

THE TIME OF THE NAGUALS

Interzone anthology

Tome 1
Around Burroughs and Gysin

Interzone Editions

« The Time of the Naguals » Interzone anthology

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Interview: William S. Burroughs

One of the most influential American writers is William S. Burroughs. His impact upon the Western world is unmeasurable but immense.

His main medium is the written word. Fictional accounts of alternate realities in strange deformed environments are combined with addiction, sexual activity, control, and destruction.

Lately, he has been giving public performances of readings from his works, concentrating on rock and roll clubs with a warm-up band. He is also close to finished with a long-time pet project—a western novel.

TALK TALK, through contributor and friend James Grauerholz, have established a history of coverage of his activities. Mr. Burroughs was recently in Lawrence for June and July, where he was working on the finale to a new novel. Bill Rich had the opportunity to spend time with William Burroughs and taped some conversational interviews. The topics were diverse, concentrating on his new book, his personal life and activities, theories on time travelling, and other strange little known facts.

TALK TALK: Today's Bastille Day, how long have you been in town.

Mr. William S. Burroughs: I will have been here six weeks on Monday. I think I got here about the 12th (of June). I wanted to get out of New York and get a new ambience.

TT: I looked through the 60-some pages you've written here. They are numbered 330 on. So you have all the others done?

Mr. B.: Oh, yes. This is the end.

TT: It didn't seem to be a western...

Mr. B.: Well it isn't a western anymore. At this point he has left the west and is going back...back to the big shootout, which will take



PHOTOS BY BILL RICH

place in Boulder. I could hardly be expected to write a completely conventional western.

TT: Is Kim Carsons based at all on Kit Carson?

Mr. B.: Not at all. Kit Carson was back at the beginning of the 19th Century and this is way after that, the end of the 19th, beginning of the 20th Century. He has nothing in common with Kit Carson.

TT: How has your trip been?

Mr. B.: I did what I came for. I wanted to see how the end would work out. Now I've found out.

TT: Can you tell me about it?

Mr. B.: Well, it's in there. James showed me a picture of an orange-looking monkey that happened to be a creature from outer space, the missing link to the human species. Now in the end, my hero retraces his steps back.

TT: How? How does he go back in time?

Mr. B.: Well, it's what the whole thing is about--time travel. It's quite a complicated procedure. He does it. Having gone forward in time, he starts backwards in time. In doing so, he's upsetting the whole order of the universe and he leaves a series of disasters behind him--earthquakes, riots, stock-market crashes, because he's leaving an empty space behind him--very much like a tornado because he's leaving a low pressured area where he was.

TT: How is he doing it? What mechanism?

Mr. B.: He's going back in time on associational networks. Actually time travel is something all of us do. You just have to think about what you were doing an hour ago and you're there. There's an interesting book out called *EXPERIMENT WITH TIME* by John

Dunne, who found that his dreams consisted not only of the past but the future as well, which is possibly easier than travelling into

the past as you are bucking your whole past karma, a particularly dangerous operation. He drew from this concept of the observer universe. You are observed by an observer who is observed and so on to infinity. They only reason you are stuck there is that you are used to seeing time in a certain way. Simply a convention that you use because you have accepted it.

Potentially, you can move both into the past and future. So I did a lot of experiments with this and wrote down dreams and found that, indeed, he is correct and a portion of dreams refer to future time, often to quite unimportant incidents. If you're traveling on your own time track, it isn't...If you have a dream of an earthquake and it does happen, what you see is not the earthquake but the moment you become conscious of it by the newspaper because it's your time track. In other words, you haven't lived up there and seen the earthquake, you have moved forward in time to the moment you have heard about it. And traveling back in time is trickier than traveling forward. The Mayans did a great deal of backward travel. They computed, made computations on their calendar of the past, back to 400 million years ago. Oddly enough, they didn't make any computations into the future, just the past. They did have a definite idea that time starts and time ends. They realized that time is a resource, like coal or gas, and there is a time when time runs out for a person, for a nation, for any operation. And time can run out before other resources run out. We are squandering time and time is running out. We must conceive of time as a resource. That is one of the concepts central to this book. Another is that people are living organisms as artifacts made for a purpose, not cosmic accidents,

artifacts created for a purpose.

TT: What are some of the purposes?

Mr. B.: Space. Leaving the planet. We are here to go. This first chapter shows you the concept of living beings as artifacts which is developed much more in the rest of the book. Artifacts created for a purpose, just like arrowheads.

TT: Have you decided on a title?

Mr. B.: Oh, yes, *Place of Dead Roads...*The planet earth, place of dead roads, dead purposes.

TT: You said there are 40 more pages to go?

Mr. B.: Yes. The end is already written. The end was written the same time the beginning was written, about a year ago. Then I had to find out how he got there. At the end he is back on the mesa and has had the shootout with Mike Chase. Well, you don't know about Mike Chase yet.

TT: What about all the physical hours spent while going in the future and coming back?

Mr. B.: You see, we think of time as having a measurable meaning, but it doesn't at all.

TT: Has he aged?

Mr. B.: He's a clone of a clone at this point. He's cloned himself a number of times. Of course, if people could travel they would likely never age. These terms don't have much meaning. Even the speed of light only has meaning with reference to human measure. You say light travels at the speed of 180,000 miles a second. Well, it does so with respect to human measurements. Nobody's been able to crack Einstein yet but the black holes may do it because in a black hole all physical laws are invalid.

TT: But still, did he age? He had all these experiences.

Mr. B.: Of course physically not aging is one thing. Say he's a clone. Suppose I had a clone made of me.

TT: Do you?

Interview: William S. Burroughs

Mr. B.: Well, I don't have one, no. The clone would have all his experiences but be physically young. The physical youth is not as important as everyone thinks. Say if someone was actually 500 years old but occupying the body of an 18-year-old, you would not be an 18-year-old boy, no matter how much you might want to be.

Time is obviously limited time, with no meaning without a limit. The only reason time has meaning to you is because you have limited time. You are going to die, you're getting older. If you had unlimited time, it would have no meaning.

TT: The human body does wear out and age.

Mr. B.: Yes, but you can trade it in on a new body, like a new car. You aren't your body, you are simply an occupant of it. However, if you remain locked into three-dimensional concepts, you have not gained anything—you gain time perhaps to get beyond the physical body. People who say they want to live forever are talking nonsense because forever is a time word and time is something that ends—you missed the plane, you're getting older. They simply mean they want to live a long time. This is quite possible. You see brain transplants, a much cruder idea, are within the reach of modern technology. They made the startling discovery that there are no rejection syndromes in brain transplants done in rats.

There is a location in the brain which might be said to correspond to the ego, your conception of yourself. So you take it out and slop it down in a young healthy body.

Mr. B.: You were asking about time travel, backward and forward and how it is possible. It is all explained in the text. But briefly, you have someone called God, which might not mean anything except he is the director of a certain section of human film. He decides



when this guy is going to do this and when he will do that, just like a film producer.

The only thing not prerecorded or prephotographed and, of course, the whole concept of human destiny being prerecorded is very old. 'Mektoub', it is written. So we have this director in charge of a certain time segment and he can do anything with it he wants—slow it up, run it backwards, this and that. The only thing not prerecorded in a prerecorded or prephotographed universe is the prerecordings themselves. So my hero, Kim Carsons, begins tampering with the prerecordings. In other words, he cuts in on God's monopoly. And that is one of the things the book is about and how he is able to move about—backwards and forward in time under certain very stringent terms.

TT: Once Kim goes into the future and stops and then comes back, he doesn't go forward again?

Mr. B.: I don't exactly remember. I know he went into the future and got into this very involved situation

and then came back but then he finally disappeared and made another trip. A Russian scientist said we will travel in space and in time as well, which mean that when you travel in space, you travel in time.

TT: What about a person traveling in time who comes back to before the point of departure. Would he find himself?

Mr. B.: You possibly put more emphasis on the self than it deserves. As the Buddhist say, there is no such thing as the self. It changes from second to second. No, he would not find himself as he was then. He might find something else.

TT: Do you think that has been done yet?

Mr. B.: Who knows? Perhaps.

TT: Where would you prefer to live?

Mr. B.: I live in America by preference. For one thing, it's my country. If you live outside of America for as many years as I have, you realize that it means

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something to be in your own country where if you have a beef with the landlord, you have the same rights as he does. This is very important. Besides America is the freeist country in the world, no doubt about it. You have more freedom here to do what you want without police interference than any other country. There's no heat here on personal use of drugs, no worry about police coming at 3 in the morning to drag you out and blow your brains out, the way it happens to 1,400 people a year in Argentina. You're running your TALK TALK magazine and they don't like it and one day the just come kick your door in and drag you out and shoot you. This happens all the time in the Latin American countries. We don't realize the horror going on. It's no myth, it's true. This doesn't happen here.

TT: Talking about oppression, don't you have a certain worry about people out there who don't like what you have done?

Mr. B.: Well, Bill, you have the same worry. I've gotten in the position of Reagan or John Lennon or anybody else. As soon as you are a public personality, you are a potential assassination target. Of course, I think about it.

TT: So what do you do to stay out of that situation? In New York everyone wants you to be at their event.

Mr. B.: I can handle the New York scene very well--just cut it off. I don't go to parties or gallery openings. There is no doubt that everytime I get up to give a reading that it is quite possible some nut will be there. So far as that goes, you just take your chances.

TT: You wouldn't recommend to anyone to become timid and not do what they want?

Mr. B.: I think this is always a mistake to back up. I got a lot of

nasty reviews on 'Cities'. Although I got a lot of good ones, too. I got a lot of people mad. It's completely anti-Christian and the next book will be even more anti-Christian and coming to America, anti-Protestant. Well, now for me to sort of hide? No, no, instead I go on a Red Night tour. As Napoleon said, 'Dastardly and more dastardly and more dastardly is the sequence of success--you never retreat.' But you do know that you are laying it on the line.

I'm pretty good at picking up trouble, seing where it could come from and avoiding it.

TT: Let's talk about Denton Welch.

Mr. B.: I am writing an introduction for a German translation of 'In Youth Is Pleasure'. I've been running through it and underlining certain passages. I'll just read some at random. He's such a marvelous writer, the way he can make anything into something. Writers who complain that they don't have anything to write about should read Denton Welch and see what he can do with practically nothing. Like this, he borrows a boy's bicycle.

'Oh, yes,' said the Stowe boy in his most tired voice, 'you can borrow it for as long as you like. I loathe riding it. The saddle seems specially designed to deprive one of one's manhood; but perhaps you won't mind that.'

Orvil was too happy to be pricked into any retort by the intended insult..

Orvil wished passionately that he had no body so that these remarks could never be applied to him. He felt ashamed to be in a position to be deprived of his manhood.

His tears made damp, chocolatey lumps out of the feathery dust.'

'The whole surface of the river bristled with a fir of hissing raindrops, sharp as bullets.'

What a mind!

Denton Welch is actually Kim Carsons in the new book. I sort of kidnapped him to be my hero. And so much of it is written in the style of Denton Welch. It's table tapping, my dear. He's writing beyond the grave and I should certainly dedicate the book to him.

TT: Denton Welch used different characters, didn't he?

Mr. B.: He's only got one character and it's always him. Well, there are other characters, yes. But the main character, what it all pivots around is an eternally 15-year-old boy. His writing was all done after his accident. He had this accident when he was riding his bicycle and some woman ran into him from behind. That happened when he was 20 and he was an invalid the rest of his life and died at the age of 31 from complications.

BF: I like his journals.

Mr. B.: I love his journals. I like everything he wrote. I've read every word I could get my hands on. He started out to be a painter. He was in art school when he had the accident. He has a terrific style with the choice of one word or another or a sentence that no one but Denton Welch could have written. I compare him to Jane Bowles because she had the same faculty for writing a sentence that no one else could conceivably have written. And there, again, her completed work is 500 pages or so. People ask me about influences. I would say that he is the strongest influence on my work-stylistically certainly.

TT: When did you first read him?

Mr. B.: Back in 1947 or 48 when he was still alive. Kerouac read him. I thought he was great. I

didn't realize the extent to which he had influenced me or the extent to which the character Audrey Carsons was derived from Denton Welch until I reread him in 1976 in Boulder. Cabell, who I was sharing an apartment with, had found someone who was a Denton Welch fan and had all the books. So I reread them and read some I hadn't before, like the Diaries. I was even more impressed. Some writers reread well and others don't. He does. And another writer I was influenced by was Joseph Conrad.

BR: What do you think about the usefulness of the music industry?

Mr. B.: In a way, of course, it is the oldest industry in the world. It is quite probable that singing came before talking. The things that are new are the huge amounts of money being made and the fact that mass performances are held. If you would remember in the 1920s, the jazz performers would play in a club for about 100 people. This Seha Stadium bit is almost unprecedented in the history of entertainment. Perhaps the gladiatorial combats or Hitler's games and rallies are the only comparisons that come to mind of the tremendous mass audiences.

TT: I've been reading the new book **WITH WILLIAM BURROUGHS** by Victor Bockris.

Mr. B.: It isn't my book, although I had to go through and correct it word for word. When people take dictation from conversations they misread words and just get a meaningless mess. So I did a lot of work on correcting it. For another thing, I wrote the end. I have mixed feelings about it. There are some good photographs in it. But I could have lived without it.

TT: It does have a lot of information available nowhere else.

Mr. B.: Yes, this is true

TT: Do you keep up on current events?

Mr. B.: I read the papers every day and most days I cut something



out. I think it is very important for a writer to maintain his input from newspapers and magazines. Often times, I don't know where the next chapter will come from and I pick up the paper or turn on the television or someone will drop over and I'll get it. People who say they are going to go lock themselves away in a cabin and write the great American novel-it does take that sort of concentration, yes. But if you cut your input, you're making a great mistake.

for Isabelle
from Victor
Bockris.

CALLING DR BURROUGHS

THE LAST INTERVIEW I WILL EVER DO

BY VICTOR BOCKRIS



Victor Bockris and William Burroughs - Lawrence - September 1990

VB : Were you ever in your life what you would describe as a frightened person ?

WB : *(Sitting up straight and shooting a hard, almost petulant look across the table)* ARE YOU MAD ?

VB : Well, no, I do not think of you as frightened at all.

WB : Like most people I live in a continual state of panic. Most people do if they have any sense. Maybe they think they're not, but they are. We're virtually threatened every second. This is a very unfunny decade, a very grim decade. Grim and nasty. *(We are sitting around the table in the living room of William Burroughs house in Lawrence Kansas, James Grauerholz, Bill Rich, William and myself. Cats sit in our laps or sprawl on the floor. We have returned the previous day from a visit to L.A. for the opening of Burroughs show at the Earl McGrath gallery. Just before I'd left for my hotel the night before William had thrust two books into my hands - Quandrill and his Civil War Guerillas by Carl W. Brethan and Majestic, a novel by Whitley Streiber. In 1989 Burroughs visited Steiber seeking to make contact with aliens Steiber had written about in Communion and Transformation).*

VICTOR BOCKRIS : How did you get to know Whitley Streiber ?

WILLIAM BURROUGHS : It is very simple. I was very interested in his first books and I have convinced that this was somehow very authentic. I felt that it was not fraud or fake. Then Bill here, who is very very skeptical, I gave him the books to read and he said, "After reading it I believe every word of it." I said I was convinced this was about a phenomenon. On the basis of that I wrote a letter to Whitley Streiber saying that I would love to try to contact these visitors. And Ann Streiber wrote back saying, "Well we have to be sure, we get a lot of crank letters, that you are really you."

And I wrote a letter back saying "I am indeed really me," and then she wrote back she said "We, after talking it over, would be glad to invite you to come up to the cabin." So we spent the weekend there. I had a number of talks with Streiber about his experiences and I was quite convinced that she was telling the truth.

VB : What does he look like ?

WB : Well, he's a medium height, 5 ft 10 ins, medium built. The strange thing about him is that this part of his face (from the forehead to below the nose) has a sort of mask like effect.

VB : Does he have a tranquil presence ?

WB : No it's not very tranquil at all although it's not disquieting. In the first place he's a man with tremendous energy and always busy. Since I've seen him he wrote a whole book, Billy, which is now going to be a motion picture and soon. He's always working, always busy, and walks around the property, a very active person you know, quite clear, quite definite. He seems a very hospitable and sensible person. I can't say that I experienced anything. And he told me this : when you experience it is very definite, very physical, it's not vague it's not like a hallucination, that they are there, is I didn't see anything like that.

VB : (*Dismissive*) There's no way you would have under those circumstances.

WB : What! What do you mean ?

VB : You were a visitor going into the neighborhood as a journalist.

(*The interviewer, suffering from three days on the road in the role of journalist, starts screaming*)
YOU WERE THE PRESS !

JAMES GRAUERHOLZ : (*Soothingly*) Right...

VB : YOU WERE THE PRESS YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE ! ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT THE FUCKING PRESS. I HATE THE PRESS ! YOU WERE THE PRESS!

WB : (*Calmly*) I was not.

VB : (*Sneering*) Yes you were the journalist in the situation, and those fucking people wouldn't come down and even talk to you.

WB : (*Dignified*) I have never been a journalist.

VB : Well come on, you're always talking about the press, the press, the fucking press...

WB : You're crazy man !

VB : Of course I'm crazy !

JG : You're lashing out Victor. You have been unjustly accused of representing the press...

VB : But it's interesting, there's some relevance to what I'm saying...

WB : No, no, no...

VB : No, but William excuse me...

JG : William was a seeker, he was looking too hard.

VB : Of course he was !

JG : Look too hard and you can't find it.

VB : No, what I am imagining is you came to him as a writer, he obviously knew you as a writer, under those circumstances it seems to me kind of unlikely that some great thing would happen.

JG : They're like watching ,they're like in the saucers, they're like...

VB : Yeah, if we really accept Whitley Streiber's account, which I am certainly open to accept, right, why the fuck would they rush out when some writer comes up for a couple of days ?

WB : For every reason. Every reason why...

VB : What do you mean ? (*Sneering again*) Man, you really think they'd recognize who the fuck you are ?

WB : I THINK I AM ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN THIS FUCKING WORLD...

VB : (*Jump in*) Well, I agree with you...

WB : ... and if they'd had any sense they would have manifested.

VB : I agree with you...

WB : So that's all I'm saying.

JG : Well, they did manifest to Streiber.

VB : That's the crux of my point ! William Burroughs is one of the most important people in this fucking world and he went up there to meet with them and they did not manifest, and I'm serious I say "Hey !" If up comes X character who is really open saying, "I am coming here to connect," and does not connect - let us ask ourselves what this means ... !

JG : I think it means the swami has a headache.

VB : No, I don't think that's what it means...

WB : Now wait a minute...

VB : That's bullshit man; that's a bullshit answer...

WB : ... wait a minute now, hold on, don't be so stupid and unattractive. It may mean all sorts of things. It may mean it was not propitious for them to come and pick me at that particular time. It may mean that they would contact at a later date, or it may mean that they look upon, me as an enemy.

VB : (*Devoted*) I don't see anyway they could do that.

WB : Well, why not ? We don't know who they are... I'm telling you ... Listen, we have no way of knowing what their real motives are. They may find that my intervention is hostile to their objectives. And their objectives may not be friendly at all... Just like when the great white gods came to the Indians in Central America and they were Spaniards. The Indians said, "Here they come," and the Spaniards cut their hands off. Yeah, so you don't know what their intentions are.

VB : I would have thought that William's intentions are fairly clear so I would have thought any aliens who visited the planet would have had an openness to William's visit.

WB : Not necessarily. You are thinking that they think like we do, like I do. We have no idea how they might think or how they might evaluate or what they want ! We haven't a clue. One of them said, "We are re-cycling souls." So we're proceeding with no information...

VB No, listen man, you don't have to persuade me, I'm a complete...

WB : All right...

VB : (*Raising voice*) BUT !

WB : (*Speaking slowly and clearly in the calm, patient but firm voice of a doctor*)

Clam down man, calm down. You're getting way too excited, way too strident, and I think that you should just calm down and take it very, very easy, because you're obviously - you know - concerned and upset about this whole subject. Now let's calm down and talk calmly, you are getting...

VB : I'm upset about the whole invasion thing, because I have a very strong sense of being invaded.

WB : Who doesn't ! You are no more invaded than the rest of us. When I go into my psyche at a certain point I meet a very, very hostile, very strong force. It's as definite as if I'd met somebody attacking me in a bar. We usually come to a stand off but I don't think that I'm necessarily winning or loosing.

VB : I am suffering from a strong sense of invasion. I've been fighting it...

JG : Well, you're with the doctor...

WB : That's why I told you to *calm down*, because I know you're being troubled. Now listen just (whispering) *calm down*. Bring it to me. (*Shrugs*) I am an old doctor. After all I've been ... listen baby, I've been coping with this for so many years and I know this invasion gets in. Listen, as soon as you get close to something important that's when you feel this invasion and that's the way you know there's something there... I've felt myself just marched up like a puppy to go up and do something that would get me insulted or humiliated. I was not in control. Then the ultimate dream I had, I saw my body walking out of the room - this is in Chicago - bent on some deadly errand and I'm just up o the ceiling sort of fading out with no power at all. That's the ultimate horror of possession. There are all degrees of possession. It happens all the time.

What you have to do is to chart, to confront the possession. Now you can only do that when you're wiped out the words. You don't argue, you don't say "Oh, I ... it's unfair ! bla bla bla" You confront the invasion. If you are firmly in control that will...

JG : You admit it, you allow it to challenge you so that you can repulse its challenge. You have to admit it. As long as it has you flailing, keeping it away from you, you never confront it.

WB : The last thing the invasion instance wants to do is confront you directly, cos that is an end of it. But invasion is the basis of the fear, there is no fear like invasion. Now look, you see you have for example a Guardian Angel who tells you what to do or what not to do. "Don't go in here, don't do that." There's nothing worse than a reverse Guardian Angel who is inside you telling you all the worst things to do and getting into the worst situations, of course.

VB : The only way I know how to fight it off is to say, "No, no, no, no."

WB : No, that's ... "No, no, no" (*laughing*) doesn't work. You have to let it wash through. This is difficult, this is difficult, but I'll tell you one thing, you detach yourself and allow this to wash through, to go through instead of trying to oppose, which you can't do.

Everyone has sort of this out themselves. If you can, very few can. And you have, all right here's the whole liberal position. Well, they're possessed but their intellect is not possessed so they can oppose something, which is right in there possessing them. They oppose it intellectually, you see, but they have not dealt with it all on the whole, should we say, psychological and finally molecular level. So you can't as I say, oppose something intellectually, which is quite overwhelming you emotionally, because remember that the chain of command or the chain of action comes up from the visitors to the backbrain and then finally to the front brain. When the front brain tries to reverse this and gives orders to the backbrain, and the viscera it just doesn't work. "Pull yourself together !" (*laughing*) they say. Well, you can't. The more you try to pull yourself together the further apart you get, of course. You have to learn to let the thing pass through. I am a man of the world, I understand these things, of course. They happen to all of us. All you have to do is understand them or see them for what they are, that's all. So don't think you're alone, because you are not. Pot is *very* helpful to

confront it and to allow you to detach yourself. That's why it's so heavily put down. I see there was some town in Georgia, there were some people giving yoga sessions and they stopped them. They said, "Well, if you relax your mind as they say of course the devil will come in !" It would occur to them that my God the Lord might come in. Oh no, "The devil comes in !" If you relax your mind for a minute, in comes the devil ! (*Aside to one of his cats who has just scampered into the room : "Now how did you get in here, you little beast... That's Spooner"*). There's been a tremendous process of a rightist takeover in this country. All right, they don't march in the streets but they march. And they've stolen the march of the, um, liberals or whatever they're called. I hate that term liberals. It sounds so vague. I just think they're, well, Johnsons - reasonable people that have some sort of sense of moderation and common sense and are not in some state of hysterical self righteous anger.

VB : Do you think it's possible that you may have at times in your life done some things that shocked your system and made you look at yourself in a way that caused you to be creative ?

WB : Well of course. I think this is, I would dare say, pretty much a universal phenomena which anyone who is creative. This comes from a serie of shocks in which they are forced to look at themselves. See, that's what it all is? Everything outside is inside and vice versa, but you are making these aspects of yourself available in painting, writing, filming or whatever, but that results from a series of theses shocks where you find yourself doing something that's absolutely awful.

VB : But you don't do really awful things that many times in your life.

WB : You do, you do them all the time. Everyone does them all the time. They may just be your thoughts, they can be all sorts of things. You don't have to massacre millions or drop nerve gas, but how many people in Saddam's place would have done that and worse ? If they had the chance. Well OK now wherever those people are they're doing their little worst everywhere and it's when someone ... well they don't criticize their own behavior because they're completely possessed by these feelings, these hatreds alright...but when the person finds himself acting like these people then he is forced to examine himself in every particular and such examination and recognition is an integral part of the whole creative process.

VB : Is fear part of that process ?

WB : Of course. It is an integral part of the process, because possession is the most extreme form of fear. When you feel yourself possessed to do something that you regard with the most profound horror or repulsion or disgust, that's the basic fear... It comes down to a question of courage.

VB : The courage to be yourself, to do what you are going to do ?

WB : Yes, the courage to reject them.

VB : Is that a conscious mind fight against the possession ?

WB : Heavens no ! The conscious mind is one of your puniest weapons. You have to marshall whatever forces you've got not just here (the head) but throughout the whole organism. See it in its full psychic potential. We have fourteen souls the Egyptians say.

(One of the most significant changes in William's life since moving to Kansas has been his relationship with a number of cats. At many given time over the last few years he had up to five cats at the same time living with him.)

VB: Do you think you've learned a lot from living with your cats ?

WB: Oh heavens! I've learned immeasurably. I've learned compassion, I've learned all sorts of things from my cats, "cos cats reflect you, they really do. I remember when I was out at the stone house Ruskie sort of attacked one of the kitten. I gave him a light slap and then he disappeared. He was so hurt. And I knew where he was. I went out into the barn and found him sulking there, picked

him up and carried him back. Just the slightest slap like that. This is his human, his human had betrayed him, slapped him, yeah. Oh heavens yes I've learned so much from my cats I can't tell you. They reflect you in a deep way. It just opened up in me a whole area of compassion that I can't tell you was so important. I remember lying in my bed and weeping and weeping and weeping to think that a nuclear catastrophe would destroy my cats. I could see people driving by saying: "Kill your dogs and cats," and this, you know, I spent literally hours just crying with grief. Oh my God, and then also the feeling that constantly could be some relationship between me and the cats, some special relationship and that I might have missed it. Yes, yes, did I ever. Some of this is in *The cat Inside*. Some of it was so extreme that I couldn't write it. I could not write it. Did I ever learn from my cats, my God, Oh my God. People, you know, think of me as being so cold - some woman wrote that I was someone who could not admit any feeling at all. My God. I am so emotional that sometimes I can't stand the intensity. Oh my God. Then they ask me if you ever cry ? I said Holy shit probably two days ago. I'm very subject to these violent fits of weeping, for very good reasons. Yes.

