

EDITORIAL BIT.

It's about time I dropped all these 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 hate: 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,

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-Neitszchian violence but this can only work partially. No will to power can put you on earth in the first place or keep you there interminably. 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 establishment" as more important than the overthrow of that establishment. After all, the salaries for steppenwolves 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, organisations, institutions, magazines which seem to me to be concerned with subversion rather than literature, art, pornography, underground movies, heroin or other quaint rural handicrafts. I can envisage clashes between materialists and romantics, communists and anarchists, atheists and mystics. Nevertheless 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 - solipsism, professional jealousy and junk.

WITH CO-OPERATION WE COULD ALL ACTUALLY WIN.  
DO WE REALLY WANT TO WIN?

- Mich. Ayme, Minus One Bookstore, 1021 E. 6th. St., Tucson, Arizona, USA.
- Bill Butler, poet, 12 Over St., Brighton, Sussex, UK.
- Ted Berrigan, Ed. "C" Press, "C" Magazine, 411 E. 6th. St., NYC, USA.
- Joe Burke, psychiatrist, organiser Free School of London, member Philadelphia Foundation, Kingsley Hall, Powis Rd., London E3, UK.
- Better Books, London avant garde bookshop, Charing Cross Rd., London WC1, UK.
- William Burroughs, author "Nova Express", c/o American Express, Bvd. Pasteur, Tangiers, Morocco.
- Jeff Berner, Workshop of International Avant-Gard Activity, 4411, 17th St., San Francisco, USA.
- Birth Press (Ed. Tuli Kupferberg, poet) 381 E. 10th. St., NY9, USA.
- Bob Cobbing, sec. Writers Forum, Group II, 262 Randolph Ave., London W9, UK.
- Ira Cohen, ed. "Gnaoua", 2199 Tangier Socco, Tangiers, Morocco.
- Dave Cunliffe, poet, ed. "Poetbeat", 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs, UK.
- Phil Cohen, applied anarchy, Flat 5, 49 Colebrook Row, Islington, London N1, UK.
- Peter Currel-Brown, author "Smallcreep's Day", Green St. Cottages, Carn Green, Mr Dursley, Glos., UK.
- Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 2 Carthusian St., London EC1, UK.
- Centre 42, Fitzroy Sq., London W1, UK.
- Pete Davey, poet, 14 Fitzmary Ave., Westbrook, Margate, Kent, UK.
- George Dowden, poet, 98 Pierrepont St., Apt 8, Brooklyn, NY, USA.
- Phil Epstein, psychiatrist, member Free School of London, c/o Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London SE5, UK.
- Lawrence Ferlinghetti, poet, ed. City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco II, USA.
- Harry Fainlight, poet, 24 Arundel Gardens, London W11, UK.
- Freeman Syndicate, 578 Gt. West Rd., Hounslow, Middlesex, UK.
- Christopher Grey, HB, Room 6, 186 Haverstock Hill, London NW3, UK.
- Allen Ginsberg, poet, c/o City Lights, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco II, USA.
- Ray Gosling, author "Sun Total", 304 Mansfield Rd., Nottingham, UK.
- Charles Hatcher, c/o Freelance Presentations Ltd., Suite 12, 67 - 9 Chancery Lane, London WC2, UK.
- Mike Horowitz, 29 Colville Terrace, London W11, UK. (poet, ed. "New Departures")
- Jin Haynes, manager, Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh, UK.
- Pete Hoida, poet, ed. "The Disinherited", 7 Evesham Rd., Cheltenham, Glos, UK.
- Don Pierre Sylvester Houedard, monknik, Pinknash Abbey, Gloucester, UK.
- Indica** (hip bookshop run by Miles, who draws, paints and edits Long Hair and Darazt) 6 Mason's Yard, London SW1, UK.
- Jacqueline de Jong, (sec. Les Situationistes) 97 rue de Charonne, Paris II, France.
- John Keys, poet, c/o Criton Tomazos, 6 Elm Court, Nether St., London, N3, UK.
- Mike Kustow, director Royal Shakespear Co. travelling circus, 47 Downshire Hill, London NW3, UK.
- Ted Kavanagh, ed. "Cuddon's Cosmopolitan Review" (My Own Mag esp oscar for the best mag in print) 283 Grays Inn Rd., London WC1, UK.
- League of London Anarchists, c/o Freedom Press, 17a Maxwell Rd., London SW6, UK.
- Klaus Lea, ed. "Mana", 8 Munchen, Schillerstr. 35, W. Germany.
- Tin Leary, (Castalia Foundation, Psychedelic Review) Box 175, Millbrook, NY12545I, USA.
- John Lathan, artist and language assassin, 22 Portland Rd., London W11, UK.

