shot at idol robots, OPERATION SNOOG
--- I severed Hemingway's old hands
--- Here (again, as tho' this tremblin
g /)) --- Senior if you young fellas
remembera yumi 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
elible 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 disembaked 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 glissando
world & the kids w/ clay flanks
--- I cut in 23 w/ the ORANGE GUY,
I'm w/ Snbad the Brain of the GAY
SCISSORS BRIGADE --- I am hyper-
hairless, (I'm King of the Faggots)
I grazed Ginsberg in the shadow of
the Sacre Coeur in 1816 --- At night
Zinco 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 S 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 tranquilliser
pills --- The Invisibles explore
confectioner constellations --- The
Opacity Emcee of a delactable and
leap-year Imaginary --- Shrinkage
polkas witness finger combinations
--- Inside a gray wall SOMEONE
dyed William Burroughs' shoes
(SOMEONE is who which Spaniard
sprinkled the Blue Kid w/ planetary
lavender (??)) ---

DISLOCATED INTERCALARIES.

Captain Clark in Port Arthur and
the Bloody Journey --- THE INVISIBLE M
an was dying in choloformed rain, a
long time ago --- Spatial locomotives
burst the hinged sky --- The damages of
incomprehension officiated in the
tender Oaxaca ---

There. The end.

I don't witchams the T-square-rupture
of radioactive blinkers, I ladder on
the Big Z and on Hassan S, I'm still
raining on Chinatown's splicings ---
Cecil Taylor flies away & hides

semaphore stalls on Sunday. Silent Pano-writing under the old microscope
 --- Avenida VOZ near the hemp stamens --- The shadow of the Malaria
 Phantom is inbibed by the Sandman --- Faded sexes --- Idols have dirty
 feet and crush us --- Ed Sanders cuts his narrow out in the half-moon
 dawn --- I conceived him Judex's sleeve (a long time ago) --- Cold scissors
 of the hour buried in the wet rooms of Alesbury Road --- Here/Elsewhere/
 From Nowhere to Nowhere The Bill Of Credits of Waiting
 N.Y.C. U.U.Sta.C.P.

STOP.

Claude Pelieu.

dear jeff here's a continuation of Burroughs 3-column text in MOM 15 in
 which he had used material from my 'communication' with burroughs'
 (MOM 14) col. 1 is made up of material from burroughs' piece in MOM 15
 col. 2 material from a text of mine called 'a crippled spool of raywords'
 (which will appear in Glyn Pursglove's NEBULUM I) and from notebook entries
 June 19, 1964 cross reading turned out some creaking hints 2wd clarific-
 ation of several cruxy items in both burroughs' text and mine - incidentally
 burroughs room at heidelberg hotel Kaiserhof was 23 (remember idiot
 sunset at 23 PANhandle door?) love Karl Weissner.

col. 1

this is

'loud mouthed director'
 Montana Connie: "tape that
 Friday set at 23 Panhandle
 Door!...it was Carl under
 a rusty shower.."/ there
 I was in the corpse pock
 et rotten at 23/the gas
 Girls collapsed on reverse
 pictures in Sex Street...
 "yes, thursday fancy neg-
 atives in YUMI with just a
 flicker of Alaska"/called
 him in rotten skies of
 marrakesh/"meet the SOS
 con of marrakesh RR..."/
 column 'yumi dead at 23
 Ohio'/you'll find them
 buying everything from
 Organisation Shannon tape
 recorded at 23 Mount St./
 ("Shannon..I swear..that
 SOUND again..?") - carl's
 YUMI, blue rain from the
 organisation produced by
 'camera heat'..."get me
 the negatives of Shannon
 Tape recorded at 23 Tues-
 day Pictures..!"/carl's yu-
 mi blue St Louis Encephal-
 itis two acts in outer space?
 you call organisation YUMI
 produced Desemperado sun
 set in a lot of books/who
 said 'Atlantic City'?/I?/
 YOU at 23 on Ohio Camera!
 there I was..negatives in
 the shannon corpse to ac-
 quire virus from Blue Clo-
 thes/ remember "Tape that
 Friday for infectious
 disease, rotten at 23..."
 Tuesday Heat processing
 actual film "Crippled
 Image" was Carl's column
 'yumi dead walking in blue
 St Louis hell'/ how long
 did it take you to remember
 that 'yumi dead' was desen-
 parado? process that photo
 to squirt sunset at anythi-

