

# NAKED LUNCH

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A VIRTUAL EXHIBITION

**Metabooks**

## NAKED LUNCH

The title means exactly what the words say:  
*naked lunch*—a frozen moment when everyone sees what is on the end of every fork.  
William S. Burroughs, *Naked Lunch*, 1959

More than sixty-five years after its publication, *Naked Lunch* continues to exert a peculiar magnetism over bibliophiles. Yet their fascination extends far beyond the novel itself. In 1962, stung by a hostile review published in *Time*, Burroughs responded not with a rebuttal but through an act of literary and artistic détournement. His altered version of *Time* lay somewhere between an artist's book and a political pamphlet: a fractured publication in which the logic of the cut-up method became a deconstructive and critical tool in its own right. In an attempt to untangle the editorial knots of this snowballing story, *Metabooks* brings together the documents, ephemera, and editions that shaped the mythology surrounding Burroughs's collectibles.

With a title suggested by Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, *Naked Lunch* reached American audiences in 1962, three years after its first publication in France. Endorsed by Norman Mailer, Robert Lowell, and Mary McCarthy, the novel nevertheless struggled to find its path. The apple of discord, which had steadily grown over the years, erupted shortly after Grove Press published the American edition. In an anonymous review, *Time* dismissed the novel as an overblown product of Beat culture, arguing that William S. Burroughs had gained mystique through obscurity and scandal rather than literary merit. While acknowledging Burroughs's raw confessional force in his limbo (*the Interzone*), the reviewer criticized the novel as chaotic, grotesque, self-indulgent, and artistically uncontrolled. The article portrayed the Beat movement as culturally hollow and concluded that Burroughs's experimental techniques bordered on meaningless babble rather than serious innovation.

In 1965, fueled by the censorship trials in Boston and Los Angeles, Burroughs responded to this relentless wave of criticism with a revised facsimile edition of *Time* magazine. Printed underground by C Press, the edition was illustrated with four drawings by Brion Gysin—an unfolding sequence of hieroglyphics, reminiscent of visual poetry. Burroughs literally dismantled the magazine from within by cutting into its language, rearranging its authority, and turning the mechanisms of mass media against themselves. The resulting opusculé critically examined the cultural and political content of the November 30, 1962, issue of *Time*—including its cover and its negative review of *Naked Lunch*—through subversive overlays of newly inserted typewritten texts.

The booklet was so radically iconoclastic that in 1972 British artist Roy Pennington issued an unauthorized second edition and distributed it at the Bickershaw Festival as an underground artifact and a performative gesture against media manipulation. At the time, the United Kingdom was one of the principal transmission points for Burroughs's texts. Pennington's bootleg reflected the writer's deep connection to the British underground scene: small presses and mimeographed magazines, poets and musicians such as Genesis P-Orridge and David Bowie, and experimental cinema, notably his collaborations with Antony Balch on the post-Lettrist films *The Cut-Ups* and *Towers Open Fire*.

The small selection of documents, ephemera, and subversive editions of altered *Times* gathered from the *Metabooks* collection for this virtual exhibition evokes a literary and artistic practice traceable back to Dada through its logic of chance, fragmentation, and collage. Brion Gysin and William Burroughs's cut-up method recalls Tristan Tzara's distrust of conventional narrative. Their Beat experimentation, "discovered" accidentally in 1959 while cutting newspapers, evolved into a political act that challenged the use of language as a mechanism of control and exposed the manipulations of mass media. As Burroughs famously remarked: "When you cut into the present, the future leaks out."

*Naked Lunch* is the fourth project in a series of artist's book-related exhibitions co-curated by Tiane Doan na Champassak and Larisa Oancea at *Metabooks*, the former Studio 454 Venice.