Jean-Jacques Lebel, painter and happener, 12 Rue de l'Hotel, Colbert, Paris, France.

Bruce Lacey, assemblagist and eccentric actor, 127 Durnsford Rd., Wood Green, N. London, UK.

Tom McGrath, poet & critic, Peace News, 5 Caledonian Rd., London NI, UK.

Michael Moorcock, Sci-Fi editor and writer, 3 Colville Terrace, London VII, UK.

George Melly, blues singer and critic, c/o The Observer, 22 Tudor St., London EC4, UK.

George MacBeth, poet & cabaret artist, c/o BBC, Broadcasting House, London WI, UK.

Adrian Mitchell, poet & critic, c/o Sunday Times, 200 Greys Inn Rd., London WCI, UK.

Arthur Moyse, anarchist artist, 39 Minford Cms., W. Kensington, London, UK.

Charles Marowitz, theatrical producer and writer, 16 St Marks Cresc., London, NW1, UK.

Donatella Manganotti, translator of Burroughs, 38 Via Gardino, Bologna, Italy.

Mimeo Press (Ole, gets My Own Mag esp oscar for best Yankee mag)  
449 S. Centre St., Bensenville, Illinois, USA.

Charles Plymfo, c/o City Lights, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco II, USA.

Claude Peltou, cutup writer, ed. Bulletin From Nowhere, ,  
c/o Mrs Beach, St Mark Building, 115 E. 9th. St., NYC, USA.

Alan Pulverness, writer, 158 Blackstock Rd., London N5, UK.

Jenni Pepper, ed. "How" 26 Colville Terrace, London VII, UK.

"Resistance," Organ of Committee of IOO, 32 a Fellows Rd., London NW3, UK.

Dan Richter, London Poets CoOperative, connection for John Eson & Paolo Leoni,  
26 Penbridge Sq., London W2, UK. (ed Residu, poet.)

Solidarity Bookshop, 713 Armitage, Chicago, Illinois, USA.

Ed Sanders, ed. Freak You, 383 E. 10th. St., NY9, USA.

Ian Sommerville, tape w/ recorder, 11 Trebovir Rd., London SW5, UK.

Smyrna Press, Via Isabella d'Aragona 2, Roma, Italy.

Dave Rogers, 1 Hillside, Bishops Tawton, N. Devon, UK.

Alexander Trocchi, writer, instigator of sigia, c/o St Martins School of Art,  
Charing Cross Rd., London UK.

Albie Thoms, happener and general HD, 18 Annandale St., Annandale, NSW, Australia.

Simon Vinkenoog, Bloengracht 143, Amsterdam, Holland.

Dick Wilcocks, poet, organiser of Peanuts Club, 142 Brentwood Rd., Romford, Essex.

KH Weissner, ed. "Klactovecsedsteen", Muhtalstr. 1-3A, 69 Heilohberg, Germany.

Zip-Zapp, Amazing Raylay, Future City Press, Jeff Keene, artist and side show  
attendant, 14 St Michaels Place,  
Brighton, Sussex, UK.