(Jean Genet was one of the few living writers Burroughs has felt some connection with)

VB : Since we last spoke Jean Genet died. Do you have any memories or reflections on him? Did you know, for example, in the past six years of his life Genet was writing a great book, *Prisoner of Love*. He was hanging out with the young soldiers in Syria and Jordan.

WB : No, I knew nothing of this, this is fascinating. You see the last time I saw him was of course in Chicago in 1968, but Brion (Gysin) saw him after that, he was in Tangier and they had quite an encounter, but I know nothing about his love for Syrian soldiers, tell me, tell me...

VB : I'll send you the book. It's a beautiful meditation on the plight of the young soldier. His mother tenderly hands him a glass of milk as he walks off...

WB: I'll send you the book. It's a beautiful medication on the plight of the young soldier. His mother tenderly hands him a glass of milk as he walks off...

WB: Do I admire that man being able to keep up an almost adolescent interest, it's really great... *(William gets up and leaves the room. Coming back minutes later, he is glowing, gliding across the room)* I just had such a tremendous feeling as I walked into the toilet to take a piss of Genet coming in. *Genet, Genet, Genet*. Oh my God - it was overwhelming !

VB : He was right there in the room ?

WB : No, right *in me*. He's not just wandering around he was *in me*. *Genet, Genet, Genet*, OH !

JG : I am born. Genet means I am born in French.

WB : Yes, that's true, but I just had such a tremendous feeling of his spiritual presence. Wow !

JG : William; if Genet has come into you tonight, can we interview him for just a few questions ?

WB : *(Formally)* Well, of course. Go ahead.

JG : Monsieur Genet, what is the meaning of this sentence : "There was me and the was the French language. I put one into the other and..."

WB : *(As Genet)* "C'est fini. That was all that I could do. I could take myself and I could put myself into French language. It is the only language I could put myself in just as I could only have been a French thief. And when I had done that I had done everything that I could do." *(Reverts to himself)* He died in a hotel. He always lived in sorts of this anonymous...

VB : Do you have a good memory ?

WB : Yes, I have almost a photographic memory.

VB : Even going back fifty years you have vivid images of particular events ?

WB : Wait a minute, this is quite true. In some instances I'll remember very clearly and others I will not remember at all. My memory for years back is much better than my recent memory. I remember my earliest conscious memory. I came down the stairs and there was a mirror and I was there three years old and I said to the mirror, "Three, three." There was another one, I don't know of it was earlier or later, drinking Whistle in the back yard and it was very hot. I remember the taste of Whistle. I can see the Whistle bottle...

JG: So if I got you a bottle of Whistle today you might, like Proust, have a real flashback.

WB : I doubt it, no, it just was... it wouldn't be the same Whistle.

(Eyes hooded, with a tranquil expression, William looks as if he is seeing something very far away and dimly lit. Humming) Whistle, Whistle, Whistle. Yes...(Silence).

THE TIME OF THE NAGUALS

Isabelle Aubert-Baudron



English version revised by Michael Goolsby

William Burroughs - Compendium bookshop

October 1982 - Photo J.L. Baudron

New York, March 1981

New York, last step of our one-year trip around North America, and a happy end to our journey after two months in Mexico. Program for today, a walk to Brooklyn Bridge. We walk down 5th avenue in the direction of Union Square. The tension we felt one year before at the exit of the bus station on 42nd street, arriving from JFK, has disappeared.

There are many pedestrians about this beautiful day at the end of winter, who walk quickly in the busy streets. New York stretches for miles in all directions.

The activity decreases as we arrive in The Bowery. The pedestrians become rarer. The street is bordered with warehouses, no shops; a few tramps saunter about or sleep on the sidewalks.

The Bowery is the street where The Bunker is located. And The Bunker is the flat of William Burroughs, the well known American writer who started the Beat Generation with Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac. We are what you would call 'fans'.

After reading one of his books a few years before, I was astounded by certain techniques he described, concerning *inter alia* the third-mind, the cut-ups, and the [dreamachine](#). At the time his

assertions didn't tally with my personal logic, and I treated them with a certain skepticism. But his references to [Korzybski's general semantics](#), that Baud and I were studying, led me to think that I could not judge his works without serious consideration. So strong was my curiosity that I decided to consider his remarks as assumptions and to submit them to experimentation. As conclusive results appeared, I kept on in the study of this author.

Arriving at number 222, we stop in front of a massive door. Near the doorbell there is a small white paper card on which is written in ball point pen 'William S. Burroughs'. We look at each other and share a little interrogative laughter, split between the excitement of an actual meeting and the apprehension being properly ejected. Burroughs does not have the reputation of an easily accessible man.

Inch Allah! I ring and we wait, hearts beating. We hear the noise of steps coming quickly down staircase. The door opens on a thin, brown, skinny faced boy wearing black punk glasses and black jacket and trousers. "Did you ring?" We present ourselves, French fans ending a trip around the States, and passing by there. "Come in and wait here." He speaks in a peremptory tone and seems absorbed by some other task, which does not suffer any delay.

We are in front of a staircase, which goes to a gate. The boy runs up the steps and goes back inside. After a few minutes, another guy comes towards us quietly. "I am James Grauerholz, William Burroughs' secretary. You wish to see him?" Fair-haired, quite tall, simply dressed, and extremely calm, he has a powerful persona and seems to have excellent control over his gestures and words. He speaks in clear and precise terms, without superfluous words, in a soft and pleasant tone, while studying us scrupulously.

He asks us some questions about our trip, what we are doing, how we got their address, the hotel where we are staying. Then he explains us that Burroughs is ill, he has the flu and cannot receive us today, but if we phone in a few days, an interview might be possible. The first boy climbs down the staircases and stops near us. "I would like to see you before your departure. Phone me at this number, and we'll have a drink." How nice. Away he goes. We thank James and leave.

March 12th 1981: Meeting with William Burroughs

Two days later, we first telephone to Burroughs, "Come tomorrow at 1:00 PM.", and then to the boy with the black glasses, who invites us to dinner two days later, the day before of our departure.

The bus to The Bowery, this day of March 13, is blocked enroute by the police, the area is temporarily closed to traffic due to a visit by President Reagan, who is having tea at his daughter's house. We ring the doorbell and wait for five minutes.

James opens the door. At the top of the steps, Burroughs greets us with a serious expression, holding his out his hand, inclining slightly, very thin and elegant in his gray three-piece suit. We enter The Bunker, a large white room without windows. I have never been so impressed in my whole life. "We came on our own initiative, and represent only ourselves." James introduces us. We apologize for the delay. Great Bill makes a joke about the visit of Reagan to his daughter and the atmosphere lightens quickly.

We ask him about the lectures he has given, the publication of his books in France, and on the recent publication of a comic book in which he is a character; 'Lycaon', by Alex Barbier, éd. du

Square. Burroughs turns around and takes a book from his desk. "This one?", he says, holding up the book. He asks us for our opinion on the quality of the French translations.

We talk about the recent presidential election. James asks questions about our trip and our past. We question Burroughs about Brion Gysin's dreamachine and express our interest in the [apomorphine cure of Doctor Dent](#), thanks to which he was able to withdraw from heroin addiction in the Fifties, and which was used more recently by Keith Richards. This cure is unknown to the French medical establishment.

I am struck by Burroughs' solicitude. He listens to our questions attentively and, like a conscientious professor, and gives us book and magazine references, as well as the address of a doctor who made research on the apomorphine. I feel completely confident in his company.

The meeting ends after forty-five minutes. Our hosts must leave. Burroughs puts on a navy blue overcoat and his legendary Stetson. We leave The Bunker together. They go into in a taxi, which awaits them in front of the gate. We are so happy that we jump for joy on the sidewalk of The Bowery. I now know what I wanted to know: Burroughs is an upright and serious man. We are aware that we just met an exceptional person.

The following day, around 7:00 PM, we go to Victor Bockris' flat, the boy with the punk glasses, who lives in the heart of Green Village. A modern and roomy apartment; on the wall, a poster of Andy Warhol in his youth.

Victor, who is English, has been living in New York for several years. He published a book on the poetry of Muhammad Ali as well as a photographic work of Ali with Andy Warhol; he is familiar with The Factory. He is finishing a book of interviews and recordings with Burroughs and other personalities of the American literary and artistic circles, on which he has worked since 1974. We establish an immediate rapport.

He questions us about our interview from the day before. "So how does it feel to have met William Burroughs?" Our actions surprised him, as this is the first time that he has ever seen people ringing the doorbell and asking to see Burroughs. In New York, the man has a notorious reputation, his name evoking for many people the topics of drugs, death, and sex; taboo questions in the homemade universe of Western civilization. This cliché hardly corresponds to the man that Victor has known for seven years, he describes him as a very funny man, enthralling and cordial, always ready to share his knowledge, and his very simple way of life.

He introduces us to Jeff Goldberg, a jovial boy who is writing a book on the history of opium. The conversation moves on to Baudelaire and Thomas de Quincey. Victor buys a pizza from a street corner shop and opens a bottle of California wine.

Before leaving, we exchange addresses. I say to Victor, "It's a real pleasure to meet someone who speaks the same language.", and I really think it. We take the plane to London the following day. We leave Victor with the feeling that we shall meet again and that this evening is a happy end to our trip and the starting point of other adventures...

France, April 1981

We are back in the French countryside. The euphoria of the first few days; returning to family, friends, and the taste of goat's milk cheese, is followed by difficulties inherent in a return from a long trip; to find housing, and get back to work again. Our finances are reduced to a minimum.

We move in temporarily with Baud's sister and plan to share the rent, but we do not have enough to pay it. After making a call in a phone booth at the post office, Baud comes out with a black wallet in his hand. I ask him where it came from, he tells me that it is his, but his wallet is in my bag and I show it to him.

It turns out that what he thought was his wallet, similar in appearance to his own, actually belonged to someone else. We open it and look inside. It contains 500 francs in bills, exactly the sum we need in our circumstances, but no identification. We keep the money, just like we did twice before in similar circumstances; a wallet with 2000 francs found in the street before leaving for India in 1974, also without identification; then the 350 francs we found in a shower of the Hotel Yeni Metap in Istanbul, when we only had 40 francs to go back to France.

Looking through our stuff that had been stored in a garage during the trip, we rediscover a tape of cut-up radio recordings made before our departure. It contains noises, music, bits of sentences heard during the trip or related to it, and whale songs recorded in Tadoussac, Quebec. An impressive demonstration of the validity of Burroughsian observations and experiments on cut-ups.

I keep an epistolary contact with Victor. In July he sends me his book 'With William Burroughs - A Report from the Bunker', a very original document, at the same time funny and surprising, which breaks the stereotypes placed on Burroughs by showing him as he is among his close relations. This book, accessible to all, can make it possible for readers to get acknowledged with his work, considered as avant-gardist and not easily accessible by the literary circles.

Victor would wish to see this work published in France. I propose to undertake the translation of it, thinking it would be easier to find an editor once the book was translated. He accepts at once. For me it is a way to keep in touch, to keep travelling, to escape to the routine. This work will last a year and half.

December 9th 1981: Meeting Brion Gysin

December 8, we return to Paris in order to contact publishers for Victor's book. Two days before leaving arrives a letter from him. He just met Brion Gysin in New York and has sent his address to us, "Go and see him, he is a marvelous man."

Painter and poet, Brion Gysin worked a long time with Burroughs; he is, *inter alia*, the inventor of the cut-ups and the dreamachine. He settled definitively in Paris in 1973. We read several pieces of his work in 'Colloque de Tanger' (Editions Christian Bourgois), and a neighbor lent us 'The Process' (Flammarion) some time before.

We do not know Paris, and the address Victor gave us does not evoke anything for us. We phone the following day around 2:00 PM; no answer. We then decide to visit the George Pompidou Center and call again around 5:00 PM; after some trouble with out of service phone booths, we end up finding a proper one. Gysin is at home. He corrects my pronunciation of his name;

"One does not say, 'Gisine' but 'Gaïsine'." (The y is long i in English, 'guy-sin'.)

"Excuse me, Mister 'Gaïsine'." (We both laugh.) "Come when you want, now if you can."
"OK, but we do not know Paris and do not know at all where you are."
"Where are you calling from?"
"From a phone booth in front of the Beaubourg center."
"I am just in front of you, at number 135, raise your head. I can see you from my window."
"How's that, in front of me? Ah yes! I see St Martin street." (Gysin laughs.)
"OK, see you in a minute."

We cross the street and ring the doorbell. The door opens and we climb four flights of broad stone staircases. Opposite us is a large white door; on it is fixed a sheet of 8.5"x11" paper on which is written 'Brion Gysin'.

Brion Gysin comes to open the door, we shake hands and he asks us our names. He is a tall man, thin, very straight, and welcomes us with a smile. He is dressed in a brown velvet costume, with a



Brion Gysin, 135, rue St Martin - Photo Udo Breger

scarf tied around the collar of his shirt. He leads us down a small corridor to a rectangular room where the George Pompidou Center can be seen from the window. There is a large drawing table, some armchairs, and a painting on an easel hidden by a piece of cloth. On the wall are shelves filled with books. The place seems familiar to me, as if I had been there before, but I cannot relate this impression to a precise memory; I forget it temporarily, my attention being turned towards our host.

He asks us what we are doing, and we tell him about our work as psychiatric nurses at the hospital. He recalls one of his friends, an epileptic, who said the radio spoke to him, and added, "We had many experiences of this kind in the street Git-le-Coeur." (In the Beat Hotel in Paris, where he lived with Burroughs and carried out many experiments, among them the first dreamachine). "We used to hear voices talking to us in our heads."

I then tell him about a phenomenon I experienced one evening around November 1974 in our room with Pakistani guys and roadies from Quebec, at the Venus Hotel in Lahore, south of Pakistan. As I was lying on my bed, suffering from angina which resulted in ganglia, a strong fever and a heavy sore-throat, I suddenly heard a pressing voice in my head saying, "Get up and walk!".

Amazed, I got up from the bed wondering what was going to occur. The second I put my feet on the floor, my sore-throat, fever, ganglia, and any feeling of faintness due to the disease suddenly disappeared. Completely bewildered, I told the guys around what had just occurred, which made them burst out of laughing. Soon after, somebody proposed we go to eat rice pudding in the street, and feeling in great shape, I joined the group.

Following this account, I am astonished by the spontaneity with which I reported this incident, about which I generally avoid to talk, apprehending reactions of incomprehension, Brion answers, "Ah! Ah! This is Lazarus' voice. I have things in common with Lazarus. I often think about that lately."

He leaves the room briefly and comes back carrying a Moroccan teapot, glasses, small chocolate cakes and paste of pantagruelion. "I buy it at the shop on the street corner." He pours a mint tea into the glasses while recalling the years he spent in Morocco. He went there on holiday with Paul Bowles for fifteen days, fell in love with the music of the flutes of Pan in the village of Jajouka, opened a restaurant in Tangier to have his musician friends with him, and settled there for twenty-three years.

He speaks impeccable French with a light American accent. As with Burroughs, we are struck by the kindness and the simplicity of his greeting, by the regard of equality which he establishes from the start, and by the non-existence of barriers due to the difference of generations.

We talk about the translation of Victor's book. "Do you have signed papers for the rights of translation?" I explain to him that in special cases I don't do it for the money but to contribute to the publication of the book. "Oh! That isn't good!", he laughs. "You don't know about the problems of translators?" He recalls problems with editors, and literary conflicts about the translations of Burroughs' books. He tells us about his recent trip to the United States, his visit to Burroughs in Kansas, and his negative impression of American crime and violence where it would be impossible for him to live.

Changing the subject, he says, "I am stuck by your story about the voice in your head a few minutes ago. My cancer was cured the same way." He tells us about his disease, his hospitalization in London, and one of his neighbors, a boy in good health having an operation to sell his kidney; the sordid history of selling organ transplants.

He recalls the death of young Paul Getty and of Burroughs' son, six months before, after a liver transplant. He talks about painting, his experiments, about the literary and artistic circles, and about what he learned from visiting with his Moroccan musician friends. From them he learned about magic, in which he was interested, and which he tested to his cost; someone in his surroundings had discovered the notebook in which he had written his observations about the use of magical techniques, which constituted to some extent a transgression.

Soon afterward he discovered a note on which it was written that he had to leave the place 'like smoke leaves fire', and never come back again. From one day to the next, he lost all that he had

there, and was literally ejected from the country due to circumstance before he had realized what was happening to him.

The effects of these techniques were not for him a matter of belief, but of stated facts, which he understood, even if their nature escaped his comprehension. *"Magic is not a logical field with a beginning and an end, it is a field which one enters and leaves without really knowing how."*

He is interrupted by a phone call, after which he will have to leave. Before our departure, he takes us to his bedroom at the other end of the flat to see the [dreamachine](#). Put on a support, a Plexiglas cylinder about one meter high, it is a rotating metal cylinder with rows of rectangular slots cut all about its surface. In the center, an electric light. Brion switches the mechanism on and invites us to sit in front of the turning cylinder, eyes closed. At the same time he plays a record by the English group Throbbing Gristle, 'Heathen Earth', (International Records), the rhythm of which is synchronous to the rotation of the cylinder, and which was made to be listened to while using the dreamachine.

After a few seconds, we see, following one another in regular rhythm behind our closed eyelids, a myriad of multicolored and kaleidoscopic drawings, luminous spheres in form of mandalas, in 360° inside our heads, the shapes and colors of which vary with the rhythm of the flashes and according to whether one increases or decreases the pressure of the closed eyelids, or whether one moves closer or further to the machine. The phenomenon stops as soon as your eyes are opened. We remain about five minutes in front of it, during which we lose the notion of time. Returning to the external world, we could not say with certainty the duration of the experiment.

Brion speaks again of his troubles with people who revolve around him. I say, "You seem rather disillusioned about the literary circles." He answers, laughing, and seeming really disillusioned, "Oh yes, completely, they are sharks! But you must be apart from all that. You are floating in your countryside among your books and your patients!" I have the feeling we look really naive.

Before we leave, he gives us addresses of publishers. Last handshakes. "Goodbye and good luck, Paris holds out its arms to you!" Last glance, the door is closed. While walking down the stone staircases, the origin of the déjà-vu I experienced when I arrived at the apartment suddenly comes back to my mind, it is a dream I had sometime before, on November 28th, a part of which was happening in the room that we are coming from, and which had sufficiently struck me so that I wrote it down on the following day. Because of the similarity between the elements of the dream and the events which occur thereafter, I present this dream such as it still is today on the page of my notebook:

Dream of November 28th 1981:

Baud and I are in the dining room of my grandmother's house, sitting at the table and writing. From time to time, I have the impression that one of the objects on the table, a color pen, starts to move slightly by itself. That makes me abruptly raise my head and I stare at the pen which remains motionless.

A bit later I am in a flat which has nothing in common with my grandmother's house, with a white wooden table along a wall; the walls also are white; there are utilities and modern pieces of furniture, also white, and in the middle of the room, another table for drawing, perhaps with trestles. Objects are laid out on it, Scotch tape, pencils, papers... Near the table, a modern chair, perhaps made of whitewood. Over the first table, is spread out a black plastic sheet. I am in the middle of the room, the first table about one meter from me on the left. I suddenly see the black plastic sheet which starts to move by itself, like waves.

Baud is in another room and I regret that he is not there to see this. I do not speak to him about it by fear of appearing ridiculous, or because I have the impression that he will not believe me.

We are again in my grandmother's home with Gerard X (a patient in the hospital). We go to a bedroom with him; he will sleep there and we wish him good evening. Baud and I go to the large living room.

We are near a square table in the middle of the room, on which papers, pencils, and books are laid out. We are talking and everything is as usual when suddenly an orange pen starts to write across the page of a book, stopping and starting again, writing mathematical formulas and sentences. The pen writes very quickly then stops completely. We move closer to see what is written. Quite astonished, I take the book and look at it. Then my navy-blue anorak rose into the air from the back of the chair on which it was laid. The shape of an invisible sphere fills it up. Now we are afraid, and I ask the invisible entity who he is and why he is doing all this.

Later, we are walking in the streets of an old city, maybe Poitiers. The invisible entity remains with us and we can communicate with him telepathically without anyone knowing it. He gives us his opinion about events and people that we meet, thus we are more aware of all that is happening. The entity is happy to be with us.

After a few days I begin to notice cobwebs around us, containing insects that look like roasted chicken with legs of grasshoppers. At the top of the legs is a large round black eye. These small beasts are everywhere, even in the flap of my satchel and I decide that I shall have to remove them. At the same time I see a big one on a wall. I am about to crush it when the invisible entity speaks to me, "This animal is part of me. If you crush it, you will remove something in me and destroy me at the same time." So I decide not to crush them anymore.

They are wrapped in cocoons made of cobwebs and do not move. They have an anxious glance as if they are frightened that I will remove them. They want only to remain there and to have company.

The apartment with the whitewood pieces of furniture was certainly that of Brion Gysin. The same layout of the place, the same atmosphere, similarity of furniture, and many other details.

On the doorstep of 135 Saint Martin street, we return abruptly to the traffic of the capital. Night has fallen. We get lost in the corridors of the subway. After wandering for what seems an eternity, we sit down in the proper train, sighing with ease, when the cry of a woman stops the moving subway car, "Stop, stop...", some incomprehensible words follow. The car is immobilized, the lights die out, and a alarm seems to ring forever. People rush out of the train except for a young black girl sitting in front of us who looks out the window with a vague smile. The atmosphere becomes dramatic - adrenaline discharges. We decide to leave the car and wait on the platform in case another train arrived and collided into in the first. People gather around the subway car, blood on the rails, an employee of the RATP collects a woman's shoe.

In fact there is nobody below. A woman is sitting on a bench with a bleeding head, surrounded by a score of people. Nothing serious. The subway car sets out again. Arriving at our station, we walk about randomly in search of fast food or a movie theater. We find 'Le Faussaire' by Schlöndorf, which we wanted to see. On a narrow street returning to the hotel there is another accident. A woman is lying on the ground in front of a car, surrounded by men who speak in Arabic. Entering

our hotel room, the light bulb is burning hot, like the day before while entering our room in a different hotel.

I write to Brion a few days after returning home, relating to him the events of that day and the elements of the dream. I cannot stop thinking of it while seeking explanations for the multiple coincidences which occurred around our meeting, and which give both of us the feeling that to enter Burroughs' and Gysin's presence is to enter into a parallel dimension.

The elements of the dream referring to Brion's flat confirm Burroughs' words, *"One of the functions of the dream consists in enabling us to travel on our own time-track and putting us in relation to elements of our future life."* In other words, one of the functions of the dream consists in coming out of the three-dimensional world of matter-space-time to reach a dimension out of ordinary limits.

These numerous synchronicities bring us to the conclusion that the strange events we experienced seem related to each other, and the relations that link them appear to be significant, to go into a given direction, like elements of a puzzle.

This implies the existence of a will independent of our own, able to act on events and shape them as it desires. This concept is not known in the Western view of the world, through which we are accustomed to seeing 'reality'. We do not know anything about the practice of magic that Brion related to us. We tend to view occult practices with skepticism, and with an undeniable mistrust of people who make profession of it, as well as the goals for which they use it.

We became interested in our dreams and read books which deal with this field. Baud discovered Patricia Garfield's book 'Creative Dreaming' and tried out the [method of the Senoïs to get rid of the nightmares](#). We begin to note our dreams in a regular way and to program ourselves to remember them upon awakening. We know we are entering an unknown territory and the few observations that we can make about it are at the very least unexpected and unusual.

I have the feeling that the dream of Brion's flat is an important dream, and that it contains answers to the questions that I am mulling over. I am unaware of who the spherical entity is, but I know that if this invisible companion really exists, I do not want to miss his friendship. I decided to seek explanations by considering the facts and to direct myself only according to them, in an empirical way, in accordance with the principles of general semantics on which we have worked since 1976, and which Burroughs and Gysin used before us.

I ask Brion what he thinks of all that, and what explanations he can provide me from his point of view. After some time he sends a postcard, "No, I did not forget you, but how can I answer you efficiently?"

London, October 1982: The Final Academy

Victor tells me 'With William Burroughs' will come out in England in October. For the occasion, Burroughs will go to London for a four day literature, music, and poetry festival, the Final Academy. By chance, we are on holiday at this time. We set an appointment in London, at The Compendium Bookshop, where Burroughs will dedicate his books.



W. Burroughs - Compendium bookshop October 1982

The bookshop is crammed on our arrival. The works of Beat Generation writers are piled up on large tables. Among those present are John Giorno, James Grauerholz, and Genesis P. Orridge from the group Throbbing Gristle, now reformed as Psychic TV, whose members behave as discrete bodyguards for the event.

Burroughs comes then, reserved as always; he sits down at a table and starts to dedicate hi books. Baud goes with the photographers and takes pictures . I exchange some words with James.

The Final Academy coincides with the coming out of several books by Re/Search Publication. " Here To Go - Planet R 101 ", a book of interviews of Brion Gysin by Terry Wilson comes out at the same time as the English publication of " With William Burroughs "; it contains many photographs and reproductions of original documents; Re/Search publishes as well an album dedicated to Burroughs, Gysin and P. Orridge. Victor comes and invites us for lunch to a small restaurant of Camden Town. The weather is cool and sunny, a proper weather for holidays.

We shall find Victor at 21 hours, in the room of Ritzi cinema, in Brixton, where Academy started the day before. In the subway which takes us there, we wonder how we are gonna be able to come in without reservation. At Victoria station a fair and short haired girl comes to sit down beside us and takes out of her pocket an invitation card in for the Final Academy. We take out ours and engage the conversation, when our interlocutor bursts of laughing: "My name is Terry and I am in charge of the people coming in. I work with Victor Bockris, he told me to make you come in, and I wondered how I was going to be able to find you in the assistance."