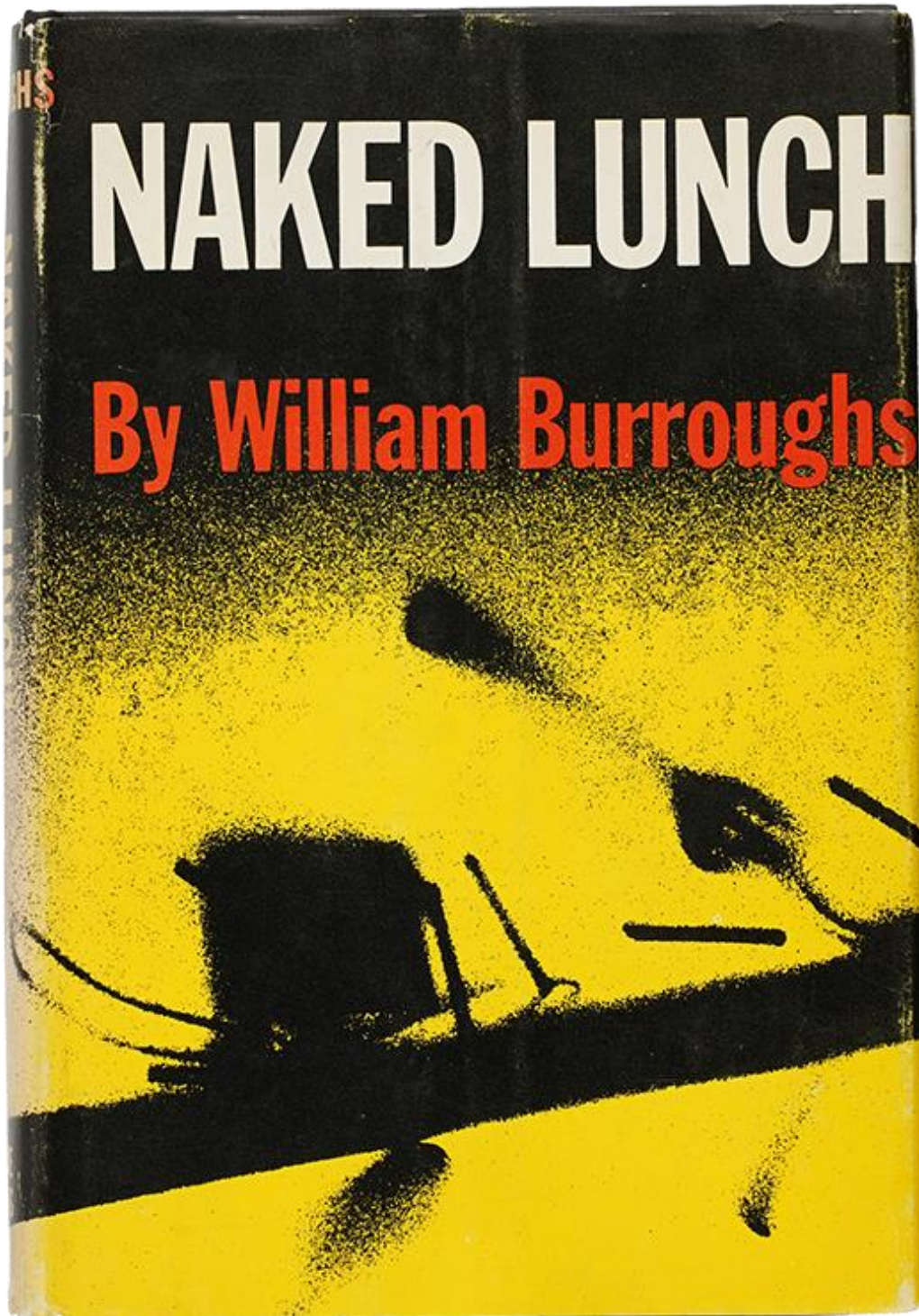
**William Burroughs**



**NAKED LUNCH**

**PUB. DATE: Nov. 20, 1962 / \$6.00 / GROVE PRESS, INC.**

Grove Press, Inc.  
William S. Burroughs, *Naked Lunch*  
Presentation pamphlet. 1962  
New York: Grove Press, Inc.  
Unpaginated [16 pages]; 20 × 14 × 0.1 cm



William S. Burroughs  
*Naked Lunch*. 1962  
New York: Grove Press, Inc.  
255 pages; 20.5 × 14 × 2.8 cm  
[front cover]

## Comments about NAKED LUNCH

**William Burroughs says:**

"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' . . . Insofar as I succeed in *Direct* recording of certain areas of psychic process I may have limited function . . . I am not an entertainer.



Photo © Martha Rocher

"Certain passages in the book that have been called pornographic were written as a tract against Capital Punishment in the manner of Jonathan Swift's *Modest Proposal*. These sections are intended to reveal capital punishment as the obscene, barbaric and disgusting anachronism that it is . . ."

**Norman Mailer says:**

"*Naked Lunch* is a book of beauty, great difficulty, and maniacally exquisite insight. I think that William Burroughs is the only American novelist living today who may conceivably be possessed by genius."

**Robert Lowell says:**

"It's a completely powerful and serious book, as good as anything in prose or poetry written by a 'beat' writer, and one of the most alive books written by any American for years. I don't see how it could be considered immoral."

**E. S. Seldon says:**

"Burroughs is a superb writer, and *Naked Lunch* a novel of revolt in the best late-modern sense . . . If there should be a twenty-first century, this is one of the few works historians could turn to for a grasp, both imaginative and intelligent, of the strange historical phase of the human condition we are living through."

**Jack Kerouac says:**

"Burroughs is the greatest satirical writer since Jonathan Swift . . . The net result of *Naked Lunch* will be to make people shudder at their own lies, will be to make them open up and be *straight* with one another. Swift and Rabelais and Sterne accomplished a step in that direction, and Burroughs another."

GROVE PRESS, INC.

64 University Place, New York 3, N. Y.

William S. Burroughs  
*Naked Lunch*. 1962  
New York: Grove Press, Inc.  
255 pages; 20.5 × 14 × 2.8 cm  
[back cover]