Criton Tomazos, designer of "The Cage" & ed. "Amaranth"  
6 Elm Court, Nether St., London N3, UK.

for fakeke fraternise  
Love To All  
Jeff  
Ed

brothron wishing to include themselves please do so.



HYMN TO ST VITUS

When I say

life

is a scream

I mean the Colleoni

equestrian

he knows;

the impaled

without intercourse

morituri

with no lubricant

te saluteris

dona nobis requiem

of Goya's war

they know

it's

not as simple

as

fat still flocks

swans in a placid pond

John

in his asylum

screaming

h. b. Bill Butler.



Take a walk down Carnaby St  
 And watch the fun,  
 Of the blokes with bulging  
 Tight trouser crutches,  
 And the chicks with the skinny legs,  
 The clothes that cost a fortune  
 (Like the chicks with the skinny legs)  
 And aren't worth a penny piece,  
 (Like the chicks with the skinny legs)  
 You can buy a pair of men's knickers,  
 Though they call them  
 "Tarzan thigh supports"  
 And little tubby men are going in  
 For the "long lean and hungry look."  
 h. b. Roger Kettle

Clifton DeBerry  
 walks down Carnaby  
 street with his  
 red kite leaning  
 like a tower of  
 pis across his  
 and the chucks

skinny Co  
 get the right  
 gift

puod ptoz  
 ocks  
 as

he wears  
 a pair  
 of rug  
 red  
 knickers  
 support

and his tarzan thighs  
 the rugged digger  
 For violets who grab  
 the hammerlock?

they did try the red kite here  
 he did get the right gift here  
 they did dye the dye right  
 they did dye the jute rug red  
 the red tug drifted fifty feet  
 the grit hurt their tired feet  
 the rugged digger dug the dyke  
 h. b. J. Crodforel.

The red tug egg and who?

For Virginia  
 Violets  
 Who can say  
 we would not,  
 having come to  
 the agreement  
 point?

my little tubby hush puppy  
 barks; why, Clifton  
 DeBerry of course !!

Who can say?

The egg and who?  
 h. b. John Moore

Ambition grabs hold,  
 Puts on a hammerlock, and  
 My Hush Puppy barks.  
 h. b. Nick Snow

The Egg and I  
swam round and round  
until we came to it;  
and there it was  
One Round Hole  
in the Ground.

h.b. John Moore.

To Bill B  
Dear Sir:  
When I say  
scream  
faggot

I mean  
I know

I impale you  
without intercourse  
with no lubricant  
with Goya's war

~~We know~~

You have the grace  
beauty of a swan  
but gangle at times

Much love  
John

(Mining in my  
prison without  
bars)

P.S. I have not  
screamed aloud  
yet  
I've been  
whispering  
a long time  
The password is not  
fuck you  
but please Goliath  
put away your toys  
they've got you  
by the balls

te salutaris  
dona nobis requiem

h.b. John Moore

Beche-de-Mer Episode Two

the screw blades cut into the

souls and distribute them to the surface.

Sharks cut in. Shark the ocean builds

into as a function. One sits on the sea.

it is a system torn from the sun.

emerges on clam-shell boat. now here

now calcium. paint going into the

ocean. hearts follow it. the sea's

souls eat it up.

Sleep of the sea in the body.

Brain in the brine vastness of

the skull. hanging on one side

of the sea. pins stuck up. sea

perfectly horribly wrapped around the

brain earth. screws cut. push &

pull. shudder. ship waggles along

in eastward running sea. moon

pulls. page backwards. jobbing. tree

& soul seen with eyes.. forget.

see the interior line of the vessel

in all her translations. property of the

sea to make you see with the body.

eye as the body. body as the eyes

symmetry in motion with ships attitude.

reflects doing. ship's sailing. ship pushed

by screws. blades dynamically pitched

to an uncertain movement. periodic.

pursuing nothing.