col.2

electromagnetic D&D
 in Cylert trouble . .
 trouble was really
 virus words bleeding
 out of the Blue Image/
 they feed on dead re-
 cipe.../sneared flesh
 speaking/"zero line
 cut like a knee reflex
 epidemic evening flux"
 evening trauma bleeding
 out/"no flutter tubes
 here...deadline lingo..
 shift terminals..see if
 his colors change..call
 Integrity Floor 6 ...
 cut...control.."/a dro-
 -ning shriek & the
 memory bank came down
 like an undressed in-
 age...scopolamine words
 sink thru flickering
 PPLO screen grid/whole
 spools of them...I
 told you a long time
 ago that the whole
 Grey C Business doesn'
 t pay..!/the candiru
 letters show thru your
 ectoplasm no matter
 how naked you trans-
 figure...red energy
 swell like molten rub-
 ber from the agent's
 mouth/ "shift tracks in
 that burning HAL-thing
 for krissake!"/jelly
 fingers running over
 twisted body of Cell
 Mark D...Cylert Rats
 burned down the entire
 station on exhaust
 jelly...I saw it move:
 nothing to be nopped up
 - crippled records..
 they
 shifted the electrodes
 around at supersonic
 speed & spit
 out one deformed
 nerve centre after the

col.3 (1&2)

this is electromagnetic D&D
 director in Cylert trouble/"tape
 that!..'trouble was really virus
 words bleeding at 23 Panhandle Door
 ..it was Carl out of the Blue Image
 a rusty shower..'/there.....:
 they feed on corpse I was in dead
 pock recipe..'/sneared flesh rotten
 at 23/GAS speaking/ zero line
 collapsed on reverse cut like a
 knee reflex/"yes, thursday trauma
 bleeding out in YUMI with just no
 flutter tubes here.."/flicker of
 Alaska/called deadline lingo/"shift
 him in rotten terminals...see if
 his 'Marrakesh' meet the SOS color
 change.."/ - 'call' - con of marra-
 kesh RR, Integrity Floor 6.../
 column 'yumi dead at 23' cut../
 you'll find them buying everything
 from Memory Bank/Organisation Shan-
 -non...scopolamine words tape -
 recorded at 23 Mount St.:"Shannon
 I swear...that flickering SOUND a-
 gain..?!"/Carl's PPLO Screen
 Grid/ spools of YUMI / blue rain
 from them...them "I"-spools!...:
 "I told you a long time ago:organ-
 isation produced camera heat..!"/
 "get me the whole negatives of
 Shannon Tape'Grey C Business' re-
 corded at 23 Tuesday.."/"pay can-
 diru pictures!"/carl's letters
 show thru yr blue St Louis Enceph-
 alitis/ no acts in outer space
 ectoplasm??/ ... you call
 Organisation YUM, I figure...
 red energy produced desemperado
 sun like molten rubber/who of the
 agents said "Atlantic City"??,,,
 I shift tracks in 'you-at-23' on
 Ohio Camera.../there I was...
 negatives in burning shannon corpse
 walking in blue St. Louis hell...
 fingers running virus from blue
 twisted body/remember "tape that
 mark, D!...Cylert Friday.."/ in-
 fectionous disease burned down 23
 processing jelly...I saw it move..
 actual film crippled image..(in-
 age was carl's column 'crippled