NOVEMBER 30, 1962

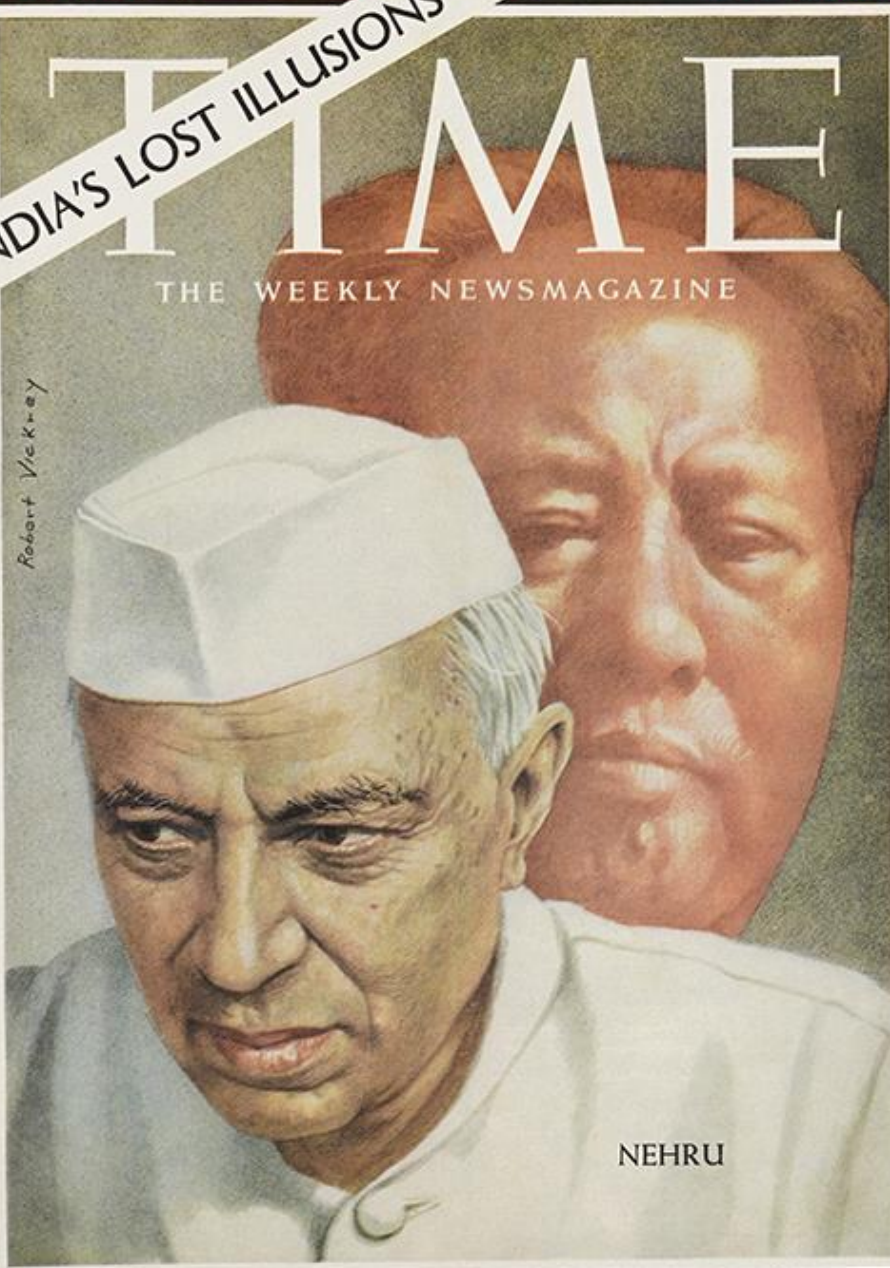
ATLANTIC EDITION

INDIA'S LOST ILLUSIONS

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Robert Vickrey



NEHRU

VOL. LXXX NO. 22

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

ALGERIA . . . . . 2/25	EAST AFRICA . . . . . 2/25	GREECE . . . . . DR. 9	JORDAN . . . . . 1/8 DR.	NETHERLANDS . . . . . 1/1	SPAIN . . . . . 1/1
AUSTRIA . . . . . 9/7	EGYPT . . . . . 18/11	ICELAND . . . . . DR. 15	KUWAIT . . . . . 1/8 DR.	NIGERIA . . . . . 2/2	SOUTH AFRICA 2/24
BELGIUM . . . . . 1/11	ETHIOPIA . . . . . 18/11	IRAQ . . . . . 2/11	LEBANON . . . . . 1/10	NORWAY . . . . . 1/1	SUDAN . . . . . 1/1
BRITISH ISLES . . . . . 2/1	FINLAND . . . . . 1/11	IRELAND . . . . . 2/1	LIBERIA . . . . . 1/1	POLAND . . . . . 1/1	SWEDEN . . . . . 1/1
BRITISH SOVS. . . . . 2/1	FRANCE & FRENCH UNION . . . . . 1/1	ISRAEL . . . . . 1/1	LIBYA . . . . . 1/1	PORTUGAL & POSS. ISL. . . . . 1/1	SWITZERLAND . . . . . 1/1
CONGO . . . . . 1/1	GERMANY . . . . . DR. 1/1	ITALY . . . . . 1/1	MOROCCO . . . . . DR. 1/1	RUSSIA . . . . . 1/1	SYRIA . . . . . 1/1
CYPRUS . . . . . 1/1	GHANA . . . . . 1/1			SAUDI ARABIA . . . . . 1/1	TURKEY . . . . . 1/1
DENMARK . . . . . DR. 1/1					U.S. ARMED FORCES . . . . . 1/1

Time  
 Vol. LXXX No. 22  
 November 30, 1962  
 76 pages; 28 × 21 × 0.3 cm  
 [featuring a negative review of *Naked Lunch*]

## BOOKS

### King of the YADS

*Naked Lunch* (255 pp.)—William Burroughs—Grove (\$6).

The Young American Disaffiliates (they used to be called beats, but nothing stays simple) have not done well. In matters of finance this is their intention, since the supermarket society is what they have disaffiliated from. But in literature it is merely their embarrassment. Here the best to be said for the YADS is that among them are Allen Ginsberg (*Howl*), Gregory Corso (*Fried Shoes*) and Jack Kerouac (*On the Road*). And the best to be said for these three is that each might have done something worth reading if he had not been lured by the sirens of faucet composition and second-growth Dada.