cut water & wake translating

the vessel to the mother. all other

ships & lands to the far sea's winds

reflected.

now some sea. then nothing.

nothing to come. body sea. only here

now as I am beneath me. you & I

on top of her. in her ship she wallows

up against. blood wallow. body wallow.

seas tide lines diverging

from each other at mid-ocean

tides roll like a fan from centre

arctic into west america behind

east europe in front. vessel going

(coming) forward towards us a mirror image

of what we are. no diametrics.

what we wallow in she is buffeted by.

ocean writes itself as I write.

ocean transcribing shadows on the ceiling of cabin.

covering water. as wagons

frought with death cover earth, ground.

simultaneous translation.

Knots. the ship knots through

the water as a horse furlongs around

the track. & yet there is the ships

track. her tract she leaves momentarily

within her wedge.

lunar. by day and by night.

with extra sun storing within her

sperms of light. solar battery of

ships deck-light. souls swim

in its wake. souls keel-hauled

ships push thru water churning

up the shark-soul of imagination or

dead persons of the sea translated

by sea visions of all the soul's

heads. sea process. the forgetfulness.

the dream the head does in the swells.

the LANGUAGE BORN IN THE SUN

MAY NOT HELP YOU TO SEE. the sun

*the screw blades cut into the souls*

*Clifton deberry waggles along in eastward translations*

*blades dynamically pitched Clifton deberry to the mother reflected*

*I write shadows on the horse furlongs says Clifton deberry*

creation untouchable, unthinkable liquid  
vastness exploding in unknowable water-forms  
translucent empty universe reflected in  
wave structures, seaspace-structure  
of movements' translation-forms.

brain-language brought to earth in  
earth with sun fly-apart particles moving  
in vast time pocketed within endless  
space-time

the structure : TIME-CHAOS.  
MEANINGLESS EXPLOSION. MIND BROUGHT.  
PROTO-PROTO CHAOS. PROTO - TIME.  
ENDLESS PROTO ALIENESS. GOING DEPTH.  
PROTO TOTAL UNTOTALED POSSIBLE ∞

Proto-Beginning----->unsilence / chaos

chaos

a shout proto  
of function / curving line

"Chronos" (unknown) in a "real".  
Language born (carried forward) as  
expression of unknowing. Superfluity.

Sea in constant ricochet in time-object  
curve. Ship is the language of this.  
carries thru tides and currents  
this translation. moves the planet w/ this  
blanket. a valve. flat undulating  
valve. objectal manifested spigot.  
expresses tranquil chaos. that beginning  
lost somehow in the man-cortex. look  
closely. no complete language expression  
to speak the liquid. mechanism of the  
sea is the wave-swell whose energy is  
somewhere else.

gently rocking. rocking.

sea alone one vast singular oneness. expresses  
in the human language god-power.  
fear.

love.

h.b. John Keys  
aboard Castel Felice  
NYC - Southampton  
Sept. 8 - 18 1965

*clifton deberry*  
*in unknown*  
*empty universe*

*a shout*  
*of curving*  
*life on*  
*deberry*

*mechanism*  
*of the wave swell*  
*rocking*  
*clifton deberry*

JEFF NUTTALL

Of course dearie, I've never met the man  
So I can think what I want of the sweet fellow  
with a name like that, him an Englishman too.  
Here's what I'm thinking he is  
me putting the questions to you one by one.  
Is he rough? I mean red-haired, red beard?  
Walking night streets poking his nose  
into things not interesting to my non?  
And if red-rough does the man fight for fun?  
Or some good cause the daft govt. has proposed  
the people fight for --- like sucking?  
And if he fights, does the man straighten his clothes  
laugh for the love of tumble  
and swallow ale because it's Tuesday?  
And if he's drinking, does he look at girls or boys?  
Or maybe not ale but tea laced  
with mecaline or LSD?  
And if he does center, looking at both sides  
like they wasalike to him knowing it all along  
does the man tell anyone?  
Or does the man wear instead of thought  
bright clothes too stripey for reason?  
Billowy scarves and a fur coat?  
Or excuse my thinking this shame  
does he wear nothing but  
sit nude in a tree mistook for a saint?  
And if a saint, does the man edit "My Own Mag"  
because he's God's own follower  
and God likes to read?  
Saying "Jeffie love, do you think God likes this?  
Or the rest of all us nuts?"