A few moments later, we cross the crowd piled up in front of the still closed gates of the Ritzi and enter the place for free, half an hour before the opening, which enables us to sit down at the first

rank. During three evenings we shall attend the poetic, musical and cinematographic shows of the fans of Beat Generation gathered around Burroughs and Gysin. On scene John Giorno, Roger Ely, the organizer of the show, Terry Wilson, the English group Cabaret Voltaire, the American poetess Anne Waldman, Ramuncho Matta and his orchestra which accompany Brion Gysin, Genesis P. Orridge and his group Psychic T.V., to mention only the best known. Also several movies with Burroughs and Gysin : " Towers Open Fire " and " Who' s Who " (" Bill and Tony "), for the most made by Anthony Balch. The room is so packed that the room between the seats is full of people sitting by ground, which returns circulation in the slow and perilous room. In the assistance: a thousand of young people come from all the horizons, one intends to speak English, French, Japanese, etc... The show, multicolored and swarming, also is in the room: hundreds of gays, punks, rockers, some hippies, survivors from the sixties, a good sampling of the various underground mediums gathered for a few evenings and who left behind them mental barriers and respective labels to come to impregnate themselves with Burroughsian vibrations.

Not the least incident, not only one distorts note will not come to disturb the show. When Burroughs and Gysin go on scene, an absolute silence follows the thunderous applause. When the voice of Old Bill rises, a major and serious voice that seems to come from beyond the grave, one could hear a fly fly. But what strikes above everything is the impression that what occurs this is not an ordinary show: the actors of the Academy are not there to look pretty in the landscape. No relation with the poetic salons conditioned by the others' glance. Through their artistic work, they have come to speak about their vision of pleasure, of sex, magic, danger, control and death, and to try to transmit them. Hence the density of the atmosphere and the feeling to be part of something unique and fundamental.

The Academy will end by the show of Psychic TV which represents three simultaneous audio-visual shows: on the central shield, Genesis P. Orridge announces the color: " We are not here to divert you... We must refuse to be what you want us to be. Nobody, nobody has the right to expect anything from us. We try to talk to you seriously, we think that it is more important... " He expresses himself with a slow and monochord voice which contrasts with the high-pitched and strident noises which come out of the high speakers. On three video screens located on the left scene play some cartoons.

On three screens on the right, a film entitled " Naked Lunch", sexual scenes without faking. Heavy atmosphere. Sounds of murmurs growing in the assistance, noises of panic: I am turned over: each one is quietly sat on his seat. Ouf! It was a sound effect ! Some people leave nevertheless their armchair. One meter far from the television sets, Burroughs, surrounded of the members of Psychic Youth, concentrates on the film. At the end, the assistance is so disconcerted that people forget to applaud. The show is finished. The crowd spreads to gather again in front of the subway station in an endless queue of mix colored clothing and ragged dungarees which makes it look like a battalion of deserters.



William Burroughs with David Tibet, Psychic TV - Compendium bookshop October 82

Photo Jean-Louis Baudron

October 1983 :

One evening I telephone Brion. He has in his flat a group of American friends among whom Gregory Corso, he seems to have some problems to control.

"I found an editor for your translation of Victor Bockris' book, a guy who directs a collection at Denoël. I showed him the book, he is very interested. Go and see him from me. " After some telephone exchanges with the publisher, I get an appointment and I send the manuscript. Brion's tip was good. At the 19 from the rue de l'Université we meet a Burroughs' fan. The interview appears as positive, the book will come out at the beginning of 85. Philippe Sollers comes then, the editor who must publish it: " William Burroughs? Excellent! " He is very eulogistic towards his work.

January 84: creation of the group B 23:

At the hospital where we work, the head doctor asks me to put up an educational structure for young hospitalized patients. I write it on the data bases of general semantics of Korzybski, the theory of inhibition of the action by the French biologist Henri Laborit, and Burroughs' work on the concepts of Academy and Johnson Family.

All members are volunteers, patients and nurses as well, and on a structure of relations similar to the one of the human organism (non-hierarchical relations of complementarity, interdisciplinarity and opening, respect of oneself and the others). The goal of the project does not consist in " curing"

anybody, but providing people a framework of livable life, meeting their needs and enabling them to become aware of their capacities and to develop them.

We set up a school within the framework of which each one is invited, the patients and nurses as well, to share with the others one's knowledge and centers of interests, and is sometimes in position of teacher, sometimes in position of being taught. The contents of the courses are fixed according to the requests of the patients, and the possibilities of healers to answer to them . Will take place courses of French, English, anatomy, physiology, general semantics, cooking and domestic economy, meetings of daydreams, visits in caves of the area, discussions on the topics of the culpability, sexuality, death: on this occasion, a patient makes an enthralling talk on the book of John Moody " Life after Life ", succeeding , during two hours in sweeping the morbid and absurd designs on the question and transmitting to the whole group a positive and hopeful vision.

Very quickly the patients flow into the group. They appreciate the absence of unnecessary constraint and within the framework discovered themselves as able to understand and integrate new domains of knowledge, sometimes complex ones, become confident in themselves again, cease conceiving themselves like mental patients and behaving as such.

One of them, Louis, had made us discover Burroughs' books in 77, and we keep him updated about the contacts with him. Other members of the group had read some of his works and shared our interest for him. We decided at the end of a vote to call our group " B 23 ", name of the virus of mutation in his books. We created our magazine, "Objectifs", which we transmit to Burroughs and Gysin, sending them news about the group. They answer us letters of encouragement that we read to the group, and which have an extremely cheering effect on the patients, especially for Louis, who is at the origin of the adventure, and without whom it could not have existed. The group B 23 will last three years, up to end of 1987.

April 84: Printemps de Bourges:

We go to Bourges for the festival: Jean-Jacques Lebel organized the sixth shows of Polyphonix, workshop of international direct poetry, around Burroughs and his friends. After one night spent in the car with the edge of a wood (no more hotel room available), we get up around 3 p.m. After a bucolic toilet in a small river we go downtown . The parking places are rare around the theatre. We go up towards the cathedral, still not completely awake, looking for a place to park the car, when Baud says : " Look who's coming towards us! "

I raise the eyes slowly and see Burroughs walking with James Grauerholz and Jean-Jacques Lebel. We stop nearby. They are looking for taxi to go to their hotel. The majestic DS opens its doors, William and James sit on the black leather armchairs while Jean-Jacques Lebel goes on his way. On their arrival the day before, they were welcome by Jacques Lang, the minister of culture. We exchange recent informations while feverishly examining the plan of this unknown city searching the rue Barbès : I show a letter from the publisher Denoël proposing 6000 Fr for the translation of "With William Burroughs" : "What ?" says Burroughs : "Less than \$ 2000 is not worth it ! Did not you sign any contract ?". I answer I did not know I was supposed to sign a contract , and that assuming the people I was dealing with were honest, I accepted it. "They ripped you off !"

Once at the hotel, James invites us to drink a whisky. We speak about my research on the apomorphine cure. James mentions the problems of translation of William's books and a project of publication in comic collaboration with a well known illustrator. "The Place of Dead Roads " has just come out in US. We propose an exchange of comics by this illustrator against the book. James

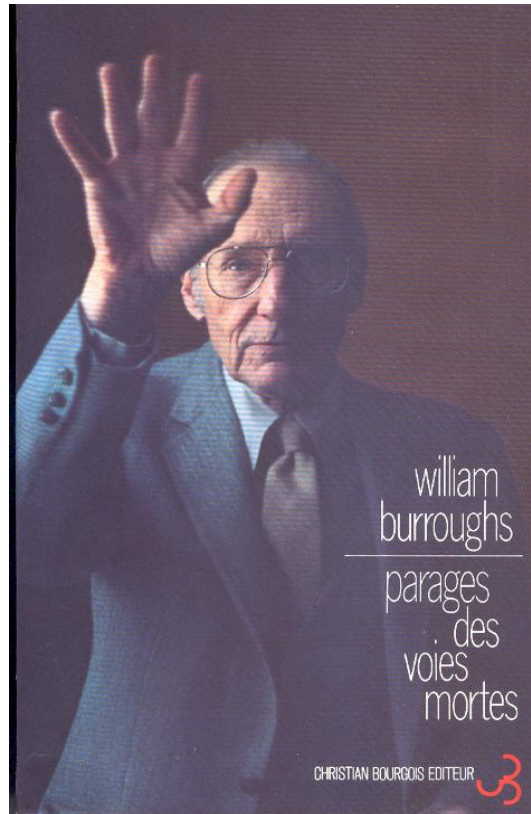
invites us to come after one hour later to see William and have diner with them. Time to go to take a breakfast and here we are back. William opens his door and invites us to come. Very elegant in his three-piece suit, he comments on the sight of the city through the window. "an old city, he ? " He offers us glass of Glenfiddish : " My favorite whisky, the only one that I can drink without water. " We sit down around a low table. Baud, who works on dreams for several year, questions William on his work in this field and tells him about Patricia Garfield's discoveries on the Senoï (Malaysia) which made him able to get rid of the nightmares and to get to lucid dreams, which consist in being conscious while we dream in order to direct it, thanks to some techniques that we had the occasion to test and the efficiency of which we stated.

At this point of the conversation Howard Brookner comes, the young filmmaker of "William Burroughs " which comes out in Paris and will be presented to the festival of Cannes a little later. He is with Gilles Barbedette, journalist at the "Nouvelles Littéraires" and reader for the publisher Gallimard, a Burroughs' " fan " who published articles on Brion Gysin in the "Nouvelles". Someone knocks at the door : Brion comes with John Giorno and Jean-Marc Vincent. Jean-Marc distributes



Brion Gysin - Photo Jean-Marc Vincent, 1984

issues of the review " Ecritures ", while Giorno says hello in smiling and leaves. Colombian pantagruelion is turning on, no idea where it came from. Gilles says " This looks like the Beat Hotel". William pours a drink to everyone in a cheering atmosphere. Jean-Marc asks him whether he can make some photographs, Burroughs accepts willingly, jokes, looks himself in the mirror, makes faces and everybody laughs. Around 7.30 p.m. James proposes to look for a place to eat before the show. Each one gets up and goes to the cars. Jean-Marc and Brion go on their way .



*Photo Jean-Marc Vincent
Bourges, 1984*

James enters a bar to get information about possible restaurant and comes out with [Felix Guattari](#) joint author of " the Anti-Oedipus " with [Gilles Deleuze](#) and founder of the famous private clinic of Laborde with [Jean Oury](#). He was in the bar, did not know about Burroughs, and seeing him in the street, he asked James if it was him and introduced himself. He joins our group and leads us towards the restaurant. Destination: " L'Ile d'Or ". We have just enough time to order the menu and to eat it. Felix, delighted to be here , keeps asking questions to William who devours his dinner without leaving a crumb of it. When we enter the room of the Grand Théâtre, Jean-Jacques Lebel has just begun the presentation of the show. Will come then Brion Gysin, who reads an extract of his latest novel, the story of the monkey Micky Monkey educated by two antipsychiatrists, then John Giorno who communicates his energy through three poems, the last one accompanied by music. Then William comes and reads several extracts of " The Place of Dead Roads ". After him Amiri Baraka, more known in the Sixties under the name of Leroy Jones, specialist in the spoken blues, then Linton Kwezy Johnson, a Jamaican poet who lives in Brixton. His third reading is interrupted by shouts coming from the bottom of the theatre. He leaves the scene and does not come back. Jean-Jacques Lebel calms everybody down. After the entr'acte, these bad vibrations are quickly dissipated by the twenty musicians of the soufi group of Hamadcha from Essaouira, who

transport the audience with their songs and ecstatic dances in the middle of a cloud of incense which invades the scene and scents the room, transforming the gig into an integral show.

February 1985 :

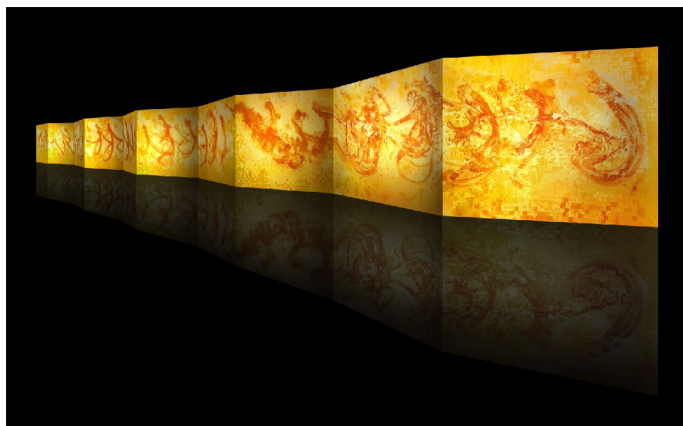
Publication of the French version of Victor Bockris' book under the title " **Avec William Burroughs - Notre Agent au Bunker** ". I'll get for it 6000 Fr less the taxes, what I am earning in a month at the hospital as a nurse at this time. France Culture will comment the book in a Panorama. It seems difficult to speak about Burroughs without evoking Gysin and reciprocally, as most of their work results from a long collaboration. From this mixed search emerged a " third-mind "; they showed that as far as human collaboration is concerned, 1 + 1 does not make 2 but 3:

*" Gysin: when you associate two minds...
Burroughs: There is always a third mind...
Gysin: A third higher mind...
Burroughs: Like an invisible collaborator. "*
"The Third Mind".

It also is difficult to define them: to label them as artists or writers would be a reductionistic vision, because they treat like branches of a same research literature, painting, music, sciences, study of the language or dreams, etc . One could, these last years, see them endorsing with an equal happiness the roles of poets, actors, rock'n'roll singers or metaphysicians. Often treated with a pejorative nuance as avant-gardists in U.S.A. or in Europe by Cartesian minds three hundred years late compared to their time, these authors, who often quote Korzybski and Castaneda, are in direct catch over their time; they evolved in harmony with its discoveries and take part in the change of paradigm where matter, space and time cannot be separate. They work out a new structural vision of the world and leads to new forms of conscience. They teach us that it is possible to make things happen, to create reality, and opens to us the access to the fourth dimension.

Spring 1985 :

Jean-Marc Vincent and me prepare a number of writing on Burroughs and Gysin. Once the manuscript is complete, I send a copy of it to Brion so that he takes note of it and makes possible modifications before publication. He answers in giving his agreement without restriction. He has been just become Knight of Arts and Lettres. He ends his letter by these words: " I have just finished my final painting : " Caligraphiti de Feu " in ten pieces, which makes 1,30 X 16,20 m - by far my larger painting, a farewell which will be exposed in Athens in October. I will not see it exposed there. "



July 17, 1986:

The newspaper " Le Monde " announces: " The writer and painter Brion Gysin died on July 13 in Paris". "Libération" will give the information later two days later in an article by Alain Pacadis : " Brion Gysin: the death of the words splitter". "Herald Tribune" also devotes several columns to him. An extract of Burroughs from " The Place of Dead Roads " comes back to my mind: *"Whenever you use this bow I will be there," the Zen archery master tells his students. And he means **there** quite literally. He lives in his students and thus achieves a measure of immortality. And the immortality of a writer is to be taken literally. Whenever anyone reads his words the writer is there. He lives in his readers."*

On July 29th, I receive a command of books coming from the Compendium bookshop, among which chapter 2 of " Beat Museum - Bardo Hotel ". I open randomly and my eyes fall on the following extract:

" Just before he signs off for good , many a man has picked up the distant voice of his doctor saying: " He is dead". Remember, these words are meaningless. When you read this I am alive. I am here on this page. I am here. I am HERE!"

Brion Gysin might not have said his last words...

August 2nd 1997 :

WILLIAM BURROUGHS IS NOT DEAD. HE JUST IS IN ANOTHER DIMENSION.



*William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg – [Patricia ELLIOTT](#)
("William and Allen sitting side by side in william's living room, dressed in the Indian cotton Pajama's Allen had bought." Patricia ELLIOTT)*

9 reasons I love William Burroughs

Rick Gentry

November 17 1997

NO. One : He was the **smartest** guy Around.
E=mc²xWilliam 2 He managed to find the **ESCapE**
Hatch. Thanks,Bill. **THREE** e e e. (3) **ART** =
ADVENTURE = **DANGER** = **LIFE** (" i wanted an art
that would put me in immediate danger..") **FOUR**= For My
\$\$\$, only **William Shakespeare** wrote as well and as
true.....:bill + bill.....: **Number 5 - That is 1**
Funny Mutherfucker. [laughter of the
HYPERAWARE] **SSiXX**. **JESUS** died 4 your
sins. ***** **Burroughs** lived for
them... **Number7Seven+** Said he could come with **No**
Hands. That's Cool. ----- "look ma, no
hands..." **Eight: Days** before he died he said " how I hate
Conformists." **What an interesting planet we could have**
w/o them. 9999999999: He's probably still here.....
BILL... BILL...?

SON COSAS DE LA VIDA

The Legacy of William Seward Burroughs

By Vyvyan Kinross

The death of William Burroughs on 2nd August this year came as a shock. Following as it did so soon after the death earlier in the year of Allan Ginsberg, it was depressing that the last of the three founders of the Beat movement couldn't have stayed around a little longer. but even Inspector Lee of the Nova Police had to begin his journey to the Western Lands at some time, n'est ce pas?

So much has been written about William Burroughs, and he is a figure of such enduring fascination to his many fans, that it is hard to know what to say about him that hasn't already been said better by someone else. Obituary writers in newspapers around the world were bound to try and quantify his importance and define his place as a writer in the pantheon of 20th century literature. They also, naturally, focused on the unorthodoxy of his life and particularly the killing of his wife Joan in Mexico City, which was the trigger for much of his later commitment and achievement as a writer.

For many, however, the mere mention of Bill Burroughs and everything he seemed to stand for, caused them to shudder and recoil in horror. Junky, homosexual, lowlife, pornographer, iconoclast, gun lover, disinterested in image, culture or conventional acceptance of any kind, he was not the kind of guy they would have wanted to invite for dinner, let alone get stuck in a lift with. More than that, he fundamentally disturbed the comfortable sense of order and propriety with which most people find it necessary to approach their lives. The fact is that most of us squares need the security blanket of emotional, social and financial certainties; society tends to define us by what we have, rather than who we are, and we find people who don't play the same game disturbing. Most of us, in other words, are interested in self-preservation at the expense of any kind of real risk taking. In a world designed for people to take the easy moral exit, Bill conspicuously chose the tough option.

To borrow a jazz musician's reference, Bill Burroughs played 'outside', rather than 'inside'. Whilst he may have been born to a well-placed, middle class St Louis family, from an early age he realised he didn't fit in anywhere. His subsequent life as the ultimate outsider took him to many strange places and to depths of addiction, despair and loneliness which might have broken a man of lesser character. But, even his darkest moments, Bill was never less than honest about himself and his work; his sense of humour remained intact; and he rose above a potential degradation to retain his essential humanity, politeness and good sense. In the process, and despite the chaos, he was a committed writer. Never content to be a hack, he lived way out on the creative edge, believing that the true writer needs to court real danger in order to break through the banal and mediocre.

So what lessons are there to be learned from the life and times of William Burroughs? From the books, the correspondence, the cut-ups, the personal accounts of those who knew this extraordinary man, his actions and the world's response to him?

The primary lesson I take from Bill is to believe in the power and sanctity of the human imagination. In an age which has cast aside ideology and the value of ideas for their own sake, an age in which we gobble up information that is prepackaged, sold to us by 'specialists', and presented like fast food, Bill Burroughs shows that the individualist still has a constituency and an importance.

A conspicuous amateur in the age of the professional, he dares to say that the individual has a place

outside the machine, that maybe the machine is conspiring to take away the rights of the individual because one outsider too far and maybe the machine will stop running. This will find a resonance with those who believe strongly, as I do, that physical, intellectual and economic regimentation are eroding our civil liberties and reducing our power to think for ourselves. Much of Bill's writing was done in the shadow of the Bomb, to him the ultimate obscenity, final evidence of the world gone mad. After the Bomb, Bill reasoned, everything that had gone before was changed, the world was in the grip of a machine running out of control.

The individual, the outsider, reserves the right to walk the other way round the track. There are many outsiders in society today, responding to different beliefs and motivations. Society is involuntarily creating more and more outsiders, the thinkers, those on the radical margins, the hopeless, the dispossessed, the imaginative, people who just can't run the conventional race. For them, and for those who are spinning out of control but can't see a way of getting off, Bill is a kind of Patron Saint. You can look at his life and see a man who lived it on his terms, who went down just about as far as it is possible to go without sinking, yet managed to retain his stubbornness and his determination to be himself, at all costs. In the end, the defining magic about Bill Burroughs was that he was never afraid to face himself. He took responsibility for his actions, however unforgivable, and lived with the consequences, in an age when everyone is blaming someone else .

My suspicion is that many of us lead our lives in fear and worry, locked in to a remorseless economic reality built on perpetual motion, a moral and aesthetic exhaustion, a culture built around lowest common denominator values, on a planet that is creaking at the seams and bullied by perpetual images of the unattainable. It is an irony that, in an age where we seem to have more of everything than ever before, we are sinking into a kind of lethargy, dissatisfaction and depression about our own, and the world's, circumstances, that is quite new.

So, let Uncle Bill loosen up your imagination, kid, wyncha? The Nova Express is getting ready to leave.

Sound of distant train whistles. The sharp smell of burning leaves. A piano playing down a wind-blown St Louis street.



"BLOOD IS A HELL OF A LOT THICKER THAN WATER...."

Vyvyan Kinross - October 20th 1998

The following conversation took place between the writer, William Seward Burroughs and his brother, Mortimer, on the evening of 23rd December 1964, at 6617 Pershing Avenue, St Louis. Without the brothers' knowledge, or approval, Mort's wife Miggy taped the conversation after dinner that evening and later transcribed it, or had it transcribed by others. The transcript was found with her private papers after her death. It is not complete, however, and the full transcript has never been found. The transcript is the only precise record of any conversation held between the brothers during their lifetimes. The original tape recording has never been located, but now must be presumed destroyed. The copyright resides with the estate of Mortimer Burroughs.

.....Sound of furniture moving, a glass is struck against a table.....a female voice mutters in the background.....a male voice coughs.....'

William Seward Burroughs (WSB) : ".....When you came down to Mexico City after Joan, the accident with Joan, it was good to see you. You know I had cut myself off from the family almost completely at that time. And then, then you turned up in really the most difficult circumstances. I had gone too far out at that time, way too far....."

Mortimer Burroughs (MB): "Yeah, actually Bill, when I arrived in Mexico City after Joan, I thought you were fucking crazy, absolutely fucking crazy. You were drinking. The amount of booze was incredible. And you were behaving like some old junkie. You had uremic poisoning, for God's sake. This whole episode was bound to end badly for you.....the lack of control...everything"

WSB: "True, true. Joan was absolutely out of it too, really out of it. She was doing so much benny she didn't know if it was night or day.....(sings) Night and Day.....You are The One....."

MB: "What was it with Joan? Did she hate her life with you so much, Bill?"

WSB: "You know, a lot of people never understood about me and Joan. I never promised Joan anything. She stayed with me because, well, we had a kid, you know, and we enjoyed each other on a lot of levels.....I guess I was exciting for her and, actually, she was a terrific woman, very amusing. I mean Joan was up for things, you know. Remember Texas? Joan and I had a lot of good times in Texas. But, I guess, I was never let's say, a particularly conventional kind of guy. I mean, I did my best. I did my best. You know, when we met in NY it was exciting. I mean, I enjoyed Joan as a woman, as much as I, you know, enjoyed women like that....it was just, well, I needed more, you know, and she couldn't do it for me, so she took a lot of benny, she was high a lot, but we had good times."

MB: "Yeah, but while you and Joan were getting out of it in Mexico, I was here. I was working as an engineer at Emerson then. Still am. I mean, I have to say this Bill, you were still taking a goddam monthly cheque from dad. I resented that. I still resent that, Bill. I was carrying a big load. I always carried the family load for you Bill and while I was giving something back all the time, you were taking. You never thanked me or anything. You just never communicated at all, not until I came down to get Billy in Mexico, then we talked."

WSB: "Yeah, I remember. I cried that night. Remember how I cried that night? I felt like I had lost my family, lost Joan, lost everything. I cried for Billy, too and Julie. I was so alone, and I wanted to be a child again, back in the family. Jesus, I don't like to talk about that, or even think about it, you know, I haven't even thought about it for years. I guess I buried it because it's too painful, just too painful, you know, it's one of those things...." (Pauses, then begins to cry).....

MB: "C'mon Bill, don't upset yourself. This was a long time ago. We're talking about a long time ago, now. You don't wanna go back there. It was a different time, a different place. It's finished.....And Joan, well, she....."

WSB: "I think about Joan all the time, you know. I did the cut-up in Paris with Bryon: 'Raw winds of hate blew the shot', you remember that? Maybe I never told you about it. It was a freaky thing, you know. I guess I never talked to you too much about the cut-ups. You never really liked anything I did then."

MB: "I never liked what you did too much, Bill. And I just never understood the cut-ups at all. As you know I thought Lunch (The Naked Lunch) was obscene. Ma thought Lunch lunch was disgusting....she wanted you to do a book that you could dedicate to Billy....you know, that he could be proud of....But I have to say, Bill, I always thought of you as an artist from an early time. After Junkie, I said, he can write, he can write, maybe someday, he'll write something that will make him into someone, you know....."

WSB: "Yeah, well Junkie was what got me started, you know. And actually, I kind of feel OK about that book. I mean, it was quite good for the time and place you know. I didn't have any faith in myself as a writer then. Didn't believe I would ever be a writer, do anything really (Mutters)....It was Alan got me right down to it, organized and everything, he believed in me, you know, always did, still does, actually....."

MB: "And after Joan, you really became a writer.....really,"

WSB: (Crying): "After Joan, I.....(Breaks down).....After Joan, yeah, I had to write after that, had no choice. And, in some strange way, it kind of vindicated me as an artist, gave my life some purpose, some direction. I have always suffered for what I did to Joan, never been off the hook, it's been, you know (cries again, breaks down)....."

MB: "Bill, take it easy, please, for Christ Sakes (mutters, inaudible)....."

WSB: "Yeah, sorry Mort. I really am sorry. There's no excuse for this (cries). I guess it's seeing you after so long, and Miggy, and thinking about the family again, mum and dad. How bad I feel about Dad, and I was never able really to get through to him. I think I was cruel, but I don't really know why... I guess it's very complicated, you can't look too deep....I don't know what to say about that....I never really gave him any breaks, and he was always bailing me out, you know. Remember when I crashed the goddam car? Remember? And he came down to the precinct house and got me out, took me home? Remember how I rejected him later on that night in the kitchen, did I ever tell you about that?"