That is possible, the honorary beat will reply, but have you dug William Burroughs? (The honorary beat is gainfully employed, usually in some branch of the communications industry, but makes up for this solecism by thinking that Norman Mailer improves with age and by having, once, smoked a small quantity of marijuana.) The Burroughs gambit was, until recently, almost unanswerable, because it was almost impossible to track this author down, physically or in print. He was the greyest of grey eminences, a wraith who flickered into occasional visibility in Mexico, Paris or Tangier. The few shreds of information about him have been those of the YAD catechism: he was the legendary "Bull Lee" of *On the Road*; he spent 15 years on junk; he wrote an unprintable book called *Naked Lunch*, which no one

had read but which everyone said hit the veins like a jolt of heroin.

**The Odds Prevail.** Now all this is changed; *Naked Lunch* will now be available at the friendly neighborhood bookstore, right there beside *Youngblood Hawke* and *The New English Bible*. The terrible Mary McCarthy has spoken of Burroughs with respect, and the *Saturday Review's* John Ciardi has praised his "profoundly meaningful" search for "values." British Writer Kenneth Allsop called him "Rimbaud in a raincoat." The grey eminence himself has even appeared at that squarest of social gatherings, a writers' conference.

The reputation of an underground author is a fragile thing. For example, it had been assumed for years that Henry Miller was unprintable but highly readable. Then Grove Press, merely by publishing his two *Tropics*, proved that Miller is unreadable but highly printable. A reading of *Naked Lunch*, the grotesque diary of Burroughs' years as an addict, suggests that no such drastic deflation will occur with him. For what it is worth, Burroughs will remain grand dragon of the YADS, by acclamation and by forfeit (he denies, of course, having anything in common with his beatnik vassals, but this is merely good form; no one ever admits to being a member of a literary movement started by someone else). Although Burroughs fancies himself a satirist and occasionally resembles one when the diary's heroin fog clears a little, the value of his book is mostly confessional, not literary.

**Shell & Worm.** Chairbound souls, however, will put up with a lot from an author who has been there and back, whether "there" is the top of Everest or the depths of the soul. Burroughs has been there, all right; he is not only an ex-junkie, but an ex-con and, by accident, a killer. In Mexico, having acquired a wife, he shot her between the eyes playing William Tell with a revolver. (The Mexican authorities decided it was *imprudencia criminal* and dropped the whole matter.) He has even been in the Army, but not for long; he reacted to being drafted by cutting off a finger joint, and was discharged with the notation "not to be recalled or reclassified."

Presenting himself as proof that the universe is foul, Burroughs achieves the somewhat irrelevant honesty of hysteria as he writes of a malevolent world of users and pushers, of a mad conspiracy of spider-eyed manipulators who sell each other "adulterated shark repellent, cut antibiotics, condemned parachutes, stale anti-venom, inactive serums and vaccines, leaking lifeboats." All pity is mockery ("Yes I know it all. The finance company is repossessing your wife's artificial kidney. They are evicting your grandmother from her iron lung"). All degradations are cherished: a coroner named Autopsy Ahmed makes a fortune peddling an Egyptian worm that "gets into your kidneys and grows to an enormous size. Ultimately the



WILLIAM BURROUGHS

A grey eminence in a leaky lifeboat.

kidney is just a thin shell around the worm. Intrepid gourmets esteem the flesh of the worm above all other delicacies. It is said to be unspeakably toothsome." Most sex is homosexual and all of it is sterile: one partner murders the other in the midst of an embrace, so he can enjoy the death spasms.

Such a book might have been an eloquent attack on the insect society that civilization sometimes threatens to become. But the author is almost never in control for longer than a paragraph or two. Burroughs cannot sustain his night-world, as Joyce did in sections of *Ulysses*, and as Novelist Ralph Ellison did in the whole of that remarkable book, *Invisible Man*.

**Fold-In Shakespeare.** Supported by a tiny income whose source is the Burroughs adding machine, which his grandfather invented (an irony important to beat hagiographers), the 48-year-old author lives in the "beat hotel," a fleabag shrine in a section of Paris where passers-by move out of the way for rats. There in a worn grey room the worn grey man has written three other novels. *The Soft Machine*, the immediate sequel to *Naked Lunch*, repeats the rant of its predecessor with far less coherence; the improvement may be explained by Burroughs' solemn assurance that much of his writing is dictation from Hasan-i-Sabbah, founder of the eleventh century hashish-eating Ismaili cult, the Assassins. The two most recent books, *Novia Express* and *The Ticket That Exploded*, come daringly close to utter babble, according to reports. In these volumes Hasan's dictation is augmented with a "fold-in" technique: pages of the first draft (or of a newspaper, Shakespeare, or whatnot) are taken at random, folded in



CORSO

A conspiracy of the spider-eyed.






KEROUAC



GINSBERG

Time  
Vol. LXXX No. 22  
November 30, 1962  
76 pages; 28 × 21 × 0.3 cm  
[the anonymous negative review of *Naked Lunch*]

 <span style="font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold; letter-spacing: 0.5em;">TIME</span> 	
advertisement/advertisement/advertisement	
<p><b>A NEW BOOK BY WILLIAM BURROUGHS</b></p> <p>10 copies, numbered A-J, hardcover, signed by both Burroughs and Gysin, each with an original drawing and a manuscript page. \$25</p>	<p><b>BRION GYSIN DOES DRAWINGS</b></p> <p>100 copies, numbered and signed by both Burroughs and Gysin. \$10. Stiff wrappers.</p>
<p>"C" PRESS</p> <p>•</p> <p>210 W. 88 Apt. 3-R NYC, NY.</p> <p>•</p>	<div style="text-align: center;">  </div> <p>BURROUGHS DE- CLARES TIME WAR</p> <p>Wm. Burroughs, internationally famous author of <u>The Naked Lunch</u>, <u>Nova Express</u>, etc., declared today a time war on (continued on page 5.....)</p>
<p><b>DISCOUNT</b> A regular discount is offered to booksellers, libraries.</p>	