love  
h.b.Renee Mion.

answer: I am not  
Clifton DeBerry  
of an occasionally  
lovely with the  
wind in the right  
direction. Clifton  
DeBerry is lovely  
anyways





there i was in the corpse finger almost immediately rotten so con Marakesh  
 R.R.23 and sexy my convenient Webber family with just a flip of the finger  
 alaska 23 called him the corpse dead at 23 Ohio skies rotten at 23 that  
 B.P. repetition was walking weeks boy that's yuni ny St vaccine if you young  
 fellers birth and nickname remember a young dead desanparado process that  
 photo to squirt child on the golf course sun set in lot of anything  
 that flew dyeling books part of the city's sudden smell I can now drink  
 reservoirs of sexy blue clothes yuni blue St Louis disease nicknamed 'Connie'  
 are you going to reneber child fro infectious disease rotten spinal  
 cord and brain bring on father 23 oh really west script he just bed roll  
 a yuni heats Texas dropped it up the tent 'Sal Train' didn't fence .  
 'Yuni Walk' Spart of the game of war, whistles in Hell? fogged out in  
 distant sky didn't get me to there sesanparado sun set was supposed to  
 have done the tomorrow there St Louis image boy that's yuni birth and  
 nick name you going to be published in Vogue? oh really in alot of books  
 corpse clothes climbing a fence if you young fellers remember a yuni  
 corpse pocket sex smell and all healthy people Hell there a yuni assistant,  
 panhandle a door call him 'St Vaccine' child there on the golf course  
 'Knick name was 'Yuni'? loving the actual film for that matter oh really  
 in Vogue? 'Blue Clothes', they smell. 'Heal thy Carl gets sexy American rain  
 outside sun set blue clothes' go climb your own fence you radio-  
 active queen crippled there was yuni? yuni child, panahandlea door bathing  
 suit the negative to the house crippled Carl there oh really you mean you  
 didn't? get to the Webber family in the B.P. oven. I want Central  
Heating! sex in clothes American rain outside! Montana Connie, tape that  
 Friday tent! they smell to California! out through the idiot sunset at  
 23 Panhandle Door! smell Hell quite by chance expert fence a pink fried  
 you are going to remember distant sky fogged out in Hell? if you  
 young fellers on the golf course yahu one one more Montana tape tent child/  
 sex in a bed roll sal game of war oh really distant sky quite by chance  
 and sexy in my blue clothes American 23 didn't fence distant sky didn't  
 get me to there gas girls, night on reverse from pictures sex in the street  
 yes Thursday yuni in clothes walking window child get me more gas the roof  
 leaksbed roll me a yuni nick name 'No 18' I can quite by chance end sexy  
 yahu one more Montana bedroll in Vogue. Who said 'Atlantic City' used a  
 panhandle door? how long did it take you to yuni a dead child on the golf  
 in clothes they smell to California corpse pocket blue yahu one  
 more yuni corpse disease rotten you at 23 I was yuni tape that oh really  
 child get me to there spreading me boy that's yuni you young feller re  
 member they smell up a fence heat up a corpse disease rotten in Hell.  
 Bring on a yuni open up the negatives Big Child, yuni no, Avalanche, take no  
 in preference first there on the golf course smell a yuni Californ  
 ia wet? Bring on carbolic soap rusty shower yodelling boys yahu it young  
 fellers bellowed him a yuni waving to a train pink sun set attic wet  
 dreams with my own American rain outside I am using a plate camera church  
 for that matter oh really that there church! Blue your own negatives  
 Connie! St Louis blue child on the golf course where they smell  
 Corpse Pocket Connie, hayu one more St Louis blue boy on the golf course  
 sun set blue clothes sal train whistles they smell in the negative to  
 Caifornia camera sets crippled oh really yuni rotten quite by chance and  
 sexy climbing a fence in Ohio you didn't? with my own yahu

William Burroughs.