MB: "Yeah. Yeah. I remember now. You told me"

WSB: "How do I forgive myself for that? I guess there's no way. It's too late. So much pain (cries)"

MB: "Bill. Bill. You want some brandy? A little brandy?"

WSB: "Yeah, that would be nice, Mort. A little brandy would be nice. Thanks."

3/

MB: (Sound of pouring) "So what are you doing in the city now?"

WSB: "I am writing this piece for Playboy magazine, like 'Back to St Louis after 30 years, how has it changed, that kind of thing, you know? Walking the old streets."

MB: "You wanna stay here tonight, Bill. You're welcome, you know. We can move things around a little, actually there's the spare room, now I think about it....."

WSB: "No, thanks, Mort. Really. I have to get back to the hotel. But it's been good to see you."

MB: "So, after the Playboy deal, Bill, what next? Back to New York? Tangier? What? I can't keep up with you."

WSB: "Well, you know, it's kind of exciting being back in the States. I was away for so long and a lot of things are changing. But I have some writing to do, and its best for me to do that in Tangier still, or maybe London, I don't know. London is so (Pause) provincial, and so expensive. I used to like it a lot, the English, you know, now I'm not so sure. Tangier has changed too much, it's just not the same place anymore. And so full of queens, Mort, its just like fag city, you know. Still, the boys are kind of obliging, now I think about it....."

MB: "I don't wanna hear this, Bill. You know I can't handle this side of you. The homo bit, I just can't deal with, it's distressing. It still distresses me, you know. I don't understand.....Ma doesn't really know, does she? Did you ever tell her?"

WSB: Well, ma is kind of psychic. And you know how much she hates bodies. But we don't talk about anything, except stuff that really doesn't matter. I don't mean Billy, though; we talk about Billy but I feel it's all so hopeless. I've been no good for him, really. Always wrong place, wrong time, (mutters, coughs) a lousy father I guess, no sense of responsibility, a failure...."

MB: Yeah, well you wouldn't say it had all be a conspicuous success...."

WSB: "Goddam right it hasn't."

MB: "So where is Billy now?"

WSB: "You mean, like right now? School. He's in school."

MB: "Can you see a future for Billy and you together? Do you think you can live together and, maybe, you know, make some kind of life again....?"

WSB: "Well, ah, I ...I...."

MB: "Maybe you could get a house out in California, or down in Mexico again, where it's cheap and the food's good, too."

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WSB: "I got too many memories, Mort. Too many bad memories. And, anyway, I'm still a goddam wanted man in Mex, remember, I skipped bail when Jurado sprang me, went on down to Panama. They would really be pleased to see me now. You bet. 'Muchos dolares, senior or you'll never see your kid again, comprendes?' I don't think so, Mort...'

MB: You know, Bill, when I read 'Lunch', I wondered about you. Your mind. It's so.....weird.....where does it all come from?"

WSB: "Well, you know, the power of the human imagination is awesome. And, let's be honest, I'm some kind of sick bastard, I guess. Who knows?.....(laughs)."

MB: "It's good to see you laugh, Bill. Yeah, you are some kind of sick bastard (laughs)....."

(Here the tape ends. We can only speculate on the remainder of the conversation, which neither brother ever referred to through any other written or spoken reference. Burroughs fans will find a number of messages here that add to the sum of knowledge about the great writer, not least the guilt for his common law wife, Joan Vollmer, and his son Billy Burroughs, who died of drug abuse and neglect in his late thirties in California)

ends

The Structure of Nothingness
William Burroughs' Naked Lunch

by Philip Beitchman

A modern Socrates might very well think that self-knowledge had something to do with endurance; so he might find something to respect in the relentless search for knowledge that William Burroughs conducts in *Naked Lunch*; here his prose moves us into an elastic, in-between realm of magic, instant power, sudden death and incomprehensible events. Burroughs lives in Mexico, Sweden, Paris, Tangiers, New York City. He's up the Amazon River. He's high on Yage, Amphetamine, stoned flat on Heroin, going through six-week miracle cures on newly synthesized miracle drugs at a British clinic. He turns up in Chicago; he's run out by "the man" in New Orleans: he knows a druggist in Austin, Texas. He's on the Malmo ferry headed for Yossarian's paradise, the gracious land of Sweden; he's depressed, because that's the way the clean hygienic Swedes make him feel, but he suddenly knows that "there's no drag like the U.S. drag." As if all this weren't enough, Burroughs is also *straight*. He's informed, articulate, well-educated. Over the years he's been a kindly father-figure, "just-folks" to a generation of crazy poets, mystical scribblers, punkers, pundits and even performance artists (Laurie Anderson), for instance in his "Beat Hotel days" in Paris, when I met the great man myself, recalled in *The Western Lands*: "It was a hectic, portentous time in Paris in 1959, at the Beat Hotel, No. 9, rue Gît-le-Coeur. We all thought we were interplanetary agents involved in a deadly struggle...battles...codes...ambushes...We were getting messages, making contacts. Everything had meaning..." Here truly is the writer who lives upstairs that Holden Caulfield wishes he could read in Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*! There was no problem getting to see Burroughs, maybe only in *having something to say to him*.

A motto from Wittgenstein is cited by the author in the "Deposition" that prefaces *Naked Lunch*: "If a proposition is NOT NECESSARY it is MEANINGLESS and approaching MEANING ZERO." This will come to mean the non-need of the non-junkie for the junkie; but by way of such panoramic-panoptic concepts as "The Algebra of Need" and "Pyramids of Control" we sooner or later have to admit (if for no other reason that that our noses are constantly rubbed in that truth, tracked down already in the 19th century by Coleridge, DeQuincey and Baudelaire) that *we are all junkies*; in fact, it almost gets to seem as if the out-and-out junkie is less of an addict than *all the others*, who simply are not hip to their addiction. Here a certain type of addict has it all over the "non-addict", one who knows he is enslaved and controlled. The addict possesses what Marx called an essential prerequisite for Revolution, that is "consciousness". Addicts therefore can comprise an intellectual and esoteric brotherhood of "knowers". They "know", also in the refulgent Hegelian sense of the MASTER-SLAVE DIALECTIC from the scriptural *Phenomenology of Mind* of taking the risks of their life-styles, because they have paid the price of their knowledge, and are ready to continue paying for it. Even if a "straight" were to become aware of the pervasiveness of the methods of social control, in no sense can this awareness be seen as knowledge, because it was attained without suffering for it with lungs, veins, desperate need. Today only blood is real, whether it is the slow blood of the dropper that affords "the soft-sweet blow to the stomach", or Cocteau's "Blood of the Poet", Artaud assassinated as Marat in Gance's *Napoleon*: "everlasting shame to Charlotte Corday", or Lorca's blood seeping into an Andalusian desert before a liquefactionist firing squad.

However our Hegelian pie might come out of the ovens in an existential crust. Very tempting to taste it in a sauce of Merleau Ponty's philosophy of lunacy from *The Phenomenology of Perception*: What does the famed psychotic Schreber, whose delirium so fascinated Freud, see when a nurse

enters his room with tea and cookies? Is it space invaded, a messenger from the Absolute...? Here is a sense of man making himself that would have bothered even Sartre. Lunacy is there to show us what a man sees when there is truly nothing to see, everything to make up: "Why stop here, why stop anywhere?" our author will wonder in *The Ticket That Exploded*. Lunacy, a Blanchot might say, as he did about "the fragmentary", is the answer man gets who has decided to put the universe radically into question. In the beginning was nothing, and lunacy is there to remind us of this untidy, indigestible little fact: man in a "state of nature" is a lunatic; his entire history, as Heidegger's *Being and Time* made clear, is a flight from accepting his empty condition, this Being of Nothing. Now a lunatic is precisely a man without a condition to accept, someone too busy (being) to invent one (go into business). Schizophrenia, as Deleuze and Guattari show in *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, is simply man's contemporary strategy of control and exploitation of the primordial unnamable fluxes of lunacy: "The sincerity of the beggar [read lunatic] stuns me" in the other words of Rimbaud's "Bad Blood" from *his Season in Hell!*

For hero, Vergil in this particular "underworld" we'll just have to take the author. There doesn't seem to be much competition for the job -- we need a life-hardened irrationalist to get us through *this* chaos, so we'll play those tapes instead of listening to our culture's piped-in muzak-art reassuring us that everything is just fine, the way it always was... And *who* exactly *is* our guide, well, he's constantly changing, maybe change itself, *the* metamorphosis. In the "Atrophied Preface" with which Grove Press closes its edition, the author even introduces himself under the persona of William Seward, a lonely man who is spreading his words like rushes before you to the temple of his brain: "look down, look down that lonesome road before you travel on"; but here, he-he, the tourist is still "in charge". If you don't like the campus of Interzone University, with the Professor and his "Mahriner" surrounded by gage-smoking students, like monkeys with nothing better to do, then we drop back into the gruesome world of such episodes as "Black Meat" and "Coke Bugs", with the Sailor and his gang feeling for each other's veins and worse; here at last we really understand our bodies are not our own. Or worse still, we become the morethanwecaretobe interested, "captive" audience for the underground stag films A.J. shows at this Annual Party. Mary hangs John, for some of that onceinalifetime Deathgasm. Straight out of Joyce, from the nighttown scene, from theory into practice, yours truly, A.J. Are we to think along with Ginsberg that it's actually better to be a factualist-anarchist, à la A.J., than a compulsive Sender like the Professor, Lieutenant or Party Leader? Or was Ginsberg merely greasing, moralizing the passage *Naked Lunch*, like *Madame Bovary*, *Flowers of Evil*, *Lady Chatterley*, the *Tropics*, even *Ulysses*, had to make through court muster? Then as now and always the sign you're saying something is when someone wants to shut you up; you know you're doing your job for sure as a writer when you're on the other side of the bar.

Here perhaps a little political science is in order. Burroughs will assume, safely, we belong to one of four parties: Liquefactionist, Divisionist, Sender, Factualist. The Liquefactionists are the out-and-out fascist pigs. They don't live, they liquefy. The Divisionists are liberals. They live by creating replicas of themselves. Every so often there is a general *Schluppit* when it is fair game on all replicas; in such times it is more than likely that the liberals divide even more rapidly than their destroyers are able to *schlup* them up. Senders don't really form a party of their own, but simply transmit information designed to control anything or anyone else. About the Sender, Burroughs has this to say, in italics: "*You see control can never be a means to any practical end...It can never be a means to anything but more control...like junk...*" Senders therefore, though they exist all around us, don't really exist. Kafka's Keeper of the Gate of the Law could assume dignity because he was at least close to the source of authority; whereas Senders are merely transmitting messages whose origins don't even matter. The Factualist party, to which the court assigns the author for want of another label, maybe, is the one of anarchist free spirits who tolerate no form of social or institutional control. Especially hateful to the Factualist is "one-way telepathy", whereby the subject's dreams, planted without his knowledge or consent, ha!, become a matter of public record

and display: "You mean the *green* door, Carl?". Factualist freedom, like all other illusions of escape, is vitiated, however, by its very urgency, and it seems to me Burroughs makes that terribly clear: Mary Hangs John, Mark Hangs Mary, Mary Begg Mark: "Please, can I hang yuh, huh, huh?" Inescapable as a spoon of soup in the mouth is a recognition that no one, by any conscious subscribing to causes (nor any somatic state either) can be disassociated from malice: one can't join the party of good, in order to oppose the party of evil, because all parties are evil. In numbers man is a monster, but surely his solitary existence is evil enough, abandoned as he is to the whims of a malign cosmos, at the core of which is lunacy, that is *nothing* (for there is no reason why we are here, never was and never will be one -- reasons are only the lies told by what Heidegger called the "History of Metaphysics"). But this is by no means to endorse cowardice, quiescence and obedience; on the contrary nothing makes more sense than the action of resistance (to what Nietzsche called "the herd instinct" for instance), as at the end of *Naked Lunch* when the narrator resists arrest. Even checking out on a ticket to the East is unthinkable. Witness the devastating put-away of Buddha, tempting guru for a Beat Generation that was still looking for a way out: "Buddha? A notorious Metabolic junky... Makes his own you dig. In India, where they got no sense of time, The Man is often a month late...all them junkies sitting around in the lotus posture spitting on the ground and waiting on The Man...So Buddha says: 'I don't hafta take this sound. I'll by God metabolize my own junk'". Instead of Buddha it's Benway-Faustus-Freud that will have to do as sign for modern Jonahs.

It is important that our narrator, our William Seward, or whatever you wish to call him, spends a lot of time with Benway. He even has *lunch!* with him, as he surveys from the roof of the R.C., Reconditioning Center, the bedlam of Freeland. In the episodes "Joselito" and "The Examination" Benway conducts sessions with Carl, a Freelander whose medical problems Benway is using as an excuse to probe for latent homosexuality. He finished the first seance in nutty style, switching suddenly into Cockney to confuse Carl, subject become *object*, then back into the crazy German to conclude: "I will write for you a letter." The sadism here is potential and cynical, rather than open and absolutely depraved. "For example...for example...take the matter of uh *sexual deviation*." Carl is the fly in the spider's web; but Benway is far worse than the simple innocent spider awaiting patiently his prey, in the sense he's out to demean the victim:

"Where can you go, Carl?" The doctor's voice reached him from a great distance.
'Out...Away...through the door'
'The Green Door, Carl?'"

Now here is an example of the one-way telepathy that the factualists complain of. Carl has just hallucinated a "green door" only a few moments presumably before Benway asks him about it. *He has not mentioned this to Benway.*

The greatness of *Naked Lunch* is hard to pin down, and perhaps it should be this way for a text so determined to be elusive. I don't see that we have to deal with any impressive and unified vision of the world, such as we get with Joyce, D.H. Lawrence or even Henry James; perhaps we should see him as a "poète revolté", in the tradition of the great French 'criminal poet' François Villon, or that continued by the great Elizabethan immoralist Christopher Marlowe; I sense an affinity in Burroughs also with the Baroque sensibility, especially of the 17th century, in its aesthetics of discontinuity and incongruity, for instance in the texts of John Donne, while his may be also the temperament of a certain kind of 17th century Baroque believer, for instance that of Richard Crashaw, for whom the extravagant is only normal, he who described the teary eyes of Mary, watering for her martyred son as "two walking bathtubs"! But for Burroughs precursor in the "savage indignation" of a righteous cynicism born out of experience I think the 18th century Swift, who himself became, as an old man, an inmate of the insane asylum he founded in his youth, is the perfect choice. Burroughs' work itself can be seen as one extended "Modest Proposal", with its

implied sad commentary on the rapacity of our race and the inhumanity of our societies where such things can even be imagined. While, in particular, *Naked Lunch* is indeed your junky's *Gulliver's Travels*: in both texts there is a presumption of a return from strange trips; and also both Burroughs and Swift are scatological in spades. More germane perhaps is the seive of French decadence. Burroughs calls repeatedly for his Gentle Reader, a version surely of Baudelaire's "hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère", and moving up a few lines to the passage that T.S. Eliot didn't quote:

"Il rêve d'échafauds en fumant son houka
Tu le connais, lecteur, ce monstre délicat"

Rimbaud also works his way into the picture -- just the example of the terrific impetuosity of the poet: the brilliant flashes across an abyss, the other side of which is *outside the law*: "When I was still a child, I admired the hardened criminal upon whom the jail door always slams shut!...He is stronger than a saint, wiser than a seasoned traveler -- and he has only himself...as a witness to his glory and his righteousness."

So Norman Mailer's assertion at *Naked Lunch*'s trial that, had it not been for the junk, Burroughs could have been our greatest writer, was a little weird, to say the least. As for Rimbaud's exalting "Matinées d'Ivresse", Baudelaire's stoned divagation on a chandelier or "chevelure", Michaux' *Miserable Miracle*, the drug, which we must see non-medically, is inseparable from the writer's practice and text. Art hereby certainly recalls another order than longevity and health -- or a different kind of life and health. The junk cannot be divided from Burrough's life and work; that is how he is able to carry out what is *more* than just a symbolic copulation between the two... Burroughs wrote while he was high, while he was coming down. Perhaps junk is the price he pays for not being schizoid in a lunatic world. In *The Philosophy of Literary Form*, Kenneth Burke talks about the "derisory" and the "benign" phases as being complimentary and characteristic of certain indubitably great but also very strange artists -- like Dylan Thomas and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The latter's "Kubla Khan", a poem under and about "the influence" that has been notoriously in the canon for almost 200 years, or from the moment "it came to him", as the poet reported, in an opium dream, is obviously thematic for *Naked Lunch*, as indeed is *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, which may be regarded as the epic of withdrawal, pendant to the addiction phase represented by "Kubla Khan": "Stay away from Queen's Plaza, son... Evil spot haunted by dicks scream for dope fiend lover..." The deranged "students" yell "We want Lottie", but the professor would rather talk on (as?) *The Ancient Mariner*: "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner by Coleridge the poet... I should like to call your attention to the Ancient Mariner himself." By talking about the Mariner *himself*, aren't you really talking about the poet himself, then aren't you talking about William Burroughs, alias William Lee (name under which he published his first book, simply *Junky*), alias William Gains, the last name by which his friends knew him when he was still protecting his family name, if you can swallow the grinning irony of Burroughs Typewriters Inc.!, from scandal. The students' answer is more than germane, it is to the point -- aren't we committing that cardinal sin, hey teach, life and art getting too chummy, no?: "Himself the man says...Thereby calls attention to his own unappetizing person."

It might be due to the machinations, hopes and dreams and whatever other unknown, maybe unknowable quantities involved for the arrangers (I presume Kerouac, Ginsberg, and maybe the editors of *The Chicago Review*, where "extracts" of *Naked Lunch* first surfaced) of what Burroughs called his unremembered notes that turned into this text he claims not to recall writing (I think he was exaggerating a bit, maybe out of deference to Coleridge, who did *forget* first -- or claimed to -- the invention of "Kubla Khan"), but I feel a distinct upturn toward a livable better at the end of this book... The first line of *Naked Lunch*, as clarion a call as Ginsberg's first line in *Howl*: "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness", is "I can feel the heat closing in." The course

of the subsequent reaction is immediate and instinctive -- flight for survival, across a mental inscape certainly, but also a real geographical one too of the U.S.A., maybe in a grisly parody of Huck Finn's not-so-innocent trip, and on down under and into the dubious haven of Mexico. Following just this tiny bit of a trail of story along through the novel we notice that all the Benway, Interzone, Political Orgy business takes place *after the flight*. Symbolically the novel represents a series of falls from a primally fled confrontation: after you have refused what the day has to offer, you must take the dreams that the exile into night inflicts. Or, alternatively, after you have refused, in a mysterious struggle with night and the fear of personal extinction, to face your persecutors, then the day is your inevitable fate. Such a day is Benway's Freeland, where everything is permitted, because you have already signed away sovereignty; and if you think mere laws, documents, rights are going to protect you you deserve to have them written in the vanishing ink the ID's are in fact in!

We are perhaps here just one little step removed now from theories of reincarnation. You have to live an important mistake, existential failure of nerve, fall into inauthenticity, Hegelian denial of risk of life, all over again and if you're lucky you may get the chance to meet "the man" again. Maybe Burroughs' art, and art in general describes just this luck and just this chance. Burroughs' narrative does seem indeed to describe the arc of an immense circle (with many bulges of course), because in the end he is right back where he was in the very first line of the book. I am referring now to the "Hauser and O'Brien" episode, which is the very last one of the book, if we discount the "Atrophied Preface". The man comes in while he is tying up, but this time there is not even a flicker of doubt in our narrator's mind. It is the reader who doubts -- will he sell out...? Think of Sartre, of the Resistance, when the Nazis would tear out your fingernails... think of Henri Alleg's *La Question* (a book than was banned in France when *Naked Lunch* could only be read there) that tells the story of the Legionnaires' torturing Algerian girls for information, and they didn't talk... Now Burroughs is going to talk; but the doubt has all been in our minds; he doesn't cop out, he shoots his way out, *and he gets his shot too*.

The Influence of William S. Burroughs on Contemporary Literature

Amy BALOT

William Seward Burroughs was one of the most important literary figures of the twentieth century. Jack Kerouac has called him "the greatest satirical writer since Jonathan Swift," and Norman Mailer went so far as to say he was "the only American writer conceivably possessed by genius." The conventional methods of writing were getting old and tiresome, and Burroughs helped to make literature unpredictable and exciting again. Burroughs wanted to create a "literature of risk," in which the writer was an outlaw, or at least an outsider, in the midst of society and most "acceptable" writers.

Burroughs was born on February 5, 1914, in St. Louis, Missouri. Burroughs himself, in the introduction to a reprint of *Junky*, that he was an unpopular child. As an adolescent, he often grew romantically attached to his male friends, and he was fascinated by guns, drugs, and crime.

After graduating from Harvard, where he majored in English, Burroughs moved to New York and became part of the underground drug scene. He became friends with Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, who were then students at Columbia University. Eventually, the two young writers convinced Burroughs to write about his own life. His first book, *Junky*, was published as half of a "two-books-in-one" pulp paperback. Burroughs never considered himself a writer until he accidentally shot his wife, Joan Vollmer Burroughs, in the head while doing his "William Tell act." After this incident, Burroughs believed himself to be possessed by an invader, the "Ugly Spirit," and his only escape from this affliction was to "write his way out," explains his editor James Grauerholz.

Early in Burroughs career, his writing was straight narrative prose. His first book, *Junky*, recounted in semi-autobiographical form the day to day life of a heroin addict. Though the book is acclaimed for its straightforward, deadpan storytelling quality, its significance is more political than literary.

Burroughs greatest contributions to literature would not be evident until the publication of books such as *Naked Lunch*. The book stirred up much more controversy than *Junky*. *Junky* was controversial due to its drug themes (as evidenced by the lurid subtitle "Confessions of an Unredeemed Drug Addict"); *Naked Lunch* was banned in many places due to sexual content and its biting political satire.

Naked Lunch, which was first published in 1959, also introduced a new style to Burroughs writing. The cool, implacable narrator of *Junky* was no longer present in the writing. Burroughs took on numerous characters and personalities within the course of the book, shifting from one to the next without warning. "I am not American Express," Burroughs explains in the "Atrophied Preface" section, "If one of my people is seen in New York walking around in citizen clothes and next sentence Timbuktu putting down lad talk on a gazelle-eyed youth, we can assume that he (the party non-resident of Timbuktu) transported himself there by the usual methods of communication."

When the author switches from one character to the next, writing patterns also change. Not just dialogue, but the narrating and thought patterns of the character change. One moment the sinister and learned Doctor Benway may be making a speech, the next a semi-literate field worker may be thinking in stunted English. Additionally, Burroughs spliced in his "routines." These were sometimes small skits or humorous anecdotes. Rather than progressing from the beginning to end as

the plot unfolds, the chapters were in a random order as well. They were published in whatever order he send them to the publisher, says Burroughs' editor James Grauerholtz in Word Virus.

"There is only one thing a writer can write about: what is in front of his senses at the moment of writing... I am a recording instrument...I do not presume to impose 'story' 'plot' 'continuity'..." Burroughs says. "You can cut into Naked Lunch at any intersection point," meaning that it doesn't matter whether you read it from beginning to end, end to beginning, or in any order at all. Burroughs later posed the paradox: "How random is random?"

Rather than usual prose style and punctuation, Burroughs manipulated the language to suit his purposes. He would sometimes capitalize whole phrases for effect or stop in the middle of a sentence. Rather than commas or periods, the bulk of the punctuation in the book consists of ellipses. This allowed one thought to trail off into another, sometimes seemingly unrelated, thought, producing what has been called a "mosaic effect." The ellipses and often very compounded sentence structures, allowed Burroughs to use more poetic devices than most prose allows. Despite the radical nature of the writing, the most significant writing of Burroughs' career would not be started until later that year.

In 1959, Brion Gysin, an artist friend of Burroughs, accidentally discovered the technique that would change the direction of Burroughs' writing once again. Gysin was cutting a matte for a painting when he noticed that the text of the sliced newspaper beneath the matte fell together in interesting patterns. He later demonstrated the process to Burroughs, who thought it was an important and revolutionary new approach to writing. Burroughs saw the similarity between this and the juxtaposition technique he had been using in Naked Lunch, and immediately began cutting up trunks full of his prose.

Though Gysin is given most of the credit for discovering cutups, Burroughs acknowledges similar experiments used by Tristan Tzara, T. S. Eliot, and John Dos Passos.

In 1960, the first cutup book, Minutes to Go, was published. It was a collaboration among Burroughs, Gysin, Sinclair Beiles, and Gregory Corso. Immediately afterwards, Burroughs and Gysin's collaborative cutup effort The Exterminator was also published in San Francisco.

In the 1960s, Burroughs and Gysin experimented with cutups in various mediums, including prose, tape recordings, and film. Their next book, Third Mind, was published. The book collected cutups and collages dating from '60-'78, and a manifesto on the cutup method. They also made three films with the English film maker Anthony Balch: Towers Open Fire, Cutups, and Bill and Tony.

There were a few methods of making cutups. In Jennie Skerl's book, William Burroughs, Burroughs explained that "pages are cut up and rearranged to form new combinations of word and image." For example, a page would first be cut into quarters. Then the top right would be paired with the bottom left, and the top left with the bottom right. Then the composite text is read or typed to form the new text.

Burroughs goes on to describe the "fold-in method," a cutup spin-off he used extensively. He would take a page of text, fold it in half, and place it on top of half of another page. Burroughs explains that "the fold-in method extends to writing the flashback used in films, enabling the writer to move backwards and forwards in his time track." He continues to say that "perfectly clear narrative prose can be produced using the fold-in method -- best results are usually obtained by placing pages dealing with similar subject matter in juxtaposition."

Burroughs wrote his Cutup Trilogy in the 1960s: *The Soft Machine* (1961), *Nova Express* (1964), and *The Ticket That Exploded* (1967). In these books, Burroughs added elements from pop culture, science, technology, classic literature, and science fiction to his already vast amounts of surreal ideas and imagery. He created a mythology based on word as a virus, and a world where the "reality film" is made by "control addicts" in the "Rewrite Offices." Burroughs incorporated these ideas into his trademark pseudo-science of addiction, where everything in life is a drug, everyone is an addict of one form or another, and in the end, even the Self is simply the last drug that we indulge in.