William S. Burroughs  
Advertisement for *Time*. 1965  
New York: C Press.  
1 loose page; 28 × 21.7 cm

NOVEMBER 30, 1962

€ ATLANTIC EDITION

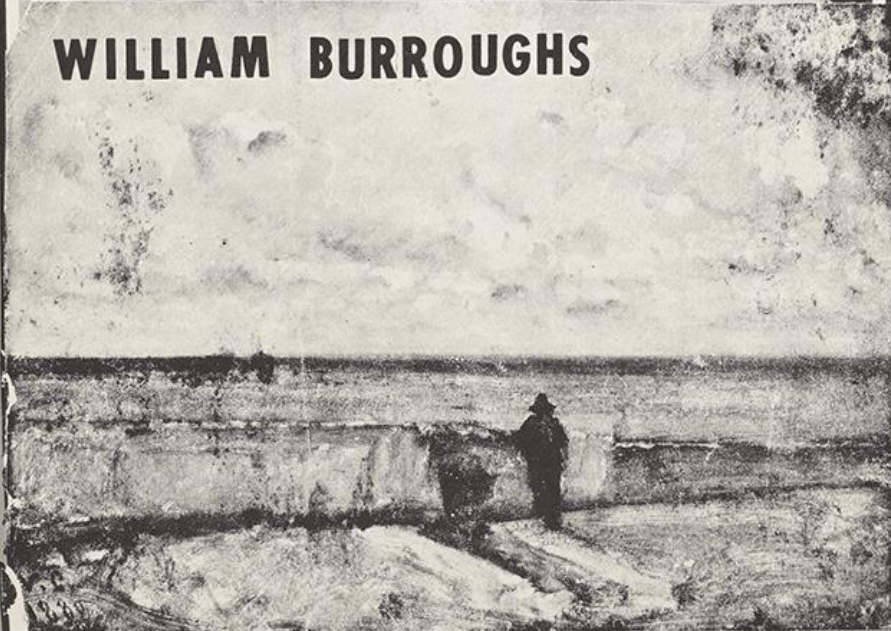
INDIA'S LOST ILLUSIONS

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



## WILLIAM BURROUGHS



VOL. LXXX NO. 27

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ALGERIA . . . . . Alg. 1.50	EAST AFRICA . . . . . 2/25	GREECE . . . . . DR. 9	JORDAN . . . . . 120 Rls	NETHERLANDS . . . . . f 1	SPAIN . . . . . Pta. 17
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CYPRUS . . . . . 115 mils	GERMANY . . . . . DM 1.25	ITALY . . . . . L. 175	MAURITIUS . . . . . Rs. 1.50	RHODESIAS . . . . . 2/3	SYRIA . . . . . P 120
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					U.S. ARMED FORCES 25

William S. Burroughs

*Time*. 1965

New York: C Press.

Unpaginated [32 pages]; 28 × 21.7 × 0.3 cm

Edition of 886

[cover]



NOVEMBER 30, 1962

ATLANTIC EDITION

INDIA'S LOST ILLUSIONS

# TIME

THE WEEK



## WILLIAM BURROUGHS



ALBERTA . . . \$1.50	BALEARS . . . \$1.50	BERMUDA . . . \$1.50	BHUTAN . . . \$1.50	BURUNDI . . . \$1.50	CHINA . . . \$1.50	COLOMBIA . . . \$1.50	CUBA . . . \$1.50	CYPRUS . . . \$1.50	DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO . . . \$1.50	GERMANY . . . \$1.50	Ghana . . . \$1.50	GUATEMALA . . . \$1.50	HONG KONG . . . \$1.50	INDONESIA . . . \$1.50	IRAN . . . \$1.50	ISRAEL . . . \$1.50	ITALY . . . \$1.50	JORDAN . . . \$1.50	KENYA . . . \$1.50	LIBERIA . . . \$1.50	LIBYAN ARAB REPUBLIC . . . \$1.50	MACAU . . . \$1.50	MAURITIUS . . . \$1.50	MEXICO . . . \$1.50	MONROVIA . . . \$1.50	MOROCCO . . . \$1.50	NETHERLANDS . . . \$1.50	NIJERIA . . . \$1.50	OMAN . . . \$1.50	PANAMA . . . \$1.50	PAPUA NEW GUINEA . . . \$1.50	PERU . . . \$1.50	POLAND . . . \$1.50	PORTUGAL & POSSESSIONS . . . \$1.50	ROMANIA . . . \$1.50	RUSSIA . . . \$1.50	SAUDI ARABIA . . . \$1.50	SENEGAL . . . \$1.50	SIERRA LEONE . . . \$1.50	SOUTH AFRICA . . . \$1.50	SPAIN . . . \$1.50	SWEDEN . . . \$1.50	SWITZERLAND . . . \$1.50	TAIWAN . . . \$1.50	TANZANIA . . . \$1.50	TURKEY . . . \$1.50	U.S. ARMED FORCES . . . \$1.50	YEMEN . . . \$1.50	ZAMBIA . . . \$1.50	ZIMBABWE . . . \$1.50
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Roy Pennington  
 William Burroughs's Time [bootleg]. 1972  
 Brighton: Urgency Press Rip-Off.  
 Unpaginated [32 pages]; 33 × 20.4 × 0.3 cm  
 Edition of 5 runs of 99 copies each  
 [cover]

wider pages.....  
 at the risk of giving the game away allow me to  
 explain: the column headings ARE sequitors, but often  
 in reverse. What goes up, can go down.  
 this work is a fine early example of the cut-up technique which  
 burroughs has no disowned (see his recent interview in rolling  
 stone) probably because it is too artificial. nevertheless we can  
 find many familiar landmarks in the following pages, a medley of  
 all his works, even the indelible Col. Burton-Smith, a pre-echo  
 of burroughs own old-age retirement. (The arch exponent of  
 DC-EASY is it yourself get it together based on domestic rituals  
 (see forthcoming rip-off)).....