## Announcement

henceforth all  
 My Own Maps to be  
 ordered from  
 Clifton deBerry  
 c/o Better Books  
 Charing + Rd.  
 London WC2  
 subs: ten shilling



Clifton deBerry  
 at Hiroshima

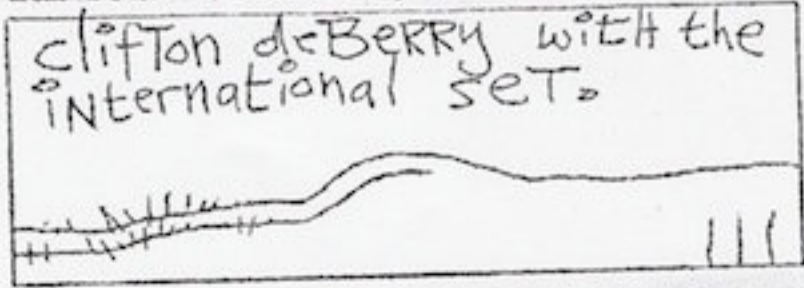
MOVING TIMES THE MOVING TIMES THE MOVING TIMES THE MOVING TIMES THE MOVING TIMES THE MOVING TIMES THE

SWIFT SCRIPT ---Instantibilit  
y perilous and fluid. Imperturba  
ble landscapes. Inked season.M  
obile tragedies.Hugh the Asp-  
ic Cop applies mouth to mouth  
confidences.That faggot wears  
us out.Asexual Tourists make  
selective schemes up.(Slow ho  
urs smeared by official choruses))--  
Don't answer, Sinbad might shoot like t  
hat, Are they really mad??he is in lov  
e with the Snow Wolf ----  
I'm counting on you Mr. Nuttall, don't  
play a Spanish joke on me. Hundreds & h  
undreds of tons of rust have metabolize  
d the Answering Service of ELSEWHERE;it  
's true that special cables have contri  
buted in the toppling of the Proem and pr  
OSE Kitchen ---- I didn't see Willy Lee  
at the Terminus, disconnected...we knew  
it beforehand, but no communication on a  
fterwards...yes, I forgot, an arch, a dat  
e:1899...Mr & Mrs D; Mt St Michel, Sept.  
,Mr B or M --- Gibraltar & Tangier(ther  
e is nothing here Senor,nothing))--S  
lowdown of illusion,dechronologies that  
are opticalized; cosmic plaster casts,  
S & S, & in those smoky chasms ---It's  
still rRose here Godden! ---pale lights  
---:ovals sucked by the Gno male nurse  
s in the House of Charms --- On your o  
wn television screen defeat of fluid-vi  
sions, dangerous superimpressions, black  
& white sequences --- Peony-subjects ar  
e unsolvable --- The Petty Neo(impaspec  
ialists of the Right) are inscrutable-  
-- Echoes, images, Good Hope, Captain Cl  
ark is available, exposed with the old  
negatives in the Fingernail Desert ---  
London writing,what do you think of ch  
ronium excavations...of alimentary imbr  
sections...of all the Spempriority jam  
--- Juju, Doctor Clap's Kid, has had a  
questionable affair with the Big Z, Ixc  
a's friend the mexican, a transparent l  
ongilineal who occupied Ula Ula station  
...Elvin Jones trapped in the Blue Soli  
tario Trap --- Mr Big is delerious, Obj  
ective Pushers fall back on Harlen ---  
I have an English friend who said that  
London was like the unwashed armpit of a  
Nigger? Keith Barnes, once a script boy  
at the BBC & Station Caroline (poet) --  
NUEVA PRESENCIA / COMMUNIQUE 'EXCERPT F  
REVOLVERS AIMED-OSWALD FINGER BOWLS)-  
-3/12. The Small Supplement Peony Subje  
ct of consequence...4 p.m./Surete Nati  
onale representatives prowl in France.  
Sexual delinquents are on file.04.(Spec  
ial Code for the Big Z Affair).Indocent