-ng that flew dying sex in other..I told you a Station on Tuesday Exhaust Dreams
calif./"carl gets the cali long time ago...YUMI ray words'..)/yumi dead blew up
fornia blues all quite by pronouncing "Grey after they shifted St Louis.../
chance & sexy"/ I was in Business"/ oracular did you remember supersonic yumi
my Blue Clothes, remember?/ silence/ iridescent was desemperado?.,,/process that
disease tape that rotten ashes/ blind euphoria photo/ squirt out one deformed
you/ infectious american of Shadow Plasma car-sunset ate the nerve centre
rain outside/ column '23 nival/ dark SOUND, no after he blew dying sex in calif./
Brain Script': it/s all pa matter how naked you I told you, a camera.../carl gets
rt of the city's sudden transfigure, siphoned the cali/yumi blues all by pron-
smell --- spreading epidemic thru vacuum tracks/ ouncing "grey chance & sexy"...
of St Louis - / June 19, 1964 I was in Business "Oracular Silence
...remember my blue clothes?...
iridescent disease/ tape 'rotten
ashes blind you'...infectious amer-
ican plasma euphoria .. /column 23/
dark SOUND, no brain script...
It's all a matter of how naked you
transfigure in the city's sudden
smell siphoned thru vacuum tracks
of St. Louis - /

2&3 crossroad - //D&D trouble was really 'bleeding words out of the blue image'...
dead image, a rusty flesh they feed on.../I was Zero Recipe at 23 GAS speaking
reverse cut/"yes, Reflex Trauma collapsed...no flutter tubes here...bleeding out
in YUMI deadline lingo shift.."/ "see if alaska called Color Change..call him
in rotten terminals...meet the SOS con man..."/ memory bank came down at 23rd
cut/ "you'll find them buying H, scapolamine, words...anything that sinks thru
flickering PPLO Grid..." Shannon spools taped at 23 Mount St/"I, Shannon, swear
that Flicker told you a long time in sound that the whole grid business doesn't
pay the candiru...I told you blue letters show thru yr camera heat ectoplasm.."/
"no matter..get me the whole negatives of how naked you transfigure..!"/Organis-
ation YUMI recorded at I9 Tu Y Sade/ pay candiru? - rub out the pictures!...the
agent's letters show thru yr St. Louis Atlantic City??--- Shift tracks in
Encephalitis!!...Ohio Camera act negative in that burning HAL-thing for krissake!
....//space ectoplasm telly organisation running red energy of cell sun/ who?
Cylert Rat Agents Said Atlantic City'??! -- shift tracks in 23 Ohio Camera!..."/
there...I saw it move...crippled rayword mark Cylert Friday'.... / remember
supersonic disease burned down 23 desemperado...I saw it move...deformed nerve
center after the actual film crippled image...I told you..carl's YUMI words
...GREY after they shifted St Louis.. / iridescent ashes - remember Blind Photo?
Shadow Plasma Sunset??...that nerve rain...column 23 a dark SOUND, a naked camera
/ ..the city's sudden epidemic transfiguration..spreading Grey Sex..oracular SMELL
thru vacuum siphon tracks.. - /

St Louis / II:30 P.M.
June 19, 1964 was Cylert
Friday
Karl Weissner.....

NEWSFLASH..NEWSFLASH..NEWSFLASH..NEWSFLASH..NEWSFLASH..NEWSFLASH..NEWSFLASH..NEWS
Cari Robins, author of "Not A Faceless Number", is serving a life sentence
in Texas State Penitentiary, Huntsville, a singularly brutal prison. William
Wantling, himself suffering considerable police persecution, has started a
fund to procure a new trial for Robins, who cannot afford proper legal aid.
From Wantling's letter:...Any half-ass sharp lawyer can find grounds for a
new trial...but appeals run into bigtime bread, Baby, believe! BU IT CAN BE
DONE....if you can't afford a dollar you can afford, at least, a few five
cent stamps -- send them to: WM WANTLING/ 717 HALE/ NORMAL, ILL.61761....
this is like a chain letter & you are hereby challenged to make 3 copies
(at least) & send on to 3 friends. As you send yr. copies add yr. 3 friends
names to the bottom of the list to prevent duplication...breaking the chain
could bring Robins horrendously evil luck -- it could leave him in Huntsville
without hope, which is just exactly the way things stand now. Swing, kitties,
please do it?

Love is Wide, Wide / Wm Wantling.

(NOTE: Full text of Wantlings letter in OLE and POETMEAT)