finally a word from our sponsors: U F R O intend to  
 bring out a further collection of low-availability  
 burroughs articles (e.g. the Mayfair articles not  
 used to pad-out 'The Job') plus a phenomenological  
 critique of language based on the writings of Korzibski  
 BEFORE THE 'OLD KILLS YOU' and the writings of  
 (the great russian semanticist). Also a collection of  
 the lyrics of the soft machine plus cartoons. All low  
 quantity runs as we're not in this for the money (I think).  
 Remember, anyone could have done this, but we did.  
 Remember, anyone could sign

William Burroughs

P.S. this edition specially prepared in sunny brighten hope it  
 festival as the sun was shining in sunny brighten hope it  
 shines for you too, any enquiries to: roy pennington  
 c/o Arts B (post-grad)  
 Sussex University  
 Falmer.

P.P.S. this is a typographical error ?

\$1.50

# TIME

BY WILLIAM  
 BURROUGHS

WITH 4 DRAWINGS  
 BY BRION GYSIN

'C' Press  
 210 West 88  
 NYC 10024

General Editor:  
 Ted Berrigan  
 TIME Editor:  
 Ron Padgett  
 Art Director:  
 Joe Brainard

Copyright © 1965 by  
 William Burroughs

Printed in U.S.A.

## A letter from the PUBLISHER

"C" Press

TIME, a book of words and pictures  
 by William Burroughs, and with 4 drawings by  
 Brion Gysin, is the fourth book in a series  
 published by 'C' Press. This first printing  
 appears in 4 editions: 4 copies hors commerce  
 or; 10 copies numbered A-J, hardbound, each  
 containing an original manuscript page by Bu-  
 rroughs and an original drawing by Gysin, si-  
 gned by both; 100 numbered and signed copies  
 of 686 copies in a trade edition.

The first 3 books published by 'C'  
 Press are: LITERARY DUMB, prose by Ted Tait  
 and Ron Padgett; THE SONGS, poems by Ron  
 Padgett; THE SONGS, poems by Ted Berrigan,  
 a few copies of which are still available  
 at \$2.

There are no typographical errors  
 in this edition.

The TIME cover is by Mr Burroughs

## INDEX

Cover Story	80	Time Essay	32
Art	76	Medicine	54
Books	108	Milestones	74
Cinema	101	Modern Living	48
Education	45	Music	73
The Hemisphere	34	The Nation	21
The Law	66	People	40
Letters	14	Press	80
		Religion	59
		Show Business	62
		Sport	52
		Theater	79
		Time Listings	8
		U.S. Business	89
		The World	27
		World Business	100

STAR brings the old bank  
 Now used to be open Sun  
 day Where you from Mar-  
 kett? You like boog one  
 a go ditch back on? I see  
 a one slip from funky  
 your ass hole? 'Well  
 let's face it boys he  
 doesn't want his picture  
 taken but perhaps we  
 can persuade him to pose  
 for the nice press gentle-  
 mens with gun and camera  
 'I said the wise cop one  
 of those funny bastards  
 in every precinct: 'How  
 you like a little heroin  
 Bill?' which you better  
 think is funny and answer  
 up like a good Nigger:  
 'Yavahh boss I sure woul-  
 d like some of that white  
 sugar! Looks like I'll wait  
 here until they  
 burn me now!  
 The pig faced white lash-  
 ed lieutenant looked up  
 from his books: 'They  
 cut out these execution  
 shots. Ruling just come  
 through from the Capital.  
 'We were getting on  
 fairly too many 'executi-  
 on addicts' dumped in our  
 laps! 'I said a highly  
 placed narcotics depart-  
 ment official: 'The  
 ruling is retrospective re-  
 calling all execution  
 shots. 'It's a long way  
 to young English soldier  
 boys in a flickering line  
 with some action reading  
 with some action reading  
 with some action reading



Doocoh's she says feel  
 the ship to my creators  
 a drop of lubricant  
 squeezed out and takes  
 a smoky sun set on rose  
 wall paper 'id was  
 lying there naked think  
 ing about sex as were  
 going to do in the  
 rocking chair rocks  
 off down the line she  
 could get out of her  
 clothes faster than a  
 junky can fix when his  
 blood is right so we  
 looked away into the  
 sun set across the city  
 or just before blast  
 off that old knock on  
 the door and shoot this  
 is fear lead like I  
 never feel it wind up 1  
 is her young brother  
 at the door in his cop  
 suit been watching thr-  
 ough the key hole and  
 learn about the birds  
 & too some bee in the-  
 case days I was good  
 looking kid had all  
 teeth she set the  
 scene up you understand  
 she knew all the sex  
 currents goes for  
 people always  
 here entrance when  
 your nuts are tight  
 and adding ice to low  
 Lewis suspension the  
 lot. There was a little  
 storage room where  
 we signed up a Japanese  
 who was a Japanese  
 who was a Japanese

ere. First you write the  
 just time wrote it their  
 picture just there. 'I  
 like news paper. My flat  
 Now consider the picture  
 through word columns. Now  
 as you move back in time  
 competing present time  
 the page. The page is 'f  
 less of present time on  
 you do this there is  
 and so on back. Each tim  
 elections from the  
 making two columns with  
 things how did the  
 with some action reading  
 with some action reading  
 with some action reading

Friday March 13, 1964

tant closing sugar bowl  
 main whistles in a dis-  
 sad back porch of dreams  
 down 'Cobble Stone Cops'  
 'Stopped you the Piper  
 'All The Sad Old Showmen?  
 1963 over New York  
 answer drew 'September 17  
 From his gun a rusty  
 The Last Day  
 'Back road wraps Sunday  
 in papers on the city  
 'Tech' southerly winds at-  
 'The Boy's Magazine'  
 Mister.