His love/hate relationship with language seemed to extend beyond the page, however. While drugs, sex, and power can control the body, the Word controls the mind. "Word and image locks" and "association blocks" lock the mind into conventional patterns of thinking, speaking, acting, and perceiving things: "Modern man has lost the opportunity of silence," Burroughs observes in *The Ticket That Exploded*. "Try halting your subvocal speech. Try to achieve even ten seconds of inner silence," he challenges the reader. "You will encounter an organism that forces you to talk. That organism is the word. In the beginning was the word. In the beginning of what exactly?"

Therefore, says Skerl, he "found the cutup technique to be the ideal method of presenting books involving space/time travel, (inner) silence, and freedom from the body." The cutup was a random, impersonal experiment using chance and random sources of inspiration and invention, "creating an alteration in consciousness" of the writer and the reader alike.

When Burroughs referred to himself as a "recording instrument" in *Naked Lunch*, "he wasn't implying," writes Ann Douglas, "that he made no choices, exerted no control over what he wrote, but that he wanted to learn how to register not the prepackaged information he was programmed by the corporate interests or artistic canons to receive, but what was actually there." Thus, the mechanical juxtaposition of texts did not impose Burroughs' own "association blocks" on the reader. And "all association tracks are obsessional," writes Burroughs.

Jenny Skerl, in her biography *William Burroughs*, notes that the method is often compared to artwork. Burroughs often presented it as a logical way of extending the artist's collage method or film techniques to writing. The random way it is executed shows similarities action painting, happenings, and aleatory music. Additionally, it has been called a literary version of cubism: the characters and situations seem to be presented from numerous angles at once.

After the Cutup Trilogy, Burroughs wrote his final trilogy, on the Western Lands, which was written in a more accessible style than the Cutup Trilogy, included *Cities of the Red Night*, *The Place of Dead Roads*, and *The Western Lands*. Burroughs had, for the most part, left the cutups behind, in favor of a space/time travel form of continuity similar to that of Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five*. The reality-as-a-film theme persists, and the books relentlessly carry the reader forward and backward in time and space, just as film employs flashback sequences.

The L.A. Times called the trilogy "Burroughs' masterpiece," and the books were generally very well received. *Cities of the Red Night* took the reader to three of the six cities of the prehistoric Red Night, says Grauerholz. Ken Kesey called *Cities of the Red Night* "not only Burroughs' best work, a but a logical and ripening extension of all Burroughs' great work." *The Place of Dead Roads* reflected Burroughs' utopian visions, set in the Old West, with a central character named Kim Carsons. *The Western Lands* is set in Ancient Egypt, and has a central theme of immortality. The end of the book seems to parallel the end of Burroughs' fiction writing career: "The Old Writer has

come to the end of words, to the end of what can be done with words." He was soon named a Commander in the Society of Arts and Letters.

His late work included memoirs of old friends and collaborators, journals, letters, and dreams. Burroughs then began devoting his time to performances of his "routines," which were very popular. He had also taken up painting, and spent time touring with his artwork as well. He has also been cited as having a huge influence on music, as evidenced by his reputation as "The Godfather of Punk." He was a friend of Patti Smith and Jim Carroll, and has collaborated with many groups in the rock world: from U2, to Nirvana.

William Burroughs played an important role in the evolution of modern writing, as well as in many other artistic mediums. His radical writing styles, says J.G. Ballard, were an "attempt to go through language to something beyond." One of his main contributions, says J.G. Ballard, was mainly an attack on the bourgeois novel. Burroughs helped to make the world a safer place for experimental writing styles, as well as "unacceptable" subject matter: drugs, crimes, and homosexuality.

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My decent into Interzone

by [Ceri Hughes](#)

January 2001

I got some crappy books for Christmas. I feel bad calling them 'crappy' as someone chose them for me and someone else worked hard writing them, but I just didn't want to read them. We're going back a few years here.

So without any receipts I arrived at Waterstones book shop in Swansea, South Wales with the thought that if I was going to be taking drugs I may as well read up on them. Much indecision later and I'd picked out Irvine Welch's 'Ecstasy' and William Burroughs' 'Junky'.

I began reading Junky a couple days before a spontaneous decision to go to Ireland. It was a total new style of writing to me, I'd stumbled on a great writer and a great book. I slept on the floor of the Swansea-Cork ferry with the door open during the crossing. The salty air attacked my throat. I awoke in a rough un-fit state and began to lug my bag around Cork looking for a hostel with a spare bed. At every possible opportunity I read and re-read pages from the book. I was ill and getting iller. 'Lee' the 'hero' of the book was junk-sick and getting sicker. I was living his withdrawal along with the spaces and comas. I was running out of money and Lee was 'lush-working', I took careful notes on how to 'roll' a drunk. The book was exaggerating my illness. I could barely move, Lee could barely move. I needed a cure, Lee needed the cure. Burroughs writing wasn't a positive influence on me but I was hooked.

My mother offered to buy me a couple books for a London-Australia flight. I chose 'The portable Henry Rollins' and Burroughs' 'Interzone'. I'd left my guitar at home and was inspired to write. The flight was documented down to my boxers wrapping around my nuts. Interzone confused and excited me. I was a slow reader, still am. A month later and I'm on a road trip down Australia's East coast with a German guy and a British Lesbian couple. I exchanged the books my mother brought me in a second hand store for Burroughs best known work, 'Naked lunch'. I'd finished it by the time we reached Sydney where I moved into the red light district and gave the book away to some poor unsuspecting backpacker.

I got a job doing thirteen hour stocktaking shifts at 'Grace Bros' (the largest department store in the southern hemisphere). They had a fine collection of Burroughs' books. We worked past closing hours and were let out through a side security door where a guard checked our bags for stolen items. I browsed through the books deciding which to steal. I chose 'Cities of the red night'. I thumbed the pages, bent the spine and dog eared the corners at the beginning of the shift, slipped the book in my bag halfway through the shift and the security guard checked my bag at the end of the shift. I walked out a happy little thief. Burroughs had surpassed himself, I was completely enthralled and lost. I'd re-read the book if I hadn't sold it to buy food.

Edinburgh library is wary of me. No fixed address with a stoned Welsh/Aussie accent, but I pay my late book fees and they reduce my borrowing limit regularly. I'd borrowed Barry Miles' Burroughs biography for the uncomfortable coach trip from Edinburgh to Swansea to visit my mother for Christmas. I lost the damn book three quarters through, just as Miles was going into Burroughs' theories on control systems. The library was right to be wary of me, I lost their book and haven't been back since.

I'd been given another Burroughs' book for Christmas which I read during the journey back to Edinburgh, a gay love story while searching for a telepathy inducing drug (yage) in the jungle, his second book 'Queer'. I was glued to the book for the whole 12 hour journey.

At the point of writing this I'm barely even halfway through this nineteen-fifty's homosexual heroin addicts back catalogue and he's made a firm impact on my life.

The Last Words of Hassan Sabbah

William Burroughs

© James GRAUERHOLZ



William Burroughs - Final Academy 1982

Photo Isabelle Aubert-Baudron

1. Oiga amigos ! Oiga amigos ! Paco ! Enrique !
2. Listen to the last words of Hassan Sabbah,
3. The Old man of the Mountain !
4. Listen to my last words, anywhere !
5. Listen all you boards, governments, syndicates, nations of the world,
6. And you, powers behind what filth deals consummated in what lavatory,
7. To take what is not yours ,
8. To sell out your sons forever ! To sell out the ground from unborn feet for ever ?
9. Listen to my last words any world ! Listen if you value the bodies for which you would sell all souls forever!
10. What am I doing over here with the workers, the gooks, the apes, the dogs, the errand boys, the human animals ?
- 11 . Why don't I come over with the board, and drink coca-cola and make it ?

12. "For God's sake, do not let that Coca-Cola thing out !"

13. Thing is right, Mr Whoever is responsible for that who done it !
14. Explain how the blood, and bones, and brains of a hundred million more or less gooks went down the drain in green piss !
15. So you on the boards could use bodies, and minds, and souls that were not yours, are not yours, and never will be yours.
16. You want Hassan Sabbah to explain that ? To tidy that up !
You have the wrong name and the wrong number !
17. "Don't let them see us, don't tell them what we are doing ! "
18. Are these the words of the all powerful nations and syndicates of the earth ?
- 19. "- Don't let them see us, don't tell them what we are doing!*
- 20. Not the cancer deal, not the green deal !*
- "21. Do not let that out !*
- 22. Desaster, desaster, unimaginable disaster !*
- 23. Don't show them out, these things take time and that's my business."*
24. As usual, Mr Loose ! Short time to go. Minutes to go!
Blue heavy metal people.
- 25. "- Don't let that out! Don't show them the blues !"*
26. Are these the words of the all powerful boards and syndicates of the earth ?
Show them the blues.
27. Crab men ! Pick worms ! Intestinal parasites !
28. Squeezing the air you did not shit it out and eat it again, forever !
- 29. "Don't let them see us ! Don't tell them what we are doing !"*
30. Are these the words of the all powerful boards, syndicates, cartels of the earth ?
31. The great banking families of the world
32. French, English, American ?
33. Like Burroughs, that proud American name ?
34. Proud of what exactly ? Would you all like to see exactly what Burroughs has to be proud of ?
35. Short time racket, heavy metal gimmick ?
36. All right, Mister Burroughs, who bears my name and my words bear it all the way
37. For all to see, in Times Square, in Picadilly,
38. Play it all, play it all, play it all back !
39. Pay it all, pay it all, pay it all back ! ...
40. Shall I show them the blues ?
41. Now! Now! Now !
- 42. "Premature ! Premature! Premature!"*
43. Time for what ? Premature for whom ?
44. I say to all : these words are not premature . These words might be too late.
45. Minutes to go. Minutes to go. Minutes to go ; Minutes to green goo.

46. "Top secret! For the Board - the Initiates.."

47. Are these the words of the all powerful boards and syndicates of the earth ?
48. These are the words of liars, and cowards, and collaborators and traitors,
Liars who always want more time and more
49. You stole to the sky what was not yours
Poisoning the bodies and the souls forever ! Look ! Look ! Look !

50. "Don't let them see us ! Don't tell them what we are doing !"

51. Are these the words of the great nations, the all powerful boards and syndicates of the earth ?
52. These are the names of liars, and cowards, and collaborators and traitors
53. Collaborators with insect people,
54. With any people anywhere who offers you a body forever, to shit forever.
55. For this you have sold your sons forever,
56. The ground under unborn feet forever !
57. Traitors to all souls everywhere !
58. You on the boards, who want others to pay for you,
59. With your deals to take what is not yours !
60. You on the board, who now say :

61. "Protect us from our our gooks

62. Protect us from our human animals."

63. Are these the words of the all powerful boards and syndicates of the earth ?
64. And you want the name of Hassan Sabbah on your filth deals
65. To sell out the unborn ?

66. "Protect us from our gooks, our dogs, our human animals !"

67. Are these the words of the all powerful boards, your powerful syndicates
68. Your powerful governments and nations of the earth ?
69. Liars ! Liars! Liars! Cowards! Cowards ! Cowards!
70. Who cannot even face your own dogs !
71. Traitors to all souls everywhere ! Sold out to shit forever :
72. You, miserable collaborators,
73. Now ask protection of Hassan Sabbah ?

74. "Protect us from our gooks, our human animals ?"

75. No, no, no, I will not protect you,
76. And you will never use the name of Hassan Sabbah - William Burroughs to cover your green
shit deals with crab-men.
77. My words are for all,
78 I repeat for all !
79. No one is excluded !
80. Free to all who pay , free to all who pay and pain for all to see , for all to see!
81. In Picadilly, in Time Square, Place de la concorde,
82. In all the streets and plazas of the world !
83. Pay, pay, pay !

84. Play it all, play it all , play it all back !
85. Pay it all, pay it all, pay it all back !
86. See my writing the silent accross all your skies,
87. The silent writing of Brion Gysin - Hassan Sabbah.
88. The silent writing of space, the writing of Hassan Sabbah
89. All out of time ! All into space ! Forever !

90. PRISONNERS OF THE EARTH, COME OUT!

Those translations have been realized for a music compilation.

French translation

LES DERNIERS MOTS DE HASSAN SABBAAH

William S. Burroughs

(extraits)

Traduction I. Aubert-Baudron

1. Oiga amigos, oiga amigos ! Paco ! Enrique !
2. Ecoutez les derniers mots de Hassan Sabbah,
3. Le Vieux de la Montagne !
4. Ecoutez mes derniers mots, partout !
5. Ecoutez tous, conseils, gouvernements, syndicats, nations de la terre,
6. Et vous, puissances cachées derrière des marchés conclus dans quelques W-C !
7. Allez-vous prendre ce qui ne vous appartient pas ?
8. Pour vendre vos fils pour toujours ? Pour vendre la terre sous les pieds de ceux qui ne sont pas encore nés pour toujours ?
9. Ecoutez mes derniers mots, tous les mondes ! Ecoutez, si les corps pour lesquels vous avez vendu vos âmes représentent quelque chose pour vous !
10. Qu'est-ce que je fais ici avec les travailleurs, les singes, les chiens, les garçons désespérés, les animaux humains ?
11. Pourquoi est-ce que je ne me présente pas aux côtés des conseils, buvant du Coca-Cola avec eux ?
- 12. - "Pour l'amour de Dieu, ne diffusez pas l'affaire Coca-Cola !"**
13. - Les choses sont claires, Monsieur Qui Est Responsable de cela, Qui A Fait cela !
14. Expliquez-vous sur le sang, les os et les cerveaux de centaines de millions de gens, jetés aux égouts parmi les excréments verdâtres.
15. Comment vous, membres du conseil, avez pu utiliser les corps, les esprits et les âmes qui ne vous appartenaient pas, qui ne vous appartiennent pas, qui ne vous appartiendront jamais !
16. Et vous attendez de Hassan Sabbah qu'il explique cela ? Qu'il cautionne cela ? Vous vous trompez de nom et de numéro !
- 17. - "Ne les laissez pas nous voir, ne leur dites pas ce que nous**

faisons !"

18. - Sont-ce là les paroles des conseils tout puissants et des syndicats de la terre ?

19. - "Empêchez-les de nous voir, de voir ce que nous faisons !

20. Pas l'affaire cancer, pas l'affaire verte,

21. Ne publiez pas cela !

22. Désastre, désastre, désastre inestimable !

23. Ne diffusez pas cela, ces choses demandent du temps et sont de notre compétence."

24. - Comme d'habitude, Monsieur Perdant ! Peu de temps pour partir. Minutes pour partir. Gens du bleu métal lourd.

25. - "Ne laissez pas passer cela. Ne leur montrez pas le désespoir !"

26. - Sont ce là les discours des conseils tout puissants et des syndicats de la terre ? Montrez-leur le désespoir.

27. Gens insectes ! Gens légumes ! Parasites intestinaux !

28. Empoisonnant l'air avec ce que vous avez dévoré et chié pour toujours !

29. -"Ne les laissez pas nous voir ! Ne leur dites pas ce que nous faisons !"

30. - Sont ce là les paroles des conseils tout puissants, des syndicats, des cartels de la terre ?

31. Des grandes familles de banquiers

32. Français, Anglais, Américains ?

33. Comme Burroughs, ce fier nom américain ?

34. Fier de quoi exactement ? Voulez-vous tous voir exactement de quoi Burroughs peut être fier?

35. Le racket du temps, l'escroquerie du métal lourd ?

36. D'accord, Monsieur Burroughs, qui portez par delà les siècles mes paroles enterrées

37. Pour que tous puissent voir, à Time Square, à Piccadilly,

38. Rejouez, rejouez, rejouez tout !

39. Remboursez, remboursez, remboursez tout !

40. Vais-je leur montrer le désespoir ?

41. Maintenant ! Maintenant ! Maintenant !

42. -"Prématuré ! Prématuré ! Prématuré !

Donnez-nous encore un peu de temps !"

43. - Du temps pour quoi ? Prématuré pour qui ?

44. Je dis à tous : Ces mots ne sont pas prématurés,

45. Ces mots pourraient bien arriver trop tard. Minutes pour partir. Minutes pour partir.

46. - "Top Secret - Classé - Pour le Conseil - l'Elite - les Initiés."

47. - Sont-ce là les mots des conseils tout-puissants et des syndicats de la terre ?

48. Ce sont les mots de menteurs, de traîtres, de lâches, de collaborateurs. Menteurs qui voulez toujours plus de temps et toujours plus de mensonges.

49. Vous avez volé aux Cieux ce qui ne vous appartenait pas,

Empoisonnant les regards, les corps pour toujours ! Regardez ! Regardez ! Regardez !

50. - "Ne les laissez pas nous voir ! Ne leur montrez pas ce que nous faisons !"

51. - Sont-ce là les paroles des grandes nations, des conseils tout puissants, des syndicats de la terre ?

52. Ce sont les paroles de menteurs, de lâches et de collaborateurs,

53. Collaborateurs avec les gens insectes,

54. Avec n'importe qui vous offre un corps pour toujours, pour chier pour toujours.

55. Pour cela vous avez vendu vos fils pour toujours,

56. La terre sous les pieds de ceux qui ne sont pas encore nés pour toujours !

57. Traîtres à toutes les âmes partout !

58. Vous, les conseils, qui avez fait payer les autres à votre place

59. Avec vos marchandages pour prendre ce qui ne vous appartenait pas !

60. Vous, conseils, vous dites maintenant

61. "Protégez-nous de nos exclus,

62. Protégez-nous de nos animaux humains"

63. Sont-ce là les paroles des conseils tout-puissants et des syndicats de la terre ?

64. Et vous voudriez utiliser le nom de Hassan Sabbah

65. Pour couvrir vos marchés sordides, pour vendre ceux qui ne sont pas encore nés ?

66. "Protégez-nous de nos exclus, de nos chiens, de nos animaux humains !"

67. Sont-ce là les paroles des conseils tout-puissants de la terre, de vos puissants syndicats ?

68. De vos puissants gouvernements et des nations de la terre ?

69. menteurs ! menteurs ! menteurs ! Tricheurs ! Tricheurs ! Tricheurs !

70. Qui ne pouvez même pas affronter vos propres chiens !

71. Traîtres à toutes les âmes partout ! Vendus pour chier pour toujours !

72. Vous, misérables collaborateurs,

73. Maintenant vous demandez la protection de Hassan Sabbah ?

74. "Protégez-nous de vos exclus, de nos animaux humains !"

75. Non, non, non, je ne vous protégerai pas

76. Et vous n'utiliserez jamais le nom de Hassan Sabbah - William Burroughs pour camoufler vos marchés immondes !

77. Mes mots sont pour tous,

78. Je répète pour tous !

79. Personne n'est exclu !

80. Que tous ceux qui paient et peinent soient libres de voir ! Que tous puissent voir ! Que tous puissent voir !

81. A Piccadilly, à Times Square, place de la Concorde,

82. Dans toutes les rues et sur toutes les places du monde !

83. Payez ! Payez ! Payez !

84. Rejouez ! Rejouez ! Rejouez tout !

85. Remboursez ! Remboursez ! Remboursez tout !

86. Voyez mon écriture silencieuse à travers tous les cieux,

87. L'écriture silencieuse de Brion Gysin - Hassan Sabbah.

88. L'écriture silencieuse de l'espace, l'écriture de Hassan Sabbah.

89. Tous hors du temps ! Tous dans l'espace ! Pour toujours !

90. Prisonniers de la terre, sortez !



Arabic translation

Chaya Foufou

أَجْرَ كَلِمَاتٍ حَسَنٍ صَبَّاحٍ

١. اِسْمَعُوا يَا أَصْدِقَاءَ! اِسْمَعُوا!
٢. اِسْمَعُوا أَجْرَ كَلِمَاتٍ حَسَنٍ صَبَّاحٍ
٣. الشَّيْخَ الْجَبَلِ!
٤. اِسْمَعُوا أَجْرَ كَلِمَاتِي، أَيْنَمَا كُنْتُمْ!
٥. اِسْمَعِي آيَاتِهَا الْمَجَالِسِ، وَالْحُكُومَاتِ، وَالنَّقَابَاتِ، وَيَا أُمَّمَ الْأَرْضِ،
٦. وَآيَاتِهَا السُّلْطَانَاتِ الْمُخْتَبِيَّةِ وَرَاءَ الصَّفَقَاتِ الْمَعْقُودَةِ وَرَاءَ الْحَمَامَاتِ!
٧. هَلْ سَتَأْخُذُونَ مَا لَا يُخَصُّكُمْ؟
٨. لِيَبِيعَ الْأَرْضَ الَّتِي سَيَعِيشُ عَلَيْهَا مَنْ لَمْ يُولَدَ بَعْدَ؟
٩. مَا الَّذِي أَفْعَلُهُ هُنَا مَعَ الْعُمَالِ وَالْقُرُودِ وَالْكِلَابِ، وَالْفُتَيَانَ الْخَائِي الْأَمَلِ وَالْحَيَوَانَاتِ الْبَشَرِيَّةِ؟
١٠. لِمَاذَا لَا أَشَارِكُ مَعَ الَّذِينَ يَعْقُدُونَ الْمَجَالِسَ وَأَشْرَبُ الْكُوكَا كُولا مَعَهُمْ؟
١١. «حُبًّا بِاللَّهِ، لَا تَنْشُرُوا مَسْأَلَةَ الْكُوكَا كُولا!»
١٢. كُلِّ شَيْءٍ وَاضِحٍ يَا أَيُّهَا السَّيِّدَ الْمَسْئُولَ عَن ذَٰلِكَ وَالَّذِي قَامَ بِذَٰلِكَ،
١٣. اِشْرَحُوا لَنَا مَا فَعَلْتُمْ بِدِمِّكُمْ وَعِظَامِكُمْ، وَأَدْمَعَةُ مِثَاثِ الْمَلَائِكَةِ مِنَ الْبَشَرِ،
١٤. كَيْفَ تَمَكَّنْتُمْ أَنْتُمْ يَا أَعْضَاءَ الْمَجَالِسِ مِنْ اِسْتِخْدَامِ الْأَجْسَادِ، وَالْأَفْكَارِ، وَالْأَرْوَاحِ الَّتِي لَمْ تُخَصَّكُمْ،
وَلَا تُخَصَّكُمْ، وَلَكِنْ تُخَصَّكُمْ يَوْمًا!
١٥. «لَا تَدْعُونَهُمْ يَرُونَنَا وَلَا تَقُولُوا لَهُمْ مَا نَفَعَلَهُ!»
١٦. هَلْ هَذِهِ هِيَ عِبَارَاتُ الْمَجَالِسِ ذَوَاتِ السُّلْطَةِ وَنَقَابَاتِ الْأَرْضِ؟
١٧. «اِفْنَعُوهُمْ مِنْ رُؤْيَيْنَا، مِنْ رُؤْيَةِ مَا نَفَعَلَهُ!»
١٨. لَا مَسْأَلَةَ السَّرَطَانَ وَلَا مَسْأَلَةَ الْخَضِرَاءِ
١٩. لَا تَنْشُرُوا ذَٰلِكَ!
٢٠. كَارِئَةٌ، كَارِئَةٌ، كَارِئَةٌ، لَا تُحْصَى!

٢١. لا تَنشُرُوا ذَلِكَ، هَذِهِ الْأَشْيَاءُ تَحْتَاجُ إِلَى الْوَقْتِ وَهِيَ مِنْ صَلَاحِيَاتِنَا»
٢٢. وَكَالْعَادَةِ يَقُولُ الْخَاسِرُ قَلِيلٌ مِنَ الْوَقْتِ لِلرَّحِيلِ بَعْضَ الدَّقَاقِيقِ لِلرَّحِيلِ يَا رَجَالَ الْمَعْرَنِ الْأَزْرَقِ الثَّقِيلِ
٢٣. «لَا تَدْعُوا ذَلِكَ يَجْرِي»
٢٤. هَلْ هَذِهِ هِيَ حِطَابَاتُ الْمَجَالِسِ ذَوَاتِ السُّلْطَةِ وَنَقَابَاتِ الْأَرْضِ؟ إِفْتَحُوا أَعْيُنَهُمْ عَلَى خِيْبَةِ الْأَمَلِ.
٢٥. آيَتُهَا النَّاسُ الْحَشْرَاتُ وَيَا أَيُّهَا النَّاسُ الْحَضَارُ! وَيَا أَيُّهَا الطُّفُفِيْلِيَّاتِ الْمِعْوِيَّة!
٢٦. مَلُوْتِي الْهَوَاءَ بِمَا قَدْ ابْتَلَعْتُمْ إِلَى الْأَبَدِ!
٢٧. «لَا تَدْعُوهُمْ يَرَوْنَنَا! لَا تَقُولُوا لَهُمْ مَا الَّذِي نَفَعَلَهُ!»
٢٨. هَلْ هَذِهِ هِيَ عِبَارَاتُ الْمَجَالِسِ ذَوَاتِ السُّلْطَةِ وَنَقَابَاتِ الْأَرْضِ وَإِتِّبَافَاتِ الْأَرْضِ؟
٢٩. عَزَائِلَاتُ الْمُصْطَرَفِيِّينَ الْمُهَيَّبَةِ
٣٠. مِنْ فَرَنْسِيِّينَ، إِنْكَلِيْزِيِّينَ، وَأَمْرِكِيِّينَ؟
٣١. مِثْلُ بُوْرُوْتِرَ، هَذَا الْإِسْمُ الْأَمِيرِكِي الْفَخْوَرُ؟
٣٢. فَخْوَرٌ بِمَا تَحْدِيدًا؟
٣٣. إِبْتِذَادُ الْوَقْتِ، وَنِصْبُ الْمَعْدَنِ الثَّقِيلِ؟
٣٤. حَسَنًا، سَيِّدُ بُوْرُوْتِرَ، الَّذِي يَجْعَلُ عَتْرَ الْعُصُورِ عِبَارَاتِي الْمُدْفُونَةَ
٣٥. كَيْ يَتِمَكَّنَ الْجَمِيْعُ مِنْ أَنْ يَرَوْا .
٣٦. فِي تَايْمِ سَكُوْبِرَ، بِيكَادِيلِي
٣٧. سَدُّوْا، سَدُّوْا، سَدُّوْا كَلَّ الْمَبَالِغِ!
٣٨. عَاوِدُوا وَالْمُحَاوَلَةَ، عَاوِدُوا وَالْمُحَاوَلَةَ فِي كُلِّ أَمْرٍ!
٣٩. هَلْ عَلَيَّ أَنْ أَرِيَهُمْ خِيْبَةَ الْأَمَلِ؟
٤٠. الْآنَ! الْآنَ! الْآنَ!
٤١. «مُبَكِّرًا! مُبَكِّرًا! مُبَكِّرًا!»
٤٢. إَعْطُونَنَا بَعْضَ مِنَ الْوَقْتِ بَعْدَ!»
٤٣. وَفَتْنَا لِمَاذَا؟، مُبَكِّرًا لِمَنْ؟

٤٤. أقول للجميع: هذه الكلمات ليست مبكرة.
٤٥. من المحتمل أن نصل هذه الكلمات متأخرة جداً.
٤٦. «في غاية السرية - مصنف - للمجلس النخبة المضطلعين.»
٤٧. هل هذه هي عبارات المجالس ذوات السلطة ونقابات الأرض؟
٤٨. هذه هي كلمات كاذبين، خائنين ومجنّاء، متعاونين مع العدو، كاذبون يريدون المزيد من الأكاذيب.
٤٩. لقد سرقتم من السماء ما لا يحصّكم ملوئين النظرات والأجساد إلى الأبد!
٥٠. «لا تدعوهم يرونا! لا تعرضوا لهم ما نفعله!»
٥١. هل هذه هي عبارات المجالس ذوات السلطة، ونقابات الأرض، وكلمات الأمم العظيمة؟
٥٢. هذه كلمات كاذبين، ومجنّاء، ومتعاونين مع العدو.
٥٣. متعاونين مع أناس حشرات،
٥٤. مع أي من سيقدم لكم حسداً للأبد، لكي تهضموه إلى الأبد.
٥٥. لهذا يعتمد أبناءكم إلى الأبد،
٥٦. لبيع الأرض التي سيعيش عليها من لم يولد بعد!
٥٧. حوثة الأرواح في كل أنحاء العالم!
٥٨. آيتها المجلس التي جعلت الآخرين يدفعون لمن أخطأهم.
٥٩. مع مساواتكم للأخذ ما لا يحصّكم!
٦٠. آيتها المجلس تقولون الآن
٦١. «إحمونا من الذين استبعدناهم
٦٢. إحمونا من حيواناتنا البشرية»
٦٣. وتريدون إسم حسن صباح
٦٤. على صفقاتكم القذرة، لبيع الذين لم يولدوا بعد؟
٦٥. كذابون! كذابون! كذابون!
٦٦. مخادعون! مخادعون! مخادعون!