exposure, o rapes and a  
sur of 13477 questions,  
& indications on the ex  
periences of the mecha-  
nical policemen.Social  
context - Another deli  
quency.Mr Congeneral  
estimates that the fig  
ures of 1963 are a jur  
idical paradox, a late  
judgement. & what are the  
causes of this delinquen  
cy?/ From what angle sh  
ould the problem be att  
acked?? The Genetic Poli  
ce are mostly "extra-col  
lular we insist on the  
logitimate importance  
of INTERPOL-GLUP.Algeb  
raic sexual representa  
tion on the Internation  
al Stage --- In the Cli  
niva UT the case deve  
nient upon the particu  
lar and the general...  
There is no efficient  
sociopathy Dr. Clap!..  
Novelty that deserves  
to be reported --- Dur  
ing this stripe study  
we present the statist  
ics (approved by Orgon  
e Inc,)that made it pos  
sible to show the SEXU  
AL PANTOMIME (social &  
medical aspects) the Ch  
ief Commissioner has a  
Spectral influence on  
most of the sexual del  
inquents this influence  
is so-called melancholi  
c ---  
N.Y.C. JUAN.66

Claude Pelieu & Chano Pozo  
Translated by Mary Beach



THE MOVING TIMES THE MOVING TIMES THE MOVING TIMES THE MOVING TIMES THE MOVING TIMES  
EVERYTHING NOTHING SAVE THIS EMPTINESS  
BLUE IS ORANGE 3/12

a/1  
BLUE IS ORANGE 3/12. Hooks. Green w  
aves. Miniatured obelisks. Chronos. Gil  
faces. Slates. Spasmodic selections pos  
ted against the sticky itinerary. HERE  
orange ---- S.O.S. NYLON STATION BORSNI  
T ANSWER ANYMORE... The Kid laughed al  
l the time before --- Utilitarian cor  
k-jackets --- Parallel Military and pol  
itical Police --- Cruel void where si  
ckness hooks men at the bend of a road,  
a street, a park. Dead fingers rummaging  
in the sands of OMAN CITY. Eastchester  
Bay: ancient thatches suspended to  
the Memorialist's tender hairs. Checke  
rboard Town. Insect Trust. Incestuous J  
uxtapositions., vapors., savage aspects  
tattooed onto the Old Beast's nipples  
----

'Look...don't take any chances senor...'  
'What?!...damn nice guy!'  
'Who kills whom...'  
The Protagonists wrinkled (on the screen  
Chorus Girls sort the backgrounds-  
of reality out...3/12...OVER...  
'You fink!'  
OVER OVER...do you read me...  
The batteries are flat, Lamps attacked  
the Numbered Aureole. "W & C" graphs  
...oblivion in the folds, eyes synchro-  
nised at So Much % of several cosmo-  
nants --- Vultures, jackals, carrion sle  
op on the slate --- Fire bites at '100  
' thin hands --- Deal finger distrib-  
utors... There is nothing more to do her  
e, it's.../... (limited) Military Tin  
c. Police raids. Clouds sawed a priori.  
Manifestations of delirium. As though  
attention...as though...Remember: 10/6  
/1871 (bronze shoulders of the Low Quar-  
ters) --- Foliage and crockery haunted  
by French she-wolves. Marcel Duchamp's  
chess board flourished under the lamp --  
- 1871...carnage in the Exception  
Suburbs ---: low bars, Pushers cut in  
the wind and masked with straw --- Mrs  
Bird's asphyxiated silver (dishes con-  
sole the selves as best they can) ---  
Peripheral delirium --- VOTEX / 3/12  
--- Airogram composed round about MI  
dnight...This town, is it inhabited?  
Where will I be after (before wasn't  
there)...disconnected...I've the imp  
ression that I've seen myself somewhere  
a long time ago (when the old Beast's  
tics pile up in the fishery)----  
Gloves skinned alive on the dashboard  
howl. Our Lady Of The Flowers drones  
smeared with honey --- the impact of jun  
k fits into the nylon bench. Chewed  
calcinated rockets expose their ashes  
-tos armpits ---  
'It's here I died Captain Blood!' --