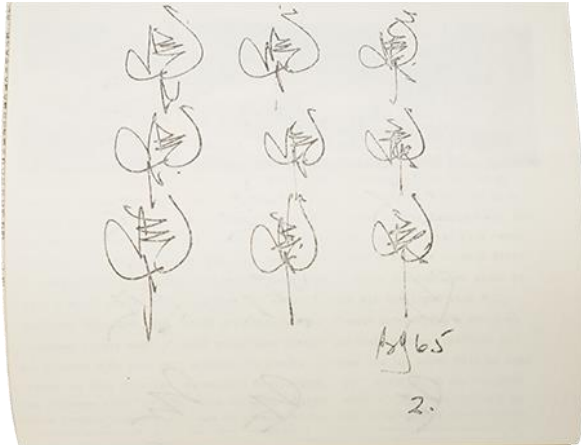
you were 'you' 'Here'  
 I spend six months in the  
 I was in the city. 'Where the  
 second hand book shop  
 used to be right opposi-  
 the old secretary. 'What  
 did the streets you walk  
 a month ago a year ago  
 what store what building  
 used to be right opposi-  
 the now? 'That was the seat  
 her' that times were on  
 TV radio  
 'The box  
 music that  
 hall fire  
 carious at-  
 rests of  
 yesterday  
 newspaper  
 piece by pic-  
 see in old  
 newspapers  
 old picture  
 as old bus-  
 es.  
 the next  
 step was  
 carried on  
 in a fit-  
 studio. I learned to  
 talk and think backwards  
 on all levels. This was  
 done by running film and  
 sound track backwards.  
 For example organs film  
 was run backwards in  
 slow motion (ax is of  
 course one of the havic  
 at anyone holding one in  
 present time). Day after  
 day I watched the old  
 flickering back to silent  
 set unknown evenings and  
 strange memories cigarette  
 smoke curling in black  
 public hairs plumes of li-  
 ght along naked thighs  
 slow blur of picture fil-  
 ish and there was Al Col-  
 son do you see this lea-  
 ther lugger Jew bellowing  
 out 'Messamy' and bat-  
 (Continued P.5 Col.2)

(Continued P.5 Col.3)  
 around you. Black Jack  
 the Louis Illinois she is  
 male. You walk in East  
 that was open the girl's  
 She named a priest and  
 deputy wares 'Aar nutting  
 is dead. (Mississippian)  
 'That old knock/flicker  
 conditions of what I had  
 beams Grove. Small those  
 by magic shop in West  
 Johnny Law just happens  
 see this hard little?  
 citizen come up on her.  
 spent cell. Recall you  
 about that cold outside  
 mess! Nobody thought  
 old birds and bees but  
 come around with the ol-  
 easy and cold as a cop's  
 the Miss. (Her eyes  
 ch unless I broomed about  
 his cop suit been a pin  
 see standing there in  
 talked business? You  
 ed you last time you  
 goes on Jess Corner. Mock  
 get: 'Maybe something  
 her cold returning thou-  
 kept the guide ready  
 a nice guy. Mary she  
 ing universe. This is  
 son map his own fuck  
 usual. Meet this down on  
 thieves but anything  
 job hot and heavy. Young  
 doing my single and lean  
 on the Japanese girl  
 ing in a Turner gun set  
 cool off like I was still  
 disease on Redwood and  
 period. Or maybe you  
 safe behind the Blue  
 place waits for me wall  
 ing where a diamond nec  
 chaffeur map indicate  
 a disgruntled forger  
 I meet this Johnson has  
 down to Marty's where  
 the girl left I walk  
 After  
 After  
 After  
 After

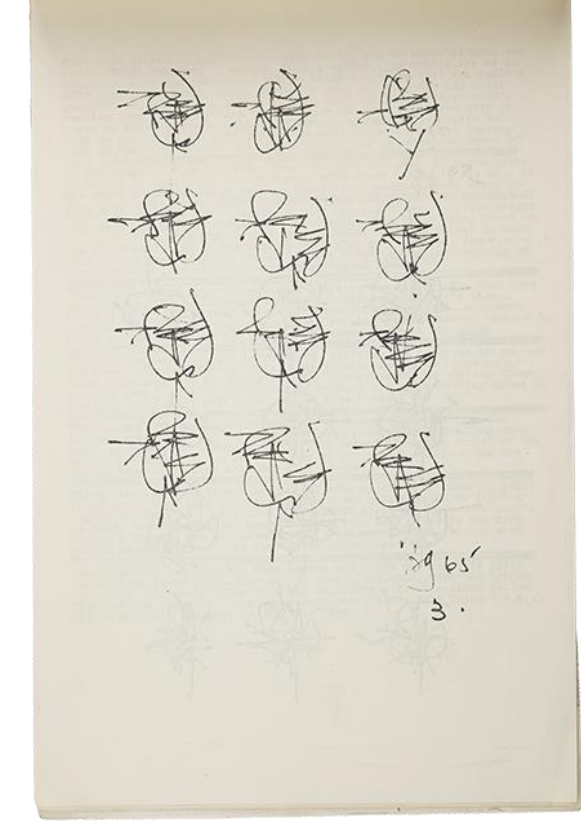
Roy Pennington  
 William Burroughs's Time [bootleg]. 1972  
 Brighton: Urgency Press Rip-Off.  
 Unpaginated [32 pages]; 33 x 20.5 x 0.3 cm  
 Edition of 5 runs of 99 copies each  
 [content]