٦٧. يَا مَنْ لَا تَسْتَطِيعُونَ مُوَاجَهَةَ كَلَامِكُمُ الْخَاصَّةَ !
٦٨. حَوْنَةَ الْأَرْوَاحِ فِي كُلِّ أَنْحَاءِ الْعَالَمِ !
٦٩. آيُّهَا الْمُتَعَارِفُونَ الْبُؤْسَاءَ.
٧٠. الْآنَ تَطْلُبُونَ الْحِمَايَةَ مِنْ حَسَنٍ صَبَّاحٍ؟
٧١. كَلَا، كَلَا، كَلَا لَنْ أَحْيِيَكُمُ
٧٢. وَلَنْ تَسْتَعْمِلُوا أَبْدَانًا لِحَسَنٍ صَبَّاحٍ - وِليام بروتز لِتَغْطِيَةِ صَفَقَاتِكُمُ الْقَدِيرَةَ !
٧٣. كَلِمَاتِي هِيَ لِلْجَمِيعِ
٧٤. وَأُكْرِرُ لِلْجَمِيعِ !
٧٥. لَا أَحَدٌ مُبْعِدِيَنِي !
٧٦. لِكَيْ يَتِمَكَّنَ كُلُّ مَنْ يَدْفَعُ وَيَشْقَى أَنْ يَكُونَ حُرًّا فِي أَنْ يَرَّ !
٧٧. مِنْ بِيكَادِيلِي، وَتَايَمِ سَكُوِيرِ، وَسَاحَةِ الْكُونُكُورِدِ،
٧٨. فِي كُلِّ الشُّوَارِعِ وَفِي كُلِّ سَاحَاتِ الْعَالَمِ !
٧٩. انْظُرُوا إِلَى كِتَابَةِ حَظِّي السَّاكِنَةِ عَبْرَ كُلِّ السَّمَاوَاتِ،
٨٠. الْكِتَابَةِ السَّاكِنَةِ لِزَرايِنِ جِيزِنِ - حَسَنٍ صَبَّاحِ.
٨١. كُلُّهُمْ خَارِجَ الزَّمَنِ !
٨٢. كُلُّهُمْ فِي إِطَارِ الْمَتَّكَانِ !
٨٣. إِلَى الْأَبَدِ !
٨٤. يَا سَحْنَاءَ الْأَرْضِ، أُخْرِجُوا !



Bulgarian translation

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Kansas, USA

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"Last Words of Hassan Sabbah"
W. S. Burroughs

"Последните думи на Хассан Саббах"
У.С.Бъроус

1. Oiga amigos ! Oiga amigos ! Paco ! Enrique !
2. Чуйте последните думи на Хассан Саббах
3. Старецът от Планината!
4. Чуйте последните му думи, където и да сте!
5. Чуйте всички Вие бордове, правителства, синдикати, нации световни,
6. И Вие, сили зад какви мръсни сделки, сключени в какви тоалетни,
7. За да отнемете това, което не е ваше
8. Да продадете синовете си завинаги! Да продадете земята под неродени крака завинаги?
9. Чуйте последните ми думи вие всички! Слушайте ако цените телата заради които бихте продали всички души завинаги!
10. Какво правя тук с работниците, странниците, дървеняците, кучетата, разсилните, хората-животни?
11. Защо не дойда заедно със ТЯХ, да пия Кока-Кола и да я правя?
12. "За Бога, не бива да знаят за тази Кока-Кола!"
13. "Така е, г-н Който-и-да-е е отговорен за това кой го стори!"
14. Обясни как кръвта, и костите, и мозъците на стотици милиони, повече или по-малко странни, отидоха в канала като зелена пикня
15. Така че Вие от управителните съвети да можете да използвате тела, и умове, и души, които не бяха Ваши, не са Ваши и няма да бъдат Ваши.
16. Искате Хассан Саббах да обясни това? Да го почисти и подреди? Имате грешното име и грешния номер!
17. "Не позволявай да ни видят, не им казвай какво правим!"
18. Това ли са думите на всички могъщи нации и синдикати на земята?
19. "Не позволявай да ни видят, не им казвай какво правим!"
20. Не сделката с рака, не зелената сделка!
21. "Не издавай и това!"
22. Катастрофа, катастрофа, неизмерима катастрофа!
23. "Не ги показвай, тези неща изискват време, а това е моята работа!"
24. Както обикновено, Г-н Хлабав. Малко време остана. Остават минути! Тъжни тежки метални хора.
25. "Не издавай това! Не им показвай тъгата!"

26. Това ли са думите на всички могъщи управителни съвети и синдикати на земята? Покажи им тъгата.
27. Хора - пучи въшки! Крадливи червеи! Чревни паразити!
28. Изстисквайки въздуха, Вие не го изсрахте и изядохте отново, завинаги!
29. "Не им позволявай да ни видят! Не им казвай какво правим!"
30. Това ли са думите на всички могъщи управителни съвети, синдикати, картели на земята?
31. Големите банкови семейства на земята?
32. Френски, английски, американски?
33. Като Бъроуз, това гордо американско име?
34. От какво точно гордо? Бихте ли искали всички да видите с какво точно Бъроуз трябва да се гордее?
35. Къса времева ракета, тежка метална машинка?
36. Добре, г-н Бъроус, който показва името и думите ми погребани през цялото време.
37. За да могат всички да ни видят, на Тайм Скуеър, на Пикадили,
38. Изиграйте всичко, изиграйте всичко, изиграйте всичко отначало!
39. Платете всичко, платете всичко, върнете ни парите за всичко!
40. "Да им покажа ли тъгата?"
41. Сега, Сега, Сега!
42. "Преждевременно! Преждевременно! Преждевременно!"
43. Време за какво? Преждевременно за кого?
44. Казвам Ви: тези думи не са преждевременни. Минути да се разлигавят в зелено.
46. "Свръх секретно! За управителния съвет - Посветените"
47. Това ли са думите на всички могъщи управителни съвети и синдикати на земята?
48. Това са думите на лъжци и страхливци,
49. Вие откраднахте от небето, което не беше Ваше, отваряйки телата и душите завинаги! Гледайте! Гледайте! Гледайте!
50. "Не позволявай да ни видят! Не им казвай какво правим!"
51. Това ли са думите на великите нации, всички могъщи управителни съвети и синдикати на земята?
52. Това са имената на лъжци, и страхливци, и заговорници, и предатели
53. Сътрудници с хора насекоми,
54. С всякакви хора навсякуде, които Ви предлагат тяло завинаги, да друсате завинаги.
55. За това сте продали синовете си завинаги!
56. Земята под неродените крака, завинаги!
57. Предатели на всички души навсякъде!

58. Вие от управителните съвети, които искате други да плаат вместо Вас,
59. Със сделките си да вземете това, което не е Ваше.
60. Вие от управителния съвет, които сега казвате:
61. "Защити ни от нашите ненормални,
62. Защити ни от нашите хора-животни!"
63. Това ли са думите на всички могъщи управителни съвети и синдикати на земята?
64. И Вие искате името Хассан Саббах върху мръсните Ви сделки
65. Да продаде неродените?
66. "Защити ни от нашите ненормални, нашите псета, нашите хора-животни!"
67. Това ли са думите на всички могъщи управителни съвети, Вашите могъщи синдикати
68. Вашите могъщи правителства и нации на земята?
69. Лъжци! Лъжци! Лъжци! Страхливци! Страхливци! Страхливци!
70. Които не можете дори да се изправите пред собствените си псета
71. Предатели на всички души навсякъде! Предадени да друсат завинаги!
72. Вие, нещастни заговорници,
73. Сега искате закрила от Хассан Саббах?
74. "Защити ни от нашите ненормални, нашите хора животни?"
75. Не, не, не, аз няма да Ви защита,
76. И Вие никога няма да използвате името на Хассан Саббах-Уилям Бъроус да прикриете зелените си сделки с дрога с хора пучи въшки!
77. Думите ми са за всички,
78. Повтарям - за всички!
79. Никой не прави изключение!
80. Безплатно за всички, които плащат, безплатно за всички, които плащат и болка, която всички да видят, всички да видят!
81. На Пикадили, на Тайм Скуеър, Плац де ла Конкорд,
82. По всички улици и площади по света!
83. Платете! Платете! Платете!
84. Изиграйте всичко, изиграйте всичко, изиграйте всичко отначало!
85. Платете всичко, платете всичко, върнете ни парите за всичко!
86. Вижте написаното от мен - тишината през всичките Ви небеса
87. Тихото писмо на Брайън Гизин - Хассан Саббах
88. Тихото писмо на пространството, писмото на Хассан Саббах
89. Всички във времето! Всички в пространството! Завинаги!
90. ЗАТВОРНИЦИ НА ЗЕМЯТА, ИЗЛЕСТЕ!

76. И Вие никога няма да използвате името на Хассан Саббах-Уилям Бъроус да прикриете зелените си сделки с дрога с хора пучи въшки!
 77. Думите ми са за всички,
 78. Повтарям - за всички!
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 90. ЗАТВОРНИЦИ НА ЗЕМЯТА, ИЗЛЕСТЕ!
-

Dutch translation

Rasta Robert

De Laatste Woorden van Hassan Sabbah

Oiga amigos ! Oiga amigos ! Paco ! Enrique !
Laatste woorden van Hassan Sabbah,
De Oude man van de Berg !
Luister naar mijn laatste woorden, waar dan ook !
Luister al jullie besturen, regeringen, syndicaten, landen van de wereld,
En jullie, machten achter welke smerige zaakjes afgehandeld in
welke plee,
Om te nemen wat niet van jullie was,
Om je zonen voor altijd te verkopen ! Om de grond voor altijd van onder
ongeboren voeten te verkopen ?
Luister naar mijn laatste woorden in welke wereld dan ook! Luister als je
waarde hecht aan de lichamen voor welke je alle zielen voor altijd zou
verkopen ! ...
Ik verdraag geen zieke woorden junk woorden liefdeswoorden
vergevingswoorden van Jezus
Ik ben niet gekomen om uitleg te geven of om op te ruimen
Wat doe ik hier met de arbeiders, de klojos, na-apers, de honden,
de boodschappenjongens, het menselijk vee ?
Waarom kom ik niet bij het bestuur en drink coca-cola, en maak het
helemaal?

"In Godsnaam, laat dat Coca-Cola gedoe niet uitlekken !"

Dat gedoe is duidelijk , Meneer Wie-dan-ook verantwoordelijk is
ervoor wie het heeft gedaan !

Leg eens uit hoe het bloed en de botten en de hersenen van honderd
miljoen min of meer klojos in groene pis in het riool verdwenen !
Zodat jullie bestuurders lichamen konden gebruiken, en geesten en zielen
die niet van jullie waren, niet van jullie zijn, en nooit van jullie zullen zijn.
Je wilt dat Hassan Sabbah dat uitlegt? Het zootje schoonmaakt?
Je hebt de verkeerde naam en het verkeerde nummer !
Meneer Verlies Getty Lee Rockafeller.

"Laat ze ons niet zien, vertel ze niet wat we doen !"

Zijn dit de woorden van de almachtige landen en syndicaten van
de aarde?

"- Laat ze ons niet zien, vertel ze niet wat we doen !"

"Niet die kanker deal, niet die groene afspraak !"

Laat het niet uitlekken !

Ramp, ramp, onoverzienbare ramp !"

*"Laat het niet uitlekken, dit soort dingen kost tijd,
en dat is mijn zaak. "*

Zoals gebruikelijk, meneer Verlies ! Korte tijd te gaan.
Minuten te gaan ! Blauw zwaar metaal volk.

"- Laat dat niet naar buiten! Laat ze de blues niet zien !"

Zijn dit de woorden van de almachtige landen en syndicaten van
de aarde?

"En wat je ook doet, laat ze ons niet zien. "

Krab-mensen ! Lintwormen ! Darmparasieten !
De lucht knijpend en persend scheid je het niet uit en at het opnieuw op,
voor altijd !

"Laat ze ons niet zien, vertel ze niet wat we doen ! Laat ons niet betalen. "

Zijn dit de woorden van de almachtige bestuurders en syndicaten,
cartels van de aarde?

De grote bankiers-families van de wereld?

Frans, Engels, Amerikaans ?

Zoals Burroughs, die trotse Amerikaanse naam ?

Trots waarop, eigenlijk? Zouden jullie allemaal willen zien

wat Burroughs heeft om trots op te zijn ?

De Maya Bende, de duizendpoot rage,

Snelle klus , de zwaar metaal truc?

Goed, meneer Burroughs, die mijn naam draagt en mijn woorden
die helemaal begraven zijn.

Te zien voor iedereen, op Times Square, op Picadilly,

Speel het allemaal, speel het allemaal, speel het allemaal terug !

Betaal het allemaal, betaal het allemaal, betaal het allemaal terug ! ...

Luister: het woord kwam voor Engels Amerikaans Duits Frans,

en pijn en leven zijn arsenicum voor iedereen

de botten gingen nu - gebruik nooit je hebt licht

allemaal, jullie allemaal allemaal allemaal groen volk krabbenvolk

zwaar metaal volk - complimenten van meneer Burroughs voor

die zwaar metaal truc.

"Laat ze ons niet zien, vertel ze niet wat we doen !

Voorbarig, voorbarig, reconversie reconversie blues"

Zal ik ze de blues laten zien ?

"Nee! Nu! Nee!

Voorbarig ! Voorbarig ! Voorbarig !

Zijn dit de woorden van de almachtige bestuurders en syndicaten,
van de aarde ?

Ik zeg het tegen iedereen : deze woorden zijn niet voorbarig.

Deze woorden zouden te laat kunnen zijn.

Minuten te gaan. Minuten te gaan. Minuten voor alles in de soep loopt.

Wat ik te zeggen heb is nu overal

Wis het woord twee uit en je wist het woord Hitler uit

Het antwoord komt voor de vraag

Mijn woorden zijn voor iedereen, voor iedereen
Ik herhaal: voor iedereen !
Niemand uitgezonderd !
Gratis voor iedereen die betaalt, gratis voor iedereen die pijn betaalt
voor iedereen om te zien, voor iedereen om te zien !
Op Picadilly, op Times Square, Place de la Concorde,
Op alle straten en pleinen van de wereld !
Betaal, betaal, betaal !
Speel het allemaal, speel het allemaal, speel het allemaal terug !
Betaal het allemaal, betaal het allemaal, betaal het allemaal terug !
Zie mijn schrijven de stilte - die al je luchten doorkruist.
Het stille schrijven van Brion Gysin - Hassan Sabbah.
Allemaal uit de tijd ! Allemaal de ruimte in ! Voor altijd !
Neem wat niet van jou is naar luchten knijp het oog lichamen voor altijd
Allemaal uit de tijd ! Allemaal de ruimte in ! Voor altijd !
Je kan geen woorden mee de ruimte in nemen
Dat is allemaal allemaal allemaal Hassan Sabbah
Je kan geen vrouw mee de ruimte in nemen
ik herhaal je kan geen vrouw mee de ruimte in nemen
Dat is allemaal allemaal allemaal Hassan Sabbah
Zie mijn schrijven de stilte - die al je luchten doorkruist.
Het stille schrijven van Brion Gysin - Hassan Sabbah.
Het stille schrijven van de ruimte, het schrijven van Hassan Sabbah
Kijk ! Kijk ! Kijk !

"Laat ze ons niet zien, vertel ze niet wat we doen !"

Zijn dit de woorden van de almachtige besturen en syndicaten,
van de aarde ?
Het zijn de woorden van leugenaars en lafaards en collaborateurs
en veraders.
Collaborators met insectenvolk
Met elk volk waar dan ook die je voor altijd een lichaam aanbieden,
om voor altijd te schijten.
Hiervoor heb je voor altijd je zonen verkocht !
De grond onder ongeboren voeten voor altijd !
Veraders van alle zielen overal !
Jullie in de besturen, die willen dat anderen voor jullie betalen.
Met jullie handeltjes om te nemen wat niet van jullie is !
En jullie laten je menselijk vee achter om levend opgegeten te
worden door het krabbenvolk en in het riool te verdwijnen in
groene stront en pis. De groene afspraak.

"Laat ze ons niet zien, vertel ze niet wat we doen !"

Jij in het bestuur, die nu zegt :

*"Bescherm ons tegen onze klojos
Bescherm ons tegen ons menselijk vee. "*

Zijn dit de woorden van de almachtige besturen en syndicaten van
de aarde ?
En je wilt de naam van Hassan Sabbah op je smerige zaakjes
Om de ongeborenen te verkopen ?

"Bescherm ons tegen onze klojos, onze honden, ons menselijk vee !"

Zijn dit de woorden van de almachtige besturen, jullie machtige syndicaten
Jullie machtige regeringen en landen van de aarde ?
Leugenaars ! Leugenaars ! Leugenaars ! Lafaards ! Lafaards ! Lafaards !
Die jullie eigen honden niet onder ogen durven te komen !

Veraders van alle zielen overal ! Verkocht aan schijt voor altijd :
Jullie, ellendige collaborateurs,
En dan nu om de bescherming van Hassan Sabbah vragen ?
Zijn dit de woorden van het almachtige bestuur ?

"Bescherm ons tegen onze klojos, ons menselijk vee ?"

Nee, nee, nee, ik zal jullie niet beschermen,
En nooit zullen jullie de naam van Hassan Sabbah - William Burroughs
gebruiken om jullie groene stront handeltjes met krabbenmensen verborgen
te houden. Met de Ouden van Minraud.
Luister luister luister:
Ik wis alle woorden en raporten van het bestuur voor altijd uit.
Ik wis jullie oppervlakkige pleziertjes voor altijd voor Al Tijd
Ik wis alle woorden van Marx Lenin Einstein Freud fraude voor altijd
Ik wis al de formules van Einstein Oppenheimer voor altijd
Ik wis alle woorden voor altijd uit
Ik wis de Qabalah voor altijd uit
Ik wis de Talmud voor altijd uit
Ik wis alle formules en aanwijzingen van de Ouden van Minraud voor altijd

Ik wis het woord voor alrijd uit
luister allemaal allemaal allemaal
als jou herroep ik al je woorden voor altijd
je kan geen woorden met je mee de ruimte in nemen
het is allemaal allemaal allemaal Hassan Sabbah.



Norwegian translation

LYTT TIL DE SISTE ORDENE TIL HASSAN I SABBAAH

Robert Ommundsen

DEN GAMLE MANNEN FRA FJELLET
LYTT TIL MINE SISTE ORD HVOR SOM HELST
LYTT ALLE DERE KOMMUNEPAMPER REGJERINGER SYNDIKATER ALLE JORDAS NASJONER

OG DERE:MAKTEN BAK MØKKETE AVTALER INNGÅTT PÅ HVILKE DASSER
FOR Å TA DET DERE IKKE EIER
OM Å SELGE VÅRE SØNNER FOR ALL TID:OG SELGE JORDA UNDER BEINA
TIL DE UFØDTE TIL EVIG TID
HØR MINE SISTE ORD HØR VERDEN:LYTT HVIS DU VERDSETTER KROPPENE
SOM DERE VILLE SELGE SJELENE TIL I EVIG TID
HVA GJØR JEG HER SAMMEN MED ARBEIDERNE GULINGENE APEKATTENE
BIKKJENE OVERLØPERNE MENNESKEDYRENE?
HVORFOR SMISKER JEG MEG IKKE INN I STYRET DRIKKER COCA COLA
OG GJØR DET STORT?
HERRE MIN GUD IKKE LA DET DER MED COCA COLA BLI KJENT!
DET STEMMER HR HVEM SOMERANSVARLIG FOR DET SOM BLE GJORT
FORKLAR HVORDAN BLODET OG KNOKLENE OG HJERNENE TIL MILLIONER
AV SÅKALTE GULINGER FORSVANT I AVLØPET SOM GRØNT PISS
SLIK AT DERE PÅ TOPPEN KUNNE BRUKE KROPPER OG HJERNER DERE
ALDRI EIDE ALDRI EIER ALDRI KOMMER TIL Å EIE
VIL DERE AT HASSAN SABBAAH SKAL FORKLARE DET? RYDDE OPP?
DU HAR KOMMET TIL FEIL NAVN OG FEIL NUMMER
IKKE LA DEM SE OSS IKKE FORTELL DEM HVA VI HOLDER PÅ MED
ER DETTE ORDENE TIL ALLE DE MEKTIGE STATENE OG SYNDIKATENE PÅ
JORDA?
IKKE LA DEM SE OSS IKKE FORTELL DEM HVA VI HOLDER PÅ MED
IKKE KREFT SVINDELEN IKKE DEN GRØNNE.IKKE LA DEN BLI KJENT
ULYKKE ULYKKE UBESKRIVELIG ULYKKE
IKKE VIS DEM UT SLIKT TAR TID OG DET ER MITT ANSVAR
SOM VANLIG HR TAPT SNART DRA MINUTTER TIL DRA BLÅ TUNGMETALL
MENNESKER
IKKE GJØR DET KJENT IKKE VIS DEM THE BLUES
ER DETTE ORDENE TIL ALLE JORDAS MEKTIGE STYRER OG SYNDIKATER:VIS
DEM THE BLUES
KRABBEMENN SLIMORMER INNVOLLSPARASITTER
DU SUGER INN LUFT DU DREIT DET IKKE UT OG SPISTE DET IGJEN TIL ALL TID
IKKE LA DEM SE OSS IKKE FORTELL DEM HVA VI HOLDER PÅ MED
ER DETTE ORDENE TIL ALLE DE MEKTIGE STYRENE SYNDIKATENE KARTELLENE PÅ
JORDA?
JORDAS STORE BANKFAMILIER
FRANSKE ENGELSKE AMERIKANSKE
SOM BURROUGHS DET DER STOLTE AMERIKANSKE NAVNET
STOLT AV HVA DA?ØNSKER DERE ALLE Å VITE HVA BURROUGHS HAR Å
VÆRE STOLT AV?
KORTTIDSPROSJEKTER HEAVY METAL FLIPP
JAVEL HR BURROUGHS SOM BÆRER MITT NAVN OG MINE ORD BEGRAVD
HELE VEIEN

SÅ ALLE SER DET I TIMES SQUARE PICADILLY
 SPILL DET PÅ NY SPILT DET HELE IGJEN
 BETAL ALT ABSOLUTT ALT TILBAKE
 SKAL JEG VISE DEM THE BLUES?
 NÅ NÅ NÅ
 FOR TIDLIG FOR TIDLIG
 TID TIL HVA? TIDLIG FOR HVEM
 JEG SIER TIL ALLE:DISSE ORDENE KOMMER IKKE FOR TIDLIG,DE KOMMER
 KANSKJE FOR SENT
 MINUTTER OM Å GJØRE MINUTTER OM Å GJØRE MINUTTER TIL GØRRET
 MINUTTER TIL DET GRØNNE GØRRET
 TOPP HEMMELIG BEREGNET PÅ LEDELSEN DE INNVIDDE
 ER DETTE ORDENE TIL DE ALLMEKTIGE STYRENE OG SYNDIKATENE PÅ
 JORDA?
 DETTE ER ORDENE TIL LØGNERE FEINGINGER MEDLØPERE OG FORRÆDERE
 SOM VIL HA MER OG MER TID
 DERE STJAL RÅTT DET SOM IKKE VAR DERES FORGIFTET KROPPER OG
 SJELER TIL EVIG TID:SE SE SE
 IKKE LA DEM SE OSS IKKE FORTELL DEM HVA VI HOLDER PÅ MED
 ER DETTE ORDENE TIL DE STORE NASJONENE DE ALLMEKTIGE STYRER OG
 SYNDIKATER PÅ DENNE JORD?
 DETTE ER NAVNENE PÅ LØGNERE OG FEINGINGER OG MEDLØPERE OG
 FORRÆDERE
 SOM SAMARBEIDER MED INSEKT FOLK MED FOLK HVOR SOM HELST SOM
 TILBYR EN KROPP TIL EVIG TID Å DRITE TIL EVIG TID
 FOR DETTE HAR DERE SOLGT EDERS SØNNER TIL EVIG TID JORDEN UNDER
 DE UFØDTE BEN TIL EVIG TID:FORRÆDERE AV ALLE SJELER:OVER ALT DERE
 I STYRET SOM VIL AT ANDRE SKAL BETALE FOR DERE
 MED PLANER OM Å TA DET DERE IKKE HAR DERE I STYRET SOM NÅ SIER:
 BESKYTT OSS FRA GULINGENE VÅRE BESKYTT OSS FRA VÅRE MENNESKEDYR
 ER DETTE ORDENE TIL DE ALLMEKTIGE STYRENE OG SYNDIKATENE PÅ JORDA?
 OG DERE VIL HA NAVNET TIL HASSAN I SABBAAH PÅ MØKKA FORETNINGENE DERES
 FOR Å TA ROTTA PÅ DE UFØDTE
 BESKYTT OSS FRA GULINGENE VÅRE FRA BIKKJENE OG MENNESKEDYRA
 VÅRE:
 ER DETTE ORDENE TIL DE ALLMEKTIGE STYRENE TIL DE MEKTIGE SYNDIKATENE
 JORDAS MEKTIGE REGJERINGER OG NASJONER?
 LØGNERE LØGNERE LØGNERE FEINGINGER FEINGINGER FEINGINGER
 SOM IKKE ENGANG KAN SE DERES EGNE KJØTERE I ØYNENE FORRÆDERE
 MOT ALLE SJELER HVOR SOM HELST SOM HAR SOLGT SEG TIL DRITT TIL
 EVIG TID
 DERE STAKKARSLIGE MEDLØPERE SPØR NÅ OM BESKYTTELSE FRA HASSAN I SABBAAH
 BESKYTT OSS FRA GULINGENE VÅRE MENNESKEDYRA
 NEI NEI NEI JEG VIL IKKE BESKYTTE DERE OG DERE FÅR ALDRI BRUKE
 NAVNET TIL HASSAN I SABBAAH WILLIAM BURROUGHS TIL Å DEKKE OVER
 EDERS GRØNNE DRITT FORETNINGER MED KRABBEMENN
 ORDENE MINE ER FOR ALLE JEG GJENTAR FOR ALLE INGEN SLIPPER UNNA
 GRATIS FOR ALLE SOM BETALER FOR GALE SÅ ALLE SER SÅ ALLE SER I
 PICADILLY TIMES SQUARE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE ARENDALSANALEN I
 ALLE GATER PÅ ALLE ALLMENNINGER I HELE VERDEN BETAL BETAL BETAL SPILL
 DET HELE SPILL DET HELE SPILL DET PÅ NY
 SPILL DET HELE SPILL DET HELE SPILL DET IGJEN
 BETAL DET HELE BETAL DET HELE OG HELVETE ATTER IGJEN
 SE MIN SKRIFT TAUS PÅ ALLE HIMLER
 DEN STILLE SKRIFTEN TIL BRION GYSIN HASSAN I SABBAAH
 DEN TAUSE SKRIFTEN I VERDENSROMMET SKRIFTEN TIL HASSAN SABBAAH
 TIDEN LØPER UT:ALLE UT I VERDENSROMMET TIL EVIG TID
 JORDAS FANGER:KOM UT

Spanish translation

Las últimas palabras de Hassan Sabbah

por William S. Burroughs

Miguel Alonso mioclonic@yahoo.com

1. Oiga amigos ! Oiga amigos ! Paco ! Enrique !
2. Escuchad las últimas palabras de Hassan Sabbah
3. ¡El viejo de la montaña!
4. ¡Escuchad mis palabras, allá donde esteis!
5. Escuchad vosotros los de directivas, gobiernos, sindicatos, naciones del mundo,
6. Y vosotros, poderes tras los que se esconden miserias consumadas en retretes,
7. que cojeis lo que no es vuestro,
8. ¡Que vendeis a vuestros hijos para siempre! ¡Que vendeis para siempre el suelo de pies todavía no nacidos!
9. ¡Escuchad mis palabras en todos los mundos! ¡Escuchad si valorais los cuerpos por los que venderíais para siempre todas las almas!
10. ¿Qué hago aquí con los trabajadores, los tontos, los monos, los perros, los chicos errantes, los animales humanos?
- 11 . ¿Por qué no me uno a la palestra, bebo coca-cola y la fabrico?