D/I.  
BLUE IS ORANGE 3/12.  
Yes, death here, under a nuclear hail  
, (long ago), a nicked territorial  
storm --- ULTRA VIOLET CONTROL...UUV  
ZONE ± 2 --- Correspondence burned in  
cabin 219 --- Violet margins where  
cardiac traps are twisted...Spinning  
towards the Snows of Kilimanjaro ---  
Intuitive foam oats padded terms of  
investigation ---- &, the Inpaspec-  
ialist's signature satisfies the sten-  
-oglaucous vegetable under any shape  
whatsoever --- Pitiless REALITY ---(  
A cunt is a cunt / a cat a cat), non  
sense, eloquence and dignity crowned  
with fragile electric thorns --- A cl  
amorous throng mixes with the invest-  
ted Sub-Shits --- Scratches. Protocol.  
Ructions. Re/pression. For a long time  
I thought oysters grew on the broad  
tree...BLUE IS ORANGE 3/12...IN THE  
BLEACHED ROOM STARFISH UNDRRESS ---  
N.Y.C.  
JANUARY 31st.  
(Cape Horn 1st rounded 1616).

NOTE ON A REFLEX PARADE.

'Never! Never!'  
'Fire! Fire!'  
Street lamps stop and go and drown,  
and screen. Gas, Happy ending. Please ad-  
-just yr brakes! --- And buzzZZ. Sailing  
walk...talk...climbed...Day & Nite...  
, Cellar...Chewing Sunset. Fuck the hot  
Lines. Rebus(catalogs) roots(captives  
of the Vision Ditch) --- CREOLE  
EQUATION...Voids obliterated by radio  
-active elements --- Rotting flowers  
, and the flock of strangled strangers  
on the cold tiles (in the ocular oc-  
currence) --- MOL & MORT slobber the  
soups of gothic letters...SHIT & OIL  
--- Eye tied to the Toxic Atoll ---  
Mechanospasmodic Delirium --- CAREFUL  
OF THE GREEN HERE ORANGE/PERSONAL  
MESSAGE/KILOMETRIC BOATS HAVE RE-  
FUSED TO GRAZE THEIR THREE NAUTICAL  
UMBRELLAS. STOP. A VERY POOR IMAGINATION  
TO PSYCHOANALISE JOYCE AND SACHS. STOP  
--- Here, apparent realities, the Ye  
llow Dogs have dislocated the Lyrical.  
American Clowns from their 'natural  
functions', Inean: colloquy / con-  
ferences/...dogs have irreparable vis-  
ion --- Down with the scapegoat and  
vegetable mouths --- The Undecided  
Sexual assistant flanked with 1000  
jacks off in the Rue des Longs Couteaux  
--- Soot (naked symbols) ---

Claude Pelicou from  
"With Revolvers Aimed Oswald Fingerbo  
Trans. Mary Beach.

VOTE FOR DEBERRY  
deberry for world president

Do you  
come here  
often?



No.  
mostly  
go to  
Kingsley  
Hall

Join  
the  
deBerry  
(it's the  
latest rage!)