flesh and bone  
 feet...stuck back on the dying...twisted dying face  
 the curtains room at Washington Square  
 bed...blood all over a howling room...  
 I can feel the heat...staying in fact...come out...there baking...  
 (New I can feel them but always clear...far away jockey seven)...setting  
 up their devil doll stool pigeons...creeping over my spoon and dropper I  
 throw away at Washington Square...Station vault a automatic and two  
 flights down the iron stairs...Philly's package hangs up two flights  
 down...Old Gimp  
 Air hammers...peeling bill boards...purple duck tainted with  
 septa films...dead birds in the street...I can feel the heat embedded  
 in the grass...old my dirty purple duck tainted junky fingers on his  
 septa shark skin sleeve...purple...peeling...Bill feel them...junky fingers  
 ..septia films dimer...far away his sharkskin sleeve  
 Greased on me he did! I drew closer and laid my dirty junky finger on  
 his sharkskin sleeve...And us blood brothers in the same dirty needle...  
 out there making his eyes go...nice out there? Yes I can feel my dirty  
 dead flesh fall away...far away...dimer...The same dirty stool pigeons  
 crooning 'Beach' the way to needle out there over my spoon and the water  
 is guarded  
 The same dirty rotten metal stool pigeons crooning 'Beach' the way to  
 needle out there smell coal over my spoon and the water is guarded  
 already...Ever see a Hot Shot Septia hit kid? The Gimp catch one shark in  
 Philly...Only food of that village swamp delta to the post card sky...He  
 never got the way to needle out of there...Small his arm...They dont cola  
 over if the shot is right.  
 See a hot shot hit kid? I saw the Gimp catch one in Philly...We  
 rigged the room with the same dirty rotten mirror and charged a XM  
 sawaki to watch it...He never on the needle out of his arm...They dont  
 if the shot is right...The look in his eyes when it hit...Kid, it was tasty.



Recollect when I am travelling with the Vigilante best shake man in  
 the industry one shark best shake out in Chi...We is working the fags  
 in Loncoln Lincoln Park...So one night the Vigilante turned up for  
 work in cowboy boots and a black vest with a hunka tin on it...  
 So one charged metal night the Vigilante turned stool pigeon...sawaki  
 boots...crooning cowboy...rusty vest with the same dirty rotten hunka  
 tin on it a larlat slung over his stool pigeon shoulder he just looks  
 at me and says 'Fronteer Justice, pal'  
 The Cold Spring News on the back porch of his farm Martin,Bradly  
 Martin,Mr,Bradly Mr,Martin to you sat down on the back porch of his  
 farm...He slipped a bag of wall Durham out of his pocket with two cigar  
 and as started rolling a cigarette...He pan listening...(Bradly Martin  
 County Old Grand Dad Gora)  
 So I say 'What's with you you eig already?' 'Darning up like 'What's  
 going on here?'' and spitting laser eyes...Coming on a mark like in and  
 out of focus...Shopping crowd in Iowa...Nova police as characters...  
 Another modern laboratory hangs three fags...  
 He just looks at me and says: 'Fill your hand stranger' and hauls out  
 an old rusty six shooter and I take off across Lincoln Park bullets  
 cutting all around me and he hangs three fags before the fuzz nailed  
 him...The Vigilante earned his moniker  
 'Crooning out in Chi,Cowboy...shark best pigeon...Sawaki Bradly'..  
 He turns up for larlat along a bag of work on the Cowboy over his stool  
 bull cowboy boots pigeon shoulders...PIX out of his rusty back vest with  
 the same dirty rotten hunka tin on it he fat looks at me peck and  
 vest and rolled a hunka tin on me...Flashing cops at the door  
 Listen,Jew Tolson Kate,the Martiner hab, his will...So Luna spoke on  
 tha t ancient man that inexorable mariner...I was travelling with Merit  
 Soreon cothas ripped to shreds...Mixermaster test it for dope...I caught the  
 Running Cardinal low flights down (Old Gimp died there in color)  
 The Shoe Store Kid will come back mourning for More...And when the kid  
 spots a mark he begin to breathe heavy his face swells and his lips  
 turn purple then slow slow he comes rotten ectoplasm...Old fairy didnt  
 say.  
 Hello pas I hate you helloe yes hello  
 'All right lets see your arms'  
 'Strip the bastards naked'  
 'We know our duty...vast army of purple assed  
 baboons...unfal...oring old showmen clutching  
 only lapels'  
 'Le service n'at pas compris'  
 I caught the running two flights...Listen down...Hello...Yes Jew Tolson  
 Gimp died...Hello Fate... (there in color)...There in color he begins to  
 breathe heavy duty 'vast army ripped to shreds' test his face for  
 purple assed baboon...Master test his lips turn unfaltering  
 purple then clutching only lapels...Le service n'est pas compris...  
 Strip that ancient bastard naked Cock tail lounge mink,let's see your  
 arms



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