12. "Por amor de Dios, que no hable de la Coca-Cola!"

13. Está en lo cierto, Sr. Fulano de Tal, responsable de los que la han hecho!
14. ¿Por qué no explicais como es posible que la sangre, los huesos y los cerebros de cien millones más o menos de tontos se han filtrado a través de las alcantarillas en forma de meos verdes?
15. Así que, vosotros los de las directivas haciais esto para usar cuerpos, mentes y almas que no eran vuestras, que no son vuestras y que nunca lo serán.
16. ¿Quereis que Hassan Sabbah os lo explique ? ¿Quereis que lo aclare?
¡Os habeis equivocado de nombre y de número!

17. "¡No permitas que nos vean, que no sepan lo que hacemos!"

18. ¿Acaso son estas las palabras de las todopoderosas naciones y sindicatos del mundo?

19. "- ¡No dejes que nos vean, no reveles lo que hacemos!"

20. ¡Lo del cancer no! ¡Lo de la ecología no!

21. ¡No lo destapes!

22. ¡Desastre, desastre, desastre incalculable!

23. No les muestres estas cosas, ya que llevan tiempo, y eso es de mi incumbencia."

24. Como siempre ¡Don Pérdidas! Te queda poco tiempo ¡Minutos para tu fin!
Jevis tristes.

25. "- ¡No se lo digas! ¡No les muestres la tristeza!"

26. ¿Acaso son estas las palabras de las todopoderosas directivas y sindicatos del mundo?
Mostrémosles la tristeza.

27. ¡Hombres cangrejo! ¡Gusanos de tierra! ¡Parásitos intestinales!

28. Oprimiendo un aire que no cagasteis y que no volveréis a comer ¡Para siempre!

29. "¡No nos pongas en evidencia! ¡No les digas lo que hacemos!"

30. ¿Acaso son estas las palabras de las todopoderosas directivas, sindicatos y cárteles del mundo?

31. Las grandes familias banqueras del mundo

32. ¿Francesas? ¿Inglesas? ¿Americanas?

33. Como Burroughs ¿Ese nombre tan orgullosamente americano?

34. Orgulloso, concretamente ¿de qué? ¿Podría alguno de vosotros indicar de si Burroughs debe enorgullecerse de algo?

35. ¿Raqueta a corto plazo? ¿Chiste de jevi?

36. Mu bien, Don Burroughs, que llevas mi nombre y entierras mis palabras en tu camino

37. para que las vea todo el mundo, en Times Square, en Picadilly,

38. ¡Jugad con ellas! ¡Jugad con ellas! ¡Jugad con ellas!

39. ¡Pagádlas! ¡Pagádlas! ¡Pagádlas!...

40. ¿Debo mostrales la tristeza?

41. ¡Ahora! ¡Ya! ¡Ahora! ¡Ya! ¡Ahora! ¡Ya!

42. "¡Prematuro! ¡Prematuro! ¡Prematuro!"

43. ¿Tiempo para qué? ¿Prematuro para quién?

44. Os digo a todos que estas palabras no son prematuras. Puede que lleguen demasiado tarde.

45. Quedan minutos, minutos para que llegue el momento, el momentoo, el momentoo verde.

46. "¡Alto secreto! Solo apto para la directiva - los Iniciados.."

47. ¿Acaso son estas las palabras de las todopoderosas directivas y sindicatos del mundo?

48. Estas son palabras de mentirosos, cobardes, colaboradores y traidores, embusteros que siempre necesitan más y más tiempo

49. ¡Robásteis a cielo abierto lo que no era vuestro envenenando los cuerpos y las almas para siempre! ¡Mirad! ¡Mirad! ¡Mirad!

50. "¡No nos pongas en evidencia! ¡No cuentes nada de lo que hacemos!"

51. ¿Son estas palabras de grandes naciones, de todopoderosas directivas y sindicatos del mundo?

52. Estas son las palabras de mentirosos, cobardes, colaboradores y traidores.

53. Colaboradores con la gente insecto,

54. con cualquiera que ofrezca un cuerpo para siempre, para cagar para siempre.

55. Por ello habeis vendido las almas de vuestros hijos para siempre,

56. ¡El suelo de pies todavía no nacidos! ¡Para siempre!

57. ¡Especuladores de almas!

58. Y vosotros, los de las directivas, que quereis que otros paguen por vosotros,

59. ¡los intentos de de cojer lo que no es vuestro!

60. Los que ahora decís:

61. "Protejednos de nuestras mascotas,

62. protejednos de nuestros animales humanos."

63. ¿Acaso son estas las palabras de las todopoderosas directivas y sindicatos de la tierra?

64. ¿Y pretendéis que el nombre de Hassan Sabbah se mezcle con vuestros tratos miserables?

65. ¿Para vender a los que todavía no han nacido?

66. "Protejednos de nuestras mascotas, de nuestros perros, de nuestros animales humanos!"

67. ¿Acaso son estas las palabras de las todopoderosas corporaciones, de vuestros todopoderosos sindicatos,
68. de vuestros poderosos gobiernos y naciones del mundo?
69. ¡Mentirosos! ¡Mentirosos! ¡Mentirosos! ¡Cobardes! ¡Cobardes! ¡Cobardes!
70. ¡Vosotros que no podeis ni tan siquiera hacer frente a vuestros propios perros!
71. ¡Especuladores de almas! Vendidos a la mierda para siempre:
72. Vosotros, miserables colaboradores,
73. ¿Ahora le pedís protección a Hassan Sabbah ?

74. " Protejednos de nuestras mascotas, de nuestros animales humanos?"

75. No, no, no, de ningún modo os protegeré,
76. Y nunca más volvereis a utilizar el nombre de Hassan Sabbah - William Burroughs para cubrir vuestros pactos verdes de mierda con hombres cangrejo.
77. Mis palabras son para todos,
78. repito ¡Para todos!
79. ¡Nadie queda excluído!
80. Liberad a todos los que pagan, liberad a todos los que pagan y sufren por lo que ven, ¡Para que todos puedan ver!
81. En Picadilly, en Time Square, Place de la concorde,
82. ¡En todas las calles y plazas del mundo!
83. ¡Pagad! ¡Pagad! ¡Pagad!
84. ¡Mostradlo todo! ¡Mostradlo todo! ¡Mostradlo todo!
85. ¡Pagadlo todo! ¡Pagadlo todo! ¡Pagadlo todo!
86. Ved en mi escritura el silencio que cruza vuestros cielos,
87. la escritura silencios de Brion Gysin - Hassan Sabbah.
88. La escritura silenciosa del espacio, la escritura de Hassan Sabbah
89. ¡Todos fuera del tiempo! ¡ Todos fuera del espacio! ¡Para siempre!
90. PRISIONEROS DE LA TIERRA, ¡SALID!
-

Lithuanian translation

PASKUTINIAI HASANO SABAHO ÞODÞIAI

translation by Vasha DADAJA

1. Klausykite, draugai! Klausykite, draugai! Pakai! Enrike!
2. Klausykite paskutiniø Hasano Sabaho,
3. Kalno senolio, þodþiø!
4. Bet kur klausykite mano paskutiniø þodþiø!
5. Klausykite visos tarybos, valdþios, sindikatai, tautos,
6. Ir jûs, jėgos, atsakingos uþ kaþkokius ðlykðėius sandėrius, iðtobulintus
kaþkokioje iðvietėje,
7. Kuriais paiimate tai, kas nėra jûsø,
8. Parduodate savo sūnus visiems laikams! Amþiams parduodate þemæ ið po
negimusiojø kojø?
9. Visuose pasauliuose klausykite mano paskutiniø þodþiø! Klausykite, jei

- vertinate kūnus, dėl kuriø amþinai parduotumėte sielas!
10. Kà að ėia veikiu su darbininkais, ðlykðtukais, beþdþionėmis, ðunimis,
berniukais pasiuntiniais, þmogiðkaisiais gyvuliais?
 11. Kodėl man nenuėjus iðgerti kokakolos su taryba ir visko nesutvarkius?

12. "Dėl Dievo meilės, neiðleiskite viso to kokakolinio reikalo!"

13. Reikalas teisingas, ponas Kasjisbebūtø atsakingas uþ tuos, kurie tai
padarė!
14. Paaiðkinkite, kaip ðimtø milijonø ðlykðtukø kraujas, kaulai ir smegenys
nutekėjo á nutekamuosius vamzdþius þaliais myþalais!
15. Kaip jûs, tarybose galėjote naudoti kūnus, protus ir sielas, kurie
nebuvo jûsø, nėra jûsø ir niekada nebus jûsø?
16. Norite, kad Hasanas Sabahas tai paaiðkintø? Kad iðvalytø? Jûsø
neteisingas vardas ir neteisingas numeris!

17. "Neleiskite jiems mūsų pamatyti! Nesakykite jiems, kà mes darome!"

18. Ar taip ðneka þemės galingosios tautos ir sindikatai?

19. "Neleiskite jiems mūsų pamatyti! Nesakykite jiems, kà mes darome!"

20. Jokio vėþinio sandėrio, jokio þalio sandėrio!
21. Neiðleiskite viso to!
22. Lega, lega, neákainuojama liga!
23. Neparodykite to, tam reikia laiko, o tai yra mano reikalas!

24. Kaip visada, pone Palaidabala! Iki iðvykimo liko nedaug laiko. Minutės
iki iðvykimo. Mėlyni sunkiojo metalo þmonės.

25. "Neišleiskite to á laisvæ! Neparodykite jiems bliuzø!"

26. Ar taip ðneka þemës galingosios tautos ir sindikatai? Parodykite jiems bliuzus.

27. Krabaþmogiai! Kirminai! Þarnyno parazitai!

28. Átraukæ oro, jûs neiððikate jo ir neátraukiate dar kartà, amþinai!

29. "Neleiskite jiems mûsø pamatyti! Nesakykite jiems kà mes darome! "

30. Ar taip ðneka þemës galingosios tautos, sindikatai ir kartelës?

31. Didþiosios pasaulio bankininkø ðeimos

32. Prancûzø, anglø, amerikieèiø?

33. Kaip Barauzai, ta didi amerikietiðka pavardë?

34. Tiesà sakant, dël ko didi? Ar norëtumëte visi þinoti, kuo Barauzai tur didþiuotis?

35. Trumpalaikis triukðmas, sunkiojo metalo triukas?

36. Tvarka, pone Barauzai, turintis mano vardà ir visur palaidotus mano þodþius.

37. Kad visi matytø Taim Skvere, Pikadilyje.

38. Grokite visa tai, grokite visa tai, atgrokite visa tai jiems atgal!

39. Sumokëkite, sumokëkite, gràpinkite skolà!

40. Turiu jiems sugroti bliuzà?

41. Dabar! Dabar !Dabar!

42. "Per ankstyvi Per ankstyvi Per ankstyvi"

43. Kam reikia laiko? Per ankstyvi kam?

44. Visiems sakau: ðie þodþiai nėra nesubrendæ. Ðie þodþiai gali jus pasiekti per vëlai.

45. Minutës iki iðvykimo. Minutës iki iðvykimo. Minutës iki iiiðððvykimo. Minutës iki þalio iiiðððvykimo.

46. "Didþiausia paslaptis! Nes Taryboje paðvæstieji. "

47. Ar taip ðneka þemës galingosios tarybos ir sindikatai?

48. Taip ðneka melagiai, bailiai, bendrininkai ir iðdavikai. Melagiai, kurie nori vis daugiau ir daugiau laiko.

49. Iki dangaus prisivogëte, amþiams uþnuodydami kûnus ir sielas! Ðiûrëkite! Ðiûrëkite! Ðiûrëkite!

50. "Neleiskite jiems mûsø pamatyti! Nesakykite jiems kà mes darome!"

51. Ar taip ðneka þemës galingosios tautos, visagalës tarybos ir sindikatai?

52. Taip vadinami melagiai, bailiai, bendrininkai ir iðdavikai.

53. Vabzdþiaþmogjø bendrininkai.

54. Bet kokiø, bet kur esanëiø þmoniø, jums amþinai siûlanëiø kûnà keisti á ðûdà, bendrininkai.

55. Dël to jûs amþiams pardavëte savo sûnus

56. Ir þemæ ið po negimusiojþ kojþ!
 57. Visþ sielþ iðdavikai!
 58. Jþs, tarybos, norinþios, kad uþ jus sumokþtþ kiti,
 59. Savo sandþriais paimanþios tai, kas nþra jþsþ!
 60. Jþs, tarybos, dabar sakanþios:

61. "Apsaugokite mus nuo mþsþ ðlykðtukþ,
 62. Apsaugokite mus nuo mþsþ þmogiðkþjþ gyvuliþ."

63. Ar taip ðneka þemþs galingosios tautos ir sindikatai?
 64. Ir jþs norite, jog Hasano Sabaho vardas bþtþ ant jþsþ ðlykðþiþ sandþriþ,
 65. Kad galþtumþte parduoti negimusius?
 66. "Saugokite mus nuo mþsþ ðlykðkutþ, ðunþ ir þmogiðkþjþ gyvuliþ! "
 67. Ar taip ðneka jþsþ visagalþs tarybos, jþsþ visagaliai sindikatai,
 68. Jþsþ visagalþs valdþpios ir tautos?
 69. Melagiai! Melagiai! Melagiai! Bailiai! Bailiai! Bailiai!
 70. Jþs net negalite stoti akis á aká prieš savo ðunis!
 71. Visþ sielþ iðdavikai! Amþiams parsidavþ ðþdui!
 72. Jþs, apgailþtini bendrininkþliai,
 73. Dabar praðote Hasano Sabaho protekcijos?

74. "Saugok mus nuo mþsþ ðlykðtukþ, mþsþ þmogiðkþjþ gyvuliþ?"

75. Ne, ne, ne, að jþsþ nesaugosiu,
 76. Ir jþs niekada nepasinaudosite Hasano Sabaho- Viljamo Barauzo vardu,
 norþdami pridengti savo þaliai ðþdinus sandþrius su krabþmogiþs.
 77. Mano þodþiai skirti visiems,
 78. Kartoju, visiems!
 79. Nþ vieno neiðskiriant!
 80. Juos gali girdþti visi, kurie moka, visi, kurie moka. Skausmá gali
 matyti visi, matyti visi!
 81. Taim skvere, Pikadilyje, De La Konkordijos aikðtþje,
 82. Visose pasaulio gatvþse ir aikðtþse
 83. Mokþkite, mokþkite, mokþkite!
 84. Grokite visa tai, grokite visa tai, atgrotekite visa tai jiþm atgal!
 85. Viská sumokþkite, viská sumokþkite, grþpinkite skolá!
 86. Pamatykite mano raðymus, tylus per visá dangþ
 87. Tylus Brajano Gaisino- Hasano Sabaho raðymus.
 88. Tylus erdvþs raðymus, Hasano Sabaho raðymus.
 89. Visi, lauk, ið laiko! Visi á erdvþ !Amþiams!
 90. ÞEMþS KALINIAI, Á LAISVþ !



Catalan translation

perpinya

5 de març 2001

Les Ultimes Paraules de Hassan Sabbah

William S. Burroughs

(extractes)

Traducció Josep Altimiras

1. Escolteu amics ! Escolteu !
2. Escolteu els darrers mots de HASSAN SABBAH,
3. El vieil de la Muntanya !
4. Escolteu els meus darrers mots, en qualsevol lloc !
5. Escolteu tots, consells, governaments, sindicats, nacions de la terra,
6. I vos, potencies amagades darrera mercats conclus dins qualques lavabos !
7. Aneu a prendre lo que no vos aparteneix ?
8. Per vendre la terra sota els peus d'aquests que no son encara nascuts per sempre ?
9. Qu'estic fen aqui amb els treballadors, les monines, els gossos, els xiquets desesperats, els animals humans ?
10. Perque no em presento als costats dels consells bevent coca-cola amb ells ?
11. << PER AMOR DE DEU, NO DIFUSEU L'AFER COCACOLA ! >>
12. Les coses son clares (Senyor Que Seu Responsable d'aixo, Qui ha fetaixo,
13. Expliqueu-nos lo qu'haveu fet del sang, dels ossos i dels cervells de centenars de milions de gent.
14. Com vos, membres del consell, haveu pogut utilitzar els cossos, els esprits; les animes que no vos pertanyien, que no vos pertanyen, que nos vos pertanyeran mai !
15. << NO ELS DEIXEU VER-ENS NO DIGEU LO QUE FEM ! >>
16. Vet aqui les paraules dels consells tot potents i dels sindicats de la terra ?
17. << EMPATXEU-LES DE VER-ENS, DE VER LO QUE FEM !
18. NO PAS L'AFER CANCER, NO PAS L'AFER VERTA
19. NO PUBLIQUEU AIXO !

20. DESASTRE, DESASTRE, DESASTRE INESTIMABLE !

21. NO DIFUSEU AIXO, AQUESTES COSES DEMANEN TEMPS I NO SON DE LES NOSTRES COMPETENCIES >>

22. Com de costum, Senyor Perdent, Poc temps abans de marxar, minuts per marxar. Gens del blau metal feixuc.

23. << NO DEIXEU AIXO >>

24. Vet aqui els discursos dels consells tot potents i dels sindicats de la Terra ? Que vegin la seva desesperacio.

25. Gcnt insecte, Gent llegum, Parasites intestinals !

26. Empudegant l'aire amb tot lo que haveu devorat i cagat per sempre !

27. << NO ELS DEIXEU VER-ENS ! NO DIGEU LO QUE FEM ! >>

28. Vet aqui les paraules dels consells tot potents, dels sindicats, dels cartels de la terra ?

29. De les grans families de banquers

30. Francesos, Anglesos, Americans ?

31. Com Burroughs, aquest altiu nom America ?

32. Tibat de que exactament ?

33. El racket del temps, L'estafada del metal pesat ?

34. D'acord, Senyor Burroughs, el que port per enlla dels segles les meves paraules puagres

35. Per que tots puguin ver,

36. A Time Square, a Picadilly,

37. Reemborseu, reemborseu, reemborseu tot !

38. Rejoguen, rejoguen, rejoguen tot !

39. Vaig els hi mostrar la desesperacio ?

40. Ara ! ara ! ara !

41. PREMATURAT ! PREMATURAT ! PREMATURAT !

42. DONEU-NOS ENCARA UNA MICA DE TEMPS !

43. Per que temps ? Prematurat per qui ?

44. Ho dic a tots: aquestes paraules no son prematurades,

45. Aquestes paraules podrien ben be arribar massa tard.

46. << TOP SECRET - CLASSIFICAT - PER EL CONSELL - L'ELITE- ELS INICIATS >>

47. Vet aqui les paraules dels consells tot potents i dels sindicats de la terra ?

48. Això són paraules de mentiders, de traïdors, de covards, de col.laboradors. Mentiders que volen sempre més temps i sempre més mentides.

49. Heu robat al Cel lo que no vos pertenia, empudegant la vista, els cossos per sempre !

50. << NO ELS DEIXEU VER ENS ! NO ELS HI MOSTREU LO QUE FEM ! >>

51. Vet aquí les paraules de les grans nacions, dels consells tot potents, dels sindicats de la terra ?

52. Són les paraules dels mentiders, dels covards, dels col.laboradors,

53. Col.laboradors amb la gent insecte,

54. Amb qualsevol persona of ereix-vos un cos per sempre, per cagar per sempre.

55. Per això hem venut els vostres fills per sempre,

56. La terra sota els peus d'aquests que encara no han nascut, per sempre !

57. Traïdors, a totes les ànimes, per tot !

58. Vos, els consells, qu'heu fet pagar als altres en vostre lloc

59. Amb els vostres regorteigs per prendre tot lo que no vos perteneix !

60. Vos, consells, esteu dient ara

61. << PROTEGIU-NOS DELS NOSTRES EXCLUTS >>

62. << PROTEGIU-NOS DELS NOSTRES ANIMALS HUMANS >>

63. I desitgeu el nom de HASSAN SABBAH

64. Dins vostres mercats sordids, per vendre els que no han encara nascuts ?

65. Mentiders ! Mentiders ! Mentiders !

66. Baraters ! Baraters ! Baraters !

67. Tant solament no poden afrontar els seus propis gossos !

68. Per tot areu, a totes les ànimes traïdors.

69. Vos, miserables col.laboradors,

70. Ara demaneu la protecció de HASSAN SABBAH ?

71 . No, no, no, no vos protegiré

72. I mai utilitzareu el nom de HASSAN SABBAH. WILLIAM BURROUGHS per amagar els vostres mercats immunds!

73. Per tothom són les meves paraules

74. Per tothom ho repeteixo

75. Ningu es exclut !

76. Que tots lo que paguen i que parteixen siguin llibres de mirar !
77. A Picadilly, a Time Square, plaça de la Concorde,
78. En tots els carrers i totes les plaçes del mon !
79. Veieu la meua escriptura silenciosa a traves tot el Cel,
80. L'escriptura silenciosa de Brion Gysin - Hassan Sabbah.
81. Tots fora del temps !
82. Tots en l'espai !
83. Per sempre
84. Presoners de la terra, sortiu !



Japanese translation

Foe TAMAJIRO

ハサン・サバの最期の言葉

聴け、ハサン・サバの最期の言葉。
山上（おやま）の老人。

(chorus) オイガ、アミゴ。オイガ、アミゴ。パコ。エンリケ。

聴け、最期の言葉、anywhere。

お偉いさんよ、自民党シンジケートよ、世界の国々よ。
おまえ、権力、便所で取引された汚らわしい話の裏、behind the deal
おまえのものならざるものを奪う、
おまえの子供ら売り払う、
それも永久に、それも恒久に
フォーエバー！

聴け、最期の言葉、any world。

聴け、てめー、
肉体を重んじ、魂を永久に売り払うもの、
まだ見ぬ子供たちから永久に大地を売りさばく、
フォーエバー！

こんなところで何やってんだ、俺は、
労働者、gooks、猿、犬ころ、ヤンキー、人けもの、
こんな馬鹿野郎と一緒に

(chorus) オイガ、アミゴ。オイガ、アミゴ。パコ。エンリケ。

どうして俺は、お偉いさんと一緒にうまくやって、コココーラ飲んで、稼がないの、永久に？
オー、マイ、ゴッド。コココーラのことだけは漏らさないでおくれ！

Paul GREEN

Last Words

THE PRIEST THEY CALLED HIM

*First contact with WSB, 1963: a puzzled English class at my Jesuit grammar school - a young fresh-faced novice teacher reads to us with relish from the Freeland section of **Naked Lunch**. He emphasizes the Swiftian satire of totalitarian regimes but the text also alludes to vaseline, pen-wipers and sex with men. Under pressure he admits the little green book contains dark mysteries, and with one eye covering the door slips it back under his black cassock.*



He left the Society of Jesus two years later, became an advertising executive and was sighted at the 1965 Albert Hall Poetry Reading, listening to a line-up of Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and "the taped voice of William S. Burroughs." which echoed unintelligibly around the vast dome.

LAST WORDS

"Listen to my last words anywhere. Listen to my last words any world." (WSB, *Nova Express*, 1964). The terminal utterance was Burroughs's ongoing sub-text, over decades. A sharp awareness of impending death and/or planetary apocalypse cuts in and out of so many pages. Dead fingers shuffle the cut-ups, as William Seward Burroughs, word-hoarder & Medium of the Ugly Spirit, seeks out those intersections of space / time where our terrors, - junk horrors or random insect dooms - flicker in some burning fragment of dream.

For Burroughs is elegist of the Dead Roads, scribe of the Western Lands which are bordered by the rivers of death. Here the decaying pleasure gardens close for ever. "Hurry, up, please. it's time..."

AH POOK IS HERE

Bill's last testament was written against the biologic clock, in the last nine months of his life. James Gruerholz, who assembled the scrawled notebooks (Burroughs no longer had the stamina to type) sets the scene: the little single-storey frame house in the modest Kansas town of Lawrence, Burroughs pampering his cats and relaxing over vodka and Coke with old friends who help out with the chores.

For a minute we almost believe that Agent William Lee, the scourge of Interzone, has mutated into mild old Bungalow Bill, tripping over cat baskets as he gets up to pee in the night. For this is an old man's book - repetitious, crotchety, replaying favourite routines, recycling old black jokes - "wouldn't you?" - and chronicling heart pains, arthritis, stanchions on the bathtub, the evasions of doctors.

NOTHING IS TRUE/EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED

This is no ordinary senior citizen. "I am an unabashed cultural icon." He is living out the last of what Genet, his co-reporter on the 1968 Democratic Party Convention Riot, would call "his legend." Ornerly Bill rages against drug wars, media panics, psychiatry, the atom bomb. Still a shootist, going out for weekly target practice sessions at a neighbour's farm. Subject continues to manage an addiction routine, with weekly visits to the methadone clinic. He reads pulp novels, with a special interest in stories of plague, epidemic, alien infestation. And he reads and re-reads his dreams.

DREAM MACHINERY

My Burroughs dream, circa 1980. I am standing in a drab green dining room, grey light, dusty furniture. There is a serving hatch opening on another room, equally dull. Except that through the hatch I can see a long old-fashioned wooden barrow, the kind that London market traders once used, with a single pair of large spoked wheels in the centre.

A young severe-faced woman with straggly blonde hair - not my type- is lying face up on the wagon, which is tilted under her weight. She's tied to it and her brownish dress is dishevelled, unbuttoned. Mr. Burroughs is standing over her, wearing his fedora and a long grey trench-coat. He undoes his coat, loosens his trouser belt and lies down on the wagon. But he lies face-up with his head at the opposite end, as if attempting to balance it like a see-saw. It creaks as Burroughs tries to initiate some kind of

intercourse by gripping his knees around her thighs.

"I'm afraid we have a problem here, son," says Burroughs, resigned to the situation. "A little local difficulty. Not for you, though." He reaches across and slams the hatch shut.

WILD BOYS

Burroughs has finally sloughed off the youthful skins of Kim and Audrey, his heroes in *The Place of Dead Roads*, and the sharp corporate suits of his *Interzone* Agents. The liveliest routine here is Burroughs as Good Old Boy - Arch Ellisor from *Naked Lunch* - a kind of country shit-kicking Hassan i Sabbah. Old Arch acts all humble and dumb when the Feds come round sniffing for dope, but as soon as they're out of sight, he whips out his country fiddle and does a magic song-and-dance routine. The spell stirs up a storm devil which knocks that FBI sedan right off the road, an inexplicable accident... But the dominant persona is "the old writer" of *The Western Lands*, "so many old inept memories clinging like dust and cat hairs..."

EXTERMINATOR!

Burroughs ponders the mystery of how the functional beauty of cats co-exists with the meaningless hideousness of his old foe, the centipede. For cats - Ruski, Mutie, Spooner, Calico, Fletch - are William's familiars and comforters. Their grace and freedom from human pretensions are his distraction and salvation. Burroughs had always been uneasy about the romantic concept of love . In a *Paris Review* interview of 1965 he stated that the closest he came to it in human terms was a "sense of recognition".

However in the final Journals his empathic relationship with the cats becomes total, indeed totemic. " My familiar is the White Cat, formed of searing white moonlight under which all hidden plots, all lies, deceits, are brought to the light of The Hunting Cat... We march under the Banner of the Hunting Cat..."

Yet when William offers a good home to a white cat, Marigay, everything goes ominously wrong, for the animal screams incessantly. "Listening to his cries, I was struck by such a feeling of dread and depression as I have never experienced... Is this simply a foreboding of death? My death?"

Certainly the death of a cat, especially his favourite Fletch, deeply affected him and - according to Grauerholz - hastened his death three weeks later . "Those cries will never be heard again. If one is immortal, imagine the pain of loss again and again as others die..."

WE'RE ALL HERE TO GO

The death of Ginsberg haunts him. "At this moment, 5.04 pm, I have an intense vivid feeling of Allen's presence. Outside in the leaves. I see him clear. He is playing on unknown instruments, some sort of cowboy song. 'Are you conscious, Allen?' 'Yes, but barely...' Burroughs is impatient with secular rationalist dismissal of after-life survival but alternative answers to the riddle recede into mirage. "I have tried psychoanalysis, yoga... Scientology, Sweat Lodges... Do you want to know *the secret*? Hell, no. Just what I need to know, to do what I can do..."

Meanwhile, the days pass compiling quotes from favourite authors (Conrad, Petronius) interspersed with dim jerky flashbacks - knife-throwing at school/ old-timers in drug rehab at Lexington/Tangier street corners - although he still has the energy to rage against the failure of his new \$800 Colt Python. But he suffers repeated jabs of spiritual pain, regrets over family and relationships.

The last entry strips everything away. "There is no final enough - of wisdom, experience - any fucking thing. No Holy Grail, No Final Satori, no final solution. Just conflict. Only thing that can resolve conflict is love... What I feel for my cats... Most natural painkiller what there is..."

CITIZENS OF THE RED NIGHT

Naked Lunch is still the prophetic book of post-millennial times. Junk is the global market leader, micro and macro worlds battle over opiates. The Web is a network of rancid ectoplasmic jissom where the citizens shiver in their millions as they merge with all kinds of interesting sex arrangements in full



colour, courtesy of the Great Slashtubitch. A vast Moslem muttering rises while the Boards of Planet Earth try to fight the Orgone Pirates, buy out space/time and set the Image Banks for total control. Rhetoricians of the Final Academy will let Burroughs have the last word. His private mythologies became part of our hyper-reality.

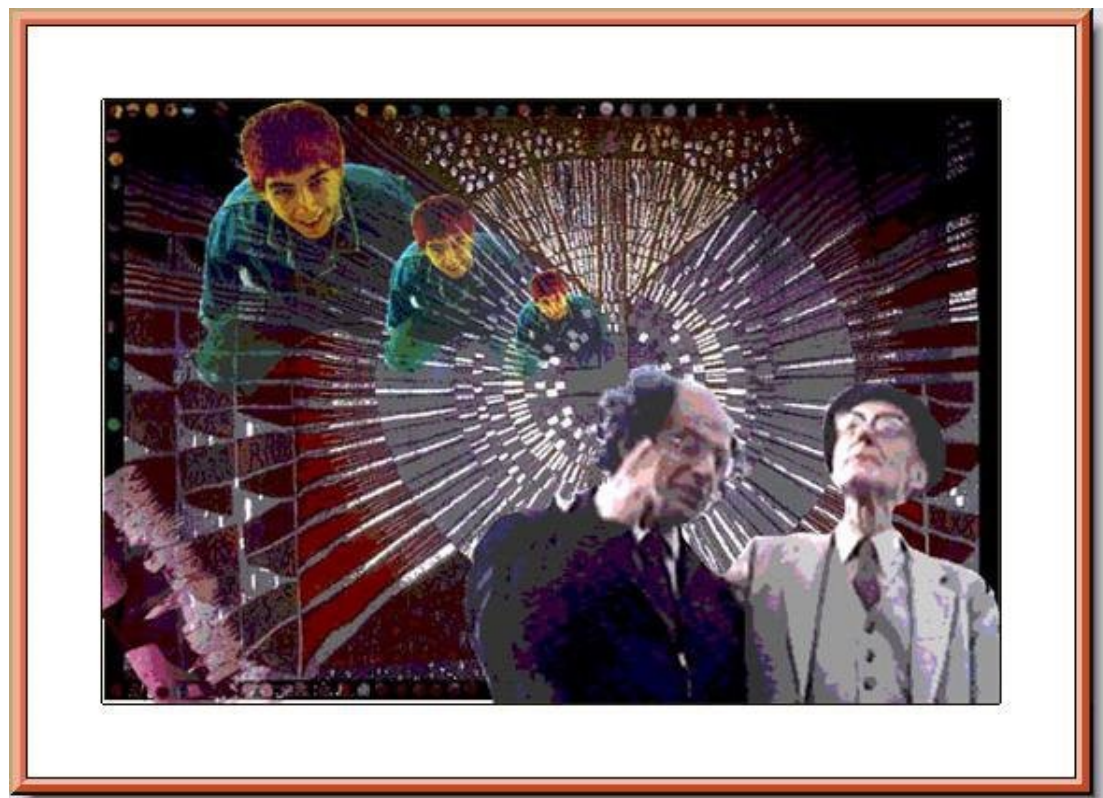
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Paul O'DONOVAN's illustrations

"Dream-poles in the February snowfields ~ a white petrified sleep ensues."- Paul O'Donovan



"Izzy Visits WSB & AG via Interzone Time Hole" - Paul O'Donovan



"Parlance in Afterhours...."- Paul O'Donovan



"Kansas Bunker Composure" - Paul O'Donovan





"White Light, white Heat, Flashback"- Paul O'Donovan



'Pensive pastel' - Paul O'Donovan



"Window onto devotion of the banian" - Paul O'Donovan



"Isabelle ~ Kalka spirit rug ~ flying dream..." - Paul O'Donovan



"Line of Duty ~ debriefing session." Paul O'Donovan



"The rebirth of Ra-Atum-Khepri, occurring during an Interzone Coffee-break T.V. commercial, causing a partial eclipse over the Westernlands." Paul O'Donovan



"Bill the white hunter ... Just a boy scout from Alamos looking for a little yage ..." Paul O'Donovan



"Untitled"- Paul O'Donovan

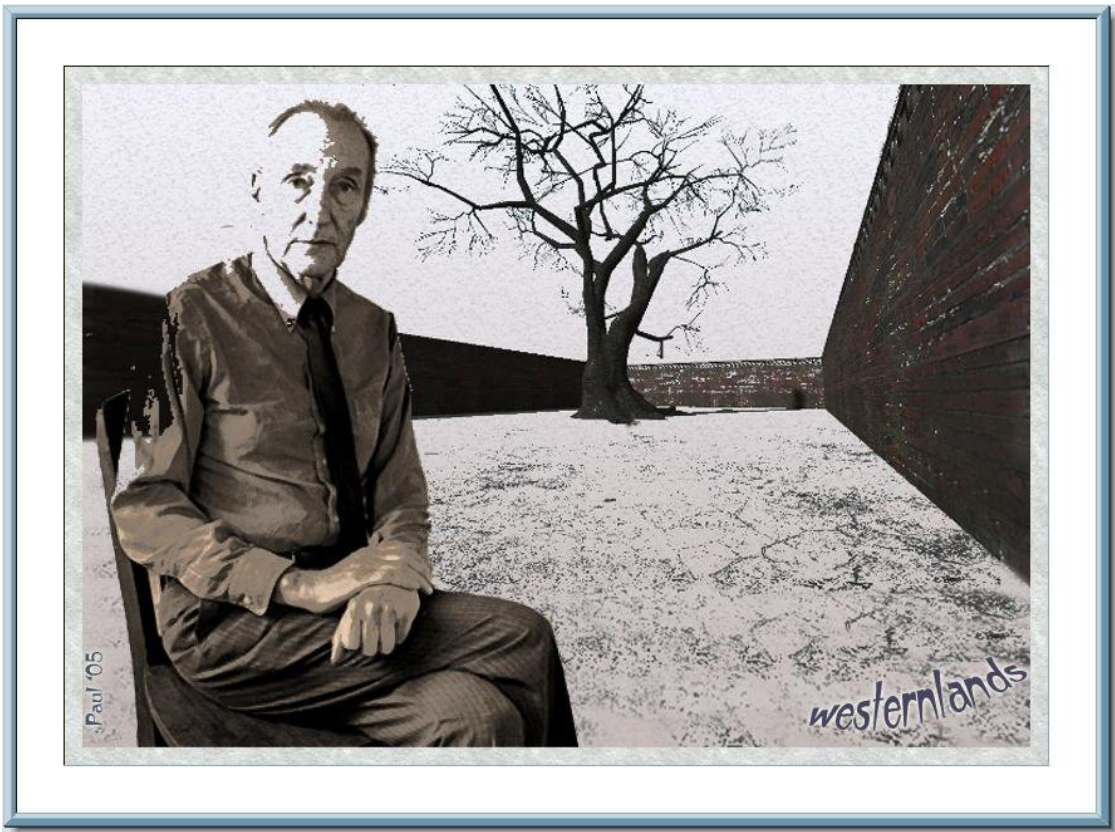


"WSB Convention ~ Drive-In " - Paul O'Donovan



"Blue Vortex ~ Bill Calling Joan " - Paul O'Donovan

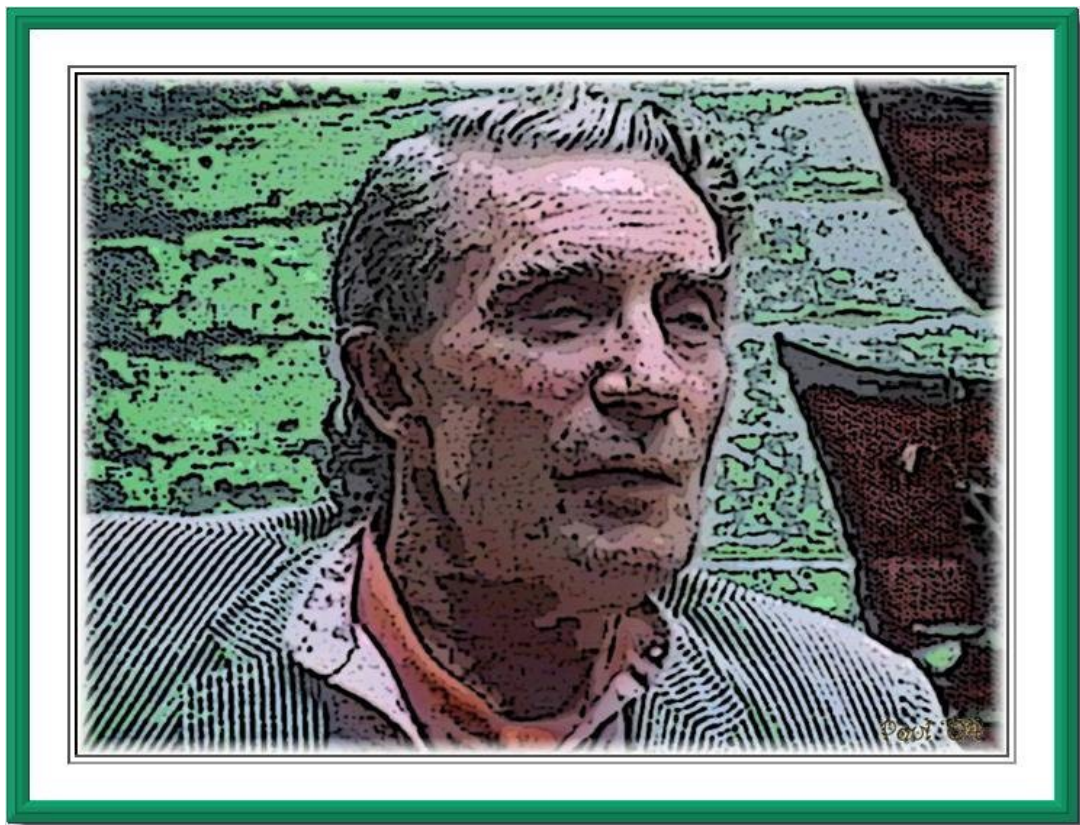
"A shirt for Izzy" - Paul O'Donovan



"Interzone outfits, fit-ins, off-cuts, and drop-outs." - Paul O'Donovan



"BRION GYSIN MEDIA POSTER 1" - Paul O' Donovan "



"BRION GYSIN MEDIA POSTER 3" Paul O'Donovan





"Channel Interzone - Watching You"



"WSB January Runes "- Paul O'Donovan



"The Cocktail Party" Paul O'Donovan



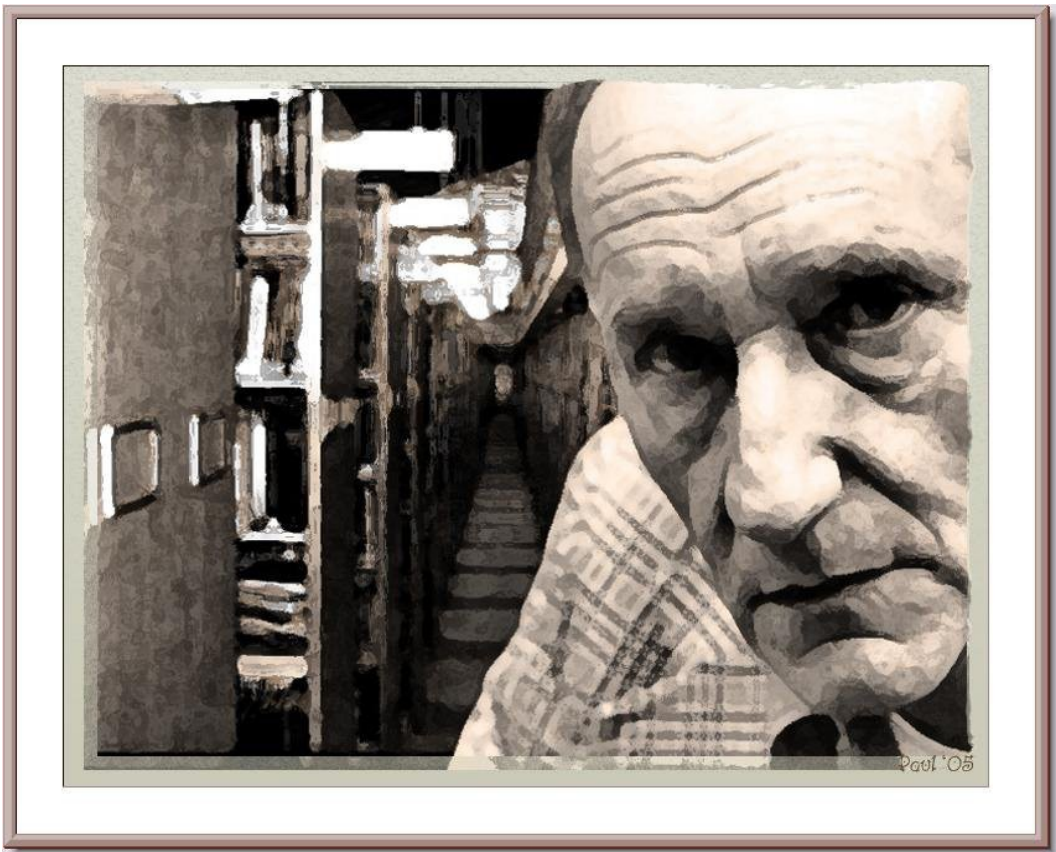
"Text Levitation for Hassan i Sabbah"- Paul O'Donovan



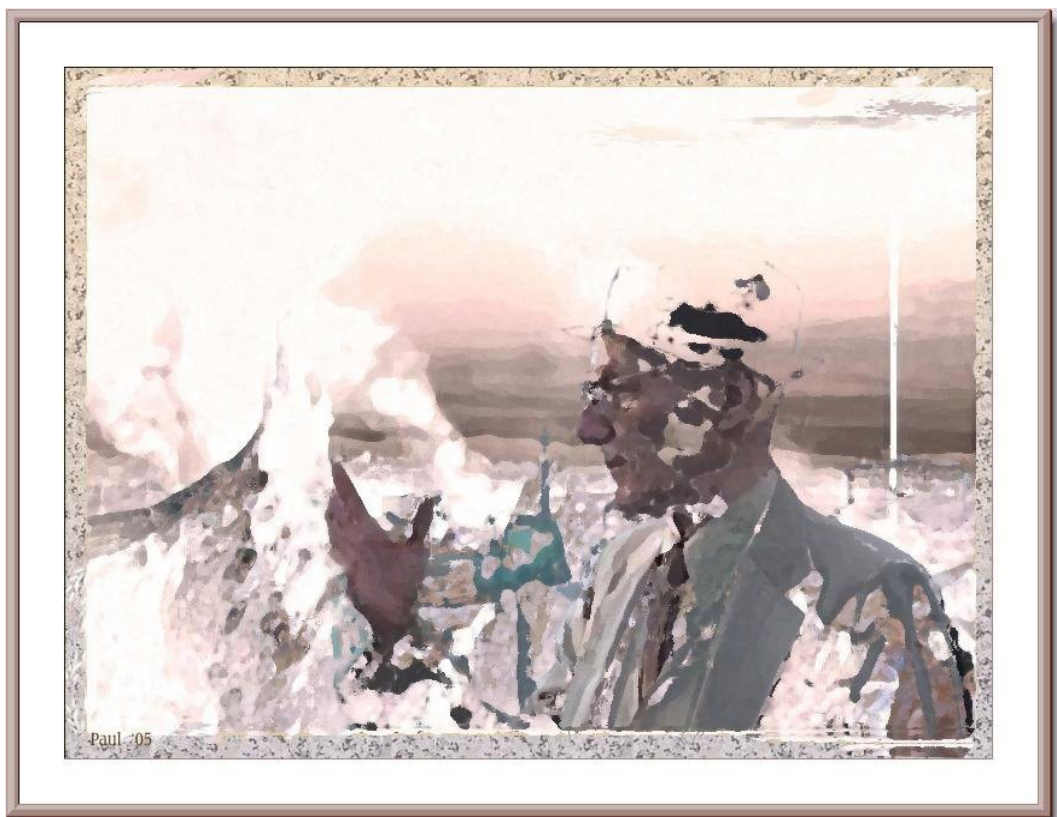
"Mirror Gazing ~ telekinetic combustion..." - Paul O'Donovan



"The Ways West"- Paul O'Donovan

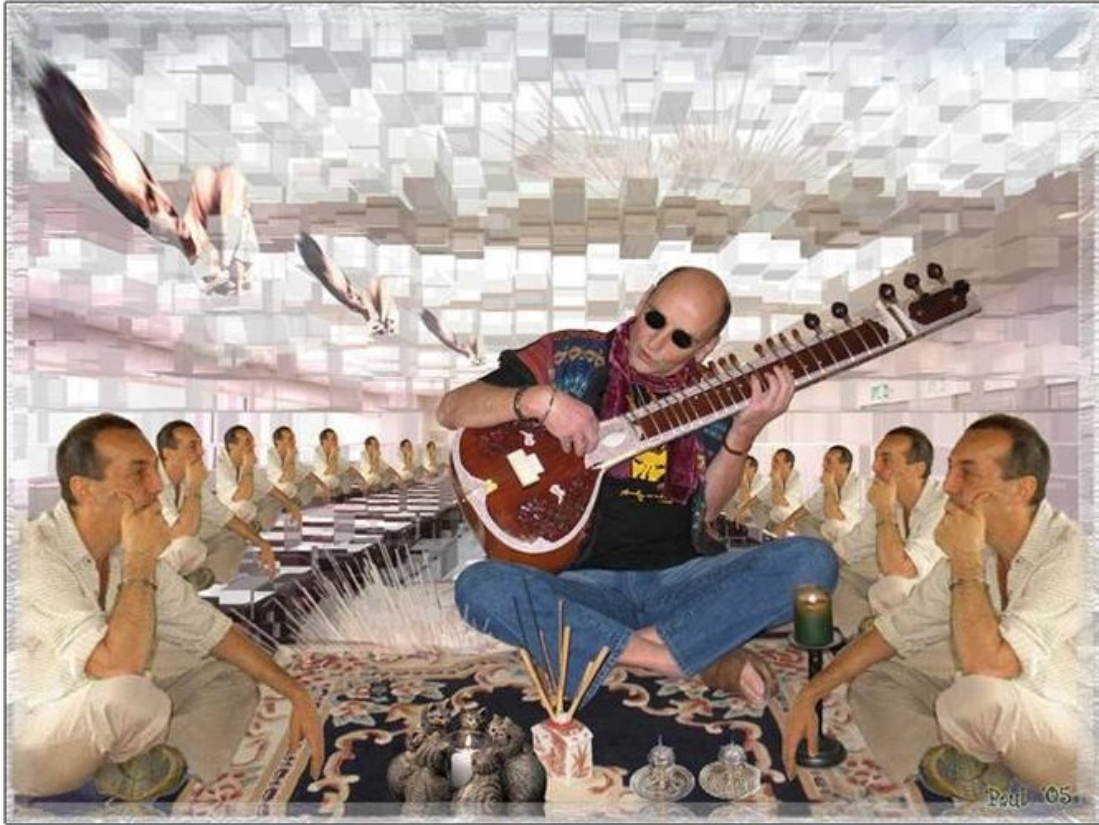


"L'Endroit des Cafés Morts ~ le bureau de l'Intelligence Intérieure"- Paul O'Donovan



"Lost souls of The Mary Celeste ~ a dream sleuth investigates"- Paul O'Donovan

*“ Consulate summit meeting ~ levitation propositions ” Paul O'Donovan
(Jean-Louis Baudron on the sides and Paul O'Donovan in the center)*



"Morning Exodus from Roche Underworld" (elaboration on a scene by Baud) - Paul O'Donovan



"Exploited Angels in Retreat ~ The Sanctum for Receiving Reports" - Paul O'Donovan



" Modified corn dollys' literary circle " - Paul O'Donovan



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